

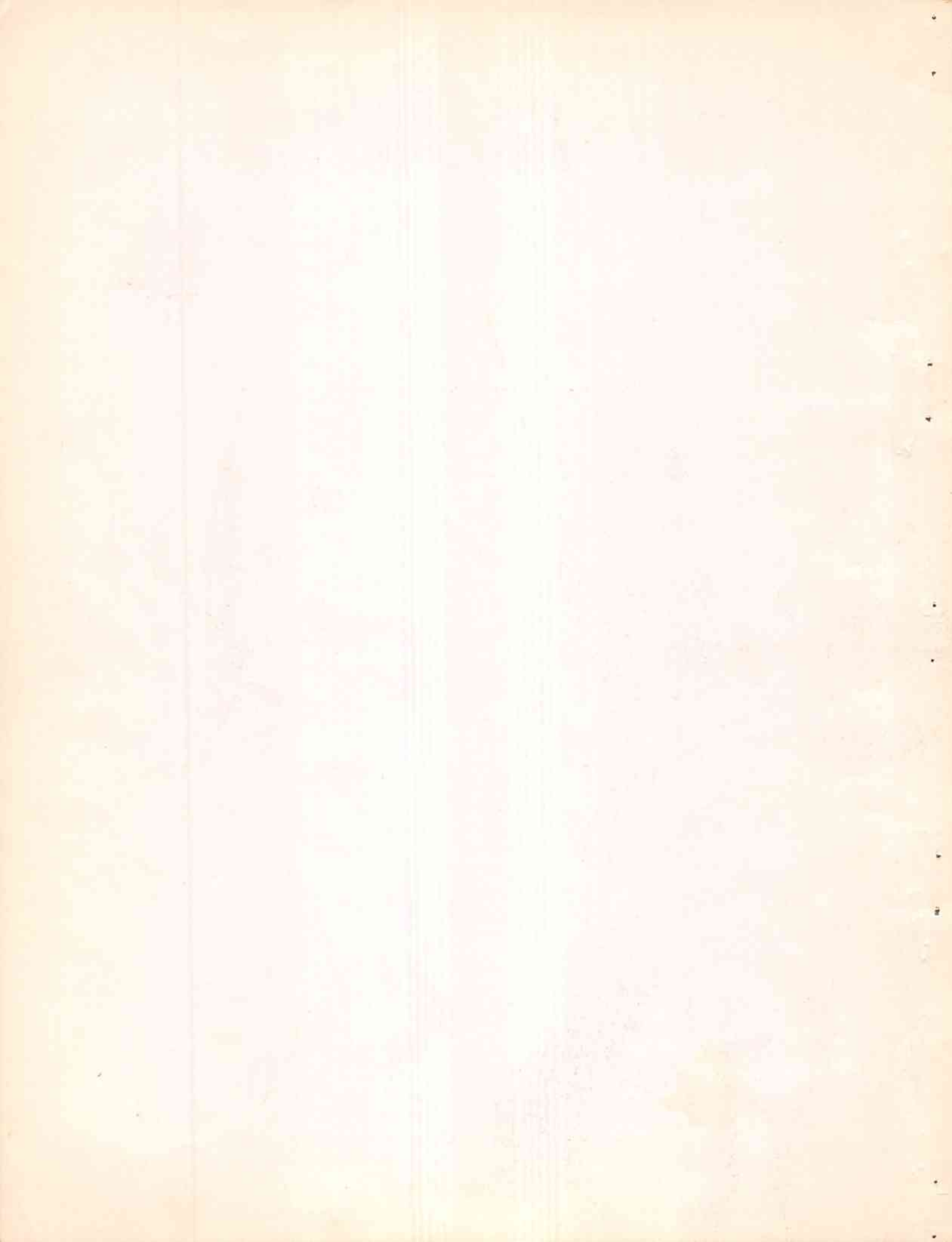
# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

NO. 47



W. R. H. J. COTT  
DOLLERS





# Shangri-L'Affaires

number 47 December 1959

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is the Official Organ of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society, which meets every Thursday at 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California. Visitors welcome; phone DUnkirk 2-3246.  
EDITORIAL OFFICE: 980 $\frac{1}{2}$  White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, California.

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AND

The 1959 Shangri-L'Affaires Christmas Supplement

## STAFF:

Copies of Shangri-L'Affaires are 20¢ each; six for \$1.00. OR trade for fanzines, art, material or letters; one letter of comment per issue very definitely required to remain on the mailing list.

SPECIAL NOTICE: copies of this issue only and supplement will be 50¢; mailed in envelope.

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Gestetnering.....	Wheatley, Gurney, Lewis, Trimble & Henstell
Collating.....	Wheatley, Lewis, Ellern, Trimble
Collapsing.....	Bjo
Happy Birthday....	4e Ackerman, Nov 24 USS Trimble, Nov 17 Billern, Nov 30 Len Moffatt, Nov 20 Ed Cox, Nov 6 Fritz Leiber Dec 24 Jesus Christ Dec 25





4 EDITORIAL

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, the chaotic fanzine, comes to you once again through the courtesy of God. God, who lives on Baxter Street in Los Angeles, has just bought the old LASFS mimeograph for \$15. Flummoxed by this munificent accretion, we have decided to sacrifice all for this issue, and buy Gestetner paper, which has the virtue of being legible.

Your editor believes in virtue.

He may not practice it, but he believes in it.

Planning, for instance, is a virtue. SHAGGY is impeccably planned, each issue in advance, sometimes months ahead of time. We visualize a grand conception, decide just the sort of things we need in a given issue, send out letters requesting material, send a suggestion to Bloch; give Bradbury a detailed outline of article he is to write, and tell Burbee the attitude he should take. Then we sit back and wait for results. Finally, when deadline day rolls around, we compile the material on hand, put it on stencil, and

Discover we've stencilled two page 26's; the con report is 45 pages long before it's completed; there isn't enough paper and we have to split an issue in half; we edit a column and the contributor considers himself above being edited; we have two profiles and no minutes, or, alternatively, two sets of minutes and no profile; there is nothing on hand from Bloch, Bradbury, or Burbee, but we have several unsolicited pieces including one fantastically funny and completely unprintable thing called, "The Fan Who Sold the Focal Point to Playboy." So

We assemble SHAGGY from whatever happens to be on hand, just as if we hadn't planned at all. It's fun that way.

\* \* \*

This is it. Here is the big issue we've been promising you. It isn't exactly a twenty-fifth anniversary issue, and it isn't exactly a Christmas issue, but here it is: SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES HOLIDAY ISSUE FOR 1959!

Some weeks ago, Bjo sent out sixty letters to various artists in fandom, hoping for a dozen or so illos to flesh out a Christmas portfolio in the December issue. We received over forty replies, and thirty-seven of these included artwork. Bjo has spent the last several weeks putting them on stencil, with some help from Jack Harness, and a great big assist from all of those who sent their illos already cut. I'd like to thank all those who contributed to this fannish greeting, and especially I'd like to vote a round of applause to Bjo, who conceived the scheme and carried it through.

From myself, Bjo, the SHAGGY staff, the LASFS, and all our contributing artists, a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!

\* \* \*

Any man who seduces children and dogs can't be all bad. --RB

\* \* \*



# DNA

5

It is hardly with a Christmas spirit that a shifty little campaign against TAFF is circulating through fandom. Though it may already be too late, we feel that it is time this most unpleasant matter were brought into the light of day.

There seems to be going on right now a deliberate attempt to utilize the DNA, fandom's promise of secrecy, for the purpose of spreading false and malicious rumors.

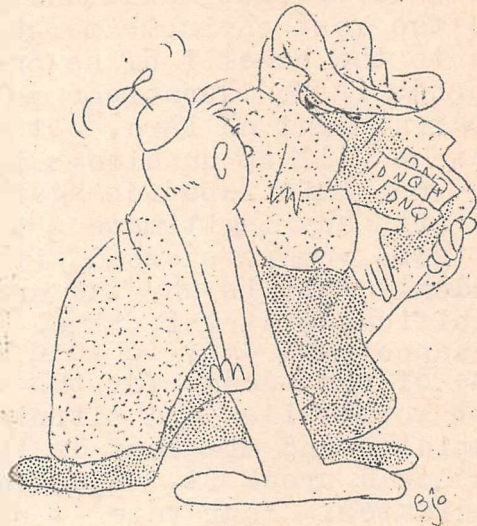
A rumor of this sort depends on three things: firstly, the willingness of people to believe the worst of anyone; secondly, the inability of some people to resist passing on a little "inside dope" while still respecting the DNA enough to keep the matter out of print; and thirdly, that it be passed on without consideration or attempt at verification.

There has for some weeks been circulating under the admonition of "Do Not Quote" a story that TAFF administrator Bob Madle had confided to Danny Curran of New York that Don Ford had already won the race, and that any further voting would be useless. Were the story true, it would have been an act of bad faith on Curran's part to repeat it. In fact, the story is not true, and we do not know at this time whether or not Curran is one more victim the "name-users" who have signed Dick Ellington's name to a libelous letter.

Unfortunately, some people have given credit to the rumor, and the general reaction must inevitably be to discourage any last-minute votes that might go to any of the three candidates. And Don Ford is particularly the victim of this whole silly surliness that at once wishes to concede the election to him and at the same time begrudges him his popularity.

Bob Madle was in Los Angeles last week, and the Curran rumor was one of the subjects that came up for discussion. We do have some inside information about future TAFF plans; we do not have the name of the TAFF winner. Madle has not told anyone who is ahead in the TAFF race. It has been discussed only with Bennett. Particularly it has not been discussed with an acquaintance Madle sees about once every three years.

Coming on top of the Ted Pauls affair, Bob was understandably annoyed. This young fan recently printed a letter in DHOG, purportedly from Dick Ellington, charging that Madle was guilty of fraudulently counting votes to make sure that Don Ford won. Madle was not sent a copy of the fanzine in which this letter appeared, and when Pauls was confronted with demands to see the original letter, he asserted that he had destroyed it "for the crackpot thing that it was," thereby causing a good many people to doubt if it ever existed.



"PSEST! HEY, KID - RUMORS  
DNA'S, FILTHY SECRETS?"



6 The curious thing about these rumors is not that they are directed against Madle and Ford, for the most honorable people are the most enviable targets, but that they are against everyone to the benefit of no one. The immediate effect of these stories is to discourage votes for Bjo and Terry, and to heap embarrassment on Ford. It seems as if someone wants to be sure that he will be unwelcome in England if he wins.

But this rebounds against the whole TAFF enterprise, and not with any legitimate grievance, but simply in blind malice. If these rumors succeed, it will be a lasting disgrace to fandom. That is why the uncast votes take on a particular significance at this time. If you haven't voted yet, here is a chance not only to vote for your candidate, but to cast a vote of confidence for the whole TAFF movement. TAFF is the most worthwhile and altruistic thing in fandom; don't let stupidity and mistrust do the work of those thoughtless people who would wreck it. Bjo, Terry Carr, and Don Ford are all good candidates. Your vote -- whoever you vote for -- can mean a lot right now.

There are flaws in the TAFF system, but a whispering campaign of character assassination is not the way to cure them. The danger to fandom's finest enterprise is not negligible. It should cause fandom some serious second thoughts about passing on derogatory and unconfirmed rumor. Slander DNQ is slander still.

\* \* \*

This is my last editorial for SHAGGY. With the New Year John Trimble takes over the editorial chair, with Bob Lichtman moving into the fanzine review slot. Bjo edits the letter column beginning with this issue. There will be other changes too. We are running the last Squirrel Cage Annex in this issue. (for discussion of this installment see HOBGOBLIN No. 1) Next spring we may have a new secretary to take over the minutes, and you may look for other changes, too. But Ron Ellik will be back with Squirrel Cage, and Roasting Chestnuts with various contributors, so keep your eye on this spot! And watch for our new look, coming up!

I have had an awful lot of fun editing SHAGGY. I've made a lot of friends and a couple of good enemies. But teaching school is sort of time-consuming, and I haven't got time for two full-time hobbies. I'd like to be able to write a couple of articles, and there is Unicorn Productions second amateur film to get under way. I'll still be around to help type stencils and turn cranks and write a few reviews, but Trimble gets the headaches for a while. I hope he has as much fun with SHAGGY as I have had.

Vale!

--Al Lewis

*Remember - It's Chicago - '62*



# 7

# TEST A MINUTE

Planning for the Hallowe'en Party started the week the weary travellers returned to LA from the Detention, and was already under way by September 17th when Al Lewis put on the showing of the slides he'd taken at the con and also showed, for the first time at the LASFS, The Genie, a Unicorn Production, starring 4e Ackerman, Fritz Leiber and some sexy dancing girl. The film ended, and Al was telling the club about the production problems they had in the filming and also some future plans.

"After 30 minutes or so, Barney suggested we change the subject, so Al kept his place on the floor and led smoothly into the Hallowe'en Party, planned to co-incide with our 25th Birthday celebration. Al volunteered his house, bringing our total number of possible locations to four. Hal Ingham said he's found out we couldn't hold it at his place after all, so we were back down to three. Julie said they weren't sure yet, but Virginia said we could use her place any old time. We said that some old time we would, but started a set of arguments over relative merits of various locations. When we finally put it to a vote it turned out we were unanimously in favor of Al's place. Barney brought up the subject of a clean-up committee, and Barney volunteered himself and everybody else in the Santa Monica area because it'll be easier for them to stay late and go home in the morning."---1153th.

Time passed, and plans jelled. "We discussed the Hallowe'en Party, and Barney asked Julie how she's make dips with a Hallowe'en motif. Julie said, 'Dye them orange and black, of course!'---1156th.

"Barney (who else) brought up the question of 50¢ cost for the Hallowe'en party. Ted said he'd invited three girls and didn't know about the cost. Barney said he should their way in, of course — we need a virgin to sacrifice. On that line, Audrey Clinton walked in, but declined the honor. Ingrid agreed at first, but when Forry translated it into German for her, she said 'nein, danke, nein.' But back to business... Julie said we needed about \$20 for party expenses, and then Don Simpson, in the name of the Lancaster Coven, offered to contribute \$10. We helped Julie to her feet and she siezed Don's money with a wild cry. When she recovered from the shock and got the money safely tucked away somewhere, she went on to announce the prizes and categories for the costumes and some vague plans for food. There were the usual lousy puns about finger foods, and Julie went on to ask if anybody had some bunches of artificial grapes. Barney asked why they needed artificial grapes, and Ted said, 'To make artificial wine'. Barney insisted it be entered in the minutes." A little later..."Ernie, one of many who straggled in between 8:30 and 9, announced that SHAGGY might be out next week, and then again, maybe not. Julie howled, 'What about the invitations to and announcements of the Hallowe'en Party and XXVth Anniversary Meeting that were supposed to be distributed therewith?' Ernie shrugged and grinned sheepishly." -- 1158th

Well, the Hallowe'en Party made a profit of \$13.50, and those who had not been able to clean up apologised, and those who had conked out early enough to be awakened to help took their bows.

\* \* \* \* \*

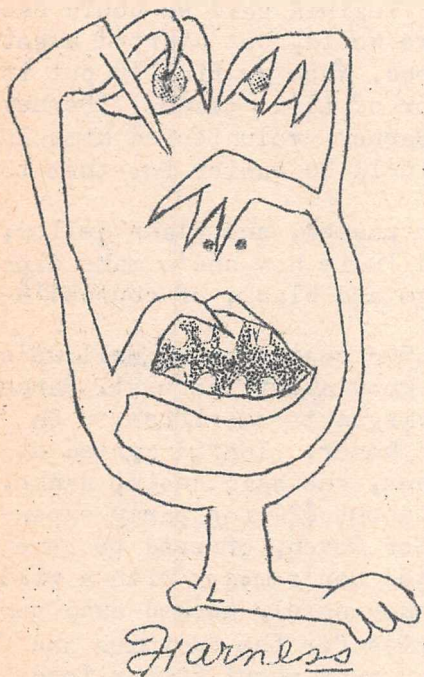
Meanwhile, plans were laid for the 25th Anniversary Meeting. Forry had suggested that we might get Ray Bradbury, Van Vogt, and/or Robert Bloch (in town secretly to talk to Hitchcock about making Psycho into a movie) to speak at the gathering. The minutes of this meeting will be in the special ish of SHAGGY, next time.



Discussion was begun on where to hold the XXVth Anniversary meeting — "Ernie said Mannings is out—we've been squeezed out by a rockhound group meeting there. Virginia suggested Forest Lawn, but Bob Lanko said that no beatnik would be found dead there. Forry suggested Clifton's, Zeke phoned them and found they closed at 9 p.m. Billern called to tell us about a place he'd found, but Julie started rooting for the Commodore Hotel and gave us all sorts of valid reasons. There was a discussion of rates and how much dues to charge, and it was settled that we stick to our regular 35¢ to help defray the expenses of the room for the evening; it was all wrapped up in a motion, seconded and passed." --1156th.

"Barney asked if Forry had contacted Van Vogt, Bradbury or Bloch; Forry made a formal report to the effect that he had spent as much as was in the treasury to bring Bob Bloch all the way from Weyawauga Wisc to speak at the anniversary meeting. We all applauded, but there was no offer of re-imbursement made." --1158th.

After all the expenses were reckoned up and compared to the dues taken in that night, we found we had stood a net loss of \$1.50, and decided it was probably worth it. \* \* \* \* \*



Meanwhile the Collapsicon Committee crawled onwards towards its deadline of May 1960. "Barney reported the possibility of getting a cruiser for the Collapsicon, which sounds like a lovely idea, but a) expensive, b) dangerous and c) what about people who get seasick looking at a goldfish bowl?" --1156th.

"The Collapsicon Committee (Barney) reported contacting a 60-foot cruiser which could be ours for an extended cruise around Catalina for about a dollar a head --his cousin is buying the boat. There was a great show of interest and some figuring of crowding -- if we have thirty people, that's two feet per person ... Will there be enough room to lay out the bodies and still have room to dance and change clothes when somebody falls in that big salty chaser? Barney reminded us that there is a below-decks area too. He was authorised to continue inquires." --1157th.

Since then, no progress has been reported on the cruiser (or is it a ketch?) for the Collapsicon. Stay tuned to this column for further developments. \* \* \* \* \*

The master-copy for the ego-buck was finished and displayed by Jack Harness at the 1156th meeting, announced as lost at the 1159th, reported found and in need of \$3 for a photostencil at the 1163th. The expenditure was approved.

Discussion of The New Year's Party began November 5th. "Len Moffatt's place was suggested, and it turned out he had already volunteered it, over Anna's dead body, and we got a party committee organised. It was decided that we could wear costumes if we wanted to." --1160th.

"New Year's Party Committee, refreshments department, reported that Barbara Gratz had sent a note promising not to prepare any refreshments. She was given a vote of thanks, in absentia. Other suggestions for refreshments were made, with varying amounts of practicality -- one which sticks in the mind was Barney's suggestion of 'cranberries smuggled in from Mexico in a bale of marijuana'." --1162.

Frank Coe showed "Frankenstein Meets The Beast Man From Outer Space" at the 1161th, and Duane Avery showed "The World Beside Us" at the 1162th. Both high quality 16mm amateur film productions, both high quality. Former silent satire, latter sound.



# THE SQUIRREL CAGE ANNEX

by Terry Carr

The folding, through lack of support, of DISJECTA MEMBRA, a fannish letterzine squarely in the tradition stretching all the way back to Forry Ackerman's VOM and possibly before, is, of course, regrettable.

DM in its few issues promised great things to come in the way of wide-open fannish discussions, but somehow those discussions never got going. And, lacking a continuing discussion of any great importance, DISJECTA MEMBRA failed to attract enough attention and response to keep it going. It wasn't Ted Pauls' fault, and it's hard to blame the entire readership of the zine in one fell swoop because no doubt each of them had different reasons for not showing much interest.

But perhaps I could suggest a reason for DM's failure. I think the movement of fandom away from science fiction towards fannishness has gone a bit too far. I think there is just so much faanish material appearing these days that the edge has been taken off the enjoyment we once had from carefree spoofing, that fannish material these days, in order to be entertaining, has to be of considerably higher quality than in former years when it was more of a rarity. At one time, fannishness was a breath of fresh air in a generally-serious fandom; today it is all too often just fluff.

I could cite evidence to support my theory -- the concantra-tion presently on anthologizing and otherwise giving recognition to the very best of fannish material, the high rating of the stf-centered Renfrew Pemberton column in the FANAC Poll, and of course the demise of DISJECTA MEMBRA -- but such a lengthy dissertation might give you the idea that I'm asking for a movement away from fannishness. Such isn't the case, of course: I'm merely saying that we've got somewhat of a surfeit of fannishness today and that the competition between fannish fanzines is so strong that only the top-quality ones reap enough rewards in the way of interest and egoboo to make them worthwhile to most editors.

DISJECTA MEMBRA, a letterzine in these days of long fannish letter-columns in most all extant fanzines, suffered because of this, I think. And as a remedy for aspiring editors I'd like to suggest that fans are eager to read good material of any sort, not just fannish, and that perhaps a little branching out might pay off. The good fannish writers have got their hands full now; perhaps those fans who are more interested in other subjects should be asked to write morenow -- there are lots of things which can make interesting material besides fannishness.

And yes, this very definetly includes science fiction and fantasy. I think I already detect a slight trend back towards stf interest in fanzines, and I'm glad, because (at present, at least) the material that's appearing is of good quality. You've seen the contributions on the subject in SHAGGY by Leiber, Bloch, and Doc Smith; the Pemberton column's popularity has already been noted (and though that column has been discontinued, it wasn't because of lack of interest, but rather of being too much work



for the writer); and even Ted White, who has been accused repeatedly (and certainly unfairly) of trying to be too fannish with VOID, has published a meaty critique of Galaxy, and is scheduling for a future issue Bob Leman's lengthy evaluation of Venture SF.

As another example, and a rather striking one, I might cite a recently-received publication issued by Theodore Cogswell which consists of practically nothing but letters on the subject of the troubles of the science fiction field and science fiction writers today. Considering that every single one of the letter-writers is connected with the stf field in some professional way and therefore has a vested interest, so to speak, in the subject, it would be fatuous to claim that the obvious liveliness of this letterzine contrasted with the repeated false starts and final demise of DISJECTA MEMBRA could be considered to prove anything relevant to this discussion. But I think it is indicative that I got far more enjoyment out of reading the twenty pages of Cogswell's zine than I did from reading all five issues of DISJECTA MEMBRA.

I think it indicates that it doesn't matter so much what the material is about, as much as how lively and inherently entertaining it is. Fannish material is usually quite good reading fare, but variety is the spice of fandom as well as life, and spice can enhance the attractiveness of any diet.

--Terry Carr.

NEWS

#### SHAGGY SCORES A PROPHECY

Remember Fritz Leiber's article on fishhook fenders that appeared here a few issues ago? Well, we ran across this article in a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times ...

#### WOUND REALLY LATE MODEL ONE

EAST UNION, Md., November 19 (UPI) -- Patrick Murphy, 20, counselor at a camp here, was treated at a Rockland hospital for a puncture wound suffered when he backed against the pointed chrome fin on a new car.

caveat punctor!

SEATTLE

61

ILLINOIS

64



by Bolliivar  
J. Fargnarsty  
alias  
JOHN TRIMBLE

## QUO VADIS IN THE FANZINES

This will  
be my last  
fanzine review  
column for S-L'A.  
Bob Lichtman should be seen inhab-  
iting this spot nextish.

But, while I'm still at it, I've  
got a couple of things I'd like to  
say. Like, I've noticed several  
reprints of late, with no credits  
given. This indicates one of two  
things to me; either the editor(s)  
knew not that the item had been  
printed previously, an unfairness  
on the part of the contributor, or  
the editor knew about it, and decided  
against letting his readers know the same. This last is an unfair-  
ness to the readers. So how 'bout some reprint credits now and then?

And, too, people must be holding art-work like crazy. From talks  
with both Rotsler and Bjo, it would seem that someone's trying to  
corner the fanart market. And this sort of thing is darned discourag-  
ing to an artist. Equally as disturbing, I'm told, is the printing  
of art-work without sending the artist a contributor's copy of the  
zine. This strikes me as being quite impolite.

Common courtesy never hurt anyone, really, so why not practice  
a little more of it in the fan-world?

-oOo-

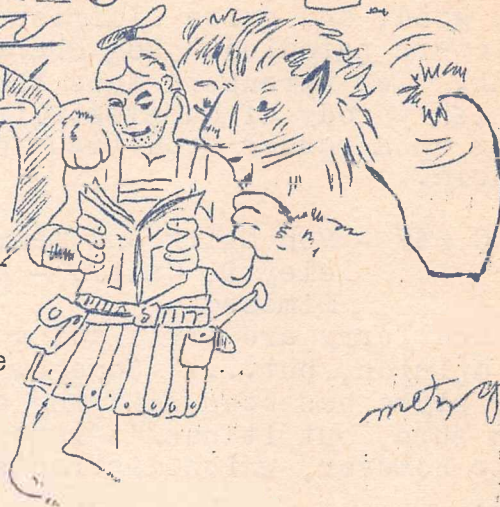
Now the fanzines:

SPHERE #12 - Joe Christoff, POBox 212, Atlanta 1, Ga. - 19¢, 6/41,  
Trade - Irreg-Quarterly - Multilithed.

SPHERE seems to be a try at producing a stfannish "little magazine",  
and, as such, it falls quite a way below the DESTINY or INSIDE  
level. Most of the material here is readable, though the SOLACON  
bits are admittedly dated. Bob Lichtman's "Dear Mr. Fan Ed" provides  
a somewhat fannish touch, and Don Franson is rather skimpily rep-  
resented, too. SPHERE presumably has a following, but there's no  
sign of its existence, and, frankly, I found the zine rather boor-  
ish in manner, and certainly not one I'd go out of my way to get or  
read again.

PSI PHI #4 - Bob Lichtman/Arv Underman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los  
Angeles 56, Calif. - 15¢, 4/50¢, trade, contrib, or  
LoC - Irreg-quarterly - Dittoed.

This issue is Arv's, as revolt rocks the PSI PHI Press. Even so,



*met/ga*



12 (PSI PHI (cont'd) it is still Bob's personality which is dominant. Wally Weber and Otto Pfeifer have a very amusing Westercon report, followed by a further installment of Ted Johnstone's "Greatest Movie Ever Made". Len Moffatt's "Capsule Reviews of a New Fanzine" is very good, and quite hilarious in parts if you're familiar with the reviewers parodied. Rog Ebert's reviews are readable and quite frank. Les Nirenberg tops the issue with "Gestiltsfan", a very funny fannish parody of Rumpelstiltskin. The lettercol entertainingly winds up a rather good issue of PSI PHI, a fanzine well worth anyone's trouble.

FANAC #47 - Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, #6, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - 4/25¢, 9/50¢, trade, LoC - BiWeekly - Mimeood.

Ron and Terry are still doing a fine job of reporting fannish events and opinion, but.... Somehow the old chitter-chatter and free-and-easy style has been slipping away. Winning the Hugo isn't the cause, I'm sure, but it hasn't reversed the trend, either. Only a small gripe however, which distracts but little from a quite indispensable zine.

HOBGOBLIN #1 - TCarr, 70, Liberty, Street, #5, San, Francisco, 10, Calif., - Comment, trade, art-work, - Poss., BiWeekly, - Mimeood.

Riding with FANAC, this is Terry's "letter-of-comment-substitute", reviewing - this time - NOMAD, and SHAGGY 46. When you publish as infrequent a zine as INN, something like 'GOB is a good idea.

YALDRO #81 - Rbt/Juanita Coulson, Rte/3, Wabash, Ind. - 15¢, 12/1.50 - Monthly - Mimeood.

Buck and Juanita editorialize pleasantly enough, although the format of Juanita's "Ramblings" is somewhat jumbled (a little more than usual). "Clod" Hall lives up to his nick-name with an article which I strongly suspect Buck printed just to let Hall have some rope. Marion Zimmer Bradley's "World of Nuff-F" is quite entertaining, and probably the best thing in this YALDRO. The lettercol bulks large once more, and interestingly so. This isn't a tremendously live-wire fmz, but the evenness of content makes YALDRO a predictably worth-while zine.

HOCUS #11 - Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave, Millburn, NJ - 10¢, 3/25¢, trades, LoC - Irregular - Mimeood.

Here's a zine which has been showing a great deal of improvement, and both repro and content make this issue readable. Bloch contributes a minor article on frequent publishing of fmz, followed by some straight-out-of-a-N3F-R/R comments by a Barry Milroad. Bob Lambeck's "A Connecticut Yankee at The Detention" seems to be a dullish, blow-by-blow account of Lambeck's convention. Prosser's nearly pronographic cover is the best thing in the issue, with the lettercol coming in second. HOCUS still has a good deal of further improvement due, but it's worth watching.

WRR v2n2 - Weber/Pfeifer, 4736 40th, NE, Seattle 5, Wash. - LoC - 6-weekly - Dittoed.

Wally and Blotto have taken the Westercon Regression Reports and made them over into the genzine WRR. This is a whimsical, humor-



(WRR /cont'd) ously intended sort of thing. And although the funny lines may be just that - and nothing else - now and then, the zine does make for good, light reading. 13

APORRH/TA #13 - Sanderson (&Clarkes), "Inchmery", 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE 14, England - 20¢, 6/\$1, 12/\$2, trade - 52-pagely - Gestetnered.

Sandy leads off by apologizing for a lack of Inchmery fanac of late, touching lightly what must have been a very full summer. "Shadow of an Image" follows, the first Leman work in too long, and quite good. Jim Linwood proves he can write on a par with his artwork, while George Locke continues to build a fannish niche. Dean Grennell's "The Badger That Now and Then" is once again a very entertaining addition to APZ. Joy Clarke's "The Li'l Pitcher" is a very frank, openly biased column which usually manages to be controversial in a likeable fashion, something that's not too easy to do. Atom's "S F AtoZ" appears once more, and all the other items are capped by a crowded "Inchmery Fan Diary". Ving's "Advert:" on peyote is hilarious, while Sandy's comments on same provide a serious counterpoint. APZ is the best of the regular AngloFanzines, and probably one of fandom's top publications.

NEW FRONTIERS #1, Norman Metcalf, POBox 336, Berkeley 1, Calif. - 30¢, 4/\$1 - Quarterly - Off-set.

A semi-pro(?) "little magazine", this late first issue indicates that it is just barely possible that DESTINY's spot is about to be filled. L Sprague deCamp, Mark Clifton, and Robert B. Johnson contribute rather interesting and well done material, while the late EEEvans "Fangab DeLuxe" chronicles an impromptu writers' party which sounds like t'was fun. If the promise here is fulfilled, NEW FRONTIERS will be a very worthwhile publication.

JD-ARGASSYS #49-50 - Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Ill. - 10¢/10pp, 20¢/over10pp, 12/\$1, trade - Monthly - Multilithed.

Lynn is catching up on his monthly schedule, which lapsed during the late summer, and #49 is dated Spetember 13; consisting mostly of letters, although there is some brief Detention reportage, with two photopages, in thish. #50, dated November 1, is largely devoted to capsule fanzine reviews. Both issues are interesting and entertaining in the quiet way Lynn Hickman has about him. I can't really think of a reason not to enjoy JD-A.

QUIXOTIC #3 - Don Durward, 5033 Garth Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Cal. - 30¢ 4/\$1, trade, LoC - Quarterly? - Dittoed.

This issue of QUIX definitely falls below the standards which Don has set for himself with previous issues, not only in content, but repro as well; not due too much to the dittoing, but more to the sloppy typing. Don gives a too brief account of his summer's meanderings, followed by a good, sharp article by Robert Bloch. Harry Warner is less good than is his wont, while Miriam Carr's "Old Fogey" leaves me with a wierd, sick feeling (there's no mention that this is a reprint, either). Jim Caughran amusingly place-drops with an account of adventures in Pakistan. Ted Pauls' "That Stibbard Dreamed" is entertaining, but Bob Lichtman's fmz reviews and the lettercol both suffer from the admittedly large time-lag between thish and QUIX 2.



14 (QUIX, cont'd) Don has shown he can do much better than this, and I'm watching for issue number four to be an improvement.

TWIG #17 - Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. - 20¢, 5/81, trade, LoC - Irregular-frequent - Dittoed.  
A beautiful Barr cover leads off this 60-pager, TWIG's thrid annish, and helps bring the zine closer to the layout and repro standards set by the two TWIG ILLOEDS. Gregg Calkins sets forth some very valid points on the past, present, and future of stf in a most interesting manner, to lead off the issue. Guy's 18-page Westercon report follows, with Jim Caughran coming along to add his two-cents worth to the focal point debate. The next three pages are taken up by some material furnished by the indefatiguable John Berry, which lives up to Berry's reputation. Ron Frye has underwritten a potentially powerful emotional incident in his "The Last Sunset". Guy's fmz reviews entertainingly set forth his opinions on the zines, and occasionally on general fantopics, too. The lettercol is up-to-date, and much more alive than, say, three or fours issues back. TWIG has been improving steadily, and the recent White/Twig/Adkins hassel only speeded up the process. This zine is emerging as one of the better frequently published fmz, and is recommended.

YANDRO #82 - (Same as before) - ((This just arrived, but has been devoured rather eagerly, and deserves review. -jt))  
Buck and Juanita's "Rumblings" and "Ramblings" are as entertaining and informational as usual, but the whimsical poem by Bill Pearson which follows doesn't quite come off. Bennett Gordon presents his views on the "...Future of Science Fiction", but I think Gregg Calkins, in TWIG, is more on-the-ball. An interesting lettercol runs from page 8 to Pp19, and winds up an above average (tho smaller) YANDRO.

S-F TIMES #326 - Scifiti Pub., S-FT, Inc., POBox 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, NY. - 10¢. 20/82, yearly/\$2.40 - "Twice-a-month" - Mimeoed.

Ah ha! The "Cosmic News Service" is on the job again, as "The Science-Fiction Newspaper" scoops the field with screaming headlines announcing that Astounding will undergo a name change. And, further, there is all sorts of news about prozines, and up-coming editorial line line-ups, set forth in that superbly stuffy style which so endears S-F TIMES to us all.

And that, gentle reader, is that. I'd like to apologize for the capsulation of some of the reviews this time, but lack of space has forced its disadvantages upon us. And even so, there are such zines as AMRA (quite good, tho could be larger), FIJAGH #3 (very interesting, and quite frank, and entertaining), and such which get only this final mention.

Trade and review zines may both still be sent to the SHAGGY address, and we'll work out details of later columns with Bob Lichtman. And it'll be a cold day in Panama before there's a rating system in QV in the Fmz.

--john trimble.



# PARTIAL RECALL

1946

BY Len Moffatt

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society was just about half as old as it is now when I arrived in California during February of 1956. Los Angeles, with its famous fan club and super-active fan, was the "Mecca off Fandom" then, but my reasons for quitting Pennsylvania for California were not primarily fannish....

After 18 months in the Pacific, Pennsylvania in midwinter was cold and inhospitable despite a warm welcome from friends and family. The general atmosphere of the countryside didn't appeal to my restless spirit. The steel mill where I worked as timekeeper before the war was on strike and I had no idea how long it would be before I could go back. I'd always wanted to live "somewhere in the West," so the time was ripe for the big move.

The little money my mother and I had been able to save enabled us to travel to the Los Angeles area. We rented a small apartment in Bell Gardens, a small town which had boomed during the war. I was eager to get active again in fandom but there were practical matters to attend to first: a job; possible further college courses; money; my mother's poor health; reviving Moonshine for FAPA (being out of the service now, I had to publish to retain my membership); and getting oriented around Los Angeles via bus and trolley since I had no car. I began to worry about the wisdom of my move.

So one day, after answering an ad for a radio and TV writing school and agency without having any success, I dropped in on Slan Shack and made contact with fabulous L.A. Fandom. I'd visited there once before, during a one day liberty given me when stationed briefly near San Diego. We were about to be shipped overseas and L.A. was out of bounds, but I had been determined to visit some West Coast fans. Unfortunately I arrived at Bixel Street on a day when most of the fans were elsewhere. I did meet Myrtle Douglas (Better known as Morojo, co-editor of VOM) and Jimmy Kepner. We spent most of the time discussing religion.

But now I was about to meet many of these famous fan, and as a P.F. civilian could stay as long as I liked. A man short of stature answered the door, and somehow I knew it was Al Ashley. He was the only one home.

We went down the short, narrow hallway and entered the Shacks living room, which was indeed quite fannish. Used furniture, wellfilled bookcases, and an old piano, along with the usual s-f originals on the wall. It looked the same as it had three years before.

Al served me coffee, and expressed amazement that I had been out here over a month and had only just now got around to looking up the club. I guess he thought that I was some sort of fake fan.

Al, drank copious quantities of coffee, and I didn't try to keep up with him. I like coffee--but forty cups a day???!!.....

I told him that I was interested in attending LASFS meetings, although it did seem like a long ways to travel, requiring the doubtful services of a bus and two trolleys to make the trip from Bell Gardens.



Al immediatly informed me that I would soon learn - after a few club meetings - just who thought who was a bastard, who was feuding openly (or secretly, as the case might be) with whom, etc. However, perhaps to prevent me from being too shocked at an actual meeting, he volunteered much of this information himself. Some of it was a little disillusioning, but I've never been one to settle for one man's opinion alone, and Al was just as opinionated as the next human being.

I smiled politely at his running commentary, and did not permit my fannish enthusiasm to be dampened. Then he started to tell me about the homosexuals. It seems that some of the club members were queers. He didn't go into any juicy details, but he mentioned a few names, letting each one drop slowly and deliberately, watching my face for signs of shock or dismay. I don't remember what I said, but I know it couldn't have been anything more satisfying than: "Is that so?"

You see, I have what is known as an "innocent face". As a result, people were always trying to shock me with words or actions, usually obscene. I had built myself a shell; and by the time I met Al the shell was pretty impervious. Also, after running across several in the Navy and Marines, I had already formed my opinions and attitude about homosexuals. Since I personally could do nothing to change these unfortunate persons into normal or natural persons, my motto was pretty much "live and let live". If and when one tried to make me, I'd make it clear that I wasn't interested.

Seeing that Al's favorite subject was homosexuality, I related a couple of incidents from the service. Like, once some officers were caught having a "party". And were shipped back stateside for discharges. I told him some psycho ward stories, and he expressed disbelief that homos would be put into a psycho ward, evidently feeling that their unnatural sexual tendencies had nothing to do with anything mental.

Later in the evening, at LASFS, other fan arrived. Dale Hart I got mixed up with Jack Wiedenbeck, the fan artist who travelled with the Slan Shackers from Michigan to LA, and it wasn't until I met Wiedenbeck some time later that I realized my error. I don't think Dale has ever quite forgiven me. I wasn't the only confused fan that day. Al introduced me as Len Marlow, a then-active fan publisher Ashley thought I looked just like. I corrected his error, wondering what our afternoon's conversation would have been like if Ashley had known he was talking to Moffatt, who in those days was best known as the Christian fan. We'd probably have had a doozy of a debate.

Actually, I did discuss religion - or the existance of God - with Ashley once. I claimed the cause and effect theory was proof of a God, while Al tried to refute this by drawing a circle on a piece of paper. That, said he, was the universe. Not cause and effect, but circular, non-ending; cause and effect going in a perfect, complete circle with no real beginning.... "Al," I said, "you've just drawn a picture of God." He shook his head disgustedly, saying something about "Well, if you're going to take that tack...". We were standing in a quiet corner, while the rest of the group yakked around, or threw friendly insults at Ackerman.

I met Forry and a host of others at my first LASFS meeting. He was treasurer then, and I joined on the spot. Russ Hodgkins was director, and wacked the gavel at noisy members, and made wry comments. I don't remember when, but I gave Russ some money, too, to



to join the newly created Fantasy Foundation.

The Foundation was to be announced and firmly established during the up-coming Pacificon, and I, who still thought of myself as a neo, had the rare privilege of sitting in on a couple of the pre-con organizational meetings. I remember the excitement, not only because of the on-coming WorldCon in LA (fourth WorldCon, first on the West Coast), but for the Foundation itself. There were a few cracks made about the idea, but the people who counted, the people for whom I had the most respect (Ackerman, Laney, Willmorth, Evans, etc.) were all for it, and I remember Laney speaking in glowing terms of what a great zine the FF mag would be, etc, etc.

The Pacificon in July of '46 was my first WorldCon, and I thought it was a fabulous affair. I didn't attend meetings frequently enough to be completely aware of the friction between Walt Daugherty and other members of the club, and it was wonderful to be able to attend a con where one could meet and hear big name writers such as van Vogt, and big name fans from the east (Tucker, Rothman, etc.) as well as the west. All this and Bob Bloch, too!

It was at the Pacificon that I met the two fans who became my two best friends - Sneary and Woolston. Stan lived too far away to attend club meetings, and Rick in those days had managed to attend only a very few. But shortly after the con, the three of us got together - and eventually became what is known as the Hub of the Outlander Society, an informal, unofficial club formed for the few fans living on the outskirts of LA, and who couldn't always get to LASFS meetings.

Back to '46 - I did get a job and settled down for a long stay in SoCalif. The job wasn't much, and I wasn't even fired for taking off for the Con. They gratefully didn't even want to know what kind of convention it was when I told them the truth about where I'd been.

In its 25 years, LASFS has had its share of ups and downs - more than its share for any one club. The members come and go, though Ackerman is always present, and I sometimes wonder how the old club has gone on for a quarter of a century, holding meetings week after week. I guess that the turnover in membership is a big factor -- there is always new blood to take over and keep it active on at least a local level.

In 1946 the club was enjoying one of its highest peaks. It wasn't to last for long; the "war boom" for LA and LASFS was over, but the club was still popular throughout the fannish world. Burb was still editing SHAGGY, VOM was still being published, the Pacificon was eagerly being booked forward to, and the Fantasy Foundation was about to be launched, as the post-war boom in sf publishing began.

But the Foundation, though it still exists in Forry's garage, flopped; Forry was too ill to give it the boost it needed, Laney and the others lost faith, and this combined with poor presentation at the con finished it.

As the years have gone by, the club has taken a beating, lost tremendous ground in fandom, and feel away from almost all fannish contact. But now, thirteen years later, the LASFS is active once more. New Blood is pouring through its veins. SHAGGY is once more on a regular schedule. Club members are participating in cons, apas, and TAFF, too.

I sure am looking forward to Mordor in '64!

--len moffatt.



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## THE EDITOR'S SONG

Lyrics by Ted Johnstone

(Sung to "McNamara's Band")

### CHORUS:

The Gestetner cranks and the typers clank  
and the papers fly about,  
John Trimble pounds the typer keys  
that cut the stencils out,  
And Bjo cuts the illos and heads,  
and I, as you have seen,  
Am Editor of SHAGGY, the LASFS' own fanzine.

### VERSE:

Oh, my name is Albert Lewis; I'm the  
leader of them all,  
Although Bjo runs the show, they'll come  
when I give the call,  
We gather every six weeks just to  
publish, talk, and eat.  
A credit to Los Angeles is the LASFS' SHAGGY sheet.

### CHORUS!

Oh, here is Ernie Wheatley; he's the one  
who turns the crank;  
When we get perfect repro, he's the one  
we have to thank;  
But when we don't, it's not his fault;  
without an if or but,  
It's just the li'l weaknesses in stencils we had cut.

### CHORUS!

Ron Ellik has a column here; Ted Johnstone  
has one too.  
I write the editorials; I've nothing else  
to do,  
But pay the bills, co-ordinate, and  
make the zine appear,  
To represent the LASFS gang at least eight times a year.

--taj.



# THE SQUIRREL CAGE

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bironellik

I wound and re-set my calendar the other day after sighting by the sun, and I realized that a reasonably famous date is approaching -- the 25th anniversary of the origin of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (nee LASFLeague).

I tried to think of something fitting to write for the issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES which will commemorate this event, and I think I have come up with an idea suitable for publication in the superb issue which I'm sure we can faithfully expect editor ALewis (the tyrannical Al Lewis, not the friendly one) to publish at the quarter-century mark.

The worst problem about this alleged idea of mine is that I'm not sure the world is ready for it yet. In the memory-banks of most fans, there exists certain facts, assignments, rumors, and adventures which it is best be kept from the general readership of the fan press. Some of the funniest stories I know can probably never be told, and for a while I thought this was one of them, because it involves persons who are, and/or were, prime-movers around LASFS.

However, almost five years have passed since the beginning of this little adventure into the construction of a hydromatic hassle, and after mentally debating it for the time it took me to type the above two paragraphs, I have come to the conclusion that the world is, indeed, ready for the whole lurid tale: the story of the time Ron Ellik, Peter Vorzimer, Edmond Davison and Paul Turner edited an issue of SHANGRI-LA.

SHANGRI-LA, mind you, not SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. This story began in early 1954, in the days after the Insurgent Rebellion and before Bjo and Djinn Faine decided the club needed an official organ once more; in the days when LASFS met at the Prince Rupert Arms on the corner of Ingraham and Witmer Sts. The actual beginning of this story takes place even before Long Beach fandom began its monthly pilgrimages into Los Angeles to visit LASFS.

Peter James Vorzimer is a name known to many, because he was a furiously active fan for a period of slightly over one year. His correspondence-files indubitably contained letters from 75% of the prominent fans of the period, and his fanzine, ABstract, was one of the most widely-read efforts in the field. In early 1954, while Vorzimer was just reaching his peak of fannish activity, he began attending LASFS meetings regularly. I was still too young to make the trip into LA often enough during week-nights to attend meetings, and, as a matter of fact, didn't get to a meeting until July of that year; so I only know he was there because he told me. He lived in West Hollywood somewhere, and could/only a little difficulty get to almost every meeting.



As you know, if you've ever belonged to a fan-club, anybody with any interest in the club journal becomes its editor automatically. It is traditional to refrain from physical force in the selection of editors, but it is also traditional that volunteers need not know much--they should, in point of fact, know as little as possible, because if they know too much, they won't volunteer. Vorzimer knew quite a bit about fandom by then--but he volunteered anyway. There was a certain amount of glory, I think, in editing Shangri-LA at that time; the last several issues before that (last issue was in 1953) were of rather high-quality, and the magazine had a name of sorts in the fan field, even if issues were rather irregular.

For printing costs, Barney Bernard advanced Vorzimer some \$15.00. Yes, Barney was treasurer way back then. I think Barney has always been treasurer--he has held that job as long as I can remember, except one term when he was director. It is, probably, time Barney quit being treasurer--I think he might have atrophied in all these years, and he should be turned out to pasture; if you'll pardon the scrambled metaphors.

So in November of 1954, after the San Francisco Convention, Long Beach fandom discovered LASFS. By introducing John Trimble, Rudy Byrne, Paul Turner and Russ Martin to the inner reaches of Los Angeles club-fandom, I afforded myself transportation to the club at approximately monthly intervals. I think the second meeting we attended was the last meeting of the year, when Forrest Ackerman was elected Director. It was also pretty conventional then to elect Forry to some office each term, because he was almost the only one you could count on to be at every meeting.

After the elections and as the club was filing out to go to Tip's or some such place for coffee (and other things--because Dick Daniels was in the club then, too), I asked Forry if Vorzimer had ever published Shangri-LA. He replied in the negative, and I asked him if he thought I might take over the editorial position. He was astounded somebody would want to do this, but he readily gave me full authorization to remove the fanzine from Mrs. Vorzimer's favorite son's feverish fingers--and when I returned to Long Beach, I proceeded to try to do this.

Postcards, letters, nothing helped. Vorzy had gone to college in Santa Barbara, and could not be reached. Whatever material he might have collected was lost--and is still lost. It is not even known for sure that he collected any material. However, Barney told me, sometime during 1955, about the fifteen dollars, and I tried to collect that also. Still no word--and no money--from Vorzimer. So I set about collecting material for the fanzine, starting from scratch. I didn't collect any money from Barney, though; I figured he would be less willing to advance another \$15 before something was produced.

I got a story from Helen Urban (who had just sold to Fantasy & Science-Fiction and was the 1956 Fanquet's Guest Of Honor). I got a poem (or perhaps two poems) from E. Loring Ware. I got some artwork from Ray Capella (who moved to New York some time later; probably no connection between the events, though). I got some vague promises of material from other people. That was it.

Faced by such magnificent lethargy, and not having a Burbee, a Busby or a Bjo around to force material out of the membership, I decided maybe apathy was really careism, and thus antedating the philosophical advances of Section K, Cal Tech, by approximately three and a half years, I lost all interest in the production.



Months went by. Clevention time came...and went, without any-21  
one from Los Angeles attending except Forry. LASFS 21th Anniversary  
time passed, but I don't know if there was a party, because by the  
end of 1955 I had pretty much lost interest in the club. I remember  
attending the Christmas party (which was a blast that year) with  
several other Long Beachians, and in a spirit of fannish enthusiasm  
following that event, I wrote a letter column and an editorial for  
the issue, and filed it with the other material.

Yes, I said I wrote a letter column. Naturally there were no  
letters--as I said, the last issue had been in 1953, and I had no idea  
who the editor of it was, or if he ever got any letters. So I sat  
down to my beleaguered Underwood portable, and hastily but wittily  
constructed two letters, of approximately 500 words each. One, as I  
recall, was from Professor George Adamski, c/o Adamski's Hot Dog  
Palace, Mt Palomar, California. It congratulated LASFS on the last  
issue of the fanzine, and asked the editor (me) if the author's two  
old friends, Forrest Ackerman and Peter Kranold von Roszla, were still  
around the club.

This was approximately five months after Kranold had been thrown  
out of the club following the legal action which was, I think, de-  
scribed in the letter column of a recent (1959) issue of Shangri-  
L'Affaires.

The other letter was from an Edmond Davison, a fan in England,  
who wanted to know why he wasn't getting Shangri-LA, because he held  
an associate membership in the club. I don't think 90% of the club  
members at the time knew there were such things as associate member-  
ships, and I don't think the problem ever has been solved satisfactor-  
ily--but it is historical fact that, at one time, LASFS sold such  
privileges to fans not living in southern California, for a nominal  
fee, and the membership was to guarantee the holder a subscription to  
the club organ. It is also history that almost none of these holders  
ever saw an issue of Shaggy, due to the vagaries of the editorial  
office.

Six months after I wrote these letters, I was a guest in the  
apartment of Ed Cox on Normandie Avenue, and Rick Sneary, Paul Turner,  
Ray Capella, Cox and I happened to be discussing Shangri-LA. I told  
them what had happened to it--that I was holding a miniscule amount  
of material, and that club lethargy had overcome me. They all agreed  
that, sad tho it was, the club was sort of uninterested in the fanzine,  
and needed new blood. We discussed finding a new editor for it--I  
was, by then, all too willing to give up the job. The thought of new  
blood and the need for a new editor caused us to all look at the  
healthiest, newest fan in the room--Paul Turner, just recently editor  
of the first (& only) issue of SORCERER. Paul Turner, proud owner of  
a year-old beard which frightened strong men and caused women to  
faint--from what immediate cause, we knew not. Paul Turner, possessor  
of the fanzines and prozines of disillusioned-fan Ed M Clinton Jr.  
Paul Turner, proud owner of Clinton's ancient Tempo mimeograph.

"No!" said Paul Turner, who was all the things I have catalogued  
above. "NO!" His eyes flickered from one to another of us, he  
squirmed against the wall as we surrounded him. His face (what we  
could see of it) paled and he started threatening dire retribution if  
we insisted.

We insisted, and Paul Turner became the proud editor of Shangri-  
LA, a title which he shamefacedly had to own up to when pressed.

We went to the Oakland Westercon that year, and sometime after

22 that I hitch-hiked to Texas. As far as I knew, Turner was occupying the same seat I had had, and was doing about as much about it.

I returned from a week-long visit with Randy Brown and Benny Sodek, to find that my desk had been blitzkrieged while I was away. Turner had dropped by my place one afternoon, and asked my mother if she knew where he could find the material I had for Shangri-La. Mom didn't know what he was talking about, but she knew him and let him go through my stuff. He found a folder with all my material in it, showed Mom what he was taking, and left. I called him upon my return, and found he had most of it on stencil and was preparing to run it off, along with some book reviews by somebody named Anthony More (who was Fanquet Guest of Honor in 1955) and some other stuff by him, Turner.

Such red-hot ambition fired me into a rash promise--and I ended by helping him stencil some of the material. I helped him run it off (the mimeograph was a sort of cantankerous affair--you know, you've owned one--everybody has) and I helped him assemble and mail it.

It wasn't for some weeks--perhaps months--maybe even after he published a second issue of the magazine, that I told him about the letter column. He looked at me with that hurt, soulful look he has. "You what?" he shouted at me, remorsefully. He became, of a sudden, haughty and aloof, sneering at me like Lionel Barrymore -- he could look like Lionel Barrymore, with that beard. "You didn't," he said hopefully. "You couldn't have."

"I did," I grinned at him. "I wrote every word of both those letters, with these fingers I'm showing you now."

"Ron," he said throttling me, "you have destroyed a beautiful friendship. You have wounded me to the quick. My heart is broken." By the time he let me go, my neck was nearly broken, and I scurried out of his 2' x 3' apartment in great haste, laughing uproariously.

But SHANGRI-La had been published, even if the editor was a blistered boob, and Turner, as I say, published a second issue. Later George Fields published one issue, perhaps two, with the aid of Sneary and the Moffatts. That is the end of LASFS publishing until Autumn of 1958 when, as I said, Bjo decided that the club needed Djinn Faïne and an official organ once more. I was in on the hassle surrounding that first issue, too, but I didn't get a chance to write a letter column.

You know, if I'd had the chance, I think I'd have done it.

--Ron Ellik

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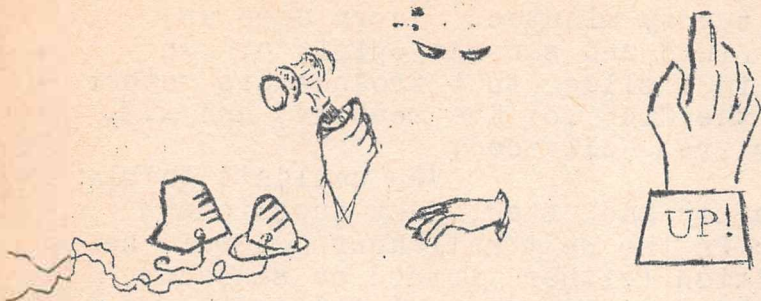
Due to several things, including the facts that the lettercol and the Xmas supplement was arranged by the same person, we now present the Wealsoheardfroms: Eldon K. Everett, Coral Smith, Ted Pauls, Miles McAlpin, Vic Ryan, Toskey, Ric West, Steve Stiles, Joe Slotkin, Sture Sedclin, Robert Lee, MZBradley, George H. Wells, Robert Lambeck, Don Franson, Lynn Hickman and Buck Goulson.

Keep writing, folks; we're still reading. Oh, yes, and here's one from a George Adamski, PhD. Letters that came in after we started this stencil will be included in the next issue; so don't panic if your name isn't listed. You may, however, panic if you don't get this issue; it means that you didn't write at all.

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The First Day



29 Oct. '59

MINUTES OF THE 1159th LASFS MEETING

This was the twenty-fifth anniversary meeting of the LASFS, and was held in the Cocoa Room ("where the nuts gather") of the Commodore Hotel, only a few blocks from the site of the legendary Shun Shack and the scenes of the greatest days of the earlier eras of LASFS. Our Director called the meeting to order at 8:40:10 (is this a record for lateness?) with about 60 people attending. Barney made a fairly formal announcement of the fact that this was our 25th anniversary and added that in view of the occasion we would dispense with the usual business. But in spite of promises the minutes were read, corrected and approved and the treasury reported \$5 taken in last week, \$19.50 paid out for the Gestet -- gee, that should be almost all ours now, shouldn't it? -- leaving a total of \$23.50. Barney reminded us that we should all pay the full \$5 -- they needed the money to pay for hiring the room, tho Jack Jardine arranged for it at 75% of the regular price. Dick Daniels interjected, "Yes, give the devil his dues," and it was duly noted that the pun-fine had been suspended for the evening.

Forry was introduced and began by reminiscing about the 4th Worldcon, H.E. Van Vogt, Russ Hodgkins and Robert Bloch. This, naturally, led into an introduction of Robert Bloch, boy toastmaster. Fortunately all the speeches were taped simultaneously on two machines -- ye humble Sec. couldn't keep up with the rapid patter Bloch put forth (Aeyauwege is an Indian name -- means 'Sanitary Rest Rooms'). Virginia Bill had to take off as Bob finished, said the greatest living composer -- Shostakovich -- was in town, and she had to go see him. We bid her a farewell, and just then a phone call came. Barney took it, and returned to announce that Bill Rotsler would be down later.

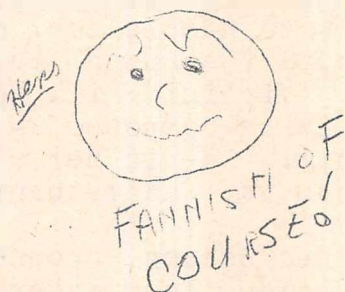
Then Barney announced the Evans-Freehafer award, introduced Forry, who made a long acceptance speech, then called up Jon Lackey to present the award to its proud and rather staggered recipient, Al Lewis. Then another award, a lovely parchment with hand-lettered name, suitable for framing, was presented to Bjo for past services to the club. Then Dick Daniels presented the club with an award -- a gilt hand with extended index finger pointing skyward, titled, UP! Then Al Lewis, recovered from his shock, set up the slide-show. With an opaque projector to show the photos and Forry to identify them (with occasional prompting from Russ Hodgkins) we ran through about half an hour of history and people from Tigrina to Francis Towner Laney.

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Then there was a brief break, during which we noted that Van Vogt had quietly appeared near the door, then Morrie Dollens led us on a slide tour of the Solar System for twenty minutes. Morry came up, after we had finally returned from Pluto and saw the Spirit of Van reaching across the cosmos on the final slide, to introduce his mother and his aunt, who made the trip to the Club for the meeting, and A.E. Van Vogt, who also made a trip over from Hollywood.

Van couldn't think of anything to say, so he smiled weakly and asked, "any questions?" We could think of things to say, so in the next half hour Van said he didn't know how many books he'd written (either fifteen or sixteen), and it took him seven or eight months to write one. (Bill Rotsler tiptoed in, wearing a beat-up fatigue jacket, a bulky sweater and a cheerfully sinister look.) Van gave his opinions of stilts, current trends in stf, John . . . Campbell, Jr.; he related his methods of writing, history, ktp, (Walt Daugherty arrived, waved at Van, who waved back); his thoughts on Ghost Writing (Virginia came back) and a book on Hypnotism he had once ghosted. Finally he called for just one more question, but that question concerned psychology vs. Dianetics. Jack Harness jumped in, and it took another five minutes to get them all untangled.

Van bowed down, and Berney prepared to close the meeting. But first he announced that the prototype model of the ego-duck, ready for photostencil, had disappeared. Zeke added that other things have disappeared too. We can only hope whoever helped them disappear will sneak them back sometime. Morry came up, introduced Ray Healy, then introduced Walt Daugherty who came up to the stage to explain why he hadn't been around the LAFS much in the last five years. Morry made a few more nostalgic remarks, Jack Harness offered to collect in advance the 50¢s for the Halloween Party, Morry announced a gigantic raffle to be held immediately after the meeting -- chances were a dollar, and everybody would win a book, because there were more prizes than people. Just before the rush started Berney banged the gavel and adjourned at 10:39:42.



Nostalgically submitted,

Ted Johnstone, Sec'y LAFS

## NOTICE

\*\*\*\*\*  
If the people who gave their money to the Berry Fund when Harlan Ellison was auctioning Bjo off; or at least Bjo's cartooning talents, will contact her at 980½ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, California; she will make good the bargain. (If more than 27 people write in, we will suspect something, however). There was too much confusion immediately after the "auction" for Bjo to list all the contributors before everyone wandered off. She's worrying about this, so please write in soon, and let her know what you want; illo or cartoon. It's a full-page ink drawing for you!



# THE 4-D MAN

reviewed by Bjo

25

Friday, October 30th marked the second part of what seemed to be a LASFScon. The night before had been the 25th anniversary; the next night was to be the Third Annual Traditional Hallowe'en party.

This night, however, LASFSians gathered on the UI studio lot to preview a movie, The 4-D Man. A special "invitation only" showing arranged by publicist Jack Granara included science-fiction fans Forry Ackerman, Walt Daugherty, Al Lewis, John Trimble, Ernie Wheatley, Dale Frey, Bernie Zuber, Jon Lackey, the Moffatts, Morris Scott Dollins, Dick Daniels, William Rotsler, Barney Bernard, and Bjo.

Most of us were sceptical as the "science-fiction" film began, but the story showed promise; we saw a simple, well-done plot.

It opened with a musical theme in progressive jazz, which continued effectively throughout the picture. Credits using color subliminal line-work introduced the film.

Seems this n'er-do-well type - brilliant scientist though he is - believes that he can merge the atoms of two entirely different substances - like poking a wooden pencil through a block of steel - which he keeps trying to do without success. After one failure, in which he burns down the lab, he finds himself jobless and wanders out to the research project where his brother works. Our Hero meets his brother's lovely (traditionally) lab assistant and (inevitably) falls in love with her and she (of course) with him. The brother is (naturally) disturbed about this and turns to the atom-merging problem for solace.

There's a sub-plot; the other lab assistant (uninteresting male - nobody falls in love with him) steals The Papers and passes them off to the research project's boss as his own.

Meanwhile, back at the 4th dimension: the disgruntled brother fools around until he actually puts not only a pencil but his hand through the steel block. In demonstrating this again, he finds that the machine wasn't turned on the second time. He can then accomplish this without the machine after one "treatment" from it. Machine then gets destroyed, Papers are gone; they can't rebuild it.

The jilted brother gets carried away with his new sense of power, going around town reaching through store windows. He also walks through a bank vault, removing part of the contents.

But next morning finds him aging and scared; the process has taken so much from him that he must revitalize himself from another person. After touching a friend and watching him grow old and die, new youth and energy flows into the 4-D man, who by now has really flipped. There seems no way of stopping him; however, he can willfully resolve himself back to only three dimensions. If they can catch him at that point.....

The "scientific" jargon is bearable, and lack of neon tubes in the lab make it a cut above most of the sf movies out today. The variant jazz theme got quite a few reactions from Al Lewis' pleased surprise (he being no jazz buff) to Barney Bernard's violent dislike (he having faith that if KFAC doesn't play it, it is no good). The jazz seemed to add a "modern" touch, and give staccato reality to the plot development and character motivation; which was well done. Special effects were especially fine, and some subtle minor touches made the whole picture mildly convincing.

Starring Robert Lansing, Lee Meriweather, James Congdon, Edgar Stehli and Robert Strauss, The 4-D Man was a pleasant surprise to most of us. It was well worth the time it took us to locate the studio theatre after we found Universal International studios.



# hallowe'en party report

## TRICK OR TREAT john trimble

26 Early Saturday morning, Bjo, Billern and I enjoyed a prodigal son style breakfast at the Wheatley home, and then went over the help Al Lewis ready his place for the Hallowe'en Party that night.

About 6pm or so, some of the guests had started arriving, and Al and I were kept busy picking up stranded souls who phoned in for directions and transportation; Jim Caughran & Ron Ellik had hitch-hiked down from Berkeley, of course.

We all went out to dinner about 8, returning to find that Julie Jardine, the hostess for the party, had arrived and was seemingly constructing her and Jack's costumes from scratch. The party drifted somewhat; finally they showed dressed as Pasha Somebody and Scherazade. I didn't notice the bottom of Julie's costume, as the top of it demanded all my attention. She was wearing a tiny bolero-ish jacket and very little else. Interesting, but a little too open and daring perhaps for a small party. They won "Best Couple" award.

Things began to liven as costumed people wandered about, drinking and talking. Rick Sneary's Horseless Headsman won him "Most Comical" prize and was effective. Brad Carlson and I disappeared into the "dressing room" - the back bedroom - to wrap ourselves in our old Salvation Army drapes. We were the Taureg Thugs to Ellie Turner's theme-prize-winning "Kali, Goddess of Assassins".

All afternoon there had been mysterious hammerings and noises coming from the garage. As the party wore on, the sounds continued. There was a curtain perched precariously

over the hall doorway into the living room, which no one could fathom. Several people were in the "dressing room", liberally scattering colored chalk and spilled drinks all over Al's hardwood floors and 60-year-old East Indian rugs. It turned out they were to be part of the "skit" for which all the preparations in the garage had been made.

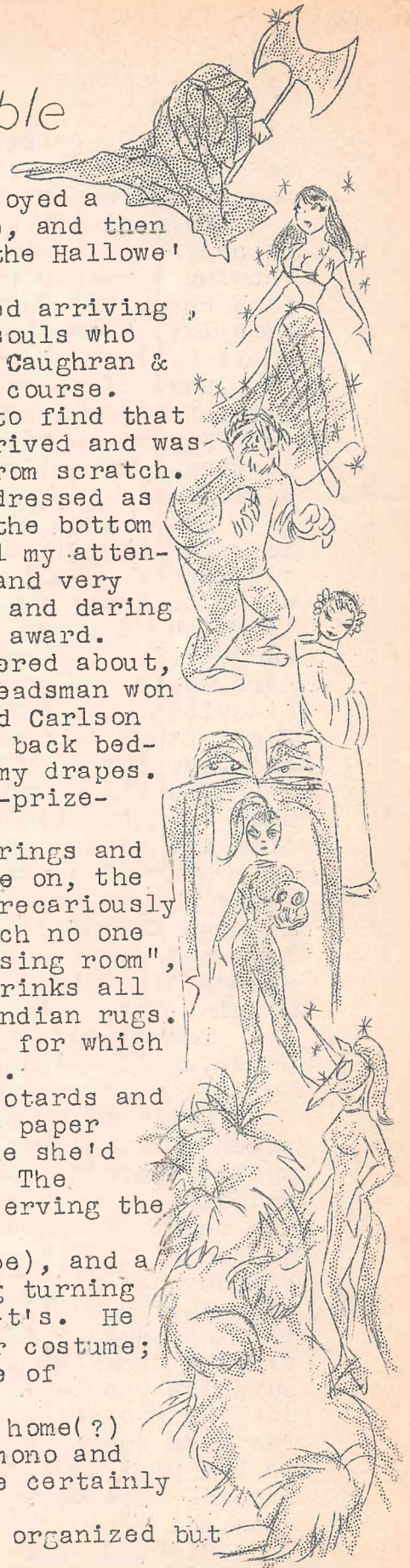
Bjo emerged into the room in emerald-green leotards and tights, with a sparkling green Unicorn's head of paper sculpture. Her own pony tail was the mane, while she'd pinned another "tail" in the appropriate place. The costume was both exciting and pleasing; well deserving the "Most Sexy" prize it won.

The Wolf-man, "Most Horrible" award (Frank Coe), and a "Creature" showed up; the rather nauseous thing turning out to be Rotsler, costumed as one of his own e-t's. He took off the mask and jacket to reveal his other costume; a .38 and holster - to fulfill the party's theme of "Mythology" - as The Fastest Gun in Fandom.

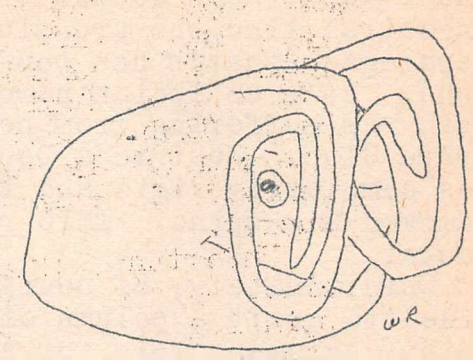
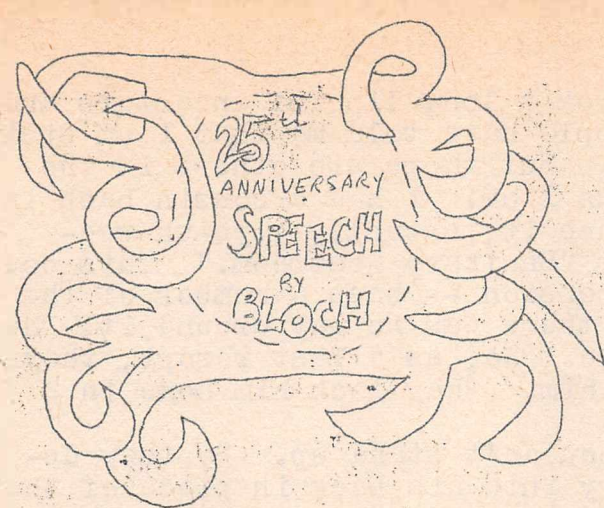
Gloria Darren, Rotsler's date, shot pangs of home(?) sickness through me, as she was dressed in a kimono and radiated petit beauty. The girl and the costume certainly justified the "Most Beautiful" award.

About 2 ayem some pointless party games were organized but fell flat as anything so ill-timed will do.

Along about 2 ayem, the skit took place. The curtains opened on a girl lying on an "altar" whilst a robed figure held a fresh heart aloft and muttered something. Then a garish-looking fellow (cont. 42)







Ladies and gentlemen, members of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society; first of all, I would like to say that I'm happy that you payed my way out here. I'd like to say it--- but it isn't true. I noticed, earlier this evening, some reference to a picture that he was speaking of, The Return Of the Screw. Which I understand is being held up in its filming until they see if they can get Walt Leibscher for the title role.

However, I just happened to be passing by tonite and I thought I'd drop in. I didn't realize it was such an unusual occasion. But it is; it's a most unususl event--- like seeing a Rotsler girl with clothes on. I'm not referring to his artwork. I'm really thrilled to be here: It's the greatest thing since Kruschev's birthday. I know that an occasion like this, once every twenty-five years, calls for something in the way of a serious dissertation. And it is twenty-five years since this organization was founded by the Pep Brothers, Morrie, Mo, and Jack. As I recall it, this group used to meet in Clifton's Cafeteria -- then the manager found out. Those were happier times, though, the old days before Charles Burbee went on a watermelon diet, days before Al Lewis had cracked up his first car; since then, Los Angeles has suffered many natural disasters, among which of course are the Canyon fires, earthquakes, Ron Ellick....

My first visit to this organization occurred a number of years ago. I might tell you the number of years but it would embarrass Morry. But at that time, I visited this club with Schroyer, Hodgekins, Jim Mooney, Hank Kuttner... and I remember Bob Olsen speaking thebnight that I made my appearance. Things were much different in those days; for example, it was so long ago that Bjo only had two freckles -- all the rest of it was diaper rash. Youngsters that I knew at that time, like Van Vogt, Stu Byrnes, Kris Neville, Jerry Bixby, had very common boyish ambitions; they wanted to grow up to be mud wrestlers, garbage collectors, butchers.... I am glad to see that they have succceed ded.

Actually, of course, I am out here at this time for my health. The chief of police said it would be healthier for me to get out of town. But I suppose I should digress into the personal for a moment and say a few words about that period. My family is not

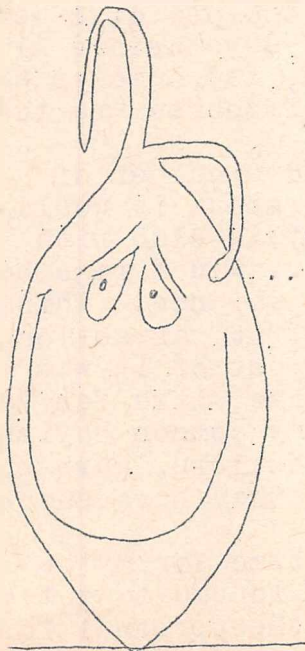


28 In the best of health. I come from a long line of ancestors and I bear certain stigmata: some people have told me that I am sick, and I don't mean doctors, either. But there are others in the ancestral line who are sicker than I am. I had a cousin back in Weyawega (that's how you pronounce it, actually: wye-uh-wee-guh). It's an Indian name, means "Sanitary Restroom." This cousin was suffering from nervous tension -- been a member of the Hydra Club. Went to a Doctor... there was no way around it. He was completely rigid and immovable. So, as a last resort, they removed his spine. THIS relaxed him. They took him home in a bucket.

Unfortunately, of course, he couldn't stand up. So they decided to graft a column of mercury into his back in place of the spinal column. This worked out very well when the temperature was normal; he was about five feet ten. When we got a hot day he was seven feet four. Then the temperature dropped below zero and the cat got him. That sort of thing's always happening. The worst situation of the same sort, to give you some idea of the handicaps I am laboring under, was my uncle, who had an even more aggravating problem. He had water on the brain; his mother was frightened by a chaser.

Well, he tried everything when he was a kid. You know, they put blotters in his hat and that sort of thing, trying to soak up the water. All the girls complained he was a wet kisser.... That sort of thing. Finally they found a way out. They decided to operate. And the doctors weren't very successful. But the plumber came along... installed a little flush chamber in the back of my uncle's head. Every time the water gathered too intensely, (at the time he was supplying half the city of Los Angeles) he would just pull this little chain and the water would flush out. This all worked out very nicely and he could drain the water off just by pulling this chain. One day he was riding down the street on his bicycle. The chain caught in the spokes and he flushed himself to death.

So much for science.



However, we do, I think, find a need for a few more serious words at this time. It is remarkable that an organization like this has been in existence for twenty-five years. It really is. All of you can feel really proud to be a part of such a group. Many and many organizations in fandom have come and gone and the L.S.F.S. has endured. It's had its high periods, it's had Forry Ackerman, so between the two extremes, it's managed to survive. And it is my honest wish that I can come back twenty-five years from now and help celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of this group. There is only one thing I can possibly say in conclusion, and that is that science fiction fans



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have a way of appearing almost ageless. I see faces here that haven't changed in the last twenty-five years. I'm anxious to come back twenty-five years from now and hope for some improvement.

Present company excepted, of course. But not everyone is as fortunate. There is something about fandom that does keep people youthful and alert, forward-looking,.. and others, as I say, are less fortunate.

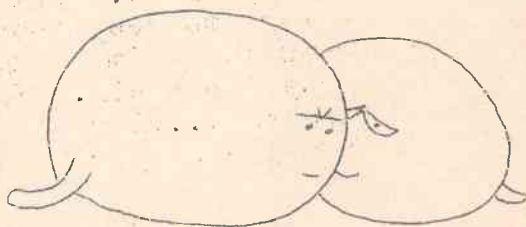
If I may be serious for a moment, and I want to be,... While up in Weyawega I did some work for a furniture concern in town -- some advertizing. This outfit, as was customary for a small town, also operates the funeral parlor. And, when you work in a small town, it is necessary sometimes to perform more than one function for the people involved. So I got a little bit interested in the operation. And one day the funeral call did come in. The mortician had quit and -- I don't know anything about that sort of thing, no matter what I've written; I've never done any dissection or anything of that sort -- I agreed to assist in the layout process because they were shorthanded. An elderly farmer had died and the mortician laid him out. His wife came in to have a look before he was put out for display. And the proprietor said, "How does he look to you?" And she looked down and said, "He looks very good except for that suit. He was a very conservative man, and you've got a pinstripe suit on him and a bow tie. I really wish he could be laid out in a plain black suit and ordinary necktie."

The mortician was a bit nonplussed, as there was only about ten minutes before the ceremony. I got an idea. I tapped him on the shoulder and took him to one side and said, "Let me handle this." I wheeled the gentleman out and in two minutes wheeled him back in. The wife took another look at him and said, "Yes, that black suit is perfect and that tie is wonderful. Now you can show him." And they did.

Well, afterwards the mortician came up to me and he said, "My goodness, that was a wonderful thing you did, but how in the world did you manage to change clothes on him in only two minutes?"

I said, "Who changed clothes? I switched heads."

And that ought to hold you for twenty-five years. Thank you very much.



WR

HURRY! QUICK! RUSH! NOW!

⇒ SEND \$2.00 TO PITCON 1453 BARNESDALE ST., PITTSBURGH 17, PA. ⇐

⇒ SEND \$1.00 TO TWIG FOR THE 1960 WESTERCON  
1410 ALBRIGHT ST., COISE, IDAHO ⇐ ⇐ ⇐

⇒ SEND \$\$\$ TO SHAGGY - WE NEED IT! WILL SETTLE FOR LETTER  
OF COMMENT, STORIES, ARTICLES, ARTWORK AND/OR OTHER EGOSBOO! ⇐





MAGGIE CURTIS, Fountain House, R.D. #2, Saegertown, Pa.

31

LOVED Shaggy #46! Perhaps this was because I love to read con reports (specially those cons I've attended), and this one ran to 13 pages without even getting to Saturday. The whole report was highly entertaining in everything (including the group writing of the thing), and I do hope that you'll follow through with the next two-thirds of it. The picture of Harness was superb -- chawming!

I like to be in such distinguished company as Dean Grennell, Bob Leman, and George Locke, even when it's only in a list of people who wrote.

I had an hour exam Tuesday and an essay question on theatre; it ran something like: You were born in 450 BC. To celebrate your 19th birthday, you are attending the theatre. Describe your entire day: what you did, where you went, what you saw. Bru-ther!

Have you heard "White Christmas" on the radio as yet? By the time you get this, the Christmas mongers will have started this year's campaign in earnest. I hope "Green Christmas" is on the market again this year; I couldn't get a copy last year.

((The "group-writing" is one more service brought to you by the chaotic fanzine. We may have even more than the remaining 2/3rds; maybe even 3/3rds, or 4 or 5/3rds of the con-rep to print; who knows?

Haven't heard any Christmas carols, yet; mainly because I never listen to the radio. But "Green Christmas" is available out here, so if you can't get a copy there, let me know. I understand that it is included in the new album, "Stan Freberg and the Original Cast" (cover has Stan looking dignified with his foot in huge cast). I'm hinting for the album for Christmas -- only 26 more hinting days 'til Christmas! A percentage (the "Green Christmas" part) of the album goes to a charity; just as all the money from the single record does. This was to answer the advertisers who pointed out that while Stan was making fun of them, he was making money, \$100.))

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Craft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

My Roscoe, a 52-page S-L'A! If I remember my back-reading correctly, isn't this The Biggest Issue Ever?

The cover is interesting, as well as pleasing to the eye. On first glance, this looks as if it was silk-screened, but when I notice the offset on the back of the page, I guess that you've gotten another doggone colour-changer for the Gestetner.

Wow, the editorial staff gets more organized every time. Imagine writing the editorial for the next issue before mailing the last issue. Working towards the future, I guess.

JWC? Jr was somewhat interesting, in that he was replying to Rick's article, but I thought I'd escaped Campbell editorialising when I stopped buying aSF.

Don't agree with John Trimble's complaints that there is not enough stf content in today's fanzines. Just for the hell of it, I leafed through my journal of mail received and came up with 11 zines containing stf discussion in one form or another (articles, book reviews, editorial chatter) out of a total of some 25 zines. That isn't to say that the other zines didn't give a column-inch to stf.

Most of them did, but to such a small extent as to not be considered. So, John, from whence the theory that stf isn't being featured enough in fanzines?

Bjo's poem is pleasant enough, until the ending creeps up your back and sends a prickly sensation traveling back down.

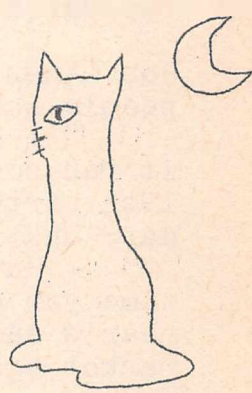
Sadists! What's the idea of continuing this pair of articles by Pelz and Root all over the fershlugginer fanzine? I'm afraid I didn't appreciate them as much as I might have, had you not been so scotch and just added another sheet.

A highly audible series of chuckles for that dialogue bit in Weber's letter.

Rumor has it that you're trying for 100 pages next issue, so I hope this measly little letter is adequate.



R.I.P.



((The cover is brush-stencil and an experiment. We have four color-changers; one for black and charcoal grey, one for greens, blues, browns, and violet, one for reds and one for white and pastels. Black and grey don't mix with anything else; the ink clogs the screens. If I want darker colors, I use the mixture of dark blue and brown; it makes a good shading factor.

"OF COURSE - IT'S  
SEATTLE IN '61; AND  
\$2.00 TO THE PITTCON  
NOW!"

Personally, I think the "more stf in fanzines" cry should be changed to "more and better quality stf in fanzines". Anyone can yak about stf and fill the first requirement, but how many fans have anything to say?

Rumor was being hopeful, maybe. We may not have 100 pages, but hope you'll find some satisfaction in the pages you get, hmmm??)

RUTH KYLE, Radio WPDM, Potsdam, New York

I no longer read aSF regularly. In the last few issues I read, the best reading was P. Schuyler Miller's book reviews. I'm not saying that Mr. Campbell should never mention psi in his magazine, but I'm psick of pso much psi! I much prefer the British magazines. I think the reason is that British authors have not yet become as sophisticated as their American brothers, and if I may use an oft derided term "a sense of wonder" softly steals into stories in Nova publications. SF writers of 25 years ago enjoyed writing their stories as much as the readers enjoyed reading them. There is ONE magazine that I look forward to reading. I won't mention the name - but the title has 7 words. The interest or hobbies (I am not insulting other magazines so I won't use a more descriptive word) are not forced on the reader from every page. From this magazine I get real entertainment, food for thought and sometimes a warm glow in the region of the heart. I enjoy "superman" stories, if written for the readers, not for Mr. Campbell.

((Good points, I think. And for more food for that and good eating, send Ruth 35¢ (no stamps) for Fandom's Cookbook. Really fun!))



J. BRIAN DONAHUE, 199 S. 12th St., San Jose, Calif.

As of the beginning of this semester I am a student at San Jose State College for Co-ed Students. I'm having a real riot. The whole scope of activities is just great. I live in a little boarding house about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  blocks from school. There are seven men in the house, and all of them are a little odd. One guy is a beatnik poet, another thinks he is a writer....he's always telling us about all the stories he's written, but never gets around to showing them to us. Another guy is a perfect square, I mean it. He is so out of it, that it is difficult to be in the same room with him; what's worse is he thinks he's MR. Sociable, a real mental case, honest. Another is a bookworm, I don't mind him at all. Another is a commercial art major and not bad, he at least gives me someone to talk to. The last guy (not me) is my room-mate, this guy is really a piece of work. On a typical evening he will work like a dhog on his homework for 3 or 4 hours (he has already worked all afternoon) then suddenly get up, put his clothes on (he always does his homework naked), and laying a finger aside of his nose, and giving a nod, out the door he goes. Along about three in the morning he comes wandering in singing:

What will we do with a drunken sailor  
What will we do with a drunken sailor  
Earliee in the morning.....

Really weird, I tell you....then there's me; the only normal person in the house. I also joined the campus art club....the people are real artty types. We have 4 queers, 2 lesbians, 1 or 2 artists, a strict anti-sex teetotaler, as well as other characters. Seems to me as I write this that it sounds a lot like pre-1945 or 6 or 7 IASFS....well, it does....dinner time now, and if you've ever experienced dinner in a boarding house, you'll forgive me for ending this letter here.

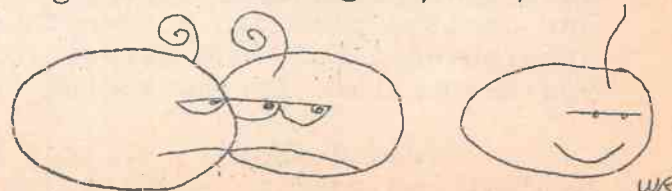
((Someone was complaining that we printed only words of praise for Shaggy; how's this for subjects far removed? Shaggy's mail gets more interesting each day; when will one of you send us your full life story? Seriously, I like to hear of the doings of others, and maybe you do, too. How about it?))

TERRY JEEVES, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12, Yorks., England

Very many thanks for 'Shaggy' which thumped through my mailbox the other day. I would have written earlier, but I've been off sick for a few days. Having thus given you the sneaking suspicion that Shaggy caused this, I can proceed to explain that I had a dose of 'flu....but you can never be sure can you?

Nice cover on that 45 takes me back to my daydreams of sadistic sort of carry ons. But the bloke carrying the whip must be lacking in imagination if that is all he can think of to do with a chick stacked like that. Which shows why Orientals went to the dogs and never got civilised to the point of inventing TV and hamburgers, (PS, which one was Fritz Leiber?)

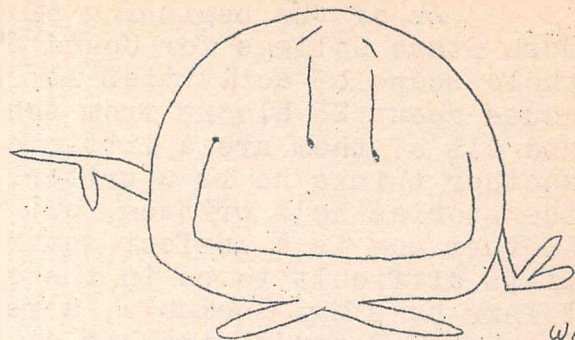
Also liked the circle type critters scattered hither and yon. GODDAMMM this typer. I just bought it a new ribbon and the thing is so elated, it is scattering typos



341 all over the place with gay abandon.

I enjoyed reading Bradbury's comments on writing, but I still can't understand why there is so much fuss made about the rubbish he writes. Leafing through the so-called short stories in Esquire leaves me with the same sensation. Who reads such curd/crud?? GHU knows, but if editors BUY it, then somebody must. These days, zines will buy and publish any sort of story even though it takes off at the point

where an old timer would just have been hitting his stride....viz a story in (Venture?) where a traveller across the Florida keys finds a rocket, and tries to save it from a coming storm....eventually it takes off, and he decides to grab hold and tag along (having presumably acquired the ability to breathe space). Story ends. Now it may be interesting to speculate on what happened to the cluck, but having paid to be entertained, I'd prefer the author to finish the job, and tell me what happens. After all, I can think up oodles of such endless situations for myself....free.



((If so many fans are interested in the "old time" stuff in stf, doesn't it figure that other readers might be, too? It would be interesting to see the results of a poll or something like; sent out to fans, non-fans, and pros....))

PHYLLIS ECONOMOU, 2416 E. Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wisc.

Don't even know who I'm supposed to sub to as I don't have my last copy on hand - but having heard (Bjo) is the Den Mother of L.A. fandom or some such thing, figure you'll do.

(( 980 $\frac{1}{2}$  White Knoll Dr., L.A. 12 is the place to send both subs and letters of comment. AND, like, contributions of articles and like that there. I (Bjo) will be handling the lettercol for awhile yet; John Trimble will be editor by next issue. Clear?))

RICHARD H. ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Va.

What in the blue-eyed world is the pun-fund? If it is what it sounds like - a fine imposed on everybody who makes one - I can't think of anything more calculated to Strangle the Essence of Fandom. Except what you're supposed to be applying it to: Cleaning Out Forrie's Garage and Putting It In Order. Good Ghod, woman, an orderly fanzine collection? Forgive my raucous laugh of disbelief. How can the poor man get anything done if his collection is Straightened Up? The distortion of entropy alone has probably made you responsible for hastening the Heat Death of the Universe by months.

((Ghood Lhord! Y...you mean.....? Is it too late; can't we just run over to Forry's and mess up the garage, again? Please?))



BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana

35

The "Primer for Revolutionists" is almost too good -- meaning that series could be published in any of the "little" magazines or the more generally known high-brow ones, and really cause comment.

Gawd whatta morning to try and write this! Interruptions constantly -- phone calls from female friends "wanting Betty to explain something, please...." I figured it would happen and had some reference books stacked right by the phone.

Y'see last night on TV Ingrid Bergman did "Turn of the Screw", Henry James' machinations, innuendos and inferences were too much for the local suburban hausfrau -- word got out that I actually Read Books (and to hell with housework).

This makes me suspect, natch. But it also makes me a proverbial Ann Landers (or Abby) when it comes to Explaining Things to the rest of the clan. Was tempted to whip out some juicy explanations on this one! But controlled myself and stuck to the facts -- or, rather, what murky facts James left us to work with.

Had loads of fun the day after Playhouse 90 did Conrads "Heart of Darkness". Phui to characters who must have their entertainment written at grade school level with everything spelled neatly in Big Block Letters!

"Kujawa" is common, mundane Polish -- wouldn't want you thinking (as Ann did) I was some exotic creature from the Islands, or Hong Kong, or even a teepee; being glamorously non-caucasian. I like the name; kinda like the guy I got it from, too.

(( That's exactly the way I feel about housework; even if I don't have neighbors consulting me on problems. As a matter of fact, my neighbor explains things to me! ))

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England

Shaggy arriving as it did simultaneously with OOPS!A-in-two-parts, CRY, REVOLUTION, APE and a couple of smaller items, it was rather worse than an OMPA mailing. (Why MUST fanzines all travel in the same boat every time?) (APE hitched a ride through coincidence than anything else I theenk after due deliberation.) The following week, the FANCY 2 arrove - needed a special boat to itself, obviously.

((What with our running tight with the local minions of the P.O., I thot Shaggy went overseas by llama-pack or seagull express.))

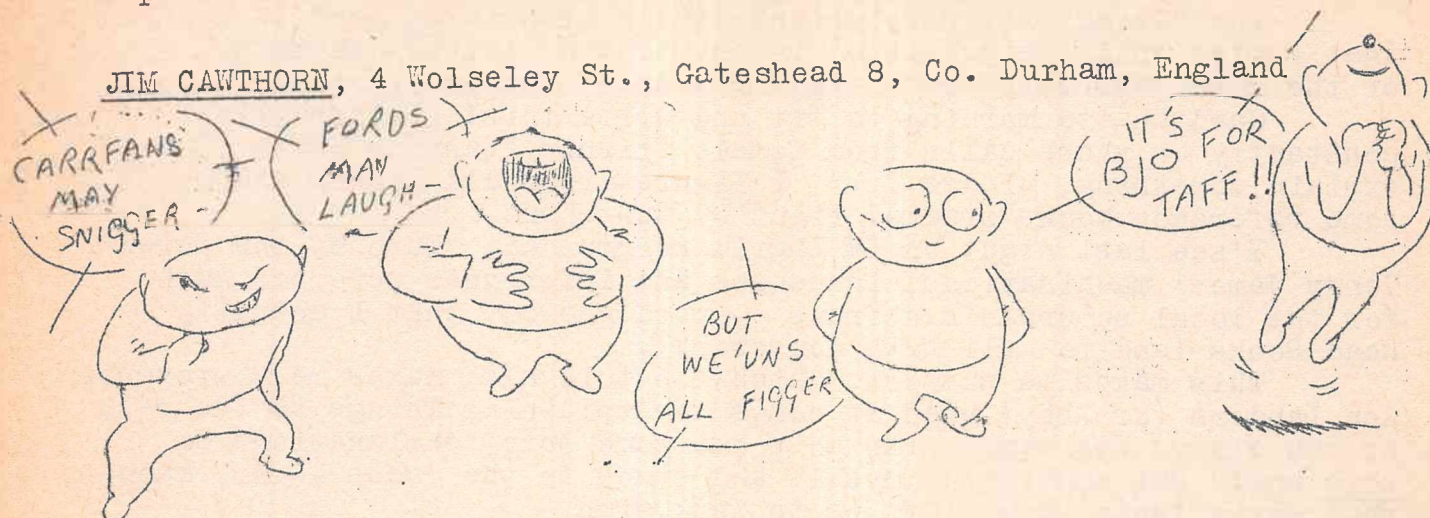
RON ELLIK, Apt. #6, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif.

Tell Lewis (the tyrannical Al Lewis, not the mild-mannered Al Lewis) that we are not forming a vigilante committee; we are just protesting unfair Gemcarring which has gone too far.

((Al just figured that a more mature way of handling the situation could be arranged; ignoring or "freezing out" a problem

36 like this is not the answer. We think the Busby's have done nicely in simply clearing up some details that might be hazy to the outsider after GM "explained" things; but offering no excuses or other explanations for actions that GM is accusing them of. Which. To.))

JIM CAWTHORN, 4 Wolseley St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England



FELICE ROLFE, 3815 La Donna, Palo Alto, Calif.

This time I'm stopping to write before I even finish the mag.

Two close members of my family are engineers, and I've worked for engineers; and with all due respect to Mr. Campbell, I'll have to have a more than his word for it that his psionic "dowsing rod" is being used as a matter of engineering routine. I challenge him to provide me with the name of one individual, institution, or engineering firm that is so using this device.

Incidentally, an analysis of any problem can be obtained from a computer if an assumption of its existence is included in the input. This does not necessarily mean that the analysis is valid.

Tell Bjo that it was a boy, 6 lb. 11 oz, 12:39 pm, Oct 30. And am I glad to be slim again! We named him Benjamin.

((Al Lewis comes up with this info: according to Murray Yaco, in a 195 aSF article, the city of Flint, Michigan used dowsing rods. Congratulations all around! Ben picked a good family!))

NORMAN METCALF, P.O. Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado

Marion Bradley has some interesting points, but, in my opinion, she missed the boat on what Bloch said. Bloch seemed to have had his tongue partially inserted in his cheek. At any rate, he seemed to be decrying the same use of falsity that Bradley is doing. Bloch objects to sf passed off as fairy tales, Bradley objects to the dismissal of fairy tales as unrealistic. She is looking at the truth behind the motivation of the character's and declaring the tale to be true to life. The trappings of the fairy tale may be unrealistic in terms of what we know, and this is what Bloch objected to among other things. So who's tilting at windmills?

((Seems we need a good argument about "reality" and "probability" if we can do so without involving Campbell and psionics, again!))



DECEMBER 17, 1959  
World Premiere of

37

## ON THE BEACH

Amsterdam  
Berlin  
Caracas  
Chicago  
Johannesberg  
Lima  
London  
Los Angeles  
Madrid  
Melbourne  
New York  
Paris  
Rome  
Stockholm  
Tokyo  
Toronto  
Washington  
Zurich  
and  
Moscow

From the program notes:

"The film 'On the Beach' was intended from the beginning to premiere simultaneously in cities of six continents on the night of December 17, 1959. Warm reactions from the press and critical fraternity to the film would be pleasurable, approval of scientists and educators and intellectual groups most welcome, the support of political and military figures of prime necessity. But the dream of the production 'On the Beach' was to create a film for people - people all over the world in the power of their mass.

There are differences and fears and distrust in this world and always the sober reminder of the need for realistic thinking. We have tried to be aware of this, and then tried to transcend it by a concept of hope on celluloid - namely, to reach out to the hearts of people everywhere that they might feel compassion - for themselves."

It was my privilege to attend a special showing of the picture late in November, and trite as it may sound, this is one movie I will not be able to forget. There will be many who won't react as I did, but I venture to say that the majority will feel the shock and impact of this motion picture.

You may have read advance notices in the papers or the book by Nevil Shute; you are familiar with the theme. I haven't read the book, so cannot comment on any changes that may have

38 been made in Stanley Kramer's production.

The events in "On the Beach" occur in 1964, a year too close for comfort, but another touch that made the movie altogether too realistic for me. It tells of the time immediately following the end of the last, very brief, world war - the Hydrogen War. Only one of the atomic submarines from the U.S. has survived, having been on an underwater test cruise in the Pacific. When the bombs stop falling, the only radio signals recieved by the sub are from Australia, the remaining land mass that is as yet untouched by the radioactive fallout. But it is established early in the picture that even this continent is doomed within five months when the winds and ocean currents will carry certain death to the last survivors of Earth.

This time Hollywood has "played it straight". There is no typical happy ending - no miraculous cure for radiation sickness - no sudden good wind to blow away disaster. Everyone is going to die and the earth will be empty of all life. And there is nothing that can be done.

I have no adjectives to describe the way I felt during the movie. There were times when I wanted to get up and run to the nearest exit. There were people around me with stricken looks and handkerchiefs much in evidence - and not just women. Since then, one person has said she has trouble sleeping since seeing "On the Beach". The main point is that this whole horrible thing could happen so easily and quickly that it is an unbearable thought. This is especially true when you read - and look about and realize that so much hatred and misunderstanding exists in the world.

Every age has had weapons of distinction that have caused the people to live with fear. But, until now, we haven't had the weapons that could put an end to everyone and everything. "On the Beach" shows what will happen if these weapons are used. It could happen tomorrow - or next year - or in 1964 - unless people all over the world shake off the apathy and begin showing active concern in what is happening around them.

See this picture. You may find yourself doing things you haven't done before - like writing the President about your own views, or even making a small "big" start toward world sanity by trying to like the person next door because of his differences instead of merely tolerating him in spite of them.

---Pandora---



IN ONE WARP AND OUT THE OTHER  
with Rock Budgers

-by Larry Gurney

(with abject apologies to you-know-who)

I

At the end of a particularly busy period in an alien time matrix, Rock Budgers yearned greatly to put an end to this episode, and go on to other times and spaces.

But in order to do this, he needed a little vacation time to put his affairs in order, and frame his secret report to the Galactic Bureau of Investigation.

So Rock went to the local official in charge of work allotments, and applied for a vacation. When the official proved obdurate, Rock cried out in desperation: "But man, I want at least a LITTLE time to lie down and relax before I die!"

The official gazed at him steadily, and replied: "That may be alright where YOU come from, but around here we never put the cot before the hearse."

II

In the year 2030 Rock Budgers, because of his access to other time media, was assigned by a great earthly publishing firm to the Heavenly circuit to do an inspirational series, including THE POWER OF POSITIVE DYING, THE PEALS OF NORMANDY, and an instruction manual or duet-yourself guide on bells, celestina and harp for heavenly disc jockeys, called THE HEAVENLY DISC COURSE. This was followed up by his magnum opus INSIDE HEAVEN, continuing the sensational success of John Gunther's series during the previous century.

All of this success, however, did not blind Rock to the fact that it still took a long time to get through Purgation, Libido and Limbo, and that it was no simple blastoff to get into heavenly orbit. So he determined to do a satirical work to counteract all the false optimism, called BRAVE NEW WEAL. His first step, naturally, was to visit the section of cloudland where Aldous Huxley floated in nirvanic detachment, and together they laid the groundwork for a devastatingly constructive treatment of the subject.

At this time, Rock had one of those heart-warming experiences which come only once to a man. Mrs. Huxley had just arrived in Heaven, after her long and arduous probation, knowing nothing of her husband's presence; and it was Rock's happy lot to reunite them. Saying nothing, he guided the lady to the spot where, before her unbelieving eyes, her husband stood. Then clasping her hands ecstatically, she exclaimed: "Aldous, and Heaven too?"

In the palmy days of Periclean Athens, when Aeschylus and Sophocles were thundering it out for championship of the Greek stage, and Euripides was a hollow-eyed youngster gazing on in wonder, Rock Budgers glided in on a time warp from the direction of Mt. Olympus. "As I live and bathe!" shouted the graybeard Aeschylus, "'Tis Hermes, or maybe Apollo himself! If this doesn't beat the Judgement of Paris, I'll never cast another Seven against Thebes!"

Sensing the situation in time, Rock assumed a judicial air, and said: "We have just seen and considered Aeschylus's play. Tell me now, Sophocles, what is the drift of your own play, OEDIPUS THE KING?" "The most Freudulent mish-mash you'll ever witness," muttered Aeschylus. Ignoring this, Sophocles answered serenely: "A tale, your Excellency, of how the dark, unconscious forces of life drove an honorable but headstrong king into patricide, maternal incest, and madness."

Rock frowned thoughtfully, and said: "I'm sorry, Sophocles, but I'll have to reject your play on the grounds of inconsistency." "How so?" said Sophocles in bewilderment. "Well," continued Rock, "it is most important that a play produce consistent psychological effects. Anxiety should waste a man away to a THIN nervous wreck, not to fatty degeneration or effeminate plumpness. The very title of your play belies this; instead of leaving your audience in a state of nervous exhilaration, it will turn them into a bunch of ADIPOSE WRECKS."

-\*-\*-\*

#### THE FALSE MEMBER

You shouldn't stare so white, my Dear,  
Or mind my static voice.  
I surely didn't want this, but-  
I really had no choice.

But men have had false limbs before,  
When their true ones were dead.  
It's lucky I was ready, for,  
You see, I lost my head.

I had the foresight to prepare  
A neural chart of mind,  
In case an accident should leave  
My lower corpse behind.

It isn't handsome, I'll admit,  
Or true to our desires,  
That where you once gazed in my eyes  
Is now all tubes and wires.

-Larry Gurney



# WILLIAM ROTSLER; A PARTYBOY AT FERRY'S BIRTHDAY BALL

--excerpted from a more printable  
part of KTEIC Magazine by more  
or less permission of the author.

41



## GOODBYE, NATURAL ENEMY

WR

Friday afternoon I went over to Forry's to see if I could do anything to help get ready for his three-day birthday party. Bill Ellern, Bjo and Djinn Dickson were there and we did things. Went home for supper.

Date called, said she had to entertain business friend of father's. So I went to the party.

It was a draggin sort of party. As Burbee said, there was no liquor there and no one was having fun. It wasn't that bad, but beer/etc would have helped. Bob Bloch was there and we have bits and pieces of conversation. Bjo came in a freckled dress. Djinn (and husband) was there in a sort of jump suit with long front zipper that I claimed kept slipping down inch by inch as the night wore on. Someone said it was probably secured with a pin. I said you don't know Djinn. Walter J. Daugherty (Nameless J. Nameless) was there and Burbee said he was only famous because of the insulting things he & Laney had said about him. ("It's like a Daugherty project, except it will really happen!") When he left, Burbee said, "Goodbye, natural enemy."

Burbree sat there paging through the Fancyclopedia making mental corrections....things Laney had said attributed to Burbree, many more things credited to others that should be credited to phrase-maker Burbree, etc etc etc.

John Trimble hove into view sporting a tie & a job as a cabby.

The 1st night he got the wrong cab; 2nd night he was robbed with a piece of broken glass at his neck. This was the 3rd night and Burbree & I claimed he should either have an accident or find out where the whorehouses are, a traditional cabby function.

Elmer Perdue was there in an unusual tie. It was modest. Almost "sincere"....for him.

Al Lewis, Linda Burbree, Zeke Leppin (LASFS landlord), Kris Neville & wife Lil, Trina & Art Castillo, many, many others were there. I went home about 2.

## THANK YOU AND GOODBYE, LEE JACOBS

Gloria Saunders, the "Dragon Lady" was date for Act II of 4e's party.

That kind soul and Patron of the Arty Arts, Lee Jacobs donated a quire of Gestencils for QUOTEBOOK. He gave them to me and I spoke briefly to him a couple of times during Saturday evening. And then he took his new wife and newer Old West moustache and seemed to disappear. I never got to say goodnight that I remember.

Bloch was there....Bjo, Djinn, Trimble (on another Yellow Cab break), Ellern, Jack & Julie Jardine (who semi-commisioned me to do a story in photos), the former Mrs. Ackerman, the Castillos,

42 Moffatts, Woolston (who fell asleep at the end and they just threw a blanket over him), Ernie Wheatley, Laura Winston, many others.

Dale Frey held a 150' roll of shelf paper while Bjo & I did a GIANT Birthday card for Forry. We are Traditionalists of the first water. Towards the end of the scroll I hurried, making bigger and bigger figures because I could hear Forry telling Gloria (fetching in a bright blue chic jump suit sort of affair) all about science-fiction, how it started, how he started, etc. I sent Bloch to entertain her (I think he was hurt that I seemed to trust him) so she wouldn't get bored. A.E. van Vogt & wife were there plus a million tiny fans. We talked to Ray Bradbury about 78 seconds.

Gloria was sitting in the living room, in front of Forry's giant wall of books, after I rescued her from a clutch of fans. About 20% straight, she said, "He has a fortune in used books here!"

We left around midnight. About 2 sometime the dexamil was still firing away (it's the multi-stage kind) and I was ready for another party (Act II, Scene II) and came back to find a few stragglers. Left and was in bed at 3 am.

### ACT III, SCENE I

Sunday, I took Pat Gold to Forry's party. One of the first things was that Old Tradition....Bjo & I making a second 150' card! Only this time Jerry Stier, Rev. Jack Harness, Bernie Zuber & Trina helped....and it took five times as long and wasn't as good. Next time, Bjo, we keep the peasants OUT! Just you and me, baby. (Or does baby make three?) One of the drawings on the 4e card I liked was a line of marching figures each saying "Hip!" and one saying "Hup!". The sargeant in front yells "Who's the un-hip hupper back there?"

Pat was not overjoyed at all the fans but stuck it out. I told her there were lots of nuts there. Much the same crowd that had been there the other two nights. Ross Rocklynne was there.

I showed Bob Bloch (who had been torn away from a TV set by Djinn Faine Dickson & Fritz Leiber) two fat portfolios of photos.

Got home pretty late. I was glad when the weekend was over. It was kinda hectic.

Oh, and by the way; Happy Birthday, Forry. ---Willaim Rotsler---

### TRICK OR TREAT (cont. from page 26)

shouted something and dropped out of sight. The curtains closed and we stood around waiting for the second act. Walt Daugherty told us that was all, but no one believed him. After a little while, the curtains parted again on Walt. "I told you," he said, "That's all!"

The crowd felt slightly cheated after waiting so long for the show, but the arrival of Jon Lackey as a blue-faced, "priestly" character leading an Azonzi distracted everyone. The Azonzi was a huge, lumbering, porcupine-shaped thing about 8 feet tall and 12 feet long, counting the tail. It was made of wood fibre excelsior, I think.

The Wolfman, Lackey, the Azonzi, and assorted weird folk staged an impromptu skit in the street that must have shattered the nerve of Al's neighbors, for no one called the police.

Dawn rolled around, and costumed fans rolled off for coffee, leaving the original group to clean up. "Let's set fire to it and collect the insurance!" I suggested to Al and a brief, fiendish light flickered in his glassy eyes; but he decided against it.

By nightfall of Sunday, Ron and Jim had left for Berkeley, and the house was livable -- or just about. So, back to normal for a year!

---John Trimble---



§ A briefe & true Christian account of ye euent at ye 17th world science-fiction conuention known as ye Dentention attended Anno Domini 1985 in detroit Mishigan & is herein reported with speciall attention to ye natvre of ye natvral inhabitants & other manner of strange beasts: vniting accuracy of ye Chronichlers with ye character & Entertaynment of ye Memorialists

By certain illustrious members of ye Los Angeles science Fantasy Society: who herein hath beene Fauored & Authorised by Shangri-Laffaires:

Directed to ye Aduentvrs:

by

Jack Harness  
Rick Smeary  
John Trimble  
Al Lewis &  
Ted Johnstone

Illustrated with line-arts  
& Gestencilgrauings  
by Bjo &

JOHN TRIMBLE

Saturday crept in on little cat feet (if it hadn't, I'd have shot it), and soon it was time for me to journey downtown with Al to pick up the Hillman. Ernie Wheatley decided to go along, and we were soon joined once more by Liz Wilson, who startled the policemen along our route by wishing them good morning in a very cheery voice.

Ernie and I hopped in the Hillman, and took off for the tunnel to Canada, leaving Liz and Al to wend their way back to the hotel in the Peugeot. And as Ern and I pulled into Canadian customs, I suddenly realized that I didn't own the Hillman. Nevertheless, after explaining the box of mimeo paper in the trunk, I went into the little building, signed William B. Ellern on the paper they shoved at me, and we were cleared. I left with ideas about how easy it would be to become a saboteur, when the thought occurred to me that I couldn't think of a single thing in Canada to sabotage.

We drove around Windsor, Ontario for a while, and were soon crossing the bridge into Detroit.

"Gee, it feels good to be home," Ernie said, as we crossed the US border again.

JACK HARNESS

Five ayem Saturday. There's an aood sound in the room. It's as if someone were flexing and re-flexing an old leather shoe; squeek, squeek, squeek. Again. The sound has a source point over in the



corner. No! No one could be -- but it was. Erik. It is impossible for anyone to snore like an old shoe squeaking, but there he was in black and white. Mystery solved, I rolled over, to go back to some soothing nightmares to take my mind off the realities of the con and its conventioners.

We rise before the room maids get to the suite and variously descend to the coffee lounge where the prices are unreasonable as usual. Up on the 2d floor where the Crystal room is, George Young is finishing nailing up what looks like a mass gallows but turns out to be support for the Dollens pairbrush paintings that will back the stage. Except that its off to one side, not up on the platform proper, and they're sort of just hung there in a rather chaotic jumble.

The program scheduled for one p.m. sharp got underway at 2:10. After the con had been officially started by Fred Prophet and Rog Sims, Dave Kyle started calling out the names of notables. Dave took the slant of starting with the first Con and introducing the Guests of Honor (most were present in Detroit), previous chairmen, pros, and fans. He worked down the fan list and tried to catch all eighteen of the Californians. When he got to Al Lewis, he introduced him as Al Wells. Al would have like to duck at this point but he had been taking pictures and was impaled on the wall like a butterfly to a board. Dave knows almost everybody.

The Auction Bloch was next, with the proceeds to be given to the Berry fund, except that it was stated they went to the convention funds. This slip of the tongue by Samoskowitz probably kept a few extra dollars out of the proceeds. Willy Ley went for \$12.98. Asimov for \$17. Ike urged Sam to curtail the account of his exploits: "Make it short; tell them what I haven't done."

Poul Anderson went for \$13. "Let's see--he was born in '26. That makes him only 34 years old."

"32!" screamed Karen.

Doc Smith, last year's top draw, went for \$12 to Dainis Eiseiiks. Judith Merrill for \$15. She strolled across the stage to the accompaniment of Ike singing, "A pretty girl is like a melody." Ed Emswiller for \$12 rounded up the lot. Finally, Sam's wife auctioned him off for \$9 in a surprise about-play.

Willy Ley opened up the speech-making. His subject was the first ten years of the space age and he said no one had really written it up in s-f. Chlorella, for instance, the humble algae, was the only simple life form that produced fat that could be assimilated by humans. The Japanese had pronounced it edible, but no one had bothered to determine whether it was palatable, especially to Westerners. It wasn't. The best bet was to dish it up in a form that could be eaten. Enter Chlorella Ice Cream. Willy also mentioned that he had been hired to build some model rockets for one of the plastics models companies. After several frustrated weeks of being unable to design a single model, he finally solved the problem by designing a full size spaceship and scaling it down.

Irene Barron, sitting beside me, mentioned the teenage girl who won a science award for making algae cookies.



JOHN TRIMBLE

The Auction Bloch was being repeated, but since there were no beautiful young damsels on the stand (and I'd have probably been out bid, even if there had been), I wandered down to the bar. And ran into Lynn Hickman, who was leaning on a pillar, and patting his bottle of JD with tears in his eyes. 45

"What's the matter, Lynn?" I asked.

"I walked up to a chair a few moments ago, and there was Justin O. Sputnik. But when I patted him on the head, he stood up and said, 'I'm not your dog, Hickman, it's me, Jim Caughran.'" Lynn stumbled away, blindly, muttering, "Just another damn fan."

The Fanzine Editors' Panel was postponed, and Psionics Under Fire, a panel, started. They turned John Campbell loose on Ted Cogswell, Thomas N. Scortia, Judy Merrill, and Ed Wood, with a patently biased Dean McLaughlin acting as "moderator".

JACK HARNES

Wood gave an impassioned speech with a verbal carrying power of a herculean Moskowicz, rumblingly concluding by asking if "psionics has been good for circulation?"

JWC, unruffled, stated that ASF's policy always points toward something new, some new frontier. "We've finished rockets and atomic power," he said, implying that this was perhaps a reason for sf's dying popularity. "Why don't you like it?" he asked.

Cogswell said that he wanted to see statistics, and follow-ups of the experiments. "Stay away from the crackpots and fringes," he was getting more impassioned, and finally vesuviated when JWC suggested that he make the experiment.

"I don't WANT to make the experiment!" stormed Cogswell.

"All you give is the reports someone else has made," he concluded, glumly.

Eventually even Dean McLaughlin, a quiet man, was impassioned. It was a scene of mob violence and emotional hysteria in the audience, as well. A truly moving experience, though whither moving, it is not wise to dwell upon.

JOHN TRIMBLE

JWC soon proved himself to be magnificent under fire. And he gained favor by only using his whip once or twice.

It was during this afternoon, I believe, that I suddenly began to feel uneasy. There was an air of something about to happen. And it did! My upper lip started feeling very inferior, and I looked about to see why. And there before me was the most magnificent moustache I ever hope to see. And attached to it was a vibrant, blue-eyed, solid-looking man. Being something of an apprentice Goon, I began to suspect something. And when this creature lilted, I knew for sure -- it was John Berry!

During the course of the next several minutes, I faunched for a chance to get John off in a corner to ask however he got that luxurious lip-lawn. Finally my moment came, and I blurted it out.

John serepticiously hurried me off into a corner. "It's a secret that you must not repeat," he warned. I solemnly agree not to divulge anything, and he imparted unto the mystic and forbidden knowledge of handle-bar moustache raising.

I feel, however, that the world is ready for the revelation

of this knowledge, and I am going to impart it to you now.

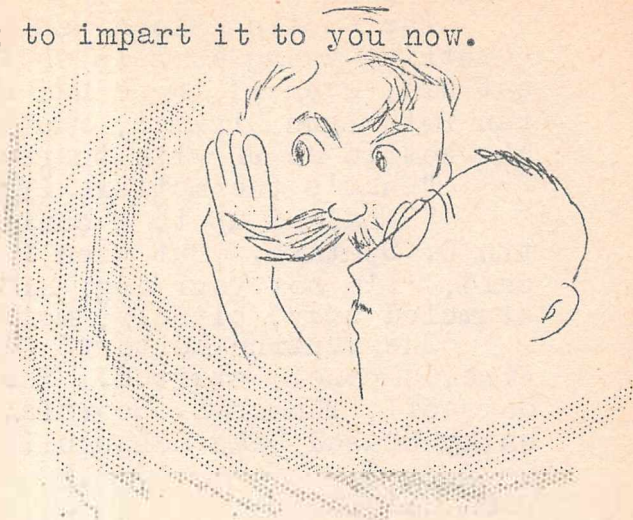
"I used to have a puny 'tash like yours," John whispered, ignoring my sniffs. "And then I learned the secret.

"You sprinkle salt on your lip." I listened with my whole self, anxious for The Truth.

"And when the li'l buggars come out for a drink, tie knots in 'em."

As I rolled on the floor in mirth and indignation, Berry got away.

-oOo-



Suddenly everyone had disappeared. Why, even the pros had deserted the bar. I wandered about in a faint daze until the reason dawned. Why, the Masquerade Ball was only an hour or so away. So I turned on my heel and sped for the elevator. And found myself post-haste on the 13th floor once again.

Jack Harness stood before me, clothed in undershorts and two peices of cloth. One of the peices of cloth was shocking red, and the other a brilliant royal blue. Donning my sun-glasses, I acquiesced when Jack asked me to assist him with his costume. After at least five tries, we got it sewn together at the two required spots, and Jack went off to arrange the ornaments he was adding to his dazzling display. I changed back to my clear specs and found myself wishing frantically that I hadn't. For I was face to decayed face with a rather rotted-looking something. Quieting the message my brain was sending to my stomach to turn over, I casually dashed into the next room, where Al Lewis asked for help in gluing a horrid Thing to his back. Shuddering, I applied several coats of rummer cement to his skin, and a few to the Thing, too. Soon we had the "Puppet Master" mounted, and al put on his shirt and left.

Deciding that I definetly didn't want to be left alone with whatever that decayed thing was, I followed everyone down to the ballroom. Jim Caughran approached me as I came in the door, and asked me if I'd purchase us both a bheer. I said, "Sure, Mr. Lincoln."

After finding out where the bar was, and being educated to the stupid system of tickets the management was using, I soon was the proud posessor of two bottles of the fannish bhrew. My bottle was warmish, and rather ungallantly spewed a part of its contents on the floor.

"Trimble," Caughran called, "get up from there. You're in the way of the people trying to get in."

AL LEWIS

When I entered the ballroom, camera in hand, there were a lot of people milling around the walls and a few in the middle of the floor trying to dance. The first person that attracted my eye was Ulysses S. Grant, or his avatar, better known as Avram Davidson. There was Papa Willy who was busy celebrating (was



he ever!) a few brief days of bachelordom with a cooperative -- to a point-- Red Lensman, Liz Wilson. I spotted a naked feminine back, and when she turned around, there was Virginia Schulteis almost wearing a costume. It consisted of two narrow vertical strips of material, strategically placed, and not much else. Steve was with her, attired in pith helmet and shotgun, to keep off the explorers, no doubt. I spotted the bar at the end of the hall and departed to acquire some of the spirits of the occasion. 47

Something long and stringy entered, bearing a sign "Follow the Yellow Brick Road" and in came the New York crowd in Oz costumes. Sam Moskowitz was the Wizard, Barbara Silverberg was Dorothy, Frank wore the scarecrow suit and Belle appeared as the Cowardly Lion. I was quite interested, because we had been contemplating a similar project, until we ran afoul of a concrete post in the state of Washington. "I'm sorry we couldn't have put on our Oz group," I had said to Ted Johnstone, when he had told me about it the night before.

"I'm not," he said. "I got a better part." Ted spent the evening following Barara Silverburg around like a dog on the end of a leash. Which is what he was, as a matter of fact. He was Foto.

There was Suzy Beam in a black brassiere which left little to the imagination, and that little pleasing, and about two stories high came Big Bill Donahoe, dressed in a red cassock, and bearing a sign proclaiming "Friar Tucker: First Fandom is Not Dead." Then I looked around, and there was Ulysses Grant's big brother, King Henry VIII, proclaiming that he was royalty and his costume was not to be judged by mere commoners. Besides, it was a put-up job anyway, Kelly Freas having used him as a model for the Astounding cover.

Bjo came in, in a silver tunic overlying a pair of leotights. The only thing wrong with a lot of Bjo costumes is that they come out looking more like clothes than costumes, and this was one of them. They're too good; they don't attract attention. Bjo was looking for the loudest voice in the house, and when she found Ronel she sent him to the front of the house.

"Her Majesty," roared the squirrel, in a supervoice, "Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

Then appeared at the head of the stairs, a striking figure in silver and white, with a long flowing train. Slowly Karen Anderson made her way into the center of the floor, by all odds the evening's most beautiful costume.

Shortly afterwards, the signal for the judging was given, and the contestants began to form



a circle. It was too crowded to parade, so everyone just stood around, looking a little self-conscious. About half-way through, as they were sending the semi-finalists to the center of the ring, I adjudged it was time to make an entrance. With Ronel dragging one arm, and Trimble the other, making as much noise as possible, we charged to the center of the room, tore off my shirt, and revealed the puppet master clinging to my back. Then it was wait for the judges to make their decision. Don't let anyone tell you that winning a prize doesn't mean anything: it does. Anyhow, my moment of showmanship paid off: I won an appropriate prize for the "Most Nauseating" costume, and felt awfully pleased. Nancy Shapiro, dressed in the tightest tights, won the prize for the "Best Basic Anatomy." Bill Donahoe's mendicant Friar won "Most Fannish," and an assortment of mathematical symbols were a factor in winning for the three Curtisses the "Cleverest" prize. Joe Christoff narrowly missed out on the anatomy award and copped the prize for the "Most Beautiful" instead. Methinks the lady juror had something to do with this.

The costumes this year were not as good as last, but then Jon Lackey couldn't make it, and how can Karen Anderson ever top her bat? After the judging Harlan Ellison rounded up all the pretty girls in sight and Randall Garrett for contrast for a picture spread for Rogue magazine.

After a while the gathering downstairs began to break up into lots of little gatherings upstairs. Bjo and I found our way to the Kyles' suite, where Dave and Ruth, having parked their brains on the table, were trafig all and sundry. Marty Varno was tending bar, and having fortified myself there, I ventured to accost Doc Smith. "I owe you an apology," he said, "but mind you, only half an apology!" For the next two hours we discussed Campbell, The Galaxy Primes, and a dozen other things. For me it was very close to the highlight of the convention.

Steve and Virginia Sculteis came in after a while. "You know whom we met at the masquerade?" he said. "The fellow that got us our jobs in the library. I'll bet he doesn't think of us as "mousy librarians" now!"

I finally peeled off my costume, which I added to the display on the coffee table along with the Kyles' plexiglass heads, and scratched with relief. "How do you get the rubber cement off?" asked Liz Wilson.

"Rub it, I said. The last time I wore this costume it only took me a week."

"Let me rub it for you," she said, and this sounded like an appealing idea. Besides, I'd never had a girl rub rubber cement off my back before. "I've never had that line used on me before, either," she said. It was a very pleasant evening.

#### JOHN TRIMBLE

Party time had launched itself full-force upon the assemblage, and not being one to put a damper on such things, I found myself in the company of Jim Caughran heading for the Washington suite. We arrived just as Bob Pavlat was putting the finishing touches on a batch of nuclear fizzes, and each took a proffered glass of said elixer.



The room soon filled with Andy and Jean Young, the Whites, 49  
John Berry (with plonker), and others. It soon filled even more  
as Dick Eney arrived. As the evening wore on, it developed that  
Andy and Jean were both out to find whether or not plonker wounds  
were fatal by experimenting upon each other and most of the  
people present. But when Jean lodged a plonker dart on the wall  
above the nuclear fizz tub, those assembled unanimously agreed  
that things had gone far enough, and the plonker was handed back  
to Berry. This was a mistake, for this gentleman can knock flies  
off flowers by shooting from the hip.

However, I soon realized that I had been drinking fizzes  
like water, and was feeling the load, so I pulled out of the  
suite, and was off to new floors, and maybe even some Scotch.  
Around the 17th floor somewhere I found what I was looking for,  
and settled comfortably down, glass in hand.

And making my way down to the 13th floor once more, I passed  
Ernie Wheatley in the elevator. As I got off, Ernie was getting  
on, drink in hand, singing, "Lookin' for a parrrrty..." I numbly  
stood in the hall for a few moments, and then decided that I'd  
had enough. I went to bed.

#### JACK HARNESS

Sunday morning: Early but a trifle fogged inside, I'm afraid.  
Caughran was slumbering on a bed in his shorts with his hands  
brought together at the crotch. Sort of a September Caughran  
pose, so to speak. Across the river, blissfully unaware of the  
activity on her border, Canada lay clearly visible through the  
window.

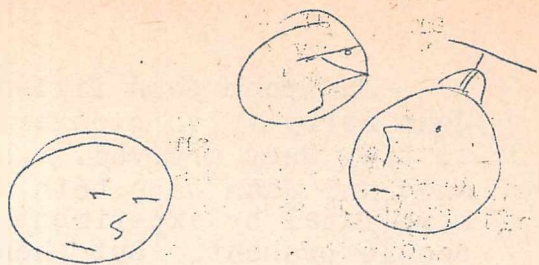
Breakfast with Karen and Poul in the coffeee shop, ordering  
the fruit plate and milk and rolls, because anything else was  
way too unreasonable. Ellik put on his best suit and attended  
mass. Garrett tried to cachier people into attending Anglican  
services with him. The vast majority of fans, being atheist  
(short for autotheistic, no doubt) didn't bother. I encountered  
Ted Johnstone who told me that at the ball, after Ellison had made  
some typical Ellisonism about him, he had waited till Ellison had  
turned around and then lifted his leg at him.

A beautiful gesture. I pointed out that instead of lifting  
his leg, Ted should have frothed at the mouth and lifted his knee.

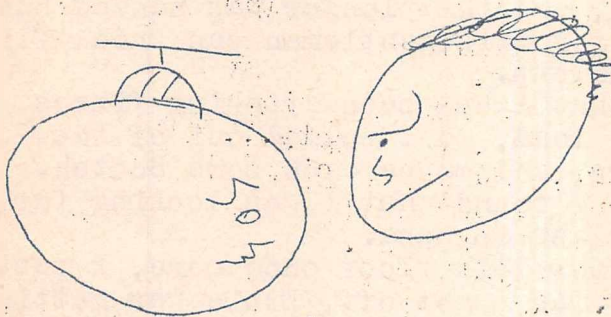
In the Shelby Room upstairs, Art Rapp was showing Jean Young  
his complete collection of SPACEWARP. I can't report much on my  
scanning at the time, except to comment on the various ingenious  
uses of hectography back when seven times out of ten it was all  
fans had. The utilized some excellent covers.  
Then, breakfast over with and the Hyborean Legion and other  
interested parties listening to a talk on "Tarzan, John Carter,  
Pellucidar, and Mars," in the room where Bjo was scheduled to  
moderate the fan publishers panel, I discovered that the committee  
had called the thing off again. The Martians left and the FAPA  
meeting took place with Pavlat, Tedsyl and Ellik holding sway at  
the table and Jean Young, Buck and Juanita, Eney, Karen, MZB,  
Trimble, Caughran, Boyd, Schaffer, Hickman, Sneary, Woolston,  
Agberg, Larry Shaw, Phyllis Economou, Stu Hoffman, Moskowitz,  
Gerald Steward and yours truly congregating.

# SOME SENSITIVE FANNISH FACES

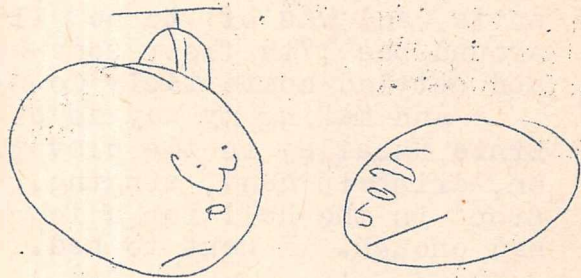
BY BRUCE HENSTELL



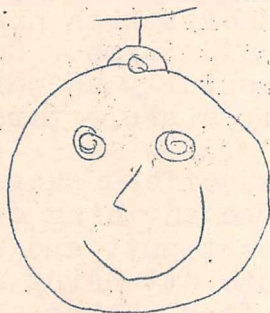
"ex-Neffer...."



"If you go to Detention,  
will they let you out?"



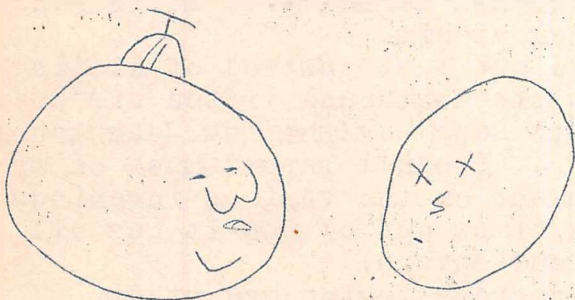
"Of course I'm a neo; is there  
any other kind of fan?"



"Where do I join?"



"you never heard of FANAC?"



"You know, I really didn't  
like that LIFE"



"I don't care if it's fannish,  
do it our way!"



Lee Jacobs, who had come in from L.A. somehow, Toskey, Koning, 51  
and Ron Kidder attended as past members and prospective members.

Twenty-one members was almost enough for anything except legal action. The important news, which we'd mostly picked up by this time anyway, was that the amendment to the constitution permitting the FAPA to eject applicants from the waiting list had been passed. Thus we could do away with Wetzel two times (he was attempting to enter under his own name and a pseudonym) and one non-fan who seems to collect a jay press groups and who didn't publish anything worth reading while he had been in FAPA once before.

MZB went on record as protesting the amendment because it could turn FAPA into a select group. She didn't influence anyone because we knew (a) we might need to eject Wetzel again, and (b) we knew FAPA was a select group anyway.

Overheard: "I don't copy obscene poems; I create my own."-- Jacobs. "Morse is such a good writer that he doesn't have to be legible."--Economou.

The meeting broke up before twelve. The Crystal Room, for some reason, was occupied for over an hour by the Brothers of Somebody-or-Other, some religious congregation. By peeping through the crack between the doors, we espied them in prayer and glancing apprehensive glances at the Morris Scott Dollens backdrop.

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At last the hotel opened the doors to the banquet room and we tramped in. Toskey had informed us that morning that SAPS had a special table reserved, and be sure to get to it. It turned out to be right in front of the microphones at the Table of Honor, not bad placement. Toskey, Bjo, Bruce Pelz sans beard, Weber, Alan-Lewis-of-New-York, Eney, Art Rapp, Lee Jacobs, Steve Tolliver, who by this time was on the waiting list, and I. Karen spotted me reading an old Flash Gordon comic that I had just bought for 75¢. A bargain. 64 solid pages of superb Alex Raymond plotting and draftsmanship. Karen leaned over the table and hissed loudly: "You mean you read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?"

From left to right, the Speakers' Table consisted of Doc Smith, Evelyn Paige, Big Hearted Howie & Sylbe, McLaughlin, Sims, Mable Young, Iksimov, and John Berry. The other half was Poul and Karen, Bloch, George Prophet, George and Mary Young, Jim and Elliot Broderick and Arlene, and Harlan, morosing sickly, as usual, with a cheechesque sulk. I kept wondering what Washington was going to do in the line of publicity. Pittsburg had stickers at every table and a huge "Pittsburg Wants You" sign behind the speaker's stand. Washington had nothing.

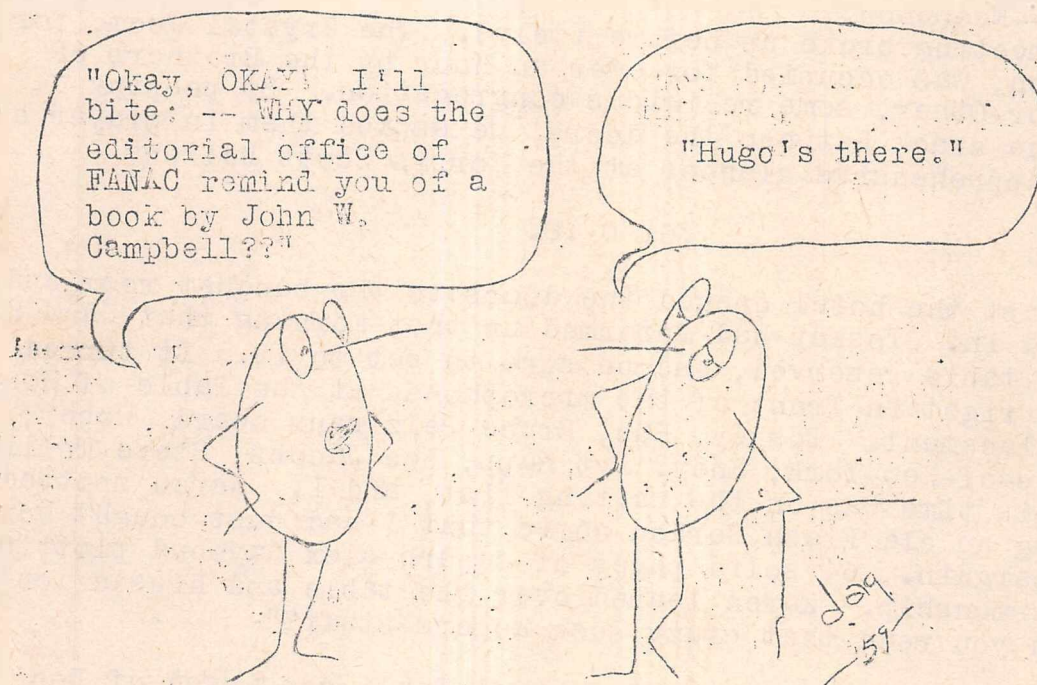
Ike was toastmaster, of course, and bitterly resented the fact that he hadn't been able to find the toast-mistress yet. Berry gave a nice quiet speech of gratitude. Then came Bloch. He apologized for reading notes instead of speaking extemporaneously like Asimov, and explained that he'd had to use notes, as opposed to Ike's several month notice in which to memorize his speech. He commented, among other things, on Doc Smith, science fiction's



answer to Charley Weaver, and Peg Campbell's Husband John, who will be rich and famous as soon as the Hieronymous machine puts the Scotch Tape people out of business. It was the masterful speech that one expects from Bloch.

Poul got up without notes but compensated for that with severe stagefright. He began a rambling speech which presently warmed to its subject as he grew more at ease. It was a good one.

Next came the Hugo awards. Best Novel went to A Case of Conscience by James Blish. Best novellette was adjudged Simak's "Big Front Yard" and the best short story, "The Hell-Bound Train" by Bloch. The best movie. This was almost a contradiction in terms, said Bloch, opening the envelope. "By overwhelming vote, there is no award this year." He waited till the cheering died down. "Will Forry Askerman come up to accept that?" Best Artist: Kelly Freas, who accepted the award with the comment that he'd always wanted a set of bookends like this. Best Magazine: accepted by Bob Mills for The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. Best Amateur Magazine: FANAC, and a blushing Ron Ellik to the stand to accept the Hugo. Best New Author: a plaque to Brian W. Aldiss.



After the banquet, everyone adjourned to the Crystal Room to select the 1960 Con Site. The first bid was made by Philadelphia in the person of Hal Lynch. They mentioned a do-it yourself art mural they would have in the lobby where fans passing by could fill in details, to be scrutinized "by an art critic -- and, we hope, a psychiatrist." Pittsburgh followed with a full discussion of convention plans, followed by seconds from Willy Ley, P.S. Miller, and others. Washington bid last, the pride of actifandom. It began with a soft-sell, soft-voice Sylvia White, seconded by Hans Santesson and Ron Ellik. The score: DC 71

Pitt 134

Philly 13

TO BE CONTINUED. We didn't plan to make the installment this short, but we're out of paper.

Until next issue---Pitt's It In '60