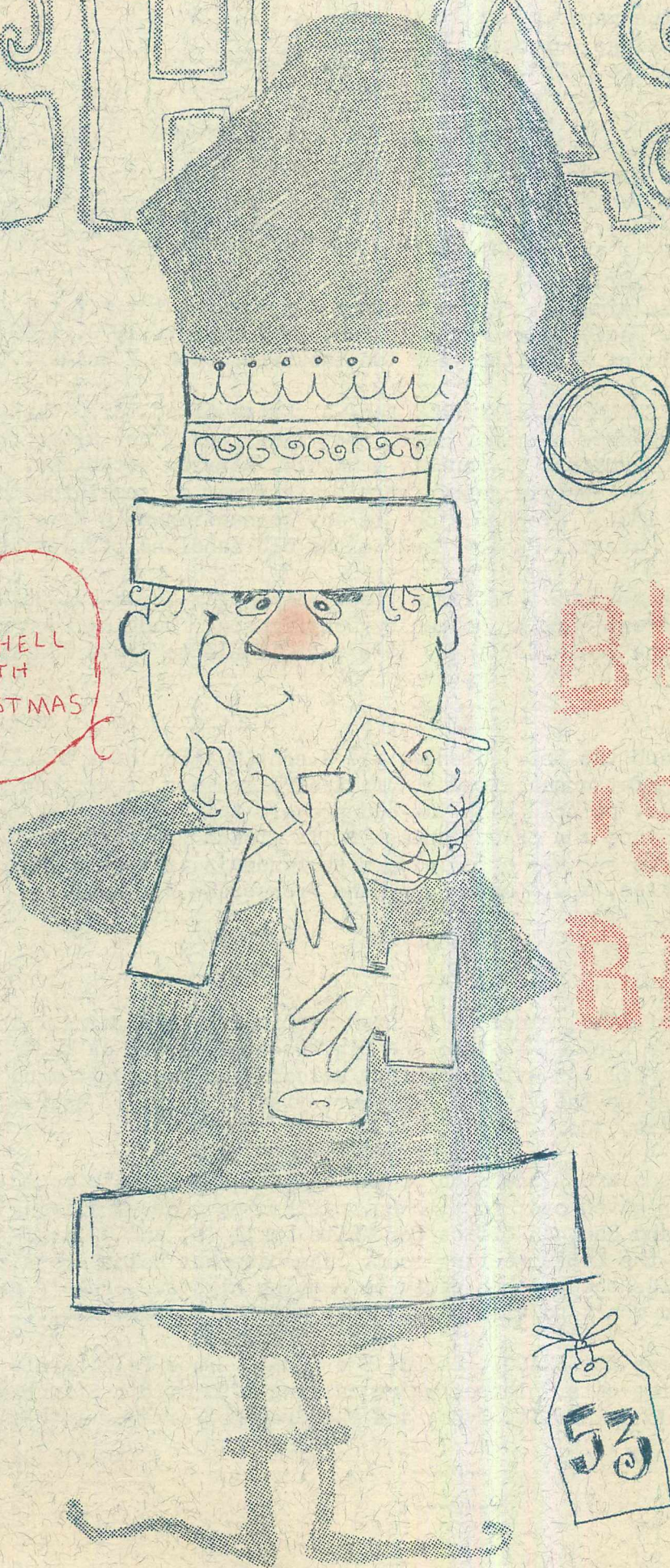


SHAGGY

TO HELL
WITH
CHRISTMAS

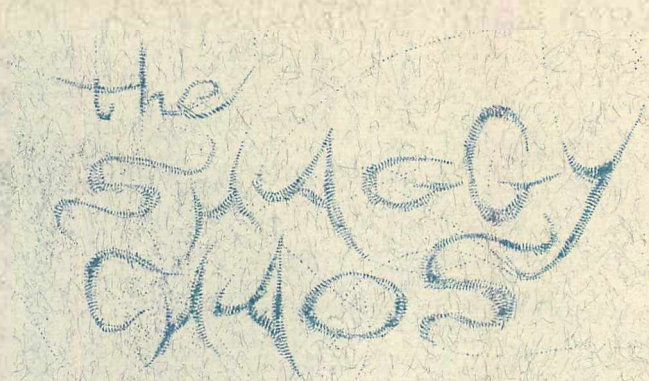
BHEER
is
BEST



mike hinger

THE MAGIC YEAR

Nineteen-sixty was the magic year; the year in which most things scientific were to take place. And, as Redd Boggs has pointed out, many of them did--we're driving bullet (or aircraft carrier) shaped autos over soaring freeways...and we're probing further into space ("we" including, of course, our Russian friends). A lot of our stf dreams are still that; we're not star-travellers yet, nor can we move but one direction in time.... And as 1960 drew nearer, new magic years began to take preference...1970, 1980, 1984, 1999...and the most magic of all...the year two thousand. Now, I wonder....



1960 saw changes in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, too--a change of editors, changes (naturally) in policy, and changes of mind. 1961 most likely will not alter this pattern by too much. We plan a hard&fast bi-monthly schedule, barring set-backs. And you'll notice that the fanzine reviews are gone--there's a glimmer of something to "replace" them, but that's off in 1961. Dropped, too, is any connection with Dave Rike's now defunct (hmmm?) Fanzine Material Pool. Back to the old handling of submissions.

We've added a new department this issue, too. Kind of a forum-but-not-a-forum. And coming up is a different sort of column by Don Simpson. Judging from Edmond Hamilton's reaction to the basis for this, it's just liable to prove fascinating.

--o0e-

The Art Supplement and the Barr Calendar are a continuation of a tradition started last year. While big fat annual issues, full of all kinds of written goodies, are great stuff sometimes, we hold with the old proverb that one picture is worth a thousand words. And since the SHAGGY Annish falls around The Holidays.... The LASFS/SLA Holiday issue is our way of joining with fandom's artists to wish you all the merriest of Christmases, and a most Happy and Prosperous New Year.

-o0o-

THE HOUSE ON POOH CORNER

The biggest change of 1960, since we've been mentioning such things, is the move of both the LASFS and the FanHillMob into the big two-story house on West 8th Street. We're calling it The Fan Hillton--visiting fans welcome, (if you don't mind lumpy couches, or sleeping bags on the floors) for short visits. And, of course, we've firmly planted SHAGGY here, too.

The place is huge; Bjo and I and each of the fellas have private rooms upstairs; while the lower floor is given over to kitchen, publishing room, a "living" or common room, a studio for Bjo and Don, an office for White Knoll Co, and a large room we're calling Freehafer Hall--the LASFS meeting room. The basement holds Bjo's kilns, and miscellaneous stuff. Plus the cats on party or medting nights. Ernie's cat, Typo, is a party-cat, tho, and won't go willingly. Spin and the Mouser, now....

So; changes of address for SHAGGY, LASFS, Bjo and I, Bruce Pelz, Ernie Wheatley, Don Simpson, and the three cats, please; we're calling 2790 W. 8th St., L A 5, Calif. home for a while. And do Spindrift, Typo, and the Grey Mouser ever love those stairs.

-o0o-

(cont'd on page 4)

October, November, December
1960

shangri-l'affaires 53

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the 1960 SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES
HOLIDAY ART: SUPPLIMENT...
plus....
a 1961 Calendar by George Barr

is the official-organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 2790 West 8th Street, Los Angeles 5, Calif. (DUNKIRK 9-0619 - Meetings every Thursday, 8 pm, Visitors Welcome), and appears on a (we hope) bi-monthly--from now on--schedule from this N*E*W A*D*D*R*E*S*S. We huckster single copies for 25¢, and allow an exhorbitant 5/\$1.00, but we'd prefer letters of comment, trades, contributions (articles, artwork, verse), and like that.

Our STERLING AREA AGENT is Archie Mercer 434/4 Newark Rd., N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England, who will mercatorially accept the 1/8d. per ea (5=7/-).

If you move, we'd like a CoA, and P*L*E*A*D with you to make checks, MOs, etc. payable to yEditor.

Vote the Acorn Ticket...RON ELLIK for TAFF, and remember ~~10/10/61~~ ~~11/11/61~~ L.A. ONCE MORE IN 64!

WHOM TO BLAME:

Editors= Bjo & John Trimble

Asst. Editor= E. Mañana Cox

Printer= Ernie Wheatley

Artwork= Bjo, Scribe JH, Mike Hinge, Simpson.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY= Ed Cox, uss jt, Len Moffatt, Forry, Billern, Joe Gibson, Jim Caughran, Fritz Leiber, someone named J C, and...
n i n e t e e n - h u n d r e d a n d
s i x t y - o n e !

DEADLINE for Next Issue = February 1, 1961

SPECIAL NOTICE:

This issue only will cost 75¢ mailed flat in a manila envelope. This price includes SLA, Suppliment, and the Barr Calendar. 50¢ will get you the Suppliment and Calendar, and 30¢ will get a copy of the Calendar. These are post-publication prices...you pre-pub angels quit worrying. Contributor's copies are free.

The Editorial Edict pronounced last issue still applies Christmas Good Will or no....



THE FIRST AUTOMATIC PO IN THE U.S.

That's a new Commemorative stamp they've just put out.

The other day I dropped by the Post Office to pick up some stamps for Schermerhorn Bros. Co. (where I work), and got handed a pile of commemorative fours. The girls in our office didn't care for this, but I thought it was grand. And it keyed off something that has been batted around by we LAreans for some time now.

Stamp collectors are almost as numerous in fandom as G&S addicts, or jazz buffs. And commemorative stamps are sometimes sought after...so imagine a commemorative stamp with a Fond du Lac postmark, and its value to a fan-stamp-collector. Overseas fans have several times made favorable comments about our commemorative stamps, too... they seem to like ours as well as we like theirs (like a certain one put out by Australia not too long ago).

All of which leads to a plea for more use of commemorative stamps by fans. Sure, they're out-sized and you have to ask for them half the time. But they're usually quite pleasing to the eye, and really don't make much trouble. Besides, why conform? Why shouldn't we take advantage of the one streak of creativity shown by J Arthur Summerfield's mingions?

-o0o-

VOTE THE ACORN TICKET

SHAGGY is kicking off its campaign for Ron Ellik for TAFF. The Squirrel is not only a lovabobble character, but Ron's background in fandom makes him an ideal TAFF candidate and future administrator.

As the youngest Official Editor in FAPA history, Ron served quite competently; later as both Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer of the organization, he administered in an accurate and business-like manner, while proving most interesting and entertaining in the process.

Our bushy-tailed friend provided a great deal of the enthusiasm and work which resulted in a Hugo award for that worthy and indispensable newzine, FANAC.

He's been a con-goer, hitch-hiking back and forth over this country for years, until the Marine Reserves and college cut this activity somewhat. Still he makes the Westercons and WorldCons each year.

Roniel has been involved in deep fannish disputes, but he's never stooped to the back-biting so well known in fan-circles. Ron may disagree with you, but it will be an honest argument; not just for lack of something else to do.

RON ELLIK FOR TAFF!

-----uss jt.



The MENACE of the Lasts

In the absence of Ted Johnstone, if you will pardon a cliché, the meeting was begun by Ernie Wheatley. Guest Jimmy Buck lectured on his art. He passed around three paintings, one a portrait of his wife, one of Charles Laughton à la Hals (and an excellent tippler Charles made, too) and a freewheeling sketch of a French street-light. Mr. Buck is an illustrator for movies who is trying to switch to art sacred for a change. He does billboard and poster art, including the work for "Journey to the Center of the Earth" and "Rocketship X-M" (at which revelation we nearly booed him off the stage.) He usually has to deliver doubleplusquick but is often able to rough out the desired poses on paper and then have the director manoeuver the stars into the desired poses and action so he can draw from stills.

--- 1188th Meeting

+ + + + +

By way of committee reports, Bjo announced the increasing publicity LASFS has been getting. There will be a 15 minute radio interview of intelligent LASFS members someday---providing, she added, that some can be found. The Committee managing the Hobby Show at the Shrine Auditorium considers us colorful characters, more interesting than people who construct gumdrop trees, for example---only they don't know the half of it. Our booth backdrop will consist of a Galactic Map, with arrangements for showing foreign galaxies, such as those printed in Swedish and German. There will be display of photoes and oddments of interest and a running game of Interplanetary to sucker in the curious.

After the showing of "Rock Fight," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Curtain Call," in magnificent 2-D Fruidyscope we discussed prospects of new quarters and rent for same. Someone pointed out that we could get a Ford Foundation grant if we could prove that we were beneficial to the community. In the embarrassed silence that followed, John Trimble suggested trying a vacant store in the Fan Hill district.

We were reminded that nominations for Director would occur four meetings hence on the 23rd of June. Johnstone announced that he would not try to succeed himself, using the classic words, "If nominated, I will not run; if elected, I will not serve." But shucks, he's done that for years now and we keep electing him.

--- 1189th Meeting

+

We finally finished applauding the movie work (cinema-toasting) and someone brought up the subject of the B47, which had the first seat ejection mechanism. The plane also had a built-in toilet, which one operated by pulling a lever after one unbuckled the seat belt and lowered trousers. As luck would have it, both ejection levers were on the right side of the seat. Various situations were discussed at this point, such as labling one "For Emergency Use Only" and the other "For REAL Emergency Use Only," For some reason, however, after just one try-out, the toilet lever was put on the other side of the seat and the whole matter of design hushed up.

--- 1190th Meeting

Forry murmured that Ustinov was told that the Hollywood horror flic has caught on in England and the British film industry is exporting horror films throughout the pound sterling area. "Yes," replied Ustinov, "the sun never sets on the British Vampire."

+

Neary announced that City Hall has hurled a new gantlet: the trolley track known as "Angel's Flight" may disappear, due to the planned removal of the hill the trolley services. "Where can we put it?" he asked. Several answers to this question were stricken from the records, except for the obvious one of using it as an escalator to service Fan Hill. Wendy Ackerman wondered what this had to do with science fiction. We reminded her that LASFS is an organization of broad mental horizons where various items of intrinsic merit and esoteria are concerned. LASFS had earlier, under the name of "The Society for the Preservation of the Culture and Character of Los An-

--- 1195th Meeting

+

--- 1197th Meeting

- - - 7 - - -

iii. Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful,
Friendly, Courteous, Kind, O-
bedient, Cheerful, Thrifty,
Brave, Clean, and Reverend.
— Also Modest Original,
and Many, Many MORE.



(and remembers -
religion is
not an issue!)

Harnessed

CHORUS:

I should have taken the plane;
I should have taken the plane:
The car break down, and the
Gods all frown on me -
Should have taken the plane.

Buy airplane ticket, very cool,
I fly to Pittcon nice and comfortable,
Hear about Travelcon, lose my head -
Next thing I know I'm in a car instead.

CHORUS

The driver Chuck Nuetzel is a very fine guy,
Got a sinister look and a patch over one eye.
And Big Jim Harmon, dressed all in black -
Little me better turn about and go right back!

CHORUS

Well it's too late now, and we're starting off;
But the car make a sound like Grag with smoker's cough:
Limp to the garage and mechanic say,
"You're loaded too full; you wouldn't get half way."

CHORUS

Got to leave a man and three bags behind.
Other car come along and take them off our mind.
Everything's peachy till the next mishap -
We discover we're fifty miles off the map.

CHORUS

Well, we find our way back and we're doing fine,
And it looks like we might get to the Con on time:
Coming into Vegas, happy as can be,
When we started the plunge into misery.

CHORUS

"It's a flat," said Chuck, but the tires were good,
And a funny noise came from underneath the hood;
Made it to a phone, just a little way,
And we put in a call to the A A A.

CHORUS

We rode through the center of town in style
On the back of a tow-truck; you could see us for a mile.
The garageman said, "There's not much doubt
That your whole damn engine gonna hafta come out."

CHORUS

We had some drinks, just to ease our hearts - /parts,
He said "A hundred bucks labor, and a hundred more for
Make it two-fifty: that sounds about right,
And it won't be ready till tomorrow night."

CHORUS

We met with the Travelcon and told our tale; /wail.
They said good-bye and left us at garage to weep and
We got a place for the night to stretch,
Between two sex-mad horses and a lonesome bitch.

CHORUS

Next day we asked garageman, "What news please?"
He said he'd have to order crankshaft from Los Angeles,
Might get it in a day or maybe two....

So we went down town to figure what to do.

CHORUS

Now in downtown Las Vegas it is hard to think
With the sound of the money going tinkle-tinkle-tink:
By time we figured where we go from here,
We just had money for one short beer.

CHORUS

There wasn't very much that we could do:
The car was hung up for another day or two.
With deep misgiving, we decided thus:
There was nothing for it but to take the bus.

CHORUS

Now if you've ever gone Greyhound there's no need to tell
That it is a clever and bloody form of exquisite Hell;
The details would make this song too long by far -
So I'll end it mercifully - HERE WE ARE!

CHORUS:

Next time I'm going by plane;
I'm really taking a plane:
Leave troubles behind,
Have a peaceful mind -

(spoken)

At least if anything does go wrong, it's all over at once...

(sang)

I think I'm going by plane.

---Jock Root





by Ron Ellik

Never again, I swore to myself as I collapsed on my return from the 1959 WorldCon in Detroit, Never Again will I undergo that particularly terrifying and horrible form of torture known as a fan-caravan to a con. But I

should have known myself better than that, because I am a weak-willed person when it comes to splitting expenses across country or hitch-hiking; so in August of this year, I joined up with fourteen others in four cars and we set out to the 1960 World Convention in Pittsburgh.

Of course, not all four cars made it. Only Chuck Neutzel expected his ~~Elk~~ DeSoto to get past the Continental Divide--it didn't, either. Neutzel was last seen being towed toward Las Vegas, with a firm but sad visage. Jim Harmon and Jock Root took the bus on to the Convention and New York afterwards--there just wasn't room for either of them to shift to our little cars.

Not even all three of the foreign cars made it, for that matter. Bill Ellern's Hillman broke down in Illinois--generator trouble. They arrived in Pgh about a day behind the other two cars...which almost didn't make it due to exhaustion on the part of all the drivers (despite the wonderful hospitality on the part of Gregg & Joanne Calkins and Lynn Hickman enroute), and heavy fog and rain just inside the Penna. line, all the way to Jack Harness' home in south Pittsburgh.

But we made it, all of us--'cept Neutzel--and the convention started right on schedule: our part started a day early, and the program started late. What more could we ask?

I wasn't there when the program started--in fact, I wasn't around for much of the program, even the parts I participated in--but we had a real blast in the Monongahela (such words shouldn't exist) Room where the Fan Art Show was set up. We spent Thursday before the convention driving down to Monessen (as if we hadn't driven enuf) to pick up Joni Cornell and...hmm. I'll remember in a minute what else we picked up. Joni is slim and blonde and twenty years old, you see, and likes to chase shy male fans and she's an artist and...oh yes, artist. We went down to Monessen at first to pick up the artwork that had been sent to Joni for the Fan Art Show. Five of us went down in Al Lewis' Peugeot--without Al, who was back with the Hillman in Illinois--and six of us returned, laden with artwork and with Joni sitting first on Forry's lap and then on mine.

So we got back to Pittsburgh and the Penn-Sheraton Hotel and the big, free, perfect Monongahela Room on the 17th floor where the Art Show was installed with much confusion, more enthusiasm, and even more co-operation on the part of the Con Committee and the hotel staff. In fact, the hotel staff were among our most interested attendees at the art show--they kept coming in at all hours of the day and night, asking timidly if they might look around for a while. Three of the most appreciative listeners I've ever had were three custodians I showed around Sunday Morning.

Friday morning at some unearthly hour we got back to the hotel from our base of operations at the Harness residence and the convention got off to a sort of confused start. The hucksters' room, where various and sundry people had attractive displays of science-fictional items, was almost unpopulated. The Art Show, which wasn't entirely finished until Friday afternoon, was packed.

I'm afraid I was guilty of spending much more time at the art show than I did anywhere else during Friday and Saturday, but this didn't prevent me from enjoy-

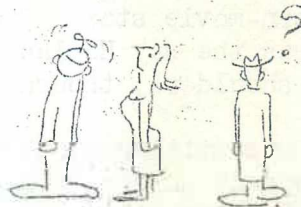
ing the convention. You know--if you stay in one place long enough, everybody in the world passes by. By hanging around the Monongahela Room and the area of the 17th Floor near it--the NJF information room, the hallway, ranging as far away as the registration desk--I met many, many people.

At one time we had a reasonably large-sized group of FAPA members gathered there, although nothing to compare with the impromptu gathering on the floor at Detroit. FMBusby asked me to sign a by-law, and I said sure, and found I didn't have a pen. "Excuse me," I said to Boyd Raeburn, "May I borrow your pen a moment?" He got that haughty look about him that he affects after the British manner and said, "Certainly. And that's a hell of a way to say hello." Phyllis Economou, the Youngs, Dick Eney, Pavlat, Elinor Busby, the Whites, Ger Steward and various other FAPAns were around at the time--early Friday, and--even more in evidence--many, many waiting-listers were there. The size of the waiting list has created a whole group of people who are classed as waiting-listers of FAPA: they were w/l'ers last year, they will probably be the same next year. I was pleased to meet Les Nirenberg (who scares young girls), Mike Deckinger, Nancy Share, Bill Sarill, and even Les Gerber, who seems to think people are picking on him. My meeting with Gerber was sort of interesting--Ted White introduced me as Carl Brandon (which was true enuf) and Gerber tried to figure out which "Carl Brandon" I was. He finally had to be told, which, I think, was a sort of indirect one-up on me.

People have speculated for some time now as to the existence of second-generation fans; the PittCon had some definite examples: Margaret Curtis, Robert Lee Martinez, and Peggy Rae McKnight, who are 18, 16, & 16, respectively, and all fans in their own right, besides being descended from fans. Maggie's father had several paintings on display in the art show, and her mother is Betsy "The Real McCoy" Curtis; Robert Lee's father is Sam Martinez, one of the prime movers of the annual Oklacons of a few years ago; and Peggy Rae's father and mother worked on both the Philadelphia Conventions ('47 & '53), and her father designed the first Hugo with Manny Staub.

The quotecard took a backseat at this convention, for all time: nobody can possibly originate a quotecard to match the display put on by the PennSheraton Hotel over the con weekend. Thursday night one of the officials asked Bjo Trimble what they should put on the hotel marquee while the con was in progress. "Oh," she said, "why not, 'Fandom is just a hobby!'" And Saturday morning, bright and early, a happy little man climbed up there and emblazoned in foot-high letters:

FANDOM IS JUST A HOBBY!



They were going to advertise the world premiere of Unicorn Productions' movie, "The Musquite Kid Rides Again" but they chickened out, figuring that that was just a bit too esoteric. There went my chance to see my name in lights.

New records were set right and left at the Pittcon--the death of the quote-card was just one. Friday night, James Warren (publisher of HELP! and FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND) began his nightly series of revolutionary parties: each night of the convention, at midnight, he served apple pie ala mode, with coffee &/or milk, to a small group of guests in his room. With his young ward, Harlan Ellison, constantly in attendance to keep the audience amused, Warren probably threw the wildest--and most enjoyable--parties at the convention.

Ellison was in great form during this convention. He's been digging Lenny

Bruce or late, and he has a rapid-fire (everything about Harlan is rapid-fire) repertoire of shticks ranging from hilarious to tiresome. He was in his usual form at the auction, and dragged in many dozens of dollars for the convention--to his surprise at times. His two most fantastic sales were not due to his abilities as an auctioneer--\$125 for a do-it-yourself Hal Clement kit consisting of a manuscript and some models of an alien solar system; and \$101 for a taboo manuscript by Philip Jose Farmer, which no editor would publish.



Saturday afternoon I squeeze myself into Hal Shapiro's infinitesimal room with two dozen other people to rehearse for the "Misfits Glee Club" which was one of the features following the Masquerade that night. The name was appropriate--we numbered Hal, Dave Kyle, Sandy Cutrell, Doc Smith, Sally Kidd, Dick Schultz, Les Gerber, Jock Root, Bbob Stewart (of Tex.), Peggy Rae McKnight, Sam Moskowitz, Juanita Coulson and Ed Cox in our group, among others whose names escape me right now. How this group got together I will never quite understand--but we got up on stage Saturday night and belted out over half-a-dozen songs of science-fiction and fandom and destruction and drinking. We were told later that nobody beyond the first row could understand a word we were singing, but that we were loud and enjoyable.

The Masquerade itself was almost not participated in at all. There were fewer costumes this year than before in my memory, and fewer good costumes than ever. Several costumes were entertaining (like Virginia Schultheis, dressed as a flapper and labeled "First Fandom"), and some were attractive (like Sylvia White, who almost didn't have a costume), and some were downright spectacular. The spectacular ones won prizes--Stu Hoffman, George Heap, Lynn Hickman, and Bjo Trimble stand out in memory. Bjo won the "Most Outstanding" prize and was awarded "Grand Prize" by vote of the prize-winners, for her green unicorn costume with two pony-tails--the second pony-tail was the one worn by Eleanor Turner two years ago at South Gate, when she won the "Sexiest Costume" award.

That night, near midnight, we showed the movies we'd brought from Los Angeles--an experimental movie by Duayne Avery; "Rock Fight" and "Little Red Riding Hood" by Rtosler and several LASFSians; and Unicorn Productions' two movies, "The Genie" and "The Musquite Kid Rides Again". The reception was great, especially for "Rock Fight", "The Genie", and "The Musquite Kid". Noreen Shaw told me I looked like Gary Cooper with shoulders. Folks seem to think I'm a born western-movie star. They also think Bjo is great as a dancing firl; a born cooch-dancer, was the way Harlan Ellison put it. Nobody told her she looked like Gary Cooper with shoulders, though.

At one program session, Saturday or Sunday, in the early afternoon I was sitting in the audience next to Dave Kyle while John Campbell demolished an opponant on some topic or other, when we were distracted by movie camera noise nearby. Looking up, I saw Frank Deitz filming the discussion--suddenly he turned the camera on George Nims Raybin, who was recording the same discussion. The camera whir continued and I said out of the side of my mouth to Kyle, "You see that funny-looking fellow with the funny-looking pipe?"

He nodded and grinned, and I said, "He is making a tape-recording of the sound made by the motion-picture camera as that other fellow, the skinny one who is, like him, from the Bronx, makes a film of him, the short one with the pipe, making a tape-recording of him, the skinny one, taking movies."

Sunday morning, I ate breakfast with Peggy McKnight and Oswald Train, of Philadelphia both, and we compared notes on the PSFS and the LASFS. I was boasting of our new treasurer, Rick Sneary, who keeps accurate records on the treasury telling the status of each person's recent membership, as contrasted with the old method of

just toting up how much money came in, and was sort of embarrassed when Ozzie Train interrupted to admit that he's been treasurer of the PSFS as long as anybody can remember and that's the way he's always done it--just tote up the money. "Seems to work," he said. He's right, of course...the difference is that our method prevents people from going along on the cuff indefinitely, without some record, and helps determine voting eligibility, and such like; since the Philly group is more informal and also doesn't run to such large meetings, they don't need to cope with the same problems Lazangelenos do. Belle Deitz and Chris Moskowitz came over to our table for a while, and we talked about things besides WSFS or mescaline and had an enjoyable breakfast.

Spent some time that afternoon in Alma Hill's room, which was holding continual open house under the guise of N3F Hospitality Suite. Instant coffee and tea, with cookies made by Belle Deitz for the hungrier fans, made the room a center for lost of between-events relaxation. I met Ralph Holland, president of the N3F, there and got into a couple of discussions which were enjoyable, albeit a bit ephemeral, with Ralph, Janie Lamb, Belle Deitz, Alma and other Neffers. Les Nirenberg was amazed by this room--they gave him all the coffee and cookies he wanted, and they didn't try to recruit him or flood him with N3F propaganda or anything. He wrote an article about it for a CULT one-shot late Monday, and was still sort of dazed. "What's with these kooks from the N3F?" he wanted to know.

"They're acting like friendly people. Don't they know I don't want to join? Why do they give me coffee and cookies? They sick?" A

very good idea, the hospitality room--coffee is a necessary adjunct to gracious conventioning.

Sunday evening was the banquet; we had a sort of average dinner--nothing outstanding--and settled down to wade through the speeches. Much to our surprise, however, the speeches were anything but dull, especially James Blish's Guest of Honor speech.

Richard Matheson first convinced me that Guests of Honor do not have to make interesting speeches. In 1958 I fell ingloriously asleep sitting upright, during his moment of glory. Poul Anderson did a very competent job of speechifying at Detroit; an exception, I told myself, and I expected from Blish another Matheson. Surprized does not describe me as I sat bolt upright throughout the speech, taking in every word: Blish explained tersely, hard-hittingly, why science fiction is being mourned as dead, and what the "sense of wonder" means to him. No half-hour of glittering generalities, it was specific criticism of the field of science fiction, a lament that such a group of stories should appear nominated for a Hugo as did this year, and a solid description of what gives a story a "sense of wonder". He didn't refer to scope or depth or dowsing rods or lemonade in June on the banks of the Ohio: the sense of wonder in science fiction, to James Blish, appears in stories which are written for a purpose--not to sell, but to say something. Of the five novels nominated for the Hugo, only Heinlein's Starship Troopers had any purpose, anything to say--only Heinlein conveyed any sense of wonder, only Heinlein had a vivid story to tell. Blish didn't defend war or A-Bombs: he didn't ask us to agree with Heinlein. He only pointed out that Starship Troopers was the only entry in the Hugo race which deserved any kind of honor. He was given a standing ovation by the attendees--one of the few I've witnessed at conventions--and his words almost came to life thirty minutes later when Isaac Asimov presented Robert Heinlein with the Hugo award for the best science fiction novel of 1959. Should Blish's speech appear in print (Metcalf?), I intend to read it thoroughly to see what I missed due to crowd noise and PA-mic-carriage-of-sound; I'd advise everyone to read it, especially if they are cursing the Hugo awards (except the fanzine award, which went to some Washington fanzine).

That evening, after the banquet, L Sprague de Camp wielded

the gavel over the business session for the last time. For personal reasons, he officially resigned his seemingly traditional post as convention parliamentarian, after the PITCon for all time--but he did not let that deter him from putting on such a magnificent performance that a quote from Gilbert & Sullivan's Iolanthe, Act II fits quite well: Lord Mountarat says of the Lord Chancellor, "He is, perhaps, the only living instance of a judge whose decrees have received the honor of a double encore"; this is eminently applicable to de Camp, who was cheered and applauded violently during the business session, and who will be missed mightily as parliamentarian at future conventions.

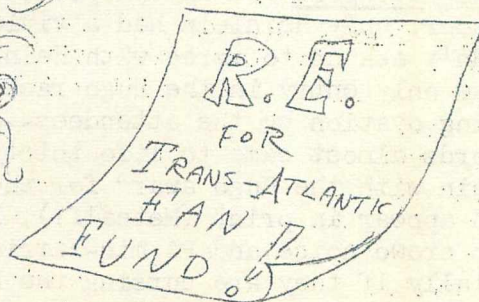
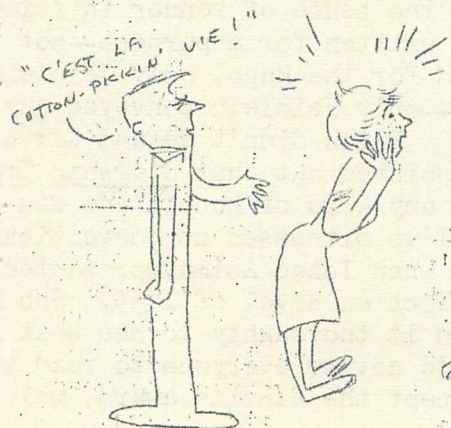
Around 2 am, at the party in the Kyles' room, I was talking to Dick Eney about his car accident, when Harlan Ellison came in and began his routine again. He stood at one end of the room putting on skits and telling stories for perhaps twenty minutes, and left; immediately several other people began to tell stories which descended from slightly funny to plain old embarrassing and I left. Four hours of sleep that night.

Monday was confused, and I spent so much time in the art show helping move things and get ready to leave, that I was out to lunch when the Fanzine Editors' panel went on very nicely without me...I did make the last of it. The "Who Killed SF?" panel presented John W. Campbell, Jr. and some panelists and moderators. Campbell out-showmanshipped everybody--and then proceeded to a discussion of the Dean Drive which got a bit technical for me and was called to a halt by the committee so that Harlan Ellison could give a talk about sf in the men's magazines--this was on Sunday, when the confusion began.

Monday evening was more confused, as the LASFS group moved everything from their suite to the Monongahela Room (so to be out by check-out time) which didn't help the packing of the artwork any. Eventually we got Ingrid on the way to Monessen with all the art work in the Peugeot about 1 am. She got back at four, and after several more trips by various people to various places most of us eventually flaked out at the Harness manse--after dawn--exhausted, to sleep until noon Tuesday. The convention was all over--except for the trip home.

Ed Cox and Bruce Pelz drove Ed's Volvo south on Hwy 66 to run Robert Lee Martinez home to Tulsa, and the other two cars went north on Hwy 30 as far as Salt Lake City. We visited the Lemans and the Calkinses as we had on the trip east, and split in Wells, Nevada--one car went south to Los Angeles, and the Hillman went to Berkeley via Sacramento, with Bill Ellern, Ruth Berman, Bjo Trimble, and me. Dropping Bjo in Sacto, we arrived in Berkeley Sunday afternoon around 3 pm. I left Bill at Terry & Miriam Carr's place and drove his Hillman to Barrington Hall and checked in, using my room to change clothes and unpack. That night there was a party at Bill Donaho's for the showing of the LASFS movies, so it wasn't until late Sunday that I could finally quit attending the PittCon.

And you know what? Never again will I undergo that particularly terrifying and horrible form of torture known as a fan caravan to a con.



---ron ellik.

Fallen Angelinos



The Project Art Show held in Pittsburgh was something which every fan artist has been secretly dreaming about for years. As far back as the first convention, fans have had some sort of art display of pro or amateur nature; either a few paintings for sale or even the exhibit of a raffle item. But at no time has a full-scale nation-wide art show been held...until now. And it will happen again, for once we knew it could be done it was difficult to think of why we hadn't done it before!

When Bernie Zuber displayed his own art to advantage at the SoLACon, we discussed the possibilities of having an art show but decided that it would be too involved to try on a larger scale. Then I talked about the idea at the Detention, and while everyone thought the idea was a good one, no one wanted to try the project. I even suggested it to the new PITTCOn committee, though not in the vein of actually doing the job myself. The idea occurred to Seth Johnson, an active neffer, and it caught on. When I heard about it, things had already reached the point where fans were saying "well, it's a great idea, but where do we start?"

So, putting my big foot in it by suggesting a few places to start, I soon found myself with the whole job. This came about mainly because the N3F decided that if they sponsored the art show, they would naturally have to limit it to Neffers only and that was too limiting. So...

PAS-tell, a news bulliten, came into being, and was pubbed spasmodically as I got news and letters and information to pass on to the artists. The encouragement for this project came from every corner of fandom. The bulletin is currently available to everyone, tho we will soon form our much-needed art group and from that time on there will be a charge for PAS-tell or whatever the name of the art magazine will be. (This magazine will be devoted to information for the fan artist, not full of art as one fan supposed.)

After almost a year of working long-distance with the PITTCOn committee, with Joni Cornell--our Pennsylvania representative, and with Ralph Holland and Alma Hill who advised me from the NFFF point of view; we were on our way with a collection of artwork from California fans. I did not know what awaited us in Pittsburgh.

We stopped in Salt Lake City to raid George Barr's portfolios and comander artwork to take to the show. Then onward to Pittsburgh, and Joni Cornell's house, where we picked up the rest of the artwork sent in from all over the United States. These entries included wood sculpture, oils, inks, watercolors, bronze figures, glass engraving and sewing. GMCarr submitted a cute little green Martain doll with curly toes and purple hair.

Now, the PITTCOn Committee had been worrying that we'd have enough art to fill an entire room, and kept asking me to estimate how much we might have. "'Bout twenty paintings," I guessed. It was a good guess, but it missed by one-hundred and eleven entries.

Everything submitted to the show was hung this time; first because I was too excited by the turnout to rationally select anything, and also because I wanted to see the fans' reactions to all the paintings. It proved this: the average fan has a high sense of quality work, and that he is quite selective and critical of the visual arts.

Bernie Zuber was the largest contributor to a table of small sketches to be sold for from 10¢ to \$2.00. I had not announced this idea more than locally before, figuring to see how well he sold before getting involved with all the small artwork that might be coming in. But when Juanita Coulson saw the table, she brought several small watercolors in for it, too. Seemed popular enough for a larger scale

repeat next year.

Bill Ellern took over the problem of money, as I can't count my way out of a shopping list. He kept complete records, down to the small sketch he sold to a little girl for three cents!

This kind of assistance, along with Bruce Henstell, Ernie Wheatley, Ron Ellick, and Al Lewis who slept in the non-lockable room all night, and Dave Prosser and Joni Cornell who helped hang the artwork and ran errands...and Les Gerber who kept me supplied with coffee from the N3F hospitality room, and the many, many others who supplied various things, helped guard the art room, and keep check on the popular voting; all of these fans made that art show possible.

Somewhere on the list should go the five judges, who took over two hours of their convention time to carefully study and consider each entry and give their awards to the most deserving artists. Ed Emshwiller, Elinor Busby, Sidney Coleman, Alma Hill, and Leslie Gerber (selected for a fanish cross-section). Thanks go to the patient Carol Emshwiller and Buz Busby, too.

Finding one judge missing, I ran out in the hall and cornered the first intelligent-looking person I saw. As he demurred on the grounds that he knew what he liked but didn't know "art", I read his name-tag: James Blish.

The Art Show took a 5% cut from the \$125.00 worth of art sold, and didn't cover expenses in push-pins alone. And the PITCon committee didn't ask for a cent. This was because it was a first, and we were playing by ear. Next time things will be different in all respects. The artwork will be selected for the show; it will have to measure up to the level expected of each person in his or her level of training. And the percentage for the project itself (which should, but that time, be a part of the art-group) will be higher...and most likely the convention will want some sort of cut, too. We can hardly expect things to be for free all the time.

Still, the show was a success in every other way, and was well-received by fans and pros alike. It seemed to be headquarters for folk-singers, gab-fests, debates, and pro-fests. Frequent visitors were John W Campbell, Jr, Doc Smith, and Hans Santesson. L Sprague de Camp and Isaac Asimov brought in others, as did Harlan Ellison.

One particularly silly remark which stays in my memory was made by a BNF-of-sorts: "I'd buy some of this wonderful fan-art for our collection, but we've collected only pro-art up 'til now, and I'd hate to mix them." And why not, I ask. Why should this person feel bound to buy pro-art that it was admitted wasn't up to the quality of the fan art under discussion?

In the judging, trophies were awarded to Tim Dumont for "Most Promising of Show", the N3F award for the fan artist who showed the most promise of improving the sf field. Tim also won several ribbons.

Ron Cobb walked off with the judges' hearts in all respects, however, and won the LASFS "Astronomical" and Famous Monsters of Film-land "Outre" art awards. He also won a special "Judges' Choice" ribbon.

In the Fantasy category and in the popular vote for the Fanac "Award of Merit" I won the trophies. George Barr took second in popular vote, and the third prize ribbon went to George Metzger for his striking oil, "Moloch".

Ralph Holland donated the ribbons, with many thanks.

There were things wrong with the show; most of them because I was working at a distance of 2500 miles, and because I wasn't thinking right on other points. Our biggest mistake was lack of proper categories for trophies. Next time, we will fill that lack, with the help of clubs, fanzines, and folks who donate awards.

On the whole,

the artshow was a Good Thing, I believe. It gave some of the artists who have never shown, a chance to display their talents in front of friends, and yet exhibit in a national show. This was one point that was brought out later; in having judging and prizes, we put on a qualified art show that can be listed in an artist's portfolio, with pride.

I know better, but I'm almost ready to begin again; watch for the Fan Art Show again in Seattle in '61!

-oOo-

"Mr. Serling is not in, may I take a message?" said the cool, crisp voice. I shifted the telephone, wishing that female were in my proximity instead of somewhere in the vast complex of MGM Studios. "Tell him," I said, imitating the crispness, "that I wish to see him as soon as possible. It concerns the Hugo." Then I waited for her to ask Hugo Whom, but she didn't.

Later that day I answered the phone and heard a warm, crisp male voice say, "Hello!" and I was talking to Rod Serling. We exchanged explanations about being busy and why the Hugo had not been given over to him earlier. He seemed mildly amazed to find that he was so difficult to contact.

Could he send someone over to pick it up, he wondered. I replied that if he did that, it would most certainly disappoint several avid fans of his; I didn't add aloud that a representative would get that Hugo over my dead body.

Well then, Rod Serling suggested, why not meet someplace cozy like, say, the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel? I sat down quickly and casually remarked that the Polo Lounge seemed cozy enuf for me and we'd be there. Before hanging up, Mr. Serling especially requested that there be no publicity or photos, but added rather wistfully, "I never get to really talk to anyone."

At the appointed hour, Rick Sneary, Ted Johnstone, Ernie Wheatley, and John and I arrived in grand style at the very door of the Beverly Hills Hotel. The gold-trimmed doorman stared with pop-eyed horror as our great dirty-grey, bird-spotted, noisy old 1946 Ford trundled past the parking area full of well polished Cadillacs, Bentleys, Citroens, Rolls Royces, Ferraris, and Jaguar Saloons. We disembarked from the Ford, and with me clutching the Hugo, stomped thru the lobby of the hotel. The doorman looked positively unnerved as he realized that unless his men moved the Ford, it would squat in front of the entrance until we came back.

It seemed that in spite of the coziness of the place, they insisted on jackets; so Ernie had to stay outside. The fancy little man at the door simply pointed out Mr. Serling's table after deciding that we were hardly worth the effort of personal escort. I began to wonder what famous TV personalities considered "cozy".

Serling is as handsome in person as he is on TV; and twice as personable. He seemed genuinely pleased to get the Hugo, and acted as neo-fannish as Bruce Henstell meeting Randy Garrett for the first time--minus the noise. At first I thought he was putting us on, and kidding a bit, but as we talked, it did seem that he really meant what he wrote to the PITTCon; he is pleased that science fiction fandom (including, of course, the authors) has recognized Rod Serling as a genuine part of the field. We talked a bit about his aims for "Twilight Zone", and he explained the difficulties of getting around sponsors.

Seems that he once had a sponsor who used to phone from back east somewhere after every show and demand to know what it was all about. The guy kept saying that after all, if he couldn't understand the show, none of the toilet-tissue-buying public would understand it, either; and, as Serling pointed out, it was more difficult explaining the point of a Twilight Zone story than it was to put on the entire show each week.

He did suggest that if you like a show very much, you should

(cont'd on page 34)

A WALK THROUGH INFINITY

VENUS PLUS X, by Theodore Sturgeon, Pyramid Books, New York, 1960, 35¢.

Having been a Sturgeon fan ever since "Baby Is Three" developed into More Than Human (my all-time favorite in sfantasy writing), it is a challenge for me to begin a new Sturgeon book, since I never know in what direction the author's quicksilver imagination will take me.

Venus Plus X is a sterling example of never knowing what to expect next and discovering that when the cover says "The strangest science fiction novel Theodore Sturgeon has ever written"; the words are true.

The story begins innocently enough; you are with a man from the 20th Century who suddenly finds himself transported into Heaven on Earth of the future. As the book unfolds, the history--and finally--the origin of the Ledom is revealed, contrasted sharply with deftly handled flash-backs to a household in the 20th Century.

The world of the new race, the Ledom, is a world without war or fear, where freedom of the individual is of foremost importance. I hesitate to tell more of the story since the where/when twist should really be read without forewarning. I don't think you will be disappointed.

(Also for Sturgeon fans, I recommend the new short novel "Need" in the Avon collection entitled Beyond.)

-oOo-

---Pandora.

And now two reviews by one reviewer....

OUT OF THE SILENCE, by Erle Cox, Robertson & Mullens, Melbourne, 1947, 416 pp.

Someone said, not too long ago, that if you could read past page 70 of this Australian fantasy, the rest would be fascinating going. They are right, partly. The first 70 pages aren't bad when one considers that the author was sketching out the then-current social structure of a small Australian town out in the home-steading wastes near Melbourne. Admittedly, the characters and the dialog read far less smoothly than Richard S. Prather, but this is primarily a fantasy and the fantastic is what carries this book.

On page 70, Alan Dundas has opened the "door" to the chamber or structure he has discovered while digging a water-hole at "Cootamundra" (his vinyard ranch). Here begins an account of his probing into the depths of this marvel from before Man's time (as betrayed by a Prologue). He avoids death-traps set for the unwary and discovers an amazing treasure hoard from a long-dead race. It is a super-time-capsule--divided into galleries of Science, Art, Biology and so on. The greatest treasure is the utterly beautiful girl that he and a doctor revive from suspended animation.

The story of Dundas' love for this superwoman from beyond time proves to be inevitable and weakening to the story structure. She returns this love despite warnings from the doctor who fears the methods by which she intends to make the world a bright clean place in which to live. The dialogue drops back many decades and the reasoning and logic of the lovebirds seem somewhat less than sophomoric.

It does not, however, disguise the author's conception and opinions of ethnic minority groups and the social structure of our time. The complete annihilation of black skinned peoples (via a ray that affects pigmentation!) is in the General Orders, as it were. There are scenes in which other, similar, ideas are presented. His intent it would seem, was to shock and hurt the existing society.

Suffice to say, the girl's control of super-science made her potentially absolute dictator of the world. A last ditch attempt to tip off the world is foild by the girl, and nothing, it would seem, can now stand in the way of her somination--with, of course, Alan following, loveblind, in her wake.

A woman wronged figures prominently in the climax and denouement of this often

spell-binding novel. It lacks the imagery of Merritt, craftsmanship of Kuttner and so on, but disregarding aforementioned weaknesses, it does manage easily to hold the reader's interest. It does create a sense-of-wonder quite a bit of the time and if somebody not well-read in the realm should stumble across it and survive the thirty or so pages after the prologue, they'll likely go out skirmishing the old bookshops looking for more!

*oOo-

THE ICE WORLD OF MONGO, by Alex Raymond, Whitman Publishing Co., Racine, Wisc., 1939, 425 pps., profusely illustrated.

This extra-terrestrial adventure story takes place on a planet which can be at least equal to Jupiter in acreage if not in gravity and atmosphere. One part of it, quite near a pole, is called "Frigia" for reasons best known to the inhabitants.

They, in this case, number among them a democratic-oriented monarchy hosting a trio of earthpeople. "Flash" Gordon is an ex-football hero, who, with his girl, Dale Arden, lovely, were brought to Mongo by Dr Zarkov, a scientist pre-dating and obviously outshining Goddard and other early pioneers.

The story is fast and interest-holding all the way. A small hunting-party consisting of the above mentioned trio and several top-ranking nobles, run into a raiding party of sub-literate giants. All are captured, but Flash and Queen Fria, who, in turn, track the giants and eventually effect the rescue of the others with the help of a 7th Cavalry appearance by the Queen's crack Snowbird Lancers.

Back at the palace, Gordon becomes a noble and is soon the prominent star in the court, causing no end of jealousy among those who think he will return the lovely young Queen's obvious affection. Dale is also slightly miffed at this plot-gimmick.

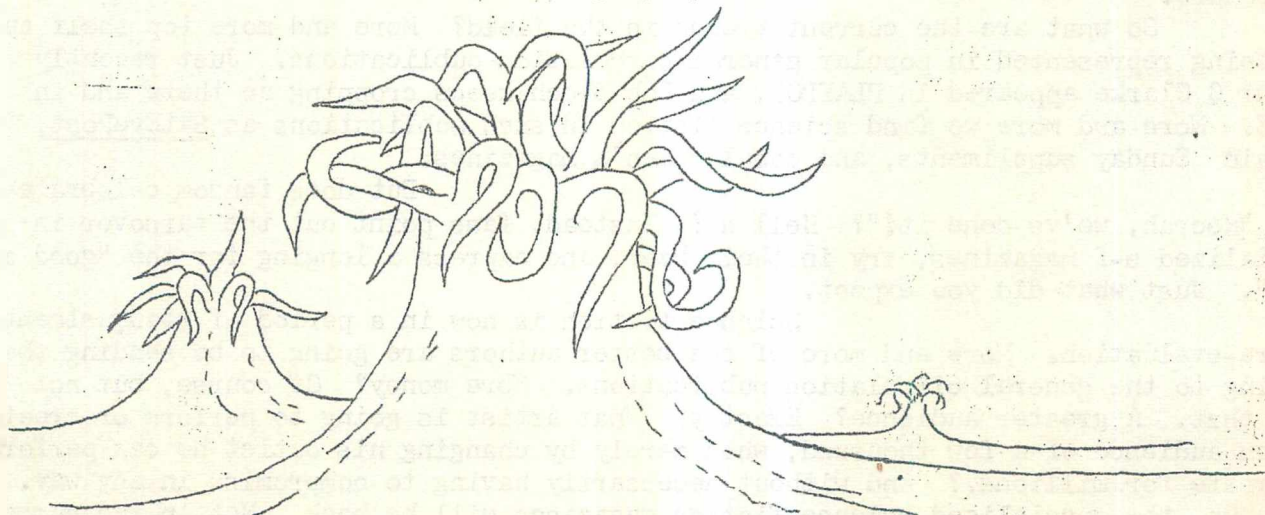
Things are partly solved when a large-scale expedition sets forth to explore unexplored sections of the kingdom. The intrigue, hate and jealousy among members of the group are slowed down only slightly by the appearance of a gigantic snow monster which wrecks most of the equipment and traps all survivors in an ice-cave. It is nearly invincible and can destroy anything with poison gas, tentacles, teeth and/or a disintegrating blast of energy.

Equipment outside the cave is judged to be essential to their salvation so Gordon and some others find a rear exit via an underground river and other adventures. They secure this equipment and make it back into the cave and in a dramatic sequence of events, short-circuit the monster and clear up all existing tensions within the group.

As noted earlier, action is paramount in this book. Characters are for the most part stereotyped and dialogue is far from exciting or original. But the superficial embellishments to the basic, time-worn plot make for good going. The illustrations are superb and many. Quite worth the hours spent in the reading, if the evening is long.

----The Flying Dutchman.

#



SPRING BOARD

I have a friend who has been bringing me amateur fan magazines to read. Fanzines, he calls them. These fanzines are interesting enough, despite the fact that there is exceeding little in them that could be considered to have anything to do with science fiction. I have run across, however, several articles, well thought out and well presented, on the basic theme of What Has Happened to Science Fiction?

I repeat; the articles are well thought out and well presented. But, I think they miss the point entirely. Every one of them. Perhaps this is just another case of being unable to see the forest because of the trees. Of being too close to the problem to be able to see it objectively. I am just a member of that inferior and faceless mass, the Readers, but I would like to present by own opinions on this subject.

+ A number of years ago, when I lived in
+ Long Beach before going into the Air Force and
+ whatall came after, there was an institution
+ of which I was very fond. Called the Univer-
+ sity by the Sea, it was popularly known as
+ "The Spit and Argue Club", and the American
+ Legion would periodically-petition to have it
+ disbanded as public nuisance, and a demoral-
+ izing influence upon the populace there in
+ "Iowa's seaport". In the time of the late
+ Snortator McCarthy, they tried the commie
+ tinge route. But the city dads, bless their
+ little mid-western hearts, stood their ground,
+ and the old men who spout off on the myriads
+ of subjects that occur to their minds may
+ still carry on.

+ I like the U by the Sea, and
+ I like the philosophy which it vaguely pro-
+ pounds. And I'm looking forward to creating
+ somewhat similar atmosphere here in this depart-
+ ment. Not a forum, strictly speaking, but
+ more of a soapbox. Here is our sounding-beard,
+ and the lettercolumn will be the place to
+ catch the reactions.

+ So here we go....
+ + + + +

So let's ask again: What has happened to science fiction? The only answer, to anyone who can see beyond his nose is: NOT A DAMNED THING! Not a darned thing, that is, that should not have been expected and welcomed by fandom. By not expecting and welcoming current trends in the field fandom has revealed itself to have given only hypocritical lip service to its originally professed aims.

What were those aims? I have to admit that I have only the word of fans for this. To popularize science fiction. To bring to the genre the same respect as an art form that the public gives to other forms of literature. To remove the stigma of "pulp trash". These are lofty ambitions, and, I think, legitimate ones. I agree wholeheartedly that science fiction is a respectable and worthwhile form of literature.

So what are the current trends in the field? More and more top shelf authors are being represented in popular general circulation publications. Just recently Arthur C Clarke appeared in PLAYBOY, and Bob Bloch keeps cropping up there and in ROGUE. More and more we find science fiction in such publications as SatEvePost, certain Sunday suppliments, and popular men's magazines.

But does fandom celebrate and say, "Hoorah, we've done it!?" Hell no! Instead, fans point out the turnover in specialized s-f magazines, cry in their beer, and express a longing for the "good old days". Just what did you expect.

Science fiction is now in a period of readjustment and re-evaluation. More and more of the better authors are going to be sending their writing to the general circulation publications. More money? Of course, but not just that. A greater audience? Exactly. What artist is going to perform or create for an audience of a few thousand, when merely by changing his outlet he can perform or create for millions.? And without necessarily having to compromise in any way.

Oh, the specialized science fiction magazines will be back. Not in the numbers

that we've seen in the last few years, what with the fantastic turnover. But in a much more mature and stable form. They will be the training ground for new authors, or older authors trying their hand in the field for the first time. And this will not necessarily be a bad thing. It has been the way in other fields of popular literature for a good number of years.

If fandom continues to bemoan the fate of science fiction, continues to long for "the good old days", then it is damned to drown in its own flood of crocodile tears. It will become plain that fandom's only interests in science fiction was to maintain a closed clique. A situation such that fans could say, "Look at us. We understand and love an art form that is above and beyond the understanding of the common man. We are special. We are superior."

Science fiction is at last coming of age. It is no longer the unacknowledged bastard son of the publishing field.

Be glad!

Stop Bitching!

----"moose",
c/o Don Anderson,
Rochester, NY.

The Adventures of Feginand Turdfoot
--by Renald E. Galnen

Feginand Turdfoot, vapid explorer of the Spaceways, found himself, according to his infallible sense of direction, lost in the inner reaches of the Coal Sack Nebula. Bruching soot off his aluminoid space suit, he stopped at the nearest drive-in to find out where he could take a bath. He was directed to one of the planets nearby where he found, after several months of intense linguistic study, that the beings there did have a system by which they cleansed themselves after the manner of earthpeople.

It was, however, some time before he could understand what came to be an alofness, on their part, toward him. He rather regarded them more as Things than anything else and, after a time, found that they accepted this terminology of themselves from him. He found that they had a rather close-knit societal system and feared that it would take some patience and diplomacy to get accepted there, at least long enough to take a bath. They were, he found, terribly ethnocentric and regarded the Beeh, as they called him, as something less than sentient.

The Prowds, as they called themselves, finally consented to let him bathe inasmuch as he taught them how to play dirty pool which won them the Coal Sack 8-Ball Championship. He was led into a subterranean grotto in which mineral waters, heated by interior fires, were utilized as hot baths. One soaked (or parboiled) in the hot waters, sudsed himself, then rinsed, ending up by plunging steamingly into a cold underground stream. Then the bather lay upon great flat rocks to dry off. Since fabrics were hard to fabricate there, the drying process was accomplished by evaporation. This was helped considerably by a lesser creature, known as a Glottony, that stood by and waved large, feather-light sheets of crystal over the drying bather.

Everything went along fine as Feginand Turdfoot plunged in and then went through the various stages of the bath. Finally, clean but wet, he lay on a flat rock to be dried. Here, however, he noticed a snag in the otherwise smooth system. The Glottony attendant drew back and would not come near. It retreated to a group of its fellows and, despite entreaties from Turdfoot's guide and interpreter, would not, but not, come near.

Finally, in desperation, the guide picked up the crystal and walked toward Turdfoot. The guide's fellows made a wide path as he walked by. He stood there, waving, the crystal, a look of intense suffering, martyrdom, and sacrifice for his social disgrace. Finally Turdfoot could stand it no longer. "Tell me, old thing, what is the matter? Why do you look like that?"

It drew itself up and said, "It is a lone and Prowdly thing to fan a Beeh!"



Welcome to the gala Christmas Issue of "Picking a Bone with Shaggy" and you cats out there have really come on with the bone pickens this trip. Whatsamatter, don't you swing with only 9 pages of letters? It ain't real zonky unless it's 12 pages? Okay, we got 12 pages this time. We talked ~~for~~ BJO out of a page or two and added two more to the arena. Now we'll really swing (we've been reading QUE PASADO?), so drink up and let's get on with it. Marley L. at the helm again and we start with:

REDD BOGGS of the 2209 Highland Pl., Minneapolis 21, Minn. Boggses.

Bjohn:

Shaggy #52 is a brilliant job; probably it's too brilliant, like a sky full of fireworks, because it's hard to take in and appreciate everything that's going on in the space of 48 pages. If I had my druthers, I'd prefer an issue wherein the brilliance was concentrated in a few long articles rather than a whole eyepopping line-up of short ones.

As I was remarking to Jim Harmon not long ago, Shaggy seems typically Hollywoodian in at least one respect: it's the product of a whole production crew, not one person. CRY is another such fanzine, of course, and CRY and SHAGGY are excellent fanzines. But really I'm as croggled by this, can I call it philosophy, of fanzine production as an Iowa deacon would be to call upon a Tibetan household where polyandry is practiced. Outside of a few headings, etc., stenciled by others or by Gestefax, I have dummied, stenciled, and run off everything in my own fanzines down to the last quasi-quote and semicolon. I was even a little put out once when Rich Elsberry volunteered to slipsheet a few pages of Skyhook one issue! I hardly think that Elsberry's help violated the sternly personalized quality of SkHk; even so, my momentary fear that it might indicates just how jealous I was, and am, of my complete and utter control over every minor operation in SkHk's production.

I explain all this to show that maybe I'm prejudiced when I remark that farming out stencils to at least five or six people and getting almost that many typefaces and layouts rather interferes with the quality of SHAGGY -- at least to my eyes. Perhaps it doesn't bother anybody else. Apparently stencils are passed out to volunteer helpers without any particular instruction outsidie, maybe, of a friendly injunction that they should remember to disengage the ribbon before starting to cut these stencils. 'Twould seem to me an easy and helpful thing to make up a style sheet to be passed out along with blank stencils listing a few points of SHAGGY standard layout that you want followed, such as (1) indent all paragraphs 5 spaces; (2) skip a line between each paragraph in main articles and columns, but not in the letter column; (3) never use nonstopparagraghing; (4) margins at each side of 3/4"; at top and bottom of 1". Or whatever layout you decide on.

As it is, the conglomeration of typefaces is made worse by the conglomeration of layouts. I think I noticed a few places where two or three systems of paragraphing are used in a single article! Now, as I say, maybe I'm just a nut on the subject, but even so, I do think a little system would help in this matter.

The few places where green and red ink are used show up to great advantage. As long as you've got the Gestetner inked up with these other colors, it seems odd that you'd run off only a couple lines and one pic in red, and the cover and one pic in green. But of course, maybe you were using the machine to run off some other magazines as well when you had green or red in it. ///No, we were saving these colors for Christmas, actually. MLG///

As I say, it's hard to concentrate on such a big splash of brilliance and pick out any particularly good items, but I guess I liked Terry Carr's "Fastest Ham in the West" and Leiber's "I Write for Strangers" about the best. Carr at least takes advantage of the fact that a magazine like Shaggy can handle really full-length pieces and doesn't seem to stifle a single word that leaps to the page. You ought to have more writers like this -- writers who have the time and energy, that is, to do full justice to their subject. If you had them, then SHAGGY would focus its brilliance into a smaller, brighter image, as I suggested above.

Donald Franson's "More With Mordor" surprised me; I hadn't realized that Don was such a first rate humorist. Some of the passages in this item, once he got warmed up, were as good as anything I've read since HYPHEN came out last time. Odd thing is, I suspect Don started out to write a moderately serious article boosting "Mordor" for condom (!). In a way it's too bad he didn't follow his original intent because I, and maybe others, am not sure whether IA is really serious /// we are! /// in the first place. Getting all excited about the 1964 con back here in mid-1960 strikes me as quite astonishing. /// But look at South Gate in 58! 10 years! /// Stands to reason that 50 to 75% of the people who are receiving SHAGGY, and the same percentage of those producing SHAGGY won't even be in fandom four years from now.

"A Walk Through Infinity" was fine stuff for the most part. Geez, Lee Hoffman asked me recently if I ever heard of a fringe fan named Jock Root, and in a letter just the other day I said no. I like Les Norris' remarks on Bloch and Shoch (oops!) passing well, though from what he says about "Final Performance" I can't make any connection between it and WEIRD TALES of 20 years ago. Maybe there is a connection; I can't go back and refresh my impressions of WT because I sold my collection. I just wish Norris had been more explicit in tracing the descent of "Final Performance". He's prolly ///? /// right, though, about the extinction of purple prose of the WEIRD TALES variety. I remember how fans used to point to WT as a literary magazine, but really WT was no more literary in any absolute sense than Astounding; it was merely more consciously "arty".

Harness' "Great Moments in Science" is a fairly nice idea, but my god, I can't imagine a worse job of carrying it out. The wretched ham-handedness of this thing irritates me so much I could scream. /// Easy! ///

Letter department. Bill Conner is the closest male equivalent of GM Carr yet spawned in fandom. Too bad he's dropping out of fandom; a study of his opinions compared with hers might reveal some interesting conclusions regarding this type of reactionary mind: the almost incredible fear of difference and change, the myopic suspicion of people who argue with them, the preoccupation with sex and sickness, and the loud, ill-tempered denunciation of everything that incurs their displeasure. Conner's gratuitous slap at Bloch's PSYCHO, which he seems not to have read but is willing to condemn on hearsay, is of course, perfectly typical of GMC. But I fear Conner has written too little as compared with G⁴ to yield enough material to the sociologist who might want to study the fannish reactionary as a phenomenon, using these two as the only prominent examples. Well, of course, there's Wetzell, but he's something quite different, despite some significant parallels.

I don't know what Eney wrote about the A-bombing of Japan, but I know I disagree with Roy Tackett that it would have been horrifying not to have used the Bomb. I might, or might not, have been involved with the invasion of Japan; at any rate, I'd have had to remain in the army for a year more, or however long it took to finish the job. Nevertheless, I was pretty sick at the time at the notion of using the

Bomb not once but twice against the civilian population of Japan, and I'm sure nothing is likely to change my mind now that it was about as morally wrong as anything our country ever did. Maybe I'm faint-hearted, but if I'd been the president I'd no more have considered using the bomb as it was used than I'd have considered OK-ing the construction of Buchenwald-type concentration/extermination camps to deal with John L. Lewis' striking coal miners. Such a thing is so utterly and incredibly blasphemous and Wrong that I can't see how anybody in his right mind could ever stutter a small word in support of it. /// Read on, daddy-O! ///

Hmm. I missed a checkmark in the margin of "Fallen Angelinos". You say this California Gift Show displayed "every conceivable item that anyone would buy for a gift"? Did it feature a paperback copy of Mark Harris' Something About a Soldier? An old but sound copy of Haggard's Ayesha or The Return of She (Her?)? A wheel stylus to make dotted lines? A piano roll of "Grace and Beauty"? Well, then.

///Yeh, man, that "Grace and Beauty" really swings out. Almost like "Fluffy Ruffles"! As for the heterogeneous conglomeration of typefaces and like that, well, did you ever see an 18-piece band where they all, 18, played piano? ///

MAGGIE CURTIS, Fountain House, R. D. #2, Saegertown, Penna.

Dear Marley (OK, I'll use that for now),

The editorial was amusing and quite good.

Chee! You folks in LA have talents! /// D'you include the lettercolyum, too? /// This issue is about the best SHAGGY I've gotten so far. The only thing about the whole issue that I did not like was the apparent carelessness with which it was composed. There are too many typos in this issue #52 and this is the second issue in a row with one page missing and two copies of one page. Please try to cut down on these faults! The zine is too good to mar like this. /// There you go! Encouraging Redd Boggs! ///

Since I finally got to see Wrai Ballard, The Musquite Kid, I thought "Fastest Ham in the West" was the greatest. Now why doesn't SHAGGY publish the script to the thing? /// Plans are afoot to accomplish just that plus other goodies concerning the film. Be patient. /// Or at least the words and music to the theme song? I keep trying to recall said song, and can recall only the first line and something about shooting enemies in the craw. PLEASE print the song! /// Be patient, I said! ///

CRAIG COCHRAN, 467 W. 1st St., Scottsdale, Arizona.

Dear Whatever You Are:- /// Humpf! ///

How come nobody in that dreadful city of L. A. likes Arizone? You, John Trimble /// What an improbable name! /// You had a wonderful time /// HAH! /// here when you were stationed over at Williams AFB. We knew you were there. By "we" I mean mighty Arizona Fandom. You'll read a little about that sometime.

"Rock Budgers On Aetra" was excellent. Larry Gurney is obviously an intelligent chap and I'll bet that if he really tried, he could come up with a story that had some good and different ideas in it, plus a nice plot. That story should then be sold instead of submitted to a fanzine that can give him only egoboo. A story in a prozine would not only give him lots of egoboo, but he would get money, too.

Eney wrote a nice article but what is it doing in a fanzine? He just has to do some extra writing so he can get supporters for TAFF so he picked Atom bombs and stuff to write about!

The rest of the fanzine up to "Picking a Bone with SHAGGY" was good. Here I want to gripe. Why do you only print a few pages of letters in such a fine zine like SHAGGY when you ought to be printing 20 or so like CRY? Just 10 pages? Pliz? OK, you'll do that next time.

One more question. What is Hal Lynch doing living at the McBurney YWCA? Don't

you think somebody ought to tell him that he's at the wrong building?

/// Man, don't you think he knows what he's doing? As for the length of this letter section, I want to inform one and all that I'm not publishing a letter-column, but a fanzine with a letter-column. Sorry, but that's the way I see it. ///

WIM STRUYCK, Willebrordusstr 33 B, Rotterdam, 11, HOLLAND

Dear Angelinos,

I've just been looking through #50 in order to refresh the old memory and well... It is not bad. There's some very good artwork, as usual, but I can't seem to find anything to really comment on. Of course, here and there, I can say: 'Yes, I agree' or, 'no, I don't agree', but nothing to get heated on. That Sc.F. movie plot by Ed Cox is one of the few things I may comment on. Yes, I agree. The plot is terrible of course, but it's meant to be, and, yes, movies like that seem to be the only thing Hollywood has to offer us on Sc.F. these days. There's been a time I bitterly complained about the lack of Sc. F. movies in Holland. Then they arrived, gradually, more and more. I saw several, but, oh my, so few, I really liked. However, about Ed Cox, (When he wanted to write a sarcastic story about the subject? and I agree with that intention), I'd have expected something better than he wrote now. It's not bad, but...

Also, there's a lot about Cons. Interesting, for those who like Cons and do attend. I don't, either. But that's personal.

MORE BOOK REVIEWS! Even if one page is inserted upside down, as in my copy.

/// We do that once in a while so we won't appear to be perfect and destroy the illusion that we're merely fans having a ball, y'know. ///

ALAN BURNS, 6, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle/Tyne.2. ENGLAND

Dear Shaggy, /// Whaddaya mean! I got a haircut only last month! ///

Well I like your cover of the alien mouse having just sent a rocket whipping smartly skyward and has probably forgotten to climb in.

Now I definitely take considerable exception to the article on cons of the past. Sure, everyone had a wonderful time; sure, Sherra McGonigle wound up in Bonk Fester's bed, /// she denies this! /// but WHAT OF IT! /// Well, put yourself in Sherra McGonigle's place, man! /// I mean, what's past is dead, but no, whenever a fanzine is short of a spacefiller, they trot out an article by some fugghead on some con that he or she attended, and almost invariably the same dreary sequence of things happens. I doubt if I shall ever attend another con. /// Oh, come now, just because Sherra McGonigle didn't go to bed with you is no reason to take an attitude like that! There's always next time and other girls! /// Last year year I missed the Eastercon in London and instead went and stayed with my sister who lives in the country. Long walks along the cliffs, and foaming pints at "The Jolly Fisherman" created a piece of enjoyment worth a thousand cons, and a mental restoration of no mean degree. /// FAKEFAN! ///

Your book reviews were competently handled. On this subject I feel that I cannot agree with Edmund Crispin in his foreword to Best of SF when he talks of the almost "Monastic reluctance to introduce sex in SF". Sex is something /// Yeh! /// that is so entwined with everyone's life that I would define a pervert as one of eschews /// huh? /// sex, and nothing else seems to me to be so good a definition. Mind I'm not saying that sex is always a good thing in Sf, mainly because it is generally introduced clumsily, and like Henry Kuttner's stories in Marvels 1 and 2 (1938) it is often put in to sell the mag.

Trufan's Marching song -- U-U-UUGGHHH L

Rock Budgers---I mean, must you--really? Though the star in the Cyclopean eye was probably just a shakra. A friend of mine has a most splendid third eye shakra

but of course, he's an adept.

I don't see either why you had to rake up the old A-Bomb on H & W. You must have been damned hard up for material for this. I do my own production and I've never had to scrape the bottom of the barrel and drag up an article like that. Not that it was badly written, but it was just something said by better authors before.

Ed Cox's article was moderately interesting in that it kind of introduced me to people I didn't know of, but even so, I dismiss it as filler.

Then another con article. This is too much! Isn't there anything else but cons to write about? Do you calmly admit that the massed staff of SHAGGY can't rise to anything better? /// Man, like we're just hipped on cons! Can't kick it, dad! /// What are you, a bladder or a fanzine? Heck if I want news, I go and buy a paper, I don't read fanzines to learn of cons; I read them to occupy leisure time, to get new ideas, to have refreshing thoughts trickle through my mind like cool freshets.

/// Oh, come off it! ///

Well, I seem to have slanged SHAGGY somewhat bitterly, but I think fairly and with good reason. Illos, etc., are excellent, they should be with the talent at your command, /// we use cat-o-nine-tails mostly... /// but, oh! the articles--look, would you you like me to write something "tasting of dance and Provencal song and sunburnt mirth" something that's for fen but lightyears away from the world Con? After all, to con is to pull a confidence trick and that's what you've done to your readers in this SHAGGY. /// Yeh, and read on thru the letters to see all those who agree with you... ///

BILL CONNER, 155 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio.

Dear John,

"Rock Budgers on Aetna" is something rarely found in fanzines -- enjoyable fan fiction! I'm eagerly awaiting the rest of this series. Larry Gurney should be encouraged to turn out more of this stuff. But then, I suppose he'll figure that he is good enough to write pro if he receives too much praise, and that will be the end of that. /// This is what I call a left-handed compliment! ///

I think Shaggy, and many other fanzines, could use more good material of the type of Dick Eney's article, and perhaps more good fan fiction. Also, I think that fandom could well get along without so much in-group fiction and articles in the fanzines /// Man, like start swingin' and get in the in-group! /// and also I'm sure we could easily get along without so damn many fanzine review columns. This is something that fanzines have done to death. It may be of interest to each fan publisher to see what kind of a review his fanzine got, but to the reader, who sees the same fanzine reviewed in the columns of several different fanzines, in addition to having read the mag in question itself, the whole thing gets very dry and very dull. I much rather would read long fanzine reviews which review an individual mag every now and then, with the review on many issues instead of one. If I had a fanzine, I'd show you what I mean! /// So publish a fanzine already! If not, try VOID or KIPPLE. ///

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland.

Dear John,

I'm afraid that this latest succulent and well-rounded bone has grown a trifle aged while awaiting the picking process.

Quite naturally, I was happy to find the Westercon history in this issue. In my spanking new capacity as a fannish historian, this type of summary article is extremely useful. It is not hard to find fanzine items relating what went on at this or that event in a series, but it is a painful task to try to assemble the

entire set into proper order as a starting point from which one may search for fuller details. Something of the same sort occurs with fanzines. It's startlingly hard to discover sometimes just which issue was the final issue of this or that publication, when it appeared too late to be included in the Pavlat Index.

The reviews of books were among the best that I've seen lately. They show strong influences of Renfrew Pemberton, which is all to the good; in fact, I could believe that all were written by the same individual if the names of three or four reviewers weren't attached.

I don't know quite what to make of "Rock Budgers on Aetna". Some of the ideas in it seem entirely too good to be thrown away on a piece that starts out like a mere pastiche. Grumbling to myself for ignorance of current prozine stories that might contain clues to all this, I shall try to think of something sensible to say about it later when I've seen the remainder.

I'm not converted by Dick Eney's article. The first A-bombs could have been used against military, not civilian targets, or they could have been used to exterminate fewer people in smaller towns, depending on whether their first use was intended for tactical purposes or as a terror-inciting method. But most important of all, it wouldn't have been necessary to use them at all without a plain and complete explanation to the world of the new weapon that this nation suddenly possessed. Announcement of the availability of the bomb wouldn't have led to the possession of its secrets by other nations. I know that the Japs made a sneak attack on Pearl Harbor and that the Germans sent their bombers over England to kill civilians, but arithmetic is the same in wartime as in peacetime, one and one make two, whether apples or wrongs are under consideration. Advance warning of the existence of the bombs might have brought that peace party in Japan into control; if the war continued following such an announcement, it would have been more logical to drop them on the next step in the island-hopping campaign, for maximum destruction of Japanese. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were murderous compromise choices.

Ron Ellik pickles me tink with "The Squirrel Cage" this time. Some of his activities are Al Ashleyish in nature, like the half-hour of struggle with the typewriter lock in preference to jotting down the notes by the old-fashioned method of pencil and paper; or the maneuvers with the paycheck which must have consumed twice as long as it would have taken to walk the two miles to the Alexandria.

I enjoyed also the chatter about Los Angeles happenings and the letter column and hope that marriage hasn't meant a permanent end to Bjo pictures in SHAGGY and congratulations (to John) on becoming a junior committeeman which sounds like something impressive even though I don't know what a junior committeeman does and again I'm sorry that I'm late with the comments.

/// It doesn't matter much if you, or anybody else, is late with the comments, since they straggle in for weeks on various and sundry issues and I get them all anyhow. Luckily, I got 12 pages to play with this trip! Hoog! ///

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Narley L. Gastonhugh, /// Ah, at last, somebody who believes... ///

"Squirrel Cage" is funny, the first page or so, and then it gets serious. You know, it almost makes me want to join the N3F. At one time I was going to, until I read the application blank, which said something like: "Are you willing to work?" I thought awhile, and realized I couldn't promise to work and then fail to do so; and it wouldn't look right to have "won't work" after my name (as I saw in a list of new members), so I didn't join. Also, I didn't care much for the sample fanzines I saw, and the hot-and-cold attitude of many of the writers therein, who said "let's all get out and do something" just before gaffiating. If Ron and Bruce will improve it, I will join (but I won't promise to work). Let me know if they are going ahead with their grandiose scheme.

Les Norris' review is the best; he says something about Bloch that I've been trying to put the finger on for years: he is out of his field perhaps. He can put together an entertaining plot, but it always looks like it has been put together. On the other hand, his writing is the easiest to read of any science fiction writer; that's why I always read anything of his, I don't have to struggle through it. His openings are especially easy; you find yourself into the story before you know it. This is not the case with other writers in sf, even good ones. No I don't mean that easy-to-read is not-worth-reading; much excellent literature is easy-to-read. I'm thankful for any author who makes his stuff easy to read; I want to read, I have too much to read and not enough time for it. Besides this, Bloch invariably presents new ideas and new angles on old ideas. If there are faults in structure, blame it on lack of time and incentive, with the field in the condition it's in, and the lack of appreciation outside the field. It's a case of pearls before swine. And the pearls aren't chewy enough usually, so they prefer corn. So, more power to Bloch, whether he produces hackwork or Literatur -- and he can do both, in my opinion.

Harry Warner, coincidentally, made the same complaint about faneds holding material that I did in a CRY article; his article was written about the same time but lost in the mails, as he explained in a CRY letter. It's a strange coincidence because, though it seems natural for me, having been in fanzine fandom about two years, to be just running into this problem; Harry has been in fandom for over twenty years and is just now complaining...or has he mentioned this before? As to what fandom thinks about this, every one writing to CRY seemed to agree that something could be done to improve the situation. I hope Harry will carry this further.

I don't know if material on hand would make a long-gatfated fanzine editor want to get back into fandom--I think he might look at it and be ashamed to return.

/// Personally, I think early toilet training has a lot to do with it. /// What would you do if you came across an overdue library book in the attic? /// Man, I'd leave it there! /// You'd feel funny about it, if not guilty, and might be reluctant to go up to the librarian and say...(what would you say?). /// I'd say, 'Man, like I'm not gonna take this crazy book back to the librarian, that's what! /// Reprinted material should be credited, at least, to original fanzine and author. Also, and this is a point not brought up anywhere: the author might want to have the material reprinted as he wrote it; not as the editor of the original fanzine typed it up. Why not write both before reprinting? Another thing: this Warner article might cause a lot of discussion: why not lengthen the Shaggy letter column, or have a special section devoted to this discussion? /// Plans are in motion for a Forum type arena to be instituted in SHAGGY soon. /// You cut letters too much to maintain a controversial lettercolumn. If you haven't got the room for entire letters you could print more excerpts. It isn't your fault Marley; you should have more than nine pages, with 35 pages of commentable material. I'm only to page 24 now. I don't expect fanzine editors to answer letters of comments, but I appreciate it when they do, especially when they answer inquiries. But I consider the fanzine an answer. It isn't necessary for fanzine editors to answer letters. On the other hand, why do these same editors, who don't have time to write, realize that other people don't have time to write either, /// Why not? /// and quit bugging them about comments? Not you, Marley, it's just a general complaint.

Fritz Leiber's article is great. Somehow, though, writing for strangers would seem to be less embarrassing than writing for friends. It is true you can write better if you know the audience. This does not mean write down to the audience. It still means write for yourself, but take more pains to explain the meaning. I seem to have trouble (in fanzine writing) with readers taking my humor seriously, and vice versa. As a reader, I can say to authors (like Fritz Leiber) I don't understand everything in your stories, but so what? I understand enough of them to enjoy them. Look at the classics: take Shakespeare. Doesn't the same apply? The only obscure writing is that which refers constantly to something beyond the reader's

ken.

I agree with Al Lewis that fanzines are discussing science fiction more than when I first read them two years ago; or maybe I am getting used to the same amount of discussion and it looks like more, I don't know. However, I don't think the decline of the number of prozines is the reason, it's just a swing of the pendulum, a reaction, and perhaps a change in the personnel of fandom lately. To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, (in spite of what Campbell may think), and the criticism of sf discussion in the past was itself a reaction, or it sounded like one when I heard it. I hope there will be a boom, before all prozines fold. PBs and hardcovers just aren't the same, to me.

Coming to Bone-picking at last, (and you can't possibly publish this letter in its entirety, but try, huh? A paragraph, maybe? A line? My name? Initials? Mmmmm? /// OK, you get 2 lines. /// I suppose eventually people will guess that Marley L. Gastonhugh is you... /// Yes, that's right; I'm me. ///

I've got to wind this up, before you fall asleep. I don't believe in Bruce Pelz, even though I see him at LASFS meetings. I know why you don't put inserts into the letters in the letter column-- it's too hard to make that complicated 0/0 thing. /// Is that what I used to do? I've been using this other gimmick this trip and it seems to be easier as you'll note inasmuch as I'm inserting comments in slathers right smack in the middle of letters yet! /// Agree with Greenleaf, Eney, etc., that we had to demonstrate the bomb. People only learn from experience, and sometimes not then (Franklin, I think). Roy Tackett is the Mal Ashworth of South Carolina. I didn't know SHAGGY was being read in Turkey.

/// Man, we even have an outlet in Chicken Itza these days! /// The poem was not obscure, every word used was explained in FANCYCLOPEDIA. How come you don't have FANCYCLOPEDIAS on the newsstand in Istanbul, hmmm, Giovanni?

Now that the name "Golden Journey" is discontinued, what did it mean? Jeff Wanshel has a point. The contributors don't hear much about their material, good or bad. Mike Deckinger gives a resume of likes and dislikes. Gregg Calkins sends clippings, he says. These are possible solutions. Encourage NY fans to do something about their hobby show. (First do something to get their fanclubs united.) LASFS booth had a display of dignified prozines, but FMof attracted more attention with its dignified covers. "Look, Monsters," said the little boy to his mother, but Pelz and I ignored him.

Yes, indeed, RON ELLIK FOR FAFF!!!!!!

/// I sort of favor Ron Eney for TAFF, myself. Which leads us, somehow, to the next letter which is sort of unclassifiable, and is from:

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND

Dear John.

I've passed your provisional figures of 1/8d and 7/- to Ron Bennett, a rather useful fan who publishes an occasional news-sheet in this country. So therefore any subs I take at that I will accept.

Precisely, going by the nominal \$2.80 to the £ (I think it fluctuates slightly, or perhaps I'm thinking of the Canadian \$), 25¢ is equivalent to 1/10d, and 100¢ to 7/2d, both to the nearest penny. That is, 25¢ is actually nearer to 1/9d, and the 7/2d isn't dead on either, but both are within 1d of the correct decimal. Whether you'll care to alter to these figures some time later, or keep to 1/8 and 7/- is up to you of course.

/// I'll tell you what: let's just trade, huh? ///

G. H. SCITHERS, Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia.

Dear Shaggy,

Yea, verily I have a bone to pick with you - preferably one of yours. /// Uh? /// 'Tis about the amount of commercialism that has invaded conventions, in the form of pleas for money, both for the con and for divers Worthy Causes. I am thoroughly sick of the auction that shows up as every other item on the program, and even more sick of auctioneers who sell on the basis that "if you don't buy, the con'll go broke". The Pittthing committee is to be congratulated for keeping this sort of thing to a minimum.

The Auction Bloch I have come to dislike too - instead of providing a real opportunity for newcomers to meet authors, it is too much of a fund raising beggery. One of the things I liked so much about the SFCon was their meet the author session; a group of well-liked authors were introduced to their fans in a large room, and then during the following hour or so, the authors simply got acquainted with the little groups of fans that gathered around each - no formal program - it was just a time when authors were "at home" (in the ballroom) and available to whoever wanted to talk and listen to them individually.

I say: keep the hucksters off in a room of their own, confine hucking (is that the right word?) /// Maybe that's what they do to corn...? /// to that room as far as possible, and let the rest of the con be for fun. In short, to Hell with deflation, down with money-raising during the con program.

The best thing, by far, in #52 was "I Write for Strangers". Fritz is magnificent.

/// There are certain cold, hard realities that face the convention when it is time to pay the bills and I think that there is seldom a time when the con committee knows, for certain, that they are going to have sufficient funds to pay all the bills when they come up. Plus pre-convention bills before any money other than advance memberships have been sold. ///

KEN CHESLIN, 18, New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, ENGLAND.

Howdy Shaggy types, /// Hmmm, must be a westerner... ///

No. 52....for instance that's a great cover thar, dunno what the British type hoteliers will say if the Ellik wins TAFF and comes over here waving that darn great tail in their faces...no offence Ron, it is a very nice tail, really, yes really...

/// How do you know? /// Reminds me of one of those TV adverts, y'know, the 'BEFORE' and 'AFTER' effects of using Spludge! the wonder hair beautifier.

VIVA page 7 squirrello..viva Bjo!

Und Leiber was good, nice to get 'the inside dope'. "Family Fanzine"...strange, suppose there was a point to it if I only knew a little more about the references or something; didn't look to me like anything but a couple of pages of wasted paper...

Marley's Ghost?, hah, nah, canna be thy reet name...which one of you Shaggy crew (or which ones?) are hiding behind this name?

/// There's always one in every crowd! Pretty soon I'll have to see my analyst because nobody believes in my personality...in fact, other people, not me, think I'm a split-personality! This is a switch! ///

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida.

Dear Shaggy,

Pardon me if I can't think of anything to say about the cover but until I recover from this laughing fit my praising circuits will be out of order!

Ron, hooray on running for office in the N3F. It's about time something was

done about the Neff and you're one of the ones to do it. Of course, the basic problem with the N3F is that it has no purpose in life except as an outlet for fugg-heads to use up their excess energy.

And T. Carr and Burbee are replaying the gag used by ShelVy and LeeH and even by Burbee and Laney when it was Les and Es Cole. This can get old.

Greenleaf: Japan did surrender prior to our bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima but due to the Soviet Union's failure to transmit the surrender and then the subsequent mistranslation of the surrender broadcast so that the official U. S. version went something to the effect of 'we are considering surrendering' rather than 'we surrender', the bombs were dropped anyway. All this occurred in late spring and early summer of 1945 prior to the Soviet Union's declaration of war against Japan (which came about two weeks before the official surrender on the decks of the Missouri.).

And so the campaign to thoroughly confuse everyone on the identity of "Gastonhugh" goes one with evidence pointing towards Trimble, Simpson, etc.

/// No evidence, not even a fingerprint, pointing toward Gastonhugh being really Gastonhugh? Thanks, by the way, for the stack of NEW FRONTIERS. ///

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., ENGLAND.

Dear John,

The cover of No. 51 is very dear to my heart for several reasons. I've always hoped to see a mouse shoot a man off into outer space, that's only fair after all--especially such a grouchy little mouse as the one Robert E. Gilbert, one of my oldest friends in fandom, has created. There is something endearing about it and I've got you to thank for seeing Robert, a much under rated artist, I think, given the front cover like this.

Rich Eney's "The Care and Feeding of Nuclear Bombs" was very absorbing but even then I feel he only touched on a few of the reasons why the atom bombs were used on Japan and I'm surprised he missed one of the salient points in the discussions, namely the prisoners-of-war the Japanese were holding. They numbered several hundred thousand, including the Governors of Hong Kong, Singapore, etc. Had Operation Olympic (the attack on the mainland of Japan) been launched, it is almost certain they would have cold bloodedly killed every one of the prisoners. For the record though, there were 60 British prisoners of war loading cargo at the docks in Nagasaki when the bomb went off there. None survived. I think he dismisses the reasons too glibly as "The Manchuria Gang". Their presence certainly didn't dictate the hideous little cruelties of the average footsoldier as related in Lord Russell's The Knights of Bushido, a short history of Japanese war crimes right from the bayonetting of wounded soldiers in hospitals in Singapore down to their stubborn refusal to place the Red cross on their prisoner-of-war ships to prevent the Allies from bombing them. I think things go a lot deeper than just the presence of a "gang". There is an inherent cruelty in the Japanese and Chinese far more than in either of our civilizations and while the rest of the world is on top of them, they are polite, diplomatic, helpful and friendly. But let them just once more get on top as they did in the early stages of the war and then maybe the same Knights of Bushido will be riding again...

Why do we never see photos of Djinn Faine in SHAGGY?

WERE YOU REALLY A YELLOW CAB DRIVER?

/// I'm sure others will probably refute any "inherent cruelty" bit, but I will say here that there is no such thing, in anybody. It would take pages to refute this (just as in the equally fallacious theory of "mother instinct" or whatever they call it). We never even see Djinn Faine anymore let alone

photograph here! And, yes, John Trimble was really a Yellow Cab Driver. He drove them nuts driving his Morris Minor around L_os Angeles. Still does, too. ///

DONALD W. ANDERSON, 141 Shady Creek Rd., Rochester 23, New York.

Dear Shaggy Ones,

Many thanks for an interesting and entertaining issue in Shaggy #51.

"Trufan's Marching Song" has me whistling again, and also wondering why no one has as yet come up with a take-off on Lee Hay's fold song about Pittsburgh.

"Fallen Angelinos" was as interesting this time as ever, and saddens me because this town has no fannish clique.

The Rock Budgers story may be the greatest thing since squirrels, but I'll never know. I just couldn't get through it.

Richard Eney's article was one of the ablest defenses on the WW2 nuclear policy that I have read. But it overlooks the simple fact that there were any number of other areas either more military in nature or less densely populated, that could have served as a point of demonstration. To show them that we could cause such destruction might have been just as effective as actually causing it. A week or so to reflect on the devastation could have been allowed, and then the bomb could have been dropped on Hiroshima or Nagasaki. However, what's done is done, and no amount of discussion can change it.

// And that last line, we think, is a fitting end to the discussion that has been going on. We've had lots of pro and con but unless something really brilliant comes up, this is the end. In another publication there will appear Ethel Lindsey's letter stemming from this subject but more concerned with the review of Brighter Than A Thousand Suns". //

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

Dear Shaggy Ones,

I'd feel like a fool addressing this LoC on SHAGGY #52 to Marley Gastonhugh, when I'm not sure who Marley Gastonhugh is or even if he or she exists. // Don't you believe...? //

Terry Carr's article was extremely interesting. I saw the film several times at the con (once in reverse, yet) and really enjoyed it.

Harry Warner's article says a lot of the same things that were also mentioned in the "Carl Marks" article in CRY a while ago. I think six months would be the maximum time a fan editor should hold on to material without returning it. // Why so long? // In fact, six months even seems too long. There is absolutely no excuse for neglecting to tell a contributor whether his material is being used or not, or not returning it if it isn't.

As for the matter of reprints, again I'm sure there should be better regulation of this. A fan-ed wanting to reprint an article or story from an old fanzine should ask the editor as well as the writer for permission. To reprint something a prominent fan has written years ago, just to show how he could write stupid and fuggheaded things seems like a dirty trick to me. In a sense you are taking unfair advantage of this person by reprinting something which he'd just as soon have gone by unremembered.

It would seem to me that there is almost a crisis on us now in the form of the economic downfall of the prozines, and perhaps, subconsciously fandom hopes to combat this through more discussion and argument pro-and-con about sf. Remember, sf was a mother (or father) to fandom. Sf spawned fandom and fandom gradually grew away from it, but we still have a deep-seated paternal feeling // toward our mother or father Stf? // for it which can't be erased no matter how many prozines are killed off. I don't like the idea of stf becoming a tabu discussion today, as fan-

dom grows more "sophisticated" and abandons stf. What people (and fans) fail to realize is that fandom will never outgrow stf.

/// Somehow we feel that you'll get argument on that last statement since it is in the form of an absolute and as such, can't be entirely valid. But we must press on to the end, with a short bit from Bob Lichtman before we hit the WAHFms. Yes, WAHFms are better because they contain Lanolin! ///

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

S-L'ans:

This is an injustice. The very issue that you cut out my column (aka free pass to Shaggy) you issue this horribobble edict that I must write or be cut from the mailing list. Why, I don't think I remember how to write a letter to Shaggy. I can't remember having done it for months and months. I'm terribly out of practice. All my Los Angeles fanac is conducted by phone, except when I am able, on rare occasions, to come to that highup centre of LA Fandom, namely Fan Hill, and revel with the Ghods. I am more or less a fannish hermit in the midst of the most heavily fan-populated city in the world (I'll be that'll raise a hue and cry from your NY and London readers, not to mention Berkely). Why don't you people visit this poor neo-Outlander more often? And bring along Marley L. Gastonhugh, who is obviously none other than one, or both, of the Dickensheets.

/// Gee, I wonder if there's room behind Dean Dickensheet what with Bruce Pelz already there? And that winds it up. Now for the clamoring hordes who languish in the We Also Heard From...

....Dick Schultz who wrote a 4 page letter full of 3 and 4 line paragraphs; beastly difficult to work into a lettercolumn, Dick. And Ethel Lindsay, whose name I misspelled earlier, wrote a letter that'll appear elsewhere (surprise, surprise!); Betty Kujawa who wrote a nice letter in a luffly script type (and who Believes in Me), Walter Breen of the Berkeley Breens, Steve Stiles who told of a SatEvePost article on J. W. Ghod; Don Thompson who liked "Fastest Ham in the West". Walt Willis wrote a fine letter which ought to appear in MELANGE later; newcomer Bruce Robbins likes SHAGGY, one of his first fanzines; Terry Jeeves sends a much decorated letter and says "BAN THE BAN THE BOMB MARCHERS.....The Marching Morons".

Here are two letters from Dottie Faulkner, mostly personal letters but with a happy word at SHAGGY. Also other letters from Ken Cheslin and Alan Rispin. And now that I know who Sparkle-Janey is (and she does!), we have a cheerful note from Marijane Johnson. Karen Anderson thought the Squirrel cover was Gorgeous as in George (if you're a wrasslin' fan, you'll dig...). A pactsard from Jeff Wanshel and a note from Stephen F. Schultheis of the Santa Barbara fandom group are here. We just get loads of mail, too much to possibly include. Like this card from Ken Hedberg who worries about where the next SHAGGY is. SHAGGY is just somewhat behind schedule at times, people, so don't panic. We're slaving away on it most any time of the year, believe me.

This rather winds up another long letter-column sans cartoons and illustrations. We figure the rest of the zine can look pretty but we need every bit of space we can get to have any sort of representation at all from the mass of letters we get. So keep writing but don't count on a letter-column this long very often.

This has been the last installment of "Picking A Bone With SHAGGY", 1960. Until next time, have a real swingin' Christmas and a zonky New Year!

(ctd from pp. 17)

write to the sponsor, not to the show itself. He cited the cases where one scrawled postcard to the sponsor resulted in whole script changes in a show.

One of Rod Serling's greatest regrets is that he can't touch anything by Bradbury or Bloch because they are too far out for the people who pay for the show. He pointed out that they are slowly building Twilight Zone into a real science fiction show, but they have to do so without letting the sponsors even see the words science fiction in connection with a script. They immediately shy away from a story that says it is science fiction; but will okay anything from fantasy or weird, or sf that doesn't come right out and claim its perentage. A sililar strange attitude has been taken by some of our leading magazines.

Forry arrived somewhere during the conversation, and talked about some of Serling's favorite authors for a bit; also pointing out to us that Rod Serling has been writing sf for years now. We wondered at the quiet goshwow attitude of his until he asked about fandom. He knew nothing at all about it; the Hugo had been a surprize, and in fact had to be explained to him. I spent an interesting time explaining fandom, while he threw in questions to keep the conversation flowing. The interest was obvious so it was easy to keep talking; when the time came to leave we were very sad.

Serling put us off by mentioning that his kids hadn't seen him in so long they were addressing him as "Mr. Who?", and took his leave and the Hugo.

We finished our drinks, and found to our embarrassment that Mr. Serling had picked up the tab on the way out. We located Ernie, bid farewell to the "cozy" lounge, and went out to find our car.

The doorman remembered us, and sent a lackey to bring the Ford to the door, since we showed no inclination to go into the parking lot for it. We piled into the car, waved a fond goodbye to the sleek black Mercedes Benz 300 Sedan which had just pulled up, and drove off. A block away, we had a flat tire.

Forry drove us to the LASFS meeting, where we gave a report on the HUGO presentation. And told the club that Rod Serling had promised to attend a meeting where he wanted to "just sit in the back of the room and listen to how fans talked about science fiction."

----bjo----

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WesterCon...!

For information on the BAYCon, contact:

Miriam Carr
1818 Grove Street
Berkeley 9, California.

Memberships \$1.00 now. \$1.25 soon;
beat the deadline, and help out the
WESTERCON Committee.

Menace of the...

For any (shudder) interested parties, the Minutes of the LASFS, as transcribed by Ye Scribe JH, are available for the revolting rate of six issues for 50¢ from Bruce Pelz, 2790 W. 8th Street L A 5, Calif. Get the MENACE OF THE LASFS... ...if you dare!