

Shangri-L'Affaires

52



"Since he starred in a home movie, he's been insufferable!"

the shaggy CHOs

the uss jt editorializes once again
real soon now....

No, the little boxes weren't--for the most part--checked on the bacover lastish. As a matter of fact, you see, we got tired of having the damn thing around, so we stuck the address stickers (thanks, Dean & Shirley) on, stamped 'em, gave up on the check-marks, and jammed the darned things in the mail. Yes, and we missed a few (Hi, Mal), so you get yours with thish.

But FanHillFandom isn't going gafia, or anything like that; it's just that we've been busy as a cement-pawed cat on a slanted tin roof of late. First-off, we pubbed Ole Chevela, the special zine honoring Isabel Burbee. Then came some APAzines (Bjo and I are in FAPA, SAPS, OMPA, and N'APA---

Bruce is a member of SAPS, N'APA, The Cult, and now OMPA---Jack Harness is in FAPA, SAPS, and The Cult---and Al Lewis is now in N'APA, etc.), and then Bjo and I got married. Bruce, Isabel, and many others collaborated in A Fanzine For BJo'n, which was a complete and happy surprize for us. And we've been making a movie of late.

You PITTCON attendees will be seeing "The Musquite Kid Rides Again", and I hope it'll be as much fun as it was to make. Terry Carr's article in this issue will give you some idea of the general foofraw that went on. And when you consider that we not only filmed in Long Beach, but in Calico--in the Mojave Desert--in Santa Monica, and in Berkeley--El Sobrante, rather. And consider, too, that this had to be done on weekends--also when we have to do SHAGGY, if at all....

With the movie out of the way, we can breath a sigh of relief, and find plenty of time to devote to SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Yes, Real Soon Now....

-oOo-

Betty Jo McCarthy (aka Wells) and John G. Trimble (aka USS JT) were united in marriage at 1 p.m. on Saturday, July 9, 1960, at the Silverado Methodist Church, in Long Beach, Calif. The bride wore an orchid-colored dress tailored by her mother, and looked radiantly beautiful.

Of course, I might be prejudiced, but I don't suggest calling me on it.

The week of July 4th thru 9th saw me in a literal daze, and my boss was seriously considering whether I would do the company more good by coming to work, or staying home. We compromised, and I got a few afternoons off, and such. By Saturday morning, however, I was a nervous wreck, and onlu the steadying hand of Ernie Wheatley, by best man, and the calm advice of Doreen Erlenwein--visiting from our neighboring state of Florida--prevented me from chickening out, grabbing Bjo at the church door, and lighting out for far parts to live in sin.

I got my suit, the rings, and like that, and finally made it to the church in time to miss connections with Bill Bailey--my brother-in-law--and Billern, both. Ernie and Doreen dragged me off to lunch, after I nearly had apoplexy upon discovering that I'd left Ernie's white shirt on the couch at FanHill, back in Ellay. They stuffed a hamburger and some coffee down me, and then Doreen solved matters by presenting us with our wedding present; a new white shirt for Ern.

The wedding finaly got under way, and the cloud I was perched on turned plaid, or rainbow, or.... Anyway, if heaven's like that, I'm all for it. I think I can honestly say that that particular Saturday afternoon was the luckiest, happiest, and most memorable day of my life--past, or future.

The reception took place in the "recreation hall", or whatever, immediatly
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SHAGGY - L'AFFAIRE RES #52 SEPTEMBER 1960 PINTCO INSUE!

SLA is the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 2548 W. 12th St., LA 6 (DU 2-3246 - Meetings every Thurs., 8 pm - Welcome), and it appears on a closely bi-monthly schedule from the EDITORIAL OFFICES (hah!): 980½ White Knoll Dr., LA 12. They go for 25¢ ea., 5/\$1, but we'd prefer letters of comment, trades, contributions (articles, artwork, verse), or such like. Our European Representative is Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England, who will cheerfully accept the 1/8d. per ea. (5 for 7?). If you move, we'd like a CoA. And PLEASE make checks payable to Bjo or I, huh? Thank you!..john trimble.

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Collating: Don Simpson, uss jt.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY:
Bruce Pelz
Bjo Trimble
WorldCon (18th)

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: October 22, '60
(Hi, Bob Lichtman!)

EDITORIAL EDICT:

Anyone, not a subscriber, or regular contributor, who doesn't, in some way acknowledge this issue of SHAGGY will be cut from the mailing list. If you want to keep getting this fmz, either trade yours, write, or contribute if not subscribe.

after the ceremony. We were deluged with well-wishers, and their "little tokens of esteem", keeping a wary eye out for a suspicious box from the Bay Area...knowing how we like cats, and having a new crop of them up there.... But that big, suspicious box turned out to be from Ernie Wheatley, with the most logical Ernie gift in the world: pillows.

The beer blast at the Burbees began about 8 p.m., and Bjo and I sneaked off in the Peugeot Al Lewis had generously loaned us for the honeymoon about 11 or so. State Highway One, following the coastline north, never looked as beautiful. Or was it just us?

-oOo-

AN ITEM OF BUSINESS....

We've received a bit of response to the proposals in P. Schuyler Miller's letter lastish, and the only reason we didn't get more, I believe, was the lateness in the mailing of SLA #51. The comments are there (in the lettercol) to read, and I suggest reading the Proposal by Len Moffatt, along with Rick Sneary's and Al Lewis' comments following it.

Len and Rick both write from experience. As they point out, a business-like committee, playing their cards right, practicing some discrimination, and shopping around, can make a profit without raising the registration fee. The SOLACON was the first convention to make money in several years. The DETENTION committee, with a slightly higher fee, and somewhat less shopping, came out even further ahead than Sough Gate. I'm going on record as strongly supporting Len's motion. All in favor, say....

Now to take a long look at the Hugos.... No, I'd rather not; they're a bit too out-sized and clumsy, and hood-ornamentish for my taste. As a matter of fact, before we go voting to have the Jason Hugo made a standard, I suggest a good look at the LASFS Trophy for the Fan Art Show. Picture the rocket there replaced by the Hugo design, greatly reduced, and see what you think. I rather like the mental image I get.

As to voting on nominations, and final awards.... That's a little harder decision. The popular vote has strong drawbacks, as witness the stories up for awards this time. Where, as others have asked, are "The Fourth R", and "Starship", and a couple of others--muchly more deserving than most of what've been nominated? An Award Academy, or board, or group, or whatever, would have made better choices, I believe, but here again, you run into faults; witness the gross "fixes" and blunders made by the Hollywood and TeeVee people from time to time.

We need a compromise to the present set-up. But I don't feel that things should be done up cut and dried at the PITTCON. Some definite headway can be made at Pittsburgh, but room should be left for modification and ammendment.

Hard and fast rules seldom create much lasting good in fandom; serving, instead, only to stifle the rebellious creativity present in the fannish breed.

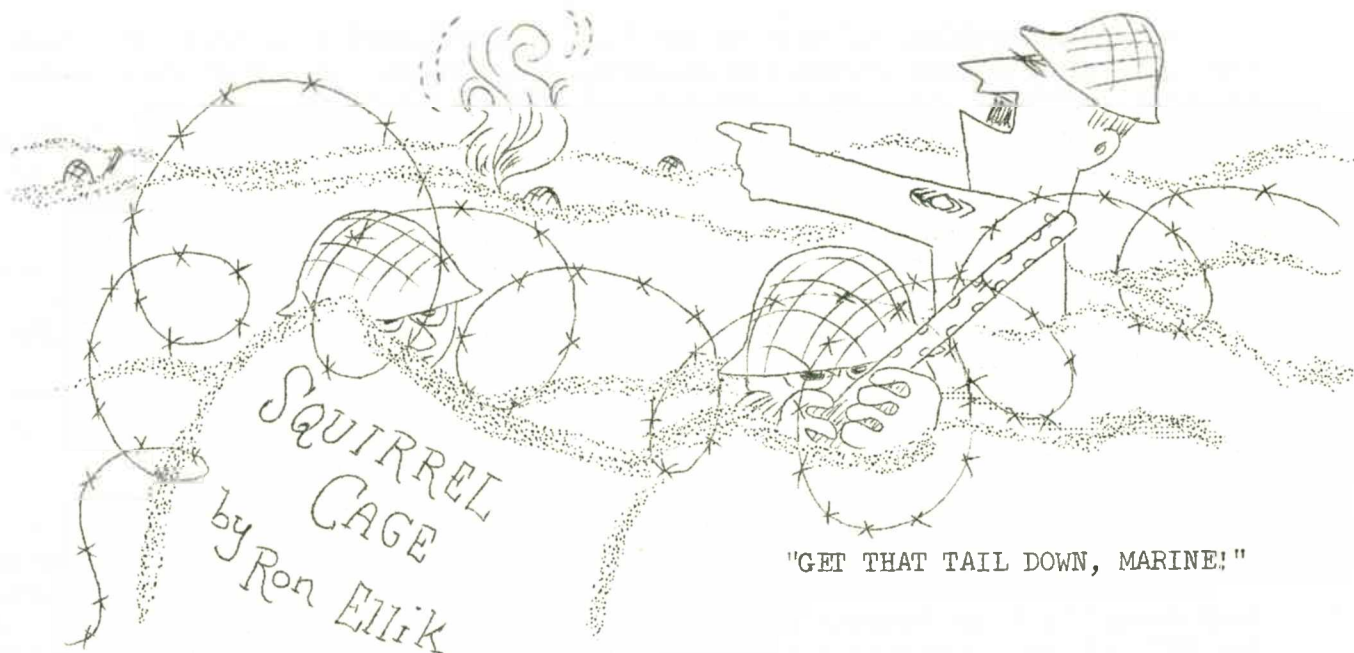
-oOo-

"THE TIME HAS COME", THE WALRUS SAID...."

And indeed it has. The time has come for us to throw our full support behind Seattle for the 1961 World Science Fiction Convention. Here and now, I pledge any and all support and assistance we can render, Seattlites. All you've got to do is ask....

And while we're at it, let's state our provisional (providing they want the cons) support for Chicago in '62, and DeeCee in '63. And, of course, ~~for~~ L.A. Once More in '64. We're serious, you know. We'd like to have the 1964 World SF Con in Los Angeles...or the LA area. We've got the willing hands, enthusiasm, and talent, we believe, to put on an interesting, enjoyable, and successful World

(ctd on page 31)



It was a day like any other day--the sun had just cleared the noon position, and the thermometer was settling at a steady 120 degrees for the afternoon. The altimeter would have read 1600 feet if we'd had one on our bus, and the visibility was nearly unlimited in the dry desert air. The Mojave Desert was putting on one of its spectacular and evaporatingly desert--like daily shows to welcome Shaggy's military correspondent to Marine Corps Base, Twentynine Palms.

The chow is amazingly good here, due undoubtedly to the small size of the establishment. Recreation facilities are outstanding, due to the lack of recreations facilities off base (the town of 29 Palms is small and has only a few theaters, a couple of bars and some restaurants--it doesn't offer nearly the facilities that the liberty towns near Camp Pendleton do...). And everybody is sort of relaxed, unlike other bases -- due to the weather and the isolation both. Even the messmen are friendly. Friendly messmen are unusual -- tonight one of them told me to take two helpings of ice cream so he could clean out the ice cream container. Another one tried to give me two helpings of watermelon so he could start another watermelon. Yeah, you heard me---two kinds of dessert. Real good chow, like I said. Last night we had angel food cake, apple cobbler and ice cream--not your choice, but all three. And fresh, hot, strong coffee. Wonderful, especially when reveille goes at 0500 hours. That's when I'm used to going to bed, not getting up.

Of course they gave us some lectures on desert survival when we got here. 120 degrees with almost negligible humidity is not any natural habitat for somebody raised in Long Beach, so they cautioned us a lot about not overexerting ourselves in the desert, conserving water in our bellies, not our canteens (!) and avoiding rattlesnakes. I found a good way to do it all at once--by being a clerk. I never exert myself anyway, I always drink lots of water and clerks don't carry canteens, and there hasn't been a sidewinder seen in this office for years.

I don't like the desert for active duty, but since my duty isn't too active I find I can get along with it. I spend the day in the office, the early evenings in the swimming pool, and the later evening playing games Marines like--checkers, shuffleboard, matching pennies, and other games of skill and chance--or reading. I brought a lot of reading to catch up on.

Acting the part of a stormcrow, I figuratively flew widershins around the Boise trip last issue. I said something was bound to happen to us because something always happened to me on trips to WesterCons; I cited evidence; I was right.

Actually, nothing happened to me--but as we returned from Boise on a highway in Nevada, we came across Jim Caughran, Bill Donaho and Miriam Carr, stranded in the wilderness with a Fiat 1100 (Jim's) that wouldn't work.

We pushed Jim fifty miles or so to a small town where the mechanic found a wire disconnected and we drove on; the two cars split at Reno, and the next day we found snow at noon (on the fifth of July) on the road across Yosemite Natl Park. We told Doreen Erlenwein the snow was a special display put on just for her---but it sort of bothered us. We got out and threw snowballs and froze our fingers and took pictures, and the snow plastered the car's windshield; but later, when we were eating lunch in the sun-drenched Yosemite Valley, it began to become hard to Believe.

But not much else happened. It was a good trip and an enjoyable conference altogether. Probably because Al (Cal) Lewis got lots of sleep--he did most of the driving, and he has seldom been steadier at the wheel.

-oOo-

The word is getting around, so I may as well admit I'm standing for Director of the National Fantasy Fan Federation in the upcoming (October) elections. It was forced on me by the spring 1959 installments of this column and "Squirrel Cage Annex" by TCarr because all the kidding about how I was going to take over the N3F and work from within and really change the organization and all finally caused Bruce Pelz to call my bluff.

"Are you serious?" he asked me one night as I tried to get to sleep up at FanHill. "You joke about the N3F and taking it over; do you want to carry out a major plan of reorganization or not? If you do, I want to help."

I stared unbelievably. "Bruce," I said, making my voice sound unbelieving, "nobody's ever put it to me so seriously before. You're sincere. You mean it." I got up, walked over to his bed, and put my hand on his shoulder. "Lad, the heat's got you."

He shook my hand off. "Stop kidding," he snorted. "Do you want to run for Director or don't you? If you do, I do. And we can get Lichtman to help, and Norm Metcalf and others. And we can...."

I interrupted him, honestly agog. "You're serious," I breathed.

"Damned right I'm serious," he puffed from a position of importance in his underwear. "And I'll bet there are lots of other people serious. I bet there are lots of other Neffers who would like to see the club changed along your lines. All you have to do is get elected and put your own ideas to work--with a slate of newer Neffers behind you, all with the same view on the club, you can't fail. Think of what we could do with the Round Robin Bureau, and the WelCommittee, and..." he began to outline vast structural changes in the Neff, and I put both hands to my head, shaking at the thought of being elected an officer of that group.

"What if we fail?" I quavered. "What if the all-consuming maw of the N3F swallows us like so many others? What if we begin planning things like Project Fan Club, or welcoming Tucker to fandom, or..." I looked at him in stark terror, hardly daring to say it. "Bruce, what if we begin to like being officers of the N3F? What if we haven't the heart to carry out my plans?"

He looked me square in my beady little eyes. "You won't, because I won't let you. We're going to change the N3F. The N3F needs reform. Do you understand, Ellik? The N3F needs you."

I looked up, a finer, nobler spirit than Self rising in my breast; duty bore me up on a cloud of dedication to the good of Nefferness.

Besides, he'd called my bluff.

In a few days, Bruce had received an affirmative from Lichtman and written to several others. We're really going through with it--we're going to put a slate of newer Neffers before the electorate this fall; not neofans, certainly, but youngsters in the N3F who are still full of energy. The old, reliable officers

have announced, almost as a body, that they want to shift the responsibility to younger shoulders, at just the moment we were debating this--and we think we have just the attitude to take the shining torch of the N3F and deliver it towards its proper goal. It will never be the same when we're through--but the members and the rest of Fandom, we think, will be better for what we going to do.

---rde.

PS: Bjo illos this time, huh? Please? Even squirrel cartoons. I guess. Sigh....

#



"The N3F is a living, breathing part of you!"

A PROPOSAL:

By Len Moffatt

TO THE 18TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION COMMITTEE:

Please present the following proposal at the Pittcon Business Meeting:

That the membership fee for the World Science Fiction Convention shall be \$1.00, and that members attending the convention shall pay an additional dollar as a registration fee. If adopted, this proposal will go into effect immediately.

Reasons for this proposal: It is an established fact that WorldCons can be succesful--financially, socially, and every other way--without raising the membership and/or registration fee, and without depending on the auctions to keep them from losing money. Each WorldCon committee must know how to shop around to get the best deal for the Convention, must operate on a budget (and resist the temptation to spend money it isn't sure of having when the bills are due), must know how to economize, must utilize the talents and labor provided gratis by the co-operative, good hearted fans and pros. If these simple "musts" are recognized and used the raising of the fee to \$3.00 is unnecessary.

The science fiction field, which in this instance means both "prodom" and "fandom" is not a wealthy one. More fans, and no doubt more pros, would be more inclined to join and support a convention at a buck a head than at three bucks a head.

The auctions need not--and should not--be the deciding factor in whether or not a convention is going to be solvent. Money collected from the auction and/or raffles can be spent on "extras" at the Convention itself, and of course--as is traditional--passed along to the next committee to get them started on the following years convention. It has been suggested that selling the donated auction material in raffles--using only the very best auction material in a shorter auction--might bring in more money than trying to auction off all the material, the latter process consuming more time and seeming to bring in less money each year. The raffle system should be tried, but regardless of its success, again, it should not be considered the convention's "ace in the hole" for keeping the convention out of the red.

Only a "business like" convention committee can do that, no matter what the fee. Considering all this, the proposal to raise the fee to \$3.00 is most undesirable. The succesful conventions which charged one and two dollars a head were not, by any means, "cheap" affairs. But they were inexpensive, and just as enjoyable (if not more so) than the expensive ones, and every fan and pro, poor, rich, or in between, had equal opportunity to participate in and support the convention.

Inflation has already affected produm and fandom (in publishing and mailing magazines, for instance.) Let's try to keep it from affecting our conventions too. Who needs it?

-Len J. Moffatt
August 17, 1960

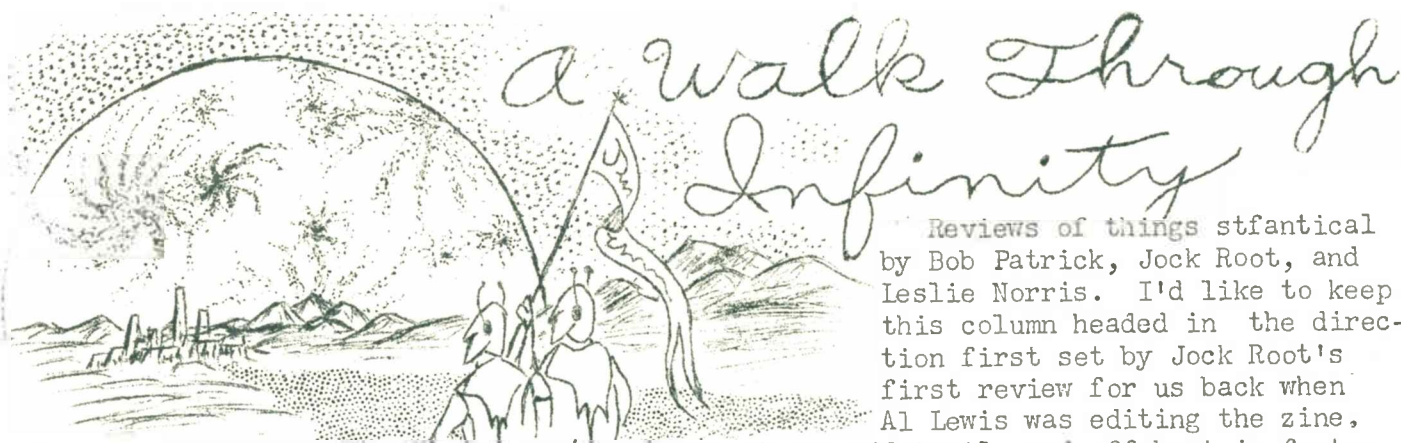
-oOo-

Rick Sneary had some things to say, which seem to fit right in with Len's proposal and supporting words. Rick's remarks were largely prompted by PSMiller's letter lastish, and his views are muchly those of the LASFS. So...Rick....

First, regarding an increase in membership fees to \$3.00. As Treasurer of the Solacon, and from viewing the Final Report of the Detention, it is my opinion that it is not needed. My reasons: (a) The Solacon started with no contributions other than memberships picked up at the Loncon. We asked only \$1.00 for memberships from anywhere, and \$1.00 Regestration, for anyone actually attending. Yet, by carefull watching of our money we were never in the red, and at the begining of the Convention we had over \$300 in cash. (b) One-third or more of the membership came in after the Convention starts, so a boost in fees will not mean much more money early in the year. (c) Lack of auction material would not have been a disastrous avent for eather the Solacon or the Detention, as both gave away almost as much as they took in from their auction. (d) Also, I feel that the higher fee will "freeze" out a number of fans who would like to join and get the booklets, without any expectation of attending.

I realize it is nice for a Con Committee to have enough money to do all the things they would like. But when we started on the Solacon we agreed to do it as inexpensively as possable, both to keep from going into debt, and to give the membership as much as we could for their money. We did things ourself, and shoped for the best prices. We were lucky to have the booklets edited by a professional. Rog helped get the Hugo's made at cut prices. We used local talent to the best advantages, and from what I saw, the Detroit gang did the same thing. We had lucky brakes, and people with time to do the work. But, I don't think a Convention Committee should be salected that wants it any other way.

Al Lewis here. To me it seems to boil down to this: New York and London lost money. The fee was raised and the Solacon made Money. The fee was raised again and Detroit made even more money. If Pittsburg doesn't make money, I'll be surprised. And it will be their own fault. The only reason for raising prices at any time is because current prices are inadequate. Current prices have been shown to be more than adequate. If the proposal to raise the fee to \$3 goes through it will be the third raise in four years. In fact the conventions are making more than enough and a reduction of dues seems to be definitely feasable. So why not?



Mainly, we're looking for reviews/critiques of the off-trail, and off-beat in fantasy and sf, tho, as you can see from the Norris review this time, we're not adverse to running magazine reviews if they're of special interest, or otherwise special. But reviews of current magazines aren't usually acceptable. A long look at Thrill Book, now....

But onward to the current crop.

THE VISITORS FROM OZ, L Frank Baum, Reilly & Lee, Chicago, 1960, Advance Copy.

The last new Oz book was published in 1951. The last Oz book written by L Frank Baum was published in 1920 (The 1921 Royal Book of Oz, ostensibly by Baum, was actually written by Ruth Plumly Thompson). But by one of those rare events which sometimes happens in the book business, this fall marks the appearance of a new Oz book by Lyman Frank Baum.

Lest anyone draw the wrong conclusions, I hasten to say this is neither necromancy or spirit writing. Rather, it is the first appearance in book form of a series of never-reprinted short stories by Baum. The stories were originally published over a period of 27 weeks in 1904-05 as a full-color page in the comics section of several mid-western newspapers. They were illustrated by Walt McDougall, a well-known cartoonist of the period ("Peck's Bad Boy", "Hank The Hermit", etc.).

Reilly & Lee, now the juvenile branch of Henry Regnery Co., have selected several of these stories and adapted them into a single, continuous narrative as The Visitors From Oz. New illustrations are provided by Dick Martin.

In the history of Oz, this story takes place soon after the events of The Land of Oz. Princess Ozma, in the second year of her reign, issues a Royal Edict giving permission to several of her subjects to visit "that Most Prosaic Country" the United States of America. Those chosen for the trip are our old friends the Scarecrow, and the Tin Woodman, together with Professor Wogglebug, Jack Pumpkinhead, the Sawhorse, and the Gump.

Arriving in America, they have a number of whimsical and amusing adventures, including a visit with Dorothy Gale at her Kansas farm home. The magical birthday party they give their little friend made even this grown-up reader a bit envious. The book is fittingly climaxed with a stop-off in Laughing Valley, home of Santa Claus. The adaptation (uncredited, but by R&L staffer Jean Kellogg) is excellent, being neither condescending nor childishly cute. Adult readers will even find a few Baumish puns.

But, good as the text may be, it is the pictures which really make the book. Illustrator Dick Martin is a long-time Oz devotee, and his work reflects the deep love he has for that enchanted land. Although inspired by both Denslow and Neill, his concepts are unique, fresh, and utterly charming. Mr. Martin is primarily a cartoonist, and his Oz pictures display the vivacity and spirit of that medium. A majority of the illustrations, including two magnificent double-page spreads, are in full color, making this one of the best looking books of the year - or of any year. There is a final silhouette which is absolutely tremendous. And Professor Wogglebug

is perfectly resplendent in yellow trousers, white vest, purple frock coat, red tie, and gold pince-nez. Facial expressions, particularly those of the Scarecrow and Tin Woodman, are most droll.

Baum enthusiasts will delight in the little touches Mr. Martin has included in several of his pictures. For example, the full-color map of Oz and surrounding territories, being studied by the travelers.

This reviewer finds only two faults with the book: some of the color work, especially in the highlighting, comes off less well than would be desired. And the projected price is just a bit high for most would-be purchasers. But these are small drawbacks in an otherwise excellent work.

For Oz-Baum fans, it is a MUST. Fantasy collectors may also want to add it to their shelves. But as a Christmas gift for the small-fry, it is absolutely perfect.

--Robert R. Pattrick



On Wednesday, July 17th, Robert R. Pattrick, collector of children's fantasy--especially Baum stories--and a member of the Baker Street Irregulars and the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, suffered a fatal heart attack. LASFS and the entire staff of Shangri-L'Affaires extend sincere sympathy to his family.

The Rescuers: a fantasy, by Margery Sharp. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1959.
Illustrated by Garth Williams. 149pp \$3.50.

Miss Sharp is a well-known "mainstream" romantic novelist, author of Cluny Brown, Lise Lillywhite, and other such, but with The Rescuers she firmly establishes her place among the writers of excellent childlike stories for adults. I question whether today's average child would like this as much as a good s-f piece --say by Heinlein or Norton-- for although as well or better written, The Rescuers lacks some of the hairy-chested immediacy of those two, having instead a subtlety and gentleness that might not get across to a real-for-sure child. It would be perfect for one of Lewis Carroll's little girls, but I haven't seen many of those around lately.

The story starts with a "full meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Society. Everyone knows that the mice are the Prisoners' friends - sharing his dry bread crumbs even when they are not hungry, allowing themselves to be taught all manner of foolish tricks...in order to cheer his lonely hours; what is less well known is how splendidly they are organized." It seems that a Norwegian poet has been imprisoned in the Black Castle - the most solid, unapproachable and daunting prison in the world. At its very mention, "every mouse in the hall shuddered..."

"From a front seat up spoke a mouse almost as old and rheumatic as the Secretary himself. But he wore the Jean Fromage medal.

" 'I know the Black Castle. Didn't I spend six weeks there?...I speak from sad experience. I couldn't do anything for my prisoner at all. I couldn't even reach him. One can't cheer a prisoner in the Black Castle.'

" 'But one can get him out,' said Madame Chairwoman."

And that is the story. First the Society must send to Norway for an interpreter who can communicate with the poet, then the rescue team must be gotten into the Black Castle - no mean job in itself: "Once each year, and only once, its gate opens..." Then the mice must survive in the almost solid stone fortress, contending with, among other things, the Head Jailer's cat- "twice natural size, and four times as fierce" (although fortunately not too bright and something of a pushover for feminine wiles) until they can somehow contrive to free their man, and then get him out of the sealed Castle.

Quite a problem. But needless to say, they manage it: Bernard, the ordinary pantry mouse; Nils, the seafaring Norwegian interpreter; and the glamorous and very feminine Miss Bianca of the Embassy (a little like Bjo, if younger and not as subtle...)

It has been said, in the Introduction to I-forget-which British anthology of s-f, that this field is the last holdout in modern literature of the Morality Tale. That is, there are Good Guys and Bad Guys, and the Good Guys win; or, if you prefer, the classical concepts of Good and Evil still have meaning as such, and have not been replaced by the far less satisfying (and less distinct) 'well-adjusted' and 'neurotic (but sincere)' of current mainstream writing. I like morality tales.

To be more specific: in addition to exemplifying the above distinction, The Rescuers is also strongly reminiscent of The Lord of the Rings. It has none of the sweep or significance, of course. It makes no points; it's just a rattling good story. But as a story there are many similarities. For one thing, these mice are more like Hobbits than anything else, and the only real, personal villain (a real beauty; see pictures pp 113 and 122), the Head Jailer's cat Mamelouk is very reminiscent of an Orc. There is also the picaresque nature of the two stories--going to strange places and having adventures--and the feeling of a crusade is strong in both. And I cannot but think that, at the end--although they both depart by sea--Nils has a much better send-off than Frodo.

In short, if you liked The Wind in the Willows (for style) and The Rings (for scenery), you're a pretty safe bet to like The Rescuers, too. I don't suggest you buy it, unless you have children (yours, or anybody's) to give it to--\$3.50 is steep--but at least take it out of the library on Pay Duplicate: you can read it easily in an evening, and it's well worth the three cents.

---Jock Root

Like no one since Haman, Robert Bloch is the victim of his own cleverness. As evidence I offer his story, "Final Performance," in the most recent issue of Shock ("The Magazine of Terrifying Tales"). The plot of this story is so formalized that it can be transmitted to a reasonably sophisticated reader in telegraphic code. Bloch 1st-person hero stops at deserted motel run by broken-down but villainous old ventriloquist, is importuned by sexy girl under villain's dominance to help her escape; hero agrees; villain interferes; gore. This is almost exactly the kind of shocker Bloch was writing for Weird Tales twenty years ago, and there would be no need to say anything more about it at this late date, were it not that, apparently unknown to himself, and certainly unknown to his markets, Bloch has improved enormously as a writer since then.

The hero and the girl are the sort of cheap cardboard the story deserves, members of that interchangeable legion of tomb-investigators, lost tourists, visitors to Haiti, friends of psychic investigators...you know them. The disappointed, has-been old vaudevillian is something else: he is a real person, and an interesting one at that. (This is the biggest Shock in the magazine.) From his first appearance he dominates the story--that is, until the exigencies of plot thrust a blood-stained knife into his hands and a stupid expression onto his face. And this is what happens again and

(continued on page 33)

EASIEST HAM IN THE WEST



by Terry Carr

It seems like only a few months ago that Miriam and I received the SAPS mailing containing Lee Jacobs' WRAI BALLARD, THE MUSQUITE KID, the latest of the Ballard Chronicles which Lee has been writing all-too-sporadically for several years now. I can remember it clear as anything....leafing casually through the zines in the mailing ("Where's my name? Do you see my name?") and coming across Jacobs' story. I remember how my eyes lit up and I said to myself, "Ah, I'll have to read that soon."

I've often wished since that I had read it. Because just a few weeks later I found myself acting in a movie version of the story, speaking lines in scenes which I couldn't place in their relationship to the whole of the story. Gee, what a silly feeling.

It happened this way. A few weeks after that SAPS mailing came out, Ron Ellik said to us, "Unicorn Productions is going to film 'Wrai Ballard, The Musquite Kid'. Bjo says she wants you and Miri to play yourselves in the movie -- you're in the story, you know."

I think we said something vague and noncommittal at that. I mean, what would you say if somebody asked you to play a part in a movie? And mainly, what would you say? Ron Ellik told you he was going to be the star?

Well, anyway, just a few days after that there came this letter from Bjo which asked us point-blank if we'd play the parts. It was a three-page letter; that question only took a few lines, of course, but the letter ran to three pages because she went on to make suggestions regarding costuming, shooting dates, and so forth. She seemed to have a lot of it worked out already.

Well, what can you do when Bjo asks you to do something? We flipped a coin and it came up yes.

A few days later we saw Trina Castillo, who'd just returned from a party in L.A. She said she'd heard we were playing ourselves in this movie, and congratulated us. We nodded. Then I had a thought, and I said, "But Bjo couldn't possibly have had our answer by the time of that party! Who said we were going to play the part? Did they say it was definite?"

"Sure," said Trina. "Bjo said so, anyhow. I think so."

"I'll be damned," I muttered. "I've a good mind to go down there and let them set up their cameras and scenery and microphones and all and then demand \$10,000. Then if they say no I'll stalk off the set and call Louella Parsons. Collect."

But I wasn't really mad, of course. Actually, from the moment I'd heard that

they wanted us to play parts in the movie I'd known that we would. Things that that Shaggy crowd does have a sense of inevitability about them. As a matter of fact, I think I told Bjo that when we got to Los Angeles. "Bjo," I said, "from the moment you people started on this movie I had a sense of the inevitability of it all. I knew it would get messed up like this!"

But I see I'm getting ahead of my story.

Miri and I went to Los Angeles to attend the annual surprise birthday party for Charles Burbee (which was actually a surprise party for Isabel Burbee, but that's another, happier, story). As it happened, we travelled down with Lee and Jane Jacobs, who had been visiting the Bay Area the week before. I told Lee that I hadn't even read his story yet, let alone a shooting script, and he fished out a copy of it for me to read on the way. Unfortunately, I got interested in a book that Jane had brought along instead...a novel about ancient Egypt. I'm a nut on ancient Egypt. I reclined in the back seat of the car and read avidly through the book, at times pausing to wish that we were making a movie of that story instead. You see, there was this priestess...

But I digress.

We got to Lee and Jane's home in Van Nuys early in the afternoon of Saturday, and stopped there so they could unpack from the trip and we could have a beer or two. Van Nuys is considerably in the north of the L.A. area, though, so we had to go on pretty quick: we still had to stop for awhile at Miri's grandmother's place, where we were staying for the weekend, before going out to the party at Burb's that evening. Lee and Jane dropped us off there and went on to the party.

It must have been close to ten o'clock at night by the time we finally got finished chatting with Miri's grandmother and connected on a ride to the party. The party was in full swing when we got there. I talked to multitudes of people, and Miri got into a card game, and there was all this lovely food to eat and so forth -- we didn't get home till some ridiculous hour of the morning. We just hadn't wanted to leave, you see, it was such great fun, and...well, to tell the truth, Miri was busy most of the time cleaning up at the poker table. It's hard to leave when you're ~~winning~~ having a good time, so we sort of ignored Bjo's occasional anguished bleats that we were all supposed to be in Long Beach, 30 miles southwest of L.A., at 9:00 in the morning to start filming. The whole concept of being anywhere except in bed at nine that morning seemed like something out of another world anyway, so it wasn't hard to ignore her.

Besides, she finally passed out or whatever it is that femmefans do, and was quiet for the rest of the evening.

The next morning dawned early. I dragged myself from bed and kicked Miriam. "Get up!" I snarled. "We have to go and make a hilarious movie today!" Miri hissed at me and arose too.

Halfway through breakfast (well, it was halfway for me...Miri didn't feel sufficiently human yet to face up to an egg) Al Lewis arrived to pick us up. "The sun is shining and it's a beeyootiful day!" he said cheerily.

We finished breakfast in dour silence and got in Al's car. He drove us to Fan Hill.



There were people there, and they seemed awake. They even spoke recognizable English and smiled now and then. I hated them with a passion. But somehow they herded Miri and me into Al's car again (Ingrid Fritzsche joined us for this leg of the trip) and we all went to Long Beach, where we were to rendezvous with Ron Ellick at a motel which had a covered wagon out in front. The covered wagon was a prop, like. Another group of fans were picking up Burbee and would meet us there, too.

Well, we found Ron, and we went to the motel and parked the car, and Al went to speak to the motel owner about hooking up the equipment to his power outputs. And it seemed that the owner wasn't there.

We shrugged, with the ease a person gets when he doesn't much care anymore. The fans who were to pick up Burbee weren't there yet, so we decided to forget it for awhile and go have breakfast.

We left a note on the car for the others and went to this place a block down the street. It was early afternoon by now (I must confess that we hadn't got up at quite nine o'clock), and as we gazed down the menu we found ourselves actually feeling up to enjoying a meal. In fact, we were starving. Not even the ridiculous prices could deter Miri and me-- "What the heck," she said, "we'll eat out of my poker winnings!" So we picked out a batch of things to order and settled back to wait for a waitress to take our orders.

We waited half an hour. Then we waited half an hour more. Bjo, Burbee, Bill Donaho and that crew showed up-- they'd eaten lunch at Burbee's. Some of them joined us and we continued waiting for a waitress. It was getting just a wee mite ridiculous.

Finally, John Trimble took a napkin and wrote on it, in big black letters, "FOOD, LIKE!" He mounted this on a fork and ran it up to see if anybody would salute it. A few other customers laughed, and a waitress sneered.

But anyhow, eventually a waitress came by--the one who had sneered at John's sign. She dumped a glass of icewater on his head as a sort of token of something or other, I guess, and then apologized. She was really very nice about it. She took a napkin and wiped off the water from the table and all. Brushed some of it into John's lap, of course, but what the heck. We all make mistakes.

And eventually, about 3:00 in the afternoon, she brought us some food. We wolfed it down and left. Somehow, in the rush and confusion, we forgot to leave a tip.

We all tramped back to the motel, where Al Lewis had succeeded in finding the owner and getting things straightened out about the power. They began to set up the equipment.

While we were waiting, Miri and I grabbed a script (they'd been handed to us at Fan Hill that morning) and asked somebody what we were supposed to do and say, what scenes to read, and so forth.

Ron told Miriam she had it easy; all she had to do was say, "Don't be such a kook!"



"You mean I only have one line?" Miri asked.

"Well, sort of," Ron said. "That's all you say, mostly, but you say it about eight or ten times. With varying inflections, I guess."

So Miri wandered around the motel parking lot for awhile, muttering, "Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook!"

I said to Ron, "Seeing as how Miri and I are playing ourselves, do you think we should try Method Acting?" He frowned at me.

Then Bjo came over and she and Miri held a consultation about Miri's costume and makeup. Miri had on a square-dance dress which fit the western motif pretty well, and somebody had brought a sun-bonnet for her to wear. Bjo had brought some theatrical makeup for her. Everything was pretty well thought out. Well, almost, anyhow.

"The only trouble is," said Miriam, "I didn't bring any shoes." She raised a foot to display a bright red pair of slipper-socks she was wearing.

Bjo sort of wilted. "Oh well, we'll shoot you from the waist up," she said philosophically.

I wandered off to where Burbee was standing. He was to play the part of Big Daddy Busby, and he'd been provided with a long, flowing, moth-eaten beard for the occasion. He also had about the most ridiculous western hat I'd ever seen--ghod but he looked silly!

"Well, Burbee," I said, "I hear you have a big part."

"That's true," he said slowly, "but I don't take it out and show it to anybody."

I broke up laughing; Burbee is too quick with a comeback for me.

"That was pretty good at that, considering I have a hangover," he said.

I declined the double-entendre.

Al Lewis came by and I asked him what scene we'd be shooting first; he pointed it out to me in the script. It was this scene where Wrai Ballard, the Musquite Kid (Ron Ellik) and his sidekick Cyclone Coswal (John Trimble) come riding up to a covered wagon whose occupants have just been attacked by Indians. Big Daddy Busby (Burbee) had the first line; he was to say, "Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a Bloch article!"

I read that and said to Al, "I'll bet you anything you care to name that Burbee won't read that line straight."

"You're probably right," Al said.



So I went over to Burb and said, "What's your first line, Burb?"

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Burbee dragged out his script and paged to the scene. "Let's see..." he muttered. "Oh yes, here it is... 'Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a Burbee article!'"

"I knew it," I murmured.

"Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a TCarr article," said Burbee.

"That's still not quite it," I said.

"Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a Rotsler wench!" Burb said.

I went away.

I leaned against a car and studied the script a bit. The scene went something like this: Big Daddy Busby, as the Kid and Coswal come riding up, introduces himself. "I'm F.M. Busby, and this is my child bride Elinor," he says. "And this is--" He is indicating Miriam and me. I'm leaning against the wagon, with an arrow in my sholder; I stand up with great effort of will and break in, "I'm Terry Carr and this is my wife Miri. We were just--" And Miri says, "Don't be such a kook! You lean back and rest, and don't go exertin' yourself like that!" She turns to the Kid and says, "They got 'im in his typin' sholder! Do you think he'll be all right?" And the Kid looks at my sholder and says, "Shucks, it's just a flesh wound; we'll take him to the doc in town." And there's a bit of chit-chat and they help me into the wagon, and in a little bit there comes from the wagon a bloodcurdling yell as somebody is taking the arrow out of my sholder.

Well, that's how the scene goes...of course we didn't shoot it all at once. They had it all planned out for closeups and panning and group shots and so forth, so it could be filmed in bits in pieces. I mean, I don't think they trusted any of us to remember more than two lines at a time. And come to think of it, they were probably right.

Burbee came over and stood beside me. "I'm F.M. Busby, and this is my child bride Elinor," he said, in a perfectly conversational tone of voice.

"Practicing your lines?" I asked.

"I'm F.M. Busby, and this is my child bride Elinor," he said matter-of-factly, and wandered off.

I shook my head and wandered over to where Bjo was helping Miri with her makeup. "What about this arrow I'm supposed to have in my sholder?" I asked.

"Oh, I almost forgot that!" said Bjo. "Bruce! Bring the arrow for Terry!"

Bruce Pelz dug into some kit or other and produced a plonker arrow...you know, one of those with a suction-cup on the end that you shoot from a spring-powered toy gun. He handed it to me.

I turned it around in my hand a few times. "But that's ridiculous!" I muttered.

"No it isn't," said Bjo. "You'll be holding your sholder, naturally, so you'll have your hand over the suction-cup. It'll look okay. And if it looks rediculous, so what? This is supposed to be a rediculous movie!"

"Who ever heard of an arrow without feathers on it?" I asked.

"Okay, we'll get you a feather," said Bjo. They rummaged around and took a curved feather from a hat or something.

"But that's ridiculous!" I shouted.

"Of course it is. Here, tie it onto the plonker." And they took a piece of string and tied that silly feather on to the end of a plonker arrow.

I shook my head in wonderment and went over to Burbee again. "This is the arrow I have in my shoulder," I said.

"I'm F.M. Busby and this is my child bride Elinor," said Burbee.

I couldn't stand it. I went over and talked to Bill Donaho and Dick and Pat Ellington. None of them were in the movie (though Bjo had once talked of casting Bill as the covered wagon), but they'd come down for Burbee's party and had come out to watch the filming and help out in any way they could. We gabbed a few minutes, and when I saw Burbee, he'd changed his line a little bit. "I'm FM&E Busby and this is my child bride Elinor," he said.

"But F.M. and E. Busby are two different people," I said.

"No, they're not," Burb said. "I've seen that name countless times, on fanzines and fanzine reviews and even in the FANTASY AMATEUR, which is an official publication. I've even written letters myself with that name on them. FM&E Busby. That's one person. I know it is."

"They are two separate people!" I shouted.

Burbee smiled calmly at me and said, "I'm Ephemandee Busby and this is my child bride Elinor."

I wandered off again, muttering, "Well, they might be sixteen year old twin brothers."

Eventually everything was set up and we were ready to start shooting. And I guess at this point I'd better explain about the ridiculous way we had to shoot those scenes.

You see, this motel was right beside one of the main streets in Long Beach. There were streams of cars going by almost all the time, and of course they made noise as they passed; this could play hell with the sound track. But fortunately there were stoplights fairly near on each side of us, and for about a minute they would stop traffic from passing by. We had to shoot the scene in sequences of a minute at a time. Bruce Felz was stationed out by the street, and when everything was ready ("Places everybody! Quiet on the set! How about it Bruce?" Bruce would peer each way and then call out, "Okay!" and then it was "Camera! Slate!...Action!" and we'd try to get through a scene before a horde of cars roared by.

Well, we shot that whole scene. It only took two or three hours I guess. Burbee actually said his lines straight when it came time for the actual takes (and I think we were all secretly disappointed), and Miri and I did a little emoting and mugging for the camera. I haven't seen the rushes on anything yet, and I can't know for certain, but I'm pretty sure I remained impassive during most of that scene. (Bjo later said, "Terry ran the gamut of emotions from A to B.") I mean, I just couldn't think of much to do--have you ever tried to register pain from a silly suction-cup plonker with a feather tied to it that you're holding against your shoulder? It was all I could do to keep a straight face. (Between takes I would wander around holding the arrow to this shoulder and saying brightly, "It only hurts when I try to act.")

Miri had a ball. She hammed it up and acted all concerned over my poor shoulder and displayed a bit of cleavage and batted her eyelashes. I think she must have been great.

Ron broke me up during one rehearsal. It was the sequence where he was to look at my shoulder and say, "Shucks, ma'am, it's just an arrer," and so forth. Him and his silly western accent.

We were rehearsing this bit, and Ron came up and peered closely at the arrear.¹⁹ Then he looked up at Miri and said, "Shucks, ma'am, it's just an error. I could fix it myself if'n I had some correction fluid."

"CUT!" shouted Bjo. ~~Don~~ Ellick, don't be such a KOOK!"

I guess I should have mentioned that that seemed to be everybody's favorite line of the day. "Don't be such a kook!" we would say to each other at every juncture. It was infectious--probably the best line of its type since Aashley called Burbee a bastard. I remember, for instance, another time when Bjo called Ron a kook. It was halfway through the second take, when she suddenly noticed that Ron was wearing his glasses during the takes. "Who ever heard of a western hero who wore glasses?" Bjo hollered at him.

"Shucks, ma'am," said Ron, "if'n you want me tuh be able to hit anything with muh shootin aaron here I gotta wear my glasses."

And about that time we noticed that John Trimble had been wearing his sunglasses during the takes. Oh well...it was supposed to be a rediculous movie, at that.

And now we come to the scene which was My Big Scene of the day. I wasn't even on camera, but I loved it. It was the place where I was in the wagon and Mrs. Busby (Ingrid Fritszch) was taking the arrow out of my shoulder and I was to holler out in agonized pain while some scene or other went on outside for the camera. Oh yes, the Kid and Big Daddy Busby were talking during that scene; that was it.



Well, Ingrid and I were in the wagon and Ron (the Kid) was leaning out talking to Burbee/Busby, see...and during the rehearsals Ron was having trouble remembering his lines. So he took the script and propped it up against the buckboard, out of sight of the camera, so it could be referred to if he got mixed up during the take. And finally everything was ready; we all knew what we were to do, and there was a lull in the traffic. "Camera! Slate! ...Action!" Ron leaned out of the wagon.

"AAAAOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWCCCCCHHH!!!"

I hollered at the top of my voice. I put my all into it; it was my last line of the afternoon. I saw Ron's back jump and the hair on his neck raised up a little bit.

Ron opened his mouth for his lines.

"Eech, oooch, ouch...eech...yowp...urk," I said in the background.

Ron somehow made it through a few of his lines.

"Ooch, eech, yikes," I continued, "urk...awk...kaff kaff..." Ron's voice as he finished his lines betrayed the fact that he was barely controlling the urge to break up laughing...or maybe the urge to turn around and strangle me, I dunno.

But he did manage to finish his lines, and just before Al Lewis (who was directing the camera) could call, "cut!" I said, "Ooo, that stings!"

"Cut!" said Al, and sundry people started laughing...mostly me, I must admit.

"The sound track came across loud and clear," announced Don Simpson who was in charge of the sound system.

"All right you! You can go back to Berkeley right now!" hollered Bjo, "You'll never get on another lot in this town!"

I grinned from ear to ear.

That was, as I said, my last scene of the afternoon, so I wandered down the street to where Miri was sitting in the Ellington's car. "What was all that racket?" Miri asked me.

"Oh, I was stealing a scene," I said.

20 There were a couple more scenes to be shot with Burbee in them that afternoon and they got through with them in pretty short order. Still, it was almost sundown when I saw that they were about finished and went back to the set.

"There's just this one last take," said Al. "Let's get through it without any mistakes. Bill, what's the light reading?"

Bill Ellern, who was in charge of the light-meter, gave Al a reading. They conferred a bit. All of a sudden Al burst out, "WHAAAT?!! What did you say? You've been figuring it how?" Bill said something to him that I didn't catch, and Al's face turned white.

Bjo came over. "What's wrong?"

"We've just discovered," said Al, "that we've been shooting all afternoon with the wrong light exposure. All these scenes will be over-exposed; they may even be unusable." Bjo fixed Bill with an icy stare (it had been Bill's fault), and declined to call him a kook. Bill obviously felt miserable enough.

And that was how the afternoon ended. Bill drove Miri and me back to Miri's grandmother's place in South Pasadena, and told us that if the scenes were unsalvageable he'd pay for round-trip tickets for both of us to fly down again to re-shoot them. He was really feeling bad about it.

We had dinner and went off again for more shooting. This time it was at Dean and Shirley Dickensheet's apartment, and Miri and I had just this one scene to do. It was the scene where they bring me into the Doc's office to get the arrowhead out of my shoulder. Jim Caughran played Doc Eney, and I guess he did all right considering. I mean, there's this one bit of business where Doc is getting ready to probe for the arrowhead and me hands me a lettering guide and says, "Here, bite down on this; it'll help a little." Or at least he's supposed to say that. As it was, under the hot lights and general tension following "This is a take!" and the realization that if you goof a line you'll cost these people good money for film and such, Jim got a little shaken up and just forgot to say anything at all about the lettering guide he handed me, except "Here." I don't think I've ever felt quite so silly in my life as I did when Jim handed me that thing mumbling, "Here," and I sat there realizing that the camera was rolling and this little bit of business suddenly was making absolutely no sense. I didn't know what else to do, so I looked at it quizzically and put it down with a sort of an "oh, well," type shrug.

But it didn't matter, as it turned out. It seems the scenes shot that night got light-struck somehow, and we had to shoot them again a month later anyhow. (The scenes shot that afternoon turned out kind of muddy, I hear, but they were salvageable for the most part; they didn't need redoing.) Unicorn productions packed its gear into trunks and came up to Berkeley to shoot the scenes that needed it...and thereby hangs a tale, but let's let somebody else write that one.

...Oh, are you still wondering why I never read the story? I dunno exactly. In Berkeley we have a saying: "All the thrill's gone out of it." This was originally an allusion to an anecdote in Kenneth Patchen's Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer, wherein there was this fellow who carried a dead mole around with him which he would fondle from time to time. He just liked the feel of it, I guess. But eventually he gave it away: "All the thrill's gone out of it," he said.

I don't know why all the thrill's gone out of Wraile Ballard, the MusquiteKid. Do you think that getting mixed up with the movie had anything to do with it?

I guess I'll read it. I certainly intend to read it. I'm sure I will someday soon.

The only trouble is that if I do, I'll ruin one of my favorite lines: "Read it? Hell, I've lived it!"

---Terry Carr

The MENACE of the LASFS

Mr. Cyr, a technical writer, gave a lecture titled "Mars Revisited," beginning with astronomical data about Mars such as surface temperature, land area (just about the same as Earth's, oddly enough) and the six theories of the Martian Canals: (1) They do not exist, (2) They are an illusion, (3) Are surface cracks, (4) Are engineered, (5) Are animal trails, (6) Are caused by Marsitrons. Which was disappointing, because we were all anxious to learn about what had recently happened to John Carter and Dejah Thoris. It turned out that Mr. Cyr had never actually visited Mars, let alone re-visited it. Mr. Cyr held out for Marsitrons, maintaining that you could always believe Marsitrons (A) Did not exist, (B) Are an illusion, (C) Are particles causing surface cracks, (D) Are an engineering term, (E) Are animal trails, and so forth.

His hypothesis was that intersections were impact craters and that the canals were animal trails, the vegetation growing densest where animals dropped footprints and such like things, a point we considered in execrable taste. Still, it had a certain fecal fascination: what species of feces caused the vegetation? Marsitrons!

-- 1184th Meeting

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Guests introduced included Doc Smith and his son and daughter-in-law. Doc mentioned that this was his third visit to LASFS and we reminded him that next time he would have to join. Doc countered that gambit by remaniscing about the first time he had visited LASFS and Forry sniffed, "Well, that dates you!" with the air of a man who had just packed away a Carbon-14 geiger counter. Doc took the stand and said that the Dean Drive (Campbell's latest Wunderkind) has excellent equations and don't knock it if you haven't tried it. It works like a cross between a paint-mixer and a propeller beanie, evidently.

Doc outlined the new series he was producing for ASTALOG. It begins with an atomic explosion and two superchildren who assume control of the universe. Their gestation time was twelve months, he said, at which point one of the women in the audience said quietly, "I quit."

We turned naturally enough to Fritz Leiber and queried him about the Buck Rogers comic strip, which he is currently scripting. When asked whether he was more afraid of snakes or spiders, he said the latter. Now we know what side of the Time War he is on.

-- 1185th Meeting

Ted Johnstone discovered that his lens was missing from his ring and accused 4E of taking it. Forry replied that even the moon came out at night, old boy. Johnstone presently found his lens and made contact with it again. A moth flew in at this point and lepadopted the club. It was shot down in a storm of plonkers. Rick sneeringly gave the following treacherous report: New Treasury Balance, \$120.88.

John Trimble broached the subject of the proposed fannish religion, object of which would be to save postage by mailing Shaggy at religious rates. Any three adults with \$15 dollars between them can ~~incorporate~~ organize as a religion, in California. Plans were temporarily balked by the lack of a virgin to drive through the streets with whips.

-- 1186th Meeting

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The remark in the MENACE about Ted making contact with his lens drew additional comment about his being such an apt pupil with a retina of loyal followers.

Chuck Neutzal said he'd sold yet another story to Amazing, with the obvious reply by the Secretary that Amazing was chuck-full-of-Neutzall.

We debated distributing the MENACE to the Membership. Zeke suggested a digest done on a jellygraph. FTed said, sure, gelatine was good for the digestion, and was plonked by Bruce Pelz for his trouble.

Bjo announced the forthcoming film, "Little Red Riding Hood," in glorious frecklecolor on 16mm silent film (you can make up your own sound track).

-- 1187th Meeting

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In the tardiness of the Director Ted Johnstone, if you will pardon a cliche, the meeting was inaugurated by Ernie Wheatley, Dormouse Extraordinary. The Menace of the Previous Meeting were read and disapproved as read. Psionic Psneary gave the Treasurer's Report amid much clinking and clanking of coin, which prompted comment, at which he snapped, "There will be no personalities at the Director's Table!" At which we sadly agreed. Rick proceeded to a musical

Treasurer's Report, accompanying himself with the loot.

An account of a fanletter from Yugoslavia was related by our Russian Expert, Boris J. Ackerman.

-- 1189 th Meeting

Respectfully Submitted, Jack Harness



DIRECTOR WHEATLEY VERSUS THE
PLONKER MEN FROM MARS....

POLL, ANYONE?

— by Harry Warner, Jr.

In months past, I received so many polls from fans that I've filled as many blanks as anyone in Hollywood who provides ammunition for movie battles. I've explained in one poll why I don't know why I'm in fandom, and in another poll I've demonstrated my ignorance about recent prozines by failing to remember any story worth naming as the best of 1959, and I've almost worn out a pair of scales to obtain the facts for up-to-the minute answers to the inevitable poll question about my weight.

I'm not complaining about the quantity of polls, but I'm afraid that fans are missing an important function of polls. Most of them are aimed solely at obtaining either facts or egoboo ammunition. It might be possible to prove something by determining the height of fans, if the poll shows that everyone is more than eight feet tall, and it's undoubtedly pleasant for at least one editor to read the results of the latest favorite fanzine poll. The trouble is, so many of the results of these types of questions are either predictable or useless. There should be a place in fandom for polls to determine opinions that would provide fandom at large with more self-assurance in its way of life.

For instance, you'll not find in the Fancyclopedia, Neofan's Guide, collected works of Tucker, or latest Slant the slightest clue to what fandom as a whole thinks about one of the recurring problems that most of us face from time to time. What do fans think would be a fair amount of time to allow fanzine editors to get submitted material into print? At this moment, I can think of at least a half-dozen articles which I supplied to meet urgent requests for material at dates ranging back from three months to two and one-half years. None of them has seen print yet. All of the fanzine editors who requested them are still active in fandom, or are planning to resume activity at any minute. At the same time, I have three or four letters in my pile of unanswered mail from fanzine editors who want material immediately. Is it a rupture of fannish ethics to ask for the return of the contributions after a stated period of six months or one year, or three years? Or should lack of publication after a specific length of time be taken as a fannish statute of limitations, after which the writer may submit the material elsewhere without asking the original recipient for permission? Or should unpublished fanzine material be allowed to rot away undisturbed, no matter how many years pass, on the theory that its possession just might some day bring a valued fanzine editor back from the limbo of gaffiation? A poll to determine opinions on these matters might permit a fannish etiquette to be decided upon, to which we could all abide in the future.

There's a related matter that occasionally causes a fuss in fanzines. It concerns reprints. There are some fans who feel cheated when they read a reprint in a fanzine if it isn't labelled as such, even though it's been completely revised or its original publication was in an obscure, limited circulation magazine years ago which nobody now remembers. Other fans grow equally agitated when their own material is reprinted without the courtesy of obtaining permission. Most of us are naturally embarrassed if someone suddenly insists on reprinting something exceptionally stupid from our earliest activities in fandom. But nobody can be quite sure how fandom in general thinks about these matters, because no polls have been taken to determine whether such complaints are typical of the feelings of all fans or just the loud outcries of a noisy minority.

Another area in which a poll might prove useful would be the start of a price list for major merchandise connected with science fiction. Prices vary so widely in advertisements and so many merchants ask more in print than they expect to get in reality that it's hard to determine how much you might really expect to pay for a complete set of Famous Fantastic Mysteries or all of the Berry GDA publications. Nobody will be apt to take the trouble to publish a fannish equivalent of Scott's postage stamp catalogue. But a couple of pages of a poll could contain enough space for partic-

ipants to list their ideas of a fair price for the major prozines, the most popular books that are hard to find today, and a few dozen of the best fanzine titles. If the poll were sent to all the dealers who could be located and approximately the same quantity of fans, it might be possible to strike an average on each item which would be a starting point for bargaining in the future.

Then there are the delicate points of fannish ethics that are so ethereal that most of them never find their way into print, and are just vaguely wondered at. Inclusion of a few of them in polls might straighten out some matters which fans don't like to ask about. One of them is less absurd than it sounds: if you publish a fanzine which you give away to those who write letters of comment, are you obliged to answer those letters of comment with letters or postal cards? I know several fans, mostly beginners, who have conscience pangs when letters flood in after a new issue, and they waste so much time answer those letters that the next issue is indefinitely delayed. And, if fans in general think that some type of acknowledgement of an acknowledgement is the right thing to do, does the fanzine recipient owe a response to the response to his response to the fanzine before the next issue? Personally, I don't expect a fanzine publisher to squander time writing to me, after he has spent energy and money to provide me with his fanzine; and yet that's the way lots of correspondence friendships spring up. Suppose you like Dean Grennell's column somewhere, or Walt Willis', as everyone does, and you ask Grennell or Willis to start writing a column for your fanzine. Is that ethical, in your opinion? Some fans manage to keep going with regular columns in several fanzines without losing their minds or the quality of their writing. Yet, when I was publishing SPACEWAYS, and Bill Hamling induced one of my columnists to write for his snazzy new fanzines, several fans thought me a coward for submitting to this as if it were an indignity.

It's impossible to draw the line between stupid custom and sensible procedure, in fandom as in the great outside world. That's what makes Emily Post both necessary and absurd. Blowing one's nose in the napkin at the dinner table is obviously the wrong thing to do and preserving the proper hierarchy of eating utensils from left to right at each plate is just as obviously a useless left-over from some obsessive-compulsive neurotic hostesses. Both matters are etiquette. In just the same way, there are some customs in fandom's unwritten laws that serve quite necessary functions and other procedures that are meaningless, and many bits of fannish etiquette fall into the never-never land in between. But it wouldn't hurt to make a start on the task of deciding how most fans feel about such matters.

#

---harry warner, jr.

MORE WITH MORDOR

by Donald Franson

We who support the Mordor bid for the 1964 World Science Fiction Convention were shaken for awhile by the audacious bid of another city, and have not returned to our former complacency, even though the New York Worldcon bid for that year has now been withdrawn.

The proposed New York Faircon stirred up much opposition in fandom, for various reasons. Briefly summed up, the bid of New York, or, more precisely, of one faction of the fans of that city, was for putting on the Biggest Convention Ever, to be held during a World's Fair, bringing innumerable fairgoers into Trufandom. In order to co-ordinate their convention with the Fair, they proposed that the Rotation Plan should be set aside; that the weekend date should be changed from Labor Day to Independence Day; and that New York Fandom, with two strikes against it, should be allowed to take another swing at putting on a con, to prove that NYFandom could get along with itself.

It was probably inevitable that national fandom would be against the New York bid, even without the threat to Rotation, the Fair question, or the relatively minor weekend change, on the basis of New York's previous record of taking the joy out of conventions. Of course, fandom only laughed at the completely ridiculous idea that New York could unite, as this hasn't happened since Peter Stuyvesant put out his first fanzine. This didn't matter; what really mattered was the indication that, along with changing itself, New York wanted to change national fandom once again, and this was, once again, resented. I think the NY bid was rejected mainly because fandom didn't want anyone to scuttle its Rotation Plan (which, once scuttled, would be hard to unscuttle), and because of a general distrust of New York fandom's ability to keep out of messes, even shared by a number of New York fans.

That New York still wants some kind of conference during the Fair, even if only a regional one, shows that all fans do not oppose Fairs as con sites. I don't recall any strong opposition to "Pucon in '61", discounting criticism, on account of the Seattle Fair, before it was announced that there would be no Fair at that time. In fact, the idea of a Fair along with the con definitely does appeal to some fans. There is a chance to attract more fans into the microcosm; doesn't that send you? Isn't it appealing, the idea of recruiting the clods from mundane? (The Clods from Mundane--sounds like the title of a science-fiction yarn.) After all, fandom mustn't die out; we MUST recruit, and a well-attended con is a good place for it. And a Fair will surely guarantee a well-attended convention, or at least a well-attended convention-hotel.

But, Fair or not, New York is out, which is good for Mordor. Now that the Rotation Plan is safe; now that the entertaining idea of New York fandom getting together has been duly appreciated by men of wit on all sides, and laid to rest; now that the various factions of New York are back to fighting again; now that that city will not bid for the con at the '63 convention, and would not get it if it did bid; now Mordor is safely in again. Or is it?

We Mordorers aren't going to take that for granted.

The unopposed Morder bid has at long last been opposed. The serene belief in the unopposability of Morder has been shattered. You saw how the Morder cause was almost overlooked (except by Larry Shaw) in the hassle over the Faircon. Our position is not unshakable; no, by Klono's tails, it is shakable.

What if some other city--take for granted its location in the proper zone for the Rotation Plan--without New York's reputation for trouble, but with promises as big as New York's, bids for the '64 con in sacrilegious disregard of Morder's claim? To avoid arguments, I would not suggest what city in the Western Zone would dare put in such a bid (it could well be Tucumcari, N.M.), but I will call this verschunken community "City X".

What if this armpit of the nation has a big old Fair or something to compete with Morder? Morder must be prepared to compete back. We will meet this threat; we are running scared. "Running scared" is sage political advice to the overconfident. We now have a Plan, and a Program.



THE CITY HALL?
FILLED TO THE 19th
FLOOR?
WITH BLOG?

DON

Our major difficulty is that we don't know exactly what "City X" will promise. We will have to defeat this unknown bid in advance by promising more than any other city could possibly promise in a million years. Morder must be bigger than any other con in the past or in the foreseeable future. It must be the Con To End All Cons!

That makes our task clear-cut--we don't care what this hypothetical pesthole promises--Morder will promise more!

As a start, we will match what New York promised, before they withdrew in deference to fandom's objections. Then we will go on to Greater Heights.

The New York Plan included a novelty switch from recently-traditional Labor Day to the older con-time of Independence Day weekend; Morder promises more! The Morder Convention will be spread out over six holidays, with various program events between, throughout the year.

January 1st, the Rose Parade in Pasadena will have a fannish theme, "Feuds in Flowers", and various pros and BNF's will be riding on every float, throwing copies of FANAC to the admiring clods, whom we will convert to fandom via this affair.

May 30th, Memorial Day, a display of how fanzines are put together will be put on by the East Morder Wire Staple Company. Bring your unstapled fanzines to the factory and we will have them stapled for you. And a new prozine will soon be launched, sponsored by the Morder ConCommittee, solely for propaganda purposes in case all the others are sewed up by "City X". At the con, this prozine will be officially folded, with suitable ceremony.

July 4th, Independence Day, the auction will be held, in Hollywood Bowl, during performances of "Die Fledermaus". This will enable us to recruit cultured clods.

Labor Day, speeches will be made in Pershing Square, on the occasion of the 46th minus-versary of "South Gate Again in 2010". It is hoped that we can convince the American Legion to hold their convention this weekend in the same hotel and at the same time as ours, as it is expected that this holiday will be the height of fan attendance, fans making the Labor Day journey as a matter of habit. We know you will all want us to fill the hotel. . .that way, the management can't help but give us blocks of rooms.

October 31st, the 30th Anniversary of the LASFS will be combined with a Hallowe'en Spook Show at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, introducing hundreds of moviegoers to fandom. The Ghost of Laney will make a special appearance, recruiting perhaps thousands of occultists.

November 25th, Thanksgiving Eve, the traditional Santa Clause Parade down Hollywood Boulevard will provide a golden opportunity for converting neofans, as loads of small children will be present. The Santa float will be immediately followed by the N3F truck, giving out beanies and application blanks to all.

This will be the most spread-out con in the history of fandom. Maps will be donated cheerfully by the gasoline companies of the Los Angeles area. The banquet will be held at the exclusive Racquet Club, in nearby Palm Springs. It is not too early for fans to apply for memberships in this exclusive club, as you wouldn't want to miss out on the crottled greeps, and non-members will be out of luck.

There will be a special legal program in the courtroom of the con hotel, where you will be able to see legal wrangles going on round the clock. Souvenir summonses will be published by a one-shot committee and distributed to all present.

This could be the best-attended con in all history: The LA Memorial Coliseum will be the site, during con-time, of several big football games played by USC and UCLA, and it has been arranged that during half-time important announcements of interest to fans will be made, and celebrities will be introduced to the audience. Anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000 potential fans will be reached. Members of the committee who are also students at these universities will arrange for card displays and marching bandsmen to spell out "Yngvi is Not a Louse", "Fandom Is A Way of Life", etc.

The Los Angeles Dodgers have also been contacted, and will endeavor to stage a World Series here, if they get the co-operation of the other teams in the National League. Tickets will be available through fannish scalpers, at a nominal cost above the usual rates. The opening game of the series will feature, before game time, the Fanzine Editors' Panel, which will take place in the Dodgers' dugout.

As 1964 is a presidential year, we'll attempt to get the Republican and Democratic cons, and will make a deal with either National Committee to combine our con with theirs, on payment of a small contribution of \$10,000 or so, which will be assessed upon all fandom equally. The business meeting will be held in the same hall as the political con, and will be sandwiched in somewhere during a lull in the demonstrations, so we can have the benefit of all radio and tv facilities; the nation will be watching and listening to the voting on the '65 consite. Won't it be a thrill, if you can't be there, to see on tv, "Twenty-seven and a half votes for Bloomington..."

At nearby, convenient Vandenberg Air Force Base, there will be an event to end all events! And believe me, nothing "City X" can promise can possibly equal this! An Atlas missile will be shot to the moon, or thereabouts (the Air Force claims it can only try), and several dozen lucky fans will actually be in it! If all goes well, messages from the moon (or thereabouts) from these fans will be broadcast in the convention hall; otherwise, substitute memorial services will fill the time.

Remember, regardless of what this hypothetical "City X" may promise, Mordor promises MORE! We may even have additional surprises for you, as we think them up. So all you trufans, who have always wanted a big, really big, BHIG convention, don't forget to vote MORDER IN SIXTY-FOUR at the 1963 business session.

Remember: "Sixty-four is the Time,
Mordor is the Perfect Clime."

+++

"Jack Daniels is the Skippy Peanut Butter of whiskies." ...Don Simpson.

D I A L O G U E S A T M I D N I G H T

Scene: Farewells at Kal's (post-meeting coffee-klatcheria).

Rick: Watch out for Bengal Tigers.

Bruce: You mean - Protect this house from tigers.

Rick: Nope, I wasn't thinking of the new Alex King book. I was thinking of what Bjo told me. Did you know she once got an "A" on a school paper about why Bengal Tigers turn man-eater?

Bruce: Huh?

Rick: By the way, have you noticed that car window tigers are getting bigger?

Bruce: What?

Rick: The tigers you see in the back windows of cars. They seem to be getting bigger. Don said he had heard of a toy tiger that was bigger than life-size.

Bruce: What would one do with a stuffed toy tiger that big?

Rick: I don't know. If I had a life-size doll, I wouldn't want it to be a tiger.

Don: Maybe you could mount a sports car under it and drive it around.

Bruce: I wouldn't want a tiger mounting my sports car.

Don: Maybe you could put wheels on it. How about that, a four-wheel tiger!

Rick: Not a bad name for a car. How about a 'Tiger 300'.

Don: I don't need to put any gas in my Tiger, it just ate a Lark.

Bruce: Mine's one-up on yours, it got a Falcon.

Rick: Mine did even better, it got an Impalla.

Bruce: Hoog! Good night, Rick.

#



When I got my first story published, I sauntered to the local newsstand and purchased a copy of the magazine with the poker-faced, indifferent mien of a man who's got to have something to read and this crud may do as well as anything else. Or perhaps I acted as if I'd been sent to buy the magazine for an eccentric millionaire.

When I got about a half block away I scanned the table of contents, split the pulp pages at the approximate point that would bring me to my story, and holding the magazine down at the level of my knees and a little behind me, I fearfully opened one eye.

I recognized a phrase I'd labored to shape and it scalded me with shame.

There I was, naked in print!

Since then my reactions to being published have grown less pathological. I have even on occasion bought copies of a magazine and sent them to friends (and sent other friends tickler postcards) with the injunction to read this story by me, it is great. But I still have ghost reactions of embarrassment similar to that first one.

It's natural enough, in a way. When a writer has a story published, he exposes himself. He lays down the story on the table, type-side up, almost as if it were a poker hand or a passport, and says, "That's mine, folks. I know it's not as good as some and it may be worse than most, but at least it got published. It's in there with all the competition and I stand by it -- except for the revisions that stupid editor stuck in.

"Also, it's me, folks, in an odd sort of way. All my pet infelicities of grammar and style are in that story, all my ignorance, all my ridiculous fears and stupid dreams. Dig around in it and you'll find bits of my private life, hints at my secret tastes (or you'll think you've found such, at any rate -- even clues to the murders I've committed). Go ahead, folks, look and laugh and leer."

A writer who has a story published commercially does commit himself; you know, he does take a plunge. He will never afterwards be able to say, even to himself, with quite the same convincingness as the commercially unpublished, "Oh, I could have been a writer if I'd wanted to. Still could be, for that matter, if it weren't that I have creative outlets I enjoy more. Hi-fi. Skindiving. Chess. I certainly could write better stuff than this crud -- honest, more artistic. But I don't want to work so hard for so small a return. I don't want to become the sort of lonely monomaniac this character

Leiber says most writers have to be. It's unhealthy."

Maybe it is unhealthy. You certainly run risks. For instance, a writer who has a story published commercially takes the chance of being forever rated second-best, or third-rate, or lost in the rush. He can no longer be a beautiful possibility. The chances of being remembered even for a few years as a minor figure in the literary round are pretty slim. And once you've sold something you're expected to top it next time, or at least repeat. Such a writer has to say in effect, time and again, "Yes, folks, that's all I could think of to say on that subject, that's all that came to mind. That was the cleverest plot I could construct, those were the most telling and colorful details. The story seems meager to you? Maybe it is." No, it's certainly safer, possibly more satisfying, for any creative artist to work exclusively in the paranoid dream world each of us carries inside him; you can rise much higher in it.

What I've said so far probably exaggerates the difference between amateur and commercial publication. After all, the chief distinction is only money, and there are mimeozines that pay a small amount faithfully and there are commercial publishers who welsh. Of course with amateur publication it can be a little easier for the writer to plead experiment or playfulness as an excuse (often legitimate) for a story or article that fails to come off. While selling something for money implies that at least two persons briefly thought it had value. (Not that the money you make by it is any excuse for genuinely cruddy writing. There are so many easier ways of earning a decent living that it seems to me most writers must reasonably allow they're doing it for art or at least for therapeutic self-expression as well as for money.)

Oh yes, and there's another difference -- one related to the title of this little article. The amateur is generally writing for an audience known to him. Sometimes (as in the world of s-f fandom, FAPA, and so on) he literally knows every member personally. He's rather in the situation of the Rotarian who makes luncheon addresses to fellow businessmen, the union member who sounds off in front of his local, the AA who tells his story to his fellow alcoholics. He's sure of a measure of sympathy and understanding. (If there are a few of his audience who misunderstand him -- and there generally are! -- he at least knows beforehand which ones they will be and how they will misunderstand him and sometimes even why.) He can rely on them all having a body of shared information and background to which he confidently refer, he can even use audience members and their relationships as a source of humor. (Somewhat as the vaudevillian in New York City could always get a laugh by mentioning Hoboken. In Chicago it was Cicero. Correspondingly in fandom you refer to Rick Sneary's spelling or Earl Kemp's hatred of semicolons or to Dick Ellington's cats.)

Whereas the commercial writer is writing for a mystery reader -- a character in blackface and a black suit wearing a black cloak who does his reading in a lightless cellar...and who, inevitably, isn't there (the old black cat in the basement, all right). He's writing

for a statistic, a sociological specter, for Poe's "Man of the Crowd," who darts out of his hole or his camouflage at 3 A. M. to buy a magazine (where he finds a stand open I don't know) and darts back again. He's writing for Peeping Toms and Tomasinas, for characters and characterixes with powerful night-vision binoculars in the 20th story of a building 20 blocks away. He's performing naked in the open for anonymous hidden peerers.

Once in an Indigo Asteroid a writer hears from a reader -- from "a boy working in a cemetery," "an X-ray technician interested in mysticism," "a blind man," "a housewife," "a merchant seaman." Averaging just those five presents strange problems.

The writer today can hardly be sure of anything about his readers. He can't even assume that they know the bible stories or the Greek myths. He does know that they know simple English, or think they do.

Writing for strangers is like an actor being planked down stage canter in a baby spotlight, the theater otherwise dark, and told to put on his act. He doesn't know what city he's in. He doesn't know a thing about that audience out there in the shadows (except that the price of admission was 40 or some such number of cents). He can't even be quite sure they're human. Behind him the scrim rustles, there are footsteps in the second balcony, someone coughs hollowly in the wings, the draperies flap in the box reserved for the Phantom. (You wonder I write horror stories?)

Sometimes I think I'm writing for Martians.

Fritz Leiber

(cont'd from page 4)

Convention, and I frankly don't see much to change to change LA fandom in those few years. We've got a fannish renaissance going in Los Angeles, and there doesn't seem to be much chance of stopping it.

We're going to test this convention spirit by bidding for, and putting on (assuming we get it) the 1962 WesterCon, so it won't be a totally inexperienced group of fans bidding in '63. Then, too, we've got past con-committee members who will advise us in both procedure and operations.

Watch us for the next few years, and see what you think.

---uss jt.

A FAMILY FANZINE

by Stephen L Muir

"But I don't know what to write," whined 11-year-old Bobbie-Joe Klanter. He slugged noisily at his glass of milk, disregard-

ing the excess dribbling down his chin.

"Finish your breakfast and get in there and write that column!" his mother snapped. She gathered the dishes and clattered them into the sink. The sun shined brightly onto the dirty kitchen floor as she drew her wrap about her and bellowed above the noise of the washer on the back porch.

"Al? Al! Haven't you left yet?" She frowned and pushed stringy brown hair back from her forehead.

"Nah, not yet. I'm going in a minute." Al's voice faded and the bedroom door slammed.

"Well hurry up!" she screeched. "It's already 9 o'clock and the stationers close at noon!" She went back into the kitchen and cleared away the remainder of Bobbie-Joe's breakfast. "Now get in there and finish that column. Deadline's today and we've got to meet it."

Bobbie-Joe slouched wordlessly into the hall. The door slammed to the den in a last defiant gesture. She turned when she heard Al's step in the hall.

"You hurry and get down there, Al," she blazed. "We need ink and a lot of that gray master-weave for the letter column." She opened the door under the sink and dumped coffee-grounds into the container there. "You'd think I was the editor of our zine the way things go here. If I don't harp about getting things done, nothing does get done!" She slammed the door.

"Wait a minute, Jessie," Al said. "I did all the stenciling last issue and all the damn cranking, too!" He lit a Camel. "I also wrote the editorial and did the damn lettercolumn, too!"

"Well I did most of the assembling and addressing," she snapped back. She turned on the water in the sink and splashed hot water moistly onto the mound of breakfast-food encrusted dishes.

"Mmpf!" Shrugging his shoulders, Al said, "It wasn't so bad. But this issue is getting behind. I wish to hell Bobbie-Joe would finish his review column. I've got to get it stencilled so I can find out what page the lettercol illo goes on." He ground out the cigarette.

"We'll never get this issue out on time if you don't get out of here and get the ink and paper," Jessie said. "'Why do I have to keep reminding you? Why do I have to keep after Bobbie-Joe? You're the editor-in-chief even if it is a family zine.'" She dropped sudsed dishes into the rinse half of the sink.

"You know," he said thoughtfully, "Bobbie-Joe worries me. I sometimes think he isn't really too interested in fandom."

"I know," she agreed. "He's liable to grow up just like Helen's doing. She's only interested in Ricky Nelson and Fabian and that crowd -- hardly ever reads a fanzine, not even ours!"

"That's what gripes me about her!" Al blazed. "Here it is Saturday morning and she's rushed off somewhere for a beach party with a bunch of teenager types, won't even stay home and help us get FAMZINE out. Fine daughter she is!" He lit another camel.

Jessie finished the dishes and dried her hands. "If only Helen would take over the lettercolumn again, then FAMZINE would be completely 'Fandom's Only Monthly Family Zine!'" She hung up the towel and patted her hair.

In the brief pause before Al spoke, they heard hesitant staccato noises from the den. "At least Bobbie-Joe's working on his column," Al sighed, with evident relief.

"If Bobbie-Joe goofs out on us," Jessie said, "then our whole schedule, our whole concept of the family-zine would be shot."

"Yeh, I know. It's all right to run material to appeal to everybody but the

bit is to...well," he grinned, "it's all there on the contents page: 'FAMZINE!: Fandom's only Monthly Family Fanzine, Written FOR and Produced BY the Family of Fans!'"

"And Bobbie-Joe, Fandom's Youngest Fan Columnist, helps keep FAMZINE up on the FANAC poll," added Jessie. "I hope he snaps out of this baseball streak. He's getting old enough to produce his own SAPSzine pretty soon and he's not really in any shape for it yet at the rate he's going."

Al said nothing. It reminded him that Helen was in her teens and ought to be an established member of SAPS and well up on the FAPA waiting list by now. Actually she had never joined SAPS and had resigned from the FAPA waiting list without his knowledge or approval. She'd been placed on it at birth just as he'd done with Bobbie-Joe. Now the whole family was no longer a unit in fandom.

"Al!" He jumped, almost dropping the Camel.

"What is it?"

"Stop day-dreaming and get down to the stationers'! It's nearly ten and they sometimes close before noon!"

"Okay, okay," he said, grinding out the butt.

"Well, you said that before but if we don't get the materials, we aren't going to get FAMZINE into the mail Monday! And you know that would mean missing our schedule for the first time in our history of publication." She took the table-cloth off the table and set it aside. "I'll get the table ready and then go change while you go out."

She unfolded a newspaper and laid it over the table. "Now hurry and get back so you can help me lift the mimeo onto the table. I'm going to go change."

"Okay, okay," he said again, ambling to the door. He stepped out into the sunshine and went to the car. As he got in he wondered again why Helen, his only daughter, had to go and drop out of fandom. It had taken some of the fun out of FAMZINE. He sighed and drove off.

--slm.

A WALK THROUGH INFINITY (cont. from p. 12)

again in recent Bloch (most notably in The Dead Beat)--wonderfully realized people in interesting situations, and sometimes with arresting things to say about them, appear on stage, and just when things begin to mesh, the lead pipe of plot comes along and bashes their skulls in.

Don't get me wrong; I'm not knocking Bloch's plots. They are always very clever, much cleverer than Mr. Gardner's, perhaps even cleverer than Miss Christie's. But is this sort of cleverness, even if it is a kind of cleverness he can do better than anyone else, what Bloch's stories are really about? Oh, sure, it's what Shock is about, and perhaps even what Hitchcock is about. But are Shock's rates and Hitchcock's standards the boundary of Bloch's ambitions? Perhaps they are. But they are not the boundaries of his talent.

At one point the hero of "Final Performance" is listening to the villain talk. "I don't know how long he rambled on about the old days and the old ways; about the six Brown Brothers and Herman E. Timberg and Walter C. Kelly and Chic Sale. At another time, under other circumstances, I might have hung on to his every word." But now he is thinking about the girl. One day, I hope, Bloch will drop that cheap bitch and come back to that dingy room and listen to that old man. And what he will find there, for once, will not be gore: it will be blood.

#

This is as good a place as any to make some remarks about Shock. As you may have gathered, it's not Unknown. But what is more surprising, it's not Weird Tales. Oh, the plots are the old Weird-derived contes cruels, perhaps filtered through the EC comics, but what has happened to the writing? Shock is written in ordinary standard descriptive purple pulp prose. Where are the purple passages, the Mallarmean adjectives, the obligatory italicised punchline with its garland of exclamation points? They are at one with the Edsel, and, like the Edsel, their passing has improved the

(continued on page 37)

SCIENCE FICTION AND THE STAR-BEGOTTEN

by Al Lewis

At the Westercon in Boise last July 3rd, the fanzine editors panel repeated the pattern of Detroit. It started out with an informed but rather dull account of fanzine publishing and apazines in particular, and then somebody from the audience asked The Question. "Why don't the fanzines print more about science fiction?" he said, and the discussion exploded into a passionate forum on the status and quality of the professional field. It was still going strongly at the end of an hour when Guy Terwilleger adjourned it to the swimming pool where it was effectively quenched in horseplay.

Why has science fiction recently become of such burning interest among fans? Is it, after all, what fans are most interested in? Or is it merely that a few years after serious-constructive had become a dirty word and faaaans were bragging that they never read the stuff any more, the pendulum is swinging back and we are entering another phase of a cycle? I would like to suggest that both of these are true, and that furthermore there are other factors involved which depend upon the nature and structure of fandom itself.

The thing that seems to have touched off all this discussion is the collapse of the professional field. There are several reasons why this should be so. One subsidiary point is a mere bit of logistics: In a field of six magazines instead of thirty-three a far greater proportion of the total fan readership has read any given story and is therefore able to discuss it in an informed manner. Another and more important factor is a wholly professional concern for the market. Many fans are writers or would-be writers or good friends of writers, and when the source of income or prospective income disappears they are understandably worried. No apologies are needed for a sholly mundane concern with the source of one's bread and butter.

But there is something more than this, for it is not only among the con fans and fringe fans, but among the died-in-the-wool fanzine fans, the fans who by their own proclamation were supposed to be the least interested, that this concern has arisen. I think there is a psychological reason behind much of it.

A fan, and you have all noticed it, is usually conscious of not quite fitting in to our society. He is an outsider. There are other outsider-types, too, but fans are among them. Fandom arose when certain of these outsider-types discovered a common denominator---and they organized to proselytize. During the thirties and early forties fandom had a *raison d'etre*, a bond, something to feel mutually superior about. They were the star-begotten.

When the boom of the fifties arose, fans no longer had anything to feel persecuted about. They read S-F? Fine, so did everyone else. They had succeeded in putting science fiction across, so what was there left for them to do? Fandom became a correspondence society; interests became broadened and social. Since science fiction was now accepted, fans no longer needed science fiction as a mark of their outsidersness.

But now that science fiction is threatened again, fandom is rallying-round. The promotion of science fiction called the field together in the first place, and it is now calling the field together again. We are, in case you hadn't noticed, in the earlier stages of a fannish Renaissance. As a result of the several factors I have mentioned, I think we can anticipate a considerably greater concern for science fiction in the fanzines than we have had in the last several years. And we can anticipate this concern continuing until the arrival of the next boom. Science fiction fandom thrives on adversity.

FALLEN ANGELS

by Bjo

ONLY IN LOS ANGELES....

A car such as Al Lewis found on a side street in Hollywood near the lab where Unicorn Productions' film is processed, would only be found here. He told us about the car covered with seed pods, leading some of us to think that he'd gone freeway happy. Someone suggested that the car had been left parked on the street so long it was covered with leaves and seeds.

Al insisted that the seeds were glued on, and offered to take us by and show this latest contribution to Modern Art to us. Several times during the following weeks, he would suddenly turn off Hollywood Boulevard, drive slowly down a narrow street, and sigh disappointedly. We didn't see anything more unusual than a new Cadillac.

Once I saw an English Consul covered with stamps; real paper postage stamps--cancelled--everywhere on it except for the chrome trim and the windows, covered with a thick glassy coating of what I suppose was varnish. I told the others and got the same treatment as Al, until we found that LIFE had written an article about this unusual automobile.

Last week, we tracked Al's beastie to its lair. Going by to leave some film at the lab, we found it parked on the street; an old 1936 Chevy coupe. It was a sham-bly assemblage of things, creating a first impression of incredulity and wonder in the beholder. The general color scheme was in natural browns, russets, goldens, and umbers, with touches of grey and white, and surprizing touches of red, blue, and green. The black linoleum glue used to adhere all these things to the metal of the car lent the dark accent; it is a thick, waterproof mess that will hold almost anything.

In swirls of pinto bean, patches of limas and black-eyed peas for texture, and lines of rice and millet seed leading into broad swatches of macaroni; just exactly like the "mosaics" of "kitchen art" that decorate too many exhibits, this old car was covered with every imaginable item.

Dotting the sides of the fenders had been red chili peppers, now shrivelled by the weather beyond easy recognition. Almonds left in their shells, and beach pebbles had managed to stay intact as had the genuine mosaic tiles scattered tastefully hither and thither; and as had the dried seed pods. Most of the dried vegetables had seen better days, for the damp California nights had taken care of that.

The car was designed and executed by a part-time actor, singer, and artist who evidently had an old car and a brainstorm at the same time. Obviously he'd been bothered with questions, for there was a small sign in the window telling how many pounds of beans were used, and other pertinent info. It was "created" early this year, and very likely will not last thru the winter; but then the car doesn't look as if it will do so, either. In any case, it is an intriguing and novel way to proclaim one's "artistic individuality".

I had suggested several months ago that we plaid the old '46 Ford, and now brought up that idea again. John vehemently vetoed the idea, while the Fan Hill Mob enthusiastically agreed to help me with the job. But we can't come to an agreement as to

what plaid; hunting, dress, or Royal Stewart.

-0o0-

Los Angeles recently hosted the 51st California Gift Show, with displays in hotel rooms, and booths in banquet and meeting halls, that covered three floors of the Biltmore Hotel, four halls in the Ambassador (home of the Cocoanut Grove), all nine floors of Merchandise Mart, and all thirteen floors of the Brack Shops. These last two places are Wholesale Only buildings that the public seldom sees. It was a glorious menage of gifts and novelties from all over the world; every conceivable item that anyone would buy for a gift was represented at this show.

White Knoll Company, mail order personalized gifts of ceramic and glass--represented by Artist Don Simpson, newly minted Public Relations Man Ron Ellick, and Company Director Bjo Trimble--attended the show. Since the show is closed to anyone but buyers, the subterfuge on Ron's part was necessary, tho we could've gotten a guest card.

But I was saving that privilege for the fourth day of the show, when Mrs. Trimble, and Mrs. Wheatley (John's and Ernie's mothers) were my guests. The natural assumption on the part of the displayers is that anyone wearing a "guest" card is someone of importance to the company that sponsors them; usually in a monetary way, of course. So the ladies were given the full treatment, displays were explained for their benefit, and generally given much attention. The show is very much like having all the Christmas windows brought to one spot for your inspection. It was a long day for them, but when the respective sons showed up to escort them to dinner, they seemed to have enjoyed themselves.

The catalog for the show is over an inch thick, about five by seven inches, and has 27 pages of micro-elite for the index. In it, are the addresses and ads for all the companies displaying their wares; glassware, barware, artware and cookware; gifttags, tokens, towels and toys. Lingerie cases, luau kits, laquerware and lanterns; candles, cannisters, cloaks, coffeemills and cards--both playing and greeting; tea trays and rosaries; and jewels--real and costume. Stationery, statues, suedes, and styrofoam decorations; plastic flowers, dolls, boxes and bathroom accessories; ceramic figurines, dinnerware, ashtrays and tiles; "original" oil paintings and "black diamonds". Real leather purses and all accessories to go in them--compacts and make-up kits, cigarette cases, holders, lighters and ashtrays, combs, change purses, mirrors, and pill boxes, passport cases, address books, memo pads and credit card holders; jewelled or plain in seventeen colors. Music boxes, bonsai trees, games and bullfight posters; chess sets, vanity sets, umbrella stands and lazy susans with tiny habachis in the centers; pepper mills, party props, place mats and puppets; tankards, pipkins, jardinieres, miniatures and bagel and lox servers.

We looked at improbable gifts and practical items, talked to dealers about minimum orders, freight charges, and delivery; popped into display rooms full of plastic fountains, ceramic planters and wrought iron. We paused at one booth selling two, four, and six cup electric espresso machines to sip a tiny cup of hot, black coffee with grated orange peel sprinkled into it; a perfect pick-me-up for tired shoppers! We collected enough literature to fill a filing cabinet, and made some valuable contacts for White Knoll Co.

We wandered thru a gorgeous array of fine and funny, tasteful and gaudy gifts made of every imaginable substance; there were gifts of silver, silk, and stainless steel; cashmere, copper, crystal, cork; teakwood, redwood, aspen, pine; brass, glass gold and glitter; plastic, porcelain, pewter, and pearl; linen, leather, lace and lead; terrycloth, terra cotta, tinsel and tea; rattan, bamboo, grasscloth and straw; alabaster, brocade, enamel, jade. And a few others.

---bjo---

(continued from page 33)

appearance of the world wonderfully. It is astonishing to realize how much of the sheer badness of the old horror stories was due to the writing, to realize how much more effective even these dreary monsters look when clothed in simple declarative sentences.

I should not really be surprised. Purple prose is a great invention, but its purpose is to heighten and celebrate experiences that would otherwise escape our notice--a neurotic prince has a suicidal thought, a young author is awakened by a train whistle in the night. The stuff of the horror story, if it is to be worth anything at all, even if it is only worth what Shock pays, should be arresting enough to be able to do without the decoration. Chorus lines do much to heighten certain forms of theatre, but I do not think they add much to passion plays.

---leslie norris.

Which winds things up for our review column. But, from reading these reviews, I think you can see something of what we're aiming for, eh? Be hearing from you? Al Andrews? Sid Coleman? Marty Levine? You others?

#

READ THIS:

The LASFS Minutes, in their entirety (perish the thought), are being published bi-weekly in dotted format. They are available, at six issues for .50 from our kind, loyal, and reverend Secretary, Jack Harness, 2818 Francis, Los Angeles 6, Calif.

Here you can find all the puns, the humor, the inanity that passes for meetings of the LASFS. Read it in its entirety...if you dare! We try to spare you by presenting excerpts in SHAGGY, but if you want to live dangerously, order "The Menace of the LASFS", from Scribe JH.

-oOo-

I can't make it to the PITTCO, but you can meet most of the rest of the SHAGGY staff there, you conventioners. Like, you'll see Ernie Wheatley, Al Lewis, and my wife, and co-editor, Bjo Trimble, among others. Wish I could be there, but job and all.... Have a fine time, people.

uss jt

-oOo-

Archie Mercer is our newly-minted European Representative. Rates from Archie, upon application. His address is in the colophon, along with the rest of the pertinent info, people, and that's on page three. Like, READ IT!

SPECIAL NOTICE!



GREAT MOMENTS IN SCIENCE

Number One:

The Discovery of Corflu

In 1892, in a dim basement laboratory, Dr. Samuel Gall, also famous for the invention of the gall-bladder, discovered corflu. Actually, he was trying to perfect a superior lubricant for buggy whips, but struck by the physical characteristics of the chemical sloshing around in the bottom of the flask, made a non-linear breakthrough and dashed upstairs to the stencil in his typer. Excitedly, he found that the chemical would fill in typing on the stencil providing a re-useable stencil and obliterating the typo. "Wait 'til the N3F hears about this!" he shouted.



Hello, people, once again it's time to wade into the letter-column. As usual there are piles of letters, some of which talk about Shaggy. The last issue was mailed late due to other things (like the Trimble wedding) and that means letters will straggle in for weeks on that issue after this pre-convention issue hits the mails. As a result, there wasn't too much comment concerning the letter by P. Schuyler Miller last time. So don't look for it here. Otherwise, this will be a slightly longer column and it leads off with:

BILL CONNER, who says,

While I usually enjoy reading most of the material in Shaggy, and this last ish was no exception, I think that this ish fell somewhat below the average Shaggy quality. For one thing, I'm no great fan of Burbee; his high-school-boyish attitude towards sex as evidenced in his "humor" type of deathless prose does not amuse me. But it might have been interesting to see what Burbee had to say in regard to the sense of smell and sex in Rotsler's BACHELOR'S KTEIC.

Gad, you LASFSians must have been hard up for fans-turned-pro this year. I just can't see honoring Richard Geis for the crud he has turned out. But I suppose you have to honor all members when they sell pro no matter what kind of degenerate, sick crud they may get published. Of course, I should take into consideration that Geis probably needed the bread he received for writing this crud. (I'm referring to Sex Kitten in particular.)

Catering to the demand of the large neurotic, voyeuristic elements seems to be a necessary evil of making a living by writing fiction these days. Old Yngvi himself has yielded to this pressure in his recent contribution to Alfred Hitchcock. Bloch's Psycho has been reported to be watered-down Micky Spillane blood, guts and sex. It's a hell of a way to have to make a living! All of this stems from my firm belief that it's a waste of time to read about sex perversion, or to see plays, movies or tv dramas concerning the same subject. Such may give a perverse thrill to large segments of our psuedo-puritanical population, but not to me. Just as I don't go to the hospitals to get kicks watching sick people be sick, I don't waste time, and money, contemplating the basic stupidity of humanity. This is a favorite beatnik pastime, and this seems to becoming the pastime of even a larger group of people than this small lunatic fringe. I don't think I've ever heard of a beatnik doing anything for his fellow men, otherwise known as "squares", but "put them down". In fact, I rather suspect that doing something for one's fellow humans is looked upon by the beats as being one of the "squarest" things a "square" can do. Oh, well, a little knowledge is sometimes worse than almost none, and small-minded people who are born, and metabolize without thinking all their lives will, like the poor, always be with us.

I enjoyed Ron Ellik's column this time; it brought back memories of my hitchhiking days. His experience with getting a ride with a drunk in California is one that I share with him. I hitchhiked through California in 1953 and I got a ride with two drunks on Highway 101 on my way to San Francisco. Not only were these boys drunk, but they also looked as though they had been hitting the weed. After a wild, terrifying ride along the Pacific Palisades, and believe me, Highway 101 at this point is just the place for wild, terrifying rides; I jumped out at the first stop in the next town. The creeps kept giggling and muttering idiotic phrases, while the car was averaging 80 mph with jumps up to 95 and 100 every now and then. This was the ride that cured me of the urge to hitchhike!

Bjo's "Fallen Angelenos" was also one of the best things in the ish this time. Bjo and Ron have the ability to make their writings interesting and enjoyable on nearly anything they care to write about.

0/0 This letter ought to bring in a few comments from various people. Any beats in the audience? But you answered your questions at the bottom of the last page. We can ignore the crap because we know why it's there; then read the equally large amount of good stuff around. Right? 0/0

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia.

One thing I would like to know (I'm not complaining mind you, just so long as I keep getting SHAGGY I'm as happy as a Gemth in a Feathburry bogg, and you know how happy that is...) is HowCum I always get Shaggy so late? Whenever I get it (but I get it thank GHU) there is only about three days before the deadline. For instance this Shaggy was dated July 1960 and here I get it in the middle of August. I think this is your nice way of telling me you-write-nice-crud-but-don't-bother. Not only that but you didn't check a box this time (sniff). The last time I had a box checked. It said, "You're human?" but at least it was checked and it made me feel real warm inside all three of my glotizes and my Muthoazoid gluzled with noztioz. But this time, nothing, not even a blot.

I'm still trying to figure out the significance of the Mouse looking real mean at the veeblefeltzer. "Thirteen Years of Westercons" I found very interesting and informative. I love the way Jack Harness says "The treasury this time fell to a low of \$78.08." I just wish my treasury would raise to a high of \$78.08!

I hope I don't make anybody mad, but I think Al Andrews' title for the column "A Walk Through Infinity" VERY, very much better. Everybody that wrote a word in it did an extremely competent job. I enjoyed TRUFAN'S MARCHING SONG but I was sorry to see only one. I think we trufen should have more.

You have such exquisitely good writers that it's indeed hard to say which was my favorite article and, in fact, there was a three-way tie for first favorite F-A by Bjo, Ed Cox's I REMEMBER LASFS and T-S-C by Ron Ellik. I have to come out and flatly admit I just plain didn't understand ROCK BUDGERS ON AETNA but since you had it in Shaggy, it had to be ghood because you only print superior type ~~444~~ articles...but I still didn't understand it.

Richard Eney did a superlative piece of writing on his "Care and Feeding of N-Bombs" but the illo under it (granted a very terrific job) made it hard to read.

I must be going blind! I could swear Ron's column changed from lilac to green as I read across the page!

I B*E*L*I*E*V*E* I*N B*R*U*C*E* P*E*L*Z!

I would dearly love to correspond with ANYBODY that's willing to take the chance. I'm harmless really (my keeper tells me so anyway). P*L*E*A*S*E* W*R*I*T*E SOMEBODIE!

/0/0/ Maybe this will help get correspondents for you, Phil. Sorry your letter got so chopped but there was so much of it. And, people, he'll nae recognize even the parts I've used, believe me! What this kid lacks in typing he makes up for in enthusiasm! Somebody write him! /0/0/

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

Dear Marley L. Gastonhugh (?),

I think my eyes are going worse than they already are. Take page 35, for example. One side seems to be purple while the other is green. I wonder what disease of the eyeball this indicates...

The editorial was fine, jes' fine. Keep it up. Ussjt does a fine job on editorials.

"13 Years of Westercons" was a fine documentary, but I wasn't in the mood for fine documentary, somehow. It was either too short or too long, I'm not sure which.

"Menace of the LASFS" was, as usual, very well done; don't ever stop this column. (Perhaps that's a bit too much; make that "Don't ever stop this column as long as it is this good.") Harness is doing a fine job with the thing; congrats to LASFS for having such good meetings and for having Harness to take down the proceedings. (Not drag done; take done, I said.)

Well, the review I wanted to read especially was that for New Maps of Hell; I got to read two paragraphs of the review. I don't suppose that you could send me page 13 at this late date? I'll be glad to exchange page 19-20 for it; I got two copies of that...

I enjoyed "Trufan's Marching Song." Nacherly. And nacherly, too, I enjoyed "Fallen Angelenos". That's a great column; I trust that it will wave long and proudly. The bit about Bolger was especially charming or something (as is Bjo).

I think Part one of Rock Budgers on Aetna would have been better if cut a bit (Yes, I mean besides butting out the extra page I mentioned above). The most entertaining bit so far, to my way of thinking, is the second paragraph on page 20. I dug it.

Eney's article was interesting and informative. What more can be said about it?

"I Was a Teenage Fake-Fan" was the type of entertaining rambling most usually found in SHAGGY and this type of article would probably be one of the main reasons I buy SHAGGY if I ever bought SHAGGY. Instead, of course, I write cryptic letters like this and get the mag for practically free.

Lichtman was fine; Ellick is always fascinating. And the best thing about the lettercol, of course, was Miller's letter.

I was against the idea of a \$3.00 membership fee when Wood proposed it; now I'm not so sure. I certainly don't want cons to go in the red, and if this is the only way to prevent it, OK. However, I don't think I'd ever pay \$3.00 for a membership if I didn't intend to attend, whereas, I might conceivably give \$2.00.

For some reason, I like the idea of the Jason-rocket as a standard Hugo. And I'd vote that way, too.

The lettercol was better this time, except that I don't like excerpts given in a huge chunk at the end. And I do like comments from the fellow in charge stuck into the letters, rather'n having them wudged together at the end of the letter. Just a personal preference, thassall.

Glory bee! I almost forgot the cover! Beautiful! I really like this one! Moremoremoremore! I think it's one of the few things that Gilbert has ever done that I've liked. Hooray!

/O/O/ Several people complained about colors and eyeballs and things while reading Ron Ellik's column. Don't worry, it's not you... Ellik just does that to people. Sorry I chopped your letter; also, what with the plethora of letters, I gotta have an Also-Heard-From chunk! /O/O/

E. E. GREENLEAF, JR., 1309 Mystery Street, New Orleans 19, La.

Found the bookreviews interesting. I tore a bit of hair over some of Amis' bobbles. Like practically burning incense before Pohl and merely dismissing Arthur C. Clarke with a casual mention! GRAVY PLANET (or SPACE MERCHANTS, as you wish!) "possibly the best science-fiction novel!" I am croggled, no end. Someone should sit Mr. Amis down and let Damon Knight, Sky Miller, JWC, Bloch, L. Sprague deCamp and others of our more qualified spokesmen set him straight on a few things!

Al Lewis showed quite a bit of perceptivity in reviewing Flesh. I have seen a few reviews which lambasted it on the basis of the old cliché about the immiscibility of sex and s-f. Lewis seems to be aware of the latest in comparative religion and mythology, judging from his comments upon the inevitability of a fertility cult, postulating the conditions Farmer did. While the story is not for prudes, I cannot call it obscene, unless one wants to take a thoroughly anti-erotic bias. In that case, Rogue Queen is "obscene"! Hell's bells, if s-f cana treat of man's future politics, warfare, diet, living standards, technology and religion, why should sex be exempt? Damn it all, only the most naive can expect our present standards to persist unchanged indefinitely into the future. As a matter of fact, we are in the midst of a sexual revolution right now, as witness the news from Sweden in the last decade. And the results turned up by Kinsey.

Very much appreciated Dick Eney's article on the A-bombing of Japan. Some of the atomic scientists favored giving a demonstration of the Bomb's power to a Japanese delegation, followed by a surrender ultimatum. It is clear from Dick's article that we would have had to use the Bomb anyway. Also, another point which may have been overlooked. If Japan had surrendered without our having had to blast Hiroshima and Nagasaki, there would be a lot of rock-headed politicos and brass hats who would refuse to admit that nuclear weapons could do what the eggheaded scientists claimed. But now we know. And even now, there are still some people who refuse to admit that the world is not the same place it was before August 6, 1945. If the people who died at Hiroshima and Nagasaki have shown, in some small way, what a nuclear war would be like, and by their deaths have helped lessen the chance of mankind sterilizing the planet, I for one say they have not died in vain.

To the menagerie, and a look-see at the Squirrel Cage. I see that Ron is acquainted with Wayne Strickland. I met Wayne in '55, I think, when his father was stationed at the Algiers Naval Station, in town.

Marley Gastonhugh is probably one of those two-headed people. I have an idea that the heads are Ellik and Pelz.

/0/0/ Why doesn't anybody believe in me? Maybe Maggie Curtis does; she addresses her letters to me. But, then, so does Ken Hedberg and look what he says, in part, about me: /0/0/

KEN HEDBERG, Route 1, Box 1185, Florin, California.

At last, the LASFS has met its sequel. I have solved the Marley L. Gastonhugh mystery. Another hoax shall be exposed to fandom. Marley Gastonhugh is not Pelz, Trimble or Bjo. Neither is Lichtman, Rotsler or Johnstone guilty of the aforementioned hoax. That is, they are not individually guilty; they are collectively guilty. I don't know if these people are the guilty ones or not. Marley Gastonhugh is a composite ~~of the~~ of the LASFS. Several different fans have assumed the identity of M. Gastonhugh whenever the spirit (bheer) possessed them (or maybe compelled by the editor to do the dastardly deed). It was easy. Even in the first H.G. lettercol I seemed to notice a shift in writing styles, yes, even in sex! You will find sometimes masculine expressions and sometimes feminine figures of speech--all used under the name of Gastonhugh. I become more sure after reading each issue. Of course, I could be wrong, but it wouldn't be the first time.

/0/0/ The bulk of this 6-pager goes on to tell in script-form how the above all came to be. But Ken, you are all wet...even wrong! I'm me and no other. I may be talented and have a multifaceted personality (but only the one sex), but I'm I. Sorry I couldn't fit in the rest! /0/0/

ROY TACKETT, 412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, South Carolinah.

Oh Shaggy Ones:

You mean I really did? Subscribe. I must have been out of my ever-lovin' blue-eyed mind (must my mind is blue-eyed--my own eyes are sort of the colour out of space). I'll bet I sent you Yankee money, too. And all I had to do was write letters. Tsk.

Like, I found cluttering my mailbox Shaggy #51. A right purty cover there. A picture of the Director, no doubt. Calling the meeting to order at 2548 West 12th. Looks just a bout like the same fellow that was directing the last time I sat in at a LASFS meeting.

I have here--dammit, where'd I put it? Just as I figured, the kids had it. I have here something that would have John Campbell whirling in his grave, if he had a grave and were in it to whirl. I have the August 1960 edition of UNKNOWN WORLDS. Only this isn't the UW I remember. This, fen, is one of them comic-type books, approved by the Comics Code Authority and all that jazz. Price is \$.10. The cover shows a fellow in a blue suit standing on a purple plain while a redskin leaps at him from the cow-catcher of a chartreuse train. The publisher is Best Syndicated Features, Inc., and the editor is listed as Richard E. Hughes. He has a column back about the middle of the thing where he starts off by welcoming new friends and soon-to-be fans. Ekt. I quote: "There will be hairbreadth tales of the supernatural - pulsing science fiction that'll hold you glued to your seats - astounding yarns about astounding people who do astounding things!" Pardon me while I unglue my seat and go do something not so astounding. I think I'll vomit. We are presented with pen and ink drawings of the writers and artists in the title splash of each story. We are invited to write just as soon as we can, addressing our letters to The Eidotr, UNKNOWN WORLDS, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. You can buy a live Chameleon from Hohnsom Smith and Co. for 75¢. So says their ad on page 7 anyway. Perhaps we should all buy live chameleons and send them to Mr. Hughes and company.

Note that you have one E. Murgeon Cox listed as a slipsheeteer. Watch that one. He's not slipsheeting, he's looking for blank pages on which to print MAINE-IAC (free plug).

Is Ellik really a USMCist? If the Corps didn't enlist science-fiction fans it would soon run out of electronics techs. I've a notice posted in my shop that non-technical literature is prohibited, with a footnote that sf is considered to be technical literature.

"Trufan's Marching Song" pleased. Dick Eney's item will probably stir comment and criticism. The bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki seems to have left some segments of the country with a king-size guilt complex, to use the jargon of the trick-cyclists. There is these days much soul-searching and wailing and moaning in the national press about the mistake that was made in dropping the bomb. We shouldn't have done it. It was all so horrrifying. Bullsh. The horrrifying thing would have been not to use the bomb. Any means that successfully ended the war and minimized American casualties was justified. We could have conquered Japan by "conventional" means but the cost in time, men and material would have been staggering. I don't feel the least bit guilty about the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I would have been in on the invasion of Japan, had it been necessary, and I am not the least bit sorry that it wasn't necessary.

Forry was running for junior committeeman? Oh, come now.

Total annual moisture in Ketchikan, Alaska, amounts to about 12.5 feet.

/0/0/ But, Roy, just think of all the new fans that UNKNOWN WORLDS will accrue for fandom! They'll break in, get in the letter-writing habit and then transfer directly over to fandom from UW! Jolly, wot? /0/0/

GIOVANNI SCOGNAMILLO, c/o Banco di Roma - P. K. 464 - Istanbul, Turkey.

Dear John,

Thanks a lot for "ANALOG-L'AFFAIRES S'ANGRI-FACT AND FRICTION" number 49. I have it right in front of me and, in order to have the possibility to enjoy the next issue, I'm rushing some lines of coments.

I intend to procede in order so to review all the issue from cover to cover, but, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, you must bear in mind that, speaking as a neo-fan (and a most ignorant one), some aspects of fanactivities are of little interest to me and some, unfortunately, almost unintelligible.

a) Front cover : Well, not bad at all as an art-work (that is from the technical, frafic, point of view) although I'm wondering about the real meaning of all that culinary stuff. Are those eggs a reference to Easter, or is Harness a surrealist? Shall I interpret his composition with a symbolical angle or think about as a pure "nature-sorter"? I'm just asking, that's all.

d) Lyrics in FANCY 2: Sorry, it is obvious from my writing that my knowlege of your language is far from perfect (you see, John, at home I speak French; at the bank, Italian or Turkish and, in some occasions, also Greek. Most of the time I read in English or American. As a conclusion, it's a linguistic mess all over), so I confess that I didn't understand this special brank of poetry.

g) Quo Vadis in the Fanzines: Being unable to have more of them, I'm delighted to read more about them. Of course, this time with only 5 zines reviewed, I didn't have my full share; hope it'll be better next time.

j) Picking a Bone with Shaggy: compliments to conductor Bjo and a first prize to Morton. Lettercol and zine reviews are the first things that I read in zines. They sometimes give me the opportunity to contact new and interesting correspondents (also to have some zine for free!).

/0/0/ Thanks very much for your letter, which obviously is cut considerably, plus the other letter plus the carbon copy of the first one! Sorry I can't include all of them! However, the above ought to make it quite

clear that here is somebody interested, and interesting, to add to fanzine mailing lists! And for those who are looking for correspondents, write to him. Now for a question or two. Are there Turkish sf zines or editions of US zines? /0/0/

WIM STRUYCK, Willebrordus Str 33B, Rotterdam 11, Holland.

I've got two issues before me now and gee, boy did I enjoy them. However I did not find my name among those who wrote to you, last time. Now I don't care if you just forgot to mention me. Not much. Only in so far that it robs me of the hope that one of those many nice girls that seem to read Shaggy, seeing my name and address, might write a letter to the old man. But I do care if you did not get my letter. I did write. Honestly. And I don't want to risk not getting Shaggy anymore.

/0/0/ Sorry to chop out the bulk of your letter but this'll let you know we do get and appreciate your letters. Also it'll let the girls know you would like to hear from them. This has been another service of the Picking-A-Bone-With-Shaggy-Round-the-World-Letter-Writing-And-Friendship-Club-Service-No-Charge. /0/0/

JEFF WANSHEL, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York.

BoboLicht has one of the best fmz review cols. He says nothing world-shaking, but I agree with most of his opinions, and that is enough for me. Yet I wish he would condense his reviews perhaps four lines each, and have a longer space to review them in...I should be getting more fmz, I suppose; the most I ever drew in 6 weeks was 34.

Whoever cut the stencils for "Golden Journey" did a poor job. There are a good deal of mistakes, etc. And I have a grotch, which is more agin the readers than at you. The reason that people send material in to fmz is 95% composed of egoboo. The reason I did so was more--98% for egoboo. And that is what I expected, more or less, in the next ish--plus a few comments giving a little advice.

I sure as hell didn't get it.

Looking through the lettercol, I find two brief, worthless mentions of TGJ. Not once do I find my name, nor a snippet of egoboo anywhere. Why should I bother to send a zine material if I get no more egoboo than seeing it published, which I could have gotten from someplace else?

/0/0/ He continues on in this vein for awhile. Frankly, we thought that just having the material published is a good hunk of egoboo. When we start sending mss. to fmz, if it even gets published we'll be happy! But Jeff, there are so many letters commenting on so many things, we can't, tho we try, to get everything in! Not too many people comment in detail on the book-review section; there is so much to talk about, it seems. But we're not ignoring you. And thanks for the long letter. /0/0/

STEVE STILES, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y.

The Westercon report was interesting; one thing tho: why, in the whole 13 years of these cons haven't New York Westercons been held, hah, HAH?? Must be prejudice; couldn't possibly be because N. Y. is on the East coast!

LASFS minutes were interesting. Wally Weber better wake up; you know, he ought to put more spice in his Minutes, like "I Rassled Ten Grizzly Bears in the Cryden" or "The TRUTH About Ella Parker!", etc.

"Fallen Angelenos" was interesting, too; I think that at one time The Colli-sium held a hobby show and I think that they may have one again someday. Maybe we here in New York could do something similar, representing fandom in general, for unfortunately, we have no LASFS. I think it would be a good idee to display prozines with dignified covers like the Anniversary covers on F&SF or the latest Mel Hunter cover on Galaxy...all this to dispel the BEH-BABE-BUM public concep-tion of the field.

I liked Eney's essay and would like to quote (it) when the "We Shouldn't Have Dropped It!" juveniles at school start spouting off. I liked even more Bjo's illustrations for it. One thing I particularly liked (on page 25) was the way Bjo made the sketchy solid tower on the hazy building.

MAL ASHWORTH, 14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford. 2. England.

Dear Shaggy People:

Yes, I know. Last time I wrote I promised to send some material. I haven't. I am many kinds of a mad dog with cantilever knees. I know. You don't have to tell me.

...I had better write and say something about SHAGGY 50...

Bjo's cover is a beauty; one of the nicest I have seen for a long time.

The editorial was Very Good and the Minutes were Very Good and I don't have to tell you what Burbee was, do I? Yes, I suppose I do. Well I just broke off to look in the dictionary to find a word that can be used about Burbee (I also took the opportunity to look up 'Demi-monde' which I had used somewhere to describe fandom; I am altering it.) I rather fancied a word beginning with "Blu..." which could be incorporated in a stock phrase of the order of "Bloch is superb" only nattier. Like "Burbee is Blurby" but not quite that. "Burbee is Bluebeard" doesn't sound so good somehow. "Burbee is Blotto" ('Fuddled with drink') appeals to me much more, but one can, I suppose, conceive of circumstances in which it might not be applicable. He might be asleep for example. Or unconcious. We must find something else. "Bluff", "Blameless" and "Blase" can all be faulted, on some score. I guess I'll just have to get a bigger dictionary. In the meantime, I give you my word that Burbee was Something.

The Fanquet speeches were fabulous, the hitch-hopping squirrel was highly henterntaining and Bjo's bit was nicely done. Which brings me right smack bang up against the letter-column.

In comment on which I meant to make some smart-alecky type remarks like is Robert Lee the Robert Lee? Robert E. Lee? until I realized that I didn't really know any too clearly who Robert E. Lee was either, whereupon I promptly decided not to mention the matter at all to avoid disclosing my ignorance. That's cunning for you.

And then I was going to suggest to William Brooks that he should start a campaign for wire staples in the 1920 and 1930 promags, to stop them falling to pieces. Why, I'm surprised nobody's come up with the idea before!!

And then I was going to quote back to you your delightful statement: "We're efficient no matter times we goof" (sic). No matter.

0/0/ For a phrase for Burbee, we could say "Burb's superb" and for Bloch, since we took his "superb", we drop back to the 1920's and say "Bloch's a brick!". Okay? We continue part II of the international section with:

ROLF GINDORF, 52, Hans-Bockler-Str., Wulfrath (Rhld.), Germany.

So you've really gone to the trouble (me, I wouldn't call it nerve!) of

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sending SHAGGY #50 all the way down to this here fmz-starved Gerfan. So yours is the dubious honor of being the first American fanzine to get a letter from me - hope you'll live up to it!

One of my favorite items, in S-L'A as well as in any other fanzine, is the lettercol. Eight pages - including the 'Quick Chips' - was just barely enough to satisfy me. I liked Marley L. Gastonhugh's comments beneath the letters - am I justified in boldly assuming that jt is hiding behind that romantic monicker (if it is one)? -- Next is line was George Locke's SECONDS HOURS - partly because here I could understand all (or nearly all) the references and puns, something I can't say of the more esoteric stuff like part of the editorial and NOSES AT MIDNIGHT. However, I somehow managed to enjoy them immensely.-- FANQUET 1960 very interesting, especially Robert Bloch's piece. Is he really that old?--

O/O We're glad to send Shaggy "all the way" to you and happy to here from you even though you consider my name merely a front for somebody else. But then, who doesn't? Like this bit from a last-minute arrival:

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida.

"Gastonhugh"'s identity is revealed at last. Yes, hiding behind that mass of freckles and ink on page 40 is Bjo. I didn't feel that my comments on "write" constituted complaining. Perhaps I don't see eye-to-eye with some fans but I don't consider it to be complaining when stating the facts in an unreasonable situation. Personally I enjoy writing letters of comments (to most fanzines, not all) if I have the time. And usually time can be found. But to be forced to write goes against the grain and such a letter is forthcoming, as you printed in this ish.

O/O Sorry, Norm, but maybe we didn't make ourselves clear. We sure didn't mean you, or anybody else, to consider yourselves forced to write. We just like to hear from you, that's all. I suspect our circulation department won't chop a regular letter-writer off the list if they happen to miss once in a while. We are just lonesome sorts lost in the teeming concourse of the great city and want to hear from our favorite people.

And speaking of same, we've loads of letters laying languishing, lacking lots of space for them all. We've fine letters, some of them very last minute, from Len Moffatt (see his page elsewhere in this issue concerning convention dues), Ivor Darreg, George Wells (of the Sick Elephant Wells), Jimmy Groves, Ethel Lindsay (who wrote such a nice letter to...John!); a letter I'm sorry got squeezed out from Hal Shapiro, Then Ken Cheslin, Art Hayes, Felice (I don't have the envelope....who???), and Alan Rispin. Plus loads of others from here and there; many of which are more correspondence to Bjo and/or John than to Shaggy. And here is a note from Mervyn Barrett, 8 Doctors Commons, Wellington C4, NEW ZEALAND. I thot I'd give the address in case anybody wants to write. Think of the bonus in stamps you get while corresponding with the overseas fen! Yes.

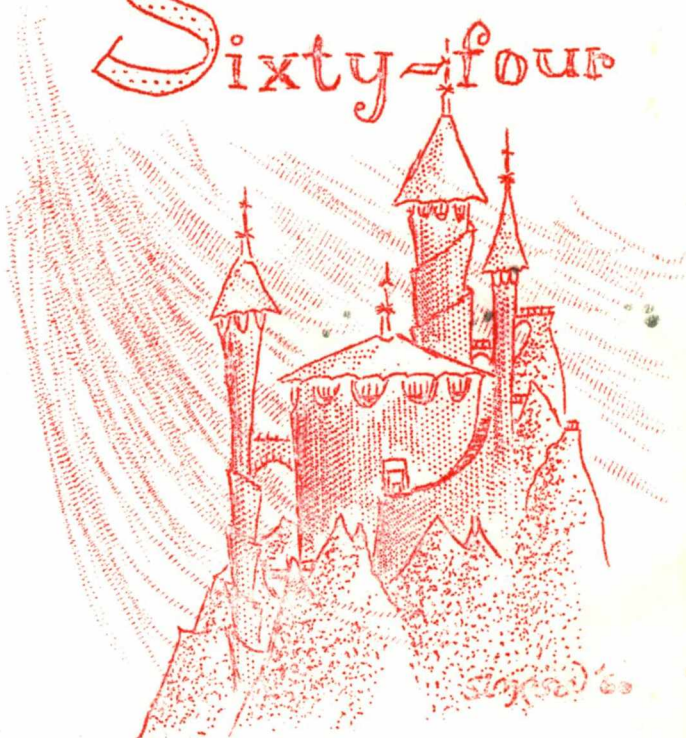
This does it for this time. We'll try to print bigger chunks from fewer letters, as this time, from here on in, rotating as much as possible depending on who writes letters, meaty letters, of comment. Address them to Marley L. Gastonhugh, 980 1/2 White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California. I'll sit here and read letters while everybody else is at the PITCON. So write.

RON ELLIK for FATT

printed matter only
may be opened... but...
form 3547(?) requested

Shangri-La Affaires
980 1/2 white knoll dr
los angeles 12, calif
TO:

Mordor in Sixty-four



MORDOR IN SIXTY-FOUR

It started as a gag. Became half-serious, and was still a joke.

We're serious now. Los Angeles Fandom is bidding for the 1964 World Science Fiction Convention. In 1963, at the East Coast Convention (unless it goes overseas 'tween now and then, or course), we'll be there in force to bid for the 1964 WorldCon.

Remember the time....
Mordor's the clime....

MORDOR IN '64

or, if you prefer

LA ONCE MORE IN '64

Remember the SOLACON? Have fun again
in 1964 in LOS ANGELES!