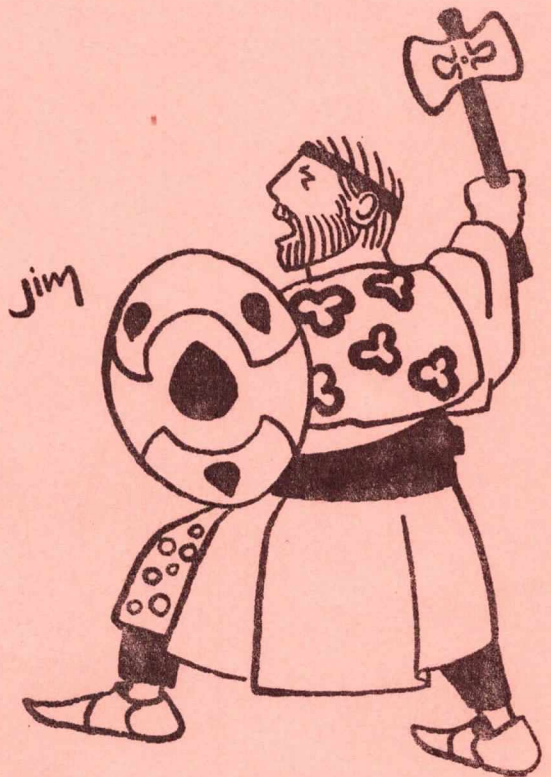


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# MISTILY MEANDERING NO 4

Written (mostly) by Fred Patten, and published by same on the Grishnakh House press. Intended for the Spectator Amateur Press Society, 63rd Mailing, April 1963. Address: 5156 Chesley Avenue, Los Angeles 43, California. Phone: AXminster 1-1310. Art credits: cover by Jim Cawthorn; p. 5 by Steve Stiles; p. 7 by James Lanctot; p. 9 by Don Simpson; p. 13 by Jack Harness; p. 20 by Bjo Trimble. Stencilled by Stiles, Lanctot, and Harness. Potsherds Publication no. 24.

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## WHY YOU ARE GETTING THIS FANZINE

Of course, if you're a member of SAPS, you're getting it as part of the mailing. If not, it may be that I want to trade for your fanzine. But probably it's because I owe you an issue of SALAMANDER.

When I started SAL last January, I had high hopes of maintaining a bi-monthly schedule. Issue #3 didn't come out until August, and there hasn't been one since then. This is due primarily to two reasons. Firstly, I entered UCLA's graduate School of Library Service in September, and that's taken up most of my time; and secondly, contributions to SAL weren't nearly as numerous as I'd hoped they would be. I dislike putting out a genzine that is 3/4 letter column.

SAL has not folded. I hope to get an issue out after I finish with Summer school, in August or September. (Contributions solicited.) But that'll be a whole year between issues, then, and I feel I owe you people who sent money subscriptions some word, to let you know I haven't absconded to Tijuana or anything.

This issue of MISTY is a sort of stopgap or progress report, then. It won't cost you anything off your subscription. If you want your dollar back, let me know and I'll refund it. But I hope you'll bear with me a little longer, and that I can make it worth your wait.

There was a point about a month ago when I thought I'd have time to publish a small issue with what material I had on hand, so I asked Bob Lichtman for his fanzine review column. The opportunity didn't materialize, though; so I'm publishing Bob's reviews now, before they go completely out of date. If there's anything worse than old mailing comments, it's outdated genzine reviews. Thanks, Bob.

For those of you who are really interested in the response to the Coventry story in SAL #3, it was mostly lukewarm. It's okay if you like that sort of stuff, they said, but it doesn't interest me any. Or, as Betty Kujawa put it: "Honestly, Fred love, those names and titles! Icky-poo, cutie-poo pwccious. Retch."



One of my projects in library school is to compile a complete annotated bibliography on some subject or author, and I'm expanding my biblio of Andre Norton's books in SAL #3 to fulfill this assignment. I'd appreciate it if you could help me out on a few items. For instance, does anybody know who painted the cover for her The Crossroads of Time (ACE pbs D-164 and D-546)? Don Wollheim doesn't keep records that far back, and he doesn't think it's by Valigursky, who was doing most of the covers back then. Anybody know? Or info on her 4 short stories; I can only locate 3?

the bats were very small

John Trimble strode through the room shouting, "Reville, damn it, reville!" I snorted from the couch on which I had been sleeping, opened an eye, and looked at my watch. It was 6:15 a.m. I never get up that early, but today was an exception. It was Saturday, February 23, and the proposed camping trip into the Calico Mountains was finally beginning.

Camping trips can be fun, as I learned in the Boy Scouts. However, their arranging entails more work than I am interested in, so since I left the Scouts 10 years ago, I've been more or less a strict city dweller. The Trimbles are camping and rockhounding fans, though; and when they invited me to join them on this jaunt, I readily agreed. The trip had originally been planned late last year, but what with one thing and another, we didn't get a workable date set until the Washington's Birthday weekend. Invitations went out to some other local fans, too; but though several were interested, Steve & Virginia Schultheis were the only ones who had that weekend free.

We agreed to meet at the Trimble's on Friday evening, spend the night there, and set out early the next morning. I left home Friday afternoon about 4:30, my first stop Al Lewis' house. Al had school papers to correct and couldn't join us, but he'd agreed to loan us his rifles to get in some target practice on the desert. Al's car had broken down, so I was pressed into taxi service. I picked up Al and Ed Meskys, who was down visiting from Berkeley for the weekend, and we all drove out to Long Beach, just in time for dinner. Bjo served one of her excellent spaghetti dinners. There was a large gathering at Parapet Plunge that night: John & Bjo, naturally, and the Schultheises, plus Steve Tolliver and Rick Sneary, and some girl named Ann who was there to have her picture taken. Russ Martin dropped by later on, and finally Ron Ellik and Peggy Rae McKnight came in. The evening was spent in pleasant conversation, reading the latest FAPA mailing, and discussing the Fantasy Foundation. Finally a bit after midnight, most of the guests departed, and the Schultheises and I sacked out on couches and guest beds, for some rest before the next day's drive.

After the rather rude awakening described above, we all had breakfast and began packing Steve's station wagon. By 10 of 8, it was jammed to the gunnels, so we stopped while there was still room for us inside. We set out into what looked to be a perfect day. As JT put it, "Boy, look! Not a smog in the sky!"

The sky was exceptionally clear as we headed south on the freeway. A strong wind had cleaned the heavens of any clouds or haze, and we could see clear to the snow-capped mountains lining the horizon. After a couple of hours of driving, we stopped while passing through the mountains surrounding the LA basin, to look down into the valleys below. The wind was quite sharp and chill; after about 45 seconds, we said, "Well, that's enough scenery", and got back into the car.

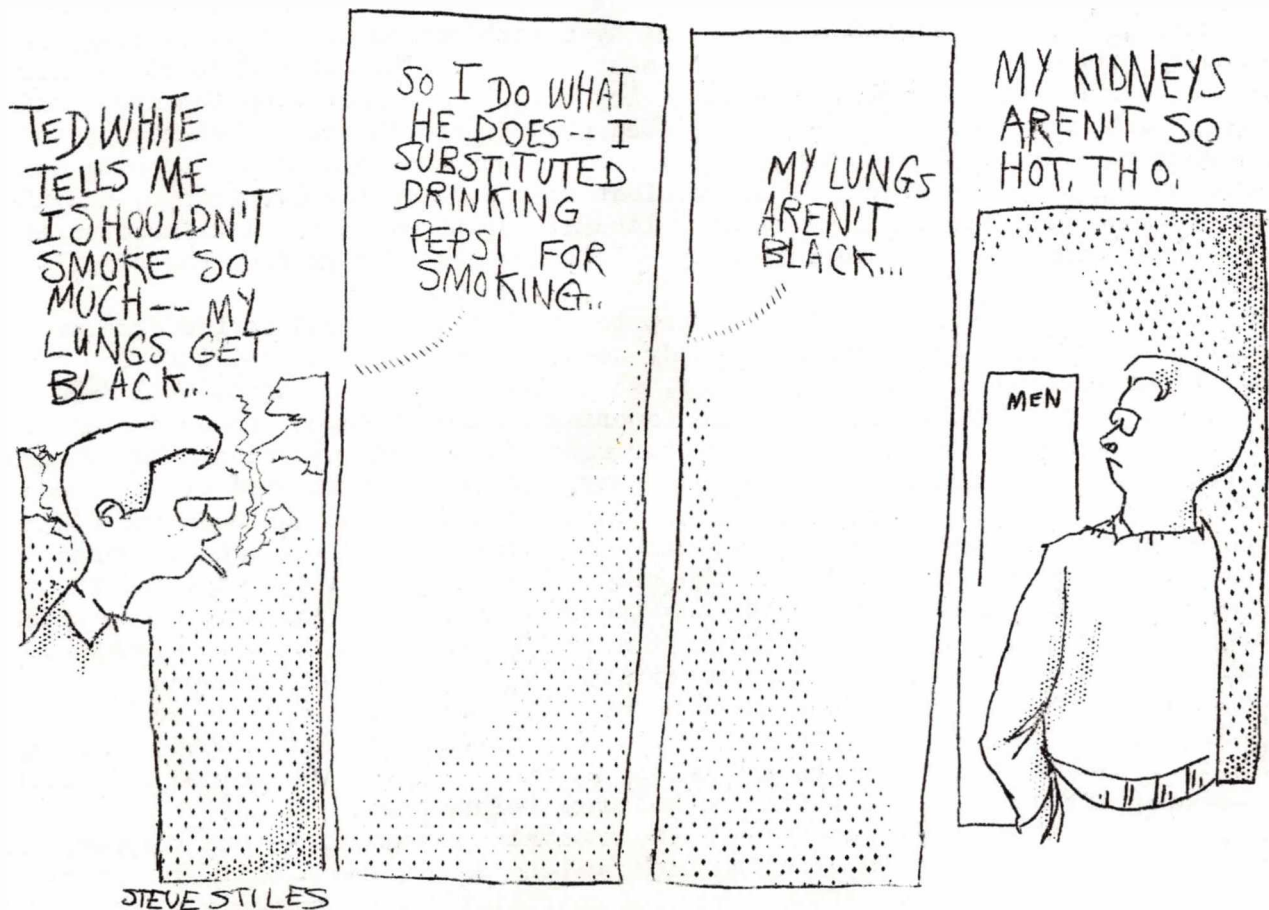
We were dipping down into the desert when we suddenly realized that we'd forgotten Al's rifles back at the Trimble's, but we weren't about to go all the way back for them. There'd be enough else to do, we were sure. We pulled into Barstow around 10:30, ready for lunch. Steve recommended we stop at the Foster's Freeze stand that he, Virginia, Jack Harness and I had stopped at on our way to the Chicon. Unfortunately, it was closed. So we settled for hamburgers at another snack shop, and then went on.

We got into the Calicos just after noon, and our first stop was at the town of Calico itself. This is where LA fandom filmed "The Musquite Kid" a couple of years ago. The town has changed considerably since then, though. It was a real silver mining town in the 1380's and 1890's; it degenerated into a ghost town after that,

until it was bought by Walter Knott (of Knott's Berry Farm fame) in 1950 and restored as a tourist Ghost Town attraction. Bjo says it's been "restored" so much in the last year or so that it would be impossible to reshoot "The Musquite Kid" there now (something that may have to be done if the film is to be preserved, since our current and only existing reel is only good for about one more showing). The dark old saloon is now well lighted, and posted with signs advertising boysenberry juice drinks; there are portraits of "Wild West heroes" everywhere, the whole town is brightly painted, and rides and a "crazy house" have been installed. I suppose some improvements in the rickety old buildings had to be made for the safety of the tourists, but all the same, it doesn't look any more realistic now than the Frontierland section of Disneyland. It was enjoyable to go through, but somewhat disappointing. The feeling of an "American Heritage" mass-produced like Japanese souvenirs is all too strong.

We left at 1:30, and pulled off onto a side road to look for a camping place. Despite the fact that the road was extremely dusty and rough, bordering on nonexistence (it was posted "This road not maintained -- San Bernardino County"), everybody and his brother seemed to be camping that weekend. Every single level site along the road had been taken, by camping groups, geological clubs, Scout troops, and ordinary families on a weekend outing. After bumping along for 15 miles, we emerged back onto the main highway. Bjo advised we head back in again, on a road she knew that went deeper into the mountains. We tried this, and after another half hour of climbing over steep hills and sharp turns, we came upon a family just leaving a nice large camping site. We promptly grabbed it, and began to unpack.

The Calicos are beautiful mountains. They contain many different kinds of rocks and ores, from lava through silver and copper to sandstone. This conglomeration results in a rainbow assortment of reds, greens, yellows, blacks, and grays, of many different shades; "as purty", as the old miner who named them put it, "as a gal's calico dress." The area does have a serious drawback: no water. Our campsite was completely arid; the ground was half-turned to dust, and there wasn't a plant in miles. We had enough water for our needs with us, but it's not the sort of place you'd want to spend any great amount of time in.



Dinner was ready on our gas stove by 4:45, and we all ate a hearty meal. Camping seems to automatically produce a ravenous appetite. After dinner, we wandered around, chatting and picking up odd bits of rock. Bjo collects rock samples, and could identify most of the different varieties.

By 5:30, the sun had disappeared behind the nearby peaks. Though it was getting dark rapidly, it was still light when I noticed the first wild life I'd seen in the area. Four or five creatures were flitting erratically through the air, making what seemed to be 90° turns every few feet. They were about the size of a sparrow, but sparrows never acted like that, and it wasn't quite light enough to make out just what they were. "Are they small birds, or large butterflies?" I asked Bjo. "Neither", she replied. "They're bats. They come out as soon as the sun goes down to hunt for insects." I was fascinated. These were the first bats I'd seen outside of a zoo, and I'd never realized how small they could be. We watched them hurling themselves zig-zaggedly about, sometimes coming close to us, but usually keeping their distance, until it grew too dark to see them any more.

We tried to start our kerosene lantern, but the wicks wouldn't light. We finally gave up, and instead of sitting around the lanternlight as intended, we decided to wander down the road. We passed several families, pulled off into pockets of flat ground between the road and the sheer rock rising behind them, their campfires throwing weird shadows onto the face of the cliffs. Finally we came to a large area about a road junction where 50-odd car-trailers were massed together. It was a camping club for "Alaskan Camper" owners. The Trimbles and Schultheises had just been discussing getting some kind of trailer or large station wagon for future camping trips and con car caravans, so we went over to see these. We were taken in tow by a gentleman who proudly led us into his camper to show off all its charms to us. He was a retired businessman who now spends all his time travelling about the country attending various "Alaskan Camper" get-togethers. His lecture was very thorough and pleasant, and we left the camp half an hour later reading the folders he'd given us and discussing the merits of the campers, as we returned to our camp site.

It was now 7:30 and pitch dark. We sat around a bit, trying to identify the different constellations in the vast mass of stars above us. It was becoming very chilly, though, so we got out our sleeping bags and bedded down for the night. I stayed awake another 15 minutes gazing upon the Milky Way before finally dozing off.

We were awakened at 6:15 Sunday morning by a combination of the sun rising, and a very noisy group of kids at the campsite next to ours. The sun hadn't risen over the surrounding peaks yet, and it was still icy cold. John heated up the stove and began breakfast while Bjo and Virginia climbed around onto the cliff behind us, to see the sunrise. They urged us to join them, but I was too cold to do anything other than heat myself over the stove. The breakfast warmed me up nicely, though, and the sun finally rose over the rocks, spreading liberal light and heat. I climbed up to join the girls, and we amused ourselves by rolling chunks of rock down the cliff's face for awhile.

By 9, we got together to talk over what to do that day. Most of the area around the Calicos was similar to what we'd already seen, so we packed up and left for new fields. After getting back on the highway, we went over through Daggett and down past Amboy Crater, with lofty Mt. San Geronio towering in the distance, as we headed for 29 Palms. We passed the time munching wintergreen Lifesavers, planning a car caravan to D.C., and reviewing the works of Edward Gorey. At noon, we stopped along a deserted stretch of road and unpacked our lunch. John spotted a mine shaft in the distance so we hiked across the desert to it, avoiding cacti but falling through abandoned snake holes. The shaft only went into the side of the hill a little way, and was quite deserted. The remains of a water tumbler for washing ore lay off to one side. We weren't sure what had been mined there, though Bjo speculated that it might have had something to do with the reddish rock crystals visible in scattered patches there.

We left at 1 p.m., and arrived in 29 Palms about 2:30. The town is small, and was closed down for the weekend, though we did find an A&W Root Beer stand open. By the time we finished our root beers and malts, it was 3:15, and we decided we'd better start the long drive home if we wanted to get back before dark.

We drove out of 29 Palms, up through the mountains around it -- and stopped. In the valley below us, Highway 90, leading back to Long Beach, was a solid jammed mass of cars clear to the horizon. After a hurried consultation, we swung down and headed

in the opposite direction for Highway 74, known locally as the "Pines to Palms" highway, a much longer and mountainous way home, but a scenic one. Considering the jam on Hwy. 90, we reasoned that we probably wouldn't lose any time by taking #74, and it would be much less wearing on the nerves than fighting traffic.

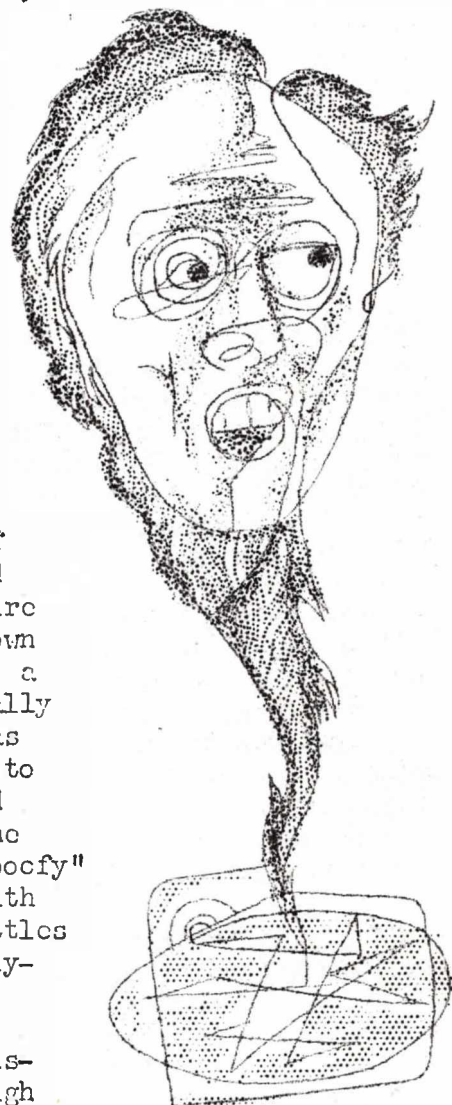
Palm Springs was very active as we passed through it. This resort town has grown tremendously since I last visited it; spreading out in all directions into the now-irrigated desert, and developing several suburbs of its own. Orchards of date palms are everywhere; so many, in fact, that some have been allowed to go out of production, and are no longer kept up. Even in date farming, the problem of crop surpluses exists!

Highway 74 climbs sharply behind Palm Springs into the mountains. Within 15 minutes, we were 2,000 feet above sea level, looking down into two valleys stretched out below us; one containing Palm Springs and its date orchards, the other holding the Salton Sea glittering in the far distance. Behind us, the road wound twistedly up the slopes of the mountain. As Steve put it, "That road down there looks like a strand of Bjo's spaghetti stuck to the wall." We stopped in a turnout to look at the hills around us; dark brown earth sprinkled with wild plants, and rocks coated with bright green, dark green, and mauve lichen.

By 5 p.m., the road had levelled out along the top of the mountains at 5,000 feet. We were rolling along wooded area now, in a forest of pines. To our right, a barbed wire fence proclaimed a large ranch. The sun was just going down as we stopped for dinner at a little rustic restaurant at a crossroads marked "Paradise Valley". The dinner was a really good "home cooked" meal. To the side of the restaurant was an incredible little shop, the sort of thing you'd expect to find in Beverly Hills, specializing in ladies' geegaws and knickknacks. The proprietress was someone I shall call "The Poofy Woman", because she urged us all to buy something "poofy" to take home: large powder puffs, coat hangers covered with foam rubber flowers, plush animals, beribboned perfume bottles and the like. She was dressed accordingly, in flamboyantly-colored clothes that could only be described as "poofy".

It was dark when we left. After a while, we dropped down out of the mountains, and joined a freeway again. Discussion had gone from the woods we'd been travelling through (The Poofy Woman had told us it was to be all built up as a resort town in the next few years), to the disappearance of the old American West, to various cowboy movies we'd seen and enjoyed, when Steve said, "You see what I mean about Review Time?" He was referring to the fact that, during the drive to the Chicon, whatever topic of conversation had been prevailing was subtly altered to a general review of books, movies, or fanzines, as soon as the sun went down. We all thought back and agreed that this was an usual occurrence on long drives, though none of us could figure out why it should be so.

There was a considerable number of accidents on the freeway, but on the whole, the traffic was flowing smoothly enough. The scenery became familiar again as we neared Long Beach. We finally arrived back at the Trimble's at 8:45, to be greeted by Fritz & Jonni Leiber (Fritz had been invited to come by while we were gone and use the quiet house as a writer's studio). The next half hour was spent over coffee, as we told the Leibers about our weekend, Fritz told us what they'd been doing, and Jonni told us what the cats had been up to. We broke up regretfully early at 9:20, as the Schultheises started their long drive back to Santa Barbara, and I drove home to catch a good night's sleep before school began the following day. The whole excursion had been tiring, but (despite the fact that I caught a cold) highly rewarding. If tentative plans jell, this may have been just the first of several camping parties. I hope so, anyway.



JAMES LANCTOT

Crudzines

&

Marmalade

FANZINE REVIEWS BY BOB LICHTMAN

This installment of my column ought to be prefaced with a note to the effect that I am not really very objective in writing these reviews. Actually they're not so much reviews as they are a catalogue of my own tastes in fanzine material and fanzines. I am as willing as the Next Guy (depending on who he happens to be) to admit that thus and such a fanzine may be printing Highly Significant Material, or may be one of those Focal Points you don't hear too much about these days, but unless I happen to like the material and the outlook of the fanzine, I'm not going to make a really big case for it.

If your tastes happen to jibe with mine, we'll get along fine, and you can use this column as an indicator of what you might enjoy looking into. Mostly, my tastes run to material by people I know pretty well, though this hardly means that I don't read stuff by other people, who make up most of the fanzine producing public. I don't care for fan fiction much at all, as a rule, but I have a violent penchant for faan-fiction, especially when it's by Gary Deindorfer or John Koning, the two leading exponents of this sort of thing currently. I generally avoid the subject of the Mother Literature. Straight science articles leave me cold. So do poorly-done convention reports and travelogues.

As I say, if your tastes are similar to mine, we're okay. Otherwise, you might as well just turn to the Coventry story in this issue and forget about what follows.

-oOo-

I'd like to begin this with a survey of the current newszines, if you don't mind.

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Axe #33, January 1963. Published on a monthly schedule by Larry & Norcen Shaw, who have moved to 1235 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, recently. This retails at 20¢ per copy, with longterm subscriptions available at \$2.00 the dozen. Trades are available on a "selective basis," whatever that means.  
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All of you have probably heard of Axe. It used to be a four-page newssheet that appeared biweekly and boosted the Willis Fund all over the place. Well, this is the same magazine, only it's appearing monthly (keep your fingers crossed), and the current issue runs some 20 pages, and there is lots more than just news.

This is the magazine you'll want to receive for a serialized account by Walt Willis of his most recent trip to the States for the Chicon last fall. The prelude to this account appears in the current issue, and is replete with the usual Willis punning. There is also a little bit from Madeleine Willis, as well as a positively flaming

letter that Walt wrote to the Greyhound Bus people. We look forward to further installments of this column.

Additionally, other regular features to this magazine include a book review column by Sid Coleman which should not be missed, William Atheling, Jr's old Skyhook column, "The Issue At Hand," Dick Lupoff's exhaustive and often exhausting fanzine review column, and Bhub Stewart's column on the fantasy film. Also in this issue is a progress report from Les Mirensberg on the Panic Button, his Fanzine Which Made It In The Big Time.

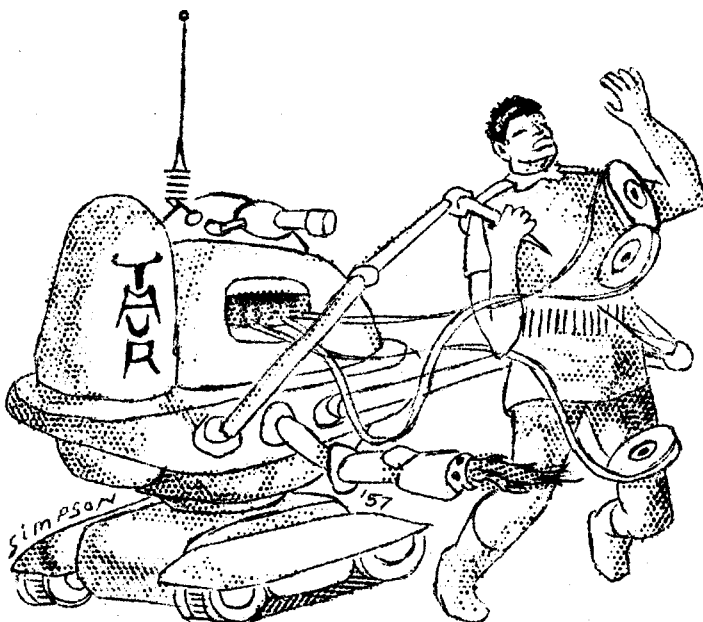
That isn't all you get, though, when you subscribe to Axe. This issue carried with it a handful of riders, including the first progress report on the 1963 Westcon to be held in Burlingame, California, over the 4th July weekend (Burlingame is about 10 miles south of San Francisco, on the peninsula), a list of fanzines for sale by Earl Kemp, and Terry Carr's Troll Chowder, a 6-page micro-elite collection of excellent fanzine reviews which is worth the price of an Axe sub in itself.

All in all, Axe offers quite a bit, making it well worth your while, but it is sorely deficient on the news angle, mostly because no one ever seems to send any news.

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Fanac #89, 20 November 1962. Published irregularly by Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, California. Subscription rates are four issues for 50¢, which should be good for about a year and a half, at the present rate of issue. Also available for acceptable news items, cartoons, letters of comment, or "certain trades."  
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Fanac's trouble since the present editor took over has been an increasing tendency to publish every goddamn' thing that has happened in fandom since the previous issue, which is usually a pretty long time and a large amount of stuff. The result is an hodge-podge of typefaces and information, with minor items taking headline position and more important material ending up buried in the center of a page of IBM Executive typeface in one large macro-paragraph.

We would suggest that the editor either give up the ghost and give the magazine a decent obituary, or make some radical changes. The average fan is not interested in hearing about the internal business of the Cult or about Mensa meetings. More attention and space given to the major news stories would be greatly appreciated, by this reviewer, at least.



Additionally, the artwork could be better stencilled. The execution of linework is okay, but the results are never clear due to inadequate pressure on the stylus by the stenciller.

Despite all Fanac's faults, it is reasonably worth your while. You will have to plow through endless trivia to find the news worth reading and knowing, but it's usually there, even though it's old hat by the time it appears.

Fanac also features occasional riders. In recent issues there have been Westcon advertisements and in the current issue there was a separate letter column, An Egoboo A Day From All Over, printing some of Fanac's mail.



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Fantasy Fiction Field #3, February 12, 1963. Edited and published biweekly by Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm Street, Grafton, Ohio. Available by subscription at the rate of \$1.00 for 13 issues.  
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This is a revival of the old FFF from the early 1940s, which was published by Julius Unger. Unger was in on the revival of this current magazine, but unfortunately he died after circulation of the first issue. One wonders what the magazine would have been like if Unger had lived to guide it, but Inman is doing pretty good so far on his own.

Perhaps the most unique thing about FFF is its science-fictional slant. It's not as stuffy and serious as S.F. Times (not to be reviewed here); while carrying book reviews and announcements of coming features and stories in the prozines and from the various book publishers, it does so in a non-boring manner. There is also some coverage of fan news, which will probably get better as Inman makes more contacts to supply him with news.

Riding along with FFF as a serialized feature is the FFF Index, being "an index to the science-fiction, fantasy, & weird stories appearing in the major magazines, 1911 through 1925." Compiled by Paul Scaramazza, this promises to be a valuable piece of indexing work for the serious science-fiction fan.

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Skyrack, published by Ron Bennett, 13 West Cliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Eng. Available to stateside fans at the rate of 35¢ for six issues (65¢ if you want them sent by air), from Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland.  
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This is more valuable than ever to the stateside fan interested in keeping up with British fandom since there are not a hell of a lot of British fanzines appearing these days outside of the OMPA mailings. Skyrack keeps you up to date on what's happening in England, what new British fanzines have appeared, and like that. It appears monthly, generally runs four pages, and is plenty worth getting.

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Starspinkle, edited by Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California. This appears every other week, and is available at the rate of three issues for 25¢. Bruce Pelz publishes it and will accept subscriptions at his address, also, one presumes.  
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This might be considered the Insider's Newsletter of fandom, since its circulation is limited to 100 copies. Starspinkle makes no pretense of Covering All Fandom; it's being published for an immediate and highly interested audience, and will cut people off its lists the minute their subscription expires or their interest wanes. I have seen this done with my own eyes, on more than one occasion.

So far, each issue has been a single-sheet affair chock-full of as much news as the editor deems worth printing. There is some filler here, but it's interesting and worthwhile filler. For instance, the latest issue to date has some of this on the subject of Harry Warner's fan history; Harry needs some answers, and Ron prints a few of the questions and solicits your help in helping Harry.

There are no riders with Starspinkle and each issue is mailed on the date of publication by first-class mail, in an envelope. If you want news, and you want it now, subscribe to this magazine before the mailing list is full.

To conclude, here's a few more conventional magazines under review.

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Double-Bill #3, February 1963. This one is edited by Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Avenue, Akron 13, Ohio, and Bill Bowers, who has moved back to 3271 Shelhart Road, Barberton, Ohio. Bowers will accept your money at the rate of 20¢ per issue, and trades should go to Mallardi. This dual-editor bit is often very confusing, but it manages to publish bimonthly.

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This is a very unusual fanzine. Physically, it is very unimpressive, because the editors use a pica typewriter with no distinguishing characteristics and the mimeography, while clean and sharp, has no personable ink splashes to make it homey and unique. The artwork is pretty much what you can expect in the present-day general fanzine, and the headings are done in those half-dozen or so lettering guides which everyone in fandom, except for me, seems to own.

While there isn't much material in this issue by either of the editors, their personalities, especially Mallardi's are readily apparent as you leaf through the magazine. To a considerable extent this is due to a running discussion in the letter column of a particular foot-in-mouth article on the Negro Issue that Mallardi wrote and published in the second issue. Everyone from Al Lewis to Joni Cornell (and me, too) has something to say about this, and in his editorial this issue Mallardi sort of repents for his hastily-written sins.

Aside from the editorial material, the star feature of this fanzine is the regular column of fanzine reviews by my co-worker in this racket, Robert Coulson, who is also a folknik of some repute. Coulson hardly ever has space in his own fanzine to review fanzines at length, but when he writes for some other magazine he opens up considerably and the result is a pleasantly amusing, highly readable column. I hardly ever agree with what he says, but he says it very well.

Also in this issue there is an "S.F. & Fantasy Quiz" by the #1 fan of Southwest Harbor, Maine, a piece of fan fiction by Don Anderson which I didn't read, and a fair article on space war by Mike Shupp. Mike concludes his article with a comment to the effect that the notion of space wars "is a trifle discouraging." I think he understates considerably -- the idea of men taking their petty bickering into space is an horrifying thought -- but that should be the subject of an article, not a toss-off in a review column.

Double-Bill is shaping up into a pleasant, if not top-rank, fanzine, well worth watching. You can help the editors by contributing, and by answering their poll, which is attempting to set up a list of 25 books which ought to be in "every true fan's library."

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Dafoe #6, October 1962. John Koning, "who may be reached at 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio, and hundreds of other addresses throughout the Youngstown-Cleveland area," publishes this on an highly irregular schedule. It is available, if you are not already receiving it, either through acceptance of a submitted contribution, or at the outrageous rate of three for a buck.

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This is a Fannish Fanzine, and don't forget it. Maybe you don't like fannish fanzines, but I do, and I miss the old days when Innuendo used to appear once about every ten months or so, while Carr always spoke of going bimonthly, and Void was publishing on a monthly schedule about once every eight months, and like that. I came into fandom during an extremely fannish period, just after the Solacon and up through the Detention, and this remains my weakness.

Dafoe is therefore just my cup of blog. It has fannish fiction, by Rog Ebert, by Dean Ford, by John Koning, and by the Benford Boys. The latter is especially good. There is also a short but good fanzine review by Eugene Hyrb, non-fan, a pleasant rambling editorial by Koning, and a very well-edited lettercol which reminds me very strongly of the old Inn lettercol.

If you don't like fannish fanzines, don't bother with this one. If you've never seen a fannish fanzine, this is a fine introduction.

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Radiohero #1, published by Jim Harmon, 1822 1/2 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles 57, California. This is published bimonthly and is available at 50¢ the issue, which is a bit steep.  
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Jim Harmon, as some of you may recall, used to do some pretty interesting, long articles on radio heroes for Redd Boggs' old Retrograde. This fanzine which I have before me is a natural outgrowth of those articles and the interest they generated, and to me it looks pretty good.

Most of the material in this first issue is by Harmon, who writes lucidly and interestingly on a handful of radio shows, including "Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar," "The Shadow," and "The Sparrow and the Hawk." Redd Boggs contributes a fairly long article on the old "Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen" show, and Ron Haydock has the lead article, on the subject of "Captain Midnight," which I remember more vividly as a pretty wild TV show.

The material is not going to be limited to radio heroes alone, Harmon says in his introductory notes. In the next issue, there is going to be an article on the subject of Jack Benny, who is one of my favourite radio and television comedians, and future issues may see articles on the Great Gildersleeve and Arthur Godfrey. All of this has pretty high nostalgia value, and I wouldn't be surprised if this magazine gathers a pretty good following, despite the high price-tag.

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Rhodomagnetic Digest #23, October 1962. Edited by Al HaLevy, and published by the Little Men, a San Francisco Bay area science-fiction club. Subscriptions available at 35¢ each, three for a dollar, from Ben Stark, 113 Ardmere Road, Berkeley 7, Calif. Rhodo purports to publish bimonthly.  
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This is a Big Magazine (72 pages of it) and after you get past the pretty bad illustrations and the long, dull article by Lee Sapiro, there is a lot of worthwhile stuff in it.

Perhaps the most interesting and amusing feature in the current issue is Sid Rogers' article on the subject of one Al HaLevy, the editor of the magazine. Sid seems to have the market cornered on writing profiles of Little Men; in the first of these new RDs, she did one on her husband, Alva. They are lucid, informative, and amusing as all get out.

Also amusing in this issue is Marv Bowen's report on the September 1962 Non-Vention, held at the Clintons' house in Los Altos. "I Went to Los Altos and Found God" may not tell you a whole lot about what happened at the Nonvention, but it certainly is amusing light reading.

On the more serious side, there is editor HaLevy's "Glossary of Middle-Earth," which is more of that crazy Bilbo Baggins stuff for those who are interested, a column of reviews by various people, most of them Little Men, and a column about the fantasy and science fiction film by Paul Healy.

Rhodo is an ambitious magazine and there is plenty of room in each issue for a lot of material. So far they're doing pretty well, and I commend to you the results.

— Bob Lichtman, March 1963



I hate reviews that slop over just two or three lines onto another page like that. If I didn't have a book review to fill the rest of this page, I would've had to have done some editing of Bob's golden prose. Aren't you lucky, Bob?

The book is Legend of Lost Earth, by G. McDonald Wallis (ACE books F-187, 133 p.), and it turned out to be a most pleasant surprise. Remembering Miss Wallis' original mediocre novel (The Light of Lilith), I wasn't expecting much more than another tolerable potboiler. Instead, Miss Wallis has brought about a novel switch to one of our outworn plots.

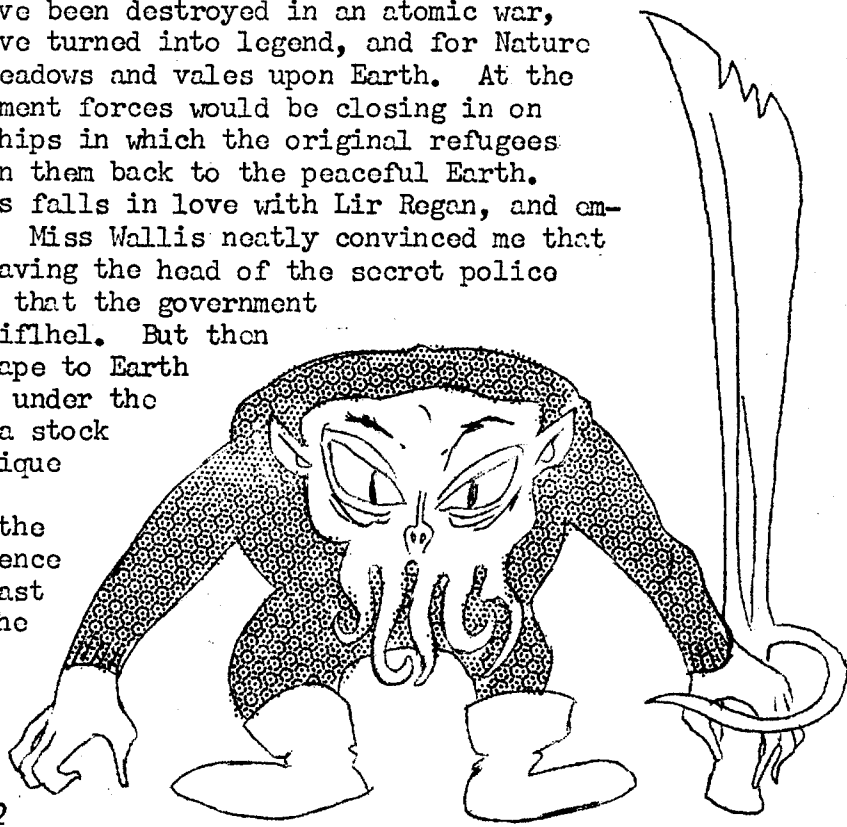
The opening setting is the planet Niflhel; a barren, completely industrialized world, whose sky is always filled with drifting ash and soot, where life is monotonously regimented into a mechanical pattern by the monolithic government. The hero, Giles Chulainn, goes out of boredom one night to a meeting of a frowned-upon-but-not-suppressed religious society, the Earth Worshippers. Their doctrine holds that life did not begin on somber Niflhel, but on the green, life-filled world of Earth; that the people of Earth lost contact with the spirit of Nature, destroying the green forests and valleys and rearing a dead, materialistic civilization in its place, until one day a catastrophe destroyed this Godless world. Only a few scientists who had realized what was coming escaped with a few survivors to the world of Niflhel. Giles skeptically accepts this as a harmless fairy tale, but the next day he is summoned before an agent of the government's secret police. The government intends to stamp out the Earth Worshippers, who have been growing alarmingly as life on Niflhel becomes increasingly bleak and difficult; and Giles, because of his perfect record as a worker, is asked to join the Worshippers as a spy.

By this point, I felt sure I could guess what was coming. Giles would fall in love with the old priest's daughter and become converted to the Worshippers' cause. Earth would have turned out to have been destroyed in an atomic war, long enough ago for history to have turned into legend, and for Nature to have reestablished the green meadows and vales upon Earth. At the last moment, just when the government forces would be closing in on them, they would find the space ships in which the original refugees had come to Niflhel, and escape in them back to the peaceful Earth.

Up to the part in which Giles falls in love with Lir Regan, and embraces the "legend", I was right. Miss Wallis neatly convinced me that the next part was also true, by having the head of the secret police searching for the space ships, so that the government élite could get away from dying Niflhel. But then Lir Regan and the Worshippers escape to Earth not by spaceship, but by a tunnel under the surface of Niflhel; and what was a stock science-fiction plot becomes a unique fantasy.

While I usually can't stand the fantasies that turn out to be science fiction (and vice versa) in the last five pages, I must confess that the switch comes off to excellent effect here. Miss Wallis has cleverly and meticulously fitted together the details of the changeover. I won't give away the ending; you'll want to read it yourself. And keep the "Author's Note" in mind; it's pertinent!

*Garness*



# MAILING

# COMMENTS

62ND. MAILING

DIE WIS #7 -- (Schultz) You can find a pretty good Martian dictionary in the back of the ACE edition of Burroughs' The Mastermind of Mars. It is incomplete, unfortunately. Maybe Harness can finish it up; I understand he spent a while on the Red Planet in a past existence. How 'bout it, Jxtn? ## Hear, hear to your views on Coventry! I, too, prefer the straight sword-action Coventraniana. The best work that the whole mess has produced have been the stories by Pelz & Johnstone in SPELEOBEM and GIMBLE (plus a few other items), and that's because they've been enjoyable pieces of fiction. Most of the "compendiums of fact & background material" have been both boring and useless, because of the people still active in Coventry, few seem willing to abide by the rules. Owen Hannifen is bound & determined to arm his troops with a laser beam, for instance, and to Hell with what Stanbery says. A laser beam, for God's sake! in a supposedly medieval setting. No wonder so many people have lost interest in the project. Pelz & Johnstone are keeping to Stanbery's rules, or trying to have them "officially" changed where they prove unworkable; but at least they are trying to maintain the established atmosphere. That was one of the advantages of multi-level Coventry (before the adding of new levels got out of hand); if you liked straight costume action or sword & sorcery, you wrote a level one story; if you liked science fiction, you wrote a level two or a level five story. There certainly seems to have been enough room to work within these rules without everyone haring off on his own. I guess group fantasy just won't work. ## The paper I used on MISTY #2 was fresh, as far as I know, and I never noticed any odor. But as long as it's the odor of the paper you object to, and not that of my writing, feel free to carp all you want. ## Sure I noticed Terry's story in that issue of F&SF, but I still preferred Karen's fantasy. Seems to me that Karen's story is almost a perfect example of what you were calling "the GAUL complex" a few pages back; and for good, sweet, pure fantasy, I'll even forego the pleasure of watching Sam eaten by lions. If I find your idiotic criticisms have affected her writing in any way, you'd better alert your border guards for Lankhmarian assassins. ## No, I don't have any relatives back East that I know of. In fact, my total knowledge of my family history only goes back as far as Great-Grandfather George, who suddenly appeared here in Southern California just after the Civil War. No one seems to know any more; though my grandmother says she thinks we once spelled our name "Patton". So maybe I do have relatives in Youngstown, Ohio. If anyone can find out definitely one way or the other, I'd appreciate knowing about it.

MEANWHILE #1 -- (Foyster) While I am almost totally incompetent on all fields of literature (other than science fiction), I will state that I prefer the story of the giants. This is why I read science fiction, because of the giants. They may be implausible giants, or even cardboard giants, but they are still giants. About my only contact with modern literature came in a college English class, where I had to read such works as Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises, Wright Morris' Field of Vision, and others in this vein. Almost without exception, the protagonists are the most insecure, aimless, neurotic group of individuals that you could possibly find outside of a mental asylum. Some of the exceptions in this "mainstream literature" are Captain Ahab in Moby Dick, who was a giant because of his fanaticism (even Roland was mad, and Hitler was a giant in his own Ragnarok-seeking way); and Jay Gatsby in Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby, who at least tried to be a giant in the only way he knew. But on the whole, you can have your modern literary hero. I don't want him.

DIE WIS #7.45 -- (Schultz) Yes, this is a fine example of level one Coventraniana. You surely can boast of a crack company. I wouldn't care to bet against them, even pitted against Hannifen's laser-armed Mercian troops.

By the way, Terry Carr, I'm sure you'll be glad to know that, here in LA, virtually all magazine stands are displaying ACE pb F-177 with Warlord of Kor face up.

SPY RAY -- (Eney) If this is some sort of rewritten school paper, I'd be interested in knowing what grade you were given for it. If, as it looks, it was written for this fanzine appearance, you're to be congratulated on such an easy-reading, well-written historical article. With sources of information added, it'd be enough to earn you an 'A' grade in at least the undergraduate history courses at UCLA.

INDEX TO POT POURRI 1 - 25 -- (Berry) Congratulations on a well-presented bibliographic index. I'm having to do this sort of thing in my library service courses (though not of my own works). I hope mine look as presentable as this does when I'm finished.

POTPOURRI #26 -- (Berry) You sure know where to break off in a narrative. I'm waiting for the next installment of your army memoirs. I hope you have time for some mailing comments next issue, too.

COCONINO #2 -- (Hannifen) Your outdated m.c.'s are still interesting, because they aren't as much comments on the zines as they are independent thoughts sparked by said zines. As such, they stand on their own even after several months, and I'm glad you included them. ## I hope you can still get Lanctot artwork, now that you're here in LA. ## Those army pamphlets are indeed fun. CODE OF THE U.S. FIGHTING MAN could have been taken right from one of MAD's primers.

NIFLHEIM #2 -- (Hulan) I understand Larry Shaw was responsible for starting the Lancer SF Classics series. He planned the first two books before leaving for Regency. Since then, the series has been severely marred by atrocious layout and bad typography. The worst example so far has been John Christopher's collection, The Twenty-Second Century. The first half consists of a connected series of short stories, but they are not printed in the order in which they should be read. In two of the stories, a footnote refers the reader to a story in another anthology, Best Science Fiction Stories: Third Series (a British book, unavailable in this country), to find out what the hero is talking about. This third story is then published later on in this same collection, making the footnote references entirely unnecessary - except that this collection has no table of contents, so the reader doesn't know this until he stumbles across it, after having first read both its sequels. This is just plain shoddy work, and it is inexcusable - especially when Lancer is asking 75¢ a copy for its paperbacks. ## I haven't read A Shade of Difference yet, but I do have 14 copies of its dust jacket. I think it's very pretty. ## Henry Holt & Co. took a flyer on hardcover SF in 1941, with the publication of expanded versions of 3 novels from UNKNOWN: de Camp & Pratt's The Incomplete Enchanter and The Land of Unreason, and de Camp's solo Lest Darkness Fall. They were very well done, with Boris Artzybasheff jackets and decorations. The series died out for some reason, unfortunately, and we didn't get any more hardcover SF until after the war. ## By the way, as long as I'm on reprints from UNKNOWN, I'd like to throw a question out to the general membership. Back in 1948, when Hadley published L. Ron Hubbard's Final Blackout from ASTOUNDING, the back of the dust jacket carried an ad for several forthcoming books, including another by Hubbard entitled The Wizard and the Witch, for \$3.00. As far as I can find out, Hadley ceased publication before this ever came out, and it completely dropped out of sight. At least, no one else to my knowledge has ever heard of it. I am a fan of Hubbard's fantasy, and I hate to think that he might have a novel-length piece of fantasy lying around somewhere unpublished. I was wondering if this might possibly be a retitling of his old UNKNOWN novel, The Case of the Friendly Corpse (August 1941), which features both a wizard and a witch. If it is, I'll feel better, because I've been able to read it. But does anyone know for sure? ## English

spelling used to be phonetic - or at least not formalized. This is why you have so many variants of William Shakespeare's signature, for instance. It wasn't important to the Elizabethans whether it was spelled "Shaksper", "Shakspear", or any of several other ways, as long as it was recognizably to be pronounced "Shakespeare". Ditto with Ben Jonson and Sir Edward Coke (pronounced "Cook", and spelled that way about half the time, until it became formalized as "Coke"). Of course, when Britain began becoming unified and government paperwork started growing, the concept of "proper spelling" was developed. There's good things to be said for phonetic spelling, though - as the one Irishman said to the other (back when dialect jokes were all the rage): "There's wan foine thing about this foonatic shpellin' - a man kin come home full as a goat an' wroite jist as sinsible a shpelt letter as he kin whin he's sober." (Cartoon by Carey, 1908) It'd save running to the dictionary every five minutes, too.

RESIN #12 - (Metcalf) You also write a good history paper, though it's a lot dryer and sketchier than Eney's. Your habit of putting your foot-  
notes in the middle of the text is extremely annoying. ## On prozine binding, I am particularly dissatisfied with the Z-D twins. All too often they come out with a messy hole torn in the cover by the staples. Since I do most of my prozine shopping in LA's large magazine stands, which stock 25-30 copies of a title, I can usually riffle through the stack until I find a neat, mint copy. But it's still annoying. I've been grotched by IF lately, for glueing its cover on crookedly.

OUTSIDERS #50 - (Ballard) I was fairly enthusiastic about Burroughs' "The Red Hawk" myself. I've read a considerable number of destroyed-U.S. stories, from Bond's "Meg, the Priestess" series to Philip José Farmer's Cache from Outer Space. For some reason, it is a theme that impresses me; I remember the stories in which it is employed. Burroughs isn't the first to use it, I notice; there was John A. Mitchell's The Last American back in 1889, and Jack Bechdolt's The Torch in 1920, both very good. And Stephen Vincent Benét's "By the Waters of Babylon"; I'm not sure whether that was written before or after "The Red Hawk", but there can't be more than a couple of years' difference either way. Was the theme used much before the '20's, do you know? ## The fact that conventions are lousy places to make acquaintances was brought home rather sharply to me just recently. During the Chicon, I saw Betty Kujawa several times at a distance, but always at moments when I was otherwise occupied, so I never did get a chance to go up and meet her. A couple of months later, I got a letter from her saying she was sorry I wasn't at the con; she'd been looking forward to meeting me. I guess that was a missed acquaintance to end all missed acquaintances.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY #2 - (Smith & Foyster) I've been under the impression that the Rim Runner series was much larger than the few stories Chandler lists here. They may be the only proper Rim Runner stories, but he's certainly used the trappings for others. His Rim Runner and Lost Colony series are definitely connected; the Rim Runner stories mention Ehrenhaft and Mannschenn Drive ships, and the Lost Colony stories mention the Rim Worlds and other stellar governments. There was "Fall of Knight" in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, for instance, whose protagonist was an officer in the Waverley Royal Mail; I doubt that Chandler would call that either a Rim Runner or a Lost Colony story. And for some reason, I've always considered Poul Anderson's A Bicycle Built for Brew as a proper part of the series; it has the right Rim Worldish atmosphere about it. I hope Chandler goes on to write many more of the stories, in whatever series or serieses (?) he chooses to call them. ## Regarding your paranoid idea that fans are property, I think you have a 'B' in your bonnet.

COLLECTOR #32 - (Devore) Well, Marty Greenberg reprinted Doc Smith's Gray Lensman in a Gnome Press edition using the Fantasy Press plates and not bothering to remove the "First Edition" notice. Not to mention his printing of several FPCI books (Hubbard's Death's Deputy, for one), with the FPCI title pages, in Gnome Press covers. So I doubt that he's liable to do much objecting to Doubleday distributing the Foundation series in their binding. Does anybody know why this has happened? Has Gnome Press completely gone out of business?

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP #6 -- (Lewis) Why, yes, UCLA has offered us some land for the Fantasy Foundation. To be more specific, the University of California is turning the whole Los Angeles campus over to us: the Fantasy Foundation will go in the Library, naturally, while we turn the Administration Building into our LASFS Frochafer Hall, clear the dorms for slant shacks, and requisition the Printing Office for our fanzine pubbing center. Now if we can only talk the city into giving us the LA Memorial Coliseum for our Westercons... No, seriously, no one in California gives away land. The UCLA sf collection and the Fantasy Foundation have no connection other than that Steve Schultheis is active in both. The rumor is unfortunately completely false. Any idea where it started? ## I printed the first part of the original draft of the Dead Warrior review because I agreed it was worth printing. The rest wasn't! I began that review about a month before publication; working on it, not liking the way it was coming out, and putting it aside in hopes that fresh ideas would come if I waited. I did this about five times in the following month, until I had over two pages written and wasn't half finished. Finally, the night before the mailing deadline, I took it out again, read through what I'd written, and decided I didn't like a bit of it. For one thing, I was trying to be very literary, and since I'm not a literary person, I wasn't sure what I was talking about. It was like I try to write my school papers; formal and correct, filled with proper verbiage in an attempt to sound erudite, and stuffy as Hell! It didn't fit the book at all, and when I realized that I wouldn't read any book that drew pompous reviews like this, I threw the mess out and started over. I did decide the first half page was okay, so I stencilled that, sat brooding over it for half an hour, then just banged out onto stencil what came to mind without trying to be self-consciously correct about it. Believe me, the finished version was a lot truer to Dead Warrior than the "creative review" would have been; and I managed to say everything I'd really wanted to say without a lot of padding. Oh, maybe if I'd worked on it in that vein a bit more it'd have been a little more polished and maybe ten or twelve lines longer, but I was pleased with my results. I felt that the people who liked that review would like the book and be encouraged to read it, instead of fearing that it might be as boring as the stuffy review was turning out. I wasn't making any apologies for the book; it doesn't need any. The apologies were for the mass of meaningless wordage I almost subjected you all to.

Have you seen the current issue of MAD, Walter Breen? The back cover contains a somewhat numismatically-ingroup goof.

PLEASURE UNITS #3 -- (Eklund) Yeah, I was planning to run the Karen Anderson Appreciation Issue on blue paper. You'll note I got as far as switching the mimeo to blue ink. Then it turned out that there wasn't a bit of blue paper to be had among LA fandom at that moment; and being a weekend, the mimeo supply house was closed. As it was, I think that the cover came out better than it would have if I'd used blue paper on it. The buff color captures the feeling of "the golden air" in the scene illustrated much better than blue ever could. ## Yes, harking back to what John Foyster was saying about giants in literature, I think that Steinbeck's The Grapes of Wrath had a touch of giantism about it. The characters were squalid, but they were always looking forward. They were not essentially pessimistic, as I gather the characters of the modern "realistic" fiction are supposed to be. If this is escapism, then I choose escapism. ## I have no objections to saluting the flag or singing the national anthem; I have a fondness for pomp and show. I would not be an Overlord in Coventry otherwise. Of course, that's harmless; I can see where it could be carried too far, and when it stops being good, harmless fun, I do object.

AIR MAIL SPECIAL -- (Smith & Foyster again) I liked Breen's personalized con report. But then I think that most personalized convention reports and Good Things. A completely objective, impartial report seems sort of lifeless to me. If it's to have any life to it, the author has to recount the events as he saw them. Most reports are specifically of the "as I see it" variety. How many fans could write a successful objective, 3rd-person con report of any length?



YEZIDEE #2 -- (Girard) If we'd've thought of it in time, we'd've put that extra hawk mask in the toilet bowl. I think it would've been much more effective there. ## My old history prof, the one that kept the class' attention by climbing on top of his desk and pulling his coat over his head, is no longer teaching at UCLA after this semester. ~~He got fired~~ His contract was not renewed; because, the campus paper quoted a vice chancellor, "there was not sufficient objective evidence that he had the quality of mind we were looking for in a University professor." Aw, but he was a lot more fun than the ones who have. ## "Annals of Shalar" is excellent! It reads somewhat like Leiber's Grey Mouser stories, Moorcock's Elric series, and de Camp's Bronze Age tales, and has something of its own. Continue it, by all means!

SLUG #4 -- (Weber) Well, I've heard of Toskey's talent for growing plants, but tongue fungus is a bit more than I'm able to admire. I'll leave the botanical laurels to him. (And I wouldn't be surprised to learn that he grows his own laurel wreaths, either.) ## You ought to move down here to UCLA if you're going to go to night school. You won't have to worry about being drowned, though it is advisable to pack in a couple of days' supplies and a sleeping bag for travelling between classes if you're unlucky enough not to get them in the same area of the campus. Since the campus bus service was cancelled (not paying its own way) there's been talk of putting in a monorail line, but personally I don't believe a word of it. You might invest in an "Alaskan Camper", but then you'd have to go about getting a parking permit... The easiest thing to do would probably be to re-enroll in kindergarten and work your way back up through the ranks again; then by the time you're ready for night school, Western Civilization will have collapsed and you won't have to go through with it after all.

FLABBERGASTING #25 -- (Toskey) Back in high school, I had a teacher who was constantly showing up with one leg or the other in a splint, because as soon as one would heal, he'd go skiing again the next weekend and sprain the other. Do you wear a splint on your tongue? ## Come to think of it, "Things to Come" has a good "destroyed civilization" scene in it. It postdates "The Red Hawk" (or does it? When was the book written?), but it's the first motion picture use of the idea that I've seen.

PERIAN #1 -- (Ellern) I know what you mean about "the proper time" for reading something. Back when I first started reading sf, about age nine, there wasn't too much around. In the course of reading all I could get, I dove into the works of such authors as Sturgeon and van Vogt when I was only 12 or 13, and much of it was clear over my head (my favorite authors at that age were Heinlein, Fredric Brown, Nelson Bond, A. Merritt, and Groff Conklin - his anthologies, that is.) On rereading these novels at a later age, I suddenly discovered that what had been incomprehensible or boring was truly excellent writing. I'm still in the process of re-examining some of these works I sampled and rejected ten years ago; I think C. S. Lewis' Out of the Silent Planet & sequels are next. Only there's so much new stuff coming out that it's all I can do to keep up with it, much less go back and reread the old stuff. Oh, well, I'll get around to it someday. ## About a month and a half ago, Matt Weinstock, in his daily column in the Los Angeles TIMES, was commenting on the origins of the term "86d": "Anyone who has ventured into a saloon knows that 'being 86d' means being refused service because of an overload or obnoxious behavior. Now Chet Switell, the indefatigable researcher, has dug up the origin of the term. # A Chicago drugstore chain many years ago featured 85 different sandwiches on its menu. You'd think that would satisfy every palate but there was always a joker who ordered something special. # The waitress would write it on her order slip and the chef, glancing at it, would shout, "Eighty-six on that order!" She would translate this to the customer as "We're all out of that." Instead of "We won't make it for you." # When Prohibition was repealed and the saloons came back, 86 came to mean a customer was vetoed." A day or so later, there was a follow-up on this: "It turns out there are other versions of the origin of the term 86d, meaning to be refused further service in a saloon. ... W. J. Walters Jr. states it goes back to the late 1830s, when all booze was 100 proof and the no-nonsense drinkers of the era liked it that way. Sometime during this period a distillery came out with an 86 proof whisky. In time,

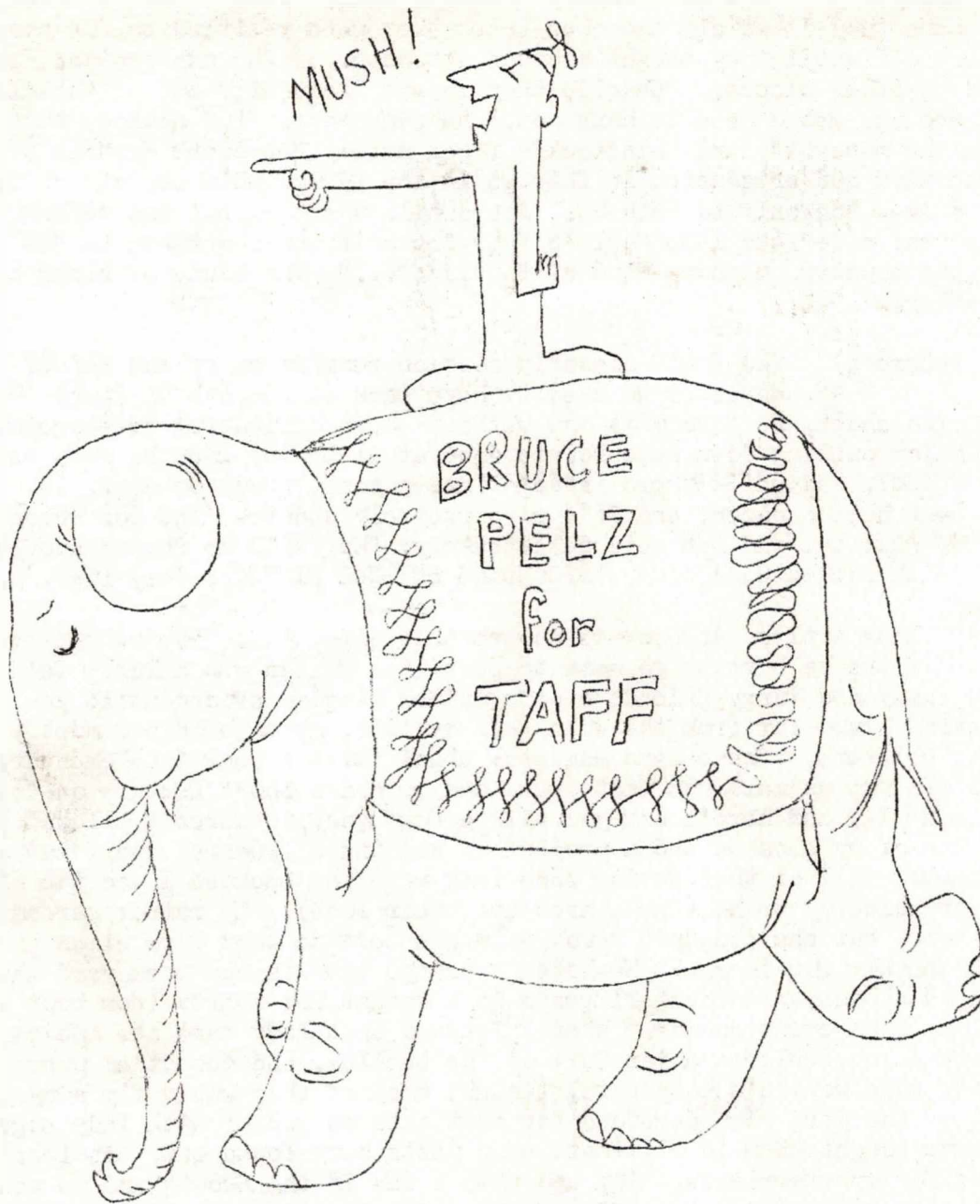
when a customer took on an overload he was not cut off but 86d -- given the lower octane stuff. # Charles T. Faucett first heard the expression in 1911 at the Spring St. saloon run by Happy Hogan, manager of the Vernon Tigers baseball team. It was used by bartenders to inform customers they'd had all the free lunch they were entitled to for their nickel beer and to lay off until they bought another schooner. # The expression, Faucett recalls, spread to other places. "Charlie Chaplin was frequently 86d at the Alexandria Hotel bar, where our crowd used to hang out," he remembers. "Of course, that was before he got in the money." And Weinstock's final note: "As Frank W. Cole of Van Nuys recalls, the term 86d originated in Chicago in the 1920s, when the street car line on Stoney Island Ave. ran only to 86th St. For awhile the terminal was referred to as "86 and Stoney" but after the 1933 World's Fair there it was shortened to "86" and spread all over the country, meaning "end of the line"... The study of slang can certainly be fascinating.

THE ZED #802 -- (K. Anderson) The RHODO assembly session reminds me of the SHAGGY sessions we used to have back at the Fan Hillton. With no more centralized slan shack, LA fandom is now without these delightful get-togethers. Most of the current major pubbing down here now is done at Al Lewis' when he puts out an issue of TNFF or SHAGGY, and while there is sometimes a small group present, it hardly ever runs to over half a dozen, and it's comparatively sedate. Ah, for those slan shack days... ## "But the old man said deliberately: "My field is rhodomagnetics." ...Jack Williamson, "With Folded Hands...", ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, July 1947, p. 14.

RETRO #27 -- (Busby) Your Artless Artwork is superb this time, Buz. You're really going to have to go some to beat it. ## You are a lucky fella, having had all those fuzzy and furry friends of the animal kingdom around while you were growing up. Having lived far from the wilds all my life, my boyhood was mostly barren of interesting critters. There were moments: about twice a year in elementary school, a truck full of farm animals was sent over, and we had a short lecture on "this is a goat and this is a pig, and here's how you milk a cow" (no, we weren't allowed to try it ourselves). One of my classes had a project of raising silkworms, and I was allowed to keep the shoebox full of them during some long vacation because I was the only kid who lived near any mulberry trees (the leaves are their food). My mother screamed when I brought them home, but she couldn't throw them out because they were class property, and I was responsible for them... We have an orange tree in our back yard that is usually covered with aphids, and the tall grass in a vacant lot nearby (now kept cut) used to be full of lady bugs every summer. When I learned that lady bugs ate aphids, I used to go over to the lot, collect a jar full of the beetles, and dump them over our orange tree. The lady bugs wouldn't cooperate, though; most of them would fly away as soon as they got out of the jar. I understand now that this is s.o.p. with lady bugs, as the farmers who have bought them to eliminate crop pests have found out. At least I didn't pay anything for my experience. Ah, and when I was in the Scouts and we went on camping trips, I spent most of my time after frogs and salamanders or lizards, scorpions and snakes, depending on whether we were in the desert or by a river... There were moments, but for the most part, nothing more than store-bought goldfish. Quite boring, really.

MEST #12 -- (Johnstone) Just what in bloody blue blazes is a class in Public Opinion Measurement? It sounds like something out of a Pohl story in which the government would be run by the entertainment industries, and schools sponsored by same. Do you buttonhole the Man On The Street and ask his opinions, or learn how to operate rating machines, or what? Buttonholing, apparently. I suppose it's a more active class than Basket Weaving, but... ## You mean you don't even have time to look through your mailings for the m.c.'s on your zines? You are fafia.

WATLING STREET #15 -- (Lichtman) Unfortunately, with the demise of local slan shacks, there is no longer the room to hold large-size fan parties. The Trimbles' and Ellerns' domiciles are filled to overflowing with the local fen when large parties are held; there's no room for others. Maybe, if Harness and Hannifen can get together on locating a slan shack-type place, we can start inviting the Berkeleyites down here for parties. Until then, we've got a good excuse for visiting up North.



Bjo

THE DINKY BIRD #5 -- (Berman) I would strongly advise against throwing any stencils out until the entire zine is run off and collated. I guess you've probably reached this opinion yourself by now, though. ## Not only do the British editions of the Narnian Chronicles have endpaper maps (Prince Caspian does, though The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe doesn't seem to), they have color frontispieces, and about ten more interior illustrations each than the American editions. They're cheaper, too. When I order them, I'm getting the English editions. ## Have you heard about this?: "Artist-poet Theodor S. Geisel, better known as Dr. Seuss, has given the manuscripts, publisher's dummies, original drawings, page proofs and other material from 13 of his works to UCLA's Library. # The gift is valued at \$26,955. # This is the second of Geisel's donations to UCLA. The first included the manuscripts and art work of 19 of his books for children which were evaluated at \$72,700 by a Los Angeles bookdealer." (UCLA Daily Bruin, March 4). I know Seuss is popular, but that's fantastic!

Well, I almost finished the mailing comments again. Someday, they'll be complete. Not commented upon but particularly enjoyed were WARHOON, SPELEOBEM, and SAPROLLER. And yes, Bruce, I do want to see more of "The DistAWF Side".