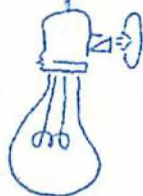




# dear Shaggy

number fifty-six



mike hinge hates peanut-butter sandwiches

May - Jun 1961

# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

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SIA, it is told, is edited by Bjo & John Trimble, 2790 W 8th St, L A 5, Calif, and published on a more or less (this time less) bi-monthly schedule by the LA Science Fantasy Society, which meets at the above address every thursday at 8 pm-ish, visitors welcome, phone # DU 9-0619. SHAGGY goes for 25¢ each, 5/\$1, but Bjo & I would prefer contributions (artwork, articles, verse, etc.), LoCs, or trades. British Commonwealth persons may send their 1/8d. ea (5 for 7/-) to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., N Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND. CoA is you movin', and make checks payable to John Trimble, please. The Bank of America won't let me sign as SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Stencils typed by Ken Hedberg, Larry McCombs, Fred Patten, Rick Sneary, Jack Harness, and uss jt. Big G cranked by Patten and Ernie Wheatley.

## the SHAGGY CHAOS - uss jt.

Ken Hedberg and George Metzger drove down from Sacramento-San Jose in Ken's new-ish red Volvo for the Shaggy-session, and were a welcome addition to the usual crew. Sunday morning, after breakfast, we were discussing the Willis Fund, the donation from the LASFS Auction, the jar we've got for change -- for Ella Parker, TAFF, and TAFF in succession.

I think it was George who said, "Since incorporation as a religion is so easy in California...and in LA...."

"We've been thinking about incorporating fandom as a religion for a long time," said Ernie.

"Yeah," I added, "send SHAGGY out of ~~the~~ postage, as 'Religious Tracts'."

"Sure," Ken said, "we could make Willis our Irish Bishop, and bring he and Madeline over for half-fare. Call it the Second Coming!"

-oOo-

On their way back from Forry's in the afternoon, some clown who was following too close rear-ended Ken's car, doing some bumper damage. George and I recalled the time in '58, at the SolaCon, when Robin Wood's '48 Buick was broad-sided as he was returning from somewhere in the city. "Looks like LA has it in for us Northern Californians," Ken said.

When they had to leave around three, we saw them off with cries of, "Cowards." "Give the LA drivers another chance." Etc.

We're sure glad you came, fellas, and sure hope you come down again soon. The Fan Hillton always has a vacancy for you.





-oOo-

Speaking of the Willis Fund, as we were overpage there; the LASFS is planning another TAVF Auction, tentatively set for 27 July. And from the anguished cries that went up when some non-LAREANS heard of some of our Auction Materials, we're going to try something different.

Below is a list of some of the items we've got that should draw some interest from outside the club, and we'll accept bids on them by mail, Deadline 21 July: I mean they've got to be in our hands by that date, not just post-marked then.

Highest mail bids will set starting bid for club auction. If no one tops this, that item will go to mail-bidder. Disposition of all items listed will be carried in SLA # 58. (This club is reputed to contain the last of the big-time spenders, to take heed!)

Most of the following courtesy of Dottie Faulkner, bless her!

HYPHEN # 1, May '52, and HYPHENS # 3-20 & scattered to date (bid for #1 separate, and as part of set) -- (in fair to excellent condition).

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, copy # 34, very good condition.

WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA, 1952, fair cond.

THE HARP STATESIDE, '57, in excellent cond.

SLANTS #4 (good cond.), #5 (fair cond), #6 (very good), & #7 (excellent), together of per each, as the majority (of \$a\$h) dictates.

"THE GARDEN OF FEAR" by Robert E Howard, a Crawford Publen, '45, containing "Man With The Hour Glass," by L A Eshbach; "Celephais", by HPLovecraft; "Mars Colonizes", by Miles A Breuer, MD; and "The Golden Bough", by Dr Keller, in addition to the title story, plus a cover by Alva Rogers. In good condition.

A VIRGIL FINLAY PORTFOLIO, cprte '51, by Walt Dunkelberger for FANews PUBS, and reprinted from FFM.

Think I'll bid on some of these myself.

-oOo-

Some of the local types have noticed the changes in the lettercol, and are divided fifty-fifty, pro and con. Now, if there's one part of the magazine where the readers get their say -- in more ways than one -- its in the lettercol. We're interested (hotly) in reactions to the format lastish as compared to the modified version in thish, and both or either as compared to the former format.

-oOo-

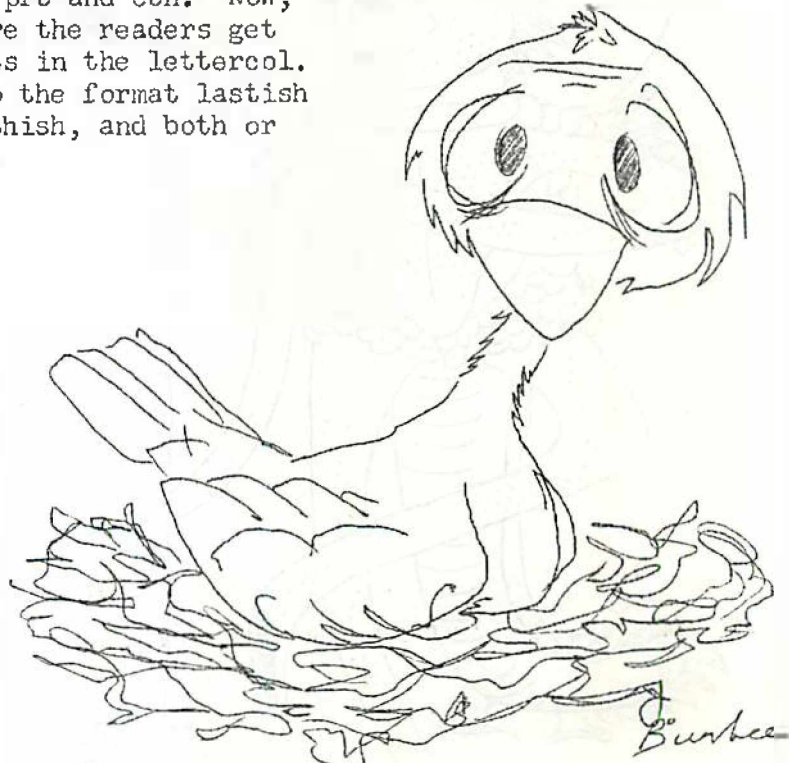
Our beloved Secretary didn't make the deadline again, so Scribe JH has excerpted from The Menace of the LASFS (50¢ this address). Gives a good picture of the varying minutes this term. Maybe one of these times we'll get a Secretary who'll Do Something besides write Witty Minutes.

Yeah, and Burbee will publish a 60-page monthly fanzine.

Happy Birthday, Ken!

+ + + ----uss jt.

LAST CHANCE! Join the BayCon;  
send \$1.50 to Bill Collins, 638 Shrader St,  
San Francisco, Cal. Con July 1-2, Oakland.



"Somebody in this nest  
has cold hands!"

# *the Legend of the Medicinal Mollusks*

by Roy Tackett

Some 450 kilometers westerly of Tokyo in Japan's Tottori Prefecture is the town of Oe-machi which is noted for the Oe Shrine. In a land where shrines of all sorts dot the countryside the one at Oe is notable because it is both ancient and unusual. The shrine dates back to the dim days of Japanese mythology and it is dedicated to two clams.

Okuninushi was the younger son of the ruler of a small district in western Japan. He was a handsome youth whose merriment and good temper endeared him to the local populace. His elder brother, Yasogi, was the opposite of Okuninushi. Yasogi was bad-tempered and cruel, a bit on the evil side, and more than a bit envious of his younger brother.

In a neighboring district dwelt the beautiful Princess Yakami-hime and both the brothers were in love with her. Both wooed her and sought her hand in marriage but Yakami-hime rejected the attentions of Yasogi and chose the younger brother for her husband.

Mad with jealousy and hatred, Yasogi swore revenge and determined to kill Okuninushi. He found a large stone and built a fire under it. When the stone was red-hot Yasogi took it to the field and hid it in some tall grass. Then he rushed to the house and told Okuninushi that a boar was loose in the field.

Fearing that the crop would be destroyed, Okuninushi sped to the field to catch the boar. He saw the rounded shape of the stone in the grass and, mistaking it for the boar, flung himself upon it. The youth was severely burned almost to the point of death.

In an effort to save her son's life, Okuninushi's mother sought out the great god, Kammu-subi-no-kami, and asked his aid. This diety took pity on the distraught woman and presented her with Umuki-hime and Kisagai-hime, two clams, with which the great god would save Okuninushi.

The mother took the clams and hurried back to the injured youth. Umuki-hime extracted a liquid from her shell. Kisagai-hime crushed her shell to a powder which was mixed with the liquid to form a paste. The two clams then applied this paste to the horrible burns on the body of the rapidly sinking boy.



(Con'td on page //)



# The Menace of

Being excerpted from the dittoed MENACE. Meeting  
1135 imperishably recorded by Fred Patten. All others  
courtesy of Jack Harness. Ted Johnstone, where were you?

# The Lasfs

Al Lewis suggested entering the LASFS in the Way of Life show (for some of us, fandom is a hobby, for others, a way of life) at the Hobby Show held annually at the Shrine Auditorium. He mentioned that the large Interplanetary Board we set up at the exhibit last year was the major attraction and this led us into G. M. Carr's suggestion that there be fannish-type games in the NFFF Room at the Season. Suggestions that we play "Hang Gem Carr From a Sour Apple Tree" were hushed down and we decided on an Interplanetary gameboard on a heavy support with the Solacon Sun symbol in the center. This was moved and passed unanimously.

Larry McCombs reminded us of the gala Kite-flying contest. (LASFS has a rumble on to see who can fly the biggest, the smallest, the fanciest, and most outré kites --the Opponents being Lloyd House at Cal Tech and Westridge, a private girl's High School that also has some fannish types.) Bjo asked who had signed up on the sign-up sheet as Ben Franklyn, and John replied that a little guy with knee-britches, square glasses, and a mouse in his coon-skin cap had wandered in and signed the sheet.

-- 1133rd Meeting 3/30/61 --

Ron Ellik gave a Godfather Committee Report: Ellie Turner had delivered Mark Jeffrey Turner, age 9 1/2 pounds, weight ten months. "Aw," grumbled someone, "she promised to wait until the Program Night."

Bill Martin reviewed "Way Out," a TV series occurring just before "Twilight Zone," and of much poorer calibre. The first plot concerned a famous philosopher whose brain was transplanted, complete with one floating eyestalk, into a glass vat, to annoy the philosopher's wife. The acting was weird and confusing (and has continued to be weird and confusing in later episodes.)

It was announced that the Arson, Rape, and Bloody Murder Boys would challenge the rest of LASFS to a game of Charades; the other side could have as many players as they wished, while the Unholy Three would Dare Them All. Forry brought a guest with several scrapbooks of movie ad clippings and some art he had done on his own for movie ads, principally from George Pal movies. Don Fryer also makes models -- model planets and spaceships, that is. The meeting was adjourned at 8:53:44; Mitch Evans played a tape of Mars Is Heaven that the LASFS offshoot, the Dramatic Reading Group, had finished recently, using some of KPFK's equipment for sound effects and transcription. In Freehafer Hall proper, the charades of night were falling fast. Score, after 12 charades on each side, ARBM vs. 6 of LASFS's finest, the ARBM took approximately 15 minutes, the other side took 25 minutes. Not bad, considering that Day Indices and other sources were combed for impossible titles. Ron Ellik had introduced us to the Berkeleyian custom of charades (he helped out the losing side as best he could.)

--1134th Meeting 4/6/61

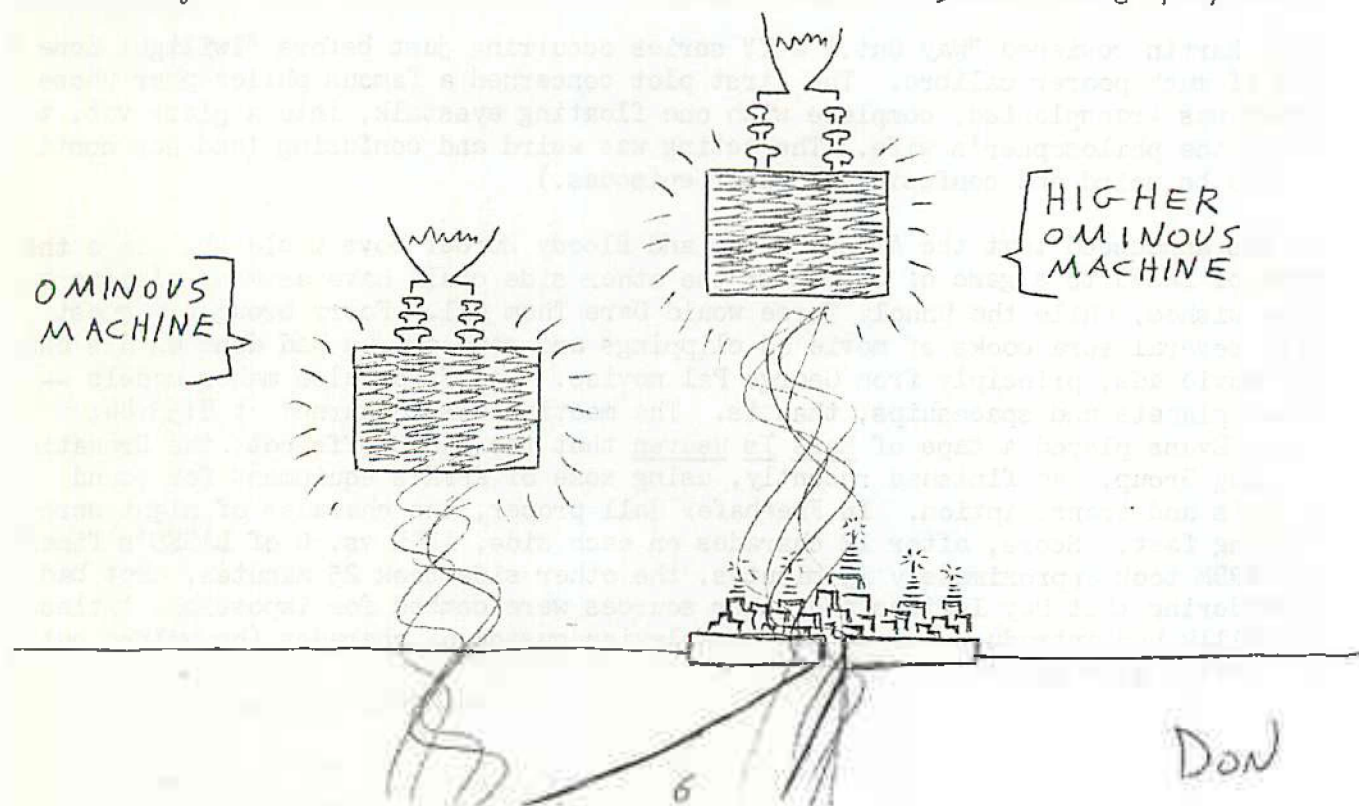
Scribe J.H. read last week's minutes to a background of "Night of the Auk" filtering in from the TV set in the next room. Someone pointed out that Johnstone was going to Zeke's Dramatic Reading Group (meeting where LASFS used to be, with several LASFS members defecting to record their own voices) as a matter of course now, and what did we want with a Secretary who did not bother to attend our meetings? Ronel moved that Ted be impeached. Bjo moved that Ted be assassinated. Trimble overrules this as unconstitutional and pointed out how we could remove him constitutionally. The club agreed that Ted was guilty of nonfeasance and the Squirrel moved that he be formally censured. This was passed, whereupon Henstell moved a censure of Ellik. Bushtail, who was against everybody tonight, seconded this himself, but the chair moved all this out of order.

--1135th Meeting 4/13/61--

Fred Patten read the minutes in endless fillibuster, seemingly reciting the paths of every electron in the room on the previous Thursday. We turned in hopes of relief to the Treasurer, Rick Sneary, but he gave a gloomy accounting indeed: Old Balance \$219.41---plus dues and raffle proceeds of \$9.60---minus rent and Shaggy expenses of \$15 each---New Balance \$199.01. With a gasp of astonishment we realized that the Treasury had plummeted far below \$200.00. At this rate, we can keep alive as a club for only another 8 years and 9 months, providing that someone can make up the needed 9%. But maybe something will turn up in the bleak years ahead.

Ellik was called on to give a Walpurgisnacht Committee Report. "I didn't even know I was on a committee," wailed Ellik. (LASFS Committees, real and imaginary, rarely run more than one person.) "That's no way to give a Committee Report," snarled the Director. "Start over." Ellik dutifully stood up briskly again and declaimed, "The Walpurgisnacht Committee wishes to report that there will be a party on Walpurgiseve April 29th, and Bjo is taking care of all the arrangements and doing all the work." He then sat down while Bjo cringed. We decided it was very short notice for costumes. Ellik said, "Okay, let's have very short costumes." We discussed this aspect and decided there'd only be enough time for hats, and so decided on a Mad Hatter Party.

--1136th Meeting 4/20/61--



"I want to have my say, yet this is not a refutation of Fritz Leiber's article in Shangri-L'Affaires #55, "Sword and Sorcery". I agree with him on the subject of excessive parody, and on the worth of the individual. I only take issue with the belief (perhaps not even held by Leiber) that Fantasy is more interesting and worthwhile than Science Fiction".....Donald Franson

## DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD

TWO POINTS OF VIEW:

FRANSON  
FARMER

This age in which we are living has been called by various clever names, such as The Machine Age, The Atomic Age (it's certainly not The Space Age, yet!), but each of these is obviously inadequate. There is only one phrase that can describe the last fifty years, and that is The Age of Change.

Change dominates all our lives, more so now than ever before. In this time, paradoxically, change is the only thing that is constant. You can depend on things being different tomorrow. As a science fiction fan of the old school, I have no sympathy with the modern tendency to escape from scientific reality to unscientific fantasy "because it's nicer".

Even among the most open-minded welcomers of the new and different, the science fiction set, there has grown up a cult of reaction, of resistance to change. Bradbury sparked it: Progress is Bad. Yesterday must always be better than today, and tomorrow -- well, let's not think about it. Hating change, fearing the future, we turn to Good Old Fantasy. Fantasy isn't real, but it's secure. No more of that crazy Buck Rogers stuff; that's too likely to happen. Atom Bombs may break my bones, but werewolves will never hurt me. Dinosaurs are Out; Dragons are In, because they are Safe.

Escape. From Science Fiction, once the favorite retreat of the escape-artist!

Where do we go, then? To Lovecraft, Poe, or other masters of the weird? No, they are too scary. Too real (much of Lovecraft is actually science fiction, says Moscovitz, and I agree). No, we're having a revival of "Sword and Sorcery" (with thanks to Fritz for that name), ranging from the ultra-literate Tolkien and Eddison to the less-literate Howard and Burroughs, centering perhaps on Leiber's own works; represented conveniently if not fairly by his Fafhrd and Grey Mouser series.

I don't intend to criticize Fafhrd & Company, but merely to use them as examples of a type. I've never read much of this type, so I must first defend myself from the two-edged accusation "if you don't like it, why do you read it?" and "if you don't read it, how can you criticize it?" I've read enough of it to make up my mind about it. One doesn't have to try all the brands of spinach in the market, if one doesn't like spinach.

It goes against my grain to see fantasy lumped science fiction, for the same reason that an astronomer is against astrology. I like fantasy somewhat, as well as detective stories, but I like science fiction more. As a member of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society, I know that most stf fans are also fantasy fans and fantasy has its place. It has been years since there has been a science fiction vs. fantasy duel in letter columns or in fanzines, and I don't intend to start one now.





Stop here for a quick definition of science, fantasy and mundane (or mainstream) fiction. Science Fiction has a fantastic element, explained; fantasy has this element, unexplained; mundane has no fantastic element. (If you don't agree with this, write Shaggy).

Some sword and sorcery stories (not Leiber's) are almost mundane; sometimes they are little more than fictional history as background to adventure. The element of fantasy is there, but it is not important to the story. It is not science fiction; not quite fantasy: these stories have no place in magazines of science fiction and fantasy. But they will continue to appear there, since the practical definition of science fiction is "anything that is printed in a science fiction magazine," and the same goes for fantasy.

Dreaming up mere fictional worlds without a fantastic element is something I have done myself, for my own amusement. I'm not going to wade through interminable volumes of somebody else's daydreams unless they have more to them than that.

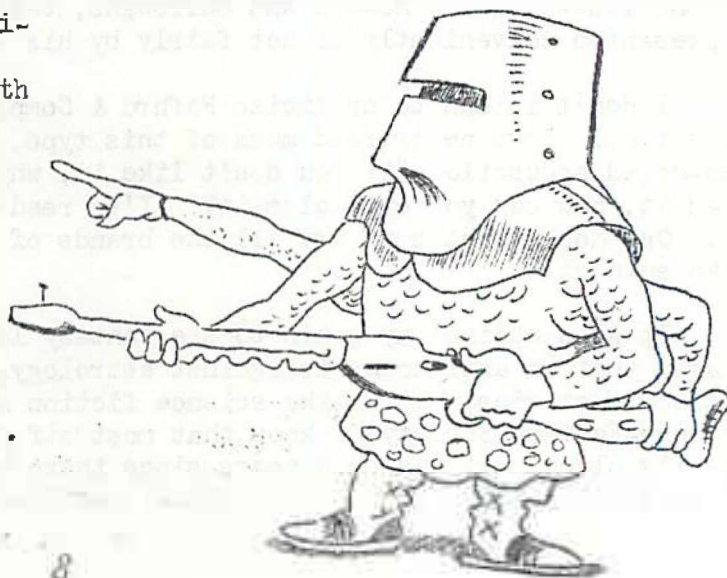
Another objection to sword and sorcery is that its heroes are physical, not mental ones. There is an occasional battle of wits, but the emphasis is on brawn. The scientist-hero is replaced by the barbarian hero. This rejection of brain as hero is escape, too; escape from thinking about thinking, because thinking "got us into this mess we're in".

This head-in-the-sand philosophy will not do. We can't fly eternally backward into the future, looking longingly at the past, like the bird in the story. We're going into the future, whether we like it or not: even the public is at long last becoming aware of this, though imperfectly and slowly. Then why should the science fiction fan, who is supposed to be more perceptive and mentally advanced, turn back to fantasy, and worse, near-mundane adventure?

If you like adventure, why not science-fictional adventure, based on the future? There's a whole new world worth creating. It'll be different, but if you don't like change, then why do you say you like adventure? The future is the real world of the imagination, where anything can happen, and we're going there right now. Every second.

---Donald Franson---

*Now for the other side of the sword....*





"I want to thank whoever is responsible for printing Fritz Leiber's SWORD AND SORCERY, and I hope you get more articles like this from him. Mr. Leiber is a thinker; it's always a pleasure to hear from a thinker. I didn't intend to get started off on this tangent, but I got all hepped up and couldn't stop. I should rewrite, reorganize this, but I don't have time; final exam is due next Wed"....Philip José Farmer

## DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD

### TWO POINTS OF VIEW: FARMER FRANSON

The parallel Leiber discovered between Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser: Thor and Loki is, I think, true. Some of us had seen it before Fritz's sudden discovery; it had always existed in his subconscious; suddenly, while he's writing, the illumination. Now, knowing this, will he consciously strive to make the Leiber heroes more nearly resemble the Teutonic? I know we don't think of Loki as a hero, but, for all we know, the ancient Teutons did. He had many traits they must have admired, except for his sneakiness. Though they seem from this long distance in time to have been forthright characters who longed for glorious death in battle, they must also have admired any means which would put one over on the enemy. And Loki did this as no one else could. Of course(?), when Leiber speaks of the similarity, it is mainly of the companionship of the two and the fact that the two take different means to effect the same end; the defeat and discomfiture of their enemies.

Leiber's analysis was in the main true; especially when he notes the disregard of most readers for this type of fantasy. And, he might have added, the disregard, indeed the contempt or scorn, of the literary critic for this genre. Which brings up another point. If an author loves this genre (with good reason, I think), if he spends so much time lovingly building up this world in every conceivable aspect, if he creates and perfects and adheres to the rationale of this world, if he creates something of value, then he must be satisfied with his own contentment and joy and that of his small audience. He will derive few financial benefits or fame; if he wants these (and who doesn't?) he must write mainstream. Yet, men like Dunsany and Cabell and Eddison and Tolkien write as they please, play the Demiurge to their fantastic universes, bid the world kiss their ass if they don't like it, and take a long chance on gaining recognition. Some make it through accident (such as Cabell's Jurgen being denounced by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice), some gain a deep but not broad recognition (Dunsany). None of these made any real money from their books, and none gained any significant critical praise. Cabell and Dunsany got a certain amount, but the total effect is deprecatory. And how many literati know them? The number who don't is amazing.

Which brings me to another point. There is a feeling, voiced both by mainstream critics and in the s-f field, that the men who confine themselves to writing s-f and fantasy, who do this because they love the two fields, are second-rate artists, if that. Time and again we hear from s-f critics and fans that the s-f field has never produced a first-rate writer. Also, the implication that it



never will. There is something second-rate about the field, so say or imply the critics, that attracts only the mediocre or incompetent. These may flourish in this field, but they will never produce anything worthwhile outside it, nor should they try to do so. (Yes, I know Bradbury might be pointed out as one who has, but he has never written a mainstream novel, never created any three-dimensional human beings, was adopted as the pet of the intellectuals when others as good (see Sturgeon as an example) were neglected.

All these remarks in the mainstream critical journals and books and in the s-f magazines and some of the fanzines have their effect. They sting. They make the authors wonder if they shouldn't get out of the field, write, or try to write, something worthwhile. Even if the implications are that they might as well not try because they haven't got what it takes. (This argument doesn't include mainstream authors who have occasionally tried their hand at s-f or fantasy: Huxley, Graves, Orwell, Werfer, etc.) Unfortunately, the mainstreamers seem to have much force and evidence on their side. Who among us has gone on to the so-called big league? Who among us could get up the nerve to try after being taken to task by our own native critics: Bester, Knight, Blish, etc.? Who among us has given any evidence that he could become a star pitcher or batter if he did quit the bush? I can think of Sturgeon. But he has confessed that he has tried it and just could not reproduce the same effects in mainstream as he did in fantasy. Why? I think because he does not love mainstream as he does fantasy; he is like the genius in oils who tries to become a sculptor. And fails because he loves to paint but hates the medium of stone. Heinlein might have the stuff. He is almost the only author in the s-f field who has the ability to wring tears from his readers (at least, he does from me) when one of his characters dies or is involved in some high-tension emotional predicament or scene. I believe he could do the same if he were to write a mainstreamer. But Heinlein doesn't care to; he loves s-f, he believes in it as a serious and worthwhile branch of realistic literature. Also, he seems to be making some money at it; there is no economic pressure to force him to move on to a more rewarding realm.

Which brings up another point. Time and again I read in the s-f magazines and in fanzines that the financial rewards are too small for any writer worth his salt to linger long in s-f. That any writer who does so because he can't get out, he's stuck like a fly on stickum because his literary wings aren't strong enough to free himself. This, it must be admitted, is true in the case of many. On the other hand, many s-f writers are not full-time writers. They have regular jobs, and they write s-f and fantasy because they like it. And some of them do a damn good, even superb, job. (But could they do the same if they tried mainstream? That is the nagging unlodgeable question.) Anyway, all the implications, and outright statements, are that if a writer

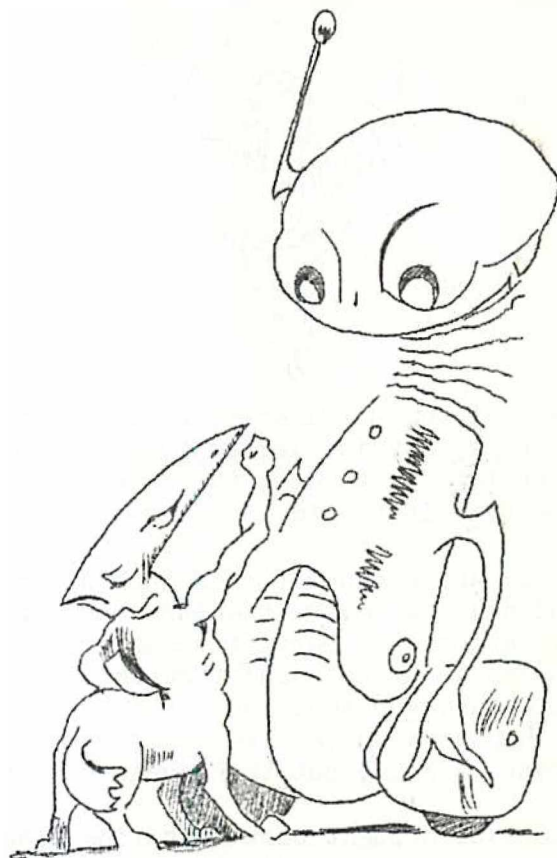
was any good he'd be going after the big money: SEP, Playboy, New Yorker, Harper's, etc. Perhaps. But what if a writer also wants to write noteworthy literature? How many memorable stories have been published in the above markets? How many classics? Damn few. And of these few, the fantasies are prominent. What about The Lottery? This is one of the few stories published in the New Yorker that I can remember; it could just as easily have been in the MoF&SF; would have, probably, if Shirley Jackson had been content with much less money and a much smaller audience. Yet, other stories, just as strong in impact, have been published in MoF&SF. But only the aficionados know of





them; stories as good as The Lottery are doomed to die because they don't reach the big audience.

Which brings up another point. Financial urgency. Perhaps, too many s-f and fantasy writers don't reach a high literary peak in their works because of money urgency. Of course, if this is true, it doesn't suffice as an excuse for bad writing. The critic must go on what is produced, the end result, not on what the writer might have done or on what circumstances prevented him from doing his best. So, we get back to those writers who did their best, took their time, told the world to buss their buttocks. These may have been men financially independent, men who didn't have to depend upon their writings to pay the butcher and the doctor (synonymous?). But they could have been money-hungry. Men who have more than enough but want even more are legion. Well-off men can turn out crap, crud, mediocrities because they want to add to their bank account.



After all is said, the sting remains. Too many have said the same thing. A first-rate writer does not continue to make s-f or fantasy the bulk of his efforts. A first-rate writer is destined to a small audience and thin paychecks if he remains as a big frog in the little puddle. If he has any guts, any belief in his own value, he will make the big leap, sink or swim, eat or be eaten, be a big bull among other big bulls or else jump back into the small pond. So...?

Bester, in various of his critiques, however, has said that any writer will not dally long in the s-f field if he has the ability to get out. This is a realistic attitude. One of the main reasons for writing is, of course, because one wants to get a living from it. And if one can get much more money writing in mainstream, one automatically does. One would be silly if one did not. Therefore, one who stays in the s-f field does so because he doesn't have the ability to leave. Is this true? I leave that up to you.

-- Phillip Jose Farmer --

-oOo-

(cntd from page 4)

So wonderfully effective was the healing power of these two bi-valve physicians that the burns healed immediately and Okuninushi sprang to his feet completely well. He later became the ruler of the Izumo district and later was revered as Daikoku-sama, the god of the harvest.

In gratitude for the saving of his life and in reward for their service to him, Okuninushi erected a shrine and dedicated it to the two clams. They are still regarded as guardians by the local people and their shrine is well tended even in these modern days.

----Roy Tackett.



# SQUIRREL CAGE

by ~~XXXXX~~ Ron Ellick

The other night Rick Sneary got all but knighted at a LASFS meeting, and he hasn't recovered since. It isn't very often that the Order of Saint Fanthony of Cheltenham

reaches out beyond Hibernia's borders to add to its ranks, and it isn't very often that our Society is visited by such honors, there being few semblances of courtly behavior left in fandom; the combination was near to being awesome, and it would have been perfect if they'd let me wear trousers.

Paul and Eleanor Turner took a turn around Europe last year, seeing fans in England and France, Switzerland and Germany, and attending the first Austria convention in August; on part of their trip they visited Bob Richardson in Cheltenham, and were asked to bring a short sword to Rick Sneary as a gift from him. Rick is a sort of knife-fan, you see, and has a collection of swords and other cutlery, and dotes over a handsome knife like John Berry over a Monroe calendar. It's somewhat of a different passion, but the levels of intensity are undoubtedly comparable.

So Paul brought back this fine blade of black steel, some two feet plus in length and cast about for a fitting opportunity for presentation. This wasn't just a dirk or a toad-sticker to be handed over casually, you see -- this was a noble, proud edge that deserved a bit of ceremony; so Paul ended by writing back to England to request permission to simulate the ceremonies of St. Fanthony which have enriched British fan gatherings in recent years, towards the goal of creating Rick a knight of that order.

Unfortunately, the Order could not allow an outsider to bestow an honor in its ranks, but Richardson, Armorer of the Order, was pleased to allow Dottie Faulkner, a Lady of St. Fanthony, to elevate Sneary to the position of Esquire, with the duties of Armourer's Mate, in consideration of his fancy for chivalrous arms of many sorts. And thus it was planned, and originally designed to illuminate the 1961 Fanquet, held at The Original Barbecue. Many things happen at the Fanquet traditionally, for it is LA fandom's annual event to honor one of its members who has broken the professional sf field, and a night for old-timers and new-comers to gather socially; but the ceremony couldn't have come off, for Rick was unable to attend the Fanquet through sickness. It was tentatively scheduled for a future LASFS meeting, but was delayed only a short time, because secrets are hard to keep and this one was burning to be told.

Dotty Faulkner was invited to attend without telling Rick, and Al Lewis drove to Westminster the night of April 27th to pick her up. When I arrived at seven, Bjo had already decked Dotty out in the Arwen Evenstar costume which Bjo herself wore as judge of the SolaCon Masquerade Ball, with the addition of a peaked hat and wimple, giving her all the appearance of a Lady of the Order of Saint Fanthony, with as much dignity in her dress as in her bearing. Bjo and Ellie Turner were dressed as pages in leotights and short jackets in pleasantly mixed dark colors. Then Don Simpson, Paul Turner and I were handed a set of leotights each and told to go in the other room and dress.



"Dress?" I bellowed in my best secret-keeping voice. "In these -- these stockings?"

"Don't worry," said Bjo, pushing me out the door, "you can wear your shorts under them."

"But..." I sputtered. "But I'm wearing boxer shorts...with polka-dots!"

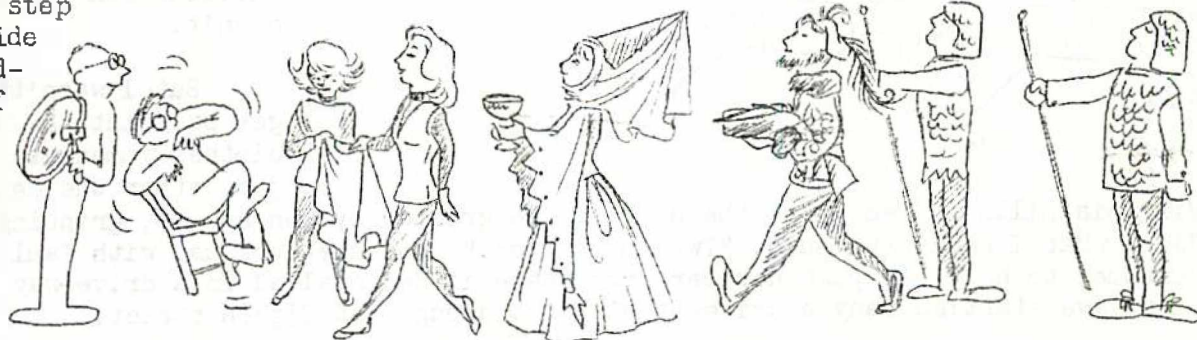
"Your armor will cover them," said Don Simpson as the girls closed the door in my face, and the three of us went into his room to wrestle ourselves into leotights.

It must be said that, using only materials available to a modern costumer, Bjo did an excellent job of making Don and me look like men-at-arms, and making Paul look like an Earl or something. Paul wore a heavy short jacket of velvet and a great floppy beret with a tremendous feather; with his thick black beard still short, he looked almost regal. Don and I wore white dress shirts beneath leathern jerkins, topped off with chain mail blouses which are destined to see a lot of use in Unicorn Productions' efforts -- they weigh thirty pounds each, and are made of many steel circles, which were originally pot-scrubbers, dozens of them. They were knit into shirts by Don and Steve Tolliver, who patiently re-linked the circles at the edge of each scrubber and thus fit them to me and Steve; with the natural give of them, there is a good latitude of fit, and either of them will fit anyone near our builds. The addition of little caps made of lame, and long knives stuck through our belts, plus a pair of curtain-rods for pikes, finished the effect.

Downstairs, the weekly LASFS meeting was in progress, with Al Lewis acting as our communication. John Trimble was directing, with a galvanized iron trash can lid next to him at the officers' table, and Al was to give him the signal when we were ready. Rick had been delayed by Len Moffatt and arrived suitable late, suspecting nothing; and he later said that this is such a whacky club that even when John mistook something for the signal and pounded on the "gong" at the wrong time once, he noticed nothing unusual. The first time the gong sounded, the side door opened and Rich Stephens walked in; there was a hesitant scattering of applause, and Rich looked around timidly, bowed once, and sat down while John tried to look non-plussed, and continued the meeting.

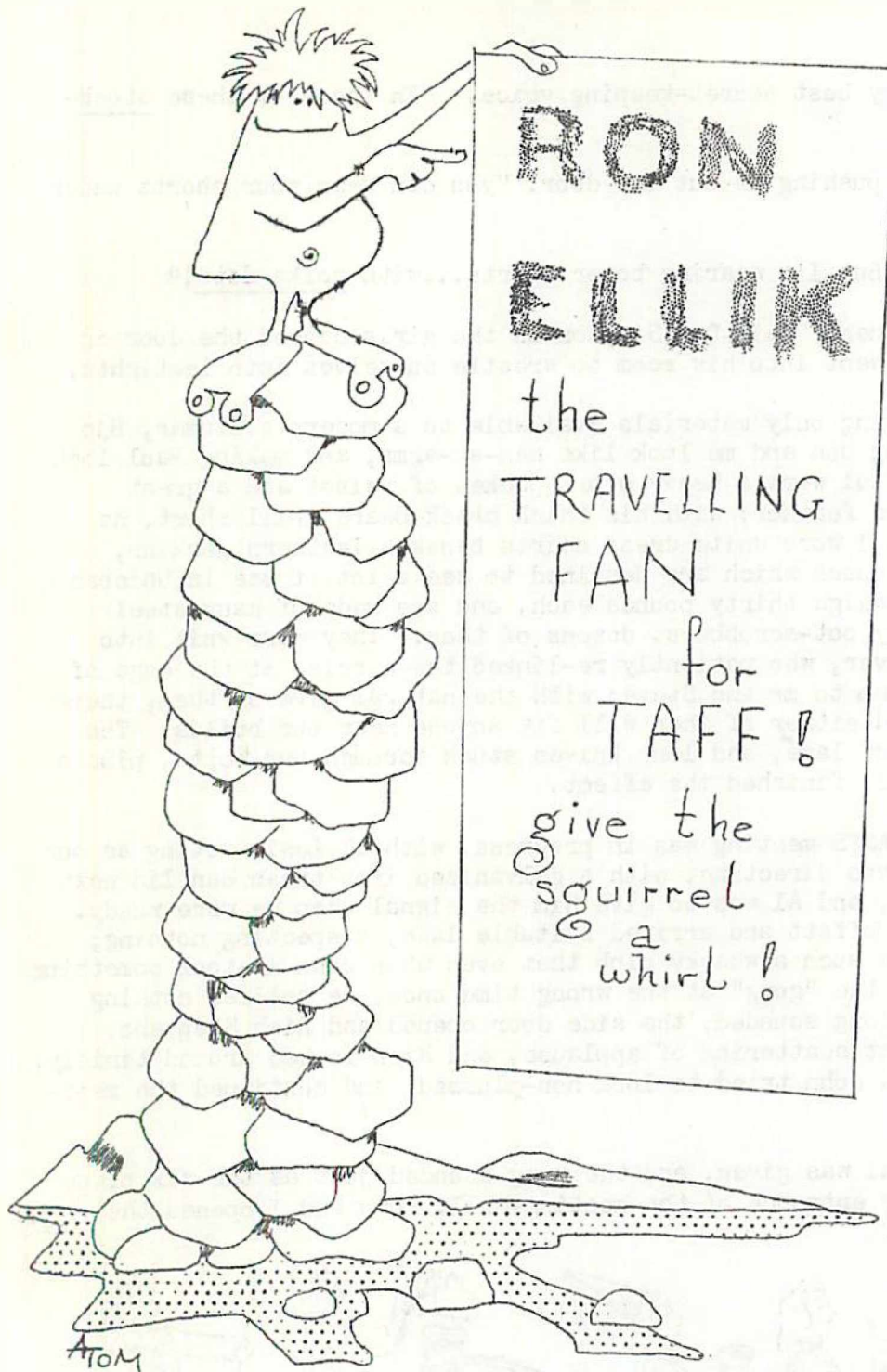
Finally the correct signal was given, and the gong sounded just as the six of us had assembled outside the rear entrance of the meeting-hall. Don and I opened the sliding doors, and stepped in, taking a step

to one side and standing stiff as I ordered loudly,



"Make way for the messengers of St. Fanthony of Cheltenham!"

Then Bjo and Ellie entered, carrying a spangled blue cape up to the officers' table; they stepped around behind a very confused Rick Sneary and garbed him in it while Dotty and Paul came up carrying a cup of the Water of St. Fanthony and the sword. Paul carried the sword on a cushion.



As they passed by us, Don and I hit parade rest like two marine sentries, our pikes out to guard the still-open doors; nobody was noticing us, but we lived it to the hilt.

Dotty announced Rick's squirarchy and presented him the Water to drink to prove his fastness to the Order, and Paul created him Armourer's Mate to Richardson, delivering the sword and scabbard which Rick brandished almost lovingly after quaffing the Water without hesitation.

Through all this the assembly had remained seated and quiet, although I'm sure many couldn't figure out what was happening. Rick himself was in a daze through it all, and showed us clearly the fruits of our labors -- he was completely surprized, and thoroughly pleased. Many pictures were taken of our costumes and the ceremonies, and we had to stand in front of the club for them, with no trousers on. Some of us looked pretty good with no trousers on...but Don and Paul and I didn't.

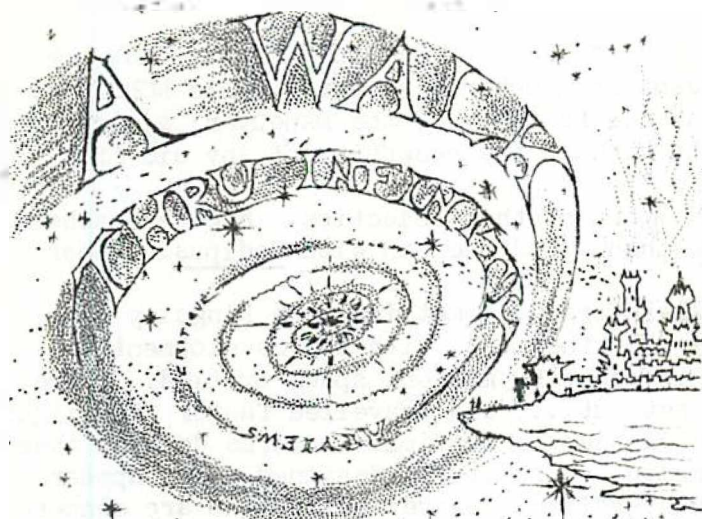
But I wasn't fated to get back into my barbarian clothes immediately, for just after the ceremony

Virginia Mills showed up at the door, to be greeted by Don and me, grinning evilly. "Just what I need," she said, "Two husky lads." And she took us, with Paul, still in costume, to help her push her car from where it had stalled in a drive-way. We must have startled many a driver that night along West Eighth street.

I haven't seen Rick as happy since the SolaCon banquet as he was that night, carrying the steelthorn around proudly, awed. He brandished the knife under Paul's nose and swore that justice would be done for keeping it from him since December when the Turners returned to this country. A little ale calmed him, and he went back to admiring the blade. It's not often that St. Panthony honors other shores with his ceremonies, and the LASFS was certainly impressed. And it would have been perfect, if they'd let me wear my trousers.

---ron ellik.





Reviews-critique by Sidney Coleman, John Foyster and Len Moffatt - - - -

The continual changes in the SIA readership make it necessary, from time to time, to re-define...or re-explain what "Walk" is all about -- what we're trying to do in this column.

We're after the off-beat, those items that the average fan wouldn't normally find.

And, taking note of the concern about Modern Sf, we're equally interested in critique of contemporary sf in hard-covers, pb, or single stories in the magazines.... SHAGGY's schedule doesn't permit reviews of the current prozines -- no matter how few -- but almost anything else is fair game.

----uss jt.

-oOo-

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE FICTION, edited by G D Doherty, B A, John Murray, London, 1959.

This is a genuine prodigy: an anthology of science fiction stories intended for use as a secondary-school text. The standard textbook pattern is followed: There is a discursive introduction, explaining the history of the field and discussing its principal themes; a selection of stories illustrating the themes discussed; a glossary of unfamiliar terms; some suggestions for further reading; and a set of problems and exercises ("11. Pick out any twelve expressions which you would use to show that Ray Bradbury is a very sensuous writer." "33. Suggest some reasons why Wagner, Church and George all think the Tibetan Lamas are mad.") -- all just as if it were a book about haiku or the Elizabethan Drama. I could not be more surprised if I were confronted with a secondary-school text on smutty stories. ("23. Explain in your own words why the travelling salesman was astonished by the farmer's offer.")

The stories, and the themes with which they are associated, are these:

SPACE: "Pictures Don't Lie", by Katherine McLean; "The Cold Equations", by Tom Godwin.

TIME AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION: "A Sound of Thunder", by Ray Bradbury; "He Walked Around Horses", by H Beam Piper.

INVASION: "Zero Hour", by Ray Bradbury.

OTHER WORLDS: "The Crystal Egg", by H G Wells; "Dormant", A E Van Vogt.

REALISM: "The Sea Raiders", by H G Wells.

WARFARE: "Dumb Show", by Brian Aldiss.

CATASTROPHE: "The Nine Billion Names of God", by Arthur C Clarke.

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW: "Panel Game", by Brian W Aldiss.

HUMOR: "The Man in Asbestos: an Allegory of the Future", by Stephen Leacock.

Nothing in this list is embarrassing, but it is clearly neither the best nor the most representative that could be composed, especially when you remember that the no-previous-anthology-appearance taboo does not apply here. The omission of Asimov, Heinlein and Sturgeon might be justified, but not by the need to make room for two weak and derivative Brian Aldiss stories. Most of this failure is probably due to ignorance &/or laziness, but some of it may be laid to special causes. The emphasis on Aldiss may well be British chauvinism; Leacock is a well-known, albeit unexplainable, academic affection; and although "Dormant" is neither the best possible van - Vogt story nor the best possible OTHER WORLDS (type) story -- not even the best possible van Vogt OTHER WORLDS story, not while "Far Centaurus" and "The Monster"

exist -- it is a Bomb story, and Bomb Consciousness is Very Big in England, just now.

(One very common theme is amusingly absent from Doherty's list. It is MONSTERS. The reason for the omission is as obvious as the futility of the maneuver; adolescents know all there is to know about the subject, without the necessity of any aid from literature.)

But in a text, commentary is even more important than selection. A good teacher can tell you more with The Beaux' Strategem than a bad one can with Oedipus. Doherty's commentary is atrocious.

The introduction is well-meaning but ill-informed, something like Kingsley Amis but more so, and stupid, as Amis never is. ("Furthermore, with the development of modern physics, we are no longer sure what is meant by matter, space or time. There are good grounds for believing that if you set out ... and travelled faster than light, you would return before you started!") The glossary of unfamiliar terms defines them incorrectly. ("Android: a robot, or automaton, so skilfully designed as to appear quite human at first sight." "Esp-men, psycho-police: secret agents who are concerned with ideas and opinions as well as with actions -- like the 'thought police' in Orwell's 1984.") And the list of recommended reading -- what could be wrong with a bibliography? -- recommends short stories without telling you where you can find them. ("Most of them appear in the anthologies of which a separate list is given." Some do not.)

I owe my possession of Aspects of Science Fiction to the kindness of Earl Kemp. When he sent it to me he wrote that it was "the first step towards sf becoming Literature." This surprising attitude is a common one in certain parts of fandom; Ed Wood's 1953 remark that sf would arrive when the Reader's Guide stopped listing science fiction articles under "Pseudoscientific Literature" was in the same spirit.

No.

Ventures like Aspects of Science Fiction, even if carried out successfully, have nothing to do with making sf Literature. They have to do with something quite different, making sf respectable, an aim that has nothing to do with either literary merit (vide Rimbaud) or financial success (vide Spillane), and for which I can feel only the most qualified enthusiasm.

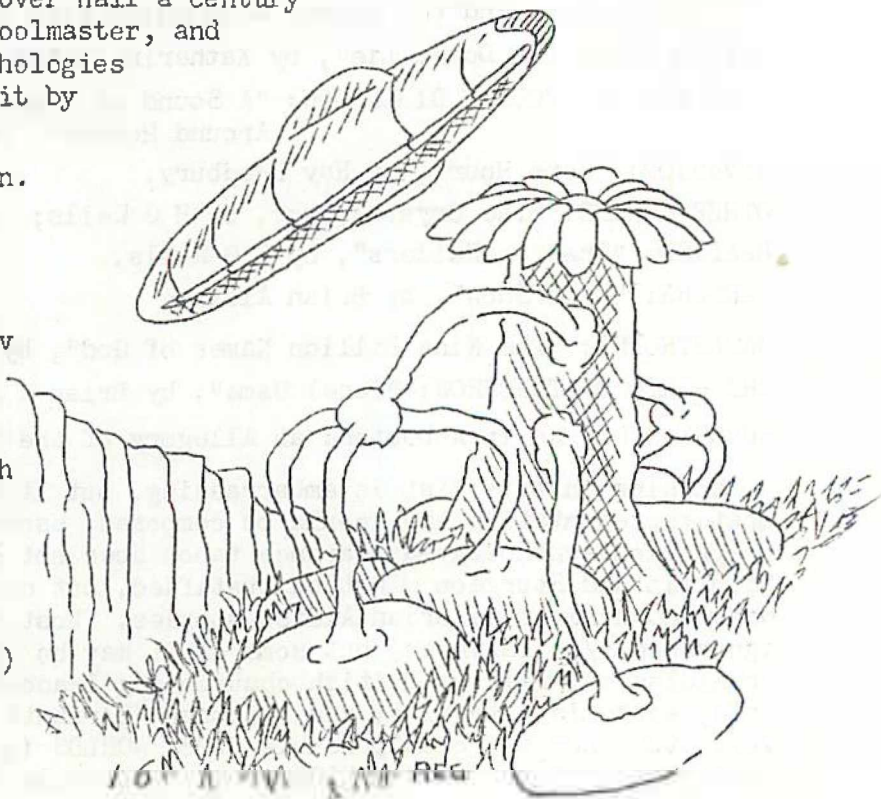
No one needs to make science fiction Literature, least of all Mr. Doherty. Science fiction was made Literature over half a century ago, by quite another English schoolmaster, and he did not do it by compiling anthologies or badgering librarians. He did it by writing a story.

----Sid Coleman.

-oOo-

#### OBRUCHEV -- TWO RUSSIAN FANTASIES

Vladimir Afanasyevich Obruchev (1863-1956) was an outstanding geologist, geographer and traveller. V A Obruchev was also the author of 3 or 4 sf novels, which were published between 1924 and 1950 (or 51). The first two Plutonia (1924) and Sannikov Land (1926) are much more readily available than the others, Gold Prospectors in a Desert ('28-sf?) and In the Wilds (Heart) of Asia ('50 or '51). This being





the case, I intend to look at only the first two. In fact, the undeniable similarity between the two I have and the others' titles suggests that any comments I make may be equally applied to Obruchev's other novels.

A word about editions -- Don Tuck lists only Plutonia as an edition from Wishart in 1957 and a price of 15/- stlmg. Both titles are available from Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, at about 10/- Austrln. each. Both are well illustrated; Plutonia with many pen and ink drawings, and Sannikov Land by a process for which a name does not spring to mind. Both are well bound, etc., yet are still very cheap -- see the results of slave labor?

Obruchev says he was influenced by James Fenimore Cooper, Mayne Reid and Jules Verne. I can't speak for the first two but the third shows. In both these a small group of explorers (6 and 5 respectively) venture into a strange land (in the Arctic zone) which has for some reason been cut off from the rest of the world for different periods. Now go back and look at the titles of the two I haven't read.

Both novels having been written B.G. we cannot expect any great freshness of ideas. Both translations being recent however, the dialogue and language in general is quite up-to-date -- in Sannikov Land blushfully so for a book published in the Soviet Literature for Young People series. The characterization in Obruchev's works appears to be non-existent. Obruchev has merely hung names on his characters in order to assure us that these expeditions are not solo events. Although in Sannikov Land two members of the expedition are hunters and the other three are angry-young-men-type scientists, by the time they have reached Sannikov Land no method of distinguishing them remains -- except when this is required by the plot. I wouldn't be surprised if Obruchev had felt after about 20 pages of Sannikov Land that he might just manage with 4 heroes instead of 5:-- poor Kostyakov didn't get a mention for 40 pages while the other members were hyperactive and I was quite worried -- but he came back eventually, only to be killed off as the travellers left Sannikov Land. Plutonia Obruchev seems to forget who was which (or vice versa) as on page 19 we have zoologist Papochkin setting sail, but by page 178 poor old Papochkin seems to have forgotten most of his stuff as when the group meet a stegosaur Papochkin manages to deduce the habits and reasons for appearance of Old Steg but he just can't put his finger on that name. Tough. But perhaps I misjudge Obruchev -- perhaps he is trying to show the poor quality of a Czarist education.

Propaganda is present in both works -- the angry-young-man-type scientists in Sannikov Land had been exiled and there are a couple of swipes at capitalism in both books. But on the other hand, in Plutonia, the lads joke quite happily about the USA's acquisition of Alaska (is this perhaps even subtler?). The main propaganda lies in the negative-type characterization and the success of collectivism whenever such occurs -- and none of the heroes of the Soviet (except poor Kostyakov, who might have turned out to be a bourgeois reactionary if he had ever gotten round to saying more than a couple of words at a time) die on their adventures -- in Plutonia into the center of the earth (Simms' Hole -- Symmes' ? -- Mr.?) and in Sannikov Land into Sannikov Land ... Ignorant readers will note that Sannikov Land is Up There to the North of Siberia and is Hidden By The Pack-Ice. The science in these last two is not particularly strong. When the explorers travel down Symmes' Hole, (sic) the further they go the older the geological age in which they are travelling becomes -- From Recent to Jurassic in 1,000 miles or less.

Plutonia, then, is pretty close to a 1930s Amazing serial. Sannikov Land might be considered present-day anthropological stf -- it deals with the relationships between savages, Neanderthals (or thereabouts) and civilised (?) contemporaries in a manner similar to that of our current practioners.

These are worth reading if you can get them though -- takes you back to the days when men were cardboard and women were pulped.



A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE, by Peter S Beagle, The Viking Press, New York, 1960, \$3.95  
Copyright by the author.

The title of this fine fantasy is taken from Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress", the lines in question being:

"The grave's a fine and private place  
But none, I think, do there embrace."

However, it becomes apparent that the title refers not to an individual grave, but rather to the entire Yorkchester, New York cemetery where our hero, Mr. Rebeck, has lived for nearly twenty years. In fannish terms one might say that he gaffiated from the outside world, from the human race, as he lives a hermit-like existence strictly within the cemetery's walls.

He does turn out to be a hero too--not just a protagonist--for the decision he must make at the story's end is one of heroic proportions to him. Psychological, rather than physical, heroism perhaps, but herosim none the less.

As for the second line of the quotation, one must agree with the dust jacket blurb that Mr. Beagle is not entirely in agreement with Mr. Marvell. Embracing of a sort does take place in the ghostly atmosphere of the cemetery, but again it is a matter of definition.

Mr. Rebeck is a pharmacist who went bankrupt because--out of the kindness of his heart, and with the best intentions--he tried to practice sympathetic magic. He made up harmless little potions and powders for persons who demanded cure-alls for their various and psychological ills.

Failing as a modern day witch doctor, he lost his customers, and--consequently--his store. He knew that he had broken the law, and felt twice as criminal as the average faker. He worked as a clerk in another store for awhile, but one day he noticed that a large, shiny new drugstore now stood on the spot where his old fashioned pharmacy had been, and observed that the new store was doing exactly the same things he had done--only with Advertising. They too promised to Make You Beautiful, Make You Smell Good, Cure Kidney Stones & Hemorrhoids, Smooth Your Skin, Pluck Away Forty Pounds, Remove Warts, Etc. Come unto us, all ye that are ugly and ill-tempered, and alone...

"It's wrong to promise magic to people," says Mr. Rebeck. "It was wrong when I did it, and wrong for this clean new drugstore. I walked a long way that night, thinking many philosophic thoughts which, fortunately, I don't remember."

Then he went on a marathon drunk, wandered into the cemetery, and, upon awakening, decided to stay there.

A raven--not Poe's raven, but a modern, profane, misanthropic raven--was there, waiting for him. He promised to fetch Mr. Rebeck food and supplies. Why? Because, quoth the raven, we both have delusions of kindness.

This raven, who has no other name in the book, is--to quote again from the dust jacket--"a very great comic character." The author is a master of dialogue and monologue, making this novel a wonderful conversation piece in more ways than one.

The black bird is a chronic griper, always ungracious, and yet forever faithful in his promise to bring both food and news from the outside world. Sometimes the fetching and carrying is quite a physical strain for the bird, as for instance on the morning he brings a whole baloney for Mr. Rebeck's breakfast. Rebeck is properly



grateful, and of course concerned about the effect of this feat on the raven. "Did you have trouble bringing it?" he asks. "Damn near ruptured myself," grunts the bird.

A few paragraphs later Mr. Rebeck is expressing his love of summer. "It's the only season you can taste when you breathe," he says. The raven's reply to this poetic remark is typical: "Jesus, not so early in the morning."

In a further explanation of why he bothers to look after Mr. Rebeck he expresses his philosophy of life, which seems to be a kind of hard-shelled naturalism. There are those who give, and those who take; those who create, and those who destroy--and those who don't do anything and drive the other two kinds crazy. It's born in you, whether you give or take, and that's the way you are.

Ravens bring things to people because it is their nature. They, the ravens, don't like it--they'd rather be eagles or swans--but they are ravens, and they just don't feel right without somebody to bring things to. He admits that ravens are pretty neurotic birds, being closer to people than any other bird, bound to them all their lives. "But we don't have to like them," concludes the raven. "You think we brought Elijah food because we liked him? He was an old man with a dirty beard."

Mr. Rebeck, though, is not an old man with a dirty beard. He is middle-aged, and manages to keep fairly clean and neat, thanks to the lavatory near the mausoleum he is using for a dwelling place. And the raven is not his only source of companionship.

Rebeck is able to converse with the ghosts who are earthbound in the cemetery. For most of the book he is apparently the only living human being who is able to do this. Why? Because, he explains, "I'm different." Occasionally he pauses to wonder if perhaps he too is a ghost, but obviously he is not, or he would have no need for food, drink, sleep, and the conveniences of the lavatory.

After nearly twenty years of communicating with ghosts he has learned a good deal about them, and can tell new ghosts what to expect. Their expectations provide much of the novel's pathos and suspense, because the following rules are those which apply to ghosts:

(1) After each burial the ghost of the dead person pops out of the ground, and presently adjusts himself to the fact that he's dead. He is invisible to all, save Mr. Rebeck and the raven, and can literally walk through solid objects, after the tradition of ghosts of legend and literature.

(2) The ghost is the remembered personality of the dead person--his own memories that is, not created from the memories of others. But a slow but sure form of amnesia attacks the ghost. As time goes by, his memory fades, and he--as a ghostly shape of his former self--fades too. Where he goes from there is left to the



imagination, and is perhaps dependent on his own personal religion or lack of same. Mr. Rebeck believes that when a ghost has lost all memory he simply no longer exists. As the author puts it, each ghost is only a figment of his or her own imagination.

(3) The earthbound ghost cannot leave the bounds of the cemetery. The only possible way for him to go elsewhere is to have his corpse moved from its resting place to the place he wishes to go.

This latter rule presents one of the major problems of the story, for it does become the frantic desire of one of the ghosts to have her body, coffin and all, removed to another cemetery.

The two major ghostly characters are Michael, who comes to death believing that he was poisoned by his wife, and Laura, who finds joy in death--especially after meeting Michael--because her life had been dull and marriageless.

The love story that develops with these two not-so-blithe spirits is at once beautiful and frustrating, for them as well as for the readers. It is left to Mr. Rebeck to help them out, though he knows--and frankly tells them--that in time, no matter how hard they try, both of them will fade into complete non-existence. But these two are so stubborn in their refusal to forget their identities that the reader is kept in suspense as to the outcome. With characters such as Rebeck, the raven, and Campos to aid them it does seem that they just might manage to survive for a longer period of time than the average ghost...

Campos, a phlegmatic, almost surly man is the man of all work at the cemetery. His job as night watchman, as well as his other duties, bring him into contact with Mr. Rebeck. Campos is a lover of classical music--a portable radio is always with him--and, when nipping his bottle of rum, a singer of songs. He is the only other human being in the book capable of communicating with the ghosts, and with the raven.

There is one other major character--a very human human being--who invades the fine and private place, and helps Mr. Rebeck to realize that *gafia* is not necessarily THE way of life. She is Mrs. Klapper, a Bronx widow, who comes to the cemetery to visit her husband's grave. She and Rebeck meet by accident, and the relationship that develops between them is a perfect blend of humor and tenderness, equally as important and as impressive as the relationship between the two ghosts. For Rebeck she becomes a goad and a guide, a happy pleasant breath of fresh air in his generally musty existence, and a strong wind that blows much good.

Rebeck, in turn, is good for her, saving her in his own frank, honest, and curious way from becoming a martyr to widowhood.

Some readers may assume that all of the fantastic things in this novel are but figments of Mr. Rebeck's imagination--that the ghosts, and the talking bird, do not really exist. But I think they would be wrong for in various scenes we find the ghosts conversing with each other, and with the raven, while Mr. Rebeck is in another part of the cemetery, and in one scene, at least, we have the raven in a discussion with a self-righteous squirrel. Yes, fans, a hitchhiking squirrel, but surely not our own true squirrel--not unless the NFFF has re-organized him! There is no question as to how to categorize this book. It is pure fantasy of the best kind, and a great first novel.

One of the dustjacket blurbs states that the author is "wise beyond his years," and this remark I would consider insulting if I were Mr. Beagle. He is young, yes, but a knowledge of people, and the wisdom gained in acquiring such knowledge, is something that can be learned by the intelligent and the perceptive, regardless of age. Experience is a great teacher, true, but some persons can live to be a hundred and learn very little, while others learn more swiftly. I would say that Mr. Beagle is simply among the swift.

-- Len Moffatt --



# FALLEN ANGELENOS *By Bjo*

"How did you happen to get involved with a play at CalTech?" people keep asking. That is a good question; too bad I don't have a good answer. Actually, the whole story is simplicity in itself, and if you have a moment - a mere second, really - I will tell you all about it.

Steve Tolliver, one-time editor of Mimsy, Gyre, and now one of the trio who publish Gaul (a sterling fanzine), attended CalTech last year. He invited me to dinner at Lloyd House to offer suggestions for the forthcoming Interhouse Dance decorations. The theme for Lloyd was to be Alice in Wonderland. I couldn't resist also offering my services in painting the decorations, as Steve was well aware.

Then I met Larry McCombs, Lyn Hardy, Sparkie Luskin, Br'er Bear, and other denizens of Lloyd House, including Dave "Don't Call Me 'Mouse'; I'M A TIGER" Windsor. Somehow, we started attending Lloyd parties, folksings, and having the boys come to the Fan Hillton for dinner. And we had dinner so often at Lloyd, most of the students thought I was the House Mother, or something.

Somewhere along the line, I was asked to do a weekly cartoon strip for the campus paper, and produced Cal Tech; the story of a little man on campus who is trying to fit into this world. (These comic strips will be reproduced from time to time in the Trimble FAPazine, Melange. Limited issues, but free for letters of comment.)

Now, in my visits to the campus, and Lloyd House in particular, I was also selling personalized cups and beer mugs.

And Larry McCombs would come to the Fan Hillton to pick me up for the trip to Pasadena every Monday nite, when I presented the comic strip to the newspaper editors. One nite, he brought along a copy of Tennessee Williams' Camino Real, and started reading it to me. It was to be their spring play. When he reached the part in costume direction where Esmerelda appears in a diaphanous skirt and green snakes encircling her breasts, I thought, "Ha, I wonder how long it will take these scientific types to look for a costume designer."

It took three days. And I became the costume director of Camino Real. I looked the play over, but not carefully enuf; I was given a top estimate of \$50.00 to spend, and then counted characters and costume changes. There are over 50 people in that play; with a dozen of them having some major costume change, and CalTech had only 27 guys and gals to play the parts. It looked like a busy time for Bjo.

I brought Blake Maxam to one of the early rehearsals, to see if he could help the make-up director. By the end of the afternoon, he came to me with a glazed look in his big brown eyes. "I am the make-up director," he said. "What?" I screamed in a ladylike way. No one at Tech cared whether Blake was only 16 or not, just as long as he was a good make-up man. And since I knew he could do the job, I wasn't worried about it. Just how Blake felt about it, I never found out.

Most of the cast was quite helpful in supplying their own outfits, and even in changing them when I wanted a certain effect. Luckily many of the basic costumes were peasant-type with a strong Latin American flavor, and in many cases, bare feet and ragged clothes were all that was needed. But in some cases it was very difficult to find certain items: like a yellow suit with a size 42 jacket; a gold-headed walking stick; parasols; and a motorcycle belt - or any big belt at least 4 inches wide.

I began a search of the local Goodwill, Salvation Army, and thrift shops. Every little antique and junkie shop in the city that I could find, I rummaged through. In one shop, I found a lovely cape with black velvet on the outside, and rose velvet lining, which was fine for Casanova. In another shop I found a small umbrella which we tore apart and covered with silk to match Olympe's dress. The yellow suit for the Baron de Charlus was finally located at Goodwill - lemon yellow jacket and trousers about two shades darker. The belt was finally sewn to order by a local shoe-shop.

In my search for parasols - which seem to be a non-existent object today - I found one huge old umbrella with a fancy gold-plated and mother-of-pearl handle. The price was too high for the amount of work it would require to put the umbrella in working order, and besides, it was too big for a parasol. I was almost home before the vision of that lovely handle rose before me; remove it from the umbrella, put it on a dowel stick, and THERE was Casanova's walking stick!

The Gypsy's dress was found in a real junk shop; a bedraggled chiffon thing of orange and green print with depressing creme flounces. Nursie's outfit was right out of Dior; fashioned from a burlap-like drapery material. And, of course, Esmerelda's green snakes were produced.

Esmerelda had an impressive listing of plays she'd appeared in, but her attitude toward the people with smaller parts and the back-stage crew was more the soap-opera thing you've seen in movies about the small-town girl trying to make good on Broadway. She was snotty to everyone, imagining herself to be the STAR of the play; which is somewhat impossible in a symbolic play of some 50 characters. One of my own little problems with Esmerelda was that she wouldn't wear the veil which the script called for. The first was too limp and she kept eating it when she talked; the second was too stiff; and the third was just too....and about here I told her to hop to and wear the fool thing because I had more important things to do than dress her to her exact liking. For the first veil, I tried to show her how to breathe right, and blow the soft material out so it wouldn't get in her mouth, but her attitude to this was that a mere costume designer could hardly know how difficult it was for a real actress to keep track of these annoying little details. So, there we were.....

Costume-wise, the real jewel was Camille. She patiently waited, was fitted, and wore the pink nylon dress I made for her. Since it got torn off every nite, I tried to make it so it wouldn't do any damage to back and shoulders, and forgot that the ruffles around the arm would leave a bruise. They did. She was supposed to look like a faded camellia; and I think the effect was pretty good. It was the Fan Hilltonites' opinion that Camille was the prettiest girl in the play.

The most spectacular girl was surely Bradna, who borrowed a black Jaguar to take me shopping one day. She is one of those flashy blondes with finely sculptured face, slanty eyes, and a pin-up figure. In the play she wears a red dress and dances; she also wears a ratty old grey dress and becomes an old woman crying over her dead dog. It was fun to zip around town in a speedy little car with an attractive girl; my artist's soul liked the blonde-and-black effect, and my gambler's intuition made odds-on bets that we'd make it back to Pasadena in one piece when she eased the Jag onto the freeway and cut out two trucks to get into the proper lane.

And, of course, there was Eva, who had no lines to speak, but simply stood on a balcony until Gutman told her to go indoors because she was "exposing" herself. Eva, in this case, was black-haired Lexi (yes, the obvious title has been used by gleeful Lloydmen), who wore pink leotards and a filmy black negligee. With a pink light on her, the leotards disappeared, for a very interesting effect.

Blake enjoyed making up Lord Mulligan, who emerged with monocle, tweedy costume, and full Dunderry beard. He also took great pride in Don Quixote, whom he made up exactly like an old steel engraving of that legendary figure. But Blake had his most fun making up the two street cleaners, who represented death. Each time they appear, they have more and more make-up on; at first it seemed only as if they were dirty-faced. Then a design of some sort began appearing; and their final appearance was with full death's heads and black hoods. It was a masterful handling of make-up, and one of which Blake is justly proud.





Two effects which I designed were rather good; and they will go into my scrapbook of "ideas that worked" (which is pretty scimpy right now). One was to suggest that the Madrecita dress in "madonna" blues instead of black; and the other was to achieve the feeling of pomposity and aggressiveness about the policemen by dressing them in military Bermuda shorts. This last idea came from the fact that few men can look truly dignified with their knobby knees sticking out between the shorts and the silly long stockings. So, with visored hats, ties, gun-belts, and sunglasses (which make one look so impersonal), the cops were a fine crew of characters.

Gutman was fun. I asked him about his measurements, and decided to phone Western Costume for his white linen suit. This was not too helpful, for when I asked for a 46 extra long jacket, they said they didn't have clothes that big. I took a chance and had Gutman meet me there anyway. After some grumbling on their part, they looked, and found a suit which fitted all 6 feet 5 inches of our actor. I hope he plays a character in the next play that wears monk's robes or something else we can make out of burlap or old draperies or the like!

Some of the gags pulled on Saturday nite were fun; the best one being when Gutman talks on the phone. He is supposed to sound very excited and upset; and on that last nite of the play, they wired the phone to backstage. Bradna, in a sexy voice, starts talking to him, and Gutman must play his part out. They also put vodka in the Gypsy's "tequila" bottle. She doesn't drink, and made such a "face" at the taste that it was considered to be the best acting yet by the unknowing audience. Esmerelda lost her flesh-colored strapless bra on that last nite (I swear; I was helping Blake put on make-up all the time) and found it just after I callously suggested that she just wear the net top with the green snakes on it. "Think," I offered helpfully, "what a great chance for some real acting; and what a great reaction you'll get from Kilroy!" This did not seem to be appreciated.

After the first nite, and the mad scramble to get things ready - along with the horrible fact, which I discovered too late, that the tiny, inadequate stage had no dressing rooms, no closets, and no place to work - and all the little last-minute things I bungled beautifully, I was in quite a mental state. This is standard operating procedure on first night for me, but poor Mike Talcott, the director, could not know this. When he said I'd done a fine job on the costumes, I burst into tears and left the room.

Part of this sudden flood was because I had been promising myself never to do this again as long as I...and Mike walked in. And I looked at this creative, vital person who loves life and acting so much, and realized that I would do it again. Camino Real was more than a play to Blake; it gave a high school student almost pro experience in play work, and with his growing interest in this field, it will do him much good to have worked so hard that week. The play meant much to me, too; it meant filling my portfolio of costume designs so I may enter an advanced class in art school, and providing proof of experience for later when I may want to try this type of thing in the pro field.

Mainly, working with Talcott and Kern and the others in this play meant meeting and working with people who were equally creative; who didn't wait for the next guy to do something or suggest it. It meant feeling a part of a great growing picture of people working in unison toward some goal; and fulfilling themselves and their interests creatively. It was a wonderful feeling for me; it has been too long since I have had such an experience.

-- Bjo

+ + +

*The latest AXE (available from Larry & Mureen Shaw, 16 Grant Pl, Staten Island 6, N Y, for a contribution to the Millis Fund -- it says here) shows the TWWF around 1/3 of the way to its goal. This is a Good Thing, but we're going to have to go a long ways to reach that goal. So, let's all send some cash today to the above address (Shaws").*

conducted by

Some Compleat Letters head off things this time, from

Dear John & Bjo:

But mafia or gafia, I guess I'd better write, cos I like SLA. Can't seem to find much to say apart from that except that I liked the electroencephalitis gag. Locke's story was OK but a bit predictable. Gerber's article was funny towards the end, especially the editorial footnote. Yes, by the way, I did have an article rejected. By Max Keasler. He was trying to get me to write a column and I didn't want to do it because he made such a mess of everything he stencilled. Then one day he air-mailed me a copy of FanVariety...cost him a dollar...and I grudgingly hacked something out. It wasn't much good and he promptly rejected it, so I sent him a buck and we called it quits. Later when we got more friendly I did write a piece for him and it duly appeared without a single typo, the only thing I've ever written, probably, that did. He'd got Marie-Louise Share to stencil it for him. It was this piece that the Fancyclopedia II says got Opus banned, but this is not quite true. It was quite harmless...just pure and beautiful and true like everything about me. Ellik was curiously restrained this time ((SLA 54)), but readable. Letters fine except that I hadn't been paying much attention to this Gastonhugh business and for a moment I couldn't figure out what Greenleaf meant by "Personally, my latest guess is that the Trimble's are MLG." I went through all my vocabulary of US vernacular for phrases meaning "living in sin"....

Oh yes the cover was nice.

best.

/s/ Walt



HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Shaggy:

I believe that the cover on SHAGGY 55 has an extra dimension somewhere in the drawing. I've studied it carefully on three of four occasions and my eye continues to get lost somewhere in the perspective. It's a most ingenious use of shadings and curves, and I can't offhand think of any other fanzine art that has fooled the eye in quite so thorough a manner. Simpson should have had the task of creating the cover for Rogue Moon. ((But, Don says he liked the cover on RM.))

I feel pretty much as John does about the Journal of the IES. This was one of the few pieces of fan-allied material that I failed to acknowledge or write a letter of comment on. I decided that you have to draw the line somewhere, and much as I admire Hans Santessen for his general aims and his editing ability, I can't believe that I'll help to speed man into space by helping to pay the printing bill for a magazine of this type.

You must have done some sleight of hand to get the article by Fritz Leiber out of the outstretched clutch of Amra. ((No, we're nearer.)) It is a splendid defense of a kind of fiction that really needs no defense here, because I admire it very much, and I'm particularly happy to find Fritz agreeing with my thesis that the finer things in life are the best for burlesquing. I got clobbered for making this very point in FAPA a year or so ago.

However, I'm not certain whether Three Pieces in the Shape of a Banana is a parody of any literary item or not, although I recognize the musical derivation of the title. I hope that it is, because it seems a trifle aimless, the sort of thing that could have been concentrated into a single page just as well as extending to this length. In fact, in these days when so many fans read so few prozines and fantasy books, I think it might be wise for fanzines to provide a clue somewhere about the derivation of anything that is derived, to allow the reader to make allowance for the fact that he doesn't get the whole savor of the parody because he doesn't realize it is a parody, without such warning. Or something. That sentence is not a parody on anything, but it certainly reads like one.

In the letter section, I think that the A-Bomb discussion has begun to reach the point of diminishing returns, and there's little more to be said about the convention date time until the matter can come up for convention discussion itself. But I do want to admit to being one of the serfs whose vacation time is limited to June through August, theoretically. In practice, a few people in my office are forced to take their vacations later because concentrating them all into those 13 weeks would leave us too shorthanded for part of the summer, but the company continues to make it a rule each year.

While everyone is arguing over Serling's originality, nobody seems to realize that it's quite impossible to compare The Twilight Zone productions with short stories because the latter are so much more extensive and complex than the former can hope to be. The entire half-hour program doesn't contain enough time for the script writer to do more than introduce a theme and sketch in the barest suggestion of a plot. Drama takes so much longer to unfold than a story written on a printed page. Only an exceptional writer blessed with a very understanding editor would be able to sell short stories as elementary and non-complex as the Serling episodes. In a short story, you can summarize in a paragraph what requires one-fourth of your available time to depict on a television program.

I liked most of the things I didn't mention, including the calm and unperturbed way in which your reviewers cover a whole generation of books and a whole gamut of quality in the reviews. And I hope that the comparative smallness of this issue is an indication that SHAGGY will be more frequent though slenderer in the future.

Yrs, &c. /s/ Harry





CHARLES WELLS, 190 Elm St., Oberlin, Ohio (winter)

Dear Dear (well, damnit, how do you address your multi-headed fmz?):

Mike Deckinger's letter is positively ridiculous. Most of the other comments on the Bomb were fairly reasonable, even when they disagreed with one another, but Mike's letter is merely a bunch of ravings that are worthy of the finest breed of wool-hat, back-country Southern farmer-politician.

The United States is NOT going bankrupt and jobless through foreign aid. It is not going bankrupt by any means; and though there is an unemployment problem, how anyone can blame its existence on foreign aid is beyond me. Much of our foreign aid comes back to us directly or indirectly through business for our industries. A lot of it doesn't, of course; but the large part of it that is not mismanaged (and merely because it is often mismanaged is no reason to condemn the principle of foreign aid) and which does not come back to us in the form of business nevertheless reaps intangible benefits which are valuable beyond reckoning. Not in the form of more "friendship" from the aided countries -- friendship that must be bought is not worth it! -- but in the form of stronger countries and more secure governments,

and thus countries which are less likely to upset the nuclear applecart. It doesn't matter whether they are neutral or pro-Western; if they are strong they are less given to revolution and/or Communist take-over. And either of these are likely enough to precipitate an East-West conflict to make the danger to world peace quite real.

The phrase "yellow skinned bastards" shows the level of Mike's mentality.

Now that I have that off my scrawney li'l chest, I want to congratulate you on a fine issue in # 55. Leiber's article is good in the sense of being interesting and well-written, but more than that it has some really new ideas (to me). I have a good mind to sit down and write a story that follows his prescription on pp 6 & 7, right down to the catastrophe with the hero's pants. Better yet, why doesn't Fritz write one? ((I think Fritz put into complete thoughts/words what has heretofore only been felt by many -- and added the catalyst of his intellect. -uss jt))

Boggs' three stories are lovely, as Boggs would say, or so Bergeron claims Boggs would say, or something. But the loveliest part of the stories is the title. Marvellous! Will we have "Three Bananas in Search of a Piece" next, or would such a thing get through the mails? ((Dunno. Redd...?))

Sincerely,

/s/ Charles

Now for the excerpts...Kibblers this time are

FM BUSBY, 2852 14th W, Seattle 99, Washington

JOHN FOYSTER, 4 Edward St, Chadstone SE 10, Victoria, AUSTRALIA

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave, No Hollywood, California

JOE GIBSON, 5380 Sobrante Ave, El Sobrante, California

LENNY KAYE, 418 Hobart Rd, Sutton Terr, No Brunswick, New Jersey

BOB LIGHTMAN, 6137 S Croft Ave, Los Angeles 56, California

ETHEL LINDSEY, Courage House, 6, Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, ENGLAND

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Rd, N Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

STEVE TOLLIVER, 605 E Denny Way, Seattle 22, Washington

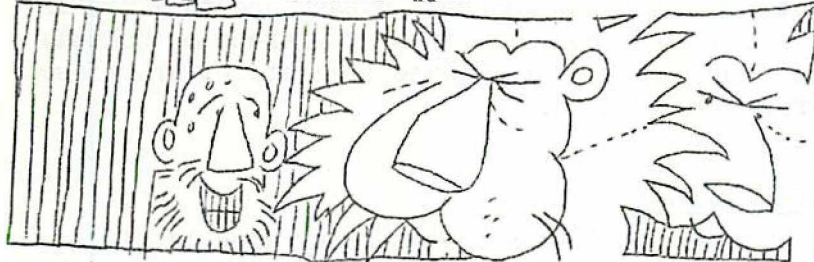
CHARLES WELLS, 681 Wilson Rd NW, Atlanta 18, Georgia (summer)

#### Atomic Bombs

DICK SCHULTZ: People like Pete Graham forget all the principles of war as used as an extension of diplomacy. It is to impose your will on the enemy. And if the only way



DANIEL - STEVE STILES



...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA OF  
CO-EXISTANCE!

to do it is to kill half of 'em to  
cover the other half, that's the way  
you've got to do it. And our leaders  
say this point more clearly than Mister  
Graham, some sixteen years after the  
fact.

We had the bomb. We had proposals  
of surrender from the Japs. So we  
shouldn't have used them, maybe? Of  
course we shouldn't have used them ((A-  
Bombs)), Mr Graham would say. Didn't

we know the Japs were sincere, and weren't  
trying to buy time, and were really with their

backs to the wall? Of course we should have known it -- if we were God at any rate.

The Bomb...might throw the Japs into surrender. And if it didn't, it would have  
helped soften up Japan for the Invasion...which must follow if the Bomb and the diplo-  
mats failed. The Invasion ((without the Bomb))...could fail...maybe millions of Amer-  
icans would have died and three times as many millions would have been wounded trying  
to take the Home Islands.

((Dick also points out that an invasion would have caused the Japanese to kill off  
POWs, as well as killing or wounding the Americans participating in the invasion.  
He repeats the point about the fire raids destroyed more than the A-Bombs did.-ljm))  
((And if the war had continued, we'd have an "east-Japan" and a "west-Japan" -- the  
mess in Germany is enough of that, thanx. -uss jt))

JOE GIBSON: There's one aspect of all this Absolute Bomb stuff which most fans (and  
fans only, I'm afraid) could think of. It's the most horrifying thing about the  
Bomb, and gives me the shivers more than anything that's been said about the Bomb.

It was the first of more and worse weapons to come. We never had such weapons  
before; we've got more than one now...but -- far more important -- it is only the  
beginning.

The fact that we did drop it on Hiroshima and Nagasaki proved just one thing to  
most people; we could have an atomic war. That's all; stop thinking right there.  
Start talking, talking, talking -- but don't think.

Or you might realize this: From now on, for as long as humanity may exist --  
whether it's the next hundred days, or the next hundred thousand years -- we'll always  
have this Thing riding us, gibbering in our minds. Destroy, destroy! You're right;  
he's wrong!....

Now, gentlemen, place your bets: How long do you think we'll last???

#### Convention Dates

BUZ BUSBY: Tackett and Donaho: Dunno where you got the idea that Labor Day is a big  
crowded overpriced deal for the hotels. Quite the opposite, judging from our negot-  
iations. Tough items softened up when the hotels found we'd be helping them fill up  
at a slack time. At each and every hotel, several hundred bucks came off the initial  
asking-prices when Labor Day Weekend was mentioned. Maybe these things vary from one  
region to another, but around here everybody gets out of town then and the hotels  
have a thin time.

And speaking more generally, I'd say it would be a big mistake for a business  
meeting to specify some other date for the WorldCon. The Con Committee actually has  
the power to make such a change at any time, if you come right down to it. Leave  
your committee the freedom to negotiate the best deal for a given locality; don't tie  
'em up with a lot of strictures that might make for a bad financial bind.

Suggestions, yes; backseat driving, no: a good rule in any league!

((That's really getting at the heart of the matter, Buz, and I agree with those last  
sentiments entirely! -ljm)) ((Me, too. -uss jt))

DON FRANSON: I think the whole idea is inverted. Who cares about stf in the long hot summer? Seems like conventions should be held in the winter -- on the West Coast, anyway, or in the South. The 3-day holiday plan is best for the closer fans, and the distant fans are only a small percentage of the attendance, anyway, and they are usually absent at west coast cons. Why limit the con to a two-day weekend or holiday then a 3-day one is possible? I don't see that, just because some stores are closed. Pack lunch. I vote for Labor Day, for the WorldCon.  
((As does the majority, it seems. -uss jt))

### Fan Fiction

CHARLES WELLS: It seems to be a new kind of fanfiction that's being done lately. There's still plenty of the farcical, Sixth-fandomish type around, which reached its zenith in the Willis Discovers America series, but this new kind seems to me quite different.

The new fan fiction is more realistic, more in the form of an ordinary short story than the Willis type. Its style, instead of consisting of pun-on-pun, is reportorial. Not that the new fan fiction is not humorous. It may be, as "A Miss in Mordor" is. Not that it is not satirical -- again, "A Miss in Mordor" has elements of satire. The point is, it is presented in a straight-forward way as something that happened.

They present real-type people, not vehicles for satire or puns. They have a plot, or at least describe an (hopefully) interesting situation. If they are funny, they are nevertheless plausible. They try to describe the reactions of fans to situations unusual or predicted, in an interesting manner. In contrast, the older type of fan fiction aimed at a satirical style, a one-pun-on-top-the-other pyramiding, or both; it used characters as symbols, or as private jokes. It was an analog of the fannish world, not a description of something that could actually happen in the fannish world.

Of course, there is room for both in fandom. As long as Willis is around -- hopefully forever -- we will have the older type (let's call it fan farce). And as long as fans think of themselves as people, we will have the new type, which it seems to me provides valuable practice for a would-be stf writer, in that it requires him to handle people plausibly, or at least, if it is in fun, to be able to string a probable-sounding conversation together.

I should not perhaps refer to the new type as "new". It is not; I remember examples from my sixth-fandom days. But it never has the popularity then that it has now. We are better off for having both kinds.

### Sword & Sorcery

BUZ BUSBY: Leiber makes good points on the tendency to water-down or debunk pure-heroics in fantasy fiction. Yet Cabell (quoted by Fritz re: "Worm...") is surely the apostle of disillusion of the bittersweet variety; the heroism of his characters is plainly made out to be nothing more than bowing to the necessity of circumstances, & Cabell could be said to be preoccupied more with aftermaths than with climaxes. I wonder how Fritz would classify John Myers Myers (other than as "highly enjoyable"), with his lovely way of mixing straightforward heroics with wry twists.

STEVE TOLLIVER: It is indeed easier to satirize than it is to originate something. Especially now that Fritz has laid out a guide. But it always has been easier. To originate something new necessitates a vast knowledge of what there is. Themes must be compared to the stock of this knowledge, and worked and reworked until they can stand alone.

Satire, on the other hand, needs little knowledge, and in truth less wit than does origination. All that is really needed for satire is an object, and one or more of the situations that Fritz set down. Is there any wonder that satire is such a large field?

But satire is more than just the path of least resistance, for -- despite the



rules Fritz laid out -- it is still a form of humor, and a popular one. I agree that it is as hackneyed as Fritz says it is, but there must be a reason for its popularity. Perhaps it is that Normal Everyday Mediocre man likes a chance to look down on heroes, on the world around him, on all those targets for satire. Maybe he needs something of this sort to keep him from feeling his own Normal Everyday Mediocre self.

But I will go down fighting before I'll admit that I'm one of the NEM group, and I imagine that most of the rest of the NEM will, too. What then?

Maybe it's that satire shows us a side of things we weren't seeing before. The idea of Superman stepping into a handy phone booth and stripping down to his long-johns instead of his uniform is pretty trite. But, despite that, it does show how silly that uniform really is. Perhaps that's where satire gains its popular following. It destroys illusions right and left, and some of those illusions were around only because no one had pointed them out before.

On the other hand, the thought of Robin Hood taking the last tuppence from a pair of wandering ??? is no less stupid than the Superman bit. Yet I still pleasure in reading tales of Sherwood. That illusion remains.

Satire makes fun of all of my illusions, and some of them crumble. I just might be better off without them, but some stay strong. Those of Sword and Sorcery, for instance.

Both origination and satire have their place. If the originator comes up with something of beauty and strength, satire can only point, not destroy. So, while I can agree with Fritz's analysis of satire, I'm going to have to disagree with his charges against it.

#### Science Fiction

DICK SCHULTZ: Should all the sf mags in the US fail, I'll probably curtail my collecting, and sub to the British mags. Oddly enough, such a move by a few hundred more sf fans and readers might be enough to insure the survival of the British zines for many generations to come. Might be a blessing in disguise; the death of the Yank prozines for the survival of the English ones.

ETHEL LINDSEY: One of the speakers at our con...(indicated)...that sf had a bad "image" to the general public. He is a school teacher, and described how difficult it was to get his colleagues to take sf seriously. He also described lending sf to someone who came back for more, but very furtively in case anyone found out!

He reckons that having someone like Amis treat sf as a serious literary subject can do nothing but good.... One of the most croggling experiences I ever had was listening to Amis read out a "love-passage" from an Arthur C Clarke book. Despondently one had to admit that they can do it better in the "Womens' Weekly". I liked Amis; he obviously loves to discuss sf, and was not at all abashed by criticism. He really likes sf; this is not an outsider trying to find a new "gimmick".

#### Sundry Supplement

Response to SHAGGY 55 is too small due to the shorter deadline (we hope) to make an analysis of reader-reaction to that ish worthwhile. Thus far, tho, it looks like Leiber's article and Boggs' trilogy(?) are more or less "tied" for first place.

Correction Corner: Bob Lichtman says: "if our name is bob lochtman, we guess that the lettercol editor should be called len maffot..." Moffatt pleads innocent; didn't cut that particular stencil. I dummy up the entire (or most of it) lettercol, and Really Strive to avoid typos, but actually cut only the first four lettercol stencils last time. ((Let's lay the blame on Jahn Tromble. -uss jt))

SHAGGY's British Agent, Archie Mercer, refers us to SHAGGY 54, page 13: "Dean Dickensheet refers (or is made to refer) to the 'Ordinary Survey'. The word should be 'Ordinance', the Ordinance Survey being the archaic-type title of the government inland-cartographical bureau."

Doesn't sound very ordinary, either.

(ctd. on bcover)

# Jest A Minute

by Ted Johnstone

(BEING THE EXPURGATED MINUTES OF THE MEETINGS OF THE LASFS, BOILED DOWN TO AN UN-HEARD-OF TERSENESS FOR INCLUSION IN THIS MAGAZINE TO HELP JUSTIFY IT AS THE O-O)

Things have been swinging along smoothly around Freehafer Hall -- a typical meeting ran along the lines of this sample from the 1231th Meeting: "Committee Reports: Bjo said the Fanquet would still go off on schedule, none of the plans have been changed; Henstell said that 4e's plane had been held up someplace so he couldn't make the meeting, but he'd be in town in time for the Fanquet. Henstell also had the latest Riviera Theater Schedule, and announced that we should all make a point of seeing the new fantasy film Operation Abolition. Bjo announced -- how the devil did we get on to announcements, anyway? We were on Committee Reports a minute ago -- Bjo announced the Big Kite Flying Contest between the Fan Hillton mob and CalTech was now definitely scheduled for April 8th. But my Old Farmers' Almanack predicts fog and mist..." <<16 March>>

The next week our Treasury declared that we'd made a small but neat profit of \$12 on the Fanquet, which turned out to be quite successful as a social event. And another Committee was heard from... "John went on to the Neofan's Guide Committee -- we've contacted Tucker, found he'll have them lithoed, and needs more money. So we put up \$30 to buy 300 of the 1000 copies, which we will sell for 15¢ each (outside the club)." <<23 March>> Later our own Al Lewis announced that the NSF will be putting up about half the money for TNG. "Hoeh sollen sie Fannen!"

Later in the same meeting Bjo made the official announcement that Unicorn Productions has another story ready to go before the cameras -- The Black Adept, an original story of Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser, never published, written especially for Unicorn Prod by Fritz Leiber. It'll star Ron Ellik and Lyn Hardy as our heros with Bruce Pelz in the title role <<actually, the part was originally planned for Steve Tolliver, but he left town rather suddenly; Fritz said he couldn't spare the time; and Karu Beltran couldn't afford the \$10 talent fee, so the part devolved to Bruce. Well, that's show biz...>> and assorted fans and fringe-fen in supporting roles, including two separate bebies of sexy wenches. With a little bit of luck, you'll be able to see it at the SeaCon.

The 1232th meeting wound up with a Stfantasy Charades Game, imported from the GGFS by Ron Ellik. Barea fanzines have mentioned this game as great fun, and we have no disagreement with them. In case you hadn't heard, it's like ordinary Charades, except that the subjects are limited to titles of stfnal books, stories, movies or like that there. It is conducive to much merriment watching Bill Martin successfully acting out "The Endochronic Properties of Resublimated Thiotimeline" in a little less than three minutes, and in the same evening failing to act out "GULF". At the 1233th meeting, Jack Harness announced that The Arson, Rape and Bloody Murder Boys (himself, Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz, respectively) would challenge any and all comers to a free-for-all charades contest. This challenge was accepted at the next meeting, and the final score stood ARBM-15 minutes, LASFS-25 minutes, after 12 titles. We're thinking of holding a National Championship Stfnal Charades Contest at the Seacon.

At the 1234th Meeting Ron Ellik announced, as Godfather Committee, "Ellie Turner had delivered Mark Jeffrey Turner, age 9½ pounds, weight 10 months.



"Aw," grumbled someone, "she promised to wait till the Program Night." ((7 April)) It might also be mentioned that Ronel had been hoping for a chance to assist at the birth -- he had been urging Ellie to "jump up and down".

Also at the 1234th Meeting, it was announced that Anna Moffatt was in the hospital recovering from an appendectomy. "Ted hinted that the Treasury could support a 35¢ Get-Well card -- on second thought, make that 25¢. The motion was seconded and passed, and even endorsed by the Treasury provided Ted would use his own stamp." Unfortunately the Secretary was absent from the next two meetings. At the 1235th it was learned that he had not sent the GetWell Card, and a motion of censure was entered. At the 1236th "...we went on to New Business and a petition to expunge Ted from the office of Secretary, the Constitution saying that expulsion of an officer must be introduced as business during a business meeting and voted on at the next business meeting. Almost everyone was in favor of expelling Ted from office."

There was no action taken at the 1237th, it being an Entertainment meeting rather than a Business Meeting, but the errant Secretary was back at his post. "Ted admitted buying the card, carrying it around in the little green box, and not remembering to haul it out and have it signed at a meeting. Then, holding the floor, he moved that a committee be founded to hold onto a get-well card until somebody else got sick and then mail it. There was a counter-motion that, since Ted was obviously sick, he should keep the card. JT over-ruled it. But Len moved that Ted be ordered to write 25¢ worth of letter to Anna Moffatt, and the motion was passed."

At the 1238th meeting, "Al Lewis took the floor and announced the opening of an impeachment proceeding against the incumbent secretary for non-feasance of duty. Al pled both prosecution and defense, notably doing a better job on the former, and leaving the defendant with practically nothing to say. But three or four unexpected witnesses for the defence spoke up from the floor, and after a bit of testimony and some parliamentary wrangling, Pelz called the question. Only Al and Ernie voted for impeachment. About half the people voted against it. Barney Bernard (returning briefly for a visit) asked to be recorded as abstaining, tho he was just one of many who didn't want to take a stand on one bit of semi-serious business for the evening."

---taj.

((And here the manuscript ends in a charred fragment...with queer spots that look as though they might be blood...if only they weren't green.... -uss jt))

-oOo-

As you can see, our long-lost secretary did get his minutes to us after all... six days late, but they're here. And we didn't finish SHAGGY on schedule, so.... Ted asked me to be sure and note that, contrary to suppositions on the part of some of our letterhacks, he doesn't invent anything in these minutes. He ~~didn't~~ wants me to say that these are excerpted from the actual minutes of the meetings, written just as ~~he makes them up~~ they happen. For shame, suspecting good ol' "Honest" Ted McJ of such things.

--pOo-

Support TAWF!

Chicago in '62!

L A Once More in '64!

electron!!!

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

(lettered etc. from inside)

LENNY KAYE, who likes SHAGGY, too, and says that "as an unbiased spectator...I am for the Bomb...when I get pleas asking why, I shall tell. So, fellow fen, start writing." He plans to publish a fmz called OBELISK; has material by Prosser, Berry, Dr Keller, and others -- wants more.

BOB LICHTMAN (as above) whose reaction to SHAGGY 55 is fairly negative, save for his high praise of the Boggs piece. He reveals the shading technique for obtaining unsymmetric dots when stenciling artwork; use sandpaper as a shading plate ((Or put in each individual dot by itself...Simpson, Pearson?? - uss jt)). Bob presents his (LA) Minority Viewpoint on TAFF: "Eney asked us to (support him).... Had we withheld our support until finding out who else was running it is likely we would have ended up supporting no one. the truth of the matter is that we (Lichtman) think that both candidates are worthy of the trip but that eney is just a bit more worthy. after all, ron can hitchhike." ((Yeah, but it's W\*E\*T out there...for about half the trip. uss jt))

JOHN FOYSTER, who says "I ain't cut out to be a letterhack". ((But he does a fine job of reviewing -- see inside.-uss jt))

WIM STRUYCK, who is confused about his status around here. ((We were just cracking down thatish, Wim, and your letter was delayed past mailing date. You're in pretty well around here right now. -uss jt))

and GORDON EKLUND, who thought that everything in the issue "was interesting".

#### THE WHYFORS:

Contributor's copy \_\_\_\_\_

You sent a letter of comment \_\_\_\_\_

Your name is mentioned \_\_\_\_\_

We trade for your zine \_\_\_\_\_

We trade, but why not play safe and write \_\_\_\_\_

We'd like you to contribute...

Artwork \_\_\_\_\_

Material \_\_\_\_\_

Subs are extended for letters of comment, and for trades. If you publish a less frequent fanzine than SHAGGY (or more frequently, but much smaller) you should play safe and write or sub for when you don't have a swap. The LASFS has a dim interest in where a largish hunk of their cash goes. All manuscripts not accepted will be returned (eventually), and artwork, too, if it doesn't go into the LArea Common Fund.

#### WARNING:

Deadline for Next Issue (#57) is:

13 July 1961...

Anything not on hand by then doesn't go in.

And...if we haven't heard from you by that date, this is the last issue of SLA you'll get until we do! \_\_\_\_\_

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