



SAPS

THE CRAWLWAY

editorial

THE WHEEL OF FANDOM TURNS, and the emphasis of fanac, which has been on APAS for the past few years, begins to swing toward the General Fanzine and special project again. Or at least it does with me, and with quite a few of those I've talked to this past summer. Perhaps this is an untypical selection.

It isn't that I've lost interest in SAPS, understand -- though I think I may have stayed a year too long as OE -- but I've found some other things that I want to do more than I want to publish a quarterly Open Letter, especially since I have three quarterly, one tri-weekly, and one weekly APAS besides SAPS. Among them all, they leave little time for FILKSONG MANUALS and the like. Something has to give. OMPA and APA L will probably go by the boards completely, and the rest of you may have to put up with minac blithering for a while.

I did fairly well this summer, managing to get out both FILKSONG MANUAL 2 and the fourth I PALANTIR, besides keeping up with the APAS and taking a month-long vacation to Tricon. I also kept RATATOSK on about a tri-weekly schedule, which isn't as good as the bi-weekly schedule it's supposed to have, but isn't as bad as other newszines get to be after a couple years.

I AM SOMEWHAT PUZZLED about the deadline for this mailing. It is Saturday, 8 October as I begin this issue, and I intend to finish it tonight and get it in the mail by Monday morning. BUT...It may be that I really have more time or less time than I think I do to get the thing to the OE -- you see, I can't quite figure out which item in the SPECTATOR takes precedence over the other three. In the colophon, the deadline is the 16th -- that's next Sunday. In Rule 3 (p.2) the deadline is the second Thursday -- that's the 13th; but the note to WLers and Invitees gives the latter until the 15th -- that's next Saturday (this note is also on p.2). And on p.4, where Carl Brandon is invited to join, he has until October 20th -- that's a week from Thursday!! So I'm puzzled. Is the OE going to throw out anything that comes in from a member after the 13th but wait until the 20th for Carl's zine? Or what?

YOU MAY RECOGNIZE THE TYPEFACE as that of Johnny Inkslinger, my monstrous Everest Standard typer. It has been out of use for quite some time because some of the key slugs had come loose and, after paying to have them fixed once only to have them come loose again, I couldn't get around to digging up the money for the repairs. It is back again courtesy of one J.G. Newkom, who fixed the thing in exchange for my preparing his APA L file for the bindery. A barter system of technical skills; very nice indeed. I'm glad to have Johnny back again -- and so is Dian, since it means I won't be hogging her typer all the time now.

I DON'T QUITE SEE THE POINT of postmailing POT POURRI. There's nothing in it that could not have waited another mailing -- no MCs, of course, no news items, etc. It might be argued that it keeps John's string of mailings hit intact, but it really doesn't, of course. It robs him of a listing in the SPECTATOR for the mailing to which the zine is attached, and it will drive collectors batty trying to figure out where the thing goes in a mailing -- though I assume you will list it as a Postmailing to 76 (Illegal) in SPECTATOR 77. Owell... nitpicknitpick....

This is SPELEOBEM 33
from Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza
Los Angeles, California 90024
for SAPS 77, October 1966
IncuNebulous Publication 515.

THE CABAL LADDER

mailing comments

DINKY BIRD 19 (Ruth Berman) That collection of "Teaching Baby Manners" is delightful indeed! How long is the time factor of the collection? If the time factor isn't too great, maybe you can collect some more??

If you don't get "The Broken Lute" finished I shall do something drastic, like maybe sending in your NFFF dues or shipping you Tom Digby for a week. Anything with a poem like that in it I Want To Read! Plague take APAs, they take up too much of a collector's time, and he/I can't get around to writing things he wants to do. (The primary problem being, of course, that I want even more to continue my APA strings of mailings, even though I don't want to actually put out the fanzines that will serve this purpose.) Mentions of stories like yours wake up the writing desire again!

It having been many years ago that I read Dorian Gray, I didn't remember that bit about the yellow book -- "the spiritual ecstasies of some medieval saint or the morbid confessions of a modern sinner. ...a poisonous book." Now I would like to find out exactly what led to the naming of the famous Art Nouveau journal The Yellow Book. The preface to the volume of selections from TYB (originals published, 13 vol., 1894-1897; anthology published 1950) states "It was a youthful and vigorous attempt to make a beginning, to break new ground, to clear the air -- and, of course, (in the phrase its editor would have preferred) to epater le bourgeois. The very colour chosen was that of the notoriously immoral French novel." I'll have to do some checking. (For those of SAPS who don't know, Dian is very interested in Art Nouveau, and I've picked up a small interest in it myself, sort of by osmosis. So if you have any old Aubrey Beardsley-illustrated books, or copies of TYB's original volumes except #10, or books published by Kelmscott Press, or old junk Tiffany glass, we'll be glad to take them off your hands.)

I've read quite a few of the "Schlock Homes" stories in EQMM, and I don't care for them. Not that they're damaging the Canon, or Tasteless Imitations, or anything; I just think they're unfunny.

PLEASURE UNITS 15 (Gordon Feklund) It's difficult to realize you've been in the Air Force for three years and SAPS for four -- you don't seem that old, in print. But I guess my memory plays tricks on me sometimes -- I mean, quite the opposite of thinking you couldn't possibly have been in SAPS that long, it's also difficult to remember a mailing of SAPS without one of your things in it. I suppose it all has something to do with relativity; I myself try to have as little to do with relativity as possible.

I'm glad you liked the Prince Phillip and the wine inclusions; I thought some of the members might be interested. I have some more on the Prince, like a copy of the speech he made at UCLA -- so if a couple more members besides you and me are interested in such things, I'll run it through next mailing. (It's only about 20 pages, but they're single-spaced, at least.) As for the wine newsletter, I've got 40 copies of the 2nd-6th issues, too, but we've been moving things around here, and I may not be able to find them in time to include them in this issue of SPLEOFEM. When I do locate them, I'll run them through.

IGNATZ 40 (Nan Rapp) OK, so what happened to you at the Tricon? We looked for you, since you said you'd be there, but... I'll bet that's how Baltimore lost the con bid -- all their supporters stayed away from the Tricon! Will we see you at NYCON III?

SPACEWARP 82 (Art Rapp) There is a Hall of Fame for SF, but it's being run by the First Fandom outfit, and they elect one person a year to it. The person need not be dead to be elected. Doc Smith was elected in 1963, David Kel-

ler in 1966, Gernsback (I think) in 1964. So the Hall of Fame idea is spoken for already. There might still be some way to have an Honors List of recently deceased pros (and fans, for that matter) important to SF and fandom, but it would have to be called something else, and would have to be supervised by some sort of group -- they would either do the electing or supervise the electing.

Back in 1964, at Pacificon, there was talk of a SAPS Award, to be presented annually, to be sort of the Fan Equivalent of the First Fandom HoF Award. It might be an idea to take up this Honors List as a SAPS Project instead (especially since nothing came of the other idea.) Depends on (1) getting the club to go along with the idea; (2) working out the details of the Award itself -- or, rather, the plaque -- and the election thereto; (3) actually electing people; and (4) financing and presenting the thing at the cons. It can be done, and I rather like the idea, myself. We could, for example, hold the elections with the April mailing, results would come out in July mailing, and there would be two months to get the thing ready for the con. (October and January mailings to be used for discussion.) Right now SAPS has lots of money, and if we go back to the \$2 regular dues, as Wrai has, we should continue to have lots of money -- certainly enough to finance a plaque at the low rates we can get them in L.A. I would suggest that nominees be those who died in the previous year -- that is, for the 1967 awarding, anyone who died between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31 1966 inclusive would be eligible. I would also suggest not making a definite limit of the number of possible electees -- some years we might want to elect five, other years one or none. For that matter, the election ballot, to be sent with the April mailing, could also call for a vote on how many to elect.

Anyway, there's a bunch of wild suggestions. What different ones do you have? There's still time before the April mailing... . (Actually, if SAPS isn't interested, I'll talk to LASFS about it in February.)

You sure you would want round-robin serials in SAPS?? Len Bailes wants me to revive The Fellowship of Nothing... .

RETRO 41 (F.M. Busby) While agreeing that Spillane's old Mike Hammer books were, as you say, "sick stuff," I'd like to disagree with the label as applied to his latest couple. The Girl Hunters was quite well written, fast-paced, and as good a thriller as the Helms (which I delight in, as I think I mentioned before). The Twisted Thing, too, is well worth reading. Spillane has improved his characterizations.

I've been reading a lot of mysteries lately -- all of series characters: Commander Gideon, Matt Helm, Hercule Poirot [a little of Poirot, but not very much of him], Miss Marple, The Baron, Sam Durrell, Mike Shayne, The Toff, Lew Archer, Gideon Fell, Chet Drum, Travis McGee, Albert Campion... . I find I don't like Inspector West at all, and The Baron isn't much better. Queen and Mason are passe. And I've left a lot of others off the list: Nero Wolfe [The Doorbell Rang is excellent!], and I still read The Saint, no matter who's using the Charteris name these days. [I wonder who wrote the latest Mike Shayne, Murder Turns the Wheel?] I shall be very disappointed when my supply of the things gives out altogether and I don't have one to take each day for reading at breaks and lunch -- why, I might have to go back to reading Science Fiction! (And you know how bad that's been lately!!)

Well, Arnie was in six APAs. Way I hear it, he's down to two. (And if he goofs and misses the SAPS mailing... ..my parody will be ruined!)

If you happen to have a spare half-hour or so while near a typer, I would appreciate the words to some of the various GI Dirty Songs you may be able to remember -- even if they are only partial. I know "O'Reilly's Daughter" and "Columbo," but have never heard "Down in Dago Town" or "The Captain's a Bluebellied Bastard." How about "The North Atlantic Squadron"? I'm always interested in adding to my collection of such folk material (as they call it nowadays).

BIANCA does tell a story. Dian had titles for the illos, but decided to omit.

There was a SAPS table at Tricon, with members being Karen Anderson, Ex-OE; Dian Pelz, Ruth Berman, Jean Berman, Arnie Katz, Len Bailes, Fred Patten, Jack Chalker,

Lee Jacobs; and Bruce Pelz, Ex-OE. Other members present at the con included Norm Clarke; Howard Devore, Ex-OE; and Dave Van Arnam. This is only the third time since their inception in 1959 that the SAPS Table has been composed entirely of members -- 1962 and 1964 being the other two.

I checked my file of SPECTATORS, as well as the Coslet and Frey indexes -- the volumization on the SPECTATOR was exactly as I have it in SPLEOFBEM 31. I surmise that Howard, in his first mailing, simply went ahead numbering with vol. 12 that Karen had been using. Then, on his second mailing, he remembered that the volume should change, and he made it volume 13 #2. (Oh, and will you please kick the present OE for not putting in the volume number at all?)

OUTSIDERS 64 (Wrai Ballard) I almost threw myself out of an APA recently -- NAPA. I owed three pages, and didn't really delight in having to do them. As I was automatically re-elected to the OEsip because of no one else filing for the post, I would be able to continue in office even though dropped -- as in SAPS, no rule says the OE has to always be a member. But as I am also the only Charter Member left in NAPA with unbroken membership, I did the pages.

I've never had a mailing that wouldn't go into a #5 Jiffy Bag, even the 500+ FAPA one was crammed in somehow -- or was that one 600+? Owell...

NIFLHEIM 16 (Dave Hulan) Ahahaha! So Cult would be dropped first, huh? So here you are still in the Cult, but TAPS is tubed... Would be nice to have a foresight as good as our hindsight, I guess.

Good Grief! You're expecting Katz to make sense? Even after you granted him the intention of hyperbole!? Maybe if it were lowerbole, now... . (Hi, Arnie!)

COLLECTOR (Howard Devore) Ah, frabjous day! Someone else remembers Colin Glencannon!! I delighted in the short stories, scrambled around frantically to get all issues of the Post with The Glencannon-Tugboat Annie Affair (which I cut out and made into a scrapbook novel), and when I discovered that the Tampa Public Library had three omnibuses of the stories, I read them straight through -- with the result that I talked with a burr for about three weeks thereafter! [I assimilate speech eccentricities: after a couple days in New York this year, I had a terrible accent which lasted almost all the way through Tricon.] I wasn't aware that Glencannon's favorite drink, Duggan's Dew o' Kirkintilloch, actually existed, but there was an advert for it on the Newark approach to the Pulaski Skyway -- wish I'd remembered to get some in New York, even though I don't like Scotch, myself. It would have been a Nice Thing to have around, though.

SAPSAFIELD 3 (John Kusske) It was fun meeting you this past August, there in your bustling Metropolis. The photo came out quite well -- you manage to look almost as Joe College as Joe Lee Sanders did when we met him around 1963; you really ought to develop some kind of physical or sartorial quirk so people will be able to tell you're a fan!

There's a fairly easy way to detect book reports from Classics Comics (or Classics Illustrated, as they're now called): read them yourself, and maintain a file of them. If the review doesn't include material not in the CI version (or, in some cases, includes material from the CI version contradictory to that in the actual book), you've got a cheater.

SPECTATOR 76 SAPS I have met Dept.: All members except Foyster and Mann -- I added Kusske and Norm Clarke to the list this summer. 27/29ths isn't bad. But for the WL, I've met only Pearson, Scott*, Atkins*, Thompson, Stevens, Miller*, Klassen, Wolford, Porter, Weber, Hannifen, Gilbert, Pfeifer, and Locke. [* = new since August]. 14/25ths of the WL, for a total of 41/54. (93.1% of the members, 56% of the WL, 75.9% total.).

If Jacobs has 2pp credit, why needs he only 3 this time? If Bailes has 5pp, why

doesn't he need any? (I see you counted the half-size pages in Patten's inclusion as full pages instead of equivalents; boosts the pagecount, but not very fairly.)

MURIAS 2 (Jean Berman) Hypocrits in the matter of mailing comments aren't those who say they won't do them and then change their minds and do so, but those who yell about MCs being BAD and demand that other SAPSites cut down on MCs to put in other stuff, all the while they're doing this screaming and demanding in MCs, not bothering with the much-vaunted "other material" themselves." So, like, don't worry about it. SAPS likes MCs, and those who don't do them are the ones that feel sort of out of place.

Jean, if you have a copy of pp 7-8 that you can spare, mine is 3/4 blank on p.8. It looks like the master folded over or something. (Dian's copy is OK, though).

Remind me, if the other subway fans are too busy around NYCon time, to take you on a tour of those rattling, noisy, hot, but quite delightful conveyances. I've liked them ever since I first rode them, and that was before I went caving to get rid of my rather bad case of claustrophobia. If one doesn't mind drawing a few stares from the other passengers -- a very few, because in New York subways most passengers can ignore anything -- you can test your sense of balance by riding a subway standing up with no hand-hold. I did it on the Lexington Avenue Line (I think -- this was 1957) from upper Riverside Drive to Grand Central. Subways are also good for people watching, when one isn't busy doing things that cause other people to watch you.

The beastie's name (cover of SPLEFOBEM 31) is "Prince."

I vote for continuance of "All In the Family."

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And Now, the IncomPleat Card Loser presents:

Poker For LASFSians And Other Idiots

With four players, dealer has declared 5-card lo-ball, dealt you a 3 down and a 10 up. Opener bets the 10¢ limit, with a 5 up. Player #2 folds, with a J up, bringing it to you. Your best bet is to call, as the opener is Chuck Crayne, who always bets (or raises) the limit on 5-low just to chase out other players; he'd even do it with another 5 down. Dealer, with a 7 up, also calls. Third card gives you a 3 up, opener a 7, and dealer a 9. Opener bets another dime, and both of you call -- after all, you may scare them out even with the hole card paired. Fourth card gives opener a 10, you a nine, dealer a Q. Opener again bets 10¢, you call, and Dealer, who is Hartmann the cheapskate, folds. On the last card, you get an Ace, and Opener a 9. You raise his 10¢ bet by another dime, hoping he'll drop; he raises you back -- he must be paired and hoping to scare you off. You're running out of money, so you call. Too bad -- he had a deuce in the hole and you lose again.

Two more people join the game, and by now almost everyone has had a couple drinks. Dealer calls 5-draw high, one-eyed jacks wild. You get a wild Jack and a K, draw and get another K and the other wild J. You bet it up, and lose to a natural 4 Aces in Gail's hand (she drew three cards). You deal next, so same game, but Kings with the Axes wild. You get two aces, a K with an Axe, and draw a pair of 10's. Everyone else folds and you win 18¢. (It will take them -- and you -- several more hands to discover that there is only one King with an Axe.) Harness is next dealer, and he looks drunk -- only at you for calling a game you could win, then calls same game, with Queens with Flowers wild. With a pair of natural Aces you invest 5¢ on the opening bet, resignedly pony up another 10¢ when Harness raises the opener, then fold when you draw a 3, 7, and J of different suits. A quick check shows that all 4 Queens have Flowers, and everyone attempts to hit Harness. To get back to sane Poker again, Dian calls a game of Toad-in-the-Hole with low hole card wild... (This last is also known as High Spade, Low-Hole Chicago.) Your K of Spades loses to someone who drew Ace on last card.

And to conclude this Special Let's-Pick-On-Arnie-Katz-Because-He-Missed-The-Mailing Issue, we present, for the first time since the demise of CRY, a Lehrody:

A R N I E

The most hyperactive in Fandom
Was Arnie, the Kat of the minute --
You could join any APA at random,
And he would be bound to be in it!

The APAs with Katzzines were raining --
Or so it seems now that he's stopped!
He still has two APAs remaining --
And Ghu knows how many he's dropped!!

Arnie, tell us -- all APAfandom is jealous --
What sort of tragic mishaps left you nothing but SFPA and SAPS? [Seff-pa]

The first one he dropped was N¹APA; [Nee-ap-a]
To Fred's pleas he couldn't be deafer.
You think he was sick of such crap, huh?
No, just too damn cheap to stay Neffer!

Around that same time, he told Benyo,
"This group is more dead than alive --
Corn, turkey, and ham's a poor menu!"
And thus he left old 45.

Arnie, tell us -- once you were so very zealous --
Doesn't your fanac have gaps, left with nothing but SFPA and SAPS?

In OMPA he stayed for a little bit,
But language bars did separate them.
He wasn't exactly a fiddlewit,
But still, he just could not translate them!

One APA for NYfen was molded;
He liked it, and called it 'trufine'!
But APA F suddenly folded --
They couldn't count past sixty-nine!!

Arnie, tell us -- once you were one of the fellas --
Were you so loaded on Schnapps, you're left nothing but SFPA and SAPS?

He practiced at being quite furious,
And hacked his way into the Cult.
But then they found out he was spurious,
And Arnie was forced to Ex-ult!

[Ex-ult = ex-members of Cult]

The last of the story is tragic:
He helped to start TAPS, on a whim,
A year killed the whim -- and the magic --
And now TAPS is played out for him!!

Arnie, tell us -- your secret you'll have to sell us!
Do you spend your time shooting craps, left with nothing but SFPA
(or do you read Stf, huh?) with nothing but SFPA and SAPS??!!

The tune to the foregoing is "Alma," which appears on "Reprise: That Was the Year That Was," by Tom Lehrer. Been a long time since there've been any Lehrodies... .

THE DISTAWF SIDE

by Madeleine Willis

CHAPTER 13

Wednesday, 19th September 1962 (Continued)

After lunch we went to the Moffatts' house. It was a nice house, with long French windows opening onto a shady patio, but the conversation was a little stilted. I think if we'd got Len to ourselves we might have got along fine, but we didn't feel that we had much in common with Anna. She tried to be hospitable; she and Len bought us a fine lunch; she gave much of her time in driving us over many miles of the city; but it was as though there was a wall of ice all round her. Walter and Len looked through some APA mailings, I forget of which one, and then, finally, we set out for Rick's place.

It was of necessity a short visit, as we had to return to Sherbourne Drive for the party, and it was well into the evening when we got there. Rick was very welcoming. He showed us his prized collection of fanzines, reaching back into the dim past of fandom, and his more recent collection of knives and daggers. These last somehow didn't fit in with my idea of Rick's personality -- I didn't realise that he was also a sword-and-sorcery fan. I resolved to send him the same kind of paper-knife that I had given to Walter as a Xmas present. Even though Walter isn't by any means a sword-and-sorcery fan, he was enough of a romantic at heart to appreciate this little knife. It was made in Spain, a Toledo blade, a miniature sword all jeweled and ornamented. But, like most resolutions, especially mine, it wasn't kept. But some day, when I am again in Belfast, I hope I will remember.

We returned to prepare for the party. Walt Daugherty had already set out many dishes filled with fresh fruit, sweet rolls, potato crisps, and sweets. It looked as though, for once, I would be sober at an American fannish party.

Lee Jacobs, whom I always remember from Walter's 1952 Convention report as the fan who had the traumatic experience of being refused beer at his hotel, arrived well-prepared. He carried several cans of beer, and I never saw him again empty-handed. Bob Lichtman had a small bottle of expensive wine with him. It was almost empty when I was talking to him, but he let me have a taste of it. This gave me the idea of going out and getting a bottle to share with him and Bruce, even though I might incur Forry's displeasure.

Bob offered to drive me to a nearby supermarket, and I went out with him to his car. The car fascinated me. It was an enormous (to my European eyes, of course, most American cars seemed enormous) blue car, still new enough looking to be worth at least £400 at home, I could hardly believe it when Bob told me he had only paid \$300 for it. This must be one of the basic differences between teenagers in the U.S. and in Gt. Britain, the fact that one group, almost without exception, has access to a car, and the other has to make do with a bicycle or public transport. We arrived at the supermarket, and found some difficulty in deciding amidst the bewildering variety on show. I asked the proprietor's advice, and wandered round the counters. While we were choosing the wine, I noticed that the owner and his wife seemed to be talking about us. When we brought back the chosen bottle, they asked if I was Scottish. It seemed that

they had been arguing about my accent. I said I came from Northern Ireland, and the proprietor smiled triumphantly; he must have guessed right. The Ulster accent must puzzle anyone who hasn't heard it previously, as it has its roots in both the native Irish tongue and the Scots Gaelic spoken by those Scots who settled in Ulster in large numbers in the 16th Century.

We must only have been away from the party about half an hour, but some jokers had told Walter, when he suddenly missed me, that I had been last seen over an hour ago, sneaking out with Bob Lichtman. I was surprised by the reception we got when we re-entered the house. At first I thought all the interest was in the bottle which I was guiltily half-concealing, but people were watching Walter's face and mine. I suddenly realised that Walter was questioning me almost jealously, and I was relieved and a little amused. It was true that Bob Lichtman was attractive, but I could never think of myself as a "Tea and Sympathy" heroine. Even without the wine to help it along, the party was a swinging affair from then on. It was a wonderful lift to my morale to find that my husband of nearly twenty years could still feel that I was attractive enough to appeal to youngsters half my age.

But there was at least one person present to whom I knew I didn't appeal at all. Forry told me there was a known homo present, and asked if I could pick him out. I had no difficulty in doing so. I don't think I'm vain, but I had particularly noticed that when I was introduced to this man he had looked at me with absolutely no spark of interest in his eyes. They looked sadly and emptily into mine. Forry was surprised at my perspicacity, but then he hasn't got the type of equipment that I have.

Walter came over excitedly to tell me that Harlan Ellison had arrived, and to come and be introduced. Harlan perhaps over-reacted -- he turned round from the people he was talking to and looked up in stunned surprise. I suddenly felt shy of walking across the crowded room. The distance between us that I had to traverse seemed to stretch out, and I felt that every eye was upon me. Harlan took my hands in his, and turned round to share his admiration with everyone. I hardly knew what to say. All I could think of at that paralyzingly embarrassing moment was that saying of Bob Bloch's which had appeared on a HYPHEN back cover and which Bob had wickedly attributed to me: "Harlan Ellison was running around with a cigaret in his mouth and burnt a hole in the knee of my pants." I stupidly paraphrased the saying to Harlan. But Harlan is quick-witted, and he had a ready comeback: "She's fannish as well," he said admiringly. I found that Harlan was a born raconteur, and he was soon holding everyone within earshot spellbound. I made my escape back into the security of the kitchen with Bob, Bruce, and Dian. There was a problem in getting the bottle opened, for of course Forry didn't possess any corkscrews. However, Bruce hacked away with a penknife and we all had a drink.

There were many attractive girls present. The one I most admired was the Chinese wife of one of the pro-authors. She was dressed in a most becoming cheongsam, made from a wondrously rich-looking brocade. She seemed shy, and I found that it was because her English wasn't very good. I admired her dress -- I had seen nothing to compare with it in San Francisco -- and she told that it had been sent out from home. Another attractive girl was Ellie Turner; she and her husband made a very handsome couple. Terry Pinckard, a well-upholstered brunette with a revealing cleavage, came to talk to us and have some of the wine. Harlan came too, and going up to Terry he said with a leer, "May I physically assault you?"

We all returned to the main party, and I met many interesting fans. There was Elmer Perdue wearing a yellow sequined tie and pontificating in his best God manner -- he was delightful; Joe Sanders, the blondest man I had ever seen; Don Fitch looking scholarly; Mitch Evans telling old shaggy dog stories. Harlan was still telling stories, and a phrase he used -- "women alcoholics" -- suddenly seemed to hold an awful significance for me. I caught Dian's eye and almost ran out of the room to collapse,

laughing hysterically, in the kitchen.

When we went back again, Walt Liebscher was playing softly on the piano, and people were starting to leave. We felt sad and nostalgic. Bob Lichtman and I went out to examine Forry's electric typer, in his office just off the living room. Bob sat down and typed, "Bob Lichtman - drunk." He looked at me and then typed another line. It was "Madeleine Willis aussi." I nodded my head in agreement, said good-bye, and went off to bed.

END CHAPTER 13

THE FELLOWSHIP OF NOTHING

Chapter 11: Nothing Between the Years

BY BRUCE PELZ

"What in the Name of Ignatz did you DO??" cried the Princess Nance, waking up suddenly and looking around wildly. "There's dust and dirt all over everything, the windows are covered with--with--IVY!! And look at the Automatic Calendar!! What happened to the last three years?!?"

Her Royal Wizard and ArtieSan mumbled apologetically, as he brushed the dust off his crystal ball. "Blm thng nvr wrktrtnwy."

"Stop mumbling," said the Princess. "Take the pipe out of your mouth, for one thing, and take a drink of this simkin peg -- it's just the thing for mumblers."

The ArtieSan drank. "Always did enjoy mumbly peg," he commented. "As I was saying, this blame thing never did work right -- even gave me the wrong answers in predicting mailing sizes. It must have gotten things balled up again and switched titles on me. I told it to send in copies of SPACFWARP for all members of Schnapps, and it probably slipped a cog and sent in enough TIMEWARPS -- and those things are dangerous! Not all the members may have survived, though it'll take us months to find out anything. Oh, well, at least we did, and..."

"NANCE!!" came a bellow from the floor below. "I'M MISSING THREE BELMONT PAPERBACKS AND A COPY OF OOTWA -- CALL OUT THE GUARD TO SEARCH THE PREMISES!!"

"...and I guess King Howard did, too," finished the ArtieSan.

"Well, first thing we have to do is have this place cleaned up," said the Princess. "And what's that horrible smell? -- oh, I forgot we moved the Palace to the coast; see if the cleaners can do something about the odor, too."

"N'gai, n'gai," agreed the other, backing out of the room.

The ArtieSan was quite right; many had perished in the disastrous TIMEWARPS. Die Freischultz, madetextremely light by Prince Arness's demonic beanpole, overshot the three-year limit of the Warp and went all the way to the First World War, where he was blown up by a large packet of Diplomatic dispatches. Sir Wall, a bit more confused than usual by the goings-on the Villians had staged, and not possessing the usual Schnappsish Warp sense of humor, went the wrong way. The Warp, with no backwards limit, took him to a prehistoric age and he sank quietly but happily into a swamp, not caring that a village of hunters was within easy call. And even the renknwoned Prince Arness himself, survivor of hundreds of pitfalls, dangers, and deadlines, was done in as the Warp carried him, together with Tejon and Tayle, past Hasi Castle, toward the future. Even though Warped, the Prince's awareness was active, and he turned to look at the spot where he (and his IQ) had been raised. Just then a native Gee, clad entirely in

leather, dashed from the castle and leaped at the Prince dragging him from his seat. As the Warp moved on and Tejon looked back helplessly at the fading scene, he saw Arness trying to rub the Ring of Gemkhar, but falling back dead before he could do so. The Villianous Three were now but two.

Baron Philz set the Floater Policy gently onto the ground and, after extracting some of its provisions and having lunch -- as he expected, he was eating roast pork (most Policy provisions are a boar) -- he rubbed his ring and cried "Damnation!" To his surprise, Lord Tejon appeared in front of him.

"How did you get here?" asked the Baron. "I was expecting either Robinson or Herbert, since I need information, and I knew they'd be Frank to me."

"I've become a pro, somehow," declared Tejon. "Anyway, I think I can tell you what happened -- everything that occurs in Schnapps goes to Hell and Damnation, so all the pros in Damnation have the information. Anyway..." and he [roceeded to tell the Baron about ~~his six new ideas for books~~ what had gone on during the passing of the TIMFWARP, including the loss of Prince Arness.

"Death and dynamite!" swore the Baron, borrowing a phrase. "With Arness gone and you a pro, there's only me left to carry on the goo-- oops! the evil work."

"I guess you're right," admitted Tejon. "I'm still a resident here in Schnapps, but I won't be able to help as much as I should. We have certain obligations as pros."

"Yes, yes, I know. Oh well, we'll see you once in a while, I guess. Before you go, however, you might find someone to take over for you and wield the ring -- the ring! That reminds me -- what are we going to do about the Ring of Gemkhar? It's very powerful, and now it's lost three years in the past! We must recover it, but how?!"

"I've no idea -- not about that, anyway. I do have this idea for a nov-- oh, all right. But I can't help you on this problem. You'll have to get someone who knows more about Rings to help -- it's no use Tolkien to me about it."

"Gas-liquid-liquid-solid!!" swore the Baron, borrowing a phase. "I suppose you're right. OK, find a replacement, then you can go." And Tejon headed off toward the nearby village to carry out the order.

At Castle Sevagram, the survivors woke up slowly, and took a while to acquaint themselves with the circumstances. Of the group, only Sir Wrai and Countess Ruth appeared unaffected by the TIMFWARP. Sir Wall was gone, Sir Tosk seemed little interested in anything they spoke about, and even Dhikeeny, the Evil Ogre, seemed a bit distant. Karen, Duchess of Sevagram, hadn't changed much, but she sat for a long time staring into her magic Jokkam Ball trying to see what the future held.

"Do you think Philz will still try to attack here?" asked Countess Ruth. Sir Wrai, to whom the question was addressed, didn't seem to hear, so she reached out and flipped her wig. The wig was tied around Sir Wrai's leg to cure a hairline fracture, but the latter had healed completely over the three years, and the wig wasn't needed. Ruth put it on aga in, remarking, "If I'm to be in this hairbrained story, I might as well look the part." She repeated her question to Wrai.

"I doubt it," he replied. The Duchess says Philz is busy trying to round up some help to replace Tejon, and trying to find some way to retrieve the Ring of Gemkhar."

"Perhaps," offered Ruth, "We should try to obtain the Ring of Gemkhar before Philz -- that might give us the deciding power in this fight." All agreed except for Sir Tosk, who had put down his slide-arm and picked up some gardening tools, which he carried at rakish angles towards the door.

"I think," said Sir Tosk, "that we should cultivate our gardens -- if you want my Candide opinion!" And walked out into the courtyard, leaving the others to groan and try to think about Rings.

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Chanter 1 - Otto Pfeifer, Oct. 1960, Mlg. 53	7 - BEP - Mlg. 60, July '62
2 - BEP, Mlg. 54, Jan. '61	8 - Dick Schultz - Mlg. 61, Oct. '62
3 - Eney, Mlg. 55, Apr. '61	9 - BEP - Mlg. 63 - Apr. '63
4, 5 - Harness - Mlgs. 56, 58; Jul7 '61, Jan. '62	
6 - Karen - Mlg. 59, Apr. '62	10 - Ruth Berman - Mlg. 65 - Oct. '63