



Shangri-L'Affaires 48

2 *Fallen Angelinos*

Beginning a column devoted to the wonders of an intricate and often unwittingly fannish city; El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles, and some of the fannish adventures occurring therein. Where Olvera Street is the only reminder of Old Mexico's occupation of the Village of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels; a one-block long street of cobble-stones and adobe buildings, small stands selling goodies from Mexico -- and the Old Mission across the Plaza where the animals are still blessed every Good Friday.

Sunset Boulevard -- blocked from the Pacific Ocean only by 101 Alternate, Pacific Coast Highway, it starts at the base of the unpredictable cliffs of Santa Monica, winding swiftly up canyons lined with precariously perched \$100,000 homes, toward Los Angeles. Zipping over the new San Diego Freeway (which will eventually reach that worthy city, some 119 miles away) and into Berverly Hills, Sunset Boulevard lives up to its name; widening into a broad thoroughfare of sedate beauty before plunging nbisily into The Strip.

Lined with Ferrari and Mercedes Benz dealers, night clubs, exclusive shops, coffee houses, and swank apartments that have a full, expensive view of LA's night lights in the valley below, Sunset Boulevard passes on. Here is Dino's, scene of TV'S "77 Sunset Strip", the Interlude--Mort Sahl's favorite spot in LA, The Handlebar of old-time jazz and beer schooner fame, The Unicorn where Three Penny Press -- the avante garde of the beatniks -- is published and espresso coffee is moodily served to dark-browed Angry Young Men by shaggy-haired Angry Young Women in leotards.

From the Strip, Sunset flows past star-finding Hollywood High and the myriad movie-founded businesses of recording, costuming, filming, props, and make-up that comprise The Make Believe City.

Then under the Hollywood Freeway and running parallel, Sunset becomes staid and residential. Growing seedy at times, then blossoming out with new apartments and clean, fresh gardens, the boulevard heads downtown. Past the theatre of Russian movies, Akrons'--the war surplus store that Made Good, the used furniture stores, the "antique" shops, the Super Markets, the beauty salons and health gyms --long stretches of small businesses, shopping centers and retaining walls to hold the hills back.

Sweeping past White Knoll Drive and the empty rise where once the Sisters of the Sacred Heart hospital stood -- birth-place of one William Rotsler -- Sunset passes over the Pasadena Freeway, touches one side of Olvera Street, to come to a final, tired stop at the main gate of Union Station; having travelled almost two-thirds the width of the city of Los Angeles.

Consider the setting, and the stage; here is but a detail of the whole scene, to impart a bit of the flavor of the city. For while the actors -- LASFSians, visiting fans, Mountain Movers and other interesting folk -- will be constantly changing in this shadow-box, the stage will remain the same; Los Angeles, city of Angels -- and a few fallen Angelinos.

-----Bjo-----



SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

NUMBER 48

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JANUARY, 1960

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Copies of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES are 20¢ each; six for \$1.00, OR trade for fmz, artwork, material, or letters; one letter of comment per issue very definetly required to remain on the mailing list.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Copies of the Christmas Issue & Art Supplement are available for 50¢, mailed in envelope.



SHAGGY STAFF:

Editor.....John Trimble
 Ass't Editor.....Bruce Pelz
 Art Editor.....Bjo
 GAMMA Operator....Ernie Wheatley
 Artwork.....Bjo, Metzger,
 Rotsler, Ferguson.
 Stencils cut by...Don Franson,
 Pelz, Trimble.
 Gestetnering.....Ernie Wheatley
 Collating.....Bjo, Pelz, Trim-
 ble, Wheatley.
 Kibitzing.....Billern.
 Disruptive (but not
 too) Influence....Bruce Henstell
 Happy Birthday....1960, January 1
 Ingrid Fritsch,
 Jan 12th
 Anna Moffatt,
 Jan 17th
 Bon Voyage.....Ellie Turner
 Happy Anniversary.LASFS, in 2nd
 year at Zeke's,
 Jan 14th
 Happy Last Gestetner Payment.....
 210604 (odometer
 reading before
 this issue).

AN EDITORIAL, of sorts,
by John Trimble

Change is the essence of life. The old giving way to the new, the tired retiring before the fresh. Six and eight-lane freeways bypass older highways, and change lives and fortunes. Old buildings come down to make way for modern apartments and hotels, and even the slums move and change. Infants are born, and oldsters pass on. The years come and go, and the

world is always fluid.

So it is in fandom, too. Groups of fans form, are active, and then dissolve. Some of the group remain, and some pass beyond fannish ken. A fanzine takes form, and becomes popular, and builds to a peak. Then, its editor tiring of it, or of fandom, it folds to be replaced by another. Interests change, and things are seen in a different perspective than before.

SHAGGY, too, feels this change. Al Lewis, who has edited six or more enjoyable issues of S-L'A has grown tired, and his interests have shifted. Unicorn Productions asks more of his time, as does his teaching.

So now John Trimble is editing SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. And, as change is life elsewhere, so will changes come to SHAGGY. Al and I are two very different types of personalities, with distinct likes and dislikes, and diverse fannish interests. And this, as time goes by, will make itself felt in SHAGGY.

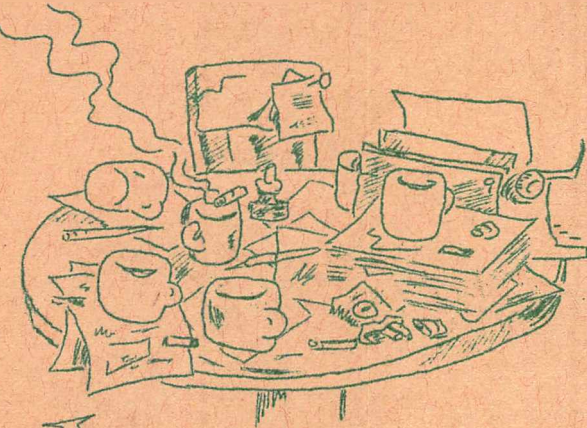
My interests are mostly centered around fanzines and what they represent in fandom. I'm a member of FAPA; and feel at home there. SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is my first full-scale attempt at producing a general-circulation fanzine, and I'm as curious as you to see how it turns out.

-ooo-

Speaking of changes; this issue contains the last of Ted Johnstone's "Jest a Minute" columns. LASFS recently held an election wherein an active fan slate of officers were elected. Ted Johnstone was elected Director of the club, and Jack Harness replaced him in the secretarial position. After long years of faithful service, we rewarded Barney Bernard -- freeing him to enjoy being just a member for a while -- by electing Rick Sneary Treasurer. Ernie Wheatley and I were elected Senior and Junior Committeemen, respectively.

Jack is very capable of producing entertaining material, as witness the convention report we've been running, so the change in minutes columns should be from one type of humor to another.

There isn't a lettercol in this issue, because we'd like to keep the size of the thing down to manageable proportions, and still get the con report finished up



The
SHAGGY

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

this. From the looks of the stack of letters on hand now, though, we'll have a dilly of a letter column in S-L'A#49. "Roasting Chestnuts", missing this time, will be renamed "The Golden Journey", and should be appearing fairly regularly from forty-nine on. NOTE: We're in the market for good book, magazine, and film/radio/teevee reviews and critiques, people, so why not give ol' SHAGGY a try?

The new column, "Fallen Angelenos", opposite the contents will feature LASFS affairs, as well as some general foo-frah around old Ellay. You can look for it regularly.

The Fibretint paper upon which this issue is being run off isn't exactly what we had in mind for the zine. We'd intended to go down to good old Self-Help Paper Co., pick up eight or so reams of Cooper's Cave Mimeo-Bond (20% White), and take it from there. And they had one lonely little ream of the stuff left.

"But...but," I sputtered.

"We're all out of it, and they haven't re-ordered," the nice Japanese fellow by the cash register said.

I recounted the money we could afford for paper, and resigned myself. "I'll take the Fibretint," I said.

Grinning with satisfaction, he took my money. Sigh.

And about here, I'm going to stop my yammerings and let Bjo get in a few words about TAFF.

-oOo-

--jgt.

WESTERN UNION -- Don Ford: Very sincere congratulations. Say "hi" to Anglofen for Shaggy and I. Bon Voyage. Sigh. Bjo

And so, in a flurry of bad English, a year-long campaign ends; leaving two breathless and one triumphant candidate/s wondering how they ever got into this mess. An interesting year, full of plans, strategy, writing and publishing; fraught with oft over-enthusiastic supporters and heated discussion on the merits of the whole business.

Sympathy has been tactfully submitted, so far. Even Les Gerber's silver embossed "To express sincere and heartfelt sympathy in your loss" card was for laughs, and greatly appreciated. Actually, no consolation was necessary for a week or more after Skyrack ~~****~~ got here. My first reaction was one of complete relief that the year's tensions were over, and it wasn't for several days that I started thinking about all the fans and fun I was going to miss.

But c'est la cotton-pickin' vie, as they say. Don Ford is a fine TAFF candidate--and winner, who will do U.S. fandom and the U.S. very proud. He will most certainly be a good TAFF administrator, making sure that the policies are handled in the best interests of all.

It has been said, and fairly, that Don Ford by merit of his work on TAFF and related activities deserved to win much more than did any fan who comparatively recently came on the scene with a big splash of publicity or a flurry of hyperactivity. I agree; yet still believe that TAFF can and should be much more explicit in its statements and rulings on this and other matters. It is up to fandom; you and I are the only ones who can ever make sure of this--that TAFF formulates into the beneficial ideal that fandom wants and needs. Voice your opinions loud and clear--and keep on supporting TAFF!

Here I would like to tender my gratitude to the fans who so ardently supported me in the 1959 TAFF campaign. I will never be able to express my true feelings about your show of confidence.

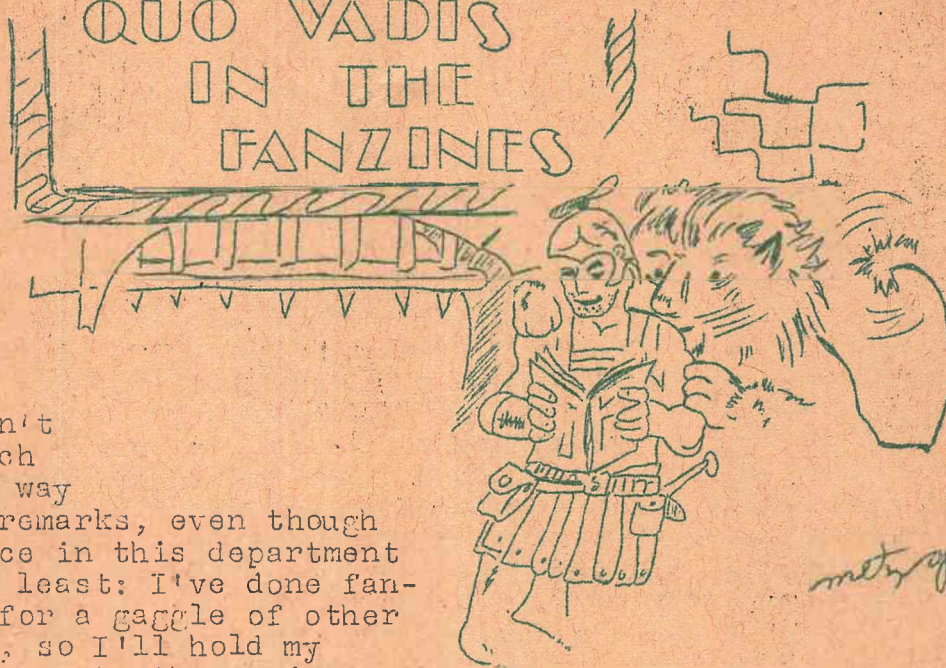
----Bjo----

DEADLINE for next issue of Shangri-L'Affaires; 20 February, 1960

by

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QUO VADIS IN THE FANZINES



There doesn't seem to be much to say in the way of prefatory remarks, even though I am a new face in this department (for S-L'A: at least: I've done fanzine reviews for a gaggle of other zines before), so I'll hold my tongue and get on to the reviews.

AMRA v2/#3: Box 682, Stanford, Calif. - 20¢ per, 5/¢1 - Irregular but frequent - 20pp - Lithoed.

Artwise, this is one of the best zines in fandom, what with such fine artists as Gilbert, Barr, JWC, and Cawthorn represented prolifically in its pages. If for no other reason than appreciation of fine artwork, you should consider AMRA a must.

However, for the person interested in the Conan saga and other hero-stories, the written material is also of keen interest. Herein there be two poems by Fritz Leiber and two more by Robert E. Howard, all of which are quite well-written, several pages of well-chosen words on the subject "Conan and Togetherness" by Sprague de Camp, a humorous-serious story by W H Griffey speculating on Conan's sons, and various other odds and ends by the editors and readers. If you're interested in the Conan stories (or Conan-type), or just in good artwork, you won't want to miss AMRA.

CACTUS #2: Sture Sedolin, POBox 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden - 10/¢1 in US - Irregular - 27pp - mimeo/offset.

This issue sports a photo-offset cover with pictures of Bjo, Miri Carr, and Sylvia White. Worth getting for that alone. Sedolin apologizes in his editorial that he can't make Cactus monthly; Alan Burns writes interestingly but unexcitingly on Fans He Has Met; Ray Nelson contributes two pages of Beanie Brigade cartoons which are quite good, and in addition to the cartoons of his scattered throughout the issue. Clayton Hamlin has an article entitled "Everybody Knows That", wherein he presents various well-known scientific and historical facts. Since, indeed, everyone does know it, so the article was a little flat. Terry Jeeves' Lensman parody is quite readable, and I am represented with some dated (tho not when I wrote them) Fanzine Reviews. There's a nice long rather international letter column which, while mostly confined to comments on #1, is quite interesting. The bacover is a striking femme by Bo Stenfors, done in a process rather resembling the hekto-mimeo work on SPACE ARBS of yore, but with a great difference. I'd be pleased to learn how those pastel colors (pink, blue, lavender, green, yellow, ~~grey~~) were accomplished.

The contributions from English-speaking fen suffer a bit from being

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typographed in too many places, but I'm too pleased to see an English-language zine coming from Stockholm to gripe. Give it a try.

CAMBER #11: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England - 15¢ or 1/- per - Irregular - 40pp - Mimeod.

Operating on what seems to be a yearly schedule, Dodd still turns out an interesting if not superlative fanzine. The artwork here is also top-notch, with such as Cawthorn, Bill Harry, Eddie Jones, and Terry Jeeves helping out. Production is truly fine, too, with heavy yellow cardboard covers, a taped spine, and impeccable mimeowork throughout.

Most of this issue is by Dodd, who rambles interestingly and at length on a plethora of subjects, ranging from the current British controversy over a film on the life of Werner von Braun to his trip to Spain and Morocco this past summer. There's also an interesting article on the stf treasures to be found at reasonable prices in many a New York bookshop, written by Mike Deckinger, as well as an entertaining--if too short--lettercol. The overall result is one of a somewhat tight informality--which isn't bad at all. A lot of interesting reading here....

CRY #134: Busbixii, Weber, Toskey, etc., Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington - 25¢ or 1/9d per, 5/¢1 (7/-), 12/¢2 (14/-) - Monthly - 53pp - Mimeod. (John Berry UK Agent, address elsewhere.)

Either on purpose or by oversight, the "of the Nameless" is missing from CRY's nomer this month; nowhere in the issue is anything but just plain CRY mentioned. End of an Era? Wait till next issue, I guess, and see.

Getting down to business: this CRY sports a hilarious, though not particularly artistic, cover by Don Franson depicting "The Stealing of the Cry" (ref. GEMZINE 4/24). Inside, the better part of the issue is occupied by John Berry's fine "The Goon Goes West", which, in this 34-page installment, takes us up to the point of John's stepping into the Detention hotel.

FMBusby takes over for a couple of pages of editorial, in which he jumps interestingly from subject to subject. Giving Buz a few pages for editorializing was a good idea; there wasn't enough room for him to say everything on ol' Page Three. Wally Weber has his ever-humorous Minutes of the Nameless, and then conducts the usual Cry of the Readers, somewhat foreshortened this time, but still amongst the better lettercols in fandom. Terry Carr finishes out this larger-than-usual issue with a middling funny instalment of his "Fandom Harvest" column. Don't miss CRY!

FEMIZINE #12: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, England - No price listed - Irregular - 24pp - Mimeo.

Nicely Gestetnered on the Inchmery machine, this issue leads off with a pleasant cover by Joy Clarke, who is improving her artistic techniques with every try. Other illos this time are by Bjo, Lynette Vondruska, and Ethel herself.

Material is nicely varied with editorializing by Ethel, who also does short interductions of Ann Chamberlain and Lynette V., a short anecdotal item by Ann Chamberlain, a humorous bit of nonsense by Joy Clarke and Ella Parker, a Berry Factual Article by the Other Berry (Diane, John's wife, who writes quite well, and very humorously), some

opinionated fmz reviews by Jpy Clarke, and introduction of Djinn Faine by Bjo, Pam Bulmer's Wigwam column, and a nicely edited letter column. I didn't see any of the Joan Carr - or Pam Bulmer - edited issues of FEZ, but this seems to be shaping up well.

HYPHEN #23: Walt Willis, 27 Clonlee Dr., Belfast 4, Nireland. - No price listed but try 15¢ or 1/- for a sample copy - Irregular - 24pp - Mimeoed.

Incorporating the second issue of the Bob Shaw Appreciation Magazine (when was the first?), most of the material is by BoSh, who writes entertainingly on a number of interesting subjects. Vinç Clarke is also present with his entertaining Grunch column, Walt has some humorous ramblings, which lead into a short lettercol, and there is the ever-present Eavesdroppings (all but one of which are quips by BoSh). Phooey on those who say that "-" has slipped down to the level of a merely excellent fanzine. This issue, while it could have been bigger and more diverse, is quite up there with the best of past issues.

JD-ARGASSY #51: Lynn Hickman, Box 184, Napoleon, Ohio. 10¢ per (20¢ when over 30 pages), irregular but frequent, 26 pages, litho.

Lynn is experimenting with colored illustrations amidst crisp black lithoed text. It seems to be working pretty well; the next step is, as I suggested via letter, to attempt multicolored illos, aka the ditto process.

Besides Lynn's usual ramblings (aided this time by Jim Harmon), Chapter 9 of Bob Madle's Loncon Report (interesting but dated) and a Fandom Confidential by Jim Harmon (this time on 4Sj) make up the brunt of the issue. Some book reviews by Vic Ryan and a few letters fill it out. A nice, if unobtrusive (but then Lynn isn't trying to be obtrusive) fanzine, one of the best from the middle-West (rhyme unintentional).

NOMAD #1: George Jennings, 11121 Tascosa Drive, Dallas 28, Texas. No price listed, three-weekly, 16 pages, mimeo.

A most unusual format: green ink on green paper. Not as hard to read as it sounds. Consists mainly of ramblings by the editor, a moderately humorous article by Bill Donaho, a short item by Bhob Stewart and an interesting lettercol. If Jennings can keep up this pace, this could develop into a (stand back and shudder) Focal Point. Which reminds me, whatever became of VOID, The Fannish Focal Point Monthly?

RETRIBUTION #14: John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland. 15¢ or 1/ the issue, irregular, 28 pages, mimeo.

Retribution Has Not Folded! as this issue so ably demonstrated. Berry has some fine serious editorializing, backed up by a reprint of Poul Anderson's Detention speech, a Goon-type story by Berry, some Detention impressions by Bloch, and another installment of the "Who'd Be A Goon?" series of quizzes. Not too heavily GDA-slanted, this issue, but next time promises to be moreso. Worth getting, regardless.

SMOKE #2: George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London S.W. 1, England. 15¢ or 1/- per, irregular, 51pp,

The first five of these parodies were run in CRY OF THE NAMELESS, where they proved very popular. CRY has since cut back contributions in order to publish John Berry's "The Goon Goes West", and so we have persuaded Ed Cox to let us publish this and future installments of "StForever". CRY's loss is our gain, I say, and hope that you get as much enjoyment from them as both we and the CRY readers have.

SCIENCE FICTION FOREVER

PART TH' VTH

by Ed Cox

In this day and age of the Psi, there are untold numbers of stories from short to novel running the gamut from when the hero can just tumble a shotglass off the table to when he accidentally creates a whole Universe by the flick of his mind. Well, this isn't going to be one of those. Instead, it is about a strange famby, sort of the predecessor to the psi. So, in all its pristine glory, we give you (and you can have it!):

ENTER THE PROFESSOR

Professor Bruce Lichtman toiled up the steep hillside in the hot summer sun. He'd had to abandon his car further back where the road ended. Now the trail had ended and all traces of humanity were gone. He stumbled on something in the grass. It was a brown jug.

"Ah!" he thought, "a trace of humanity!"

He was about to continue when a voice stopped him.

"Halt right thar! This is far enough mister!" He looked around but could see nobody. He stopped, his gangling frame bent in an attitude of hesitation. Also, his corns hurt.

"Whar yew goin' to mister?" The voice seemed to be right at his elbow and he could discern nothing behind the nearer rocks and bushes.

"I'm trying to locate a family up here," he faltered. "Uh, where are you?"

He heard a thud and a thrashing in some bushes. "Right here, mister," and he saw an equally gangling young man extricate himself from some bushes.

"What happened?" he asked, amazed. Nobody had been there a second ago.

"Missed, damn it...I mean, I stumbled in them bushes!" He came to the professor and said, "What you want with this famby?" The voice was again at his elbow.

"They're reputed to have the most extraordinary abilities," replied the professor. "I thought I might locate them and write a paper after sufficient investigation. Are you one of them?"

"Yep I am, and I'm here to tell you that you'd just better go on back down the valley." He spit into the grass.

"Well! I must say that you aren't very hospitable after I trudged all the way up here in the hot sun all afternoon!" The mountaineer froze. "What's your name?"

"Mah name's Sonk Pigpen and nobody can't say we Pigpens ever fell down on our hospitality! C'mon! But you'll be sorry!" And he struck off into the bushes. As the professor attempted to follow, Sonk rebounded and looked puzzled.

"What's the matter?" queried the Prof. "And where's the damn trail?"

"Dunno," muttered Sonk. "Don't hardly never come thisaway t'tell th'truth!" They plunged on and after leaving various bits of clothing and skin in the bushes, broke through and found a cabin perched precariously on a parched piece of hillside. "This here is it," said Sonk. "Come meet the fambly."

They entered and Sonk introduced the professor, who was slightly wary of the inhabitants of the place. The old man, introduced as Uncle Feenier, did nothing but cackle and glower darkly from under great white bushy eyebrows. He looked like a scare-crow and his hand was icy cold. Sonk's mother wore an old, old bonnet and from it protruded only a pipe and a bit of nose. Her eyes glinted in the shadow and her hand gripped his in a hot, dry, claw-like grasp. He mumbled something to her and then saw Sonk's father. He was immense and looked at Bruce as if he were the evening meal...still on the hoof. He boomed something. The professor noticed that the uncle closed a door to another room so that whatever was in there was hidden.

"Care for anything to drink?" he was asked.

"Why, yes; was a bit parching on the way up here." He looked at Sonk.

"C'mon out, we got nothing in here. Have to go out to where it's stored cool." He followed Sonk out.

"Gotta go down the hill a ways." They went below the cabin and as they passed it, Bruce almost stumbled. Nothing in sight supported the cabin from tumbling down the hillside. It stuck out with no basement or supports!

"Sonk! Sonk! Look, why doesn't it fall?"

"No t'won't," replied Sonk absently. "Th' Baby holds it up, sort of for exercise and so we'll behave." He stumbled on down the hill till he came to a small door to what had been a cave.

"The Baby? I didn't see a baby and how does it do it?" They went into a dimly lit room scooped out of the hillside. "Is there more to your family?"

"Oh yes. The Baby's in the tank. Careful! 'cause he c'n hear you and might want to explor your head. Not pleasant." They came to an old ice-box. "Keep it in here 'cause them last revenooers was troublesome and we don't want trouble like that again!" He reached in and took out a frosted jug.

"How do you keep it cold?" He accepted the jug and sloppily took a swig. Through the blaze of fire that resulted, he heard Sonk explain. "I put this dingus up here. Look!" He opened the top, and Bruce saw no ice; instead, there were some round cans and a shiny object that revolved. "This here dingus just takes these little things...well, they're lots of little things revolving around one little thing with lots of nothin' in between. And the little thing in the middle has lots of littler things in it that...well, this takes that nothin' and wiggles them around....you follow me?"

"I guess..." replied the befuddled Bruce.

"Wal this dojigger takes them space and move 'em from one place to t'other in the middle of them things and that's what makes it cold.

Just a little bit at a time though, 'cause once when I first thought it, it was too much. Froze the jugs solid and near took a chunk out of the hillside."

"I can see where we have a lot to talk about!" enthused the professor. They left the cave. "You've got to tell me more. And what do the rest of them do?"

A dark shape flapped through the air in the growing dusk.

"What was that?"

"That was Sissie comin' home; she's m'sister and don't stay around much til dusk comes." They went toward the cabin. "But I've already shown you too much. Grampa won't like it and the Baby's already told him. I heard 'im!"

"What? What?" faltered Bruce.

"Yep, the Baby told him and he's mad! I'll probably catch it!" They entered the cabin. Bruce saw a slim, dark-haired, pale-faced girl standing by the window.

"Maw! Look, they're back!" She smiled at Bruce, her pale face accenting her great dark eyes. "Maw, c'n I have him?" Bruce reddened.

"Sissie, you shet up!" Maw snapped. "And t'ain't what you think, young man!"

"Wh-what did she mean then?" gasped Bruce. He felt them all peering into him and others around that he couldn't see.

"Sonk did a foolish thing, letting pride...family pride, which I admit is a matter of importance with us Piggens...interfere with discretion." said Sonk's father. "We can't possibly let you go back now!"

At that Uncle Feenier gave a great cackling cry and clattered over to and out the window. His cackling receded with a sound of frantic flapping. Bruce paled, but ran to the window in time to see something bat-like disappear over the trees. He turned. Sissie stood next to him, her eyes inches from his face.

"Ummm," she purred, and smiled at him.

"Sissie!" snapped Maw. "Leave him be! Gonna be bad enough for him as it is." Bruce felt suddenly that he'd made a grave error coming up here alone. He hadn't meant to cause all this trouble within the family.

Sonk came back from the window. "Looks like Unk won't be back for a while. Done got him all excited."

"Well, who's going to do it?" asked Sissie. "I asked first."

"I found him first," snarled Sonk. "Ought to let me."

"But you were lookout today anyway. I--"

"Wait!" bellowed Bruce, cutting off Sissie. "Don't I get any say in this?"

"Nope, you done committed yourself when you came up here," replied Sonk. "Too late now."

He started for Bruce.

"Wait!" commanded Bruce. "Maybe I just don't want to participate!"

"Let me," whined Sissie. "It could be fun..." She smiled at Bruce.

"No doubt," he husked. "Fun but final!"

Sonk started toward him, an odd look in his eyes. "Hate to do this, mister, but we cain't afford no talk about us. Curtins for you!"

"Wait!" Bruce backed to the table. It bucked under him and

he nearly fell. He hurled it away and back to the wall.

"Let's be sensible. After all, I might fight back."

"Haven't a chance, mister," said Maw, matter-of-factly. "Not against us."

"Heh, mister," chuckled Sonk. "Seein' how we don't use fists ... how?"

Bruce smiled. "Like this!" and pointed his finger.

"ZOTZ!"

##

Q.V. in the Fmz (cont'd)

SMOKE (cont'd) mimeoed.

After a spectacular first issue, SMOKE returns in excellent fashion. Attempting to make SMOKE dissimilar to APF, Locke uses yellow paper for the cover, while experimenting with two-colored mimeoing for the interior heads, with pleasing results.

Following Locke's entertaining editorial, Archie Mercer writes up the recent London Symposium, Harry Warner grotches about fannish pseudonyms, the first installment of a promising column by Vic Ryan, John Berry, Andy Young, Sid Birchby, Vin Clarke, Ella Parker, and others, plus a well-handled, if tightly layed-out, lettercol. There isn't room for detail, but most all the material is worth reading -- shaping SMOKE up into something to be on your must list.

YANDRO #82: Coulsons, Rte.#3, Wabash, Indiana - 5¢ orl/- per, 12/\$1.50, or 12/- - Monthly - 26pp - Mimeoed.

YANDRO keeps on rolling along; next issue should be the 7th Annish. Still varying the paper color, this issue goes all out, mixing green, yellow, and pink together.

Material includes the customary editorials (with Buck the more interesting this time), a pretty good column by Bob Tucker, a terrible Peghoothnik story, some fair fanfiction by Gary Deindorfer, Buck's interesting fanzine reviews, an Xmas poem by John Pesta, and a moderate-length lettercol in which many interesting things are always being discussed. About the average YANDRO, I'd say, with the Tucker item and the fmz reviews taking first places.

Also on the stack are such items as Mike Deckinger's ZENITH #1, a Sericon (as our English relatives are wont to say) zine containing some editorializing by Mike, a story, and some articles; nothing of deathless interest, but Mike could have done worse. A.J. Lewis' FANTASY ASPECTS #3 is present, the top item of which is a column by Art Rapp (because it indicates a return to actifandom for Art, after languishing in SAPS for lo these many years). There are some apazines which won't be reviewed in SHAGGY (fair notice), and a couple of FANACs (send in your FANAC Poll, now!), plus some other newsletters and such like. But there isn't any more room, either. Send fanzines for review to me at 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56. Trades for SHAGGY go to the White Knoll address, per usual, of course.

'Til next time, then....

--bob lichtman.
12/30/59

Test A Minute

With the end of another six-month upon us, we knew it was time to start thinking about elections for the first half of 1960. It was decided quite a while in advance that, since the last meeting of the year fell on New Year's Eve and the meeting before that fell on Christmas Eve, we should hold the Directorial nominations on the 10th and the elections on the 17th of December. "At last Berney declared nominations open for Director. Berney nominated Dick Geis, who declined; Jack nominated Ted, who accepted; Jerry Stier nominated Bob Lankau, who declined; Bob nominated Berney, who accepted; Bob nominated Milo, who accepted; Betty Knight nominated Zeke, who declined. Box score after ten minutes: six up, three down. Candidates running for the office of Directator of the LASFS for the spring term of 1960 are Berney Cook and Milo Mason, both nominated by Bob Lankau, and Ted Johnstone, nominated by Jack Harness. The nominations were closed just before somebody nominated Ron Ellick again."--1165th.

The next week was the 17th, and after assorted foofaraw, we got to the important business of the evening: electing our officers. "So we got to the elections. Berney called for additional nominations for director. Al Lewis was nominated but declined because he couldn't make every meeting. So the voting was begun. Jack Harness handed out the ballot slips and took them up again, then he and Berney counted them, with Zeke standing over them as a witness. Ted Johnstone won by a decisive margin, and even Al Lewis pulled one vote. This may be explained by the fact that he wasn't running. Nominations were called for the post of Secretary. Berney Cook and Jack Harness were nominated. Jack:14, Berney:12. Nominations were made for Treasurer, and a slight irregularity was noted. Our old faithful Barney was not running unopposed. Rick Sneary was nominated, and the final count put Rick into the office with a 2:1 ratio. For the first time in the memory of most of the members, Barney is not on the Executive Committee! History was written.

"By this time the joke about so-and-so being the candidate of the Machine was wearing a bit thin, and it was becoming increasingly obvious that it was not a joke. Al Lewis was wielding four proxy votes, and at least half a dozen other fans, possibly more, were casting their ballots for the pre-arranged, hand-picked candidate of the political power-pact. And as the last vote went through, in which Ernie Wheatly took 22 votes to become Senior Committeeman, John Trimble took 16 to become Junior Committeeman, and Berney Cook took 14 votes to take a well-earned rest in an advisory capacity to the new Directator (who will certainly need it), and it became painfully obvious that every post on the board had been filled by the Machine's choices, a slight row was begun. Bob Lankau objected specifically to the use of proxy votes without a previous announcement that they would be permitted. Al explained that there was nothing in the constitution against them, so it was decided they were perfectly all right, and Berney Cook had okayed them officially earlier in the meeting. He added, however, that as soon as the new administration took over, the constitution would be changed to prevent such a thing happening again. It was not that it was bad in itself, said Bob, but it could possibly be used to drive one particular power-mad member to the directorship. Most of the more active members of the club (most of whom were also members of the power pact) defended this as boosting the general activity level of the club, and said that if anybody was crazy enough to work that hard to get to be directator they might help kick the club along too.

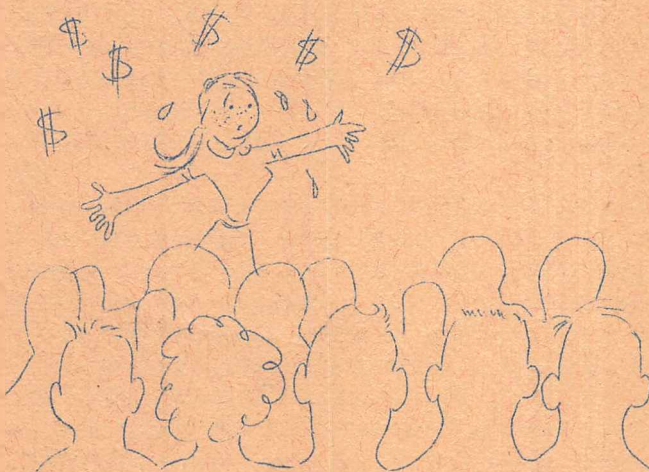
"The dis-

cussion finally petered out in a question of how to keep the proxies from taking over, after Ted pointed out that the four proxies in use (Bjo, Trimble, Billern and Djinn) would have made no materiel difference in the results except in the posts of Junior Committeeman and Secretary. Rick said that probably nothing bad would come of it anyway -- these all seemed like nice people -- but Larry Ware said it might no always be so, and suggested we "legislate for the future". I got bogged down in details and lost track of the arguement, but it ran for fifteen minutes after Barney had declared it out of order." --1166th, 17 Dec, '59. * * * *

* * * *The pun-fine ran into some trouble at the 1164th meeting; "Puns started flying...and there was a call for the pun can -- Zeke said he'd gotten a temporary assisant from the Main Street Rescue Mission and the guy had disappeared coincidentally with the pun can as about \$5 worth of fines, as well as assorted other bits of loose cash around the house."

At the next meeting there were a number of people who had missed this announcement, and; "Zeke started to explain the whole bit, and Barney, recalling that we had been using a reclaimed bheer can to toss our nickles into, suggested that perhaps Dick Daniels had drunk it by mistake. Dick said, 'No, I haven't noticed any change in myself...' and everybody broke up."--1165th, 10 Dec, '59.

* * * * *



With Christmas coming, the Shaggy Gang had plans of their own: "Bjo started to her feet, but was shot down by a withering barrage of puns which ran on another five minutes or so. Finally she shrieked them all to something approaching silence and announced a special Christmas Art Suppliment to SHAGGY for the nextish. It'll be big, beautiful, multi-colored and stereophonic, and it'll cost 50¢ and they need people to contribute money for it. She related sadly how she had sent requests to about 60 fan-artists, expecting replies from 10 at most, and had gotten 35. All these beautiful things needed special treatment, and they estimated a total cost of paper and ink and special stencils here and there at \$80. Bjo started to sniffle, and Zeke started off a big soup plate with a dollar in the bottom which came around to

Bjo with \$7.25 in it, and Don Simpson made it an even \$10."--1164th.

Trimble shook the traditions of LASFS by suggesting a system of 'renewal dues', whereby each membet would have to pay an extra sum once a year. This was argued about, along with what to do to people who won't pay. Bjo said we could cut them off the SHAGGY mailing list, referring to expatriate members who never come to the club but still get their zines free by virtue of their membership. Ted said this made it amount to no more than a sub to SHAGGY, and from there we got onto the idea of maybe charging 10¢ for members who picked up their copies at the meeting instead of 25¢ as it is to outside members. The motion was amended to 15¢ and passed with only one nay vote; the person who had first suggested 10¢."--1164th.

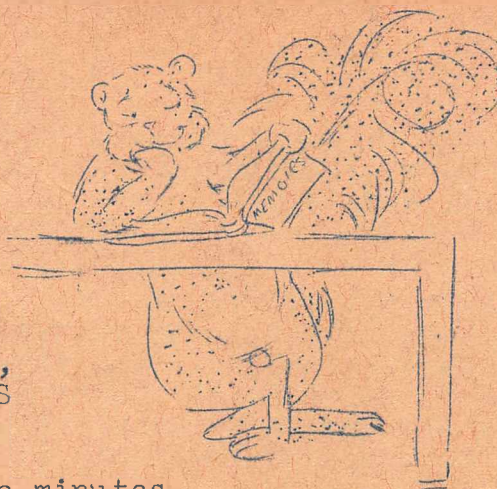
"Barney asked what about the \$10 he was supposed to get from the treasury to give Anna Moffatt for expenses for the New Year's Party. Anna said she already had it. Barney leafed through his little book and said he had no record of paying it out. Anna smiled mysteriously."--1166. Later Barney found that she had been paid, but he'd mislaid the record of it. The New Year's Party, by the way, was a dud -- 75% of Larea fandom was at Chez Burbee's, where a wild rumpcon was going on, or so they tell me.

And one final note: On December 15th or thereabouts, we made the Final Payment on the Gestetner.

Ultimately submitted, Ted Johnstone, ex-LASFSecretary

the squirrel cage

by Ron Ellik



While re-reading my column in #47 (I always read my own material over), I realized that my six years in LASFS has furnished me with a veritable squirrel's hoard of memories about things which may or may not be in the minutes.

For instance, there was Meeting #914. You newcomers who are used to four digits in meeting numbers probably don't realize that at one time LASFS hadn't reached its one-thousandth meeting, and we were still struggling along in the hundreds. Why, many of you probably don't remember when the club was meeting over on Ingraham Street, in the Prince Rupert Arms...or how we used to go to Tip's after meetings ...or how Long Beach Fandom used to make monthly pilgrimages to Los Angeles, for the specific purpose of attending LASFS meetings.

I recounted last issue one of the things that happened in those dim, dark days of yesteryear, before the advent of Bjo, before Bob Bloch moved to Southern California, before Rotsler grew his beard, before South Gate in '58 -- before, even, George Fields began work on the Willis Papers. But I didn't even hint at some of the adventures we lived through Way Back When Hector Was a Pup. For instance, there was Meeting #914.

In those days, we of Long Beach Fandom were between 16 and 19 years of age--either still in high school, or just out. We were sort of existing, because none of us had settled down to any serious Purpose yet. In fact, many of us still haven't. Most of us were going to one kind of school or another, and we moved mountains to be able to get to LASFS once a month. It meant leaving around 6 pm and being out, wandering through darkest Los Angeles, until well after midnight--an excursion we considered worthy of notice.

Our "excursions" were noticed, by Forry Ackerman. Thus, when he, on the afternoon of the 914th meeting, discovered that Walt Disney was inviting a lot of people to his studios for a preview showing of "Man in Space", an airmail special-delivery letter was dispatched to Long Beach, warning us that there might not be anybody there that night.

It arrived at John Trimble's ancestral mansion on Easy Avenue, approximately at 6 pm, just as we congregated there to leave for the Big City. It notified us that Ackerman himself, and probably nine-tenths of LASFS, would be at Disney's that evening and the meeting would probably not be worth attending.

We were crestfallen and, momentarily, undecided. Trimble and I were there, and John Rinaldo, and maybe Paul Turner, and maybe Rudy Byrne. We looked at each other, and sighed. Then we tried to figure out what to do that evening...we couldn't just go home and study; that was unthinkable. In 1955, people just didn't do things like that. We read the letter over again; it didn't say nobody would be there. We looked at each other again. And we trooped out to the car (which might have been any of a number of mechanical impossibilities in which we periodically travelled the thirty miles) and headed for

LA and Ingraham Street.

We arrived around 7:30 and said hello to the then-ex-secretary, whose name escapes me. He was the one who initiated the procedure of entering the time -- to the exact second -- when the meeting started. The several of us sat around until 8:00, when the meeting was supposed to begin, and welcomed another visitor to the club. Total attendance was three members -- myself, Virginia Mill, and this ex-secretary fellow -- and three guests: Trimble, Rinaldo, and another unremembered name. There were no officers present. The ex-secretary did not want to assume the duties of Director. Nobody else did, either.

We talked it over for a while, hoping that some officer would show up. Eventually, I remembered that I was an officer -- for, as I mentioned last issue, I was at this time the editor of the club organ.

"Ha!" I snorted. "You know what? I'm an officer." I looked at all of them, and smiled. It was a ridiculous thought, but I was actually an officer. I didn't expect them to take it so seriously, though: Before I could finish smiling, I found myself sitting in the Director's chair, holding the gavel.

Then something galvanized Trimble. It's a moot point whether he was or was not a member at this time--anyway, he had probably attended a half-dozen meetings and was as much a LASFSian as I was. He snatched the gavel out of my hand, unseated me and placed me in the secretary's chair, handed me paper and pen, and told me to take minutes.

"But I'm an officer," I said, forgetting that a minute before I had not wanted to be an officer.

His reply? "The 914th meeting of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society will come to order." Bang, with the gavel. Resigned to my fate, I started to write, something to the effect of,

"8:20 pm, meeting called to order by..."

When I was again unseated. Trimble, a Jack of all trades, decided he only wanted to be Director for the ceremonial part of the meeting, and he now wanted to be secretary.

I held the gavel and looked foolish. Then I remembered my Robert's, and asked for minutes. I was informed that the secretary was absent, and the minutes of the 913th meeting would be read next time. I asked for a treasury report, and nobody answered me. I don't remember what I did in this confusing situation -- but I think I appointed the only other member to be pro-tem treasurer, and was informed that the treasurer was absent and that a full report would be given at the 915th meeting.

I asked for old business, and somebody brought up the problem of rubber tips for the chairs. Remembering precedent, I ruled him out of order. I think it was Trimble, and I don't think he entered that in the minutes.

I asked for new business, and somebody asked why the meeting was unattended. I appointed a committee to find out, and I think that was Trimble, too. I think he entered that in the minutes, but I don't think he ever gave a committee report. I think Ted Johnstone, whom my



LASFS spy tells me is current Director, should ask for a committee report at the next convenient opportunity.

There were no reviews, because nobody had read anything. I think the meeting was officially adjourned at 8:40, but I don't remember. I hesitated before slamming down the gavel in adjournment, because I expected Trimble to grab it from me -- but he was caught unawares, so I got to do that, at least. He concluded his recording of events, folded the paper and put it in his pocket; we went to a convenient bakery and bought some sour French bread, some sharp cheese of some sort, and we toured Los Angeles for a while shouting obscenities at pachucos until that palled on us. This may or may not have been the night we were halted by the police for not having our lights on. In any event, it was the last meeting John Rinaldo ever attended, and he hardly ever asked me about fandom again.

The minutes of the 914th meeting were mailed the next day to Forrest Ackerman, who was then Director. They weren't mailed to the secretary because we didn't know his or her address. By some fluke, several of us managed to attend the 915th meeting, and we waited expectantly to hear the minutes. The minutes of the 913th meeting were read -- and Forry announced that he had left the 914th's minutes at home.

As I said earlier, this evening's events may or may not be recorded in the minutes; and this is just one of the episodes in Long Beach's history of contact with civilized fandom. We were neofans, then, and none of us had settled down in fandom. In fact, many of us still haven't. We enjoyed ourselves, though, in those dim dark days, and the memories are still pleasant.

-oOo-

I mentioned to Jim Caughran the other day that the N3F apa is growing and presenting more readable mailings all the time. He turned to me and sneered, "Are you still in the N3F?"

"Why, sure," I replied. "In fact, I don't know what I'd do without the N3F. It's a part of me, a living, breathing part. Besides, I can't get out -- Bjo won't let me quit, and my membership doesn't expire until..." and I looked at the calendar.

10 January 1960, it said.

"Jim," I faltered. "Jim. Calendar, Jim." I pointed at the calendar.

"Typewriter," he said, pointing at my Royal elite, never being one to miss a cliché. "Tomorrow we teach you more."

"No, I mean, look at the calendar. It says 10 January 1960. Jim, I'm free. I feel like celebrating. I feel like -- like -- hell, I feel like eating a whole chocolate pie, or something. I'm through with the N3F!"

And it's true, gentle reader. You can send your file of Shangri-L'Affaires to the bindery now, because all the interesting stuff is closed out. There will be more SQUIRREL CAGES, of course, but none of them will have the value of those early installments which dealt (at times heavily) with the National Fantasy Fan Federation. All my source material is dried up, my literary corkscrew is unscrewed. I may have to join ISFCC or some other such unthinkable organization to provide material for future installments -- but I'm through with the

N3F, and they are through with me. Both sides, I am sure, will profit from their mutual loss.

My only regret is that ten days of the new year were wasted before I could begin my rejoicing.

-oOo-

An addendum to the above, for such members of the N3F as may by chance peruse these amaranthine pages:

I do not now, nor have I ever, wish(ed) any harm or misfortune to the National Fantasy Fan Federation. I never wanted to join it, but once I was in I did not particularly regret it, regardless of what I may have said. The N3F has responded well (on the whole) to my humorous remarks about it and several of the individuals in it, and I am glad to have been what little aid I may have been in some of the organizational movements of the club in the past year -- particularly, I am glad I was a charter member of the N'APA.

And you can believe me, because, as I said a few issues ago, the N3F has provided me with pages of copy for this column.

--rde.



Dialogues at Sunset

RON: Did you send in your FANAC Poll?

BJO: Yes; I voted for you for best new Squirrelish face.

RON: Just the face? Not the rest of me? Not my big bushy tail?

BJO: Why?

RON: You mean you didn't vote for me for best tail of the year?

BJO: No....

RON: I voted for you!

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THE GREEN BLOODS OF

FANDOM

by Robert Coulson

Pointing out the flaws of fandom is a popular sport with fans; why should I be an exception? Actually, I don't intend to point out flaws so much as give a theory for the presence of flaws that others have pointed out.

Briefly, I think that the cause of some of the arguments which plague fandom is the fact that, while most fans are fiercely democratic, even socialistic; fandom itself comes closer to being an aristocracy.

The elite of this setup are the fanzine fans; the faaanish ones. Below them in the hierarchy come the convention fans, the club fans -- on down through the ranks of fringe-fandom to the peasantry; the readers.

Now, it is quite possible to justify this arrangement, on the grounds of time and interest in stf. That is, the reader simply buys a stf mag, reads it, and throws it away. The collecting fan reads the mags and also keeps them for a collection. The convention fan reads the crazy Buck Rogers stuff and also attends conventions of similar idiots. While the fanzine fan, at the peak of the pyramid, reads the stuff (sometimes, anyway), attends conventions (when he has enough cash left over from publishing) and spends altogether too much time and money on either publishing a fanzine or writing for and buying fanzines.

However, before all the convention fans and readers in the audience jump on me for saying they don't amount to anything, I should hastily insert that I'm not particularly trying to justify the setup.

It is present; whether that fact is good or bad is immaterial. (Immaterial to me, that is; I'm just writing the article; you're supposed to do the commenting.) The point is just that the aristocracy does have a reason for existing; it is a dynamic, as opposed to a decadent, system.

The occasional troubles encountered by this system are exemplified in the arguments over the TAFF voting. The idea of bringing the fans of England and America together was originated by the aristocrats. (This is typical of an aristocracy -- new trends of thought, ideas and customs are formulated by the group at the top and gradually trickle down through the strata of society.) Eventually the other groups decided that this was a Good Thing and asked to take part. While this was flattering to the aristocrats, there was also produced the fear that comes to any aristocracy when the subject is brought up of giving the peasants the right to vote. It is a quite well-grounded fear -- these lesser mortals, having less knowledge of the ideas which they are voting for, may very well elect someone who is unsuitable to the office. (In other words, someone who is not an aristocrat.) The

continuing rather undignified wrangling over TAFF is the natural outcome.

Several people have suggested a complete split between the groups; have one Fund for fanzine fans and a second one for convention fans. Traditionally, looking at the situation from the perspective of an aristocratic system, this would be the ideal solution. Unfortunately, fandom is a rather small aristocracy. Whether it is large enough to support two funds is questionable; personally, I rather doubt it. Without the leadership and enthusiasm of the fanzine aristocrats, the plebeian Fund would eventually wither from lack of interest; without the money provided by the plebians, the aristocratic Fund would degenerate into a sporadic effort, bringing perhaps one English fan to America every 4 or 5 years and sending no American fans to England at all.

The eventual disposition of TAFF is not really too important. Fandom is not noted for enduring institutions; eventually the enthusiasm for the Fund will wear off, no matter how it is handled, and it will be allowed to die out. When that happens, there will be something else to argue over. For, by the very nature of the system, there is bound to be friction between aristocratic fanzine fans and the pushing, bourgeois convention fans. The con-fen feel that they are as good as anybody, and their beliefs are reinforced by the national political atmosphere, which implies that all men are born equal and should stay that way. While the fanzine-fen know damned well that the con-fen are not their equals, and if they occasionally receive a nagging doubt from their socially-oriented consciences, they can ignore it.

PITTCON

DIRCE ARCHER, Chairman, 1453 Barnsdale St,
Pittsburgh 17, Pennsy lvania

18th World Science Fiction Convention

3, 4, & 5, September

BOYCON

GUY TERWILLEGGER, Chairman, 1412 Albright St,
Boise, Idaho

13th Westercon

2, 3, & 4, July

SEATTLE IN 61

CHICAGO IN 62

DC IN 63

MORDOR IN 64

PROJECT ART SHOW

is in progress, but we need interested assistance! For a bulletin of news, letters, suggestions, policy and fun, write to Bjo, 980 $\frac{1}{2}$ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, Calif, for PAS-tell.

§§ A briefe & true Christian account of ye euent at ye 17th world science-fiction conuention known as ye Dentention attended Anno Domini 1959 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 & Entertainment of ye Memorialists

By certain illvstrious members of ye Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society: who herein hath beene Fauored & Authorised by Shangri-Laffaires:

Directed to ye Aduenrers: by

Jack Harness
Rick Sncore
John Trimble
Al Lewis &
Ted Johnstone

Illystrated with line-arts & Gestencilgrauings by Bjo &

PART THREE

JACK HARNESS

Along toward Saturday evoning, someone mentioned that there were to be some films shown in the Crystal Room. We went in and were treated to a gorgeous spectacle by Ed Emsh -- four films which had won prizes of some sort or another. The first was a silent quickie in color, showing how he painted his covers -- "Masters of Evolution," "Have Spacesuit, Will Travel," and others. He began with an outline sketch -- no details, just an outline -- of figures and objects and sometimes horizon line. He paints in the most important figure first! He puts down the base color of skin, clothing, etc., then the exact coloring and rendering, and finally the details of gadgets, highlights, and so forth. Then the next figure and so on down the line, and then the background and finishing touches. "Now I know how he paints!" I cried out in ecstacy. "He paints by the numbers!"

Emsh had a capper for that. He had only filmed part of each chore, and bits of detail would flit into being now and then at points far distant from his brush. "If you think this is fast," he said, you ought to see the fellow who does the other parts."

The second film was "The Big Vacation," in which he combined some live action with lots of animation of cut-out

photographs rising from behind objects and disappearing again, generally either way too big or way too little for the background or main figures.

The third showed abstractions of brushwork, in continuous alteration and per-

mutation, sometimes closing in for details or panning back for a larger view.

The fourth movie was "Dance Chromatic," with a sound background of genuine music and various melodious sounds, done by Lord knows what objects, spliced together on a single tape. The sound was coordinated with the modern dance movements of a girl in black leotards. The film was in color, but began with blacks, whites, and neutral greys in brushstrokes filling different parts of the screen, and the girl dancing in various places, rarely interfering with the paint, generally against a black background. Then the paintstrokes and masses took on color, and the girl wore sometimes red and sometimes yellow leotards, and the music built up. The color soon overdominated the girl, and to bring her up into balance again, Emsh double-exposed her, and she danced in duplicate. The applause was deafening.

JOHN TRIMBLE

The Editor's panel was next, but I missed it, as I'd been down in the bar searching for some fans. The bar at this convention was quite different from those at past WorldCons, in that all you ever found in the bar at Detroit were a bunch of pros, with some fanne around calling them Randy, or Ike, or Judy, or Gordy, or Marmaduke. 'Twas downright fake-fannish.

Later in the evening, damon knight and P. Schuyler Miller held a marathon to discover how badeach thought science fiction was getting to be. Mighod, after what they had to say, let's all go out and buy SatEvePost or something. Or so I thought at the time, and those drinks I'd consumed while looking for fans in the bar couldn't have done that to me.

Finally, after all the horsing around with the schedule the committee had done, the Fanzine Editors' Panel went on. It bagon much as you might expect, with questions being asked of each of the members, and each of them answering. Nice exchange of information, but the lure of the promised bheer party threatened to draw off the audience. I could smell it coming out of the kegs, and I was leaning toward the source, when Bjo opened things to the floor. Immediately Ed Wood, Harlan Ellison, Hans Santesson, and Pat Ellington were in the picture, along with the panel. And Bjo's gavel. When things got too far out of line, she would begin hammering with the gavel until everyone quieted down. Once she said something about finding out "...why the LASFS changed their presiding officer's title to Dictator instead of Director during my term."

They brought in beer, and soon both Steve Tollivor and I had gone out to get refills and more pitchers. Steve poured himself a glass of the dark, and took a healthy swig. He immediately frowned, and stared at the glass as though it should melt away. He noticed my puzzled expression, and said "I thought it was rootbeer."

The panel raged on, with Pat Ellington, Jim Harmon, and Hans Santesson taking the stand. Hans was back more than once, and before the evening was over we were beginning to find out why there is/was the gulf between stf and fandom. Frank Dietz was doing his best to record the session, and I think he got the speech which Dave Kyle delivered from just what was inside him. And as 3 am rolled around we began to decide that it was time to call things to a halt. The longest panel in convention history ended at 3:30 in the morning.

Monday was the morning the Hyborean Conclave met. We got in on the tail-end of it, and the discussions which followed were probably more interesting than the meeting itself. After all, everyone knows that conventions are notorious for their dull panels and meetings.

It appeared that John Campbell still had things to say, so they let him have the stand again to say them. After he was through, but before he got off the stage, a group of those silly pros had lined up to sing a take-off on the folk song "Oh No, John" to him. Karen Anderson chimed in from the audience with a last verse, probably designed to keep JWC from writing his own damn magazine in the future,

and the whole performance brought down the house.

The play "Beyond the Unknown," a "tense and thrilling drama of super science," turned out to be a pretty humorous thing, I'm told, but since the parts of the script that I'd typed seemed pretty dull, I decided to see if I could at least find any fans in the bar. I didn't find too many, but there was a bar, and I decided to stay. Besides, Ron Ellik was outside, calling Dean Grennell to see if he'd be home on the morrow, and I wanted to be close at hand to find out the results.

Ronell came in with a happy look, told us that Dean would indeed be awaiting us Tuesday afternoon, and we all breathed a sigh of relief. As we packed to check out, it occurred to me that it would be hard to find a better way to cap a convention.

AL LEWIS.

Monday night the convention began to break up. Some of us who were not quite ready to end it all gathered in the Cass Room to view the Dietzes' movies of the Solacon, and watch "The Genie" a second time. And, wonder of wonders, I finally managed to locate a 35mm projector. Of all the happenings at the con, I think this irritated me the most: that at the request of the Con Committee, Morris Scott Dollens, who makes his living by his art, had spent almost forty hours preparing a slide presentation for the program. It was a fine display, including the very best of his work. In all the city of Detroit the convention committee was either unwilling or unable to locate such a standard item as a 35mm slide projector to show them. In view of the fact that the Fanzine Editors' Panel was rescheduled no less than five times, I would prefer to think this was due to incompetence.

I had brought some 300 fan slides which I had promised to show to various people during the con. On Monday night the Bell and Howell people moved in to set up a display for the next day, and were kind enough to loan one of their projectors, and I showed the Solacon portion of the slides; the audience was too far gone in a party mood for more.

Then we showed "The Genie;" and Randall Garrett rose to speak. "It's the best fan picture I have ever seen," he said. "They cut it — most fan pictures aren't cut. They cut this one." This went on for some ten minutes. "Fans are funny people," he said. "They think that only the things they do matter. We're just a bunch of dirty pros. They don't give us respect. I demand respect. I may not get it, but I demand it."

"Now, in all this convention," he said, "there is just one fan who gives us the respect we demand. He says 'Sir' when he asks us for our autographs. He has the enthusiasm and he respects authors. Bruce!"

Bruce Henstell shuffled forward. "Sit down there. Now this," said Randy, warmed within and warmed to his subject, "is a Neo-Fan. He is a New Fan. He is the Best Fan I Have Seen at a Convention in Years. But do you fans appreciate him? No. You see he is a Neo and you Avoid Him. Do you have young fans in your clubs?" he glared at Belle Dietz.

"We call them Beanies, and they have a club of their own."

"Exactly," said Randy. "You're all a bunch of snobs. You don't like new fans and you don't like pros. You don't give us the proper respect!" For the next two hours Randall Garrett proceeded to delineate what was wrong with fandom. It was all great fun. But after a while I went looking for a party where I could say something.



RICK SNEARY

As a ghost of Convention Committees past, I was of course interested in how things were going from the Committee's standpoint. But it was fairly hard to get a chance to talk with any of them. You could see them readily enough, as they moved perposefully through the clusters of fans, with short quick steps, keen furrowed brow, and far away look in their eye. Or maybe just slumped in a chair, with a blank look that I rarely had the hart to brake in on. For I knew all to well what they were going through...and, in fatt, they were having a little harder time of it than we were.

One will never know the hours of talks, arguments and sleepless nights that went on before the Con, but once underway, the only real trouble seemed to be that the program wanted to behave in a conventional manner, and not according to plan. They followed tradition, and things started off 75 minutes late, and went on from there. But with Campbell on the program three times, it was pretty hard to keep anything on time. But as all fan programs tend to run over, and with out a Rog Phillips or Anna Moffatt to inforce a time limit, it is little wonder that morning spots ran right into the afternoon.

But even this may have been all for the best, for if the Fan Editors Panel had not been delayed from Saturday afternoon to late Sunday night, it might never have developed into the fabulous session that it did. There were some of the most fan-active minds in our little microcosmos setting up tell three in the morning listening and talking seriously about science fiction and the part fandom does or should play in it. Fans, who were staying away from a beer party to be thered. Fans listened to people like Santesson and Shaw tell what was wrong with the field, and others like Kyle and Pat Ellington suggest what we might do to help. It didn't have much to do with fanzines for long, but it was intellectually stimulating, and most of us went away feeling we had participated in something very dynamic and somehow meaningfull. And this could have only happened when it did, for only in the hours after midnight do fans start to take themselves and their world seriously.

As we of the Solacon know, getting things to work is due not only to hard work and good planning, but luck and willing last minute volunteers. There seemed no lack of these last two comodities this year eather, as everyone was feeling good and cooperation was easy to get. I ever understand that the play on Monday was written, typed up, rehersed (?), sets made, and presented to roars of laughter, all durring the con. Randy Garret is proving himself as usefull to Convention Committees as Bloch and Boucher. And as the main author to the script of the play and the words to the song "Oh No, John," he contributed a great deal to the fun of the con.

To me, though, the most fun of the convention was in talking with old friends, and meeting some of them for the first time. Like nearly everyone else I missed parts of the program, because I enjoyed the people I was with more. As with the Solacon, this year's committee had advertised mainly in the fan fields, so the people that came were mainly fans. Some were noos, and others had come to answer Madle's cry to revive First Fandom. But nearly every name badge carried a name that ment something to some one. It wasn't a large convention, as they go, but it was a friendly one. Without even the shadow if the WSFS to cloud men's minds.

The Ft. Shelby was a good Convention hotel too. Thanks partly to it being a pretty well-behaved convention, there was no trouble with the management, and no one ever found out if they even had a house detective. The sleeping rooms were all very good and reasonably priced, while the meeting rooms were all centered on the second floor. This left the fans free run in a world all their own.

Of course the happiest news of all -- at least for the committee -- was that once again the Convention had come out in the black. Again, the credit is largely do to the good planning of the committee. They had a little more money to work

with, and were able to offer a little more in the way of special entertainments... such things as the jazz band and the beer party, but in general they stayed away from mere show and vulgar ostentation. They didn't reserve to many banquet dinners or otherwise become over committed to the hotel or displayers. And they quite obviously saved money by doing as much of the work as they could themselves. And with it all they remained a friendly, likeable bunch, that I only hope I can see at some future Convention, when neather of us are on the Committee.

The Trip Back.....

I RODE WITH THE MOUNTAIN-MOVERS

by Ted Johnstone

To begin with, the Detention was over. Randy Garrett had spoken for two fascinatingly extemporaneous hours Monday night, and the fourteen or so fans who were driving back to Los Angeles had chosen up cars. Dick Daniels was to transport Mike Hinge (who arrived Monday afternoon), Ingrid Fritsch, Eric Gunther (is that the name Earl was using?), and Bruce Henstel (noted noofan); he was intending to drive straight home. This left eight young men and Bjo to drive to Los Angeles in two small cars, cooped up together under assorted tensions and strains for over five days. You might think circumstances like these could lead to some fascinating incidents, and you may very well be right. But I will leave you to be the judge of that -- I shall deal in this report entirely (almost) with the facts.

Monday night we had already checked out of our rooms, so rather than spend the night sitting up in the lobby we decided to get into practice for the trip home. We arranged with Jim Broderick, who led us through the inner rings of suburbs, out to his palatial hut, and gave us the freedom of his back yard for the night. All told, 10 of us slept in seven sleeping bags and three cars. Bjo stayed at the hotel, and our additional members were Bruce Henstel and "Eric Gunther."

This seems to be as good a time as any to introduce the members of our Caravan: There was Bjo, red-haired gal-type fan-artist (who packs a mean whallop when she needs to); Bruce Pelz, serendipitist from the University of Florida (majoring in Library Science), editor of PROFANITY; Jim Caughran, Pakistani T.G. from Berkeley, of the Berkeley Bhoys; Ron Ellik, math major at Berkeley, co-editor of FANAC; John Trimble, of Long Beach College and FAPA; Ernie Wheatley of the N3F (watch for a coming genzine by him); Steve Tolliver of CalTech (he's putting out a genzine too); Jack Harness, noted Scientologist, fan-artist and member of SAPS, FAPA, and the Cult. And there was me, too. I'm "Ted Johnstone" and I write reports.

Okay, now back to the plot.

TUESDAY: It was a few minutes before 6 a.m. when Ron Ellik stuck his head in the window of the back seat where I was sleeping, and announced reveille. I struggled to a sitting position and looked out over the lawn, where I saw seven Rotsler-type fat worms, of a uniform mud-brown color, start to squirm feebly as Ron went among them, prodding here and there with a toe. One by one, disheveled heads sporting pairs of bleary eyes emerged, followed by rumpled clothes. But the chill morning air and the piercing dampness of the dew soon roused the sleepers and we pulled up our metaphorical socks, rolled up our sleeping bags, and headed back for the hotel. After a brief difference of opinion with a tangle of one-way streets, we arrived there at 6:35.

We woke Al Lewis, who was planning to fly back (the coward), and he went to find Bjo, who had taken an unlisted room number, while Jack and Jim collapsed on the bed and Ernie settled himself with the Sunday funnies. We waited there, passing the time and taking turns in the bathroom for shaving, washing, and --uh-- so forth, till the phone rang. I picked it up and gave a cheery "Gooooo Morning!" and was answered by a sleepy silence from the other end of the line. I apologized for my

enthusiasm, and John Trimble, who was with the other group, reported that they were gathering in the downstairs coffee shop for breakfast. We awakened Jim and Jack and pushed off. Downstairs we proceeded to wrap ourselves around a fairly square meal. On the way out we spotted Poul and Karen Anderson with Randy Garrett in a booth, and stopped to respect them in silent adulation as Randy had declared we neos should. But after a few minutes they were satisfied and opened a conversation. Bjo induced Ron to perform the two dances which had been choreographed during the con -- the first, "A Dance to Spring," consisted of raising both arms, turning the head ninety degrees, raising one leg, and smiling. The second, or encore, number, "A Dance to the Last Day of a Convention," consisted of lying flat on the back on the floor, with the eyes closed. This effectively ended the conversation, and we bid our last farewell to the Pick-Fort Shelby as we made our way to the parking lot, mounted up, strapped down, and blasted off at 8 a.m.

We sped out of Detroit into the light of morning. Bjo, Ron, Ernie and John were in the Hillman, but the Peugeot, despite the additional load of luggage on the roof, soon left them behind. Steve was driving, Bruce was co-pilot, Jim and I were navigating, and Jack was there for morale (his, not ours). We went as far north as Saginaw to a point where the route split. We had figured that the route up the eastern coast of the peninsula was ten miles shorter than the route directly up the center, so we stopped at the junction to wait for the Hillman, to appraise them of this fact. We got out of the car and were digging some things out of the trunk when they went tearing by into the city, heading towards the central route. We slammed the lid of the trunk and leaped into the car, which had unwisely been parked facing back the way we had come, and by the time we had completed our U-turn we had lost a full minute. We sped into Saginaw, and tracked their probable route for almost two miles, but finally gave up and headed back to the coast route. They knew where we were planning to spend the night, at least.

We stopped for gas in Standish, we stopped for lunch in Omer, and then made the long jump north and west. It was about 4:30 when we arrived at the mighty Mackinaw bridge, spanning the Mackinaw Straits. We parked by the side of the road just before the entrance to the five-mile span, knowing that a) we had almost certainly made better time than the Hillman and b) they would have to cross that bridge, because the nearest way of escaping from the peninsula, short of re-traversing the length, was a ferry which ran out of Manistee, over 200 miles south. Jack lay down in the back seat for a nap and I stood behind the car, watching the road, while the other three trotted across the highway to a gas station for cokes and so on. When Steve came back, I crossed over. I had taken perhaps two swallows of my cokes when we heard Steve yell. I looked up in time to see the Hillman go tearing by him obliviously, as he stood beside the Peugeot, waving madly. But somebody must have spotted him, because they pulled over about 200 feet ahead, as we three grabbed up our cokes or candy bars and made a mad sprint for the car, piled in, and drove up behind them. We had a brief conversation, in which nothing was really decided, then parted. We stayed together across the bridge, but then we stopped for gas again, and they were gone.

During the next hour and a half we passed through some of the most beautiful country of the entire trip. The road wound through a pine forest about half a mile from the shore of the lake, and the setting sun gleamed occasionally off the water through the trees. We stopped for supper in a colorful fishing village called Manistique, then drove on. The conversation that night was a thing of beauty, ranging from a wild pun-session to self-analyses led by Jack along scientological lines and his subsequent explanations of some of the theories he worked with. The car was speeding through the night, the road unwinding before the headlights, the dark shadows of the pines pressing in at the sides, and a not-quite-crescent moon skimming along the tree-tops; somehow the entire setting seemed quite unreal.

At last the fascination of the subjects petered out in a haze of sleep, and the next thing I knew we were stopping at a restaurant on the outskirts of Fond du Lac. We went inside for a snack. The waitress took my order last, and as the others ate I smiled feebly and hopefully at her while she bustled up and down behind the counter. I never did get served. Jack went to phone Dean Grennell (who had been informed long-distance of our intention to come) and returned with the word that Dean would come out to lead us to his home. A few minutes later a red station wagon drove up and a square healthy-looking face leaned out the window. It was, of course, Dean -- and the time was 12:45 a.m. Bruce, Jack and I got in the station wagon, and the Peugeot followed us. The station wagon had a sort of lived-in look -- the front visors seemed to be used as filing cabinets; for great quantities of papers and envelopes, there were pencils on top of the dashboard -- I wouldn't have been surprised if the glove compartment had concealed a portable typewriter.

At last, after a number of intricate turns, we arrived, got out, and went inside, passing by a sign on the side door which said "The Society For Advocating BJO FOR TAFF. Headquarters, Wisconsin Chapter." Inside, Jean Grennell served us some cups and a gallon or so of milk, just as the Hillman drove up. The rest of the crew came in, and coffee was produced. It was served in huge heavy ceramic beer mugs, and was drunk with conversation on all subjects fannish. All finally ran down about 3 a.m., and we bedded down for the night, some on the livingroom floor, and some in cars. I slept in the Peugeot, one seat of which almost made into a bed -- that is, the front seat would lie down flat, and would almost meet the back seat, so one could lie on it if he didn't mind having a few inches of his mid-section hanging unsupported. I didn't mind. I spent almost an hour battling the mosquitos, until I finally closed the sliding roof of the car, then killed the last one that had been trapped inside.

WEDNESDAY: About 10 the next morning I struggled back to consciousness. Ron came out a few minutes later with two of the Grennell offspring, Chuck and Janet. Chuck wandered back into the house and was replaced by Bobbie. Janet and Bobbie were fascinated by the car, and I explained all the little gadgets to them while I replaced the contents of my pockets (emptied so I could sleep on them). After a while we went inside. As I ingested a slab of coffee cake for breakfast, I heard the sound of a typer in the basement. Linking this with the fact that none of the crew were in sight, I made my way down the stairs and found a one-shot session going. I stood behind Ron, who was composing on stencil, until he got tired, and then moved in. Dean gave me half a can of Stite (no type -- it's a kind of ale, not stout) and I filled the last dozen lines on the stencil. When I finished I found a jug of Crimson Comet, some very smooth and quite sneaky stuff, made with raspberry concentrate, and about 1/4 brandy. When that was gone there were some glasses of Yellow Peril (something with applejack) before lunch. Steve came to lunch with half a shot glass full of a pink creamy liquid, identified as a Pink Squirrel (no relation to Ron). He said he couldn't finish it, and I said "What? Only half a shot glass?" and took it. Y'know, I couldn't finish it either! I don't know what all was in it, but it seemed to be mainly an almond liquer, and it went down like a mouthful of broken glass.

But the lunch restores us. Simple and nourishing, it was another tribute to the belief that fans' wives are the best cooks. It was a thick, rich, meaty soup, milk, and home-made bread, which Dean admitted baking himself (which went to show that fans don't necessarily have to depend on their wives to be good cooks.) Dean, by the way, has many hobbies. Besides fandom, he's an expert on guns, and makes occasional money from articles in gun magazines and from reloading cartridges; he's a semi-pro photographer with a beautifully compact darkroom in his basement; he's a very good cook and drink-mixer, and he has six kids who give every evidence of hav-

ing a fine upbringing.

After lunch he drove Bruce, Jim and me downtown where we mailed letters, got some camera supplies, and I bought a plonker with five darts to compete with Bruce who had carried his through the convention. We got back to the house in time to start getting ready to leave. Dean found a carton of old fanzines in the basement fanroom and we went through them picking out the ones we wanted. Then he somehow managed to sell me \$2.50 worth of old Astoundings. We got the additional volume of stuff packed somehow, and were ready to go by 2 o'clock. Just as we were getting into the cars, Dean came up with a large file card on which were stuck a couple of quarters and a couple of dimes, and several nickels, and gave it to Ron. It seemed that Dean had mentioned in a fanzine that he often bought stamps with coins that were sticky with gum from the scotch tape with which they had been held to notes asking for subs, and wondered if he was remembered at the Post Office as "the man with the sticky quarters." Walt Willis had read this and sent him about a dollar's worth of change, as a sub, each coin fastened to this card by some unknown black substance which seemed to be compounded from goose grease, beeswax, and thinned tar. Ron took the money hesitantly, then tucked it in his pocket as Dean cautioned him to "keep the money in Fandom" and not spend it on mundane things like root beer. Ron muttered something, squeezed into the car, and we rolled away.

We had agreed to meet in Madison, at the first "Flying A" station inside the city limits. The Hillman got there first, somehow, and when we pulled in Ron was trying to phone Stu Hoffman in Black Earth. He got through finally, only to find that Stu wasn't home. So we decided it would be better to start making time on the homeward route, rather than wait for him and maybe lose another hour or so. About this time I was shifted to the Hillman with Ron, John, and Bjo. We spotted a roadside cheese store about halfway between Madison and the Iowa border, and decided to stop there for food. We then discovered we were all cheese-fans, too, and spent about a half-hour browsing among the odors and the cases of cheese, before buying two half-pound chunks, sliced, and a loaf of rye bread. By the way -- did you know there is cheese candy? This place sold it, but we lacked the a)courage and b)money to get a box of it.

We reached the mighty Mississippi at 8:30, but by the time we crossed the bridge it was only 7:30. Time zones do that to you. Ron's first act in Iowa was to pay off the toll collector at the end of the bridge with a sticky Canadian quarter and a sticky dime, from the Grennell collection. We mot in Cedar Rapids as arranged (the first Flying A station inside the city limits) at 9:30, and I was traded back to the Peugeot. We got started behind them, but after about an hour we spotted them pulled off to the side of the road, waving to us. We stopped, and they asked to trade Ernie back for someone who could talk to the driver to keep him awake. I was picked, more for insomnia than for conversational ability, and we drove on, arriving in Ames, Iowa, about 2 a.m. We ate at an A&W Root Beer Stand (right across the street from the first Flying A station inside the city limits). One reason the Peugeot kept generally ahead of the Hillman, by the way, was that Ron, who was riding in the Hillman, couldn't pass an A&W spot without trying to stop. Bjo usually managed to force him back on the road, but once in a while he would be able to convince her she was thirsty/hungry/tired too, and they would stop.

This particular A&W was a big operation. Scattered across a couple acres of parking space were many little posts. On either side were little squawk boxes and mounted on the top were illuminated menus. You simply parked, decided what you wanted, punched a little signal button, and Central Control would answer you. Then you told the box what you wanted, were thanked, and in a few minutes a car-hop would come trudging over the barren wastes bringing your order. Jack had a little trouble utilizing an "over and out" system, using the signal button as a push-to-talk, until we explained that the system had been designed to be used by lesser minds who knew nothing of such refinements, and we would simply have to allow for

it. After the technical problems were overcome, Jack ordered a large Coke. We quickly cut his wire and explained that in an establishment run by the A&W Root Beer Company, one does not ask for a Coke. If one is that unconscionable, one can bloody well run across the street to the Flying A station and get a bottle.

Despite the little problems, we eventually got fed, and then moved further into town to find a gas station to ask for the location of a park where we could camp out for the night. The attendant suggested Brookside Park, and gave us directions and a warning to look out for the police, who had had troubles with students at Iowa State College using the park for their own obscure purposes, and often did not take kindly to invaders of any sort. So we parked behind a sparse grove of trees and bedded down for the night about 2:30. It was very clear and very cold, and I managed to get the back seat of the Peugeot, after giving my extra coat and blanket to Jack, who was braving the temperature in a sleeping bag outside.

THURSDAY: I awoke just as the first hint of dawn was coming blue-grey through the trees. I tapped the icicle off the tip of my nose, and pulled my eyes up to the level of the window. Steve had cast his bag on a picnic table, and was beginning to stir as I watched. Scattered about the ground around the cars were Ernie, Ron, and John in a plain horizontal position, Jack Harness folded in the middle, and a small khaki-colored hill which turned out to be Bruce, sleeping on his side. Steve rose, and, recalling standing orders -- "First man up wakes everybody else" -- nodded to me and toed John in the ribs. John achieved a state of semi-consciousness and suggested with a fair amount of politeness, considering the circumstances, that Steve could at least have the decency to wait until dawn. Steve shrugged and went off for a walk in the freezing cold of the pale grey morning, but came back a few minutes before the street lights went off. About this time the sleeping bags began to stir, and one by one the same disheveled heads and bleary eyes emerged, looked around and shivered, greeting the glad morning with wrinkled shirts and chattering teeth. Jack was the last to awaken unaided -- he had once again gotten the leaky sleeping bag, which gently covered its occupant with the feather stuffing during the night -- and the upper half of his body, stuck halfway out of his chrysalis, looked like nothing so much as a completely bewildered molting mallard, rising from his nest in the sun.

As the sleepers woke, one by one, they started packing into the cars, starting the motors and turning on the heaters. Bjo was locked into the Hillman, just as protection against sleep-walkers, and after a few minutes of tapping on the windows and beating the doors, she let more of the freezing members of the party in. We were about ready to go when somebody counted noses and found one missing. No, it hadn't frozen and dropped off during the night, Bruce was still asleep. The khaki heap still lay like a dropped ball of mud, so Steve walked over and prodded it with his toe until it began emitting noises.

Bruce rose slowly, like the moon, blinking at the trees with a "what the hell are you doing here?" expression. He danned one segment at a time, like a slow-motion film of a moth shedding its chrysalis, until at last he could stand up. He stood, buttoning his coat, which had served as a pillow, with one stocking-clad foot still standing in the coils of the limp open-end-up sleeping bag.

We finally got thawed out, and were under way again before six a.m., stopped for breakfast, and headed west.

About 10:00 we came over a hill to see the Missouri River ahead. Just before we reached the river, however, we passed into the small town of Missouri Valley. Standing beside the road was a large sign identifying it as the Home Of The World's Championship Goose Calling Contest. For the next hundred yards or so we commented on this, and decided we couldn't pass such an object without recognition, so Steve turned around, we went back, and Bruce, Jim, Steve, and Ernie stood around the sign while I took a photo, then I took Bruce's place and he took a photo.

to. This done, we got back in the car and entered Nebraska. At 12:30 we pulled off for lunch and to let the loser of the current segment of the "Ghost" game buy the other players cokes. After lunch, Steve, Bruce and I tried a round-robin story which swung along beautifully, from intricate blood-and-steel plotting to hysterically off-color innuendos, for well over an hour until Steve gave up and had Conan disintegrated and completely destroyed by a powerful magician.

That morning in Ames we had plotted mileages and speeds, and agreed to meet in a Nebraska town named Ogallala. I still have to look on a map to find the name; because none of us in the Peugeot could remember, let alone pronounce it; and finally resorted to referring to it as Hogwallow, which was the closest approximation we could manage without trouble. We met the Hillman at the first Flying A station inside the city limits of ~~Wassilla~~ Ogallala, had supper, and drove on.

We entered Colorado at about 6:30. I had only been in the western part of the state before, and had pictured Colorado as consisting of rugged snow-capped mountains, winding roads, tumbling streams and pine trees, and was disappointed to look out into the fading daylight to see that the eastern part of the state was as flat as Nebraska, and at least as dull. Night fell, but we went on. There was no way to tell that we were climbing every mile -- the road seemed flat, and there was no indication that anything was changing outside, but at 10:40 we reached Denver, elevation 5,280 feet (and I checked that with my encyclopedia), and parked at an old deserted gas station with the Flying A insignia still out in front. Some ten minutes later the Hillman went flying past, stopped about a block away, turned around and came back.

We decided to go on into town a ways, find an open gas station, and phone Bob Le-man. We stayed together into Denver, Ron phoned Bob, and found out that the number had been disconnected. We were aware of rumors that he was planning to move to Wyoming, but decided to try to find his place just in case he should still be around. Jim led us on an extended tour of the South part of the city (he'd been to Bob's once) and about 11:30 we found the street, the address, and the house. All the lights were off, so Ron went up to the front window and peered in. He came back to the car and reported that the whole inside had been cleaned out except for the walls. Not a stick of furniture, a scrap of cloth, or a page of NEATODE could be seen. Apparently they had indeed moved out. So we gave up, got lost again going back towards the civic center, and talked over the local park situation with a gas station attendant. The upshoot of a series of such conferences was that about 12:30 we headed west out of Denver. And there were the mountains. They seemed to appear magically as soon as we got outside the town, and soon we were in a world of darkness bounded by the stars overhead, a wall of rock on one side, the blackness of the pit on the other, and the range of our headlights or as far as the next curve ahead. It was 1:30 when we found a town called, for some reason, Idaho Springs, and parked on a stretch of dirt between the town's main street and a ravine with a roaring, rapid-whitened brook at the bottom of fifteen sheer feet. Bjo, of course, slept alone in the Hillman, but we of the Peugeot pooled our share of the blankets and used them and each other to combat the cold, which now made us look back on Ames as a warm memory to be treasured, and all slept sitting up, more or less.

FRIDAY: The brilliant orange sun was cradled exactly in a pass some fifty miles east of us as I opened my eyes for the ^{nth} time that night and realized that it was morning at last. I sat there, contemplating, until Ron came along and rapped on the window with frozen knuckles and the rest of the group started to wake up. I poked Bruce, who sleeps like a corpse, and said, "Awake, for morning in the bowl of night/ Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight!" and he mumbled something I shouldn't exactly hear, but it sounded rude. After a while of thawing, clustered around the car's heater, we pulled ourselves together and moved off for breakfast.

In a little restaurant where we ate I spotted a picture postcard of a large concrete statue of Steve Canyon, noted comic-strip hero, and pointed it out to Bjo. "Good heavens" she said, "that's the statue we slept across the street from last night." So

here was something else we couldn't pass up. After breakfast we went back to the little place where we had slept, and sure enough, there was the statue. We posed Ron and Jim on either side of the ten-foot hero, on top of a five-foot base, with drawn plonkers and grim expressions. We took pictures, then posed Bjo, who came about up to his elbow, looking up at him with an expression of worship on her face. Through it all he stood there, with his concrete flying jacket open and the butt of a concrete .45 sticking out of an unseen concrete shoulder holster. I wonder what Dave Rike would have said. There was a sign on the base of the statue which mentioned that a "nearby valley has been named" after this particular hero. It afforded us considerable meat for discussion as to whether the natural formation in question, which was not shown on our maps, was named Steve Canyon Canyon, or just Steve Canyon. There was a neutral school of thought which said it was obviously Steve Canyon Valley. We never did find out.

We hit the Continental Divide at 7:55 a.m., at an altitude of 11,314 feet, according to the marker beside the road. We picked up the Hillman coming down the far side, and stayed with them. It was lucky that we did, because at about 11:00 they started to slow down, then pulled off the road, just past a place where a dirt 'access route' wound off into the wilderness. We stopped behind them and got out to ask what gave. They were out of gas. The next town, Steamboat Springs, was four miles away, so Ron and Bruce took the Peugeot to get a couple gallons. Jim and I took turns with my plonker shooting up the side road at a tin-can target. The Peugeot returned and we staged a duel, using Bruce's plonker. Steve called off the ten paces while Bruce's camera captured the moment; we turned, twenty paces apart, aimed coolly and fired, and found that plonker range is just exactly eighteen paces. Increased muzzle elevation helped, but not much. We tried again at five paces each, but found it was still easy to dodge an on-coming dart. Finally we got the car gassed up and drove into Steamboat Springs, where we filled the Peugeot and topped off the Hillman.

We had arranged to meet in Salt Lake City, at the first Flying A station inside the city limits, but as we came down out of the mountains above the city, the highway split, part going towards the city center and part to the southern part of town. Not knowing which route the Hillman would follow, we decided to stop and wait for them. Bruce, Jack and I walked back to the big sign at the fork, while Jim and Ernie took the car into town to phone Gregg Calkins. The sun was setting behind the low purple mountains far west of us, beyond a hundred miles of salt flats, leaving an orange glow on the mountains out of which we had come, as Bruce and I stood there at the junction shooting plonker darts at the big sign which indicated the road division. Somehow it seemed quite fannish. One of my darts got stuck near the top of the sign, some 12 feet off the ground, and tho we hit it with other darts, it remained fast. Eventually the Peugeot returned, reporting they'd been unable to find Gregg listed in the phone book, and Jim set to work trying to knock the plonk down with a chunk of wood we'd found. Just then we saw Ron Ellik, shirtless, trotting up the road from the direction of Salt Lake City, and, after a moment of confusion, spotted the Hillman a few hundred feet down the road. Ron came up, we explained the situation, and he told us Gregg was listed as William G. Calkins and that we should go on into town and they'd follow.

We stopped at a gas station, refueled, and phoned the Calkins residence. No answer. We drove out there, the place was dark. We inquired at the other half of the duplex where they live, and found that Joanne was around someplace, but Gregg had gone off on a field trip, in a southerly direction. Beyond that, they were vague -- whether he was in the southern part of town, the southern part of the state, Mexico, or Antarctica, they didn't know. We left a note and went to eat.

We found a place that advertised all you could eat for 99¢, but the day's specialty was baked halibut, so we split up -- Bruce, Jack and I went across the street to a Chinese Drive-In. While we waited, Bruce and I, who share an aversion to big

bugs, plunkered a couple of tremendous grasshoppers which, with their wings folded, looked like large green leaves -- but you don't see large green leaves very much in that part of the country, and especially not growing out of a cinderblock wall. After eating, we drove back to the Calkins', found lights on, and knocked. Joanne answered the door, invited us in, and said she'd been out when we came before. We introduced ourselves, and in return met three tremendous cats which own the family. Joanne presented us with ice water and coffee, depending on our tastes, and during the course of casual conversation she happened to mention they had been having trouble with some type of fungus in the water. In the moment of silence that followed, a sick cough was heard from somebody who had just finished a glass of water, and Joanne explained that we had had bottled water, and the fungus wasn't really dangerous or bad-tasting, it just gummed the glasses up.

We were all taken downstairs to see Gregg's fan-room in a curtained-off corner of the basement, perfectly neat and beautifully organized, with a desk and typer, Rex-rotary, large easy chair, a couple of bookshelves, and all one needs for crifanac and relaxation. Joanne even ran a load of our wash-and-wear shirts through the washer, while half the crew took showers, and finally we hit the sack.

SATURDAY: We roused about 7:00, to face a hearty breakfast of all sorts of things, at which the memory boggles. I am one who cannot face such a meal until well after lunch, so I joined a couple of like sentiments and had orange juice. Those who had not showered the night before did so now, and donned clean clothes. Then we re-packed the car so that Ron, Jim, Bruce and Bjo could head for San Francisco-Berkeley, and took off about 8:45. We left the City of the Saints shining in the morning sun, and roared out onto the salt desert.

This is a vast expanse of dirty white, broken by the parallel lines of highway and railroad separated by tiny distant slashes of telephone poles and looking like a part of the world that had somehow been missed by the Creation. We sped across half the width of Utah in two and a half-hours, and stopped at a town called Wendover, on the Nevada border, about 11:30. As we stopped to refuel, the Hillman sailed past. A few minutes later, on the Nevada side of town, we caught up with them and stopped. Bruce announced that he had gambled -- lost a nickel in one machine, put a dime in another and won 50¢, and was quitting. We congratulated him. We picked up some cheese, prepared meat, and a loaf of rye bread, and filled our water jugs, and had a final word with the Hillman crew. Ron said he'd finally gotten rid of the last of the goocoy coins Dean had given him, and was leaving a trail of well-greased palms across the country, despite what Dean had said, figuring that, after all, they were too bad to keep in fandom. We all mounted up, and amid the goodbys I yelled "Don't take any sticky nickels!" I'd been waiting three days for the proper time to deliver that line, and it was worth it.

Again ahead of the Hillman, we took off in a cloud of dust... and missed our turn-off. About a hundred yards past it we realized the mistake, turned around, passing the Hillman as they headed for Berkeley, exchanging the last waves and faint, wind-torn shouts, then hit our route and headed south.

We had lunch north of Ely about 12:30, then stopped in Ely for a long break from 1:15 to 2:30, where we got some pb's and magazines, and I gave a nickel to a slot machine. We also stopped at a grocery to stock up for the long desert run we'd be entering soon. In the showcase, there was only one kind of cheese. "What kind of cheese is this?" asked John. "American," answered the clerk. John frowned a little, and asked hesitantly, "Don't you have something a little more..." and we all chimed in "exotic?" "stronger?" "less prosaic?" The clerk pursed his lips, and considered. "Well," he said, reaching down under the counter, "we have some Longhorn..." We gave up and took the Longhorn.

We took long drinks of water, and headed west out of Ely. It was fifty miles and almost an hour later that we realized we should have headed south out of Ely. We accepted this sot-back philosophically, after a while, and figured out two al-

ternate routes. One took us to Reno, where we might meet the Hillman, and they'd be sure to ask embarrassing questions, and besides it was 250 miles out of the way. The other was only 50 miles out of the way, and involved a run down 120 miles of state highway. We decided to take the latter. It had been clouding up all day, and between 3 and 4 o'clock the heavens opened and we received what turned out to have been the edge of a full-scale cloudburst, which soaked the luggage on the roof rack, including the sleeping bags. We made a final stop in Eureka for gas, a drink, and information. According to the friendly natives, State 8A was open and in good condition, so we found its junction a few miles out of town and headed south.

Nevada State Route 8A runs 129 miles from its junction with US 50 to Tonopah. In this distance the road curves seven times, and four of them are S-curves. And there is one town on the map -- which turned out to be a gas station, long deserted, with weeds growing up through the concrete. We passed, en route, 3 cars and a truck. We had our supper about 5:30, at 70 MPH. Then, about 50 miles outside Tonopah, with a light drizzle coming down out of a leaden sky, the motor started missing. John analyzed it as a dirty sparkplug, and we all fervently tried to believe it was nothing worse. At 6:25 the motor kicked hard several times and John pulled off the road at the top of a rise that commanded a view of 15 miles in either deserted direction. He tried the starter a couple of times -- it ground away, but the motor wouldn't catch. "Dirty sparkplug," we said bravely, as we stepped out and raised the hood for a look into the innards of the motor. "Dirty sparkplug," we said again as we unclipped the plastic covers of the leads. We didn't say anything when we saw that the leads connected with long springs that coiled down out of sight into the depths of the engine block. The sparkplugs were accessible only to some kind of special tool available at any authorized Peugeot service station; we didn't have one. "Well," John decided, "it couldn't very well be dirty sparkplugs then, could it? It must be in the distributor." We all agreed heartily, as he scraped the distributor points, and Steve got in to try the starter. No luck, but I noticed a spark running down the outside of the distributor cap. John examined it and found a small crack, but we lacked glue, tape, or a replacement. Then Ernie remembered we had a box of Band-aids (small prepared bandages for minor cuts, etc., in case overseas fcn mightn't know) in the trunk. He was just starting to dig them out when John accidentally brushed at the crack -- and it came away on his finger. It was only residue left by the spark from a loose wire! He put the cap back on, tightened the wire, and we all got in. The car started without the slightest hesitation, and we took off again.

We pulled into Tonopah about 7:30 and stopped for gas, a drink, and a little conversation with the gas station attendant. The last light was fading as we sailed down a little slope of hills and into the wide valley, and we crossed the California state line at about 9:00. Checked through the customs with no trouble; he didn't care about the last scraps of bread and cheese -- just any fresh fruit. As we left the border post, it started to rain again. But we swore at the clouds, and by the time we stopped in Bishop for supper the rain had stopped. We left Bishop at 10:30, and got as far as Independence (pop. 569) before giving up for the night. We parked behind a gas station and slept in the car because a/it threatened to rain any time, and b/the sleeping bags were lashed on top of the car and had been soaked by the rain already, and few things are less comfortable to sleep in than a wet, soggy, cold sleeping bag.

SUNDAY: The sky was clouded over again by 6 a.m. when I woke up. The attendant arrived, switched on the lights and opened the station. He noticed us when he took the trash baskets out to the lot behind the building to burn the trash from the day before, but he left us alone. By 6:15 we were all awake, got out, stretched, shivered, got back in, and drove off. We drove to Lone Pine, a lovely mountain town at the base of Mt. Whitney, where we stopped for breakfast. Then we took off

on the last leg of our journey.

Heading south from Lone Pine we ran into some more sprinkles and some patches of thick fog, which is fairly unusual out on the desert, and some flooded parts of the road north of Mojave which made us thankful we hadn't gone on the night before. We formed our last foodstuffs into sandwiches as we passed through Palmdale, and stopped for cokes at a lonely roadside café. A little after 11, we passed down a canyon south of Saugus and knew we were home as the first grey-brown wisps of smog came rolling out to greet us, and a moment later we found ourselves on a freeway. . . We passed through Granada Hills and Sepulveda, then into the wild country north of Glendale.

It was almost noon when we left the last of the country behind us and Los Angeles itself opened before us. Ernie left us first, at his home in Westchester, and we were all invited inside for a set of cold drinks and relaxation which took about half an hour. Later, as we were taking John home, the Peugeot was hitting 70 with a tail-wind, and we came tearing down a hill into Long Beach with the "Light Cavalry Overture" blaring from the radio. We dropped John off, and had another half hour of cold drinks and relaxation, looking over some fanzines, the Sunday papers, and ingesting some ice water.

At last we drove up to good ol' South Pasadena. We pulled up in front of 1503 Rollin at 3 p.m., and as we got my luggage unloaded my old pigeon-toed cocker spaniel came galumphing out to meet me. I was home.

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