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PACIFICON II in 1964!

LONCON II in 1965!

Salamander Press no. 43.

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Have I mentioned in OMPA yet that I have a trade agreement with Jim Cawthorn? Well, I have. He sends me British paperbacks -- mostly Penguins and Puffins -- and I send him American paperbacks, Arkham House books, etc. in exchange. I'm well satisfied with this as it gives me the opportunity to get some excellent children's fantasies in the Puffin paperbacks. Paperbacks for children are almost unknown in this country, and are just beginning to be published now. But even so, there's little children's fantasy of any high quality outside of a few classics such as The Wind in the Willows, in a "quality edition" at \$1.65 or some such price. The only exception to this was a 35¢ edition of The Wizard of Oz published as soon as the copyright on it expired, and even then it was an adult paperback edition! Aside from this, you buy the regular hardbound editions at \$3.50 or \$3.95 each, or you do without. Thanks to Jim now, though, I've got the opportunity to add such material to my collection as C. S. Lewis' Narnian Chronicles, Mary Norton's Borrower series, and James Thurber's The 13 Clocks and The Wonderful O (in one book, illustrated by Ronald Searle) at little more than the equivalent of 60¢ each at most. (Unfortunately, the paperback edition of The Hobbit had gone out of print by the time Jim and I arranged our trade, and the publishers apparently have no intention of re-issuing it.)

These are all apparently designed to be sold to children. They are well made, but are easy to open, have large margins and large type, and contain all the original illustrations that may be in the hardbound edition! For an average price of 2/6 or 3/- each! This seems almost miraculous compared to the cheap paperbacks produced in this country, that usually seem designed to be read once and then discarded. The British books seem to be planned to last, probably as permanent additions to a child's personal library. I understand that England doesn't have the profusion of comic books that's available on American newsstands. I don't know whether this has anything to do with it or not -- whether American children would buy 50¢ paperbacks while they can get 12¢ comics -- but I'd trade any day.

I half wonder if there isn't some conspiracy on the part of American publishers to keep paperbacks for children out of this country. The Puffin books Jim sends me are invariably marked "For copyright reasons this edition is not for sale in the U.S.A." Why not? Britain has both hardbound and paperbound editions of these books; why should America be limited to only the expensive hardbound editions? One local large bookstore did manage to get some of these "not for sale in the U.S." titles -- I don't know how. The prices they were charging for these 2/6 - 3/- books? At least 85¢, up to \$1.25 for titles as popular as Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's The Little Prince (3/6). Ridiculous!

As long as I'm talking about children's fantasies, I'd like to briefly review some old English fantasies I've found just recently. These are in To the Land of Fair Delight: three Victorian tales of the imagination, introduced by Noel Streatfeild; New York, Franklin Watts, Inc., 1960, 533 p. A British edition copyright 1960 by Victor Gollancz Ltd. is mentioned. This American edition is priced at \$4.95, but I found it in a remainder sale marked down to \$1.00, so you might be able to find one under the list price. The three tales are Mopsa the Fairy, by Jean Ingelow; The Little Panjandrum's Dodo, by G. E. Farrow; and At the Back of the North Wind, by George MacDonald. All are illustrated with the original illustrations. I'll assume everyone's read North Wind, and just cover the other two.

Mopsa the Fairy, originally published in 1869, is stylistically the most like the traditional Folk Tale, as popularised in England about that time in Andrew Lang's variously colored Fairy Books. I'm not sure whether it's a dream sequence tale or not; you could consider it either way. The central character is a young boy named Jack who is playing in a country meadow and discovers a nest of young fairies. He is taken with them by an albatross to Fairyland, by "the back way", and he journeys through some of the wilder parts of Fairyland with the fairy Mopsa, protecting her until she grows up. By the end of the tale, Jack loves Mopsa and wishes to remain in Fairyland with her (though he can't be over 10), but humans cannot stay in Fairyland and he has to return to his parents.

Though it's unlikely that a tale of this sort could be written today without being oh-so-cute and sugary, Mopsa has a sort of sincerity that makes it still worth reading. It appeared at the time when the pure innocence of young children was still a common theme in books for children. Several moral lessons are present -- don't mistreat animals, beware of false pride, etc. -- but these are well worked into the plot. I would guess that this is a sort of transition piece between the old style of thinly coated lessons in moral upbringing that passed as children's literature into the beginning of the 19th century, and the modern children's book that avoids preaching entirely and is often written for no other reason than to give the child entertaining reading. As such, it's interesting both as an example of an older style of children's fantasy, and as a good -- although old-fashioned -- story. It's quiet and contains little dramatic action, but it moves continuously along, and I don't consider it dull. I recommend it. The illustrations of Jack bring a question to mind, though: is everyone in Victorian England supposed to have worn his hair in shoulder-length curls until the onset of puberty?

The Little Panjandrum's Dodo was first published in 1899, and is written in a Lewis Carroll - E. Nesbit style. No moral lessons here; pure entertainment. A high tide breaks into a seaside cottage and carries away the table on which Dick, Marjorie and Fidge Verrinder are playing. While floating, they pass the Dodo, very natty in gloves and tie, on his way to the Equator. A bit later, they meet the Panjandrum's Ambassador, who is looking for the Dodo, who is really only one of the Panjandrum's pets, and who stole his gloves and tie from the Panjandrum himself. The Ambassador accuses the Verrinders of helping the Dodo escape and threatens them with "subtrans-exdistriction" unless they return him, giving the children a week to do the job. After various adventures, the children finally find the Dodo who convinces them to help him hoodwink the Panjandrum. Further adventures are had, usually as the result of the Dodo's getting into mischief, until everyone lands in London where some meddling adult insists in notifying the Verrinders' parents. Mr. Verrinder unfortunately refuses to let the children bring the Dodo home with them, and the last we see of him is as he is awkwardly flapping into the distance, "screaming out a lot of aggravating personal remarks" as he goes. There's a note that sequels were written, but I haven't found any yet.

As you can tell, this is strictly for amusement. The Dodo is a delightful humbug of the same sort Frank Baum was introducing into this country in the same year. Though there's a tea party scene suspiciously similar to the one in Alice, this is no copy of Carroll's books. It's highly original, and I think you'll enjoy it if you like children's fantasy at all. Is anyone else familiar with these?

The third in our series of articles on modern sf comes from Arnie Katz, a New York fan who co-edits EXCALIBUR with Len Bailes, who tore modern sf apart so violently in our first issue. Arnie's not agreeing with Len here, though...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SCIENCE FICTION? 3

TODAY'S SF - A DEFENSE

by ARNOLD KATZ

A little while back, in LFNUI #1 to be perfectly correct, my friend Len Bailes rode SF into the ground. I beg to differ. (What else are friends for?)

I agree with Len that the signs of an SF boom are upon us, but it is fallacious to expect the circumstances to be exactly the same this time as they were last time. History repeats itself, but it doesn't repeat itself exactly.

The boom of the early 1950's that Len harks back to is not like the one we're preparing for now. The boom of the early 1950's resulted, it seems to me, from the increased attractiveness of the digest format, and the recovery of the U.S. from World War II and the Korean War. The 1948-52 period was a time for the old hands who had served in one or both wars to get back to writing. It was only after the boom had started, 1952 or thereabouts, that new authors like Sheckley entered the field. The boom of 1952-4 was a culmination of a rise which dated from the end of World War II. What I'm trying to point out is that there were many science fiction writers around at the time of the boom. Their writing had merely been interrupted by the war(s).

Now the situation is different. Too many of our best writers left the field during our boom in the late '50's or around '60, when we hit the nadir of post-war science fiction. There just aren't enough writers in the field now to satisfy the demands of the magazines or the book publishers. Science Fiction and Fantasy seem to be hot items again, and logically, there is going to be keen competition for the money of the readers.

At present, we are, as I have said, in the first stage of a boom. There is a demand for SF and Fantasy. There are not at this time enough active writers to fill the demand. This situation will change when the real boom gets under way, if it does. New writers will enter Science Fiction because it will be an expanding market. Old writers will return to their first love once they see that they won't starve writing it. Signs of this happening are already apparent. E. E. Smith, A. E. van Vogt, and Philip K. Dick have become active again. Murray Leinster is writing prolificly. New writers such as Roger Zelazny are trickling into the genre. Several writers of run-of-the-mill science fiction are blossoming into writers of the first magnitude. Examples of this are the aforementioned P. K. Dick, John Jakes, and Cordwainer Smith. Jack Sharkey, despite The Programmed People, writes fine

science fantasy. It's Magic, You Dope was a great science fantasy, possibly the best since The Incomplete Enchanter appeared in the early 1940's.

Cutting the magazines back to bi-monthly as Len Bailes suggests would kill off science fiction so fast that by 1970 there wouldn't be any short stories or magazines to give "Hugos" to. Going bi-monthly is the same type of logic as cutting the word rates because hungry writers will write better stories. If the market were cut in half by having all prozines come out bi-monthly, it would drive the writers from the field. If you are, let's say, a writer who writes good serials, but not good short stories and novelets, the less frequently magazines come out the fewer serials they will need, and the fewer you will sell. Since you enjoy eating, you cut down on your output to match the reduced demand, and you start writing mysteries to supplement your income. Being a good writer, your stories are enjoyed. Soon you're out in Hollywood scripting one of their uncountable mystery movies. And before you say I'm stacking the cards in favor of my thesis, ask yourself how many writers we've lost by the route I've described.

Contrary to what you may have heard, all prozines aren't increasing their circulation. AMAZING has dropped about 17,000 in two years, more than 10,000 in the last year. Even as the new circulation figures were announced, AMAZING announced a new look.

ANALOG is hamstrung by lack of short fiction. JWC told Len that when we interviewed him for EXCALIBUR (né CURSED). John said he didn't have enough short stories to fill the next issue. That's due to a lack of writers, not a surplus. ANALOG's novelets and novels have continued to be stimulating, it's only the short stories that bore me into a stupor.

The third stage of the boom comes when there are a large number of outlets for SF, but more than enough writers to satisfy the demand. That is when you get a golden age. Stage Three would seem to lie in the future. What fans can do to help science fiction through the critical second stage is to praise what is good in the magazines and books and tear apart any story or magazine that doesn't measure up. Tell Campbell to shut up and get stories if you dislike ANALOG's short fiction as I do. Tell Davidson to pay a living wage if F&SF leaves you cold. Give Fred Pohl encouragement when he puts out a particularly fine issue of WORLDS OF TOMORROW. Science Fiction today is not, obviously, all good, but neither is it all bad. If one reads with intelligence, pausing to think about the better stories a bit before moving on to another zine or book, one can derive a great amount of pleasure from current SF and Fantasy.



-Arnold Katz

MORE MENTAL MEANDERINGS!

Since Disney's version of "The Sword in the Stone" seems to rank fairly largely as a conversation piece just now, I thought I might throw in my 2¢ worth. Basically, I rather enjoyed the film, but I was very disappointed at the way Disney watered it down from White's book. However, I wonder if I'm not criticising it from the point of view of what I wanted it to be, which may not be what Disney ever intended it to be. While I have a right to feel disappointed, of course, I admit that I am possibly not being entirely fair to Disney.

As far as I could tell, Disney's movie seems to have been made for a basic audience about 8 years old -- Disney having long since discovered that everyone over this age will also enjoy his movies, if only as light entertainment. If this was Disney's intent, I think he succeeded very well; I would say that "The Sword in the Stone" is an excellent film for an 8-year-old audience. I'm not criticising such a market, either; I think there are all too few films made especially for children (however juvenile most films usually seem), and I'm all in favor of a few more children's films to balance all the sophisticated romantic entanglements that are being presented in most of this nation's theatres. My complaint with Disney is one of personal disappointment: I wanted to see "The Sword in the Stone" as T. H. White wrote it, as a humorous and allegorical fantasy for adults to enjoy, not as a simplified picture for young children. I realize that nobody was ever very likely to make such a film, and Disney's version is much better than nothing at all; but I'm still disappointed that the picture didn't come up to my hopes. I guess I'm a purist.

Speaking of purists, I suppose there's something to be learned in the way different fans feel about this. I consider Disney's film to be a travesty of the original book by T. H. White, and I'm disappointed with the thing. Bruce Pelz can't stand The Sword in the Stone at all; he considers it a mockery of the original Arthurian legend as presented in Malory's Morte d'Arthur -- and Disney's film is so far removed from this that Bruce was able to enjoy it as a medieval fantasy having no real connection with the genuine Arthurian legend at all.

But Disney's film certainly was a letdown to anyone hoping to see White's book presented on the screen. The thing was portrayed in the simplest possible terms. In the book, the young Arthur -- the Wart -- and Kay were introduced as more-or-less foster brothers in their relationship to each other; both about 12 years old. In the movie, Wart is a scullery boy at best, and Kay is a 20-year-old hulking bully, always picking on him. I imagine this does help the 8-year-old audience to identify immediately with Wart, but it hasn't much bearing to the book. Merlin is much more of a comic-relief figure in the movie. In the book, he is educating young Arthur so that when the time comes for him to become king of England -- to draw the sword from the stone -- he will have the knowledge and strength to allow him to do this. In the movie, Merlin is a querulous old wizard who is dissatisfied with the lack of education and "modern conveniences" (mostly 20th century plumbing, apparently), and he decides to educate someone to show that he's got a thing or two to teach these medieval yokels. Wart just happens to be the first lad to cross his path after deciding this, despite Merlin's mutterings of "somebody important -- I don't know who". The education has nothing to do with Wart's ability to draw the sword from the stone at the end; Wart does it because he is really King Arthur and King Arthur just naturally has to pull the sword from the stone, as everyone knows. So it's lucky that Merlin happened to pick the right boy to pass his education on to. And of course, in the movie the whole course of events doesn't seem to take over three weeks at most, while in the book years had to pass before Wart's education was completed.

I haven't room to go into the songs in the picture (melody pleasant; lyrics atrocious), or other petty gripes that add up to my total disappointment. Disney may have made an enjoyable film, but I wanted The Sword in the Stone -- and I didn't get it.

Tjní jní



Redd Boggs 270 S. Bonnie Brae Los Angeles, California, 90057 Feb. 7, 1964

Dear Fred:

The first thing that happened to me when I walked into Kal's last night where the LASFS was congregated after the meeting was Ted Johnstone detaining me with an important question: "Who was the lady with the alligator purse?" "What the hell?" I thought. That lady, it seemed to me, had not crossed my mind in a dozen years, but I fumbled under the dust of a decade and one-fifth, and came up with the fact that she appears in a street rime that I published in a poetry leaflet for FAPA.

Next, you came over and gave me a copy of Lefnui #2, which you mysteriously said was "a contributor's copy." I glanced through the magazine absentmindedly while conversing with Dave Fox, Roy Squires, and S. Davenport Russell, but found nothing by me in the issue. I did find the egoboo on the back page, which puzzled me vaguely. As a matter of fact, it still does puzzle me.

At any rate, it was not till two hours later, when Roy and I were the last fans left at Kal's and we were preparing to vroom off in his sportscar, that I glanced through Lefnui again, and found "Boxed Blitherings," a distinctive bit of creativity attributed to me. I got an incredulous hooah out of the piece, which came back to me, in Emerson's phrase, with a certain alienated majesty.

I remember how it was. It was -- if I'm not completely mistaken -- at one of the two one-shot sessions held at the Parapet Plunge in the spring of 1963. Probably the NFFF one. ((Yes.)) We were waiting for Ed Meskys to finish up his article. It was about 3 a.m. and every sensible fan had either gone home or sacked out somewhere, but some of us were still chitterchattering sleepily. I don't remember who was there at the moment aside from Stan Woolston. We were discussing the matter of impromptu writing for a one-shot, and he remarked that he'd seen a sure-fire method expounded somewhere: You open a newspaper, book, or magazine at random and copy down a likely passage. Since every statement provokes associations, you are quickly on your way. All you have to do is set off along the track of one of these trains of associations.

I determined to try the method out. I flipped open a magazine or possibly a book on the table beside me, and typed: "Here's that approved round-up release back from the Pentagon." And I went on from there, with the results you have discovered and printed. As a matter of fact, I wrote perhaps three or four similar pieces, one after another, and though some of them were longer and (I hope) more amusing, let us piously hope none of them survived being discarded immediately after composition. From composition to decomposition in one easy motion.

((Well, I cracked up when I saw it, possibly because I recognized so many references to items that had been floating around all during the one-shot session -- the Trimbles' King Aroc cartoon book, for example, which we'd all been reading off and on; and the Tarzan comics with fannish names. I suppose it would take somebody who had been at that one-shot session to really appreciate it, but I still think it's very enjoyable.))

Robert Heinlein's statement that he wrote *Glory Road* "purely for the hell of it and to have fun; and that anybody reading any Messages in it was getting something out of it that wasn't there in the first place" is pretty absurd stuff. I am aware that other, even greater writers have said similar things about their books. Melville is supposed to have said it about *Moby Dick*. I have read Melville's remarks in a book, but I have not examined the original letter, so I find it completely incredible. I suspect a heavy overlay of irony in Melville's case. I haven't read *Glory Road*, so I can't guess how serious Heinlein was in his remark about it. But we must take all such ex post facto statements with the large economy size grain of salt.

In the first place, of course, the author's attitude about a book many persons have read is shaped to some extent by their reactions. He may reject them or accept them, but at least he responds to them some way, and thus his statements about the original concept can no longer be trusted.

In the second place, the author himself is not an authority on such a matter. All right. He wrote the book. But in any act of creativity, there is a large measure of unconscious activity. You have to let your mind sail free, or as free as you can float it -- and when you do that, even you yourself cannot be sure what sort of motives it may have for doing this or that.

In the third place, it's obviously foolish to state that something as elaborate, complicated, and time-consuming as a novel springs from one simple little motive. Hell, one doesn't do even a pleasant thing like kissing a beautiful girl because of one simple motive. You do something that consumes as much time, thought, and energy as writing a novel for a complex of reasons. You start out writing a book "purely for the hell of it," but that may not be the reason you wrote what you did on page 23. And as for your motives in writing the eyebrow-raising remarks on page 323, well...!

I gasped at the idea of a New York radio station rebroadcasting "all the old series" of *The Shadow*, as Len Bailes reports. Does Len realize how long the old series lasted? So far as I've heard, the current *Shadow* radio series comprises only about 26 or 39 programs selected from 20 years or more of the "old series." ((Yes, and I find them to be delightful memory-conjurors. They take me back to when I was 8 or 9 years old, and used to come home from playing after school to listen to all the daily adventure serials, starting around 5 p.m. and lasting through dinner to 7:30 or 8. I didn't listen to *The Shadow* then, but it's woven of the same fabric and promotes the same emotional responses. The local radio has also revived the old *Green Hornet* series, which I did listen to 15 years ago; though I haven't recognized any of the revived episodes so far, the introductory prolog is an old friend.))

I trust that your father didn't get into trouble for leaving that copy of *Sixth Column* within reach of you, a few years ago. After all, I believe there are laws about contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Dear Fred:

You created a surprisingly different ATom style by your simple process of reversal. At least, I assume that it was your inspiration, not instructions from the artist. Curiously, I find myself unable to visualize how this would look in the normal way. I can easily turn my vision inside out when I'm inspecting photographic negatives, so that I may choose the best ones for enlarging without the nuisance of contact printing the whole batch. But the unfamiliarity of this similar reversed polarity in fanzine art mixes up this particular faculty and makes it inoperative. ((Yes, the white-on-black was my idea. Jack Harness discovered the black mimeo paper, so a group of LA fans chipped in on a tube of white ink and we all ran off white-on-black illos to our heart's content. You'll probably be seeing quite a few of them in LA fanzines in the next few months. Actually, that ATomillo didn't come out nearly as well as I'd hoped it would. There's just too much black (or white) area in it; to keep the mimeo inked heavily enough to make sure the center of the black area would print, I had to overink it to the point that the edges came out fuzzily. I doubt that more than 20 copies came out just right; the others were all overinked in some area. To reproduce that illo to best effect, I'll probably have to have Don Fitch print it on his school offset. So you may get a chance to see it in the original black-on-white yet.))

I'm afraid that I can't provide any learned glossing on the Boggs item. Somewhere deep in my memory there is an impression that his favorite name Sigafoos derives from the German name Ziegenfuss. Maybe the nurse coming from the Woolworth out is a double level pun, if it was a Woolworth dime store at which Redd observed that civil rights incident that he wrote about a couple of years ago. But I admit to complete ignorance of the culminating significance of the 23rd orbit for the space capsule, the reason that there should be a nurse in this matter, and what Millicent had to do with Al Ashley.

The Les Gerber article was the sort of thing that is hardly expected from this particular fan. I suppose that he's right for the most part about the sense of wonder and where it went. He might have mentioned the fact that quite a few writers score their biggest successes and approach the sense of wonder quality in their first science fiction sales. Farmer would be the best example, I imagine. It would be interesting to attempt to poll such people and determine how much science fiction they had read before they started to sell. If they were not for the most part widely read in the field, it would be good evidence for Les' theory. But I can't help feeling that there is one other common factor to those old stories that helped to impel the reader to feel that sense of wonder. This was the fact that most of the stories began in familiar surroundings and entered the realm of the fantastic by some gimmick or other. I believe that the reader who identifies with a character and feels himself transferred out of the mundane into the fantastic will sense the wonder of it all a bit more fully than the reader who finds the fantastic element already on hand in the first paragraph of the story and is unable to equate completely himself with the hero, because he has never experienced such surroundings or events. Maybe a parallel with mundane literature might be the old convention by which the narrator usually told the story as he had heard it from a friend or discovered it in an old diary. Maybe this was designed to cause the reader to feel that someone else was interested in these things, the narrator, and therefore they must be worth reading about. ((True to an extent, but aren't these both some of the literary conventions that Les talks about as now being overused? The here-to-fantastic-realms might make it easier to identify with a character, and it certainly was used more in the "sense of wonder days" than it is now, but it doesn't necessarily equate with sense of wonder unless you see that term as more or less synonymous with "old-fashioned". It's a convention that can still be used, but I doubt it'd evoke much sense of wonder today; it'd probably be considered more as a sign of naiveté on the author's part. I

imagine that's the main reason that it isn't used much anymore; it's so definitely no longer an evoker of the sense of wonder. As to that, it's not a necessary ingredient of the sense of wonder, either. There are quite a few definite sense of wonder stories that do not start from familiar surroundings, but immediately plunge the reader into a strange world and let him find his own way -- and because they do have a strong aura of "sense of wonder", they were successful and are still fondly remembered. Some examples? Van Vogt's Slan. Weinbaum's "A Martian Odyssey". Heinlein's "If This Goes On..." Hubbard's Final Blackout. So you're right when you say that here-to-fantastic-realms was a common factor of the old sense of wonder stories, but it's not an integral part of the phenomenon; and I think that Les is right when he says that new factors will have to be discovered and pioneered by new authors before we'll feel that the sense of wonder has returned to science fiction.))

I hadn't heard about the new law you mention that makes it so much easier to pin a murder charge on an individual. I wonder if this applies to deaths caused by motor vehicles in which it can be proven that the driver of one car was breaking a law? Technically, he would be a criminal. Maryland law, and I imagine the law in most states, charges the individual in such instances with manslaughter by automobile, and he usually gets off lightly, as if he'd been egged on to do it by the motor vehicle.

I was glad to see your defense of Daugherty projects. The only trouble is that this respect for Walt and his ideas was intended to be one of the big surprises of my fan history. I had figured it out all by myself, how he had been a real mainspring in all the fannish machinery of the 1940's in Los Angeles, and I thought that my emphasis on this matter would surprise many people and perhaps cause a reassessment of his true place in fan history. But in the past year there have been two or three fanzine items to this effect, and the history readers will conclude that I just copied this opinion out of this or that publication. ((I know how you feel. In the past year, I've spent a lot of time and effort compiling a really complete bibliography of the works of Andre Norton, that runs over 25 pages. And now, just before I'm ready to present it to fandom, up spring at least 3 other Norton fans all publishing their bibliographies of her works. So no matter how definitive mine is, it can be no more than just one in a series now.))

The Freudians would say that an author puts his philosophy and beliefs into his fiction, even if he tries to do otherwise. But Heinlein is probably right when he says that people have been reading too many messages into his novels. My set of Ibsen contains an amusing anecdote in the preface to Peer Gynt. The writer tells how Ibsen used to read essays about this play, and every time he came across an explanation of a symbolism or hidden meaning that had not been published before, he would shake his head and say, "Mercy, I would have never thought of that!" I would still like to see a mainstream novel written by Heinlein. I don't know if he sold fiction before he started to write science fiction. But it seems curious that he has not been known to sell any non-fantasy fiction since that first appearance in Astounding. You'd think that such a man of the world possessed of a reputation among publishers would want to unburden himself with at least a couple of novels about real life.

Now I go back to fan history and an effort to think of some other novel concept about the significance of an individual or event that nobody else has beaten me to.

Yrs., &c.,
Harry

MAILING

OFF TRAILS #39 -- (Officialdom) Gad, a dwindling waiting list. I could try to recruit some American fans, but I'd rather see more of the European fans that aren't in the American apas. Maybe someone ought to contact Kris Carey, who's trying to start an International Apa, and correlate his efforts with OIPAs needs. ## Yes, use reinforced envelopes, by all means. My copy of this mailing arrived here with one end of the envelope completely split open, and the mailing slid out about 3 inches. It wasn't until I could check the contents against the contents in OT that I could be sure that the mailing had all arrived. Next time, I might not be so lucky. A related problem exists in regard to most of the zines from the American members. Because they're printed on a larger-sized paper than are the British zines, their edges protrude over the bulk of the mailing; and in the mailing envelopes currently used, that means that they arrive here with their edges invariably crushed inward -- sometimes to such an extent that they have to be flattened under a heavy book before they can be conveniently read. So I, for one, would like to see a much sturdier envelope used. As a matter of fact, Ethel, if you can't find any envelopes sturdy enough, I might buy a batch of our padded envelopes and send them to you for use on my copies of the mailings. Other American OIPAs with this problem might do likewise. How does this sound to you? But I'll wait and see what you can come up with first.

PROCRASTINATOR #1 -- (Trimbles) I never had any trouble in my local library. The earliest books I can recall reading were the Dr. Doolittle series by Lofting and the Freddy the Pig series by Brooks (down, Lichtman), and the different books on mythology. I discovered sf at an early age -- 9 years old -- and after reading the couple of juvenile sf books the library had, I went into the adult section and read the adult books. There was never any trouble about this; the library was large enough that the librarian didn't care what you did as long as you didn't get into any mischief. I had a little trouble with some teachers in later years, who objected to my turning in book reports on only sf and felt that I should broaden my reading interests. In these cases, I'd find enough regular boy's adventure books to report on to keep them happy. I did enjoy these other books, too; and I don't want to give the impression that I read nothing but sf once I discovered it. But sf has always remained the bulk of my pleasure reading, and while I often wandered into such fields as some of Walter Farley's horse books and Willard Price's adventure series, I always went back to sf every time the library got a new one in. This lasted up into high school, and by then I was buying enough prozines and paperbacks to take care of all my reading time. Besides, I was outgrowing the boy's adventure books, and, for reasons I've gone into in my SAPSzine, I never developed a taste for adult mainstream literature on the whole, even though I've found a lot of

comments

individual books to my taste. Another early interest was adult mysteries. I mentioned that I was introduced to sf when my father left a copy of Sixth Column around the house. I was reading just about everything I could find at that time, which included most of the library books my parents brought home, so I was introduced to Perry Mason, Hercule Poirot, Nero Wolfe, and others at a still earlier age. I continued reading mysteries in conjunction with sf until I started getting so much sf from the newsstands that I had little time for other pleasure reading. I still try to keep up with a few favorite mystery writers, though. ## True, fairy tales are still being modernized, but not quite in the same manner as in the past. In the old days, when they were more actually "folk tales" and were handed down by mouth rather than being written down, they were adopted and adjusted to the different regions into which they spread, by the storytellers who kept them alive. Thus, you can find slightly varying versions of "Little Red Riding Hood" in collections of English, or French, or German folk tales. But these changes were made anonymously. When children's literature became respectable, and Grimm and Lang, among others, popularized the traditional fairy tale in written form, these tales became fixed in what will probably become known as the "authentic format". Further changes and modernizations will be done in a more literary manner, instead of being in the manner of the old anonymous traditional folk tale. I'm sure "The Glass Slipper" must have some definite credits given for the modernization, for instance, rather than being a modernization by some unknown storyteller. As time goes on, there will doubtlessly be more and more literary variations of each tale, until you'll finally end up with two broad classifications: the old-fashioned "authentic" format as recorded by the brothers Grimm, and all the literary modernizations based on this authentic version. But I think the versions of the old tales as first recorded by the Grimms and their contemporaries will continue to remain as the basic children's fairy tales, even if they are old-fashioned. Children don't mind outdated settings that much; they'll manage to follow the old terms through the context of the story. I'm still not sure myself exactly what "curds and whey" are, but I can follow "Little Miss Muffet" without this bit of specific knowledge. I notice that the modernizations you cite -- "The Glass Slipper", "Camelot", "My Fair Lady", etc. -- are all aimed primarily for adult consumption; the children's versions of these tales still stick a lot closer to the old-fashioned format. (There was a particularly good modernization of the old Sleeping Beauty legend for the Southern California region on the "Bullwinkle" cartoon television show recently. In this, instead of kissing Beauty to waken her, the Prince lets her sleep and turns her castle into an amusement park -- Sleeping Beautyland -- all neatly divided into Drawbridgeland, Courtyardland, Entrancehallland, ad naus. -- from all of which he rakes in a tremendous profit from the tourists, until the Wicked Fairy turns up with an ultimatum: take me in as your partner or I'll wake Beauty up, and then where'll you be? While this interpretation probably won't go down in children's literature as a classic, it's a good example of one of the many modernizations, all of which will doubtlessly be traced back to Perrault's first written version.)

AMBLE #A7 -- (Mercer) WHarrison died of pneumonia, if I recall correctly; Harding died of what was probably heart failure; and I'm not sure what FDR died of. Robert Lincoln is probably Robert Todd Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's son, who was also something of a politician and lived into the 1920's sometime, so he was at least alive during the assassination of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley. Whether he was physically present at all three assassinations is something else again; I tend to take Ripley with a grain of salt. ## Offhand, I can't recall any sort-of-baddie ever being elected to the presidency, unless you count Harding, who was more sort-of-stupid than anything else. We've had a couple of sort-of-baddies inherit the office. Arthur was generally agreed to be a sort-of-baddie when he was elected vice president, but when he took over after Garfield's assassination, he turned out to be a sort-of-goodie after all, much to the disgust of all the crooked politicians who were hoping to make deals with him. Sort of proves your point. The other is Andrew Johnson, who was considered during his term of office after Lincoln's assassination to be a definite-baddie, and Congress tried to foul him up as much as it could, climaxing in the famous impeachment trial in which Johnson was acquitted by one vote. ## Hubbard's Masters of Sleep in FANTASTIC was awful, and I'm sorry I ever read it, but Slaves of Sleep is enjoyable in the same style as Typewriter. What didn't you like about that?

WHATSIT #7 -- (Cheslin) Another great Olaf cover; keep 'em coming. ## I agree with you about the distribution of surplus stock. If extra copies of OIPazines can't be sold (money to OIPA or TAFF?), put up a giveaway table at your cons. It might help recruit new OIPAns. ## Interruption for amazing coincidence: today's mail just arrived, bringing A CHILD'S GARDEN OF OLAF. Ibst are very good indeed, though I think I prefer Claf in his proper setting &/or period (but "the laughing stock of all Melanesia" is one of my favorites). I wish you'd reprinted all the past Olaf covers, so I could be sure I've seen 'em all; and have them all together for handy reference. ## Back to WHATSIT. I know what you mean about being unable to think of anything to say about good zines. I couldn't find any comment hooks here until I got to your "Have At You!" section, though I enjoyed Studebaker's column and the fiction very much. That's the main reason I try to include a personal egoboo rating in all my mailing comment sections, so I can show people how much I liked their zines even though I may not have commented much on them. ## ASI may not be "completed" just yet. Walt Daugherty just got around to reading it recently, muttering comments on the order of, "Humph! Damn right we objected to him publishing news about the Pacificon before the Con Committee said he could. He announced that van Vogt would be Guest of Honor before we'd even gotten around to formally asking Van if he'd accept!" Let's see if we can get anything more from Walt before you close your ASI volume. ## I was going to ask you the difference between barrow as in wheelbarrow and barrow as in barrow-wight, but I decided to save time and just looked it up in my dictionary instead. Not much connection between the two. There was a third definition given for barrow: a castrated hog. Sure use the word to mean a lot, don't they? But a wheelbarrow has always been called a wheelbarrow here in Southern California! What do they call it in your part of the country, Wells? ## I'm afraid I've only got one of those three books myself. Bach and the Heavenly Choir, by Johannes Niber, translated from the German by Maurice Michael, World Publishing Co., 1957, 150 pgs. Of the other two, The Shoes of the Fisherman is by Morris West, and was published in either 1962 or 1963. It's been on the best-seller list over here ever since it came out, so I'd imagine that there must be a British edition by now. I don't recall too much about the last -- Hadrian VII -- but it's about 50 years old, and is a British book, so you might be able to find it in your second-hand bookshops. I'm under the impression that it was reprinted recently, too, so there might be copies readily available. If I can get any more info on these last two before I finish up this issue of LEFUI, I'll put a note in somewhere, so check all through here. ## A Jewish Negro wouldn't have gotten very far in Nazi Germany, but I imagine the American Nazis today are pretty hard up for recruits.

ERG #19 -- (Jeeves) Yes, admiration for Vargo Statten does sound pretty amazing. Fearn wrote some tolerable stuff for ASTOUNDING back in the 1930's, but I haven't read anything under the Statten byline other than sheer crud. (I sometimes get into moods for enjoying sheer crud, but I can't recall ever admiring it.) ## Mechanical artwork's about the only kind I can do. I just stencilled a cover by Rotsler for my SAPSzine, and I had to use all sorts of straight-edged and circular guides to get it to come out correctly; took me over two hours. I can't even trace a straight line freehand. You should see some of Don Francon's fanzines; he can get amazing designs using only the keys of his typewriter. ## You mean Len Bailes eagerly flicks nuts under iris? Len's moved down to Charlotte, North Carolina recently, and from what he reports of the place, there's not much else to do around there. ## Er... I thought I had some interior illos in LEFUI #1. I'm running low on the things; got to conserve. How's this issue?

SOUFFLE #7 -- (Baxter) I thought "The Wizard of Oz" was a delightful film, and not at all boring. It's true that the emotional range isn't very great, but it was never supposed to be. Have you ever read Baum's original book? I was a little surprised, though, when, after hearing all the "happy" music composed for the film during its first 2/3, Roussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" appeared as background during the sequence of rescuing Dorothy from the Witch's castle. ## As far as I'm concerned, the only thing worthwhile in "Gay Purr-ee" is the French impressionistic-

style artwork. The rest is eminently forgettable. ### "Carlton-Browne of the F.O." was released in this country under the title of "Man in a Cocked Hat". I presume it's the same picture, anyway; or are there two with Terry-Thomas as Carlton-Browne? I also enjoyed it, though the satire seemed to be laid on more with a shovel than with a spoon in places. These Boulting Brothers comedies are just beginning to appear on television over here; I hope they keep them coming. ### "The 5,000 Fingers of Doctor T" was in full technicolor when it was shown in Los Angeles theatres; can there be two prints? It is superb in color, and if a color print ever comes your way, it'd be worth seeing again. The plot, song lyrics, and set and costume design are all by Theodor "Dr. Seuss" Geisel, a noted author of books for young children in this country. According to a magazine article on Dr. Seuss a few years ago, he steadfastly refuses to see the picture himself. The film is usually billed here as more of an artistic whimsey than a film for children, though it's commonly shown at children's programs. ### 1950-55 was also the period during which I first became well acquainted with science fiction, and I have fond memories of most of the stories I read during this time. But in my case, this includes both original magazine stories and book reprints of pre-1950 stories, so I was able to read most of the "classics" of the different plots and sub-plots during my formative years. No, I'm afraid I'll never be able to duplicate that thrill again. But I still don't find all current sf execrable in comparison, as some seem to.

MEIN OMP-F #2 -- (Freeman) Why not present your friends who don't put the top back on your orange juice with a tit-for-tat fait accompli, and unscrew the top yourself just before they arrive? Might help them get the hint. ### I joined OMPA primarily because I wanted to extend my fannish contacts to include British fans, as I'm already pretty familiar with American fans through SAPS and N'APA. I'm not a very good correspondent when it comes to letter writing -- even when I do actually intend replying to a letter, I usually postpone doing so until the topic of conversation is fairly well outdated. I enjoy publishing, though, so I carry on my correspondence in the form of publishing apazines. So when I decided I'd like to know British fans a bit better, I joined OMPA. ### There've been several science fiction stories dealing with an intelligent-(usually) solar life form. You might recommend some of these to your male nurse, and see what his reactions are. There's also Arthur Clarke's "The Fires Within", about life in the molten interior of our Earth. ### It's hard to imagine someone reading science fiction consistently just to be able to search for shortcomings, with no intention of finding any entertainment in the material. Reviewers do have to be able to criticize material, but I imagine they at least hope to be entertained by the material they read -- I'd suppose that a reviewer of science fiction who has no expectation of ever enjoying the material he reviews would become either impossibly fussy or overbearingly superior. I'd doubt that his reviews would continue to be enjoyable, in any case. But on the whole, fans only read sf because they enjoy it, so if they stop enjoying it, they'll stop reading it and switch to mysteries or some other field. Len made the point in his article that too much science fiction would dull the critical faculties, rather than stimulating them, and this sounds more plausible to me than your idea, as far as reading for pleasure goes. I agree that fans who absorb science fiction for long periods of time will be able to be more critical in examining it than anyone who has only a brief acquaintance with the genre, but I don't think anyone would be able to become over-critical and still remain a fan of science fiction. He may be and remain being a Fan, but he won't continue reading sf -- there're several fans today who boast of how they haven't read any sf in years, or that they've just read their first prozine in five years and probably won't read another for another five years. ### The U.S. is considerably unhappy with Sukarno, and the last I heard, our government was going to cut off our aid to Indonesia if he didn't quit causing trouble with his peaceful neighbors (Malaysia). Whether we've actually done this or not, I don't know, but public moral opinion is at least against Sukarno. The main worry is that if we don't bolster Sukarno, Indonesia will degenerate into chaos and the Communists will emerge on top, and things will be unbelievably worse than they are now. A new view is gaining prominence now, though: things couldn't get much worse if the Communists did take over, and we might as well at least keep the friendships of Malaysia and the Philippines. It'll be interesting to see if anything does happen.

BURP #22 -- (Lennett) I'm particularly interested here in your comment on the variations of "aeroplane", to the effect that "aeroplane" would be considered the normal answer in England, while "airplane" is considered by a majority of your teachers to be an Americanism, and incorrect. In this country, "airplane" is certainly the only commonly used term (other than the abbreviation "plane"), and, as far as I'm aware, "aeroplane" is considered more old-fashioned than English. I would not be a bit surprised to learn that students in this country putting down "aeroplane" would have it marked incorrect. I can recall getting marked down on a paper for spelling "sulfur" with a "ph" instead of the modern "f", and I've heard of teachers who won't accept the terminal "ue" on such words as "catalog", "travelog", etc. I don't know of any American teacher who'd encourage this "old-fashioned" spelling, that is, while there are some who will actively discourage it by grading it incorrect. As for an American form test, I doubt that "aeroplane" would be considered for one of the correct answers on the key. Personally, considering what kind of a craft two men would take a pigeon in that could come down into the sea, I would tend to think more along the lines of an ascension balloon; except that that's two words, of course, and I can't think of any craft other than an airplane that begins with a vowel for your preceeding "an". ## I thought that "Gridban" and "Statten" were both primarily Fearn. If "Gridban" is a house name, is "Statten" also one? Are either of these names being used now since Fearn's death?

BLETHERINGS #35 -- (Lindsay) I seem to be in the somewhat embarrassing position of being an American fan advocating more non-American memberships in OIPA. See my comments on OFF TRAILS & MEIN OIP-F. Actually, with members from Britain, America, Australia, New Zealand, and Germany (I know Klemm's in the U.S., but I still think of him as a German fan), OIPA is a rather international apa. If there aren't enough British fans interested in keeping OIPA filled, it might be an idea to try to develop a new image as an international apa, and see if there're any more Continental or Scandinavian fans who might be interested in joining. ## I'm glad you like our California state flag. I think it's rather pretty myself, but the original "California Republic" flag it's based upon wouldn't have decorated any mantlepieces, I'm afraid. An uglier flag couldn't be imagined. The "Republic" was proclaimed by American settlers in California who grew impatient waiting for the U.S. to seize the province from Mexico, and decided to set up their own government and do the job themselves. The "Republic" lasted for two days in July, 1846 before word reached the area that the U.S. and Mexico were at war anyway, and all further conquest was done in the name of the U.S. forces, with the "Republic" forgotten. The "Republic's" flag was hastily drawn up by someone who obviously had no artistic sense whatsoever; there was no green on the original flag, and the bear was much smaller and up toward the upper left hand corner instead of being centered properly. The red stripe at the bottom of the flag is supposed to have been a last minute addition, composed of a piece of material torn from some miner's red flannel underwear. The result wasn't very esthetic, but as far as I'm concerned, the flag's fascinating history is justification enough for its existence. I hope that this bit of history doesn't spoil your fondness for the flag over your mantlepiece; as I said, the prettified version of the original that was adopted as our state flag is quite pleasing. ## I assumed that THE SHADOW magazine had a British edition; so many of the Street & Smith pulps did. I also keep reading articles by British authors about how they discovered sf at an early age by finding cheap American pulps in their neighborhood Woolworth's; and I assumed that copies of THE SHADOW must've been included, too. Sorry; I wasn't trying to be chauvinistic.

Again I run out of time & space with mailing comments uncompleted. Quick comments: Roles - My England Slept was just reprinted in this country after being o.p. for 20 years; Hale - see my comments on PROCRASTINATOR for my opinions on traditional fairy tale vs. modern children's fantasy. No value judgment on content, but they didn't come into existence in exactly the same manner. Same for folk songs. The genuine ones will live while the commercial phonies will die. But radio, etc. makes so many commercial phonies available that there's little time to weed modern Folk music from the chaff. It gets snowed under. Records, etc. preserve crud that otherwise would've been deservedly stillborn.