

Dave Van Arnam bringing you another single page of good cheer and what-not, absolutely free of charge, meaning, importance, or anything else.

Or maybe not.

I was talking with Jack Gaughan at the last Fanoclasts meeting, and expressing one of my oldest and deepest and most futile yearnings -- i.e., I can't draw, and I wish I could.

My Amorphous Blob that I do oncet in a while is sort of a living symbol of this old desire of mine to draw. As a matter of fact, once in a while I get a face on the ol' A.B. that I like -- but it's purely by chance. Working with only five lines or so, 50 million monkeys cd do the Mona Lisa in a million years, or something. I don't think I've thot all of this thru...

Anyway, I've always wanted to be an artist, to draw, to paint, to save myself a thousand words here and there, every now and then.

And according to Jack, it's not at all impossible to teach someone who can't draw a lick, how to draw. "Mostly," he said, "you have to learn to see what you're looking at."

So maybe I'll take one of those Arty courses at the New School, or somewhere, when the G.I. bill for Cold-War veterans takes effect, if it covers such things. Or else I'll pay Real Money, when I've sold a few books (heh, heh).

I sure wd like to be able to draw purty like Jack and Bjo and Michael-angelo and like those there...

☐☐ My \*New Program\* for subordinating fanac to Real Writing (as we literary snots say) is \*Working\* !

I've done 13 pages of my new Heroic Fantasy novel, and so far I'm pretty happy with it. It's sort of Robert E. Howard, I guess, crossed perhaps with a touch of Eddison. Or maybe Lin Carter. Here are the first two paragraphs, absolutely unretouched:

"As all stories do," said the stocky man in the dim-lit tavern, stripping off his leathern jacket, "this one is going to begin with a fight!"

"So be it," said the slender young man dressed in faded crimson and black, a sneer on his almost handsome face. "Master Konarr, you may prepare to die!"

Well, it's a lot more fun that writing Gothicks, anyway. The working title, by the way, is THE BLACK MAGICIAN, but this is subject to change. I dunno what's gonna happen in the story; it may end up being Can A 35,000 Year Old Sorceress Find Happiness With An Immortal Man?

I dunno. But in the meantime, I am, as ever, hoping you are the sane...

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Remember -- NEW YORK IN '67!

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