

IN MEMORIAM

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MEMBERS OF THE LASES

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

April 1, 1968

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- 1 COVER by Bjo
- 3 CONTENTS
- 4 DIALOGUE AT SUNSET
- 5 EDITORIAL
- 8 THINGS by Tom Digby
- 10 THE WILSHIRE WALK AND OTHER TRIPS I NEVER TOOK by Sally Crayne
- 15 THE FANGITIVE by Ruth Berman
- 17 SONG OF A FAN by Tina Hensel
- 18 MEMORIES by Robert E. Howard
- 20 WHEAT AND CHAFF by Len Bailes
- 26 THE GREEN TAMBOURINE by Jim Schumacher
- 30 NO TIME, NO TRACE by William Hollander
- 31 VILLANELLE by Lee Klingstein
- 32 SHIVA DANCES by Jane Lamont
- 34 PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY letters
- 35 THE NIGHT BEFORE LASFS by Barry Weissman
- 37 A WALK THROUGH INFINITY reviews
 BOOKS by Dave Hulan, Fred Patten, Ken Rudolph
 PROZINES by Bill Glass
 FANZINES by Fred Hollander

 GEORGE BARR 23
 DIAN PELZ 26,28,29
 SALLY CRAYNE 10,11
- 50 FAANISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE by Bruce Pelz
- 52 BACOVER by Don Simpson
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ART CREDITS

JACK HARNESS 48
BJO 3, 34
CRISS STEVENS 3,8,9,32
WILLIAM ROTSLER 17,37,
42, 46
JIM KEITH 45
TOM DIGBY 8
ALAN McCAUGHAN 18,19
LARRY DOPP 30,31
GEORGE BARR 23
DIAN PELZ 26,28,29
SALLY CRAYNE 10,11,12
13,14
JIM SCHUMACHER 15,35,41
BARRY WEISSMAN 35
ROBERT E. GILBERT 39

MITCH EVANS 5

The LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, INCORPORATED meets every Thursday night at 8:00 P.M. at The Hill, 508 South St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles, Calif. Visitors are always welcome.

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Thanks to: Phil Ochs, Rolling Stones, Judy Collins, Leonard Cohen, Pink Floyd, Simon & Garfunkle, Beatles, and the Smothers Brothers—without whom it would have been considerably duller.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of the Squirrel.

DIALOGUES AT SUNSET

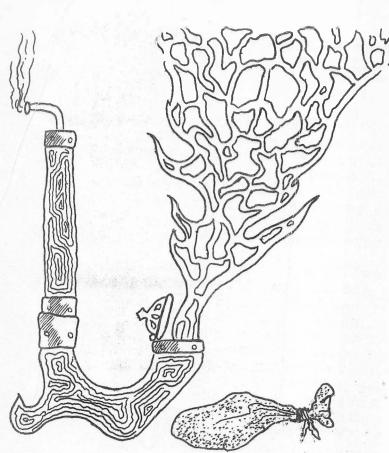
- TD- Have you seen the County Museum lately? Dinosaur skeletons are sprouting all over the place.
- TOM— Sprouting? I thought they came from eggs.
- DON- No, dinosaurs come from eggs. Dinosaur skeletons reproduce by sprouting. Actually, there never were any dinosaurs—only the skeletons running around.
- TOM- They lived underground, going through the rock like superheros.
- DON There are some still alive, way down deep.
- TED- And occasionally one dies and drifts up to the surface.
- DON- And loses its energy and coalesces into the rock for the Paleontologists.

EDITORIAL BY KEN RUDOLPH

Yes, indeed, SHAGGY's back. Brought to you by that intrepid band of fan-antics, the LASFS. When last you tuned into these pages, almost three years ago, the situation in and around the LASFS was dire. Black portents of strife and calumny filled the columns and editorial. Rumors ran rampant that a feud was in full tilt between the club and its magazine's editor. Voices of doom bleated that APA L was siphoning off local writing talent. SHAGGY finally folded with a dull thud.

All of this is, of course, hearsay for us at this juncture. Your
current editor was not even in fandom
at the time—nor were most of the contributors to this issue. And that,
friends, is it in a nutshell. Three
years was a long enough period of
time for a new generation of fans to





bud in L.A. in semi-isolation. It was time enough for the club to run through its involuted adventure with APA L (the last issue of that usually fascinating combozine coincides with the first issue of the new SHAGGY.) It was time enough for L.A. to lose a worldcon bid that it really should have won—a bid lost to some extent because the LAFan image had faded away somewhere into that hazy area between rumor and truth.

Much has been written recently in Apas and genzines about a curious phenomenon called the L.A. Fan Gestalt. Most of it emanated from our sister city to the North. (sibling rivalry can be carried too far); and, quite frankly, most of it amazed us. Where *did* this false image of the LASFS as a collection of sercon fuddy-duddies come from? Why is the L.A. Fan Gestalt, as it exists in the heads of certain vocal fans who haven't been a part of the scene here, so out of phase with reality?

One of the major reasons SHAGGY was revived was to reestablish relations between the LASFS and fandom-at-large, and to bring the L.A. Fan Gestalt into closer proximity with the truth.

The fact is that L.A. fandom is today, as it was a few years ago, an exciting place to be a fan. We are here a cross-section of national fandom—which itself is enjoying a revival of sorts.

The real L.A. Fan Gestalt is a meeting of LASFS, which older BNF's attend along with an ever growing number of talented and vocal neofans.

The real L.A. Fan Gestalt is comprised of a large number of active apafans, a growing number of genzine fans, and valuable fringe fans that outsiders haven't ever heard from, because all of their fanac and effort have gone into APA L.

The real L.A. Fan Gestalt must also include the fact that there are a large number of fan "heads" coexisting (mostly) peacefully with the fan "straights" in the area. (Marijuana, and even acid, are growing phenomena in fandom—as any reading of the more courageous apas would disclose. This is probably because the type of person who would become a fan is somewhat akin to the type of person who would become a hippie. Both have similar goals and commitments, even if the more conservative fans would like to close their minds the subject. Anyway, it's definitely the wave of the future; and fans are more conditioned than most to be in the vanguard. However, we'll save this discussion for some later date, perhaps an article on "Fandom and Pot" if somebody is brave enough to write it.)

Finally, the real L.A. Fan Gestalt must take account that L.A. fandom has been a thoroughly social (and heterosexual) entity for longer than your editor has been around. The ghost of F.T. Laney should be resting in peace. Just about half the active, meeting-attending, current membership of the LASFS are females. What other fan group can boast of such a healthy situation? And the socializing within the L.A. fan group can sometimes make the head spin. Some weekends find us all involved in a fanexcursion, three parties, and various other fanactivities such as groups attending rock-and-roll concerts, Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, going up North to tournaments and having some of our own (well...maybe, one day soon.)

Sure, L.A. Fandom is a self-sufficient fan universe in itself. That might go far towards explaining why there has been a drop-off in outside-contact fanac in the past three years. Numerically, there are enough people and cross-channels of

communication in our own backyard to have kept us busy in APA L for three and a half years just exploring them fully among ourselves. We've done it; and we're better off for it. LAFans as a group know each other better and have a better grasp of the socio-dynamics of their local fandom than any other comparable group—in fandom or out of it. But now, that period of self-exploration is coming to a close. This issue of SHAGGY is one piece of evidence of this.

Make no mistake about it; the period of LASFS withdrawal from fandom-at-large is really over. When the idea of reviving SHAGGY came up for a vote at a LASFS meeting a few weeks ago, the response was immediate and just about unanimous. A few of the old-timers had niggling reservations, remembering the imbroglios of the past. One member revived the plaint, "You can't go home again." We think this issue is proof, not only that you can go home again—but that with a new cast of characters, the housewarming can be cause for real celebration.

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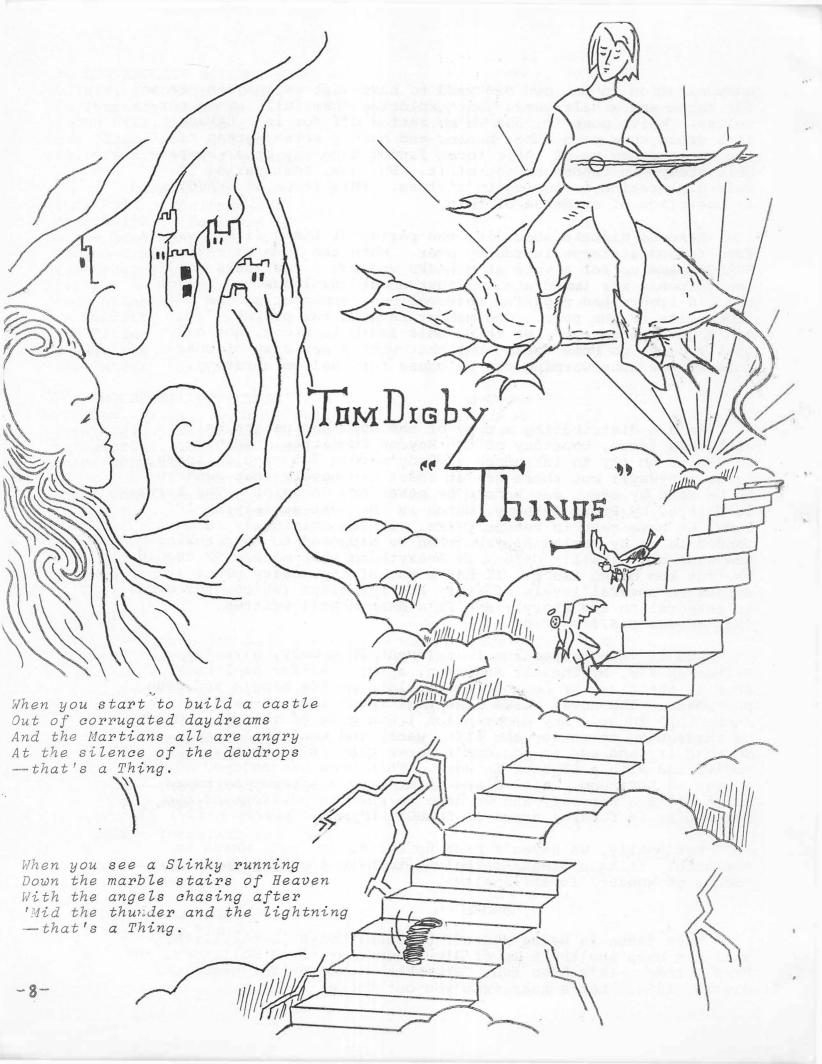
We are distributing a copy of the Hugo Nomination ballot with this issue, courtesy of the Baycon Committee. We have no desire to try to influence anybody's vote (who would listen to us, anyway); but there are at least two novels that deserve to be read by every fan before he makes his decision. The first is Chthon, by Piers Anthony, which is the most satisfying SF novel we have read in recent years. It was originally recommended to me by Harlan Ellison when we happened to be perusing the same book stall. Chthon is everything that modern SF should be, but too often isn't. It has a satisfying, meaty plot; it exists on several levels of story and symbolism (which, for once, is integral to the story); and it's damned well written. $(Ballantine\ U-6107\ -\ 75\ c)$

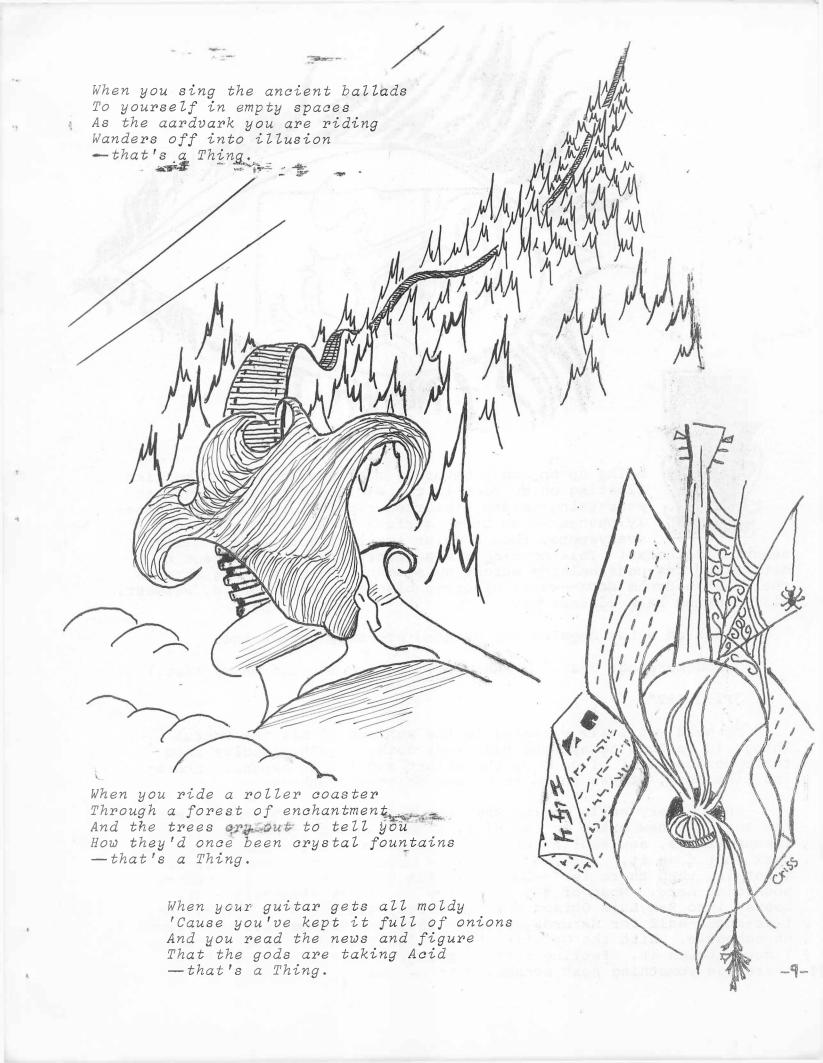
And if your tastes run to relevant SF comedy, give The Butterfly Kid, by Chester Anderson, a try. As far as I know, this is the first SF book to extrapolate on the hippie and drug phenomena. The novel reads like real faaan fiction—and is incredibly funny. Any description I can give of the plot would be inadequate to convey the wild, wacky and wonderful goings on. So read it; and see if you don't agree that it's the most fun you've had with a SF book in ages. This book has enjoyed quite a rage in LAFandom. Bill Glass is writing a screenplay based on it (it's a natural) and we hope to publish portions of the screenplay in future issues of SHAGGY. (Pyramid X-1730 - 60¢)

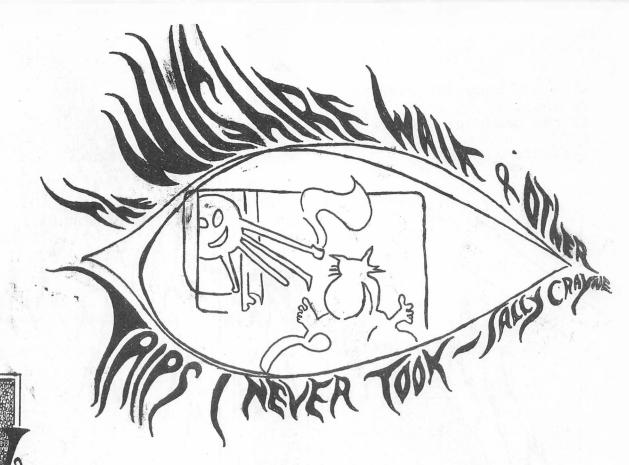
Personally, we haven't made up our minds, yet, which to nominate. It is a pleasant feeling to have such a problem. Our "Sense of Wonder" is still alive.

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This issue is being run off on Chuck Crayne's multilith, with his help and the help of Jim Schumacher, Fred Hollander, and Fred Patten. It's been fun. Remember—deadline for next ish:
7- May 15, 1968. Let's hear from you out there.







aking up on sunny Saturday mornings happens to me like floating on my back in the Pacific. Eyes open (first everything golden distorted ripples, then a swell gently pushes me to break surface to droplets of breeze everywhere, then a faint smell of hot tar and dirty

seagull feathers.) This morning I was gently pushed to surface by determined cat-pads walking across my stomach. Sun—shining through the glass bedroom door—warm; electric blanket warm; Charlie, warmest, his sleeping back against me.

Flash on a Los Angeles sky painted pre-smog aquamarine.

"Good morning, Bast." (Pad, pad. Curl. She sat on my feet.)

"Ffrowft?"

My head was still swimming to the surface of all the Useful Things To Be Done today; but Bast kept doing a grey dissolve into the opposite wall. I gave up the effort and let it expand. Starting like this, it was going to be one of those weekends...

In the very early spring when the first occasional rains waft the smell of new grass on the Hill, I get the urge to go voyaging. Immense feats, new sapling blood! I think it's the mountains coming back that does it. ("First there is a mountain, then there is no mountain, then there is."—Donovan) Tom Digby says we have rent-a-mountains here. Most of the time they're in use elsewhere—say, booked into San Luis Obispo through Friday night. Then, if you pay time-and-a-half for Saturdays, there they are looming over Hollywood on schedule. With the Griffith Park Planetarium floating so close I could touch it. Feeling like tripping, I lazily remember that there was something neat scheduled to happen.

"Charles?"

"Wulp."

"Wake up. This is the day for the Wilshire Walk, isn't it? Lessgo!"

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set dressed. The sages to a

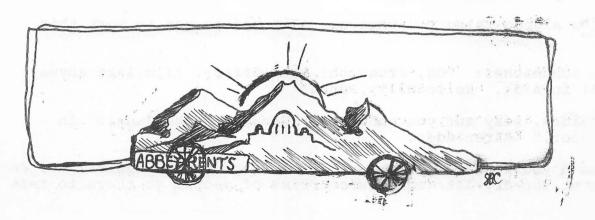
Fuzzy sleepy noises from the elder Crayne. "I thought that it was called off Thursday night, remember? On account of Bruce's bad ankle. Besides, I want to work on the multi this afternoon."

"Feh, you're right. No expedition."

I should maybe explain about LASFS expotitions—the planned-ahead, all day kind. All kinds of incredibly *neat* trips are suggested, and scheduled. But like the Trip To The Snow they evaporate like yesterday's opened corflu if they don't meet a simple criterion: (No, it's not that we can't plan.) The mystic truth is simply that unless either Bruce Pelz or Fred Patten want to go, there's no trip. Don't ask me why. It must have something to do with the former's charisma and the latter's limpet persistence. Now, for instance, if the Elephant wants to go walking the length of Wilshire Boulevard clear to the sea, chances are that Dian goes too. If she goes, of course Charlie goes, and then I tag along...and so forth the daisy chain. Or if the Fwed wants to see the County Arboretum, and if he can talk Don Fitch into being a one-man guided tour, why, eventually a whole glom of people go on the suggested date from the sheer conditioning of having read about it six weeks in a row in APA L.

The day's scheduled lemming procession down Wilshire to the Santa Monica Beach had been torpedoed at the last meeting when Bruce announced that well, he had sprained his ankle and couldn't go...and it's a long damn walk besides...

So much for the glorious exploration of the Miracle Mile ("Smell the money!" as Scrooge McDuck said). But there I was wide awake and feeling slightly ripped, and ready to go somewhere. But where? Who with would be no problem. There are half a dozen people who'll go places (often, straight up) with no warning. In this case: Goldsmiths? Nope. They mostly do things only when it's Terry's idea. I pondered the question while breakfasting on the standard blueberry yogurt. Suppose...



[Camera dissolves to the might have been...]

Fifteen minutes later, I explain to Ruth Berman while waiting for her to get dressed. "El Mirage dry lake. It's about thirty miles east of Palmdale...you must have gone somewhere near there when you drove up to see the volcano on New Years Eve. It's a long, flat lake bed where model plane nuts and gyrocopter nuts go to test their things in the open."

"How long do you think we'll be gone?"

"Most of the day, probably. Charles wants me home by dark to fix his dinner, so that he can stay and work on the Progress Report for Funcon. But he's not counting on it."

"I'd like to go, if you can wait for me to find my camera and stop to buy some more film." She emerges with coat, shield, and that delicate smile that fits with the sunny, quiet sitting room.

"OK? Let's go descend on Ken Rudolph. We'll go in the camper; it's bigger."

Some minutes later, walking up a palm-lined walk at one of those West L.A.-modern apartments. Up the stairs to the door with messages scrawled on it in felt tip pen. Knock, knock.

Curious brown Eye appears through the peep-hole. "Who's there?"

"ME," we chorus. Trap-door snaps shut, hand appears to let us in.

"We were sacked out," Ken explains redundantly, tying bathrobe with other hand.



"What...?" Flash onto: floor scattered with ashtrays, earphones, cushions; the coffee table with empty boxes of cheese wedges and Nabisco Mint Sandwich cookies. Sofa: Jim Schumacher and Karen Howorth still pretty much asleep.

"It's a good thing you woke us. Jim had to get to work this morning."

Jim Schumacher: "Oh, screw the Post Office. I'm late anyway; I'll call in sick. Hello Sally, Ruth."

"Besides, stay and you can watch 'George of the Jungle' in living color," Karen adds.

"How'd you like to go for a ride instead, to the desert?" I ex-12- plain about the dry lake and how scurries of people go there to test their machines and all.

Karen: "I should go home..."

Jim: "Wow..."

Ken: "I've got to work on the layout for SHAGGY..."

Ragged chorus: "Sure, let's qo."

Seventy miles and several tuna sandwiches later, we are east-bound out of Palmdale on State 138. The car being a Ford van with camper interior, there is a refrigerator, chairs and even a table. It's comfortable for travelling. Crouched over the table, Ruth and Schu play Mille Bornes—Schu making protesting noises at Ken every time he hits a bump in the road big enough to scatter the cards. Karen flaked out on the padded back deck. Me up front



muted rumble of racing engines.

squinting at the road map, into the sandy glare. "When my dad gave me the directions here, he said that 138 turns south, but you keep on straight ahead until ten miles before Adelanto. He said you'll know where to turn off by the yellow water heater standing to the right of the road..."

"Whaaat?" from the rear.

"That's what he said. Oh, and there's supposed to be a big sheetmetal barn nearby too."

"Like that one?" Sure enough, off to the right of the road, a leaning weather beaten warehousething with "Smoke Mail Pouch" on the side in sequins. Off in the distance clouds of dust, and the

As the van turns off on to a gravel road bumping along and fading into the distance over the salt flats, camera out.

* * * *

Cut back to a pale, cluttered apartment—Ken Rudolph's place again. Five figures sprawled before a new Philco watching the colors of the Saturday morning cartoon show, featuring "Super Chicken" and assorted other fantasy characters only slightly less real than the above.

No, I've never been to El Mirage dry lake. I'd like to—but things are like that around here. Sometimes I think we're all in

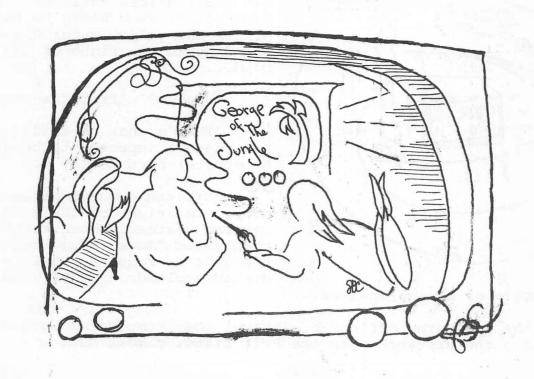
the White King's dream...

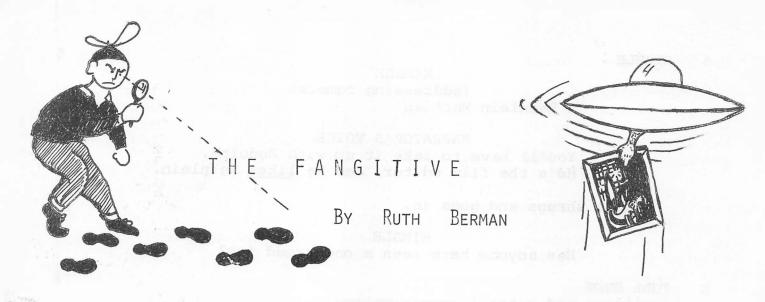
For instance—Jean Berman, Ruth and Schu and Don Simpson spread a fantastic story that they all drove out to see a volcano on New Year's night/day. Ruth even has clever pictures of it. But you know, and I know, that nobody drives two hundred miles there and back in the middle of the night. **Do they?**

Who knows, we may walk the length of Wilshire yet— if the right person's doing the dreaming. And Ken says he flew up to Vegas last weekend and dropped a bundle at the tables, too; but if he was in the story you know it didn't really happen, because Rudolph is a mythical beast (like Thurber's unicorn).

I don't know, it's all in how you look at it. But gyrocopters really do exist, and sometime the mountains will come back on a Saturday and when they do call me. We can go fly one for real. To live around here, you have to suspend your disbelief.

- Sally Crayne





TEASER

1 HOTEL CORRIDOR

At the far end a door opens, a man comes out, shuts the door, and leans wearily against it, then comes down the corridor towards the camera. As he comes closer, we see that it is GRIFFIN KIMBLE.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Dr. Griffin Kimble: a man with a mission. When artwork is stolen from your own family's artshow, and the hotel detective insists that you had the only key, a quest begins. You always were fond of sword-and-sorcery, anyway. From convention to convention, every month the Kimbles move, leaving a wake of old furniture, mildewing fanzines, and U-haul trucks behind them.

Kimble is almost about to bump into the camera, then thumbs his nose at it and turns aside into another room.

2 SMOKE-FILLED PARTY

General buzz of people talking, pouring drinks, etc. Just for an instant one FEMMEFAN's voice rings over the crowd:

FEMMEFAN

So I says, he'll never get those Prossers back —

She falters and stops, looking embarrassed.

- 3 KIMBLE IN DOORWAY looking around room.
- 4 THE FOUR-ARMED FAN still in costume as Tars Tarkas.

PULL BACK:

2

3

4

to reveal his companion, the three-legged fan, a Heinlein Martian.

Ah, where indeed? For Griffin Kimble the

road is long. If a...

11 FULL SHOT (CONTINUED)

A flying saucer appears at the window, glowing alternately red and blue.

FEMMEFAN

Look:

All turn to window.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Huh?

12 FLYING SAUCER IN WINDOW

12

A door opens in the saucer, and an alien appears, onehand raised in sign of greeting. His little finger sticks out.

ALIEN

Take me to Quinn-Martin.

NARRATOR'S VOICE (disgustedly)
Oh, for goodness sake!

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

Due to technical difficulties, Acts I, II, III, IV, and the Epilogue will not be seen.

The Song
of a Fan

My Father was a Dorsai
My Mother was a Witch.
I'll never walk the Terran way
'Cause I know Karre's tricks.

Tina Hensel

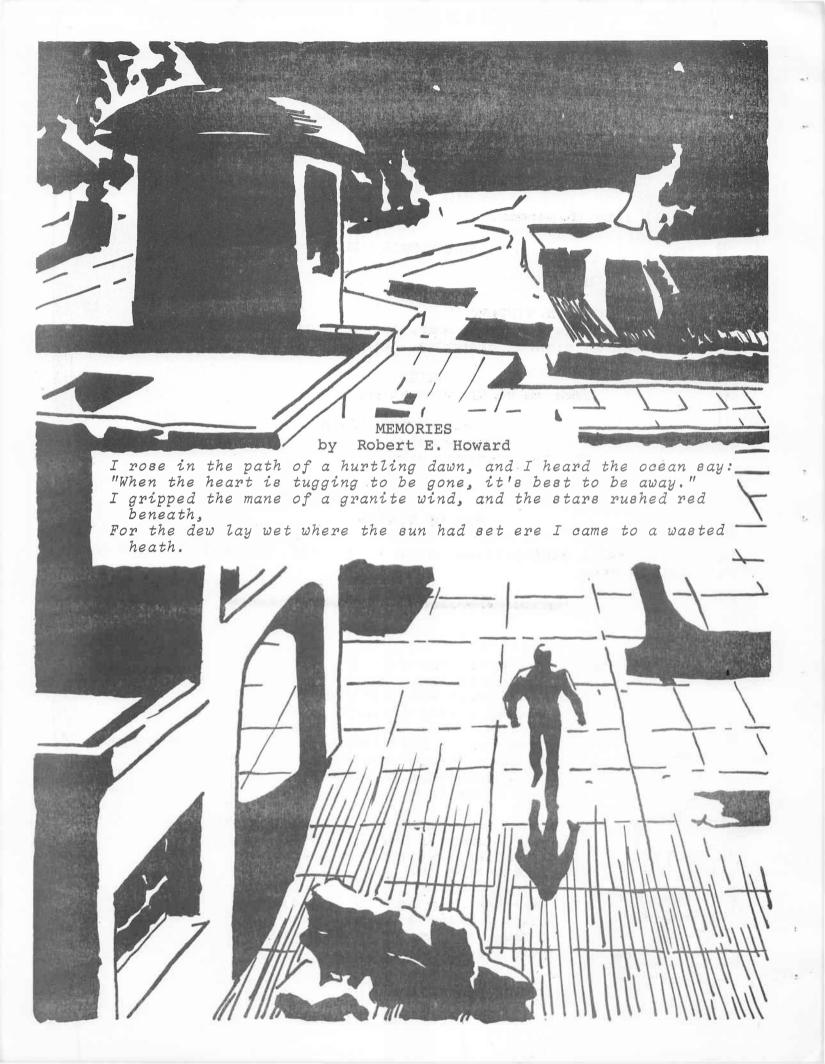
I've been a Battlemaster,
My daddy taught me that)
I've done some teleporting,
And I can talk to cats.

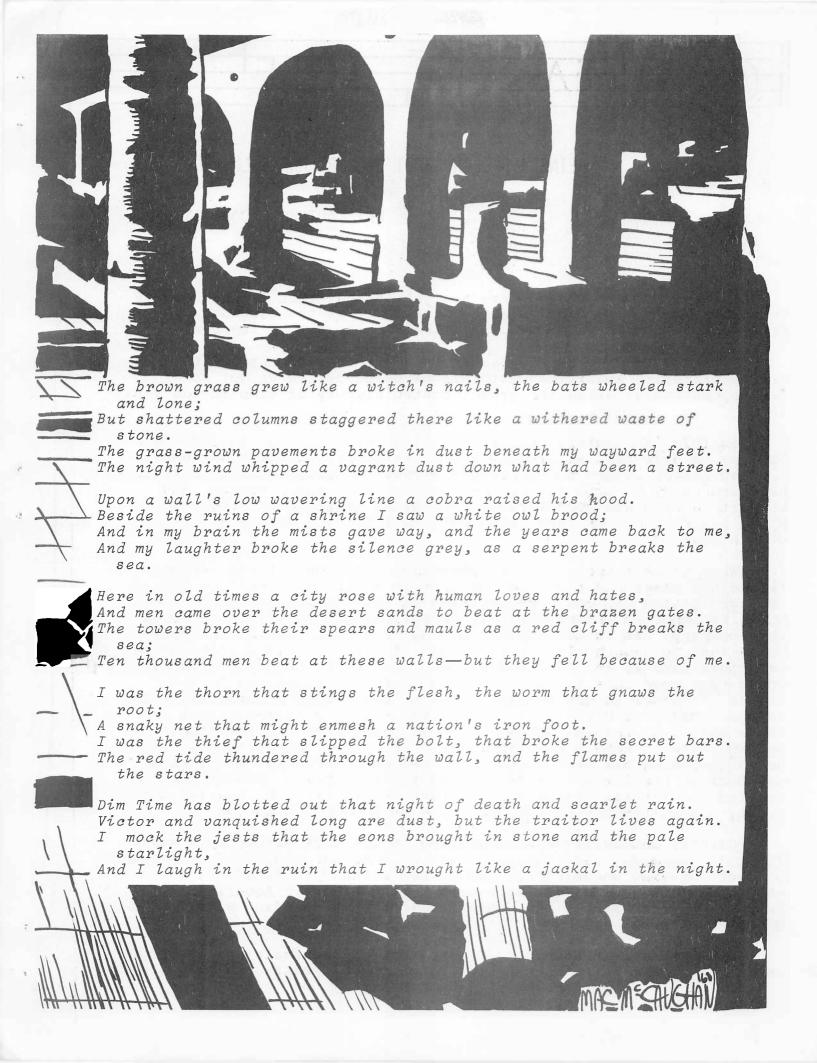
l've got books
with lurid covers
(B.E.M.s and all)
So I can take
a trip to Vega,
Whenever life's too dull

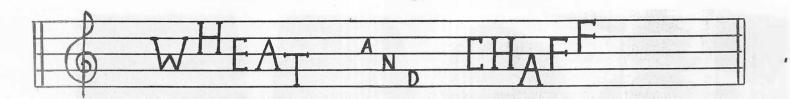
I've been to Noraustralia,
And crossed a sea of stars.
I've wandered o'r the universe,
And walked the sands of Mars.

My friends think I'm a little...
But it doesn't bother me,
'Cause I've been from Sol to Rigel
And I never paid a fee.









BEING A SPEECH ABOUT GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GIVEN

OR: BUT WHAT DOES IT HAVE

My excuse for being up here tonight is that this is the 29th of February, which we are celebrating because it is the birthday of Frederick, a character from W. S. Gilbert's Pirates of Penzance.

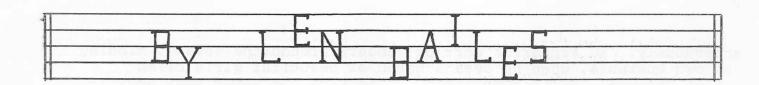
In order to discuss *Pirates of Penzance* and understand its tremendous literary significance to all of us today, we've got to journey backwards along the gravel coated highway of time to the year 1879.

In 1879, the entire English speaking world had one incredible hang up on Gilbert & Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore. While eager hands cranked barrel organs on numberless street corners, Sullivan celebrated his success by hitting all of the casinos in Southern France, and Gilbert enjoyed his good fortune by staying home and writing bad morality plays. Both of them lived off the royalties from Pinafore for over a year.

When Gilbert showed up at intermission for one of the aforementioned bad plays and found no one left in the theatre but the janitor, he began giving serious consideration to writing another comic opera. While he pondered, Richard D'Oyly Carte, manager of the G & S Repertory company, was in America attempting to regain some of the money being lost in unauthorized productions of Pinafore. The state of the copyright laws at the time was an anarchy. Carte suggested that it would be a good idea to send an official Pinafore company to the States, in order to get something out of the crazed provincials who had gone mad over G & S. Since Sullivan was on a losing streak in Monte Carlo, he readily agreed. Gilbert, Sullivan and the repertory company were to take a boat for America at once. En route Gilbert began composing his next work. The Pirates of Penzance would have an American premiere, thus gaining American copyright protection and foiling the literary pirates. In order to preserve the English copyright, a simultaneous production would be mounted in London.

Gilbert and Sullivan were greeted in New York Harbor by a small fleet of steamers, each equipped with an unauthorized *Pinafore* company on deck, playing and singing. There was a standard *Pinafore*, a church choir *Pinafore*, a *Pinafore* sponsored by the Brooklyn Aquarium and a band of Negro minstrels that wandered in by mistake (and weren't doing *Pinafore*.)

Once settled in New York, G & S started rehearsals on the songs as they finished them. The Americans in the orchestra promptly showed



BEFORE A MEETING OF THE LASFS ON FEBRUARY 29, 1968

TO DO WITH SCIENCE FICTION?

their admiration of Sullivan's music by going on strike for higher wages. They maintained that Sullivan was writing Grand Opera rather than operetta, and that this demanded a higher pay scale. Sullivan did hope to go to "grandiose and more ambitious plans."

Gilbert referred to his partner's innovations as "Burlesquing the farm yard effects of Italian Opera." Both of them were about as efficient and prompt as a fanzine editor. One week before Pirates of Penzance was due to open it was discovered that the music to the first choral number had been lost. Sullivan, who had always suffered from ill-health, was not particularly fit at this point, and he announced that he was incapable of rewriting the music. Gilbert saved the day by pointing out that they could lift bodily an opening chorus of words and music from Thespis, an earlier work by the two of them which no one remembered, and which nobody remembers now. (In fact "Climbing over Rocky Mountain", the song, is the only piece of choral music from Thespis which is still in existence).

The play was to open on January 1st, 1879. On December 31, 1878, the overture was still unwritten. Sullivan, Gilbert, D'Oyly Carte, and Alfred Cellier, the assistant conductor, sat up in Sullivan's room till dawn. Sullivan wrote out the music in long hand, and the rest of them dutifully copied out parts for the musicians...like a one-shot publishing session. The fascinating thing about the four of them finishing the music on December 31 was that the British premiere took place on December 30. It's still uncertain at this point what went on in England the day before, masquerading as the *Pirates of Penzance*, but it definitely lacked at least three of the songs in the production we know today, and probably had words and music which have never been heard since...

The plot of *Pirates* concerns Frederick, the slave of duty. As the curtain rises he is twenty-one years old and the pirate band to which he is apprenticed is celebrating this fact. They ask him what he is going to do on his twenty-first birthday, now that he is no longer an apprentice, but free to become a real pirate. He replies that he finds their piracy vulgar and shocking and wants to quit their band. The pirate chief finds this a rather distressing prospect; but since Frederick is twenty-one at this point, and since he has been originally apprenticed to the pirate band by mistake (his nursemaid, who was hard of hearing, thought he was being apprenticed to a career as a *pilot*) the chief doesn't object too

strenuously. So Frederick sort of wanders around the island, minding his own business, when he sees a batch of beautiful girls climb out of Thespis' "Rocky Mountains". Frederick has never seen beautiful girls before, being convinced that the optimum of beauty is his nursemaid. When he discovers how wrong he's been, he is determined to leave the island and marry one of them. The girls' father, who is the Major-General that sings the patter song which drives people crazy trying to repeat it, has no objection to this. They are al. about to be executed by the pirates anyway, at least until he comes up with the schtic of pretending that he is an orphan (the pirates never harm orphans because they had all been orphans themselves at one point.) Frederick decides to go out and capture the pirates. So he drums up a bunch of policemen and confronts the pirate king, who now informs Frederick that he had actually been apprenticed to the pirate band until his twenty-first birthday. Unfortunately, he was born on February 29th; and his 21st birthday will not occur until 1940. So Frederick now has a perplexing problem of duty; because once again he is forced to be part of the pirate band-so he must tell the pirate chief that General Stanley is not an orphan. When the pirate chief hears this, he vows dreadful revenge; and he and his pirates all go to General Stanley's ancestral home, where the general is ruminating upon his many ancestors. (He just bought the home the year before and all the ancestors with it. He describes them as "ancestors by purchase".) The pirates show up; the police fight them valiantly; the pirates beat the heck out of the police; and just as they are about to taste defeat, the police call upon the pirates to yield in Queen Victoria's name. Now, of course, with all of their faults, they bow with humbled mein because they love their Queen. And then Frederick's nursemaid comes in and says, "Before you cart these pirates all off and execute them, I feel that I must tell you that they are all noblemen gone wrong." (In Gilbert and Sullivan there is almost always a nursemaid who shows up five minutes before the plot ends and says something about at least one of the characters which drastically changes the course of the opera.) So, once General Stanley finds out that the pirates are peers, he of course forgives them everything-because a peer is, of course, a peer. Everybody is happy and the curtain comes down resoundingly.

Pirates was a brilliant success; and enough money was garnered by the joint American and British productions to keep Sullivan in poker chips and Gilbert in sentimental Victorian dramas for several years.

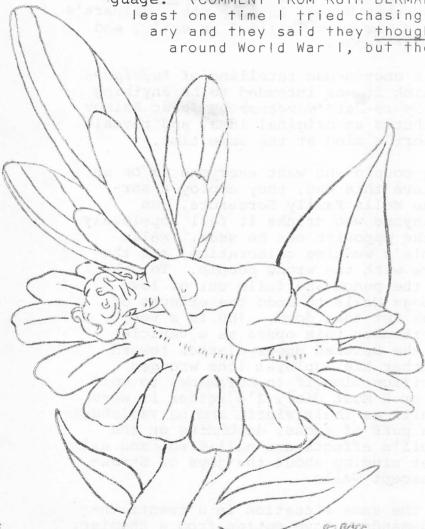
But enough about *Pirates*. This *is* the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, after all, and I'm sure there are some bespectacled Stanley Weinbaum fans in the audience wondering what, exactly, any of this has to do with science fiction. Actually, G & S has had quite a bit to do with "Our Field" both in thematic content and as a supplier for humorous fantasies.

Four of their collaborations have a science fictional or fantastic plot. *Iolanthe*, *Ruddigore*, *The Sorceror* and *Thespis*. (Do you remember */** Thespis?)

Old and tired of their surroundings. When a theatrical company on a holiday discovers them, the Gods trade places with the men. The mortals do a rather shoddy job of filling divine shoes, and the Gods reluctantly come back and resume their rightful positions. Only Mercury remained behind when Jupiter and the others departed, and he is one of the major characters. Mercury is also a major character in Thorne Smith's Night Life of the Gods, first published in 1931. Smith's story involves some of the same humorous tricks used in Thespis, and it is conceivable that he was aware of the play when he wrote it.

The much more successful *Iolanthe* is another fantasy. It depicts a protagonist who is a fairy (that's a fairy with wings and a little magic wand) from the waist down, and involves his suit of Phyllis, a ward in Chancery. To assure her love, Strephon calls an entire band of fairies down to Parliament to confront the Lord Chancellor of England and the Peerage, and they decide to revamp the government, threatening to make knighthood open to competitive examination. The operetta is a whimsical blending of social satire and fantasy which concludes with the entire peerage sprouting wings and becoming fairies. It seems reasonable from the way Gilbert handled the dialogue that the inevitable double-entendres which

arise from this situation were already in the English language. (COMMENT FROM RUTH BERMAN: "! don't think it was; at least one time I tried chasing it down in a slang dictionary and they said they thought it started in America around World War I, but they weren't quite sure.")



The two Gilbert and Sullivan operas which have been most utilized in science fiction are The Sorceror and Ruddigore. Ruddigore sold Anthony Boucher a story called Sriberdegibit which appeared in Unknown, June, 1943. The basic plot line of Gilbert's opera concerns a family curse placed upon a line of barons which specifies that each Lord must commit one crime a day or perish in inconceivable agonies.

Boucher has his protagonist, Gilbert Iles, exclaim, "May I be eternally cursed!" while sitting in a bar. Unfortunately for him, there is a Wish Wimp floating overhead who grants his request.

The curse turns out to be the one left over from the Murgatroyd family. In the original:

"Each Lord of Ruddigore
Despite his best endeavor
Must do one crime or more
Once every day forever"

And Boucher's version: "Commit an evil deed each day thou must
Or let thy body crumble into dust"

Gilbert Iles is as unsuccessful a villain as Robin Oakapple. Both wind up abducting innocent maidens (who are really less innocent than they appear) and getting into trouble with their respective boyfriends. Iles has the better of it... at least his maiden's boyfriend doesn't possess supernatural powers.

Eventually both protagonists come up with the idea of committing suicide. By refusing to commit a daily crime, they invoke the curse. But suicide is in itself a crime, so that the terms of the curse are fulfilled, and by not committing a crime, each protagonist does commit the crime of suicide, therefore they do not have to die. Gilbert's finale resurrects a chorus of ghosts who were "killed" unjustly, and Boucher's demon vanishes in a puff of smoke.

Sriberdigibit is pretty much a one-to-one retelling of Ruddigore with a modern setting. I don't think it was intended to be anything more than a humorous parody. The Up-to-date Sorceror by Isaac Asimov is another such parody, but contributes an original idea, and reveals the author's understanding of Gilbert's mind at the same time.

The Sorceror is about a young couple who want everyone to be as much in love as they are. To achieve this end, they employ a sorceror, John Wellington Wells of the Wells Family Sorcerors. He brews a love philtre which makes anyone who drinks it fall hopelessly in love with the first member of the opposite sex he sees. Wells spikes the punch at the young couple's wedding celebration, and the villagers promptly all fall in love with the wrong people. To make matters worse, the heroine drinks the punch and falls out of love with the hero. An incensed hero begs Wells to undo the effects of the philtre, and Wells feels he has let them down. (He is a very conscientious businessman... Gilbert uses this opera as a vehicle for poking fun at the attitude of the British upper classes toward tradesmen.) Wells reveals that either his employer (the wronged young man) or he himself must sacrifice himself to Ahrimanes to void the philtre's effects. ("Or thou or I Must Die...I'd rather it were thee...") The villagers choose Wells as their victim and he vanishes either through a trap door or in a puff of smoke, depending on the budget of the production. The spell's effects are nullified, and all of the chorus goes off to a banquet singing about the joys of Strawberry Jam. Everyone is happy... except Wells.

Isaac Asimov's story sets up the same situation in a twentieth-century context. A young couple demands a love potion from a chemist. The punch at a party is spiked, and the same set of mismatches occurs. Again a solution is sought, and then it turns out that the protagonist

is a Gilbert and Sullivan fan. This makes the chemist a trifle nervous, as he has no intention of performing the twentieth-century equivalent of sacrificing himself to Ahrimanes.

But the protagonist has also read Ruddigore. He maintains that Gilbert's ending to The Sorceror is forced and unnatural. Ruddigore the paradox unwinds itself naturally. Asimov's hero suggests that, since Wells' potion only affected unmarried couples, the obvious solution would have been to let all of the mismatched lovers marry, whereupon the potion would lose its effects, and the marriages could then be annulled. Asimov points out that Gilbert couldn't use this solution in 1875 because the Victorian Institution of Marriage was not then considered open to attack on the stage, and Divorce and Annulment were theatrical taboos. Fortunately for Asimov's chemist, The Up-to-date Sorceror takes place in the twentieth century, and such a solution is possible. try it and it works. This corrects what seems to many Savoyards an injustice, since the usual feeling of an audience after leaving a production of The Sorceror is that the village picked the wrong man to die.

While this sounds nice, Asimov was wrong, if he meant to criticize Gilbert's plot construction. A topsy-turvy ending would have destroyed *The Sorceror's* social criticism. The whole point of Wells' gesture of sacrifice was that the nobility and well-bred upper classes sought a scapegoat for problems created by their own vanity, and that this scapegoat invariably wound up being the middle-class businessman. Previous dialogue in the play reinforces this concept.

This in no way affects the quality of Asimov's story, which is a delightful piece of extrapolation and parody with a neat plot twist almost as good as Gilbert's best. Curiously enough, the editor who accepted the story for Fantasy and Science Fiction was Anthony Boucher, the author of Sriberdigibit.

The two stories I've just mentioned are the only examples that come immediately to mind which are completely based on G&S. References to the 13 operas crop up quite frequently in other science fiction, however. Widsith and Clarence Shandon encounter Sir Jasper Murgatroyd in John Myers Myers' Silverlock, and L. Sprague de Camp has Savoyardical references sprinkled through all of his stories. In The Incomplete Enchanter, Reed Chalmers prepares a spell while singing "My name is John Wellington Wells" under his breath. And when Harold Shea is separated from his love, Belphoebe, in the same story, at the conclusion de Camp ends with Jack Point's lines from Yeomen of the Guard:

"Heighdy, heighdy,
Misery me, lackadadee,
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a laydee."

....And since most articles and lectures on Gilbert and Sullivan somehow wind up in and around those four lines, I think I'll bring this talk to a close. Thank you. (APPLAUSE)

---Len Bailes

a column by Jim Schumacher

HANNIFEN'S HORDE

People occasionally ask me why I live at the Hill, the 7-resident slan shack in Los Angeles. I must admit that there are times when I can see their point. However, such minor inconveniences as little privacy, lost phone messages, the LASFS on Thursdays, wall-to-wall garbage in the kitchen and bombs in the basement are offset by the strange and wondrous things that happen here. For instance, there was the time I almost ended up rowing a viking ship up the

west coast...

The whole thing started one quiet afternoon last summer when Owen Hannifen and I were sitting around the Hill. I was deeply engrossed in a book of Eastern philosophy or maybe it was the latest Ace doubleback. Owen was busy scanning the many varied and obscure ads in the classified section of the L.A. Free Press, chuckling occasionally over some of the choicer ones.

"Oh wow. Here's a good one!" he announced, thrusting the paper under my nose. Following the curvature of his forearm down to where his finger pointed, I read:

> WANTED: Speed Freaks to row Viking ship. Purpose: to pillage and burn along the California coast. 634-6810

"Sounds like someone has been reading too many Heinlein novels..." I commented, returning to my book.

"Can't you just see it though? A squad of vikings descending on a coastal town out of the morning fog ... " Owen laughed at the image. "Charging through the streets, cutting the phone lines, terrorizing the local citizenry, cleaning out the stores...what a scene!"

"Mmmm." I nodded absently.

A few minutes later Owen looked up again. "It could be done you know..." He mused. There was a strange gleam in his eye-one that I've had the misfortune to observe before.

"What could be done? Pillaging the coast?"

"Well look, there are lots of small towns between here and San Francisco. Now... in a sudden dawn raid we could..."

"Hold it!" I interrupted. "What you mean 'we', white man? What do you suppose the local law enforcement types are gonna have to say about the idea? I have no particular desire to go play Norseman and get myself thrown in jail or shot or something equally unpleasant. Besides, we don't have a viking ship..."

"We don't need one. Look, the ad says they need people to row a ship—so they must already have one. We could get a bunch of the tournament people together and hire out as a mercenary company with me as captain—call ourselves Hannifen's Horde."

While Owen continued in this vein, Fred Hollander and Barry Gold wandered into the room. They seemed to be getting caught up with his enthusiasm. This was getting out of hand...

"What about the police?" I repeated emphatically.

So they explained it to me.

"Look, Schu, most of those small towns don't have a police force of their own. They call the larger towns when they need them, which is practically never, or call the Highway Patrol. Now, if we send two or three of the company in before dawn, in plain clothes, and they can capture the switchboard in the postoffice or general store or whatever—or cut the phone lines—the rest of the Horde could land, pillage and get out long before the law could be reached. There are hundreds of coves along the coast to hide in."

I had to admit it sounded feasible...

They could see I was weakening. "What's the harm?" they continued. "We wouldn't burn anything; that's a little extreme. And we wouldn't have to hurt anyone either. Most of the populace will be asleep and those that aren't, well...what are you gonna do anyway if you wake up at six in the morning and find vikings, waving real swords, running around on your front lawn?

"Who'd believe it? California's lost its sense of wonder. Can you imagine any paper printing a headline like VIKINGS TER-RORIZE BEACHVILLE? We could carry out two or three raids before the police or coast guard would even bother to investigate."

I'm a romantic. Also a little sick in the head. "All right." I sighed. "Call the number, what the hell?" I'm figuring the whole thing for a prank and the phone call will finish it off.

I was right...almost.

"Well, God, the whole thing started out as a joke, but we've gotten a lot of calls and this mercenary company of yours sounds

great. You say you have axemen?" Downstairs, Owen had dialed the number in the Free Press. I was listening in on the upstairs extension.

"Yes. Two of them," Owen confirmed. Also five to ten swords men. Strong fellows, all of them. We supply our own weapons and armor. You supply the ship."

Mumbling and undecipherable conversation at the other end. Then the voice came back.

"O.K. You've got a deal."

"What kind of ship have you got?" Owen asked.

"Well..." The voice was hesitant. "It's not very much like a viking ship at all really... It's an old landing craft we bought from surplus..."

"A...landing craft?"

"Yeah. You know, like they use to bring the marines ashore in the war movies. Perfect for landing a raiding party actually...

"Humana." Owen said. "We had hoped for something with a little more class, but it does seem the most practical approach. What do you think, Schu?"

At this point I didn't trust myself to answer a loaded question like that. The line between seriousness and put-on was getting harder to discern with every passing second. How the hell do you row a landing craft?

"Why not?" I sighed. Owen kept talking and got further details. I hung up, resigned to whatever fate held in store.



This turned out to be a cold, foggy morning in the San Pedro harbor. I was standing in full Viking regalia on an empty pier with Owen, Barry and six other L.A. fans.

"So where's the viking ship...I mean landing craft?" I inquired between chattering teeth. Twentieth Century version viking garb isn't very warm.

"It should be moored here. I'm sure this is the right dock."

We looked around all the other landings, finding nothing that -28-

even vaguely resembled a viking ship or a landing craft. When Owen tried to call the number in the Free Press again, he was told it had been disconnected.

So the whole thing had been a put on. We really figured it was all along; but we had been willing to do the shtick. And if there had been a boat at that dock, I've no doubt we would have played the game even as far as landing at some beach town.

"A pity," sighed Owen, hefting his huge battle ax as we trudged back to the car. "We could have pulled it off, I'm sure of it." He paused, the gleam was in his eye again. "Say," he said, snapping his fingers. "I bet a landing craft wouldn't cost us very much..."

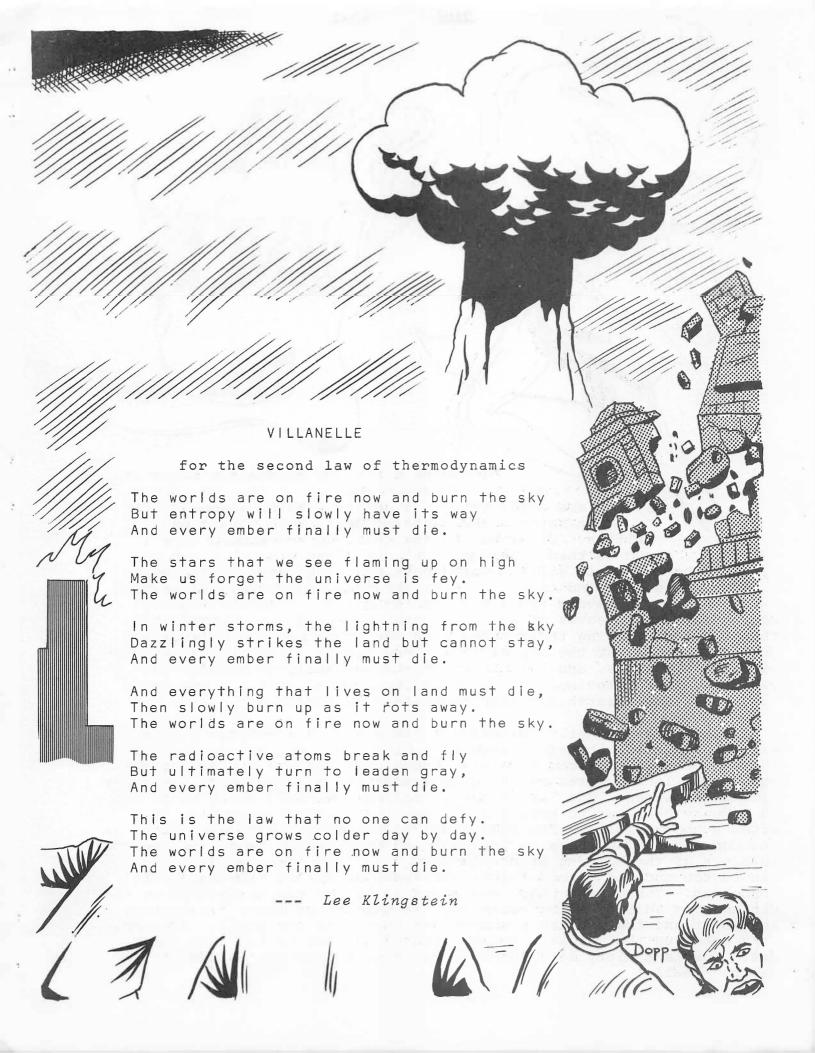
"No Owen," I said firmly, beckoning him into the car.

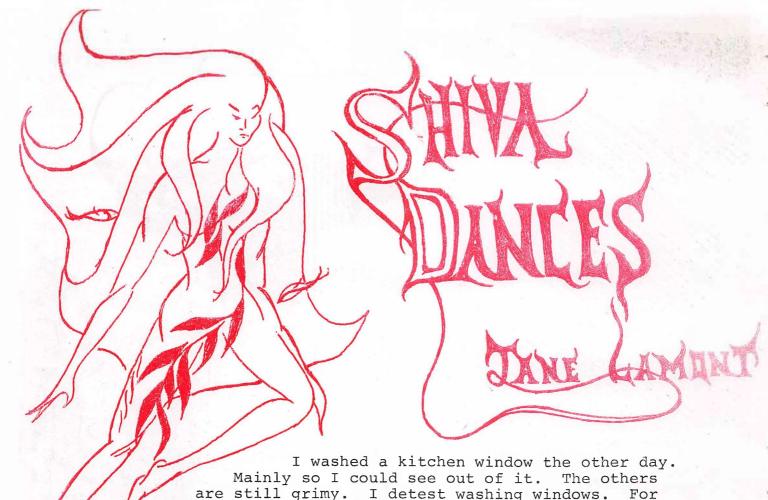
So ended Hannifen's Horde.

I don't know, maybe we could have done it. And sometimes, when things get to be a drag, I even consider the idea again. The plan was feasible; and you know—I checked into it the other day—landing crafts aren't all that expensive...

-- jim schumacher CARMEL CITY LIMITS







Mainly so I could see out of it. The others are still grimy. I detest washing windows. For that matter, the curtains don't look very clean either. But I rarely see them, so accustomed have I grown to them. Through that one clean window, I can see that there is still a world outside. The grass in the backyard is long and tousled like the hair of hippie boys waiting on Sunset Boulevard for a ride to the strip. Over the fence, I see the bronzing leaves of a tree in the next yard, and beyond that, the palm trees, doing their thing with the early morning cold breeze. They are spaced, at the top of their long trunks. They reach into upsidedown emptiness, and fall short of the shavingcream clouds, but vibrating in the moving air they seem about to leave the stems that bind them to the earth and join themselves to the Void.

It is kite weather. Yesterday I saw a kid on a bicycle with a kite on his head, the tail dragging behind him. And driving through the streets of Hollywood with Blue Cheer bursting the windows of the car, I saw lonely kites reaching up almost out of sight from the grimy blocks of houses. But last night it rained. We were about to go out to a funky beer bar to hear a new group that is just starting, but after a short visit to the Free Press Bookstore and Pasadena Kazoo, we decided the hell with rainy freeways and returned to home and five solid hours of the Rolling Stones on KPPC. It just isn't so that there can be too much of a good thing. At least as far as Mick Jagger is concerned. There is a huge cut of him above the sewing machine in the dining room adorned with Gods Eyes. It must be at least two feet by four feet and the general consensus is that it's too small. However, it's not true that we keep votive candles burning in front of the picture! That's a dirty lie, and besides, they scorch the bottom of the paper. Really!

Hey it's election year, and I say the hell with it. Los Angeles is going to get swamped and the hell with that too. Put on "Goin' Home" and "Summertime Blues" and let's get spaced and let the heartbeat drums wire us up. Let's take the Magical Mystery Tour and let that crazy bus drag us smiling into another neighborhood. The windows are smiling with lighted eyes; and doors with electronic teeth part their silver strings to let us through. Hey, there are bass drums rolling like wheels down the empty streets. And mint sandwich cookies drop from the rootless trees that follow us laughing and flowers explode like fireworks behind our eyes. No commercials here; we're not selling happiness. No Tide, no Ban, our clothes get dirty and we beat them on the rocks -- so they float away, we'll wear berry juice and cake crumbs. We'll wear the water, a talking, moving garment with fish for ornaments and sewn with dark weeds.

Who are you, lady with short, careful hair? Your spirit is cut out of patent leather and your head is plugged into the Machine. You drive a Mustang and your eyes are buttons. Push them and you get a complete twelve hour tape recording of the Ladies Home Journal, with background music by Lawrence Welk. Don't give me that movie magazine marriage manual! Take your John Birch bombs and your pearl earring sex and go someplace else. Out here under the nighted oak trees on a raggedy blanket we're making real love and having scruffy babies that roll and laugh and yell incomprehensible things to each other. "Freak, baby!" yells Yony, his bell string dangling. They kiss each other goodnight. Tommy parts with his brocade and velvet shirt. As I unpin his red glass brooch, he lingers. A last wail from Tony --"I want Mickey!" They freak up the stairs.

Coming home from a Day With Daddy, Tommy, ice cream coneless, eyes full of tears. "He said bad words all day. He said Bummer all day!" Mouth pursed and hard eyes pinning. "He said Dumb Shit." The World closes in. The Man with hard leather boots two sizes too small and my feet hurt. Go away from my children with the nightsticks and artillery of your mind. Take your bombs and fire and your installment plans with you. Go home.

Bye bye to the beach. Let's go to the park. There are drums there and people with puppies and babies. People wearing lace table-cloths and colors. Tambourines and lunchmeat, one to feed the soul and one to feed the body. Teenyboppers in boots and wild hair hang from the branches of the trees. Motorcycles and a Purple shirted Galloping Goose, and in the background, The Man. The Poor We Have Always With Us. Give him alms, for he hungers. Circles of people chanting, "We love cops, we love cops!" A pack of children blazing down Howard Street. Four years old, old, Becky stands with starched skirts in her front yard. Love, love, love. All you need is love, sing the Beatles and the Stones. They knew it. The children know it. We know it.

Where are you?



A short lettercol this time around. Not that there wasn't commentary on SHAGGY #71...it's just that three years is rather a long time for sustaining interest in the contents of the previous issue.

HARRY WARNER - 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

Dear Ted:

Strife and early sorrow are always unhappy situations. But if the cyclic tendencies of fandom should come through once again, I can console myself with the prospects: a supernally brilliant career for you as a fan writer of increasing excellence and renown, and an eventual phoenix-like rebirth for Shaggy as a fanzine under its own name with a new cast of characters. Maybe you and Burbee can even become the first two members of a club that will have a new recruit every fifteen years or so as a new cycle occurs...

[[Very good prophesy, Harry. Ted Johnstone has turned pro, of course; and his UNCLE novels especially are doing well. And as for SHAGGY—well, here it is again just as you said. Only thing is here we have further proof that three years is about the time needed for a new generation of fans to grow up.]]

D. B. JODREY, JR.- Box 4312, 420 Memorial Dr., Cambridge, Mass.02139
Will someone tell this Virginian-in-Mass. what is going on out
there in L.A.? I want part of my money back, at least. I find Shaggy
(or whatever) boring and semi-incomprehensible.

[[Seeing as I have received no money from the previous editor, I'm sorry that I can't comply. However, try this issue. If it's OK by you, I'll continue your sub for another issue and we can call it even.]]

SETH A. JOHNSON - 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, N.J. 07088

...If the LASFS are going to write only for APA L then why not save their stencils and just make SHAGGY the highlights and cream of the months Apazines...I just wonder if some of the neofans in LA area might not be capable of turning out some highly publishable matter. Especially older people in professions and so forth...I do wish you would stick to SHAGGY as title though. It's too great a hallmark in the annals of fandom to be dropped by the wayside for whatever reason as long as one LASFan is able and willing to cut a stencil and crank a mimeo...

[[Or in this case run a creaky and cranky Multilith. SHAGGY, of course, just disintegrated. As for APA L, it is quietly being dissolved as of Disty #180 (March 29, 1968) ending a fascinating period in the history of LAFandom. Just in time to start the new adventure of SHAGGY—with a new cast of contributors almost all brought up in APA L.]]

We also heard from: Carl Brandon, Jr., Archie Mercer, Terry Carr, Larry Hicok, Ruth Berman, Alan White, Ben Solon, Carol Nelson, Creath Thorne, and somebody called Rick from Fremont, Indiana. Next time a real lettercol.

AN HOUR BEFORE LASFS

'Twas an hour before LASFS and all through the Hill,
Not a fan was seen stirring, couldn't even find Phil.
But the lectern was placed by the window with care,
In hopes that Bruce Pelz soon would be there.
The members were coming but none had arrived,
So I sat down to read a book (S-F's still alive).
Though I hadn't been tired, with a book in my lap,
I soon found myself dozing, just a cat-nap.
When suddenly in the Library there arose such a clatter,
I rushed to the hall to see what was the matter.
The face of the new moon, bright with full glow,
Gave light through the windows to objects below.



When what to my wondering eyes did appear, But an old man with horns and a God-awful sneer. With a tail that was pointed, and a pitchfork like stick, He said with a flourish, "Call me Old Nick." Then down from the darkness his minions they came, And whistled and shouted and called me some names. He then said to one, "Stop that, you vixen! "Cease Mertyl, cease Blagid, and shut UP, old Gritzen! "I'm sorry my servants offend you," he said. Though his face it was ruddy, it flushed a deep red. "To lowest pit of the world, past long night's last vail, "Now dash away, flash away, quick, away all!" As stars disappearing in morning's new sky, They went out like candles, each with a sigh. So away to their work his employees they flew, To give the world troubles as morning brings dew. As I shook my head and was turning around, Up into the light Old Nick sprang with a bound. He was dressed all in red from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all covered with ashes and soot. He had two short horns and a little round belly, And his sulfurous cologne I thought exceedingly smelly. A cigar butt emerged from his white pointed teeth, And the smoke rings he blew circled me like a wreath. He brought forth some papers and said with a smirk, "I'm looking for friends," his eyes twinkled with mirth; "Their names are all here, might you know one or two? "No, you wouldn't," he said, and his loud laughter grew. He filled the whole house with his devilous mirth. From upstairs came a creak and he stopped with a jerk. And laying his tail to the side of his nose, He gave me a wink; into darkness he rose. But I heard him exclaim as he drew out of sight, "Merry LASFS today, I'll be back Friday night!"

--- Barry Weissman

THE NEXT ISH

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL AND LOCS: MAY 15

We've got some exciting features already lined up. Articles by Lon Atkins and Fred Hollander. Plans by Ted Johnstone, Bjo, John Trimble (and YOU??). Plus our regular columns and reviews—including movie, T.V., and record reviews. (Outside reviews solicited!)

Art portfolios by L.A. Fan Artists.

All this and more! And next December another

SHAGGY CHRISTMAS ART ISSUE

Don't miss out. Send your contributions, trades, letters of comment, or subscriptions NOW!!!



Fletcher Pratt - Lancer Books - 75¢

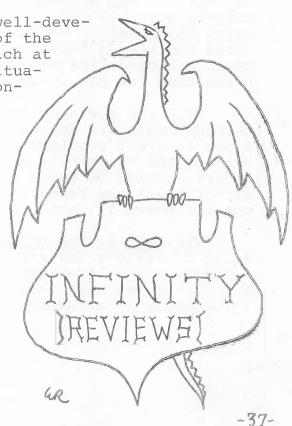
It's no secret that this is one of my favorite books, but the current availability of a paperback edition justifies my plugging it again. The book was written originally in 1948 under the pseudonym of "George U. Fletcher" and never appeared in a magazine, so that many otherwise well-read fans are unfamiliar with it.

The story is set in a fantasy universe not greatly different from medieval Earth in its level of civilization and in the various forms of social organization encountered. Pratt gives credit to Dunsany's short play, "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior", for the creation of the world, which Pratt then extrapolated into the world of the Well - but other than the fact that the early rulers of the Empire are said to have names beginning with "Arg-", I can see no connection.

birds by rotsler

Be that as it may, however, the world is well-developed and logical enough within itself. Most of the action of the story takes place in Dalarna, which at the time of the story is in more or less the situation of England immediately after the Norman Conquest. The Vulkings, who are racially kin to the other Dalecarles but who have developed a completely different social order, have conquered most of Dalarna and are in the process of dispossessing the local landowners and replacing them with Vulkings. Airar Alvarsson is one of the dispossessed, and the book is the story of his rise from virtual nonentity to the station of Master of Dalarna.

That is the surface, and on the surface it is a pretty good story. It isn't as amusing as Pratt's collaborations with de Camp, but it's eminently readable if you're only looking for entertainment. But a great deal goes on below the surface, and it is this that makes The Well of the Unicorn more than just another pretty good sword-and-sorcery novel. Because Pratt has a Message, for those who can read it, and in contrast with



the Messages expressed in most books that have them, it is implicit in the story rather than being explicit. I only spotted it myself the second time I read the book, and it took a third and fourth reading before I began to really understand...and there are probably further depths if I were to read it a fifth time (as I undoubtedly will before long - I haven't in two or three years).

What is it that Pratt has to say? Basically, that there are no easy solutions to the knotty problems of the real world. This is shown in a variety of ways; the principle is general in application, not specific to, say, political organization.

Political organization is, of course, an obvious example, and Pratt makes good use of the comparison of various nations which embody different basic principles in their political organization. The Vulkings, for instance, are governed by an elective Count who is presumed to represent the General Will (in the Rousseaunean sense); the Dodekapolis is in conflict between laissez-faire rule of the Guilds and the People's Party ("dog-smellers") who seem to bear some resemblance to Ayn Rand's villains; Os Erigu is government strictly by consent, where every "citizen" is free to withdraw from the State at any time...and so on. And with inexorable logic the defects of each lead to its downfall. The obvious inference: there is no single "right" form of government, but different forms are appropriate to different times and circumstances, and only by being flexible can a nation survive.

But it is not only in politics that easy solutions are worthless. Airar is versed in magic, and has as his constant companion and advisor Meliboë the enchanter, who is one of the greatest magicians in the world. Yet whenever Airar elects to use magic rather than hard work to gain his ends, it turns out that the results achieved are worse than useless to him. And it is not a coincidental thing - because the reason that they are useless is inherent in the fact that magic was used; the magical "solution" creates in its wake worse problems than the one it solves.

If Airar's search for easy solutions to relatively simple problems through magic are doomed, how much more so are the searches for solutions to great problems that are told in the Tales of the Well: The Well of the Unicorn is a magical fountain, and all those who drink at it are assured of peace through the rest of their lives as long as they do not break the peace themselves. But there is peace and peace, and not all peace is worth having — and the peace of the Well never is.

The Well of the Unicorn is an exceedingly rich book, full of the fruit of Pratt's incisive thinking about the world as it is, and developed in a well-written story with a number of memorable characters and one of the most thoroughly realized pure fantasy worlds I know of. I recommend it unreservedly.

THE LAST UNICORN by Peter Beagle; Viking Press, 1968, \$4.95.

-- which I can't review, because I haven't finished reading it yet. So far, though, it is excellent. The dust jacket makes the usual references to Tolkien, who is the fantasy writer of the moment to whose work all other fantasies are being compared. I'd say that Beagle is more like Thomas Burnett Swann, with definite influences of Paul Gallico and James Thurber, and just a drop of Mervyn Peake.

The story is about the last unicorn in the world, who goes on a quest to find her fellows, or to discover what happened to them. I'm up to the point at which she's been captured by a witch and thrust into a magical circus' sideshow, and is -- hopefully -- about to be liberated by an incompetent magician named Schmendrick. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to the book.

--- Fred Patten

CHOCKY by John Wyndham; Ballantine #U6119,1968, 221 p.,75¢

Chocky, the title character is an invisible? imaginary? playmate of a 12-year-old boy. The story is told from the point of view of Matthew's father, who is faced with the impact that Chocky's presence has on his family. If Chocky is imaginary, is anything wrong with Matthew? -- because 12-year-old boys don't usually have imaginary companions. If Chocky is not imaginary, then who or what is he/she; and -- more important -- what should be done about her? Even if she is an intelligence from another race, with benefits to offer humanity, is her presence and influence good for Matthew? Under Chocky's tutelage, would he be regarded as a boy genius, as a child freak, or as a mental defective? Will his mind and personality grow or atrophy? Little by little, Chocky's growing influence brings discord, indecision and worry to the household. And, as Chocky's presence becomes notic-

as Chocky's presence becomes noticable to outsiders, the decision of what to do begins to withdraw from Matthew's father's control, and Matthew faces the possibility of becomming a pawn in world politics...

Don't go into this expecting another Day of the Triffids. If you do, you'll be disappointed. Chocky has the least action of any of Wyndham's books to date, but some fine characterization. It's a very nice, underplayed mood piece, and proves that there is such a thing as a good, slow-paced book. Try it some evening when you feel like relaxing with a worthwhile, non-violent novel.



BULLIUN WILLIAM

Let's get one preliminary detail over with at the very beginning. This is a brilliant book—probably the signal piece of science fiction criticism which has come our way since In Search of Wonder. For anyone who still doesn't know, this is the book length compilation of the series of essays published in various fanzines which won its author the fan Hugo at NYCON for best fan writer.

As a work of literary criticism it is almost out of the realm of genre "fan" achievement. Rather, it has certain of the elements of scholorship which set it above mere criticism. One could almost imagine this as a particularly swinging Ph.D. dissertation in American Lit. Which isn't to imply that it has any of the stodgy establishment style of doctoral dissertations.

For any science fiction fan or collector it is an indispensable part of your library. For any fan who grew up with Robert A. Heinlein as I did, it is a remarkable summing up of views must of us hold unconsciously on the subject of Heinlein the author, influencer, and opinion molder.

It is also a profoundly disturbing work. Now, Heinlein has been a lifetime idol of mine. I assume from Panshin's evident background and the amount of work that he put into this book that the same holds true for him. It is hard to see how anybody from our generation of fans could possibly have escaped this. In my case Heinlein was the first author I ever truly became involved with. Starting with Space Cadet at age seven, I literally grew into each succeeding Heinlein juvenile, and then graduated progressively to the Heinlein adult novels and collections, and other science fiction. Considering the number of Heinlein books available in the public libraries and their apparent use (visit a library; note how dog-eared the Heinlein books are in comparison with the other books around them) I'm positive my experience is by no means unique. If Panshin has missed anything relative to his subject, it is perhaps noting this phenomenon: that Heinlein has been extraordinarily influential among the youth of today. Nobody knows how many of our future American scientists (to say nothing of the present group) were conditioned to love science through their infatuation with Heinlein's worlds at an early age.

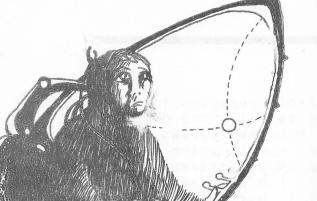
Why, then, is this book so disturbing? Basically, I think it is that Panshin has done a really fine hatchet-job on the Heinlein mythos—and has documented his way through it so well and so logically, that the Heinlein-Hero has been reduced to the status of a mere mortal man, hung up on fears of death and sex problems.

I'm not sure I wanted my hero done in in this fashion.

And yet, Panshin has been so logical about it every step of the way. The strength of his achievement is that he is convincing; and yet, oddly enough, never disrespectful of the wondrous achievements Heinlein has made just this side of the mythos.

of the style, contexts, plots, devices and characters of Heinlein's works. I can find no real argument with any of his carefully documented conclusions. Panshin even quotes liberally from a variety of other SF writers to illustrate his points. Oddly enough, I get the feeling that he quoted more from other authors than from Heinlein himself. This is a very useful device for putting his subject in context with others writing at the same time. One serendipitous result of this technique is to make this book far more than a critique of Heinlein. Rather, somewhere along the way, it became an all inclusive judgment of the science fiction field as literary endeavor. This is all the more to Panshin's credit.

The only possible cavil I can make against this book, is the personal judgments of the author about the worths of the various Heinlein books and stories. However Panshin's apology for doing this is adequate. In my own personal poll of Los Angeles fandom, I have found wildly disparate views on the relative ranking of Heinlein's novels. However, I must admit that Panshin's bases



of structure and internal consistency are probably better than most people's ("I just liked it better.")

There are a couple of things that I might wish Panshin had discussed more thoroughly. We were promised an overview of Heinlein's work within the context of his Future History which was never delivered. Even more serious was his failure to put the juvenile series within an over-all framework where it so obviously belongs. These books have always seemed to me to have a Future History significance all their own. Chronologically they cover the exploration

of the universe in a progressive pattern which just could not have been accidental. The first book was about the first trip to the moon. Successive books covered the inner planets, Mars, Venus, Ganymede. There was organization at work here—expanding horizons both spatially and temporally. Then gradually outward to the stars, until with Citizen of the Galaxy we are involved with the entire inhabited galaxy. Finally the series culminates by taking us outside the Milky Way entirely, in Have Space Suit—Will Travel. These stories consciously and purposefully expanded the vistas of the readers. Also, the technology became progressively more explicit and complex along with the milieu. This was a facet to Heinlein that Panshin overlooked; but I have a feeling that there were very few others.

Probably the most interesting part of the book was one that was almost thrown away. In discussing the nature of the Heinlein Individual, and the rationale that competence is the sole valid issue for judging the worth of an individual, Panshin points out that with Farnham's Freehold Heinlein may have reached the end of his strong feelings on the subject. Farnham has the old

Heinlein omniscient competence; but it comes to nothing-because the author may have come to realize that competence doesn't necessarily rule all. Panshin uses this to explain why The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress seems to be inhabited mostly by incompetents (especially the narrator.) Only when Panshin pointed this out did I realize that this may be the reason recent Heinlein books have been so unsatisfactory. The fact is that the next Heinlein novel is far overdue; and considering the new context we must put on

the present Heinlein gestalt with Panshin's study in mind, it should be fascinating to see what happens.

That is the mark of great criticism. It gives the more-thancasual reader new insight into an already fully explored medium. Panshin's work is simply the best that the field has ever produced.

---Ken Rudolph

Trufans aren't supposed to read science fiction—e pecially the prozines. So here are sneak preview reviews of three recently serialized novels which have yet to hit your paperback newsstands. When they do, you should run out and read them. Buy them if you must, but read them.

by Bill Glass

Remember when you last read a science fiction story with a "sense of wonder" that made you realize just how big the universe really is? Watch for Poul Anderson's "To Outlive Eternity" (Galaxy June, August 1967) and rediscover what you felt.

The story begins as the starship Leonora Cristine slams into a cloud of proto-stellar material one ship year (ten objective years) from Earth. It is a ramship, using magnetohydrodynamic fields to scoop in interstellar hydrogen as it comes ever closer to reaching the speed of light. The crash through the nebular cloud wrecks the deceleration mechanisms. Fixing the problem means turning off the magnetohydrodynamic fields which had protected the crew of 50 from the radiation created by atomic particles smashing into the ship at near-light speeds. Galactic, even intergalactic, space has too much matter in it. The Leon ra Cristine must move away from the family of local galaxies into the blackness of space between the clans of galactic families before she can safely repair herself.

She can never reach the speed of light; but by approaching -42- that speed as a limit, she can infinitely raise her tau factorthe factor expressing the ratio between ship time and objective time. It will take literally billions of billions of objective years to travel the distance, even though ship time may be only a matter of years, or months.

Since this is a Poul Anderson story, rather than one by Murray Leinster, it deals with people who are affected by the fear of infinite distance and time. It examines the men and women of the ship, and particularly Constable Charles Reymont, who must bully the crew into surviving even in the ultimate sensory deprivation of the spaces where the light from galactic clusters has diedeven when time and space are proved finite and the crew must ask itself if it deserves to outlive its God.

Read it.

0-0-0

For six months now I have been listening to Hank Stine, who read the story in manuscript, tell me of the sheer genius of the climax of Larry Niven's latest novel: "Slowboat Cargo". This is because Hank likes endings to be thoroughly unexpected, yet to arise from the preceding plot. Larry's ending is sheer genius, Hank told me, while he waited for me to accumulate all three parts (in the February, March and April 1968 issues of If) so I could find out for myself.

Hank, in his boundless enthusiasm, was right.

There are three essentials to this story. One is the setting. The story takes place in the human colony on the top of the forty-mile tall Mount Lookatthat. Here society exists on two levels: Crew and Colonists. The Crew controls the sources of power—the Implementation Arm (army/police/judiciary) and the Organ Banks.

The Organ Banks are the second essential. If you've read "Jigsaw Man" in Dangerous Visions, you already know that Larry envisions a future where capital punishment can extend to traffic violations in order to provide material for the Organ Banks—from which, for the proper fee, immortality can be purchased piecemeal. On Mount Lookatthat, the Colonists provide most of the raw material; the Crew reaps most of the benefits. Of course, there is an underground: the Sons of Earth, who, in their fanatic little way, can't wait to reverse the positions. A slowboat coming twelve years from Earth seems to carry a cargo that may give the Sons of Earth the lever they need for rebellion. Jesus Pietro Castro, the half-Crew/half-Colonist head of Implementation, decides to raid a party at Harry Kane's house to net all the rebels. Unfortunately for everyone's plans, Matt Keller is present.

Matt Keller is the third essential. He is bitter because he thinks his uncle was sent to the Banks twelve years before. Keller, accidentally brought to the Kane party, is not connected with the rebels at all. He is also bitter because he is a twenty-one year old virgin. Within a page after he mentions the fact, he is seduced. And this is relevant because Keller has

a psi power: he can keep people from noticing him. Because of his power, he escapes the raid. And because he hates the Organ Banks and is emotionally attached to two of the female rebels, he sets out on a rescue mission.

The power struggle between fanatical Colonist rebels and conservative apathetic Crewish aristocrats becomes complicated when Castro is discovered to serve neither, but rather an Ideal of his own. It becomes even more complicated when Matt Keller becomes, unintentionally, an avenging ghost whose symbol is the Bleeding Heart and whose wake is ploughed in blood. Personalities, emotions and powers bordering on the edge of human control react against one another until they are all brought together in an incredibly powerful climax that builds and builds until the story explodes in a nova of physical and ethical resolution.

"Slowboat Cargo" is not a perfect novel. I find the rationale of Matt Keller's ability strains my credulity—even though the way in which Niven has Keller use that ability is emotionally powerful. And I think that, by the time the Organ Banks become a reality, genetic engineering will have progressed to the point where new organs can be grown from just one cell of a healthy donor organ. (Niven implies that Everyman's desire for immortality would force him to extend the death penalty to insure his chances. What then does Niven's Everyman think of wars where thousands upon thousands of healthy bodies are destroyed beyond hope of reclamation. How about it, Larry; do the Organ Banks also end war?)

But then, I don't really believe that God chooses human Scourges to wreck His vengence on usurpers of order and proper kingship, and against the violaters of oaths sworn in His name. I still like the way the idea is used to make *Richard III* a powerful play.

"Slowboat Cargo" is a powerful novel.

0-0-0

Harry Harrison once wrote a novel called <code>Deathworld</code>. He followed it up with a similar novel about another planet's implacable ecology and its effect on men. He then wrote a minor sequel to <code>Deathworld</code> which nobody paid any attention to. Now he has written another sequel which is better than the second novel and almost as good as the original.

"The Horse Barbarians" (February, March, April 1968 Analog) deals with a planet whose most implacable ecological features happen to be men. Mongol hordes, if you like. (Their leader is Temuchin—which every schoolboy knows is the real name of the man known as Gengis Khan.) Our Hero, Jason dinAlt, has to change the horse barbarian's ways so he and his adopted Pyrrans can make a living mining the high mountain ores. He also has to change the instinctive hostility of the Pyrrans, who are losing a war of hatred with every living thing on the planet Pyrrus. In failing on both planets, Jason learns the clue that leads to victory of a sorts. In between

is a lot of action against a well researched cultural background. The whole thing is interesting and a great deal of fun. Worthwhile.

0-0-0

There is only one thing more futile than the reviewing of art—and that is the reviewing of other reviewers. Nevertheless, I would like to take time out to do some unabashed hero-worshiping of Algis Budrys. I am not the world's best reviewer. I tend to the synopsis/gut reaction school of reviewing. So, to a larger extent, does P. Schuyler Miller, whose reviews I once used as a buyers guide to science fiction. Judy Merrill has her own ideas of what's right and wrong in science fiction; her reviews consist of a series of exemplums she points to with pride or disgust.

Algis Budrys, in <code>Galaxy</code>, reviews the hard way. Oscar Wilde was one of the better proponents of the idea that criticism should be an art in itself; and that the critic's role was to create art through his examination of the art of others. Budrys is this kind of reviewer. He seems to realise that Judith Merrill's The New Things is a dead end of stylistic narcissism. He realises that science can be and is an art; and that current science fiction is synthesis and personality. He can tear a book apart because it does not succeed in matching the author's intentions. Yet he can also realise that a book that fails on its own terms (such as Delany's <code>Einstein Intersection</code>) is worth urging people to buy for what it <code>does</code> achieve and for what it shows is happening to the stories and to the writers of the genre.

Budrys is also an essayist. One of his best early pieces reviewed no books. Rather it was an essay on the feel and the worder of the sheer phys-

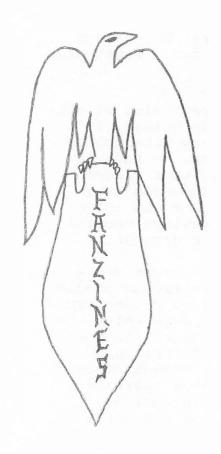
the wonder of the sheer physical object BOOK when it was produced by the specialist houses of the late 40's and early 50's. Books serve as springboards, not for polemics of absolutes, but as examples of where the field succeeds and fails as an art, and where it might succeed in bettering itself—not in relation to a Merrill ab-

solute, but in relation to its own corpus of works.

Budrys is neither as sarcastically nor remorselessly destructive in his criticisms as were Knight and Blish. Please, Advent, collect the best of Budrys between boards.

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---Bill Glass



All of the opinions expressed in these reviews are those of the reviewer, who is biased in his own, subtle way. Addresses and all information about schedule, availability, cost, etc. are as stated in the zine itself. Not all of the zines I have received are reviewed, due to lack of space and the cutting talents of our editor to make me fit onto an integral number of pages. Fanzines for review should be sent to the Editor, Ken Rudolph, 735 No. Sycamore, Apt.#14, Hollywood, Calif. 90038.

— Frederick J. Hollander

PSYCHOTIC, No. 22, Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Ave., Venice, Calif., 90291.

Bi-monthly, available for trades, contribution, artwork, LoC, or 25¢ coin of the realm. /40 p., mimeo/

After a premature gafia of eleven or twelve years (he isn't sure) Dick Geis returned to the fannish world with PSY 21.

It contained a small collection of articles by such people as Arnie Katz, Harry Warner, Jr., and a good deal by the editor himself.

This issue, which is not the most recent one due to the fact that he was all out of #23 when I wrote him, has an absolutely stuffed lettercol with the start of a good discussion about bidding methods for worldcons started by Arnie's article on the recent bid by the Baycon and the present bids for the '69 convention, and about Star Trek as, or as not, science-fiction. This issue also has such neat goodies as:

an article by Ted White on the publishing urge, what to do with it, and how to survive it,

an article by Bob Tucker (Send for it yourself, d'you think I'm going to tell you everything?)

a column (!) by Harlan Ellison, in the first installment of which he deplores the great corrupting wasteland of television that he works in and makes a stab at the Amateur Grabbies,

plus the usual readable natterings of the editor, fanzine reviews and book reviews.

All in all this is one of the finest zines that I have seen in a long time. It is interesting, well written, has enough personality to make it interesting but not so much that it overwhelms everything else, and is generally the trufan's fanzine. Send for it now.

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN, Vol. 1 No. 1, Cory Seidman and coolies, P.O.

Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass.,
02139. Quarterly, available for LoC, contrib.,
art, or 25¢. Nothing said about trades, try at
your own risk. /30 p., mimeo/

This is actually the second issue of *TPB* to come out. The first was numbered zero and was a publicity flyer for itself and the New England Science Fiction Association (NESFA). The latter is a new formation of fans from the New England area, attempting to unify them into one organization, since there are so few per fan square mile out there. Information about memberships, their prices, etc. can be obtained by writing the address above. Members get *TPB* and a newsletter for free after they pay their dues.

The contents are varied and fannish, of medium to fair quality. There is an interesting Phillycon report by the editress, an account of how NESFA fought the good fight to save Star Trek, a dialog between a man and a machine with very sexy tape drives, book reviews, fanzine reviews, and even a lettercol. The zine both gains and suffers from the interjection of a lot of the personality of the editress, I like the personality in the zine, but some of the items need more editing, notably the lettercol. If you like light fannishness and fun, this is a developing zine, but if you're looking for sercon, I doubt you'll like it. I like it.

THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE, No. 9, Len and June Moffatt, 9826 Paramount Blvd.

Downey, Calif., 90240. Quarterly, available
for LoC or card after each issue, news or information about John D. MacDonald, his stories,
etc., material (reviews, critiques, articles,..)
about JDM, or stamps or postage money. /30 p.,
mimeo/

This fanzine is devoted to the works of John D. MacDonald, a writer of mysteries for the most part, though he has done some S-F. Most notable are his Travis McGee novels which come in decorator colors (e.g. Pale Gray for Guilt, Bright Orange for the Shroud). The zine itself is mostly devoted to letters from the readers talking about JDM's books and where to find the ones that others are looking for. John D. MacDonald himself has a regular letter in each issue, and is providing a great deal of help towards the Moffatt's main project which is a complete bibliography of JDM's works. This is complicated by the fact, that he himself has no idea of how many or where he published what story.

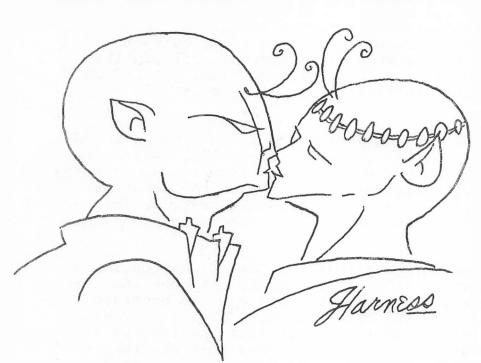
Despite its specialization in a field outside of my usual reading fare, this is an interesting zine. The letters tend to be long and well thought out, and make interesting reading. This issue also reprints some articles from earlier issues that are now out of print. A good thing to get hold of if you are at all interested in John D. MacDonald, or even if you're not.

ODD, No. 18, Raymond D. Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., 63108. Quarterly, available for prearranged trade, published LoC or contrib., artwork, 75¢ for a single issue or four issues for \$2.00. /125 p., litho/

This zine, like all of the other zines from this area, plugs

the St. Louis in '69 worldcon bid, and it is one of the best advertisements that the bid could have. Ray Fisher puts a lot of effort into ODD, and it shows up in some of the best repro for artwork in the fanzine field plus contents that are well reproduced and interesting.

There is something in ODD for everyone odd, and averyone knows what fans are like. Odd, right? There is a large amount of artwork, photo-offset, which ranges from the merely fantastic, including an artist with whom I am not familiar, R. Edward Jennings, to the sublime to the ridiculous. There is poetry for those of us as likes poetry, fan fiction (confusing) which is fairly good, long fannish articles such as "America (Ob) scene and Observed" by Richard Gordon, which gives a lively commentary on the NYCon and on American



fandom in general, ramblings by the editor, and a lettercol which is both long and readable, though a bit of editing wouldn't hurt it any.

In final observation, ODD sometimes reads more like it was thrown together rather than set up, but the material is so good that it doesn't matter. Ranks close to PSY in class and readability, though in its own odd way, of course.

Recommended.

SIRRIUSH, No. 6, Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri, 63010. "... an official publication of the Ozark Science Fiction Association. Quarterly, available for free to members of OSFA and MoSFA, and to others for published contrib or LoC, or 25¢. /64 p., mimeo, ditto, litho/

This is another fanzine plugging the St. Louis bid, and though it doesn't come up to the standards of ODD as far as either duplication or material go, it is still a moderately good zine. Most of the issue is taken up by the lettercol which has been supposedly edited down, and reviews of books, fanzines, movies, etc. The last are fairly well written and worthwhile. The rest of the zine is taken up with several pieces of fan fiction which are not that bad, some poetry which falls into the same category, and a couple of articles. The sort of zine that I go through because it is there, but enjoyable nonetheless. This issue is actually down a little from previous issues, hopefully only a temporary circumstance.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION, No. 81, Lee Klingstein, 1435 South Bundy Dr., #4, Los Angeles, Calif., 90025. Bi-monthly, available for 10¢ or 3/25¢ in person, add 10¢ per issue for mailing. Nothing is said about contribs or LoCs, but you will probably get another issue if you send one of them in. /36 p., mimeo/

The Third Foundation is the newest group of young people to enter the LASFS circle. They had been a group and had been publishing their zine for some time before they discovered the rest of fandom. This is the fourth issue of their zine to circulate oon a general fandom basis.

The contents of this issue are about the same as in any other issue that I have seen so far. There are a couple of pieces of quite good fan fiction (Both of the authors are members of the Third Foundation who are breaking into the pro field and have sold a story or two since they first tried.), a continuation of the serial they persist in running, Doomed Lensman, a sequel to Children of the Lens by an obviously pseudonomious author, a few letters, a short-short by Larry Niven who sometimes has his off-days, too, and various other filler.

For a fanzine written almost entirely by a very small group of new fans the zine is rather good. However, to become much better the zine needs to expand the number of contributors and get more material from outside its own ingroup. Also, though the fiction is not that bad, I find that three pieces of fiction in a zine with very little else does not make the best reading possible. Watch for improvement as the editors get more publishing under their belts. Support a neofan, send for a copy.

NOUS, No. 3, Jean and Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55417. "Pseudo-quarterly," available for LoC, contrib., 25¢, or because they like you. /36 p., mimeo/

This fanzine is thoroughly enjoyable from all viewpoints as far as I am concerned. The material is neatly laid out, what artwork there is is well used, and the material itself is good, and well balanced. This zine keeps on improving every time it is published, and I hope it continues for quite a while.

Let's start with the covers, two views of Ken Goldsmith, a new Los Angeles fan, as "a Machievellian Christmas tree in levis," one done by Bjo, the other by Don Simpson. Inside, Jean has a piece of light fantasy that flows along very well, followed by a report on the Living Chess tournament between Los Angeles and Berkeley, reprinted from the APA L zines of Jim Schumacher, Ruth Berman and Len Bailes. This was followed by "The Fandoliers - or the King of Barataria", a Gilbert and Sullivan parody by Len Bailes, and to balance the issue off, there is a long and rell-written article by Dave Hulan on the types of Hero encountered in Twentieth Century Lit. (especially S-F), and a well-edited lettercol. In short the sort of zine that I really enjoy reading. Worthwhile sending for.

FAANISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS:

- 2. Folksinging Ex-MP (Init.)
- 3 Michigan Fan Experimenters 6. Sten____
- 8. Smaller than an issue of VIPER
- 11. A Page from Fu Manchu
- 13. Valley Fan Rot
- 14. Famous Typo, used to be sent for a penney
- 15. Louse
- 16. Replaced London Circle
- 17. Only OAess (Init.)
- 19. 's BUZZ Coslet, SAPS 20. Started LASFS Bldg. Fund
- 22. Co
- 24. Met his wife-to-be on a picket line (Init.)
- 25. Ellik column (2 words)
- 30. Half of SF FIFTY-YEARLY
- 31. He Ackermann
- 32. Vick's TIRED
- 33. & SFA
- 35. Lewis, Ashley, etc.
- 37. Main's FLYING
- 38. Larry, Don, Karen
- 42. Official N3F Services
- 44. Stone (PAUCITY)
- 45. Pre-First Fandom: fandom
- 46. 102% = 100% Fugghead
- 49. First non-US Worldcon: con
- 50. Widner's zine, TEW's complimentary closing
- 51. Both Hulan's and de La Ree's zines

DOWN:

- 1. Bjo, Rory Faulkner, or Ethel Lindsay (4 words)
- 2. God
- 4. Fitch's cumulative title
- 5. Became YANDRO
- 6. Most successful hoax (2 wds)
- 7. LASFS,
- 9. Slightly known neo
- 10. NY Focal Point, 1961--62
- 11. Fan Artists Club
- 14. Started Cult
- 18. Don Day's press
- 19½. It's his fault
- 20. Trading stamps valued by Curtises
- 21. Sneary doesn't get "tricked" but
- 23. English fan artist (portfolio sent through FAPA)
- 24. ValAPA Official

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- 26. Knight's QUECHOSE
- 27. Both TAFF Candidates, 1962
- 28. Oldest SF Club in world
- 29. Benford
 34. Schultz's DETROIT
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- 36. Metcalf's HANDS
- 38. Published The Immortal Storm book
- 39. Pseudocide
- 40. N3F circular letter
- 41. The better looking side, man!
- 43. Bogg's WON REVIEW
- 45. SAPS official editor's back-up man
- 47. The Nightly Lunatic
- 48. TEW's quipping acolyte
- 49. Kemp SAPSzine

---by Bruce Pelz

answers published next issue

STATLER HILTON HOTEL-LOS ANGELES
JULY 4-5-6-7, 1968

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