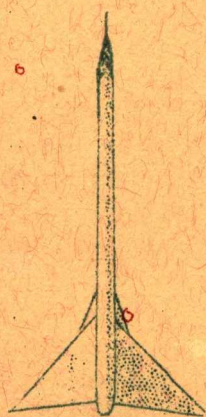


SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

NO. 42



GEORGE W. FIELD
59

- JUPITER FROM EUROPA -

R E P R I S Ean editorial by Al Lewis

You almost received the first fifty page SHAGGY in the history of the magazine. This would have been a great coup, but we decided that you would rather have two thirty-plus page SHAGGIES instead. That way we could use more letters, and do two covers, and.... And besides our stapler won't handle fifty pages. So we split the material down the middle and SHAGGY 43 will be out in one month instead of two. And we will still have a chock-full issue in June.

It wasn't always this way. I was a very young college freshman and a rank neofan when I edited #27 of the old Shangri-LA back in March 1951. It was then the custom to single out the greenest looking sucker in sight, hand him the two or three pieces that might have come in since the last issue, tell him to go get a quire of stencils, and produce a fanzine. It least that was the way it worked with me. Ever since that time, I have regarded that lone venture into the fanzine field with quite unwarranted sentimental fondness. Which is why I am now editor of SHAGGY. I caught Djinn in the middle of one of her monthly periodic gaffiations, pulled the editorial chair from under her, and sunk myself to the armpits in its well-warmed seat.

It seems strange to be in this position again after eight years. The associations are all wrong. Back in 1950 when I first joined the club (several years later than the "good old days" the real old-timers mention), Charles Burbee was a dirty word the club was trying rather successfully to forget; there was a liberal sprinkling of young and old pros -- EEEvans, Frank Quattrochi, Fred Brown, Ed Clinton, et al -- and meetings were devoted chiefly to the sort of discussion that a young sercon neofan revels in. It was a good club, but it was not a fannish one. Fandom was something in the letter columns of Sergeant Saturn, far away.

The club of 1959 is a different club. Burbee is something of a legendary hero, Walt Daugherty has acquired the dignity and is accorded the deference of an Elder Statesman, and Morris Dollens is usually the only pro in sight. Zeke has provided the club with its most friendly home in years, and what the meetings have lost in intellectualism they have made up in fannish fellowship. Furthermore, about a year ago, a certain redhead decided that the club had been isolated from the main body of fandom long enough, and the result is that LASFS is once again the fanac center of the LA area. In fact, everything has changed but Forry Ackerman.

With Ernie Wheatley in N3F, Bjo & Ed Cox in SAPS, John Trimble in FAPA, a TAFF campaign going on, and the club Gestetner grinding out Gim Tree, SHAGGY, Mimsy, and others, LASFS and its organ find themselves for the first time in many years back in the mainstream of fandom.

For SHAGGY this had provided a challenge: to become a fanzine that will rank with the best being published today. This means that not only must we fulfill our responsibility to the club by presenting club activities, but also present material of interest to an international readership. This means the widest possible variety of material, from original fiction to fannish chitter-chatter, from serious criticism of science fiction to light and serious verse. Can't please everyone with everything, but we'll try hard to please everybody with something. With the Gestetner, and some new typers, we're licking the repro problem. Most of all, we've started planning ahead to the future.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 42

APRIL 1959

CONTENTS

Cover.....	George W. Fields.....	cover
Editorial.....	Al Lewis.....	2
Jest A Minute.....	Ted Johnstone.....	4
Fanquet Report.....	Dick Sands.....	6
Profiles: 3: George W. Fields.....	Ted Johnstone.....	7
Colonial Excursions: XIII: Return to the Interior		
	Ron Bennett.....	9
Quo Vadis in the Fanzines?....	Eustace Plunkett.....	15
Thots While Peeling Grapes.....	Ted Pauls.....	21
The Squirrel Cage.....	Ron Ellik.....	22
The Squirrel Cage Annex.....	Terry Carr.....	25
I Call it Gaudy.....	Bill Rotsler.....	28
On First Looking Into Shangri L'Affaires		
	Theodore Cogswell.....	29
The Dear, Fine Fannish Foo:.....	Djinn Faine...31	
Letters to Shaggy.....	by You.....	32



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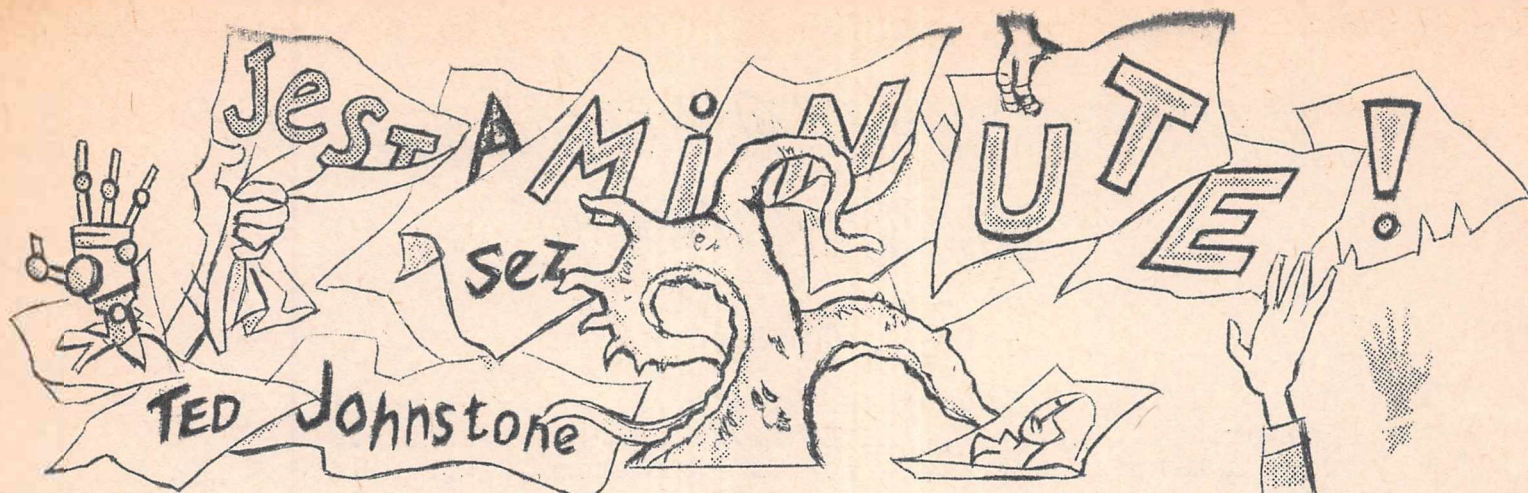
1. Sending us your fanzine in trade.
2. Sending us a letter of comment, OR
3. Sending us money. Single copies are 20¢; six issues for \$1.00.

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"IT'S ROTSLER --- HE WANTS TO TALK TO THE PROPRIETRESS OF LASFS....."



(Liberally adapted from the minutes of the hours of the LASFS)

The biggest news of this quarter was the culmination of several months work by Rick Sneary and some weeks of discussion by a special committee of LASFS. On February 5, a brand new LASFS constitution was officially voted into existence.

"Al Lewis reported on a 'truncated Executive Committee meeting', consisting of himself and Barney, on the subject of the Constitution. He read Rick Sneary's introductory note, and followed it with the Constitution and the By Laws, all put together by Rick from our various old Constitutions, re-worded and polished. During the 6th Section of the By Laws, we broke up temporarily to watch Thad Swift on a TV interview show, boosting monster movies in general and 4e's latest Monster Mag in particular. Then Al finished the By Laws and went back to the Constitution, reading it article by article with a pause for discussion and voting after each. They were all carried without opposing discussion except for the one about 'no discrimination on political grounds'. Zeke thought we should mention specifically that we weren't a Communist front, but it was voted down. Not because we are, but because nobody would believe us. Finally, at 8:55 pm, the latest Constitution of the LASFS was passed and went into effect. (Forry says it's about the 12th, Rick guesses it was closer to the 30th or 35th.) Al started on to the By Laws. As the articles rolled by there were various objections, suggestions, and occasional puns, but the discussions put them all down. Rick came up with an objection to one item but could give no reason for his objection. Things got so smooth Forry began saying 'Aye' before the article was read. The club joined this, and so disposed of the Executive Committee and Finances, with everyone chanting 'Aye!' on Al's cue. But when Membership was announced, the shout became 'Nay!', so Al stopped and read it. This was the subject which originally brought up Rick Sneary's long and tireless work on the Constitution, and set the ExecComm on the trail of it. It's main purpose was to define 'Member in good standing', specifically as to who was entitled to special rates on the Gestetner, and it led into the only real knock-down, drag-out, 15-direction argument of the evening. Just about everybody got in on it, and we finally re-wrote what we had and added another section before passing it. There was some discussion on the financing of publications, but it passed as it stood. The subject of leaving the club possessions to the Fantasy Foundation led Bob Lichtman to ask, 'What is the Fantasy Foundation?' 4e delivered his ten-minute speech on the History and Goals of The Fantasy Foundation, and the last section of the By Laws passed at 9:40. History has been made -- again. We all applauded." --1121th Meeting

BIRD LIVES!

On the subject of a club telescope, (see last ish), we got a little more accomplished at the 1119th Meeting, 22 Jan. "Most of our committees were in San Francisco, so only the Executive Committee was able to make a report -- they had done nothing because Al Lewis, Senior Committeeman, had been away for some time. However, Barney, who has become a sort unofficial telescope committee, had a report on that bit. He had investigated the \$22 4 1/2" kit and prices of mirror blanks, which seem to go up exponentially. He also had some prices on grinding tools, abrasives, and eyepieces. Ed Urbank, who is donating a half-finished 6" mirror,

recalled the instructions he had received on his early telescope, Barney discussed eye-pieces, Morrie Dollens mentioned a 75¢ Fawcett book on building your own telescope. At Barney's suggestion we got around to making him official as chairman of the Telescope Committee. Then there was some discussion of the actual value of a telescope and the fact that only part of the club was actually behind it. Billern said that the only organization he had ever belonged to that backed anything more than 40% was the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and there you didn't volunteer, you were volunteered. Jerry said we always give people a fair chance to object, "and as long as we keep it democratic, nobody can squawk." Just then 4e came in, bearing Ed's mirror, carefully packed in a plaster cast and wrapped about with brown paper. He bore it above the heads of the crowd to Jerry, who opened it up as the conversation shifted to mirrors and silvering. At last that died away, and we went on with the meeting."--1119th Meeting.

"Ed Urbank mentioned that for a not-too-nominal fee we could get a private showing of the Griffith Park 10" scope. Zeke pointed out that perhaps the club's interest might improve after the Gostotner was paid for -- in about 11 months, Al reminded us. Then we had some discussion of the relative virtues of setting the scope up on the roof or carrying it to a near-by park. Bjo muttered that the roof would put us 20 feet closer, and Al volunteered to loan us a 6" scope he has knocking around his garage." --1120th Meeting

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD FIVE-CENT CONTRACEPTIVE



"Billern glanced at his pocket calendar, and said, 'What about the Fanquet?' It is due in another month and we ought to start arrangements for it. Ted nominated George as Guest of Honor, for his sale of art to the Finlay Color Labs, makers of 35 mm slides, and Forry admitted that George was the only club member who had broken into the pro field in 1958. Though the Guest of Honor is usually a writer, Mel Hunter was so honored when he sold his first paintings several years ago. There was an official vote which carried the motion, then George said calmly, 'I'll be busy.' Bjo sprang to her feet and nominated him for the Lifesman Of The Year award. A committee was set up, consisting of Bjo, 4e, and Billern to put the Fanquet together, and we began discussing locations." --1122th Meeting.

"We got onto the Fanquet, and Bjo admitted that not much had been accomplished, the not for lack of trying. Len Moffatt suggested we try the Alexandria Hotel--Anna had gotten a valentine from the management (the Solacon is still making Convention History!). Bjo agreed to try, and re-announced the basic facts of the Fanquet."--1124th Meeting.

"Though the head of the Fanquet Committee was in Berkeley, Billern supplied a minority report. After dredging the depths of Los Angeles', they had come up with a Manning's Cafeteria on Wilshire Blvd. The meal is to be served cafeteria style, with a minimum of \$1 per person. They have space for 75 persons on a private balcony. Bill announced that he had made definite reservations for Saturday, March 21st."--1126th Meeting.

He's an educated giant--he says "Phe, phi, pho, phum".

Random notes: "Forry review a new film, The House On Haunted Hill. It stinks, in a brand new cinematic process called Emerge-O."--1119th Meeting.

"The pun-fine has been making money for the club; Bjo announced they had given way to their curiosity and opened the can, and found the staggering total of \$16.40, including donations!" --1120th Meeting

Irretrevably submitted,

Ted Johnstone, Secretary LASFS

banquet report

BY DICK SANDS

The 10th annual Fanquet of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society was held at Manning's Cafeteria on March 21, 1959, with George W. Fields as guest of honor.

The invitation I received informed me that Mannings was at 5716 Wilshire Blvd., and I was supposed to be there at 7 PM. Now, as any telephone directory will tell you, Mannings is at 3716 Wilshire. I believed the invitation; why should it lie? Sooo, I started out about 7:30, intending to be fashionably late. Hoo, boy was I late! So, if anything of importance was said early in the evening, too bad.

The banquet was held cafeteria style, everyone going through the line, and I staggered up the stairs under a heavy tray of food, zeroing in on fannish noises from behind a curtain. There were about 30 fans behind the curtain, some eating, some not eating, and all running around getting each others' autographs, and having Fritz Leiber sign his name in all their Fritz Leiber books.

Now cafeteria-type banquets may be convenient, (arrive any time before the speeches), but to me a banquet isn't a banquet without waiters, goblets of ice water, ham and peas, and a long table.

Jerry Stier, the LASFS director, acted as master of ceremonies, and Forry Ackerman introduced the guests and the speakers. The guest speaker was Fritz Leiber, 1958's Hugo Award winner, who spoke of cycles in sci-fi writing, and fans he has known.

Next came the guest of honor, George Fields. George was named for his set of slides for the Finley Cover Labs, four of his paintings packaged with four astronomical photos. After a showing of the slides, we had a serious speech on art from George, from which I quote the sci-fi bits:

"...surrealism, or symbolism, as an art form, has gotten lost in commercialism. Science fiction art is predominantly surrealistic.... realism is a school sometimes used in sci-fi illustration. For instance, Bonestel uses the same principles as anyone else, but since he knows more about math and optics, he can achieve a uniquely realistic illusion...Bonestel uses a particular shade of brown because it looks better than any other shade...have you ever seen a Bonestel spaceman that wasn't blue? One paint manufacturer is bringing out a shade called Bonestell blue, so anyone can make a Bonestel spaceman...if he can draw, that is...."

Later, in a question-and-answer session, George was asked the function and responsibility of an artist. George replied, "Not to insult the audience: to create something on a level above that of the audience, so they must strive to understand it."

Now who will be 1960's guest of honor? How about you? Have you sold anything, lately?



Third in our series
of fan profiles.
The Guest of Honor
at the Fanquet, and
this month's cover
artist.

PROFILES:
NO 3
GEORGE W.
FIELDS

george fields... what next?

By Ted Johnstone

In the small community of Maywood, California, one of the numberless suburbs of Los Angeles, on April 26, 1939, George W. Fields was born; in the midst of the worst thunderstorm of that spring. In fact, one of the legends which has sprung up is that he was born in a stroke of lightening. This is well based, as he started it himself, and who should know better?

But George Fields' career was only beginning. He searched for the true path in his early years, but remained unsatisfied until one day in 1949 when his questing hand wandered along a library shelf and lit upon The Red Planet, by Robert A. Heinlein. This was his first contact with science fiction. He read avidly in the field for three years, but still felt a lack. In late 1952 he was reading Imagination and came across a column reviewing something called "fanzines". His interest was captured, and he sent off for some of these esoteric publications.

The first one he received so fired his imagination that in the early summer of 1953 he organized a small group of s-f readers in school into a club called Twentieth Century Fandom. This club, under George's leadership, began putting together an extensive filing system of information on almost five hundred fans and pros of science fiction.

George then put an ad in the Personals column of Other Worlds, inviting teen-agers to write in and join 20th Century Fandom or its subsidiary organization, UFO, a group which would collect and collate information on Flying Saucers. But before any response could come in, the club secretary moved to Virginia, took the files with her, and hasn't been heard from since. In January 1955, I met George W. Fields through his ad in OW.

We got a record of Orson Welles' War of the Worlds, which we played for potential members. At one of these sessions there was a young man who joined the group and took the name of Steve Tolliver for his activities in fandom. The three members of 20th Century Fandom joined the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society in the summer of 1956. George, Steve and I attended our first convention together -- the 1956 WESTERCON in Oakland.

George attended LASFS meetings regularly, and was elected secretary for the Spring, 1957 term. He has now been appointed club historian, a position for which he is well-suited, having been a student of fannish history since 1950.

Twentieth Century Fandom is still around, meeting almost every Saturday night at George's home for an evening of music, television, intellectual conversation and cheap wine. What with studies, Steve has left the group, but Rich Stephens has filled the gap, and Milo Mason has time and time again proved his indispensability.

George is currently an art major at East Los Angeles Junior College. Yet he has found time to paint a number of astronomical-science fictional works. Early last summer, Finlay Color Labs, which makes and sells sets of 35mm slides approached Chesley Bonestell, and found his rates impossibly high. So, with the aid of Torry Ackerman, they contacted George. The plan was to put out a set of eight slides; four of which would be astronomical photographs and four of which would be photoreproductions of astronomical paintings. Naturally, George was accepted, and was on his way to pro-dom.

But he fannishly refuses to be called a dirty pro; he insists that he is only a tattle-tale grey.

In the field of fandom, George has been noted for writing more than for artwork. His letters especially, characterized by comprehensive and devastating arguments on practically any controversial subjects, could usually be counted upon to draw a wide range of comment. His fanzine review column, Tea and Sympathy, which appeared in Spectre, has also served as a proving grounds for his opinions and rather eclectic tastes.

His few pieces of fan-fiction, the Stefan Sanka stories, have somehow avoided publication, except for the first, which appeared as a two-part serial in Mimsy, though further adventures of this fannish hero, who is to The Goon as The Saint is to Mike Hammer, are now scheduled to appear in fanzines of somewhat wider appeal. George is currently planning a fannish satire somewhat in the vein of the late Carl Brandon.

Twentieth Century Fandom, still motivated by George, is engaged now in the production of a series of anthologies: The Collected Works of Walter A. Willis, in at least four volumes, illustrated by ATOM, with notes and introductions by BoSh, Berry, and others. The first volume, The Willis Papers, a collection of his short articles may be out in a few months. And now, with a foot in both the fan and pro fields, George W. Fields is straddling bravely onwards towards a golden future.

-taj.

Colonial Excursions

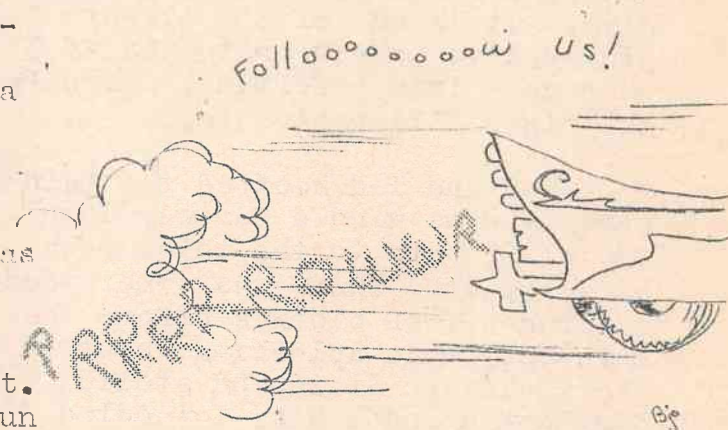
Part XIII. Return to the Interior.

ron bennett

About two in the afternoon, on 2nd September, Bob Pavlat piled his luggage in the trunk of his Ford and put the Alexandria Hotel behind him. Ted White and I were with him and we also took along an additional companion in Flafan's young and attractive perpetrator, Sylvia Dees. We drove over to Bjo's, where I had previously been entertained to dinner, along with the Detroit gang. Conversation was limited to places we passed en route. No one seemed to know exactly why we were going out to Bjo's. We soon found out, for as we arrived and pulled the car into the kerb opposite the large house where all Los Angeles fandom seems to be living these days, the doors opened and fans burst forth. There was Bjo herself, along with Steve Tolliver, Ron Ellik and Nick and Noreen Falasca who had the Detroit boys along with them in the traditional and very welcome manner.

It appeared that everyone was going swimming. Bjo led Sylvia indoors to change into her swim suit and most of the male population disappeared off the street. I sat on the kerb, adjusted my sun glasses against the tremendous glare, lit up a Players and contemplated a rule book for future TAFF delegates in which the first rule was 'Pack a pair of swimming trunks.' In the event of a femme fan being selected this rule will have to be amended.

Eventually, the party got together again and we started off in our respective cars. Fred Prophet's Lincoln took the lead and Nick Falasca and Bob Pavlat followed. Sylvia amused us by commenting on everything in a cross of Spanish and pigeon Spanish for the benefit of the heathens with her. We hadn't travelled very many miles before the party was split up by an inconsiderate traffic light, but happily we caught up to the cars in front again. The second time it happened we weren't so lucky. We managed to catch up to Nick and Noreen, but of Fred Prophet who had Bjo with him, there was no sign. It seemed that we were going to a certain Corona del Mar. We stopped and pooled what little knowledge of the route that we had. Nick had instructions and Ron Ellik who had got himself landed with the rear-guard party had been along part of the way quite a while ago. As a last resort, he told us, we could take the coast road through his home town of Long Beach, but there was a quicker way. Nick outlined what he thought was the route and we drove off, Nick in the lead. I'd like to report that we soon found ourselves in New York, but I'd hate to exaggerate. Certainly Corona del Mar didn't appear over the horizon and eventually we stopped playing at Donald Lam and



pulled into a gas station to ask the way. We were put on to a road which led to the Alternate 101 and we finally reached Corona. We stopped here to pick up a coffee and some ice cream before finding our way to the beach. Sylvia went wild to find that she could buy some Mexican food and invested in some enchiladas.

We did find the beach. We approached it from the over-look-
ing cliffs, which we had to walk down, very much like Folkstone on the English South Coast, but here the bay was more sweeping, the cliffs were sandier, the beach was yellow and the sea was the blue which one normally associates with Dorothy Lamour epics. Corona itself is some twenty-five or thirty miles south east of Los Angeles, which means that it is still on the coast. It has that leisurely air about it which to talk in England means California, before the tales of Los Angeles' smog causes them to revise their ideas and ideals.

In a nutshell, it is - or was the day we were there - a sunny paradise. It is one of the nicest places I've ever been to and if I ever come into a fortune, Corona's the place I'll retire to.

Ron and Ted spotted the main party and we wended our way down the cliff path to the thick rich sandy beach. There was some speedy peeling off of clothes before the main body went splashing about in the Pacific. Staid and stolid Englishman and I was, I paddled my hand around in the water for a while but didn't go about wading out with the others. The thought of the risk of getting wet through over rode the spirit of adventure I once had, and of course I've been kicking myself ever since. Bob Pavlat and I busied ourselves walking around the beach and taking colour shots of the breakers rolling into shore, spilling themselves caressingly over the laughing forms of the more daring fans. We took shots of the cliffs; we took shots of each other and we took shots of one another taking shots of the rest of the group. There was a good deal of friendly ducking and racing around. Ted White and I had a run along the shore and I'm sorry to say that Britain didn't discover a surprise choice for their 1960 Olympic team. I was licked hollow. I staggered back to the main group and was helped back up to the waiting cars, parked outside residents' homes - how they must have loved us - and everyone sat on the car bonnets and the kdrb and dried out.

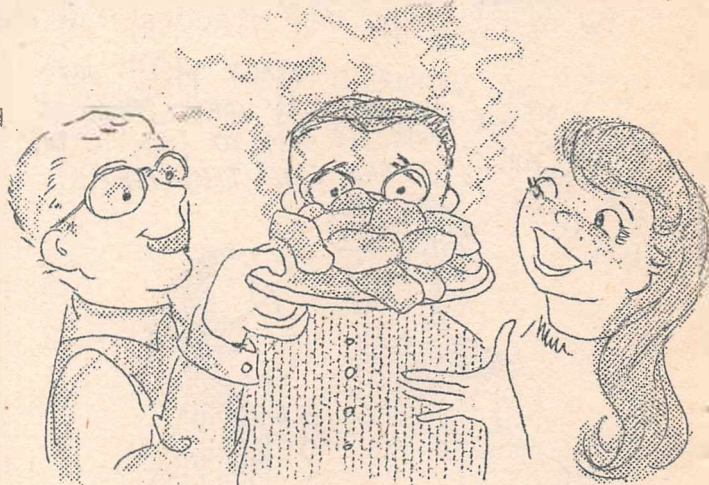


We drove along to some relative's of Bjo and everyone changed. We weren't there very long which seemed a pity to me, for the little I saw of the people whose home we were usurping left a pleasant taste in the mouth, and there were a lot of questions about Corona I'd like to have asked them. On the way over Ron Ellick and I played brag in the back seat of the car and we continued the game when we drove off. As I remember it, he still owes me two cents.

Our next stopping place was a small restaurant. This, the Casa Grande, specialised in Mexican dishes. It wasn't until much later that I discovered it's situated in Santa Ana. The Casa Grande worked things on a combination basis so that if everyone takes the same dinner, the resultant price is cheaper. We took a combination dinner. I wish I could remember what it was. The food itself was entirely new to me. I know there were Tacos and Tamales and goodness knows what. I don't even know what they were, but it was a nice and spicy change. I liked the note on the menu that the management would prepare any special dish the way a customer wanted it. Yorkshire pudding, anyone?

It was a gay meal, with Steve and Bjo telling me all about the dishes and how one was supposed to eat them. My throat was raw and I can well understand English cooking being tasteless to the American palate. The Detroit gang started a riddle session about their liking apples but not pears, trees but not bushes and so on. I think I was the last in the group to cotton on to the idea that they liked everything whose name contained a double letter.

Eventually the meal came to an end and we walked out to the cars. I'd been stringing along the whole day without knowing what each next part of the programme would bring, and it came as a shock to realise that as we stood around in the gathering dusk that we were saying goodbye. We left Steve, Bjo and Ron Ellik on the sidewalk and drove off. That was my last direct link with the SolaCon, and I was indeed sorry to break it. I'd only just begun to know these people and yet they were fading out of my life. Steve is tall and quiet, so that I didn't have a lot of contact with him the whole time in Los Angeles. Bjo is a bundle of energy and vitality who is constantly on the go, so much so that I didn't get the chance to corner her for a talk, either. I wouldn't be too surprised though to find that her 'bounce' is a cover for a more latent shyness, which is after all, a nice mixture. And Ron Ellik... well, I did have quite a bit to do with Ron, and I found him to be one of the, if not the, nicest people I met on the West Coast. I understand that his nickname of 'Squirrel' implies that he's not the most logical of characters, but throughout the weekend I found him to be a very mature young man with some surprisingly sensible ideas. A thoroughly nice guy.



We drove around for a while, pausing after about quarter of an hour for the usual conference on routes. Noreen was suffering from a headache and Nick decided to have a look round for a drugstore. I lost track of Fred Prophet about this time and as we were waving goodbye to Wick and Noreen, and Bill Donaho and Rickhardt, this left Bob Pavlat's loan car to suffer the presence of Bennett. Leaving

Bob driving and Ted and Sylvia alongside him in the front seat, and went to sleep.

We had been discussing the possibilities of travelling up to San Francisco. We were all rather keen to do so. For one thing there was the Berkeley group to be seen in natural habitat, and I was rather keen to see possibilities of hearing Kid Ory and seeing the giant sequoias. It was not to be, however. We had with us a practical man in Bob Pavlat and his juggling of our finances showed that this side trip couldn't be done. So that when I awoke we were en route to Los Vegas.

I felt a wild wind blowing round me as I half woke up and I asked Ted to close the car window. Nothing changed, so this time I told him to close the window in no uncertain terms. Ted's reply that it was too hot was just as certain. I sat up and it was hot. Like walking into an oven. We were in the hart of the Mojave Desert and the burning sand had not had time to cool down from its daytime broiling. We opened all the windows and shed as much clothing as decently possible.

WHY, WE DON'T CONSIDER IT REALLY HOT OUT HERE UNTIL THE GILA MONSTERS CARRY STICKS IN THEIR MOUTHS - THEY USE 'EM TO STICK IN THE SAND, CLIMB UP ON AND COOL THEIR FEET.....



At the first chance we pulled into a redhouse for a coke. I asked the proprietress whether she knew what the temperature was and was astonished to hear her immortal reply, that it would be "down to about ninety-eight around now." I've never known a sunny day in Britain to get into the upper nineties, and here it was eleven in the evening. The cokes we ordered and drank were welcome. We also indulged in hamburgers. Having been a lover of pickled cucumber since I was so high, I opened my English mouth and the assembly seemed startled to hear me order "cucumber" with the hamburger. It appears that the Americans call this particular side order "pickles" and leave it at that. I became quite a hamburger and coke addict on that trip back east. Coca cola has never been a particular liking of mine at home, possibly because of a difference in temperatures, but in the U.S., I found that it was a perfect thirst quencher. Even so, with all the cokes I drank and all the hamburgers I ate, I still couldn't help wondering, when I said 'pickles' whether I might not get a mixture of cucumber, cauliflower and onions.

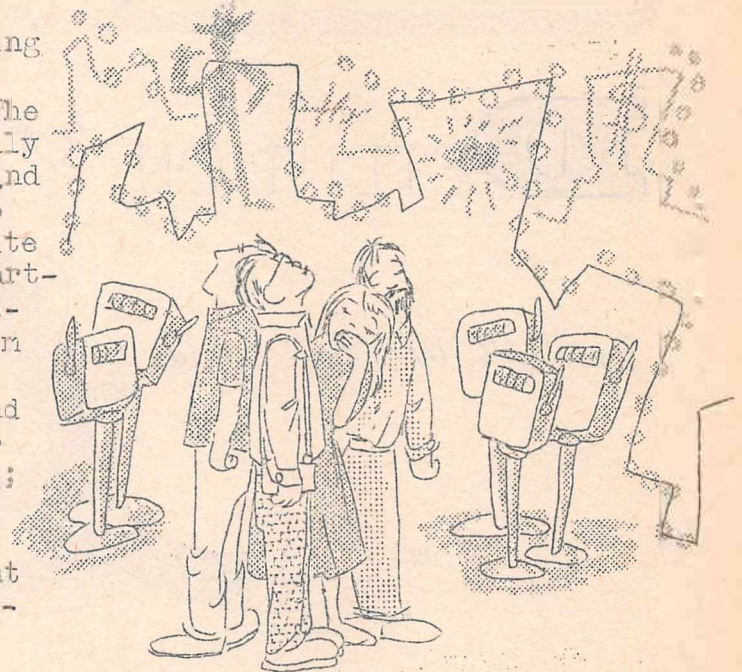
We drove on through the burning Mojave. I'd like to have had some photos of the area as this was the only real desert I've been across, but it wasn't possible of course. The journey bore on, in more than one sense, with sheer blackness around us until... something came waving out of the dark ahead to bounce along the road and disappear by us. Whatever it was was moving at speed and yet sprang along the road under a nightmarish projection of its own. Bob slowed the car as it moved out of our headlights past us. It was soundless and ghostly. Even while we were discussing this, another shape swept towards and past us. It was a board of some size. After a while

tail lights showed up ahead and we passed a huge truck that was shedding its load. Dangerous. We were glad to see the lights of Las Vegas ahead.

We pulled in to a gambling den as a break and after we'd put our watches on from two something to three something split up for a time. Ted and Sylvia went to watch a modernistic jazz band which seemed revoltingly poor even to me. Bob and I played the machines for a while and we piled back in the car and drove on to The Strip where we again parked the car. We went into the Horseshoe. For those who want a progress report Ted and Sylvia were holding hands by this time.

The visit to the Horseshoe was amusing. On our journey out to the coast, we'd all dressed up before going on the town. At our elegant best, we'd dined here but now we looked like the bedraggled travellers we were. It was four in the morning. We'd driven all night without sleep, and without the usually niceties like washing and shaving. Stale, is the word to describe us. This was Las Vegas shorn of its golden glister, a tired and weary city as arid as the desert around it. Superficial veneer absent, Las Vegas is not the green and pleasant haven it appears to those who seek amusement there.

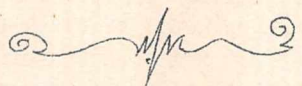
We were surprised, while dabbling at our breakfasts -- breakfast is served twenty four hours a day at The Horseshoe -- to be greeted by friendly voices. Nick and Noreen Palasca, and Bill Donaho and Rickhardt strode up to us. They joined us while Bill ate all the food in sight and then departed to more goodbyes. This was anticlimactic. I'd said goodbye to them once and it hurt even more to say goodbye again. I resolved there and then that I wouldn't say goodbye to anyone again. Sweet sorrow, phooey; it hurt. Little did I know that when I reached the East Coast once again; this quartet would be present at a wild party at Donaho's and Curran's Nunnery in New York.



After breakfast, Bob, Ted, Sylvia and I drove out to the Montmartre, where we'd spent a couple of happy hours on the way out to the Solacon. We thought it time to get a little sleep, and though any motel would have suited us, the Mo'Mart was worthy of recommendation to anyone else, and everyone was in favour of trying the place again. We and everyone was in favour of trying the place again. We were not in luck, however, for when Bob and I enquired of the proprietress, we found the price too exorbitant for the rooms available. We drove back into town and along The Strip until we found a motel with a vacancy sign. This was the Hi Pardner, which wasn't a patch on the Montmartre. We stopped there for the night. Sylvia had the

best of the bargain, getting a room of her own. Ted and I shared a bed after tossing for it, with Bob taking the single roll away. The sleep was welcome, even if it was after breakfast. But then, how often do fans do things the right way round?

* sigh *



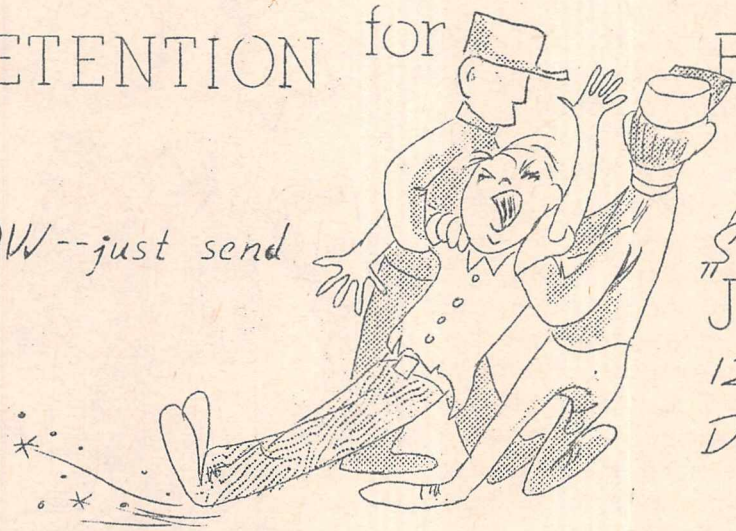
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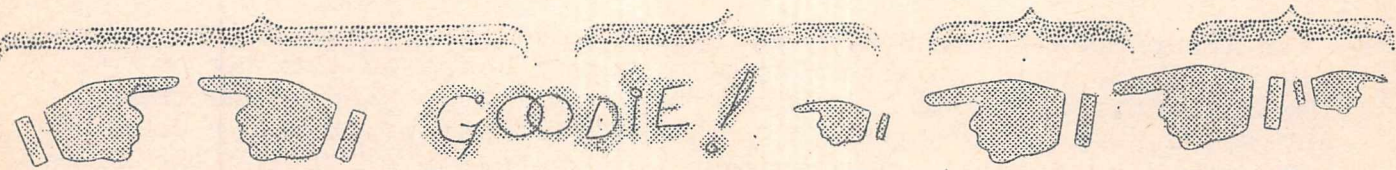
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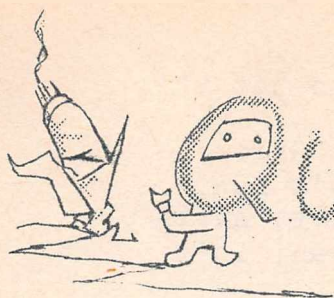


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QUO VADIS in the FANZINES

by Eustace Southington Flunkett

Which, while masquerading as who knows what, pretends to be a fanzine review column. There'll be no rating system, as such a thing doesn't seem to fit the general atmosphere of Shaggy. This could get to be a regular thing, so watch out. Fair warning given, let's lead off with....

AFORRHETA #8 - Inchmery Fandom (Clarkes & Sanderson), 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE14, ENGLAND - 12¢ per, 12/£1.50, trade, comment.

Well-stocked this time with sundry articles and fa-anfiction contributed by such entertaining Anglo-Fans as Archie Mercer, Ron Bennet, and John Berry, whose "Fandom Symphony Orchestra" series (continuing in this AFE) is one of the funniest things we've read lately. A large part of the issue is taken up with the "Inchmery Fan Diary" which a whole bunch of fan-pubbers wish they'd thought of doing as successfully first. Coupled with blue gestetnering on white.... One of the top 'zines going.

TWIG ILLUSTRATED #14 - Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright, Boise, Idaho - 20¢ per, 6/£1, trade, comment.

Dan Adkins moves in this time as Art Editor, while "Illustrated" is added to the nomer. This we regard as a set-back (irregardless of the improved repro), as Dan's making his voice heard to the detriment of Guy, who had been emerging more and more of late as a distinct personality. Dan's work isn't good enough to warrant the changes that can be seen on the horizon for TWIG. As for this issue: Rich Brown's "Terwilleger and the Fan Machine" is one of the best things he's done, though there's some doubt as to the merit of take-offs on obscurish stf. Dick Lupoff's "The Ins and Outs of Fandom" piece is filled with chuckles, although possibly a bit strained here and there. TWIG has been improving (not the lettercol), and despite what we said above, we hope to see it keep getting better.

FOCUS #7 - Mervyn Barrett, 6 Doctors Common, Wellington C4, NEW ZEALAND - Trade, comment, copies of Playboy, or blocks of G.M. stock.

First issue in over a year from Mervyn and the Wellington SF Circle, and well worth waiting for. A striking black on pink cover by what looks to be a new find in fan-art sets the pace, which Roger Horrocks admirably holds up with a very interesting and entertaining write-up on his visit to Wellington from Auckland. Some Rotsler nudes wind up this "Wellington Non-Confidential" section very nicely. Two letter columns (for a very good reason) prove entertaining, and offset a conreport (COLACON) and article by John Trimble which aren't up to the quality of the rest of the issue. FOCUS isn't about to set the world on fire ("quiet 'zine from gentle people"), but it's one of the best from "down under".

GER #31 - "Morty Surrogate, 205 Oriental Parade" (want to bet it's a Jail, or vacant lot?).

Sneaking in with FOCUS, this looks as though it might be Roger Horrocks' work. It is a hilarious take-off on Dave Rike's RUR, and done to a turn. References to un-New Zealand activity, Anti-Willis Juice Extractor Reactionaries, and.... Like, ma-an, it's the greatest!

FANACs #34-35-36 - TCarr, & Ron Ellick, Apt. #7, 2444 Virginia St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - Comment (preferred - rde).

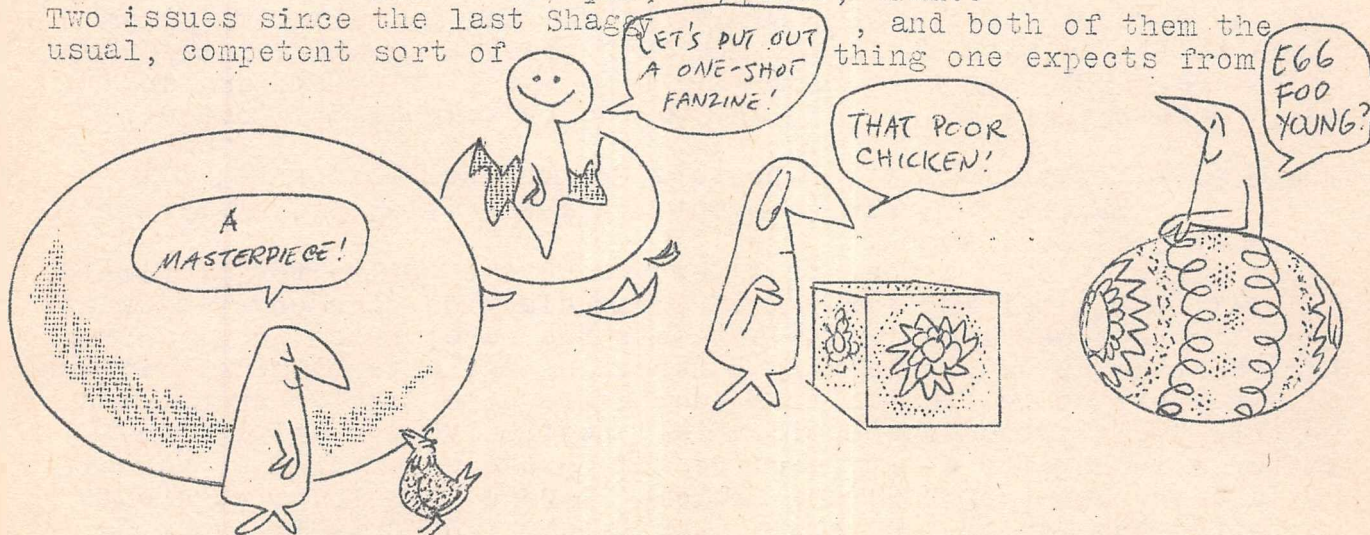
Number 34 was the annish, and a handsome thing it was, too, from the flattering Bjo cover, to Roger Horrocks' pleasantly funny take-off on FANAC. About the only grouse we'd air; the ground rules for the fan poll could have been laid out more clearly to start with. #35 with a Horrocks cartoon (what is this, infiltration from New Zealand?), and #36, with a Rotsler Reading, are up to the usual FANAC standards: That is to say, tops. And indispensable, too.

ABAS #11 - Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Dr., Toronto 9, Ontario, CANADA - 25¢, trade, comment.

Starting off with an hilarious stenafax cover, this year's ABAS presents a compleat conreport by Boyd, a rundown on the SOLACON meeting of the Big Mama Thornton Fan Club -- bringing the Derelecti Derogation to its high-point so far -- as DD #9. Articles by Dean Grinnell Harry Warner, and Bob Tucker enliven things still further, as does Bob Leman's funny annotation of the Gettysburg Address. Walt Willis' "As Others See Us" brings forth what should be about the last word on the Fmz Fans v.s. Con Fans hassel. We couldn't agree more with Walt, but no amount of wordage is going to settle this thing, and there's enough enmity now. The lettercol contains a letter from Ron Ellick which rivals Leman's contribution as the funniest thing in this issue. Can't help wishing the publishing urge would strike Boyd more often, with ABAS as good as it is.

YANDROS #73-74 - Buck and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind. - 15¢ per, 12/(\$1.50, trade.

Two issues since the last Shaggy, and both of them the usual, competent sort of thing one expects from



the Coulsons. #74 is an improvement over the previous issue not only repro wise, but in contents. MZBradley's column (on Satanism) in place of Alan Dodd's usual ramble helps out, while Bob Tucker's "Open Letter" clinches it. Bo Stenfors' article sure added variety, even if we did boggle at it. YANDRO's no electrifier, but it's regular, readable, and good.

DISJECTA MEMBRA #1 - Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md. - Free for comment.

A letterzine is fandom's need says Ted, in agreement with Terry Carr, and who are we to vote nay? We wouldn't anyway, as DM has promise written all over it. Ted says he needs letters, so why not give it a try? (Jim Caughran says he's going to ship Pauls a large, non-ticking, bomb-type package. Get DM#1, and find out why.)

jd-ARGASSY #42 - Lynn Hickman, 304 W. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Ill. - 10¢ per, under 10pp; 20¢ per, over 10pp.; 12/1.

JD-A is a rambling, Midwest Fandomish newszine of definite interest to most fans. This latest issue contains bits of news (fun and pro) as usual, a revival of Dan Adkins' fmz review column "Hash Harbor" (from SATA) which adds nothing to JD-A, and Chapter 5 of Bob Madle's LUNCON report. Madle is still sniping at Chuck Harris and (indirectly) at Willis, but this detracts only to a degree from what's proving to be a rather entertaining conreport (even if it is a bit dated now). JD-A's a pleasant, cheerful sort of 'zine.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #125-126 - Fabulous Seattle Fandom, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash. - 25¢ per, 5/1, 12/1, 2, trade, comment (prntd).

With blue gestetnering on white (which always seems to look good), CRY presents in number 125 humor by Walt Willis, Berry, Ed Cox, and like that. SF Field Plowed Under and Mminutes are both entertaining, as is the lettercol which ramblingly seems to be helping to push CRY toward focal-pointness. And to think that they do this every month. Why, it's sense of wonderish, and to prove the point, #126 has arrived before we can even get Shaggy#42 on stencil. This latest issue seems to lack something which the previous one had. But when you have WAW, Berry, and such all in top form, what can you do for an encore? Besides, the lettercol is just as entertaining as #125's, and that's a good part of CRY; the darned good fanzine.

VOIDS #14-15 - Greg Benford & Ted White, 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. - 25¢ per, trade, comment.

Ted's taken on co-editing with Greg, and is pubbing VOID on the QWERTYUIOPress on a monthly basis. Number 14 was largely given over to up-dating and like that. With number 15, three weeks later, VOID is taking shape toward truly becoming the focal point Ted and Greg mean it to be. It might be questioned as to whether the late Kent Moonhaw's fanstory and Terry Carr's (Brandon) parody of Canterbury Tales appearing together (and almost alone in the 'zine) is good editorial work. But, considering the excellence of the two pieces, this is a petty quibble. If the editors keep this up, VOID is on its way to becoming the best of the fannish 'zines around.

GAMBITS #30-31 - Ted White (address previous) - free for comment,
like that (rode in with VOID 15).

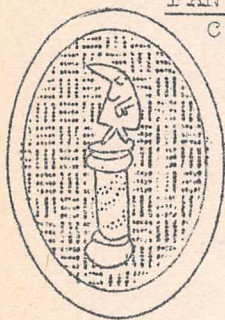
Good ol' prolific Ted White (thanks jt) now informs us that #30 is
the last of the big G's, and that (due to pubbing VOID, etc.)
future GAMBITS will be irregular two to four pagers like #31. Ted's
writing is entertaining as hell, as proved by the fact that the
two-page G#31 was fully as interesting to us as the 22-page #30.
Too bad that there won't be any more GAMBITS than Ted indicates --
hate to see something as enjoyable as this limited.

AMRA v2n2 - G H Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, Calif. - 20¢ per,
5/¢1, US; 25¢, 4/¢1, foreign, trade.

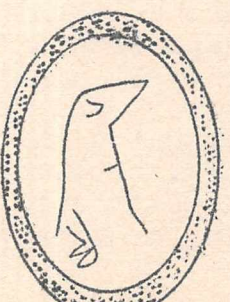
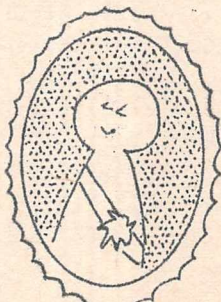
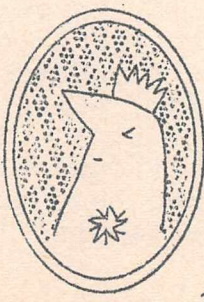
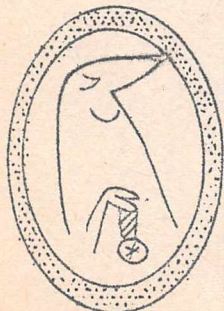
A special interest, multilithed 'zine, devoted to the thunder-swash-
buckle-fantasy type of adventure yarn, and primarily to Conan. This
issue contains articles by August Derleth and John W Campbell, Jr.
on why the T-S-F type story is out of style about now. Derleth
believes the type will be back, and Campbell doesn't (We kind of
hope Derleth's right). Appearing also is a fairly interesting art-
icle by Karen Anderson concerning her ayjay activities and their
relationship to Poul's "The Barbarian". A reprinting (from YANDRO)
of Thomas Stratton's hilarious "John Carper & His Electric Barsoom"
proves to be the high point of this AMRA; beautifully reproed and
certainly fulfilling its purpose.

FANTASY ASPECTS #2 - Alan J. Lewis, Box 37, East Aurora, NY - 15¢
per, 8/¢1, trade.

Amid the reprint material (humorous Bloch, sercon but interesting
Laney & Joe Gibson, and minor Jim Harmon), Editor Lewis complains
that he's losing money, that the reviewers hate him, and that he
doesn't have any editorial personality. For Chu's sake, Lewis,
fandom is a Ghodammed hobby, and the fmz which have come close to
breaking even are few, and the ones which have made a profit are al-
most non-existent. No editor's had a big bunch of editorial per-
sonality right off; it took Lee Hoffman a while (4 or 5 issues) to
build up Quandry, and Ron Ellik at least four to do anything with
FANTASTIC Story Mag, etc. Expand your editorial, add a letter-
col, balance the fa-an-ish and sercon material. The



EARL BRANDON



repro in FA2 is good, and the material isn't bad. Now, if you can realize that you're going to lose money, and keep trying anyway....

MAMMON #2 - Jim Moran, 208 Sladen St., Dracut, Mass. - Trade, comment, contribute.

MAMMON is just what it appears to be, a new 'zine by a new fan. There's nothing particular memorable in these purple-printed pages, but the editor does possess a sense of humor which comes across rather well. With better repro and more fannish material, MAMMON could become quite worthwhile.

THE SICK ELEPHANT #4 - George Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, NY - Free, like.

It's not an elephant, but it's.... And so much could be done with a title like that. At least George doesn't charge for it.

FLIP #1 & TEST STENCIL - Bill Rickhart & Ted White (White's address) These rode in with VOID #14.

Bill tears into Belle Deitz and George Nims Raybin's "Nimbel" with possibly a bit too much vengeance. But, then, we haven't seen "Nimbel", either.

GYRES #1-5 - Steve Tolliver, 909 S. Madison, Pasadena, Calif. - Free with FANAC.

Steve has slowly built this from a rather puzzling something into a pleasant commentary and whatnot 'zine. As a matter of fact, it looks as though Tolliver's turning into quite an editor.

SATA #10 - Bill Pearson, P O Box 171, Murray Hill Sta., New York 16, NY. - 25¢ per, 4/¢1.

Off-set revival of the old dittoed "Sata Illustrated", minus the illoed part of the name, Henry Fonda and his bull fiddle, and the best dittoing in fandom. Better fiction, the same, off-beat Pearson humor, and the art-work and lay-out are as good as ever. (If they aren't actually better.)

NEW FUTURIAN #8 - J. Micheal Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7, ENGLAND - Trade, comment, etc.

Somewhat out of date, but a later issue has yet to come our way. NUFU is a top grade 'zine with a serious (but not sercon) turn toward stf tempered with the editor's dry, British wit. Rather rewarding fmz, NUFU.

SOLACON MEMORY BOOK - Ann Chamberlain, 2548 W. 12th St., LA 6. - \$1 per.

Published by the N3F, this gives a pretty fair run-down on 1958 NFFF-wise. Some good associated material in this.

MIMSY #3 - Bjo, Ernie Wheatley, Steve Tolliver, Address is same as above, Shaggy, and LASFS (And Bjo).... And Djinn, sometimes.

Good fun and true. This issue appeared shortly after the SOLACON, and another's due any time now. We're looking forward to number four being as lightly humorous as the previous ones have been.

On hand here are KOMET (Swedish), MARSOLO 2 (Art Hayes - OMPA),

BEM (Mal Ashworth & Tom White, ENGLAND), TAPEBOOK (Bill Rotsler & Bob Pavlat - FAPA, OMFA), and like that. No reviews due to the 'zines having a limited run, being discontinued, and so on.

We haven't listed any publishing frequencies of the fmz for a variety of reasons -- first off, if you get the 'zine (or zines) now, you know their frequency; second, if you send off for one, the editor will either send you the latest one, or the number you request; and lastly, we forgot to note 'em down, and we'll be darned if we're going back through to hunt them up now.

Looks like a pretty fair crop there, doesn't it? 'Till Shaggy #43, then....

-esp.

Dialogues At Sunset

Djinn: Don't you feel this down deep in your soul?

Dale Frey: No.

Djinn: You have a soul...?

Dale: I sold my soul.

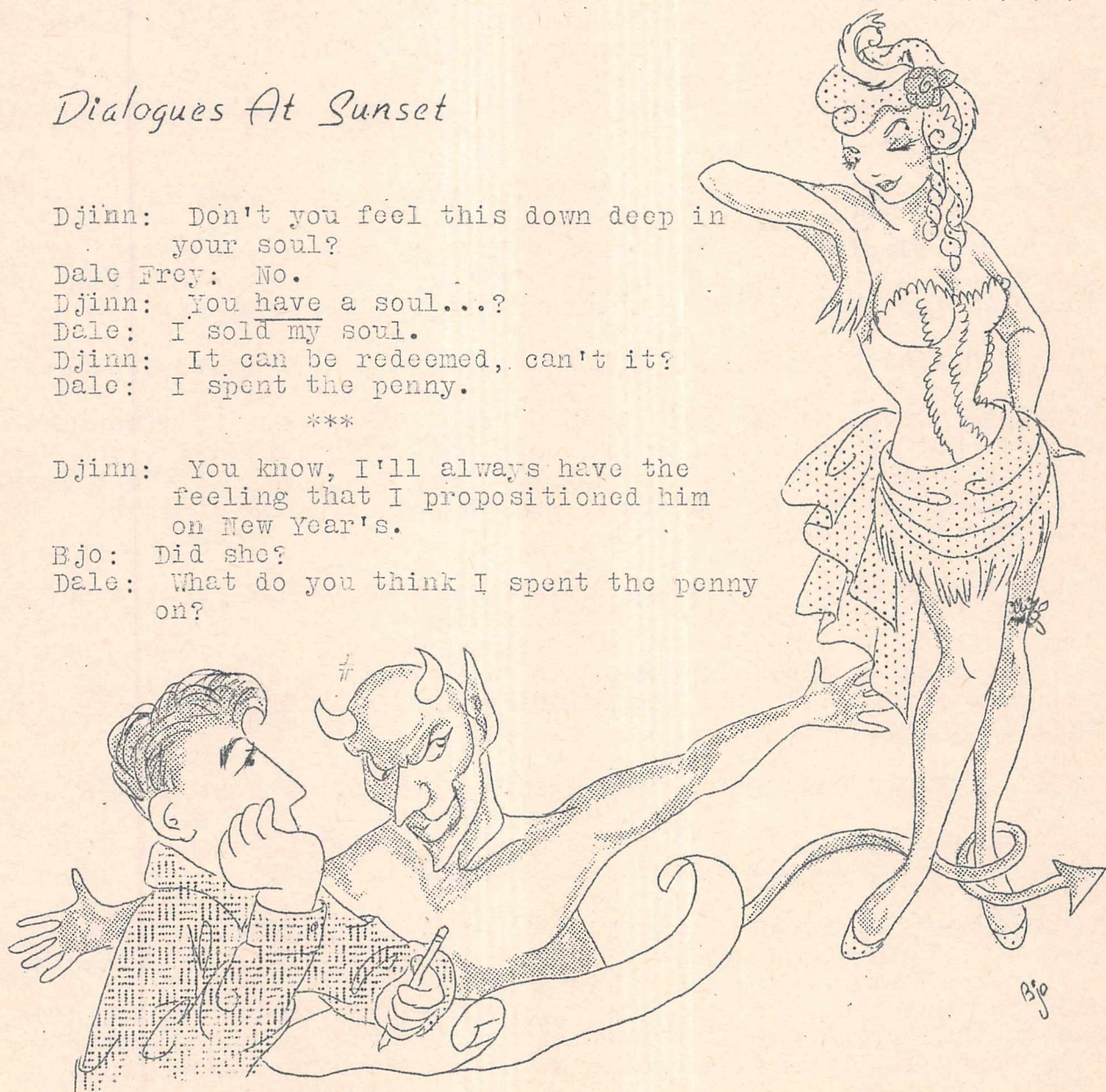
Djinn: It can be redeemed, can't it?

Dale: I spent the penny.

Djinn: You know, I'll always have the feeling that I propositioned him on New Year's.

Bjo: Did she?

Dale: What do you think I spent the penny on?



THOTS while peeling grapes ted pcuuls



"Up To Now". That was the name of an article, by Ted White, which appeared in Excelsier #3. Like most articles of the time, it concerned itself with the question of an 8th Fandom. Ted ended with: "We are in Seventh Fandom which will date from 1955 through the discovery of a new, relatively stable leader." That was written two years ago; I would like, now, to examine the field, to see if there is now--or will soon be--a leader.

There are certain basic requirements if a fanzine is to become the fanzine. It must be monthly, or six-weekly at the most, be able to draw good material, and above all, be dependable.

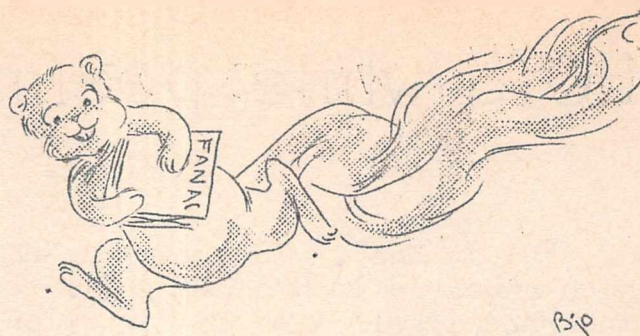
What fanzine currently published has these qualities: APORREETA immediately comes to mind, then is discarded. I can't imagine any Anglo-zine becoming the focal-point. Why? First, there is the element of time. Let us take the case of the hypothetical Anglo-zine, Snfd. Now, the editor of Snfd is a reliable person, with good contacts, so he is able to procure some excellent material for his first issue, and some nice, controversial letters (a must for the fanzine). He publishes his first issue--20 pages is a nice round number--announces the monthly schedule, and asks for the readers' opinions on the subjects under discussion.

Three weeks later, copies of Snfd arrive on the desks of some of the most active American fans. Perhaps a week or two later, they get answered, and possible six weeks later, the comments are in. By this time, our friend has published the second issue and has the third well underway. Case rests, on that score.

The next "most-elligible" fanzine is VOID, edited by Ted White and Greg Benford. But, again, I seriously doubt if it will become THE fanzine; the rallying point of fandom (whatever fandom it is, now). Surely it will have the three qualities listed above, and probably many more, but the setback is that Ted White is attempting to become the focal point. It is for that reason that I doubt that he will succeed. I doubt if, when LeeH evolved the idea of Q, that she sat down and said, "Now, I'm going to put out a fanzine called The Quandry and pretty soon it'll become the focal-point of fandom." And yet, Q did become the fanzine. The secret is, that she did not try. To her it came natural; to Ted, it probably won't.

There are several other fanzines presently maintaining monthly publication, but each falls short on some point or other. Then, I am forced to conclude, as did Ted in his article, that there is no fanzine currently published that is capable of becoming the fanzine. And as I am forced to conclude the same, the above seems rather pointless.

SQUIRREL CAGE



BSG

Today I received a letter from Bob Farnham, which welcomed me to the loving fold of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. This is not a selfcontained incident, as you probably realized, but is part of a long string of related happenings which have occurred to me during the past year and which have left me hollow-eyed and nervously alert when someone mentions the N3F. This letter is, in a way, the final blow in this series of seemingly innocent anecdotes, and in another way it is but the beginning of a whole world of adventure for me.

A year ago last New Year's Eve, I found myself talking to Honey Wood and Rog Phillips at the home of Len Moffatt during the small hours of the morning. We found that we all lived in the same town, and had met each other after 400 miles of travel; this was more than enough for them to invite me to drop by when I returned to the Bay Area the next week for school.

During the ensuing few months, I visited the Grahams often in the company of one or more of the group of university-age-level fans in Berkeley, and we discovered in them fine hosts and excellent friends, seemingly unwearied by hours of fan talk. There was, however, one subject on which Honey was particularly voluble: Whenever one of us would make a derisive remark about the National Fantasy Fan Federation, she would leap to its defense with all her strength. Often I would walk in and say, "Hello, Rog. Where's Honey hiding out? Is she afraid I'll say something true about the N3F?"

Right back at me from the kitchen would come a howl of anguish, followed by a spoon clutched tightly in the righteously upheld hand of Honey Wood. "What have you got against the N3F?" she would bellow at my lowest shirt button. "What has the N3F ever done to harm you? Why, you-- you've never even BE- LONGED to the N3F -- how can you KNOW anything about it?"



I would take the spoon from her hand before she bruised my Adam's apple with it, and pat her on the head. "I haven't anything against the N3F Honey," I would soothe her. "In fact, I love the N3F. It's my favorite fan club. I admire the whole idea of it; why; I haven't ever joined the N3F simply because I think myself unworthy of it, that's all."

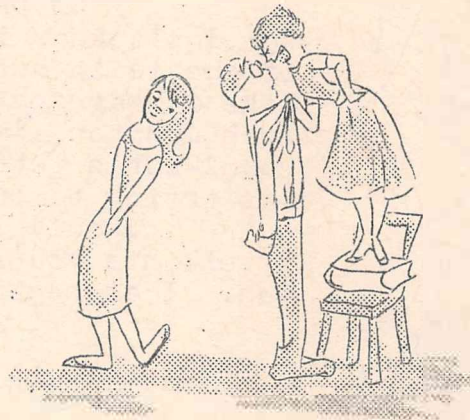
She'd step back out of range of the patting, and look dubiously at me. "Don't try to fool me," she'd say, looking clever. "You don't like the N3F. You think because Burbee doesn't like it you shouldn't like it. I know you, Ron Ellik."

All this light banter went on for many months in the spring of 1958, and came to a climax over Memorial Day weekend; when the Grahams threw a Welcoming Party for Roberta and Joe Gibson who had recently moved to the Bay Area from Chicago. The entire Bay Area was invited, and many people from Southern California.

During this party, which was an epoch in fan history, I found myself discussing the N3F with Mrs. Bonnie Edwards of the Southland, to our mutual amusement. Admitting that I had never belonged, I went on to tell her in detail what was wrong with the N3F, touching lightly on things I only knew fourth- or fifth-hand, but referring to them as though they had concerned me directly. She was enjoying herself, because I was not trying to talk her into the ground, but merely carrying on my usual chitter-chatter form of conversation.

Amidst this light banter, a non-initiate chess-player friend of Roger Graham leaned over and politely asked me what the devil we were talking about. I began explaining the N3F to him, as a service organization," for people who were too busy being on club committees to perform these services for themselves. A detailed but socially permissible description of these services was delighting me, at least, no end, when I noticed that my audience was not looking solely at me. Following their gaze over my shoulder, I discovered an irate Honey Wood, virtually aglow with wrath.

"I'm going to give you one more chance, Ron," she said, tapping her foot. "As of right now, if you EVER say ONE MORE WORD about the N3F, I'm going to send in some money and your name to Janie Lamb, and you'll be a paid-up member for a whole Year." With that, she turned on her heel and stomped out of the room, nearly killing the parakeet in the process.



For many months after this, I heard of this threat periodically. She ment it, she keep telling me, and even if I didn't say anything more, she was going to send in the money for a Christmas present anyway, to help me become broad-minded. --Which brings me back to the current of the story.

At this point, I should have forgotten about Honey's threats and concentrated on a person who overheard this conversation at the party, for a whole new alternate world of fan machinations was being pondered at this time by Bjo, who had been sitting near Mrs. Edwards.

In the first place, Bjo joined the N3F.

Then she convinced several of her friends to join.

Then she began harassing me about the N3F. From her lofty perch as a paid-up member for a whole year, she began badgering me about my continued derogatory remarks anent the club--which remarks were, of course, outside the hearing of Honey Wood. Bjo asked me if I could seriously criticize a club which did so much good for so many people, which did no one any harm, and which I knew not in the least. My answer was always a bland smile and a witty remark about Paul Rehorst or G.M. Carr, which usually closed the subject.

A month ago, however, Bjo's pent-up emotions about the N3F not possessing my soul got the better of her. I have it on good authority that it was Bjo, because I thrashed John Trimble until he told me the truth.

A month ago, says Trimble, Bjo convinced Ernie Wheatley and John Trimble that the three of them should send in some money and my name to Janie Lamb.

Today I received a letter from Bob Farnham, which welcomed me to the loving fold of the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

17th April, 1959

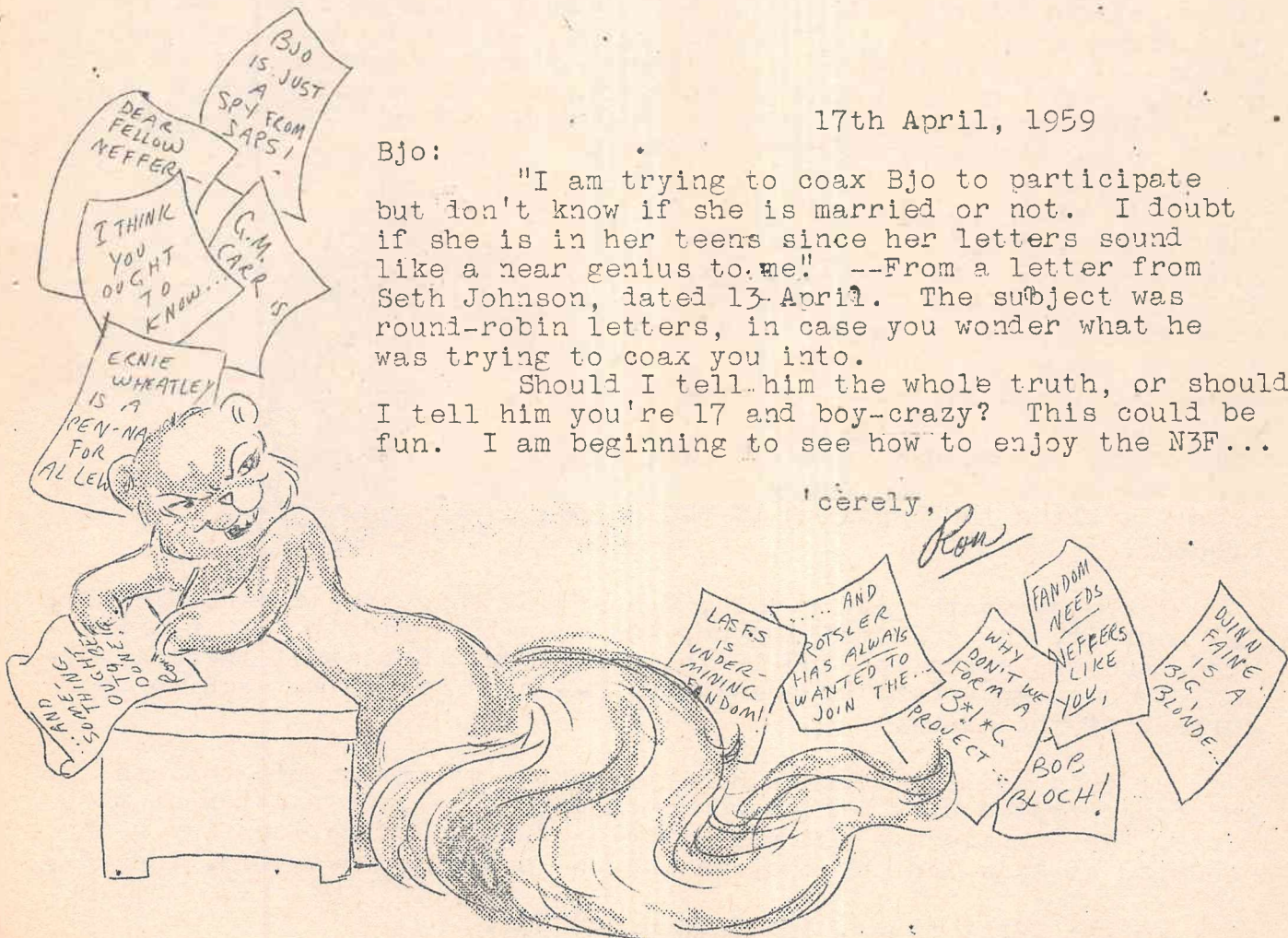
Bjo:

"I am trying to coax Bjo to participate but don't know if she is married or not. I doubt if she is in her teens since her letters sound like a near genius to me." --From a letter from Seth Johnson, dated 13 April. The subject was round-robin letters, in case you wonder what he was trying to coax you into.

Should I tell him the whole truth, or should I tell him you're 17 and boy-crazy? This could be fun. I am beginning to see how to enjoy the N3F...

Sincerely,

Ron



SQUIRREL CAGE ANNEX

by Terry Carr

A few nights ago, Miriam and I had visitors. We were sleeping quite unsuspectingly when, at some inhuman hour like 4:15 a.m., there came a knocking at the door.

"Terry, there's someone at the door," said Miriam.

"Nonsense," I said, and made a few mrumphy sounds as I settled back to sleep.

The knocking came again.

"Terry, there IS somebody there!" said Miriam. "Who's there?" she called out.

"Lars Bourne," came the reply.

"Nonsense," Miriam hollered back. "You live in Oregon!"

But she got up and put on her robe and went to the door. She opened it, and there stood Lars Bourne.

"Sorry to disturb you," said Lars. "George Metzger is here, too."

"Good Griff!" said Miriam. (Good Griff! is an expression she picked up from Rick Sneary.) "Are there any MORE of you?"

"There are four more out in the car," said George, arriving at the door.

"Mrumph scramble," I said. (Mrumph scramble is an expression I picked up from Morpheus.)

"Well...er...come IN!" said Miriam, as I rolled out of bed and threw on my robe.

They came in. There were six of them.

We were introduced to the other four guys, who were non-fan friends of Lars and George. "We suddenly realised that we were here in San Francisco in the middle of the night," said Lars, "and we didn't have anyplace to stay. Would it bother you too much if we sacked out on your floor? We have sleeping bags and so forth."

We said no it wouldn't bother us and that our floor was always laid out waiting for visiting fans, and that one of them could even sleep on the couch, which made a quite decent single bed.

We talked sleepily for a few minutes, and then went back to bed. They all bunked down for the night.

They stayed for a couple more days, Friday and Saturday, and we had a fine time. We liked the whole group: They were interesting, intelligent, and witty people, and perfect house-guests. They can come back any time they want. Even at 4:15 a.m., I guess.

Too many things happened too fast for me to remember, too many witty lines bubbled out of the flowing conversation, passed under the bridge and were lost in the sands of time. About the only thing I can remember clearly about their visit was the case

of Lars Bourne, Fawning Acolyte.

We were talking about the latest VOID, in which Ted White blasted Richard Geis' PSYCHOTIC #25. "Ted says I'm a fawning acolyte of Geis," said Lars, disgustedly. "That's nonsense; I thought PSYCHOTIC #25 was ridiculous, too."

He stomped around the room for awhile. "I'm no fawning acolyte of Geis," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm probably going to drop his column from BRILLIG."

Lars went on in this vein for awhile. Sometime later, we got him to doing drawings for Miriam's zine SYZIGY. Lars in one instance came up with a silly little drawing of somebody pointing a gun which emitted some sort of ray at people; and their faces showed various reactions: pain, surprise, ticklish laughter, boredom.

"That," explained Lars, "is a stupid, pointless drawing. I did it because Ted White would like it -- he's the guy who loves to write stupid, pointless conversations, you know."

"But why do you want to please Ted White?" I asked.

He looked at me in mild surprise. "Why, didn't you know?" he said. "I'm a fawning acolyte of Ted White."

I don't really think he is.

--- ---

In this very issue of Shaggy, Ron Ellik writes about how he "joined" the N3F recently. He mentions the way he used to make humorous remarks about that organization when Honey Wood Graham wasn't around. The other night, coincidentally, I was playing a tape made about a year ago by Ron, Burbee, and Alex Bratmon, and on it Ron brought up the subject of the NFFF.

"The N3F?" said Burb. "What's that? I thought Lancy and I disbanded that years ago!"

"Not quite," said Ron. "A group of insurgent fans have continued the thing, and it's still going. As a matter of fact, our friend Honey Wood is what you might call the Black Pope of the New N3F."

This is the sort of remark that Ron Ellik used to pass off behind Honey's back about the N3F. But no more. No. Now Ron Ellik is a member in good standing of the N3F, and he is already being caught up in that club's passion for projects.

His first project -- and his greatest, he says -- is to destroy the N3F. "This will be a subtle, long-range project," he asserts. "I shall do it by writing articles about the club. In fact, the column that'll be in this issue of Shaggy is the first step of the project. I'm sabotaging it from within, you see."

Ron Ellik may destroy the N3F at that. I have a feeling that he must. He's been in it for only a few weeks, and already his gay, easygoing, squirrellish character is being undermined by the subtle influences of the N3F.

It looks to me like Ron Ellik will have to destroy the N3F before it destroys him.

-tgc.

YOU MISSED THE
BUSINESS MEETING,
ELMER!

WHAAT?! MY SON,
DO YOU MEAN THE
POKER GAME IS
OVER ALREADY?

I WENT TO THAT MOVIE
FORRY REVIEWED LAST
WEEK, BUT IT DIDN'T
HAVE ANY OF THOSE
PUNS IN IT LIKE
HE SAID...?

WE FINE PEOPLE A NICKLE
FOR EVERY PUN, BUT
WE PAY BJO A DIME
FOR DOUBLE-ENTENDRES...

THAT'S RON ELLIK—
HE COMMUTES TO
MEETINGS FROM
BERKELEY.

TERRY CARR'S

FACE CRITTURS

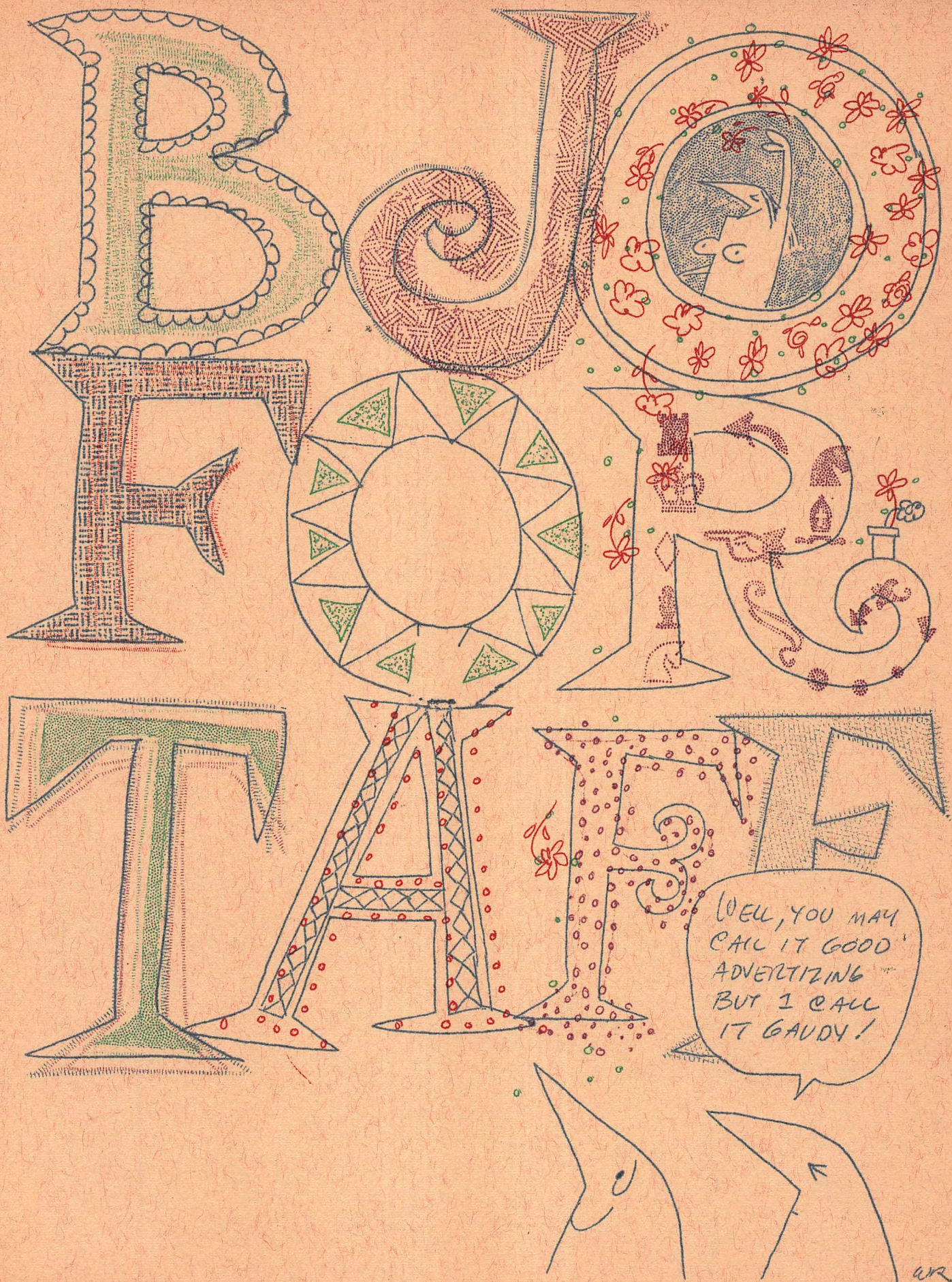
AT A LASFS MEETING

WHY DO YOU WEAR
THAT BEARD,
BILL ROTSLEER?

IT HIDES MY
FRECKLES, BJO.

I MET RICK SNEARY AT
A MEETING, BUT I DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE HIM BECAUSE
HE DIDN'T MISPELL
ANYTHING WHEN HE TALKED!

BARNEY BERNARD? OH,
HE'S SORT OF THE
IMPOVERISHED MAN'S
WALT WILLIS.

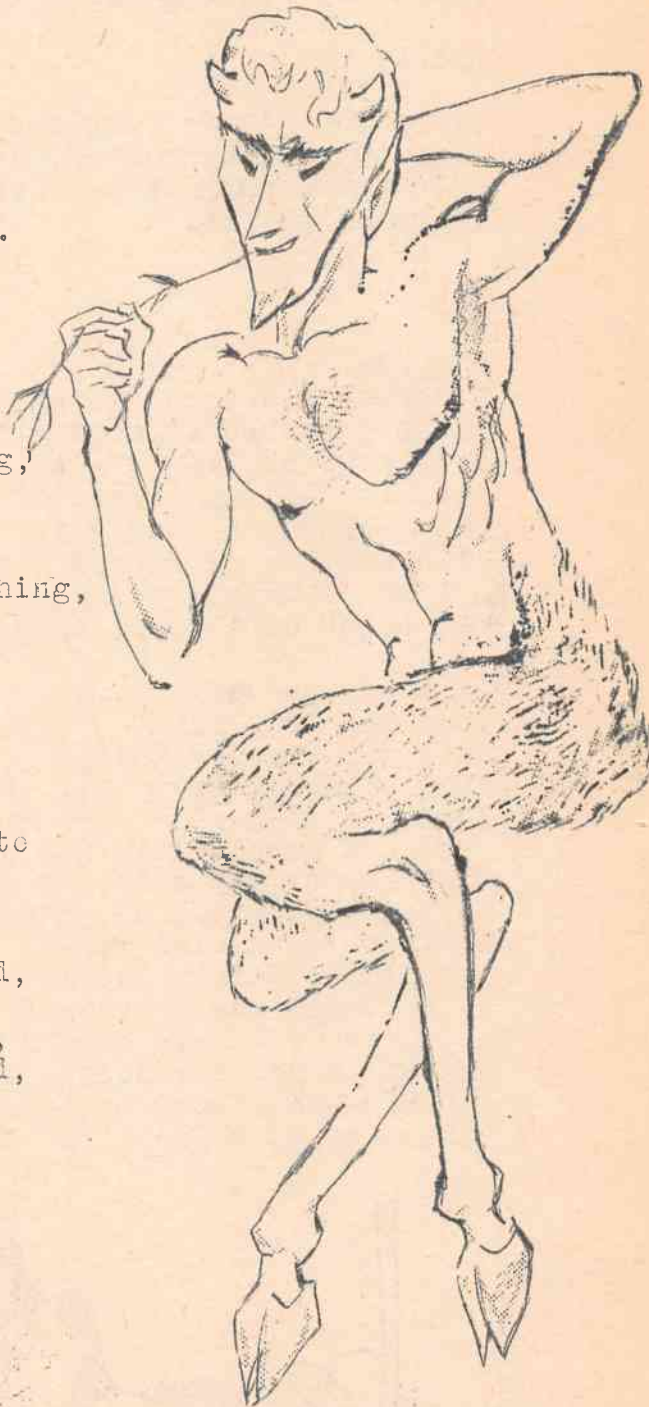


On First Looking Into Shangri-L'Affaires

(A lengthy organ erected periodically by the IASFS)

Dear Djinn et all:

I fall
Upon the thorns of life,
I splinter.
I've just been through a Muncie winter.
The dreary days inch drably past --
Odysseus lashed to the mast --
I hear a shaggy siren sing
(This time some thirty pages long)
And, wistful, dream of Shangri-La,
Ah, wistful, breath a soft huzza
For those from whom such wordage sprung,
And wistful wonder which among
You will be drawn before he's hung
With his sad songs still left unsung
But still the thought of Burbee's bitching,
Bjo's costume, Leiber's twitching,
Gives me a most idish itching
For company of the free.
There no clods like mine and me,
There to wander unafraid
With femme-fans I've never made,
There to drink my whiskey straight
And think deep thoughts on life and fate
And talk of doings of the great,
Of names I've heard but never met,
Of maids that might, but haven't yet,
Of lads that can't, but wish they could,
Of inbetweens who feel they should.
Of what whom said who thought was rude,
And who did what while which was stewed,
And was it clever or just lowd?
And is Scott Dollens really Paul?
And who scrawled what on 4e's wall?
And who is Leppin? Why is Carr?
Who hitched whose wagon to what star?
Who blanches when the squirrel ruts?
And where does Ellik hide his nuts?
What rebuttal made by Smith
Shears what trappings from what myth?
What did Edith write to whom?
Who throw beer cans from what room?
And when, since gauntlets must be hurled,
Will Bloch read Huxley's Brave New World?



But this be but the stuff of dreams!
Alas, for evanescent schemes
For trekking westward for a planned
Sojourn in La Shaggyland,
Where fake-fans flutter through the air
And old Unknown's grow everywhere,
Where all are brave and all are true
And every nut can find a screw.

ADIEU!

Since I can't to your revels go
Pray take, dear hearts, another pro,
Then pause and drink a drink for me
Yours in spirit.

T. R. C.

P. S.

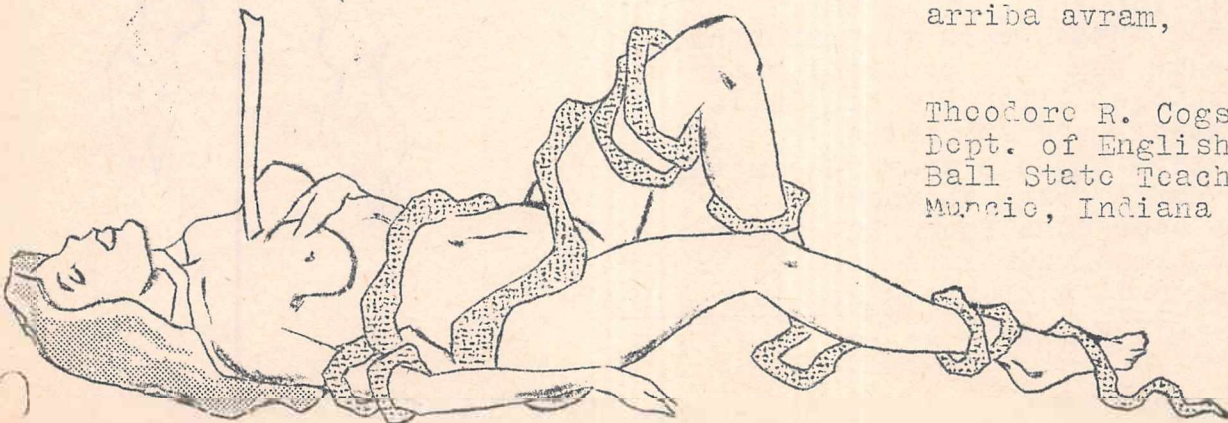
I guess
I'd better change the salutation
FANAC just boomed across the nation
With news of D.F.'s nesting.
Alas for all my dreams of resting
Snug beneath a shaggy tree
With a stick or two of tea,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,
And Djinn beside me, serpentine.

And yet again another P.S.

Last page and FANAC stopped the press
With word of every things Djinn has done.
"She will not marry ... Robinson."
(Cut the stencil! Turn the crank!
The one involved is not our Frank!)
Who "May-or, may not be a fan."
So toot the pipes of potent Pan,
Robinson's an also ran.
Wise lass, before too late to probe
To see what was beneath "The Robe"
And whether it was out of kilter
And if it had a recessed filter
And if -- but here my courage fails,
This must go through the US Mails.

arriba avram,

Theodore R. Cogswell
Dept. of English
Ball State Teachers Col.
Muncie, Indiana



Theo Dear, Fine Fannish Pro:

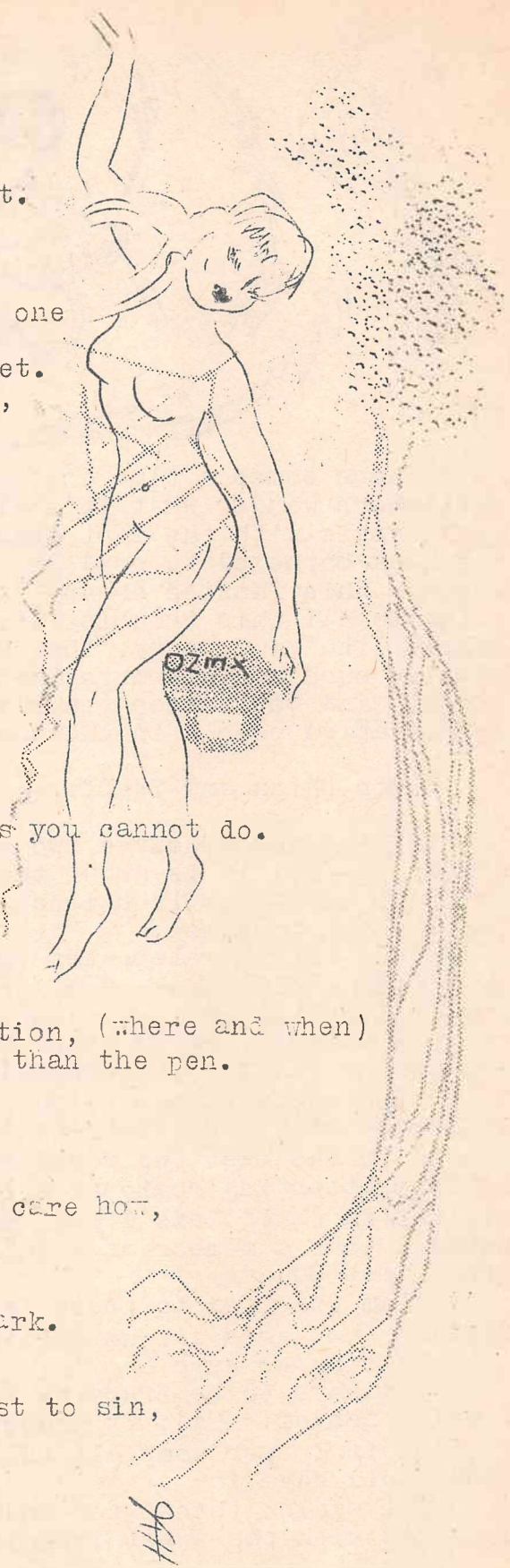
This morning bright when I awoke,
Helpfully prodded by Bjo's poke,
There came to me a warming fannish sight.
A missive lay there by my bed
Just awaiting to be read.
So with gleeful cry and joyous sigh
I prodded open wide my eye - the middle one
(Not to be out-Homered or undone)
And cast it 'pon yon purple dittoed sheet.
My head it swirled, my toes they curled,
A tear there fell upon my buxom ----.
And so, in wild anticipation,
I scanned your poetic masturbation
And indulged in proxy fornication
(For the intellectually elite).
Upon the shrine of Edmund Wilson
I paid homage to your ability
To brag of your swaggering fertility,
Your brave bourgeoisie virility,
And your (verbal) agility to woo.
Now, be it of Freudian connotation,
Or of A.E. Brill's denotation,
It was my psycho-analytical impression
Of your literary indiscretion
That mayhaps, you write about the things you cannot do.
Now, as an Heloise to an Abelard,
As a calling trick to a bluffing card,
As a gal to a guy, as a jane to a joe,
I ask you to arrange it so
That when I trek across the nation
For the Labor Day Convention
When we meet at the bheer hepped Dentention, (where and when)
We'll find out if the sword is mightier than the pen.
So I'll cast my vote in absentia
For your slurring of our intelligentzia
And vote you to a literary hell,
(Shaw's of course). So, dear sir,
A jug of wine, a stick of tea - I don't care how,
It could even be a fifth of Cutty Sark.
Until that not too distant future,
I'm telling you, sir,
I hope it isn't just a whistle in the dark.

And there you are and here I am

Both of us intellectual sham, we'll toast to sin,
From an ineffectual mam,

yours truely,

Djinn





There comes a time in the life of every fanzine when the publishers wonder what it's all for. We had just finished a three-week hassle with the last issue, and dead tired, were wondering who the heck bothered to read it, and whether it would make any difference whether this fanzine or any fanzine ever came out, and what we were going to all this trouble for, when this letter arrived. It is for people like you, Gerry, that we publish the magazine. A single missive such as this more than compensates for all the hours of effort, and we'll keep the old crank turning as long as there are appreciative people in the world.

Dear Djinn and Staff:

Having now received two unpaid-for and unsolicited issues of SHAGGY, I feel it is about time I at least say thanks. Although I am still knee-deep in science fiction and retain a certain passion for reading fanzines.

Last fall I celebrated (or at least I noted in passing) the twentieth anniversary of my introduction to the science fiction field. For at least 10 of those years I was in varying degrees an active fan. The last 9 or 10 years have seen a gradual transition from fan to the rabid collector and part-time dealer.

Although far from being out of touch with fandom, I do feel like something of a dusty relic (at 34) from another era. I haven't gotten to the last two world conventions, my working hours have kept me from attending regional affairs, and except for an occasional visit from fanfriends I feel more like a hermit in the hills of Montana than a member of a suburban society only a quick 30 minutes from Times Square.

I am indebted to those faneditors who send me occasional fanzines. Many of the names are unfamiliar, but their ramblings are as entertaining as ever.

I'd have to be crazy to completely divorce myself from science fiction fandom. Gad, my house is built around my stf collection. I think if I ever took all the books and mags off the shelves, the roof would cave in.

So, again, thanks for SHAGGY. It's one of my few remaining contacts with the sweet insanity that is science fiction fandom.

Regards,

Gerry de la Ree
277 Howland Ave.
River Edge, N.J.

Dear LASFS;

Hullo, pippie. It's been quite some time since I've been able to sit down and write a letter, and as it turns out, you are the first ones I get to write to. Which is rather silly, because I could just walk in the other room and call you. But what the heck, I think maybe pretty soon you'll get the impression that I don't like Shaggy or something, and make me come over and get it. So, I write comment for a change.

Shaggy #41 was quite impressive, I thot. The repro is good, as could be expected with the better typeface; no expert, I, but I think repro might again profit if you were to use a different type of paper. This that you are using is much like the fibretint that I started out with [It is Fibretint -- Al] --it's rather heavy, and usurps the ink in rather large quantities. I don't care for it on long runs because the cross-patch (that red stuff that you have to stare at to see) kind of grows on the stencil and you end up feeling real depressed when a whole line (and just one line--the others are usually frustratingly perfect) just suddenly blanks out on you. But still it's improving, and I have the faith.

Now, I could give you the usual long wows on the stuff I liked-- and there was, indeed, a lot that I liked -- but I think I'll take to task the things that displeased me. Heck, you know I like you, and and that I'd like to keep getting more Shaggy's (or I wouldn't be writing this in the first place.)

I didn't particularly care for Fritz Leiber's piece, for one thing. Admittedly the Chevy looks like flatfish turned side-ways, but I've never heard of anyone getting cut up by them. But the main thing that I didn't care for was the Science Fiction Is Where They Got It bit. I couldn't agree less -- science fiction didn't predict that business men would surround themselves with psychologists, technical sleuths, etc. With few exceptions, science fiction authors are not Nostradamuses in disguise (someone will undoubtedly bring up the atomic bomb bit, but I point with pride to the "few exceptions") -- not prophets, science fiction authors, but good extrapolators. Present day advertising was starting to come into being before science fiction was hardly on its feet; when the sf theme changed from glorified fiction to extrapolation. Thus, they (meaning the industrial designers, the advertisers, the freeways) didn't get their ideas from us-- we just said we'd get there, and we did.

ss I didn't care for the profile of Jerry Stier (or the one of Bjo) because, knowing Jerry vaguely and Bjo better, I still get the idea or rather, the impression, that neither of these do Jerry or Bjo any real justice. Excuse me if I take Bjo as an example-- I know her better. Now Bjo has this personality that positively radiates-- anyone within 25 feet of her knows they are 25 feet away from her, and what's more, they're glad they're 25 feet away from her (uh.. that doesn't sound right), except maybe they'd like to be 24 or 17 or 5 or (come, let us leave the rest to some nasty fan's imagination) ?? feet from her, just listening and absorbing all this vitality and personality. Now, I think that's a pretty fair idea of Bjo's personality-- and I think anyone who knows Bjo will agree. And yet, aside from the fact that it's exactly the way I'd like to put it, it Lacks Something. ((not)) It Lacks Something because, unless you have actually experienced Bjo's personality, it means absolutely nothing. What I said on paper is true-- but it

lacks that real something, the indescribable something that's really Bjo's personality. (And no, I don't mean sex, either....) And in ways, I think it's much the same with this profile of Jerry. All in all, I think you could write about how many angels are on the head of a pin, and get the same result.

Edward E. Smith's rebuttal to Al Lewis represents one of the outlandishly stupidest things I've seen in a fanzine in many a month. I thought, when I saw Al's article, that he needed rebutting --but merely for the misapprehension that what happened at the Solacon (And it did happen, EESmith; I was there and saw it with my own eyes, weak though they may be) reflected the feelings of the science fiction enthusiasts. This is no rebuttal. Firstly, Al Lewis's article, like most other articles in fanzines, was opinion, and pretty much admittedly so. That is the only bit of rebutting in this article, and it itself is based on a misapprehension....

Like, the lettercolumn is improving, but edit once in a while. This isn't aimed at #41 -- more at #40, where it seems you printed just about everything.

All the stuff I didn't mention was too fabulous to mention -- which is why I didn't.

All ~~best~~ best, [Tch.wot wud Laney say?]

Rich Brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena 3, Calif.

Thanks, Rich, for some most thoughtful constructive criticism. Science fiction does not operate independently of the general culture, but is a specialized phase of it. The whole climate of ideas, however, is influenced by the attitude of science fiction toward rockets, futuristic cities, et al, not because of some peculiar merit in science fiction, but because science fiction is the part of our culture that has been most concerned with publicising these particular ideas. Scientific technology has made rocketry possible, but I feel that it is science fiction that has been the real opinion-shaper. After all, scientific speculation is science fiction.

By the way, next month's profile is going to be on Ted Johnstone. Would you like to take a crack at writing it?

Dear Djinn & Bjo,

Many thanks for the Shaggys...I'm very fond of Bjo's squirrels and fluffy dogs - how come the Olde English Sheep Dog made its way over there? Of course, that is the original Shaggy dog so I suppose it's logical. Leiber on fish-hook fenders was fascinating and just puts into words a feeling I have had for a long time. Bob Bloch was extraordinarily logical on s.f. and fairytales but surely in his folklore stalwarts he's forgotten the old favorites: The mad scientist with a beautiful daughter.. the assistant scientist who loves her and saves the world...and the bem who wants the beautiful heroine! He leaves these out!!! And of course, the Faithful Young Subaltern who must disobey his Captain's orders in order to save the World....

Nice seeing Doc Smith in a fanzine; I can still re-read his Lensman books when I want to relax...

Joy & Vinç Clarke & Sandy
"Inchmery," 236 Queens's Rd, New
London, S.E.14. G.B. Cross

...Now Shaggy. Cover, even know a few on that cover. Repro, good. A very good selection of material. Disagree somewhat with Lewis, think ASF will regain the position it held. The loss of the Hugo for one year does not mean anything, and F&SF having gained it for one year, means less....

Art Hayes

...I can't say whether or not I agree with EESmith, not having read Al's article when it was current. I will ask Doc something tho: How does he figure that F&SF is emphasizing the Science in their title? I checked my copy and could find nothing to indicate this. ##And I don't think that aSF will be on top again in 59, not at the rate they're going....

Bob Lichtman

...The article by E.E. Smith was absolutely hilarious. I dug out Al Lewis's original article, but upon glancing through same I observed that it was deadly serious, so I didn't re-read it. But leave it to Doc Smith to come up with the perfect rejoinder; it was the funniest thing in the issue. I wonder how many people will take Doc Smith seriously?

Bernard Toskey

...I think Edward E. Smith is right about Campbell and Astounding even though I personally think psionics is probably nonsense....

George Nims Raybin

...science fiction is science fiction and never the twain shall meet. They're working at cross-purposes: the simple factor is that it is physically impossible to consciously theorize and sensate simultaneously. Hal Clement is quite possibly the greatest science-fiction writer who ever lived, but he is dead on his feet. And the sort of research-compulsive who does this sort of thing for a living or hobby is sufficiently crippled to be incapable of creative construction. Those elements, however, in the scientific field which parallel the religio-artistic and operate by coagulating raw intuition into logical communication, mathematics and invention, possess their own languages (with feelings no doubt involved of the highest aesthetic sort) and consequently derive little or no satisfaction in a spill-over into the literary form. When they attempt it (as in the case of Eric Temple Bell) the result is grim to say the least.

Bloch seems to be the vertebrae of the magazine. He spends so much effort, though, to be punny and "cute" that it all but flushes out what he has to say. In this latest Feb 59 issue I note his equation of fairy-tale with "fairy-tale", i.e., "westerns" and "hist. romances." A small qualification - the original "fairy-tales" no more resemble the watered-down Satevepost sundayschool versions handed out to American toddlers than "The Way West" resembles a "western" or "The Red and the Black" resembles an "hist. romance". The world of the Ramayana, the Arabian Nights, and Hans Christian Anderson of course possess a sophisticated overlay* but the primal roots of the child's integrated

*It's worth while observing that the Brothers Grimm were "scientists", i.e. etymologists.

realism are served up raw in the original nursery rhymes contained in Calder's "Three Young Rats." Melodrama, ha!...

Art Castillo

Dear Eds: -

Received SHAGGY yesterday for which I offer my thanks. Burbee wrote it well, but it was horrible...that obituary for the Laniac. He's dead now and let him be.

Though I hadn't got SHAGGY # 39 I had nevertheless the opportunity to read the article "On the Future of Science Fiction" by Al Lewis in the clubzine of the SFUE "ANDROMEDA." Rainer Eisfeld had translated it into German.

Now the rebuttal by Doc Smith is facing me. He has much to say against Al Lewis and his article but he has forgotten to say something for J. W. Campbell Jr. and ASF. That is no discussion; that counter-attack was more sentimental than objective.

We cannot always write or read stories based on science such as ESP (some call it psionics or scientific nonsense), but the plot will decide the issue of the story, the plot based on science as psychology, archeology and astronomy and technology. That does include psionics but that's all. Science fiction must have a wide range, otherwise it will lose the flavor of being literature packed full with scintillating new ideas and twists. So don't argue about a point which has only minor importance. I'd like it more you'd condemn the trash that calls itself space-operas, and I've to say Bob Bloch has written the best article in the issue.

Another outstanding contribution was the poem "Welcome Worm" by Zeke Leppin with an excellent Bjo illo, the best I've seen up to now.

Yours,

Klaus Eylmann

Thank you, Klaus, and Art, and the others. The article in #39 was written with an eye to provoking some intelligent discussion, and it seems to have done that. The basic thesis of the original article was that while scientific science fiction was the most desirable form, nobody seemed able to write it any more, and therefore rather than persist with the repetitive and uninteresting sort of imitation science fiction that fills most of today's magazines, we should break the mold entirely, and try to write a form of science fiction that was within the capacity of today's writers. It is interesting to note that those who agreed with the conclusion seem to be unaware of the assumption on which it was based, while the aficionados of scientific science fiction also overlooked it in their wrath at the conclusion. The logic, I insist, is valid. If the article is to be challenged, I feel that the only successful attack must be made against the two assumptions: that science fiction should be primarily scientific science fiction, and that there is nobody capable of writing it any more. I was also intrigued by the fact that my main detractor, Doc Smith, has been guilty in his latest story of the very practices which both he and I deplore. The Galaxy Primes is a long and tedious account of the chillish bickerings of two neurotics, while the very intriguing problem of the distribution of life in the galaxies is cavalierly disposed of in a single paragraph at the conclusion. --Al Lewis

Cheers:

...I hope that you very quickly use up that pink paper; preferably in some other manner than Gestetnering on it. The eyestrain is watering my eyeballs. Please remember that you have many doddering old codgers like myself and Bloch among your readers, and that our bifocals aren't what they used to be. Forty years (man and boy) of reading fanzines have left us pitiful wrecks, and only last week I heard a rumor that Bloch had developed arthritis in his right arm. If that seems to be a non-sequitur, consult Burbee or Elmer.

If Burbee exists. I suspect that he doesn't. I know Elmer exists, of course. He once ate breakfast at my house. The kids and the cat watched him with open eyes and open mouths. They couldn't figure out why he insisted on talking about someone else who wasn't there, until I explained afterward that Elmer was talking about himself. Elmer spoke of Elmer in the third person. After he had gone, the cat was seen to shake its head sadly. It had been harboring great hopes for the human race. Elmer is responsible for destroying my cat's illusions. But I don't think Burbee exists.

Well, keep on publishing Leiber, Bloch and Ellik.

Bob Tucker
Box 702
Bloomington, Illinois

Bob, just for you we've thrown out all the pink paper and used it for a fertilizer mulch for pink geraniums. Just to please Bjo we've thrown out all the other colors, too, and you'll find this issue printed entirely on white. More readable, she says, but it does seem to have lost an air of a sort of carefree recklessness. What do the rest of your readers think?

Dear Djinn,

...I liked all the contents of issue 41 - I really did. Some things more than others, though. You sure have a fine band of artists on tap. Sigh, I wish I could get art like that for my fanzine. Was interested in the bits about Mike Hinge in Al Lewis's "Ushering in the New Year." I never met Mike but my fannish colleague in town here did and described him as a quiet shy sort of a guy. I guess that fine warm Los Angeles ~~and~~ air that we hear so much about must have a euphoric effect on the boy.....

Regards,

Mervyn Barrett
6 Doctors Commons
Wellington C4,
New Zealand

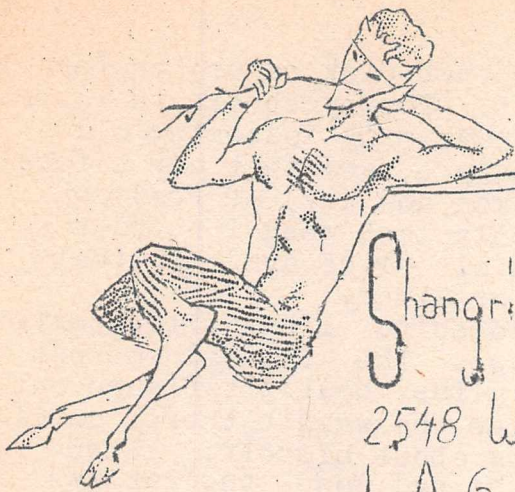
Well, there was this bit of dialogue:

Djinn: (scream) Mike! Now Mike! (scream) We don't act like that here in the United States!

Mike: (making another lunge) Women don't dress like that in New Zealand, either!

Until next issue,

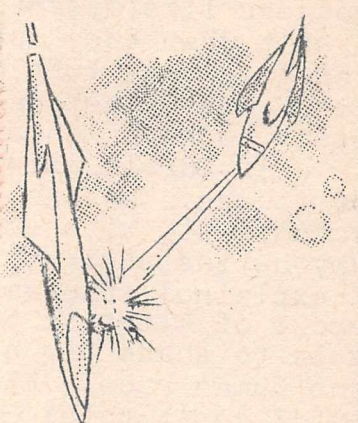
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