

This is NIFLHEIM #5, published for the 65th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Alliance by Dave Hulan, 17417 Vanowen St., Apt. #21, Van Nuys, Calif., 91406, on the LASFSRex. J8tun Publication #34

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The pattern of my Sapszines seems to be following an alternating pattern through no particular intent of mine. NIFLHEIM #1 was a one-sheet WLzine provoked in reply to a Breen statement. #2, my first official Sapszine, was 12-13 pages; respectable enough. #3 was a one-pager because it came due while my baby was having all sorts of difficulties and I didn't feel like fanac. #4 was again a respectable ~~16~~ 16 pages (there isn't a drop of corflu in the house, so typos will be struck over if corrected at all. Like it or not.). Now #5 bids fair to be only 2-4 pages, because I'm running out of time and won't do any MCs.

As the observant amongst you may have noticed, I am now another goddam California fan. Yes, sooner or later all fans move to California, unless they're prevented by death. Sometimes even then, to judge from some Califans I've scen...

No, seriously, I like California. I was a little leary of it at first; I've lived most of my life in middle-sized towns in the South and Midwest, and my experience with big cities has all been in the East. I didn't like them worth a damn. New York, Baltimore, and Detroit I found positively repulsive; Chicago and Washington passable; St. Louis I liked, but then I haven't been in St. Loui~~is~~ since 1950 and I might not like it now either. But California is different. I felt right at home here right from the time I moved out (with one exception which I will get to later); the people are actually friendly and take an interest in you! I refer especially to people like retail clerks, etc.; I've never lived in the Northeast and it's possible that if you live there a while you'll find some people who will be friendly.

But here - for instance, the first time I go to a dry cleaner here I'm taking some trousers in to be cleaned. It's noon, and I'm going to San Francisco as soon as I get off work that afternoon. I need the trousers for the trip. I tell the woman who takes up the clothes that I need them that afternoon; she asks if I have to have them that soon and I say yes, I have to leave for S.F. that evening. So she says they'll be ready. I go back for them that evening, and as I'm leaving she says "Have a lovely trip." That's the sort of thing I mean. That wasn't an isolated instance; it just sticks in my mind because it's recent. Go into a store in New York or Baltimore and you're lucky to get waited on in any measurable length of time, much less have the clerk remember you five hours later.

Of course if you did get a friendly word from a Baltimore clerk you probably couldn't understand it - I can't. That's another thing about California - they speak intelligible English. Even the Mexicans and Orientals speak more intelligible English than the average Marylander.

But there are bad things about every place, and in California it's the drivers. They have better roads here by an order of magnitude than any other state I've been in - and do they ever need them! Because the drivers are about an order of magnitude worse than they are anywhere else I've been. The only people crazier than California dri-

vers are California pedestrians. Pedestrians have the right of way at crosswalks in every state I've lived in - but everywhere else they tend to temper their enthusiasm ~~with~~ with the thought that it will be rather cold comfort that their estate can sue the driver who hits them for a goodly sum. In California they just step out into the street.

Hit me and I'll bleed all over you!

This is not likely to be a beautiful piece of Rexwork; I'm having to use my old portable typer because my good standard got the left-hand margin set broken while it was being shipped out here and hasn't been repaired yet, and it doesn't cut a very good stencil. And the stencils are at least 3 years old, probably older, which won't help any either. But at least I won't be immoral...

Further along in these pages you should find the first SAPS contribution of my Beautiful Wife, Katherine - she hasn't written it yet, but she's promised to and that means there's at least a 50-50 chance it'll show up. What with the baby, the house (apartment, rather), and college she is sort of busy and especially with the baby unexpected things come up. But ye who read can find out what I don't at this writing know myself by looking further along and seeing if her by-line appears, thereby enabling yourselves to feel superior to the writer. Except don't forget that since I'll know for sure before I run this off, I really know before you did.

For the benefit of any non-Californians in SAPS (all two of you... or at least it sometimes seems there are no more than that) who might not know where Van Nuys is (as I didn't before I moved out here), it's part of the City of Los Angeles, and comprises roughly the central portion of the San Fernando Valley. Actually I live on the western edge of Van Nuys, almost in Reseda - my phone number is a Reseda number, it's that close. About three blocks. The Valley makes up about half of the area of the City of LA proper (the north half), but only has about 800,000 population, so there's still some breathing space out here. There aren't too many fans that I know of in this area; the only ones I know of for sure in the whole Valley are Don Franson way over in North Hollywood and Ed and Anne Cox in Sherman Oaks. But with the freeways it isn't hard to get practically anywhere one takes a notion to go.

Old fans never die - they just move to California

This issue of NIFLHEIM will be going to a large number of people who aren't members of SAPS, because I haven't published an issue of LOKI in quite a while now and know it will be a while longer and I wanted to reassure those who might think otherwise that I'm not gafia, just haven't had time to pub a genzine since March. Barring something unexpected I should have an issue of LOKI in the December SFPA mailing and should mail out general-fandom copies about the first of January. If Christmas isn't too expensive this year...

Incidentally, even though we don't live in the South any more we still will extend Southern hospitality to any visiting fans who care to take us up on it. Katherine loves to cook for people and is good at it; anyone who is out this way (including LA fans) is welcome to come have dinner with us any evening except those when she's going to school (Wednesday and Thursday this semester) if we're going to be home ourselves. Just warn us ahead of time - the phone number is 343-7348. And we still have the hide-a-bed if anyone is here from out of town and wants to save a motel bill. We even have a couple of air mattresses for a big party in need, though they'd probably have to be laid in the hall for lack of floor space. Oh, yes - we do have a pool here, too, if anyone likes to swim...

As I mentioned earlier in passing, we went up to Berkeley and San Francisco last weekend to see something of the Bay Area, the Bay Area fans, and the Lamplighters' production of "Princess Ida". All lived up to expectations or more so; it was a delightful trip. We enjoyed it so much that we're going up again for the Halloween Party in a few weeks (at last word the date was uncertain). Of course it took me a couple of days to recover from the trip, but it was worth it. Karen Anderson, Alva and Sid Rogers, Felice Rolfe, and Robbie Gibson took particular pains to make us feel welcome, and succeeded admirably. Miri Knight, too - though since we ended up at her house she was busy enough showing everyone else where to find things that she didn't have too much free time for other things.

But I won't go into the trip too much, because I think that's what Katherine's going to write about and two trip reports about the same trip from two people who did essentially the same things would get dull enough. She can write better than I can (besides being better looking), so I'll leave it to her.

Well, I have an hour yet till I have to go pick Katherine up at school, and I haven't anything else to natter about, so I guess I'll do a few MCs after all.

The Wild Colonial Boy - Foyster: For "Kangaroos don't Smoke" much thanks. I'm tempted to say it's the best thing Chandler's ever written, but I'll let it suffice to say that I enjoyed it more than anything else of his I've ever read. Which is a compliment, because even if Chandler isn't one of my favorites I still generally enjoy his SF. But this hit me just right!

Yezidee - Girard: I've heard of The Wonderful Adventures of Nils, but never read it. Don't even recall for sure where I heard of it, though I think Sturgeon mentioned it in one of his columns one time in IF or VENTURE.

I think someone should start a Society of Merrit Fans for the Preventions of Calling Creep, Shadow! - Creep, Shadow, Creep. Practically everybody calls it that, I guess from confusion with Burn, Witch, Burn. But I guess I should read the book before forming such a society - it's the only major Merritt I haven't read.

One of these days I fully intend to read some of your fiction, really I do. But not tonight...

The Dinky Bird - Berman: Unfortunately, HANDY-MANDY is one of the half-dozen or so Oz books I've never read; if I had, Nifflheim might have reminded me of Nifflpok too. I've read all the Oz books through WISHING HORSE, plus SILVER PRINCESS, OZOPLANING, LUCKY BUCKY, MAGICAL MIMICS, and SHAGGY MAN. Have I missed anything outstanding, or just hack stuff?

Outsiders - Ballard: Even the Directors of the NFFF don't know all ~~the~~ the details of the feuds. I know, because I was one and I didn't. It got so bad that I wasn't at all unhappy when pressing personal considerations gave me a chance to resign without feeling like I was chickening out. NFFF members never fight each other? That's the best joke I've heard in months!

Retro - Busby: Your mention of Es Adams reminded me - about a week before I left Huntsville for the Wide Open Spaces I noticed a mention that one Esmond Adams, who attended Yale and graduated from Birmingham Southern, had just married some girl. I assume it's the same Es Adams. I always thought it a pity that he went gafia almost exactly the time I came into fandom; two fans could have really made Huntsville swing. His writings must be drastically different from mine; the coincidence of time and place would seem to make thoughts of a hoax natural if there weren't excellent reasons against it. ~~AND/O~~ And one of them couldn't be that so many fans knew me in person...

I suspend my disbelief while reading Burroughs; when I'm writing about Burroughs and am using my memory, so that the whatever-it-is that Burroughs had to force suspension of disbelief is boiled away from the bones of the book, then I can view it more or less objectively. How can you write commentary and suspend disbelief at the same time?

And that's all I had time for last night. So now it gives me great pleasure to present what I hope will be only the first of many SAPS contributions of my Beautiful Wife, Katherine.

A Little on the Lazy Side

Ah, here we are in Sunny California. But the life of a housewife is much the same: cook, wash dishes, clean, cook, wash dishes, wash diapers, etc. Diapers reminds me - Roy is still with us by the Grace of God, and seems to respond beautifully to the new climate. A typical morning around the house goes like this:

The murky silence of dawn is shattered by the imperious cry of the baby (that's Roy). Mother (that's me - somehow David grows exceedingly deaf 'tween midnight and 7 AM)//and I'd make a lousy mother, too - dgh//crawls reluctantly from her cozy nest of bedding (mumbling under her breath) and prepares his breakfast. First comes a bottle of tepid milk laced with dark rich molasses (the sight of it gags me, but he loves it). That ~~swallowed~~, the little monarch is presented with lavish portions of egg, cereal, and sweet brown prunes (now you know why mommy doesn't feel like eating breakfast later). With piggish pleasure he consumes the whole and burps with a satisfied air.

We live in a two-bedroom ~~pad~~ apartment with almost all the conveniences, and even a few I could do without. As David said, the doors are wide open, and by the time you're reading this, the apartment will be completely furnished. (Right now we're sleeping on the hide-a-bed) We have wall-to-wall carpeting, piped in hi-fi music, TV cable, built-ins, loads of storage space, an undersized air-conditioner, and some of the most frustrating windows ever created by man. (The landlady says that she can't get them fixed because the manufacturer has gone out of business, and it's no wonder...)

You're free to use the pool if you're 18 or over and aren't drunk and wear a cap (if you're female), but I've quit doing so. The manager of our apartment is a pool-cleaner by profession, and yet our pool is a disgrace. This potential oasis of cool regreshing water is little more than a chlorinated bug-trap, disturbed only by the addition of yet more bugs and an occasional arachnid.

But the neighbors are nice, and understanding. ~~They have funny friends, too.~~ Come on out to see us. Bring your own liquor, if you drink - we don't have anything stronger than Soy Sauce, but there are plenty of ice cubes at all times.

The Bay Area was beautiful, the fans were most friendly, and the musical was marvelous. Seriously, all that is true, and more to boot. San Francisco made me nostalgic - we have hills like that in Tennessee, ~~but people have more sense than to build cities on them.~~ The streets are narrow, perplexing, and lined with the most intriguing shops and beautiful houses. Even the slum areas are middling-fair to the eye. People (not just fans) are cordial, "happy to have you here" sounding. Chinatown was a treat (even if Sweet-Sour Pork did me in), and I must go back (my fortune cookie told me so).

"Princess Ida" - well, I'll make no critical evaluation; I enjoyed it immensely, but I am new out here, and it was my second operetta (the first featured me as the Bad Fairy, when I was in the fourth grade). Bjo and the others couldn't wait till play's end to examine the costumes. The ~~Lamp~~lighters are to be congratulated - and supported.

Afterwards we adjourned to Brennan's, where all but some of us old fogies (who get sick on the stuff) pickled themselves to various degrees, and a lot of chit-chat was heard. Sometime around two we were informed that they were rolling up the sidewalks, so we went to the Knights'.

They have these two cats (oh, Bruce had a ~~wonderful~~ wonderful time!) ~~Si~~// In case you 're wondering, the spacing arrangement on this typer has gone bad, making it needful for me to go very slowly. I refuse responsibility for further typos - dgh// and this dog (Sid Rogers also Found a Friend). And Miriam has a full baker's dozen of tales about the cats. That's where the most of the next two hours went for me. There was some sort of conclave in the living room, featuring Bjohn, Karen and Poul Anderson, Tony Boucher, Ron Ellik, and other such mundane types... In the kitchen, or near it, were such people as Bill Donaho, Sid and Alva, Miriam, David, and I. And in between on the misty flats drifted Al haLevy and Al Lewis, who both became rather tipsy, on purpose, and those are the worst kind. It's bad enough if you just let it sneak up on you...

Sometime around four we found we had consumed all the onion crackers and wine in the house, so people began to drift out, reluctantly.

We hope to go back for the Halloween party.

We'd better, after spending all that money for stuff to make the costumes, with... This is the male half of the Hulan monage again, filling up the last few lines with some trivia because I hate to leave a lot of white space.

NIFLHEIM is a SAPSzine. This copy is going out to non-SAPS for a particular reason, but it is not generally available outside SAPS. Anyone who wants future issues, get on the W/L. Unless your name is Buck Coulson or Dave Locke or Bill Plott, who get everything I pub for various reasons.

FROM: Dave Hulan
17417 Vanowen St., #21
Van Nuys, California

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