



Shangri-L'Affaires  
51



uss jt drops anchor

Just after we'd finished up lastish, and mailed it out, someone mentioned that issue fifty was our "golden" anniversary, and that maybe we should have celebrated.

Yeah, I said, we could have run the cover on goldenrod of something. Maybe done it in four colors instead of three.

It was enough trouble as it was, shouted Bjo, silping her cream sherry on the couch.

No, said Bruce, we ought to really live it up...

Yeah, I agreed.

...like sacrificing the editor by cutting out his heart at midnight as he was spread-eagled across the Gestetner.

No, shouted Ern. Good old Ernie, coming to my defense.

We'd have a heck of a time getting all that blood off my Gestetner.

So we decided not to have any special sort of celebration....

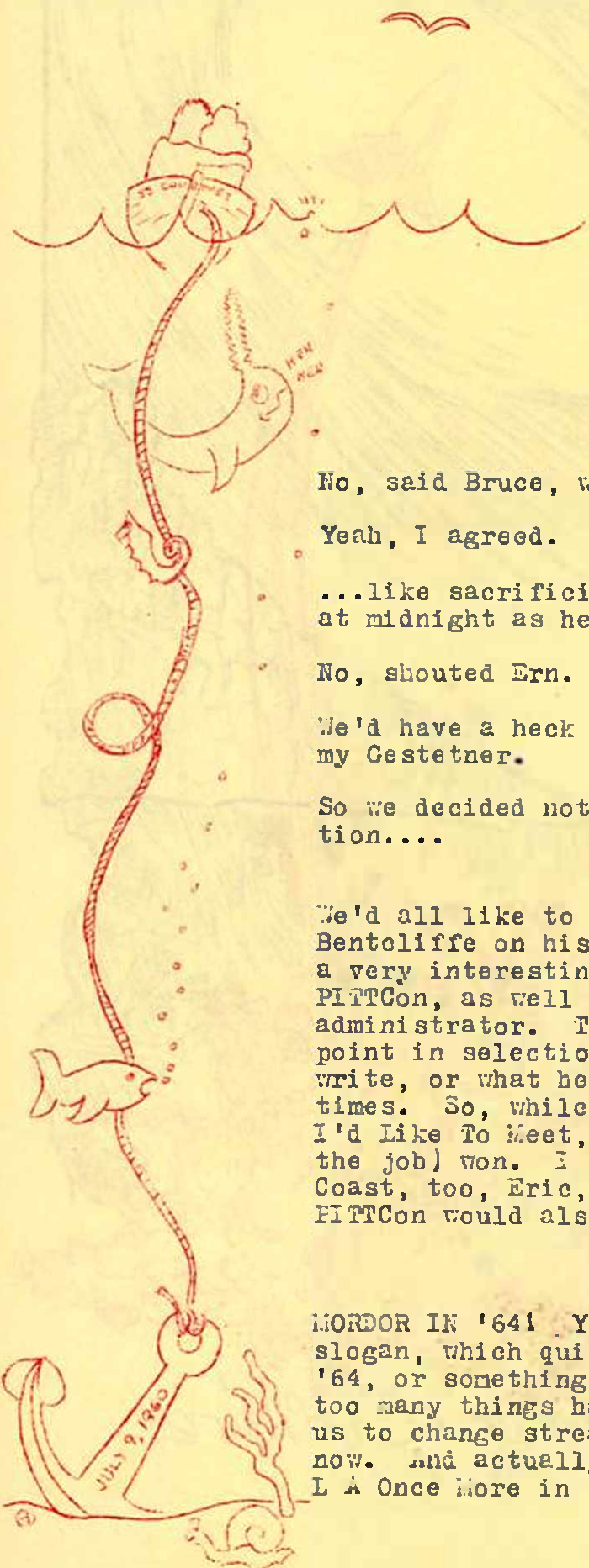
-oOo-

We'd all like to offer sincere congratulations to Eric Bentoliffe on his TAFF victory. Eric, I'm sure, will be a very interesting and entertaining addition to the PITCon, as well as a quite capable and competent TAFF administrator. To me, that latter is as important a point in selection of a TAFFman, as how well heshe can write, or what heshe's done in/for fandom in recent times. So, while Sanderson and Ashworth are both People I'd Like To Meet, I'm convinced that the best man (for the job) won. I do hope you can make it to the West Coast, too, Eric, for those of us who won't make the PITCon would also like to meet you.

-oOo-

MORDOR IN '64! Yes, and we mean that! It's a harmless slogan, which quite possibly should have been Gondor in '64, or something; but what's done is done, and a few too many things have been written around that slogan for us to change streams in the middle of the horse just now. And actually what we mean...and say we mean...is L A Once More in '64!

(cont'd on page 4)



# shangri- LAF FAIRIES

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DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 19 Aug.

is the o-o of the LA Science Fantasy Society (Meetings every Thursday, 8 p.m., 2548 W. 12th St, LA 6, visitors welcome), and appears largely bi-monthly from the

EDITORIAL ADDRESS: 980½ White Knoll Dr., L A 12. We huckster these things at 25¢ per each, 5/\$1 (LASFS Members get it for 15¢), but we'd prefer letters of comment, trades, written or drawn contributions, and like that. If you ~~\*\*\*\*~~ ~~1/6~~ move, we'd appreciate a coa of some sort, or you risk not getting future issues. PLEASE make checks payable to the editor (see below); the Bank of A won't recognize me as S-L'A.

## STAFF :

Editor/John Trimble	Ass't Ed/E Mug Cox
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Kibitzing/Billern, Typo, G. Mouser	Happy Birthday/Ted Johnstone, Joyce Bailey, Rotsler, Sneary, Spindrift, Steve Tolliver
Artwork/Bjo, Don Simpson, Rotsler, Al Andrews, and??	Weddings/Mr&Mrs Dale Froy, & Bjo & I.

july 1960

4  
There's a school of thought just beginning to form which assumes that there shouldn't be any competition in the choice of convention cities. It seems that if a city really wants a convention, or has been long enough without one, all rivals should drop out of the running, and let the others have it without opposition.

There are good precedents against this idea. Remember the stiff competition San Francisco put up--unsuccessfully--for the '53 WorldCon? And how it was handed to them in '54...when they didn't really want it... because they "deserved it". I'm not saying that the SFCon was a bad convention; just that the group would have been much more enthusiastic had they won the '53 bid.

The only time this unopposed bid is worth a damn is when there's a strong fanish tradition in favor of the con...South Gate in '58... or when a city is truly unopposed...Seattle in '61. On the other hand, strong competition seems almost bound to produce a couple of good conventions--when the loser is still enthusiastic--as witness the Detroit-Chicago battle at the SoLCon. Detroit put on a very entertaining and worthwhile con, and judging by the noises still coming from Chicago, if we Go ChicaGo in '62, we'll have a similarly good time.

Right now, there's growing sentiment in Los Angeles for a WorldCon in 1964. Admittedly, we'll have had one only six years past at that time, and there are other cities on the West Coast that have been longer without a WorldCon. Even if one of those cities should bid, I can't see why LA should drop out of the running; in fact, I think the competition will be insurance of a good convention.

-oOo-

Yes, we've raised the price on this mess. Since our supply of cheap white paper dried up, and we've found that unborn kleenex to be impossible for various reasons, we've had our paper bill go up. And with these larger issues, the postage bill is high, too. So we need a higher outside support. SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE NOTE: If you've got a b sub now, we'll honor it at the old rate. As of this, renewals, and new subs are at the new rate.

Dave Rike's Fanzine Material Pool seems like a workable idea. Dave has enough knowledge of Fandom As It Really Is to make his fmp workable, whereas the N3F bureau has never given itself a chance. So, CONTRIBUTORS PLEASE NOTE: Any unsolicited manuscripts that we can't use will be forwarded to Dave for fmp, unless you send along that old standard, the self-addressed, stamped envelope. Okay?

We have changed the name of the StfReview Column again. This is mentioned in the lead-off of the column, but I'm devoting this space to it to clear things up completely.

Al Andrews sent in the long review appearing this, and the comments preceeding it, calling the whole thing "A Walk Through Infinity". The impression it gave us was that he meant this to be a column title, and not something for this one review. So we're replacing it for "The Golden Journey". Okay, Al?

-oOo-

By the time this issue is in most of your mailboxes, Bjo and I will be married. As things stand now, we'll become Mr and Mrs Trimble at 1pm, Saturday, July 9th, in Long Beach. Of course, we might get cold feet, and chicken out...or get nervous and elope to some improbable place like Arizona or Nevada.

Actually, with all the trouble we've had, we should have chickened out when the chickening was good. Bjo, when she went in the Navy, used her then-current step-father's name, McCarthy. Wells was her married name, and when she got her final divorce papers, she was awarded her maiden name back. Except that McCarthy isn't her legal maiden name, says LA County. So we had to explain the Conway, Harmon, McCarthy, Wells bit to the nice woman. She called her supervisor. The supervisor was puzzled. Well, she said, Conway was your father's name, so that ought to be the name you use.

But I've never used it, Bjo said.

What name did you use longest?

Harmon, but I graduated from High School and entered the Navy as Betty McCarthy. And that was the name I used when I was married before, in Orange County.

Hmmm; I guess we should do it like--Betty Conway, Harmon, aka McCarthy.

Oh sure, said Bjo, I can just see it now, 'Do you Betty Conway, Harmon, also known as McCarthy, take John Trimble to be...'.  
 \*\*\*

Well, said the nice supervisor, since it was awarded by court order, I suppose McCarthy is your legal name. It has been registered, hasn't it?

The lawyer said....

We called Santa Ana, the county seat of Orange County, cleared up that matter, and finally got our license. We might even make it to the altar yet.

---uss jt.

[fmp] IS A WORTHY IDEA — WHY NOT  
 SUPPORT IT? SEND MATERIAL, ILLOS,  
 AND ADS TO THE FANZINE MATERIAL POOL.  
 READ THE [FMP] NEWSLETTER TO FIND THE  
 MATERIAL YOU NEED FOR YOUR FANZINE.  
 ASK DAVE RIKE, 750 - 60th ST, OAKLAND 9,  
 CALIFORNIA ABOUT THIS SET-UP — AND  
 LOOK FOR MORE INFO IN FANAC.

Westercon I	1948	Los Angeles	Sponsored by LASFS, E.E. Evans, chairman
II	1949	Los Angeles	LASFS, Walt Daugherty
III	1950	Los Angeles	Outlander Society, Freddie Hershey
IV	1951	San Francisco	Golden Gate Futurian Society, W. Knapphoid
V	1952	San Diego	Roger Nelson & Bill Nolan
VI	1953	Los Angeles	LASFS, Forrest J. Ackerman
VII	1954	San Francisco	Little Men - combined with the SFCon
VIII	1955	Los Angeles	Chesley Donovan Foundation, Lou Kovner
IX	1956	Oakland	Marilyn & Paul Tulley
X	1957	Hollywood	Chesley Donovan & LASFS, Lou Kovner
XI	1958	Los Angeles	Outlanders - combined with the Solacon
XII	1959	Seattle	Nameless Ones, Fil Busby
XIII	1960	Boise	Guy & Diane Terwilliger

# 13 years of Westercons

#The authors wish to state that names and dates are correct to the best of their knowledge, but where reference material had to give way to memory errors may have slipped in. --JT #

It was the late E. Everett Evans who conceived and promoted the idea of having an annual West Coast Science-Fantasy Conference. His idea was that they should be patterned after the very successful Midwescos---simple, one-day, regional get-togethers with a few formal talks, an auction to cover expenses, and a chance for a general, informal gabfest. The first three conferences followed this format: they were one-day affairs, held in cheaply rented halls with fairly little ballyhoo. Admission was free, with the sponsoring group depending on the auction to meet its expenses. Local talent was drawn on for the programs, including such names as Ray Bradbury, the van Vogts, Sam Russell, R. S. Richardson, and, of course, the eternal Mr. Ackerman.

At this late date we cannot remember who first thought of the name "Westercon," but it appears on the second Westercon's program booklet. This booklet announced what was probably the conference's first statement of policy: "The Westercon is open for bids from any other Pacific city. However, should another spot not be selected it will be held annually by the LASFS.

The Outlander Society staged the 3rd Westercon as part of its program to publicize "South Gate in '58" as well as a chance to gain practical experience. Thanks to the generosity of Chesley Bonestell, who donated about thirty of his paintings to the auction, and the co-operation and kindness of Doc Richardson who delivered a fine talk and slide show, it was a great success.



The Golden Gate Futurian Society obtained the bid for the 4th Westercon, <sup>7</sup> the first one held outside of Los Angeles. It was the first to charge a registration fee, and to last more than one day. While the previous Westercons had been rather "dry" affairs, the GGFS set up a bar next to the hall, and there was a banquet as part of the evening program. Many Bay Area pros spoke for the first time, while George Pal was guest of honor. Arrangements were also made with a local theatre for the attendees to see a special midnight showing of Orpheus, the French film by Jean Cocteau.

But the Westercons were to get bigger. With the fifth, they moved to San Diego, and it's remembered as the first of the Big Ones. Bradbury was Guest of Honor, and there were two days filled with talks, films, plays, banquets, and auctions. Boucher made the first of his attempts to form a Guild of Fantasy Writers, while George Adamski showed up to speak on flying saucers. The fans and pros arrived early and started on a round of parties. All contributed to making it, in the memory of those who attended, the Most Enjoyable of all the Westercons.

In 1953 the conference returned to Los Angeles, but did not break the now established pattern of being held over a whole weekend. This was the first of two cons held at the Hotel Commodore. Gerald Heard was Guest of Honor, and the most distant guest was Tetsuo Yano from Japan.

The World Science Fiction conference was held in San Francisco in 1954, and rather than hold a separate conference that might conflict, one day of the Worldcon was declared Westercon day, with Jack Williamson as Guest of Honor for the Westercon while John Campbell received the honor from the SFCon.

Meanwhile, back in LA and environs, a new fan group had formed, under the title of The Chesley Donaven Foundation. These were younger fans, but highly talented ones, and their Westercon at the Commodore in '55 is remembered as one of the better ones, both from the social and artistic viewpoint. Guest of Honor Mel Hunter presented the first exhibition of his work to fandom.

In '56 the Westercon again moved North, this time to Oakland. The group headed by the Tulloys had taken over after the group that had made the bid went gaffa, and succeeded in putting on a con that was enjoyable to fans and pros, and paid expenses as well. But the tendency to overcrowd the program, and to lean toward "slick" professionalism was beginning to show.

With the Worldcon in London in 1957 some of the local fans thought we should go "all out" to put on a "worldcon-size" conference for the benefit of those who could not hope to get to the LonCon. Members of the Chesley Donovan Foundation, aided by members of the IASFS, sponsored the Really Big Westercon X, held at the rather expensive Hotel Knickerbocker in Hollywood. It was a four day affair, with plugs on radio and TV, a press party featuring Vicki (backless) Dougan and an expensive campaign to bring in hordes of people. There was a marked lack of response, possibly due in part to 100° weather that drove many mundane types off to beach or mountains. In the end, only the usual fans and pros showed up, to be overcharged by the hotel for everything. Although some 450 people wandered through at one time or another, the financial loss was heavy. Still, for the fans who did come despite the expense, it was a very enjoyable con, which only proves that fans and pros will have a good time together, regardless. Still, though the program material was interesting, thought-provoking, and entertaining, there was more than necessary, a far cry from the simple, semi-formal conferences of the early days.

The 11th Westercon followed the precedent set at San Francisco by being combined with the

8 Solacon, the last day being designated as Westercon day. As part of the Worldcon, its program was designed to fit the overall plan, but two of the most popular items on the program were saved for the last day. The Futuristic Fashion Show was sponsored by LASFS and directed by Bjo, and "Alice in Thrilling-Wonder Land" a playlet written by Karen Anderson was sponsored by the Little Men. During the business session a new precedent was set when Seattle won out over San Diego, and for the first time the conference moved out of California.

The Seattle Westercon seemed to switch the trend back to the friendly, semi-formal get-to-gether. From the reports it was an enjoyable con, although being so far from the fannish population centers of California, it was the smallest of the Westercons. And some thought there wasn't enough program.

The Westercon tradition--if there can be said to be such a thing--received another twist of its tail. Due to a breakdown in communication the LASFS bid was presented as a "we'll take it if nobody else wants it" type bid. This was based on the expectation that either Berkeley or San Diego or both would be bidding. But nobody from those cities showed up, and when Guy Terwilliger announced that he actually wanted the bid, the delegates who had expected to send the conference back to California the following year awarded him the plum. Boise won the bid because Guy's popularity, capability, and willingness contrasted so favorably with the violent apathy of the three California cities to taking on the job.

So this year the Westercon--let's call it the Lucky 13th--is in Boise. We can't predict what it will be like, though the attendance will be smaller than the California cons. Still, it should be successful for those who do attend. The Terwilligers are hard workers, and, as witness TWIG, the BEST OF FANDOM, Do Good Work. Your writers had hoped to make the Boycon themselves, for it sounds like everyone should be in for a good time, and that, after all, is what conferences are for.

One of the things to be presented at the Boycon will be a Rotation Plan, for discussion but not for voting. The purpose of the plan, worked out by fans north and south, is to equalize the siting of Future Westercons so that both Northwestern and Southwestern fans will get a fair shake when it comes to bidding for the annual conferences. The plan, which it is hoped will settle differences as did the World Con Rotation Plan, will be submitted to the 1961 Westercon Committee, whoever they may be, who will be asked to circulate copies with their first progress report so that all interested fans in the six western states will have an opportunity to vote one way or another.

As to 1961, and Westercon 14, who is to say? We have heard that San Diego and Berkeley, at least, will be making bids. The Bay area seems to have the edge right now, but both cities have put on good conferences in the past, with San Diego having gone the longest without a con. The fans who have done such good work in the past are not around to help with the new one, but Westercons have always been fortunate in having excellent speakers and committees who have made every effort to produce a good show, and we are sure that whatever group gets the bid will do a good job. The history of the Estercons is a record of successful cooperation that all fandom can be proud of.

--Len Moffatt and Rick Sneary

SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010!

SEATTLE IN '61

CHICAGO IN '62

DC IN '63

MORDOR IN '64



# MENACE OF THE lasts

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The treasury this time fell to a low of \$78.08, making us feel we should go out and rob a bank, or something. The Bloch Persuasion Committee (Bjo) reported that Bob had sequestered himself in a Hollywood cubicle and was busy scabbing on the actor's strike or writing counterfeit Chinese Fortune Cookies -- something like that. Forry chimed in with the information that Bob was writing a speech for Ted Johnstone to deliver, so we would hear from Bob at the Fanquet after all.

Ernie Wheatley announced that he refused to wear a necktie to the affair, which led to discussion of throwing a special party to introduce Ernie to neckties, beginning with a stout hemp one. As Bruce Pelz put it, "Consider the welfare of the club rather than your own personal comfort. Or we'll hit you."

The TV rerun of "Monster From Mars" was discussed and it was decided that there are things Man Was Never Meant to See. Especially certain s.f. horror movies.

-- 1178th Meeting

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The meeting was begun rather late and various members were yakking it up and enjoying the obscenity until the Director got the upper hand (the one that contained the gavel) and called the club to disorder at 8:28:30. Conversation veered to a discussion of guest speakers and Zeke suggested a friend of his, the oldest nudist in the U.S. We presumed he was unaccustomed to public speaking and didn't endorse the proposal. Terry Bartfield suggested the Foss demonstration of seeing while blindfolded, the so-called "Sightless-Sight." Billern spoke on the entertainment situation. At times the club has been sufficiently unruly that speakers left with a poor impression of the club. We decided to be ruly for a lecturer. It was also generally felt that we wanted both occasional speakers and meetings where we could let our hair down.

1180th Meeting

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After a series of puns, the meeting went completely out of hand, with a rising tide of hysteria and reactionism sweeping through the room. In a burst of reform, the club voted to ban plonkers from the meeting despite heroic attempts from the podium to scuttle, becloud, defame, shout down, overrule, sidetrack, and ignore the motion, all counterattacks being conducted simultaneously. Bjo called for the question and Ted loaded his plonker noisily, pointed it at her, and asked in a voice drooling with Menace. "Any questions?" An attempt to have the Director and Sergeant-at-Arms remain armed for the good of the ~~club~~ membership (Bruce Pelz to be appointed Sergeant-at-Arms, naturally) was carried by the Director, five for and fifteen against. It was similarly ruled out of order than a 25¢ fine be levied for plonks fired during the business meeting, and that a separate accounting be made of this money, and so no mention of these deplorable miscarriages of justice will be revealed in these minutes.

Nameless J. Nameless stood up and predicted an 85% majority in favor of a reformed Directorate -- not a new Directorate, just a sobered-up present one -- and a vote of confidence bore him out. The following is an accurate census of opinion:

Rick Sneary: Things could be better, but they are far better now than the times when things were run very precisely and with much hatred and bickering in the club.

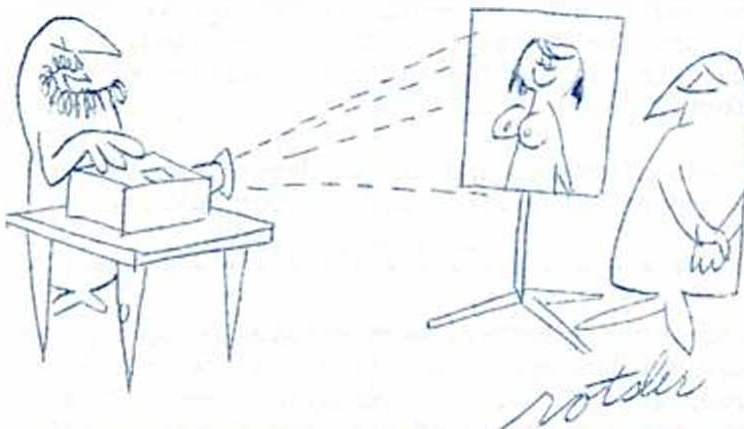
Bjo: We are all guilty of one thing: being terribly impolite. Further, nobody instructed the present Directorate how to Direct; they have to make their own rules.

Ted: The majority knows what it wants; the majority must co-operate.

Larry Gurney suggested that members having new business submit same in writing prior to the meeting. This was passed. After much clamoring about the Egobuck, it was decided that the Directorate met the qualifications of a Continuing Body to decide who merited the award. In the stillness that followed, ~~guest~~ Dick Balch asked quietly "What's an Egobuck?"

1181st Meeting

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The Egobuck Committee reported that the Egobuck Gestencil tore as it was being separated from the backing sheet -- the first instance this has ever happened in the history of Fandom. We should have known this would happen.

Ted Johnstone revealed that LASFS has the greatest concentration of SAPS members per square than any other.

Zeke volunteered to make a hekto jelly-graph for inexpensive printing of post-sared announcements, maintaining that any cook could make one. He vowed to make it work or eat it. We suggested he try

THE ARTIST SHOWS SOME SLIDES HE HAS MOUNTED

Strawberry flavor gelatine, just in case, and the Secretary pointed out Bloch's Law of Hektography: A Hekto will produce 25 readable copies, 15 unreadable copies, and 10 smears.

1182nd Meeting

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An article in the local paper detailing the marriage of a Mr. Palmer and a Miss Shaver. The exact connotation was mysterious. At which point, enter Dick Daniels bearing a futuristic silver helmet with flashing veeblefeltzer attachments. "Gee," Dick Geis asked, "Do you wear it -- or obey it?" We turned out the lights to see it flash in all its glory.

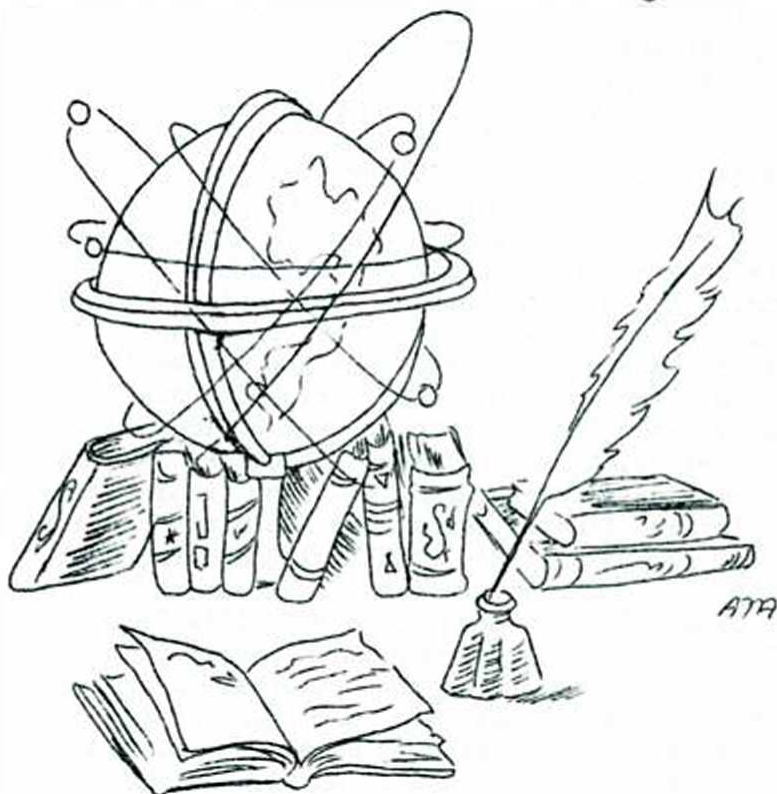
There was renewed discussion on the '64 West Coast Worldcon, with the possible competition of SF and LA. One member pointed out that there may not be inter-California rivalry because there may not be a San Francisco in 1964. "It's San Andreas Fault," hinted the Secretary, darkly.

1183rd Meeting

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Respectfully Submitted,  
Jack Harness

# A Walk Through Infinity



WE'VE CHANGED THE NAME OF THIS // THING AGAIN, AND... Here, I'll let Al Andrews explain:

The first hellish demon one meets in writing a review is the problem of what to title it. Of course, there is the almost overpowering urge to somehow incorporate the word "book" into said title, but then realizing this is far too mundane, one runs hopelessly the gauntlet of such synonyms as volume, tome, folio, and even such mad extremities as duodecimo and incunabula, but to no avail. So, at last, one comes to the attempt of fashioning a title that is in some way symbolic of the perusal of books. "A Walk Through Infinity" is an attempt, in so much as sf and fantasy books are an expression of the infinity of ideas, concepts, living creatures, worlds, emotions, and sciences. They are a cosmos holding all things imaginable, and it is the intent to take from time to time a casual yet critical walk through that infinity.

FOUR FOR THE FUTURE, ed. by Groff Conklin, Pyramid, 1959, 160pp, 35¢

One is almost tempted to believe that Groff Conklin is a mammoth creature composed solely of eyes that read at staccato pace sf magazines by the masses for the purpose of compiling anthologies faster than the conventional human creature can read them. Now, under the auspices of Pyramid, comes forth another, made up of four novelets by leading sf writers.

First, is "Enough Rope" by Poul Anderson, from Astounding, July 1953. This is an engaging problem story in which the reader is given the answer within several pages, and then compelled to wait around and see the fun of the answer in action. The characterization is not intended to be particularly strong, yet Anderson describes his characters quite colorfully at times: "He is robes were a barbaric shout of color, as if he were draped in fire and rainbows, and the volume of his speaking made the fine crystal ornaments in the audience chamber tremble and sing over so faintly." Although no classic or story of landmark proportions, it is a swiftly paced yarn of good adventure and wit.

The second entry is "The Claustrophile" by Theodore Sturgeon. Sturgeon is a craftsman who has spent years perfecting his art, and I have never seen him write poorly. In this Galaxy reprint, (August 1956) the writing is as artful as ever, but the story is ballooning lacking. It is a creative but futile attempt to re-heat and make palatable a terribly cold and stiflingly stale plot: that eons ago a spacecraft crashed on earth, and its occupants sired descendants that were out of place



12 on our mundane speck of mud and belong in the interstellar reaches. Sturgeon delineates his characters with undeniable lucidity, skewering their emotional minutiae on beautiful barbs of screaming clarity. As Damon Knight says in his In Search of Wonder: "He has cold-bloodedly studied the things that make people angry, afraid, pitying, embarrassed, worshipful and mortared them into his stories. He writes about people first and other marvels second." Flot-wise this story is a stale and s hoddy affair; as another startling lesson in Sturgeonian prose it is quite captivating.

The third of this foursome is "The Children's Hour" by Lawrence O'Donnell, one of the Kuttner pseudonyms. When Catherine Moore married Henry Kuttner in 1940 two writing styles merged smoothly into one, until even they have said that they did not know who wrote what of their prodigious output. While Conklin denies that it is a fantasy, moody shades and tints of C.L. Moore fantasy color the entire novel throughout the structure of the Kuttner plotting. The basic theme is the attempt by hypnosis to remove a mental block of a soldier who has a mental blank of a year's duration. By extended flash-backs in his trance-state we see the unfolding of an ill-starred love affair between him and a strange and lovely girl. The story is strangled by redundancy, and the over-all sense of wonder that could have been achieved is pushed, jiggled, and jostled, to the point of flavorless exhaustion. The ending is prolonged to the point of awkwardness so that the final revelation is sapped of its impact. The color is often enticing, and Kuttner's touches of common-man rationalism are reassuring, but there is a willful wandering that should not have been allowed.

The final fling is Eric Frank Russell's "Plus-X" from Astounding of June 1956. I am pro-Russell, though it is purely on the basis of plain entertainment as opposed to startling concept or sheer writing beauty. Russell is a skillful writer, but I doubt if he has ever written a "beautiful" line in his life. This is a problem story that is clever, laughable, and totally enjoyable. The problem is when imprisoned on an alien planet during war-time how does one escape? The answer is that you simply befuddle, bewilder, and bamboozle the enemy until he swings open the prison doors and asks you to leave. Plain style writing, wit, and cleverness in plotting achieve another entertaining success by Eric Frank Russell.

In the final accounting we have two problem stories of good quality, with Anderson taking the honors in color, and Russell copping perhaps the more clever of the gimmicks. One weary-themed but nice characterization lesson from Theodore Sturgeon and a somewhat disappointing Moore-Kuttner science-fantasy wanderer. True, the Titan of Anthologies has not put together a very superlative collection here, but then aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. So still a fair buy at 35¢. Try it.

---Al Andrews

NEW MAPS OF HELL, by Kingsley Amis, Harcourt, Brace, 1960, 161pp, \$3.95

I suspect that by the time this gets into print, you will have already read a good many words about this book, and that most of them will be nasty. This will not be due simply to the well-known choler and high standards of the science-fiction reviewers; there are many things in here to irritate even the blindest and most indiscriminating reader. A random sampling from a page and a half of notes:

Amis is sloppy about data: He takes Horace Gold's fantasies about circulation seriously (p.57). He thinks TLLA still exists (p.58). He thinks the average sf reader is "likely to belong to a fan club" (p.59). He writes that there are few positive utopias in sf, and later classifies The Syndic as "a chronicle of minor wars following upon a major one."

Amis's style is irritating: He can no more resist an ironic aside than / 3 some others can resist a pun, and he will settle for an arch one if irony is not available. (e.g.: a long digression on pulpzine ads.) After the first fifty pages, this begins to wear on your nerves.

Amis's opinions are...well, s trange: "Fredric Pohl [is] the most consistently able writer science fiction, in the modern sense, has produced." There is not space here to explain Amis's reasons for this statement, (perhaps the most remarkable I have read since John Campbell's editorial on the Dean Drive) which he devotes a chapter to elaborating; let me say I do not find them compelling. His high valuation of Pohl is coupled with a low one of Kornbluth, and this leads him, in his analysis of The Space Merchants to assign authorship of sections and themes in a manner exactly opposite to current folklore. (I don't know whether Amis or the folklore is right and I don't expect ever to find out.) I could run this list out for five pages, but it doesn't matter; none of the above criticism matters. New Maps of Hell is one of the two best books of science fiction criticism I have read.

The same week I read New Maps of Hell I read a symposium gathered by Earl Kemp, "Who Killed Science Fiction?" Kemp's book is a good piece of work, but it is filled with dozens of contributions, all saying the same thing in a slightly different tone of voice. In part this is because of its peculiar nature; the contributions are answers to a set of questions—but in large measure it is symptomatic of a general disease. The overwhelming majority of science fiction criticism being published (pro or fan) seems an attempt to repeat, in a slightly more witty or polished manner, something that was said by someone else a long time ago. (Since, more often than not, "someone else" is Damon Knight, the attempt is usually unsuccessful.)

This cannot be said against Amis. Bad data and incomplete data he may have, but it has been gathered by his own hand. Some of his conclusions may be ludicrous, but they are his own conclusions; and since he is not unintelligent, some of them are valid as well as new. A case in point is his observation (made not only here but in his introduction to The Sound of H is H orn) that the hells of science fiction are urban, those of fantasy, rural. Although exceptions come to mind (two by Leiber: "Smoke Ghost" and "The Enchanted Forest") this is in the main true, even obvious, and one's first reaction to the statement is, "Why didn't I think of that?" I didn't think of it, because I'm stupid, to forestall the obvious reply, but why didn't you? You didn't because you were too busy telling us John Campbell was a fugghead. Well, we know John Campbell is a fugghead; why don't you go out and look at some science fiction for a change, and come back and tell us what you see? Before you go, read Amis; he'll show you the technique.

--Sid Coleman

FLESH by Philip Jose Farmer, Beacon Books #277, 35¢

"Spaceman by DAY...MONSTER by night! Peter Stagg was caught in the vilest trap ever devised---his own lust-driven body!....This was the Earth that worshipped the lusts of FLESH---where a maiden's most pious hope was to be chosen for a perverse mass orgy---where the temples were houses of carnal rites---where science was devoted to generating uncontrollable sexual passions. Into this FLESH-adoring world Peter Stagg was plunged, to find himself changed by this queer new science into something part man, part beast, part god. His FLESH was stronger than ten men's, his desires were driven by alien hormones in his blood, and each morning his tortured mind recoiled from the memory of what his body had done the night before!"

What the blurb to this latest Galaxy Novel doesn't tell is that this is also a good story. I imagine Pearson went to Phil Farmer and said, "Write us a sex novel." He did; he wrote a rollicking erotic tale that will not disappoint the blurb-buyer. He also wrote a logically extrapolated story with sound anthropology and a sense of humor.

We have had futuristic fertility cults before, but Farmer has created a set of background conditions that make his religion not only logical but inevitable. In the 22nd century Earth was scourged by holocaust; cities were levelled, floods ravished the topsoil, and volcanoes scorched the fields. Man was left with a world depleted not only of people but of the very land from which his food must come. And so the crop-yield became his overriding concern; from his need was born not only a religion of a mother-Goddess and orgiastic rites of sympathetic magic, but a society where a pig-raiser is a highly honored citizen, and nightsoil is the indispensable fertilizer.

Into this world come the returning personnel of the first interstellar expedition, preserved 800 years beyond their day by the Fitzgerald contraction. Captain Stagg, as much because of his name as his magnificent physique, is received with the greatest reverence and given the greatest honor this society can bestow. He is surgically outfitted with a pair of antlers which are really glands making him super-virile, and launched on a career as Sunhero, with the purpose of impregnating as many women as time will allow. The time is six months, for at the summer solstice, Stagg is destined for ritual death. Stagg's problem is how to get out of the orgy circuit before the six months are up when his fantastic virilify will not permit him to exist without several dozen women a night.

This is a delightfully farcical idea, and the story abounds in equally tongue-in-cheek problems. There are the Caseys who wear duck-billed caps and play baseball with a steel bat and a spiked iron ball. There is the heroine who passes through uncounted dangers and indignities and remains virtuously unsullied, which idea has a peculiar filip in the context and from the fact that the hero's hyperactive gonads are repeatedly frustrated through no fault of his. We first meet Mary Casey in an iron cage where the sunhero can't reach her, since he is supposed to deflower her as the climax to his six-month orgy, a prospect which does not enamor Mary of her prospective ravisher. She is released---and captured---by a band of marauding homosexual Phillies from the "City of Brotherly Love."

But it is the serious issues raised which give this story unexpected depth. The Phillies present not only an alternative to the religion of the Goddess, but an interesting commentary on the more intolerant forms of all religions. Sarvant, the Christian missionary from the ship, is outraged by the sexual license of the DeoDeo society, and in turn outrages it. Churchill, the first mate, carries on a love affair with Robin, who is joyfully to bear a child to the Sunhero, and finds he must come to terms with the altered mores of this society not only in his public life but in his personal. This is a sex novel, and all of these episodes are concerned with different phases of man's relationship to sex, but what the novel itself is driving at is only apparent in the epilog---and then the whole story is perceived to have an unsuspected unity of theme.

The story is neatly conceived; just a bit too neatly, perhaps, for The Old Sow, John Barleycorn, Tom Tobacco, and some of the others are delightful conceits, but fit rather too thoroughly into the author's anthropological type-case to seem spontaneous products of a real society. But the most serious flaw is to give the book two heroes and continually shift scene from one to the other. Undoubtedly we see the society in greater depth through the penetrating eyes of Churchill than the obsessed-but-happy eyes of Stagg, but when the reader must shift from one to the other, he loses both momentum and identification. BUT the story is whoops of fun, thoughtful, exciting, serious, and like all of Farmer, original. Enthusiastically recommended.

---Al Lewis



THE MASTER, by T H White, GP Putnam's Sons, NY, and Thomas Allen, Ltd., Toronto, /5  
1957. 256 pages.

From detailed and intricate fantasies, full of accurate data and marvelous pointed humor, T H White goes to a modern juvenile novel which manages to contain a flavor of his more familiar--to fans--style of writing.

This is a "children's story" only in the sense that most English juvenile books are; it has the childishness of youth combined with the rather adult--compared with American children--acceptance of facts that one finds so often in British literature.

The Master is a sort of "Treasure Island" of stories; a bare rocky island that contains a hidden underground area which is inhabited and controlled by a 157-year-old man who would be master of the world. A strange assortment of people are held in thrall by the Master's powers, and the young twins who accidentally discover the island's secret are kidnapped to be held prisoner in the intriguing rock.

The resultant adventures when the twins try to escape, and try to gain the assistance of people whose minds are controlled by The Master, are quite absorbing. T H White writes with wit and some sarcasm of people and world situations; the reactions of the various newspapers and magazines to The Master's ultimatum is acidly and accurately limned.

This book would be fun to buy and read before giving away to your young relatives; or a fine addition to the library of the T H White fancier. Light, fun, and English; a winning combination for a small book.

---Bjo.

#### S P E C I A L R E V I E W :

THE BIG THREE: TEN YEARS IN RETROSPECT, Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl. NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. FAPA, May 1960, 24 pages.

This is a report--very exacting, too-- of almost all that has happened in the last ten years to the prozines Astounding, Galaxy, and Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. In this, the first of a series of Polestar Chapbooks, Redd covers each of the magazines under four sub-headings. The broadest category, "General Review", delineates the number of issues published during the decade, general appearance of the mag, and editorial practices. "Features and Articles" presents information on the columns, articles, and the like that were published; "Fiction" covers the high and low spots of the stories, citing Redd's favorites and noting trends in the sorts of stories published. Finally, "Important and Memorable Stories" is a listing of the more noted fiction contributions, given in chronological order of appearance, for convenience in researching.

Boggs is not at all hesitant in lavishing praise where it is deserved, but he is equally quick to criticize where criticism seems to be required. Thus an all-around viewpoint is presented, and the reader is left to interpret as he sees fit, drawing on his own knowledge (or lack of same) of the stories and his opinions and attitudes toward science-fiction as a whole.

I can't conclude this review without mentioning the excellent production work of the magazine. The margins are justified and the pages are perfectly reproduced. Boggs has a Gestetner, and he uses it to full advantage. The cover and identical title page are letter-pressed, giving a rather austere appearance, but the blue gestetnering makes the inside printing look far from austere.

A number of people have pointed out, in recent months, that science-fiction per se is becoming less and less a discussion point in the fanzines. They may contain articles on anything --- a detailed study on binding and gagging a person (AP# 16) to soul-searching articles on mescaline (HABAKKUK 3 et al.) In view of this lack of interest in the field, it is definitely an exhilarating experience to receive such a well-conceived, intelligently written publication as THE BIG THREE, concerning itself exclusively with the science-fiction field.

If you are able to beg, steal, borrow, or even buy a copy of this, do so.

- - - - Bob Lichtman

# TRUFAN'S MARCHING SONG

This old fan published one,  
A one-shot at the Nolacon...

With Korshak, Eshbach,  
Bloch and Triple-E,  
This old fan has had a spree!

This old fan published two,  
In one day with Burbee's brew...

chorus

This old fan published three,  
Got a blast from GMC...

chorus

This old fan published four,  
Found the NJF a bore...

chorus

This old fan published five,  
Proved Carl Brandon was alive...

chorus

This old fan published six,  
Ran them off on A.B.Dicks...

chorus

This old fan published seven,  
Won a Hugo, was in heaven...

chorus

This old fan published eight,  
Tried, and failed, to gafiato...

chorus

This old fan published nine,  
Wailed that stf was in decline...

chorus

This old fan published ten,  
Joined the Old and Tired Fen...

With Korshak, Eshbach,  
Bloch and Triple-E,  
This old fan has had a spree!

*Songs From A Brass Menagerie*  
*Number 2*

BY ted johnstone  
bruce pelz  
ron ellik

# FALLEN ANGELS

by Bjo

"What's all this got to do with a hobby show?" asked the man, looking at the gaudy display of sf magazines, galactic maps, convention photos, costume-ball, party, and movie-making pictures, and the large emblem of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

The sign on the table informed folks that the Venusian (all green of him) would appear later. "The real Venusians among us will not like that," said an odd little man. He convinced him that "our" Venusian was everything he claimed he was, and he left, suddenly.

"Are there many good marriagable men in this group?" a woman asked confidentially. She was told that it was all a matter of viewpoint just how "good" they were, but marriagable most of them were.

People reacted to the explanations of fandom as a hobby and the fans themselves in the myriad fashion of crowds who have paid to be entertained. Some never paused at all, better attracted by the fudge vendors across the aisle or the lovely cypress coffee tables in the next booth. Many curious people stopped long enough to pick up the circulars that told of LASFS. A few stayed to talk, to kibitz the Interplanetary Game, and--later--to come to a LASFS meeting; a certain percentage may stay to become members.

It all started when Dean Dickensheet and his usually intelligent wife, Shirley, suggested that LASFS "join the fun" by having a booth in the forthcoming hobby show. They pointed out that sf fans go to great lengths to proclaim that they are only hobbyists, and even the Baker Street Irregulars were in the show, and it would be lots of publicity for LASFS. Seemed like a good idea at the time.

LASFS made Bjo a committee of one to look into things before we committed ourselves, and things started to roll.

The show's publicity manager, Keith Storey, seemed fascinated by the idea that a group of people would spend so much time, money, and energy on publications, costumes, and conventions, and have to little to show for it! At least other hobbyists had lots of HO trains, tropical fish, or salt-and-pepper shakers to show for it.

Still, we were invited to join the show. Quick calls to Forry Ackerman and Jon Lackey indicated that we could show something for a press preview. Storey's faith was fulfilled when we walked in the door and the receptionist looked up from her desk into the wrinkled green face of Etiwatik Eekotupatnin, Venusian hunter. It was a lovely moment; we became known as Colorful Characters from that time on. And somehow, without official vote we were in the hobby show.

Karen Anderson loaned her famous bat costume to LASFS and it was worn during the show almost continuously by either Bjo, Kathy Bernstein, or Barbara Gratz. Children loved that outfit, especially when



the great wings enfolded them and they would shriek with delight. We did fear that some militant mother would suddenly come to the rescue and stomp the "vampire" to fudge, but nothing happened except to draw attention to the booth.

A special display of the bat costume was put on for a fellow hobbyist who was exhibiting his tropical fish, and who was wandering thru the hobby show with a bevy of small nieces. We first gathered in a group to see who would be brave enuf to approach him, and finally Bjo breathlessly botched the job by asking, "Are you really the Scarecrow...I mean, are you from Oz?" And the Scarecrow of Oz admitted his identity, allowing us to drag him to the LASFS booth to introduce the surprized Interplanetary players to Mr. Ray Bolger.

Jerry Stier frightened and nauseated people with his mummy costume. Ed Burbank wore his Zolar costume--sweating buckets--from the Rayven film "The World Beside Us", while his wife, Jerri, appeared with gold antennae and black shimmery capris. Kathy Bernstein and her beautiful mother appeared in costume. When Bjo wasn't in the bat outfit, blue leotards and silver tunic served as a more comfortable attraction to the LASFS booth. The Venusian hunter and his "catch", a huge shaggy Attonzi, created quite an effect, especially when the uncontrollable beast insisted upon rummaging in each trash barrel it passed and tried to follow unsuspecting people.

Survival of the ten-day show was a matter of avoiding the snack bar with its bad hot dogs, and bringing down mustard and crackers to go with the delicious smoked beef from a commercial booth. The fudge booth across the aisle was favored, much to the detriment of diets.

One hobbyist was overjoyed when we heaped world-wide postmarks on him for his collection. We saw many "other fandoms" at the hobby show; not just collectors, or builders of things, but the actual "fans" of things were everywhere. An entire article could be written about doll, old newspaper, customized car, trolley, gumdrop tree, military uniform, old car, model airplane/auto racer/boat fandoms, not to mention--of all things--official "fast-draw" fandom.

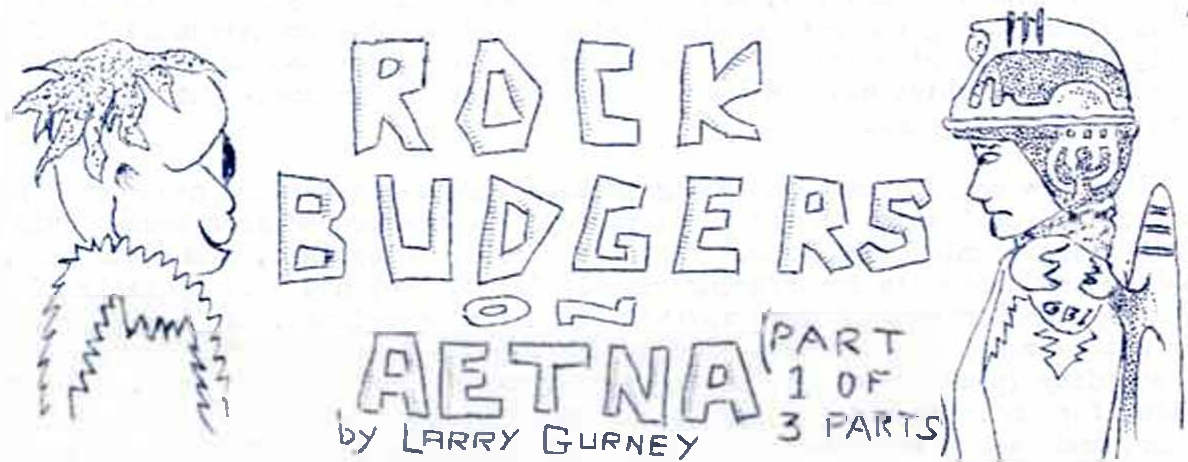
Special mention goes to the FanHillMob, Don Franson, and Ted Johnstone. Along with the previously mentioned people, Al Lewis, and the crew of Mike Lewin, Hal Ingham, and #4 Son deserve some mention. These fans helped make the hobby show the fun it was; for ten whole days.

Dean Dickensheet won the week-long, attention-getting Interplanetary game. No one was quite sure who was watching Dean's own B.S.I. booth, at the other side of the 12th Annual Hobby Show in the vast Shrine Exposition Hall.

-oOo-

The SLAGGY session has been brightened today with panels, music, and the wonderful fun of Alan Barzman and Ken Sullet, who are trying to awaken Angelenos to the plight of KPFK, our only non-commercial FM station; it's almost bankrupt. Ray Bradbury read "The Pedestrian" earlier. Ken played the Wolf in Sunday Productions' "Little Red Riding Hood". John offered a subscription to KPFK, and we don't even own an FM radio!

---bjo.



In the spring of 2150 Rock Budgers' thoughts were rudely snapped away from Sandra Stone by the arrival of a Hypogram from the GBI. At the tingle of his wallet, he snapped it open to the Subspace window, and his direst fears underwent confirmation. Stromboli II! Leave now and pack later!

In 2141, a triple smog-diffraction shot of an eclipse of Sirius, taken through the inversion layer over Palomar, had caused the final, ignominious collapse of the old Euclidian geometry. Since then, a relentless war had raged between the Riemannites and Lobachevskyans as to whether Space was concave or convex. And only the most obtuse could fail to see how acute the situation was becoming. Since the era of total automation, the common man had lost the only tangible support for his ego: Work, and for this he substituted a frantic, almost dionysiac espousal of scientific causes which had not yet been settled, even though they were light years beyond his understanding.

Far from being openly antagonistic or opposed to this, no one realized the necessity for this outlet more than the technical Nobility. There were even some who wondered whether a statistical study of the popular psyche might not reveal some slight aggregate tendency, however diffuse, toward the truth, just as, in the old days, the agony of personal and popular faith was thought to be some sort of evidence for gods whom not even the most brazen could pretend to understand.

Crowds surged through the streets like the crests of a river in flood, bearing a flotsam of placards and undulating banners, with mottoes like, "Riemann, schmicmann!", "91°-30' or fight!", "If Euclid's a square, Lobachevsky's a cube!", "Riemann, the poor man's Newton!" Not only humans, but other local and alien phyla were subtly affected. Those of rotund form, like the Caesareans of Fomey II, naturally favored the convex geometry, while the lank, insidious Cassini of Casca III regarded anything but acuity with icy disdain. On many a night, the whistling screams of some hapless Caesarean's escaping air supply was heard, having been punctured by the stiletto-like thrust of a Cassinian's third nail, while the assassin, with hot eyes glowing through tangled locks, faded inapprehensibly into the shadows.

This was no mere interplanetary affair, and being interstellar, the GBI stepped in. But what could they do? They were no Canute to command the sea. So it was decided to make a concerted effort to determine the actual truth, by psycho-statistical means, in cooperation with the F.T. Only thus could the root of the controversy be cut.

The plan was brilliantly simple, and due directly to an idea of Miss Henrietta Lovatt of the FBI, which came to her while studying charts of the manic states among the more variable star populations. On Stromboli II of the newly discovered gigantic Aetna-Stromboli double system was an extraordinary Cyclopean race which had achieved wonders of massively simple but ingeniously detailed architecture.

But how could a one-eyed being lacking visual perspective have developed an architectural sense in the first place? The answer had soon become evident to the first exploration team. Here was a truly telepathic, symbiotic race. By sharing one another's interfusing visual fields, they had a flexibility of perspectives and insights beyond anything in human experience. An architect, standing with several assistants posted around an edifice or project, had an impression of solidity (plus actual calibration) that was almost beyond belief. The standard cliché for infinity was the experience had when two Cyclopeans stood opposite each other, and each saw himself receding into infinity, as a man might in a pair of opposing barbershop mirrors on Earth. This infinite series of fading circuits in the mind caused a drowsy euphoria, much like the hum of bees in Spenser's famous stanza describing the lair of Morpheus.

In fact, true love was never in doubt on Stromboli. If the experience between a Cyclopean man and woman was truly reciprocal, the axial alignment of the eyes was self-tuning, and so perfect that the very center of vision would blaze with a tiny blue or yellow-green star (their eyes were always blue or hazel.) All the great legendary love stories of Stromboli were about couples in whom this experience was so intense that their circuits had blown, the cynical humorists were more apt to say they had shorted out because their stars had crossed. On the contrary, no punishment was greater than solitary confinement, with telepathic communion barred on pain of jamming with chaotic geometric forms.



So when you stopped to think about it, Miss Lovatt's inference seemed almost obvious, like any other great idea. Was there not, she asked, some clue here for sidestepping the sol-ipsis-tential isolation of the human consciousness regarding the physical universe? With this transient pnaesthesia which dampened out the irrational pi of the idiocentric existential unquity, surely there must be some structures inherent in Cyclopean mores, thought, history or psychology which would yield an answer toward the true geometry, upon proper application of statisto-catalytic procedures.

All of these thoughts passed through Rock Budger's mind as he gazed forlornly at the sunset from his penthouse balcony. As one of the team, he would have to leave immediately, but he did so want to see Sandra before he left. Dash it all! He did love the girl, although they had their spats, and she did have an uncomfortable gift of sarcasm. Although at the trough of the pique he had felt, he still thought with mildly puzzled irritation of their last meeting, when, in a fit of impatience, she had whirled and stalked out after calling him "Fearless Fossil-dick!" It's true that their engagement might be called a bit protracted, but if



only the girl could realize that life just isn't simple. Actually, the real 2/  
cause of their spat lay in the unspoken realization that Rock might be called  
on the Stromboli assignment, and that Sandra wouldn't be released for it from  
her own division. And now...

Soft footsteps sounded on the tiles behind him, and he turned. "Sandra!"

"Oh, Rock!" a soft, enveloping tenderness filled her eyes. "I can come,  
Rock, I can come!"

"Oh, Sandra!" Wordlessly they clung together. As he looked up the green  
vault at Sirius, he could almost forgive the yellow-dog star which had laid the  
bone of geometric contention on man's doorstep. This was true peace. She really  
was a sweet kid. Someday.....In her direction, Sandra gazed at the deepening  
night. Why was a void, shapeless thing like waiting the most stubborn reality of  
existence? Didn't the final truth seem to be that waiting was the main function  
and experience of a woman's life?

With a coruscating network of golden threads, the ship rose slowly on a  
broadening dome of intense, hazy blue radiation, gained speed, then tilted over  
into the funneling vortex of outer night, where before long it would strike a  
node of the Universal Space Lattice, which, oscillating like a crystal, would  
shoot the re-materialized matrix of the ship out of another node a thousand  
light-years hence, aimed like the Arrow That Flies in Darkness at the monstrous  
double-valved heart of the Aetna-Stromboli system.

Called the "self-powered oscillation transfer" (SOT), the oscillation was  
triggered by the kinetic energy of the ship itself, as in a speech-powered phone  
circuit. In order to come out in the right place on the other side, the speed  
and bearing had to be delicately figured, according to both the plane of the lat-  
tice, and the total energy conversion of the ship itself, which followed somewhat  
like a shaped charge on the heels of the initial detonation of the kinetic factor.  
To a motionless observer in space, this initial detonation or conversion of the  
kinetic factor would make it seem as if the ship had stopped dead (tho of course  
the whole transformation was so instantaneous that it would just disappear.) This  
was achieved through application of the Hertz-Brickwall phase reversal equation.  
Sad tales were sometimes whispered about ships lost because of undetected space  
warps, which produce effects in the Universal Lattice something like the anomalous  
optical effects seen in stressed crystals.

So you can see it wasn't just like going across the street for a soda. The  
entire month of the trip was divided between the time needed to attain critical  
speed before striking the first node, and time of deceleration to destination  
after leaving the second node, all but for an impalpably minute, split instant of  
time taken up during the oscillation.

And during that instant, a ship would pass through? -around? side-step as it  
were, a blank infinity of worlds and worlds-within-worlds, each with its cycles  
of creation and forgetting, of long, agonized struggles into awareness, with their  
countless unrecorded individuals great or small, each trying to wring some  
meaning from the whole complex, either as a moment to leave or an anodyne to see  
its own existence through; and all as unknown to it or it to them as a gamma ray  
passing through the mind of a Medieval Schoolman contemplating a quadrille of  
angels on the head of a pin.

So Rock had plenty of time to describe the basic situation on Stromboli to  
Sandra before arrival, as they sat together on the sofa of the little forward

22 lounge, with the Psi-Di H ome-Glo hearth and other lights turned off. Looking through the great viewplate at the towering plumes, swirls, and clouds of stars, they seemed like a pair of strange mariners bathed in aplankton radiance.

Rock spoke first about the initial contacts and effect of the Earthmen on the Cyclopeans. The first view of the two-eyed Earthmen had been greatly unsettling to them. It was not just the monstrosity of such a concept, but a very real fear that here were beings with a visual capacity and skills compounded to Zeus-knows-what power above their own. For had not these men dropped, like a veritable Hermes, from the sky itself? But as soon as they learned the incredible fact that the Earthmen did not see each other's visions, that each was confined for life to his small three-inch eye-to-eye baseline of perspective, their fear was replaced by tolerant amusement and a friendly interest in the Earthmen, for in many ways they WERE rather remarkable. Only an occasional awkwardness in this way persisted, as when a Cyclopean, engrossed in conversation with an Earthman, would suddenly reach out to share or describe a visual experience, and clutch in blind fright at the blackness of a response that was not there.

The only real uneasiness the Cyclopeans started to feel was from some of the early private groups which, for a time, through a rather fatuous laxity of the E.T. wing of the State Department, were allowed free access to Stromboli. Foremost of these was the missionary group headed by Beulah Wheelwright, one of the most formidable women who ever strode the Earth. Almost as big as a Cyclopean herself, she was a regular Pollyannaphemus of a dogooder who breached all opposition, and would tumble the foundations of a man's cynicism to leave a rubble in which he was all the more likely permanently trapped.

The Cyclopeans much enjoyed the spectacle of the new Christian seeress with her trigeminate god, and were intrigued by the participational aspects of her mysteries and invocations. For a time she even started to gather a tattered following of shepherds and artisans, whose luck or steadiness in the business of life was not the best. But the persistent strangeness of the experience, as well as the seeming impossibility of inculcating a sense of sin in a simple pastoral world, began to tell on Beulah, and finally she cracked. The break came at a campfire meeting, during a chorus of Onward, Christian Soldiers. Singing less heartily herself than usual, she was hypnotically watching the massive, swaying shoulders and great curly heads, each with a rounded mouth surmounted by a rounded eye, when suddenly and unaccountably she looked to the left and saw three Strombolian sheep standing at the edge of the firelight, each regarding her with its large placid eye, forming their own composite picture of her. She was carried off screaming, and this shocking lack of stability in one who had seemed such a symbol

of determination largely discouraged any such further ventures on Stromboli. But things by and large had gone well, and there was even now a Cyclopean ambassador, complete with spats and monocle, installed with his staff at New Washington.



The one feature of Earth culture which impressed the Cyclopeans far and above any other was music, for here was a great participational art which they themselves had neglected because of their own predominantly visual emphasis. They were ravished by the exquisite harmonic colorations, the subtlety

and power of orchestral dynamics, and the towering structures of the great 23 formal masters, especially Bach. A brisk demand for instruments and recordings set in, and orchestral groups soon sprang up all over Stromboli, not only in the great capital of Vulcanium, but at every sheepecot and around every hilltop campfire, producing a relentlessly echoing and inter-echoing mesh of sound across the planet.

These groups usually had neither conductors nor scores, because visual telepathic coordination kept them together, and kept the score before their minds. They were natural masters of form, and intricately wove together music from many sources, including some burgeoning composers of their own. The first product of this activity was music for the Dionysia or great Spring Festival of Bacchus. It incorporated material from such varied sources as the Coq d'Or, Tsar Saltan and Doubinouchka of Korsakov, the Brandenburg Concertos, the Royal Fireworks Music, Valse Trieste and Country Gardens, Fidelio and Don Giovanni, the Erlking and Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair, A Night on Bald Mountain and the Messiah, Wm. Tell and the Beethoven Pastoral, the Fantastic Symphony, Lt. Kije and the Wise Virgins Ballet, Pulcinella, Pinafore, and the Rise of Spring, all woven into a great, shimmering fabric of tumultuous splendor which, along with the licentious exuberance of the Dionysia, left the Earth legation stunned.

The hapless official who first tried to introduce what he considered jazz recordings narrowly escaped serious physical injury. The Cyclopeans, who were notorious practical jokers, shared the typical joker's frequent inability to see the humor when the shoe is on the other foot. And only when the quaking official assured the burly, club-fingering men that the recordings were serious did they lapse into grumbling reluctance. "But how," they frowned, puzzled, "could the same Beings who capture the very thunder of the gods and the fabric of the rainbow in their music, also produce such groveling, mud-colored, dispeptic, tom-cat sounds?"

Improvising hastily, the official said that this was the product of some poor unfortunates whose faculties were blighted at birth, and that these recordings were only a clinical record. When the saxophone was identified as the principal instrument of this morass, the Cyclopeans contemplated it with wonder and foreboding. Having always had a sunny classical disdain for fears of an afterlife, they now weren't quite so sure. Where could such a mechanism have come from? Only the lowest pit of Orcus. It couldn't even have been the foghorn of the Styx, for surely a worthy old trusty like Charon had earned better treatment.

Later on, another official with a less anaesthetic ear made some choices with a bit more virility and tonal coherence, and showed them that there was actually quite a lot of simple, direct, cheerful, enjoyable and even rather powerful music mixed in with the other. The Cyclopeans protested with exasperation that the Earthmen didn't seem to know much about their own music. Otherwise how could music which came as close to the real thing as Gershwin, Dixieland and Ragtime be lumped with the dismal stuff which was played to them first? And the banjo they happily seized upon and adapted to their own use as an instrument of real possibilities.

Rock and Sandra talked on about these and many other matters. "But, Rock," she said finally, "I still don't have any really clear idea of just what we're going to do there."

"None of us does, exactly. The point is, that after only a dozen years of

24 scattered contact, we still don't know very much about Stromboli. So to get any real meaning out of the cultural data, we want to look into the archaeological and geological record, and then work toward comparative anatomy, to get an idea of what may have influenced the strange development of the Cyclopeans and the other animal life of Stromboli."

"The other animal life? What's it like?"

"Unbelievable. Just unbelievable. I'll tell you more later, but right now we're nearly at transfer point."

"Really?" she gasped.

"Yes, look." The ref panel lights had gone on, showing that the ship was now on full cybernetic control. The needle, standing nearly vertical at the critical speed point, told them that all the essential calculations had been made, and that soon they would reach that elusive instant when the ship and their very physical selves would be broadcast in a great shell of energy which, converging at a distant point of the Galaxy, would re-integrate into its exact present identity.

"Oh, Rock, I don't want to be afraid!"

"Don't worry, Sandra, it'll go alright!" Claspings hands tightly, they leaned back and stared straight ahead, scarcely breathing.

A numbing, tingling jolt, as if one had slapped the base of his skull with his cupped palm, told them that transfer had taken place. And now near the center of the viewplate stood the small, lemon-white oval disk of Stromboli, and beyond it the inflamed, reddish hulk of Aetna, wallowing sunset-like in intervening clouds of galactic dust.

With cries and tears of happiness they hugged and cheered their successful leap of the barrier; then, limp from nervous tension, sank back and watched the immense, widening spectacle, clinging together as silently as babes in the wood. The faint, reddish glow filled the back of the lounge like light reflected on trees from a distant campfire, as they fell down, down, down and ever down, toward their rendezvous with Stromboli II and new adventures.




(to be continued)

---Larry Gurney



The Care and Feeding of  
Nuclear Bombs  
by Richard Eney



Any campaign of emotional propaganda is bound to play hell with historical perspective, I guess. You remember from your history how, back during World War I when we were supposed to hate the Beastly Hun, Prussianism was made the root of all the ills of Europe since about 1750. And just the other day, back in the 1950's, we all saw how easy it was to forget that in the 1930's and '40's the poor goops who fell in with Communist-front activities were associating with a technically friendly, and later allied, power, as opposed as we were to the encroachments of the Nazis.

In about the same way, the campaign against the testing of nuclear weapons (which is really based on the dangers of fallout radiation) has also involved an abuse --formally irrelevant-- of the morality of their use in the first place. "What I tell you three times is true," says Lewis Carroll, and it isn't impossible that your mental files of Things We Know About History may have gotten the impression that the use of atomic bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was wanton and uncalled-for destruction.

If they have, you're abusing the facts as they appeared at the time; and is only by the facts available to the men who made the decision that we can judge their action.

Call the beginning of August, 1945, back to mind. Our forces, remember, had only just completed the conquest of Okinawa--our closest approach to Japan, but still separated from the enemy by five hundred miles of open ocean. The incredibly bloody fighting among the Pacific islands that had shocked us so during the preceding two years had all been done against division-sized or smaller formations of garrison troops; now we would have to deal with more than a million field soldiers, including that Manchuria army which men counted the best troops in the Imperial Service. The skill and strength of our navy had, indeed, grown till no conceivable Japanese effort could defeat it in plain battle, but now we had to set against that the Kamikaze system, which made even single planes dangerous. First of all, remember the people we were up against. Consider the character of Tojo's supporters, the Manchuria gang, who were known to be the source of Japan's fanatical hatred for America.

There had been a peace party in Japan since the defeats in the Guadalcanal fighting over two years earlier. It was politically impressive; it centered in the Jushin, the association of retired Prime Ministers and Service chiefs which had all the prestige that age and high office can give in an Oriental country; it was supported by Admiral Raizo Tanaka, the Rector of his nation in his ability to command the admiration even of his foes. It had, the year before (at the time of the Saipan landings), forced the resignation of the dictator Tojo-- and yet it was a peace party that was helpless to bring about peace, because of one forbidding fact. The Japanese government was still where Tojo had placed it, in the hands of the Manchuria gang. That group meant to hold it, and continue the war, in the (correct) conviction that the loss of their power would be followed at no distant date by the loss of their heads. And no Japanese statesman could forget that this

26 was the group that had strangled the thriving democratic movement in Japan by the brutally effective method of killing every person who ventured to oppose them, starting with Imperial Princes and working down.

No merely political opposition could be expected to moderate the tone of a government of that character. We had, then, the problem of defeating the Japanese Empire once for all, without hope of negotiating a peace at some half-way point.

It wasn't hard to figure out the cost of defeating the Japanese by "normal" methods: that is, a series of amphibious landings in the Home Islands followed by a military conquest through physical occupation of the enemy's territory. First, Japan is a hellish country to fight a war in; if you spread it out, it would be about the size of the United States, but thanks to geology, about half this area runs straight up and down. (This is 1945 now; you read just a few months ago about what Japanese-style defense could do when it got set up in mountainous country.) Second, a genuinely last-ditch defense can use practically any equipment somehow. Thirdly, our men and materiel would have to come 4,500 miles to fight on the enemy's front door. Fourthly, the conclusion of the Saipan campaign -- and even without thinking back you probably remember with what dismay we read those headlines telling us that Japanese civilians, too, believed in this death-before-surrender idea -- gave us an idea of what we could expect, the Japanese having (we knew) given the population of the Home Islands guerilla training...

That is, we could arrive at some figures for a military conquest of the old "conventional" sort, the kind we'd all been familiar with since way back in 1940. Such a campaign would require little less than the entire force we had under arms in Europe and Asia together. Fighting against regular troop formations could be expected to last into 1947; with good management and a favorable J-factor, guerilla warfare might be extinguished by the end of 1948. The fighting would involve razing the most built-up half of the Japanese Empire, and, fortune standing our friend, might exact a toll of only five million Japanese dead, not counting the possibility of famine and disease.

So instead we decided to drop atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

That ended the war in two weeks, not three years. It demolished two second-class cities, not the richest fraction of an entire nation. And the total of all casualties, killed and injured together, was less than two hundred thousand. A cruel toll, indeed, for military action that lasted a bare eighteen seconds, but a merciful cruelty. "What is death by lightning compared to death by slow fire at the stake?" This is the full, perfect, and sufficient justification of every man who worked to develop the atomic bomb: the fact that it allowed us to strike a blow so immediately and obviously overwhelming that hope itself was shattered. If ever a war was ended by a "crowning mercy", it was this war that ended so, and never was a deed of blood more merciful than this that exacted one life for a hundred that might have been lost in its absence.

And, one way or another, by atomic weapons or other weapons, men would have had to die before the war could end. Against the Manchuria gang no persuasion save that of ~~sharp~~ force would have availed.

That was proved the day before the war ended. The Emperor in person called the cabinet into session that day, to discuss the new weapon the Americans had now used twice, and one by one the ministers gave their opinion that Japan must



now surrender. All but one of them. For the War Minister, the head of the Manchuria gang, denied his colleagues' conclusion. Even at that hour, with the Empire visibly in articulo mortis, with our submarines in the Inland Sea and Halsey's carriers off the coast, and after two atomic bombs had been used, he began to explain how many millions of invincible soldiers still remained to defend the Home Islands, what thorough preparations for guerilla warfare had been completed, how many irresistible Kamikaze and Tokobetsu remained to overwhelm the foreign Gai-jin... 27

And the Imperial Presence, at the last, only said, "Are you telling me lies again?" And the head of the Manchuria gang went home and shot himself, and then Japan surrendered. Then she could.

—Richard H. Eney



安らかに眠って下さい  
過ちは繰返しませぬから



by E. Miltown Cox

I can take the attitude of reminiscence since it has been so long since I attended a meeting. Time passes and changes come about so quickly that I want to record a brief span of experience for posterity before it is lost for ever.

"Gosh-

wobyoboy! I'm in LASFS!" That's what I would have said about nine or ten years ago. This is what I thought back when I was an isolated type fan hacking out crud from a spot up in Maine, craving in-person company with beings of my own type. Faaaaans. Gad, I used to think to myself. I'd thonk: "Gad, what it would be like to be in a club like LASFS where there'd be lots of other stf readers and we'd talk about the new OUTWA and go buying old magazines together in the huge, teeming city and like that." You know. There'd be authors there and I could get books auto-graphed, claw articles for my fanzines from them, and all sorts of fannish things.

Well, that was nine or ten years ago. Since that time, I, like others, became jaded, fake-fannish, defected to women and jazz and drink and the other Good Things. So much so, in fact, that when I moved out here to the west coast five or six years ago, it wasn't to join the LASFS but to dig the new sounds in this (once?) thriving center of experimental jazz. Also to get a job. By that time I'd gotten the idea that I didn't want to join a fanclub anyway. You probably have had that experience yourself. I began to take toward it an attitude like I now have toward the NFFF. You know....like I'll never join that group. It doesn't swing. Or, this outfit doesn't turn me on. Or, it bugs me. You know.

But that was before I discovered that LASFS has WOMEN in it. Yes. They carry a lot of weight for their number, too. So last summer I joined the club. Maybe it was an overt manifestation of my acceptance of the matriarchal trend in our society. Maybe it was just that it is a two minute drive from where I live. But I joined. I was very happy to know, of course, that I wasn't the only one to succumb at long last. Fritz Leiber joined the club the same night. I felt better.

But it was a nice group (not that it isn't now). Lots of my old friends like the Mofatts and Rick Sneary were there. Plus a lot of people I didn't really know before. I want to mention a few of those people.

But first a word about the meetings themselves. Many of you have no doubt read about the meetings in these pages. Well, it's all true. This punny business, that is. Actually, I think it is all Barney Bernard's fault. It is, in my opinion, a war, with Barney vs. the rest of the attendees, in which the most horrible puns imaginable are fired back and forth. The winner is the side which gets away with the most and worst which don't require a nickel in the Fix-Forry's-Garage-Fund. I'm about to launch an investigation to find out if it is true that Forry instigated the Pun War...



Ted Johnstone used to be the one that suffered. He was the Secretary and 29  
had to try to write as much of it as possible into the minutes. Jack Harness  
has now that pleasant task...and Ted wields the gavel, with the happy prospect  
of having to decide whether or not somebody has to pay for a pun. I wouldn't  
want them for free...

But you've probably heard a lot about such things. Now the  
case of Ernie Wheatley is different. Ernie is one of the people I first met in  
IASFS. I should've known he'd be there, because there's always somebody like  
Ernie in any genial crowd. You know, the guy who does all the eating for the  
group! And doesn't look it! Usually, he is pretty quiet, not saying much until  
it is time to eat. If he doesn't make the motion, he seconds it whenever anybody  
says anything about food (or, as I understand it, "gooey pie," whatever that is).  
Yes. Once you understand this about Ernie, then you'll appreciate what happened  
one time last summer. On the Thursday evenings preceeding the meetings a group  
of us used to go out to eat. I've had the pleasure of joining this group from  
time to time. Ernie, John Trimble, Bjo, Djinn (then Faine), Al Lewis and I were  
at the Hawaiian Broiler the night when I spotted a lone pea adrift on the vast  
expanse of the table. I asked about it. Djinn said she hadn't lost any and I  
asked Ernie. He looked into his plate a moment and then said, "No, mine are all  
here."



Speaking of Djinn, when she was Faine last  
summer, I must. She is one of the many chess  
players in the group and I've played two  
games of chess with her. I remember the first  
one. She was wearing a low-cut blouse or  
something--I really didn't notice what it was  
she was wearing except that it did a remark-  
able job of not seeming to be worn very ruch.  
Or something. Anyway, I lost that game. But  
that is only one of the things I find fascin-  
ating about Djinn. There's something about  
her... Like one night we were coming back  
from helping Bill Rotsler load stuff into his  
car and somebody pulls up and gets out of his  
car. Djinn asks him if he's going to the  
Relaxicon and he says no. Frustratedly, (al-  
most nobody was going), she stamps her foot  
and cracks the cement walk! If you think I'm

kidding, go out in front of the clubroom and see if that crack in the sidewalk  
isn't really there! Anyway, see what I mean?

Then there is Al Lewis, whom, I under-  
stand, is tyrannical. That is maybe because he was editor of SHAGGY or something  
Ron Ellik (a smaller Bill Donaho) knows about. But Al is, or was, a Defender of  
Our Country. I know. So does John Trimble (who is at present the Tyrannical Ed-  
itor of SHAGGY). One afternoon Al stopped in. We discerned it was Al despite the  
fatigue pants, fatigue jacket, cap and belt and army boots. Not only that, but he  
had a real live jeep outside, complete with stencilings all over it to indicate  
that it was genuine army business. Or perhaps I exaggerate when I say real "live"  
jeep. It wouldn't start. So John and I pushed it. We pushed to beat hell and it  
rolled down 12th Street and around the corner and finally got started. And down  
the block at the stop died. So John and I pushed again. Ghod, but jeeps are the  
damndest things to push I ever did see. But Al will defend our country (from the  
red menace no doubt) should the jeep start!

---

Sleep well, tonight. Your National Guard is awake!

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30 I suppose I should mention Bjo's freckles. Like everybody does and why should I be an exception? But I don't think I'd better. Patience is wearing thin and she has a horrible means of retaliation. Look what happened to Ron Ellick who for a brief moment escaped the chains which bound him and made him a charter member of the N'ARA! Instead I'll mention the light spaces in between (among?) the freckles. You know, like they're pretty evenly divided...which brings me to the question which has been plaguing me for months. Which ones are the freckles?

John Trimble (tyrannical editor of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES who keeps after one until one gets the damn stuff written!) was a Yellow Cab driver last fall. Six days a week he used to go to the hive and get one of those big yellow jobs and drive all over Los Angeles. Even in this neighborhood. One night I happened to be conversing with Lee and Jane Jacobs (like they have an extension) on the phone and I hear a knock knocking on my door. There stands John, complete with a Yellow Cab hat. He comes in, says a few words to the Jacobses and then I say a few more. Then I hang up.

"Just paying a friendly visit?" I asked, cheerfully.

"Actually, I came in to report an accident," he says.

Nothing like getting all shook up over something and rushing to the nearest phone. And that about winds up this item which has been a LASFS-inspired ogoboo item free of charge to the people whose names were mentioned. Any similarity between the names used in this article and persons in real life is obvious.

--Ed M. Cox

## DILOGUES at SUNSET 5

Ernie: What kind of vegetables shall I get?

Bruce: Strawberries...I like strawberries.

Al: If you're going to buy it in cans, get corn.  
If you're going to buy it frozen, almost anything will do.

Ernie: How about spinach? I like spinach.

Al: So do I.

---Long Pause---

Bjo: Buy corn!

Don: Bicorn is like a unicorn, only it has two horns.

# QUO VADIS

in the

FANZINES  
by Bob Lichtman

31



With all this publishing that seems to be going on these days in fandom (there have been 63 reviewable fanzines since last column, plus a 750-page SAPSmailing and countless other APAzines), it seems to me that on occasion something very important is being sacrificed for quantity. It's not quality of material, as you might expect me to say--on the contrary, most of the material is of generally high quality--but rather attention to format and detail, and especially to proper copying of contributors' material. In short, faneds are letting too many typos slip by them. It only

takes, friends, a few minutes to proof-read a stencil and maybe a few minutes more to make the necessary corrections. Certainly, the contributors who sweated out their creations deserve more than a sloppy, unproofread presentation of their work. Think about how you'd react. Also, nothing pains a contributor more than seeing his work thoroughly misspelled when he submitted it letter-perfect--changes of spelling should be justified, and checked.

Roscoe know this can't be carried too far. Fanzines have always had typos--both the best and the worst of them--but it's annoying, in a biting sort of way that comes up on you all at once after languishing in the back of your mind. I'm not damning all faneds--I'm at fault, too--but I am calling for more attention to detail on the part of all faneds, including myself.

Are typographical errors and misspelled words to be our Rosetta Stone to the future?

RETROGRADE #3: Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. Available for letters or trades, but not for money, monthly, 10 pages, mimeo.

This is the most consistently well-produced fanzine on the current scene. It doesn't have five-color lithced covers, nor multi-color illos on every page; it doesn't even have 40 pages like most respectable fanzines seem to these days. It does have impeccably done Gestetner work, blue ink on russet brown paper. It also has justified margins and exceedingly neat, if not gaudy, layout.

Boggs has produced, in this magazine, an appearance of extreme conservative neatness. The material therein bears out the promise of the repro. Lead off by Redd's editorial column, "Cogito", not unlike his "Twiddledop" in SKYHOOK, the issue contains a well-written review of the Fantastic Universe Omnibus which presents a delightful bit of dialogue "between" the publishers, Messrs Prentice & Hall, and Hans "Stfan" Santesson, as well as giving an interesting viewpoint on why, perhaps, the book was passed out so promiscuously throughout fandom, a column by Jim Harmon, culled from his letters to the editor, in which he discusses much of interest and note, and a short, but well-edited and interesting, lettercol winds things up.

If Redd can keep this coming out monthly, and not increase the size to more than he can easily handle, he has a top contender on next year's FANAC poll.

METROFEN #4: Les Gerber, 402 E 4th, Bloomington, Ind. (summer only). 10¢ per, 3/25¢, or for letter, trade, review, or suggestion of good reprints, bimonthly to quarterly, 15 pages, mimeo.

Les is doing a great service to newer fans with this magazine, by reprinting some of the better writing from fandom's inglorious past. There is another magazine, FANTASY

32 ASPECTS, which is supposed to be doing the same thing, but it has been moribund for some time. I would complain, though, that Les isn't going back far enough. One item in the current ish dates back only four years. Number four leads off with a cover by Ted White making sport of the outre lettering used on the defunct FANTASTIC UNIVERSE's interiors. Les says little in an entertaining fashion in a CRY-like contents-editorial page. John Berry's "Read Letter Day" is of fannish importance, for it explains how the name "Goon Bleary"--the famous fannish detective--came into being. This is a reprint of a reprint; appearing first in Walt Willis' '55 OPMazine, WOZ, reprinted in a '56 PAMPHREY, from which Les drew it. "Meskys Mutterings"--a micro-elite page--could have been eliminated in favor of a page of editorial or something, as it's not very good at all. Walt Willis is present with a reprint from Rich Eney's OpCrifanac production #100, CENTURY NOTE. Dean Grennell has a reprint from SPACESHIP c. 1953, which is an hilarious letter to JWCjr from a four-year-old. This has to be seen; I can't adequately describe it. The zine concludes with a long lettercol, which could use slightly better editing but is all right as is. All in all, a solid little fanzine. Give it a try.

TIRED FEET #1: Shelby & Suzy Vick, 408 Magnolia Ave, Panama City, Fla. (Ass't Eds: Norm Metcalf, & rich brown) Available for letters or comment, no \$a\$h for subs accepted as such, irregular, 2 pages, mimeo.

This marks the return to fan-pubbing of Sixth Fandomite Selby Vick, editor/publisher of the fanzine CONFUSION, or cf. for short. A single sheet, this is not a back-with-a-bang sort of thing, but the general natterings from Shel & Suzy (who sounds like a nice person--writes well, too) and someone named "bofus" (rich? Norm? or it's an anagram for "both of us"?), and the promise that future issues will be around seven days apart make it definately...worth watching.

APORRHETA #17: H P Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE 14, England. 20¢ per, trade, 52-pagely, mimeo.

This APÉ actually has 52 pages, instead of the usual 50 with two blanks. The micro-elite has been expanded to the letters in the Diary, along with footnotes and various comments throughout. Much more wordage is added, and the zine is uncrowded. The Diary follows the editorial (discussing the SKYRACK and FANAC polls), and is the usual accumulation of letters, fmz reviews, and other comments. Bob Tucker follows with an amusing and interesting commentary on the use of names of heavenly bodies (astral, not asstral) in stf story titles. Dr Paul Hammet is back on the subject of the destruction and suffering A & H Bombs are capable of causing--a rather weighty subject which can be argued on forever without results, unless Sanderson clips it out of the zine. The usual Penny Fandergaste and Joy Clarke columns are here, and Vinç Clarke is present with the winners and runner-ups in the first Apidiascope competition (George Locke walked off with first prize). There is another, somewhat less biting article by Cantaloupe Flabbergaste, some more reprints from old DAGzines in the place of his The Badger That Now And Then, a nice story by George Locke, and a page of material about the TAFF situation. Sanderson has been handling this quite nicely--he hasn't been plugging any candidate, not even himself, and has been giving some good down-to-fandom facts about the purpose of the Fund and all. For this, he is to be commended.

APÉ, as Sanderson rather brassily says, is Britian's top fanzine. Frequent, controversial, and entertaining.\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*((EDITORIAL NOTE: The break-up of Inchmery Fandom has come to light sincethis column was written, and leaves the future of APORRHETA in grave doubt. And the break-up is in keeping with Inchmery traditions; namely, controversial. See FANAC #61, or SKYRACK for details, eh? --jt.))\*\*\*\*\*

(go to next page)



QUANDRY #31: Lee Hoffman, basement, 54 E 7th Street, New York City 3, NY. 154per, 33  
33 pages, monthly, mimeo.

This marks the resurrection of Q, and is a fine issue, too. Leading off we have the usual editorial, "Chaos", in which LeeH gives her reasons for reviving the mag ("I want to get other people's fanzines again"), and rambles. Walt Willis follows with an installment of his column, "The Harp That Once or Twice", in which he moves entertainingly from one subject to another with his usual ease. Bob Tucker has an article in which he runs down the history of his fabled zine LE ZOMBIE. This is quite similar to his article in the giant '55 LeZ, but interesting, just the same. Bob Silverberg's old-time column, "From Der Voodvork Out" is back, and he discusses his noted "First and Last Fans" article (the one from Q#25 on numbered fandoms), and makes conclusions on how things actually turned out. Lee comes to the fore again with an interesting lowdown on folk-music fandom itself in the process. This is followed by an entertaining reprint from GARDYLOO #7 by Dave Beadle. The issue concludes with a truncated "Sez You!" lettercolumn, in which various fen--Bloch & TEW primarily--offer congratulations and gapes of awe and amazement at the revival of the zine.

All in all, an excellent issue, quite up to Q's past standards. Perhaps the only thing wrong with it is that it doesn't exist.

-oOo-

There have been, as noted at the beginning of this column, a lot more fanzines out in the past few months than we've covered here. But I've been extremely busy with a lot of other things, and haven't had time to read as many fanzines as I'd like. And we're limited as to space this time, too.

But there have been some excellent zines lately. OLE CHEVELA! (c/o this magazine), a 43-page one-shot (probably available for 25¢) produced in honor of Isabel Burbee, who is most worthy of all the nice words heaped upon here herein. Material by Bjo, Bruce Pelz, Len Moffatt, Elmer Perdue, TCarr, Ron Ellik, the Other Burbee, Fritz Leiber, and a host of others. The recipes included (Isabel's fandom-renown chili recipe is here) are worth it alone. I understand it'll be included in the next FAPA mailing, too.

HABAKKUK #4, from Bill Donaho is a huge, fat 80-pager containing some of the most interesting, controversial, and entertaining material in fandom today. It sports a 45-page lettercol, too, so there's lots to interest one and all.

CACTUS #5 is out from Sture Sedolin. It's a large (76 page) first annish, sporting a photo-cover. Inside there's an item of particular note in the person of Archie Mercer's gigantic 18 page report on the recent Briticon. The rest of the material is mostly of interest, too, including Les Gerber's bloated fanzine review column; I envy him the time and energy to write such a long review.

Lee Tremper has published the fourth issue of SPACE CAGE, which is a nice, unpretentious fanzine with material by a lot of Indiana fans and other people, too. This looks like it could become another YANDRO if Lee doesn't watch out; let's hope she doesn't, for it there's anything more enjoyable than one YANDRO, it's two.

And Ella Parker has published a thick ORION #25, with all manner of interesting material in it. There's also an announcement of an ATOM anthology, to contain the best of Art's work. You are asked to nominate a selection of your own personal favorite ATOM illos, and send Ella the names of the zines in which they appeared as well as other identification (page number, for instance).

And that's that, for this time. Back in SHAGGY #52....

---bob lichtman  
18/6/60

LOOK FOR THE FAN-ART  
S-F & FANTASY ART SHOW - A  
FOR DISPLAY & FOR SALE BRITCON  
FIRST!

the

# SQUIRREL CAGE

by Ron Ellick

## GET ME TO THE BAR ON THE DEPT

This week, as soon as we wrap up this issue of your favorite fanzine, four of us are going to wing our way in Al Lewis' Peugeot (pronounced pooh-zho) to the thirteenth annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference, which you probably know better under the Halloween mask of "Boycon". Sid Coleman, Andy Main, and I have signed a suicide pact to be executed in case Al insists on doing more than 60% of the driving, and we're going to make rest stops and pour coffee down each other, and force coffee down Al, who doesn't drink the stuff, at every possible opportunity, because we have long memories.

However, we don't expect the trip to be uneventful, or at least I don't. I've never managed to get to a Westercon without some sort of hassle about transportation, so I hardly can expect the Boycon to be a thionite dream of efficient planning in the wheels department. In fact, even disregarding all the ribbing I do of Al Lewis since his collision last year on the way to Seattle, I honestly expect something to happen. Something good or bad, but nothing indifferent; it may be a thousand-dollar-jackpot in Reno, or a bit of highway construction making it impossible to get there from here, but I am sure something will happen.

The very first Westercon I attended was the 1954 affair held in conjunction with the 12th World SF Convention in San Francisco, and this was, in fact, my very first fan gathering beyond the scope of a LASFS meeting; it was also the first con for Wayne Strickland of San Diego, who was one of my most frequent correspondents at that time, and he and I naturally decided to go together. But we were only 15 and 14, and I'd never hitchhiked further than Garden Grove; our parents were hardly likely to release us to the mercies of the cruel outside world as mine began to do habitually in 1956... doubtless they feared for the world...so we went by Greyhound. Wayne's folks drove him up in early September, and we caught the Greydoggy from downtown Long Beach.

We had a normally uneventful start--normal for us, anyway: Wayne was two hours late, according to schedule, and we had to make it on the double-hop to dig the ten p m bus to SF via the coast. We clambered aboard with a handbag or two and my typer after a brief hassle with some rule-beleagured baggage clerks who didn't think we could possibly check all our luggage at that late hour. We took seats half-way back in the bus, and I picked up my typer to begin my conreport.

I forget who had asked me for a conreport--maybe it was Strickland, although now that I try to pin it down I don't think anybody had asked me--but in 1954 the trip report was becoming part of every convention report, and I had evolved the further innovation of writing my report as I went; and so, I started to open the case of my typer...and found I'd left the key at home.

I did the most logical thing, while Strickland choked on his laughter--I borrowed a hairpin from the lady in front of us, and began to work on the lock. It took me about two hours to undo that lock--Long Beach to Santa Barbara--and a full moon rose over the Los Angeles Basin as I began hacking out some of my immortal prose. Undaunted by the hints of snores around me, I typed a half a page, and then got in an argument with Strickland, who wanted to read over my shoulder. I can't type with someone watching me, so I told him to go gafia for the rest of the trip.

This led, somehow, to a discussion of how we entered fandom, and my conrep sat untended while I monopolized the conversation (one of my better-known abilities) and talked about Balint and Outlanders and Ackerman and LASFS and like that.

We discussed Outlanders at some length, I being recognized (by Strickland) as an authority on the subject, and Wayne inadvertently made the mistake (to my ears) of pronouncing a certain word shnary. At midnight, or later, on a crowded bus, I tilted my leonine head back and bellowed gently, "SNEARY! ESS ENN E A ARE WHY." I demanded to know how he could mispronounce a word so obviously pronounced as it was spelled. I berated his ignorance, I accused him of not reading science-fiction. And it wasn't until years later that I bothered to ask Rick Sneary about this, and found that the original German pronunciation of his name is shnary.

But at San Luis Obispo we got off for a rest stop, and as we got back on, one of the ladies in the extreme front seat of the bus stopped us, and asked if we were going to San Francisco and if we were going to the convention, and—and bigolly if they weren't the mother-and-daughter team of Pat and Roxanne Crosley from Costa Mesa, two of the brighter lights at that convention...especially Roxanne, the girl in the leopard skin. You know how they knew we were fans? Yup--something about shouting fan-words. "Nobody but a fan," said Pat, "would spell Sneary that loud." Roxanne came back to our seats and talked to us, sitting on my typewriter, which was stood up in the aisle for her. She told us about rock-hounding and being born into a science fiction family and we told her about us and thus we passed away much of the trip.

The next year, the Chesley Donovan Foundation (at that time, the Chesley Donovan SF Foundation) held the Westercon VIII in Los Angeles, at just the time that Long Beach fandom had sort of broken up because of mass enlistments in the Air Force, or moving away, or something. Even at that time, at the ripe old age of 16, I was not the travelling giant I am today, and I believe I told in a recent instalment of this column how unusual and important a trip to Los Angeles was to us of Long Beach in 1955; so preparations were made for the trip to LA for the Fourth, and at a LASFS meeting in May I gave Helen Urban a dollar to register me for the conference, she being treasurer.

In late June, I received my dollar back, with a crisp, business-like little note from the secretary of the conference, who shall remain nameless, telling me that certain people (me and Burton Satz) had acted so juvenile and irresponsible during the SFCon that they (the CD boys) did not desire our presence at their conference.

You can, perhaps, understand that I was slightly miffed. In fact, I crushed the envelope in my chubby little fist, hopped into my mom's car to dash over to Trimble's house, and had a wreck on the freeway; I think "miffed" covers that.

About two hours and \$300 worth of damage after I received that letter and my dollar from Burbank, I was telling the story to Trimble, who was home on his boot leave from the Air Force. I was going to write a real nasty letter back, and tell them to try and stop me, but Trimble and Russ Martin talked me out of it and we played a couple of hands of Harts so I could cool off, I always cool off when I'm losing at cards, and I always lost to Russ Martin, who had one of those memories like a steel trap. The result of all this was that I went to the WesterCon with a chip on my shoulder, with Paul Turner, and got so entangled with talking to other fans that I clean forgot to start a fight. I am told I spent the night in the bathtub in Cliff Gould's room, but I am sure this is an untruth because I took a bath before leaving Long Beach. I remember seeing Anthony Boucher in Bermuda shorts with shaving cream all over his face, but I'm sure he would consider this a vile calumny. It was a good con.

By the time of the 1956 Westercon, Bill Courval had become interested in fanzine fandom, and had spent a weekend at my place reading the Fancyclopedia and Laney's Memoirs and all like that, and he was very interested in going to Oakland in the company of other fans. Turner and I were virtually the last of our lot in the southland, as all the others were overseas or (worse!) in Arizona at this time, and we planned to go to Oakland in Paul's brother's Renault. When Courval bought in and asked if Dean McLees could come too, we had four riders for one small car--but that didn't stop us picking up Lew Kovner in Burbank just to make things as tough as possible, on passengers and car alike.

Paul Turner was ever a good judge of dramatic effect, and I'm sure he thought long and hard to discover the proper emotional moment to tell us that one of his tires was bald and that he had no spare. I'm sure he wrestled with himself prior to the trip, fighting down the urge to buy an extra tire and not even tell us about it; I'm equally sure it was his thought that the tire could not be bought after the trip, he fearing for our safety. In short, his sense of drama and his altruism combined to time the revelation precisely so that we might all be able to chip in and buy the extra tire. A leader of men, that fellow.

That was a trip not easily forgotten: five fans, the oldest (Courval) no more than 20, crumpled up into a pocket-size gasoline operated roller-skate, making the Ridge Route scene at thirty miles an hour and scaring hell out of motorists on that six-percent grade on highway 99. Turner and Kovner did all the driving both ways, leaving Dean, Bill and me to fangab in the minute back seat. Sometimes I slept, sometimes I talked; but I'll not soon forget the occasion when a 1956 Buick decided we needed a lesson in dimming our headlights, and Turner decided the Buick needed a lesson in maneuverability, and we careened along 99 at fifty mph, dodging in and out of traffic near Fresno at two a.m. It seemed like the fanish thing to do, I guess.

I didn't make it to the 1957 Westercon, which was held once more in Los Angeles under the auspices of the CD boys; I wanted to make it, because advance publicity had it labeled as the biggest thing to hit the West Coast--but I was taking my six months tour of active duty with the Marine Corps at the time, and it was the weekend of the Fourth of July, 1957, when I and several hundred other trained killers were dropped in our tracks by the first ravaging effects of Asiatic Flu to hit this continent. 50% of Charlie Company, 1st Battalion, were flat on their backs that weekend and we didn't get back to full strength for ten days. I was hardly in any condition to ask for weekend liberty.

But 1958 came around, the year of the jackpot, and I hit the jackpot on conventions for sure. After travelling east for the ninth MidwestCon and the first IllWisCon, I hightailed it back home and went to summer camp at Camp Pendleton with my reserve unit. Summer camp was over the day the SolaCon started, and I was confident that nothing could keep me from getting off that afternoon and hitchhiking the sixty miles to Los Angeles--and then they told me that I was expected to travel back to Northern California, to my unit's home base, and be released from active duty in the Bay Area, the second day of the SolaCon.

Sometimes I think the Marine Corps should refuse to enlist science fiction fans, because I think I have been more trouble to them than any three other Marines. When they told me I wasn't going to South Gate in Fifty-eight, they began to have trouble; and not until things changed did the trouble stop.

First I talked to my company commander, and he told me he didn't think I stood a chance; the battalion commanding officer wouldn't listen to me. I told him the colonel would listen if he (my company commander) would approve the request. Then I talked to a captain who thought clerks were the best members of the unit, and I



convinced him I was the best clerk in the unit and admitted to him that it wasn't an emergency, but that I wanted very much to be released at Camp Pendleton, the day the unit left for Alameda. Honesty helps a whole lot.

Finally I got to talk to the colonel; it was brief, because he thought that it couldn't be done without writing a letter to Washington. I thought about that for a minute, and asked him why I couldn't write a letter to Washington, whereupon he cleared his throat and told me to go clean out the head or something.

Then the Sergeant Major stepped into my company office and asked for my name, rank and serial number; he wrote it all down and vanished mysteriously. And the day before summer camp was over, I was handed the original and one carbon of a letter informing me that I was to travel home by private conveyance from Camp Pendleton--meaning that the Marine Corps had decided I could attend the Solacon. I caught a ride to Los Angeles with another Reservist, and then discovered that I was a couple of miles from the Hotel Alexandria with seven cents and my paycheck--and nobody would cash my paycheck.

It wasn't like it was a personal check or for a thousand dollars or anything. It was a government check, payable for twenty-seven dollars, about as solid a check as can be found. Nobody would cash it.

I finally found a professional check-cashing service in a drugstore, and paid fifteen cents for the privilege of getting enough money to buy a busride into downtown, to the eleventh Westerncon combined with the 16th worldcon.

Tired from two days of camping out and operating a teletype under simulated battle conditions, I stumbled into the Alexandria to find Noreen Shaw (then Falasca) using my name as a cussword because she'd just found out that Carl Brandon was a hoax. Yes, I was back in fandom again.

Last year was just an ordinary Westerncon, as most of you know if you read Shangri - L'Affaires at that time; we went to Reno and some of us won money, some of us lost, and then we got turned around in Klamath Falls and started to head back towards San Francisco, and then one of the drivers (who shall remain nameless) fell asleep at the wheel and lost a quick tussle with a highway divider. At the same time as this was happening, Elmer Ferdue was arguing with me about who should drive, as he had just had a cup of coffee and a pink heart-shaped pill and he thought he could handle the car...so I let him, only to find him dozing off after a mile or two. So I forced myself to stay awake and got one of the two cars into Seattle in time for the con, and in time to find that the other'n had been totalled.

This year I'm expecting something exciting to happen. It may be good or it may be bad, but it won't be indifferent; something will happen on the way to Boise, and maybe I'll write about it next month in this column.

---ron ellik

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THIS UNNATE THING  
STENCILLED BY  
RON ELLIK



Hello, people, we have lots of letters this time and less space. Furthermore, we're going to break an embryonic tradition and start the column with a different type of letter. Let's have a lot of comment on this one. You'll see why...

### P. SCHUYLER MILLER

My Shaggy Friends . . .

...the thought that I may be cut off from Shaggy, and that Bjo might even be restrained from coming to the Pittcon, drives me to my typewriter. Relatives can't get letters out of me. Creditors can't get letters out of me. Sometimes even Campbell can't get letters out of me. But Shaggy . . .

Besides, I want something.

I hope that the Pittcon business meeting can be a real business meeting, and that it can settle two or three things, for the good of future committees in general, and Seattle in particular. This plaintive plea -- which I've also made to Lynn Hickman, and may get to some others -- is intended to stir up some public opinion, and get some motions on the floor, to be passed or fought over, as the case may be.

Item One is in Ed Wood's hands, and doing well there. Auctions as a source of Con money are fast developing into nyet. There are fewer magazines; they use fewer illustrations; and the ones that do, buy first rights only. We're having good luck with manuscripts this year, but do fans want MSS? The state of our finances after Labor Day will tell. At any rate, future committees, and Seattle first of all, will need money to work with. Consequently, Ed has proposed -- in FR #1 -- a \$3. membership fee (\$1 overseas, still), to give committees a working bankroll. How about it? Come prepared to vote.

The remaining Items have to do with the Hugos. We will have six categories at the Pittcon, for the simple reason that Ben Jason had six of the original Hugo rockets left and let us have them. Future committees will have to find means of duplicating the rockets -- as you did -- or it may become every Con for itself. These are things I think fans should argue over before the Pittcon, and settle there.

Item Two, then: should the Jason-style rocket introduced in Cleveland in '55 be adopted as the Hugo, and future committees directed to match it as best they can? I say yes; the Hugos will lose their significance if they may be anything from a scroll to a chunk of Moon-rock. Others feel it ties the committee's hands too much to specify the design of the awards. What do you say?

Item Three: the Hugo Award categories. I don't think anyone has had as many as New York, and I don't know who has had the fewest. As I said, Pittsburgh will have six because there are only six "real" Hugos to be had. But no two Cons

have had the same set of award categories, as far as I know, and I think they could be agreed on and made traditional by a vote at the Pittcon.

What they should be, I'm not prepared to say, but I'll introduce any reasonable motion and argue for or against it, as the state of my bloodstream dictates.

Bob Tucker has pointed out that the best original hardcover novel in the world doesn't stand a chance of getting a Hugo -- because not enough fans will read it, in the year it is eligible. What they do read is magazine serials and paperbacks, and one of these will always win. I agree with him; I think that's how the vote goes. His solution is to have a mandated award ("No award" is always possible in any year) for an original hard-bound SF/fantasy novel -- even if the committee has to make the award without a fan vote. There could then be a second award for serials and paperbacks.

Here I depart from Tuck. I agree the situation is as he says it is, but I don't like a major prestige award being given by a handful -- either voters or committee. I think there might be some mechanism for a special award to a noteworthy hardback such as Stewart's Earth Abides, or the Tolkien trilogy.

There is dissatisfaction -- and satisfaction -- with our throwing novelettes and short stories into one category. You know our reason, but should these be separated again in the future -- permanently? I have no opinion here, yet.

There seems to be no hassle over the prozine and art awards. All we have to worry about here is having enough candidates.

We threw Broadway, movies, radio and TV into one hopper called "drama". Here Tucker's principle goes to work again. The greatest play on Broadway, with a cast of real Martians, won't stand a chance because not enough fans will see it. If they're in New York, they can't afford to; if they're outside, they don't have the chance. So what do we do about plays like "Visit to a Small Planet" -- not the Jerry Lewis version?

Radio is pretty well out of the picture, and with TV and Hollywood slugging it out, chances are TV will win every time -- because more people see the shows. What do we do about this?

There's unrest over the way the fanzine award is set up, too. We arbitrarily decided it should go to zines like Shaggy that appear regularly -- but what about the stellar one-shots like both Days' Indexes, Tuck's Index, Fancyclopedia II, Earl Kemp's "Who Killed SF?" We need discussion and a vote. But we can't simply proliferate awards in all directions, as New York did, or future impoverished committees will be lucky to afford a letter of commendation, neatly typed with a new ribbon on Convention stationery, let alone rockets.

Item Four: who votes? One school says -- everybody in fandom who wants to. I agree, if only because the more people there are who vote, the more a Hugo means to the winner, and because the more votes there are, the better chance a winner has of being a "real" choice statistically.

The other school says: the registered members pay for the awards with their dues, so they should be the only ones to vote. This is the Oscar technique, of which you probably know more -- pro and con -- than we out here. But the vote will represent the choice of a smaller number of fans, and a goodly number of the convention members -- those who don't join until after the Hugo balloting closes -- still won't vote at all. The committee can't, physically, wait until everyone has registered and then take a vote -- not if the winners are to get engraved Hugos at the banquet.

So, what do you and yours think about these things? It would be nice to have enough agreement within fandom so that some resolutions can be presented

at the Pittcon, with a chance of producing something other than fury. Do you think it can be done?

\* \* \* \* \*

Sure I love Shaggy, or I wouldn't be turning out all this ~~fff~~ wordage free. I won't be pinned down, but there's the revealing "Fallen Angelenos", the meaty "Strange and Fantastic," the enjoyable "Golden Journey", and a certain familiar air to No. 49 that has me a little puzzled.

You mean Bjo might be like Bjt before the Pittcon? Like a noise like a high-tension wire falling on a Volkswagon? Suitable, ain't it?

/O/O/ We think this letter worth all the space it took. It ought to elicit a lot of comment, most of which ought to be printable. Now for a letter from a voritable neofan...

KRIS NEVILLE, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Trimble:

This is to acknowledge receipt of your new issue. It was sent, I assume, to garner favor with my wife, since it neither discusses science-fiction nor does she read science-fiction.

For myself, as I have stressed in personal conversation with a number of editors, I do not write letters of comment.

I adopted this policy a number of years ago.

As the direct result of the unreasonable attitude of the then editors of Shaggy.

It came about like this:

No one, to the best of my knowledge, then -- or for that matter, now or ever -- had any record of the paid subscribers to your fanzine, of which I was one.

We -- paid subscribers -- were ever on tenterhooks. If we ignored the injunction to comment (checked routinely on all copy covers, thereby personalizing essentially a printed form and tacitly recognizing a perverted form of original sin) we -- paid subscribers -- were in danger of either (1) losing our investments, or (2) if we did comment, appearing the fools by paying for what others got for free under the identical conditions.

At length, after having discussed the matter with a number of reputable old time fans over respectable quantities of beer, I decided (on my own) that to be sure of continuing my self respect, I should write a letter of comment. I did. "Cancel my subscription."

The new issue is the first I have received since then.

I enclose a check for \$1 for the magazine to be sent out in my wife's name. Do not bother to ask for comment, as I will tell her it concerns science-fiction.

/O/O/ Thanks for the check. We cashed it, added a little more and John and I split the six-pack of Hamm's it largely enabled us to buy! /O/O/

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida.

Dear Shaggy,

Lichtman: It's my guess that the tremendous amount of fanzines making the rounds these days is occasioned by the folding of the prozines. This leaves the sf reader and/or diehard without something which attracted him in the prozines. So now they're turning to fanzines to furnish this x quality.

While an odd or unfamiliar (name) doesn't always have to be a penname, ask Leman, Ellis Mills or Pavlat about Crispin L. Porquist. Marley L. Gastonhugh

doesn't sound too realistic. Of course this is the ugly head of suspicion rearing itself so won't we all be surprised to find out that M.L.G. is real.

Oh, ho. In replying to Kujawa's letter you spill the beans on this "write" business. Us fine people ~~who have bothered to sub so~~ who have bothered to sub so as not to miss any issues, who bother to join LASFS because it's a fine sf club, who go to all the trouble of publishing a zine so we can have something to trade, are still required to write in order to obtain the next issue. Nicholas Machiavelli take heed!

/0/0/ Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! But seriously, if you are, what we mean is that if you trade, sub or belong to the club, fine, you get the issue anyhow, whether you write or not. But we LIKE to hear from you; we may value your comments a little higher than the vast throng's or something, so we plaintively put "Write". And get stomped all over! Sniff. /0/0/

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan.

Dear Marsha,

You see ((3 times))? I didn't address this letter to John after all. Now are you happy?

Well, before I disclose who Marley L. Gastonhugh is, I guess I might as well...comment...on Shaggy first.

Anyways, because of its resemblance to Bob Tucker, I'll gladly forego any social meeting with the thing portrayed on page 2 of S F Forever.

Gee, Bjo, does Wrotsler REALLY look like the feller portrayed in your 'toon on page one of Burb's offering...? Didn't you skip something..like horns, a tail or something similar?

Oh, that was a PRECIOUS cartoon you drew for the Fandom's Cookbook ad, Bjo. I recognize you behind that pen-name, you Bruce Pelz you!

/0/0/ Don Simpson did the Cookbook ad and Bruce Pelz is Bruce Pelz and no other. Nobody trusts us around here, it seems! /0/0/

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N. J.

Dear Marley--you big phony,

All right, which one of you is it this time hiding behind that ridiculous name (almost as ridiculous as Dean W. Dickensheet)? Bjo, Al, Bruce, Ernie, John....? Well, come clean now.

Harness' account of the meetings as usual provoked much laughter from me--in fact, I'll say it was one of the funniest LASFS meeting reports I've read in SHAGGY.

The lettercol was rather sparse, and dammit, I still think Bruce Pelz is Dean Dickensheet.

/0/0/ See? Like I said, nobody trusts us here in L.A. Or maybe nobody believes Bruce Pelz isn't everybody here. Who is Bruce Pelz? /0/0/

As badly as I've been chopping them, the letters, some of which deserve better treatment -- others with small gems that should be excerpted -- still are piled high. So the next two pages will be crowded with butchered excerpts and commentary. Put your reading glasses on. You'll need them!

Somebody called SPARKLE-JANEY says to us "Dear Shaggy People", My day was made complete when good old little lovable Shaggy showed up on my doorstep! I always enjoy Shaggy and #50 was no exception. The cover is beautiful."



And even more enthusiastic was PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk, Va., who said, "The moment I got Shaggy I knew my day was complete. This was just one more perfect thing that happened in a string of perfect things. To say it was a fabolus day would be to make an understatement as it seemed to me that I couldn't do anything wrong if I tried. ...and getting Shaggy #50 topped it off. From the Terrific EJO cover to Golden Journey and all between, I read in a happy I-just-know-I've-died-&-gone-to-Heaven mood. And THEN I came to the letter col and there my perfect day was turned supreme for I was Mentioned, ACTUALLY MENTIONED in Shaggy. I had actually made it, I had Arrived."

And so on. That's what we like here; enthusiasm. But then there are those among us who are not approving: ART HAYES, R.R. 3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada. He says, "Shaggy is, by custom, the name of the LASFS OO. Somehow, any change from this seems sacriligeous." Well, Art, we figured that we've had the name a long time. Just like Astounding. Times change. If ASF can, we can too.

Guy name of HAL LYNCH at McBurney YWCA, 215 W. 23rd St., New York 11, NY, says briefly: "Please send me more and more of shangrilaffaires which is so full of crispy crunchy goodness and lanolin-plus." We knew additives would pay off!

An artist of some repute but not seen around fandom much these days, D. BRUCE BERRY of 205 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill., says: "Dear et al; Believe it or not, it took ten minutes to think of that opening. ...I am quaffing Bonevolent Shoer and nibbling cheddar cheese." He sends money for Shaggy and goes on to say, "If all goes well....I should be bcm-barded by deliveris of Shangri-L'Affaires. I await this denoument with baited breath (chedder cheese, of course)." Wow, no doubt. I've tried it and he's got a good thing going.

Fine, and long, letters here. Have to chop them, like ROY TACKETT's, who lives at 412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, S. C. He says, "...so I'll comment on issue no. 50 of EGOBOO--oops--SHAGGY. Actually I'm right the 1st time. There are, by actual count, 195 different names mentioned..." How are your eyes holding out, daddy-o? Further: "I would add to the Surbee item that there is nothing like coming out of the house in the morning and taking a deep breath on a particularly humid day. The miasma really starts the lungs to working....rotting vegetation, decaying varmints, slowly dissolving revenooers." Yeh. "Deckinger's review....in the Golden Journey was interesting. Have heard of the show before but can't rightly say where. Of course, we don't get it in this area. Had a fellow come through a while back trying to sell TV sets. Belive his company is still looking for him." And he ends the letter with the following advice: "Cows should be handled slowly and gently."

A hand-written note from Fli Busby of the Pullman, Wash. Busby's (temp.): "I'm glad to see somebody keeping that USS Killer Hamster in line, so he doesn't get torpedoed or something. .... the dialog pitch is a good one to cover several sides of a question. And I'm glad you've seen the fallacy of interjections -- " Then, and well put, he says, "Bruce has just about reconciled me to the 'Fellowship of the Ring' title, with appropriate explanatory notes. And I suppose that if you persist in this crusade to tag the fair city of Los Angeles with the association to mephitic Mordor, it's your business -- I can ignore tha t slogan just as fast as you can plug it! " More good stuff but room gets shorter!

A name from waanaay back, E. E. GREENLEAF, JR., of 1309 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La., says, "USS John Trimble editorializes I don't got the nautical significance. You in the Naval Reserves, or something

similar, jt? By that I mean, are you an ex-Navy man, with fond memories, or a boating enthusiast? .....And you guys and gals have me saying MORDOR IN '64 lately. Despite what Busby may think, it sounds a helluva lot better than referring to a Seattle Worldcon as the Pucon. Brrr! Gas! And oog!

Scribe JH makes the LASFS sound asnutty as I've pictured it to be in my most secret thoughts. How about printing Rotsler's lecture on the fine art of shooting nudes in public places? I am in favor of such educational material in fanzines, even if it would make them a bit serconish and less attractive to the more fannish among us." Which is a thought. I favor Pucon over MORDOR meself. That's all from two nice pages.

Next is another old-timer but activer all these years name of HARRY WARNER, JR. who used to live at 303 Bryan Place but doesn't anymore. "Maybe this letter will get through. I'm beginning to wonder if the last one did, the one in which I sent the carbon copy of the article whcso original got lost in the mails. Maybe part of a letter was even lost in this issue of Shaggy because I note a rubber-stamped statement that my name is mentioned therein and I can't find any such thing. In other words, communications seem to be even worse than Korzybski ever thought." We regret not being able to print the rest of this and some of the preceding letters. Maybe I can squeeze another two pages from JT next time if there are as many fine letters.

JACK CHALKER, 5111

Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, says, "That the hell did Julie Jardine speak about?"..and... "Personally, I couldn't see anything to 'Fallen Angelenos'. Will somebody please explian why it is so great? (It's a good thing there are 3,000 miles between Bjo and myself....!" He liked most of the rest of SHAGGY. STEVE STILES wants to know if anybody read Limbo by ? Wolfe. He's @ 1809 2nd Ave., New York 28. CRAIG COCHRAN is at 467 W. 1st St., Scottsdale, Ariz., and liked everything in #50 so much he sent a buck for more issues. But KEI POTTER, of 1 Dunsmure Rd., Stamford Hill, London N16, wrote a big, long note to us here in L.A. wondering why we're not sending him CRY... Oh, well. ALAN DODD, however, at 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddeson, Herts., England, is happy about SHAGGY and remembers, and enquires, all sorts of things about JT, WR, who is hiding at White Knoll (Ed Cox no longer has that Buick) and many, many others. JIM HARMON writes a happy note from 427 E. 8th, Mt. Carmel, Ill. in which he quotes Karl Marx ("I feel for you in the time of your need. Send me five pounds in mine." ok, jim?) in reference to our asking him to write: "From time to time, Shaggy has contained some mention of me --- a trashy Sunday suppliment writer, a violent psychopath, a sex maniac, etc., etc., etc." Wow, did we call you all that? "I don't think I want to write for a fanzine that solicits material from people like me!" You win! "Aside from that, sir, you have completely stalled my plans to marry Bjo and gain communal property in that pair of Tom Mix spurs she owns."

ROBERT ANDERSON, Box 696,

Dade City, Florida, wants to know Anthony Boucher's address. CATHERINE E. PLUMTREE, Box 251, Clinton, Ontario, sends in another sub. Write once? MRS. JEAN H. HERNDON, 4077 W. 3rd St., L.A., also subscribes and wants to know what's this about trading for letters of comment. You may write letters of comment to each issue in lieu of subscribing. Also here is a letter from the Center of the Universe which chitter-chatters for two pages about things Bay area fannish, PANAC, etc., and signs off "Toodle-oo". Yech! RUTH BERMAN, EDWARD J. R. BUZANOWICZ, R. D. NICHOLSON (of New Zealand), BOB PAVLAT, JIM CAUGHRAN, and MAL ASHWORTH send letters, notes and cards. Sorry, people, but all of them just wouldn't fit in. And that swatch of real, crazy colored cloth...I don't how to print it! Would the sender please get in touch and translate it?

Barley L. Gastonhugh

# the Los Angeles S-F Society

meets every Thursday at 8 p.m.  
at

2548 W. 12th Street  
Los Angeles 6, California  
Phone: DUnkirk 2-3246

Visitors W\*E\*L\*C\*O\*M\*E!

# Shangri-L'Affaires

is published every month or so  
as the Official Organ of the  
LASFS, and sent to non-members  
for the reasons listed below,  
and some other, unfathomable  
reasons lurking in the dark,  
murky skull of the creature/s/  
in charge of the mailing list.  
This creature is truly cruel,  
and its heart is black. Beware,  
ye freeloaders, BEWARE!

We trade with you (1 for 1)  
for \_\_\_\_\_

Review of same herein \_\_\_\_\_

You sent a LETTER of comment \_\_\_\_\_  
We like the best of these.

Poetsarc'd, you lazy lout \_\_\_\_\_

Ah, you sent a SUB for \_\_\_\_\_ issues  
Your sub expires with issue # \_\_\_\_\_

This is (the best kind) a  
CONTRIBUTOR'S COPY \_\_\_\_\_

Thank you for the contribution  
It will appear in a future  
issue \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE submit (more) material \_\_\_\_\_

-----  
F\*L\*A\*S\*H ....? Like.

LASFS held an election on the  
23rd of June, electing Ernie  
Wheatley Director, re-electing  
Jack Harness and Rick Sneary  
Sec'try & Treas. resp., all by  
acclamation. The real voting  
was for Committeemen, with Al  
Lewis becoming Senior, and John  
Trimble being re-elected Junior  
Committeemen in a close four-way  
race. Bruce Pelz and Forry  
Ackerman were the neck-breather-  
downers.

Except for the Jr Committ-  
ee-man, a pretty capable bunch.

from: 980 1/2 White Knoll

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