



Shangri-L'Afaires
45

Shangri-L'Affaires

AUGUST, 1959

CONTENTS

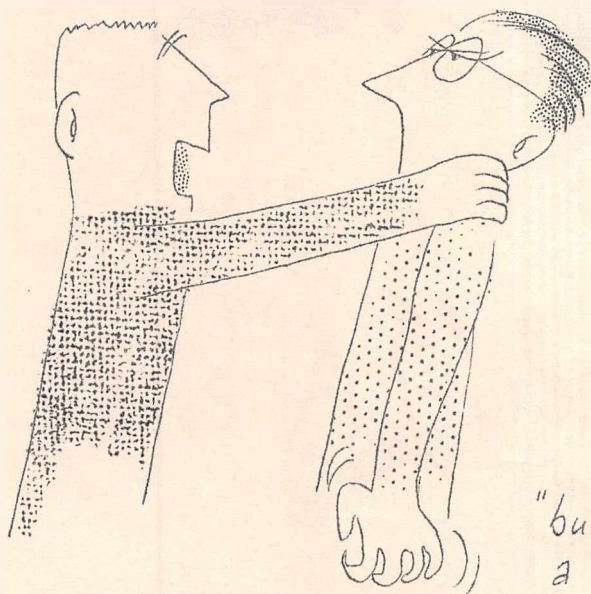
Bjo For TAFF, P*L*E*A*S*E!.....	Djinn Faine.....	3
best guest editorial, more or less.....	Bjo.....	4
Profile: Lem Moffatt.....	Rick Sneary.....	7
Future Pluperfect.....	MZBradley.....	10
Profile: Rick Sneary.....	Len Moffatt.....	14
Squirrel Cage Annex.....	Terry Carr.....	17
Quo Vadis in the Fanzines.....	John Trimble.....	19
Off the Cuff.....	Ray Bradbury.....	23
I Wake Up Screaming: Westercon Report.....	Wally Weber.....	30
Primer For Revolutionists.....	Bjo.....	here
		'n'
		there

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is the Official Organ of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California.
Phone: DUNKirk 2-3246. Meetings every Thursday, 8 p.m. Visitors welcome.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is published at 980 $\frac{1}{2}$ White Knoll Dr., L.A. 12 California. Visitors welcome.

Letters, subs, trades, contributions, bombs, etc., should go to above address, not to LASFS.

COVER.....Fritz Leiber & Bjo, in Genie costume, Brundage pose.....
.....Al Lewis photo.....



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Ronel, John, Steve
Innocent Bystander: Earl
Happy Birthday: Zeke Leppin,
Bjo, Sylvia Hirahara and
almost (21 on 1 sept, 1959)
Djinn Faine.

"but, Steve - you've got to wear a costume to the masquerade - you'll scare everybody if you don't!"

Bjo for TAFF - P*L*E*A*S*E!!

3

Some Four odd years ago, I attended my first World Con in SF, and met a talkative little redhead who was turning out cartoons by the dozen. We exchanged jokes, comments, and addresses; all the while cat-nipping at each other the way females always do.

A few months later, Bjo and I met again at a LASFS meeting and the continuation of feline felicitations continued. Eventually we joined forces and have shared many things; living quarters, fanzies, monies, and (sigh) men. Living with Bjo was a True Life Adventure--in survival. Our residence was once at the LASFS meeting place, and at that time Bjo was also Director (pronounced Dictator) of that worthy club. During this time, our life could be described as hectic.

She accomplished a lot in those despot days; the oft-discussed fashion show, reinstatement of Shangri-L'Affaires, continuance of the Traditional Annual Hallowe'en Party (started by Dictator Julie Jardine the year before), hostessing the three frantic nights of Forry's Birthday Party, and strong-arming unsuspecting LASFS into a Gestetner.

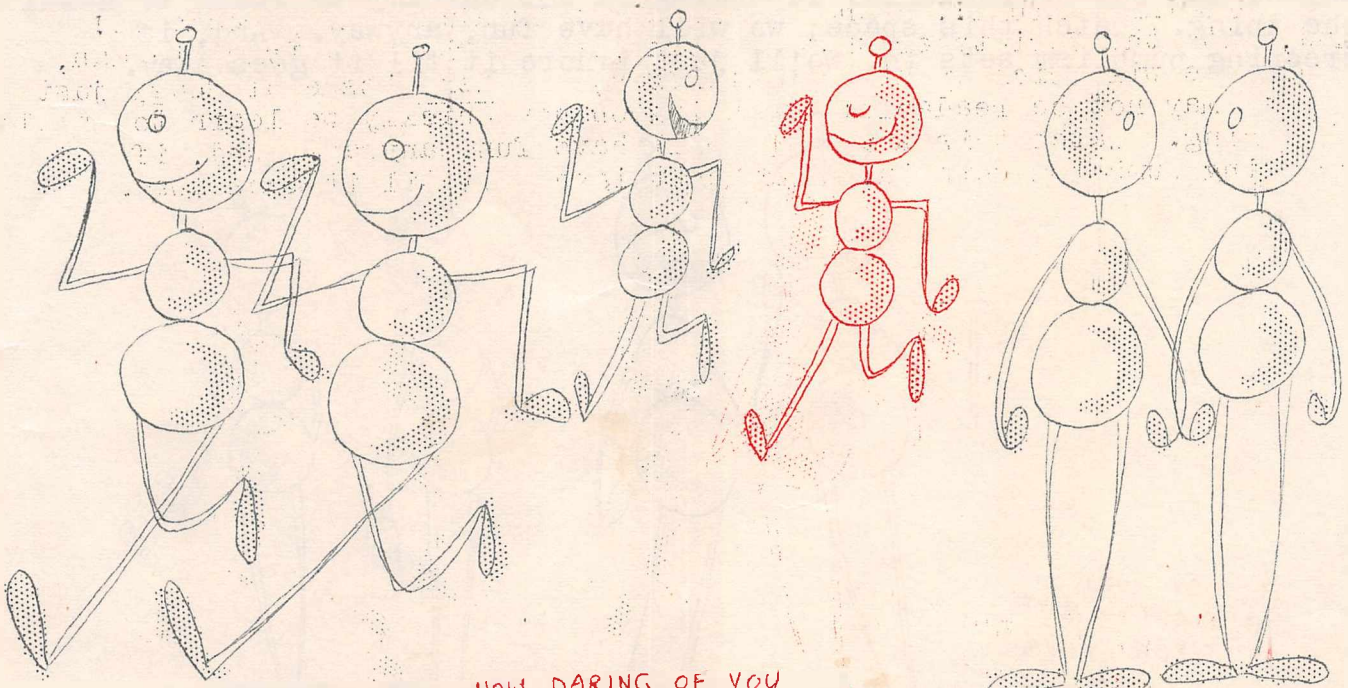
Nor did her activities stop with the termination of her office. She instigated the pun-fund; all proceeds to go to good causes like Cleaning Out Forry's Garage And Putting It In Order. Which job she managed by cajoling able-bodied fans to do the work while she lounged around the house, stirring up an Italian dinner for 16 people on

Saturday and a full Mexican repast for 18 hard-working fans on Sunday.

Bjo has accomplished the art of One-Upmanship to a fine degree, and she often manages to intimidate not only my Wagnerian self, but all of fandom that comes under her sway. Needless to say, a fan that has met Bjo never quite recovers and soon finds himself cranking a Gestetner filing fanzines, typing stencils and other forms of needless torture.

So, like, In Case Of Bjo; abandon all caution, run-do-not-walk to the nearest mimeo! Somehow, you won't mind it a bit!

-----Djinn Faine-----



HOW DARING OF YOU
TO BE SO DIFFERENT!

best guest editorial by bjo

And another hectic issue of dear ol' Shaggy is in your eager li'l hands; why don't you sit down RIGHT NOW and write us a letter about it? We'll settle for a postcard, even.

As a matter of fact, there is no lettercol in thish, and simply because Ye Ed was off playing Camping Out with the National Guard, Assistant ed was trying to get his own and several other FAPazines run off, and the Entire Art Staff got her finger caught in a car door and is also trying to figure out what a Fanzine Editor's Panel Moderator should wear.....

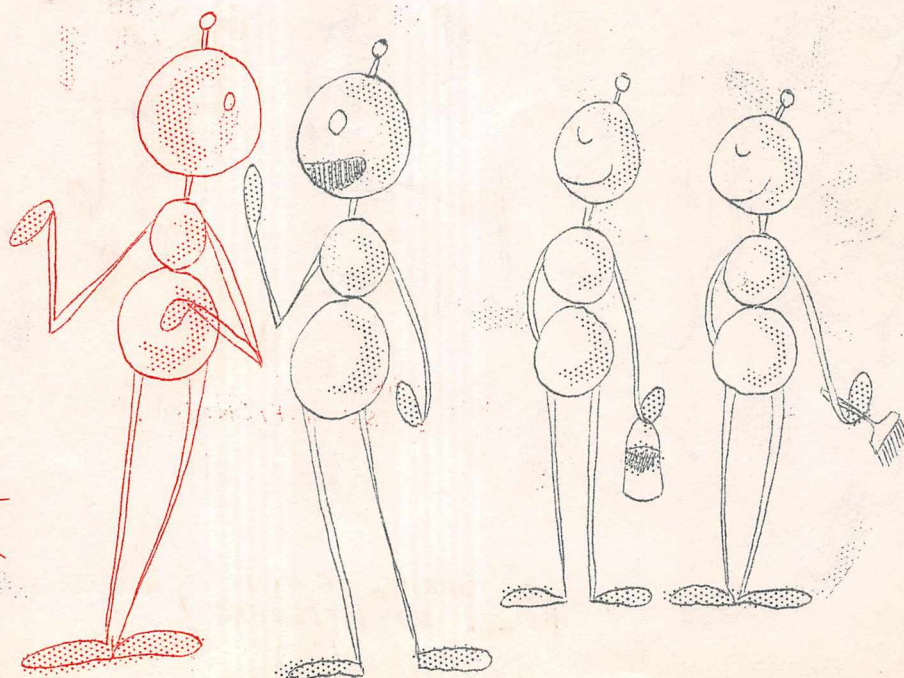
Don't give up hope! Letters we got; letters we hope to get from more of you, too; and a lettercol such as you have never seen outside of CRY will be the result--next issue. O.K.? O.K.!

We still hope to find time to acknowledge trades and such; if you are getting Shaggy, there's a reason: Tradem sub, contribution or our erratic Mailing Lister has some grudge against you. Until we find more time, it's up to you to figure it out for yourself. Good luck!

Explanations of some sort are in order, for the cover, probably. After a filming session of Unicorn Production's The Genie, the cast posed for various crazy photos; one of them the Brundage-type shot used on thish's cover. Fritz Leiber has proved himself a great sport, and did in fact throw himself into the project of acting and posing with gusto. We are looking forward to using his varied talents again.

The cartoon series was done in St. Wohn's Hospital, Longview, Wash when the physical therapist suggested some activity for the sore arm and hand the Art Staff used for bracing against the impact of the auto accident. Circles and lines were all that were attempted; the results amused some folk; perhaps you, too.

SPECIAL FEATURE!! Shangri-L'Affaires is almost 100% readable! And, with the Vari-typer that Billern just bought from Lynn Hickman, (which we will pick up at the Detention) the next issue of Shaggy just may or may not be readable; depending on how quickly we learn to handle the thing. Watch this space; we will have fun, anyway. And, if creeping pumblism sets in, we'll just ignore it til it goes away.



IT MAY HURT
AT FIRST - BUT
IT'S FOR YOUR
OWN GOOD!

Actually, here is a good time to point out that Shangri-L'Affaires and Bjo have moved to 980 $\frac{1}{2}$ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, California. The Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society still meets at 2548 W. 12th, but fanzine publishing bothered Mrs. Leppin, as did the late hours and all; so Shaggy moved, too. The reason for both moves was for more room, and relations with Zeke are just fine with the whole crew.

Since there is little to editorialize about, we will report on the Social Event of the Year, instead.

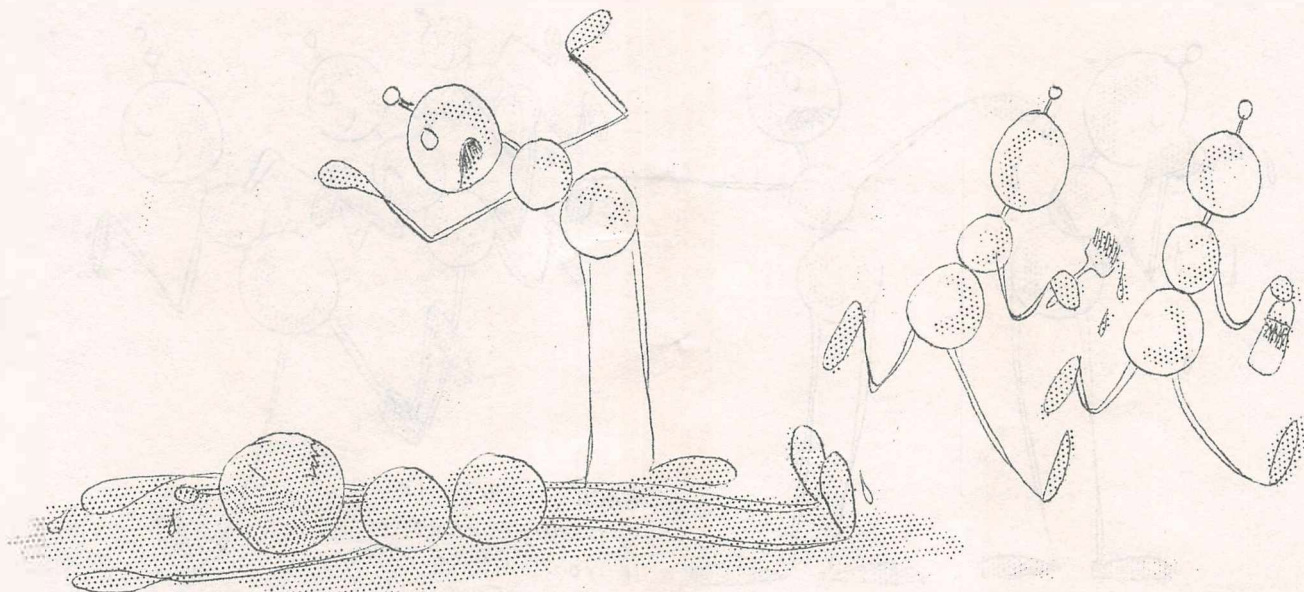
On Saturday, August 15, 1959, at about 10 a.m., one Bjo Wells was escorted by Steve Tolliver to brunch, a walk thru Fern Dell in Griffith Park, a few rides on the Park carousel, and a visit to the Planetarium, where we went to the Moon and Saturn. Very much fun.

Then, after a visit to a bookshop for the much-desired Rackham illustrated Undine, Steve said that Forry had tickets to a premiere and we were to pick them up at his house. This seemed natural, so, COMPLETELY UNSUSPECTING, this one walked into a Surprise Birthday Party and nearly fell over! It was the first surprise party ever thrown for a Bjo-type critter, and I'm greatly overwhelmed by the response to the almost world-wide invitations.

The Mountain-Movers give credit for the surprise part of it to my cold, which kept me away from LASFS meetings and too busy trying to breathe to be my usual nosey self. Also, the crazy, wonderful invitations were run off on Toskey's multilith in Seattle.

Besides such wonderful goodies as the extravagant Mexican blouse from the Mountain-Movers, art books from ALewis, a jewel-box from Dale Frey, The Once and Future King from Forry, and more Twink poems from E. Loring Ware; there were such unusual gifts as the three HUGE avocads from Zeke, who knows my fondness for them (and him), a Ron Cobb origin-

al from the Chesley Donovan gang, represented by Jon Lackey, Helen Urban, and Paul Shoemaker, and a crazy cocoanut "bowl" from Kris and Lil Neville. There were many more gifts; all gratefully recieved and all a great surprise. One of the nicest surprises was the very excellent chili that Isabel Burbee fixed for the party.



ACTUALLY, YOU CAN BE AS DIFFERENT AS YOU
WISH — JUST AS LONG AS NO ONE NOTICES!

Among gifts that were sent from other parts were Fantasy magazines from the Linards, and an India Ink pen from Bob Pavlat, who remembered that I'd admired Rotsler's. I immediately challenged Bill to a duel; and lost. ***sigh*** Marijane Johnson sent a "Leo" hanky.

And there were cards from Rog Sims, Jim Broderick, Fred Prophet, George and Mary Young, and such like. Harry Wanner and John Berry were sorry that they couldn't make it to the party.

Guy Gifford, originator of the Space Hut idea, came by and described his new, all-robot house design. And brought me some cartoons by him.

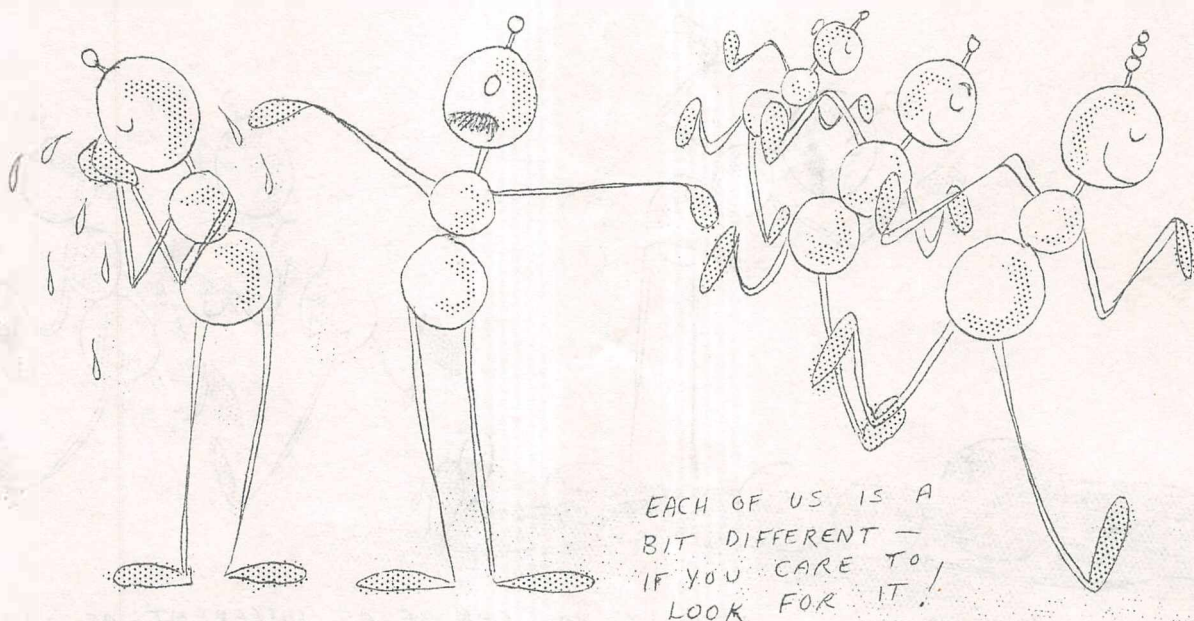
Rotsler had a marvelous 2 X 3 foot birthday card waiting, with all sorts of references to Mountain-Movers, freckle kits, and a happy-looking little man who has just shot a poster saying "Carr & Ford for TAFF" full of holes. I'll copy it for a fanzine, soon. It's too good to keep to myself. A fancy sign proclaimed it a "Wm Rotsler Project".

Burbee kept up a running commentary on s*x and TAFF platforms, Fritz Leiber talked cats, the Jacobs talked hamsters, and I just talked. Sylvia Hirahara arrived late, looking exotic and Oriental (of course), and Brad Carlson, Jerry Steir, Kenny Bonnell, Elmer Perdue and Ellie Turner added to the crowd. Ellie added quite a bit to the crowd, as a matter of fact; and we look forward to celebrating another birthday soon.

Conspicuous by his absence was Bob Bloch, who was obviously sulking at home because he didn't get a written invitation; tho he did know that I was bound to have a birthday someday.

Recently, the comment was made that I was in the TAFF race because it would be like winning fandom's popularity contest. Well, gang; I already feel much as if I've won it! Or something like! Truly, if nothing else very nice happens to me for a very long time, I won't complain; for in one little day I've had about as much wonderful good happen as I could wish for. It was a party I won't ever forget; nor any of the grand folk who made it so good. The Mountain-Movers; John Trimble Steve Tolliver, Ernie Wheatley, Billern, Al Lewis, Ron Ellick, Jim Caughran, Rick Sneary (who wrote an original story for me), and Toskey get special thanks; and all the others who contributed to the surprise. My affection for the thoughtfulness of you all can't be expressed!

-----Bjo-----





Sixth
in our series
of fan profiles:

Junior Committeeman

by Rick Sneary

When Al asked me to write a biography of Len Moffatt I was presented with a problem. Other than Anna, I know him better than anyone in fandom. It is a fine opportunity to talk about my best friend, but it is somehow very hard to write about someone you know so well. I don't know how to describe his personality; about all I'm able to give is a few of the facts.

Leonard James Moffatt was born the 20th of November, 1923, in Arizona. He spent his first couple of years around the Natural Bridge, then the family moved to Ellwood City, Pennsylvania. He grew up like most fans, and with the aid of his fabulous Uncle John, started reading everything he could, including Wells, Burroughs, and Swift. Finally he discovered Doc Savage and the science fiction pulps. At the same time he had started writing adventure stories in cartoon form for his classmates, and then for his nephew and niece. In 1939 he found fandom, and started subscribing to things like FANFAIR, VoM, and LE ZOMBIE.

Len has always hated bureaucratic red tape, but, like myself, he is just great for organizing things. One of the first was the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers. This, along with joining FAPA and editing MOONSHINE and letters to VoM (where he was known as either "Tarzan" or "the Christian fan") brought him into actifandom.

. Then came the war to carry him away from fandom and from his first job. As a Navy Corpsman, attached to the Marines, he island-hopped all the way to Japan. While enjoying the scenery in such assaults as Tarawa and Okinawa, he accumulated enough adventures to fill a book he has long been meaning to write. The war also took most of the "Christian" out of our fan.

I first met Len in the summer of 1946 at the Pacificon. Len had liked what he had seen of California during his service career, and after the war he and his mother moved to the coast. We only lived a few miles away, but transportation was pretty poor, so for the next couple of years we contacted each other mostly by letter and phone. We also started writing Stan Woolston, "that printer fellow from Garden Grove," whom we had also met at the Pacificon, and this threeway letter exchange is still going on. After 13 years we still find things to write about.

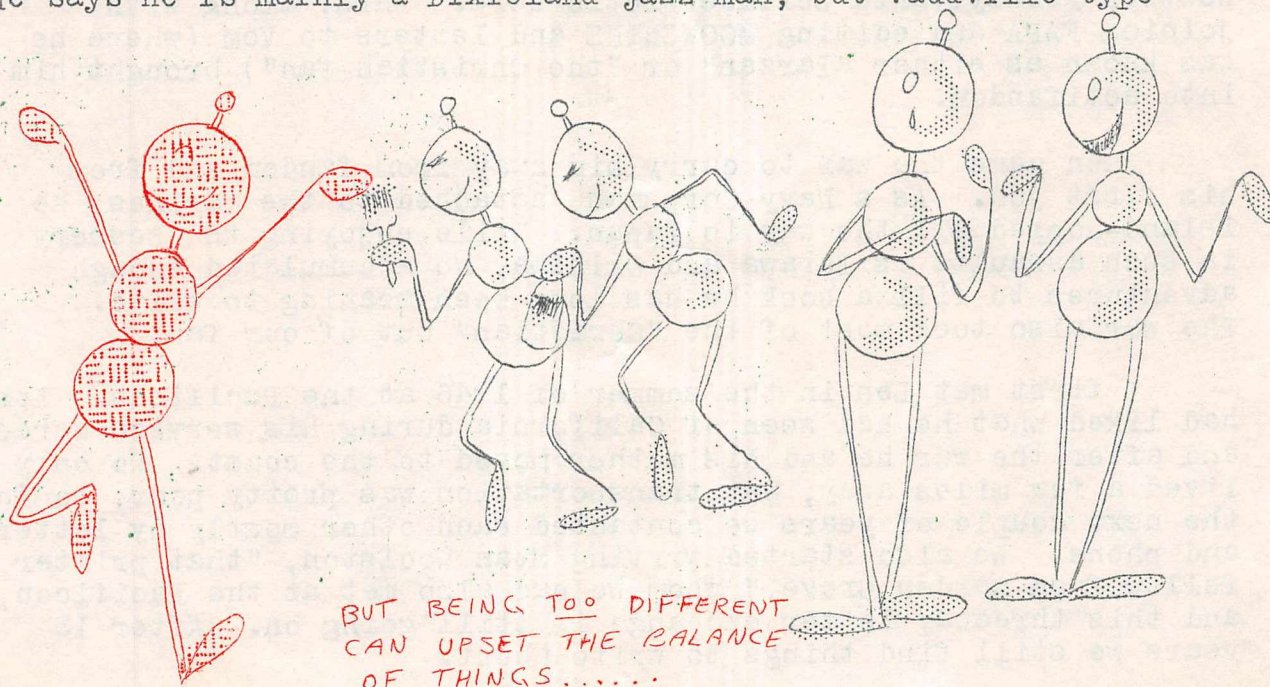
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Len went to work for a paper box factory, and during the first few years had a go at most of the jobs "out back," from power-cutter operator to sample maker. But a few years ago, the powers in Boxes moved him into the office. He is now a sales correspondent, which sort of means he takes over after a salesman has gotten an order, and is the fellow the customer complains to when things go wrong. The plant is now owned by Continental Can Co., but he still talks of writing a book called "My Life in a Paperbox Factory."

He was becoming more active in fandom again, through FAPA and occasional meetings of LASFS. But it was with the first Westercon in 1948 that things really started picking up. It was through the con that a group of us in the southern marches decided to form the Outlander Society, the family-substitute fan club for fans outside the city of Los Angeles. We started at once to have monthly, all-day meetings (plus mid-week doings) issue a magazine, and talk about such crazy fan projects as holding a convention in South Gate in '58, ten years away. We also met a friendly local couple, and shortly Len and I were driving into LASFS meetings regularly with the Hersheys.

But it was through the Outlander meetings that we got to know each other. Len is the soft spoken, friendly type. I'd never thought of it before, but some might say he talked with a slight Pennsakucky drawl except when he becomes excited, when he becomes as loud, fast, and colorful as anyone. He can get along pleasantly with just about anyone. People he doesn't like are few, and these he usually chooses to avoid, rather than argue with.

Besides science fiction, Len likes to read history, and particularly American history. But he reads a little of everything, just as with music he listens to a little of everything. He says he is mainly a Dixieland jazz man, but vaudville type



9 songs are not far behind. He has always said he was a frustrated vaudvillian, and he's proved his talent along this line at some of the Outlander meetings. He wrote four comic operettas and a number of songs. The operettas have all been printed in THE OUTLANDER, and several people have said they would go over well as night-club acts. It staggers the imagination to think what they would be like if Len could write music ...or even sing.

Of course his main interest has been writing. As I said, he has been writing since he could read. He would like very much to devote himself to serious writing, both regular and science fiction. Like most beginning writers, he has a handful of successes and a hatful of rejections. He has a 100,000 word novel going the rounds right now, and a 60,000 word detective story in final draft. Back in 1951 he shared honors with Dave Lesperance at the annual LASFS Fanquet, honoring the club-member who had sold his first professional work for that year.

This Fanquet was important to Len for other reasons, too. Woolston and I had been to the Norwescon the year before and met this friendly young blonde from Hollywood. So, once back on home ground I introduced Anna Sinclare around LASFS, and to my old buddy Len. And that was about the last I saw of Len until the day of the Fanquet, when I stood up with them at their wedding and gave the bride away.

Len has maintained a rather steady level of fanactivity over the years, mainly of a quietly constructive type. He was a NFFF director in the late '40's along with Ed Cox, Art Rapp, and myself when the Federation was still run by actifans. He edited, and Woolston printed, the FAN DIRECTORY in 1950, whose vital statistics even though fans move a lot, is still useful today. He was briefly self-proclaimed Dictator of FAPA, when a fluky election left him the only legal officer. He served as Secretary of LASFS one term, and has been Jr. Committeeman a couple of times before this, a job his friendliness and sense of duty make him ideally suited for. He has edited issues of SHANGRI-LA and THE OUTLANDER, but I am sure the publication he is proudest of is SCIENCE FICTION PARADE. Largely started to advertise our bid for the 1958 Convention, it carried reports and reviews covering the fan and pro fields. Its eight issues were well-recieved, and may have encouraged the renewed interest in news and report zines that followed. Of course his biggest job was as Secretary to the Solacon Committee. Even if you don't count the ground work of eight years, there were a lot of letters to write. As you may remember, we were involved in trying to understand the business deals of the WSFS and the last two conventions, as well as our own.

This, of course, only tells what Len has done, and very little of what he is like. I find it hard to put into words the "real" Len that I know. How does one describe an old-fashioned loyalty to one's friends, that refuses to admit faults in them they point out themselves? About all I can say is that if there were more with his serious but light-hearted approach to fandom and life, both would be better places to live.

--Rick Sneary

FUTURE PLUPERFECT

AN OPEN LETTER TO ROBERT BLOCH

Dear Bob,

I've just read your article in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES where you outline the conflict between serious constructive fans, and the alternate readers who dismiss the science fiction of today as "fairy tales". You make some excellent points, of course. It is quite true that most of today's science fiction -- in fact, most of today's fiction -- consists for the most part of fairy tales.

You err very seriously, however, when you assume blindly that it would be a good thing for writers to forsake the fairy-tale type of story and strike out toward something else which you term, rather loosely, "realistic".

I beg to differ.

Before I can do so, it ought to be imperative, first for me to define fairy tales. You use the term, rather disparagingly, to indicate the Cinderella story, the Sleeping Beauty, and the like. In the first place, Bob, these two gems are not, strictly speaking, fairy tales -- or folk tales -- in the strict tradition. They are romantic 17th Century versions of much older, far more brutal folk-legends and tales which can, in the last analysis, be traced all the way back to mythologies antedating any current civilization. I have (or had until recently -- I am forced to weed my extensive library at intervals) a collection of Hindu folk-tales in which the basic factors of the Cinderella story -- a put-upon drudge finds resources to conquer those who are exploiting her -- appear as early as 640 B.C.

The trappings of the ball, glass slipper -- these were the romantic appendages of the 17th Century. In my ancient Hindu version, she found help from a wise elephant who taught her how to escape from her cruel parents and elder sisters.

I don't believe that when we read the fairy tales as they were meant to be read -- namely, as eternal symbols and patterns of human conduct, cloaked in symbols familiar to the reader of the particular era -- that we will find any "escape" in them, any desire to escape reality by looking through a rose-colored glass.

You seem to quarrel with the attempt to "interpret the future in terms of myth and legend; of hero and villain, of beautiful maiden and noble conqueror, of superior alien-angels or inferior alien-demons"..... (with the pseudo realism of)... the alleged "scientific background".

Evidently you aren't familiar with the psychological researches

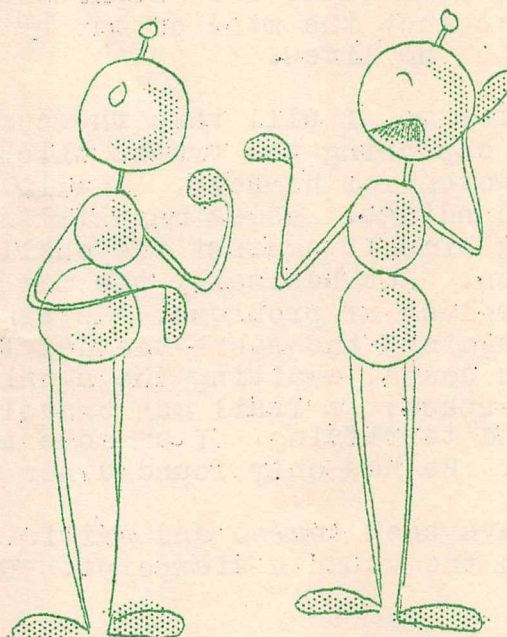
of Jung, who theorized that all these elements of folk-tale are symbols lying in the racial subconscious, arising spontaneously in the fiction, the poetry, and the tales of the particular era under study.

Perhaps what I am trying to say is this:

Realism, qua realism, is not necessarily desirable. "Realistic" science fiction stories would have very little appeal, except to semi-professional scientists and to other writers. The human consciousness is so formed that it responds better to symbols than to the cold equations. You are at liberty to debate the desirability of this human trait. I don't believe you can debate its universal existence. And frankly, I don't think you can change it. You can write "realistic" stories to the world's end, but they will embody only your personal reality -- and not the universal reality which is touched and tapped by the so-called "fairy tales" which depend, for their emotional appeal, on touching that well-spring of universal symbolism lying at the bottom of the human mentality, the human consciousness.

What you call "fairy tales" are, in general, only a symbolic statement of truths which are more palatable in that form than in the cold and "realistic" form you seem to prefer; but the truths are nonetheless real for that.

The Sleeping Beauty, ringed by the hedge of thorns, is a symbol which has become universal for the latent period between childhood unconsciousness and adult sexual awareness. Cinderella's Fairy Godmother is simply a way of stating in elementary terms that there are resources, almost superhuman, which can be tapped by anyone who is at the last gasp of sobbing despair. (And wasn't Alfred Bester's magnificent "The Stars My Destination" based on



WE MUST CONSTANTLY
BE ON GUARD AGAINST
THE RADICAL -- OH,
IT'S WORK, WORK, ALL THE TIME!

12 that one major truth of human knowledge? Extrapolated to ESP powers, it's true, but still embodying a truth which has been proven over and over by medical men and scientists; that men never know their limits until they are desperate.) The story of Hansel and Gretel states in the simplest possible terms (and the culture of Medieval Germany) that parents and siblings do not always feel the traditional "love" which society says they should feel for one another. And so it goes on and on. If these are escapist, Bob, I seriously wonder what you would consider realism?

It is, I think, human nature to want their pills sugar-coated, and their truths overlaid with symbolism. Humanity is a fragile beast with the curse of too much thinking. Having invented semantic symbols, he spends a lot of time evading basic truths. Fairy tales, folk lore, fiction, tragedy and comedy (from the Greeks, Oedipus and the divine horseplay of Aristophanes, down to My Fair Lady, and Bell, Book, and Candle) and even modern poetry and science fiction -- these are all varying methods of bringing home the very few human basic truths;

We are not what we think we are.

We do not know where we came from, nor where we are going, but our finest minds are working on the problem.

Humanity can be incredibly horrifying.

Humanity can be incredibly gratifying.

We never know what reserves lie within us until we have explored and tested them.

Great as are the wonders of the universe, greater wonders yet lie within that fragile, self-deceiving, wondering, strange, lying, and terrible marvel known as the human mind.

Bob, your quest for "realistic" science fiction is centrifugal -- seeking to know the mind of man by exploring the realistic universe in which he lives.

As for me, I will take the centripetal path, the straight road home, by exploring the truths which lie in the symbolic fairy tales man has woven for himself. I will give them new characters and new surroundings. Medea may kill her sons on a new world, the hero may fling himself against the challenge of space rather than slay the dragon. But basically the man is a "dragon slayer" -- that is, he is a solver of problems. He is the same man, whether he takes a spear against the sabre-toothed tiger, or lies trembling in a strapdown couch, awaiting the agonizing thrust that will send him into space; a frail man bravely facing something huge, unknown, and terrifying. I am more interested in the man than in the ship. He has only found a new dragon to slay.

I have been teased and criticised sometimes for my preoccupation with the woman's viewpoint. I have also been accused (in such

13 a story as "The Wind People", for instance) of retelling myths. I plead guilty. I don't do it consciously. It rises from a basic conviction in me that humanity will not alter greatly to fit the coming times. We cannot change the mind of man -- although it may, and God grant that it will, lie in our power to determine whether tomorrows Cinderellas and Helens walk on new worlds of greatness or wander in the ruins of an atom-blasted waste. The woman cowering in the cave and smothering the cry of her child to hide it from a prowling carnivore -- that woman is not really so far from the woman who lies fretting in a modern white-tile hospital and wondering if the new blood-exchange technique will permit her RH infant to survive erythroblastosis; and one of my favorite science fictional themes is to explore the emotions of the woman who discovers new dangers in this universal past, on worlds we cannot yet conceive. And even spacemen are going to have to shave in the morning, or else wear beards.

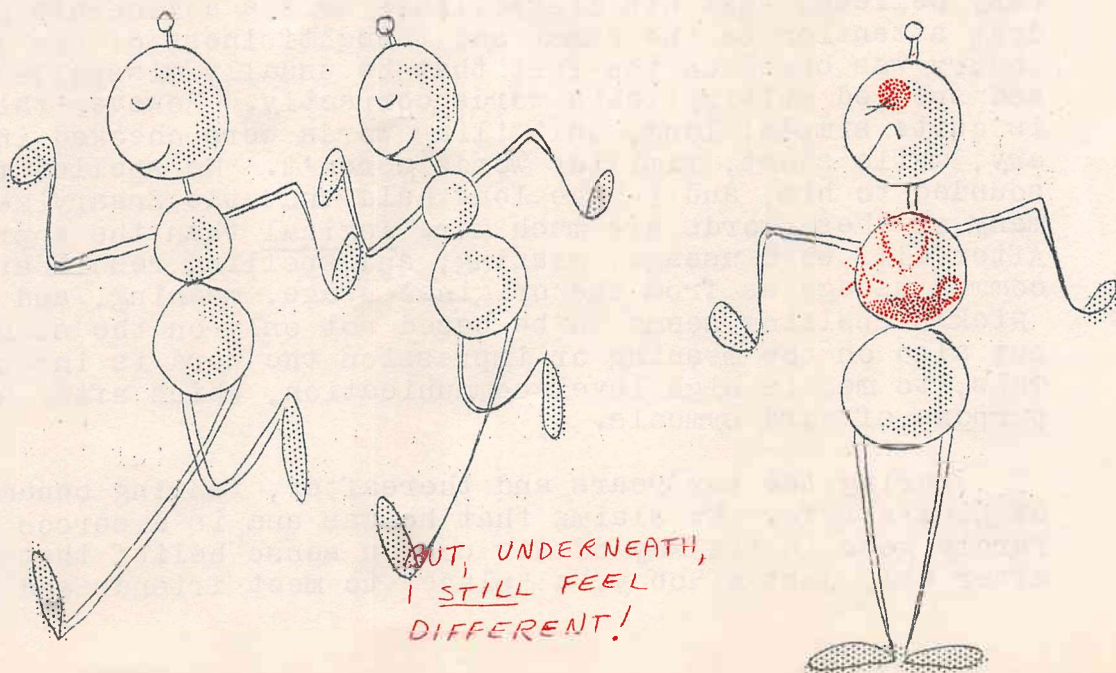
So, as long as we communicate in words, as long as stories are written in language, fiction is going to rise out of the universal symbols of mankind. Realistic as we try to make them, we will someday discover that there is no other way.... Camouflage the symbols, the truths as we will, when we read them over years after, we will discover that -- if we have been true to the innermost truths within us -- we have written new fairy tales; or cast new light on old ones.

After all, there are just so many truths in the world. They have all been stated. We can only try, blindly, to state them in new language.

We do not know what we are.

We do not know where we are going.

(continued on Pp. 16)



Rick Sneary

Seventh
in our series
of fan profiles:

by Len Moffatt

Richard Monroe Sneary was born on July 6, 1927 in South Gate, California. Rick claims that the first sixteen years of his life were uneventful. Due to poor health he was unable to attend public school, and had to study at home; hence, his formal education wasn't as complete as it might have been, but despite his physical handicaps there is nothing missing in the brain department.

His head and face, which have been described as noble, and would be the delight of any good sculptor, mirror the intelligence, wit, and good-heartedness contained therein. Honesty and forthright frankness are keynotes of the Sneary personality, and this profile would be something less than adequate if it ignored these features. For his very expressive face can also mirror his moodiness, his occasional outbursts of bitterness with himself and with the world into which he was born, and his head-snapping anger with those persons or events which sometimes disrupt his basic desire to "live and let-live". This anger, when aroused, may be directed at close friends as well as at others who, for one reason or another, have irked him to the quick.

While on the subject of his very human "faults" it is worth noting that Rick is not quite as egotistical as he claims. He is occasionally given to downgrading his own personality and abilities. If one were naïve enough to go along with his remarks, one would immediately get the impression that he is a no-talent bum. But we know that this isn't so, and can forgive him this one attempt at "deception", knowing that he has more on the ball than many a person, fan or non-fan.

Rick discovered pulp s-f early in '44. Shortly, he became a well-known letter-hack, a favorite of editors and readers alike. Many believed that his misspellings were a deliberate gimmick to draw attention to the humor and thoughtfulness of his letters. This theory was based on the fact that he usually misspelled short words, and spelled multisyllabic words correctly. However the explanation is quite simple; long, unfamiliar words were checked in the dictionary, while short, familiar words weren't. He spelled these as they sounded to him, and I have long held that the Snearyized spelling of many of these words are much more logical than the approved spellings. After all, word usage, meaning, and spelling result as much from common useage as from the original usage, meaning, and spelling. And Rick's spelling seems to be based not only on the sound of the word, but also on the meaning or impression the word is intended to convey. This, to me, is high level communication, which after all is the purpose of word symbols.

During the war years and thereafter, fanning became a major part of Rick's life. He claims that he was and is a sercon fan, but this rarely gets in the way of his common sense belief that fandom is, after all, just a hobby, a "place" to meet friends and have a good

15 time. He is usually the first to arrive at a party, and the last to leave. Sometimes this puts him "under the weather" for a few days afterwards, but to his low physical resistance to too much activity. In these instances he sets "common sense" aside, believing that he may as well enjoy himself where and when he can (and in so doing, I might add, he contributes to the enjoyment and happiness of others), rather than letting his poor health control all of his activities and interests.

Rick's own fan activities, and his influence of others' fanac, cannot be detailed in this short article. Briefly, then, he has held various offices in several organizations, including the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, The National Fantasy Fan Federation, Young Fandom, LASFS, and The Outlander Society. As well as being the prime motivator for the South Gate in '58 Convention, he was treasurer (and a very hard working committeeman) for that socially and financially successful WorldCon.

Rick has edited and published his own fanzines, and has helped to edit and publish many others. His writing for fanzines (primarily articles, reviews, and letters, though he has published fiction, and even had a cover on a '46 ish of the old S-L'A) have made him popular with fanzine editors everywhere.

A good percentage of his writings were reprinted in June of 1957 in The Selected Writings of Rick Sneary. The demand for copies of this publication only underlined his popularity in fan circles.

I think that Rick's all-time favorite fan club is the now practically extinct Outlander Society. During its heyday, the informal meetings, publishing sessions, and chain-letter exchanging seemed to be the ultimate in having fun in fandom. But as with many a "family" or family-type group there was bound to be a breaking up period (marriages, divorces, and a falling-off of interest in sf and fandom of some of the members), and though this happened before we obtained the bid for the '58 WorldCon, those of us who were still active and interested formed the SOLACOM Committee. Five of the nice committee members were Outlanders.

The standing ovation given Rick at the SOLACOM Banquet is such recent history that it hardly seems necessary to mention it here. Rick's famous slogan, which represented the dream of many a fan -- to have a world convention in one's home town, had passed from a dream into happy reality.

At present, Rick is active in FAPA and LASFS, as well as in fandom at large with correspondence, fanzine articles, etc. He was recently appointed LASFS Correspondent for the International Science Fiction Society. And look for him at the Detention!

Fandom has done much for Rick, gaining him many friends, developing his interests and his mind, giving him the assurance that one need not be a perfect physical specimen to find an honest place in the world. In return, Rick can be numbered among those BNFs who

16 deserve the title, who have helped to make fandom the interesting and entertaining habby it is.

Outside of fandom, Rick also has a verietiy of interests. Politics, history, the arts and the sciences, the people and places of the world -- all of these help to keep the fannish hobby in its proper perspective.

And in fandom he is just sercon enough to keep in mind the fact that science fiction is, after all, the thing that caused our little microcosmos to form, and fannish enough to know that a hobby can be delt with both seriously and happily. To me, Rick typifies the best in fandom. Other than that I can only say that he is one of the finest persons I have ever had as a friend, in or out of fandom. This, despite the fact that he calims he is not a chamber music fan.

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OPEN LETTER TO BOB BLOCH (cont'd from Pp. 13)

Good or bad, the real challenges lie within us. The challenges outside may vary; the inner challenge never will.

These are of the essence of all good fiction. And fairy tales (until they become over-fimiliar by repetition) are good fiction. They have stated truths.

A cliché would not be a cliché if it had not been thought worth repeating. A platitude is only a truth made tired by too much telling.

We crafters of fiction can't presume to invent new truths. We can only find new ways to make our readers feel that they have freshly discovered these truths for themselves.

Let's all sit down and write more fairy tales. Science fiction if we must. Western stories if we must. Realistic fiction or pseudo-realistic ones if we must. But only the stories which are cheap, fraudulent and occasion lasting disgust are stories which relate only facts without relating them to any genuine truth -- in a word, which do not tap the symbols which we all carry ready-made in our inborn, innermost human hearts.

There is no such thing as a fake fairy tale.

Marion Bradley

17

SQUIRREL CAGE ANNEX

TERRY CARR

SQUIRREL FLUFF!

One time when Ron Ellik was visiting us we got to showing pictures of fans, and Ron dragged out a picture of Larry Sokol. On the back it was autographed, "Very best to an illustrious fan. — Larry Sokol."

I looked at Ron, thunderstruck. "Why, he says you're an illustrious fan!" I said.

Ron curled his fingers in front of his chin in the traditional squirrelish manner and gazed beadily back at me.

"The illustrious Ron Ellik," I said, shaking my head. "Not only are you Easy-Going Ron Ellik, but you're also illustrious!" I was amazed.

"I am a fan of many facets," said Ron.

"Indeed you must be," I said; seeing him for the first time as he really was. "I never suspected you of being illustrious before."

"It only shows in the dark," said Ron. "My bushy tail glows."

"I'll have to consider this revelation at greater length," I muttered. My head was swimming. Ron Ellik--illustrious? How amazing!

Now, I've known Ron Ellik for some time. In fact, I lived in the same apartment with him for six months. I think I know him pretty well. I'd always thought of him as a nice guy, yes; witty and amusing, of course; a publishing Giant, well that goes without saying...but...

I looked up abruptly from my meditation. "Why, you must have facets to your personality that I've never suspected before," I said. "Larry Sokol has shown me the light. I'll bet you're not only illustrious, but also farsighted, clearheaded, worldfamed, supremely competent in everything. I wouldn't be surpsied if you had broad mental horizons."

Ron smiled shyly. "My I.Q. was raised five points when I met Jack Harness," he said. "I can tie my shoelaces now."

"Ah, you've no need for such modesty," I said. "I recognize your true worth now. In fact, I am in awe of it. Ron Ellik, I am in awe of you."

"Me?" said Ron in a small, wondering voice.

18 "Yes, you," I said, though there was no need to repeat anything to Ron Ellik the Illustrious. "I see now what fans all over the country have seen for years. I see you as the epitome of cleancut youth, the zenith on the curve of fan-values, the most worthwhile fan who ever lived!" I bowed my head before him.

"Gosh," said Ron. "I never suspected people felt this way about me."

"Oh, we do, we do!" I said.

"Gee, people have been making jokes about me for years," he sighed. "About me being a silly squirrel and all -- flighty, irresponsible, undependable... It's almost given me a persecution complex. Oh, how upset I've been about those squirrel jokes!" His face was radiant now, his eyes just a trifle misty with his newfound stature.

"But you are not just a squirrel!" I protested.

"No, no, not just a squirrel at all," he murmured dreamily.

"Why, you are the...the... the most illustrious squirrel I've ever known!" I burst out.

Ron froze. He frowned, squared his shoulders, and said loudly, "Dammit, Carr, I hate squirrel jokes!"

--tgc.



ANN CHAMBERLAIN, owner and operator of the brand-new ACeyStamp Shop, has moved to 2440 W. Pico, Los Angeles, California.

She has offered special rates on rubber stamps to fans and fanzine editors. Some fans have already gotten their name-and-address stamps, which prove very handy if you are letting folks know of a new address, wish to return-address several envelopes at once, or want to give a complete address to someone without fear of mis-read handwriting or forgotten zone numbers. Many other uses, too.

Suggest you write her and find out about her standard rubber stamps, and inquire about special jobs, in either lettering or cut, that she may be able to supply you with. Her stamps are much less in price than regular outlets, and just as high in quality.

Quo Vadis in the Fanzines

by Eustace Southington Plunkett

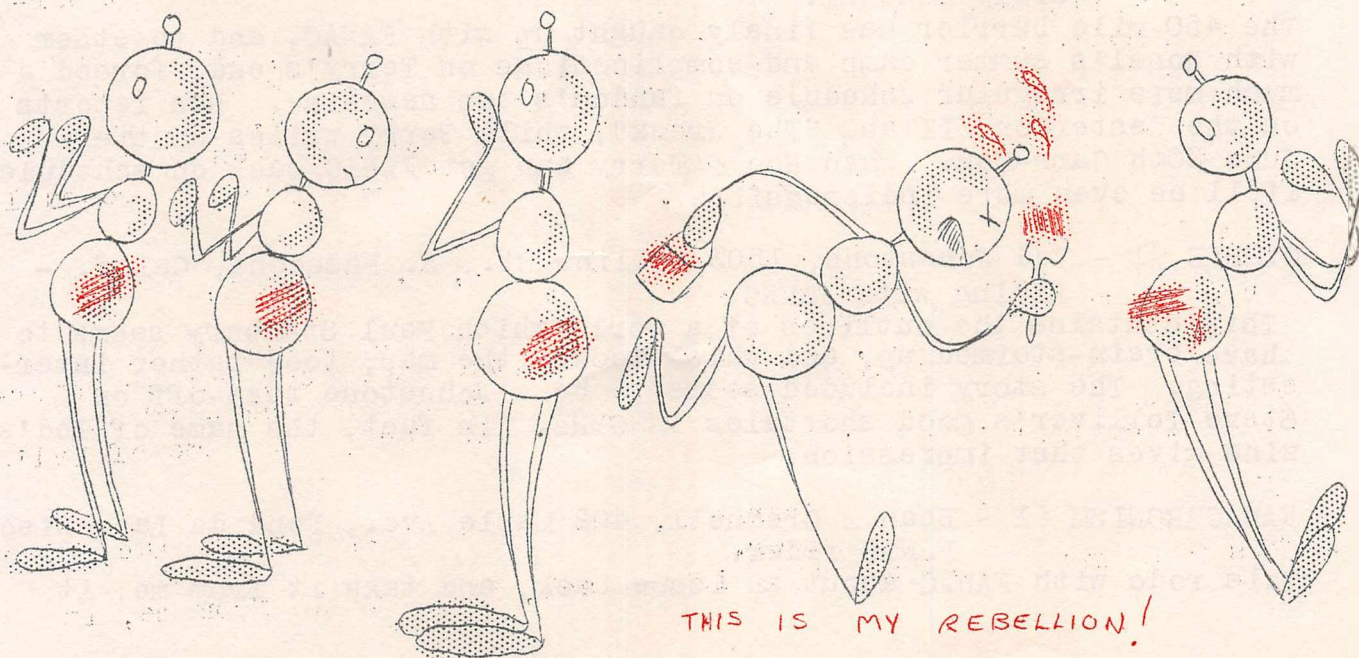
You know, quite a stack of fanzines can accumulate in the lapse of a little over one month. So, you prolific people, let's get on to the reviews; leading off with....

ORION #22 - Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd., West Kilburn, London NW 6, ENGLAND - 15¢ - Irregular.

ORION, the femme-fanzine comes accross in a fine fannish and independent manner. There's nothing here to cause the fan-world to pause for long, but Brian Jordan and Ivor Mayne report the BSFA Birmingham Convention rather well from two viewpoints, something seldom seen in one fanzine. HKenBulmer reports on the Elsie Horde (London O), and talks about meeting Randy Garrett in New York. Berry's funny here, and Robbie Wild reviews fanzines. ORION, with "You Said It", the lettercol, riding along as a suppliment, is an entertaining, interesting AngloFanzine. Worth getting.

SMOKE #1 - George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd., London SW 1, ENGLAND - 15¢ - Quarterlyish.

Why do AngleFanzines always look so good? - T'would seem that ATom does nothing but cartooning and layout, and a damned good job of it, as witness the clean appearance of SMOKE. Damned good first issue, with Bob Richardson adds some hilarious touches to Ken Bulmer's report of the Elsie Horde's descent upon Cheltenham, by telling of the fancy dress, the paying of homage to St. Fanthony, and the jousting done. John Berry appoints himself "Keeper of Fannish Heraldic Records, and Official Approver of Title and Vest-



20 ment", in some more tom-foolery. More ramblings by "Penny Fander-
gaste" and Vinç Clarke add to the enjoyment, and if editor Locke
can make his second issue live up to the first, he's got a very
worthwhile funzine going here.

SYZYGY - Miriam Carr, 70 Liberty St. #5, San Francisco 10, Calif. -
15¢, LoC, contrib., review - Irregular.

Here's Goojie Pub #4, with title changes each issue; an unusual
idea. Miriam leads off with a rambling editorial which reads like
it was typed directly on master, with little use of notes, rough-
drafting, or even much forethought. Kris Neville has a bitterish
short peice following which really wasn't worth it. Harry Warner,
Jr. chronicles another Jason fiasco in an entertaining manner,
and Les Hirenberg does a fannish parody of Person-to-Person which
doesn't say much. Guy Terwilliger and Ted Johnstone both prove
interesting and entertaining, but the lettercol is dated, and does-
n't come alive. SYZYGY doesn't measure up to G.P. #3 (UNEVEN), but
might have made more of an impression with a greater amount of edit-
ing. Why not see what you think?

JD-ARGASSY #47 - Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Ill. - 10¢,
20¢ twice a year, 12/31 - Monthly.

Jim Harmon's "Fandom Confidential" -- on Redd Boggs thish --- leads
off in an interesting and amusing way, supported by Dan Adkins'
"Hash Harbor", an uneven fmz review column which appears to be in
better form this time. Bob Madle's "A Fake-Fan in London" contin-
ues, and it begins to look like it might be a photo-finish between
this '57 TAFF report; and Ron Bennett's Colonial Excursion. Madle
is still taking a few swipes at the fanzines, tho they don't seem to
detract much from his report. Letters and Lynn's ramblings conclude
this JD-A, a highly recommended zine.

FANAC #41 - Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, 70 Lib. St. #5, SF, Cal, or 127
Bennett, Long Beach 3, Calif. - 4/25¢, 9/50¢ - Tempor-
arily monthly.

The 450-mile barrier has finally caught up with FANAC, and together
with Ronel's summer camp and complications on Terry's end, forced a
much more irregular schedule on fandom's top newszine. Ron reports
on the WesterCon XII and "The Wreck", while Terry writes up the
June 20th Carr-Con. When Ron & Terry can get FANAC back on schedule,
it'll be even more indispensable.

GIMBLE #1 - Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollins St., S. Pasadena, Calif. -
Riding with FANAC.

This contains the outlines of a world which Paul Stanbury seems to
have brain-stormed up, and which looks (the map, too) rather inter-
esting. The story included seems to be a Johnstone take-off on
Steve Tolliver's good shortales in GYRE. In fact, the name of Ted's
zine gives that impression.

FANACHRONISM #1 - Dean A Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisc.-
FANAC rider.

This rode with FANAC about an issue back, and take it from me, it

21

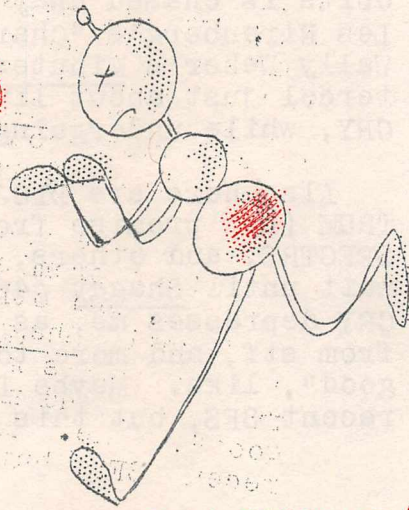
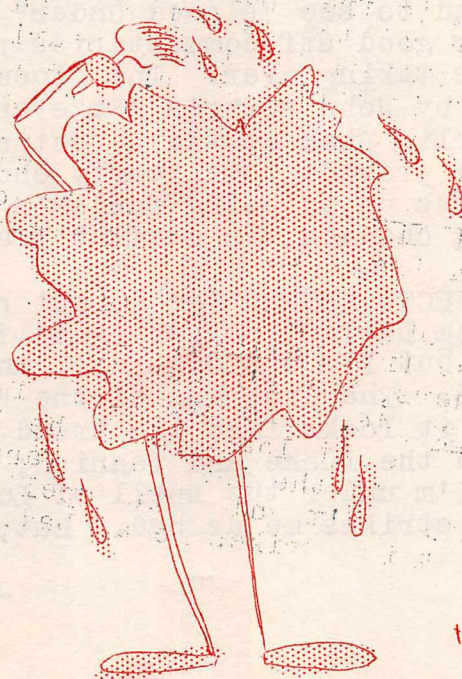
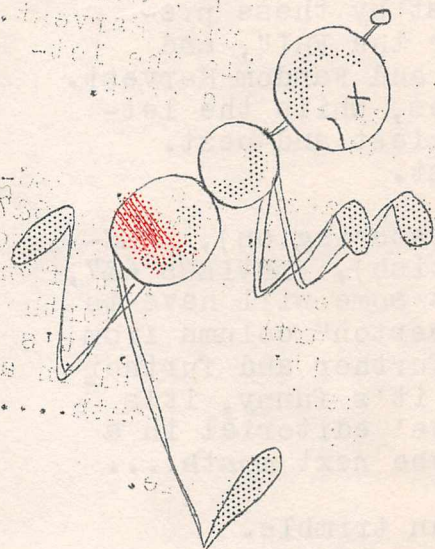
isn't a good idea to get your FANACS as you run them off, as you miss things like this. Nice little chatter-zine, FANACHRONISM, though plainly put out under a pseudonym. I'd say Bob Leman was responsible; the name of Grennell isn't too far out, but that Fond du Lac -- preposterous.

YANDRO #78 - Coulsons, Rte.#3, Wabash, Ind. - 15¢, 12/1.50 - Monthly.

YANDRO's climbed, in the recent past, from a rather dull sort of publication to being one of a group of rather interesting fanzines. And this issue continues that climb. Buck isn't editing a fannish zine, and steadfastly refuses to conform to fannorms, and this, I believe, is what has been forcing fandom to notice YANDRO. There's nothing outstanding in this issue: MZBradley has an interesting peice on why good stfilms won't be made as science fiction, per se. Bob Tucker's Doric Column is a serious article reprinted from FAPA. Both Gene DeWeese and Geo. Schithers prove amusing. A larger-than-past lettercol adds more life to YANDRO, and helps make it a recommended zine..

TWIG ILLUSTRATED #15 - Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - 20¢, 6/1 - Irregular.

A reviewer is seldom overjoyed to be proven wrong, but I, for one, am happy that I was mistaken in my review of TWIG ILLOED #14 (S-L'A #42). With this issue Art Editor Dan Adkins assumes proper relationship to Guy (and this set-up is defined), and puts forward a maximum effort on original lay-out and good art-work. The zine is 100% the better for it. Keep it up, you guys. Bob Leman's "House in the Hinterlands" proves most amusing, while Terry Carr's "Hell, You Say" is hilarious, despite hanging on a punchline. Bob Bloch digs into Dr. Jessup on UFOs, while Honey Wood blasts FAPA as a bunch of snobs in "BMF vs Neo". "Assignment: Bem-Robot-Girl", an art section, comes



I WILL BE DIFFERENT!
I WILL! I WILL!

2 } through nicely, demonstrating the talents of a large group of ditto
} artists/cartoonists. On the whole, TWIG is showing (with this) remarkable life and growth, and is recommended.

VOID #18 - Ted White & Greg Benford, 107 Christopher St., Apt. 15, New York 14, NY - 25¢, trade, contrib., LoC - Monthly. "Fandom's Focal Point" keeps reading like STELLAR for some reason, even with the usual pleasant Benford ramble which precedes Ted White's stuffy, but less-than-vitriolic, accompanying editorial. Walt Willis' "Interfanna", this issue, presents some quite funny ideas for fannish service (ahem) organizations. Ron Bennett's Colonial Excursion #9 chronicals the Holbrook Motel adventure, which comes off less than well, possibly due to the pseudo-article in DEVILS MOTORBOAT a few months ago. Ted does a rather good job of seeing what has made GALAXY tick of late, while Bill Evans probes rail fandom. The lettercol, in micro-elite, is interesting, but stifled somehow. VOID isn't the happy, friendly zine that it was under Benford(s), but even if it does appear to be a business, VOID is worth getting.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #129-130 - Busbies, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash. - 25¢, 5/¢1, 12/¢2, coment, No Trades - Monthly.

In a comedy of errors, #129 presented a "Bjo for TAFF" cover (sudden Toskey whim of which no one else had any foreknowledge) which considerably shooock things up in Seattle Fandom. It also contained "Fandom Harvest Chaffed" by Bjo (as E.S.F.), in rebuttle to TCarr's "Fandom Harvets" politicking in the previous issue, which contained some great lines, and which seemed to descend not much below Terry's FH level. The "rebuttle" by Terry in #130 helps only to confuse things still further, and when compared to the hilarious FH in this same issue, turns out to be rather poor writing besides. The dropping of the book reviews, fanzine reviews, and Buz's "StField Plowed Under", presumably (all but stated) to hold the CRY down to managable size and to free Buz for other chores, is also forecast this. Tis rather sad to see "Plowed Under" get just that, as it is/was one of the few good stf-commentaries remaining in a top fmz; "faanishness" is taking over! The gloom cast by these pre-obits is chased away by John Berry's "FakeFan for the FBI", and Les Nirenberg's "Charlie Phan at the Detention", and Fandom Harvest. Wally Weber's Minutes provide some hearty chuckles, while the lettercol just about lives up to being fandom's wackiest and best. CRY, while undergoing changes, is definetly a must.

Also here are DISJECTA MEMBRA (good, but not catching on), SPECTRUM (new promise from Dallas), DAFOE (good firstish), FANVIEWS 6&7, SPECTRE, and others, but I'm out of space, and so some will have to wait until Shaggy #46. The dropping of the "Pemberton" column from CRY depresses me, as it looks like the trend is further and further from stf, and more to the inane and fannish; "If it's funny, it's good", like. Maybe I'm under the spell of Lowndes' editorial in a recent SFS, but this strikes me as bad. But, maybe next month....

--john trimble.

OFF THE GUFF

RAY BRADBURY

The following remarks were part of a question-and-answer session at a meeting of the LASFS last April. Ray had just read to the club the first draft of a new story dealing with the attitude of the Catholic Church toward space travel, and then threw himself open to questions from the floor. The following questions, and their answers, transcribed with permission from a tape made at the time, show Bradbury's approach to science fiction and the problems of writing fiction in general.---ed.



Q: Was this story written with a particular slant in mind, or was this just a story?

A: No slanting! I don't believe in slanting; he who slants destroys himself. I don't know how many of you are planning to be writers here, but this is the group I started with twenty years ago, with Forry and a few others, and with the sort of magazines you're putting out. And the first thing that has to be learned is no slanting on any level of any kind for anyone! It's natural to imitate; you have to, because you're learning, but this is just a beginning process. After you get along and have written thousands and thousands of words, you have to trust to this Truth inside yourself. There are two ways of lying in this world; one is the commercial lie, slanting to please a commercial magazine, to try to sell a story to Post or Cosmopolitan or a particular science fiction magazine (you name it) or there's this other intellectual lie, trying to slant a story to please the Partisan Review or the Kenyon Review or name your won favorite collegiate intellectual digest. It's just as bad to imitate Joyce and Hemingway as it is to imitate Clarence Buddington Kelland or Mickey Spillane because it's a lie. An imitation is a lie; it has nothing to do with the Truth inside yourself, which a good writer should be trying to get out: to write from the heart, emotionally. My early stories in Weird Tales began to get good on the day when I wrote from my own childhood experiences, with my own feeling. What did I love? What did I hate? This is the Truth and to Hell with slanting on any level.

Q: In speaking of slanting the Truth inside yourself, don't you think that every writer slants according to his own truth, like Ibsen's life lie?

24

A: That's not slanting. Slanting, to define the term, is when you pick up a magazine and read it through and read it through until this magazine comes out your pores and you could duplicate a story that's been published there -- in hopes of cashing in on a trend or an editorial prejudice. But this Truth in here is not slanting, this is you; you can't write any other way! When you slant, you get away from yourself, you're telling a lie, and this is destructive. Because the hardest thing in the world is telling the truth, reacting to the world. When someone says to you, "What do you think of McCarthy?" and you say, "I think he's a great man, you -- if you are a liberal person -- are slanting to please the person who's asked you the question; you are not telling the truth. What you really believe is that he was a son-of-a-bitch and deserves to be dead, and if you believe this, you've got to say this or you distort your whole life. This is what we're in art for, to tell the Truth about ourselves. The heck with the rest of the world; hope for a little public that will be yours. You hope, when you write a story, that there will be a thousand, ten thousand, fifty thousand (who knows what number of people?) somewhere in the world that see the way you do and will want to buy the story. I have an average of about eight to nine thousand people that exist somewhere in the United States, that, everytime I publish a book, will go out and buy it. That's my audience. I don't slant for them. They are built the way I am, and they see the way I see the world; we have our own Truth which we share together. I don't know these people. Sometimes they come up to me on the street and shake my hand and I'm very pleased to meet them. A lot of other people hate me, but I can't ride all the horses at once; I've got to ride my own.

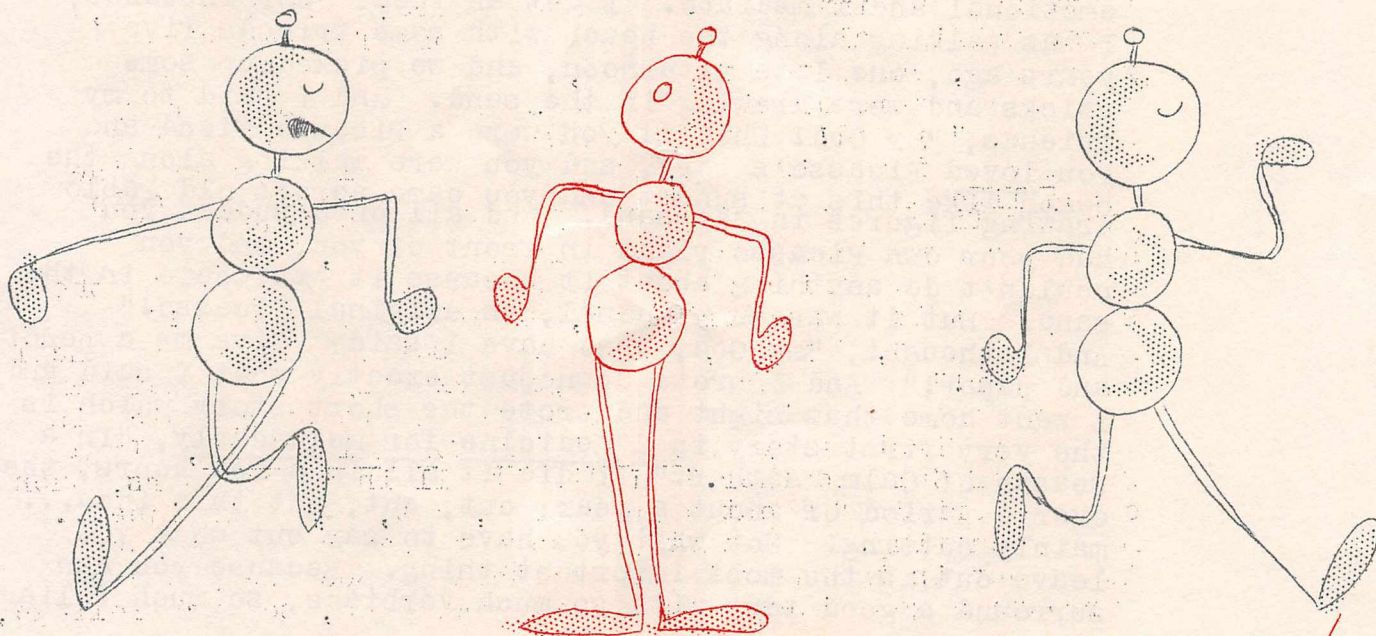
Q: Would you say that the closest thing to slanting that you have, would be to, if you were to write a story that might fit the requirements of a particular magazine closer, would be to...

A: Well, when you finish a short story, and it's done, and neatly typed, and in its envelope, then it's perfectly alright to ask yourself which magazine would be interested in seeing this first. That's legitimate, and has nothing to do with slanting, because the story's done!.... But what is really fun is to pick a magazine where the story couldn't possibly sell at all and send it there to see what happens. Back in 1945 I had a short story rejected by Weird Tales and I sent it to Harper's Magazine, the last place in the world where I could expect to sell it. But it sold. It was "The Man Upstairs," and it's been a very popular story ever since. I had another story for Weird Tales, and when I finished it I asked myself where I could send this that would be very unusual, that doesn't print this sort of thing. It was the story "Homecoming," which is about the family of vampires and their big celebration. I sent it to Mademoiselle and

I thought it was the last place in the world to sell it! They held the story from before Christmas until sometime in April. Three or four months, and I didn't hear a word. Finally I got a telegram that said, "Please be patient. We're still holding your story; we're considering something." Come to find out, when they read the story they liked it so much, but they didn't know what to do with it! It didn't fit the magazine, so since they couldn't change the story --it's one of the few times that I know of this has happened-- they changed the magazine to fit the story! If you saw that issue of the October or November 1946 Mademoiselle, you'll see the weird cover, and they've gone through the whole issue and done the whole thing in a special "ghost" issue. They put cobwebs on the manikins and owls and witches and everything; it was a real odd issue. And they got Charles Addams, an up-and-coming artist then, to do a two-page spread in the middle of the book; it was just wonderful! Then, of course, that story wound up in the O. Henry Prize Stories the next year. So that was a wonderful break for me: sending a story to a magazine where it couldn't possibly fit. But it was refreshing to them. You see the trouble with most writers: they slant, and most publishers and editors: all they get through the slush pile are the same stories over and over and they're tired of it. And when a new story with a fresh idea comes in, they're so glad to read it that you have a chance to sell it to that magazine.

Q: Would you say that Astounding is probably the most guilty in the field of accepting a slant story, and this is why there has never been a Bradbury story in Astounding? (Chorus: "There was!")

A: I haven't sent them any stories. I had three, four, actually, I sold them. I won two contests: first prize



YOU ARE NOT ONLY DIFFERENT — YOU ARE A MINORITY, TOO!

in the Probability Zero thing they used to run, and then I had one short story, "Do-dad," and then I sold them a fourth story for Unknown Worlds. Well, I sold it to them just before the magazine ceased publication and it never was seen. But all magazines accept slanted stories which are competently written. That doesn't mean that slanted stories don't sell; they do. But there's no pleasure in writing a slanted story; no one remembers a slanted story, and you can't build a reputation by writing slanted stories.

Q: If you write a story with a new idea, and would like to sell it to a certain magazine, there is nothing wrong in taking this story and looking at their magazine and saying to yourself, "Well, now, how can I change this without changing the message so that I can sell it to this magazine?"

A: No! That's slanting, too. A story should be an entity to itself. It's either a good story or it's not. If necessary, at a late date, I'll give it away to a collegiate review who'll give me twenty-three copies of the publication for it; but I'll never change the story to fit any magazine. If they want the story the way it is, they can take it, but if one of them comes to me and says, "Your point of logic here..this character did this and this and this..." And they can prove it, then I will change it, but that's not slanting. They've caught me off base in a real error. In other words, if you claim the temperature of the sun is such and such a degree and they come back at you and say, "Sorry, but it's not; look up your latest figures," then you've got to change it. This is not slanting....

Q: Do you make long, elaborate written outlines?

A: No outlines of any sort! My writing is completely emotional and immediate. I get an idea: For instance, I was walking along the beach with some friends five years ago, one late afternoon, and we picked up some sticks and were drawing in the sand. And I said to my friends, "My God! What if you were a Picasso fiend and you loved Picasso's work, and you were walking along the beach like this at sunset and you came across old Pablo drawing figures in the sand. And all of a sudden you had your own Picasso right in front of you, and you couldn't do anything about it because it was there in the sand. But it was an original, an original Picasso!" And I thought, "My God, what have I said? Give me a pencil and paper!" And I wrote down just exactly what I said and I went home that night and wrote the short story which is the very first story in A Medicine for Melancholy, "In a Season of Calm Weather." I did it all in a few hours, then over a period of about a year: cut, cut, cut this idea... mainly cutting. Not what you have to say but what you leave out is the most important thing. Because you can surround a good idea with so much verbiage, so much foliage,

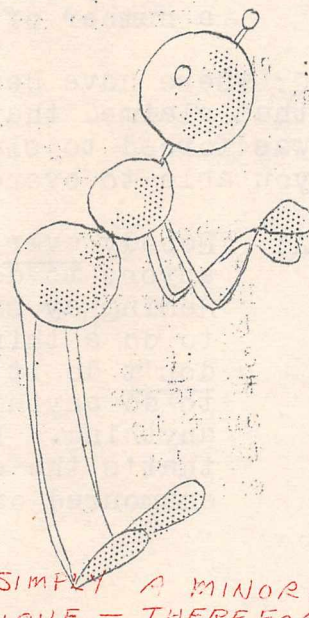
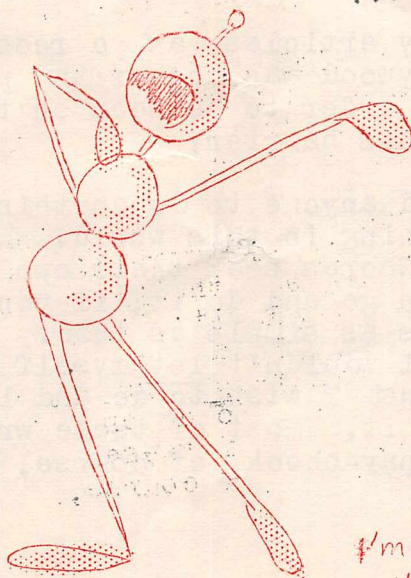
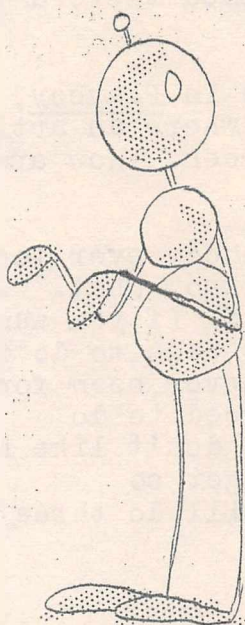
that people can't see the clarity of the thing, and its own peculiar beauty --if it has any itself -- so cutting is the thing.

Q: Why were some of your stories so drastically changed and cut between first printing and later printings?

A: You age between publications of a story. You have to go over everything very carefully and make sure it's the way you want. So, when I reprinted Dark Carnival and called it October Country, I went through all the stories and cut and changed and rewrote where I felt I'd grown in the meantime. Where a story still seemed perfect of its sort, on its level, I let it alone. But there was a lot of excess wordage, for instance, in "Next in Line," in the original version, so I cut it. Now, in rereading the story the other day, I still feel that it could stand maybe two hundred words out. But as you get older you learn to become more concise. The concise image, the image that will hit you hardest, is what we're all looking for, if we're painting, drawing, writing music, or doing short stories. Conciseness, condensation, is so important.

Q: Ray, do you have this problem in, say, screen writing as compared to short stories?

A: I just finished a screen play for Hecht-Lancaster; a fantasy called The Dreamers. I finished the rough, the first draft, two weeks ago: it was 173 pages. This afternoon I finished the second draft of it and I've cut it down to 128 pages -- cut around 45 to 48 pages of the whole thing in two weeks. Just going through very carefully and saying, "Is this word important? Is that sentence important? Have I said this already? If so, how did I say it? Which is the better of the two? If this is the one, it's the one that stays." By the time they make the film, I'll cut another ten pages. I'll have to, because it's running overtime.



I'M NOT SIMPLY A MINORITY!
I'M UNIQUE - THEREFORE
I'M BETTER!

Q: How much authority do you exert over your scripts?

A: I'll probably be there during the shooting of the whole thing so I can help repair any damage that occurs. When you actually have actors say a line, it has a different value than when you read it on a page. The other night I had a bunch of actors read a couple of my one-act plays; James Whitmore and a couple of guys got together at someone's house and they read these plays out loud. Listening to them, as I listened to myself (read this story) tonight, I can tell where the cutting is needed, where a bad line gets in the way of a good one. On the set of a motion picture the same thing happens. Someone does a thing and says a line, and says, "Gee, I'm sorry; that's clumsy, you know. It doesn't work with this action or this thought. What did you mean?" It's up to the author to defend what he has said or to revise. But in the case of Moby Dick, they pretty well followed my script all the way through, and I wasn't even around. But they had a shooting script when they went into production, which Houston doesn't generally have when he makes his films.

Q: Do you enjoy doing your films?

A: Oh, yes. It's great fun. I always have been a visual writer as is quite obvious if you'll look at them. Full of color...

Q: If you had a choice of any of your stories being made into a film, even a short one, so you wouldn't have to expand a short story, what would you pick to see in visual form?

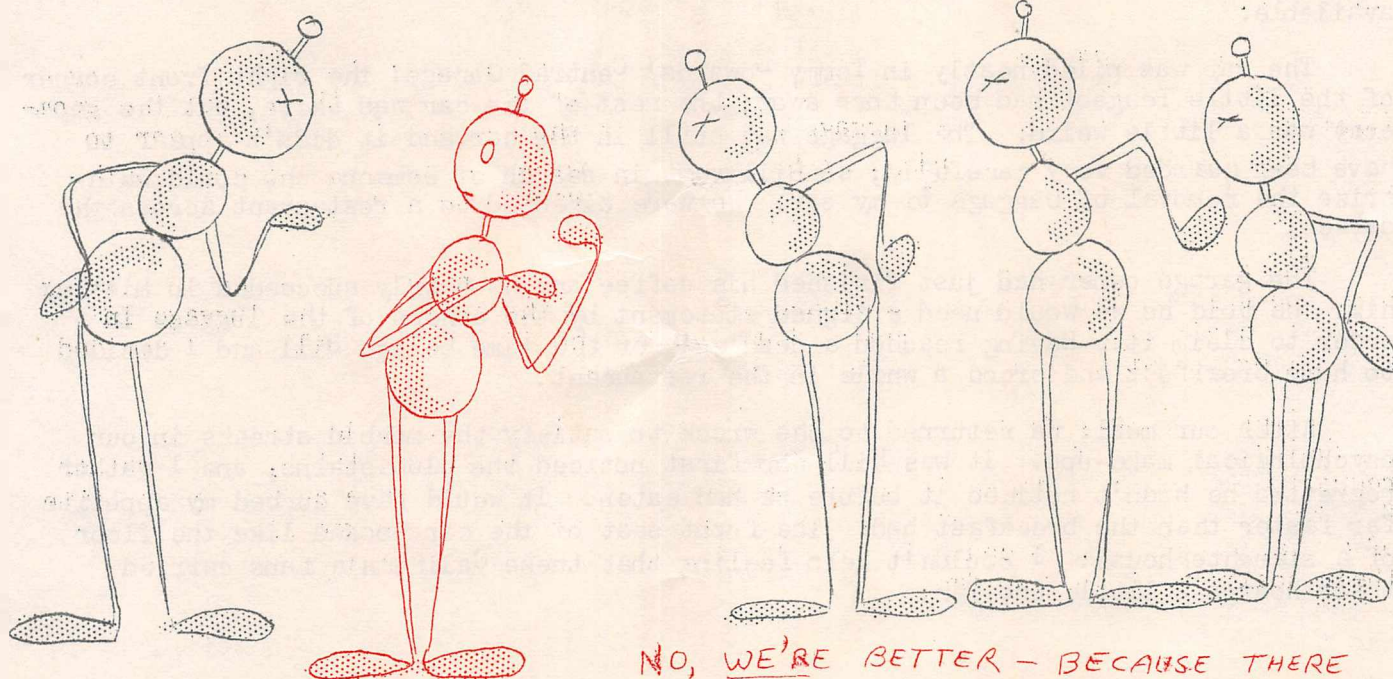
A: Well, right now, Fahrenheit 451. And I'm going to do the screen play this summer. A friend has found an angel somewhere to pay a limited amount of money to finance me during the time I'm writing the screen-play. Production is not set up, but we feel that once we get it finished there are a number of people...who are interested....

Q: There have been many articles, and a recent one in Playboy, that claimed that Hollywood was one of the places where an artist was forced to slant in order to be seen on the screen. How are you able to overcome this barrier?

A: Nobody ever forced anyone to do anything! Nobody ever forced anyone to do anything in this world! We all know that. As Hemingway said, "Whores seek their own level." If you want to do a thing, you go and do it; if you don't want to do it, don't do it! It's as simple as that. I've never been forced to do anything. I wouldn't let myself be forced to do anything. I do what I wish to do and if they don't like it, that's the end of it. Most of these writers get so enamoured of the pay-check, of course, they will do three

films a year instead of one. You can only do justice, depending on how your luck runs, if you can do a screen play and have luck with it and it comes out well in a few months. Then you can easily do another one later in the year. But it took me eight months to do Moby Dick and I was exhausted. I'd have been a fool to do another screen play and I was offered The Friendly Persuasion immediately after finishing Moby Dick. I wanted to do The Friendly Persuasion because I love the book; it's just one of the great American books of our time, I feel: a gentle, humane, lovely book. But I'd have been a fool to go in and exhaust myself by going in and doing another thing. I couldn't be forced, even by an artistic consideration, to take on an extra at a time like that. So all this talk you read in eastern magazines about people being perverted by any of the art forms on the Coast is nonsense. People want to do these things, and they do them, and they have to pay the consequences. And, I don't feel sorry for them.

---Ray Bradbury



NO, WE'RE BETTER - BECAUSE THERE
ARE MORE OF US TO SAY SO!

30

I WAKE UP SCREAMING

by Wally Weber

It was Friday, July 3, 1959, and the phone was ringing. The phone bell had been adjusted so that it was just barely audible, and ordinarily it could not be heard at all in my bedroom. But things are fairly quiet around Swamphouse at 5:30 in the morning, and I chased downstairs to answer.

It was Ron Ellik apologizing for waking me up and explaining that Bjo, Djinn Faine, Al Lewis and Brad Carlson had decided not to attend the Westercon after all: their automobile had ruined itself with a steel-and-concrete highway divider at Kelso, Wn. If one could believe Ron, the accident victims were in the St. John Hospital near Kelso.

It had to be a hoax, of course. Isn't that what trufans like Ron do at conventions? Sure, they call people up on the telephone and tell them that Tucker died or Bjo was in the hospital. But if I was so certain Ron was hoaxing, why was I running aimlessly in small circles and stumbling into things?

Elmer Perdue, Bill Ellern, and Ellik met me at the Moore Hotel entrance half an hour later. For fans attending a convention they looked rather grim; if they were hoaxing, they weren't enjoying it much. Ellern and a few pieces of baggage were loaded into my car and we started toward Kelso.

By systematically pestering the citizens of Kelso, Bill and I found the St. John Hospital in Longview, which is a town so near to Kelso that nobody knows the difference. We got in through the emergency entrance, and Bill started accumulating information; it wasn't easy. Nobody seemed to know anything positively...they "thought" only three persons had been put in the hospital...they "supposed" all the patients were going to be all right...they "imagined" we would be able to see them in due time. The only thing we were getting from the hospital staff was a bad case of nerves.

Bill finally obtained the office address of Dr. Reynolds, who was in charge of the patients. He wasn't expected back at his office for some time, so Bill decided we should try to locate the remains of the car and/or Al Lewis until the doctor was available.

The car was piled neatly in Tommy Edwards' Central Garage: the right front corner of the little Peugeot had been torn away; the rest of the car was there, but the geometry was a little weird. The luggage was still in the car and it didn't appear to have been guarded very carefully, so Bill went in search of someone who could authorize the removal of baggage to my car. We were directed to a restaurant across the street.

The garage owner had just finished his coffee and we nearly succeeded in missing him. He told us we would need a signed statement by the owners of the luggage in order to claim it. Having reached a dead end for the time being, Bill and I decided to have breakfast and brood a while in the restaurant.

After our meal, we returned to the wreck to satisfy the morbid streaks in our psychological make-ups. It was Bill who first noticed the bloodstains, and I rather regretted he hadn't noticed it before we had eaten. It would have curbed my appetite far faster than the breakfast had. The front seat of the car looked like the floor of a slaughterhouse. I couldn't help feeling that these California fans carried their hoaxes a little too far.

When located, Dr. Reynolds provided the first real facts. Al Lewis had required no hospitalization; Brad Carlson was just a trifle shaken up and would be out soon. Djinn Faine appeared to have a whiplash injury that would require physical therapy for at least a week. Bjo could possibly have a broken jaw, but he wouldn't know until the X-rays were developed. They would all survive with no permanent defects.

Somewhat reassured, Bill and I returned to the hospital. This time we were rewarded with room numbers and permission to visit.

Bill introduced me to Brad Carlson, who apparently was too impolite to get up out of bed and shake hands. I was about to point out his rudeness when Bill introduced me to Al Lewis, who had been in the room visiting with Brad. Al's shirt could hardly be seen for bloodstains; I felt sick again. If this was the one who hadn't required hospitalization, what must the others look like? Al explained, however, that he hadn't personally contributed any of the blood--that Bjo had just been a trifle careless about where she had drained her veins. Well, I suppose he meant to be reassuring.

About this time, a long blonde was pushed down the corridor by Brad's door on a sort of long, narrow, TV tray. Bill and Al trampled me in their pursuit of this interesting object. I didn't mind being trampled by Al so much since he was not wearing any shoes--just red socks. Could Bjo have... no, I guess that was their natural color.

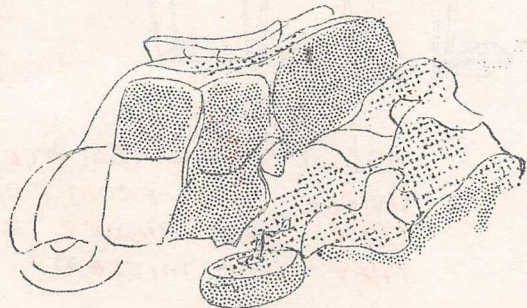
Leaving Brad to rot in bed (I'll teach him to loll around when he should be up greeting his visitors), I, too, took out after the refreshments on the TV tray. I located just about everybody at the door of Bjo's room. Bjo was hardly the bloodless shell of her former self that I had been expecting, and Djinn (the blonde on the platter) did not look particularly different from what I remembered of her, except for the fact that she was oriented horizontally instead of vertically. Bjo was remarking that Djinn was goldbricking, and Djinn had a reply for this theory that led me to believe these girls were in far better shape than Bill and I. But then neither Bill nor I should ever try to compete with girls where shapes are concerned.

The party broke up before it really got started, and I found myself showing Al the way to my car so I could run him out to see the remnants of his. He was hoping to locate his shoes somewhere in the wreckage, since he was beginning to feel a bit self-conscious padding around town in his stocking feet.

The shoes were there, although somewhat crunched out of shape. Al managed to get them on, and we transferred belongings from his wreck to my wreck. Most of the luggage had come out fairly well, considering the violence of the accident. Ellik's suitcase had taken the worst beating, looking like an illustration for one of Toskey's more abstract papers. Clothes protruded from openings in the suitcase, giving the suggestion of a pie that had been stepped on until the filling had started to ooze out from the edges. The dark red stains where Bjo had bled were the finishing touches.

Al found his camera in functioning condition, and he immediately put it to use photographing the car. Later we went out on the highway to the scene of the accident, where he took more pictures. Then he rented a motel room across the street from the hospital, and we unloaded everything except Ron Ellik's suitcase and Elmer Perdue's typewriter case, which I was supposed to take back with me to Seattle.

Back at the hospital, Al and Bill and I circulated around the three rooms, spacing out visits so as to allow them no time to obtain the rest and relaxation they were there for. The patients were doing a dandy job of cheering us up.



Eventually Bill and I felt well enough to eat again, and since the patients didn't seem inclined to invite us for dinner, we went downtown. Al had washed a good part of Bjo out of his shirt, so we took the still-wet shirt and a few of the girls' bloodstained garments to a nearby cleaner to finish the job, and went to lunch.

On the way back to the hospital, Bill and I got the shrew idea to stop in at a flower shop to pick up something for the girls. (Brad could buy his own flowers if he wanted any, so far as we were concerned.) Bill picked out an artificial violet that seemed to hold a special significance which I hadn't the courage to investigate. I located a heavy pot that I thought might be right for throwing at doctors. The pot contained a strange sort of vegetable whose blossoms kept snapping at my fingers when I would venture too close. I made out a card from the Westercon gang, hooked it onto one of the plant's fangs, and returned with Bill to the hospital.

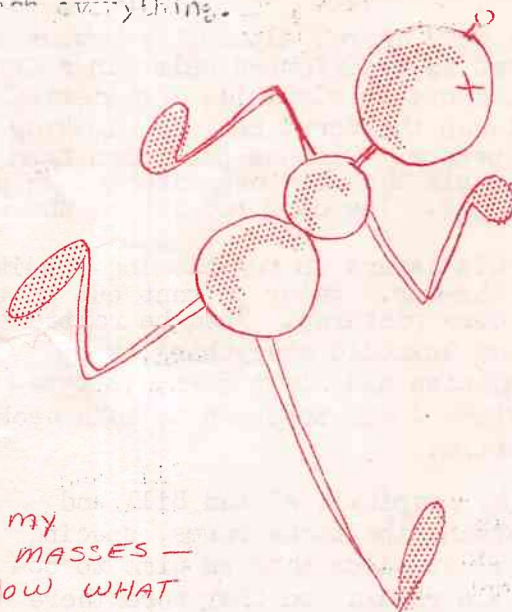
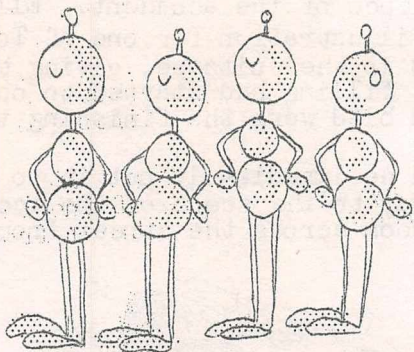
By that time, Bjinn and Bjo had the second floor of the hospital entirely in their power. Bjo's elderly roommate had been moved out so that the girls could share the same room. This was considerate of the staff, as it saved wear and tear on us poor visitors who would otherwise have had to walk back and forth between the two rooms.

It was during the ensuing conversation that I learned I had at last attained fannish greatness: I, like the great Charles Burbee, have met Djinn Faine in bed.

Visiting hours were being ignored, of course, until one of the nurses that Bjo hadn't had time to train came storming in to bounce me. As I dusted myself off in the alley, I mumbled about having been thrown out of better bars than the St. John Hospital, and decided I'd be more welcome back in Seattle where the nurses didn't, know me.

Nobody wanted to ride back with me, which was rather strange. I had entertained Bill with witty jokes and fancy, high-speed driving all the way down, and I thought sure he would have spread the word about how much fun it had been.

Evening darkened as I returned alone to brighten the Westercon. My room was still reserved for me at the Moore, so I signed for it and took a look at it. It seemed to be adequate for showing pictures to small audiences, which was primarily what I wanted it for. All that was lacking was the pictures and the audiences. Well, the hotel couldn't be expected to furnish everything.



HO! I SHALL ISOLATE my
UNIQUE SELF FROM THE MASSES —
THEY SHALL NEVER KNOW WHAT
THEY HAVE MISSED!

I went up to room 323, which was the convention room, to see if there wasn't something exciting going on there. The room was satisfyingly full of fans. I wanted to tell them about my witty stories and high-speed driving, but all they seemed interested in were the girls in the hospital. Toskey was particularly interested, since his sole interest in the Westercon had to do with meeting Bjo. Ellick and Toskey had already made plans to drive down to visit the girls on Saturday. Nobody seemed interested in driving down to see Al or Brad or Bill.

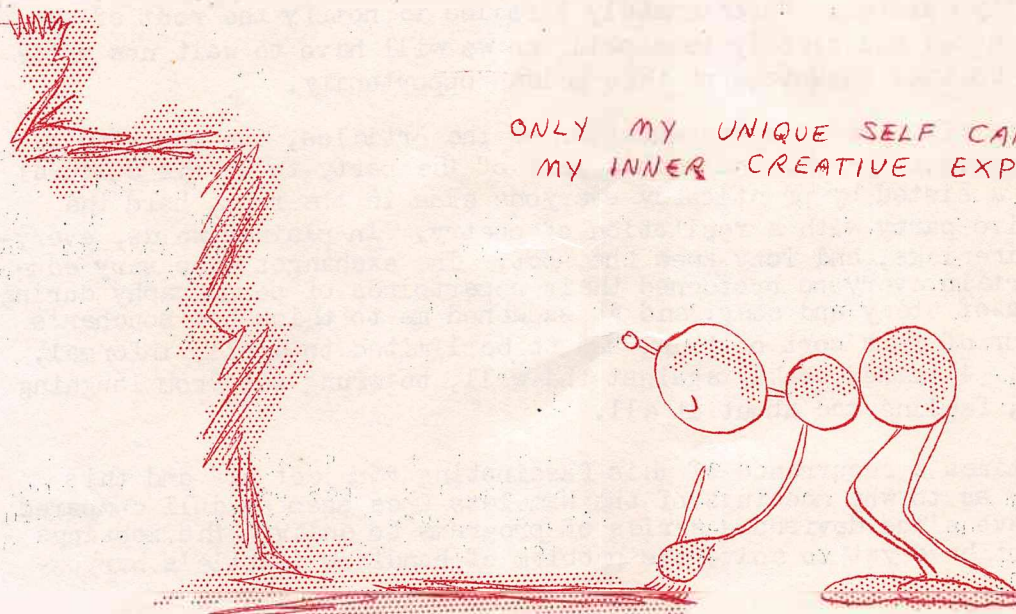
FM Busby asked me whether I had brought Elmer Perdue's baggage up from Kelso, and I explained that the only things I had brought back were Elmer's typewriter and the remains of Ellick's suitcase. FM groaned and described how Elmer was in dire need of his luggage and would probably not survive the night without it. The situation looked bleak until Ron explained that I had not brought back a typer at all; that it was only a typewriter case containing the sum total of Elmer's baggage. It was a great relief to learn that Elmer required so little for survival.

The situation with Ron's baggage was more tragic. That look of suffering that appeared on his face as he gazed for the first time upon the strange shape of his suitcase will never be forgotten. Although Ron was the owner of a truly historic piece of luggage, he certainly couldn't be accused of enjoying the fact.

After a quick trip to Swamphouse to pick up films, projectors, typewriters & assorted junk to strew about my hotel room to make it more like home, I returned to the hotel and once again began searching for fans. 323 wasn't as full as it should have been, and rumor had it that Don Day was host to a party on the sixth floor. The rumor proved to be sheer fact, and rather understated at that.

Of course it had to be a good party, because the host was fabulous. There is not a more magnificently bearded and moustachioed individual this side of the Atlantic than Don Day. His is a heroic beard, so carefully groomed that it is an artistic creation far beyond the category of mere facial decoration. The ends of the moustache had been brought to such fine, vertical points that they must have been held upright by the same mystic powers used in India to make ropes stand on end.

ONLY MY UNIQUE SELF CAN UNDERSTAND
MY INNER CREATIVE EXPRESSION!



Fully three-fourths of the attendees must have been in Don's suite, and the conversations and activities going on were far too numerous and varied to permit a complete report, even if it would have been possible to join in and remember all of them. There was, for example, a group of Seattle fans including Vic Stredicks, Wally Gonser, Jerry Frahm, and Malcolm Willits, who were using their discussion on United States currency as an excuse for borrowing bills of various denominations from others in the room. FM & E Busby were running a gamut of fanish conversations with Guy & Diane Terwilleger, Forry Ackerman, the Johns Bristol and Speer, and everyone else who happened by. Ric West, who now lives in Seattle but remains a Southern Californian at heart, was enjoying the opportunity of associating again with his fellow countrymen. Ric had done the wonderful artwork on the mail-outs advertising the Westercon, but his seven-day-a-week job precluded his attending the con except at night.

I walked into the adjoining room and saw Anthony Boucher talking earnestly with Mark Walsted. Varda Pelter stopped and told me, "He's talking about music."

I couldn't hear a word Mr. Boucher was saying through all the background noise, and I couldn't see how Varda would be able to hear any better. "How do you know?" I asked her.

"Simple. He always waves his hands like that when he's talking about music." I looked closely, and watched Boucher talk--he gave the impression that he was battling off a swarm of hungry mosquitoes. I moved in closer and listened. Well, if opera can be considered music, that's exactly what he was expounding on. I looked around for Varda, but she had disappeared somehow. There was something odd about that girl. I wondered if I would ever figure out exactly what it was.

A matter of overwhelming importance took place during the party, although I doubt that anyone noticed other than Speer and I. It was there that Jack handed me an envelope containing the Articles of Incorporation of the Seattle Science Fiction Club. It was a fascinating document, complete with a huge gold seal of the State of Washington in the lower left-hand corner. It was just the sort of thing for which we pay taxes in this state. As I had understood the situation at the time, having an incorporated club put on the Westercon would provide us with the opportunity of skipping out without paying the bills, while still protecting the individual club members from being sued by the hotel. Until Jack handed over the Articles of Incorporation, however, none of us in the Nameless Ones were certain the corporation officially existed. Unfortunately I failed to notify the rest of the club until after the hotel had already been paid, so we will have to wait now until the Worldcon in 1961 to take advantage of this golden opportunity.

Since so few fans witnessed the presentation of the Articles, the majority of them will probably consider the most memorable part of the party to be the cultural period when Boucher, assisted by practically everyone else in the room, held the attention of the entire party with a recitation of poetry. In plainer words, everybody recited dirty limericks, and Tony knew the most. The exchanges were very educational. I feel certain everyone broadened their repertoires of pornography during the lively renditions of story and song, and it saddened me to think how Boucher's talents as a raconteur of this sort of thing had to be limited to small, informal, non-paying audiences. I leaned weakly against the wall, to wrung out from laughing to breathe properly, feeling sad about it all.

I noticed many times a recurrence of this fascinating "Subject A," and this has given me a theory as to why meetings of the Nameless Ones seem so dull compared to conventions. I have since devised a series of programs to enliven the meetings of the local club, but have yet to solve the problem of handling Seattle's narrow-minded vice-squad.

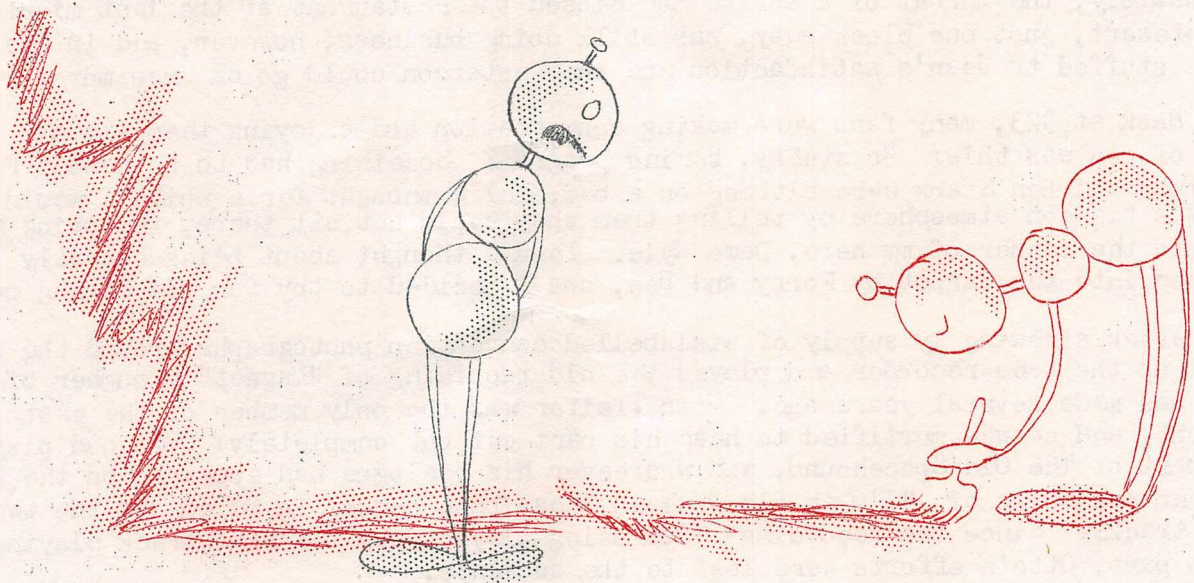
In time the party broke up as one small group after another took their leave, reluctant but happy. Apparently even fans need sleep. Gonser, as usual, was being different and getting his sleep right on the spot. Members of the Nameless Ones are quite accustomed to seeing Wally napping peacefully in strange positions without regard to the hubbub around him, but even they were taking second glances at his latest arrangement. Usually Wally naps on floors or entangled in a piece of furniture, but this time he was leaning upright against the wall. The thoughtless designers of the Moore had provided a radiator at that location, but Wally had arched backwards to avoid it. There he slept, with feet on the floor next to the radiator, body arched backwards, shoulders and head against the wall, mouth open, hands folded on his chest, and no doubt dreaming peacefully of radiators. I left this happy scene to putter around in my room for a while, until the fact dawned on me that it had been Saturday for some time, and I needed some rest.

At 6 am I stared out the window overlooking 2nd Ave and decided I had slept enough. I brushed my face and washed my teeth, and stumbled down to the lobby with an armload of old convention photographs. There were a lot of duplicates mixed with the original sets, and I sorted them out into several random piles that seemed logical enough at 6:30 Fourth of July morning. I did this until Toskey arrived.

Being eager to meet Bjo, Burnett had arrived before his appointed time to meet Ron Ellik for the ride to Kelso. While waiting, we picked out a set of photographs from the 1954 SFCon for Toskey to take along, and a little later Toskey and Ron were aimed for Kelso in Bill Ellern's Hillman. It would occur to them too late that they had forgotten the flowers they had bought the night before and placed in refrigeration, but who can think of things like that at 7 am?

With Ron and Burnett gone, there were no other fans in sight. It seemed like a good idea to go up to 323 and wait for signs of life. To keep me company, I picked up my typewriter and installed it in the convention room. I was on the second page of my convention report when Jean Bogert appeared.

I had seen Jean the day before, but I still could not believe she had taken the trouble and expense to fly all the way from Pennsylvania to see the Westercon. She had attended the MidwesCon just the weekend before, and she would certainly be at the Detention in September. Still she would probably never write a convention report or publish a fanzine. To my way of thinking this is an impossible contradiction, and the fact that it exists is one of those baffling mysteries that even nsionics ~~may never solve~~



I LIKE IT — WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO BE?

We didn't really start a conversation; we continued one, probably the longest conversation in the history of fandom. It had started almost two years ago in London. At the con there, she had started to describe to me a science fiction movie called, "Not of This Earth". She had either seen this movie a great number of times or she had a remarkable memory, for she was reciting the dialogue scene by scene in addition to describing in minute detail the action taking place. More than that, she had somehow established a rapport with the characters in the movie to such an extent that she was able to reveal their innermost thoughts.

The fantastic thoroughness with which she reviewed the movie made it impossible for her to finish during the course of a single convention, and I was forced to wait twelve agonizing months until the Solacon where she finished the review. By that time I was probably better informed about the movie than the person who had written the screenplay.

But this was far from the end of it. Jean was so familiar with the movie that she saw where obvious improvements could be made, and, in the absence of anyone else qualified to do the job, she was rewriting the movie herself. Partial to the so-called villains and contemptuous of typically feeble-minded heroes, things were turning out quite different for her. In fact, she had gone so far as to import a particularly interesting villain named "Bacharati," I believe, and a particularly stupid hero named "Captain Corey" from a TV series, to play suitable roles in her slightly revised movie. It was this portion of our conversation that was continued from the Solacon to this Saturday morning at the Westercon.

This was eventually interrupted by the entrance of several other fans including G. Carr and Ed Wyman. Somebody mentioned breakfast, and once the thought took hold everyone began to feel the pangs of hunger. No one was doing anything about it until I remembered out loud that the last place where I had eaten was in Kelso. Suddenly I found myself being whizzed down the corridor by Jean Bogert, who was determined to see that food be introduced into my frail body as soon as possible. Possibly the others followed of their own free will, but I prefer to believe they were sucked up in the vacuum caused by our swift exit.

We couldn't eat at the Moore because their dining room was closed over the holidays. This had been one of the unexpected upsets of the con, since one of the attractions of the Moore had been that its dining room stayed open on holidays. Unfortunately, the threat of a strike had closed the restaurant at the last minute. The Stewart, just one block away, was still doing business, however, and in due time I was stuffed to Jean's satisfaction and the Westercon could go on once more.

Back at 323, many fans were making conversation and enjoying themselves. What kind of con was this? No stuffy, boring program? Something had to be done. Forry Ackerman and Ben Stark were sitting on a bed, and I thought for a while I would bring about a big-con atmosphere by telling them they could not sit there, imitating as best I could the manner of my hero, Dave Kyle. Then I thought about being casually stomped into the carpet by Forry and Ben, and I decided to try for the boring program.

After strewing my supply of mislabelled convention photographs around the room, I set up the tape recorder and played the old recording of "Magnet" a number of Seattle fans had made several years ago. Otto Pfeifer was the only member of the cast present, and he was mortified to hear his part cut out completely: Otto had played the part of The Old Spacehound, and wherever his dialogue had appeared on the tape, a piano recording of "I'm An Old Cowhand" had been dubbed in on one of the two tape tracks. Since the recording I was using played only the tape track playing the piano part, Otto's efforts were lost to the audience.

After the playing of the recording, I ran out of feasible plans to bore the fans, so I gave up. The stupid convention could go to ruin with everyone enjoying themselves for all I cared.

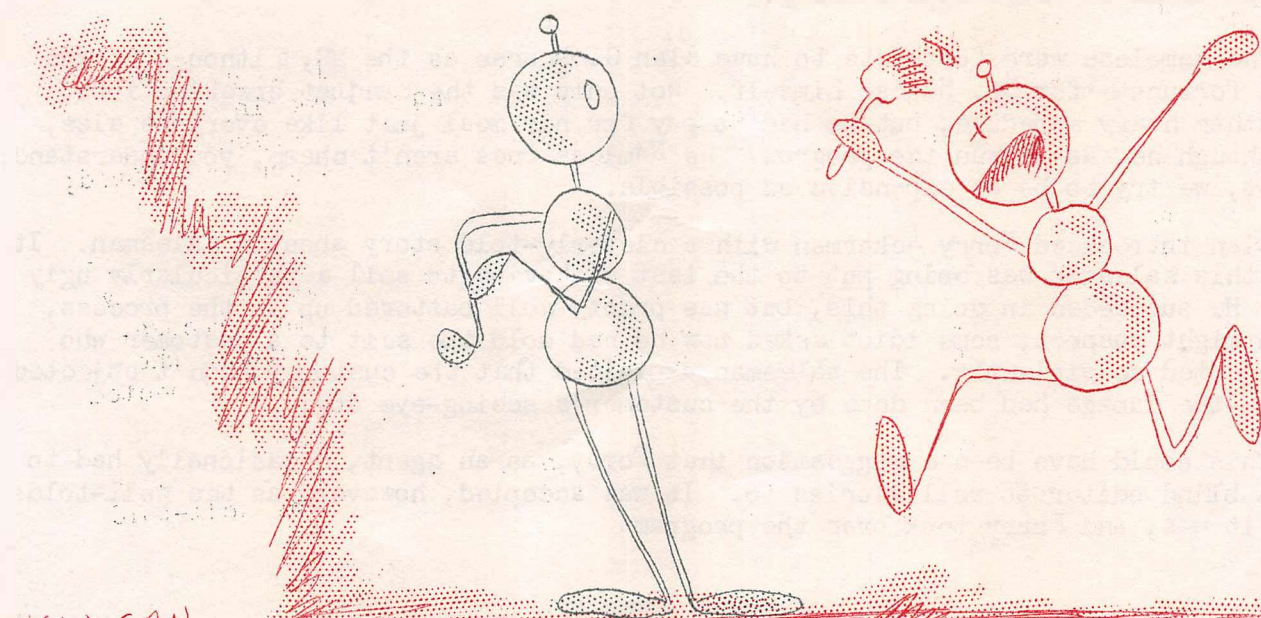
About this time I became involved with a project Guy & Diane Terwilleger were working on. It seems that Neffer Esther Richardson was known to be living in Seattle but had not shown up at the con. Mrs. Richardson had apparently been quite generous, mailing gifts to the Terwillegers without provocation, and generally being friendly over a distance of several hundred miles. The Terwillegers wanted very much to see her in person, but they couldn't so much as locate her phone number in the directory.

Jean Bogert had been wanting to visit Julia Woodard, Hannes Bok's mother, so it occurred to me that I could find Mrs. Richardson from her address while Jean was visiting. Following this line of reasoning, I let Jean off at Julia's, and, clutching the steering wheel in one hand and the N3F address list in the other, I set out to track Mrs. Richardson to her lair.

Despite having a knack for getting hopelessly lost in Seattle, I found the house on the first try. Mrs. Richardson, as charming a woman as you'll ever run across, welcomed me into a beautiful living room with a view of water, boats, mountains, and everything that makes Seattle a beautiful (if easy-to-get-lost-in) city. After some chit-chat about the N3F and the con, it dawned on me that I was not there to be sociable, but rather I was a fan with a mission. Mrs. Richardson must be brought to the Westercon.

Well, she wasn't going to the Westercon. It was her day to relax, and that was exactly what she was going to do. She would welcome guests, but she was not leaving her comfortable house for anything, and would I care for some sandwiches and milk? Somehow my important mission got lost during the lunch, and it was all I could do to remember to get her phone number before leaving.

Back at Julia Woodard's place I had to refuse another invitation to lunch. Could I really have looked that starved? Jean and I returned to the hotel where I gave Guy & Diane Esther's phone number and explained how I had been outwitted.



HOW CAN
YOU POSSIBLY "LIKE IT" WHEN YOU HAVE NO DEPTH, NO UNDERSTANDING,
NO CULTURAL SENSE — NO MONEY TO BUY IT?

The afternoon had progressed to the point where the eight o'clock banquet was nearly upon us. (More food?!) I had a vague notion in the back of my little mind that the banquet should be recorded. I was trying to rig up an extension for the mike when Jim Webbert was attracted to the scene, curious as to how anyone could become so entangled with such a short length of cord. I confided in him, and in the resultant conversation he mentioned that he had a tape recorder at his apartment, and a camera there which he wished he could have with him at the banquet, but there wasn't enough time to get it before eight.

That just goes to show how little Jim Webbert knows about fan doings. There he was, an alleged fan, a man who had done such things as accompany Walt Willis from Chicago to Salt Lake City, naively assuming that the banquet would start on time! From my wisdom, I explained things to him, and we went to his place to pick up his camera and tape recorder.

The only people we found in the convention room when we returned were Ron Ellick and Burnett Toskey, who had just returned from Kelso. It was just as well that a larger audience was not present, since Ron was changing clothes. In fact, Ron had too large an audience as it was, for at the precise moment when he was at that point in pulling on his shorts where all men look their most ridiculous, Jim Webbert's fiendish flash camera recorded the sight for posterity.

Sensing our welcome was wearing thin, Jim and I collected our tapes and headed for the banquet. In the hotel lobby we discovered Evelyn Stroud trying to convince a doubtful desk clerk that she did, too, have a room reserved for the con. Apparently she had just arrived and hadn't known the banquet was in progress. We convinced her that she didn't want a room, since fans are not supposed to sleep at conventions anyway, and we dragged her with us to the banquet. I sold her my banquet ticket at real scalpers' rates and we went to the Stewart Hotel where the banquet was being held.

Everybody was industriously chewing away at their steaks. What was this convention coming to? The stupid banquet had started on time!

Jim Webbert hastily set up his recorder, wondering how he had ever been talked into this project, and I left in search of a 16mm projector so that the film the LASFS had made could be shown that evening.

The Nameless were fortunate to have Alan G. Nourse as the MC, although it was not so fortunate for Dr. Nourse himself. Not only was the banquet breaking into his rather heavy schedule, but he had to pay for his meal just like everyone else, even though he was to run the program. We Nameless Ones aren't cheap, you understand; in fact, we try to be as expensive as possible.

Alan introduced Forry Ackerman with a cleverly-told story about a salesman. It seems this salesman was being put to the test of having to sell a particularly ugly suit. He succeeded in doing this, but was pretty well battered up in the process. As you might suspect, some idiot asked how he had sold the suit to a customer who had objected so violently. The salesman explained that the customer hadn't objected at all--the damage had been done by the customer's seeing-eye dog.

This could have been a suggestion that Forry, as an agent, occasionally had to find a blind editor to sell stories to. It was accepted, however, as the well-told story it was, and Forry took over the program.

39

After a few preliminary remarks about how he had flown all the way back to the MidWesCon in order to make an ass of himself, Forry started in on his main subject, which seemed to be about a person named Mihalikis. If we can believe Forry, Mr. Mihalikis may well be the most fabulous personality in the world, if not Los Angeles. He has written best sellers, has a system whereby a person can attain any goal he desires, has a penetrating mind, is consulted by individuals such as John W. Campbell Jr. for advice, is so smart that he is rich, and has great influence on fans and non-fans alike.

For those who knew about Mihalikis, the speech was tedious. For those who were expecting punchlines, the speech was disappointing. But for those who were interested, the speech was a fascinating revelation of a personality that could, this very instant, be reshaping our future. Providing this Mihalikis person actually exists, that is.

Anthony Boucher was introduced and talked on a number of short, interesting topics. He revealed the sad tale of what happened to his wife's sole story idea. He did not describe her story idea other than to say it was extremely good and the only one she has ever thought up. He went on to say how, since it had been a human interest type of plot, he had sent the idea to Alan Nourse, who, in turn, wrote it up into a really good science fiction story. Mrs. Nourse then sent the story to his agent with a note explaining where the idea for the story had originated. So while Boucher patiently waited for the story, the agent sold it to Horace Gold and it appeared in Galaxy.

The rest of his speech was slanted to please the Seattle fans, referring as it did to our league-trailing baseball team, our famous Skid Road, horror movies playing at local theaters and on TV, and other such cultural aspects of our community. He was particularly enthused about our broadminded educational program, having observed a signpost that directed the traveller to a "University Brothel."

When he had finished, the program was turned over to Don Day, who had already endeared himself to the shrivelled hearts of the Nameless Ones by hosting such a successful party the previous night as well as having been primarily responsible for the Nameless having obtained the Westercon in the first place. As a reward, we stuck Don with the most gosh-awful job of the con. We made him the auctioneer.

As usual, Don came through magnificently. Those attending the banquet were scarcely in the mood for anything as commercial as an auction, but the persuasive Day got them to part with over \$20 for the five originals. Varda Pelter put Don to the acid test by announcing how completely valueless "Venusian" handkerchiefs were, and then giving him one of the worthless objects to auction off. By the time Jerry Frahm had purchased the handkerchief for \$1.39, Day had substituted the word "priceless" for "worthless" and included a bonus of genuine Venusian lipstick smears to the handkerchief.

Don was permitted to say a few words about his beard, and he used the opportunity to point out that the Oregon Centennial had given him his first good excuse in thirty years for growing a beard and he had made the best of it.

He referred to himself as a neofan, and admitted that he had been dropped from FAPA for lack of activity. But he could not resist pointing out that Jack Speer had maintained his own activity requirements by the device of publishing in full the rules and bylaws of the King County Young Democrats.

This was about all the introduction Jack Speer required, and the duty of running the business meeting fell into his capable hands. Before starting the meeting, Jack made a feeble defense against Don Day's accusation, commented favorably on Forry Ackerman's youthful appearance (which he attributed to Forry's switch to contact lenses rather than to the clean, virtuous life that Forry leads), and regretted that Forry had not commemorated this, the 20th anniversary of science fiction conventions, by appearing in the HG Wells toga he had worn during his first world sf convention.

The nominations for the site of the 1960 Westercon were opened, after which a long silence fell upon the assemblage. Fan looked uncomfortably at fan but no nominations were in evidence. Had the Nameless Ones succeeded in putting on the Westercon to end all Westercons?

It was Supersquirrel Ellik who finally came to the rescue. To be sure, he was an uncertain and hesitant squirrel, but then one had to consider that his specialty was flying through walls, not rescuing regional conventions from oblivion. Ron explained that his understanding was that the LASFS would accept the Westercon if nobody else would have it.

This reluctant nomination was quickly seconded, and for a moment it seemed that the issue would be settled without a vote. But on the other side of the room a drama was unfolding. Guy Terwilleger was fighting the familiar battle between the inner man and the inner fan. Common sense told him it was sheer idiocy to put in a bid for Boise, Idaho; he and his wife would have to put on the convention without outside help. He really didn't have the time to devote to such a project. He didn't know the first thing about putting on conventions. He was involved with so much fanac already he couldn't possibly take on any more. He considered all this very objectively, and with scientific precision he arrived at the only sensible conclusion. He bid for the convention.

Jack Speer called for more nominations, but his efforts were wasted, so he closed the nominations and asked for a discussion of the proposed sites. Jerry Frahm described the scenic beauty of Idaho in general and Boise in particular; Elmer Perdue remembered the good-looking girls he had seen on his visits to Idaho; Ron Ellik reminded everyone that Los Angeles was noted for smog and remarked on how impossible it was to get around in the city.

With these unbiased remarks, the discussion of the proposed convention sites closed and, after a short delay while our unofficial photographer, Ed Wyman, took some flash pictures, the vote on the convention site was taken. In a moment, Guy Terwilleger, trufan, had himself a convention to plan.

Speer asked for additional business, but there seemed to be none handy. Elmer Busby, President of the Nameless Ones, sidestepped any talk of a financial report, although Elmer Busby announced that the \$60 from the Solacon was still unembezzled and would be forwarded to Guy to see what he could do about it. He then announced that a party was to be held in room 323 right after the meeting, and for some reason the meeting ended on the spot.

Doug Wyman, Ed Wyman and Jerry Frahm combined efforts to set up the projector, and we were soon ready to start the party in the con room with the showing of the LASFS movie, "The Genie." Ellik gave an introductory talk on the movie, describing briefly its flaws and why these short-comings existed. We were expecting the worst when the projector started.

41

Following the crowd out of my room to 323, I saw the con was still going strong. The supply of drinks was doing nicely, and at least three free-for-all conversations were going on simultaneously. I found a secluded spot behind and to the left of Don Day's remarkable beard where I could listen to him try to convince a skeptical audience that he had once witnessed a man consume, in a very few hours, a pony keg of beer. Anthony Boucher and Fl. Busby were particularly doubtful that such a human pipeline could exist, and were trying to reason out the mathematics of such a feat. Later on the conversation switched to magic--Day performed a quick trick to confound us, and Boucher described his own talent for being the perfect magician's audience.

Ron Ellik noticed my rather walleied expression, and reminded me that it was my turn to drive to Kelso when dawn arrived. He suggested that some sleep now would be a great aid in accomplishing this trip, and that my passengers would particularly enjoy arriving at the St. John Hospital as visitors instead of patients. I was quick to grasp the significance of the subtle hint, and after some delay I withdrew from the Westercon, returned to my room, and went to sleep.

The world was still there at 6am next day, although I hadn't been awake long enough to wonder why. After the usual struggle of trying to shave without actually looking at The Thing In The Mirror, I took the car to a service station for breakfast, then returned to the hotel. Jean Bogert was there wanting to know when we were going to get the show on the road. I mumbled something about getting passengers together, and got back in the car to go out to the West(er)burg's place. Virginia was nearly ready when I arrived, but evidently I still had a hungry look about me. At any rate she took time out to feed me breakfast. I ate while sitting on Ric's bed, entertaining him with witty stories and occasionally nudging him to keep him awake. I was careful to make sure all of the crumbs from breakfast dropped on the bed so as not to mess up the floor. Ric appreciates these little courtesies.

When Virginia and I returned to the hotel, the other passengers were ready and waiting. They were Jean Bogert, Elmer Perdue, Otto and Larry Stone. Elmer had raided the Stewart Hotel refrigerator to retrieve the flowers Ron and Burnett had forgotten to take the day before, and everybody was eager to be started.

Larry was his usual quiet self and I tried to remember to brace myself for the inevitable pun. He kept his peace, however, until we reached the city limits of Kelso. My guard was all the way down when he suddenly came out in his quiet, deadly manner with a pun that crossed the name of "Kelso" with "calcimine." I have yet to fully recover, and it is my hope that some con morning Larry will attempt to crawl into a window at Swamphouse when I am around.

We met Al Lewis, Bill Ellern and Brad Carlson at the motel across the street from the hospital, and we learned that the hospital was pretty much under Bjo's control by then. Visiting hours were anytime at all, the only rule being that no more than three visitors could be in the room at one time, and visits had to be limited to twenty minutes. The hospital had inadvertently left a loophole by not specifying how long a period was required between visits, so the girls were quite conscientious about complying with the two minor restrictions to forestall the possibility of giving the hospital an excuse to negotiate for a new contract.

When it was time to start another series of twenty-minute visits, I joined Jean and Virginia to make a party of three, and we journeyed up to room 220, which by now virtually constituted the headquarters for the hospital. Once there, the clammy realization came to me that I was in a room containing four girls, two beds, and not much else. The exact implications of this situation were not altogether clear to me, but the situation looked four times as bad as anything my parents had ever warned me about.

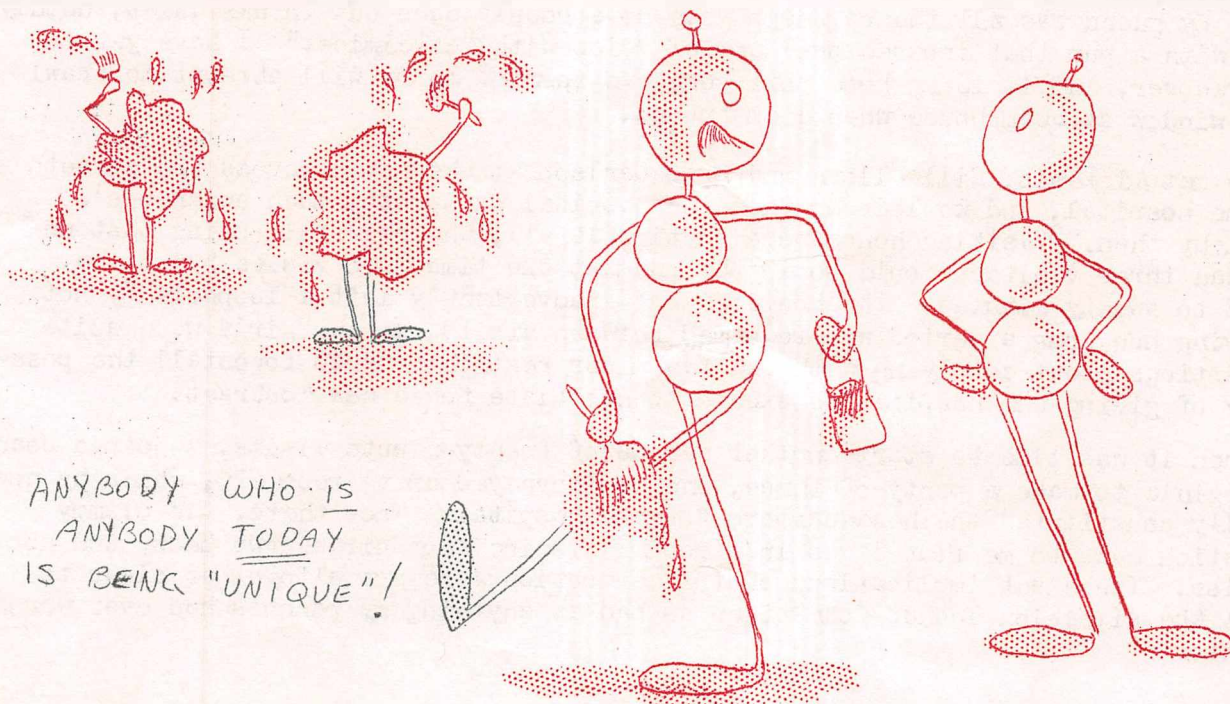
Aside from fluctuations in sound levels from scene to scene, and a tendency for the splices to frustrate the projector, the movie was a marvel. Al Lewis told me about other flaws in the film later, but despite the fact I was to see it four times, I never remembered to look for the mistakes. The all-star cast of Forry Ackerman, Fritz Leiber and Bjo looked like Hollywood's best to the fascinated audience, and the story that was told on the screen remains priceless. For me, this movie was the high point of the convention. This film should be perfected in time for the Detention, and you are an idiot fake-fan if you don't make an effort to see it. There will be no tattling about the plot from this direction.

After the show, Ron helped lug the projector down to my room where the picture could be shown later without bothering the party in 323. We also brought the typewriter down so that SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #111 could be completed.

Incidentally, any of you who have copies of SHAGGY #111 should look upon it with awe, for it has a history unequalled by any other fanzine in captivity. All the pages except the four printed in blue were in the trunk of the Peugeot when it lost its battle with the highway divider. Somehow the pages survived, and Ron brought them to Seattle from Kelso. He typed the four last stencils in the waning hours of the Fourth of July while the con raged just one floor above him. The stencils were later run off on the Fenden Gestetner, some 1,500 miles from where the issue had started.

While Ron was typing, I settled down on the bed to do some deep musing. For some reason everything seemed particularly -- well -- particularly "right." The Westercon was going smoothly despite my previous apprehensions about the affair; Ellick was typing stencils just as a trufan should. All this peace and contentment was boring, so I went to sleep.

I woke when Ron finished. A few fans who had missed seeing "The Genie" helped me set up the projector and I ran it through for them. This was during the wee small, and towards the end of the film the desk clerk called to inform me that too much noise was coming from my room. When they had rented the room to me for showing movies, they hadn't planned on me showing them at such strange hours. I apologized, making it last until the film was finished, and then shut down for the night.



My fears were slowly eased as a feminine fannish conversation began and continued for the allotted twenty minutes. When Virginia left the room, Djinn and Bjo remarked bitterly about how fiendish it was of Virginia to be so well groomed when visiting them while they were such messes. This surprised me since up to that time I had considered them to be anything but messes, but then living eight years in Swamphouse says little for one's sense of discernment. At least it didn't appear that Jean or I were causing them any such embarrassment.

By the time our visit had ended, Toskey had arrived from Seattle with Forry Ackerman. I loaded fans into my car for the return trip to Seattle, minus Elmer, who lost his nerve at the last minute and decided to ride back with Toskey, so the rest of us went on our way without him.

Back at the Moore Hotel, I realized I still hadn't shown any of the 35mm slides or 8mm movies. My projector wasn't equipped to take the cartridges in which Al Lewis had his slides loaded, so I ran out to Frank & G.M. Carr's place to borrow theirs. They courageously surrendered it to me after instructing me in its operation, and soon I was set up for business again in my room.

Fortunately Forry returned from Kelso in time to give the running commentary on the slides and movies. The hotel manager showed up with commendable timing near the end of the final movie to politely inform me that my neighbors were once again having trouble sleeping. The theater finally shut down for the last time, and we returned to 323 for the continuation of our convention.

I missed out on a good portion of the other conversations, being more interested in finding out the truth about Jean Bogert's original screenplay. This time I openly accused her of making the whole thing up as she went along. The only mistake I made was to point my finger at her during the accusations. Jean's front teeth work like buzz saws. Friends, remember never to point a finger at Jean Bogert!

Jean eventually grew tired of my skepticism and left to get some sleep. She was to prove me wrong anyway. While waiting at the airport for her plane to load, she let me look through the pages of her notebook where, to help me, it appeared that everything she had told me really was written down there in her own handwriting. Well, I realize I can't win all my arguments, but it would have been nice to be able to come out even just once.

Back at the other conversations, it became evident that many folks were suffering from acute starvation and wanted to do something about it. Ron Ellik, who is truly wise, mentioned that one very good way to cure starvation was to eat. Everyone rallied to this idea with the exception of Jim Webbert and Barbara Gratz. They just lay there on the bed, not even bothering to snore.

This became a matter of considerable concern. Which would these two fans resent more, being left out of the breakfast session or having their sleep interrupted. Ellik, thinking bitterly of Webbert's photograph taken the day before, suggested that covers be thrown over them and incriminating pictures taken. Considering the way the two of them were arranged, I could hardly imagine how the covers would make pictures any more incriminating. This judgement was not shared by Don Day, however. The tips of his moustache vibrated with emotion as he remarked on how innocent the two of them looked, lying there, oblivious to their surroundings. FMBusby said that if they were as innocent as all that, there would be no trouble covering them. We would only have to open a window, and robins would fly in to cover the innocents with leaves.

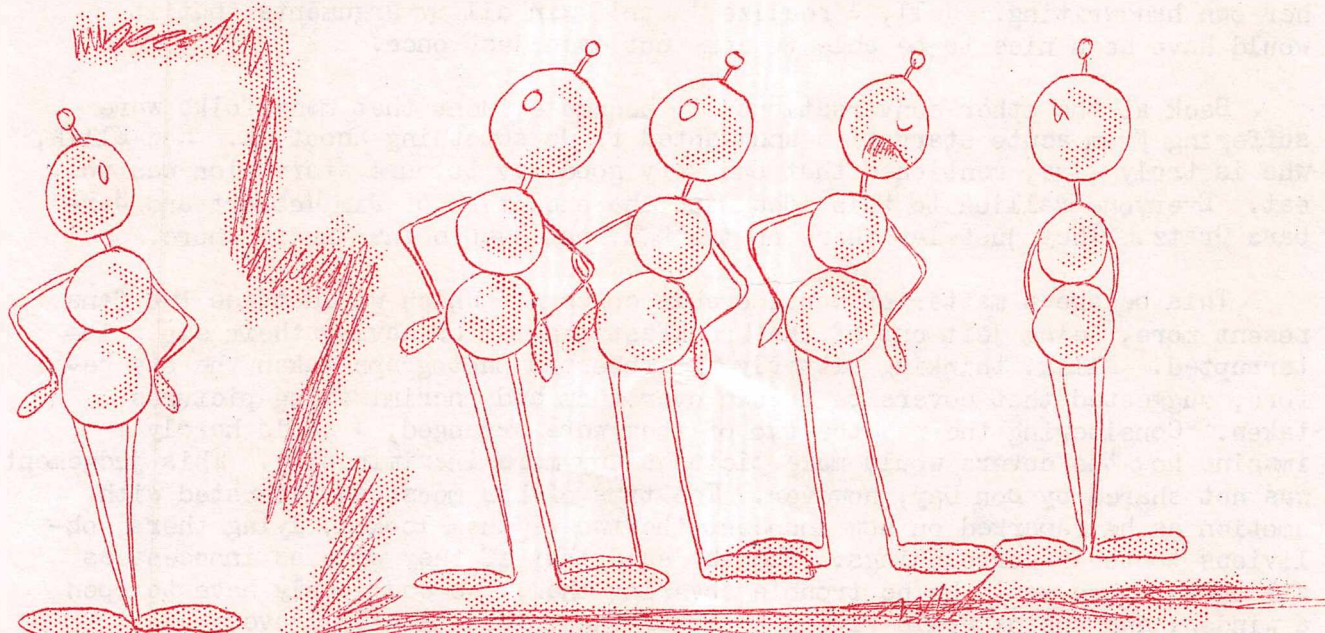
This fellow Busby reads a lot. The idea did have a poetic lilt to it, but no one expected it to have the effect that it did on Don Day. It was evidently the greatest idea Don had heard since the Oregon Centennial gave him his chance to grow his beard. It was soon obvious that Don wasn't going to leave until the robins had done justice by the innocents.

Unfortunately, Seattle robins are an unfeeling lot who wouldn't give an innocent any more attention than they would the average telephone wire. After looking in vain for a suitable Robin, Don determined that he would have to do the job himself. Grabbing the first newspaper in sight, he flitted lightly to the innocents' bedside and began strewing strips of tron newspaper over them. His face was alight with a goodness of purpose, and it was a sight to melt the hardest of hearts. Ron Ellik looked upon it with chagrin, however, as Don had been using one of the Longview papers, carrying the story of the Kelso accident, which Ron had intended for other purposes. Don's good intentions changed Jim Webbert, quickly, from a sleeping innocent to just another starved fan.

With no more innocents to worry about, we went in search of food. After FM Busby had tried to disconnect a sign proclaiming a closed restaurant to be open all night, we found a place with the rather unappetizing name of "The Doghouse". After an uneventful breakfast (once the waitress had become accustomed to Don Day's beard), we returned to the hotel where we parted company.

I suppose a lot of people would consider this to be the end of the Westercon, but for many of us it was only the start. The rules, unofficial though they were, stated that the Westercon would start when the first "foreign" fan arrived in Seattle, and would wind up only after the last out-of-town fan left. As of Monday, July 6, 1959, the last out-of-town fan hadn't even arrived yet.

The true story of the complete Westercon will probably never be completely assembled, because after Bjo, Djinn, and Al finished with our Westercon, it had been spread out over four towns and nearly three weeks of time. If the trip to Victoria could be included, we could take in two countries, and claim that Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip were part of the uncheduled program.



NOW, OF COURSE, WE ALL UNDERSTAND!

So this was our little regional convention that the "ameless put on in order to get some idea of what to expect in 1961 when we put on a real WorldCon. Sometimes I think about this before I go to sleep at night.

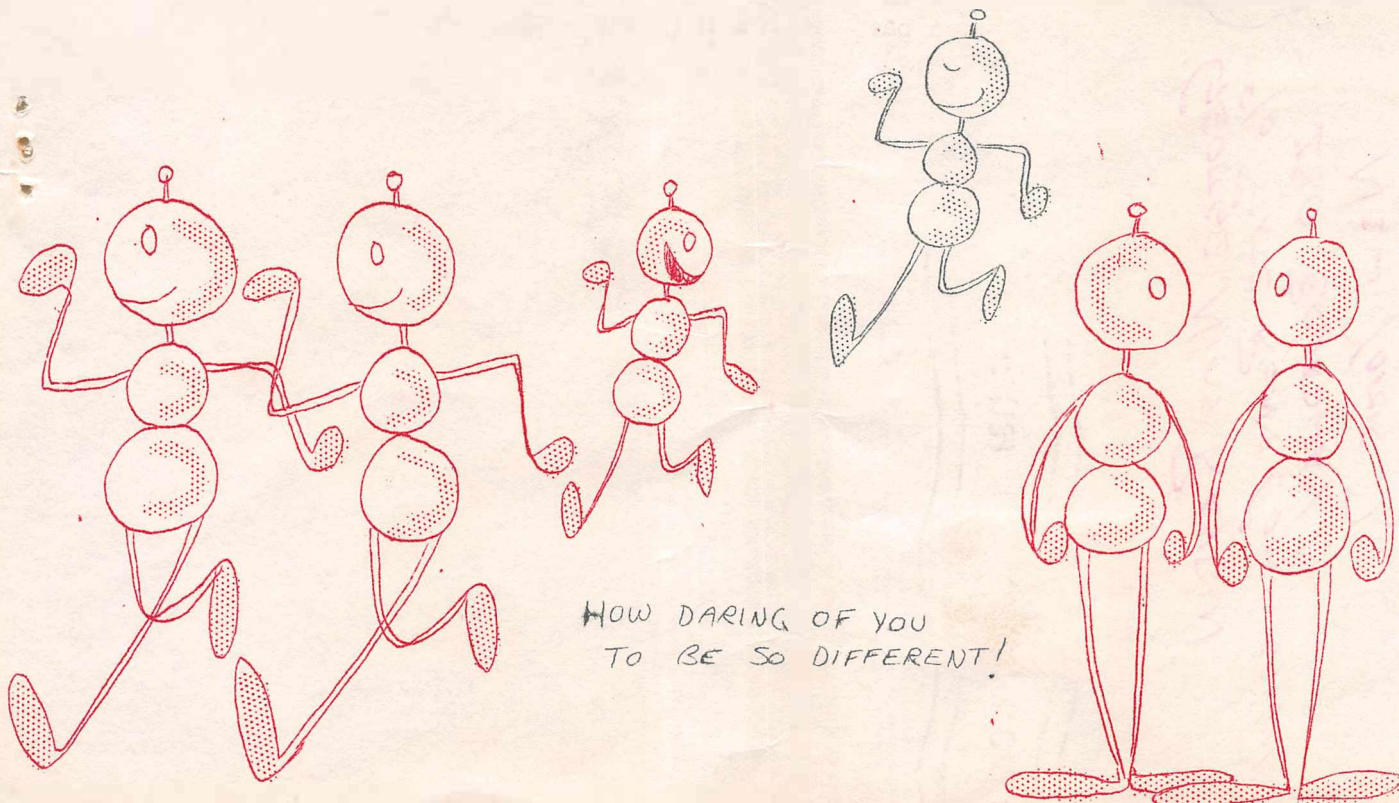
Invariably, I wake up screaming.

--glug--

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