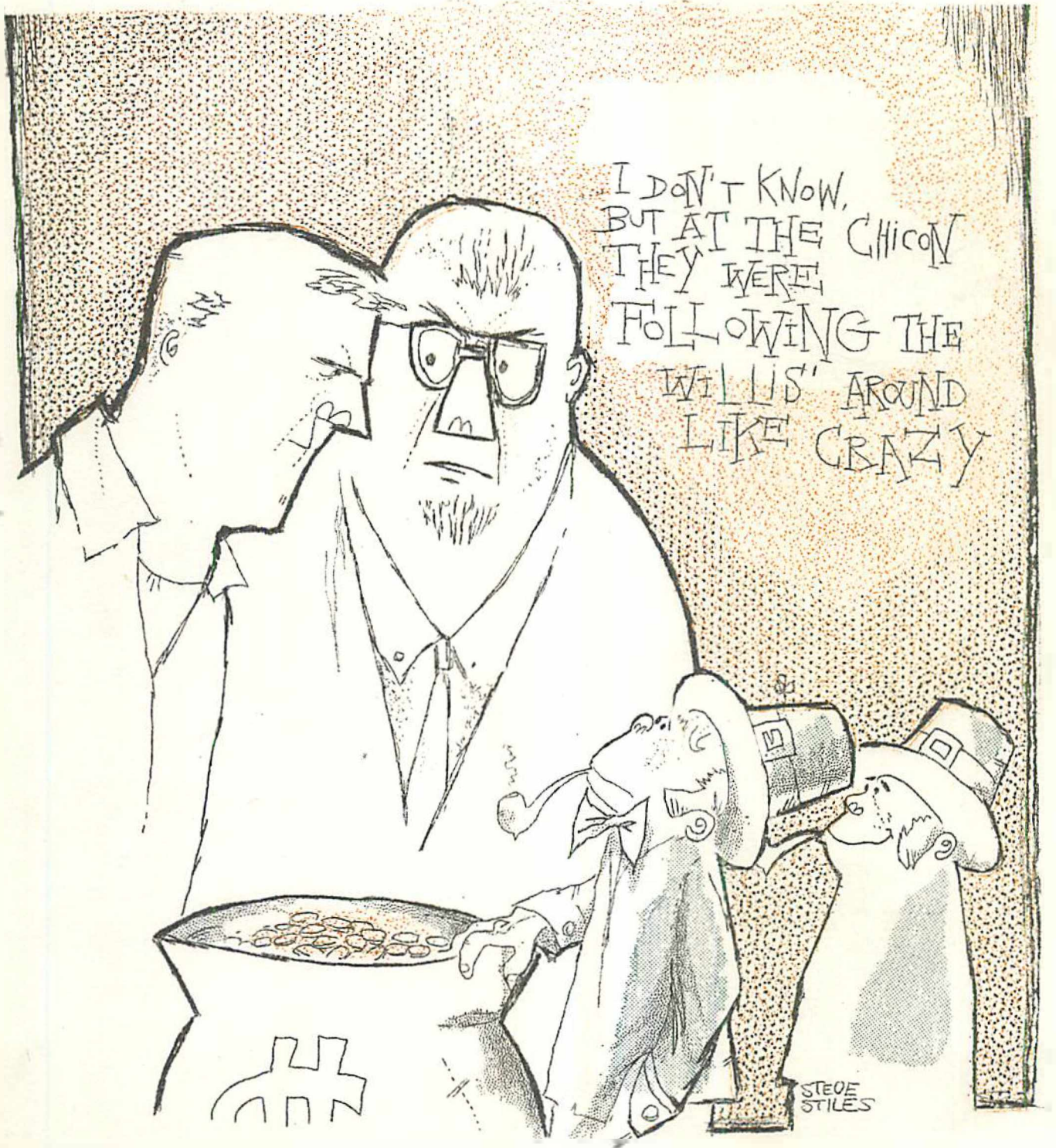


# SHANGRI-L' AFFAIRES



# Shangri-L'Affaires

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editor  
Steve Tolliver  
associate  
Al Lewis  
art editor  
Bjo Trimble  
letter editor  
John Trimble  
mailing list  
Ron Ellik

## ART CREDITS

cover Steve Stiles  
4, 24, 27 Metzger  
19 Rotsler  
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## EDITORIAL

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES has another new editor. Mind now, don't step on any of the corpses. And, as it must have been with all of the past editors, we see ourselves as the answer to all problems in fan editing. We will whip this inertial vehicle of a fanzine into shape, give it direction and some power, and watch us goooooooooooooo. In other words, business as usual.

The only changes that we actually bring to SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is a style and format sheet to give you a milder blend, and vastly more important, ourself as a writer. (We are very creative, and have test results to prove it. Admittedly, we are not as creative as Al Lewis, who has test results to prove it. But being very creative, we are sure that we will soon put SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES where it belongs, at the head of the Hugo nominations.) We will add to these changes as we see fit.

Our editorial policy is a simple one. If we like it we will find a place for it in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. If we don't like it we will return it. In our humble opinion we like only the best that a person has to offer, so you had better shape up too. Our subscription policy will not change in any way excepting to become a bit more firm. We must admit that this change is independent of our becoming editor. We are not the Mailing List, but we see eye to eye with the Mailing List on subscription policy.

As editor we will sound off when we feel that we have something important to say. Being humble we seldom feel that we have anything that important to say. You may draw up a syllogism with these as premises and conclude that we will seldom sound off. You may be right, but it is our opinion that logic was placed upon this world so that the intelligent man would have a system of thought to transcend.

— Steve Tolliver

## MINUTES OF THE LASFS

The 1315th Meeting (Oct. 25) was our big 28th Anniversary Meeting, and we had a large turnout. The club's annual presentation of its Evans-Freehafer Award was made. This year it went to Virginia Mill, for finding us our present meeting place, and arranging our programs. Tonight's program was the long-awaited reading by Fritz Leiber of G. K. Chesterton's poem, "Lepanto". Fritz led into this with an intriguing history of the famous naval battle of 1571, in which the Moslems were finally turned back from the Mediterranean. The reading of the poem itself was magnificent; Fritz was applauded for an extra bow. "You're going to do 'Paradise Lost' as an encore?" asked Harness.

The 1316th Meeting (Nov. 1) was a short one. Walter Breen appeared; he was in town for a coin con. Bruce Pelz announced a new book of poetry by J. R. R. Tolkien: The Adventures of Tom Bombadil, 12/6 (about \$1.80), illustrated by Pauline Baynes (who did the art for Farmer Giles of Ham and C. S. Lewis' Narnian Chronicles), due out around April. The reading of the complete minutes was timed at your Secretary's request; it took 7 minutes. That is too many, was the unanimous consensus.

A. E. van Vogt was the guest speaker at our 1317th Meeting (Nov. 8). He reviewed Robert Heinlein's Seacon address, and gave his own opinions on Heinlein's statements, point by point. Van considered many of Heinlein's statements confused, probably due to H's yielding to some of the criticism he got on Starship Troopers. Dian Girard reported on the wild housewarming party at Bill Donaho's new pad the preceeding weekend; like, it was real drunk out. Harness came up with a film catalogue put out by some manufacturing company, on free movies available for home loan. He read some of the selections: a 14-minute film showing how to stop litter loss in pig births, with amusing cartoons & diagrams; 32 minutes on better refuse disposal; etc.

We all took Dr. George I. Brown's creativity test at the 1318th Meeting (Nov. 15). You may remember Dr. Brown from the Chicon, where he gave I. Q. tests. Tonight's were the Welch Figure Preference Test, designed to show how creative our imaginations were (or weren't). Patten asked, "Does anyone want to buy a mint, first edition copy of a great new full-length sf novel by Edmond Hamilton for only 12¢?" It turned out to be a copy of Superman comic #156 - "The Last Days of Superman". The superlatives are from the comic, which Pelz said was one of the worst published all year. But it was written by Hamilton, and "you can't be a sf completist without Ed Hamilton's new 'novel'". Among our guests was "Harl Vincent" Schoepflin, one of Astounding's top writers under Tremaine's editorship in the '30's.

The Silverlake Playground was closed over the Thanksgiving holidays, so the 1319th Meeting (Nov. 22) was held in Director Pelz' cramped apartment, with members and guests seated on beds, boxes, and whatever else was available. The meeting was extremely informal. Illegal guest Ed Meskys suggested the minutes be lengthened so he could get more for his money in The Menace; he was promptly flailed about the head and ears with a copy of said publication by Dian Girard. Ted Johnstone reported that Mike Deckinger was weird. "He's after me!" Asked why Deckinger should be after him, his reply showed he didn't mean Deckinger at all, but Gary Deindorfer. When we pointed out that he was confusing the two, he shrugged, "What's the difference?" We promptly sat on the Hobbit...



Our 1320th Meeting (Nov. 29) was held in the Silverlake Playground's back room. It was reported that the issue of F&SF carrying a LASFS ad had hit the stands. The glory of the ad was detracted from by the presence on the same page of an ad for a Feghoot sweatshirt. Lichtman asked the FAPA members present to sign the petition re-instating Terry Carr, who'd forgotten to pay his dues, and was dropped. "Don't sign!" cried Dian. "I want to move up to number 51 on the waiting list!" An auction was held, the proceeds of which went to the Morcon Committee's warchest. A copy of Silverlock brought \$6. Harness got a hardback copy of Kerouac's On the Road for only 20¢. "What's it got to do with sf?" asked Ron Ellik. "Nothing", answered Jack, "but I do need a doorstep."

The hit of the 1321st Meeting (Dec. 6) was Walt Daugherty's slide show on "Space Age Postage Stamps". The show was great, though of the couple of dozen stamps shown, only two were from non-Communist countries. When're we going to get on the ball, was the general opinion. A sheet of genuine counterfeit Face Trading Stamps was auctioned off, bringing \$4.50 from Pogophile Paul Turner.

Senior Committeewoman Dian Girard presided over our 1322nd Meeting (Dec. 13), while Director Pelz went home to Tampa for Xmas. Our ad in F&SF resulted in bringing long-gatified LASFSian and FAPA Samuel D. Russell back. Sam is tentatively planning to start pubbing a fanzine again; his first since the '40's. Guest Sal Trapani played a tape recording of "The First Family", the Kennedy-satire record so popular currently. The results from Dr. Brown's creativity tests started arriving; LASFSians' scores ranged from the highest percentile possible to pretty darn low.

-- Fred Fatten, Secretary

#### THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY

is trying to accumulate complete sets of club publications and the more important publications of individual members for binding purposes. We need the following:

IMAGINATION - Roy Test's printed preliminary issue sent out in 1936 prior to Volume 1, Number 1

THE TELEVISION DETECTIVE - 1/2-size, 16pp mimeo Kelleryarn, retroactively considered as MIKROS No. 1

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES - first series, 1941. The individual issues most of which were distributed as flyers to FMZ DIGEST: No's 2,6,10,12  
- second series, 1942-47: unnumbered Jan 42 (No. 2); No's 4-8, 14-19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 31, 33, 34, 36-38; the incomplete Laney # 13, Feb 44.

SHANGRI-LA - NO's 1-10, 13, 14 (misnumbered 10; Oct 49), 16, 17, 19-22, 27, 28, 30, 31, unnumbered Summer 1956 (No. 36), Fall 57 (No. 38).

VOM - NO's 8, 10, 20, 21, 24-27, 29, 31, 48

POLARIS, Vol. 2, No. 1, Dec. 1940

TIMEBINDER, Vol. 1, No. 1

RON ELLIK also needs the following issues of SHANGRI-LA to complete his collection, though not for binding: 1, 3, 8, 19, 21, 22, 28, and the Laney SLA #13.

We would like to buy any of the above, or we can trade from the following duplicates on hand:

IMAGINATION: Jan, Apr, May, Jun, Oct 1938

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES: 28, 29, 30, 40-45, 47-57

SHANGRI-LA: 23, 25, 26, 27, 32, Summer 53 [34], Spring 57 [37]

6. If you have any of the above, please write and we can dicker.

# SQUIRREL CAGE



The 1962 British National Science Fiction Convention opened in Harrogate, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on Good Friday morning. The Liverpool crowd and I arrived in their hired Minibus at almost exactly noon, and the West Park Hotel was already churning with fans. Having no preconceptions of what a British convention should resemble, I was pleasantly surprised to find myself at home immediately: the Liverpoolians knew everyone and made sure I didn't wander alone, and before I'd been in the hotel an hour I was into a game of Brag with Dave Barber and Phil Rogers.

Barber, Rogers and I half blocked the entrance to the hotel lobby, and from that vantage point I met everyone who entered at least for the rest of the afternoon. From time to time Rogers (who was working as Ron Bennett's right arm on the convention committee) would be called away, and Dave and I would talk. He was astounded by my waterfall-shuffle, which is something any child in the States can do--but it made him think he was against some card-sharp. Each time the shuffle fell to me (which isn't often, as the cards remain ordered for a good while in a Brag game) I would riffle them together without thinking, and look up to see Dave staring wild-eyed at my hands. Then, of course, I'd do it two or three more times, telling him how I learned this at the age of twelve while dealing Blackjack on a Mississippi riverboat.

The afternoon had not worn long when the door opened to admit the man who taught me Brag, the chairman of the convention, the editor of SKYRACK, and the 1958 TAFFman, all rolled up in the person of Ron Bennett. We had a soul-stirring re-union ("You've grown taller," he said, with one eyebrow raised, "and you've let your hair grow out from that beastly crew-cut you had in South Gate"), and exchanged information and goods. I had bought him a carton of cigarettes in New York, for which he paid me in sterling, and he owed me 28¢ from our last Brag experience together. He has a long memory, and paid me with a quarter and three pennies--American.

"What the devil use is this?" I stammered, holding four coins that could do me no earthly good for weeks. "This isn't negotiable--it's play money!"

"We played for American coins," he pronounced, "and I owed you 28 cents, not shillings and pence."

Ron then introduced me to several people, among whom were Mr. & Mrs. Tom Boardman, Harry Harrison, and Ajax Hoch--Americans all, under varying circumstances.

Tom Boardman, of Boardman Books, was Guest of Honor, and was an unusual combination: an American, living in England since the age of six months. He retains his citizenship, and accordingly has served in the U.S. Armed Forces--he's now an officer in the reserves, having to travel to an Army base in Europe every summer for two weeks' active duty for training. He seemed both British and American, and it is probably this peculiar combo which has made Boardman Books so immensely popular in the science-fiction market in England. His attractive wife is also American.



Harry Harrison, of course, is the author of "Stainless Steel Rat" and the Hugo-nominee, "Deathworld"; what I didn't know until we started talking after the Fancy Dress Party the next night was that he also used to be an active fan in the U.S., up to 1951 or 2; his conventioning stopped just before mine began.

Ajax Hoch, of course, is a one-time Philadelphian I had met at the Pittsburgh convention eighteen months earlier. He is employed by R.C.A., and stationed currently at the U.S. Base outside Harrogate--very convenient for the con. Bennett had already mentioned this Base to me--it seems Liz Humble teaches school to dependents there, and she had tried to get some root beer for me.

At some point in the afternoon, someone--possibly Pat Kearney of London--heard me complaining to Bennett about the 28¢ he had burdened me with, and purchased the coins for two-and-six, a tidy profit. Bennett howled at this and demanded them back, shouting that if he'd known the fool things were worth real money he'd never have let me have them. I laughed, and at about this time dinner was served.

Meals at the West Park (part of the room charge) were pretty poor. Very flat, uninteresting food, often cold by the time it was served; we all sat down in the dining room, and were served the same meal, and of course this meant the tiny kitchen was strained to bursting to get it all cooked and served simultaneously. A very economical situation, I'm sure, but not inspiring, even to a crude meat-and-potatoes man like me. At one meal I was served a bun (or roll or biscuit or something--I can't remember what the British label is for what I call a bun) with some dried ground meat inside. I ate it with all the inattention it deserved, only to find after the meal that I'd just consumed my first Yorkshire pudding.

Fortunately Valerie Jeeves fixed me a Yorkshire pudding less than a week later. Tasty, if done right and served fresh.

Friday evening was the opening session--introduction of celebrities including me because I had hitch-hiked around the globe, said chairman Bennett; of course he also did me the favor of introducing nearly everyone else in the room which was in the Clarendon Hotel, a short walk from the West Park; most of the program was there, as it was the slightly more attractive of the two hostelryes.

We mingled in the meeting hall after the session, and I made good use of the introductions with a round of hand-shaking and good cheer. I met Sid Birchby, Ken Slater and Archie Mercer, among others that evening. Mercer has a furious brown beard which has gone untrimmed since he began it in June 1961; he seems to be a marvelously hirsute individual, because it is easily longer than Walter Breen's growth, untrimmed since before Mercer's began. This great brush obscuring half his face, and a large frame for an Englishman, give Archie the appearance of great strength and ferocity--but to my amazement he turned out a shy, modest individual with (he claimed) such a fear of the spotlight that my suggestion that he stand for TAFF was rejected out of hand. It's a shame, too--his timidity seems an obstacle, but he is certainly one of the most universally well-liked British fans, and has probably been of more service to American fandom in his quiet way than many more active souls.

Slater was the dickens of a surprise--since I recall him as Captain Kenneth F. Slater, RAF, from the letter-column of Startling and Thrilling Wonder, he had assumed in my mind a striking military bearing. But the truth is out: Ken Slater is a ruddy-complexioned, stout, smiling man with a Van Dyke, and a twinkle in his eye. Sid Birchby saved me from thinking all Anglofandom a set of contradictions by being an extremely normal fan--quiet, of moderate height and appearance, obviously soaking up the convention as a memorable experience.

About ten, the Clarendon quieted down to small conversation and I had had a few words with most everyone; Barber suggested Brag, and we took ourselves back to the lobby of the West Park, where we sat until I lost my limit about midnight. Jill Adams of London was most helpful in telling me how miserable a Brag player I am--if she hadn't kibitzed, I probably should have stayed on for a few more hours/shillings. I believe I lost a pound that night, at thruppenny Brag.

My room, number 2, was very comfortable despite the cold night, because Ella Parker had brought me an electric blanket. That's a bit of hospitality I've never seen equalled on either side of the Atlantic--good old Ella had remembered the sun and warmth of California and reasoned that her comfort here had a good chance of being at least matched by my discomfort there. The blanket connected with the light-socket, my head connected with the pillow, and before I knew it Saturday was upon me.

I missed breakfast, of course, and expected to starve out the morning or find some coffee somewhere; surprised was not the word for me when Ella and Ethel Lindsay grabbed the landlord on his way through and demanded tea and rolls. He seemed startled that anyone should miss breakfast, but off he went and in jig time he was back with chow for an army. The three of us surrounded it.

That innkeeper was a fine fellow, by the way, name of Bert Harman, a personal friend of Bennett (in Harrogate nearly everyone knows Bennett); he broke his back making us happy for the weekend--for instance, besides the extra breakfasts he made up without charge, when Dave Barber and I wanted cards Friday he got out a deck and made us a present of them; further, he was always interested in how the convention was going, how I was enjoying England, and like that. More of him later in this chronicle, to be sure.

Some time before noon, I walked downtown with the Slater family--Ken and Mrs. S., and eight-year-old Suzy. They were seeing the city, I was looking for flashbulbs; as it developed, I saw some of the city and they helped me look. Harrogate is a spa, possessed of some 88 mineral springs (chalybeate and sulphur), with only light industry to surround the tourist-focused activities which keep it going. The Stray, a huge public park and garden protected by act of parliament from being built upon, fronts the main line of buildings and formed the scene for our walk to the business section, Suzy dancing ahead of us and swinging around tree-trunks. It's a small town of approximately 60,000, and combined crowded, old-fashioned buildings with more modern department stores and restaurants. It sports a large J. J. Newberry's--incredibly American, with the prices all in sterling being the only difference--and a food I've never seen elsewhere: the Wimpy.

On my return to Harrogate after Sheffield, Bennett and I discussed this oddly-named hamburger. Hamburgers are known in England and are nothing new--but recently an American-style chain of Wimpy stands has sprung up. I can't explain why I saw them only in Harrogate, either, as Ron assured me they would be in London. Perhaps I wasn't too interested in eating hamburgers while in England.



"... A FEW PRECONCEIVED  
NOTIONS ABOUT ANGLIEN..."



Leaving the Slaters, I investigated several photographic supply shops, and found they had no Kodak flashbulbs of the M type at all; all I could find as substitute was an F series that worried me--they had glass bases, not metal, and I know too little about cameras to experiment. I decided to take available light only, and chance the results. As you know who saw my slides at LASFS and New York this summer, many of my indoor shots were overly red, but almost all were properly lighted because of the versatility of Al Lewis' camera.

Returning to the West Park, I reasoned from its emptiness that the programme must have started at the Clarendon. I went to my room to drop some things I had picked up and to change film, and bumped into two gigantic young gentlemen, each well over 6'3" tall, obviously looking for fans.

"The convention is starting in the Clarendon," I said, whereupon they looked at one another in surprise. Just as I pondered what I had said wrong, they sprang upon me--they had spotted my slovenly American accent instantly, and introduced themselves as James White and Ian McAulay of Irish Fandom. They were late arriving--their luggage had not come through on the plane with them, and they'd finally had to leave Walt Willis to wait for the next plane. We talked about travel and my visit that day week to Belfast as we strolled over to the other hotel, and I was in the unusual position of introducing these seldom-visitors to England to the few fans I could name.

E. R. James spoke about then, beginning with a definition of science-fiction as stories with definite groundings in logical, scientific fact. He then went on to claim that the oriental mystics thought of science-fiction before anybody on our side of the planet, and he drew gasps of astonishment and delight by removing his jacket and all the change from his trousers, and standing on his head. My attention was diverted by someone speaking to me at this point, and I missed the connection between his gymnastics and the continuity of his talk--but it was as effective as lightning would have been in that crowded room.

Brian Aldiss introduced Tom Boardman with a very witty talk about s-f, fandom, and pre-historical anecdotes. Boardman himself spoke quietly, as a man with little stage presence but a great deal to say. He explained the history of his publishing ventures and detailed at some length the picture of science-fiction publishing in the British Isles today; he was asked a number of sharp questions, and replied most honestly concerning the ethics of reprints and the frequent lack of bibliographic information given in paperback reprints.

I was supposed to talk about TAFF that afternoon, but things got a bit hectic in there when the speeches ran on towards dinner. Everybody wanted a break, and I was shuffled about to the next day, which didn't bother me a bit.

During the afternoon sessions I met J. Michael Rosenblum, one of the nearly pre-historic British fans, sustainer of Britain's famous FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST throughout World War II when publishing fanzines was an almost impossible task. Mike is no longer the youngster described by Joe Gibson from a war-time meeting--he is now a robust, cheerful businessman with a quiet, clear speaking voice and an interest in almost everything.

More meetings: Brian Burgess of London, another towering giant, who reminded me of Bre'r Bar of the Joel C. Harris stories; Brian Aldiss, Hugo-award-winning Oxfordian who was helpful in my almost-meeting with Professor Tolkien; and--surprise--Eric and Beryle Bentcliffe, my hosts of two event-filled days earlier. Eric was wandering about with camera in hand, busy as a bird-dog and happy to be actifanning again; Beryl rolled up her sleeve to show me her vaccination had disappeared with hardly a scar, for all her irritation earlier in the week.

It was pleasant to meet the Cheltenham crowd, too--Eric Jones, with whom I used to correspond as early as 1952, and who turned out to be an alive, outgoing man and the sustaining prop of the Cheltenham SF Circle; Peter Mabey, the hard-working Librarian of the BSFA; and Audrey Eversfield, Bobby and Bill Grey, and John Humphries. They made sure I was thoroughly invited to visit Cheltenham (little did I know to what devious ends they worked--stay tuned for the final installment wherein I reveal their plot) and somehow at about that point I found myself upstairs in the Clarendon losing a small fortune to John Roles and Ina Shorrocks while Norman clucked at my eagerness for Brag. It wasn't until the next night (Sunday) that I began to win back my losings, a change at least partially due to that session in the Shorrocks' room, and Norman's comments about my playing. He has the most irritating manner of raising his eyebrows when I do something wrong--a sure-fire teaching system.

During the later afternoon I took advantage of a counter at one side of the assembly hall downstairs to set up with my camera taking fairly candid shots of many people intent on the programme. These shots with late afternoon lighting directly on the subjects were among my best--particularly one of Mercer, full-face, looking rather startled as I call his name, snapping the shutter a breath later.

Eventually we West Park inhabitants wound our way back to dinner; by this time Walt Willis had arrived from the airport, and I was privileged to meet him ahead of most other American fans by four months. He was tired and rushed from the hassle at the airport, and I don't recall him saying anything deathless that afternoon; as he and the other Irish fen were at the West Park, I saw much of them for the next day and a half, but as I was to visit Belfast the next weekend we naturally spent much of our time meeting others. The Irish boys are nearly as unfamiliar with English fandom as I am, because they have attended very few conventions: Walt has been to two conventions in America, for example, and only three in the U.K. John Berry is an even wilder example--he has never attended a British con, and the only ones who have met him are those fen who've visited Belfast; but he's an extreme, and Walt, James and Ian certainly knew their way about.

Saturday night was the fancy dress ball, highlighted by a number of events reminiscent of the Variety Show at the Pittsburgh Convention. To start it off somebody bought me a drink and dealt me three cards and I learned some more about Brag. That was broken up shortly, though, by Ella who wanted me to meet Terry Jeeves; Terry and Val had to shout at me by then, though, for the Gerry Pool trio had started up in a corner, and the party was really warming. They shouted hello and I shouted hello back, and they roared an invitation to visit them in Sheffield after the convention, and I cheerfully bellowed back acceptance, just as Bennett came up and informed me that the panel of judges was supposed to have an American on it to lower the standards of judging. I contemplated slugging him but as I set my glass down someone filled it; so I picked it up and elbowed my way through the dancing crowd to where my fellow Areopagi sat.

We had fun judging that group; the costumes were few, and Ethel Lindsay agreed with me later at Chicago that they were less spectacular than the American costume parties, but choosing from among them offered some interesting problems--for one thing, we had to invent categories as we went along. Mr. & Mrs. Boardman and Harry Harrison were the other judges--Bennett had stuffed it solidly with Americans. As the monsters and girls paraded before us we talked and judged intermittently, taking our own time about it; and when we finally handed out the lavish prizes (Bennett out-did himself there, believe me) we pleased everyone and were well satisfied with our work.

And the noise level continued rising.



After that was the spa-water drinking contest. I don't know whether those waters were chalybeate or sulphur, but Norman Shorrocks and I tasted a wee drop and agreed roundly that they'd have to catch us and throw us before we'd enter that contest. We watched and I worked the camera while Brian Jordan won by downing perhaps twelve ounces of the vile fluid, leaving his nearest competitor half a cup behind, spitting and grimacing horridly. Jordan was carried insensible from the room, uttering weird sounds; he should be available for comment within the sixmonth.

Right after the spa-water drinking contest I tried to have a word with Harry Harrison about American fandom; we actually did exchange a few phrases, at the top of our vocal ranges, but the music had started up again, and a conga line began. I was invited to join in right behind Ina Shorrocks, and no gentleman could resist being in a conga line behind Ina Shorrocks; the wildly swaying crowd of over two dozen fans wound its way about the hall, upsetting the remains of the Brag game and overturning tables, and suddenly the leader decided it was stuffy and we were bumping and singing through the lobby of the West Park, and I forget what happened between then and the party in the Parker-Lindsay room around two ayem.

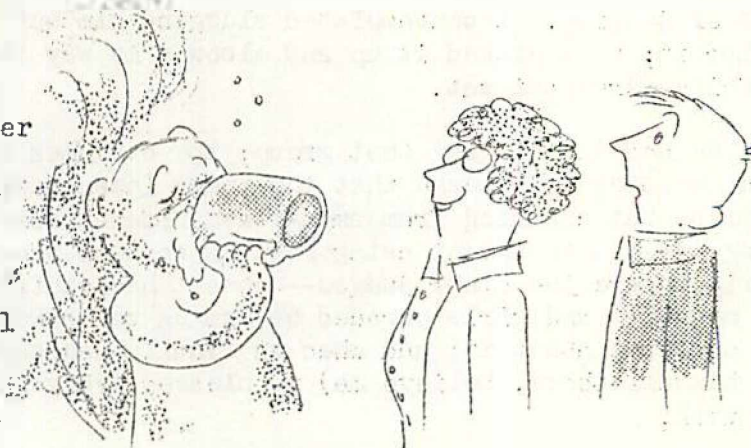
I mentioned earlier that Liz Humble had tried to get root beer at the U.S. Base near Harrogate; she had failed. She was abject, she was frightened, she was mortified--but I forgave her, because I was getting a bit scared that everywhere I went my hosts would have heard of my taste in soft drinks and stocked up on root beer. Fortunately I was guaranteed that her strongest efforts weren't good enough--and, of course, that cinched it.

So I wandered into Ella and Ethel's room, and Ella leaped up, elbowed the Brag players out of the way, and opened one of two CASES of Hire's Root Beer, in tins.

I was astotish.

The explanation was simple enough: Ajax Hoch, that sneaky American stationed at the same Base, had civilian canteen privileges; Liz, as a British national, had none. He and Ella had contrived to surprise me and hadn't thought to tell Ron or Liz. Ella watched in glee as I chugalugged a can of brown carbonate, and then announced that, finally, she would let someone else try some. The room full of adventurous souls didn't exactly crush me in their press to this strange drink--especially when I told them it wasn't alcoholic--but my careful eye found about 50% favorable reaction among those who did try it. Ella, for instance, hates the stuff and insisted that I wasn't worth the trouble and should be made to drink all of it, right then; but Ian McAulay and George Locke rather liked it. Dave Barber says no respectable man would drink anything like that and try to play Brag.

Sitting on a small segment of one of the beds, I spent much of the night talking to McAulay, James White, Ted Forsyth and Peter Mabey. Ian and James were curious about my mathematical abilities--Ian is a physicist from Trinity College in Dublin, and James adopts the pose of a curious observer. It seems that all of Irish fandom was interested in relativity, because Ian had tried to explain Einstein's concept of the four-dimensional universe to Berry and failed.



They told me Berry refused to accept relativity until Andy Young, far-wandering astronomer, had happened to be in Belfast and told him the universe was shaped like Marilyn Monroe. Berry immediately brightened towards this visualization, and decided to undertake a life-time study of relativity in order to find out what part of the universe he was standing on.

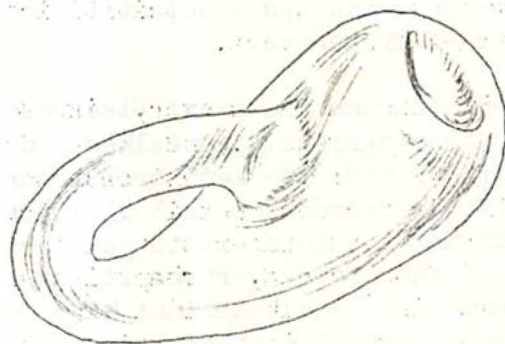
Walt claimed to have defeated Ian in a physical sciences type argument by deductive logic, and Ian turned to me for help. "You are a mathematician," he proclaimed, "and mathematics is the servant of the sciences."

"And the queen," I insisted. "Eric Temple Bell says it's the queen and servant of the sciences. Yes."

"Well, queen and servant, then, but you admit it's the servant. What I want you to do, servant, is help me get out of this pickle with Walter, who wants me to explain -- " and so help me, gentle reader, that was at three in the ever-loving morning, and I can't for worlds recall the problem Walter and Ian were having. All I recall clearly is that I considered the problem with a furious grimacing and wiping of my glasses, stared hard at Willis and harder at Ian, then turned quickly about and glowered at Liz Humble, who cowered from me. Then I grimaced some more, muttered under my breath, and made my pronouncement.

"There is a simple, decisive answer to your dilemma," I said. "You stop relying on physics, and turn to logic and rhetoric, remembering that the true scientific method is eclectic and shuns no discipline where it may aid the advance of certain knowledge. And you tell him to define his terms." Having spoken, I had to sit still while Walt roared in anguish--it seems he hadn't really known what he was talking about, almost as much as Ian hadn't known what he was talking about.

Somebody asked me if I was so smart, what was a Klein bottle, and I told him it was a bottle with its inside on the outside and both of them the same side, sitting on its top, and able to hold a liquid. That brought James White up short, and he stared incredulously while I attempted a detailed hand-waving description which was interrupted by Willis bellowing "Define your terms!" every few minutes. Amazingly, I think White understood when I was through.



And then Dave Barber and Sid Birchby (I think) taught me nine-card Brag, which is in my estimation an extremely expensive game with no fun attached. It seems you get to pay sixpence for nine cards from which you assemble three Brag hands and you start betting to outBrag your opponents' three hands. After I tired of giving Barber my shillings, I talked to Bill and Roberta (Wild) Grey about Arthur's grave at Glastonbury which unfortunately wasn't on my itinerary, and then I spent an extremely interesting hour or so talking the international fan scene over with Forsyth and the busiest fan librarian in the world, Peter Mabey.

The BSFA and the N3F started to get in communication with each other a couple of years ago, but I guess it just wasn't time for the idea then. At one point there was a new set of BSFA officers elected and no word about the N3F was passed on. We decided to talk about this with the entire BSFA slate the next morning after the Annual General Meeting, and at some time near dawn I found I wasn't looking at Mabey but at the inside of my eyelids. I sought my couch, grateful for the electric blanket.



Easter Sunday might have dawned gloriously in that northern city, but I didn't know about it; until vastly after the fact I lay insensible, and of course I missed breakfast again--but that didn't matter, because I was up just in time for lunch. Sunday was a muchly relaxed day, despite piling-up of programme items scheduled on from Saturday; the judging of the photo contest was over before I got to the Clarendon, and I was just in time to go back to the West Park for the BSFA Annual General Meeting.

During the AGM I sat still and listened--the concept of a national fan organization holding all its business during one annual meeting startled me, and I learned quite a bit; I was also entertained by the first competition for the next consite in the memory of British fandom. London had come to Harrogate expecting to take the 1963 con away with them--but that was because no one has ever wanted a convention in advance, and they figured to break a tradition.

Amazingly enough, Peterborough (it's 40 miles north and slightly east of London) also wanted the convention--so they had to shake the dust off the rule book and actually hold a vote. My notes say it was 39-25 for Peterborough, and at this writing Ken Slater, the 1963 Chairman, is well along with preparations for the convention, which will be held next Easter in the Hotel Bull. BSFA Officers were elected, and Tom Boardman made a surprising offer to publish a special anthology professionally, proceeds to go to the Dr. Arthur R. Weir Memorial Fund to establish a Fan Recognition Award in Doc's name. There are some fourteen pounds (about \$40) in the Fund now, and British fandom has high hopes for a fitting memorial to that surprising and well-remembered fan.

That afternoon I spoke to the new BSFA Officers about the N3F/BSFA alliance, and we determined that first steps would be made with small-scale exchanges of publications and information about activities sponsored by the groups. Afterwards, I set up in the assembly hall of the Clarendon again, fixing myself to a doorway near Slater as he conducted a scientifictional quiz game, bringing fan after fan into the range of my camera.

When the game was over, Mike Rosenblum brought out a great store of ancient fanzines and photographs, and talked for all too brief a time about Britain's past in the s-f fan field. He went back to pre-1937 fan days, covering the Leeds SFL Chapter and the first convention in England, the SFA and the old BSFS, and a hatful of other things of intense interest to natives and visitors alike; perhaps it was the tight packing of the crowd, perhaps it was that British fans know each other so well, but I'm sure Mike's talk would not have held a U.S. assembly as well. The lot in the Clarendon was totally attentive, intent on the reminiscences of one man; there are too many strangers at American cons, and too many differing types of fans..

In the evening Eric Bentcliffe and I entertained the (seemingly) entire mass of attendees with a talk about TAFF, its future and its problems. We had quasi-rehearsed this at Eric's home a few days before, and it went off like clockwork, corny jokes and all. In fact, I daresay I have never played to a better audience. One of the most interesting outcomes of this talk was a short list of American fans whom the British would like to see nominated for TAFF--it amounts to a mandate.

Later a mob filled the West Park assembly room (where the Fancy Dress Ball had been held) to watch a Guinness movie, A Matter of Life and Death. Then we all charged over to the Clarendon for a wine-and-cheese party, brightened considerably by some of the hoariest old silent pictures I have ever seen--Tarzan from before Weismuller, and Popeye cartoons like you have never imagined.

When the cheese and movies ran out, I found myself in a flying wedge headed for  
14 the lobby of the West Park and -- you guessed it.

That game was an extraordinary event in itself; we must have settled down around midnight, when someone asked us if we intended to stop early or late. We replied that the cards would stop being dealt when the sun's first rays illumined the lobby; and we paid no heed to cries that the lobby opened westward.

During the night, at least the following people sat in from time to time: Norman Shorrocks, Ron Bennett, Liz Humble, Phil Rogers, Sid Birchby, Dave Barber, Pat Kearney, Jill Adams and myself. I don't believe more than six of us were at the table at any one time; if anyone else joined, he was there for only a brief span.

By this time I had gotten the hang of the game--you don't play your cards, you play your opponents; I was winning fairly regularly, and if Norman had thought I was keen the day before, he was goggle-eyed at my enthusiasm for the game when I began raking in chips--HIS chips. He played casually, as always, and won heavily from Bennett on some of the most fantastic hands I've seen: hands where the bet went up to a pound, where pots often totalled more than five pounds, and where tension all around the table was incredible. I learned how to be outbragged, and I learned how to laugh insanely at my cards no matter what; but mostly I learned how to rake in Norman's chips.

By the way, I am deliberately not describing Bennett's style of play. Anyone who has engaged in any game of skill or chance with him will appreciate the problem--and you who have not would doubt the most conservative description. Let it be said merely and stand as inadequate but all stencil can convey that he is the most disconcerting opponent possible, and also a subtly skillful player; whenever I thought I had the game cold, Ron would completely upset me in my complacency and while doing so would take a big pot.

At something like two o'clock Sid Birchby sat down with us, and by three or so he conceived the idea that nearly destroyed the West Park Hotel--he suggested coffee.

"But there'll be no hot water at this hour," muttered Norman, much more interested in cards than coffee.

"They have a geyser," insisted Bennett, "and it's worked just as one I have at home." And you know, it didn't register that he had said "geezer" instead of "guyzer"--the same pronunciation I had noticed when I had trouble understanding how Mrs. Bentcliffe procured hot water. No, I just wrote it off to tapping the heat of the aforementioned Harrogate mineral springs--the alert reader will observe that I am a peculiarly unscientific sort.

So Birchby and Bennett trundled out to Birchby's auto and retrieved his camping equipment, which just happened to contain some essence of coffee (a romantic name for instant coffee--it's what the British call it) and they set up in the kitchen to serve the rest of us. Bennett turned the geyser to "fill" and went about getting tea and tea-things out of the cupboard; and, when the clear-plastic water-container was rising to full, he reached up--

And turned the knob the wrong way.

It continued to fill, and he turned the knob more violently the wrong way, letting out a squeal while Birchby laughed hysterically, insisting that it was identical to one Ron had at home. At this point the card-players came charging in to the rescue, to find Birchby doubled up in laughter and Bennett struggling with the infernal geyser, which was letting huge gouts of warm water all over him and the kitchen. -15



Norman got the fool thing turned off, and Liz helped Ron to a chair, while the remainder of us looked for pans and cloths with which to mop up. All the time Bennett was swearing at the geyser and laughing alternately, and the situation was getting funnier and funnier, as such things do at three ayem. Liz was trying to calm Ron a bit, but she kept bursting into gales of laughter; it was all anyone could do to mop up.

In this incident I learned the meaning of geyser--it's a small, wall-mounted water heater, gas-operated. This was what had been on the wall above the sink at the Bentcliffe home, but it was metal and I didn't understand its use; it must have held at least three imperial quarts, while the West Park's geyser held perhaps one, to be used for single pots of tea or to infuriate Ron Bennett.

And so we mopped up, and Norman started the just-full geyser heating, and Liz helped Sid fix tea and coffee. As I was carrying my fourth tin of water from the room, I noticed the water beginning to bubble, and pointed it out to Ron.

"Don't pay any attention to the dirty little thing," he snapped. "You have to wait until that little red light goes out." And, since he has one just like it at home, I took his word for it. On my next trip with a tin of water, as we were getting the last of it off the floor, I mentioned to Ron that the water was coming to a gentle, rolling boil.

"When that light goes off," he said, "the water is ready. It has a thermostat which clicks the light off at just the right time." He was still shaking from his hysterics about shutting the thing off, so I made another trip. As I re-entered the kitchen, I saw steam rising from the far wall and boiling water spurting out the top of the geyser; nobody else was paying it any attention.

"Pon!" I shouted, "the geyser is boiling!"

He looked at me as if I had not a brain left. "That red light—" he began, and turned to look at it. "Oh, my ghod!" he screamed, suddenly hysterical again, "That light must mean it's finished heating!" And with a cry of "But I have one like it at home!" he leaped across Dave Barber and grappled once more with it--only this time every control was being doused with scalding water, and it took a seeming eternity to get it under control.

He had no help this time, because one and all we stood gasping for breath, holding our aching ribs and nearly collapsing with laughter. And of course we had to mop up again, but Bennett and I had to go to the lavatory about this time. When we returned, nearly recovered, the group was put into fresh paroxysms of hilarity by Sid Birchby, who unthinkingly picked up an unusual spoon, with half the bowl missing for some reason, and attempted to spoon instant coffee with it. He stood there inanely with coffee spilling out of his utensil, while we stared, and pointed, and laughed.

From then on to dawn, someone might say spoon, or water, or geyser, or "I have one just like it at home," to find gales of laughter.



At dawn the Irish boys descended from a party in Ella and Ethel's room which had lasted the night, and we told them the story. One by one British fandom filed downstairs then, as the day brightened and sobriety returned to our all-night Brag game. The Slaters set up their stand for Peterborough on the card table, and someone suggested breakfast. It was Monday, and the night was over.

-oOo-

After breakfast my main task was co-ordinating with the Jeeves family, with whom I was to travel to Sheffield that morning. This may sound easy, but I had to keep moving to keep awake once I'd eaten, and I did it by walking from one of the two hotels to another all morning.

Early off, Suzy Slater came into the West Park with a popsicle; "penny ice," I think she called it. It was a muggy, hot day, and it seemed that all fandom turned on that pretty child to rob her of her tiny, but cold, popsicle. She looked frightened for a minute, then in a very businesslike way she took sixpences from everyone and went out to get more. I have a picture of Jimmy Groves very soberly working at a "penny ice" (at sixpence?), with the red coloring that many of my photos took when indoors--he looks preposterous.

: And I said goodbye to one and all--to the German fans, the Cheltenham fans, the Irish, the London, the Scot fans--and Terry, Val and Sandra Jeeves, and I headed south to Sheffield. The conventions was over.

Nest issue: Sheffield, two wild days back in Harrogate, Liverpool again, and off to Belfast. Will we get to London and Cheltenham in that installment? Watch this space.

--Ron Ellik

## BULLCON

The British National Science-Fiction Convention for 1963 will be held in the Hotel Bull, Peterborough, East-ertide. Memberships are 5/- sterling, or \$1.00 U.S. and Canada--such payments to be deducted from full attendance fees.

For further information, including copies of the CONCOM GAZETTE, write to:

Ken Slater  
BSFA ConCom. 1963  
c/o Fantast (Medway) Ltd.  
75, Norfolk Street  
Wisbech.  
CAMBS, ENGLAND

## DISCON

The 21st World Science-Fiction Convention is scheduled for Washington D.C.'s Statler-Hilton over Labor Day Weekend 1963. The second progress report is just out, containing nomination ballots for the 1963 Hugo achievement awards for best novel, short fiction, magazine, fanzine, etc.

Memberships are \$2, plus \$1 attendance fee, payable to:

William H. Evans, Treasurer  
21st World SF Convention  
P. O. Box 36  
Mount Rainier, Maryland



the  
Grisly  
Universe  
HPL  
by Fritz  
Lieber

H. P. Lovecraft was a sweet, generous guy, willing to expend any amount of thought, time and ink to help a fledgling writer in one of his pet fields (or almost any other field, I'd guess), yet he had one of the saddest, grimmest views of the universe possible: A chaos ruled by an idiot god, nothing grinding out to something and back to nothing again, intelligence a flicker---those were the terms in which he generally described the cosmos.

One of the questions I've wished I'd asked him during the last six months or so of his life when it was my good fortune to have corresponded with him, has been simply, "How come? How come, Howard, such a grisly universe produces a guy like you?"

I suppose his answer would have been, "Fritz, it just happens. I occur, that's all there is to it--one more chance combination of particles. I occur, like the mercury atom or the dwarf star or the sulphuric acid molecule or the sting ray or the honey ant or William Penn or Jack the Ripper."

If I'd kept pressing him, he'd probably have added, "I also happen to have been born into a species and culture that has entertained some remarkably high ideals, that has dreamed greatly of mankind and his potentialities, and I happen to have tried to fit my thoughts and life to this dreaming." For HPL often stated his belief, as in "The Silver Key," that our world has no meaning what-ever except what our forefathers have dreamed into it and that it befits us to live in consonance with this dreaming rather than by some hurriedly concocted modern system. To live in consonance with the dream even though knowing it to be only a dream--one reason HPL linked with 18th century and Imperial Rome so much and identified with them, was that they were ages sprinkled with wise atheistic gentlemen who recognized their religions as myths but saw the wisdom, in the interests of civic stability, of not going against those religions at all openly--they were good for the simple-minded and at least refreshing for the sophisticated.

But suppose I'd gone on to ask, "But suppose, Howard, you'd been born into a culture of murderers and liars, a culture that revered the false, the ugly, and the bad?"

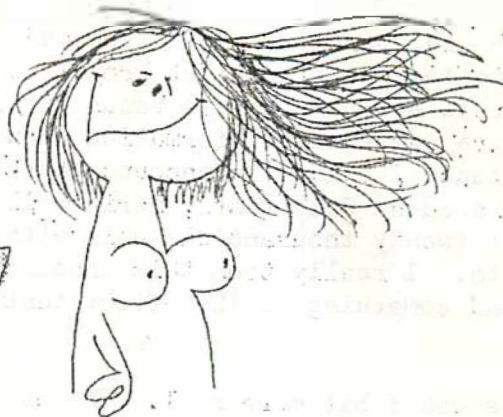
Oh yes, I guess he'd have answered very quickly, "Then I'd have been true to that culture, granting I'm basically a tradition-oriented type, and I'd have called those last three universals the True, the Beautiful, and the Good--even if their interpretation of them were diametrically opposed to that of western man. I couldn't possibly be the Lovecraft you know."

The kindly Old Gentleman a kindly Old Murderer or a benign Old Liar? Well, possibly. I do think Lovecraft would have sweetened any culture he was born into.

Finally, suppose I had suggested, "Howard, even a materialist has to accept certain premises or first principles from which to reason. What if I take it as my first article of faith that our nasty universe does produce guys like you from time to time, that these bright flickers of mind and empathy and love do occur, that there are these lighthouses and guideposts--and that this is something I have seen with my own eyes and felt the effects of in my own life and can bear witness to?

Doubtless he'd have replied, "Fritz, then you'd be starting your reasoning from something on the fringes, an epiphenomenon, rather than from anything general or basic. Besides, you're beginning to embarrass me just a little." Still, that's the way I do feel about it.

# DUMB LUCK TRIUMPHS AGAIN!



MARINER II GIVES  
HER SENSE OF  
WONDER  
GOOSE BUMPS



If you can remember back three months and some odd days you will recall that the Mariner II is so named because the original model barely made it off the pad. Due to a slight oversight (how important is a hyphen!) by the fellow who wrote the guidance equations, a symbol should have been written "x̄" instead of "x". During the launch until first stage separation the guidance system is self-correcting. A small radar antenna rotates and feeds the guidance computer continuous information as to where it is going. The computer compares this information with the preset information as to where it wants to go. If the two differ, it sets about altering the course until they are the same. The bar above the "x" indicates that the average value of the radar reading should be read by the computer. Instead the computer read all the readings of the rotating antenna. The preset information didn't say anything about rotating, so the valiant computer started correcting the course. Its objective was to settle the radar data down to one correct incoming direction. Its method was to try to rotate the whole many-odd-ton vehicle in the opposite direction. Rumor has it that the Range Safety Officer pushed the destruct button because the thing was coming towards him instead of Venus.

As dumb luck would have it, the pad was left intact, and from that failure there was gained enough information to insure the next shot's success...it said in fine newsprint. The next shot had the correct guidance equations. Good thing, too, because the Atlas decided that it wanted to try that loop the loop business that the first one had fun with. Valiant little computer fought back and succeeded in going up. Instead of an end over end tumble that the first shot simulated, this one spun like a top, but it did go up. Those of you who know about guns, and rifling, and spin stableizing may think that spinning like a top would tend to help hold the Atlas trajectory. Well, you are right. The Atlas was in a good and true trajectory, struggling like mad to get out. The spinning, though, did cause one problem. The Agena which second-stages the project worked on a different guidance system. The Agena has a scanner which locks onto the earth's horizon-line and corrects its trajectory with that as one of its fixed co-ordinates. This scanner has a very small eye, and if that eye doesn't lock onto the earth's horizon when the Agena starts firing, the Agena is lost. That scanner was rotating right along with the rest of the vehicle. It had the earth in its field of view for less than half of each rotation, and if it had blinked a few times it could have missed seeing the horizon altogether.

As dumb luck would have it (that phrase may recur) the bucking of the Atlas and the rotation just added up to an inscan position when the Agena let go. That one combination of events was enough to convince me that someone up there liked us.

Outside of the usual mild hysteria following a great event there was a fairly quiet period in the workaday lives of the people watching this beastie. Computers hummed and midcourse correction was calculated and effected. Computers hummed and the corrected trajectory was guesstimated. Mariner II would probably go somewhere



between nine thousand and thirty some-odd thousand miles from Venus on its flyby. Based on this guesstimate, one of the Jet Propulsion Lab's VIPs announced to the news world that Mariner would definitely pass Venus within nine thousand miles. A few weeks later, when there was enough information about the trajectory to actually define the flyby distance I read news announcements to the effect, "Errors in calculations of orbit by Pasadena Scientists, Mariner II to miss by 20,000 miles." No mention was made that twenty thousand was well within the effective range of the scientific instruments. I really took this announcement of failure personally, and would much rather read something to the effect that "JPL higher-up chokes on shoe leather."

The next failure was a bit more real. The earth sensing device was reading lower than a healthy earth sensor ought. It was fixed in a strange manner. An engineer named Schmidt dreamed one night that he stole an experimental rocket ship from Canaveral, borrowed a good earth sensor from the shelves, flew out to Mariner, replaced the ailing sensor with a good one, flew back to earth and smuggled the sick sensor back to the shelves. He thought that it would be a funny prank to play on the department in charge of seeing that earth sensors were healthy. The next morning he related his dream to his buddies, and then found out that during the night the earth sensor had healed and was reading normally. Let's face it; coincidence is dumb luck, right?

About this time Russia launched a Mars probe and my Sense of Wonder woke up. I had a glorious mental vision of the solar system. Earth, Venus, Mars, and two tiny man-made explorers were the main characters. We were reaching out for both of our planetary neighbors at once and I felt damn good about it.

The next Mariner failure was even more real. The word was, "One of our Solar Panels is missing." As dumb luck would have it, Mariner carried two panels for solar power. One was detailed in design and fully tested long before the shot was possible. The second was a last-minute modification of the first. The modification made the second a bit larger and a great deal more unwieldy. It was the smaller panel that failed, what else? Due to our excellent monitoring set up it wasn't noticed until the next day that anything was wrong with the spacecraft. When it was noticed all hell broke loose. A command was signalled out to the Mariner to turn off some of its experiments to lower the power load to the remaining panel. The estimated time for achieving command of the craft was roughly six hours. As dumb luck would have it, the DSIF (Deep Space Instrumentation Facility, the fellows with the huge radar screens who listen directly to the spacecraft, and talk back when they have to) at Goldstone managed to set up the command, send it, and have it obeyed in a fifth of that time, first time around.

We sat fat for a week, monitoring all the data coming in, as it came in. We watched as the craft got closer to the Sun, and the solar panel became a more and more effective source. The power section was preparing to say that the experiments could be turned on again when the sick panel healed itself. One engineer came in to work, found a note on his desk saying, "Schmidt has taken another trip." All in all there was much hilarity about it. The experiments were turned on and everything was working.

20 The next problem was the insidious one: the closer you get to the sun, the hotter it gets. One of the temperature men complained loud and clear about the healed panel. If it had stayed sick it would be producing less heat, and every little bit less would be appreciated. No sooner said than done, the little panel got sick again. I was sure by that time that someone up there really liked Mariner II.

From there on out it was a race between heat getting the whole system and looking at Venus. Heat was ahead, but instead of failing when different parts of the craft passed their upper design limits, they kept on working. (And this is the biggest mark against the Pasadena Scientists; they really should have known the upper limits of the system.) The Status Report started calling every section of the craft "abnormal" but the system kept on working.

The final failure of the system came just a few hours before encounter. We discovered this failure and had people working on it less than an hour from its origin. You might suspect that our monitoring system had improved since the solar panel problem. The final failure was in the stored command to turn the mode of the spacecraft from cruise experiments to encounter experiments. We really did not know that the system wouldn't work, but we had Goldstone prepared ahead of time. It turns out we had to command the encounter experiments to turn on.

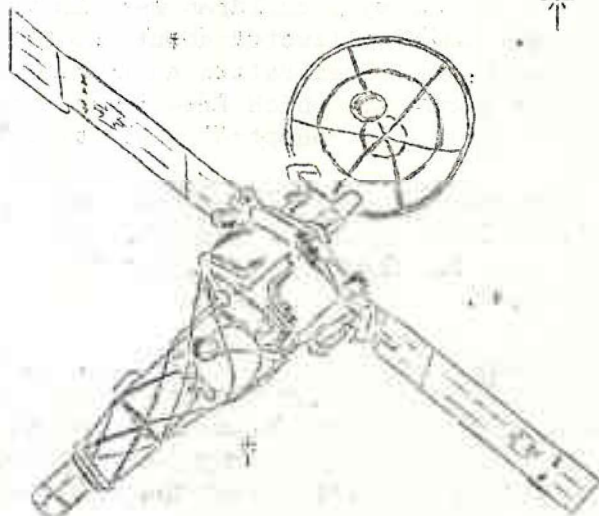
As soon as Goldstone got the craft on its horizon, it started gaining command capability. Distance: some 35 million miles. Time: as soon as possible. The science people were sure that they would get one radiometer scan of the planet, two scans if they were lucky. One scan would give them information about half the planet's surface. Two scans would give them information about 80% of the planet's surface. They got three scans, and information about all of the planet's surface. As dumb luck would have it, the encounter command was sent at the only time, give or take two minutes, during the entire flyby, that three scans were possible.

One more command was sent. This command was sent blind, for without the cruise mode experiments Goldstone didn't know that it still had command capability. The command was sent to return to cruise mode. There were thirty or more people crowded around my teletype, waiting to see cruise data. The time that we should have received cruise data came. I started reading off cruise data. I was about the only person in the room who knew that the command had succeeded. It turned out that the radiometers were being calibrated aboard the spacecraft at the same time. The first stages of panic started to set in when the nice familiar format didn't appear (the radiometers replace some of the constant telemetry during a calibration). It wasn't until I started reading off the data out loud that I could convince anybody that we had won.

I figure that JPL has used up all of its luck for the next twenty years on this one project. So don't blame us when the Rangers fail.

--Steve Tolliver

Note: This article is not a security violation. It contains little information that you could not have read (saving only the personal experiences) in the New York Times.





fallen  
angelenos



NOW THERE IS A DAUGHERTY PROJECT!

It is Christmastime, and fitting season for being sentimental and loving, and time for getting involved in helping others. This year turned out to be much more involved than usual. While there has been no snow as yet in Sunny California, the Christmas spirit has snowballed to the point where it is truly amazing.

Everything started, as things often do in fandom, with a simple paragraph in a letter from a fan; in this case, it was Seth Johnson who set things in motion. He wrote that a friend of his taught in a school for the deaf, and she wanted people who would write one small note a week to a child in the school. Seems that, in many cases, families simply dump unwanted and unloved handicapped children in state-run residential schools and try to forget their existence. These children have all that the state can afford to provide in the way of necessities, but they do not have the love and personal attention which is so very necessary.

Seth's letter set off a chain-reaction of events which included the start of a special newsletter, MOTLEY, devoted to the purpose of keeping interest and getting people to aid this project in any way possible. The first issue of MOTLEY will be circulated as a flyer with this issue of Shaggy.

Elinor Poland, the teacher, and I began exchanging letters at a furious rate, trying to get all the questions answered. It turned out that she was too busy to handle anything but the passing of information to me. And, though the Principal of the school agreed to let this project through on a trial basis, she was slightly leary of getting too involved with people who might let the thing die and disappoint many children. It was agreed that I would handle the whole project; giving out the names of children to anyone who wished to write, and keeping in contact with everyone through the newsletter.

I went to a LASFS meeting and told of these lost, lonely children and asked if we could collect a bit of cash for a small Christmas party for them. At the time, I did not know how many children were in the school, but felt that any sum would be of some help. LASFS collected about \$10 from members present, donated another \$10 from the treasury, and Fred Patten auctioned off some Pogo Puce Stamps which Paul Turner bought for about \$5, which Fred donated to the fund. It was a wonderful moment. A couple of fans also "adopted" a kid to write to, to round out the evening.

It turned out that Elinor has nine children in her class, 124 children in her section (primary grades), and over 300 children in the entire school. The \$25 looked pretty small in light of this, but it was at least more than they might have had, so I sent it on.

The day after the LASFS meeting, Walt Daugherty called John at work. Walt has a new job with Mattel Toys (makers of the Barbie doll, Beanie toys, etc.), and thought maybe he could get some toys from them at half price or something. It seemed worth a try; he suggested that we might get an even better deal if the teacher wrote a letter to Mattel and told them about the children.

Elinor told me what she'd written.... "It was just a simple request for anything they might be willing to send. I described the childrens' handicap and how they got such pleasure from feeling, seeing, touching and tied it in with the 'beautiful Mattel toys'...how it would brighten their lives to receive such marvelous things. I mentioned the Negro children and that they didn't get home for Thanksgiving. I told how the kiddies cry with frustration...how they want talking dolls for Christmas even tho...and maybe BECAUSE...they cannot talk. All this is true, of course. So...I do hope the date is too late. But miracles do happen. Let's hope that it happens to us."

Walt phoned LASFS next meeting and told us that he'd had to borrow a truck to haul away the toys that Mattel had given him for the children. Now, he wanted to know, could we collect enough from LASFS to go part of the cost of shipping the toys to the kids? LASFS had adjourned, and it was time for the playground to close, so there was little time to discuss it. However, everyone seemed to think that we could make up a fund at the next meeting to repay Walt for some of the freight bill. I went home in a state of shock and euphoria, and wrote another letter to Elinor. Daugherty told others about this whole project, getting reactions of interest and donations of \$\$ to build a fund to send these toys.

Today we packed toys. I half expected small plastic toys, but it seems that Mattel doesn't make dinky toys; there were Beanie dolls, and Cecil the Sea-sick Sea-serpent dolls, and Dick Tracy machine guns, Winchester rifles, crazy guitars, and Chatty Baby dolls. Mattel came through with 125 toys for Elinor's section. The toys filled seven large cartons, and we spent the afternoon packing, taping and labelling in the back room of Marro Custom Lamps & Shades. Walt's girlfriend, Margaret Sachse, a sort of quiet fringe-fan, was very sweet about us filling her shop with cartons, paper tape and paper. She donated some goodie materials to my collection of doll clothes scraps.

Cynics may say that Mattel had nothing to lose; the toys for one reason or another did not pass a qualified inspector, but the untrained eye would find little to criticize. These are toys which would ordinarily be destroyed, as Mattel guarantees their work. So the company could mark this gift off as a tax deduction. They probably will, but what matter to a child who might never have had a doll but for Mattel?

They do not ask for publicity. They probably wouldn't fight it if we wanted to shout "Mattel, we love you!" on the rooftops, but they would not be miffed if we never gave them credit, either. We will, of course, send them a "thank you" and a report of the Christmas they gave the deaf children. The only other way to thank them is to look for the Mattel name on toys, and become paying customers of theirs.

The entire project was the work of one Walter J Daugherty. The truck was borrowed from Margery's son, Jack Sasche, who also donated his time to help move the toys to the Marro shop. Tween LASFS and Walt's friends, the money will be raised to pay for shipping the toys to the children. The toys will be on their way long before all the money is collected, however, as we hope to beat the Christmas deadline.

Mattel may be used to playing Santa Claus (another of their yearly projects is the Marine Corps' "Toys for Tots" campaign), but the rule is rather new to the rest of us, especially in such scope! Seth and Walt may look fine in red plush and white, but I feel silly in a beard...Mattel Christmas, everyone!



# A WALK THROUGH INFINITY



## The Blind Ballots

by Georg Mann  
(Macmillan 1962)

briefly reviewed by  
Fritz Leiber

Here is a sardonically humorous novel about the school politics and social back-biting of a peculiarly corrupt section of suburbia that will delight everyone who enjoyed the opening chapters of **HAVE SPACE-SUIT, WILL TRAVEL**.

Mr. Mann, who is a distinguished science writer and a courageous humanist to boot, has a high old time atomizing that social-success-oriented concept of highschool education that makes baton-twirling and jazz-appreciation the core of the curriculum, substitutes gym and football field for lab and library, and puts at least a figurative jukebox firmly in the center of every classroom.

Here and there are delightful science-speculations. Already in Chapter One he explores the possibility that the backyard steaks-and-hamburgers grill is "society's guarantee against the population explosion in the suburbs"--since father stands closest to it and has his fertility decreased by the toasting it gives his scrotum, which is, "so the classic experiments proved, a kind of a cooling milk house on a dairy farm, keeping the sperms businesslike and active, lest they grow tropically sluggish in the body's cavity."

Another of Mann's sparklers: "The greatest myth in modern America--next to that which holds the forty-four inch bust to be an essential ingredient of sexual satisfaction--is that American parents are hot and panting to get their children a better education than they had."

The whole book is endlessly witty and highly informed. Mr. Mann's earlier The Dollar Diploma (same publisher), about university fund-raising and other forms of academic chicanery, is also highly recommended. Also his still-earlier narratives of the fabulous Wischmeier Family (New Directions), which most oddly was born in the same bull-sessions from which grew my own characters of Fafhrd and the Mouser.

--Fritz Leiber

The Long Winter by John Christopher, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1962  
A Science Fiction Book Club Selection

This is such a damned engrossing yarn that I found the conclusion quite infuriating. For a hero who has constantly battled against a primarily ethical problem, I find the moral obtuseness of the ending most disappointing.

The situation is this: A drop in solar radiation has brought the ice age back to England. Countries north of 40° are snowbound through the summer. Most of the population migrates to the tropics, where they find themselves a mass of unskilled, unpropertied, unwanted labor in an Africa where the new nationalist Negro majorities cannot resist the opportunity to get back their own on the white suppliants. The whites are relegated to the slums, the low-paying jobs, and the second-class status they for so long forced on the Negro.

We view the situation through the eyes of Andrew Leedon, a BBC telecaster who is among those to leave England when the BBC folds up. In this he is the vehicle for the author's social commentary. The living conditions in the poorest quarters of Lagos (and Johannesburg and all the other cities of present-day black Africa) are made vivid by the subjection of Andrew to them. Andrew's coming-to-terms with the racial question is excellently done--he adjusts, and because there is nobility in white man as well as black, a one-time kindness is repaid and Andrew finds a niche in Nigerian television, and a friend in Abonitu, in many ways the book's most sympathetic character.

The book is divided into three sections. The first details the collapse of England in the face of the cold, the second tells of Andrew's fall and rise in tropical Nigeria, and in the third Andrew and Abonitu return to what is left of the white man's world with a squadron of Hovercraft to film the wreck of London for Nigerian television. Here Andrew meets and passes a series of tests wherein he must decide again and again to side with the Negro on the basis of justice and friendship against the white on the basis of race--and the same sort of choice is offered to Abonitu, who must risk his life for it. And here is where Andrew's final betrayal becomes unpalatable--not that it might not be inevitable in the physical situation presented in the story, but because there is one hell of a moral problem presented to the hero, and our moral/ethical hero succumbs with little more than a perfunctory rationalization. This is where the author falls down, and badly, which is a shame, for until the last seven pages it has been a superior story. The author is intellectually liberal in the matter of race relationships, but chauvinism rises up to lay his story, and the unthinkable is perfectly justified to save Brittania.

There is also a matter of adultery running as a major subplot. The cuckholding of Leedon by his wife in the early chapters leads to a most interesting quadrangular relationship between Leedon, his wife Carol, and David and Madeleine Cartwell. The sex is well-handled and helps maintain a high degree of story interest. But this is not too surprising, for sex is an intrinsically interesting subject.

And yet...



And yet this very excellent story is a fine example of one place where modern science fiction falls shortest. The narrative is absorbing, the suspense high, the moral concern great--and the science non-existent. We get a bit of talk about radiation and the Fratellini winter, and the modern device of the Hovercraft is thrown in for stage-dressing, but the technical interest is only peripheral. The author's concern is with his people, with their personal problems, the disintegrating society of England, the race problem in emergent Africa, and how all these bear on one another. It is rather good social extrapolation.

But I am reminded of Stanley Weinbaum's short story, "Shifting Seas," wherein the sudden submergence of Central America diverts the Gulf Stream into the Pacific and again brings an ice age to England. In this story the problem is solved by building a wall on the bottom of the sea to replace the missing land barrier, and the current is restored to its old path. In Christopher's story all remedial effort is assumed hopeless from the beginning, and yet I can't help but feel that in the age of Sputnik, Mariner, transcontinental freeways, and atomic science, mankind wouldn't make a major effort to stave off the effects of disaster through technology. And I think this is part of the failure of modern science fiction; sociological extrapolation without taking into account the simultaneous extrapolation of man's mushrooming technology is puerile. It is the impact of the machine age on the underdeveloped society that is producing the major social and political upheavals of the 20th century.

I can't escape the feeling that for all their skill and sociological sophistication, the writers of the 60's are writing nonsense about their chosen field, and that for all their cardboard characters and optimistic innocence, the writers of the 30's were writing with a truer vision.

--Al Lewis

The Grasshopper Lies Heavy by Hawthorne Abendsen

An unusual book written by an unusual man, The Grasshopper Lies Heavy must be classified as science fiction, despite its philosophical and political stand.

Abendsen fought his way through World War II with the marines, and his firsthand experience with death and battle lend realism to his "The Destruction of Berlin" to name only one of the unusual twists this book takes.

Based on the premise that FDR was not assassinated, that he was a powerful president, that he whipped the United States out of its depression, and that when War and the 40's came, he stepped down to another powerful president, Rexford Tugwell. Abendsen's thesis is that a powerful United States would have been prepared for war, would have allied with Britain, and would defeat rather than be defeated by the Axis powers. The book takes the reader through a fictional World War II, into the expansionist period when the United States and Britain split the globe.

Parallel universes have been portrayed before, with more complexity of plot, but never with more realism. The reader finds himself lost in 'reality' while reading, and living for the illusion as long as the spell lasts. This book has been outlawed in the Reich, upon penalty of death, and is sold openly here in the Pacific States of America, which shows both the intensity of the work, and, I suppose, the basic difference between our conquerors. Abendsen waits now in his "High Castle", surrounded by barbed wire, for possible Reich retaliation.

If you would care to find out more about "The Man in the High Castle" and his book, you should read The Man in the High Castle by Philip K. Dick, (Putnam, 1962) a Science Fiction Book Club selection.

--Steve Tolliver

# PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY

conducted by John Trimble

[[Around this fanzine, change seems to be ... Way of life; we've acquired a new editor, and so we're changing the lay-out of the zine somewhat.

All editorial comments will be enclosed in double brackets--above--and signed-off the way this will be. And the lettercol is the only place in the magazine where we'll use nonstopparagraphing, both in letters and ed com.

Without further ado, let's get to the letters. --jt.]]

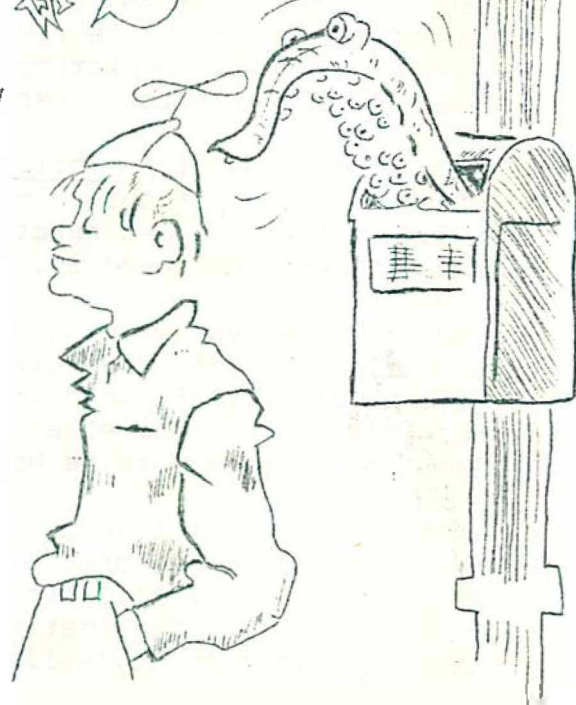
ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS, Chatsworth, California

Money can't create a Shaggy, money can't keep a Shaggy going. Only love is big enough for this job! I know, I know, but don't try to play hard to get by telling me you have plenty of lovers already. I can see them sticking out all over. Sure, you can slam the door in my face, but when you do, remember that the next time you open it, I'll be sitting here, waiting. I'm a persistent cuss, Shaggy.

Why all of this?

Well, once upon a time a young man was in college--the School of Journalism, University of Missouri, if you must have facts. He didn't pay much attention to what they were teaching in this college, in fact he was hardly courteous to his professors, figuring he could do it better (as do all of your lovers, Shaggy). Across the mountains of the years, this was long ago and far away, but it happened just the same. One day when this young man was paying even less attention than usual to his professors, a fraternity brothers handed him a big magazine. He read it from cover to cover, including the ads on how to get rid of pimples and how to be strong and how to cure rupture. This was the most amazing magazine. In fact, Amazing was its name. This was the only copy he saw during these years. There were girls around and some classes had to be attended and--well, you understand how these things are. Eventually the college most rudely graduated him. But in spite of all the downs and ups in the life of a young man, he never forgot that magazine. Then one day he came across something called Thrilling Wonder Stories. The word "Thrilling" almost threw him, Shaggy. But, in spite of the word, he bought the magazine. Nobody got any work out of him for the remainder of the day. He sat right down and read that thing from cover to cover, including the ads about pimples and things. He loved it. From the bottom of his heart, he loved it. It's all as simple as a love affair. And as inevitable.

Back across the mountains of the years, this young man thought very highly of himself--but, in fact, he was not nearly as learned then as he thinks himself to be now. He had not even read Evans-Wentz' The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries--the book may not have been published then, which is no excuse, really, for not reading it--and this young man didn't know he was Celtic and wouldn't have given two hoots in hell if he had known it. Evans-Wentz says the Celts include the Irish, the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Bretons of France. Before he wrote this book, being a brash young man himself





[[RMWilliams, cot'd]] in those days, Evans-Wentz took a walking trip through all of these countries asking as many people as would hold still for silly questions what they thought about faries and related matters. Among many other things, he learned that the Celts just naturally believe in and love a lot of things which the rest of the world regards as pure nonsense. He hinted that if you start exploring around in the inner worlds of a Celt, you will find a streak of mysticism a parsec wide.

This brash young man with the copy of--damn that word still--Thrilling Wonder Stories clutched in his lily white hand didn't know any of this. He didn't know that the streak of mysticism that was in him had found just exactly what it hungered for--tales of wonder. All he knew was that he loved it.

And he's still just as much in love with tales of wonder as he ever was. And if you look beneath the surface of the hacking, you will find this love peeping through here and there and maybe catching your heart a little when you're not looking. It's a sneaky thing, Shaggy, but it's there. How else could it be--he must have written these stories for love, because he sure as hell didn't get much money for them!

You know, Shaggy, that man does not live by bread alone. And that man does not live nearly as much by fact as he does by fiction, and that much of what he regards as fact turns out to be really fiction, in a last analysis. For it is the fiction-maker, the creative imagination at work, that gives each of us the courage to face the facts of each day's living and the ability to distort them a little nearer to our heart's desire.

It was this creative ability to distort facts a little nearer to the heart's desire of your many lovers that brought you into existence, Shaggy. And me. And tales of wonder. And back of it all is love.

You might as well open that door, Shaggy. Now that I've found you, I'm going to be sitting right here.

MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place. Fords. New Jersey

Thanks for Shaggy #62. The cover was extremely good Bjo work. Too bad it didn't arrive closer to Halowe'en when the subject matter would have been more appropriate.

I've always regarded costume balls as being something which should please the participant, as well as the spectator. The Chicon more or less stymied this by granting us the small hall, which was bad for the masqueraders trying to parade around, and the observers who were trying to see everything. Both groups were crowded together, and as a result neither was satisfied.

I agree that a live band is not that vital, and judging by the small turn out of dancers in Chicago after the formal proceedings, I can't see how this would justify hiring another for the purpose of dancing alone. Besides they were too loud. I was sitting in the back of the room with Ed Emsh discussing films and we could barely hear each other talk.

After reading The Darkness Before Tomorrow from Ace, I had more or less decided that Williams had had it as a writer, and it was time to turn in his typewriter and settle back to a lifetime of creaking away in a rocker and ogling the pretty girls. But after this [[Creative Imagination. --jt.]], maybe it would be wiser to start writing non-fiction for money instead of egoboo.

28 [[Read Williams' letter above, Mike, and let us know what your feelings are now. I only wish we hadn't had to cut it. --jt.]]

JON V SHAW, 833 West Lucille Avenue, West Covina, California

Pelz's Farley File sounds interesting. But after looking over the questionnaire, I don't know. It's just that the limitations inherent in this type of thing probably won't allow for the Thing that is fandom. Something will probably be lost in the process of punching little personality-less holes in cards.

As to costumes, etc., at the Cons, I wonder. It seems to me that your idea of a judges' "open prize" is perhaps the most sensible idea yet. Actually, it would probably be best to establish several open prizes, and then make the categories themselves more fluid. This would probably eliminate the problems mentioned. Also, there should definitely be a reviewing stand.

Are the LASFS minutes still published separately? If so, why waste space in Shaggy on them? It's not that they're not enjoyable--but once they're published, they're published. The space could be devoted to Something Worthwhile as yet unpublished (as Alva Rogers' goody--with material so helpful to neophyte perverts such as myself).

[[Welcome aboard, Jon; hope we'll hear more from you! --jt.]]

ROBERT BLOCH, Studio City, California

My thanks for Shaggy--and my belated regrets to you people and the rest of the LASFS regulars for not having been able to fall up to various doings. I've had a pretty regular schedule; work, get sick, take a trip, work, get sick, take a trip, and then--of course--work again. I'm still trying to figure a way to eliminate the less desirable aspects of this program (viz., working and getting sick) but commitments continue to accrue and in the face of a general recession in the field I have to be grateful that I can keep busy.

All of which hasn't kept me from enjoying Shaggy: most particularly Alva Rogers' interesting personal reminiscence, Al's editorial, and Ron's initial installment of his ill-will journey (which, he may recall, I asked him about). My patience has been amply rewarded, if this first segment is any indication, and I'm anxious to see how the story comes out and whether or not he survived the trip.

Al's examination of the costume ball should certainly be taken under advisement in Washington--by either Eney or Jackie Kennedy, or both. It's quite obvious that the whole convention masquerade problem is rooted in an unrealistic veneration of tradition. At some of the earlier affairs, where actual attendance hovered around the 200-mark, and perhaps 10% of the attendees wore costumes for this event, there was no difficulty--even in a small hall it was possible to see the contestants. Al's criticisms apply to present-day realities, and take into account not only the difficulties of handling a much larger number of contestants and a much larger audience, but also the implied increased importance of the event. That is to say, at early conventions--with few exceptions--the only attempt at elaborate costuming came from the home team; residents of the convention city itself. Few fans were able to lug spectacular outfits clear across the country and the spirit of competition hadn't really taken hold.

But today, as we know, a lot of time, effort, expense, ingenuity and imagination enter into the creation of masquerade costumes--and it's disappointing to the audience and often heartbreaking to the masqueraders when proper display is denied. So I most heartily agree with Al's suggestions regarding ample space for the parade, musical background, time for introduction and/or a brief "act", and a separate space set up for shutterbuggery. It's true: the masquerade is not a dance, it's a costume display, and to treat it otherwise is foolish.



[[Bloch, cot'd]] About prizes: I'm wondering if arbitrary categories can ever really serve their intended purpose. In the past, despite high-sounding designations, some of the prizes were actually awarded on the basis of Tightest Pants, Most Cleavage, or Most Elaborate. Not that I object (particularly to the first two), but the labelling seems a bit unfair as presently set up. Whereas a simple system of perhaps six prizes might do the job; instead of the judges "inventing" categories on the spur of the moment, they might instead announce their reasons for award. In effect, any categorizing confronts us with a fundamental problem--who should take precedence, Beauty or Beast? If a "beauty" wins, those who have spent a lot of time and effort on beastiality will be unhappy; if a "beast" gets top honors, the chicks will cheep. Removing categorization, with its "bests" and "mosts", and letting judges cite personal opinions instead might help.

CRUSADE AGAINST INDECENT NUDITY  
1418 Prurient Place  
Hysteria, Massachusetts

[[see letterhead:]]



We hear that your organization has recently shown a great deal of interest in our cause, and we are flattered by your scientific concern for its future, as evidenced by your discussion of the problems involved in fitting suspenders for snakes; however, we feel that your time would be better spent in service on one of our volunteer groups. If, for instance, some of your members could work during weekends as chick diaperers on our model farm, it would be an extremely nice gesture on your part.

In the meantime, however, we are enclosing our two dollars for a subscription to your club magazine, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, in the hope that this will help to draw our two crusades closer together. (You will be shocked, I'm sure, to hear that someone has started a vicious rumor to the effect that your magazine has a naked dog--called Shaggy--as a mascot.)

Yours truly,

/s/ Morris L. Fiber, Pres.

[[Some people will go to more trouble in subbing to this magazine! --jt.]]

PIERS & CAROL JACOB, 800 - 75th Street, North. St. Petersburg 10, Florida

Comes more junk via Uncle Sam's sucker delivery. Throw it away? No--might be a coupon inside. Oh! A reasonable facsimile of science fiction. This dear is what is colloquially termed a "fanzine".

How did they get ahold of our name?

Most of the fan correspondence is in my name; the Discon is in Carol's. So who latched onto both of us at once? Oh, oh--that Fantasy Collector sub lists us both. We corrected Bibby's grammar once; maybe he squealed to the fans. Think he got double rates for two names at once? No, he wouldn't dare...I got it! Our return address stamp gave us away. "Piers & Carol Jacob it says. Folly, thy name is P & C.

Well, it's a free sample. Might as well read it. Who's this character editing it, this Lewis? Name sounds familiar in a vague sort of way. Can't be; we don't know anyone in California. Why should someone in sunny St. Pete want to know anyone in the smog city?

So let me get the \*//\$&!& back to important business while Carol fools around with the fool fanzine. "Dear, this is interesting." Go 'way, you bother me. "Dear, send them a quarter for their Holiday issue." We don't have a quarter. "Well write a LoC." Lock? "It's the key for a free copy.. A letter." As though I can write. Great. "Dear, there's a fan in here from St. Pete." You mean we gotta read a California fanzine to locate a local fan? "Dear...." All right, all right! I'll grind out a letter.

[[P & C Jacob, cot'd]]

Dear Shaggy: Having eagerly perused your illustrious publication, I want to express my sincerest appreciation for the sample copy and let you know how much we enjoyed it. I just couldn't refrain from writing immediately....

Sincerely, /s/ Piers Jacob

Hmmp--I said LoC, not an effusive blurb. It sounds more as though he'd just glanced at the pictures than read it.

I must admit--being new to organized fandom--that I was impressed with the amount of work involved in Shaggy what with the two color pages. And the cover was quite a job, too, all that intricate shading and drapery--I'm glad I didn't have to cut that stencil.

Now on fandom as a way of life--even tho it's only been a few months--we're involved! The postage bill has skyrocketed, we eagerly await the mailman to see what anticipated or new goody he may have for us, and all this in a part of the country where fandom seems unheard of.

It's fun and we think we like it.

More sincerely, /s/ Carol Jacob

[[Tom Dilley, meet P & C Jacob; P & C, meet Tom. Carol, sometimes we get to looking at the amount of work Shaggy takes, and we're not only vaguely impressed, but rather staggered. And then in comes a letter like that from Robert Moore Williams, and it seems good again. --jt.]]

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14, Illinois

The time of the costume ball and whatever else is planned for that evening is properly a fete or gala type of occasion. The room must be, should be large if there's to be room for the costume parade, and no matter how big the crowd, a large room has a dampening effect. Music is a wonderful means of filling in the blank spaces in the room. It adds the proper type of encouraging sound background to conversation and generalized socializing. If the room is cut off completely from any outsiders, it is possible to finagle member type entertainment. It's a rare thing to get volunteers together to rehearse and practice enough to sound even half good...and badly played music is worse than none (& it costs almost as much to hire regulation guards as it costs to hire a band.

On the subject of categories, it seems to me that the travails and tribulations of the previous judges would be most valuable here. An individual member would only see the problem from the standpoint of his own experience.

The committee announces the categories and the costumers will enjoy the challenge of creating a costume for one of the categories. What may be involved here is that some of the costumes may fit no particular category. Having a "free throw" kind of prize could cover this problem area.

Someone ought to provide some armamentarium for the neo or unpracticed con-goers; give these people a Baedeker of phrases or sentences which will help them start a conversation with authors: I'm in complete sympathy with Dave Fox and his plea.

BOB TUCKER, Box 478, Heyworth, Illinois

This is the fourth time I've begun this letter.

In the first attempt I included a \$50 bill and asked for a life-time subscription to Shaggy. Tore it up.

In the second, I enclosed a twenty and asked for a ten year subscription. Tore that up.

In the third, a five would have brought me 25 issues. Ripped it to shreds.

Enclosed is a cigar store coupon. Send me a cigar. Please keep Ron Ellik out of your magazine.

[[30]] 31



With this issue we are beginning a drastic pruning of our mailing list; fifty or so fewer free-loaders would suit us just fine, especially with the new postal increase. Of course, if you enjoy our magazine, we're happy to send it to you, but you've got to let us hear from you. Subscriptions up to a dollar are welcome, and so are trades, but what we most value is a usable contribution or a letter of comment. SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is now back on bi-monthly schedule, and part of the March issue is already on stencil. So don't wait too long with those letters! According to our records, you are due to receive Shaggy up to and including issue number

- ☐ Subscriber
- ☐ Contributor
- ☐ Exchange faned
- ☐ Reviewer
- ☐ Sample Copy

.....

Subscriptions are 25¢ per issue, or five for one dollar, from the below address, or 1/8d per issue, or five for 7/-d sterling from Archie Mercer, 70 Worral Rd., Bristol 8, England (note this is a change from the address listed on the contents page--both are good, but this is Archie's home address and probably permanent for a while; the other is OK too, if in doubt).

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