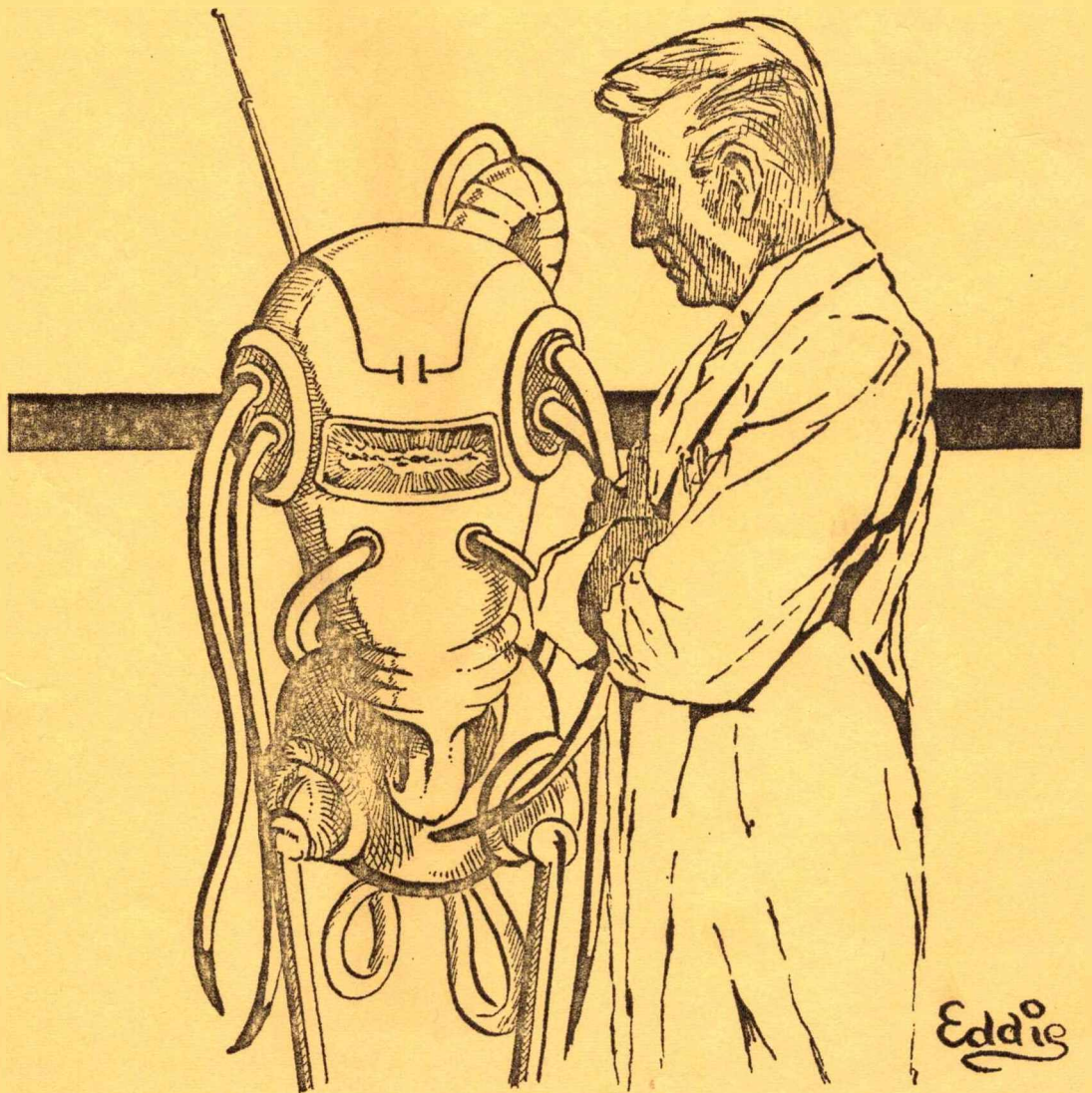


FOOFARAW 8



Eddie

FOOFA RAW 8

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p. 11 by Jim Hyland; p. 14 by Bjo Trimble; p. 18 by Terry Jeeves.
Stencilled by Moloch and Bjo. Potsherds Publications #25.

The lead feature in this issue of FOOFA is not by myself. As a matter of fact, it was not originally intended for fanzine publication. It's a rough working script for an amateur comedy movie, and for a brief while, it was circulating about the Los Angeles fannish film group, Unicorn Productions.

Unicorn Productions lasted about four years. (I use the past tense because, while we hopefully refuse to admit that it is defunct, it has undeniably been dormant for over a year now.) During that time, most of LA actifandom took some part in it, at one time or another. It began in 1958 or '59, I believe. If you've been in Fandom long enough, you've probably seen some of Unicorn Prod.'s great epics: "The Genie", starring Fritz Leiber as the genie, Bjo as the dancing girl, and Forrest Ackerman as the hapless mortal; or "The Musquite Kid Rides Again", with a cast too long to mention here. In addition, there were such fannish-made films as "Little Red Riding Hood", with the famous duelling scene between grandma and the wolf; and Bill Rotsler's stop-action "Rock Fight"; but I don't recall offhand whether these were produced under the Unicorn banner or not.

"The Musquite Kid Rides Again" was completed just before I entered Fandom, and it was the last of the Unicorn Productions - though, of course, we didn't know it at the time. Plans were made for many other films, and most of the shooting was completed on our Persian costume fantasy, before the final collapse became painfully evident. As an amateur film group, we had three great problems: never enough money to afford all the film and processing equipment needed; lack of the professional experience in both acting and processing to turn out the finished product we'd hoped for; never enough time to make all the costumes, build the sets, and process the film once it had been shot. Reshooting made necessary because of bad acting or technical incompetence ate up the budget, and the fans really interested in amateur filmmaking couldn't afford to spare any more money toward it. The most involved fans, John & Bjo Trimble, and Al Lewis, have probably lost \$200 on the entire venture, as it is.

But, as I say, Unicorn Productions isn't officially dead. Interest is still there, and every now and then a fannish gettogether will find its topic of discussion is wonderfully suited for a fannish movie. For example, one time Bjo and a group of fans were reminiscing about the different car caravans they'd been in going to Westercons and Worldcons, and the many hilarious misadventures they'd had, such as publishing and running off an issue of SHAGGY in a moving car, to have it ready to distribute at the con. Somebody remarked that it'd make a great fan movie, and presto! the plot for a new Unicorn movie was composed on the spot. I don't think it's ever been written down; but just ask any LA fan about it - we can give you the details from memory. Other planned movies included a fantasy about merry-go-rounds, an original Fafhrd & Grey Mouser adventure written especially for Unicorn Prod. by Fritz Leiber, a 3-part Coventry costume cliffhanger, & others.

Whether they'll ever be filmed or not, I think most of these ideas deserve some sort of permanence. Here, then, is one that did actually get written down: a satire on the old-time silent suspense melodramas, planned for silent black and white filming, by Blake Maxam.

THE MONSTER OF MANCHURIA

or, FU MANCHU RETURNS!

by BLAKE MAXAM

.....

The Players Fu Manchu — The villain
Basil Blueblood — The hero
Cynthia Doveloy — The heroine
Oscar Ohm — Cynthia's uncle and guardian;
an inventor
Assorted henchmen, police, etc.

..... Titles and credits

Med. Shot ... Ohm working at his desk on papers labeled "Top Secret" and "Deliver to U. S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE".

Close up ... Henchman's hand holding gun pointed at Ohm. He fires. Ohm topples.
Subtitle: Bang!

Long shot ... Basil approaches house, hears shot, looks surprised.
Sub.: Do my ears deceive me or did I hear a shot?

Camera follows Basil who runs to house, opens door. As he does so, henchman looks startled and sneaks swiftly away.

Med. shot ... Basil crosses to Ohm and props him up. Ohm points to "THE PAPERS" and Basil takes them. Ohm speaks.
Sub.: Basil, you must take this and see that it gets to the United States Army Intelligence Corps. Whatever happens, it must not fall into the hands of arrghhhhh!

Close up ... Basil's face looking nobly sorrowful and yet humbly proud and happy.
Sub.: No, no, Professor Ohm ...

Close up ... Ohm turns his head toward Basil (he is clearly going fast).
Sub.: Luck be with you, my son.

Shot over Basil's shoulder as Ohm dies. Basil takes "THE PAPERS" and goes upstairs to Cynthia's room. He knocks. She opens the door, and looks surprised. Basil begins to speak, indicating that she should sit down. She does. Basil assumes a paternal attitude and begins to explain what has happened. Camera alternates between Basil and Cynthia as Cynthia becomes more and more distraught. She begins to weep, and finally flings herself into Basil's arms. Basil gently disengages her, saying:

Sub.: And now I must be on my way, darling. The papers your uncle gave me constitute a sacred trust. I had best leave by the back door. I should be back in two weeks, more or less, and it might be advisable to speak to no one of this incident during that time. Au revoir, my dear.

Long shot ... Basil leaves Cynthia, who sinks slowly to the floor while expressing great anguish. Cut to med. shot of five or six henchmen moving toward front of house. Cut to close shot of First Henchman giving directions to others. Long shot of henchmen surrounding house.

Med. shot ... Cynthia regains her composure and walks toward chair. She sits down. Cut to med. shot of First Henchman rummaging through the room where Ohm had been working. He evidently cannot find "THE PAPERS" and begins to look worried. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a fortune cookie. He grasps the top of the cookie and unfolds an antenna, revealing that it is in reality a miniature two-way radio. Close up of First Henchman whispering into radio:

Sub.: Honorable Mista Manchu— This are misalable Agent No. 46729. So solly to leport, but cannot find "THE PAPERS". I are thinking the girl must have them.

At this point we get our first look at Fu Manchu, as the camera cuts to a shot of him sitting in an easy chair looking inscrutably evil. At his right is a microphone of the style of those days. He removes the foot-long cigarette holder from his mouth, and speaks inscrutably into the microphone:

Sub.: Then get the girl and the papers. You know the penalty for failing me.

Cut to shot of Henchman looking frightened. He nods as the voice comes over the radio.

Sub.: Light away, Mista Manchu. Signing off prease.

Henchman folds up radio and signals for the rest of the henchmen. They huddle.

Cut to shot of Cynthia getting up. Cut back to shot of the henchmen sneaking off swiftly and silently.

Med. shot ... Cynthia walks slowly to the door. Shot over her shoulder as she opens it. We see First Henchman standing in the doorway with his knife (all Oriental henchmen carry long knives) upraised. She turns and (while expressing extreme terror) runs to the window. She opens it. We see another henchman. She turns and runs to the closet. When she opens it, there is another henchman. In panic, she tries to hide under the bed, but there is still another henchman there. The henchmen (there are about 10 of them now) circle around Cynthia with knives upraised. She is frantic. Shot from her point of view of the 10 knives above her.

At this point, two episodes of the serial have apparently been spliced together badly. There is a flickering on screen, followed by a split second shot of the knives descending, followed by more flickering, followed by a shot of Basil and Cynthia in each other's arms. Their costumes are completely different, and they are in Basil's living room. Cynthia is clearly distraught, and is saying:

Sub.: But you can't hope to fight the terrible Fu Manchu and his henchmen all by yourself!

To which Basil replies:

Sub.: I must try, Cynthia! They have thwarted me once, but these papers must get through to Washington. I must leave you now. Try to take better care of yourself this time. I believe that you will be safe here. Au revoir, my dear.

Cut to the hideout of Fu Manchu. Med. shot of Fu talking to his henchmen. We can see that he is inscrutably angry.

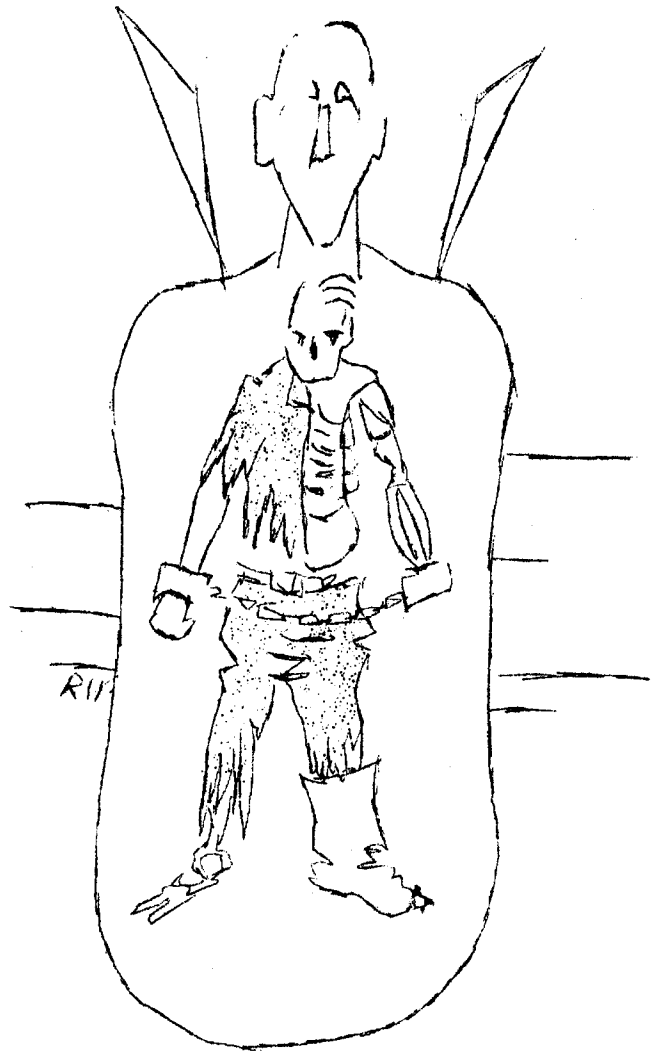
Sub.: So, you let her escape, did you? Let this be a lesson to you. Now go and get me "THE PAPERS", and if you fail this time you will see what it is like to be a guest in my torture chamber!

Shot of henchmen bowing out backwards. The First Henchman is the last to leave, and as he does he is saying:

Sub.: Light away, honorable Mista Manchu. We getting "THE PAPERS" and evelything being Oakey-Doakey, prease.

Cut to shot of Basil hiking through the streets of a large city, clutching "THE PAPERS" determinedly under his arm. As he approaches a dark and thoroughly dangerous looking alley, a hand comes out of said alley bearing a sign. It plants the sign in a spot where Basil cannot help but see it.

Cut to a close-up of the sign, which reads: "Short-Cut to Washington, D. C., This Way"; with an arrow pointing into the alley. Shots of Basil reading the sign, pointing dramatically into the alley and heading into it. He is immediately accosted by six or seven henchmen. A terrific struggle ensues, complete with "THE PAPERS" changing hands several times, and henchmen getting knocked all over the place. In the end virtue triumphs and Basil leaves the alley with "THE PAPERS", dusts himself off, and continues walking toward Washington, D. C.



Sub.: A Short While Later.

We are now back at the hideout of Fu Manchu, who is seated and looking inscrutably very angry. All the henchmen except the First Henchman (who is seated near Fu, smiling semi-inscrutably - no one is ever quite as inscrutable as Fu Manchu) are standing in front of Fu Manchu, looking frightened. Fu begins to speak:

Sub.: You blithering idiots! You should have known that the only way to get Basil Blueblood is to get the girl. It appears that I shall have to handle this job myself. To the torture chambers with these incompetents!

Fu Manchu motions and two brawny guards take the trembling henchmen off to the torture chambers. Fu Manchu turns to his First Henchman and begins to speak:

Sub.: I shall take care of the kidnapping of the girl myself!

Cut to shot of Cynthia washing dishes. She is looking quite happy. Shot of an ominous shadow creeping over the tile floor of the kitchen. Back to Cynthia happily washing dishes, unaware of said ominous shadow until a pair of hands grabs her from behind; one hand around her mouth so that she is incapable of screaming, and the other around her waist, in order to drag her out.

Sub.: Shortly Thereafter.

Cut to the hideout of Fu Manchu. He has Cynthia in his clutches. She is beating on his chest in a futile attempt to escape. He summons his guards and tells them:

Sub.: Make her comfortable, for the time being, but don't let her escape!

Guards take Cynthia away. Fu Manchu sits down. He snaps his fingers and an assistant enters with paper, ink, and other writing materials, which Fu Manchu begins to use, pausing every now and then to think of just the proper word. Fade out

on him, and then fade back in as he is finishing the letter. He puts it in an envelope and has an attendant take it out. Fade out on him again, as he sits back in his chair and proceeds to smile evilly and inscrutably to himself.

Cut to a shot of Basil trudging through the countryside on a deserted road, still determinedly clutching "THE PAPERS" under his arm. As we watch, a mailman (this should be a reasonably close shot so that we can tell that it is a mailman) on a bicycle pulls up beside him. He speaks to Basil:

_____ Sub.: Special delivery letter for Mr. Basil Blueblood. Sign here, please. _____

Basil signs for the letter and opens it with a puzzled look on his face, as the mailman rides away.

Cut to closeup of the letter, which reads:

_____ Greetings Yankee,

Your girl friend, Cynthia Dovel, is now a prisoner of that evil, sneaky, low-down, cunning, scheming, Chinese snake-in-the-grass; namely, me. I am prepared to return her to you under certain conditions. I am sure you will want to avail yourself of this service immediately, as, if I do not receive some reply within twenty-four hours, you will never see Cynthia again. You can contact me by calling TONG 8-7654. I sincerely hope I can be of service to you on this matter.

Yours truly,
Fu Manchu _____

Cut from letter to close-up of Basil, who looks worried. He folds the letter up hurriedly and looks about him for something. He apparently finds it, and strides quickly off in some direction or other. Camera follows him as he walks over to a telephone booth. (Yes, he's still out in the middle of nowhere. If a telephone booth cannot be obtained, use a hollow tree with a telephone inside.) He dials TONG 8-7654 and awaits an answer.

Cut to shot of Fu Manchu sitting by a telephone. It rings. He picks it up and begins to speak:

_____ Sub.: Manchu here. Oh, yes, about Cynthia. You will meet our agent at the corner of Third and Fourth streets. He will give you further information. _____

Cut to shot of Basil talking. He looks puzzled.

_____ Sub.: But how will I know our agent? _____

Cut back to Fu.

_____ Sub.: He will be chewing tobacco. _____

Back to Basil.

_____ Sub.: That should make things easy. After all, many men smoke tobacco, but foo man chew. _____

All of a sudden the line goes dead at Basil's end. He rattles the hook a few times, shrugs his shoulders, and hangs up. He leaves the booth and trudges off back toward town.

Cut to Fu Manchu's hideout, where Fu is collapsed on the floor, apparently in a state of shock. Several attendants rush in to pick him up. As they prop him up in the chair, he mutters:

_____ Sub.: No Yankee makes a pun like that to Fu Manchu and lives! Just wait, Yankee! Just wait ... _____

Cut to shot of Basil standing on the corner of Third and Fourth streets, waiting. A man walks by, obviously chewing something. Basil brightens up, grasps the man by the forehead and chin, and pries his mouth open. He peers inside, then turns away with a disappointed look.

Sub.: Bubble gum again!

The man hurries away, looking back nervously at Basil, as a Chinaman walks up chewing tobacco vigorously. Basil walks over to him and repeats the prying open of the mouth. He closes it again, looks pleased with himself, and says:

Sub.: I think I've found him;
I think I've found him!

The Chinaman seems to realize that this is the person for whom he is looking. He whispers to Basil and scuttles off into a convenient alley. Basil follows. The two meet in the alley and begin to talk. The Chinaman speaks first:

Sub.: We will returning Cynthia, please, if you will kindly handing ova "THE PAPERS", please. If you are fairing to comproy, we shall throwing her into our most honolable torture chamba, please.

Basil looks shocked, and says:

Sub.: How could you even contemplate such a horrible thing?!

The Chinaman speaks again, a wide smile crossing his face:

Sub.: Oh, it is velly easy if we are happen-
ing to be as fiendish as Mista Fu Manchu.

Basil considers this for a moment, then looks determined and says:

Sub.: No, never! As much as I love Cynthia, I cannot betray my country by letting "THE PAPERS" fall into the hands of its enemies!

Cut back to shot of much gesturing back and forth between Basil and the Chinaman, with the Chinaman pointing at "THE PAPERS" and Basil clutching them even more tightly. Finally, Basil turns to go. As he does so, a second henchman steps from the shadows and clubs him. He collapses. The two henchmen try to get "THE PAPERS", but they cannot remove them from his iron grip. In the end, they shrug. One takes his feet while the other takes his hands, and they lug him off.

Sub.: Later. At the hideout of Fu Manchu.

Shot of Basil still unconscious, and still clutching "THE PAPERS". Fu Manchu is standing over him, looking inscrutably disgusted. He turns to his henchmen, who are trying to pry "THE PAPERS" from Basil's grasp, and says:

Sub.: It is no use, even if we kill him. We won't be able to get "THE PAPERS" unless he gives them to us. There is still one more chance. Take him to the torture chambers, and bring the girl.

The henchmen go off to attend to their various tasks. Fu Manchu stalks off to the torture chambers.

Cut to shot of the interior of the torture chambers. Cynthia is strapped inside the most horrible torture device imaginable (possibly something like two gigantic wooden screws aimed at either side of Cynthia's head and moving slowly toward it; altogether the sort of thing you could find only in a Bufferin commercial). Several henchmen are engaged in reviving Basil. They finally succeed. Fu Manchu begins to talk to him, indicating that unless Basil hands over "THE PAPERS", he will turn on the mechanism controlling the device into which Cynthia is strapped. Basil looks horrified but refuses to yield. Looking inscrutably evil, Fu Manchu starts the machinery; then turns to leave, saying:

Sub.: If you change your mind, Yankee, just
scream. I'll be listening for you.

Fu leaves. Basil struggles with his bonds. It proves useless. Then he spies a large, wicked-looking axe (or something of that sort), and has a bright idea. He hops over to it and cuts his ropes on it. (All this action has been interspersed with shots of the infernal machine getting closer and closer to Cynthia. At the beginning of each of these shots, the infernal machine seems to be at the original point, yet during each shot it clearly advances toward Cynthia. These shots are interspersed at various places throughout the remaining action, until she is finally saved.)

Basil looks about him for a weapon to use in combatting Fu Manchu and company. In the midst of the various swords, knives, battle axes, and other equally amusing instruments of torture, he breaks the leg off a table or a chair and arms himself with that. He rushes to the head of the stairs where Fu Manchu and the others have gathered to listen for Basil's scream. The henchmen all draw their daggers, and Fu Manchu beats a hasty retreat. Basil battles his way through the henchmen and gains the door to the upstairs. As he rushes through the door the henchmen follow close behind. He rushes into the main room just as Fu is about to escape. He gives Fu a good clout on the head, and Fu goes down. At this moment the henchmen arrive and Basil gives battle to them. Things go in his favor for awhile, then the power of numbers begins to tell on him. He looks worried and speaks to no one in particular:

Sub.: I cannot hope to hold off this horde much longer. I must get assistance.

He battles his way over to the telephone and picks it up while still holding off the henchmen. He begins to talk:

Sub.: Would you please connect me with the police station? Hello, 37th precinct, could you send some men over to the secret hideout of Fu Manchu right away, please? Thank you.

Basil hangs up. The instant he does so the doors burst open and in come several policemen. They quickly take the situation in hand and begin to line the henchmen up against the wall.

Cut to a shot of Cynthia with the infernal machine only a few inches from her.

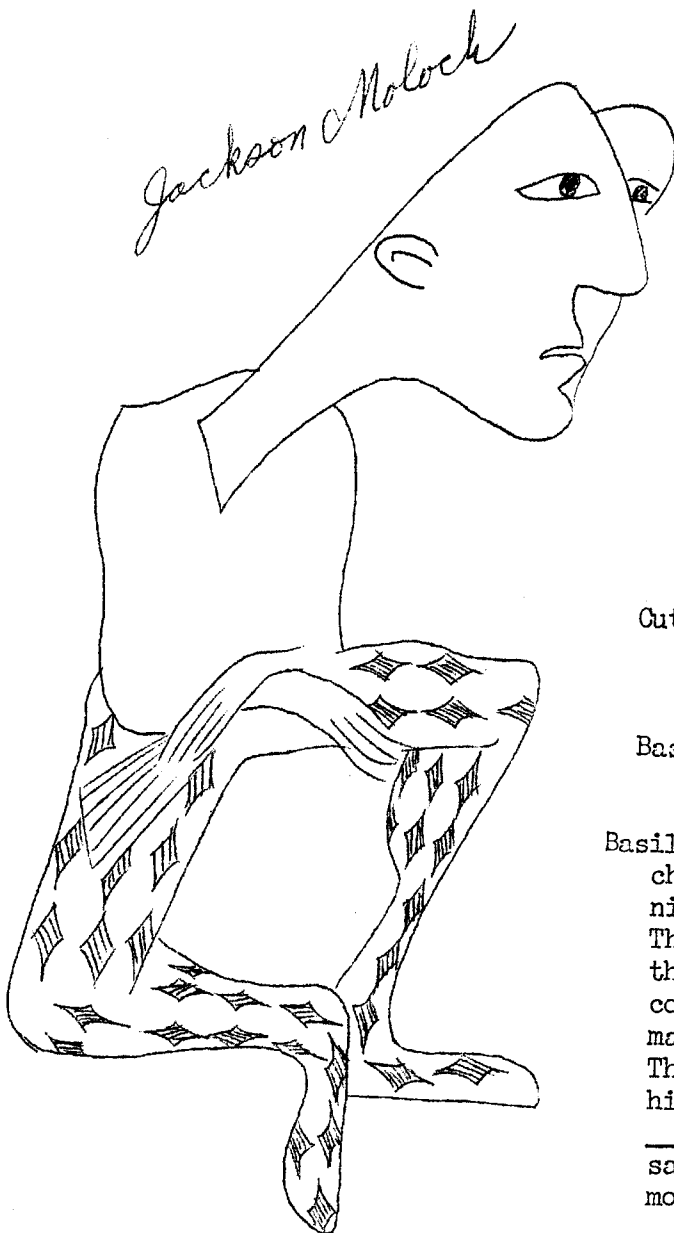
Sub.: Help!!!

Basil looks startled.

Sub.: Cynthia!!

Basil runs frantically down to the torture chamber where he saves Cynthia just in the nick of time. They go upstairs together. The police have the henchmen ranged against the wall. Fu Manchu is just beginning to come to. All of a sudden the First Henchman steps from somewhere. He is unarmed. The police immediately aim their guns at him. He gestures to them and says:

Sub.: That won't be necessary, officers. If you will kindly wait a moment, I think I can explain.



The First Henchman turns from them and bends over. When he turns back to them all are startled, and Basil exclaims:

Sub.: Why, it's the famous British detective, Sherlock Holmes!

Holmes smiles and bows, then says:

Sub.: Quite right, my boy. I've been after Fu Manchu for over a year now, and at last I've caught him.

During this time, Fu Manchu (who we can see in the background) has been slyly reaching into his shirt and extracting a small glass globe (probably an old Christmas tree ornament). At the end of Holmes' speech he holds it aloft and says:

Sub.: That's what you think, Limey!

Fu drops the globe and a puff of smoke immediately arises, obscuring him. When the smoke clears, of course he is gone. Holmes looks disappointed and says:

Sub.: Oh, well, back to the old grind. Good evening, gentlemen.

Holmes whips out a magnifying glass and begins to follow Fu Manchu's trail, which leads him out the door. The police take the henchmen away and Basil turns to Cynthia and says:

Sub.: Now, perhaps I can deliver "THE PAPERS" in peace. Only this time I shall take you with me, in order to keep you safe. But before we leave, there is one thing I want to take care of. Cynthia, will you marry me?

Cynthia looks demure and says:

Sub.: Certainly, Basil.

Basil looks elated and says:

Sub.: Good! Now we can travel on the Family Plan, which will save money.

Cynthia smiles and says:

Sub.: Just think, Basil, we have nothing more to worry about, nothing at all!

Basil looks at her tenderly and they embrace and kiss. One of those old-time, bend-over-backwards kisses.

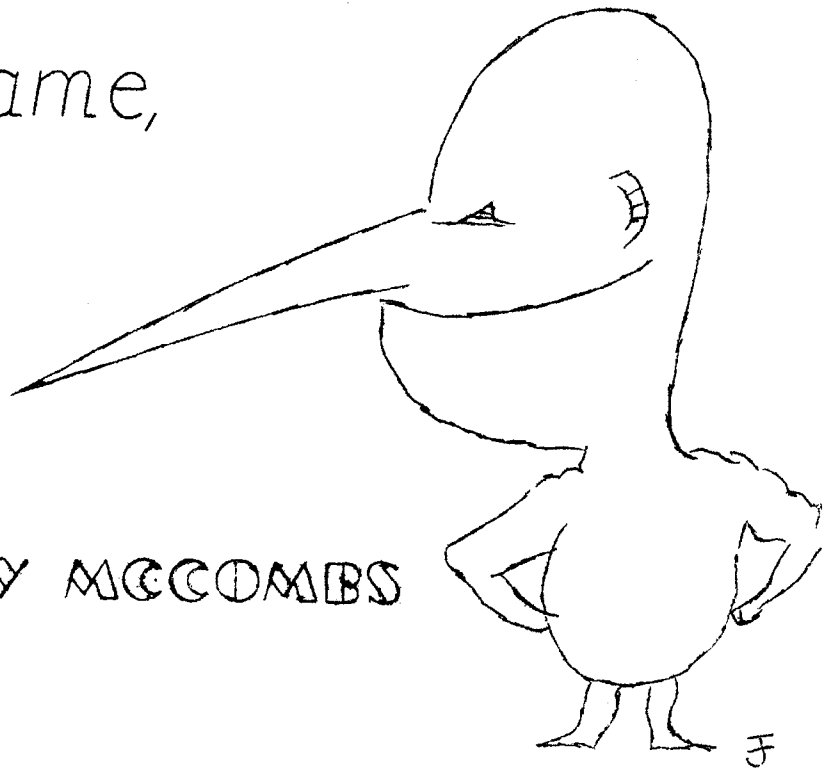
Camera pans to the window where we see Fu Manchu staring in and sneering inscrutably. He says:

Sub.: We shall see, Yankee; we shall see!

Fu sneaks away. Pan back to Basil and Cynthia, who did not hear any of this. In fact they are still in the clinch. The camera moves back on them and we see the word ---FINIS--- on the screen, for that's what this is:

the ? ? ? end!

the mail came,
with...



Apartment 407
238 No. Pine Ave.
Chicago 44, Ill.
5 April 1963

LARRY MCCOMBS

Dear Fred,

Thanks for FOOFARAW and the letter and the egoboo poll. I hope you'll keep sending FOOF, even if I reject your plea and don't rejoin N'APA. Fact of the matter is, I've been trying to work on an issue of MEG and it hasn't been touched since Xmas vacation. I did have high hopes of finishing it off during this week of spring vacation, but here it is Friday already and I still haven't hardly begun to get caught up on letter writing -- not to mention several stories which I have in my head and want to get onto paper. Most of my reading time which is not spent on school-related topics goes into mundane novels and non-fiction. At the moment, the stack of current issues of magazines to which I subscribe is literally five inches high! This barely leaves time to read the more interesting fanzines, and write a few letters of comment and a few letters to close friends in fandom. That is the extent of my current fanac, and I can't say that I care to increase it much more. Fandom's fun, but I prefer to spend my reading and thinking time with New Republic, National Review, Minority of One, New Leader, Nation, and others, rather than trying to think up something to say about a N'APA mailing, 90% of which was a waste of time to read. Don't get me wrong -- there are some zines in N'APA which I enjoy, but I prefer to reply to them by letter in this fashion, rather than in mailing comments. This way I have more of a feeling of communicating with you, rather than just commenting on a magazine.

The edition of Light Princess is the one illustrated by DuBois, but I must say I'm not overly enthused about the artwork -- there's nothing wrong with it, but it doesn't get me excited either. Perhaps it's just that I had my own mental images of the characters and DuBois doesn't match them. ((I'm a DuBois fan; as far as I am concerned, he can do no wrong. I'll try to get one of the earlier editions of Light Princess, though, to read the complete text.))

Your film reviews were enjoyed, though I haven't any comments. Have you seen "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?" Now there's a horror picture for my money -- the first time I saw that I was really horrified by it. Usually a horror movie leaves me bored or mildly interested or amused. I guess I just can't get excited over giant flies or spiders or werewolves, but this was a sort of horror I could believe in. On the other hand, many people have said that they couldn't get interested in the story of "Baby Jane", and were totally unmoved by it. Ah well, each to his own, I suppose. ((No, I haven't seen it. I'm going to fewer movies these days, and spending more of my spare time reading my ever-growing stack of prozines, pbs, & fanzines. Time is about the only mundane zine I keep up with. Someday, though, when I get more spare time....))

Guess that's about all I can think of for now. Thanks again. And perhaps you could mention in your next FOOF that I said thanks to N'APA for my ratings in the poll -- sincerely, I do appreciate it.

JIM CAWTHORN

4 Wolseley Street,
Gateshead 8.,
Co. Durham,
England.
25. 4. '63

Dear Fred,

Thanks for FOOFARAW 7. Give my thanks, too, to Jack Harness for the way in which he transferred those illos of mine onto stencil for "Saturation of Spooks".

"The Raven" sounds great! Altogether, the Matheson-Poe series of lushly-furnished horror epics has been highly entertaining. Now that they are going over to the grisly-comedy line, though, they are walking a very tricky tightrope; I'd hate to see A-I overbalance. ((I've seen three or four reviews to the effect that the A-I movies are considerably better than Poe's original stories. In each case, however, the reviewer has stated plainly that he holds a very low opinion of Poe's writings. I hold a more open mind - I like Poe, and I like the movies. Frankly, I doubt that these comedy versions are much less true to the originals than most of the "straight" horror movies made around them in the '30's.))

TERRY DEEVES

Dear Fred,

Many thanks for the copy of Foo which has just arrived here. I particularly liked the cover which though no Bonestell masterpiece, was fascinating nevertheless.

That \$2.00 & free rides is a darn sight better than over here - for its equivalent of around 14/- you would be lucky to get ten rides - they usually work out at 2/- each. ((Pacific Ocean Park is the only amusement park I know of that does not charge for the individual rides. There are various other attractions such as "restored" ghost towns, aquariums, etc., where you only have to pay to get in, but in these you don't do much more than walk around through various exhibits. For actual moving rides, most places charge from 25¢ to 50¢ apiece, with the better attractions getting the higher rates. So I suppose that on the whole, in comparison, your English rates are a bit less expensive than ours.))

Your TV service sure loads you with crud in the s-f line. Over here, the BBC channel rarely attempts s-f. When it does, it is almost invariably (a) a serial (b) monster slanted. Worst of all, the production is crude. ITV on the other hand has done several admirable s-f plays, including the magnificent (Karloff introduced) "Out of This World" based mainly on material from ASF. ((Well, in s-f series produced especially for television, there are several very good shows here. "Twilight Zone" is excellent; Rod Serling writes most of the material himself, but it's good s-f, and he occasionally uses a story from some prozine. For quite a while, it was the only program I regularly watched on TV. I haven't been able to see it in the past year, unfortunately; it switched its schedule to Thursday evenings at 9, which conflicts with our LASTS meetings. Karloff hosts the hour-long "Thriller", which alternates between regular mystery and horror; several of Bob Bloch's old stories from WEIRD TALES have been televised here. Alfred Hitchcock has two programs, slanted mostly towards straight mystery, but showing a good s-f horror fairly regularly. I was knocking the programs devoted to old horror movies (and "Science Fiction Theater", which I don't care for); there is some good stuff if you look for it.))

Movies - well, there are so few good s-f movies these days that my short list is still limited to D-11, Forbidden Planet and War of the Worlds. ((What about The Day the Earth Stood Still?)) Though Metropolis (with fan dialogue captions from the audience) was a riot at the Peterborough Eastercon.

.....

HARRY WARNER JR.

423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, Maryland
May 14, 1963.

Dear Fred:

It is midnight. The mailman will not come until late in the morning. He can't, and yet I wonder. There were other nights when I felt ready to write at last that long-delayed letter of comment on your fanzines, and I would put it off for one day because I discovered yet another publication in one of the envelopes, and then the mailman would bring yet another envelope filled with them the following morning. Well, maybe it isn't quite that bad--or that good--but I keep listening for the doorbell, convinced that some neighbor will waken in the middle of the night, fight his conscience for a while, then give up and dress to bring me the envelope full of Patten fanzines that was delivered to his home by mistake the other day and which he hadn't bothered to render to its proper owner during the daytime. Of course, my falling back on letterhacking Chesley Ave.--wards really can be blamed on my fall of last January. One batch of your publications arrived while I was in the convalescent home, where I had a fine time reading them but had no typewriter available for writing legible letters. Then I got home on a Friday and returned to work full time the following Sunday, which left little time for catching up on things and pretty soon there was another envelope of Pattenzines and yet another and now I'm trying to find adequate excuses for being this late. The only consolation that I can offer you is a kind of backhanded one. Just a couple of weeks ago, I cleaned out of my drawer of unanswered mail all the letters and fanzines that arrived during 1960 and 1961 and still awaited replies. I figured that the statute of limitations had expired on those. If I can stay on my feet for a while, I think I can promise that I won't let myself fall so far back on duties again.

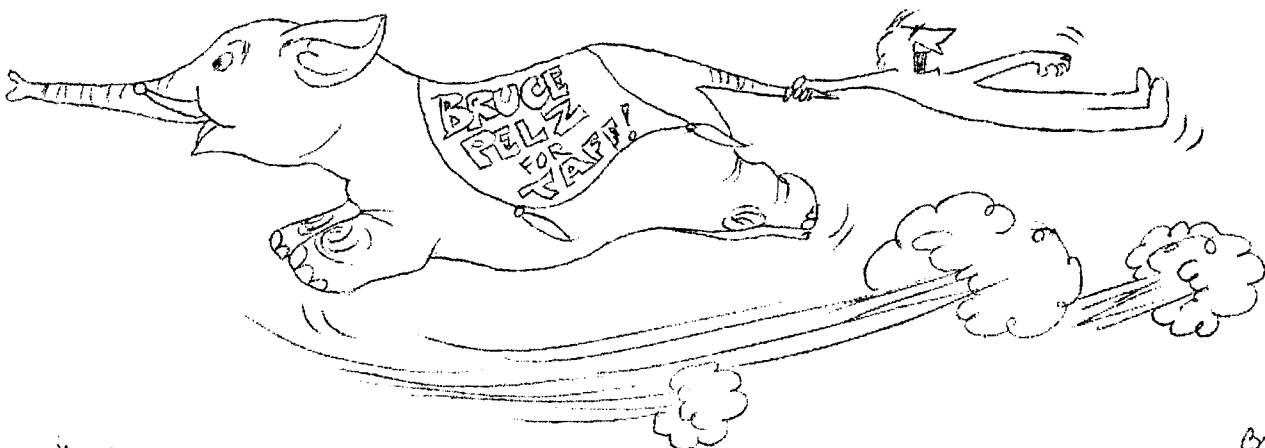
The copy of The Alliance Amateur was more useful to me than you might suspect. It's the only official organ of N'APA that I've seen, so it provides some basic facts about the organization that I'll probably be able to use in the fan history. You certainly have the strangest combinations of fans as members that could possibly be imagined: the son of the fan with whom I co-edited my first fanzine, for instance, brand new fans like Tom Armistead and recently resurrected ones like Sam Russell, besides those that go on for ever without changing like Ray Higgs and K. Martin Carlson. Naturally, I'm pleased to see that Foofaraw and you did such a spectacular job in the poll results.

The Foofaraw for the 16th mailing inspired me to tear out a couple of pages from the area edition of TV Guide, to show how lacking the channels around here are in this sort of Saturday fare for the kids. I saw no point in inflicting on you the program listings for the earliest hours, which offer only westerns as movies, or those for the Saturday night hours, when the stations provide little but the network programs. ((Actually, except for the lack of horror-movie programs, it's almost identical to the LA offerings.)) I might hasten to explain that these aren't Hagerstown television stations. Three of the channels belong to Baltimore, four to Washington, one to Lancaster, Pa., and the UHF channels to stations in smaller towns within a 100-mile radius in Maryland and Pennsylvania. ((And from all this you still get nothing more than the endless re-runs of Mighty Mouse and Rin-tin-tin? Depressing, isn't it?)) You make me unhappy that I didn't go to see The Raven. I enjoyed that Tales of Terror production and I got as far as the lobby of the theater during the run of The Raven, then got persuaded not to

go in by the advertising photographs. (I have a pass to this theater; I normally don't pay my way into movies, in this day of inferior movies.) My opinion of Edgar Allan Poe as a writer is low enough to cause me to think that Hollywood improved on the original short stories used for Tales of Terror.

I think that the all-time Derleth record for slow keeping of promises involves the Lovecraft letters. He was involved in a fuss or two back in the 1940's because fanzines wanted to reprint HPL letters and he was afraid this would be harmful to the Lovecraft estate by hurting sales of the volume. I believe that he had the typescript completed even then for the collected letters. It's a shame because from all I've heard, the letters represent the best writing that Lovecraft did.

I can't quite figure out how the issue of Kaymar slipped into the envelope with your publications, but I was glad to see it for the whiff it gave me out of the past. ((I heard that you had some questions regarding your fan history that Kaymar could answer, and as N'APA received 5 or 6 more copies of this issue than were needed, I thought you might find one more useful than our surplus stock would.)) Kaymar writes and thinks exactly the way he did back when he first entered the field, and if his writing and thinking aren't the most brilliant prose and cerebrations in the continent, they're still nice to have around in these days when fans come and go and change personality overnight and there is little familiar left over on December 31 from the fandom that we had on January 1. I don't think that thought waves will replace other methods of controlling machines, unless the thought control process is perfected very soon. People are going to forget how to think in another decade or two of doublethink and television. I'm convinced that the sudden wave of popularity for bowling and golf both as participant sports and as something to watch on television comes from the fact that people just can't be bothered to remember the processes involved in the more complicated sports. The television fan can still comprehend the fact that you roll the ball down the alley and try to knock down the pins but he's already beyond the point of keeping in mind that you must first swing at the ball, then run down the line to first base if you succeed in hitting it in a baseball game.



"HEY! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A WALTZING ELEPHANT!"

Bj

POTSHERDS PUBLICATIONS

THE SECOND YEAR

No.	Title	For:	Pages	Copies	Date
11.	FOOFARAW #5 (& 2 inserts)	N'APA (mlg. 13)	12	65	6-12-62
12.	MISTILY MEANDERING #1	SAPS (mlg. 60)	12	54	7-15-62
13.	DRY MARTOONI #1	FAPA (mlg. 100)	12	119	8-10-62
14.	SALAMANDER #3	Personal genzine	50	202	8-17-62
15.	MISTILY MEANDERING #2	SAPS (mlg. 61)	12	57	10-13-62
16.	LA CUGARACHA #2	IPSO (mlg. 7)	4	50	10-21-62
17.	FOOFARAW #6	N'APA (mlg. 15)	16	67	12- 8-62
18.	WHY GIVE UP THE SHIP?	N'APA (mlg. 15)	2	47	12-11-62
19.	MISTILY MEANDERING #3 (& insert)	SAPS (mlg. 62)	14	57	1- 8-63
20.	DRY MARTOONI #2	FAPA (mlg. 102)	16	80	2- 3-63
21.	CON MUCHOS ARBOLES #2	The Cult (FR #124)	18	39	2-18-63
22.	FOOFARAW #7	N'APA (mlg. 16)	16	53	3-13-63
23.	THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR #16	N'APA (mlg. 16)	10	52	3-19-63
24.	MISTILY MEANDERING #4	SAPS (mlg. 63)	20	101	4-13-63
25.	FOOFARAW #8	N'APA (mlg. 17)	20		6-15-63

With this issue of FOOF, I begin my third year of amateur publishing. One change is being instituted: up to now, my "publishing house" has been Potsherds Publications. Beginning with #26, it will change to Salamander Press.

I never cared overly much for the name "Potsherds Publications", and there's a bit of a story behind why I used it. I'd been in Fandom a year, and half considering starting a fanzine of my own for half that time, when Al Lewis and Jack Harness finally persuaded me to join N'APA. I went into it with a will, and began the plans and rough-drafting of FOOF #1 several weeks before it was due. I was a student at UCLA at this time, and I used to meet fairly regularly with Bob Lichtman at lunchtime to discuss fan matters and read the fanzines he brought with him. One day I mentioned that I was finally going to put out a fanzine of my own.

"That's nice", said Bob. "I've got a title for you, if you want one. Why not call it FUSTIAN?" (There'd been an episode in the "Sir Bagby" comic strip with the Shakespearian con-artist, Faro Fustian, about this time.)

"Thanks", I told Bob, "but I've already picked out a name. I'm going to call it FOOFARAW."

Well, that ended that conversation, and I went ahead working on FOOF #1. I was just finishing the stencilling the day before the mailing was due, when I decided to take a "publishing house" name for keeping records on my future total publications, as so many other fans were doing. My conversation with Lichtman came to mind, and I typed FUSTIAN PUBLICATIONS #1 at the bottom of the last stencil.

The next day, I went over to the Fan Hillton to run off FOOF #1 and give it to Harness for the mailing. Lichtman was already there for the NBF pizza party that day, and I remarked to him that I'd adopted his suggestion of FUSTIAN for my publishing house.

"Gee, since you said you already had a title", Bob answered me, "I decided to use FUSTIAN myself for my IPSOzine." And he showed me a copy of it.

I was left with the problem of finding a new name fast. Being a history major, and having just read Bob Bloch's story in the FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Omnibus about a future history based on fanzine records, I took the word "potsherd". Our current archaeologists are always reconstructing ancient civilizations from the broken fragments of pottery, of course. I wasn't too enthusiastic about the name, though, I just couldn't think of anything better at the time. Since then, I've been using it out of habit. But the beginning of the third year and the second quarter seems a good place to make a fresh start. So, hello to "Salamander Press".

NEBULOUS #5 Well, now, I'll agree that BEYOND REALITY #1 was about the worst job of mimeography that I've ever seen, but where do you find the justification for stating that Forman deliberately made the sloppiest mess he could, for the specific purpose of killing N'APA? As far as I can tell, it was only accidental. In fact, Forman promised to do better by his next issue; a strange promise if he has bad intentions in mind. It seems to me that we should be giving the new members the benefit of the doubt on their first issues, especially if they are neos who've never published anything before. (And Forman hasn't, to my knowledge.) Let's look at it this way: suppose you're a young sf reader who's never heard of Fandom until you see Seth Johnson's Fanzine Clearing House ad in FANTASTIC. You order a bundle, decide you like this Fandom, and join this fan club called the N3F. When you get your first issue of TNFF, you see something in it about a club for publishing fans called N'APA, that says it exists to help the neo who knows nothing about publishing to put out a fanzine of his own. You're an eager neo now, so you join this N'APA, get access to some printing equipment, and publish your first fanzine. It's harder than it looks, and when you're finished you've got a mess that's not at all what you'd planned. But you don't know exactly how to go about improving it, and after all, N'APA has offered to give you the help you need. So you put it into the next mailing and wait for the hints in the m.c.'s on how to improve. What happens? One guy screams that you're a slimy rat who is obviously out to deliberately ruin the opa. Somebody else says that you've got some nerve, trying to turn the opa into a garbage-dumping ground; and if you want to leave, you'll never be missed. Seriously, how would this make you feel? Is this the "help" that N'APA gives the neofan who needs it? Now maybe you are the kind of jerk who figures that a little extra work to make your zine legible isn't worth the bother, and what do you care if no one can read it? If you are, N'APA will find out about it soon enough, and you won't be around long, friend. But if you're a serious, well-meaning young neo who just hasn't had much experience in publishing, the sort of criticism given above may do more to drive you out of Fandom than to welcome you into it; and Fandom may be the loser, instead of the gainer. So save the destructive criticism until you can be sure it's deserved, I say. ## I agree to a large extent with the rest of your editorial. N'APA deserves better than what it's gotten in the past, and I certainly don't think it's beyond saving. I'm willing to work for it, and I'm glad to see you are, too. ## The reason for not allowing anyone to give over half the points in any category of the Egoboo Poll to only one person is to make sure the voter does a little thinking. Otherwise, the voter might just give all his votes to the first person who came to mind. "Best artist? Well, Jack Harness does a lot of art here, so I'll give him all the points." The result here wouldn't be just that Harness runs away with the "Best Artist" votes, but that a lot of other fan artists in N'APA who aren't as prolific or not quite as good would be completely ignored. Look at the number of N'APAs who did not bother to vote at all. This helps make sure that everyone eligible for votes is fairly considered. If there is only one person deserving of votes in one category, he may not get as high a number of points than he would've otherwise, but he won't be hurt any, either.

MAILING COMMENTS

BEAUTY & THE BEAST Excellent! Thanks a lot, Al, for putting this through the mailing. I think the best thing about it was Bjo's title-page lettering, though. Too much Nelson at once is a trifle palling, in my opinion.

KAYMAR #7 "The Burroughs Bulletin" and "The Gridley Wave" are two separate publications. GW is 4 or 8 pages of Burroughs news. BB runs to 25 pages or more of articles on Burroughsiana, comic strips, stories, art, and other whatnot (mostly on Tarzan). Both are offset, and excellent. You get them both with membership in the Burroughs Bibliophiles (\$1 a year to Vernell Coriell, 6657 Locust, Kansas City 31, Missouri). It's one of the best deals I've ever gotten; I recommend that everyone join who is the least bit interested in Tarzan, John Carter of Barsoom, or anything else that ERBurroughs ever wrote. ### I got several illos directly from DEA, including that cover. It was originally sent for the Xmas art supplement in SHAGGY last year, but when SHAGGY decided not to print the art supplement after all, I wrote DEA and got permission to use it myself. I've got a couple of other pieces of her original artwork I'll be using soon.

A FANZINE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF F H BUSBY I wasn't overly interested in this when it went through the Cult, and I'm not overly interested in it now. Did Buz get a copy, Ed?

NEFFERVESCENT #4 I'm glad you're still with us, Don, and I hope you continue to stay even though we don't seem to be sinking now after all. ### Clever cover. You can do a lot without a fantastic artistic talent, as long as your sense of layout is okay. ### This whole issue was enjoyable, but I hope you can come up with something more current and commentable next time. SHAGGY sessions haven't changed much over the years, have they? There's always seemed to be a broken tv set sitting around somewhere, too; it's currently at the Trimbles' in Long Beach. I wonder if it's the same set?

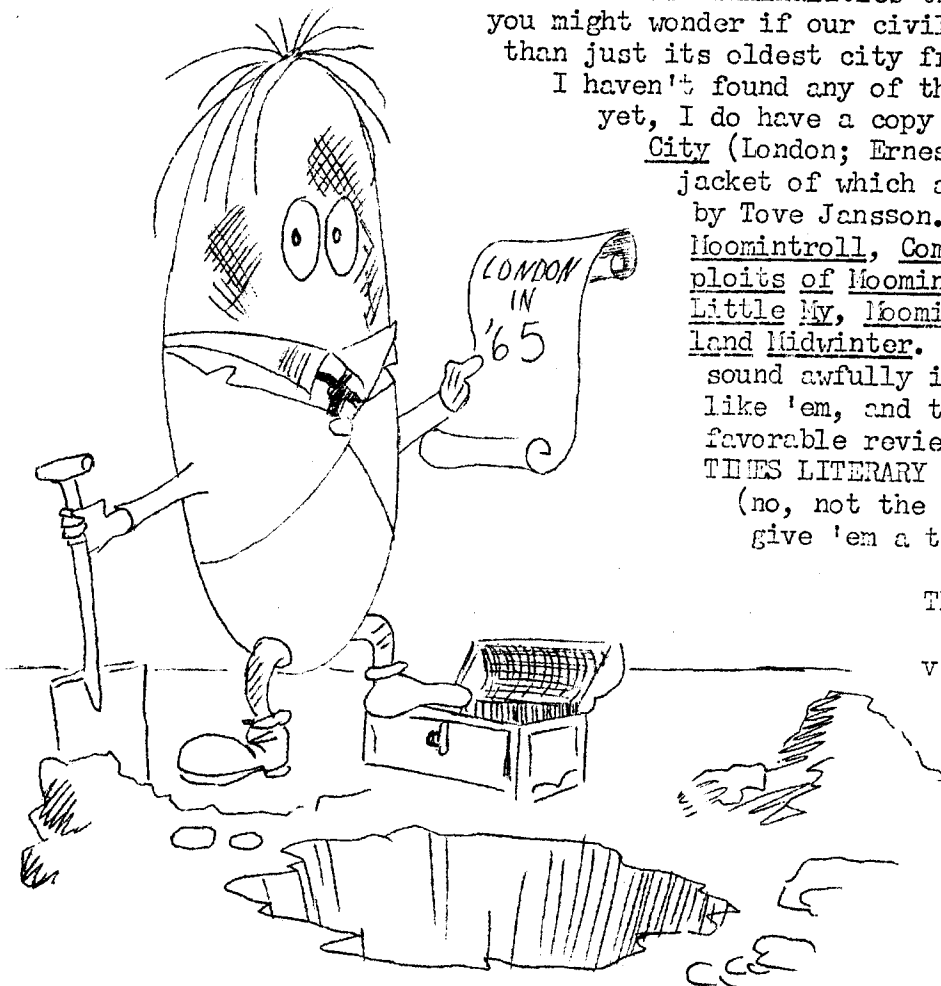
GEMZINE 4/35 Your list of the N'APA membership to the 15th Mailing is a big help in record keeping; thanks a lot, Gem! It's fascinating reading, too. I hadn't realized that there's never been a mailing that we haven't gained at least one new member. I also hadn't realized how many of my friends in LA Fandom are ex-N'APA members (and have no intention of rejoining). There are also some names I don't recognize at all. Who is Wayne Cheek? Joseph Casey, Jr.? ### Nope, unfortunately, Dian isn't at all interested in joining N'APA. Last week, though, she handed me GOOP #1, saying, "You've been trying to get me to do something for N'APA for so long. Here; maybe this will change your mind." But I sort of like it, even if it is hecktoed & only has one staple.

PEALS #6 You sure made a flashy re-entrance into N'APA, Belle. Offset, and with spiral-ring binding, yet! How much does a job like this cost? I hope to see more like this; it goes a long way toward giving N'APA a touch of quality that it needs. ### As a city boy myself, I agree that the nature-lovers have no need to get patronizing toward us. I've visited the countryside myself, and while it has a million fascinating sounds of its own, if I ever had to live there permanently it'd take me a long while to stop missing the old, familiar city sounds. Busy Hollywood Blvd., with its endless streams of traffic and pedestrians darting from horizon to horizon in both directions, being refreshed from and disappearing down numerous side streets. The roar of machinery adding new miles to the San Diego Freeway, or setting a new skyscraper among Los Angeles' newly-rising skyline. The muted Broadway hit tune from the p.a. system mixing with the clicking of the shopping cart's wheels in the supermarket. The resounding echoes from the many levels of Pershing Square, LA's downtown underground parking lot. Walking the three blocks to the post office to mail a letter at 10 p.m., listening to the televisions and the people moving in the houses I pass, hearing a plane pass overhead and looking up to see its red and green winking lights, watching the traffic pass by on Crenshaw Blvd. as I approach it. Being part of the freeway traffic, flowing in a smooth ribbon at 60 mph. You can't find this in the rustic country.

BUFFERING SOLUTIONS #4 Is this your first try at mimeography? It's not bad, except that you'd better bear down a bit more with your stylus when you use lettering guides or letter by hand. ### A whole listing of fanzines followed by the simple comment "Noted" isn't very interesting.

ERRR! #1 Welcome to N'APA, Red. You have a pretty good first issue here. You've gotten one of the most colorful Bjo covers I've ever seen, and you have a fine sense of layout. Unfortunately, a large part of it is almost completely illegible due to poor ditto work. Not knowing much about dittoography myself, I couldn't guess whether this is because of your ditto or the paper you're using. On a couple of pages, the reproduction is excellent, fortunately. The illegibility is somewhat amusing, considering how concerned you seem to be with others' reproduction, in your mailing comments. I hope that whatever's wrong with your ditto work is fixed by your next issue. Make sure your pages are all in straight, too; pages 11 & 12 are reversed here. ## The fiction is okay, but nothing special. Let's see more material of your own. ## Cleaning a garage needn't be hard work, and it sure wasn't in this case, with all Forry's stuff. "Fascinating" is the word I'd use. We were constantly stopping to read some story or article that caught our eyes, and if it hadn't been for Al Lewis and John Trimble prodding us back to work, nothing would've been accomplished. ## Some of the early fan recordings made in LA, with the voices of Paul Freehafer and others, are in somebody's possession - I forget whose, but their location is known (I think). Al Lewis might be able to tell you more about this. He and Ron Ellik were trying to locate a celluloid or cactus needle to play them some time ago, to transmit them onto a tape recording from which more copies could be made. Unfortunately, all that could be found were the regulation steel and diamond needles, which would've ruined the flimsy, homemade records.

HIPPICALORIC #3 Unfortunately, you're right about this issue having no body to mention. While the flavor is great, there's not overly much to comment on. Still, I'm glad you could salvage these bits of flotsam from the past; they do make enjoyable reading. ## The oldest city known to man founded by the Orcs? It's an interesting theory to ponder. And if you'll pick up the daily newspaper and read of the cold war flareups and race riots, the intolerance, cruelty, and senseless criminalities that are constantly with us, you might wonder if our civilization has inherited more than just its oldest city from the Uruk-Hai. ## While I haven't found any of the Moominland series itself yet, I do have a copy of E. Nesbit's The Magic City (London; Ernest Benn Ltd., 1958), the back jacket of which advertises "The Moomin Books" by Tove Jansson. These include Finn Family Moomintroll, Comet in Moominland, The Exploits of Moominpappa, Moomin, Mymble and Little My, Moominsummer Madness, and Moominland Midwinter. With titles like that, they sound awfully icky-poo pwecious, but you like 'em, and this dust jacket ad quotes favorable reviews from such places as the THES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT and SPECTATOR (no, not the SAPS one), so I guess I'll give 'em a try. If I can find them.



THE FREE RADICAL #2 This is not a very prepossessing issue. It is not laid out well; it looks much too crowded. That artwork there is is pretty bad. Your typer doesn't seem to be making a clean impression, either; there's a sort of double shadow effect. But once you get into it, it is worth reading. Thanks.

THERE MUST BE A HORSE ... #5 Despite your statement that you give little attention to production, your zines do usually manage to be the most beautiful in the mailings. I think Belle Dietz has you beat this time, but HORSE isn't much worse than second. ## Bob may have been correct in that Dian might derive more from other forms of fanac than NAPA membership. But wouldn't it have been better to let Dian try membership and determine for herself whether it was worthwhile or not? ## Your comments on my lack of vision as to fans as people is noted. I think this is an important commentary on my personality, or at least on one aspect of it that isn't as mature as it should be. Until I discovered fandom in 1960, I had no social life, which meant no real contact with people. I was not interested in sports or cars, which pretty well isolated me from teen-age social development. I didn't mind; I'd always been bookish, so I just stuck to reading sf. As a result, cardboard personalities were about all I was familiar with; anything more complex tended to confuse or bore me if I came across it in fiction, or frighten me if I came across it in real life. Now that I've begun to associate with people, I'm not used to looking for a real personality. Intellectually, I know personalities are complex; emotionally, I'm still thinking in black-white terms. This is a serious defect in my own personality; one which I'm now trying to eliminate. (About a year before discovering fandom, I tried college fraternity life in the hopes that that would develop my personality; but that was a bust. You don't know what "cardboard characters" means until you've seen a college fraternity in action.) I hope that as I associate more with fans, I'll see them more as people with personalities, and not just as an indiscriminate mass of people who share my liking for science fiction. I have a feeling that I'd get a lot more out of The Wind In The Willows if I reread it today than I got when I read it several years ago. I think I'll add it to my list of "Books to reread when I get the time". (So much for on-stencil psychoanalysis.)

FANAC #91 In keeping with the current editorial policy of this fanzine, I shall withhold my comments on it for at least two more mailings.

ELECTRO-VALENCE BONDING #1 This may be stable and enduring, but I'm afraid I don't see much point in its existence.

NIEKAS #4 Thanks for including your IPSO pages. It's beginning to look as though the last IPSO mailing never will come out. ## The soused individual at Donaho's party who kept patting my shoulder and assuring me I was a good boy was not the same one who wanted my corner to "make out in". I think it was Ed Clinton, but I'm not sure, which is why I didn't mention his name before. ## If fans are interested in turning pro, they seem to have one ready market. Fred Pohl is currently announcing in IF that each issue will have at least one "first story". ## "Homo Aquaticus"? Well, there've been several stories of dome-enclosed cities on the ocean bottom, not to mention the juvenile "Jim Eden" series by Pohl and Jack Williamson, published by Gnome Press. As for the artificial gill, read Ken Bulmer's City Under the Sea (ACE Books D-255). ## The rest of this issue was very enjoyable, though I don't find any comment hooks. I hope Don Franson does more stories, and I'll have to come up for one of those G&S cuttings. I understand the next one is in August; I'll be out of summer school then...

DEADWOOD #1 Another good first issue. Welcome, Ron! ## Sf seems fairly popular at the UCLA student bookstore, though the selection is usually limited to works by the well-known authors: Heinlein, Brown, Bradbury, Pohl & Kornbluth, Verne, Wells, etc. There's only a couple of small shelves, though. I do most of my buying at the large magazine stores downtown or in Hollywood. ## Yes, "The Portable Phonograph" is obviously sf (except to those who insist that if it's good, it can't be sf). There are some anthologies containing stories that are fantasies, but whose sfnal content is vague. F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Diamond As Big As The Ritz" comes to mind. F&SF seems to be specializing in this lately. You have to gang warily and watch the editor. Bradbury did a good job of editing in selecting "The Portable Phonograph". There are others who can put together a good anthology from non-prozine sources. Judy Merrill isn't one of 'em, though.

DUBHE #101 It's nice to see a Harness cover for variety, but you should try more art of your own. You're not that bad a fan artist. And please try to improve your interior layout. It's too diabolical, with your text running to cover the entire page, and your different typefaces. And when are you going to supply those full mailing comments? ## Your culp about Esperanto's easy-to-understand rules falls down where I'm concerned, I'm afraid. But then I've never done well on languages and linguistic rules. Language was my worst subject in college, even though I had the comparatively easy-to-learn Spanish and French; so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt on your statement. But I do think that your lallification of Esperanto is beginning to get tiresome. Another subject, please?

CINDER #14 I've seen your cover dramatized (if that's the word) on the Steve Allen Show. ## I hope you sent a copy of this issue to Bob Lichtman. It seems that one of Oldfan&tired Bob's current literary interests is in Salinger's works. He's always recommending them at LASTS meetings, anyway. You might get an interesting l.o.c. from him on this subject. I'm afraid I didn't get much out of The Catcher in the Rye. I did find it interesting, but I didn't see that much humor in it. I was mostly depressed by it, in fact. It certainly didn't impel me to go out and read any of Salinger's other books; and from what you say, I haven't missed much. ## Congratulations on really top-notch fanzine reviews. I sure hope you can keep your anonymous reviewer contributing.

RACHE #10 Considering all the things you have to take up your name, I guess we're lucky to have you in N'APA at all. I'd prefer it if your criticism were constructive instead of destructive, though. ## N'APA does act at least partly as a drawing-card for the N3F. I joined the N3F to get into N'APA. I might've joined the N3F anyway later on, but if it hadn't been for N'APA, I wouldn't have gotten in as soon as I did. I'm glad I'm a Neffer right now; such benefits as the Fandbooks and the '61 prozine index are worth the membership. I do agree that better mailings would help get new members. Unfortunately, getting top-quality mailings in an apa oriented to the publishing neo seems like a contradiction in fact, if not in terms.

NEOFAN #5 I don't care what you say; that script typer of Harness' is difficult to read, and I wish you'd use one with an ordinary typeface. ## Your travel report is very interesting, though I don't care for these flow-on sentences. Still, it's a good attempt at something new. ## If you think you got some strange looks at Sandy State for talking about the Narnian Chronicles, you should see the looks Bruce & I get when we discuss comic books in the UCLA Student Cafeteria.

CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ #1 I was glad to finally see this. I kept hearing about it mentioned as a N'APazine for a couple of months before you finally sent it to N'APA, and I was beginning to wonder what had happened to it. Congratulations on 20-odd pages of justified right margins. ## I always have a hard time commenting on fiction, but that doesn't mean it's not appreciated. Both stories were enjoyed, even if not of prozine caliber. The article on Arianism was interesting, too, and I wish it'd been longer and not so self-consciously brief.

CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ #2 This reads more like a SFPazine than a N'APazine. I hope your next one is oriented more toward N'APA. ## In N'APA, if one fan writes material and another publishes it, the author gets the credit. This is standard practice, as some fans who desire apa membership can not afford their own publishing equipment. Amateur publishing is designed (as I understand it) to develop the publisher's literary abilities as well as his mechanical ones. Perhaps it is a little unfair that the publisher gets no credit for his work in publishing someone else's writings, though. Would anybody care to suggest an amendment to the N'APA Bylaws?

HALF LIFE [#?] Glad you could make it, Stan. I do hope to see you more active. ## Has the SINA founder subbed to SHAGGY!? This is news to me. According to TIME magazine, the founder of the nationwide SINA joke was a writer for a tv show. "The Gary Moore Show", if I recall correctly. ## Up SCIENTIFICTIOM!