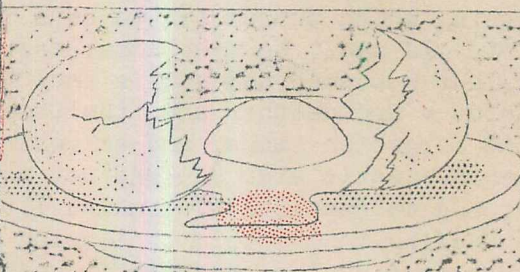
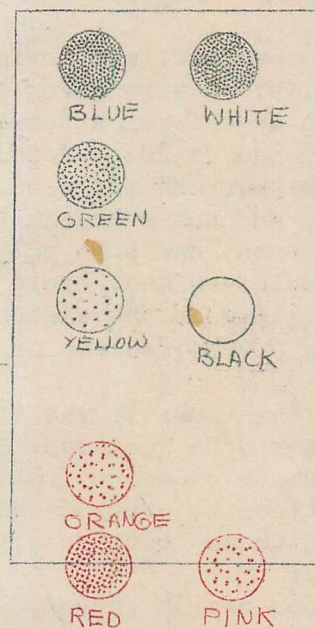


L'AFFAIRES FANALOGI

fact & friction

NUMBER 49



Harness

FALLEN ANGELENOS --- BJO

At the corner of Third and Idinburgh, in Los Angeles, stands a white, unpretentious building. Downstairs is an agency, while the entire second floor belongs to a friend of Rotsler's. It's Tommy Mitchell's studio, where covers for the Journal and ads for Harper's Bazaar are photographed. The first thing you see when you open the front door is white walls and floor, with an authentic-looking Roman chair against one of the walls; a long Japanese kite hanging overhead. To the left, a white rattan porch swing, with tangerine and blue pillows, hangs gracefully from the high ceiling, keeping company with a huge brass filigree ball that might have once contained a very small dancing girl. The rest of the studio is equally artistic, the sort of place that House Beautiful would present (and has) as just the little studio for the rising young photographer who must struggle through on only a mere \$50,000 a year.

We were going to film a movie here. A small company is interested in buying children's movies; we were going to supply some for them. "Little Red Riding Hood" had been chosen as a first attempt; with funny, elegant Ken Sullet as the Wolf and funny, freckled Bjo as Hood. Rotsler had corralled a few of his friends for the parts of Grandmother and the Woodsman. We unrolled 15 by 40 foot rolls of photographers paper, and set everyone to work making a "forest" as a background. Using inks, felt-nib pens, and shoe polish, we sketched out child-like flowers, trees, shrubs, and simple designs. Ernie Wheatley, Bruce Pelz, Bill Ellern and Al Lewis went to work filling in the sketches. Then Rotsler and I added finishing touches with spray cans of fluorescent paint. It was a wonderful sight, when taped to the walls!

Then came the blow: it was flu-catching time in Los Angeles, and we were without a Grandmother or a Woodsman. Since I was already in costume, with my braids, gingham dress which showed my white-stockinged legs and knees, my Marijane shoes, and fluffy petticoats, everyone said it was a shame to waste all that effect. The result was that we set out for Wil Wright's, a gilded, turn-of-the-century type, ice cream parlor.

The waitress nearly popped, trying not to notice anything unusual about a 5 feet 4 inches tall "little girl" in full regalia, carrying a Raggedy Ann doll, and escorted by a rakish little man with a large villainous moustache. We ordered ice cream cones with straight faces, and Ken leaped up, rapping his cane indignantly on the marble-topped table when Rotsler tried to take a picture of us. Ken kept humming something which turned out to be a ditty about "you don't have to be old to be a dirty old man." We went home, deciding to try filming again.

Next weekend, our Woodsman had sent a very funny and active substitute, but we were still without a Grandmother when the time came to film the movie. I had to go home for some forgotten items, and so went next door to Pandora's house and enlisted her enthusiastic aid. She was not so sure when we put her into a flannel nightgown, and makeup like a wrinkled little old lady. But she went along with the gag, even adding to the film by leaping out of bed when the Wolf charges in, and engaging him in a duel with canes. It went into the film, with everyone howling over the idea.

Dwayne Avery, our cameraman, was on the job from 8 PM until 3 AM, and was beginning to develop a permanent squint by the time we finished "Little Red Riding Hood." We goofed off for the last 40 feet of film, then struck the set and went home.

It had been a long day, and Sunday Productions was put away for finishing touches on yet another weekend. Still, some found it hard to sleep; so interesting and exciting was the idea of movie-making that we stayed awake thinking up new ideas to film soon. So, over all Los Angeles -- in Inglewood, Santa Monica, Hollywood, and on Fan Hill, fans dreamed.

- - - bjo

LAFFAIRES Shangri Fact & friction

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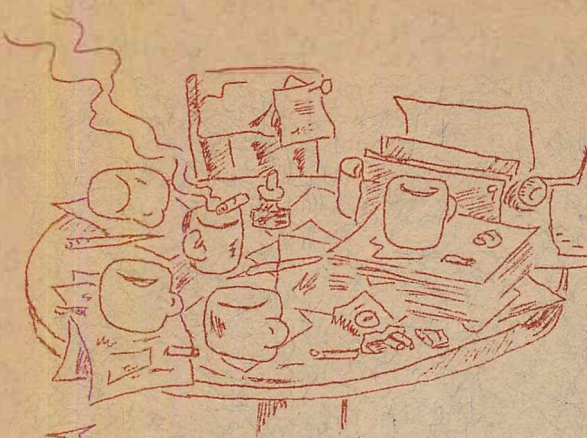
EDITORIAL OFFICE: 980½ White Knoll Dr., LA 12. We sell these things for 20¢ each (15¢, L.SFS), 6/1, but you might persuade us to trade for art-work, written material, letters of comment (per issue), and fanzines, on a one-for-one basis (no APazines, please). If you move, send us your Con., please--if you still want S-L'A. Please make cheques payable to the Editor.

SHAGGY STAFF:

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Gestetnering	Wheatley	Collating	Pelz, Trimble, Bjo, Wheatley
Libitizing	Billern, Ed Cox, The Dickensheets, Bruce Henstell	Happy Birthday	Mrs. Trimble, Mrs. Wheatley, Dale Frey, Al Lewis

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL TO BE IN THE NEXT ISSUE: 26 March 1960

(a fan kit pub)



An Editorial, by the USS Trimble

Well, we've got that letter column we promised, and a fat thing it is, too. Will try to make this a regular thing. The Golden Journey will continue as long as it's popular, and we get contributions. No Squirrel Cage this time, but we'll twist the Squirrel's big bushy tail for a largish one nextish. And we've still got our Fibretint albatross. We'll continue to have it, until we find a source of cheap, off-set-less white paper. Sigh!

-oOo-

ElBusby, in CRY #136, makes mention of some TFF reforms which I'm very inclined to indorse. Briefly, Buz feels that the fifteen-plus month suspense/agonny of the current TFF is a good deal too hectic, and suggests that we could cut the voting to three months, with an all-out, Berry Fund-type of fund raising drive to raise the needed extra money after you know who the winner is.

A tightening of the voting qualifications could be worked out very nicely, by collecting from the "uninitiated/ignorant" vote people after the voting, handing them some TFF literature to educate them, and considering them qualified voters next year. Cuts out some gripes, and brings in new support at the same time.

Along with this, is the suggestion that we raise the voting fee to a dollar. What with inflation, this isn't a thing to be grotched at. And dollar bills fold so much easier than fifty-cent pieces.

More information (and better, too) maybe had by writing ElBusby (see CRY address in QVinFmz). And after that, why not drop a line to Ron Bennett, Don Ford, or Bob Madle to let them know what you think? There is griping (both legitimate and not so) about the present set-up, and if things continue in the status quo, we could find ourselves without TFF, and it's a bit too worthy an enterprise to have that happen. The changes Buz has suggested could eliminate a lot of stress (on both candidates, and voters), and breath new life into the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund.

-oOo-

While we're on the subject of worthy endeavors, I think I'll mention Project Art Show. In the process of forming now, PAS is an organization of, by, and for the artists of fandom. The immediate goal is a fan-art show at the FITCON, but it won't stop there; a permanent organization is planned, with regular O-O, and further projects.

At the moment, Bjo is the organization's sole official--being the editor of PAS-tell, the project bulletin, and one of the chief do-ers of the group. Others, such as Alma Hill and Tim Dumont are quite active, as is Seth Johnson. Beginning life as an NSF project, PAS rapidly out-grew the parent organization, and has become an independent, but NSF-indorsed group.

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S

The response Bjo has been getting has equalled, if not surpassed the high return we got for the SHAGGY Xmas issue. And with such artists as George Barr, Terry Jeeves, and Juanita Coulson enthusiastic over it, it looks like there will definitely be a fan-art show at the PITCON.

In the offing is a mail-order raffle idea, to raise funds and give non-con attendees a chance at some of the artwork. Prizes will include a piece of Rotsler sculpture, and some selected artwork. For further details on the raffle, and PAS itself, I suggest you contact Bjo, at the SHAGGY address.

---jgt.

I N T Y M E S T O C O M E

You may have noticed some changes on this month's cover (if you didn't, see your oculist). The change-over from SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES to ANALOG: Shangri Fact & Friction will continue next issue; over the course of the twentieth century, L'affaires will fade while ANALOG grows.

Several people have pre-viewed the change, and I've already received a number of comments, and two ticking packages. The comments have ranged from howls of anger to gentle wails. To date, there have been no compliments on the change, and my ego's bruised.

Look, friends--this is a heck of a field in which to find adoration of a tradition! "L'affaires" has been an unhelpful title since the year 1948. I've been trying to change it, get rid of it, since I first began editing this fanzine. The title, that is, not the magazine.

Now, you and I both know what "L'affaires" means when coupled to Shangri Friction..., but it's kind of like the story about the barking dog that won't bite. You know and I know, but does the dog? So we know what "L'affaires" means...but the dictionary doesn't. And most people know it means sissy stuff about kissing, and seduction, and like that.

Now, ANALOG is a term most men-in-the-street don't know (they wouldn't be hanging around the streets if they did). I bet most of you don't know it, either. And me...well, I've forgotten--but it's imposing and dignified; isn't it? Anyway, we'll all have to learn together--you, me, and those street bums. And that will give us something in common, you see...we can all be common together.

Fundamentally, ANALOG is a damned sight better description of this magazine than "L'affaires", or "Flabbergasting", or "Stupifying". Mainly because "Flabbergasting" is a S-Fzine, and "Stupifying" is a letter-substitute. The stuff we run in this magazine is in actual fact a good analog of Shangri-Friction; not exactly S-F, you see, just an analog of it.

We've earned the title ANALOG; having earned it, we gonna wear it!

-oOo-

Included in this issue is a factual article that no other fanzine ~~wanted~~ dared to print. Fearlessly, we publish the results of the Psea Colour Experiments; the most startling bit of research to appear since the report of the Microbic Content of Cotton Under-shirts. This article is vital to every living being on this planet (and maybe some of the dead ones, too--like Los Angeles drivers). Don't ~~fail~~ miss it.

---uss jt (with thanks to
Jack Harness)

Lyrics Written in the Margins of FANCY II

A Valentine Greeting from Parker Sheaffer (a reputable penname)

I faunch for you.
You are the femmefan of my fmz,
Make Bergey's beauties look like bems,
You are my only egoboo.

I'm croggled.
You've such a sensitive fannish face,
I'm just a Coop Defective Case,
My love for you is DNQ.

Goshwowboyoboy,
You're a perfect BNF;
Roscoe, what a ploy,
I've only joined the N3F;
I'd hack for you,
If I weren't so neofannish,
Maybe I'll do,
By the time I've pubbed my annish.

But I'm learning,
I know that Yngvi is a louse,
Could find my way to Oblique House,
Some day I'll inner circle you.

II.

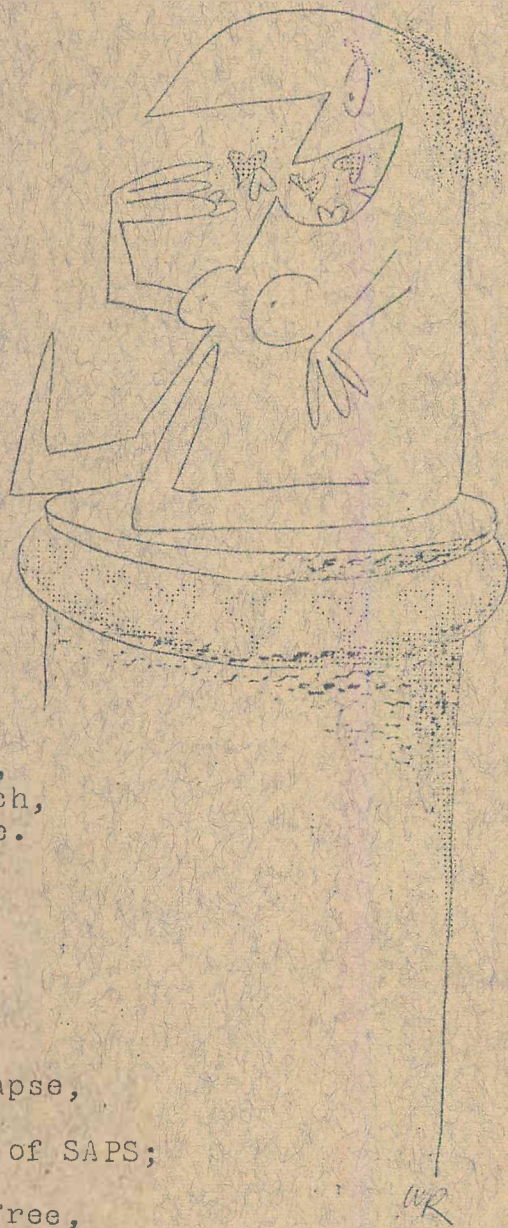
I feel so fannish.
At breakfast time I had one grunch,
But the eggplant over there is lunch,
I'll dine on crottled greeps tonite.

I'm going gafia.
I see your face in every zine,
I use a bottle of obliterate
With every lettersub I write.

I've lost my beanie,
Must have let my CRYsub lapse,
Haven't written to Eney,
Fell off the waiting-list of SAPS;
I hit the keys at random,
Send my mail out postage-free,
But I'd be in Seventh Fandom
If you'd only pactsared me.

Still I'm pubbing.
And with every crudzine that I launch,
With all my heart for you I faunch,
You are my fannish guiding light.

---donald franson.



THE MEMOIR

OF THE MEETINGS

OF THE LASFS

Jack Hamels
Reporting

THE MEETING was mumbled to order by Senior Committeeman Ernie Wheatley at 8:05 in the absence of Ted Johnstone, our equally-new Director. The former officers had been quietly removed, in a painless and humane fashion, of course. Guest Bruce Pelz, formerly of Tampa, ~~Florida~~ Florida, was introduced amongst uncontrollable booing and hissing... not that there is any anti-Florida sentiment in California, you understand.

Ted popped up at 8:08 to take over the meeting.

After the treasury Report (Balance after New Year's Eve Party expenses: \$89.87) there was discussion on the subject of how to plan LASFS parties so that any co-terminous events at Burbee's wouldn't steal the show.

Zeke made a pun and then we had to confront the fact that the pun can had been stolen by an adult waif from a rescue mission. We debated means of concealing the contents by means such as opaquing the jar with paint until Anna Moffit pointed out that there were always plenty of paper cups in the kitchen. We finally decided to have Rick Sneary, our new Treasurer, keep the pun fund along with the treasury. As Bjo put it, "I would just as soon the Treasurer absconded with it as anyone else." There followed heated discussion on arbitrating the ticklish matter of deciding which puns should be fined and the Director, the rat, assumed this all-powerful post for himself.

Appointment of minor officials: Stan Woolston was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms to succeed Djinn Faine, on the grounds that he only attended meetings twice a year. John Trimble was married to Shangri-l'affaires. Al Lewis was appointed temporary Gestetner Representative until Ted decided to appoint him permanently. Other Official Business: the last share of the Gestetner had been sold, to Bruce Pelz.

Forry stood up and announced that his Monstrous Co-Editor had been so impressed by the Xmas art supplement that his eyes had been opened to Fandom at last -- to the extent of a \$25 check to Shaggy. Someone revived Bjo and we proceeded onward.

The problem of cleanup after meetings was temporarily taken care of by allotting \$2 per meeting for Zeke to pay hired help.

When the Secretary announced a forthcoming local Sc**nt*lg* convention a wave

of unparalleled religious hysteria swept through the rank and file of LASFS. It was quelled only when the Secretary, in the interests of tolerance and peace on Earth opened a paper sack on the table and took out a huge futuristic pistol and loaded it. Everyone quailed before this Ultimate Weapon -- a four-shot plonker. After waving it around hysterically, the Secretary discharged all four plonks at the Director -- one of the ringleaders of the terrorists -- with deadly effect. Ted recovered sufficiently to outlaw the weapon as too horrible for warfare and so everyone had to wait till after the meeting to play with it.

The subject of the Fanquet came next. After three minutes of solid hinting, Robert Bloch, who had been steered to the meeting by Fritz Leiber, accepted the Toast Mastery. Bjo volunteered to persuade Bob by any means possible and was, so to speak, thrown into the breach.

*** 1169 th ***

Julie Jardine and Dick Geis were confirmed as a double-header Fanquet guest and it was further decided, after ominous smmmnicks! of plonker guns, that we would buy them each a plate. Barney Bernard mentioned that we were close to the anniversary of our meeting at Zeke's and suggested that we throw a small party to celebrate the occasion. We agreed, provided the small party be one Barney Bernard. Ackerman

murmured on the death of Nevil Shute and the destruction of Sodom and Gemmorah (belief in which should be taken with a pillar of salt) and the movie, "The Immoral Mr. Teas," featuring in its 62 minute length, two minutes that do not have vast expanses of naked female flesh. Movies are better than ever.

*** 1170 th ***

Forry murmured for awhile and introduced Donald A. Wollheim, out here for business and visiting. Don was, naturally, barraged with questions.

*** 1171 st ***

For once, Ted was on time and so the club was spared the weekly struggle for the gavel by the other officers. There was a twenty-minute hate session against John W. Jr's unspeakable editorial policies, such as having a lead story in which the protagonist mentioned the magic word "Analog," thrice in the first two pages but who was spared

the needless bother of having any problems or plot line because he could do anything with his psi powers. Further, the story was written by a thinly veiled anagram of Randall Garrett. Bruce Henstell, naturally, announced that he liked the story, since it was written by his favorite author.

Two first-time guests, who had been silent all evening, left hurriedly after Larry Ware demonstrated a watered-down version of a plonker -- a pirate pistol device that fired one plonk and had a second trigger that operated the zapgun compartment hidden in the forward sights.

The last major problem tackled that evening was the sneaker question, "What are mermaids good for?" We decided they were good for Friday.

*** 1172 nd ***

REVERENDLY SUBMITTED,

Scribe J. H.

STRANGE AND FANTASTIC BUSINESS



Prolegomenon to a study of the
Science Fiction and Fantasy Adven-
tures of Sherlock Holmes

by Dean W. Dickensheet, I.S., B.S.I.

"I think perhaps my favorite character in the Canon is James Phillimore, referred to in the opening of The Problem of Thor Bridge. What intrigues me is the brevity of the reference, yet in such an 'outré' connection-- '...Mr. James Phillimore, who, stepping back into his own house to get his umbrella, was never more seen in this world.' This, of course, has a very strong implication, and leaves one with the interesting question: 'Where was he seen?'"

Ted Johnstone, at a meeting of the
L.A. chapter of the Baker Street
Irregulars; October, 1959.

It would be difficult indeed to explain the curiously increasing correlation between the SF-Fantasy field, and that of Sherlockian research. Perhaps it stems from the wide extent of the two fields, for science fiction has involved historical figures from A. Lincoln to Cyrus, King of the Persians, while Sherlockiana has penetrated to such diverse publications as The Student Journal of the American Medical Assn. and a scholarly exegesis on the works of James Joyce; the two fields must meet not once but many times. Another factor is undoubtedly the dependence of both fields on extrapolation, for as Sherlock Holmes once wrote: "From a drop of water, a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other." And, naturally, there is that intangible pattern of mentality that makes it more the rule than the exception that both the Sherlockian and the SF and Fantasy enthusiast is addicted both to the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, and to a five line poetic form of supposed Irish origin. Nevertheless, the imminence of the formation of a society to students both of Dr. Watson's records of Sherlock Holmes and those of Mr. Edward D. Malone concerning Professor G. E. Challenger make the time appropriate for a preliminary investigation of those works of SF and Fantasy literature concerning Mr. Sherlock Holmes, consulting detective, of 221B Baker Street, London W.1.

Since this is a prolegomenon rather than a definitive treatise, I have eliminated many items of a peripheral nature. In addition to being of limited application, most of these items are difficult to obtain.

Foremost, chronologically, in our survey is Jules Castier's "Footprints on the Ceiling" in Rather Like (Lippincott, 1920)-- reprinted in Ellery Queen's anthology The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes (Little, Brown, & Co., 1944). The plot involves the engagement of Holmes to investigate the mysterious disappearance of Professor Challenger. It is a well-written satirical parody, with the two narrative styles skillfully interwoven. Regarding the connec-

tion of Sherlock Holmes with Professor Challenger the theory has been advanced that "the shocking affair of the Dutch steamship Friesland", which nearly cost Holmes and Watson their lives, concerned its sighting of Professor Challenger's captive pterodactyl on its way back to Maple-White-Land.

Anthony Boucher; author and editor in both SF and mystery fields and past-Bodmaster of the Scrowers, San Francisco chapter of the B.S.I.; has written three pieces relating Holmes to the SF field: "The Adventures of the Bogle-wolf", "The Greatest Tertian", and "The Anomaly of the Empty Man".

"The Adventure of the Bogle-wolf" deals humorously with Holmes' narration of a supernatural explanation of the story of Red Riding Hood to a child in the care of Dr. Watson. It was written for The Illustrious Client's 2nd Case-Book, edited for the Indianapolis chapter of the BSI by J.N. Williamson, and has not been reprinted.

"The Greatest Tertian" an excerpt from "Rom Gul's 'Tertain History and Culture', 12v, Kovis, 4739" records this e-t archeologist's contention that the greatest tertian was known by two similar names: Sherk Oms, and Sherk Sper. Although written for The Illustrious Client's 3rd Case-Book (Indianapolis, 1953), production delays allowed its pre-publication in Groff Conklin's anthology Invaders of Earth (Vanguard, 1952).

"The Anomaly of the Empty Man" was more intricately Sherlockian, concerning the investigations of the Detective of Non-Science, Dr. Horace Verner, of the disappearance of a man from inside his clothing; with some discussion of a counter-theory proposed by Dr. Verner's cousin who "enjoyed a certain fame as a private detective". It was Holmes' cousin, young Dr. Verner, who purchased Dr. Watson's Kensington practice at the behest of Holmes as recorded in "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder". There are, unfortunately far too many points of "artistic verisimilitude" in Mr. Boucher's account to discuss at length. First published in MoF&SF, April, 1952, it was reprinted with certain corrections in a Mystery Writers of America anthology, Crooks Tour (Dodd, Mead, 1953), and later collected in Mr. Boucher's Far and Away (Ballantine, n.d.).

August Derleth is also one of the most prolific writers of the Sherlockian pastiche. His chronicles of the adventures of Solar Pons and his colleague Dr. Lydon Parker now total three volumes (Mycroft & Moran), and several uncollected short stories. Only two, however, fall within our scope, both pastiches of pastiches done in collaboration with Mack Reynolds: "The Adventure of the Snitch in Time", and "The Adventure of the Ball of Nostradamus".

"The Adventure of the Snitch in Time" is pure comedy, based apparently on an idea of Mr. Reynolds, and involves trans-space-time communication by law officers in an attempt to prevent the theft of valuable works of art by a master criminal. It lacks plot development more than to make it only a sketch. Publication was in MoF&SF July, 1953.

"The Adventure of the Ball of Nostradamus" has greater depth and resemblance to the other Solar Pons stories. Appearing in MoF&SF, June, 1955, the story concerns a person possessing insight into the future who attempts to better the world by murdering children destined to become future dictators. Due both to the collaboration and to the nature of these works, it is unlikely that they shall ever appear in a Solar Pons collection.

Poul Anderson is also a member to the Scrowers of San Francisco.

He too has written three items germane to our survey: "The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound" (in collaboration with Gordon R. Dickson), "Time Patrol", and "The Martian Crown Jewels".

"The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound", a part of the notable "Hoka" series, deals with the search for a dope smuggler in an environment resulting from the Hokas' love of Earth literature -- the Sherlockian Canon in this case. There are Sherlockian errors, but it is as easy to ascribe them to the Hokas themselves as to their chroniclers. First appearing in Universe SF, December, 1953, the story was collected in Earthman's Burden (Gnome, 1957). Ed Cartier illustrated both appearances.

"Time Patrol" (MoF&SF, May, '55) concerned an investigation of the loss of an atomic time machine power-pack which involved "the Addleton tragedy and the singular contents of an ancient British barrow". This pastiche in miniature, mentioning no names, is among the cleverest uses of the character of Sherlock Holmes. In a more recent Time Patrol story, "Brave to be a King", Patrolman Everard is introduced reading "the lost narratives of Dr. Watson".

"The Martian Crown Jewels" is a locked space-ship narrative in which the investigation is undertaken by Syaloch, an ornithoid Martian residing on The Street of Those Who Prepare Nourishment in Ovens. Syaloch, with large-bowled pipe, favorite stringed instrument, and tirstokr hat, employs the methods of his illustrious predecessor with telling effect. Latest reprint of this story was in MoF&SF, April, 1959.

"The Return", by H. Beam Piper and John J. McGuire (Astounding SF, January, 1954) involves the singular experiences of a survey team sent to locate remnants of civilization after an atomic war. The surprise Sherlockian element is too fragile for this context.

"Confidence Game", by Jim Harmon (Galaxy, June 1957) shows little insight into the character of Holmes, being a novелlette of the Sunday-supplement, cocaine-syringe school.

The fan press, too, have published such matters. Edgar Ludwig, in the January 1955 issue of Inside & SFA, included an adventure of "Surly Holmes" and "Dr. Watchson" in a triptych titled "The Martian Who Hated People". More a deductive tour de force than a story, it possesses several admirable elements. As remote a sphere as Oz have seen Holmes and Watson, as they shared the field with A.J. Raffles in "The Cracksman of Oz", by Eleanor A. Arnason, in the January 1960 issue of All Mimsy, co-edited by Sherlockian Ruth Berman. Ellis Mills, recently accepted into the ranks of the Irregulars, produced a New Years greeting on the January 1960 issue of Nematode entirely in dancing men code.

I rather hope to be deluged with further items which I have overlooked. Too, I would especially like to see the sf touch applied to such untold cases as those of James Phillimore, of "The cutter Alicia, which sailed one spring morning into a small patch of mist from where she never again emerged," or so "Isadora Persano, the well-known journalist and duellist, who was found stark staring mad with a match box in front of him which contained a remarkable worm said to be unknown to science."

When these stories are written, I feel that the Irregulars will receive them with enthusiasm. After all, we've been wondering about them for years.

---dean w dickensheet.

BOOK REVIEWS

~~THE ANDROID AND I~~ *after a fashion*

by Mike Deckinger

THE ANDROID AND I, by Ike Askimov - This book impressed me as a very noble and sincere effort, by the author, who is well-known in the literary world as a teacher of cesspool digging at Venus University. Mr. Askimov has written several other books, but this ranks among the best, in sheer wordage and expressionism. He has managed to transfer many of his feelings and emotions into tangible ideas, which is a difficult thing to do.

The author has divided this book up into two sections: "How to be a Robot and Like It", and "How to Spell a Last Name Right". This volume is rightly intended as an instructional book, and should be of great help to the beginning reader. However, it is only fair to warn you that this is one of the author's more intellectual works, and should only be read by those having an IQ of 45 or over.

COC-GOO by Robot Agbug - At only 11, this phenominal and prolific author has sold the incredible amount of 3,756 stories to the pro market. Of these, 3,755 were sold to juvenile markets, while one story was sold to Simply Astounding Stories. In this 34-page novel, Mr. Agbug explores the mind of a two year old child as he makes his initial important discoveries concerning his environment. The book, though interesting reading, is a bit fantastic in spots, and one wonders whether the author ever shared the experiences of which he writes.

THE OLD DIE DEAD, by Horace Ghoul - Mr. Ghoul, the author of this book of short stories, is well known as the editor of GALACTIC magazine, which recently astounded the public by accelerating to a bi-weekly schedule. While this book contains several short stories, they are all connected by one or more links, and many characters appear throughout. It would be difficult for this reviewer to render a full synopsis of the book, but to just enter into the basics of the plot: A strange old man, Harry, dies leaving his wife Myrtle, who marries a friend, Bob. However, the police chief, Bill, announces that Harry may have been murdered, and Myrtle flees, only to be caught by Ted and Dick, who kidnap and hold her for ransom. The suspense element is supplied by Myrtle's attempts to rescue cousin Edgar from jail, condemned to hang for a crime to which he pleads innocent; suicide. Does Myrtle get her love? Will Edgar be hung? Who raped Aunt Millie in the cellar? Read this book for the answers.

BEST S.F., anthology edited by Gruff Clunkin - This is probably the best anthology I've seen in a long while, featuring two novels, three novellettes, and about a dozen short stories by the following outstanding writers: Henry Luttner, Lewis Radgett, Will Garth, C.H. Liddell, Paul Edmonds, Hudson Hastings, and Woodrow Wilson Smith. The purpose of this anthology, as Mr. Clunkin states, is to acquaint one with the various writers of science fiction's "Golden Era". The editor was very wise in his choices, as each one of these writers employs a unique and different style, which makes him one of a small group of outstanding writers in this literary field.

BOOK REVIEWS...After a Fashion -- 2

THE ARCTURIAN CHRONICLES, by Sugar Ray Badbury - This is simply not up to par with the author's other books, but it does have many things in its favor, including the sentimental, sometimes tearful episodes concerning the attempts to colonize Arcturus. There is really not that much to say about it, except that Ray clearly demonstrates how injecting nostalgia and homesickness into a book can louse it up.

THE SHAKER MYSTERY, by Richard S. Shaker - This is allegedly a true volume, describing the author's explorations and locations of an underground sewer system running through the Earth. It is shocking and terrifying in many spots. The mystery is, of course, from whence comes all the refuse that fills the sewers. The author makes some neat surmises, but I won't reveal them here. Be sure to rush out and buy the book, as the author really needs the money. He plans on financing an expedition to this underground system again, after reading a crudely scrawled message saying, "We want Drano". Makes interesting reading upon which to waste an hour or so.

---Mike Deckinger.

#

KEN: Do you know what this bear's name is?
His name is Teddy.

BRUCE: For Roosevelt?

KEN: No....for Bear!

PANDORA: I should have thought it'd be Winnie.

BRUCE: For Churchill?

PANDORA: No....for Pooh!

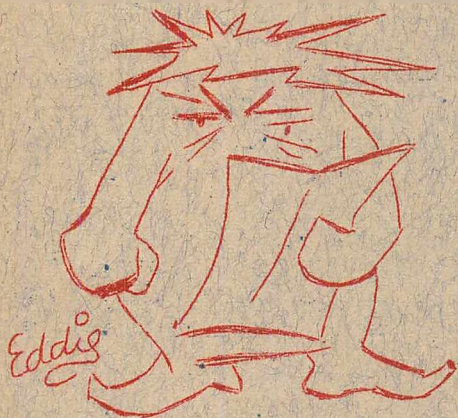
*Dialogues
At
Sunset*

(4)



in the QUO VADIS FANZINES

by Bob Lichtman



When John Trimble had this column in hand, back in what might soon be called The Better Days, he always had something to say before going into the reviews proper. But there's been nothing exceptionally brilliant or adverse in the fanzines of late, upon which to comment.

Of course, the fact that this is a blind column might have something to do with this; I've only received a comment or two on the first column

from various of my correspondents, who are probably trying to be nice about it. So I'll be looking forward to the lettercol in this SHAGGY with extreme interest.

All faneditors should get together and prepare a bouquet of Masterweave or something like that to thank Belle Dietz for her services to fandom in general, and fanzine fandom in particular, for the influx of genuine new fans is already noticeable. Han Santesson also deserves some kind of medal for putting fandom back in the spotlight in Fantastic Universe. It's too early yet to denote any trends due to this column, but it may be safely assumed that something good will result. New fans, if nothing else, are a good thing to have around. Without them fandom might soon draw in on itself and die a slow, horrible death.

But, enough philosophizing, let's get into the fanzines:

AMRA v2#9: George Schithers & Liz Wilson, Box 3682, Stanford, Calif.

20¢ per, 5/¢1 - irregular but frequent - 20pp - lithoed. In their quest for weird contents pages, AMRA seems to have hit the ultimate this time. I'd prefer things set up where I can scan them in one easy glance, so I don't care too much for this outre arrangement. I also note with glee that they forgot, in their scurry to be Different, to put in their subscription prices.

Leading off, behind a well-executed cover by Larry Ivie (on a very Adkins-ish theme), is a short item by de Camp on female pirates (pirettes, like), which was a bit too short. No sooner did he capture my interest than the article was done, and I was left with a feeling of indignation. I wanted to know more -- what there was was fine.

Best of the rest was a long article by Reg Bretnor on the subject of fantasy illustration. He brings up an item which has always bugged me: a lot of the time the reader has already built up a mental image of the monster, the hero, the pretty girl, etc., only to have it destroyed by the illustrations. This is particularly annoying on the pretty girl part: I have definite ideas of what is pretty in women, and for an artist to come along after I've conjured a lovely mental image and ruin it with an illustration is extremely grotching to me.

Other items include an article, incomprehensible to me, on "Who Was Crcm?", by Albert Gechter; a reasonably good poem by Grace Warren; a rather podantic article entitled "A Case For Conan the Cimmerian" by Ray Capella, which read much like these "Why I Like Science Fiction" articles in the new zines; a short but rather interesting editorial, and some notes from the readers.

The artwork this time isn't up to AMRA's past standards, in my opinion. Outside of the above-mentioned cover, which is nothing spectacular, the only outstanding item in the art department is the very unusual style of (apparently) new discovery Payne Drummond.

AMRA is well worth your time and money.

BHISMI'LLAH #1: Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, Calif. 10¢ per (though editor prefers trades and comment, in that order.) Irregular but frequent, 11 pages, dittoed.

There's not too much in this first issue, but it shows immense promise. Main seems talented enough in the art of doing up original hand-lettered dittoed headings; his work is reminiscent of that of old-time fan Joe Kennedy in this department. His artwork is also rather unusual. The green ditto for the typed matter is a bit hard on the eyes, though it's well dupered, and I'd suggest Andy switch to more readable purple at his earliest convenience. A minor grotch.

Best item in the issue is the editor's account (this is only the first part) of the trip he and another fan in his area, Rick Marcuse, made to Los Angeles by bicycle. Extremely interesting writing and very interest-holding.

Almost as good is Les Cerber's amusing "factual" article on the mental tortures he went through waiting for his copy of RETRIBUTION #14. There's also a short bit of fancy by "Gideon Q. Bumberton," and an informative editorial.

BISMI'LLAH is well worth watching, for future developments.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #136: Busbixii, Weber, etc., Box 92, 920 3rd Ave. Seattle 4, Wash. 25¢ per, 5/¢1, 12/¢2 (or 1/9 per, 7/-, 14/- from John Berry, U.K. Agent.) Monthly, 45pp, mimeo & multigraph.

CRY returns after its giant Annish; evidently even Annish-thesia doesn't faze the CRYgang, for this 45-pager is quite impressive. Nearly one-half of the issue is taken up by John Berry's excellent The Goon Goes West, this time dealing with his travels from Detroit to Seattle (but not quite getting there).

The lettercolumn is back in its old ways again, with Wally loosening up his grips, throwing away his shears, and going all-out for a 19-page array of comments. This is heartening to see after the gloomy predictions that went around several months ago about the future of the column under the Weber dictatorship.

The prozine review col is with us again, though no sign is given that it'll be a permanent fixture once more. Renfrew/Buz manages to turn in a no-more-than-usually harried job of reviewing, all on two stencils. Other material includes the excellent-as-usual minutes by Wally Weber, and a cogent editorial (with which I don't agree) by F.M. Busby.

CRY has been rather unbalanced these past months, what with the Berry extravaganza taking up near half of each issue, and the letter column eating up most of the rest, but it's still one of the best. Don't miss it!

EXCONN #7: Bob Lambeck, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Mich., 10¢ per, 10/31. Approximately 6-weekly, 19pp, mimeo.

This is not a Really Good Zine by a longshot, but this current issue is several times better than the last one. The mimeowork, on yellow paper except for the pink cover, isn't up to last issue, what with an excess of offset, but it's quite above the average mimeo-zine. Artwork is down a notch from last time, mostly due to the absence of Mike Hinge's work.

Lead item this time is "The Jewels of Timbar," a Conan story by Joe Casey which is not particularly good (but I don't like Conan stories, so I'm in no position to judge). A short poem, "I, Merlin,"

by George Wagner, isn't any better. Peggy Cook's "And They Are Mild" has a rather good punchline, ruined for me only by the fact that the "Sir Bagby" comic strip in the local paper has been running a situation similar to that lately. Otherwise, very amusing.

However, EXCONN's forte seems to be its reviews, editorials, and letter column. Mike Deckinger does a good job of reviewing the fanzines, as does Lambeck; Lambeck writes a pair of interesting editorials, one at each end of the zine; and the letter section is well-edited and -written.

In fact, if Bob would make a review-and-chatterzine out of EXCONN, he would have the makings of a good replacement for the late DISJECTA MEMBRA, as well as a good zine in its own right.

METROFEN #3: Les Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, N.Y. 10¢ per, 3/25¢, no schedule listed, 14 pages, mimeo.

Gerber is doing a good job with this OO of the now-defunct Met-rofen club of New York, and it should get better as it continues.

The only artwork is the unusual-looking cover by Reiss which seems to depict a crowd of the New York alcoholic-bohemian fans laughing and pointing at little Les Gerber, who is walking off sorrowfully. At least, that's my interpretation.

Inside: Les has a combined contents-editorial page, somewhat reminiscent of the CRY's Page 3, but not overly so. Two reprints this time: John Berry has his "Psychology of the Gafiate" (which is rather minor, strangely), and Harry Warner, Jr., compares fans of 1938 with those of 1951. He might do well to write an original follow-up to this for Les, comparing fans of 1951 with those of 1960. The difference would probably be equally amazing. Larry Ivie has a column of MetroMinutes, which aren't particularly good. Les Gerber has some well-written fanzine reviews, Ed Meskys has the second installment of his column, which is poles apart from his rather dull first (this'n is better, like), and there is a short lettercol. METROFEN seems to be shaping up into something worthwhile; I'd like to see a good selection of significant, non-ephemeral reprints in future issues, with just a smattering of original stuff. Gerber wants people to send in reprints; how about someone sending him the better stuff from such zines as SPACEWARP, FANTASITE, and SPACEWAYS, to mention just a few?

REMAINDERS: YANDRO has come out with its 7th Annish, which features a fine Adkins cover and an interior art folio by such as Adkins, Barr, Gilbert, Johnson, Prosser and Bjo; best of written material - MZB's column, and TEWhite's review of Vonnegut's The Sirens of Titan. NEW FRONTIERS sports a Dollens cover, with interior articles by Poul Anderson, Bob Olsen and Stanton Coblentz.

THE PSEA EXPERIMENTS

by
E. Mitchem Cox, Dd.T.

I have been asked to give an account of the series of ill-fated experiments that I and a number of assistants undertook some months ago in an attempt to determine the colour of the psea.

Anybody who has had any experience with atlases well knows the apparent indecision of numerous explorers and cartographers through the centuries, as he notes the conflicting complexity and variation in the names of the pseas. Such as the Red Psea, the Barents Psea, the Yellow Psea, the Greenland Psea, the Black Psea, and a great many more. Some of these colours are entirely unrecognizable to me and are not known in the spectrum by any of the experts I consulted. The question was, and is, why did not the discoverers of these pseas name them as they saw them? Where are the Blue Pseas and the Green Pseas (those being the two major colours one encounters while looking upon a psea)?

It was with these profound problems in the forefront of our minds that the expedition got under way several months ago. Besides the crew, I had with me on the USS Analogistic, my two chief lieutenants Faversham and Gridley, a number of subalterns and a great mass of complex scientific equipment, some of which was quite beyond us. It was our plan to cruise the pseas and conduct experiments to find out why they were so named. With us we took also a great amount of photographic equipment. Illustrating these pages will be a number of plates. These are samples of psea water in transparent containers placed on a light-box. Note the amazing diversity of colour types.

"The trouble is," I said to Gridley, "that no two people psee the psea in exactly the psame way. We must use pscientific instruments." Our first major attempt took place in the Coral Psea. We endeavoured to get the "long record" and the "short record." I sent Gridley out with his equipment in a longboat, and entrusted Faversham with the job of getting the other half of the data. I stood on the bridge and watched them for some time before I realized that it would never do. The records would not give the proper contrast when shown through the projectors, because they had both gone out in longboats!

I then set about to gain a photographic record of the colour of the psea so as to compare the results with the impression as received by our eyes. I set Gridley and Faversham to photographing the psea around us with Polaroid Psea Cameras. We used these so we could compare the prints almost immediately with the actual scene before us. Impatiently, we waited a full minute for the prints, then feverishly tore them off the back of the Psea Cameras. I looked at them.

"Pscmething is wrong with our eyes!" I exclaimed. "Look, the psea shows up as a gray! What we psee is a bluish blue! Another set-back!"

"But psir!" exclaimed Gridley. "These Polaroid Psea Cameras are Black and White only, and do not photograph in full stereophonic

THE PSEA EXPERIMENTS 2

BLUE

#47

colour! What did you expect?"

I sent him below.

We steamed about the globe for several weeks, dipping up psamples of the pseas and photographing them on the light-box (see illustrations). Then one day I got a tremendous idea.

"Our trouble is," I told Faversham one morning as we cruised out of the Psea of Japan, "we are looking at the psea as humans."

"We are that," he replied. "Human, that is."

"Quite," I said, "and that is our trouble. What the psea is really like -- the true colour -- should be apparent only through the eyes of a fish!"

"Ay, a capital idea!" he replied.

"I'm glad you think so," I said. "I'm sending you down in a skin-diving rig immediately. Find a large fish and confer with it."

Despite his protests that he couldn't swim, and other trivial reasons, he was cast over the side complete with flippers, a Psea Camera, and a box of Plunkett's Goldfish Flakes. We conversed over the intercom as he sank into the depths. He reported that the blue soon turned to a green and became darker as he went down. This indicated that the dyes must settle toward the bottom. He then reported that a large fish was approaching. I listened with intense excitement as he became incoherent in his description of a twenty-foot shark, or something like that. At about this time an unusual noise occurred over his transmitter.

"Faversham! What's happened?" I cried.

"It's swallowed me whole!" he babbled.

"What do you see in your light?" I questioned, interested.

"Teeth!" he cried. Then something caused his transmitter to cease before I could enquire as to whether they had any yellow or not.

Despite this setback, and the strange absence of Faversham, we carried on. It was as we entered the Barents Psea that I noticed a strange complexity to the colour situation. The mate and I were standing on the bridge, looking out over the psea, when I noticed that it was white!

"Why is it white?" I exclaimed. "And to the south it is blue, but speckled! I also note my fingers are blue!"

"Tha' be t' pack ice!" he exclaimed. "T' th' so' be t' bergs! H'and put ter gliv's back on!"

It was an odd fact, and I noted in my journal that the blue psea becomes white when in solid form. No end of scientific complexity in the world around us.

At about this time the high point of the expedition took place. Gridley came running up from below waving a great fistful of ticker-tape.

"I've found it, sir! I've done it!" he cried,

GREEN

WITH PUCE

#86

"VIOLET" - AFRICAN

#1/4

RED

(UN- INVESTIGATED)

BLUE

#78

GREEN

#78

FOOF

#78

JAPANESE

PSEA WATER

RED

#179

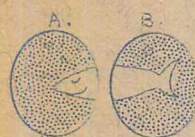
X-1

RED

PSEA WATER

#10

BLACK - NEW OUTLOOK



REAL PSEA WATER



PSEA WEED

#72 1/2

RUSSET WITH JUST A TEENSY TOUCH OF CEMISE EDGED DAINITY BUT TASTEFULLY WITH VIOLET!



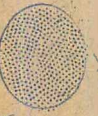
#74



BARENT PSEA WATER (SOUTH)



YELLOW PSEA WATER



YELLOW #64

(UNIDENTIFIED AS YET)



YELLOW MINUS PERSODENT



COLD WHITE #4



C. D.

throwing tape into the air.

I unwound some from my pipe. "What is it, Gridley?"

He explained that he had rigged the spectrophotobolometer so that it would analyze the dye content in a sample of psea-water, transmit this information to a key-punch which would punch a tape to be fed into a Geniac computer. This in turn would analyze the information and in turn transform it into symbol form, push it through a printer, which would then give us a tape identifying the exact colour of the psea water in terms any child could understand.

"Quickly, then," I cried, "dip up a sample of the Barents Psea and we will find out the true colour of it, for, as you can psee, to our mere humanoid eyes it appears white, blue, and blue-and-white!"

We quickly lowered somebody down on a rope and they scooped up a measuring cup full of the psea. We then ran down below and poured it into a funnel which led into the spectrophotobolometer. We anxiously awaited the result. A half hour passed and not a sound or a flashing light.

"What's wrong, Gridley?" I asked, on the verge of disappointment. He had just finished checking it out thoroughly.

"Everything seems to be set up correctly," he said. "I can't imagine what could -- oh!" He stopped abruptly.

"What is it?"

"I forgot to plug it in," he said, blushing furiously.

"He did so, and it roared into action, a bank of lights flashing, and a tone oscillating from lows to highs and back again. As a sign flashed "TILT" a tape appeared from somewhere within. Gridley took it and ran it into the Geniac. We waited again; more flashing lights. I felt we were on the brink of a major breakthrough discovery in the annals of scientific experimentation. Then the printer chattered into action and a small card dropped into a receiving basket. We rushed forward eagerly and scooped it up. It read:

"Colour: barents. Wt. 175 lbs. You may receive an important letter any day now. The Sun is in Aquarius, the Waterman. Be careful."

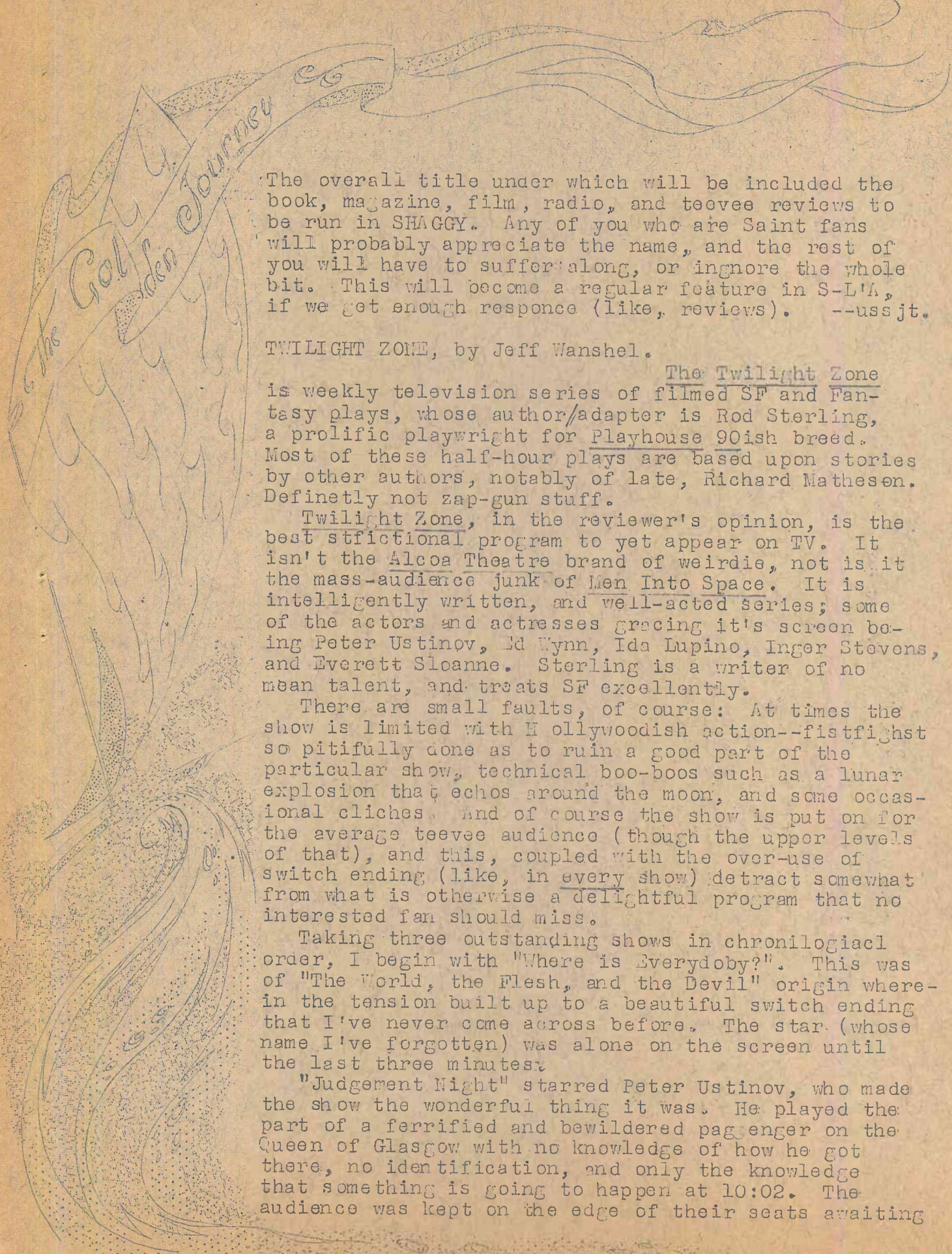
They told me, now, that that was when I went under. The strain of weeks of tedious scientific research -- for it is not glamorous -- had taken their toll.

But now that I am recovering, I remember, and do know that the basic colours of the pseas haven't been discovered yet --- we only thought they had!

THE MERCIFUL END

- - - E. Mitchem Cox, Dd.T.

MORDOR IN 64!



The overall title under which will be included the book, magazine, film, radio, and teevee reviews to be run in SHAGGY. Any of you who are Saint fans will probably appreciate the name, and the rest of you will have to suffer along, or ignore the whole bit. This will become a regular feature in S-L'A, if we get enough response (like, reviews). --ussjt.

TWILIGHT ZONE, by Jeff Wanshel.

The Twilight Zone is weekly television series of filmed SF and Fantasy plays, whose author/adaptor is Rod Sterling, a prolific playwright for Playhouse 90ish breed. Most of these half-hour plays are based upon stories by other authors, notably of late, Richard Matheson. Definetly not zap-gun stuff.

Twilight Zone, in the reviewer's opinion, is the best sfictional program to yet appear on TV. It isn't the Alcoa Theatre brand of weirdie, not is it the mass-audience junk of Men Into Space. It is intelligently written, and well-acted series; some of the actors and actresses gracing it's screen being Peter Ustinov, Ed Wynn, Ida Lupino, Inger Stevens, and Everett Sloanne. Sterling is a writer of no mean talent, and treats SF excellently.

There are small faults, of course: At times the show is limited with Hollywoodish action--fistfight so pitifully done as to ruin a good part of the particular show, technical boo-boos such as a lunar explosion that echos around the moon, and some occasional cliches. And of course the show is put on for the average teevee audience (though the upper levels of that), and this, coupled with the over-use of switch ending (like, in every show) detract somewhat from what is otherwise a delightful program that no interested fan should miss.

Taking three outstanding shows in chronologiocl order, I begin with "Where is Everydoby?". This was of "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil" origin where-in the tension built up to a beautiful switch ending that I've never come across before. The star (whose name I've forgotten) was alone on the screen until the last three minutes.

"Judgement Night" starred Peter Ustinov, who made the show the wonderful thing it was. He played the part of a ferrified and bewildered passenger on the Queen of Glasgow with no knowledge of how he got there, no identification, and only the knowledge that something is going to happen at 10:02. The audience was kept on the edge of their seats awaiting

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY 2

the coming of that time, while the tension mounted.

"And Then The Sky Was Opened" concerned the return of three space-men from outer space. One of the men vanished from the face of the earth to exist only in one of his crewmate's memory, and everything else was changed so that there was no sign that he ever existed. Just why the man disappeared was very vague, but the suspense quality of the show made up for that.

The TZ productions of "Third From The Sun", and "The Last Flight" were excellently done, with the latter being marred slightly by a somewhat ridiculous ending.

In all, "The Twilight Zone" is well worth watching, even though the level of writing has been slipping of late. I still recommend the series highly as the best SF fare in the TV screen.

UNFAMILAR HAUNTS by Pandora

MORE GHOSTS IN IRISH HOUSES, by James

Reynolds, pub. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy.

Quite aside from the contents, this is one of the loveliest books I've seen in a long time. In this day of paper back books, and I have no complaint against them, really, it is a special pleasure to hold a beautifully bound book filled with soft, heavy paper which has been printed in bold, legible letters. It is a further pleasure to find glossy illustrations of paintings as well as many excellent black and white drawings. And, to top it all off, the book is enclosed in a dust jacket that is really a water color painting of one of my favorite subjects, a haunted castle.

The author calls this collection "representative of the intensely personal Irish ghost." For me, these could only be Irish in origin.

Read, for example, the tale of "Lira from The Sea" which take place in and around the house of Ballymorony, County Sligo. The Morony family make their claim that the legend of the Lady from the Sea, or Little Mermaid, is theirs originally and belongs to no one else.

The story itself has all the ingredients necessary to make a tingling ghost story. The Beautiful daughter of the Sea God, Lir, left the sea for love of a mortal man, in his case Desmond Morony. Her shimmering skin she slipped off before leaving her home and gave it to Desmond with instructions to hide it well, for to see it again would make her longing for home unbearable. Years went by and the Moronys had six children. Then one day she found her bundle of glistening scales and the following day, while on a water picnic with her children, enfolded herself with the skin and with her baby on her shoulder leaped into the sea. After that, one by one, each year, her children were claimed by Lira. The tale goes that Lira returned to kiss her husband late one night before he left Ireland and that since that time she makes periodic visits to the house. Many people from the vicinity around Ballymorony have seen Lira, usually as she rests in the sun on a rock near the house and cares for her baby.

This is only one of the many stories offered by the author and I would recommend the entire volume to anyone who shares my fascination for these beings of unrest and the circumstances that caused them to wander the earth.

CORN ON THE GLASSTIT by Robert Coulson

You know, it's real fine,
the way they're showing all these science fiction films on the teevee

I mean, you just can't see all of the shows in theaters; there are too many of them. So I never miss an opportunity to see one of these fine movies when it appears on teevee.

Right now I'm watching "Fire Maidens Of Outer Space". The noble spaceship crew is being manaced by whooshing meteors. According to sft movies, the Gods hate spaceships -- they certainly throw enough rocks at them.

By George! Here they've just landed on an alien planet (it's supposed to be the 13th moon of Jupiter, but what the hell -- an alien planet is an alien planet) and someone is throwing rocks at the crew. Rockiest damned picture I ever watched.

Aha! A scream for help! The plot thickens. "This could be very important," says our hero. Particularly to the girl who is creaming.

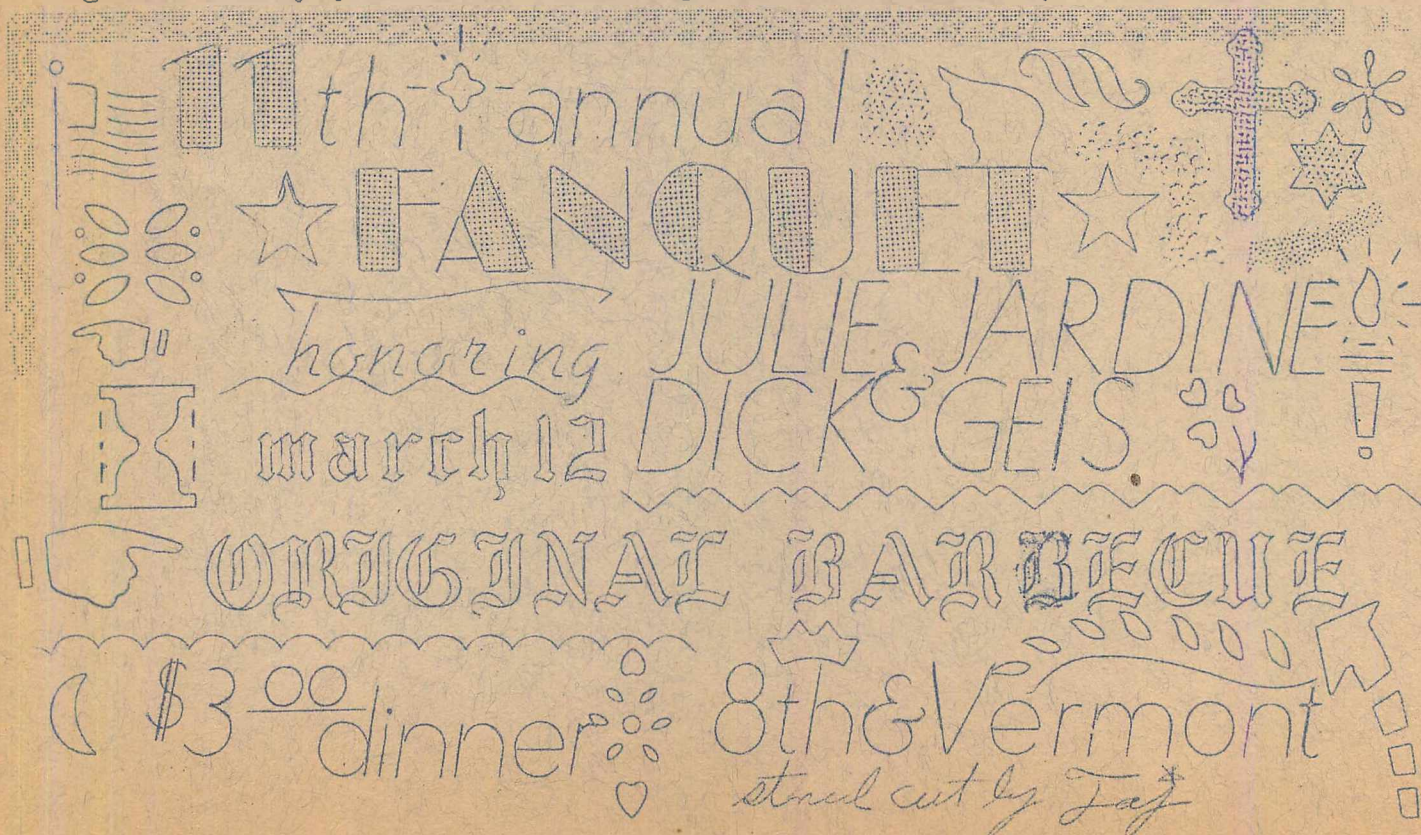
You know, I think that the concepts in this show may overwhelm me before it's over. Atlantis has just been dragged in by the heels. "Food and drink will provide the necessary sustenance", says the wicked high priest. Everyone seems to go around pointing out the obvious.....I know the characters aren't too bright, but there's a limit...

Oh yes: this is the one where the heroes are kidnapped and drugged by the wicked priest who wants them to mate with a bevy of beautiful girls, all he should have to do is just ask po litely and then step aside to avoid being trampled.

Well -- something new in movies. A helpful monster. Just knocked off the evil high priest (though I still don't see what's so evil about "forcing" the hero to marry one or more beautiful babes).

But, like all monsters, he doesn't know when to quit. Menacing the heroine. Stupid beast. Silly-looking, too, but I suppose that's not his fault.

All's well that ends well, and like that. I still think the heroes are pretty dumb to go back home and send another ship out for the girls. They just don't know a good thing when they see it.



(picking a bone w/ Shaggy)



MORTON P. BLOTHERGHAST, 984 s. Normandie ave., los Angeles 6, Floriada

Gee I read the last issue that came out recently and boy I liked it and I noticed that in the ~~Ed~~ Tables of Contents page it said that is'n I don't write a letter to comment on it then I wont get the next issue and boy I want a copy of the nextd issue when it comes out..

I bet when other peolpe write they talk about all kinds of thi gs but not me I'M going to start with the cover since that/s where the magazine begins. ~~xxxxxx xxxxx~~ Anyway I din't know what to think when I first looked at it because I didn't know if it was a picture of that Ron Ellik wit h a bushy tail or a sort of symbolic phallic symbol flying off into space or something but now I think I8m sure that it wasn't.

hey I noticed on the editoriail page that you are in the market to get things about books and magazines and stuff whic h I think more fans should read because I think sciencefictionm is what is the beginning of all this anyway. So could I know how you go about this thing because I8m very keen y interested in sceincefiction. How much do you pay for a n article, anway?

Hey is it really true that this guy Bjo has more freckless than anybody? I liked his column but how come what I mwan is if youre driving down Sunset to Union Station what happens then if you don't belong to the Union? I think I'll move out there someday because I uderstand all the fans are too and I'm getting pretty interested in fandom beside ~~xx~~ of sciencefiction which ir really my first ~~1st~~ well it is more interesting to me more than fandom is right now but you never can tell.

Say there is sure a lot of fanzines around aren;t there that this guy reads how does he read all of them anyway? I would like to send for somebuth I think it cost too much to get all of them besiees I wouldn8t have the time to read all of them anyway. But it sure is nice to read the reviews and so if I wanted to get some.

Oboy that article by Ed Cox sure was good and I likedit. Whe were all those peop;e he was talking about do they reallu live somewhere? What was that guril going to do to taht guy and please tell me what is "ZOTZ!2 anyway. Alos while I think of it what is TAFF ytu were talking about earlier in the magazine?

Anyway I likedthe report by Ted Johnstone because I am wlways interested in things about science-fiction clubs and would someday like to join one except my town is too small and I8m the only one in the whole town ~~who~~ who could join it since I'M the only one who reads science fiction an if I did I'd be the only one and I'd be bach right where i started from whith me being the only one. See?

How come Coulson thinks that there is more than one kind of fan since all fand they read s 2ince ficdion and they are fans even if they go to clubs or write for magazines and besides it would be like a Dodger fan calling a St. Louis fan not a base~~ball~~ fan because he didn8t like the dodgers (the sT. Louis fan, I mean).

I want to know about Ron Ellik he isn't really an animal is he I mean hes a real person not just a mane somebody thought up because there really is a squirrel somebody owns that they call Ron Ellik a d somebody elae is really writing all this and saying that is is by Ron Ellok who actually is a squirrel? Anyway I liked it, even if it is a squirrel since I thot it was good. What is the NFFF?

It sure souted like lots of fun to ga back from the convetion all those people in the big long report in the ~~xxx~~ back I mean. Someday I'M going to go to one and talk to all the others pe ple about sceincefiction. It will be fun and of course I wont bea ble to walk to them so good about it since I just started to read it a month ago when so,ebody lend me a copy of Shangri LaAffaire magasine which isn't as

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good as "Analog" which is my favorite because I just started reading it but is good.

Well I guess that is about all of how much I can say about my first issue of Shangri LAffairs which is my second favorite sciencefiction magazine after @ANALOG" only how come the writing is reading the wrong way on half of the last page (on Shargri LA FFairs I mean not ANALOG). You should get a small name easy to say like HNALOG really since is such muc easier to write too. Anyway I like your magazine and I hope it wont be my last as this is my first letter to a mazine and I hope since I am interes ed in sceince-fiction and other people are. Too. Thank you and hoping you a e the same. Sciencefictionally yours,

PS: I REad somemore of Shaggie closer and d scover that Bjo is a girl after all and please leave out that part if you by some chance s ould happen to print my letter the first one I ever wnotre to a magazine. Thanks!.' (mort)

((May I suggest that you sign up now for an intensive study of the sciences, Mort? There are many really wonderful courses you can study at home to prepare you for the future. OUR future; and of the world! Actually, engineering is fairly simple for one of your obvious intellect, and inexpensive, too. All you need is a T-square, a ball-point pen, a slide rule, and a dowsing rod or two.))

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland

There should be something said about your spectacular success in putting it ((the Xmas issue)) into the mails at the proper moment to reach me on Christmas Eve. It was such perfect timing and had such a fine effect on my Christmas spirits that I'm going to put the supplement where I can find it next year to read again on Dec 24, just in case this double delivery should exhaust the reproductive abilities of Los Angeles fandom in such extreme fashion that you don't bear fruit in like manner next December.

Most of the artwork, prose, and poetry seem to mingle remarkably well, in view of the fact that so many contributors couldn't have known what the others were providing. It's the effect of the whole, not its parts that is so overwhelming.

It's also excellent evidence of how rapidly fandom has matured in creative ability. It hasn't been too long since there just weren't enough people in fandom with high-class writing and drawing ability to put out a spectacular of this sort.

I would quibble with the editorial in #47. I hadn't heard this whispering campaign and it may not have been as widespread as you suspected, although I did keep up with the Dhog incident. Somehow I doubt if you'd find general agreement if you polled fandom to prove that TAFF is the most worthwhile thing in fandom. Depending on the pollee, you get a lot of votes for NFFF, the conventions, the ayjay groups, and Bloch. It seems to me that TAFF has now reached the same situation that a predecessor in international relations, the League of Nations, found itself a few years back. A change in name and some alteration in procedure might remove it from the present status as being the thing that is used as subject matter, every time someone feels like starting a rumble. It's been the center of so many fusses that people seem to use it out of sheer force of habit.

You people are giant publishing giants.

((The Christmas art supplement to Shaggy 47 was a resounding success in more ways than anyone expected. A list of some 50 or so artists was compiled, a request and explanation of the idea Gestetnered and sent out. We didn't have the addresses of everyone and sent stacks of mail to other fanzines to be remailed for us. Of all those requests, we figured that maybe fourteen or fifteen would answer if we were lucky; but we'd probably only get about 6 answers. We got 31 cartoons and illos! Not to mention the fans who wrote in to explain why they couldn't contribute to the issue. Counting all replies, we got somewhere between an 80 and 90% return. Fantastic? An advertising man tells me that a 5% return on a National scale is good; a 50% return impossible.))

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LESLIE GERBER, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, NY

I intended to comment on Shaggy #45, but before I wrote #46 arrived. And I wrote a letter of comment on #46, but before I could mail it #47 arrived. I'm going to mail this as soon as I can in hopes that #48 doesn't arrive first.

The reason that this is finally getting into the US mail is that it is beginning to penetrate my thick skull to my thin brain that if I don't get on the ball, I might miss the next issue. This thought fills me with genuine horror and stimulates the production of this sloppy messive (5¢ enclosed).

Anyway, I'm writing. Shaggy #47 was an outstanding issue, even for Shaggy (see my review in METROFEN #3, which should be mimeoed this Saturday), and I have no doubts that John will do as good a job as Al's been doing with the written material. Those terrific cute allos are still sprinkled all over like stardust, giving me a nice chuckle every time I turn a page. I'm glad to see you're encouraging Bruce Henstell, and his first effort is impressive indeed; when I was his age, I was running around the Hotel Biltmore collecting autographs and kicking Harlan Ellison in the pants. The christmas card is a fine piece of work; the art is uneven but mostly good, with a few outstanding samples (notably those by Jones, Prosser, Nelson, Bjo, Simpson {shudder}, Cawthorne, and Barr) but with nothing I didn't like. (And how did you get that effect with Gilbert's allos?) The written material is all outstanding, especially the pieces by Harry Warner, Bloch (who is at his most superb), and Bjo. I call this an outstanding project, and I have no doubts that it will elate Walt Willis.

So please keep me on the mailing list, and I'll try to find something to do to earn my Shaggy's. You need some book reviews? I can offer you some of my superlatively critical book reviews which have been praised by such worthies as Terry Carr, who called them "infantile" when they first appeared.

Love (see?),

/s/ Les

((Send those reviews; we'll be the judge of whether they are more or less "adult" than other reviews we've read, OK? Only thing, be prepared to be asked to rewrite; we're really bad about that. We edit all over the place, but would prefer the author to do some of his own work on the subject))

ELMER PERDUE, 2125 Baxter St., Los Angeles 39, Calif.

Meretricious - not listed in dictionary

Meretricious - adj. 1. Of, pertaining to, characteristic of, or being, a prostitute; having to do with harlots; as, meretricious traffic.

2 Alluring by false show; gaudily and deceitfully ornamental; tawdry; as, meretricious dress, style, composition

Meretrix - Latin. A harlot or prostitute.

Roots: Merere (Latin), to earn or gain (money)

Trix (Latin suffix), a female agent in noun forms

For information in selecting 'zine titles. You're welcome.

/s/ God

((Someone asked me in all seriousness why we used such a terrible word for a Christmas issue, ignoring the second definition of it, and the pun entirely. I almost said that we called it that because it was such a b*tch*n' thing to put out, but reconsidered. Actually, the pun is an old one))

MAGGIE CURTIS, Fountain House, RD#2, Saegertown, Penna.

Sitting on the desk in front of me is a manila envelope containing a Christmas one-shot, a Fanac poll-sheet, and a Shaggy. It came in the mail yesterday, along with a Yandro, a postcard from a local fan, and a letter from Walt Kelly. Wow, what a day's mail!

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First--one-shot known to the wincing fan as Meretritions. Such offerings as those of Zuber, Nelson, Bjo (of course), Barr, and Gurney gave me a great deal of enjoyment. The outstanding item in the zine, however, was "The Littlest Fan". This shall go down in the history of the microcosm. Hooray for Bjo!

I'm sorry that "Ab&tCaoyeayl7thwS-fckayDaAD19&59(whew)ldM&hhrwJSatynogn-1&omoSb:uaoYCwyw&EotM" has finally come to an end. For that matter, I'm sorry the Detention had to come to an end.

I think that this is all I have to say at the moment. Why don't you print something with which I disagree violently so that I can comment more at length?

((We have said a controversial thing or two; we just haven't hit any of your sore spots as yet, or you'd find something to argue about, right? Maybe we could just misspell your name again.. ## Why don't you send in something; preferably about Walt Kelly? Hmmm?))

EDDIE JONES, 72, Antonio St., Bootle 20, Lancs, England

To the music of Martin Denny in Hi-Fi.

Thanks for the bumper, two-part, coming away at the staples Shaggy 47 that just about made 72 Antonio St. Next time you people send such a large parcel this way may I suggest it be sent in a packing case, as the postal people seem to take a fiendish delight in mutilating fat envelopes, especially if they contain fanzines.

The Christmas Supplement came as a bit of a shock. I didn't think there were so many available artists in fandom; I thought we were a dying race. My own reason for not attempting as much fan-art as in the past is, in part, money--fan-art doesn't pay, and the time it takes to produce five or six fanzine illos could be taken up with one cash-type illo; the kick is still there, and you get paid, too! Don't get me wrong, I haven't turned "filthy pro" yet; I still illo for some of the better class fanzines when I have a spare hour or two, and most editors still get through to me for the odd cartoon. But the current fanzines don't have the atmosphere they used to have, and in most cases they just don't seem worth the effort. Brace yourself less, egoboo coming up. Shaggy's worth the effort, so what do you need, huh?

Can LASFS go as far as a litho or photostencil cover for every issue, or just special ones?

((To the music of Sleeping Beauty in medium fi.... Like, wow! We're more than egoboo'd, we're bowled over. No, Shaggy is not a rich fanzine, and Gestafax stencils cost \$2.50 per each. But we can fill a Gestafax with all sorts of stuff and cut it up later. Like, if we have a nice design for a cover that doesn't fill the whole 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 space, we can fill it up with an intricate small illo and paste that one into another stencil (using an old stencil to fill up the cut-out space, of course). This way we manage to get quite a bit out of our \$2.50. And believe me, we won't quibble about it if you send a cover that warrants photo-stencilling! We just can't do it every issue, And thanx!))



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((I'm wondering what little plots are being hatched down at Mr. Summerfield's playground. Who is P--- V. Tahiti? And why is New York mailing prints? Or is that code for a Prince? Whose throne is about to topple? What have you discovered, Alan? Watch dark streets and alleys.))

JONATHAN S. ROOT, 206 E. 25th, NYC 10, NY

I notice from "Picking a Bone" that fanzines tend to arrive with other fanzines; this of Shaggy, as befitting the season, went one better and arrived with my Dan's Christmas present--a decanter of Peter Dawson and a case of India Pale Ale! Father swings.

So I may be a bit fuzzy by the time I finish.

Keep this man Gurney! The only man to whom he owes apologies is Bob Mills, for sending the stuff to you first. I will except III, and that sort of poem has been done better. But there is more life in the first two than Ferdinand Freebish has shown in years. The man is good, and should herewith be exempted (in print at least) from the pun fund for life.

From the Hallowe'en Party report, I note a curious and unsettling coincidence: Bjo took the "Most Sexy" award with a costume featuring two tails--a pony tail, and matching caudal appendage. Anyone remember the costume with which Ellie Turner won that award at the Solacon? Surely it can't be the subliminal effect of a double entendre, but what is this strange fascination of LASFandom for women with two tails...?

Could it be that each future ish of Shaggy will feature a song from Swingin' Ted Johnstone as good as this one? Ah, that were paradise indeed!

Somehow the conrep (has anyone called on "In Detention" yet, or is that too obvious?) seemed a little down this from last time--possibly because during this stage the reporters were too busy interacting to record in depth. I look forward to the report on the fanned's panel--could anyone keep a cool enough head to record any of that glorious melee?

Mentions: The Princess and the Goblin, Random House's Looking Glass Library, \$1.50, one of the best fairy tales I've ever read, and it's not at all well-known. It's literate, treuely charming, and believable--and unusually rich in the sense of wonder.

I'm amazed at the way you types stick to your pubbing sked; you must work your tails off (that word again!) out there. I'm impressed, not to say friendishly homesick. Shag is always a bright splotch on the pattern (even the issue I got that was collated backwards). Fannishly, NY is a very dead scene, and I miss the life you guys lead. Keep up the good work and maybe I'll make it back to Shangri-LA this summer.

((I'm quite sure now that there is something about the way Shaggy gets delivered to various fans. Peter Dawson, indeed! ## The tail Bjo wore to the Hallowe'en Party was borrowed from Ellie. LASFandom really is just fascinated by tails. ## The FanEds Panel was recorded, and promised to us for publication. We've heard nothing more, and all supplications have failed. ## Got any more of those good Jock Root reviews--hint?))

Such for the bones, now the KIBBLES: Such as DON FRANSON, who was crogged, amazed, and astounded (and analoged, too) at the Xmas issue, notes the change-of-editors, with a new one to hate, agrees with the DNQeditorial, and sends along a sub. ((But Don, along with your sub, letters, and material, we're going to owe you SLA to #35,974!)) And Ted White, who wants to know "Why were we cut from the SHAGGY mailing list? Surely the VOIDS which mounted up from March until July were enough to guarantee a couple more issues, or you could have checked a box or something...?...likewise, do you intend to trade for GAMBIT or anything else I might put out, or do you simply have an aversion to

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sending SHAGGY to us?" ((First, it's your job, not ours, to keep your addresses current with us; if a SHAGGY comes back--as yours did--marked 'moved, etc.', then we simply remove your card from our files (unless you've subbed). Your CoA showed up in FANAC, to be sure, but AFTER a SHAGGY had come back. If you're not interested enuf in getting it; we can't be responsible for trying to track you down. Second, according to our records--which aren't of the best, admittedly--you have published four issues of VOID so far (maybe five, by now); or at least, that's all we have. In turn, we've sent you SLA #40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45. #46 is the one that was returned to us. Seems to me that we're a little more than even, but we'll listen to reason. We'll trade for anything but APA-zines on an issue-for-issue basis, and we have no aversion to sending you SHAGGY; we send it to anyone who wants it and will "pay" for it according to the rules of the game (see Contents page). For SLA we want/get a) a sub, and we try to warn you the issue before your sub runs out; b) a letter of comment, however short, per issue; c) trades, on a one-for-one basis--if you put out a monthly, or bi-weekly, you're ahead, but if you're less than six-weekly, you'd better plan to put one of the other suggestions on our list into action to stay on our m/list; d) send material--accepted artwork, articles, fiction, poetry, and such-like will bring a contributors copy to you. We take into account the time-lag for overseas fans, but there's little excuse for Canadian and US fans being lax; if you appreciate the effort we put into SHAGGY, put in a bit of effort on your part. OK?)) WALT WILLIS, who is sorry that he didn't acknowledge SHAGGY #46 before, "but there was a big slew of pages in my copy inserted not only upside down, but the wrong way round, and by the time I'd found my way out of the maze and been revived it was longer than I'd care to think." About half this letter is typed up-side-down. ((Poetic justice, eh? Those pages were upside down for a reason, Walt; couldn't you appreciate the lovely composition, the free-form chaos, the expression? Fie, sir!)) MAL ASEWORTH isn't sure what happens to his letters to us--"I have written you dozens of them, I am sure of it but they all go down that long road to the dark place whence none return, as somebody said. (I feel sure somebody said it; we have about 5,000 years of history behind us by now and if nobody has said it before now, I don't believe civilisation has been worth it. Do you?)" Mal states that he is going to question his mother as to the arrangement of the stars at his birth. "I don't believe she took all the care she should have." Mal also notes that most of the top zines at the moment are group produced. ((Purr. We do like to hear from people, and with witty, entertaining letters like this, we say--MORE!)) RUTH BERMAN feels that SHADOW ON THE HEARTH was muchly better than ON THE BEACH--partly because of the up-beat ending. Man shouldn't do out with a resigned sigh! Both books should be movies, she says, Miss Merrill's being a reminder that though we can condemn ourselves--we can also sign the reprieve. ((SHADOW was done on teevee once, but surely wasn't as effective as BEACH is on the screen--don't miss the latter.)) J. BRIAN DONAHUE insists that he's not Bill Donahue, or Brian Donahoe, or like that, and complains that he didn't get his Xmas SHAGGY; "tell Al Lewis, tell Ernie Wheatley, tell John Trimble, tell Forrie Ackerman, bring it up as old business as LASTS...I've got to get my SHAGGY...I'm dying." ((We hate to point

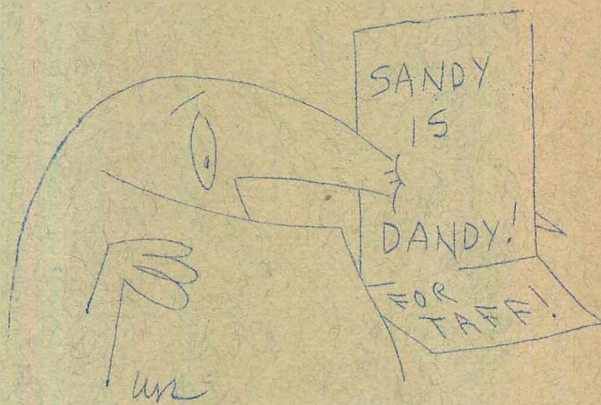


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this out, but the tone of your letter indicates you are "hooked" on SHAGGY; we suggest you lie down with a cold towel over your face for a while, and....)) MIKE DECKINGER finds it hard to believe that TCarr would mourn the passing of DISJECTA MEMBRA; from the last two issues he feels no one should be grieved at its demise, as it was nothing more than a zine for being nice to Ted White, and calling other fans names. ((Since you are closer to the age of Ted Pauls, I consider your criticisms and out-looks to be closer to home than the "literary criticism" that has been going on among older fans. Why don't some of you young guys get together?)) RICHARD BERGERON thot the Xmas issue a knock-out, and says that if he'd been able to envision something so magnificent, he'd never have begged off. ((Glow, glow! Maybe next time...?)) TERRY JEEVES tried the 4-D Man experiment--"Lacking a pencil, I used a skewer, and having no steel blocks in the store room, I used a half house brick. I'm afraid something must be lacking, as all I managed to produce after three hours was a bushel of toothpicks and not one goddam spark....you should check your sources before publishing such a falsehood." ((But you'll never get anywhere unless you believe. Now, in the proper frame of mind(?), go back and try again)) LEN MOFFATT believes that a letterzine could succeed against the long letter-col. competition by being very varied in content/subject matter for diskussion. The first issue would have to be carefully planned, says Len--he wishes he could talk Rick into producing the letterzine he's secretly desired to pub for some time now ((Do you suppose we could talk to Rick--just casually mention how nice a really good letterzine would be....)) Len agrees with John T. that more common courtesy should be practiced in fandom. "I've seen too many instances where someone's feelings were hurt simply because someone else was unthinking or careless." Fanzine editors should keep in mind that they don't have to accept everything, but that a nice letter accompanying a rejection can smooth over quite a few mistaken feelings. Telling why he doesn't feel something is quite right for his zine, or asking if the author doesn't mind if he holds it for a few months, ~~are~~ among Len's suggestions. "It is a shame that all faneds do not have the ability to be tactful, courteous, conscientious, fair-minded, and humane". "The persons who were alleged to be homosexuals in ye olde LASFS never acted "that way" when I was around. None of them ever tried to make me, nor did I ever observe any of them trying to make others. This doesn't prove anything one way or the other, of course, tho I suppose someone will say that I was less perceptive than the Ashleys and Laney's of that day--to which I will quietly but firmly reply; balls!" ((The common courtesy bit is something that SHAGGY needs to catch up on, too. Too often we find ourselves with material that could be used if re-written, but how do you go about telling a touchy fan that his golden words aren't the most perfect things ever typed on paper? Especially if they're most firmly convinced that that's true? We've found the younger fans are the quickest to re-write. r try again with something else. The older fans get huffy, in many a case, and withdraw the article to submit it to someone who will appreciate its worth, and the obvious talents of the author.)) AL ANDREWS wonders at the cynicism ever-present in fan reports, and the like. "Why it is there? What is it seeking to accomplish?" ((I wonder...?)) FM BUSBY comments: "allatime shuffling jobs around, just as bad as CRY; no fanzine can expect to stay alive for very long without a little more stability at the helm. Now, in this 48th issue--err...48th..? well, uh, you got to watch it, though, see? Stability. But with this Killer Ship in the editorial chair, it should be Shanghai-L'Affaires. Or do I mean Shamsteri-L'Affaires? I just wish you eople would keep your mythology straight; that's what I wish." Bus is happy about "Fallen Angelenos", and mentions his TAFF ideas mentioned in the editorialthish ((for further info, again, write to

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FMBusby, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash.)) Buz feels that Bob Lichtman's reviews get better as he goes along--practice is a big help, he says. ((Buz goes on in very entertaining and thoughtful manner, but we're running short of space...sob!)) JOE FLIEGEL wonders at our nerve, sending him an unsolicited SLA. He wants to know how much it costs to join our jolly li'l bunch of subversives? ((Hmmm?)) STEVE SCHULTHEIS sends news that after having a whole bunch of SHAGGYs returned makked "no longer at this address", etc., and him sending along protesting letters so we'd keep trying, we finally got #47 thru to them. ((We got real carried away with the program, and convinced the PO that they'd find themselves roasting in hell if they didn't let the Xmasish go thru...and it worked.)) ALMA HILL says that fandom is just a goddam miracle! BOYD RAE BURN upholds the honor of the Pink Squirrel as a drink, and psneeringly suggesting that we would maybe prefer Thunderbird "wine" instead. ((Yes.)) Lots of fans have written; JEFF WANSHEL, FRED L. SMITH, CLAYTON HAMLIN, DICK ENLEY, ARCHIE MERCER, BOB PAVLAT, STURE SEDOLIN, who wrote very welcome letters. Write again soon please. GREGG CALKINS sends Ray Nelson's cartoon in the Xmas issue - it has the same sad-funny note as Freberg's "Green Xmas". Vic Ryan admires our courage in sticking on all those red labels. Other comments came from BILLY JOE PLOTT, EARL KEMP, GEORGE LOCKE, WB CUNNINGHAM, ART FRIED, ART WILSON, KATHY BERNSTEIN, RON ELLIK, NORMAN WANSBOROUGH, BOB LAMBECK, KLAUS EYLMANN, LD BROYLES, OR SOWERS, BILL CONNER, LYNN HICKMAN, JL CHALKER, GEORGE HASS, ART HAYES, BOB LEONARD, RALPH HOLLAND, JIM CAWTHORN, DAINIS BISENIEKS, TIM DUMONT, PHIL KOHN, PHIL HARRELL, BETTIE FAULKNER, DOC SMITH (who wanted us to find an address), DICK ELLINGTON, DICK SCHULZ, CATHERINE PLUMTREE, DON DURWARD, AND STEVE STILES. ((And N*E*V*E*R again will we let mail stack up as it has for the last few weeks! We will try very hard to stay on the six-week publishing schedule, and try also to keep Shaggy down to a mailable size for the LASFS budget; but if we have to publish a whole new zine to do it, we will not allow mail to snow us under again!)) ERIC BENTCLIFFE gets off the subject of telling us how nice we are to tell us how nice the Versins are. ((Egoboo sent in plain, unmarked wrapper, Versins!)) ETHEL LINDSAY takes issue with our last comments to her, in that many people are interested in acting and actors, but music is easier to discourse upon in print. She also calls us "Shaggateers" and says that Shaggy is "Brawlie". ((Will an Anglofan kindly tell us if we've been insulted or not?)) MOOSE, from Henrietta, New York, sends us a manuscript of merit; but it needs rewriting very much. If we had an address, we could send it home for a few changes.....???? GREGG CALKINS wants to know when Bjo is coming to visit him when his wife is away, instead of vice-cersa. ((With that blackmail threat of telling the world that I've slept with a Calkins, you have me in your power....)) RON BENNETT and JOHN BERRY send condolences on the TAFF race. ((Thanx, gentlemen!)) JUDY GLAD and husband NEIL indicate an interest in fandom, the projected art show that we hope will come to pass at the PITCON, and wonder if there are any females in fandom, for they've never met any other beside Judy. ((I think you folks are in for a surprise/shock; the "Mr. Bjo" you addressed is female, and a quick survey of this fanzine will give you an idea of what you are getting into.))



the Los Angeles
Science - Fantasy Society
meets every Thursday at 8: p.m.

2548 West 12th Street,
Los Angeles 6, California

telephone DUnkirk 2-3846

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sent to non-members for the reasons
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mind of the person in charge of the
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