



The Crawlway

EDITORIAL REMARKS

This is SPELEOBEM 19,
Published by Bruce Pelz,
whose new address is
Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles 24, Cal.

SAPS 63, April 1963
INCUNEBULOUS PUBLICATION #167

First of all, please note the above new address. It is a P.O. Box at UCLA, and getting such a P.O. Box is the first step toward moving, which I intend to do by the first of June. I am shifting SAPS headquarters to the Physics Library at UCLA, as it is a lot more convenient than having to drag the mailings from home to the library to mail them out. The one disadvantage of this UCLA P.O. branch is that it is closed on the weekend -- no mail is delivered there from Friday afternoon to Monday morning, which will play hob with those of you who have to special delivery bundles at the last minute. Luckily, July 15 is another Monday, so the deadline problem is easy for next time. After that perhaps I'll switch the address to my living quarters again, but I don't know. In any case, all mail should go to the P.O. Box from here until next mailing, at least.

Second, the election and pillar poll. I have only one comment: Thanks.

Third, the contents of this here issue of SPELEOBEM. We have a longer installment of "The DISTAVF Side," which is very welcome. We have a few letters, and we have another chapter of "The Fellowship of Nothing." If someone else wants to write the 10th Chapter for the next mailing, let me know. If not, I may do it myself, under the heading of "A Lie Allayed, a Lee Allied."

Apologies for the oddments of colored paper. I thought I had enough of the Velvetone tan for all of Madeleine's article and the Fellowship chapter, but I miscalculated, and can't get hold of any more tan in time -- today being 15 April -- so I will have to run the last two pages of Madeleine's article on Velvetone blue (which looks grey.) A few people will get rather strange copies of page 5 of the mailing comments; I didn't notice until I'd thrown away the stencils that I'd got some extra STARSPINKLE sheets mixed in with my regular white paper so that about a dozen copies have the red spinkled star as a background. (I'll have to keep these out of SAPS so all SAPS copies will be identical, I guess.)

Has anyone got copies of SPECTATOR before #50, or #51,52,53,57, that they would care to sell or trade? I'm keeping a separate file of SPECTATOR, so I can use two copies of most of the first 24 issues. Anyone? Of course I'm always interested in other fanzines, too -- what have you got that you don't want? Then there's comics...

Next mailing I should have a Westercon Report of some kind or another, and I hope to have a long-awaited Project finished. It's been a couple years since Lee Jacobs suggested the idea, and with luck it'll be done by July. There are nine pages run off already, and that's a start.

++++++
Cover by Bjo
Bacover by Dian Girard
Inside Bacover Illo by Don Simpson
Finished, by ghod.

The Cabal Ladder

MC'S

12 April 1963

ZED 802 (Karen Anderson): If the point for erudition goes to those who know where you got the phrase "POI MOI TO RODO" using Greek characters, I flunk. However, if you meant "rhodomagnetic" as a phrase, it's from Williamson's "Humanoids" series.

I don't care much for thefanddeutsch verse, but "Reply" is a lovely thing, and I thank you for its inclusion. Write some more, huh?

FLABBERCASTING 25 (Burnett Toskey): If it weren't for the fact that the girls you mention in commenting on your "love life" aren't fans (and thus are unlikely to see copies of FLABBERCASTING), I would say you were trying for the Johnstone Prize — which, as you may remember, is awarded annually to the fan who gets his foot most hopelessly entangled in his typewriter while there is a stencil in the machine.

It appears, from your negative comments on Eney's Akrean Mythos, that you do not care for fantasy fiction unless it is an Epic Novel, in which case all fanzine-published fiction is wasted on you. I begin to wonder what you do like in fanzines besides lists of records and treatises on how to grow giant lima beans and such. What do you like in fanzines, Tosk — just MCs? What kind of MCs? Vegetable articles and lists of record albums?

Are you sure that prescription your doctor gave you to kill off the tongue fungus was Mycostattin, and not Vargostattin? The latter would kill off most anything, except a hard-core Sharevite. HMMMMMMMM.....

Tosk, why should I have realized that the true situation, with regard to your comment on Stanbery's attitude toward my/our Coventranian activities, would be all garbled up? Should I assume that anything you say has the true situation all garbled up? If not, I think I ought to be able to assume that you are capable of quoting someone accurately when their remark was specifically addressed to you. (This last supposition may be erroneous, but is based on the fact that Stanbery was staying at your house at the time.) If you can't report things correctly, at least have the good grace not to try weaseling out of the error with a "Aw-you-know-me-Mac" foot-shuffle.

Why should we have an OE who spends the treasury of SAPS? You letting the SAPS Treasury burn a hole in your pocket — in spite of the fact that it's really in my pocket to start with?

The zines were postmailed to the 61st mailing on instructions from the publishers, in hopes of keeping them with the mailing that is oriented to the same time as they were. I assure you I thoroughly dislike postmailings, and dislike most of all those which I have to send out.

RETRO 27 (F.M. Busby): I like that line about how the Chicon III could have been a barcon except you kept getting thirsty and had to leave the bar to get a drink. I didn't spend much time there — once after the costume ball and once to buy Belle Dietz a "mutual-weight-loss-congrats" drink are all I remember — but I gather that the service was either slow or sometimes non-existent.

Nah, the artist for the SPELEOBEM 17 cover isn't losing her touch — the cover has all the ingredients I asked for, and I'd be interested in knowing who you think was being insulted by it.

Being stubborn as all billy-hell, I will probably run for FAPA office again this year, though whether for OE or Sec-Treas I dunno yet. I'd like to try again to see whether I can beat Evans at the Sec-Treas game. I think I can keep better records than he can, after reading the last couple FAs.

I agree with you that Berry's "Army Daze" sounds salable — at the very

12 April 1963

worst, it should be compiled into a single fanzine volume when complete. But -- uh -- I hope someone else is willing to do it, as I'm up to here with publishing projects, some of which may never get off the ground for lack of time.

Having approved the ditching of L.A.'s worldcon bid, I can stop campaigning for More Door in any form. Right now, I need More Window, though -- this small apartment gets stuffy with very little difficulty, as the only windows face another apartment house about three feet away. Pfui. So giffs a move fairly soon. (Besides, the Collection is pushing me out of house and home.) As for Mordor, there's one Simpson cartoon I have no intention of wasting, even now, so it'll probably be here somewhere, in this issue.

Don't care much for the fannish haiku, but the Artless Artwork is excellent! Chortle.

WATLING STREET 15 (Bob Lichtman): You, sir, are a welcher, sir. You ask for an extra 3 months to organize the article with which to answer my questions ("Just what do you like, since you seem to think most everything is silly?" "What do you consider 'sharing'?" "Just why do you favor the Nelson Pledge?"), and then you still don't write said article this mailing (63rd). If it doesn't show by the next one, I shall have to assume you now consider the article, which you had half-formulated before January, as silly.

Los Angeles isn't really too lazy to hold its own parties -- it's just that we don't have any convenient place to hold them. The last party we had was just before Halloween, at Ed Baker's place, and because of Ed's parents and so on it had to be a non-alcoholic party; it was fun, but not as much as it could've been. Hence the exodus to Berkeley for parties once in a while. I guess the next one will be for Westercon in another 2½ months....unless maybe someone's throwing a May Day or Walpurgisnacht Party?

13 April

MISTILY MEANDERING 3 (Fred Patten): I enjoyed reading your write-up of the New Year's party at Donaho's; articles like that will serve as memory-starters for anyone doing up memoirs some one of these years. And considering the number of LArcans alone who have said they were going to do just that... .

As much as I like Fleming's James Bond stories, I agree with you that Manning Coles is more enjoyable; I read only a few mystery writers, and they fall into a definite pattern of preference: Charteris first (primarily the full-length novels; the recent short stories aren't very good); then Manning Coles (again preference given to the early ones) closely followed by Rex Stout (no time-oriented preference). Ian Fleming comes next, and then Richard Prather (Shell Scott stories only). After that my interest in mysteries drops to a few spscific stories rather than the general writings of an author. Actually, Fleming and Prather are pretty much a toss-up, as the former has a better writing style and better plots, but the latter makes up for the difference by having a wild sense of humor and coming up with some absolutely great lines in almost every one of the books.

The use of the italic lettering guide is a matter of taste, in spite of the fact that the manufacturer does say not to trace the inside curves on letters like the capital "I" when you're stencilling. I happen to agree with you that the letters look better that way, and that it is a good way to distinguish the "I" from the "J."

A very good Schultz bacover illo; got him some votes from me on the poll.

DINKY BIRD 5b (Ruth Berman): I have every intention of writing Reizferren stories for SPELEOBEM, as soon as I have the time. At least two other pieces have been relegated to the limbo of Real Soon Now since Christmas, and I'd like to be able to get at them.

13 April 1963

I agree with you about the "sticky intrusion of Lewis's religious beliefs" into the Narnia Chronicles. Anyone who can get through the first book without gagging and go on to the second will probably enjoy the series greatly, but The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe is a bit too much. Maybe they should be read with #6, the "flashback" Magician's Nephew, as the first. It's far less sticky, and is the first volume, chronologically, of the series. In any case, I like the books very much. There are delightful characters, some beautifully fantastic scenes (such as the dead world in Magician's Nephew), and some very powerful writing — particularly in The Last Battle. I rather wish there were more volumes yet to come, but TLB is so very final that I doubt the possibility, and have pulled one of my old tricks with regard to completed series that I am fond of: I've saved a book to be read sometime in the future (Voyage of the Dawn Treader), although the entire set is on my shelf.

I, a stranger, was afraid of this world I never made,
So I took my pen in hand and another world I planned
Where I would no stranger be though but part belonged to me.

When I tried that world to share, inviting friends to join me there,
Somewhere something went amiss. Some had their worlds, some
claimed this
Would do, for they'd no wish to rule; the others just called me
a fool

For running from "Reality." At last their thrusts cut through to me
And I deserted my new world. Back then to this myself I hurled.
A stranger still, but not afraid, I vow at least there'll be re-made
A part of this world "real" and "true," through what I, me myself,
can do.

Ein Mensch, sag' ich, kann Allerlei — durch Kraft, durch Geist,
durch Zauberei!

And when I've done my re-make here, I may return to notions queer:
Somewhere in space that's dark and warm, another world is taking
form... .

--BEP April 1963

HIEROGLYPHIC 2 (Lenny Kaye): A bound volume of fanzines (8½" high) costs \$4 plus postage from Dobbs Brothers Library Binding Company in St. Augustine, Florida, where I send all my binding. I've been dealing with them since about 1955, and I like their service and prices. Considering all the difficult binding jobs I send them, they do remarkably well. A volume that is under 10" high, by the way, costs less to bind (about \$3.50) and one under 8" is about \$3.20, which is minimum for periodicals. Books cost less than periodicals — somewhere around \$1.50 or so for a small book.

My collection of bound volumes keeps increasing, and in the style of T. Carr perhaps I should enumerate them:

FAPA Mailings	19 volumes
SAPS Mailings	37 volumes
OMPA Mailings	3 volumes
N'APA Mailings	6 volumes
CULT Cycles	4 volumes
CRAPzines	1 volume
IPSO Mailings	1 volume
CRY	3 volumes
YANDRO	2 volumes
SHAGGY	2 volumes
FT/SFT	2 volumes

13 April 1963

CARAVAN	1 volume
NEOLITHIC	1 volume
AMRA	1 volume
MENACE OF THE LASFS	1 volume
SPECTATOR (NAPA-Milt Grady)	1 volume
FANTASY ADVERTISER/SFA	3 volumes

TOTAL TO DATE 88 volumes of fanzines

I've begun binding the comics I collect, too, but the problem here has been finding the right numbers to get a bindable run. 24 comics make a proper-size volume, so one must find issues 1-24, 25-48, 49-72, etc. And missing issue 28 fouls things up until #72. However, I've got seven volumes of comics bound now, and two more at the bindery (along with 8 volumes of my fanzines and 3 volumes of the LASFS's fanzines.) That bindery is getting rich from me. And considering that I've touted almost a dozen other fans onto Dobbs Brothers....maybe I ought to see about getting a commission.

And thank you, Lenny Kaye, for mentioning the bound volumes and giving me a chance to go nattering off like this. I'll be looking for your next issue, the non-minac one.

PILLAR POLL BALLOT: Herewith the votes I sent in:

Best fanzine:	Bergeron 7	Best MCs:	Busby 4	Best articles:	
	Carr 6		Eklund 3		Eney 6
	Lichtman 6		Hulan 3		Berry 3
	Patten 3		Eney 2		Breen 3
	K.Anderson 2		Ballard 2		Girard 3
	Meskys 1		Meskys 2		K.Anderson 2
			Breen 2		Lichtman 1
Best fiction:		Best verse:			
	Berman 5		Johnstone 3		
	Schultz 5		Berman 3		
	Girard 3		Busby 1		
	Carr 1		K.Anderson 1		
	K.Anderson 1			Best Artist:	
					Schultz 5
					Busby 3
					Girard 3
					Harness 2
					Bergeron 1
					Weber 1
Best humorist:		Other Awards:			
	Weber 5		D.Webbert 3		
	N.Rapp 3		Hannifen 3		
	Devore 3		Metcalf 2		
	Harness 2		Bergeron 2		
	Girard 1				

I kept the voting points, and voted for myself as OE. The "Other Awards" points were given for including Hardwick's Coloring Book, including Lanctot's artwork, helping with the Pillar Poll, and for sheer volume of material, in that order. And I don't care what Metcalf says, I prefer this style of poll.

YEZIDEE 2 (Dian Girard): Delightful cover illos — cross between hippogriff and unicorn?

Having just read Chapter One of "Annals of Shalar" for the first time, I immediately cheated and pulled out YEZIDEE 3 from the stack of zines ready to go in the mailing, and read the second installment. All I've got to say is that you'd better finish it so it can be published all at once (with maps and illos) or you'll have the maddest elephant on your hands you've ever seen! It is an excellent blending of several styles that I enjoy greatly, and I look forward to reading more of it. Lots more.

Hope you get that ditto tamed so it doesn't over-fluid — and watch the

13 April 1963

slight tendency toward running things too close to (or off) the edge. Otherwise, a very good job.

COCONINO 2 (Owen Hannifen): But Owen, I thought that anti-SaM zine was titled YET, and subtitled "another amateur publication dedicated to Samuel and Christine Moskowitz (especially Sam)." It looked like an ornate comma after the first word, but with that tricky lettering it is difficult to say for sure whether it was a comma or a part of the next word.

I'm glad you put in that note of explanation on the last page, because I was beginning to think this had escaped from one of my earlier SAPS mailings, seeing as how the comments are all on Mailing 59 instead of 61.

In spite of the fact that you've warned me that Lanctot is very unreliable when it comes to doing artwork, I'll risk a stencil or two in hopes he'll get around to drawing on them. I like his covers I've seen on your zines very much.

The "Code of the U.S. Fighting Man" deserves to be parodied, methinks. Like: I. I am an American coward. I serve my own interests first and am prepared to do most anything in my defense.

II. I will never surrender of my own free will unless it looks like I am going to get the worst of the fight. If in command I will never surrender my men while they still have the means to protect me.

And so forth.

The other thing isn't even worth parody -- just another boring piece of propaganda.

AIR MAIL SPECIAL (Bob Smith and John Foyster): Where did you guys get that commentary on the Cuba situation written in the "Down With Skool" style? I know you've titled it "A Reprint from ye 'Private Eye,'" but this tells me absolutely nothing. I like the thing and would like to see more of the same. A couple questions: what is a dredded "oik"? And who is "old JO"? (I assume "Gaters" is Gaitskell?)

OUTSIDERS 50 (Wrai Ballard): As far as anyone knows, WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM #2 has not yet appeared, and it is almost a year out of date already. A shame, too, as it is a very useful compendium of information. And from the reports, this one would be B I G.

"...the best way to get enjoyment out of the NFFF is to be a director." You are out of your everlovin' mind, and I can get several others in SAPS to back up that statement -- how about it Rapps, Howard, Dave Hulan? I've seen some of the multitudinous correspondence that flows among the directors on all sorts of picayune problems as well as important ones, and I've seen the letters from cranks and crackpots from Maine and Ontario that get sent around bitching at the Directorate for not following what they (said cranks and crackpots) think should be done. Be a Director of the NFFF? Better I should be ST of FAPA and throw out somebody on a technicality.

I'd hesitate to ask Nangee (or anyone else) how to make a radio from an old razor blade. I'd be afraid I'd get only Gillette commercials.

But, Wrai, there are a considerable body of apprentice writers in fandom, as John Myers Myers says -- and to the outsiders, said considerable body looks even more considerable, and a helluva lot more serious about writing than most of them/us are. Too, some of them will become professional writers. But none of this invalidates your idea that SAPS (or any other APA) was begun for enjoyment and non-serious reasons.

I just finished Warlord of Mars last night, and talk about everyone getting together on the last pages!! It looks like a human paintpot: the Green Men, the Red Men, the White Men, the Black Men, and the Yellow Men all tangled up in the finale. I'm surprised he didn't ring in a few plant men, but then he never did come up with one of those who was on the Side of the Angels. Still and all, it was fun, and I'll read the 8th-10th Mars books when they come out,

13 April 1963

as I've read the first seven now. I'm seriously considering trying to get up a Burroughs Group for a Worldcon costume ball. Probably wind up as Tars Tarkas myself, I guess.

POT POURRI INDEX (John Berry): If you're going to volumize your zines, why not use continuous numbering, as the scientific journals do? Then your index could give page numbers and not bother about issue numbers. Of course, this would be useful only if one were keeping all issues of the zine together instead of having them spread out through the mailings in which they appeared, but that's the case with the present system, too. I have a few issues of POT POURRI in my general collection, but nowhere near enough to consider binding it as a single. Anyone want to part with copies of issues #1, #3-#7, #10-#21, #23, and #24? And while we're at it, how about copies of VERITAS #1-#4, #6, and #7?

And are there any more issues of RETRIBUTION planned, John? Or should I bind the files with just 17?

SPY RAY (Dick Eney): As a general rule, I find historical treatises very dull and boring, but your treatment of Fort Hunt's history is neither of those, and I enjoyed reading it. You have a delightfully flippant attitude toward such generally stodgy subjects, and I appreciate it. I'll have to visit Fort Hunt some time.

When you have a little spare time, how about doing the archivists and bibliographers a favor: look up how many issues of SPY RAY there have been and number the next ones? (Same for TARGET: FAFA.)

I can't recall where I saw those articles by Harry Warner on copyright and libel. I thought they were in BANE, but a check of my collection proves otherwise. Is there another fanzine that looks like BANE? Harry, you did write those two articles, didn't you?

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 6 (Al Lewis): No one used the copy of SHARE THE RAPP before you, it was one of the copies that had never been sent out after having been addressed to someone. There were several copies like that, needed to complete the necessary 42. I'm delighted to find that you at least look through the mailings; there was a good deal of doubt on the subject.

UCLA is definitely not donating any land to fandom. The only connection between the Fantasy Foundation and the Science Fiction Collection subsection of the UCLA Library's Department of Special Collections is that Steve Schultheis is in charge of both of them. UCLA will continue to want fanzines and promags no matter what the Fantasy Foundation ever does.

WILD COLONIAL BOY 2 (John Foyster): I glee over your opening colophon line, where the comment "the fanzine for expatriate dogmen" leads to the bark from Pogo, then to the continuation of the Emerson name begun by the bark, and finally to to a parody of AA Milne's verse. Delightful! One thing: wasn't it "James James Morrison Morrison Weatherby George Dupree"? Or was your use of "Jack Dupree" a reference I missed? Seems I've heard the Jack Dupree name somewhere... .

Ted Johnstone has been singing a slightly different version of "The Wild Colonial Boy" for the past several years, having learned it in the summer of 1960:

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
And he was born in Ireland, not far from Castlemaine.
He was his mother's only son, his father's pride and joy --
He was his parents darling child, the wild colonial boy.

He was scarce sixteen years of age when he left his father's home,
And to Australia's sunny clime, a bushranger did roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy —
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

CHORUS: Then come all ye, my hearties, and we'll roam the mountains high;
Together we will plunder, and together we shall die.
We'll wander over valleys, and gallop over plains,
And scorn to live in slavery, bound down by iron chains.

This version names the same three troopers, but deals with them a bit differently than the one you used:

He fired at Trooper Kelley, then, and brought him to the ground,
And in return, from Davis he received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at FitzRoy,
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

I enjoy seeing different versions of folksongs, and one of these years I may get around to collecting the variants I hear.

I had trouble following the plot of Martin James's "World Enough and Time," as the flashbacks and flashforwards were too confusing. But Chandler's article on his Rim Worlds stories was enjoyable. I think it could have been expanded a bit more, to include further details of why the individual stories were written, with a view to tying them together. Also enjoyed was Mervyn Barrett's guidebook-sort of article on Hong Kong's Nathan Road. Get him to do some more of the same, please.

Foop. If the FBI or any such agency seizes my stuff as they did John Quagliano's, the possession of the Farley-file stuff won't make a bit of difference, considering that the fanzines are much more incriminating, and have full addresses, usually (which the FF IBM cards don't.)

14 April 1963

SPECTATOR 62 (me): SAPS I have met department — 27 of the 34 members (missing L.Anderson, Armistead, Bergeron, Deindorfer, Foyster, Kaye, and Smith) for 79.4%; both invitees, and 9 of the 13 Wlers (missing Crilly, D.Anderson, Wilimczyk, and Cruze) for a total of 38 out of 49, or 79.0%. An improvement over last time of 1.4%.

DIE WIS 7 (Dick Schultz): I can see no reason why the recent aberrations evidenced in D. Bruce Berry should prevent fans from admiring his artwork. I think the covers for OBELISK and LOKI are excellent, and if I could get such a cover without having to deal with DBB himself, I'd damn sure run it. Ars gratia my own enjoyment.

Boot-knives are fairly simple to make — they are housed in extra-thick soles of the boots, and if I could find someone who could do the metalwork, I could design the things myself, and I'm no great shakes as an engineer of gadgetry.

I've read through the Goebbels book, and come to the conclusion that what I want is more like his diaries — things he wrote rather than things written about him.

DIE WIS 7.45 (Schultz): Except for a slight overflow of different characters, that make continuity a bit ragged, this is quite good, and I'll be looking for more of the same. Suggestion: from this start I'd say you have no use for the idea of Coventry — why not just set your stories somewhere in a fantasy world of your own? (Now the Committee on Unconevtranian Activities may get after me, but... .)

April 14, 1963

"TC"

BY HART PELZ & GIRARD



NIFLHEIM 2 (Dave Hulan): As you're the second one to ask why John Berry's POT POURRI #25 was listed in SPECTATOR before #24, I guess I'd better answer the query. #25 showed up a day earlier than #24, through some quirk of the Post Office, and all zines are listed in SPECTATOR in order of arrival. The only problem this gives is when someone sends me stencils to run off. The date-of-arrival is when I get them run and assembled, not when the stencils arrive.

I rather like your arms race simile of two guys in a small room armed with a knife and a grenade each. The problem seems to be how to get both of the guys to throw away the grenades at the same time — then worry about throwing away the knives.

I think giving half-credit for a zine run simultaneously through two APAs is a good idea, though as you say, SAPS doesn't have that problem right now because no other APA mails during SAPS deadline months.

PLEASURE UNITS 3 (Gordon Eklund): I started getting the Los Angeles Times by subscription a couple of months after I started working at UCLA. It gets delivered before I leave for work in the morning, and I can read the relevant parts -- scan the news sections, read the editorials, columnists, and comics -- then tear out the comic sections I save and leave the rest of the paper on the bus. It's a 50-minute ride to UCLA at best, via MTA bus. I suspect that I will read the paper a lot less when I finally move closer to work. The Times is now, perhaps regretfully, the best paper in Los Angeles. The Citizen-News used to be a lot more objective than the Times, but it has gone rapidly downhill in the past couple years, until now it specializes in scareheadlines and witch-hunts almost as bad as the Herald-Examiner. Pfui.

I told Patten he ought to run the K&A Appreciation Issue of MISTILY MEANDERING on blue paper -- but Jack Barnes didn't have any blue the day Fred went to run off his zine. Blue ink on blue paper, I told him, but whatthehell, archie, it was still a good idea.

Why should you care that every fanzine editor list his name and address in his zine "for the sake of future fan historians," when you just finished saying you'd rather have your own zine scanned and thrown into the trash instead of being locked away in a library? Or is it just UCLA's library you object to?

I am delighted to hear that your middle initial, S, stands for Edward. S, like its compatriots A,P,S, will stand for most anything when it comes to people like you.

14 April 1963

I am quite willing to accept your 75 pages of religious poetry on the ten-year-old stencils. I'm quite certain it will be up to your usual excellent standard of writing and publishing, and will be a definite benefit to SAPS. I shall be expecting it in one of the next few mailings.

WARHOON 18 (Richard Bergeron): I am afraid that crushing five pounds of Spanish Fly into the pages of Don Fitch's copy of WARHOON will have little effect in arousing his to love your zine (besides implying you prefer your zine getting screwed to its being loved). I suggest you try, instead, Japanese Beetle.

Willis's prolegomenon to his trip report is enjoyable, as is that ghodawful pun he started the column with. And for a change I enjoyed Baxter's column, too -- generally I am not interested in SF criticism, but I am very fond of the Okie stories, and can appreciate his opinions on them.

I don't recall reading any comics that had Batman and Superman at each other's throats except for a couple isolated stories in which one would fight the other "for his own good" or that of Society. It was usually managed in these cases by giving Batman some kryptonite (which now comes in all sorts of decorator colors, one of them just right for your home.)

The Fellowship of Nothing

Chapter 9: The Race That Will Fool the Sevagram

As Die Freischultz, untouched by any of the demons summoned by the Ring of Gemkhar, aimed his bow at Prince Arness, his target rubbed the ring once more, desparately. Immediately a large beanpole sprang up in front of him, and Arness grabbed several of the beans and hurled them at Die Freischultz. To the latter's surprise, he found himself rising in the air, His crossbow had already whizzed high above his head, and he hung suspended eight feet off the ground. "What happened?" he demanded of the now sneering Prince Arness.

"Simple," replied the Evil Prince. "Once you explained that you were immune to the demons of Gemkhar because you were denser than Gemkhar, I conjured up this beanpole that makes light of everything. You're licked, man!" One of the other demons flew up and tied a line to the young archer's blond hair. Then Prince Arness, with Freischultz in tow, headed for Philz's Black Castle.

- -oCo- -

Back at the castle, the other two members of the Evil Trio were also in trouble. Enveloped by the blanket contract thrown over them by the Fellowship of Nothing, they could still hear the liens falling against the castle, threatening to break it down. They would have to act quickly or fall.

"Damnation!" cried Baron Philz, and a figure appeared before the two. Philz pointed at the blanket contract, the other examined it,

and snapped his fingers. "Ridiculous," said the figure, "the contracting universe is not according to Hoyle; it is invalid." The blanket contract vanished. "Thanks, Fred," said the Baron, as the stout figure of the astronomer-author also disappeared.

"Now," commented Philz as he and Lord Tejon made for the battlements, "as soon as we get rid of the Fellowship and stop their putting liens on my castle to break down the walls, there will be nothing between us and complete victory but Castle Sevagram." But first, the Fellowship."

"I've got an idea how to get around that Ring of Truth that Sir Wrai keeps using to counteract my Ring of Ditur," said Tejon. He stared over the battlement, and looked down on the Fellowship of Nothing like a SAPSite who hates pun-serials. Then he once more rubbed the Ring of Ditur, and the five Fellows suddenly found themselves on a large platform twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by cardboard trees and painted rocks. Sir Wrai reached for his Ring to dispel the black magic, but found to his horror that the Ring was gone!

Taking in the situation, the Evil Ogre made a break for the edge of the platform, but found he couldn't leave it. As the others joined him in trying to run away from it, they found they could only run in circles around the platform. At last, tired, they gave up trying to get away, and stood looking up at Tejon and Philz, snickering on the battlements of the Baron's black castle.

"Good work," commented Baron Philz. "Just what is it?"

"Oh, just an outdoor theater stage. The Ring of Truth wasn't cast, so it couldn't stay on stage. And once it realized that it wasn't cast, it also realized that it was forged, and hence a forgery of truth. I don't think we'll have any more trouble with that Ring -- even if they get it back, it will give them half-truths and forgeries at best. It was obtained by a ruse in the first place, and I have no idea where it went back to now."

At that moment Prince Arness rode up on his dragon, towing Die Freischultz behind him like a large ~~difficile~~ blimp. "I've just had an arrow escape," he said, and the other two groaned in appreciation. "If you have a dungeon with a large ceiling, Philz, put this green arrower in it and let's get back to business." The dragon wandered up, turned itself into a cigarette, and Arness took a puff.

"I suppose you'll want to get back to kidnaping Princess Nance," Tejon said to the Prince. "You've been delayed for so long -- about three mailings -- that she has probably skipped the country by now."

"No, I'm sure she's still somewhere in Schnapps, but it will be difficult to find much trace of her by this time. Perhaps we should all go after her -- we may be able to find her by looking for her large retinue."

"What a thing to say about your future bride," objected Philz. "I've always condiered her retinue just the right size, and quite good-looking. But I think it is a good idea that all of us head for King Howard's domain and look for her." ("In particular," he thought, "since it will confuse Karen of Sevagram if she is watching in her magic Jokkam Ball.")

"But what about the Fellowship out there," inquired the Prince, "won't they get off that platform and try to stop us? After all, it's only a couple inches off the ground."

"Not a chance," said Tejon, "that stage is from a Theater-in-the-round, and all they'll be able to do is go in circles because the play was part of a Cycle, too. Unless they get outside help, they're stuck there for a while."

"Great, let's get going." Arness changed the cigaret back to a dragon, and climbed aboard, motioning Tejon into the navigator's seat. Philz started up the Floater Policy, and the three of them raced off toward King Howard's palace. Several miles out, as they passed under a low tree limb, Philz broke off a branch, and, holding several forked twigs in front of him, he left the other two and headed for Castle Sevagram, confident that he would not be seen. Forked twigs are a blind spot to the Jokkam Ball.

MADELEINE WILLIS:

The DISTAUF Side (continued)

Esther then put on the record player, and danced around the room waving her arms gracefully in the air with a beatific expression on her face. At times she had an almost frenetic gaiety.

Paul Krassner, of The Realist, came in with a blonde girl who sat at his feet all evening. I was introduced to her, but I don't remember her saying a word.

The group around Krassner were examining the latest issue of his magazine when I joined them. Walter handed me the magazine; the headline screamed in bright red letters "U.S. SAILORS STERILISED SAILING IN NUCLEAR SUB." Before I had time to examine it further, Paul looked up and asked me what I thought of it. I said I thought it was going a little too far. Someone started another topic of conversation, and I was left in decent obscurity. Walter came over to me and quietly pointed out that The Realist was a satirical magazine. In small print under the headline were the words "Colouring Book." I didn't know what this meant, so Walter explained about the current colouring book craze. Krassner was to cover the Chicon for Playboy, and I wondered what impression he had of the fandom which would go to the trouble and expense of importing such a dimwit. However, Walter explained to Krassner, and he said I was forgiven.

When we left with the Carrs and Ted White, I was starting to worry about how we were to get to the Shaws' place. This time we were escorted to the subway and given precise directions so we got to the Ferry easily enough. We reached Grant Place without mishap, but we had some difficulty in finding No.16, as all the houses weren't numbered. There even seemed to be some left over. It was raining, so I took out the old half-petticoat I was discarding, and wore it on my head. All the houses looked alike in the darkness; the only means of identifying the Shaws' house was to find the living-room table covered in magazines. I tiptoed up and down front paths, peering into darkened rooms, the petticoat swirling round my shoulders, and eventually found it.

We went round to the back door as previously instructed by Noreen, and walked in quietly. Larry stared at me as I pushed the waist elastic off my forehead. He had stayed up late correcting proofs for his magazine, but as I had effectively taken his mind off his work he called it a day and a half, and sat down with us for a late snack.

The next day was the party at the Lupoffs' apartment, but first we had an appointment for lunch with them. We had subway trouble again, so again we took a cab. It slowed down at an intersection, and I saw Ron Ellik and Ethel Lindsay looking out for us. It was nice to see their familiar faces; I had liked Ethel for years, having met her at several English conventions, and Ron Ellik had been a most welcome guest at Oblique House the previous Easter.

Ron endeared himself to me immediately by saying: "You're looking lovely, Madeleine." He had already endeared himself to me during his visit to Ireland: I had confided to him how I was getting cold feet about the expectations being built up in the American fans, especially since I was older than most of them. Ron replied most gracefully by saying that the fans would see what they expected to see, a woman in the prime of her life.

This was my first visit to an exclusive restaurant, and I was surprised

at the dimness of the illumination. It seemed the kind of place where all sorts of assignations could take place. The tables were set into little booths, lit by candles. The seats were upholstered in red velvet and the walls above them decorated with sporting prints, some of them repeating the mysterious assignations theme.

Ron led the way to one of the booths, and introduced us to Pat and Dick Lupoff and Peggy Rae McKnight. Dick is tall, full of bonhomie, and Pat is slight and gentle. They seemed slightly more sophisticated than any others we had met. They thought nothing of eating in such an exclusive establishment, and Dick carried off with aplomb the little ceremony of tasting the wine before signalling to the waiter that it was good enough for his guests. Peggy Rae is young, merely eighteen, with a madonna-like hair style and the slenderness of a willow branch.

After a wonderful meal, Ron and Peggy took Ethel to a matinee and we accompanied the Lupoffs back to their Manhattan apartment. This was almost luxuriously furnished, complete with a real fireplace. We were introduced to Kenneth, an engaging little fellow, and the pleasant coloured woman who did housework and baby-sat for the Lupoffs. The air-conditioning was so pleasant, the atmosphere so restful, that I took this opportunity of catching up on my sleep. The next thing I knew was Walter shaking me awake and Pat offering me a cup of coffee. Although they were expecting about fifty guests that evening, I never saw a more relaxed couple. They explained that they had arranged for food to be sent in from a delicatessen.

The first guests to arrive were the Kyles, who thoughtfully brought two bouquets, one each for Ethel and me. I asked Dave Kyle what he thought of London; unfortunately, he took it seriously and told me - a ploy wasted.

James Blish arrived, and presented me with a corsage of five little roses. I was immensely pleased with this. I had never been given a corsage before, and I have a great admiration for Blish. I felt a little over-awed at first, as I thought of him as one of the most intelligent authors. I didn't expect to be able to keep up my end in conversation, but he was very nice, maybe even wonderful.

Lots of people had now arrived, and I received two shocks one after the other. The first was when one of the male fans told me I looked like the Queen. This seemed so wildly improbable that I was knocked off balance and babbled which Queen? The other was when another fan quoted my definition of a spiral - which as far as I knew was known only to Walter and Walter Breen. (It was mentioned by Walter in an autobiographical sketch done for the FANNISH IV.)

Dick Lupoff added to the confusion by introducing me to everyone as Ethel Lindsay and plying me with gin. I became very vivacious; one sherry after a game of golf is my usual tipple. Peter Graham arrived, and by this time I was ready to tackle anyone. As Dick was elsewhere, plying someone else with gin, I think, I walked up to Pete and said "I thought you were dead." "Who are you?" he asked abruptly. "I'm Ethel Lindsay," I said, "or at least so Dick Lupoff says." "You must be Madeleine then." "What are you drinking?" Pete asked in his abrupt voice. Taking him up in the wrong way as usual, and still a little uncertain in my new role as a lush, I asked if I appeared to be drunk. "I was only trying to be polite," he answered. We later became very friendly, and Peter announced his intention of teaching me to do the twist.

Les Gerber was wondering what his "image" was like: "How old would you take me for, Madeleine?" "Twelve," I answered. Walter softened the blow: "That's good, there are too many teenagers in fandom," he said.

Lee Hoffman came in with Dick Eney and sat on the floor. Walter looked

relieved and happy, and sat down beside her with a sigh as at a happy home-coming. Not wanting to intrude, I went into the bedroom where Ron Ellik, Peggy Rae, her sister Tony, Lin Carter, and Bob Pavlat were having a quiet talk. Peggy was stretched out on the bed and Lin was lovingly massaging her back. "She's sweet," he confided to Ron, "but eighteen is a little too young," he said -- sadly, I thought.

Tony is a nice friendly girl, and I soon felt that I had known her for years. Bob Pavlat seemed to think so too, and as I liked Bob I soon left them to improve their acquaintanceship.

I had another screwdriver, and felt very gay, but thought I shouldn't disgrace myself on the outward trip, so I decided to switch to coke. Pete, Terry Carr, Ron and Peggy Rae were in the kitchen with me when I asked for a coke. Pete remonstrated with me: "We are boycotting the Coca-Cola people," he said. He explained that they refused to employ coloured labour. Being in agreement with his views, I settled for a Pepsi. It was just as well, too, for Walter became worried when he missed me, and came looking to see if I was all right. I have this nervous tachycardia condition which is sometimes brought on by overstrain, but I never felt better. I felt I was floating in a sea of good-will and friendliness. Walter looked relieved when he saw the innocuous drink I had, and my happy expression.

Walter Breen appeared briefly in the kitchen, and Peggy Rae fled precipitately. I didn't see what all the fuss was about, for I liked what I had seen of Walter, and later at Chicago (and moreso at Berkeley) I got to know him better and was very impressed with him. However, Peggy Rae is very young.

The party was a huge success from my point of view, but there were some people whom I had merely greeted briefly. I was brought to my senses slightly and felt that perhaps I had stayed too long with the same little group when a fair-haired girl, whose name I'm not sure of, on saying goodbye to me said, "So glad to have seen you." But perhaps she didn't mean it that way at all; it's just my guilty conscience.

Some people, notably the Kyles and Ted White, thought it a shame that we should be travelling to Chicago by bus. At that time I thought that the bus would be more comfortable, and looking back on it now I still think that it had some advantages. I was unaccustomed to the heat, and travelling in a car with the windows open would only create a warm tempest. The bus had semi-reclining seats, on which I hoped I would be able to sleep. I knew I couldn't sleep in a car. Also, I was suffering from the nervous stomach disorder which came on some four days before we left Ireland. The rest room on the bus would ease my mind on that score.

We left for Chicago next day, after an exhausting afternoon in the 90° heat of New York, marooned in the bus station because we were unable for a long time to find a large enough locker in which to leave our big case. We had hoped to leave our luggage there until near bus-time and do some sight-seeing. All I remember of that afternoon is coming out of the hot sunlight into the comparative coolness of the bus depot, then after a few minutes finding the bus depot uncomfortably hot and noisy and full of exhaust fumes. We found an oasis in an air-conditioned bar, and sipped gratefully at Tom Collinses. They were life savers, but unfortunately we couldn't remain indefinitely until bus-time drinking in a bar, I suppose. We again braved the heat of the pavements, and again walking more quickly as we neared the bar, went in for a couple more Tom Collinses. Bob Bloch doesn't know how near I was to realising ten years later the story he told about Walter spending the 1952 fund money drinking in the bowery.

The bus left New York at 6 p.m. A wasted day. It was exciting, though, to be at last seeing more of America.

The rest stops were confusing. We seemed to be interminably going into similar diners; even the waitresses looked alike, and of course we were always with the same crowd of people. It took on the quality of a recurring dream. I found I couldn't sleep for long at a stretch; I merely dozed off from time to time, waking up as we came to toll-gates where the lighting was very bright. The driver seemed to be in cahoots with the managers of the diners; at every stop he would switch on the overhead lights to make sure everyone was awake enough to go in and spend money. I wondered if it was my imagination that the bus would get warmer as we neared each stop, and we went in for cool drinks. I discovered honeydew melons, and practically lived on them and glasses of orange juice all over the U.S. I liked the way they served hamburgers — not just a meat patty and a bun, but also a helping of salad, and in some places a few potato crisps. This type of eating suited me perfectly as I never was hungry enough for a full meal.

The seat reclined all right, but the footrests didn't work, and I found that my feet slid about when I dozed off. I am small, and my legs weren't long enough to get a traction on the floor with my feet. This was complicated by the fact that I had picked a seat over the wheel base.

The dream gradually changed to a nightmare as the night passed. The restroom which I had thought was going to be such a comfort became ill-smelling and dirty. It couldn't be flushed, and could only be cleaned out when the bus was serviced. I became one of the first off the bus to rush for the restroom in the diner. I thought it was a bit too much to pay 10 cents every time, so I tried to be first in line so as to use the free toilet and still have time for a bite to eat and a drink before the bus moved on again. Some times the free toilet would have a lock on the door, more often there was none. Not on this leg of our journey, but on a later one, I developed a technique to deal with this problem: I would carry my jacket into the restroom and throw it over the top of the door as an "engaged" signal.

I think the most remarkable thing I saw on the journey was a truck herding cattle in a small field. I could imagine the frustration the driver felt as the cattle turned away from the direction he wanted them to go, and he had to swerve all over the field. Here the farmer leans over the gate smoking a pipe while a dog does the chasing.

The bus journey took seventeen hours, and I think I slept through about two of them. Not a very auspicious beginning for the convention.

We took a taxi to the Pick-Congress, and walked into the lobby. The first person I saw was that lovable eccentric, Forry Ackerman. Then we were ambushed by filksingers with copies of their songs. One of them handed me two copies. I worried about the effort that had gone into the publishing of them, and here they were being dished out to two people who would rather do almost anything — except travel another seventeen hours in a Greyhound bus — than be in a filksinging group. I started to say I don't sing, so I am not much interested in filkmusic, and caught myself on as disappointment crept over the faces surrounding us. I finished by saying, gracefully I hoped, that I didn't really need two copies, and put away one of them. We went on up to our room and hung up our clothes, showered and changed, and I began to feel a little better. We went to lunch with 4E; when we returned to the hotel he was borne away by a crowd of monster fans.

Walter and I separated, and I met some of the L.A. fans, notably Ted Johnstone. We went up on the escalator to the third floor and sat on a comfortable couch watching the fans come up. Bruce Pelz made a most dramatic appearance: he was wearing a black shirt, trousers, and boots, his hair was long and black and bushy, as was his beard. He made a wonderfully romantic picture. Among other things I commented on the small space allotted for autographs on

the official program. Someone suggested that a sheet would make a good thing to collect the autographs. I agreed that it would at once be the simplest and safest way of sleeping with the whole convention.

I went down to the lobby again, and, as is usual with visitors to America, was introduced by Ellis Mills to his mother.

We stood in line for some time in order to register. I remember being surprised at how young-looking Earl Kemp was. We met Rosemary Hickey briefly, and were reminded of our promise to stay with her on the day after the convention.

I went up again to my room to change for dinner with Forry, Jim Warren, the Trimbles, Bob Madle, and Jock Root. I was hemmed in by some of the Masla crowd, and all of the buttons were pressed excepting numbers 3 and 8. "What's wrong with 3 and 8?" I asked of no one in particular. Someone showed their latent fannish spirit by pressing the neglected buttons.

At dinner I met Jim Warren for the first time, and thought what a handsome man he was. I was a little taken aback to see him wearing dark glasses in a dimly-lit room. John Trimble was wearing a remarkable red cummerbund. I kept thinking how appropriate a dagger would look stuck into the folds of that cummerbund — he had the look of a "commando." Jock Root looked interesting in a sinisterly sensual fashion; it was the combination of thin scarlet lips and a pointed beard.

Walter was feeling sick, and had to leave before eating any of his dinner, to go and lie down. The combination of hours of travel and the excitement of meeting so many people had brought on an attack of nervous indigestion. I felt as smug about my feeling of well-being as Walter had in 1952 when Joe Gibson succumbed to heat exhaustion and Walter didn't.

I wandered up to the third floor again, and Bruce kindly offered to escort me in the absence of Walter. I was extremely grateful, but first I wanted to see if maybe Walter was feeling better. He was, so we went down again to see who was arriving.

We were standing at the top of the escalator when I saw the Busbys and Boyd Raeburn coming up. Buz ran up the last few steps with a beaming smile and outstretched hand. In a moment I felt I had known them for years, as indeed I had, in a way, through letters. It was a little while, though, before my preconceived notions of Buz's personal appearance merged with the reality. This fan, to me, had had stature and respect. But he wasn't really seven feet tall. Elinor, on the other hand, was just as I had pictured her, intelligent and gentle-voiced and pretty.

The next people we met were the Grennells. I felt protective about Jean, a small-town girl at her first convention, and tried to take her under my wing. I found it was entirely unnecessary. She was immediately at home with all the fans, and making little jokes. I was the one who needed the protection. Dean was everything we had expected — he was even wittier than in his letters and in the pages of CRUE. Walter and he made a great team.

We would have liked to have stayed up later that first evening, but we thought it would be wise to go to bed in order to survive the next few days. That was a mistake; we should have clung to the Busbys and the Grennells for longer.

On Saturday the first thing I did after breakfast was to go down to the lobby to enquire if Harry Warner had arrived. I'm sure the desk clerk must have got tired of the sight of me. That was the biggest disappointment of the trip, when Harry didn't turn up. I have a vast admiration for him,

The next moment my disappointment was forgotten, for Walter introduced me to Robert Bloch. Here was a man who made his living by writing; anything written for fanzines was in effect taking the bread out of the mouths of his family. Yet he had spent many hours doing just that, his writings radiating his wit and warmth of heart. He whispered his room number in my ear; I looked forward very much to visiting him later that evening. Perhaps he would even let me participate in one of his ouija board sessions with the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe. This rather idealised picture was rudely shattered by Walter, who told me of Bob's rather lurid reputation with the femmes of fandom. I wondered whether Walter was making a mistake, but he clinched the matter by quoting Bob's own boast: "When I enter a room a sign flashes on, 'Fasten chastity belts.'" I was really hurt — why, Bob hadn't even sent me flowers or offered to buy me a drink. The adulation of fans over the years had so inflated his ego that he thought I would capitulate at a word.

The evil influence emanating from Bob Bloch had changed the way of thinking of even such a nice girl as Noreen Shaw. When I confided, innocently, to her that I thought Jim Warren was handsome (I had already told her that I thought Terry Carr was charming), she said, "I see we'll have to watch you." This was even before Phyllis Economou had inveigled Walter into putting his name on the FAPA waiting list.

In my search for more wholesome company I wandered up to the NFFF room. I found to my horror that they weren't welcoming people to fandom and proselytising about what a worthwhile hobby fandom was. They were swilling coffee and gorging on cookies in one corner of the room, while in the other a gambling game was going on. The participants were so engrossed in this evil pastime that they didn't even look up when I spoke to them. It was some kind of space game, probably introduced to them under the guise of science fiction by Tucker or Bloch.

The time for the reception in the Park View Room was getting very near, and I began to feel nervous about meeting all these people. The first person I saw was Bob Bloch. I hadn't managed to shake him off. I spoke to Ethel and found her to be as nervous as myself. However, all those who came were so nice and friendly that I soon found myself enjoying it all. In fact, I was sorry when it came to an end. Especially when Bloch came in again. However, the good fellowship I had been shown that afternoon had strengthened me, and I was able to talk to him as if he were a normal person.

--- to be continued next issue

Madeleine's report has drawn sufficient response to have it continued in SPELE-OBEM, rather than switching it to any other APA; thank you to the who took the time to write, either in letters or MCs. And thanks again to for allowing me to publish "The DistAWF Side." . . .BEP

Side Passages

letters

JOHN BOARDMAN

16 Feb

I enjoyed the latest SPELEOBEM tremendously, and hope that "The Dis-TAWF Side" continues. Keep this up and there'll be Hugo talk! Fritz Leiber's talk was also most interesting.

ARCHIE MERCER

23 Feb

Tower for S'BEM 18. First of all, most certainly yes please, whatever apae it goes through or doesn't go through, I'd be most disappointed if I don't get all of Madeleine's report.

Slipping, aren't you? "By way of Brighton Pier" is Chesterton, not Gilbert. I enjoyed your travelrep, anyway.

"Fafhrd and Me" is the sort of thing that I'd far rather see written down than hear spoken. I'm not a devotee of the art of public speaking — granted it has a certain immediacy which the written record lacks, particularly if it's followed by questions — it's far easier to follow (and you're not so likely to miss throwaway detail) when it's in print. You are to be congratulated on securing both this and the Madeleine thing.

Free Lattices? I thought AJBudrys was a Free Lattice. Or is he a Free Litho? (If he is, at least that would offset some of his bad writings...BEP)

Hm — what a long letter. Nearly all praise, too, what there is of it. Again, tower for sending the thing.

PS. Not that you said it was Gilbert, mind — it's just that you're sort of acting out of character. (Uh-huh. I like Chesterton, as well as Gilbert, and find many quotable lines in The Flying Inn. "By way of Brighton Pier," is one of said quotable lines — and it makes best sense to those who know the context in which it appears. "And a voice valedictory," in the previous issue, was another such line. And there will probably be more...BEP)

ETHEL LINDSAY

I'm up to my eyes in fanac but I must take time out to thank you for letting me see SPELEOBEM. Have thoroughly enjoyed the first installment of Madeleine's report — can see it is going to be a refreshingly uninhibited one. Very much want to read the rest and hope you'll swap with SCOT. No. 31 almost finished. My report now on (60) stencils. Still to run off, though. (I'll be more than happy to trade with SCOTTISHE...BEP)

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

8 Mar.

Thanks for sending the two mags (SPELEOBEM 18 and ANKUS 6...BEP). Madeleine's opening of her account should serve as a reminder that even the most innocent can get dragged into unsuspected deep waters when tangling with such devious plotters as the Shaws. I can't quite fathom the mysterious under-currents of non-Lunarian NYC fandom yet...

DON SIMPSON

Let me congratulate you on getting Fritz's speech. The heading is very pleasing — who did it? (Howard Miller...BEP)

Hmm — another Coventry story that I didn't get — and a new world (Eney's) that I haven't got a copy of. Can I put an ad in your APAzines & in the NEWSLETTER? (Sure: Don Simpson would like a copy of any fanzine having to do with imaginary worlds. He'll probably be glad to trade artwork for same. In

particular this means STUPEFYING STORIES #57, DIE WIS 7.45 and 8, and Ruth Berman's SPECIAL CONVENTION...ZINE. For that matter, I would like an extra copy of both DIE WIS 8 and Ruth's zine — anyone want to part with these, let me know — or write Don direct: PFC Donald P. Simpson, RA 197 22 950, Co. B. EUSA Sig LL Det., APO 460, San Francisco, California. Sent everything to Don via airmail, please, as it takes until hell freezes over otherwise for anything to get to him...BEP)

Coconino County contains Flagstaff, Arizona.

A dirigible is a lighter-than-air craft that can be steered (which is what the word means); a blimp is a lighter-than-air craft without a rigid structure, though it is used for all airships by some people, and some even use it for barrage balloons, which are unmanned, and carry nets to foul aircraft. Also, "dirigible" is sometimes used to mean rigid airships, though true blimps are dirigibles too. Just what constitutes rigid, non-rigid, and semi-rigid is a matter for another paragraph of some length, so I will leave it to you to look up. (Haidrqn uses dirigibles, so I have been reading up on them.)

LARRY MCCOMBS

16 Feb.

Your account of the journeys east was well written and interesting, though of course there isn't much comment to be made about a trip report. (One side question: does the Greyhound 99-day-\$99 ticket really let you travel as much as you want during 99 days for only \$99 or are there sneaky restrictions? If not, maybe I could afford to get back to California sometime next summer on that deal.) {It doesn't extend to summer. I just called Greyhound to check, and April 30th is the last day of purchase, with May 31st as the last day of travel. Presumably they will start it up again this fall, so maybe you could get back over Christmas if you want...BEP)

"Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" had a similar effect on me, though I've heard it only once, and that not by the Kingston trio, but by one of my students who likes to folksing and copy KT arrangements. A couple of other similarly haunting folksongs I've run into recently are Miriam Makeba's "Love Tastes Like Strawberries" and Joan Baez's "Plaisir d'Amour." {Don Simpson wrote that he had got hung up on "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" too, until it was driven out by the Peter, Paul and Mary recording of "Gone with the Rainbow" (alias "Buttermilk Hill" and a few other titles). I bought the LP with the song on it, and I can see what he means, but I've forestalled getting hung up on it by taking just as much a liking to "Puff," which is on the same LP...BEP)

"The DISTAWF Side" was welcome, both because I liked Madeleine very much during the few chances I had to speak to her at the Chicon, and because I was anxious to know the Willises' view of what had happened in New York.

"Fafhrd and Me" was as enjoyable in the reading as it was in person, though as I read it now, my mental voice is reciting it in Fritz's magnificent measured tones.

I have no objections to fantasy worlds for adults — you may recall that I was one of those who took the greatest interest in Don Simpson's creations, and in the project for the expedition to an imaginary planet. It's only that I never really got interested in the particular world of Coventry, mostly I think because I saw it largely as a working-out of wish-fulfillment in a direct sense — that is, each character imagining himself as he'd like to be. This is not bad or evil in itself (how many people who claim to hate Coventry because it is "taking part in someone else's fantasy world" are rabid Tolkien fans?), but just didn't interest me. I do feel that there might be a slight danger of beginning to take imagination more seriously than reality — for instance, quarrels in Coventry carrying over into real life — but that's your business, not mine. And I strongly agree that childhood need not necessarily be over for an adult, and that our culture could do with a bit more fantasizing

and less "reality." Especially when the reality leads to things like the current Cuban situation or Berlin crisis. Maybe if Kennedy, Khrushchev and Castro had worked out their power drives in a fantasy world, we'd have peace in this real one! (This modifies considerably your vociferous seconding of Lichtman's opinions on Coventry, it seems. I can certainly find nothing to object to in your current statements and ideas...BEP)

A blimp is a subclass of dirigible -- dirigible (coming from Latin dirigere, to direct,) means a lighter-than-air craft with a motor and steering gear; a blimp is a dirigible without a rigid structure (from "B class of limp dirigible"), distinguishing the blimp from such dirigibles as the Hindenburg which had steel structures covered with stretched rubber or fabric. A blimp is inflated like a balloon.

Simpson's goblets, particularly the unicorn on the huge brandy snifter, arouse similar love and admiration in me. If I'd only had some money, I'd have bid "The Flying City" up as far as necessary until I got it.

ALVA ROGERS

13 March

I do thank you, sir, for SPELEOBEM 18 and ANKUS 6, both of which have been read and enjoyed -- in fact, I've just this minute read "By Way of Brighton Pier," marveling at your stamina while I read.

Fritz's Chicon speech was very interesting -- background material of this sort to literary works is utterly fascinating to me.

Regardless of which apa you put Madeleine's "The DistAWF Side" through, I hope you publish the whole thing and that I continue to receive. Madeleine is a charming girl and she lets that charm come through in her writing. There's a nice blend of sophistication and wide-eyed naivete in her comments that makes her article particularly delightful.

Fronting the magazine with a Bjo cover makes this altogether a very fine issue of SPELEOBEM.



