

Shangri-L'Affaires 46



ROASTING CHESTNUTS (cont'd from p.25)

do: no mean feat, particularly in these days of analysis. Also, and even more indicative of real thought and craftsmanship (very rare, in today's writing), even the minor characters are capable of surprising you with actions which, on reflection, turn out to have been inevitable for them. Manvell takes the trouble to be logical, and it shows up beautifully in his characters.

Logic is also impressively evident in his treatment of magic. It's not his field - he's a film critic and radio-TV writer by trade - and he has none of the standard vocabulary of words and concepts we know so well (call them in-group cliches, if you will). I think this works to his advantage: one of the reasons his picture is so effective is that he had to start from scratch, developing his magic thoughtfully, with an open, rational mind. For this reason he communicates instantly and convincingly - there is not a bit of obfuscation or mysticism in the book.

Another strong reason for the convincing impact of The Dreamers is the low-key quality of the writing. The almost hysterical tension and excitement that characterises the usual "suspense novel" is totally lacking; instead, there is a kind of straight narrative reporting that simply presents each event as it happens and leaves the value-judgement and the reacting to the reader. This may not have been intentional; but I find it much more effective - more "real" than if I had been whipped up into a fine emotional froth and left with nothing but an exaggerated relief from artificial tension when the hero won. This way, instead of just a memory of my own excitement, I have a whole collection of visual images through which I can go back and relive that final scene, without touching the book.

The events themselves are exciting enough.

So - that about wraps up The Dreamers, a novel by Roger Manvell: Simon and Schuster, New York; 1958. Go thou, and brave the vicissitudes of your local library; and if even that ultimate authority, the card file (thrice checked, at prudent intervals) claims that they have it not, pound thou and thunder upon the desk of the Highest Freebish, and in wail most piteous and strident beseech and require that they damn well get it!

--jock root.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, November, 1959

Rosel Brown leads off with "Save Your Confederate Money, Boys", wherein a group of amphibian Venusians land in a Southern swamp (ten years or so after the Second Secession), and come up with a workable rejuvenator. The only drawback is that the users become alligator-like: "I get the oddest picture of the old guard UDC sprouting tails and swarming down en masse to Bayou Lafourche. In all humanity, somebody ought to go and warn the alligators." Moderately humorous.

"Hallowe'en For Mr. Faulkner" is a 'lost-in-a-time-warp-fog' bit by August Derleth, and its climax was given away by that title and the protagonist's name, Guy Faulkner.

Gordon R. Dickson comes up with "I've Been Trying To Tell You", a compact little horror on the end of the world through fallout mutations, which reminds one slightly of "Not With A Bang" at the climax.

(continued on page 51)

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

number 46

october 1959

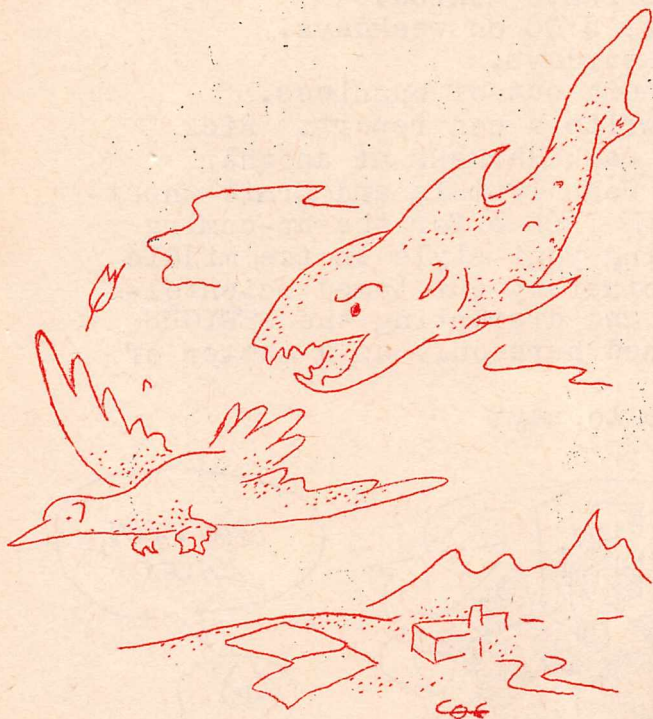
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SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is the Official
Organ of the Los Angeles Science-
Fantasy Society, 2548 W. 12th St.,
Los Angeles 6, Calif., Phone:
DUnkirk 2-3246. Meetings every
Thursday, 8 P.M. Visitors Welcome.

SHAGGY is published every six
weeks or so, lately it having
been more so. Copies are 20¢
each, six for \$1. Correspondence
for SHAGGY should go to 980 $\frac{1}{2}$
White Knoll Dr., L.A. 12, Calif.
If you don't care to send money,
send us a letter of comment, or
we'll trade for your fanzine.
Since SHAGGY is a thunderingly
non-profit sort of thing anyway,
we'd as lief letters as money.
You can't make a letter column
out of twenty-centses.

Editor: Al Lewis
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Stencil Cutting: Lewis, Trimble,
and Wheatley
Lettering and Copying: Bjo,
Billern, Lewis, and Trimble
Gestetnercranking: Wheatley and
Steve Tolliver
Procurer: Rick Sneary
Happy Birthday: LASFS, 25 years
old on October 29.
Born: Susan Elizabeth, to Ellie
and Paul Turner, Sept. 13, 1959



4 EDITORIAL

A new precedent has been set! For the first time since the present crew has been editing the mag, the editorial is being written first! No longer will this be a last minute, dashed-off affair, explaining the mistakes on the pages already turned out, while Trimble is screaming at yrs trly to finish his part of the magazine because everything else is on stencil, with Ernie Wheatley chanting dimly in the background, "I want to go out for some gooey pie!"

Instead, this will be a last-minute editorial explaining the mistakes in the last issue, because this issue hasn't been written yet, and I have only a vague idea of what's going to be in it. For instance, the last issue had two profiles, because we had already got half the magazine on stencil when we discovered that Ted Johnstone had already left for Detroit and what were we going to do with those two empty pages we had left for him? And Bjo and I had a Western-con-before-and-after report that was supposed to go in but didn't because suddenly it was time to go and the magazine barely got finished before the con anyway.

There must be a thing about cons. SHAGGY 44 went all the way to Seattle and back, and it was a month before it got mailed... SHAGGY 45 went all the way to Detroit and back, and at the moment it is sitting in the middle of the floor, addressed and stamped, AND HASN'T BEEN MAILED YET!

Excuses:

1. The stapler went to Berkeley.
2. Bruce Pelz spent a week in Los Angeles.
3. The stapler went to Long Beach.
4. The SHAGGYs went to Gardena.
5. The stapler came back from Long Beach.
6. The stapler went to Gardena.
7. The mailing list went to Santa Monica.
8. The Post Office closes at 5:00 on weekdays.
9. It closes at 12:30 on Saturdays.
10. We are trying to put SHAGGY out of busniess.

At the moment, we're trying to write a con report. Rick Sneary is sitting at one typewriter and Jack Harness at another, while Bjo is preparing a pot of beans. John Trimble and Ernie Wheatley are busy cranking out the last of GIM TREE 3 for the up-coming SAPS Mailing, while Don Simpson is sitting yogi-style in the middle of the floor proofreading something or other by our tamed scientologist. Rotsler is cracking funny jokes and disrupting the SERIOUS busniess of the day and is being mentioned here only as a matter of policy.

So now what does the editor have to say?

WHETHER SHAGGY?

QUO VADIS,
LASES?



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The foregoing page has just been stenciled by John Trimble and desecrated by William Rotsler.

NEW YORK IN 1964 - MAYBE

Blazoned across the front page of S-F TIMES no. 322 for September is a bold banner, "N.Y. Fandom Must Hold World Con in 1964. Along with N.Y. Fair." New York is most probably going to get a world's fair in 1964. 1964 is also the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the First World Science Fiction Convention of 1939, which was held in conjunction with a New York World's Fair. What could be more appropriate, then, than that New York should stage another world convention, in conjunction with another world's fair, upon the 25th anniversary of the first one?

At first glance this has a certain heady fascination. Original site...World's Fair...25th Anniversary. Even James Taurasi who helped sponsor the first one is taking the lead to sponsor this one....Then one begins to have second thoughts. New York. What about the rotation plan? Would a world's fair be an asset or an obstacle? There is a lot more to be considered here than a "whee, let's do it," enthusiasm.

The biggest obstacle, an obstacle that Mr. Taurasi is at pains to come to grips with, is the state of New York fandom itself. Science fiction fandom is still reeling from the after-effects of what happened last time New York got together to put on a con, and may be years recovering. New York fandom has been feuding for years, and the last feud destroyed the WSFS, which was national in scope, and with this new proposal for New York to once again take the lead in fannish affairs, makes New York affairs the general concern of fandom. Nobody ever denied that the WSFS was not a Good Idea --simply that with the various directors suing each other it became completely unworkable. The hatreds created by that hassle are only now dying down, and it has led a great many people to wonder if New York can ever be trusted to put on a convention again. After all, we were assured last time that the various factions had made up and had combined to stage a convention. As Taurasi says, they have four years to show whether or not they can get along together. Maybe this time...

Unfortunately, the sort of convention committee that the S-F TIMES editorial proposes seems almost certain to maximize any friction that might exist. Taurasi proposes that "this Committee consist of representatives of all clubs in the New York-New Jersey area, plus representatives from any and all smaller non-club organizations..." I would suggest that this sort of a group will probably work well enough up to the time a bid is secured, but that the moment work and glory begin to be handed out, it is likely to devolve into a wrangle for prestige and authority, with each representative doing his honest best to secure the interests of his group as he conceives it.

I would suggest that instead of trying to get everyone together into one sweet group, it would be far better to get together a small working group and devote most of the efforts toward getting the antis simply to keep hands off. The larger committee might be retained, but for publicity liason purposes only. All work and decisions would be done in the smaller group. A group of congenial people rather than representatives of organizations is far more likely to succeed. There may be criticism, but critics potting away from the outside are likely to do a lot less harm to the convention than critics swinging at each other from the inside, as the WSFS proved. From this distance it is impossible to tell where the right lay in that matter, and I find both the Kyles and the Dietz's quite likeable people, but the effect on the organization within which they chose to conduct their combat was disastrous. Fandom can hardly stand another such contest at this time.

A second point which must be considered is the rotation plan. If New York is to have a convention in 1964, some adjustment will have to be made "if the rotation plan is still in effect in 1963." We on the Pacific Coast fervently hope that it is. West Coasters generally find it hard to attend any of the Wordcons held in the east or midwest, and while a midwestern con-goer can usually make two out of three, it is only when the con gets to the West Coast that most of us have a chance to enjoy a world convention. It is very hard for a city on one seaboard to win a bid from another three thousand miles away if the people in the latter region are particularly interested in holding onto the convention. The plan was voted into effect in San Francisco in 1954 as an outgrowth of the loss of the bid by that city to Philadelphia at the 1952 convention. This plan is the only thing that guarantees to the Pacific Coast their fair share of conventions.

This is particularly important in view of the fact that 1964 would normally be a West Coast year. Since 1963 is an East-Coast year there is little doubt that New York could probably have the rotation plan set aside with little opposition. Since the effective demise of the WSFS, the rotation plan is no more than a gentlemen's agreement anyway. Still, we on the West Coast have a vested interest to see that it is not abandoned.

If the New York bid shows serious signs of materializing, there are several alternatives which might be worked out. First, because it would retain the rotation plan without any violation, is to send the convention overseas in 1963. Gay Paris in '63 may be no more than a fanciful slogan, but it would allow the normal rotation to fall to the East Coast in '64. We managed to get South Gate in '58 by supporting the London bid in '57. There is no reason why that cannot be done again. Alternatively, the East and West coasts could swap turns in '63 and '64. This would give everybody their fair share of conventions, but would involve an awful lot of pre-planning. Some West Coast city would have to be ready to bid in 1962 and the groundwork would have to be fully laid by the time the campaigns for the next year's bid were begun right after Seattle in '61. We doubt if New York can be ready soon enough to convince some West Coast city (presumably Berkeley

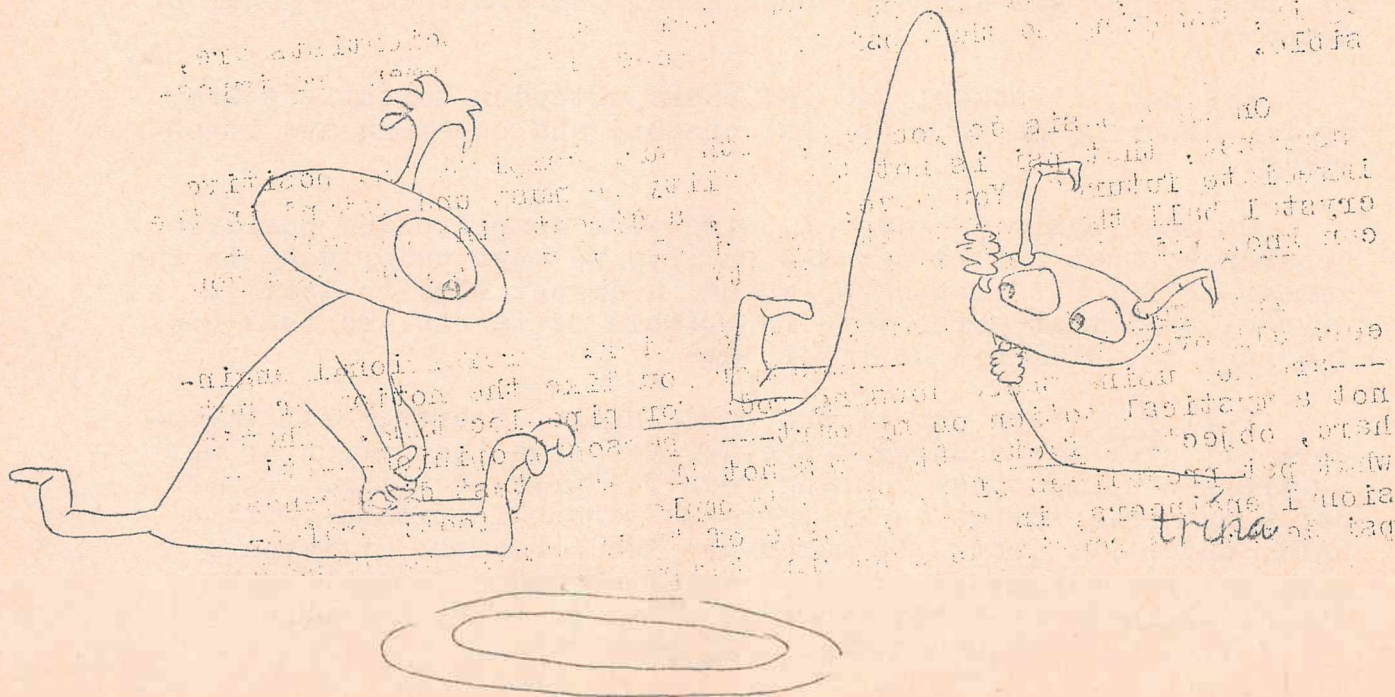
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or Los Angeles) that it is worth making the effort. The last alternative, least desirable because it gives the East Coast an extra convention, most practical because it presents the most easily controlled factors, is in '63 to set aside the rotation plan in 1964 to give the convention to New York. If the West Coast were assured of its convention in '65, we would probably be willing to go along with it. Otherwise, there is likely to be some bitter opposition from these quarters.

The third point is the world's fair itself. How big a drawing card for science fiction fans would a world's fair be? If it holds no particular interest, then all the arguments of staging the con specifically to coincide with the fair vanish, except the sentimental one. The Seattle convention of 1961 should provide a test; unless the Century 21 Exposition should prove a good drawing card, I don't think I'd be in favor of abandoning the rotation plan. Skepticism of New York plays a part here, too. The presence of a fair also raises another point. If the Convention is held in New York over the July 4 weekend, in connection with a fair, aren't the hotel rates going to be almighty high, and isn't space going to be extremely hard to find? It might be necessary to reserve a hotel this far in advance in order to secure reasonable rates and room.

It will be interesting to see what sort of a response the Expocon draws. If the Seattle Exposition fails to draw, then the most satisfactory solution may be to hold a commemorative convention as a regional over Fourth of July, and let us have our Worldcon over labor day. Meanwhile, the New Yorkers have from two to four years to answer these objections, and to lay their plans.

New York in 1964 - maybe.

--Al Lewis



JOHN CAMPBELL

REPLIES

Dear Mr. Sneary:

In your open letter to me in Shangri-L'Affaires 43, you cite data that I agree with very strongly. The field of science fiction must deal with future possibilities; we can not continue to plow the same old ground of spaceships and atomic power.

The trouble seems to be that we disagree on what the future possibilities will be. Specifically, you object to psi and supermen.

Friend, when I was going to M.I.T., back in 1930, my chemistry prof knew I was writing science fiction, and was genuinely and sincerely disturbed that I was "prostituting my science" in that way.

I---and the other writers---were assured by the most learned and competent authorities, that atomic energy would not be usefully released for "at least 250 years." That spaceships were nonsense. Professor Moulton, in his textbook on "Astronomy," in 1930 started the discussion of meteors by stating flatly that fictional accounts of spaceships were nonsense because of the destructive power of meteors.

And now, it seems, you and other orthodox scientists are, again, assuring me that psi is nonsense and supermen are impossible.

On what basis do you say, with such complete and positive assurance, that psi is not the reality we must understand in the immediate future? You have, maybe, a direct line to God? A crystal ball that works with invariable certainty, so that you can know psi will not be important?

Pull your head out of the sand, Rick! Professional engineers all over the country---whether you like the notion or not---are now using those dowsing rods for pipe-locating. That's not a mystical notion on my part---a personal opinion---it's a hard, objective fact. It makes not the slightest difference what pet prejudices of yours it tramples under foot; professional engineers, in the exercise of their work, are using a psi device as routine engineering technique.

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Dr. Castruccio, at the Westinghouse Astronautics Research division, is investigating the signal-to-noise ratio problem in telepathy. He's also running Univac computer analyses of some other psi applications.

Look, friend---it's you, not me, that's got his head in the sand. I am facing the future reality---as I did in 1930 and 1940. You are not.

Psi phenomena are, right now, being used professionally in engineering. This isn't theory, opinion, or personal bias; it's objective reality, and whether you or anybody else likes it, we had all damn well better realize it is a fact.

The fact that Russia beat us to space satellites is an uncomfortable one to follow---but we better swallow that one, too.

Until you acknowledge the factual data that psi is in use now, you can't think straight about psi. An engineer doing his work is not to be confused with some biddy in a darkened room holding a seance; he's using psi objectively, not doing quasi-hysterical tricks. Univac isn't good at reacting to hypnosis ---nor to anti-psi prejudices either.

The superman theme you so dislike, on the other hand, is an effort to work out the problems you state must be worked out---how to live with space travel and atomic powers now we've got them. The hyperdemocracy concept of everybody's-always-equal is a social doctrine that can no longer be tolerated; some individuals do have the emotional stability, and the time-spanning understanding to foresee consequences of their acts ---and some don't. Atomic powers simply cannot be entrusted to the latter type.

I know---"Who is to judge?" Well, you ask a silly question, and naturally you get a silly answer. Try asking a non-silly question; "How are we to judge?"

That's what I'm trying to explore.

In evolution, the slime-molds---the everybody's-equal-democracy of cells---gave way to organisms in which there were hierarchies of organization. Things generally work better when the most competent men available are given responsibility and authority to match that competence.

The problem has always been "Who is to judge?" and it's always gotten a silly answer because it's a silly question.

"How are we to judge?" must be explored if you want a realistic future. Fail to do so, my friend, and "there ain't gonna be no future."

Sorry, if you don't like problems at that level. That's the level we're faced with; those are the problems that will be a major work of the future...if there's going to be a future.

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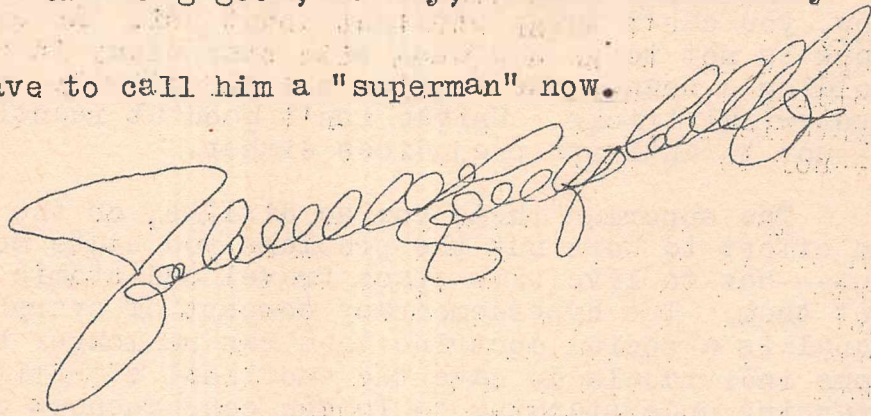
Ever stop to think what would be happening about now if the Caribbean nations had nuclear warheads and IRBM missiles at their disposal? Just wait twenty-five years. By then, even small nations will have a few nuclear missiles tucked away.

And think of JD's of the time, happily experimenting with home-made guided missiles.

Stop burying your head in the sand, man! Psi is in use now---and the use is growing rapidly.

And remember that "superman" is simply the modern term for "hero"---a new term being necessary because "hero" has been degraded by misuse to mean no more than a technical role in a work of literature. Words are constantly being degraded, so new ones must be invented. Did you know that the original Anglo-Saxon meaning of the word "whore" was "beloved"? Once upon a time, "hero" meant something good, worthy, admirable. A truly superior man.

So? So we have to call him a "superman" now.



WESTERCON 1960

twig 1412 albright street

BOISE IDAHO

SEATTLE

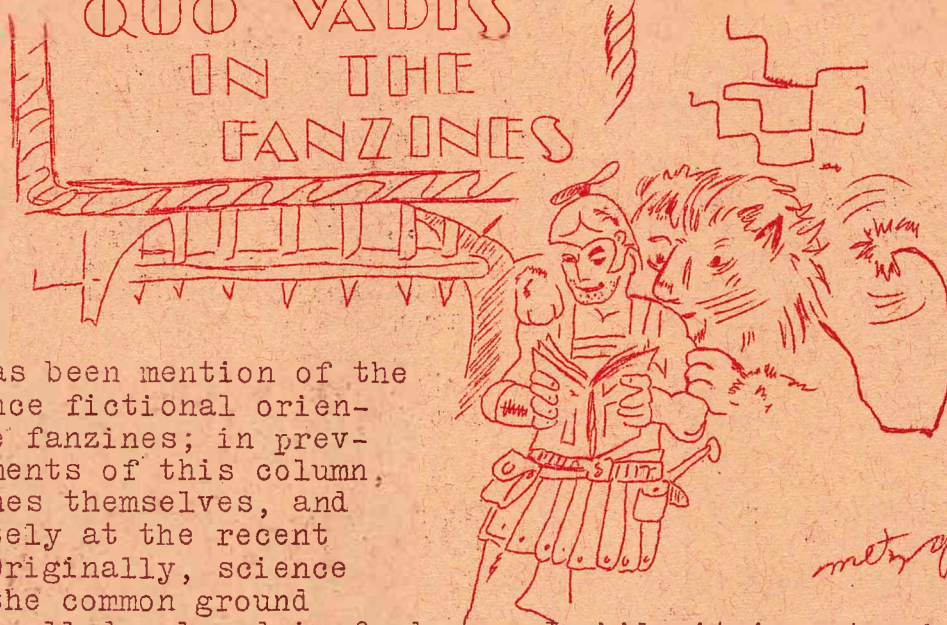
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by

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QUO VADIS IN THE FANZINES



There has been mention of the lack of science fictional orientation in the fanzines; in previous installments of this column, in the fanzines themselves, and quite definitely at the recent Detention. Originally, science fiction was the common ground from which we all developed in fandom, and while it is not a be-all, nor an end-all, unless science fiction (and fantasy) receives the considered criticism which it can find nowhere else but in the fanzines, we're failing in what I regard as one of the essential functions of fan publications.

Sixth Fandom's tendency to play up fannishness at the expense of science fiction eventually resulted in the well-known fashion of claiming not to even read stf at all. And now it seems to me that it's time for the pendulum to begin a swing back again.

Make no mistake, I can imagine nothing more dull than countless fanzines filled with nothing but discussions and criticisms of science fiction, unless it were equally countless zines filled with nothing but fan-written fiction. But there does need to be some recognition of science fiction by the fanzines, and a happy median to be reached.

Enough of that, let's look at the current fanzines, leading off with....

OOPSLA! 28c/w29 - Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah - 15¢, 2/25¢, 4/50¢, 7/¢1, contrib., trade. - Irreg-bimonthly, rex-rotaried.

Two more issues of OOPS coming along in one batch, and proving that this is easily the best and most vital fanzine appearing currently. Gregg's impeccable repro is a great backdrop for the humor of John Berry, Harry Warner's unique fanzine "reviews", and Part XI of Ron Bennett's entertaining "Colonial Excursion". "The Mark of McCain" indicates the gap that Vernon's death left in fandom, and kudos are due Gregg for running this. "Pros -- And Cons: Galaxy", a series of letter-discussions between Gregg, Rich Elsberry, and H L Gold presented in article form, provides some real meat in a rather interesting and alive manner, and is

followed by Walt Willis' "The Harp That Once Or Twice", which is a fine mixture of whimsy, critique, and that fine WAW style of rambling. A top-flight lettercol and Gregg's editorial wind up thses combined OOPSLA's, and make OOPS a zine I cannot reccommend too highly.

REVOLUTION - John Koning, "DWE Publications", 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio - One-shot, mimeoed.

A fanzine for John Berry, and one which seemed to delight The Goon when presented to him at the Detention. The contributions of Bloch, Len Moffatt, Jim Caughran, Don Franson and others make for interesting fannish reading, while artwork by ATom, Barbi, Bjo, Colin Cameron, Rotsler, etc. (not to mention the magnificent Prosser covers), adds a good deal of zest. John's pleasant interjections here and there provide a catalyst, and make me look forward to the next item from DWE-way.

YANDRO #80 - Buck and Juanita Coulson, RR#3, Wabash, Ind. - 15¢, 12/¢1.50, contrib, trade, (poss. LoC) - Monthly, mimeoed.

This issue of Y impresses me as the best in some time, probably because of the WorldCon impressions in which Buck and Juanita indulge. Certainly Dan Adkins' column has deteriorated to where to puts nothing of any worth over, and Alan Dodd's is not too terribly worthwhile either. The lettercol, taking up more than half the zine packs a good bit of life, fittingly capping a religious argument (GMC again) with a very witty DeWeese quote. YANDRO continues to present an even level of material which, while neither the best nor the worst in fandom, makes it an interesting zine to get and read.

SPECTRE #5 - Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn. - Trade, contrib., LoC - Irreg., mimeoed.

Lagging five or six months behind SPEC 4, this impeccably re-produced magazine with an ATom spaceman cover appears, and I'd say it was worth the wait. Bill rambles about trips both north and south (NYC & Fla), reporting his adventures among fans of both regions in fine fannish manner. Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, and Bob Bloch all have something to say, and do so with their usual finesse. Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion", part 5, sees the light at long last, while elsewhere in the issue Ted White rips into Inchmery Fandom with much gusto. The lettercol winds it all up in fine fashion, making SPECTRE one of those zines you rather like to get.

APORRHATA #12 - "Inchmery Fandom", Sanderson and Clarkes, 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE14, ENGLAND - 10¢, 6/¢1, 12/¢2, trade, LoC (maybe) - 52-pagely, gestetnered.

While there might be some frowning upon the more irregular schedule of APV these days, I don't feel that there can be very many open-minded fans who can decry the quality of the zine. In this issue, George Locke contributes a "Cover Story" which indicates again the quality of the "new blood" which the BSFA is introducing into AngloFandom. "Penelope Fandergaste" comments interestingly upon an almost worked out subject, focal points, in "The Old Mill Stream". Bon Bennett's "Cloudburst" concerns itself with

the British end of TAFF. The happy reappearance of ATom's "StF A to Z", and the initial appearance of "The Badger That Now and Then", a Dean Grennell column are bright spots, which the contributions of Sid Birchby and Bloch tarnish not at all. Joy Clarke's "The Li'l Pitcher" rambles from art exhibits to H-bombs, and whether or not you agree, it still makes for interesting reading. "The Inchmery Fan Diary" winds up this APZ in fine form. This is one of the top British fanzines, so why not try it?

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THE DEVILS MOTORBOAT - O-O of FalascaFandom, Nick Falasca, 5610 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio - Be a FalascaFandomist - Irregular, mimeoed.

This is the second issue of TDM, first since the dissolution of the 2NF, and it measures up to #1 in every way except size. I'd call this a truely faaanish zine, and I loved every bit of it. If you figure yourself sympathetic with wacky-insurgent fanishmess, you'll probably get a kick out of TDM, too.

SKYRACK NEWSLETTER #6 - Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, ENGLAND - 6/35¢ - Monthly, gestetnered.

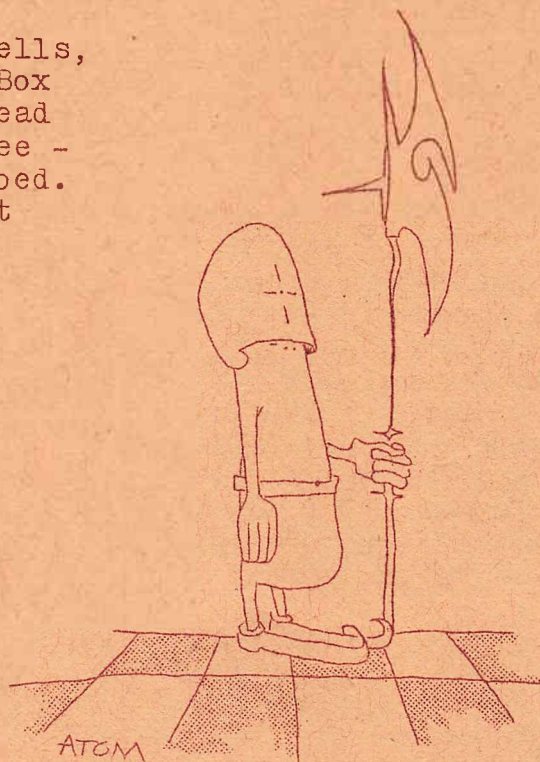
Ron Bennett's seemingly out to be about 75% of AngloFandom, and at his present rate of fanac, he'll surely make it. SKYRACK is THE British newszine, available from Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyattsville, Md. in dollar areas. If you're at all interested in AngloFannish happenings, get SKYRACK.

THE SICK ELEPHANT #10 - George H. Wells, River Ave, Box 436, Riverhead LI, NY - Free - Irreg, dittoed.

I like the name of this fanzine. It has a nice, somewhat fannish sound to it. Unfortunately, nothing else about the zine supports the name. Layout doesn't exist; the thing is unreadable, although the dittoing is not that bad; and there is absolutely NO reason for its existence. This issue is published on the blank sides of previous issues, a tremendously cute idea I'm sure no one else will be stupid enough to follow. Why do you publish, George?

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #132 -- Busbies, Toskey, etc., 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Wash. - 25¢, 5/¢1, 12/¢2, contrib, LoC - Monthly, gestetnered.

The CRYcrew are changing positions again, with Tosk's circulation and sub duties falling to Elinor, who turns the lettercol



14 {CRY, cont'd} over to Wally Weber. Just what effect this will have on CRY itself, and the wonderfully wacky "Cry of the Readers" is somewhat hidden right now. Beginning with a Bjo cover, CRY 132 hits its swinging stride with the usual fannish ramble on page three. The final (sob) installment of Buz' "StField Plowed Under" makes a strong appearance, as does the first installment of John Berry's "The Goon Goes West", "Prelude to B-Day"; this is going to be a real good one. Wally's Detention report is somewhat brief, but it comes off as well as do his Minutes. Terry Carr's "Fandom Harvest" is witty in spots, but doesn't measure up to the two previous columns. "Another Pygmalion", by Terry, seems to me not to be first-rate Carr fan-fiction, and Terry can write quite well when the mood strikes. A very cute bacover cartoon by Les Nirenberg winds up a quite enjoyable CRY. If for nothing else than the Berry report, CRY is highly recommended.

TWIG #16 - Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho. - 20¢, 6/81, trade, LoC - Irreg., dittoed.

TWIG opens with Ted White unburdening his soul as re the "TWIG/TEW War". Miriam Carr's "When We Were Young" is lightly entertaining, but hardly deserved reprinting. Rick Adams' "Tan-Man of the Dinosaurs" is a cross between fan-fiction and something else, and is unusual at best. The lettercol is current, and the most alive part of the zine. The fanzine reviews were done in the stick, and show it, albeit admittedly so. Although this issue doesn't measure up to #15 -- Dan Adkins has left as art editor, and his superior art-work and lay-out (and the "Illoed" in the logo) are missing -- there's an air of vitality and freshness about it that makes me recommend TWIG.

OUTWORLDS - Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft, Los Angeles 56, Calif. - 25¢, LoC, trade, review, contrib. - Irreg., mimeoed.

A new magazine from the editor of PSI-PHI, and one that suffers in the main from poor repro. The contents are in a somewhat reminiscent vein for the most part, with Lee Hoffman, Harry Warner, and Len Moffatt represented. Leman and Carr faaan-fiction doesn't seem to hit the right key with me, but Ted Johnstone's six page account of a pre-con flight to Ohio left me chuckling pleasantly, so I don't think my sense of humor is at fault. Bill Danner is represented by a printed section on letter-presses. OUTWORLDS makes for nicely fannish light reading, and if that's what you're after, you might give it a try.

FANAC #44 - Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, #6, 1909 Liberty St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - 4/25¢, 9/50¢, comment - Bi-weekly, mimeoed.

Leading off with a fine ATom cartoon, F44 gives a round-up of "the silly season", continuing with a progress report on the campaign to get fandom to ignore GMCarr. The news is news, and is rather entertainingly presented in the usual Ellik-Carr manner. This issue is the "Miriam Carr Appreciation issue", with a witty qualification. FANAC, happily back on schedule, is the closest thing to a focal point that fandom has, and is very highly recommended.

(cont'd on page 20)

by

ted johnstone

1158th Meeting of the LASFS, 22 October, 1959:

Eight o'clock came and went, and there were still only ten people present, so we sat around listening to Barney's and Ted's pocket portables playing the Prelude To Parsifal while Barney, Dick Geis, Zeke and Ted threw puns at each other. Jerry came in with the egobuck photostencil master, and inspired such a barrage of puns that Barney called the meeting to order so the club might make a little money off the abominations. The time: 8:17:50.

Forry came in just as the gavel dropped, bringing the total attendance to a dozen, and we asked him what Glarks were, besides being valuable cargo in the game, Interplanetary. He admitted not only that he didn't know, but that he'd never even heard the name before. Taking a lollypop out from among his armload of books, he sat down. The minutes were read, corrected, and approved, and followed by Barney's treasury report, which showed the club with a bank balance of \$101.

Barney asked if Forry had contacted Van Vogt, Bradbury, or Bloch; Forry reported that he'd spent most of the club's treasury to import Bloch to LA all the way from Weyawauga to speak at our XXVth Anniversary Meeting. Applause all around, but no offer of reimbursement was made. Then Jack and Sabra Jardine came in; Jack went out, Sabra started to cry, Julie came in, Sabra stopped, and Jack came in; then we got back to business and started shifting responsibility for making arrangements for the Anniversary Meeting. Apparently everybody had thought it was somebody else, but finally Julie accepted because she'd been doing most of the work anyway. She had a small brown bottle which she swigged at regularly during the discussion - claimed it was ginger beer. Now, I ask you: is that fannish? Barney (who else?) brought up the question of 50¢ cost each for the Hallowe'en Party. Ted said he'd invited three girls and didn't know about the cost. Barney said he'd pay their way in, of course - we needed a virgin to sacrifice. Audrey Clinton walked in on this line, but declined the honor. Ingrid agreed at first, but when Forry translated it into German for her, she said, "Nein, danke, nein." But back to business.... Julie said that we needed an estimated \$20 for party expenses, and then Don Simpson, in the name of the Lancaster Coven, offered to contribute \$10. We helped Julie to her feet and she siezed Don's money with a wild cry. Incredible.

When Julie recovered from the shock and got the money safely tucked away somewhere, she went on to announce the prizes and catagories for the costumes and some vague plans for food. There were the usually ridiculous puns about finger foods, and then Milo Mason walked in - alone. Barney commented that the honeymoon was over, but Milo just paid his dues and sat down. Julie went on to ask if anybody had some artificial bunches

of grapes, and Barney asked why they needed artificial grapes. Ted said. "To make artificial wine", and Barney insisted it be entered in the minutes. 16

So we came to the agenda for the XXVth Anniversary Meeting and what we would fill the two hours with. There would be minutes, about fifteen minutes each by Bob, Forry, Van, and Ray, and a movie (special effects sequences from "This Island Earth"). While Forry considered the best order for the speakers, Julie read Jack Harness' "Reply to an RSVP", regarding the Hallowe'en Party, and gave it to Ted to read aloud. A fine bit of verse, roughly to the tune of The Witches Song, from Macbeth.

Ernie, one of the many who straggled in between 8:30 and 9 pm, announced that SHAGGY might be out next week... and then again, maybe not. Julie howled, "What about the invitations to and announcements of the Hallowe'en Party and XXVth Anniversary Meeting that were supposed to be distributed therewith?" Ernie grinned sheepishly and shrugged.

Barney reviewed HERCULES as the vanguard of a flood of crud from the Italian Epic-factories, and followed it with a "hangnail sketch" of Lawrence Lipton, a semi-beat writer. While Barney read, Jerry was perched on the piano bench making hangnail sketches of the officers and assorted other attentive members.

Forry asked about "Turn of the Screw"; a recent TV production, and mentioned a sequel called "Re-Turn of the Screw". Barney muttered something about "the second coming", and was beaten over the head by Julie.

Don somehow got the floor and we returned to his report on monster movies. He recalled a triple bill he'd seen recently, something about a return of Frankenstein, a curse of Dracula, and "The Bowery Boys Meet the Monsters". The first two were almost identical - Dick Sand asked if the vampire was in the same vein - the last one was ridiculous. After Billern commented that the Baker Street Irregulars thought "Hound of the Baskervilles" - Hammer production - was a horror film; but only for those who knew Holmes, Don mentioned that the special effects in Hammer's "Dracula" were sickeningly realistic. Jack Jardine said, "You can blame it all on those bloody Englishmen."

Forry reported seeing a sign on a store he passed on his way to the meeting each week which read, "Books, Magazines, Satire, Tobaccos". He had stopped to ask the proprietor about it, and still wasn't sure whether or not they had meant 'Satyr'; he seemed to deal in that sort of stuff, too.

Forry's raffle followed, and what with one thing and another, we adjourned at exactly eighteen seconds after 10 pm.

Anniversarily submitted,

--taj, Sec'y LASFS

A house
In a stubbled field
Run-down and forlorn without an owner
Or occupant

Windows gaping
Without panes and with emptiness looking out
Cobwebs
Doors sagging in the dust

Hollow shell
Wind sobbing in the corners
Leaves strewn on the cracked floors
Rust

Stairs missing
Bannister broken
A brighter spot on the wall where a picture hung
Upstairs floor slanting dangerously

Mirror on the floor
Gilded frame hanging crookedly on the wall
Paper falling in strips
Rubbish in a dark closet

Pipes
Sticking out where fixtures used to be
Wires like colored snakes strike out from the walls
And the ceilings

A mouse
With soft grey fur
Creeps across the floor leaving tracks in the dust
A mouse
With dried blood on its claws

-bjo

*Little Known Facts
about
ROBERT E. HOWARD*

by Bernard M. Cook

On Thursday evening, August 6, 1959, Glenn Lord showed up as a guest at the meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. Mr. Lord, a soft-spoken young man from Pasadena, Texas, is the editor of an Arkham House book entitled Always Comes Evening, the collected poems of Robert E. Howard. Lord was touring this part of the country on his vacation, and it was his intention to visit both E. Hoffman Price and Clark Ashton Smith before he returned to Texas.



This visit to LASFS by Glenn Lord especially delighted me, for he had brought along with him some Howardania that a Howard fan (like me) would have the opportunity of seeing only once in a lifetime, if he were lucky. And I was lucky that night.

For instance, he had a copy of A Gent from Bear Creek, a collection of Howard's western stories, published in England some years ago. There are only two (possibly three) copies of this book known to exist in the United States, and it is rare even in England. The book is bright orange, and should be easy to spot in used book stores (Dreamer!), so that anyone who finds a copy (and doesn't get trampled in the rush) will have a really valuable collector's item on his hands.

Among other interesting articles that Glenn Lord brought along with him were some snapshots of Howard. One was a picture of Howard as he appears on the back of the dust jacket of Always Comes Evening. In this snapshot Howard appears to be a bit heavy-jowled, compared with the other photos. He had bushy eyebrows and he was wearing a light-colored Homburg with a dark hat-band. The effect is serious and sober. Other photos show Howard as a teen-ager, dressed in a heavy mackinaw and a knitted stocking cap, as a boxer in shirt and boxer trunks (Howard was a great sports enthusiast), and two friends, posing with sabers and fencing foils. There was another of Howard wrestling one of his friends near a wooden fence. The last - and saddest of all - depicts the Howard Family headstone, beneath which Howard is buried alongside his mother and, I believe, his father. The inscription reads in part: Howard (title across the top of the stone) and Robert E. (1906-1939), Author and Poet.

Another item Mr. Lord brought was a clipping from the Cross Plains Review, Howard's home town newspaper, dated June 19, 1936. This yellowed piece of newsprint told of the circumstance of Howard's death and also of the death of his mother. It mentions that Howard, being told by the attending nurse that his mother would never again recognize him, went to his garage, climbed into his car, and shot himself. He lived for about eight hours after the shooting, since the bullet entered the right temple and emerged from the left side of the head. His mother survived him by thirty hours. 19

Howard was involved in two auto accidents before he died, and they may have served to increase the burden on his mind, already weighed down by his mother's illness. Thus there seems to be some evidence that his suicide was the impulse of a momentary despair, and not the result of a case of Oedipus complex, according to Mr. Lord.

There were also a couple of postcards written by Howard to a friend, telling of his mother's serious condition and how he believed that she had not long to live. The messages were typewritten and were signed "Bob" in pencil. Postmark on one was "Cross Plains, Texas, April ..?.., 1939." The other was postmarked in May, just a few weeks before the end.

It is almost certain that Howard was thought by his fellow townsmen to be peculiar. The man had few real friends and was probably quite lonely. To ease his loneliness, he sometimes resorted to getting drunk, something which his most famous creation, Conan the Cimmerian, dearly loved to do. Why he was unpopular in Cross Plains is not certain, but it may be due to the fact that he had a few of the eccentricities that so many creative people have. We cannot be sure. However, at one point in his career his townsmen disliked him so much that the magazine stands in the town refused to carry any of the magazines which had any of his stories in them. Howard was the mainstay of his parents, and it is thought to be possible that he made more money than most of the other townsmen. He was prolific, and he sold most of what he wrote, something which undoubtedly helped to keep food on the table while so many were idled by the great depression. It is also believed that Howard took an occasional odd job when the opportunity offered itself. We therefore have here a man who was successful and who had money coming in during hard times. Could his local unpopularity have been the result of jealousy?

Howard finished high school, but there is nothing on record to show that he attended college regularly, other reports to the contrary. He may have attended Howard Payne College in Brownwood for a while to bone up on English, History, and a few other subjects which he may have thought would be useful to him in his career. His name does not appear in any of the yearbooks, so it may be that he attended an academy adjacent to, and affiliated with, Payne.

At the time of his death, Howard was getting a bit tired of writing Conan stories, his correspondence indicates. The stories, however, were popular, and they brought many a check to his mail box during lean times. So he continued to write them, and the readers who today are following the Conan stories in book form, will always be grateful.

--Bernard M. Cook

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Q. V. IN THE FMZ, cont'd:

S-F TIMES - POBox 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York -
10¢, 20/¢2, \$2.40 per year, life/\$15 - "Twice-a-month", mimeoed.

Issue #321 of this sterling "news" publication arrived shortly after the LASFS crew had returned from the Detention (we drove, slowly), giving us the latest details on what to expect at that event. The 18th Annish, #322, contains the New York convention plan discussed elsewhere in this S-L'A, and arrived with a printed booklet on Hugo Gernsback, written by Sam Moskowitz, which is the first indication in some time that S-FT might return to being a worthwhile publication. The news is still dated, and presented is a most affected and stuffy style and format. I keep hoping the editors of S-FT will wake up and see this for themselves, and improve the zine to where I can honestly recommend it.

TRIODE #16 - Eric Bentcliffe & Terry Jeeves, 47 Alldis St., Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, ENGLAND - 20¢, 6/\$1, trade, contrib. - Irreg., gestetnered.

Top repro is immediatly noticeable with this TRIODE, the first in quite a spell. The Bentcliffe sense of humor shows through in the editorial and the lettercol, and Jeeves doesn't do too badly in the department himself. The largest item in the issue, "The 39 Schweppes" just doesn't seem to come off; I get the feeling that I've walked into the middle of something. Part X of Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion" displays the wit of the other installments, while Sid Birchby's "Mss. Found In Empty Bed" (part of a theme issue which won't appear) entertains in a nice way. Frankly, there are other AngloFanzines which I like better than TRIODE, but it certainly isn't a bad zine at all; you might give it a try.

And that seems to wind things up for this time. There are things like THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, which Ralph Holland continues to reproduce impeccably, and various APA zines and other non-general circulation fmz which don't fit into a gen-zine review column such as this one.

We've had numerous requests for a numerical rating system for these reviews, and while I don't care for such things, we figure the pressure is too much. So what do you think of the subliminal ratings used this time?

Until next issue....

--john trimble.

BJO FOR TAFF

There are two months left until the curtain drops on the 1960 TAFF campaign. December 31, 1959 is the deadline for votes to decide who will visit the Kettering Convention in England in May of next year. Three candidates are running, any of whom could be depended upon to provide a fine representative of United States Fandom. All candidates are worthy, and the choice is a difficult one. If you conceive TAFF in the form of a reward, then you can only vote for Don Ford, for his years of fanactivity in conventions and publications; if TAFF is a popularity contest, then Terry Carr must certainly get the nod as the most popular writer of fannish fiction. But if you are going to vote for the one who would provide English fandom with the most memorable experience, the one who would bring back to the United States the greatest collection of wild and wacky tales and cartoons, and spread the most joy to fandom on both sides of the Atlantic, then the nod must without qualification go to Bjo.

Bjo gets more out of everything than any other person I have ever met. She has a fantastic supply of joie de vivre, an acute and peculiarly personal insight into situation and character, and a memory that can re-create in Technicolor detail some particularly choice scene years later. She is capable on the one hand of deep, almost despairing depression and on the other of an exhilaration that catches up all around her into a state of radiant ebullience. Her world is a very personal world of magic forces, where cause and effect seem somehow to have been put into a dusty attic, and animate and inanimate objects alike are controlled by arcane forces. Her world is an animistic world, a world of form and shape and color and juxtaposition, of malevolent influences, and wild if not quite understood psi powers.

It is an artist's world, a world where the is replaces a sense of mechanism, a world where the relationships are neither verbal nor scientific abstractions, but are somehow inexpressibly direct. She has no concept of number and an incompetence with mathematical paraphernalia that is astounding. But replacing it is a unique sense of category, a differentness that can illumine the world in a fashion dazzling to one accustomed to thinking in a more mundane fashion.

Yet there is also a sense of practicality and a very earthy common sense. She is an excellent cook, a bad housekeeper, an exceedingly sharp horse-trader, and an expert politician. She makes a business of life; she seems capable of accomplishing anything to which she devotes her time and energy. In fandom she turned LASFS head over heels, and a Bjo administration would result in some effective cures for the flaws in the TAFF system.

Bjo is a catalyst: seldom does she do anything alone. She doesn't need to; there are at least half a dozen willing participants in any Bjo effort. But there is never any doubt who is the inspiration. Somehow, wherever she goes, things happen. A fanclub

22 comes out of hiding after ten years, a forty-five minute panel lasts four hours, a wild impulse turns into a major venture.

She is enormously creative. She can paint or draw in any medium, make jewelry, or design clothes -- wearable clothes, too, not just costumes. She has worked with ceramics and invented a glaze-they-said-couldn't-be-made. She writes, mostly for herself, seriously or funnily, wild fantasy, deeply characterized stories, somber poetry. Her work may be light or it may be pithy, and when in the mood she can do some really excellent and profound social commentary, as in the last SHAGGY. And Bjo, turned on, on a cartoon jag, is a phenomenon.

She is quite feminine, feminine enough to baffle any mere male who makes the mistake of trying to comprehend her. She likes clothes, perfume, pretty things, and jewelry. She has a sharp temper, and is quite outspoken when venting it. She likes to be admired, but is quite insecure in her self-appraisal, and never ceases to be astonished when men find her as interesting as she would like to be. She is a very inadvertant femme-fatale.

She is a woman; perhaps it would be more correct to say she is three women. There is the pure female, cruel, ruthless, without scruple, aware of her sex and glorying in it, calculating. There is the woman, cook, homemaker, lover of security, infinitely practical. And lastly there is the little girl, wistful, trusting, enormously sensitive and easily hurt, eternally optimistic and somehow baffled that the world isn't the world she feels it should be, compulsive in her love, moody, swift-changing, and ever, eternally, delighted in the new.

Bjo is fun. To those who take the trouble to go beneath the surface, she is also an immensely rewarding person. Both for what she knows and what she is. On a serious topic, Bjo can be a very stimulating conversationalist. She holds vigorous opinions on most subjects, and they are backed up by a wide knowledge and interest. Her knowledge of art, and of the desert, her two loves, is excellent. She has also a large repertoirre of facts erudite and curious about almost everything under the sun.

Bjo is unique. For England and Europe to miss seeing her would be a shame. For the US to miss the opportunity to view England and the Continent through Bjoish eyes would be a big mistake. But whoever you vote for, remember the time is short. Send your 50¢ (\$1 bills are easier to send and twice as welcome) to Bob Madle, 3608 Caroline St., Indianapolis, Indiana, or Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England.

--Al Lewis

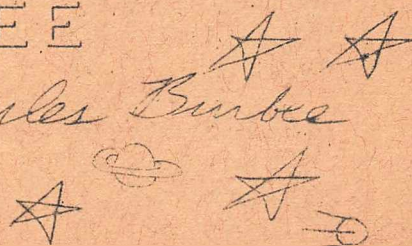
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DANCE TO
THE
START
OF A
CON



SQUIRREL CASE

by Ron Ellick

DANCE TO
THE END
OF A CON



A couple of months ago, sometime in late July, I had myself an idea about writing an installment of this interminable column. It was a good idea, and I should have written it down, because late August came around and I missed an issue of Shaggy. I felt bad about typing stencils for that issue, because I knew I could be brilliant if I but had an idea. I felt worse about running those stencils off, terrible about assembling them, and when it came to handing them out to fen at the Detention, I felt almost sick. The last issue of Shaggy, as you all must have noted, was not worth reading. It lacked that spark, that joy de vivre, that weltschmerz that usually marks this revived clubzine. It lacked me.

And the Detention lacked something, too. It was a great convention--a truly marvelous affair. I have this on the word of other people who were there. Someday, I keep telling myself, someday I am going to arrive at a con wide awake, and I'm going to have enough money to eat food that won't make me sick, and I'm going to have enough common sense not to go out for breakfast with Derelict Insurgents of 3 ayem to a Coney Island-type greasy spoon where they only serve hotdogs and onions, and someday I'm going to be alert and agreeable and sentient all through some convention... But that wasn't destined to be this year's WorldCon.

Despite violent stomach upsets and a minor case of the GI's, and despite an alarming lack of sleep (it alarmed Marion Bradley), I had a rather enjoyable three weeks on the road to and from the con and at the affair itself. But Al Lewis can find somebody else to write him a conrep, because I don't think I can accurately remember half of what happened. There is a vague impression of an extremely short girl handing me an extremely thick fanzine titled ALL MIMSY (which adds a fantasy element), something about a greasy, slimey lump of parasite clinging to a fan's back (which lends somewhat of horror to the story), a round of applause as somebody presented me with a silver rocketship for being the best-dressed invalid at the banquet (you see, we even have Thorne-Smithian humor!) and it was all topped off by a fan-panel that took four hours, ruled by a witch in a green dress who kept pounding on my head with a gavel until everybody quieted down (this story even sounds like Marquise de Sade). All in all, I think my total impressions of the Detention must have come from a science-fiction fan's troubled dreams, because I know nothing like that could have happened in real life. Will

somebody please tell me what really happened in Detroit?

Sometimes I wish I could leave the subject of N3F alone, because it doesn't afford me many brilliant ideas these days, and I dread having to push thoughts out so that this column reads like it is forced. Nobody writes well when he forces ideas, not even a column-writing giant. But I am still on speaking terms with the N3F, and new things keep happening even in that most unimaginative of clubs. Recently formed an ajay group and are trying to act fannish.

The N'APA (meaning Neffer Amateur Press Alliance) is probably one of the best ideas anybody's ever had for helping out the club, and if only it is used properly it can be the N3F's salvation. Currently, it has published two mailings and the membership list is growing. I see in the second mailing a lot of erudite discussion of the new constitution, and some readable mailing comments.

That constitution is one of the lesser goods about this apa: it reads poorly. I have no doubt that it could function, but I think that the N3F did themselves a misfavor in allowing Larry Sokol to write it--it is a great club constitution, but as an apa constitution it lacks something. Probably that something is a preparedness for the problems which might arise in an apa. As far as I know, Sokol has never had any direct experience with ajay groups--I know he's never been in FAPA or OMPA.

But in a year or two, the N3F will argue most of the loopholes out of its new apa, and then we'll see whether this might not act as an attracting force for new members and new activity.

--rde.

DIALOGUES AT SUNSET -- II

Ronel: "Aren't you going to defend Chicago?"

Ellie Turner: "What do you think I left for?"

Ron: "Long Beach."

Ellie: "What's wrong with Long Beach?"

Ron: "You came out here and got pregnant."

Ellie: "Worse things can Happen than getting pregnant."

Ron: "Not to me!"

ROASTING CHESTNUTS

-jock root 25
&
bruce epelz

...The Innauguration of a department devoted to review and criticism of the professional field.

The New York Public Library is a blind and dogmatic institution, little given to actual thought or critical discrimination - a prime and documented sufferer, for instance, from the Kuttner Syndrome - and it is proven folly to trust their cataloging symbols. Manning Coles' ghost stories are found with the Detectives, Gideon of Scotland Yard and James Bond of the Special Branch with the straight novels, and once Asimov's The End of Eternity turned up in the children's section. Wherefore the intelligent reader (Thy Faithful, of course) usually scans the whole works.

This time, it must be said, NYPL had some help from the publishers, though (cowards!) - even the jacket reviewers are confused: Louis Untermeyer calls it "a murder mystery in which the mystery is literally magic and in which the murderer is murdered". Still, you would expect the library would read this stuff before they buy it - or at least that somebody intelligent would - and this particular novel is quite clearly pure fantasy; and a very nice job, at that.

I speak (had you wondered?) of The Dreamers, a Simon and Schuster first novel by one Roger Manvell. It is found, in my part of the world, with the red skull of a detective story taped across its spine; but it might as profitably be looked for among the straight novels. It has elements both of Heinlein's Magic, Inc. and Lewis' That Hideous Strength, but differs from them in being much more closely integrated with the world we know: this one could happen - or have happened - right now.

It's the story of a dream-curse, laid on a white doctor by a vengeful African (Note: the locale is England, not Africa). It passes through three other people, gaining strength each time as an independent entity, before making its final attack on its intended victim; and the struggle of sould in that climax, when a good witch doctor tries to take over the dream and turn it back on its wielder, is without doubt the most believable - and gripping - thing of its kind I have ever read.

I see I've made it sound kind of corny. It's not: above all, the memorable quality of this book is its solid reality. Most of my favorite fantasies start out by saying "you know as well as I do that this couldn't happen, but let's suppose it could"; and even if they don't, like Leiber's Conjure Wife or most of Poe, the story soon gets so fantastic that it necessitates "suspension of disbelief".

This one doesn't.

I don't mean I sat there believing it did happen; but I do believe that, if it did, it would probably happen pretty much like this.

The man is not an ostentatiously expert drawer of character; he is not ostentatious at anything: but his characters are clear, and distinct - and all from just discription of what they say and

(cont'd inside front cover)

❧ A briefe & true Christian account of ye euent at ye 17th world science-fiction conuention known as ye Dentention attended Anno Domini 1985 in detroit Mishigan & is herein reported with speciall attention to ye natvre of ye natrall inhabitants & other manner of strange beasts: vniting accuracy of ye Chronichlers with ye character & Entertaynment of ye Memorialists

By certain illvstriovs JACK HARNESS
members of ye Los Angeles science Fantasy Society: who herein hath beene

Fauovred & Avthorified
by Shangri-Laffaires:

Directed to ye
Aduentvrs: by

Jack Harness
Rick Smeary
John Trimble
Al Lewis &
Ted Johnstone

Illystrated with line-cuts
& Gestencilgrauings
by Bjo &

"We're leaving promptly at three P.M. Saturday," said Ron Ellick cheerfully, "so be there by two."

I trundled my impedimenta over to Zeke's, which doubles on Thursday nights as the LASFS club-room, at the appointed hour only to find no one there. A half hour later I went home for a change into sandals, and when I came back some of the gang had checked in. They'd been running off Shaggy all night, and was I ready to help assemble?

"I thought you learned your lesson on the last Shaggy," I said.

"You collate that pile, mild-young-man," sniffed Bjo.

It took two hours, with Squirrellik pouring profuse curses over the stapler which refused to stap, probably in demand for higher wages or something, while Trimble and Tolliver started piling suitcases on the luggage rack of the Peugeot.

We numbered 10 people in 3 cars. Make that 11 passengers: Bjo had brought Tammy. Tammy was part Chinahua and part something else and resembled nothing so much as an overgrown innard for a hot dog, except that she was white and

had four pairs of tits down the bottom. She loved kibbles and travelled easily, snoozing contentedly for hours on end.

"What about the cats?" I asked Bjo.

"They'll rough it at the house," she replied. "Billern will feed them and all. But if I left Tammy, she'd whine so much I'd have to move out because of the neighbors."

We piled suitcases into the trunk of Bill Ellern's Hillman (he couldn't make the trip) and Al Lewis' Peugeot (successor to THE Peugeot) and Dick Daniels' coal-barge Impala. The S-L'As, to be distributed at the con, went on top of the Peugeot. Tucked away somewhere were a stack of Bjo Bookplates, and a gruesomely huge pair of shears with which to cut them apart.

We drove through the Minotaur-pen of Angelean freeways for the open road, Steve driving Bjo and me in the Peugeot, John Trimble cheauffering Ernie Wheatley and Ron Ellick in the Hillman, and Dick bringing along Ingrid Fritsch (recently from Germany) and Bruce Henstel, a loyal reader of Ackerman's mag. As we passed the latter, the back window rolled down and two bandaged fingers waved at us: Erik Gunther had made it after all.

Erik's an interesting chap; as recently as the beginning of the trip his name was Earl Samuels, but for some reason that never did become quite clear he changed it to Erik. Erik is always experimenting. Like lately, he has two fingers of his left hand bandaged up. He stuck them in liquid air or something for five minutes a couple of weeks ago, to anesthetize them. The doctor thought he would probably keep them.

We sampled the California country-side of a sunset, and jest and jape. The first rendezvous was in Barstow, California, at the intersection of four US Highways. The map could have been more helpful, however. We looked for a specific highway up ahead, finally decided we were out of town, and circled back; the other three highways intersected downtown. Dick had made the same deduction, and we seven went in the first restaurant past the intersection as agreed. No sign of the Minx. Finally there came a call from Ellick saying they'd made the same mistake but had gone on to a restaurant outside town. Ellick, by cross-examining the waitress there, was able to deduce the location of our stop and got us on the first dime. Clever these squirrels.

We sat and talked. Steve Tolliver was a little worried about Terry Carr's intention of doing a fannish Saint story. Steve is an afficianado of Simon Templar and would much prefer that Terry keep his mitts off. Steve is such an afficianado that while he has a complete Saint collection, he's kept two stories unread -- just so he'll never have exhausted the compleat saga of the Saint. We tossed around ideas for a Saint story that wouldn't be an insult to Charteris, and finally got a good gimmick.

The decision was reached to stop outside Needles for the night. We could still get some sleep, and the rest of the gang shouldn't have stayed up the night before. We checked at a gas station about a camping spot, and decided to pull the cars together in a triangle off the road and flake out opposite. Ghod! It was jagged gravel underfoot; some place to sleep, all right.

But the sky! "If the stars came out one night in a thousand years, how men would worship God," said Emerson. And he was right. I'm a city dweller, used to a thin sprinkling of constellations overhead, and I'd gotten accustomed to the sparsity of the Los Angeles night sky. Besides, I couldn't pick out the north star; my astronomy having lapsed into picking out Orion by the belt stars.... But this! There was no moon, no clouds, no lights other than a few at the gas station two hundred feet distant.... The

28 sky was covered solidly from horizon to horizon with a blanket of stars! I'd always wondered why people referred to the Milky Way -- it stretched like a solid mass in a ragged band above. Meteors hove periodically into view, along with a few pseudo-meteors which turned out to be insects. It was fantastic. I'll have to come to the desert more often.

- I asked about snakes. "There aren't any snakes on this desert," Bjo said. "All we have are scorpions. Stay away from the bushes and if you hear a sound like dry leaves rustling, back away fast."

"You mean a sound like THAT?" I replied.

But it was closer to Tolliver than me. Steve kicked gravel at it, and Ellik came up with his Marine boots on and stomped it to death. If we'd known where the poison sac was we might have cut the varlet up for souvenirs. We searched but didn't come across any more.

We pulled out our sleeping bags, and after experimenting, I found that I could sleep on the bag if I used my jacket and blankets. I had one particular reason for sleeping on the bag, rather than in it (like a Seely posturepedic) -- the guy I borrowed it from said that it was surviving well, considering that it had seen use in World War Two, but it did have an unquestionable internal feather leak.



JOHN TRIMBLE

Sunday, the 30th, dawned clear and early. I was rather disappointed when an interesting rock formation I had spotted in the pre-dawn light turned out to be Jack Harness. Ingrid provided a breakfast with all sorts of goodies: tomatoes, cold chicken, grapes, bologna, boiled eggs, and even cucumbers. And the coffee was only lukewarm, too. Gassing up the gars, we sped onward toward Needles with the sound of stapling ringing in our fannish ears: Ernie was stapling some collated Shaggies in the back seat.

As we crossed the Arizona border, we kidded Ernie (who has lived all his life in California) about the Great Adventures in the Outside World which were awaiting him. An inspection station hove into view, and after a brief stop the guards were thankfully rid of us, as we drove on into Kingman, Arizona.

Here we again put gas in the Hillman. The attendant at the previous gas stop had been pretty snotty about us using up all his ice water, so we'd only bought enough gas to get the Hillman to our current stop. Ron wandered off in search of a church, and the rest of us goofed off in a city park.

We'd gone to an A&W Rhoot Bheer stand nearby, and when Ronel spotted us there, he actually broke into a lope. We were soon off once more, but not before Ronel had asked Ingrid if European women did what their men told 'em to. To which Ingrid replied, "Are you kidding?" We did swap some passengers around there, too.

Three p.m. saw us in Williams, Arizona, and Bjo decided to see if she could get any rest in the Hillman. The Peugeot sounded too much like the other one, and she was unable to relax in it. Jack Harness said she was like a graphic example of several chapters of Dianetics. "You're piling up Engrams," he said.

"Good," she replied, "then we'll have Engram crackers and milk for breakfast."

We hit Holbrook shortly before dusk, keeping a wary eye out for ferocious-looking motels. No attack came, and after we'd mis-seed connections once, we found the rest of the gang and informed them that we wanted to try for the Petrified Forest before dark. The gate was closed, and we turned back, heading for Gallup, New Mexico, to pick up Jim Caughran.

JACK HARNESS

Perhaps I should describe our touring costume: Ingrid wore a black one-piece bathing suit throughout, adding a skirt and blouse only when necessary. Daniels wore brief red swimtrunks, even when absolutely necessary to wear more. Trimble was clad in shorts (I should have, too) and zoris, while I stuck to sandals for footwear throughout. John, by the way, is developing the minutest of paunches (he has a downward-slanting navel), and is somewhat proud of it -- referring to it as a bheer belly. Tolliver without a shirt is like a walking muscular chart, except that a chart looks three-dimensional. Very finely honed muscles without a trace of ectomorphic fat over them, but a lithe and supple carcass, nonetheless. Bjo is -- well, Bjo. Her skin pigmentation has gotten clumped somehow. Ingrid is a tough but well-formed Teutonic lass, brown of hair and eye. Bruce is a typical (ugh!) thirteen-year-old. Ernie is best described as a farmboy stereotype. Daniels is bearded and generally exudant of etahanol. Ellik has a shape even more like a gunny sack than mine, and moreover has body hair of an appropriately burlappish hue and density. Erik would kill anybody rash enough to describe him in print.

Bjo explained that although the US is considered a green country, it is still over half desert. She has a crile full of lore about the desert; she has even seen some of the long-standing ghosts haunting the desert. She and Steve fought a harsh verbal duel over the reality (hmmm) of ghosts. And me, a scientologist, just listening in!

Bjo has a peculiar logic all her own. She doesn't approve of syllogisms. She has a specially tutored course in muddling, and makes the most of it:

Bjo: Jack Harness is a Scientologist with blue eyes.

Steve: Jack Harness is a strawberry blonde.

Bjo: Therefore, all blue-eyed strawberries have blond hair.

To which I replied: "All heavenly bodies are oblate spheroids. Bjo Wells has a heavenly body. There are things man was never meant to know." Trimble, however, insists that it went: "All heavenly bodies are ovoid and lush. Bjo has a heavenly body, therefore -- I don't think I'd better state my conclusion if I want to get to Detroit in one peice."

JOHN TRIMBLE

We'd rendezvoused with Jim Caughran in Gallup, at the Greyhound Bus Station, about 9:30 Sunday evening, eaten, and gone on

30 to a roadside camping ground for the night. About 3 a.m., I decided not to fight the cold and hard ground any longer, and crawled into the Hillman's front seat. I wasn't much warmer, but one heck of a lot more comfortable.

About 5:30 the cold had awakened most of us, and while the beds in the Peugeot were being reconverted into seats, a bunch of us piled in the Hillman and went off, heater full-blast, for coffee. When we came out, I turned the Hillman over to Ron, and took a turn at driving Bjo, Steve, Bruce, and Tammy in the Peugeot. Stopping for lunch at the Old West Museum in Moriarty, New Mexico, we ate and I noticed a piece of paper floating gently on the air outside; Bjo proclaimed it to be a UFO in disguise. Jack ventured that it might be a litter-bag from a Flying Saucer, prompting Steve to give the slogan: "Keep Your Universe Clean."

Jack rejoined with, "Is your satellite a sooty-lite? Is your Galaxy full of cosmic dust?"

To which Ron felt himself compelled to add, "The stars don't like dust."

When we'd finished, Jack declared he was going to ride in the Peugeot to discuss Tengar. "With Bjo?" asked Ron.

"Yes," Jack replied, "you know -- it takes two to tengar."

We arrived in Amarillo, Texas, at 6:50, after being cheated out of an hour by a change in time zones. We ate, stopped again to hot coffee our thermoses, and drove on. In Clinton, Texas, we were told of a camp half a mile or so outside town, and proceeded to drive 30 miles before locating one, in Hinton Junction, Oklahoma. And there we spent the night.

~~JACK HILLMAN~~

We hove to in Oklahoma City about 9:00 a.m., expecting to see oil wells in the city streets any minute. No oil wells, but there was a bank building with a beautiful golden geodesic dome. We took the cars in for greasing and such, and went to breakfast. Bjo priced paper cutters for her bookplates, and Caughran, not to be out-done, priced Rolls-Royces. True, he had been working all summer at some fabulous hourly rate with nothing to spend the loot on but desert sand.

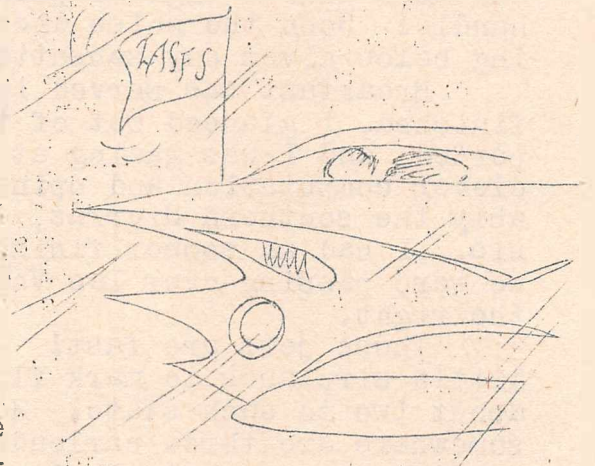
Something about the city was all-too cricket. There were tell-tale smears over every block of pavement, crickets rolling around stupidly, and reinforcements dropping from the skies every minute. Fantastic. Black insect bodies everywhere.

Erik cruised around in dark grey shirt, wool jacket, ragged trousers, one decaying leather glove -- "to keep the sun off" -- and zoris, which, for you northerners, are ubiquitous Southern California footwear, though you call them shower clogs. The natives never did get used to them.

Flat Evil (Steve) acquired for us a motel room with pool (the motel, not the room) by the simple process of finding a suitable motel and asking the owner how much to use it one afternoon for a congenial mixed group of eleven people. By dint of much shaving, showering, swimming, and snoozing, I managed to begin feeling vaguely humanoid once again. Erik decided not to swim, and was soon busy sewing his fingers together. When I remarked upon this, the response was somewhat other than what I had expected. "They're his fingers; he can do what he wants with them," observed John, some-

what philosophically and a mite snappishly.

We left Oklahoma City in the afternoon, keeping a sharp lookout for the Plague of Flies and the Waters turning into blood. I was with Ingrid and Bruce in Daniels' Car. Ingrid was finishing our flag: it was made from a pocket handkerchief and had "LASTFS" in fancy script on both sides. There was a spirited argument between her and Bruce over the relative merits of wire rigging as opposed to plain-thread stitching, which resolved at last in doing it both ways.



A word about the habits of Dick Daniels might be of interest here. He apparently divides his attention between the road ahead of him and the female beside him on the seat, punching girls named Ingrid all over, continuously, except when dodging return blows. It made for interesting watching.

We had a dejuner sur les herbes and waited for the Peugeot and Hillman to report in. No luck. After an hour had passed, I phoned Sam Martinez on the off-chance that they had checked in with him. No luck. Sambo, it seemed, had to officiate at a Grotto meeting, but he brought over Robert Lee to keep us company. The sky by this time was previewing a vast storm with DeMillean attention to the Grand Effect. Lightning, rumbling, aspectacular ochre sunset worthy of a Tolkein epic --all this and a two hour wait.

Finally the two cars arrived. The Hillman had developed trouble, something it took a skilled mechanic 70 minutes to locate and two minutes to fix: a wire broken loose somewhere. Ronel had checked with the state highway commission, and the weather bureau. A storm would dispute the right of way with us ahead, and the passengers weren't built for camping out in the elements. Sam had returned by this time, and after a fine fannish confab, he fixed us up with a motel and we checked out.

AL LEWIS

Wednesday morning I boarded one of Continental Airlines' shiny new Boeing 707 Golden Jets. The airplane is silver but it is called a Golden Jet perhaps because that is the color of the rudder. After all, a rudder is a very important part.

I settled myself into my seat in the coach section, which was noticeably more cramped than, say, the seats in a DC-7 coach, but having just put in two weeks of playing summer soldier riding around in an Armored Personnel Carrier which has most of the endearing characteristics of a boiler factory, a mechanical reducing machine, and a mole, I felt that I could put up with a mildly cramped seat in an airliner for something under four hours.

Jets are so new that they obviously gave the public relations men a good deal of trepidation about public acceptance before they went into service. Just before takeoff the pilot makes a speech detailing the advantages of jets, the speaker system begins to play soothing music, and the rider comes to the conclusion that the interior decor of pink, yellow, and baby blue was apparently the nearest the decorators could come to a baby's nursery.

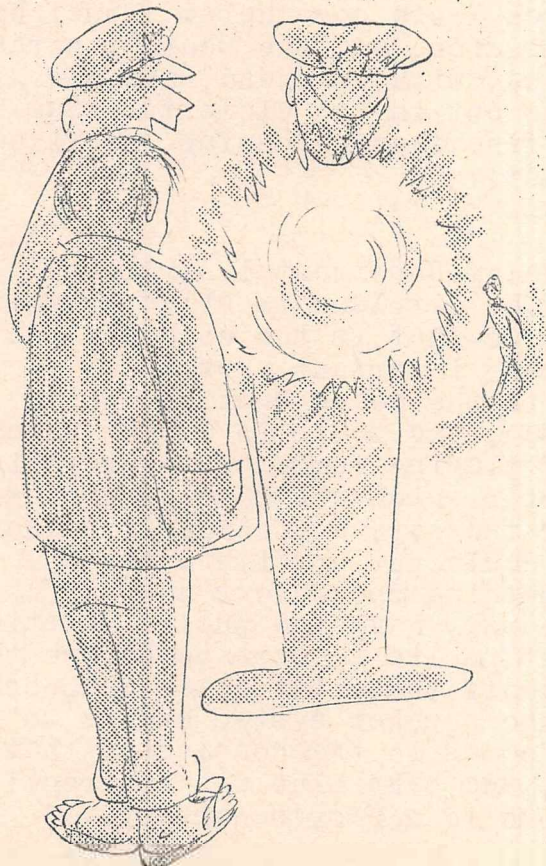
The motors warm with a roar, the plane speeds down the runway, and then does a fighter-plane climb for blue sky. How those things handle! Soon the noise dies away and only the sight of land passing below gives any sensation of motion.

Breakfast was served immediately, and just as soon as I had finished, I glanced out of the window, to see that the clouds had parted, and I was gazing at some barren desert foothills. I did a clever computation and opined to my neighbor that those were probably the southern Sierras, and that we were halfway across California. I had no sooner finished than the loudspeaker announced that we were passing over Las Vegas, and that Lake Mead could be seen on the right.

Those jets are fast! They supply a chart of the route with little airplanes to mark flying time each ten minutes. There are about two to each state. How strange, I thought, that down there somewhere are three carloads of my friends, about halfway on their journey by now, hot, dirty, and tired; yet withingfour hours this plane will have landed in Chicago and I will have passed them up. I will be in Detroit tonight, and they won't be there for another full day. I mused for a while on the relativity of time and chance, until the plane mede ready to land.

JACK HARNES

We had breakfast early as usual and went on the Will Rogers Turnpike toward Joplin. At Cuba, we discussed installing Jim Caughran as Dictator, and inspected a roadside cemetary in vain for a marker for Furst Fandom. Bjo had long ago finished snipping out her bookplates.



Missouri has the most advanced roadsigns of any state I've met. "Turn back, you're going the wrong way." "Watch the road, not road repairs." We made it into Springfield at 2A.M. and sacked out in a downtown park, figuring to shove off when the fuzz got nasty about the invasion.

As it turned out, the nearby Beorgeosie finked on us promptly. Erik, wandering around, was the first they contacted. When he didn't prove communicative, they asked him to walk a chalk line. "Sure, if you'll hold it still," he replied.

Their flashlights picked out Trimble next, and in the process of questioning, apparently mistook him for a responsible individual. That, the fact that we were fully dressed in our sleeping bags, and the 1959-ishness of our cars made us respectable. All except Erik.

"Is he with you," they asked Trimble.

"Yes."

"Are -- are you sure he's with you?"

"Yes, that's right."

Springfield, Missouri, must have a secret Manual of Courtesy for the police force. We didn't have to tell them that we didn't ah, know it was illegal to bivouac in the city parks.

AL LEWIS

From Chicago to Detroit in time for dinner and a walk about town. Coming back to the hotel I spotted a familiar face, and there was Forry Ackerman talking to two people whom he introduced as Virginia and Steve Schulteis. We compared notes and decided that Forry had the honor of being the first arrival, when Jean Carrol walked through the lobby and joined us, mentioning casually that she had been there since Tuesday visiting relatives.

On the following day we were joined by Ruth and Dave Kyle, and soon all sorts of people began to arrive and I lost track. The convention committee put in an appearance on Thursday afternoon and seemed somewhat appalled to find fifteen to twenty fans already gathered. We went to dinner en masse in one of the nearby cafeterias -- it seems as if all the eating places in Detroit are cafeterias.

When we returned, all sorts of people were in the lobby. Bob Madle proved to be something less than an ogre, Stan Woolston and Djinn Faine brought the SoCal contingent to four, John Koning and someone else had started a checker game with oversize checkers in the middle of the lobby floor, and it could be noticed that the bellhops took wary courses around the walls. Liz Wilson was spectating, blond, beautiful, and a mathematician to boot.

John Campbell appeared, somebody challenged psionics, and we were off on a delightful intellectual brawl. I was rash enough to back up a statement with money and lost a dollar to JC. If John Campbell was under attack at South Gate, he piled into his assailants and rather put them to rout at Detroit. Now if only he'd make his magazine fun to read again...

In the midst of this free-for-all, I looked up to see the portly figure of Jack Harness standing interestedly by. The caravan had arrived.

JOHN TRIMBLE

I furtively drove Al Lewis' Peugeot down Michigan Avenue behind Billern's Hillman, ignoring the hateful stares of the Detroit populace. As we drew nearer the center of town, I began to fear a riot would break out, with us as its target. But we reached the shelter of the Pick Fort Shelby in the nick of time, and bloodshed was narrowly averted.

The man at the desk informed me that no, the hotel did not have a garage, but yes, the lot in back did cost \$1.50 per day, and had 24-hr supervision. The parking lot attendant let me know there was a lot across the street for half of what we were to pay.

"Is it supervised?" I asked.

"During the day," he replied. "We keep an eye on it at night from here. Care to try it?"

"With a foreign car," I retorted, "in Detroit? I'm not senile, you know." The fiendish leer on his face died, and I picked up a few pieces of luggage and went back inside the hotel.

"This must be a sci-fi convention," I heard a voice cry. "That pile of baggage over there just walked into the hotel by itself and now it's trying to register."

I put down the bags and found myself face to face with an intently peering Forry Ackerman. "Hi, Forry," I said.

"It's only John Trimble," he said disappointedly, "and then handed me a special delivery letter from Billern informing me that my car, which he had temporarily swapped for the Hillman, had all but blown up on him. I was slightly disappointed that it hadn't, in which case I could claim that the deceased and I had traded cars for good."

I realized later that it must have been RonEl who lead the way to the LASFS suite, but at the time I merely followed a large bushy tail upstairs and tipped it a walnut for its services.

My, but it felt good to shower and shave at last.

JACK HARNESS

We checked into our suite on the 13th floor. Bjo drew a room to herself, with Tammy, at least until Marion Zimmer Bradley should check in the next day. The men had the double rooms across the hall, with the exception of Bruce and Dick who shared a double. Ingrid was on another floor with Djinn, and Al Lewis had a separate room elsewhere, which is to say, he shared a room with some very expensive camera equipment. Later on Fritz Leiber and Dick Schultz moved in with us, to help cut expenses even more. I don't think the sleeping bags piled up against one wall fooled the maid. We reckoned the gasoline and other expenses between us and arrived at the exhorbitant figure of \$14 each for our week on the road.

Djinn was down at the bar a lot. Ellick had opined that he sure wanted to see her and Cogswell get together because they'd been propositioning each other by mail and fanzine for months now, and by God he wanted a Cogswell pup of her to have around Los Angeles. One of Djinn's exploits at the bar was to have a drink with Cogswell, only to be lured off by Gordon Dickson, only to have him in turn outranked by Asimov Himself and where it went from there passes beyond the mind of mortal man.

Down in the lobby, we ran into Stan, and Al Lewis suddenly realized we had a LASFS quorum. "We ought to hold a meeting," he said "just for the record and because it will bollix up the count back in Los Angeles."

MINUTES OF THE 1152nd MEETING OF THE LASFS

The meeting was called to order in the lobby of the Pick Fort Shelby Hotel at 9:05:38 Pacific Daylight Time, after a discussion of whether it was eight o'clock in Los Angeles because we were on Eastern Time or nine o'clock because Los Angeles was on Daylight Time and therefore only two hours behind Detroit. Forry Ackerman, senior committeeman presided, in the absence of the Director who was holding a rump meeting in LA. The treasurer was absent, so dues were waived, which was quite legal since we had a quorum. The secretary was present, but had missed the four previous meetings, so there were no minutes to be read.

Forry called for Committee reports, and Al and Bjo reported that the car caravan was a success, had accomplished its purpose, and moved that it be dissolved. The

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motion was tabled until the second half of their duty had been performed, and a reasonable number of those attending had been returned to Los Angeles. Someone brought up the question of Marty Varno, who was hitch-hiking to Europe and just happened to be in town at the right time. He isn't exactly an active member but hitch-hiking to Europe, it was decided, is enough activity.

Then somebody suggested introducing the guests to the club, but somebody pointed out that it would be easier to introduce the club to the guests, and somebody else suggested that it would be easier to just forget the whole idea.

Committee reports finished, we went on to Old Business. Dick said he had some that was seven years old, but he was disposing of it himself, glass-by-glass. Jack said he had a lot of important stuff to bring up, but his recall wasn't perfect, and it had gone clear out of his mind.

Next we progressed to New Business, and Ted said that he needed a ride back to LA, and so did Bruce Pelz, who was planning to take a swing through the west on his way back to Florida. Bjo and Al said they'd see what could be done, but a seat had to be saved for John Berry, unless he chose to visit Seattle instead-- which he did. John Trimble asked if a motion to adjourn and look for the bar was New Business, but Dick Daniels offered him a swig of his Old Business and he withdrew the motion.

There wasn't a great deal of pressing business, and there was more interest in finding a party somewhere, so we went on to Reports and Reviews. Nobody would admit to having read anything in the last week, most making the lame excuse that they had been traveling. Next came announcements and Ernie announced that the 17th World Science Fiction Convention was being held in Detroit that weekend and we should all try to attend. We said we'd be there if we could. Bjo announced that the 18th World Con would be in Washington in about a year's time, and we should support it. (Which just goes to show -- nobody calls 'em right all the time.) Ron Ellik announced that he was getting thirsty, so Bjo sent Steve to get him a glass of rhoot-beer from the ice-bucket.

There wasn't much left on the schedule except for Forrest Murmurings, and Forry said that he hadn't heard much -- nothing seemed to be happening. Then he gave us fifteen minutes resume of reports on a number of new or planned TV shows with stfantastical themes, and added that Belle Dietz, of New York and a number of apas, was slated to start a fanzine review column in Fantastic Universe (plug) in the November issue, on the stands October 2nd. He added that this was the first fan-column since Pandora's Box had had the lid slammed on somebody's fingers over a year ago. In the raffle, Djinn won a new copy of the latest Famous Monsters of Filmdom (another plug) which was personally inscribed by Forry.

Irresponsibly submitted,
TED JOHNSTONE, Sec'y LASFS

JOHN TRIMBLE

36 The waiter had brought the scotch and sodas, when Robert Bloch dashed up, threw himself at Bjo's feet, and cried: "Mistress!"

Blushing freckle-color, Bjo raised him to his feet and told him that he'd been freed last year after putting in his hour. His face took on a melancholy look which was relieved only after a striking brunette joined the throng about out table. "This is Evelyn Paige," Bob said.

"Evelyn, I'd like you to meet my friends here," and so saying, Bob introduced us around the table. "...the young lady is Bjo, the evil-looking chap is Steve Tolliver, and this is.... Abraham Lincoln?"

"No, Bob," we reassured him, "that's really Jim Caughran under that furry fringe."

-oOo-

Friday dawned crisp and clear, I'm told. By noon it was still clear, but a bit warmish. I joined up with Bjo, Ernie and others for brunch, and in passing through the lobby we swept up Forry, Fritz Leiber, and Jim Harmon. On the way to the eatery, I noticed that Jim was rubbing his hand and looking forlorn.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I asked.

He gazed pitifully at me, with tears forming in his eyes, and said, "All the doors in this hotel are metal."

Poor man.

Later, I cheated the parking lot out of their dollar-fifty for Friday by leaving the Hillman where I'd taken it to be lubed until Saturday afternoon. After pocketing my receipt for the car signed in blood, I joined Al Lewis and Liz Wilson in the Peugeot, and we headed back to the hotel.

On the way, we were to stop by the YMCA so that Liz could get some things from her room there. But at every turn, the street was blocked by a parade which was winding its way through the streets of Detroit. By sneaking down several alleys, and out-distancing two ferocious-looking Cadillacs, we finally found the "Y". Liz was soon back with us, and we sped off toward the Pick Fort Shelby.

And encountered the parade once more. And then once more. And again, and again. We were hemmed in. Detroit would get its revenge, and we'd die of starvation in our little imported machine. But soon we found a carelessly left opening, and were around our enemies and heading back for the hotel. Racing against time, we made it into the hotel parking lot before they could close our way, and broad mental horizons had triumphed again.

Later, someone suggested that we all go to lunch, and we gleefully trampled him on our way out of the hotel.

"The Kyles told me about a very nice little steak place," Al Lewis said, "and it's pretty close by, too."

Steaks sounded good to us, so we dragged the Seattle crowd, Ellis Mills, and most of the LASFS bunch along, and started out for the steak house. After walking for several blocks, Bjo asked Al again where the place was located.

"The Kyles said just a few blocks," he assured us, looking somewhat unhappily at the hungry faces surrounding him.

Only a few blocks further on we came upon what, indeed, seemed to be the Kyles' suggested Steak House. And just when Ernie and I

had been wondering to each other whether or not we could get away with building a spit, and just how you'd go about barbecuing a faned.

The steaks were thick, juicy, and fried exactly right. And we downed them to the bubble of fannish chatter and good cheer. As a matter of fact, that was the best meal I had in Detroit, and it was spoiled only by the fellow who went sneaking around snagging scraps off people's plates.

"After all," I told Ernie, as he was about to do battle with me over the remnants on his plate, "Tammy's got to eat, too."

Fans were swarming all over the place when we got back, and this disgusting condition only grew worse toward nightfall. At last, we could no longer stand meeting all sorts of fine fannish personalities, and decided to go to dinner. Steve found a Chinese Restaurant in the yellow pages (what you can't find in a phone book), Bjo collected a huge throng, and we started out. The place proved to be nearby, and all twelve of us made it. Toskey, John Knning, and others had already eaten, but we dragged them along with promises of fannish chatter and pleasant fortunes in the fortune cookies.

After thoroughly confusing the waiter with who wanted dinners and who wanted just plates, and how much of this and how many of that, Bjo, Al, Steve, Ernie, Toskey and I threw him completely off by announcing that we would eat with chop sticks. Al and a few others gave up before the end of the meal, but Bjo and I both kept diggedly on (and didn't go hungry), and I noticed Tosk keeping Steve alive with hints now and then.

I had been wondering if it was about to rain, but decided that the staccato sounds I kept hearing must be something other than thunder. And sure enough, upon returning to the hotel, we found that Harlan Ellison had arrived.

JACK HARNLESS

Friday morning I sought out the Washington suite, and found that Pavlat and Christenberry and Madle were there in one room, and Ted and Sylvia White and John and Joanne Magnus in the other. John wasn't up yet, and Joanne was a very amenable, persuadeable girl, so in no time I had her talked into, yes, into doing some ironing for me.

Karen and Poul Anderson arrived Friday morning, Karen in a stylish black -- leotard will do. There were dart-shaped gold slivers sewn into the tunic part. She had the usual two jewel-encrusted chopsticks through her Psyche-knot, and a Turquoise skirt which doubled as a cape. With cape extended she was a good duplicate of Giuletta in Tales of Hoffman.

Phyllis Economou was there, dispensing charm and limited information about the Economou Sex Platform, which is her platform for v.p. in FAPA. (p.s: she won)

Jean and Andy Young were there. Andy's beard was still long and objectionable. Andy had just finished an astronomers' convention in Toronto, so Jean had come down with Dick Eney, a fate worse than measles. Andy gave with the latest approved sooth: that the Universe, at least until the next meeting, is infinite and negatively curved. "So's your beard, I pointed out, but what does that prove?"

In the afternoon, Bjo went shopping for costume ingredients, after ascertaining where the department store belt was. Erik, Bruce, Daniels and I went with her. Bjo got a goody here and a goody there, and then the Chevy crowd headed for a novelty store. Bruce loaded up on clown white, gag this, and gag that, along with Erik. I was about to gag myself when I decided that I, too, should have a costume. I picked up a pair of pink plastic horns for my head, 2½ yards of scarlet cloth, and 2½ yards of bright blue, at 39¢ per, a metallized plastic "H" on a chain, and a belt

of copper discs stamped in a stylized horsehead pattern, which I later sold to Bjo back in LA. Am I an exhibitionist or something? I draped the cloth over my shoulders to see what to do with it, settled on a Toga-like effect. Then I bought the belt, placing it in a double coil around my neck and checking the effect in a mirror. The sales-girl rang it up and asked, "Will that be all -- Sir?" just like she'd read Laney's memoirs or something. I played it cool, said yes, and walked away.



AL LEWIS

By Friday night most everyone had arrived. Rick Sneary completed the coast contingent, Eney was selling copies of the FANCYCLOPEDIA and seemed surprised when they both sold immediately; he said he'd have to get a couple more in case anybody else wanted one. The Ellingtons were there, and Reva Smiley -- I put my copy of the FANCYCLOPEDIA to use to find out who she was, and Seth Johnson, looking as chrubic and bewildered as only an N3F Director can look, and Randall Garrett. We learned about the latter, when Bruce Henstel, who had been caught in the Newstand without money to buy the issue of Life with the article on the Astronauts, came bouncing in to announce that "Randall Garret loaned me 19¢!!!!!"

Then Ted and Sylvia White came by. "Who's Eustace Plunkett?" he asked.

"John Trimble," I said.

"He said my fanzine was 'stodgy'; I'll have to speak to him. Stodgy!... So Bjo wrote that Plunkett piece in CRY? It did her a lot of harm."

"I thought it was pretty good, myself."

"You know John Berry is really supporting Terry Carr. He only signed that thing for Bjo because she asked him to."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. Where did you get those measurements of Bjo's? Sylvia has a 22" waist and I know a 22" waist when I see one."

"Burbee measured her. Ask Burbee. Trimble and Burbee and I took those measurements." A long pause.

"Then she's lost a lot of weight since the Solacon."

"I think she looks pretty good."

"Was she wearing anything? I mean a lot of girls can have a 22" waist with things on."

"She wasn't wearing a girdle."

"How do you know? Have you seen her without anything on?"

"He doesn't dare answer that one," said Sylvia.

"Burbee didn't seem to think she was, and I deferred to his experience and judgement." Smugly. Another long pause.

"Lots of girls can look thin with something on. You don't know. I've seen Bjo and she doesn't have a 22" waist."

"Allright, you can measure Bjo yourself. We'll get a tape measure and stage a public ceremony!" I wondered how Bjo would react to that idea. I didn't think she would be overjoyed. Fortunately at this point someone else arrived, and the subject was changed. I didn't relish informing Bjo that her lily-white-and-brown-speckled body had just become an unexpected part of the program.

Fred Prophet came over to ask if I had brought the "Genie" film along. The Philadelphia group had some movies, and ours could go on the same bill, this evening. It was announced as sort of a pre-program program in the Convention booklet, which wouldn't be trisdistributed until tomorrow. After some confusion a time was finally set, and a group of us departed for dinner. The service was slow, so I left early to make it in time for the show. The hungrier and culturally more cloddish of the group remained to eat.

Hal Lynch introduced the Philadelphia offering, an 8-mm film the group had made over a two-year period. It was a satire on Westerns -- a sort of scientific dinosaur roundup, which had a number of cute gags. The film was lots of fun to watch, particularly since we had made an amateur film of our own not too long before, and I could spot a number of problems not dissimilar to some we had encountered. I think their basic mistake was to try a satire; the temptation to corn it corn it up is almost irresistible. Still, some of the corn was lots of fun, such as the "keen-eyed marshall" who appears wiping his glasses. I'd like to see another effort from you people, Hal.

Our own "Genie" was next, and it was the first time I had seen the film in an audience situation, having missed the Westercon showing. I awaited the reaction with a good deal of trepidation, but people laughed in all the right places, and the martini gag proved to be a real boff. For all its flaws, it seemed to please people, and I felt -- well, shucks, awfully good. The LA crowd came in from dinner and I ran it a second time for them. It was the first time either Bjo or Forry had seen the finished product, and I think Bjo was more anxious about it than all the rest of us together.

Fritz Leiber arrived too late late to enjoy his performance, but not to bask in its glory. "You know," the old pro remarked in a tone of pleased wonder, "everybody speaks to me now. I feel like a movie star."

The final economium was awarded by Ted White. "Bjo does have a good figure," he said.

JACK HARNES

About this time Don Simpson showed up. Don is an artist of limited fanzine appearance (I believe he was in SATE Illustrated) who is Thoth-Amon, the Wizard, in the Hyborian Legion. He got in the Legion early and so was able to get the place of one of the actual characters in the Conan series, a villain, incidentally, that stood up against Conan and survived. Don lives in mortal terror that Nyberg or De Camp will write a rematch and knock off T.A.

40 Don had some mad money-scheme similar to Jim Caughran's and flew to the Convention and back. Something about wrangling six days off from work and having more money than time. (No brains, we figured, but were glad to see him anyway.) He joined us in the LASFS suite.

Came a guy in military uniform, weighted down with medals and camera equipment, glasses, pipe, and smile. "Hi, Art Rapp, I said, and added sotto voce, "Roscoe's two front teeth are false.

Also present was a petite doll with hair some sort of powdery color, who was Irene Barron, late Voluptuous Redhead of SAPS. Not voluptuous, just sinfully beautiful and engaging. The Indiana bloc showed up, Buck and Juanita Coulson, and Lee Tremper.

Bruce and Big Danny Daniels teamed up to cruise through the con, and were generally close to Ingrid, who had invited a girlfriend, also from Germany, to attend the con. Erik, new to Conventions, decided to pick one fairly well-known fan and shadow him throughout the Con and thus get a chance to meet people and so forth. It's virtually what a neo has to do at a con. So why he picked on me, I'll never know. He was generally in physical contact with my left shoulderblade, twelve hours of the day. The Chevy crowd had distributed numerous little torpedoes on the hotel floor; people were always having little explosions underfoot in the lobby. Henstell was finally caught at it and only his extreme chronological and mental youth averted punishment.

There gradually gravitates together a coterie of people: Andy and Jean Young, Pavlat, Madle, Silverberg, Ted and Sylvia (Tedsyl) White, Sneary, Woolston, Hickman, Eney, Trimble, Caughran, Ellick, Ray Scaphfer, Marion Z. Bradley, and myself. Boyd Raeburn comes along and asks, "What is it that all these people have in common?" He mandered a minute, "Of course, they're PAPA!" and so cogniting, joined us.

I don't know how it started; doubtless some of the girls took off their shoes to start with, but matters ran rapidly to a head and before long we were passing each others' shoes around widdershins and autographing the soles. So now, whenever I don my sandals and stride forth, I shall have realized a lifetime ambition: to trample on some of the most illustrious names in fandom.



AL LEWIS

I ran into Liz Wilson and we started off in search of a party. We found it up in the Pittsburg suite, where the Committee-to-gain the-Con for Pittsburg was buying votes and dispensing free drinks. Liz wandered off somewhere and I found myself in conversation with Lee Tremper, who was several drinks ahead of me. We started talking conventions and wound up talking shop; in due time, there being no chairs handy, we found a couple of empty liquor cases and squatted happily in the hall, within easy stagger of the bar, and talked the night away. Somewher around four, I wandered off to bed in a roseate glow, happily contemplating the beginning of the con on the morrow.

TO BE CONTINUED - like we've got a deadline to meet and who's going to type 30 pp before Thurs.?

picking
a bone
with

SHAGGY



What with no letter column in the last issue, and the delays of the summer, we have quite a varied stack of letters commenting on several issues, and while we acquired a verityper from Lynn Hickman, we have yet to get it under control to the point where we can cut good stencils. So Old Underwood #5 will have to do for another issue. First let's hear some of the comments on 43 and 44:

Helloh, Shagrins.

Well, now I've got two affaires here before me. And it's been a long time since I had two affairs at the same time. Not since the days of my youth. It gives me a very pleasant feeling. Though, when I see that they are respectively 43 and 44, I get some doubts. Well, anyhow, I've got them and I still have to, eh, comment on them. Oh, my. I hate that word. It sounds so pompous. I'd much rather say: "talk it over," or something like that.

Yes, I like the covers of both of them very much better than the "cheese above Jupiter." By the way, to get back, just for a moment, to the days of my youth, in those days: covers didn't interest me on my affairs. I hardly saw them, took them in my stride, you might say. Not so, now. Please forgive me. I got to the age where I like to talk about my youth. You'll reach that age yourself some day, and then you'll see....

Before I go on, I want to mention that just a few days ago I sent a tape to some other U.S.A. fans on which I talked about SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES. Now if you were Dutch, I could give you my idea about Shangri in about three words. I tried to do that in English too, poured over dictionaries, but can't find the proper word for the proper meaning. That's a pity, because then I could finish my commenting here and now and just talk. Besides, it's a very nice meaning, would do a lot to you egoboo, and you could go around in Los Angeles telling everybody that you edit a fanzine that's "byzonder gezellig gevaricerd."

Well, I still didn't say a word about Shaggy's insides, and already my wife is looking at me and at the clock alternately. Now does she want me to go to bed or is the tape recorder playing too loud? I won't notice it for some time yet. It is alte, true. For her, at least. I'm used to it. Worked this week in a night club called the Horse Stable. From 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Now I don't

442 anymore. Do nothing just now; Not work. Waiting for the phone to call me someplace.

Those insides now!...Fz. Leiber is good, of course. I always liked his witches. They're the nice kind. Sexy.

By the way, in Switzerland I visited Pierre Versins. Know him? Author and fan. He's got the very first Amazings and Astoundings and even things before that. I handled them reverently. Never saw Sc.F. that old. Never saw so many Sc.F. in one house either. Sorry, Djinn, never look at poetry. (Except dirty.)... The article on music is interesting. For your information: I don't like Rock 'n Roll and such. If the Rockers think it's something modern, they'll have to think twice. There may be some differences but the idea and the type of music was already played by us, long, long ago in my amateur days. Pieces like: White Heat, White Jazz, Blue Jazz, Black Jazz, had exactly the same structure and the same intentions. It was usual in those days, (at least for the trumpets and saxes in our combo) to play the last choruses standing on the chairs, the dancers got into a frenzy and more than once, as a result, the evening ended in, either a fight or loverslane. So, what's new? Personally I have today a preference for modern jazz, but I still appreciate New Orleans or Dixie....

Best to all of you,

Wim Struyck

Molenvyver 40^c

Rotterdam 12, Holland

##(That's the editor's mark for those of you who can't tell my sterling prose from everyone else's sterling prose.)Thanks, Wim. Now why can't you all right long chatty letters like that? We've been getting a rash of $\frac{1}{2}$ page "thank you for SHAGGY, we like it, please keep sending them" sort of thing this summer, which is alright, and we're glad you like the magazine, but we can't build a letter column with that sort of thing. That doesn't apply to the ones printed herein, of course. Now, an overdue apology to Buz Busby, which should have gone in the last ish:##

Dear Al,

While you and I have squared up all this stuff in person very satisfactorily, I'd like to clarify it for the readership.

Re "I recall some rather alarmed efforts on your part to get Bjo to drop her campaign so 'fanzine fans could present a united front' or some such thing."

The facts: at the time Don Ford's candidacy was announced, the Terry/Bjo rivalry was strictly for fun, on the surface. I wrote one DNQ letter in two copies which went to Terry and Bjo, saying that they could either have happy fun and games campaigning against each other. or one could drop and give the other a chance to win. My feeling at the time was that Terry and Bjo draw their votes from the same segments of fandom, both in regard to geography and to interests; therefore, each was drawing votes from the other. The letter was concerned with strategy, not with emotional concepts such as "alarm" or "united fronts." Since I was one of Terry's original backers (at South Gate, on the nominating petition), I felt that strategy was my legitimate concern.

But because Terry was my candidate, I leaned over backwards to avoid giving any indication as to which candidate should drop out. I mean, I worked at keeping the pitch impartial -- particularly since Bjo had delighted us with her first SAPSine, and I certainly

didn't want to dash her SAPSish enthusiasm by a display of cold-43
shoulder.

I can best summarize my current attitude toward TAFF, thus:
I feel that Terry Carr is the #1 choice, but regardless of who
wins I'm willing to kick in some extra loot after the vote is
decided, if extra loot is needed -- we have nothing but Good People
running, and whoever wins will be a good fannish ambassador. OK?

SHAGGY #44 is a fine issue and deserves full comment, but as
you know, I am snowed-under too badly to give it just now.

Certainly enjoyed getting better acquainted with all you folks
(and you particularly, Al, since it's especially rewarding to end
up friendly after starting out somewhat at odds). Hope to see you
all up here with John Berry, after the Detention, as discussed.
We won't be nearly so harrassed, and can have lots more fun...

All the best,

F.M. Busby

2852 14th Ave. W.

Seattle 99, Wash.

##I stand corrected on the facts, and I apologize. But while I
got hold of some misinformation--or misinterpreted some correct
information--I think my point is still valid. The categorization
of fans into "fanzine" fans, and "convention" fans and "fanclub"
fans, while representing a very real inclination of temperament,
is only a characterization --not a delimitation. To overstress
fantypes leads to thinking in stereotypes. I think this is in part
responsible for the bad feeling toward Bob Madle when he won TAFF.
Most of the blame for this, I feel, rests on the "fanzine" fans,
and, as an old "fanclub" fan, I resent their pretensions of super-
iority. I felt that any extension of the Madle feud by labelling
Don Ford as a Convention fan and trying to organize fanzine fandom
against him, could only work toward the detriment of fandom as a
whole. Particularly, since I feel that this is an imposed
distinction. Bjo, for instance (since we are talking in a TAFF
context here) represents the best of all three types of fans:
she has published a genzine of her own, is a member (now) of three
APAs, a mainstay of SHAGGY, and a contributor to all sorts of
fanzines, but she has also not only attended conventions whenever
she was able, but contributed to the program, both at South Gate
and Detroit, and was the most effective Director the LASFS has
had in years. While there are fans who only attend conventions,
and there are those who only publish, half of FAPA and over half
of SAPS were present at Detroit, and it was the panel of staunch
fanzinests that lasted four hours and proved the most constructive
and interesting part of the whole convention. Conventions themselves
are nearly always staged by either fanclub fans or fanzine fans --
for example, Pittsburg and South Gate respectively. And you, Buz,
arch "fanzine" fan that you are, not long ago put on a Westercon
at which, according to Elmer Perdue, he had more fun than he had
ever had at any other convention. Sorry about twisting your facts,
but the point I was trying to make with them does you only credit.
Now I'll quit editorializing, and get back to the letters. We
are still on issue #43:##

Dear Al,...

The meat of this issue was the Fritz Leiber article, of course,
and he made some pertinent points regarding the working out and re-

4. 4. working of the ideas in science fiction. However I think he'd agree that the old ideas need fresh slants, fresh viewpoints if they aren't to be old hat -and some of the psi and space flight stories Campbell has been using are pretty old hat, let's face it. (At least to anyone who's been reading the stuff for 20 years). It's difficult to put a finger on exactly what's wrong with these stories, some of which are tightly plotted and expertly written, but they lack something and I can only imagine it must be a fresh slant. Rick Sneary, in his open letter has some interesting things to say about the problem, but I think he has missed the real difficulty in spite of his three-page spread. Some of the things he says are no doubt true, but seem to me to be irrelevant. I don't look to SF to show me how to save the world in spite of a book like 1984. I look for entertainment in sf, first and foremost and I find it in writers like Sturgeon, Blish, Dick, and a few others, who, even if they don't give blueprints for getting out of our social difficulties (How To Live With the Bomb) don't write downbeat stories either, as a rule. Maybe I'm exhibiting an escapist viewpoint but the kind of thing Rick appears to want could easily become a pompous, philosophical tract in the wrong hands. If it presents fresh ideas, well written, I'll probably read it, however. There is no doubt that something is wrong with ASF but I think Rick's answers are only part answers, and not the important part either...

Best,

Fred L. Smith

3 Douglas Muir Road, Faisley,
Clydebank, Glasgow, Scotland

##I have some of my own ideas, but I'll save them for an article.##

Dear Al:

...The article by Rick Sneary is well thought out and well written, but personally I don't think along the same lines. He seems to be advocating a rather dull policy as far as science fiction goes, and I hope JWC does not take it to heart in toto. I have reached the age where I read mainly to be entertained, to escape from too much worry about the future - there is enough of that done as it is.

"Yesterday this Day's madness did prepare

Tomorrow's silence, triumph, or despair:

Drink! For you know not whence you came nor why.

Drink! For you know not why you go, nor where."

This is a good motto for today's s-f fan, don't you think? Why not make it the theme of the proposed Collapsicon - most of you will anyway!...

Rory M. Faulkner

7241 East 20th St.

Westminster, Calif.

##Collapsicon, an informal type party-convention, coming up sometime in the spring. Barney Barnard is the committee, write him at LASFS for details.##

Dear Al,

...Of greatest interest to me was the article by Eylmann. I've become keenly aware in the last few months that non-English Speaking Fandom was making great strides ahead. And it troubles me that we here, know so little about it. And I think it is a shame, for as Klaus, and Win, and Jean, and Pierre prove, they

are the same kind of fans we are. And it's no good to have two inter-stellar minded groups grow apart from each other, merely for lack of information and exchange of news. It might result in such stupid things as two World Conventions, etc., with resulting split loyalties. I hope very much, that more such reports will be used. (To people like Forry and Warner, it must be like reliving the past. Much of this report sounds like something that could have happened about the time of the first NYCon.)...

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, Calif.

##How about it, Klaus, Wim, Pierre...any of you feel an article in you bursting to be written? SHAGGY will provide a home...##

Dear Shaggy One(s).

Yet another excellent SHAGGY has come my way - the 43rd to be precise - and all I think I'll say this time is that why SHOULDN'T it become a Focal Point? So what if it tries deliberately to be Los Angeles slanted? Whenever I read SHAGGY, I am a member of the LASFS. I participate in its parties, I attend its meetings (via the Jest a Minute column, which is if anything even better than another similar column running in a rival Focal Pointzine.) I meet the individual entities that comprise the LASFS face to face via the Profiles column. I watch Bjo doodle on every available blank surface. Friends from Berkeley keep dropping in, too, to keep things on the boil.

Dunno how you're going to wangle any club subs out of me, however.

Merc as ever,
Archie Mercer
434/4 Newark Rd.
North Hykeham,
Lincoln, Eng.

##Shucks, Arch, we aren't trying to wangle any subs out of you--you're our overseas agent. You collect the subs for us. Our object is to present the activities of the LASFS in a way enjoyable to all our readers. But simply because it is deliberately club-centered rather than national or fandom-centered, we cannot fulfill the function of a national or international focal point. We try to



45 represent an interest -- one of many. It would take an unfettered free agent with a national viewpoint, such as CRY or FANAC or VCID and FANAC, like SHAGGY, is fulfilling a single function. But, enough of that; we're glad you like our efforts. Now, let's move on to the letters about #44, not because we don't have more, but let's catch up to just two issues behind.##

Dear Al,

...A vast wealth of material in this as every issue - I read much of it on the underground the other Saturday and have just finished it. Many little points come to mind - most of which I forget but I was very interested in Ron Bennett's letter on Bill Harry which I actually quoted to Bill in a letter because I think it's one of the nicest testimonials any fan artist could ever wish to have. Bill has indeed gaffed but he still does artwork - but says he's lost interest in fanzines that only tell of Rich Eney and Boyd Raeburn and other people he couldn't care 2d about - and things have changed. That only leaves about three decent artists in the whole of British fandom. Heaven knows what editors will do...

Dodderingly,

Alan Dodd

77 Stanstead Rd.

Hoddesdon, Herts, England

##Here in LASFS we've got the opposite problem. We're crazy with prolific artists but have a bit of trouble getting members to contribute material. We might be able to arrange a swap. Say we send you George W. Fields and you send us Berry or Bennett? No?##

Dear Al,

Thanks for SHAGGYs 43 and 44. I liked them a hell of a lot and SHAGGY is certainly one of very special favourite 'zines. Everyone connected with it seems so nice. It's a happy sort of thing you've got going there....If those photos in the middle of issue 44 don't swing all the as yet uncommitted TAFF votes Bjo's way then fans aren't the red-blooded types I thought they were. Any chance of borrowing the film to show to the Wellington Circle?

Regards,

Mervyn Barrett

6 Doctors Commons

Wellington C4, New Zealand

##At the moment, the Genie is in England with the Dietzes. Just as soon as it gets back we will clean it up into final form and have a print or two made. The print will then be available for loan to interested parties, especially clubs such as your group, Seattle, Philadelphia, etc. Give us a couple of months, though.##



Dear Al,

...A very handsome cover this and a beautiful drawing too. Your editorial describing the folks working on Shaggy made me envious. I don't really mind cranking a duper handle - no Gestetner me! - but I sure would like some fannish company whilst doing so... Len's treatise on fans various musical tastes I find interesting - but it always puzzles me why music gets so much treatment in the fanzines, compared to the other arts - painting, acting, dancing etc. Discussions on these are practically nil, and when I tried to get a discussion going on acting had very little response... (to Bjo) I was at the London Symposium last Sat, where thanks to Belle and Frank Dietz we were able to enjoy a showing of the Genie. We all thought it was just wonderful, and the acting was splendid. When you came onto the screen and started to dance..my!..you should have heard the shouts of Bjo for Taff! A count then and there and you would have waltzed home with the prize!...

Ethel Lindsay

Courage House, 6 Langley Ave.
Surbiton, Surrey, England

##Might it be that the fannish interest in music is do to the availability of records, and the possiblity of each making his own collection? You can't collect actor's performances, or dances, and most art reproductions are in books. Then, too, nearly everybody gets exposed at least to piano in their youth, but what percentage of people learn even passably to draw, to act, or to dance theatrically?##

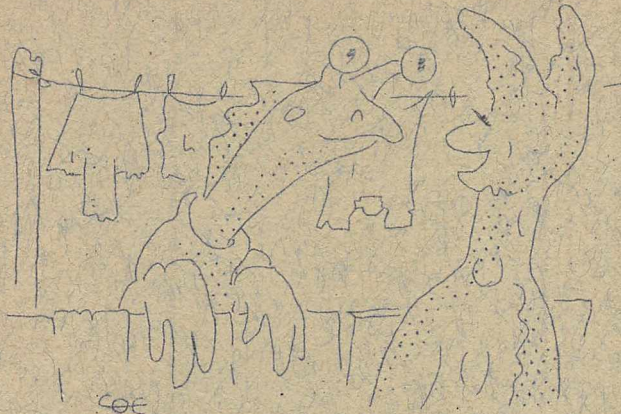
Dear Al:

...I would have enjoyed Len's article on fans and music even if he hadn't said those untrue things about me. The article might have gone on to mention that quite a few fans of today and the past have actually made a living from music, more than the law of averages would normally permit, I believe. Three people in FLPA, at least, fall into that category--Fred Smith, Curt Janke, and Norm Clarke, and Marion Bradley makes some pin money by giving vocal lessons. There have also been people in fandom who have been fairly important individuals in the musical world in other ways, like Jim Blish, who was active in the Richard Strauss Society for a while, and Earle Barr Hanson, who had some kind of major office in the AFM in Miami.

Marijane's article was a delight. It makes me less patient than ever with people who spend their time being cynics or suffering from weltschmerz when there's nothing wrong with them that a little perseverance or a thicker skin wouldn't correct.

Maybe it's hard for you people around Los Angeles to see the Laney situation as we who have never been near the place visualize it. Here is a man who writes the most devastating attack in the history of fandom, a dozen years or so ago. Nobody files libel suits against him, no systematic refutation is published. With his death, we're told that things in Los Angeles weren't as Laney claimed they were, after all. The circumstantial evidence is there, and that's all we have to go on. Actually, it's hard to believe that certain things in Los Angeles fandom have changed. You don't know how unintentionally appropos was the effect of the line in your editorial, "It was hoped that an Evans Memorial

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Volume would be ready in time for this convention, but that project is being handled by Walt Daugherty." To an outsider, that is approximately equivalent to the statement that my ship wouldn't have gone ashore if I'd known that the tide would eventually recede.....

Yrs, &c.,

Harry Warner Jr.

423 Summit Ave.

Ragerstown, Md.

'Fraid I was needling Walt a bit, there. The remarks about Laney

were occasioned by THE STORMY PETREL and included in the review of that publication. I said what I felt was needful, while trying to avoid reviving that old feud. Laney did permanent harm to the LASFS by creating an image of the club that ten years later can cause a couple of kids to come to a LASFS meeting for the first time with so many preconceptions that despite a complete changeover in personnel, still see things in the old Laney image. Result, LIGHTHOUSE #1. Next issue of SHAGGY we will be celebrating the club's 25th anniversary, and we have a number of articles dealing with the past history of the club promised. Two of them will deal with the insurgent movement. Allright, Charles Burbee and Dale Hart, you've promised the articles and I'm putting you on the spot! Deadline is November 15.....##

Dear hearts:

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 45 has arrived, with a grim note on the cover: "This is your last issue, why don't you WRITE?" So, I'll write.....the zine comes, always, as a pleasant surprise, so don't for godsake, stop sending it.....play your cards right, send Faine over instantly, and I'll even do you a story.....

Had intended to write, as a matter of fact, after the first issue got here (months ago), but things kept coming up. And that last statement may be interpreted as you wish. Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Stretch in Mexico, digging up wonderful old ceramic pieces, and just - digging. Oaxaca, where I flipped buying woven skirts at Ramona's on the Zocalo, and where there was this delightful sloc-eyed girl who believes to this day that Apostolides is really an old Zapotec name and.....

.....and Taxco, one of the most beautiful places on earth, with Margarita who lives there and helps make it so.....

And Mexico City, where three days spent in the Museo Nacional sent me away convinced of the fact of Atlantis.....and, of course, Guadalajara, with fantastic Orozco murals and Ramona Guzman, and where operations will be conducted next year, with luck.....

And then back to L.A., where, seemingly nothing much had changed. Smog and smoke fire from the hills - and then (don't ever let anyone tell you that freelancing isn't hard work), setting up publications "efforts" for various warmongering outfits around town, interlarded with flying trips to San Francisco, trying to establish a writing set up that will allow a week spent in the City and a week down here on an alternating basis, giving the lie to the old saw of

"you can't have your cake and eat it too".....only trouble was that first Citywide flight made me miss Djinn's birthday party, so there went the icing off the cake, and one had to make do with crumbs..... 49

All of which may serve to explain, a little, why I haven't dropped you a line before this to let you know how much Shangri-etc is appreciated.

All right?

Alex Apostolides

P.S. I notice mention in #45 of one Kris Neville. Who is Kris Neville? And why doesn't he phone?
##Maybe he's mad at you?##

Dear Al:

I have been reading in the latest SHAGGY, (Big Brother is watching you!) and found Marion Bradley's letter to Bob Bloch. Marion's point is well-taken...and self-destructive. The beautiful, denatured 17th Century tales which make such fine fare for Walt Disney pastelization are the graceful detritus of a meaningful and emotion-charged original construction. It is the original construct, and the burden of its statement, that have survived into the attenuated form that is popular today. The egg came before the trachitic chicken, and it remains very much a moot point whether the form we have known for some three centuries could have exhibited the vitality of the forbear that endured from the Seventh century BC. The former is the waning echo of the latter; is there anyone ready to assert that we could have begun with the shadow and evolved toward the substance?

I'm sorry, but clearly, there must be a constant supply of baldly-stated truths, if only to provide the base on which the gentle romantics can, under the sufferance of a randomly merciful but hostile universe, for a time erect their towers of spun sugar.

A.J. Budrys

631 Second Ave.

Long Branch, New Jersey

##The disagreement seems to me to be over the definition of fairy tale. Bloch, for his purposes, was stressing the less realistic behavior of human beings that one finds in the children's fairy tale, Marion Bradley the vital elements underlying them. Both have valid points, I believe.##

Dear Shaggy,

That ought to be safe enough for an opening. Sure, I know a redhead with freckles probably opens and reads all Shaggymail, but I'll be devoured by grulzaks before I start a letter with anything so intimate as "Dear Bjo." What would fans think? Why I still haven't lived down the time when, in a sudden fit of emotion, I addressed Mrs. Daniel Weber as "Mother."

The business at hand seems to be commenting on the fifteen copies of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #45 which I have here beside me. Ordinarily I wouldn't have so many copies, but I noticed they weren't selling very well at the convention and the table wasn't being watched as closely as it might have been, so I picked up a few extras.

The contents page lists Al Lewis as editor, but it doesn't

50 appear to do him any good. He doesn't get a bit of space in the publication for editorializing. I can imagine how a publishing session of SHAGGY goes for Editor Al Lewis.

AL: "Sorry I'm late, but I had trouble working out the editorial. Here are the stencils for it; it will take up pages 3 and 4."

Ernie: "Page 3 is already run. You'll have to put it somewhere else."

AL: "Bjo, what pages are free for my editorial?"

Bjo: "Editorial? Who told you to write an editorial?"

AL: "Well, after all, I'm supposed to be the..."

John: "Bjo is taking care of the editorial. Stop bothering her and get to work."

AL: "Well, O.K. then. Has anyone stencilled the Len Moffatt profile yet? We can run his this issue and save Sneary's for next issue."

Steve: "They're both going in this issue."

AL: "But..."

Ernie: "They both have been partly run off already. It's too late to change it."

Ron: "Incidentally, we won't be able to use the lettercol you stencilled. Weber's con report ran too long."

AL: "Too long? You aren't using all of it are you? He only had about 500 useable words in that whole 18 page manuscript."

Ron: "It was too much to edit all that crud so I stencilled the whole thing. Besides, this way we should be able to sell him at least 15 copies."

AL: "Well, I guess the issue is all figured out, then. By the way, who am I supposed to give these bills for paper, stencils, and ink to?"

Bjo, Ernie, John, Steve and Ron in chorus: "YOU'RE the editor; go out and PAY them!"

..."Off the Cuff," was by far and away the most enjoyable reading in the whole issue. I particularly liked Ray's attitude toward slanting stories for a particular market. I think, though, that he should have kept in mind that his method of selling stories to their least appropriate markets can work only for a writer of the caliber of Ray Bradbury. No average wrtier is going to make Madamoiselle revamp a policy for one issue just so it can print a particular story. Ray is giving advice on how to write, not on how to sell. My theory is that anyone can, by training himself (and slanting, deliberately), sell stories, but it takes something special to be able to write truthfully and still be able to sell...

It remains my firm belief that my con report was about four times too long, but I love you people all the more for printing it in full. I was really thrilled to see such a large chunk of SHAGGY handed over to me like that.

The Primer for Revolutionists was much fun.

The issue was a pleasure. Though it drive you mad, stick with the use of color and many illustrations, for it helps prevent the eye from growing weary from pages on pages of text. Without any improvement other than adding a fat letter column every issue you should have no trouble picking ip the Hugo next year.

gush,

Wally Weber
Box 267, 920 Third Ave.
Seattle 4, Wash.

I'd like to thank all those who sent letters which we didn't have space to print; don't be disheartened; the next SHAGGY is scheduled out in about three weeks. I said scheduled. We've never gotten an issue out on time yet, including this one. So, thanks to Art Hayes, Jock Root, Len Moffatt, Norman Metcalf, Dean Grennell, Bob Leman, Bob Leonard, George Locke, Maggie Curtis, Belle Dietz, Ivor Darreg, Dottie Faulkner, Lars Bourne, Mike Deckinger, Bob Lambeck, Dick Schultz, Felice Rolfe, Liz Wilson, (how the hell am I supposed to cash a check made out to SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, Liz?), Norman Wansborough, Art Wilson, Gerry de la Ree, George Metzger, and Ted Pauls. And if you haven't written, why don't you. Warning: next issue is going to be a super-thick one, and it costs money to mail out. So, like, we're pruning our mailing list. Get with it and write.

NoW I have some bills to pay.

--Al Lewis

ROASTING CHESTNUTS (cont'd)

(FU, 11/590 John Brunner's "City of the Tiger" introduces a theme which is both good, and new - at least to me. Dealing mainly with a battle of Mogul wizards, and written with a fast-moving style and excellent continuity, this could well be the beginning of a very good series. A second one will appear next issue.

In the article section, Lester Del Rey discusses the dangers of atomic waste accumulations, Wenzell Brown reports on mutated - hermaphroditic and mosaic - insects: "The Ants of Ireland's Eye", and Dr. Leslie Shepard discusses "Physics of Space": temperature, meteors, and radiation hazards.

If there is one theme that's old and over-used, it's the one in which the Earthling Slave breaks free, joins the Freeman, and drives out the Alien Conquerors. Add one more story to the list using this theme: "The Gladiator", by Thomas Payne.

Daniel F. Galouye's "Minor Offense", illustrates the universality of symbolism, and has a sneak-punch ending.

"The Comanleigh", by Myrle Benedict, deals with the destruction of The Comanleigh, the storm hag, in a bit of Celtic myth that is new to me.

Eric Frank Russell chronicles the advent and life of Alfred, a pet hunting-spider, in "A Manny Legged Thing". This is better written than most of the stranger articles which FU has printed in its six years, even if an sf mag is a strange place for it.

And, speaking of strange articles in FU, I see by SFTtimes that Taurasi is griping about the articles on saucers and other occultisms appearing occasionally in the mag. It seems to me that we should let Santesson print what he can sell, for discouraging a pro-mag at the present time seems a bit stupid. And FU is going in heavily for fan-slanted material, which makes nit-picking akin to cutting off a nose to spite a face. TWO illustrated Detention reports are promised in the near future, and Belle Deitz's "Fan-notations" begins this issue. Belle begins by giving an introduction to our microcosm, and the smaller one of fanzines, and proceeds to review (not criticize) eight current fanzines. The necessity of slanting the reviews for the non-fan makes them a bit watered-down, but they'll probably improve, and any prozine review column is better than none.

--bruce e pelz.

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