

MISTILY MEANDERING

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PACIFICON II in 1964!

LONCON II in 1965!
Salamander Press no. 46.

DEFENTION II in 1966!

The following six pages were collected from the frabjous 4th of July party at Paul & Ellie Turner's place last weekend. Not quite enough for a one-shot, but too many to just toss out. Besides, I need something to pad out this issue of MISTY. Too bad for Hank Stine & Fred Lerner, who owe pages in N'APA and thought I was gonna postmail it through there.

The party this year started Friday, July 3rd, and lasted until Sunday. There were over 50 fans there; one of the largest gatherings outside of a regular convention that I've seen. The "theme" of this party sure isn't hard to find; it was card games. Mostly brag, with some 500, and bridge and poker (I think). There were sometimes two and three full games of brag (8 players to a table, comfortably) being played simultaneously. I have too short an attention span to enjoy a solid three days of cards, which is why I kept jumping up periodically to try to get the one-shot going.

It wasn't all cards, though. Late Sat. night, into the next morning, we had the best filk-sing since the DisCon, or possibly before that. All impromptu, too, and Johnstone didn't threaten to sing "Eskimo Nell" more than three times. Bruce, Ted, and Karen were the main features here. Next afternoon, those tired of playing brag outside gathered inside to play Botticelli, at Karen's direction. Let's just say that Jack Harness is a fiendish master of Botticelli and leave it at that.

Getting back to brag, I want to warn you all about Fred Lerner. The man's mad. With my own eyes, I've seen him bet up to 75¢ with nothing more than a 10-high. Without trying to bluff anyone out, as far as I could tell. Bill Blackbeard is our most easily distracted player; we have to keep reminding him when the play comes around to him again. Bruce Pelz is the compulsive player of the lot; for the three days of the party, he hardly left the card table at all. What're my faults, boys?

A word on the cover this issue. It's the first full-size piece of fanzine art that I've ever put on stencil by myself, and it took me from 2 1/2 to 3 hours. My hand is so unsteady it's unbelievable; I can't draw a short straight line without a lettering guide of some sort to prop me up. Sigh.

~~The CR-TR~~
(Fred Lerner)

WE PICKED HIM UP IN A 'BRAG' RAID, CHIEF!



Edmund R M
Ed Clinton

Rayn +

Jesse Clinton

Bill Allen

Dalehart

N.A. Bratton

Bill Wisher

John F. & Bjo

Henry + TINE

Obstrid Anderson

Dean Pelz

Don Fitch

Jack Harness

Paul C. Turner

The Divine Alhazrat Ibn Cutlurka

Frank W. Heigot

aka the Right Rev Scribe Ixta Kofarm

Zeke Lajpau

Whee-wheerigan the tenth of

Paul Anderson

the Palace of the Green Zlurone in

Karen Anderson

the Holy Province of the Hawk in

Fred Patten

Conlor, Coventry, Somewhere in

Bill Brest Boac

the Seven levels of the Omnidura

Dennis N. Smith

Ted Johnstone & Lin Johnstone

Ron Elick

Stan Woolston
Len Moffatt

Red Boggs

Ellie (The Joo) Turner

Phil Johnson

Katya Hulan

Al Lewis

Dave Hulan

Roy A. Squires

Gordon Eklund

Al Hulan

Rick Smeary

the un"flag"ging
Barney Bernard

Lee Jacobs

Paul Puckett

Robert H. Cline

Bruce E. Pely O.E.²

Forest J. Schuman

Fritz Leiber

Tonquil Leiber

Bob Charin

Steve Toller

Luise Brannan

Steve Carter

Roberta Pournelle

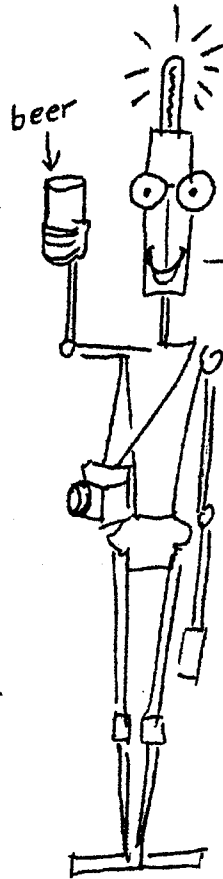
Betty Knight

Kim Anger

Gail Kneuth

Joy Pournelle

Lois Lavender

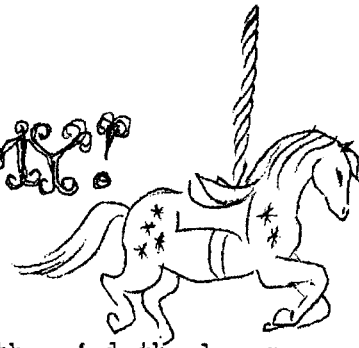


HERE I AM, YOU
LUCKY FANS
COURTESY OF
MAGNUS!

Bernie
Uber '64

DIR DANIELS

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS, OH MY!



One cat had a crab; the other had a quail in its mouth. And the bears were straight out of Leslie Brooke. And they followed you with their eyes as they went by.

This menagerie is a part of the cast on one of the merry-go-rounds at Knott's Berry Farm. Some of us took a brief side trip from this wild party -- actually, we went over to the Trimbles' to sack out last (Friday) night, and this morning, all of us (John & Bjo, Adrienne Martine, Fred Lerner, Hank Stine, & myself) went over to the Berry Farm for breakfast before coming back. And as Lerner has never been to Knott's before, Bjo took us all over to the old merry-go-round -- which I hadn't seen before, either.

The merry-go-round was one of the wonderful old-style machines, with more than just horses on it. There were cats (carrying birds in their mouths), boars, hares, lions, ostriches, and many others. They were all obviously quite old, and about 2/3 were in need of repainting -- the other 1/3 had been recently painted, but a lot of it was in the modern metallic paints which isn't bad, but didn't fit the mood of the rest. Instead of painted wooden eyes, all the animals had glass eyes, of the sort whose pupils seem to follow you as you go past them. There were two orchestrians; unfortunately, it was the minor of them that was playing.

We were all fascinated by the carroussel, and by a fortunate coincidence, the owner of the company in charge of providing and maintaining the rides at Knott's -- Rud Hurlbut -- happened to be there and was happy to talk about it. He and Bjo got into a long conversation about carrousels. This one was a Dentzel -- this doesn't mean too much to me, but Dentzel was apparently a craftsman who specialized in building merry-go-rounds. The different animals were all hand-carved, with a lot more detail than the machine-made carrousel horses today. The original painting was much more lifelike in its shading -- Bjo was very happy to note dappled horses, and she complained that no one spends any time on such details today; the animals are all just spray-painted one basic color. Mr. Hurlbut told us about the old fellow who had been repainting these particular animals, a little at a time. One of the things he'd insisted on being allowed to do was to repaint one of the horses with aluminum paint. Those in charge of the merry-go-round turned down this idea because it was so out of style with the old-fashioned mood of the machine. But the fellow felt that a generation of children brought up with the Lone Ranger for a folk-hero would all approve of a silver horse, so he went ahead and painted it aluminum anyway. And sure enough, said Mr. Hurlbut, most of the smaller kids will head for the silver horse first thing. So they left it that way.

Presumably, the whole carroussel will be restored to its old glory soon. Repainting a merry-go-round is the sort of thing we'd like to get in on, if possible -- more to make sure it's done right than for any other reason. Of course, there's always the Ship that Sailed to Mars to restore first -- and all the original St. John and Burroughs art that was damaged in the fire at ERBurroughs, Inc. some years ago, to be salvaged. We'll have to add carroussel-repairing to our list of Things To Do When We Get Time. Well, it was a great interlude in a great party, anyway.

I HAD SOME CLUBS

(but that time
over there

I'm told Ed Mestkys once wrote an essay with a title something like the one above, comparing SF clubs he has known. I feel a bit tempted to do the same. They tell me it's a bad season in Berkeley, and I'm willing to believe it. There's too much politickin' and too little partyin' up there — and I'm stuck by the Bay Hill Pacificon time. But Los Angeles is different.

Ed Mestkys and I flew down from Oakland, just in time to make Thursday's LASFS meeting. That in itself was worth the trip — compared to the clubs I've seen in Berkeley and New York, LASFS is the perfection of Fandom.

What I like most about LA Fandom is its cohesiveness. (Okay, laugh, Pelz & Johnstone). Feuds long since forgotten still disfigure New York Fandom; Berkeley will be hopeless for twenty years now. But for 30 years LASFS has set an example of sanity & solidarity to Fandom.

New York/Newark Fandom is split into about 7 or 8 clubs, most of which I belong to. And most of them are crashing bores — small meetings too often, stale or non-existent programs. Sci-Fi (the City College SF Club) has fallen on bad times since Ed Mestkys wrote on it in the last N3F One-Shot. There are barely enough people to hold office, and most of the more valuable members have left the club, showing up only rarely — at major programs or films. I'm quite sure that the CCNY subsidy of \$120/term is all that keeps Sci-Fi in existence. But there's still an enormous potential for Sci-Fi, if only its members will take the club seriously — and Sci-Fi shows some good films.

The Columbia University Science Fantasy Society (of which I am the Founder and Grand Marshall) has yet to do anything except bull-session occasionally. But keep an eye on CUSFS...

I recently joined the Lunarians (NY Science Fiction Society). It's a good place for a quiet (2,!) monthly discussion, sercon & otherwise.

(Fred Patten insists that I type the rest, so here goes...)

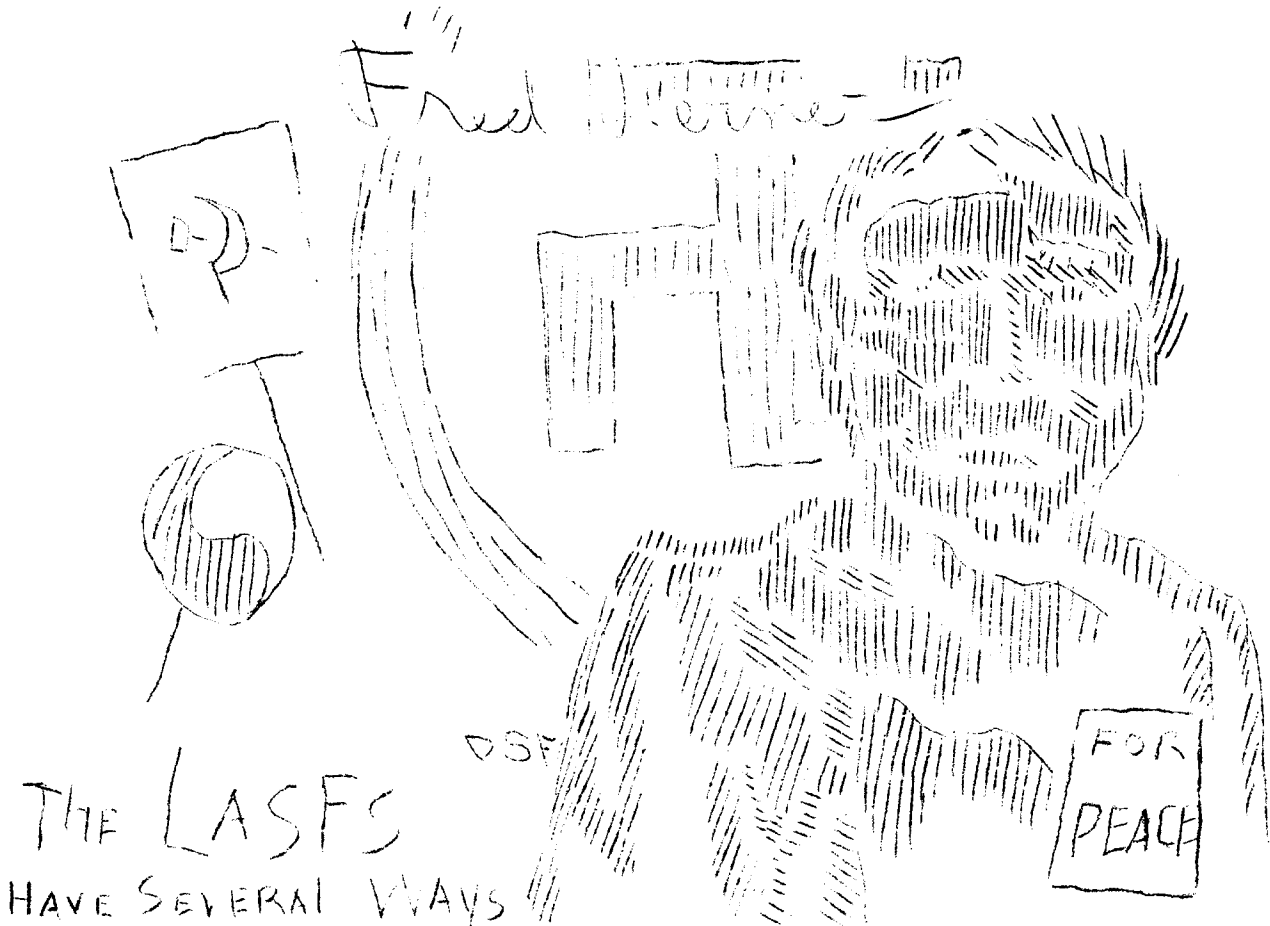
The Lunarians are on the whole a chronologically older group than Sci-Fi, and tends to act a bit more maturely.

The Eastern Science Fiction Association is an oh, so sercon club in Newark which is more stf-oriented than any other group I know. The monthly programs of the ESFA are consistently good, and the dinner-sessions in Child's Restaurant afterwards ably help to kill a Sunday evening. The monthly informal meetings of that group in New York City have been abandoned.

I know nothing of the Fanoclasts, as I have never spoken at any length to any of its members, save John Boardman. They meet alternate Fridays in Brooklyn, and apparently are the group responsible for most of the pressure for a 1967 NYcon. I suppose FTSTFA (the Fannish and Insurgent Scientifictional Association) has been disbanded, as one of its cofounders has been drafted. This leaves the Queens Science Fiction League, which may or may not exist, and two invitational groups, the Northern New Jersey Science Fantasy Society of Paterson, and the Staten Island Science Fiction Society. None of these last four clubs are in any way important in modern New York fandom.

What is lacking in New York fandom, obviously, is unity, but the city is so feud-ridden that there's practically no hope for amalgamation of the smaller clubs until the gaffiation of many of the older New York fen. And unfortunately many neos and younger fen are getting caught up in the system of New York fan politics, so the mess may go on forever.

I'm impressed by all aspects of Los Angeles fandom. It has all a regional fandom needs: strong organi^zation, enthusiastic club- and party-fans, an impressive collection of publishers, quite a few omni^zans and stf-collectors, and most importantly, a fitting sense of the bi^zarre. So you can see why I'm anxious to get back here soon. Why do I have to be stuck in Berkeley all summer?...



I MOVED TO LOS ANGELES AND ACHIEVED NOTHING

a true confession by HENRY STINE (of course my name is in caps)

"You are fired," my boss said, in that misty long ago of Dec. 63.

"I am going to Los Angeles," I said.

And here I am, with Fred Patten mad at me because I owe six pages and fifty cents, trying to sit with a brag table next to me and me broke, else I would not be here.

Some months ago I was hitch hiking across the nation, two of us, and winter around with knife cold, at four am in the frigid morning when a fur bundled mountain man from the Montana wilds pulled up to offer a ride out of death from freezing.

Being alive, still, but barely, and interested, with what brains were left in staying alive, we excepted (not accepted, we took exception to dying of cold) the ride.

But found inside, in the back, sitting king like with regal dignity, a malemute male and a husky female, jumping around with weighty joy. And He weighed fifty pounds more than I.

So along the empty highway a flat greets us eagerly, but not we it. And the driver pulls the car off the road to the bank at a thirty degree angle to the horizon to sit there tilted.

In the freezing he discovers that the hydrolic jack he has won't lift the car high enough to get the tire out, and proceeds to dig a hole under the tire to give him room to lift it out.

Weather: ten mile an hour wind increases to thirty, and ten degrees below zero. In an hour and a half the driver comes back into the womb warm coarsaying: My hands are getting a mite cold and I did not want to over do it. And he means it.

Three hours later he has the new wheel on at an angle and the jack slips. The angle of the wheel against the axle and the fender holds the car up and he climbs in under the body, numb from cold, to put the jack back on.

"Don't move," he yells, "she is kind of balanced on a hair."

Hair, hell. Molecule more likely.

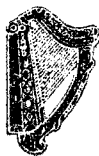
And the Malemute suddenly gets hot for the husky and starts moving his almost hundred and ninety pounds around in a violent manner. And we dare not placate him for he with snarling teeth resents it. And the wind howling in flase dawn in death.

"Made it," the mountain says, also speaking for the panting dog.

And seconds later we spin off into the sunset, or rise as the case may be.

A HARP FOR TED JOHNSTONE

DINKY BIRD #10 — (Berman) I agree that the law in this country forbidding the picturing of a living person on a postage stamp is a good thing. Aside from picturing a nation's head of state, the portraiture of a living person on a stamp is a fairly recent innovation. It's been carried to its most ridiculous extremes in the Dominican Republic, where Trujillo put his mother on a stamp commemorating Mother's Day, and other relatives on other stamps to commemorate various occasions. Considering the recent rush to honor prominent Americans as soon as they die by placing them on stamps (Sam Rayburn, Elinor Roosevelt, etc.), I'd say that we are getting closer to the notion of honoring living heroes than we've ever been before. How many Americans did propose that we put Glenn and Carpenter on stamps? How many demanded we put Elvis Presley on a stamp, when he was popular? ## To me, the intrusion of the Christian Message is one of the factors that makes the Narnian Chronicles the success that they are. Whether he originally planned things that way or not, Lewis had something definite to say in his story, and he said it without being too overbearing. A rock on which many children's books, fantasy or otherwise, founder, is that they have no definite point to them -- the goal is too artificial. You are left at the conclusion with the feeling, to use the well-known phrase, "Was this trip really necessary?" Lewis' message of good vs. evil, Christ vs. Satan, is basic to the Chronicles; it is definitely much more than a thin plot veneer to an otherwise pointless story. And, due to the religio-ethical nature of our culture, it is a valid message; one that strikes the reader deeply. The message may have been overdone; this is a debatable point based on personal taste (I didn't find it so). But the series would not have held together without some kind of unifying factor, and I think that Lewis picked one of the best there was. (Frankly, considering his training and vocation, I'd have been surprised if he'd picked another.) And colors, yes; the Chronicles also bring music to mind, though usually in specific scenes -- at any rate, I can't recall being impressed with any one piece as symbolizing a whole book. The "creation" scene in The Magician's Nephew reminds me alternatively of some musical fragment of Wagner -- I think it's from one of the Ring operas; I can't name it more closely than that, I'm afraid -- and the opening rippling melody of Stravinsky's "Petroushka"; while the "wood between the worlds" scene is more reminiscent of "Afternoon of a Faun". (I don't care much for Debussy, but that's the aural image it conjured up.) None of this was a conscious attempt to find a "theme song" for any book or passage; it's merely the spontaneous impression that sprang to my mind. (If I tried to pick a theme to fit the "creation" scene, I think Grofe's "Sunrise Over the Grand Canyon" would be more appropriate than either of the two that I automatically thought of.) ## I more-or-less agree with that review of Disney's "Sword in the Stone", except that I didn't think it was Disney's best cartoon feature in decades, and I was a lot more disappointed with the liberties Disney took with White's book than the reviewer seems to have been. Oh, well -- I don't suppose that anyone would've filmed White's book straight, anyway, so we might as well be grateful to Disney for little favors. Sigh.



COMMENTS ON THE 67TH MAILING!

FLABBERGASTING #30 — (Toskey) This last election was a wowser, wasn't it? As a known supporter of Pelz, I didn't get any of this wonderful campaign literature until long after all the people it was supposed to convince got theirs. I never did get ACE OF NEXT #2 1/2, in fact. Or the two Inc-Neb #222 1/2's, or "SPELEOBOTI 22.3". Anybody got any extras? ## Weird tale type material doesn't seem to be as unpopular today as most people imagine. While it's true that there are no remaining prozines devoted to it (unless you count Doc Lowndes' largely-reprint MAGAZINE OF HORROR), it seems to be selling fairly well in Pyramid's paperback collections from WEIRD TALES specifically and of weird-horror from general sources. And Arkham House has really been picking up steam lately. I wonder if possibly Ackerman's strongly developed Monster Pandom has had anything to do with increased sales in the weird-horror line lately. At any rate, I'm sure there're enough weird tale devotees among the small core of "Hugo" nominators to make MIRAGE's nomination no real surprise. ## Ballantine's Burroughs covers may not be as good as Ace's, but they're sure head-and-heels better than Canaveral's dust jackets. Canaveral is just beginning to turn out acceptable cover art — the jacket for Tales of Three Planets is their best so far. I hope they improve to decent standards by the time they start publishing Doc Smith's new books.

POT POURRI #33 — (Berry) Yes, the Deighton books are published over here — at least The Ipress File has been. I know, because I've got one of the dust jackets — grabbed it out of a waste basket because I liked the jacket design, which is a photo pot pourri of an unwashed cup and saucer (with the words "War Office Canteen" glazed over the cup, and a cigarette crushed out in the rim of the saucer), a couple of paper clips, a Smith & Wesson revolver, and a couple of loose bullets. Is this the same that's on yours? The back cover also carries the "Downgraded to Unclassified" stamp, and "Secret File No. 1" stamps, so I guess the others will be published here, too. This one carries a Simon and Schuster imprint and a \$3.95 pricetag. As to the story itself, I didn't read it. I find that I'm not overly interested in James Bond type thrillers.

THE TATTERED DRAGON MEETS THE WINGED LION — (Rapp) Even though I don't find any comment hooks here, I wouldn't feel right just shrugging it off with a noted, because I do like it a lot. But nothing about the canals? More, please.

A FANZINE FOR B. R. TOSKEY — (Foyster) Noted.

OUTSIDERS #55 — (Ballard) What happened to the G&S covers? Yes, Alice covers would be great. By Bjo, if you can get them. ## The Superman comics have become a joy to follow by nitpickers everywhere. Ever since Mort Weisinger put in a lettercol to answer readers' questions, and made the comic a continuous history instead of a loosely connected series of stories, he's been besieged by kids asking how Supe could possibly have done thus-and-so, when in the June issue three years ago, you said... Weisinger is going farther and farther out trying to correlate everything; sooner or later he's bound to be choked up in his own tangled web of explanations, and I want to be watching when it happens. As to Supe's costume, the Word as I recall it (I'm not about to go to the trouble of looking it up) is that Ma Kent wove it out of the invulnerable blankets in the rocket that brought Superbrat from Krypton; one of the threads was loose or something, and she unravelled it. When she was through, she got Superbrat to burn the excess thread in two with his X-ray vision, no less. And today's readers are also wondering why Supe always does things the spectacular but hard way, and Weisinger has to try to come up with answers proving that he couldn't have done it any other, for various involved reasons. Personally, I prefer the comics Julius Schwartz edits; Julie has fun. He's just introduced an off-stage astronomer: Prof. Coblentz Stanton (FLASH Comics), to join Dr. Alpheus V. Hyatt & Ray Palmer (ATOM Comics), et al.

WILD COLONIAL BOY #5 -- (Foyster) If you ever want to work up the moral fibre to swear off Pepsi or Coke, just arrange to follow one of the companies' trucks around for a day, watching how they handle the empties as they refill the vending machines, and cart the old bottles back to refill them -- and consider that you'll probably be drinking out of one of these refills the next time you get a bottle. Gak!

IBEX #2 -- (Chalker) I suppose you realize that some years from now, some poor neo-fan trying to reconstruct a collection of old SAPS material will go nuts trying to locate IBEX #1, not realizing that it was in MIRAGE. Cruel, sir, too cruel! ## Good luck in getting up a Baltimore in '67 campaign. I'm not coming out definitely for anybody at this early date, but I'd like to see a good rousing campaign of the sort I've heard about. If Cleveland and Detroit don't give us one in '66, I'll count on you and New York providing some fireworks the following year. ## Your proposal to allow write-in votes at the LonCon to select the '66 con-site, sounds quite sensible. I'm hoping to get to the LonCon, but in case I don't make, I'd like a chance to help my choice get it, anyhow. ## Did Schmitz's A Tale of Two Clocks ever appear in any edition other than the Doubleday Book Club one? It's the only one I've ever seen, and I've looked for another. The local bookstores with regular sf shelves just sold the Book Club edition with the "Book Club" label corner cut off and a \$3.50 price rubberstamped where the price usually goes. They did the same thing with Heinlein's Stranger, by the way, selling the Book Club edition right alongside the regular Putnam edition, for the same price. I suspect that Clocks may have been in actuality a "Book Club Original", as van Vogt's Triad was, with a few copies released for general sales at the higher "standard" price to keep up the fiction that the Book Club is giving you inexpensive copies of regular high-priced books. So it may be the fan who has a "regular" Torquil edition of Clocks who's got a hell of a collector's item.

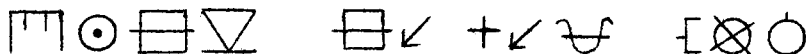
YEZIDEE #7 -- (D. Pelz) I hope you don't plan on making "Annals of Shalar" as un-ending as Little Orphan Annie! A basic fault of interminable serials is that they ramble on for so long that the original point and plot are completely forgotten, at least by the author. If you can present Shalar as a series of connected novelettes or novels, great; but don't make it just a textual comic strip minus the pictures. ## I find your comments to PORQUE easily understood, even though it's been over 5 years since I took Spanish in college, and I got a "D" then. I could not swear that your comment is gramatically correct, but it's at least close enough to make good sense. ## For interesting languages, what do you think of Burmese, with its circles and curlicues? ## Nice combination of mimeo and ditto on your title page for your con report. A good easy way of getting multicolor work in a mimeoed zine. ## No, no, no! Wisconsin was the Land of Dead Butterflies with Sticky Teeth. Dead butterflies because the car's radiator got so covered with them while passing through that state; I don't recall what the connection with Sticky Teeth was. My mind may be devious, but it does work within a frame of logic. I tagged most of the states we went through, though I only mentioned a couple of the names. Colorado was the Land of the Secret Laboratories -- I no longer remember the reasoning behind that one -- and New Jersey had something to do with Mark Clifton's Eight Keys to Eden. Why New Jersey should remind me of that particular book, I haven't the foggiest notion; but it seemed a perfect match at the time. "The mind of a distorted rabbit is a cunning mind", as somebody or other once said. ## Shalar get better all the time. I don't care if you do continue it as an endless serial; just keep it coming.

HIEROGLYPHIC #5 -- (Kaye) I suppose by now you know that they did keep the boot knives in the movie version of "From Russia, With Love", although they altered the ending so that Tanya shoots Rosa Klebb before she can stab Bond. Considering that the movie is supposed to be a satire of the book, it's quite good; they overdid it just the right amount to make it a spy movie with humorous overtones, instead of a silly slapstick spy comedy. Lotte Lenya as Rosa Klebb is excellent.

THE CHARLOTTAN #1 -- (Bailes) I'm just going to have to quit franking w-l zines into SAPS without looking at them first. Too much is too much. ## GOD COMICS wasn't widespread enough to serve as a good symbol for the Discon. The Sigma Fraps are still probably the best idea, with the fannish Peace March (or was it a Civil Rights March?) second. ## I didn't always send in candy bar wrappers, but I usually tried to get those rings somehow. Sky King came out with the best variety of rings; there was one with a magnifying glass, a secret compartment, a secret code sheet to put in the compartment, and special blank paper that developed pictures of the Sky King cast when you dipped it in water. Another had a better magnifying glass (it was better for starting fires with, anyway), a hidden built-in ballpoint pen that wrote in bloody-red ink, and (I think) another secret compartment. There was another that had a built-in genuine flashlight that would shine in white or red, but that one arrived all crunched up by our P.O. Sky King had more Rings of Power than the Mandarin. I was never a Capt. Video fan, and I'm not familiar with Power House candy bars. I remember being a great devotee of Double-Bubble bubble gum until they added some new Magic ingredient, after which I could no longer stand the taste of it. ## I prefer the notion that his full name is D. K. McDaniel. ## The "true story" behind "John Carter and the Giant of Mars" is given in the forthcoming John Carter of Mars, from Canaveral. It seems that ERB thought up the basic plot for a Big Little Book he'd been commissioned to write, but felt cramped having to hold his wordage down, and turned the whole project over to his son, John Coleman Burroughs, who was doing the art for the BLB anyway. Then when Palmer asked for another John Carter story, Burroughs took this basic plot of his that his son had written out, and added a few more thousand words to make it the right length for ALAZING. That sounds appropriate.

SPACEWARP #78 -- (Rapp) Heck, back when I was 8 or 9, I used to collect beercans, until my mother found out about it. But I've already written that up in one of my zines. ## Don't make yourself too valuable out there; we'd like to see you back in this country someday.

SPY RAY OpCrif 248 -- (Eney) Great! I'm all in favor of coats-of-arms. (Preferably without skulls in them.) Remember Kelly Freas' modern heraldry in MAD? Checking through the Peerage records today can unearth some weird ones, too. I'm sure they're all heraldricly proper, but the sight of a Mexican peon or a man in a diving suit as supporters... I designed a crude coat-of-arms for myself during my brief activity in Coventry, and I still intend to ask Don Simpson to engrave it onto a ring for me someday. I need a personalized seal; I've still got this box of sealing wax Harness gave me for Christmas a couple of years ago... I didn't worry any at the time whether the design was proper or not; I was deliberately "setting" it at a period long



(A message for Len Bailes in Cowboy Ring Secret Code)

before the formal rules of heraldry were established in the 11th or 12th century or whenever. Arms of the simple identification sort. We could have quite a colorful Worldcon if the fans from the different "clans" (regional or local clubs) dressed in their distinctive "tartans". The LASFS colors, oft repudiated but never altered, are green and brown; chosen when Esperantist-Forry was our leading BIFF, and obviously not out of any knowledge of standard heraldic rules. I wonder what the LASFS' coat-of-arms would look like if it were properly colored in? It's always been shown just in black-and-white, to my knowledge. I'd be interested in seeing if a logical fannish coat-of-arms could be devised to represent individual fannish historical events, using the standard proper heraldic rules, without getting ridiculous or being obscure. There's a bit of heraldry in children's fantasies lately, too. The latest Oz book, McGraw & Wagner's Merry Go Round in Oz, introduces the Kingdom of Halidom, whose principal industry is designing coats-of-arms for the Ozites. Lynette Muir's The Unicorn Window (illus. by Pauline Baynes) is much more seriously devoted to teaching children the subject of heraldry, in the sugar-coated-knowledge manner. Both are recommended.

SAPTERRANEAN #10 -- (Breen) I notice that Ted's "disbelief" line has been quoted in the August AMAZING, giving him full credit for it. He's sure getting the credit for it, whether he originated it or not. ## Another minute anachronism to Quinn's "Speak of the Devil", if I've got my periods correctly, is that lawyers weren't thought very highly of back in Puritan times. It was the height of the popular opinion that Satan was the "Prince of Lawyers", etc. Much akin to the poor press enjoyed by actors at the beginning of this century.

THE ZED #807 -- (Anderson) Your crackpot letter is a bit too incomprehensible for my tastes. To be really funny, it should at least be intelligible. With all those statistics, how about turning it over to Toskey or Bailes for an answer? ## The Old Ship is still a wonderful port-of-call. Some suggested future visitants: Arthur Finch, still experimenting with the Cube; Daron, while quietly feeling out public opinion about the Invisible Ones; Vandor, seeking contact with the Assassins' Guild; Airar Alvarson, blundering into a new life in Naaro.

THE PINK PLATYPUS #5 -- (Armistead) I read this and have absolutely nothing to say.

RETRO #32 -- (Busby) Yeah, ordered by the fraternity actives to read pornography. It was part of their benevolent program to, as you put it, Make Men of the frosh pledge class. Which was the main reason I dropped out of fraternity life early; they and I apparently had different ideas as to what growing up meant. Getting drunk on order was another thing we had considerable argument over; while I will concede that getting drunk for the first time in order to experience a new and relatively harmless sensation may not be a Bad Thing, I don't feel that it's absolutely mandatory to drink yourself under the table at every party in order to prove that you're having a good time. I tend to flake out at parties early enough anyway; getting drunk doesn't help me any. The intimation was that failure to get obviously drunk is an insult to your host, implying that he's not providing a very good party. It was largely the impression I got from these fraternity parties that caused me to leave my first few sf convention parties early, before I found out that fans will let you have a good time in your own way, as long as you're not aggressively bothering someone else.

DIE WIS #12 -- (Schultz) I can't tell whether you're being serious, or whether this is a combination parody of Diplomacy and Piper's "He Walked Around the Horses". The ending's a little too derivative of the latter, in any case.

STUIPPING #8 -- (J. Webbert) Wonderful cover. It looks as though it ought to be carved on the large balustrade at the foot of a Victorian flight of stairs. ## Your repro is quite good now; at least in my copy.

LOKI #8 & NIFLHEIM #7 -- (Hulan) I agree with most of your "Hugo" nominations -- where we do disagree, you've usually picked my second choice. Witch World, yes. For Short Fiction, I prefer "Code 3". I think it's the best old-style science fiction story published during the year. Raphael has gone back to the old idea of taking one facet of our current technology and extrapolating upon it to its logical end. In this one narrow field -- the continued development of the automobile and the freeway -- I think he has done very well. I don't think that this is how the future is going to turn out; personally, I imagine that there'll be a much greater increase in aerial transport than Raphael postulated. But taking "Code 3" for what it was meant to be, I think it was very successful. I don't think any of the John, the Ballad Singer stories would be eligible; they're all reprints from F&SF/Best from F&SF, including the short transition pieces. SCIENCE FANTASY, yes; but because it's the best prozine of the year, not because Carnell needs our sympathy.