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NO 7

RECEIVED JAN 22 1964

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Harness; p. 9 by unknown Athenian artist, circa 2,500 years ago.

PACIFICON II in 1964!

LONCON II in 1965!

Salamander Press #38.

Though as a member in long standing of America's great Consuming Public, I've become accustomed to skimming over the advertisements in the periodicals I read, there is still one thing I keep a sharp eye out for as I flip past the gaudy come-ons: the word "free". For while most "free" offers are just gimmicks of no real interest, there are just enough worthwhile items to make the time spent in looking for them profitable. And by "worthwhile items", I mean the screwball offers of the Stan Freberg variety. These are the ideas that help made advertising an art form to be studied; and I've managed to build a small collection of these free promotional gimmicks. I'd like to tell you about a couple of them.

The prize of my collection is a stamp album from the Helipot Corp., a local manufacturer of precision instruments. Passing over the album itself, the stamps themselves consist of sheets of 14 or more of the following: a 1¢ buff-and-yellow triangular, with a picture of a caveman scrawling " $E=mc^2$ " on his cave wall, and the inscription, "Engineers are people"; a 2¢ light-and-dark orange square of the U.S. "Virginia Dare" commemorative dimensions, inscribed, "We welcome your problems with enthusiasm" -- I'm sure you've all seen the accompanying illustration; a 3¢ green-and-yellow of the same dimensions, picturing a man tossing a memo into the wastebasket as he says into the telephone, "Yes, sir, that's a firm date!"; a 4¢ rectangular (purple) inscribed, "People are basically honest", showing two statues glaring mistrustfully at each other; and a 5¢ pink-and-orange upright rectangular showing a man with an apple on his head and two arrows in his chest, with the caption, "Keep smiling -- Have faith". Accompanying all of this is a note: "Upon inspection Of your stamp collection You may draw the conclusion There's nothing for fusion But lick 'em There's stickum." You may be sure that I have not licked 'em; I'm keeping this set in mint condition. I don't recall what these stamps were in promotion of; a Christmas greeting on the envelope might mean that they were just Christmas gifts from the company to its customers. But it's a sterling example of kook advertising, in any case.

General Dynamics commissioned a series of posters for the Genova International Exposition of 1955, around the theme of "Atoms for Peace". These were non-humorous, in the line of serious poster art. They were reprinted in connection with a series of advertisements, the last of which offered the set of posters reprinted on thick cardboard in a postcard format. There were 9 in all, well worth the stamp it took to send for them. They are lithoed in full color; beautiful examples of good abstract art.

There's no room to tell you about any others now; I may go on next issue. My point is that you can get some excellent items for no more than the trouble of writing for them, if you know how to go about it. If you ever see anything of this sort, why not try it? And let me know about it -- it may be an advertisement I've missed.

"TO THOSE WHO SERVE WHAT WE MUST HAVE..."

I notice that the "Hugo" ballot this year has a new category: Best Science Fiction Book Publisher. This is a happy choice; while I don't think it's going to encourage the publishers much to improve their standards competing for it, it's still nice to see that the publishers who have shown by their wares that they are interested in our field will get some recognition.

On first consideration, I immediately thought of the science fiction specialty houses. It's too bad that most of them are defunct by now; I would've liked to see Fantasy Press get something for all the top-quality books it produced between 1947 and 1957. Good stories, some with fine illustrations or endpapers; solid, colorful felt binding and gold-leaf lettering; top quality paper; eye-catching dust jackets; reasonable prices. The two Polaris Press volumes are deserving of awards by themselves, for their quality. I think Eshbach will be missed more than any of the other fan-pro editors; his wares were all that you could ask for, in both quality and frequency of publication.

On the other hand, the one remaining specialty publisher in this field, Arkham House, has increased its publishing frequency this last year to the point that it will be a serious contender for the "Hugo". In a way, this is more than fitting -- after all, Arkham House was the first such specialty publisher in this field to ever amount to anything. August Derleth preserved the fine weird-fantasy of Lovecraft, CASmith, Whitehead, Howard, and others from oblivion in the forgotten back issues of WEIRD TALES. (Who, even among today's prozine collectors, ever reads all the old magazines he buys?) He made Fritz Leiber's Adept's Gambit available to us in Night's Black Agents, and brought William Hope Hodgson to this country in the two memorable collections, The House on the Borderland and Carnacki, the Ghost-Finder. For about ten years after 1948, though, Arkham House seemed practically extinct, sometimes not managing to produce more than one book in over a year -- I would wonder with each one if it were a "last gasp" effort. Happily, though, Arkham House has been picking up speed lately, and this last year has seen such titles as The Dunwich Horror and Others (Lovecraft), Collected Poems (Lovecraft), The Horror from the Hills (Long), Who Fears the Devil? (Wellman), and Mr. George and Other Odd Persons ("Grendon"); and more are forthcoming momentarily. These are also fine products; excellent examples of weird fantasy, printed on fine paper, attractively bound (though that Holliston Black Novelex is murder on taking fingermarks), with artistic dust jackets. The prices are usually a trifle high, but considering that all the other specialty publishers charging lower prices have gone bankrupt, it's a necessary evil. If this "Hugo" were being limited to the sf specialty houses, Arkham House would win in a walk. As it is, its quality will still make it a strong contender, even though its half-dozen titles can't match Doubleday or the paperback publishers for quantity.

Arkham House isn't the only specialty publisher in the field, come to think of it, but Advent: Publishers doesn't publish science fiction itself, and Canaveral's just getting started. Most of Canaveral's production so far, too, has been the Burroughs titles in public domain; as everybody is reprinting Burroughs today, this doesn't make Canaveral's wares unique enough to merit a "Hugo" this year, to my mind. Next year, with the hitherto-unpublished Burroughs material and the new Doc Smith books, it may be a different story.

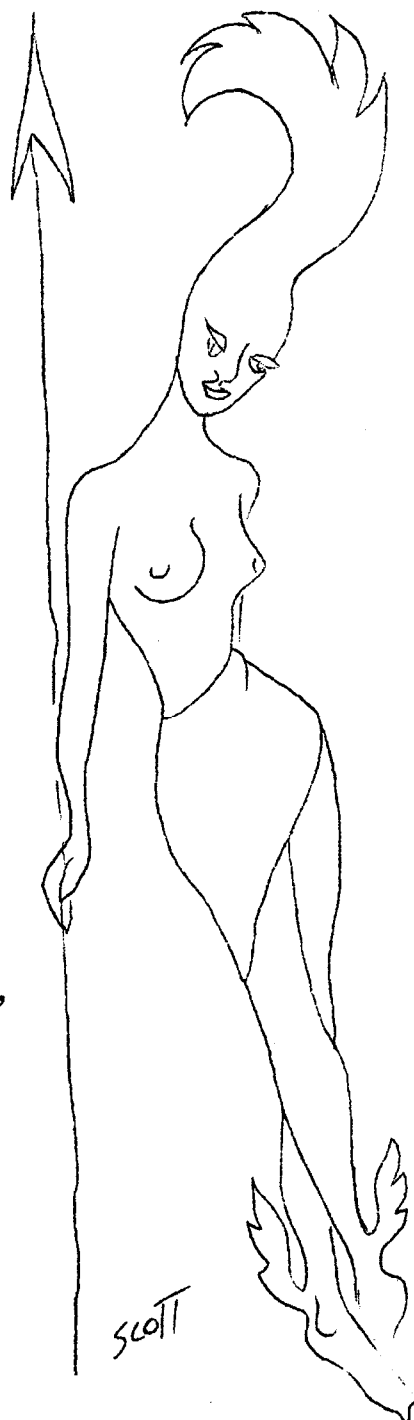
Are there any mainstream publishers whose science fiction lines might qualify them for the "Hugo"? Certainly Doubleday's would. Doubleday seldom publishes anything of outstanding merit, but it seldom hits a real clinker, either, and it leads all other hardback publishers in quantity of sf published. In its SF Book Club, it also reprints the pick of all the other mainstream publishers' sf crops; and the organization of the SF Book Club makes hardbacked sf available to many who otherwise would seldom see anything besides the paperbacks. Doubleday, then, is another major choice for the "Hugo".

I don't think any of the other mainstream publishers have much of a showing this year, though. Putnam has Blish, Heinlein, and Piper among its stable of authors, but Glory Road is its only title of any merit in the last twelve months; scarcely enough to make it a strong contender. Harcourt, Brace & World has Andre Norton, Arthur C. Clarke, and the American edition of the Amis-Conquest Spectrum anthologies; Simon & Schuster has the annual Merril collection of Year's Best S-F; more good quality, but not much of it. Were there any other publishers of hardcover sf during 1963? I can't recall any. (Well, Avalon...)

What about the paperback publishers? To my mind, there are two looming giants for 1963 -- Ace and Pyramid. How do these compare?

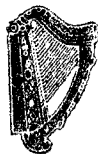
Ace has regularly released something like five titles a month during the entire 1963 period. One double-novel, one single novel, a Burroughs reprint, and either a second Burroughs reprint, a Norton reprint, or another original single novel. As with Doubleday, while few of these are outstanding, most are at least good leisure reading. Ace would probably be a strong "Hugo" candidate on its record of Burroughs reprints alone. True, it started the series during 1962, and it had to share the glory with Ballantine this year. But it still produced a praiseworthy amount, in a uniform format, preserving the spirit of the old St. John illustrations, offering more variety than just the Tarzan and John Carter series, and often including introductions or forewords of real bibliographic interest. For these reasons, I would say that Ace was at least neck-and-neck with Ballantine in its Burroughs production, even if it couldn't produce the complete Tarzan and Mars series in its distinctive format.

Pyramid has consistently been producing a large number of good books, both originals and reprints, and it reached some notable high peaks in 1963. The Unknown (Benson) and Swords and Sorcery (de Camp) hopefully herald a new trend of what many of us want most -- good science fantasy and heroic fantasy; the more the better. These two collections are wonderfully presented: not just thrown together, but with witty, appealing, almost fannish blurbs, full reprint credits and tables of contents, illustrations!, and a clear layout (the text not disappearing into the inside margin). Though these two were a dime more than most Pyramid books, they were worth it. Other Pyramid books of the past year include Lest Darkness Fall (de Camp), the last two Skylark novels of Doc Smith, Waldo and Magic, Inc. (Heinlein), and too many other originals and reprints to list here. Man of Two Worlds (Jones) gave us 268 pages for 40¢; a bargain at today's prices. Pyramid's specialty seems to be top-quality reprints, and if its line of originals isn't of the highest caliber, it's at least as good as anyone else's. (Did anyone produce a really good novel during 1963?) An enviable record, to be sure.



(Continued on page 9)

A HARP FOR TED JOHNSTONE



COMMENTS ON THE 65TH MAILING

DIE WIS #10 — (Schultz) You should've taken notes and sent them to Jim Harmon or to Harlan Ellison. My school days were comparatively mild. There were a few bullies around, but no real fuss about rumbles or girls In Trouble that I ever recall hearing of (of course, I was pretty much of an introvert at that time, so I may have missed something). We have the same situation with fireworks being illegal that you did, except that we never had to go very far afield to get ours, because of all the little enclaves in the midst of the legal City of Los Angeles. Every year for as long as I can remember, starting about two weeks before the 4th, a large roadside stand (with plenty of flamboyant advertising) goes up on Slauson Blvd. right next to the Los Angeles — Culver City border, just inside Culver City, where sale of fireworks is legal; and it does a rush business for that two weeks. The day after the 4th, it's deserted, and in another week, it's dismantled; until next year. This is the outlet I'm most familiar with; there're others scattered around wherever the LA City law doesn't extend. Some fans go all the way down to Tijuana for fireworks, I understand, but it really isn't necessary. If roman candles are all you're after. Once you've got the fireworks, there's never any trouble about using them; the law is one of those things that's seldom enforced as long as you're not too obvious about breaking it. The various stands in Culver City and such places even take out full-page advertisements in the regular Los Angeles newspapers without anybody saying anything. ## When I did use fireworks myself, about 14 to 9 years ago, the local craze was snail detonating. You went out onto the lawn with a flashlight and some firecrackers, just after dark when the snails were coming out of the bushes and beginning to become active. You'd pick a nice, fat specimen sliding along and put a firecracker in its path. Wait until the snail started to climb over the obstacle, then light the fuse, and get out of the way of possible flying slime. I was occasionally charged with cruelty to God's creatures, but I could never see that it was any worse than poisoning them, which most grownups did the rest of the year.

THE DAILY BITE — (Toskey & Weber) I now believe in Bob Bloch's "A Way of Life", when he talks about Fandom continuing in the wilds after the rest of civilization is destroyed. The whole thing still seems slightly incredible to me — were you really interested in fishing, or were you just looking for an excuse to publish a one-shot? Which part of your gear took top priority; pup tent, fishing tackle, or the spirit duplicator? I envision an African safari trekking through the thorn forest, with a special porter for ditto or mimco, paper, stencils (or masters), typer, lightbox, and similar apparatus.

WATLING STREET #17 — (Lichtman) I, too, was pleasantly surprised when I found how much old fanzines will bring in cold cash on the open market. I knew, of course, of the bookstore on 8th St. downtown whose proprietor had apparently some knowledge of Fandom and charged 75¢ apiece for old FANTASY ADVERTISERS or whatever other fanzines happened to cross his path. And I knew that fans generally save the zines they get, sometimes even trading items back and forth. But that fans are willing (and able) to pay the equivalent of a good day's wages for this old ephemera is something which I had not realized. I shall certainly bear it in mind in the future.

PILLAR OF FIRE #6 -- (Brown) But The Star Wasps wasn't meant as a satire, I don't think. Robert Moore Williams is a delightful person with a real sense of humor, but I'm pretty sure most of his stories are serious in intent. I know he doesn't think much of them as literature; he says he's tired of trying to write good stories that get rejected by editors as being over the heads of their audiences. Now, he's just turning out wordage to order for Don Wollheim, and doing quite well at it -- he said The Day They H-Bombed Los Angeles outsold any one issue of ANALOG. The Star Wasps is basically the same story that Wollheim likes so well, that Bob Williams re-writes every few months for re-sale.

THE DINKY BIRD #8 -- (Berman) The Fellowship is as usual. Pelz has started one for N'APA now, called Masters of the Microcosm, which looks so far as though it'll deal mostly in puns with comic book references, since that seems to be the subject with which our largely-neofannish membership is best acquainted. I hope it works out as well as the Fellowship in promoting a group spirit; something which N'APA needs badly. ## You get my vote for top honors in poetry in our next Pillar Poll! ## Yes, The Wonderful Adventures of Nils makes me want to go and visit Sweden; a reaction that many actual travel books fail to impart. When a book succeeds in possessing two admirable qualities, when only one is enough to make it a highly desirable item in its field, ... Well, what more can one say about it? ## Sorry I'm all out of copies of DRY MARTOONI #2; if I ever get any back, I'll send them to you. I hope those copies of Dian's cover will do in the meantime. I originally ran off 120-odd copies of the cover, intending to put the zine through both FAPA and Shadow-FAPA, but I didn't get around to publishing the zine itself until the very last moment before the deadline, when there was neither time nor paper enough to run more than enough copies for FAPA itself. So I still have around 40 copies of the cover.

SAPTERRANEAN #9 -- (Breen) I suppose we'll be seeing you at the coin show at the Statler in a month or so, Walt? ## The first porno I ever saw (aside from crude postcards from Tijuana) was during my brief stay in a fraternity in college, and I didn't give it more than a skimming through then as I'd been ordered by the frat actives to study it, and I dislike being told what to do. That's about the only experience I've had with the stuff. I did recently read a paperback by Jim Harmon & Redd Boggs, but mostly because it was set around the comic book industry; I again skipped over the sex scenes, because (from my point of view) the plot always slowed down there. Jack Harness later asked me how I liked it, remarking that this was an example of "real hardcore stuff". Assuming Jack wasn't putting me on, which he probably was, all I can say is, what's all the fuss about? ## In Chile, it's "ciencia-ficción". I've seen some of Hugo Correa's paperbound sf novels from Santiago, and that's how they refer to it on their cover blurbs. Correa is described as having "la concepción y el vuelo imaginativo de Huxley y de Orwell en sus famosos libros titulados "Un Mundo Feliz" y "1984"." Correa was introduced to us briefly a couple of years ago, "cuando uno de los mejores escritores en el género, Ray Bradbury, presentó al novelista chileno en las principales revistas de ciencia-ficción de los Estados Unidos, publicando, además, en "The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction", su relato titulado "El Ultimo Elemento". (F&SF, April 1962) To my knowledge, though, that's been his only appearance in the American prozines. (Quotes taken from the blurbs on Correa's El Que Merodea en la Lluvia, Santiago de Chile, Zig-Zag, 1962. 211 pgs., np. A literal translation of the title is "He Who Searches for Plunder in the Rain"; the cover shows a rocket ship coming in low over a rainy landscape. As I only got a "D" in Spanish, I'm not about to translate all 211 pages of it, so I can't tell you whether it's any good or not.) ## So send me your article on Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker"; I'm trying to get SALAMANDER started again. ## I don't give two hoots if the Berkeley Boys are holding the con in Oakland or Grinda or on a pile of guano 78 miles off the coast of Peru. Their warcry is still "66 Frisco or Fight"; "Frisco is a Dirty Word" is a lovely comeback. ## I like British comedies very much, but except for a few art theatres, most of them don't get distribution around this area. I'm indebted to the idiot box for introducing me to "Passport to Pimlico", "The Green Man", "Tight Little Island", "The Lavender Hill Mob", and others whose titles I don't recall offhand.

SPACEWARP #77 -- (Art Rapp) I still think that Bruce should've produced a toothy smile for his picture on that SPECTATOR cover. ## Did you ever see that N3F one-shot of a couple years ago, where we held the Fan Hilton kittens up to the keys of the electric typer? Fully as literate as your younger generation, I do assure you. ## "Come out from behind that "K.L." Nangee, we recognize you!" I believe that I shall reprint that line in the Cult, where it will be given a positively obscene connotation. ## We got a copy of Toskey's math book in our library. ## I'll probably give you second place for poetry.

IGNATZ #34 -- (Nan Rapp) You mean the Italians haven't invented window screen yet? Why don't you introduce them and become a Focal Point in history, like Martin Padway? ## Italy may have prozines and fannish types, but does it have a fandom?

PILLAR OF FIRE #5 -- (Brown) Hey, I recognized that Faulkner story you were parodying. I didn't know I'd ever read any Faulkner before (well, I had to read one of his novels for a college English class, but this wasn't it). I may be more literate than I'd realized. Ask me another.

POT POURRI #31 -- (Berry) Walt Daugherty gave a lecture on space-age postage stamps at the LASFS about a year ago, complete with colored slide projections. It was a notable success. Walt's main theme was the same as yours, that the U.S. should get on the ball and "close the stamp gap", as it were. The audience agreed with him completely. ## Did you ever get that fossil we found in Utah last August? I'll have to ask Bruce if he ever sent it.

AN OPEN LETTER TO LEE HOFFMAN -- (Ency) You're going to have to get Geo. Heap to making more Hyborian Legion badges, in self defense. And I wish that I'd attended that FAPA meeting now, instead of going to whatever else was on at the same time. ## Was that filksinging minicon really after the con proper ended? It's one of my clearest recollections of the whole shebang. I've been to other filksings at other cons, and I'll agree that this one was one of the splendidist. I hope Chuck Hansen got it all down on his everpresent tape recorder. We're going to have to have a special filksing at some future con where everybody will just keep quiet and listen to Chuck's tapes. ## By and large, my con experiences dovetailed pretty well with yours. I'm glad to see this, particularly as I didn't write a proper convention report of my own. Thanks a lot. ## And congratulations on putting on a decent Costume Ball. The announcement of the masqueraders' names wasn't always too clear, especially at first when the band broke out into its ratatatata at the same time the announcement was given, but this was the only sore point; a drastic improvement over the Chi-Con's Ball.





This is a watchbird watching Walter Breen!

presented as such "realistic idiots" that a feeling of "maybe they would try something like this" is almost successfully put across. ## I've heard that the Cuban gov't around 1940 tried putting licorice-flavored mucilage on its postage stamps, but quit when too many parents complained that their kids were licking the gum off the stamps before they could be used.

"To Those Who Serve What We Must Have..." --cont'd from page 5

Ballantine is a large contender, but I don't think it quite matches the other two, this year. For some reason, it's been concentrating on reprinting its best-sellers of past years, almost to the exclusion of anything else. There are the Burroughs reprints, of course -- in fact, I'll bet that the big splash made by releasing the first ten Tarzan titles together will get it more than a few votes. But for the reasons given above, I wouldn't put Ballantine more than even with Ace on Burroughs production -- and Ace's regular turnout of so much more new material by other authors gives it a decided edge. Besides, on the matter of availability: I would guess that Ballantine's 50¢ pricetag makes its wares less available than Ace's and Pyramid's 40¢ books, to the casual buyer.

Other publishers? Berkeley put out a lot, and so did Avon; but not enough, I think, to rank in the same class with Pyramid or Ace as to quantity (qualitywise, they're about equal). Bantam, Signet, Popular Library, and the others either were of decidedly inferior quality, or didn't publish nearly enough sf. The much-heralded Lancer Science Fiction Library proved a bust, degenerating to reprinting readily-available Asimov titles at 75¢ each; and Belmont's self-proclaimed "prize" collections deserve more censure for their cover claims than praise for their contents.

My predictions, then, for at least the five finalists on the last "Hugo" ballot are Arkham House, Doubleday, Ace, Pyramid, and Ballantine; and my personal vote for the winner will go to one of the first four of these. All five have fine reputations for making much good science fiction and fantasy available to the public over the years; it's about time they get recognition. The "Hugo" ballot states that this Best SF Book Publisher category replaces the "Special Award", "for this year only", so this may be the only time you'll have a chance to vote for whom you consider the best publisher to be. Don't pass up the opportunity.

SPY RAY -- (Ency) Have you read Peter Bryant's revised edition of Red Alert, retitled Dr. Strange-love to jibe with the film being made of it? It's been turned into a grisly comedy, ending up the same way as On the Beach. The Russians have just completed the nuclear deterrent to end all nuclear deterrents; a massive device or series of H-Bombs all jacketed in cobalt, buried somewhere in the Urals and set to go off if a mechanical meter ever registers above a certain level of radioactivity in the USSR, showing that Russia had been attacked. The resulting explosion of the device would blast enough "dirty" material into the atmosphere to shower the whole world with a fallout lethal for 100 years. A gun pointed at the head of the rest of the world, in effect. Unfortunately, due to the comedy of errors that constitutes the plot of the book, an H-Bomb is detonated in Russia before the rest of the world is informed of the existence of the doomsday device. The whole thing reads rather impressively, and the cast is pre-

....What? Who in hell is that? How'd he manage to crawl into this mailing? Patten must be off on another one of his "be kind to neos" binges. Look at all those fuggheads on the WL lined up for admission to the zoo... The whole damned apa is going to the dogs....

Woof. So here I am, taking up space and depriving you of Fearless Fred's penetrating analysis of the last mailing. Instead, I'm afraid you'll either have to wade through several crude pages of observations by an inexperienced fugghead, or turn to the lettercol and see what Harry Warner has to say THIS month. Thanx to Fred for his magnanimous gesture. For what they're worth, here are my impressions of last mailing.

DIE WIS--(Schultz) Do you manage to pick up Jean Shepherd on the radio out there in Detroit? Your narrative sounds very similar to the stories he recounts of his boyhood experiences in Indiana.

By all means, tell us about the home made riot guns. My experience as a Munitions Maker extends solely to film stink bombs (you can't even do that anymore since they took the Silver Sulfide out) and to the manufacture of an explosive powder consisting of Sugar, Potassium Chlorate and Manganese Dioxide. You merely place some on a stick and one touch of a match sends a footlong shower of purple flame from the end. It came in very handy for making like Buck Rogers.

WATLING STREET--(Lichtman) More and more teenagers seem to be becoming dissatisfied with Rock and Roll. I consider Negro spiritual music as a subset of Folk music, myself, but one could argue semantics.

What I really mean to say is that most teenagers are becoming dissatisfied with loud meaningless howling, and seeking more tuneful entertainment. Ray Charles is enjoyable to me, but I loathe the numerous groups of "howlers about surfboards and other varied junk". I consider r&r to be good as "music to listen to while typing mailing comments". Good Folk music is far superior to rock&roll.

I wish I could painlessly dispose of backlogs of junk as you do. It tore the very soul out of me to throw out my collection of 5,000 comics two years ago, and my six shelves of stf are glaring ominously out of the bookcase. Don't know what I'll do when the Time comes.

POT POURRI--(Berry) I hope as you are reading this that there is safely enclosed in SAPS 66 a new Goon Novelette. I got to read the last one briefly while glancing through SAPS 64 and thought it was G*R*E*A*T.

SPY RAY (OpGrFc236--Eney) I enjoyed the con report muchly. It's interesting to see what the con committee does during all the pandemonium.

Re Destroying the Human Race for Fun and Profit; what about the effect that a deluge of bombs would have on the terrain? The whole East Coast might go under

CRYPTIC
BABBLINGS OF
A FUTURE SAPSITE!

LEN MC'S
BY
BAILES

water and there would certainly be tremendous earthquakes out West. Not to mention the fact that if there are any survivors they'll probably wind up killing themselves anyway. You also do not treat the problem of sterilization and mutations from fallout. You may not destroy the progeny of what was once the human race, but whether said progeny could be considered to be part of humanity is a ticklish question. ((Reminds me of the closing paragraphs of Sturgeon's "Memorial". --fwp))

Leaving the threat of nuclear war temporarily, what about mutating a virus till it's out of control, something on the order of THE LAST VIAL by Doctor McClatchie? And then there are always all those fun nervegases that the Nazis developed. Suppose a three pronged attack was launched; Bombs, a new disease and poison gas. It seems to me that you'd certainly come close. Man isn't likely to destroy himself, but I think that he does have the necessary technology to do so.

ENZYME--(Castora) What did you think of the JSA revival in Justice League recently? You wouldn't be one of those nuts who'll pay 8-10 bucks for a copy of All-Star, would you? ((Hah! --fwp)) If so, maybe we can do business, because I can get them much cheaper in NY City if the profit is a sufficient motivational force. Nice to see you on the N'APA WL; you'll probably be in before long.

FLABBERGASTING--(Toskey) Perhaps you can solve a problem which has been bugging me for about a year now. Firstly, where $a = \text{any number in the reals}$, $a^0 = 1$. 0 being a real number, one can say that 0^0 also equals 1. If the preceding is true, then $0^0/0^0$ is equal to one because $a/a = 1$ where $a \neq 0$ and $0^0 \neq 0$. It is also true that a^b/a^b equals $(a/a)^b$ so that $0^0/0^0$ is equal to $(0/0)^0$ which equals 1, but this contradicts the definition that in the expression a^0 , a must be a real number, because $0/0$ is of indeterminate value. I think maybe that the discrepancy can be resolved with the theory of limits, but that's beyond my present mathematical capabilities. [[Did you get all those symbols on your typer, Fred?]] ((§_&#/^*%#! And I hope I made a typo somewhere! --fwp))

Have you heard the little known Burroughsian history in regard to Amtor? It seems that Carson and Duare were trapped in one of the forest regions of Strabol. Their wanderings brought them to the shore of a furiously rushing river. In observing the terrain, Carson noted a peculiar type of vegetation. It consisted of a series of branches of various lengths sprouting vertically from a horizontal tree trunk. The first such branch was 1 mile in height as was the second. The third was 1/2 mile in height, then the next was 1/6 and then 1/24 followed by 1/5! and so on. Seeing the answer to their plight, Carson cut down the tree, and they set sail on a raft composed of a series of Napierian Logs. (Anybody else that gets that one and hasn't already keeled over in agony gets the Brass Fiblec with Bronze Oakleaf Clusters.)

WILD COLONIAL BOY--(Foyster) I enjoyed Mervyn Barrett's account of his trip and also the article on Sydney at Easter. Thank for including them.

HIEROGLYPHIC--(Kaye) You like Breaking Point? I've watched the thing two or three times and barely refrained from bursting out laughing. The actors are hammy, and the dialog even hammier. The thesis of the show seems to be that the psychiatrist spouts a juicy piece of Freud and the patient is instantaneously cured. Something like, "Now, Mr. Smith, your problem is quite simple. You hate your father and you were bitten by a cat as a child. Knowing this, you can see why your panic when the tiger at the zoo ate his keeper was purely irrational...."

Personally, there is one new TV series which I've grown to like. It's The Fugitive. This is a series about a man mistakenly convicted of murdering his wife. He escapes, and the weekly plot concerns his wanderings about the USA searching for the real killer and fleeing from the cops. Despite the seemingly trite plotline, David Jansen as Kimble, the fugitive, acts the part superbly. It's on ABC on Tuesdays around here.

MISTY--(Mine kindly benefactor, Fred Patten) It feels peculiar to comment on Fred's zine, since I am presently located therein, but I do want to tell Fred how much I enjoyed his trip report. (I really enjoyed your trip report, Fred.) Too bad about CS Lewis's passing. Now we'll never know how it came to pass that Jadis enslaved Narnia.

As far as that Peace March goes, it was called off because of too many cops prowling around who might have gotten the Wrong Impression. A much smaller group did make the trek unofficially, but I wasn't part of it.

MEST--(Johnstone) You might be interested to know that in addition to Kent McDaniel (whose full name is D. K. McDaniel) ~~((? --fwp))~~, there is also a David Johnstone in fandom. Howzabout that? Just to confuse things, his middle initial is A. as in Soth A. Johnson. Whatcha, gonna call yourself now? I don't see why you don't stick to Johnstone anyway; after all, you were here first.

YEZIDEE--(Girard) Keep those Shalar stories coming. What happened to the con report you said you were going to include?

The Burroughs stories I like best are THE MOON MAID and BEYOND THIRTY (THE LOST CONTINENT). I find most of the Mars series after the first three as too repetitious to be really enjoyable. After all, anyone can write a Mars book. First you pick a relative of John Carter and invent some hidden cities and an arena or torture chamber. Next you have a trek over the Dead Sea bottoms in which someone is shot at, dismembered, or otherwise captured by the Green Men; and finally you have the clinch scene in which the Princess finally decides that she's in love with the particular slob who's been gallivanting around rescuing her for the last 20 chapters. To add realism you can refer to a Nineteenth Century grammar book and a copy of WORLDS IN COLLISION by Velikovsky, or use Robert Lawson or Shaver to concoct pseudoe explanations so that you can invent any kind of death ray you happen to be in the mood for. With all this, if you still can't think of a plot, then simply transfer a country from Earth to Mars and change the name around. You can't use Nazi Germany because Burroughs scooped you in CARSON OF VENUS, but there's always Russia to throw around for kicks.

SLUG--(Weber) Congrats on winning TAFF. I guess you've temporarily decided against putting your Universe reversal plan into operation, or you would have let one of the other two win.

Just think, when you finally do do it all the world will be concerned with fandom and they'll sell YANDRO on the newsstands. ~~((I can just picture the Coulsons reacting to the notion of increasing their press run to 1,200,000 copies. --fwp))~~ The N3F will be the world government (Ghu, what a horrible thought). ~~((With the Cult vetoing everything and defaulting on its dues payments. --fwp))~~ Of course, here and there will be some courageous individualists who will form Mundane clubs, the prime purpose of which will be to talk about Lawrence Welk and watch situation comedies over closed circuit television "apas". Then there'll be the conventions where Pulitzer Prizes are awarded...

Say Wally, do you think we might be able to talk you out of it for a few more hundred years?

SPELEOBEM--(Polz) A pox on Tom Armistead! Raise waitlist prices, fic! The DisTawf Side is very interesting reading. Is there any chance of you publishing the whole thing as one fanzine?

Funny, none of the subway stations I've seen have ever been closed at night. When would you have a need to use a bootknife, outside if you were suddenly teleported to Coventry or hit by a zeta beam? Don't tell me they're THAT vicious at LASFS.