

Frank Patten

1 HAPPY
9 NEW YEAR
6 FROM:
3

Bill

Donahot

Sergei Anbacheff

Norm Metcalf

Diane Howard

Don M. Hannifan

Karen Anderson

Jack Harness

Joe Newcom

Robert A. Lichtman
31 Dec 1962

Led Johnson, XOA
Sigh

Wm C. Richnowski

Luce Paul Anderson

Gail Colman

Alley

Alex Rogers

Redonie Rogers

Robbie Gibson
(himself)

Kevin Langdon

Joe Gibson
NEMESIS OF
FAA ANDOM

Chazzy F. French

Leonard

Calvin W. "Biff" Bennett

Andy Main beam

Chris Shaters

John

P. Ellington
Bruce E. Pely
Dick Ellington
Selma Spector

Charlotte Anne Barron

Astrid Anderson
Paul A. Trandel

MISTILY
MEANDERING
NO. 3

3 MISTILY: MEANDERING 3

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 It's L. A. Once More In '64, For A Better Convention Than Ever Before!

Well, I was watching television the other night, and I saw "Forbidden Planet" again. I'm sure you've all seen it; I've seen it six or seven times myself. Needless to say, I like it. At any rate, this showing was slightly special; because, the tv "Theatre" host assured us, star Anne Francis, who played the romantic lead, would appear in person as a special guest after the movie, to talk about it. Sure enough, after the picture and the final two commercials were over, Miss Francis herself came on camera. The host welcomed her, and she said she was glad to be there; and after a few more polite nothings about what a fascinating picture that was, and how much fun Miss Francis had had making it, the host got down to business. "Those special effects were certainly well done! For instance, in that scene where the invisible monster's footprints appeared on the ground, and went up the spaceship's ladder. Could you tell us how that effect was done?"

Pause, while Miss Francis developed a blank look.

"I don't know!"

"I see. Well, then," retreating to a safer generality, "could you tell us anything interesting about the making of the movie?"

"Oh, yes. Well... Remember that one scene with all the machinery, inside the planet, where you're looking down and everything seems very small, and there was a platform off to one side, and Walter Pidgeon came out on it with Warren Stevens... or was it Leslie Nielsen...?"

"It was both of them!"

"Oh, yes, that's right. Well, anyway, it wasn't really them, but mid-gets in their uniforms, so it'd seem as though the camera was looking down on an even greater height!"

"Well, that is interesting! Tell me, Anne, what have you been doing lately?"

And from here, they went on to Miss Francis' more recent activities, such as a picture with ice skating and Ricardo Montalban, etc., about which she was obviously much more interested.

So now you know as much as I do about "Forbidden Planet".

Thank You Again, Big Bill!

Here in LA, it mostly started with Owen Hannifen's letter, saying he was leaving Vermont on Dec. 26, and planning to arrive here just in time for our New Year's Party. We'd all been looking forward to seeing Owen, naturally, but - New Year's Party? We suddenly realized that, while we'd all more or less planned on going to one, no one intended to host the thing! Owen's letter crystallized the matter: we would have the Party up in the Bay area, whether the Bay areaites knew it or not. Since everybody was sure Bill Donaho would be throwing the annual blowout, come hell or high water (and he sure doesn't have to worry much about high water on that hill of his), it amounted to merely waiting for the invitations giving the time; then writing to Owen telling him to reroute his trip by way of El Cerrito.

The Party was scheduled for New Year's Eve (when else?), and I made arrangements to drive up with Bob Lichtman, who was leaving a little early to have extra time to visit Berkeley friends. I was a bit worried about where I could stay during this extra time; but Bob said not to worry, I'd have no trouble finding a floor on which to pitch my sleeping bag. So I finished up all my school holiday assignments, and packed.

Bob came by for me at 10 after 7 on the morning of Sat., Dec. 29; having decided not to fight the foggy roads during nightfall. He cautioned me that the papers predicted cold weather up North, so I packed some more warm clothes. Then we left; heading across town toward the Pasadena Freeway and Route 99.

Route 99 was the same highway Dian Girard had tried to take when we went up to Donaho's Housewarming Party, becoming lost in the process. This time, we had more bad luck. Bob didn't get lost, but, about 80 miles this side of Bakersfield, we had a flat tire. This wasn't enough; the jack broke before we could lift the car high enough to change tires. Fortunately, there was a crossroads about 400 yards ahead, with a gas station at the corner. Bob walked up while I kept watch on the car. About ten minutes later, he was back with two station attendants, who helpfully changed our tire for us. Bob didn't care to make the rest of the trip on his worn-out spare, though, so when we got to Bakersfield a couple of hours later, he bought a new retread in a garage. He'd planned to get a new tire soon anyway, so this wasn't too annoying.

I like riding in cars, when I don't have to concentrate on driving and can watch the countryside. There's always something new to see. Bob, who 'collects' street names, pointed out such oddities as Ave. 18 3/4, and Ave. 360. There were miles of roadside billboards advising us to keep our eyes open for the Big Orange refreshment stand, just 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 miles ahead. The stand, when we passed it, was dusty and cobwebbed; closed for years. Fudge Mills, Inc., just South of Pixley; makers of Alfalfa Products. (Alfalfa fudge? Ech!) Al Lewis, who had planned to go up with us, had bowed out at the last minute, due to having school papers to correct; but Bob and I kept a conversation going for most of the trip. When we ran out of things to discuss, and I grew weary of watching the landscape roll by, I dozed off.

We stopped in Fresno at 12:30, for lunch; and Bob showed me Irv's (formerly Speedy Jack's) before we left again. About 2:15, we hit fog, which shortly grew as bad as the thickest night fogs. But it soon cleared up, and we resumed full speed. Bob is a fine driver, but he dislikes going at speeds under 75 miles per hour, despite this state's 65 mph speed limit. Most of our driving was in the 80's; and I went over 100 in a car for the first time in my life as Bob momentarily got it up to 105 mph! He had full control over the car at all times, though, so I wasn't worrying overly much.

Just before reaching the Bay area, Bob cut off onto Highway 50, a comparatively little-used shortcut he'd discovered. This took us the rest of the way into the Bay area freeway system, and from there it was easy. We pulled up in front of Donaho's at 4:10 that afternoon.

Bill welcomed us, and we brought our stuff in. Bob was anxious to get off for a private visit with Cal Demmon, so I stayed behind and reacquainted myself with the Donaho household. Introductions are completely foreign there, so I'm still not sure of everybody's name or status; who lives there and who was also just visiting. There was Marsha Frenzel and her son (about 11) Glenn, who signed himself "Paul Frenzel" on my cover; Terry Burns, and Gail Colman, a young college student (library school, of course). And the pets: Frodo ("poor old Frodo"), and the cats; Habbakkuk (absent most

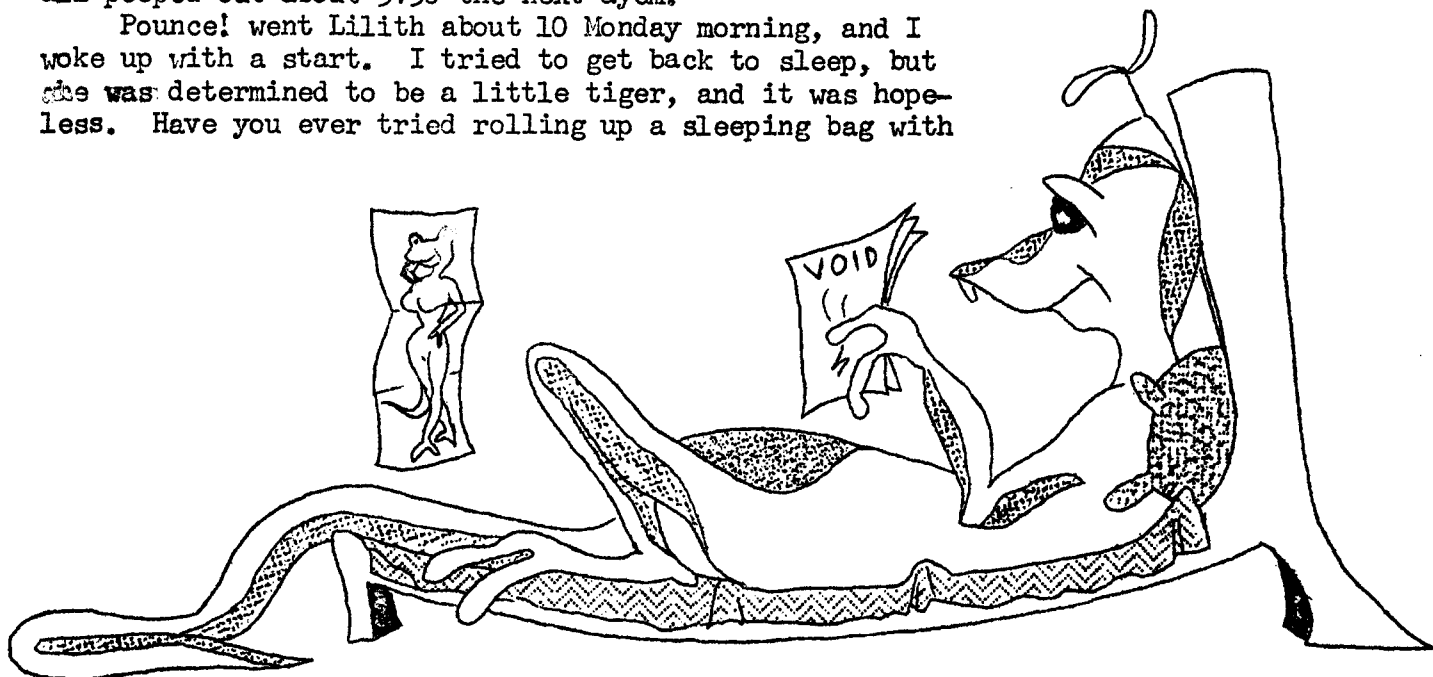
"Do you spell "Habbakkuk" with two 'b's or three 'k's?"

of the time), Deuteronomy, Genesis, and the newest arrival, a Xmas gift from John and Bjo Trimble, Lilith (néé Miss Muffet). I settled back, waiting for Lichtman's return, reading Bill's prozines and watching tv with Glenn. By evening, Bob hadn't returned yet; and as I had no place to stay (and no way to get there if I had; no buses ran on the weekend), it was agreed that I would stay at Bill's the night. I finally saw 1984 all the way through on tv; and at 2:45 a.m., after finishing The Beasts of Tarzan, I went to sleep.

I was awakened about 9:30 Sunday morning by Frodo's cold nose, and spent the rest of the a.m. reading more Burroughs. Norm Metcalf phoned around noon to invite me over to his place for awhile. Bill kindly offered to drive me over later that afternoon. So a couple of hours later, we drove into Berkeley, parked on a side street, entered the basement of a building, wound our way through a labyrinthine cement-floored maze around boilers and piping, until Bill knocked at an obscure door nestled in a dark corner of the narrow corridor. And Norm let us into his apartment.

Inside, it was snug, but rather nice. Bill, Norm and I chatted for awhile on various subjects, mostly fannish. We looked over Norm's stock; I ended up buying two almost-mint 1948 ASTOUNDINGS for only 35¢. Can't get a deal like that here in LA. Norm was anxiously awaiting Bruce Pelz' arrival, to find out if Bruce had been able to rescue NEW FRONTIERS from Shelby Vick, on Bruce's recent visit back to Florida. We hadn't heard anything yet, so Norm decided to return to Donaho's with us to see if Bruce had come during our absence. We packed Norm's bicycle in the back of Bill's Willys so he could get home again, and went back to El Cerrito, stopping for dinner on the way. Nobody else had arrived by the time we got back to Bill's, so Norm phoned around, trying to find Lichtman to see if he knew anything. But the earth seemed to have swallowed everyone, so he finally gave up and left. That evening, I read more books and watched more tv than I have at home in the last four months. About 10, Chuck Freudenthal and a friend came in, to spend the rest of the evening talking politics and jazz, and playing Bill's jazz collection. We finally all pooped out about 3:30 the next ayem.

Pounce! went Lilith about 10 Monday morning, and I woke up with a start. I tried to get back to sleep, but ~~she~~ was determined to be a little tiger, and it was hopeless. Have you ever tried rolling up a sleeping bag with



a miniature tigress on top of it, trying to drag it off to her lair? I succeeded after 4 tries. Metcalf phoned about then, to see if Pelz and NEW FRONTIERS had arrived yet. I was forced to tell him no. No word had come from Bob yet, either, and I was getting a bit peeved, both at the thought of how he'd abandoned me at Bill's, and (with some guilt) of how I was being practically made to force Bill to extend his hospitality to me.

Bill drove down into Berkeley that afternoon, taking Gail, Glenn, and myself along. He dropped me off at a used bookstore while he shopped for the snacks for the Party that evening; and I got in a couple of hours of delightful browsing. About 3, we returned; to learn that Bob and Ray Nelson had been by while we were gone, but had left again.

We spent the rest of the day cleaning up for the Party; following which I put aside a copy of Myers' The Alamo to play Monopoly with Glenn. About 7, Jack Harness and Luise Petty became the first guests to arrive. Jack kibitzed the game, until Glenn finally won. Ted Johnstone, Bruce Pelz, and Dian Girard pulled up next, bringing Owen Hannifen with them. We sat around talking until 8:30, by which time the Party officially started.

As usual, I strolled about with a glass of pop in my hand, trying to take everything in. Luise, a theatre major at SanDy State, proved herself quite proficient in the Charleston and the Twist. Harness put Lotte Lena records on the turntable whenever he got a chance. I discussed the '64 Worldcon with Al haLevy, chuckled over the latest Apa X doings with Pelz and Metcalf, reread the latest N'APA mailing with Owen, talked over the demise of IPSO with several fans, and circulated with my stencil getting autographs.

Around 1, I suddenly felt utterly exhausted, so I sat down and lightly dozed off, until I was rudely awakened by the collapse of a sodden carcass across my lap. I don't mind cats in my lap, and I approve of girls there; but I draw the line at haLevy. So I got up, letting him slide to the floor, and rejoined the Party. Karen Anderson collared me along with some other fans to start a hydromedusa, and we stood swaying together for the next 5 minutes, until Harness left to get a copy of "The Thirteen Days of Cultmas". Glenn ran about showing the girls his pet white rat. If he was hoping to get a scream out of someone, he was disappointed. Most of them had no objection to petting it. Owen and I got into a conversation with Poul Anderson on fantasies, lasting until we mentioned that Thor has been turned into a comic-book superhero, complete with secret identity. Poul turned green and started to walk away, until we hastily turned back to regular literature. Later, I found Bill's stack of the old MAD comics, and read them all.

By 4 a.m., there were only about 15 people left, and I was ready to drop. I dragged out my sleeping bag, found a quiet spot in a back room, and abandoned the Party to itself.

It was almost 11 when I woke up; just in time to join a group going out for breakfast. Karen & Astrid Anderson, Jack & Luise, Owen, and I got into Jack Newkom's car, and we went looking for an open restaurant. We found one in a motel where Karen said Evelyn Gold had lived once, and we had a good meal. On the way back, though, Newkom's car stalled on one of the steeper hills. The grade was so sharp that his gas was flowing back from the motor into the tank. We'd just turned the car around when clouds of smoke began pouring from under the hood. Sure enough, the oil intake was blazing merrily. Newkom got a pan of water from the closest house and doused it out, then we went back down the hill for more gas. We took the hill more slowly the second time, with Astrid leading us in a chorus of, "We think we can!", and had no more trouble.

Lichtman returned a little after 1 p.m., and we ended our Monopoly game to head home. Jack, Luise, and Owen were going back with us; and we took the Andersons as far as where their own car was parked, in a Berkeley filling station.

The trip back didn't seem to last long. Owen talked of his plans to move out to LA, and Jack drew Cultoons. We stopped only twice; once for a snack at an A&W stand, and once for dinner at a restaurant Bob recommended, the Hofbrau.

We arrived in LA about 9:45 p.m. Luise and Ted were supposed to catch the bus that night for San Diego, since school started the next morning; and Owen was going with them to spend a couple of weeks in SanDy and Tijuana with Ted. Ted was driving down from the Bay area with Dian, however, and they weren't back yet. We took Luise to the Greyhound station downtown and bid her off, then took Jack home. Owen accepted Jack's offer to spend the night there, and go down with Ted the next day; and Ted (who'd just gotten home) phoned as Bob & I were leaving, to okay this. That left just myself; and Bob dropped me off at home at 10:30 Tuesday night. Finis of an excellent weekend, made perfect by Bill Donaho's wonderful hospitality. Many, many thanks again, Bill!

IF YOU'D ONLY LISTENED TO US....

America Fallen! the Sequel to the European War

Walker, J. Bernard

2d ed., New York; Dodd, Mead, 1915. 203 p.

This bit of curiosa is one of those pieces of sociological fantasy that was surely never intended as science fiction, but which falls within the category, nevertheless. It is admittedly propaganda - a pro-preparedness tract; a warning to the American people. As such, it is a sort of World War I counterpart to Heinlein's Sixth Column. It achieved some brief measure of fame when it first appeared, and, though completely outdated, is still worth reading for its historical value. Like many pre-World War I books, it was printed with large margins, using large type; so it can be zipped through quite easily, despite the over-200 pagecount.

By late 1915, the War in Europe had apparently settled down to a deadlock, when the sudden entry of Holland into the conflict threw that country's borders open to the passage of a massive Allied force into Germany. Caught unprepared, with its army's right flank crushed, Germany wisely decided to surrender, rather than exhaust herself in a futile fight to the end. At the following Peace of Geneva, Germany readily acceded to most of the Allied demands; but when Great Britain demanded that the German fleet be dissolved, she steadfastly balked. As a counterproposal, Germany agreed to pay an indemnity of fifteen billion dollars to the Allies. Believing that this would so cripple her financially that she would be unable to indulge in any further imperialistic ventures, the Allies agreed.

However, Germany's seeming ill fortune, explained the Kaiser to his Council at Potsdam the following day, was really a blessing in disguise. Her lost African territories had always been a deficit rather than an asset. The return of Alsace and Lorraine to France removed the principal barrier to cordial relations with her neighbor. The early conclusion of the War left Germany with an intact army and a large navy no longer bottled up by the British, free to engage in new colonial exploits. Germany's future lay in the colonization and development of South America, through "purchase or by such means as the time and circumstance may demand". The natural prelude to this was war with the United States.

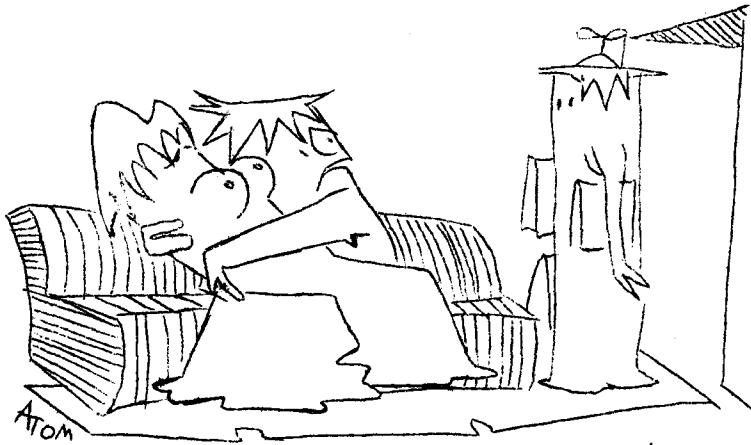
War with the United States would solve Germany's problems in three ways: it would restore the faith of the German people in her army and ruling class, it would demolish the fiction of the "Monroe Doctrine", and it would transfer to the United States the burden of paying Germany's fifteen billion dollar indemnity. Such a war might be technically unjust, but it was ethically correct, since the United States had, though neutral in theory during the recent conflict, served as a military supply house to the Allied forces, to the detriment of Germany. Such a war was also militarily feasible, since Germany was a first-class power, and the United States was merely "endeavoring to support a line of first-class international policies with a third-class navy, and with military forces which are so insignificant that ... they may be regarded as practically negligible."

So preparations for war were secretly begun. The rest of the book tells of the course of the war: "Embarkation of the German Army", "The German Fleet Sets Sail", "The Raid of the Submarines", "Capture of New York Harbor Defences", "The Bombardment of New York", "The Capitulation of New York", "The Surrender of Boston", "The Capture of Washington" (and the removal of the government to Pittsburgh), "The Battle of the Caribbean", "The Capture of Pittsburgh - and Peace". There are several charts diagramming naval battles to illustrate the text.

This book is admittedly stacked in favor of the German forces, and against ours. Mr. Walker states in his Preface that he is out to shock the American public into realization of the pitiful state of our undermanned and -armed military forces. How likely these fictional events could have been then, I don't know. They are well presented, however. The author was then editor of THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN (!), and he seems to have had some knowledge of the subject. This edition prints two letters of endorsement; one from Admiral George ("You may fire when you are ready, Gridley") Dewey, and the other from Captain Matthew E. Hanna, "...the author of 'Tactical Principles and Problems,' the standard text-book on the subject in use in the United States Army."

The principal flaw in this book is its overly didactic dialogue. Practically every single defeat is followed by a statement by one of the characters on the folly of unpreparedness that led to "The Great American Débauché!" A Major-General to the Mayor of New York just before that city's fall: "Mr. Mayor, ... New York City can do - nothing! The country is confronted with a catastrophe for which the indifference and neglect of the people and its Congress are entirely to blame. That the naval and military defences of the United States were totally inadequate has been known to naval and military men for a generation past. Year after year the General Staff and the General Board of the Navy have warned the nation that its unpreparedness was such that this very disaster, which

has now fallen upon us like a thunderbolt, might come at any hour." A naval Commander, following the Battle of the Caribbean, in which our entire Atlantic fleet is annihilated: "Beat it for Hampton Roads, or any other point where I can get in to tell the good people of the United States, and their good representatives in the halls of Congress, to what a pretty mess they have brought their navy, as the result of interference, parsimony, and neglect!" The book closes with the decision of the American government, re-established in Cincinnati, to submit to the German terms of payment of twelve billion dollars and abandonment of the "Monroe Doctrine" policy, "...



One shot.. one shot.. what one shot!

and write it off on the National Ledger as the cost of being taught the great national duty of military preparedness."

Whether this book had any real effect in persuading Congress to strengthen our armed forces, I don't know. But it is interesting to note that, in this fantasy pitting America against an established world power, written at a time when we were trying to remain aloof from European affairs, our fictional enemy is Germany. As Mr. Walker states (through the Kaiser's mouth), America had for all practical purposes chosen sides in the World War by that time, whether she would admit it to herself or not. At the least, I imagine that this book did serve as a somewhat heavy straw on the scales of propaganda that helped moved America from its traditional stand of isolation into the World War.

The enclosed booklet has been issued to go with the exhibit on art in children's books, currently on display in the UCLA Library. I'm sending it through with HUSTY because I hope it will be of especial interest to SAPS members; both as information on art in a specific field of publishing (though how an article on art for kid's books that doesn't even mention William Pène Du Bois can suppose to be authoritative, I don't know!), and as an example of a private press printing. I hope you like it, and I'd like to know what you think of it.

Harry Warner, Jr. 423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown, Maryland Dec. 9

Mistily Meandering was very much appreciated. You have done another small but perceptible bit toward building up Karen Anderson into something of considerably more than human proportions and attributes for me. Even though she lived for a while only 70 miles away, I've never met her. The things she has done and the things that various fans have written about her have caused her to become in my mind a strange combination of Elizabeth I, Cleopatra, Louisa Mae Alcott, and Eleanor Roosevelt. I think that it would be better for me to avoid any possible encounters with her because I'm sure that finding her to be a mere ((?)) human would cause some sort of severe personality disorder for me. I'll never forget the narrowness of my escape from splitting off from reality when I first heard Marion Bradley's voice on tape, and she wasn't nearly as imposing in the imagination as Karen. ((I hope you're not going to try to use that as an excuse for not going to the Discon.)) Anyway, I envy intensely Karen's enormous energy and versatility, two qualities which I'd like to possess in about ten times my present supply.

You achieved a difficult task successfully, that of saying a few new things about the Westercon. That event has been written up about twice as often as the Chicon, for some reason, yet I hadn't encountered to the best of my memory the items about the American Legion banner and the missing wine bottle.

The John Myers Myers letter makes me unwilling to read his fiction, because it could hardly live up to this superb standard. ((Just try some.)) My own letter sounds exceptionally poor in such company, asleep while writing it. I would be conscious about the English-I thought that I had stopped writing about fifteen years ago.

we're always glad to hear from you...

It's strange that boys' magazine items in fandom. I used to have The American Boy from the 1930's, them since moving to this address, they got left behind. In those years that printed lots of stuff, with Carl Claudy as the principal contributor. The three novels that Grosset & Dunlap later published ((Ackerman has four)) appeared in that magazine, possibly in simplified form, and I still think that they are the best science fiction ever written for teen-agers, Heinlein or no Heinlein. There were many short stories that never got reprinted in those old issues. Open Road for Boys occasionally printed something of fantasy interest. I've always wanted to find the last instalment of a series about a monster in a cellar, which got one step closer to the first floor each month.

I would advise you to make sure that light doesn't get to the magazines stored in your garage. ((No worry there. Our garage is so dank it encourages spiders and mildew. We lost some fine sets of Shakespeare, Balzac, and Dickens that way. I'm hoping the plastic bags will keep the bugs and damp out. If anyone has already tried this method, and found it doesn't work, I hope they'll let me know.)) Bugs are unpleasant, but do less harm. Mimeograph and ditto paper seem to be particularly susceptible to discoloration from the effects of light, and I believe it can cause some types of hecto and ditto ink to fade, too. ((I'm more worried about my prozines out there, than I am about my fanzines; though I have large stocks of both in storage.))

Thanks for the publications and apologies for the faint and languishing condition of this typewriter ribbon. ((It's better than the one I'm using!))

MAILING COMMENTS

Thank you very much for the issue of GRENDEL, Mr. Foyster!

A FOLIO OF PHILBY Interesting... These remind me somewhat of primitive Rotslerillos. Some seem to show an ATomic influence. Others are similar in style to Mario Kwiat's work. I'd like to see more before forming an opinion.

SUI! #2 Not to gloat or anything, but your Smallcon sounds like the impromptu get-togethers we used to have at the Fan Hillton or Mathom House all the time here in Los Angeles. They are fun, aren't they?

THRU' THE PORTHOLE #4 I've only read one of the Bond books, myself - Moonraker. It came out just when I'd run out of sf to read, and I'd heard it was vaguely stfnal. It was fairly enjoyable, but didn't impel me to rush out and read any of the others. ## The Tolkien fan club, "The Fellowship of the Ring", has sent copies of its fanzine I PALANTIR to Tolkien. No response yet, though.

SON OF "SING ALONG WITH BULLWINKLE" Great fun! ...but what on Earth does it have to do with the "Bullwinkle" show?

SAPPY #1 Ah, it was Heinlein that hooked me, too. Sixth Column, to be exact. ## What library carried SF STORIES? Here in LA, most libraries carry only ASTALOG, when they carry any at all. The Main Library downtown has F&SF, and the UCLA Library used to sub to GALAXY, though they quit around 1955. But I never heard of a library carrying prozines not of the Top 3. ## Sometimes, on reading ANALOG, I feel sure that the Art Director didn't leave nearly enough blank space... On the other hand, have you seen the new IF?

THE DINKY BIRD #4 I wish the line "R. Berman, Prop." meant you were coming out to LA, Ruth. You'd be most joyously welcomed, blog bistro or no. The story, naturally, is excellent.

COCONINO Bruce Berry was rather free with showing "evidence" that didn't really prove anything, in A TRIP TO HELL. There's one piece of evidence I would like to see: the official court transcript of the proceedings of the trial at which he was committed.

GENESIS OF WEBER My Ghod, can nothing kill it?

RUTH BERMAN'S OTHER ZINE Very good; and it's exactly the sort of thing that Ted would try, too.

OUTSIDERS #49 Well, if you can't get to the Worldcon, I hope you'll consider those four states reason enough for making the Westercon. ## I notice Sam is reprinting a lot of fantasy from the old ARGOSY in the "Fantasy Classics" series in FANTASTIC. If most of the other stories were of this caliber, it would seem to have been a totally enjoyable magazine. The good ones always died young.

POT POURRI #25 Another fine Berry zine, not to be confused with D. Bruce Berry's thing, 'cause this one is most pleasant.

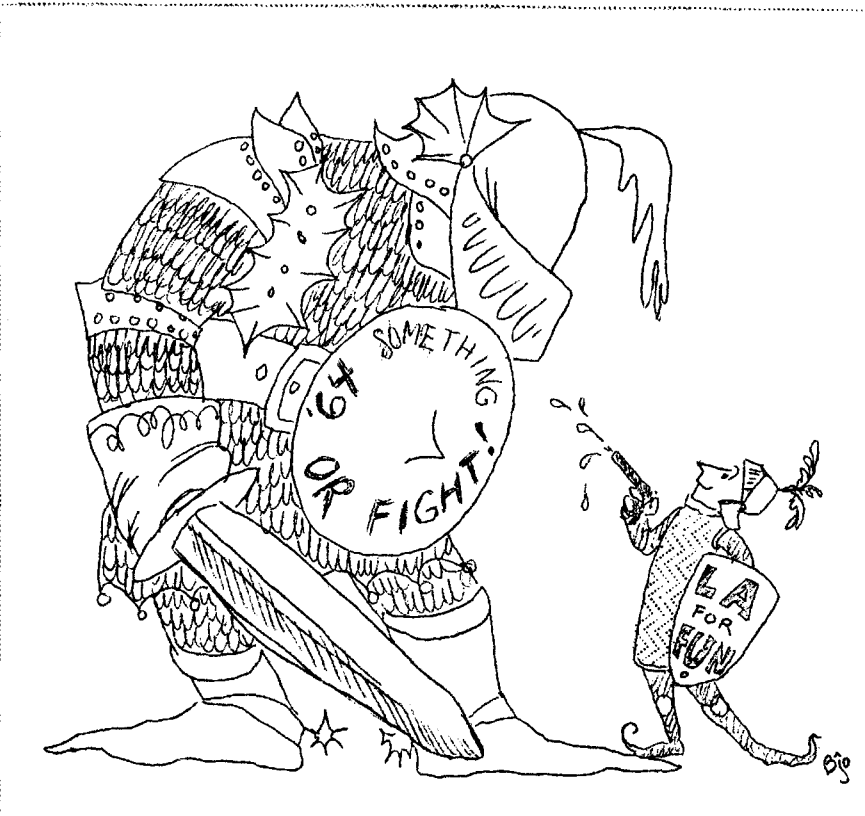
WATLING STREET #14 Too bad you couldn't have made it to the Chicon, Bob. No matter how much fun regional conventions are, they're never as much fun as a worldcon, because so many more fans come to those. Still, we're going to have to host a party here soon that we can invite the Bay areaites to, to pay them back. I imagine that when a few more freeway links are completed, there'll be a lot more travel between LA & Berkeley.

POT POURRI #24 Howcum this is after #25? ## I don't know about James Bond, but Bob Lichtman & Jack Harness have been reading some things lately that might interest you. Have them tell you about Naked Lunch and One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding. They're both from Grove Press, the publishers of Lady Chatterley's Lover and Tropic of Cancer; and you know what that means.

RESIN #11 I think I told you all I had to say about this at Donaho's party. If you learn any more about the Graustark series, let me know.

STUPEFYING STORIES #57 A great cover, layout, and map. Lovely, lovely... I seem to note strong influences of Tolkien, de Camp (his pseudo-Howard style), Pratt (Well of the Unicorn), and Bradley. Any others? I would say this is definitely superior to Coventry. It's more original; there's less borrowing from established sf sources. As a gung-ho fantasy fan, I wish you'd continue this, and work some fantasy stories, such as Pratt's The Blue Star, around it. You don't seem to have any fantasy or sf here, though; it's straight mythical history, a Dark-Age Ruritania. Well, it seems too good to just drop, in any case. Too bad Graustark-type romances don't sell any more. ## Fringe-fan Grady Zimmerman has a rather impressive fantasy world of his own, on another planet. Complete with well-drawn maps; I've seen 'em. If you have any spare copies of this, you might send him one; it might prod him into publishing something of his own. I'll get his address for you if you're interested. ## But how do you get from Akrea to Lankhmar?!

PLEASURE UNITS #2 As I recall, my elementary school classes were never too strong on in-class reading. We were urged to check out books from the local Public Library branch, which was right across the street, and read them on our own. I did have one teacher who used to read aloud to us, a chapter or two a day. Unfortunately, while she picked excellent stories, she seldom finished one. She had a habit of misplacing her books, and starting new ones rather than looking for the one she had been reading; so there was always at least one book unfinished at all times. They were all her own books, too; she didn't see any point in reading books the library had that we could get for ourselves if we wanted. So there was no way for us to find out how the stories ended. Most of the kids didn't seem to care too much, but for me, it was frustrating. ## A book that isn't worth re-reading isn't worth reading at all, as far as I'm concerned. ## That half-hour horror program was probably "Tales of Tomorrow". I always liked it much better than "Science Fiction Theatre", which was pure Gernsback-type sf - heavy on the science and light on the action.



ENGRAM #2 Deindorfer, you are a second van Vogt. Namely, I like your stuff, even though I'm sure I don't understand it hardly at all. A faanish parody of Ulysses? Which one?

FLABBERGASTING #24 I hope you're out of the Doldrums by next issue, Tosk. ## Al Lewis has the entire Lensman series bound in leather, with tailored transparent plastic jackets, and boxed, under the title The History of Civilization. The different books are subtitled "Vol. I. Triplanetary." "Vol. II. First Lensman.", etc. Aside from this changed title page and the binding, they're the same, though. The set looks very impressive; Fantasy Press did some beautiful printing jobs. I understand this is a stfnal rarity, with only 75 sets of this special edition made.

STUMPING #2 I prefer Manning Coles to Ian Fleming, myself.

¿POR QUE? #15 I hope you find a nice apartment. ## I love museums in which you can push buttons and Watch Things Happen. We have one here in LA, though it's got nothing on the one in Chicago. If only I could've spent more time there ...

THE GLASS PIG #3 The same title twice in a row? Wha hopen? ## The last time I was in a regional Park was on my way to the Chicon, and that was enough for me. I don't care for this semi-wilderness jazz; give me civilization, or give me the pure untrodden wilds. Within reason, of course.

7 EYES OF NINGAUBLE #8 Better make sure you can get out of that cottage fast if it starts vibrating into a 4th dimension. ## There's a lot of Leiberania in paperback now. If they don't distribute it out Dayton way, I might be able to supply you with some. Any particular titles you'd like? ## Until you get around to publishing Leiberania, use more Clemens linos. They're wonderful.

HOBGOBLIN #9 I presume we can start looking for "The Truth About Cinderella" again about six months from now in F&SF? ## Henry Miller dropped by the UCLA Library last month to donate some of his manuscripts, and spent a couple of hours chatting up in the Library School. I was downstairs working on an assignment and did not hear about this until he'd left, worse luck; but I understand the main topic of conversation was food.

MEST #11 I don't mind reading about your doings down in Sandy, Ted, though I do wish you could find the time to do an article on some fresh subject.

COLLECTOR #31 I'll bow out of talking about our color tv just now; I haven't been watching it much. My father watches shows he otherwise wouldn't go near, just because he can get them in color, but I find most of the fare a waste of time. ## When you find out about the 2nd Day Index, would you let me know about it, too? I've still got a receipt dated 1959 for it. ## Yes, there was a S&F table at Chi; but it was a Cult table, too, so you couldn't've sat there, anyway. ## About the only thing that hotel seemed proficient at was waking people up in the morning. Did you sell many of those mint, early-1930's WEIRD TALES?

ARMISTEAD'S MULTICOLORED MENAGERIE #1 The Morse Code and the Semaphore Code were about the only things I learned in the Scouts, and I've forgotten them both. ## I'm beginning to wonder if I'm on some kind of involuntary diet. Lately, all sorts of people have been remarking, "My, Fred, you're certainly looking thinner." Why, just today, Peggy Rae McInight said, "Gee, you've lost weight, haven't you?" This always startles me, because I haven't grown any taller in the last three years, and I still eat all I can get. Not that I'm worrying about it.

ARMHAM SAMPLER Oh, come on, Ed; Derleth wouldn't be caught dead publishing a cover like this. ## I didn't get any instructions with the lettering guide because I didn't get the lettering guide. I don't have any; I bum the use of Jack Harness'. And I know you're not supposed to trace along the inner curves; fans have been telling me that for a year now. I do it because I think it looks better with the curve line. The "correct" letter 'I' you cite looks more like a 'J' to me. ## Up in

Berkeley this last trip, I happened to wonder aloud before Metcalf and Donaho if you would be back in time for the Party. They didn't know, but they informed me that I'd just pronounced your name wrong. It isn't "MeshKEYS", they insisted, but just plain "Messkys". How do you pronounce it, again? ## I preferred the other novels in the Arkham collection, The House on the Borderland, to the title novel. I hope ACE pbs puts out at least The Ghost Pirates and The Boats of the "Glen Carrig" in its series of "Science Fiction Classics".

PSILO #6 This is the last time I'm going to mention CoventryCoventryCoventryCoventryCove

IGNATZ #32 Congratulations!!! (Aside from that, I'm afraid I can't think of anything to say. This is a topic with which I'm completely unfamiliar.)

SPACEWARP #75 Sorry you're leaving the country, Art; otherwise I'd try to talk you into joining N'APA. ## I hereby invite you to contribute to MISTY. And, if you find you have extra time on your hands over there (ha!), you might be interested in joining N'APA anyway. I'll pub your material there, too. ## I imagine you have the issue of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS with the color photo of a beaver on the cover? If not, I have a dust-jacket reprint I could let you have.

RETRO #26 This is more or less the same thing you said in your N'APazine, Buz, and I still agree with you. Now that IPSC is dead, and I understand that BARF is dying aborning, I hope the situation improves. I hope N'APA keeps going, though, because it does have a useful purpose; that of recruiting new fans to the fanzine publishing field, without a long stay on a waiting list to bore them away. ## Many thanks for your recommendation of Richard Condon's A Talent for Loving; or, The Great Cowboy Race. It's not at all like his The Manchurian Candidate. It's one of the most hilarious and action-filled novels I've read in years, and I wholeheartedly urge all SAPS members to give it a try. Especially Ted Johnstone, who will be positively fascinated by Book I, Chapter 6.

THE ZED #301 Finish that poem about the Rockies. And don't bother writing something for Campbell - unless he revives UNKNOWN, that is. Write more fantasies for FANTASTIC or F&SF. Or SCIENCE FANTASY?

SON OF SAPROLLER #27 Reference? "The Dreams of Albert Moreland", by Fritz Leiber, natch. ## "I have always identified with Hawkman; who wouldn't?" That statement seems to call for some totally crushing answer. Unfortunately, I can't think of a thing to say...

YEZIDEE #1 Welcome to SAPS, Dian. Now join N'APA, so I can welcome you there, too. ## This mailing is rather unique in its Chicon reports. Walter Breen, in WARHOON, has one of the most complete and informative convention reports I've ever read. And you have one of the most delightful reports, here. I'm glad you included the Disneyland trips and the pool party for the Willis', since most reports won't be able to cover these at all.

SAPTERRANEAN #7 "...if there is a god, he is so utterly indifferent to our prayers, thanks, and sufferings as to be unrelated to us..." Roscoeism?? ## Piper was complaining at the Chicon that Avon had cut some of the wordage in Little Fuzzy, making Victor Grego, the villain, a much blacker character than he was intended to be. In the sequel, Fuzzy Sapiens ("Of course, that's my name for it; I haven't heard Avon's ideas yet."), Piper plans to make Grego the hero. ## Too many of Vance's characters are described as having large golden eyes and jet-black hair, which rules them out as costume possibilities for me (though Chun the Unavoidable is impressively vague...) I think Big Planet offers a larger scope for costume possibilities.

SPELEOBEI #17 Your "T.C." falls flat this time. The beauty of a fannish parody is in the fannish adaptation of the punch line. When you use the original punch line, the in-group humor is weakened considerably. More originality next time, please. ## I liked the Coventry story very much. Will you be running your Reizferren stories through SAPS also?

