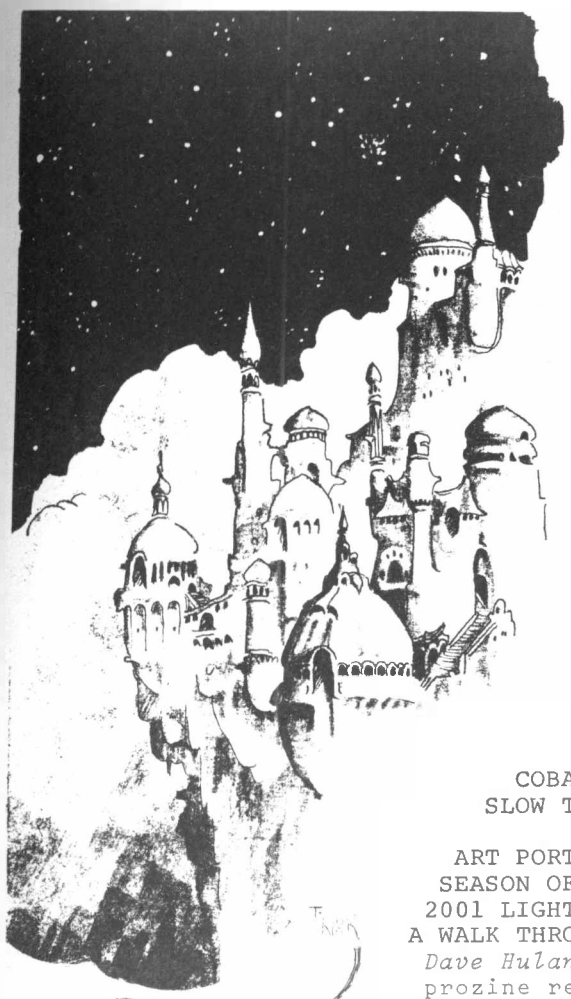
# SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

number 24



# Shangri L' Affaires 74


COVERS by Tim Kirk..... 1

PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY by *The Readers*... 3

EDITORIAL by Ken Rudolph..... 5

THE LASFS CORNER by Len Bailes and Bruce Pelz.... 7

THE WEST COAST POP ART FANZINE CONSPIRACY by Len Bailes..... 8

FATE OF PATHAN by Jim Keith..... 12

VIGNETTES: FUNCON I by *Ken Rudolph, Barry Weissman, Bjo Trimble, John Trimble, Jim Schumacher, Jerry Smith, Fred Hollander, and Sally Crayne*..... 14

COBALT - 60 by Vaughn Bode..... 23

SLOW TRAIN THROUGH GONDOR by Ted Johnstone.... 29

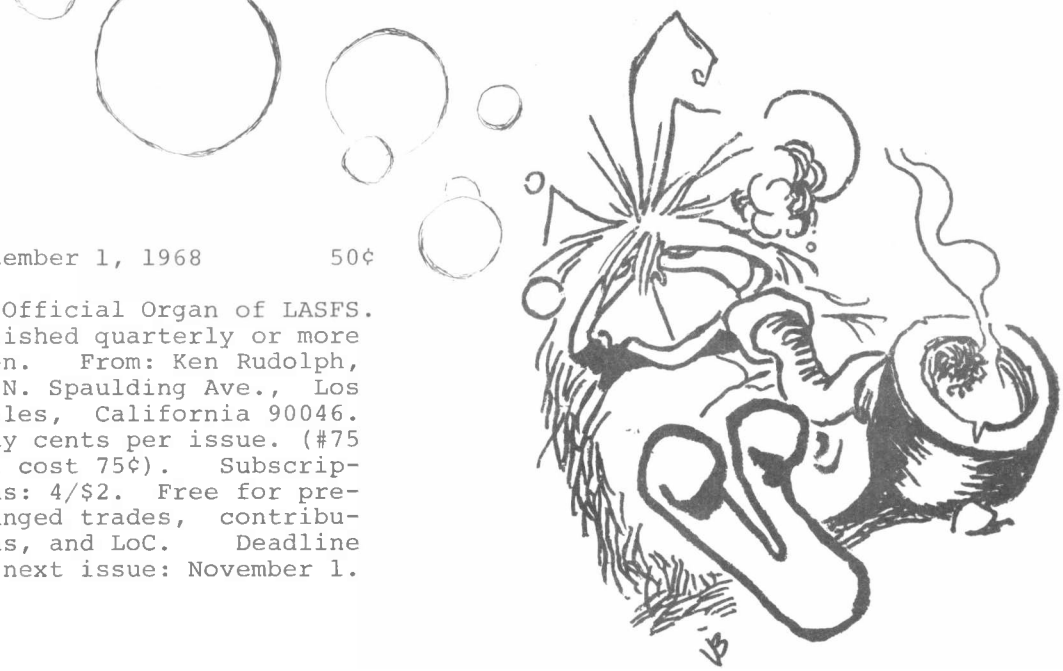
ART PORTFOLIO by Don Simpson..... 31

SEASON OF THE WITCH by Sally Crayne..... 39

2001 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME by Earl Evers.... 43

A WALK THROUGH INFINITY book reviews by *Dave Hulan, Bill Glass, and Bill Mallardi*, prozine reviews by *Bill Glass*..... 46

FAANISH DOUBLE CROSTIC by Bruce Pelz..... 67


September 1, 1968 50¢

The Official Organ of LASFS. Published quarterly or more often. From: Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, California 90046. Fifty cents per issue. (#75 will cost 75¢). Subscriptions: 4/$2. Free for prearranged trades, contributions, and LoC. Deadline for next issue: November 1.

# PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CYNTHIA GOLDSTONE
350 Dolores St.
San Francisco, Calif., 94110

Dear Ken,

I certainly find Ted White's review interesting, and a propos of the panel discussion, it sounds off-hand like the reaction is simply another thing that separates the Old People from the New People—and I am not talking about years! I mean to say that even though I have not seen "2001", it looks very much like you have to be able to "Relax and float downstream" or else nitpick able to pull it apart until there is nothing left. As time goes on, it seems to me; you come to a fork in the road at one point and from there on you go one way or the other. If you're the ossified type, you have more flexible, it seems to become either more ossified or your defenses stacked all around you so that nothing can break in upon yourself, I mean your *real* self, and you've got these defenses set up out of fear or facing any changes. And if you don't change, you have to ossify. In relation to "2001" it probably has to be taken like "Blowup", i.e., as it comes; like Bob Dylan's music, or the old "Pacade"—just enjoy, enjoy, and try to give up intellect and joy, logic for a change.

The production is awesome (SHAGGY, that is). Re Dian Pelz, portfolio in the ish (I think she is a very fine artist)... I like the first one (the mouse with the blobs) a lot, and wish the others had been of that genre. However the drawings are provocative, their macabre and sadistic qualities notwithstanding; they are *arresting*, and to be so is most unusual and gives them lots of distinction.

Cynthia

*Ed.*-- Agreed—change and progression are important in themselves, if only to avoid "ossification". You would think that fans, moreso than mundanes, would by their very natures be less likely to "ossify" in their tastes. For instance, I wonder if fandom is ready to accept new concepts in a faanish fanzine...

32ND WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION BIDDING COMMITTEE

LABOR DAY WEEKEND, 1974

ANDREW PORTER, CHAIRMAN

POST OFFICE BOX 367, NEW YORK, NY 10028

Dear Ken,

Compared to some of the better fanzines I've received in the past week, this issue of SHAGGY is very uneven. Vaughn Bode's cover is excellent, as is the interior strip. I presume he wrote the thing as well as drew it, because while the art was excellent the script had a few weak parts, some very thin descriptive writing.

I quite agree with you; no one asked you to produce a 92 page issue. It might have been better if you'd instead produced a 70 page issue, trimming some of the excess from the letters and some of the poorer material, and tightening up the layout, perhaps providing an introductory page to Bode's cartoon, rather than permitting the reader to come on it without warning after having read a particularly Los Angeles bit of froth by Lon

Continued on Page 5

## Shaggy Staff

EDITOR: Ken Rudolph
ART & LAYOUT EDITOR: Jim Schumacher
ASSISTANT LAYOUT EDITOR: Dick Glass
PUBLISHER: Larry Howorth
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Fred Patten, Bill Glass
HELPERS: Karen Howorth, Al Smith, Jack Bowman, Barry Weissman

Ken Goldsmith
Jerry Poindexter
Stan Burns
Kathy Erine Cribbs
Bob Wadey

MUCH APPRECIATED:
Bjo
Tim Kirk
Chuck Crayne

DEN MOTHER EXTRAORDINARY
Sally Crayne

DEN SISTER
Terry Goldsmith

## Art Credits

BJO: 3, 14, 18, 19, 20-21, 22

VAUGHN BODE: 2, 4, 5, 23-28

SALLY CRAYNE: 39, 41, 42

KATHY CRIBBS: 14

LARRY DOPP: 58

JACK GAUGHAN: 12-13

DICK GLASS: 7, 11, 14, 48, 49, 56, 59

TIM KIRK: covvers, 2, 9, 14, 29, 30

ROBERT E. GILBERT: 8, 9

ROTSLER: 8

JIM SCHUMACHER: 43-45, 46-47

RICK SEWARD: 51

DON SIMPSON: 31-38, 53, 62

BERNIE ZUBER: 8, 9, 63

## Coming Next Ish...

Next issue, out as early in December as we dare to hope, will continue a tradition carried over from earlier incarnations of SHAGGY: namely the Christmas Art Suppliment. In addition to our regular issue (which we will continue to publish in this size for the sake of economy and to cut the running time on our infernal multilith effectively in half) we will publish a full-size, one-side-of-sheet portfolio section. Artists throughout fandom are invited to take part in this traditional faanish Christmas event. All submissions should be sent camera ready (we can reduce the image, print half-tones, or even make pre-arranged color runs); and should have some sort of Christmas-SF theme. This year's supplement will also have a 1969 calendar (another SHAGGY tradition). If present plans jell, it will be by Tim Kirk, who's on the cover of thish, and will be a theme calendar: twelve seasonal plates taken from the Lord of the Rings. This issue will not be distributed free. Note the colophon of this issue for information on how you can reserve a copy. ## The regular zine will also have some new features: a column on fan history edited by Bruce Pelz, a different type of portfolio, plus our regular columns and features. ARTISTS PLEASE NOTE: SHAGGY's art file is low. We need art designed to make full use of the litho medium. See you nextish, I hope.

# A Small Circle of Friends:: EDITORIAL by Kenn

It is becoming more and more obvious that there is a new special interest fandom which has captured the interest of the younger and more active fans. One has only to read through the pages of the fanzines by this new wave of faneds to discover this trend. I'm speaking now about popular music (or rock, or folk-rock or psychedelic rock, or what have you--what is needed is a good all-encompassing name which is more specific than "popular music", which can apply as well to Frank Sinatra and Andy Williams as to the Beatles).

For instance, the latest QUARK put out by the prolific young Couches of St. Louis is filled with reviews and commentary about rock music. Ted White, of course, has been writing about it for years, often with perception; but his article is far from the only mention in the issue. Also, STARLING has an editor-written review column by Hank Luttrell. And perhaps the best of the new fanzines, ARIOCH, from Doug Lovenstein, not only gives some emphasis to pop music but even carries an excellent photo-stencil layout on the Beatles in the editorial section, which gives some indication of where Doug's major interest lies. Furthermore, the apas have also begun to be inundated by rock commentary. One thinks of TAPS especially. But from what I've seen of SAPS in the past couple of years, it's there too in large measure.

And SHAGGY, also, has been full of allusions to rock music--basically because it represents the major interest right now of practically all of the active young L.A. fans.

I used to think that the motion picture was the great art form of the twentieth century. And certainly, for the first sixty years this was true. A great proportion of the true creative genius that an age supplies to its art went into the cinema in this century. Whereas fine art and classical music and the drama were drying up due to lack of genius creating them, the film was getting better and more exciting every year.

Then came the BEATLES, and following them a literal plethora of real talent composing and performing their art for the new mass audience of the '60's. The cinema is still vital; but in the past year it has been overshadowed in my mind by what is happening in music. One can only hearken back to the Vienna of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries, when Mozart and Beethoven were busily at work creating with genius, to find a comparable time of excitement in music. Only now, instead of one European city, we have the whole world a part of this revolution through the technological advancement of the acetate disk. I really think that the pleasure of sitting down in front of the stereo and listening to the new records by artists like Donovan, Simon and Garfunkle, the Beatles, the Mothers (to name only a few) is as vital and exciting for us today as going to hear the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony must have been to a concertgoer in Vienna.

All of this is slowly leading me to the point of this editorial. There is something wrong with the way the Dramatic Hugo award is set up

right now. According to the way the BAYCON nomination requirements were set up, only "productions in the media of radio, TV, stage or screen" were qualified to be nominated. Since nobody goes to see plays anymore, and nothing's been done with radio for years, and since there was a lack of good SF films last year (obviously this has been rectified this year, but it still doesn't eliminate my creeb), this opened us up to the ridiculous situation that five episodes of ONE SF TV series were thought by fandom to be the only dramatic presentations qualified for the Hugo.

As I said before, this is ridiculous. One of the intriguing things about the new popular music, and one I'm surprised isn't mentioned with more regularity in the fan press, is the amount of influence that SF has had on it. For instance, last year there were at least three MAJOR pop music presentations which were totally science-fictional in content and conception. Chad and Jeremy's "Progress Suite" comes most readily to mind. Here was a symphonic rock suite which, in twenty-seven minutes, told the story of the creation of civilization, the build-up of world-wide hostility, the atomic war which ended civilization, and then built up a musical picture of the dead world which followed this war. Science fiction? Sure!! Admittedly very subtle; but it was all so obvious as to be unmistakable if anybody was listening with a good ear & an open mind. Surely, this piece of music, available to the mass audience as easily as a movie or a Star Trek episode (or, for that matter, an SF book), is as qualified for consideration for the Dramatic Hugo as the fourth or fifth best Star Trek of the season. Of course, not enough people realized what was going on to have done this last year. But the thing of it is, that even if somebody wanted to nominate "The Progress Suite" for the Dramatic Hugo, it wouldn't have qualified under the BAYCON rules!

Fandom isn't particularly reactionary. There are enough new, active fans who are vitally interested in a development like the SF medium in pop music to warrant making such a nomination a possibility. And "The Progress Suite" wasn t an isolated case. Certainly the Rolling Stones' version of "2,000 Light Years from Home" ought to have been able to have been considered. As should have been The Pink Floyd's "Interstellar Overdrive".

Which leads me to my final say, this go-round, about popular music. I think that fandom especially should give a listen to this latter group, The Pink Floyd. Their current album, "A Saucerful of Secrets", is an incredible compendium of SCIENCE FICTION. One cut, called "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun", speaks for itself with the title alone. The content is equally stfnal. But the magnum opus, a twelve-minute spectacular called "A Saucerful of Secrets", is in a class by itself. Anybody who enjoyed the film "2001" as a visual trip-experience should really give this cut a try as an aural trip-experience of comparable magnitude. Admittedly, the ear is usually not as trained to pick up subtleties and nuances of meaning as the eye is. But here is a song which is clearly a voyage through outer-space, starting with a take-off, a trip through the solar system, picking up speed as the listener enters hyper-space, and finally culminating with a break-out in front of some gigantic destination (I personally think it is the Andromeda Galaxy spread out before us in sound--but pick your own when you listen).

* * * *

The other day I picked up a copy of the 1962 AXE Annish put out by Larry and Noreen Shaw. Suddenly a paragraph in Dick Lupoff's fanzine review column caught my attention:

"Offset printing somehow looks too professional to me I know that a number of fans have presses in their cellars, and there is certainly no more reason to use mimeo or spirit when there's offset available than there is to bicycle when you've got a car, but still offset makes me think of justified margins and saddle stitching and other such things which are rarities in fanzines



*Continued on facing page* →.

# The LASFS Corner

It has long been the goal of a portion of Los Angeles Fandom to produce a Great Classical Motion Picture. To this end, articles have been written, a few scripts have been attempted, and several Casts of Characters have been assembled in preparation for The Event. Unfortunately, in the absence of funds adequate to the task, and ~~suckers~~ backers equal to the funds, The Event has never arrived. The staff of Firr-O'Hay Enterprises has concluded that the basic problem has been that we were trying to start at too advanced a level -- Tolkien and even Leiber films demand a great deal that those involved in the projects were unable to give. It would be better if we began on an easier level. Therefore, we propose to start work on a film, not a Tolkien-film, or a Leiber-film, or even a Warhol-film -- but on a much more Mickey-Mouse level: a Disney film. A Disney Cartoon Film, to be exact. And instead of trying to do this in the difficult Cartoon form, we will do it as live action, based on Disney comics -- thus luring into the deal all the hordes of ~~Comic Book Fans Fanzinologists~~ Comic Book Fans everyone knows exist in LASFS. And rather than casting the film from the expensive ranks of hollywood stars, we shall do it with local fans in the various roles. As evidence of our Good Intentions (no relation to the Cultzine of the same name), we present our first step: The Cast of Characters.....

SCROOGE McDUCK, the world's richest Duck: Jack Harness
DONALD DUCK, his usually well-meaning nephew: Owen Hannifen
DAISY DUCK, Donald's girl friend: Kathy Sky
HUEY Scrooge's Great-Nephews, Ted Johnstone
DEWEY somewhat over-enthusiastic, Henry Stine
LOUIE but very resourceful: Barry Gold
GRANDMA DUCK, bucolic matriarch of the family: Lee Klingstein
GUS GOOSE, Grandma's omnipresent, bumbling farmhand: Barry Weissman
GLADSTONE GANDER, world's luckiest Duck: Jim Schumacher
LUDWIG VON DRAKE, world's smartest Duck: Chuck Crayne
THE BEAGLE BOYS, hard-working types generally after Scrooge's money: Lon Atkins, Len Bailes, Dave Hulan
GYRO GEARLOOSE, inventor of many weird and wonderful things: Don Simpson
MICKEY MOUSE, a ~~big~~ happy-go-lucky type: Ken Rudolph
MINNIE MOUSE, the only girl Mouse in town: Jean Berman
MORTY Mickey's nephews, one of whom has Larry Howorth
FERDIE sort of disappeared lately: Ken Goldsmith
CLARABELLE COW, all-purpose friend to the Ducks and Mouses: Sally Crayne
PLUTO, a very friendly type always around in the background: Fred Patten
GOOFY, a strange type, much smarter than you'd think: Tom Digby
BLACK PETE, a general all-purpose villain: Bruce Pelz

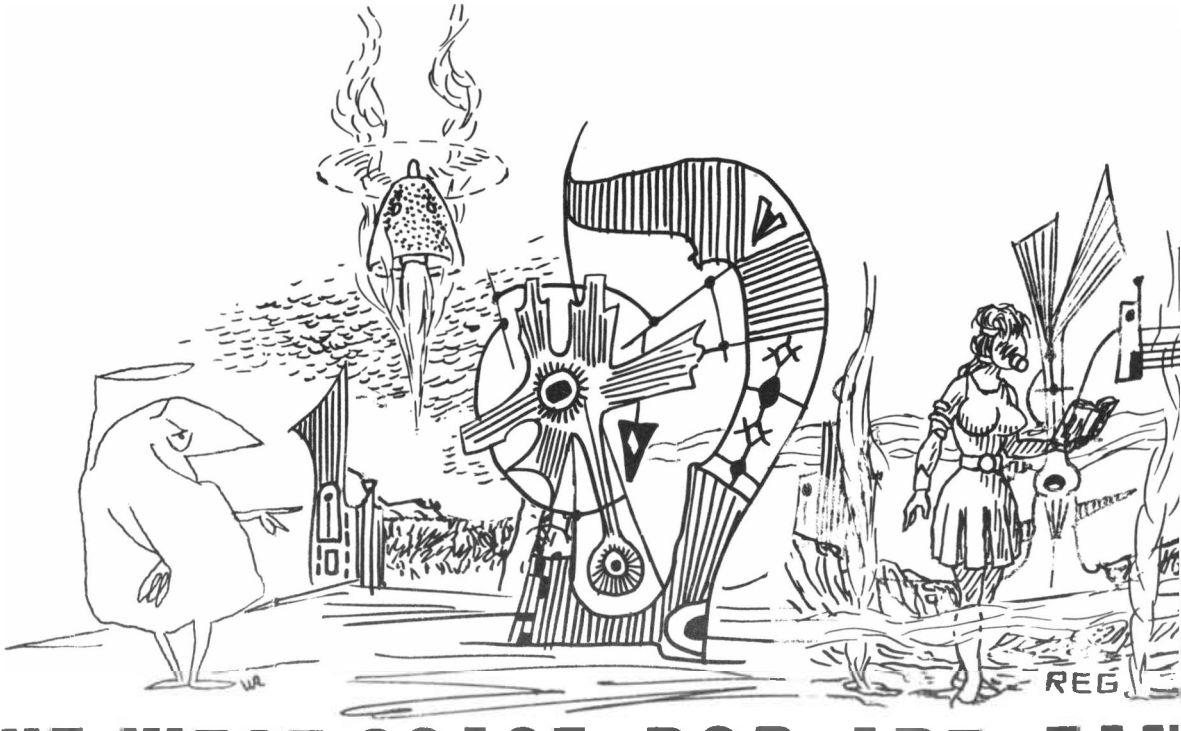
Firr-O'Hay wishes to point out that their resources -- i.e., the LASFS members -- are Limited, even if not Incorporated, and they consider they have done the best they could with the available material. Since this assignment was done without pay, Firr-O'Hay has felt it fair to choose parts for members of their staff without regard for slight exaggeration of appropriateness.

BRUCE PELZ
LEN BAILES

and make the fanzines that have them seem not fanzines at all, but somehow little pseudo-prozines, or at least pastiches thereof; they seem somehow to miss the whole point of what a fanzine is -- an intensely personal, creative home-brewed concoction, not something bottled in a huge and carefully antisepsized plant employing hundreds of workers in spotless coveralls."



Now that ODD and CRY and SHAGGY—three obviously fannish fanzines—are all being done in offset, maybe it is time to reassess this tradition that mimeo/ditto/hekto are somehow more within the "faanish spirit" than offset. It is the contents which make a zine faanish in any case. The challenge is to convince the fan reader that we aren't doing our zine this way out of presumption or a desire to "go professional". Rather, it's a matter of making the best use of the materials and resources we have on hand. We hope you like thish of SHAGGY.




# THE WEST COAST POP ART FAN

Ken Rudolph invaded my lair the other day with an armful of brightly colored mimeographed paper and I snarled at him. As he clomped his bundle down on my desk and waxed rapturous, I fidgeted and nervously flicked my chapstick in and out (a sure signal to the veteran Bailes-Watcher that danger lurks in the underbrush).

But Ken Rudolph was oblivious to his surroundings as his round bespectacled face lit up with the mimeograph-generated glow of PSYCHOTIC, ARIOCH, and WARHOON. His ink-stained fingers trembled and the corners of his mouth wrinkled up in that funny little smirk which always means that some Profound Utterance about the nature of Today's World is forthcoming.

"Len," he said, "the next issue of SHAGGY is going to be the most dynamic and original concept in fanzine publishing since...since..."

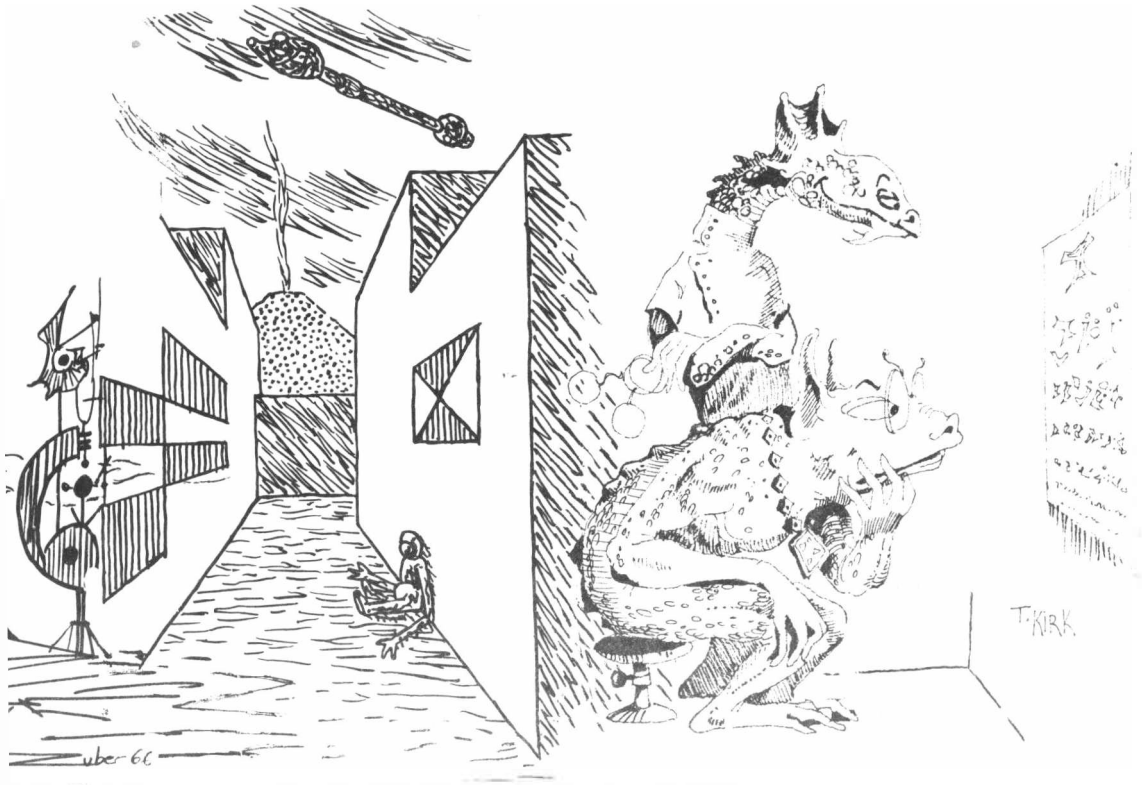
"...Since last issue?" I suggested helpfully.

"Well, I don't know since what, but it's going to be good, and *you* are going to contribute --" he tapped his little pile of fanzines significantly, "--a fanzine review column."

"But I don't like fanzines anymore," I said. "I don't even collect them, much less read them."

"Nevertheless," Ken said adamantly, "these are great fanzines and you are going to review them."

I stared at him hostilely for a second and then capped my chapstick and resignedly agreed. After all, Rudolph is a man of some taste and acuity when it comes to evaluating the creative media of television, movies, and popular music. He is a follower of the adventures of Henry Cabot Henhouse III, and the only other film buff I know who remembers and recognizes the quality of "Privilege" (last year's version, and a better




# ZINE CONSPIRACY

## BY LEN BAILES

one, of "Wild in the Streets"). Rudolph can sing you the words to "Lola", Jacques Demy's *first* motion picture, and he is an avid fancier of *The Pink Floyd*, *Van Dyne Parks*, and Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote*.

So, for him I read the silly fanzines. I read vapid Arnie Katz articles in ARIOCH, PSYCHOTIC, and FOOLSCAP masquerading as humor... Vicious attacks on the Baycon, vicious attacks *by* the Baycon... Heated commentary on Norm Spinrad's *The Men in the Jungle*, and the explanations by Ted White of the causes of nearly everything. My interest was caught by the musings of Richard Bergeron in WARHOON and Lon Atkins's excellent piece of fiction in the last QUIP but one. I noticed that in ARIOCH, Ted White's VOID had found yet another imitator, and was impressed by the rather high quality of layout in all of them.

But as I read, I gradually began to frown, because permeating the entire fan press seemed to be the same Rudolphian assumption that Fanzines are Better Than Ever.

This idea has been picking up momentum recently the way a woolen sweater picks up lint. Echoed in FOOLSCAP, QUIP, and ARIOCH, Ted White finally comes out himself with the proclamation of glad tidings in EGOBOO #2. EGOBOO is the successor to MINAC, more or less, with the youthful Johnny Berry replacing the now old and grizzled Les Gerber as Ted White's co-editor. Like MINAC, it is a rather enjoyable fanzine to read, if you are interested in the doings of New York fandom and the subtle workings of Ted White's mind. To be honest, I must confess that I'm quite interested in Ted White's writings. I admire Ted and consider him to be keenly perceptive upon occasion. He has the ability to reach out and grab an idea that's sort of floating around the borders of fandom's collective unconsciousness and put it into words... dissect and analyze unspoken feelings and pin them down in print.

In the case of EGOBOO #2, White argues that at long last we have reached the end of the fannish interregnum which can be traced back to the folding of XERO as the last of the 7th fandom fanzines. The White school of numbered fandoms, as expounded previously, maintains that each numbered fandom is characterized by a group of genzines and an active core of readers and letterhacks, mostly interchangable from magazine to magazine, who supply most of the published material of worth during the period. Newcomers to the field in a numbered fandom period start their own genzines rather than joining existing apas or starting new ones. In time, a rather specialized kind of ingroup humor develops to unite the whole gestalt. These times are interlaced with interregnum periods, typified by retreats into the amateur press associations, the formation of new amateur press associations, and divisiveness between the active faneds of various cities, sometimes characterized by mammoth feuds. I won't go into this in detail. If you're interested, go find back issues of VOID, QUIP, etc.

If you accept White's criteria, we are now supposedly in 8th fandom. The noisiest and most vituperative fannish debates have shifted out of the Cult and FAPA, and now flourish in the lettercolumns of PSYCHOTIC, ODD, etc. The apas have been marked by drop outs and unenthusiasm. The requirements of the White definition seem to be satisfied.

What I object to is the implication that because these things are happening, the material in the fan press is any more readable than it's been in the past six years. The problem with most of Ted White's articles is that they are almost totally comprised of verbalizations of his own subjective impressions. When they are also my own impressions, of course, I tend to think he's being brilliant, but when they aren't (as in his review of *Space Odyssey* in SHAGGY #73, for instance) I wonder what he's talking about.

When Ken Rudolph was done raving to me about the quality of the stuff he dumped on my desk, I dug into my files and loaned him several issues of INNUENDO, some old XEROs, a few VINEGAR WORMs, and other examples of what I consider to be the best writing of the 7th fandom period. When he was done reading them, even he admitted to me that the material in his beloved SHAGGY and PSYCHOTIC was not of comparable quality.

Most of my active fanning has taken place during Ted White's interregnum period. I've seen a year or two of close gestalt debating in TAPS, a few issues of QUARK, some SFPA mailings, and a dash of ENCLAVE, LIGHTHOUSE, and HONQUE. I think the material of the early sixties is not particularly different than what we have now... but none of it ever impressed me the way the writings of Walt Willis and Charles Burbee did.

I think all White's 8th fandom really signifies is a minor shift in location of the people he finds entertaining from apas to the general press, and a revival of interest in fandom of one or two reasonably competent people after a temporary bout of gafia. There are no Harp Statesides today, no Bheercan Towers to the Moon, and no Enchanted Duplicators. There may be newcomers in fandom who are having an awful lot of fun imitating these things, but none of them is a really inspired imitator. There don't seem to be any new brilliant humorists lurking around. Calvin Demmon was the last writer, in my opinion, who came even close to touching the standards of a Willis or Bob Leman (standards occasionally matched by Terry Carr on his good days).

But where is Calvin now? Not writing for fanzines. Where are all the wonderful special people of *this* fan generation... the ones who can sit down at the typewriter and make magic? They don't seem to be in evidence, yet there should be a few. Why is it that the Johnny Berrys and Doug Lovensteins fill their magazines with reprints and talk of old fanzines? Certainly the new crop of fan editors seems to be competent and capable of learning from the past... but where is the originality that sparked the Bherkeley bhoys (who, influenced by Burbee tho they were, developed a whole new kind of fannishness)? The Whimsy of Demmon...

If I may borrow Ted White's own device, I have an (ahem) modest theory which may explain this dearth. It is, as most such things are, rather subjective and personal.

We're living in the 1960's now, not the '50's, and the world has changed. The '50's were an era of hypocracy, which attempted to impose an artificial stability on artistic media of all kinds. This resulted in a stultification of new ideas in these media which produced a mediocrity which filtered out into the social and cultural values of the decade. (Or, if you will, the social and cultural values produced the mediocre art forms.)

What could a reasonably sensitive adolescent do in a world which still clung to moral and sexual standards left over from Victorian England? A world of high school proms and Dairy Queen Stands... no underground presses, no inventive rock and roll... no communication of a challenging kind in any art produced by the under 30 people.

Well, some people reacted violently against the system and we wound up with the Village on one hand and James Dean on the other. Some adapted themselves to the system and we wound up with a clump of unhappy grad students and IBM Programmers.

But some people hid from the System. Some let their individuality out in little cracks where the Big World Outside wouldn't be able to crush them. There were no mass media to contradict the Ann Landers-Ed Sullivan bullshit; no one would publish, or at least seriously recognize, anything that contradicted the American Dream. (I'm hesitant about using that term after Hank Stine's rather less than brilliant exposition of it in SHAGGY #73.) There were no hippies and few civil rights workers. In order to let off steam somewhere some of the Bright People became fans. And some of the fans were Magic People... who had recognized creative outlets.

The last 7-8 years have contained technological developments which have drastically altered the role of the individualist in our society. Part of it is the drug thing. Part of it is the attack of the long suppressed national conscience which came in with the Kennedy administration. And part of it is the new music... new techniques in film... the dissatisfaction of a significant mass level with television and popular magazines. All of it has led to a society where fandom is not a unique outlet for a sensitive, creative individual. Here at UCLA there are student films. New Rock groups coalesce overnight. Some of them are Good.

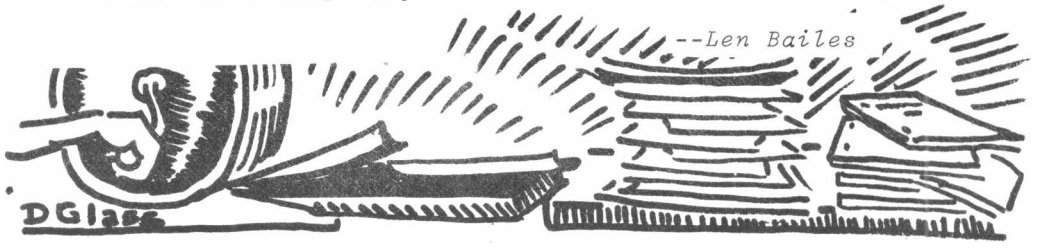
All of a sudden the public is interested in new thoughts and ideas in printed media. Why should a Samuel Delany sweat over a mimeograph when he can write and sell novels and know that they will be read?

There are bigger games than fandom to play now, and naturally the golden people are going to be drawn to them. The stakes are higher elsewhere and the payoffs more rewarding, as I'm sure Ted White would admit. After all... he's getting paid for his words of wisdom too, now.

And that, Ken Rudolph, is why I don't think the new Willis is around the corner, nor the new genzine a sign of Great Things to Come. Maybe we'll be lucky, and someone New will blunder into us and make us sing praises to his talent.

But he won't stay long.

*--Len Bailes*



# Fate of PATHAN

by Jim Keith

*He could smell a man.*

*In the forest came a blue-cloaked traveler, in the forest came a slashing enemy. Pathan clung tightly as the great leaf shuddered beneath him. It had been three days, but for him it seemed like many more.*

*The traveller, in his sweet voice;* "As I am food, so are you also food... Come, butterfly, let you be my food."

*The forest writhed, caressed, twisted, coaxed...exploded at the man. In Satha Derium the plants are able to understand, and they hid the butterfly. Slash after slash and swimming green fell to the earth.*

*Through the man-made canyon dodged the butterfly, and on the wind came a deathsong.*

"I have come," *says the traveller, smiling,* "for you."

*When it was dark...and silent...the butterfly found a decrepit carnival of leaves to sleep in. Pathan blinked between sleep and awareness. And he thought of the man and flew again. And he could still hear him. He came closer.*

*Stopping when he saw the tower in the distance, the traveller thought of the legends. On a crumbling pillar was engraved a Sign, and he gazed at it for some time. He boldly echoed his call.*

"Butterfly, come, let you be my food."

*In Satha Derium gods cast their runes, and sometimes there is huge laughter. The tower creaks with the thunder. When the runes are lifted again an age ha departed. And when they are thrown once more a world has been lost in a glance. And the runes can lay silent. The tower sprang from the earth, grea arms spiralling to the sky. The upper half of it was in the image of a brood ing stone face, and some of the monument lay broken and spilling to the groun Pathan had hidden in the tower before, lived only to do it again.*

*They usually avoided this place.*

*There came the blue-cloaked traveller, looked among the ancient lenses, looke among the legs shaped like faces, looked among the frog stepping stones. He hoped, hoped that he had not lost the butterfly.*

*All along the tower's base the traveller searched, and he found nothing. Underneath a splintered arch a black-shining spider tiptoed out, leering and drawing back his tiny bow.*

"You know what I have come for..." *said the traveller. The spider drew his bow back farther. He chattered a warning at the man.*

*All that day, as I am food the man would say, so are you also food. And the butterfly was below him, it seemed to pause for a moment. And the traveller lifted his sword.*

*Pathan waited, tensed.*

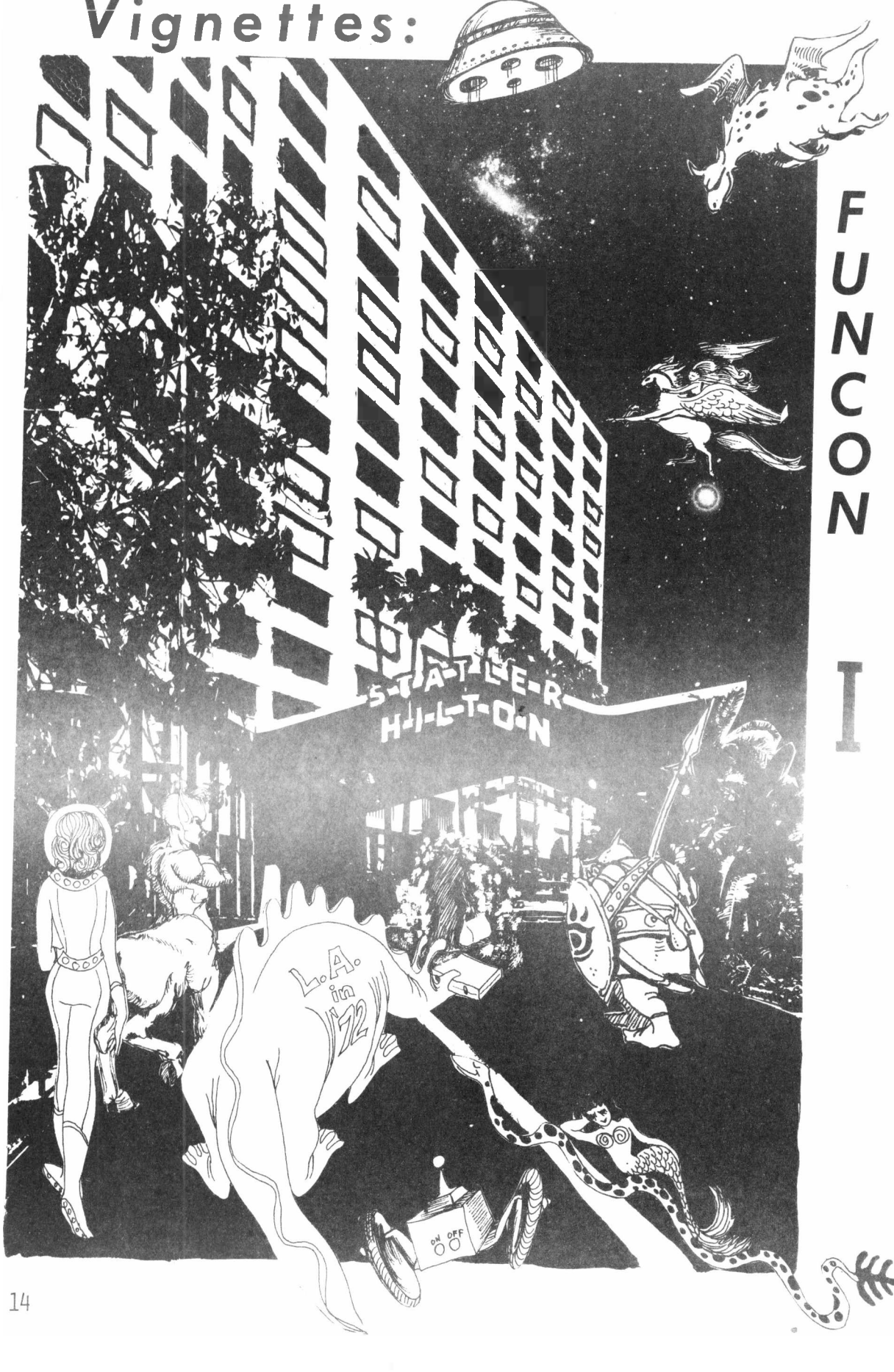
*And the traveller sent the sword licking below and skewered the butterfly.*

*Sitting cross-legged on a stone forehead, the traveller removed his tinder box and slowly, carefully, rolled the butterfly into a tiny cylinder. He smoked it.*

-- Jim Keith

Illustrations by Jack Gaughan

# Vignettes:



KEN RUDOLPH:

If anybody out there really wants to read a conreport on the FUNCON, I refer you to Vera Heminger's in CRY or Dave Hulan's in LOKI, or Fred Patten's in his SAPS zine. SHAGGY isn't going to do it that way. For instance, any conreport that I might write, would probably be filled with such sterling items as: "At 12:03 on Thursday, I managed to escape from the registration desk by collaring Sally Crayne to take over for five minutes while I found my way to the john." Nobody wants to hear a Treasurer's-eye-view of a con, unless he's a masochist!

Instead, we're going to give you a melange of impressions and anecdotes by various attendees—making no attempt at anything comprehensive. And hopefully, you the reader will find this as...well, fun as the FUNCON itself.

BARRY WEISSMAN:

What was the FUNCON like?

It was like Norman Spinrad and Terry Carr talking calmly about the new wave, and agreeing despite themselves. It was like Larry Niven telling a packed house about his private nightmare of organ banks and Harry Harrison replying with his own of over-population. It was like the authors and fans gathering down in the bar (despite the fact that they wouldn't serve us under twenty-one types. We could sit and chat, couldn't we?), where cries of Make Room! MAKE ROOM! became the theme song as more and more arrived. ("You certainly are hung up on authors," crys Ken Rudolph from the other typer. "Yep," I reply, "this con authors, next con the girls!")

JOHN TRIMBLE:

Thursday afternoon, I was sitting in the bar letting Russ Martin buy me a Carlsberg, when Karen Anderson came up to the bar and attempted to order a cocktail. The bartender ponderoused over and informed her that he wouldn't serve her, but that she could order from the table waiter if she'd only go over and sit down. Predictably, Karen exploded.

"Hell, I've been trying to order from him for half an hour," she announced to the hotel in general, and most of Wilshire Blvd. besides. With that she stomped back to the stf table (some of us fan and/or pro occupied it continuously during most of the con weekend), to attempt to attract the table waiter's attention once more. I asked the bartender why his action. "An unaccompanied lady may not be served at the bar," he grunted, "house rules." I dropped off my stool, walked over, and told Karen about this. "Care to accompany me back to the bar for a drink?" I offered. Back at the bar, I asked Mr. Information to kindly serve the lady the drink she'd ordered, only to be informed that it was also against the rules for a lady to pick up a gentleman in the bar.

Karen and I both muttered a few expletives, while Russ Martin yodeled "Whaaaat!?" By that time, the table waiter finally showed up, and Poul and Karen both had a few words with that worthy, winding up with Karen being huffily served her drink...at the table.

BJO TRIMBLE:

*"Hey, did you hear about your husband trying to pick up Karen Anderson in the bar?" Russ Martin chortled to me, as I was sorting through Dennis Smith's pornographic sketches. Under pressure, Russ old the story, to the*

*vast amusement of everyone who knew the parties involved.*

*Later that day, in the mezzanine bar, I walked past the rent-a-fuzz guards to get a drink. The bartenders were not acting overjoyed to get our business, but the drinks were OK. Spotting Karen sitting at the bar, talking to a couple of males, I sauntered past her, bumping her arm with my elbow to get her attention. "Hello, ducks," I said with a smirk, "working this bar for a change?". The bartenders gave us both a narrow look, but seemed to think better of starting any extra problems.*

FRED HOLLANDER:

By running around I managed to miss all the scheduled items on the program up until the Author's Reception. That I attended. I wandered in looking for an author to recept. There didn't appear to be any around. Probably all down in the bar, or perhaps I was too early. So I sat down at a table where Bill Rotsler was drawing cartoons. Someone commented on the fact that there appeared to be very few authors at the reception, and Rotsler replied that he was drawing author bait to attract them. He proceeded to prove it by baiting Harlan Ellison in his next cartoon. Two Rotsler characters standing there, one pointing and saying, "and the guy in the white miniskirt is Harlan Ellison." (Harlan was wearing a white Nehru jacket with gold braid, very nice.) Harlan took the bait. The way he was shouted at to come see it, he had to. Besides he is never one to pass up any egoboo.

So he sat down to get his revenge. Ensueth a cartoonists battle of the first degree, second degree, and especially the third degree. The inevitable crowd materialized, and materialized, and...would you kindly remove your elbow...thank you. The cartoons were passed around and around, and eventually landed, most of them, in the sticky hands of Terry Carr who was going to publish them in Lighthouse.

JOHN TRIMBLE:

Thursday night, I did my "thing" again. At each of the last three or four Westercons (less the 18th one, which I chaired), I have somehow would up in a hassle with the management. Sometimes this has been a private thing, about the food or the management attempting to "stiff" us. The most famous occasion was in San Diego, where I helped lead the fight against tyranny, injustice and the lousy manager, and almost got slugged by the fink the morning after I'd awakened him at two a.m. to complain about having the San Diego fuzz called on us. Honest, I'm really a mild-mannered type...but I'm not gonna put up with being pressured or persecuted.

Back to Thursday night. Clint Bigglestone and I were sitting in the mezzanine lobby, talking about the fannish convention politics (mainly, I was assuring him that the only people in connexion with BayCon with whom anyone I knew of had a gripe was the Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse themselves). Up walked one of the hotel rent-a-fuzz, who asked to see Clint's sheath knife. We stood up, and Clint handed the man the knife. A man in a dark suit chimed in with something about it being illegal to carry such a knife, and that it'd have to be put in the hotel safe. The rent-a-fuzz agreed with this, and Clint told them that, while he doubted the illegality of the knife, he'd agree to having it put in the hotel safe.

When we got downstairs to the Asst. Manager's desk, and were in the process of arranging to have the knife put in the safe, Mr. Hickey, the Asst. Mgr., came up, and immediately instructed Dark Suit to call the LAPD to bust Clint. "We've had nothing but trouble with these people for days," he said.

Clint and I both protested that our group hadn't been in the hotel but that day, which only got Mr. Hickey more excited. Seeing that we weren't going to avoid the whole scene with the city fuzz, we both decided that they should put the knife back in plain sight (Dark Suit had slipped

it into a drawer), and return Clint's driver's license, from which they'd been gathering ID info for the safe registration. Clint's admonition got nowhere, so I chimed in with a firm request to return Clint's property.

Mr. Hickey and I were eyeball to eyeball when the official fuzz arrived, and took Clint and the knife to Rampart Street station. I followed in the Gak, and brought Clint back to the hotel after they did an R&I on him and released him. They confirmed that the knife was illegal, but that Clint could keep it, since it was part of a collection. "Just don't wear it," they said, "and most especially keep it out of sight of that clown in the hotel."

When we got back to the Statler-Hilton, Hickey was glaring at us pretty hard, so as we passed his desk, I foolishly informed him that the LAPD typed him as the petty-empire-builder sort. Clint and I strolled on, and it was only as we started up the stairs to the mezzanine that we noticed Mr. Hickey and Dark Suit closing rapidly. Clint had moved ahead of me by then, so when Dark Suit said that he'd like to talk to me alone, I agreed and waved Clint away.

Dark Suit started back toward the lobby, but I demurred, "Let's talk here, man; I'm not about to follow you back to some office." At that, Dark Suit and Hickey closed in until I was breathing their exhaled halitosis, and when I attempted to push them back slightly, Dark Suit told me that he'd stand as close to me as he wished; this was their hotel, and I was a guest. "You interfere once more, fella," Hickey growled, "and we'll carry you out of here feet first."

About then, Poul & Karen Anderson, Larry Niven, and several others on the landing above noticed the confrontation going on, and moved in, demanding to know wot th' blazes was going on. Dark Suit and Hickey beat a retreat, and thus ended the Notorious Knife Incident.

JIM SCHUMACHER:

*The FUNCON had parties. Oy, did it have parties. The open ones were held in the Crayne's two-room suite. Every night of the con talking, drinking, laughing, singing fans jammed into it 'till the wee hours.*

*Immersed in such a diversified couple of roomfuls of people, I found it a trifle disturbing that all night I kept gravitating back to the same group: the SHAGGY crew. I mean, they're around all the time, and most of the others were a once a year thing. But still, time and time again I would look around me and there we would be, sitting in a circle talking with each other while the party swirled around us. It was into the middle of such a circle that Ken Rudolph landed on all fours, beaming eagerly.*

*"There is..." he announced in hushed dramatic tones, "a* Heliport *on the roof!"*

*"OH WOW!" screamed Karen.*
*"Yippie!"*
*"Superfantasticalygroovy!" cried Criss.*
*"Psychedelic...I think..."*
*"Ooh!" oohed Sally.*
*"Sssssssssssssiiiiiiisssh!" I yelled in my loudest whisper. It not only quieted them but was enough to cause the rest of the party to cast curious glances at us. "It's supposed to be a secret..." I finished meekly.*

*So we crept out of the party. Up the elevator that always stopped at the 5th floor whether you wanted it to or not. Down endless corridors of magic red carpet to a door that was marked, blatantly enough, "HELIPORT".*

*We walked slowly up the ramp, onto the giant slab of steel*

*rising high into the starry night. Open to us in 360° panorama was the incredible strange skyline of Los Angeles—seen through the middle. Bright pastel towers and sheets of leaping white windows. A full moon...planet...coming up behind the spires in the east.*

*We stood wide-eyed in the middle of the spaceport.*

*"Beam us up, Mr. Sulu," I said.*

*Seven stones against the sky.*

KEN RUDOLPH:

There are times when I've been accused of being paranoid, and I don't deny it. Friday night late, Schumacher's and my room was invaded for one of those impromptu parties the FUNCON was full of. Most of the SHAGGY crew was there, plus Mike Ward and two or three other fen whose names I never caught. My paranoia came to full bloom when Schu decided to call up Chicken Delight and have them bring his dinner up to the room.

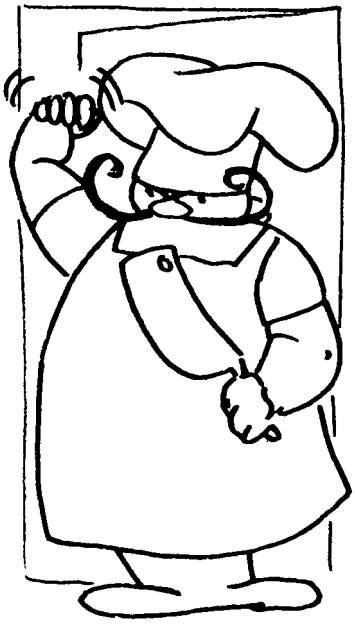
"You can't do that!" I shouted. The sub-conversations stopped in mid track.

"Why not?" Jim asked with just a bit of annoyance mixed in with the puzzlement. "I'm hungry, there's no place cheap enough to eat in this @#$%¢ hotel, and by ghod I'm not walking ten blocks to find some place open at this hour!"

"But this is a High Class hotel, Jim. They're going to be very uptight if a Chicken Delight man comes through the lobby. What about the room service waiters?"

"Hey, wait a minute, man. What can they do about it if I want a Chicken Delight?"

"That's not the point." I had talked myself into one of my paranoid trips, so I continued: "First of all the delivery boy will come into the lobby with that cap which says "Chicken Delight" on it. Somebody's bound to see him and six gets you five he'll connect him with our con. Who else staying here could hatch such a nefarious plot to avoid paying room service rates? So some waiter will start following him to see where he's going. The next thing you know, one of the bellboys we wouldn't let take up our baggage so we wouldn't have to give him a tip will see what's going on and follow. That'll attract the night manager. Then the chef whose food you're refusing to eat will join the procession, cleaver in hand. Before you know it there'll be a regular parade come right up to our door!"



At his point everybody joined in (except Jim who sat the whole time glowering over the phone debating whether to pick it up and call or not) and tried to top the last person with the consequences of such an act. Somebody described the horrible feeling of embarrassment the poor delivery boy would feel as he tried to sneak through the lobby unnoticed. How he would most likely sneak his cap off to avoid being noticed. The image of the chef with the cleaver standing in front of the door to 1219 as it opened, saying "Ah ha!" in a French accent (he would have to have a Daliesque moustache, of course) proved to be a popular one.

We rocked with laughter. Finally Jim sighed, visibly resigned himself and announced to the world: "O.K., forget it. I'm not hungry anymore. Let's all go swimming."

JIM SCHUMACHER:

*"Do you mean to tell me you've all deserted me?" I asked the people standing around the hotel pool. "I'm really the only one who's going to go swimming at midnight?" I stood, poised in all my skinny glory, on the diving board. They nodded.*

*"Don't do it, Jim," said Rudolph for the twelfth time that evening. "You heard the manager—No Night Swimming."*

*"But I really dig night swimming. Am I gonna hurt the pool, or what?"*

*"No, but you'll undoubtedly get thrown out," answered Larry.*

*"So what? Are you guys all that wrapped up in your cool?" I shook my head disgustedly at the small knot of humanity on the water's edge. Then I pointed my finger at them and pronounced: "Thou hast all lost thy Sense of Wonder!" and dove in.*

*Splash.*

*Like I said, I really groove on night swimming. The water's always nice and warm...because the night air is cooler. It's one of the greatest things I've ever experienced to float with your eyes at water level. The colored lights of the city reflect down onto the surface and play about you in ever changing bands of multi-colored ripples. Waves of blue and green and brilliant white lap at your nose and seemingly stretch out for miles. Sparkling wet red and yellow wash over your head. It was a fantastic trip for ten minutes until the hotel Dick came bellowing up and ordered me out, "...you <u>delinquent</u> you..."*

KEN RUDOLPH:

Then there was the party that appeared mysteriously on the steps of the lobby. Dig this: huge, luxurious, busy lobby of a major hotel--all sorts of formally dressed people passing through on a Saturday night to go to wedding receptions and what not. And there, sitting on the steps blocking traffic was this clump of fans dressed as fans do at cons nowadays, and looking like an aggregation of hippies doing a sit-in. Terry Carr, Norman Spinrad, Hank Stine and Brian Kerby (editor of pornographic SF books and like most of the others bearded and beaded), myself, and later Lee Klingstein and several others. Harry Harrison stopped for a few moments and then wandered over to the bar after commenting that this party was too dry for him. Occasionally a passerby would give us the hippie "V" sign, which, come to think of it, probably wasn't much off the mark.

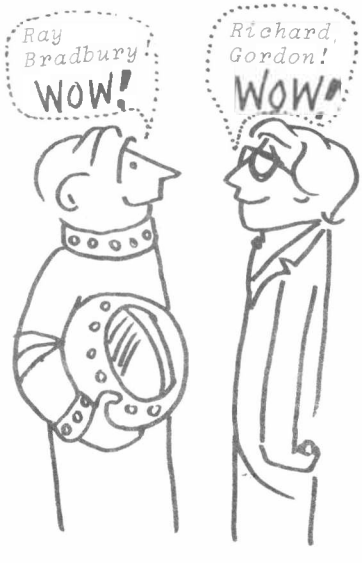
# THE FUNCON BANQUET

*Fans are friendly, happy, wonderful... relaxed. . .*

*Which is the only true book?*

*There's nobody home upstairs!*

*For my opening re-remarks. . .*



*How did he ever write something about having no mouth?*

Captions by Vera Heminger, Vonda MacIntire, and Bjo

# by Bjo

Tonight we're going to wrestle with the devil!

"New wave? New Dave? Some cheap permanent perhaps?"

So I argue with everyone and scream at changes in my golden words -- is that any reason why an editor should write a snotty letter saying he doesn't want to deal with me? WHY should he be that way?

Remember, you nuts holding the rusty bolts of the universe together -- EDIT is a four letter word!

Yeah -- we need brave, outstanding editors who know how to edit -- but they'd better keep their miserable funky blue pencil off my stories!

I wish these neofen would settle down and listen to the speeches.

BJO TRIMBLE:

*Costumed in Rick Sneary's mother's 1909 camping outfit (huge baggy culottes military style high-waisted coat and kha hat) and Mrs. Fritz Leiber, Sr.'s beautiful long blonde Ophelia wig, I attende the costume ball as Lady Greystoke. The most outstanding (disclaimer) costume there was the one Marji Ellers was almos wearing; that of the Black Queen from th Barbarella comics. A reporter from the Los Angeles Times was trying to intervie Marji during a photo session after the judging, with this outcome:*

*"Uh...are you a professional?" aske the reporter.*

*"A professional what?" returned Marji.*

*"Well, I mean...do you do this (wav ing vaguely at the costume) all the time*

*"No, of course not," said Marji patiently.*

*"Um...what do you do, ordinarily?" asked the reporter in a desperate tone.*

*"Usually, I'm a landlady," said Mar ji brightly, "but I have an apartment empty right now, so I had the time to come to the convention, you see."*

*This piece of logic so staggered the reporter that he walked away, mur muring to himself. I said, as he passed, "If you can make a story out of that interview, you're a better journalist than anybody here!". Evidently he did just that, because a couple of weeks after the FUNCON an article came out in the paper, mentioning Marji's obvious accomplishments.*

JERRY POINDEXTER (SMITH):

The last day: or the "Star Trek" Luncheon in four part harmony:

I sat next to Karen Anderson and across from Ed Baker and Eric Hoffman and enjoyed everything. The chicken, Karen's comments about bouncing potatoes, the speeches, surprises and puns ("what do you get if you cross a fan with a Tribble? A furry Ackerman"). Then came the blooper films. I dug them too: McCoy kissing Kirk on the nose, Spock saying "Who gives a damn!", Scotty shoveling coal into the Enterprise's engines.

SALLY CRAYNE:

The late Sunday afternoon sun was streaking across the lobby and there were still a swarm of fans down in the bar, unwilling to say die: Dave Hulan, the Andersons, Tina Hensel, others. So I encouraged the inevitable and had everyone come over to our house for a final party. Flieg and Astrid Anderson set some kind of record for nonstop kiss, I'm told. On and on ... when I went to bed some time in the wee smalls, the last goodnight flash was Tina and Charlie and Karen rapping about—yes, science fiction and poetry, and Tina softly wondering at having Poul, a real byghod pro, asleep in her lap.

FAR AWAY, ACROSS A GREAT GULF OF TIME, WHEN WE ARE BONES AND OUR BONES ARE DUST, FAR AWAY THROUGH VEILS OF IMPERCEPTIBLE THINGS, THERE IS A 5:45.... THERE IS SOUND OF HOLLOW WINDS AND MOVEMENT OF GIANT CUMULOUS CLOUD MOUNTAINS ACROSS ETERNAL PATHS, HIGH UP IN A TIRED SKY... AND IN THE LATE AFTERNOON OF DUSTY FOREVER, AT 5:45 A FIGURE COMES RIDING DOWN TO A WATERHOLE.. DISMOUNTS... DRINKS. ..THE LITTLE MAN OR HALFMAN OR MUTANT OR MONSTER WATCHES THE WATER... HE SEES THE EYES OF A TORTURED MIND STARING OUT OF THE COLD SPRING..

©COPYRIGHT 1968 BY VAUGHN F. BODE'

THE STUPID GRASSER GRUNTS IMPATIENTS AND CLACKS THE IRON BIT IN ITS MOUTH, IT SNUFFS OLD DUSTWEED BUT DECIDES NOT TO EAT IT.. COBALT WATCHES THE CLOUDS MOVE SLOWLY ACROSS THE WATER... WIND... RIPPLES THE IMAGE.... DEEP BROODINGS SAIL AWAY... HE MOUNTS A CREEKING SADDLE AND HAULS THE DUMB BEAST TO ITS FEET... THEY LUMBER UP THE SLOPE, THEN OVER THE TOP... THEY FOLLOW AN OLD WAGON PATH OUT ONTO A GREAT FLAT PLATEAU.. COBALT RELAXES, THE AIR IS EVENING COOL, HE KICKS THE GRASSER INTO A ROLLING, ROCKING LOPE AND RACES TOWARD DISTANT UNIMPORTANT GOALS... HE RIDES WELL, LIKE PART OF THE WHOLE ORGANIC MACHINE., HE SMACKS THE ANIMAL ON FASTER AND HE GRINS BEHIND HIS MASK..

**COBALT** WINS HIS RACE AND HAULS THE GRASSER BACK TO A ROCKING, LUMBERING STRIDE... THEY PASS A GROUP OF BONES THAT USED TO LIVE AND WALK... THE OLD WIND-ERODED HILLS HOLD COUNTLESS MYSTERIES.. MYSTERIES BURIED IN DEEP CAVERNS OF RADIOACTIVE GLASS.. "BONES" HE YELLS, "WHO WERE YOU BONES?" BUT ONLY WIND... MOANING OVER A RUSTY RIFLE.. ..A CHASM OF TIME BETWEEN HIM AND HIS ANSWER... "BONES," HE SAYS AGAIN.. HE DOESN'T SMILE, HIS HEAD HURTS FROM HATE, HIS EYES ACHE EVIL AND BURNING.. THE BONES ARE HIS BONES AND HIS PEOPLE'S BONES STRUNE OUT ON A STERILE LAND BY HOMO SAPIENS, HUMANS, ENEMIES, THE ONES WHO WALK IN ALL GOD'S PURITY.. HUMANS WHO..... **COBALT** STOPS. ON THE WAGON PATH, A MILE AWAY.. SOMEONE WALKS... SOMEONE COMES...

**COBALT** DRAWS THE HEAVY CALIBER WOLF CARBINE FROM HIS SADDLE SCABBARD.. HE WATCHES THE FIGURE.. HE BOLTS A ROUND INTO THE CHAMBER.. THIS IS AN UGLY WORLD OF LITTLE GOOD AND GREAT EVIL.. A WORLD WHERE SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON BRINGING DOWN YOUR NEIGHBOR... A WORLD WHERE THE MEEK AND PASSIVE PERISH WITH THE HISSING SANDS.. THE FIGURE MUST HAVE SEEN HIM BY NOW BUT CONTINUES ADVANCING, PRETENDING NOT TO NOTICE OR CONCEALING A GUN UNDER HIS CLOKE OR READY WITH BOMB OR KNIFE.. COBALT RAISES THE RIFLE... HE COULD SHOOT HIM DEAD WHERE HE WALKS... HE AIMS... HE COULD HIT HIS HEAD EASY... THE TRIGGER... **WHAT?**.. THE FIGURE IS WAVING TO HIM!...

COBALT IS AMAZED. THE FIGURE IS YELLING AND WAVING TO HIM!.. AS HE GETS CLOSER HE IS SAYING "..FOR TWO DAYS..THE PRIESTS AND THA'SEED ARE RESTING IN THE OLD RUINS.."..HE IS VERY CLOSE...HE STOPS AND PEERS AT THE RIDER HIGH UP ON THE BIG GRASSER... "IS THAT," HE BEGINS.."**MY DEAR GOD!**" HE CRIES."**A MUTANT!!**" "**JESUS**", YELLS COBALT,"**A HUMAN!**" THE MAN JUMPS BACK PULLING OUT A SHORT PISTOL...COBALT LURCHES BACK BUT FIRES HIS RIFLE ONE HANDED...THE SLUG KNOCKS THE MAN DOWN...HE SHOOTS BACK AT THE SKY, AND A DIZZY WORLD..HE SCREAMS AND SHOOTS AND IN HIS PAIN HE DOESN'T KNOW THE MUTATION HAS SHOT HIM AGAIN..IN THE STOMACH...HE BANGS THE GROUND WITH HIS HEAD AND VOMITS BLOOD AND TRIES STUPIDLY TO STUFF HIS ENTRAILS BACK.... COBALT SITS..SHAKING..WATCHING THE FASCINATING HORROR...

**WHEN** THE HUMAN DIES, COBALT GETS DOWN AND LOOKS AT HIM... HE IS AN OFFICER IN THE PALACE GUARD OF THE RADIO PEOPLE..AN OFFICER ALONE, DISGUISED UNDER THE CLOKE OF A HUMAN PRIEST... ...."HE THOUGHT I WAS A MAN... A RADIO."...THE DEADMAN'S BOYISH FACE TWITCHES WITH INVOLUNTARY MUSCLE SPASMS... COBALT ALMOST TOUCHES HIM, BUT PULLS AWAY AND GOES BACK TO THE GRASSER."WHAT HE SAID," HE MOUNTS AND PULLS THE BEAST UP,"WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THE PRIESTS IN THE RUINS".. HE MOVES ON, AWAY FROM THE BODY...IT WILL LAY ON THE PLATEAU AND BECOME BONES THAT USED TO LIVE AN WALK.. COBALT MOVES HIS BEAST INTO A STEADY LOPE"RUINS"HE SAYS AND SCANS THE JUMBLED ROCKS FAR BEHIND HIM LAYING IN THE DUSTY ROAD THE YOUNG HUMAN'S HAND TWITCHES A LAST TIME...

**WHEN** CIVILIZATION FELL IT NEVER FELL IMEDIATELY INTO TOTAL BARBARISM DESPITE THE FACT IT HAD SO SHORT A WAY TO FALL TO GET THERE... CIVILIZATION FELL LIKE A GREAT SILK CLOTH OVER JUMBLED BRICKS. IN MANY PLACES RELIGIOUS ORDERS HUNG ON FOR A HUNDRED YEARS OR MORE AS BASTIONS OF HUMANITIE'S BELIEF IN DEVINE PERPOSE... THEY HUNG ON UNTILL THE MUTATIONS SACKED AND PILLAGED THEM. ..THE RUINS STOOD AGAINST A ROCK BUTTE ON THE EDGE OF THE PLATUE. WHEN COBALT SPOTTED THE OLD TOWER HE REIGNED HIS GRASSER OFF THE PATH AND ACROSS STONY FLATS. IF MORE HUMANS WHERE THERE HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN... HE THOUGHT HE SAW AN EARLY STAR OFF BEYOND THE RUINS. "**VENUS**," HE SAID...

**WHEN** HE WAS AS CLOSE AS HE DARED GO WITH THE GRASSER HE TOOK HIS CARBINE AND DISMOUNTED. HE LEFT THE ANIMAL UNTETHERED, SNUFFING AND PAWING DUST WEED... COBALT CLIMBED THE ROCKS AT THE BASE OF THE BUTTE AND CAREFULLY CROSSED THEM UNTIL HE WAS OPPOSITE THE TOWER... WINDS... CRIED IN UNENDING SORROW AS THEY SWOONED ACROSS THE OLD ROCK... HE JUMPED... ONTO THE TOWER... LIKE A CAT STALKING ITS PREY... HE WAS QUIET, LISTENING... NOTHING. JUST THE WINDS HYMN... MUCH OF THE ROOF WAS CAVED IN ON A LOWER LEVEL... HE WENT DOWN INTO THE DARK. PICKING HIS WAY LIKE ON EGGS ALERT NOT TO DISTURB A PEBBLE OR BONE... HE FOUND STONE STEPS THAT LED ROUND AND DOWN. HE TOOK THEM. **VOICES!**.. HE TENSES. HOLDING HIS BREATH.... THE PRIESTS....

COBALT STEPPED DOWN..SLOWLY.. THROUGH THE DARK OF THE DEAD TOWER..THE VOICES FRIGHTENED HIM WITH THEIR CLARITY LIKE THEY WERE SPEAKING TO HIM.."BUT GOD IN ALL HIS GOODNESS HAS BLESSED US WITH THE FERTILE SEED..YOU... PERHAPS THE LAST OF OUR RACE TO HAVE SUCH A DEVINE QUALITY." ANOTHER VOICE..ALSO SOFT;"MAJOR SUSU SUN SHOULD BE BACK SOON, HE MUST BE RIDING WITH THE CAVALRY BY NOW..THIS TERRIBLE WAIT WILL BE OVER..." "CAVALRY!" THOUGHT COBALT,"CAVALRY!"..HE FELT TRAPPED,THEY COULD HAVE FOUND THE SOLDIER ALREADY!.. AND IF THEY HAD..IF THEY HAD,THEN THEY WOULD BE CHARGING DOWN THE ROAD TO SAVE THEIR PRIESTS! HE BIT ON HIS LIP..INDECISION... IF HE GOT OUT NOW THEY WOULDN'T LOOK FOR HIM..PERHAPS A MUTANT ROBBER DID IN THE OFFICER ON HIS WAY TO OTHER PARTS.."YES,"HE THINKS,"I'LL GET OUT,I'LL GO BACK"..

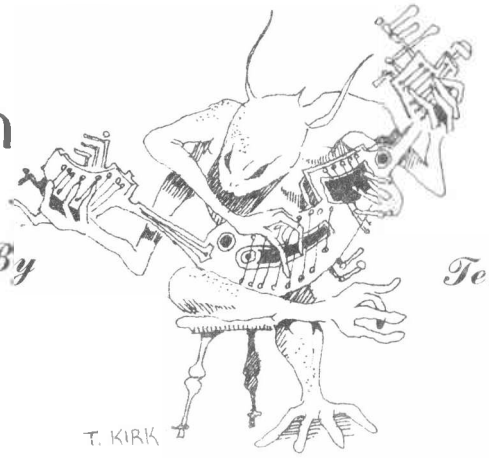
COBALT TURNED AWAY TO CLIMB BACK INTO THE BLACKNESS,BUT STOPPED..A WOMAN..A WOMAN'S VOICE SPOKE LIKE LAVANDER SILK AND JELLO WATER AND HE STOPPED,HIS HEART BEATING... HE LISTENED.." I AM COLD,FATHER AND I AM HUNGRY."..ONLY ONCE HAD HE HEARD A HUMAN WOMAN SPEAK..ONLY ONCE..SO HE WOULD LISTEN A MOMENT AND THEN BE GONE..HE KNEW THE CAVALRY WOULD COME SOON..VERY SOON.. "YOU SAID I AM THE SALVATION OF THE RADIO RACE,THAT GOD HAS PICKED ME TO BEAR FRUITFUL CHILDREN FOR YOU..BUT HE DOES NOT KEEP ME WARM AND YOU DO NOT FEED ME.." THE WOMAN WAS CRYING,A PRIEST WAS SAYING COMFORTING WORDS...COBALT WASN'T LISTENING."SHES A SEED!" HIS MIND SCREAMED,"A FERTILE WOMAN,MAYBE THE LAST HUMAN CAPABLE OF CARRYING A CHILD!".. HIS KNEES TREMBLED,"A SEED"....

COBALT'S MIND REELS, HIS HANDS SHAKE LIKE AN OLD MAN'S "A SEED!" HE FELT DESTRUCTION, FASCINATED, HUNG BETWEEN ESCAPE AND HATRED THAT BORDERED INSANE PLEASURE. "I MUST KILL THAT WOMAN," HE SCREAMS IN SILENCE. "DO IT, DO IT, **DO IT!**" HE ALMOST FAINTS AS HE PUSHES FROM THE WALL AND STARTS.. ALMOST THERE.. HE FORGETS THE RIFLE AND DRAWS HIS PISTOL.. THE WOODEN DOOR.. SHE IS CLOSE BEHIND IT.. HE IS SO NERVOUS HE HOLDS THE WEAPON IN BOTH HANDS.. HE COCKS IT.. "WHAT WAS THAT?" SAYS A PRIEST. **CRASH!** COBALT FALLS AFTER HIMSELF INTO THE ROOM!.. HE ROLLS OVER, THE WOMAN IS SCREAMING.. HE SHOOTS THE PRIEST WHO BLOCKS THE SEED.. THE MAN FALLS LIKE A BROKEN DOLL.. THE OTHER ONE GOES TO HIS KNESS AND IMPLORES COBALT TO SPARE THE WOMAN.. "I'LL GO WITH YOU MUTATION.. I'LL FOREVER SERVE YOU, BUT DON'T, PLEASE!"

COBALT AIMS AT THE BEAUTIFUL HUMAN... SOFT... SWEET SEED OF FERTILITY.. SHE IS TERRIFIED... DUMB WITH DISBELIEF... HE SHOOTS.. THE 45 CAL. BULLET SMASHES HER SHOULDER AND SPRAWLS HER ACROSS HER BED IN A SHOWER OF BLOOD.. COBALT STANDS.. COCKS AND SHOOTS, COCKS AND SHOOTS, COCKS.. BUT DOESN'T SHOOT.. HALF HER LOVELY, DELICATE FACE IS GONE.. SHE IS DEAD...

THE LIVING PRIEST LAYS ON THE FLOOR CRYING AND ROCKING, NOT CARING IF HE IS NEXT. COBALT HOLSTERS HIS WEAPON LIKE A ZOMBIE AND STUMBLES AWAY FROM HIS HORRIBLE PLAY.. HE IS ELATED... HE IS SICK... HE IS A MONSTER IN A WORLD MADE BY THE THING HE DESTROYED. HE STAGGERS OUT INTO THE NIGHT LIKE A DRUNK. HE DOESN'T SEE THE CAVALRY COMING.. HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE... HE SEES A BRIGHT STAR.. "VENUS" HE MUMBLES...

# A Slow Train Through Gondo




*A Column By* *Ted Johnstone*

This is another revival of a column I used to do for different fanzines at different times. Since it's taking me a little longer than usual to get back in the swing of first draft literacy (been doing minac in SAPS mostly), I'm copping out this time. The main body of these my very own pages this number will be occupied with something that probably would have been published here anyway -- my Position Paper entitled (comprehensively, I think) "Whither Fandom?" (This was recently mis-quoted as "Wither Fandom." Feh.)

With some six weeks having passed since this was written and delivered, I have made additional observations and a lot has happened to reduce the severe pessimism which seems to be implicit in many of my conclusions. I still hold to the ultimate conclusions in the last few paragraphs, but Fandom is not disintergrating, merely changing so rapidly you wouldn't recognise it if you looked away for a year or so and then looked back. I have a hard time recognising it myself sometimes, and I've been looking all the time.

*TAJ -- 15 Aug '68*

Even though this panel was scheduled at four o'clock, I knew well in advance I wasn't going to be able to be here before four-fifteen. I am a fanatic viewer of a television show called DARK SHADOWS. You may hear more about this show if you don't know it already -- it has quite as great a following in Fandom as STAR TREK, though the two groups do not entirely overlap.

Think of that! That despised and denigrated medium, television, has two shows running which attract more fannish following than any previous show. And the first returns on THE PRISONER are just coming in; it looks like there are three outstanding scientifiction and/or fantasy shows, worthy of adult audiences -- and drawing them.

Ten years ago -- even five years ago -- there simply wasn't any market for shows like these. Today people are watching them. People are coming to be aware of new ideas -- not quite comprehending them, maybe, but aware they exist and willing to look at them.

There's another kind of explosion going on in the Outside World besides the population explosion. There's the Information Explosion. It's been gathering speed since Guterberg invented the fanzine, but only in the last fifty years has it been a true explosion--an irreversible destructive force, sweeping old ways of life out of existence all over the world.

Fifty years ago anything you learned came through your own effort -- you went to see something, you talked to somebody who knew, you read about it. Most of the world lived and died without moving a hundred miles in any direction. It took a while to make radio practical enough to be omnipresent; within a generation the entire world has been placed in the fuzzy, satellite-relayed picture in Everyman's living room, displayed, dissected and differed on by three networks for the edification of anybody who bothers to look.

Now, a culture is a ponderous mass, and it has a lot of inertia. It took twenty or thirty years for the world to begin to become aware of this new thing -- and it will never be the same again. But that's a thesis for a book, at least.

For the present, accept that more people are becoming aware of the rest of the universe. Some are even becoming curious. Where do people tend to look if they actually become curious about new ideas? Science fiction.

I propose that it is obvious we are already undergoing the first ripples of a wave of sincere interest in Fandom on the part of the general public greater than anyone here could possibly imagine.

For thirty years or more Fandom has been a quiet little enclave, writing, publishing, existing entirely for itself. The effect of this wave, I presume, is what we intend to discuss.

Before we do, however, I would like to propose a definition of what the difference was originally that separated a TruFan from the reader and the mundane. I would welcome discussion on it.

Basically, most people learn to be people by observing other people. Most Fans learned to be people, for one reason or another, from reading books. This can be expressed in psychosociological terms like "socialising process", but that's what it boils down to.

Fen are verbally oriented. Boy Howdy! Are they verbally oriented! Remember, the City Full of Fans that Los Angeles has become, like New York and the Bay Area, is a relatively new phenomenon. Fen were traditionally a solitary race, living in Post Office boxes, whose typefaces were as recognisable as the voices of friends, and who may have met once a month or once a year or never but still considered themselves a close-knit group of buddies.

They felt a little bit different from the rest of the world, and they kidded each other about it -- FANS ARE SLANS and all its derivatives. But they were different -- they thought differently, reacted differently. And they had shared experience, which is what it takes to make friends; they'd read the same books.

Fen are, I think -- and remember, I'm speaking of the traditional TruFan type, which is already becoming rarer -- more withdrawn, more introverted, less social than the Mundanes. They never danced at Convention Balls, and although they drank more per capita than Mundane Conventions they never caused serious trouble. They stayed to themselves a lot, and the themes of many fan-fiction pieces included the premise "Us against the World", or vice versa.

Last year at the Westercon, everybody got up and danced. People who had never danced in public before in their lives got up and danced. Last year the New York Worldcon doubled the previous record for paid attendance; this year's Worldcon, despite gross mismanagement, is already approaching that number in advance registrations.

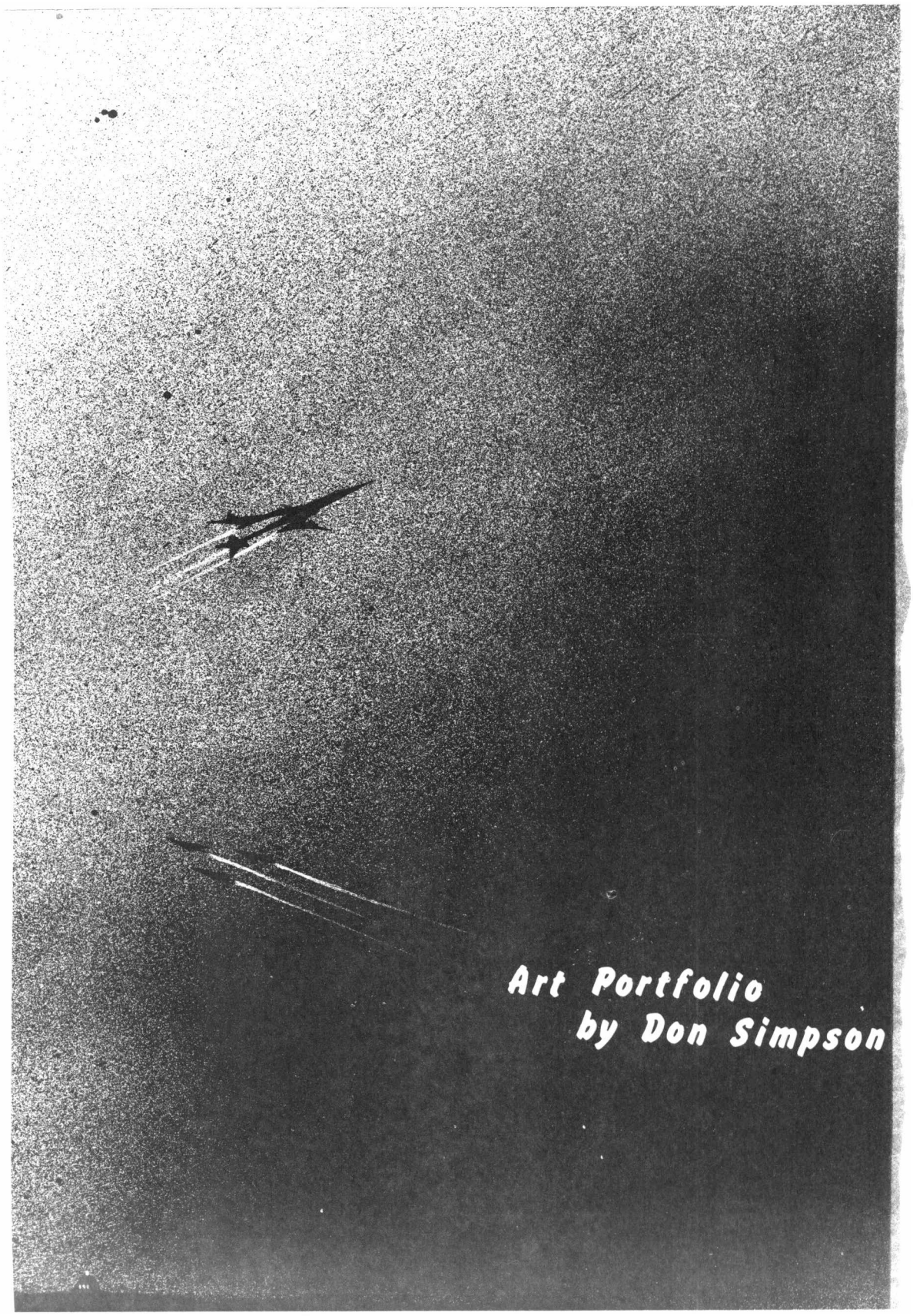
So it is just possible that what we once called Fandom has been en route to extinction for a couple of years. It's been gradual, but it's just about gone. Oh, there's still Fandom, but it's different and it's going to grow. It may even go commercial. I'll stay with it as long as I can put up with it, but I never liked crowds. Eventually the Old Style Fen may sort of settle out, and secret invitational sercon apas may become the rule. Perhaps Inner and Outer Circle of Fandom will form. That's worth a fanfiction serial at least.

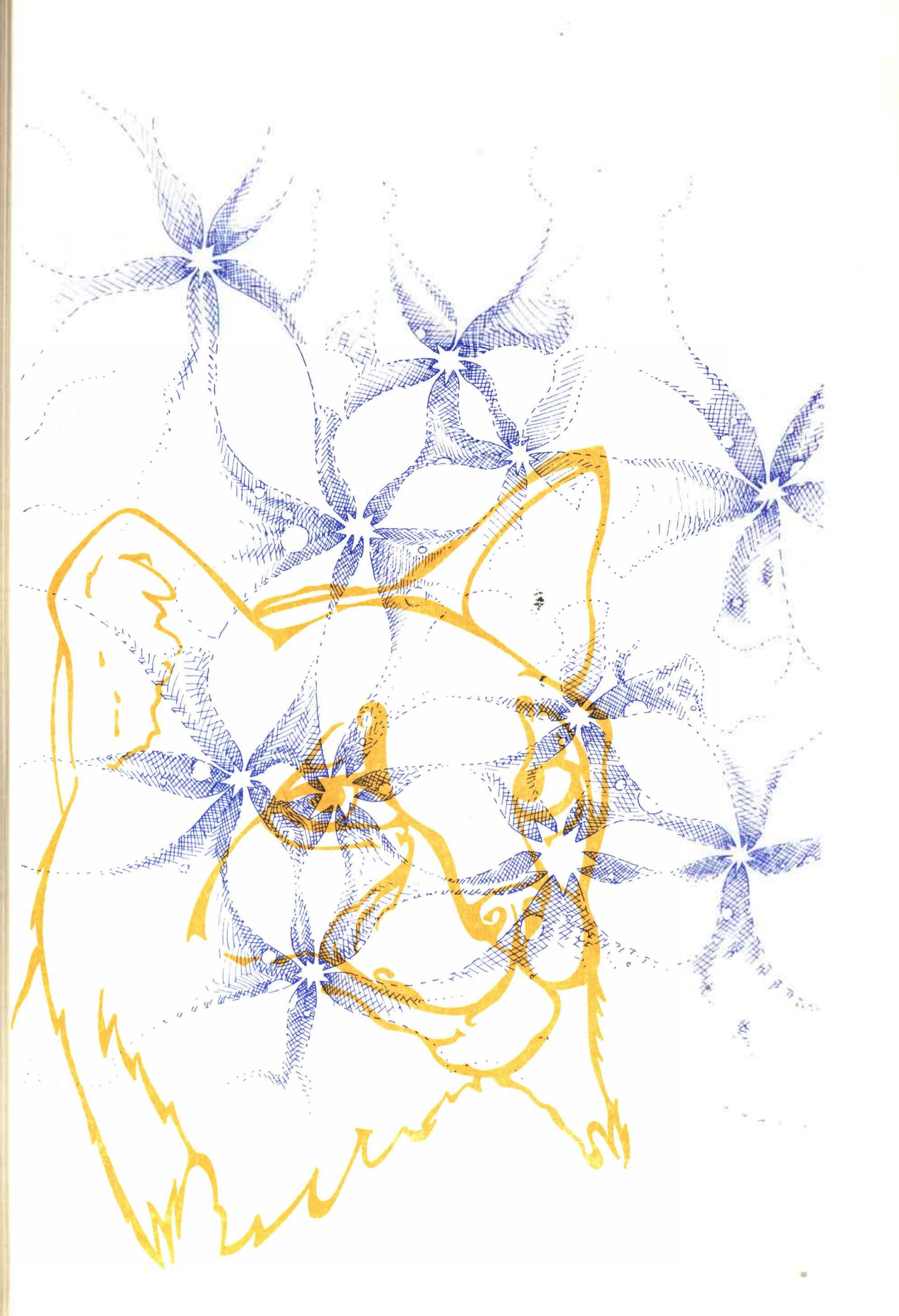
I'm afraid I don't have a conclusion to draw. The future is almost upon us -- 1984 is, right now, as close in time as the Korean War. I can't say where Fandom is going -- but I'm here to tell you it's already on its way there. One thing only can I promise: The future is going to be totally unexpected. And it's not going to matter a whole lot whether you like it or not.

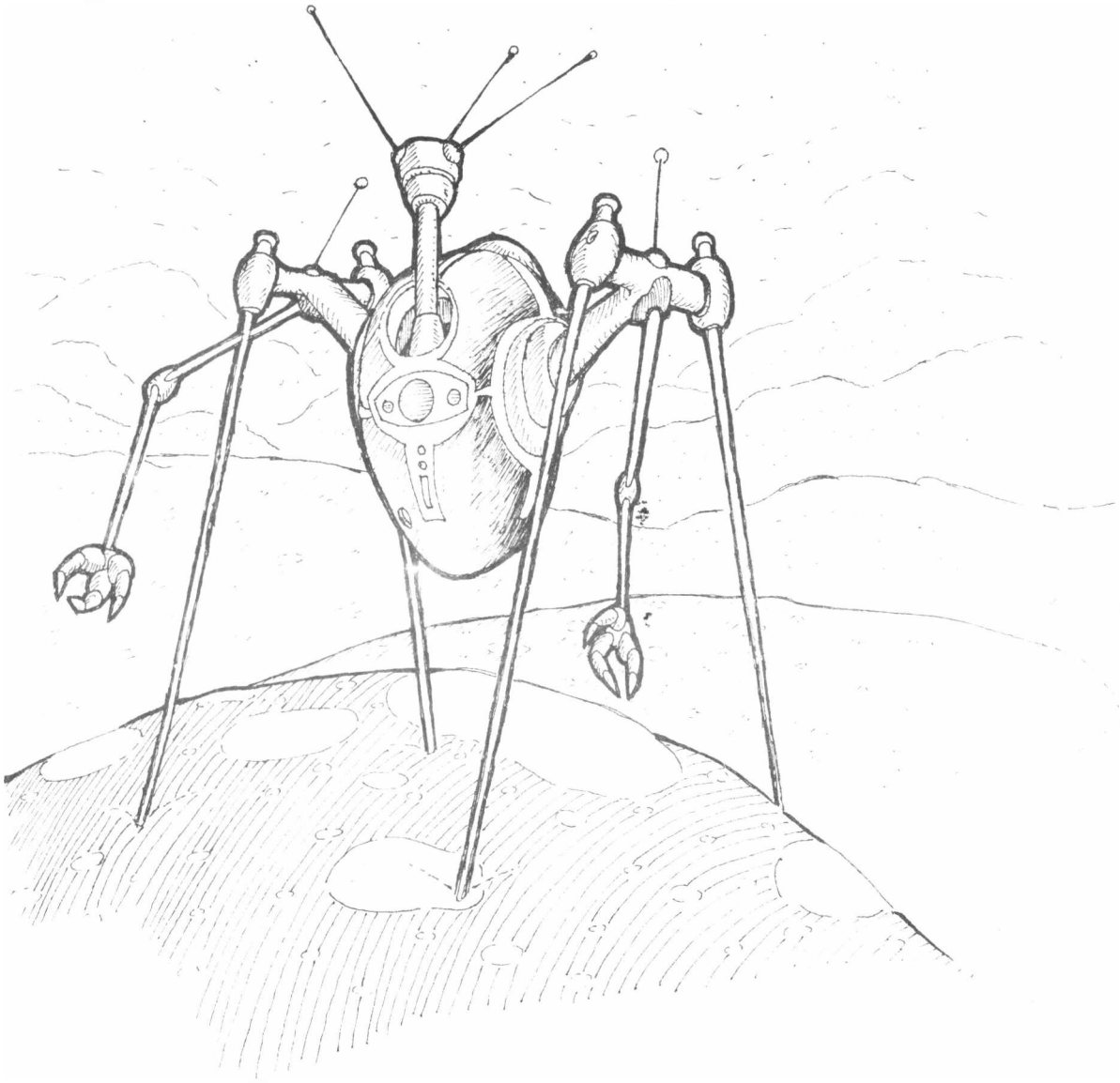
But you'd better be ready for changes. The main reason I'm here today is because I can't help hoping that somewhere there is a simple answer or at least a clear-cut question, and if we talk about it long enough we just might work it out.

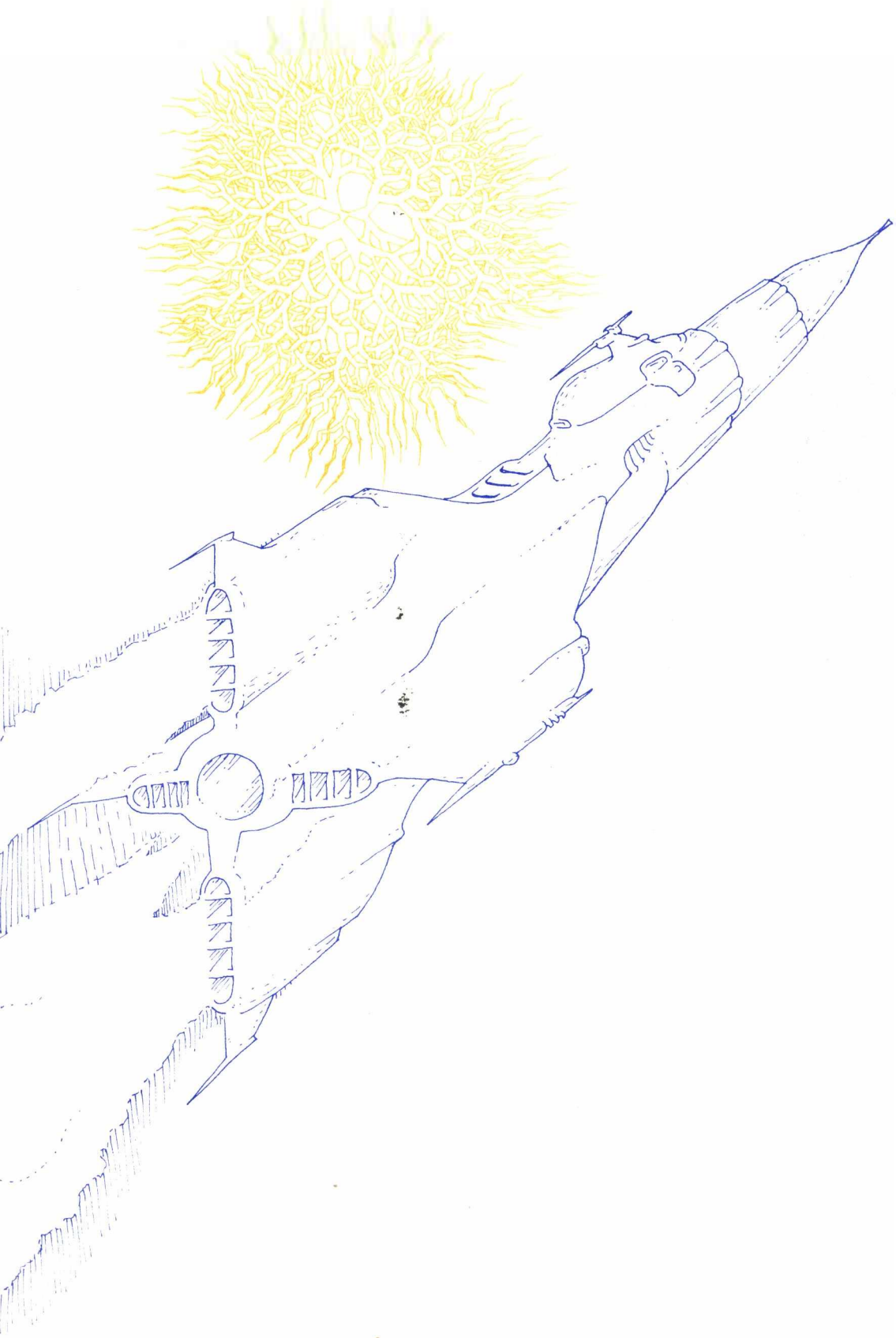
-- *Ted Johnstone*

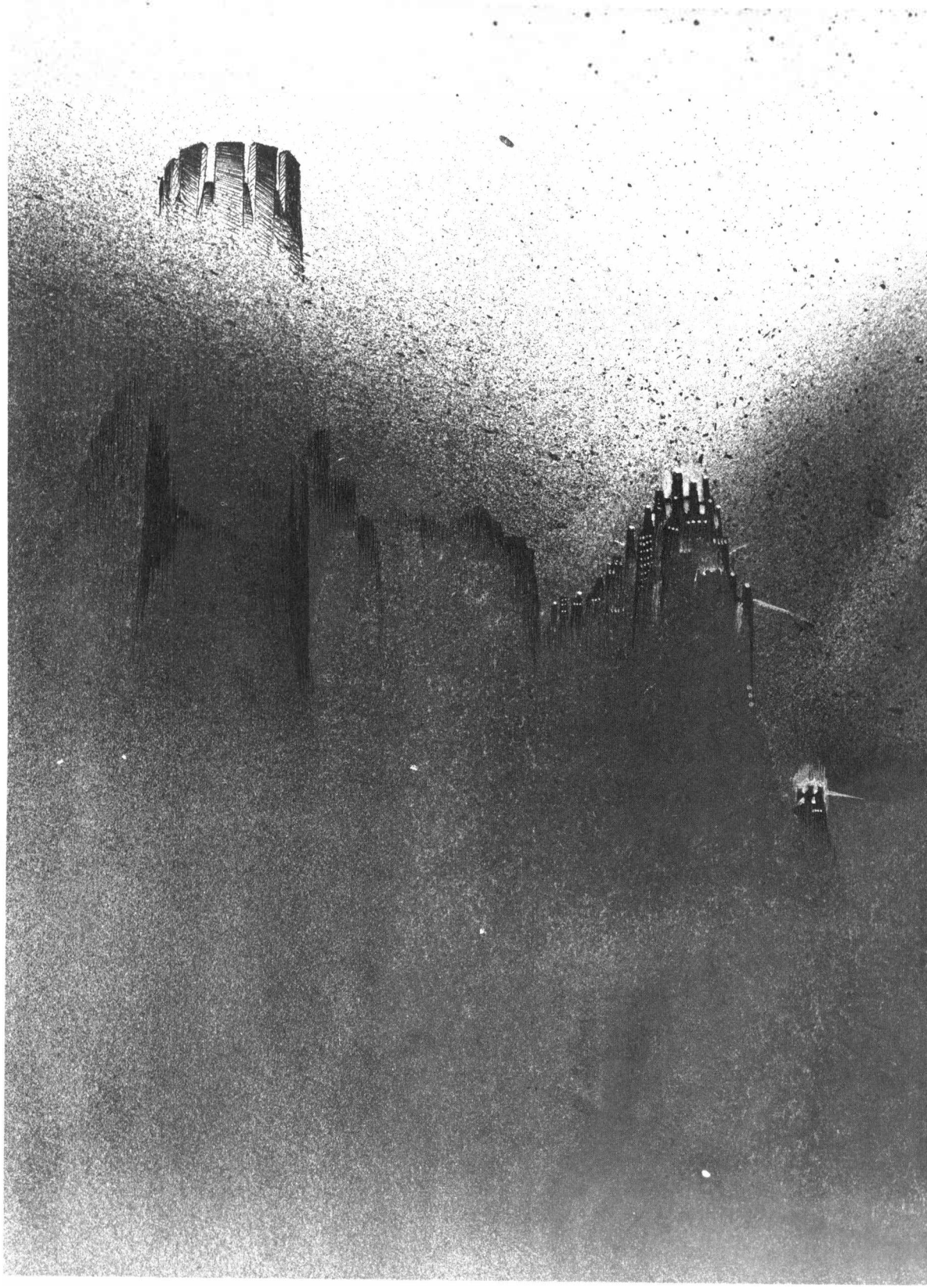
*4 July 1968*


Art Portfolio
by Don Simpson









# Season of the Witch

sally crayne

Sunday night around here is sacred to the Smothers Brothers. The summer replacement, Glen Campbell's "Summer Brothers Smothers Show", is a spotty substitute, but, out of respect for Something Great, we have the same ritual gathering of the tribe every week. Any week might be jackpot -- Pat Paulsen for President, or Lee French/Goldie O'Keefe doing her hippie thing. People come to Infitny any time from seven on.

So, as I walked up Ken and Jim's driveway to the kitchen door, which is usually open even if neither of them are home, it was later than that -- eight or so. The air felt soft, and the untrimmed vines brushing my hair like a jungle were dusk blue. I could hear a soulful baritone singing "Dangling Conversations" through the open window -- undoubtedly Fred Hollander, as it was off key. As I let myself in, the screen door slammed behind me sounding like timeless summers when I was a kid. "Who dat?", I inquired. Kenru peered up over his glasses, from where he and Jerry Poindexter were sprawled on the floor reading old CRYs. "Hurro." Fred just washed a welcome at me from deep faraway eyes: he was, for a flicker, Peter Pan to my Wendy again as one other August. (Peace, Fred.) The whitewashed room smelled of the neighbor's ripe lemons, and was crystal-lit by the chandelier.

"How long have you been in town, Jerry?"

"A few days. Just for the weekend." He waved a hand at the pile of sleeping bag, records and giant straw sombrero in the corner. If he ever wears it, it must swallow him. Poinsy is a little teenie from Pomona: Jiminy Cricket with horn-rims and ankh. Like Schu, and others since him, Jerry has gravitated toward the tribe from the old ValSFA group. Ken had made a recruiting project of him this particular weekend, I think.

Telephone. Rudolph answered. By the "HEY! Hi, where are you calling from?", I guessed it was the Goldsmiths, and got on the other extension. Terry rapped on about New York fandom, how

she found their People to be pretty freaky but they really liked Mike McInerney and ... Oh, by the way, the reason they called was to tell us to be sure and watch Smothers Brothers tonight, it was really fantastic. The "3000 Years of Culture in Three Minutes"/ "Classical Gas" filmusic thing was to be aired again, and a nostalgic Everly Brothers hard rock medley ... I rang off impulsively with "Love, 'bye." Talking to faraway Friends always chokes me up that way.

Before they finally said "Goodbye, see you at Baycon", a small band was trooping up the arcaded front walk. The Howorth tribe en masse: Larry, Karen, hand-in-hand with Al Smith; Criss Stevens. And, trailing behind, a slender, honey-haired pigtail girl in bluejeans and a strange smile.

"Trip time, gang?" Larry rumbled, peeling off his brain bucket. (Larry and Al are cycle nuts.) Yeah. The way everyone flocked in around the patterned center of the red Oriental Flying Carpet, it was going to be a something evening. Picture it. Shadowy, beamed ceiling. Nine people in traditional group formation before the Philco color tube. I am Indian-style on the floor; Ken crouched near me adjusting the tv to maximum saturation. Larry talking quietly to Criss, on the sofa where I can reach over and tickle his feet occasionally. Behind me, Karen and Al snuggling in an armchair. And, at the far end of the sofa, this girl. Everyone else seemed to know who she was, but I'd never met her before.

"Hello", I ventured.

I eyed Larry inquiringly and he said, "Oh, sorry. Sally, this is Kim. She lives down at Moo Poo (a head shop near them). She digs astrology and tarot and things like that."

Kim, by way of reply, turned around and smiled at Poinsy, who had been trying to give her a back rub. He sort of melted. She touched him affectionately and looked around.

"Saay, people, what is this?"

Assorted choral answer: "The Ed Sullivan Show" - Karen
"Infitny" - Ken
"French horns" - me

"Huh? No, not all that. You. This Thing. What's happening? It's like a family here. I mean, I've done some far out things, like, posed nude, and worked for a pornographer, but I've never met anything like this." She looked around again, intensely.

Criss caught my eye and grinned. "Uh huh. Larry is the Daddy, and Karen is the Mommy."

Karen, running with the bait: "Criss is li'l Sis. Ahh ... and Al can be Older Brother."

"Incest!" he yelped gleefully. Karen poked him in the ribs. Which was difficult, considering she was in his lap. "You bum!" Fat kiss.

"I want to be Aunt Sally. I knit and bake brownies for everyone. Who's Ken? And what about Jerry, here?"

"Ken would have to be the kindly godfather", Larry decided. "Poinsy would be some sort of visiting cousin from out of town."

"Whee!" Criss can be as effervescent as Eden, her two-year old, when she's pleased. "Someone go get a glass of water so that we can Share."

"Let's not get carried away, here", Ken laughed unevenly. "Besides, it's time for the show." He turned the sound up as the screen flashed a husky, genial fellow with guitar. Blond hair in eyes, he played the theme song, "Gentle on My Mind".

"Hey, QUIET!" Fred commanded. Those who were still wandering around bellyflopped in front of the trip tube. A tubercular deadpan face came on screen next, backed by American flag. "Fel-

low citizens! Running for an important office as I am ..." Pat Paulsen might almost make a real politician. Great guffaws as he finished his skit. I looked around for Kim and Jerry. They were nowhere in sight.

"God, Terry was right; this is as good as a regular-season vintage Tommy Smothers show!" Ken bubbled. Sure enough, it finished with "3000 Years of Art in Three Minutes". This miniature work of genius is simply second-long color shots of cave-painting bisons, Mona Lisa, Mondrian, and everything great in between, flickering to the rhythm of Mason Williams' "Classical Gas". Even where we were by that time, most of us could recognize the art. Final line: "You are now cultured."

By the time the show was over, the room was a unity of cheering and waving. "And Jim missed it again -- hope his vacation at Big Sur was worth it!" Karen crowed.

"That was pretty heavy. Now let's hear some Donovan!" Fred suggested. So I put on "Sunshine Superman".

"Wow, Kim is strange", Ken mused to me. "We were on the way to the Pelz's party last night and out of a clear blue she stares at me and says, 'Wow. You I can't reach.' It messed up my mind for hours." Which I could easily imagine. Ken enjoys the calm of being inaccessible, until someone else notices it.

Anyway, Kim and Jerry drifted back into the center of things from Jim's room about then, her rapping about Karma. She was looking Intent again. He was looking frustrated, as he flashed a glance of mute appeal to Kenru, who just shrugged fatalistically.

Soprano: "You're a Virgo, right, Ken?" Affirmative; he is, indeed. "Some day you should try living with an Aquarius woman for a while. Like me. You'd be surprised at the changes you'd go into." He gave her a cryptic Rudolphian look; flipping his glasses off, rubbing his eyes and twirling the glasses back on in one smoothly nervous motion.

"This is so neat. I really feel at home here. Like, you all get along so smoothly." At that, a current flashed from me to Ken to Larry to Criss, and on around the room: odd mixture of, "Hey, she noticed", to, "Oh, if you only knew!" "Funny you should say that!" Fred said with feeling.

Al Smith, Bike Boy from Fontana, got a gleam in his eye. "Hey, Kim. Do you believe in Free Love?"

"Do you believe in cock-sucking?" she shot back, unblinking.

Dead silence. Well, what can you say when an eighteen-year-old teeny-bopper blows your collective cool?

"What sign are you?" she nailed me.

"Scorpio. Why?"

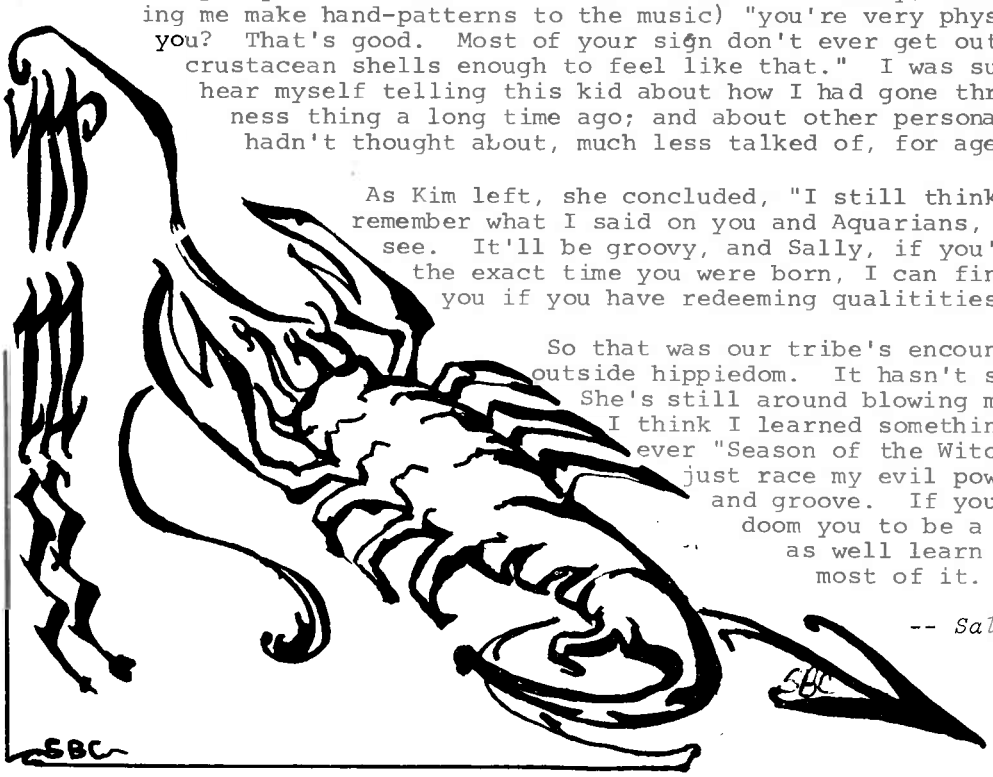
"Oh, God, I thought so. Listen, you have some very, very heavy doomed things to go through. You try to do good and it always turns out hurting people, right? That's because your sign originates in evil. You're in for a lot of pain, that's all. Now, as an Aquarian, I can help you."

"I'm married to an Aquarius."

"Wow. And you're having hassles, huh? But the abstract sort of rational altruism of that air sign is the only thing that can Save You, bring you back to Reality. My Old Man is a Scorpio, and he does some really evil things sometimes. Boy, you should meet my Old Man, that would show you something."

Now it was my turn to freak, because she Had My Number, and I didn't want to learn any more like that. I retreated to a dark corner and curled up inside. But "Season of the Witch" was vibrating out, and besides, Ken reached over and patted me fraternally. "Hey, Sal? It'll be ok. That's just what she did to me last night. Incredible!"

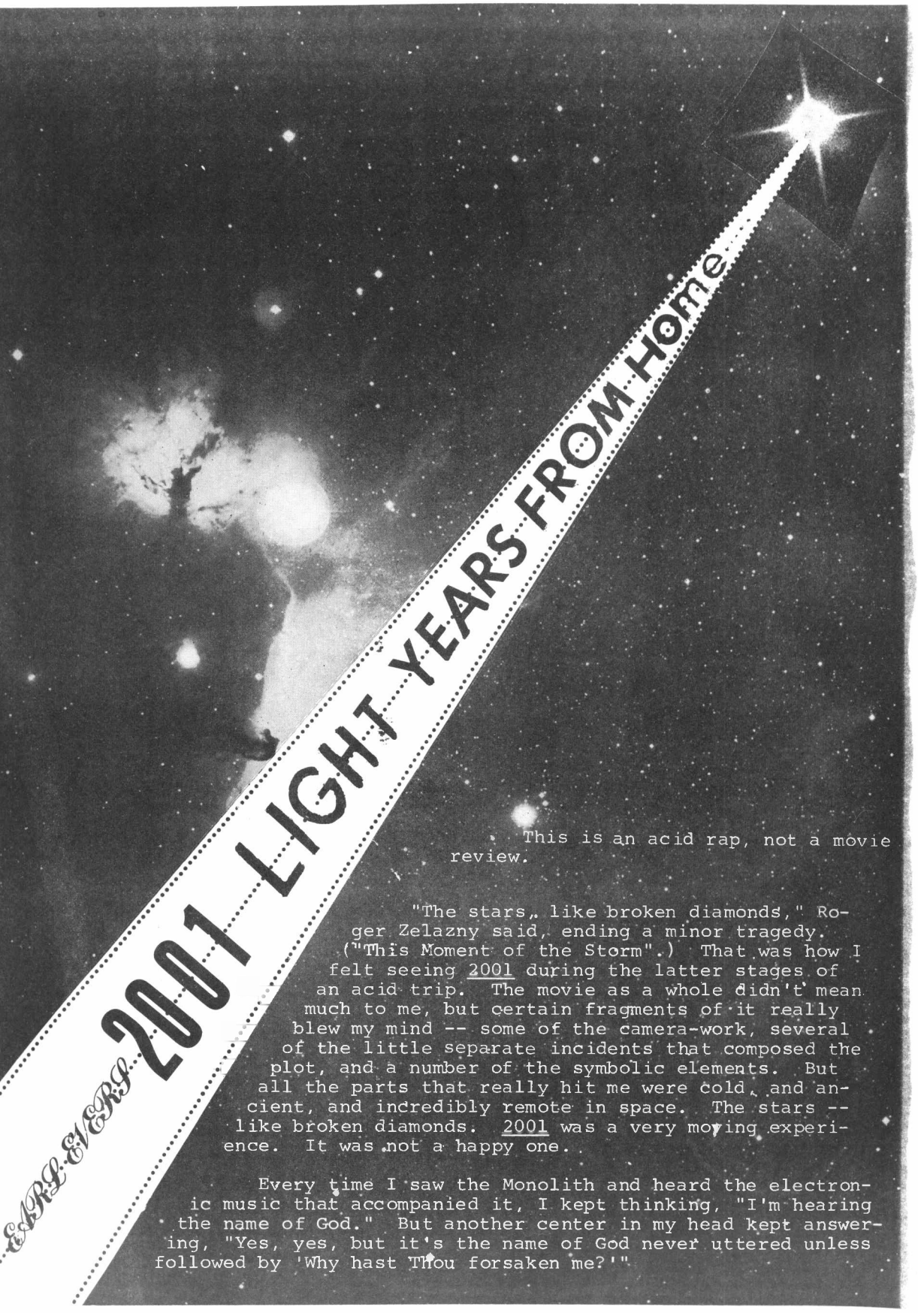
"Virgo and Scorpio are fast friends," Kim added helpfully. "Hey, did I put you on a bummer? I didn't mean to. Really, though,"(Watching me make hand-patterns to the music) "you're very physical, aren't you? That's good. Most of your sign don't ever get outside their crustacean shells enough to feel like that." I was surprised to hear myself telling this kid about how I had gone through my shyness thing a long time ago; and about other personal things I hadn't thought about, much less talked of, for ages.




As Kim left, she concluded, "I still think you should remember what I said on you and Aquarians, Ken. You'll see. It'll be groovy, and Sally, if you'll find out the exact time you were born, I can find out for you if you have redeeming qualitities."

So that was our tribe's encounter with outside hippiedom. It hasn't stopped yet. She's still around blowing minds. But I think I learned something -- whenever "Season of the Witch" plays I just race my evil power engines and groove. If your stars doom you to be a witch, might as well learn to make the most of it.

-- *Sally Crayne*




This is an acid rap, not a movie review.

"The stars, like broken diamonds," Roger Zelazny said, ending a minor tragedy. ("This Moment of the Storm".) That was how I felt seeing 2001 during the latter stages of an acid trip. The movie as a whole didn't mean much to me, but certain fragments of it really blew my mind -- some of the camera-work, several of the little separate incidents that composed the plot, and a number of the symbolic elements. But all the parts that really hit me were cold, and ancient, and incredibly remote in space. The stars -- like broken diamonds. 2001 was a very moving experience. It was not a happy one.

Every time I saw the Monolith and heard the electronic music that accompanied it, I kept thinking, "I'm hearing the name of God." But another center in my head kept answering, "Yes, yes, but it's the name of God never uttered unless followed by 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

When that ape started doing his thing on this other ape's head with somebody's shinbone, I wanted to stand up and shout, "Shiva! Shiva!" Man, that was not the Creator I was seeing there, even though the vital spark was obviously being struck. It was not even the Renewer, though mental breakthroughs are supposed to be His province. Man, that was the Destroyer. . .

All through the first part of the flick I kept thinking, "Too slow, bad pacing, goddamnit move that fucking camera around faster," then something would Happen, and I'd realize Kubrick knew what he was doing after all.

For instance the sun would come up, and the slow draggy camera pans would point it up as the Sun, capital ess, first object of worship, talisman of all chief gods. Or the moon would rise, and I would suddenly feel the presence of the Lunar Diety -- pale, Death's brother or sister in most mythologies, patron of the mad in all. Or the camera would pan back out into space and show the sun and planets in conjunction, and I'd suddenly feel the pure cosmic power vibrating and realize why virtually every culture on earth has developed astrology as the first of the theoretical sciences.

Later, on the ground, I figured out what was right about the "wrong" pacing -- somehow it works on your internal sense of timing to produce strong emotional effects. Sort of reminds me of the Shivaya Mantram -- I learned it from a chick who studied under this very westernized Swami in Oakland, and thought it was supposed to be chanted like most Mantras, with equal stress on each syllable. Then I heard the Mantram chanted on a record made in a Kali temple and I realized why it's one of the most powerful of all Mantras -- chanted correctly, the word "Nama" is compressed into a single beat, "Om nama Shivaya," and the Mantram really genrates power. Instead of a monotonous litany, the Mantram cracks like a whip -- the prompter's stick, or the pop of the sacrificial thigh-bones. Kubrick's pacing in most of the first part of 2001 uses much the same device, and uses it beautifully.

Some of the plotting follows the same sort of design -- for instance the ending, from the first hints of computer malfunction to the beginning of the light show. At first the plotting seemed contrived, then I suddenly put it in the context of a Contriver and it made sense. Deus-ex-machina, after all, describes the actions of God.

That whole section of the movie was the idea of God testing man. Not the static scene that can be summed up in a single painting: Isaac, breast bared, Abraham, with a tremendous shiv in his hand, and Jehovah there only through his agent the Angel. No, this is more like the Labors of Hercules, or the Catcher of Birds assulting the Gate of Hell with his sword. . .

Even some of the smallest touches are mind-croggling -- like the sound of the man's breathing coming over the throatmike till it takes on symbolic value: breath of life, breath as life, breath as the life coming and going out of the body, symbolic of the pulsing life-force itself.

Then there's the lightshow sequence -- one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen done with lights, and this includes seeing most of the major rockdance lightshows on both coasts. The first few seconds, it was like "breaking through to the other side" as I've done -- on 7500 mikes of acid or on STP and acid together. This can be as horrifying as the grave suddenly yawning under your feet and swallowing you up, or as inspiring as Heaven opening to receive a great holy man. Actually, the two are one and the Other Side is not a place, it is only the yawning open and the swallowing up that are important, and the sequence in the movie portrays this with total reality.

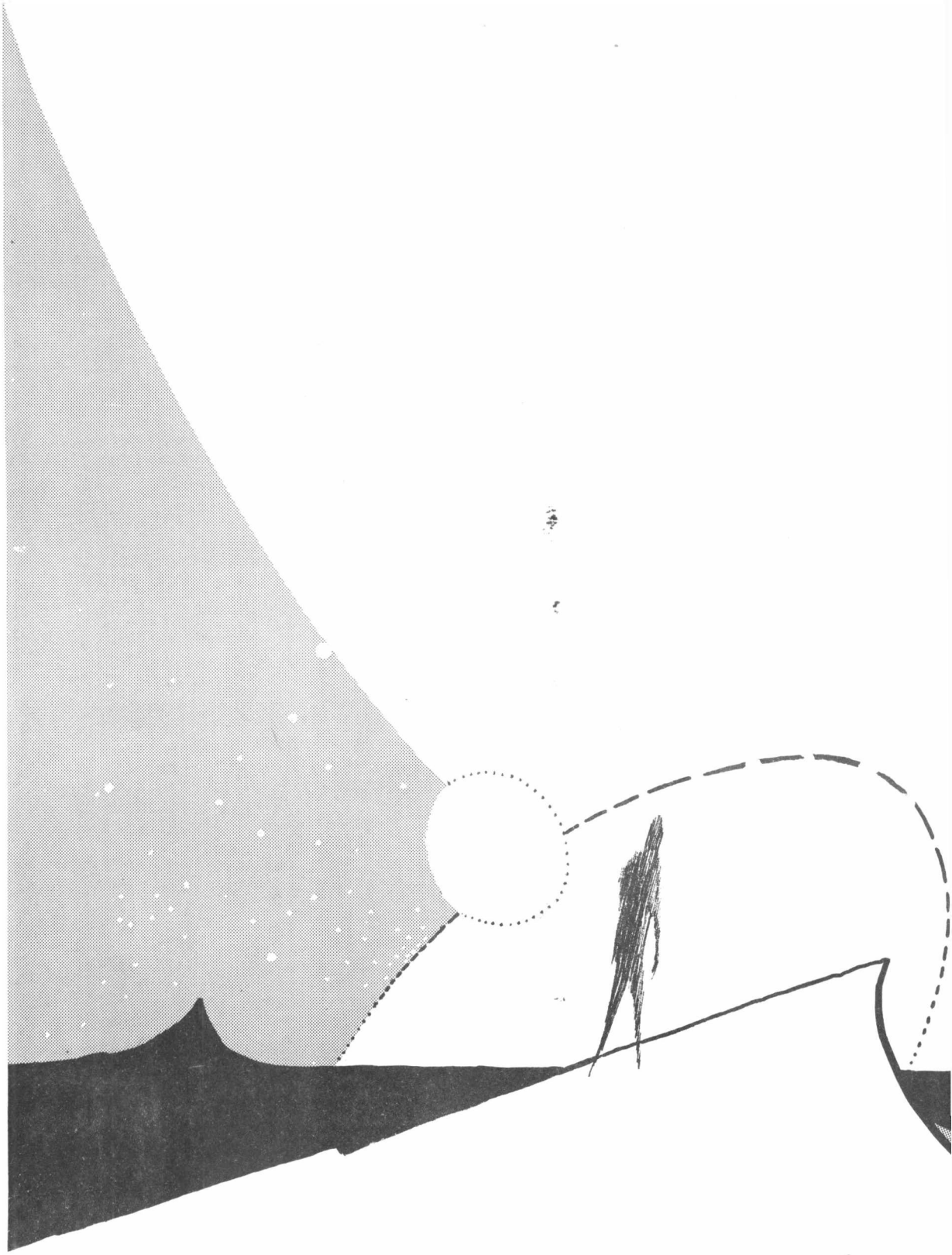
And after that is the nightmare ride, the closest I've ever been to it waking. Recalls dreams I've had while sleeping off a Belladonna trip -- endless Dopplers up and down the spectrum, eyeballs that become islands that become the eye of a huricane seen on radar, and finally the arrival, the place taking shape as a map, then as a series of surrealistic landscapes, never quite coming clear. And then the journey is over. The man in his space suit is standing beside his space capsule in a Victorian drawing room.

A Victorian drawing room? It couldn't be anything else. Maybe Kubrick or Clarke was recalling a line from John Ciardi's introduction to his translation of the Inferno -- "perhaps what is unacceptable in the Victorian drawing room is the essential landscape of Hell itself."

A lot of people are going to call the ending phoney -- the hero keeps meeting himself at forty year intervals, first the young spaceman, aged to about age sixty by the ordeal of the lightshow meets himself as a toothless man of at least 100 sitting in his dressing gown in that terrifying drawing room eating, and the spacesuited man disappears. Then the old man hobbles into the bedroom and sees himself lying on the bed, so aged it's hard to believe he can still be alive. Again, the younger of the two vanishes. The aged man stares weakly up after the disappearance, just barely seeing the room, ... and confronts the Monolith. Then the camera pans to a shot of the earth and space, with a gigantic fetus, transparent against the stars, drifting towards it. The whole sequence was quite clear to me, with my vague Hinduism and quite explicit belief in reincarnation -- the "Victorian drawing room" was the Bardos, the inter-life period. Since the man had not lived out his span, being taken while still physically quite youthful, the rest of his "natural" lifespan was sort of symbolically acted out for him as he confronted himself growing older, and he finally again encountered the Diety to receive the command to be reborn. Beautiful.

Only I hope when my time comes the Diety that calls me isn't the Monolith. I'd rather have Yama with his sheathed sword and warrior's bracelets or even the skeletal Reaper with his scythe. Anything but that cold impersonal Monolith with that electronic music in the background, keening the death of the universe.

*-- Earl Evers*



RITE OF PASSAGE, BY ALEXEI PANSHIN (ACE A 10, 75¢)

I haven't read Heinlein in Dimension, or in fact anything else Panshin has written except a couple of fanzine articles a few years ago, so I was a little dubious of the high praise by Blish, Brunner, and Silverberg on the back of the jacket. But I was pleasantly surprised. This is a very good novel.

Far too many of the better writers in the newer group seem more concerned with pyrotechnic displays of their writing skill than with story values. Harlan Ellison is probably the most vocal and dynamic of this group, although since most of the rest of them live in the East or in Britain, I may feel that way mostly because I've had more exposure to Harlan than the others. At the recent FUNCon Harlan was complaining bitterly about fans not appreciating the newer writers as much as they deserved, saying simulaneously that it wasn't the business of writers to please readers but to write what they felt in their Souls, and that it was the duty of the readers to read all of this Tremendous Stuff and Appreciate it. My own feeling is that I first began reading SF because most "mainstream" writing had lost the ability to hold my interest with a good story while it was doing whatever else it was trying to do, and that Harlan and most of the people he admires most were going in the same direction "mainstream" writing had gone 30 years ago. Maybe this is ultimately inevitable - maybe the advent of television as the chief source of light entertainment has dropped the market for written fiction to the point where people who read are no longer seeking simple pleasure but want to have to work at it. If so, I'll be sorry, but I'll have to bow to the wave of the future.

However, there are still a few new writers who seem to share my belief that a good story is the framework without which verbal razzmatazz and Deep Insights collapse into a sort of inchoate mass. Larry Niven's stories are always well-constructed: Samuel R. Delany writes with a stylistic brilliance but with good story values; Ted White is almost in the classic pulp style, although I think he derives more from the mystery-suspense field than from SF. And there is Alexei Panshin.

I can single out four problems that face any writer of an SF novel. First, he has to create a world which is interesting, consistent, and reasonably plausible. This is the unique problem of SF and fantasy; writers in other fields find their world ready-made and can only be more or less skilled in the use they make of it. Second, he has to think of a reasonable story which will hold the interest of the reader while demonstrating what the world he has created is like. In the early days it was considered almost enough to have the protagonist wander around and notice all the things that were going on so the reader could think, "How marvelous!", but those days died somewhere back in the early thirties. Third, he should create some interesting characters that the reader can care about. To me personally, this is the least important of the problems, but then I've never been one who identified much with the characters in books; interesting characters are a nice addition, but not necessary. And Fourth, he has to be able to handle prose well enough to write a story without losing the reader either through poor pacing or obtrusively bad style.

a walk through infinity

Rite of Passage is successful on all counts. The universe is one in which Earth has been destroyed in a population war, and humanity is divided into two groups. Most people are living on colonial planets, living a simple life comparable to about 19th century America. They are the descendants of peasants who were brought to the planets to form colonies and who were essentially left there to their own resources. They never had much in the way of a machine civilization from the beginning, so they haven't really regressed, but they are relatively primitive even by our present-day standards. The remainder of the human race is on the seven great starships which were used to ferry the colonists to their planets. These people believe that it is their duty to preserve the knowledge that mankind has built up over the ages, and they cannot do this if they abandon their ships and try to live amoung the colonists in their daily struggle for existence.

However, since there is no natural selection in the benign environment of the ships, the ship-people have instituted a sort of puberty rite which must be undergone by every child before he is considered an adult. It involves spending a month on the surface of a planet shortly after the fourteenth birthday, with little equipment to assist in survival. This helps weed out any who are truly incompetent, and prevents the ships from becoming overpopulated with non-contributing inhabitants.

The story of the book is that of Mia Havero, daughter of the head of the Ship's Council, and of the two years leading up to her own Rite of Passage. The story is well-constructed, showing how the interactions of the ship personnel work, how the relationships of ship-people ("Grabbies" to the colonists) and colonists ("Mudeaters" to the ship-people) lead to a great deal of friction, and how in the end there seems to be some hope for an eventual reconciliation. However, Panshin does not make the easy error of solving all the problems of the universe by the end of the story; htere is a hint that things will probably improve, but it is equally possible that something will happen to make them even worse.

There is an interesting parallel, by the way, between the conflict between ship-people and colonists in this story and the conflict between Ashkenazim and Sephardim in modern Israel. I wonder if Panshin actually had this in mind?

Possibly the most successful part of the whole book lies in the development of Mia Havero as a character. There are only a handful of really good and memorable characters in the whole body of SF literature (not counting archetypes like Kinnison who are memorable but unreal); Mia is as good a one as I can remember. The first-person narrative helps, because you really get the impression that the story is being told by a young girl who is letting you in on her inner thoughts. You see her developing from a rather insecure child to a self-confident adult, and you see the vital role played by the testing in this development. And it makes you wonder if there might not be much less youthful foolishness in our own world if we had something of the sort in our society. How does an adolescent know when he is an adult? One of the chief complaints you hear (one I can remember having myself) is that you're treated like a child part of the time and an adult part of the time, and you never know how to behave. A Rite of Passage takes care of that.

Stylistically, Panshin is competent. There is nothing obtrusive about his style, but he succeeds very well in capturing the feeling of a first-person narrative, with just enough skipping around to make it seem real without being confusing.

In all, this was a highly successful first novel, and if Panshin can keep up this standard he'll become a big name in no time.

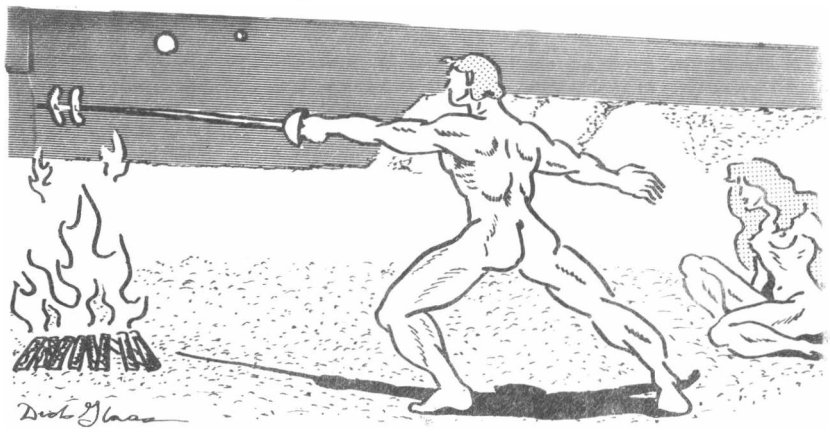
*--David Hulan*

## LOVE AIN'T NOTHING BUT SEX MISSPELLED BY HARLAN ELLISON, TRIDENT PRESS, $5.95

"...in these stories are ogres, soldiers, grassheads, poets, movie stars, hookers, sick commedians, minotaurs, derelicts, teen-agers, divorcees, fashion models, trolls, hillbillies, convicts, writers, lesbians, junkies, gamblers, beach bumbs, and a hopping, crawling, slithering, striding, perambulating assortment of poor damned souls who want love, can't get love, are petrified at the thought of love, wouldn't know love if it bit them on the thigh, plead for love, and in one or two cases even find love."

There are two introductions by Harlan. One of them (from which the above list is taken) is cleverly disguised as the dust jacket flaps. The

introductions are Harlan telling us How Bad the World Is, God is Insane, cautionary warning to weak sisters, and a humorous warning to one handed readers that this is a book demanding both hands, a brain, a modicum of guts, and a spiritual essence that is expressed in concrete material terms in one gender as balls.



There is the protagonist in "A Path Through Darkness" who is a struggling writer who works the 7 pm. to 3 am. shift at a Times Square bookstore and has as friends a selling writer teaching him the craft and a couple from California who publish a fanzine. There is Walter Innes in "G.B.K. -- A Many Flavored Bird" who is a famous writer who arose from the ranks of Cleveland fandom. And there is Andrew Sorokin in "Punky and the Yale Men" who ran with a gang of Juvies in Red Hook to get material for his first novel, who rose through the detective and science fiction pulps to become an Oscar-winning Hollywood scripter, and who returns to New York to find a part of himself. Ellisonian avatars all.

People die and fuck themselves up and are tricked by the universe into degrading and humiliating situations. God is insane and you can't keep a good man down. Dirt and filth and a rootless lack of faith rule a world where the good are thwarted and evil is merely man pretending to play cosmos. A bunch of light-hearted Ellisonian platitudes.

/I do not intend to knock Harlan. He sincerely views the world this way, and is very eloquent in conveying his perceptions. Reading his earlier straight and his semi-biographical works like Gentleman Junkie and Other Stories of the Hung-Up Generation, Memos From Purgatory, and The Deadly Streets, one can see where Harlan gets it. He had his nose rubbed into the worst of world just at the right age for it to shape his ideals. What he went through might have broken an established people-are-all-wonderful/life-is-like-a-novel idealist. It might have shaped, but not obsessed, a younger and less intense person. What Harlan has done in spite of and with his vision of the world is a kind of tribute to his own power and integrety./

The price of LOVE AIN'T NOTHING BUT SEX MISSPELLED is largely justified by two stories: one forty pages long, "Neither Your Jenny Nor Mine," and one eighty pages long, "The Resurgence of Miss Ankle-Strap Wedgie." Both stories are good examples of Harlan's trapped vision of the world. Both begin in good intensions and end in tragedy. And both are Ellison at the top of his form.

"Neither Your Jenny Nor Mine" is, on one level, the story of a Tijuana abortion. Both the mental horror of the act and the physical and spiritual sickness of Tijuana are communicated with the vivid sense for oppresive evil that is Harlan's own. The story is also about the sin of gullibility. Jenny lets herself be used by a moral cruc named Roger Gore, and ninety days later finds herself pregnant. But, most personally, the story is the first-person descen into hell of Ken Markham. He was going with Rooney, Jenny's roommate, and feels responsible for not protecting Jenny from Roger Gore. Ken /Ellison's avatar/ arranges Jenny's abortion, and he and Rooney drive Jenny down to Tijuana. The trip is a trip to hell, a nightmare whose external filth and pain point out to Markham his own inner hell. Markham ends on an Ellisonian statement of hope: "I wasn't purged, for Christ's sake, but I was tired, and that was almost as good. Jenny was gone, and Kenneth Duane Markham was gone, and soon Rooney would be gone from me. All I wanted to do was get back to Los Angeles and try to be someone else."

But, as "The Resurgence of Miss Ankle-Strap Wedgie" hastens to point out, Los Angeles -- at least that part of it known as Hollywood -- contains a spiritual evil far more subtle and remorselessly thorough than the filth of Tijuana. The evil comes from the shadow that permeates the Industry of film and light. It is that hungry shadow that turns tomorrow into yesterday with no layover in today, then devours yesterday and vomits up ersatz replicas of today. It is the discotheque where Ciro's used to stand and the cannibal cats that prown the jungle where Ziv Studios once stood, hunting and eating one another, unable to leave the Industry.

What really makes "The Resurgence of Miss Ankle-Strap Wedgie" stand out is its characterization. Even the bad people, described with an almost hysterically intense humor, have a lower-than-life solidarity. The Industry is well characterized, flavored with appearances of Robert Mitchum, Gina Lollobrigida, Lalo Shifrin, and a speaking part for John D. F. Black, one of the Hollywood writers Harlan admires. Arthur Crews and Valarie Lone show that Harlan can characterize good as sensitively as he can evil; both are real human beings you can feel pain for, and who feel pain for one another. But the most rewarding character is Fred Handy. He is not

the usual Ellisonian avatar that we have seen before: Eiilison(balls), Ellison(juvie), or Ellison(Oedipus at Colonus vs. the Insane God). Handy is the Ellison who is sensitive to his own failings, but not obsessed; the Ellison who speaks with speed, precision, sincerity, and wit; the Ellison who can hurt with other people's hurts, yet knows when the hurt is part of a personal entrapment he can do nothing to ease.

For all of its being downbeat, "The Resurgence of Miss Ankle-Strap Wedgie" contains the purest exposition of Harlan to date, and that alone gives it zest and depth. The story was written especially for LOVE AIN'T NOTHING BUT SEX MISSPELLED, and is the most lucid argument for buying the book

*-- Bill Glass*

WORLDS TO COME EDITED BY DAMON KNIGHT
FAWCETT GOLD MEDAL #R1942, 60¢

This collection contains nine stories by as many authors, gathered by Damon Knight and published for the first time in paperback. Included is Arthur C. Clarke's "The Sentinel", the basis for his new s.f. movie 2001. "The Sentinel", no doubt, is clearer than the movie version, judging from the reviews I've read on the latter. It boils down to the realization that this shiny, pyramid-shaped object found on the moon is alien to both man and the moon. It must have placed there by some alien race from some distant star, and man's attempt to discern its purpose is almost humorous in its futility. This thing, this Sentinel, protected by a force shield, is finally cracked open, and then it is realized just what the thing is: a signal. And when the signal stops sending when they break it open, all man has to do is wait.

H. B. Fyfe's "Moonwalk", which is the second tale, is also very well done. It is the story of one man out of a crew of four stranded in his space suit (with an extra supply of Oxygen) after a moon tractor crashes three hundred miles from his base. He finds he can cover ground much faster than if he were on Earth, due to the moon's low gravity, but he still has many obstacles to overcome. I found a few places that kind of bothered me. It seems to me that after the personnel at the base haven't heard from the tractor at the appointed times, they would be worried enough to send out another tractor to investigate. But they don't -- they fiddle-faddle around, trying to decide what to do, and when they DO send out help, it's too late to help any survivors even if they had stayed near the wreckage. During his moon trek, the hero thinks and talks a lot to himself, as is normal for a man alone. But, among all the things he thinks about, there is no mention of his wife, even though he knows she is worrying about him back at the base! This seems unrealistic to me. Surely at some time during his 300 mile walk he would think of her. Other than these two flaws, however, "Moonwalk" is an excellent story which keeps one interested in it to the very end.

"Mars is Heaven" by Ray Bradbury is the third story in the book, and is the only story in this collection I recall having read before (in The Martian Chronicles under the title "The Third Expedition"). If you recall the story there isn't much reason for detailing it. Capt. John Black and crew find an earth town and earth people on Mars. Incredible? Yes, unless you happen to be a Martian -- and don't WANT Earth types on your planet. You'd Think Mr. Knight could have picked some other story not anthologized before, but this one has a chilling idea, nonetheless.

Algis Budrys' "The Edge of the Sea" is a gripping tale of one stubborn man who wants a "thing" he finds in the sea all to himself. As far as I'm concerned, it is as realistically written as the first two stories, but with just a touch of Bradbury's flowery prose. All in all, Budrys has a good, bizarre-ending story here. I just wonder if a a man as described in the tale would end up as Dan Henry did? That would be up to the individual. I don't think I would do what he did, though.

Next comes "The Martian Way" by the poplar Hugo-winner, Isaac Asimov. This first appeared in GALAXY around 1952 -- would that Ike write more stories like this one, now. It's about the need of Mars-born humans for water, and their dependence on Mother Earth for same. The humans on Mars are a hardier lot than their fellow Earthmen, and after Earth cuts off their supply of water they have to get it elsewhere. The professional "Scavengers" of Mars -- men who salvage burnt-out rocket stages from space -- devise a plan to go way out to Saturn's Rings, land on one of its huge ice fragments, and actually haul it back to Mars! Only Asimov could take such an implausible idea and make it sound possible.

I've read many a detective story by John D. MacDonald, and enjoyed them all. I think MacDonald, along with Chandler, is one of the best writers in that field. MacDonald also writes s.f. occasionally, though his "The Big Contest" in this book disappointed me somewhat. It's a lightly humorous story taking place in a rural farm town. The local yokel is relating a yarn about the big "spitting contests" they used to have. Apparently years ago one of the obscure farmhands, a usually quiet kid, was an e. t. who got interested in the contest. His tongue was long, and he could roll it into a tube, so his spittle shot out like a pea from a pea shooter. Of course his winning the contest put him in the limelight, so he had to leave -- fast. Thus is the story related to a few men around the town square and a ragamuffin kid who hangs around. The kid finally ambles off. On his way through the woods to his redezvous he spots a rabbit, sticks out his long tubular tongue, and "Whih-THOO!" Sort of funny, I'll grant, but not up to MacDonald's best.

Mr. Knight does an admirable job in his little introductions before each story, but why, oh why, did he have to reveal that Robert Heinlein's "Ordeal in Space" took place "on a narrow ledge outside a hotel room"?? The first sentence of the intro no doubt would have sufficed: "This story takes place on Earth; nevertheless, as you will see, the title is not deceptive." THAT would have been enough. Let the reader discover things for himself, Damon!

C. M. Kornbluth is represented in the eighth story, "That Share of Glory". Postulate a future universe where chosen young men are raised and taught a pseudo-religion, then sent out with the world's traders as their interpreters, intermediaries, and in general honored swindlers. They are well read in all the planets' peculiarities, and thus can cope with all kinds of problems. Their fee: 25% of the trader's profits. The particular problem Journeyman-Herald Alen faces with his trader Blackbeard is helping to sell Vegan jewels to the planet Lyra, a planet with a complete ban on metals of all kinds. Even their ship is impounded during their bargaining sessions, not to mention all the metals carried by the crew. And, well, I've said enough.

Finally we come to the last tale, one of my favorites. There is a certain aura about James Blish's "Sunken Universe" that strikes me as being close to the masterful real-otherworldness of Tolkien. I fell right into the piece and was absorbed all the way through. It wasn't hard at all to believe that a watery world such as the one in which Lavon lived and fought against amoeba-creatures, could actually happen. Or what about Shar, the eldest of the humans, as to the metal plates in his possession that needed deciphering so that they might learn how man originated on that world? A very intriguing idea that Blish handled well. I agree, Mr. Blish, this story is facinating. I wish Blish would do a sequel, and make it longer, too.

Even if you've read two or three of the stories before, the book is Recommended as a good buy. You're sure to enjoy most, if not all of the stories.

-- *Bill Mallardi*

# PROZINES

## THE PANAMORPHIC LENS

All four of the major prozines have wrapped up a serial in the past two months. Rogue Star by Pohl and Williamson (July/August IF) has the singular distinction of being the most unreadable of the three collaborations by these two authors. The Plot: Star meets girl; star looses girl; star gets girl. Poul Anderson's Satan's World (May/August ANALOG) throws Nicholas van Rijn into action with his protogée trader team of Davi Falkayn, the felinoid Chee Lan, the centauroid dragon Adzel, and the computer Muddlehea Since this a four-part serial, Poul has padded it out with some pretty solid chunks of exposition. He also (I feel subjectively) could have done more intercutting between hi two groups of characters instead of handling them in monolithic, installment-length block Still, Satan's World is a dozen times more readable than Rogue Star.

The other two novels, A Spectre is Haun ing Texas by Fritz Leiber (July/September GA AXY) and Sos the Rope by Piers Anthony (July September F&SF), deserve to be looked at at length.

The main problem with A Spectre is Haunting Texas is that it can't forget that it is a satire. Leiber could have had a goo novel here. Instead, there are just enough interest-catching shticks to carry the reade through the first two thirds. It is 100 years since an atomic war and Texas rules al of North America except for California (the Acificpay Ackblay Epublicray) and Floriday a contests parts of Alaska with the Russians. Due to hormone injections, Texans are eight feet tall, lording it over the stooped 4½ foot height of their servile Indians, mexes, and poor whites. Governmental offices are held from election to assassination. (Many cultural details are set off in fine Jack Gaughan decorations that I hope will be preserved in the hc edition from Walker & Co. this fall.)

For 100 years, the technologists on the Circumlunar Station and the artisans of the Sack (see Leiber's "The Beat Cluster", Oct. '61 GALAXY) have been isolated from earth. So, when Scully (Christopher Crockett) La Cruz is sent to earth to stake the family claim in the Lost-Crazy Russian Pitchblende Mine in order to raise funds for the failinc family theater, he is unable to cope. For one thing, he is an 8½ foot tall Thin encase in a battery-powered titanium exoskeleton be cause his muscles are unable to cope with even Lunar gravity. For another, instead of landing in Yellowknife, Canada (now Amarillo Cuchillo, North Texas), he lands in Dallas, Texas, Texas.

Scully is dragged hither into a Texan power struggle, then yon into becoming Death La Muerta Alta, the symbolic figurehead of the Bent Back Rebellion. He meets Rachel Va chel Lamar (the governor's daughter) and Ros Moreles (a mex sociable secretary), both of whom are: a) secret workers in the Bent Back Rebellion, and b) in love with Scully. Unravelling plot threads include: the rebellic the mystery surrounding the work being done by cyborged mex laborers inside huge towers the Texans are building all over, Scully's desire to get to the Crazy Etc. Mine, and tl secret of where he has hid the map and the deed to same.

Once Leiber gets everybody to Canada, however, nothing is tied up. True, the Lost

Etc. Mine and the secret of the towers are linked, but to no real dramatic end. Instead Leiber sticks in some brand new satire on Russians who, using the same hormone as the Texans, now resemble big hairy Kodiak bears All the remaining loose ends are tied up off-stage in an "100-years-later" epilogue.

There is one incredibly fine scene. Scully has been stripped naked and left on an open patio without his exoskeleton. Gravity is killing his insides while the sun is burning and desiccating his outsides. And several yards away lies the salvation of the swimming pool. All he has to do is drag himself, using his abnormally strong finger, jaw, and toe muscles, naked, across the patio which is scattered with broken glass from a drunk-out the night before. That scene alone is almost worth the price of the paperback when it comes out.

* * *

Piers Anthony's Sos, the Rope is the winner of a $5,000 Science Fcition Novel Award co-sponsored by F&SF, Pyramid Books, and Irwin Allen. It is also the best of the four serials under scrutiny. It's not as good as Chthon; but then, few things are.

Post-atomic war society has split into bands of wandering nomads cared for by the technological benevolence of the Crazies, who provide weapons (swords, clubs, staffs, morning-stars -- all personal contact weapons), clothes, and automated hostels. The Nomad society is quasi-feudal. It is based around the battle circle where warriors fight for personal honor, the fight can be to the death, or the loser may just have to swear fealty to the winner. Marriage, whether for a day or for a decade, or for life, is merely a matter of an exchange of bracelets.

Sol the Sword looses in the battle circle to Sol of All Weapons. So the Sword becomes Sos the Weaponless and servent to Sol of All Weapons for one year. Thus Sos becomes the top lieutenant in Sol's plan to combine master warriors into one tribe, to train the young weaponless in the art of fighting, and to overcome all the other tribes, who will swear fealty to Sol and his dream of empire. He is a kind of Lancelot to Sol's Arthur. The parallel is increased when Sola, Sol's wife, falls in love with Sos. After the year of servitude, before Sola can bear his illegitamate child, Sol, torn between love and loyalty, returns to the Crazy school where he was trained, in search of a new identity. As Sos the Rope, he has more wanderings until he returns to a confrontation with Sol in personal combat.

Up to this point, the story has been a good anachronistic adventure-type story with Arthurian overtones. The setting up of the Nomad culture and the Nomad psyche (a far harder task) has been delicately handled. The central triangle characters have solidly built up. Other minor characters -- Sav the Staff and Tyl of Two Weapons (other high lieutenants in Sol's camp), Bog the Club (a kind of reincarnation of Hoppy Uniatz), and even Stupid, Sos's mock-sparrow pet/companion -- have all been firmly sketched. The color of the environment has been textured with a fine brush (especially the fearful aura of the Badlands with their poisonous white night-moths and the inexorable hordes of ravenous shrews). Well written, exciting, good!

WHAM! Suddenly, in the third part, settings, mood, and character shift. The story of Sos's ascent of the Mountain to die and his return to the Nomad world is brilliant, but it reads like a separately conceived novelette that the remainder of the novel was written around when Anthony heard of the Novel Award competition. Despite the jarring self-containte feel of the last third (from chapter xiv on) this is still the most worth-while reading story of the recent batch. It should be coming out from Pyramid. Buy it!

* * *

Two good short stories to keep in mind:

"We Fused Ones" by Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr. (July IF) is about fraternal twins Rebecca Anne and John Thomas Ellents who are captured by the gigantic, semi-morphous Bewegal. The Bewegel re-work the 17-year-old twins, removing non-essentials like hearing, taste (the entire tongue), and speach; severing connections to lips hands,arms, legs, and so forth; charting the gradiated responses from the pain and pleasure centers; and wired what was left into their computer systems. The Bewegal, unfortunately, did not know the functions of the frontal lobes. The twins's sentience retreats into their frontal lobes where a flip/flop circuit allows each twin to be conscious alternatingly for 2 minutes and 15 seconds at a time. How the twins (who tell the story) make the best of their situation and the worst of the Bewegal is the meat of the story. Very good.

Dean R. Koontz's "The Psychedelic Children" (in the July F&SF) is a persecuted-mutants-on-the-run story with several refreshing twists. Frank Cauvel is a radio poet/commentator for the Constitutionally Tolerant Party (which he inwardly dislikes). He findshis perceptiveness and word sense inadequate skills to keep the police and their android and robot assistants away from his esper wife. His wife, Laurie, is not a radiated mutant, but an hallucinatio-child, the offspring of parents slightly overindulgent in their taste for LSD-25. Unfortunately, the esper potential builds within Laurie until she must periodically "ground" it into the earth in the form of heat. So the police get onto them and the Cauvels to do something about an intolerable world they never made.

> "He could personify the moon: the moon peered down patronizingly. He could make the girl into a rose: she was a rose, soft and gentle. He could forge metaphors, hammer out similies; he could allocate so much alliteration in just so many lines. But he could not stop the bleeding from her ear."

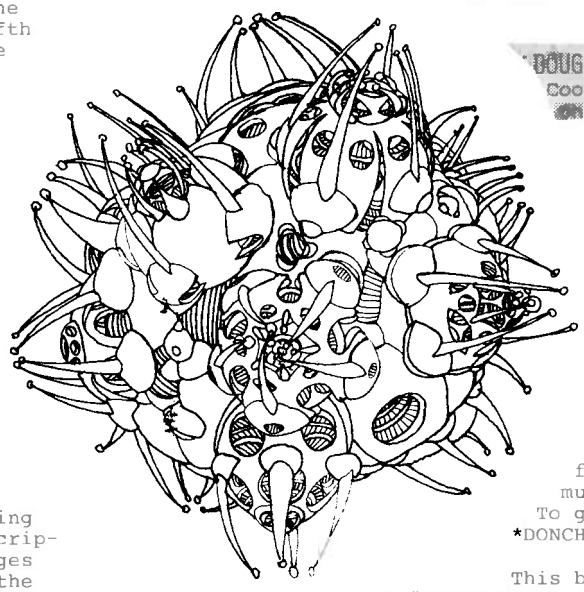
Two good stories. Read them; then think about next year's Hugo.

*-- Bill Glass*

Atkins, who is capable of writing much better material than what amounts to a 700-word treatise on something of very limited value. As I don't drive, I found it even less interesting that I might have.

"The Green Tambourine" by Schumacher was quite well done. Candle Castles hold some interest for me, because I recently attempted to create one, with several black candles. It really didn't make it, but I find myself using the buttressing effects of ice cubes and cold water. Alas, the candle shop had closed when I went past a few days ago; now I don't know where I'll get black candles to make another.

The Dian Pelz portfolio is another incomprehensible layout; if you presented it as a portfolio, why for heaven's sake have illos backing each other on two of the sheets and have the fifth (page 45) on a separate sheet, with part of Sally Crayne's column/article backing that? If you're going to back up prints of a folio, be consistant one way or the other. I thought the folio was well done. Dian's artwork has never stimulated much response in me; for some reason I've never grooved to her artwork. The most I can say is that it is very effective, very competent as artwork goes.



Once again, Sally Crayne has the best thing in the issue. Her descriptive phrasing, the images she manages to evoke, the writing itself, all makes me wonder why she hasn't had material published in other fanzines, other areas than Los Angeles.

I am very surprised at Fred Hollander's review of Algol. Perhaps he received a different issue, published by a different person. I distinctly remember publishing an original story by Samuel R. Delany, plus an article on the background to some of his books by Delany himself. I also doubt very much whether Fred actually read the issue. Anyone who can think that Robin Wood, writing about motorcycling around the Bay Area, and Robin White, wife of Ted White, are the same people has obviously not bothered to read this issue of Algol. And anyone who can not mention the 10 pages of mimeographed material, plus artwork by Gray Morrow, obviously gave this a quick glance at midnight during a power black-out. If you're going to continue fanzine reviews by someone who admits, "I haven't really had the time to go through this issue thoroughly," as he does in his review of Arioch!, that's perfectly all right for some people. But for a truthful review, the fanzine in question should be read, not skimmed.

*Ed.* -- The idea behind pubbing the Dian Portfolio the way we did was to publish facing illustrations which went together pictorially. Two of the plates seemed to cry out to stand alone - based on their statements and our notions of aesthetics. That's the reason for the blank pages. Few things are really incomprehensible, Andy. ## Fred's review of Algol was skimpy but fair, I thought. Maybe he just wasn't overly impressed by the material of a "pro" like Delany in a fanzine. The error about Robin Wood/White reflected a somewhat widespread mistaken notion around here that a Robin "Wood" had married Ted White & thus became Robin White. Mention of this had occurred at a LASFS meeting not too long before Fred wrote his review. It was an honest case of mistaken identity, not carelessness.

DOUG LOVENSTEIN 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio, 45701

Vaughn Bodé is a sadist. But so am I and I loved the strip. The story was nothin much but the art was beautiful--gad, Bod can think up the most sickening things to happen to Cobalt 60's...uh... victims. But the fact that there's no plot (just the setting and conditions) the thing could go on forever. (Why did the mutant cross the road? To get his eyes shot out. *DONCH*)

This bit about fandom being a "heads group" and fans being generally hippie-oriented is quite interesting, quite true, I'd say. Because I agree with Ted White about the danger (legally) of drugs, and the remarkable scope of the written word, I won't tell about all my fantasti and beautiful adventures with the stuff--but it's true that most people I know in fandom, if not happies or fake hippies, are at least interested in the same type of rot the hippi are.

Ed. -- Maybe because this sort of "rot" is entering the culture generally. Most of the fans I know are the same way. Let's see— that covers representative portions of the West and the Midwest. I wonder about the rest of the country... ## If all the people who turned on wrote about it, there'd be some minds blown, I would guess. Even in fandom, the proportion of silent heads must be higher than one would guess.

## PIERS (ANTHONY) JACOB 800 75th St. North St. Petersburg, Florida 33710

So last time I bashed out a brief note explaining why I thought SHAGGY, beautifully got-up as it was, was not for me. So next thing I know, my letter appears in the following issue $sigh$. (I know this letter won't, though, because you can't duplicate that $ symbol, heh, heh. It's left over from the *Chthon* manuscript. $$$$$$$$$$) Now I have to bash out another letter explaining why I have changed my mind.

Much as I don't want to waste time on fanzines, there are so many so good right now that I have no particular choice. I mean, in addition to the re-

surged SHAGGY, there's the resurged PSYCOTIC, and the resurged WARHOON, the continuing NIEKAS, YANDRO, SPECULATION, the accelerated ALGOL, together with assorted lesser prospects that show real personality and promise, like SF OPINION, GRANFALLOON, KEVAS & TRILLIUM and ghod knows what else that I'll find crammed into my mailbox tomorrow. And I, I, I am trying to type a 180,000 word novel while babysitting for my baby girl...novel keeps getting longer, baby keeps getting more persistent, fanzines keep improving. What is the answer?

There is only one. The answer to all ills. Money. Enclosed is a dollar; now I don't have to comment, right? BRIEFLY, then:

Beautiful cover. What happened to your girl's right hand, cartoon p. 5? I mean, tell me now, exactly where is it hidden? Will she wash it, after? "Cobalt 60"--either Bodé's ill, or this bodes ill for our society...movie review: amazing how much better Ted White is at tearing something down than at building something up...intriguing art portfolio. HOW MANY PAGES? Next thing we'll be seeing 200 page fanzines, and nobody will do anything but try to gain on the fanzine reading backlog.

**Ed. -- The hand went into a space warp. You, sir, have a dirty mind. ## You had better watch out, Piers. Fanzines are definitely addictive!**

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

Merciful heavens, as W.C. Fields would have said if he'd received the 73rd SHAGGY. In theory big, luxurious fanzines are: too large to read in time for a prompt loc; too debilitating on the fans who issue them to have progeny in the form of later issues; too likely to be padded with inferior material; too discouraging to fanzine editors without the money and equipment to put out their equals; too superior to the prozines for anyone to be willing to buy any more copies of the cruddy-looking newstand magazines; and several other things. Yet I'm writing this loc in little more than 72 hours after receipt, while some fanzines have been here for 72 days without getting a loc; lots of crudzines are thriving despite the competition from SHAGGY, ODD, and the other aristocrats; there's hardly a weak item all the way down that list of contents; and Ted White is talking about publishing a prozine himself. It's a good thing that the usual laws of cause and effect don't hold good in fandom.

The Green Tambourine made wonderful reading, immensely aided by the art work. I can't keep a straight face when I think of myself attempting to do something like this back in one of the darker corners of my hermit's cave. But when I was a little boy, I never got to the seashore so I've never built a castle out of the sand, and most of the castles in the air that I created back in the years when the atmosphere was sufficiently unpolluted to make air castles practical have either turned into realities or concern matters that no longer interest me. As soon as I find a couple of large fire extinguishers at a price I can afford, I may make the effort.

Cobalt 60 impressed me very much. But I regret constantly my lack of background with the comics. If I'd been just a year or two later with my arrival in the world, I would have been young enough to go wild over the comic books when they descended on the newsstands and I'd probably be able to compare Vaughn Bodé's style and techniques with those of the masters in the field in a most learned manner. Moreover, I'd feel the overpowering nostalgia for the productions of the past that would cause me to look at this first installment in a somewhat different

emotional manner. I like it, but I can't be specific about why I like it or produce a lurid paragraph of upwellings from my soul over it.

There's a rumor that A Space Odyssey will undergo a change in title when it plays in Hagerstown, since 2001 will no longer be the future when it makes its local premiere. Under these circumstances, I can't compare my reactions with those of Ted White. He's interesting, in any event. I wonder, though, if some of his complaints aren't based on inconsequential things, if this really is a pioneer adult science fiction movie. Does it really matter about the engineering necessity for this or that physical aspect of a space vehicle, if the movie aims at something more than a scientifically accurate adventure story? Do critics praise or condemn Eisenstein for the authenticity of the peasant women's garments, and was Citizen Kane's sled really designed like the type that was most popular in the years when he was a small boy?

Dian's portfolio is most impressive. A couple of the pictures were less effective than they should have been, for me, by incongruous elements. The head in "I Weep for You" is formed by a device that looks too much like the cliche employed by bad fan artists for depicting stars in a picture of a spaceship in flight. The three little skulls in "Smog" are another jarring note, to me. Minor matters and they probably wouldn't matter to most people, but they remind me of art that is far below the level which Dian attains in general here.

Sally Crayne's column doesn't provoke any specific comments, just the general remark that it's splendidly written and makes me hope that things turn out properly because the column makes the unknown people sound like individuals for whom all should turn out well.

Most of the reviews encounter things that I haven't yet met, except for the fanzines. I like the continued emphasis that you're putting on movies, and I hope that one of this year's crop wins a Hugo next year. I don't like to get unpopular with the Star Trek fans, but it's really disconcerting to see the dramatic Hugo go regularly to that series, when quite important motion pictures aren't even nominated.

Hank Stine obviously reflects the attitude of a lot of people today. The attitude is all right, but not the assumption that this is something new that is just starting to turn up in American life. It's been around for at least a century, maybe longer, over here, and for several centuries in Europe, and goodness knows how long it's been a prevalent attitude in older civilizations of the far-off mysterious Orient. The only real difference now, as far as I can determine, is that people have stopped using the old words to describe the subject matter and this has apparently led to the belief that they're dealing with a different kind of rebellion than that which existed in the days when people referred to anarchism, narcotics, adultery, free love, and such concepts. Or maybe there are two differences, because I just thought of another one. There are no longer extremely talented writers with a sense of humor available to present the case convincingl to the more conservative people who might sympathize even if they can't agree. Dea Swift, Rabelais, Whitman, Thoreau, and Burbe[illegible]e much better at that sort of thing than Mailer and Burroughs.

And how in the world can a loc cove adequately the art work in such a picture filled fat fanzine? I liked almost every thing listed on the art credits page, but I think special praise should go to Criss Stevens' work on the Things pages. My o

eyes are too weak to see properly her pa 66 illustration, but I'm sure that you young, clear-sighted people out there wi be arguing over its merits or lack there for a long time.

I hope you can keep this up indefin tely. Despite my non-serious intentions in the first paragraph of this letter, please remember that there are built-in self-destruct elements in the giant fanzine, and cutting the size of future Shaggys would be much better than one or two more issues of this bulk and then nothing more for another four or five years.

Ed. -- Thank you for the encouragement. Sometimes it's more difficult to publish a small zine than a large one -- and I think the current size will stabilize here for a while. We'll keep it u as long as it's possible to look at eac

new issue with excitement and a fresh eye. When that doesn't happen any more it'll be time to pass the editorship on to another group within the LASFS -- and if that turns out not to exist, then Shaggy will disappear for a time & APA L will probably start up again. It's not the big fanzines, per se. It has more to do with the kind of place LA fandom is.

AL SNIDER 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina California 91790

I find SHAGGY interesting reading, and really don't hate you guys too much, since you are basically nice guys with innocent souls and kind hearts (even though that does tend to go against my Cultish sense of ethics).

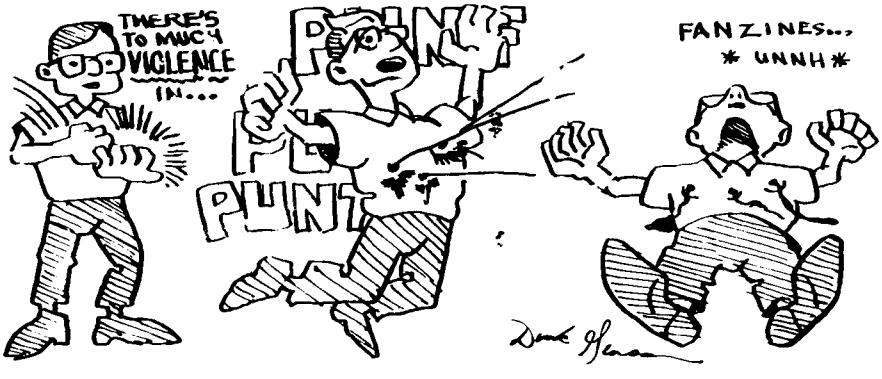
The things that I really want to talk about is the emergence of the bi-monthly fanzine all of a sudden. Maybe I just haven't been looking around lately, but I would say it is somewhat of a coincidence that several good bi-monthly fanzines have come up all of a sudden.

Could this be a sign of a change coming in Fandom at large?

Anyway, the real reason I am sitting here pounding at my typer is that I want to talk about SHAGGY, not as a conglomeration of differing works, but as an entire fanzine.

The printing is good, and the style is strictly Rudolphish. I would suggest that Schumacher be given more free hand at lay-outs, since I find his excellent, and if that "2001" lay-out last ish was by him, he must have sunk a great deal.

Although the zine does seem to lack a cohesiveness that could better organize it, it is well constructed and executed, and gives a pleasing picture to the eye. The eye, however, is not the true point one hopes to hit with a fanzine. I don't know what to call it, but I imagine the faanish "soul" would be as good as anything. Fans do seem to have something (maybe even a "Sensitive Fannish Face" as Burbee would say) that makes them different, and in dealing with them you would do well not to appeal to the mundane side.




QUIP and its various Kids from the New York Area have decided to hit the bi-monthly trail, after stringing along for a while at a sort-of-every-once-in-a-while schedule.

PSYCHOTIC, as far as I know, is still banging away as of the end of last year, and since I have been out of contact with Dick for some time now, I can't much speculate on his progress.

SHAGGY has made a comback, and I see it as a formidible zine when headed by the all-out enthusiasm of Ken Rudolph, though that might be a problem, as I will explain later.

NIMROD, my own humble zine, is really building up steam now, and it continues to get better as the issues keep rolling out. Dwain and I are already seeing that we are going to have to raise circulation by about 200 or 300 soon because of increased demand.

In other words, all of a sudden there are lots of bi-monthly fanzines that are good! And it all took place since about last December, except for QUIP, and then they only recently went bi-monthly.

For enjoyment Mundanes read "Harper's" and "Time", while fans read fanzines. This is exactly why I am against regular offset fanzines. In arguing with Larry Howorth (your publisher) at a LASFS meeting I kind of got this point over. He wanted to give the readers the most beautiful publication possible, and wanted it to look professional.

What I contended in response was that fans didn't want to see a professional magazine, they wanted to see a fanzine. And as we all know, a fanzine is something that fans work over and sweat over. A mimeo fanzine, printed on that cheap fibretint paper, looks like it was made and produced by fans. You can see either myself or the lovely Cindy Van Arnam working late into the night to run off the pages. With offset it may happen, but people don't receive this image by just looking at the fanzine. In short, an offset zine is cold.

If the contrary were true, then why isn't TRUMPET the last word in fanzines?

Second, a fanzine needs the essence of the faanish "soul" itself. A strict and straight fanzine would say that "such

and such is so and this is what happened or what will come about". Man, if you want things in a style like that, you pick up a copy of "U.S. News & World Report", not a real fanzine. Fans want to hear something like this..."Sam stood up and said this and that, and made a complete fool out of himself because Fan X had done the same thing at the Solacon and you all know what Harry Warner said in the lettercol of FANAC years ago..." In other words, they want something which involves fans, and talks about what fans are doing, and about what is going down. They want to see their own name (those egoboo hungry bastards) and they want to get involved.

Where you guys come in is obvious... you come on too strong. What you need is exactly what you said in your editorial... more whimsy. You take it too seriously. When SHAGGY arrives it is too ready for greatness to suit me. You remind me somehow of a grasping corporation that is desparately trying to increase its financial holdings. Not that you step on too many toes, it's just that SHAGGY doesn't rock!

Sally Crayne talks about her life, and so what? Jane Lamont talks about cops with jackboots, oh wow. Sure, much of the material is very good (Give Ted White a Hugo!) but it doesn't cling or scintillate.

So, end of sermon. I'm probably not all right, but I am right in a few of my ideas, or at least I suspect, and at least you have been willing to admit lately, but I kind of like SHAGGY. It is a good fanzine, and truly a labor of love. I enjoy getting it, even though I do disagree with some of its methods.

Ed. -- Schumacher has always had total control of the layout. It's intriguing watching him get better at it as we all get more accustomed to working in litho. ## The "fannish spirit" thing is more than fibretint and mimeo. I'll be willing to bet that there was an equal feeling of maladjustment when mimeo took over from hekto & ditto in the earlier fandoms. Now that CRY and ODD and SHAGGY are all using litho and proving that it is the contents which make a fanzine, not the process by which it's made. I think that litho has established itself as a viable fannish medium. At least I hope so. SHAGGY is a fanzine, Al. Look at it again. We make no claim to professionalism and never have. We're just fans, sweating over pages as fans have for years, and trying to come up with something good... If anything sets off this fandom from previous ones, it's a sense of experimentation with format & layout in the fanzines. That's progress; and inevitable considering the current state of fandom. It's time for new things. Even if SHAGGY doesn't ultimately succeed in combining litho with fannishness, somebody will. Enough people are apparently willing to give it a try; and it's reactionary to suppose it can't be done. ## Read on, Al...

LARRY PARR 423 North Lee Ave., Fullerton California 92633

It's always so much easier to criticize something than it is to praise it—but not when the "something" happens to be issue 73 of SHAGGY with nothing to criticize. Except, perhaps, the micro-elite treatment you gave the letter column...

So I shall instead pick up the thread of a conversation I recently listened in on and pose a question or two to SHAGGY and possibly its readership in general.

First: What is a fanzine? And second: Does SHAGGY fit your description?

A fanzine, according to one loquacious source, is something that is hurriedly typed, filled with an equal quantity of typos and gosh-wow, and only one step above (if even that much) its general readership. It is done on a ditto, mimeo or hecto, and what's more, it Looks like a Fanzine.

Now SHAGGY, this source contends, does not fit any of these qualifications—it is not a FANzine. It is more along the line of an amateur pro-zine. It is cold, totally above its readership, and layed-out and run off in a professional manner. It, along with THE RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY and TRUMPET, is not, to repeat, a FANzine. What's more, it's not the old SHAGGY "I used to know and love; and if they make it digest size or whatever, I won't read it anymore."

For all I know, that is a minority of one opinion. I know I don't share it. I happen to like a professional-looking fanzine, but then, for all I know, I may be in a minority of one. But then again, perhaps you are missing a large part of your potential audience, and a large part of your feed-back, by putting out the professional type magazine you do. Perhaps it would pay you to find out. Perhaps you have been fighting that multilith for a losing cause. Perhaps.

But then again, perhaps not. I think SHAGGY is great.

Ed. -- OK, gang. There's two sides of the argument. How about it? Are you inhibited in your reactions or comments to a zine just because it's done in litho and looks hopefully well made? (NOT professional. That's a misnomer.) I hope not; but I'd sure as hell like to find out!

CARL J. BRANDON, JR. Norriskogsvägen 8 112 64 Stockholm, SWEDEN

As for Shaggy 72, I was at the same time disappointed and enthusiastic while reading it. Disappointed, I believe, because to me the only true Shaggy is that f the late 1950's, the Shaggy of Bjohn,

Ron Ellik, and the Fan Hillton people. But of course that Shaggy could never be again, and rather than publishing a weak imitation you've chosen to give your version of the zine a new and distinct profile of its own, which of course is the only sensible thing to do. And I like the new Shaggy too--even though I personally am more inclined towards the more fannish fanzines which now seem to have gotten out of style.

This, by the way, is a phenomenon which is quite interesting all by itself: why fads in fanzine publishing so often seem to engulf all of fandom. One year every readable fanzine is either incredibly fannish or personal, and the next they are all very serious and constructive. Is it really possible that fandom couldn't stand having both a Void and a Skyhook published simultaneously?

I read Len's piece on Gilbert & Sullivan with pleasure: it was informative and well written. It was also a complete waste on me since I don't know anything at all about G&S and am not very likely to learn either, at my age. (Being a perpetual hoar sometimes gets on your nerves.)

I must take issue with you, though, on the subject of Alex Panshin's Heinlein study. It is, I agree, a thorough and impressive piece of work and it might well be what an American "swinging Ph.D. dissertation" could be like (I don't think it would merit a Swedish Ph.D. degree), but I think it neither the final word on Heinlein nor as good an analysis as it might have been. As a critic, Alex is much less accomplished than, say, Damon Knight or Jim Blish, and I believe he misses several relevant points in Heinlein's story build-up as well as in the development of the Heinlein character--see Algis Budry's well-taken point in the July GALAXY in re The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. I consider Alex's book a brilliant description and a partial explanation of Heinlein's works: as such, it is excellent; as a literary analysis of any greater depth, I think it fails. Though Ghod knows it's about the best thing ever done by a fan--or, for that matter, by anybody--on a stf writer. Compared to Moskowitz it is clearly brilliant--Alex both manages to say sensible things and keep his grammar right.

I sort of liked Bill Glass's reviews, too. Admittedly, they were not more than personal opinions with very little criticism, but they still seemed well thought out and sensible to me--excepting possibly his final remark that Damon Knight and James Blish are "destructive" in their criticism. Neither of them is, of course, and you need only read their respective books of criticism to realize this. Knight, with whose criticism I am most familiar, having used it as a pinnacle of excellence for which to strive in my own critical efforts, is neither destructive nor overly enthusiastic, he is simply just--and in being that, he is also a constructive critic.

I believe strongly that a bad book should be called a bad book if its badness can be proven by any defined set of standards--just as a good book should be recognized as good. Damon has such a set of standards, clearly defined and consistently used, and by those he judges the books he criticizes. This is certainly not destructive: anyone reading his reviews will know why he considers a book good or bad, and if they share his standards will agree. If they don't, they will still have to admit that Damon does have a ground for his opinions, which is more than can be said about most stf critics; witness such horrible examples as Moskowitz, "James Colvin" (a Mike by any other name is still a Moorcock) or even Judy Merrill, who simply judges a book by whether or not it fits into whatever theory of the Evolution of Stf she may happen to hold as true for the moment.

The printing was excellent, the illustrations mostly good, nothing of the contents was at least unreadable while much was quite good--in a few issues I believe Shaggy will be quite as good as it's ever been, only in a totally different style.

Ed. -- We've tried to give SHAGGY some continuity with the past, Carl. SHAGGY in its various incarnations has always mirrored, more or less, the current state of LA fandom. Because Shangri LA is different today than it was, we couldn't authentically repeat the kind of SHAGGY gestalt of the past. We had to strike off in new directions of our own -- make our own gestalt. The current SHAGGY fairly mirrors the state of LA fandom today, I think. At least as well as it used to.

BOB SILVERBERG 5020 Goodridge Ave., New York, New York 10471

Thankee kindly for SHAGGY 73, which I mean to sit down with in all its gorgeous bulk and read from top to bottom one of these fine summer days. At the moment I've scanned only Ted White's admirable takeout on 2001, which is as neatly ambivalent as the film itself: once you think you've figured out where Ted stands,

he does a Moebius broadjump and comes out somewhere else. But a nice job, all the same. The rest of the issue looks likewise. Do come again.

Ed. -- OK, glad to come again. *Sigh* the penalties of pubbing a large issue...

ALEXIS GILLILAND 2126 Pennsylvania Ave.NW Washington D.C. 20037

Bode's cover is excellent, except that he should either learn to draw horses or figure out a dinosaur saddle.

The contents, same as last issue, provoked a rather mixed reaction. The long weeks of Apa-L have had the result that your contributors know how to write and what they think. This makes for good material as a rule, but some of your tacit assumptions have got to be dubious, even in Los Angeles. Perhaps they were thrashed out ad nauseam in the relative privacy of Apa-L, and are now regarded as axiomatic by editors and contributors alike, but when you express them in a general circulation fanzine (like Shaggy) you are going to get static from the rest of Fandom. Ted White's letter, written with more honesty than tact, is a case in point. He thinks you are off base and tells you why with precision, elegance and accuracy. Your rebuttal was a bit sketchy, and your rebuttal of Locke contained an implied lie. Dr. Goddard did not say pot is harmless, he said it was no more dangerous than alcohol and he considered alcohol damned dangerous. Your phrasing suggests that you knew this. Disingenuous, perhaps, but any stick will do to beat a dog, eh?

Your assertion that pot doesn't cause cancer like cigarettes is simply a reflection on the absence of statistics. You don't know, I don't know, nobody knows. However, in Egypt, where an estimated 1/8 of the GNP was spent on pot in 1966, it is held responsible for the high incidence of coronary failures. (The Egyptians have their own hangups. Custom dictates that they excise the clitoris of their women at age 8 or 9, and since their wives are all institutionally frigid, the men smoke marijuana as an aphrodisiac, firmly convinced that it enhances their sexual prowess. They are also obsessed with virginity and Israel.)

As far as acid and other drugs are concerned a clean bill of health respecting chromosome damage and cirrhosis doesn't impress me any more than the NRA saying "Guns don't kill people, people kill people."

What difference does it make if excessive use of amphetamines won't rot my teeth? Or that LSD leaves me chromosomes intact if it produces any substantial mental aberration? What is the ratio of heads to users, eh? And how does that compare with the ratio of alcoholics to drinkers? Maybe A's harmless light show will turn out to blow B's latent homosexuality into full bloom. Of course, B will be a bit unhappy about this, but it will help him know himself.

Tying in with this is Hank Stine's short piece on the death of the American Dream. He says he is serious, and I believe him.

So. According to Stine, the essence of the American Dream was to work at a job you liked while marrying the woman of your choice and choosing your circle of friends, while raising a family to do honor to your name.

As he says: "The Emperor is naked."

Work is a drag, marriage is a trap, and kids deserve better than living in a house in the suburbs. Drop acid and see reality in all its petty, sickening ugliness. And drop out. The hell with reality.

However, marriage is a durable institution, just as work is an unavoidable necessity. So a new dream is hard to come by. You want a dream? Here it is. Small groups of people will drop out and seek the exaltation of religious experience through drugs. Each will minister to the physical needs of the others, and they will literally obey the biblical injunction to love one another. A few will work, as need or fancy strikes them, or, once the minimum income law is passed, they will subsist on the dole. Men and women will be equal, and because children are a drag -- really, really a drag, man -- like I could cut out on the wife, but the four kids? -- they will not be conceived. The pill, or the loop for the women will do it, or vasectomies for the men. The purpose of this community will be the utter ecstasy of communion with God, achieved without effort or thought, and living will be ennobled thereby.

And presently Congress in its wisdom will pass a law making all drugs freely available to those who wish to use them, and once a week the FDA sends your happy domicile a little package of heroin, LSD and STP. Pot you grow in the garden.

Welfare workers will come around to tend to any wants you might have overlooked in your mindblown state, and administer chicken soup intravenously as needed.

And as your happy fangestalt sinks into senility, newer and more potent drugs will be employed to give the illusion of eternal youth. Coked to the gills, you die as you lived, surrounded by believers in the True Faith, and unutterably, unbearably ecstatic. You have achieved Plastic God at last.

The fact is that marriage is a logistical necessity for raising children, and parents are a psychological necessity for children, and children are necessary to ensure the continuation of society.

And ultimately, man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. Like man, you work to eat.

The American Dream was a good idea. Too bad it's shot to hell, but making it work took too much effort and intelligence...and living in reality always calls for compromises.

I liked the article on candle castles and may try one shortly... Bodé's comic strip is first rate... the reviews are good and the general impression is fun.

Ed. -- Dr. Goddard did not say pot was harmless, true. But what he actually said was that he'd rather his daughter smoked a joint than drank a martini. I read that as at least a statement putting the two dangers in perspective & coming up with pot being less harmful on balance. ## Whew. Your picture of the future is pretty bleak, Alex. Might make a great SF story, though. I don't think things will ever be that bad. ## The whole question of the legality or lack of same of the non-addictive, physically harmless drugs boils down to this: Does the state actually have the right to rule the thoughts of its citizens? Ought it to have this right? Talking about the harm that marijuana can do to "society" as if "society" were a person, is very nebulous. As a libertarian, I believe that people should have the right to "turn on" their own heads. The laws against marijuana themselves with their built-in dangers of expanding contempt for the law in general as more & more people are involved in committing felonies, are FAR MORE DANGEROUS than any possible consequences of allowing those who wish to to turn on. As with Prohibition, there reaches a point of mass involvement where the cure is worse than the disease. We've passed that point, or soon will, and these laws are now dangerous in themselves. ## Only research will show things like the ratio of "heads to users". I suggest that your bleak outlook is no more likely to turn out to be the case than my polyanna-ish outlook. I certainly believe that the case for pot will eventually turn out to be pro. As for the heavier psychedelics, if, as is possible, they turn out to be as harmful as you say, it would be far easier to fight them when the great majority who are satisfied with the effects of pot (just as previous generations have been generally satisfied with the salubrious results of social drinking) are allowed to purchase them in a controlled manner from legal sources (as in a liquor store). The bad effects of the underground "pusher" and his automatic advantage of selling stronger stuff to the novice pot-smoker can't be overstressed.

JIM SANDERS 611 W. 112th St., room 516
New York, New York 10025

I read Jim Schumacher's candle castle article, and I don't quite believe it. Black ink, multi-paper, and fanzine writing should not be able to carry me three thousand miles and several months and let me share an experience and a group of people that I had never met. But now that Ken Goldsmith seems occasionally to be passing through N.Y., I will have to stop him and try to share a castle with him. Hey, thanx, Jim, thanx.

Lon Atkins and Ted White seem to be slightly below their usual high standard, but Lon is enjoyable (maybe he would have been better if he was not spaced directly after the Schumacher) and Ted gives me yet another slant on 2001. I am going to have to see that movie sometime in the next month.

And again we have the LASFSworld, Sally Crayne guiding us this time, and again I feel like loving people, and feel lonely and yet with friends, and hey, people, you are beautiful, you know it, whether any was true or false, that this Gestalt exists even in the shared mind of Sally - hey wow. So excuse this incoherency, and keep me from hopping the next bus out there.

And finally we get to a piece we can argue with. No, Hank, I don't need three aspirin to read it. You aren't really saying anything that new. Of course the American Dream is phony, of course a lot of these things are plastic. You don't need acid for that, friend, just a look around you. Not all the things are phony, there are sparks of metal, and fire, and warm, soft, sweaty, slippery, beautiful flesh scattered around to be dug out if you want to, to have the plastic stripped off them and shared. You don't have to play the games, though occasional game playing, either for survival (of your definition of yourself, as shaped by the real self that you can never define) or for the enjoyment of games can be worth it. And where do you go from there, you wonder and seek and cry. You go where everyone goes who can feel. You go into the next second, and find things in it that are worth wrapping around yourself. Then you go into the next second and wrap pieces of it around you and absorb them. And then... You can even do this while game playing. You can enjoy the knowledge that love is forever because forever lasts for that second and then there is a whole new world. You can groove on that groovy bit of sunshine bouncing off a window, even if you know that the only reason you are feeling it is that you have to deliver a package four blocks away. And you

catch that 1% of each experience that is worth noticing, and you notice, and, to use the only word I can, "you" it, and then wait or look for the next experience to absorb. And you don't set a goal, you don't look for an ending, because you know that something else will be along, and if you reach the goal you will have called yourself dead, and you'll miss something else.

## D. G. LOCKE NO ADDRESS

As I'm sure Ted White has informed you by now, in response to your asking him where he got his ideas about the effects of pot, back when it was legal he tried the stuff out. Also, he has to put up with the pot-element of New York fandom. He knows about pot. So do I, although I don't have the first-hand experience that White does, and of course this leads us to your comments on my comments about your comments on drugs. And that's really leading us, I guess.

You ask me what results from the use of marijuana (don't you know? I never touch the stuff. I wouldn't touch it with a fork), and all that I can point out is that maybe you should go visit a few hospitals and maybe a couple of morgues. Of course, you specify marijuana (is that your bag?) and I'm referring to dope in general and the dopes who take it.

Now, then, let me make it clear that I don't particularly intend to get personal and insult you just for the hell of it. I just now said a raunchy thing about people who take dope, but I said in my last letter that I don't at all care who takes dope nor what happens to them as a result of it. I do care what happens to me and anybody else I care about as the result of somebody taking dope and turning on in the middle of a highway while I'm driving down that same highway or turning on and deciding to go over to my place or deciding to have a screaming hair-pulling fit anywhere within spitting distance of me or the people I care about. You can go down to the hospital and look at some of these cats, real swingers who decided to get groovy with a two-ton automobile that they were either driving or that ran over them while they beat-feet down the road to catch it in their arms. You can try to re-cuperate in a hospital bed when there's somebody down the hall or maybe even on the next floor who had a bad trip and is screaming his goddamn lungs out and is keeping you awake until he either dies or they lock him away somewhere and tell his folks that it's possible he might never pull out of it and if he does he'll likely be a drastically different person. You can tell your neighbor it's real tough his daughter's on dope and sad that she cut open her baby sister to see if she was just as cute on the inside, but this is the new thing and you gotta groove it, man.

"Tell me, sir, what does result?" Look around and see. It's your life, Ken. If you're going to commit it without knowing the facts, that's your business. That's also ignorance. I just read about a guy who took dope and raped his six-year old daughter. You want to go that route? Maybe you think you know better, but the treps can get bad, kid, and if you get one bad enough...

I'll be interested to see if you publish this, and if so what you have to say about it. But I think I already know. So go to it, baby, it's your scene. I'm not on any crusade and I have no interest in saying any more about the matter, so you can have the last word. Do me a favor, however, and get yourself real high when you make your response. "Pot enhances the senses." Get yourself all enhanced and really have at me. Should make good reading. I've never been rebutted by an enhanced man before.

Ed. -- Pot seems to hinder the logical facilities, Dave. Sorry to disappoint you, but I don't ever try to write stoned. I might hear better or grok people better stoned, but that's about the limit of what I claim for the "enhancement" of the psychedelics. ## Nobody denies that some of the further-out drugs are dangerous to the user -- if he starts out unstable. (However, you're misinformed if you think that marijuana is doing the damage you describe.) My support for the legalization of pot is based on the fact that informed medical opinion doubts that what you say so dramatically is true. Marijuana just isn't that big a deal! Certainly no more so than alcohol. I think that when enough research is done on the subject, it will even bear out my feeling that driving on pot is a "safer" thing to do than driving when drunk. At least the motor facilities are unaffected and the problem is basically one of concentration which can be conquered by a sufficient sense of danger. This doesn't mean that I think that driving on grass should ever be allowed. But the same sort of controls that are used now with liquor should work even better when pot is legalized and if a simple test for pot intoxication is found. Such a test will come eventually, & it would be a tragedy if it is used to support police-state repressive tactics rather than the much more reasonable "driving while intoxicated" laws. ## How about the alcoholics who fill the hospitals screaming in their DTs? Man, these things are a way of life and come from the immoderate use of anything I would imagine that an overdose of fanac could drive somebody up the wall, too. It's happened before.

## JOHN FOYSTER 12 Glengariff Drive, Springvale North, Vic 3170, Australia

Of course, August 4 is a little late to be sending a loc for a 'zine whose deadline was July 24... But I have faith in fannish deadlines. I'm really lucky to get this issue as early as this, inasmuch as the post between the US and Australia has been decidedly Drunk and Disorderly this year. I wrote to the PO asking why this might be so —

"we can't understand why *your* mail is so late, Mr Foyster", was the substance of the reply. So I gave up.

I hadn't really expected SHAGGY to improve so rapidly; there is still room for improvement, I suppose, but hardly enough to swing a cat. This goes for the whole thing, not just individual items, or is it just that I am more accustomed to the Shaggy Way Of Life?

That's the terrifying thing really, for so many of your writers (and readers) seem determinedly FIAWOL, an attitude which I thought had died out a long time ago. Even then I'm really wrong, because an outbreak of the disease has occurred in Melbourne: fans in a communal house, the whole of their lives revolving around an electric duplicator—yes, even in conservative Melbourne such things can happen, so that I shouldn't be surprised to see the fine old tradition being carried on with great apparent success in LA. I haven't been afflicted yet, but fanzines like SHAGGY are dangerous.

Vaughn Bode's illustrations and strip are so outstanding that I can't really do anything but mention them first. I've not liked any of Bode's stuff in Galaxy Pubs., so in some ways this was a surprise. COBALT 60 seems to show every sign of being the first serious stf strip, and I hope you can persuade Bode to keep running it with you, rather than try to make cold hard cash from it.

After that I had expected the remainder of the issue to fall somewhat flat, but this was not the case, perhaps due in part to your letter column (and I think you are right to emphasise the letter-col — doing so never harmed CRY). I'd have said that I'd like to see more from the editor, except that you do such a good job on the lettercol —I assume that *is* you, and not some other joker (in fine old SHAGGY tradition).

And your editorial raises a matter which troubles me more than a little — the high cost of fanning in 1968. Now my inflexible policy (broken only every so often) is not to subscribe to fanzines. It's partly the result of an acquaintance with an inflexible bank manager, but it also is a result of my basic approach to fanac. On the one hand I *know* that this issue cost you more than 50¢ to put out — hell, postage alone on my copy was 22¢ — but on the other hand I suspect I can (no criticism or slight intended) get more for my money elsewhere. Nowadays a large number of fanzines seem to sell for 50¢ or so (yeah, I know ASFR does too), while prozine costs are only 10¢ more at worst. Twenty years ago the average fanzine cost about half as much as a prozine, and this was also the case ten years ago. The reason for the change is pretty clear — obesity. These days I suspect that the ratio of fans to fanzines is rather greater than it was say ten years ago. I may be wrong, but it is certainly the case in Australia. In 1961 I think John Baxter and I put out about 4 or 5 fanzines, but the active Australian fans of today have so far mustered only about a dozen, with three or four times as many contributors. Naturally this means fat fanzines. I guess Bill Donaho started it all. If the trend continues I suspect that only FIAWOLers will have either money to subscribe or time to comment...

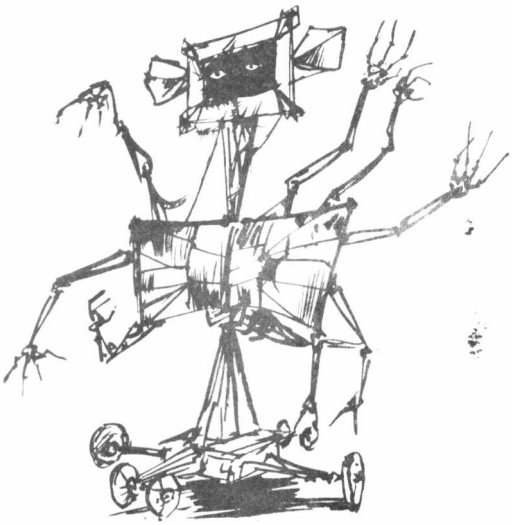
On the other hand, the one kind of fat fanzine I enjoy (well, maybe I enjoy 'em all, but this one most of all) is the SHAGGY ART ISSUE — or I did enjoy them, rather, back when they appeared. I'm glad you're at it again, and I'll even try to persuade my wife to swell the total...

I go along with Ted White's comments on discussion of drugs and their uses. I am all for treading softly. But when it comes to his "discussion" of Algis Budrys and his Electric Book Reviews, then I regretfully part company. I don't find Budrys at all the despicable creature Ted paints, and can even think of a rather simple reason for his not reviewing Ted's book: I guess it won't appeal to Ted, however. Algis Budrys has *never* reviewed a single self-proclaimed juvenile. Maybe some of the books were juvenile in the adjectival sense, but Ted himself admits that his book is a juvenile (noun). OK? Of course, Budrys can go wrong, and some of the things Ted says about his reviews are quite true, but I am glad that Ted has never gotten around to sending review copies to ASFR: considering the shit I collect when I

*do* review some of the, ahem, lesser novels of our time, I'd really cop it if I didn't mention Ted's book...

But then, Ken Rudolph, in the middle of page 75 you say with your mouth "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." Were it not for the fact that I am certain that Ted will take you up on this, I'd be moved to write you a page or so on the subject. As it is I will merely remark that the contrary opinions of such people as Parker and Holiday are so well reported in print that it is not worth my while giving a single instance: any article which quotes Parker, for example, is almost certain to include his words. (Mezz Mezzrow, by contrast, didn't see through this problem.)

Ed. -- Even Parker & Holiday to the Contrary, you're going to have trouble convincing most people who have tried marijuana that they aren't hearing sounds better. The simplest test is to listen



to a familiar record while going up. Suddenly there is a dramatic increase of the stereo effect, the various instrumental lines become clearer & more easily differentiated, and there is an enhanced feeling of the presence of the musicians (almost a three-dimensional effect). Among the people I know, this is just about a universal experience. Musicians tell me it helps them to keep track of what the group is doing as a gestalt, even when they're totally involved in their own lines. ## I would say that FIAWOL is definitely still the way of it here in LA. The fan group here is so large that it provides enough diversity to make quite a full way of life for those who drop in. There's a whole subculture of LA fans who, even with SHAGGY, are never heard from outside of LA. They are trufans: living, eating, & breathing fandom, but limiting themselves to the local sphere. Current LASFS meetings have forty to sixty attendees every week. I imagine that as they become more & more attuned to fandom outside of LA (the conventions help) they'll start being heard from more and more. One problem: the LA fan group is so social (fandom here attracts a good proportion of femmes and extrovert types) that it inhibits much of the traditional fanac like writing. ## As to the "high cost of fanning", this issue is actually not that expensive to put out. We've begun to think in terms of economics as we do up the issues, and with more experience comes different ways of doing things to get good effects while keeping the cost down. A comparable issue to this done in mimeo would not cost that much less, believe it or not. ## Thanks for plugging the Christmas issues of the past. This one is shaping up to rival even them, I think. Hope to hear from your wife...

**BARRY WEISSMAN 1350 Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, California**

Vaughn Bodé is an excellent artist; I hope to see more of this strip in coming issues, but the first one was not really enough to judge the story line. The one thing that stood out in my mind was all the blood and gore. Mr. Bodé, are you sure you aren't illustrating Norman Spinrad's The Men In the Jungle? A different plot to be sure, but the same blood and thunder. Good, very good, anyway.

I'm sorry, but I must disagree with Mr. White's evaluation of "2001" on a great many points. Not on his basic conclusion, but with some of his interior statements.

First of all, I thought that the Dawn of Man sequence was the strongest and most necessary of the movie. It was scientifically accurate (although Leakey believes that men were using tools at least twenty million years ago instead of four), pictorially beautiful and had a very definite purpose in the film. To attempt to know where mankind, socially as well as physically, is going, and how (to my mind the whole purpose of the movie) one must first know how and where mankind started. We cannot plot one point of a curve and get the curve, we need at least two points even to get a trend. The Dawn of Man is the first point on the graph of Man, the second section is the second point, and if we sight along that line we see that last incomprehensible thirty minutes.

But I enjoyed reading another's opinions on "2001"; it's a film that will be argued about for many years to come, and I don't think even Kubrick and Clarke know, really know for sure, what they have created.

The reviews were excellent as always, especially the counter review of "2001".

As for Hank Stines' "Changes": I don't think that we can really make a judgment on the vitality of the American Dream yet. There's still a lot of life in the old girl yet, altho she's undergone a great amount of troubles in the last few years. In the college crowd I hang around with, not hippie and not real-

ly straight, more middle of the road, it still seems pretty much alive. Go to college, get a degree by any means available, even without learning a thing, get a job and make plenty of money. When I tell them that life is more than money they laugh. Oh, well.

Ed. -- Yeah, but fewer people are laughing than a decade ago. Even if materialism isn't dying, there's more debunking of it now than in the past. Of course materialism built this country into what it is today (... did I hear somebody say, "that's good?"?)

JERRY LAPIDUS 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, New York 14534

I don't think Ted is all that justified in some of his criticism of "2001:" of course, it's very gratifying to know that Ted White "likes" the picture, but I feel he's unduly critical of it. I agree on the "meaning" (man is the missing link), this much is easy to see. I think what people question are some of the paths used to reach it, but more on this later. It would have been difficult to cut down the ape sequence MUCH without reducing its effect greatly. You don't really appreciate the significance of the use of the tool until you've seen the apes struggle against each other and cower at night against the darkness. Perhaps a few well-chosen frames could have gone; I doubt it, however. A point here -- I'd say make-up in this sequence was superior to that in "Planet of the Apes," a picture highly praised for its make-up work. In PoA, you see men in well done ape makeup; in "2001," you see man-apes who DON'T look like men in costume and make-up. Ted tends to oversimplify everything on the grounds that the whole film has only the ONE point to make. I don't think this is quite true; the ape's tool-use here is directly parallel to man's use of tools (space ships) later on, and much can be drawn from this. The film says things about the nature of man, about man's apparent subservience to tools, about man's false beliefs. Ted, however, discounts everything as merely "scenery." No wonder he felt the picture to be so simple.

Did you ever stop to think, Ted, that the "incredibly complicated 'deep-space' ship" was not necessarily constructed especially for this mission? I saw nothing (in the two times I saw the picture) to oppose the idea that this was a deep-space probe, perhaps one of several, specially fitted out for this particular voyage. After all, weren't there Apollo capsules in the making during the Gemini flights? If necessary, couldn't one have been specially adapted for another mission?

I know I'm not qualified to judge on the complete technical accuracy of the space station, etc. But are you, Ted? From what I've read (in numerous sources) much time and money WAS SPENT with NASA and other space experts to produce technical accuracy. Are you trying to tell me that all this was for nothing, or do you perhaps claim that NASA, etc. are wrong? I understand that, however, much extrapolation (that's what sf is, remember) was done by Clarke and Kubrick. You know, it's just possible that expert scientist Clarke and his NASA friends might just have thought that by "2001" there WOULD be wide open spaces in ships, etc. It's just possible that they might have decided that the flow systems WOULD be safe from micro-meteorites (no I don't know how— special metal, maybe— I'm not Clarke and NASA). It's just possible that they felt the Velcro shoes WOULD be effective. It's just...

I think you see my point. YOU feel that the science demonstrated in "2001:" doesn't jive with the facts. Clarke, however, doesn't, and Clarke is the real expert on the subject (along with his NASA boys).

As to basic theme and being impressed and all that, of course I agree. I've pointed out several times that there's a great resemblance between the ending of *Childhood's End* and "2001". But to go on. The actors HAVE to play wooden roles; this is part of the effect you just didn't get. Who was the most "human" character—Hal 9000. Exactly! Another of Kubrick-Clarke's sneaky points you missed—man believe's he's conquered space, but he's wrong—space has conquered him, made him less than human. And/or Hal, the "human" character, has all the human fault of the picture; the humans demonstrate none of these faults.

Nothing exists between the lines. Hooboy. Take another look, Ted, and I think you'll find a lot between the lines.

Bode's tale turns me on. Actually this is the second Bode strip I've seen in a week (the other in PERIHELION) and both are pretty good. They illustrate, however, that much of his talent lies in the cartoon and cartoon-type illustrations. Most of the Bodework I've liked has been this type; the rest I could usually leave far behind me.

Yea, Glass. I agree with you completely when it comes to prozine reviews. A complete wast of space and time, in general. What you're doing, though, isn't a bad idea at all; keep it up.

Ed. -- Personally, I was much more impressed by the wealth of accurate detail in 2001 than by the few possible nits for picking. As Cynthia put it, it's really a waste to pick this movie apart. Much better to "relax & float downstream". It's too worthwhile as a restorative for "Sense of Wonder" to dwell on its possible faults. Considering the treatment of SF by movies in the past, I never could understand the objections by some fans to 2001.

592 16th St., Brooklyn New York 11218

My views on 2001 seem to be quite different from Ted's, since he found the first part of the film dull, and passed over it with little comment. My reaction was quite the opposite. To the man who is pessimistic about the present state of the human race, it is quite a revelation to look back over the span of centuries and millenia and see what progress we have indeed made. This is particularly true if your historical sources are at all explicit about the details of everyday living of our forebears of ancient times or the middle ages.

"The third sequence, To Jupiter, begins the story proper..." By that time, it seemed to me that all semblance of a story had vanished.

Abraham Ettleson's "interpretation" of Lewis Carroll sounds almost as strained as E. Merrill Root's in the John Birch Society's monthly about 3 or 4 years ago. (This is worth looking up; it's funny as old hell. Root claims that The Hunting of the Snark is an allegorical attack on 20th-century collectivist society.)

In fact, Carroll was a high Tory of the sort the British call a "tuft-hunter". He fawned on the nobility and gentry, and looked down on his social inferiors. Now imagine how such a man as he would regard Jews and Judaism - remember that he flourished less than a generation after Jews won full civil rights in Great Britain.

If anyone is interested in pursuing this matter further, the which I doubt, then it might be worthwhile looking into the lives of Carroll and of his contemporary and fellow-mathematician James Sylvester, who taught at Cambridge when Carroll was at Oxford. Sylvester was, I believe, the first Jew to achieve eminence in the sciences in England, and was something of a trailblazer in academic circles for this reason. If he knew Carroll and was at all close to him, it would indicate that there might be something in Ettleson's notions. If, on the other hand, Carroll regarded Sylvester as a pushy parvenu, it would indicate quite the opposite.

There is an east-coast underground paper with a regular s-f column, Avatar.

I imagine that, in rebuttal to the reply to Locke's complaints about marijuana, someone will cite an anti-pot pronouncement by some group of medical men. To put such views in perspective, recall that in 1916 the American Medical Association, in solemn conclave assembled, condemned the adverse effects of alcohol and endorsed prohibition. A few years later, most of these same physicians were using their position to finagle "medical" alcohol for themselves, their relatives, and their friends. In short, the medical profession, like the Supreme Court, follows the election returns.

Frankly, I can't see what all the fuss is about. Writers have sung the joys of tobacco for 300 years, and the current intellectual vanguard is equally vociferous about the virtues of marijuana. I've tried both and I get nothing whatsoever from either of them. They both seem to be vastly overrated; I'll stick with bheer.

Kris Carey's tale about the Mercedes reminds me of an incident that took place in Philadelphia during the war. (Oh, the real war, when there was something to fight about.) The U.S. government had a big domestic propaganda campaign to make the public war-conscious; "Loose Talk Costs Lives", etc. To see how well this campaign was coming over, a reporter on a Philadelphia paper dressed in a Nazi uniform complete with armbands, took a camera, and spent a day along the waterfront taking pictures of every ship in the river. No one made any objection whatsoever, and at the end of the day he returned to his paper and wrote up a story which embarrassed the hell out of the local civil defense.

Well, a few days later a Dutch navy ship, one of the few that had escaped the German seizure of their country, arrived in Philadelphia. The police and civil defense, alerted and still smarting from the newspaper story, promptly interned all thes oddly uniformed Teutons. Only the plea for secrecy from the federal government, concerning the need for keeping quiet about th current locale of the Dutch ship, prevented the paper from scoring yet another coup at the expense of civil defense.

Sandy Meschkow's proposal that New Yor area fans arm to return Staten Island to Ne Jersey seems to have found some takers. Th is a problem that has been chronic since th 17th century. If the dividing line is draw down the middle of the Hudson River, then Staten Island should be New Jerseyan. But the terms of the land grants establishing the two colonies make Staten Island part of New York.

Be that as it may, the New Jersey Impe ialist Party, whose fannish members include Fred Lerner and Bob Whelan, are dedicated t returning Staten Island to New Jersey. The are trying to smoke New Yorkers out of the island by air pollution, and have also orga nized a guerrilla force called the Stat Con However, New York could retaliate. Not man people know this, but up near Suffern there is a huge handle. If anyone ever pulls it, the whole state of New Jersey will flush do the Passaic River and out to sea, never to heard from again.

Congratulations on the LASFS' progress towards incorporation and its own club hous But wait till Sacramento sends you all your loyalty oaths...

The rules of ecology dictate that, whe ever there is a Defensive Driving School, there is an Offensive Driving School. Ever ecological niche which is filled produces another, consisting of creatures who prey o those in the first niche. For example, som of the prostitutes in the Times Square region have recently filled such an ecologica niche by abandoning prostitution and instea mugging other prostitutes.

CUYLER HARNELL BROOKS, JR. 713 Paul St.
Newport News, Virginia 23605

The new Shaggy is great; hope you don burn yourselves out doing such tremendous

issues. I don't think it will hurt to go to mimeo for most of the zine, and only battle the multilith for the cover and art folios. I saw a multilith once..... Nothing that complicated is likely to work except for a licensed sorcerer.

Stine's CHANGES is well done, but the phenomenon is nothing new. It is essentially the result of long prosperity. The comfortable suburban life was the inherited dream of people who had never had it. I never did believe in it, but then I'm a screwball... I doubt if any trufan ever really believed that this was the ultimate pinnacle of existence.

Man evolved in an environment of almost constant danger. Once a comfortable life has become relatively easy, there is bound to be a void felt. And so people turn to religion, fandom, or other dangerous hobbies .....

An early example of the need for something beyond "happiness" was Lord Dunsany. He had all the best that the world of his time could offer, yet he felt the need for something more, and wrote of strange adventures "beyond the fields we know". There is a very revealing sentence in his autobiography, PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT. "Most men collect something, and will know how a collection illuminates leisure, almost adding a purpose to life."

Excellent book reviews. I must read REEFS OF EARTH! But the description of the "high classic form" Puca drama sounds like HAMLET to me; all of the "bloody stuff" is in the last scene there, too.

I have read THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS DECODED... I don't know why, but I can't resist a book like that. I often see Philosophical Library books remaindered here. I've bought a couple, though the only one I can find at the moment is POEMS AND LETTERS OF MARY STUART.

But back to the coded life story of the Rabbi Israel, the "famous Baal Shem Tov". Wasn't he the one who made the Golem? I seem to remember that they said so in the Roddy McDowell film IT, based on the Golem legend. (Not the most reliable of sources, perhaps...)

CHRISTOPHER WALTON 5311 Old Mill Road
Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46807

Double wow! the strip! I always thought Bode had it in him; it just took something he'd written himself to bring it out. And Cobalt is a fine example of the amount of character that can be expressed with the eyes. Have you tried going thru it once just reading the background noises? clickPUNT clickPUNT clickPUNT...Fascinating. It certainly is violent enough. Especially the panels showing Song's death. AAackkk. Aren't you afraid of warping our little minds? But it's a beautiful feature, even better than the Gaughan "Us Dragons" strip in Odd #19, which I thought was pretty high-class stuff.

The "Things"(Is this a regular feature?) are good but I think a little more could be done with the form; only a couple of the five use the chantform to full advantage. I see why John Berry the younger objects to Criss Stevens' drawings. They aren't as sophisticated as your other artists', but I like them anyway, too.

While I was writing the above, WLYC (local station) played "Give a Damn" (Spanky & Our Gang) for the first time. They had to get special permission from the mayor for crap's sake, which should give you an idea of what this jerk-water town I live in is like. Aargh, I can hardly wait to get out of here.

Back to SHAGGY. Whether I liked Ginger Smith's "The Tryst" or not depends on why Juml laughed at the end. Can you (not Juml; me!) be a cynic and a romanticist at the same time?

## WE ALSO HEARD FROM.....

*BOB BLOCH* who said that he found, read and enjoyed SHAGGY 73 on his return from London. Called it "a most imposing issue!" [Sorry we imposed on you, Bob.] ### *JACK GAUGHAN* who complained that he is "more middle class, middle-aged oriented than acid oriented..." [Consumer tests *prove* that you don't have to be spaced out on acid to groove on SHAGGY.] ### *DICK BERGERON* who sent a wonderful and encouraging letter, and slapped a DNQ on it. ### *SETH JOHNSON* who "enjoyed just about everything..." ### *PEGGY ROE* who misses Ron and the "Squirrel Cage" [we do too, Peggy]; but adds, "SHAGGY's good, it'll get better. Let's keep it moving." [O.K.] ### *MARGARET DOMINICK* who sent us some artwork [for which much thanks] and adds:"the fanzine looks better than ever. Beautiful layout and repro, interesting art. Especially Bode's cover was striking..." ### *BILL MALLARDI* who was "Pickled Tink to see such a Fine, Fabulous, Fannish Fanzine Come Back from Fanzine Limbo!" [Whew!] and adds: "I Dig Shaggy the most, and the fans in L.A. sound like a great Bunch of Swingers". [From trees, maybe?] *EARL EVERS* who said he's been "reading SHAGGY slowly over the weeks and getting more impressed as I go along. ### *ALEXEI PANSHIN* who actually wrote Hank Stine a rebuttal to his counter-review to mine of Heinlein in Dimension. ### and *HARRY WASSERMAN*, *TED TOM*, *BOB GLUCKSMAN*, and *JOCK ROOT*.

We also got two letters from Merrie England which arrived just over the wire from *ARCHIE MERCER* and *PETER SINGLETON*. We'll have to wait until nextish to publish them. ### And last, a p.c. from *DICK GEIS* which just arrived: "I frankly hope PSY wins the Hugo this year, because if you and your crew keep up this SHAGGY level of quality there will be a helluva lot of competition NEXT year with SHAGGY, WARHOON, YANDRO (as usual) and ODD, etc. (Don't forget SPECULATION, Geis...and ASFR...) Too many fine fanzines around!"

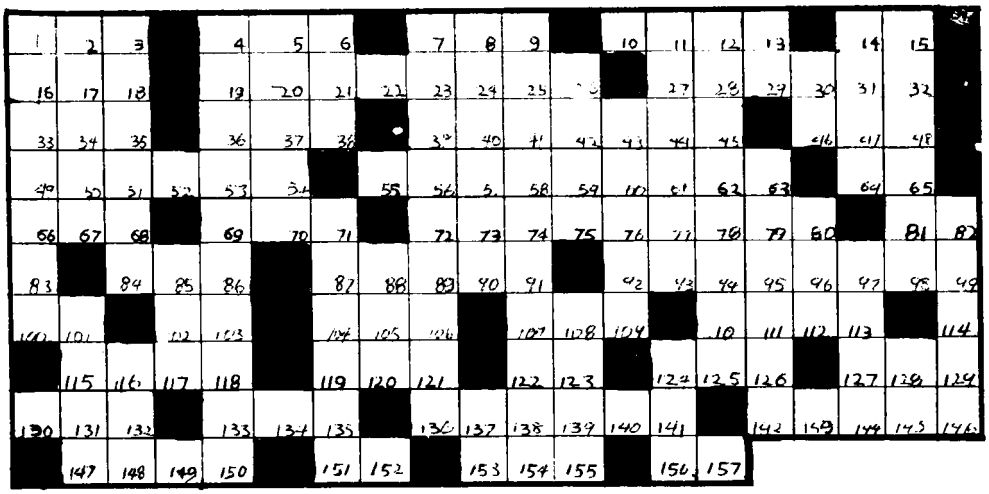
And that's it. Another issue bites the dust. Thanks to all who wrote &/or contributed. See you all nextish.

Kenru

# FAANISH DOUBLE CROSTIC

BY BRUCE PELZ

1. The originals are fierce and green, but the blue ones won a Hugo. 6 120 38 67 11 107 79
2. Newszine editor who got burned. 1 156 17 9
3. Fanzine of many a quaint and curious volume. 130 14 39 109
4. Supplement to Telekinetic Terrace Times. 25 123 19 64
5. Not to be confused with the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. 110 10 15 88
6. Innuendo No. 6. 28 2 108 93 103 8
7. Kind of zine VOM was. 29 24 112 104 86 20
8. Fanzine activity by those one step below WKF. 30 121 58 133 136
9. Berry and Willis Provided the wheels. 151 27
10. Advertised Henry Fonda as a bull-fiddle player. 54 36 66 99
11. Smallest fan artist. 147 127 5 87 53 82 129
12. Gutsy OMPAzine. 101 114 13 57 27 26
13. Fanzine with least amount of work. 58 56 42
14. Britcon. 68 59 155 7 106 51
15. Boggs review. 60 35 34 153 73 75
16. He of the tnree-chambered heart. 91 125 49 94 23 74 137 141
17. Jason designed award. 113 47 89 157
18. Black subject of Leiber fan-film script. 126 3 120 86 16
19. Stenfors's _____ DE SMOG. 44 57 102 115 80
20. Supplement to HYPHEN. 33 52 152 65
21. Shaw's treeconzine. 18 4 150 72 96 62 84
22. English reverse-hoax; YANDRO colomnist. 61 143 32 135
23. Kind of thing Yerke published. 130 144 92 12
24. Damon Knight, or fie! 21 41 90 124 132
25. Phanny's real name. 100 103 154 131 76 118 144 71
26. Published from a croutch. 35 111 45 140 48
27. Co-publisher of IMPASSE, with John Champion. 40 146
28. String Linard's three big issues together and get a _____. 50 85 122 43 145 63 31 74 139
29. Pirate pseudo zine. 33 22 116 140
30. Fan import-export deal. 35 70 69 119
31. English APA trails. 46 34 142
32. Rike flyer. 83 117 98



ANSWER TO LAST ISH'S DOUBLE CROSTIC:

J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings.*
*"In rode the Lord of the Nazgul.*

*A great black shape against the fires beyond he loomed up, grown to a vast menace of despair."*