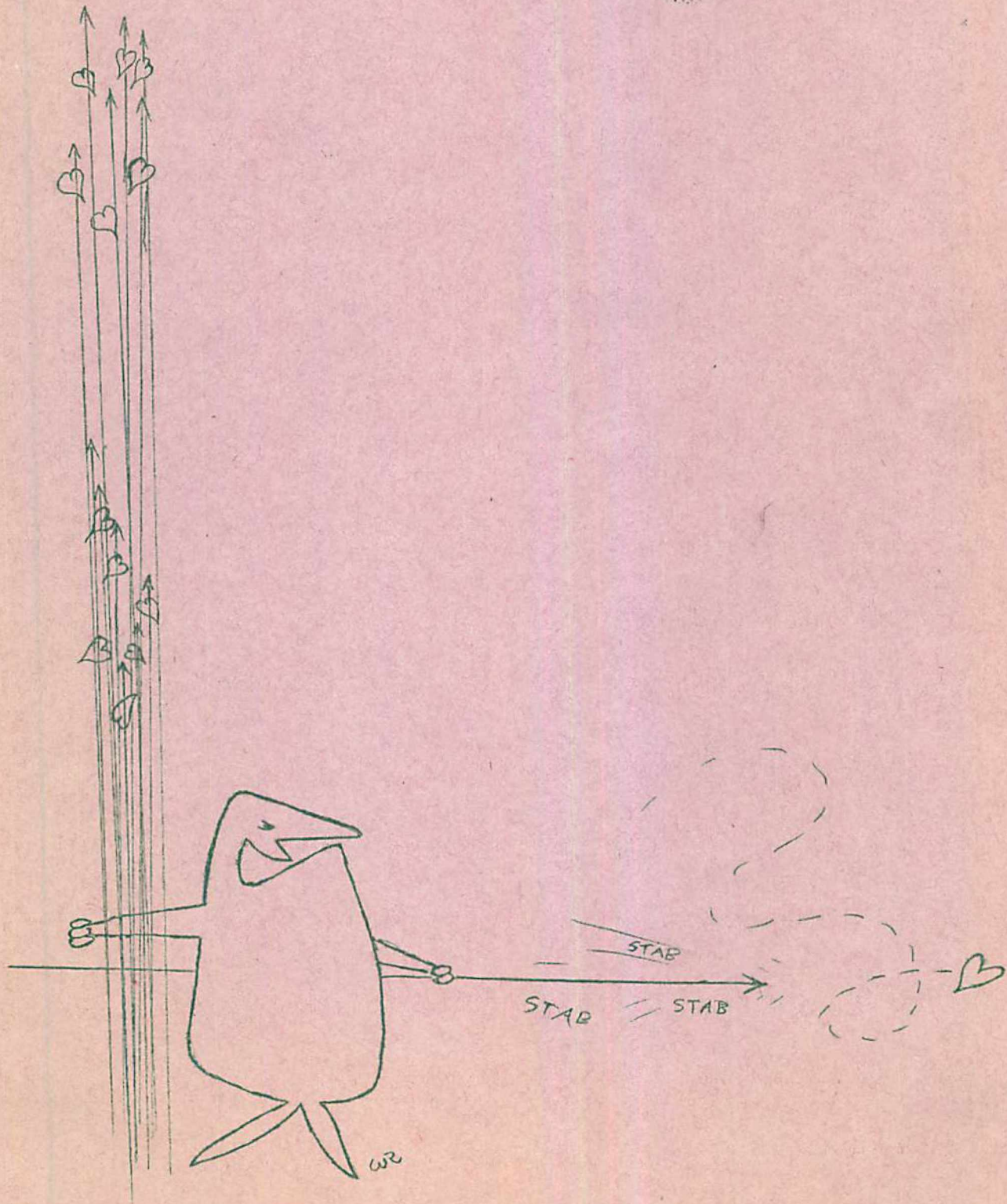


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES *57



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SHAGGY is (ha!) edited by Bjo & John Trimble, 2790 West 8th St, Los Angeles 5, Calif, and published on what is rumored to be a bi-monthly schedule by the LASFS, which meets at the above address every Thursday around 8 pm, visitors welcome, phone DU 9-0619.

We huckster these things for 25¢ ea, 5/\$1, but we're crazy enuf to prefer contributions (artwork, verse, articles, etc.), letters of comment, or trades (fmz sent to SLA or Bjo & I count as trades -- don't send issues to both; we don't collect fmz. Hi, w6). United Kingdom & Associates types can send their old-style money to Archie Mercer (434/4 Newark Rd., N Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND) at the rate of 1/8d. ea, or 5 for 7/-.

Send us a CoA if you move, make sub checks payable to John Trimble, NOT Shaggy, and Vote the Acorn Ticket -- RON ELLIK for TAFF...because!

Stencils typed by Len Moffatt and uss jt. Big G cranked by ol' Ern, Fred Patten, and ye Sloop John T. ©1961 by John G Trimble

THE SHAGGY CHAOS -- USS jt

Next Car-avan, we're going to have the cars all line up and whomp bumpers. And we'll have the drivers manage to flood their engines as we push off. That ought to make token offerings to fate, and eliminate the jinx that seems to be upon such ventures.

Well, at least on trips to WesterCons.

In '59, Al Lewis put the twon of Kelso, Washington on the fannish map simply by falling asleep at the wheel of his Peugeot -- at seventy-plus mph.

And in 1960, that same Al Lewis -- in a different Peugeot -- pushed Jim Caughran's Fiat across forty-eleven miles of desert on the trip back from the BoyCon.

We figured to beat the game this year, by motoring to Chez Schultheis (try saying that fast) in Santa Barbara, and motoring on from there in the early ayem, Saturday. Even with the speed with which the Microbus assuredly won't go up hills, we planned on a 2 pmish eta in Oakland.

About two minutes after Bill Ellern and crew passed his VW bus in his Hillman, we threw a rod, and limped off the Nimitz Freeway to a VW agency. We arrived at the Leamington, via kindly fans like Paul Turner, Jim Caughran, and Billern, around 3:30. "Well," we told anxious friends awaiting us, "at

least the VW got us here!"

The con seemed like an enormous version of the usual Fan Hillton weekend, but it was enjoyable -- getting to meet all kinds of old friends, and making new ones always in fun -- even if Bjo did come down with an infected ear. Bjo and I roomed with Steve & Virginia Schultheis, an arrangement we'll continue at the SeaCon.

Sunday night we (Schultheisen, Rick Sneary, Bjo & I) were to stay with Joe & Robbie Gibson, but we decided that not even our overpowering exhaustion could keep us from at least dropping in at the party at Anthony Boucher's first.

On the way, Steve sleepily missed seeing an almost-hidden stop sign, and totalled the left front hub-cap on a VW sedan the Rambler station wagon met in the middle of the intersection. We gave the nice lady her hub-cap, said nice words to her, picked up our bumper guard, and went on to Boucher's, where I promptly fell asleep on the stairs.

Al ferried Bjo down to Santa Cruz, for a visit with her mother, on his way to LA, Monday afternoon, and when I found that the VW would need a new engine and couldn't be ready before Thursday ayen, I decided that we'd have to come back after it.

I talked Ron out of his Fiat, packed in Rick Sneary, Ernie Wheatley, and some baggage, and off we sailed for Santa Cruz. We tayed the night, and had a leisurely drive down the coast the next day. Well, almost leisurely -- the Squirrel's car kept trying to turn off every time we passed an A&W Root Beer stand. Talk about well-trained steeds....

Next year, now, we've got the WesterCon in LA, so for once we can sit back and read about and listen to other people's transportation problems.... Maybe.

-oOo-

PLUGSVILLE: The SeaCon seems to be coming along fabulously, but no matter how well things may seem, any convention can use money, so why not send along your \$2 membership in the SeaCon, and support your World SF Convention? Make checks payable to Wally Weber, and send them to SeaCon, P O Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Washington.

And while we're at it.... Los Angeles was awarded the 1962 Westercon, un-opposed, and will be holding the festivities here June 30 - July 1, 1962. So why not join the LACON, by sending your \$1.00 membership fee NOW to Bill Ellern, treas., c/o The Fan Hillton, 2790 W 8th St, L A 5?

-oOo-

The LASFS Willis Fund Auction, ballyhooed lastish, was held Thursday, July 27th, and raked in the grand total of \$134.80 for the TAWF. Sheesh, wot an encore; some of these big-time spenders must not eat!

The breakdown on the material listed in SLA #56 is:

HYPHEN #1 went for \$2.50; #2-\$1.30; #3-\$1.30; #4,5-\$1.25 ea; #6-\$1.00; #7,8,9-75¢ ea; #10-18,23,24,27-\$9.00.

THE ENCHANTED DUPER - \$6.05 WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA - \$3.

The HARP STATESIDE - \$5.55, SLANT #4-\$1.75; #5,6-\$1.25 ea; #7-\$2.00.

GARDEN OF FEAR - \$1.25.

and the FINLAY PORTFOLIO - \$3.00.

Bill Mallardi and Dick Schultz both owe LASFS some money, and will be billed. A copy of WHO KILLED SF, thrown in at the last minute by Lee Jacobs, was knocked down for \$7.75. We took in \$40.15 on Willis items, \$13.40 on APA mailings, \$21.35 on other fmz, \$56.85 on prozines, \$3.00 on the Portfolio, and \$.05 on Error. Those errors never were worth much.

-oOo-

(continued on page # 23)



Poor Paul

by Alex Apostolides

Once upon a time there was a boy named Paul, and all the other kids thought he was crazy.

All the other kids thought he was crazy because Paul was always seeing things they never saw. Things like the way a butterfly's wings flicker black and gold in the sunshine. Things like the way a bud will be folded, all

tight and light green and waxy to the touch, but if you don't touch it, if you wait, why -- the bud unfolds and there's a flower there, just waiting for you to come and look and smell.

You know -- silly things.

And Paul saw things like the way an ant lion will dig a little pit and wait, and pretty soon an ant will come along and the little sandgrains will tumble under the ant's feet and he'll slide, all the way to the bottom, to where the ant lion was waiting all the time.

All these things were there for the other kids to watch, but we'd rather play baseball -- and who wants to watch a silly old flower or a butterfly or an ant sliding down a hill when you can look at television and see all the wonderful things in the whole wide world?

And all the other kids thought Paul was crazy because he didn't know any of the important stuff, like pitching and catching and sliding with your toes just right, so you hook the bag as you go by. Or, even any of that stuff that Mister Ford tried to tell you was important, like 'rithmetic and spelling and reading and all that other stuff that you were never going to use after you got out of school anyway, only they had to teach it to you and you had to learn it.

Naw.

Paul was just simple, is all. Couldn't get any of that stuff into his head. Just sit and stare at things. And draw. Really. Draw things and, sure, you could look and it was there on the paper, just as real as life. Only -- what's the use in drawing when you got photographs and television and you can see things like in real life, only they move?

So all the other kids felt a little sorry for Paul because he was a little crazy, and they called him Poor Paul and made fun of him all the time. Even though he never paid any attention, it made you feel good to shout "Poor Paul!" every time he passed by because, all-together-like, you could get away with it.

All the kids wanted to beat him up and rub his face in the dirty old mud because he only had eyes for silly things like butterflies and things.

Most of all, the kids wanted to beat him up because he never paid any attention to them, like they weren't even there. But -- there was Mister Ford, and Mister Ford would punish them or tell their folks if they beat up Poor Paul . . . so it made you feel kinda good and relieved inside, to be able to lean forward and yell "Poor Paul!" and nudge the other kids.

Made you feel good and all-together-like, almost as good as beating him up.

And the time that made you feel more good than any time else was when Mister Ford slipped in class and called him "Poop Paul", and the whole class giggled and slid back and forth on their seats. And Mister Ford's face got so red, and he clapped his hands for the longest time before the kids quieted down again.

Only trouble was that Poor Paul hadn't even seemed to notice. But -- when even Mister Ford called him that -- well, it made you feel good inside, and all kind of warm and all-together.

It's good to be warm and all-together. That's what they teach us.

"Survival Is The Group", the grownups say, and it means we all got to stick together and nobody be different, because Different is Bad. Different gets you Killed.

Like the time we had Bomb Drill and we all sat waiting for the bells to ring and the siren to blow, all kind of giggly, like a game. Only, it isn't a game, it's serious, Mister Ford keeps telling us, and the minute the bell rings and the siren blows we all have to dive for the wall and curl up in a little ball, right against the wall, just as tight as we ever can, and close our eyes and wait until the All Clear sounds. We have to get up against the wall so's we won't get cut by flying glass, Mister Ford tells us. And you can get cut awful bad with glass.

One time somebody yelled out "Last one to the wall's a niggerbaby!", and Mister Ford got real sad. He acted mad, like, but he was real sad underneath, and it was funny. 'Cause he said "Niggerbaby's a silly word, and people who don't know any better use it," and then his face got all crumpley and he said, real soft and funny-like, "Last one to the wall's not a niggerbaby. Last one to the wall is dead."

Real funny, like he was talking to himself.

And then the bells started ringing and the siren started to blow and we were all scrambling for the wall and huddling up, like they showed up. Only -- this time was different, 'cause somebody peeked and you're supposed to keep your eyes tight shut until the All Clear.

And whoever peeked started giggling and then everybody else peeked too, and -- you know what? Poor Paul was still sitting at his desk, drawing something, like nothing had ever happened, like the bells hadn't rung or anything.

And all the kids got real quiet then, because Mister Ford uncurled and got up from the floor, and nobody's supposed to get up from the floor until the All Clear's sounded. And then Mister Ford walked all the way across the room to Paul's desk and looked down at him and said a real funny thing.

He said "I don't know what to do with you, Paul. I just don't know." And then, instead of coming back to where the rest of us were, he just sat down and stared at the wall like he was seeing something there, and he said "I don't know", all over again.

And then he looked and saw some of us peeking and he did something teachers aren't ever supposed to do.

He shouted.

He shouted "Cover up there, do you all want to DIE?"

And some of the kids giggled again, but it was a scared kind of giggle, because no one ever shouts at kids, and we all closed our eyes and covered up and huddled again until the All Clear sounded.

And when it sounded we all jumped up and made a lot of noise and pushed and shoved and alughed real loud and crowded around poor paul's desk and made fingers at him, and then somebody got hold of an inkwell and poured the ink right over Poor Paul's head, with Mister Ford sitting right there and all, and everybody got real quiet, like, and scared, waiting to see what Mister Ford was going to do.

And -- you know what?

Mister Ford just sat there and didn't do anything. He just kind of sagged and looked real old for a minute, like he was all old and tired and was going to fall down. Honest.

He looked at Poor Paul, but Poor Paul just sat there with the ink running down his face, not saying anything, looking as if nothing had happened, as if he didn't care.

And then Mister Ford got up and got a real terrible look on his face and, boy, all the kids got real scared, because Mister Ford never looked like that before. And then Mister Ford spoke, and his voice was real quiet, only it was scary-like, too, kind of deep, like he was fighting to keep from shouting. And -- know what he said?

"Go on out and play now, children."

That's all he said. "Go on out and play now, children." Only with that real scary voice. And a couple of the kids started to shuffle their feet and then everybody was scared, all of a sudden, and we all started pushing and shoving and yelling to get out the door and away from the funny look in Mister Ford's eyes.

Only -- I got kind of shoved back, and I was one of the last to get out, and so I heard what Mister Ford said.

It was like he was talking to Poor Paul, but like he was talking to himself at the same time.

"Survival is the Group, Paul," he said, just like it has in the lessons. And then he said a bad word. He said "Gahdam the Group!" and he turned around, and his face was all sad and crumpled again.

He turned around, but he didn't see me because I was hiding around the door, waiting to see what would happen.

And then -- know what? Mister Ford went over to the phone and he picked it up and he said "Give me the Principal's Office", and then he looked up and saw me and

I started running like everything, so I didn't hear anything else.

But I know what he told the Principal, I bet. He told him all about Poor Paul and everything, because that was two months ago and Poor Paul hasn't been back to school since, and when somebody asked Mister Ford once what had happened to Poor Paul, he said "Paul's been sent to another school for -- " and then he stopped and his face got all funny and he said "Never mind Poor Paul. Just learn your lessons, that's all. Just learn your lessons."

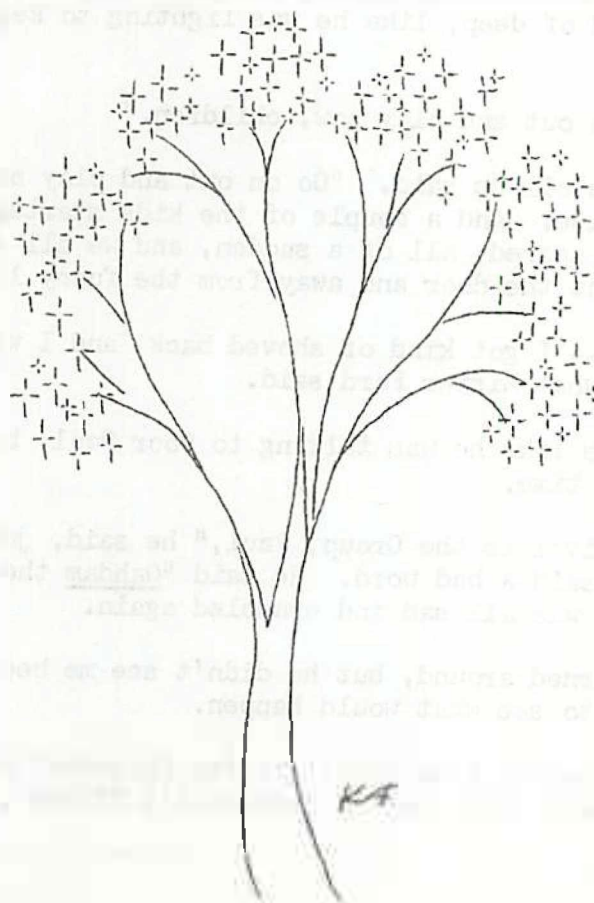
And ever since then everything's been all right, here at School. And everybody in the whole Group is happy now, because there's no time for silly things like some old butterfly or some silly old bud or drawing pictures when all you have to do is turn the knob and the wonderful pictures come on and all you have to do is look, and the pictures change, and you don't have to do a thing, just sit and look. There's baseball, and hitting the ball, and sliding in the dirt, and all running to the wall, trying to be first, to get huddled up and all-together. Just important things.

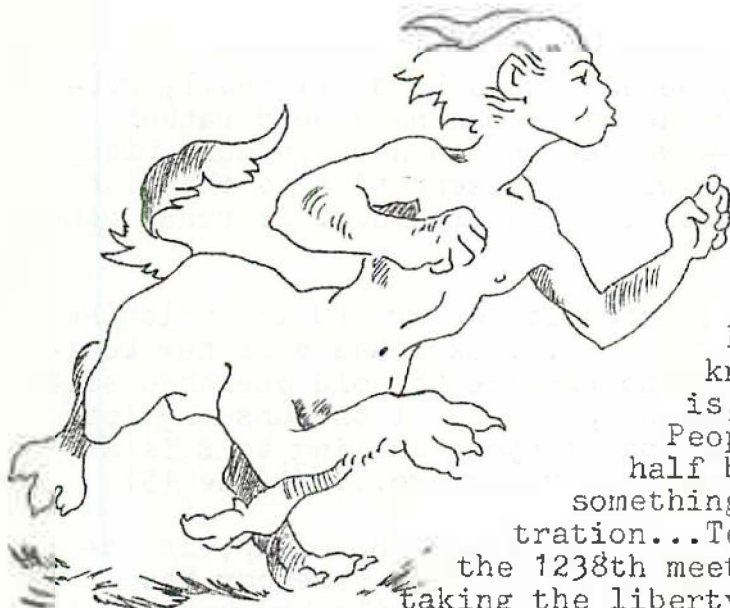
Only thing is. a couple of times lately I've seen Mister Ford watching us. Everything's happy and everybody's playing and shouting, all-together and warm-like, and I'll look over at the schoolhouse and see Mister Ford standing there in the window, watching us.

And every time, his face has that same funny look on it -- the same funny kind of look he had the time he said the bad words, "Gahdam the Group!"

I wonder what he meant by that?

----Alex Apostolides.





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INSTANT MINUTES
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Just add ink and paper, and these will expand into the complete and unabridged minutes of meetings of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society, as interpreted by Donald Franson, LASFS Secretary...I don't know what that creature on the left is, but I'm glad it's not a minotaur. People might think these minutes were half bull...This is not the first time something has been written around an illustration...Ted Johnstone, whom you last saw at the 1238th meeting, has fled to Ohio, and I am taking the liberty of making brief excerpts of his more recent meetings, so as to fill out these pages. I hope Ted will forgive me--I am faced with a deadline and only one meeting of my own to excerpt from...

(1239th meeting)//We made a total profit of \$76.35 in the last week, on the Willis Auction and the Mad Hatter Party, then sent \$50 to the Willis Fund, paid \$30 for Shaggy and rent, so we're down about \$3.65. But we did a lot of business...Bjo reported on the unofficial committee to repeal the 19th Amendment--we got mentioned in the San Francisco Chronicle along with McCombs for founding the first LA chapter... Ron Ellik came up to give us a talk on The Worm Ouroboros, talking around a term paper he had written for a class in mythology. The talk lasted 45 minutes, and only Typo went to sleep...// (May 11, 1961)

(1240th)//Rick read the minutes of the meeting of the Gestetner Stockholders Association, to which he is LASFS representative. It turned out that he was the only one present, so he held the entire meeting by himself, gave reports, and finally tendered and accepted his own resignation...Don Fitch suggested we adopt the New York fen's idea of a penny-jar, the contents of which would go to the Ella Parker Benefit, TAFF, and the Willis Fund...Harmon had a copy of the paperback of New Maps of Hell -- he asked "Has this been reviewed here yet?" and Harness said, "Not in the paperback"...// (May 18, 1961)

(1241st)//Harness, Johnstone and Pelz gave a three-way review of the ARBM Boys Go to Atlantis. The review was a full reporting of the plot, and ran nearly as long as the movie...The conclusion was, roughly, "Don't see it if you can"...// (May 25, 1961)

(1242nd)//No guests at all? No guests at all! Precious few members, and no guests at all...Ann Chamberlain arrived with a 6-toed calico kitten. ..Henstell announced a collection of stories by Howard Fast -- the cover blurb says "now science fiction has come of age"...// (June 1)

(1243rd)//Since the LASFS is officially member #88 of the SeaCon, it has a collective vote for the Hugo. So we voted by hands for each of the categories, Pelz marked them, JT signed it, and it was duly dispatched...Bjo had suggested a decal of the club emblem, and we got off on the colors. 4e said they were traditionally brown and green, but

ended up by admitting this was only because when he'd originally published it these were the only colors he had. John said he'd rather they didn't have it in the window -- we get enough nuts in here with just the little sign...Forry came up with a presentation to the club from Jimmy Warren -- an electric clock for the clubroom. It runs backwards...// (June 8, 1961)

(1244th)//Jim Harmon had purchased a getwellcard for HLGold, which he proceeded to pass around for us all to sign...Baker had some new business -- he wanted a rubber stamp made to replace the old one that said "Warning to Bookdealers/This book is the property of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society/It is not for sale/Anyone selling this is a thief!" The old one got stolen a couple of years ago...// (June 15)

(1245th)//JT announced that The Vortex Blaster had showed up, in the middle of a stack of fanzines upstairs -- apparently somebody had taken it out of the shelf and set it down, and the silt had buried it...Helen Urban had dropped in with a stack of paintings, which Bjo picked up to show off...JT announced we had lemonade in the kitchen tonight...// (June 22, 1961)

(1246th)//The Treasurer came back with another report--as of the mid-year, we have 55 active members, which break down to be 30 single men, 14 married men, 2 single women, and 9 married women. Besides this, we have had and lost 56 members during the last term of office: 32 single men, 6 married men, 8 single women and 10 married women. The only thing I regretted was losing the 8 single women...Henstell said he had gotten a script rejection slip from Twilight Zone -- he sent Serling a copy of the latest Esoterique and it got sent back by the outer office with a note saying they didn't accept unsolicited scripts...Rick reviewed Spacemen. He said that basically, it's good. If you like that crazy Buck Ackerman stuff...// (June 29, 1961)

And now we have come to the end of the Johnstone Administration, and I become more liberal in my editing, because the next writer takes offense if I cut his stuff too much...

(1247th)//Ron Ellik, having been elected Director in his absence, will direct in his absence for a few weeks...Bill Ellern gave the Treasurer's report--Grand Total \$248.05. There was some discussion of the club having too much money. Somehow the subject of Boucher's pun got into the Treasurer's report here. It seems that at the Westerncon banquet, Anthony Boucher, as Toastmaster, made a fearful pun. Immediately a note was passed up to Tony, making him an honorary member of the LASFS, and fining him a nickel for the pun...Len Moffatt announced that Ella Parker would be here August 24th...Liby Vintus invited us all to a party July 14th, in honor of Bastille Day, forgetting what happened to the Bastille during a similar party in 1789. ...Jim Harmon came up with an important announcement: he has garnered all the old "I Love A Mystery" radio program recordings...Forry entertained us with his adventures in San Quentin Prison, which he and Fritz Leiber visited as guests of Rog Phillips, who conducts a writing class there...// (July 6, 1961)

-- Donald Franson, LASFS Secretary.

SHORT SWORD

----- Blake Maxam

In order to make my position immediatly clear, let me say right now that I am in agreement with both Fritz Leiber and Mr Farmer: Donald Franson seems to me to be objecting, not so much to fantasy as an art-form, but to romanticism in both fantasy and science fiction.

Some definitions before we progress further: When the term realistic is applied to science fiction or fantasy it carries with it the connotation that, not only must the work have the qualifications specifically cited, but it must also be realistic from a literary point of view. This, of course, also applies to the term romantic.

What Mr Franson is defending, rather than being science fiction in general, is realistic science fiction. Realistic sf is a logical projection of existing conditions of the world at the time the work was written into some other circumstances (usually a future time). The fact that there could be so many possible variations of existing conditions makes it possible for this category to contain such widely differing points of view as Orwell and Huxley.

There is a second branch of science fiction -- romantic sf. This is constituted as a projection of existing conditions into other circumstances, but circumstances that do not necessarily have to be logical. This is the space opera kind of sf, and includes such authors as Burroughs and Kleim.

In the realm of fantasy we again find two groups; realistic and romantic. Fantasy differs from sf in that, rather than being a projection of existing conditions, fantasy is wholly the creation of the imagination of the author and subject only to the limits of restraints that the author wishes to place on it. The leading authors in the field of realistic fantasy are probably T H White and J R R Tolkien, while Mr Leiber would seem the leading author of romantic fantasy.

- Don Franson objects to fantasy on the grounds that it isn't interesting to read about someone else's imaginary world. To a certain extent this may be true, but not in the best of fantasy. The highest level of fantasy occurs when the author writes, not about his own imaginary world, but about the world in which his characters live. Such masters of fantasy as White, Carrol, Leiber and Tolkien have created worlds that have their own logic and function consistently by this logic.

Fantasy is an art-form which is every bit as interesting and as exciting as science fiction. We must remember that the basic function of any kind of literature is to put across ideas. Fantasy can put across ideas which would be difficult for sf and vice-versa.

In White's masterful The Once And Future King, for instance, Wart's visit to the ant colony and Merlin's speech on learning are examples. Neither of these are vital to the story, but the first is a wonderful piece of satire on the totalitarian form of government, and the second a beautiful bit of philosophy which I felt better for having read and which I don't think I shall ever forget.

Even Alice In Wonderland, which might not seem very deep on the surface, actually contains a good deal of political satire.





bironellik (for TAFF)

It's not every year that a two-day regional conference lasts five days, but the fourteenth annual WesterCon did. It drew a small

mob over the July 1-2 weekend this year, and it started Friday evening and it kept going until Tuesday evening, and the Bay Area may never recover; but, acting as SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES' roving reporter (read: spy) I had a good time, saw the show, slapped a lot of backs, swilled root beer for five days, and am here to tell the ~~tail~~ tale.

Because of a disagreement between me and the University of California, I was up in Berkeley for the first half of the summer, so it was as if I were one of the locals again, and I didn't have any distance to travel to a con for the first time in my fan career. Friday evening, after I had finished my homework and we ate dinner, Jim Caughran and Terry Carr and I piled into my Fiat and we toolled down to Oakland and the Leamington, betting each other about seeing Forry Ackerman first, because we always see him first in the lobby of a con hotel, no matter where it is. I hitchhiked across country for a convention once (well, this once), and arrived bedraggled and travelworn, staggered into the Biltmore Hotel in New York, and Ackerman walked up and said hello. I've been to conventions and conferences in Seattle & Detroit, San Francisco & Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, and he's always the first fan visible; so I don't remember now what I bet Carr, but I lost it -- we walked into the Leamington in downtown Oakland and were immediately hailed from the bar by FINE Busby, who had been bumping around in an empty hotel since early that day, wondering where all the fans were. And the convention started.

We pulled some tables together and commandeered a good section of the bar, because about that time Lee & Jane Jacobs walked in, and Alva & Sid Rogers, Donald Franson, and then, finally, Ackerman himself. He'd been there, but had been in the lobby, so we hadn't gotten a chance to see him first; but Carr wouldn't admit I'd won. We all sat around the tables after introductions were made, and talked about conventions and fandom. Busby gave us a small glance into the world of a convention committee, and told us not to eat in the Leamington coffee shop because he had tried it and -- while he had written the experience off as anthropological research -- it was very expensive. His stories about the foibles of people which are being uncovered by Seattle fans in putting on a world convention are interesting, and the early evening went past before anybody knew it.

During this session in the bar, the first batch of fans from LA arrived in Al Lewis' car, and I was surprised to find that I'd been elected Director of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society the night before, and Don Franson was my secretary; neither of us had been at the meeting. Alva Rogers told me that in six months I could join the Ex-Directors of LASFS Society, and Don and I congratulated each other. About that time Al Lewis invited us to let the waitress have some of her tables back, and start a party in his room.

By the time we got up to Al's room, there were many, many people around, and his little double was packed. Dan Curran and I went out for some liquid refreshment after passing the hat, and brought back a case of beer and some other stuff -- stronger stuff for some and weaker stuff for others; when we got back, Speer and the Busbies and others were discussing modesty. They were commenting on the statistically observ-

able phenomenon of women who will not allow their husbands to see them nude, which was topped off by a magnificent example cited by FM Busby: It seems there was this married couple, and the man was rubbing liniment into his wife's back as she lay nude in their bedroom, and her mother walked in; the mother threw a fit, that her daughter dear should allow herself to be seen in puris naturalibus, and naturally all us broad-minded fans threw up our hands in horror at such prudery. The conversation changed to fan things, and after such-and-such a while of exchanging an unrememberable amount of chatter, about a third of the room moved off to find something to eat, with me in the mob.

This expedition dismayed us, because it seemed impossible to find anyplace open at that time of night -- whatever time it was, that is, because I can't remember whether it was before or after midnight. We finally headed for a distant cafeteria Jim Caughran promised would be open, and stopped short at an all-night beanery that served good coffee. While we sipped and dunk, Jack Speer dug out of me an admission of guilt: Not only had I not read the recent FAPA mailing, I hadn't read the previous one, either. We talked about the kind of semi-gafia that overtakes fans from time to time, diluting their enthusiasm with temporary ennui and making it more tempting to read a book than a fanzine. This, of course, is the reason this column was missing two issues ago; there seems to be no known cure for this spring fever, either.

When our mob got back to the Leamington and to Al's room (641 -- right below the infamous 741 of the last Oakland Westercon at that hotel, five years earlier) things had quieted down, but beer was still flowing (the soft drinks had been used up, of course) and the talk was still rattling on into the night. Jim Caughran and I stayed until about 3:30, then I drove him, following an interesting mathematical curve up the middle of Telegraph Avenue to Channing; the curve is a linear function of fatigue, I think. We slept.

I've been trying to talk everybody into holding all conventions as conveniently as this one -- it was the closest convention ever. Jim and I got up sometime before noon Saturday and drove back down there, gluttons for punishment, and we found that, overnight, everything had been moved to the mezzanine.

The Canadian Legion was sharing the hotel with us that weekend, and Friday night we'd been treated to a beautiful display of bagpiping and close-order drill by their Berkeley chapter youth group -- most of whom turned out to be monster fans, and who swarmed "Mr. Ackerman" when they found out ol' Famous Monsters was really there. Saturday, they set up their programs in one end of the mezzanine, and we used the other, each of us having a couple of rooms opening onto it for displays and speeches. During the afternoon, I oscillated between bar and mezzanine, somewhat dismayed at the inconvenience of the seating arrangements: I am essentially a sit-down sort of fan, and there were too few couches upstairs to accommodate the fans and legionaires, and the waitress in the bar disapproved of several tables being moved together. Eventually I settled upstairs near the display room, and talked standing up; by the end of Saturday, my feet were hurting like the devil.

The program opened Saturday afternoon with introductions of impressive names and interesting people by Anthony Boucher and Honey Wood Graham. I had been exchanging witticisms with Johnstone and Pelz until this started, and I realized suddenly I was sitting behind Fritz Leiber and Cele Goldsmith. Took another look, and decided I didn't want these professionals to think I was a chatty neofan -- especially not the pretty professional. Fritz Leiber already knows me for what I am, anyway.

'Sfunny, but convention programs never interest me much. I mean, it isn't that I go to cons looking for nothing but a party, but it usually ends up that way. I listened to Reg Bretnor talk about "What's Wrong With SF?" and realized once more that I would rather talk with people about such things than be talked at; Bretnor was interesting -- he made some very sharp comments about the science fiction field, and only

got vague when faced with some difficult questions from the floor -- but after he finished I left the room and ignored the program until time for the banquet.

It was in the afternoon that I bumped into Ken Hedberg, who had appeared with Metzger in LA some weeks earlier; between then and the convention, he and George had visited Airman Robin Wood (the author of the marshmallow fiasco) in Amador City, and we exchanged words about the Wood family, who have several times hosted me in my wanderings around California. It seems Robin is going to Berlin with Unkle's flyboys, which probably means an indefinite cutting-off of his tenuous contact with fandom -- just when his sister is growing up, too.

Got engaged in a conversation with Barry Miller, the San Francisco fan who has been published by Palmer a couple of times and is now bending all his strength into a gigantic novel of many thousands of words. We talked about his novel for a bit, and he mentioned his interest in Tolkien and Eddison as examples of authors who could construct gigantic fantasies; examples he wishes to emulate. I lightly tossed in Mervyn Peake's name, and explained to Barry's uninformed and eager curiosity that Peake had refused to write a travelogue or a whole planet for his fantasy, but had builded a monstrous castle and a whole civilization inside and around it for his Gothic nightmare. I turned around to get a glass of water, and Barry disappeared into the display room; but before I could get a conversation going with anybody else, he was back with all three Peake books under his arm. Ben Stark, you owe me part of your commission on that sale.

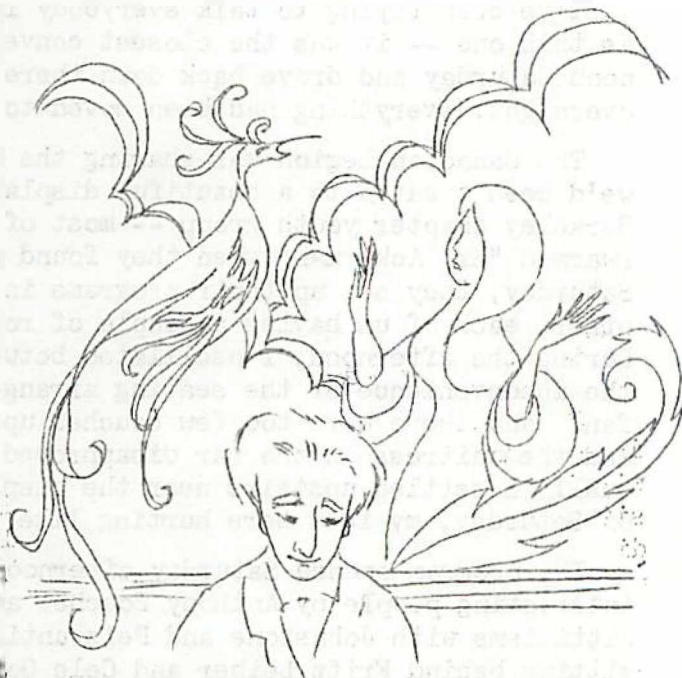
That ice-water was a marvelous thing, by the way. Attendees at any convention know that summer weather builds up a tremendous thirst, and any kind of refreshment is usually unavailable near the convention's rooms; but Rog Phillips had arranged early Saturday for a continued supply of clean glasses and pitchers busting with ice, and rather than travel somewhere for more potent potions, people made these oases temporary focal points of fandom.

The banquet Saturday evening was in one of the most attractive dining halls ever provided for conventions -- the walls featured giant murals, depicting scenes from Arabian Nights tales. Right over Tony Boucher's head, a youth rode on a flying carpet, while Fritz Leiber sat at the knees of a dusky maiden raising her hands in surprise at the golden cockateel. The rest of the paintings blended into each other around the room, and the show was quite ornamentive to the speeches.

This was a major banquet for me, for Alva and Sid Rogers asked me to sit at their table, with Al HaLevy and his date, and Cele Goldsmith. Cele must have known I was a fan (maybe it was the star-begotten look in my eyes) because she asked me if I ever wrote letters to Amazing; it seems she knew my name from somewhere. I haven't

felt like such a tyro since the time I talked to Bea Mahaffey -- these lady editors are death on poise, you know? We finally decided that it must have been FANAC having been nominated three times for a Hugo, and I decided that it might be interesting to write letters to Amazing. It sure sounds more interesting than writing letters to Sam Kines.

Anthony Boucher did himself proud that night, with a line of banter that firmly



eschonched him in the fan eye as a top-notch Toastmaster. He took over the podium and the audience, and didn't relinquish them until his other introductions were over and all the speeches had been delevered but the major address of the evening. His reparatee touched every aspect of the conference, with a bit of flattery, commendation or wry satire for everyone, especially for the speakers he introduced.

While tearing full-tilt along his road of wit, Boucher mentioned that a lady had left a key-chain in Al Lewis' room the night before, in the (ahem) heat of a rather (ahem) wild party. The tag on the key chain said "Norge Appliances", and he asked if Miss Norge would step forward and claim them. He paused and looked expectantly about, and the audience laughed, and he looked back down at his notes -- but just then a lady did get up, from the rear of the room, trip lightly between the tables, and stand before him.



Boucher began to resume his talk, and Fritz Leiber touched his elbow, pointing down at the young lady. Bouch said hi, and Marie Louise said "Mine". Boucher coughed embarrassedly, gave the Ellington's three-year-old daughter her key chain, raised an enebrow at Al Lewis, and went on.

Jack Speer delivered an interesting estimation of the importance of civil liberties to the fan world, citing numerous examples of fan activities that could not exist without the First Amendment, and some examples of fans who had stood up for these rights, such as Chandler Davis. But more interesting to me was his very presence at the banquet -- his second Westercon as Fan Guest of Honor -- because this, coupled with Boucher's general attention to fans during his talks, and during his talks at the SoLaCon three years ago, are far different tones than were heard at speechifyings earlier. A Fan Guest of Honor, and heed given fans during the formal part of the conference, seem a remarkable and altogether pleasant part of modern Westersons -- as long as it doesn't go so far that we fans get swell-headed about it, hem, hem.

Fritz Leiber's address was more a story than a speech, some glimpses into the story of Fritz Leiber; it was delivered commandingly and warmly, with no attempts at "brilliance". He had no need to attempt comedy or wisdom, because he had the audience wrapped up and glowing through the feeling he put into a loosely-connected set of monologues. He spoke long -- far longer than he was allotted, as did all the speakers -- and at the end people wondered where the time had gone; I could have sat through another hour, but it was already late, and time for the beer party to begin, so we just stood up and clapped and stomped and whistled for a few minutes to show him how great he was. Quite a few minutes.

-oOo-

Then I began what seemed to be an endless period of running around. All the next hour, I was toting potables from one place to another, helping Sid Coleman set up the Chiac-LASFS beer bust -- unfortunately, the hotel had not understood we were planning to serve beer in the public room, and this seems to be against the law or something, so we collared Barry (solid muscle) Miller and wrestles three kegs of beer upstairs to good old beady-eyed Al Lewis' room, where beer, root beer, and conversation flowed until dawn.

This was the night of the InterVention, the first sit-down in fan-history. I came on me all of a sudden as I stepped out of 636 where there had been some guitar-playing and general messing-around going on -- and somebody grabbed my legs, and I sprawled

on the floor in the hall-way, adding one more to the mass of bodies blocking the path from the elevator to a whole wing of the hotel (including 641, Al's room). I shook my head, took my foot out of somebody's spine, and asked the sort of stupid questions you ask when you find yourself tossed and held.

"This," answered Ed M Clinton, Jr., former Director of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and internationally-famed author, "is the InterVention. You," he added, making me feel Important, "are now inter-Vening."

"Gosh," I said, ducking as Dale Rostomily (the Un-Man) nearly clove in my skull with his giant brogans. "I'm honored." I tried to steady myself, but couldn't rise because Alva Rogers was holding me down;

Alva is the guy who draws those dirty pictures, you know the one, and he always calls me Son because he looks like my father would look if my father looked more like me and had red hair. Just then Jim Caughran tried to get by, and I gave up all fight and dragged him down to join the crowd.

"This," I said, trying to sound important, "is the InterVention."

"I don't give a -----." he said, uttering something that I don't think was a mathematical symbol, "I am thirsty and there is beer in that room." He stood up and waded through us, stepping over Jessie Clinton and around Sid Rogers and almost clobbering me in the doing. You don't argue with somebody who wears a size 13, not when you're sitting on the floor; and a thirsty man with a size 13 is double dangerous. We finally broke up when the bellboy told us that one of the guests objected to us singing "We Shall Not Be Moved" and "Solidarity, Forever" (the latter to celebrate Danny Curran being appointed our shop steward) very, very loudly. He suggested we try sitting down in the mezzanine. Very friendly, that bellboy.



We never did see any house detectives, though. Felt sort of eerie, not being badgered by plainclothesmen allatime.

And Saturday faded into Sunday.

-oOo-

Sunday morning, late, I picked up the pieces of my head and put them back together. *Sfunny how you can have a hangover from root beer, darned funny. I drank lunch with Sid Coleman -- he put sugar and cream in his, the barbarian. Then I went back to the hotel and tried to be cheerful for a couple of hours, and finally borrowed Ed Wood's key and caught forty winks in his room until time for the business session, by when I was almost my usual bouncy, cheerful self.

It's funny. Here I am Director of the darned club that was bidding unopposed for the 1962 WesterCon, and Fan Publicity man for the proposed committee, and I had to step out of the meeting hall for a drink of water -- that long, a drink of water -- while John Trimble made the bid, and had it approved unanimously. I always miss the good fights. But that's it -- it's Los Angeles in 1962, back home after three consecutive years away from the founding city of the WesterCon. Look for an ad in this magazine, and send in your buck (we need it for a trip to Mexico City).

And the convention was over -- we thought. But there was this party that night, and that party the next night, and the other party the night after, and all in all, I didn't do anything Constructive until Wednesday sometime. The party at Donaho's (continued on page 21)

The Aerial Netherlander leads off with a review of:

IN THE WET, Nevil Shute, William Morrow 1953 (PermaBook 1957).

Nevil Shute is a name of respectability and repute, reeking heavily of Literature, welcomed joyfully to the bosoms of the element in sfiction fandom who nuerotically defend sf at every opportunity and use such terms as "pulp paper". The reason for this should be known to all of us with the advent of the popular On The Beach and its atom-doom forecast as subsequently filmed by Hollywood. Less known is another view, one of many it seems, of our possible future on this planet as seen through the gifted extrapolation of Nevil Shute.

He sets the scene in present-day Australia and through the eyes of an aged clergyman we are acquainted with the last days and death of a stinking, whiskey-sotted old man named Stevie. Through the clouds of opium smoke that ease his passing (they are stranded "in the wet"), the clergyman is told a story which soon takes the reader to the 1980's and the life of a man named "Figger" Anderson. He is the Australian Wing Commander in the Queen's Flight. Through him we see quite believably the future stress and strain of a British Commonwealth (years after "the Russian War") during a time when a Socialist Labour government all but does away with the Monarchy (which had resumed an active leadership in affaires). While the average sf-reader is probably not interested in a sympathetic view of Queen Elizabeth's possible future difficulties, it is quite well done and gradually brings out an interesting idea: the "multiple vote".

Under this system, the one vote for one person idea is found to be lacking in merit by depriving responsible people of taking a more proportionate amount of responsibility in selecting their government. This has already, in the story, worked in Australia and is a coming issue in England, weakened and reeling from economic ills, and over-population (despite mass migrations to Australia and other Commonwealth nations). Each person retains the "basic vote". You're born with it. Then there are six more. Briefly: one each for education (higher), family (by raising 2 children past age 14 with divorce in the family), foreign travel (gives a broader perspective -- your nations interaction with the world), achievement (personal income over £5,000 per year, figuring that a person's capabilities in this direction indicate a good head on their shoulders) and if the person is an official (major or minor) of any recognized Christian church. The Seventh Vote is given by the Monarch for exceptional achievement or duty by a subject.

The concept of the multiple vote is most interesting. If the more responsible people whose single vote is swamped by the voter-mass who are easily -- and usually -- swayed by ballyhoo and personality, smear tactics and propaganda, baby-kissing and flag-waving ambiguity, if these former people could have more than one vote as per a similar set of qualifications, wouldn't government become actually that? It could be reliable, responsible, capable and non-political as hard-working people got into office to work toward the ideal, for the city, the county, state, and federal governments, and NOT for personal gain, undeserved recognition, or powerful lobbies and vested interests. Of course, the way would be tedious, heart-breaking and bloody, especially as the unions fought to the violent death of one or the other. It would also be called un-Constitutional (but it would, in the first place, have to come into being as a Constitutional ammendment). The job of educating a public to

such a concept would take years and years of patient and discouraging work, but wouldn't it be worth it in the long run?

The book, however, continues on through the crisis as seen through the eyes of "Nigger" Anderson (so named because he is a quadroon) and smoothly, almost painlessly, we are brought back to "reality" as Stevie dies in the rain-drenched night. The clergyman goes back to his bush parish work and Shute very convincingly lats one item after another fall into place before the shaken clergyman's eyes. This gives the plot the needed elements to round out the book, though the reincarnation and/or clairvoyance elements in fandom may unjustifiably holler triumphantly.

I recommend the book even though you may not be very interested in the Commonwealth (present or future), or a behind-the-scenes glimpse into future reality -- quite possibly -- of a British Monarch. This is it if you really want a plausible look at the future in an extremely well told sotry that is as entertaining as it is thought-provoking.

-oOo-

---- the flying dutchman.

Which winds it up for this time -- we're in need of reviews, people. The file is dry for the first time since before we started this column. O'mon, people, you are reading that stf out there, aren't you? Some of you...?

Gee, and Don Simpson has been doing such great headings for Walk, too.

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SHORT SWORD, continued from page 11.

Fantasy can move at a slower pace than science fiction and has time to explore the by-ways of thought which science fiction often cannot reach.

Science fiction and fantasy are two distinct and different forms of literature. They are usually read for different reasons and must not be "lumped" as Franson says. To advocate one at the exclusion of the other seems to me senseless and unnecessary.

---- blake maxam.

THE FANTASY COLLECTOR'S SONG

To publishers we weep and moan
For Gormenghast and Titus Groan:
We bend the old book-seller's ear
For copies of The Lurking Fear,
Or Long's The Hounds of Tindalos,
Or just The Worm Ouroboros.
We search the bookshope from dawn to dawn
For the fabled Necronomicon.
We know they don't, but just the same...
"A first of Weinbaum's Dawn of Flame?"
Instead of greeting clerks with "hello",
We ask, "Have you The King in Yellow?"
And all of us, unto a man,
Will beg, "Where is The Moswell Plan?"
And weep to hear the fellow say,
"We sold the last one yesterday."

(Reprinted from MEST, Ted's SAPzine) ---- ted johnstone.

A few weeks ago a group of fans walked out of a restaurant in downtown Los Angeles, and Al Lewis said fervently, "Thank God for minority groups!" The restaurant was the Tokiwa Cafe in "Little Tokyo", and we were very full of rice, green tea, and niku nabe; except for Ernie, who was full of that wonderful shrimp tempura.

The Japanese section of town (actually, there are many "sections" all over California, but this area happens to be the main business center) is only a few blocks long, running from Main Street to Alameda along First Street and right across from the new police buildings. It looks like any other section of town, if you don't window-shop, but for the Japanese characters on most of the signs. And the flags, lanterns, paper fish, and other colorful displays during a sale or celebration of some kind. And festivals, luckily, seem to be frequent here.



Occasionally we see a muu-muu or full kimono-and-obi-sash on the street, tho it is often a waitress from a nearby restaurant, for most of the people are very "Americanized". Japanese children are almost invariably round, bright-eyed, and full of giggles, with straight bangs and very tidy clothes. I have seen one full wedding party come from the Shinto Temple; the groom in occidental dress and the tiny bride looking like a Hakata doll, in complete Japanese costume. (There is also a Buddhist Temple in this section, but we have not visited either place.)

Attitudes toward us differ widely; some folk acting as if we were "gringo turistas" and others as if we were welcome as Springtime. The Tokiwa Cafe is the friendliest place on First Street, in our opinion, seconded only by the Tsukada Company. Both places act as if they wish nothing more than to answer our questions about legends, traditions, customs, and Things of Interest about Japan. When we enter the Tokiwa, the friendly little lady calls "hello!" from the kitchen; while the salespeople in the Tsukada Company seem happy about opening those fascinating little boxes to reveal the goodies within. Most of the shops have a "please feel free to browse without being disturbed" attitude, which is fine with me. But many of the small restaurants seem to feel that we should be going to the fancy, high-priced, tourist spots for our sukiyaki, instead of bothering them for the "kitchen" style niku nabe.

The first time we tried Japanese food, we were lucky enuf to also have a waitress who was much more aggressive than the usual Japanese girl. When she discovered that we didn't know what Japanese food tasted like, she solved our problem by ordering for us. The party that day was Rotsler, Bill Ellern, Ernie Wheatley, John and me; and we sat in apprehension, wondering if we would have to cope with a live squid or something. John spent some time in Japan, but it seems he spent more time studying other native customs than ethnic cuisine, so he was no help at all.

We discovered that drinking soup directly from the bowl is more efficient than our way, and that getting the Japanese chopsticks tangled with all five thumbs was an engrossing project. Finally, we all found that hashi could be arranged to pick up even rice, with a certain amount of practice and native dexterity. And, later, we discovered that using this method was no slower than eating with a fork; except in the case of noodles, which is still a bit tricky to manage.

Rotsler was grotching that he wouldn't eat fish, and was informed that the clear consomme he'd just finished off was made of fish flakes. "Well," he stated firmly,

"This mackerel was raised on a cattle ranch!" And nothing would persuade him that it was not beef boullion. Later, I found "instant dashi" in a store, fish flakes in a tea-bag sort of thing; and a delightful soup it does make, too!

When the dinners arrived at the table, the waitress took a pair of hashi, and deftly divided all the different dishes among us. Rotsler grotched again, because he'd gotten teriyaki steak, and wanted it all to himself, but the waitress insisted that we all experience the various dishes. And we were glad that we did; faced with a small sample of shrimp, niku nabe, vegetables, beef, pork and seaweed, with plenty of rice and green tea, we discovered the joys of Japanese food. Since then, we have gone to a so-called "Chinese" restaurant twice, and found the food tasteless and overcooked.

As it turned out, none of the dishes had a squid in it, tho we could have gotten raw fish, which is a delicacy to the Japanese but something I will still have to get very used to. (To tell the truth, I think I'd enjoy it more -- as I have with squid -- if I didn't know what it was the first time I tasted it). Now, visiting Little Tokyo and having lunch at the Tokiwa Cafe is one of the real treats I look forward to; it happens usually on payday. The calmness of an unhurried meal and a relaxing afternoon of window-shopping makes me want to visit Japan very much.

The shops offer wonderful things; highly brodated obi material, wind-up toys of spaceships or ladybugs, tiny radios and tapers, metal work, ceramics of all kinds, and funny figurines of badgers (a sort of national symbol of fun, for they can change shape, cheat, and do magic). These stores do not have the tawdry appearance of most "Chinatown" stores, but rather carry a line of merchandise for people who wish to buy other things than souvenirs. Children's toys show a thotfulness and care, even in small items, which is not too evident in our own stuff. Kites, wonderful mobiles of paper butterflies, plastic animals and dolls with changeable wigs and dresses, and other fun items are inexpensive in these shops. I heard the saleslady at Tsukada Company trying to explain to a customer that Japanese toys, however beautiful, were seldom made to last. They were made to be beautiful and fun, and to be played with; and to be replaced then with something else. The customer left without understanding.

I particularly like the paperdolls that punch out -- clothes and all -- so that you don't have to give a small child possibly dangerous scissors or spend that time cutting them out for her. The packets of gold and colored paper in the origami kits, with simple instructions for intricate paper folding are sheer fun for any age.

I told the saleslady of my forthcoming marriage, awhile back, and just before I left the shop, she approached me with a small package. Bursting into giggles, she said, "I don't even know if you can use them!" and then she retired in shyness. Inside the package was a pair each of serving and eating hashi, finely laquered.

At Tsukada, we find wonderful art materials such as a small wooden box of oil, crayons for less than one dollar, and fine watercolors for little more. The papers of all colors and textures make us want to paint; and little kits of wood-block tools intice us to try a new art-form.

The theatre in Little Tokyo usually has a double bill of one costume movie and one modern dress story; most often with English sub-titles. This is for the Japanese who do not speak Japanese, and there is a surprising number of them around. Other Japanese theatres in far sections of town usually play only the "art" movies.

Guidebooks to LA say that the Japanese are some of our most industrious citizens. This does not even begin to say how much these fine people have contributed to Our Fair City, or how interesting they are. We echo Al Lewis in this, for what would we do without Angelenos like the Japanese?

----BJO

A LITTLE READING IS A DANGEROUS THING!

by Quintlar Zeano Ylis

I was on the floor reading the newspaper when it happened. There were no myriad bubbles of pink and violet light. There was no off-white flash of pure energy, I'm sorry to say. I felt no searing, blinding twitch of pain. Just -- suddenly, startlingly -- I started to shrink! Not evenly, not smoothly. Spasmodically. Jerkily. I shrank in quick, terrifying oomphs. Sometimes I even seemed to momentarily re-increase in size, a futile attempt of rackled will to halt this disaster, this tragedy. Futile. I continued to shrink, speedily, in jerks and jolts. I felt no pain, but my stomach breded butterflies.

The newspaper loomed up at me. (Or did I loom down at the newspaper?) I found myself cowering in newsprint, my eyes building horror (of acceleration -- deceleration?). Still cowering, I discovered that each letter and diacritical mark on the newspaper was a wide, deep and shivering chasm of inky obscurity. And each inky obscurity was rapidly growing wider and deeper and shiverier! I covered even more. I shuddered. My acrophobia coming to the fore made me reel. Made me sob. Then I ran. I ran to find refuge. I ran to escape the newspaper, the endless pits of bottomless blackness.

I ran. I twisted blindly among the ebon abysses. Panting, my feet raw red and bleeding, my eyes wide wet and wild, I ran. Without heed I ran. I stumbled. I screamed.

Then I fell into a deep comma.

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THE SQUIRREL CAGE, continued from page 10

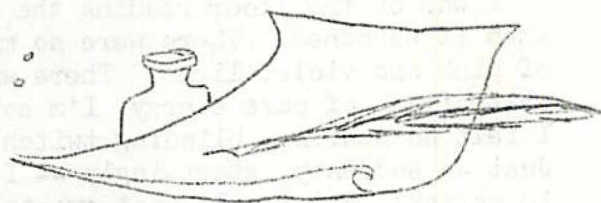
pad Monday night stands out in my memory. Where you'd think everybody'd be on their last legs, or just the locals would be left, we had a house-bursting group full of lively songs and stories and like in. The party dissolved for me at four ayem when Dick Ellington dropped me home, still a bit dizzy from when Pat Ellington, Miriam Carr, and Karen Anderson decided I needed to be kissed. Late the next afternoon I took Sid Coleman to the Oakland airport so he could get back to doing nothing for the RAND Corporation at a fabulous salary, and Tuesday, the Fourth of July, was little else than that, and a lot of sleep, for me.

----ron ellik.

ROTATE
THE
SQUIRRELIAN



An open letter to
George Willick:



Dear George:

English does not contain -- nay, even Esperanto does not contain -- words adequate to the task of expressing my enthusiasm for your Fan Awards project. One voice like yours crying out of what I had mistakenly thought to be a wilderness of collectors and FIJAGH enthusiasts, has done much to warm the cockles of this old heart, long grown weary to the point of despair in the great fight to awaken fans to the true magnitude of their destiny. (And what known to man is more pathetic than a despairing old heart with cold cockles?)

Indeed, you seem to me at this moment a star arisen in the Midwest. You can not know how true is the path which you have chosen: it is only through ventures such as the Fan Awards, replete with organizations, committees, finances, voting, untold glorious paperwork (perhaps, who knows?, even letterheads), and, most important of all, actual, tangible, material trophies, the labor and expense of their casting signifying the labor and expense undergone by those worthy of winning them, that fandom will be raised from a mere petty hobby to a magnificent, glamorous, Big Time Thing.

The veriest buffoon could see that the petty institutions we now possess, this claptrap of egoboo polls and fan commendments, could never raise this banner on high with their puny shoulders.

Nevertheless, despite my warm enthusiasm for the general outlines of your project, I think it deficient in several important details from its ideal self. Let me elucidate:

Firstly, you display a cowardly trepidation about expenses, evincing a mean concern with trivial financial matters that are better left to mundane minds. Of course, all right-thinking fans would be willing to pay extra convention dues to finance a project that does so much towards making them persons of Real Importance, just as all right-thinking convention committees would be overjoyed to offer of their ample leisure time to work for the success of such a venture. As for those who are too miserly and lazy to do their part, to the wall with them! The sooner we are rid of them, the better. If they want hobbies of friendships, let them collect stamps or join lonely-hearts clubs.

Secondly, you are squeamish as a petty bourgeois about the Hugos. What can you possibly mean when you say that the Fan Awards will be awarded at the same time as the Hugos? Is this not a fan convention? The Hugos must be eliminated, removed from the face of the Earth, swept into the dustbin of history. How can you dream of humiliating a slan like Kemp, Trimble, or Coulson by giving him an award at the same gathering that honors mere money-grubbing hacks like Heinlein, or Sturgeon, or Leiber?

Thirdly, your plans are too modest. The magnitude of fandom is best enlarged by increasing the numbers of the awards, just as the power and glory of the N3F is shown by the multiplicity of its officers. It is true that there might be a slight difficulty in devising the necessary categories, but the ingenious mind of fan should not be troubled by this. I have asked around the LASFS, and they have already added to your paltry six or seven categories such obvious omissions, as best mimeoscope

work, most even stapling, and most truly serious discussion of the year. Even if these prove inadequate, the number of awards can be increased by the simple stratagem of offering second and third prizes in each of the existing categories.

One final word of warning. In your innocence and enthusiasm, you may believe that all of fandom is with you. Do not be deceived! The same foul mad dogs that kneed the WSFS, Inc. in the groin still prowl fandom. The foulness and treachery of these men is unbelievable: some of them read s-----e f-----n, and others have been seen with non-fan friends!

Do not let them get their hands on you. Remember what they did to poor Claude.

I remain,
Yr. humble and obdt. srvnt.,

Leslie Z Norris

P S : I do not want to carp, but, in my opinion, Prosser's proposed statuette, magnificent as it is, lacks the necessary emblem, or trade-mark, that would identify the award with fandom as surely as the Hugo's phallic contours identify it with sex-man prodom. Something must be added.

The first suggestions that come to mind, the beanie and zap-gun, are clearly inappropriate, not only for petty technical reasons (the figure's head is canted in such a way that it is difficult to place a beanie anywhere except directly over the face; on the scale of the award, the zap-gun would be indistinguishable from the mundane and uninteresting revolver), but because they represent a trivial and frivolous attitude that is part of the ephremera of current fandom.

We must never forget that this award is not merely something for the next lustrum or generation, but an institution we are bequeathing to the ages, indestructible as the N3F. It would not be meet to embarrass future fans, no doubt as superior to present fans as present fans are to contemporary mundanians, with reminders of the distressingly frequent lapses of their predecessors from high purpose. Something more permanent must be utilized, something symbolic of the essential quality of fandom, the time-binding ability that alone enables fans to broaden their mental horizons. May I humbly suggest a clock be tastefully inserted in the lower abdomen?

CQX,
Les

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THE SHAGGY CHAOS (ctd. from Page 4)

Hmmm, Burbee doesn't show signs of publishing a sixty-page fanzine, even annually -- let alone monthly, but it looks like we got a real going team when Ron Ellik and Don Franson were ~~kneaded in the butt~~ elected when their backs were turned. They may hate their jobs before they're thru, but I'll bet they do LASFS some real good.

Gee, it seems funny to be able to sit back and just look on at a meeting. Old habits are hard to break, tho, 'cause I started prompting Ernie (who's been filling in for Ron while he was finishing summer school) last meeting.

Next Westercon, we're going to have to have an Ex-Directors of LASFS Society meeting. Whaddya think, Alva...Ern...Ron...Rick?

---- uss jt.

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minnesota
 Burkhard Blum, (16) Hofheim Ried, JakobstraBe 17, GERMANY
 Gregg Calkins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah
 Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th Ave. S. W., Seattle 66, Washington
 Phillip A. Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia
 Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhlandstrasse, Uffort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, WEST GERMANY
 Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14, Indiana
 Bob Lichtman, 6137 S Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California
 Peter H. Mabey, 10 Wellington Square, Cheltenham, Glos., ENGLAND
 Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND
 Thomas Schlueck, Hannover, Altenbekener, Damm 10, WEST GERMANY
 Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan
 Fred L. Smith, 6 Dryburgh Gardens, Glasgow N. W., SCOTLAND
 Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N. Y.
 MSgt. L. H. Tackett, USMC, H&HS-1 (Comm), MWHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac,
 c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.
 Steve Tolliver, 605 E. Denny Way, #405, Seattle 22, Washington
 Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland

PICKING A BONE WITH SHAG- GY

Fandom: Clubs & Fanzines

BURKHARD BLUM: I was very amazed to find in SHAGGY a filler from the most famous German fanartist, Mario Kwiat (it was not from wolfi thadewald). By the way, Mario will soon publish an anthology of his best covers and some full-page-paintings especially made for the anthology. The name ist PLEHEOI; it will be published probably at then end of October.

HELMUT KLEMM: This serious book reviews seem to be in every fanzine for the moment. Why? We have yet DISCORD, NEW FRONTIERS and SPECULATIVE REVIEW!!! If anyone is interested in b.r. he can sub these 'zines or IF or other prozines, there he find b.r. too!! No, I'm not a friend of book or magazine reviews in usual fanzines. I prefer faan fiction and fmz.r., these things are essential to any fanzine.//Don't worry about my bad English, but I've not the ability to use my dictionary, and remember I'M ONLY 15! ((Helmut pubs BUGEYE, a fannish Gerfanzine; recommended! -ljm))

HARRY WARNER: In the minutes, I am impressed by the casual and completely confident way in which all your chroniclers toss off references to the 1135th and 1138th meetings and so on. I visualize some day the emergence of a fan who combines the patience of Coslet and energy of Bjo and insurgence of Laney, and devotes three or four years of his fannish career to a research project that eventually comes up with the discovery that the 587th meeting was never held and all meetings since then have been misnumbered. Then Los Angeles fandom will be forced to stage LASFS meetings twice daily for months to restage all the erroneous gatherings rapidly enough to regain the prestige that comes from a meeting total in the thousands. I notice that you no longer refer to...consecutive meetings, and I keep wondering what happened to make them nonconsecutive. ((Week in and week out, they remain about as consecutive as you can get! -ljm)) // The knighting of Sneary sounds like a lot of fun. ((Squired, not knighted...ljm)) Certain other events at LASFS meetings have sounded as if you were copying Lions Club meetings lately, but this is wholly fannish. Maybe St. Fantony could provide some kind of symbol for use in the fannish equivalents of Hugos that everyone is trying to figure out the proper form for.

THOMAS SCHLUECK: I'm quite sure you never heard of me. Imagine a tall fellow, porting glasses, being unshaved. He passes his time by sitting before his typer and producing stuff like this little report on German fandom...When reading Shaggy, I was often struck by the enormous differences between American and German fanzines. Since its foundation - see

SCHLUECK(continued): Klaus's article in Shaggy 43 - Gerfandom has developed to a type of its own which expressed itself in absolute serconess in the fanzines. Nowadays the number of fans to be adherents of "faanish fandom" is more and more growing, but lots of fans are still wanting sf and science to dominate in fanzines. ((Tom, meet Helmut...ljm)) In comparison to American Fandom, Gerfandom is rather uncomplicated. "Political battles" ceased - followed by the battle between sercon and faanish fandom which is still going on. There are two main-clubs in Germany now, besides smaller ones in Austria and Switzerland. Most German fans are members of both.// The older but smaller club is the SFCD (Science Fiction Club Germany) publishing its zine Andromeda, the first zine to appear at all in 1955. The SFCD has several town-groups reporting about their meetings and work in Andro. (Hanover, Nurnberg, Munich, Brunswick) The name of this club has undergone many changes. From 55 to 57 it was SFCD, then changed to SFCEurope. On Hanover-Con in 59 - see Shaggy 43 - fans named it SF Union-Europe, but soon returned to SFCD.// History of the other big club, the SSFI(Stellaris Science Fiction Interest-group) is less exciting, but is something more than a group. It has grown steadily from 100 to about 200 members, and its fanzine Stellaris is rather good, in my opinion, and has reached its 15th issue. This year Stellaris is organising its first Con together with the "Eurotopia". Under this name no one has to expect another club. It merely is an organisation to unite all existing clubs(including those in Austria and Switzerland), and to represent fandom by advertising in sf books to get new blood for fandom. People may call it "The UN of Fandom". Richard Koch, a famous sf writer, is president. //

The refusal of Stellaris to join the Eurotopia caused many political attacks. But people know that it is better to be at one, so they made this agreement: Next Con is organized by both Eurotopia and Stellaris. So Gerfandom has a certain unity, though....//Gerfandom is only 5 years old. Its development is influenced very much by the great model Anglofandom, which had a similar stage some more years ago, I suppose. I personally want better connections between fandoms, perhaps I am a sort of a fan-cosmopolitician..? Fans are all over the world; they should know each other.

The Fannish Faith

GORDON EKLUND: George Metzger's idea, making fandom a religion, deserves further thought. The hep saying would have to be FIJAGR. Maybe that is too mind croggling to use. Maybe we ought to leave it as plain old fandom. Sigh!

GREGG CALKINS: When you people incorporate yourselves as a religion there in California, be sure to include me as one of your traveling prophets-at-large, will you? It's going to cost me something like \$15 to mail out the next issue of OOPS. Now that probably wouldn't be too bad compared with some fanzines, I don't suppose, but in my case I don't have \$15! Oh how I could use that 1/2 \$ postage fee...

STEVE STILES: If fandom becomes a religion I'll refuse to believe in it; then where'll you be? ((All ghod's chillun' gotta choose...ljm))

The Poor Fan's Show Biz

BETTY KUJAWA: In my drama classes at Stephens Jr. College I was fortunate enough to have as my individual coach one William Inge; two years later he left there and went on to write COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA, BUS STOP, PICNIC and DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. And once a month was terror-time...We all lined up and then singly went in to read lines before the head of the dept., the legendary immortal Maude Adams! You can imagine how scared 17 yr.old Betty was facing a figure of the theatre that great! She was very very gentle and kind--and enchantingly lovely even in '41. I was dern lucky to have known her.

HARRY WARNER: Bjo's article fits in nicely with my recent increase of interest in amateur theatricals. I don't know much about her phase of the hobby, but I'll take her word for the facts, on the basis that the costumer is always right.

WARNER (cont'd.): I made my own stage debut a few weeks ago in a role that kept me on stage during all three acts and gave me the climactic line of the play. It was Ayn Rand's old play, "The Night of January 16". The whole thing takes the form of a courtroom trial, the jury is picked from the audience, and the conclusion of the play depends on whether they decide the defendant is guilty or not guilty. I attended dress rehearsal for newspaper purposes, and got drafted as foreman of the jury. On one of the actual production nights, the girl playing the defendant got sick on the stomach in act two; the bailiff spotted a physician in the audience, and asked him to help. He grew highly indignant at the effort to drag him into the plot and urged the person sitting next to him to participate in the play. After that, the whole company was scared stiff that the place might catch on fire some night and the audience would be burned to a crisp while sitting there admiring the realism of the smoke and flames.

Sci-Fi & Fanta-sighs

THOMAS SCHLUECK: There are 4 paper-bound sf-serials appearing in Germany, but no magazine. ((Tom reports that UTOPIA-MAGAZINE and German Edition of GALAXY folded a year ago.-ljm)) Why did (mags) cease publication? There were not enough to buy 'em! Those...interested in real SF were the same to be in fandom...they bought these magazines--but their number is too small! That's why many publishers did not dare bring out real good sf. They liked more to publish those "detective stories in space" which are read by those who only want entertainment. But these novels are not our fan's cup of tea! ((Tom goes on to say that Gerfans like most foreign authors, that the book-serials are good and getting better, that some if not most of the German pro writers are good, that Gerfans can get good sf books, cheaply, from TRANSGALAXIS, which seems to be a book club, similar to Book of the Month, etc. -ljm))

BURKHARD BLUM: Don ((Franson)) likes sf more than fantasy, for it's more realistic, and can come true because sf has explained fantastic elements. I'd not say fantastic - I prefer to say now-non-existing, because fantastic has the sound of impossible, unreal. Of course, change dominates all lives. Life is change. But how can we decide what is better, sf or fantasy. That is to decide what you want from literature. If you want to be delighted...and to get to know characters, you can read sf as well as fantasy. If you want to get to know something about the development of the human race, prefer sf.

ROY TACKETT: Here, now, Mr Franson, sir, let us have no unkind remarks about fantasy. You speak, sir, of the parent, sir, of the genre, sir, which you, sir, commend so highly, sir, to wit, sir, science-fiction, sir. (Franson always wanted to be a knight) You want s-f adventure based on the future. That we have plenty of, and 99.999% of it is more properly classified as science-fantasy, rather than science-fiction. I haven't read much of epic fantasy or sword & sorcery...but what I have read has been enjoyable. Certainly, I agree with the need for more and better science fiction, but...there is a need for some good fantasy too. And that's hard to come by unless you want to dig out the "classics".

And Mr Farmer, sir, (Ghod, let's not start that again), I hold that the reason stf is belittled by the mainstream and the reason that stf authors cannot make a go of it in the mainstream is because, for the most part, stf is utterly beyond the comprehension of the mainstream critics and literati (whatever they are). Stf calls for the ability to think while most mainstream writing appeals only to the emotions. Further, appreciation of stf calls for the much-maligned "sense of wonder", a quality notably lacking in the mainstream. The stf writer has it and it frequently shows up when he attempts to write mainstream fiction, thereby leaving the readers and the critics utterly lost in the smallness of their own concepts. (Hey, Tackett, do you really believe that? Not necessarily, but it makes a good argument.) ((Yes, it probably will...ljm))

STEVE STILES: I'd like to add another "cannot" to Franson's list; we cannot allow ourselves to be mentally limited to one aspect of literature. And of course most fans don't. Don's summation....reminds me ...of the hobbits(sorry, Don, I've been "looking backward") foolish

STILES (cont'd.): attitude towards leaving the Shire, or leaving Bree. It's stupid to be clannish, and you can't pretend s.f. is holy because it isn't. ((You really don't believe that fandom can become a religion, do you?-ljm)) As for the turning away from sf(which is probably less serious than people think) it is perfectly justified because, right now, it has little to offer; it itself has ceased to move in any direction. ((Steve complains of the cliches in prozines, but doesn't think the old ideas--such as space travel--are dead, & adds that space and time should provide limitless plots. I agree.-ljm)) If I can use an allegory, the pros have been squeezing (or were squeezing) at the bottom of the tube--all the paint is at the top. Maybe Bjo will get that. ((OK, you arty fellers!-ljm))

FRED SMITH: I agreed, more or less, with the opening paragraphs((of Farmer's article)) but in the last three I got the distinct impression that he was frothing and hitting out wildly. Also his last paragraph making the point that "one (writer) who stays in the sf field does so because he doesn't have the ability to leave" is a complete contradiction of what he said earlier about Sturgeon and Heinlein writing fantasy and sf because they loved it, believed in it, and felt they could produce their best efforts in it. This becomes obvious when you read any of Sturgeon's non-fantasy stories, I think. They're good, but not so good as his fantasies. (And, incidently, I think he feels more at home in fantasy than he does in sf.) I reckon Farmer's question at the end is answered before he even asks it. //Regarding the literary critics' reception of heroic fantasy, I don't know what reception Cabell, Dunsany, or Eddison received at the time, but Tolkein's trilogy, as far as I remember, was treated pretty favourably by the major critics. However, Farmer's point stands: that most writers in the genre gain "disregard, contempt or scorn" from the literary critics.// Franson's view of fantasy is too narrow, but I don't want to go into all that now.

STEVE TOLLIVER: Science Fiction and Fantasy have been lumped, defined, redefined, re-lumped, and probably will be, long after this. But with all their differences and similarities, growths and changes, the two are still bound together by their departure from the mundane. Just as SF grew away from the cowboy on a spaceship to contemplation of many futures, Fantasy left the macabre for adventure. Not that there aren't still cowboys and werewolves running loose in ...modern-day "departure" stories, for there are, but we also have the exploration of futures and Sword & Sorcery.// To say that one is an escape from the other is true, but to say that the escape is from thinking is not true. You can't afford to use SF as a springboard for thoughts about our future. If you did, you would either give SF up for its idiotic scientific blunders (one blunder outweighs ten accuracies!) or if you could overlook (or didn't see) the blunders you would still end up with the wrong future. Science Fiction is still fiction, and despite the fact it predicted the Atomic Bomb, it doesn't describe the future, it describes "fictional" futures.

//Fantasy...doesn't worry about the possible "fictional" futures. It tells of things that couldn't (oh?) happen rather than things that won't happen....What's wrong with having a hero who has muscles? Is he so very different from the hero with the superior gadget?Whether it is Fantasy or SF, if the story is enjoyable, then it will be enjoyed, despite the non-real background.// All of the so-called "departure" fiction is escapist. One takes off into imagined futures, the other into magical pasts. Both have their advocates, their good points and their bad. Neither should be taken as guides to thought. With the exception (always the exception) that the ideas, whether of the "improved tomorrow of SF or of the nobility of being the strong man of honor of Sword & Sorcery, should not be discarded with the finished story, but rather should be furthered by everyone they touch.

GORDON EKLUND: The trouble with Don Franson's section was that he, trying to refute those who believe that fantasy is more worthwhile than stf, has gone to the extreme of damning fantasy even as escape. Personally, I prefer fantasy as my escape reading over Space Opera type of stf. Main reason: Space Opera is and must be a limited field. There are just not enough ideas in this type of writing to allow continued excellence in it. Fantasy is, for

EKLUND (cont'd.): the most part, better written than Space Opera. There are exceptions--as there are to almost anything.// On many of the other points Don brings up I am in complete, or almost complete, agreement with him. For instance when he states that much fantasy is nothing more than mundane with a small bit of Fantasy mixed. He applies this to Sword & Sorcery stories. This isn't completely right. There is less of this type in that category than is found, say, in the type that F&SF has been using so much of lately. Literary Fantasy. ((Gordon agrees with Don that stf is not escape, but that escape via fantasy is needed. He agrees with Farmer that stf writers aren't all second rate. //He agrees with Coleman that books like ASPECTS OF SF are not going to make stf literature.)) The only thing that will make stf Literature is good writing that will last through the ages. For this reason I don't consider Bradbury's writings as literature. One hundred years from now they'll just be considered well-written little stories showing that the author was rather a nostalgic fellow. Heinlein has a better chance to last. I may be wrong but let's wait a hundred years and then check with me, if possible, and we'll see.

HARRY WARNER: Philp Jose is just as interesting as Fritz Leiber was, which is something that took considerable doing. On this problem of stf. writers who fail to do anything in mainstream fiction, it might be the symptom of a quite fundamental division in the world of fiction. Fiction in almost every culture first appears as fantasy and weird tales, usually so early that the story tellers aren't known and their fiction is preserved as legendry. Gradually as the culture advances realism begins to shove fantasy out of the leading position as a source for fiction. By now in the United States science fiction is the only branch of fantasy that has any popularity at all with the general public. I suspect that it takes two entirely different groups of writers to create fantasy fiction and realistic fiction: the first comes from writers who primarily use their imagination to distort the realities around them, the other is created by men who use their observing powers to reproduce on paper the real world in the thinnest possible disguise. This would explain why it's so seldom that mainstreamers turn out great fantasy, and why the best stf. writers remain stuck in their original field. I don't think that either mainstream or fantasy is necessarily better, they don't eat one another up as some readers seem to fear, and I think there are so few good writers of stf that we shouldn't even hint at the possibility of their deserting the field for mainstream. I doubt that they could do a good job anyway. Heinlein and Blish are the only stf writers active today who I feel have the ability of good mainstreamers. Many other stf writers have excellent imaginations, and that is the quality that makes stf. worth reading even when it's not written like great literature.

Teaching kids how to read stf stories sounds to me as silly as going into the backwoods to teach the hillbillies how to sing folk songs. I'll bet that G. D. Doherty and John Murray are both pseudonyms for gaffiated fans who hate the field and are determined to discourage any other young people from retaining any latent interest that stf. may hold for them. Come to think of it, there was a British fan once named Don Doughty or something similar, and that might be he with a misspelled name. I can't think of any faster way to lose interest in stf. than by hunting for sensuous expressions in a Bradbury story.

BOB LICHTMAN: We don't particularly care if stf ever becomes Recognized as Literature. I mean, who does care, really? A silly question: obviously Earl Kemp does. Obviously many sincere acolytes of stf do. But to us sf was just a phase in our life. We remember it kindly, but don't care to become that vocal and Dedicated about it All, for much the same reason that we tend to avoid becoming all hot and bothered about diverging views in politics and religion. We do have our own views, and they are fairly well-set, but we are always willing to listen to the other fellow's side, and though we may think he's Skoan we don't put him down. OK? ok...

GREGG CALKINS says he likes good sf, but has a stronger tendency for fantasy, perhaps... because there is so little fantasy published, & quality level is high compared to bulk of science fiction.

BETTY KUJAWA: Roy Tackett and WALK THROUGH INFINITY brings to mind an olde book of ghost and horror tales we've had in the family since year one. Wonder if anyone in fanland even knows of its author--he was a great favorite of my late grandfather--my edition came out in 1907 printed by the Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition, in Leipzig... KWAIDAN, STORIES & STUDIES OF STRANGE THINGS, by Lafcadio Hearn. Talk about eerie scarey tales! Whoosh! That one of the dame, after sorta seducing the lad on a dark spooky mountain pass, showing him her face behind the veil and it turning out to be smooth and featureless as an egg.

PETER MABEY: I'd like to comment...on Sid Coleman's review of Geoff Doherty's book (just to fill in a small gap, Geoff was the speaker Ethel Lindsay referred to in her letter, p.29, last issue) but I've not got a copy of it--the stories are a bit too familiar to justify spending BSFA library funds on it. However, I don't think 'stupid' is quite fair--the examples would suggest that Sid meant to say 'ignorant': after all, Geoff is an English teacher, and would probably admit that he doesn't know much about science. This sort of 'scientific illiteracy' is a pretty big problem, and I don't think it's likely to even approach being solved until folk regard it as shameful not to have heard of (say) Gauss as of (say) Pitt; or know at least something about the laws of gravity. // The problem is not making sf literature--but of getting it treated as literature: though all would agree even now, there's not a great deal that deserves it.

Correction Corner

ARCHIE MERCER: My only complaint against the lettercol (barring typos--see below) is that it's too short--but so is Shaggy. So is time--as soon as it stops raining I'm going out. ((Well, don't go off mad!--ljm))

Correction Corner: Saint Fantony (no "H").

((Am tempted to say something about dropping "haiches", but the world knows I'm not an anglophobe, and ...John! Put down that cat!--ljm)) Ethel Lindsay (a, not e). ((Oh, yes, except before y and w, or, no, that's another rule...I dunno who typed those stencils but on behalf of the Entire Shaggy ~~WAF~~ Staff: Sorry, ~~WAF~~ Ethel!--ljm)) "Bacon" in Walt Willis's letter presumably means "Beacon". ((Gee, you mean WAF wasn't at the Baycon??!--ljm))

Correction of Correction Corner: ((I knew I shouldn't have started a Cor. Cor., I knew it, yes, but, no, I had to go and play fair, and now, and now....ljm)) The word is ORDNANCE. Like artillery. Not Ordinance. I've just checked my cartoon ((O U Dawg! You make carbons!--ljm)) and I was right--your typo, mates, sorry. ((Why is Archie like a small, glass tube? Because he's an i-dropper...ljm))

Don't think because I'm harping on typos that SHAGGY isn't as appreciated as ever. As usual, I particularly like the sense of participation in Fabulous West Coast affaires. ((So why don't you make a few typos?--ljm))

Ego-Boo & Otherwise Dept.

PHIL HARRELL: How can I help but love you when you continue to put out zines of such fantastically high quality. ((I hasten to add that Phil is addressing the Shaggy Crew as a group, not any one of us...ljm)) SHAGGY has much of very great interest with Squirrel Cage and Fallen Angelenos taking for me top honors and the rest was a thing of beauty which shall be a Joy forever. ((Yes, Shaggy is a fan's best friend!--ljm))

I can just see ELECTRON in a pair of Nobby kneed leotights. ((Homebrew fan, eh?--ljm)) When I wear Bermuda shorts my legs look something like twin Chapsticks sticking out of an upended potted palm pot. ((Damned if I'll try to TOP that one!--ljm))

HARRELL (cont'd.): I had to take the screen out of my window so the men could paint the frames outside and the windows, and now my room looks like a con-center for flies. They're just flying around in lazy circles in the middle of my room. ((Super-sercon types, no doubt.--ljm)) Must be going to rain again. ((Good. Then maybe Archie--and you--will stay in to write longer letters.--ljm)) By the way did you hear of the beatnick cannibal? Ate three squares a day. ((Man, those squares were IN!--ljm))

DICK SCHULTZ; in a 3 page letter, says he voted for SHAGGY, but last two issues looked drab; likes Squirrel Cage & Ron for TAFF; wonders if civilization (and fandom) will survive for another decade; covered lots of other subjects too, but John turneth a deaf ear to the reader~~s~~ who crieth for a longer lettercol.

STEVE STILES: Mike Hinge's cover was something of a letdown after his Xmas cover, which was great, but shows that the guy has possibilities. I'd like to see more by him. Please.

HARRY WARNER: This is the most unity-type issue of Shaggy that I've seen for years. It gives this time absolutely no impression of a couple of small fanzines by B and C that somehow got stapled in with the large fanzine that A was publishing. As long as you have those pretty pictures and fancy title headings, nobody will mistake you for Cry and you'll continue to have a real identity of your own.

RUTH BERMAN tells of a visit from Ted Johnstone & Tyrannical Lewis, and, as did most of t'others, liked Ron's report on Rick Sneary, Esquire of St. Fantasy.

GORDON EKLUND enjoyed Mike's cartoon cover on #56, and shares Hinge's dislike for peanut butter sandwiches. (I like'em, garnished with sliced Kosher dill pickles...ljm)

HELMUT KLEMM asks if Ron Ellik speaks German, ((Ron says he can read it better than he speak it)), and do we use an electric Gestetner? ((No, we use an Ernie Gestetner, and even now--July 29, 1961--the Wheatley awaits this final stencil of this issue's lettercol. Now, how's that, John? Not quite seven pages...))

~~~So keep smiling!

-Len Moffatt

## *A Word About Unicorns*

by Bjo

"Why did you turn Fallen Angelenos into a 2-page ad for Unicorn Productions?" asked a fan who should know better. Simple; the group needs more support, both financially and physically, or it'll have to fold it's tripod and steal quietly away.

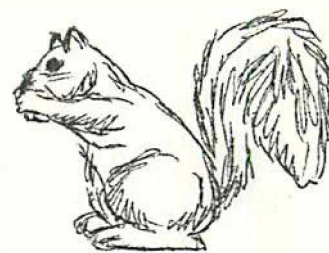
So far we have less than a handful of patron members who are willing to spring for a ten dollar annual contrib. to help forward experimental amateur filming efforts. The money assessed from cast and crew for each film sometimes doesn't cover cover the extras that all too often crop up. UP is for fun -- not profit -- but we must have some working capital or we can't function at all.

Equipment is costly, but so is having film processed in a lab. We are caught in that vicious circle of "if we had a good little movie to show a film club, maybe we could get support to buy some good equipment to make a good...." We want to show in competition, and maybe someday, a European Film Festival.

We need your help. To those who have offered, but who don't have the cash, we have come up with one solution (feel free to make suggestions): You can become an annual patron of UP by sending \$10.00, or three full S&H Green Stamp books. The S&H Company will honor enuf of these books for the kind of equipment we need. (Our needed projector is valued at 300 books, to give you an idea). You can be part of UP without an actual out-lay of cash, and still help us very much.

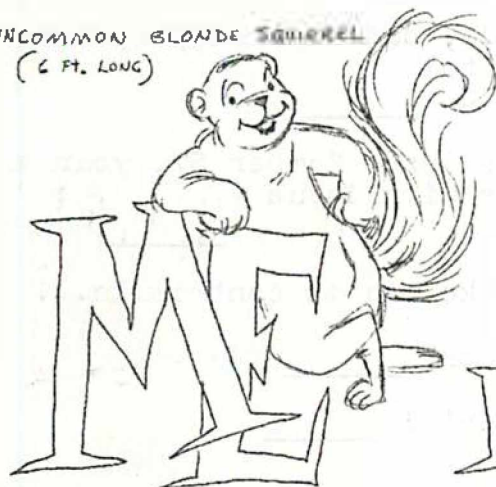
----bjo.

squir'el, n.: (OFr. esquirel, escurel; Fr. écureuil, from LL. sciuriolus, dim. of L. sciurus; Gr. skiouros, a squirrel, skia, a shadow, and oura, a tail.) 1. a small, tree-dwelling rodent of various species of the genus Sciurus and family Sciuridae, characterized by a slender body, heavy fur, a long, bushy tail, and large, prominent eyes: common species are the gray squirrel, the red squirrel, the fox squirrel, and the European squirrel. 4. one of the small rollers in a carding machine....Webster's unabridged Dictionary.



COMMON GRAY SQUIRREL  
(1 1/2 FT. LONG)

UNCOMMON BLONDE SQUIRREL  
(2 FT. LONG)



Squir'el, n.: (Fanspeak. squirrel, dim. of Old Fnspk. you silly chitter-chattering squirrel.) 1. a large, college-dwelling rodent of one special species of the genus homo fan and family FAPAn, characterized by a large body, matted blonde fur, a big, bushy tail, and large beady eyes. Only known species of its kind. 4. one of the bad players in card games. ....Shaggy's unabashed dictionary.

NE FOR TAFF

I am not essentially an altruistic sort of guy. I mean, for maybe five years now I've been supporting TAFF candidates -- supported one winner, even -- and I've finally realized that it is time to worry about This One. It is great fun to meet Britifen -- I lost all my money to Ron Bennett at Brag during the Solacon -- but I would like to meet more of them. Like, ALL of them. You can see my train of thought. So when people said, Ron Ellik, why don't you stand for TAFF, I didn't blush and shuffle my feet, I didn't try to nominate anyone else -- doggone it, I agreed with them, and here I am.

If I go to England, I'll be the youngest TAFF representative ever. I'll be the first West Coast fan to win TAFF. I'll be the first squirrel to be elected. I'll get my money back from Ron Bennett. But more than all this, European fandom will find out what it's like to have a publishing, travelling and chitter-chattering giant in their midst for a couple of weeks, and I can guarantee you they'll never forget that experience.

You people who have been reading Shaggy -- and my column -- fairly regularly since 1958, you know me. All fun. You know who I am and what I'm like; you know how I write impromptu and how I can sometimes polish up if the tyrannical editor doesn't enforce his deadline. I mean, you know I'm the guy to send to England.

I sure wish I'd been born modest.

---rde---

ELECTRON! LIKE, WHY NOT?

THE WHY F O R S :

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? \_\_\_\_\_

This is issue Number 57, your sub  
expires with issue # \_\_\_\_\_

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 frequent,  
but much smaller), you should  
play safe and write or sub for  
those swap-less times.

The LASFS has a wee bit of inter-  
est in just where this regular  
support of SLA goes, making the  
above quite necessary.

All manuscripts not accepted will  
be returned ~~if possible~~, as will  
artwork -- if it doesn't go into  
the Larean Common Art Fund.

WARNING:

Deadline for Next Issue (58) is:

28 September 1961

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

And...you US types, if this space  
is checked we'd better have

heard from you by then, or this is  
the last issue of SHAGGY you'll  
see until we do!

WAW WITH THE CREW AND MADELEINE TOO  
IN '62!!!

Shaggy - Fanzine  
2790 W. 8th St.  
Los Angeles 5  
California

PRINTED MATTER  
MAY BE OPENED  
RETURN POSTAGE  
AND ALL THAT

