



THE CABAL LADDER

6 July DIE WIS 5 Schultz, I like your artwork, I like your cartoons --- but how you manage to go for six pages and say almost nothing is quite beyond me. I do agree with you about the limitations of Socialism's working, and I should like to point out that an anti-war cartoon which seems (to the reader) to have a second-level of meaning might be termed pseudo-pacifistic -- but this is only a comment on the perception of the reader (or lack of same), rather than on the intent of the cartoonist.

POT POURRI 22 I have a bone to pick with you, John Berry, in regard to TAFF. You have promoted the TAFF races quite vociferously, and you back your candidates with all you've got ---- except your vote. I was downright croggled when I read through the roster of those who had voted in TAFF and didn't find your name -- in either the Ellick/Eney race or the Lindsay/Jones race. I'm rather hoping that Ron made an error in tabulating the names, or something, because I cannot fathom how anyone would expect to boost a candidate to a win without voting for him. It'd be different if one didn't care about TAFF as you obviously do, but... . I'm disillusioned.

With that off my alleged mind, I can get back to commenting on POT POURRI. When the FSS went cave-crawling, a few of the members went in for geology, and a few for biology. Between the two groups they did some good work in paleontology -- including finding a prehistoric armadillo and several other excellent fossils which the paleo department at the University of Florida later worked over. Me, I went along for photography and just for the fun, so I don't know one fossil from another.

The cartoon to the right is by Dean Grennell, 1956, via a pc to Rotsler. It found its way into my collection a year or so ago.

I have managed to run down a copy of AD ASTRA 5, with the non-SAPS chapter of your WW II memoirs, and I think it deserves re-printing in POT POURRI to make the complete series available to SAPS.

Even with the difference between the American rules of "Hearts" and the ones by which you play, it is still a good deal to have a long suit -- if you can count the cards of that suit still out, and work it so you leave someone else in the lead when you have only the one suit left and there are no more to be played, Did Donaho mention the occasionally-used Jack of Diamonds convention? Capturing the Jack of Diamonds, in some rules, takes 10 points (probably more, on your point-scale) off your score, a plus value.



July 7 OUTSIDERS 47 I agree that Toskey's house should not be wasted on anything as normal as Toskey, but I hear he has taken steps to remedy the situation: Paul Stanbery has moved in with Tosk, according to Ed Wyman. THAT is an appropriate use of the house.

I do wish people would write me when they get zines with blank or missing pages, as I sometimes have extra copies in the surplus stock from which to replace the defective copy. Like I had an extra Collector for you this time.

Your comment that Devore's daughter, if she married Tosk, would get to go to Seattle University for free and get board and room besides reminds me of Apassionata von Climax's reply to L'il Abner when Bullmoose introduced her as his Private Secretary, and Abner asked "Does that mean you get bed and board?"

Nance is quite right, an ape doesn't drink vodka -- more likely, an ape drinks banana oil. And the way you are so enthusiastic about SAPS all the time, I'd say that proves it. Hi.

SPACEWARP 74 Pthaloism has been the unofficial SAPS religion since I took over, because I decided SAPS needed a high priestess that was a credit to the organization. As of this past Westercon, I have a photo of our high priestess in ceremonial trappings -- gold, of course. Maybe I'll print it some time. Anyway, to borrow a Busby line, complaints should be addressed to Sweeney, c/o the U.S. Marines. (And I wouldn't let your overgrown chipmunk get near the Temple, either -- the high priestess keeps a sports model wildcat.)

If a free copy of Broyles' WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM was a benefit passed out to NFFF members last year, I have a complaint: I didn't get a copy. Or did you mean only new members?

A brontosaurus on the TV set? You sure you haven't got the set jammed on a showing of "The Flintstones"?

You have a mistaken idea of nylon ropes -- there are several kinds of the things, one of which is standard equipment for mountain-climbers and spelunkers (I've used one myself -- got tired in the arms on one trip, and had to be half hauled out of Grant's Cave in Florida via the nylon safety rope). They would do quite well for lowering oneself out the window.

If you're going to continue reprints, I'd like to see the other memoirs from JoKe, and, of course, I'm still looking forward to the Real Soon Now Bottstory anthology.

IGNATZ 31 Somehow, Nan, I don't really get that much of a kick out of being surrounded by hundreds of thousands of books at work. Mostly, of course, they're on math and physics, which interest me very little. Right now I am having fun spending UCLA's money hand over fist for new books -- as of 1 July we got our new budget (about \$3700 to last the year's purchases of books and periodicals) and we're catching up for the three months when we were stone broke. We'll probably be broke again by March, but it's fun while the money lasts.

Diets are a damn nuisance. I went back on mine a month or so ago when the scale said 192, and have managed to chisel it down to 179 -- but it's stuck there and won't get anywhere near the 165 I want to try for.

I received your notification of the production of a Special Issue, but I regret that I can offer only congratulations instead of SAPS credit. In spite of all the time and work involved, the issue is of insufficient quantity for SAPS. Better luck next time.

SICK, SICK, SICK Methinks you protest too much, Eney -- you seem to infer that we'll all believe Ted White's comment unless you do

a counterattack. (And frankly, the counterattack is rather weak.) I for one simply passed off TEW's bit as "Oh, well, he's at it again." I think he got One Up on you in FAPA.

SPY RAY OFFICIAL EDICT: THE SAPS Table at a convention banquet is the one where the current OE is. Other tables may be designated as SAPS tables if there are a majority of SAPS among the occupants. Okay, Eney? By the way, assuming the promised money shows up from Gerber in this next week, the Chicon SAPS table will include: Berman, Breen, Eney, Gerber, Harness, Henstell, Johnstone, Meskys, Patten, and Pelz. Everyone else is paid and the reservation is ready to go in momentarily.

Bookbinding? I have all my stuff (except for a few things done by the UCLA bindery) done by Dobbs Brothers (301 Industrial Drive, St. Augustine, Florida). They do an excellent job, charging \$4 per volume of fanzines, and up to about \$2 for books. Choice of 30 colors in buckram, 3 colors in lettering the spine, seven lines of free lettering, .10 a line extra. They've made a small mint off me, and I've recommended about a half dozen other fans to the place already. As with any binder, you better check the volume when it comes back, as they do make an occasional mistake (I got a SAPS mailing back labeled with the SAPS data but headed Fantasy Amateur Press Association and bound in the FAPA color. Sent it back and they rebound it.)

I now have 65 bound volumes of fanzines, 3 of which will have to be rebound, and two more of which I am a bit unhappy with — UCLA didn't trim my volumes of SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER and FANTASY ADVERTISER because it would probably cut off a letter on a few pages. It looks messy. The other volumes are 3 CULT cycles, 4 2-mailing volumes of N'APA, 14 FAPA, 33 SAPS, 1 each OMPA and IPSO, 2 of YANDRO, the mimeo'd v.1 of FANTASY ADVERTISER (which they did trim), and 1 each of SHAGGY, CRY, SFT, and CARAVAN (#1-11). There are a whole raft of the things tied up ready to be bound when I have the money, and five more at the bindery right now.

Eney, what's possibilities of getting that type you were offering to Devore? With the aid of Don Fitch's press, I'm planning a couple more Projects that involve printing, and can use all the type I can get my hands on at reasonable rates.

I like the bit about people objecting to the sealing off of Indiana because it would be a Heinleinesque Coventry. Nice shot.

I applaud your remarks to Buz regarding HUAC.

Okay, I'll tackle a few of your objections to Coventry, and the others will have to be dealt with by Stanbery. I haven't heard from him in several months, and he may have given up by now, I dunno. Anyway: 'Marshall' was an error in spelling, and has been corrected; see SALAMANDER 3, due out sometime this month (July) says Patten. The Morian palace is indeed an abysmal, out of place thing, but Jayn says that's what it looks like, so I can only postulate that she hired foreign builders for the thing. Stanbery will have to deal with the paralysis-weapons bit, as I don't agree with it in the least. I do not think medieval armies were organized into line units and service branches, but there's nothing says that the Coventry armies — even in Linn — were medieval. In fact, they would have to standardize at the highest level of organization, no matter how the economic or industrial level of the country is set. I admit to knowing too little about the 'proper' size of the army, but if a Grand Marshal is set up to command a Corps, I figured I might as well use the General ranks for the subordinates, in spite of the fact that I do know a battalion is usually under a Colonel and a company under a Captain. The use of legions is Stanbery's idea, and was one of the already set standards of army organization. As far as I can see, chattel slavery would be natural in a pirate kingdom, such as either Trantor or New Scotland; why not? And the 10 Generals were poisoned by one of the VIPs in the government — just why has yet to be written about. Anything else?

"AN IDEA IS NOT RESPONSIBLE..."

It was a quiet, summery Friday afternoon, and the shiny black Khar-mann Chia wound quickly up the Pasadena Freeway. It was crowded with five people inside, but Ted never objected to having a girl sit on his lap and hold his hands, even if her intent was to make sure she knew where those hands were. The car sped off the end of the freeway and on north into upper Pasadena, where it pulled up in front of a large school and stopped. The occupants piled out and shook themselves while the driver, the last to extricate himself from the confines of the small car, unlocked the trunk. They collected their equipment -- including Blake's movie camera, acquired last summer at graduation -- and trudged up the stairs towards the main building to meet the other group.

The school was a very impressive piece of architecture, a combination of old Spanish design on the Southern end, and very modern on the North. Two flights of stairs on either side of the Western front led past small, low buildings to a sort of verandah, from the middle of which another flight led to the school itself. As the five approached, fastening on parts of their costumes as they walked, another group of four came down the center stairs to meet them. The boys shook hands with each other, and kissed the girls' hands in what they considered their best continental manner.

"It's been quite some time, Paul," said Bruce. "We thought you were going to stay in Seattle the rest of this summer, too, and we'd never get this movie started."

"My parents decided I ought to come home for a while, after a year and a half of being away. And I have been looking forward to trying a Coven-tranian movie."

"So have we," broke in Blake, "and we'll have to work fast to take advantage of what daylight is left. Afterwards we can shoot the indoor takes at Cal Tech, tomorrow the King's Rivendell shots in South Pas, and the tunnel shots. By the end of the weekend we ought to have the first episode almost finished. These first scenes here at Brandy Hall will involve only six of the ~~characters~~: Barana, Paulus, Tedron, Mikhail, Jommar, and Bruziver. Check costumes and make-up with Dian."

In a half hour they were ready, and the camera followed Bjo as Queen Barana Eolwyn of Trantor up the stairs to Brandy Hall. It then followed her down a long corridor and recorded the sudden thrashing about of arms and legs as she rounded a corner; and when the camera came to the corner, the corridors were empty. "Cut!" cried Blake to Ted. "It's getting dark; let's take the party scene. Paul, are you sure that room is open even when the rest of the school is closed?"

For answer, Paul walked to a door and swung it open, walking down the hall with a knowledgeable air. The others picked up the camera and lights and followed him. Eventually they came to what must have been the staff meeting room -- high ceiling, soft carpet on the floor, and quite a number of comfortable chairs placed around small tables.

"This is a limited-budget picture," announced Ted, who'd written the script for "Queen's Peril," so we'll have to give the impression of a lot of people without actually having them here." He went around setting the scene. "Okay, Bruziver and Gayle over by that table, Paul over here, Mikhail and Jommar over there, and me here. Dian, you'll have to give Blake a hand, as I'm in this one."

"Places, lights," called Blake. "Cam—" and a furious wailing split the air. "Cut," said Blake. "What are they doing testing that siren at this time of evening? Didn't they already test it this morning at 10:00?"

"Yes, they did," said Rich. "They woke me up, in fact. I sleep late when I'm on leave," he admitted a bit apologetically.

"Oh, well, the test will be over in a couple minutes." But after five minutes, the siren still wailed, and a wave of apprehension went around the room. Mike went to the television set, which they had turned to the wall, turned it around again and switched it on. The channel wouldn't have mattered. "...over the Pole...hundreds...twenty minutes...not panic...." They missed half of the words, but the message was clear.

"The cars are useless, and we couldn't get anywhere by walking -- even the Altadena mountains are too far. This room is in the basement of a brick, concrete, and steel building -- we might as well stay here and take our chances, I suppose. Unless there are any suggestions?" Still wearing his helmet, Bruce sat down in one of the easy chairs and looked at the others expectantly. No one spoke. One by one they too sat down.

As the minutes ticked away, the silence of desperation descended; each sat thinking futilely of what might be done to save themselves. Then Bruce got up and went to whisper something to Ted, then to Rich; the three of them began to move chairs into a circle around one of the large tables. "We might as well be together for whatever comes," suggested Bruce, barely able to refrain from adding a Disclaimer, and he herded the others into the chairs in the order he'd thought best. "There are five or six, and some partials," he thought; "I hope that's enough." A couple more short whispered conversations, and he too sat down, as the last minutes ran out. He reached out and held the hands of the girls on either side of him, and all nine were linked together. "Cleah Uvani," he said, and concentrated -- hard.

- oOo -

When Bruce came to, he was slumped down in the same chair he last remembered. A glance around told him that everyone else was still alive, and the room itself had hardly been touched. Offhand, at least, he couldn't see anything wrong with it. The others woke up (three had been awake before him) and sat up to look around.

"Well," said Gayle as she slipped her hand out his, "I see we're still where we started. You know, I had some crazy idea you thought we could actually go to Coventry -- Paul told me about this "Flipflop" idea of yours."

Bruce smiled. "Don't believe everything you hear -- or everything I happen to write, either. And on the other hand, don't automatically disbelieve it, either. You have to decide for yourself how much of it I really believe in." He got up, strode to the door, and bowed her ahead of him. "Care to take a chance on the fallout, Milady?"

Curiosity will usually win out, and in addition, according to the still-functioning watches, they hadn't eaten for 10 hours. All was quiet outside, so the small group cautiously emerged from their haven to view the results of the destruction.

Somehow, the entire school was still standing, and they almost ran down the hall they had traversed a few hours (or was it years?) ago. When they came to the door at the end, Gayle was the first out, though she almost had to elbow Ted out of the way. The rest crowded around her to look.

"B-b-but," she stammered, "it wasn't like this at all!"

"No," agreed Bruce quietly, "but it would have been." He started down the road that led to the two strange markers at the river-edge. Once they had been gateposts for a driveway, but now they were marked with a strange writing. A brass plate, barely readable by the waning moon, announced their discovery by 'Space Admiral Harkness.' He turned and walked back up the road, with an amused but slightly quizzical expression. There were no other people to be seen, but that could be taken care of eventually. And there was a whole world to explore yet. "I wonder," he thought, "what it is like in Moria...and who's there now."

I think you can consider the foregoing as two pages of MCs on WATLING STREET. And we continue:

I have no intention of defending required ROTC in college, but I did find some of the instruction useful, especially the course in map reading. Besides, anyone with even a slight tendency towards serendipity should be able to store up facts from ROTC that will later come in handy in one way or another. Certainly, if you don't have to take it, don't bother (and I understand the Regents have decided it is no longer compulsory), but if you do, then you can get something out of it.

As to Deindorfer and his dropping from college because the courses were on a Mickey Mouse level, I'm afraid he's in for a disillusionment when he discovers that the world is pretty much on a Mickey Mouse level. One has to be able to ignore most of it and get along somehow with the rest.

THRU' THE PORTHOLE 3 I said 'Sydley,' dyd'l't I? (Old joke, Bob, or at least a paraphrase on one. Sorry about misspelling.)

8 July GIMBLE 3 was supposed to have been sent through FAPA, but the illos weren't finished in time for the November mailing — they were about three days late — so I put it through the next big mailing that came up: SAPS, in January, rather than wait for February's FAPA mailing. For the first two issues, it was a rider with FANAC, and the content makes it actually a genzine, but keeping a genzine mailing list is a nuisance. #4 will probably go through SAPS again, but there's no guarantee — it may go through FAPA and say that it's a SAPSzine.

I like Phil Baxter's dragon on the cover, and thanks for including the Tournament booklet. I should have liked to have seen the tournament and fair, if only for the joust and the museum of weapons. I'm inclined to faunch after weapons, particularly swords, daggers and the like. There is a cutlery shop in downtown Los Angeles that carries all sorts of imported blades, from Toledo short swords to cavalry sabers and even a bullfighter's curved sword (the name for which I've forgotten — muleta?). The prices, of course, are far out of my range, but one of these days....

DINKY BIRD 2 I see you have one of the habits Johnstone has: looking at locales and buildings with a view toward how they'd fit into a play (with Ted, it's how they'd fit into a movie). I haven't picked up the trait myself to a very great extent, but every once in a while part of the passing landscape is just too striking not to be noted mentally as a set for something or other. Some day I'll try to get a picture of the Plains of Gorgoroth that we found near Calico in 1960.

And while you're inquiring of John Berry as to what he did with your poem, I might as well ask what he did with the GDA story I sent him so long ago — and request that he throw it out if he hasn't already done so, since it is now 4½ years out of date. Pfui.

HOBCO&IN 8 In defense of the Rike expulsion, Terry, I considered that the hand-lettered p.5 and the 3/4" block-lettered cover were worth one page put together, and the SPECTATOR indicated that Rike owed a page in the next mailing. It didn't appear, so I figured he wasn't interested in SAPS 1 page's worth, and dropped him. However, I'm glad that's all the complaints on my OEShip. Nobody spotted the goof in the Treasury report back a few mailings (it was corrected the following mailing) — not even Eney, who's proclaimed that he'd do his damndest to find something to grotch about, just to get back at my grotching at him. I feel sort of quietly proud.

Not only do I miss NEMATODE in SAPS, but it's getting to where I miss THE VINEGAR WORM in FAPA — haven't seen one for almost a year now. On reflection, I do miss GIM TREE, but I don't miss it as much as I would were I living in

some other part of the country.

I'm afraid I agree with George when it comes to defining "the 10 July most important people in the country." I'd define them as those who have done most toward the development of the country, not as those who are merely there doing nothing but existing. Reminds me of the time the preacher went out to visit a negro farmer who had turned a piece of barren, rocky ground into a magnificent farm. As they toured the place, the preacher kept remarking, "Yes, you and God have certainly made a wonderful partnership here." It got so bad that the farmer finally said, "Yessuh, preacher, that's true -- but you ought to have seen the place when God was running it himself." Them as does deserve to receive the benefits of their work.

I do wish you'd try that up-dated version of "Big Name Fan." Sounds like an interesting idea.

Funnies you want? Funnies you get. Read onward.

TED WHITE: Perhaps I am rather Out of Things out here in California, but

I'd like to know what you think you're talking about when you castigate the Chicon for "dumping fandom into the background" in putting on their con. If you mean the Fan Awards, I would say that the recent Archer-Willick-Jason-etc. bit would be enough to make anyone swear off anything even vaguely connected with George Willick (who has only recently decided to drop the awards anyway.) NO convention has yet been opposed (publicly, at least) to the presentation of the Big Heart Award, and though I think the name of the thing may be silly, I'm happy to see people like Bloch (1959) and Sneary (1961) get some recognition for their efforts in fandom. Of course, if you want to hold a worldcon, then's your chance to show everyone else how it should be done, and include only those things which you know are Perfect.

Flabbergasting 22 I'd never be a good (i.e., conscientious) teacher -- I'm too easily influenced by femmes. In fact, if I could find some way that would get them to try influencing me as a librarian, I'd try it. Maybe for getting away with overdue books...?

All sorts of congratulations on your book, Tosk, though I am glad you aren't sending it through the mailing, as it would be a binding problem worse than any I'd run into so far -- I'd probably have to rebind it to match the SAPS mailing, or something.

When do you expect to have another volume of your Compendium out?

Proceedings of the Lt. John Glenn Appreciation Society: Very well said, Karen.

Did you send a copy to Glenn, by any chance, or would that have been too goshwow?

Zed 799 I think the idea of naming mountains for the fictional ones is delightful. When do you find out whether they stick?

An entire book of Feghootisms? Aaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrgh!!!

THE FELLOWSHIP OF NOTHING

CHAPTER 7: SPLIT POISONALITIES

Somewhere in the depths of the ruined HASI Castle, a figure stirred. Nearby, there was a muffled expostulation. Two figures appeared out of the air, each wearing a hardhat and light, and carrying a shovel. They attacked the piles or rubble, and soon the Evil Trio emerged, covered with coaldust. Prince Arness rubbed his Ring, and one of the shovelers disappeared. A muttered "Damnation!" from Baron Philz disposed of the other, and the three turned to assess their situation.

"I managed to rub the ring and call up a Demon named Cal," said Prince Arness. "He's a bit underaged yet, but a minor Demon was what we needed. How did you get out?"

"My Ring called up Ellison -- a minor pro. The question is, what do we do now? HASI is wrecked again, and the Fellowship has rescued the Princess, and everyone seems to have escaped."

"We'd better split up," suggested Tejon. "I'll go after the Fellowship of Nothing. We can meet back at the Baron's Black Castle."

"Fine," agreed the Prince, "I'll go after the Princess again." He gave a shrill whistle in the direction of the stable, and walked off, Tayle, his Dragon, behind him.

"I guess that leaves me to deal with Sevagram," said Philz as Tejon shook out the Floater Policy and rode it off into the rapidly foreclosing gloom. "The problem is, how do I get there? Maybe the Ring of Profanity will find a solution. Damnation!" There appeared before him a small vehicle made entirely of soft white cloth, such as one would expect to see in a beach robe. A Negro chauffeur sat in front, and as the Baron entered he started the vehicle rolling, slowly at first, but then faster, toward the far-oof Castle Sevagram.

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Tejon first encountered Sir Blot, who was sitting under a tree with his two friends -- one of which was already empty. Sir Blot seemed to see the intruder as through a glass, darkly, so he drained it to take a better look. Rising, he saluted Tejon with the empty bottle, but it missed by a good three feet, and Tejon rubbed the Ring of Ditur. Suddenly Sir Blot found himself in the middle of a freeway interchange at rush hour; caught in the bottleneck, he was unable to figure which way to go, and sat down to consult his other friend, as Tejon urged the Floater Policy forward again.

The next members of the Fellowship were Sir Tosk and Sir Wall, who had rejoined him after the fall of HASI Castle. When the Ring of Ditur suddenly changed their surroundings to that of a hot yellow desert, Sir Tosk ran off crying that the Yellow Peril was after him again -- and indeed it was, as the desert followed the flying knight. "I don't suppose Disney will mind if I borrow his 'living' desert for a while," said Tejon, "especially to get rid of this fly-by-knight organization. I'd like to hear what some of Prince Arness's Demons would have to say about the Fellowship, but he doesn't let them talk much. It's been quite some time since there's been any Demon knight criticism around here." Sir Wall, relatively unaffected by the desert surroundings, cringed at the puns Tejon was making and fled in the direction Sir Tosk had taken. "I suppose he's hesitant about bringing up the rear," mused Tejon, watching him go. "There might be a laneyite around -- and it's probably still sore from his falling on it. Now where did those other two Nothings go?"

Dhikeeny had returned to his thick forest, and Tejon had trouble maneuvering the Floater Policy through the trees, trying to find him. He considered changing the forest into a broad beach, but decided against it, being tactful for once. He landed the Floater Policy, and unhooked one of the exclusion claws. When he threw it on the ground it turned into a were-ass, which he then rode into the forest. The Evil Ogre saw him coming, and ducked quickly into a nearby building. "Ghu'd ghod, it's a Post Office!" exclaimed Tejon. "I wonder if he's after a suit of mail, or something to cancel my Policy. Well, it won't to him any good," and he rubbed the Ring of Ditur. Suddenly the Post Office went straight up in the air and hovered several hundred feet off the ground. "The forest is now Outlaw Country," declared Tejon, "and the Evil Ogre hasn't any legal grounds to stand on. That ought to keep him out of our way." He rode back to the Floater Policy and took off again.

Wrai wasn't at all sure he liked being Sir Wrai. Especially Sir Wrai-with-the-fringe-on-top. As a biapan, he hadn't been a fringer for years. But it

was an Honor, and he would carry the Honor in Knightly style, as if it were a Satin banner. Thus it was that Tejon found him striding homeward toward his village, with his head high -- almost as high as Sir Blot. As the Evil Duke approached, Sir Wrai held up his hand. His ring glinted in the sun. "You can never vanquish the Ring of Truth!" he proclaimed. Tejon rubbed the Ring of Ditur and the ground changed to a swamp, Sir Wrai rubbed the Ring of Truth, and it changed back again. No matter what Tejon turned the ground into, the Ring of Truth changed it to its original shape. "This could go on forever -- like this story," thought Tejon, thinking frantically of some way to beat the Ring of Truth. Suddenly Sir Wrai found he was standing on a golf course, and the Ring of Truth couldn't change it back. Wrai stared at the Ring, then at Tejon. "It won't work," sneered Tejon, because you're in a "good lie," and the contradiction has confused it. This is a 72-hole course built on a mobius strip, so it ought to keep you busy for some time trying to get out." He mounted the Floater Policy and flew away again, heading for the Baron's Black Castle.

As he flew over a lush green dale, the Floater Policy announced: "You are now passing over the Kingdom of King LeeJay. His daughter Ruth, the Countess Owt, lives in the palace to the east, and is very beautiful."

"I didn't know you could talk," said Tejon, as he turned the Policy to the east.

"I have many Declarations built in," it replied.

The Countess was walking in her garden when Tejon swooped down on the Floater Policy. He picked her up in the Exclusion Claws and flew onward, once more passing over the lush, green dale. "I wish he'd go back to Texas," muttered Tejon.

"You will regret kidnaping me," cried the Countess. "My father will be angry, violent, and perhaps even vengeful."

"Well," replied Tejon, "I'm sure he'll be Ruthless."

Meanwhile, the alarm had been sent to the King that his daughter had been carried off by one of the Wicked Warlocks of the West. "The Wicked which?" inquired the King, putting down his beer. "No, Sire," said the Prime Minister, Evemeny, "you're in the wrong story -- this one is about Wicked Warlocks."

"We must rescue her, at once!" declared the King. "Sent for our best hunter, and his magic arrows: Die Freischultz! He shall bring her back!!"

+ + + maybe so. stay tuned to this APA next mailing++

14 July SEVEN EYES OF NINGARB1E My sympathy on the weight problem. I have that bad habit of eating, too, but it can be temporarily broken.

I agree with your comments on "social promotion." No wonder there are so many morons trying (and succeeding) to get into the colleges. They take up space for a year or two before finally flunking out -- space that could better be occupied by students.

I don't think SAPS exactly expected you to publish Nehwhon-type material just because of your title -- some of us rather hoped you would, though. We like the stuff.

Hey, great -- another possible fan librarian, and in the school library field, too. As far as I know, the rest of us are in either public, university, or special libraries. Welcome to the club, maybe?

Collector Your cards are always hilarious, Howard! How about selling extra sets of them? I also enjoy the write-ups (and even the short squibs) of Michicharacters, in and out of the MSFS. I'll look forward to the book on George Young.

And I grudge at the acquisition of cheap printing equipment!

15 July RETRO 24 I agree that the votes on the Pillar Poll should go only to current members, with the possible exception of something particularly outstanding during the year from a member who had to drop (e.g., if Kemp had had to drop shortly after WHO KILLED or WHY IS A FAN?, I would have given him points anyway, I think.)

Well, there may have been too many ballots back earlier this year, but right now my problem is the lack of a ballot: the Hugo ballot still hasn't shown up, and it's only a month and a half to the con, which is going to give the committee damn little time to tabulate and have the plaques made.

Both you and someone else commented that there was no copy of DUCKSOUP in your mailings, and I can't figure what happened to those copies. They were folded and put inside of WATLING STREET, as Bob presented them to me, and there were definitely the right number of copies, and none left around my place. So there shouldn't be anyone with two copies, but... I dunno.

Bbbut...are you sure Nancy was out of SAPS and then back in again? My copy of Howard's index isn't available right now, but I thought NanShare/Rapp had a solid string of membership, if not of mailings. Must check one of these days, I guess. I knew about Ency being in and out and in again.

FENDENIZEN 24 It's really a shame if you've never read any comic books, as you have missed some excellent artwork and even some good stories, believe it or not. Right now, in addition to the usual comic books I buy off the stands, I am also collecting such things as the delightful French comic books (hardbound, about 10x14") called the Tintin books. I found three of the English translations last year, and have just this past week located a local source for the French editions. The art is clever, though not xpectacular, and the stories are really quite entertaining. For more spectacular comic book art, there are the old EC comics, and lately the Kubert artwork in the Hawkman comics. (Ron Goulart paid \$10 — and would have paid more if necessary — for the originals of one of the Kubert stories, at the Westcon auction.)

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Captain Strombli, jumping over a small table, made a desperate lunge, but she side-stepped and he fell onto the couch and lay there completely out of breath. "Naughty, naughty," she teased from behind an overstuffed chair on the other side of the room, "You really shouldn't make a pass at me — your mistress wouldn't like it, you know."

The Captain sat up, but made no move to begin the chase again. "You're right," he said resignedly, "but actually, it's my wife."

"Oh? Congratulations are in order, I-guess?" She came closer, hips swinging alluringly, but being careful to stay out of reach.

"Yes, I suppose so — I'm about to become the father of a bouncing baby b--- something-or-other. I scrt of found myself in the Tender Trap."

"Tender? Sounds like a fur-lined one, to me." She slinked even closer.

"That's putting it crudely, but I guess you're right. Not much I could do about it. But now she's a hundred miles away, and we're here...." He reached out, and this time she did not evade. "...and this waiting for action is so very dull these two months...." She settled into his arms with no visible show of reluctance. "...and I get so lonely." Business was business, even with a mooning water buffalo, so she snuggled closer.

"Once a trap-shooter, always a trap-shooter," she muttered.

— — — Spy Witch, by Martin N. Hedry

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BEST 9 I'm perfectly willing to support a London bid for the 1965 Worldcon. At the time I put in the Detroit plug I didn't know that the Londoners were serious. As it is, that will be an excellent chance to skip the country after the

Morcon: I've been wanting an excuse to save the money for a trip to England, anyway, even before I got into fandom — G&S interests, etc. So:

L O N D O N I N ' 6 5 ! !

SAPTERRANEAN 6 Certainly "a cut stencil is sacred," and if I found Warren Dennis's cut stencils for THURBAN I #4, I would probably run off at least two or three copies before destroying them. Trouble these days is I have begun to be bothered with the idea of scarcity increasing value — both fanzines and artwork. I purchased the original Barr illo for the SHAGGY 1961 calendar's September-October page at the Westercon auction for \$7.50, and have been considering destroying it because I also have the painting "Rite" (exhibited at Seacon) that Barr did from the calendar page. I probably won't, though — I'll probably stick the pen-and-ink calendar drawing in the back of the painting, so that whatever happens to one happens to the other. The "scarcity syndrome" doesn't usually have a chance against the archivism tendency.

Speaking of cut stencils and things, I have had in my possession since 1960, when I picked them up at Pitt, a batch of cut masters for a SAPS zinc that an ex-member never finished. The masters have to be re-cut to be run, and I just haven't had time. But now that said ex-member is in the LArea, and even back on the SAPS WL, maybe he'll re-cut them himself and give out the long-delayed ego-boo. The zinc is, of course, Phil Castora's old ENZYME. Also, along these lines, I finally badgered Ron Ellick into unearthing the stack of copies of OBLIQUE #8 from his garage, where they have sat since Gould's gaffiation, and they will be in the 100th FAPA mailing, since they were originally intended for FAPA.

Strictly speaking, hand-coloring makes the zinc illegible for Printed Matter postage, but they never seem to check that closely at the P.O. — particularly when it's marked "Library Materials" and stapled shut with four huge staples from a Swingline #13.

The 3-D glasses, like the copies of DUCKSOUP, were indeed included in the copies of WATLING STREET. I dunno what caused these disappearances.

WARHOON 15 I, for one, would like to see Willis write more about Ireland and its history, people, attitudes, etc. I found this episode very interesting and informative. I've been doing quite a deal of reading along the line of Irish pre-history (legends, folklore, etc.) and would be quite happy to add more modern information to my knowledge by way of Walt's column.

Alva Rogers hits a good point about people taxing some authors with too much belief in their works, and letting others get by. I think it's probably a compliment to the former group, in that their stories are well enough thought-out and written so that one could think there was a believable philosophy in them.

SETEBOS The accounts of the mescaline experiences are quite good, both from the point of being complete and from the point of being lucid and descriptive. I also enjoyed several of Lanctot's illos — several of the strange animals, and the bacover one.

SIX PAGES #2 Remember, you promised a double-dose of MCs for the 60th Mlg.

POR QUE? 13 By February I was out of USC, away from Helena Pinney, ex-professional Librarian and current Clerk III — so completely forgot to send her a nasty valentine in memory of 1959 at Tampa Public. Pity.

Many thanks for including Harwick's Coloring Book — it's hilarious!

SPECTATOR 59 Thanks again to Bergeron for the SPECTATOR covers — and I hope he will return again next time to again take up his second office. By this time, everyone's gotten used to having a cover for SPECTATOR, so I'll have to round up some kind of cover if Rich no longer wants the job.

Cover by Bjo.
P.13 illo by Simpson.

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THE CRAWLWAY

WESTERCONFIDENTIAL Annex: I see by re-reading my conrep that I didn't mention much on the First West Coast Art show that was held at the con. It was quite good for a regional show, and in general it was handled well. The objections I have are aimed at the judging of the show, for which the blame generally falls on Bernie Zuber, who was in charge of the thing. Prime point: there were too many categories; secondary point: too many awards in each category. The ratio of entries to awards was less than 3:1, and that is counting even Morrie Dollens's rack of paintings which weren't supposed to be in competition (but which won two awards anyway.) Awards for "Tolkien Art" and "Most Improved Artist" were not in the original scheme of things, and were made up by the judges at the last minute; for some reason Bernie had told them they could free-wheel the awards, instead of sticking to the list that had been made out ahead of time and rather painstakingly thought out for balance.

If I had been choosing the three "Best in Show" entries, I would have picked Don Simpson's "Enchantment at Carc8" first, then Karen Anderson's "Isildur's Bane," and then Ernie Knowles's "Gilgamesh." The first two, at least, I would like very much to own, but Don gave his to Rick Sneyary, and Karen wants to enter hers in Chicago. Oh, well.

Al Lewis, having read my conrep, says it seems like a totally different con than the one he attended, so I have invited him to write up his report for comparison. If he does, it will probably go through FAPA, so anyone interested in a copy, write and say so.

ARCHIVISM RAMPANT: The UCLA Library's Department of Special Collections has appointed Steve Schultheis as Honorary Curator of its SF collection, and is now attempting to collect complete sets of fanzines, prozines, and whathaveyou. Steve is trying valiantly to collect not only genzines but all APA mailings. I have told him point-blank that SAPS will not either donate or sell a surplus mailing from its present 42 copies to the library, but he would have to find some member willing to sell his copy — or get on the WL. He suggested that the membership might agree to send a 43rd copy for the library, and while I told him he was out of his mind, I am putting forth this suggestion so that those of you who wish to do so may send a copy for the library. I will donate copies of my own zines, and — IF THERE IS NO OBJECTION FROM THE MEMBERSHIP — donate every 43rd copy of any zine submitted for the mailing, including the surplus stock I now have on hand. If any of you object to this, and want to have your surplus stock returned or something equally silly, please let me know. Otherwise, as of 15 October, it goes to UCLA. Any other fanzines that you may published will also be welcomed by the Department of Special Collections — they will be checklisted (possibly even cataloged), and preserved for posterity. If this sort of thing interests you, please send in the zines.

HUCKSTER'S CORNER: I have, as of this writing, exactly 34 copies of THE WILLIS PAPERS, for sale at \$1 each. They will not last past Chicon, at which Ted Johnstone and I will have for sale the second volume of The Works of Walter A. Willis: THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, with Eddie Jones illos.

WESTERCONFIDENTIAL

It's hard to say just when Westercon XV started for me. In spite of my not being on the con committee, and vowing not to get hooked into the usual last-minute mad rush, I still found myself spending a good deal of time during the week before the con over at Al Lewis's place doing minor jobs like de-slipsheeting SHAGGY, as well as trying to figure out what fan-type of materials were available for the part of the auction I was to conduct. The Wednesday before the con found most of L.A. actifandom at Al's, along with Andy Main, who had just arrived in town with the Davidsons from N.Y. They had brought along a number of original comic book art panels, a donation from Julius Schwartz of National Comics, so I went chortling

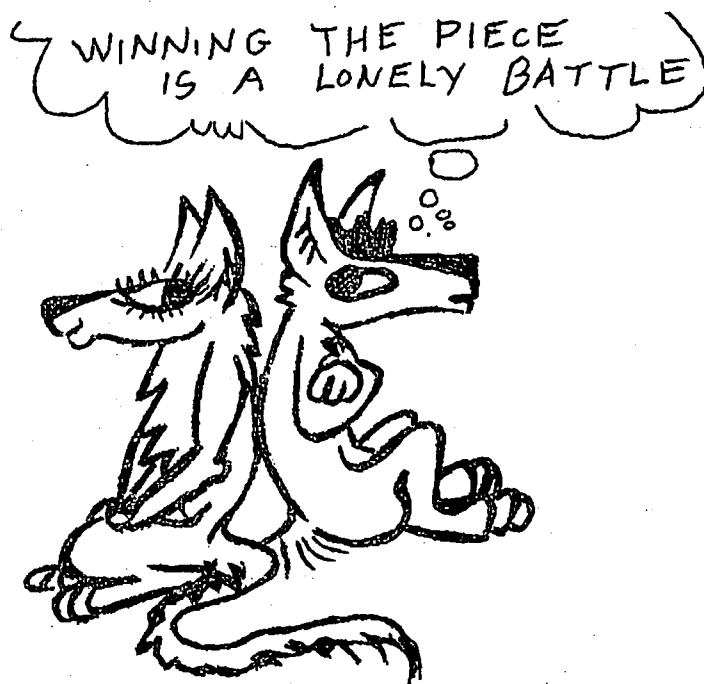
through the package and trying to decide how to split the contents between the Westercon and the planned '64 Worldcon. (I'd arranged for the donation of the material, and had reserved the right to funnel off some of it for the '64 con, assuming L.A. got it.) 60% went to Westercon, and I carted the rest home to put away. The frenetic activity was still going when I left, but it was after midnight already, and I had to go to work the next day. (Al Lewis, chairman of the Westercon committee, was off for the summer from his teaching job.)

Thursday night was LASFS meeting, and the semi-annual elections, so not too much ConCom work got done. Friday I called in sick, though both my boss and the clerk knew what I was sick with: Con Fever. I'd warned them ahead of time. I caught a streetcar downtown and checked into the Alexandria, then walked over to National Automobile Club and borrowed Dian Girard's car to run a batch of pre-con errands — starting with picking up Johnstone in South Pasadena to go horseback riding for an hour or so.

The horseback riding kick started a couple months ago, when several of the Coventrians decided they/we might do well to have some actual knowledge of riding, since we were using horses for the main means of transportation in the stories. (Ted, after his first attempt, was heard to comment in a pained voice that he would stick to the Krell subway for any distance over a mile.) This particular afternoon we had bad luck in getting two nags that wouldn't move any faster than a walk — until they were sure we were headed back to the stable, at which time Suzy, the one I was riding, broke into a beautiful canter. Pfui.

From there we picked up some cover stock from our usual source of fanzine materials, and put together the rest of the copies of THE WILLIS PAPERS to take to the con. Then, loading the rest of my junk and Ted's into the car we picked up Dian, who dropped us at the hotel and went home to get her own trappings. Ted checked in, and we went looking for other fans.

The first ones we located were Miri Knight and Karen Anderson, and they were in the coffee shop, not the bar. Karen wanted to know whether there would be any Coventrian doings at the con, and was disappointed when I said no — she had brought a costume, sword and all. The conversation stayed on Coventry for a while, as I tried to outline some story ideas, but other fans and pros began coming in at a greater rate, so I gave up and sat back to small talk. Parts of



the ConCom were wandering around vaguely, with Trimble asking if anyone wanted to ride down to Terminal Annex while he picked up the convention's mail. "No thanks," said Ted, "I've seen Terminal Annex already." Stuart Palmer wandered in, and he and Karen talked sales of writing for a while. Karen said that her six haiku had netted her \$15 from F&SF, and I decided it might be a good idea to get out my references on other possible verseforms that might be adapted to fantasy/sf themes -- lanternes, vembletrooms....

By then it was time for Dian to be getting back, and I'd promised to park her car over at National Auto, so I walked to the front of the hotel with Alex Bratmon, just as a VW started disgorging fans and luggage onto the sidewalk. Sid and Alva Rogers had arrived, and I braced myself as Sid swooped down on us; she gets carried away with greetings, at times.

When I got back from National Auto, there were all sorts of people in the lobby, and I had to be introduced twice to Kevin Langdon before I associated the name with the face. He struck me as being sort of a misplaced Mundane, but I suspect that was probably First-con confusion, which wasn't helped much by the dinner party he accompanied on a tour of down-town eating establishments. Ted and I looked on while two of the local Bawdy Brigade latched onto Kevin for the hour or so we were out to eat. I suppose he was lucky the third member of the Brigade is sort of out of things these days. (The Bawdy Brigade, locally, is the Woman's Auxiliary to the ARBM: The ASGL, or Arsenic, Seduction, and Grand Larceny.)

By the time we got back from dinner, the fans had moved into the bar. As Buz said, "When we had the Solacon here, it was a barcon. Seattle wasn't a barcon, Boise wasn't a barcon, and last year at the Leamington wasn't too much of a barcon. Now here we are back at the Alexandria, and bighod, it's a barcon!" For the first day or so, at least, he was right. Then it turned into a partycon.

One of Ted's newly-recruited San Diego femfans showed up around 9:30, and they joined the mob in the bar for fangabbing. (Roxie is underage, and Ted didn't have any provable ID.) Eventually Karen started rounding up people for a filksing, and we went up to her room armed with guitars and a bottle or two (including one I had left over from a party a couple months ago; somehow liquor seems to last a long time at my place -- at least between parties.)

We sang through a bunch of fannish songs, including Karen's new anti-Campbell song, and some non-fannish ones, including "Hi-Lili," which seems to be a favorite. (I recently learned a second verse to "Hi-Lili" -- are there any more kicking around?) Henstell dragged out copies of the SEVAGRAM SONGBOOK and my own SPELEOBEM 9 with the Myers songs, and we went through those, with Ted trying valiantly to figure out what key(s) Karen was singing in. We discovered a new duet attraction: Karen and Dian. The former has a beautiful voice but no sense of pitch, and the latter sings somewhere between the white keys and the black keys -- about a #tone off. We figure they would be excellent additions to the already famous combination of Al Lewis and Ron Ellik. And possibly Poul thrown in for good measure. ("What a wonderful song! Has anyone ever put music to it?" ... "The Sleeping Prince" Goon Show.)

Poul called up that he wanted to go to bed, so we decided to leave and invade the pro party, but as we reached the corridor the pro party invaded us, and the entire crew headed for haLevy's room, intending to continue the filksing. Harlan Ellison joined us for a few minutes -- long enough to do the "Volkswagen und Mauser giffs us vun tank" schtick again -- and from there the party went into long discussions on various subjects. The filksing was impossible to rekindle, and we all began drifting off to get some sleep.

Saturday I rolled out of bed around 11:30, went shopping with Dian for a couple items I'd forgotten, then stopped off to get a haircut. At least three fans had greeted me as Walter Breen, and I don't care if they were kidding.

I skipped most of the program, taking a few photos from the balcony off the California Room instead of having to listen to the speeches from the main floor. I did attend the author's tea, mostly to see who was there. The strangest attendees were a couple of Latin-featured teenagers dressed in dark suits, and one of them wearing a dress hat. They were carrying a couple SF mags, so I guess

they belonged with the convention, but they couldn't have looked much more out of place if they tried. Rory Faulkner decided they were probably queer; Rory has definite opinions on everything.

After the tea, Bradbury was to read one of his stories; having heard Bradbury read "The Pedestrian" on KPFFK, I skipped this. Bradbury can write quite well -- I like his stories very much -- but he ought to let someone else read them to people. I spent the time getting things ready for the auction, along with Daugherty who was to auction the pro stuff. When Bradbury finished, Daugherty went on, auctioned off some books, magazines, and illos for about 15 minutes, when people started yelling for him to auction off the copy of Silverlock that was lying in full view of the audience. We had agreed that he would Silverlock to lead into my part of the auction, so Walt turned it over to me, and I said a few words about the book, and was gratified to hear an opening bid of \$5. The next bid was \$10; and before I knew it, Dan Alderson's bid of \$25 had been topped by Henry Stine, at \$30, and the bidding was over. I crogged visibly. The rest of the auction was anticlimax, I'm afraid. But it lasted until 7:00, giving me barely enough time to get something to eat before taking my place as one of the Official Photographers of the Fashion Show being held during the banquet. The various models for the show made their trips through the banquet hall as I tried to get pictures, first by the floodlights Jerry Knight had set up for his movie camera, and then by flashbulbs, which I couldn't reload fast enough to keep up with the models. When they had all finished, I took posed pictures of almost all the costumes, outside the banquet hall. These all turned out quite well, while only one of the inside ones was worth keeping: Steve Tolliver in the Mars costume. Two outfits escaped me entirely: Steve's second costume, which was supposed to have been worn by Ernie Wheatley, who was called out of town on family business and missed the con, and Karen's costume. The lack of a photo of the latter, however, is more than compensated for an excellent one of Karen in the gold outfit into which she changed from the costume -- it looks much better than the costume did, anyway.

I missed Alva Rogers's speech, which has been given excellent notice, but I heard Boucher as MC and Al HaLevy as presenter of the Invisible Little Man trophy. (Poul accepted for Hal Clement.) I tried to listen to Vance's Guest of Honor Speech, but gave up after about ten minutes and went into the lobby to join a few other bored fans. There were more of us as Vance went on.

Saturday night the Westercon XV definitely became a partycon. I remember very little of the conversations; I spent the evening either taking pictures or making unsuccessful passes at several of the femmes. The bottle of Ancient Age I'd been carrying for most of the con diminished only very slowly -- and that mostly to other people (such as femmes.) It was still 1/3 of its original pint when I gave up the party around 4 in the morning.

Not everyone was having the same luck with bottles, however. The party was notable for two excellent performances -- one by Jack Harness and the other by Al Lewis. Having given up on one girl; and about to look around for another, I noticed Harness sitting on the floor, wrapping himself around a floor-lamp and trying to climb it hand over hand. He has since stated that he was not just drunk, but in a "glorious euphoric condition," and with that I shall refuse to argue; in any case, it was funny indeed. Al's performance was more involved, but I caught only Act I, so the rest is hearsay -- from several different sources, all of which seem to agree. When Al got drunk he started to sing, and then grabbed Ingrid Frittsch, pulling her down to the chair he sat in. Eventually she got away, and Al started singing again. J.T. decided it was time to take Al back to his room, and called the desk to find out where he was registered: "What room is Mr. Lewis in, please?" "I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to turn down your radio, I can't hear you." "That's Mr. Lewis; I want to take him back to his room." So four of them carried Al to his room and locked him in. He was still singing. I left the party shortly after Al did, so I wasn't around when he got out of his room through the transom and came back to the party, sang a while longer, and

eventually passed out. I repeat, this is hearsay as far as I'm concerned. But it was still quite a party.

There was a couch in the living room of the con suite, where the party was held, and through most of the evening there were six people on it: 3 guys, each with a girl on his lap. The cast of characters kept changing -- Steve Tolliver was the only one to stay there all evening -- but the general make-up (or -out) was about the same. At one point, the girls proclaimed that they were actually Status Symbols for the guys -- if a guy didn't have a girl on his lap, he lacked Status. There was also a trio of femmes set up as a Beard Approval Board, so I applied for Approval, and got 2/3 immediate Approval. The other member of the Board was biased in favor of her husband's beard, but eventually agreed that mine would pass. The tests were fun, at least; maybe I should shave and grow another one....

I think a fair warning should be issued to all male fans -- especially the Humbert Humbert types -- that there is a small-type femme by the name of Terry Mill running around loose who is going to be extremely good looking in about three years. She wore the "Moon Hop" costume in the fashion show -- tights with a short skirt, turned up hem, boat neck -- and looked a most delightful nymphet in it. She then proceeded to wear the costume for the rest of the conference, as she chased Ed Baker (her usual victim -- IA's answer to Wally Weber) or Kevin Langdom (a new victim.) She's about 11.

A few words on the rest of the costumes. Besides Terry's, there were only two costumes I liked particularly: Paul Turner's Uranus costume (complete with sword borrowed from Karen Anderson), and Paul Puckett's Sun costume. Both of these looked more Medieval than Futuristic, but they were great costumes, and I'd love to wear them. Dian Girard's Uranus costume had different shades of material that didn't match right, Yoko Stroup's Moon dress looked too much like a common evening dress, and Ellie Turner's Earth dress looked like a simple party-dress affair. Two of the female costumes I liked fairly well were Sue Hereford's all-blue (with silver trim) Neptune costume and Adrienne Martine's Freefall one.

The former was spoiled in effect by too gaudy a face makeup -- like a stage clown with blue and silver and black squares. And Adrienne's costume relied mostly on nudity for effect -- I like it, but is it fashion? Tolliver's Mars costume came out looking quite good in the photo, but in person it was too rumpled and almost disheveled. There was at least one case where the problem was with the model instead of the costume, but the Show had to make due with what was available, including using a pregnant Carol Smith in the Pluto costume (the waist was so high -- up to the breasts -- it didn't matter). Considering that, and the myriad difficulties involved in putting on the thing, I'd say the Fashion Show was a social success -- if not an esthetic one. Oh yes: Jack Harness's "Interplanetary Tourist" costume was successful. It was supposed to be ghodawful!

Sunday's program started off late, with a somewhat hungover Al Halevy giving a talk on fantasy. Skipping this like I did most everything on the program, I took some time out to go back to my apartment and run off a Cult F/rational which Ed Baker needed to save his membership. We got back just in time to get things ready for the final auction. There was nothing really spectacular at this auction, but a second copy of Silverlock, hurriedly purchased from Halevy the night before for \$4, went to Alderson for \$10. In retrospect, I missed a bet at the Saturday auction by not offering Alderson a copy immediately after Stine took the first for \$30. I could have given him my second copy at his \$25 bid, and somewhere gotten another second copy. Hindsight isn't much help. We also got rid of several stacks of old fanzines that had been appearing at LASFS auctions for a couple years -- notably a stack of about 40 copies of Mike Hinge's zine TIME. They were at the bottom of a box of otherwise fairly good zines that either Bill Blackbeard or Steve Schultheis walked off with. There was very little left to pass on to Westercon XVI when we got done. I'd already heard Ellik's TAFF talk at LASFS, so I went off to see what had happened to the bottle of booze a couple of the IA femmes had borrowed before the auction, saying they didn't

want much. Gullible, aren't I? It was dead, of course. I grotched at them, and went out to get a refill, coming back with my usual party booze, Sudden Discomfort (Southern Comfort).

The Business session was short, and the BArea won the bid for the next Westercon. San Diego's bid was rather feeble — we almost had Johnstone voting for the BArea himself. So Hal Levy gets the Test of Fire to see whether his hopes of putting the '64 Worldcon on can survive the '63 Westercon. Some groups can't go that route.

We had checked out earlier, and dumped all the luggage in the display room while we finished out the con. There was rumour of another party in the con suite, though a good part of the ConCom had either left or was leaving before the party. At 7:30 there were films scheduled, including "Things To Come," which I hadn't seen, but I stayed in the almost empty display room talking to a few other stragglers. The art show had been taken down, the awards presented, and most of the displays packed for removal. The Squirrel lugged the last batch of LASFS junk back to his place, and sacked out.

With the movies over we went looking for the party, armed with a guitar for a filksong free-for-all. The party was going all right, but there were very few people there. Al Lewis and Buz used the bedroom of the suite for a conference room for most of the evening, with Bill Donaho vacillating between the discussion and the noisy part of the party. The main barrier to a filksing was a character from Van Nuys who had hooked up with Ken Hedberg and the Sacramento crew. This guy had a guitar, and played by ear — played extremely well, too. He even had a good voice. Trouble was, he knew nothing but Mundane songs, and couldn't follow even parodies, as he didn't know the words. We tried to compete for a while, but he was louder. Also drunker, as were the Sacto boys and most everyone else in the room. A rump session was held in the hall — Champion, Pelz, Johnstone, Henstell, Girard — to decide what to do about the Mundane so we'd be able to filksing. The suggestions ranged from calling the management, to calling the party and saying we were the management, to cutting his guitar strings. At this point, one of the Sacto boys (his nametag said only "Pippin.") discovered us so we gave up and went back in. The Mundane was still wailing away, but something had been added: over in the corner Mike Simms, a new LASFSite, had got hold of a screwdriver (mechanical, not liquid). Mike has a Thing for screwdrivers, and when he gets hold of one he takes things apart. He usually carries one when he travels on the LA MTA buses, and takes the buses apart, carting the screws off with him. We don't care much for the MTA either. This particular evening, Mike was tackling the TV set in the con suite, and Pippin was yelling at him to stop when the discussion group exploded into the front room, intent on ejecting the troublemakers who were making the noise. They grabbed Pippin and began to shove him out the door, with the rest of us trying to get them to eject the Mundane instead and Pippin protesting that it was Mike should be ejected. Eventually both Pippin and the Mundane were squelched, and someone took the screwdriver from Mike. Quiet reigned for a short time, and we started the filksing. The noise grew again, but this time it was organized noise.

The Andersons and Tony Boucher showed up about this time, having left the pro party at Bradbury's, I think. The filksing really got started, and we went through the repertoire of fannish, Bosses', and dirty songs. There were only a few new ones, including Cuttrell's "Big Red Cheese" and an import that Karen and Poul had, "Patriarchs of Learning." Poul, when he wasn't snogging, sang "Three Kings" and "Kabul River." Boucher suggested someone write a parody called "Men of Harlan." Harness, Dian, Roxie, and someone else did a Can-Can chorus line to the music of "The Childish Edda," thus inventing "Filk Duncing." Sometime during the evening Dave Rike was lying around on the bed drinking milk, and evidently taking notes on a mental scratch-sheet, since a sort of conrep has showed up in his Cultzine, but he was hardly noticed. Dik Daniels wandered around lighting flash paper and throwing a few firecrackers out the window; standard. And eventually, around five o'clock we drove Roxie to the Greyhound station and went home for a half-hour's sleep before going to work. It was a great con...now for Chi!!

SIDE PASSAGES

LETTERCOL

FRED GALVIN

840 Algonquin Avenue, St. Paul 19, Minnesota

17 VI 62

I get more damn SAPSazines nowadays: SPELEOBEM, WARHOON, THE DINKY BIRD...well, three seems like a lot.

SPELEOBEM 14. What a pretty cover.

You say you never read anything particularly outstanding by Jack Vance? Does this mean you didn't care for The Dying Earth, or that you haven't read it/ I liked it very much, especially the last story, "Gyal of Sfere." [I haven't read it yet...BEP]

Your remarks on "ghosts of the past are very true. But what is the quotation from: "Because, my friends, the world is filled with sadness -- and so it was, and so will ever be; ..."? It sounds vaguely familiar. At first it reminded me of James Thomson, but I don't think it's him, although the mood is similar. Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night" is probably the most depressing poem in the English Language. [I'm not sure I should disillusion you, but the quote is a Ted Johnstone parody on the final verse from "Camelot": "Ask every person if he's heard the story, and tell it loud and clear if he has not: that once there was a fleeting wisp of glory called Camelot." The rest of the parody (eventually to be the final bit in a grand-scale imitation of "Camelot") is "...but once there was a fleeting happy madness called Coventry." Told you it would be disillusioning. And I realize that I should have said 'imitation' instead of parody in this explanation...BEP]

Your assertion on p.4 that apas and not genzines are the best place to get comments on your work is interesting; I would have expected it to be the other way around. From what (admittedly little) I've seen of mailing comments, they seem to average not much better than a postcard of comment, and most of them would not rate a free issue of a genzine. I'm not contradicting you -- I realize that you know what you're talking about and I don't -- I'm only expressing surprise. [I'm not sure I agree with me any more on this matter; I'll try genzine circulation for a few stories and see what the score is...BEP]

I liked that interlineation on p.8. Is Spy Witch going, I hope, to be published somewhere where I can read it? [Probably in SAPS when/if I get around to publishing all of it...BEP]

Whatever is the reason for publishing a checklist of ~~CRAP~~? This CRAP sounds like the same thing as the "quadzines" that Seth Johnson and Art Hayes used to organize in the NFFF. A carbonzine isn't a real zine for heaven's sake, it's just a goddam letter. Who ever heard of publishing a checklist of letters? [The checklist was published so that it would be available to future bibliographers, and the CRAP was both carbonzines and ditto/ mimeo zines. These are/will be of interest to archivists, in the same way that such things as Rotsler's KTEIC LETTERS are of interest (though probably not so much so, for the most part.) They are part of fandom, and there are several copies available if anyone wants to try tracing them down; eventually they belong in a fan archive...BEP]

SPELEOBEM 15. The cover is clever and amusing.

I like the quotation "An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it." Could you please tell me exactly where (or approximately where) in the writings of Don Marquis this occurs? [Bartlett's says it's from his column "The Sun Dial," which isn't much help...BEP] "Tedron's Song" is above average for fanzine poetry (which isn't saying much). There's nothing particularly wrong with it, but it just doesn't do anything to me. [What would you suggest it do?...BEP] Phrases like "the dazzling snow so beautiful and bright" and "I cannot sleep at night" seem to me at least to fall rather

flat. Poeticisms like "my wealth away I hurled" count as faults; they may be excused if a poem is quite good otherwise. Why is this copyrighted? Do you think it will sell? Anything is possible, and I prefer to be prepared for eventualities...BEP; I wonder what the tune sounds like. One of these days I'll carefully copy down all the notes and things and get one of my musical friends to translate it for me. I have to copy it, as I'm sure as hell not going to go around showing fanzines to people. They already think I'm crazy, but that's no reason for me to voluntarily furnish them with absolute proof. The presence of my letter of comment at the back of the zine would be particularly embarrassing. My associates already know that I have a hobby of collecting oddball literature, which I've convinced them is only a mild form of insanity like stamp collecting or bird watching. But how will I explain my writing for these silly publications? So how do you explain it to yourself? And by the way, you miss the point to "Tedron's Song," in that it is not just a poem. A song must be considered as both words and music. It's entirely possible, of course, for one to be well done and the other poorly done, but if they blend properly -- complement each other -- they should be treated as a whole. If you're at Chicago I'll translate the thing for you myself...BEP;

I see where Harry Warner writes "Fred Galvin seems to be confused about parody." That's what I thought all along, but it's still nice to have Harry Warner say so, and remove any lingering doubts. (For that matter he could have written "is" and "everything" for "seems to be" and "parody" and not been far wrong.) This is an interesting example of the amount of red tape in fandom. When I write Ruth Berman a confused letter, you would think it would be a simple matter for Ruth to tell me that I'm confused. But no, everything must go through the Proper Channels: (1) I write Ruth Berman a confused letter about her parody, which (2) she laboriously copies and sends to Bruce Pelz, she sent the original of the last 2pp...BEP; who (3) types it on stencil, mimeographs it out to the membership of SAPS. Then Harry Warner, observing that I'm confused, (4) inserts an appropriate remark in a letter to Bruce Pelz, who (5) stencils and mimeographs it for SAPS and sends a copy to me. Everything has gone up and down the chain of command, all relevant documents have been copied in quadruplicate (?) [?], and the whole process has consumed ten months. Jeez!

Speaking of parody. I have another question. In my letter in SPELEOBEM 13, I mentioned that the so-called Gilbert & Sullivan parodies only parody the words, not the music, of the G&S songs. My question is what would a parody of music be, and is there such a thing? More generally, in what fields, other than literature, are parodies possible? I have, for example, seen parodies of chess games and of mathematical proofs.

What field would one have to be in to write a Ph.D. thesis on fandom? Sociology? Anthropology? Abnormal Psychology?

Do you remember the famous story about the mathematicians Hardy and Ramanujan? How Hardy mentioned to Ramanujan that he had ridden in taxi No. 1729, and Ramanujan replied, "That's a very interesting number; it's the smallest number which can be expressed as the sum of two cubes in two different ways"? Well, something like that happened to me recently. About a month ago, all the extension numbers at the University were changed. I walked into my office one day and saw the number 2592 written on the blackboard. "What's that for?" I asked. "That's our new extension number." Remembering the puzzle from an old SPELEOBEM, I said "That's very interesting. 2592 is equal to 2 to the 5th times 9 to the 2nd. It's the only four-digit number having this property, so it should be easy to remember." The awed looks which followed this statement were very enjoyable. Thanks, Bruce. Serendipity rides again...BEP;

How thrilling! To think that I was right about something, if only the difference between "cataloging" and "classification!" What egoboo!

I see where Ruth Berman commented in DINKY-BIRD 3 on my ridiculous letters in SPELEOBEM. I wonder if any other

GALVIN 3 _

SAProphytes, besides you, Harry Warner, and Ruth Berman, have commented in their SAPSazines on said ridiculous letters? I think it only fair that you should figure out some way of making sure that I get all the egoboo, or ooboge, that I have coming. There's an easy way: get on the SAPS WL, and purchase mailings. It costs \$1 WL fee, applicable to dues when you become a member, and the mailings cost from \$1 to \$.25, depending on size (it can go higher, but at a rate of 25¢ per hundred pages, it hasn't gone over \$1.25 for some time...BEP,

GIMBLE 3. A fanzine cover illustration of a kid in a bathrobe and slippers is a refreshing change from the usual hackneyed spaceships, bems, and the like, I guess.

The most interesting story in this zine was your "Prelude in Linn," which wasn't too interesting. It's hard to tell if these stories are supposed to be parodies of a certain kind of bad writing, or if they are the real thing. In "Prelude to a War," I found the endless introductions, the word-for-word recordings of dull conversations, the lecture on military strategy, the politics of imaginary countries that I saw no reason to even bother trying to keep straight, very, very boring. Now and then there was a sentence or paragraph which was well-written, but not enough to justify wading through a 23-page story. No doubt there is More Here Than Meets The Eye.

The idea of Coventry, as best I understand it, is to fit all possible fantasy and adventure stories into one allegedly consistent pattern, for reasons not clearly explained. As far as I am concerned, the whole, sole, one and only purpose of Coventry is to provide an occasion for Gary Deindorfer's wonderful take-off in LYDDITE 2.

A hierarchy of priests, Bishops, Archbishops, Metropolitans, and a Pope seems like an odd set-up for a Church which "has no fixed belief but encourages and supports all philosophies."

HARRY WARNER _ 13 May 1962

There isn't an enormous amount that I can add to what I said before about Coventry. I had several passing thoughts while reading the two issues of THE COVENTRANIAN GAZETTE and the Coventry material in SPELEOBEM. One involved the perplexity over what will happen if some fine day, a high official in Coventry discovers somewhere in the published materials a glaring contradiction, one that can't be blamed on a typographical error or ordered out of existence as an unofficial thought by someone without the proper authority to arrange things thus. Will the whole thing immediately crumble from top to bottom in a complete collapse like the New York building that Les Gerber had a little boy throw a stone at? Or will there be a 1984-ish revision of the published records, with the inconsistency caused to disappear by destruction of all known copies and substitution with the correct dogma? Then there was the thought that it might be a wonderful thing if some group in another city got together and formed their own dream world which by magic or science impinged upon this one and there was a tremendous battle between the two worlds which must be fought according to the precepts and circumstances already set up in each. All Coventry will be plunged into war? That's...that's...why, that's fantastic, Harry...BEP, More practical was the thought that someone in Los Angeles had better start setting up a card index pretty soon, to prevent the backlog of data and facts from becoming too large to be looked up readily.

That leaves SPELEOBEM to comment on. I might have most of the data on where the convention speeches were published by the time I finish notetaking, because I'm carefully attributing sources for all the notes. As far as I can determine now, probably not more than one-third of the major talks have been published in fanzines in complete form -- that is, the guest of honor's speech plus any other extra-special talk that may have featured the affair.

I'm no expert on the "Dreigroschenoper," but I would imagine that the English word is tossed in to add a foreign touch to the libretto, just as English

language plays about foreign lands occasionally contain a brief phrase or an occasional word in the non-English tongue that the listeners can be counted on understanding. The start of that sentence, which will be found many lines higher up, should be amplified by the explanation that I don't even know whether the Weill work is set in Germany or in England. [England...BEP] I assume you know that it's based on "The Beggar's Opera" and the use of an English word could be simply a tribute to its origin.

My experience in the New York City Public Library a while back was something like that of Fred Galvin in the University of Minnesota. I don't remember the exact details now, but there was one reference to a book on amateur journalism on a card giving such references that wasn't supported by anything listed elsewhere in the card catalog under the title of book or name of author. I think it was something that the Fossils published a while back, so it doesn't matter too much; theoretically I should be able to get the loan of a copy from Helen Wesson, if it isn't available in the Franklin Institute's amateur journalism collection. I assume that even in the best-run public library, a book vanishes occasionally and the librarians carefully remove its card from the files but have no way of knowing how often it may be included on other cards as a reference. There was a story in MFSF about six months ago along the general line of future library complexities that makes me disinclined to think any further along such frightening extensions of imagination. [Actually, all references to a book are supposed to be listed on the back or at the bottom of the Main Entry card (usually the author card). They're called 'tracings,' and their entire purpose is so that all cards can be removed at once. That F&SF story you mention was reprinted for the Special Libraries Association, with permission of F&SF. It was written by a librarian at University of California at Berkeley, and I agree that it's frightening to think it might actually happen -- but it might, the way the Information Retrieval people are going at things...BEP]

Which reminds me that I'd better be planning a day or two at that ayyaj collection in Philadelphia before long. My plans for the summer have suddenly been overturned by a change in my work schedule. In place of the former system of one fixed and one rotating day off each week, I'll now have one fixed day and another day which alternates between two days in the week. This will mean the end of three-day weekends every sixth week but will provide two-day weekends every other week. Fortunately, it doesn't seem likely to disrupt plans for Chicon attendance. It will probably be changed again by then, anyway. The same change has occurred for the entire staff of this office, effective June 1, and we've already figured out, mathematically, that it will be impossible to publish newspapers on certain dates because of lack of employees under this new schedule.

I am continuing to place notes taken from the MENACE in the fan history notebooks, although it's still impossible to know how far toward the present I'll get in the writing. Without checking back, I think that Los Angeles now stands third in the amount of space devoted to topics in these notebooks. I was pasting up recent notes the other night, and seem to remember that I filled up the 12th sheet at that time for Los Angeles, which means that I have close to 10,000 words on that topic alone, or rather the equivalent of 10,000 words in view of my system of omitting lots of words in the notetaking. I think that FAPA stands first in the amount of notes, British fandom is second. The British fandom notes don't exhaust that topic, but consist of data which isn't included under other headings that require lots of space like Willis or Gillings. A

Thanks again for keeping me on the mailing list, and I hope you understand when I let some items pile up without prompt acknowledgement. [I'm looking forward to the first installment of the History, Harry, and I'm quite willing to send zines to you without acknowledgement until the entire History is published. Though, of course, when you can find time to comment, it is definitely appreciated...BEP]

"T.C."

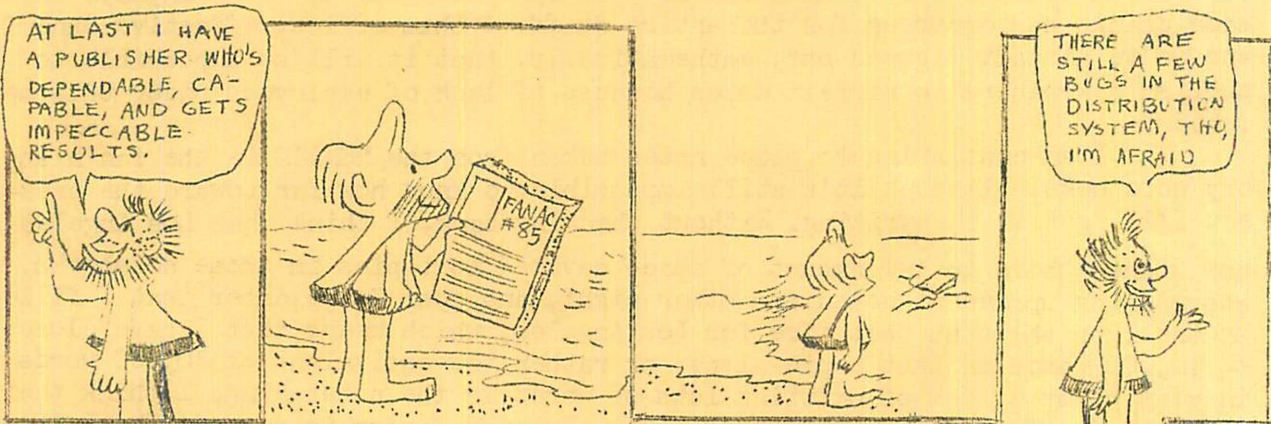
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A COMIC PAGE
SUPPLIMENT TO
THE COVENTRIANIAN
GAZETTE

By HART, PELZ,
& HARNESS