Mistily Meandering 6 -- Fred Patter

Your remark about not liking scenery east of the Mississippi much because there's too much vegetation reminds me of the bored young here's remark about spring in Gigi: it's monotonous—all that green. Come up here some time during the fall to see Minesota vegetation at its best. Drive along the River Road and watch the colored leaves climbing the bluffs. Of course, the best view is from the dest hiver Road, so you wouldn't be east of the Mississippi (no cracks from Johnstone new about being north of the Mississippi). Dikini, think the charry trees in spring might convert this poor desert-brod critter?

Poul Anderson's The Broken Sword has several songs in it. Sturgeon's "The Silken-Swift" and dinona McClintock's "In the Days of our Fathers" are built around poems. And remember Lewis Carroll and GKChesterton. Tennyson himself wrote lots of fantasy poetry, "The Sea-Fairies." "The Kraken," and so on. And even one science fiction poem. "Locksley Hall." where the speaker, after meaning about the present, has a vision of the future and its wars with "airy navies grappling in the blue," ending in "The parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." A lot of early Yeats is fantasy. And there's always A Midsummar Night's Dream and The Tampest. "As to other fantasy poetry, it's true there isn't very much"?

Most 15-TaJ

You do realize that if you're short on time (and everyone always is, especially you) you could put the scripts for your original films through SAPS? Has Twin Rings Productions been able to shoot anything yet?

Yezidee 5-Dian Girard

Yes, I took the title from Chestorton. Skipping ahead to Bruce, just how does the poem "who Goes Home" confuse you? I always supposed that "home" there, beginning with its ordinary meaning, becomes a symbol for "heaven" (the true home for man's spirit)—"and there's blood on the body when the man goes home." You're quite right, Dian, in thinking that I've superimposed two stories: Merle's and Lebraun's. I had to, because Lebraun was so jealous and shut up in himself that I was beginning to hate him. Actually there were three, but the two stories about Merle merged se early that I can't remember anymore what they were when they were separate.

A Concordance to The Lord of the Rings-Ed Baker

Thanks. I notice that you label this "A reference to personal names." Does that mean you plan to work out an index later on to place names or something like that? And will this go in I Palantir when there's enough material for a third issue?

Speleobem of age-Bruce Polz

Your explanation and reference gave a special meaning to a line I hadn't paid much attention to before: "Always on Christmas night there was music. An urcle played the fiddle, a cousin sang Cherry Rips, and another urcle sang Drake's Drum." That's from "A Child's Christmas in "ales" by Dylan Thomas, a wonderful... something: it's printed as if it's proce, but the prose is so rich with sound that I always think it's poetry when I hear it read aloud.

I wish I could put a longer DINKY BIRD in this mailing, but I can't. Or rather, I won't. I am giving nearly all my free time to a paper -- which does not come due for a couple months. But it's important for several reasons: I can't graduate with honors if I don't write it; and everybody else has the wrong idea about Sylvie and Bruno. Not that I think it's good. Everyone says it's terrible, and everyone is quite right. But it's interestingly terrible. Others -- hoger Lancelyn Green, for instance, who seems to know ever, thing there is to know about Lewis Carroll-have pointed out that it's an interesting failure, but no one else has investigated closely the way in which it is interesting. They have pointed out why it is bad, and pointed out individual parts which are very good indeed, but little else. I think I'll put "The Structure of Sylvie and Bruno" in the April mailing, if it comes out well (none of it is on paper yet; I'm still going through the reading-re-reading, mostly. In fact, the last person to take out Lewis Carroll: Photographer was myself, back when I was in U. High. My hand-writing has changed. for the worse.).

