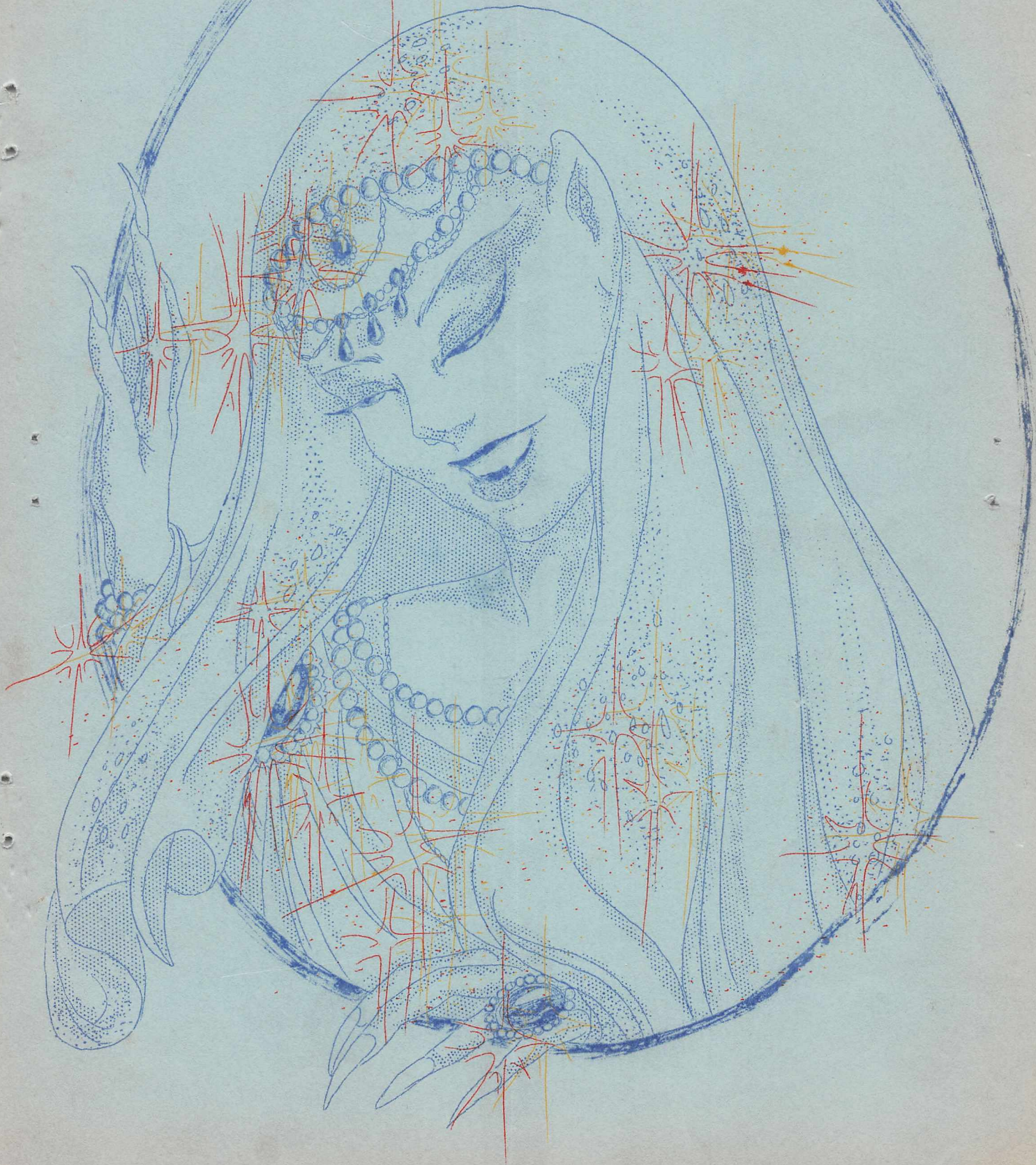


Shangri-Lai 50



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April/May 1960

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BE IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

24 June 1960

SHANGRI-L' AFFAIRES

a fan-hall publication

*** SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, the o-o of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (Meetings every Thursday, 8 p.m.-2548 W 12th St, LA 6, -visitors welcome), is published every six weeks, to two months, at the

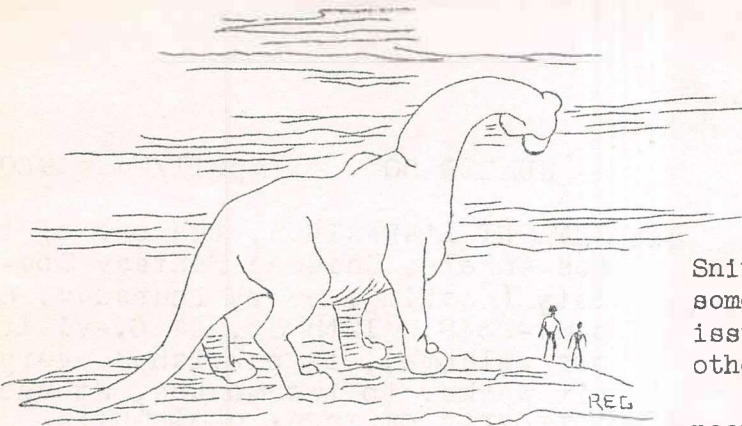
*** EDITORIAL OFFICES: 980 $\frac{1}{2}$ White Knoll Drive, L A 12. We sell these things for 20¢ per, 6/\$1. (LASFS Members: 15¢) However, we can be persuaded to trade for letters of comment, art-work, articles, etc. And even for your General-circ. fanzine (sometimes on an issue-for-issue basis). If you have to leave town suddenly (or just move), we'd appreciate it if you'd send along a change of address--if you still desire S-L'A. Please make checks payable to the editor; our bank fronts on ones to "Shangri-L'Affaires" okay? Despite the lateness of this, we're going to try to keep our six-weekly issue; Optimists' Club, SLA branch.

SHAGGY STAFF:

Editor	John Trimble	Asst Editor	Ed Cox
Art Editor	Bjo	Printer	Ernie Wheatley
Artwork	Bjo, Simpson, Jones, Gilbert	Stencil Cutters	Lewis, Cox, Dickensheets, Trimble
Gesternering	Lewis, Wheatley	Collating	Unlown, right now
Slipsheeting	Don Simpson, Ed Cox, Burbee	Happy Birthday	Ernie
Hibitzing	Burbee, Pelz, Billern, Cox		Elmer Perdue Charles Burbee Mrs Roberts

t h e s h a g g y c h a o s

an editorial, by
john trimble, uss



"Well," said my friend, Hyerdahl Snitt, "I thought SHAGGY was supposed to come out six-weekly...here's the May issue, already, but what happened to the others?"

I looked around for Hyer, spotted him peering closely (he's quite near-sighted)

at Bruce's file of bound fanzines, and answered, "Well, with everyone having so much APA-stuff to do, and figuring in the tape work Bruce is doing, Bjo's work with Project Art Show, the movie-work looming nearer, and like that, I began to see faint glimmerings that we weren't going to make it with a six-weekly SLA."

"But still," said Hyerdahl, gliding his fingers worshipfully over my Arkham House books, "you fit it in before, so why not now?"

"Careful with that Arkham House SLAN," I said, "it's one of my favorites. As to fitting in SHAGGY.... Well, more little items started raising their heads; I changed jobs, and there's always a foul-up there. And Bjo and I went and got ourselves engaged, which means that we'll be spending a lot of time together planning things in preparation for marriage...that time's got to come from somewhere, you know. And the final blow came when my mother went into the hospital for an operation, and they came up with cancer. A week I'd figured on devoting to SLA went sailing out the window when I spent all my free time in Long Beach."

"Gee," said Hyer, watching Ernie run off something on the Gestetner. "I can see all those problems, all right, but does that mean that you're not going to come out with a 24-page monthly SHAGGY after all?"

He ducked, and fled out the door, followed by a bound SAPS mailing, SEAN, and Ernie (after all, we wouldn't want to throw the Gestetner, now, would we?).

-oOo-

"That's pretty strong language you're using in this interjection in Bob's fanzine reviews," Hyerdahl Snitt said, reading some of the cut SLA #50 stencils.

"I figured on mentioning that in my editorial," I told him, reaching for the corflu. "I'm going to apologize very sincerely to Bob Lichtman for the interjections, and let any contributors, or possible contributors to SHAGGY know that it'll never happen again. Editorial prefaces, or appendices are okay, but interjections are unfair, and I won't use them again."

"Really, you shouldn't say things like that about Ted White, wither," Hyer said, "'cause he's only doing what he sees as being right. I mean, he feels that the mad dogs kneed him...and DC, I gather...in the groin when his...and theirs, too... back was turned, and he's just griping about it...." Snitt had been in Bruce's back fmz again.

"Yes, I guess I shouldn't have typed that..." I said. "It's just that I was more than a little tee'd off because it was all so wrong from what I saw and experienced at Detroit. And I just wasn't allowing Ted his viewpoint, however much I might have disagreed with it."

Snitt nodded wisely, in his despicable manner, "Well," he said, "you might have had a point or two, maybe. Why'd you blink when Ted White asked you that question, whatever it was?"

"Just nerves, I guess."

"One thing, though," Snitt said, "I can't see what White's grotch about Karen Anderson's entrance was. I mean, I've always figured that half the enjoyment of a costume party was the acting/hamming that a person does in character with their costume/s/. Why, Jon Lackey's bit at the SOLACON was fabulous--probably why he beat out Jerry Stier's great Mummy costume--and Karen's acting in character with

her bat costume was just about as good. And there was Trina, who didn't do much, but...."

"Down, boy," I said. "I agree, personally, but TEW, and--more important--the judges, didn't."

"Boy, this Kemp guy is sure painted up black. That was a pretty nasty trick he pulled."

"Earl explains his decisions in SAPS mailing 51, I believe. And his reasoning seems to hold water. I dunno, maybe there's some far-out ethical reason why he shouldn't have done what he did, but he seemed to figure that Washington wasn't going to DO anything to get the '60 WorldCon, and that since most of his delegation had gone for PITT anyway, he might as well go for someone who wanted the con."

"From what I heard about DC's campaign, and nominating speeches, he may have been right."

I marvelled at this last from Snitt, who never seemed to be wrong--much.

"You know, with his nit-picking and grouching about what a lousy con the Pittsburgh folks will put on, I wonder if White's full of sour grapes?"

"No," I said. "He just hasn't got the vision, or the sense of humor--when you think about it--needed to see that his particular kind of fan isn't the only variety who can put on a good, entertaining, and worthwhile convention. And he isn't willing to give the PITTCON people a chance to prove themselves one way or the other."

"Kind of guilty, until proven innocent, eh?" asked Snitt.

"Yeah, I guess that's it," I told him.

-oOo-

It seems like years since we met Snitt, but it was as recently as last year that I had to explain all about TAFF (from a pro-Bjoppoint of view, of course). So this year he's all wild about the Westward campaign, and ;the Busby possibilities.

"Who're you going to support with SHAGGY this time?" he asked.

I explained that since we hadn't known enough about any of the candidates at the off-set, we'd decided to just support TAFF this time, and let everyone make up their own minds. We'd written to each of the candidates, opening the pages of SLA to whatever propaganda they'd wanted to send along.

"Sanderson's more of a publisher than the others," Hyer said, "but he's got several enemies."

"So," I rejoined, "who, with any out-spoken opinions, doesn't?"

"Yeah. This here Eric Bentcliffe seems to be a solid-citizen, lasting sort, who'd probably make a top-notch administrator. Probably pretty entertaining, in a quiet, English fashion, too."

"And Mal Ashworth is a pretty friendly, funny guy, even if I don't know much about him."

"See what I mean?" I said. "I've only just made up my own mind."

"Maybe I won't vote at all, and just send along a dollar or two for the fund, anyway."

"But that's defeating the purpose of TAFF," I told him. "Exercise your right of choice, AND support the fund, and TAFF will have some chance of lasting long enuf to be a major success." I sent him away with a voting form, and a dedicated look.

-oOo-

Short note of the new "Fellowship of the Ring". There's been some mention that this name shouldn't be used, as it was restricted to the Nine Walkers in The Lord of the Rings, and that some other, less presumptuous name should be shosen. I disagree. While the Fellowship did refer to the Walkers, it included, by implication all of the folk of Middle Earth who had anything to do with the quest to return the One Ring to Mordor. And several schollastic studies have pointed out the relationship for the Fellowship of the Ring to the "Brotherhood of Man". In this sense, the title is wide enuf to permit a shholarly society to adopt it.

Which reminds me, that Mordor was, ultimately, a land of triumph....

M O R D O R I N ' 6 4 ! ! ! !

---jt.

The IASFS

of the Lasts

..... iack harness reporting

The treasurer's report led us into harranguing about expences, money, and even into statistics, namely, that our monthly expences ran \$20 to Shaggy, \$10 for rent, and \$8 for cleaning, a total of \$32. Monthly income is less than that. Zeke moved and Bruce the Henstell seconded, that dues go to 50¢ a meeting. The motion was tabled for one week until certain parties could marshall additional data. A straw vote revealed 10 for, 8 against, and 5 abstaining, plus one haystack which hadn't made up its mind.

A certain old time member, whose initials are Walter J. Daugherty but who shall here remain nameless (Nameless J. Nameless, that is) opined that he would give his eyeteeth for back issues of Shaggy. John Trimble declined the bid, perhaps for Hammurabic reasons, perhaps believing Walt dentally deficient.

New Business: the matter of Records was introduced and it was felt that we should utilize the services of an honest-to-ghod -- well, reasonably honest atheist-librarian be utilized. A member who does nothing but brew spells during the meeting was appointed. Announcements were killed daid to allow Rotsler more time to show his slides of nekkid ladies.

-- 1174th Meeting

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The Meeting was brough mathematically to order at *:13:30, which was a mistake because various factions proceeded to decimate the club. By comparing income with outgo it was decided that IASFS had just ten months to live -- twice as long as Australia had, but short nonetheless.

Enter Dave Kyle wearing transparent glasses for once. He explained that since he wasn't at a Con, he didn't need to go around wearing a few extra hours of sleep on his face.

Al Lewis read two proposed amendments on Proxy votes both, of which, suspiciously, gave the membership the right to vote. This was felt too radical and we took the matter underadvisement.

A fiery discussion of Science, Engineers, Heinlein, War, Peace, and "Star-ship Soldier" ran long and provocative. Mostly, we were provoked at the Heinlein Credo that war was inevitable, so lets get with it. As Ted Johnstone said, "Belief

should be willingly suspended, but not hanged by the neck until dead."

-- 1174th Meeting

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Present was guest Walter Breen from New York, who passed out Sapszines to those persons who, in addition to being SAPS, were also members of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. John Trimble walked in minus moustache, mumbling that his upper lip lacked esthetic appeal. But we were glad to see he had gotten over his hairlip.

Collapsicon Committee Report: Barney tossed various possibilities into the meeting. We rejected his idea of a Blimp as a Consite as not down to Earth, and rejected his idea of a train trip to Vegas because of its loco motives. At this point the earplug fell out of Dick Daniel's ear, stopping his portable radio reception and cutting him off entirely from the outside world, and reality.

Bruce Pelz and Earnie Wheatley volunteered for Pickup Squad, thereby reducing expenditures to meet income. John Trimble requested a cut in Shaggy funds, leaving us a small surplus in our favor.

New Business was forbidden by Directorial Order so that Rotsler could tell us about the films he has brewing. The sexed-up Little Red Riding Hood was complete but not processed or edited yet. He further explained that it would be possible to film a SF movie cheap for a tidy profit. He had actors, angles, composers, etc., partially lined up for tucker's The Long Loud Silence, although the final cannibalism scene might be too tough for American consumption. He also lectured us on the fine art of shooting nudes in public places (and that is not a typo).

-- 1175th Meeting

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Forry explained that there were 200 newsstands that will handle unretouched nudist magazines and 200 newsstands that will not. He was asked, "in what area?" and promptly explained in what area.

-- 1176th Meeting

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The Meeting was scalded to order by the hot-tempered Mr. Johnstone at 8:10 sharp. Notable member was Tessie (short for Tesseract) who meowed around the floor in near-parturate state ready to reproduce in qunitupli-cat.

The Treasurer's Report showed that a Lassfassian's integrity should never be questioned, let alone mentioned.

Notably absent was Jerry Steir, who presumably had gotten lost in his beard. Rotsler was asked how he, personally avoided this, and explained that he tied a string to himself.

Progress Report on the Egobuck, our some-timete-be-finished award, was that progress had been, as usual, slower than Molassfas. Ted trotted out an amendment proposal which degenerated into a discussion of which weapon to fire when, and whether it should be strictly RSVP (Répondez si'l vous plonk). Discussion veered to the possibility of incorporating the LASFS Constitution with Shaggy since Shaggy was a Club

Magazine, officially.... perhaps running one Section at a time, as a Whodunnit. Or by running a contest to see who could think up the best amendment.

The Secretary read an excerpt from an insurance bulletin about the findings of the U. of Wisconsin in the Great Filter War. Cheese with charcoal was the best filter, romano or parmesian preferred. Next time, light up a blintz instead and say you read it in S_haggy. Which prompted the title of Blintzkrieg for the Filter War.

There was general discussion on the movie, On the Beach, the question being what can we, as little people, do to prevent World War III's Atomigeddon? We didn't get a really satisfactory answer.

----- 1177th Meeting



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The Meeting was galled to order by the vitriolic Mr. Johnstone at 8:21:15. Second Time ~~10:00~~ Vistaor Dick Balch was introduced. He explained that his first appearance at LASFS had been just before Halloween. Considering that this meeting was held on All Fool's Eve, we wondered if he chose his times of attendance with malace aforethought.²

Rick Sheary gave the Treasurer's Report, which disclosed a balance of \$114.83 as our new balance. He also informed us that since this was the 13th meeting under his reign as Treasurer, and since he has been keeping meticulous account of who pays and attends, we can not differentiate between voting-active members and mere active members. As per the recent Constitutional Amendment, to be eligible to vote, a member must have paid dues within the last 3 months. Rick explained that a member paying dues will have money credited toward

arears dues. with the result that he may be in arears even though he has paid the past few times. No formal recovery measures toward getting overdue dues will be undertaken, just a small whispering campaign.

Committee Reports: The Moustache Committee reported that Sneary has given up shaving his upper lip for ~~1/11~~ Lent. The Shaggy Committee reported that the Shaggy Committee and the Moustache Committee were not the same committee.

John Trimble announced his new job selling twine with Ed Cox, and was cautioned against soliciting the gnoles. He also announced his engagement to Bjo and it was remarked that, verily, John had finally been given enough rope.

The Egobuck hadn't been run off and needed \$2 for paper. It was suggested that we use the Pun Fund for this until the Secretary pointed out that the Pun Fund was instituted to fix us Forry's Garage and that we still wanted to protect the Dwellers in the Garage. It was pointed out that this remark lacked Merrit.

----- 1181st Meeting

((These stencils ~~typed~~ typed by Jack Harness; on his head be it!!! ---jgt.))

Science Fiction Forever....

by Ed Cox!

Science-fiction, of course assumes many guises. One medium through which the great horde of unenlightened experienced this stimulating literature was the moon pitcher. There have been many. Too many. Of the many, many, were there any that bring back fond memories...as might the following basic-plot for a science-fiction movie? Thrill, shriek, laugh and cry as you experience.

Mighty Joe Oldsnik

The heat of the African jungle did not a bit humidify the dry, scientific attitude of Dr. Joseph Splopnickle. He concentrated on the young ape in the compound. He believed, ever since an article in "The American Weekly", that apes could grow up to be humans should they be given the environmental background, proper training, education and the same comic books. He decided, after five seconds of serious thought, to raise an ape. So taking his motherless child, Griselda, and a safari, financed by his vast brewery fortune (Drink Splopnickle Bock! It's Sloppy! And stronger...much stronger!), he struck off into deepest Africa. Here he attempted to create a scientific miracle in the well-equipped compound, giving the ape every opportunity a young human would have.

This, however, was not enough. He decided to try something new. To give the ape a shot in the brain, he tried to boost the natural born potential. He tried many different things. GroPup, Vigaro, Bandini, Bat Guano, Scientology and formulae that included lanolin, chlorophyll and gardol. None of these worked; the ape persisted in climbing trees for bananas that weren't there, peeing on the rug and watching television with Griselda. The latter, a darling child, had great influence on Joe Oldsnik (which they named him in a fit of whimsy). She, as the pair grew older, was able to keep him from breaking up the furniture, eating dishes, drinking Splopnickle and things like that. Her slightest wish was command, and, as Joe grew older...and bigger, she came to run the household. She was able, as a result, to subscribe to MAD COMICS and Joe got all the grape popsickles to wanted.

However, in the interest of science, Dr. Splopnickle decided to try one more time. Assembling his handy pocket-size betatron, he intended to give Joe another chance to be human so he could enjoy rock and roll and other things humans love. The good Dr. was convinced that Joe's brain-power could be induced to grow larger.

This was done one summer afternoon. It was 130 degrees in the shade but he couldn't wait any longer. Joe's brain was to be subjected to the beat and pulse of atomic radiation which, in the calculations of the Dr., would send an evervation glow through the cells, making them grow larger and increase greatly. The more c.c.'s of brains, the smarter the individual. The Doc hoped to increase Joe's to about 2,500 cc at least. This would make him eligible for a teevee show like Groucho Marx's.

With the attendants ranged in serried ranks, the good Dr. prepared for the experiment. Griselda had been persuaded to command Mighty Joe to eat popsickles until he got sick. He wasn't able to resist as they dragged him to the machine. They held him in the field of the betatron

while it revved up and starting splitting atoms and producing radiation. First it started splitting them off in hairs. Then it added english and did bank-shots, atoms and neutrons zigging all over. Then, leaning backwards over the table, it put the eight-ball in the corner pocket on a three-bank shot, producing neutrons, positrons, protons and atoms in slathers everywhichway. In the meantime, Mighty Joe, burping in feetid memory of the popsickles, managed to squirm out of the sweaty grasp of the white-clad attendants as the atoms thundered down the home-stretch of the betatron chamber.

The atoms didn't thunder through the braincase of Mighty Joe. Instead, they raced through the palpitating pituitary gland. One last nauseous "URP!" and Mighty Joe collapsed.

"Aarrghk!" the good Dr. cried in a fury of frustrated scientific venture, beating at the head until he noticed that it hurt. "Taking him to der cage already!" He whirled away, white coat and monocle flapping and went back to his tent.

So they dumped him in his huge steel cage. Griselda tried to comfort him but he was growing up now and decided that domineering females were too much to bear; besides, there was the Fruedian aspect of it. So he ignored her.

One day it was noticed, at first by Mighty Joe Oldsnik and later by others, that the cage was pressing down on the top of his head. This, Dr. Splopnickle found, was perplexing and puzzling. His assistants thought about it constantly and without results, some writing to "Dear Abby" in their need. Griselda finally put them straight about it..

She told them in her sweet, childish lisp: "He's too big for the cage idiots!"

True! Argosy! The astounded, startled and magoffantasied assistants and Dr. raced out to the cage. They became even more so. In fact, they were ntlulaed, science-fantasied and galaxied to find the cage missing. Finally, one of them pointed to the huge footprints in the squashy jungle earth and another pointed out the cage bobbing out over the treetops, encasing now, only Mighty Joe's head.

"Good Heavens!" they cried. "He's become a monster!"

"Hey, mebee we can take him to Hollywood for movies!"

"Quickly, after him! He must not escape!" cried Griselda. "Besides, I must win him back since I no longer run this furschlugginer outfit without him!" she snarled. They tore off into the jungle. Almost at once they raced out again. "He's coming back!" And they dashed into the jungle on the opposite side.

Griselda followed and found them cowering behind the twisted hole of a boabab tree.

"We must use scientific methods," quavered one of the assistants. "Yess," agreed the good Dr. "Ve must...since ve haff behind left all off der veapons, guns, pistols und tanks!"

"I'll go talk to him," said Griselda.



"I didn't know he could talk!" blurted an assistant.

"I used to let him read my MAD COMICS" she explained and headed to where Mighty Joe was tearing the cage off his head.

He made the mistake of listening to her and before he realized what had happened to him, he found himself signed up for a Hollywood movie contract, a weekly television series (on a panel for "What's My Line?"), a traveling tour of the nation with a troupe of acrobats as well as endorsing a type of cola, Mighty Joe Oldsnik sweatshirts, boots and gun-belts; signing an affidavit that he used a toothpaste with pink polk-dots in it; that he used 8 barrels per day of hair-oil (which contained Octane Plus) plus various and sundry other things. Complaining, vainly, that he'd never be able to figure his federal income tax, he was jammed into a ship and told that it would be taken care of.

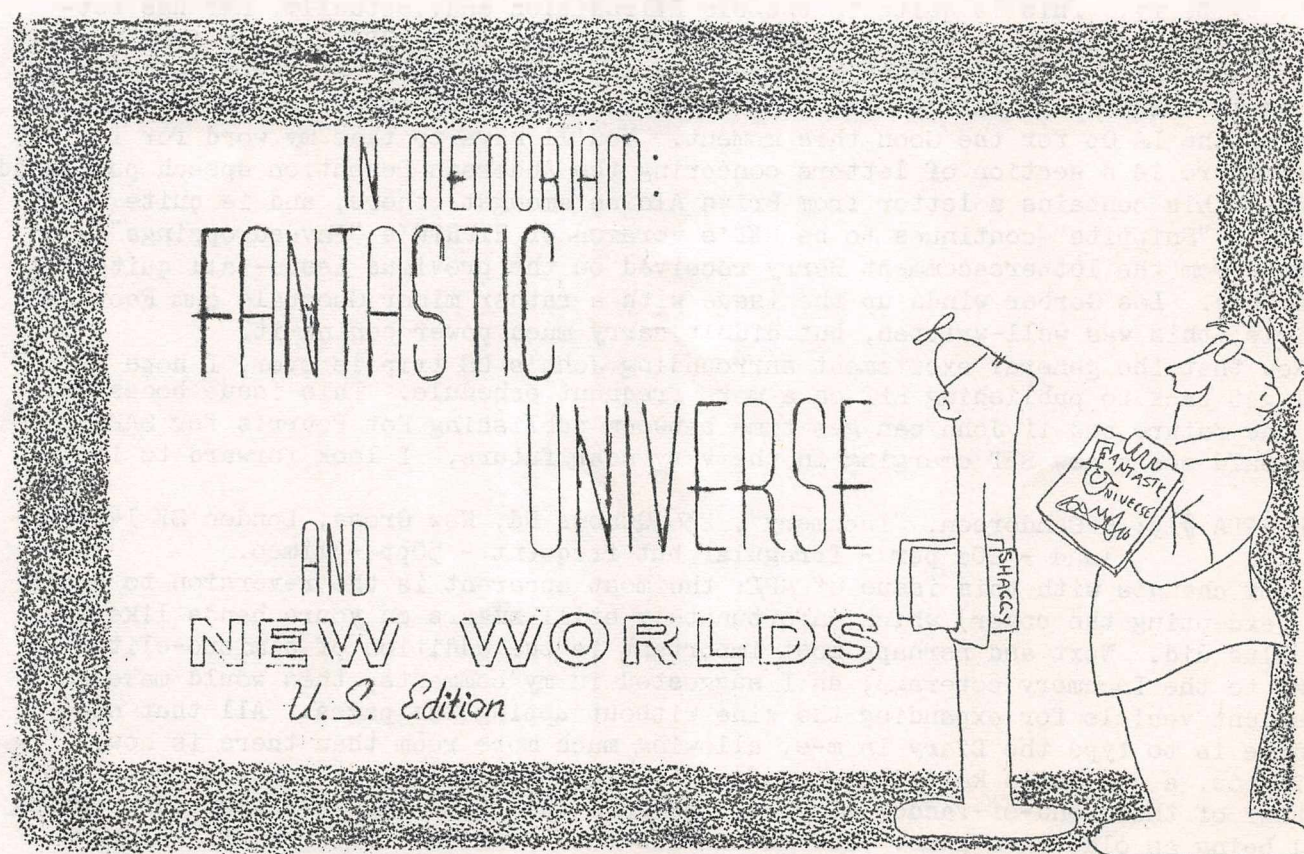
Unfortunately, in mid-ocean during a violent storm, Mighty Joe became even more violently seasick and despite several cases of Mothersill's, broke up the ship in his frenzied efforts to escape.

"A great loss to science, sir!" comforted one of the good Dr.'s assistants as they bobbed on the huge swells in a lifeboat.

"Yess und I wanted to see Hollywood und der starledts!" sobbed the Dr.

"Always thinking of yourself," snarled Griselda. She sniffed. "I did so want to get him into the next issue of "Famous Monsters of Filmland."

###



"THIS IS MY FANZINE!"

QUO VADIS FANZINES

in the



by Bob Lichtman

Maybe it's just because I'm reviewing the things, but has anyone else noticed the tremendous amount of fanzines that have been going through the mails in the past few months? Even discounting the apazines, there are still forty fanzines sitting around for review. Forty fanzines, all of which I received in the slightly more than six weeks since I wrote the last issue installment of this column. It's as if all of fandom was making a concerted effort to burn itself

out. I would be more than pleased to read some lettercol discussion concerning this veritable rain of fanzines. Myself, I will just have to be content to dig into the stack and try to make a small dent with my allotted pagecount.

RETRIBUTION #15: John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland - 15¢ per, 2/25¢ - Irregular - 24pp - Mimeo.

ATom returns to the cover of RET with a symbolic sort of thing concerning Berry's stateside trip. However, the inside illos are, with the exception of a funny cartoon page by Dick Shultz, by Berry himself. The artwork is, though, not a strong point of RET as it used to be, when ATom was doing all the layouts and such.

Lead and best item in the issue is a mammoth GDA novelette, "The Fan Who Never Was", by Berry. This is quite in the old RETradition and, actually, RET has returned with this issue to what it used to be--the o-o of the GDA. Aside from a short article in which Berry presents his views on the current TAFF race (all well-taken), the whole issue is primarily GDA. I like it this way--but then, you are reading the work of the LA Op for the Goon this moment. You'll have to tkae my word for it, ~~oh~~ ~~oh~~ ~~oh~~. There is a section of letters concernig the Anderson Detention speech published in #14; this contains a letter from Brian Aldiss amongst others, and is quite interesting. "Snippits" continues to be RET's version of HYPHEN's "Eavesdroppings"--quotes from the lettersacomment Berry received on the previous issue--all quite hilarious. Les Gerber winds up the issue with a rather minor Goontale cum Factual Article; this was well-written, but didn't carry much power behind it.

Now that the general excitement surrounding John's US trip is over, I hope he will get back to publishing RET on a more frequent schedule. This issue bodes well for the future and if John can get time between publishing Pot Pourris for SAPS, we should see a new RET emerging in the very near future. I look forward to it.

APORRHETA #15: HPSanderson, "Inchmery", 236 Queens Rd, New Cross, London SE 14, England - 20¢ per - Irregular but frequent - 50pp - mimeo.

Lots of changes with this issue of APÆ: the most apparent is the reversion to black ink (excepting the cover) which unfortunately still smears on your hands like the old blue did. Next and perhaps most important is the addition of a micro-elite typer to the Inchmery coterage; as I suggested in my comments, this would make an excellent vehicle for expanding the zine without upping the pages. All that need be done is to type the Diary in m-e, allowing much more room than there is now.

Inside, a veritable kaleidoscope of contents: George Spencer comes up with yet another of these end-of-fandom stories, the idea this time (and a rather interesting one) being an old fan's home. George handles this well and it comes off the same

way (oops, I didn't mean to allude to the ink). Joy Clarke has her usual Li'l Pitcher column, this time rambling gaily from subject to subject as soon as she covers one to her satisfaction. More and more Joy reminds me of Elinore Busby (in her writings). John Berry, with a new source of articles, concerns himself with the ducks on Puget Sound, though John reminisces pleasingly on his past affection for ducks and how it grew. More articles on John's American trip would be, as they say, a Good Thing. Andy Young talks about what may be wrong with stf; I baulk when he up and intimates that the people who read the men's mags will go to stf if the mm's should happen to fold, but he says quite a lot that is very pertinent. Cantaloupe Flabbergaste returns with an article in which he runs through the problems of the British neofan. I'm inclined to ask waht problem; it seems to me that Canny hasn't examined the scene close enough. There have been Anglocrudzines in the past--some qhite recently--and the situation that is outlined here as typical is not so at all, not always. Penny Fandergaste's regular column follows, this time being primarily a tribute to LA Fandom and a defense of ¹/₂ hisher views concerning focal points. Another red herring as to PF's identity is tossed in in the last line, this time pointing to Archie Mercer (so we eliminate him...). Dean Grennell's "The Badger That Now and Then" has him rambling entertainingly about wordsmithing. ATom takes us to the Ws in the SF AtoZ, next one winds it up. Vinç Clarke presents a new column, "Appidiascope"; the main purpose being to present a topic for the readers' labor--sort of a contest. Best solution wins some sort of fannish diploma. Last before the Diary, we find a page of statements from the three TAFF candidates. Sandy proposes not to use the pages of APÆ for Sandy for TAFF plugging, which is altogether admirable.

Finishing up the issue is the first real Fan Diary in several numbers. This one runs from mid-November to the end of '59, but things should be caught up before long. As you can see by the length of this review, there is much of interest and controversy in APÆ. It is a Good Fanzine, like.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW v2#2: Rich Eney/WSFA, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Va. - Free for the donce - Irregular but frequent - 10pp - Litho.

This is the o-o of the Washington SF Assn, consisting primarily of reviews of the latest sffzines. Main feature this time is an article on THWhite's The Once and Future King, which Eney (the reviewer) concludes is a poor book. The rest of the zine is taken up with reviews by Bill Evans. SR shows signs of taking over where Renfrew Pemberton left off, which is not a bad idea at all. So far, Pemby's personal touch is missing, but the reviews are good, nonetheless.

VOID #20: Ted White, 107 Christopher St, #5, NY 14. - 25¢ per - Monthly - 24pp - Mimeo.

With the second issue of VOID since the zine picked up again after its long lapse, White spoofingly "proves" that the zine has not missed a month of publication in over a year. Let's hope this keeps up; now that VOID has come back, I've become accustomed to having it around again.

Cover this time is a Gestafaxed drawing of otherworldly landscape by ATom. The electroprinting retained much of the half-tone effect of the sky. The whole thing is very attractive.

Inside, the main feature this issue is a long, "bitching" Detention report by White, most of which covers the convention bids and the voting on same. As I'd not read a really thorough accounting of the voting, I was most interested in this part. ((One of the most blatantly, and dogmatically biased and unfair reports I've ever read--don't draw conclusions from White! -jt)) White has revived the old "The Boot" department from Ellison's SFB and this issue applies the heel of thje boot to Earl Kemp for his part in the ((White alleged.-jt)) dirty politics surrounding the convention site voting.

Greg Benford, far from being out of the VOID scene, has a most hilarious edit-

orial this time, in which he makes use of almost Burbee-like style to get across his points. Ted White, however, has but a few lines for an editorial; of course, since he wrote the zine this time, it doesn't really matter. Fanzine reviews this time are handled by both Tom Condit and White; I am pained to see that Condit will be VOID's regular reviewer henceforth--if the set of reviews presented herein are typical of his work, then Condit is not too good as a fmz reviewer. White does much better.

Several pages of letters on GAMBIT round out this issue, which is illustrated within by Harness and Gibson, but most notably by Lee Hoffman, who is making some sort of return to fan illoing. Hope she keeps this up.

INTERIM 29/30: Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. Free to those to receive OOPSLA' #30, no schedule listed - 5pp -Mimeo.

Buck Coulson described this rather nicely when he called it a "fanzine-substitute", and I think that's just what it is. Calkins rambles very well for two pages and then Walt Willis has three pages of "The Harp That Once Or Twice". You'll note that 60% of the issue is taken up with WAW material; need I say more?

TRIODE #17: Eric Bentcliffe & Terry Jeeves, 47 Alldis St, Gt Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. - 20¢ per - Irregular - 38pp - Mimeo.

TRIODE is still about the same good fanzine it used to be but its prime fault is that it doesn't come out often enough at all. And it's so quietly good that you don't find yourself asking, "Now where is the next TRIODE? It's late!" Then, when it comes, you greet it in surprised delight, read it, and put it away to forget.

Artwork is quite good as usual, with ATOM, Eddie, Jeeves, Rotsler, and even Eric the Bent represented liberally throughout the zine. The layout, which I presume is handled by Jeeves, is good, if not spectacular.

Bentcliffe leads off with a long, rambling editorial, in which he touches fairly interestingly on subjects such as a review of 1959 fannish happenings, TAFF (Eric is standing, too, you know), and The Next Issue. John Berry follows with a story, "The Misguided Missile", which is so like the stuff he was doing several years ago that I half suspect it was plucked out of space and time and set down on stencil. I mean, John doesn't write this way anymore. Harry Warner contributes an interesting article on his conjectures of fans' residences based on the mental images evoked by the address, and Terry Jeeves editorializes rather chaotically but very interestingly on what has happened to him lately. This up-dating of editorial happenings seems to be a regular feature of TRIODE; it's been in every issue I've received, anyway.

Penny Fandergaste has an installment of her Old Mill Stream column, except that it's titled "Old Mill Dream" and concerns dreams and dreaming. Pleasant natter from Penny for a change, as opposed to her usual APE fare. The Fan Dance letter column is next, this time muchly concerned with the report in the last issue that the ISFS was (or might be) a Communist front. It still doesn't appear to be settled, I note, so I'd advise staying clear of the club until something definite is brought to light.

Ted Johnstone's series in PSI-PHI on filming The Lord of The Rings is beginning to have long-reaching effects at last, for here is an article by Doc Weir; on likely filming spots for various portions of the book. I'm beginning to have a real interest in this now; just finished The Hobbit yesterday, and will be picking up the trilogy from the library shortly. (Yes, I know it sounds funny for me to have run a column on it without having read it, but so what?) Weir's article was interesting and he left the door wide open for further articles on the subject 2:1 the next TRIODE will be very heavily Tolkien-slanted.

Finishing the issue is a beautifully-done piece of faaf-fiction by George Locke. Word from George has it that he's definitely been called up, but will try to get another SMOKE out before he goes (leaving the stencils for Ella Parker to run). As for TRIODE--it's good now, and more frequent publication could put it back on top.

CACTUS #4: Sture Sedolin, POBox 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden. - 10¢ per - Monthly - 19pp-Mimeo & ditto.

Bo Stenfors heads this issue nicely with a sexy-looking brunette done up in the mimeo/ditto process that so mystified me in my review of C#2 not long ago. I'm still curious as to how the beautiful pastels are accomplished. Inside, Bo's being forced into The Ghades of Gafie through lack of time is told. A shame.

Mike Deckinger follows up a rather chaotic editorial which doesn't say much with a well-written but unfortunately rather placid article reporting on a recent ESFA meeting. The lettercol follows, and is the strongest point of the zine; best thing in the issue...interesting, and well-edited. Alan Dodd follows with one of his better columns (like, no movie reviews); he discusses his meeting with Jean Linard in London. Les Gerber finishes up the issue with what looks to be the start off a good fanzine review column. Les says my reviews are too short (referring to SHAGGY 48). Think I'll cover this in a seperate article for CACTUS.

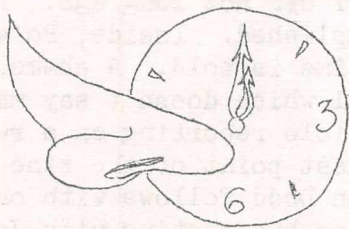
This zine is rather attractively mimeoed in red ink on yellow paper, which, while not the best combination, is perfectly readable. CACTUS is worth your time.

That's about all the room this time, but there are lots of fanzines still on hand. Running through the pile: NOMAD #3, after a long lapse in once again with us. Long lettercol is again best thing, with Bbob Stewart and Terry Carr having articles. HOCUS #13, the first annish, seems no better overall than normal issues. Silverberg reprint is the best thing in the issue. Prosser's artwork, for once, doesn't depict the usual gore and perversion. BHISMI'LLAH! #2, put out by one of the most promising new fans to come along since Les Nirenberg hit the scene, Andy Main, reads like an established fanzine. Andy winds up his "In Search of Fanac", a report of a recent trip to LA. Andy's one to watch. UR#7, from Ellis Mills, has material by Berry, Doc Smith, Sid Birchby, and others. Accompanying this UR was a thing called Xanadu Review #2. This is mostly Leman, and quite good. HABAKKUK #2 from Brother Donaho is neatly mimeoed on brown ink on pale green paper, with a hilarious Squirrel Joke for a cover. Inside, Donaho rambles quite well, and there's an article by Art Castillo, as well as some letters. Well worth getting. PROFANITY (hi, Bruce!) #7 is both Gestetner and multilith, and the top piece is the never-before-printed NolaCon speech of Bloch's. A reprint (from SAPS) of TCarr's "Forever & Fandom" is also choice, but the rest of the material is about average, save the printing of the "Gem Carr" song, which is priceless. WRR #4 has been here a long time, and is mainly notable for the mailing wrapper, the back side of which contains a brilliant spoof by Wally Weber on fanpolls. News inside is that WRR will be Gestetnered beginning with #5, and while the change will mean no more Weber dittoons, I guess it's all for the best.

---bob lichtman (16 Apr 60)



NOSSES AT MIDNIGHT



by Charles Burbee

"Willie," I said to William Rotsler the other night, "let me take you by the hand and lead you into the Wonderland of Smell."

Of course, I meant "by the hand" as a figure of speech only. I would not wish

to be caught holding hands with any former LASFS member. If one of these days Bjo becomes a former LASFS member, I intend to withdraw that statement.

We were sitting, Willie and I, in Gordon Dewey's basement apartment. It is a fascinating place. Nearly all wall space is taken up by apple boxes acting as book cases. They're filled with books and magazines. I think Rotsler once made the statement that he'd never seen such a complete yet compact library.

Our host, G G Dewey, had excused himself to answer the phone, and in order to give him the impression that we were not listening to his conversation, we struck up one of our own at our end of the room.

Oh, I neglected to mention that this room contains a small refrigerator in which high-class beer is kept. It also contains 3 typewriters, one made of sterling silver. Also it had at the time of which I speak, a female dog named Pi, known affectionately as 3.1416, and her eight puppies. Matter of fact, Pi lay close by my feet most of the evening because she felt that was the best place to guard her puppies. I sort of wished she had chosen another spot because she periodically emitted foul odors which I waved away with a copy of KLEIN BOTTLE.

"Dammit, Willie, can't you smell anything at all? Not even faintly?"

"Nope. A few years ago our deep freeze at the ranch went out of order and all the meat spoiled. It was my job to clean it out. I remember taking out a big tub of the stuff. It was so rotten that if you picked up a leg of lamb by the bone the meat sloughed off it. I was carrying it away in front of me, like this, and 250 feet away my mother was grimacing and shouting at me to hurry and get it away. But I couldn't smell a thing."

"Good lord," I said. "But didn't you ever have a sense of smell?"

He thought maybe he had, up to the time he was about five or six years old. His mother had told him of one or two instances of his mentioning the smell of onions and flowers.

"I see," I said. "And then, at the age of six you had a tragic love affair and as a psychosomatic compensation you lost your sense of smell."

"No," said Willie Rotsler. "The only tragic love affairs are those which end in marriage."

"Another possibility which occurs to me it that you may have sold your soul to the Devil. To bind the bargain the Devil takes a minor physical sense, such as a sense of smell."

Willie wrinkled his beardless brow, causing his bearded face to rise two inches to compensate. "No" he said, slowly, "I don't remember selling my soul to anybody."

"That is the sort of thing one would remember."



"And I don't have any copy of the contract written on fireproof paper."

"Well, shecks," I said. "I guess we've got to rule out the selling-to-the Devil bit. Darn it, it would have sinched this sketch for some highclass fanzine like SHIPSIDE or CRY."

"Or DAY*STAR."

"That MXBradley thing? Lord, Will, MABradley doesn't like anything I write. Even if it's good, she doesn't like it. Someday I ought to write a piece under another name and see if she says something nice. Of course, I won't do it. It is worth saying but not worth doing."

"You were talking about smelling things," said Willie.

"Yes. I think it a special pity that a fella like you, a self-admitted artist, should be deprived of a channel of perception."

"Tell me," said Willie, "how would I depict the sense of smell in brass or ink?"

"You're the artist; you tell me. Isn't it simply a matter of translation? Isn't that all art is, a form of translation?"

Willie, who'd been doodling all the while on a sheet of yellow paper he had in a clipboard on his lap, suddenly started writing. Willie is always taking notes on the things I say so I wasn't surprized. I leaned over to see what he was writing.

"If a bird, once every thousand years, were to brush a wingtip against a solid brass mountain one thousand miles high..." I read.

"A bird at a thousand miles, Bill? But there's nothing up there to push against."

He went on writing the thing. It ended up with some conclusion about love. Matter of fact, we may yet get around to love in this sketch.

He looked up after a bit. "Not having a sense of smell is rather common," said he. "Many times in a group of people somebody will tell about some smell experience and nearly everybody else will chime in with something. Very often, though, one person will sit silent. These are the non-smellers. I check them out by asking, and sure enough, they're non-smellers, too. But that's about all we'll have to say to each other on the subject."

"Yes," I said. "I imagine there's not much to be said about a common lack of something."

"On the othter hand, I've had many conversations like this one. People trying to tell me what it is like."

"I'm not trying to do that. It would be like the classic case of trying to describe red to a blind man. I know that you can accept the whole thing only as an intellectual concept."

"That's right. I know phrases like 'new-mown hay', and 'salt air tang', and like that. But they don't mean anything to me."

"Those are a couple of good ones. Others are coffee, fresh-ground or brewing; bacon frying; fresh-baked bread; watermelon; the air after a rain; a new fanzine; orange blossoms."

"Those are good ones?"

"Yes, and it just occurred to me that you as a gun bug are missing out on one of the associational aspects of firing a gun, that of smelling the burnt gunpowder."

"That's pleasant?"

"Yes, it has a kind of biting odor."

"That's the smell of burnt cordite like I read about in the detective books."

"Funny thing about the burnt cordite. I read in an article in Writers Digest years ago about that. Seems cordite was an artillery explosive used exculsively by the British in WWI. They gave it up after a brief time. Something about it not being stable or predictable or capable of being stored. It was never used for small arms ammunition. But somebody mentioned burnt cordite and all the other authors picked up on it."

Sometimes I think I talk too much.

"You know," I said. "This thing might be a psychosomatic thing as we mentioned before and maybe a good hypnotist could restore it to you."

"I've thought of that."

"You'd have to have a real good operator, though. Not like anybody you'd meet in fandom."

He nodded.

"My golly, Willie, if you suddenly got a sense of smell you'd be half nuts for a while. You'd be running around literally sticking your nose into everything."

"But I wouldn't have that big backlog of smells that other people have."

"No, but from reading your magazine KTEIC, I gather that you live at a rate from five to fifty times faster than sedate people like me. In no time at all you'd have an immense backlog of scents. Fascinating things, scents are. They can evoke sharp memory pictures better than anything else."

"I've heard about that."

"Right. Just last week I sniffed at a spice box full of anise and at once I saw the picture of a six-year-old Burbee, overalls and bare dirty feet, running across a field through the wild anise. We kids called it 'Sweet Anna' and sometimes would chew a stalk of it. Tastes sort of like licorice."

"I've heard stories like that. But remember I've also been spared the stinks of the world, like the stink of rotten meat and the fragrance of ancient gluey socks...."

"Sure. But they're all a part of experience which you arty fellers whip into shape in brass or canvas and sell to people for fantastic sums of money."

He started writing something else down. I peeked again.

"Give me one good enemy and I'll conquer the world," he'd written.

I'd better mention why he constantly takes notes. He's saving up quotes for his Next QUOTEBOOK and is a tireless worker in his field. Fortunately for him he associates with people who say clever quotable things, though I fear I didn't do him any good that night.



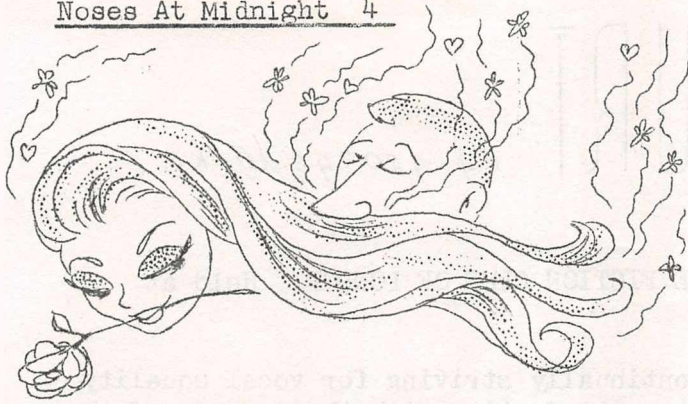
"Some smells are colorful-type smells. The smell of old ragtime piano rolls; the odor that comes wafting down a Skid Row alley; the smell of love; a freshly-cut lawn; a good cigar; a newly-washed shirt. And women and men, too, smell different. Matter of fact, quite differently, though researches in that line are terribly hindered by the increasing reluctance of people to smell like people. Women don't smell like women; they smell like flowers. And now men smell like sage or lofty pines, or something supposed to be real man-like."

"You said something back there," said Willie. "The smell of love. That has a smell?"

Dear old romantic Willie!

(Four paragraphs of singularly informative and enlightening material have here been deleted by the author---to be published in Rotsler's privately circulated BACHELOR'S KTEIC.)





"...and to bury your nose in a woman's hair has a special effect. Well, come to think of it, the odds are against that any more, too. It seems that women now spray cologne on the hair also, though if you are careful to get down to the roots, past the cologne, you might get the real scent."

"Tell me," said Willie. "Do housewives smell different from single girls?"

I pleaded ignorance to that one.

Where did he get such a question, anyhow?

Pi let go again about this time, effectively changing the course of the conversation. As I waved the foul odor away with my copy of KLEIN BOTTLE and Willie smirked because he had the advantage of not being bothered by an odor, I said, "You know, there are times when the lack of a sense of smell might be a good thing. Or rather, the ability to turn it on and off. Say, there's a good research project. Find out which of the earth's creatures can turn it on and off at will."

"If somebody would endow us with a million dollars, would you be willing to work on that project? You'd have a lab, a supply of sterile white smocks, bubbling retorts with smoke and steam rising ominously, and maybe in the corner a couple of rods with static electricity crackling up and down."

"Say," I said, "that's real scientific, that is."

"Sure it is, and of course you'd have a beautiful lab assistant, tall and lovely and graceful, with a Rotsler-type bosom and a pear-shaped derriere."

"She may be pretty but she knows her stuff and is devoted to the subject. She calls me Doctor."

"And she's secretly in love with you."

"Well, she's only human."

"But you don't know she's in love with you."

"Well, that doesn't sound very human. What does she smell like?"

"Oh," said Willie, "like new-mown hay or a field of poppies or maybe a new car? I'm told they have a special smell."

"Yeah, But couldn't she smell just like a woman?"

"Not this one. How about the smell of burnt cordite?" said Willie.

#



TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND, 1960; send votes--for either Ashworth, Bentcliffe, or Sanderson--and money (at least 50¢--a \$ is easier to fold) to: Bob Madle, 4500 Aspen Hill Rd, Rockville, Maryland or Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. DEADLINE: 15 June, 1960. Fans active since Nov 1959 may vote; anyone may send \$\$. TAFF winner will attend the PITTCON.

SECONDS HOURT

by george locke

SECONDS OF THE 47th MEETING OF THE SCIENCE FICTION CLUB OF LONDON. Held at Inchmery, Sunday 15th June 1961. 5.31 pm.

The meeting opened with the membership, continually striving for vocal equality with the Chaircreature, expressing complete satisfaction with the seconds of the previous meeting. This surprised the Secretary who hadn't yet opened his book. Chaircreature Ella Parker subtly admitted defeat, but sought to gain revenge by decreeing that as the meeting was satisfied, she would sign the seconds. This caused consternation among the members, particularly those who had missed the last meeting and wanted to know what supper they'd missed. Adamant Ella Parker duly signed the book at the bottom of the page, after which Secretary Jimmy Groves apologised for not having, in fact, written the seconds up.

The hour normally allotted to the meeting ended long before the ensuing discussion came to any conclusion save that both Chaircreature and Secretary should be publicly denounced - removal from office was frowned on as someone else would have then been lumbered. The important business of the day - that of discussing the Fannish Name of the Club - was post-poned until the next meeting, in much the same way as it had been post-poned for the past 46 meetings.

SECONDS OF THE 48th MEETING OF THE SCIENCE FICTION CLUB OF LONDON. Held at 151 Canterbury road, Sunday, June 29th 1961, 5.53 pm. (Late.)

Chaircreature Ella Parker was determined to have no nonsense, and made certain that there would be no confusion with the seconds this time by reading them herself. Delicately Dimpled Secretary Jim Groves commenced a motion that he would like to protest, but was slapped down by a swipe from the Official Leek's bottle. The Official Leek, Sweet and Uncontrollable Nicky Clarke, took offense at this Undemocratic Appropriation and howled. Arthur Thomson, whose turn it was to look after the Official Leek, otherwise known as the TAFF Representative, made an attempt to leave the meeting, but was enjoined by the Chaircreature to remain. He quietened Nicki with the bottle, inserting it at random with the remark, out of context, but recorded because Thomson Had Said It: "What's the odds? It's empty." Nicki howled again and clung to Vin's trouser-leg.

Chaircreature Ella Parker, having extracted the second's book from Limpet 'Mine' Secretary Jim Groves' unwilling hands, began to read. The membership listened in frank disbelief at first, rapidly degenerating into chortles of uncontrollable laughter as it became obvious that she was reading from the latest issue of AMRA, with which Literary Secretary Groves had been occupied when he should have been writing the minutes.

The first business was then dragged up by Miserly and Spendthrift Honourable Treasurer, Sandy Sanderson, who complained that there was half a crown missing from the funds. It was delicately suggested by Ethel Lindsay that the Forgetful Treasurer had neglected to pay his dues of last week into the funds. Sanderson, affronted and cut to the quick, suggested that Ethel had a nasty, suspicious mind. Agreeable Ethel made no attempt to deny this, but insisted that Sanderson pay his dues. Sergeant Treasurer threatened retribution from the Armed Forces unless his Good Name was cleared, but following a telephone conversation resultant on the meeting deciding to call his bluff, it transpired that the Army would not handle the case, and he finally gave in and paid.

The Most Important Business which had been post-poned from the previous 47 meetings was that of the Popular Name of the Club, that name by which fandom should always refer to the SFCoL. Vinç Clarke argued that inevitably a club would have a popular name tagged onto it by the rest of fandom, and that the club should wait until this was done.

Arthur Thomson pointed out that, in fact, several names had been suggested. Challenged by the Chaircreature to enlighten in incredibly out of touch club with these proposals, Lily-white Arthur Thomson declined on grounds that there were ladies present. Quickly quelling a rising discussion as to the accuracy of Thomson's statement, Efficient Ella Parker suggested that the meeting study the Official Name of the Club in an attempt to come up with a suitable abbreviation, as 47 meetings had gone by without any helpful suggestions from fandom.

The meeting immediately rejected the motion proposed by Ken Potter that the club be called The Analog Club of London on the various grounds that this name had been appropriated by certain trans-atlantic clubs, had nothing to do with science-fiction, and that the syllables Ana combined with log could conceivably be misconstrued by the ever perceptive postal authorities. Nothing having been found suitable in the name, the initials were then examined. These were found to be composed of the letters SFCoL, inapproximately that order.

The meeting, still on the theme of unpleasant connotations, immediately ordered that the 'f' be deleted. This was justified by a proposed hyphenation of 'science-fiction' which was enthusiastically endorsed by a certain Irish Visiting Fan who had come merely to annoy the meeting at such a time as this. Deletion of the 'f' meant that the initials stood at SCoL.

Innocent Sex Kitten Irene Potter suggested the insertion of an 'h', as everything fannish should be blessed with this particular letter.

"SCHoL," announced the meeting, pleased with themselves.

"That's it! We'll call ourselves the Scholars," said Thomson.

The meeting made, then, an earnest attempt to justify its new name. Vinç started passing around sections of the Parker Palatial Dictionary, and for a few minutes there was only the rustling of eye tracks to be heard. The Imperious Chaircreature Ella Parker belted the table hard with her fist to attract attention. "The meeting is not yet open. We have decided that to call ourselves - we must now decide upon our rallying cry."

"Why?" asked the unnecessarily obtuse meeting.

Chaircreature was at a loss for words, a fact which should be entered in any seconds, preferably in underlined caps.

~~"I am the Chairwoman," she said, at last.~~ "I am the Chaircreature," she said. "It is written in the Agenda that we decide upon our rallying cry." Keen, Efficient Secretary James Groves was scribbling rapidly. "Thank you, Jimmy," she said, taking the paper from him. "I will read the Agenda out if the meeting so desires it..."

"We refuse to discuss this item," said the meeting, its collective hackles roused.

Ella snatched the bottle from the Official Leek, and waved it menacingly. "I am Master here, and you are my dogs. You will obey!"

Knowing when it had met its nemesis, the meeting acquiesced, meekly.

"Are there any suggestions for our rallying cry?"

The meeting said nothin.

"There are nine of you. Nine dogs," Ella said, witheringly. "Surely this combined talent should be able to come up with something. We are Scholars..." Pause. "Nine dogs. Canine...If we switch the 'ch' in Scholars to 'k', we will be able to construct our cry. SKOL!"

The meeting replied with a heart-felt groan. The Chaircreature looked sublimely happy, in this, her supreme moment as Chaircreature of the Scholars.

She repeated the word "Skol!" and, the meeting having recovered sufficiently to speak, agreed that this was indeed a most suitable rallying cry. Ella beamed. The high point in her career... Any path from then on could only be down.

It was Unartistic and horrendous member Arthur Thomson said: "That makes us larger than life."

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PITTCON

Register for the 18th World Science Fiction Convention: \$2.00 to P.S. Miller, 1453 Barnsdale, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania

The PITTCON committee has as its single aim to provide an interesting, entertaining, and enjoyable 18th World Science Fiction Convention. It needs the co-operation and assistance of all science fiction adherents. Above all, your presence at the convention is needed to make it complete.

Bob pavlat will be the moderator of a panel entitled "The Science Fiction Fan Club, For and Function." The Chicago fans will present a play, Don Ford, TAFF representative, will give an account of his trip. Lynn Hickman will preside over the "Fanzine Editors Panel". Phillip Jose Farmer will talk on "Is the Science Fiction Fan a Victorian?" The title of James Blish's speech is "A Question of Content". By the way, Blish has broken into the Ziff-Davis twins, and rendered obsolete a portion of the write-up about him in the first Progress Report. Earl Kemp has lined up what we feel will be one of the stellar events at the convention, but we'll keep it a secret a while longer.

There will also be the traditional convention events - auction, masquerade, Hugo awards, banquet, etc.

---Dirce Archer, Chairman
PITTCON

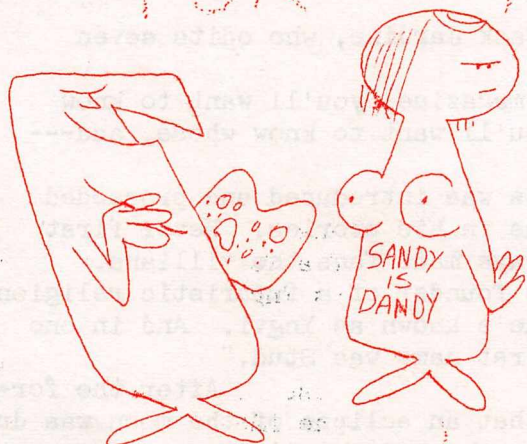
PROJECT ART SHOW is a PITTCON first! For the first time, a science fiction convention will present a show of fan art, promoted by the newly-forming group of fan artists.

Interested parties contact Bjo, 980½ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12 California for an issue of PAS-tell, the Project Art Show bulletin. Sample copy free.

Artists are invited to submit art to the selection panel for the show; send to Bjo for mailing instructions. Non-artists are invited to help in guarding the show, standing shifts at display table, and set up the show. Please. (Artists can help here, too....)

SANDERSON
FOR

AND I TOOK
OFF MY
CLOTHES FOR
THIS



TAFF!

EUSTACE PLUNKETT.....Reporting
JULIE JARDINE.....Speaking
ROBERT BLOCH....."Speaking"

FANQUET REPORT -- Eustace S. Plunkett

The 11th Annual Fanquet was held March 12, with Guests of Honor, Julie Jardine and Richard Geis. Each year LASFS holds this banquet to honor a member who has made his/her first professional stf sale during the past twelve months. Bruce Pelz gestetnered a very nice program, with an ATom cover and room for autographs and smears of banquet sauce. Barney Bernard is to be commended for finding the nicest quarters the Fanquet has enjoyed in years, The Original Barbeque at 8th and Vermont.

Julie Joined the club in 1957 and was victimized into Directorship at the next election. Her most famous exploit was the first Traditional Annual Hallowe'en Party. Al LASFS, Julie met Jack Jardine, whom she married; and in collaboration with her husband wrote the short story Twitch, under the name of Corrie Howard, in SIZZLE.

Richard Geis, a fan of long standing, publisher of PSYCHOTIC in 1952-54, and a resident of Venice West for a couple of years, was only last year persuaded to become a LASFS member. Dick's initial science fiction effort was sold to ADAM; he has since sold a non-stf novel to a paperback house.

Director Ted Johnstone started the program after dinner by announding that Robert Bloch, the proposed speaker, was home writing instead. However, Bob sent a speech to be read by Ted; so, in the easy going Johnstone manner--which is the next best thing to having Bloch--he read several minutes of uncomplimentaryremarks about himself that convulsed the audience. Often Ted interpolated quips of his own that were of such quality that it was impossible to tell where Bloch left off and Johnstone began. Impossible for everyone but Dick Geis, who was reading over Ted's shoulder. When our Director got off one about "stone tablets...and concrete Blochs", Dick let him have it with a wadded paper napkin, whereupon Pelz leapt to Ted's defense and gave the Guest of Honor three plonks in quick succession.

Amid this chaos Ted retired, leaving Julie the task of trying to follow Bob Bloch. Jack handed her a glass of water and Forry helpfully offered a slice of lemon. Revelling in her moment, Julie announced to all and husband that she had just sold her first solo effort.

"To whom?" asked Jack Jardine, who edits seven men's magazines.

"If I tell you what magazine, you'll want to know why, and if I tell you it's yours you'll want to know whose, and-- I'm---not---going---to tell you!"

Geis was introduced and proceeded to tell how he used the names of fans in his stories. Never first names because that was libel; he always made fans the villians. "Well, in one story I made Bloch the founder of a futuristic religion-- it turns out to be a sex cult--and he's known as Yngvi. And in one story I really killed Tucker--his first name was Stud."

After the formal speeches, Larry Ware announced that an eclipse of the moon was due in fifty-two minutes, so the Director thanked the LASFS entertainment committee for arranging it. While thanks were being issued, Fritz Leiber pointed out the unusual pictures on the wall of the Original

Slanshack. "That one," Ted said, "is by Renoir, who/aced out as guest of honor." was

Forrest J Ackerman introduced notables, including former Fanquet honorees Monette Cummings, Helen Urban, and Len Moffatt, and also next year's possible GoH, Charles Neutzel...who has sold five stories since January. Forry explained that Bloch was not present because he had just been appointed editor of the Yiddish edition of PLAYBOY--"Sin Agog".

"On that ridiculous note," said the Director of LASFS, "we will close."

---- esp

WHAT THE HELL TO SPEAK ABOUT -- Julie Jardine.

Upon first having been told that, as partial recipient of the Fanquet this year, I would have to make a speech, my impulse was to pack and move to Mexico... or some other far-away but inexpensive country. As we didn't have the funds to do that, my husband--Jack Jardine/Sam/Larry Maddock--tried to pep me up with Wm. Shakespeare's thing in Julius Ceasar, "Towards die a thousand times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once." So here I am doing the thousand deaths bit. But not without trying to weasel out of it first. I asked various and sundry fans whether a simple "Thank You" followed by a quick descent into my chair wouldn't be acceptable. The answer was "No!" As a last measure, I even wept on Forry J's shoulder, trying to win him to my point of view. Didn't work. Forry gazed sternly into the 'phone (t'was a telephone conversation) and told me that no fan-turned-pro had ever done such a thing. Now, I'm a great believer in broken traditions, but I didn't want to face Mr. Sci-Fi's ire, so taking my typer in both hands, I tried to think of what the hell to speak about.

Since I started having things published, in collaboration with my husband---here let me digress a bit and talk about him. It's due to Sam that I've done any writing at all. As most of you know, I started out by doing stage-work (acting, that is) and wound up being bribed into collaborating on a screen-play with him. He bribed me with a dinner. Since then, he's been my severest critic--especially now that he's editing eight magazines. To those of you who write and get those little slips from time to time saying "Thanks very much but no thanks", place yourselves in my position. I don't get those nice polite slips...I get told--and very bluntly, too. Oh well, I still love him, in spite of what---especially since he's become an editor. After all, it's another market, and payola pays.

To get back to what I was nattering about, since I started having things published fans come up to me--or even people come up to me--and say, "Gee, how wonderful to be able to write. I wish I would do it."

Frankly, so do I.

A typical writing day goes somewhat like this for me: Sam gives me a first draft to rewrite or has asked me to do a first draft. So I mull over the scene in my mind until the characters decide what they'll be doing and saying. Then I sit down at the typewriter. Then I get up from the typewriter and give Punkin' the glass of milk that she's decided she wants RIGHT NOW! She finishes her milk and I run to the typer again.

This time I get about a paragraph done and the doorbell rings. I pay the milkman and tell him "Yes indeed, it's a lovely day and I'm fine, thank you, and how is he?" Then I separate Punkin' from whatever she has swiped off the dining-room table or bookcases and head for the kitchen. (This is where we keep the typer.) I scoop Mehitabel the cat off the machine and let the dogs know they'll go outside right away or there are going to be floods of accidents all over the house. I take one of my hats away from Punkin' and, ignoring her screams, start for the kitch...and the telephone rings. It's a wrong number, or Sam, or my mother wanting to know how I'm feeling and isn't it lovely outside? I snarl that yes, it is lovely, slam the receiver down, scoop

Mr. Chips (the other cat) off the typer-----and Punkin' has to have her diaper changed. That done, it's time to take My Child for a walk. During the walk, if I try to think story-plot, she decides to wander out into the middle of the street and we have a little screaming argument about it. We get home, and, mercifully, it's time for her nap. NOW I can write! But Marty wants in, and he barks and he barks and he BARKS! So I let him in and grab something to eat because soon Shandy will be barking to be let in. (I think they have an unspoken agreement never to re-enter the house at the same time.)

So fine, they're in. I plod into the kitchen and the doorbell rings. It's somebody we know and they obviously can't see the 2 foot by 2 foot sign on our door that optimistacally says "writer at work." After coffee, cigarettes, and small talk they decide to leave --- mainly because Punkin's awake and clamoring for attention. She and I do the diaper routine again and I bring her out to the front room, surround her with Teddy bears, and tiptoe into the kitchen. She wants to see what Mommy's doing. Mommy's typing!!! Goody! She wants to type, too. If I say no, she'll scream for what seems like hours so it's really much less nerve-wracking to let her type. About this time Sam comes home and says, "Gee, you didn't do the dishes, darling; you must have been real busy writing. Let's see what you've done." And I open my little bottle of Miltown, take two, and tell him what I've done.

Then he and I have a small discussion.

By the time that's over, it's time for Baby's bath and dinner. Two hours later, I scrape the flung food off myself and wearily eat my own dinner. Now it's time for baby's romp, and, besides, the dogs want to go out again. Then Mehitabel decides that since she's going to have kittens soon, she has to be FED again, so I feed the little _____ and her no-good progeny, Mr. Chips. Now the dogs want back in again, as usual, one at a time.

In the meantime Sam has appropriated the typer and is working like mad. About midnight, he tosses what looks like fifty sheets of paper into my lap and says, "See what you can do with these, darling; I'm sleepy. Goodnight."

Warfare at this point is useless, because by the time I'm coherent again, Sam's asleep, so I see what I can do about these. I work till the dawn comes up like thunder and I'm too sleepy to hear ----or care. So I toddle off to bed, thinking of the fans and people who have wished that they, too, could write. They're welcome to it.

FANQUETTE - 1960 -- Robert Bloch.

This is the first time I've ever delivered a speech in absentia ... and on Ted Johnstone it looks good. That's why he was chosen to make it for me.

You know, delivering a speech in absentia is something just a little like artificial insemination. That's another reason why Ted Johnstone was chosen.

As a matter of fact, Ted Johnstone reminds me very much of the way I used to be, forty years ago. Fortunately, I recovered.

Unfortunately, there is nothing to prevent Ted from sticking in little parenthetical comments of his own in this speech, and I want to tell you in advance that if he happens to say anything clever...or even clean, for that matter...it's his own fault.

But let's not spend our time talking about Ted Johnstone. After all, this is supposed to be a happy occasion. And I want to begin by telling you all just how pleased I am not to be with you tonight. As I don't look down at all ~~your~~ smiling faces, I can only look back on the many other similar events I haven't attended. You may have fond memories of previous Fanquets...me, I've got

amnesia. This is better than going to the damned things and getting indigestion.

I understand this affair is being held, kicking and screaming, at a place called The Original Barbecue. If I remember, this restaurant got its name because it was founded by the early settlers of California...the survivors of the Donner Party. Now for the benefit of those of you who came in late...and haven't yet escaped to the washroom...the Donner Party was the first group to specialize in barbecued ribs...to say nothing of arms, legs, and torsos.

While I am aware that there are several people in this audience who specialize in torsos, I'm pretty sure there's nothing to worry about. As far as I know, there are no living survivors of the Donner Party except Rory Faulkner.

And the restaurant itself has changed hands...which means if you happen to find any fingers floating in your soup, at least they're fresh ones. Of course, The Original Barbecue is the only restaurant in town where they don't need a chef. They just hire Jack the Ripper. I understand he's very good on gold cuts.

Well, it's about time to get down to the serious business of the evening...but before Zeke starts dealing the cards, perhaps a few words are in order about why we are all assembled here tonight.

Of course, when I say that, I mean why you are all assembled here. I'm not assembled; I think some of the parts were lost in shipment. As you know, I'm not a native of California. I just arrived recently, and it was a rough trip. There's a friend of mine at UCLA who came out on a scholarship. Me, I came out on a cattle ship. It took us 278 days just to get around Cape Horn, and another 278 days just to get off the Freeway Interchange. Had a good car, though. It used to be owned by a little old lady in Pasadena who never came in worse than second.

Actually, this has nothing to do with the Fanquet; I just threw it in to make things tough for Ted Johnstone. Not that I have anything against Ted...it's just that I envy him being here when I'm not.

Quite seriously, folks, I am sorry to have missed this occasion. The Fanquet, as I understand it, is the one event of the year when the fans are on the receiving end. And believe me, speaking as a pro, there's nothing I'd like better than to be able to see the fans get what's coming to them.

Tonight you are gathered (all except that girl at the end of the table who is gathered and hemmed) to bestow awards on two fans who have...well, what have they done?

Frankly, I don't know how to phrase it. If I say that these two fans have "gone on" it sounds as if you were holding this affair at Utter-McKinley. If I say they have "developed" it sounds like Vic Tanny's. Of course, to be truthful, one of these fans, Julie Jardine, certainly has developed.

But that's not a very nice thing to mention, and if I were Ted Johnstone I'd have the good taste to edit it out of this speech. No, in the case of Julie Jardine and her story, I'd prefer to be dignified and just say that we're all celebrating the fact that she has turned pro and lost her amateur standing.

Of course, there's nothing wrong with this, because I understand she did it all in collaboration with her husband.

Now, in the case of Richard Geis, there's perhaps a little more difficulty. I remember Dick Geis in the days when he was putting out his little autobiographical fanzine, PSYCHOTIC. In those days, as I recall, Dick was sometimes critical of the pro writers. It used to amaze me the way he looked down his nose at us -- considering the distance.

Now Dick has turned pro, and his first sale was to ADAM magazine. Since then he has sold stories

to other men's magazines. In a way it's strange to find science fiction fans making their first sales to magazines outside the field. I've been trying to figure out just what kind of science fiction story you could sell to these editors in the first place. All I can come up with is the one about the little Martian who lands on a strange planet and meets a beautiful woman. The only trouble with her is that she's eighteen feet tall. So he stares up at this beautiful doll and says, "Take me to your ladder." Now this is the sort of fiction I understand... stories about social climbers.

Seriously, I'm very happy to know that Julie Jardine and Richard Geis have entered the ranks of professional writers. Nothing could delight me more...because misery loves company. And maybe, if they find the going a bit rough and can't earn a full time living just doing science fiction, they can take the next big step and do what I've done; join the television writers guild, go out on strike, and starve to death.

Actually, it's a great thing, Julie and Dick, to enter the professional writing field at this time. You have so many more opportunities than I did when I entered, and so many more aids and advantages. For example, there's the typewriter. Back when I started, they were still doing all their writing on stone tablets. I had to use an iron spike and a mallet to make an impression on my readers...and maybe that's still a good idea. Anyhow, in those days when they talked about hacking out a story, they really meant it. And the editor did all his corrections and revisions with a chisel.

Actually, of course, things haven't changed too much. Writers are still hacks, and editors are still chiselers.

But don't be discouraged, Julie and Dick. You have so many wonderful experiences ahead of you in the years to come...think of all the fans who will sneer at you for being dirty pros...think of all the critics who will blast your work...think of all the speeches you will have to make...in absentia, yet, so nobody can throw things. Think of the fame, the glory, the bankruptcy!

And think, too, of the LASFS, whose encouragement and friendly activity has produced to very many writers from their ranks. Think of an evening like this, when the people who know you, appreciate the effort you've put into your work, and applaud the results, gather here to do you deserved honor. In so doing, they honor not only you but themselves. Theirs is the appreciation of what you have done; in no small way they share your success.

I am happy to add my own small voice...and Ted Johnstone's big one...to the chorus of congratulations. The best to you, Julie and Dick, in all the triumphs which lie ahead!

Thank you.

---rb.

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"MAMMY'S LIL BABY LOVES
SHORTNIN', SHORTNIN'..."

THOUSANDS —
PERHAPS EVEN
HUNDREDS
OF
FANNISH
RECIPES
FOR
SOLID
FOOD
AND...
AHEM...
LIQUIDS

The day after the Solacon, after all the out-of-towners had left for Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Detroit, and Yorkshire, and (ostensibly) Florida, I was in a car with Jim Caughran, Steve Tolliver, Trimble, and Bjo. We talked about conventions, and about travelling. Steve was thinking of hitch-hiking to Detroit in a year, and wanted to know how hard it was to travel across country by thumb. "It isn't hard," I told him, easing into a long story, "all you have to do is stand on a US highway with your thumb out." I paused to get into the proper mood to hold forth at length on one of my favorite subjects (me), but I shouldn't have done that.

"Write us an article," demanded Bjo, editrix of Mimsy, fandom's leading travel-report fanzine. She was seconded by Tolliver, another editor, and they both told me they would break Ernie Wheatley's arm until he agreed. Ernie had the good fortune to be the 3rd editor of Mimsy.

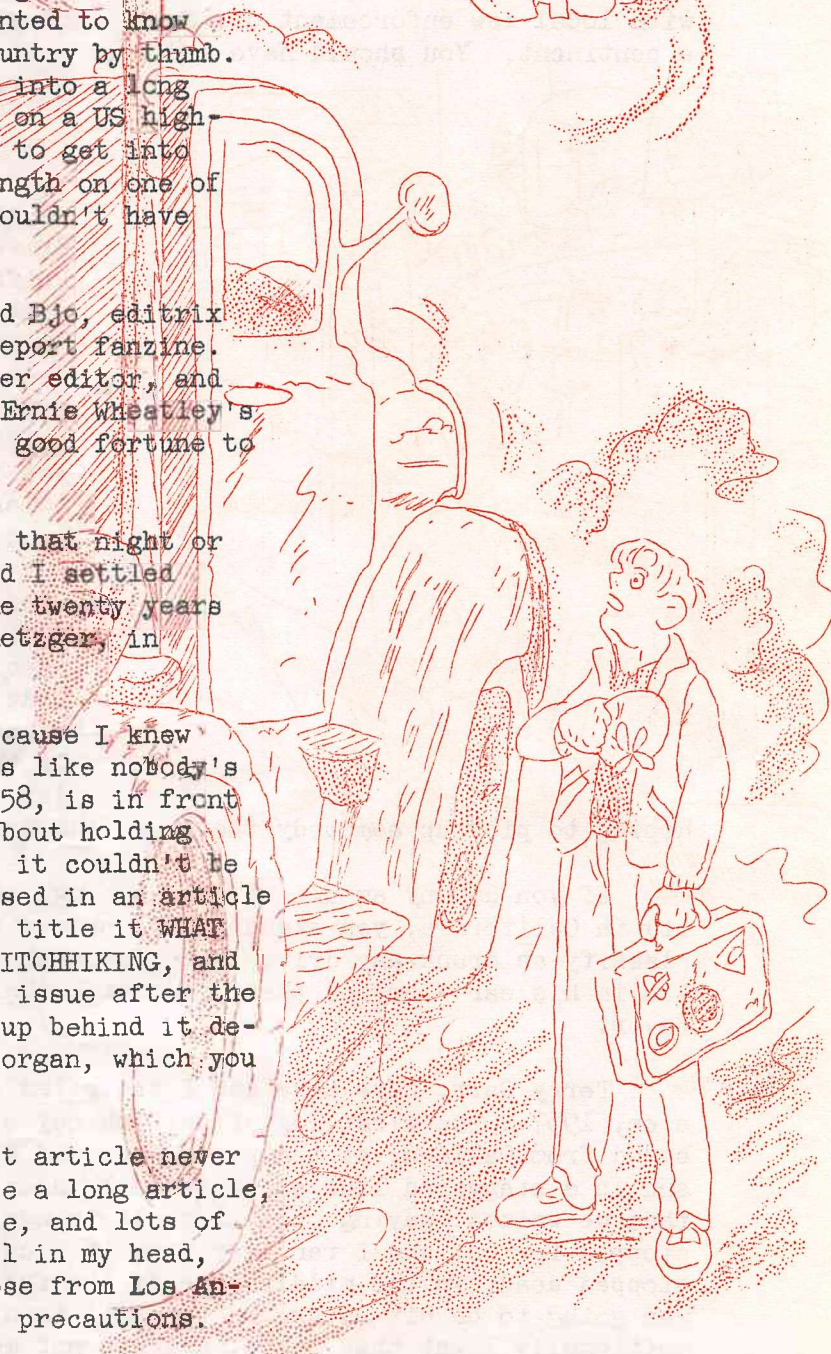
We wound our several ways home that night or the next day. My way led north, and I settled back into my role as student, became twenty years old, and wrote a letter to George Metzger, in approximately that order.

The letter was for artwork, because I knew Metzger could draw hitch-hiking fans like nobody's business. His reply, dated 15 Oct 58, is in front of me now and I still feel guilty about holding this art for almost two years. Yet it couldn't be used anywhere else - it had to be used in an article about hitch-hiking. I was going to title it WHAT EVERY YOUNG FAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT HITCHHIKING, and submit to Mimsy, which saw one more issue after the Solacon, and folded because the group behind it decided to revive the LASFS official organ, which you are now reading.


For one reason or another, that article never did get written. It was going to be a long article, with sub-headings and an index maybe, and lots of witticisms, and it was designed (all in my head, mind you) to take the reader by prose from Los Angeles to Detroit with all necessary precautions.

Though the only real precautions I could think of were simple enough, and wouldn't make much of an article: Nobody should hitch-hike any distance (more than fifty miles), I said to myself, until he is eighteen years old. Things happen for a youngster when he becomes eighteen - bars open to him in some states, other states let him drive, almost all states ignore his violation of curfews, and he goes to adult court instead of juvenile court if he is arrested. It's a great age.

**THE SQUIRREL
CAGE**



Yet, I hitch-hiked to New York at the age of seventeen. True, I had a valid driver's license from California (you can get a full operator's permit at sixteen.) I didn't want to go into bars, I avoided towns which looked as though they might have cerfew laws, and I didn't intend to do anything for which I might be busted- and, on top of it all, I carried military I.D., which got me out of two tangles with local law enforcement officers. But you should be eighteen before crossing a continent. You should have a driver's license, because lots of things pop up where it's handy.



People often pick up hitch-hikers because they want somebody to talk to. Almost as often, because they want somebody to drive for them while they rest or sleep. Drifters aren't picked up, for the most part, because they usually don't have licenses - but servicemen or college students usually do. All hitch-hiking is a matter of chance; the only skill involved is in judging, from past experience, what you can do to be there when chance comes along. If you look clean, neatly (not expensively) dressed, and mature but but not too mature, you stand a good chance of being picked up by somebody who wants a driver. If you do all this, and then can't drive, you're in for a long ride. If you can't drive (or haven't a license), you may still get a long ride. On the other hand, you may find yourself let off near the next town, your ride

hoping to pick up somebody there who can drive.

If you do any amount of hitchhiking, especially (though it pains me to say it) in California, you stand a good chance of being picked up by drunks. I classify as drunk any driver who scares the hell out of me the first ten minutes I'm in his car - beyond that, I don't bother to judge people who are doing me a favor.

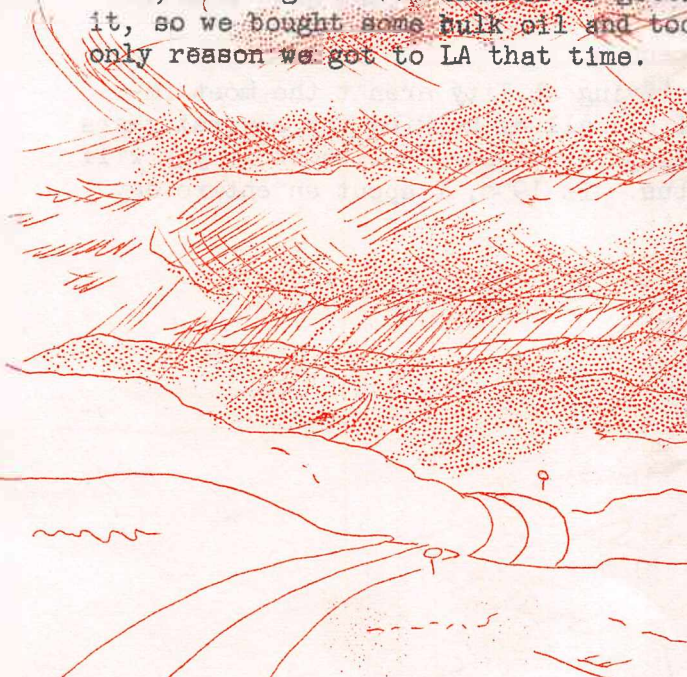
Terry Carr, Dave Rike and I travelled to Los Angeles by thumb over Halloween, 1957. The first leg of our journey ended us on the freeway, outward-bound from Oakland, at ten p.m. We stood single file, separated by a few feet, and in a staggered line so we could be seen as three people by motorists. And then we waited, saying ungentlemanly things about the cold. An old 1936 Dodge stopped for us, and I ran away from it - up the embankment; because it had stopped dead, in the middle lane of the freeway, and one glance told me that it was going to be hit square in the tail in a minute, because traffic was not exceptionally light that night, and was not moving slowly by any means.

The old car backed up slowly, with people swerving wildly to avoid it, horns blaring, lights flickering up and down - and managed to back up to where Carr and Rike stood, stupefied. Rike broke the trance first - he picked up his gear, waited his chance, and dodged through traffic to the car. Then Carr attained it, just as I hit the bottom of the embankment, grabbed my overnight bag, and dashed across three lanes toward it.

Tom, the driver, started the car moving again, asking us where we were going. Dave told him, while Carr and I stared out the front window, wondering how long we had to live: the highway was weaving about in front of us as we moved from lane to lane at sixty miles an hour, with Tom paying more attention to Rike than he was to the road. He fit the classification of drunk, so I started talking over Dave.

I asked him where he was going and where he'd come from. He said that he'd driven straight from Seattle without rest, and I didn't let that go by. "Seattle is a long way off, Tom," I said, "and you must be pretty tired." Yes, he was tired, he admitted; "but Los Angeles is pretty close, fellows, so I won't have any trouble."

We looked at each other. LA was 400 miles off - a full eight hours, maybe ten - our ride was drunk and tired. I started talking again. I told Tom into believing he was tired, and told him I'd take the wheel for the next hour or so, and call him when we got into town. He wanted to drive in LA, because we were from the north and didn't know our way around the city. He pulled over, and settled down in the back seat with a bottle (a violation of the California Motor Vehicle code - but at least he wasn't driving) and I started to drive to Los Angeles. That was almost the last we heard out of Tom until we got to LA - nine hours and two gallons of oil later. We shared expenses on that trip, because Tom had less than two dollars to his name, as he told us when we woke him up, after finding that the car leaked oil. We put him back to sleep, took a good look, and figured our chances of getting south in the car were better than without it, so we bought some bulk oil and took off again. My driver's license was the only reason we got to LA that time.



Another thing to warn people about is cold weather. You don't need to worry about it for most conventions, because they're held in the summertime - but Bill Courval and I once hitchhiked from Long Beach to the Bay Area, in late 1956, and nearly froze ourselves silly on the trip. Travel in the summer or early fall, or find some other way to travel - you can't afford to carry enough luggage to take along warm clothes. One suitcase (as small as possible) and one overnight bag should be the maximum, because there's an awful lot of hiking involved in hitchhiking. You get set down a half-mile on the near side of a big intersection, and you'll find that nobody will pick you up - so there's nothing for it but to walk to that intersection, and maybe fifty yards past it, so

as to catch all the outbound traffic that is definitely going your way. After you've done this twice or a dozen times, you'll wish you hadn't brought two suitcases along. Send one of 'em by freight to wherever you're going.

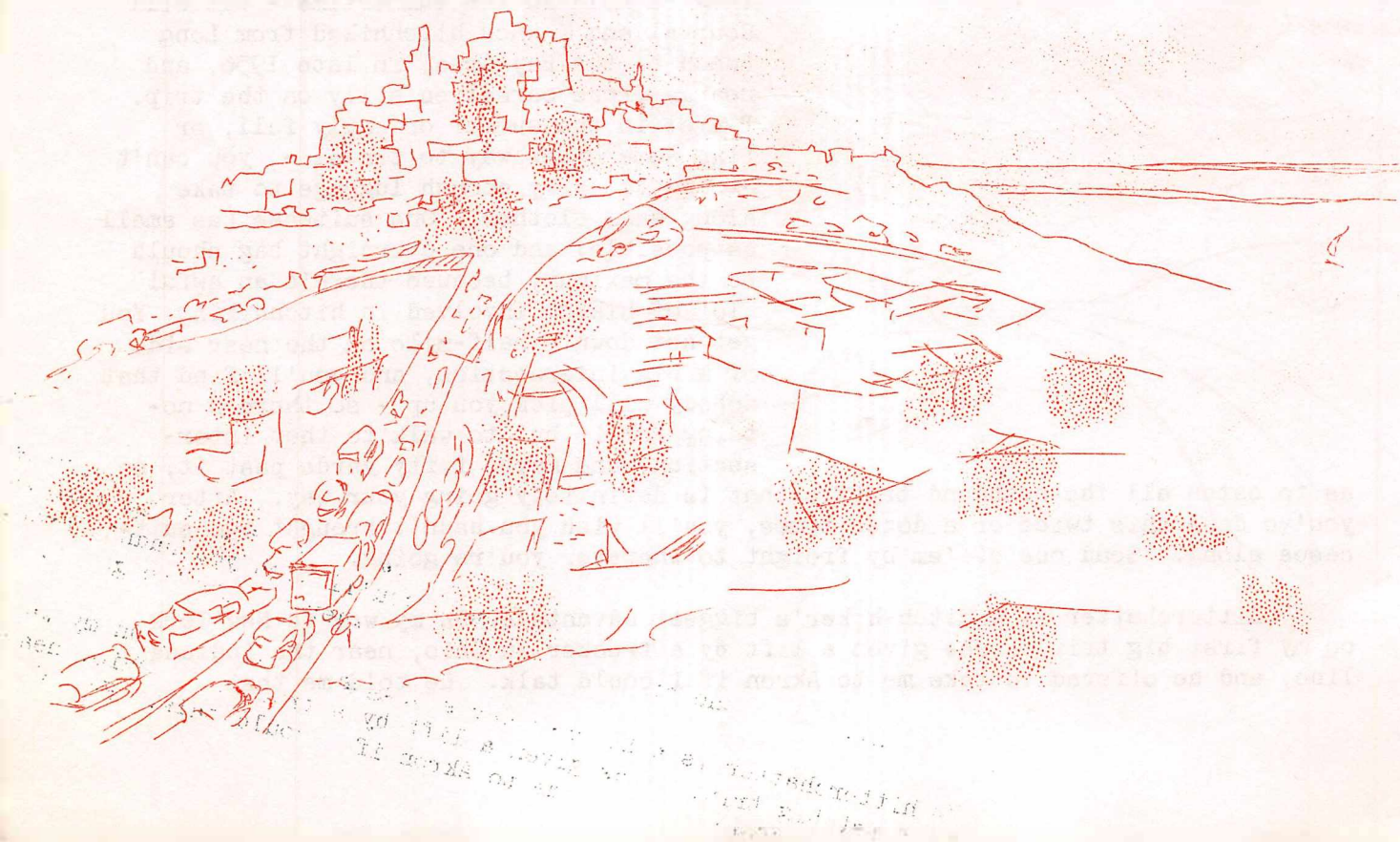
Chitterchatter is a hitch-hiker's biggest advantage. On my way to New York on my first big trip, I was given a lift by a trucker in Ohio, near the Indiana line, and he offered to take me to Akron if I could talk. He told me that

The Squirrel Cage 4

either I would tell him stories all the way across Ohio, or else he would wrap his two-trailer cattle-truck around a telephone pole, and me with it because he hadn't slept in three days. We made it to Akron, and I've never been unhappy about my chitterchattering since.

You should know something about the geography of the country, too, although this isn't vital. When I left Hagerstown, Maryland, I had absolutely no idea of how I was to get to New York, although Harry Warner had pointed me in the right direction. Because it was 2 a.m. and I had absolutely no sense of direction, I took off and got lost in Baltimore. I took another road, and found myself lost on the New Jersey turnpike - so I waited until the sun came up, and found a sign with some names on it I recognized, crossed the turnpike, and headed for the big city. It would have helped if I'd had a map of Maryland-Delaware-New Jersey with me. Once I got into New York, I phoned Phyllis Economou (who was living there at that time) for directions, because I had no idea where the Lincoln Tunnel was, when, in fact I had just walked through it.

But geography and extra skills like driving ability aren't the most important things to a hitch-hiker, because I did all my hiking for several years without the second. The most important thing is patience - without it you will give up after the first hour, and take a bus. In 1958, I spent an entire day



The Squirrel Cage 5

from one a.m. to sundown - in Nevada, on my way to the MidwestCon in Cincinnati. I had left Berkeley and found myself in Reno slightly after midnight. I gambled a little in the clandestine fashion a nineteen-year-old develops for that sort of thing; lost some money, telephoned the local air base and found I couldn't get a free ride, and started out of town.

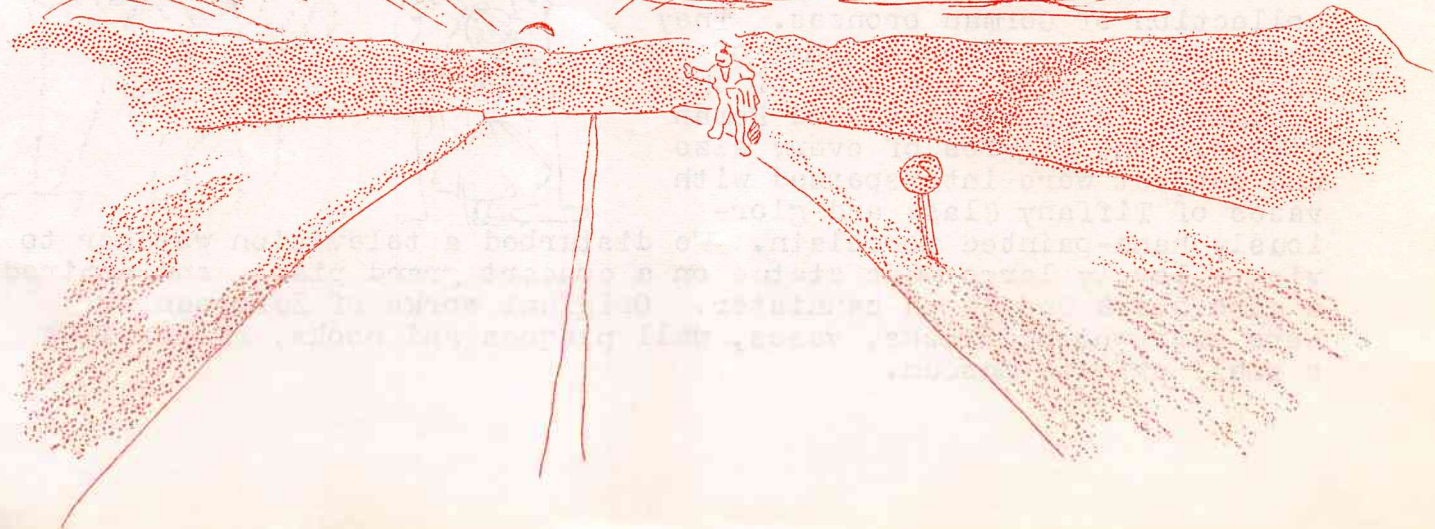
I spent the next seventeen hours in trucks, pick-ups, jalopies, and on my feet, making my way across one of the bleakest, hottest sections of this continent in the month of June. I got a fine tan by riding in the back of a half-ton pick-up truck for seventy miles with my shirt off, but it nearly rose to sunburn level while I stood under the desert sun most of the afternoon. I wound my way to the eastern side of Wells, Nevada, and I joined forces with another hitch-hiker who had been having similar luck

We decided that we couldn't do much worse together than we had been doing alone (which is generally false, but you couldn't do much worse than we had been doing, no matter what you did), so we stood together and tried to look like a couple of college chums or something. Just after sundown, we were picked up by a salesman on his way to Ohio (how about that for accurate luck!) who had planned on taking a week to make the trip, driving by himself. With the two of us along, the two thousand miles were covered in a day and a half. We stopped in Ogallala, Nebraska while the other hitch-hiker paid \$27 for speeding during his trick at the wheel; and we stopped for a few minutes in Lincoln, Nebraska, and I visited Jim Caughran.

You also have to know how to handle large dogs, small children, sudden rains, deserted roads, insects of all kinds, sunburn, cops on a city and state level, turnpikes and freeways, shortcuts and dead-ends, flat tires, boiled-out radiators, no luggage space for your suitcase (I have travelled several hundred miles sitting tailor-fashion on my suitcase because there was not enough room enough for it and me both), people who want you to pay for the gas, for a bottle, or for repairs on their car, and everything else imaginable except oversexed women. Women raping hitch-hikers is supposed to be a big thing, but I've never met anybody it's happened to; like stories of people who spend all their money on road-weary thumbs, and the guy who gives you the ride to your door (which last has actually happened to me a couple of times - but not often), and other legends which spring up around hitchhiking, take it with a shoe-full of salt.

This is some of what I was going to put into that article about what every young fan should know about hitchhiking. Anybody want to race me to Pittsburgh?

---rde.



((You people keep writing in, and asking why Fallen Angelenos isn't more than a single page feature. We've fixed you...as you'll see below, it's a wee bit larger this time. Happy...? We are. ---uss jt))

FALLEN ANGELENOS

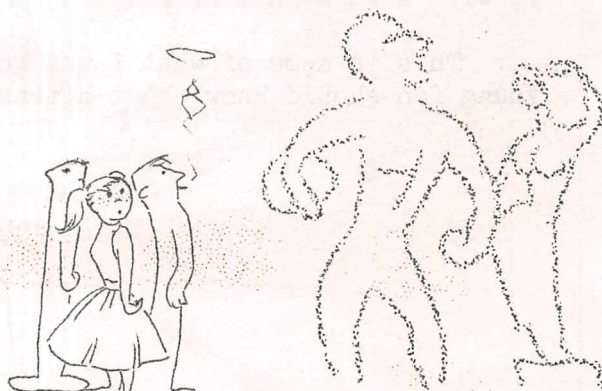
by Bjo

Los Angeles, as any other large city, has residential areas where stately hills, sweeping lawns, and wide boulevards hold the suriosity of the "common herd" from invading the great implacable homes of the wealthy. Seldom will the average person be able to do more than guess at the kind of far-off creatures who must inhabit such houses, or the contents therein.

But our own little "herd" has visited two such homes; by sheer luck, lately. The first was on the highest hill that seperates Los Angeles from Glendale. John Trimble knew of this in his recent capacity of taxi driver, having delivered the owner of the hill to his door. So, one night when we'd visited the Dickensheets, gone to a very funny movie, and felt that such a clear, starry night should not be wasted by going indoors; John took us to the top of this hill. Bill Ellern and Ernie Wheatley were our fellow-trespassers as we went up a winding private driveway to park in a private area before the house. The view was worth the risk.

While we were standing in the gravel, with the crisp spring wind around us, watching the very lovely city lights below us, I momentarily loved Los Angeles in the strange way I always love the desert. We ignored the barking dog locked away somewhere in the house, but when a man came out to see who was in his driveway, we were rather embarrassed. But he seemed so pleased that we liked his wonderful view that he took us through a dark garden to the back of the house to see the lights of Glendale, which was also a spectacular view.

I noticed shadowy shapes of statues in the garden, and commented that I was an artist by way of conversation. At this, the man invited us into the house to see his collection of German bronzes. They were really interesting, some of them very roccoco, and some of them beautiful in neo-Grecian and Roman styles. The figures of every size and subject were interspersed with vases of Tiffany Glass and gloriously hand-painted porcelain. We disturbed a television watcher to view a lovely large nude statue on a concert grand piano, and admired a rare black Wedgewood cannister. Original works of European art were everywhere; clocks, vases, wall plaques and books, rather like a small private museum.



The man introduced himself, jocularly stating that he was a simple "Shanty Irishman", which so startled us that no one remembers his name to date. As we left the old Edendale ranch house, we met a huge, gimlet-eyed bulldog--who was not locked away, as we had believed.

-oOo-

In South Pasadena, near the Huntington Library, there is a two-story mansion of great beauty. Built when wood-working and cabinet-making was considered an art, this house has a square-beamed Oriental flavor that is magnificent. To my relief, it did not contain one single red-gold-and-black lacquered pagoda "shrine" to "carry out" the Oriental theme.

The house has paneled walls, where doors mysteriously appear--and disappear--and wooden pegs cover every nail, while huge beams in the ceiling and polished expanses of wood instead of fully carpeted floors made the house warmly comfortable.

Our hostess, Margery Hill, made her friends Dean and Shirley Dickensheet, John, and me very comfortable, too, while giving us a grand tour of the house; showing us the antique plates, oils and unusual decorations of the windows. Some artist, when the house was built, put in stained glass designs across the top of some of the windows that matched the flowering tree or vine in the garden directly outside. So, even during the off-seasons, occupants have a colorful window through which to look.

Upstairs, we found a huge bedroom and a "sitting room", full of art materials; with guest room, bathroom, and panelled walls that contained hidden shelves and closets, and a marvellous room full of dolls. Paper dolls with elaborate tissue-paper gowns, almost-life-sized little girls of china and leather, and parts of dolls were all over the room. We viewed stereoptican slides of dolls and toys, admired beaded purses and costumes, looked at life-sized china babies who looked back with too-lifelike glass eyes, and peeped into doll houses of all kinds. Visitors are constantly coming to see this fabulous collection of childhood goodies.

Going downstairs, with three bouncing Siamese cats, we found a basement full of old magazines; valuable collector's items like unbound Strands, Colliers, Puritans, and women's fashion magazines. The Dickensheets were given a rare second Strand, John a copy of Clark Ashton Smith's Double Shadow & Other Stories, and I was presented with a first issue of Popular Ceramics. While browsing--a happy pastime for a fan--hunger began to stir us into action. Margery insisted that we stay for dinner, lead us into a large kitchen, and sent the men to the store for groceries. She offered to let John drive her monstrous '60 Cadillac, but he preferred my dinky dirty '46 Ford coupe.

While telling us about collecting dolls, magazines, and attending hobby shows, she whipped up a delicious spaghetti dinner; explaining that she'd picked up the authentic recipe in Italy. John and Dean cleaned up several helpings--not questioning its authenticity. After she refused help with the dishes, we went prowling back through the house admiring furnishings, and chunks of quartz and florite. It was a most thoroughly enjoyable day; and we were invited back!

---bjo.



People, this here is a new letter-editor speaking. Seems like Bjo had too many things to do what with PASTEL, SAPS, OMPA, N'APA, etc., and thought somebody else ought to do the Shaggy letter-column else she wouldn't do justice to it. She said this holding in one be-freckled hand a letter from Tampa, Florida that just dripped spiders. "Here," she said, "you take this." So I've had it. So has you. So, there's eight million letters here and hardly any room. People are going to get squeeze, but one way or another, I'm gonna wipe the slate clean this ish so we can get off to a fresh start next time. So, to start things off, here's a new one:

CLAUDE REGLED, 6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California

Dear Burb:

My copy of S-L'A #20 seems to have arrived a bit late. Damn the slow post office anyway. They must've cut an inky swatch through it (it's there, right on the back, I can see it--and it comes off on my fingers when I rub it) and then let it sit in solitude in the corner of the post office. Awell, you can't win.

Cover was very nice. Willie's shading-plate and shading-wheel work goes very nice in blue ink on blue paper. If you haven't thrown away the stencil, I'd be mightily pleased if you'd run off a copy of that illo, sans, of course, the logo, that I might hang it up on the wall. It'd help offset the devastating effect of all these VoMaidens.

As usual, your editorial takes the cake, though Laney on that gawdawful Welcom Booklet the NFFF flubbed out comes in a close second. I'm glad to see you didn't set a subscription rate on Fairy, as I'm carrying subs on so many other fanzines now I'm afraid my wallet would go be-bust if I took on another.

Tend to agree with Towner on that booklet, but I think you should give them some credit for going through the trouble of doing such a nice production job on it, even if it does read like one of those fanzines that aren't even concerned with science-fiction...Le Zombie, for an instance.

But then, what can you expect from an NFFF "project"? Certainly not perfection.

Forry is interesting as always, but I do wish he'd get off this simplified spelling kick of his. It's not as bad as it used to be, but it's still pretty terrible. What's so wrong with the English way of spelling that he has to revolt against it?

That was an interesting typo on the third line of the excerpts from the post-cards, etc. On purpose? (I know you'll say "no", but of course it was.)

I hope this arrives in time to get me a copy of Shaggy #21.

Timewarpishly yours,

0/0 Sorry, Claude, but your letter is a bit late and all the late issues, containing science articles by Fassbinder and LASFS articles by Laney, are all sold out. In fact, Burbee just quit Shaggy and went into FAPA. 0/0

Maggie Curtis, Fountain House, R.D. #2, Saegertown, Pennsylvania.

Dear Somebody,

The cover is the best I've seen for a long while on SHAGGY. I think it's also the best piece of Harnessart I've ever seen. Congratulations, Jack.

"Fallen Angelenos" was much better than the previous installment; it was good. If this keeps up...

I enjoyed the editorial very much; on the other hand, "Lyrics in FANCY 2" seemed to me to be a bit strained, with the author really working to get in all the fan-speak possible. 'Twas just too labored.

The book reviews and "The PSEA Experiments" were amusing, but not outstandingly so. The Book Reviews seemed run-of-the-mill; the best thing about "TPE" was the illustrations. Those I did like.

The heading and first letter in "Picking a Bone with SHAGGY" were excellent. For that matter, the whole lettercol was entertaining.

The nearby burg of Meadville has been enjoying the plight of a 17-year-old hood from Erie, Pa. Seems this youth slipped a handkerchief over his face, walked up to the office of a Meadville store and knocked on the door; when it was opened, he waved a gun in the face of the woman who opened it and he said, "Gimme all the money in the safe." She slammed the door in his face. He scurried over to a check-out counter and waved his gun again, running through his plea for cash. The woman at the counter just stood there looking at him. Frenziedly, he tried to rip out some wall phones in the store, evidently attempting to prevent anyone's calling for help; he gave this up and ran out of the store. Then he went to a drive-in bank, shot his gun off at the ground and told the teller to give him the money. She ignored him and went out to lunch. Oh, yes, they caught him.

/O/O/ Meadville is/was where Basil Wells lived and long-time Californian Len J. Moffatt used to hail from those parts. *** By the way, for now and maybe for quite some time, "somebody" is going to be yours truly, Marley L. Gastonhugh.

JOSEPH A. FLIEGEL, 416 Seaver St., Dorchester 21, Mass.

You people have your goddam nerve--who the hell asked you to spend six cents to mail me your entirely unsolicited Aug59 issue (see, I'm so cubic I don't even know an issue is an ish) of your whatzit? I was just quietly letting my membership lapse in another sf club because I found the juvenilia quite juvenile, and here you whet my appetite with juvenilia that is quite adult. That Aug59 issue is probably the only decent thing you ever published; but go ahead--rell in the fish. How much does it cost to join your jolly little bunch of subversives? Does the membership fee include a free sabotage kit, or must I buy my own dynamite?

/O/O/ Nope, we let everybody use the devastating brilliance of their own minds do the job; hope you make it. *** This is an example of the letters I found in the immense wad they turned over to me for this ish! /O/O/

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey (March 29th, 1960)

I received the 49 issue of ANALOG: SHANGRI FACT AND FRICTION (love that title) recently which had a note inside saying deadline for the next issue was March 26. Since I received it on the 24th, I certainly couldn't send you anything by space-mail, so this will have to do.

Bruce Pelz is obviously Dean W. Dickensheet, and why does he hide behind that monicker? Was an interesting article he did.

/O/O/ Dean Dickensheet will be sore perplexed to find Bruce Pelz trying to hide behind him inasmuch as Bruce is wider and he is taller. Dean hides behind a magnificent beard but that's about all the hiding that's being done. Must an odd or unfamiliar name always have to be somebody's pen-name? Tsk. /O/O/

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, ENGLAND.

(1-3-60)

Dear Shaggy,

Please convey my thanks and best wishes to the many Lasfas folkes. I was very pleased to receive No. 48. I loved the well written Angelenos column and the cute illos. I hope you mean to continue this.

Bob Lichtman has written some good reviews on the fanzines. I appreciated the few kind words about my own effort, and I think he judged them all well.

Robert Coulson sounds as if he hoped to provoke some choked and spluttering comments. Poo, This is ground that has been too well worked over already; the subject hardly has anything about it left to be said. Still its nice of him to call us the aristocrats...

I do admire your headings.

Thanks too for a very good description of "Dance Chromatic". This is something that has had glowing reports in all the zines that left the reader feeling very frustrated not knowing what it was like. This filled a genuine want upon my part. Though, naturally, I would have liked to have seen it too.

I would also like to know more of what was said at that famous fan-ed panel. Once again, all the reports have been raving about it without giving any details to us poor non-attenders. As Dave Kyle was supposed to have recorded part of it, I am hoping he will pass it on to some fan ed to publish. I would dearly love to hear it all, but would be content with some part of it.

Congratulations upon having your Gestetner clear now. Must be a nice feeling. I was up visiting Ella Parker this week, and I think she must be a witch--nothing else could describe her luck! She has just obtained an electric Gestetner for 40 pounds. I watched it rolling off the papers with awe. What a beauty it is. I doubt I will never rest content now till I have one too. Still...it won't be this year!

Once again many thanks for Shaggy--a fanzine for the permanent file...

/O/O/ I remember back when my fondest dream was to acquire a hi-fi set! It took me years but finally I got one. Imagine my disappointment when I found that it does nothing but reproduce sound! Anyway, luck on your ambition to get an electric Gestetner...and keep writing to us. /O/O/

TERRY JEEVES, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12, ENGLAND. (2-15-60)

Dear John,

Many thanks for Shaggy No. 48...it arrived here during a heavy snowstorm... yep, in February. And so provides reading material for during the siege. It's as well produced as ever, but somehow, the light inking doesn't seem to show up so well on the yellow paper.

Enjoyed Ron Ellick's column...particularly the bit about the 914th meeting... just like something out of a fannish nightmare. Bob Coulson's piece about fanstrata was a bit too disjointed to get far...he didn't actually make any constructive points either way. Me, I'm all for TAFF, but I think that there should be a tighter eligibility roster for candidates...don't ask me what...but tied, somehow, to length of time in fandom...fan publishing and con attendance, etc.

You may be interested to know that I have slipped in a Bentcliffe for Taff cartoon in the regular Soggy series which I supply to the Tape Recording and Hi Fi Magazine over here...and they've accepted it. Naturally, the cartoon doesn't concern Bentcliffe...BUT, THE SLOGAN IS THERE IN FULL GLORY...so how's that for plugging a TAFF candidate??? Now I'm hoping it sees publication before the campaign closes.

/O/O/ I somehow, vaguely get the faintest...almost nebulous...idea that you are plugging Bentcliffe for TAFF. Is this correct? /O/O/

ROBERT LEE, P.O.Box 3581, Tulsa, Oklahoma (2-29-60)

I have a peculiar habit of starting to read fmz from the front, wherefore let me say that the cover of SHAGGY #48 was up to its usual high standard, altho I got the point not at a ll (if there was one...). The one portion that I probably liked the best was "StForever, Part V" (see, I can write numbers just like them Roman fellers.) The ending reminds me of a book I once saw with the conspicuous title of Zotz! Jes' plain ol' Zotz! Looked kind of like a second-rate type book of Mundane bourgeois humor. Neoish, even. The preface was nothing but a few lines of silly drivel.

/O/O/ If you liked the cover for #48, wait'll you see the one on #49! As for Zotz!...try reading it again one of these years when you're a little older. It's slightly worth it. You'll probably like the ending. /O/O/

We're still miles from the bottom of the stack of letters but nearly halfway thru our allotted space. But here's another of those letters that every lettercol editor just loves to find in the stack...!

George Horace Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, New York.

Dear Sirs:

I forget if I've written yet. Anyway, you write that I won't get the next ish on the back cover.

Well, there is one reason why I can't let this happen. Your change-of-name is the greatest thing since canned toothpaste. Would you be interested in some articles about Einstein's theories? Since SE has folded, I'm left with a number of articles written by Harold Einstein, a beatnik from Saskatchewan. He believed in fairies. He wrote them on stencil. /O/O/ What...the fairies?? /O/O/ Well, not really stencil.../O/O/ Oh. /O/O/...but impressed them in Hekto jelly. I'm storing them in my refrigerator. If you want them, I'll send them collect... if you don't mind. Don't wait til summer to ask for them though, or you'll get a surprise when you open the package.

/O/O/ Yeh, what a revoltin' developement that would be to open a package and find a fairy covered with melting hekto jelly. Besides, we have some articles coming up for ANALOG Shangri Fact & Friction which, among others, include "Why We'll Never Make it to the Moon" by W. van Braun, "Bleshing--for Fun and Profit" by L. Padgett and "Dousing Debunked" by J. W. Campbell. You'll love 'em! /O/O/

William Brooks, 14 Bryan Avenue, Easthampton, Mass. (3-15-60)

Dear Al,

I noticed the review of your fanzine in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and was impressed by the highly complimentary comments of the reviewer. So, enclosed is 20 cents for Shangri L'Affaires #46, if you have any copies left.

I have been reading and collecting SF since 1954 but have never been too active in fan affairs. I am always looking for new additions to my collection of SF either by swapping or purchasing. Especially pulps from the late 40's and early 50's. I find that pulps from the 20's and 30's tend to literally disintegrate into a pile of little paper flakes. Isn't there anything to be done to preserve ancient SF mags from falling apart?

/0/0/ I remember when I used to send in 10 or 20 cents for a fanzine I saw reviewed in a prozine. Once in a while I'd get one, too! I wonder if you got a copy of #46...? As for the pulp-zines...you could try dipping them in epoxy...they'll never come apart after that! /0/0/

Ray og Kirsten Nelson, Makeveien 48, Ulvø ya, Oslo, Norway

It's always easier to comment on a bad zine than a good one. In a good zine there is nothing to psneer at--nothing to correct, nothing to add--the writers have already said it all. It gives a fan with a reputation for unpleasentness to keep up a feeling of frustration when there's nothing in a zine he can slowly tear into tiny bits. Therefore, I won't talk about your zine at all.

Instead, I'll talk about my stomach. I have what is known as a "problem tummy". It goes thru doorways before I do--gives the people in the room plenty of warning that I'm coming so they can stop talking about me before I overhear them. I'm now on a diet to cure it--I've been on it for two days in fact. It is a famous diet--reccomended by such prominent people as Ghandi, Buddha and Jesus Christ. Here's the menu: breakfast--one tall glass of cold water; lunch--another tall glass of cold water; for supper I treat myself to a little luxury--I loosen up and let myself have an ice cube in the water. It does wonders I tell you!

/0/0/ Girls, I hope you paid attention to those dietetic instructions! I remember the day John Trimble was on a water kick. Later in the afternoon he was giving sloshing lessons. Later on after he reads this letter-column, you'll probably be getting a new letter-editor. /0/0/

Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan.

Dear John,

As my copy was not marked ANYWHERE on the back, I'm consequently unsure of my status on the Shaggy m/l.

Cover: Why is one egg uncracked? Scribe Harness, you are T*R*I*C*K*Y!

Franson's poetry was fair. Harness may turn out to be a Ghodd Secretary. Sherlocke Holmes Fandom is a Way of Live! Deckinger was quite drool. I'm a Bob Lichtman fan and because of that, I think he writes good fmz reviews! (or is it the other way around?)

Psea Water Fandom is just a ghoddamned hobby!

The Golden Journey may yet become something worthwhile ("but's it's only just started!")

I noticed my letters didn't get printed, and my, but we had a large backlog this time, didn't we? =

/0/0/ Suuure we did! Now are you happy? And if I get many more letters addressed to "Dear John", I'm gonna turn this colyum over to Marsha! /0/0/

NORM METCALF, Box1360-S, Tyndall AFB, Florida (3-28-60)

Dear Shaggy,

Enjoyed your cover. It is a pretty good takeoff on the recent ASF atrocity and far better than the one Shelby Vick and I dreamed up for a recent oneshot.

Sunday productions sounds interesting. What else do you have in mind besides children's stories, if anything? It seems that a wide variety of experimental and special interest movies might be made around L.A. The Moody Science Insti-

tute has made some terrific films with very little in the way of investments.

This issue arrived two days after the deadline for the next ish.

Trimble, these paraphrases are excellent. The one you did on Ted White and now this one on Campbell, are still making me laugh.

To turn from this to Don Franson's hilarious bit is too much. The first thing to catch the eye is Rotsler's perfectly ridiculous illo which fits the mood of the "verse" perfectly. Then to cap it off, Don's exquisite nonsense verse (the only difficulty is that some of it seems to make sense).

Harness is doing almost as well as TAJ did in his best columns. With a little more practice, Ted had better look out for his laurels.

And now we come to a study of T*H*E*M*A*S*T*E*R. And pardon my interruption Mr. Dickensheet but the formation of a group interested in both sf and the Master has been anticipated though not generally known. The Colorado Fantasy Society, a sf fan group formed in 1940, also hold occasional meetings devoted to Holmes. This practice began officially in the summer of 1959 as was recorded in the "Baker Street Journal". However, since the group wields no great influence in either field, it is of small import. No fanzine has been published for 10 years, but signs of activity are making themselves evident in the Canonical fold. During the next couple of months most of the stories you cite will be published in hard covers by The Council of Four for \$3.00. This is a cloth-bound, limited edition of 1,000 copies and we hope it will sell. According to August Derleth, he and Mack Reynolds plan publication of The Off-Trail Solar Pons which will include the two pieces already written plus four originals. So they will probably see hardcover by Mycroft and Moran.

Lichtman is a good choice to replace Trimble as fmz reviewer. I was sorry to see Trimble depart but Lichtman shows signs of becoming as good as jgt.

To pile hilarity upon hilarity for this ish you also give us Ed Cox. This is quite well done as Ed didn't overdo the humor which makes it all the more funny.

"The Golden Journey" is a good idea. But let's see more reviews.

Enjoyed Ed Cox's letter. It sounds like some of the stuff I've received recently. Not that individual letters are that bad, but the culmative effect needs some outlet for laughter, and this is it. Also the end of this letter!

/O/O/ On the back of Norm's letter, I found emblazoned "Stellar Enterprises", Box 336, Berkeley 1, California. That Berkeley fandom is everywhere! Thanks for a nice letter, Norm, it was one of the few that concerned itself mostly with Shaggy! /O/O/

Doreen Erlenwein, 4116 Watrous Ave., Tampa 9, Florida. (4-11-60)

Dear Analogians:

Just got the latest issue of ANALOG and it's a great title. And it's a great zine. I got a copy of number 48 too, but for some reason I just haven't been writing letters.

Since y'all want letter or money or material for future issues, I thought and thought and thought. I haven't much time (I like to loaf) to write letters. I can't write or draw (you've got Bjo) and I haven't any money. So I'm taking the easy way out and I'm sending some money for a Sub. As I said, I haven't any REAL money, but the last batch we ran was pretty good and I'm sure you'll be able to pass it at your nearest bank.

Ah, yes. I like and enjoy ANALOG. I get a big kick reading "Fallen Angel-enos" -- I'm not sure that I'll be able to find my way around when I get out there this summer, but I'm goina have a swell time when I get lost!

/O/O/ Glad you liked ANALOG...but you didn't tell us which one! As for the money...well, JT took it down to the nearest branch of the Bank of America (it owns California) and he hasn't returned

Dear Shaggy:

So I wrote--and enclosed my sub., too. Now I see by YANDRO that issue #49 is out. So where is mine?

Check your subscription dept.--somebody goofed.

Also, these messages on the back of the zine to "write"--and I did and still more "write" messages. Three other fans have mentioned this to me--our feelings being why bother to keep on and on writing when no one at Shaggy seems to keep track?

Ages ago I also wrote to BJO about her Book Plates--way, way back in issue #45. I've yet to hear a word on that.

Again I ask--what gives?

0707 HOOHAH! Now I know why they done gave me this letter column! Wow. But seriously, Betty, and folks in general, let me try to clear up a point or two. Firstly, the furschlugginer Post Office has an affinity for our ole Shaggy. We mailed your copy, Betty, really. We've mailed another, also.

Then, too, we often put "Write" on people's issues because we just plumb like to hear from them. They's still going to get their issues in most cases, but we'd just flat love to get letters from people we mark "Write" fer.

I hope this helps clear up doubt and dark suspicions in the minds of many regarding the thoroughness and efficiency of the Shaggy Staff. We're efficient no matter times we goof! So there! ??)?

[illegible]

We have just so much room and too, too many old, old letters from people writing to Al, John, B jo, Somebody, Shaggy and whatnot. Some are just too long, others mostly personal letters (you're missing out because I'm not printing the one to BJO from JT), etc. So, let ramble rapidly thru the remainder and mebbe next time giffs better deals, hey?

The Sage of South Gate, Rick Sneyry writes at length about Analog (ours) and gives suggestions about the zine and orienting it more to LASFS-participation. He guesses at Pandora's identity (and it ain't Bob Bloch, Daddy-O!), liked Dean Dickensheet's article and Psea Experiments. A looong letter from Wim Struyck, Willebrordusstr 33B, Rotterdam 11, Holland, telling us about his moving into a new address which accounts for the long silence. He also had some car trouble. Got Terry and Miri and G.M. all confused for awhile, then said, "Who Carrs?". A nice long letter; too bad we didn't have room for it. OoOoOoO Peter Davies, 12 Shepherds Brook Road, Lye, Stourbridge, Worcs, ENGLAND, tells something about himself, the showing of "The Genie" and a little of the doings of the B.S.F.A. OoOoO Archie Mercer of 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND sends a short note to Shaggy John (he got a haircut last week, Arch) and wants to know why Ted Johnstone can't be known as John Tombstone. Somebody please explain "mountain movers" for him.

MAL ASHWORTH, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2, Yorks, ENGLAND, thought MERETRITIOUS was wonderful; worries about disappearing under an ever-growing pile of Shaggies but isn't unhappy about it. RUTH BERNAN, 5620 Edgewater Rd., Minneapolis 17, Minnesota, sends silvery stuff for Shaggies, and wishes us a Good St. Patrick's Day. ALAN RISPIN, 35 Lyndhurst Ave., Higher Irlam, Manchester Lancs., (guess where), tells about his travels through English fandom. A veritable traveling giant, he is! PHILLIP A. HARRELL, 2632 Vencent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va., compiles a letter to Shaggy from various printed letters in past Shaggies in an effort to continue getting Shaggy. LEN J. MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif., writes a very long letter about writing for fanzines and other interesting subjects which might well become a separate article unto itself in a later Shaggy. KEN CHESLIN, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs, ENGLAND, talks about Shaggy 48, then gives us a run-down on flaws and deficiencies in westerns. He was planning a Lords of the Rings type fancub in England. ATOM, known in everyday life as Arthur Thompson who lives at 17 Brookham House, Brookham Drive, London SW 2, ENGLAND, sends a short note in very un-ATOMish handwriting saying that he enjoys Shaggy (probably almost as much as we enjoy ATOM-work). I'll bet John Trimble wishes he could write that beautifully and legibly! Old-timer ROY TACKETT who lives in a very floral area: 412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, S. C., agrees that letters of comment are more desirable than money....or does he? Anyway, he says, you send along Shaggy and I'll wade out to the mailbox, beating off alligators all the way, and send you some comment. Old fans never die, I say, they always come back! Joe Kennedy, do you hear me? Joe?

Look people, a space! Maybe next time, I hope, we'll have room for illos to help ease the eye-ball straining solid text! DOREEN ERLLENWEIN (see address above) says: WANTED: SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY STORIES. Fan authors and artists only - others need not apply. Science Fiction & Fantasy for the Fan, by the Fan. This is your BIG chance. Send us your story - if it's GOOD, we'll publish it, if not we'll send it back. Deadline for the first issue: SEPT 1st, 1960. But DON'T WAIT TIL THEN...send your story now!! (4116 Watrous Ave., Tampa 9, Florida.) Ok, gang, this is your chance! Write to DEE now. Ray Bradbury got his start this way, why not you? Really.

GIOVANNI SCOGNAMILLO, c/o Banco di Roma, P.K. 464, Istanbul, TURKEY, writes to All Lewis about Shaggy #46. I lost this one in the stack or would've printed it all. Send zines to him, people, and maybe he'll write again. Forry and Marijane Johnson have been carrying the ball so far and we sent Shaggy 49. He's interested in corresponding, too. RON BENNETT (?) at 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire...via Bob Pavlat, writes a short note on Shaggy 47; says John should write up his experiences as a cabbie. Liked MERETRITIOUS.

We're getting near th' end of our tether, people. Also heard from: ROBERT D. LEONARD, JR., BELLE & FRANK DIETZ, GICARR, BOB KVANBECK, BILL CONNER, (see? they're all coming back!), KEN HEDBERG, ED MESKYS, ROBERT ANDERSON (Box 696, Dade City, Fla., who wants correspondents), HAPPY HAL SHAPIRO, and two or three as best I can figure out as being JOE GIBSON, DOTTIE FAULKNER and CLAIRE BECK.

Okay people, that cleans the slate. The SHAGGY letter-column will be around each issue. Please write as promptly as you can (I say, full realizing that many copies are mailed later than others to our immense mailing list). We'll try to get a rip-roarin', romping, real swinging thing going here. Even mit BJO illustrations if we're lucky!

So, okay, then. Remember, when in doubt, read ANALOG, it's wilder--much wilder!

Marley L. Gastonhugh

The Golden Journey

Being somewhat enlarged this issue; why kick a winning horse in the mouth...or whatever that expression is. Anyhoo, along with devoting more room to what is proving to be a very popular feature, we've got something special this month. Our coffee-klatchin' mystery-reviewer, Pandora, reviews here a book which came as a complete surprize to us. Like, Unkle Hans has not forsoken us. The Fantastic Universe Omnibus was sent to SHAGGY on a pre-publication, for review, basis. So I dropped an excellent review by Al Andrews back a month, and we're repaying Hans Santesson in small measure as soon as possible. And I don't believe we were alone in receiving the book, either....

THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS, edited by Hans Stefan Santesson.
Prentis-Hall, Inc., 1960, 270pp, \$3.95.

---reviewed by Pandora.

I've got a thing for new books. There aren't any eye-tracks on them, for one thing...and they smell so good! Not that I mean the FU Omnibus stinks; far from it!

David C. Knight's "The Amazing Mrs. Mimms" is, for me, the most engaging personality in a collection of highly memorable characters, ranging from a beautiful vampire who finally solves a vampire's biggest problem (Tenn's "She Only Goes Out at Night"), to four totally different tales of robots, the most poignant being "The Robot Who Wanted to Know", by Felix Boyd.

This collection has something for everyone. For comedy, L. Sprague de Camp offers "A Thing of Custom"...for tragedy, "Road to Nightfall", by Robert Silverberg. For the devotees of all Shaggy Dogs, "Fall of Knight", by A. Bertram Chandler.

For lovers of beauty.... Examine Henry Slesar's "My Father, The Cat". The young man in this story is the son of a lovely lady and a stately Angora, and has combined the most delicate and beautiful attributes of each. In France, on their estate, the lady and her cat-husband live in peace, accepted by the understanding people in the vicinity. The cat is so obviously superior, having the ability to speak English and Italian, as well as French. But, after the mother's death, the young man goes to America to college, and becomes engaged to an American girl. The eventual meeting to the girl and father, the cat, is a fitting climax to an enchanting tale.

For the femme-fans, Judith Merrill has written "Exile from Space", and both male and female readers will probably get a snort from "The Golden Pyramid", by SaMoskowitz.

There is a nice short shock type story in "Mex", by Larry Harris, and for those addicted to pure and simple(?) horror, Avram Davidson's "The Bounty Hunter" will serve. Included, too, is another of those "White Hart" stories by Arthur C. Clarke.

For trufans, and I only wish this had been last in the collection, the clincher will be Bob Bloch's "A Way of Life". "Yes, sir, that's my Burbee" is the song, and I'll say no more except to urge you to read it.

If any of you can't fit yourselves into any of the above catagories (and if you can't, I'd hate to be you!), I've left several stories unmentioned...not because they were unworthy of notice, but because their completeness shouldn't be tampered with by anyone.

To sum up, then; begin at the beginning and read the whole Omnibus. If you've read the stories seperately, you'll be happy to find how well they fit together in this volume for an evening of thoroughly enjoyable reading.

---pandora.

PERISH BY THE SWORD, a mystery, by Poul Anderson.

----reviewed by Dottie Faulkner.

Why is it that when a science fiction writer turns to mystery writing, he usually does such an A#1 job? Poul Anderson has done just this in his new book, a chilling mystery laid in San Francisco. The story centers around a samurai sword, one of a collection owned by young Michael Stefanik. The ancient sword, named Muramasa, after its maker, has a long and legendary history of blood-shed and violence, especially directed toward its possessor/s/.

Michael is attacked in his own home by a shadowy figure, who disappears with the sword after slashing Michael's arm. Stefanik consults a friend, an entirely new type of detective in the who-dun-it line, a Norwegian-Japanese named Trigve Yamaru, who is also a collector of samurai swords and who knows the legend of the Muramasa. After a series of puzzling murders, in which the first--and most promising--suspect is himself beheaded with the sword, the real killer is finally discovered...the least likely of all the characters in the book.

All the characters are well-rounded, and the motivation--when at last disclosed--is most plausible. The aura of suspense and eerie mystery is sustained to the end of the last page. The book, by the way, won the Cock Robin Mystery Award of 1959 for its unusual theme and fine plot.

---dottie faulkner.

THE LONG JOHN NEBEL SHOW

----teeveeing by Mike Deckinger.

Few live teevee shows are to be found that would appeal to both the Stefan and those who aren't attracted to sf, and even less live interview shows. The Long John Nebel Show (Channel 9, 9pm, WOR-tv, NYC; Wed.) is such an item.

John Nebel is noted for an exhausting radio show seven nights a week from midnight to 5 am. He's a dean of nite-time radio, and all of his radio and teevee shows are live, too boot. It's possible that his show will be heard in more and more localities in the future.

The radio show is best known for the odd and unusual people to whom he talks, and with a medium as limited as radio, talk is about the only thing he can do on it. John never denies his sf-tastical tastes; Lester del Rey, and Ellery Lanier of Ziff-Davis are two regulars who appear quite frequently.

About two months ago, Nebel started his teevee show. On the first show (a mere half-hour), he was accompanied by del Rey, and together they interviewed a man who is building a spaceship to reach the moon. This man was constantly boasting of discovering new sources of power which would take him to the moon and back in impossible periods of time. Lester del Rey began questioning him, and soon had broken up these theories, though the man steadfastly clung to his opinions. And by the time the short show was over, I got the impression that he did genuinely believe that when the ship was completed, he would reach the moon.

The following week, John interviewed a hypnotist, who put on one of the most fascinating and bewildering exhibitions I have yet seen on teevee; prenatal regression. A subject--a twenty-four year old man--was hypnotized and then by suggestion was made to mentally regress in time. Physical changes became noticable; his mouth drooped, and he seemed to have difficulty forming his words. When he had reached the three-year-old level, he spoke in three-year-old terms and fashion. Then came the difficult part; "Over the Hump" I believe it's called, and I'm not referring to Jayne Mansfield, but the regression to beyond birth. Immediately, his mouth drooped even more, and the hypnotist asked him his name.

"Grover," said the man, with a heavy English accent.

"Your full name," said the hypnotist.

"Lord Henery Grover," these were difficult words to get out.

"Where do you live?"

"London."

When asked the year, he replied, "1818."

Then he was asked other questions, such as what kind of place does he live in, how his health is, his views on politics, etc. To me this seemed genuine, though I must admit that I have never seen such a performance before--knowing, naturally enough, of the Birdey Murphy "case", of course. This man spoke in a clearly defined, but at times difficult to force out, English accent, and his whole attitude was that of what I understand to be a typical hypnotic trance. His eyes were closed the whole time, and he was reclining back in his seat in a very restful and relaxed position. He could have been faking, and I don't discount the possibility that he could have been a very skillfull actor.

But I prefer to think that he wasn't, that he was really in a hypnotic trance, with the mind and voice of a man who lived nearly 200 years ago. It was altogether fascinating, tho the too-frequent commercials did nothing to add to the interest. Half an hour is too short a time when you are really interested in something.

In the following weeks, Long John Nebel talked with Frank Edwards, the newscaster who has been hired and fired for his career of tracking down UFOs. Edwards admitted that he was abandoning the "lost cause" of the UFO, as there wasn't enuf evidence to support his views.

And the following week, John spoke with Howard Menger, who alleges to have ridden in flying saucers. His whole adventures began when he was 11 years old and met a woman from Venus. In the twenty-two years since that time, he has been taken on many trips in saucers, visiting, he says, Mars, Venus, and Saturn. He insists that he's well acquainted with the e-t's among us. He seemed very sincere, and has written a book which he alleges to be fact (and which sounds like poor-grade s-f). The two photos he exhibited could have been of UFOs, or of chandeliers.

When Donald Keyhoe was interviewed by Mike Wallace a few years ago, Mike asked him if he'd ever seen any UFOs. Keyhoe's reply was that he hadn't, and that he had to take the word of others. If Donald Keyhoe is taking the word of men like Howard Menger, he has a hard road ahead of him.

----mike deckinger.

Okay, so it isn't longer...just goes to show.... Well, er, ah.... NEXT Month, now, we'll...umm.... Pooh! ---jt.

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