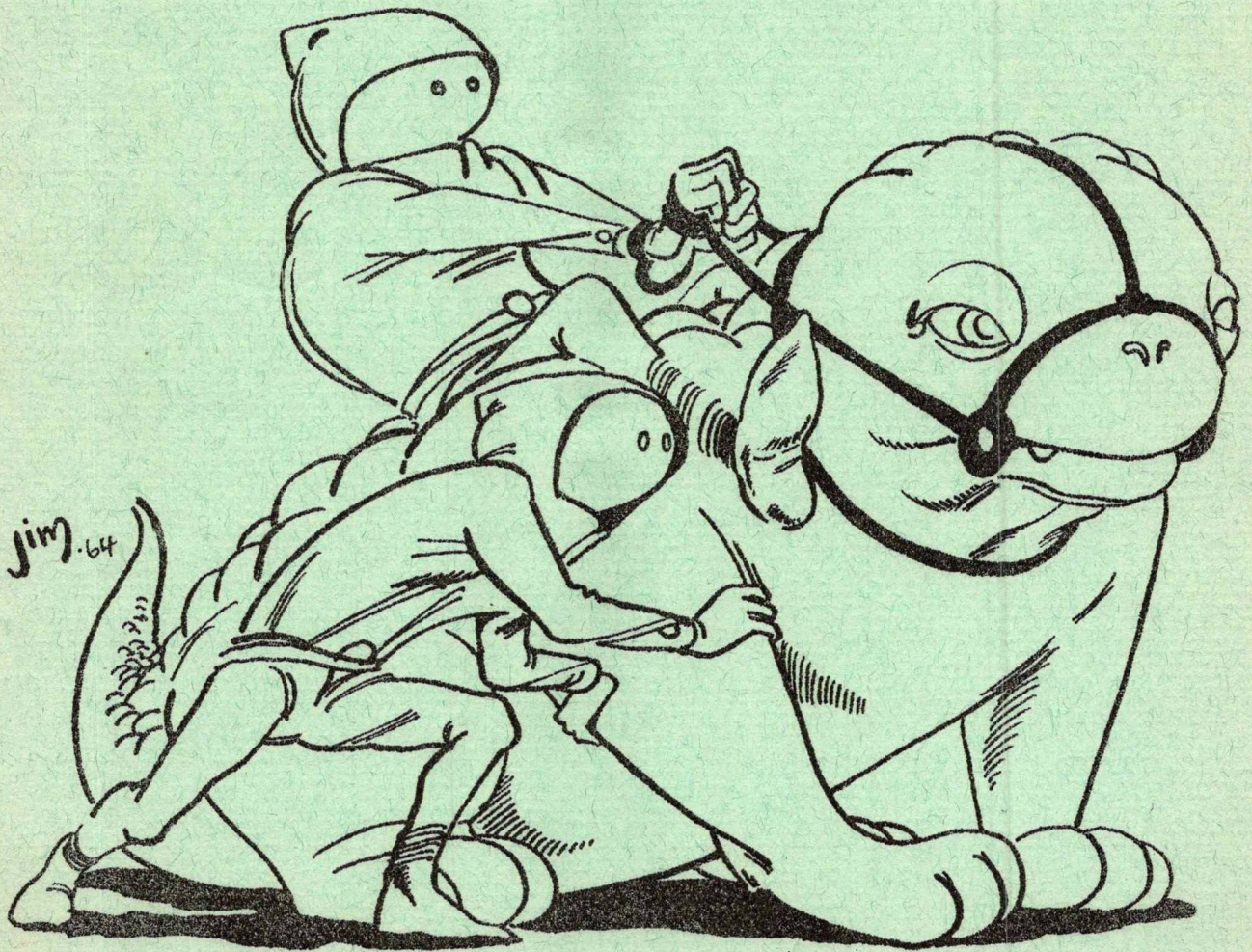


MISTILY  
MEANDERING  
N<sup>o</sup> 10



Written & published by Fred Patten, on the LASFS Rex Rotary, October 12, 1964.
Intended for the Spectator Amateur Press Society, 69th Mailing, October 1964.
Address: 5156 Chesley Avenue, Los Angeles, California, 90043. Phone: 213 AX 1-1310.
Art credits: cover by Jim Cawthorn; p. 9 by Bjo Trimble.

LONDON II in 1965!

DETENTION II in 1966!

Salamander Press no. 51.

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I took part in a floating brag game. Yes, I did. All the way from Los Angeles to Berkeley.

The occasion was last week's Gilbert & Sullivan party up in Berkeley. Ed Meskys has been trying to get me to come to one for months now, and I finally got time free. What happened is that I gave in and hired a gardener for our house. I'm supposed to do the yardwork around home, but as I work all week long, and it's a corner lot to take care of, keeping the yard up occupies the whole weekend; especially in summer, when the grass grows so fast that it has to be done every week. Well, starting last August, things began happening in such rapid succession — the Oz convention and Disneyland trip one weekend, the ATom party and Marineland trip the following weekend, the PacifiCon after that, then a IIAFA mailing to get out — and the grass was growing higher and higher — and my mother finally said, "Either you stay home and do your fair share of the housework (the yard), or you can hire a gardener." So I hired a gardener. Which finally left me with a weekend free to go up to one of Bay Fandom's G&S parties. So when Ed asked if I could make it up to "Ruddygore" for the Oct. 3rd party, I said, "Sure!"

This necessitated getting up at 4:15 a.m. (oog) on the 3rd, and driving out to Dave & Katya Hulan's, since they were providing the transportation up to Berkeley. The Pelzes and Jack Harness added themselves to the party, and we left about 6:30. The trip was uneventful, unless you count the unusually large number of priles that kept turning up in our brag game; Bruce, Dian, Jack & I played cards almost all the way up to Berkeley. We were paralleling the route Humphrey's campaign train was going to whistle-stop later that afternoon, and Katya wanted to stop at one of the towns long enough to hear him speak. The rest of us were all basically non-political, though, and we continued northward. We finally arrived in the Bay area about 4:30 that afternoon, stopped at Meskys' to get a more precise itinerary for the evening, had a delicious spaghetti dinner at Joe & Felice Rolfe's, and drove into Berkeley for "Ruddygore".

The performance, by the Lamplighters, was quite pleasant; especially the second act. The players reverted to the original production of the show (hence "Ruddygore" with the "y"), and this production of the second act (the original version plus Gilbert's revisions) clarified the weak spots in the other performance of this act that I've seen. I understand that most of the critics complained that this makes the show

too long; I preferred it, though. Gilbert & Sullivan is something I can take in large quantities. The theater party was the biggest Bay Fandom's had yet; over 50 fans attended, almost every fan in the area.

After the show, everybody headed over to the Andersons' for the usual post-show party. As is usual, the party was a wild success. Having missed all the parties at the PacifiCon, it felt good to get into the swing of this one. An added attraction was the presence of Ruth Berman as a member of Berkeley fandom, as long as she's attending the University of California up there. Make it a long stay, Ruth. There was one mishap at the party; Bill Donaho dropped a glass, tried to catch it before it hit the ground, and grabbed it so hard that it broke and cut his hand rather severely. The brag game began anew, this time with several partygoers to add to the pot. I had not intended to get into this game -- I'd already lost enough that afternoon to discourage me for the rest of the weekend -- but Tony Boucher was in it, and I'd never played with Tony before. I've heard so much about playing with Tony that I decided it'd be worth it to lose a little more just to have the experience of getting in a card game with him. So I sat down, and on my first hand, I won enough to put me ahead for the whole weekend. I'm not sure my nerves can take things like this.

The first time anybody looked at their watches, it was 5:00 a.m., and most of the guests decided they'd had enough. After all the localites had left, we pulled out our sleeping bags and grabbed a few hours of sleep on the Anderson floor before our return to LA. We got a late start as usual, though -- Karen's hospitality and conversation being something that you don't pull yourself away from easily. We finally left, a little after noon, and, what with a stop at some of the Hulans' relatives in Modesto, we didn't get home 'til the small hours Monday morning. We'll probably have a repeat performance when we go up again to the Berkeley Halloween Party in two weeks -- and the week after that, all Berkeley can come down to the LASFS Halloween Party on the 31st. Ah, it's worth hiring a gardener.

- oOo -

Some local drugstore clerk has a sense of humor. In a paperback display rack, I saw the following, neatly arranged in progressive order: 3 Times Infinity; Dimension 4; The Unknown 5; and 6 x II.

Speaking of progressive order, I just noticed that on my paperback shelf, Ten Years to Doomsday (Chester Anderson) is followed immediately by After Doomsday (Poul Anderson). Who's going to do the middle volume?

- oOo -

Department of the Double Take: I was in a Hollywood bookstore about two weeks ago, leafing through the various wares. Also present, among the other customers, were a young mother and her little daughter, about age three. The little girl was an active tyke, running between the aisles, almost getting stepped on several times, and generally exasperating her mother. I didn't pay much attention to any of this, relegating it to the position of background noise, until, out of the corner of my ear, I suddenly heard the mother snap impatiently, "Come here, Ayesha!" I spun around, just in time to see the woman grab the little girl's hand and walk out of the shop.

Did I hear that right? Does Rider Haggard fandom still Live?

- oOo -

Carl Jacobi's long-awaited second Arkham House collection, Portraits in Moonlight, is finally out. Unfortunately, this one is only for Arkham House completists. It is distinctly minor, coming nowhere near the level he set in Revelations in Black. The stories (all from 1946-1957 weird & sf mags) are either bad sf, or extremely obvious ghost stories. Three out of the fourteen are readable, with only one ("Tepondicon") showing much originality at all. Not enough to justify a \$4.00 pricetag, I'm afraid.

U. V. M.

The first of the machines, as far as we know, appeared on the outside wall of a modern, modernistic restaurant, on the day it held its grand opening in a mid-western town.

The restaurant was constructed of the finest imitation stone, stained in charcoal and pink, naturally, and the color scheme was completed by a large purple neon sign. The entrance was hidden, being somewhere behind a plain wall (charcoal), on which was chiseled the words, "The Moderner", in old English script.

There were a large number of stockholders, since the owner was a politician, but most of the taxpayers were unaware of their holding.

The Grand Opening luncheon was open to those people with: Money, Influence, or Votes, singly or in combination. These are qualities that a rather large select group have.

It was this group, dressed to the nines, as the saying goes, that drove up to the "Moderner" and saw the machine on the outside of the cafe, next to the simple announcement of the name.

The machine was an ordinary vending machine, of a familiar type. It was about three feet long, and four inches square. It was set in an upright position by two black U bolts which ran directly into the wall.

It was placed on a charcoal section of the wall, and clashed horribly with the color combination, being a kind of off-red. As a matter of fact, it clashed with every other color combination it appeared with anywhere.

Perhaps it was the clash that caught the eye of the be-corseted, be-diamonded, and bewildered dining party when they alighted from the cars.

"What a hell of a place for that!" said one of the men who was a little less cultured than the others.

"For what?" asked a late-coming lady who hadn't noticed the machine.

The other men silenced the garrulous one hastily because he might have told her then and there.

The machine had a round silver knob at the bottom of the front panel. Printed at the top in large block letters was, "SOLD FOR PREVENTION OF DISEASE ONLY".

At about this same time, a man in St. Louis happened to glance out his window at the building across the way. He noticed a spot of color on the blank wall directly opposite. That seemed a bit unusual, so after peering at it for a few moments he got out his set of new Japanese binoculars. He opened the window, and leaned out to find out what the object was.

by

DAVID  
TRAVIS

He found out what it was, and read the block letters, "SOLD FOR PREVENTION OF DISEASE ONLY". His jaw dropped, and so did the binoculars, which fell to the street eight stories below, and scared the hell out of four pedestrians.

After this report, sightings of UVM's (Unidentified Vending Machines) as the Air Force called them, were thick and fast.

A professor lecturing to a large class on "Marriage and the family" from behind his desk noticed that his students were paying more attention than usual, but still not to him, as usual. They were staring at the front of his desk, and some were grinning. He walked around the desk and read "SOLD FOR PREVENTION \*\*\*\*\_".

Class was dismissed.

Congress was visited, naturally, with two machines on either side of the steps to the Capitol building. Perhaps some members found the machines convenient, for the legislators paid no more attention to those machines than they ever did to any machines which were not voting machines. When the U. N. headquarters building was visited with several of the handy gadgets, however, Congress appointed a committee to investigate.

An eminent golfer found one on a tree while searching for a sliced drive.

The investigating committee abandoned science as the answer, when they discovered that the scientists could not tell what the machines were, where they came from or what they were made of. Not only could the best minds of our scientific force not remove one of the machines from where it was placed, they couldn't even dent them or chip the paint. They pulled down the wall at "The Moderner", to the tune of much anguished wailing. Strangely, no machine was ever found, though the wreckage was sifted three times.

The DAR found no less than four in their national headquarters. With their usual grim resolution, the girls issued a statement condemning the un-American, un-constitutional, (and un-named) liberals who were doing this, and ended up by denying that any such machines existed in the first place.

One investigator testified before the committee that, "The product is a very fine example of the art." He was forever ruined because a congressman from Boston asked, "How do you know?"

Sororities all over the nation laughed at the gentle hint.

Publicity was wide-spread and so were the machines. Those men who had a use for the product, and those men who hoped they would have a use for the product in the near future began to patronize the machines. There were no complaints.

It was after the machines appeared on the fence posts of a corral which belonged to a famous cattle breeder, that a government clerk in the lower ranks suggested what was the solution to the whole affair.

Like any loyal party man, he went through channels with his discovery. He was promptly slapped down, and given a severe reprimand. The upper echelons were too busy looking for practical jokers, spys, saboteurs, traitors, hypnotists, et cetera, to listen to crackpots.

As the little clerk left his last conference with burning ears, no one was near to hear him say: "Well, why not? Why couldn't the Martians have a sense of humor?"

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Courtesy of the NFFF Manuscript Bureau.



ARMAGEDDON #4 BII -- (Kusske) What makes you so sure it'll take you exactly three more mailings to become a SAP?

## The "ghost nation" article went into MISTY because that was the first apazine I had due after finishing the article. I don't discriminate much between my different apazines, filling each with whatever's on hand at the moment. I do try to arrange things so that material of a similar type will get to the same audience, though; thus, any further articles I do on "ghost nations" will go to SAPS, on children's literature to OMPA, etc. (By the way, I've just discovered a fascinating little pamphlet from the Republic of the South Moluccas' "Department of Public Information", titled: "The Legal Position of the Republic of the South Moluccas in the International Legal Order". (DPI booklet No. 8A) It was apparently published for distribution to the members of the Universal Postal Union in 1952, at the time the RIS was presenting its case to have the UPU recognize its postage stamps as legal. It covers the history of the RIS (up to 1952) a bit more thoroughly than anything else I've yet found; though it's a biased source, of course. I've just written for more information to the address given in the booklet as that of the "Chairman of the South Mollucan Delegation in the U.S."; while I'm sure the address is no longer valid, there's a bare possibility my letter might be forwarded to whoever (if there is anyone) is handling the RIS' Dept. of Public Information today. In more recent areas, I've gotten postage stamps from Tshombe's briefly independent "State of Katanga" and God-Emperor Kalonji's "Autonomous State of South Kasai". If Soumialot's "Congo People's Republic" has issued any stamps yet, I haven't heard about them.)

SPY RAY (OpCrif CCLVII) -- (Eney) This is the first I've heard that it was Breen who was trying "to wreck the Pacificon by setting up a competitive rump convention". I suppose that since both Anderson and Boucher have denied being behind one -- and nobody doubts their word -- it's become necessary to switch the charge of authorship of the Rumpcon to Breen himself, since any denials from him can be met with the standard reply of, "Well, you'd hardly expect that child-molester to tell the truth." ## As far as I know, the Marnia books are available in the children's room of every fair-sized public library in the country. The American edition is published by Macmillan, and seems to be available in most bookstores (out here, anyway). ## On my 3¢ green-and-yellow, it looks more like the chap is tossing a wadded-up memo over his shoulder into a wastebasket than tossing at dart at a calendar. I suppose you're right, since there is a calendar in the picture, and there's no visible wastebasket; but from the parabola shown, that missile isn't going to make it as far as the wall on which the calendar is hung. ## No, I had in mind Doheug jokes more along the lines of the recent elephant jokes, but I won't elaborate any further for fear that it will set Harness off, which is what I was warning against in the first place. Thanks for yours, though.

POT POURRI #34 -- (Berry) When I was down at my local stamp shop buying the abovementioned Congo stamps, I noticed all the rows upon rows of space stamps that've just come out, including what appeared to be dozens of gaudy souvenir sheets at not under \$1.00 each, from almost all the Soviet bloc and African nations, not to mention both sheets and large sets from two Arabian Trucial States I'd never heard of before: Dubai and Shardjah. There was one dilly: Togo (I think it was

COMMENTS ON THE 68TH MAILING!

A Harp for Ted Johnstone

Togo) apparently printed a stamp commemorating something-or-other to do with the American space program. Well, my stamp shop had a full sheet of this stamp on display, and in the middle of this sheet, where the four central stamps of the sheet would ordinarily have been, were photographs of four of our astronauts. These were not postage stamps, they were just photographs, so they presumably won't be listed in any catalog or sold as stamps in stamp stores. If you want them, I guess you're supposed to buy the whole sheet. Sneaky. ## HUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND ROUBLE? Oog, how cacophonous. By the way, a children's fantasy has just been published here titled Hubble's Bubble, by Elaine Horseman. It reads like a reprint of something British, though no credits are given.

DINKY BIRD #11 -- (Berman) Though this is an excellent issue, I find that haven't any comments on it. Thanks a lot for printing Baucher's Westcon speech; I remembered parts of it from when I heard it last year, which makes it a Good Speech in my book. I'm holding off on reading your Sylvie and Bruno articles until I get around to reading the book(s); I expect I'll enjoy it when I do read it, though (your article, I mean).

GOLIARD #833 -- (Anderson) As long as your fanzines keep appearing where I can read 'em, I don't much care what name they go under. ## I haven't been able to find out too much about the California Republic per se; Fremont's activities as a whole are pretty well covered, but the Republic itself only lasted for three weeks or three days, depending on whether you count from Ide's June 15, 1846 declaration or the formal proclamation of the Republic on July 5; and apparently historians don't consider this too-brief period worth much extensive coverage. At least, no works that I've yet found do; if you know of any work that goes into much detail, I'd appreciate your mentioning it.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY #8 -- (Foyster) If I remember it, I shall suggest to our LASFS Halloween Party Committee that it prepare some of these recipes for refreshments at our upcoming Party. They sound appropriate to the occasion.

THE CHARLOTTAN #2 -- (Bailes) Clean your typewriter keys or something. ## We had some pretty wild local politics out here before our primaries, but it all seems to have been eclipsed by the current foofaraw emanating from Messrs. Johnson, Goldwater, Humphrey, and Miller -- particularly the last two. Politics are even encroaching into local fandom: Phil Castora is actively pro-Goldwater, and Ed Baker is mildly so -- though you should've seen Ed auctioning off a can of "Goldwater" at the LASFS a few meetings ago; most of the rest of the club is pro-Johnson, with John Trimble the most active in campaigning for him; and Paul Puckett has been handing out Socialist Labor vote-for-Haas leaflets at our meetings recently. And Sam Russell has been attending meetings again lately. Hm. ## Oh, I got a kick out of Johnny Mayhem and I'd like to see him back. I suppose a collection of the stories would be a bit too much, but if they start reprinting them one at a time in various anthologies, I'd be quite happy. He was a sort of prehistoric Jame Retief -- in fact, I wonder how Laumer would've handled the basic plot? ## Nice World With Fandom in Charge bit. Looks like you'll make a fit successor to carry on the Fellowship of Nothing when you become a member.

MUSHROOM VISION -- (Lichtman) Your extract from Mr. Ball's lecture reminds me of nothing as much as Dr. Rambeau's stereo call to Waldo in Heinlein's Waldo. And the more I look at it, the more exact the parallels seem; the collapse of recognized science-art and the attempt to formulate rules for the new science-art out of chaos, though there had been some anticipation by aborigines and heretics for centuries of the new form. Interesting comparison. ## Your coverage of

Beast Language is quite enjoyable, including your rumor as to why Ferlinghetti didn't publish McClure's book. True or not, I'd like to read more in this vein. ## I don't consider that I could do any really great stuff, as you put it, if I tried -- I have tried, and didn't like the result -- so I don't attempt any quality differentiations in my apa output. I do see a slight difference between my apa writing and my writing for a larger audience -- an article for SALAMANDER, say -- in that as the former is more en famille, I don't try to be as polished as I would were I writing for the latter. But I don't consider this slight difference in polish as having much effect as to whether the stuff is "really great" or not. Regarding the writing of others, I take a pragmatic approach, praising what I like and ignoring what I don't like. Quality doesn't necessarily play too great a role here; the criteria is personal interest -- I would probably give higher marks to an informal, dashed-off essay on Bolivian history than I would to a well-planned, carefully-written comprehensive article on projective verse. In this very mailing, I have completely ignored Dave Hulan's FANZINE FOR BURNETT R. TOSKEY, NO. 3, though for all I know it may be an excellent piece of writing on astral tracking and navigation, because I have absolutely no interest in this subject and wouldn't know a high-quality coverage from a low-quality coverage on it. Between two pieces on the same subject, I hope I would be able to discern the superior of the two, but I won't go out of my way analyzing the two to make quality distinctions. As I see it, SAPS is basically an organization for the personal publishing and reading enjoyment of its members, with only a secondary raison d'être as a vehicle for improving the literary tastes/abilities of its membership. So I won't feel indignant if most of SAPS prefers Egbert's goshwow report of this week's comic books to my article on "ghost nations".

SLUG #3 -- (Weber) Aside from the observation that your friend wanted his plywood cut along the same design as the national flag of the Republic of Dahomey, I don't seem to have much to say. Someday I, too, shall travel and see strange lands and meet strange peoples and have something to write about on the subject. My last head-on meeting with someone was with a Post Office clerk who didn't seem to know that any postal rates besides first class and air mail existed -- but then, fans are so familiar with the Post Office that I'm sure I'm not telling anyone anything new. No, I'll have to wait until I'm more worldly-wise before I can come up with mailing comments on this of SLUG.

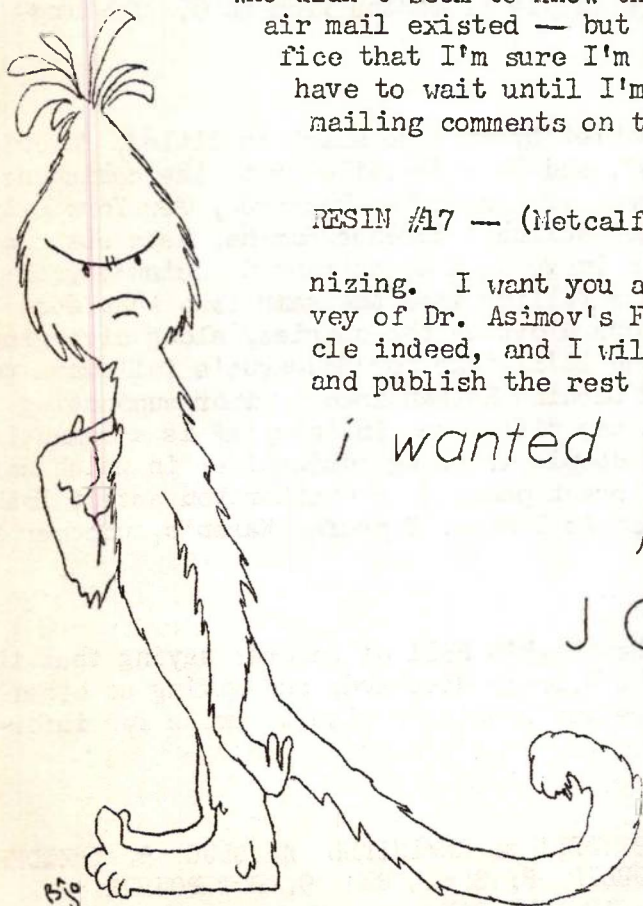
RESIN #17 -- (Netcalf) Ah, now here's one of those "quality" items that Lichtman was chiding us for not recognizing. I want you all to know that I think Baron Grauhugel's survey of Dr. Asimov's Future History Series is a real high-class article indeed, and I will be proud to read the rest of it. Hurry up and publish the rest of it, Norm; I'm feeling intellectual tonight.

*i wanted to be the life of the party, but "grotch"*

J O C K R O O T

*beat me to it without even trying.*

*He just lost my TATF vote!*





YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE #1 -- (Mann) Now there's a title that sounds like it has a story behind it. How about filling us in on it? ## I've read the Leaf section of Tree and Leaf -- the fantasy, "Niggle's Leaf"; I haven't gotten around to the essay part yet. I felt that it would've fit into the old UNKNOWN very nicely; it's a bit quieter and more allegorical than most of UNKNOWN's stories, but it would appeal to UNKNOWN's readers. I hope some anthologist will reprint it in an anthology of science fantasy soon (there seem to be enough coming out in paperback currently), as I doubt that most of the Americans who'd enjoy it will ever see it in Tree and Leaf. Toward the end -- in the discussion between Niggle's "acquaintances" -- Tolkien seemed to be echoing C. S. Lewis' views on modern attitudes toward art and science, which isn't too surprising, considering how well they seem to have known and agreed with each other. ## I can understand your Spanish class not helping you out in Puerto Rico at all. When I took Spanish at UCLA, I had a teacher who insisted that the only correct way to speak the language was with the Castilian accent, the way it's spoken in Spain. Those speaking it with a New World accent -- there were a couple of Mexicans in the class (or at least they spoke Mexican Spanish pretty fluently) -- were almost failed on pronunciation. There's a Mexican newsstand near where I work in downtown LA, and I've been picking up several of the Mexican superhero comic books lately. These seem to come in three varieties: Mexican reprints of American comics, Mexican comics prepared for sale both in Mexico and the U.S., and comics strictly for domestic consumption. The first two of these are readily understandable with my year of College Spanish and a Spanish-English pocket dictionary; the last is so idiomatic and vernacular that it takes me twice as long to translate, if I want to do a proper job of it -- I can follow the plot from just the important nouns and verbs, if I'm feeling too lazy to do a complete translation. ## Fecl. free to use MANDDERINGS; I don't see much similarity between it and MISTY myself.

COCONINO #5 -- (Hannifen) Come to think of it, I haven't heard much talk about your upcoming marriage in the last couple of months. 'Wha' hopenen? Oh, for the benefit of archivists keeping tabs on the latest LASFS ingroup fad, the latest fannish marriages have been Earl Thompson and Gail Knuth (a couple of weeks ago), and Ron Hicks and Adrienne Martine (scheduled a couple of months from now). ## Wing-knives? Has Harness heard about those yet?

ENZYME #7 -- (Castora) I have this little booklet by my side which is titled, "Growing Up With Science Books", and it's "compiled with the assistance of Julius Schwartz, Consultant in Science, Bureau of Curriculum Research, New York City Schools." I hope they don't find out about the "science" Gardner Fox has been sticking in Schwartz's comics lately; it could spoil his image as a Consultant in Science with them. Also, I notice that the Batman comics are falling into the same trap that destroyed Coventry in fandom: two different editors plotting the stories, along diverging and contradictory lines. I'm wondering how long it'll take for Schwartz's followers to rise up against Weisinger's stories (which are turning Batman into a minor supporting character in the Superman comics). ## Agreed, the difference in "utopia" is a semantic quibble. It all depends on whether you accept Utopia as being subjective, in which case it will never have the same meaning to two different people, or whether you accept Noah Webster's definition as the only "correct" one. As I said, I prefer Karen's, whether it is technically a "utopia" or not.

Grump. Today's mail just brought a note from New York's Hall of Records saying that the Chairman of the South Mollucan Delegation in the U.S. is deceased, and giving no other information whatsoever. Now I'll have to figure out somewhere else to write for information.

SAPS' Top Twelve: 1. GOLIARD 2. DINKY BIRD 3. TTTIMES REVISITED 4. SLUG 5. YEZIDEE  
6. MUSHROOM VISION 7. HOBGOBLIN 8. SPELEOBEEI 9. POT POURRI  
10. YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE 11. OUTSIDERS 12. SPY RAY