

MIEOW

Nº 3



Nº A P A

22

First, I'd like to say that this issue is the first major fanzine on which I have done all the work. Some of the ideas that I've had about layout are incorporated in this issue, and I hope the improvement in appearance is as dramatic as I expect it to be.

I really enjoyed the last mailing, and I was delighted to see the improvement in N'APA continue. Although there are some zines which suffer from neeness (a phase we all pass through), the overall quality was pretty good. I've started this issue very early, so I don't know exactly how large the mailing finally totaled yet, but I do know that it is the largest mailing in N'APA history. I congratulate you. N'APA has come of age with a bang.

Just to show what kind of faith I have in N'APA, I am going to run for the office of OE. I expect to be running against my good friend, Fred Patten, and I realize how hard it's going to be to vote against a good OE who is also such a fine person. I hope you all will be able to overcome this obstacle and vote for me. All I want is a chance to show what I can do to- er that's for N'APA.

I am sure you are all asking yourselves, "Why, other than the fact that he is a greta guy, should I vote for Arie?" I think that this is a good question to ask, and I ~~with I had a good answer~~ think it deserves a good answer. Nevertheless, here is my answer. One thing I might do is put out the September 1965 mailing a few days early just to show how efficient I am. Another thing, one which I promise I will definitely do if elected, is to give each of you a title similar to title of Vice President held by the members of SAPS. But I won't be aping the Big Apas (hi, Bruce), because each of you will have a different title such as "Assistant Editor". If there is some particular post you would like to have, a post card to inform me will be sufficient. Naturally, the request of a title does not obligate you to vote for me.

As most of you know, I am 18 years old. So that there will be no question in anyone's mind, I intend to appoint Fred Patten as Treasurer in the event that I am elected.

Although I know that Fred is above such low tricks, I hereby state that I will not be withdrawing from the race for any reason save an act of Ghod. If some such unforeseen development does occur, I will not put out a pm to tell the membership but will instead tell the teller directly. This is to scotch any SAPS-type tricks the other evial candidates might be planning. We Good Guys have to protect ourselves.

# TITLE

## CHAPTER ONE



Ernie Kaat, chief special agent for His Majesty, Eperor Frederik of Nyepa, sauntered down the hallways towards the private chambers of the emporer. Every few steps he stopped and studied the inlaid gold carvings which filled the walls from floor to vaulted ceiling. "It seems," he mused, "that the erperer has been far more successful than his predessor, Robert the Fink." Kaat wrinkled his nose at the mere thought of the evial former emerper. After tracing the devious route through the palace, a route known to only a few trusted men and Kaat, he arrived at the door to the epmeror's study. He rapped softly on the door. No one answered. He tiptoed up to the door and placed his ear against it to see if there was anyone inside. Hearing voices in animated cobversation, he began to bang on the door with all his might.

"Come in, come in! And stop that infernal banging," said the erm-peor. Kaat flung the door wide, and after stepping in, closed it with a slam behind him. He looked at the emrepor and his companion, and he paled as he recognized the dark haired giant. Ever fealess, Kaat backed slowly towards the door.

"How dare you insult me with the presence of this-this, this thing?" bellowed the Baon as he lept from his chair. With practiced ease, he drew his famed broadsword, ~~which was by a famous brood~~ and advanced on Kaat.

"I have no idea at all why you should hate Kaat, he's one of my best men," Frederik replied dumbly. He looked back and forth at the two antagonists as the Baron closed in. A smile of triumph on his face, the Baron said,

"I've waited a long time for this, Ernie Kaat, alias the Purple Blur. You've caused me plenty of trouble in the past, but your career is finished." The Baron paused, as if reliving his past encouhters with Kaat. "I remember that once you even kept me in a bind for over a week, but now I'm going to make Kaatburgers out of you Mr. High and Mighty Purple Blur," he added cuttingly.

"No, Baron, don'tbe a sap. We need Kaat," pleaded the erm-poer. Kaat looked about wildly for a way out, but the Baron had craftily manoeuvered him so that he could no longer gain the door.

"What Frederik says goes ditto for me," added Kaat, trying to divert the Baron from the murder he seemed bent on committing.

"Ddddiitttttttttoooo," screamed the Baron who was for some reason greatly affected by the word. He began to swing at Kaat with the sword in earnest. Kaat ducked under the first few lunges, but the Baron soon calmed enough to divine Kaat's strategy. Feinting another blow at the head, the Baron instead swung low. Kaat was already ducking when he saw that he had been outguessed. Using all of his strength, Kaat leapt as high as he could from his crouched position. The blade neatly sliced off the bottoms of his shoes. He gulped as he thought what might have happened if the swing had been aimed just a little higher. Braced for the expected impact, the Baron was thrown off balance and swung around completely before he regained control of his sword. This gave Kaat the opportunity he needed. He dashed to the other side of the room and cowered behind Frederik's desk.

"You wouldn't let him hurt your chief special agent, would you?" Kaat asked. The Baron meanwhile advanced towards the desk, swinging his sword from side to side. For an answer, the emperor retired to a safe position under his desk. After a few futile attempts, the Baron found that he couldn't quite reach Kaat over the top of the desk. Slowly, the Baron began to inch around the desk to his right. He had moved about a foot when Kaat began to move to his right so as to remain an equal distance from the Baron. Without any warning, the Baron reversed direction and began to run around the desk in a clockwise direction. Unprepared for this ploy, Kaat nearly got Greywand in his belly before he reversed, too. No matter how fast Kaat ran around the desk, the Baron, moving swiftly for one of his size, was able to keep close enough to jab him in the back with the needlelike point of Greywand.

"You've been needling me for years, Kaat, and now it's my turn!" the Baron yelled piercingly. Just when he thought that he could hold out no longer, the door was flung open, and quicker than you can say *machinae-ex-deis*, Dr. Bailgenholm dashed into the room.

"Hit him again, Baron, hit him- hey what am I saying? Baron, stop this at once or you'll get the book thrown at you!" said the doctor, finally realizing his vital role in this story. The Baron merely flashed him a dirty look.

Kaat stopped running. He turned just in time to see the Baron crumple into a heap. He went over and picked up the book that Bailgenholm had thrown. "It's a good thing you only threw Webster's Unabridged at the Baron, Doctor. If it had been the Fanampress constitution, it might have killed him."

"Yes, I suppose so. The real reason I came here was to tell you something of the utmost importance," said Bailgenholm. Kaat busied himself with tying the Baron up in some rope he had expropriated from a fancy plaque that hung in the study.

"So, tell me already if it's so important," snapped Kaat.

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# SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS

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GOLDEN BLOOD by Jack Williamson. Lancer Books, 50¢

Originally, the idea of the Lancer series seemed to be to print hard to get classics of SF and Fantasy in expensive paperback editions. Then for some reason, they changed their goal to, apparently, gouging Asimov fans. With this volume, they have partially returned to the original idea. This is the first book publication for Golden Blood, but it does not fit into that class of books which may be thought of as "classic". In fact, after even the first few pages, the reader should have a fairly good idea as to why this is the first book publication.

Basically, this is a standard adventure story with no redeeming features ( unless you count the smsh cover) that I can spot. The plot, which I doubt was new even in 1933, deals with the rich but jaded soldier of fortune who goes looking for a lost desert city, which he finds along with the run of the mill cult that is found in every hack yarn of this type.

Characterization is atrocious. One would think that in a novel by a Name like Williamson one would find at least one character that is not immediately recognizable as a stock character from the word go. They're all here; the aforementioned hero, the girl in trouble whom he saves again and again and..., the evil Eurasian ship captain, the High Priestess who tries to seduce the hero, the High Priest who falls in love with the heroine, everyone is on hand.

Stylistically, the novel is not all it could be either. Williamson appears to have been mesmerized by the idea that writers should provide the reader with word pictures of the setting and characters. He gives of discription of every character and every setting, no matter how many times he has done so before in the book. If he at least varied the discriptions, it might be bearable, but he seems to be too unimaginative to provide any variety at all. Another problem is that Williamson runs out of words in several sections of the book. That is, he has vocabulary troubles, and overuses such words as "tawny". You know, maybe they should have stuck with the Asimov books.

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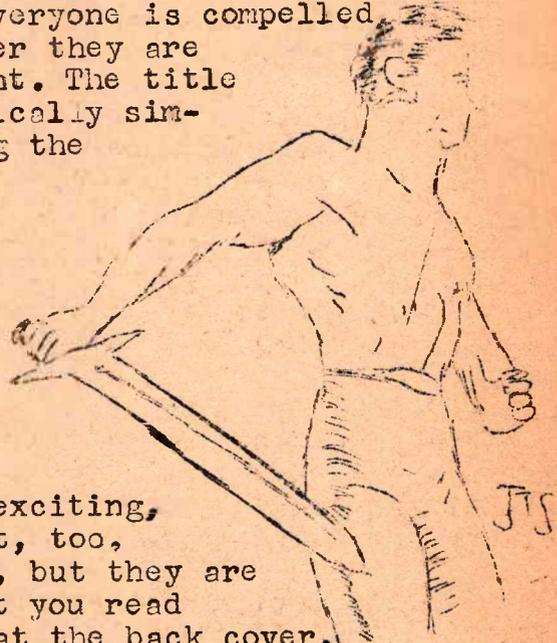
MEOW #3 , published by Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY. for the 22nd N'APA mailing, September 1964. All material not otherwise credited is by the editor. This is Meow Pub# and Katzac# . ART CREDITS: Cover:Dalgard

VOTE FOR KATZ-- HE'LL MAKE EVERYTHING KOSHER!

SIMULACRON-3. Daniel Galouye. Bantam Books. 40¢

The guy who writes the blurbs for this company ought to be shot. By opening his yap on the back cover, he springs an idea that takes Galouye about half a book to set the stage for. Despite this, I enjoyed the book immensely, and I wouldn't be too surprised to see it at least get nominated for the Hugo.

Basically, the book is a combination of a utopian novel and a murder mystery, with a bit of world saving thrown in for good measure. The "utopia" (that's about the best word I can think of right now) is that of the pollster. The samplers of popular opinion practically overrun this world of the future. Moreover, everyone is compelled by law to answer the pollsters whenever they are asked questions, which is day and night. The title derives from a machine which electronically simulates an ideal community, thus ending the need for the ubiquitous questioners. The effect this development has on society is one of the major themes. The mystery angle comes in when first the inventor and then the security chief meet with foul play. In fact, the hero, Doug Hall, is the only one able to remember that Lynch, the security chief ever existed.



The writing is fast paced and exciting, and the plot is rather well worked out, too. The new ideas may not be all that new, but they are handled extremely well. I suggest that you read the book without so much as a glance at the back cover. While I'm on the subject of bad blurbs, the one on the inside cover is a lu-lu. Don't let that keep you away from a good book, though.

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(cont.) "If you want to be the hero of a pun serial of your very own," said Bailgenholm, "you'd better learn to spell "emperor." At this, Frederik came out from under the desk

"Did someone call me?" he asked. Both shook their heads in negation. "Say," said Emperor Frederik, as a new thought entered his brain, and finding no company was eager to be out as quickly as possible, "I saw the Baron cut the bottoms from your shoes, yet I now see that they are once more whole."

"Well, in my career as the Purple Blur I have learned much which is why I am famed throughout the universe as the ~~top~~ master of spirit duplication. I simply figured that nothing could be more spiritual, and thus under my power, than the souls of my shoes."

"Oog!" said Emperor Frederik.

( TO BE CONTINUED )

Interior illos by Staton. Meow Pub #17, Katzac #29.

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS WITHIN THE HEARTS OF

ALLIANCE AMATEUR #21- Officialdom

I would like to enter a protest. When an OE is efficient, I don't mind, but when he ruins my campaign for OE, I get angry. Here I was all set to gun on the twin slogans of "N'APA is still the sl'ap h'appy l'aps" and "Bring the treasury back to Michigan". So you come up with a good gag, and then you follow through with a nice page of humorous explanation. The next thing you'll probably do is move to Michigan.

Fred, despite the opinion I gave you in a private letter, I now agree with your definition of original. Although it would benefit me personally to have John's loose interpretation, it is better for N'APA not to have prior distribution; we'd only end up getting the leftovers from other apas. N'APAs who want to put gazines in the apa, but who don't want to have to wait for the deadline are advised to put a N'APA only section or separate N'APAZINE in to get the needed credit.

FOOFARAW #12-Fred

Fred, you told me an untruth. When I told you about Fred Lerner ("Smeegee, smeegee," said Fred Lerner), you told me that nothing ever happens like that at Kal's. Your report of Wally's farewell to LA tells the True Story.

I fully second your comment about the "Cursed Image", though I think it is only fair to point out, as a true nitpicker, that Cursed never had any lousey mimeography. This may be due to the fact that there wasn't any mimeography. I'm sure it would have been lousey if we'd had a chance to try.

Thanks for the compliment on my mes. I think you're over eating me, but thanks anyway.

I don't know if you should be flattered about being the white pieces when I was trying to teach Len how to play Diplomacy. White symbolizes goodness and purity. If that's your shtick, then be flattered.

RACHE #14- Bruce

No, I understood your position perfectly in regard to Hugos when you stated it in FAPA. I disagree that honoring the best book publisher is a step to multitudinous Hugos. Don't forget that several Hugos have been dropped since the idea's inception. I think the Drama Hugo ought to go soon, and that would leave us with the same number we have now.

Bruce, would you care to tell me how you think N'APA fared against SAPS 21? In fact how do you think we did in comparison with the August SAPS mailing?

The Filk songs were much appreciated. I even tapped out "Jessee

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James" on my organ (disclaimer) though I don't know how to play.

SCRUNCH\* Wally

Well well well, if it isn't Wally W Weber in person. Gee, a N'APA mailing is the last place I ever expected to run into you. I'm afraid that the folding of CRY has left you without any excuse for missing mailings. I mean, it used to be that N'APA mailings would come, and I would eagerly scan the mailing for a choice bit of Weber to brighten my day. Finding none, I would shake my head philosophically, which is only slightly different than shaking it left to right, and say, "Well, I guess we can't expect Wally to meet activity requirements like the rest of us, after all, ~~he's been sick~~, he has one of the world's great fan-zines to put out, not to even mention CRY." Naturally, that has all changed since you no longer have to conserve your energies for CRY. You are now free to publish, as I believe you once phrased it, the biggest and the best. Go to it, Wally Weber!

dynaTRON #21-Roy

Roy, I may kid around a lot, but if I say that I saw it in the Times, then I saw it in the Times. There was also a follow up article which said that the Cal Dai had come over to the government side. I wonder how many copies of "Notre Dame de Paris" had to be spread around in the right places to accomplish that.

I didn't mind when you told them that I was really 28 5" tall or that I was 40 years old, but I don't like you saying that I'm a sophomore. I, sir, am a high school graduate!

THE ROMANn #2-Rich

This issue shows continued improvement. I think you're about the most interesting of the newer fen. I hope this mailing will inspire you to comment at length. If it doesn't, I don't think anything will.

You came to the wrong conclusion about the article on minorities, I think. It wasn't that it is out of place in fandom, but rather that it wasn't a good article that brought the adverse comment.

Say, as I read over your letter column, I think you may be another Roy Tackett, whatever that means.

NATTERJACK #2-Len

Congratulations, you finally got an issue of this all the way into the mailing. If you hadn't told me that you wanted to PM the #1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , I wouldn't have rushed it.

I didn't want to tell you this, but the typing of your name has all been a gigantic plot against you by the rest of fandom. Now that you've guessed the secret, I'll call off my ~~cat's~~ dogs.

I didn't rewrite the second half of the Shadow Slayer. I wrote a section that fit between the middle and the end. I suppose it amounts to the same thing almost.

THE WANDERER #1-Pete

Even though I used the very same trick in my first few zines, using a pen name is pretty silly. I suppose the wanderer is Al or Rich Benyo, but why not make him come out in the open? If it's you, which I rank as the third best possibility, then come on out, we won't hurt you.

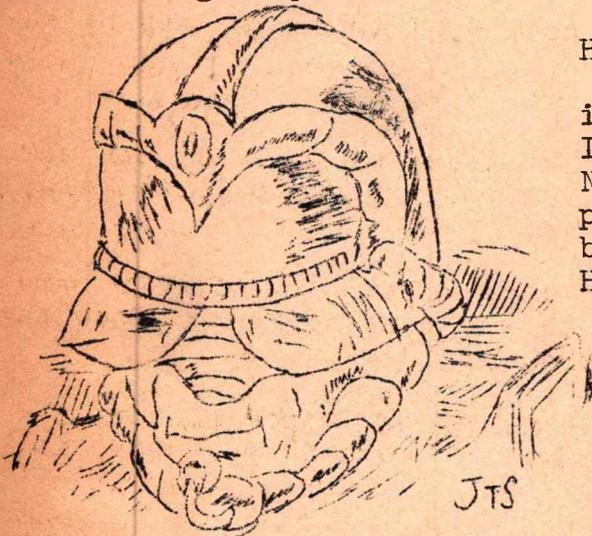
Pete, calm down. There is no reason why fandom has to have some great purpose. Fandom is fun, which is why there is a fandom. We don't want or need to be "improved" unless that improvement is in the form of a new type of enjoyable fanac; which I gathered was not what you had in mind. Go thou and enjoy. Class dismissed, but there will be a short quiz next time.

I agree that the song "Surfin' Bird" by the Trashmen was a terrible record. The fact that the record was issued as a spoff on bad rock and roll might have had something to do with it, don't you think?

I forget what number it is in the Ted White layout manual, but you made the same layout error twice. Don't put the pic or title in the middle of a page and then start lines on one side of it that finish on the other side of it. It makes reading more difficult.

In case no one bothers to tell you, you don't have to limit your color ditto work to three colors. It is no harder to run ten than to run just purple. All you do is buy ditto carbons in the colors you want to use, and then, using the same drawing sheet, fill in the various colors using appropriate ditto carbons. Of course you realize that using ditto will limit the circulation of complete issues of your zine to about 120 copies.

There is no doubt that you are a neo, but you have promise, and I think your only real lack is experience, which will come. Hope to see a lot more of your stuff in N'APA. Any chance of getting the Wanderer as a gen'apazine?



HITHER, THITHER, AND YONDER #1-Mark

Corflu isn't that expensive, and it is very useful. See your local mimeo store. I thought we'd gotten rid of one H. Forman. Now he shows up as your mentor. If you print "Lament for a 4 Time Loser", I may begin to suspect that you are Horrible Harve.

As Dave Hulan once told me, "Don't write mcs like that! One sentence mcs don't make very interesting reading. Good mcs should be able to stand by themselves."

GEMZINE 4/40- Mrs. C arr

I was going to answer your aspersions

on the quality of EX, but I realized that the mcs of the other members made that unnecessary. You seem to have gotten the impression somewhere along the way that Len is just along for the ride as far as fanac is concerned. This grotches me not a little. Len is a fan in his own right, and he does his full share and sometimes more on every issue of EX.

This leads into the answer to a question you, among others, asked; why aren't various zines bound together. First let's look at why mcs aren't bound into EX. Both Len and I feel that the MCs would be out of place in a zine like EX which is supposed to be a vehicle for general material. Further, we'd have to bind two sets of mcs, and that would be too much. Meow and Natterjack are bound seperately because we don't want one zine with two sets of comments competing for return comment space in other N'APAZines. Also, I know speaking for me, I want a chance to try out my own ideas for layout and such without hogging Len's fun at the same time. This way, we can both do what we want. Perhaps a more important consideration is that I want to find out how good a writer I really am. To do this, I have to put out a fanzine that competes on an equal basis, that is similar policy-wise, to the ones put out by the N'APAns whom I consider to be the best writers, Pelz and Patten.



#### BUFFERING SOLUTIONS #5-Judi

Judi dear, if you want something to be DMC the way not to start is by telling 40 N'APAns. Really, Judi, I know you can write a whole lot better than this. Why don't you first draft and think before you write? If you were a little more organized, the zine would be a lot better. OK?

#### RASTY #1- Dunc

I was just about to tell you that you had a fine fannish title when I read that you named it after a cat. Did you know you had a fine fannish title? Well, you do.

General material is nice, but one is in an apa to express himself. I joined apas to read what the members of those apas had to say. Anyone who can't write six pages in six months is not worth having as a member. If you do propose an ammendment, I intend to vote against it and I hope all the rest of the group will do likewise.

I'm afraid I really don't have any room to begin another good sized mc in this space, so I want to say that I'm sorry that I did not get to print mcs on all the zines in the last mailing. I read them all, and I liked most of them. I'll try to cover all the zines in the next mailing, if I possibly can. Me for OE!

1. FOOF 2. RACHE 3. Scrunch 4. dynaTRON 5. ROMANN 6. NIEKAS 8.9 7. NATTER-JACK 8. BURI 9. MICKEY 10. Half LIFE