

KA
after Louis Lauesen

PIEBALD HIPPOGRIFF

FLA



PIEBALD HIPPOCRITE

Ten Years In the Marmalade . . . That's Not Too Many

Somewhere in my effects there may even now be a battered card attesting to my membership in the Washington Science-Fiction Association beginning in May, 1952. I'd been reading ASF regularly for three and a half years and found, in the letter column, the name of a DC area reader who turned out to be an ex-WSEAN. From then on it was very simple. Inside a year I had attended a world convention and a regional conference, joined SAPS, been on the committee of another regional con, and gotten engaged to a pro. The pattern of my life was set.

Leo Summers Goofs Up

"The Piebald Hippogriff" is the only story I've ever sold, and it's now on the stands (in the May Fantastic). Big thrill and everything; I bought two copies for myself and one for my mother; but horribly disappointing. Because Leo Summers seems to think that a hippogriff is some kind of flying giraffe, and illustrated the story accordingly. A giraffe fergawdsake! I'll willingly admit that there's some doubt as to whether it has the head of a horse or an eagle, but a giraffe? I ask you.

The one on the cover is mostly traced from a Pegasus in that Danish songbook I've referred to several times. I wonder now, will it raise as much comment as the last traced cover drawing I used -- the Miss Peach one? I think that may have been the most commented-on thing I've ever pubbed.

It's a Small Galaxy, Dr. Sagan

As a result of the AAAS meeting in Denver, I sent Carl Sagan (of the Dept. of Astronomy at Cal-Berkeley) a copy of VORPAL GLASS in which I'd summarized some remarks he made after Hal Clement's paper, asking if I'd quoted him correctly; and about the same time Poul sent for a reprint of Sagan's own paper. His answer to Poul ended with "I'd like to meet you some time," but he didn't write me at all.

Well, we had the Sagens to dinner one night recently, and he was much more interested in hearing about stef and fandom and all that than in discussing astronomy. I asked him about what I quoted, and he said I hadn't made any mistakes, then added "I noticed a letter from someone named Andy Young in your magazine. Do you suppose this could be the same Andy Young who's at Harvard Observatory?" It certainly was . . .

His wife, Lynn, reminds me a great deal of Barbara Silberberg. She's due to take her doctorate in genetics, which makes an ideal pairing; Sagan is most interested in biological aspects of astronomy, and the two of them may well be remembered among the founders of xenobiology.

I Wouldn't be Saying This if I Weren't in the Kitchen

I'm typing at the kitchen table because that was easier to clear than my desk, and my eye just fell on two entries in the directory of local businesses up by the phone. (This is a thing they hand out to people moving in, and it's sometimes useful.) They are:

Shock Electric Company AT 3-2738

Link's Appliance Repair AT 4-4085

The first one has obvious double-meaning, but my bemused eye rested on the second for five or ten seconds before I realized that Adam Link must have gone into business here.

Speaking of phones, Jerry Knight's has a perfect mnemonic: Vile 770. I suppose the phone company thinks of it as Thornwall 5-3770, but it's much duller that way. CL 4-0691 can't be twisted into any memorable concept. I remember it myself by recalling that all Orinda numbers start CL 4 and we moved here in 1960.

"You'll Marry the Ropemaker's Daughter"

The use of kennings must have entered common speech; that phrase is in a Danish edition of Grimm from which Poul is reading Astrid her bedtime story this evening. It's in a story that seems related to the Howleglass (Tyl Eulenspiegel) stories. A clever thief is challenged, on pain of being hanged ("married to the ropemaker's daughter"), to accomplish three tasks: on one night to steal the challenger's favorite horse, on another night to steal the bedsheet and engagement ring of the challenger's wife, and on the third night to kidnap the priest and the deacon from the church. His challenger is the local Greve (approximately, Count) and presumably dispenses the high, low, and middle justice in his lands. The master-thief accomplishes all three by typically Howleglass-like tricks -- I believe the second is actually told, with slight variation, of Howleglass -- and is allowed to go free, but warned that if he ever comes back he'll be hanged.

Pocket Full of Rye

I used to carry the kind of pocketbook Molly McGee used to store the overflow from Fibber's closet; at one time I actually used a luggage-type hatbox to get in all the junk I thought I needed to have by me. Just recently I realized that I've really gone to the other extreme. I'm not sure how long it's been this way, but it must have been a couple of years. Here's what I have in my pocketbook this very minute: Billfold containing bills, change, two pocket-pieces (Danish 2-kroner piece, English penny), and one cash-register receipt; I just put the receipt in the ash tray. Nylon comb, Car key on chain with a tag reading "Self Appointed Elder Ghod." Lipstick (one). Powder-compact with mirror. Small folder containing driver's license, Co-op membership number record, calendar, library card, discount-house privilege card, Standard Oil credit card. Four trading-stamps, now placed with stamp book. Slide rule for comparing grocery prices. Pen and pencil. Glove-holder attached by a chain. If I were going out, I would add cigarettes and matches; but that's all, excepting an occasional shopping list. (Be complete, Karen; there were tobacco crumbs in the bottom.)

At The Drop of a Name

Today for lunch I mixed some lentil salad with some garbanzo salad, adding chopped egg just to make it taste different; there's still some left, but I hope somebody finishes it this evening. The original salads were made a week ago today, on the last Wednesday in Lent, for a party we had for G. C. Edmondson. (That makes nine people already.) We invited Vances, Bretnors, and Bouchers; Vances didn't stay for dinner, but the party began with lunch on the patio. And we didn't know until five the previous afternoon what day the Edmondsons would be here! I just added it all up: fifteen people to feed lunch to, and thirteen stayed to dinner (counting us, of course). Tony Boucher said the food was good, too, and he's something of an epicure. Maybe I'm ready to feed a Mystery Writers of America meeting. It would have to be late enough in the year that we can count on the evening being warm enough for the patio, though; our house isn't big enough.

To serve fifteen: Make 6 cups mashed potatoes. Idahoan Potato Flakes, made with all milk instead of 4/5 water, will work quite well. Season with savor salt. Use 4 cups of this to line a small roasting pan. Break up 3 tall cans red salmon in this, mixing somewhat with the potatoes. Cover with the remaining mashed potatoes. If you have leftover egg whites from making hollandaise, mix them with the mashed potatoes. Bake uncovered at 350° until heated through and lightly browned. Leftovers may be shaped into patties and fried. I think there may have been chopped celery in it too, but it was last week.

Everything I served was kosher for Passover and Lent, and permissible to Pythagoreans (no beans).

The Edmondsons donated two quarts of homebrew and a half-full gallon bottle of Oso Negro gin. With this we made Aztec Tranquilizers -- I wouldn't have expected it to taste good, but it sure did. That was a real great party.

Si Man I Yulma Nin Enquantuva?

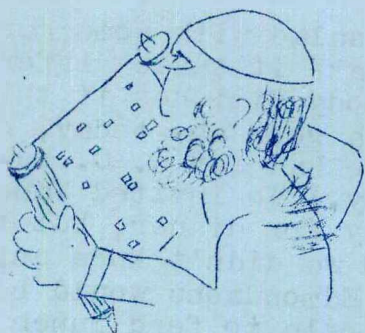
This afternoon Poul is at the library returning source material for his current book (working title: The Living Universe) and I just finished the only bottle of beer in the house. (Department of Schizophrenia: Page 4 was done a couple of weeks ago; ignore references to "this evening".) What am I going to drink? There's still lots of Oso Negro, but no tonic. Gin and soda? I don't think so. Wine -- no, I don't feel like drinking wine. Grrf. When is he going to bring back the car?

I think I'll make a pot of tea.

You know, while I'm at it I'll eat that leftover fried rice that I made last night from the leftover ham and a couple of Astrid's Easter eggs. Hardboiled eggs are almost as good as scrambled ones in fried rice. I made it with rice left over from the night before when we had chop suey.

. . . That was good. I'll finish that lentil-and-garbanzo salad while I'm at it.

They Laughed When I Sat Down At The Player Piano



I suppose that's really an interlineation rather than a caption, because I'm not saying anything relevant to it. But now that I've mentioned "interlineation" it reminds me that there was some debate over the pronunciation of that word not long ago.

It's interlinny-, not interline-; it can be found in quite mundane dictionaries and isn't a fannish coinage at all but a sound old word going back to the Latin. Interlineare means to write between written lines. Interline and interlineate are synonymous derivatives. An example of mundane usage is the interlineation of original text and translation in my Iliad -- that is, the first line gives the Greek and the second line is a word-by-word translation.

The Perfect Fanzine Title

Kind of a dirty trick, this, because I'm not going to reveal it. Only I want to establish prior inspiration in case Miri or somebody does decide to use it. Ever dream of a title that would be on the lips of the whole world? Can't you imagine the egoboo of having your title mentioned daily? Here it is. Extra bonus -- it's perfectly adapted to having an adequately long series of numbers tacked onto it, as "----- #1," "----- #2," etc. Like the idea?

Note To Eriudite Bastards

Please, that title is my property. If one of you does tumble to it, don't use it without consulting me; Miri has first refusal of it.

As for eriudition -- Buz, I forgot to take up your challenge in the 97th mailing, so I'll do it now. When you say "Beak-Wock" to a Sirian, can you use the Sheewash Drive to get away? You'd better!

I know the one-eyed man who went to Eriu, and I know who wang him to Brodir's men. Enough?

I counter your challenge: I know what happened in the country of the saints, where the Agra treasure is, when the dog didn't bark, how Porlock served his master, why the devil's foot was seen in Cornwall, and who Altamont was. All REBS are invited to reply.

To finish the page, a mouthful of stewed Mulligan:

I rode a bike that used up all my brew
So old Northwest set up a drink or two;

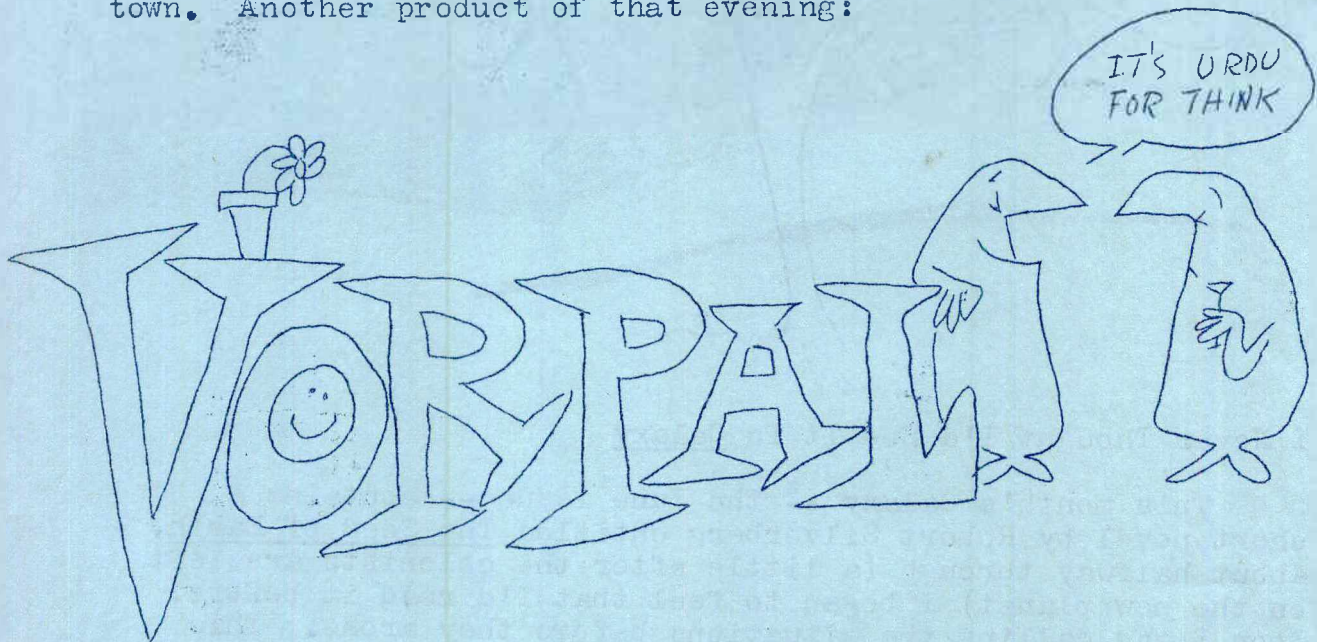
I guess we looked like slickers--

We were dared to drink strange liquors

And the Hocas still recall that night with rue.



The "they" in question was Deuteronomy (Donaho) and Sanly Bowitts (Knight), litter-mate tom kittens. Big Bill had brought Deut along to meet Rotsler one night last month when he was in town. Another product of that evening:



If you want to find out what it really is -- send a quarter, or better yet a dollar for four issues; I try to run this thing at a controlled rate of loss. The Futurians aren't a very rich club.

In the current issue: Fritz Leiber, Poul Anderson, Hal Clement, artwork by Alva Rogers and Ray Nelson, and a truly spell-binging story from the old MFS.

Act without thinking! Send your money now!



I Never Thought I'd See It In Galaxy

This month's Galaxy -- the June issue -- contains a short novel by Robert Silverberg entitled The Seed of Earth. About halfway through (a little after the colonists are left on the new planet) I began to feel that I'd read it before. Soon I was calling the situations before they arose. This was too much!

I thought about it for a while, and got a mental image of the page I'd seen it on before. It was F&SF's typography. Not that, I groaned -- I'm not going to check all through the file to find out what that story was when I read it before! Then I considered the type of story and realized it hadn't ever been in F&SF after all, but in Venture. Remember that one? I miss it. And there were only ten issues ever published.

I found it in #5: "The Winds of Siros," short novelet, by Robert Silverberg -- starting with the colonists being left on the new planet. Some names were changed, but the main dif-

ference was that the brief expository passages of the first version have been turned into a totally unnecessary introductory section which must just about double the story's length. The main result of the new first half is to give you plenty of time to wonder why colonization has to be done this way -- 50 men and 50 women, picked at random, with no regard for their assorted abilities and training. Why, for instance, can't they be given some kind of intensive training before they're dumped? And so on . . .

"The Holy Bible, newly translated by Ronald Knox, author of The Viaduct Murder"

Monsignor Knox will doubtless be remembered chiefly for his translation of the Bible; the New English Bible or whatever it's called isn't nearly as good. Knox, besides being a notable scholar of the classical languages, has an excellent writing style. This other thing is dreadfully pedestrian, to judge by the passages published in the newspapers not long ago. The King James version has wonderfully stately syntax, but for this reason it's chilly and remote. The Knox version makes the Bible a fresh and immediate experience, free of sonorous obscurities. I recommend it to you.

I also recommend his detective stories to you. They're a bit hard to find, but well worth looking for. He also wrote such books as Essays in Satire and Caliban in Grah Street. G. K. Chesterton wrote of him:

Mary of Holyrood may smile indeed
Knowing what grim historic shade it shocks
To see wit, laughter and the Popish creed
Cluster and sparkle in the name of Knox.

Attention, Peghoo Fans

The reverse side of this page was run off by Reg Bretnor, to advertise his new book of Peghoots. He's also been running a series of personals (ostensibly communications between Peghoot and Grendel Briarton) in a local paper. I wish I had a file of them; but we don't take that paper, unfortunately.

Attention, Cat Fans

There's a very good cat story in the current (June) issue of Ellery Queen's: "The Sin of Madame Phloi," by Lilian Jackson Braun. There have been a great many mystery stories involving cats in some essential way, and at least one other told from a cat's viewpoint; but this is the most feline of them all, in that if Madame Phloi hadn't been there nothing would have happened at all.

FLASH! - STOP PRESS!

BARDOT'S PLANET, APRIL 3, AD 2846-zz, (EGP): FERDINAND FEGHOOT, INTERGALACTICALLY KNOWN SPACE-TIME ADVENTURER VACATIONING HERE, ANNOUNCED TODAY THE FORTHCOMING PUBLICATION OF HIS COLLECTED ESCAPADES AND EXPERIENCES.

"THE BOOK," FEGHOOT SAID, "WILL BE TITLED 'THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH FERDINAND FEGHOOT, THE FIRST FORTY-FIVE FEGHOOT ADVENTURES TOGETHER WITH FIVE MORE NEVER PREVIOUSLY HEARD OF.' IT WILL OF COURSE BE EDITED BY GRENDEL BRIARTON, AND WILL HAVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE ARISS AND A FOREWORD BY R. BRETNOR."

FEGHOOT STATED THAT THE BOOK WILL BE (IS BEING) (WAS) PUBLISHED IN JUNE (RPT- JUNE) 1962 BY THE PARADOX PRESS OF BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA AND TOKYO, JAPAN, AND HE ADDED THAT IT WAS (IS BEING) (WILL BE) ACCLAIMED AS THE MOST EXCITING PUBLISHING EVENT OF THIS TIME-TRACK, AND THAT IT WILL SELL FOR ONLY \$1.25 POSTPAID.

CONTEMPORARY READERS AND DEALERS, FEGHOOT SAID, CAN ORDER COPIES BY WRITING TO HIM IN CARE OF THE PARADOX PRESS, P.O. BOX 3051, BERKELEY 5, CALIFORNIA, (A.D. 1962). END.