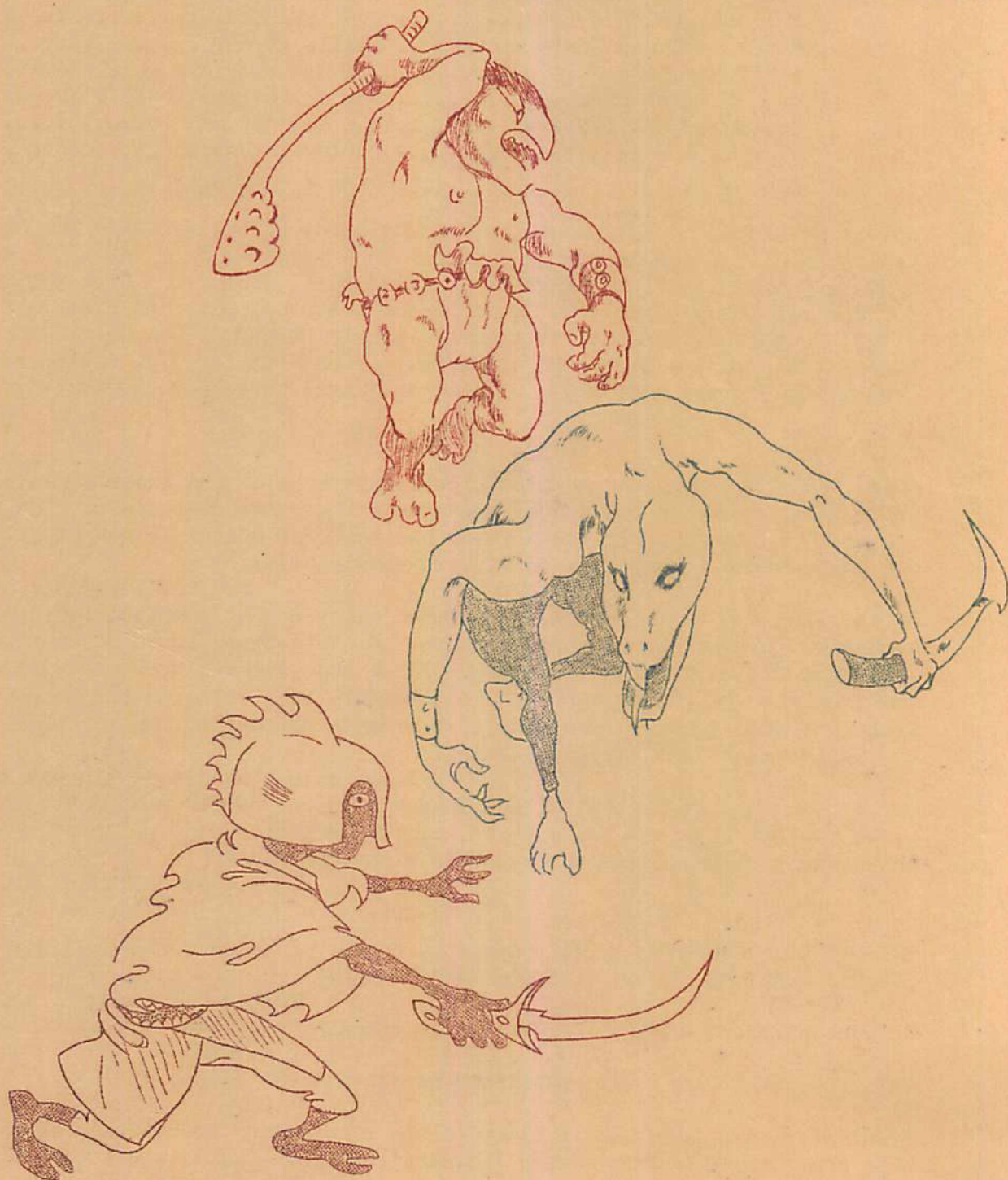


Shangri-L'Affaires



Jan - Feb 1961

SHAGGY - L'AFFAIRES

Number 54

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SLA is published on a bi-monthly (it says here) schedule by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and is edited by Bjo & John Trimble, from the LASFS address; 2790 West 8th Street, Los Angeles 5, California, USofA. We huckster this Thing for 25¢ per issue (5/\$1), but we'd prefer contributions (articles, artwork, verse, etc.), letters of comment, or trades. Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, N Hykeham, Lincoln, England, will accept the 1/8d. per each (5 for 7/), if you can't use real money. COA is you ~~just~~ move, please, and make checks payable the editor.

THE SHAGGY CHAOS

LIVE AND LEARN DEPT. The salesman painted glowing pictures of the superior work Rex-Rotary products could achieve, even with--ugh--a Gestetner. So we bought our ink from him (we already had loads of Gestetner stencils), and we had our photo-stencil work done on ElectroRex stencils.

The ink was runny and the tubes broke open, and the ElectroRex developed all sorts of complications. First-off, mysterious pin-point holes appeared in the photo-stencils we'd carefully packed away to await their time to be run. Those two or three were replaced at no charge, and then when we got to running the calendar, some wrinkles and bumps showed up. Ernie got dyed green to the armpits trying to get one to run right, but to no avail. The replacement just barely sufficed.

All of which, combined with the surprize house warming on the first night of the Shaggy session, helped make Shaggy late as hell. ...We ran out of money for postage, misplaced part of the calendar, too, and I had an argument with a Chevy in my Morris Minor, and lost.

Which leads to....

-oOo-

"Humm," Dr. Westwater said, sparingly, "hmmm. I think we'll send you down to California Hospital for an electroencephalogram."

"Mighod," I said, "I don't have electroencephalitus, do I?" Dr. Westwater cracked up...."Chuckle...chuckle."

I walked into the Calif Hosp, and asked for the out-patient clinic.

"That's back through the front door, and down that walkway to the right. You go between the buildings, and when you come to a door marked 'Laundry', go in. That's where the out-patient clinic is."

I thanked the nurse, went out, and found the door marked laundry. Three blank doors faced me, inside. I stooped down and looked through the small pane of glass in each succeeding door, surprising someone who was staring out through one of them. The third turned out to be the out-patient clinic. Inside was a large, empty waiting room, and a grey-haired lady sitting behind a long counter. I walked up to the desk. After a while, I coughed.

Startled, she asked my name.

"John Trimble," I said,
"I'm here to get an electroencephalogram."

"Oh, won't you be seated?" After twenty minutes of reading a 1959 Aviation Week, another grey-haired lady came over, and asked my business. I told her. Pretty soon, I was asked to the counter, where we ran through it all again. I stood there while they made half a dozen calls to find out where the eeg room was.

The first lady asked me to follow her. We went in a back door to the hospital, and over to the elevators. My guide began to flip-read the directory. "Room 603," I said, spotting the eeg listing near the bottom. Silence. "Oh, there it is," my lady said, "room 603. You go right up to the 6th floor, young man, and find room 603. That's where they'll take care of you."

Wondering at her meaning, I went up, found that I had to have a notice from the Nursing Office on the first floor, and discovered that they had all my information down there. Half an hour later, I got my eeg bit over with.

Last week, when I went in for X-rays, we did the whole bit over again. Military hospitals are bad, but.... I think I'll stay healthy.

-oOo-

PRESS We got caught with our panic button showing. The first SEACON Progress Report arrived, and the LASFS went three feet in the air and turned left. Meanwhile, we said, those prices are outrageous. Criminy, people said, I can't go if it's going to cost that much.

So we passed a motion to write a letter of protest to the SeaCon. And a couple of days later a letter from the Busbys arrived, and knocked half our protestations out from under us. Balancing on one leg like a crippled crane is murder, so we sat down to typer, and shot back a letter outlining pretty much the situation here, and asking for clarification of the remaining points we felt needed more explanation.

The Hyatt House turns out to be the best con hotel available in Seattle, and while single room rates are higher there than at past con hotels, multiples are cheaper than in the past. And the free parking bit is a good deal if you've ever paid the two-fifty to five bucks it costs to park in some hotels.

We have it on good authority that the food is quite good, and priced within reason. From past experience, that'll be a novel thing.

And I understand that there isn't any house detective....

Conventions need money to operate, and the SeaCon is no exception. Join now, by sending your \$2.00 to Wally Weber, P O Box 1365, Broadway Ranch, Seattle 2, Wash. And while you're at it, send \$1 to Miriam Carr, 1818 Hearst St, Berkeley 4, Calif. for a Westcon membership. The Westcon will be held July 1 & 2, 1961, in Oakland.

-oOo-

Ernie Wheatley, once more, is our leading Gestetner Op, while Fred Patten, Ed Baker, Ron Ellik, Al Lewis, Ed Cox and I have hacked stencils. Scribe JH's "John Henry" has done yeoman service. Artwork is by Bjo, Johnny Burbee, Jack Harness, and Wm. Rotsler.

-----uss jt.

Q Miss in Murder

by George Locke

We can only surmise what happened at the very beginning. Looking through some fanzines--the only records, apart from a trail of battered convention hotels, fandom leaves--we find that the first mention of Jennifer Pendered is in the summer '62 issue of VECTOR, the official organ of the British Science Fiction Association: in the membership list she is member 473, The Aviary, Forest Row, Sussex, England. Another name springs immediately to mind: Johan Verry, fan-writer extraordinary, who lived four miles from Forest Row, in East Grinstead.

About then, Johan was making a potent name for himself as a writer of 'factual articles' about fans, the bulk of which were published in Sandy Sanderson's APORREETA and our own mag, SHAGGY. Logically, it would be supposed that Jenny, receiving the Summer '62 VECTOR, in which were a number of fanzine reviews, had written off for some fanzines and, finding Johan's address, visited him, possibly hoping for a free translation.

This is not what happened, according to Johan's account in App; Johan wrote very graphically about his finding her address, deducing from her name that she was young and very beautiful, and setting off by bike to Forest Row. He felt a right Charlie, he wrote, cycling along with fishing equipment strapped to the crossbar, but had to make his actions consistent with telling his wife he was on a fishing trip.

Jenny turned out to be 19, brunette--instead of blonde, as he'd anticipated--and carrying the figure of la Monroe coupled with a generous dose of her personality. Johan found she was very enthusiastic about fan affairs, and announced his intention of assisting her in 'those first, uncertain steps'.

A few days after receiving the App with the above in it, Bruce Pelz, then editing SHAGGY, received two mags from Johan. The first was the account of a fishing trip--solo--he had made to 'the upper reaches of the Medway', and was a fabulous piece of humor. The scene where Johan finally breaks his rod in two, rolls up his trousers, steps knee-deep into the stream, and starts feeling under the banks for the trout in an attempt to catch the bastards that way, had Bruce rolling on the floor, gasping from laughter. And when he finally caught one, but it proved too strong for him and overbalanced him into the water...why, we nearly lost our editor.

When Bruce finally recovered, he continued reading; but, at the end, a frown came over his face. I asked him what the matter was.

"He asks to have the issue this appears in sent to his home address. As if we'd send it anywhere else."

I shrugged. "He's English," I said. "You know what they say about the mid-day sun. Read the other one."

Bruce read it carefully; every now and then I saw him frown, and mutter something about postal restrictions. "This seems a bit dodgy; still, it's not too bad. Could be taken as a double meaning. I'll risk it, I think; but we'd better keep Rotsler illos out of that issue." Once, he said, "This girl sounds a smasher; makes Bjo seem ordinary." I could hear his neurons drooling. When he had finished, he said nothing for a moment.

"Is it acceptable?" I asked.

He nodded, slowly. He seemed to be gazing into empty space; the five or six thousand miles of space across the Atlantic to England.

"It's a good story?" I demanded.

"It's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Johan is assisting Jenny with her first attempts to use a typer; the way he describes her delicate fingers skimming across the keys, the cool freshness of her skin as he directs her hands to the correct ones...I never knew Johan could write so beautifully, so sensitively. I see now why he specifies the other sent to his home--he wants all his pieces about Jenny sent to her address."

"I wonder why," I leered.

"Possibly to aid Jenny's fanzine collection."

"Possibly," I said.

Bruce printed the fanac story first, in the next issue. After the zine had been mailed--under Bjo's slightly disapproving eye, for he couldn't hide his enthusiasm for the piece--he had an idea.

"I wonder if she can write."

"Quite probably," I said.

Bjo grunted. "Shouldn't think so; she seems a typical dumb brunette."

Bruce ignored her. "Think I'll write along to her, get her to write her side of the drama of being initiated into fandom. ...Hey, tell you what: How about her writing a report of the BSFA con in London this Easter?"

"A London con report in a Los Angeles official organ?" Bjo snorted.

Bruce glared at her. "I may not be Al Lewis, but I can be just as tyrannical." He wrote off next day, and the story came by return airmail, along with a promise of a London conrep if she could make it there. The story suffered from many of the usual faults of a beginner, but was very bright and chirpy, with more than a suggestion of a real writing talent. Surprisingly, it showed very few traces of Johan's influence, and was quite unlike his work in general style and treatment. It was star-dusted writing, filled with the wonders of fanzines--of which she had borrowed a large number from Johan--and the pleasures of discovering even such simple fannish terms as gafia, prozine, blog and his prophet, Tucker. Filled with the boundless joy of a wonderful new life. Filled with the flames of an enthusiasm sparked, it seemed, after many long, dull years of routine. As though, at long last, she had found her true niche in the world.

"Her whole personality seems to have suddenly awakened," exulted Bruce. "Look at it, John. A simple country existence; bee keeping; nothing very much goes on. Suddenly it's all changed--there's a freshness, a renewed will to live..."

"The way you put it makes it sound like she's spent eighty years in a convent..and that as the sole occupant."

"Didn't you read the Verry yarn? She lives on a sort of bee-farm--miles from anywhere. Forest Row itself is a small village. She's eighteen or nineteen, probably kept away from the local lads by her parents--easy to do in a place like that."

"Wonder what they think about fans, and fanac, and Johan. Her parents, I mean."

"Doubt if they approve." He thought for a moment. "He never mentioned them, which I suppose proves it. Bho, does she sound like the femme to end 'em all...I'd sure like to meet her. Suppose she ran for TAFF..."

"Nonsense!" I looked at him to make sure he wasn't over-carbonated.

"In a few years, of course," he went on. "Two, to be precise--we'll have to have her over for Mordor in '64. And the first thing I'll do when she steps off the plane at the Inglewood Airport is to encircle her luscious form with my eager arms, and..."

"We haven't even got the consite here for '64," I reminded him.

He raised an eyebrow, and snorted. "What matter? Besides, she'll be an added attraction. We'll start a TAFF campaign for her about Spring '63...have to invent a slogan... 'A Miss in Mordor', say...how about that? John bwah, A MISS IN MORDOR it is. We'll start the campaign now, in the next SHAGGY. An interlineation somewhere, say at the end of Jenny's piece..." And, burbling excitedly, "A Miss in Mordor," Bruce trotted off to get some drinks. I watched him, and couldn't help feeling some of that enthusiasm catching; it would be a great idea...and Bruce's slogan might just clinch the campaign for Los Angeles.

"John." I turned, to find Bjo looking oddly after Bruce. "He's really fallen for that girl," she said.

"I can't say I blame him...I've got a feeling I'd like to meet her, too."

"Johhhn! Remember, you're married!"

"I remember," I said, adding to myself, "Worse luck."

Jenny's story duly appeared. I received my copy at the LASFS meeting as usual--Pelz will do anything to save postage--and dug my way through to Jenny's story to see if he'd run the interlineation.

"Made a right mess of it, didn't I?" he murmured over my shoulder. "Me and that stupid IBM electric!"

"AMISS IN MORDOR," I read out. "Seems all right to me -- hey! You've run the A and MISS together!"

"Yeah," he hissed through clenched teeth.

"You've run the two together," I repeated, slowly. Something was running through my mind. I smiled, and said, "Something's amiss in Mordor, only we don't have the 'something' in. It'll be sure to puzzle them. If we handle it right, it'll become as famous as 'Who saved Courtney's boat?' and 'Yngvi is a Louse'. It'll help us get the con, and about Christmas of '63 we can let the secret out, to make it 'A Miss in Mordor!'."

Bruce looked thoughtful for a moment, then held out his hand. "We've got it made," he breathed.

'AMISS IN MORDOR'. As I'd anticipated, it caught the fickle fancy of fandom, and the letters came pouring in to SHAGGY asking puzzledly, "What's amiss in Mordor?" Asking angrily, "What's amiss in Mordor?" Asking plaintively, "Please, what's amiss in Mordor?"

Fandom took up the cry, and it became our second rallying song. Our opponents, naturally, tried to use it against us, demanding Laney-type investigations, but we ignored their fulminations and sat back, grinning. Meanwhile, fanzines with Johan's Jenny stories were appearing regularly, building up her character in the minds of fans. It became evident that this little brunette from Sussex was Helen of Troy, Eve and Marilyn Monroe rolled in one, mixed thoroughly, and moulded into the perfect woman. Even when Johan was deliberately exaggerating, we got the impression that there was more than something in these flights of fancy. Take a certain fishing incident... Johan wrote: "It was a gloriously fresh day. The sun shone brightly; a few birds singing contributed the only sounds to the scene. Civilisation was far away, lost to us happy fans. As our fishing rods arched over the river in graceful patterns, I began thinking, quaintly, of the old, old days of fandom, of the days of Q and 'A', of the Fort Mudge Steam Callipe Company and the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company, that vilest of vile pro organisations. The sun beat down on our heads, mercilessly. Then Jenny complained of the heat. 'I'm going for a swim,' she announced, and leaped impulsively into the stream. Clouds of white vapour rose from the seething surface as she broke water, obscuring her beautiful form. I leaped to my feet screaming, 'Censorship! You foul fiends, you vile pros, inventing steam. Bulmer, this is war to the end! The River Medway Aqueous Vapour Dis-solution Society has just been formed; we'll drive you out of fandom. And, when you're no longer despoiling us, we'll hound you yet, hound you to...!' I searched for an ancient phrase, found it, went on: 'We'll hound you to the Tombaugh Station, Bulmer!' Ehoy, but that gal sure is hot stuff."



Harnico

As I said, he exaggerated slightly; but if I shut my eyes, I can imagine that steam rising from the water. And Jenny herself? Wow.

As for Jenny in fandom, her budding talent quickly burst forth in a gigantic flower; and when the results of the 1962 FANAC poll were announced, no one was surprised when she came in in the first three places as 'Best New Fan' though she'd been active less than half a year. And PONDERINGS, her fanzine, all but made it to the Top Ten.

But the BSFA con report never came out. It seemed she was unable to make it, Easter being the busiest time of the year for a beekeeper, but this didn't deter Johan from writing a semi-fictional account of the event, in which he included Jenny, and dramatizing a certain auction, in which the most beautiful femmes in Anglofandom were 'knocked down' to the highest bidder...at least, an hour of their time was. Jenny, it seems, was drawing in the record bid of the auction, but hadn't actually been sold when the police broke the affair up, averting a riot of slavering fans from storming the block.

Again, exaggeration, but the same ring of truth was there, as though if Jenny had been at the con, the riot would have occurred. Bruce fell for that story in a big way, more than he'd fallen for anything else by Johan. He gave it a rave review in SHAGGY, using words like Stupendous and Hilarious. This was in summer of '63, and nominations were flowing in for the TAFF 1964 elections; Bruce gathered up an unreluctant group of nominators, pushed Jenny's name through, and flung into the Fund an additional \$25. Hysteria was in the air, for at the same time the campaign for Mordor in '64 was at its height. It was only a few short months to the Washington Con--the DizzyCon--and Bruce, like us all, was a bit light-headed. "That's my bid for her at the BSFA con," he wrote to Nirenberg, administering TAFF from the USA end. "It'll get me the first hour with her, as she steps off the plan."

Nirenberg publicized this statement in CRY, the zine he'd taken over from Seattle the previous year, and fandom swore that Bruce would indeed get that hour; they added, in uproarious letters, that it would probably be a most hectic hour, as Jenny would have her hands more than full of customs bothers which plague even trufans visiting stateside.

"That's not what I meant," raged Bruce. "I meant the first available hour!"

"You specified when she steps off the plane," I goaded him.

"However," added a fan filled to overflowing with generosity, and who probably sent 50¢ in Confederate money to TAFF, "we will allow you to add on any time you can grab before she gets off the plan at Inglewood."

"You bastard," Bruce hooted in the CRY lettercol, but he could do nothing.

The DizzyCon was a success, both as a con and as the climax to a campaign begun as early as 1958. LA got the '64 consite by a landslide, and the many supporters of Jenny Perdered took the old slogan, shifted the A and the MISS apart again, and campaigned wildly.

"Ironical," said Bjo. "We're finally using our old slogan again."

Bruce said nothing, thinking loud thoughts.

"Penny for them," she said.

"I'm trying to figure out how I can get that hour with Jenny. Maybe if I smuggled her from the plane. In the luggage compartment, perhaps..."

"It'd look bad for TAFF if she came that way," I argued as I drove towards home through Iowa. "But anyway, you're not taking that that seriously, are you?"

"I'm gonna take it seriously, and I'll show those bastards." A gleam entered his eye, and he said scarcely five more words for the next thousand miles.

And now we jump forward, to the LA Con. Jenny Perdered won TAFF hands down, the fund was filled to overflowing, and at last, four days before the start of the con, she boarded the plane in London. Bruce disappeared a few days before, leaving no trace. We guessed he was carrying out his plan, the existence of which was undeniable; but the details had ever been secret, and our only guess was that he had flown to London to catch Jenny's plane.

But, as Bjo said, even he wouldn't be that crazy. "Besides," Harness said while we assembled the programme book, "he was broke. He couldn't afford the air fare from New York to LA, let alone from London."

And so, smothered in pre-con shambles, we forgot Bruce. Three or four hours before Jenny's plane was due to arrive, he phoned. The voice at the other end let us know, wearily but with a ring of triumph, that Bruce was at Chicago Airport, waiting for the plane to stop before heading for LA. "It was plain murder getting here," he moaned, "I only had cash for the fare back and something for the con, so I hitchhiked. --Hitchhiked, indeed--all hike and no hitch, and you know my physique." We knew his physique. "And the heat...it got so bad I had to shave, only I didn't have a razor, so my beard came off with a bit of broken glass. And my feet...sandals aren't ideal for long walks. I got a lift, but the idiot dropped me in the desert for no reason at all--interrupted me, reading a fanzine with a Garcone cover. I might have been a monster, the way he shot over the horizon."

It went on, the upshot of it being that this was the last time he'd try a stunt like this for any reason. Then he rang off abruptly; apparently the plane was on the approach.

We kicked around some odds and ends for half an hour, then made our way to Inglewood in the Peugeot and the Hillman Husky. We were all pretty excited, even Bjo, who had had periods of luke-warmness during the whole affair. It was a fine day; not a trace of smog or fog; as we waited at the edge of the field for the Comet to arrive. We heard the scream of its jets, and searched the skies, but not a trace could we see; the whine of the jets increased, telling us it was nearing, and suddenly it was before us, close and huge, sleek and beautiful, as though it had popped from some other dimension. I'm told jet aircraft is always like that--sudden. It made a circuit and landed smoothly, the whine dying away sharply, and we silently awaited the debarking gear which wheeled out from Control. It was a great moment for us, a great moment for all fandom; on that plane was the most popular TAFF winner to date--and the most beautiful of all femme fans. A femme who, if Johan had not written so enthusiastically about her, might not be here now.

Fandom owed Johan Verry a great debt; and, in that moment, I think all of us were thinking of him.

The liner opened, and a stream of passengers hurried down the steps, walking quickly toward us. Here were tourists; here Americans returned from holidays abroad, business men...

And here was Bruce Paige. We looked for a short brunette beside him...but no one in the crowd answered her description. Instead, there was a tall, elderly lady, who could have been his mother, but who probably wasn't, striding along with him.

"No..." I said slowly.

They came up to us. Bruce didn't look the happiest fan in the world; he seemed to be holding back...ashamed. Jenny Pendered stepped up to Bjo, exclaiming, "I can recognize you by your freckles; you're Bjo. And you, you must be Harness. And you're Al Lewis--you look quite friendly and easy-going. And you're Trimble, I recognize your anchor." We finished introductions, and suddenly we were all chatting as if we'd known Jenny Pendered for years. And indeed, we did know her from her writing; her personality was there--and her personality was here.

But poor Bruce--he still held back. I heard him mutter, "Johan Verry. Him and his damned factual articles."



THE END

The project art show bulletin, PIS-tell, is ready to be mailed to artists and interested parties; sample copy will be sent on request. The second fan art show will be held at the Seacon; plan to attend the convention and view this display of talent! The artists need your support--both exuberant and cold cash--to continue this project. Write Bjo for details, and for your copy of PIS-tell. Tell others about the art show!

TEST A MINUTE

TED JOHNSTONE

There was a great deal of groching lastish about the fact that Harness's minutes were some six months out of date, and his replacement has been threatened with assorted fiendish deaths if he allows the column to slip back into such a condition again. Part of the late Scribo's problem may have been a temporary irregularity in the publication schedule of this august fanzine (it should have been published in August and didn't come out until December), but both the current Secretary and the Publisher have promised each other that such will not happen again. Thus we have skipped over several months of dull meetings and come up to date as of the first of January et seq.

A new slate of officers took over at the old stand after the first of the year: John Trimble moved into the Director's chair, Ted Johnstone was reinstated as Secretary after a year's absence; Lon Moffatt was installed as Senior Committeeman and Berney Cook as Junior Committeeman. Only Rick Sneary remained from the previous slate, irreplaceable as Treasurer.

"The first meeting of the new year was opened by Lon Moffatt ... while the sloop John T. lay upstairs in drydock, a small cast, and an assortment of bandages. The John Trimble Accident Committee report was introduced, and Bjo explained that John had had a Minor argument in his Morris with a chunk of Detroit Iron, and had lost. The score: a broken little finger, banged elbow and gashed forehead for John, and a state of nerves for Bjo. She moved on into the cost details of the New Years' Party - she'd made all the food and bought the mix for \$10.86, going 86¢ over the budget. Rick Sneary added that we had made money on the deal; there were 62 people in attendance, \$50 taken in, less the \$10 advance, less \$5.81 miscellaneous expenses, leaves \$35.19, more or less. Rick added cheerfully that if we threw one such party a month, we wouldn't need to charge dues at all!" Later, Bjo announced that the Fanquet had been set for 18 March, and our guest of honor was to be the popular and unopposed Charles Nuetzell. If he couldn't make it on the 18th, we'd got somebody else.

Rick Sneary gave the annual activity report - only 10 members out of 97 made 40 or more meetings out of the 52. Ernie Wheatley led the list with 49, and the other hyperactives were, in order, Jack Harness, Bruce Polz, Zoke Leppin, Rick Sneary, Rich Stephens, Ferry Ackerman, Ingrid Fritsch, John Trimble, and Ted Johnstone.

"Al Lewis read a line of caption on a zilch-zine photo of Trina Castillo, mentioning science-fiction fans as 'flying saucer addicts'. There was a concerted howl of anguish, and Ferry finked on the author: Sam Merwin, the late Sgt. Saturn! Polz turned to Harness and muttered, 'How many cases of dynamite do we have left in stock?' Harness answered, 'Only six. They wouldn't give a discount to the clergy.'" ((All the above is from the 1221th meeting, on 5 Jan 61.))

At the next meeting, Rick gave the complete financial report for the year of 1960: "Balance as of 1 Jan 60 was \$84.50. Total income was \$529.93, total expenditure was \$525.03. Balance as of 31 Dec 60 was \$91.40. Net profit for the year was \$6.90. Largest single item of expense was SHAGGY, which took \$251 from club funds as well as \$103.35 from special auctions. For \$354.35 we'd bloodywell better win a Hugo this year!" ((1222th meeting, 12 Jan 61.))

"JT had a nervous seizure and without pausing for breath appointed Jack Harness Keeper Of The Egobux; Don Simpson Official Librarian (since Big Bruce had already been appointed Publisher Of The Monaco); himself Editor Of Shangri L'Affaires, and Al Lewis Official Constitutionalist. Al said it was Unconstitutional.

Jack Harness had some New Business -- that the Director get a free copy of the MENACE -- but withdrew under fire. It was established that only the author (the Secretary) and the publisher (the Publisher) should get free copies. The Secretary also established that the Secretary would get free copies of SHAGGY as long as his column of selected shorts from the unexpurgated minutes were kept reasonably up to date. (The Secretary is currently working on how to get out of paying dues, too.) This led to a discussion of how much work an individual needs to put in on an issue of SHAGGY to get a free copy, and of the possibility of retitling the MENACE as fractional issues of SHAGGY. This last was gavelled into oblivion by the Director.

#

"JT read the final Pittcon financial report - they gave \$200 to T&FF and \$310.72 to Seattle, and it was they who pushed through the \$1 price boost for attendees. JT then read the price-list on room rates for the PuSeaCon - a fast summary would be 'Ouch'. He also pointed out that there was an expensive 24-hour coffee-shop in the hotel, and the hotel is 15 miles out of town so there's no place else to go

if you can't afford 60¢ hamburgers. We discussed it and decided to draft a letter to Seattle, begging them to break off relations with the High-att House and shop around in town. JT pointed out that this was another reason for keeping the fees down - when Con Committees get their hands on a lot of money they tend to go hog-wild and pick a real fancy place the average fan can't afford. The Solacon was nice and reasonable, but they made money and sent a starter to Detroit. The Detention was a little more expensive, and they sent money on to Pittsburgh. The Pittcon cost even more, and they sent a wad to Seattle, and the PuSeaCon has now passed the bounds of reason. So Quoth Al Lewis and John Trimble." <<1223th meeting, 19 Jan 61>>



Al Lewis reported receiving notes from the Busbixii, saying that they had looked around Seattle, and that the Hyatt House was the best place they could find. The area has grown since last an LA group was up there, and there are now other motels and competing restaurants around, within walking distance. So Al said the Investigating Committee has sent the first draft of our complaining letter along, with a batch of notes explaining it, because FM&E hadn't answered all our objections, and we want everything cleared up, if possible. <<1224th meeting, 26 Jan 61>>

Steve and Virginia Schultheis appeared at the 1225th meeting with half a dozen verses to Johnstone's original verse&chorus parody of "Francis Tower Lancy Lies A-Mold'ring In The Grave", some of which give lip service to the spirit in which the original was written.

In recent meetings, Egobux numbers 28, 29 and 30 have been awarded, respectively, to Karu Beltran, for putting up extra shelves in the kitchen and for the Christmas magic show, to Bjo and to Ron Ellik both for compilation and publication of the L&SFS Directory, now available from the publishers of SHAGGY for 25¢, containing names and addresses of 170 members of Los Angeles Fandom.

All for now; Ted Johnstone

A Walk Through Infinity

...reviews by Ruth Berman,

Jock Root, and Dean W. Dickensheet

Norm Metcalf's anthology, The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes (put out by The Council of Four, 2845 South Gilpin Street, Denver 10, Colorado; copyright 1960 by Robert C. Peterson; \$3.00) is a good collection. For my taste, it has three stories which are very good as stories and as Holmsiana ("The Martian Crown Jewels" by Poul Anderson, "The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound" by Anderson and Gordon Dickson, and "The Greatest Tertian" by Anthony Boucher); three stories which are as Holmsiana but rather weak as stories ("The Adventure of the Snitch in Time" and "The Adventure of the Ball of Nostradamus" both by Mack Reynolds and August Derleth, and "The Return" by H. Beam Piper and John J. McGuire); one story in which the Holmsiana is an unnecessary part of a good story ("The Anomaly of the Empty Man" by Anthony Boucher); and two unclassifiables, an excellent introduction by Boucher and the biography of Anderson by Dickson which appeared in the Detention program booklet.

That is to say, Norm Metcalf (and why isn't his name on the cover or title page?) has assembled three A stories, four B's, and two excellent oddities, along with a highly amusing cover.

Nonetheless, the book is not a "must" for all stf readers, or even all Holmes collectors. The book's one large fault is its familiarity. I have only a medium-sized collection of Holmes, and I have copies of every one of these stories -- two copies of some. None of these stories are hard to find. Even Boucher's introduction, written specifically for this book, is in my collection already, because Edgar Smith pre-printed it in the Baker Street Journal. One story, "The Return", was expanded for the anthology. However, the expansion was very slight. It was simply a matter of making several short paragraphs out of long ones and polishing the phrases (e.g. a bottle is "stoppered" by a cork instead of "stopped", an ambiguous "He" is changed to "Murray").

Norm would have done better to have searched Holmsian and fannish files for old and rare stf/Holmes stories. For example, Ronald Knox's parody of Looking Backward, Memories of the Future, is fairly rare (I don't have a copy), and it includes a riotous description of how London acquired a statue of Sherlock Holmes.

If you have less than half of the items in the book, it would probably be to your monetary advantage to buy the items in the original appearances. Still, the book is handsomely printed, and a true completist ought to buy it for the cover alone. And if you lack more than half the book -- whether you be trufan or BSI or both -- buy, by all means.

----ruth berman

-oOo-

"Let us say that when you awake tomorrow, you find standing at your bedside a man with purple scale-skin who tells you that he has just arrived from Mars, that he is studying the human species, and that he has selected your mind for the kind of on-the-spot examination he wants to make.

"There is a 99.95 per cent. chance, if something like the Man From Mars appears in your life, that he is still in your life after a few months. By that time, it is very probable that you are in a mental institution, undergoing periodic electric or insulin shock. (If this doesn't work, then) there is no other human being in the world who can help you.

"I developed schizophrenia abruptly. I awoke one morning, during a time of great personal tension and self conflict, to find three grey and somewhat wispy figures standing at my bedside...."

So begins OPERATORS AND THINGS: The Inner Life of a Schizophrenic, by Barbara O'Brien: Arlington Books, Cambridge, 1958, 166 pages, \$3.95.

This book is a case history of an attack of schizophrenia, told by the patient. Perhaps as a result of this case being that .05% rarity, a spontaneous recovery, Miss O'Brien remembers in detail the whole six-month course of the attack, and that makes up two-thirds of the book. The other third is devoted to her analysis of what happened and why (her analysis; she got to a psychoanalyst after it was over, but his main contribution was in being an anchor to tie to while she recuperated).

Both parts are fascinating.

Miss O'Brien has loose, informal style which held my attention better than almost any novel I can remember. In part, this is because the body of the book, the events of the attack itself read like a novel: they are told in strict narrative style, with no interpretation. But even the analysis, which grows out of her description of the process of recovery, is fascinating: as much for the concepts involved as for her effortless and delightful style in the telling (that rare combination that defines the perfect s f story...).

Again I quote: "A certain percentage of the population have minds so constructed that they can influence the mentality of others and dominate them. These individuals are known as Operators and refer to the rest of the population as Things. Upon these Things they establish leins, chattels and charters and so retain options over them."

To us, the idea itself is not new; but the treatment here is unique. This actually happened. By a method very similar to that of Dr Reed Chalmers, this girl actually did inhabit, for six months, a world in which the above-quoted proposition was true. This takes literary self-consistency a step further than the theoretical limit.

As far as her friends were concerned, Miss O'Brien simply took off, without warning from a job at which she had been perfectly content for five years, and went on an erratic journey all over the United States and Canada, winding up in California. From her viewpoint, however, she was running a mad race, under the guidance of certain Operators, to escape from several others and arrive safely at her guides' headquarters -- interspersed with attempts to escape from all Operators entirely.

There is no point in my trying to detail her travels, or her thoughts about them, either during or after, beyond what I've already said. The point is that here is a fascinating, charming and intelligent person, and above all, an eminently readable writer, who has had an almost unique experience: interesting in itself, and doubly interesting in the thoughts and conclusions on insanity--and sanity--to which it leads her.

Read this book -- you will enjoy it.

----jock root.

-oOo-

James Wentworth Day is an authority upon British sport, having written such works as "The Modern Shooter", "The Modern Fowler", "Sport in Egypt", and "The Anglers' Pocket Book". It is logical then that he has written a book on the subject of one of the most common natives of his homeland: Phantasmus Britannicus, the British ghost.

A Ghost Hunter's Game Book, Day; Frederick Muller, Ltd., London, 1958 is much more than a collection of Ghost Stories. It is a practical handbook of spectre watching, covering not only the wheres and whys (the latter often based upon brilliant personal research by Mr. Day), but also the probable whens and a few tips on how to.

Mr. Day has an excellent background in the study of the supernatural, based primarily in his associations with the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. His book covers not only several of the more famous manifestations (the re-enactment of the Battle of Edge Hill, "King" Mommouth's ride, and various Tower of London ghosts) in a fine spirit of scientific observation, but records several incidents which have not previously been discussed in the literature. A fine example is the history of the Everlasting Club, a group of Cambridge scoff-Gods who made the Hell Fire Club of Medmenham Abbey seem like the Mousketeers by comparison, and whose self-arranged fate will not soon be forgotten by the reader.

Although Mr. Day often writes from personal experience (notably in the chapter cosily titled "The Garrotter of St. James's"), his approach is far from the compassion shown by James Reynolds in "Ghosts in Old Irish Houses" (see SLA # 49), etc. Instead, he has attempted to write a "game book" in the tradition of Audobon's "The Birds of America" or Moran's "Heavy Game of the Western Himalyas" and has done quite well indeed.

Residents of or visitors to England may well be persuaded to go to Somerset to see Mommouth make his ride, or to Copplestone in Devon (Ordinary Survey Map Sheet 128, Ref. G/H .4) for a glimpse of the Black Dog of Torrington. They may even go to Cow Lane at Cambridge for the annual meeting of the Everlasting Club. But on this last visit, at least, they are not to expect the company of this reviewer.

----dean w dickensheet.

#

MSS. Found In A Dusty Old Note-book

ANTI-VICE CRUSADER LASHES OUT AGAINST IMMORALITY IN S-F MAGAZINES

(CNS) Los Angeles, March 19th ((no year given))

That famous anti-vice crusader, Arthur Cox, lashed out here today against indecency in science-fiction magazines. Speaking before a small group of friends of similar sentiment, he said: "The amount of vice in the nation's science-fiction magazines is startling -- especially in the last named magazine. And Francis Towner Laney will back me up in every word of that!"

Mr. Cox continued by saying, "Many passages in the magazines are deliberately immoral. However, they are so worded that they escape the notice of the censors and the postal authorities. The vile mind, however, immediately perceives their meaning. Such ill-disguised muck cannot so easily escape my piercing eyes."

As a perfidious example of what he was talking about, Mr. Cox pointed to a passage in the May, 1949 issue of Startling Stories. The following excerpt is from paragraph five of the second column on page 103 of that issue; it is taken from the story, "The Incredible Destination", by Rene Lafayette. That name is merely an alias for L Ron Hubbard.

The passage reads:

"After a while he side her, for this race was bisexual, understand that he could not understand. This stopped her laughter and she became interested in his ship, his clothes and his condition."

"This type of filth," said the Crusader, "is wrecking the minds of the youth of our nation. We must put a stop to it." ((And here followed a pitch for \$5 to help in the campaign.))

This is do ~~stupid~~ even SF Times...

NIRENBERG'S GLOSSARY of JASS

Much has been said recently of the language which is used by musicians and jazz aficionados. This is an inside language which enables the user to join the secret ranks of those "who understand". In order to bring this new ~~idm~~ idiom of expression to the public a great amount of research was necessary. This reporter has spent long hours poring over many volumes, and in conference with members of the American Legion and DAR in an effort to arrive at the origin of this new language. We have listed a number of these new words with their proper explanations. At last all confusion can be dispelled, the long awaited true translations are here.

HEP: This is a contraction of the word "help". It is believed to have been invented by Amos n Andy.

REEFER: Brought from the antipodes by the Australian Jazz Quartet, this word describes the Australian bushman who makes his living scraping the Great Barrier Reef and rolling this vegetation into cigarettes.

EOP: To strike a fellow musician.

O ROONEY: Mickey's brother.

LIKE: Enjoy.

SOMETHING ELSE: Something other than that referred to.

WAY OUT: Exit door.

THE END: Closing time.

HIP: Lower portion of the anatomy.

FUZZ: Unshaven musician.

SWING: Wood and rope device found in playgrounds.

IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING: Phrase made famous by Louis Armstrong, who happened across a childrens' playground and found it devoid of swings.

IN THE GROOVE: Made famous by Bix Beiderbecke while travelling in a bus through the hinterlands of back-country Ohio. Busses were forced to stay in the ruts of the mud roads, otherwise they would overturn.

EIGHT TO THE BAR: The Miles Davis Octet having a few drinks.

GIG: Short giggle.

ZOOT SUIT: Sims' clothing.

SQUARE: Where folk singers collect in Greenwich Village.

SOLID: Extremely stable.

JUICE: Orangeade.

HEY BOB A RE EOP: Tit for tat.

FALL IN: Arrive drunk.

SCAT: Go away.

FUNKY: Obscene.



FALLEN ANGELENOS

concerning
UNICORN PRODUCTIONS

Fans have attempted movie-making for years, but besides Unicorn Productions, only the Liverpool group (MaD Productions) has put any concentrated effort into it. Unicorn Productions is an amateur movie-making group which is trying to form into a full-fledged hobby activity; we need interested people for scripting, directing, all phases of camera and crew work, costuming and acting. We don't need kibitzers, but if you have a car--you Angelenos--we can use you for transportation to and from location; mostly we need active, creative folks who don't mind getting a bit sweaty with work and who can devote weekends and odd hours to trips to the desert, etc., or in editing film segments.

Right now, Unicorn Productions is Al Lewis, John & Bjo Trimble, Ernie Wheatley, Bill Ellern, and assorted members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. You don't have to be a member of LASFS to work with Unicorn--we're not a club project, and we welcome all types of people, with all kinds of interests; the only prerequisite is an interest in producing good 16 mm movies.

To date, we've produced three movies--"Little Red Riding Hood" with the Unicorn staff and Sunday Productions; "The Genie" in color; and "The Masquite Kid Rides Again" in black and white. (You convention goers have seen these.) We have scripts in planning, and hope to produce Andersen's "The Little Mermaid", a silent adventure story, a "monster" comedy, and a western. This depends on our treasury, which is non-existent, at the moment.

Affiliated with Unicorn is Rayven Productions, another amateur film group, owned and operated by Dwayne Avery. By combining talents and equipment, we feel that much more in the way of professional quality work may be produced. Unicorn's camera is an Auricon 16 mm. with optical sound equipment; Rayven's is a Bolex, with wide-angle lens, telescopic lens, and sound taping equipment. We have several photographers in the crew, who take stills of movie shooting, pictures of the cast, and other memoirs of each movie.

In the Fan Hillton (2790 W 8th St, DU 9-0619) we have an 8x10 room with sink, which Unicorn Productions is going to convert into a darkroom for processing movies and photographs. Equipment is now necessary, before we can use the room to its capacity--we have nothing in the way of movie processing materials or equipment.

The costume department is collecting everything from interesting lace to old draperies, velvet capes, funny hats, belts, guns and Hallowe'en costumes. They are stored in one of the closets, or in an old chest for later use.

A make-up class will be begun at The Fan Hillton in the second week of March. If you Los Angelenos are interested, phone Bjo (DU 9-0619) and indicate which evening would be more desirable to you--Monday, or Wednesday. Mitch Evans will teach theatrical make-up once a week, starting at eight pm. There will be ten lessons in all, and you must take all ten to join the class. The fee will be \$20--\$2 per lesson; it's much better to pay the entire sum at once, but payment per lesson is all right. Mitch suggests that you prepare yourself for the first class by buying a panstick of your skin hue and a black eyebrow pencil; there will be no drastic outlay of cash for make-up as we can buy it a bit at a time. Men are most certainly invited to this

class; and rest assured that buying a panstick is not so difficult if you tell the salesgirl that it's for a theatre class. Remember, though, we have to have a class formed by the second week in March--possibly that Monday night--which is March 13--so let us know if you want to join the fun.

You don't have to join the Unicorn staff to attend make-up classes, though we'd love to have you. And we can't force you to attend all ten classes, but we can refuse entrance to undesirable people.

Because of the outlay of cash necessary to produce our last movie, "The Musquite Kid Rides Again", financial problems are the most important things under consideration. We plan to asses cast and crew equally for any future ventures, to ensure the completion of the films--but we also have to take care with our property. We loaned "The Kid" to someone, who returned it without telling us the film had broken. When we ran it, we found that the splice had been made with scotch tape--and motion picture film just doesn't splice with scotch tape, like magnetic tape does. We repaired the film, at a cost of three frames--but this is the only copy we have, and future loans will only be made with postage and insurance paid in advance--the \$200 cost of the film and developing of "The Kid" doesn't cover trips to Calico, Berkeley, Long Beach and Santa Monica, and four weekends of editing and tightening up.

Now, we could use some "patrons of the arts" and we hope that some of you are interested enough in our project to help us out. Since most won't have the fun of working camera or putting on make-up or acting, we feel that asking for money for each movie is too much. If you will consider \$10 per year for your contribution--most of which will go into equipment--we can go on, with your help. If you are interested in helping out with a particular movie, too, we will be happy to accept any monetary assistance.

Everyone who is interested enough to contribute something to the treasury will be kept informed of any new plans through an irregular publication of information and general news to be sent to all subscribers. The only other thing we can offer is still photos of each movie made within the year of their subscription, their names listed in all programs and publications as sponsoring members, and free admission to all Unicorn movie parties.

Costume materials, props and other paraphernalia are gladly accepted, but only usable movie equipment will be acceptable instead of cash for a sponsoring membership or cast/crew contributions. Suggestions, advice, cash and equipment are gladly welcomed.

In preparation now under the editorship of Dean W Dickensheet is the full report of our adventures in filming "The Kid", in a mimeographed fanzine The Making of The Musquite Kid. This magazine will sell @ 50¢ per copy to build up the treasury. Everyone--cast, crew and contributors--will be charged for it. The magazine will contain reports from many of the people who worked on the movie, photos of the filming, costume sketches, and full working script, including the words to the Wrai Ballad. Send your 50¢ to Dean Dickensheet, 348 North Ogden Drive, Los Angeles 39, Calif., and you'll get your copy of the zine as soon as it is published.

---bjv.



THE POWER TO GOOD FEN'S MINDS

The other day, just out of curiosity, I was compiling a list of the material I have had published in various fanzines. I've been a fanzine fan now for a little over two years, and I've been writing material for over half of that time. I found that I had had over fifty items published, most of them in the past year, and by the time this sees print there will be more.

I made a list of the fanzines in which my material, not counting letters, has been printed. There were about twenty, and it was a pretty imposing list, even with SICK ELEPHANT on it. As a matter of fact, I think the thing in SE was the best item I produced in my first year of fanwriting, and it still doesn't embarrass me nearly as much as some of my more recent stuff. Of course, I've never submitted anything to HYPHEN, OOPSIA, A BAS or the like, but there were still some pretty high-quality fanzines on the list.

Now the thing that gets me about this is that I have never considered myself a particularly good fanwriter. I'm not being particularly modest--plenty of people who know me can tell you that I'm anything but modest--but in all honesty I must say that there are dozens of fans who write better than I do, and I'd go so far as to say that there are possibly more fans who write better than I do than there are who write worse.

And yet, with the single exception of a terrible piece of fiction which was written and sent to CRY specifically for the purpose of getting one of their famous rejection slips, I have never had a piece of material rejected from a fanzine. I don't think anybody in fandom would say that I'm the best writer we have. If anyone did, I'd sign his commitment papers myself. Yet I'm sure that John Berry, Walt Willis, Harry Warner, Dean Grennell and all the other greats must have had material rejected from fanzines for one reason or another. Yet, since my first submission (a cruddy fantasy story which was published in VAMPIRE, I've never had anything rejected.

Naturally, there must be some sort of explanation for such an unusual phenomenon. I have done some investigating myself, and the conclusions I have come to point out some very interesting things about writing for fanzines.

The first is that the average fanzine needs material. Of course, there are exceptions, and getting material into them is a different problem which I'll discuss later on, but the average faned is in medium to desperate need for material. The thing to do is to pick out a desperate faned (they can be told when they advertise publicly for material, thus making the humiliating admission that they are desperate for material. It is a humiliating admission to make, even though everyone else needs material, too.) and send him something. Chances are that your thing will be on stencil or master before the faned even reads it. Later when he does read it and realizes how cruddy it is, he has probably printed it already, and if he hasn't, he isn't going to waste the stencils or masters. So you're in print. If the faned is really desperate, he may have very little other material, and you may even find that your piece of junk is the best thing in the issue.

The second thing I've found is that if a faned is a friend of yours, he will probably print almost anything you give him, unless he has a good excuse (like, "I already have something by you in this issue, and by the time the next issue comes out, it will be too dated," even though you've rewritten an article on first fandom.) Your chances are even better if you live near this person, in which case you just drop over and say, "You want this for your fanzine?" After your friend glances through it to see if there are any mentions of him or unmailable words, you say, "If you want, I'll stencil it myself." This will free your friend from having to read your thing at all, and your offer will be gratefully accepted.

The third thing is that if a fanzine is overstocked, you can still get in it. In the case of CRY, I started writing for it before they became overstocked, so they knew me. After CRY achieved its current popularity, I wrote short things that they could use to fill up a page, (or, in one case, stick in the lettercol,) and in the Annish I got a whole page. I did the same thing for YANDRO--one short story, and two items of less than a page each. I used the second thing I found--picking on friends--for getting something into VOID. Ted accepted an article before he quite knew what he was doing. For FSI-PHI and RETRIBUTION, I used short material and my friendship with the respective editors to get into print.

The fourth thing I've found is most startling of all. It is that if a piece of material is short enough, and breezy enough, the average fan will read clear through it and won't even know what he's been reading about. He'll just be left with a sort of mildly pleasant recollection of the thing which, if he's an editor reading over a manuscript, will probably lead him to print it. The same thing will happen to the readers of this article; they'll go through it, say, "That was amusing," and forget it. It happens all the time.

You don't believe me?

All right, what was this about?

See?

So here you have my methods for getting into print. Clever, aren't they! But actually, they aren't true. After all, this is just an article for gags. My material gets printed because it's good, and because I'm a good writer, you hear?

John...John Trimble....you are tired, John Trimble...you are tired and sleepy...oh, so sleepy...you want to rest, rest, rest...rest...close your eyes...sloop...sleep...you are in my power...sleep...sleep...you are in my power...you like this article...you will print this Article in SHAGGY...you will not print this paragraph...you are in my power.....

---Leslie Gerber.

We are printing this article as a public service to the editors of fan magazines and for no other purpose. The feeble attempt at hypnosis in the last paragraph did not work, as you can see by the very fact that we printed it. It was a good attempt, but what Leslie Gerber failed to take into account was that John Trimble might not be stencilling the article and that whoever did stencil it would remain unaffected...unaffected...unaffected...Leslie Gerber is a good writer...a good writer...we are printing this in SHAGGY...unaffected...is a good writer...unaffected...Leslie Gerber is the best writer in fandom...unaffected...he's better than Dean Grennel...unaffected....better than Willis, Bloch, and Berry...unaffected...unaffected...better than E.E.Smith...unaffected...a good writer...we'll print this article in SHAGGY...we'll print everything Leslie Gerber ever wrote in SHAGGY...we'll have a special issue devoted to the complete Works of Leslie Gerber...unaffected...unaffected...un####

--Ajl

Iasfs Marching

Francis Towner Ianey lies a mould'ring in the grave;
Francis Towner Ianey lies a mould'ring in the grave;
Francis Towner Ianey lies a mould'ring in the grave;
And Iasfs marches on!

Chorus: Forry, Daugherty, and Evans;
Forry, Daugherty, and Evans;
Forry, Daugherty, and Evans;
The Iasfs marches on!

Hymn

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Science-Fiction League;
It was followed by the feuding and political intrigue;
The Insurgents lcosed on Thancri-Ia'a decade of fatigue,
But Iasfs marches on!

Chorus.

I have seen a fiery gospel mimeoed in antique age;
I have read the Ianey memoirs page by vitriolic page;
He hath bathed them in the lava of his disillusioned rage,
But Iasfs marches on!

Chorus.

Now the gafiated decade blossoms forth to joy again;
For our heroine, a trufan, sifted out the hearts of fen;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer her! ask neither where nor when,
As Iasfs marches on!

Chorus.

Many Elder Ghods of famnish fame were spawned in darkness here,
And we worship still when legendary Burbee doth appear;
Though he doesn't give a damn for us, he joins us to drink beer,
As Iasfs marches on!

Chorus.

In the great Fan Hillton where the past has been reborn,
Any words of doom or gafia can only meet with scorn;
Francis Towner Ianey died without a fan to mourn,
As Iasfs marches on!

Chorus.

As an acolyte of Lovecraft he was born in years gone by;
As a bitter disillusioned fan it was his lot to die;
And in that way, but for Roscoe's grace, would perish you or I,
But Iasfs marches on!

Chorus.

----steve & virginia schulteis.

THE

SQUIRREL

by Ron Ellik

CAGE

TAKE AIRLINE BUS TO EASTSIDE TERMINAL.
MARY WILL MEET YOU THREE.

LARRY AND NOREEN.

That's the way to start your day off with confusion. Part of the confusion was due to the hour--Western Union deliveries always, always come at eight ayem. But part of it was because I don't know anybody in New York named Mary,

The telegram arrived Wednesday morning, 4 January, just two days after I'd written the Shaws airmail, telling them to expect me that Thursday night; International Business Machines wanted to interview me in Manhattan Friday morning, and I had recalled a longstanding invitation Larry had made earlier to stay with them anytime I was in New York. So Wednesday I went to Palo Alto to be interviewed by Philco, Thursday morning I went to San Francisco to be interviewed by Standard Oil, and Thursday afternoon I went to New York.

A check at the information desk at Idlewild revealed another message from my hosts--

"Take airline bus to eastside terminal. Mary will meet you."

There was a telephone number I could call; Noreen answered. "Who is Mary?" I demanded of her, my voice shaking.

"Mary?" she asked, "I don't know anybody named Mary. What are you talking about, Ron?"

I read the telegram and the message to her. "Oh, that means Larry," she laughed. "He's waiting for you at the eastside terminal right now, pretending to read an Algis Budrys novel. It's funny that both those messages got garbled," she added as an afterthought.

"Yeah," I said, "Funny. I'll go meet Mary--I mean Larry--and see you soon." I had come three thousand weary miles trying to puzzle out the telegram, and here the answer was only Larry Shaw. I took the bus to the terminal in Manhattan and met him; then we took the subway to the Staten Island Ferry.

"That's the world's only remaining five-cent ride," he said proudly, as we waited for one of the boats to dock. I felt sort of disrespectful when I told him about Angel's Flight in Los Angeles.

The ferry was named the Mary Matthews or Mary Marsden, and I showed my host the telegram and message, remarking that Mary had met me after all. We laughed.

The next day everybody arose bright and early--Larry, Noreen, Michael Evan Shaw who is not a monster, and a dog that is a monster, and me. Larry works in the city just a subway stop away from the Life-Time bldg where IBM is situated, so we left together to retrace the previous night's trip. As we boarded the Staten Island Ferry to return to Manhattan, I observed with raised eyebrows that we had again been met by Mary, whose sister scows seemed to be avoiding me as one diseased.

I spent the morning and early afternoon being interviewed by executives at IBM, pretending to know a lot about computers, and acting the part of a bright-eyed college kid. It's really pretty easy...they were interested in me, and I was interested in them until I found that the job was in Poughkeepsie and the salary was-- but I blush to mention the financial end of it. I told them I'd think about it, restraining my pride; at the time I had one other job offer, at only a slightly higher salary, which didn't put me in too great a bargaining position.

Noreen came over in the late afternoon and we met at the Biltmore Hotel--it was the only place all three of us could guarantee to find; I assure you we didn't pick it for the fond memories it evoked. From there we walked and bussed to The Cattleman, seeing a good part of the city on the way...it was nice that the walk was enjoyable, because all three of us were disappointed with the restaurant.

After supper we went to the Lupoff's penthouse apartment. I had put myself at the Shaw's disposal for the evening, as I wanted a chance to relax from three days of job-hunting and travelling; they had accordingly phoned all the Fanoclasts, with the seeming intent of arranging a four-alarm party for my relaxation and casual enjoyment. They told me of this as we entered the elevator, and as we left it they quieted my fears--most of the localites were out of town or unlocatable, so there would only be a few people there.

Dick Lupoff is an admirable host--to a pleasant disposition and a charming wife he has added a well-stocked liquor cabinet. Jock Root and Bhub Stewart showed up in the course of the evening, and the seven of us sat and talked until somewhat past midnight. It was the first chance I'd had to say more than hello to either Pat Lupoff or Bhub Stewart. Bhub and I corresponded some once, but that was maybe six years ago, and some high school and college have intervened; it was like meeting a new person. I found at the close of the evening that I had spent a fine time with six New Yorkers and we hadn't feuded once.

After we left, we headed back for Staten Island. Unforgivably, I did not think to notice the name of the ferry--it was well after 1:00, and I wasn't seeing much of anything. The Shaws folded me up in the hide-a-way bed and let me sleep.

Saturday morning I dragged myself out of the sack at some ridiculous hour so I could take the train to Philadelphia. The trans-continental jet had been my first jet flight; and this was to be my first commercial train ride--the only other one was a troop movement. My last memory of New York is disembarking from the ferry for the last time and turning to wave her goodbye; it was Mary, of course, and she had met me three.

-000-

Saturday and Sunday were spent in Philadelphia. Saturday evening found me in a coffee house until midnight, listening to a folksinger with local stfen Bill Jenkins, Hal Lynch, Peggy Rae McKnight and Chris Jameson. Sunday afternoon, Peggy and I went out to Lansdale; her dad showed me the family's machine shop and farm, and Buddie McKnight bent the table beneath pork and duck. The family and I talked and watched birds until it was time to leave for my plane west.

Originally, I was supposed to visit IBM and return to the Bay Area by non-stop jet. However, at the last minute I was invited to visit Phillips Petroleum Company in Idaho Falls, so I had to try to include that in my itinerary. Plane reservations and schedules are hard to arrange at the last minute, so I went to Idaho by way of every city on the map.

At 10:00 Sunday night I left Philly on a United prop-job; we stopped at Detroit around midnight local time, after much coffee. I tried to call some fans from the Ypsilanti airport without success, and four propellers and much coffee later I was staggering around the Chicago airport, thinking what Earl Kemp would say to me if I called him at two ayem. I resisted the temptation.

It had been four days since I'd slept more than five hours at once, and I'd spent much of that time on public transportation or being interviewed. As we left Chicago, the stewardess asked me if I wanted more coffee.

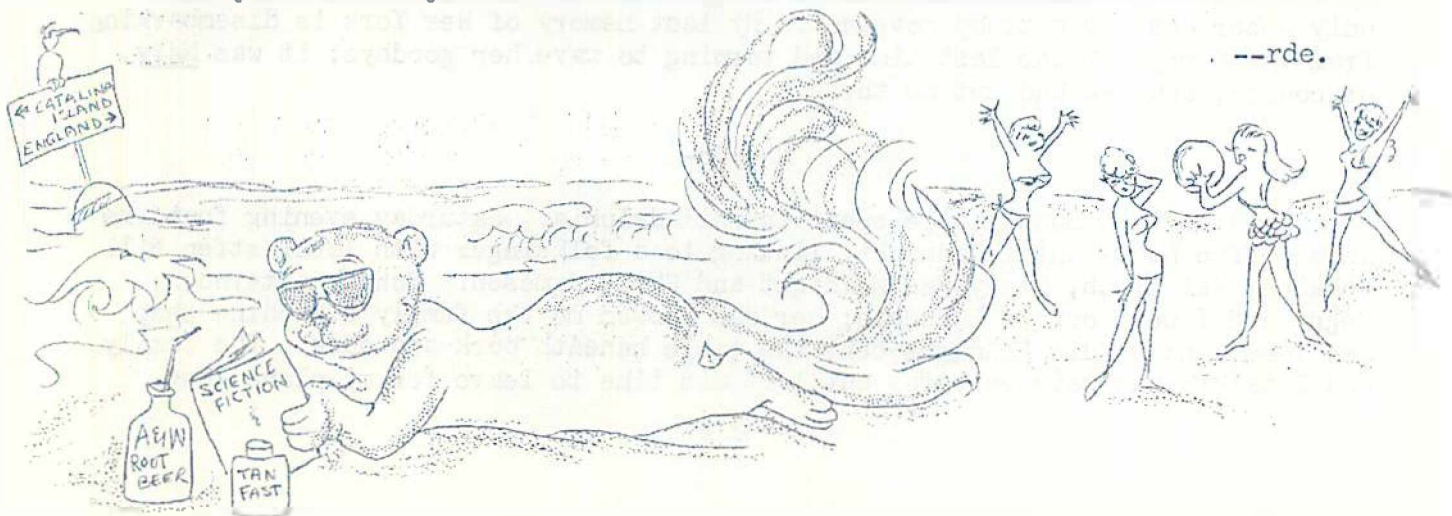
"Have you any milk?" I asked, weakly. She brought a glass of milk, and I think my next conscious thought was awareness that we had landed in Denver. I know the schedule called for another stop in between, but I don't remember it. I stumbled off the United plane, to transfer to Frontier Airlines for the milk run to Idaho.

Very little of import happened that day. After being offered a job with Phillips (that made three sure offers--I felt better) I returned home by way of Salt Lake City. During stopover I talked to Gregg and JoAnne Calkins on the telephone, but my stay was too brief to visit. Drank coffee on the champagne flight to San Francisco, and collapsed at Barrington Hall.

epilogue

After all that travelling on other people's money, it was tragicomic to find I was refused a degree by the University and had to give up the job I'd accepted (Phillips Pet. Co.) before even reporting to work. The many people who hosted me over that weekend are my eternal creditors--but after the dust settled, I found myself an estimator with the Douglas Aircraft Corporation in Santa Monica, sunny southern California. I'll go back to school this summer and pick up the three units I need for my B.A.--and then maybe I'll move to Poughkeepsie or Idaho or someplace.

Or maybe I'll stay in Santa Monica. It doesn't snow here.



For years there have been small voices putting forward the idea of moving the world convention date back (or forward). The most recent of these, of course, was concerned with the ill-fated "FairCon" plan which would have involved scrapping the rotation plan. While fandom almost as a whole rightfully condemned this attempt, there are lucid thoughts about making a change in the date of the WorldCon. And Doc Barrett presents several here in...

The SPRINGBOARD

Firstly; most vacation periods end on Labor Day. Employees have a three month period (June, July, and August) in which to select their vacation time. Say you take a two week vacation just prior to Labor Day; you still wind up the convention with hundreds and perhaps thousands of miles to cover the last day or the last night. If you drive, you're dead tired and a high accident risk.

Second; a large number of places have penalty clauses to prevent excessive absenteeism over a holiday. One must work the scheduled working day before and after a holiday in order to get paid for the holiday. As an example, if a person wanted to be off the Tuesday after Labor Day, and since he would lose pay for the holiday anyway, because he took the Friday off before, too. On a regular weekend he would take off the Monday and Tuesday, perhaps, and still be no worse off than before. It all depends on how close to a convention you live.

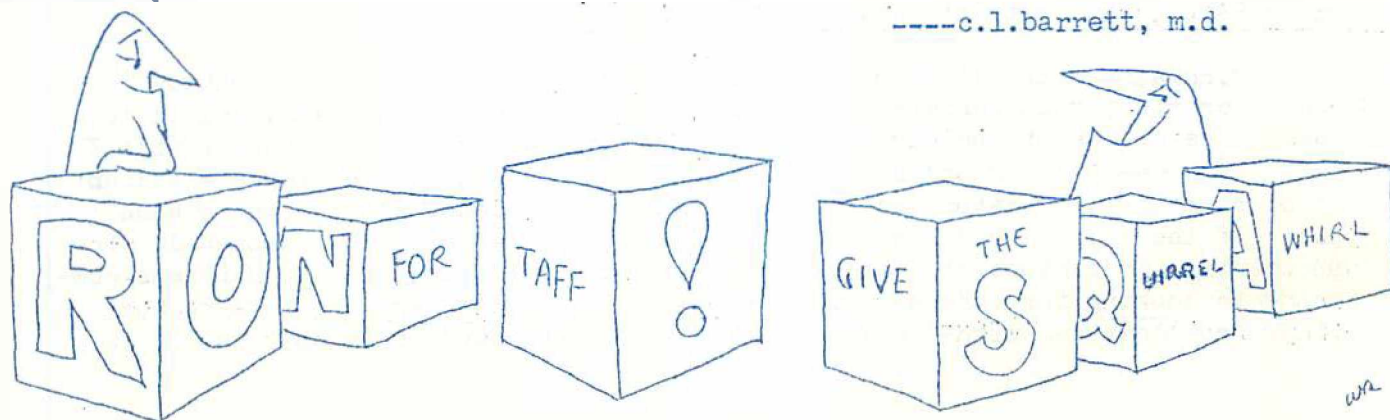
Thirdly; moving the convention back to one week prior to Labor Day weekend would allow those with families to take in a convention on their vacation.

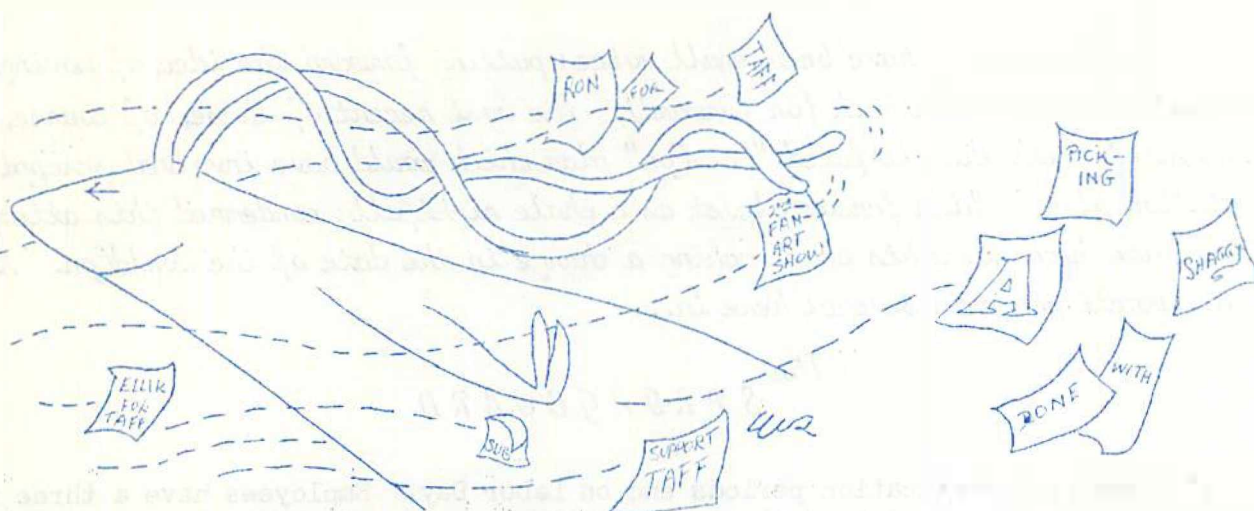
Fourth; as you get older, and have families, you will find that most schools begin the day after Labor Day. Thus, even with baby sitters, you still have to get back in time to get the children off and started into the school season. Missing the first day is not good as you get seat assignments, room assignments, class assignments, etc.

Fifth; the stores are closed on the Labor Day Weekend. Those whose wives come along find themselves with only Saturday to shop or find something to do.

Sixth; finding restaurants, bars, snack bars, etc. open during the holiday weekend can sometimes present a problem, unless you never leave the hotel. However, for many, the highlight of a convention can be that group meal at some nice restaurant away from the hotel itself. Hotels got to charging extra for the banquets held on the holiday, and this has been partially offset by moving the banquet up to Saturday.

-----c.l.barrett, m.d.





It is with a certain amount of sadness that I start this letter-column. Not so much that it is but six-pages long as it is the fact that it is no doubt the last yours truly, Marley L. Gastonedcoxhugh will be doing. I will add that there is a certain amount of relief inherent in this sadness I feel. It is work and the editor is morciless in his adherence to deadlines. Like, he wants this by noon today (25 Feb 61). It is now 9 a.m. I'll make it alright but he isn't even up yet (I phoned a minute ago). At any rate, we don't have much space and there are a number of good bits coming up, so let's away; 1st, an old fan:

DONALD A. WOLINHEIM, New York.

The account of the meeting with Rod Serling was of greatest interest. His "Twilight Zone" is the best thing on the air these days, now that Hitchcock has gone soft. However, has any fan taken note that Serling seems to be writing everything himself--and yet many of his programs bear resemblances to stories others have written? He changes them, mutes them enough to prevent any charge of outright lifting, but he is certainly being inspired by various stf magazine writers. I guess he saves author's fees by not directly using the original stories.

I see you are chickening out of any further lettercomments on the Bomb of Hiroshima. And that nips what might have proven some very enlightening information. I'm sad to see the discussion break off when it might have gotten hotter. Not that I haven't got my own fixed opinions on the subject, but what I wanted to observe was the nature of the views of the generation that grew up post-Bomb. I should have remembered that from what I have been able to see of this generation they're pretty chicken about that subject. The rusty iron backbones of First Fandom have been replaced by the chrome-plated vertebrae of this brave new world.

/o/Not so, sir; it's just that Shaggy doesn't go out all at once. Letters on prior issues straggle in for months. More Bomb talk is upcoming. //

PETE GRAHAM, 235 West 13th St., New York 11, N.Y.

I find almost unbelievable Greenleaf's argument, fit only for bubble-headed cretins, that perhaps the Hiroshimans and Nagasakians deaths helped to lessen the chance of nuclear war. I didn't read Eney's piece, though I wish I had, but I see from Greenleaf's letter that he discounted the simple expedient of blowing off a test-bomb as a demonstration as useless. Hell, even a bomb just off the coast would have been infinitely preferable to what happened. The uncovering, ever since the war, of more and more evidence that the Japanese command was looking for a face-saving way of giving up the war--which we so horribly provided them with--seems to never have been heard of by most people in

this country. Tackett goes on to say that the cost in "time, men and material" would have been staggering if we had invaded Japan by conventional means (an unlikely necessity, but I'll let that pass). Does he find the death of 200,000 in Hiroshima, and a slightly lesser figure in Nagasaki, any less staggering? Or does there come a point in the conflict between white and yellow man, where he draws a line? (Or does he find any less staggering the methodical horror of dropping the second bomb three days after the first? Perhaps Greenleaf has a theory that the Nagasaki people contributed something toward lessening a future war which the Hiroshima people could not.)

/O/ So the discussion does continue and gets hotter. Yes. But too much of this is liable to pall. I'll let the next lettered worry!

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida.

Regarding "A Walk Through Infinity", the reviewer got hold of the wrong edition. That prologue shouldn't be in there. It weakens the story immensely. If anyone is thinking reading the story, don't read the prologue if it's in your edition. And furthermore, I disagree on the idea that Dundas' love for the superwoman weakened the story. While Erle Cox isn't particularly adept at handling love affairs (see The Missing Angel) in this one case Dundas' fatal blindness did help improve the story.

EMILE E. GREENLEAF, 1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

"Springboard" had a few interesting thoughts in it. Now, while I am as glad as the next fellow to see such magazines as "Playboy" running science-fiction, and On the Beach making a hit, and all of that, I'm not so sure about it being such an unmixed blessing. Granted that the better grade of science-fiction which appeals to a mass audience is anything but "pulp trash", it is still far below the level of say, Childhood's End. I still maintain that a mass audience lacks the education and mental outlook to appreciate the conceptual background of the best works of Clarke, Heinlein, Chad Oliver or Hal Clement. Let's face it. The specialized magazines and the book publishers are the only source of what I like to think of as "advanced" s-f. Can you picture SatEvePost serializing Mission of Gravity without cutting out so much of the technical background as to effectively emasculate the story? I'm all for s-f becoming popular and respectable. Just so long as it doesn't surrender to mass standards and all become "kindergarten" stuff. If that's snobbery, make the most of it.

I still don't believe in Gastonhugh. At the Pitcon I asked a certain dormouse who was Gastonhugh? He answered "You know him." No more would he say. And since I saw noone with such a nametag running, around, nor did I meet him at Detroit... So, I guess said dormouse gets sent to bed without goosey pie, or stoned with hot marshmallows, or some other horrendous fate... All for spilling the beans. Personally, my latest guess is that the Trimblees are MLG.

/O/ Ernie Wheatley does not get stoned or sent to bed, etc. You met me almost as soon as I went in the door of the hotel, remember? So you are wrong about the Trimblees. Either they're, or I'm, insulted. Hmpg! /o/

DON ANDERSON, 141 Shady Creek Road, Rochester 23, N. Y.

BHEER IS BEST, all right, but through a straw? Urp!

SPRINGBOARD--It's a good idea, but perhaps an unfortunate choice for the first time around. Of course, I have abandoned all pretext of "Moose" being another person, since bringing out my N'APazine THE CRY OF THE WILD MOOSE. I have no doubt that the opinions I expressed in this bit are going to be jumped on, but, from the viewpoint of a non-Fan Reader, I still feel that they are valid. Actually, there is probably just as much good stf and fantasy being produced today as ever, but it is being spread mighty thin. The problem, from the Fannish viewpoint is, of course, that it would cost a small fortune and take a lot of effort to obtain copies of all the magazines carrying one or two stf yarns per issue. Many thanks to whoever did the re-write on this, it was a 100% improvement. Incidentally, it might have been a good idea to initial the introduction. I presume that it was John?

/O/ Yes, it was John and looking thru the zine after it was assembled, he, too, presumed that it should've been initialed. But then, that's our editor. Somebody has to edit the editor's work.... OK, next...? /O/

ALAN RISPIN, 35 Lyndhurst ave., Higher Irlam, Manchester, Lancashire, ENGLAND.

The new series, "A Walk Through Infinity" is quite good, and I get some info here about the books that are likely to appear across this side of the pond from the US publishers. Also the reviewers are no mean hands at the game. Their opinions are noted here and will influence my judgement in the buying of these books. The Amis book hasn't appeared over here as yet but it will certainly be read by me; after all, we don't get many books written about sf, good or bad!

Harry Warner raises interesting points in his Poll article, tho I very rarely send up poll sheets, because they don't raise any spark of interest in me, unless they have a useful, or at least humorous use. Anyway, I'm lazy.

Don Franson's "Mordor" plug tickled me. Tho I don't see fandom refusing such a fantastic array of attractions as the damn committee has set before the avaritious eyes of fen near and far. Now you've scuttled Higher Irlam's chances for the '64 con. Curses.

Dialogues at midnight are delightful. More.

Leiber reads well and interestingly. Of course, he's right.

Steve Muir's fanfiction piece is a classic 1984 of this type.

More autopsychological fanfiction by Al Lewis. SF in the thirties and forties was a product of that time. It was good because the times were hard, whereas now any crud will pass for the slicks, so why bother?

Bjo is interesting, and what's this jazz about a White Knoll Co.? How goes things there with the venture into the decadent capitalistic world of commerce?

GREAT MOMENTS IN SCIENCE: CRUD! What this is doing in here I don't dig!

ED GORMAN, 242 10th St. NW., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

SPRINGBOARD is a good section. I might try and submit something myself, as it's a damn good idea. This time, tho, "Moose" didn't think his problem out well enough. He hinted at quite a few things, things that I agree with too, but he didn't deliver. For instance, the shift away from magazines is a fairly obvious move. With stf becoming more acceptable in mundane circles and still wanting to break the ties with "pulp junk", the hard-bound books are leading the pack. Notice the nice organization on Lippincott's novels, on Harcourt Brace's books, and Doubleday's. We have, like "Moose" said, been bawling in our beer. I do mourn the loss of the magazines, but it's hard for me to really go overboard. If I've fought for one thing during the past five years, it's to convince

my friends and teachers that stf is a coming field of literature. We've had many near-misses in the field, but we've also had those books which have been popular and transcended mere popular fiction. More Than Human, The Lights in the Sky Are Stars and The Martian Chronicles all proved that stf is better written, and has more to say about life, death and bedroom brawls than any other type of literature in the popular category. We can't return to the old days; that would be disaster now. It's like Barry Goldwater's political plan to cut off all social and economic intercourse with Russia--a throwback to isolationistic days -- and the same would be happening to stf. We're moving forward, thank god, and getting men like Clifton Fadiman and Orville Prescott in our stable -- we'll need many more before one of our own stf writers (not Ayn Rand or Nevil Shute) places one of their books on the NY Times bestseller lists -- but hell, Mickey Spillane did it, and that should be incentive enough.

"Feginand Turdfoot" was lousy -- cheez, I'd've thought everyone was sick of these puns by now. I guess not, though.

Now to "Picking a Bone With Shaggy". Redd Boggs had the best letter this time around, and mainly because of the length of the thing. Oh, Marley old buddy, whom I love like my bheer, if you print this, PLEASE leave enough in so that I can remember what I said, will you? PLEASE PLEASE Marley! /O/ OK! OK!//

On the A-bomb discussion. The United States seems to have a very domestic and very useful asset in that it can forget practically anything which it has done, and forget nothing which has been done against it. We still in the U.S. find embittered people; but War is that way; people are maimed, broken both physically and spiritually and sometimes to forget these things is the hardest task a human being has to accomplish in his/her lifetime. But I don't condone Hiroshima and I think it a lame excuse that we had to illustrate our power. It's been said that we drop the bomb in another area, on less populated. Why not? That would have shown power. Bombs...bombs...bombs...the bombs that helped send a few million people to their graves in WWII, will now be turned on the United States. I'm not a pacifist, but what the hell. I don't agree with anybody or anything which condones or executes mass killing. If a war's hand to hand, one guy with a knife, another guy with a knife, or each with a rifle, and one's a coward and freezes up, then he gets his guts ripped out. I'll take my chances that way. If I screw up, I die, and I'm directly responsible for my death. But to be on a field or in a building, sitting there, and some clod punches a panic button and blows hell out of everything for miles, isn't my way of dying. You see, I'm sort of selfish about my life. If I die, I want to be the fault. This premise, to me, holds true with Hiroshima. Those people weren't soldiers--their boys were overseas getting bloodied up like our own troops. It was their job to die, and they were doing it. But what right had the United States to bomb Hiroshima? Now, on radio and tv and from politicians mouths, we are hearing words that state "Russia would be dirty enough to bomb our homes", but weren't we immoral and stupid enough to bomb Hiroshima? We killed babies and old people and starry-eyed youths and pregnant women; we bombed churches and orphanages and hospitals; we scourged the land, dispaired the people, and stomped our heavy heel into their souls and let it remain there. So how can we as psuedo-honest Americans now shout that Russia is playing dirty pool? I can't see it. What we push out, we should be able to take, and like it or not, we're going to have to.

/O/O/ I think this should give DAW and all of us an idea of the ideas the post-Bomb generation has about the action. I feel that it is near unassailable in its basic precepts though the presentation might be a little less than polished. Any takers on the other side? /O/O/

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher , Downey, Calif.

"Springboard" is a Good Idea. This "moose" fellow has a couple of telling points--especially when he hits fandom in its weak spot, i.e. the closed clique effect. But most of us know that this seemingly "closed to outsiders" bit is not always deliberate. Every hobby group (every group of any kind, for that matter) develops its own esoteria, and inadvertently builds a wall through which it is sometimes hard for outsiders to penetrate. There are a handful of Complete In-Groupers in every group--people who resent outsiders "butting in", who want to keep their particular interest or plaything all to themselves. But fans in general welcome newcomers, I think. We blast the neos (to make them improve) but we also encourage them. The only people we make any united effort to discourage are obvious crackpots, ax grinders and like that who might make the hobby unpleasant for us.

As for s-f appearing in mags outside the field (with all this readjustment and re-evaluation he's talking about)...hell, I remember the old days, and we were usually delighted when we discovered an s-f or fantasy story in the Post or one of the other mundane mags. We only had a few s-f mags, and were hungry to read the stuff wherever we could find it. I think the main thing fans are unhappy about nowadays is not the fact that s-f is appearing in other mags, but rather the kind of s-f the "other mags" are printing, as well as the kind "our own" mags are printing. Fans aren't crying because s-f in mags outside the field is opening the field to millions instead of thousands of readers. We don't even pretend to support (financially) the mags left in the field itself. We want more and more readers (whether they become actifans or not) to help us keep s-f on the market. Sir "moose" just didn't have all the facts, obviously. If the Post and other mags want to publish stories about Rockets to the Moon, and Adam & Eve All Over Again, etc., find and dandy. We've read all those stories (in umpteen different novels, novelettes and shorts) in Astounding, Amazing, etc., and if presenting these themes in the "other mags" will add more s-f readers to the list--wonderful! Maybe they too will become jaded with old-hat themes and start looking for more refreshing s-f. I hope they will be able to find it in "our mags". Which brings us to our other big gripe: the fact that our own mags are falling down on the job. I hope "moose" is right in his prediction that the specialized s-f mags will be back. They haven't been away, really--we still have the handful left (just as we had only a handful 20 years ago or better)--but they aren't specializing the way we'd like them to. They are trying too hard to emulate the "popular" mags outside the field, whether it is Popular Science, The SatEvePost or one of the "Literary" digests.

So, in my opinion, "moose" is half-right and half-wrong.

Science fiction is coming of age? I don't know about that. The kind of paper it is printed on doesn't determine the kind of story it will be. It might be more correct to say that s-f is becoming "senile"--and needs to be re-born. It may have been the "unacknowledged bastard son of the publishing field", and it may be again when it is re-born. I'm not the least bit prejudiced against bastards. It is never the bastards fault that his mother and father neglected to go through the legal formalities. I'd be more inclined to chastise the parents who brought a child into a world where they knew full well it would have a tough time because of their carelessness. In other words, the publishers are at fault for not selling s-f as they have successfully sold westerns, detectives, romance mags, etc. They produced a son and made him a bastard by not having the faith in him they had in their other offspring. They paid (and still pay) the cheapest rates, and do nothing to promote s-f in the way they could promote it. They use s-f to make a profit, a piddling profit,

to be sure, but still a profit is a profit, just as bastards have been used by their fathers to get ahead in the world, without acknowledging or giving to the bastard his proper share of the family wealth or whatever. The publishers aren't doing themselves a favor by adopting this attitude. Their shortsightedness is losing them profits they could be making. Their presentation of s-f to the buying and reading public does little or nothing to obtain new readers, that is--to convert non-readers of s-f into s-f readers. A person (fan-inclined or not) who is interested in s-f to start with (from reading hardcover books or p-bs) will eventually discover that there are mags devoted to the subject, but they have to look for them. I know that advertising pays. Not the Hard Sell and nauseating repeater type ads (as seen on TV or heard on radio)--but clever attention-getting ads, which intrigue the buyer, arouse his curiosity. We (sf fans) aren't ashamed or afraid to associate with the bastard. We have enjoyed the association too much to disown it. But the general public (including the readers) are still suffering from the disease of bigotry or prejudice, and they aren't about to take up with a bastard, fearing, as they do, the scorn and tskskings of their fellows. They have to be sold on the idea that s-f is not a bastard, and it is up to the parents (the publishers) to remove this stigma, to do the selling. Otherwise the specialized s-f mags will always be the bastard son of the publishing field, and other cokers in the future will come along and accuse the fans of being guilty of running a "closed clique".

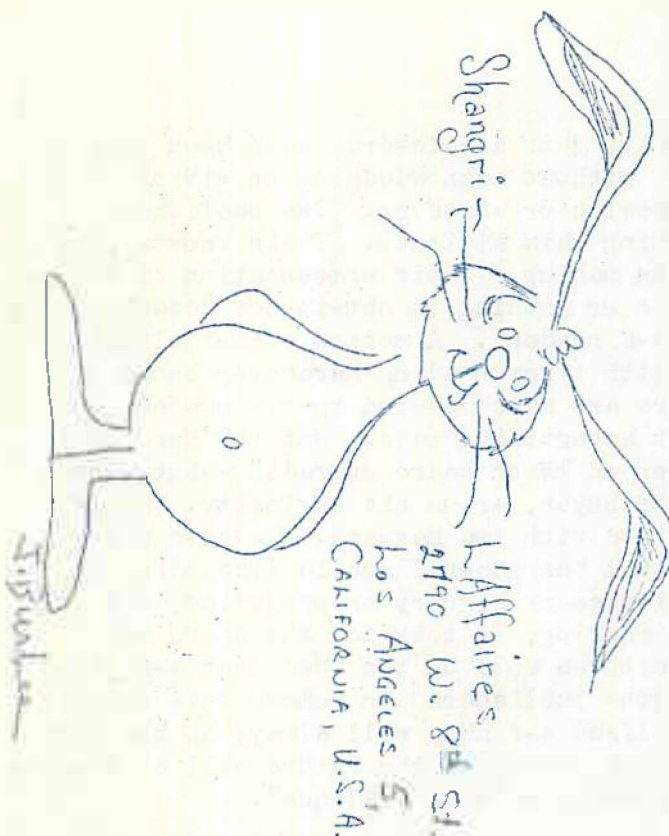
/O/O/ Wow, that sort of covers that angle of it. No room for further comment since this is the last page and there are a lot of letters here I want to acknowledge. Like We Also Heard From many people; such as Richard G. Bannister, Phil Harrell (twice!), Earl Kemp, a long hand-printed letter from Christopher A. Miller of Barrow-in-Furness, England; communiques from our British agent, Archie Mercer.

Others from across the pond include Pete Mansfield, Sture Sedolin, a fanzine review zine from Klaus Eylman which somehow got into the Shaggy-letters stack and Ken Cheslin. Would've included parts from all these but the limited space this trip demanded that the more controversial, lengthy excerpts be used.

We'd like to mention also, with a specific nod to Mike Deckinger this time, that letters received with damned near inkless typography will not even be read, let alone be printed or even accepted for the next issue of the magazine. We only have one set of eyes, all of the Shaggy staff, and letters, as well as mss., typed on a typer-ribbon whose ghost has long fled will not receive consideration.

More good people who wrote: a card from Gregg Calkins, Gregg Trendine (and the "themepiece of the Christmas supplement was indeed hand-stenciled!"); Mike Domina, Cynthia Goldstone, Chuck Devine, Jerry Bage and Ivor Darreg.

And this is where I take a little more space than I intended and bow out. I know who the next letter-editor is going to be, for one issue anyhow, but I don't know if he is going to pull my bit. To those of you who tried to guess who I am...I knew all the time, of course, and Busby of the F. M. Busbys, guessed correctly after the first column. Later Don Francon did. But to the balance of you who guessed and conjectured various and sundry, and wild, guesses..well, I am somewhat insulted by some of you. I mean, after all, Bruce Pelz indeed! Then again, you inadvertantly insulted some of the Fan Hillton-Shaggy crew, who mostly knew I'm MLG, by thinking them to be the guilty one. Well, it's been a lot of fun. Keep writing those letters. LA Once More in 64 and like that.



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SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, which also publishes the Menace of the LASFS (10¢ each, 50¢ for 6 issues); the officially recorded minutes. And the LASFS Newsletter (35¢ a year), an irregular announcement of club programs, parties and the LASFS Directory (25¢) with addresses of most of Los Angeles and area fandom; and phone numbers.

The information below might be of interest to you:

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When subbers write a letter of comment, the sub is extended accordingly. Thanx to all for the material and letters, but we must have some acknowledgment of each issue of Shaggy.

We have some material of yours on hand, so your credit is good for right now_____

If we do not hear from you by next Shaggy publishing day, you will be removed from the mailing list_____ (April 8th is the date)

Shaggy is a club-subsidized fanzine, and we must show some returns for our efforts. We'd like to trade with everyone, but even our favorite fanzines do not publish as often as Shaggy. On a one-for-one basis, we are very willing to trade, but some fans who place a very high value on their fanzines seem to think we are being unreasonable.....sorry, but in no case will we allow trades for the Xmas issue. Send your zine, for we love to get it, but send us subs or letters too; so we won't have to drop you.

We would like to trade, but....we cannot keep you on our mailing list this way_____

Why not play safe and write us a letter?_____

Shaggy trades for your zine_____

We are not trying to cut our mailing list; but it is about time we heard from you Silent Legions.