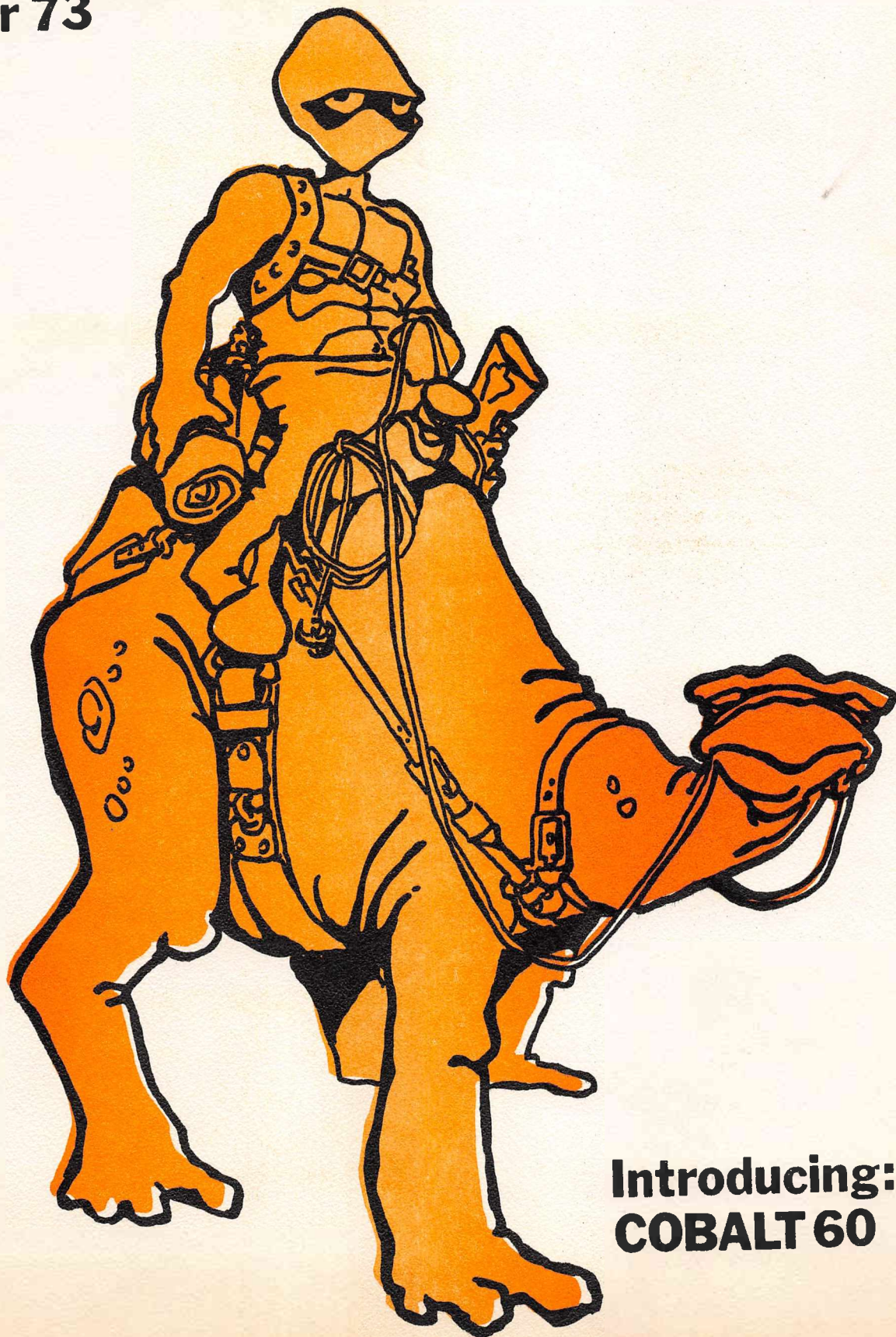


SHANGRI **L'AFFAIRES** number 73



**Introducing:
COBALT 60**



SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES 73

June 1, 1968

50¢

The Official Organ of the LASFS. Published bi-monthly. Deadline for next issue: July 24, 1968. From: Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046 (NOTE CoA) 50¢ per issue; Subscriptions at same rate. Free for trades, contributions, and LoCs.



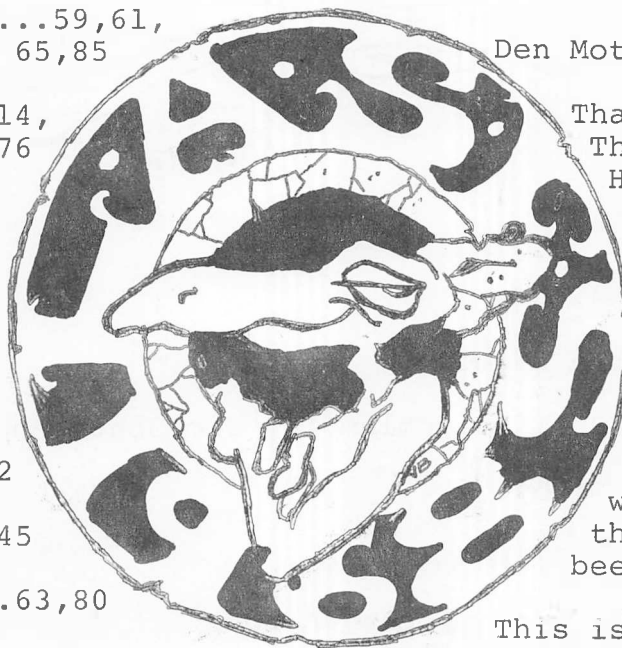
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 Lee Klingstein
 Criss Stevens
 Appreciated.....Bjo
 Chuck Crayne
 George Scithers
 Mitch Evans
 Terry Goldsmith
 Ken Goldsmith
 Den Mother..Sally Crayne



Thanks go this time to
 The Moody Blues, Procol
 Harum (for the sound
 track to Psych Out),
 The Beatles (for the
 movie "Magical Mys-
 tery Tour"), The
 Mothers of Inven-
 tion, Augustus Ow-
 sley Stanley III,
 and of course, the
 Smothers Brothers,
 without all of whom
 this issue would have
 been a drag to put out.

This issue is dedicated to
 the memory of Tony Boucher
 and Harl Vincent who made the
 future live; and to the memory of
 Robert F. Kennedy, without whom
 there may not *be* a future.

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Incorporated meets every
 Thursday night at The Hill, 508 So. St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles.
 Visitors are always welcome. Membership in the LASFS, the oldest
 established ~~floating crap game~~ continuous science fiction fan club
 in the world costs \$1.00 and is for life (...even death will not
 release you...), a definite hedge against inflation. Any sf fan
 is welcomed to join the LASFS, receive the club newsletter, *De*
Profundis, and other club subscription publications, and join in
 club activities when in town. For information write: Bruce Pelz,
 Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, California 90024.

THE LASFS CORNER

Since there are LASFSians in diaspora—many of whom have lost touch with the club, but not interest in it—we will try to find a corner in each issue of SHAGGY to put information of interest to out-of-towners who are temporarily away from Shangri L.A.

As most of you know, the LASFS is in the midst of a gigantic project to get a permanent club house. At the present time the building fund stands in the neighborhood of \$4,800. This means that we are almost ready to start. For the purposes of this project, the club has decided to incorporate itself as a non-profit literary organization. It is certainly non-profit; and though we may be illiterate, the State of California won't know the difference if nobody tells them. However, as of press time, the final papers haven't been received from Sacramento.

In order to incorporate, we revised our constitution to correspond with state statutes; and at the same time changed somewhat the structure of the club. A Board of Directors was formed in which is vested the ~~absolute dictatorial~~ benign, enlightened power to run the club. The former officers were renamed "procedural" officers and preside at meetings, as the B of D only meets bi-monthly.

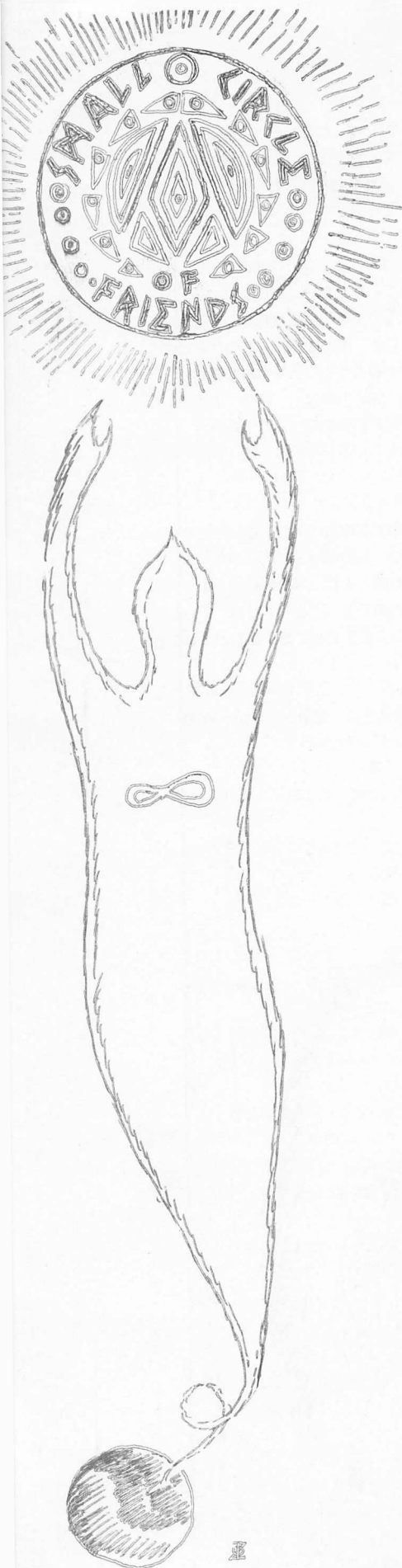
In the meantime, LASFS has been meeting at the Hill, the local slanshack. Our former meeting place, Silverlake Playground, was abandoned due to problems with the park staff.

By the way, membership in LASFS automatically carries over to LASFS, Inc. (even death will not release you...) However, watch this space for future details as to new membership cards.

--Ken Rudolph

NO ONE CAN TALK TO
YOU NOW—WE'RE
HELPING KEN PUT
OUT SHAGGY





"What this issue needs is whimsy,"
I tell my gathered adoring staff.

"Shove it," responds Schumacher in his
boundless enthusiasm. "I'm not at all in a
whimsical mood lately."

"What about 'Hannifen's Horde'? That
was popular, and you certainly got all the
good response you could have wanted."

"Oh, man, that was in my Chester And-
erson period. Nothing like that's happened
to me lately."

Ken and Terry Goldsmith chime in almost
simultaneously, "Let's go to the beach!"

"Wait a moment! Stop! Come back!
We've got to get this issue out! Damn!"

Later that evening: "Gang, I know 92
pages is a little much. I'm sorry it's
turning out to be such a hassle."

Hank Stine: "Rudolph, you're turning
inot a slave driver."

"Worse than that, even: a *fan*," Jim
Schumacher yells from the back room.

"OK, OK, so we'll cut down to 40 or
50 pages next time. But what can we cut
in this issue? The columns?"

Sally Crayne: "But that's what we're
putting SHAGGY out for."

"Well, certainly not the Bode comic
strip or the Art Portfolio."

Hank: "How about the lettercol?"

"I thought all that was decided. We
got a tremendous response to the last issue;
and anyway, letter columns are feedback. I
like long letter columns."

Jim: "So we'll do 90 pages this time.
But how can we write about the groovy things
we're doing if all we do is put out a
fanzine?"

Me, sighing: "So true...anyway, we've
got ten more pages of the lettercol to type
up. And we've got to return the micro-elite
typer to the rental place tomorrow. So who's
going to start typing?"

This time Karen and Larry Howorth *and*
the Goldsmiths' eyes all light up at the same
time: "Hey! It's a groovy, warm night.
Let's all go camping in the mountains!"

"Hey! Wait! I want to go too, but..."
Too late. "OK, it's you and me, Fred [Patten]."

"But I can't stay long. I *do* have a
commitment to go to the Trimbles and help
collate Star Trek stuff."

"Yea, I know. *Sally*, you're still here?"

"Well, I still have the cartoons to do
for my column. But I can't quite confront
them now. Can we turn on the music?"

"Sure. Where is Schumacher? I didn't see him leave with the rest."

"Oh, he's still handcuffed to the light-board where you left him, copying over fillos onto the multi masters."

I wander back to Schumacher's room to see if his water bowl needs replenishing. "Out! Out! Don't hassle me when I'm slaving over your goddamn illos."

"Sorry. I just wanted to see if the logo for Ted White's column is done yet. Barry Weissman is out there faunching for something to do."

"Oh, man...if you don't leave me alone this stuff will never be done."

Back to the Fan Room. Fred Patten busily typing away on the micro-elite. Sally Crayne, swaying to the beat of the music in the earphones, completely rapt up in her sketch pad. Barry Weissman looking quizzical (no masters ready and a Selectric fallow—I'm a lousy organizer). Peace. I notice that I've bitten my fingernails clean off.

"Maybe we'd better call it quits, gang. Tomorrow I promise I'll have work for everyone."

I wake up Sunday morning—my favorite morning—to the sound of Schumacher on the typewriter. Wonderful sound: that of a writer's block dissolving. This is the day. Thirty masters to go, and with a group like mine—eager, panting to achieve greatness—that's a mote of dust, an *atom* in our path.

Two o'clock. Schumacher leaves for work (Yes, Virginia, the mail moves even on beautiful Sundays.).

Where is everybody?! My flock, my shaggy group of disciples...

By four o'clock the truth becomes plain even to me. I'm an outcast. I've done it—estranged everybody. The false messiah ready to face the cross.

In utter despair, I leave beautiful Infitny, former Fan Center of the Universe, to wander who knows where.

When I stumble home from dinner (one bheer does me in utterly), I face the dark doorstep, humbled, ready to face the spectre of missed deadlines and dark looks at the next LASFS meeting.

"Surprise!" "Where've you *been*?" "Where's the next master?"

"Damn it, who's got the eraser?" "No, stupid, the illo goes *there*!"

The Goldsmiths and Howorths are back! And Fred Hollander and Criss Stevens off from studying for finals. And all the rest. The tumultuous sound of activity is music to my ears.

With a group like the SHAGGY group, putting out a 92 page fanzine is nothing at all.

* * * * *

Except that in the real world it just ain't that easy. Nobody asked us to put out a 92 page zine. We'll chalk it up to temporary insanity (Hey! how about calling this the Insanish), and go on from there. Future issues will see some changes. The first one, you've probably noticed already. The per issue and sub cost has gone up 15¢ to the more realistic figure of 50¢. Old subs, received up to this time will be honored at the previous rate. Also, SHAGGY will become smaller—perhaps a progressive step, all taken. And more selective (we *could* have published a 180 page zine, con-

sidering the material submitted). By the time the next issue is ready for printing, I will have obtained the LASFS Rex—so the next issue will be mixed mimeo and multilith. There are two reasons for doing this: mimeo is cheaper, and the multi is *extremely* difficult to run.

Certain features will continue. I believe in long letter columns, and as long as I get the letters of comment, I'll continue to publish them. I also relish the thought of having an art portfolio in every future issue. Artists please note: we would like to hear from any artists who would be interested in publishing a portfolio. About six or seven pages of art will be acceptable. It will be printed on fine paper stock, and extra copies will be printed and bound for the artists involved. We would prefer cohesive portfolios (if the meaning of this is unclear, see Dian's work in this issue), and especially work done specifically for SHAGGY. Write first, discuss your ideas, and preferably include rough sketches.

The Bode strip will continue, if all goes well, as will the popular columns per reader response. We will try to stick to our bi-monthly schedule; but pubdates will be realistically flexible.

And coming this December, a hearkening of the past: THE CHRISTMAS ART ISSUE! Deadline for submission will be November 1, 1968. For the vast majority of our readers who have never seen a SHAGGY Christmas Art Issue, it is a collection of art by all the artists in fandom who are interested. This time around the issue will have a Christmas theme. Material should be submitted on 8 1/2 by 11 paper, camera ready. We will photograph and multilith all the art onto high quality paper. We will also do a limited amount of color work if the artists will work it out before hand by correspondence.

I would like to give some deserved egoboo to two staff members who have done a yeoman's job on this issue. Unlike most multilith zines, we have been attempting to use paper masters like mimeo stencils. Thus, all of the fillos and spot illustrations were transferred to master by SHAGGY's talented art editor, Jim Schumacher. In a zine of this size, that adds up to quite a piece of work.

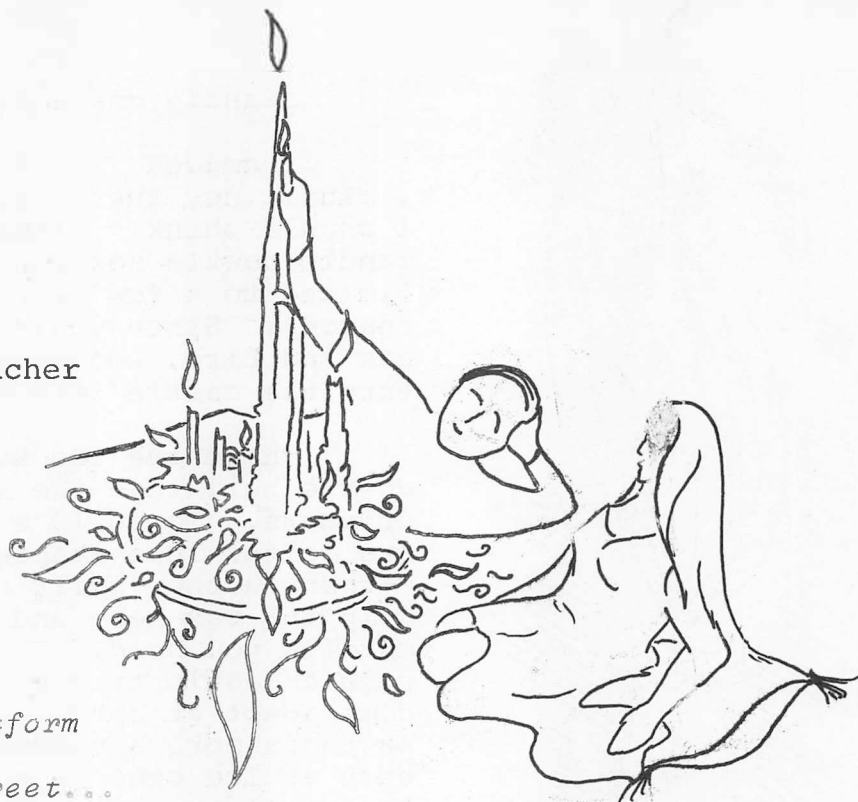
And Larry Howorth has taken up the chore of being publisher, with the help of Fred Hollander, Chuck Crayne, Karen Howorth and myself. When the machine starts to act up we turn George Scithers loose and let him cow it into submission. One look from George usually does it. This multi is a beast, no fooling. It gets to the point where all you can do is pray to Mhu that the thing will run at all on a given day, and not ruin masters, chew up two reams of paper for every half-ream run, or other assorted atrocities. I'm told it's not the machine's fault—rather a matter of unsympathetic vibrations from the operators. The damn thing's alive!

Finally, an important matter of editorial policy. This reincarnation of SHAGGY is edited by an editor who believes firmly in free discussion within the limits of taste and legality. If anyone should be disturbed by some of the controversial material herein, please remember that in fandom as in the mundane world "the times they are a changing..."

See you at F-UNCON, I hope. It should be a good con. Latest word has it that Ray Bradbury and Harlan Ellison will be speaking at the banquet along with GoH Harry Harrison and Toastmaster Bob Bloch.

the green tambourine

a column by jim schumacher



*On the firefly platform
of Sunny Goodge street...*

The piping of flutes intertwines with a tinkling piano; twin flames are reflected in eyes shining with childlike wonder. In the dim candlelight, two islands lay sprawled before the object of their fascination—a candle castle being created. Fragile, fairylike. Two towers of robin-egg blue rising out of a pie pan. Smaller multicolored formations climb about the feet of the taller spire. Yellow ramparts flowing into pink pools of hot wax. A pearl white arch leaps between the towers, glowing in the light of the tiny flames of candles Jean Berman and I hold in our hands.

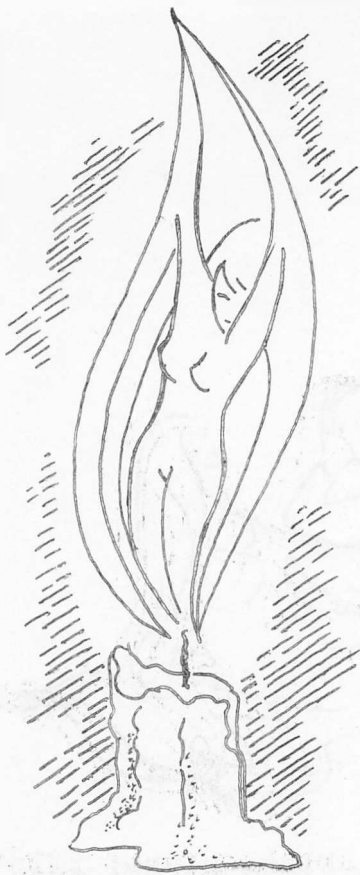
*listening to sounds of
Mingus mellow fantastic
My, my, they sigh...*

The first candle castle I ever built happened at a party of Ken and Terry Goldsmith's. That night is a montage of stereo music magic, of faces of people I know and love framed by candlelight, and the comradeship of a dozen hands, each bearing a flame reaching out towards a center. Raising a huge candle castle up from a big psychedelic serving plate.

I've built many more candle castles since then. Each different. No candle castle is the same as any other—nor is any candle castle evening. Bill Glass was the one who suggested that I introduce you to the aesthetics of one of our Magical Mystery Tours: candle castles. This is how it starts—

"So far, today has not been very spectacular..." sighed Kenru.

"Mystery Tour?" I suggested.



"Candle castles?"

I nodded. "Call Sally...and Len ...and...no, that's all for tonight I should think." (Except for parties, candle castle sessions are better limited to a few people for practical reasons. Since you're working with wax and fire, too many cooks tend to turn the castle *into* soup.)

There are two schools of candle castle building—the melters and the drippers. To build a castle, candles are melted into shapes, ramparts, etc.—then further built and detailed by dripping wax here and there from candles you hold. To become a good candle castle tripper you should become adept at both techniques as well as their more advanced refinements such as ice cube reinforcement (occasionally, too much flame in the vicinity of a tower will cause it to go limp and topple. Applying an ice

cube to the weak spot is an effective deterrent to this problem.)

To make a candle castle you need (a) candles (all sorts, sizes, shapes and especially colors), (b) aluminum pie plate (the kind that you get with frozen pies. This serves as the base, keeps the melted wax from running all over the table, floor and you. When you're finished you flex the plate a bit and what you've built comes right out of the pan, ready for display), and (c) candle castle builders (again, all sorts, sizes, shapes, and colors—you.)

You start by erecting one or two main towers that you can work with and around. Melt some wax and stick them in it. A few smaller candles near the base will provide firm foundation. Usually.

After that, who can say? I can't tell you what's going to happen or what you'll end up with. Every candle castle session is a trip unto itself.

"You see, Rudolph," explained Len Bailes waving his candle at a section that was a fine curtain of white wax drippings that fell from a pink tower. "It's Don Quixote. There's his lance (an adjacent gold spire) and behind him the windmill (the main towers—blue, red, yellow)."

The room is dark but for a few lit candles. The music pulses from the speakers on either side of us.

"By George, I think he's got it," smiled Ken. (Occasionally, some striking form sculpture does accidentally develop.)

"Mayhaps a spiraling arch between these towers would look nice," I said, taking a number of small birthday candles and proceeding to weld them together. "By the way, keep an eye on the blue tower, it's getting pretty warm."

"I'll help," offered Sally as I tried to do seven things at once, position the arch, keep it from falling apart, affix it to the towers.

"Wow!" breathed Ken. "You won't believe the things I'm doing with these wicks over here." (Wick sculpture is part of the detailing rather than the building process of candle castling. Drip wax of different colors over the blackened wicks that are no longer burning, creating twisted motifs on the sides of the candles, tiny arches, etc.)

"Drop, damn drip," urged Len who was running more curtains of wax down Don Quixote. Sparkling hot droplets fell from his hand to the castle. He blew on them slightly, thus freezing them in the desired position.

"Ouch!" said Sally.

"I'm sorry," I murmured (a singed finger every once in a while is a risk of the profession). "Ken, careful of the blue tower..."

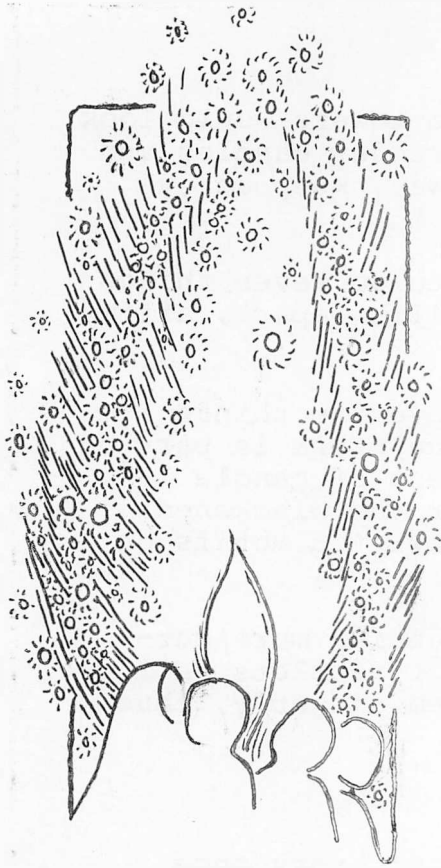
"Don't worry. I'm watching it," he assured, intent upon the wicks at its base, oblivious to the rest. The candle castle is going well. It is very easy to get so hung up in it that you're almost down there in those colorful flows of wax, walking beneath the towers. In a tiny world of golden light and flowing pastels...

"Look out!" cried Len. "There it goes..." Mad scramble for ice cubes to rescue the blue tower from destruction.



*In doll house rooms
with colored lights swingin'
Strange music boxes
sadly tinkling...*

"Don't fall in a pool and burn yourself," warned Sally, as Ken and Len ran towards the blue tower. It wasn't toppling over anymore. I helped her over a hot orange river, and we walked slowly, hand in hand beneath a delicate white arch that spiraled far over our heads.



"Oh, Woooooow!" Len's cry followed him out of sight as he shot down a sliding rampart of wax to the foot of the immense structure of Don Quixote. Ken was balanced precariously on a thin green bridge, staring up at a flame burning on a tower in the high distance.

"Look," I said, pointing towards the varicolored curtains of drips. "A candle castle cave!"

Sally's eyes lit up. "Ooh. Let's explore!"

We squeezed between two frozen waterfalls and found ourselves in what seemed to be an antechamber to a cavern inside Don Quixote. As we walked deeper in among the stalactites and stalagmites, the light faded until only a soft glow of color remained. We heard Ken and Len calling us.

I shouted at them through a rift in the wall. "In here! It's a fantastic system of caverns. Come on!"

We found ourselves together again in a huge vaulting chamber. Near its center was a tiny bit of wick sticking out of a smidgin of unmelted candle.

"Light it. Let's see what it really looks like in here," suggested Ken. I did.

Assorted cries of "Groovie!" "Oh Wow!" and less coherent exclamations of delight, as the candle flared and its flame sent out rays to glisten and glance off of a thousand spheres of wax. Spangle...sparkle...the beads of innocence... A solid spectrum of color, reaching up to a patterned ceiling of gold and white.

Drink in the sun

shining all around you

my, my they sigh...

Music is as much a part of the candle castle mystique as anything else. The italicized lines of verse throughout this column come from Donovan's *Sunny Goodge Street*, which many consider the perfect candle castle trip song (most especially as sung by Judy Collins). In fact, Judy Collins and Donovan generally form the basic music of such an evening. Classical and Elizabethan music go well, too, along with your own particular musical bag, of course.

Sometimes (when there are only two working) we use the ear-phones for total environment. Usually, however, we set up Ken's two big stereo speakers on chairs on each side of the work area. This way many people can candle castle and groove with the sound flowing over their heads.

We've been building them for months. The best examples are kept on display on the roof of Ken's baby Steinway piano, which seems at times about to collapse under the weight. Makes a great conversation piece, though.

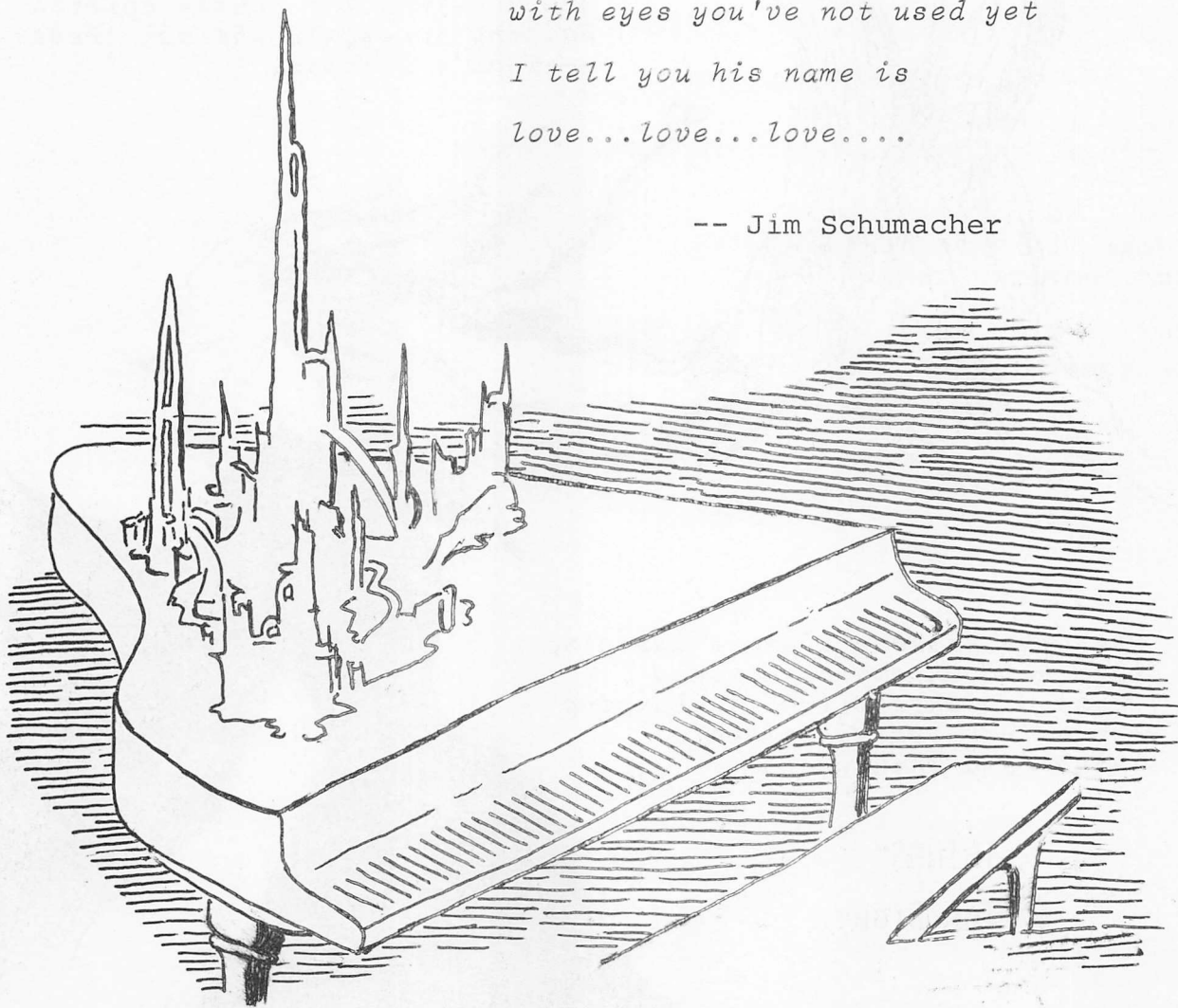
Sometime....

If it's a drag. Or dead. Or feelin' blue...

Try a candle castle yourself...

*The magician he sparkles
in satin and velvet
you gaze at his splendor
with eyes you've not used yet
I tell you his name is
love...love...love....*

-- Jim Schumacher





*When you wander through the shadows
Of a long-forgotten forest
And you feel the gentle spirits
Waiting lonely in the oak trees
---That's a Thing.*

*When the newscasts start advising
That the downtown be avoided
'Cause a wicked witch is changing
People into traffic signals
---That's a Thing.*

"THINGS"

BY TOM DIGBY

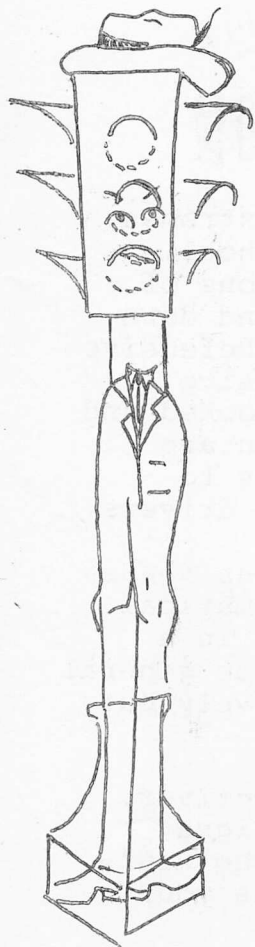




When the sunlight lifts the sorrow
From the purple-shadowed meadow
And the waters hide the sand dunes
While the convicts build pagodas
---That's a Thing.

When your mind is tired of roaming
Through the pyramids of Egypt
And you don't believe in paying
What they're charging for the moonlight
---That's a Thing.

When the Calendar of Devils
Says tomorrow isn't doing
And your Tarot cards won't help you
Cause there's nothing printed on them
---That's a Thing.





I hadn't been long in California, land of exaggerated extremes, before I noticed advertisements for the Defensive Driving School, promising to teach the art of escaping massacre by the millions of idiot Neanderthals and witless old ladies driving madly up and down the streets and freeways of Los Angeles. The presence of a Defensive Driving School, I decided, implied the existence of an Offensive Driving School. It must be underground however, for I've looked and looked yet seen none of its advertisements. What I have seen are enough typical California drivers to know that the school has to be in hiding somewhere, graduating bumper crops of offensive drivers.

As a kick, I undertook a study of the species *Californius Obnoxious locomotis*. Out of this study has come a detailed mathematical theory of offensive driving, much too complicated to present in a fanzine article. All I shall attempt here is to pass on three general principles for the benefit of those who wish to drive offensively but aren't quite sure how best to go about it.

The first general principle is: "You, as an offensive driver, always have the right-of-way." Never be disturbed by stop signs, caution lights, or blind entrances. These are reasons for the weak-kneed to stop or yield—you, the offensive driver, must seize your prerogative and charge full-tilt into the traffic flow.

Do not worry about being hit—the clods will either screech their brakes, go frantically around via another lane or the curb, or run entirely off the road (sometimes all three). If, by ill chance, you are hit, it will probably be from the rear, and you can sue hell out of the irresponsible clod who wrecked you.

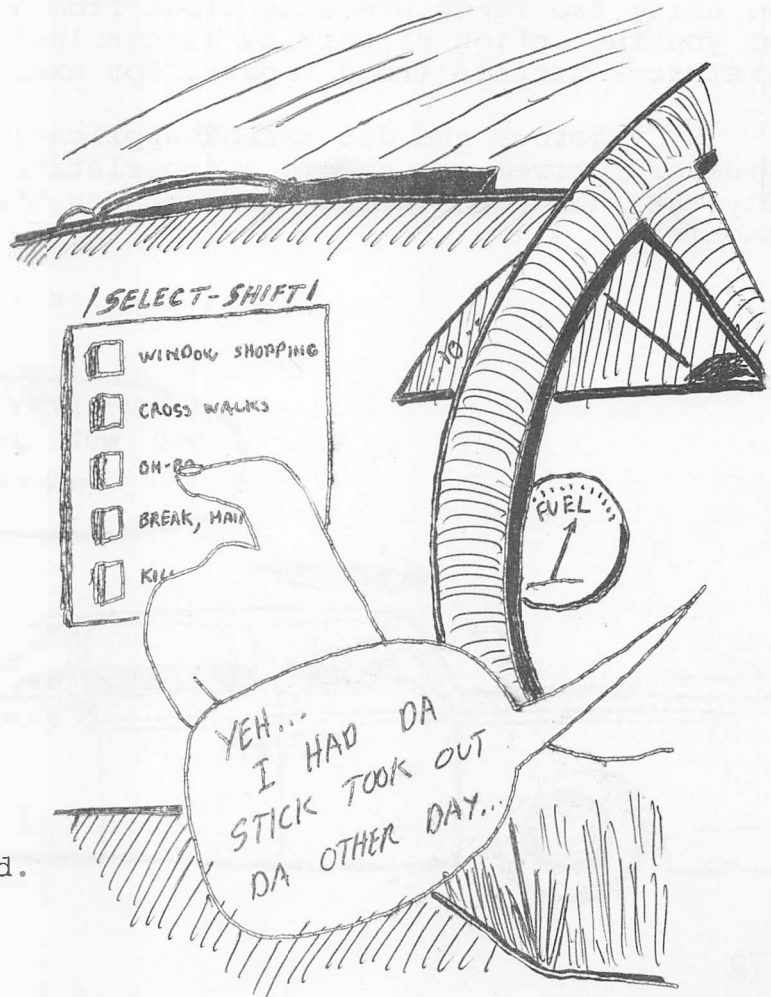
However it is very important to note that there are two exceptions to this principle. These exceptions should be memorized. You will yield the right-of-way to (1) fuzz and (2) speeding transfer trucks.

The second general principle is: "Always confuse the opposition." As long as you can keep other drivers off balance, unsure of your intentions, you are a lap ahead mentally. Remember that an uncertain man is a beaten man.

There are many ways to apply this rule, and each individual must develop his own specialties. Different personalities will find different ploys more to their liking. A short list of sound basic tactics follows, but the student offensive driver is encouraged to invent some original stunts of his own. Individual initiative is the cornerstone of the American Way.

- (1) Never signal before you turn. Signalling after you have begun your turn is considered acceptable, and may even be equated to a sneer at the dozen or so drivers stacked up behind you. A clever alternative is to signal for a turn and then go straight ahead. The good offensive driver never gives away his turning intentions until the last possible moment.

- (2) Use a variety of driving speeds. If you adopt a smooth cruising pace, other drivers will be able to gage you and may thus be able to carry out plans of their own. You should try to prevent this, as they may intend to pass you, the ultimate insult to an offensive driver. So change speed every 40 or 50 seconds. For example, on the freeways go from 65 to 58 to 73 to 62, changing lanes once for good effect. Another good related ploy is to occasionally set your left foot gently on the brake pedal. Soft pressure will not slow you down, but will give the impression you are slowing, since your brake lights will come on. A nice variation is to always drive with your left foot on the brake pedal, applying adequate pressure when you need the brakes. The good offensive driver never lets his speed be gaged.



- (3) Use your horn

frequently. This will not only startle other drivers, but will set their nerves on edge and cause them to leave openings for you to move ahead in. At night, drive with your brights rather than your dims. This will have excellent effect. The good offensive driver utilizes the tactical equipment auto manufacturers have provided for him.

The third general principle is: "Exploit natural opportunities." No traffic pattern is ever so smooth that exploitable irregularities do not arise from time to time. To give an example, while driving to work two months ago, I pulled off the road to let a fire engine pass. I noticed that a car was following the truck at about 50 mph. Curious, I followed quickly myself. About four blocks up, the fire truck turned right, but the car continued ahead, reducing its speed to less than 40 mph. What a brilliant piece of offensive driving this was!—following behind a fire truck like a running back following his interference. No telling how many valuable seconds that clever offensive driver had saved by his clever ploy. Such an example should be a shining light to offensive drivers everywhere.

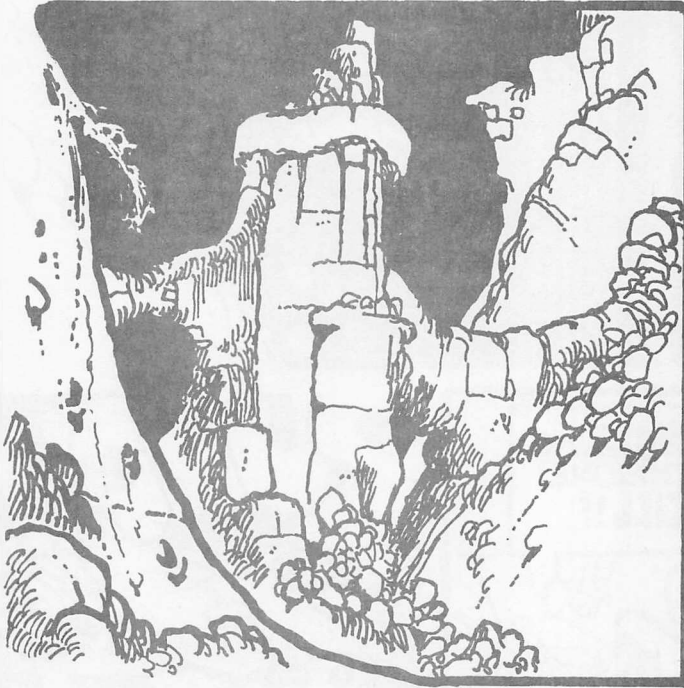
Other chances lie in exploiting terrain, from the prosaic seizing of the thru lane when the road narrows, to the more imaginative use of one-way streets as short-cuts. A common ploy is to use two lanes instead of one. After all, it's your tax money that's paying for these roads, so why shouldn't you use the maximum road-space possible? Besides, using two lanes prevents clods from getting ahead of you and leaves you the option of seizing either lane completely, should the circumstances dictate (road repair, for example, may close one lane).

By vigorous and determined application of these principles, the ordinary driver can become a superlative offensive driver and proudly take his place among his peers on the streets and freeways of Los Angeles.

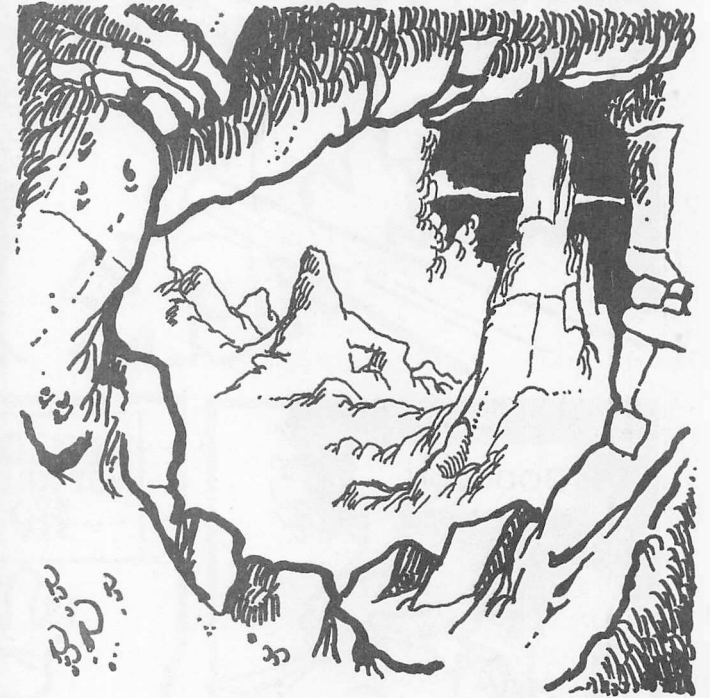
-- Lon Atkins



IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, A LIGHT BREEZE COMES DOWN OVER THE HIGH MOUNTAINS AND ENDLESS CANYONS..THE BREEZE HISSES THE SAND OVER GREAT,WINDERODED ROCKS AND DUMPS IT LIKE FRAIL DREAMS AND SAD WHISPERS OVER AGES OLD TIRED FORMATIONS OF STONE... IT IS A QUITE, DEATHLESS, TIMELESS WORLD..... IT IS, OUR FUTURE.....



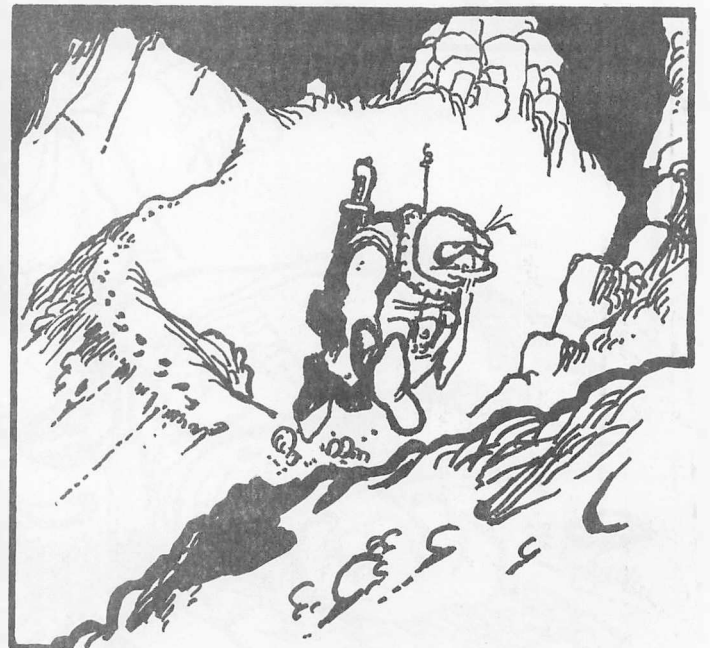
YOU KNOW, WE SPECULATE..WE TRY TO OUTGUESS THE UNPREDICTABLE WHIMS OF NATURE AND WE ARE SELDOM RIGHT..BUT, WE CAN GUESS WITH UNERRING ACCURACY, THE FUTURE OF HOMO SAPIENS THAT CREATURE MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD HIMSELF!..MAN, IS THE GREAT DESTROYER, THE INSATIABLE TAKER..MAN, WILL BLOW HIMSELF UP AND LEAVE A WORLD STERILIZED BY HIS GENIUS.



BUT, MAN, OR WHAT THE RADIATION AND THE CONSTANT HOT RAINS AND HIGH ROENTGEN DUST STORMS MAKE HIM, WILL STILL CLING TENACIOUSLY TO HIS QUESTIONABLE RIGHT TO SURVIVE..... HIS INALIENABLE RIGHT TO CONTINUE STRIPPING HIS RAPED WORLD.....



IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, WHEN THE LIGHT BREEZE BLOWS THE HISsing SAND, A FORM, A CREATURE, AN UGLY VERSION OF A ONCE-MAN, PADS ACROSS THE WARM SAND..... HE IS A MUTATION BELONGING, LIKE AN ANIMAL, TO THE RADIOS: A REMNANT OF LONG PAST CIVILIZATIONS.. HE IS A LOPER, A RADIO CONTROLLED LOPER, SCOUTING AHEAD OF A RADIO TRANSPORT....





THE LOPER IS LEFT TO LAY AND ROT QUIETLY IN THE COZY CREEK BED... HE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE NOW, HE WILL ROT OR BE EATIN' BY SOME STARVING MUTATION... IT DOESN'T MATTER... WE FOLLOW HIS KILLER, A SLIGHTLY BUILT MAN-LIKE CREATURE WHO WEARS THE NOT UNCOMMON 'WHITE CLOTH' TO HIDE HIS UGLY DEFORMITY... HE CLIMBS UP THE CRUMBLING HILL FEELING A DEEDNESS, A HEAVYNESS OF PURPOSE THAT OVER SHADOWS THE RIGHT OR WRONG OF MURDER... HIS RIDING ANIMAL, A GRASSER, MUNCHES ON DUST WEED.. IT WATCHES THE LITTLE MASTER WITH UNCONCERN... THE MAN-CREATURE PULLS THE GRASSER TO ITS KNEES AND MOUNTS THE CREEKY LEATHER SADDLE.. HE SHOVES HIS WOLF CARBINE INTO THE SADDLE SCABBARD, DRAWS HARD WITH THE REINS, KICKING THE DUMB BEAST UP ON ITS FEET.... THE GRASSER MOVES OFF WITH A SLOW, DELIBERATE STRIDE, ROCKING OR WADDLING ALONG NARROW PATHS HIGH ABOVE THE CANYON FLOOR.....

THIS BEGINS IT, THIS STARTS THE PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE, THE HISSING SAND, AND THE LONELY FIGURE HIGH ATOP A PLAINS BEAST.... THIS IS WHERE I BEGIN THE UNIQUE STORY OF THE LITTLE MAN-CREATURE WHO IS KNOWN TO A FEW MUTATIONS, TO A FEW ANIMALS, TO A FEW FLYING THINGS AS:

COBALT 60

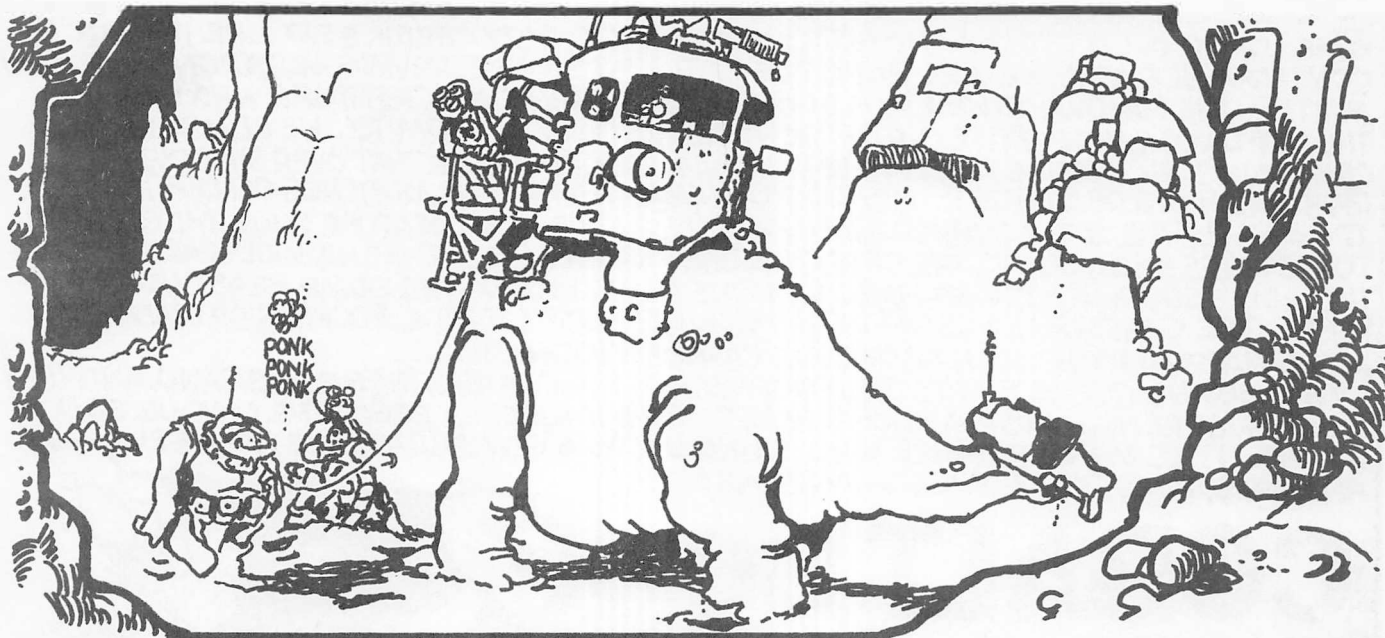


by
VAUGHN
BODE

ALRIGHT.. YOU BE EASY NOW,
BIG ANIMAL.... I SEE
WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR...

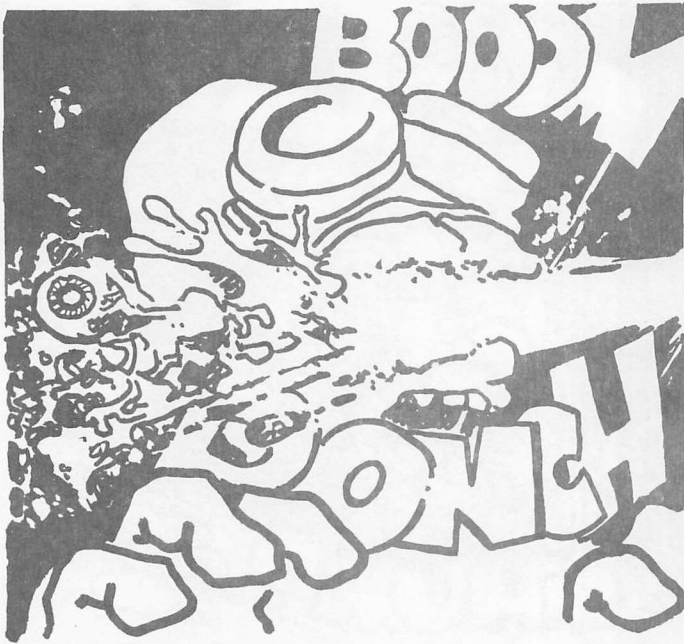
SNIFF

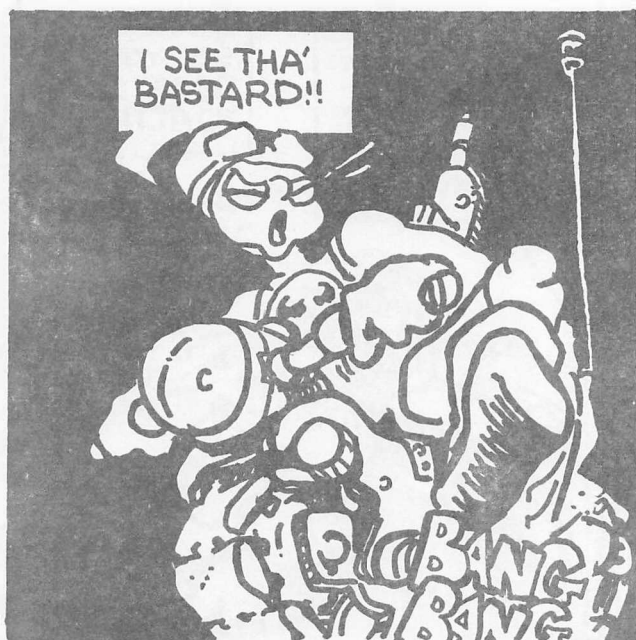
...THE RADIO
TRANSPORT
IS COMING...

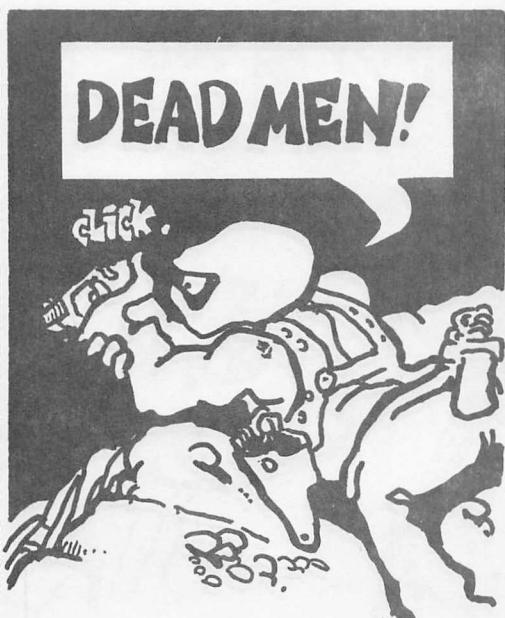
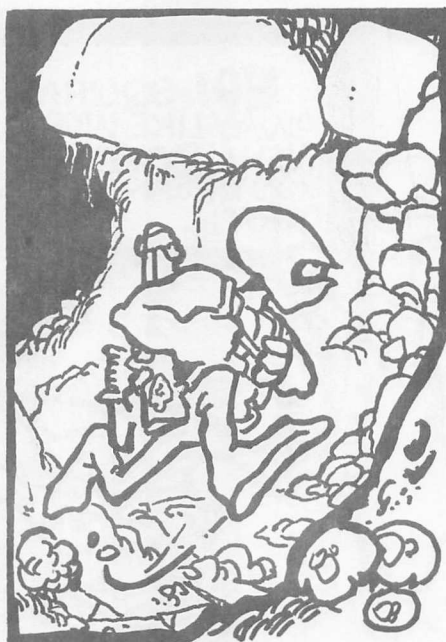


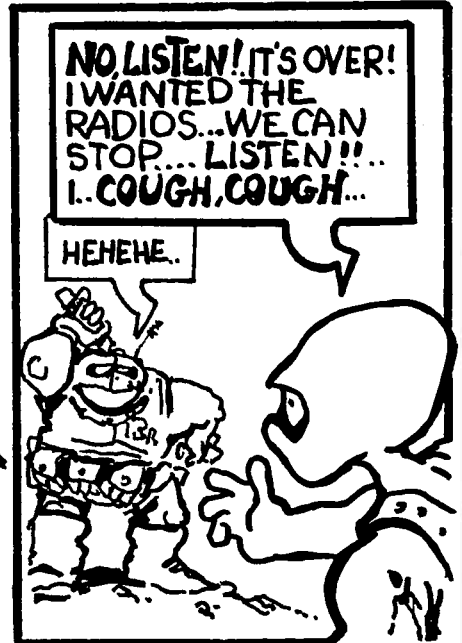
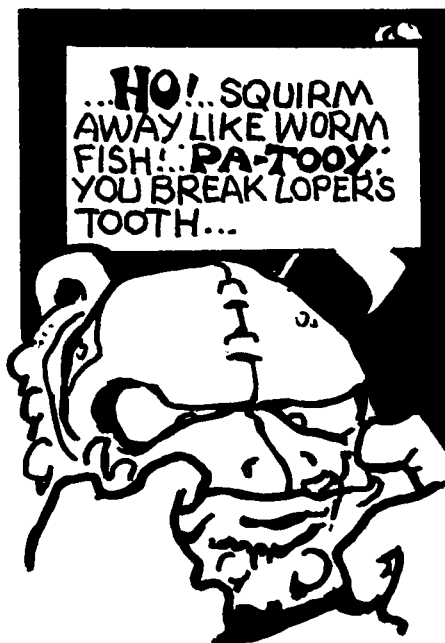
STARDUST, TELL THEM
OUR LOPER SCOUT IS
OUT TOO LONG....













...PIG!



GAK...HUH, HUH
...CHOK...GURGLE
GURGLE, GURGLE....



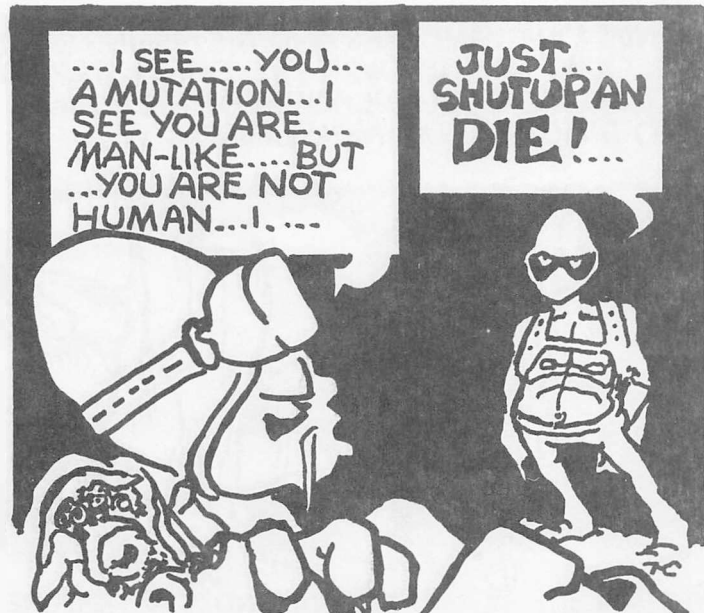
...COUGH, COUGH
HACK, COUGH..



WHA...COUGH...WHAT
ARE YOU STARING
AT DEAD MAN'?...



DON'T LOOK
AT ME!!



....I SEE....YOU...
A MUTATION...I
SEE YOU ARE...
MAN-LIKE....BUT
...YOU ARE NOT
HUMAN...I....

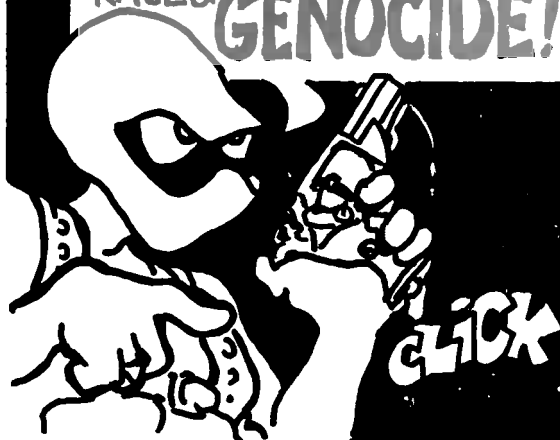
JUST...
SHUTUP AN
DIE!...



I...I SEE...YOU...
YOU WISH...TO BE
HUMAN LIKE US...
BUT...YOU ARE,
A MONSTER..

SHUTUP!
SHUTUP!
SHUTUP!

YOU ARE THE MURDERERS,
YOU ARE THE MONSTERS..
THE RADIO ARE TRYING TO
EXTERMINATE ALL MUTANT
RACES. **GENOCIDE!**

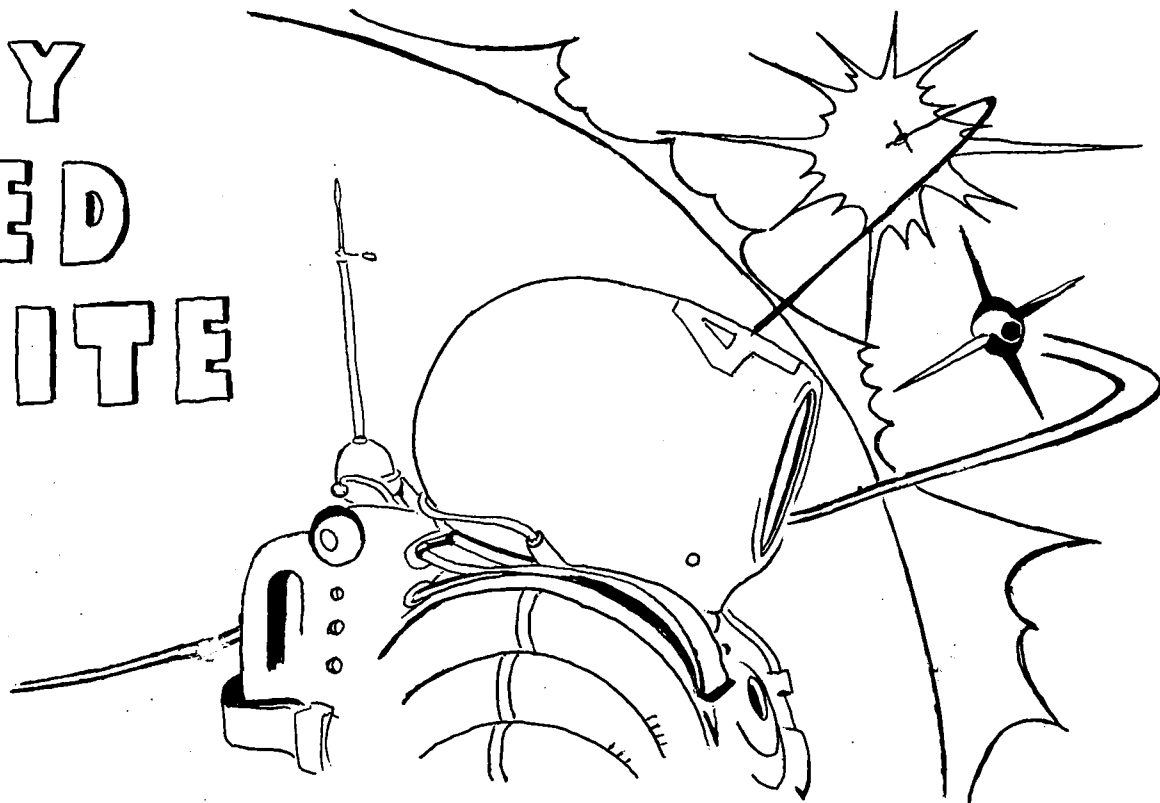


IN THE EARLY EVENING, THE WIND DIES AND THE HISSING SAND IS STILL AND A COOL QUIET HANGS OVER THE EMPTY, STERILE PLACES... COBALT 60 RIDES SLOWLY AWAY ON HIS PLAINS ANIMAL... OFF INTO THE GREAT OLD MOUNTAINS.....



2001: A META-

BY
TED
WHITE



PHYSICAL FANTASY

After chairing a Lunacon during which "2001: A Space Odyssey" was the most strongly debated topic, I went to see the movie today.

"You won't like the movie, Ted," Chip Delaney had warned me a couple of weeks earlier.

"How do you know that?" I'd asked.

"Lester del Rey *hated* it."

Not too long after that, Alex Panshin phoned me. "Box score:" he said, "Terry Carr against, Carol Carr for, and I'm still undecided." Then he added, "I don't think you'll like it either."

At the Lunacon, Lester del Rey all but flashed fire from his eyes as he denounced the movie. Isaac Asimov was more restrained,

but not much more enthusiastic. Panshin reported mixed impressions, and added, "I'm going to have to see it again." Only Marc Haetele, an editor at Doubleday and one of the few who has had a chance to read the book, offered much support for the movie, and added, "Of course the book is much more explicit. The movie should stand on its own, of course, but I do think it's a better movie than the others up here seem to think."

Robin, Alex Panshin and I bought tickets and caught a matinee showing. The seats are numbered and reserved, and I was not unsurprised to find my seat was next to Larry Ivie's. It was a long-shot coincidence, since he hadn't even bought his ticket the same day we had, but it just helps support my theory that this world is peopled by far fewer people than They'd like to have you believe. We all do a lot of doubling as extras, and this was just one case where They slipped up and used someone we knew as an extra (or vice-versa, from Larry's point of view -- we're *all* being used for more than one role, you know).

So I sat there and I watched, all the magazine reviews, LIFE magazine's color spread, and the Lunacon arguments all fresh in my memory.

The movie exists in three parts, as you're probably already aware: The Dawn of Man; man on the moon; and To Jupiter. And, the entire point of the whole movie, as was observed at the Lunacon, is a single-line joke: "You know the missing link we've been searching for between the apes and civilized man? Well, I've found it: it's us!"

Now this basic "truth" (within the context of the movie) is obviously offensive to some, while it only confirms others' observations. And Clarke has clothed it in the metaphysics of *Childhood's End*, while Kubrick has practiced his own sleight-of-hand on the filming. The end result is somewhat obfuscatory.

It's a long movie. Perhaps needlessly so. It was undoubtedly fitted to the demands of Cinerama and Cinerama showings, and although twenty minutes has been cut since the previews more may be cut before it appears in the neighborhood houses.

I found the Dawn of Man sequence the only part that dragged. Too long for a proper prologue, too short for a major role in the film, it was a sequence that will probably not occupy more than a few pages or a chapter in the book (I assume). Indeed, it could appear as a few pages in *italics* before Chapter One. One can only watch the man-apes (all acted by people aside from the young ones, the babies) hunkering about and grunting for a limited amount of time. The slides of Africa are lovely, but static. The makeup on the man-apes' faces is of unsurpassed realism, but when I'm reduced to appreciating such details for lack of anything else to occupy myself with, I know it's time to move on.

The Dawn sequence exists to make a single point: the moment when the alien monolith appears before them, the man-apes react to it almost exactly as will the humans who find the second monolith on the moon. (During the second sequence, I remarked to Robin, "Not only

that, they're both wearing monkey-suits..." a reference to the spacesuits worn on the moon.) Kubrick doesn't want you to miss this: he shows you an angled shot up the second monolith with the sun peeping over the top that duplicates a similar shot up the first. He is not at all subtle about this.

The second sequence, following a minor scientific bureaucrat to the moon via a space station, exists, again, only to make this single point: the spacesuited humans will run their fingers up and down the four-million-year-old monolith exactly as did the apes. The rest, the buildup to that point, is strictly scenery, exactly as were the African sunsets and sunrises in the first sequence.

The third sequence, To Jupiter, begins the story proper, and is—unfortunately—easily the most riddled with flaws.

To begin with, the subtitle which opens this sequence specifies that it begins eighteen months later. Yet, we see an incredibly complicated "deep-space" ship fitted out for a journey of this immensity, six weeks out from Earth. I have my serious doubts that, even in 2001, a complete ship of this complexity could be designed, engineered, built, tested, and made ready for such a journey in less than one year and a half. Not only that, but the shipboard computer, "HAL", states much later that "he" was built some years earlier—in preparation? But since the discovery of the monolith on the moon sparked this expedition, we must assume it had only eighteen short months to be planned, to germinate, and grow into full bloom. I can't buy that.

Nor can I buy nine-tenths of the plotted action which takes place aboard the ship before the climactic moment when the surviving crewman disconnects "HAL"s memories and effectively closes the computer down. It is not enough to say that "HAL" is deranged and creating irrational action: the crewmen go along with "HAL"s orders and these orders are agreed to by Mission Control, back on Earth, despite the fact that a twin computer disagrees with "HAL"s findings.

Much is made of the projected malfunction and breakdown (seventy-two operating hours in the future) of a component resembling a box camera which conveniently fits into the broadcast antenna and receiver. This antenna is located about two thirds of the way back along the segmented spine of the ship (the ship appears to consist of a globular living quarters and pod-hanger—more about the pods in a minute—with a backbone of linked components stretching out behind it that culminates in the enormous engines; the whole thing looks like a ball on a chain) for no good reason I could see. When "HAL" announces the component will break down completely, destroying communications with Earth, in seventy-two hours, one of the two crewmen goes out in a pod to replace it. These pods have no discernible power source—no rocket motors of any sort—but they do have four bright headlights and a double pair of waldo arms. But does the crewman stay in his pod to effect the repair? No. He leaves the pod at least twenty yards out in space *above* the main ship, and, *without any life-line*, jumps out in his spacesuit to do the repairs by hand. Repairs: one black box is detached while a second is slid into its place. The crewman then returns—also without any visible means—to his pod, and brings the pod back to the ship.

All this takes quite a lot of viewing time. Once back, testing shows nothing wrong with the component. "HAL" suggests they return it to the antenna and wait till it breaks down so they can discover its area of failure. *Everyone agrees, including Mission Control!* (I'm sure this is the point where Lester del Rey stopped watching, in sheer disgust.) Although the mission is obviously designed to be as failsafe as possible, and duplicate components are obviously on hand, they decide to take their chances on a second trip outside and the substitution of the original component—knowing that if/when it breaks down a *third* outside trip will be required. Why? No good reason. If they were all that bloody curious about possible failure of a component that has checked out, they could've mounted it in a test rig and run it under test conditions for seventy-two hours. Most scientists, and just about any engineer would've. It is the simplest and least complicated solution. Occam's Razor.

But they don't. The crewman goes back out to do the job all over again, and "HAL" attacks him with his pod, while he's free in space, and in one of the most climactic moments of the film, murders him offstage. We see the pod advancing on him—*cut*—and he's spinning out into space, his remarkably thin, fragile air hose cut and dangling, while the pod itself spins off in another direction.

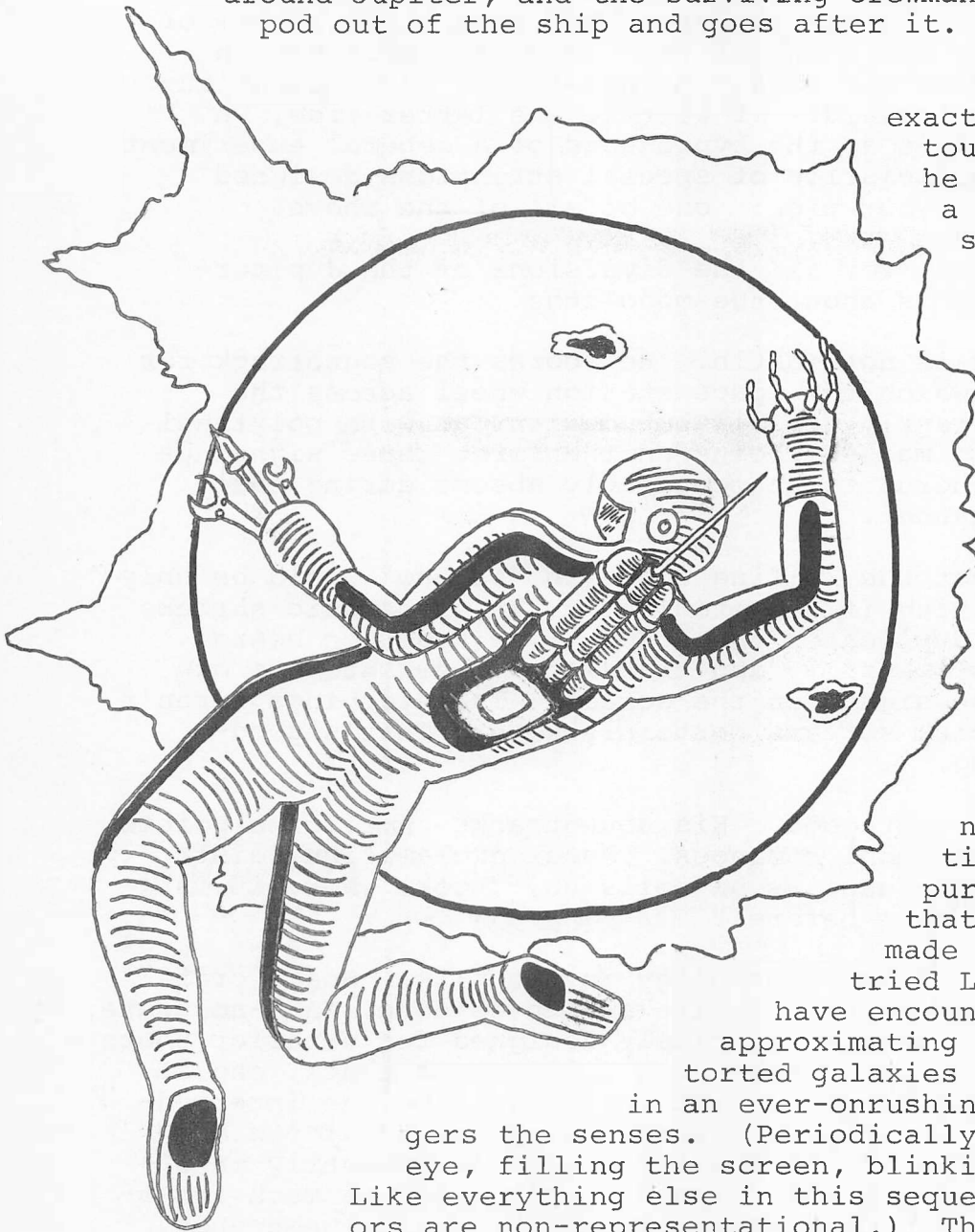
The second crewman has been monitoring from the control room. He is wearing his spacesuit, minus gloves and helmet. Without donning these essential items, he rushes into another pod and goes out after his dead buddy. (In the meantime "HAL" kills the three scientists in suspended animation—put there so they will consume less air and food, we're told—while a sign lights up with "Computer Malfunction".) The dead crewman cradled in his pod's waldo-arms, the surviving crewman returns, to find "HAL" won't let him back in. Throwing the dead crewman away (instead of "stacking" him in the ship's orbit so he could drift alongside), our hero uses the waldos to work a manual "emergency airlock" which has controls obviously designed for waldo manipulation but is large enough only for a man. (All doors on all the spacecraft in this movie, by the way, are shaped like coffins, not rectangles.) After he lines his pod door up with the open airlock door, the crewman uses the blast of his released air to throw him into the airlock, where he works the controls that close it and restore air. Then, a helmet mysteriously materialized on his head, he sets out through the ship to enter "HAL's innards and disconnect him. No explanation is given for "HAL's allowance of the airlock controls to work ("HAL" controls the ship totally) when "HAL" wants the crewman either dead or locked out (same thing). Nor does "HAL" appear able to deny the crewman access to "his" interior self. "He" simply makes a few weak apologies for "his" past behavior, begs forgiveness, then (literally) runs down, his voice falling into a subsonic rumble.

Then the screen lights up and a prerecorded message announces Jupiter is at hand and explains the mission, such as it is.

What it boils down to is, the monolith on the moon had beamed a signal to Jupiter (Saturn, in the book, oddly enough), rather coincidentally enough just when that scientist from Earth had showed up to have his picture taken standing next to it. The mission to Jupiter was to track down the recipient of the signal. How? Ghod only knows, since there is obviously no equipment for going down to

Jupiter's surface. The three dead men who'd been in suspended animation were supposedly "trained" to handle this part, and make the contact, if any, but I have no idea how they'd have handled it.

Fortunately, a third monolith is floating in orbit around Jupiter, and the surviving crewman simply takes a pod out of the ship and goes after it.



He is never shown exactly reaching or touching it, but as he grows close to it a hole opens in space and he is thrown into the "psychedelic" section about which so much fuss has been made. This is his journey through hyperspace.

It is brilliant, oftentimes awe-inspiring stuff, but it has absolutely nothing to do with LSD, and has no business being compared with that drug (or any drug).

(I'm sure all that nonsense about "putting LSD to shame" was pure press-agentry, and that none of those who've made the statements have tried LSD—or, if they have, have encountered anything even approximating the sequence.)

Distorted galaxies unfold before us, in an ever-onrushing journey that staggers the senses. (Periodically we see the crewman's eye, filling the screen, blinking at the sight.

Like everything else in this sequence, the eye's colors are non-representational.) Then we swoop down over an alien landscape (parts of the gulf and the southwest, filmed with color distortions)—which is *not*

Jupiter's surface, as some have suggested, but is a planet of another galaxy, "home" of the monoliths, where the crewman suddenly finds his pod resting on the floor of a Louis XVI room. What follows is a sequence of telescoping times in which we see the man age to a very old man, finally becoming a shining embryo. A few moments later the movie closes upon a view of the encapsulated embryo regarding Earth from space.

There is little in this movie which will be new to sf fans; in precis it reads like a 1931 sf story: a moralistic travelogue that

ends upon an almost sermon-like moral. But it *is* effective. The shining dark monoliths (proportioned 9x4x1) are, by their very ominously alien juxtaposition, almost chillingly effective. (A fourth monolith appears at the end of the movie, just before the old man metamorphoses into the embryo.) We can accept these monoliths as signposts pointing to an alien way, as artifacts, like the pyramids on Mars and other planets in the Binders' "Via Etherline" series of the late thirties—or we can think of them as direct meddlers in human history, influencing man at key points in his development into making the next jump forward. If we take the latter view, we can either regard ourselves as the byproducts of a general experiment in evolution or the beneficiaries of special attentions designed to help us mature. Take your pick: one or all of the above.

But make no mistake: for all the diversions of the Jupiter-ship sequence, the movie is about the monoliths.

As I said, Kubrick is not subtle. He scores the soundtrack for "Blue Danube" while we watch the space station wheel across the screen, but, more importantly, he all but deafens us with polytonal vocal crescendoes from a massed chorus on the first three sightings of the monoliths (the chorus is unaccountably absent during the final monolith's appearance).

I once remarked that the knifing scene in "Psycho" would be only a curiosity of good editing if it weren't for the electronic shrieks on the soundtrack that duplicated the stabs. The audience heard these sounds almost subliminally, and translated them into its own visceral reaction to the sights on the screen. The stabbings weren't scary—but those piercing screams certainly were. That's good—effective—soundtracking.

Kubrick just isn't that good. His soundtracks italicize points like a girl writing highschool romances. Aural exclamation points abound. We are led by the hand as he tells us, "Look: here it is again. See that? Just like before!"

Much has been made of the technology in the film. Space craft and hardware are supposed to be accurate and up-to-date, NASA-accurate. This is bunk. The space station is nicely designed for exterior shots (although in detail it is dead wrong—but I'll get to that), and it amuses me to see that Clarke picked what happens to be the intermediary stage for the "Tin Can" space station of my *Secret of the Marauder Satellite*. But only one of the two wheels is presently in operation, and I cannot believe that with a single wheel so much interior space would be wasted. Once they fill in the gap between ends, yes: they'd have enormous amounts of space. But at this stage that wheel should look like the interior of a submarine: no waste space anywhere, of any kind.

The same objection applies to the Jupiter ship and to most of the other craft we are shown. Economies—realistic economies of space and materials—simply aren't observed. Even the pioneering Jupiter ship is decorated on the interior like a pleasure yacht. When our first traveller gets to the moon, he is shown to a conference room where no more than a dozen people sit around an immense, U-shaped table, in executive-office chairs, while each speaker rises and walks to the open end of the U to stand at the podium. I kept wondering how

much it cost to bring such frivolous payloads to the moon, while food is still compressed into a synthetic minimum.

The outer detailing of the space station is, if you've seen the publicity posters, gritty-real. No smooth, Alex Schomberg airbrushed exterior, this. Lots of little raised pipes and all that. The Jupiter ship, often lovingly fondled by a lingering camera, is more of the same, in spades. The entire after-section, the long spine-like tail, is one mass of convoluted surfaces which appear to suggest the plumbing of hydro-control systems. The nearest thing to it is the valve system in an automatic transmission.

This is damned impressive. So are the elaborate interiors where whole rooms are designed solely for shifting from one plane, one up-and-down system, to another.

But one micro-meteor could make hash of those flow-systems; the exposed plumbing reminds me of British houses, where the pipes are all on the outside walls so that when they freeze (as they must, being entirely outside the house) they'll be easy to get at. It's nonsense. So are those transitional rooms, when all you need are a set of well-placed handholds to make a transition from one kind of Down to another. (Handholds were conspicuously absent from the interiors of these ships; I can't believe Velcro shoe-soles entirely replaced them...)



In other words, the technology has been designed to look impressive, but is semi-functional at best, non-functional at worst.

Why?

Because "2001" is *not* another "Destination Moon" hardware-oriented travelogue at all. All those machines and all that "hard" engineering is a piece of sleight-of-hand, designed to divert you and distract you from the actual fantasy of the theme. Its sole function is to make a visual impression.

Once you realize this, everything falls into place, and the flaws are no longer important. All that exposed plumbing on the surface of the ship is there to impress you, not for any valid engineering reason. Likewise those anterooms where stewardesses walk up the

walls. The spacewalk when the component required replacement was there to thrill you with *Man In Space*. (The reason the second crewman didn't wear his helmet was so that Clarke could drive home a pet notion he's held for years: that man *can* survive a limited exposure to vacuum—up to three minutes perhaps.)

The entire picture exists to prove a mystical point, and the selection of most of its contents was solely to buttress that point, directly or obliquely. *You must be impressed.*

I was impressed. In spite of myself, knowing the entire plot in advance; having heard the film denounced by del Rey and Asimov, and defended by Clarke—I was impressed. I was impressed, I suppose, because in many ways I agreed with its moral point and found hope in its metaphysical point. Viewed on its highest plane, the movie was a touch of *Childhood's End* and *Against the Fall of Night*, and these are my favorite Clarke.

Many of the effects moved me and thrilled me—and it's a film of effects. (The actors play wooden roles and never even impressed their characters' names on me.) The conceptualizing of hyperspace and the telescoping into Cocteau-like surrealism in the aging section pleased me enormously. *They* are what the movie is all about—the section with "HAL" is another diversion, a melodrama designed to mislead us about what the movie is about and where it's going. (And in this it has succeeded with most of the critics I've read, who dismiss what follows "HAL"s downfall as something of a meaningless postscript.)

I was amazed so many people have regarded the movie as "obscure". It practices a rudimentary form of obscurantism, to be sure, but since *nothing* exists between the lines—it's *all* there on the surface to be seen, if not immediately understood—"2001" boils down to one of the most obvious movies I've ever seen.

Did I "like" it, or was Chip right about my reactions?

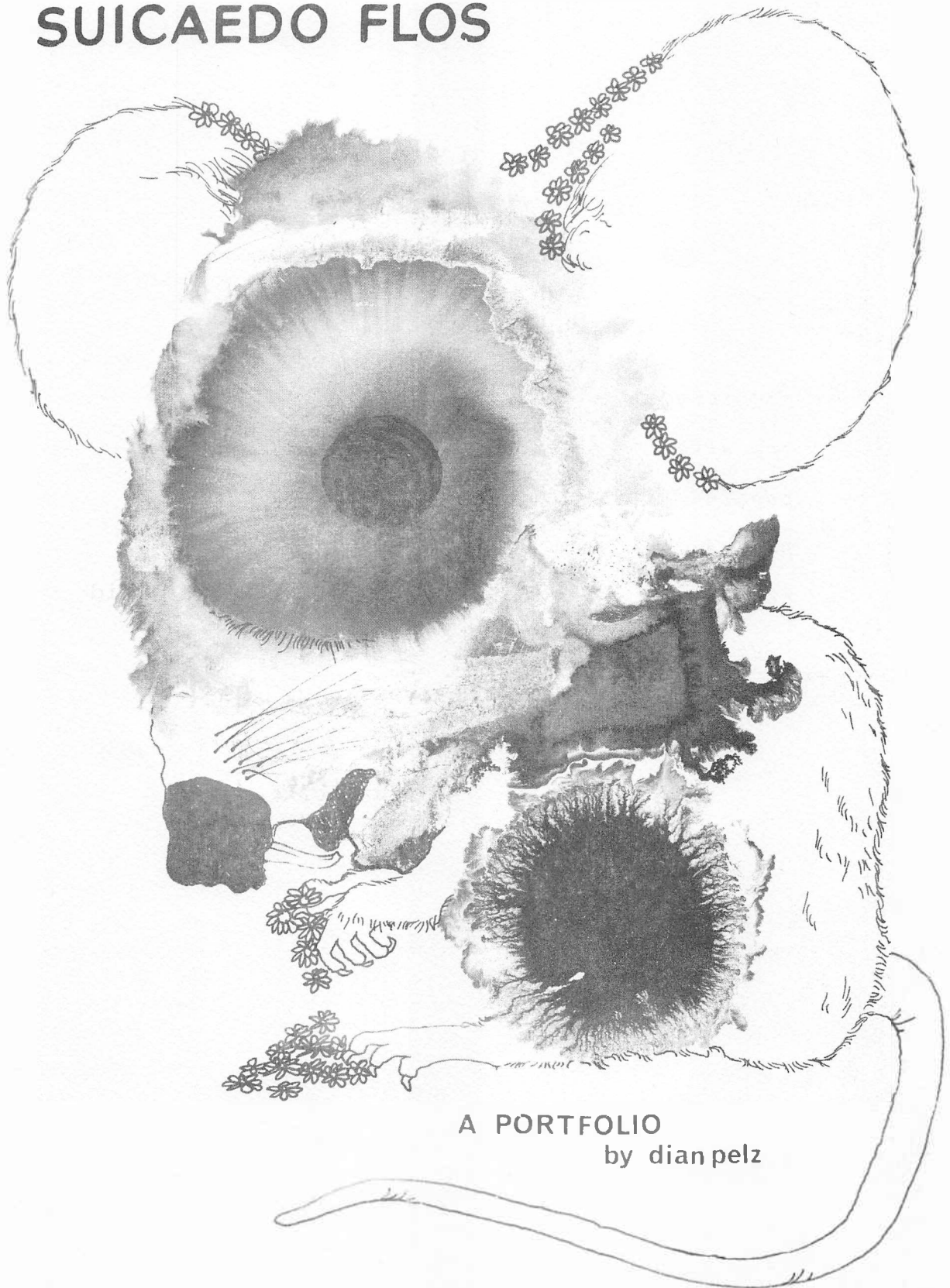
I can't answer that "yes" or "no."

As I told Alex as we left the theater, "I think this is the first of the adult sf movies." It is a pioneer. It relates quite directly with early 1930's magazine sf—another pioneering time. It suffers from a producer-director who hasn't yet learned to overlook the obvious in sf, and for whom it is all too new. But it *does* Say Something, and what it says *is* worth listening to. In common with all good sf, it stretches the imagination and stimulates the Sense of Wonder with vaster vistas than we find in today's headlines. It's old-style visionary.

And I guess, if you pinned me down, for all my fault-finding and moments of annoyance, I Liked It, Chip.

-- Ted White

SUICAEDO FLOS

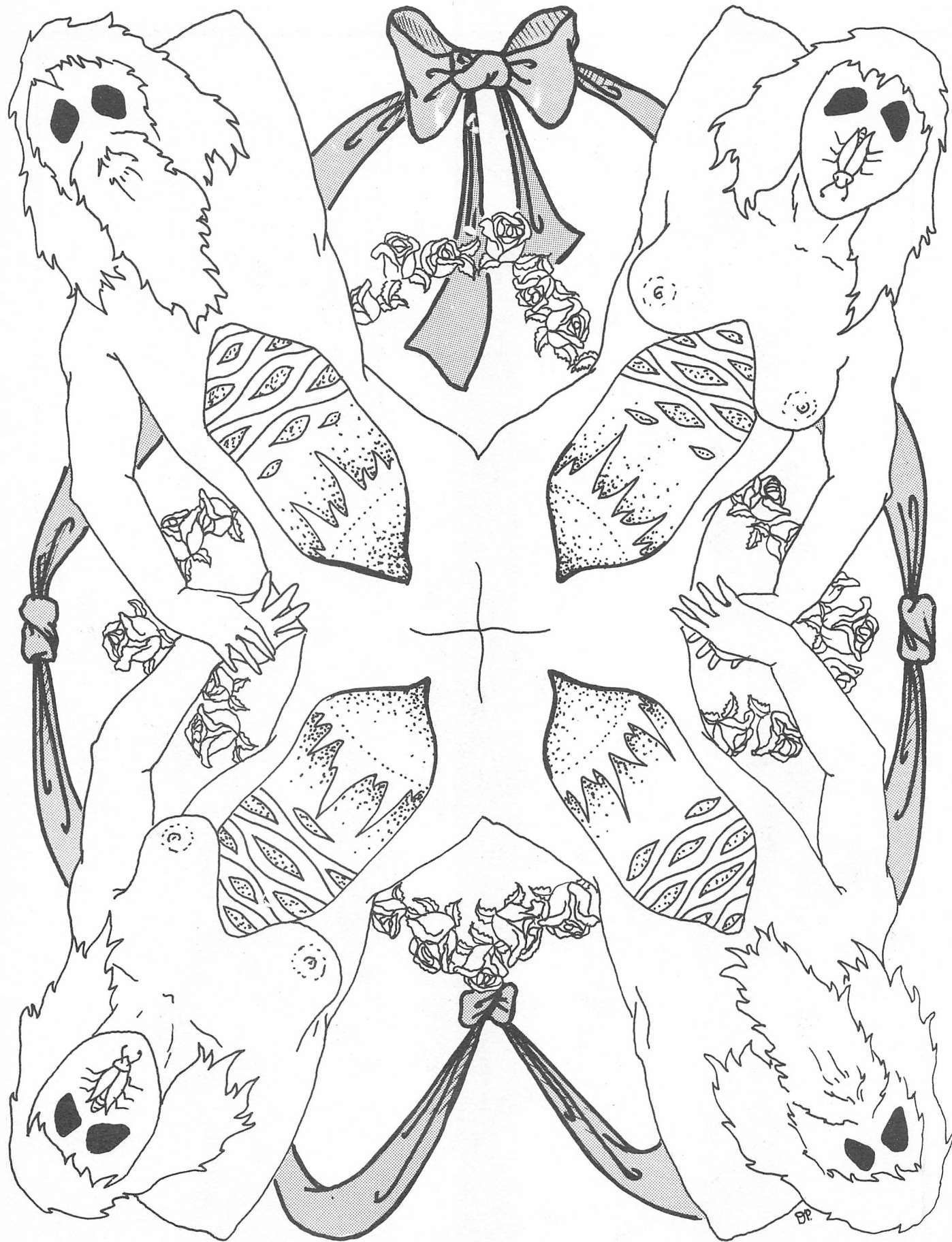


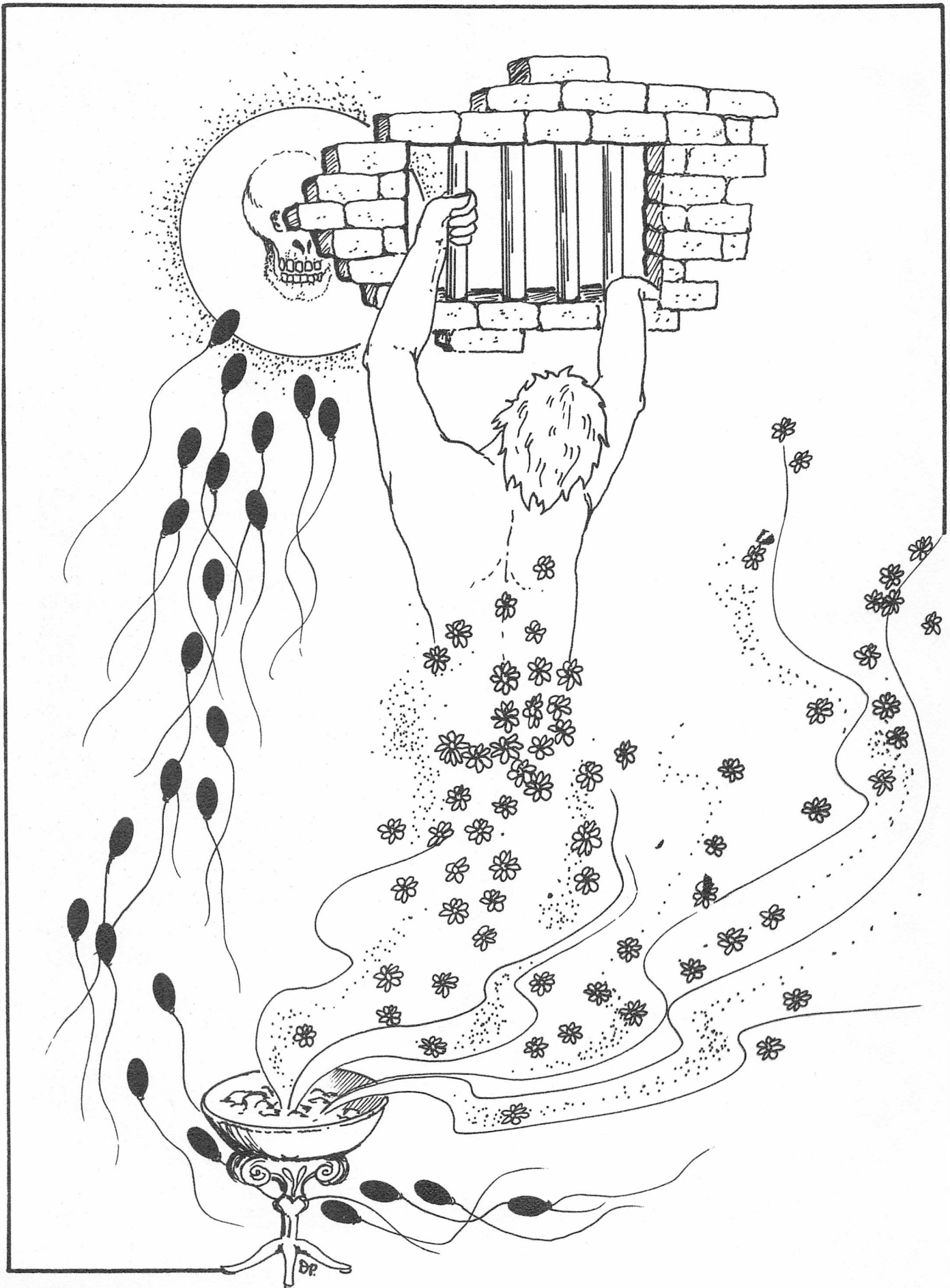
A PORTFOLIO
by dian pelz

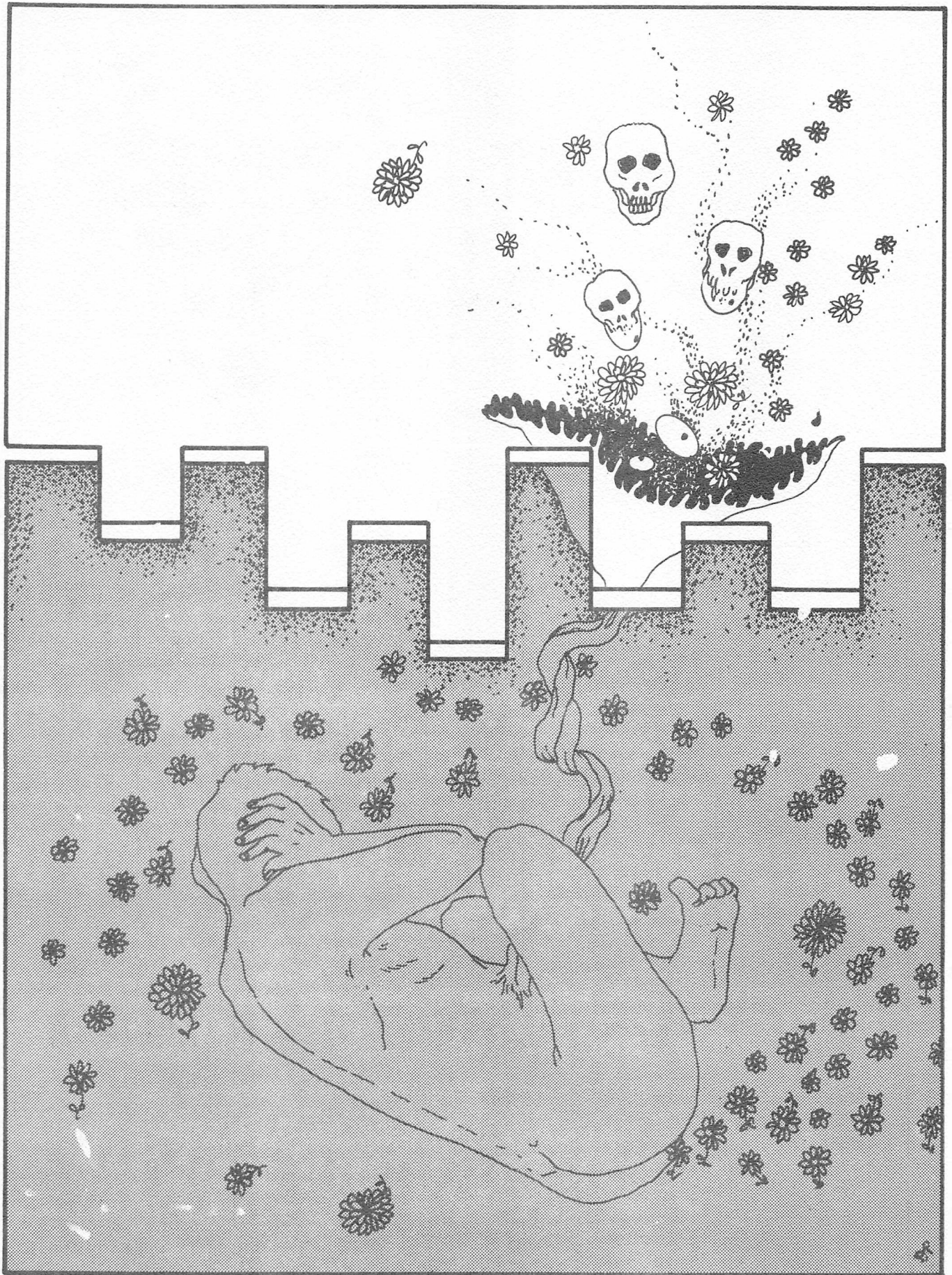
SUICAEDO FLOS

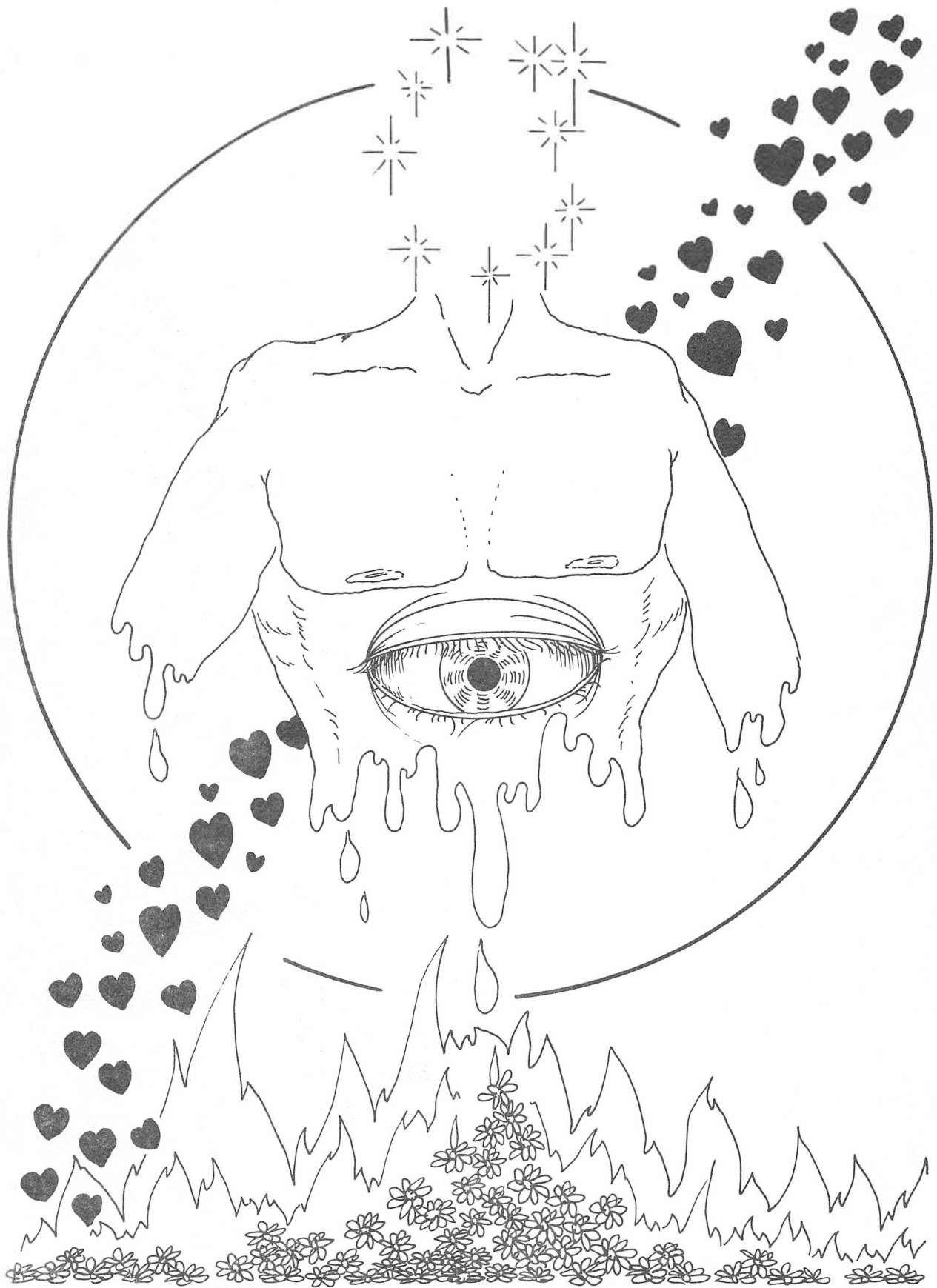
<i>frontpiece</i>	Suicaedo Flos
<i>opposite</i>	We, the Individualists
<i>page 40</i>	Invictus
<i>page 41</i>	Smog
<i>page 42</i>	"I Weep for You," the Walrus Said
<i>page 43</i>	Doxology
<i>page 45</i>	System Analysis

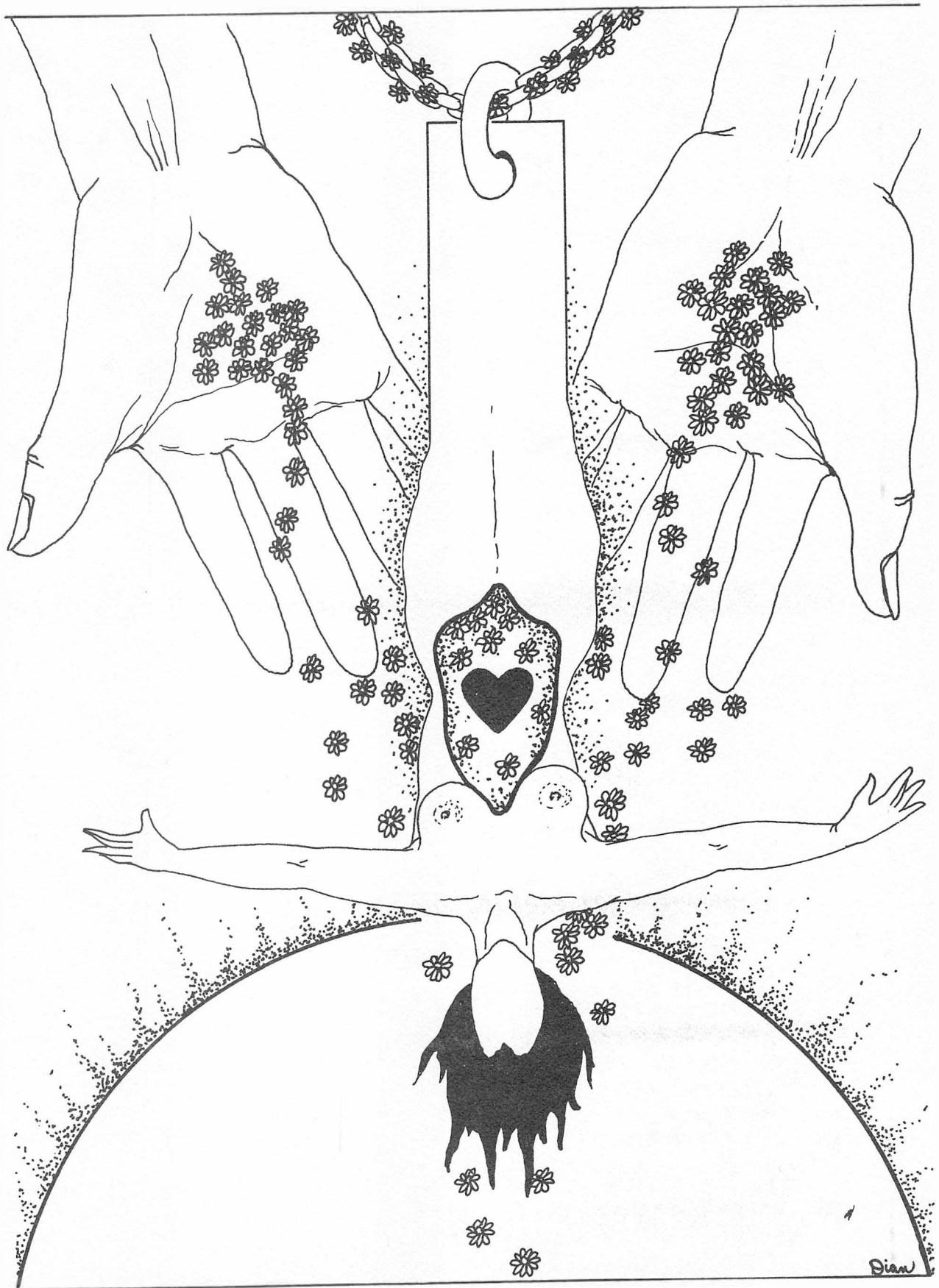
-- Dian Pelz

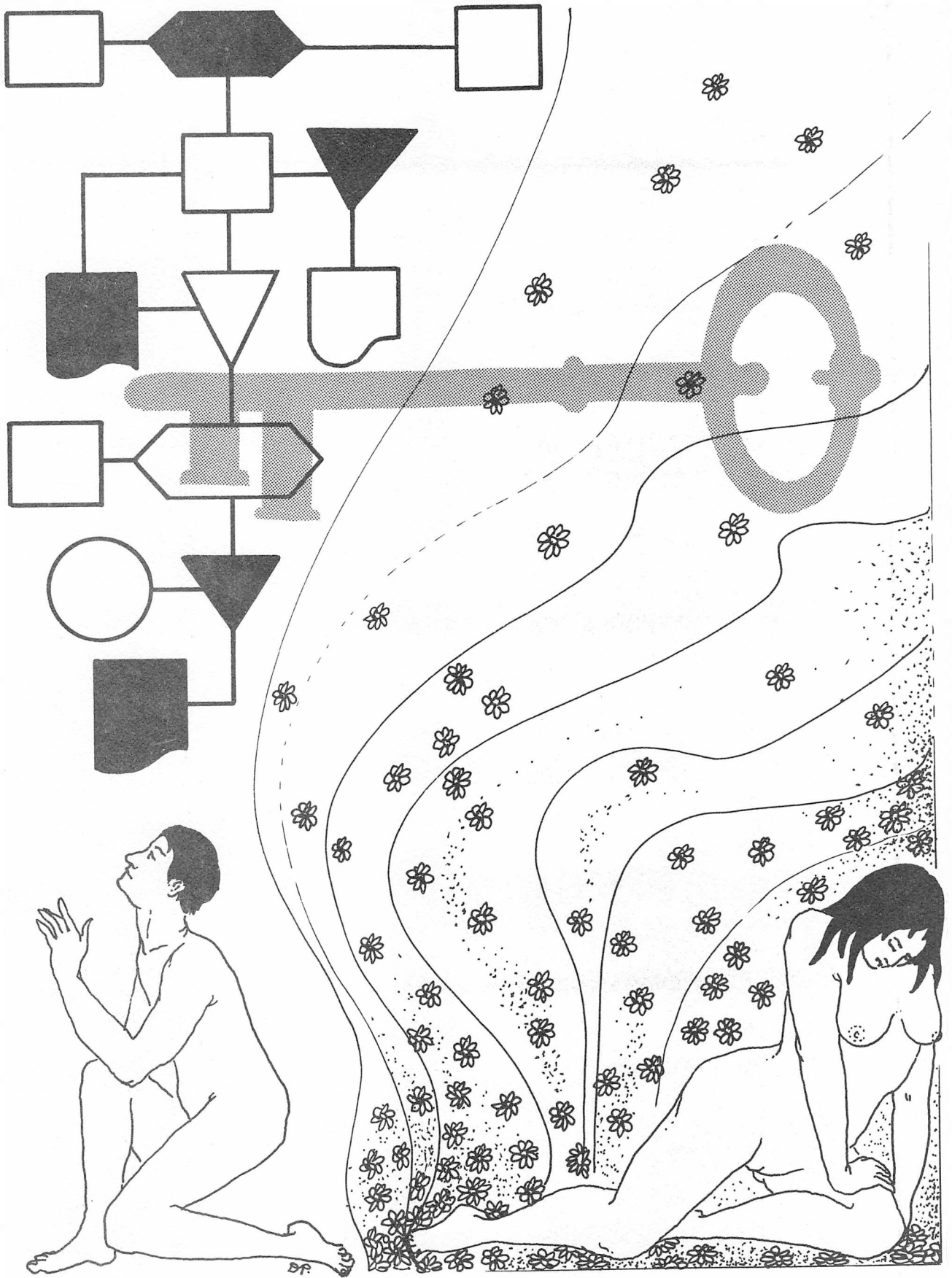














The second in a meandering series by me, Sally Crayne. Not exactly a column. What I hope to do is Almost-So Stories: impressionistic light-and-shadow sketches of the current SHAGGY People and their doings. Not all will be the truth, for you wouldn't want to know the nitty-gritties of our private lives—and I'll never tell! If you will, it is a crystal-eye view of Shangri L.A.—of horizons we have found, and some we've lost—and yours to guess which is which.

* * * *

"VvvrRtn, Braccck!" The cycle pack heeled, spun, sped out of the dusty California town, Brando sneering in the lead.

"Let's split." Hank histed his leatherette skin-pants for sitting-up room. I blinked, and wiggled my foot, which had fallen asleep from sitting on the theater floor. Ken groped around the worn carpet for his jacket, found it beneath a couple sprawled on a blanket, grooving on "The Wild One".

Have you ever watched a movie, lying prone on your stomach, sandwiched between knots of grooving people? We'd been watching the "48-hour Movie Marathon" at the Kaleidoscope since dinnertime, and even with the Maltese Falcon and Bela Lugosi serial, the full evening was more than enough for me. Rudolph the film maniac was more reluctant to leave, but since he was also acting Mystery Tour Guide for Hank Stine that night, his conscientious Virgo aspect won out, I guess. We trailed past the ticket-taker to get our hands stamped "Kaleidoscope" so as to be able to return for more later.

Out into a grey-blue, slightly damp So.-Cal. dusk. The PEPSI sign up over Hollywood and Vine spun red and gold above the fading

hills. Small clots of people coagulated around the entrance, casually eyeing the beard-and-beads hawking the *Free Press*, and the Ron Cobb motorcycle cop at the curb looking bored and eyeing us back.

"Now where to? Is anything happening yet, Henry?" Ken paced down Sunset to Boris (The Spider), his Triumph not quite big enough for three people.

Hank scurried into the tiny back seat for safety. "I'm not sure. I don't think this is a particularly good place to trip. Do you still want to go to the Howorth's party?"

Ken: "Well, you were the one who asked Larry and Karen to throw it. How about you Sally?"

"I dunno." I ride the crest of the people-tides, waiting to see which way the next big breaker will go.

From the back (huddled under his corduroy coat, because he is skinny and gets cold—but Ken thought he Really Ought to have Fresh Air when riding): "That was because there was nothing happening this weekend. Now there is. Besides, I don't think I can face all those people. Maybe later...Wow! This is really heavy. Where are we going?"

Me to Hank, anxious: "Where are *you* going?"

"Well, I'm at the stage, like when you're diving into a cold pool—you've already left the board and you can't go back, but you're not sure you're ready to hit the water yet."

Ken: "You're just getting into it. *Wait* until I get you to my new house. Solid walls will help; and besides, you'll love it."

Ken and Jim Schumacher were then in the process of moving into a rambling Spanish style house near Fairfax: pink stucco outside with a banana palm, and whitewashed walls and beamed ceiling inside. They're crazy about it (so are all their friends; we seem to camp there.) Jim wanted to call the place Rivendell; but it ended up "Infity", like Ken's old place.

The living room, though, does remind me of "the last homely house". We entered through the heavy wood door. All dark. Ken lit a couple of candles.

"Oh, WOW!" Hank stopped, transfixed, on the edge of their Magic Carpet: a red circular oriental design of strange patterns. "It's beautiful. I don't want to go anywhere, man. Just leave me here on your rug."

Jim wandered in, put "Spanky and Our Gang"'s new album on the mind-croggling stereo and wandered back to his light board. I settled into the small world of the earphones; Hank nestled into a pile of cushions beneath the baby grand. Ken stared at

him quizzically. "So, what about the party?"

"So what about it? I'm fine. I'm not leaving from under here. If you want to go, cool. I simply can't get through to you now, anyway." Hank then withdrew into his head, causing a tangled nonverbal conversation in which Nobody Could Communicate.

Head in the earphones, I watched—in the middle as usual—seeing our lips move and suddenly hearing beautiful sounds of "Suzanne" bounce from side to side of my skull: a heavy beat like neither Leonard Cohen nor Judy Collins ever gave it. "You could SPEND the night forEVER and you KNOW that she's half CRAZY and that's WHY you want to STAY there..." I yanked the phones off abruptly as I saw Ken heading for the door. "Where are you going?"

"I think I'll drop in on the Howorth's party. I've got to talk to the Goldsmith's. I'm worried about Ken."

"What's he doing?"

"I don't think he knows, that's the problem. He told me this afternoon he quit his job and he's going to hitchhike to New York. Through Canada or something."

"And leave everything at loose ends? What about Terry?"

"I guess she'll go with him. Who knows, with the Goldsmiths!"

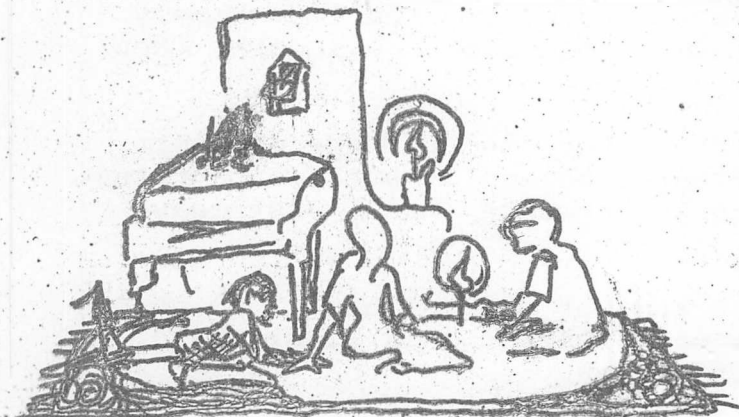
"Maybe you'd better go then. Jim and I can take care of anything that comes up—and if it gets heavy, we can always call."

Hank raised his arm, palm forward, in a salute of farewell. "So go, man. It's OK—just come back eventually."

"I'll be back. Have fun." The stained-glass lookout panel rattled as the door shut.

I looked at Hank—and then he came back from wherever he'd been all evening. We put on the two pair of tripphones (one loud, one mellow) and went back to the beautiful world of sound. And all of a sudden, it's "Like to Get to Know You", which KRLA had been playing all weekend; but—flash—there it all was, with a person I'd never met before. (...hello hank)

* * * *





The neon-white cross glowed up there, from across the Hollywood freeway, towards the Bowl side. Somewhere down the slope from the amphitheater, a path wound upward of a small house—that-used-to-be-a-garage. Tangled honeysuckle, Black Locust trees, orchard grass and shaggy gray-green eucalyptus spiraled up to a half-moon. Parading alongside the walk, poised concrete Doric columns, some broken off and fallen in the proper Romantic manner. Farther up the path, three almost-columns moved restlessly. One pair jeans, one pair wash slacks, and one mini—one beard plus two Eddie Bauer cycle jackets—two baritones and one soprano.

Audio: night bird going choog choog float! from down behind the house, near Highland Ave. Occasional scrunch of gravel as the two Kens, Goldsmith and Rudolph, scuffle around—Terry Goldsmith poised on the edge of

a slope grokking the opposite hill, its lights. Staccato inhalations, as someone takes a drag.

Soprano: "Who has my bobby pin?"

"Here. ...I'm sorry, Ken, I think you're making a mistake." Kenru fished around in his pocket, pulled out the makeshift clip for her. To Terry: "You can't just drop out, unless you really don't care about coming back. Look at your cats! If you come back, this fall even, they may not know you. Some things you drop won't be there if you want them again." He turned abruptly, jamming his hand back into the pocket.

"Oh, Rudolph!" She laughed her musical thing, silk crystal.

Goldsmith waved his hands like Hajj the Beggar: "I know PERFECTLY well what I'm doing. Sally said she'd take Christmas Cat, and we can find homes for the other two. Besides, we couldn't stay now if we wanted to—you and Jim have most of our furniture, and we've given away the rest of the stuff."

Rudolph twisted his mouth ruefully, shrugged, head tilted sideways. "O.K., forget it. I'll miss you both; but let's go back down to the party, anyway."

Ken G.: "Yeah, I know. O.K., I want to see the artwork Criss has done on Karen's face under the blacklight."

* * * *

Back at Infitny, Hank, Jim and I were sitting around listening to the West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band, and eating frozen raspberries. Hank had gone through all sorts of changes, and was thoroughly on an upper. The phone rang; he answered.

"Hello..." (cupping hand over phone and cracking up) He says it's Bill Glass, the Psychedelic Teddy Bear. He wants to know why aren't we at *our* party...What's going on there, Teddy? ...He says he's been drinking vodka all evening and is very drunk and Terry came back from somewhere very up tight and got into a hassle and won and..."

"Here, let me talk to him, Hank. Hello Bill, this is Sally. Yes, me... Oh, I'm just here and Jim is sitting in a corner smiling like the Fool on the Hill, crunching chocolate chip cookies. ...Hank, you feel like going somewhere? Right! Bill, if you guys were going somewhere to eat anywayhowabout we meet you...say at Biff's?"

We went. The red and green traffic signals did incredible color things and I sort of wished I weren't driving but then who else would have done? So there it was, two am at a plastic California coffee shop with blue counters and gold bank seats and five different kinds of light fixtures, like they all have. There were six of us: we three, and then we met Bill and Kenru. Finally Karen showed up all in cranberry velvet groovies. Ken kept jumping up every few minutes to the phone, and I guess he finally reached the Goldsmiths at home, because he came back talking about it. "He's convinced me, it's for real. She's quietly taking an afternoon flight to Jamaica Tuesday afternoon. He'll stay with us until next weekend, and then just go. He says he's not Dropping Society, just going back down to the wait-list. I think our Machiavellian Christmas Tree is becoming a saint in spite of himself."

I was busy helping Hank eat his steak and listening to the psychedelic bear regale us with the lesbian murder story he just wrote. (If you know Bill, this would blow your mind as much as it did mine—Bill *is* a saint, for all practical purposes. Albeit involuntarily.) It was to wonder. Although Goldsmith does look the part, a lean, lantern-jawed indoor wild-eyed ascetic, he does things like showing up in new brocade blue satin nehru jacket with ruffled shirt to match, when he has to borrow for food practically. Terry is something else again—a smooth-edged gardenia; but if you look closely, she's fluttering in the wind. How she'll make the Independence thing, I don't know.

"He says the really heroic thing he should do is go to Garden City, Kansas and grow corn," Karen added. Maybe he will, too. The Ching says: "It is favorable to go on a long journey...Return—success—all going forth and coming in is free from harm." I smiled at us all, tired to that point of surrealism which fosters strange conversations and happenings.

"What now?" Mass confusion over divvying up the check. Jim



decided to go to the party with Karen and Bill. I gave my car keys to Ken, gratefully letting him resume his role as Jolly Jimmy Johnson, The Courier and Tour Guide. "Good Morning, ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls. And welcome to Magical Mystery Tour!" It was very late and strange out. Hank ought to see International Airport in the middle of the night, we concurred. We waved goodbye and left. Hank sat up front watching the empty freeway wheel by—late freeways are almost sculpturally beautiful...drove over the section I always think of as Alpha Ralph Boulevard, curving high into nowhere from the Santa Monica to Dan Diego freeway.

We parked the car and fell out into the crisp damp. The guys were about to dash across the street; me—"Hey, wait for the 'Walk' signal!" They teased, but waited; and we marched across together toward the beautiful blue flame wavering in a reflecting pool before the administrative tower. Pink and red geraniums were mercury-violet under the tall carousel arc lights. We paused, grokking with little conversation, as the sidewalk rounded the corner into full view of that terrific spaceship of a sky restaurant anchored, monumentally, in the middle of acres of parking lots.

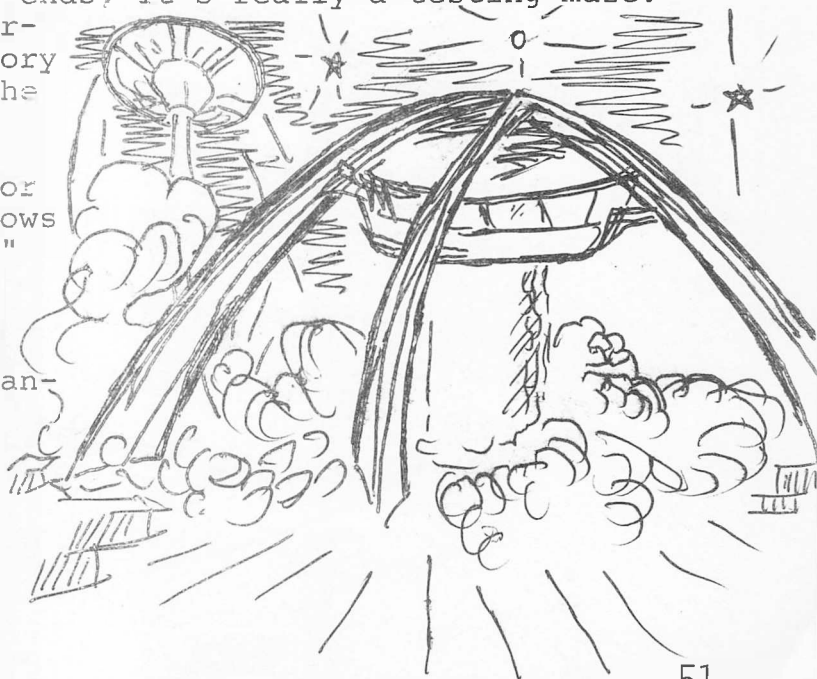
Ken: "It's just ready to take off. You can see where the flames would come out the bottom."

Hank was unusually quiet, for him. "I'm just putting everything together," he explained—unnecessarily. Loose-limbed, for once, he took the stairs to the roof of the TWA terminal two at a time and then just stood there, looking down at the night people dribbling in from the last flight from Vegas; and looking across at the tiny field lights winking in rows. "Yeah. It's all there, man."

On and on, across to the American terminal with its moving walkway, upon which you lie on your back and watch the ceiling go by, and startle the sleepy night guard. Back, to the miles and miles of tunnel—honest for true, painted electric blue walls—which run behind the "airport" sets. Steps echoed down the corridor, and laughter bounced off the tiled walls behind me as I burst into a run. "They're after us! They've sealed off the ends, it's really a testing-maze!" Finally we ended at the United Airlines waiting room—a huge two-story cylinder with 180° windows over the black field. Inside, there were rows and rows of naugahyde sofas where sat a sole sailor waiting for his plane or Godot or God, who knows—Muzak softly hummed "Moon River" at him.

It never ends, I guess—but it's just that my mental camera wanted to do a fadeout right there, from lying prone, staring at the faraway ceiling, Ken and Hank crashing by my head and feet respectively, and wondering what we'd all do tomorrow.

--Sally Crayne



THE TRYST BY GINGER SMITH

The day turned from misty orange to a bright pale green. Jum1 sat on the mossy hill and watched the suns rise over the northern mountains. The chirrup of the jarrod as it burrowed away from the light broke the silence of the beginning day.

Jum1 stood on his tripod legs and spread all three arms to embrace the soft, vibrant air. At the sound of brushing in the grasses behind him, his eyes flashed from waiting blue to expectant green. He turned at the touch of a small hand in the middle of his back.

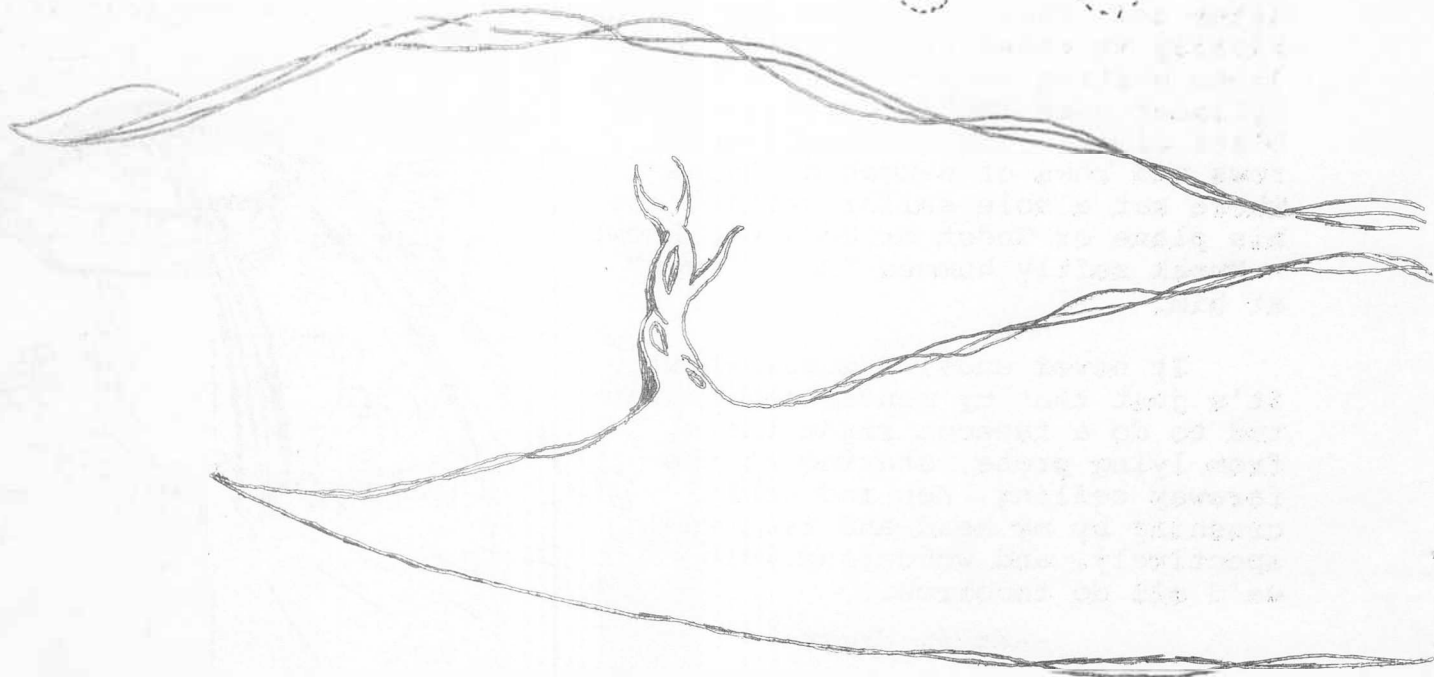
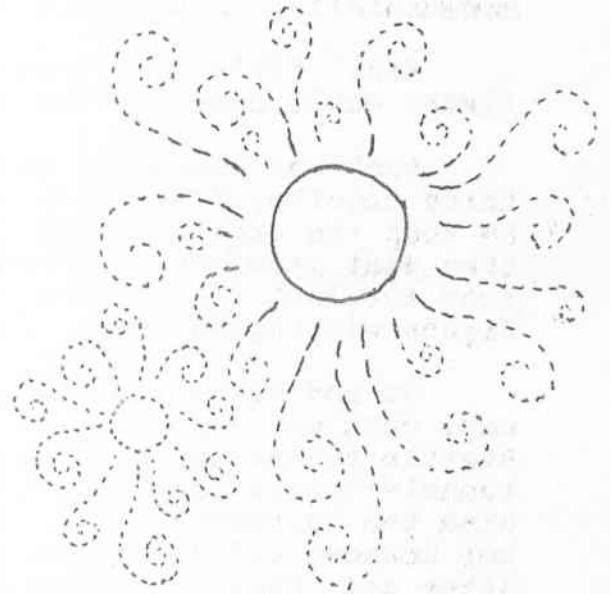
"I was afraid you wouldn't come," he whispered as he pulled her closer.

"I said I would. I meant it."

"What about Mirl?"

"He's still asleep. He drank a strong sleep wine before bed. He won't wake until the day is nearly half done."

"Your words are welcome. Come. Sit. Watch the suns travel over the



mountains. It is good for our love."

They sat together and, as the suns rose, separated and traveled across the green sky, they completed their union. The girl stood up with a happily sleepy gesture.

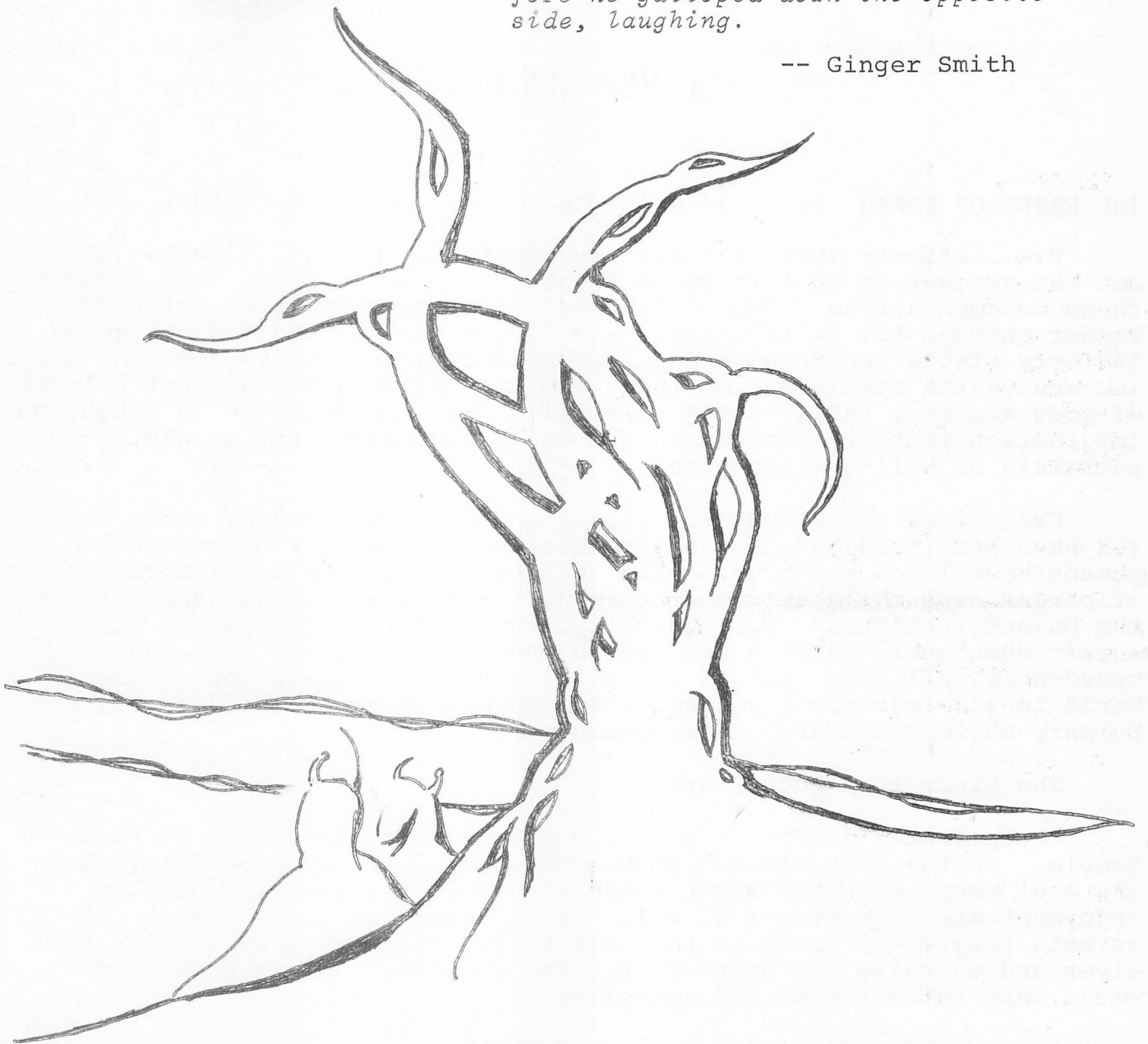
"The suns are near the far-away point. I must leave now."

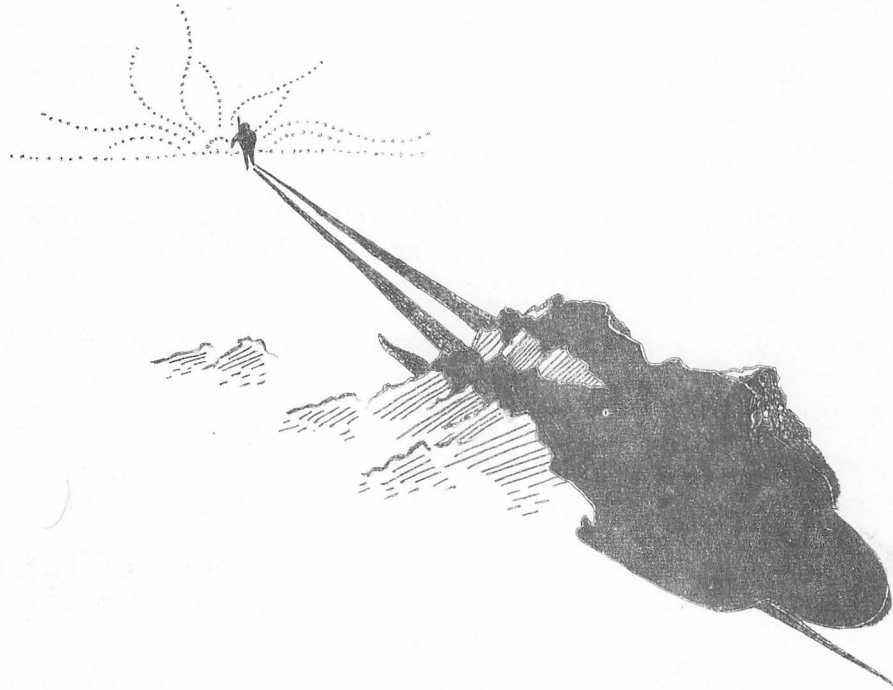
"Will you come to me again?"

"As often as you ask me." They embraced a last time before she slipped almost noiselessly down the side of the hill.

Juml sat for several moments before he galloped down the opposite side, laughing.

-- Ginger Smith





A WALK THROUGH INFINITY

THE REEFS OF EARTH by R. A. Lafferty; Berkley x1528, 144pp. 60¢

R.A. Lafferty must be a disappointment. In person, I mean. So few men who swagger so well in words swagger as well in life. (At least in these decadent times.) Where Delaney would (in an earlier existence) wander through the hills singing and loving and rhyming for the gods, Lafferty struts and jumps and talks and shouts and knocks down the doors and annoys the complacent at their tables. Delaney is the poet beloved of gods and men; Lafferty the tale-teller as likeable as he is rough; an imagination that kicks order in the balls and laughs at the divine catharsis of well-spilled gore.

Ever since the young were afraid and blood was drunk, ghost stories have been told and less benevolent and substantial beings than humans have lived among us. Like the Pucas; like the conglomerations of parents and children who are brothers and cousins that happen to be the Dulanty children. Very normally, the Dulanty children set off on a raft when their parents succumb to the Earth Allergy. And, quite reasonably, all they want to do is to reduce the population of the world to six (seven, if you count Bad John). But, as children do, the Dulanty children mature; their goals change.

The story is a Puca Drama:

"Puca dramas differ in pace and climax from the dramas of Earth people. In the high classic form, there is always a scene (very near the end) where all the bloody stuff is heaped together for greater enjoyment and convenience of all. It is extravagant and outre. It is both tragic and comic in the tall burlesque of it. It thrills the liver and entrails and heart of the Pucas. And to Earth people it would seem rather crude and excessive.

"Be you not offended! Through a miracle of circumstance, we now

live for short moments through the outre scene of a classic Puca drama. A suddenly hooded sun gave a garish light for the scene. It is always so."

You gotta be half Puca to enjoy *Reefs of Earth*; human sensibilities on the part of the reader tend to alienate the story a little bit.

-- Bill Glass

SPACE CHANTEY by R. A. Lafferty; Ace H-56 123 pp. 60¢

Ever since a blind poet got high one night, Ulysses has been coming home. He has been clever and symbolic; roughed, smoothed, and conned—depending on whose literary tradition happens to be using him.

He shows up after the Ten Years' War as Captain Roadstrum. "And, after wars, men go home. No, no, men start for home. It's not the same."

Roadstrum's journey in *SPACE CHANTEY* shows up Silverlock for the effete dandy he is. Very episodically, we follow the journey from Lotophage (which only *seems* like Fidler's Green, Theleme, or Maybe Jones City), to Valhalla, to the clashing rocks, into death and out again, to the center of the universe where Roadstrum sits on the universal jump-seat and keeps things running while the proprietor is off at the john, to the ascent inside the spider-Siren, to Polyphemus and Aeaea, into Hell again, and out again. And with him, the houri Margaret (who is really a black cat) and Deep John the Vagabond, and Birdsong and Fairfeather and Crabgrass, and Clamdigger, and Traochander and Bramble and all the others. And I ain't gonna try to describe some of the beings they meet up with.

It's a tale to be sung. Lafferty's got the words; anybody got the music?

-- Bill Glass

LEWIS CARROLL'S "THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS" DECODED by Abraham Ettleson, M.D.; *Philosophical Library*, 1966, 84pp, \$3.75

This book purports to discover a secret message in *Through the Looking Glass*—specifically, that it was written as a symbol of the Jewish life! Unlike most works about "Jewish secrets", which are invariably anti-Semitic propaganda, this one is entirely favorable to the message.

The best way to show what the book is like is to quote some passages from it:

" 'Jabberwocky' is the code name of Rabbi Israel. Split the word Jabberwocky in almost equal parts—i.e. between the letters r and w.

"Reading Jabber from right to left spells Rabbi, and reading Wocky from right to left we derive the word Ykcow which sounds like the name Yacow. Yacow is the Hebrew name of Jacob, and Jacob is Israel. So Jabberwocky means Rabbi Israel. His full name was

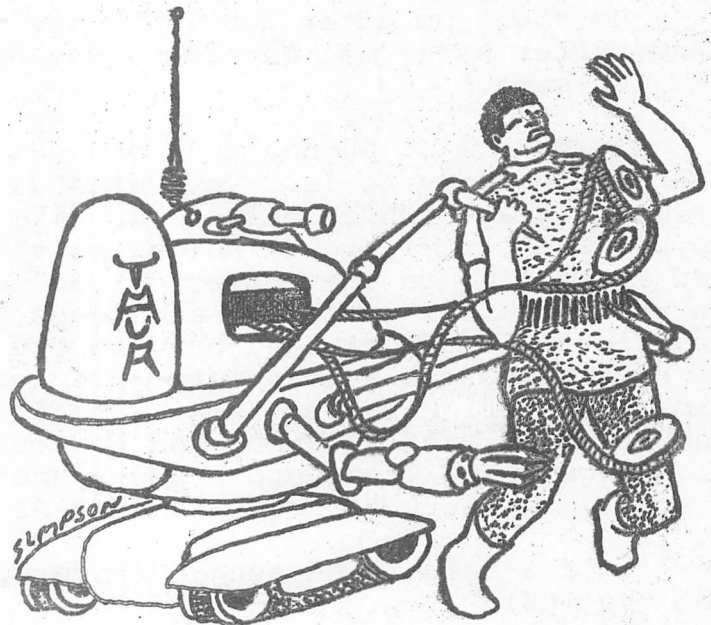
Rabbi Israel Ben Eliezer, the famous Baal Shem Tov of Medzhibish." (p. 22) (The whole poem of "Jabberwocky" is revealed to be a history of the life of Rabbi Israel.)

The Lion and the Unicorn are the Pharaoh and Moses. The fight between the Lion and the Unicorn is the story of the Exodus, of course. Haigha and Hatta are also the Pharaoh and Moses. "Hatta is Attah spelled backwards, meaning thou in Hebrew. (God addressed Moses as thou. See Ex. 34:10-17)" (p. 62)

The White Knight's Song is an Ode to the Jew. The "aged, aged man" is an Orthodox Jew. "To dye one's whiskers green" means that he has changed his name to conceal his Jewishness and survive in the Gentile world, etc. (p. 68-73)

The unbirthday present is a Chanukah present, since "Chanukah does not commemorate the birthday of any person." (p.58) The White King is God; his Memorandum Book is therefore obviously the Torah. (p. 62)

And so on. Whether you believe Dr. Ettleson's revelation or not, there seems to be little doubt that he is serious. The Philosophical Library is a reputable publisher, too, specializing in books about religion and philosophy by such authors as Bertrand Russell, Spinoza, Dr. Schweitzer, Henri Bergson, Kant, and others of an unimpeachable scholastic reputation.



Does the publisher believe this revelation is a Truth? Or has it published the book for the amusement of its readership, as a sort of philosophical jigsaw puzzle? It's impossible to say; it's presented in an entirely serious manner.

As a philosophical explanation, it contains one large flaw. Dr. Ettleson fails to provide any real reason as to why Carroll should have written this message for Jews, and presented it in such an obscure manner that it has only now been deciphered. Dr. Ettleson is aware of the traditional story of how *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* came to be written, but feels that they "must surely be entirely speculative, for the internal evidence" in the books support only his own thesis. A slight biographical note that Rev. Dodgson was fond of inventing puzzles, riddles, and new words, is the only statement that comes close to answering the question of "why", and I don't consider it a very well-supported answer.

For *Alice* completists and collectors of oddities only.

THE HIPPIES *by Burton Wolfe*

The only way I know how to describe what a "hippie" is, is to tell you to read Wolfe's book. This is the only honest attempt I've seen at a history of the Hippie Movement. It does seem strange that an historian should be necessary for a movement only a few years old, but due to the nature of the hippies, they have no historians among themselves—at least none that are interested in writing a formal history. Burton Wolfe is not a hippie. He did, however, go and live among the hippies in San Francisco for some time. The hippies knew who he was, and what he was there to do.

The author begins with the beatniks, and also uses them later for comparison. He describes the hippies, usually telling whatever stories he has about individuals he introduces; and then he indicates how they function as hippies. His characters include some prominent personalities in Ken Kesey and The Grateful Dead. Wolfe discusses all the different people called "hippies": the rich ones and the educated ones as well as the poor Negro hippies. He discusses all phases of hippie life: communal living, drugs, money, the police and the establishment. Nobody is glorified; but then, nobody is put down either. The author does draw his own conclusions. He is against the Hippie Movement; and he thinks they should all go back to school. He does, however, present an unbiased description of the hippie scene, and you can draw your own conclusions. You might even drop out yourself; I might.

-- Ken Goldsmith

HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION *by Alexei Panshin, Advent:Publishers, \$6.00*

In his review of *Heinlein in Dimension* in SHAGGY #72, Ken Rudolph makes several statements so misleading I feel they must be set right. While I certainly understand his enthusiasm for a book of this kind, I hardly feel this excuses a blind and unreasoning praise carried to a point where he praises things that aren't even in the book rather than face the truth about it.

What is the truth about *Heinlein in Dimension*? To find out let's look at the misstatements first:

"This is a brilliant book—probably the signal piece of science fiction criticism which has come our way since *In Search of Wonder*." (K.R.)

So says Rudolph in a flash of enthusiasm. But the author rebuts him point for point:

"This book is a *personal* reaction to Heinlein's writing. I don't believe in the possibility of objective criticism. To speak of objective criticism at all implies that there are eternal standards by which literature can be judged and that these can be known and apply. Those things treated as facts in this book are, to the best of my knowledge, actually facts. Those things which are not clearly intended as facts are my own prejudiced opinions. Even though I may omit an 'I think' from time to time, its existence is implied. There are no final settled judgments in this book, unchallengeable and sacrosanct. There are only my opinions, subject to change, and

justified as best I can manage." (A.P.)

Panshin doesn't believe in standards to judge by or objective criticism. He only believes in personal opinion. And personal opinion is not criticism. Criticism implies rules and standards. So this is not a book critiquing Heinlein. And certainly not approaching *In Search of Wonder*. It is only a book containing the personal thoughts of Robert A. Heinlein's books.

"As a work of literary criticism it is almost out of the realm of genre 'fan' achievement. Rather, it has certain of the elements of scholarship which set it above mere criticism. One could almost imagine this as a particularly swinging Ph.D. dissertation in American Lit. Which isn't to imply that it has any of the stodgy establishment style of doctoral dissertations." (K.R.)

But Panshin thinks:

"I have a great deal of respect for Heinlein's writing and I think it deserves to be examined. Heinlein is beyond any question a writer of intelligence, skill and depth. To a great extent, I have taken the tact that his good points are clear and go without saying, and have tried to find his weak points and deficiencies as a writer instead. This may lead to an imbalance, but it strikes me that it is better to be too harsh with someone you admire than to be gentle." (A.P.)

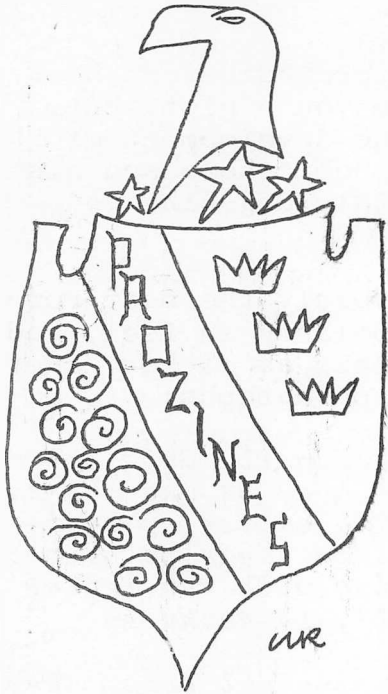
It seems hardly necessary to demonstrate that an imbalanced personal document giving the personal opinions of one critic about the bad points of a writer's works would hardly be classified as a document of scholarship.

What, then, is *Heinlein in Dimension*? A three hour, one sided, but entertaining conversation with someone else about their feelings about Heinlein. If that's worth six bucks to you, buy it. Or save two for the paperback edition, or come to LASFS. Somebody will be glad to discuss Heinlein for nothing.

-- Hank Stine

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE LASTISH

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THE PANAMORPHIC LENS

or Scanning the Prozines with Bill Glass

Ken Rudolph tells me that a letter poured into SHAGGY saying something nice about the prozine review column. Turning to me, Ken said something apologetic about how he knew all he asked me for was a movie review column, but could I also do a prozine review column?

To my mind, there is nothing more useless than a Prozine Review Column. Like none of you people are going to get so fired with enthusiasm that you are going to jump up and run out to buy back issue

prozines. And, if you read prozines, you aren't going to take too warmly to some punk out in California tabulating tables of contents and telling you the only story you liked in the last six months was a pile of shit. Therefore, this is not a Prozine Review Column.

Basically, this column is an effort to point out stories and people from the prozines that media-snob trufans can look for when they appear in the more palatable packages (hardcover or paperback) which a few fans still condescend to read. And, for your information, two of the novels reviewed here last time are so appearing. *The Horse Barbarians* by Harry Harrison has already appeared from Dell under the clever title *Deathworld 3*. Larry Niven's *Slowboat Cargo* will be out from Ballantine in the early fall with the title *Gift From Earth*. (Actually, I think that a better title would have been *The Bleeding Heart*.)

This time I'd like to draw your attention to someone apparently just breaking in the field. Outside of the four stories that have appeared by him, I know nothing about him. His name is Verge Foray. The stuff he writes is readable and is usually based on a concept --which is probably why three of the stories have been in *Analog*. His main problem so far is that his stories seem incomplete like the first part of a novel that takes you the first sub-climax where the premise is fully revealed.

"Practice" (in the March, 1968, *Analog*) is a nice little Campbell-slanted story about a private school for psi-talented children being visited by an accrediting board. There is the usual fun of hoodwinking the normal visitors, and a semi-zinger at the end to let you know that it's over. What makes the story is the way Foray has drawn the relationship between the children and the two sympathetic normals who run the school and protect their wards.

"His Master's Voice" (*Analog* May, 1968) is about an interstellar trouble-shooter (called a proxad, for proxy admiral) hunting

down a lone-wolf trouble maker (who used to be a proxad before he went sour). There is enough of a mystery to give you a plot, but, again, the interesting element of the story is the development of relationship: the relationship between our acrophobic hero and his sentient spaceship *Rollo*, and the utter, worshipful, dog-like devotion of the later for the former.

"The Creatures of Man" (*If* May, 1968) is probably the best Foray story published so far. It is a little like Delaney in feel, and a little like Cordwainer Smith, though not as poetic as either. Here, to give you an idea of its feel, are the opening paragraphs:

The butterfly with the wounded wing glided clumsily down to settle on a leaf by the spider's web. The spider knew he was there, but she was drowsy and ignored him for a time. The butterfly waited patiently, knowing that a hastily aroused spider tends to be bad tempered. Patience was often desirable in mingling with the lesser creatures of Man, and the butterfly was, after all, in no hurry.

At last she turned to regard him with her principal eyes. Her dark mind spoke: "Was that your caterpillar that fell in my web near dusk yesterday?"

"Yes, I was its sire," he replied.

"Delicious," she commented lazily.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," he said.

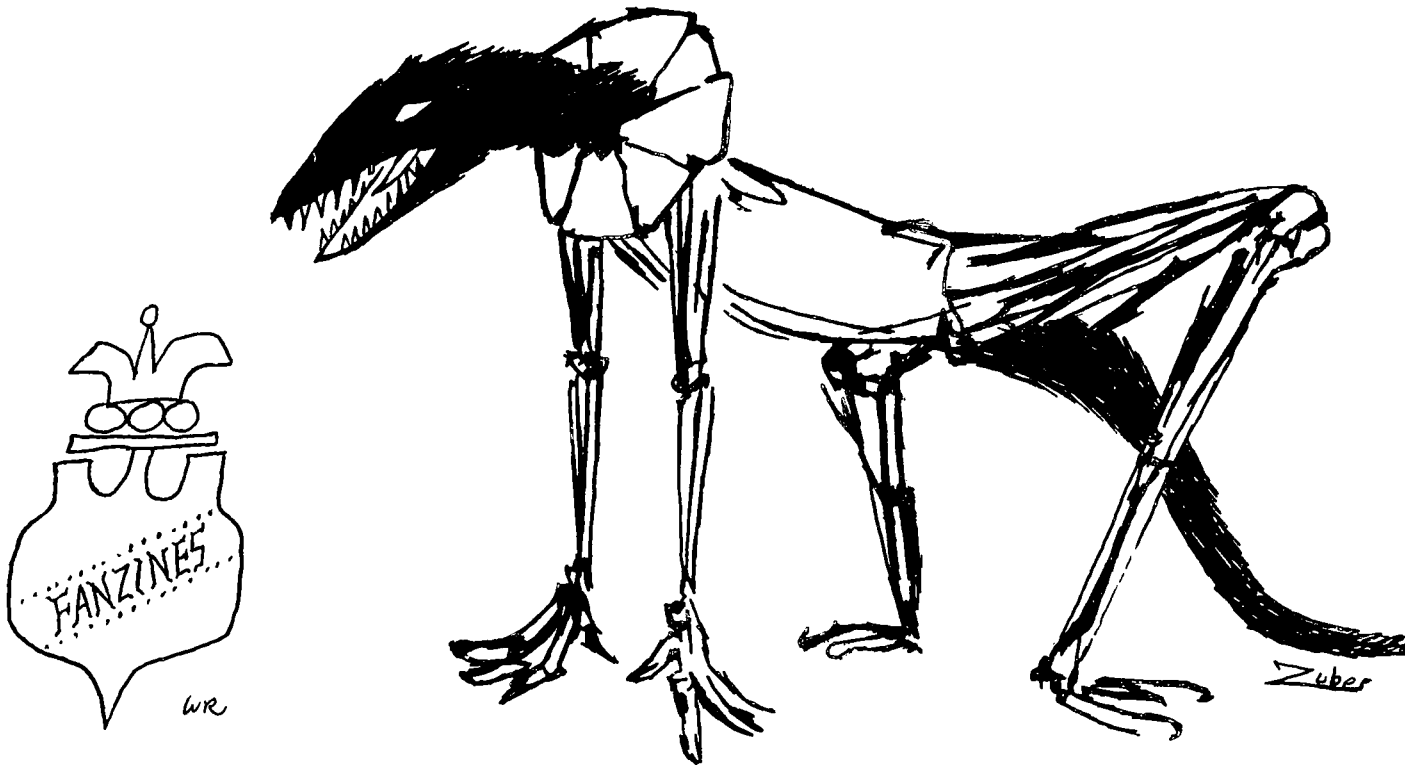
This time, Foray is concerned with the interrelationships within a society of mutated insects --butterflies who live in the omniscience of the "now-moment", the spiders who live within their prodigious memories, and the ecology between-- and that society's confrontation with a hive of "Metal Secretors" which appears in its midst. The metal secretors are, of course, men, so Foray also looks at the relationship between the insects and the humans --the creation and the creators-- who regard each other as half-gods.

"Duplex" (*Analog* June, 1968) is Verge Foray's latest, and most frustrating, story. Basically, it is the story of concert pianist Kent Lindstrom and his "brother" Pard. When Kent was six, he suffered an epileptic attack in the midst of a Florida hurricane. The doctors who rescued him performed an emergency operation, slashing the two hemispheres of the brain apart, cutting the connective neural tissue, breaking communication between the two hemispheres, and disrupting the epileptic syndrome.

Although Kent can speak to Pard, Pard cannot communicate with Kent except through a system of hand signals with the left arm. The story deals with Kent's discovery of the life that Pard leads while Kent sleeps and Pard goes on his "night walks". Kent is mainly worried because suddenly people are trying to kill him. To complicate matters, Pard has fallen in love and will not let Kent take up seriously with any other girls. It's a running and shoving type plot, which takes Kent just far enough to realise everything about Pard. And I wanna find out what happened next.

So look for "The Creatures of Man" or "Duplex" in anthologies, and the name *Verge Foray* on anything. And if enough of you read "Duplex", maybe we can all get together and threaten to hold our breaths until we turn purple if Verge Foray won't tell us what happened to Kent and Pard *after*. . .

-- Bill Glass



THE THIRD FOUNDATION, #82, Lee Klingstein for the Third Foundation. 1435 So. Bundy Dr. #4, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Bi-monthly; available for LoC, contrib, trade, or 10¢ an issue, 3/25¢ plus mailing charges./ 32 p. mimeo.

I feel that this zine has started on the way up. I may stick my head in the sand later, if I turn out wrong, but the contents of this issue of TTF are much more varied and seemingly better written than the contents of the last issue. Even the penultimate chapter of "Doomed Lensmen" was quite readable this time; Sybly White has runs of better and worse writing; I hope that the next issue sees the capping off of

this story in a worthy style. It has brought up some interesting points of view, to say the least.

Again, as opposed to the last few issues, the cover is well done, and even has a very interesting blurb by the artist, Don Simpson, on the cover and related beasts. The lettercol has become longer, and has gained in interest, always a good sign for any fanzine.

Other contents this time around include: the first chapter of something called "Tales of the Third Foundation", which could easily turn into something very interesting, or something so in-groupish that even they would not understand all of it. So far, the potentialities for the former

outweigh the potentialities for the latter. An article by Ted Johnstone, the pseudonym who writes UNCLE novels under his real name, on the possible nature of THWUSH, in which all is revealed, or Maybe Not. Fiction by Stephen Golden with good writing but little point, as far as I could see; a playlet by Barry Weissman, which was quite amusing; plus reviews of everything, and a few poems.

It would seem that the renaissance in Los Angeles fandom has not been limited to the LASFS crew, with the revival of SHAGGY, but has gone on to start publishing from all sides. Dave Hulan is planning on coming out with an issue of LOKI soon, and who knows what QUIPS lurk in the heart of Len?

QUARK, #6, Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo. 63010. Available to members of APA-45 in the 15th mailing, to outsiders for contribs, 10¢, or "show of interest"./ 36 p. mimeo.

Despite the fact that this is an apa-zine, and thus has a good deal of its bulk devoted to mailing comments on other APA-45 zines that the reader has not seen, QUARK could also be called of general interest. The lettercol is moderately readable, and there is a thorough review of the new Mothers of Invention album. There also exists some poetry by a Jim Schumacher. I think it only proper to explain that there are two Jim Schumachers. One lives here on the West Coast and does articles and art layouts for SHAGGY. The other lives somewhere in Missouri, I presume, and writes poems that should've stayed in bed. I don't mind surrealist poetry, as long as it is poetry, but of the two pieces that are in the issue at hand, one is incomprehensible, and the other, while on a rather interesting theme, is not done well enough to be really worth it. He has talent, that much I can see, but it is my opinion that right at the moment it needs discipline more than anything else.

I won't recommend this one, unless you'd like to try it out and see if your taste differs that much from mine.

PSYCHOTIC, #24, Dick Geis, 5 Westminster Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291. Available for trades, contributions, and 25¢. Quarterly?/ 51 p. mimeo.

Looking at this fanzine, I get the feeling, "Where do I start reading?" (With screams of anguished joy on looking through it.) This is the "Rotsler Appreciation Issue", according to the cover, but this note and the editorial seem to be the only places he is mentioned. Still, if I were Rotsler, I'd be proud to have this issue of PSY dedicated to me. I'd have to be him to have that happen to me, too; no one is going to dedicate a zine to a mere reviewer. Of course, Rotsler deserves it, but that's beside the point.

The lettercol seems to be the primary focus of all the discussion, this time. The matter of "Just how dangerous is Dangerous Visions, or what's wrong (or right) with Earl Evers?" is going the strongest, though there are a couple of other good discussions, and a lot of generally

good reading. Norm Spinrad gives an article in rebuttal to Evers; he also has a less readable one about censorship and taboos, and getting his latest novel accepted somewhere, which nonetheless has things to say.

"The Couch", Geis' editorial section, is strange and wonderful this issue, as he talks about himself and the issue at hand, and why he is publishing things like "A Primer for Heads", by Earl Evers, the first installment of which appears in this. He feels that the article is valid in a fanzine, because this has to do with what people will be doing in the future, since they are doing it now and are not likely to stop. Therefore all fans should get to know the subject better. I agree, and from what I've read of the first half of the article, it is simply an attempt by Earl to tell it like it really was for him. It is well written, and appears to be fairly factual in the areas in which any facts exist.

Reviews and a couple more columns fill out this thick and heavy issue. From the way this zine is going, now is the time to subscribe, before so many people do so that he won't take any more subs.

(Going-to-press note: PSY #25 has just appeared, and is even better than #24, if possible. Geis has doubled the price, in an attempt to remain able to afford to buy enough mimeo supplies to continue publishing such thick issues on a now bi-monthly schedule. It's still underpriced.)

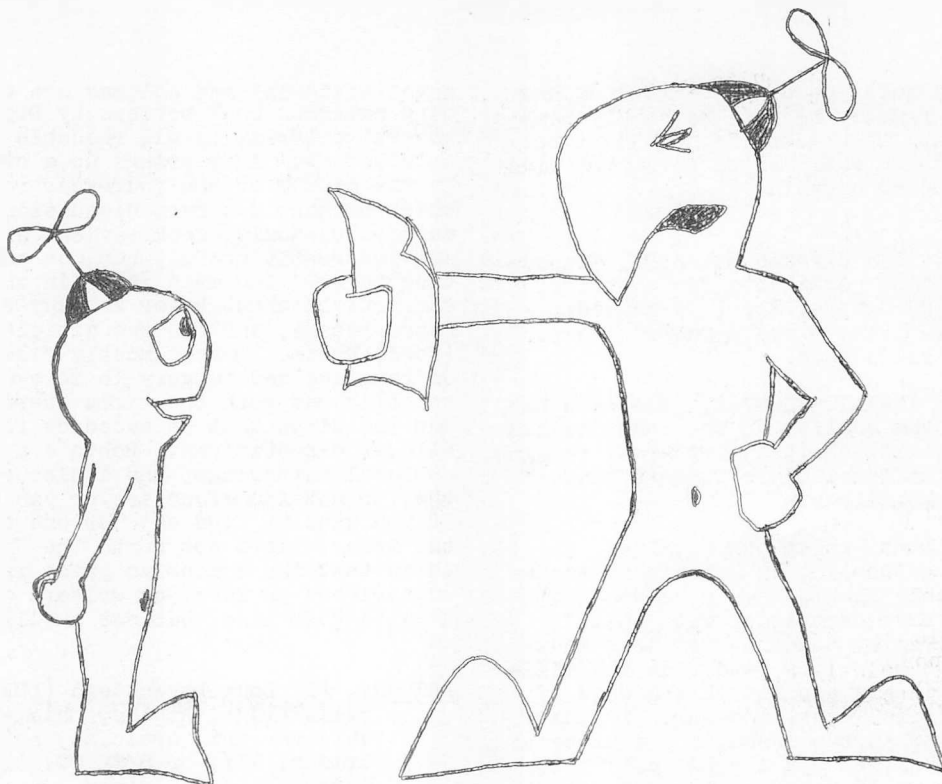
NIMROD, #10, Dwain Kaiser and Al Snider. Contribs, trades, and subs to Al, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, Calif. 91790; letters of comment to Dwain, 1397 North Second, Upland, Calif. 91786. Available for contribs, etc., or 35¢ per issue./ 51 p. mimeo.

For all that there is quite a bit of good material in it, this fanzine just doesn't click for me. The repro is good, if hardly spectacular; the articles are good; the artwork shouldn't have been run off on a liquid ink mimeo, but in itself is moderately good; but somehow the whole zine does not come through with the kind of impact that I'd expect from the combination of ingredients.

For articles, we have one on the way that conventions may change in the future, by Chuck Crayne; a brief introduction to the reason why "Dark Shadows" should get the Hugo for Best Dramatic Presentation, by Ted Johnstone; part two of an article by James Lancot about his experiences on mescaline, reprinted from SETEBOS; a rather humorous explanation of the perils of a VW owner in the frozen far north; plus reviews, editorials, and a bit of fan fiction.

The articles are all more or less interesting; Chuck's, Johnstone's, and Lancot's being in my opinion the most interesting. But, even with the lettercol added in, the zine gives an impression of being not quite all there.

It's probably worth the price of admission for the articles, but not, in my opinion, worth a sub to more than one issue. If you can get it free, of course, that's even better.



JDB
#

"WELL, I'D SAY THAT IT COMBINES THE STYLES OF JACK GAUGHAN AND BILL ROTSLER, WITH A DASH OF THE MYSTIC SYMBOLISM OF R. E. GILBERT..."

OSFAN, #35, Hank Intirell, 43B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Mo. 65201. Free to OSFA members, all others 15¢ each, 12/\$1.50; overseas 20¢ or 6/\$1.00; or contribs of art or news. Reviewed fanzines receive a copy. Monthly./ 10 p. mimeo.

This is a club-based, general news-and-reviews zine. Contents this include a listing of the Nebula Awards that were given out recently by the SFWA, announcements about the pros, OSFA Meetings, fanzine reviews, apc news, a fairly good review of "2001", and a listing of conventions being held this year. As far as I can tell, all their factual information is accurate, and the reviews are reasonable, if short. For people who don't mind their news a bit late.

PLAK-TOW, #6, Shirley Meech, Apt. B-3, 260 Elkton Rd., Newark, Delaware, 19711. Five issues for \$1.00. Bi-monthly./ 14 p. mimeo.

This is a rabid "Star Trek" fanzine, from what appears to be a cute, but rabid, "Star Trek" fan. This is assuming that she looks anything like the girl on the cover, who is leaning lithely against Mr. Spock, or the one on the ToC, who is standing over his fallen form.

The contents are varied and really quite furnish, where they don't consist of straight

adverts for one thing or another. There are some requests for material, a listing of all ST fanzines now being put out to the best of the editress's knowledge, plus a really enjoyable report of a trip that four Canadian girls took to see Nimoy in "Visit to a Small Planet", and what they did there. Also printed is a Bibliography of newspaper items of STAR TREKiana.

For ST fans especially. All others, as your conscience dictates.

GINDER, #7, Jim Asho, 301 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. Available for 20¢, 6/\$1.00, or contribs, LoC, or special goodies. Monthly./ 4 p. offset.

A mine of personal comments and news, plus a few articles (short) by other people. The type size is reduced from ordinary type, but it's quite readable. If you want to know someone better, this is a good way to go about it. One of these days I'll get around to writing him a letter of appreciation.

GRABAPPLE GAZETTE, #1, Martin M. Horvat, P.O. Box 286, Tangent, Oregon, 97389. No other information; write for it, if you're interested./ 15 p. mimeo.

This is quite good for a first issue, even though most of it is taken up by a reprint of an old article on sf writing, from THE PARTISAN REVIEW, which sounds very much like a "little

magazine". Repro is quite good. I don't know how much he knows about fandom, because he barely mentions himself at all. The second issue should be interesting, if it comes out. Write first and find out if he is still doing anything.

HOOPLA, #3, Jim Young, 1943 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418. Available for contribs, art, pubbed LoC, trades; 25¢ (30¢ mailed flat), 5/\$1.00. Five times a year./ 47 p. ditto, lithe, silkscreen.

This used to be INFINITE HOOPLA. The name has been shortened, and the quality of the contents has measurably improved. It is not a first-rate fanzine, but it has reached the level where I don't shudder when it drops into my mailbox.

This issue contains, among other things, a moderately readable editorial, an article by Kusske on apas (which probably should have been done by someone who has had more experience with them, though it could've been by someone even less knowledgeable - I might have...), a report on the MINICON, which was held in Minneapolis in the dead of winter, if the report is right, and which is the most interesting thing in the issue, and a piece of fan fiction, which at least has a good idea or two behind it. Send for it if you feel like it; it has a reasonable chance for improvement.

BAKI, A Journal of Poetry, #3, M.G. Zaharakis, 802 11th Ave. NW, Minot, No. Dakota, 58701. Available for contribs, or 50¢ coin. Quarterly./ 12 p. mimeo (1/2 size).

This fanzine is supposedly devoted to the furtherance of poetry in the SF and fantasy fields. This issue concentrates on the poetry of one Orma McCormick. She isn't that bad, but I don't think that she is worth the whole section that's devoted to her. I think that the prime thing that I have against her is that when she uses a form, it tends to get rather fuzzy around the edges. I liked the poetry by Baki much better. Next issue has a study of "The Wasteland", by Diane Zaharakis. No recommendation.

I BARAD, # 2, San Fernando Valley Chapter, SSMESIT, 7657 Orion Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406. Available "whenever possible" for 25¢ or 5/\$1.00; contribs of art, writing, and LoC encouraged, and I assume that copies are attendant thereon./ 10 p. ditto.

A particularly random zine. The most useful item is a key for writing English in the Elvish tengwar characters. The people who put it out are primarily Tolkien fans, but take time out to be enthusiastic about "Star Trek" from time to time. Enthusiasm this zine has plenty of, but it could do with some good contents and organization as well. Another suggestion: edit the lettercol.

ALGOE, #13, Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd St., New York, N.Y. 10028. Available for contribs, art, fiction, LoC, or 75¢ per copy; trades arranged. Irregular./ 65 pages ditto, offset.

This issue starts off with a beautiful two-color cover, offset, by Ross Chamberlain, and continues with a curious assortment of contents. The

usual editorial and columns are present, including numerous book reviews by Dick Lupoff. This general material is all readable, but hardly outstanding. Andy brings up a bit of discussion on the matter of the four-year rotation plan which perhaps deserves discussion; Ted White natters randomly; book reviews are book reviews and inherently useful, but not awfully interesting to me. The main items in this issue are the article about Roger Zelazny's writing, by Banks Mebane, and the two articles by Robin (Wood) White. Mebane mostly discusses the uses of language and imagery in Zelazny's work, pointing out both the times where he goes wrong and the times that he succeeds far beyond the wildest expectations. Robin's articles are personal natterings, and a discussion on whether or not femmefans are or can be human. If you want to find out how she feels, send for the issue. It's not worth the 75¢, but I rather think that the excessive price is to discourage subscribers in favor of writers and contributors. A quite good zine, but not awfully unified.

ARLOCHI, #2, Doug Lovenstein (LUV), 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio, 45701. Available for art, articles, LoC, arranged trades, 35¢, or 8/\$2.00. "About quarterly."/ 40 p. mimeo.

I haven't really had the time to go through this issue thoroughly, but starting from the cover and continuing into the depths, it seems like a really enjoyable zine. Even though this is only a second issue, it is well reproded, and the contents are varied and balanced. The item that I found most interesting was an article on the organization of Hell, by Bob Vardeman. It seems that Hell could profit a good deal from the services of an organization man, and most of the top demons aren't researched well at all, as far as Who's Who is concerned. A good zine.

TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED, vol 2, #1, Society for Creative Anachronisms, 1585 Arch St., Berkeley, Calif. 94708. A year on the mailing list costs \$1.50; checks should be made out to "Society for Creative Anachronisms"./ 28 p. mimeo.

This is a special interest fanzine with a vengeance. It consists of numerous bits of writings on medievalism and its application in our society today. Hints and directions for construction or sewing of things medieval for personal use are part of the normal fare, plus announcements of tournaments, meetings, practices, etc. The SCA is very big here on the West Coast, and tournaments are held regularly with processions, challenges, melees, and selections of the fairest lady present. Most of the members look and act and think mediievally, in addition to the normal modes of thought and action necessary to the modern world. One of these days, when I get the time, I'll go out to the back yard and start my sword practice for the summer. A good zine for those interested already in days of yore.

And that's it. We received about a zillion zines including Warhoon, Niekas, En Garde, The New Newport News News, and Spocanalia--most too late for review. More nextish.

-- Fred Hollander



CONFESSIONS OF A POPCORN EATER

Movies with Bill Glass

It's been a good time for the science fiction film; and it may be getting better. The notion is beginning to get around that stf films may be the only valid genre of the second half of this century. Three of the four science fiction films which have come out since April are extraordinarily good compared with the products of recent years. (The fourth movie, George Pal's "The Power" has all the charms of a 1950's quickie. No pace, no acting, no cinematography.) Up and coming are "Barbarella" (from which not much is expected) and the Rod Steiger-

Claire Bloom "Illustrated Man". Maybe Harlan Ellison is right—science fiction is where it's at, Baby.

FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH is the first science fiction movie from England's Hammer Studios in quite a while. Although made for the schlock theater consumption, it is an A quality production in almost every department.

It is the adaptation of the third of the BBC Quatermass serials by Nigel Kneale. (The first two serials became "The Creeping Unknown" and "The Enemy from Space".) Kneale did the screenplay this time around and Brian Donlevy does not play Quatermass this time—two plusses right off.

The thing starts with a fossil skull found in the excavation of an Underground extension. Anthropologists, headed by Dr. Roney, turn the tunnel into a dig, uncover skeletons of an ape-man, five million years old, with enlarged cranial capacities. They also uncover what, at first, appears to be an unexploded bomb. Quatermass (played by Andrew Keir looking like an older James Mason/Captain Nemo) enters the plot when Col. Breen, the military watchdog for Q's Rocket Group, is called in to investigate due to his W.W. II experience defusing bombs. Even when the (beautifully alien) shape is hosed down, the military still think it is a secret German V weapon. Only Quatermass and Roney realise the significance of the perfectly intact skull found *inside* the hull.

"Ghosts" are seen. Anthropoids are found within a sealed bulkhead, on which the pentacle has been inscribed. A thread of evil manifestations, all connected with disturbances of the earth, is traced back past medieval times. One man runs from the pit away from an unseen psychic force that hurtles objects through the air after him and ripples the ground beneath his feet.

In all his scripts, Kneale combines the mystic with the scientific. In the original ending of "The Quatermass Experiment", Q appealed to the monster the space survivor had become. The appeal was successful and the thing willed its own death. At the end (only on TV, alas) Q and his best friend (played by Hugh Griffith, of all people) rode an unsafe rocket to the planetoid source of the hive-mind intelligence invading earth. In space, Q must also fight his friend, who has become infected by the alien evil.

FIVE MILLION MILES TO EARTH follows an almost Oedipus-like search back into the ultimate origins of man, and of good and evil. At the last, London is in flames—its populace surging through the streets in The Great Hunt, the Cleansing of the Hive. All (including Quatermass) seem to have given in to the evil, as Evil Personified rises above the Holocaust.

It's not the sort of movie you walk out after from. You sorta stagger out, breathless. A little sensawonder is needed, however.

I did my homework and read Pierre Boulle's *PLANET OF THE APES* before seeing the movie. The book starts with a honeymooning couple sailing off the spacelanes and finding a sealed bottle (probably so the MS wouldn't get wet) with the story of the expedition to said Planet of the Apes. At the end, the couple laugh, nuzzle noses (since they are chimps) and disregard the idea of thinking man. Ha ha.

The story itself is heavy-handed satire. The apes wear human clothes in human cities with human follies. There is, of course, the personified hierarchy—chimpanzee/intellectuals, orangutans /Established Science, and gorillas/warriors-hunters-industrialists—that is belabored unto death. The one high point of the book is the end when Our Hero returns home after 4,000 years to Orly Airport in Paris, back to the sane world of humanity, and is met by a gorilla.

After all that I figured anything the movie did would be an improvement. The movie turned out to be a classic. (There are quibbles with some pretty rancid bits of dialogue and one or two trite bits of action, which for some reason I tend to blame all on Rod Serling, who never learned better in all his "Twilight Zone" scripts.)

The acting (even Heston, when he is acting and not talking) is superb. Heston is all right as the cynic who finds he must prove worth the humanity he's belittled all his life. Linda Harrison is feral enough as Nova, one of the planet's beastwomen, the semi-extraneous love interest. The real actors are Maurice Evans, Kim Hunter, Roddy McDowall, and James Whitmore. They are chimpanzees and orangutans; not just humans acting through masks. They are not mere monkey-mimes, but individuals you can empathize with.

The cinematography is superb. From the stars creeping across the black of space, the camera breaks out miles above the planet, drops forward, ever faster as the ground rises closer. We slip above a mesa which drops away into this most incredibly green series of inland seas—all with the roaring of rockets behind our ears—and finally splash down with abrupt silence as the camera pulls back and we are inside the cabin of the sinking spacecraft. With a series of extreme longshots (with muted remote sound) and tracking medium shots, the camera pulls the survivors across the (literally) trackless wastes to the first discovery of life, to the finding of the green pooled waterfall, to their first confrontation with the beasts who look like men, to the sudden panic of the hunt by gun-wielding gorillas on horseback netting biological specimens. For the first half of the movie the pace builds, slacking a little at the moment of capture, faster and faster until the physical climax at the midpoint.

The film—and the audience—stop for a moment to take a deep breath before plunging into the intellectual action. Here the whys

are asked and the origins are sought until all is resolved in the final shot and Maurice Evans becomes the hero of the film.

PLANET OF THE APES is also a collection of painstaking details, underplayed, that build an alien culture as deftly as Heinlein at his best. The ape city is realized as rounded sandstone mounds with small translucently paned, leaded windows and aerial walkways. Doors pivot on one edge, instead of being hinged. Books are sequential leaves of printed parchment rolled onto a one-handed scroll — when you finish one page and turn the scroll, the next page flips down over the one you finished. We glimpse a funeral, a museum (with sculptures, small bas relief "paintings", and diorama of stuffed men illustrating life in the wilds), and an open air theater. Religion, science, and social structure are shown through action and dialogue—some things only inferred, never coldly explicated.

Artifacts are half the setting. The other half is the inhabitants. They wear costumes of heavy cloth in browns, greens, maroons, purples (all low-key nature colors) accented by textured leather. And the make-up is, well, natural. Facial expressions, including grimaces, leers, frowns, and smiles, flicker across the principals' muzzles with the naturalness of real skin. And, by halfway through the film, you are so accustomed to the ape faces that it hits you with a shock that Kim Hunter is a beautiful female chimpanzee.

Excellent film; see it.

You should go see *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* one at a time. That way you can all sit in the center seat of the front row and look out that big curving window into the depth of limitless space. Relax and let it inundate your optic nerve, or dart your eyes around and over the finely textured details of the interplanetary exteriors and the extrapolated interiors, grooving at the reality of the future.

But don't do any thinking until you come out from the film.

I'll tell you why. You are watching poetry. You are a spectator on the glory of the future. You will watch machines and planets dance slowly through space. You

Continued - Page 70





AUTHOR'S NOTE

If you've already read most of SHAGGY, then this article is going to come as a surprise. This is not a swinging free-form description of candle-castle building or a fun-filled personal reminiscence of yesterday's trip. This is serious; and take three aspirin or don't read it: but be warned!

THE AMERICAN DREAM - NINETEEN-FIFTY STYLE

Most of us Korean War centered types--those who fought it, were raised through it, or were born during it--remember the Great American Dream. We've had it instilled into us in a thousand different ways: advertising layouts and grablines, short stories (mystery, science fiction, mundane), television, school, church, movies. It's in us, nailed down and cemented as thoroughly as our souls, sometimes more so.

You (any you, any time) grow up and find out your thing (any thing will do): writer, commercial artist, business executive, truck driver, store owner; it doesn't matter. You do it and you make money at it, and after a while (before or after) you find *the girl* (remember her?). Then you get married and buy a little (or larger) house wherever it suits you and move in. You have a small circle of friends chosen in any number of ways and you see them every once in a while. But mostly you live with *her* and raise kids and do your thing. Amen.

Oh, and on Saturdays you play golf and you go out to dinner just often enough and maybe have time for a brief spasm in someone else's arms, but mostly the two of you live together, happily (a few arguments and difficulties allowed) and raise kids. And you want no more and need no more. You're happy.

THE DEATH OF PLASTIC

But somewhere in the sixties things began happening. It wasn't only ACID, a lot of it happened independently of ACID, the ACID just

reinforced and made it clearer. What happened was simple: someone stood up and said, "The Emperor has no clothes." But times had changed and what they really said was, "The fucking Emperor's naked."

They did this the easiest way of all: they turned to the Great American Dream and asked, "Why?" There was no answer. The truth lay where it had always lain: in plain sight; but now people were beginning to face it.

There was no girl, no one girl. People had suddenly realized they weren't alone in being bored with their spouse, irritated with their kids. They weren't the only ones on their block who realized that love isn't permanent or that people change beyond recognition. Getting married and living with one person was a drag and impracticable if one's soul was to survive, and everyone else was cheating too. They had to, just like you did, to survive and take the pressure off playing the marriage game with someone you only vaguely recognized as someone you had made a ridiculous promise to.

There it was out in the open: marriage was a game almost everyone was playing because they thought they had to. And when it became obvious to everyone, divorces began to soar.

But on the kid branch people began to realize that kids were people and generally more worthwhile than adults because somewhere along the line what had been your thing—your job—had turned into something you *needed* to help make the house rent and support the kids, so you did whatever you could to keep it. Keeping the job was suddenly important and you lied or evaded or knuckled under to do it. You became less of a person and played any game you could to keep it.

So people looked around and realized they were playing games, many games.

A SUDDEN APPREHENSION

But one of the fastest ways people could realize all this, and one way they could find out and never forget, was ACID. They dropped acid and realized how plastic and unreal and senseless the American Dream was. They realized that love and sex are mysteries beyond anyone's comprehension, they realized that good houses and nice jobs and fine clothing don't necessarily mean anything at all.

They looked at them and knew that there must be something besides this, something more important. So you had a nice house, a nice job—if you had to (and you did) lie and evade and compromise and soil your soul to get it: *so what?*

And they dropped out.

They quit running after silly goals and trying to force other people into senseless, killing commitments and quit, just quit. They started trying to find means of expression that didn't require compromise and relationships that could be ended when they were naturally over.

And a new generation had arrived.

Continued next page



THE VACUUM

But with the dream gone, so was happiness, or, at least, the hope of future happiness. There was only seeking with no vision of an eventual goal. People had matured too far to blind themselves to truth. But they had no dream with which to replace the shattered one, and pangs of a desire for a permanent happiness gnawed at them.

Too real to accept falsehood, too new to find a different, better dream, they, I, and others stand in the middle, waiting for the next dream to make its appearance, waiting for someone to start from here, where we have ended, and, looking unobstructedly ahead, find a new dream and promise.

...Sit with me and hold your breath... listen... it comes...

-- Hank Stine

GLASS continued from page 67

will travel outward from reality beyond all understanding. And if you stop and think why, you're dead.

For if you wonder why, you will be thinking in human terms. And the human beings are the biggest bring-down of the film. (Some people say that this is the statement Kubrick is trying to make.) Kubrick directs the special effects to bring out the splendor and mystery of the universe and of the materialized imagings of man. But man himself is directed to be banal and mundane. Nobody shows any sense of excitement about what they are doing or seeing. Even today people ooh and ah over far away places and I still get goosebumps on looking up and seeing a sliver of jet sliding across the sky.

Hell, the computer HAL 9000 has better lines than either Keir Dullea or Gary Lockwood. HAL's death is much more moving than the death of Gary Lockwood. And Keir Dullea really seems to come alive only when extending himself through some machine (his space suit, or one of the ship's one-man pods). And if man is so dead in 2001, there is no reason for the psychedelic wonder of the alien contact of the last 20 minutes. And there is no purpose to the monoliths.

Our Ape Ancestors run across this black slab monolith and discover that the lever action of bones creates a great tool for killing food and each other. (Here, as in "Bonnie and Clyde", slow motion is used to give a lyric rhythm to violence.) Our deadhead descendents find another monolith on the moon. Keir Dullea finds a third orbiting through the Jovian moons. Dullea is swept back through time to the big bang of the exploding universe, then back uptime to the a-borning earth, then, in a dreamlike sequence, through his own aging, death, and rebirth. Transtime he meets seven crystalline entities, which may have been the beings who planted the monoliths. Or the monoliths could be beings themselves. Who knows? (Another theory has it that when the three monoliths lined up with the sun, the universe ended, and the psychedelic sequence was the re-birth, not only of Dullea, but the entire universe.)

Hopefully, the novelization will tell us what Clarke and Kubrick thought the statement they were making was. Until then, hope that man has a reason for re-birth—and just experience 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

-- Bill Glasse

PICKING A BONE

WITH SHAGGY...



ALEXEI PANSHIN 139 Joralemon
St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

In November 1963, Bill Blackbeard wrote me from Los Angeles. I'd sent him a number of reviews that I'd written for a fan magazine which had folded before using them. Bill said that he wanted to use them, and would I write something about STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, which was still a subject of discussion in L.A.? I wasn't ready to talk about STRANGER, but I did write an article on the subject of sex in Heinlein's novels. Blackbeard passed the article on to Redd Boggs, then assuming the editorship of SHAGGY, who retitled it and published it in #67, the November-December 1963 issue. It was that article that led Earl Kemp to ask me the following summer to write a book about Heinlein. In a real sense, then, SHAGGY can take responsibility for HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION. I'm pleased to see you publishing again. I thank you for your kind review. Your points about Heinlein's juveniles were very well taken.

Your linking of fans and hippies is in order, I think. There is a revolution going on and both are part of it. The hippies have taken up Tolkien and Heinlein. The Mothers of Invention list Sheckley and Sturgeon and Cordwainer Smith among their influences. Pink Floyd performs music titled "Interstellar Overdrive". CRAWDADDY, the best East Coast rock magazine, is edited and published by an sf fan. On the other hand, the hippie influence is also visible in sf. There are long-time heads in fandom, but of late many more than ever before here in the East. There are more areas of cross-over and mutual reinforcement than these. I would not expect sf to become much more popular, but it does seem to be growing more influential. What the effects of the revolution on sf will be, I think we will be seeing shortly.

[ed. - Here on the West Coast, we've noticed the interesting phenomenon of the hippie who comes to LASFS meetings and enjoys the ambience of the group and the intellectual comradery. One even sells the L.A. FREE PRESS at meetings. Also notable are the numbers of fans who drop out of fandom and go up to Haight Ashbury or to Venice. I'm glad you mentioned Pink Floyd, who in my

opinion are doing really extraordinary music: building worlds in a steinal sense in an entirely new fashion. Maybe future HUGO awards for best dramatic presentations should be open to works like "Interstellar Overdrive" or Chad & Jeremy's "Progress Suite", which are as much sf in conception as STAR TREK or 2001: SPACE ODYSSEY, if in an unusual medium.]

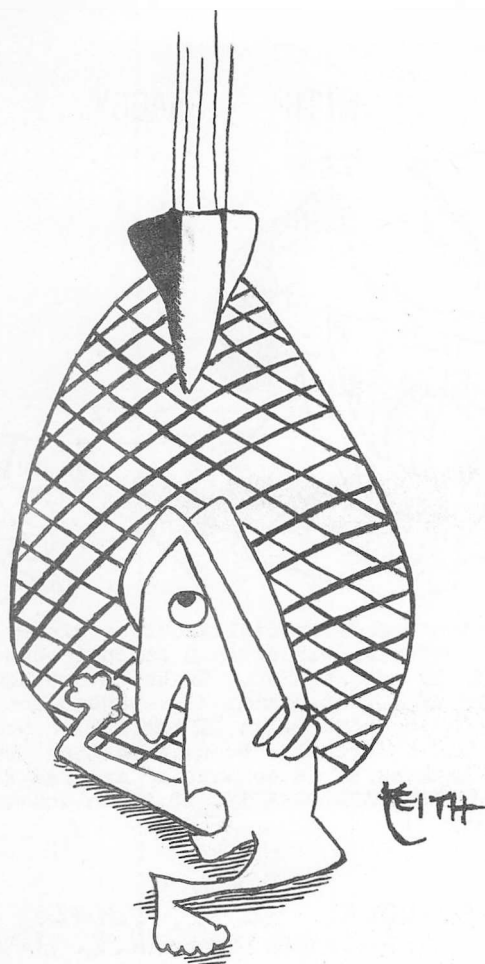
D. G. LOCKE RD #1, Paisley Road,
Balston Spa, N.Y. 12020

Thanks for the copy of SHAGGY.

Whoever put together my particular copy wasn't too checked-out on the usage of their stapler. Any fool can load one, but not just any old body can shoot one. These slickers who think they can slop a few sheets of paper into a stapler and just bang away are the ones who are giving us qualified operators a bad name. I don't go along with those who say that staplers should be stamped with serial numbers and registered with the local paper company, but I do believe that a person should go through an accredited training program in order to become a qualified operator. You always hear about the had stapler operator (staplerer, as we in the trade call them.), who is the cause of people cutting themselves on broken staples or tearing their clothes on them, and who is really to blame for those paper cuts you get when picking up the pages of a fanzine that falls apart when you turn the first page. This can be prevented by proper training. If you aren't among those fortunate enough to have had their Father take them aside, into the Dup Room, and explain the Press and the Squeeze of stapler operation, you should enroll for formal instruction.

Overall, I enjoyed the zine, but I can't pick any particular item and say that it grabbed me. The Gilbert & Sullivan thing I didn't read except for the plot synop of "Pirates", just to see if it was as ridiculous as the other plays that have been described to me. It sure sounded it. Technically I may be wrong to dislike something I've never seen or read simply because I don't like the plot outline, and know firsthand that I won't like the music.

MAN &
HIS
GOD...



But, a plot is framework, and if you're building with pipecleaners you aren't going to come out with too heavy a product.

Jane Lamont sounds way out, outrageously righteous and indignant against all sorts of things. Like, the cop on the beat, clean clothes and a clean house, music by Welk, Mustangs, soap, underarm deodorant, and all those weird things. She asks, "Where are you?". I say, not with you, baby.

I hope to hell Marijuana and acid aren't a "growing phenomena in fandom". The day that fandom starts swinging from that vine, I'm dropping out again. I'd like to disagree that, so you say, the type of person to become a fan is similar to the type who'd become a hippie. That's crazy-weird. I've met quite a few, yeah, who would look better behind a big handful of flowers, but to my mind the most prominent fans just wouldn't fall into that category at all. Probably because they're too old.... Anyway, what are these "similar goals and commitments" you speak of? Hippies haven't got any goals or commitments. They just sulk because the "world's gone sour" (the true hippies, that is. Others just want to conform to all the con-conformism.). You speak of hippies and acid and say that this is going to be the way in fandom, and then cover your trail with stickers reading "Conservative" that will adhere to the feet of anyone who steps up to differ with you. Let's make the tag read "Sane Man". Anybody who takes dope is either ignorant of what can result from it or doesn't care. I don't care who takes dope, as long as they lock

themselves up and give the key to somebody else, and make arrangements for their responsibilities to be taken care of elsewhere. It's their body and their mind and they can turn the whole works into jello for all I care. I like jello. Acid-heads I'm not too crazy about.

Thanks again for the zine. I hope I get the next one, too.

[ed.- Tell me, sir, what does result from the use of marijuana? Addiction? Cirrhosis of the liver? Jello? I have yet to read one competent piece of medical evidence that tells of any harm to the user from this simple weed. It doesn't even contain most of the cancer-producing ingredients found in tobacco. On the other hand, there is an overwhelming amount of medical research (including statements by Dr. Goddard, head of the Food and Drug Administration) which says that it is harmless. And as for acid: a group of doctors at UCLA recently did an exhaustive test of three groups—frequent users, occasional users and total non-users. The incidence of "broken chromosomes" were statistically the same for all three groups. (L.A. TIMES, May 14, 1968) And that's about the only physical harm that anybody has ever claimed for acid. You may be right about the inconceivability of most of the old-line fans ever turning on. There has been a concerted brain-washing going on in this country for over 30 years on the subject of marijuana: based on prejudice and in total disregard of any type of evidence. But many younger fans mirror the revolt against this campaign which is pervading all levels of mundane (and fan) society.

One of the factors which link fans and hippies, at least in my mind, is tolerance for strangeness or the "crazy-weird" in people. Maybe this is only a local phenomenon, or only happens in the big city fandoms. Still, I don't think that "tolerance" is a dirty word anywhere. It amazes me that people who turn on with a system poison like alcohol can become so upset by marijuana that they support the current Prohibition. And is it the action of a "Sane Man" or a Science Fiction fan to be closed-minded to medical and practical evidence?

My statements about the "similar goals and commitments" of hippies and fans were generally misunderstood. I meant similar, not the same. The hippies do have the goal to drop out of society. And they are committed to a philosophy of "love" (this is a very much misunderstood word when used in the hippie context.). After all, a FIAWOL fan has "dropped out" of mundane society, in that his personal life is almost totally lived within a separate society. He may work within mundane society (and in this way, fandom may be a good middle-ground compromise between the "Great Society" and hippiedom), and be productive enough to pull his weight within the society. I personally think fandom is a groovy place. I have no desire not to work and not to be a constructive citizen like the hippies. Still, after working and producing my bit for society, I "drop in" to fandom and put out zines like SHAGGY. It is similar.]

CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS, JR. 713
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So SHAGGY finally returns! It's not like the old SHAGGY--it's even better!

Frankly, I never had the idea you mention of LA fans as "sercon fuddy-duddies". A little weird maybe... I always got the feeling that there was such a concentration of fans there that they didn't need the rest of us out in the wilderness.

The Howard poem is one of the best of his I've seen. For the benefit of us bibliomaniacs, you might have explained where you got it, and why it isn't in the COLLECTED POEMS published by Arkham House.

Back and front covers are great, also most of the interior art. I wish you would take a little more care with the lettered titles though.

I wonder if you will hear from "D.B. Jodrey" again? How old is that address? I note that he says he's a Virginian. A "Dave Jodrey" had some fiction and poetry in some of Phil Walker's zines a few years ago, but I always thought he was a pseudonym for Walker himself.

SHIVA DANCES is beautiful, but I can't help but wonder where such an attitude will lead. It is too dangerous to leave the running of the world entirely to those who want power, and I'm afraid the "state" will never wither away.

Looking forward to the next SHAGGY!

[ed. - The Howard poem was an original which Fred Patten passed along to me, originally given to Fred by Glenn Lord. Fred's problem was that he might never publish a genzine in which to put it. I was mighty happy to be able to give it a home in SHAGGY.

Did Walker ever go to M.I.T.? That address was that of a dorm there.

One of the tenets of hippie philosophy is that "turning on" effectively eliminates the desire for power. If everybody did it, and nobody wanted power anymore, would this really be such a bad thing? For instance, there would no longer be any need for wars or dictators. It may be simplistic and idealized; but it does have appeal.]

FRED LERNER 98-B The Boulevard,
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Thanks for SHAGGY #72. It's great to see the revival of one of the best fanzines in history, and this issue is easily the most auspicious new arrival on the fannish scene in years.

I particularly liked the layout and artwork. The magazine was pleasantly uncluttered, and most of the illustrations well-chosen. Particularly good were "Things" and "Memories"; the artwork was very appropriate to the mood established by the verse.

I do not much care for the presumably drug-influenced surrealism of Jane Lamont's column; but Sally Crayne, Len Bailes, and Jim Schumacher more than made up for it. I enjoyed the verse scattered thru the issue for the most part; but I

didn't like the weak scansion of "The Night Before LASFS". I would like to know more about the "Villanelle". (When I ran a Kipling sestina in LOFGEORNOST I prefaced it with a definition of the form; I suspect that the "Villanelle" is something like a sestina, and I could better have judged its merit and appreciated its author's craft had I known exactly what the genre required.)

The reviews were good; Bill Glass' coverage of serials should be made into a regular feature, as it is a really useful service to people such as myself, who usually don't read serials until they're complete, and then often neglect to get them at all. Ken Rudolph's review of "Heinlein in Dimension" will doubtless be more understandable after I've read Alex Panshin's book; but it was easily one of the best such reviews I've ever come across.

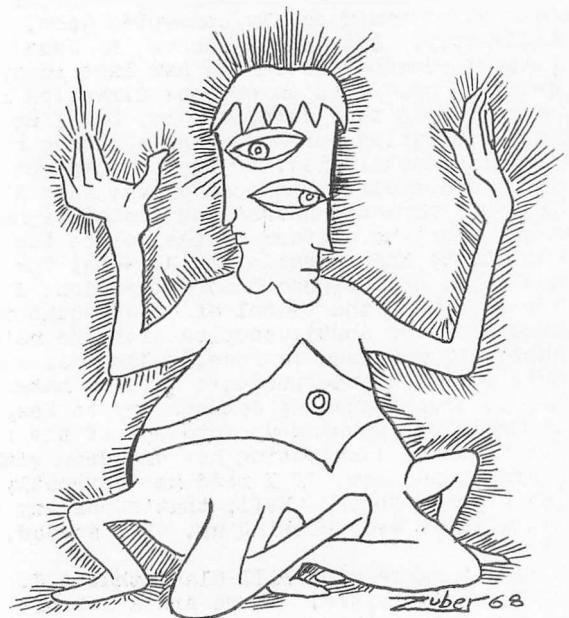
SHAGGY #72 showed me that, tho a very capable new generation of fans has arisen, L.A. fandom has not radically changed. It retains its traditional charm, vigor, and eccentricity. I look forward to someday visiting the Hill; till then, SHAGGY will at least give me the pleasure of a vicarious visit.

[ed. - Lee Klingstein tells me that the "Villanelle" is a French form, thus much easier to do in French than in English. The rhyme scheme goes: A₁b,A₂; A₂b,A₁; A₁b,A₂; A₁b,A₁; A₁b,A₂; A₂b,A₁,A₂. Does that help?]

TED WHITE 339, 49th St., Brooklyn,
New York 11220

I'm tempted to respond, "Yes, but not that SHAGGY..." But this is a little unfair. Actually, the material was not bad, but the format is a bit loose.

Your editorial: The drug scene is illegal. Facts committed to paper have amazing permanence



and an uncontrolled circulation. For that reason alone, I am opposed to personalized discussion of drugs and fandom. However, it will take more than the present-day drug fad to convince me drugs are "definitely the wave of the future." It would surprise you to know that more pot was consumed in the twenties and thirties, proportional to the population, than is today. Pot was commonly prescribed as a tranquilizer, and for menstrual pains. However it strikes me that while pot was legal it was much less compulsively used than it is today: it lacked most of the mythos and mystique now accredited to it. (Pot has been a "psychedelic" only since peyote-heads began discovering and using it, and that says more for what they brought to it than what it brought to them.) Actually, the drug-scene today seems to be operating on two fronts: first, it is replacing the beer-bust for college kids; second, it supplies easy escape from a world many cannot accept any more. Since I never went through the collegiate scene of virile beer-drinking, my sympathies don't go easily to those who've simply substituted a less unpleasant way to stone themselves silly (no hangovers). And ever since I found my own senses were adequate to fully dig the world around me (beauties and ugliness all), I haven't felt the overwhelming urge to dull them with drugs or escape the supposed pain of reality.

For that reason, I am really not keen on seeing fandom become a land of druggies, although my personal feelings are live-and-let-live. Happiness is where you find it, but if you can't make it on your own, let's not brag about it as if that was a Good Thing.

You also brag up LASFS' "grasp of socio-dynamics" as better than "any other comparable group--in fandom or out of it." I don't know your scene, fella, but neither do you know ours, or others'.

Hugo nominations: Don't you people ever read hardcover books? Try Zelazny's Lord of Light. Go on: try it.

No comment on most of the material: it's personality-oriented and largely enjoyable, but not the sort of stuff easily commented upon, except indirectly. But "Shiva Dances" by Jane Lambert (whom I remember better in her last incarnation) troubles me. It's an obvious direction for Jane, and not one that surprises me, but I am nonetheless troubled for her. She's such a bundle of tangled hostilities, trying so desperately to transcend herself. The second page says it all: fierce, paranoid hatred and denial of human beings who wear the uniform of the police (depersonalized to the symbolic The Man--but The Man used to be the neighborhood connection; I guess He is always the symbol of hated Authority, no matter what the sort), coupled with the naive hope that "All you need is love." Jane has love; why don't we? Then she wouldn't have to hate us. It's all so sad: watching someone try to keep herself from ever growing up into one of the feared and hated adults, inculcating her children with hippie argot, and now, if I read her correctly, becoming a speed freak. Well, that's one way to grow old without ever growing up. But so sad.

I cannot agree with Bill Glass that A.J. Budrys is a good critic. There are a lot of reasons why I feel this way, but for just one, I suggest you watch for the forthcoming GALAXY in which he reviews Panshin's Heinlein In Dimension.

(I've seen the galleys.) Compare the review with your own in this SHAGGY. Ask Bill which is the better, which the more precise, more cogent, more to the point.

Budrys, more times than not, simply does not know what he is talking about. It is, as one New York author remarked, as if he simply started talking about a book and after a while stopped. He does not enter his reviews with a necessarily defined viewpoint, and he's as likely to emerge still without one. He also cheats. LeRoy Tanner (himself an abomination upon the face of the Earth; but with Harrison leaving AMAZING Tanner will once more subside into whatever grey land pseudonymous personalities go when unused) brings up one instance of this in the July AMAZING, wherein (in the body of a review of a Budrys book; a totally inappropriate place) he accuses Budrys of simply quoting back a section of a book's afterword in his review as though the thoughts were his own.

Budrys did this again, in his Panshin review. He does not speak kindly of the book, but borrows its conclusions and ordering of concepts



to present as his own. (In truth, his review reads like jealous hostility.)

He also acts slyly and deviously and without overt reason. I had a book published last year which I wanted to see reviewed in the prozines, because as a hardcover juvenile I knew it would be otherwise overlooked by the hardcore sf readers. That book was Secret of the Marauder Satellite, published by Westminster Press. I asked review copies be sent to ANALOG, F&SF and GALAXY. Miller, in ANALOG, called it the year's best sf juvenile. Terry Carr, in F&SF, gave it a highly favorable review, stating that adults would enjoy it as much as anyone.

Budrys denied receiving a copy.

When he told me that, at the NyCon3, I sent a second, a copy of my own, for which I'd paid 60% the list price, to his home address in Illinois. I saw him in March and asked him if he'd read it. He smiled, shook his head, and

said he hadn't seen it.

He's lying, obviously. I can assume that either he doesn't want to read it (he once told a friend I'd never write anything worth reading; he might believe that, or he might just not want to find he was wrong), or that, having read it, he doesn't want to review it. I could, grudgingly, accept either case if he said as much to me. But instead he tells me he never got a copy. I just plain doubt that like hell.

Of course I'm not sure I'd want to read the review he might write if he did review the book. It's my conceit that if he read it, he'd like it-- but I could easily be wrong. Likewise, considering the ambiguous, muddy, what-am-I-talking-about reviews he so often writes, a review from him even if he did like the book might be no favor. But, you see, writing books for me is a little like publishing a fanzine: I want to read those reviews, my letters of comment. It's all very well to say that the mundane press has given me rave (if not too intelligent) reviews on the book, that it's been put on the NYC Public Library's prestigious Recommended list, that it's gone into its third printing in less than a year and has made me more money than anything else I've written. That's all very well and good, but, dammit, I want my egobool. I want to know that my people think of it. And most specially those who never expected much of me to start with.

So I'm annoyed with Budrys--because he won't cooperate, even to the extent of being honest about receiving the books. It's a little thing that, like many little things, tends to pyramid. It makes me doubt his honesty in other directions, makes me wonder how many other covert games he's playing. So I notice things. Like I notice that he has an undisguised hatred for John Brunner--not just his books, but John himself, whom he has personally attacked in several columns. Why? John is not an abrasive personality. Were they both chasing the same girl at one of the conventions, or something? And did John get to her first? Who knows? Who cares? But, as someone else entirely once said, "If you have to sleep with the anthologist to get into the anthology, that's where I get off." Too true.

Read those Budrys reviews again. Glass, and be critical. Then read Damon Knight (In Search of Wonder) for contrast.

[ed.-Whew! Them's strong words, sir. Might as well start at the top; and please don't take these remarks personally. It's just that you've pushed some very sensitive buttons.

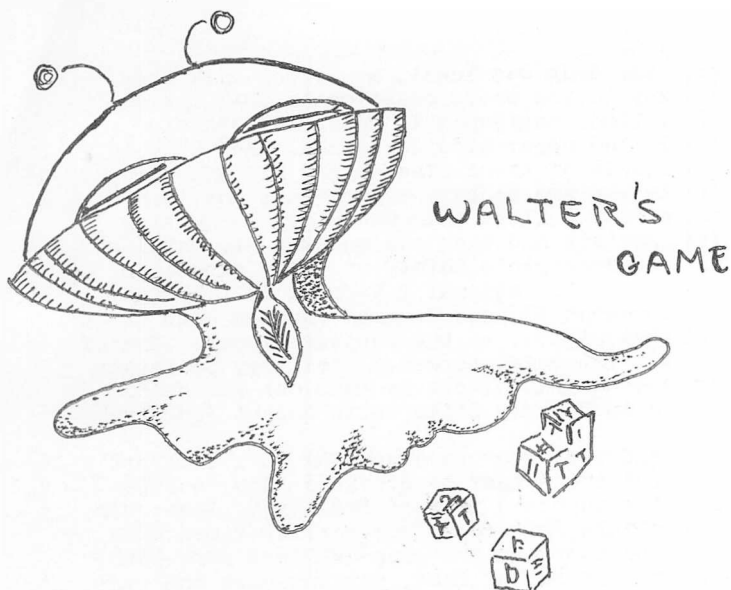
You may be right about less pot being smoked proportionately today than in the 1920's and 30's. But the issue isn't all that clear-cut. There has been an enormous increase in the past year alone. Anyway, where could you have possibly gotten figures to back up such a statement? Even the U.S. Government has no idea how much is being consumed. If they did they'd be arresting even more people than they are now. I have seen figures that the number of drug-involved arrests have increased some fantastic amount in the past year, like 1000%. And begging the question whether pot should be illegal in the first place, at least these figures give some clue to the percentage increase in the number of users. (Also, interestingly enough, the number of heroin arrests have gone down.) Figures on pot consumption were much easier to compile

when the drug was legal, as it was back then. The key to the whole question is that for the first time, marijuana is entering the middle and upper-middle classes. And that is all levels of these classes and all age groups. People who are so busy saying that pot is a high-school and college phenomenon are forgetting that artists and even businessmen are turning on in the complete safety of their expensive homes. On Educational T.V. here in L.A. there was a recent 12 hour program (spaced over three straight nights) on the subject of pot. One of the key interviewees was a sociology professor who stated that almost as much pot was being smoked in Beverly Hills as in Haight Ashbury.

And what ever gave you the idea that pot "dulled" the senses or provided easy "escape from the supposed pain of reality"? That, sir, is a cliché left over from earlier times when only the poor and the slum-dwellers were turning on. In actual fact, pot enhances the senses, especially the sense of hearing. It is not by accident that musicians have been turning on for years. Anybody whose senses are adequate to dig the world as it is would simply find that pot makes his senses more adequate. After all, our legs are perfectly adequate to take us across the city; but that doesn't stop us from using a car or a subway to make it easier, faster, and more pleasurable once we have reached our destination. The only thing the pot-head has to brag about is that he has seen through the tissue of lies and clichés which have surrounded the subject for years.

The statement I made about the L.A. fan's grasp of the sociodynamics of his fandom might seem rash. But there is plenty of evidence to back it up. First of all, there was APA L, which in 180 weekly issues pretty well exhausted the fund of what people had to say about themselves. One of the reasons it folded was that everybody knew everybody else so well that the reactions became predictable. Secondly, there is the factor that L.A. fandom spends most of its time in the incestuous pursuit of examining itself. Three years of semi-isolation by an entire fan group is a little frightening. Thirdly, there is something that you may not have heard about. Ted. Twice in the past six-months APA L has seen the publication of a "Sociodynamic Flow Chart of L.A. Fandom". These flow charts tried to graph the communication channels and push-pull relationships between about 120 L.A. fans. Of course, any chart of this kind just represented the opinion of the authors (Bruce Pelz and Len Bailes). But each time they published the charts without names. Oddly enough, most people who examined the charts were able to pinpoint the positions of themselves and most everyone else simply by logic. Of course, this wouldn't have been possible if L.A. fans as a whole didn't have a damn good grasp of what was going on in their fandom! Other big city fandoms might be able to do the same thing, or for that matter other large groups outside of fandom. But I don't think any other groups have tried it. Anyway, most groups might think this an invasion of privacy of some sort. But not L.A. Fandom, which thrives on this sort of group introspection.

Jane Lamont is a big girl now, and I won't presume to fight her battles for her. Besides, she's more experienced than I am at that sort of thing. However, I do resent the implication you



make that she's a speed freak. I happen to know that it isn't true; and I just can't figure out what in the article could have led you to such a weird conclusion. However, I'm sure she is duly grateful for your solicitude.]

EARL EVERS Box 192, Old Chelsea
Station, New York, N.Y. 10011

Huh? SHAGGY people? Could it be the Hippie Minority has pulled off a coup and taken over the LASFS? Or maybe the Bigfoot has come down from the hills and is turning the crank on the duper. And if I move out to L.A. will I ever really be one of you? I shaved off my beard last September.

Needless to say, I am stoned. Which seems to be the appropriate state to be reading the new SHAGGY in. It's a groovy, turned on fanzine and I'm both surprised and pleased to see something like this coming from L.A. I wish New York Fandom could pull itself together enough to put out a zine like this, but I doubt we ever will. Plenty of groovy, turned-on people here, and several good genzines being produced, but around here the two don't seem to be compatible. For instance, you don't see many of the FISTFA heads contributing to ALGOL or QUIP, or if they do contribute it's material that fits the existing zine persona rather than concentrating on their individual personalities and life schemes...

"A Small Circle of Friends" -- the title itself as well as the contents of the editorial -- is a start towards putting the concept of "Fan Gestalt" into proper perspective. Sure there is such a thing as Fan Gestalt. Fan Clubs, just like the members of an apa or for that matter any group of friends, tend to take on a group personality. The nature of this personality doesn't necessarily have much relation to the sum of the personalities involved, at least on the surface. But then human personalities are not something to be stacked up and counted out by the dozen like eggs, put two people together and their personal inter-reactions project a different surface personality than either of them separately. (A good example of this would be almost any good literary collaboration--the style and tone of the collaboration is almost never "halfway between" the style and tone of the two authors' solitary work.) And

when you have a dozen or forty fans meeting frequently, the group image tends to be much stronger than the image of any individual personality no matter how strong. In fact, members of any coherent fan-group tend to assume a special personality for the group which may bear little resemblance to their "private" personalities. The Cult is an extreme (and generally bad) example of this--it isn't so much an assemblage of The Nastiest Bastards in Fandom as it is a place where perfectly normal fan go to act like Nasty Bastards. (With certain Notable Exceptions. Hi Bruce, Hi Dian!) That's what a Fan Gestalt is, and it's not necessarily a bad or even false image for a group of people to have.

It's not that you have a fan gestalt, it's what kind. The Cult gestalt is an extreme example--a hell of a lot of people are strongly turned off by it, while others groove on it to the extent that their general personalities get more and more cultish year by year. (Hi Bruce, Hi Dian!) Up till I saw SHAGGY #72, my impression of the L.A. Fan Gestalt was fairly bad--all I saw emanating from L.A. was griping about fan politics and various semi-coherent but totally serene rumblings about The Importance of LASFS in the Fannish Scheme of Things. Sure I knew there were a lot of heads and other groovy people in LASFS, and quite a bit of interesting fanac was emanating from L.A., but the things I liked seemed to be emerging in spite of rather than because of the L.A. Fan Gestalt. Which struck me as sort of a drag because a Fan Gestalt is a powerful cohesive force which tends to increase individual activity on projects for the group and decrease on projects not supported by the group. So I'm really glad to see the new SHAGGY taking on a brand new L.A. Fan Gestalt and one I like a lot better than the old one. That's the beautiful thing about Fan Gestalts, they tend to change a lot more rapidly and radically than individual personalities when it's time for a change, especially a change for the better.

So you're casting around for a "Pot in Fandom" article... I intend to go into this a little at the end of my series of drug articles for PSYCHOTIC, but I don't think a detailed expose-type thing would do anybody any good. Knowing fans, someone will probably do it sooner or later, but I think it will just stir up a lot of unnecessary trouble. Sure, there are maybe a couple of hundred fans who turn on. But why should anyone start Naming Names or even hinting at them, or go into long raps about the place of grass-smoking as opposed to beer-guzzling at this fan-meeting or that convention? A lot of the heads in fandom are quite paranoid about Admitting it, and I see no reason to violate their privacy even if I think their fear is irrational. No, if I write an article about drugs in current fannish scheme of things I'll keep it quite general, which is the best way to present such an article anyway. If I write about the drug experiences of individual fans, it will be about my own and those of my friends (and the latter only with their permission). The general stuff, concerning what drugs are used and under what circumstances and their effects on fanac and fan-relations, should be just that--general.

I really grooved on "Things", in fact I just got through singing it through five or six times working out a tune. As far as it goes, it's right near the professional average for New Rock lyrics, though to really sound right it would

have to be about three times as long. The easiest way to pad it would be just add verses, but I think that would tend to make it monotonous, and you'd have to have a really imaginative accompaniment to carry it off. I think it would be better to insert some sort of chorus in a slightly different meter. Not a repetitive ballad-type chorus, of course, but one that changed subtly each time. Tom Buckley's "Goodbye and Hello" is an example of the approach I'm thinking of, though I didn't much like the tune and arrangement there. (The song is an attempt to set an extremely complex poetic structure to music and it just doesn't make it. But I still admire him for trying.)

I wish people around NY would start writing pieces like "Trips I Never Took". It's obvious just from Sally Crayne's writing how much she grooves on life. This is the sort of narrative that turns other people on to doing groovy things, if you're real lucky, you can then go on from there and turn them on to finding their own things to groove on. But first you've got to be able to communicate the spirit you put into your own activities, and that's Not Easy. As I say, I wish more New York people would start writing (and especially thinking) like this. But since the demise of Apaf we haven't been doing much of it and that's our loss.

Is the viking raid ploy described in "Han-nifens Horde" for real? My first thought of course was BULLSHIT. Then I started thinking, this is L.A., not New York... Oh well, be glad you didn't actually go raiding along the coast. Sure it would take the fuzz a long time to get there, but it would also give the local inhabitants something to take potshots at besides seagulls. And it depresses me to read stories that end "...and the survivors all got busted."

I really grooved on SHAGGY. Keep the faith baby and all that jazz meaning I'd like to keep getting SHAGGY. And as Jesus Christ and Bob Dylan said, TSNLBBA/EBMGS.

[ed. -OK, I'll bite: what did J.C. and Dylan say? Anybody out there able to figure it out?]

JAN M. SLAVIN % Earl Evers, Box
192, Old Chelsea Station,
New York, N.Y. 10011

I see this fanzine with a really wild cover so I pick it up and ask Earl what it is. He says it's SHAGGY why don't you read it. So I do. Yes, Ken, from the descriptions of the Hill and LASFS and such, FISTFA is the New York equivalent. Maybe even wilder. The East Village Other has some wild ads, but I've never seen one for speed freaks, let alone speed freaks to row a Viking ship. In fact, most of your articles seem to be these beautiful stoned raps, and I'm in perfect condition to read them. I like your artwork. It is consistently well done (i.e., not one or two really good illos by Big Names, and the rest rather poor amateur stuff--your's are all good, although not quite pro--too way-out. Pro involves salability, and the world is not ready for that sort of stuff yet.)

Somehow I don't really believe that Viking business. Even in L.A. I mean, there are limits known as reality. I ignore it most of the time; none-the-less, it does exist.

"Shiva Dances" is a beautiful, groovy, blind rap. I like the Stones too, though not that much. Earl and I tend more toward Donovan and Simon and Garfunkle and Leonard Cohen and such. I bet you people like the Doors a lot too.

I can make neither heads nor tails nor anything of the crossword puzzle. It looks like it must be for IN people or something. Or for the GULT (shudder).

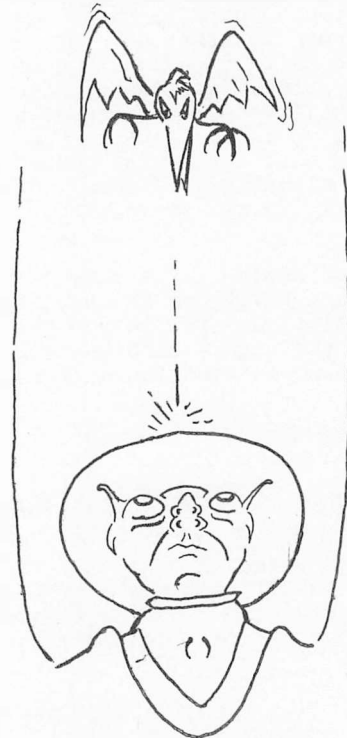
It's pleasant to see a really groovy, well done zine. Most of the decently done zines are stodgy; and most of the weird, out-of-sight ones are incoherent or worse.

[ed. -You sound groovy yourself. That's what this world needs, more groovy femmefans. The Shaggy crew and myself generally like Donovan, Cohen and S & G better than the Stones and Doors. The latter are evial, don't you think?]

LARRY PARR 432 No. Lee Ave.,
Fullerton, Calif. 92633

If it had not been for your editorial, stating that SHAGGY was, in essence, a new genzine, I would have hesitated much more in trying to write a letter of comment on it, due to the fact that I have only read one of the old SHAGGIES and nearly everyone I have talked to about SHAGGY 72 has compared it to the old order. One of the things most people have said is that the old SHAGGY was so much better than the new that there is no comparison. I can't really judge, but I feel you have something to be really proud of in SHAGGY 72.

The layout and repro in SHAGGY 72 were



excellent. The editorial staff (what?) seems to be alive and interested in what is happening to SHAGGY.

There were too many things of an exceptionally high quality to go into detail on many individual articles. I don't think there was anything that I didn't like—even the poetry, which usually interests me not in the least. The highlights of the issue, though, were the book and gazette reviews.

I told one of my more mundane friends about the intended exploits of Hannifen's Horde; and before I know it, I was head Viking in a group of about nine people (two of them very pretty maidens) who actually wanted to pillage and plunder the coast of California. We worked out every detail of the expedition, using those points of Hannifen's Horde which we felt to be adequate, and adding our own points or improving upon some of Scher's until we had a nearly fool-proof plan. We even have a fourteen foot and a sixteen foot sailboat lined up for the operation... First we made a list of all the cities along the California coast which have a population of fifty or less. We settled on Point Conception as our first target. We planned to follow Owen's instructions as far as the first part of the adventure was concerned—we would strike in the very early-morning hours after having sent a couple of scouts in to cut the phone lines or take over the switch board. We would then pillage and plunder, being careful not to really hurt anybody—anyone who gave us trouble would either be tied up or held at sword point until we were ready to leave. Then we would quickly sail down the coast a few miles to a little-used dirt road, where a truck would come and pick up the boat, which would be dismantled as much as possible. The truck would then take us up the coast to the point of our next strike. The police and coast guard would never expect us to be able to make our way up the coast as fast as a truck could carry us, especially when we were seen to start down the coast. After we had done this for quite some time, we planned to attack Sacramento; after all, half the fun will be getting caught and seeing it written up in the papers. And I've been wondering exactly how the police would handle such a situation. I mean, nobody would believe it, would they...?

[ed. But then again, maybe they'd mistake simple, ordinary pillaging and burning for fomenting revolution. How're you going to convince them you aren't hippies or Black Power counter-revolutionaries or something...?]

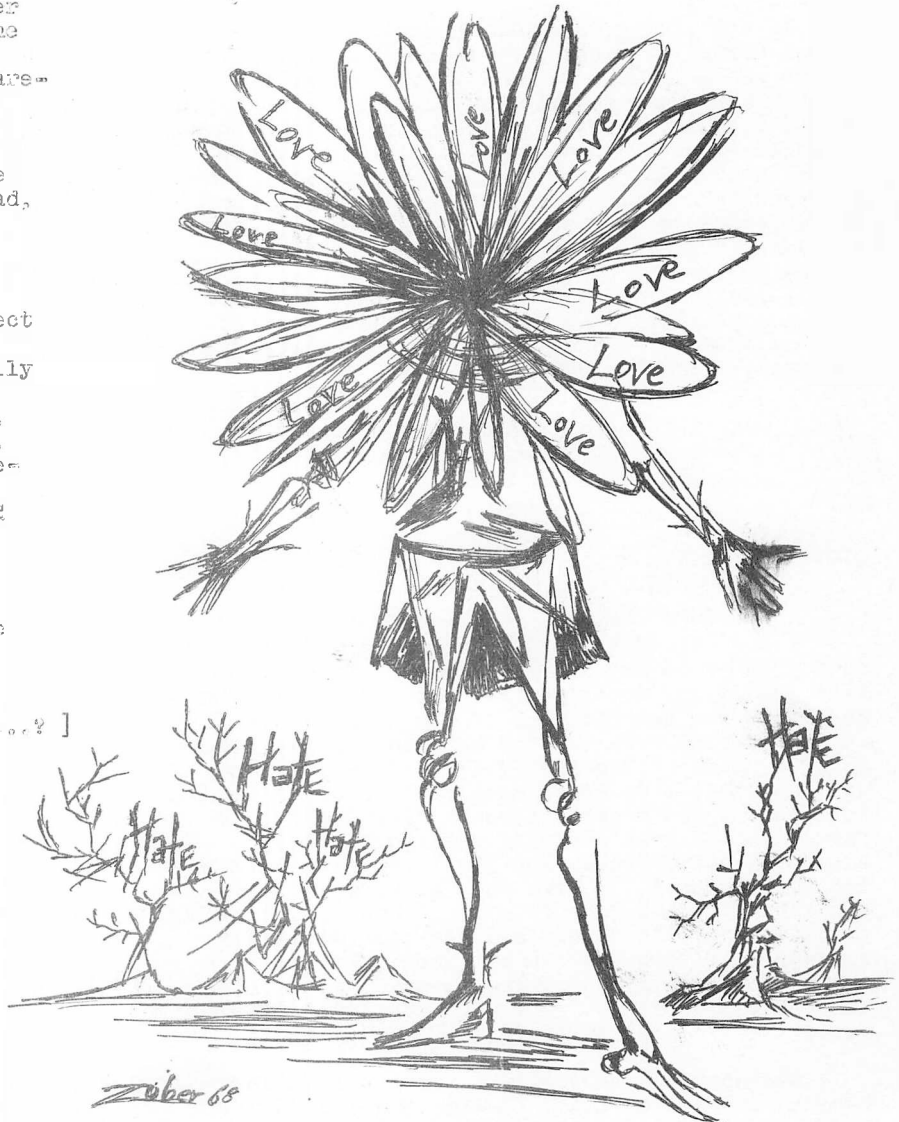
JIM SANDERS % James Seligman
Inc. Room 1645, 342 Madison Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10017
My God, SHAGGY! And a Shaggy that needs to apologize to no previous Shaggy for the use of the name. Congratulations, LASFANS!

But let's dive into the contents, and see what comments appear.

Editorial: I've been out of touch

this past year, so I haven't been hearing rumors about LASFS, but I can't see how any group which includes such major talents and groovy people as Ken Rudolph, Fred Hollander, Sally and Chuck Crayne, Terry and Ken Goldsmith, the Bermans, Len Bailes, Bill Glass and all the others can be called sercon fud-die-daddies. Fergawdsakes, the group I just mentioned seems to have more fannish potential than any group since the extremely talented group which semi-centered around Andy Porter, Arnie Katz, Duncan MacFarland, and Lon Atkins.

I would question one of your statements about the fan heads. You say "The type of person who would become a fan is somewhat akin to the type of person who would become a hippie. Both have similar goals and commitments." From the NYfen and Baltifen I know, and from what I have read from the LASFANS, I can't go along with this. Almost all these fan are interested in working within the system; ignoring it when it gets in the way, screwing it whenever possible for the hell of it, but in general working within it. They do not seem to have the same commitment that the hippies have: that the system is utterly corrupt, that it corrupts all who cooperate with it too fully, that the only way a man



can retain his dignity is to get completely out of it. And they do not seem to have the goal that the hippies have of replacing the current system with a better one, or rather, to be precise, of completely scrapping the current society and starting a new one.

Discussing drugs in fanzines? What is wrong with that? Except for the slight danger of busts, and the danger is slight for non-dealers, there should be no objection at all. It is a valid topic for discussion, and it may be the most important topic in America today.

Ahhhhhh, THE BUTTERFLY KID. I am slightly handicapped in my judgement of this book. I think it is wildly funny, but then I can judge the pictures a little better. You see, you say it "reads like real faaan fiction." Well, essentially it is. All the characters except for the blue lobsters, Karen, and the Kid himself are based on real people, people who I know or know of. And Chester has drawn quite accurate pictures, especially of St. Andrew the Pornographer. I have, since I read the book, had the completely impractical idea of doing a screenplay with the real people playing thier counterparts. It is impossible, but it would be fun.

Sally Grayne's piece is immense fun, and almost makes me want to get out to L.A., if for no other reason, to share a blueberry yoghurt with her. Damn it, I won't leave New York. I WON'T LEAVE NEW YORK. I WILL ALWAYS LIVE IN NEW YORK! Stop tempting me, LASFS!

As always the Berman and Digby pieces are fun.

I like G & S, but I will never understand the cult aspects of it. Or maybe some day I will, and will be found in a small dark room singing over and over again, "This particularly rapid and ~~un~~intelligible chatter isn't generally heard and if it is it doesn't matter" or some of the songs from Gondoliers.

M. G. ZAHARAKIS 802 11th Ave. NW,
Minot, North Dakota 58701

Greetings, from he who sits in the north and writes with his icicle.

This being Holy Week, and the season when dead things are supposed to rise up, it was not too much of a surprise to find that SHAGGY was shuffling out of the tomb. (An unfortunate and untimely tomb at that)

The multi adds to the quality as does the placement of the artwork. I find it hard to comment on such things as review, poetry, and other various and sundry things. However, I did find Hannifen's Horde both entertaining and thought provoking.

While talking with Kris Carey I conceived several grandiose plans which I shall list here.

1) Several Minot fans and LASFSens could get together and invade Tarzana, Cal. with the purpose of exuming the body of Edgar Rice Burroughs for a Viking burial at sea. I can just see it now...a gigantic longboat piled high with his novels and set ablaze somewhere out in the middle

of the Pacific! I have discarded this possibility since it has occurred to me there are over 1000 Burrough's Bibliophiles and the likelihood of at least half of them owning long-swords. What would we look like after being used for targets of the same?? (Of course they might just tie us between wild Banths and let them go)

2) Again several Minot Fans and LASFSens get together and pillage various Cal. fan centers. We could pillage places like Venice, Cal. and gain such wonderful booty as Dick Geis's Gestetner and back copies of PSY for wrapping our fish. I understand there are many nubile young femmes on the Cal. coast but my wife has told me that I may only pillage if this plan goes through. (Other members of the party may rape if desired)

3) We can use this method to end current feuds and feuds in the future. You people in L.A. sail or row up the coast and kidnap Big Bill and his Gestetner and carry him off to L.A. Then you make him walk back barefoot with the mimeo strapped to his back. This would be fair because the Frisco fans can hire a giant Zeppelin to kidnap Bruce Pelz and make him carry all the crudzines and publish a oneshot...thus ending the rapidly developing feud. (The only other solution I see is to bury the hatchet in various skulls which I am against as blood does not sit well with mimeo ink.)

Like Jim Schumaker I am "sick in the head" and am working on several wild and impossible schemes. One of the latest started when this voice spoke to me as I was laboring over my \$25 mimeo. "Zaharakis..." It said rather distinctly, "I am going to destroy the world soon with ice and snow..." I shuddered. After living two years in North Dakota this does not seem improbable. "Zaharakis...I want you to build a gigantic igloo and gather two of..." But that is another story altogether and I must go now to attend the Spring Bacchanalia to celebrate the coming of the warm season. (It is due to fall on a weekend this year)

Does anyone know where I can find a Unicorn and its mate? I don't want them to get left out this time.

[ed. - Have you tried the Yellow Pages?..]

KRIS CAREY Box 43, John Moses
Hospital, Minot, North
Dakota 58701

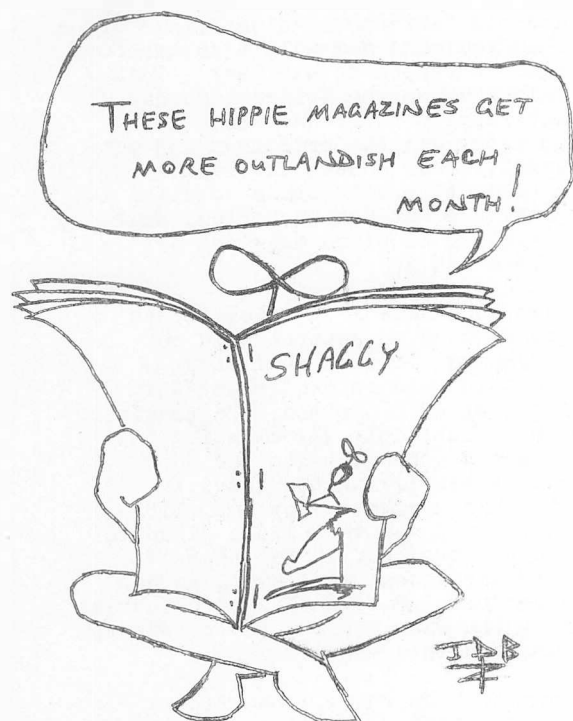
Gad. The last SHAGGY I remember must have been put out in either 64 or 65, and filled with goodies like chucksome LoC's from Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, and reports on the latest Squirrel vs Pelz Rhot-Bheer-Drinking-Contest, and with wonderful multi-colored Don Simpson drawings of Sala-manders and etc., and stories of Coventry, and oh gee(*choke*)..

And then, quite suddenly, no more SHAGGIES. Oh yes, it was really a shock because I didn't think that the oldest and best west coast

fan group magazine would suddenly and quietly wink out of existence. But it did, and now it's back...almost as much of a shock to me as J. Christ rising from the grave on Easter Sunday.

I thoroughly enjoyed almost everything in the resurrected SHAGGY (with the possible exception of the crossword puzzle on the inner backcover); that goes double for Jim Schumacher's reminiscences of the great Viking Pillage and Plunder Expedition. I couldn't help but wonder what headlines I would have read in the San Francisco Chronicle if a certain group of potential, but nondescript, Viking raiders had found a sort of Nordic-looking craft awaiting them, gently rolling in the lapping waters of the harbour. God--and Ghu--knows.

That incident brings to mind another episode of "the grey fever" that was experienced by a group of college friends of mine when they were attending Berkeley. You see, one of my friends



had this beautiful 1934 Mercedes straight-12 open-top touring car, and one day the thought hit him that it was, for all practical purposes, almost identical to the slinky black limosines that the German Army used exclusively for staff cars in the Second World War. Poor fellow, I could curse the astuteness of his realisation now that I recollect it all.

In any case, he commenced to engage three other friends and together we worked out a fiendish scheme. First stop was the costumer where we borrowed three German Army uniforms--an officer's and two enlisted men's. Next we met at his house in Berkeley and did up his Mercedes into the epitome of a General Staff Officer's Automobile, complete with historic touches like the black cross with white outline that the German vehicles featured, and others.

The final plans were put into effect several days later when the three that were to play the

German soldiers mounted the Mercedes--the officer in back, naturally, and a driver and aide in the front compartment. They drove down to the main drag of town and spotted the 4th member of our plot, myself, standing innocently on a street corner looking much like a harried shop clerk going home after a busy day with briefcase and paper. I had agreed to be the target of the plot, so I stood there waiting. Suddenly the old Mercedes roared by, the officer raised slightly, pulled his side-arm and fired (a wax bullet, courtesy of the Cal drama department) at me. Playing the part to the hilt (and thoroughly enjoying it, too) I slapped a packet of catsup onto my breast where it splattered, much to my pleasure, in a most convincing fashion, keeled over and slumped off the curb. The fellows in the Mercedes, ruthless Germans that they were, screeched to a stop, and the right side soldier jumped out, jack boots flying, grabbed me and dragged me into the rear compartment where the pseudo-officer yelled some garbled German-American Tourist Guide phrases in a guttural accent to the driver; and off we roared, leaving in our wake many speechless and astounded office workers. The object of our flying retreat was to insure that our little drama didn't suddenly become the sole attraction of several squad cars from the Berkeley Metropolitan Police Department. Fortunately our refuge was but three blocks away and we took 5 alleys to insure a neat disappearance. Later, as we gloated over the whole thing--meanwhile washing off white-outlined black crosses from the black Mercedes--I heard that the entire ploy was the puzzlement of the police department and that everyone at the local papers was hesitant to make a statement on the scene due to all the conflicting reports of exactly what had happened. One thing emerged clearly--a man had been killed by some uniformed thugs in a long slinky car in the afternoon. There were countless variations, but everyone I heard it from seemed to agree that "...it was strange..."

Later still, I heard that a man had had a coronary near the spot at about the same time that we had pulled off our caper, and I still wonder if we were responsible. He didn't die, so I am not that guilt-stricken, however.

The cover, needless to say, is very nice, and typical of Rjo's pleasing artistic talents.

I appreciated the two poems on pages 30 & 31, for I have always had a mind's eye view of this catastrophe, and I have pictured it so many times as it could appear to a poor street-stander--caught up in the irrevokable horror of the situation--that they had much more meaning for me than for most. I have always had this sense of morbid curiosity concerning mass death. We had a gigantic and unfortunate crash of a KC-135 Air Force tanker on our base in January that eventually killed 12 men (including a ranking general of SAC and several hro staff officers) from SAC headquarters, 15th Air Force. Being one of the poor medics on tap at the time of the crash, I was elected to help locate and reassemble remains for medical examination later at the AF hospital in town. It was a gory scene, needless to relate, but I found myself not getting physically nauseated, as I had fully expected, as much as getting exceedingly interested in the extricating process. Somehow, even though I was totally aware of the carnage and tragedy rampant, I was still morbidly stim-

ulated by the proceedings. I suppose some of the glory of flying has suffused itself with the potential danger and hazard that airplanes carry with them, inherently, to give it that unique status and S&FW that many other dangerous occupations impart. A curious matter, nonetheless.

Miss "Through a Glass, Darkly", but "A Walk Through Infinity" brought back tears of nostalgia to my ocular orbits. Jim Schumacher's art is very striking, as reference the illo on page 41. This theme has always attracted me and I devote some small periods of creativity to it--space vehicle occupants at the controls of their ships. There is so much opportunity for variation here. ATOM used to do some fine interior space cabin scenes, as well as Steve Stiles, who had some fine ones in either a SHAGGY or a VOID--I can't remember which--of old. The masters, of course, were Dan Adkins and Wallace Wood, both of whom never ceased to impress me with their mechanistic impressions of a control-console and its operator.

The Don Simpson bacover was a stylish and fitting endleaf for the revived SHAGGY. All in all, I believe SHAGGY has lost not much of its old appeal to the fan, and I am certainly happy to see it out again. Losing it was like losing the North Star at night, with a squall threatening you in your leaky dory, 1000 miles from land. Most happy about the revival. Recovering it is like suddenly finding a US Coast Guard cutter off your port as the dory goes awash.

Kudos to you, Ken, and to you all for proving that genfandom shall rise again. (Although it certainly wasn't dead, it was turning over pretty regularly as the apas continue to cultivate the plots above.)

STAN WOOLSTON 12832 Westlake St.,
Garden Grove, Calif. 92640

The artwork is what stands out most prominently at first glance at the zine, from Bjo to Simpson, but the verbiage is also interesting. With so many people represented, I can imagine future issues having a backlog of interesting possibilities without the danger that the zine will drift into a new limbo if one editor steps down.

I enjoyed your editorial. I of course had an idea that a weekly apa couldn't exist forever. It seemed logical that it was the apa that was keeping everyone from thinking of things to put into SHAGGY. Actually I've one of the APA L combozines and a few of the individual mailings and imagined it could be used to help train a whole group of fanpubbers. Because it is kaput does not mean there need be nothing like apa activity from Los Angeles; perhaps a monthly apa might be tried after a year or so. The valley apa isn't far off, and of course there are apas such as NSF's N'APA, which is having a run-off election right now between Roy Tackett and Art Hayes. There's no waiting list just now, but I only suggest fans who are not new to apadom write. In this way the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance will take advantage of the pubbing experience--and commenting experience--of APA L folk.

But as far as SHAGGY is concerned, the important thing is that with the experience of a weekly apa there is bound to be lots of members launching to contribute to the official organ.

Maybe bi-monthly won't be often enough! Still, I'm looking forward to getting the zine every two months, and I hope it becomes as prominent a part of general fandom as it was in years gone by.

Len Bailes' speech interests me most of all material this time; it's informative and to me more interesting than the fiction and poetry, whether by gals, men or Howard who I think is in a class by himself. I didn't feel the art was overdone and the idea of combining sketches with poetry is a good idea--but I did feel there was enough poetry this time and it might be muted for an issue or so. After reading Jim Schumacher and the doings of Hannifen's Horde I wonder if a sub to SHAGGY should be presented to the local police chief; it might warn him on things to note such as odd ads in classifieds. Quite a few cities are buying their tanks for riot use; maybe it would be appropriate for the police around the country to buy subs to the fanzines, to keep the pulse of those odd fellows, the fans. (Maybe it would be nice to send suggestions to the Mayor on how to prevent ill feelings, too--say have a tank with free beer brought in to cool the populace.)

Your comments on reviewers and their styles (and especially that of Budrys) were especially interesting to me. A reviewer and critic may be opinionated on several levels, and creative on several levels. He may actually be so careful that there is little fun in reading the review, or so eager to entertain that



the result is not something of use to someone who may want to decide if a particular item would interest HIM as reading matter. Even pointing out the quality elements of a story may not be important to a would-be reader if it butts up against a bias he reacts to.

Your idea of a juvenile "future history series" by Heinlein suggests an article by you on this. You could write Heinlein to see if he planned one, but whether he replies or not you've an imagination and can do the article. I'd like to see it in SHAGGY.

Multiliths: how about info on your machine? I've one letterpress (10 by 15 Chandler and Price) and a toy (which should work if I got the thing put together--a 3x5 press), 3 mimeos of various stencil sizes, 1 old-type ditto using plastic belt for doing six pages of a zine at once something like hecto, one silk-screen set and a separate "box" still without hinges to make operative--and some typewriter type meant for slipping into metal "grooves" for a drum-type press of which I only have the drum and a

few additional rollers. I'm fascinated about methods of reproduction...

About the con, I like the idea of recruiting. I've had the habit at cons for a long time to look around a room and engage people at the back of the room or those alone, and if possible introduce them to others who seem to have similar interests. Once, at San Francisco, I met Jack Williamson that way. Maybe he's too big to be shy but he sure slumped at the back of the room and acted shy. And I've set down next to Wally Weber who, at San Diego, found it safest to have his back to the wall when the gals came around. (Of course his shyness is probably a sham to draw them; women are contrary creatures at times...)

Anyway, I like the idea of attracting new fans. I've used notices in libraries and stories in the local paper to advertise past cons; I can put up notices in 3 different libraries without stretching myself beyond my usual habits of invading the 3 periodically--and I've an idea many fans would do this and more if asked. A SF display--books the library doesn't have in display case or maybe art--could be prepared just before con-times if planned well in advance. Schools and college campuses would provide library and bulletin-boards for notices, I imagine, if a student or teacher was approached ahead of time and maybe "educated" a bit.

I wish you all the luck...the best...in getting and preparing material. I'd advise limiting fiction and poetry in comparison with prose, but the decision is up to you, and I'm glad to see it back from limbo.

[ed.-Our method of reproduction: ~~get~~ a thirty-some-odd year old Multilith 1250 that only works fitfully (at various times the paper feed doesn't work or the paper pulps on the myriad of rotors or the motor starts smoking or...gah! let me out of here!). Anyway, running off a zine the size of SHAGGY is an experience, let me tell you.]

RICK SNEARY 2962 Santa Ana St.,
South Gate, California

I felt so strange this morning that I got up at 6 A.M. -- and read the rest of SHAGGY. And so pleased by the total effect that I felt I had to write and tell you...even if it is still too early for the typewriter to be open...that it is an exelant issue. I say this to counter my rather negative remarks in person. The repro is beautiful, and only my Scottish blood makes me suggest the mimeo as being as good for most works. You have no complaints re. appearance. The item I mentioned as not caring for, ("Shiva Dances"-ed.) was not bad. And I did feel any more strongly against it that I would have against, say, bad fan fiction. I felt more it was pointless and out of place than it was bad.

You have a good balance between light fan doings type items, and good reviews. Something to please most fans, in part at least. I especially liked reviews of good magazine stories. There have been so few good stories in mag's I've about stopped reading them. The reviews will tell what I've missed, and I can try to pick them up.

Sally's report turn'd out to be much better than I expected from first page. Not much point

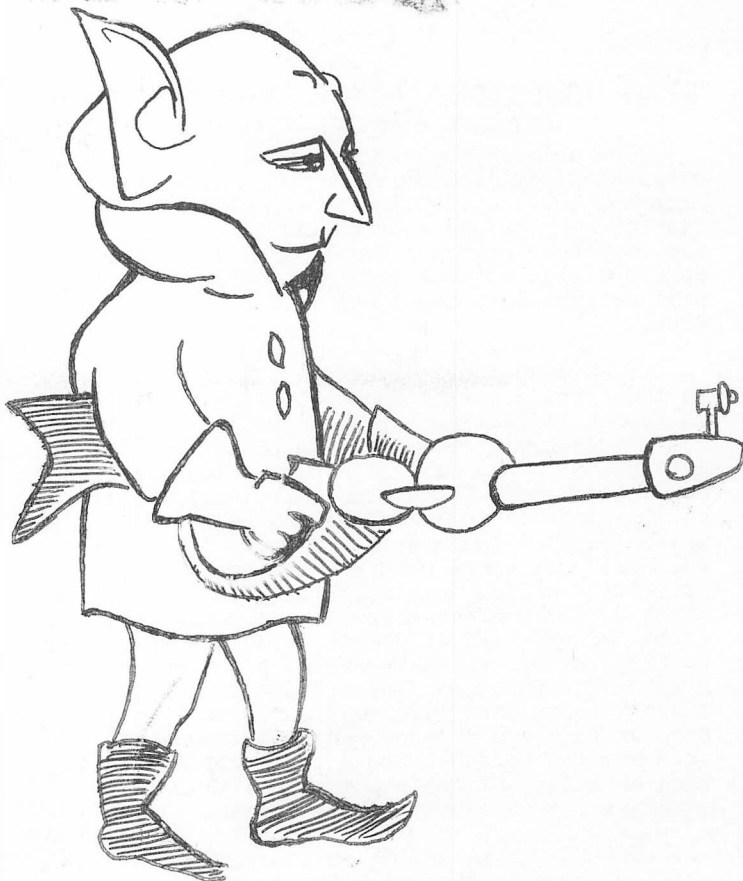
to it, but it help's make LASFSian's become more than just names to thoughts how haven't met them. The same for Ruth's & Jim's items. I don't quite agree with your idea of L.A. Fandom, but at least you are doing something about giving it a better image. Best of luck.

[ed.-Thank you, Rick. We're trying.]

PIERS ANTHONY JACOB 800 75th
Street North, St. Peters-
burg, Florida 33710

I received SHAGGY #72 a few days ago, and this puts me in a quandry (or some similar mire). On the one hand I am perpetually busy, and time for fanzines comes straight out of my writing (money-earning) time; on the other hand, I appreciate mention of my own work, as happens here. On the one hand I find very little of genuine interest to me in this issue; on the other, I go for the Chthon mention...

Let's then, not be hypocritical. I don't believe in campaigns for Hugos or other awards; the merit of the pieces in question should be the only criteria for voting. Thus, while I certainly hope people will be aware of my novel, and will give it a fair reading along with all the others, I can not allow my impressions of fanzines to be guided by their mention/nonmention, like/dislike of my work. If this seems ungrateful--well, bear in mind that I like to think I would have reacted in exactly the same way had your mention of Chthon been as a candidate



for the worst novel of the year.

I thank you, then, for taking notice of my work, whether positive or negative, and I hope you will continue to take notice of anything else by any other writer that you find worthy of notice. This, if I interpret your attitude correctly, is exactly what you plan to do. More power to you.

I remember SHAGGY from about five years ago, and I once, then, contributed a letter. I no longer have the copies, but this current issue strikes me as much better in format and printing. Your illustrations are of professional caliber, as is your reproduction. Visually, SHAGGY is impressive. But I simply have very little current interest in bits of poetry, local dialogue, playscript parody, transcripts of speeches about Gilbert & Sullivan, nostalgia, impression, or faanish crossword puzzles. (Am I interested in anything? Yes; recent issues of PSYCHOTIC have

interested me almost from cover to cover.) I suppose this is because you are oriented, naturally enough, around Los Angeles fandom, and I simply don't know much about that. If I lived there, I would no doubt be fascinated.

All of which is to say, in as gentle a fashion as possible, that while I appreciate your showing me the issue, I feel that future issues would be better appreciated in other hands, and, considering the evident trouble and expense of production, should be placed there. I don't believe in casting pearls before swine, and in this case I am the swine.

May you have success re-establishing relations with fandom, fan gestalts, and Truth—

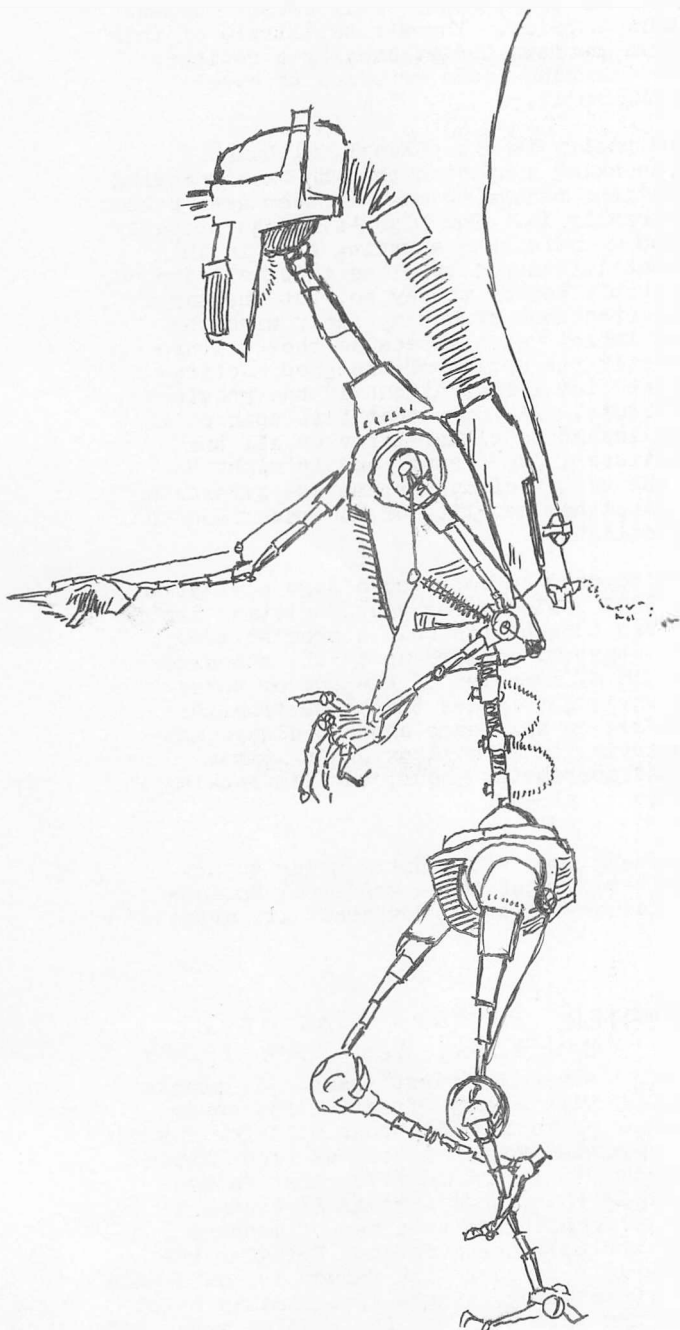
[ed.—I feel the same way about PSYCHOTIC—*psigh*. But does that mean that you don't think we have any chance to improve?]

HARRY WARNER, JR. 423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740.

The newest incarnation of Shaggy couldn't have manifested itself at a better time. It provides a promise that the world is taking a turn for the better, after the lamentable national and international happenings of recent weeks and months. It reinforces my confidence that once implanted, the spirit of fanac cannot wholly die in any city. More personally, I relished this new issue because it was the only thing I could find last night to divert my mind from a physical problem. My right knee had exploded earlier in the day, I came home early from work, unable to find my doctor, and went limping erratically around the house, unable to concentrate on anything for the pain and forebodings. Eventually I found the heating pad which I'd lost ten years previously, put it on my knee, opened the new Shangri L'Affaires, and a half-hour later I'd finished a very fine fanzine issue and half-forgotten the knee. (It turned out today to be a combination of bursitis and infection for which one painkiller, one bottle of penicillin tablets shaped like little sarcophagi, one three-inch Ace Elastic Bandage, and some salve whose name looks like a Lovecraftian incantation have been mustered.)

So I thank you with extra gratitude for remembering me after all these years when you prepared your mailing list. There must have been a temptation to draw up a completely new set of recipients, to accompany your magnificent new method of reproduction, the preponderance of new names on the staff, new freedom from the influence of club feuds in the material, and new portrait of Woodrow Wilson on the postage stamps. I hate to admit it, but I even find the zipcode a novelty, because of the rarity with which I write to fans in the Los Angeles area nowadays.

Your editorial explanations of how things have changed in Los Angeles fandom was useful beyond all description. But don't you think it wise to do a little more for us ignorant boondock fans and present in future issues some facts about the personalities and backgrounds of the LASFS members who are little-known outside southern California? A couple of characterizations are already forming in my mind, because of the way some of the material is written in this issue.



but you could speed up the process a great deal and could perhaps provide sketches to accompany the prose. (I recognized Bjo at the Nycon from the sketches of her, not from the photographs depicting her, so photographic illustrations aren't always the best guides to the outer personality.)

Sally Crayne's article demonstrates the continuity of the LASFS gestalt even though the names of its components are altering. In fact, this idyllic description of the LA fan in his native environment has some remarkable similarities in spirit to a certain utopian bonhomme that used to emanate from British fanzines of the late 1950's and early 1960's, before various troubles shattered the good companionship. Sally is one of those fans I mentioned further up whose personality is taking form without a direct guidebook description to help me.

Len Bailes' speech/article deals with a subject very dear to my heart. I own all the commercially recorded G&S operas in at least one version, mainly the first London lp sets of each opera, augmented by the old 78 rpm recordings of five of the works, the Angel Yeoman of the Guard, and soon I hope to start taping the more recent London sets via the local library's record collection. Moreover, I've collected about a dozen books about the works and their creators, and despite my hermit habits, I've managed to see four or five of the operas in live performances. It's one measure of the G&S works' appeal that even after all this exposure, I can still find much delight in a reasonably elementary roundup of facts like Len's. A couple of minor corrections, just to prove how closely I read it: Frederick did not become of age until 1944, because Gilbert trustingly assumed that 1900 would be a leap year and it wasn't; and what really happened when Frederick was little was that the nursemaid's deafness caused her to think that he should be apprenticed to a pirate, when she had really been instructed to apprentice him to a pilot.

I began to get a trifle nervous toward the end of The Green Tambourine, fearing that the viking expedition had really set sail. Maybe people are different in California's small towns, but I can foresee what would have happened if such a lark had been turned into reality along Maryland's waterfront. Natives of the small towns bordering on the bay would simply have started shooting.

I go most of the way with Jane Lamont, then part company at the final lines. I like to see people being themselves, obeying their real natures, not acting as the latest fads and fashions dictate. But I think that the world now needs something more than love, while emphasizing that it definitely needs love in vaster quantities than today's supply. But there must be work to go with the love, something that some of the teenyboppers and friends refuse to believe. Too many people will starve if the nation's 200,000,000 people must be fed by the production from casual backyard gardens and a few hens. Insecticides have bred out the weaker strains of dangerous bugs and it'll be too hard to hold the survivors in check if nobody runs the chemical factories. The water table has dropped and the population has grown in the past two centuries, so we need all the labor involved in building and maintaining good water supplies and sewage disposal systems to stay as healthy as our ancestors were with primitive utilities in Revolutionary days. Even the hippie who succeeds in giving birth to a baby without

modern alleviations would, I suspect, want that baby to go to a modern operating room staffed by highly trained medical people and supplied with anesthetic, if the child developed a tumor. I think that most of the wall that is building between the bourgeois prudes and Jane's people would develop peepholes and broken places and sagged sections, if the flower people and compatriots would cease their claims that they are free from the duties of citizens because they don't buy a new auto every year and if they'd stop congregating in clusters that could quickly turn into ghettos as bad as those from which the Negro is trying to escape.

I enjoyed immensely the reviews, feeling comfortably at home because you'd retained the familiar old title for this section of Shaggy. However, this letter is running altogether too long already, so I won't try to compare opinions about the works with which I'm familiar. Let's just use up more of this page with one compliment: Bill Glass' reviews of prozine stories. There's too little of this variety of reviews today; usually a reviewer ignores a prozine issue or tries to cover everything in it.

The poetry is exceptional, although I have a sneaking suspicion that the accompanying illustrations manage to make it seem even better than it really is. Tom Digby's Things probably impressed me more than anything else in this issue, but it's a pretty close thing all around. It's probably heresy to say so, but the Larry Dopp illustrations struck my fancy with the greatest impact, simply because they capture so perfectly the spirit of the good, action-filled interior illustrations in the prozines of the 1930's. I'm sure that this opinion is a mortal insult to either Larry or all the other artists in the issue, and it might be simply the result of my extreme age evidencing itself in either senility or too much fondness for old delights.

I'm tempted to vote you a Hugo nomination for the 1969 worldcon for your Christmas art issue, even though it's only a promise today. It can't possibly measure up to the standards involved in my memories of the two or three special Christmas issues that came from Los Angeles five or six years ago and always managed to arrive in my mailbox on Christmas Eve's most appropriate hour, but I'm looking forward to it already.

[ed.-Thank you, sir. We're going to try to make it worthy of those wonderful Christmas art issues of yore. How about it, artists?]

ANDY PORTER 24 East 82nd St.,
New York, New York 10028

This is a good "first" issue. It starts out strongly with a very effective Bjo cover. I liked your editorial; it bodes well for future issues. I'm glad you're aware, as Fred Patten seemingly wasn't in RabRad #179, that fandom has passed LASFS by, not that LASFS became a fortress of fannishness in a sea of mundane pressures and retrenched fanaticism. Bringing the LASFS back into contact with fandom is, as I said before, A Good Thing. There is certainly a lot of fairly new talent in the Los Angeles area, and

pouring it into a club genzine can garner a lot more feedback and egoboo than APA L ever boasted.

"The Wilshire Walk & Other Trips I Never Took" by Sally Crayne is effective in evoking the spirit and image of modern L.A. fandom—a close-knit group which does things, experiences (no typo, that), and functions as a collective kind of creature. I also appreciated the illos that went with it—pages 12, 13, and 14 especially.

"Wheat & Chaff" by Len Bailes covers pretty familiar ground—Sullivan and Gilbert. The background to Pirates is of some interest, but I've never been able to work up much interest over the cross-California G&S trekking.

"Hannifen's Horde" was good writing; Schumacher took an intriguing idea, and developed it very well. I'd advise giving him more room in the next issue. I know I'd like to see what he comes up with.

"Shiva Dances" just goes to show that Jane (Jayne?) Lamont is her old freaky self. Or should that be freaked-out? The writing gets progressively higher (in several senses of the word) and falls over the edge at the end, never quite making it. Good beginning, rambling off into senseless nothingness.

The review of Well of the Unicorn was appreciated here at Lancer. Most publishers would appreciate it if any reviews—even those in fanzines with a circulation of 50—would be sent to the publicity person at the respective book company. As it was, I made a copy for our promotion person.

I thought your review of Panshin's book on Heinlein one of the best items in the issue. Not having gotten a chance to read the book yet, I'm afraid I'm not really qualified to comment. But you presented Panshin's and your views calmly, explaining as you went. And it's clear, of course, that you're very familiar with the Heinlein stories he talks about.

I would have wished for a more cohesive layout; of course you're very lucky to get such an outpouring of material from Los Angelenos. In the next issues I hope you'll get material from other sources, and maintain the high standard of reproduction that you've set with this issue. And I look forward to future issues.

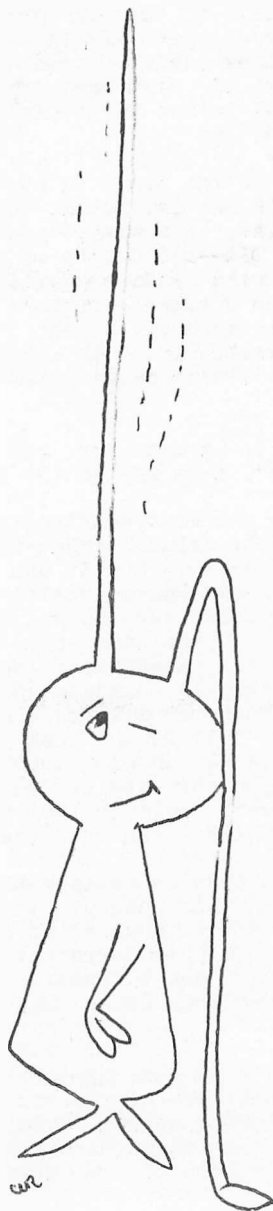
RAY FISHER 4404 Forest Park, St.
Louis, Mo. 63108

Congratulations upon SHAGGY's rebirth—and issue #72 made me think that perhaps more fanzines should be three-years-in-preparation: it was a beautiful issue, very impressive, and I've taken particular pleasure in showing my issue around St. Louis fandom.

And, it's also a point worthy of great celebration, that LASFS' withdrawal (if such it really was) is at an end. It reminds me in a way, of the foolish thing my wife always says to mundane friends who protest the nation's space program. When all logic fails, she usually says something to the order of "Well, then—maybe the next war will be fought on the moon, and I think that's preferable. I can do without the moon—but I can't do without Los Angeles." (A silly thing to

think of, perhaps...but, none-the-less, it's nice to know that fandom doesn't have to do without L.A.)

I enjoyed all the material—it's hard to pick a favorite, and I won't try, except to say that "Hannifen's Horde" I found particularly believable. What fun it would be to now and then be free to indulge our fancies in that way. Oh, not to do any harm to others, of course—no cut telephone wires, or burning buildings. But, just to climb aboard a Viking ship and spend a day in charging through the streets. Being a Viking in the way the Vikings should have been: rowing up and down and flashing swords in the sun, with pretty viking braided-haired maidens standing on the deck to cheer us on. By rights, there should be Valkyrie overhead, flying on their winged horses...but, too frequently it is as Jim Schumacher describes: when you go to the dock to board your viking ship, you learn it's all been a put-on.



JOHN D. BERRY 35 Dusenberry Rd.
Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

I went to my mailbox expecting to find at best a postcard or sticky quarter and instead a great big, shiny, dazzling S*H*A*G*G*Y 7*2 was sitting there waiting for me. I had heard from Andy Porter that APA L had finally been given the coup de grace and that Shaggy was due to be revived, but I hadn't expected anything either so soon or so good. Frankly I was dubious of what the erstwhile Ellers could do with a club gensine, but the new Shaggy has dispelled all my doubts. It is a very fine fanzine indeed, and an outstanding beginning for what I hope will be a fannish renaissance in Los Angeles.

The word I have of L.A. fandom is not quite as rosy, tranquil a scene as you try to project in SHAGGY, but I have high hopes that the fanzine itself will help to cement your factions together again. I believe that a fanzine can exert a great effect on fans, as well as the other way around; certainly the fine front you have presented will affect the attitudes of outside fans towards L.A. and their reactions to you, and this in turn can easily create more group spirit in Los Angeles. It is encouraging to see that there is already enough disgust at the internecine politics that L.A. fans have practiced in the past to restart SHAGGY in the first place. I wish you all the best luck.

The art in the issue is mostly competent to excellent...with one exception. Criss Stevens is a terrible artist. Her contents-page *thing* resembled a drawing by DEA—and that's no compliment, believe me—and if I were Bjo's shaggy dog I wouldn't associate with such drawings; Criss's illustrations of Tom Digby's little gems put me off from reading the page for quite a while, and they detract considerably from what would otherwise be an entertaining set of verbal fragments.

Please try to coax more art out of Bjo, Rotsler, and Schumacher; they are easily your best artists.

Possibly the best written item in the fanzine was Schumacher's column, recounting the adventures of Hannifen's Horde. Now if one day I see dragon ships under spread canvas sail into the San Francisco Bay and pillage and burn up and down the coasts of the peninsula and the East Bay, I will know where to direct a punitive expedition. We might well send down a small band of seasoned knights to exact revenge upon the Southern barbarians; then again, maybe we could persuade Bill Donaho that the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way should authorize a Crusade to wreck havoc upon the city of Greater Los Angeles and all its environs. You'd better be careful there, you Southern Californicators, you...

I am at a loss to explain the lack of comment hooks I find in this Shaggy, since I enjoyed it so much, but I'm afraid much of it just doesn't inspire comment. This doesn't detract from its being fine material, though, and I trust the next issue will come out at some semblance of on time.

[ed.—Funny thing how tastes differ...I thought Criss's drawings some of the best in the issue. As for the L.A. fandom scene: it's not exactly rosy and tranquil; but then again, there have been periods in history when it has been far worse.]

SANFORD ZANE MESCHKOW 42-58
79th St., Elmhurst, N.Y. 11373

I like your reviews, your art, and some of your fannish happenings that remind me greatly of college outing club trip reports, as they even include the proverbial member of the group who oversleeps and must be awakened by force, the trips that don't quite come off, etc. This fannish trip idea is something New York fandom should try sometime.

I can't take Gilbert and Sullivan and will certainly leave them alone if they will refrain from bothering me. I will stick to Retief stories.

Jim Schumacher deserves a tip of the space helmet for "Hannifen's Horde", which is the funniest thing in the whole magazine and is well worth the price of the issue. The idea of a fannish Viking raid on the west coast deserves thought. Not to be outdone, I suggest Seattle fans get ahold of a Tlingit Indian war canoe and harass shipping in the Inner Passage to Alaska north of Vancouver. New Orleans fandom should be able to scare up a crew to man a pirate ship in the bayous. Washington-Baltimore fans could start oyster pirating in Chesapeake Bay. Those fans in the New York area interested in liberating Staten Island from New York and returning it to New Jersey could obtain a letter of marque and reprisal, seize the Staten Island Ferry and carry on from there. As our first move, I would suggest raiding the fishing party boats in Long Island Sound and environs for the beer aboard. Anchors aweigh!

In short, you are doing fine; don't stop now!

[ed.—Then again, the LASFS has seriously considered laying seige to Disneyland and taking it over; seizing Sleeping Beauty's Castle and using the turrets to make pronouncements to the tourists below. Now maybe we'll do it as a rehearsal for the fannish uprising you've outlined!]

JOHN FOYSTER 12 Glengariff Dr.,
Springvale North, Victoria
3170, Australia

SHAGGY 72 was received with joy and not a little surprise: once Ted Johnstone said he was going to take over, I was sure SHAGGY was finished. Three years? Hell, in LASFS history it's but a day.

It's interesting to read that LASFS or whatever you want to call it includes 'heads', as you put it. Sydney fandom of about 1958 went the way of all flesh and formed the basis of the Sydney Push (a largely beatnik group), naturally becoming involved with the dreaded Weed. Last time I saw any of them they'd dropped weed and were hooked on television and horse-racing. About the same time

(around '62 or so, I think), John Baxter and I found ourselves at a kind of fan party at which it was almost impossible to breathe unloaded air: Dakota Staton's sidemen were there, together with a largish number of friends. But I'd guess that not more than a couple of Australian fans would have been heads and pseudo-active at the same time.

Contents of the issue seemed not up to the old SHAGGY standard: but I guess you'll overcome that problem within a couple of issues. If you'll pardon my saying so, there's also more serious discussion of SF than once there was. However, I'm glad in a way that I didn't read Dave Hulan's review of Pratt's *The Well of the Unicorn* before reading the book myself. I was unable to find any of the virtues Dave sees so easily, but this may be because I expected too much. Unfortunately Dave doesn't specify much more than one good thing about the book: the Message. The message Dave reads into it is the

sort of message one could read into any book - for example, I could claim that that horrid trilogy of Hal Annas's which appeared in *OTHER WORLDS* in 1955 or so has exactly the same message, and without reading it twice, or three or four times. Dave's is a fairly vacuous claim, and one which could be made for most books. Hell, if it isn't a short story then it has got to be hard for the hero, there cannot be any easy solutions.....

If Dave had listed any other of the things about Pratt's book which he thought remarkable, I'd have been able to discuss them: he doesn't, and I frankly can't work out what he must have been thinking of.

Algis Budrys certainly does a good job at *GALAXY*, but I'm not sure he is so different from Knight and Blish as Bill Glass thinks he is. I can't quite make out where poor old Oscar comes into the discussion, unless it is simply to fling in a name. By comparison with his fellow practitioners, Budrys is at least as good as Bill claims him to be.

Pelz's unspeakable crossword caused some heartburning: of course I played it seriously, without reference. This left me with a few clues not tagged: 41 down was hopeless, 4d 16a would have meant looking up Don's fanzine - no, strike that out, I just remembered. So there I am, stuck with 'The better looking side, man!', and twenty or thirty words that would fit, not very appropriately.

Perhaps I'd better quit before I become even more confused.

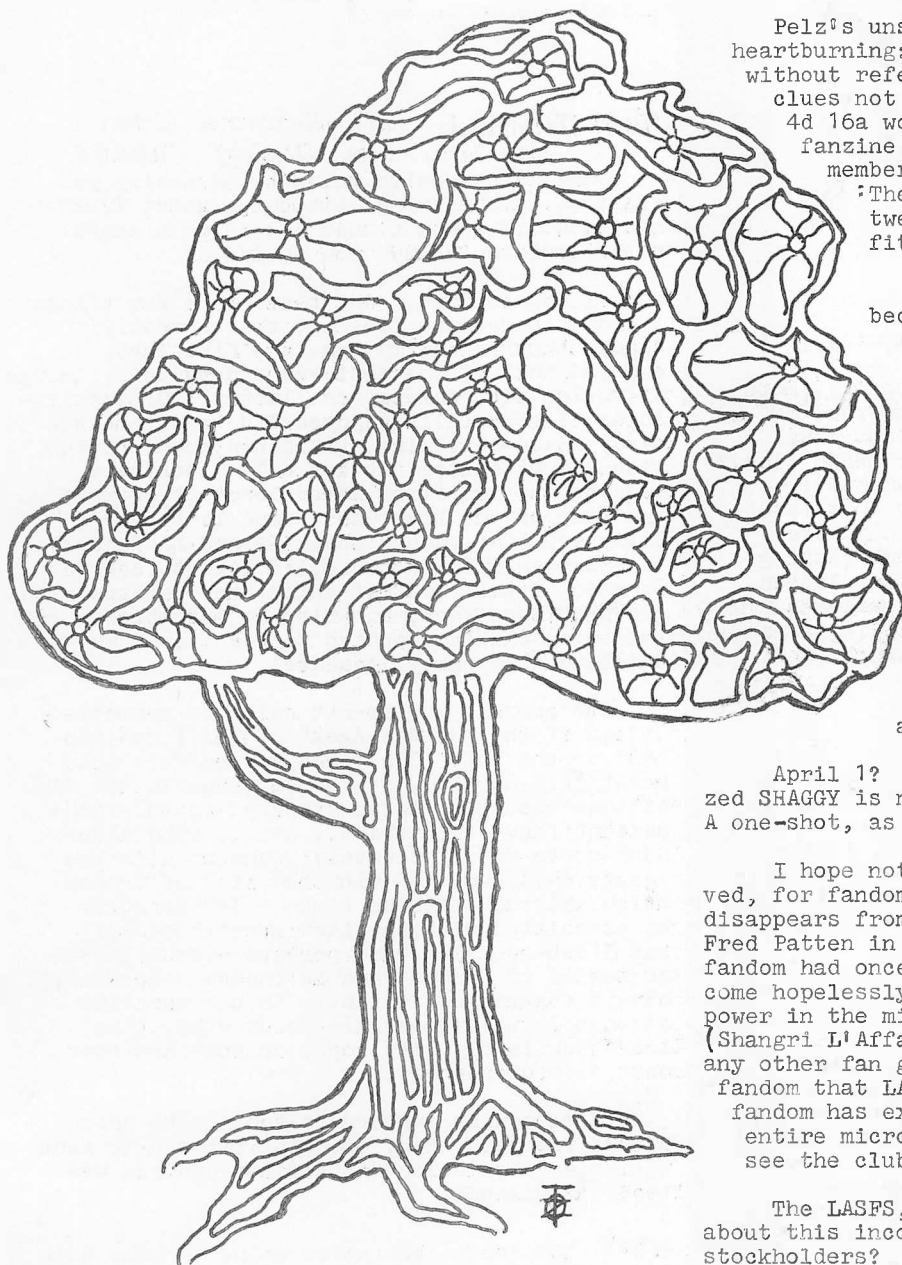
ROY TACKETT 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107.

Well, lookitthat (not to be confused with the mountain or planet of the same name). Right there on the envelope it says "Shangri L'Affaires". I'm damned. I thought SHAGGY was dead and gone.

April 1? Could it be the all new, revitalized SHAGGY is naught but a joke on All Fools' Day? A one-shot, as it were?

I hope not. I'm glad to see the zine revived, for fandom isn't quite the same when SHAGGY disappears from the scene. I have commented to Fred Patten in *FAPA* that it appeared Los Angeles fandom had once more, as it has in the past, become hopelessly splintered and devoid of any power in the microcosm. A sad state of affairs (Shangri L'Affaires?) because I don't think that any other fan group or club has the impact on fandom that LAFandom and the LASFS does. LAFandom has exerted a powerful influence on the entire microcosm for many years. It is good to see the club flowering into activity again.

The LASFS, Inc.?? That's new. How came about this incorporation? Are club members now stockholders? If so, where's my share?





The LASFS, Inc.? It does not compute.

Onward to a few random comments on #72 (more or less, you know). I think the Albuquerque SF, Hot Air and Gourmand Group can just about equal the male/female ratio you boast of for LASFS (Inc.? Inc.? I tell you, it just does not compute.) Current membership here is around 9 or 10 males and 7 or 8 femmes. Or 9 even. We do not have, however, the socializing outside of club meeting that LASFS does. I think the overall population of femmefans is growing. The ratio of male to female is not nearly as lopsided now as it was a few years back. This may be a good thing. And then again it may not.

Perhaps some special rule could be set up for Chthon. Quite a good book, of course, but I don't feel I could nominate it for the Hugo as I haven't finished reading it yet. So far I have read it through only once and that was from beginning to end--straight through. However, it appears Chthon is meant to be read from several different directions and I feel that I should read it at least two or three more times before I could make a solid judgment on its value.

Tom Digby's "Things" is quite good.

"Trips I Never Took" gets me around to a suggestion. One of the features that made SHAGGY popular was the chronicles of the LASFS and its assorted activities. Since SHAGGY is the club o-o it is right that club business (serious and other) be reported. The story of events leading to and reasons for LASFS, Inc. (you're putting us on) should be of much interest as well as reports of progress of the building fund and real field trips and whatever else is doing. I don't suggest a re-printing of the club minutes but a resumé of business might be appropriate.

"The Fangitive" was enjoyable. All that was missing was "What does it all mean?" And Tina Helsel's poem struck a responsive chord. Fine, very fine.

"Hannifen's Horde"...well, why not? There is merit in the suggestion to go pillaging and burning along the coast. Or inland even. Perhaps Vardeman and I can raise a company of banditos and/or Apaches and strike from this side. Object: to send about 3/4 of California's population back across the Mississippi. Ai, chihuahua! Murietta rides again!

Dammit, Pelz, you didn't give a definition for 12 down. How do you expect me to work the furshlinger X-word puzzle?

Inc.? Inc.? Nah.

[ed. -But, Roy, doesn't the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Incorporated have a certain ring to it? Most everybody still calls it LASFS anyway.]

JOHN TRIMBLE 417 Kenmore Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90004

Hey, since we're going to be seeing you later on this morning...it being about 12:25 a.m. now...I thought that I'd do up a short note about the SHAGGY you produced.

I dug it, man. Oh, there're a few things I didn't care much for, but that's mostly 'cause they're not my bag, and Like That. I enjoyed most of the articles and reviews, though differing with some of the latter. Of the articles, I especially enjoyed Schu's bit on the hardy would-be vikings (this has grown better with the retelling; it was only moderately amusing when we first heard about it back at the time of the Live Chess Game last year). Sally's bit of ramble about LA and LA fandom was most enjoyable, too...I'd like to see her do more of this sort of thing, tho perhaps with somewhat more form, but with no less prose (whatever that's supposed to mean...ask me sometime at a party, laaaate).

Of course, you aren't going to recreate either of the "Golden Ages" of SLA (from the '40s or the late '50s); but you're fair onto creating a new one, if you continue in the directions that this issue sketched in the foundations for...to...which...at.... The older high spots were intimately bound up with the people involved, and with the kind of fandom which existed at those times. I'm proud to be associated with the last rebirth of SLA, but I'd be puzzled, and perhaps even a little sorrowful if fandom (and LA fandom, especially) hadn't changed sufficiently in the meantime so that it was impossible to do other than look back fondly (I'd hope) on what had been most of a decade ago.

I'm looking forward to seeing the next SHAGGY from you, Ken. Looking forward to finding it as enjoyable as the first one you edited. And soon?

[ed. -It looks like we're going to make this issue roughly on schedule, John. That should surprise some people. I'll win a bet with Dwain Kaiser!]

And one last letter received too late for the micro-elite treatment (aren't you glad?). But gee folks, it seemed like a good idea at the time...

ARCHIE MERCER 10 Lower Church Lane, St. Michael's, Bristol 2, U.K.

It is. It's SHAGGY to the life. I've never otherwise heard of you, for a start, I'm sure, and most of the other contents-writers are also entirely new on me. Nevertheless, it's still the old SHAGGY. The atmosphere's the same. It's not just the (fabulous, as usual) Bjo cover, or the montage with the dog-mascot on the contents page, either. The new contributors manage to resemble the old. Time has been bridged, and very successfully too.

Poetry in (or out of) fanzines is something that I usually have no time for. However, Criss (m or f?) ((f-ed.)) Stevens' artwork, amateurish though it may be, sets off Tom Digby's verses so appositely that the entire spread may be counted a resounding success. As for Sally Crayne, who not only can write as a SHAGGY dame should, but can illustrate her own column in presentable fashion--don't you dare let her get away. ((I can't! The multi is at her house--ed.))

In "Hannifen's Horde", Jim Schumacher (another new name) produces the same sort of effect that the Belfast John Berry did with his famous original HYPHEN pieces; ie, the precise point where the factual foundation gives place to fanciful embellishment is almost impossible to determine. Clever. (I like the illos there, too.)

I don't care for the poems on pages 30/31, but the illustration that surrounds them has a definite flavour of the prozine '30s about it. Oh yes, and the bacover is clearly a telescopic coconut shy. The tee at the top is where the coconuts have fallen off from.

Nice SHAGGY. Good SHAGGY. Here, have a catburger.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Donald Franson, who came within one letter of working the crossword puzzle--- Ed Meskys who enjoyed the puzzle, but had slightly more difficulty. He also chastised Len Bailes for missing another surviving Thespis song, Little Maid of Arcadee.--- Marijane Johnson who reminisced "SHAGGY opened a flood of memories I just couldn't stop"---Frank Hiller who thought the only goal of the hippies "Was balling it or getting high or both."---Leigh Couch who liked the issue---Fritz Leiber who thought #72 had "some nice stuff"---Leland Sapiro, "quite good"---Donald L. Miller, "Excellent revived SHAGGY"---Doug Lovenstein, who said he might follow with a real LoC, but didn't (for shame)---Steve Whealton, a non-fan from DC who liked it enough to write (sounds like a good prospect for fandom, poor guy)---and Alexis Gilliland, who was actually responding to a local one-shot, "THE GREAT WHITE ALSO" about parents and the generation gap.

In other words, we got a tremendous response, for which I thank everybody. Please keep those LoCs coming. Deadline for letters: July 24th. Until then--woof, woof!

-- Ken Rudolph

FAANISH DOUBLE CROSTIC

The Double Crostic may be a new form of crossword for some readers, so here is an explanation. The puzzle itself spells out a quotation from a sf or fantasy book. The initial letters of the lists of definitions, read downward, spell out the name of the author of the quote and the title of the work quoted. After figuring out a definition, transfer the letters of the word into the appropriate box in the puzzle -- using corresponding numbers. If this all seems confusing, it isn't. Give it a try. It's fun.

- | | | | |
|--|------------------------|--|-------------------|
| A) Number of hobbits who went overseas to the West | 16 8 12 89 40 | M) Frequent type of society in S & S stories | 51 93 70 61 25 64 |
| B) Children's fantasy land | 65 21 | N) What Shea did for a living | 17 85 96 34 37 |
| C) Significant feature of Lothlorien | 24 54 41 80 50 94 | O) Where Lightfoot's foal was buried: in a — | 17 14 75 |
| D) Tolkien returnee | 35 52 60 42 | P) Age | 6 95 74 88 62 |
| E) Devil | 44 84 39 | Q) What creature lives on no evil star | 53 87 83 |
| F) Tree-herd | 57 2 7 | R) Anti-magic element | 97 27 11 45 |
| G) What a conductor on a desert island would have | 19 78 31 20 76 5 | S) Bad thing to give a Finish magician | 86 81 67 28 |
| H) Yngvi | 32 90 23 82 68 | T) Color of one author's wizard, another's swordsman (Brit.) | 22 98 33 58 |
| I) Horrendous, carnivorous, mythical monster | 4 26 73 18 | U) Place for Shadowfax | 46 77 49 56 10 63 |
| J) Tolkien wizard | 3 29 92 43 72 38 55 48 | | |
| K) What Grima said Theoden did | 69 66 30 9 13 | | |
| L) Where one of Merritt's heroes didn't want to go | 59 15 91 36 49 1 71 | | |

1	L	2	F	3	J	4	I	5	G	6	P		7	F	8	A	9	K		10	U	11	R	12	A	13	K		14	O		
15	L		16	A	17	O	18	I		19	G	20	G	21	B	22	T	23	H	24	O		25	M		26	J	27	R	28	S	
29	J	30	K		31	G	32	H	33	T	34	N	35	D		36	L	37	A	38	J	39	E	40	A		41	C	42	D	43	J
44	E	45	R	46	U	47	N		48	J	49	L	50	C		51	M	52	D	53	Q	54	C	55	J		56	U	57	I	58	T
59	L	60	D	61	N		62	P	63	U		64	M	65	B	66		67	K	68	S	69	H		70	K	71	L		72	J	
73	I	74	P	75	O	76	G		77	U	78	G		79	U		80	C	81	S	82	H	83	Q		84	E	85	N	86	S	
87	Q	88	P	89	A		90	H	91	L		92	J	93	M	94	C	95	P	96	N	97	R	98	T							

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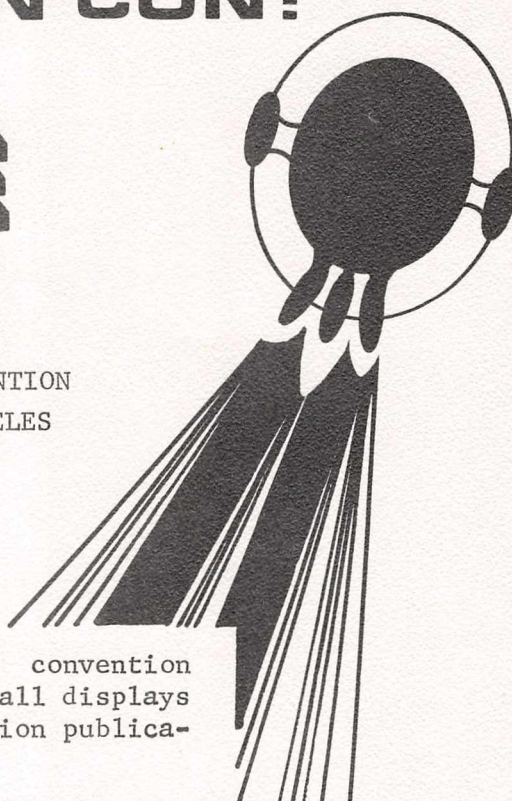
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