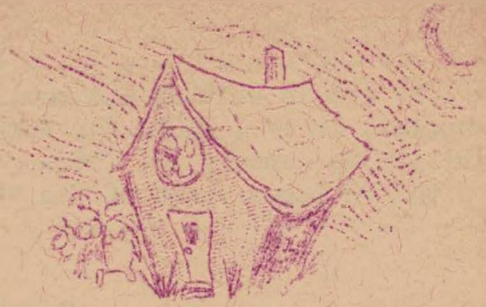


# MAYHEM MYTHHOSE

MAYHEM ANNEX #34 (NP66:2). from Felice Rolfe, 1.  
1360 Emerson, Palo Alto 94301: Jan. 18, 1966.  
Typed at work in a hell of a hurry.

---



## HONEST

There is a Creed Crowder. Unless, of course, he's putting me on. It's not too unusual a name for Tennessee, though...did I ever tell you about my Kentucky friend whose first name is South? He had a very patriotic grandpa -- you guess which side of the Civil War.

## XTABAY

EES-ta-bye. Bye as in Rock-a-bye baby. Hokay?

## SORRY, FLIEG

but a cover can't lye atall, because it's mostly cellulose -- not sodium hydroxide. And those were all the spares I had. It was an emergency measure anyway.

## I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN DON FITCH

Thanks for commenting on "The First Solstice". Your criticism was very well taken; it shows that I haven't made my premise clear in the story. Eric and Marty/Martha, who will be legendary figures in a few hundred years (as shown in the Solstice ceremony), are going to exercise a great deal of selection over what is or is not "remembered" in the group, after the Bombing. (There are several story possibilities in the question of what happens when Eric's group meets others who have clung to quite different segments of our present culture.) Eric, of course, will have very definite ideas about what's to be kept or not. Martha's ideas, on the other hand, are never very definite. She has retreated from the reality of the post-Bombing world (that is to say, she's not quite sane); she operates almost entirely through intuition or subconscious reasoning or whatever you want to call it. For instance, when Eric goes out on an anti-religious limb, she will insist that some people need some form of worship. Also, in line with the "let's make this a better world than the last" temptation which I think would be inevitable, Eric will want to make great changes in most of our really basic concepts; marriage, ownership, education (you could see that coming, couldn't you?), etc.

Actually, I'm not really interested in post-disaster stories -- there are already too many. But I became intrigued with the idea of survival in California -- considering all the state's original assets, such as ores, grains, plus the ones which have been brought in and would run wild after a disaster; considering also the peculiar climate factors; and what would be remembered of our present culture and technology? It's an interesting intellectual exercise. I may never write another page of fiction about it; my perseverance in that respect is nearly nonexistent...but it's fun to think about.

Also I'm kind of interested in exploring a point Poul Anderson made in "No Truce With Kings"; something on the order of, perhaps feudalism is the natural state of man, since sooner or later he seems to fall back to that level. (That's an amalgam of the story and a conversation we had at a party recently. Unfortunately he was distracted before we really got into it, blast it.)

Well-a-day...Stay wicked...