



SPELEOBEM 23

This is SPELEOBEM 23

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Cover by Bjo Trimble
Interillos, "Marmalade" by Don Simpson

Anyone needing copies of my campaign literature to complete their 66th mailing, may have them for the asking and a 5¢ stamp -- even Alan J. Lewis and Rich Brown. Said publications were:

SpectatoBem	1p. S,D	1-27-64	
[Untitled]	1p. S,D	1-23-64	[Revoked Castora's candidacy]
[Untitled]	1p. S,D	1-23-64	[Revoked Schultz's candidacy]

The last two were circulated only in Los Angeles (the third one went only to three people, as I realized even before sending it to the Schultz faction that it was based on a wrong premise.) Both of these were labelled "Incunebulous Publication 222½." Of those in LA who got the Castora one, all but Hannifen and Castora were told immediately that it was a ploy. After Al Lewis left town, these two were told also. It had already done its job, as "SpeleoBem 22.3" came out claiming that IncNeb 222½ was a phony.

"The Dusk Riders," begun last issue, is not being continued in this one. I don't like it as written, and it will be re-written and finished before it gets onto stencil again. At that time, it may or may not go through SAPS. If not, anyone wanting to see it can have a copy of whatever zine it's in just by asking.

The Crawlway

(Editorial)

VIEW FROM THE TOWER: The Problem of SAPS and Walter Breen had better be dealt with first-off. While I do not have any first-hand evidence that could be used to convict Walter Breen of child molestation, I am convinced that others do have, if they were willing to put it forward. Therefore, I am firmly in support of the committee of the Pacificon II in their cancellation of Walter Breen's membership. Further, on the grounds that is hypocritical to support the Con Committee, in the belief that Breen is a menace, while being perfectly willing to accept his presence in other organizations, I am in favor of ousting him from SAPS, the Cult, and the FAPA waiting-list. I do consider him a menace, not only to fandom but to society in general, and have tried to convince my friends that this is the case -- hence the FAPA blackball "campaign." If Walter is a menace -- a sick menace -- he should be hospitalized; as I have no Official Proof to offer mundane officialdom, I am limited to convincing my friends. This is my right, as it is Walter's to convince his friends otherwise.

As far as the FAPA blackball system is concerned, I am convinced that its present form is unfair -- a more equitable arrangement would be to reword it and require "half of all ballots cast, but no fewer than 10," or somesuch, to blackball a waiting-lister. Until this is changed, however, I reserve the right to cast my blackball according to my own beliefs, and to try to convince my friends of those beliefs.

SAPS is a different kettle of fish, as the OE makes all the rules, subject only to a revolt of the membership. As of now, I have had both support and opposition to the idea of ousting Breen from SAPS. I am unwilling to impose my own beliefs by fiat in such a matter, and therefore the OE declares that all members willing to have their names listed either in favor of or against an ouster, shall so declare in writing, before 1 July 1964, and from there on the OE will decide what shall be done in the matter. It has been stated that, should Walter Breen be arrested -- an event whose likelihood appears to be increasing -- any organization which retains him as a member without protest may put itself in jeopardy. I do not know to what extent this would affect a purely correspondence organization, but I feel it should be taken into consideration. Any member of SAPS not responding before 1 July will be considered neutral, waiving his protest in case of either ouster or retention.

That dealt with, let me thank those members who voted for me in the OElection. I tend to feel that the phony campaign literature got out of hand, but then I am rather biased in the matter. I would appreciate any comments from the membership regarding desirability of regulations for future OElections. In retrospect I am sure the entire campaign was meant as good dirty fun, but there were certainly times when such a meaning was not very evident.

Dian and I are moving from Santa Monica to Pacoima this week, which could make a few problems for the putting out of the mailing, even if only minor ones -- the phone is cut off at Santa Monica, and the mail is being forwarded to the UCLA Post Office Box, even though we probably won't be moved in until the 19th. The UCLA P.O. Box will be retained, even though we will now have a permanent address (we're buying a house.)

THE CABAL LADDER

(Mailing
Comments)

ZED 806 (Karen Anderson) I am greatly intrigued by your notes about The Coming of the Dragon -- I hope to see it in finished form as soon as possible. And in the meantime, keep us posted on it, huh?

I also enjoyed "Sword Missing" and your very lovely cover illo. If you continue your tales of the Flying Inn, you will probably drive me to read the various books your characters come from. I've already read both of Anthony Hope's Strelsau books and The Flying Inn, but the rest are new to me.

What's Purple, lived in Macedonia, and conquered the World?

DINKY BIRD 9 (Ruth Berman) In regard to the poem "Who Goes Home." I might go along with your suggestion that "home" is a symbol for heaven as far as the first part goes:

 In the city set upon slime and loam
 They cry in their Parliament "Who goes home?"
 And there is no answer in vault or dome,
 For none in the city of graves goes home.~

However, the latter part indicates that Going Home has more to do with having courage than simply dying.

 For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam
 And blood on the body when man goes home
 And a voice valedictory "Who is for Victory?
 Who is for Liberty? Who goes home?"~

Trying to put the two halves together, I can only come to the conclusion that Chesterton is indicting London for lacking the courage to fight for their rights. As I recall, the origin of the "Who goes home?" call in Parliament was that MPs had to be accompanied by a bodyguard on their way home late at night, to prevent attacks from the various kinds of lowlife that prowled the streets; therefore, to Go Home took some courage. Comment, Ruth? Karen? Anyone? I'm still not happy with the interpretation, feeling I've missed something.

I've always enjoyed Sylvie and Bruno, simply by ignoring the more maudlin and preachy of the passages. The double-world feeling is well done, and the entire thing would be worthwhile for "The Gardener's Song," if for nothing else.

By the way, you're responsible for the various lino-jokes in this issue. You said you liked the things.

.....Alexander the Grape.

POT POURRI 32 (John Berry) A note of appreciation for the excellent cover by Eddie Jones, and thanks for the kind words about my OShip, is about all the comment I can think of -- except for a question about the ATom illo: was it done on multilith mat? It looks like ATom did it with a grease pencil on a paper litho mat -- or

at least someone did. The execution looks a little too sketchy for the usual ATOM work; whoever mastered it did it in a hurry and was using litho without being too familiar with the medium. Who mastered it, John? And, for that matter, who ran it?

What's blue and buzzes?

DIE WIS 11 (Dick Schultz) Herr Schultz, I should be glad to attend another Detention. The first one was my first worldcon, and I enjoyed it very much. As long as you can have Howard to ~~do all the work~~ advise you, I'm sure you'll do fine.

Yes, I read and enjoy the Nero Wolfe stories -- as does Ted Johnstone (though I doubt he'll have his own mailing comments this time in which to admit it.) Anyone who could be that heavy and nasty is a very sympathetic character to me; besides, the writing is very good.

.....an Electric Plum

RESIN 16 (Norm Metcalf) What are you doing reviewing N'APAZines in SAPS? Worse yet, since three of the four zines are by SAPS-N'APA biapans, I wonder how many people will realize that you're doing this? Especially since your comments thereon are more of the same kind you've been using on SAPSZines you review -- prozine comments relating to something the fanzines said. You're a crook, Metcalf!

I disagree strongly with your suggestion that The Man Who Was Thursday is a mundane story that should be omitted from Bleiler's Checklist. I consider it excellent fantasy, even though I'm still not sure what Chesterton was trying to do at the end of it.

What's blue, weighs ten tons, and lives at the bottom of the sea?

OUTSIDERS 54 (Wrai Ballard) If you insist that that Rotsler cover of a fat worm with a beard raising his arm in greeting as he comes over what looks like an alien bridge is a symbol of a G&S operetta, I will have to guess that it would be Pinafore -- the creature must be the Captain, coming onto the bridge to greet the crew with "My Gallant Crew, Good Morning."

I wish you'd stop talking about the stories you could tell -- of "anti-social acts done with the knowledge they might be frowned upon" or "Dad's stories of the time when he...ran afoul of a big city kid gang" -- and tell them! Muttermuttermutter.

You'll have to turn in your Prognosticator badge, after that comment about "...the Liston massacre of Clay..."; after that, I won't pay any more attention to your estimates of mailing size.

I didn't get around to looking for John David -- either in Tucson or in Phoenix -- so I still don't have the SPECTATORS for those early mailings I got from you. Anyone else have old SPECTATORS -- or any other old zines -- to get rid of?

K.L. = Kein Licht.

....Moby Plum

PLEASURE UNITS 6 (Gordon Eklund) Forry Ackerman invited a number of the LASFSites to a preview showing of "King Kong vs. Godzilla" last year, and both Dian and I went to it. We had heard about the thing while it was still being filmed, since Forry was still coming to the club regularly at that time, and keeping us informed on what went on in the movie world of SF and monsters. We knew that the film had two endings -- the U.S. one featuring King Kong as the winner, the Japanese one featuring Godzilla as the winner -- and we went to the preview knowing full well that it would be one of the corniest movies in history. It was. BUT: it was also one of the funniest, especially in the fight scenes between the two monsters. Dian was rooting for Godzilla and I for King Kong, and we cheered the combatants on as they mugged, fought, screamed, crashed through the scenery, and walloped each other with rocks and trees. A very amusing film -- someday I may try catching it at one of the Japanese movie houses in the area, and see the other ending.

I'd be willing to wager that if you introduced that New York character (Stakers, who demanded to know what gang any New Yorker he met belonged to) to Sam and/or Christine, and he asked them his Question, they would tell him "ESFA." Stakers would then be confused, and, since Sam sounds like a longshoreman looking for a fight, would probably be reduced to praising this "gang" he'd never heard of but probably should have. Sound reasonable?

I admit that the idea of eventually selling your SAPS collection to a completist without the \$1 dividend from Mlg. 64, and watching him go nuts trying to track it down, is an amusing idea. I'm not sure I'd find it so amusing (being a completist myself) if I didn't have my own dividend still in the mailing, as well as "file copies" of the dividend in my file SPECTATORS. Sort of FYJ, IGM. Wonder if we should have another?

What's purple, fun for a while, and gets you twenty years?

RETRO 31 (F.M. Busby) OK, I've kept SAPS out of war during my third term -- can I get us into one in my fourth term? How about a feud with OMPA over something or other? (FAPA has its own problems, and it would be unfair to pick on them.)

One problem with the idea of TOFF is that a Down-under fan could stand for either directional race, Eastward or Westward, and be brought to either a US or Britcon. Which should he stand for? Off-hand I'd say he should stand in a US-bound race, mostly on the basis of financial psychology. The U.S. fans supply the majority of the money for TAFF, and it's not likely they would be induced to kick in as much as usual when they were neither sending nor receiving the candidate. But in general, I agree that the TAFF race should be enlarged to include Aussie and Kiwi fans -- I'll vote for that amendment if Wally wants to put it in. It'll be a couple of years yet before another US-bound race comes up, at which time the winner will come to the Detention/Clevention. That should give us time to work on the idea.

When I wrote Dick Schultz into "The Fellowship of Nothing," I merely parodied "Die Freischutz" -- assuming that was the correctly-remembered form of the opera title, and ignoring the gender-change. No reason a title can't have a feminine gender though its owner is masculine.

Much fun with "The Rebirth of SAPton Place" -- you ought to do more of these, though I can see where anything more frequent than once a year per APA would eliminate too much of the status-change basis for jokes. Now, how about that "Outcasts of FAPA Flats" you were talking about? I'd like to see that in print -- FAPA ought to be ripe for it about now.

ENZYME 6 (Castora) If the only thing stopping you from publishing those unpublished 1957 SAPSsine is lack of time, I'm sure we can work out some way for you to increase your spare time. As a beginning, we'll see about getting you out of those four Diplomacy Games at LASFS. OK?

You're batty in your description of Eastern winters -- poetic as hell, but batty. I've been there, friend, and I wouldn't go back for anything! My trip back to Tampa this past December was routed to take me through the snow-laden north for a short distance, and I stopped in Minneapolis to visit Ruth Berman. There was snow all over the ground, and some flurries were still coming down when we drove to St. Paul to visit Fred Galvin. It refocussed my views of Eastern winters in New Jersey that I left behind me in 1950. The putting on and taking off of boots, galoshes, scarves, earmuffs, and etceterae -- the tracking in of snow and slush when you come into the house -- the slipping on the ice which was only barely covered with snow and winding up with snow inside your boots as well as all over you -- the dirty snow and ice piles in the gutters where the cars have stood -- the high fuel and winter clothing bills -- the ice storms that look beautiful and act deadly (or didn't Pittsburgh get hit by that one in 1948?) -- and the joyous task of shoveling the sidewalks and driveways. All these you can keep, along with others that the rest of our ex-Northern members (and probably some of the still-Northern ones) may suggest. I'll stay here and fight the smog instead.

Since it has been reported that you've been laid up these past few weeks, I assume you finally got around to reading some of the thing you mentioned putting off until such a time -- like the Shalar stories? Bet you didn't.

I like your bacoverquotes. HYPHEN baquotes they ain't, but amusing they generally are.

Oh -- next time you decide to run for OE, do so on your own hook, OK?

... Statutory Grape.

PINOT CHARDONNAY (Fitch-Lichtman) Somehow I doubt the possibility that Lichtman suggests -- that one California SAPSite would accidentally meet another and get to talking about the organization -- will ever come to pass. In spite of the fact that so many of the members live in this state, and even so many of them live in the Los Angeles area, there is still too much distance between the members. If not geographical distance, then intellectual distance or distance between their occupations/preoccupations. And I'm not so certain that this is a good thing.

Lichtman, you occasionally get in a good line -- I particularly appreciate the one about "everyone and his joint member" having something to say about the Martin bit in FAPA.

Right now there are only five fans at UCLA right now -- six if one counts fringe-fan Rich Stevens -- and there is very little contact among them. Ellie Turner has a rigid schedule of classes and eats lunch much earlier than the rest of us, so we never see her on campus. Ted Johnstone is all wrapped up in his cinema courses, and no longer shows up, even for lunch or a Diplomacy strategy discussion before LASFS on Thursdays, unless it's something he has to get from or give to me. Bob Lichtman we (Dian and I) see almost every day in the cafeteria, sitting at the Bohemian table; seldom is even a word of greeting exchanged -- mostly for a lack of common interests, which, as I said above, may not

be a good thing. Dian spends her spare time at the Physics Library or the Art Department, and I spend mine in the Physics Department (where they have a Gestetner and a Ditto) or wandering down to the Post Office to check the twice-a-day mail. I rather hope Fred Patten succeeds in getting a job at the UCLA Library -- things were more fannish when he was still going to Library School there, mostly because he and I are both more interested in fandom than in any other extra-vocational interests, and therefore found more to talk about.

Don, I'll have to note one exception to your inclusive statement that those of us who were born a few years before 1940 having the horrors of Totalitarianism dinned into us and that therefore we are more wary of government infringement of individual liberties. That exception is myself. Born 1936, I have no recollection of being over-propagandized during the war (though of course I may simply have forgotten it), and it has only been the last couple years that have brought the cause of individualism to the fore for me. However, I agree entirely with your attitudes toward rights, including the opposition to the "Fair Housing" law. A week or two ago one of the student assistants in the Physics Library came in and asked how one went about lettering a mimeo stencil; she had volunteered to do up the handbill for the local CORE unit, and had no idea how to go about it. (I wound up sending her to our house to use my collection of stylos, lettering guides, and writing plate.) I helped her run the thing off on the Physics Department Gestetner, telling her as I did so that I didn't agree with her cause, and rather surprising her. The cause is the registration of voters to vote against a referendum on the upcoming ballot. That referendum is concerned with the repeal of the "Rumford Act" -- the "Fair Housing" bill. I sincerely hope that the referendum passes: every man should have the right to sell his house to whomever he pleases, and telling him by law that he must sell it to so-and-so in thus-and-such a manner is removing more of our individual freedoms. (We will now have the rebuttal from J.Boardman and Co.)

What's purple and talked to Judge Hooker?

PINOT NOIR (Don Fitch) I haven't had the problem of what to do with the Cult Cactus when I bind the cycle, mostly because it wasn't a legal f/r -- it wasn't sent to all the members. So I content myself with binding in the sheet of paper which accompanied it, and marking up another Brilliant Plot Down the Drain.

The idea of having a list of who-had-what in the past year's mailings circulated with the Pillar Poll ballot is a good one. If the audience will give suggestions as to the format, maybe I'll try to make the thing up. Should it be a listing under member, such as:

FITCH: Mailing Comments (Apr, Jct)
Articles - Con rep (Oct); Printing (Jan)

Or should it be under the ballot categories:

Mailing Comments
Fitch (Apr, Jct)
Foyster (July, Oct)
Galvin (Jan)

The problems are: Who's to decide what is an article? If you rule out those not given a specific title, you eliminate almost half the candidates. Also, what about such things as the Humor Category? --- Of course, there is another way to handle it: List under member, then under zine:

FITCH: Pinot Noir (Jan) - MCs, incl. articles

on fannish put-downs and relative values of being concerned with the opinions of others, and on fan-ethics in the matter of sending publications to people talked about in them.

Pinot Chardonnay (Jan) - MCs by Bob Lichtman, editorial articles on dying with grace and honor on post-WWI battlefields, and on the value of Individual Liberties.

Somehow I think that, should this form be adopted, the editor should do his own abstracting. Yes?

In regard to your comment that "Uncle Sam seems to have a pretty complete file on fandom...guess that the FBI or some similar bureau has a much more extensive fanzine collection" -- does anyone know what Sam Russell is doing these days to earn a living? He came back to LASFS last year, and began attending meetings regularly. Then, in FAPA Eney published Alva Rogers's "FTL and ASI," wherein it is mentioned that Sam was once an FBI man. Sam no longer comes to LASFS regularly. Does anyone know what Sam Russell does for a living?

In general, I agree with your idea that one is ethically obliged to send a copy of a published attack to the person attacked, but I've never expected members of the "in-Group" apas (Cult, Apex, etc.) to do so. Theory and practice seldom agree entirely. Would you say one should send a copy to every person mentioned or referred to at all in the zine? If so, you're going to have an awfully big mailing list for even a small APAzine -- and if not, where do you draw the line?

.....The Grape Gildersleeve.

MISTILY MEANDERING (Patten-Bailes) Len, if you are serious about having thrown out 5000 comics two years ago, I think I shall find some excuse to dump you forthwith from the WL! That's a terrible thing to do, let alone to admit.

If someone had the time and the imagination, I'd like to see an extension of the idea you (and Fred) were mooting about: the world with fandom in charge. I'm delighted with the idea of the Cult vetoing everything and defaulting on its dues payment. More ideas, please?

This subway station we tried in New York around 2 AM, was indeed closed. Though the entrance was open, there was an iron gate across the turnstile at the bottom of the stairs, cutting us off from the trains.

As for the use of bootknives, I haven't the vaguest idea when -- or even if -- I'd need them on this level of existence. I just like edged weapons, and I'd like to have a set of bootknives. (I could at least wear them to Cult Seances during conventions.)

What's blue, English, and expensive?

FLABBERGASTING 29 (Burnett R. Toskey) Tosk, before you decide to let your fanzine collection -- or any part of it -- go, please let me know and let me get in a bid. I'm almost tempted to come up to Seattle in person to talk you out of it. How about Seattle putting on the 1965 Westercon?

Remind me, next time I write you into "The Fellowship of Nothing," to include a saraban or something, instead of a slide rule. I'm afraid I'm responsible for putting the slide rule into Sir Tosk's hand in the second chapter (January 1961!!)

Why should an asexual being -- such as the creature of the Shra

Ganara -- be referred to as "he" instead of "it"? That would give an entirely wrong impression.

 Mandy Rice Plum.

TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG 1 (Fred Galvin) I did get a good picture of your cat, and I will try to remember to get a print of it to send you. However, it will have to wait until after we get moved and try to untrimble our stuff -- this should take about three weeks for the amount of junk we have. At least. But I do remember, and will get to it eventually. Did you get the copy of SPELEOBEM I sent? Welcome to the menagerie of SAPS.

 What's purple and throws bricks?

SON OF SAPROLLER 33 (Jack Harness) I appreciate your campaign literature for me -- I even like your crazy little animal that looks like a cat with a chicken's head. Just one query: shouldn't a question-and-answer type of cartoon have the question balloon on the left, to take advantage of the normal reading direction of left-to-right? (Oh, yes -- the take-off on the Dr. Fate costume is good.)

Ignatz Grape.

SPELEOBEM 22 (B.E.P.) Let's try the SAPS I Have Met Dept.: 33 of the 36 members (all but Armistead, Foyster, Wilimczyk), or 91.67%; 9 of the 13 waiting-listers (missing Gerding, McDaniel, Avery, and Wilson) for 69.23%. Total of 42 out of 49 -- 85.71%. Most of these I suppose I can meet, eventually -- but we'll have to get Foyster to run for TOFF in order to complete the job.

I haven't received any more bound volumes back during the past quarter -- which is probably a good thing, since funds have been a bit tight. I have seven or eight volumes at the bindery, but I forget how many were fanzines and how many volumes of comics. Probably a 5 to 3 ratio of fanzines to comics.

While I'm on the subject of binding things... It is quite difficult enough to locate one issue of a fanzine missing from an APA mailing or a run of a genzine, but locating one comic that was missed when it hit the stands is even worse. I bind comics in volumes of 24 issues (1-24, 25-48, 49-72, etc.), and missing one issue can hold up operations for several years. Anyone have some comics for disposal? Wrai?

 What's green and invented the telephone?

HOBGOBLIN 11 (Terry Carr) That is one hell of a fine con report, Sir. I am extremely curious as to whether any of the specific incidents mentioned therein actually happened. I know that some of them never happened, but even they are so plausible that I feel they should have happened. The basic facts are right, and the attitudes of the people sound right. A very neat job, indeed.

 ... Alexander Graham Bellpepper, and I think that's more than enuf.

THE DISTANT SIDE PART 6

Saturday, 8th September 1962

We reached Bismarck at 1 a.m. If it had been left to me, I wouldn't have known anything about it, but the driver switched on all the lights in the bus to make sure we all woke up, and we were then asked to leave. We were in no condition to appreciate this, our first really long rest stop, for most of the town was closed up for the night, and it was bitterly cold. The bus was due to be serviced here, and we thought it a pity that we couldn't have had this done at a more reasonable hour. There was one major advantage - to the Greyhound Bus Company: as everything was closed in the immediate vicinity, we were all unwilling customers of the Posthouse. So this was how they recouped part of the loss on our tickets.

Full but unsatisfied, and pillowless, we fell asleep again quite quickly, and woke up again long before the breakfast stop was due. The road noise had changed, and the scene outside was unbelievable after the heat of Chicago. Snow lay inches deep everywhere, softening the bleak expanse of the prairie country.

At last we arrived at Miles City, Montana, for our 7:20 breakfast stop. Though we were still dressed for the heat-wave conditions, we braved the cold air and escaped briefly from the toils of the Greyhound organisation to a drugstore. Many of the men were dressed in cowboy attire, which surprised me. Walter drew my attention to the selection of books for sale. They were mostly westerns, which seemed like finding a copy of Screen Romances in Elizabeth Taylor's bedroom. I didn't see any horses hitched up outside; all they reached for on leaving the store was their car keys, but I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps the car pedals were stirrup-shaped. They must have some trouble with those high heels, otherwise.

We had half an hour in Billings at 11:15 and, though it was still snowing, I was drawn back along our route by the attraction of a shop window full of dresses with a sign above it saying Thrift Shop. It turned out to be a sale of second-hand clothing in aid of charity. Over here we call them jumble sales, and have a habit of referring to someone who is tastelessly dressed as "looking as if she bought her clothes at a jumble sale." That would hardly apply here. Most of the goods were very new-looking, -- the castoffs of a more prosperous community. I could have browsed happily there for hours, but a glance at my watch made me run all the way back to the depot, where Walter waited with his hands full of maps. He had been indulging in his hobby, too.

Back in the bus we felt much better equipped for the journey, and were able to lend out our maps and time-table to the people with the flask and lunch-basket, who had kindly given us sweets and fruit. I was almost sorry that they were so kindly disposed toward us, as they became very talkative. The woman had short, straight hair, a pale, almost greyish complexion, and a sharply twanging mid-western accent. I hadn't

noticed this kind of accent in any of the fans I had met, but in this woman it was combined with such a sharp penetrating voice that the sound was disagreeable. It was underlined for me that it wasn't just the accent I disliked, as the husband was quite nice. We learned that they had been touring the country for about six weeks. They were in very good spirits, and still enjoying themselves. This was probably accounted for by the fact that they often stopped off the bus at a hotel for a good night's rest. They were curious about us, and we satisfied them, without getting involved in too many explanations, by saying that we were on our way to visit the World's Fair in Seattle.

There was another interesting couple in the front seat. They were two young English women, who furnished further proof that the mid-western accent wasn't of itself so bad by having accents as wearing on the nerves as the American's, and they talked continuously. One of these two had gradually become more and more friendly with a soldier who was travelling alone.-- voices apparently didn't mean as much to him as to me. This situation added another dimension of interest to the journey as I speculated on when she would ditch her travelling companion and share a seat with him instead. Once I woke up in the middle of the night to see them talking together in his seat, but she returned to her female companion to sleep.

Several of the passengers seemed to know each other; perhaps they had been travelling together than the rest of us. One of the group, a frail and innocent-looking old lady, showed herself to be possessed of more nerve and astuteness than many a younger person. The bus was filling up rapidly at one stop, and she was in danger of losing her double-seat, so she lay right across it and pretended to be asleep. Her ruse would have worked if there hadn't been exactly the same number of passengers as there were seats. The very last passenger aboard stood in the aisle until the driver came to look over the situation. I think even he was unsure about what to do, until one of the other passengers said, "Give her a shove, she's only pretending." The old lady sat up and looked bewildered, then moved over. It was an excellent performance.

We had missed a lot of the scenery because of the snow, but later that afternoon the weather gradually cleared, it became warmer, and we were able to see the mountains ahead. The road snaked through mountain passes, the slopes covered with snow-bedecked fir trees. The road was alternately brilliant with sunshine, and deeply shadowed, as we followed the twisty valleys. Soon we were traversing such a closed-in section of the road that we wondered if we were to see any of the Pacific side of the mountains before nightfall. The bus, I noticed, was labouring slightly, the driver must have reached the bottom gear (there seemed to be at least six), when Walter and I grabbed each other's arm simultaneously. There at the side of the road was one of the most awe-inspiring sights of the trip. It was a simple strip of boarding, with immense emotional impact. It simply said "Continental Divide 6414 feet." I had to clear my throat before saying to Walter that we were at last really on the other side of the world. It was a heady feeling to realise that from here on, the mecca of every drop of water was not our own Atlantic but the Pacific.

The descent on the other side was much steeper, and for a moment I thought there must be another road down there on another level -- until I realised that it was our road. To get there we teetered on the edge,

going round hair-unpinning bends. We saw a railway, too, and the mountainous nature of the country was emphasized formus as we counted, not the number of carriages, but the number of locomotives it took to pull it uphill. I think there were at least four, but then American trains are much bigger than ours, about treble the size, I think. Another thing that struck us as strange was the number of times the bus stopped, sounded its horn, and crossed unguarded railway lines. Here in Northern Ireland there is only one unattended crossing, and travelling that road is done in a state of apprehension. One often sees letters in the papers about how dangerous it is, but there has been only one accident that I can remember.

This part of America was more like what I had been expecting, the scenic northwest really living up to its name. The steep slopes covered in fir trees, the high mountains, and the absence of dwellings made one more easily visualize the life of the early pioneers and lumberjacks. This was still a frontier, and the little urbanised community of Northern Ireland could almost have belonged to another planet.

But night fell too soon, and we were turned in on ourselves again. I shifted about, trying to stave off sleep until we had had our supper, and happened to look at my feet. They were appreciably thicker round the ankle, and my shoes were uncomfortably tight. Elephantiasis is still to be found in the southern states, and I wondered if many of the Chicago convention attendees were similarly afflicted. It would make life simpler for the fan cartoonists, at least. Walter rolled down his socks and confirmed that he had it too. But when we reached Wallace, Idaho, at 10:50, I noticed that most of the other passengers also had thick ankles. It must be another unadvertised facet of Greyhound travel, a rush of blood to the feet caused by not putting one's feet up to at least a horizontal position during the night.

As usual, I was first off the bus, and in my haste to escape from the Post House I led Walter and some of the other passengers into a very expensive-looking bar-restaurant. A waiter came forward to show us to a seat, but I walked as nonchalantly as I could towards the restroom. Walter disappeared into the adjoining one, but the rest of the passengers were trapped. We escaped through a back exit and climbed a flight of steps opposite. I stepped up to a counter arrangement and enquired of the young man in attendance whether they served food. He seemed not to know what I was talking about. He merely looked bewildered and asked if we wanted to bowl. I looked around more carefully, and realised that we were in a bowling alley. However, we explained that we were looking for a drugstore, and he directed us to one where we found some of the cleverer passengers already almost finished.

Sunday, 9th September

The night had been cold, but we managed to sleep until just about sunrise, when Walter woke me to say "We have come to a pretty pass." I let him live, because Snoqualmie was pretty. There was mist lying in the valleys, but higher up the sun was gilding the mountain tops. For a while the scenery was too exciting to permit me to fall asleep, but I settled down again so as to be feeling fresh for Seattle, which we should reach about eight. Walter is more of a mountain buff than I am, and he announced his intention of not wasting any more time in sleep. But I was still seeing scenery behind my closed eyelids. It kept flash-

ing past, and I had much the same sensations as when I have been reading for a very long while before going to bed -- I see whole sentences with my eyes shut. My optical nerves must have a very long retention period.

He awoke me again, saying, "Mount Rainier, Mount Rainier." I peered out of the window, but only caught a tantalising glimpse of what looked like an ice cream cone impossibly high in the sky before it was obscured again by clouds. A knowledgeable passenger told us that we would soon be seeing the longest floating bridge in the world -- the Lake Washington Floating Bridge. Soon we were travelling along it, seemingly only inches above the water. I wondered if one would become seasick if a storm blew up. As we travelled along we could now see clearly straight ahead to the distant peaks of Mount Olympic National Park. They were snow-tipped, and obviously very high. What a perfect setting they made for the city of Seattle.

Here, as in Chicago, there was provision for rush hour traffic. There were traffic lights suspended over each of the four lanes; in the mornings there were three green lights and one red suspended at intervals overhead for incoming traffic, the outgoing traffic on the other hand faced three red lights and one green. A simple, flexible, and efficient way of making the fullest use of the road space. I wonder why it hasn't been more widely copied.

Seattle is very different from any of the other American cities we had seen. The houses are mostly of the bungalow type, set at different levels on the many hills. Downtown Seattle is impressive, with many skyscrapers. I knew that Seattle had approximately the same population as Belfast, both were seaports, and both had an aircraft industry, but the differences were startling. Instead of the separate dwellings, Belfast has rows and rows of dreary houses joined to one another so that they look like one large building with lots of chimneys, and in addition the houses back onto other streets, so that many districts are extremely congested. The air has an amazing clarity in Seattle, but on entering Belfast over the hills at dusk and seeing the enormous smoke pall over the city one thinks that visibility down there must be limited to yards. In Belfast there are so many old houses and buildings that have been exposed to the smoke for years that the whole city has a dingy appearance. Here in Seattle the blessing of central heating and cheap electric power gives a fresher air to the place.

There was water everywhere. I knew beforehand that Seattle was a port, but I hadn't visualized this large Washington Lake, and it made it hard for me to orient myself to the surrounding country. All this was complicated by the many hills; one could never be sure what lay over the hill -- it might be the sea, a lake, or just another hill. We entered the bus depot, and Walter went to phone the Busbys.

There was an interesting variation from the usual Post House formula. There was an automat, and we fed coins into it for coffee. Walter felt very cosmopolitan when he helped an American lady to cope with it. I sat at a table while Walter watched out for the Busbys, and it was a weird feeling to find that the lady who came and sat down opposite me came originally from Belfast. I didn't ask her if she ever was homesick, because at that minute I most certainly was not. Everything was too exciting, and I was still, even after 52 hours in a Greyhound bus, very appreciative of my good fortune. Here I was, over 6,000 miles from

home, eight hours backwards in time, and not a bit worried.

Buz and Elinor arrived, and what a pleasure it was to hear fannish voices again! We walked out to the car, to be greeted by a friendly brown dachshund called Lisa. At the Busbys' there was some delay in opening the door -- there was another little brown dog called Nobby trying to get out as eagerly as we were trying to get in. We are cat lovers ourselves, but we found Nobby and Lisa to be very ingratiating members of their species.

I entered the house, and was immediately assailed by a tantalisingly unfamiliar smell. Thoughts of sandalwood and cedarwood entered my head, and I went up to the wooden wall and sniffed curiously. Buz opened the door and said it's merely a stuffy house. I demurred, saying it was a nice, spicy smell. I finally tracked it down to a cupboard -- it was Buz's home brew. Now Walter and I don't care for beer, but Buz's home brew is another thing entirely. For one thing it has as an ingredient one of our favorite foodstuffs -- honey -- and I think we could eventually have acquired quite a taste for this exotic form of beer. We did, in fact, enjoy many glasses of it during our stay.

We were later to find that fresh air was a fetish of Buz's, and it was often a tug-of-war between him and Elinor as to whether to have the door open or shut. It had to be the door or nothing, because the windows wouldn't open, the previous occupant preferring fug. [? ...BEP] After a while the sun gave promise of a warm day, so we all went out into the back garden. Elinor and I lay on a rug in our shorts, and I renewed my love affair with this strange Americanised sun.

On entering the kitchen to go out into the garden, I automatically grasped at the chromium-plated rail. It came off in my hand. I just stood there wondering how we were to get out. Elinor said to turn the knob; I had become so accustomed to the tugging at handles in Greyhound depots that I had momentarily forgotten that doors are usually opened by turning door knobs. Personally, I thought it was very unfair of the others to laugh at me -- there was no towel on the rail, and whoever heard of a waist-high towel rail anyhow? There were some cracks about home-wreckers and FAPA waiting-lists, but my real moment of truth was still pretty far off.

Elinor prepared a simple but tasteful meal, one of the courses being of salad -- the freshest-tasting one I had ever had. She simply wandered along the edge of her garden, plucking a couple of different kinds of greens and her own cherry tomatoes. So Americans could get nice tomatoes to eat after all. The ones I had seen offered for sale in the supermarkets had looked completely inedible -- tough brown skins and overly large in size.

We went to bed early, in the Busbys' own double bed. That was some rest stop!

TO BE CONTINUED

-- Madeleine
Willis

SIDE PASSAGES (LETTERS)

KRIS CAREY

30 Jan. 64

The cover by Don Simpson is some of the first of his work I have seen recently. I lost track of his address sometime in 1962, and haven't seen hide nor hair of him since. Really fine work, though. [Don's address is: PFC Donald P. Simpson, RA 19 722 950, Instr. Co. C, USASESCS, Fort Gordon, Georgia, 30905...BEP]

If you think United States Greyhound is bad, wait till you've ridden on the Canadian Greyhound lines -- a subsidiary of the US branch. On a trip through Canada after the Seattle World's Fair, I rode Greyhound for a two-week trip through the western provinces. Upon reaching the US/Canadian border, we were forced to disembark for inspection and were changed to a Canadian Greyhound. It's funny, but they won't let American Greyhound busses cross over into Canada, and vice-versa. After waiting for over an hour, we were finally put aboard a Canadian Greyhound bus; it was quite different in regard to seating and styling, but was made by GMC. Maybe this was just an old one, but they couldn't start the thing because of a dead starter motor. This necessitated leaving the bus running at all stops, one of which was over an hour and a half long. Then, at a stop in the Rockies by Mount Eisenhower, the motor stopped, and when we returned to proceed with our trip they had to start it by pushing it downhill. Oh, the driver was very courteous and good-natured all right, but it's a wonder he was, having to drive that wreck.

At one of the stops along the way I was approached by a seedy-looking bum and asked if I didn't want some "fun with a woman." Well, that's the first time that has ever happened to me. At another stop I was accosted by a man selling wines in handy disposable bottles that one could take on the bus to enjoy later. And at another, along came a man selling inflatable air pillows that were quite comfortable and cost less than those offered by the bus stewardess. That was quite a trip. On about the third day out from Edmonton, I got up to change buses and found a package containing three beautiful Canadian sweaters missing, apparently lifted by some light-fingered passenger. And on the way back into the US I had the "pleasure" of being in a bus that had a drunk Negro who sat in the back of the bus and cursed the rest of the passengers. Several tried to silence him, including the driver, to no avail. We finally disembarked with red faces and burning ears. To my best knowledge, the colored fellow stayed there and insulted the rest of the night. This item made it especially bad, since it was about 1:00 AM and most were trying to sleep. Yes, that was quite a trip.

Hmm, on "The DisTAWF Side." I remember the Seattle Greyhound Terminal; how could I forget... . It's most disconcerting to get a seat in the rear adjoining the john (the head, for you salts out there.) I also tried to get a seat at the front of the scenic glass top, or whatever they name that big clear dome on the scenicruisers, but failed miserably, getting beat to it by a little old lady who kept her nose buried in an Ellery Queen novel all the way to the border. The report was enjoyable, but I would have enjoyed a longer rendition of the

same, or a longer installment. It's maddening to have such a good thing cut off by the ugly words in a runic scraggle, "continued next issue." Please give Madeleine more room nextish.

"The Dusk Riders" is pretty fair; I assume it's yours? [Yes...BEP] I don't like continuations in fanzines, though. A serial in a fanzine just makes my blood course hotter. There is something about the style used that bugs me, but I'll be darned if I can discern what it is. It certainly isn't in the same mode as Tolkien fantasy, which was what I expected from you. [In spite of the fact that I am a rabid Tolkien-fan, I am not even attempting to write in his style, as I have enough difficulty writing fiction at all without trying to copy a professional style. What annoys you about the style is probably that it is too compact; the three published pages should have been written out to a dozen or so, but this is a problem I've always had, and have yet to lick...BEP]

The FSS Goes Corpse-Diving | by Bruce Pelz

It has been some time since I've written anything about the exploits of the Florida Speleological Society in SAPS. Those of you who have read previous installments of this will remember that the FSS was mostly a partying organization whose members happened to like crawling around in caves for one reason or another. (They also liked science fiction.) Anyway, there were a few times when the FSS actually did something useful in the field of speleology, and even -- once or twice -- helpful to society in general. At one time, before I joined the club, they had worked on a project to band several ~~hundred~~ bats, so that biologists could find out where the Florida bats migrated to. Another time, the club spend a weekend or so putting in a gate in a cave to prevent partying fraternities from exploring the cave while boozing it up, and breaking their necks in the process. But the only time I can remember active cooperation between the FSS and Duly Constituted Authority was in The Corpse-Diving Trips.

The Ocala National Forest is some forty or fifty miles south of Gainesville, where the FSS HQ, the University of Florida, locates. On a bright Sunday afternoon in late spring, the radio announced that a man was missing and presumed drowned in the river that flows through the forest. Residents of the area were making all efforts to find the body in the swift and murky currents, but were having little luck. Divers were being sent for to the navy base at Jacksonville. But there were a few divers -- good ones -- in the FSS, and the club decided to volunteer its services. Our divers had trained in cave-diving, which is to ordinary SCUBA diving as SCUBA is to free diving -- much more difficult. The immediate problem was to get three divers and some tenders down to the area; the FSS was always short on transportation. So we went to ask God if we could use his ex-army carry-all. As he didn't have a license to drive the thing yet, he agreed, and we set off.

[Digression: God was an ex-fan name of Stan Serxner, whose name should be familiar to the old SAPSites as publisher of SIRIUS. When he arrived at the U of F, he got into the FSS through his interest in SF, and, being an extreme extrovert, he soon got into the "in-group." As he had several times proclaimed that he was God, we let it go at that and set up the rest of the Hegemony: Jesus Christ was Jay Thal, an ex-Brook-

lynite political science major, whose liberalism had given him such a martyr complex that we were sure he wouldn't be happy until someone crucified him. Blair Jarrett got the job of Holy Ghost because he was the only one in the club engaged to a virgin (who was also in the club.) The job of Satan changed hands a couple times, and somehow or other a Loki showed up; it got complicated. Anyhow, Serxner was God even if he couldn't the army surplus crate he'd bought at auction. (One of the other members almost went mad trying to teach Stan to drive; Stan cracked up the carry-all in the process.)]

When we got to the Ocala Forest, things were in full swing. We found that some people lived in the forest itself, in tents and small cabins. And to them it was like a public holiday, having so many people around. The divers suited up, and the tenders got into the boats with some of the localites to run the motors (or oars), and the search began. The water was extremely cold, very swift, and the bottom was covered with snags. The body could have got caught most anywhere. The water was also very murky, and the flashlight beams the divers used weren't very effective against the murk. After an hour or so they quit for the day, climbed out of their wetsuits, and stood around the fire. The County Sheriff had several cars there, and the FSS hobnobbed freely with the fuzz -- an event unequalled in the history of the club. The Sheriff was very complimentary toward the divers; the booze flowed freely; and soon it was evening, and the cars began to leave.

We got the carryall out of the forest, and started toward Gainesville, when all of a sudden the driver discovered we were out of gas: the carryall stopped, in the middle of nowhere. A few minutes later, a fuzz-buggy drove up, and out stepped the Sheriff. When he found out what the trouble was, he went back for the gas, and we were once more on the road. Several other things happened to the carryall on the way back, but eventually we limped back to the university, parked the thing and went to the nearby cafeteria to talk to some of the crew who hadn't been with us. As we told them of the trip, someone asked, "How did you get back?" "By the Grace of God," said one of those who'd been on the trip, not thinking of double-entendres or anything. Thus was The Grace -- Stan Serxner's carryall -- named. A valiant little thing, it made several more FSS trips, including one to Tennessee -- but that's yet another story, and we haven't finished this one.

On Tuesday, the body still hadn't been found, so another crew went down to the forest to help look. There were navy divers there, and our trio had them outgunned in training and endurance -- and even in equipment. Still it did no good, and night fell before anything could be found. Afterwards, the booze flowed even more freely -- including a jug of "White Lightning" moonshine that one of our divers -- Jerry Miller -- swigged down with a will. We were then invited to dinner at one of the cabins -- all of the searchers, navy, FSS, and everyone. It was Southern to the nth degree -- including black-eyed peas, and Jerry, who was drunk out of his mind, got argumentative. He began declaiming about Northerners in general, and me in particular, much to the amusement of the rest of the assemblage. I was used to Jerry, and just let him argue; eventually he was half-carried to a car for the trip home. The holiday atmosphere in the Ocala Forest was still going on.

A third trip was made later that week, again to no avail. The body eventually came up, about a mile further down the river than the divers had been searching. It's probably a good thing they didn't find him, all thing considered, those last two tries. The Corpse-Diving Expedition was for me an interesting look at the way some of the little-known people live; for the divers it was an experience at helping Authority. In all, it was a very useful adventure.

Incunebulous Publications 1-200

(1.)	ProFANity 1	March 1958	20p.	M, silkscreen cover	
(2.)	ProFANity 2	May	28	M, D	
(3.)	ProFANity 3	Aug.	24	D	
4.	SpeleoBem 1	Oct.	12	D	SAPS 45
5.	ProFANity 4	Nov.	32	D	
6.	SpeleoBem 2	Jan. 1959	18	O	SAPS 46
	SpeleoBem 2½	Jan.	4	O, D	SAPS 46
7.	SpeleoBem 3	April	26	O	SAPS 47
	(included: PORQUE! 1 -		2	O - Doreen Erlenwein)	
8.	ProFANity 5	April	38	O	
(9.)	SpeleoBem 4	July	29	O	SAPS 48
	(included: PORQUE! 2		7	O Doreen Erlenwein)	
	SpeleoBem 4½	July	6	O	SAPS 48
10.	Savoyard 1	July	10	O	N'APA 1
11.	Savoyard 2	Sept.	8	O	N'APA 2
12.	ProFANity 6	Aug.	52	O	
13.	SpeleoBem 5	Oct.	82	O	SAPS 49
	(included: PORQUE! 3		17	O Doreen Erlenwein	
	WHY NAWT 1		3	O Shirley Dunaway	
	Breck Ali Baba Turban)				
14.	Savoyard 3	Dec.	6	O	N'APA 3
(15.)	SpeleoBem 6	Jan. 1960	28	O	SAPS 50
	SpeleoBem 6½	Jan.	34	O	SAPS 50
	(included: PORQUE! 4		22	O Doreen Erlenwein)	
16.	ProFANity 7	Feb.	38	M, O	
(17.)	Savoyard 4	March	6	M	N'APA 4
18.	SpeleoBem 7	April	28	M	SAPS 51
(19.)	Savoyard 5	June	10	M	N'APA 5
20.	Glamdring 1	April	6	M	
21.	Glamdring 2	May	8	M	
(22.)	SpeleoBem 8	July	38	M	SAPS 52
23.	Savoyard 6	Sept.	8	M	N'APA 6
24.	Glamdring 3	Aug.	12	M	
(25.)	Angmar 1	Aug.	4	D	CULT 81.32
	(included: FEEDBACK		2	D Jack Harness	CULT 81.31)
26.	SpeleoBem 9	Oct.	36	M, D	SAPS 53
(27.)	Angmar 2	Oct.	36	M	CULT 86
28.	Rache 1	Dec.	6	M	N'APA 7
29.	Savoyard 7	Dec.	16	M	OMPA 26 pm
(30.)	Angmar 3	Dec.	8	D	CULT 87.279
31.	SpeleoBem 10	Jan. 1961	34	O, M, D cover	SAPS 54
	SpeleoBem 10.1	Jan.	2	M	SAPS 54
	SpeleoBem 10.2	Jan.	6	M	SAPS 54 pm
	(included: four straight pins stuck through back cover)				
	SpeleoBem 10.3	April	2	D	SAPS 54 pm
	(hoaxzine, titled TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE #4, by Bob Lichtman and Don Durward)				
(32.)	Compos'd Heap 16	Jan.	17	D	CRAP 65
	(included: PRIVY COUNCIL 1		1	D	CRAP 65.01
	PRIVY COUNCIL 2		1	D	CRAP 65.02
	TEUFELSDRECK 1		3	D Jack Harness	CRAP 65.06
	TED JOHNSTONE PRESENTS 1p		1	D Ted Johnstone	CRAP 65.069
	HONEY WAGON 1.5		1	D Ed Cox	CRAP 65.07)
(33.)	Angmar 4	Feb.	6	D	CULT 91.069

INCUNEBULOUS PUBLICATIONS 1-200. . . .p.2 _ _

34.	Rache 2	March 1961	4	M	N'APA 8
(35.)	(Untitled)	April	4	M	IPSO 1
(R36.)	Pencil Point 1	July 1959	4	M	SAPS 48
	(hoaxzine; by "Don Fulano de Tal")				
(R37.)	Pencil Point 2	Oct.	4	M	SAPS 49
	(hoaxzine; "Don Fulano de Tal")				
(R38.)	Pencil Point 3	Jan. 1960	4	M	SAPS 50
	(hoaxzine; "Don Fulano de Tal")				
(R39.)	Flyer	June	2	M	
	A Fanzine For BJohn	July	58	M,lp Printed	
(R40.)	I Palantir 1	Sept.	18	M	
(R41.)	Compos'd Heap 14	Sept.	8	D	CRAP 56
(R42.)	Compos'd Heap 15	Oct.	4	D	CRAP 57.5
(R43.)	Season's Greetings 1	Dec.	4	D	CULT 88.0469
(R44.)	Perversion Layer	Jan. 1961	2	D	SAPS 54
					N'APA 12
45.	SpeleoBem 11	April	36	M,D cover	SAPS 55
	SpeleoBem 11.1	April	2	M	SAPS 55 pm
(46.)	Compos'd Heap 17	June	16	D	CRAP 74
(47.)	Rache 3	June	8	M	N'APA 9
48.	Rider's Shrine 2	July	4	M	IPSO 2
49.	SpeleoBem 12	July	24	M	SAPS 56
	SpeleoBem 12.001	July	pc	D	SAPS 56 pm
50.	Spectator 56	July	6	M,airbrush cover	SAPS 56
51.	Ankus 1	Aug.	10	M	FAPA 96
52.	Angmar 5	Aug.	22	M	CULT 99
(53.)	I Palantir 2	Aug.	24	M	
54.	Rache 4	Sept.	6	M	N'APA 10
55.	Rider's Shrine 3	Oct.	4	M	IPSO 3
56.	SpeleoBem 13	Oct.	18	M,D cover	SAPS 57
57.	Spectator 57	Oct.	6	M,airbrush cover	SAPS 57
58.	Ankus 2	Nov.	8	D	FAPA 97
59.	Rache 5	Dec.	6	M,D	N'APA 11
60.	Rider's Shrine 4	Jan. 1962	6	M	IPSO 4
(R61.)	Who's Who in Coventry 1	Oct. '61	2	D	
62.	Season's Greetings 2	Dec.	4	D	CULT 104.3
63.	SpeleoBem 14	Jan. 1962	20	M	SAPS 58
	SpeleoBem 14.1	Jan.	2	M	SAPS 58 pm
64.	Spectator 58	Jan.	6	M,stamped cover	SAPS 58
65.	Ankus 3	Feb.	14	M	FAPA 98
66.	Rache 6	March	10	M,D	N'APA 12
67.	Rider's Shrine 5	April	4	M	IPSO 5
68.	The Old Ship 1	April	4	M (8pp,8½x5½)	NAPA
69.	SpeleoBem 15	April	22	M,D cover	SAPS 59
	(included: pamphlet on UCLA Seuss exhibit)				
	SpeleoBem 15.1	April	2	D	SAPS 59 pm
70.	Spectator 59	April	6	M, stamped cover	SAPS 59
71.	Ankus 4	May	10	M	FAPA 99
72.	Vulture 1	May	2	D	NAPA
73.	Rache 7	June	8	D	N'APA 13
74.	Angmar 6	June	52	M	CULT 112
	(included: GOOD INTENTIONS 3	6	D	Dian Girard	
	NEWSLETTER ON INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM, v.X no.4				
		8	O	Don Black)	
(R75.)	Menace of the LASFS 1	July 1960	4	D	
(R76.)	Menace of the LASFS 2	Aug.	4	D	
(R77.)	Menace of the LASFS 3	Aug.	4	D	

(R78.)	Menace of the LASFS	4	Sept. 1960	4	D	
(R79.)	Menace of the LASFS	5	Sept.	4	D	
(R80.)	Menace of the LASFS	6	Oct.	6	D	
(R81.)	Menace of the LASFS	7	Oct.	4	D	
(R82.)	Menace of the LASFS	8	Nov.	4	D	
(R83.)	Menace of the LASFS	9	Nov.	6	D, M cover	
(R84.)	Menace of the LASFS	10	Dec.	4	D	
(R85.)	Menace of the LASFS	11	Jan. 1961	4	D	
(R86.)	Menace of the LASFS	12	Jan.	6	D	
(R87.)	Menace of the LASFS	13	Jan.	4	D	
(R88.)	Menace of the LASFS	14	Feb.	4	D	
(R89.)	Menace of the LASFS	15	Feb.	4	D	
(R90.)	Menace of the LASFS	16	March	4	D	
(R91.)	Menace of the LASFS	17	March	4	D	
(R92.)	Hobbiton Herald	7	March	4	D	CRAP 69
	(hoaxzine: by Ted Johnstone)					
(R93.)	Menace of the LASFS	18	April	6	D	
(R94.)	Menace of the LASFS	19	May	6	D	
(R95.)	Menace of the LASFS	20	May	6	D	
(R96.)	Menace of the LASFS	21	June	4	D	
(R97.)	Menace of the LASFS	22	June	4	D	
(R98.)	Menace of the LASFS	23	June	4	D	
(R99.)	Bucket Brigade		June	2	D	CULT 97.3
(R100.)	Menace of the LASFS	24	July	6	D	
(R101.)	Menace of the LASFS	25	July	4	D	
(R102.)	Menace of the LASFS	26	Aug.	4	D	
(R103.)	Menace of the LASFS	27	Aug.	4	D	
(R104.)	Menace of the LASFS	28	Sept.	4	D	
(R105.)	Menace of the LASFS	29	Sept.	4	D	
(R106.)	Menace of the LASFS	30	Oct.	4	D	
(R107.)	Menace of the LASFS	31	Nov.	4	D	
(R108.)	Menace of the LASFS	32	Nov.	4	D	
(R109.)	Menace of the LASFS	33	Dec.	4	D	
(R110.)	Menace of the LASFS	34	Dec.	4	D	
(R111.)	Menace of the LASFS	35	Jan. 1962	4	D	
(R112.)	Menace of the LASFS	36	Jan.	4	D	
(R113.)	Menace of the LASFS	37	Jan.	6	D	
(R114.)	Coventranian Gazette	1	Jan.	10	M	SAPS 58
(R115.)	Menace of the LASFS	38	Feb.	4	D	
(R116.)	Menace of the LASFS	39	March	4	D	
(R117.)	Menace of the LASFS	40	March	4	D	
(R118.)	Menace of the LASFS	41	March	4	D	
(R119.)	Coventranian Gazette	2	March	10	M	SAPS 59
(R120.)	Coventranian Gazette	3	March	10	M, D illos	SAPS 59
(R121.)	Menace of the LASFS	42	April	4	D	
(R122.)	Menace of the LASFS	43	April	4	D	
(R123.)	Menace of the LASFS	44	May	4	D	
(R124.)	Menace of the LASFS	45	May	4	D	
(R125.)	Menace of the LASFS	46	June	4	D	
(R126.)	Menace of the LASFS	47	June	4	D	
(127.)	Menace of the LASFS	48	July	4	D	
128.	SpeleoBem	16	July	24	M	SAPS 60
129.	Spectator	60	July	6	M	SAPS 60
130.	Angmar	7	July	10	D	CULT 114.1
131.	Menace of the LASFS	49	July	6	M	
132.	Menace of the LASFS	50	Aug.	4	M	
133.	Ankus	5	Aug.	10	M	FAPA 100
134.	Rache	8	Sept.	2	D	N'APA 14
135.	Angmar	8	Sept.	4	D	CULT 116.999

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136.	Menace of the LASFS	51	Sept. 1962	4	M	
137.	Menace of the LASFS	52	Sept.	4	M	
(138.)	Menace of the LASFS	53	Sept.	6	M	
139.	Menace of the LASFS	54	Oct.	4	M	
140.	SpeleoBem	17	Oct.	20	M	SAPS 61
141.	Spectator	61	Oct.	4	M	SAPS 61
142.	Menace of the LASFS	55	Oct.	4	M	
143.	The Old Ship	2	Nov.	4	M	(8pp 1/2size) NAPA
144.	Angmar	9	Nov.	4	M	CULT 118.999
145.	Menace of the LASFS	56	Nov.	4	M	
146.	Menace of the LASFS	57	Nov.	4	M	
147.	Savoyard	8	Nov.	8	M	OMPA 34 pm
148.	Speleosavoy Menace		Nov.	2	D	OMPA 34 pm SAPS 61 pm
149.	Menace of the LASFS	58	Dec.	4	M	
* 150.	Rache	9	Dec.	10	D,O cover	N'APA 15
* 150.	Menace of the LASFS	59	Jan. 1963	4	M	
151.	Menace of the LASFS	60	Jan.	6	M	
152.	SpeleoBem	18	Jan.	24	M	SAPS 62
	SpeleoBem	18.1	Jan.	2	D	SAPS 62 pm
153.	Spectator	62	Jan.	6	M	SAPS 62
154.	All-Starbegotten Comics	61	Jan.	6	M	
155.	Ankus	6	Feb.	40	M,D	FAPA 102
156.	Savoyard	9	Mar.	6	M	OMPA 35
157.	All-Starbegotten Comics	62	Feb.	4	M	
158.	All-Starbegotten Comics	63	Feb	4	M	
159.	Rache	10	Mar.	6	M	N'APA 16
(160.)	Angmar	10	Mar.	49	M,D	CULT 125
(Included: GOOD INTENTIONS 5				3	M	Dian Girard
NEWSLETTER ON INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM, v.XI #2,				8	O	Don Black)
161.	Menace of the LASFS	64A	Mar.	4	M	
162.	All-Starbegotten Comics	64B	Mar.	4	M	
163.	All-Starbegotten Comics	65B	Mar.	4	M	
164.	Menace of the LASFS	65A	Mar.	4	M	
165.	Menace of the LASFS	66A	Apr.	4	M	
166.	All-Starbegotten Comics	66B	Apr.	6	M	
167.	SpeleoBem	19	Apr.	22	M	SAPS 63
168.	Spectator	63	Apr.	4	M	SAPS 63
169.	Menace of the LASFS	67A	Apr.	4	M	
170.	All-Starbegotten Comics	67B	Apr.	4	M	
171.	Ankus	7	May	10	M	FAPA 103
172.	All-Starbegotten Comics	68B	May	4	M	
173.	Savoyard	10	June	6	M,O cover	OMPA 36
174.	Menace of the LASFS	68A	May	4	M	
175.	All-Starbegotten Comics	69B	May	4	M	
176.	Menace of the LASFS	R-1945.11	May	6	M	
177.	Menace of the LASFS	69A	May	4	M	
178.	All-Starbegotten Comics	70B	June	4	M	
179.	Menace of the LASFS	70A	June	4	M	
180.	Rache	11	June	8	M	N'APA 17
181.	Menace of the LASFS	R-1943.08	June	14	M	
182.	All-Starbegotten Comics	71B	July	6	M	
183.	Menace of the LASFS	71A	July	4	M	
* 184.	SpeleoBem	20	July	24	M	SAPS 64
* 184.	Spectator	64	July	6	M,O cover	SAPS 64
(Included: SAPS Dividend)						
186.	Menace of the LASFS	72A	July	4	M	

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187.	All-Starbegotten Comics 72B	July 1963	4	M,D cover	
188.	Menace of the LASFS 73	July	6	M,D cover	
189.	Ankus 8	Aug.	4	M	FAPA 104
190.	Menace of the LASFS R-1943.02	Aug.	4	M	
191.	Menace of the LASFS R-1943.05	Aug.	6	M	
192.	All-Starbegotten Comics 13	Aug.	6	M	
193.	All-Starbegotten Comics 14	Sep.	4	M	
194.	Menace of the LASFS 74	Sep.	4	M	
195.	Menace of the LASFS 75	Sep.	4	M	
196.	Menace of the LASFS 76	Sep.	4	M	
(197.)	Gaping Hole	Sep.	2	D	Cult 134
198.	Menace of the LASFS 77	Oct.	4	M	
199.	SpeleoBem 21	Oct.	18	M	SAPS 65
200.	Spectator 65	Oct.	4	M	SAPS 65

*Lapsus memoriae resulted in two duplications of IncNeb numbers. In the first instance (#150), I didn't catch the mistake until it was too late to adjust the following numbers. In the second (#184), I caught it in time, and eliminated #185. Now as long as I don't find any more Retroactive zines that I decide should go on the list — like, maybe STARSPINKLE — we're all right.

#'s in parenthesis indicate that the number is not found on the zine itself.
 #'s preceded with 'R' indicate that the zine was added to the list Retroactively, at some time after its publication, when a re-evaluation of responsibility for the its publication indicated that it was, after all, one of mine.

201.	Menace of the LASFS 78	Oct.	4	M	
202.	Menace of the LASFS 79	Oct.	4	M	
203.	Menace of the LASFS R-1948.01-.03	Nov.	10	M	
204.	Menace of the LASFS R-1949.01-.03	Nov.	14	M	
205.	Ankus 9	Nov.	4	M,D cover	FAPA 105
206.	Fantasy Amateur 105	Nov.	10	M	FAPA 105
207.	Menace of the LASFS 80	Nov.	4	M	
208.	Worldip 1 [half world diplomacy]	Nov.	2	D	
209.	Worldip 2	Nov.	2	D	
210.	Menace of the LASFS 81	Nov.	4	M	
211.	Worldip 3	Dec.	2	D	
212.	Rache 12	Dec.	8	M	NAPA 19
213.	Worldip 4	Dec.	2	D	
214.	Menace of the LASFS 82	Dec.	4	M	
215.	Worldip 5	Dec.	2	D	
216.	Angmar 11	Jan. 1964	32	M	Cult 138
217.	Worldip 6	Jan.	2	D	
218.	Menace of the LASFS 83	Jan.	4	M	
219.	Menace of the LASFS 84	Jan.	4	M	
220.	Menace of the LASFS 85	Jan.	6	M	
221.	SpeleoBem 22	Jan.	16	M	SAPS 66
222.	Spectator 66	Jan.	6	M	SAPS 66
223.	Worldip 7	Jan.	2	D	
224.	Worldip 8	Jan.	2	D	
225.	WitDip 1	Jan.	4	D	
226.	WitDip 2	Jan.	2	D	
227.	Worldip 9	Jan.	2	D	
228.	WitDip 3	Jan.	2	D	
229.	Worldip 10	Feb.	2	D	
230.	Ankus 10	Feb.	16	M, 0 covers	FAPA 106

MARMALADE

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