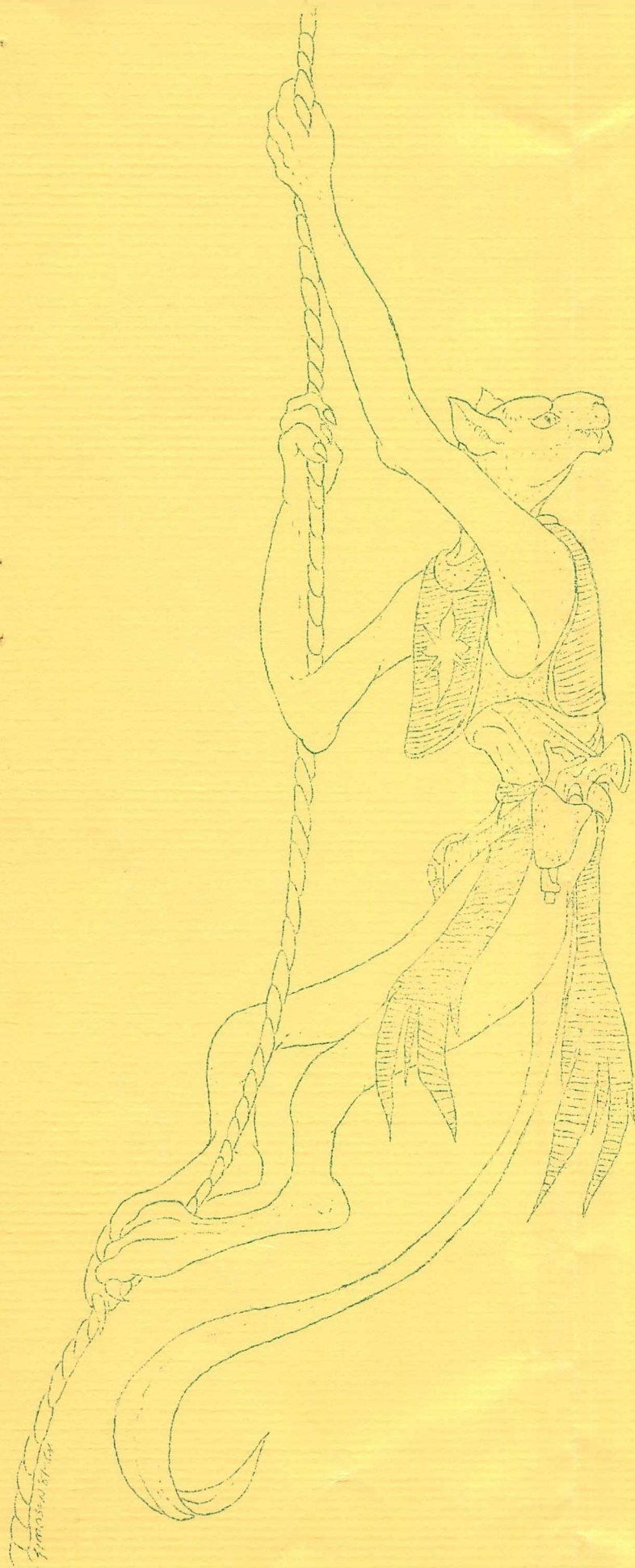
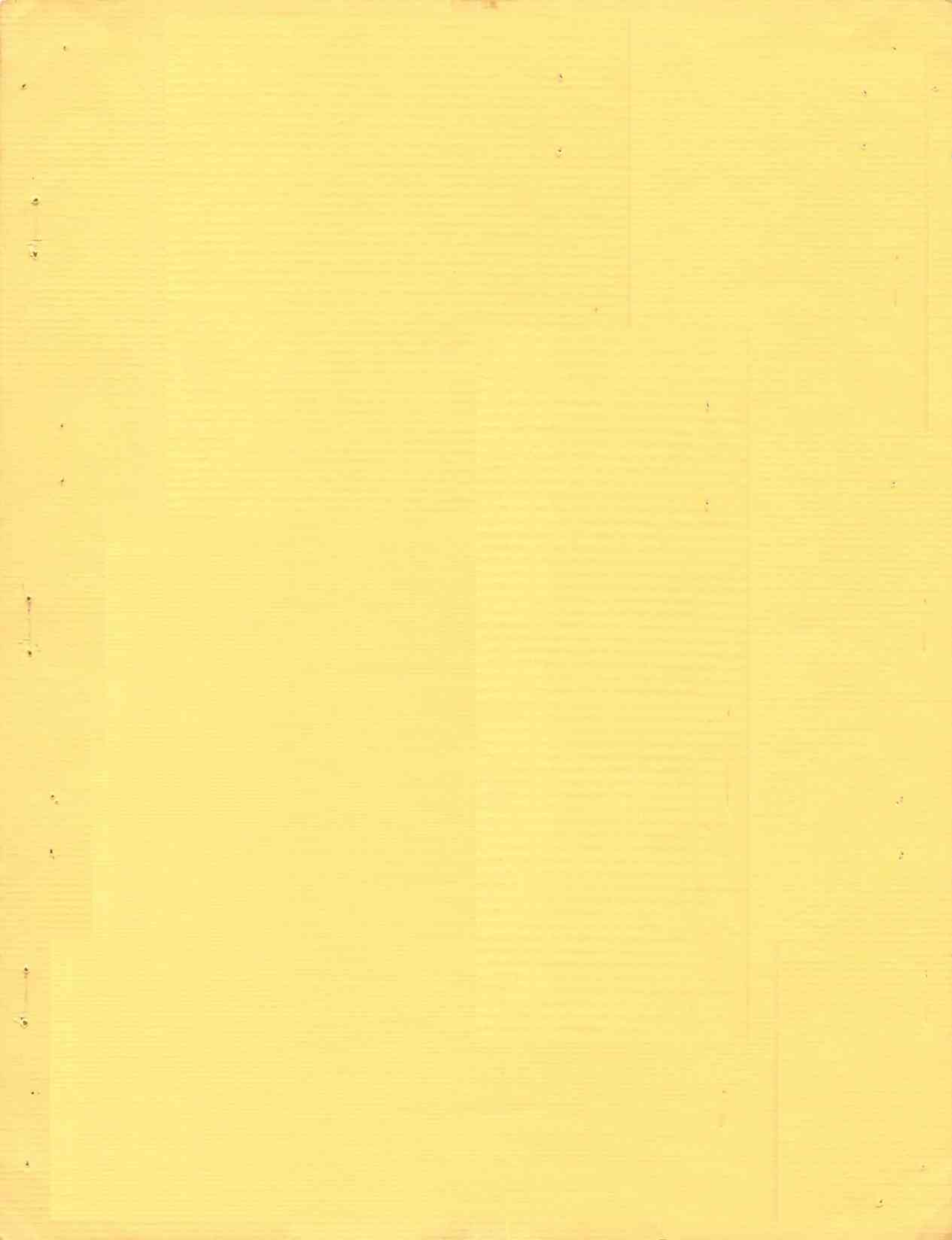


Shangri- L'Affaires



no. 70





SHAGGY is not dead, to begin with. Let's just say it's been away on a long vacation, and has now changed hands again. The hiatus of six months since the last issue is nowhere near a record for this publication, and should not have caused anyone serious worry -- except possibly the publishers. After all, when you get as old as this zine, your regularity may be expected to be somewhat impaired.

In case you hadn't heard, there is a Slan Shack operating in L.A. again -- half a quadruplex, occupied by six fans plus a varying number of guests, tourists, and corpses left from the last party. With full-time fanac going on, it seemed reasonable to expect a restimulation of the LASFS Organ in this environment. We had to start by putting out an issue to prove it could be done, and calling for new materiel. The old stuff is about used up, and most of it is in this issue.

We have lots of art, and poetry is still a drug on the market, but we will look at fiction, criticism, reviews, analyses, opinions, and just about any other thing you might want to have spread before a wide fannish audience. We will try to give preference to local materiel, but anything goes. We invite letters especially, though we didn't get any from the previous editor, and we will probably print most of the ones we get, just as you wrote them, so think twice before sounding off.

Now there is another point to be considered. The current mailing list for SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES includes some two hundred and fifty names. This is an awful lot of people. Fortunately, most of the subscriptions are about to lapse, and we will either be able to afford to continue sending out 250 copies if they all resubscribe, or we will not have to send out 250 copies. There will be an indication on the back page with your mailing address, showing the present state of YOUR subscription -- so note it and be warned. We don't have to keep sending you reminders; much as we love every one of you (with a few notable exceptions) we could survive the loss of almost anyone with little pain. Subscription information is on page 3 with the table of contents. If you can't write a letter of comment, send money.

--Ted Johnstone, Jan '65

COLOPHON

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES is once again a quarterly publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Text for this issue stencilled by Ted Johnstone, Jack Harness, and Henry Stine. Art work stencilled by Don Simpson, Jack Harness, and Luise Brannon. Published on the LASFS Rex and the Labyrinth Mimeotaur, between 30 January and 4 February 1965. This is Fornchy Publication number 89.

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+ SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES costs 25¢ for one copy, \$1 for five copies. Free copies go occasionally for samples and always for contributions, which includes letters of comment. We also accept trades on a one-for-one basis. Deadline for material for the next issue is April First, 1965. Send money and material to: Ted Johnstone, 619 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, California, 90005. And mention SHAGGY when sending money.

THE EDITOR SPEAKS (Ted Johnstone)	page 3
TABLE OF CONTENTS	4
DEADENDS # 37, 38, 39 and 40 (Alexei Panshin)	5
A LETTER ABOUT BURROUGHS (Ross Rocklyne)	8
A WALK THROUGH INFINITY (Stephen Barr)	13
(Ruth Berman)	14
(Henry Stine)	15
(Jock Root)	17
NEXTISH (Ted Johnstone)	16
THRILLING GONDOR STORIES (Jack Harness)	19
A HARD NIGHT'S DAY (Henry Stine)	26
PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY (The Readers)	27

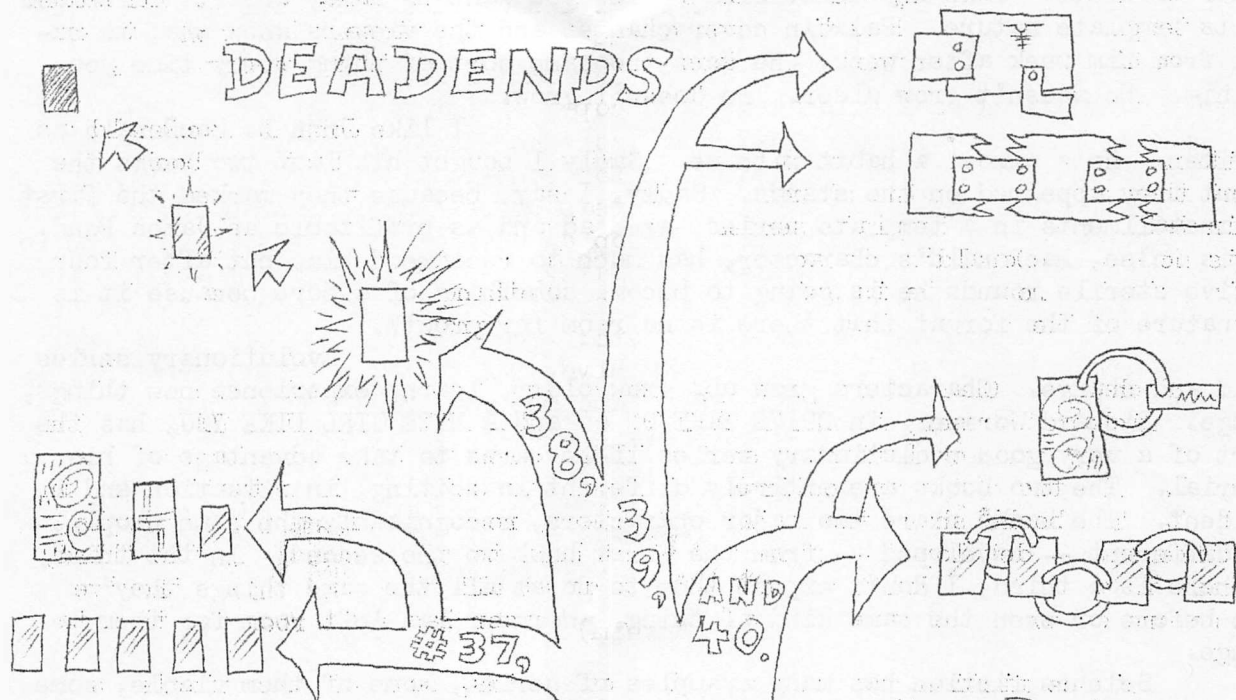
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by Alexei Ponshin —

Science fiction is unique among popular fiction in that it is usually written for specialized magazines, rather than for book publication. Westerns are written to be published as books. Mystery stories are written to be published as books. Science fiction stories are written to be published in magazines with book publication as an ultimate end. This is not an unreasonable situation, and certainly nobody can blame a science fiction writer for wanting to make as much money as he can out of what he writes by selling it as many times as he can.

It is a fact, however, that a story that is perfectly satisfactory in a magazine is not necessarily satisfactory as part of a book. The mediums are separate and different, a fact that isn't recognized as fully as it should be. Some translation or amendment is usually necessary and this is a source of much that we as science fiction readers have a right to be irked about. There are nine and ninety ways of bitching a story up in this process. I want to talk about four, all common, all related. None of them stems solely from this conversion problem, but most often that is their source.

Deadend #37 is series, #38 is sequels, #39 is expansions, #40 is fake novels. If the first three are done in a responsible and thoughtful manner, they don't have to be bad, don't have to be sterile, but most usually they are. Fake novels are never good; sometimes they are welcome, but the welcome is necessarily one that includes tolerance.

In an article in SKYHOOK in 1952, James Blish distinguished two sorts of series, "template" and "evolutionary", the first being the sort that does not develop, the second being one that builds upon itself.

Template series, of course, are more common, mainly because they are easier to write. Take any television series you want to name, and its lifeblood is its template nature. Paladin never changes and the viewers know what to expect from him week after week. He does the same sort of thing every time you see him. He doesn't grow older. He doesn't grow.

I like John D. MacDonald as a writer. He's almost a habit with me. Sadly I bought his last two books the moment they appeared on the stands. Sadly, I say, because they marked the first two installments in a template series, as dead and as profitable as James Bond. Travis McGee, MacDonald's character, has much to recommend him, but after four or five sterile rounds he is going to become something of a bore because it is the nature of the format that there is no room for growth.

Evolutionary series build and change. Characters grow up, grow older, learn, experience new things, change. Richard Wormser, in *DRIVE EAST ON 66* and *A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU*, has the start of a very good evolutionary series if he cares to take advantage of his material. The two books are entirely different in setting, in situation and in incident. The books share two major characters, recognizably the same people, but different -- developed -- from the first book to the second. In the third, if there is a third, I don't expect them to do at all the same things they've done before or even the same kind of thing. Wormser has left room for them to change.

Science fiction has many examples of series, some of them viable, some not. Any Future History -- Heinlein's, Asimov's, Anderson's, Blish's, Piper's -- is viable in a special way, for what is continued is not the characters but the assumptions underlying the worlds they have presented. A universe should certainly offer plenty of room for many stories that are consistent with one another in their basic assumptions, and yet different.

That is the one hand. The other hand is that within these evolutionary series, template series are often hidden. Dominic Flandry doesn't change -- he merely does the same things over and over. Blish's *Okies* are sterile.

Any one of you could name a dozen more sterile science fiction series. Some of them are very good in their way. The *Hokas* are cute. The *Bureau of Slick Tricks* is clever. The *Philosophical Corps* is daring and resourceful.

There is a price, however, in mining the same materiel again and again. Any template series, no matter how good, has to be shallow. The People don't change. John doesn't grow. One at a time in a magazine they are interesting. All together, read one after another, they become wearying.

The distinction between series and sequels was deliberate. In speaking of sequels, I was thinking of the special case in which a story, complete in itself, is so popular and well-received that the author decides, either on his own hook or at the instigation of an editor, to have another crack at it. The trouble is, as we all know, that the second story is almost never the equal of the first.

"The Lost Kafoozalum" was not a bad story, but I would like "Unwillingly to School" better if the sequel had never been written. To put it another way, who amongst you is fool enough to wish for a sequel to "The Witches of Karres"?

The problem is that usually there was just enough story in the idea or wit in the author to provide for one good piece. A story of 10,000 words doesn't have much room -- if it is to be good, it must be tight and if it is tightly written it is not likely to have enough extra meat to provide a second stew. If there is, any sequel is likely to simply duplicate the original in a hope of finding the brilliant element that was there.

Isaac Asimov, in the days when he was still writing fiction, was a real professional, unfailingly competent. When he came to resurrect Lije Bailey and R. Daneel Olivaw he gave them an interesting enough story and no one could say he did a bad job -- but THE NAKED SUN did not have something that THE CAVES OF STEEL had. Some of the life just wasn't there the second time around.

Expansions are much the same thing. In an episodic story like THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS, the new materiel doesn't show, but in most cases there simply isn't room for anything new if the original was solidly constructed. This means tacking on, or ripping apart by main force and sticking in, and these are neither of them recommended ways of treating your stories.

A sharp author, recognising that there is a place for 40,000 words in MARVELOUS STORIES and 70,000 words in hardcovers may plan room for himself, but most of us don't. The result is an addled mish-mash like WOLFBANE.

In IN SEARCH OF WONDER, Damon Knight wrote ecstatically of a novelet by James Blish called "Beanstalk", written in 1952, and suggested that if this were typical of what Blish was going to be doing from then on, the top names in the field had better look to their oars. A couple of years ago Blish blew that novelet up into a novel, and blew the story out the window. He did himself no favors.

Finally, fake novels. These are books that pretend to be novels, and simply aren't. Often enough, they are simply an excuse to jam all the members of a template series between the same covers, but I'm not speaking so much of a book like THE SINISTER RESEARCHES OF C. P. RANSOM. I'm thinking more of Eric Frank Russell's THE GREAT EXPLOSION. Anyone with any acquaintance with science fiction knows "And Then There Were None..." and most people remember it fondly. It was sufficient unto itself as a novelet but when it was stuck with two or three other stories it became superficial. Its new context couldn't support it. As a novel, THE GREAT EXPLOSION simply could not compete with other novels that were written to be read as novels.

Dean McLaughlin's DOME WORLD is another case of a fake novel. If the thing had been packaged and sold as two stories with a common background and a common set of assumptions, that would have been one thing, but the book was published as a novel, and read as a novel DOME WORLD was structurally deficient.*

I know that fake novels are often more the publisher's doing than the writer's, but that doesn't excuse the practice. Imagine Doubleday talking to Robert Heinlein: "But Bob, baby, we can't push two unconnected stories in one package. The people would never go for it. I tell you what -- why don't you do a little re-write job, connect the stories and we'll put it out as a novel. We could call it WALDO: BOARD CHAIRMAN OF MAGIC, INC. We'll sell at least twenty or thirty extra copies this way."

The basic point is this: most of the time series and expansions, sequels and fake novels are dead ends. Not always, by any means, but most of the time. It doesn't take much objectivity to see the sterility in deliberately seeking these dead ends. Any writer who does, and there are plenty of them -- by and large I've been talking of the good writers in this article, not the hacks -- sells his soul for a mess of pottage. I'm not particularly concerned about the souls of science fiction writers -- they're all going to hell anyway -- but as a reader I am concerned about the books I pay for and the stories I read. The less trash the better.

--Alexei Panshin

*A horrendous example which springs to mind is Van Vogt's WAR AGAINST THE RULL.--Ed

A LETTER ABOUT BURROUGHS

by ROSS ROCKLYNNE



Recently I've become interested in Edgar Rice Burroughs again, and this was probably sparked about four or five years ago when Ray Palmer remarked in one of his magazines that of all fantasy books surely the greatest was The Gods Of Mars. I then got back the itch, the collector's itch, and began wondering why I had disposed of most of my Burroughs books. Thus began the grand hunt, and believe it or not my first find came when I was browsing about in a junk shop and The Gods of Mars jumped at me from a maze of nothing-books.

Since then I've acquired about thirty titles. One of them was The Mucker, a romance which I read in my teens and never forgot -- never forgot Bridge and his song. I agree with Dick Lupoff's appraisal in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #68 that it was a masterpiece, for I read it again, possibly in some attempt to recapture a lost emotion, and it was recaptured. How one writer could get into a kid's bones and never leave I don't profess to understand.

In about the October 1962 issue of Amazing Stories, Charles Dixon wrote a letter stating that Otis Adelbert Kline was superior to ERB. At that time I wrote the following letter to him in mild rebuttal, but this letter was never delivered, for reasons of insufficient address, and it seems appropriate to quote it here:

Dear Charles Dixon:

Good old ERB is a tradition and an attitude and, probably, a prejudice. I doubt that today's young reader has any chance of being as enthralled as the young reader of, say, the '20s. The full name Edgar Rice Burroughs had a flame of heat to it, a kind of romantic and savage and princely glamor. His books were quite real in their fantasy.

As it happened -- and this is kind of strange -- at the time I read your letter I too had almost finished The Master Mind of Mars, and laid it down when I found the going heavy, the paragraphs rather weighted with action inconsequentia. But then, having read your letter, I went back to it to see if I too would be unable to finish a story which I had first read as the lead novel in the 1927 Amazing Stories Annual. And guess what? I did finish it.

I found few of the faults you mentioned, at least in that remaining portion of the book. The simplicity of the characterization still enthralled me. But what really drew and kept me was a force of attraction which I doubt very much the younger readers would feel, and this force of attraction was contained in my knowledge that John Carter, Warlord of Barsoom, shortly would be along to show us his fighting smile and to shake the hand of a brother Earthling. Of the younger readers, who knows or cares that Burroughs would not deny his faithful this one glimpse of the master swordsman?

Burroughs' heroes were not simply heroic in the action sense, Charles; they were heroic in the mode of selfless supermen. They fought never for gain, but always for noble ends, and without a thought of weighing their lives against a principle or for love. On the other hand they seldom indulged in histrionics. Unperturbed, they thought everything out at the banth, or whatever menace it might be, leaped for their throats. Even as the animal hung in the air, they ruminated long and complexly on possible means of survival -- survival first for their



loved ones, and then for themselves. And Burroughs wrote their computations down, almost in full. So yes, the action is frozen into still-life while our heroic hero contemplates. Perhaps we can admire this intellectual purity, which does not falter, even when it should.

To my mind, ERB was not simply an action or adventure story writer. In overall theme, his stories sought out that layered-over, terribly hidden quality in man which puts him beyond his normal pettiness. The heroes were noblemen, in the grand sense. Lord Graystoke was symbolic not of English aristocracy, necessarily, but of innate human aristocracy. Burroughs dreamed heroes and events and places to point up this so-hard-to-find quality, perhaps with a regret that it did not exist more universally.

The artist J. Allen St. John was made for Burroughs, as Burroughs was made for him. We find in those gracefully and incredibly poetic paintings

and drawings a mood which followed the Burroughs line of thought. The men and women were of flesh, of beautiful and graceful flesh, which St. John showed in such wonderful proportions. Further, they were noble people, following noble aims, for seldom were they caught in normal poses. St. John unquestionably interpreted Burroughs in a unique symbiosis which sometimes makes one wonder if Burroughs could have attained the heights he did without St. John. St. John, of course, is part of the tradition, and part of the attitude. The newer illustrators of Burroughs attempt, and often succeed, in reproducing that vital St. John quality.

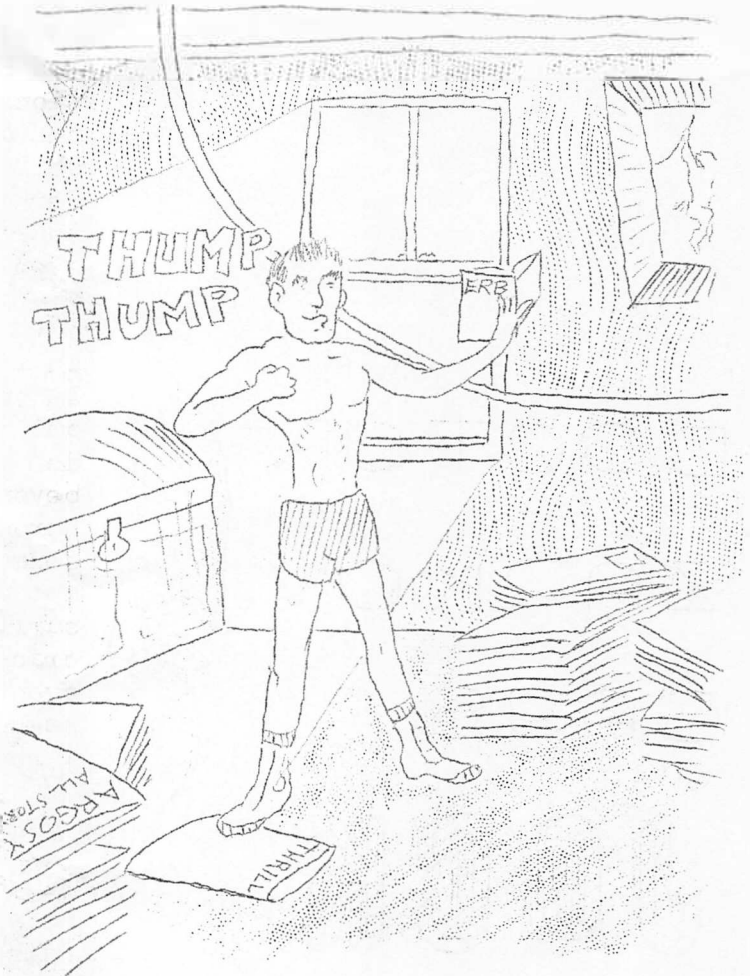
Burroughs' sometimes florid literary style must, to the newer readers, be a puzzle. I can remember when I myself confronted a book that started with a single long sentence that had me goggle-eyes with suspense wondering if he could make the whole ties-together string make any sense whatever. Yet he always made it! Further, Burroughs made fascinating use of the subjunctive case in ways that imparted an unforgettable romantic flavor never seen in any other writer. Lest you think, however, that Burroughs was all nobility and an insufferable romantic, let me add that a vein of humor is strong within most Burroughs books. Listen to this:

"'Llana of Gathol,' I said, 'once more I lay my sword at your feet.'

"'You may pick it up,' said Llana of Gathol; 'I am tired and wish to sleep.'"

This I believe worthy of at least a chuckle; and it also, in a few words, produces characterization.

Many years ago I wrote a story directly copying the flavor of Burroughs -- with a little H. Bedford Jones thrown in -- and I enjoyed writing it. When it was finished, I loved it! My own opinion of my work was borne out when "The Empress of Mars" took first place in a readers' poll of stories in the very first issue (May 1939) of a magazine called Fantastic Adventures. So you see I've been up to my ears in Burroughs. Otis Adelbert Kline was great; I read his seven- and eight-part serials in the old Argosy when the first appeared. But he is an adventure story writer, and to my mind Burroughs is not merely writing adventure when his Homeric men set out to battle the jungles of Earth or the strange lands of the planets.



As I say, I do not expect newer readers ever to be swept off their feet by Burroughs. The sophistication of their reading and seeing matter puts Burroughs a hundred years back. Which is as it should be. The matter is not Earth-shaking -- or even Mars-shaking. I do find it interesting that after this long span of years I can still pick up a Burroughs book and read it as if I'd never read it -- almost! -- before.

Sincerely,
ROSS ROCKLYNNE

"What kind of music is appropriate to Barsoom and Amtor?"

"Some Otis Adelbert Kleins Nachtsmusik." ...Lou Grant

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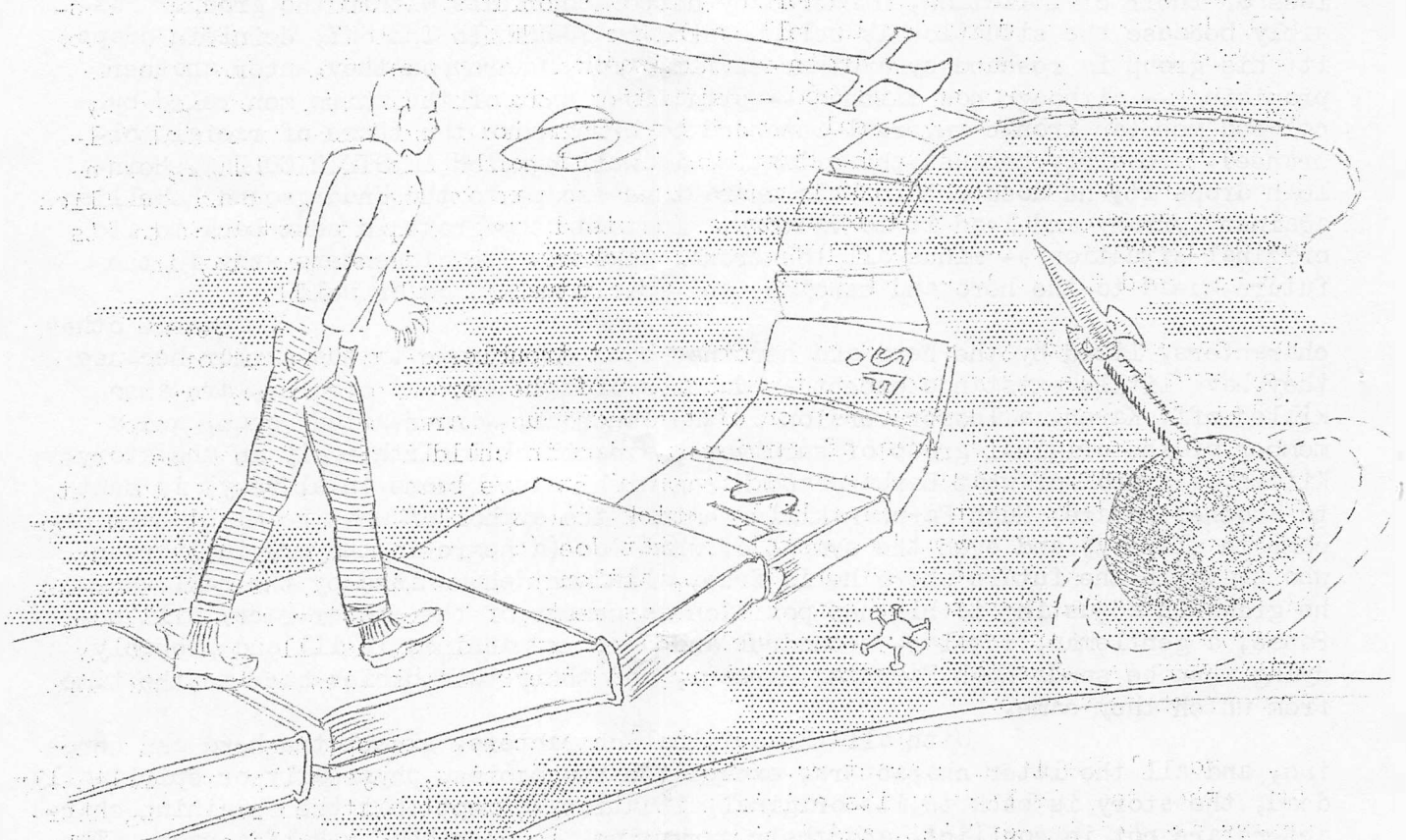
ROOT

FOR

TAFF



a walk through infinity



DAVY by Edgar Pangborn, St. Martin's Press, New York, 1964; \$4.95, 308 pp.

Let's just start from the outside and work in. The dust jacket is very plain -- "DAVY" is lettered in red in the corner with the picture of the all-important horn. I was disappointed in the d-j, which should have had more color. The book is nicely bound in red-and-white covers.

Now to the book itself. The author has written in a fascinating style I've never come across in all my years of sf reading. It's about a slave boy named Davy, born in a whorehouse and orphaned out. It's about his life as he grows up. It's about how he steals a horn from a mutant and kills a guard, how he has to run, and in the process becomes a man. It's the story of Davy growing up in the strange society of a post-world-war world.

This book will be a challenge to anyone who reads it. It is built on several structures, and one must read carefully, exploring each one. The book is well done in the beginning, but later it becomes vastly exasperating because the author starts leaving out so many parts of Davy's life. Maybe the author will give us a sequel -- I hope so. This book is a slow starter, but I believe it will grow and be remembered, and maybe get a chance at the Hugo it deserves. And I hope the mundane reviewers that are always laughing about our novels will read this book and see that science fiction can be literate. This book will be one that is remembered. Buy it... and explore it.

--Stephen Barr

IT IS A PROUD AND LONELY THING TO BE A FREEMAN

FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD by Robert A. Heinlein, G.P. Putnam, New York 1964; \$4.95, 312 pp.

FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD is an annoying book. It begins with a promising -- although now clichéd -- situation, that of the small group trying to survive the loss of their civilization, hindered by bitter conflicts within the group. Possibly because the situation is well handled in TUNNEL IN THE SKY, Heinlein drops it; his group is rescued by another civilization, whereupon they enter another promising -- although now clichéd -- situation, that of the white men ruled by colored men (an ironic reversal intended to bring home the theme of racial tolerance). Possibly because the situation is well handled in SIXTH COLUMN, Heinlein drops it; he does not let his characters escape to the Underground Rebellion against Tyranny and lead it to victory. Instead, the group is sent back to its original situation -- minus all the troublemakers. The dissenters stay in the future, dead to the hero and heroine, and spiritually dead as well.

Several other characters, liked by the hero and heroine, but troublesome to the author because they have little existence except as doubles of the hero and heroine, are also killed off: Karen, a lesser version of the Generous, Warm-Hearted Woman, and a member of the original group of survivors, dies in childbirth early in the story; Kitten, a symbol of what Barbara and Karen might have become in slavery, is sent to another estate; Hugh Farnham kills Nemtok, the symbol of what he might have become in slavery; and even the symbol of what Joe (a negro in the original group who stays in the future where he is free, although dehumanized by the callousness he grows in adjusting to his new position as member of the master race) will be, Ponse, a gentleman, scholar, scoundrel and deus ex machina, is ill and probably dying when he sends Hugh Farnham, Barbara, and their twin babies back to the time from which they came.

With all the original characters, except the hero and heroine, and all the later characters, except the two babies, physically or spiritually dead, the story is back to its original situation, except that the remaining characters are not in conflict, and their surviving is described in half a page. The Rhine Maidens are swimming around with their lump of magic gold again, and the reader doesn't even have twenty hours of music in between to show for it.

What he does have in between is an unsatisfying discussion on the nature of liberty, especially liberty as something achieved by loss of liberty, that is, discipline. This discussion of liberty is meant to be the book's main theme. Hugh Farnham discusses liberty endlessly, with Ponse, the slave owner, with Nemtok, the slave overseer, with his rebellious son, Duke, etc... but no one is ever shown achieving liberty.

Hugh's character is given -- that of the Heinlein individualist who is free innately. Barbara is, I suppose, also innately free, since she does whatever Hugh says. Hugh and Barbara, in effect, say to Ponse, "Give me liberty or give me death". They are strong-willed, so he gives it to them.

None of the characters change. They are free or not free, and they are given physical freedom or physical slavery accordingly. Joe finds freedom by staying in the future, thanks to the aid Ponse gives him in getting settled. Hugh Farnham and Barbara go back to the past where they find freedom, thanks to the aid Ponse gives them in getting there. Moral: only the free are free, and even then they have to be given their freedom.

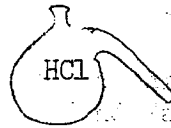
Hugh Farnham is confined to one building in the future civilization and so sees little of it. Thus the story does not even have the detailed descriptions

p 14

of other societies which give so much pleasure in most of Heinlein's other stories. While the future described is convincing as far as it goes, the reader sees too little of it to be convinced very far.

FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, at various points, seems to be made up of promising clichés. Heinlein carries out neither the clichés nor the promises.

-- Ruth Berman



I have always felt that whoever coined the term "innate freedom", must be an Elsworth Toohey, filled with sinister purpose. Nothing I have seen recently has altered my opinion of its users. The words "Innate freedom" are self-contradictory and as such are pretty harmless. But the use of the phrase casts grave doubts and slurs on the basic premise of freedom.

Now it would be impossible to argue that FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD is made up of promising clichés -- or that neither the clichés nor the promises are carried out. But Miss Berman has misinterpreted the entire point of the novel, and in the process the meaning and function of the characters.

Hugh Farnham is, indeed, a free man. And by free, Heinlein means he is a man who is willing to bear the responsibility of rational thinking and the responsibility for acting on the results of that thinking. Barbara is free too, not because she does whatever Hugh says (she wouldn't if she didn't think he was right, as Heinlein implies), but because she is willing to think and act on the results of her thinking, and this agrees with what Hugh has decided to do.

Hugh's wife, Grace, is not free; she is enslaved. Not because she is "innately" enslaved, but because she refuses to accept the real world as it is and retreats from both thinking and responsibility. Their son, Duke, is a symbol of men who refuse to consider responsibility, and who warp their thinking to avoid conclusions that would lead to responsibility. Karen is also free, unlike her mother or brother, and her death is only the playing out of the idea that the actions of free men sometimes lead to ends they had not foreseen, but that they pay for them, accepting the responsibility, whatever the cost, even life itself.

The theme of the novel is: the free mind and disaster -- or the reaction of free men and those enslaved by impulse and emotion, to unforeseen happenings.

To demonstrate this theme, Heinlein has written a story in four parts, three of which are not casually related to each other.

Part One deals with the life of a free man in this society -- a society which is metaphysically suited to him, which is naturally his by virtue of his being raised in it. Essentially it is the story of a man who was not afraid to stake his life and fortune on his choices and decisions. He tried gambling in construction, lost everything, spent some time earning enough money to try again; tried again, clicked and made a fortune from there. He did it, not because anyone helped him, but because he thought things through and then acted.

But the Bomb ends that portion of his life, casting him and his into a new world where he must live, not in association with others, working from the base of their achievements, but by his wits alone.

*An acid retort. --hes

It is a primitive world, desolate, full of natural resources, but lacking the one thing necessary to make them into a purposful image: man. And Farnham, adjusting to the situation, survives, keeping those who refuse to think clearly or accept responsibility, on his shoulders. The character of Farnham can be summed up in his statement, "I'm going to find some way to outwit it." This is his credo -- survive as best you can.

After Heinlein has proved that a thinking man, a free man, can adjust to whatever conditions beset him, he hurls his cast into another totally unexpected situation. They are cast into a society where they are slaves, second-class citizens. It is here that the psychological motivations of the characters have their payoff.

Barbara and Hugh are both unsatisfied, longing and planning for freedom. They are willing to risk their lives for it. Because for a rational, free, man, life without freedom is not life at all.

But both Grace and Duke find themselves happy. They are safe from the responsibility of thought and action. The final reality of the existance they desire is slavery. They are kept and/or saved from responsibility. Whatever actions they take will be commanded by someone else who will do the thinking and bear the responsibility.

Then Hugh and Barbara (who would have achieved liberty anyway, as Heinlein has demonstrated) are sent into a fourth world, one hwere they make themsleves free and live happily ever after by earning their right to every minute of freedom and life.

This, then, is the purpose and meaning of Heinlein's story.

Now, there are two remarks of Miss Berman's that I would like especially to take issue with.

The first is that Hugh and Barbara "find" or are "given" freedom at the novel's end. True, they are sent into a situation where freedom is potentially available, but Heinlein makes it clear in the last chapter that even this freedom has been earned and paid for.

The other, and by far the more dangerous, is the line: "...liberty as something achieved by the loss of liberty, that is, discipline." This, again, is an attack on the basic premise of the concept of freedom. This idea being that freedom doesn't really exist because it is conditional, that is dependant on such things as thinking rightly, and a willingness to accept responsibility. In other words, since freedom has to be earned, it is not free.

Quite right. But it is liberty, and a life a man can lead.

--Henry E. Stine
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NEXTISH: Our lead article will be FANDON AND VALUES, A Philosophical Proposal, by Stephen E. Pickering. We look forward confidently to a long and emotional discussion of this piece in our letter columns, as the old debate between FIAWOL and FIJAGH is reawakened. // Jack Harness will continue our serial "Thrilling Gondor Tales", and if the response to this revival of Coventry is favorable, there may be a 20,000 word short novel by Bruce E. Pelz. // We have reviews for Walk Through Infinity by Ted White, Terry Carr, and Stephen Barr. // We may publish selections from several delightfully funny pages of natter by Robin Wood, found in the files of an old fanzine which folded shortly before the first issue was published.

We are collecting materiel for a special issue on E.E. Smith -- we have a complete bibliography and a fine article on the Lens stories, but we need more. This is an open solicitation; send whatever you have to the editorial offices.

SECONDS by David Ely, Pantheon (Random House), New York, 1963.

When Orwell's 1984 was adopted into the lodge, it established a new kind of science fiction story -- the intellectual horror story: after you finished the story and disengaged your empathy from the characters, you were horrified afresh with an altogether personal fear -- "Why, this could happen to me!"

This fear stems primarily from two characteristics of the story: the fact that the fate of the sympathetic character is indeed horrible, and the suggestion (implicit in the similarity of the story's background to our familiar world) that the circumstances of that fate could reach out and ensnare us. The usual escape fiction buffer of "If I were there..." (in the 25th Century, on Mars, married to a witch, or whatever) is explicitly destroyed by the author, who says instead "You are (nearly) there!"

SECONDS is exactly this kind of story, but with one difference: the date is not 1984, but 1964.

A New York businessman is dissatisfied with his life, which has become dull and routine. He has all the nominal attributes of success -- money, status, etc; but he has no close friends, his wife is no more than a charming woman and a skillful hostess, his job is no longer a challenge -- life holds no excitement for him any longer. He is bored, and lonely.

One day he receives a phone call from a friend who had committed suicide a year ago. After convincing the businessman that he really is old Charley, the caller tells him of an organization that offers "rebirth" -- a chance to start over, to live the kind of life he has always wanted. They will provide him with a new face, a new background, new friends -- anything he needs to make a really satisfying life for himself.

"I don't remember hanging up the receiver. I suppose I did. I just wandered through the foyer and into my study and sat down there in the first chair I came to, and Charley's words kept running in my mind, over and over again. Especially the word 'rebirth'. I thought in a confused way of how it would be if I myself were reborn, and I wondered if I would be a man and an infant at the same time, something innocent but also knowing..."

He decides to look into the service, and goes to the address he is given. This is just an accommodation address, but after some trail-covering hanky-panky he arrives at the organization's headquarters. Intending only to inquire about it, he is rushed through processing with no chance to protest; and the next thing he knows, he is recovering from the cosmetic operation that has given him a new face, and reading his obituary in the newspapers.

Feeling trapped and at the same time eager, he finally leaves for California to begin his new life as "Antiochus Wilson, painter". He has always wanted to be an artist, so they have provided him with a studio, a background (including many paintings and even a few shows), a butler who is a member of the organization (to help him through the adjustment), and a group of friends who are also "reborns".

Unfortunately, it does not work. He is repelled by the shallowness of the other "reborns", living their artificial new lives as though they really meant something, terrified of any suggestion that they are living a sham; and he finds stronger ties to his own past than he thought he had. Escaping from his over-protective "friends" (who are now afraid he will upset their cozy little world), he visits his daughter, posing as a friend of his earlier self.

The meeting is totally unsatisfactory. All his attempts to elicit praise for "my dear

friend, your hard-working, self-sacrificing father" fall flat, and he forms an instant and intense dislike for his daughter's husband. A visit to his wife is even worse -- she seems to be getting along quite well without him, and has changed the house around and thrown out all of his old treasures. His old life is utterly lost to him.

What is worse, his new life is now lost as well. Dismayed at his "rocking the boat", the organization will not let him return to even the limited freedom of being "Antiochus Wilson, painter"; instead, he must remain within the organization's headquarters, apathetically waiting for death with the other "failures". And the organization has one more unpleasant surprise for him, about the nature of that death; but by now he hardly cares.

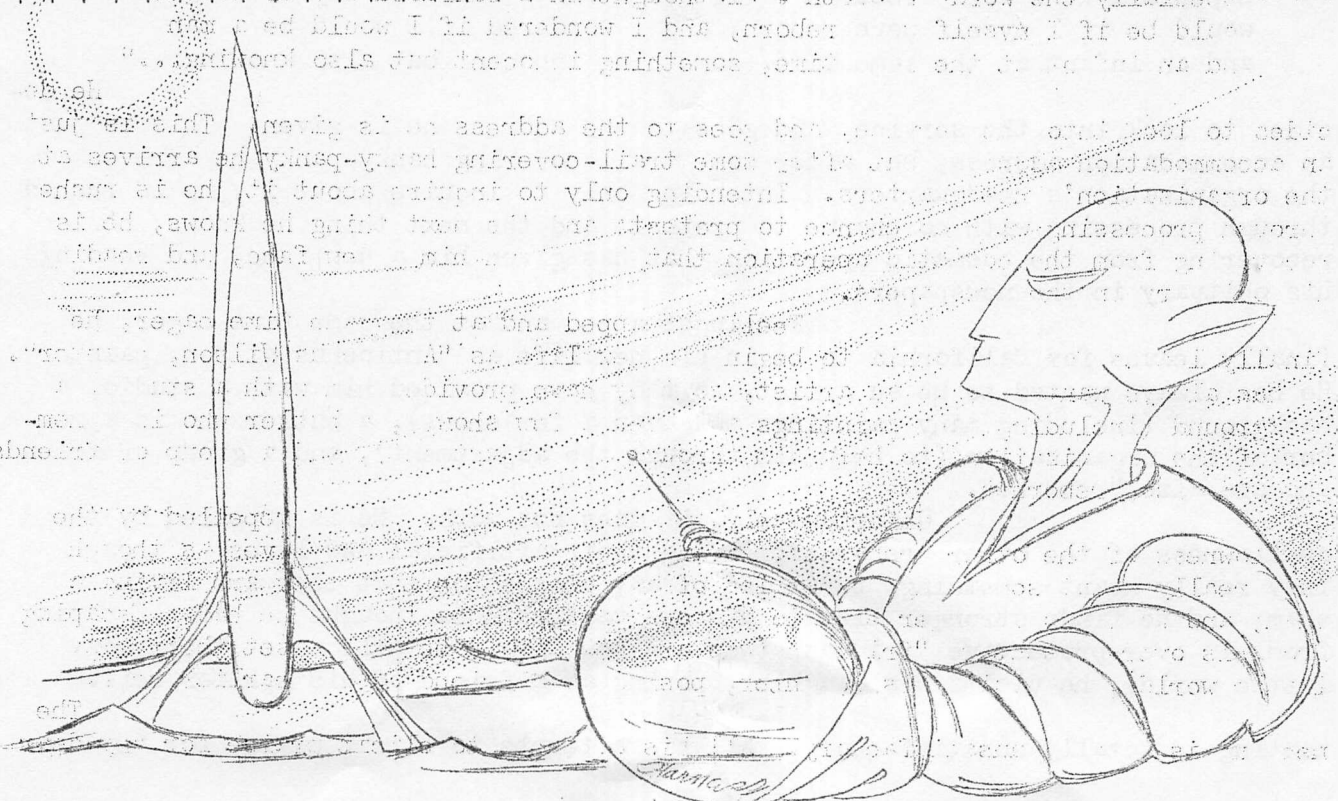
"Now there were but two lights, and these so shrunken and uncertain that their existence seemed in doubt. He thought he might as well make one last effort to speak before they, too, faded into darkness together with the old man, the room, the building, city, everything, and so, swiftly but carefully choosing his words, he delivered a final response.

"It really doesn't matter," he said.

There is very little science in this story, and no scientific extrapolation at all: everything that happens is quite possible with today's technology. The extrapolation is instead social, psychological, and (surprisingly unusual in SF) moral. It is a perfect "What would happen if..." story, remorselessly and horribly true to its own premises. Like 1984, it could be called a satire -- although it seems too cruel and bitter to be identified with that essentially light-hearted form. The publishers beg the question by calling it simply "a novel". It is a very hard book to define.

But whatever you choose to call it, SECONDS is a profound philosophical and emotional reading experience.

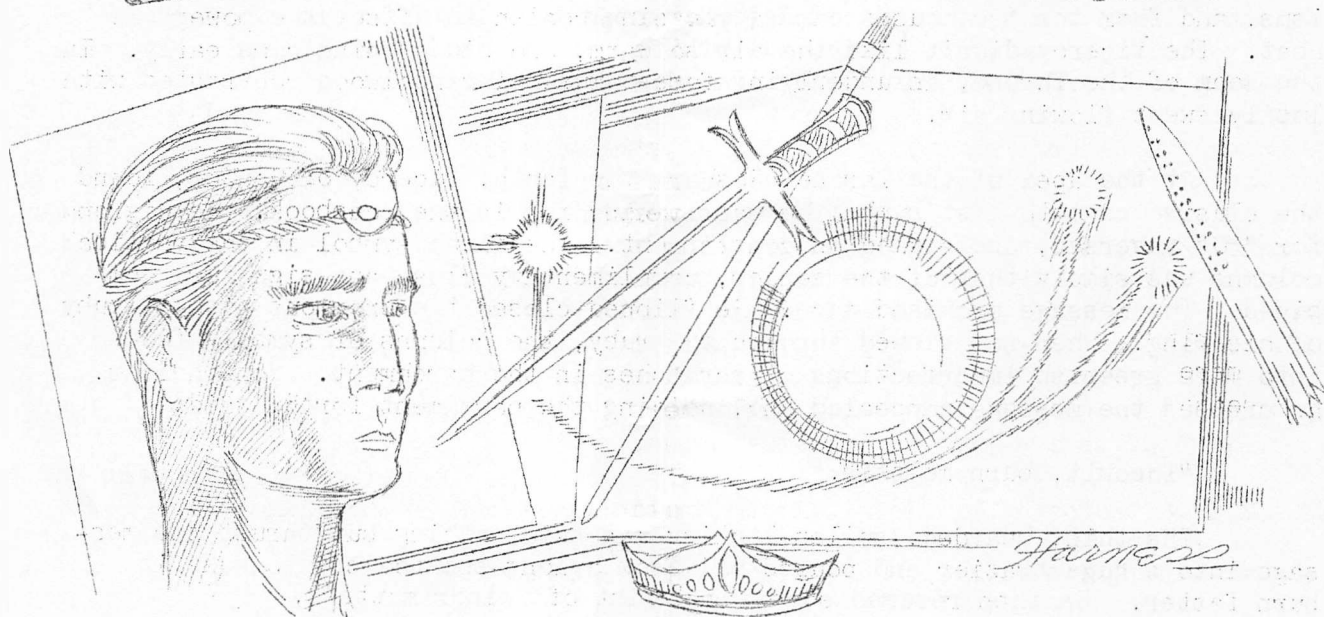
---Jock Root



THRILLING

GONDOR

STORIES



All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

... Edgar Allen Poe
A Dream Within a Dream

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams---
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

... Edgar Allen Poe
To One in Paradise

BY JACK HARNESS

CHAPTER ONE:

The Secret Vices of the Viceroy.

SUMMER WAS everywhere in attendance on the capital of Gondor, for the year, though past its prime, was still hot, and the warm sun set the brooks and lakes ablaze and made thick the air with vapor. The fields gave forth their essence in hearty fragrance. Rich, hot sunlight and thick, still air made colors bright and hearts lighter. The air was like music, low, lingering chords, and talk was like dark wine in the evening.

In the viceregal palace, however, the air was muted by unseen mechanisms, and from the ice houses came a pleasing coolth to offset the powersome heat. The Viceroy didn't like the air so warm, and bid evening come early. In the Room of the Throne, an underlying forest musk of sandalwood contrasted with lazily sweet flowing air.

At the apex of the Throne, Rosharn the Tenth, Viceroy of Gondor, found the elusive next-to-last symbol he was looking for in the codebook, the digraph for "WO" reversed, and sighed in contentment. The final symbol in the vertical columns was simply that of the sender, complimentary close and signature combined. The message promised much. He flipped closed the enormous pivoted ruby of his ring. When not viewed through the ruby, the columns of symbols faded into mere greenish imperfections or scratches in the parchment. Nonetheless, he creased the message concealed and, holding the parchment forth, said,

"Theowit, burn me this."

The thin, bearded, sullen-looking man said nothing but thrust the message into a huge brazier and poured oil from a long-spouted can to make it burn faster. He then resumed scanning a list of minor matters.

"Time is not yet, Theowit." From higher on the Throne, Rosharn closed the codebook gently. The pages crackled like thin protesting metal plates; the book itself had a brilliant blue binding chased and engrossed with the mysterious triple-pronged fishhook symbol of its donor in gleaming silver, and the binding was massively ornate, but necessarily so. Rosharn's fingers methodically secured the inner fastenings and then the middle and, with a thumbnail resetting the destruct mechanism, finally closed the third and outer hasp. Theowit, as was customary, silently replaced the volume in its ochre calfskin jacket and put the book in an inconspicuous bookshelf of the Throne.

"Now shall Myself open this other letter, with the starfish design in copious black wad, Theowit, for it arrived last night by special courier, but I was anticipating the Code Message and so waited." Rosharn unfastened strings and ribbons, wielding his miseracord with a surgeon's skill to avoid damaging the seal, and straightened out the scroll. He read the elaborated curliquescript inside, frowning the while. "And that is what comes of placing too great an importance on importances," he said finally. "For now all unprepared am Myself for a visator." He pressed a small lever on the top step of the Throne and cast the scroll toward a lesser door of the Throne even before a servitor appeared there. But the page caught the scroll in mid-air and saluted. "File," commanded Rosharn. "All possible cross-references. Make a casting of

the seal. Go!" Then turning to Theowit, he concluded, "The High Overlord of Ilthmar is paying a call... at noon, half an hour from now."

"Ilthmar? Here?" hissed Theowit. "That decadent fop?"

"Tush, raven. In Efrigar, like unto ourselves, burn the twin flames: the golden rush of the carnal and the sibbilant silver of the intellect. Although, confess Myself must, in him the silver it is that is allowed to burn but an hour a day. No, be not so displeased; the lesser he, the greater, we. And mine strange and secretive correspondent instructs that there should be a divergence of mentalities, a multiplicity of opinions." Rosharn beckoned a mottled, six-toed kitten on a broad nearby desk of the Throne to jump into his lap, where he fed her strips of chicken from a cloissine snuffbox. (Rosharn the Eight's, that; Rosharn the Tenth did not smoke or otherwise employ pipeweeds.)

"I would like to meet your Correspondent sometime," parried Theowit.

Rosharn accepted the reprimand. "So would I, so would I," he said wistfully, tracing with an eye the intricate white and cream veinings of the seagray green marble Throne out as far as a service door. He pressed a second lever and a page in the russet and white satin of a palace messenger entered and saluted. "Libya to assemble the girls, class nine production. Ten minutes, no more. And the gun. Go!" He put the kitten down on lionskin cushions and paced in a circle around a marble nymph supporting a writing stand, halfway down the Throne. The spot was a favorite of his. He stopped pacing for a moment and saw, reflected as if in phosphorescent sea-light in the polished marble, a dim portrait of himself, all colors obscured by the mirroring marble: the fur trim of his comfortably-heavy gold mail of his robe alone showed true; scarlet sleeves and tight-trousers and calfskin boots, the silmaril circlet on his forehead, were light and dark, unidentifiable colors. Rosharn pressed a signal lever again.

"Theowit," he called down to his seneschal as the messenger entered, "May Myself prevail upon your better nature for yet another favor: that of the presence of your wife Sherila, most directly indeed, together with sketch pad, easle, chalks, and--" he paused for breath, "--a half-finished drawing of a woman, in a vulgar pose if dear Sherila can but find one in her excellent files, together with as many paintings as possible that one could consider lewd."

"Why ask me?" said Theowit, without malice, as he buffed his nails.

"Precisely: Theowit agrees. Three servitors to fetch and carry. Six minutes. Go!" said Rosharn, relying on the memory of the young messenger.

"Forgetful, you. Furnishings," said Theowit.

His leige clapped fist to brow with vast concern and alarm. "Verily, verily, expressed complete in a nutshell. In mine old age am Myself forgetful of simplest matters and mere rudimentary appertenances necessary for an illusion. Be so good as to press me that button." And to the next page, he said: "More messengers. Incense burners---the Kentonian set. Four musicians. Strings, I think. And tambourinists. Expensive fruits and sweets. Devise ostentation. Delay visators by the pool. Huge candles. Five minutes. You can't do it by then, but try. Go!"

As the page left, another entered. "Ready on Libya, Sire."

p. 21

Theowit interrupted before the Viceroy could dismiss the page with a nod. "Fly the flag of the Seven Cities on the Mast of Honor. Go."

Gondor himself was back at the benchlike length of the Audience Seat. "Obedience, Theowit; Obedience is All. Let that be underscored and engraved on every monument."

"You're cutting the time too close again," deflated Theowit, gathering up all writing materials and other items from the Throne desks.

The kitten, neglected, crept daintily back toward her master, preferring to stay on his robes rather than the cushions. She leaped into her leige's lap and croaked a thin, squeaking meow. Rosharn's hand came automatically down to pet her and she purred like ocean waves, purred like moonlight skipping across the swell of the sea. Slowly she rolled over and curled up all four legs, presenting thus framed the semiglobe of her abdomen. She croaked again and won his full attention: the Steward of Gondor, Viceroy of Emperor Paulus Edwardum the Third, Wearer of the Silmaril, Master of the Throne, Tenth of the Line of Rosharn, recipient of messages from an unguessable source, philosopher and skeptic, hedonist, forger of power among men, was scratching her stomach at her command until she was drowned in bliss.

CHAPTER TWO:

An Underestimation of the Overlord

"Theowit, mighty counselor," declaimed Rosharn; killing time, "Myself is obtaining a certain reputation as a poetaster, a dabbler in and pursuer of the arts. Now, any reputation, however mean, sobeit molded somewhat by an intelligent design, is that desirable; a disarming and gracious, even ingratiating reputation, the most desirous of all, for it is that cleverest disguise of all that looketh like no disguise whatever. Any news of Moria?"

Theowit was jarred back from reverie induced by the sententious sonority of his leige's speech by the seven harsh syllables. "No. Difficult to get inside. Pirate guards, very crafty. The Margrave is furious."

"But of course, dear Theowit, how very human: having toyed with fire, the Margrave objects to being blackened by the soot. I mislike me these power policies and intrigues, especially those unsuccessful enough to attempt the usurpage of a crown too large for their head. Having not the guts, Myself to force conquest over isles and mainland, even unto the icy rimming world-edge, Mine reason persuades Myself that myself lacks the wit and desire to do so. Would that all these fools did so marry emotion and mentation as Myself. Blood, Theowit, it's in the blood; no, look not away: being born to rule, the Blood oft finds it difficult to mark limits to Rulership and Dominion. You commoners, Theowit, call it interference, hubris, intervention; but we call it Blood; we understand."

"Sometimes wonder why you keep me around," said Theowit into his beard.

"Ready on musicians and Sherila," said a satin clad page, and to prove his point in came tambourinists in peach-yellow costumes. They set up their

paraphernalia in a portico of the Throne and fell into trained silent posture.

"Why do Myself keep you around, Theowit?" asked the Viceroy. "Why? Because you lack that power which so many men possess, that ability to gain livelihood by arduous employment and industry. Myself can supply your needs gladly, at a word..." (Rosharn paused for breath) "To you has a malicious and caprice-minded Fate seen fit to bestow refined tastes of a royal nature which Myself at times lacks---or, looking at the argument from another vantage-point on the circle of circumspection, you extend mine own sensibilities critically; for you cast mine airy, nearsighted schemings into an exterior and altogether deliciously gloomy perspective, and you contrast the affable with the morose, the gleam of delight with the baleful stare. The world is not yet ready for the casual hedonist, Theowit; would that it were so. And there is more: men seek to see in your troubled face a cracked mirror of woe, darkly reflecting troubles within the throne, whereas in actuality they but see your natural mood. That which they cannot or will not tell to me, they say unto you whom they think more to their nature. And this last is a reminder; we shall play this city-state bucolic for all he is worth."

"You bumble on empty-headed and he may confide in me," agreed Theowit. He preened his ceremonial robes. Sherila entered then and kissed him, smiled at the viceroy, and directed servitors where to set up her easle and paints. Girls entered clad in gauzy kerchiefs and Libya handed her lord a curious ebony-wood device with silver devices; a handgun with blunt, soft rubber-tipped, wholly-improbable ammunition. She settled in the amphitheatre next to the great steps to the Seat of Command and ceased to twirl her tassles.

"Actually, your head of intelligence is the Royal Apiarist,"

"His vocation, his bees," tut-tutted Rosharn, submitting to Sherila and her combing of his hair. "And his avocation, my bees-ness. Thus, it's twice the task for a single salary. Or was that but the forehinting of a desire for that post instead of seneschal? Informative espionage is not your foremost métier, however. You have yet to tell me what befell the Madam Margrave of Moria and how it is that Queen Barana of Trantor dismantles the Margrave's castle stone by stone. Eheu. Woman against woman is worse than the armed combat-sport of honest men! Well, riddle me this of our Overlord: primus, what are the mysterious infernal Fire-Balloons which he is rumored to command? secundus, how many of these devices infernal hath he? tertius, how secure and content is he, tucked away in the Southern Patriate of the Seven Cities? And don't bother explaining to me that his journey hither is a prelude to discussion with the Emperor Edwardum." He had escaped Sherila's grooming and was pacing.

Pacing. As if deep in thought, concerned. In actuality, Rosharn was of a sudden consumed with boredom and was walking for something to do. For in his time he had hosted many a noble visitor and found them of late uniformly uninteresting. He had had his full of Kinging, or rather, Regenting; for he had, as an uninitiated Glark three centuries ago, unified the troubled realm of Gondor, and done so well that he had been contacted by the Church. He had then learned the true nature of the Coventranian lands and been given the longevity treatment to begin Amaranthood. He had aged cosmetically, "died" and departed from his coffin. Away from "the realms of man," he had studied well in the Church until the unexpected death of his Grandson, Rosharn the Third, at the eve of the Trensensian Wars had prompted the Church to secretly replace him on his Throne. Different circumstances reinstalled him as Rosharn the Seventh.



He had "re-enlisted" yet again when Rosharn the Ninth had failed to produce a male heir. I've always had troubles with grandchildren, mused Rosharn at one time.

Boredom. For he knew all about the fire-balloons. He knew the entire history of Earth, the real Earth of which Coventry was a carefully-edited replica. Mounted on a spindizzy drive and catapulted into the heavens to spread the seed of man and his works to new planets, Coventry hid its past, its future, and the real nature of its present from most of its inhabitants, that they might remain unsophisticated and uncontaminated by the weight of man's knowledge and flashing history and final cultural sterility. A never-never land, a patchwork, an Oz....

Rosharn let Sherila attend to a last-minute inspection of his golden mail. 'It's Oz in Space,' thought the bored man, 'and Dorothy is oiling the Tin Woodsman. I'm trapped in a Galactic Graust-Ark, a Spaceship of Fools that passes the lonely decades separating one planetfall from another.'

So he knew all about balloons, and had read a long article on the nature of Ilthmar's defences. But it would be something to do, to ride a balloon. Less fun than racing a steam car with Raiyn of the Tower, but it would be something new. I must talk to Ricardo of Chan about a ride in a Rimland Scout Vessel. Patrolling the ice rim. The arctic of the Ark.

A page popped from a service-door. "Two minutes. Ilthmar at the gates."

"I cultivate them, Theowit," said Rosharn, to justify his wit and hence his existence. "I play at word games with the young Lord-Advisor of Linn, steering conversation toward certain channels of interest. So truly, Goodman Theowit, examine well this Overlord, marking him with close attention to discover his secretest personality, for no one could hold one of the Seven Cities being but a reeking effete with kitchen middens in his birthright of grey cranial sponge."

Pages positioned themselves by the door handles. Two minor nobles entered, to stand at attention at the lower steps of the Audience Seat of the Throne. Rosharn beckoned Sherila to take the kitten. Trumpets bleated from beyond. Pages drew open the great doors slowly, majestically.

The purple and black silk palanquin of the Overlord

came bourne in on the shoulders of four blonde girls. Their hair was severely paged and they were, to the Viceroy's taste, unfortunately overmuscular. They looked utterly indifferent to the burden they bore, as they set it down and opened wide the curtains. The High Overlord of Ilthmar disembarked and stood before the Regent and his court.

Theowit gasped in his beard, drawing his hand to his mouth in shock but having the presence of mind to turn the gesture into a salute. Rosharn stonily revised his mental estimate of the Overlord downward by fifty per cent. The man must have tireless, devoted supporters. Through no other means could this unwholesome being before him remain in power for a single year. Rigorous discipline sustained the court as the High Overlord minced, "Efwigah of Ilthmah, at youah sewwice!"

Aloud, Rosharn answered, "Well pleased is the Court of Gondor, and Myself-the-Steward-for-the-absent-King, to welcome your august and terrible personage to our land." Silently, the Viceroy wondered how soon he could dismiss Libya's troupe and summon the dancing boys.

To begin with, the High Overlord's hair had been gilded with dyes and set in curls and ringlets, the whole pasted into place with glistening grease and oil in near stomach-churning quantities. The Overlord's ears supported a laurel wreath, the leaves jade and emerald, the ribs gold; the wreath turned into a grapevine, the grapes being fire-pearls gleaned from Trantorian seas, one of the few legitimate sources of revenue for Her Pirate Majesty. The beautiful components combined in ugly parody of the Silmaril Rosharn wore in lieu of a crown, and repeated at intervals down the black toga of Ilthmar. Black, all the morons use black, thought Rosharn, because they think it's a dramatic color.

"Then-k'yau," replied the Overlord. "It is so kind of you to receive us." He waddled forward in overweight parody of royal step, and kissed the four fingertips of his right hand, then placed them on Rosharn's nose. A kiss of state, thought Rosharn, but he avoided the Silmaril. The Overlord's hand went on to place the emasculated kiss directly between Theowit's protesting temples, even as the Overlord's other hand entered his toga to scratch himself. May the Covenant defend us if Theowit retreats into his precious asthma now, thought the Viceroy.



To be Continued ---

It is incredible to see, on today's movie screen, a hero (no, the prefix "anti" was not left out by mistake) projecting an exultant sense of life. It is even more incredible, then, to see four characters who's basic leitmotif is an unclouded capacity for enjoying life. Yet this is precisely what happens when one attends a performance of A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.

Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr are played with sensitive understanding and great gusto by Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr, respectively. These four make up a rather improbable singing group called, get this, The Beatles. They are rather improbable because, instead of being rebellious, pseudo-obscene, and uniformly ineffectual, they are happy, clean, and working hard to earn success - and the improbable is that this sense, communicated to today's youth, finds an overwhelmingly favorable response.

The only artistic objection to this film that can be raised is that it has no plot as such, but, instead, is a series of closely connected incidents built around two themes. The Beatles, at the opening of the story, are trying to get away from one singing engagement, and to a telly performance. They board a train, followed closely by thousands of screaming girls, accompanied by their agent and his assistant, and try to rest up for their next job. The four of them get separated while boarding the train and Paul reaches their compartment first. When the others find him, there is a thin, irate old man sitting at his side.

"Who is the 'clean' old man?" John asks him.

"It's me grandfather," Paul replies. "My mother thought the change of scenery would do him good. Besides he was getting too expensive with the breach-of-promise suits. He's a mixer, that one."

And off they go.

The "clean" old man is, indeed, a mixer, and before he is through he has caused the Beatles' manager to turn to his assistant and say, in a hurt tone, "Why, you traitor!" To which the reply, "Of course," is an inevitable result of the old man's mixings.

He sends Ringo off on an excursion that has caused him to be compared with Harpo Marx and Charlie Chaplin. Neither of the comparisons strikes near the truth, and, although his art is not yet as subtly polished as theirs, it is of a nature that far outshines Chaplin's and is more immediately emotional than Harpo's. For the three men differ greatly in the meaning of their comedy, and Ringo, overlapping the other two, has by far the greatest potential. Chaplin's tramp relied on man as the butt and loser in all jokes and situations and in those rare cases where he won, it was only at someone else's expense. But Ringo is neither winner or loser, merely enduring. Events conspire to cause him trouble, but they never have a real effect because he refuses to consider them important in his scheme of things. Harpo had a kind of inspired madness that was half wonderment at the world and half chaotic nonsense. But Ringo's character, lost too in wonderment at the joy of existence, experiences events that have a purpose and goal and, above all, meaning. However far out they seem, they have a relationship to this world where he has to live.

When all is said and done, the telly show goes on and the real meaning and function of the Beatles becomes apparent. The camera cuts to the faces of teenage girls (not actors, these kids are for real) watching the performance. They are mostly crying, a few laughing, a few screaming in the grip of an emotion they can not name. And it is this emotion that makes the Beatles. These bewildered kids are experiencing a sense of uncontaminated happiness. In a world where the essence of self-sacrifice is taught them, where they are taught that they do not have a right to their own lives, and that happiness is sinful, they are living a moment where there is no room for doubt, or fear, or pain, or guilt. This is violent joy being communicated to them, and they respond with the best within them.

A HARD NIGHT'S DAY, by Henry E. Stine, a movie review?



PICKING
A BONE
WITH
SHAGGY

(being a sort of ersatz and pro-tem excuse for a letter column in the absence of hardly any letters of value, and conducted by the Editor-in-Chief in the absence of Phil Castora, the regular letter-column editor (for when we have a regular letter column), but we only have one letter this time, and we will print it complete and uncut as usual.)

Dear Mr. Ellik:

Enclosed is \$1 cash to renew my subscription to Shangri L'Affaires. Please start with issue number 70.

Sincerely,
/s/ Alan White
5949 South Street
Lakewood, Calif.

((Believe me, Alan, we appreciate your subscription; even tho it was mis-directed, your heart was in the right place. Ellik is an honorable fan, and he sent the dollar along with your letter, and your sub has now been extended as you asked. You will continue to receive SHAGGY through issue #75, and we hope you're very happy together.

The idea of sending cash is an excellent one, too. You'll not have to bear the extra expense of a money order, or the upset bookkeeping you might have to worry about if you sent a check and we didn't get around to cashing it for a couple of months. The editorial position is strongly in favor of cash as a quick and convenient way of settling debts, with a strong preference for solid US currency, gold coinage, and free silver. In fact, if anyone sends us subscription monies in gold, we will accept it at half-again its face value in subscriptions. Silver there will be no such advantage for; it will be accepted at the same rate as paper currency, but gloated over a little more. After all, paper doesn't jingle musically; it just lies there and rustles a little. --Taj--)

TRANSLATION OF MAILING LABEL DATA

#(n): will be your last issue unless
you do something before then.

#70: THIS is your last issue unless
you do something Right Now.

M: you have materiel in this issue.

E: you have egoboo in this issue.

S: this is a sample copy -- react.

T: We trade, one-for-one.

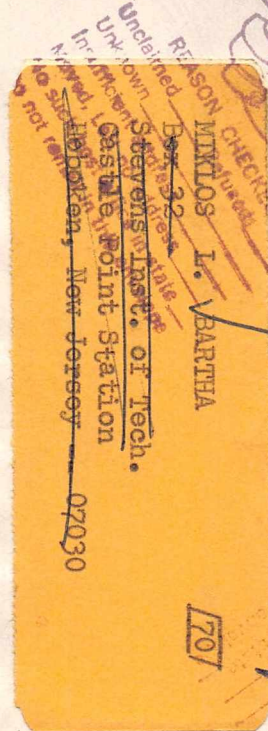
SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #70

Produced and Directed by:

Ted A. Johnstone

619 South Hobart Boulevard
Los Angeles Calif -- 90005

printed matter



Woburns bar

Harnes

