



SWANERO L'AFFAIRE

Editorial by Al Lewis

"Here", said John, handing me a pile of cut stencils, "you write the rest of it."

So here I am writing the Editorial for SHAGGY. This doesn't make me the Editor, you understand, just the Editor-Who-Writes-The-Editorial. At least for this issue. At the moment I think we've got more Co-Editors than VOID. Let's see: there's Fred Patten, the Editor-Who-Writes-The-Letter-Column; Bjo, the Editor-Who-Selects-the-Artwork; John Trimble, the Editor-Who-Edits; and Ron Ellick, the Editor-Who-Handles-The-Mailing-List. And me.

And it all happened because SHAGGY refused to be folded. "Let's fold it", said Lichtman, (who is still Director of the LASFS for one more meeting). "Let's give the thing a clean death."

"Great", we all said, "we'll fold it."

The trouble was, LA fandom is the most frenetically hyperactive conglomeration of fans chasing deadlines you ever saw. Let's take officers for example. At the moment we have in LA fandom the: OE and SecTreas of FAPA (all several of the former); the OE of SAPS; the OE of N'APA and the President of OMPA (who both happen to be the same person); the OA of the Cult; two Directors, the OE, and half the administrative offices of the NFFF; the Director of Project Art Show; the American administrator of TAFF; the staff of Unicorn Productions; one entire Westercon Committee; and assorted erst-while-omniapans, would-be omniapans, justplain apans, and genzine publishers.

Well, John had gotten tired of SHAGGY his last couple of issues, and Fred had put out two, but his first love was SALAMANDER, and the last issue of SHAGGY had been the January-February issue out in March. So, "Great", we all said, "we'll fold it. Just as soon as we publish

The Doc Smith Issue

Ron's TAFF Report

Those Westercon Speeches

The NFFF Story-Contest Stories Al Glommed Onto

Poul Anderson's Three Hearts and Three Lions Illos

The Photoissue of LA Fans and Fan Activities

And all that Artwork, Articles, and Letters that seem to come in in spite of all our intentions.

"Right after the Next One, Two, Three, Four, Five..."

"And we'd have to refund all that subscription money... And we've got so much good material on hand..."

There comes a time when a fanzine acquires a life of its own and refuses to allow the Editors to do as they please. It becomes the Master and all who work on it merely slaves. It takes on life, form, reality, authority. It begins to Own Prosperity.

I think we're prosperity. So you see, we can't fold SHAGGY, not for a while yet. In fact, the way things look, we will have this issue out in late June, another in July right after the Westercon, the Doc Smith issue in August in time for the Chicon, and a Christmas issue at least coming out this year.

Great pseudopods are clutching me, directing my fingers to the typewriter keys, clack, clack, clack...

There have been quite a few changes around LASFS besides the probably temporary decision to put SHAGGY under an editorial committee. Early this year, LASFS ran afoul of the local zoning ordinance. This ordinance says that no organization can meet in a private residence in an R-1 (single family residential) zone. Of course the law is willing to wink at such things as the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Church Study Groups, Democratic Party, Young Republicans, Wild-Animal Fanciers of America, Socialist Workers for John Birch Wife-Swap Club, and the like, but LASFS had to move. We found temporary quarters at the Alpine Playground, in a small room with all the charm of a concrete bunker, and then greatly improved quarters at the Silverlake Playground.

(cont'd on p. 4)

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

Number 61

June 1962

THE SHAGGY CHAOS

Cover	DEA	Cover
Editorial	Al Lewis	2
WESTERCONS - A Bit of History		
.....	Al Lewis	6
Westercon I	Kenny Bonnell (reprinted)	7
Good Words	Mervyn Barrett	10
Picking A Bone With Shaggy .	conducted by Fred Patten	11
WARB-lings	Ruth Berman	21
A Walk Through Infinity	reviews by Bill Flott and Fred Patten	23
Dancing Lady	Al Lewis	27
On Creativity	Robert Moore Williams	28
BaCover	Dian Girard	BaCover

Artwork by: Bjo, p6; Mrs Casseres, p18; Joni Cornell, p27; Jack Harness, p23; Eddie Jones, p15; George Metzger, p11; Wm Rotsler, pp10,21; Bernie Zuber, p30. Stencilled by: Bjo, Harness and Bob Lichtman.

Stencils cut & Rex buttons pushed by: Al Lewis, Fred Patten and John Trimble.

-oOo-

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is published on an irregular but frequent schedule for the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, at 1825 Greenfield Ave, L A 25, Calif. Single copies go for 25¢, and we're willing (always!) to accept \$1 for five issues; make cheques payable to Ron Ellik, at the above address (and why not include an extra 50¢ or \$1 for TAFF?).

LASFS meets every Thursday (come even the Tromp of Doom!) in the neighborhood of 8 o'clock at the Silverlake Playground, on the northeast corner of Silverlake Dr and Van Felt. Guests are most welcome...we'll give you three free meetings to regain your sanity before asking for a \$1 Membership fee. Thereafter, dues are 35¢ per meeting attended.

MATHOM HOUSE is no longer a fan residence; CoAs for its former denizens are as follows:

Jack Harness - 738 S Mariposa Ave, Apt 209, Los Angeles 5, Calif
John & Bjo Trimble - 5734 Parapet, Long Beach 8, Calif
Ernie Wheatley - 4163 West 2nd Street, Los Angeles 4, Calif
LASFS - 1825 Greenfield Ave, Los Angeles 25, Calif (info & records).

DeeCee in '63!

Mordor in '64!

London in '65!

This is a Spanish-style basketball court with a genuine brick fireplace. Except that we can't store club property on the premises, and that we have to be out by ten o'clock each meeting night, it isn't bad. We have simply been spoiled the last couple of years at Fan Hillton and Mathom House. Still, we'd like a place of our own again, and LASFS is still looking for something really satisfactory, but we are likely to be there a while. Club finances pretty well preclude anything else; we have a fat treasury but a low income.

Meanwhile, LASFS meetings continue at 8:00 every Thursday night at our new address, and guests are always welcome. The publishing equipment has gone to my house, and you can reach either Ron Ellik or myself at 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, GRanite 3-6321 for information about LASFS or SHAGGY.

You will notice that address appearing on the masthead this issue: Mathom House, home of SHAGGY since September, has broken up. It became apparent in May of this year that John Trimble's mother, whose cancer had recurred after appearing so miraculously cured last year, would need a good deal of care and attention, and that the Trimbles would have to move to Long Beach to be with her. Mathom House could be continued if a third roomer could be found to share costs with Jack Harness and Ernie Wheatley. That third person proved not to be forthcoming, and there was no other choice but for Ernie and Jack to each find his own apartment and to disband Mathom House on the occasion of the Trimbles' move. SHAGGY and the LASFS mailing address (though not the meeting place) would be moved to West Los Angeles, along with the Rex Rotary and duplicating accessories. The LASFS library would be stored again, as it was during the two years the club met on 12th street; and other club property would be dispersed for safekeeping to various members.

LASFS has long had the distinction of being not only the oldest fan club in the country, but the only one to maintain its own clubroom. Until another group of LA fans decide to subsidize another Slan Shack, it appears that the latter will no longer be the case.

But we still have more fanac than we can properly handle. And Bruce Pelz will be making the LA bid for the Morcon in 1964....

oOo

In the last issue of SHAGGY, Bjo made some remarks about the Seacon costume judging. The Busbys took violent exception to them and in the course of the discussion certain statements were made. These were made in private correspondence to the people concerned, which is a very different thing from Busby proclaiming a vendetta to a select nationwide set of third parties. We are sorry that Buz has chosen to make the matter public. We do not intend to detail this in print, for the matter is inherently unprovable. However, four months of correspondence with the Busbys, and letters from each of the judges, only add to the feeling that the original statements were, in fact, well founded. We will only say that we believe the judges acted wholly to the best of their various abilities, and entirely honorably in carrying out the instructions received from the Committee.

oOo

John Berry's reminiscences about Ron Ellik's visit in CRY 142 brings out a more pleasant set of reminiscences. I am a photographer by hobby. Not always a good one, but better than average I like to think. In fact, sometimes my pictures are quite bad. In fact, my blackest moment of all was the day I got my Detention pictures and showed them to Bruce Pelz.

"Who's that supposed to be," he said genuinely puzzled, "Ted and Sylvia?"

"No," I admitted, "it's Harlan Ellison and Bjo."

But the pictures I sent to England with Ron were among the good ones—Ron high-graded my fan pictures and picked out those he thought would be especially interesting to English fans.

"Here's one I'm sort of proud of," I said. "It's Joni Cornell in a Bikini in the Mellon Square Fountain in the middle of Pittsburg."

"Joni in a Bikini," said Ron, "Let me see!"

"Yes, in the Mellon Square Fountain in the middle of Pittsburg!"

"Jesus," said Ron, "she doesn't have much on."

"No. You can see by the windows there—they don't show up very well—that that's the Mellon Square Fountain in the Middle of Pittsburg."

"Yes. She certainly is bare!"

"It was sort of wet and the suit almost came off. I real proud of getting a picture in a place like that. Right in Mellon Square Fountain in the Middle of Pittsburg."

"Yeaahhh," said Ron.

"I have a few more but they aren't as good. The background doesn't show up as well in them. I used a flashbulb and didn't adjust the exposure properly for the background."

"I liked the first one better," said Ron, eyeing one of Joni half-submerged.

"Yes, I agreed. "You can see this one is sort of washed out. There was an awful lot of water reflecting light here, and bouncing it around quite a bit. I should have stopped down for it. I should have had floods and a meter to do it properly. That's why I don't like flash-bulbs. Also, we were in a bit of a hurry, I added."

"Christ, she's bare," said Ron.

"Oh, if its Joni you're interested in, I've got lots more," I said.

So we went through the lot and Ron got a wild gleem in his eye. "I'll take them all with me," he said.

"Unfortunately, there are only a couple that are really well posed. The rest are just shots of a blonde in a bikini. They're not really good photography."

So Ron went through and picked out the shots he wanted, and took them to England, and now I understand they're trying to talk Joni into standing for TAFF. But they weren't really a success. Ron left the shot of Joni in a Bikini in the Mellon Square Fountain in the Middle of Pittsburg behind.

It had all begun on one of those muggy, rainy days that seem to be what pass for a summer in the eastern part of the country. Joni and I had been down to visit the blockhouse down at the point in Pittsburg. I had come east to see the sights and Joni had agreed to show them to me, and so we were touring historical monuments. One of the nice things about teaching school in Los Angeles is that if you can convince them that a trip is undertaken for educational purposes they will give you salary points for it. I was getting five points for five weeks of touring and four would get me a rise. What's more, the Bd of Education giving credit, the whole junket immediately became tax deductible.

"Humph," Bjo had snorted, "it's probably the only transcontinental assignation ever supported wholly by the United States Government and the Los Angeles City Board of Education!"

Which was sort of a nice way of looking at it, if a trifle optimistic. Still and all, there we were coming back from the blockhouse on a rainy day. There had been quite a bit of construction work going on, and the whole area was muddy. Joni took off her shoes to keep from ruining them, and then stared down sadly at her muddy feet. Just around the corner was Gateway Center and right in the middle of it was a fountain. Joni hopped up on the edge, tucked up her skirt and climbed in.

(continued on page 31)



WESTERCONS

-a bit of history

This year the Westercon reaches the moderately venerable age of fifteen years, and quite appropriately returns to Los Angeles to celebrate the occasion, for the first time since 1958.

The Westercon was originally founded by E. Everett Evans, who patterned it after the Michicons of his native Michigan of that era. After the Pacificon of 1945, Los Angeles had missed its convention in 1947, and the Westercon was held in 1948 as a sort of consolation for those who could not attend the world convention in Toronto.

The first three Westercons were one-day affairs, small get-togethers with no registration fee, paid for by the auction proceeds. Westercon III will never be forgotten by those who were there as probably the most opulent collection of s-f professional art ever to hit a single auction; that was the year twenty-three original Bonestells went for prices from \$4.50 to \$25!

In 1951 the Westercon became truly a West Coast conference in name as well as in fact as it went to San Francisco for a two-day confab, meeting in a hotel and charging a registration fee. Since this time, except for the two conferences in the Pacific Northwest, the Westercon has always been a "little worldcon", favoring the formal type program and oriented more toward science fiction than fandom.

In 1954 the Worldcon arrived on the Pacific Coast for the first time in eight years, and the Westercon was combined with the S-F Con. Jack Williamson as Westercon Guest-of-Honor shared honors with John W. Campbell as Worldcon Guest-of-Honor. In 1958 the Westercon was combined with the Solacon, and the Westercon acquired its only two-time professional Guest-of-Honor as Richard Matheson succeeded to the spot originally intended for Henry Kuttner.

In 1959 the Westercon went out of California for the first time, and this convention, with 52 members was the smallest next only to the following year's conclave in Boise. It turned out to be one of the greatest parties ever. Boise also introduced the Fan Guest-of-Honor, a tradition to be followed by the two succeeding conferences.

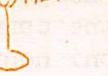
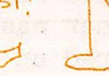
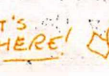
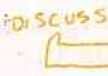
The largest Westercon was the Westercon X, at the Hollywood Knickerbocker in 1947. 475 turned out for the four-day affair, that was also financially the least successful of all the Westercons, losing over \$400, a sum which came out of the pockets of the Committee and its well-wishers.

With the exception of the Knickerbocker and perhaps the Sir Francis Drake in 1954, the Westercon has been very lucky in its hotel relations. The Commodore hosted two in LA; the Leamington consulted their bar receipts from the 1956 Con in Oakland and were delighted to have the Westercon back in 1961, and this year the Westercon returns to the Los Angeles Alexandria and only in part because the hotel has been sending Anna Moffatt valentines every year since the Solacon.

It's

been a good fifteen years!

--Al Lewis



WESTERCON ONE

con report by
KENNY BONNELL

definitions:

"WESTERCON: The First Annual West Coast Science-Fantasy Convention held at Park View Manor, 2200 West 7th Street, Los Angeles. Sponsored by the LASFS and conducted by E. Everett Evans....."

"REPORT. ...the report of a gun... A bang!....."

My memories of the first few minutes after my arrival on the site of the conventionette are largely pain-memories; I get writer's cramp easily... Everybody was signing everyone else's autograph book like mad. It was very confusing. I have three in my book by the same fellow.

The people there when I arrived, in company with Jean Cox, Mark Blank and Dick Timmer, were Forrest, Tillie, Everett, Louise--who was acting as registrar lady--and the entire Outlanders Society. Before the day was up, sixty more had arrived.

The meeting, traditionally, started late. It began with a gag auction presided over by Walt Daughtery who did very well. The prices were all kept to a low level (minus prices, token prices--street car tokens, that is--etc.). A great deal of fun.

Our first speaker was Forrest J Ackerman, who was introduced by Chairman Evans. Ackerman's little talk concerned the present state of the professional field. Apparently, it's looking up for he mentioned the new magazines soon to appear: "Select Science Fiction", (pause for laughter) "Super Science", and the Unknown annual.

Clare Winger Harris, authoress of many stories in the old Gernsback Wonders and of "Away From The Here And Now", spoke next. Her speech was really a surprise; apparently, she's studied general semantics and has a good grasp of science, although she didn't speak on science. She talked about differences--the difference between the old type of science fiction story and the modern and on the difference between the science-fiction reader and the general-fiction reader. She said that she gave up writing when it ceased to be a pleasure and became a drudgery.

Our next talk was by Don Bratton, who has done a prodigious amount of work on the Fantasy Foundation. He told us that the leading library of the Foundation would soon be ready for use. He mentioned some of the possibilities for the Foundation listed in "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!", the memoirs of Francis Towner Laney. Some of them were rather ambitious, but sounded practical.

Due to ill-health, Mrs. A.E. van Vogt (E. Mayne Hull, you know) was unable to speak, so Mr. substituted. He spoke about science-fiction and collecting and the effect it had on the married life of some couples, when one of them is not a fan. He mentioned a few typical complaints of non-fan wives and suggested some solutions to them. But the major solution, he seemed to feel, was for the wife to become a fan, too.

We were all very interested when he pointed out that science fiction wasn't only for the juvenile mind. He told of a survey taken by Campbell which showed that the average reader of Astounding had an I.Q. of 120 or more--which placed them among the top two million of the country. Also, the survey showed that the great majority of them were technicians, engineers, etc.--20% of which were women.

The question period that followed was rather amusing. Some married couples there spoke of their troubles. "Mr. Vanthony, my problem is--"

And next, Guy Gifford--the artist who used to do those clever Ringer Family cartoons for Planet Stories. "Last time I saw you folks," he began, "was when I attended the Pacificon and heard a fellow named AEIOU van Vogt talk about exercising your eyes so that you won't have to wear glasses. He told us to fasten our eyes on some object moving toward us down the street. When I left the hall, I fastened my eyes on two objects--and got two black eyes!" Then, he told what he called "a Hollywood fairy story" which I won't tell here (because I lost the notes on it.) Then he mentioned that science fiction stories were merely fairy stories (the Anderson type) in disguise--with science trappings. Becoming serious, he said that most science fiction art was poor because it lacked in detail and that was because the artists couldn't afford to take the time to put in the detail with the low prices the magazines paid.

In the afternoon the serious auction was held. Somehow, it didn't quite come off. Possibly, because no one there had any money. A few of the prices were quite high, but there were also some good bargains. Don Bratton got a mint copy of William Hope Hodgson's big Arkham House book, "The House On The Borderland", for \$3 and Jean Cox bought Taine's "The Time Stream" for \$3.50--which was selling at the back of the room for \$5! In a Big-Pond-Fund raffle conducted by Forrest, Stan Woolston won a 1936 Astounding cover by Howard Brown.

Ray Bradbury wasn't scheduled to speak but under pressure of the crowd's applause he took a turn for a couple of minutes on the rostrum. He stated that it was the duty of the science-fiction writer to warn people what a terrible thing the future was going to be--but he wasn't talking about atomic warfare, but about how gadgetry and the "democratization" of people (he meant "increasing mobbishness") was going to make it one hell of a time to be alive. "I hope," he concluded optimistically, "that in the future I continue to scare hell out of you."

After dinner, John Scott Campbell, another old Science Wonder author who re-entered the field just this year ("Film of Death", Astounding SCIENCE FICTION, March), gave what I thought was the most enjoyable speech of all--and that's saying something for he really had competition. His voice, however, wasn't very loud and the people at the back of the room had trouble hearing it. Furthermore, his voice is rather even-leveld so that it had an overly-soothing effect on some people. I was sitting at the front of the room, though, and so in an ideal position to enjoy it. He spoke on an old theme in fantasy and science-fiction--changes in size. Up into a giant, down into the tiniest midget that ever lived, Tiny Tim fashion. But he spoke mainly on the problems it would bring about--very detailed and imaginative, bringing up points I've never heard mentioned before. He spoke also of changes in vision--the ability to see infra-red, ultraviolet, etc.--and what that would mean.

Campbell, (no relation to John W.), was called upon to speak in an emergency by Chairman Evans. Originally, Eric Temple Bell, world famous mathematician best known to science fiction fans as John Taine, had been scheduled to speak but was unable to do so because of the death of someone close to him. L. Ron Hubbard also was unable to speak, for he was called back East. Bryce Walton declined the honor and, as has been mentioned, E. Mayne Hull was ill. However, Dr. Robert S. Richardson, also known as "Phillip Latham", surprised us by really showing up and delivering an excellent talk.

Dr. Richardson spoke on the changes in our ideas concerning the planets during the last twenty years. Although much of it we have already read in his numerous articles in Astounding, but was still extremely interesting. His snappy, authoritative voice put no one to sleep, and he rapidly demolished many of the pictures held by fans present of the solar system.

When the meeting adjourned everyone was happy, despite the minor disappointments. Unfortunately, no site for the '49 conventionette was selected, no bids being made, but it is rumored hereabout that it'll most likely be held in Portland, Oregon, if the boys up there can be interested...

Finis!

--Kenneth H. Bonnell

FIFTEEN WESTERCONS

	Date	City	Sponsoring Group	Chairman	Guest of Honor
Westercon I	1948	Los Angeles	LASFS	E. E. Evans	none
II	1949	Los Angeles	LASFS	W. Daugherty	none
III	1950	Los Angeles	Outlanders	Freddie Hershey	none
IV	1951	San Francisco	Little Men	Bill Knapheid	George Pal
V	1952	San Diego	none	Roger Nelson & Bill Nolan	Ray Bradbury
VI	1953	Los Angeles	LASFS	E. E. Evans	Gerald Heard
VII	1954	San Francisco	Little Men	Les & Es Cole	Jack Williamson
			Combined with the 12th World Science Fiction Convention (S-F Con)		
VIII	1955	Los Angeles	Chesley Donavan Foundation	Lou Kovner	Mel Hunter
IX	1956	Oakland	none	Marilyn Tulley	Richard Matheson
X	1957	Los Angeles	Chesley Donavan Foundation	Lou Kovner	Mark Clifton
XI	1958	Los Angeles	Outlanders	Anna Moffatt	Richard Matheson
			Combined with the 16th World Science Fiction Convention (Solacon)		
XII	1959	Seattle	Nameless Ones	F. M. Busby	Alan E. Nourse
XIII	1960	Boise	none	Guy Terwilleger	Pro: Rog Phillips Fan: Jack Speer
XIV	1961	Oakland	GGFS	Honey Wood	Pro: Fritz Leiber Fan: Jack Speer
XV	1962	Los Angeles	LASFS	Al Lewis	Pro: Jack Vance Fan: Alva Rogers

AND LABOR DAY WEEKEND WHY NOT

GO CHICAGO !

Send \$2.00 to George W. Price
P.O. Box 4864, Chicago 80, Illinois
If you act now, you can still vote
for the Hugos. Hurry, hurry, hurry!

GOOD

Good Words are words that have gone out of popular use but which, to my way of thinking, are better than the words which supplanted them. Some of them are new words that were coined to describe some new thing while others are words that already existed but were given a new meaning. I'll give you some examples. Apothecary is one of my favourite Good Words. In New Zealand and Australia and, I think, in England, too, we say "chemist". I think that in the United States people say "druggist" or "dispensing clerk" or something similarly weak. The point is that none of these terms in popular usage have the exactitude of meaning of the word they replaced and, more important, they don't sound anywhere near as good. Get the idea?

WORDS



Aviator is a Good Word. What have we got in popular usage that measures up to this? We talk about someone being able to fly a plane or being a pilot, but these terms have no real punch and don't do anything to invoke visions of the glamor and excitement of this pursuit. And as for Aviatrice... Wonderful! Much as I would like to I don't think I can justify the use of "horseless carriage" in this article but I feel that there is a case for the use of Motor Car instead of "automobile". Motor car, mind you, not just "car". And doesn't it sound better to say, "We're motoring down", than, "We're going by car", or, "We're driving down"?

When you are ill, do you go and see a Doctor? I used to do the same, but now, whenever necessary, I see a Physician instead. And who'd go and see a psychiatrist when an Alienist can be consulted for the same exorbitant price? And next time that you've got shopping to do why not visit an Emporium instead of just going to some Department store? Radio isn't a bad word really, but how much better is the sound of Wireless Set. The latter has a quality which suggests the miracle of modern communications and the drama of bearded men in tiny laboratories bending over queer arrangements of wire and glass nailed to breadboards. The word "radio" doesn't convey anywhere the feeling of this. It could mean almost anything really, couldn't it?

When I was younger -- much younger -- a battery-operated portable light was called an Electric Torch. People now though for some reason -- probably laziness -- seem to have dropped the word "electric". I think this is a great pity. Worse still is the way the American term "flashlight" seems to be creeping into popular usage. I've even been guilty of this myself on a few occasions. Compare the two names, though. If forced to be out alone on a dark night wouldn't you sooner have the comfort and illumination provided by an Electric Torch rather than merely being able to say you had a "flashlight" with you? To me Electric Torch suggests solidarity and reliable efficiency while "flashlight" suggests bargain basements and mass-produced gadgetry.

Now the thing with these Good Words is to make use of them. It's OK to be able to appreciate these things on an intellectual level, but it's another thing to be able to overcome the verbal habits of a lifetime and make them part of your normal conversation. Sometimes it's pretty hard and one has a tendency to backslide and forget but I think it's worth the effort and I know from my own endeavours along these lines that the successful use of a Good Word can, in a quiet sort of way, make one's day for one.



conducted by Fred Patten

Ted White

339 - 49th St.

Brooklyn 20, New York

Dear Fred:

SHAGGY 60:

The cover is great--or would've been if someone who wasn't colorblind had run it off. I really object to this sort of thing when it leads to detail-obscuration as is the case here. There's a blotch below the upper-left rocket which I can't even make out, although it seems to be another rocket. {{It was incompletely corflued out.}}

I agree completely with the ussJT this time. Bravo.

Berry left me colder than my frigid usual. The Bjo cartoons were all that saved it.

"The Costume Ball" is so badly laid out that I had to refer back to the contents pages to figure out what I was in the middle of. Simply heading a page "Hal Lynch" or "Dirce Archer" is Not Enough.

However... Bjo's "Judge Not" makes me wish she hadn't dredged up that unhappy section of my Detent'cn report for such a lengthy reexamination. It is embarrassing for me to read it now and I suspect its major effect will simply be to reopen old wounds.

Her point seems to be that fans in costume should act out their parts rather than passively displaying their costumes. {{Or at least they shouldn't be penalized if they do.}} However, this doesn't work out well. For if, after all, the costumes and not the wearers are being judged (as Bjo insists), then by her own analogy why should a girl in a sexy costume be herself sexy, much less act sexy? (Of course by this reasoning Harriet Kolchak would've won Most Sexy at the Detention...)

My wife Sylvia's costume at the Pittcon was so brief and/or sexy that it apparently shocked a few people. Bjo's criticisms of it are well put, but if she desired Sylvia to play a role with the costume, what role would she have Sylvia play? Strip-teaser? {{Let's see; she went as G. M. Carr in disguise...?}}

(Ted White - 2)

If Karen Anderson's costume "demanded an attitude of regal insolence and majesty", as Bjo put it, then surely a misinterpretation of this "insolence" by those not used to such role-playing (and role-playing still is the exception and not the rule at conventions) must be expected, and allowances made for it. {{Ok, but we might hope for something better than a "You'll have to excuse the judges; they don't know what they're doing" state of affairs in the future.}}

The main thing seems to be establishing the Rules of the Game. Tradition, perhaps wrongly, has made costume wearers passive displays for the most part at our cons. When someone breaks these tacit rules his chances for success are strictly dependant upon his individual actions. Jon Lackey made it, Karen Anderson didn't--maybe because Lackey's role did not call for "an attitude of regal insolence." {{Bjo suggests that you go back and re-read her article. She doesn't say that masqueraders should act out roles, but that they should be allowed to (within reason, of course; no one is saying that a Conan should be allowed to go around cleaving people to the briskit) if they want to, without necessarily forfeiting their chances at a prize.}}

Harry Warner, Jr.

423 Summit Avenue

Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Shaggy:

I think John Trimble's editorial should be heeded and repeated frequently until it has permeated all of fandom. I am bound by a dmq but certainly there must be somewhere in fandom an individual who heard the facts in the Willick case without undergoing such an obligation to silence, and that individual should write and Shaggy should publish the account of what really happened. It seems absurd that the incident should have bloated to such enormous proportions and I fear that when it finally does see print, most of those learning the truth for the first time will feel badly let down, wondering what all the excitement was about. Meanwhile, Willick is being talked of as if he were a Degler or a Wetzel, and fans who pride themselves on their clear thinking are using their dislike for his procedure to destroy a perfectly sound and logical project, the fan awards.

John Berry's article reminded me of the primitive form of tennis that I once invented in my neighborhood. I lived four doors from a corner grocery store which had the only large area of concrete for several blocks around, perhaps ten by fifteen feet in size. On one side there was a hedge with very sharp thorns, on the other a sharp drop to a concrete pavement ranging from two to five feet below, on the third side a plate glass window and on the remaining side a street which contained rapidly moving traffic. There wasn't room for a net but there was a crack in the concrete at the proper place and we couldn't afford rackets but rubber balls were fairly plentiful. We observed all the rules of tennis and its scoring, used the palm to slap the ball, and you never saw such violent action in your life, particularly when doubles were played. If you kept your eye on the ball you risked disaster by falling off the court into the perilous surroundings and if you watched your step you might be felled by a bullet-speed serve.

I was disappointed by the Mitchell Harding book review which stopped just when I assumed it was ready to start giving details on what the books are about and how they differ and their strong and weak points. The review of the Regency volume was distracting for its lower case format. Surely the absence of upper case letters can't be considered an original procedure by now, and just as surely it slows down the reader and makes it more difficult to sense the beginning of new sentences.

As an individual with a perfect record as a convention-goer, I shouldn't say anything about the discussion of music for the masquerade. But it occurs to me that the matter might be solved by a simple compromise: a good pianist, union scale. I'm

(Harry Warner - 2)

sure the rate would be only half or less that of a band, there would be no risk of precipitating a strike with records or fan-provided music, and you probably wouldn't have as much trouble with a late booking. I'll remain totally silent about the Bjo article since the only experience that I've had with the problem is Hagerstown's annual Hallowe'en parade, the biggest on the East Coast. This event has proved that there is no solution to the problem of fusses over masquerade and costume prizes, whether you import unknown judges or use local persons; the losers suffer hurt feelings and at least half of the audience gets angry too. The only thing that fan conventions could use that isn't practical for a parade is an applause meter with the audience choosing all the winners, and this system isn't good, either, because yelling and whistling can cause a minority to outregister a majority that mostly claps.

Much of my remarks on the editorial also apply to Roy Tackett's article. However, I have grown pessimistic about the life expectancy of the fan awards proposal because of the prejudice that has attached to it. Maybe the only way to get recognition for the accomplishments of fans would be to persuade Walter Breen to broaden the Fanac poll to an all-fandom thing not so closely tied with one publication, and announce the winners at the convention each year. There is no logic whatsoever at work in those who say a set of fan awards is unwarranted but support prizes for costumes at the conventions, a Hugo for fan publishing, fan art show awards, egoboo polls in the ayjay groups, funds to bring particularly well-liked fans across the ocean, and suchlike.

On the Gibson-Rogers exchange, I think that it might be time to dust off the phrase that comes up in the letter column of British newspapers when an argument shows signs of getting repetitive and wandering far from the original point: "This correspondence is now concluded." I would challenge the most astute person to reconstruct the article that started it all on the basis of the two letters in this issue. It just couldn't be done. I do back heartily Larry McCombs' recommendation to settle gossip in a straightforward manner. ((So be it. This will be the last word on the Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores and Moochers matter. It's now been talked to death, and people are just repeating each other, mostly backing up Alva's side. I doubt anyone will really miss it.))

Len Moffatt

10202 Belcher

Downey, California

Dear Shaggy Folk,

May I be an Art Critic, for a moment? Well, not really an Art critic because I can find nothing in Eddie's cover illo to criticise. It's the colors--or combination of colors--that bothers me. The light blue ink on pale orange (?) ((Mandarin Orange)) seems to detract from the illo, or rather to subdue the illo's effect of colorful action. I don't mean that it should have been printed in 4 or 5 colors on blazing purple paper, but for me, at least, it would have been more effective had two other colors been used. Black on red? White on black? I dunno. Nothing garish, of course, like red on yellow (I see enough of that sort of thing on folding cartons)--else it would give it an "old fashioned pulp mag cover" effect, and Eddie's work deserves better than that. I feel you were going in the right direction, using the colors you did, but perhaps a bit too far on the "conservative" side. Oh well, I suppose I'll be the only indian in a mess of chiefs, who'll say the colors were just right for the illo. But having had some experience with the graphic arts for a number of years I feel that I do know something about art, and printing of same. Sometimes I even know what I like.

I've read one of the 3 books listed in Harding's "review", namely "The Ugly American". No doubt I should read the others. And prob'ly will. I wish this piece

(Len Moffatt - 2)

had been a review, longer and more detailed. As it stands, it is more of a plug, or plea, for readers to read these thot-provoking books, to be willing to "explore human attitudes that deserve to be considered". (I assume he means that all human attitudes deserve consideration.) Fine, but one line here "puzzles" me: "Both sides may be right--or neither." Y'mean there's only two sides??? Sure, when we think or speak in generalities we picture the conflict between two "sides"--capitalism vs. communism. But there's more--much more--to it than that. There's umpteen levels within--and without (i.e. outside of)--"both sides". And if you want a book to illustrate the "two sides" conflict, try Orwell's "Animal Farm". And don't forget all those human attitudes, some of which just don't fit happily into either "side" of the "2 sided" picture.

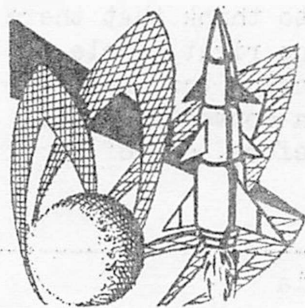
Ah me, the costume ball argument again. Every con committee seems to discover the problem anew. Well, not every con committee--not if its members have served on previous con committees, but still the various problems that arise from the costume ball section of the traditional program keep getting hashed and rehashed. That's why we need more communication from one committee to the next. That's why an organization like the WSFS would/could have been a good thing, if that's all it stood for. That's why it might be a good idea for the survivors of con committees to get together and write and publish a handbook for convention committees--and update it every so often, if only to record the past mistakes, errors in judgement, etc. as a guide to future con committees. For instance: we who have been on committees, as well as we who have attended cons, local and world, KNOW that few fans dance. Maybe the kids coming into fandom now will turn out to be enthusiastic about dancing at a costume ball, but I have my doubts. At the mo', the dancers are in the minority. So you don't need an orchestra (expensive or cheap) to play dance tunes. You do need a well organized costume parade, and for that you should have background music. You can get by playing tapes or records, if the hotel management is at all co-operative.

At every costume affair there are certain, standardized costume categories. Like, The Best Stf Character. Best Fantasy Character. Most Beautiful Costume, Male, and ditto, Female, and so on. Perhaps--in the "formal" parade (during the judging)--special music could be played to accompany each category. During the milling-around period, before and after the judging, "incidental" music could be played. (Some of this music could be "dancable", so that the few dancers present could take advantage of it, if they wished.) So, so much for music, and so much for the "ball". Drop the ball side of it, s'what I say.

The "cabaret" idea is good, but even without it, the parade-for-judging should be well organized, and mit music. But tune down the music, when the contestant, or the MC, is announcing the name or title of the costume over the P.A. system. It's always plenty noisy at these affairs anyway, so give the MC and the contestants a break. (We goofed on this at the SOLACON.)

Now even if this "handbook" thing is never written, there should be written and consistent Rules for the costumes and the costume judging. Bjo knows whereof she speaks. As I've said there are--traditionally, more or less--certain categories that are set up by every con committee. Titles of these categories may change slightly, from con to con, but they add up to the same thing. Fine. Let's put a firm name on each of 'em and keep 'em that way. Then...let's provide for those costumes which just can't be fitted into any of the "established" or "traditional" categories. And--most important of all--announce, well in advance of each con (in the progress reports, and in the general fan press) what all these categories are. Don't assume that "everybody knows", because everybody doesn't know. There's the new fans who've never been to a con, and there's the old fans who aren't sure that the current con is going to have the same categories as the last one, no matter how "traditional". They can assume that there's going to be a prize for Funniest Costume, but they can not really be sure unless it is announced in advance. Generally speaking, fans are introverts and they might not want to risk appearing foolish by dressing in an outfit that could be judged "silly" (by their fellow fans, as well as by the judges)

because the costume in question was the only one of its kind there. I think the following suggested list of categories should cover nearly all possibilities:



Best Science Fiction
Best Fantasy
Most Beautiful (F) (The Most Beautiful & Most Humorous
Most Beautiful (M) could be chosen from either the SF or
Most Humorous (F) the Fantasy categories, as could the
Most Humorous (M) Most Humorous, and the Most Unusual
Most Unusual* could be in any category, too...)

*Most Unusual would be given the "special" award, and shouldn't be divided into two parts for Male and Female. It is either the MOST Unusual individual costume there, or it isn't.

Group awards? Yes. But add it as just ONE more category --prize would be for Best Costumed Group present, regardless of "category". That's 8 prizes, all told. Expensive if you are giving big trophies for each, but trophies need not be that expensive. If you want to get into the 2nd prize and "merit" bit, certificates could be given, like the LASFS egobuck deal. But whatever is done...standardize it for the benefit of all cons, and each con committee should list the categories, etc. in their reports, news releases, etc. long before con time. And if an individual committee decided it wanted other categories or wanted to change some a bit, be it on their own necks, and no harm done if it meets with general approval--and if it as advertised in advance.

Rules for judging? To be sure, so long as they aren't Too Strict. "Judge-education" is what is really needed, as Bjo sez. Judge not the person but the costume the person is wearing. How he or she wears it, yes, but not the person himself, or herself. Judges should be willing to enter into the spirit of make-believe --in fact, that should be the first qualification. If they can't do that, they shouldn't be judges--no matter how informed they are on clothing, sewing, styles, or wothavia. That's why we picked the judges we had at the SOLACON. (But we agree that 5 is a better number than 3, tho we feel our 3 did a good job.) We wanted a "fan representative" but it had to be a fan who knew something about costumes, could tell by looking at one how much work went into, whether or not it achieved the effect the wearer was striving for, etc. Who else, but Bjo? From the pro-side we wanted SF and Fantasy represented by recognized writers or editors in each section of the field. So, we picked van and Fritz. Each of 'em has written both sf and fantasy, and each of them was more "associated" with one category or the other. I think this is still a good basis to use in picking judges. With 5 on the panel there should be at least one more fan, and one more pro. But give 'em instruction --be sure they understand what categories they are supposed to be judging, and give 'em a little "head room" too (disclaimer!)--don't tie 'em down too strictly. That's where the "special" prize bit comes in handy...

I gotta say "Hurrah for Tackett! Too bad he wasn't the originator of the Fan Awards project."

Ruth Berman

5620 Edgewater Boulevard

Minneapolis 17, Minnesota

Dear Fred,

I would much prefer a costume cabaret - with no music at all - to the balls. The unhappy fact is that people's tastes in music vary so widely that dance bands can only play "Dinner Pops Hour" type music occasionally varied with jazz. The even unhappier fact is that many people, including me, find Pops more nauseating than

(Ruth Berman - 2)

mal de mer and jazz more alien than color to the color-blind. Then, too, I would rather talk than listen to music at a con, and music sometimes interferes with talk.

Bjo gives good pointers in her article, but I am beginning to think that there never will be a con where most people think the prizes went to the right people. I doubt that a convention-wide vote would be much help in Approaching the Dream - very likely more judges would. At least, I would be unhappy in a convention-wide vote on Best Costumes, because I am usually in costume and, therefore, out of my glasses - and unable to see past a short, short distance.

Rick Sneary

2962 Santa Ana St.

South Gate, California

Dear Fred,

The Jones cover is nice, but doesn't show off very well. Should be a darker ink or a lighter paper.. (I am sure your art department advised this, but you have to take the blame.)

I agree with John, that charges should be spelled out.. Or, atleast personal opinion and hunches pointed as being just that. There has been times when I've dissliked some-one with no real reason, other than they didn't fit my rather lose "code of conduct". I've expressed this opinion to people I knew well (that is, who knew me well enough to know what my opinion was worth), making the point it was just an opinion. I think it is fare to "reccomend" people, just as one does books -- and to worn against ones you personally don't like. With books or people, the listener must weigh your opinion against past records.. I have good friends whose opinion of others I might question (if they fell withen they prejudices), and except fully the opinion of some I know less well, but who I think are good judges of character... -- The trouble is, to many fans believe everything they see in print. After-all, all miss-information maybe found in fanzines.

Two weeks ago there was talk about dropping the Menace from Shaggy. I appose this, as it is a continuing record of what the club is doing -- little enough of which appears elsewhere. It might even be a good thing to have fill-ens, with equally brief accounts of things done by large numbers of the Society members outside of meetings... Mention of parties, and projects. Reports on who's been in town.. Our own little news report.

Harding writes with his characteristic sharp and clear style one expects from him. I am dissappointed though that he did not devote atleast one line to saying what the two Mills books were about. It is true that it is hard for an unusual or controversial viewpoint to be heard. But not only because they are not expressed or available. It is just that there is so much available. So many tons of ideas and viewpoints that one is barried and lost in the tide. It gross harder to keep an open mind, not only because of the surch for sacurity, but because vast number of ideas and opinions that are being expressed. It is impossable to keep up with science, because you can't read all the journals.. The same is true in the political and socal sciences.. -- I say more by M.H., but he must not expect to much of he readers... But, he could expect more than he does..

I can comment on the Music or Money question with some degree of knowledge. The Solacon Committee debated a long time on this, and finally agreed it was an expense that wasn't needed, no matter how nice it would be. We had canned music for dancing, and maybe two dozen couples danced for awhile after the more organized part

(Rick Sneary - 2)

of the Ball was over.. The Detention had a much publasized live jazz band, and after the organized part of the Ball was over about two dozen couples danced.. The rest of the people reacted just as Dirce said.. My openion is that fewer than 5% of the membership care that much to listen. Even many who would say they would want a live band will spend the time talking, or looking for parties.

If you have a friendly hotel management all kinds of things can be arranged. They probably can't let you hire non-union men, but we got the same kind of deal Dirce did, and there is no reason others couldn't. ---I do think the idea of fan produced Cabaret acts is fine. Costume Balls have seemed badly planned in the past.. -- Something that could turn the whole Ball into a "party".---It would be fine if Con's had a fan piano-player to help out, but that is a local problem...

Bjo's article is good for a number of reasons. For one thing I have observed that the results of the Costume Ball judgeing have been the most often critisized part of the last four World-cons. It is obvious that no matter how good the system or the judges, not everyone is going to be pleased. But it is also obvious that to much has been left to chance. (Another case of something the Con.Committee doesn't know tell it is to late.) --- I agree with nearly all the points that Bjo made---actually we talked them over in advance---except the point of groups being judged as "funnyist" or "most beautifull." All things being equal, a group makes more of an impression than a single.. Five people can carry a sight-gag better than one. I think there should be a group award, and indavidual members of the groups alowed to stand for single awards.

Rather than give demerits for spectacular entrances, I feal that when ever possable arrangements should be made to give special enrances to as many costumes as possable. Not only to set the costume off more, but to make more of a "show" for those not in costume (or not really compeating.) And every costume should be shown off, and the name of the fan and his costume read by the M.C. (I know this is done, but at the Detention it was so fast without a P.M. system that I never knew most of them.)

I think it would be a help if the Worldcon Committee's anounced in one of the Progress Reports, what classes of prizes were to be given, and the general rules they were going to use to judge by. Thus fans would know what to shoot for.. I also like Bjo's idea of a Popular Award, voted on by everyone..

I think Tackett makes sense with his views on the Fan Awards.. About as good as they could be.. It so happens that I've got a basic complanet against all general fan awards....but I'll not go into that.. You know what th y are.

Betty Kujawa

2819 Caroline Street

South Bend 14, Indiana

Dear Bob.....the guy I don't really know;

Easter morn..wet and 65 degrees..no church services for the Kujawas..cept for weddings, etc. I believe neither Gene nor I have attended Presbyterian (me) or Catholic (him) services for about..uh..17 years. Wonder how many of fandom did go to church today?

Returned earlier this month from our southern vacation...nice but too damm hot and humid..crying shame Boyd and I were both in the same vicinity but two weeks apart..someday we'll hit San Juan or the Bahamas simultaneously...by gawd.

I missed fandom something fierce..but I found sf and fantasy readers in some surprising locales. When enjoying to the ruddy hilt our week as house-guests in one of the most lush gorgeous estates in Palm Beach I'd run into non-fen who were

(Betty Kujawa - 2)

Heinlein buffs--high society or tycoon types who had read STARSHIP...or talked with nostalgic pleasure of the old pulp days of the 30's and 40's. Bloch and Tucker fans...matrons and gentlemen who buy Mag of F&SF... it really did my heart good.

Just before we headed south we held a 5 State Meeting here, Prexies of State Skeet Associations (Ind., Mich., Ohio, Kentucky and Ill.)..Gene being our state head (just incorporated the thing thusly am a wife of a, neh, Corporation President.. in real business life am only the wife of a Vice President, which still amuses me) created a new shoot to be held every June...anyway when entertaining all the wives I found one wife of a Michigan psychiatrist who was a nut on sf and the wife of an Ohio Supreme Court Judge who has dot on do Camp for years now--she had his latest book with her..you just never know. Then, too, in Palm and Miami I found devotees of Tolkien popping up here and there.

Dammit, we had hopes of getting out to L.A. this spring (Gene's dying to try the trip in our plane..I could do without that) but as of now it's pretty hopeless--shoots coming up in Dallas, N'Orleans, two in Montreal, 3 in Chicago..ahhh one VERY big money shoot up at Sauk Center (that one I'll attend..) and other romantic spots like Peoria, Vincennes, Kokomo and exotic Grand Rapids (those I'll miss)--plus a 'must' flight up to Toronto--been putting that off too long as is..so 'twill be Con time before we are through.

Any west coast fan out there remember Tony Glynn? Did a recent cover on YANDRO--used to illustrate and write for TRIODE...now dirty pro who writes kids adventure tales, Sexton Blake thrillers, sf space operas (MZB reviewed one in DISCORD last year), detective tales (which he sets in South Bend, Indiana and has Gene and I in there helping the main character--Gene's always stopping bullets and I'm always cooking nourishing snacks...man is that a laugh!); in mundane like Tony is a newspaper man in Manchester and the son of an IRA fighter (cheers!)..so gotta letter last week saying he'll be here for the Chicon--which gladdens my heart no end.

Naturally he's faunching to stay in So. Bend to watch the Fighting Irish, etc...damned if I'd ever endure a Notre Dame foot-ball game..even for him. This lad knows more about the Civil War than my expert father and more about western lore of the Southwest than most old timers there..for a guy who's never been here he writes a mean western, too! Gonna be great after all these 3 or 9 years of friendship to actually meet him.

But on to SHAGGY #60....Trimble's editorial was read with interest--Willick and the Fan Awards..quite so..I diggeth not pulling nasty tricks to scuttle the awards, not the way to play the game, fellahs. This 'blackmail', how? Sending zines to one's mundane employers, perhaps? Outside of that I don't see the blackmail technique being of much use in fandom..unless some of you zine pubbers are printing up queer money on the side.

Yes, leave us make the evidence against George public--if this is possible without more law-suits, don't let's have more of those. Giving 'common courtesy' to such as George would be nice..having received none from him myself it would be a nice way to show our supericrity, mebbe? Perhaps some would rub off on him.

Bob, you stranger you, (am smiling..don't be reading anything caustic into my quips) Mitchell Harding reviewing the three books and in particular I mean LISTEN YANKEE--ch you sly ones-----I suspect y'all of deliberately putting this after Fidel smirkingly announced that he has been a devout loyal Communist all along. Is True??? Cause the recent news puts a sting and a very sardonic twist into everything Harding had to say. How ironic indeed to read his comments in light of what we know now.. words turned against the writer..and at the end he sayeth.."You should read these books." Yea, verily we should and with a thought to the recent news from Cuba. Will he be round again to tell us more, to add something to what has been previously written? T'would be very interesting indeed if he would.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT I hadn't even heard of..hellish part of living where even PLYBY is banned from the stands--had I but known this down south I could have found it on some air-port news-stand. I did get MOTHER NIGHT..and have just finished and relished most heartily the bio of Clark Gable, THE KING---the sexual anecdotes alone are worth the book. Got SHIP OF FOOLS in my bed-head-board-book-case to go into

(Betty Kujawa - 3)

as soon as I finish the SAPS mailing on hand. Mainly down south stuck to who-dun-its of the Christie, Allingham, sort plus a little Ruark and Gann. Our hosts in Palm are close pals of Ruarks; they all safari together in Kenya in late summer..never did get round to pumping them about him.

Also in Palm met a real sweet lil gal, quite stunning..looked all of 13 but was 21..Heinlein nut, just read ROGUE MOON, etc...she was down there visiting Mother-- had run off from husband as he had Norman Mailer over for visits constantly and her opinions of Mailer as a guest in one's apt were, to say the least, very illuminating, and unfortunately nothing I'd care to put into print.

My but these convention articles were fascinating...best sort of compilation I've seen in any zine in a long time. Hope there will be much response---me I've only been to one Con (Chi. '52) and am in no condition to comment with knowledge... but I do have opinions...

For me no live band or orchestra is needed--really good taped music (with much that is soft and dancable, please?) would be far better...not that we'd dance much.. I'll be there looking and admiring, you can be sure. Hal Lynch asks good questions here--hope there will be many replies--to me taint fair to shell out a great amount of con money on a live band that only a few will be using. The 'cabaret' idea sounds quite agreeable and much fun..if such can be swung.

Dirce's woes (poor Dirce these days, I feel for her), this deal of unions and all...makes me growl and snarl more than a little--thank GHOD I'll never be faced with such as this--Skeet fandom is highly unlikely to be holding balls..(not intended as a risque pun, Robert!)

There ARE spots though who actually brag about being without union contracts-- as anyone in the deep south knows--have even seen motels (Decatur, Alabama) and other buildings being built with big fat signs out in front saying proudly... "This motel is being built without Electrical (or plumbers or carpenters..) Union workers". and believe me they meant it as something Grand and Glorious. Was a shock to the eyes of a citizen of Union-suffering automotive So. Bend.

I have been showing the BJO article to all and sundry round here; friends who dote on Halloween doings--the envy and admiration they've shown for fannish costumes was considerable, bho! And a treat to my eyes, too. Our Chicago skeet pals (who both read far more sf than I do) the Benedicts who dote on Avram Davidson so much are very big on costume balls--they were here last week-end and read this with interest-- Steve has a costume which has won for him and borrowers prizes at various Art Balls and stuff round Chi. for years now--tis a stunning monks costume that is just right as representing the LEIBOWITZ book. They will be at the Con with us.

To me though Karen would be getting preferential treatment in that entrance during that one ball--I mean others didn't get that advantage, hence it seems a bit unfair to other fen in costume..yes..no? Not many could be expected to know she was a Fairy Queen and thus such an entrance was part of her garb..no, not quite fair.

BJOs ideas on judges and categories sound fair to me..I don't know enough about this end of Cons to have a really kosher opinion, though. Now some fen simply haven't the ability to sew up a costume on their own..a rented one for some would be the only way they could swing it--mayhaps an extra category for them?

Thomas Schlueck	Hannover	Altenbekener Damm 10	Western Germany
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To any of the chaps producing Shaggy, to all of them: HI!

It was only after some days of mental recovery that I could start reading Shaggy, which I found high on top of my file of mail when I returned from the British Easter-convention at Harrowgate, there having met one of the most important institutions of this holy fanzine: the Squirrel. I was deeply exhausted from a 36-hour's-ride from London back to Hannover. After having visited Ella Parker's Penitentiary I certainly

understand why the whole vast fan-land of America was being mixed up by this one woman, she really being a great personality. The whole trip to England was a great experience for me, indeed!

But let's come to Shaggy 60, of which I found the contribution about costumes the most interesting. The custom of having a costume ball at nearly every con is unknown to German fans. Over here cons haven't even a banquet or general ball, and thus differ widely from the basic conception of an American or British con.

It has only been apart from a con that something like a costume ball has been started: the group of Munich sponsored one in February 1962 (and I think the year before, too). This is the time when costume balls are being held all over Germany, and they made this one a general one by renting a room and inviting the open public under an utopic theme. There were finally 90 persons gathered, I suppose, and they had fantastic disguises, ranging from uncomfortable space-suits to monstrous appearances. But this was nothing but a local affair, so the Fancy Dress Party at the Harrogate Convention was quite a new and fascinating experience for me, at least in fannish circles, as was quite a lot besides this. For American standards the Harrogate Fancy Dress Party must have been a small affair, as I can see from the article, but nevertheless I was astonished at the amount of work that had been put into several of the costumes.

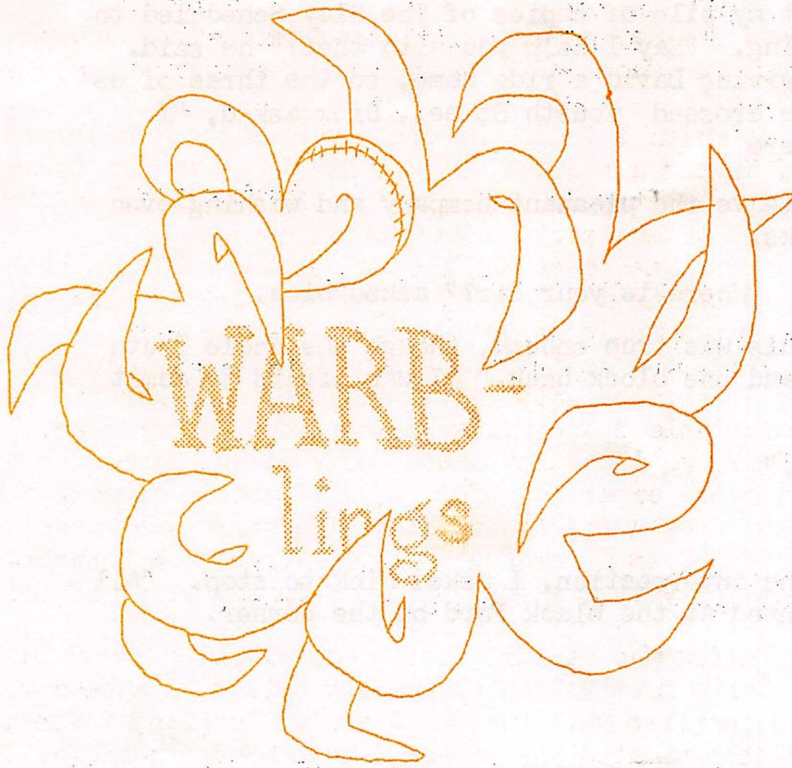
On the whole, there were only a few who had disguised themselves, maybe 3 to 10 people, whilst the rest of the attendants just walked around and talked, danced or... er, played Brag (HI, Ron!). Being unfamiliar with the standards of judging, I first was astonished when the judges finally nominated the winners: none of the costumes I thought would get a prize, was placed under the first two!

I simply had judged by the amount of work that had been put into the costume and by its effect onto me, and had completely forgotten about one important point: unlike the American costume balls this Fancy Dress Party had been given one sole theme, "2012 A.D." (instead of having several groups of costumes and prizes), and only that costume deserved a prize which was closest to the theme and showed most imagination in this respect. Ethel Lindsay, dressed as a Nurse from one of James White's novels, was given first prize. If I were a bit more talented I'd try to draw some of the costumes that would be worth drawing, but merely mentioning them is useless.

It was interesting too, to hear about another problem American ConComs are facing: the music-problem. There's nothing like this over here; I don't even know if there's something like a band-union existing. My class in school has been organizing several balls, therefore renting ball rooms, and was never charged to rent a band, too. We used records and tape music all the time.

Berry's story was funny, tho' exaggerated, but as I 'play' tennis I can assure you that he knows at least theoretically what tennis is like... The cover didn't make the usual Eddie-impression, partly due to the ink that took a strange colour on the paper, so it is not very effective, tho' well done.

((And, due to lack of space, that's about it. Unfortunately omitted are comments on the Xmas issue by Terry Jeeves, Steve Stiles, Len Hoffatt, and Phil Harrell. The Gibson-Rogers debate has been ended, due to a general lack of fresh ideas, which costs Thomas Dilley, and Buck Coulson an appearance here. Aside from this, Art Hayes enjoyed the Berry story, and feels that Con masquerades CAN get by without music, when the prices are too high. Foreign agent Archie Mercer reports on new foreign subs, but not much else. As long as you're going to send an air letter, fill it up, Archie. Klaus Eylmann feels that SHAGGY is a bit too fannish for his sercon tastes, but he likes it anyhow. Phil Harrell likes the Berry story first for the illos; he also feels that it's a shame that the Fan Awards are dead, since the idea was basically good, and something could have been done with it once GCW and the Statuette were done away with. Fred L. Smith notes a slump on interior artwork, and wonders where Rotsler is. Stan Woolston feels that the articles on the masquerade balls "could well go into a guidance-manual for future cons!" Well, so long 'til next issue.))



by Ruth Berman

Basil Rathbone was in Minneapolis in January, 1961, to give a program of poetry readings. In between the poems, he rambled amusingly about matters connected with poems -- or not so connected. At one point he told us about his years of playing villains in historical movies. "By the way," he said, "I took lessons from one of the great masters of fencing. I just wanted you to know: I could have killed Tyrone Power any time I wanted to."

Since then, I've taken to trying to watch old movies with Basil Rathbone ((in them)).

They're rather great fun. I've seen him killed by John Barrymore as Romeo, and Tyrone Power as Zorro. I did not see him killed by Ronald Coleman as Francois Villon, but that was merely because Rathbone was playing Louis XI, who is on the right side, if not exactly one of the good guys. Villon killed plenty of other people -- revolting Burgundians, mostly -- egged on by malicious, mischievous old Louis. They don't make them like that any more. Fortunately.

Notes for a Farce or Where Were You on the Night of December 16?:

Let me introduce you to two members of the Radio-Television Guild of the University of Minnesota, David Jones and Dick Shapiro. David is the head of the Guild, a lively little Welshman who spends all his spare time in theatre work although he is a member of the English Department (where he teaches Shakespeare). Dick looks and sounds surprisingly like Bruce Pelz, except that his voice is lighter. He makes good money at a bank, but is getting a teacher's certificate. By next year, he will be a high school English teacher. These are good, wacky characters for a farce, yes? I played straight man.

At 1:45, December 16, I walked into KUOM (Your University radio station; 770 on your radiodial). From 2 to 4 on Saturdays, the Guild meets to cast the weekly Theatre of the Air shows, read plays, and drink tea. They might prefer coffee, but I make the refreshments, and I like tea. And so does David, which makes the matter official. At 4 we listen to that week's Theatre o/t Air show. No tryouts were scheduled for December 16, but the meeting was to be unusual because that week's show, The Boor, by Chekhov, was to be done live, the first live show the Guild had tried.

At 2:00, I was the only Guilder present, with the exceptions of Jones and Shapiro, who had come to rehearse The Boor (David was directing, and Dick was playing Luka, the old family retainer). Their sound effects man was late. So, at 2:15, seeing me sitting lone and lorn in the lobby, David asked me to do sound effects. And I did, and the show went off well, and we had a pleasant time.

Afterward, Dick looked down at my pile of copies of The Play Scheduled to be Read at the December 16th Meeting. "May I help you with that?" he said. I accepted gratefully. Dick was giving David a ride home, so the three of us set out towards Dick's car. As we crossed Fourth Street, Dick asked, "I hope you don't have to turn-off here?"

"No," I lied, not wishing to leave the pleasant company and wishing even less to take back the pile of books.

We walked on to Fifth Street. "Where is your car?" asked Dick.

"Two blocks down," I said. This was true enough, though the Whole Truth would have been "two blocks down and one block back." I was afraid to admit my lie.

"Hop in; I'll give you a ride."

I hopped.

Two blocks later, just past the intersection, I asked Dick to stop. "All right. Is this your car?" he pointed at the black Ford on the corner.

"N-no."

"Which is it?"

Panic. I pointed up the intersection we had just passed. "Oh, just around the corner." I opened the door.

"I'll take you round," said chivalrous Dick, shifting into reverse.

"Oh, please don't bother."

"No trouble. Now, which is it?"

"That one." I pointed at a green car. Dick stopped. I got out and walked to the sidewalk with the bearing of Mary, Queen of Scots. Tumbrils rattled in my ears. I started towards a green car, realized it was not the car I'd pointed at, turned, and went to the right, if not the proper car, and bent to open the car door.

I stooped there for several eternities, in mortal fear that Dick would wait to see that I got "my" car started all right. Dick drove off.

I straightened up, turned, and ran the block to the proper car, wishing I could share the joke with them.

Perhaps I can. There was a peculiar smile on David's face. I think he knows.

-----Ruth Berman.

-o-o-

((Ed Note: WARB-lings is a column which has appeared a few times in Melange (the few times it appeared), the Trimble's FAPA magazine. However, since the publication of that Journal of Middleclass Morality is to be curtailed, we're scheduling Ruth's column for Shangri-L'Affaires. We've another installment on hand to go in SLA #62. Comments, anyone? End Note.))

The Word...is...

...LONDON...

...in '65!

A Walk through

23

PSYCHO IN A NIGHTMARE -- review/critique by Bill Plott

One night about two years ago I settled down and plodded through Robert Bloch's well-written, but dull, unsuspenseful novel, Psycho. Despite gung-ho raves from every side, I rallied behind the lone dissenting voice of Alan Dodd in proclaiming my disappointment in the book. The element of suspense was just not there. Then a singular thought occurred to me: Perhaps I have lost my sense of wonder for mystery stories....

A few months later I saw the film version of Psycho and thoroughly enjoyed it. My only solution to this apparent paradox is that the sensory experiences of the movie captivated my interest much more than did the printed page.

Everybody has to get in the act, so sometime thereafter William Castle produced his imitation, Homocidal. Had I not been familiar with Bloch's brain child, I might have enjoyed Castle's film. But familiarity breeds contempt, to use a well-hackneyed cliché. Consequently I found Castle's offering good, but also ineffective because the sequence of events spelled out what the conclusion would be long before the villainess changed sexes. Fortunately I did not wade through a book version of Homocidal -- if such was available.

Now there is a third in the "series", so to speak. Crest Books has just reprinted Harper & Bros first novel by a brilliant young lady named Anne Blaisdale. I refer to Nightmare as the third in the "series" simply because it concerns a psychopathic antagonist, not because it bears any resemblance to the aforementioned works -- au contraire.

Pat Carroll, an American girl in her early twenties, has inherited a large sum of money and is touring England in a newly purchased Jaguar. She avoids the common tourist traps and sets her course to more or less suit her moods. On her itinerary, however, is a visit she feels obligated to make. A Mrs. G. Trefoile, the mother of Stephan Trefoile, a young British airman to whom Pat was engaged prior his death a year prior to her inheritance.

En route, she meets Alan Glentower, a conservative historical novelist who readily falls in line as the obvious hero of the narrative. Upon parting company with Glentower, Pat drives to the village of Abervy where she plans to spend a few days with Mrs. Trefoile, then driving on to Newcastle where she is to meet Glentower in a week.

Mrs. Trefoile, needless to say for this type of story, is somewhat out of the ordinary. She is a devoutly religious woman, yet she does not attend church because of a rift with the local rector. She compensates by conducting three services daily in her home for herself, her three servants, and now Pat. The services are enacted before each meal and a complete book of The Bible is read through during each service.

Pat, being only mildly religious, rankles the pious old lady from the beginning. Her excoriated tour of England; her use of cosmetics; her trim, modern clothes; her nicotine habit; and her relationship with Alan Glentower (although completely virtuous) do not fit in with Mrs. Trefoile's way of life. She feels that being engaged to Stephan renders Pat a bride in the eyes of God, even though

no intimacies took place. Pat's descent leaves the old lady with only one alternative -- purge the poor girl of her evil ways.

Pat is locked in a dusty old room, which was once occupied by Stephan's father, Julian Trefoile. Her clothes, cosmetics, and other belongings are taken from her. When she resists, she is accidentally stabbed by Anna, one of the servants, between her shoulder and breast with a pair of shears. Each day thereafter, the old lady and Anna enter the room and lock the door. Anna stands guard, so to speak, while the old lady reads scriptures, prays, and re-opens the sissor wound anew to purge Pat of her sins and evil ways.

Pat's food is meager and unfilling. The wound is in danger of infection, but she gets a break when she explores the room. Mrs. Trefoile might have been a stickler for virtue but husband Julian had his vices. In the old desk, untouched for years, Pat discovers such delightful volumes as the Joys of Paris, Raptures of Rome, and the Memoirs of Casanova; and what's more important, she finds a case of brandy, almost entirely intact, left over from Julian's heyday.

The brandy is a godsend, externally for her wound, and internally for her near-empty stomach and despairing soul. Although the tortures pile up, Pat manages to get a coded message to Glentower on the pretext that he will come looking for her when she doesn't appear in Newcastle on the following Thursday. Her captors force her to send a simple postcard, saying she must break the appointment, but Pat slips in a coded message which is almost unnoticeable.

It takes still another message scribbled hastily in blood to shake Glentower into realization, however. Of course, rescue is inevitable, but here Miss Blaisdale's imagination is at its best. The suspense encountered in the last third of the book is practically unbearable. The reader feels that Pat has to be rescued from this insane, ultra-religious old woman, but how the hell can she be rescued when Glentower doesn't even know where she is? Furthermore, the police scoff at his apprehension and consider the postcards to be merely a practical joke.

There are no schizophrenics in Nightmare. The peculiar insanity of Mrs. Trefoile creates enough suspense to eclipse Psycho and Homocidal tenfold. I am now awaiting the appearance of a movie version. Surely Hollywood will not pass up this gem which has drawn rave reviews from such fine newspapers as the St Louis Post-Dispatch and the Boston Herald. Hollywood is almost certain to gobble this up overnight, but the finished product is another matter. If Hollywood does adapt Nightmare, will the end result be a spine-tingling Psycho, or a slipshod imitation of Homocidal?

-oOo-

-----Bill Plott.

Fred Patten glares at...

REBELS OF THE RED PLANET, by Charles L Fontenay, ACE #F-113, 1961, 143pp.

Despite the debate over who killed science fiction, no one claims that it is actually dead yet. However, it must be on its last legs for something like Rebels of The Red Planet to be published. The cover says "first book publication". The reason nobody else would print it should be obvious; the question is, why did Ace ever bother with it?

Rebels is straight space opera. Life on Mars is completely controlled by the Mars Corporation, which milks the colonists dry through its puppet Martian government, for the benefit of the MarsCorp executives back on Earth. A revolutionary underground, known as the Phoenix, has been working for decades to overthrow MarsCorp and establish an independent, free government. Both groups are trying to genetically adapt man to the harsh natural conditions of Mars; the rebels so that they will no longer be dependent on MarsCorp imports, and Mars-

Corp so that it can eliminate the extra overhead of shipping the necessities of life from Earth to Mars. So far, all attempts have been only partly successful at best.

Dark Kensington, the handsome hero, was an early leader of the rebels who mysteriously disappeared when the underground was destroyed by a MarsCorp raid. Now, 25 years later, he suddenly reappears to take a position as an official in the revived Phoenix. He remembers nothing that happened to him during this 25 years; what's more, he hasn't aged a day since his disappearance.

MarsCorp is planning a definite coup against the Phoenix. For this purpose, it has beautiful Maya Cara Nome, who was raised on Earth and who knows nothing of true Martian conditions, hired as a secretary to a firm it suspects of being a Phoenix front. Maya discovers it is the secret headquarters of the rebels, meeting Dark in the process. She reports to MarsCorp, but most of the rebels escape before the raid can take place.

Maya is sent to a resort bubble city to look for escapees. She meets Dark there, and rashly arrests him before finding that the resort dome has no penal facilities, and that it will be two days before the police can arrive from another city. She determines to personally hold Dark under guard. During this time, Dark convinces her of the rightness of the rebel cause, and she falls in love with him (actually, she falls in love with him first, and apparently decides that any organization he's connected with can't be bad). The police arrive just as she is about to free him. She tries to hold them off at gunpoint and force Dark to escape, but the police disarm her and kill Dark.

Maya and her fiance, S Nuwell Eli, a rising young MarsCorp executive, start back to Mars City. Their copter breaks down, and they are stranded in the vast desert. They make their way to Ultra Vires, a deserted MarsCorp genetic experimental station. Meanwhile, in the head MarsCorp hydroponic-genetic farm, Dark is trying to escape back to the Phoenix (what's he doing here after he was killed at the resort dome? Don't worry about it; Dark was also definitely killed at least twice before that, and he isn't worried about it). Since death doesn't bother him, he simply walks away from the station without encumbering himself with food, water, or oxygen equipment. Looking for transportation, he plods to the nearest human construction, which just happens to be Ultra Vires. He meets Maya, and they have a tearful reunion. They are about to fly off to rejoin the Phoenix when the real Martians, who have been lurking unobtrusively in the background since the beginning of the book, step forward in the role of deus ex machina to reveal that it is they (surprise!) who successfully adapted Dark to life under natural Martian conditions (which also makes him effectively invulnerable). Nuwell then kidnaps Maya, and flies off with her in the only copter to the head MarsCorp farm, where he tries to force her to marry him. Dark plods back to the farm, telepathically organizing en route with a remnant of the Phoenix, of which he is now the leader, a raid on the MarsCorp stronghold. The raid is successful; Maya is freed, and the farm (and presumably also MarsCorp) is destroyed.

-ooo-

This plot is silly enough, but it might be enjoyable to those who read only for slam-bang action. But Fontenay has prevented it from being anything but a farce through his use of idiotic action-for-suspense-sake-only, and pompous dialog -- sometimes ridiculous to the point of meaninglessness. Some examples: on p.68, Dark is killed before Maya's eyes, having a "great gaping hole" blasted through him. On p. 103, she discovers that he has come alive again. On pp. 108-110, they both learn the reasons for his invulnerability. Yet on p. 133, when Dark tries to thrust Maya to safety before joining the battle in the farm, she refuses to leave his side, saying "I don't want to be safe until you are". Dark's fears for her safety turn out to be groundless, however, when she turns out to be

as invulnerable as he is. This is revealed when the farm dome is blasted, letting out all the air and suffocating all the MarsCorp officials. Dark suddenly remembers that "Maya had no marshelmet! .

Appalled, struck to the heart, he turned in his tracks.

Maya was standing behind him, calmly trying to rearrange her raven hair, tangled by the raging rush of wind.

"What's the matter?" she asked quietly, becoming aware of Dark's intent gaze.

"Maya! You don't have a helmet on! Are you breathing?"

She was silent for a moment, apparently examining herself.

"Why, no, I don't believe I am," she replied, just as calmly." (pp. 141-142)

It would seem improbable enough that anyone would take such a revelation as calmly as does Maya. When you consider that she has been acting like a typical pulp magazine flightily heroine for the entire preceeding 141 pages, it becomes flatly unbelievable.

Trying to contact Qril, the Martain, to find out how this is possible, "Dark sent his mind into the invisible. " (p. 142) Qril informs him that the Martians made the same alterations on her as they did on him.

"Why didn't you tell me this before, at Ultra Vires?" demanded Dark.

"You did not ask," replied Qril.... (p. 142)

This book is filled with fantastic people, whose only purpose seems to be to make it colorful. "The Chief" (p. 26) of the Phoenix is a weird dwarf. On p. 77, we are introduced to Shadow, an unexplained character of normal height who is only one-half an inch thick so that he is invisible (?) unless seen directly from front or rear. On p. 136, Shadow is killed, having accomplished nothing except silently following Happy around. "Happy was like a jellyfish, in huge human form" (p. 76), the result of one of MarsCorp's illegal glandular experiments. Glandular and/or genetic experiment/alteration is the magic terminology used to explain away all sorts of the most impossible human distortions.

I could go on and on, about Old Beard, the noble old man hiding in the MarsCorp farm who turns out to be the real Dark Kensington, or about Nuwell's panic fright of the real Martians, which apparently exists only to show Maya that he's not the perfect gentleman he pretends to be (and which shouldn't be necessary at this point -- p. 85 -- considering the boorish way he's been acting toward her), but why bother? You get the picture.

Vargo Statten is dead. But really, Mr Fontenay, do his shoes need filling this badly?

-----Fred Patten.

Read the MENACE OF THE LASFS

the journal of the minutes published twice a month. 6 / 50¢ from Bruce Pelz, 738 S. MARIPOSA, APT. 107, LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF.

THE DANCING LADY

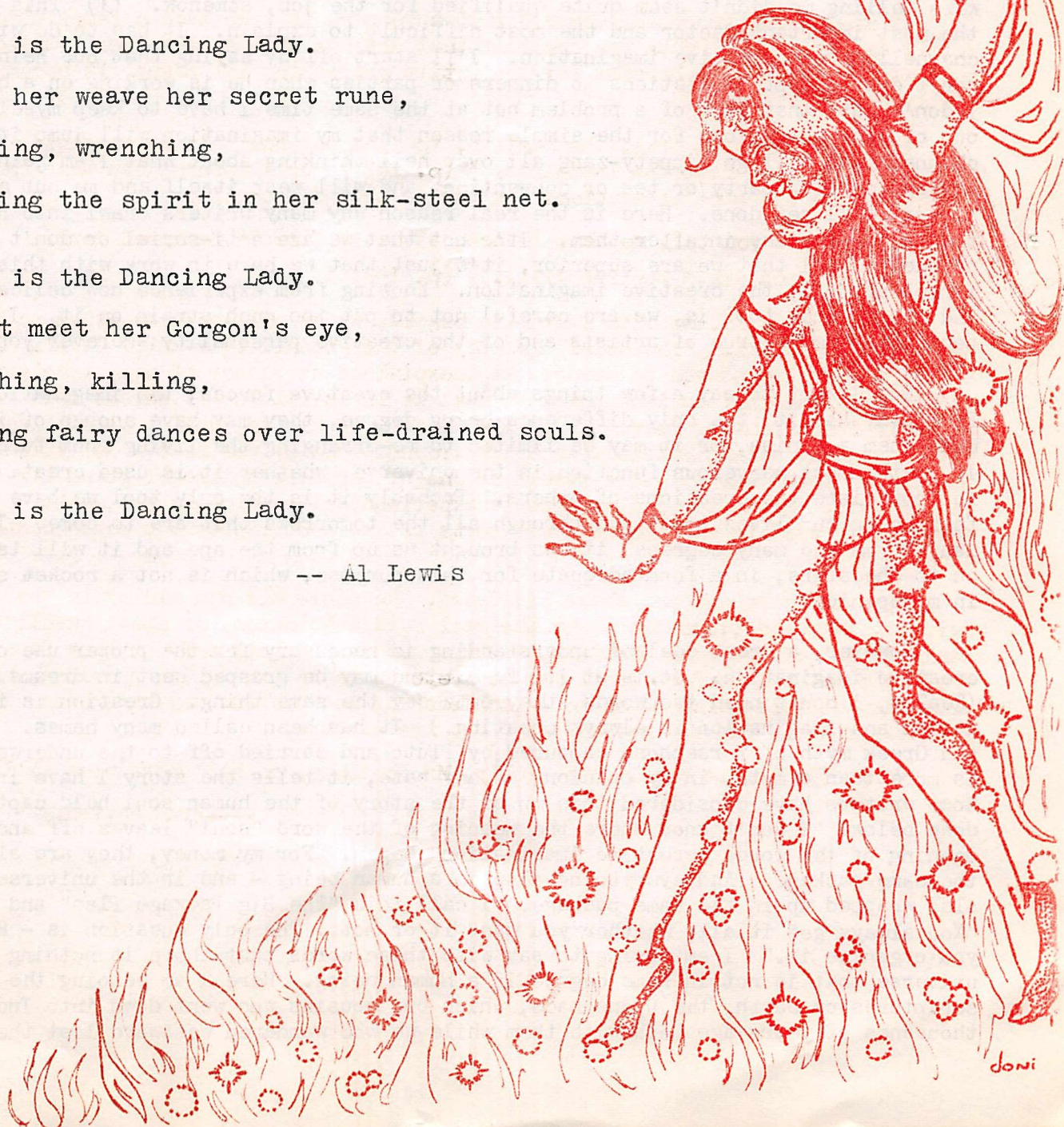
There is the Dancing Lady.
See her leap and pirouette,
Turning, spinning,
Weaving a spell with her soft white feet.

There is the Dancing Lady.
Watch her weave her secret rune,
Twisting, wrenching,
Catching the spirit in her silk-steel net.

There is the Dancing Lady.
Do not meet her Gorgon's eye,
Clutching, killing,
Dancing fairy dances over life-drained souls.

There is the Dancing Lady.

-- Al Lewis



ON CREATIVITY by

Robert Moore Williams

Three factors are involved in my shyness around fans. (1) Shyness around people has plagued me most of my life. (2) A certain amount of conditioning - unpleasant experiences with fans - is involved. Many years ago in Chicago, Bill Hamling, Mark Reinsburg, and Chet Geier, the first fans I had ever met, were a little nuisance. Bill, now publisher of *Rogue*, already knew everything, and while Chet was very eager to learn, he was - and is - stone deaf, which made things a little difficult. I like Chet very much. He is now managing editor of *Fate*. Later, in St. Louis, my name was in the phone book and the fans began to call me up, to tell me how to write. I admit somebody should tell me but the people who were telling me didn't seem quite qualified for the job, somehow. (3) This is the most important factor and the most difficult to explain. It has to do with channelling the creative imagination. I'll start off by saying that Bob Heinlein won't even accept invitations to dinners or parties when he is working on a book. I don't have that much of a problem but at the same time I have to keep myself out of many situations for the simple reason that my imagination will jump its channels and will go zippety-zang all over hell thinking about what I am going to say and do at a party or tea or convention, and will wear itself and me out and no work will get done. Here is the real reason why many writers crawl into holes and pull the holes in after them. It's not that we are anti-social or don't like people or feel that we are superior, it's just that we have to work with this most marvelous tool, the creative imagination. Knowing from experience how delicate and touchy this tool is, we are careful not to put too much strain on it. I suspect the same is true of artists and of the creative personality wherever you find it.

Now I want to say a few things about the creative forces, the imagination. Everybody has it, the only difference being degree, they may have enough of it to make them a genius, or it may be limited to re-arranging the living room furniture. It is the most marvelous function in the universe, whether it is used creatively or to appreciate the creations of others. Probably it is the only tool we have for fashioning our lives today and through all the tomorrows that are to come. In its many forms and many degrees, it has brought us up from the ape and it will take us on to the stars, in a form adequate for this purpose, which is not a rocket ship, in my opinion.

However, a great deal of understanding is necessary for the proper use of the creative imagination. It is at its freest and may be grasped best in dreams. (Really, I don't need two words, they both say the same thing. Creation is imagination and imagination is always creating.) It has been called many names. The old Greek myth of Persephone captured by Pluto and carried off to the underworld is more than a myth, in my opinion; at any rate, it tells the story I have in mind. Some writers have considered this to be the story of the human soul held captive down below. I don't know where the meaning of the word "soul" leaves off and the meaning of the words "creative imagination" begin. For my money, they are all in the same package. And everything else in a human being - and in the universe - is also wrapped up in the same package. I call this "The Big Package Plan" and say, "You always get it all, whether you want it or not. The only question is - How do you organize it." I am trying to say with these words that there is nothing in the universe that is not in some degree in a human being. Here I am echoing the oldest scriptures on earth, the Upanashads, which our cousins who went down into India many thousands of years ago took with them while we who wandered westward lost them.

Whether we use the word "soul" or not, it is obviously true that the creative imagination is a captive. Its function is to create and it does this superlatively well, with the materials it has at hand. In a human being it is largely a captive to the emotions. If we feed it fear, anger, sex, greed for money or hunger for self-importance, it will create in accordance with the emotions fed to it, as no doubt Persephone did in the underworld in the old Greek myth. If you don't believe what I am saying here, look within yourself, then evade the answer that comes up - if you can! I don't mean this "you" personally, it applies to all human beings. It probably also applies to the ants that crawl, the dogs that bark, and the birds that fly, each in its degree.

Now the neat trick - and the most important task any human being has - is to learn how to channel the creative imagination. It will create heaven for you, if you give it the right orders and keep it within the proper channels, and if you clutch and cling to heaven overlong, it will create hell for you, as of necessity it breaks the channels of old habits.. If you curb it too heavily and too unwisely, it will jump its channels and go whoring off after what seem to you to be false gods. Since its very nature involves bringing into existence something new, it continuously creates new channels for itself and takes you into new ideas, new worlds, new universes. Always it goes beyond its channels, always it breaks the law that you think you know, always it has in it that mysterious factor x, which, in my opinion, was what the theologians of the Middle Ages meant when they were talking about something they called the Grace of God, meaning what seemed to them to be an unmerited reward, which some mysterious, far-away something that they called God had given to them. The creative imagination is the hand-maiden of all invention and of all new advances in science. It rode on the cone with Col. Glenn. It is the bugger factor, Fineagle's constant, it is Planck's constant h, meaning that certain, inexplicable loose-jointedness in nature which extends all the way down to the level of the electron, and below, and all the way up to the stars, and beyond. It is God in man and it is man's only channel to something bigger than he is, i.e. to God, in my opinion - and the theologians who don't like this opinion can go and do you know what! It also sustains what is called the conservative factor in nature which in its totality appears as what science calls laws. How can that which creates the new things also hold the old things in existence? That's a question I can't answer but I will bet when we do know the answers we will find that the very ground under our feet is held there by the creative imagination of something - what I know not - appearing in the role of the conservative factor. It is also the third factor in nature, the destructive forces which gnaw away at mountains and at men, eventually levelling both so that new construction can arise. It is a trinity, creation, conservation for a time, then eventual destruction, an eventual letting go of the created thing so that new creation can arise.

Perhaps by now you see the respect I have for the creative imagination, the awe with which I regard it, the wonder I feel in using it. You also see that I don't put undue pressures on it, why I don't dash madly to conventions and make speeches, why I don't turn it loose to build my own feeling of self-importance to insufferable heights, why, in essence, I don't give my imagination an excuse to jump its thinly-held channels. Perhaps if you will look real close you may also see something which may be valuable to you and which arises out of your statement that you "can organize like crazy (other people, that is, not my own life, unfortunately.)" Creative imagination is organization in one of its aspects! You can also see what happens to me when I write you a letter and you answer: I write a letter of several pages in reply as my imagination turns itself loose. How it would jump around if I turned it loose on a fan convention!

However, it just happens that this morning I am not up to my ears in a book-length and I have a little time to kick the gong around where the little ability that I have really lies - on a typewriter. It also just happens that I am always very glad to try to explain to the bright young minds - and the bright young creative

imaginations freshly come from somewhere - which I see in such plenitude in the world around me today, some of the things I know, touching them perhaps with another additional dew-drop of shining wonder at this wonderful universe in which we live, knowing that the time I spend in this way will in some time and in some place come to fruit in additive wonder. Even if some of us seem a little distant at times, we are not islands, we are, as Paul said, "members each of the other."

I could go on and write a book and not exhaust my subject. This, also is implicit in the creative imagination. It always comes up with something new as the x factor operates. There is no exhaustion of it, it does not know the meaning of exhaustion, it just slows down as the emotional pressures sludge up the brain cells of the frontal lobes. For many years I have sat down at my typewriter each morning just to see what has been left in it overnight - as elfin gifts brought from some fairyland of wonder. Last night this letter was left in it. I did not know the letter was here until I turned my typewriter loose. Tonight, the beginning of a new book may perhaps be left in my typewriter, or perhaps the start of some new adventure. This is the x-factor of the creative imagination at work. Somewhere in the Old Testament one of the prophets said, "Behold, I make everything new!" He was talking about his idea of God. I say the same thing. I am talking about the creative imagination. But the old prophet had no greater sense of wonder and of awe and of love for his God than I have for the creative imagination. Here we walk softly and reverantly. Here is the place where angels fear to tread.

Have I made the third factor - and myself - clear? Well, I have spun the words. The response to them must lie within the creative imagination of the reader.

---Robert Moore Williams

from the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner,
June 13, 1962:

PROBE TOLD OF B-GIRL DRINK TRICKS
HIDDEN SWIZZLE STICKS BARED

Washington, June 13 -- Bar girls and prostitutes, who hustle men customers in Chicago area night spots hide swizzle sticks in their bras and stockings to keep track of the drinks they promote, a former union official said today.

The official, Ernie Fast, once midwest regional director of the American Guild of Variety Artists (AGVA) called the practice unsanitary.



"Hold that pose!" I said, hauling out the camera, and we shot a series of pictures.

"I like fountains," said Joni. "I have a thing for fountains. "In fact, I think I'll come down here in my bikini and pose for you."

"Great," I said.

"You're on!"

"You're serious!" she said, taken aback.

"Of course I am," I said, lying.

"Allright," she said, determined to face me down. "I'll put on my bikini and go out in the middle of Mellon Square Fountain."

"Good," I said, to see how far she was willing to go. "How about tomorrow."

Now when a beautiful girl has challenged a man to prove his mettle, and flashed large blue eyes, and especially if she is willing to put on a Bikini to do it, why he has got to come through. He may end up in jail, but he has got to come through. I was stuck and I knew it. So was Joni, but neither of us was quite willing to back out. And then the grandeur of the whole preposterous proposition began to come upon us, and we began to wonder if in fact it could be done. And that was the point where we determined to do it.

It was going to have to be quick--hit and run, so to speak, before the police could arrive to hustle us off for indecent exposure, or something equally embarrassing.

The first step (I insisted) was to rehearse the whole affair. Not in the fountain, just a dry-run on modelling, so we could get used to working together. And, since we were going to all that trouble, let's get some good pictures, bikini and all. We drove around the countryside and found a lovely little public park with a stream running through it. The stream was rust-colored, quite a common-thing I understand in mill country, but useful for some lovely effects.

Joni peeled to her bikini, and we started in. A group of elderly picknickers registered studious indifference as we worked around and over them, using slides and tree-trunks, and chasing Debbie, Joni's two-year old daughter who insisted on falling into the largest available mud-puddles.

At last the day came. Joni donned the bikini, tossed a dress over it, and we headed for Gateway Center. It was raining and few crowds were about. The guard watched interestedly as Joni hopped into the fountain dress and all, and I shot about three pictures. Then she reached back to unzip and the Custodian of Public Welfare awoke to his responsibilities.

"Stop!" he yelled in panic. "You can't do that here!"

When one plans to the best of one's abilities, sometimes fate plays a kind hand. As we drove toward Mellon Square, the skies opened up. Now if it would only quit in time...

It .. We emerged from the underground garage into a square with only the lightest of drizzles. And totally empty. We started to work--hastily, for we did not know how long our luck would hold. Actually, it held longer than Joni's Bikini, which was never intended for swimming in the first place--just for show. Only now it was showing more than it was intended to.

At this point a stranger walked by. "What magazine is this for?" he asked.

"None," I answered, being too flustered to think of anything but the truth. "She's just a nut who likes to go around posing in fountains!"

And with that I dunked the camera in the camera bag, tossed my raincoat over Joni, and we made good our escape, cackling happily and feeling inordinantly smug.

And I'm proud of that picture!

--Al Lewis

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SHAGGY
1825 Greenfield
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