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The Crawlway

THE CRAWLWAY is pretty narrow right now, and I've got no one to blame but myself. (I've looked for someone else to blame, but... .) It is an equally narrow path that leads through the Glades of Gafia, and I made a couple mis-steps off the path these past few months. Once off, it's a helluva lot of slogging to get back on the path again, too.

The step that got me dumped from SAPS started simple. I decided -- at the last minute, which is when most things SAPSish get done, and not only by me -- that this business of never missing a mailing was all well and good, but I didn't feel like having my membership run me instead of the other way around. One miss to kill the Compulsive bit, then I could relax and enjoy my membership. So I didn't look at the 79th mailing after the original perusal back in April. I missed the fact that I owed dues.

Now this is pure stupidity, I know. It's been many a time in the five year-OEship I held that I chortled over someone else forgetting his dues and getting dropped. I should have known better. But the fact remained that it had been about six years since I had actually sent my dues to anyone, and I quite forgot that SAPS even needed dues -- it hadn't, for several years. So I goofed the bit.

The first I heard of it was when we got up to the HulanHaus for a meeting of one of the local groups, and Lon Atkins greeted me with "Congratulations on getting dropped from SAPS!" I protested that I didn't owe pages, and Lon gleefully informed me I'd been dropped for dues. Dave gave me my mailing, and said I could petition back in; he'd be glad to sign, in fact. I spent the rest of the evening grumphing and trying to decide whether I wanted to petition back in. After all, went the grumph, if Dave had just picked up the phone as he was stencilling the roster, I'd have paid my dues. An OE can always save a membership when he really wants to -- even Yours Blackheartedly saved a few when he didn't really need to. Eventually I decided I would petition. Six signatures were available at the meeting, and I got the other two localites to sign the following Thursday. Then, true to course, I didn't do anything about the other 8 signatures.

Then, a day before my deadline for petitioning was up, a postcard arrived from Wrai Ballard, signing the petition when he wasn't even sure there was one. I called Dave, and he had two more such signatures, and he was willing to grant an extension of time for the petition.

So here I am. I do want to get back in SAPS, if the rest of the members want me back. (If not, I guess I'll retire into....APA L??? Aaaarrgh!) If you are willing to support a reinstatement petition, please send a postcard to this effect to David G. Hulan, OE, Box 1032, Canoga Park, Cal. 91304. (I was going to include postcards with this, but it was pointed out that completists wouldn't use them. And all SAPS are completists.)

So anyway, what have I been doing that led me off the path? Well, strangely enough, mostly fanac -- but mostly local fanac. An issue of an APA L zine every week (No. 149 is finished for tonight's distribution; talk about Compulsion in publishing -- this is one Compulsion I haven't been able to break yet. Maybe after Fred Patten breaks his string of every distribution since No.1, then I'll break mine; we're the only ones left.) And an issue of a zine for the Valley APA almost every other week -- their meetings and distributions are biweekly, and I've missed almost half. The weekends are taken up with LASFS parties and activities -- there's a party somewhere in the LArea almost every Saturday night, as well as a cards-and-chatter get-together after the bowling tourney each Sunday.

The pace is somewhat frantic, but it flows fairly well. Problem is, every once in a while one off the quarterly APAs comes along and throws the day-to-day schedule out of whack. If you don't change-step quickly, either the schedule or the quarterly APA is going to tromple you. I got trompled. Not only by SAPS, but by the Cult, too. I had to petition for reinstatement there, too. (I made it.)

Now in case, for some silly reason, you get the idea that you who are not in APA L or ValAPA have been missing all sorts of Good Stuff that I would otherwise have put into SAPS or FAPA, allow me to demonstrate otherwise. The only things I have been writing (aside from distribution comments and lists of bowling scores) are a parody on "Oliver!" based on local fan doings, and a form which is probably related to the Feghoot: The Fannish Forry Tale. Like this one.....

FANNISH FORRY TALE No.5

"How do you like my wife in her new fur hat?" asked one of the local fans as he and his bitter half arrived at the club meeting. The visitor scrutinized the aforesaid millinery carefully.

"Sorry," he finally said, "but I don't think it looks very good on her. It's too tall, and the chin strap interferes with her facial curves."

The localite seemed slightly crestfallen. "Gee, that's too bad. She sort of wore it for you, because last week you told her how good she looked in a hat. Usually, everyone ignores her hats, so when she got some favorable comment on one, well... I'm sorry you don't like it."

The visitor, somewhat embarrassed, stuck to his guns. "I'm sorry, too, but that 'at makes 'er look 'ideous. She looked very nice last week in that other 'at. Sorta reminded me of some other fanne I've met at a convention somewhere -- can't quite remember 'er name, though...Pacificon II? Seacon? One of those West Coast cons; 'ad to travel all the way across the country, and it was 'ot as 'ell..."

"You're dropping your haitches," said the localite, when the visitor paused for breath. The other blinked, then relaxed visibly.

"Sorry about that. It 'appens -- Happens -- whenever I get... well...tense or... you know."

"Oh. Guess I shouldn't have made such a fuss about my wife and her hat. That must have been what did it."

"That't OK. Wish I could think who she reminds me of..."

"Still, I wonder why you liked her in a hat last week, but not this week..."

"Look...last week she had on a sort of pillbox thing, this week it's a big fur thing -- right?" The other nodded and started to speak, but the visitor rushed right over him, "Well, she looked fine in that pillbox 'at last week because it's a different kind of 'at -- she looks like 'Elinor Busby!"

((Send in the reinstate votes?))