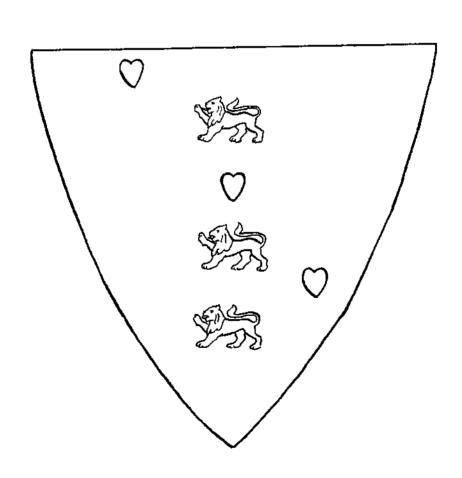
Three heurts and Three Lidns



CONCERNING ILLUSTRATIONS

Like most people, I've been a fan of the visual arts all my life, and like most fans I've occasionally had a go of my own at the matter. Drawing requires less equipment and preparation than painting or sculpture—the minimum supplies are a pencil and a scrap of paper, or maybe just a finger and some wet sand—so that's the way nearly all my artistic projects have developed.

"Projects" is too big a word, though. Mostly they're just doodles. Sometimes they're sketches to help me visualize a character, especially an extraterrestrial, or a setting in a story. I have no ambitions to be a professional illustrator, largely because I know damn well I'd never be in a class with Rackham, Shepherd, Emsh, or any of the other boys. Besides, I don't even have any formal training in art. It's nothing to me but a goddam hobby.

Hobby horses do occasionally get the bit between their teeth, though. Once in a while, almost involuntarily, I go off on a prolonged pen-and-ink kick. The result might be a portfolio of cartoons,

or a personally manufactured one-copy edition of some long poem or short play or whatever. Such things aren't intended for sale or even for show. At best, they represent my amateur attempt to do a job T feel ought to be done-by someone like Sikker Hansen.

That's more or less what happened in the case of the Three Hearts and Three Lions pictures. The book was already in print, as I recall, when the drawing impulse came. Since I happen to be rather fond of it personally (which is rarely the case with my own stuff; usually by the time it sees print I've been over it so often and so intensively that it bores me stiff), that was what this particular orgy of drawing chanced to deal with.

The Westercon was coming up, and Karen suggested I donate the results to the auction. Sure, why not? I'm very pleased and flattered that you think them worth publishing.

the property of the company with the property of the contract of the contract of

the later to the control of the cont

POUL ANDERSON
Orinda, California, 1962.





