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# MEANDERING

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Cover by Bjo Trimble, illustrating "The Piebald Hippogriff".  
It's LA Once More in '64, For A Better Convention Than Ever Before!



## OLD NEWSPAPERS CAN BE SO INTERESTING...

"Indian Arrests - It has long been a practice with the Indians of this city, to get drunk on Saturday night. Their ambition seems to be to earn sufficient money, through the week, to treat themselves handsomely at the close of it. In this they only follow white examples; and like white men they are often noisy about the streets - It has also been a practice, with the City Marshal and his assistants, to spend the Sabbath in arresting and imprisoning Indians, supposed to be drunk, until Monday morning, when they are taken before the Mayor and discharged on paying a bill of two dollars and a half each, one dollar of which is the fee of the Marshal. Sometimes of a Monday morn, we have seen the Marshal marching in procession with twenty or twenty five of these poor people, and truly, it is a brave sight. - Now, we have no heart to do the Marshal the slightest prejudice, but this leading off Indians and locking them up over night, for the purpose of taking away one of their paltry dollars, seems to us a questionable act; especially, as they are seldom quarrelsome; and, more especially, as, unlike some white men, whom the Marshal is too discreet to arrest; they do not, when drunk, brandish knives and pistols through the streets, threatening the safety of quiet citizens. We shall rejoice if the recent decision of Judge Hayes, declaring the practice unlawful, has the effect to put a wholesome check upon it; for there are other subjects, far more worthy the attention of the Marshal, upon whom he can exercise the duties of his office."

... Los Angeles STAR, Dec. 3, 1853,  
p. 2.



If this issue looks like one of Karen Anderson's fanzines, that's all right. This is a

# KAREN ANDERSON

## APPRECIATION ISSUE

It's been inspired by three things. First, of course, is a genuine liking for Karen. I've only met her a few times, mostly at conventions; but Karen has a lively, sparkling personality that you notice right away, and don't forget. It's impossible not to like her.

Second was the furor caused by Summers' illustration of her first published story, "The Piebald Hippogriff". This was denounced even by fans who usually show only little interest in sf artwork. I've always been interested in art; I'll comment to the prozines on the quality of their art more readily than I will on their stories. I'm notorious among the LA fanartists for being overly demanding about perfection of detail when I ask for an illustration. So that poor illustration of a wonderful story really hit me; I haven't stopped complaining about it yet.

Third was the publication of Karen's second story in F&SF the week before last. (Still on sale; buy it now.) It's also a wonderful story; and, being in F&SF, it isn't illustrated at all.

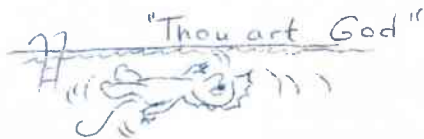
So at the SHAGGY pubsession at Al Lewis' last week, when I asked Bjo to do a cover for this SAPSzine, I said, "How about doing Karen's "Piebald Hippogriff" up right?". And it came out so well that I decided to make this whole issue a full-fledged KAREN ANDERSON APPRECIATION ISSUE.

I first met Karen at a LASFS meeting, at the old Fan Hillton. It was on Thanksgiving night, 1960. Most fans were home with their turkey dinners, and only about 8 of us showed up for the meeting. Karen dropped by later on. She was in town with Poul, who was visiting some relatives, as I recall. Nothing much happened that night; Ted Johnstone played tape recordings of "The Goon Show". But this happened when I'd just entered fandom; when I was still learning the ropes and was having a devil of a time trying to sort out all the new names and faces. It took me several weeks in most cases. Yet I had no trouble remembering Karen the next time I saw her, 6 months later at the Westercon.

That was the 1961 Westercon up in Berkeley. It was the first time I met Poul, who is a very nice guy, if not as ebullent as Karen. Aside from buying VORPAL GLASS, I probably spent more time talking to Poul about his stories than I did talking with Karen; but you couldn't escape noticing that she was there.

The next time was at the Seacon. I caught up on VORPAL GLASS and ordered one of Karen's diffraction crystal "lens" rings. And when everybody was having their name tags decorated, I asked Karen to do mine. The result was very timely; Heinlein liked it, too: But here again, while I didn't talk much with her, I saw her around all over - in the Art Show room, at the filk sings, at the Costume Ball, in the coffee shop; she was everywhere.

This last June, I was rushing to try to get my genzine, SALAMANDER, out in time for the '62 Westercon. As it became obvious that the artist I'd asked to do my cover wasn't going to come through in time, I became frantic, not wanting to be stymied for lack of this one page. I sent a couple of stencils to Karen, explaining my position, and asking if she could do a cover for me immediately. Well, I didn't get that issue of SAL out until after the Westercon after all, but it wasn't for lack of a cover. I mailed the stencils on a Monday; I got them back two days later. Those of you who have seen that issue (SAL #3) know it's a good cover, too. I'd had no right to make such a request on no advance notice, to someone I'd only seen casually at a couple of conventions. But Karen understood, and came through.



I saw the Andersons at this year's Westercon and Chicon, too. Again, I didn't do much more than buy the latest VORPAL GLASS, ask if Poul was planning any more Hoka stories, and make small talk. But, still again, I'd see Karen everywhere, helping make the conventions the successes that they were. In times when fandom is shot through with feuding and lawsuits, it's people like Karen Anderson that make the old saying about "a way of life" still look desirable.

While neither of Karen's two stories are connected to the other plotwise, both are of the same general type. Not science fiction. Not even science fantasy; there is not the slightest pretense at science in the stories. I would classify them as pure fantasy; children's fantasy, even, since they have more of the purity and simplicity of The Hobbit, the Narnian Chronicles, and The Wind in the Willows than they do of the satiric humor and sophistication of A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, or A Midsummer Night's Dream. Both are masterful vignettes. Neither is over 4 pages long, yet both graphically describe a complete fantasy world. Characters and background are filled in as carefully as in a miniature portrait, while the stories are as free in action and spirit as though they had all the pages of The Lord of the Rings in which to move about.

Of the two, the better is the first, "The Piebald Hippogriff", in the May 1962 FANTASTIC. It tells simply how a boy travels to the edge of the world to capture and tame one of the hippogriffs living among the islands floating beyond in space. Despite the fact that the hippogriff is described exactly ("With his fingers, he combed out the soft flowing plumes of its mane, and examined its hoofs and the sickle-like talons of the forelegs. He saw how the smooth feathers on its forequarters became finer and finer until he could scarcely see where the hair on the hindquarters began. Delicate feathers covered its head."), artist Leo Ramon Summers has chosen to picture it as a giraffe with wings (so much has been made of this misrepresentation that little mention is given to the fact that it is very bad artwork, in any case). However, the story is such, in the compact fullness of its action and the beauty of its setting, that the poorness of the illustration does not detract from it. It should be enjoyed by all who do not require blood and guts, or involved scientific explanations in their fiction.

The second story, "Landscape With Sphinxes", in the November 1962 F&SF, merely describes an afternoon in the family life of a pride of sphinxes. There are Arctanax, the male; Murrhona and Selissa, the females; and Taph and Fiantha, the two cubs. The cubs play in their cave-den, the females bring home a kill, they eat, and settle down to the afternoon nap. Fiantha wakes and discovers several strange-looking animals in the valley. "...we've had a lot of queer creatures wandering in since the glaciers melted", says Arctanax. "If they're silly enough to walk around like that at mid-day, ... I'm not surprised they go on two legs." Finis; end of story. Yet it's one of the most quietly delightful 3 pages of prose I've ever read. No slam-bang action, no slapstick or sarcasm. Slightly underplayed, if anything. But there is such a feeling of untethered freedom that you feel that Karen must be holding in on the reins, to keep even these few pages from soaring off, never to be seen again.

This last can be taken as a good description of Karen herself. Have you ever noticed how she seems drawn to creatures with wings? Hippogriffs and sphinxes. Even her convention costumes - a vampire and a moon-moth - show this theme. (And while her Titania may not have had any visible wings, I defy anyone to call Titania an earthbound spirit.) Karen cannot be tied down. She may seem gentled at times, but she will always be as wild and as free as the hippogriff in her story and on my cover:

"He mounted the piebald hippogriff and they flew off, up through the golden air to the sunset clouds. There they stopped and Johnny dismounted on the highest cloud of all, stood there as it turned slowly gray, and looked into dimming depths. When he turned to look at the world, he saw only a wide smudge of darkness spread in the distance."



# A BELATED CON REPORT

While it's a little late to be giving a Westercon report, at a time when everyone else is just beginning his Chicon report, I did want to say a few words about our recent Westercon. I figure a good con report is never wasted. I hope this is a good one. Anyway, why not?

For me, the Westercon began late Thursday night, June 28. I'd arranged to get the following day off from work, and after the LASFS meeting that night, I dropped by Al Lewis' to see how he was coming. Though he was working like mad, the program booklet had hardly been started, so I phoned home with an expect-me-when-you-see-me, and pitched in. That program booklet wasn't finished until about 7 p.m. the next day. Al went down to the hotel about Fri. noon to finish arrangements there, and Andy Main and I ground that booklet out on the Rotary, rushing through color changes and tearing stencils and slipsheeting and answering phonecalls for Al and I don't know what all else. The con unofficially started that evening, and we didn't get through until 7, as I said. We practically collapsed from exhaustion before the con even started. I'd already arranged to share a room at the hotel with Al, so I rushed on home, made a quick change, grabbed what I wanted to take down with me (forgetting part of it; Ron Ellik very kindly drove me back to pick up the rest of it Sat. night. Thanks, Ron.), and tore down to the hotel; where I spent most of the rest of the evening assembling the program booklets & watching the Art Show being set up, before finally sacking out in the wee small hours.

The con was a ball. To me, a con is to: a) talk to fans I don't ordinarily see; b) buy stuff to add to my collection; and c) attend panels & debates. In that order. So I spent most of my time talking and haunting the retail tables & auctions. I always enjoy attending auctions, whether I intend buying anything or not; so much happens at auctions. The major event at this one was the sale of a copy of Silverlock for \$30. I'd managed to pick up 2 copies over the last 6 months for 59¢ each, so I'd decided I might as well donate one to the con auction. If I'd known it was going to bring anything near \$30, I'd've held it out and tried for a private deal.

I suppose you've all heard about the Saturday night party by now, but here's another inside look, for what it's worth. I was at that party quite a while myself; and, believe it or not, folks, I spent most of the time just talking about sf! I'd just met fan artist Dennis Smith, who knows a lot about the old pulpzines & their artwork, and we had an interesting discussion. About 1:30 a.m., things started getting a little too noisy, so we both went down to my room to continue talking. I guess I hadn't gotten enough sleep the night before, because I actually fell asleep for a second in the middle of a sentence. Dennis left a little later, and I was getting ready to go to sleep, when I heard a loud noise coming down the hall. In came JT and Henstell and I forget who else carrying Al, who was loudly protesting that they were spoiling all the fun. "I may be drunk, but I'm having fuuun!" he assured us, between choruses of "John Brown's Body". Henstell offered to let me spend the night in his room, as I obviously couldn't get much sleep with Al's noisy singing. I hastily agreed. The last time I'd ever seen anybody in the state Al was then in, said other guy had been sick all over the floor a few hours later; and as I was camping on the floor in my sleeping bag, a change of rooms seemed most desirable. So I pulled on my pants and shirt, picked up my sleeping bag, grabbed my shoes in case I went out the next morning before getting back to our room, and went down with Henstell, after we'd locked Al in. Next morning, when I got up, I discovered the shoes I'd grabbed were too small for me - I'd gotten Al's by mistake. I went back up to our room to find Al awake and very sober, angrily demanding to know what the hell I'd done with his shoes. Didn't I have anything better to do than playing idiotic practical jokes such as hiding clothes that even his junior high school students had long outgrown? He never did believe I'd taken them only by accident.

The banquet was excellent. Boucher's toastmastering was fine; and I enjoyed all of Harlan's schticks, in spite of the fact that I'd seen all but one of them before. Alva's speech was marvellous. Vance's speech didn't impress me for the simple reason that I didn't hear more than 5 words of it together at any one time. I'm afraid I slept through quite a bit of that one, though it was partly made up for by a fairly interesting discussion on Esperanto at my table between Uncle God and Ed Baker. The fashion show was a pleasant novelty, but I'm not sure it's over yet. Jack Harness is still wearing his Interplanetary Tourist outfit. He wore it when we took the Willises to Disneyland. In fact, I wasn't sure it was a special costume; Jack wears clothes like that so much of the time. But Bjo assures me that it was made especially for the fashion show, and I guess she should know.

I enjoyed the Art Show very much. I understand the judging didn't go too smoothly, but that doesn't change the fact that there was some excellent art on exhibit during that con. I liked most of it, but I think my favorite entries were Cynthia Goldstone's pieces, Mike Hinge's, Karen Anderson's, and Luan Meatheringham's, on the whole. And Bjo's, of course; I forget the title, but Forry calls it "the little girl". My individual favorites were Cynthia Goldstone's "They Abide", Luan Meatheringham's "Alice II", Karen's "Isildur's Bane", and Bjo's. Whoops, I forgot about Don Simpson's artwork. But then, I'd have to list almost the whole show if I listed everything I liked. It was a good show.

One of the more amusing events occurred during the final auction, when Bruce Pelz came up with an old World War II American Legion banner, with the American eagle rampant over the slogan that "This establishment is 100% American". Harness and Henstell were bidding on it, and Harness was about to drop out, when Steve Schultheis offered to back him if he'd promise to make the banner into a shirt and wear it to the Chicon. Jack agreed, and the bidding started afresh again; with Bruce trying to throw the bid to Henstell, on the grounds that he didn't want that banner near his apartment, especially not as a shirt. Jack finally got it, though he "lost" it before the Chicon, so it was never a part of his sartorial splendor.

Another auction item was a bottle of Pinot Grand Fenwick. This was real; it was bottled by a California winery as promotion for the movie version of "The House That Roared", with an appropriate label telling how Duchess Gloriana XII had graciously granted the winery permission to make the wine for the movie under the Grand Fenwick name (so it is "Grand Fenwick" and not "Grand Enwick"). Actually, two bottles were auctioned; one full one, and one empty, but with the labels. Blake Maxam got this empty one. Toward the end of the con, he misplaced it; and about five of us scurried around for about half an hour trying to find it before one of the maids came across it and threw it away, thinking it was an ordinary empty from one of the parties. We finally found it; but, boy! was that an unusual search!

This was the first time I ever saw the motion picture of H. G. Wells' "Things To Come", and I was very impressed by it. I believe it's the first sincere propaganda picture I've ever seen. I don't agree with all it had to say - war is bad; but I don't see how you can equate pure democracy with pure technocracy. But aside from poorly done wartime anti-Axis movies, about all I've ever seen have been light action or comedy films, "psychological" studies, sophisticated romantic triangles, or thrillers. "Things to Come" seemed to be a picture with a message, in which the message was the raison d'être for the film. The plot carried the message well; it did not let the film degenerate into a dull socio-political monolog, nor did it lose the impact of the message in the intricacies of the action (which I thought was a major flaw in "On the Beach"). I understand this film is shown fairly often at science fiction conventions. I'll be looking forward to seeing it again.

Well, Berkeley got the bid for next year, and that was about it. By Monday, it was officially over, and everyone was starting home. I helped Al pack up odds and ends, said goodbye to people (I must've said goodbye to the Berkeley contingent 5 or 6 times; we kept running into each other on the way out), loaded all I'd bought into my car, and headed home. It took the rest of the day to rest up for work the following day, but it was worth it. Cons always are.



# WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU...

John Myers Myers

P. O. Box 209

Tempe, Arizona

Sep. 4

Now that Labor Day has exposed me to the hazards of not having to labor -- a perilous situation which is being insufficiently considered by proponents of the 35 hour week -- I have escaped from rare bouts with household chores to the sanctuary of my sanctum, albeit in no state of mind for anything but beer and the frivolities of correspondence. Having had the one, I will undertake my overdue acknowledgment of the periodicals you were considerate enough to forward.

Distily Meandering was, naturally, of special interest to me because of your thoughtful and penetrating appraisal of DEAD WARRIOR. While the work was kindly received, when it appeared some years ago, there were so many of its well wishers who showed no real comprehension of what I was driving at that I sometimes wondered if I had ever learned to write English after all. What seems to have been considered the intrusion of humor into a field where only the somber features of Cary Grant had previously been found appears to have confused many a critical mock turtle. The New York Times Book Review, for example, enthusiastically decided that I had written a satire. 'Ods automobile! As in the case of your critique, I started DW several times before I found the right approach to treating a long considered and deeply felt subject; but because all the characters didn't strike the note of a mourning dove with a hangover, it was ruled that I could not have been in earnest. But you looked into the book and found there the identical things I had sweated to include, for which perceptions I am very grateful.

Now turn we, as the blessed Malory would say, to Salamander, which I took the trouble to peruse in full, in spite of not understanding the numerous conventional signs and the personal infighting. In addition, inevitably, I can't fully comprehend certain attitudes which are the property of your generation but not mine. Nevertheless, I persevered, and for cause.

Ever since your collective works were first called to my attention by the Trimbles a couple of years ago, I have been interested in examining such of your products as have come my way, because they stand for, or so I am optimistic enough to believe, a promise of a coming turn for the better in American literature. Thirty-five years ago, when I was your age, there was much more vitality and good cheer to be found there than is now the case. But in a very few years the Wastelandings and the Lost (De)Generation had turned our sector of Parnassus into something resembling the Jersey mudflats. Ask your colleague, Mr. Pelz, in case you haven't yourself set eyes on that arm of the Dead Sea. But in any case so it has gone for three decades.

When I began scrutinizing the periodicals of your group I was at the outset puzzled by what appeared to be contradictions. I was, of course, gratified at the interest vouchsafed in SILVERLOCK; but I couldn't understand why those gaited to enjoy a work whose key note is literary omniverousness would voice an all but exclusive interest in two limited fields. Granting the joys to be found in them, why, I wondered, were fantasy and science fiction reveled in and so much else apparently ignored? Let me explain in this connection that I have never thought of SILVERLOCK as a fantasy, because it was too solidly based on established facts, even though those were and are literary facts. This is a different thing from numerous great works -- and ones which represent fantasy in my own thinking -- in which the author has pulled himself up by his own imaginative boot straps and shot off into a world designed and peopled out of his own creativity.

But no matter for that, I was given pause by the two cited addictions until I considered them in relation to modern literature as a whole and how little it has to offer anybody who doesn't delight in using his septic tank as a swimming pool, or who doesn't enjoy clogging the gears of his mind with the gurniest sort of propaganda, all of it concocted in the furtherance of ill conceived causes except those where planned malignancy is not at the core. So then it became clear to me that the apparently narrow spheres of interest shown by a considerable body of apprentice writers, nationally linked for purposes of discussion, represented nothing more nor less than a rejection of what has been largely handed them by the practicing professionals of our time.

It follows then, or I hope it does, that when you become professionals in your turn that you will speak for better things than most of your immediate predecessors. But as that can't be done entirely through the media of fantasy and science fiction, I am interested in signs -- the review of DEAD WARRIOR, a book which completely falls outside either category, for one -- that your literary horizons are broadening.

So send me more of your publications, if you will. Circumstances probably won't soon combine to enable me to comment on another at any such length, but I will read them in the trust of finding further indications that the hoopoes who've long been nesting in the Hesperides are about to be replaced by birds of cleaner feather.

As the beer and my thoughts are alike drained, Selah.

((In various courses in Literature I took in college, I had to read many modern American novels, most of which I would never have finished if I hadn't had to for a grade. Morris' Field of Vision and Salinger's Catcher in the Rye may be good literature, but I found them mutually depressing. After reading The Sun Also Rises, I wonder why Hemingway didn't commit suicide out of boredom long ago. Of all the books I read, only two - Steinbeck's The Grapes of Wrath and Faulkner's The Hamlet - would impel me to go on and read something else by the same author (I haven't yet, but I hope to someday; while if I ever read anything else by Morris, Hemingway, Salinger, or Scott Fitzgerald, it won't be because I was impressed with what I've already read by them). The majority of Fandom probably won't turn to professional writing (science fiction's original "purpose" was to inspire its youthful readership to become scientists, not writers. Times have changed.) - certainly not professional mainstream writing; but I hope enough do (how many is "enough"?) to eventually influence mainstream literature. Ray Bradbury's new Something Wicked This Way Comes may not be very good literature, but I enjoyed it enough to voluntarily finish reading it. It is not uniformly depressing; it shows that such a thing as "hope" can exist - both for people and for ideals.

By the way, I'm reprinting most of this letter in SALAMANDER. It deserves as wide a fannish audience as it can get.))

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Harry Warner, Jr.                      423 Summit Avenue                      Hagerstown, Md.                      Sep. 5

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...Very many thanks for your generous bonus, the two apa publications. This is proof of the matter that I've been bewailing in FAIPA for several years, that the organization is suffering from the inability to get the right fans into the organization properly and should combine the present waiting list system with an occasional vote to put one or two individuals a year at the top of the line for the sake of the transfusion of energetic fresh blood. The reprint of the article on Invasion of the Body Snatchers was highly amusing. I imagine that a half-century from now, some of the essays that are now being published on The Seventh Seal and La Dolce Vita will seem just as overdone and unjustified as this one. The high officials in disguise theme goes back to mythology; witness the story of Philemon and Baucis (spelling not guaranteed--I know most of my myths through musical versions of them, and I can get incredibly jumbled about the names when they are encountered most frequently in a German or French or Italian form instead of the normal Englishized version of the original Greek or Latin) and some adventures told by Homer. It's also the basis for all the stories in which a famed actor takes over for a dictator or king, for all sorts of reasons, in an inverted manner.



# MAILING COMMENTS

NECHEVO A very apt title.

A MINUSCULE PORTFOLIO BY LeeH Very fine and, to me at least, impressive. As a post-QUANDRY fan, about the only art by LeeH I ever see is a Li'l Peepul; this is excellent. More, please.  
When are you coming out here, Owen?

DIE WIS #6 Back in History 197 (Philosophy of History), we were discussing Hegel's theory that wars are necessary to keep a culture from becoming decadent and senile. "Under that theory", someone said, "a nuclear war might be desirable to keep America from stagnating." "That's the first time anyone ever claimed that nuclear war would clear the air", answered another. My only complaint with Hospital Station was with its poor layout. You'd think that for 50¢ they could put in a couple more pages instead of cramming everything in so tightly that the text disappears into the binding. Now let's have Field Hospital.

HIFLHEIM #1 I don't like your points or conclusions, but I'm afraid I can't suggest anything more realistic myself. Sigh.

THE DINKY BIRD #3 I understand that when Noah Webster's first dictionary was published, the critics screamed that he was debasing the English language by, among other things, leaving out the 'u' in such words as 'colour', 'armour', etc. I believe he also tried dropping unpronounced final vowels, resulting in such words as 'cak', 'nic', etc., but that didn't catch on.

OUTSIDERS #48 Do states you've gone through in a Grayhound bus count as states you've been in? I zipped through several that way coming back from the Chicon - although come to think of it, I guess there was at least one coffee stop per state. Before going to the Chicon, I could only boast of having been in 4 states - Calif., Nev., Wash., & Ore.; the last two thanks to my Seacon trip. Now the count is 15. I drove out with the Schultheisen through Ariz., N. Mex., the northern tip of Texas & the Oklahoma panhandle, Kansas, Mo., Iowa, and Ill. to Chicago. Coming back on the bus, we went through Ill. & Iowa again; Nebraska and Wyoming, then down through Utah and the northwest tip of Ariz. (we were through it in 20 minutes & didn't stop, but I stopped there going out so it still counts) into southern Nev., and Calif. again. Gee, it's nice to be able to join the states-I've-been-in chats. I'll have to go back and tag Colorado now. Next year - the Discon.

SPY RAY: OpGrif CCX I just read the ACE pb of Burroughs' The Moon Maid last week; it fits in with your correlation of Coventry and the Great Ship that Went Down very nicely. "What is wrong, Mr. Morton?" I asked. But as I looked at the compass simultaneously I read my answer there before he spoke. "... "We are falling toward the Moon, sir," he said, "and she does not respond to her control." (p. 27) "U.S.S. The Barsoom, January 6, 2026, about twenty thousand miles off the Moon. Lieutenant Commander Orthis, while under the influence of liquor, has destroyed auxiliary engine and opened exterior intake valve Lunar Eighth Ray buoyancy tank. Ship sinking rapidly. Will keep you-" (p. 28) What do you think of this book, Wrai?

POT POURRI #23 We don't have too many archaeological sites in California, John; but if you're ever out in this area, there's a string of old Spanish Missions that you ought to enjoy visiting. I know LA fandom would be glad to give you a guided tour. Another "tenth anniversary trip" fund, anybody?

RESIN #8 Noted & enjoyed, but no comments sparked, so I'll pass on to something more up to date.

NUMBER #1 Well, you've finally got legible copy, Mike, but I wouldn't have known this was yours if I hadn't recognized the titles in your press check-list. I don't think you mentioned your name at all except for the return address on the inside back mailing page. How about a more notable colophon next time, huh? ~~///~~ JACK & JILL I never read. I was a BOY'S LIFE fan from entering the Cub Scouts until about age 12, when I gave it up for full-time sf reading. My favorite stories were the Heinlein serials and the "Scoops" Traylor series (by Wallace West, weren't they?). There are still some Heinlein serials in BOY'S LIFE that never made the hardback expansions; there was one called Tenderfoot in Space around 1953, I think, only I'd stopped reading the zine by then and I never found more than the middle installment of the serial, so I never read it. ~~///~~ Have you seen Mike Domina's INTROSPECTION and Larry Williams' CINDER, for good dittoing and good material? ~~///~~ The notion of Lichtman resembling a distinguished banker almost has me rolling on the floor with laughter. It's so silly. Right, Bob?

FLABBERGASTING #23 Boy, am I glad I'm not in any of your classes, you nitpicking sadist, you! Get on back to T. P. Caravan, sir! ~~///~~ One of my UCLA history professors was an amateur violinist; he took advantage of the fact that we were a captive audience to regale us with an unfinished composition of his, one day. He justified this as an "example of 20th century music". Another time, he stuck gummed American flags over his face during the course of a lecture, finishing by dangling his tie over his ears, climbing onto his desk, and pulling his coat over his head. He was talking about Dadaism that day. He believed that teachers should do a better job of holding their pupils' attention; and no students' minds were going to wander while he was lecturing, by jing!

ORDERED PRODUCTS OF RINGS Yaarrst!! I started out with an "A" in Algebra One, and by the time I got to Trigonometry I was down to a "C-", so I decided to stop while I was still ahead, and that was 6 years ago. So you can fold this up into square corners and

WATLING STREET #13 A beautiful issue; congrats, Bob & Don. ~~///~~ Some time ago, I was giving Ed Baker a sort of cook's tour of UCLA, and one of the things I wanted to show him was the observatory on the roof of the Math-Science Bldg. We went up on the elevator and walked out onto the roof, and a student guard came up to us. "Do you have permission from a faculty member to be up here?" he asked us. "No, we're just looking around", I answered truthfully. "Well, you'll have to go back down, then", he said firmly. "We aren't taking chances on any more people jumping off the roof." This was just after there had been a couple of suicides that way. The whole roof is much too large to glass in, of course. This was about a year ago; I wonder if they still have a guard up there? If I was at all interested, I'd go check. ~~///~~ A few months ago I went to a large informal party out at the Trimble's (if you were there too, I apologize for boring you with something you already know, but I don't recall who all was there). Anyhow, come dinner time, we all went out to a great little restaurant in Long Beach called "Old Sweden". The food is more-or-less Swedish smorgasbord style, I guess; since I've never had any genuine Swedish food to compare it with, I can't say. But it was good; and the whole dinner, consisting of all you could eat, with as many seconds, thirds, or fourths you cared to go back for, cost only \$1.50. They had so many different kinds of salads that I didn't get around to the main course (roast beef) until I went back for seconds. You served yourself with the food, and the waitress took your order for your drink (or I guess I mean "beverage"; I don't know whether they served anything alcoholic or not). And the service was fast! We got there late, and didn't finish eating until after all the other customers had left and it was 15 minutes after closing time. No one tried to hurry us. They just waited until we were ready to leave before closing up. If I'm ever in the neighborhood again, I'm certainly going back there. The address is 301 Cedar Ave. I heartily recommend it.



RESIN #9 Noted, without enjoyment.

THE SEVEN EYES OF MINGAUBLE #7 I prefer to keep my magazines in mint collector's condition. Due to lack of space in my house to keep anything, most of my fanzines and prozines end up out in the garage, divided into volumes, wrapped in plastic bags, and stored in cardboard cartons. Those plastic bags are excellent for storing magazines in. You can easily see what's in each bag, and there's no danger of bugs getting in (at least, I don't think so. If anyone knows of any bugs eating through plastic bags, please let me know. I haven't found any trouble yet, but I want to make sure my zines are safe.). They keep old zines from becoming dust-covered, too.

COLLECTOR #30 Sounds like a nice, quiet con. I hope to get to a Midwestcon some day, myself.

SLUG #3 Gee, I'm sorry to hear you didn't get your ten-year pin, Wally. If you want, I could send you a Stevenson - Sparkman pin, as consolation. It's ten years old, too. ## ATom for TAFF in '64.

¿POR QUE? #14 Can you get enough of those Century-21 buttons to run through SAPS? I dig lapel buttons.

THE ZED #800 What do haLevy, Alva, and Donaho think about being in Coventry now? ## Very delightful con report. I'm going to have to try my hand at a lengthy con report. A Chicon report, in my next FAPazine, I think - if I can get away with having Bruce frank my zine in again, that is.

STUMPING There's only one dirigible left in the United States? About ten or so years ago, a dirigible trailing Goodyear ads was a common sight over Los Angeles, daytime and nighttime. It made a few brief appearances a couple of years ago, again, but I haven't seen it recently. I guess it must be the same one. Are you sure there's only one left, in the whole U.S.? It seems almost impossible to believe. I realize they were never overly common, but - only one?

THE SPECTATOR #60 Interesting, in a historical sense. I wonder if it would be worth while to make up a list of rhymes to be filled for SAPS? Something like: "... Pelz, ... hells; ... Breen, ... clean. ... Carr, ... bar; ... Foyster, ... roister." As for those chronograms, I can picture Jack Harness having a lot of fun with them, on those 25¢ letter punch medallion machines. "Purple Light of Ghu, Pray For Us" indeed!

AFROGIWOOD You certainly don't have much in the way of m.c.'s here, do you? Next time, don't spell out DIE STAATENGESCHICHTE, WISSENSCHAFT, UND ICH in full. Certainly not twice. You'd be surprised at all the extra room it gives you.

THE AVENGER (SAPS #7) I read The Worm Ouroboros several years ago. It's near the top of my list of books-I-want-to-reread-when-I-get-time. Recently, I was passing by a bookstore in Westwood, which advertises that it has "all the paperbacks", and they had a sign in the window advertising their Summer Sale - all stock 20% off. So I decided that this would be as good a time as any to get that quality pb reprint of Worm, which I'd been half-meaning to ever since it came out. I should've known better; I get the run-around almost every time I ask for anything in that store. But I went in, to be told: "You must have that title wrong. If there was any book of that name out, we'd have it, and we don't." So I walked over to a shelf, pulled off a paperback published by the same printing house (Xanadu), and showed him the ad on the cover. I still didn't get Worm, of course, but it was very gratifying to be able to produce undeniable proof to his face that his statement of "If we don't have it, it doesn't exist" is so much hogwash.

Someday I shall start my SAPSzine early enough to do complete mailing comments. For now, however, au 'voir!