



LEFNUI NO 1

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PACIFICON II in 1964!

LONCON II in 1965!

Salamander Press no. 33.

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Since this is my initial appearance in OMPA, I suppose an introduction of myself is in order. Vital statistics, then: name, Frederick Walter Patten; age, 23 by the time most of you read this (birthday Dec. 11); height, 5'11"; weight, around 165 lbs.; brown hair (cut short); blue-grey eyes. Occupation as of two weeks ago: reference librarian at the Hawthorne branch of the Los Angeles County Public Library. I've been a science fiction reader since 1949 and a member of Los Angeles fandom since 1960. Since getting into fandom, I've been joining apas, attending conventions, and generally indulging in various forms of fanac to such an extent that I haven't nearly as much time to read science fiction anymore as I'd like. This is an occupational hazard in the field, however, and I've learned to live with it. Getting to know the various authors through meeting them at conventions and club meetings, and reading the inside information about sf in the fanzines, has more than made up for the lack of time to read sf, though, so I expect to be around for some time.

Personally, I prefer good science fantasy to science fiction, though my tastes are catholic in both fields. For a long time, science fantasy seemed to be almost a lost art, to my disappointment; the few magazines printing it had disappeared, and the only place it was to be located was in the second-hand bookstores. Recently, science fantasy is making a return, though, to my great pleasure. FANTASTIC is now running science fantasy as a matter of course; an American edition of SCIENCE FANTASY made its appearance on local newsstands; several paperback publishers have begun reprinting the old fantasy novels from UNINOWN WORLDS and like sources; and science fantasy is now winning acclaim from the fans. Vance's The Dragon Masters was recognizably science fantasy thinly disguised as sf; it still won the 'Hugo' for best short fiction last year. While virtually all of the old sf specialty publishers have disappeared, Arkham House, which publishes only weird fantasy, is selling better than ever, and has increased its publishing schedule to an average of a book every three months or so. When I was in the central headquarters of the LA County Library last week, I saw 40 copies of the Arkham House \$5 Lovecraft compendium, The Dunwich Horror and Others. How long this fantasy boom will last, I don't know, but I'm basking in it while it's here.

While I'm notoriously lax in writing such 'thank you' notes as occasion demands, I would like to express my appreciation to those OMPA members who have so kindly sent me copies of their zines while I've been climbing the waiting list toward membership. Thank you, then, to Ken Cheslin, Fred Hunter, Ethel Lindsay, Terry Jeeves, Archie Mercer, Charles Wells, Dick Eney, Dick Schultz, and all you others.

Since OMPA is predominantly a British affair, I feel I should start LFNUI off by reviewing a British sf book. Unfortunately, I don't have any current pure British sf to review. However, I do have a fine British children's fantasy that is a more than acceptable substitute. This is:

Herschell, William      King Lizard      Edinburgh, Thomas Nelson, 1962.  
Illustrated by Geraldine Spence.      230 p.      12/6

King Lizard is one of the mood pieces at which the British seem to be so adept; beginning slowly and gradually building up to a climax. The setting is a small town in Hampstead; the cast a group of five brothers and sisters, ages 7 to 14, who are living with relatives while their parents are away on government business. Billy, the youngest, who has a 'way with animals', finds a lizard one day - only it is not an ordinary lizard, he insists, but a 'king lizard', hiding from its enemies on another plane. Though this is met by varying expressions of disbelief, it soon becomes evident that 'king lizard' is indeed a most unusual lizard (if a lizard at all), and that its very real enemies are dangerous not only to it, but to the children as well, as long as they continue to guard it.

While the children haven't the background knowledge to understand the whole state of affairs, 'king lizard' does manage to make clear to them that it is the leader of one side in a devastating, incomprehensible war between good and evil in its dimension. Defeated in battle, it has managed to flee to this dimension to escape capture and destruction while its wounds heal and its forces regroup. But the forces of evil have followed it and are closing in. Billy rescued it in the nick of time; since he and the other children belong to this plane, they possess a natural strength that can keep the forces of the evil creatures at bay - for awhile.

But while the creatures from this other dimension have little physical being here, they are able to exert a strong psychical power. They may not be able to strike directly, but they can strongly influence the thoughts of those whose personalities are most like their own. The result is that the children find themselves under an almost constant attack from creatures ranging from the local small predatory beasts to certain of the local townfolk - including a member of their own household. As time goes on, the attacks increase in intensity until the children and 'king lizard' are under a steady siege, as the evil beings move to capture the area of woodland that is the gateway from their plane to this, which will allow them to close in on 'king lizard' and the children at their leisure.

The plot does not move at any rapid pace; the reader's interest is held by fine writing, realistic attention to detail, and strong characterization of the central figures. The five children all have distinct personalities, and part of the interest of the story is in how each reacts to the developing situation. There is a minor stylistic flaw in that the story continues too long after the climax has been passed, but this is necessary to tie up all the loose ends and bring about a satisfactory conclusion in a realistic manner. Realistic stories seldom end neatly as soon as the main action is over, and the author has wisely chosen to take a couple of chapters to close his story rather than simply throwing in a short "they lived happily ever after" paragraph.

All in all, King Lizard is a skillful and successful blend of fantasy and reality. In trying to think of works with which it could be compared in style, the titles that most readily come to mind are Orwell's 1984, Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings, C. S. Lewis' Out of the Silent Planet and its sequels, and another children's fantasy, Madeleine L'Engle's recent prizewinning A Wrinkle in Time. King Lizard hasn't quite the intensity of any of these, but the similarity of the presence of a strong mood is still evident. If you've ever enjoyed any of the other titles just mentioned above (and who hasn't?), I'm sure you'll find King Lizard to be worthwhile reading.

While I don't know the contents of the very first fanzine ever published, I'm almost willing to bet that before fanzines were a year old, at least one article on "What's Wrong With Today's Science Fiction" had appeared someplace. Sf has had its booms and its slumps, but these are usually determined in retrospect; in considering the contemporary scene, it's always easy to pick some great sf classic for comparison and begin viewing with alarm the current prozine fare. This does not mean that criticism is valueless, however; it is a rare story that cannot stand some improvement.

To inaugurate LEFNUI, we present the first of a series of personal criticisms of the current science fiction field. The articles presented here will not necessarily represent the viewpoint of the editor; in fact, some of them may draw editorial rebuttals in future issues. But they will present valid personal points of view on a subject of general interest to our readership. Your opinions of these ideas, in letters or in mailing comments, will be appreciated.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SCIENCE FICTION? 1

# SPECULATIONS UPON AN OFT DISCUSSED THEME

by LEN BAILES

I have just reached a horrible conclusion about stf. Just ten minutes ago, the fearful truth dawned on me. I sat here in front of my typer in blissful ignorance trying to think of something which I could hammer into an article. It occurred to me suddenly that the reason I couldn't write an article about stf was because I hadn't read any since last month. With a will I turned to my book shelf, adorned with a stack of unread prozines consisting of this month's AMAZING and ANALOG, last month's IF, and the last three F&SFs. Lying along side were two new Pyramid pb's and an Ace Andre Norton reprint which I had been promising myself to read for half a year.

I plowed through "Savage Pellucidar" and the rest of AMAZING; and then as has been my wont with ANALOG, I read the editorial, the book reviews, and the blurbs before each story. That's when the wave of nausea hit me. I realized that I was sick of Campbell's political crud, did not possess the stomach to read F&SF's highly literary pablum, and had no desire to read another Norton saga of how little Seymour of the Apes grows up and reaches maturity. I was ill at the thought of plowing through the ordinary amount of stf that I read in a day, ordinarily.

I wonder why all of a sudden this unending crud gets under my skin. It's not because I'm sick of stf or fantasy. As a matter of fact, at the moment I feel a strong urge to reread The Worm Ouroboros, Worlds of the Imperium, The Caves of Steel, even A Princess of Mars. But when I try to tackle Where I Wasn't Going, or that short novel, "Eye of Phorkos", in the new F&SF, I develop a sudden headache.

Is it just me? Is it because I'm so wrapped up in pubbing, corresponding and fanning in general that I no longer want to read the prozines? I don't think so. It is the writers and editors who are at fault, who are allowing cheap diluted crud to come off of their typers, and into their prozines, respectively. The problem seems to be that the number of plots available is approaching zero. The writers are currently merely playing games with semantics. The stories pubbed in the last few months have all seemed artificial and forced.

Look at The Reefs of Space in IF. Funny coincidence how it started simultaneously with Sharkey's The Programmed People in AMAZING. It is amazing the way the two paralleled each other. One thing is evident in both. The contrived conclusion.

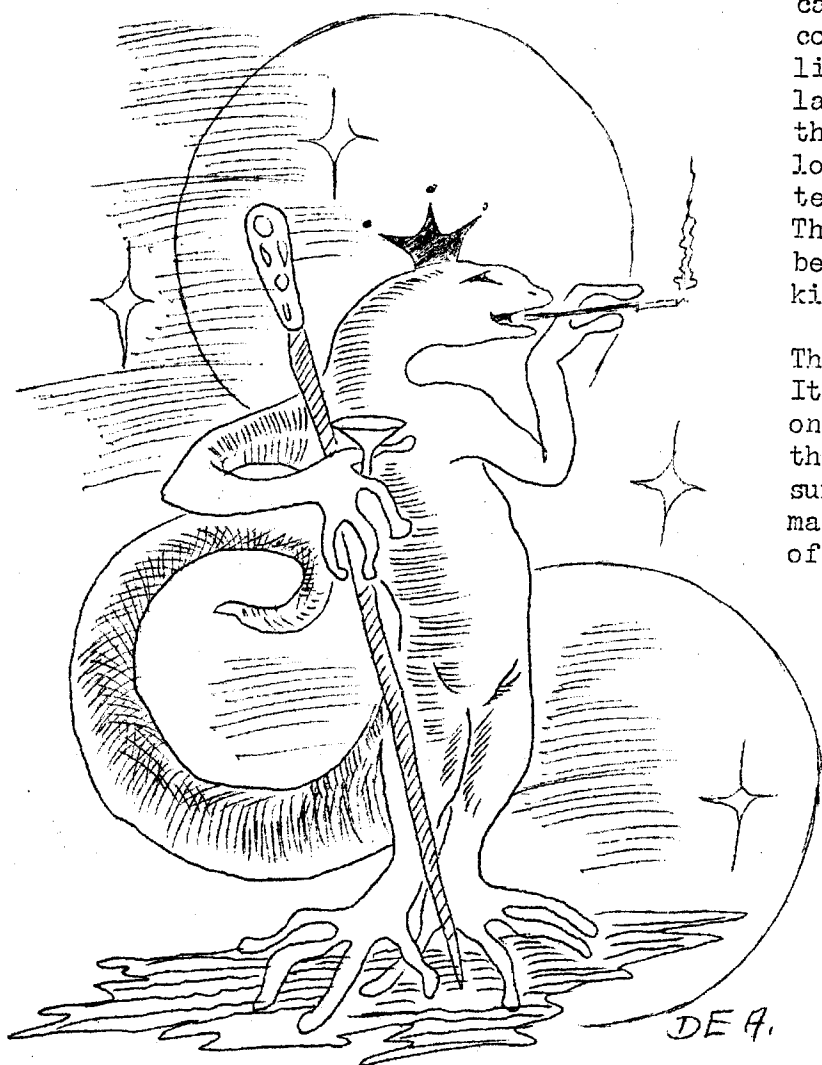
I enjoyed the first episode of Reefs, overdone as it was. In spite of the familiarity of plotline, it was still enjoyable. It had enough original factors injected to make it readable. The second part was gimmicky, but enjoyable nonetheless. Pohl-Williamson (mostly Pohl, I suspect) ran out of steam on the first idea, and shifted plot in midstream. Cordwainer Smith's "A Planet Named Shayol" in 1960 was an excellent story, and a good plot still seems good again, once. The third part was reminiscent of how I end my stories. I just get sick of the idea and write a "lived happily ever after" paragraph. This is exactly what The Reefs of Space did!

I am frankly ashamed of both authors and think they ought to be called on their slovenliness. I considered neither Pohl nor Williamson hacks previously, but the latter portion of Reefs reads like the worst kind of hackwork. It looked as though all they were after was their crummy paycheck. They had sold the story and it was beginning to be a bore, so why not kill it?

This seems to be a common malady. It seems writers are interested only in money. It seems that all the editors care about is to insure that their greasy little magazines are filled, regardless of with what.

It might behoove certain of the prozines to seriously consider bimonthly publication. "What!" scream the fuggheads, "just when they're increasing so much in circulation!?"

Yes! It might be useful to consider the big picture for a change. Firstly, going bimonthly would take the heat off certain editors and allow them to



be a trifle more selective. It might do the writers (bless their grubby little souls) some good to get their bombs back in the mails with some pretty little rejection slips. It could shock them into really writing for a change.

What is happening now is the same thing that happened in the early fifties. All the symptoms are present: comix boom, increase in circulation of mags, more paperbacks, more mags, more movies, tv stf, Burroughs revival. The well-known mental deficient in stf are burling about the Golden Age. Ah yes, we have been recognized! Discovered! Again?

What short memories we have. We've got all the qualifications of a Golden Age except one minor unimportant one, decent stories. We are heading for the same disillusionment that followed the '53 pipe dream. As far as the public is concerned, stf is just a passing fancy, and when it passes, the pubbers aren't even going to have the support of the fans. The writers are developing swelled heads. They know that they are indispensable, and figure that they can write any little piece of crud that comes into their heads and sell it. And they seem to be right! Unless, of course, the writers merely no longer have any imagination at all.

Maybe there just isn't anything new under the sun. But I can't believe that. It's just that stf seriously needs a new concept. The old ones are just about played out. Or at least people say they are. However, Burroughs' phenomenal impact should prove that we like good space opera as much as ever. Modern stf has become sticky and sophisticated, assuming that that is what we want. Phooey, I'll go back to the stuff published in the '30's anytime.

On the prospect of a new idea, it seems that nobody is even trying to find one. What we need is a new writer. Someone with a fresh slant, or an old writer, who is not afraid to write science fiction. We might as well face it, magazine stf is strangling in the midst of plenty. More and more is being published, and less and less is being said.

I suppose stf's collapse is less painful this way. It's like slowly exchanging all the oxygen in the air for hydrogen. You don't feel a thing as you die. Hope, however, springs eternal, and I continue to clutter my bookshelf with unread stf.

Fantasy is in even a worse pickle. However, it may soon improve. We may soon see another rash of Burroughs imitators. The second age of Burroughs is about the only healthy thing that has happened in a few years. Anybody who likes current stf better than stf in 1960-61 is out of his mind.

I've entertained a theory that stf in too great a dose dulls the imagination, rather than stimulating it.

Certain personalities delight in twisting and countertwisting ideas and exploring all their possible ramifications. When and if this breed reads stf, at first it encourages them, stirs up the (no snickers, please) sense of wonder. But an overdose of stf is like giving the imagination narcotics. It dulls the spark of originality. After having one's imagination manipulated so many times, one gradually loses the power to manipulate it by one's self.

Once in a while, several of my non-fannish friends come up to me and say that they have great ideas for a stf story. "What if people in mirrors were real, and thought we were the mirrors?" "What if you went back in time and murdered your grandfather?" When this happens, with great effort I restrain myself and say, "All right, what if?" To non-fen these ideas are fresh and stimulating. Occasionally, they think up twists that haven't been explored. I know that when I try to think up a new wrinkle for one of these hackneyed plots, I always think that my idea was already used somewhere. In the thousands of stf stories I've read, somewhere my "sense of wonder" disappeared. It is reawakened once in a while, but not by stf. Sometimes

when staring out at the stars, the immensity of them just hits me. Or sometimes reading children's fantasy can fill me with the sense of adventure briefly. But stf hasn't done that for me in five years. Doesn't anybody believe in writing stimulating literature for adults anymore?

In ordinary mundane life, I am a sarcastic cynical hard person and as such can enjoy political humor, occasional stf humor, and mundane humor by such as Thurber. I enjoy playing abstract games of logic in the ANALOG tradition, but not when they are deadly dull. In desperation, Campbell now centers his incisive (?) logic around unimportant trivia. Sword and sorcery is miserable lately. This has even been reflected in the tales of those two staunch adventurers, Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser. The spirit of adventure is just not to be found anymore in stf. Of course there have been a few isolated spurts of good stf in the wilderness, but the whole picture has been pretty bleak.

In summation, what I have tried to convey is that the current boom is harming rather than helping stf, that going bimonthly might help to improve the quality of the prozines, and that possibly stf acts as a damper rather than a stimulator on the imagination when taken to excess, so that brilliant new writer we're waiting for probably won't be a fan.

I'm not trying to be a doomscriber, nor am I turning sour on stf. I am merely stating one fan's opinion, and doing a little speculating. The horrible conclusion that I reached in the first paragraph (in case you can remember that far back) is that with this gradual watering down that's occurring in the field, stf may eventually cease to exist.

And 90% of the fans won't even be aware that it's gone.

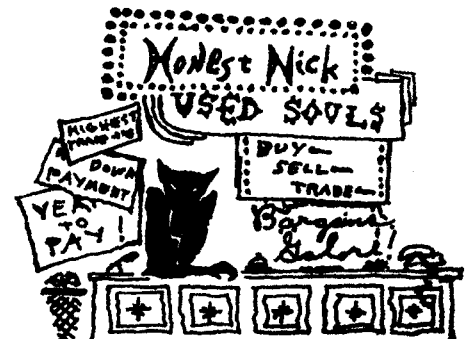
-Len Bailes.

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For the benefit of those Anglofen who are not yet familiar with our angry young neo, Len Bailes is a very active New Yorker. He entered publishing fandom about 9 months ago with CURSED, co-edited with Arnold Katz, for which he writes many articles both praising and criticising various aspects of modern sf. A veritable seventeen-year-old Ed Wood, no less. His address is: Len Bailes, 27 Split Rail Place, Commack, New York, 11725; I'm sure he'd appreciate any of your zines with mailing comments on his article.

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Dept. of Nostalgia: The Shadow is back! Is there anybody who hasn't read at least one adventure of He Who Knows What Evil Lurks Within the Hearts of Men? After thrilling millions for over 15 years, the last written Shadow adventure appeared when Street & Smith folded his magazine in 1948. Now, after 15 years, Belmont Books has published Return of the Shadow, "commissioned as a paperback original", by "Walter B. Gibson, who created The Shadow and wrote the stories under the pen name of 'Maxwell Grant'". Is the story any good? Not particularly. But it's no worse than the bulk of the old pulp stories, and it is The Shadow, back after all this time. You can afford 40¢ for nostalgia's sake, can't you? Sure you can!



# MAILING

# COMMENTS

OFF TRAILS #37 -- (Officialdom) As I've said in other apas, I like good cover illustrations enough to be willing to put up with a slight lack of utility in the o-o.

HEX #5 -- (Wells) Another question about the alteration of fairy tales is: is there a "true" version of any one? Some can be definitely pinned down as originating from one culture; but on the whole, if you ever read *The Fairy Tales and Legends of (Different Countries)*, you'll find the same tales repeated over and over, with minor variations. So there has been a strong evolution of such tales. I once read a collection of tales, based on a Doctorial thesis for which the author went out into the bayous and backwaters of one of Louisiana's more remote parishes with a tape recorder, collecting the old folk tales of the swamp people. Louisiana was originally a French colony, of course, and most of the tales in this collection were the same basic ones you'll find in any collection of French fairy tales - but they were almost all greatly simplified. Where the French tale might describe a country lad's adventures at the court of some great king, making great comparisons between the country boy's rags and the glitter and wealth of the court, in the version from Louisiana the king would merely be the biggest landowner around, with maybe a two-story frame house where everyone else lives in one-room cabins. This is real evolution of a tale to fit a culture. However, I think that <sup>as</sup> more of these old tales get written down and preserved in print, and as standards of literacy rise, the tales will become more "fixed". How many mothers and grandmothers still recite fairy tales to babes on their knees these days, I wonder? I think tales will become more "traditional", and the old words will remain with them.

PLAIN-PSYCHO -- (Hale) Having filled out several questionnaires in the past few days, I'm in no mood to fill out another. I might change my mind later, but don't count on it.

WHATSIT #5 -- (Cheslin) Thanks for sending me all the extra copies of the zines that you print, Ken. A couple of these that were duplicates came in handy replacing defective copies that were in the mailings I got. Hadrian VII got a brief mention in this country recently by a few reviewers who compared it unfavorably with The Shoes of the Fisherman, another novel of a fictional Pope, that's been on the best-seller lists for the past few months. I suppose I'd like to read them both, but there's enough current sf to keep me busy without going into the borderline stuff. Did you ever read Bach and the Heavenly Choir, by Johannes Riber, about a mythical music-loving Pope Gregory XIX who wants to canonize J. S. Bach but runs into doctrinal opposition because Bach was not a Catholic?

DETROIT IRON #3 -- (Schultz) Humph! In your article of apa problems, you didn't mention N'APA once. 'Samatter; don't you think N'APA has any problems? We've got a big one: since N'APA is a bureau of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, existing largely to give neos a place to get their first apa experience, we have a low quality ratio. Because of this relatively low quality, we have a large turnover, as the older members aren't as anxious to stay with us when they develop new forms of fanac. More neos fill their places, and we're right back where we started. We have no worry about a lack of members--our 40-man roster is full, and we're averiging 275-page mailings. But we're in a perpetual slump of low



quality material and lack of apa spirit. Things are improving currently, but it's still too early to tell if we're really rising out of our slump. OIPA and SAPS are quite healthy in comparison. ## Yes, the old OIPA reprint was very enjoyable, and I hope there'll be more in the future. ## Your back-cover campaign plug was appreciated, but who's that supposed to be in the illustration? It can't be Pelz; he's smiling!

DOLPHIN #6 -- (Busby) Any time you want to make more dandelion wine, just let me know. I can supply you with all the dandelions you want. ## "Most people are a bit shy anyway" .... but, Elinor, you've already met Harlan Ellison, haven't you? ## What say we get together to make Lichtman explain what he meant by accusing me of being you in disguise, at Donaho's New Year Party last Jan.? ## I liked Disney's "Cinderella" better than just about anything else he's done (except for "Fantasia" and "Pinocchio"), which should tell you what I think of Disney. I like his animation effects, and I go to his movies mostly to see them. What he does to the plots is really bad, and it's getting worse. I think "Sleeping Beauty" was his most nauseous alteration of a good story to date, and I shudder to think of what "The Sword in the Stone" will probably be like. I speak of his cartoon features, of course; I mostly avoid his live-action movies. ## I remember when I was very little, I found an old collection of children's tales around the house (long since discarded) that were about the most dismal things I've ever read for a child. Such stories as Hans Christian Anderson's "The Matchbox Girl", with the little girl freezing to death in the snow, can be great works, but a whole collection of them for little children is a bit much, I think. Besides "The Matchbox Girl", there was "The Dog of Flanders" (or some such title) about a little Dutch boy who wants to be an artist, and also ends up freezing to death in the snow, with only his faithful dog remaining with him. (After his death, the grownups discover his paintings and moan about such a pity that such a potential talent should die so young, which didn't cheer things up much.) Also something about a sweet young girl who was kidnapped by Kong Tolv, which ends with her giving up her life to save her little daughter's, or the daughter dying to save the mother - I don't recall just who died, but there was pathos all over the place. About the only story with a happy ending was an excerpt from Hugo's Les Miserables; the chapter in which Jean Valjean adopts Colette. Has anybody else read this collection? It must've been at least 50 years old when I read it 15 years ago, or so, and it was beautifully illustrated with tinted plates (of the most pathetic scenes, naturally).

ERG #17 -- (Jeeves) I agree that the sets for "First Spaceship to Venus" were really excellent. To me, they made Venus look like a Richard Powers cover come alive. I understand the picture was an East European production; I certainly wish somebody in this country would try something like it. Forry Ackerman dubbed it the best sf picture he's ever seen, bar none, and you know Forry's seen 'em all. ## Hoog, I'd be interested in those prozines you're selling, but I've got just enough of each to make buying a full set impractical. If you haven't sold 'em yet, I might see what I can do about teaming up with someone to split the costs and the sets. ## I've seen a very funny British movie called "Tight Little Island", so I know what the phrase means, but from the movie, I got the impression that the phrase applied mainly to Scotland.

ZOUNDS! #8 -- (Lichtman) Hey, Bob, why did you & Andy Main say I was Elinor Busby in disguise? ## I have the same problem with my editorial pages; I always leave them until last to make sure the date and artists' page credits are accurate. I generally fill up the rest of the page with nattering of some sort - second thoughts on a mailing comment already run off, a preface to an article in the issue, some short incident (probably of a fannish nature) that's happened to me that I think others would enjoy hearing about, a short book review, and so on. To date, I haven't had any trouble in finding something to talk on when the time to type the editorial page has come; I hope it's always been of interest to people. I know I've always enjoyed your editorial page ramblings; you don't have any real problem as far as I'm concerned. ## That's the weirdest ending for a trip report I've ever seen. Personally, I'd rather hear about the trip to Berkeley than about the Peace March. It's

not that I'm blind to what's going on around me (though perhaps aware of it), but just that I'm not overly interested in reading about groups of people carrying signs marching around downtown. I am aware of the possibility of nuclear destruction, but I don't think that marching about in parades will do overly much to stave it off (assuming that it is really coming). The sort of people who would favor bringing on a nuclear holocaust is the sort who wouldn't be impressed at all by such peaceful street demonstrations - and I certainly don't advocate violent street demonstrations. I'm glad your turnout proved that American youth and housewives are Socially Conscious, but considering the nature of the groups you say were represented - from student peace groups to the American Nazi Party - I'm surprised that the March didn't do more to increase political tensions (at least locally) than to reduce them. If you really want to work for world peace, have you considered joining the Peace Core? Anyhow, at the risk of being accused again of doing naught but sitting on my ass and vegetating about comic books, I state again that I'd rather read about goings-on in fandom than about Peace Marches. If possible, though, tell us about both. I am not uninterested in the political happenings in the Los Angeles area. By the way, did you read Paul Coates' report on that half-Jewish Nazi kid in his column in the L A Times?



POOKA #13 -- (Ford) I was under the impression that genuine Folk Music had been more or less extinct for some time already, in this country. As an art form, the same thing's happened to it that happened to fairy tales (see my remarks to Charles Wells). As modern children's books have ended the development of modern traditional fairy tales, modern hit songs and their widespread dissemination over radio and tv have been suffocating Folk Music for the past three decades. Modern Folk Music is phony, yes; but when would you say the last sincere Folk Tune dated from? I prefer classical music, myself.

AMBLE #15 -- (Mercer) Hubbard has been quite a pleasurable writer at times; he had some wonderfully free-wheeling fantasy in UNKNOWN. Have you read Typewriter in the Sky, Triton, Slaves of Sleep, or The Ghoul (quite Thorne Smithish, despite the title)? These are all at least 90 pages long; I understand that Hubbard wrote them at some fantastic speed - 2 hours each, or the like. They all have plot holes that you could drive a truck through, but they're so fast-paced that the action carries you right over them, as long as you're just reading for pleasure. ## Jim's series of "Famous Freds" is great.

SHOKE v2 #1 -- (Locke) Strange, but aside from remarking that I consider this the best zine in the mailing, I can't think of a thing to say.

OUTPOST #5 -- (Hunter) Justified margins, colored cover, and you stencil all the artwork yourself? I croggle with amazement: thank you very much, for OUTPOST is one of the zines that prompted me to join OHPA. ## Your bird photo expedition reminds me with distaste of my old high school, which was infested with sea gulls. They swarmed particularly around the lunch area, where they would glide about in circles waiting for someone to drop a part of a sandwich, or toss

away a partially-eaten pear. (Demerits for uncleanliness were passed out liberally, but never seemed to do much good.) As seagulls have the unpleasant habit of relieving themselves while in flight, the lunch area was not a popular spot. Only the fixed location of the milk and sandwich booths there insured its continued usage. ## At an earlier period of my schooling, I once fell into a class taught by the school's nature lover, Mrs. Walmsley. (I still know her name after all this time, by the way, because I've got numerous nature club cards she signed, after pressuring the whole class to join. Incidentally, this mailing comment is being continued after a two-hour break; in looking for those old cards, I became engrossed with the other memorabilia that was unearthed, including such items as the deeds to two square inches of land (not contiguous) in the Canadian Yukon, with the rights to "enter into the said lands and premises and to have, hold, occupy, possess and enjoy the same", etc., ad infinitum. No mention of mining rights, though. Well, the Canadian government's probably seized the area for non-payment of land taxes by now, anyway. The deeds were premiums for buying boxes of breakfast cereal, as I recall. I seldom throw anything away, as you can see. Anybody interested in an (incomplete) set of Hopalong Cassidy bubble gum picture trading cards?) Anyhow, one day Mrs. Walmsley took us on a field trip to a local wildlife sanctuary, where we would see "all sorts of wonderful creatures of nature." Well, with about 30-odd 9 and 10-year-olds tramping through the underbrush, you can imagine that not many of "nature's little dears" presented themselves to our searching gaze. Mrs. Walmsley was not fazed, though; "Just think of all the deer and rabbits and hawks and skunks that are somewhere in those woods!" she enraptured. At the end of the day, those of us who wanted to get to hold a tarantula. It didn't bite, though as I recall, it took about five minutes to get all the web off my hands. That stuff was sticky!

MORPH #32 -- (Roles) Um...I've always been under the impression that George IV preceeded William IV. Your dates are right, though. Your mnemonic rhyme doesn't recognize Queen Maud, then? ## Phil Farmer stopped submitting his manuscripts to Beacon Books in disgust after they retitled his book Flesh, and edited out the more science-fictional passages (mostly dealing with the future evolution of the English language, I hear) as "too confusing", leaving only the sexy sections. When Beacon was in its heyday, the rumor was going around that their contract gave them the right to "make any necessary changes" in the manuscripts they accepted, including writing in their own salacious material. Van Vogt is supposed to have been rather proud of having spiced up The Mating Cry (aka The House That Stood Still) himself, instead of leaving the job to some Beacon office hack.

SCOTTISHE #33 -- (Lindsay) As one who has a respect for apa mailings, I would vote to keep the extra copies together as complete mailings, and try to sell them. I know that I was interested in buying the mailings while I was on the waiting list; I think some others might be, too. If OMPA doesn't need the money, you could pass some rule stating that all funds received from sale of surplus mailings goes to TAFF. That's always a worthy cause. As OE, you could just refuse to sell mailings to waitinglisters who are obviously only interested in buying them, without publishing their own OMPazines. You could probably sell surplus complete mailings at your Conventions; Pelz has never had any trouble getting good prices for complete apa mailings at the auctions at our Westercons or Worldcons. Or set up a subscription system for those who are interested in buying mailings, but aren't publishing types (I think Steve Schultheis would fit in here). TAFF can always use the money. ## For some reason, I often find the best zines to be the hardest to comment on; SCOTTISHE is greatly enjoyed, but I have nothing particular to say on it. Baxter's SF - A Demolition is the best single item in the mailing.

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