

# Speleoßem









# THE CABAL LADDER

mc's  
on  
mlg. 69

POR QUE? 23 (Doreen Webbert) I guess almost everyone collects stamps at one time or another. My father had a collection many years ago, and when I started mine back in 1946 or 1947, he held out a while but eventually gave me his collection. While I was laid up with a broken leg in 1948 I was given several entire collections to sort and catalog — that is, they were given to me to put into my own collection. (For that matter, the stamp collection is really responsible for the broken leg in the first place: two friends and I were collecting old newspapers for money to buy First Day Covers, and we were going out for One More Load before dinner...down the driveway in a coaster wagon... . Anyway, by the time I moved to Florida — away from the convenient stamp stores that infest Newark and New York — I had the Scotts International Albums and Ghu only knows how many stamps in them. Since then I've kept up with the US stamps somewhat, buying a couple singles and a plate block when new ones come out, but the rest of the collection is stored away and ignored. The various foreign stamps that come in to the library or to me personally I have been funneling to one of two other collectors: my cousin Lorraine and Chuck Grennell, alternately. Stamps are a lot of fun, and maybe someday... One thing — if you find old postcards and envelopes, don't swipe the stamps before checking with some knowledgeable collector. I discovered a postcard in one of my junk boxes which was mailed from the Hindenburg — and the stamp is gone. I expect it is somewhere in my collection and I may take the time to look for it some day and glue it back on; hope I didn't trade it off.

Of course the dates never show you were late getting your zines to me; if they showed that I'd have to drop you or something. Be quiet and just cast a doubtful eye when the SPECTATOR says your zine was received on the 15th.

Since you asked, Ross and family — wife Diana, daughters Edith (21 Mar 62) and Susan (7 July 63) — are fine — or at least they were when we saw them in December. Susan's at the grabby stage; stubborn little monster.

I liked your little illos.

DINKY BIRD 12 (Ruth Berman) The foolstick in my arms could recall Jack Point ("When a jester is outwitted..."), but that's not what was intended. Crossing it with a sword indicates Humor-as-a-weapon. The harp is, obviously, music — appreciation, creation, and use of same. The crest of a phoenix enflamed was sort of my answer to Ted Johnstone's motto of "Semper Felix." I didn't claim to be always fortunate, but when I'd get into a mess I'd always come out again intact. And for the benefit of the non-Latin speakers in the audience, my motto, "Quaero" means "I seek."

In case Mann doesn't make the mailing (I offered him column-space in my zine), Tree and Leaf is by Tolkien. I forget what the "Tree" part is, but the "Leaf" part is "Leaf by Niggle." Oh, grump — I see by p.last you already know.

I enjoyed "Cloud-capped tours" more this time; the style contrast is very nice, and I'd like to see more duo-writings in the series.

I've been to two catholic weddings, one in Tampa which must have been very High Church or something (it was extremely boring; I went with my parents and sat about an hour with the fidgets increasing). The other was here in Los Angeles, when Dian's friend Emmie (who was Dian's bridesmaid) got married. If the first was High Church, this one must have been Low Church, as the priest did almost everything wrong, including mispronounce the names of both the bride and groom. It's one to write up in a projected series of Strange Weddings We Have Seen.



RESIN 18 (Norm Metcalf) Hell, I thought we got rid of Coswal... .

YOPCM 2 (Rich Mann) The volumes of the SPECTATOR change only when the OE does, so as long as I'm OE, it will be Vol. 18 of SPECTATOR.

I think I finally figured out how Karen got her new numbering system for GOLIARD: She had published #807 of ZED, no.20 of ALIF, and no.5 of VORPAL GLASS. Added together, that gives 832. Then the next zine, GOLIARD 1, would be 833. OK?

I've been the SF Book Club for at least 9 years -- I checked my collection of their "Times to Come" bulletins, which goes back further than my membership, and I thing my first one was in March of 1956. I've never rejected one of their fiction selections, and only a couple times have I rejected a UFO-type book.

I like the idea of Ayn Rand Comix. Wonder who we can get to do them...?

IGNATZ 36 (Nan Rapp) I like the idea of teaching Steve to say "Braccckkkk to the N3F." I have a strange sense of humor, I know. When Joni Stopa was out here in Los Angeles in 1961 (in her guise of Joni Cornell), she brought her 3-year old kid, Debbie, with her. I forget whose idea it was, but the kid was taught to say "Ted White is a fugghead" when given the cue. Then the mob went to the Seacon, and in the middle of the lobby Joni pointed Debbie at Ted White (about fifteen feet away) and pushed, cueing her... . The parrot-stage of kids can be fun -- or nerve-wracking. Don't know what will happen when Dian and I have a kid; we both swear continuously, in several languages, including Fan.

EXCELSIOR! 1 (Arnie Katz) I suppose we could manage that costuming of groups as you suggest -- I even have a grey robe I could wear as a CULTist. Problem is, it's been done, at least partly. Jack Harness wore the Cult robe to the Berkeley Halloween Party in 1963, and Dian went as Sadista to both the Berkeley and Los Angeles Halloween Parties this past year (I went as General Nuisance.)

ARMAGEDDON 3BM (Kusske) There seems to be a mistaken impression abroad that I am trying des[arately to join every existing SF APA. I will admit that this was once the case -- in 1961, when there were only 6 or 7 of them, I managed it for a brief period of several months. These days I content myself with trying to collect fanzines -- APA mailings included -- and operate on the principle that eventually I'll get my hands on them, if I can stick around long enough. Right now I'm in SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, N'APA, APA L, and Cult. I may or may not join LAAPA and KAPPA-ALPHA. In addition, Dian is in SFPA, which leaves only APA F and APA 45 that we don't get the mailings from regularly (assuming I do join K-A). I doubt that INTERAPA will get off the ground, but I'm not joining even if it does -- I'm overextended on fanac anyway, these days.

As a "charter member" of APA 45, you're too touchy. At least I'm not trying to tell you what to do with the APA... .

Yes, Jean Berman is Ruth's younger sister -- if you visit them, I hope you play Hearts. Jean's a sneaky-type expert at it.

MAINE-IAC 26 (Ed Cox) While I have done little (read: no) spelunking since I graduated from the University of Florida, I still remember the enjoyment I got out of belonging to the FSS -- partly for the caving, mostly for the social part. I have little intention of going spelunking again in the near future, but that doesn't stop me from getting together with the other FSSers who have moved to California and talking about it.

IBEX 4 (Chalker) Where do you get the idea that the Rotation Plan was "made law instead of tradition"? I think you'll find that, at best, it is codified tradition, since there is NO law applicable to conventions that can be enacted by fans.



And as for Jay Klein or anyone looking like him selling Syracuse memberships at \$1 during Pacificon, you and/or your informant is full of crap. In the first place, Klein wasn't at the con at all. Dave Kyle was selling Syracuse booster cards for 50¢ each — and that's all.

I shall continue to support Syracuse until and unless their competition can give some evidence that they can put on a better convention than Syracuse. So far, all I've heard is bitching about Syracuse -- most of it from the four-time-resigned Chairman, Ben Jason.

Methods of getting Hugo winners' names to Baltimore in 15 minutes after the banquet — well, how about having a Balto fan at the con call long distance to one Jack Chalker's phone number, person-to-person, and ask for, say George Sciethers or Poul Anderson, or Don Wollheim, or Emsh... .

The real SMOFs don't need cards.

SCHULTZ — YOUR ZINE IS ALMOST ILLEGIBLE! WHY? Borrow a typer or something.

RETRO 34 (Buz) Neither Baker nor EdCo was at Pacificon II. I counted the following SAPS (per the July roster) at the con: Karen, Wrai, Ruth, you, TCarr, Castora, Eklund, Fitch, Hannifen, Harness, both Hulans, Johnstone, Lewis, Lichtman, Meskys, Metcalf, Patten, both Pelzes, both Webberts, and Wally. That's only 20 — who did you include, or who did I miss?

Pillar Fire 10 (Rich Brown)

"Prince, a moral I'd leave for you,  
Coined in Eden, existing yet... ."

- - - D. Parker

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 10 (Alan J. Lewis) Now who are we supposed to believe?

You assure Chalker that "New York fandom is not one big happy fandom," and everyone in New York (read: The Fanoclasts) assures the prospective con-site voters (read: us) that it is, too — like, everyone is behind their bid. I'm sure there must be a truth here somewhere... .

Next time you send in something for the mailing that has someone else's name signed to it and not yours, make sure that (1) The other guy wants it sent through the mailing, or (2) The OE can't get at the other guy to find out whether or not he wants them in the mailing. If Castora hadn't been in L.A., ACE OF NEXT #3 might have gone through.

SAPrise! 1 (Van Arnam) Okay, what's happened to Reader's Guide to Tarzan's Africa that you were supposed to be getting out? I will make a change in my binding of Your Readers Guides if you intend revising any of the things: I'll bind them individually, with "2d ed." on the revisions. Much easier that way, as I learned while doing library catalog work. It gets messy when you bind together two items of different editions.

At the time you knew me at UFla, I wasn't a spelunker. That was spring of 1957. During summer 1957, after you left, I roomed with Werner the Fish, and he got me into the FSS through our mutual interest in SF, G&S, etc. First caving trip was over 4th of July 57, to Climax Cave, Georgia. Shortly thereafter, the Fish left UF, and I continued with the club through Bob Smith.

The difference between a roasted potato and a baked potato, according to a letter from Madeleine, is that "roasted potatoes are cooked in the oven, usually around the roast meat. They have been peeled and basted with hot fat at intervals."

Oh, I see — it's the Fanoclasts that are "united" — not New York fandom. That one you might make stick, but I dunno about it sticking for two years until the thing comes up for vote. I doubt that LASFS could manage that, and it's got a better record than any NY fanclub.



MRAOC 4 (LeeJacobs) Your fanzine-pronounced-as-an-obscene-gurgle is a welcome returnee to SAPS. And I wonder just how many SAPSsites, new or old, know what its title means? (Hulan should be excluded -- I told him.)

The card-playing craze of SoCal fandom is not yet over. We played cards all through several days and nights of the New Year's party, for example. But we have branched out from brag and poker. (I'm a lousy poker player, so decline to lose my money that way.) As few people like Bourrer, we vary the games by playing Hearts or Oh, Hell! -- and playing both of them for money (everyone pays the winner.) (read: Everyone usually pays Harness. Otherwise, he complains.) Come on back, Lee, and we can get back to Bourrer.

NIFLHEIM 9 (Dave Hulan) I dunno, maybe I talk with you too much in person, because I hardly ever have any mailing comments on it -- and I even left it out of the list of zines that hadn't missed a mailing. Apologies.

The shield as drawn on SPELEOBEM is slightly wrong, as you said. The blazing as a bent sinister is correct.

Agreed that Emsch isn't too much better than Schoenherr, but I'm on the other side of the fence: I don't like the latter. Of course, I'd rather be able to vote for someone else than either of them, but there is very little choice in the field these days. I nominated Abbott, for his Ballentine covers of the Burroughs Mars books, but evidently no one else liked them.

SLUG 9 (Wally Weber) The complete "Annals of Shalar" will probably go through SFPA instead of SAPS, as the former has a smaller number of required copies and the thing will be a special publication so the number of copies is a problem (assuming plans for the cover work out.) Anyway, you'll have to rush right out and join SFPA, now, won't you? Oh, you won't. Oh well... .

The poor guy on the end of the stick on my cover for SPELEOBEM 24 is the last character who bragged about throwing out a whole collection of fanzines. (Or maybe it was that he bragged about burning a whole collection of comics, or...)

Hmm, a new typer with a different typeface for each mailing's SPECTATOR? I might try it. Lessee...we have at present, 5 typewriters in the house. Dian's portable ("The Crud Pumper"); her electric (Calamity Jane); my standard (Johnny Inkslinger); my newly-acquired portable with the German typeface ("Billig"); and a Slavic typer, as yet unnamed. This zine is being typed on Johnny Inkslinger, as it gets the most words into a space. YEZIDEE is done on Calamity Jane, and the 69th SPECTATOR was done on the Crud Pump r. If you're lucky we won't have to use the other two at all. But the idea of a different typer for each SPECTATOR is interesting...Lessee. Vol. 18 #1-3 were done on a Physics Library typer; so were #'s 5, and 9-11; #4, and 6-8 were done on Johnny Inkslinger; 12 & 13 were done on Calamity Jane, and #14 on the Crud Pumper. That's a fair variety.

FLABBERCASTING 32 AT IEAST (Toskey via Weber) And here is the best place to put the report on The Saga of the Undroppable Toskey Who Isn't, Really. Attend:

After the April Mailing, Toskey wrote and resigned, saying he'd be thru LA on his way to Europe, and would be giving me his zines. I wrote back a couple times, saying that, in spite of the fact that I'm extremely greedy when it comes to getting people's fanzines, I'd rather he stayed in SAPS -- he'd been in since way before I joined, and was sort of a fixture in the organization. Also, I did not like the idea that he was quitting possibly because of something I had done as OE. Toskey said it wasn't anything anyone had done, and he still wanted to quit. When he came through in June, I called out reinforcements from the Labyrinth and we finally talked him into the idea of keeping his name on the roster for the July mailing, as he didn't need any pages or dues; perhaps he would change his



mind in the meantime, and stay with us. I then wrote to Seattle, and hatched up the plan that resulted in Wrai Ballard and Buz (I think) doing FLABBERGHOSTING in order to keep Tosk's run of mailings hit complete. Nothing more was heard from Tosk until we met him by accident in Yosemite National Park in September. We were heading for the Pacificon with the Hulans and ATom, and Tosk was heading back to Seattle with his cousin. I asked him, "Have you changed your mind, or do I have to get my axe?" He said I'd have to go for the axe. I expected him to send another letter of resignation when he got home, but nothing came at all. I assumed he was letting himself get dropped by having no pages in the October mailing. OK, he'd get dropped. But Wally did up six pages of Toskey material that was previously unpublished, and sent them in -- that's legitimate page credit according to the rules, so Tosk stayed on the roster. Still no word of further "I resign" type. Tosk has sent in a zine for this mailing (70th), tho it is not FLABBERGASTING but DEADWOOD. His main subject of introduction is that he cannot get dropped from SAPS. I consider this unfair, so I phoned the Toskey to find out exactly what he wanted: to get dropped or to stay in. He hesitated, saying he wanted to get this mailing, as it had John Berry's zine about the Toskey visit in the mailing. I said he could have one of the extras John had sent over this time, and Tosk still hesitated. I assured him that I'd much prefer he stay a member, but if he wanted out, he'd be out as soon as he said so. Finally, he decided that he wanted to stay on the roster and get this mailing; he would let me know right after getting the mailing whether or not he still wanted to stay. I hope he does -- but if so, I hope he'll stop complaining about not being able to get dropped. I believe in being Very Fair to Old-Time Members; but there is a limit -- one must be at least somewhat fair to the WL, too. (Mi, Kusske!)

Anyway, I think Wally's ploy was an excellent one -- and hope it works to keep the Toskey an active member. (Bring back FLABBERGASTING!)

THE CHARLOTTAN 3 (Bailes) Under the circumstances you outline -- should there be 3 invitees, of whom the third has already paid his dues and sent in his activity while the other two have not -- the third would indeed be an Immediate Member. (Not to be confused with being an Instant Member.)

I like your bit about the two guys fighting in the bar. ... "Shotgun!" yelled the barkeep, loosing both barrels.

The order of reading a fantasy does matter. The order of reading a series of them may not.

SPACEWARP 79 (Art Rapp) In case I forget to write to you people again -- I meant to do so after last mailing, but forgot, so I got stuck once more: P\*L\*E\*A\*S\*E don't send any more letter-size stencils. My Gestetner is an excellent machine, and will take more different kinds of stencils than any other fan mimeo in town -- 4-hole, 9-hole, wide, narrow, etc. -- but it insists on legal length stencils so that the last four inches or so of the silk-screen is covered and doesn't ink the back of the page you're running. Letter-size stencils require the affixing of an extra length of stencil snipped off a previously-run one. If you can't get legal length ones, lemme know and I'll ship some over. (Or maybe Metcalf will -- I got my last ten quire through Norm, cheap.) Also, if you can possibly afford to do so, send the backing sheets on the stencils; otherwise it is necessary to run through a lot of crud sheets before the thing is ready to be run on good paper. Of course, if you really have to use backless letter-size stencils, I'll still run them. Druther have the others, tho.

Cartoons muchly enjoyed.

MEST 17 (Ted Johnstone) As a matter of fact, I'm not very good at transliteration at all, but I get a big kick out of using foreign-lang-



uage typers. True, I do get to do a fair amount of transliteration in my job as Cataloger, but it hasn't yet involved Japanese. If it did I'd have to pass it on to someone else to do. I can handle Cyrillic fairly well, and also a number of the variant-stuff like Estonian and the like. And I'm working on a few other alphabets, which I'm sure you're already familiar with: โธไลน รโธไลน

วธิทอวจ . ปร โธไลน

I've been working on Arabic, too, but haven't done much with it yet.

Oh, I remember what MFFYF stood for -- I wonder if it ever worked for the originator? We seem to have done all right... .

You might like to compare your photo of the 1963 Orinda Halloween party with one of mine. Same place, different time of evening.

Recheck the 68th SPECTATOR and you'll see that Metcalf had his six pages of original material in the mailing, counting the two issues of RESIN. Without the second one, however, he would have needed pages in Mlg. 69 -- he didn't get credit for the Grauhügel stuff. But once the 6pp minimum is met, no mention of what counts for credit and what doesn't is necessary -- the total number of pages is listed, and that's that.

I knew very well why Wrai typed FLABBERGHOSTING, but the idea was to keep the run of Toskey's zine solid, so I noted it as a "mis-titling."

A is A #3 (Ed Baker) I hope to hell you wrote the International Language article yourself, Ed. Signing something with a pseudo when you have to have the credit is risking a drop. For the records, will you confirm your authorship?

YEZIDEE 9 (Dian) I dunno how many SAPS actually read your article on prints, but for those who did I want to give an outsider's (read: non-artist) view of the scene. I went with Dian last weekend (9 January) to do the final prints of the three plates she has been working on this semester -- two large ones and a small one (18"x12", 12"x9"). The amount of work needed to make one print, even after you've got the blasted plate finished entirely to your liking, is fantastic. You cover the plate solidly with ink (getting your hands and part of your arms covered, too.) Then the surface has to be wiped clean of ink, leaving only the ink in the engraved lines. This wiping process is done with a series of special cloths, each one less filthy than the last, and one uses a continuous circular motion. (My own tendency is to use up-and-down swipes, which Dian says Just Won't Do.) Then the print paper has to be soaked -- some of it has to be soaked for an hour, other types such as the Japanese paper only get dipped. When it is ready you put a piece of tissue paper on the bed of the huge press, place the plate on it face up and the print paper on top of that. Then another piece of tissue paper, and finally a series of three heavy "blankets." The whole schmear is run through the press, with someone turning the huge handle. The press is a 19th Century job, and the main wheel is a good three feet in diameter. It takes some doing to run any number of prints during one day. When the print comes out of the press it is taped to the wall with brown-paper tape until it dries. The tape keeps the thing flat, preventing curling, and after a couple days it can be cut down, trimmed, and matted. We averaged about four prints an hour, with both of us working together -- pretty good speed, at that. I'd have hated to have had to all the work like the inking and cleaning.

LOST IN THE LABYRINTH 2 (Harness) Very nice verse -- and I like the series-gag bacover cartoon, too.

So tell us what progress you've made in your out-of-working art career?

I wish to hell you'd take some of your now-copious time and do a decent-sized fanzine again. It's been quite a long time, now... .



YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE #3 is a column in Bruce Pelz's SAPSzine, in the 70th mailing of the self-same SAPS. It is written and stenciled by Richard Mann, B331 Bryan Hall, East Lansing, Michigan 48823, and run off, of course, by Bruce. It is dated January 1965, and was begun on the first day of that month during the playing of the Rose Bowl game, to the kibitzing of John Kusske, Jr., who is here on a visit. It's ROMPress Publication #30, another milestone for me. Surely there must somebody that I'm passing up!

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New Year's this year is a fannish time for me, as has been the entire Christmas vacation this year. Since coming back home from school, I've done 2 APA L zines (with the incomparable aid of Tom Gilbert, a ghod man), 1 SFPazine, 1 APA45zine, and a one-shot with John Kusske for N'APA and APA45. If any of you have a morbid curiosity about such things, and don't belong to the neo's playground apas, send along a dime to John or me for a copy of the thing. One-shotting seems to be fun, even after being exposed to it.

The main thing (fannishly) that has happened to me since the last mailing is of course the coming of APA L, in which I am one of five (I think...) outsiders who have been, by the liberal use of airmailing, contributing to the ~~mailings~~ distributions. And even with the task of publishing a weekly fanzine, I've still managed to survive my first full term of college and I have yet to be dropped from an apa for lactivity, though I have been depending lately on minac rather much.

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This is John Kusske speaking, and I bet that you SAPS did not expect to see me in Bruce Pelz's fanzine. (As a matter of fact, I still don't expect to see myself in SPELEOBEM.) I have five lines to say hello and happy New Year to all of you, so I'd better get started....I hope this get's in SAPS 70!

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I'm back again. About that title: some of you have indicated that it's a bit bulky, a fact that I have sort of overlooked up till now. Somebody else said there was probably some sort of story behind the title, and I suppose there is. It goes like this:

Back when I was just starting to think about actually publishing my own fanzine, I began to notice little things that perhaps would be good fanzine material of one sort or other. This particular case is an odd one for fandom: I found some very small little pamphlets in the base chapel that had a cute little picture of a man with a pick and shovel assaulting a hole in the ground with a sign by the hole: Goldmine. Inside the thing was a pitch of some kind from one of those omnipresent religious groups that is always this sort of thing, but the thought occurred to me that I could use this little thing as a cover and title cut some time. All I would need to do would be to cut off the first page of the pamphlet with the picture on it, and paste it to a piece of paper, and I'd have an instant cover. The writing on the cover was: A Personal Goldmine. My idea, sparked from this, was that perhaps some day I could use these on SAPS -- and that they would make a singularly appropriate title for a fanzine full of mailing comments. Hence the emphasis on personal. The difference between my title and that of the pamphlet is explained easily by the fact that I didn't think the original quite ornate enough for a genuine SAPSzine like "A Fanzine for Burnett R. Toskey, Ph.D." and a few others with similar ponderous titles I don't recall right off. So now you know.

The question is this: shall I change the title when I get into SAPS and become a real member, or is it OK as is? Of course, I know that's a neoish thing to ask, but I still care what SAPS thinks....



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mailing comments  
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It should be noted that I still can't resist that wonderfully descriptive title for this column within a column. I suppose I could come up with something like "A Sour Pickle for Len Bailes", but I really think that lacks something in punch... Perhaps next time the YOPGM title could go on the mc's where it belongs and I could come up with some sort of simple, nice-sounding name like Mest, Yezidee, or KRAOC (obscene gurgle...) \*\*Enough -- let us get on with it. . .

Bruce :: Spectator 69 :: 293 pages -- perfect. I am a lover of small sized mailings (within limits, of course), and I think that around 300 pages is simply perfect. I can comment on it, and read it easily, and the whole thing retains flavor of one sort or another. N'APA used to be like this, but now it has gone up to 500 page mailings, and I liked it better the old way. Of course, N'APA is full of genzines and such, so the 500 page size isn't really any kind of loss of ingroup flavor, like it would be for SAPS. What I can't conceive of is this 593 page FAPA mailing. Gad. . .

Hmm...#6 on the wl now, and that's not too bad. I predict that I'll be in within another year or so. Of course, Bruce's new ruling makes things more difficult, but I have reached the conclusion that if I were now in SAPS, I'd be solidly behind the move to reduce the membership. Therefore, I guess I should be behind it now, too.

Surprising, isn't it? Only four people missed the mailing this time.

Doreen :: Por Que? 23 :: Count me in your "out group" that likes mc's, because I like reading and writing them just as much as the rest of you. Or at least I think I do... The nattering is the best part.

I have the same bad habit of not being able to quit a book before I finish it. The only book in the last three years that I recall not finishing after reading about 40 pages is Andre Norton's WITCH WORLD. . . and you had troubles with Web.

Ruth :: Dinky Bird 12 :: I didn't know there was more than one Oz book! I haven't read even the one that I knew existed -- should I? And how many books are there in the series, and finally, where can I get them?

I presume you've now read Tree and Leaf -- how was it? I've been meaning to get to it for quite a while now -- since before the last mailing, but I simply kept putting it off time after time. All I need is someone to tell me to read it, and that should put me over the hump.

Netcalf :: Resin 18 :: A rather nasty thing to do, don't you think? You only got one page of credit for it, though, so the whole thing was pointless. ##I envy Patten if he read Sixth Column as his introduction to stf. Couldn't have found a better book.

Darn it -- this silly typer isn't working right. As you can see by that line up there.

YOPGM#2 :: Me :: You didn't think I'd write out that whole title do you? ## I asked the SF Book Club how many members they had out of a spasm of curiosity. They said that they manage to average about 30,000 members. I never would have realized there were that many of us.

I'll be curious to see how this issue turns out, because I'm typing on the stencils again with my typing plate this time. I want to see what difference, if any, it makes in the way the it all turns out. I hope this time it'll look a bit better than last time. There simply has to be some way to get crisp, clear copies out of this typer!



Despairing ever getting decent copies out of that typer, I've taken to my own lovable electric typer, in hopes of getting better copies out of it. Besides, the other typer is in Grand Forks, and I'm not, any more.

Nancy Rapp :: Ignatz #36 :: Gee, the little engine that could... I remember reading that while waiting for my Dad to come home -- I was about seven or eight at the time, and this was during the Korean War -- and Dad was gone for eight or ten months. Funny thing you should mention both at the same time. I recall the little apartment next to the schoolhouse in Riverton, Utah where Mother and I and my little brother lived. It was a little green house, less than half of which was our apartment. Have you ever lived in a house where the bathtub was in the kitchen? And then there was the time that Dad came home. . . \*sigh\*

By the way, Nancy, I sympathize with you two over there with nothing but a BX to live on. I went through the same sort of thing for the last four years at Ramey AFB in Puerto Rico, and I'll tell you -- it was simply heaven to get back Stateside where things can be bought, and America's greatest commercial institution, competition, causes the stores to care about how they treat you. It's also nice to get mailings within a week or two, instead of waiting a month or so for them to come. Anyway, sympathies from an old APO 845 fan.

Excelsior 1 :: Arnie :: I'll tell you what lurks beneath that bland exterior of mine: a plot. While not quite evil enough to chant the ancient spells to get six SAPS ~~struck~~ by lightning (besides, Len is doing that), I have got a spell that will cause instant gafiation. I have in mind a certain kind-hearted SAPSite that if caused to go gafia, would probably look around for someone to sell his mimeo to, cheap. That way, I'd kill two ~~SAPS~~ birds with one gafiation spell. I guess.

Well, I must admit that Benyo picked up some sort of anti-Arnie kick somewhere (most likely in some SFPazine or other, since he was once on an SFPA kick), but you can hardly accuse me of that sort of thing. And I did so ask you and Len both to join APA45 right at the start. Somehow, we seem to have managed to get started without you, but the offer still stands.

Kathy Stipek: Box 118, S-T Hall, Mount Pleasant, Iowa, 52641. If you'd asked by letter, I would have answered that way. You still owe me one. Harrumph.

I've been reconsidering, Arnie. While the idea of Baltimore putting on a con isn't the best, I guess; neither is that of you New Yorkers doing it. What ever happened to the Virginvention?

So that's not-poetry. Now all I lack is having seen some Am-So Poetry. (Nancy?)

But, Arnie, all I said was one sentence saying that I didn't know much about Spillane, but I thought he wasn't quite that popular. This is discussing something I know nothing about as an authority or something?

Well, Arnie, if that's the way you feel about it... I have organized the Society of International and Allied Organizations for the Purpose of Upholding and Maintaining a State of Expedient and Profitable Commerce Between Wheat Chex Box Top Fandom and the Manufacturers and Distributors of Genuine, Certified, Super-Duper, One Way Vision Space Patrol Helmets, Unlimited, to be known hereafter as the SIAOPUMSEPCBWCBTFLDGCSDOWVSPH, Unltd. You nutty Powerhouse fans will never prevail! (I've been into FANCY II again...)



# MADELEINE WILLIS:

## The DISTAUF Side

12

Pt. 9

THURSDAY, 13th September 1962

We had now become almost blasé about travelling in America, but this journey was to San Francisco: the very name has a charisma of its own. There must be very few of my generation who do not feel almost homesick on hearing the name of the city, because of the famous song, but San Francisco itself managed to live up to anything I had heard or read about it. And we were on our way to California, a mecca even to Americans themselves. But still we were tired, so, wondering briefly what fate the Greyhound Company had in store for us this time, we fell asleep.

We awoke to find ourselves in a bus depot, later identified as Olympia, not feeling at all godlike. There was no sign of a driver or a restaurant or facility of any kind. Nor was there any information about the reason for the stop, but we were too sleepy to care.

On Greyhound buses the driver is a sort of tyrannical deity, dispensing an extra ten minutes here, cutting fifteen there. As we entered Portland, Oregon, he announced that, since we were behind schedule, we would have only fifteen minutes for breakfast instead of the scheduled thirty. He didn't seem very put out about this himself, and after brooding about it, we came to the conclusion that he had had, appropriately enough, his own breakfast in Olympia. There was another thunderbolt to follow: the state of Oregon, he proclaimed, did not permit smoking in buses. So we breakfasted on coffee and nicotine, and I went to sleep again as we continued south.

I woke up again longing for a real breakfast and another cigarette, and regarded the face of Oregon with a jaundiced eye. The scenery consisted entirely of wet trees clinging to the slopes of hills. There was no sign of the mountains for which we had forsaken the alternate coastal route. At Eugene we reached the nadir of the Greyhound Post House chain. On the surface everything looked fine at first: we had plenty of time and there was no waiting for service. We walked straight to the mounds of food on the counters and pointed out what we wanted. The worst disappointment was the scrambled eggs, but everything was cold including the coffee. The eggs had congealed into a tough tasteless mass. For these, toast and orange juice, the bill was \$1.45 each. Even Walter, surely one of the most easygoing people I know, was outraged enough to complain to the cashier.

Things had to improve after that, and sure enough, the scenery gradually became more interesting. We were climbing towards the Pengra Pass, the trees were thinning out and the hills were steeper. But at the Pass itself, the weather had not cleared up enough for us really to appreciate the fact that we were over 5000 feet up. The overcast sky effectively cut us off from the view in every direction, and we began to worry that we might miss Mount Shasta, the main attraction of this route to us. We descended into the trees again, and they seemed to stretch interminably in all directions.

The next rest stop was called Halfway House, and the rough building looked just like one. It was a single large log cabin in a clearing in the forest. We weren't very hungry, so we walked around with hamburgers looking for some quaint sight or local wildlife. But there was nothing, just trees and the road disappearing into the misty distance.

At Klamath Falls we had some ice cream and our first glimpse of the mount-



ains. The sun had come out, and we began to feel more cheerful. Back in the bus, we shortly crossed the state line into California, after a brief and unexpected inspection by some kind of official, and lit up celebratory cigarettes. Even the weather was rapidly becoming Californian. We could see the mountains all round us, and the prospects for Mount Shasta looked brighter. However, we had forgotten how, in Ireland, even on the sunniest days, a mountain can be hidden in mists: straight ahead, where Shasta ought to be, there was a great solitary pillar of cloud.

But to our delight, the nearer we got the faster the clouds seemed to dissolve, and more and more of the mountain became visible. It may seem odd for us to be so excited over this mountain, when many of the ones we had seen in the Rockies must have been just as high, but the height of a mountain is relative. What makes a mountain exciting is its contrast, its separation from its surroundings. Some mountains in Ireland have this dramatic quality, though they may be less than 3000 feet. Mount Shasta stands quite alone; the eye can follow its slopes upwards, and it is so high it dominates the whole countryside. It was a beautiful, majestic sight.

Our last sight of Shasta was it standing out against a clear blue sky, and then we plunged into the Lake Shasta Recreational Area. This was all the little wooded valleys with little winding roads leading down to them which I would have loved to wander down. Then we came to the Lake. It was an incredible deep blue, bordered with yellow sand, or clay. On a dull day I suppose it might have looked bleak without the softening effect of trees and grass, but in the bright California sun it was startlingly colourful.

Though the sun gave life to lakes, rocks, and sand, it had stolen it from the vegetation. The grass began to have an unnatural brown colour seen only occasionally in Ireland, in short grass during droughts. Here there had evidently been drought for centuries. Even the leaves on the trees had a greyish dusty look. But at Corning I was enchanted by the palm trees and the Spanish architecture, this part of America being like nothing we had ever seen, and farthest from Ireland in more ways than one. We watched this rich and strange countryside until darkness came with a suddenness dramatic to one accustomed to the long twilights of a northern latitude. Then we slept.

We woke to find the bus rattling over a long bridge, which turned out to be the Bay Bridge at San Francisco. Bill Donaho was to meet us, but we were ten minutes early, so Walter went to get coffee while I minded the baggage. Suddenly I was surrounded by a joyous welcoming crowd, and a hot container of coffee put in my hand. Our welcomers had seemingly anticipated our wishes and had been getting the coffee for us as the bus arrived. There was Bill Donaho again, still as amazingly big and gentle; Dick Ellington, smiling broadly and almost stammering in the exuberance of his welcome; his wife Pat, who reminded me of Honor Blackman; and, most surprisingly of all, Ethel Lindsay, who we had thought was thousands of miles away. And there we were telling Ethel all about our Seattle visit while she was trying to tell us all about Los Angeles. It was a happy welcome to San Francisco.

Bill told us he had arranged for us to stay with Miri and Jerry Knight, and I felt just a little nervous as we entered their little house. I had never heard of Jerry, and all I knew about Miri was that she used to be married to Terry Carr and I had liked her fanzine. However, once I met them I knew that Bill had arranged things well. Miriam was one of the most fabulous women I had ever met, and Jerry was quiet and likeable. It was fascinating just to sit and look at Miri gesturing with her graceful hands, so small for such a tall girl, and watch for that curiously charming little wavelike motion of her upper lip as she smiled. For the first time in years I felt almost jealous as I noted how impressed Walter



was, too, with our hostess. Also staying with the knights was Calvin Demmon, one of the brightest stars to have appeared in the fannish firmament for years. He had already gone to bed, since he was suffering with a cold, and we wouldn't be seeing him until tomorrow, I was told. I went upstairs looking for the bathroom. On one of the doors there was a notice saying "Ladies," so naturally I walked right in. In the intermittent flashes of light from something like a traffic blinker, I could see an occupied bed. I should have realized this was a fannish household, not a bus station.

Walter and I slept on a convertible settee which was very comfortable. It was pleasant to find again that the twin beds of the American cinema weren't typical of the normal household.

Friday, 14 September

During the early morning I woke briefly at what I thought was the sound of the milkman leaving his bottles on the doorstep. At breakfast time, thinking more clearly, I realized it couldn't have been the milkman: in America people collected their own milk at the supermarket. Miriam cleared up the mystery for me when she enquired if we had slept well, and hoped we hadn't been disturbed by people using the coke machine just outside the window. It seemed that next door was a motel, and the crusty proprietor wouldn't move the machine to where it would be less of a nuisance. Now it was daylight I could see the motel pool only a few feet away, and I agreed with Miri and Jerry it seemed unfair they couldn't use it occasionally when the motel wasn't full.

We met a half-awake Calvin before he left for work. He was quieter than we had expected from his fanzine contributions, but sometimes I think quiet people make the best fans.

After breakfast Ethel joined us for a day's sightseeing with Miri and Jerry. It was very hot in the courtyard outside the house, so we set out for the Golden Gate with the Volkswagen top down. But as we neared the Pacific a cool breeze sprang up and a mist rolled in from the sea. We women in the back seat had to beg the men to stop and put the top on again before we were blown into the bay. This was part of the charm of San Francisco, the unexpected mists and the cooling sea breezes; they brought a kind of European air to the city. We noticed also that here people didn't dress as casually as elsewhere in America. They were both more cosmopolitan and more relaxed, and the atmosphere was one of culture more than of bustle. The cool sea mist gave me more energy to take in the scene, but unfortunately it also took the scene away, for the Golden Gate Bridge was completely obscured. However, as Walter said as he bought some postcards at the other end, we had been on the bridge and we could see what it was like, so what more could we want.

We visited a museum and admired Rodin sculptures, and then Miriam took us to her own favorite sight. We stood at the edge of a little lake and looked across it to an ancient grey anachronism in this modern city -- an ancient ruined Gothic castle, complete with cupolas, towers and statued niches. What was it doing here, we asked. The explanation was more fantastic than the castle. It was a sort of custom-built ruin, constructed on the occasion of some exhibition. The people of San Francisco had been so charmed by its age-darkened plaster and synthetic lichen that they had kept it after the exhibition was over. Not only that, but now that it was becoming a genuine ruin they had plans to reconstruct it of more permanent materials. I grew fonder than ever of this romantically minded city.

We were now looking forward to our promised ride on a cable car, but first Jerry had to find a parking place. This at first sight appeared quite impossible. The streets were as narrow as in any European city, they curved and twisted just as much, and to cap it all they were even steeper than those in Seattle. However,



American ingenuity had found a way, and Jerry, after going for miles in the opposite direction from his objective in a succession of one-way streets, at last penetrated to a multi-storey car park. It was the first one I had ever been in, and I watched with awe as we spiralled up and up the ramp looking for a floor with space on it. We found one at the top, and after admiring the view took the elevator down again, being bowed into it with such courtly politeness by another pedestrian that it felt more like a sedan chair.

Back on street level, we wandered a few blocks and found ourselves in Chinatown. Straight from a multi-storey car park we were plunged into a world of lanterns, pagodas and...what were those coloured things in the air?...yes, kites. If all this were a tourist trap I was perfectly willing to be caught. What immediately took my fancy was the cheongsam, of which there were numerous examples on show. I fancied myself being inscrutable in colourful brocade, but prices were high even for the cheapest ones, and I doubted if I could get one in a petite size. I was quite happy to keep on looking at marvelling at all the other unusual things in the shops, but there was a rival groundswell of opinion in favour of food. Ethel had had her breakfast earlier than us. Jerry and Miriam were looking, with what Walter described as a singularly sophisticated perversity, for a Mexican restaurant, but we finally settled for one of the hundreds of Chinese ones.

Its appearance was a complete contrast from the usual American diner. No expanse of formica, no leather-topped stools and absolutely no chrome. It was like nothing so much as an old-fashioned Irish pub. To top it all we were bowed into a little curtained booth exactly like what we call a "snug." It was really strange to find familiarity in combination with this exotic district and alien food. Alien or not, Miriam and Jerry had chosen well, because it was delicious. I had my first sweet and sour pork here (the only other time I had been in a Chinese restaurant was in Manchester at the SuperManCon, where I got crottled greeps) and I have never tasted better since. As Walter said, if you have to wait half your life to taste sweet and sour pork, San Francisco is the place to hold out for. The other dish I remember was ginger beef, and it was almost as delicious. We had four dinners between the five of us, and though we were all hungry, it was plenty.

Our next destination was Fisherman's Wharf, and we were to get to ride a cable car down to it. The cable cars were a strange amalgamation of tramcar and jaunting car, propelled by some sort of underground cable. We sat on the outward-facing seats as it careened downhill, jangling as it went. It was an exhilarating experience. Everyone seemed very light-hearted, even those who didn't seem to be tourists. There was a gay air of almost fannish camaraderie, as when the car stopped for no apparant reason and the cheerful driver said it was because of a coffee break at the power house. Then, at the bottom of the hill where the car was turned on a turntable, nearly all the men passengers stayed to help the driver. I thought it fun for everyone to lend a hand. It was a really civic transport system.

We experienced a disappointment that was yet in a way a pleasant experience when we reached Fisherman's Wharf. Miri wanted to take us into the Cost Plus shop which had a large assortment of exotic articles for sale at low prices. But on the pavement outside were two men walking up and down carrying placards; they were picketing the establishment. Miri surprised me by being hesitant about entering across a picket line. Somehow I had got the impression that most American fans were anti-labour. It was nice to find that our hosts on this occasion had similar political views to our own, and we were quite happy not to enter but to wander around looking at all the other shops.

Ethel had to leave San Francisco that evening, so we all went back to Berkeley to meet Bill, Cal, Pat and Poopsie for a farewell dinner. For this, Bill



took us to a very cosmopolitan restaurant. It served food in the German style, was owned by an Irishman, and employed Chinese waiters. I think what was German about the style was the size of the helpings -- they were large even by American standards. I suspected Bill's motives in picking this particular restaurant, as, in spite of the pleasantness of the food, he got to finish up many side dishes and most of Poopsie's dinner. On one visit to London, Walter and I were fed so inadequately that we entered a second restaurant immediately after leaving the first, and ordered another complete meal. When Bill goes there, I can see him making a pilgrimage from one restaurant to another, a modern Flying Dutchman, never at rest. But here in Berkeley he assuaged any guilty feelings we might have about wasting that lovely food. Unfortunately, he couldn't do anything about those other guilty feelings we were having about Ethel. This was at the end of her trip, and we had so much still ahead of us. We could see that the others were sad about it too, and yet this, paradoxically, lightened our mood. We were proud of the impression she had made on American fandom. I was specially pleased, as a feminist, that our first woman TAFF delegate was such a success.

---Madeleine Willis

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## CABAL LADDER EXTENSION

SPELEOBEM 25 (me) The cover design is one Dian worked out while studying the knots in Medieval art. The particular style of knot is Hiberno-Saxon.

I was going to report on the state of my bound fanzine collection, but I can't find a couple of mailings, and don't know whether I haven't bound them yet, or have misplaced them, or for some reason I broke the rule and loaned them to someone. Did anyone borrow the 67th SAPS Mlg. and the 106th FAPA Mlg.?

SAPS I have met department: 33 out of 35 members (minus Foyster and Gerding) but only 8 out of the 21 WLers: McInerney, Bailes, Stine, Van Arnam, Berman, Lerner, Pearson and Hannifen.

AMERICAN FICTION (Meskys) Thanks for the synopsis of "Gianni Schicci." I've never bothered to look it up in spite of the fact that I've been quite fond of one of the arias ("O Mio Babino Caro") for a number of years.

SPECTATOR 69 (OElephant) Now that the Official Rules on WL zines and Roster size have been laid down, let me voice the Unofficial Opinions that go with them. For one thing, I repeat that that I have no objection at all to the inclusion of WL material in the mailings. I can see the point of the members who object to entire WL zines, however: it gives SAPS, effectively, a roster of 40 or so, depending on how many WLers are active. But as Columns in members' zines, I think WL material is a good idea -- hell, I was running PORQUE! as a column two mailings after I joined, and I intend to run Rich Mann's column as long as he wants to send it in. And I'm sure that any other interested WLer can find a member willing to include his material. Three of the four WLers active in Mlg. 69 are still active in Mlg. 70, and Metcalf says he offered Van Arnam an opportunity to include his material in RESIN. So there should be no cries of exclusion of WL material.

As for the membership reduction, I don't know whether th8s is a good idea or not. Ballard and Busby drummed up a lot of support among the SAPSites at the Patificon, so we'll try it a while, unless too many people object.

SPELEOBEM 26 is published by Bruce Pelz for SAPS Mailing 70, January 1965.  
Incunebulous Publication 322.