

Peake



Shangri-L'Abbares

Shangri-L'Affaires

THIS ISSUE

| | | |
|---|-------------------|----------------|
| Cover | cover | Mervyn Peake |
| Editorial | page 4 | Steve Tolliver |
| Squirrel Cage | page 5 | Ron Ellik |
| Fallen Angelinos | page 15 | Bjo Trimble |
| Walk Through Infinity | page 20 | reviewers |
| Picking a Bone With Shaggy | page 24 | John Trimble |

ISSUE #64
MARCH 63

'64 FRISCO OR FIGHT !!!

Cover stencil cut by Jim Cawthorn

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is published by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Copies are available for trade, letter of comment, or \$\$\$. Single copies 25¢; 5 for \$1.00 from Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, California, or in the sterling areas, single copies 1/8d. or 5 for 7/ from Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Rd., Bristol 8, England.

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

ART CREDITS

cover Mervyn Peake
20, 24 Steve Stiles
17 Rotsler
27 Cawthorn
22 REG
4 DEA
5, 9, 12, 15 Bjo

____ subscriber
____ contributor
____ exchange
☒ sample copy

You will receive
Shangri-L'Affaires
to & including issue
number

64



We stand in some small awe of this fanzine. It is as old as we are, and has gone through as many phases and suffered as many growing pains. It has evolved a personality and countenance of its own.

Who then are we to step up and say, "This must go and this must change"? No, no more would it work with this magazine than it would work in a new marriage. None but fools would expect to effect major changes in their marriage partners.

A clever girl might well change the clothes a man wears, and introduce him to tempting new foods, in an effort to give him the appearance of having

changed. She might nurture these improvements on the basic model, until her man at least appeared to be what she wanted. But if she were really clever she would know that he had not changed.

We like to think that we are as clever as any really clever girl. We know then that Shangri-L'Affaires would balk and bite at any major changes. As clever as we are, we propose no major changes; we are too clever even to propose minor changes. We propose instead to guide this awesome zine into our pathway by temptation and fraud. We propose to offer up gaudy new garments and spicy new dishes.

We have, for a start, some cover artwork by Mervyn Peake, several ideas for new cover formats, a tasteful array of good interior illos. These are, of course, all in short supply. We are in no position to feel smug about the next ten years.

You, whether you pay for, promote, or pilfer this zine, can be of inestimable aid in the spicy dish department. We need gallant quantities of written material. Unless we are offered a surplus, we can hardly be expected to choose out the best for you to read. Unless we present the best, we can hardly be expected to change the taste of this zine.

We will endeavour to effect small improvements, but without your aid, it will be as if we were to attempt to deflect the juggernaut alone. Our editorial blood will be on your consciences when Shangri-L'Affaires sweeps our mangled ego aside. You can save yourself from this grim symbolism by sending reviews and critiques, articles, or stories to ourself or to the Mailing List.

We do not promise to publish all you send, we do promise to read all you send. One of three things will then happen: it will either be universally acclaimed and immediately used, universally declaimed and returned with encouraging advice to its origin, or most likely, undecidedly accepted, for future use. In this way we will build up files of good material upon which we will exercise our editorial skills.

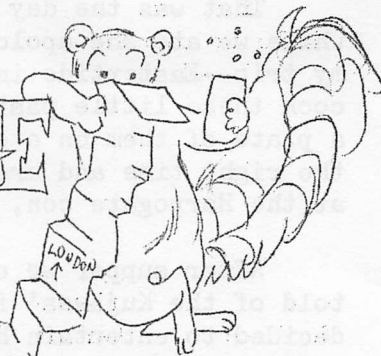
Shangri-L'Affaires will no doubt shrug slightly, brace its feet, and follow on in its own path. If we have our way about it, it will be a colorful path. With your help it will be a successful path.

-- Steve Tolliver

The Squirrel Caged

by Ron Ellik

Part-Three



The ride from Harrogate to Sheffield after the British Convention is embarrassing to remember--Terry Jeeves was at the wheel, with Valerie keeping their babe-in-arms Sandra amused, and yours truly was sound asleep in the rear seat except for a few glimpses of scenery and a stop for some incredibly black British coffee. Some things crept through that I remember--the Yorkshire countryside, for instance, is prettier from the road than it was two days later from the railroad. And I remember Valerie trying to talk Terry into driving south by way of York, and Terry insisting that that wasn't south at all, but east.

"He can't go back to the States without seeing York," she kept saying. And all the time I was with them she was pushing York, which I gather is a great town, with a fabulous museum of Yorkshire history--but it was out of the way. We went south by way of Bradford, down to Sheffield on the Don, a growing, complex city.

London is big and complex, but Sheffield is small enough to walk about and see myriads of conflicting elements side by side. The center is a combination of Victorian and modern architecture--the town hall, where municipal officers sit, is straight out of the last century, while right next to it is the 1932 city hall, used for meetings and concerts. And, as you see nearly everywhere in England, there are air-raid ravaged buildings, showing their reconstruction in two shades of brick. Terry, Val and I spent Easter Monday and Tuesday in and around Sheffield, and that's a great way to recuperate from a convention.

Monday we met the relatives who had sat with the Jeeves children not able to go to the Harrogate convention--only Sandra Jeeves was able to go. That afternoon Terry and I walked through the Botanical Gardens which stretch from behind the Jeeves home for a mile or more in a beautifully landscaped expanse of lawn, ancient trees, and statuary. I wished then for a daylight filter for the telephoto lens, because the little 35 mm. lens on Al's camera is very poor for distance. It's fine for con-going, because it'll fit a room-full of people into one shot; and I'd only brought the 135 mm. lens for portraits... But it was a field-day anyway, and my slides of those gardens are among my best non-fan exposures.

If you see any black-mail shots titled "The Squirrel Caged" from Jeeves, be warned now that I didn't really get thrown in jail on my British trip--but when we walked into the aviary in the Botanical Gardens, the birdsmith in charge watched me trying to photograph a cockateel--and asked me if I would like to try it from inside! I spent several minutes inside the cage, snapping two ivory cockateels and a giant red parrot, while Terry, with black & white film, stood outside photographing me.

The one sad shot of the day was a group of black, twisted trees that Terry calls "The Enchanted Forest". I started toward the group for a close shot, but Terry caught my arm, looking cautiously about. "They machine-gun you for walking on the sward," he said; so I got a hundred-foot shot, and shouldn't've.

That was the day Valerie cooked Yorkshire puddings, as they should be. While we ate she apologized for the fine, summery weather that seemed to bless my trip--Eastertide in England is usually cold, and always wet. "If you can cook these little pastries," she said, "and chill them when done by setting a plate of them on a dish on the snow out the windowsill, they stiffen just at the right time and are much lighter." Comparing hers with the botched biscuits at the Harrogate con, I decided these more than met snuff.

After supper we cut a tape to Betty Kujawa. Her most recent tape to Terry told of the Kujawas' fabulous winter vacation, and was so entertaining that we decided to entertain her in return--but you wouldn't expect us to do it straight, would you?

"Hello, Terry," I said into the microphone, "this is Ron Ellik, taping to you from sunny southern California; thanks for your latest," etc., etc., for a few impromptu minutes. Then, of course, Terry got on the mike, and Val chimed in, and we told her about the con and some of the weird things I've recounted in the first two installments of this report. It was fun, because I didn't meet Betty for the first time until six months later, in Chicago--when, of course, she told me about getting a tape from Terry with me on it, and how she believed everything up until I said I was recording at the bottom of the Pacific, holding my breath.

Terry showed me some of his home-movies--mostly fan-stuff from previous conventions, because he has a great distaste for people who show all their home-movies whenever they have a captive audience; but Val made sure I saw films of York. "Since you're going back to Harrogate anyway, you really ought to schedule in the side-trip," she insisted--but I politely assured her that York so attracted me I couldn't spend less than a week there, and I didn't have the week to spend. With much joking about the irresistible lure of York, we went in the living room to peruse some really lucrative fanac--the Soggy cartoons that Terry has sold to movie-making magazines, tape-recording magazines, and hi-fi magazines. It seems he does pen-ink cartoons springing from his hobbies, sends them off unsolicited, gets pounds sterling in return, and is now doing it regularly. His side income now must be reported to the Crown for tax purposes, and he's staff contributor for a taping mag, with capsule biographies among the scrapbook clippings from his publishers' pages.

And at some point in the evening I could sit up no longer; the convention was long toasted to quietude, but its effects were on all of us, and we slept on to late the next morning. The Jeeves' are teachers, and Easter vacation in England is three weeks--they were glad there was no need to return to work, because Harrogate had been as busy a convention after programme hours as it was during, with no scheduled sleep time.

Tuesday we visited Chatsworth House, near Sheffield, a manor and gardens eleven miles in circumference, with statuary by Paxton, and unbelievable waterfalls and fountains. We spent the afternoon on a leisurely walk through the old place, unfortunately not on a day when we could tour the house itself--from the film I shot and the duration of our walk, I'd think the gardens alone worth an afternoon's excursion. Someday I'll make it on a day the house is open; but I'll take along extra film and a telephoto lens, if only for the panorama of the stepped waterfall.

The sun went down as we left Chatsworth to head back to Sheffield for supper and letter-writing. Not only did I have Stateside obligations to dispose of, there was also the letter to Professor Tolkien. After a talk with Brian Aldiss at the con I'd made up my mind to write and ask for a few moments in which he might autograph my copies of his trilogy, giving Ella Parker's West Kilburn address as a return, for that's where I'd be in a week.

It seems a mundane thing, but not a small thing, that Val did a tub of laundry for me Tuesday, so that I entered the second half of my travels with a suitcase full of clean clothes. You can offer no finer hospitality to far-travelling fans, by my lights--it underlines what food or shelter you may offer; it's something extra that every TAFF host would do well to include when he's thinking of parties, tours and other items to make his guest welcome.

-oOo-

Wednesday morning bright and early the Jeeves entourage took me to the station, to ship me back to Harrogate (by way of Bradford, unfortunately, not York), heavier by the Jeeves art that was on display at Chicago and completely rested. The trip was uninteresting, enlightened only by a forced change of lines (and stations) in Bradford, through arriving a few minutes late for my connection. My thoughts on British railroads got blacker and blacker as I scrambled across downtown Bradford to the other station.

Travelogues won't interest you, but believe it or not it was the mundane side of colorful Harrogate that I saw for the next two days. You might enjoy picturing Ron Bennett, Liz Humble and me going through the city by night and day, hamburgering at a Wimpy stand, and currying at a Pakistani restaurant; Ron and I touched down at the several bookstores, and Wednesday night the three of us had a side-splitting session at a British movie--the movie wasn't that good, but we could hardly keep a sober mien during the frightfully bad comedy and amateur Guinnessing that was going on. And, of course, we sat up to all hours playing Brag.

Thursday Ron ambled around a corner and down a side-street with me, and stopped in front of a dingy store. "This is a notable bookstore," he said. "It doesn't sell books."

"Yes," I agreed, "that sounds remarkable enough. It's full of books, you know." And in point of fact, it was full of books. Books seemed to leak from it. Behind the double bay-window front you were met with shelves and shelves of books, between which you could see into the store itself--where there were books piled on the floor, stack-and-stack, piled at least man-high and often all the way to the ceiling.

"Suppose you wanted that book," said Bennett, pointing to a random book on a shelf up against the window. "How would you go about getting it?"

"Harrumph," I said, weighing the situation, and wishing I could simply ask him to define his terms or something. "I would, ah, enter that door, there, and walk about, so, to behind that bookcase, and -- "

"But you see, you couldn't do that. That door is locked, and the man who owns and operates this shop comes into the city perhaps once a week, at irregular times, to open it. You would have to be here when he was, and even then, when you stepped in the door, you would find books. There is room for a man to stand, inside that door; to stand and reach up, and remove an armload of books. If you wanted to get into that store, let alone all the way to here to get that book, you would..."

"Ron," I exploded, staring with new insight into the crowded shop and at its dusty contents. "Do you mean I would have to excavate all the way around until I reached this treasure?" The book in question, of course, was a history of some dry decade, or perhaps a third form arithmetic primer.

"Not only that, but as there are ordinances on littering you'd have to arrange for removal of all the books as you burrowed through--you couldn't have them on the streets. And in the last consideration, I'm sure that it would be physically impossible to obtain that book. A man would starve or expire from removing so many books. If you really can't live without that book, you'd do better to sit here and buy the books as the proprietor makes them available, hoping he would someday get to your prize and put it up for sale. But generally speaking, he doesn't sell books, and the shelf or so he brings down each time isn't of great commercial value."

We stood and stared at the bookstore that doesn't sell books, and we walked on to one that does--that did, in fact, sell me a copy of T. H. White's Goshawk. The owner was garrulous and enjoyed showing his books and talking about them; while we stood in his garret looking at boxed editions we talked about the strange bookstore a few blocks away.

"I'm afraid of Mr. ---," he said, naming the curious proprietor of that stuffed store. "I'm afraid that someday Mrs. --- is going to come to town, and come to me, and tell me of his death. She is going to ask me to inventory those books, and make an offer. I'm afraid of that."

Bennett and I looked at each other, and I thought about the store and what it would be like to inventory that collection.. "Surely," I said, you'd stand a good chance of making money."

"No, I'd not make much money. I'd have to find the volume of the lot, and make her an offer just under the price I'd get for that much pulp paper. The sorting would be more work than a shilling average per book would be worth. But that single store isn't all I'm afraid of--you see, somewhere near Harrogate he has three warehouses full of books, just like that store."

I expressed a degree of astonishment.

"Yes, but it's true; but the worst part of all this is that I ate dinner with Mr. and Mrs. --- one evening last year, and he told me they have lost the address of one of those warehouses." And Ron and I left about then, marvelling at the concept of a rogue warehouse somewhere near Harrogate, bulging with old and dusty volumes--lost.

And we walked back across the Stray to where Liz was preparing steak kosher-style. (Kosher steak is soaked and salted to drain the blood completely, and then fried to a fare-thee-well--it's not much as steak when you're used to goi beefsteak done medium-rare, but considered as a food apart, it's pretty fine work.) And we played Brag again, until two and three ayem, and I continued the winning streak that had begun at the convention, that riotous last night. I won enough from Shorrock the last night of the con, plus what I won from Ron during the post-con stay, to bring me even with my previous losses. A very enjoyable pasttime, Brag.

Liz, of course, was the damper on the Brag parties, because she had to go to work each day. Ron, like Val and Terry Jeeves, teaches school and has three weeks Easter vacation; Liz works at the US Base near Harrogate, teaching English to dependents of servicemen, and gets only US-type vacations. Ron and I sat up to all hours talking and tending to miscellany, but we could only really play Brag when Liz was around. One night of hilarious card-playing terminated with me asking them to pose for pictures--Bennett was outraged that I wanted him to pose for a ridiculous photograph at such an unearthly hour, so he stood with a sign saying "O.K., I'LL PLAY YOUR SILLY ONE A.M. GAME." and Liz wore one of the wildest hats I've ever seen. Appropriately zany pictures of a zany duo.



During that stay, too, we published the convention issue of SKYRACK, which purported to be the 66th issue of FANAC, but was really a detailed report by Bennett, with only the cover page by me; and we, Ron and I, had long talks about fans we both knew, in England and America. We talked a lot those two days, not having talked since 1958, and I think there have been few gab-fests that enjoyable.

Thursday night when we finally gave up the ghost over at Cold Bath Road, we walked back to the West Park, where I was staying but not eating. Bert Harman, the innkeeper, had given me a key so I could go and come at will, and we entered quietly to raid the ice-box. He caught us--from the geyser episode in my convention report you can imagine that the kitchen was available to guests at odd hours--and instead of letting us make tea and snitch cookies to go with, he broke open three bottles of grog, and we settled into the lobby for another hour. It was nearly dawn when Ron left and I went upstairs, and of course I didn't rise until nearly noon.

Bert made sure I had eaten, and I walked to Bennett's; we made our way to the station, and with much forward-looking to London in '65, when I might perhaps visit Harrogate again, Bennett saw me off to Liverpool, by way of Leeds and many hours of railroad.

-oOo-

As usual, I employed the train ride to clean my camera lenses and to sleep. British railroads have a uniformly dismal view, consisting of the backs of tenement districts, rundown fields, and sludgy rivers.

From the same station where I had first come to Liverpool a week and a day earlier, and again departed with the LiG to the con, I found my way to John Roles' bookstall and spent perhaps half an hour with him; he asked me if I was so keen on books that I spent much of my British vacation puzzling through musty piles of the things, as I was even then doing in his shop, what was I looking for? I couldn't answer, of course--I named some authors that attracted me, but explained that I didn't even really expect to find a copy of Bab Ballads by Gilbert--I just like to look at books and buy the occasional one that attracts my eye. After bookhounding through Liverpool, Harrogate, Belfast and London, I mailed only a dozen books to the States before leaving.

But of course John went scurrying into a dark corner of a dark room, and triumphantly rose with the book of Gilbert poems, from the bottom of a man-high stack of such things. We talked about Gilbert and Sullivan, and Tolkien, and Jim Cawthorn's superb Tolkien illustrations, and in the end I decided to hold out for more of the Ballads than the fifty in that volume; we put it down and went up to Norman Shorrocks's stamp and coin store, to gather Norman and go to dinner.

While we were sitting in the stamp shop talking about my trip since seeing them last, I told them the story of the remarkable book store.

But I should have known they'd have one to top it. The two of them are apt to close up shop and spend days at auctions or touring bookstores in the North Country, and out of this came an anecdote which beat the Harrogate bookstore (of which Roles had casually heard) all hollow.

It seems there is a man living in a house near Liverpool who has books. He has generations of books, books throughout the house. The stairs are three-deep in books, the floors are covered with them, and to sit or stand anywhere you have to move books aside. John has been in this house--he found a back room with a corridor through which children were used to run, which was floored with pulp paper--books were there, so old and so pressed and mauled by youthful play that they were unrecognizable. Books in the kitchen, books in the upper rooms, books, books, books. The excavation of this motley pile of paper would be, as with the Harrogate establishment, not worth it--John has turned down the offer because he couldn't stand to spend weeks picking up one tome after another and throwing 90% of them into a pulp-paper truck.

The two of them treated me royally that evening; we hit a restaurant of fine quality where service was the keynote, and I was so stuffed when they stopped serving cheeses and coffee after a meal of several courses that we staidly strolled to the boat to Belfast, instead of skipping down the street as Norm and I had done the previous week. At eight p.m. I said a hearty tower for the meal, regretting I hadn't seen Ina or Eddie Jones or the others on my return to their city, and said goodbye to the Liver bird and the north of England. I was consigned to the steamer until the next morning, and spent the latening eve writing postcards and letters home, and packaging film to be shipped to Don Anderson. At a modest hour I grew tired of the drawing-room atmosphere in the drawing-room, and the icy Irish Sea air on deck, and went off to my tiny billet amidships where I slept until just dawn, when the steward knocked, presented me with black, black coffee and hardtack for breakfast, and I rose to meet Ireland.

-oOo-

A lot happened in Belfast, more perhaps than anywhere else on my trip. It began the minute I set foot on the island, when I failed to recognize Bob Shaw. I knew Willis--I had seen him as recently as Monday morning--but I had met Bob and Sadie in Los Angeles in 1958, when I took Bob over to Forry Ackerman's for an evening of talk and touring the Ackermansion. In 1962 Bob was heavier, and Walt had to introduce us over again.

They took me to Oblique House that Saturday morning, and I drank coffee and met Madeleine, and Carol, and Brian, and discovered that seven tins of the Harrogate root beer had been smuggled past customs back to keep me in the stuff on my trip. Madeleine solemnly informed me that they were mine to drink while there, and I would please get on with it, as she wanted a wee sip from one. But you can't drink that stuff in the morning, I said, and it waited.

James White, Ian McAulay, Walter and I went on a tour of the south of Belfast, down to a prehistoric cairn preserved by royal edict as a monument of the Picts or Gaels or something--a great stone slab, set on two others, a piece of engineering that would have taken many men to effect, but might, just might, have been done in prehistoric times without wheels or pulleys or like that. We poked around at it and Walt explained the royal philosophy of monuments--you preserve them so that people will be able to visit and take away a rock or chipping or something, and eventually they'll be out of the way. This one was taking up good grazing area, but the future looked cheery, as someone was always taking away a bit of it.

Further south we came to Scrabo Tower, a medieval keep of colorful design, open to the public (if you want to walk the endless circular stairs), wherein tea and crumpets are served for a small fee. Ian and I, scientists both, measured the height of the tower by dropping rocks over and timing them. I think we calculated 360 feet, listening to the click of the rock as it hit, and the concierge told us it was 385 feet high. Two of my finest photographs were taken from the base of Scrabo, one with, and one without, the Irish boys in the picture, dwarfed by the pinnacle. It was a very clear, calm day, and I've never read a lightmeter more accurately.

That morning the three Wheels of IF began a pun-session which didn't end while I was there--if it ever ends. It had been going on for a few miles of the drive when Walter asked me if I'd caught that last line.

Now, drives invariably put me to sleep, and of course I was finishing the first two weeks of constant vacation, so I had been a bit out of things anyway; but I had to admit that that wasn't the entire problem. "I haven't understood six words since we started this drive," I said. "I'm sorry, but you folk talk too fast."

They went over the recent exchanges for my benefit--unfortunately, all is now lost to memory--and by the end of the morning I was understanding Irish as she is spoke, through exposure and because my drowsiness left. Ian was easiest to understand--people sometimes accuse him of being American, in fact, while he is actually from Dublin.

On our way back to Belfast we stopped at a pub and Ian and I imbibed some Irish-variety stout while James and Walter talked about teetotalism and I smirked into my glass about my reputation for teetotaling Stateside. It had been a liquid trip to then--little did I know as I sat in an Irish pub that when I returned to California I would face the news that I had drunk Eddie Jones under the table in Liverpool and wrenched and wine my way across the British Isles; but we swilled away at that innocent malt liquor, and wound our way to the home of George All The Way Charters.

We spent a couple of hours at George's, talking and taking tea, and seeing his collection of brown-paper-wrapped magazines--a crogging thought, but one that might appeal to Steve Schultheis or Doc Barrett. I got some pictures of the four Irish fans under ideal conditions there--proper exposure, soft lighting, etc. By this time I was getting good shots almost all the time--little did I know that only my available daylight shots would be colored properly, and that fully a third of my frames were shot in tungsten light and were off to the red.

Later we drove back to Oblique House, to a fine supper from the talented stove of Madeleine Willis, and a brief tour of the Fan-Attic on the fourth level. Ghoddminton was obsoleted some time ago by Scrabble as an indoor sport (it's less strenuous, and you can take tea while playing), but I saw the scene of those Ilidian tourneys, and Willis' Honorary Swamp Crittur certificate, etc.

After supper we went to the Shaw home for talk, with the Willises, James, Ian and George Charters. The Shaw child I recall as being in arms at the Solacon was present as a much larger individual, and Sadie was unquestionably a diligent hostess, despite an imminent addition to the family. The ladies of Irish Fandom produced a superb tea that evening, much more than I could eat. Fortunately I had the assistance of the almost legendary appetites of the male Belfans to almost casually dispose of lumberjack-sized portions. 11

It was that evening I noticed that my British hostesses were trying to overfeed me. It was fine fare, but all at once I realized that from Eric Bentcliffe's mother to Madeleine and Sadie, not one female had let me in her home without trying to stuff me to the gills. It seems it's hospitality to be expected in England--but it's the sort of thing that kept me eternally gosh-wow about the trip.

I showed my slides again, the slides I had brought from Al Lewis' collection of American fan faces--and the slides of Joni Cornell, too. Bob and George hadn't seen them before, but I noticed they weren't the only ones using the viewer. For some reason Ian, James and Walter were renewing their memories of American fans--and once again it was obvious that if Joni were to stand for TAFF, she'd carry every male vote in the United Kingdom.

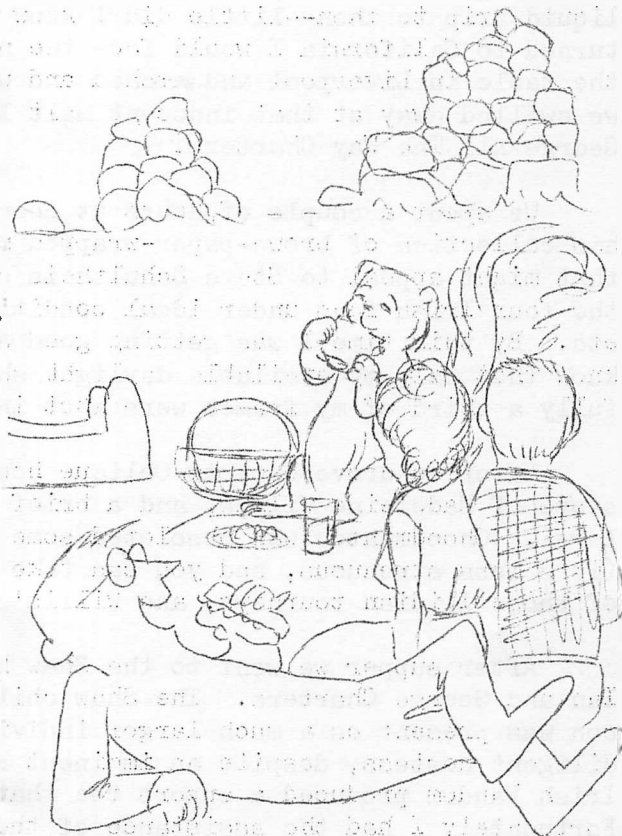
Sunday morning early, we were off to Giant's Causeway. The Willises and I in their Minor, with the Shaws and Ian in another car, drove north from town around Belfast Lough along the seacoast of Antrim County, by way of Glenarm and Ballycastle, to the spectacular hexagonal rocks of Giant's Causeway.

We parked a respectable distance from the phenomenon, and walked down a long path and over a beach to get to it. Basalt rock stands in columns, some two feet in diameter, closely packed and roughly hexagonal in cross section. The natives attribute it to a race of giants who built it as a pathway to Staffa, island of Fingal's Cave, where similar columns occur. You can get good color photos of the Causeway anywhere--but I have a slide taken with my back to the sea, showing the rocks descending from my pinnacle position just at the extremity, with Bob Shaw and Ian McAulay about to push me off into the water.

After our brisk hike down and back, we were quite ready for lunch. It was an amazingly clear day (Ian kept apologizing for the scudding clouds on the horizon, saying he felt bad about my visit being ruined by bad weather; Madeleine tried to keep from laughing and told me confidentially that Easter is usually heavily overcast and wet), and we sprawled at our leisure on the sward of Dunluce Castle.

The Willises like to show Dunluce to visitors--it's a long drive from Belfast, but well worth it. It is actually the ruins of a medieval stone castle, with tourneying green, banquet hall, dungeon and ballastrades clearly distinguishable. It's separated from the mainland by a tiny creek, and a pittance of two or three shillings gave us the grounds for the entire afternoon.

Madeleine and Sadie broke out picnic baskets enough to feed a small army, and tea and root beer, and we spread out over the lawn and basked in the sunlight as if born to the manor.



That evening we spent at the home of John and Diane Berry, where I said hello again to John, last seen at the Detroit convention in 1959--and he told me to leave.

It happened as you would imagine--Shaw had let the word out about those pictures of Joni Cornell in my collection of slides. Before Ian, the Willises and I arrived, Bob and John were watching a ballet by a very undressed young lady (John maintains a high cultural level in that home). "That girl," said Bob, wiping his breath off the televid screen, "is wearing a bit more clothing than the girl in Ron Ellick's photos," and on the spot John Berry decided he must see my slides. When we knocked at the door, he opened it and admitted the Willises & Dr. McAulay, and beamed jovially at me.

"Ron!" he said, "Good to see you again, man. Have you your slides?"

At last I stopped laughing enough to tell him that I'd forgotten them at 170 Upper Newtownards, and with a frightful visage he insisted that I fetch them. Since only I knew where they were, Ian drove me back (it is perhaps a five minute drive--ten minutes with anyone besides Ian at the wheel), and I got an entirely different welcome on returning.

And you know, John was the only male there who hadn't seen the slides, but for some reason Walter, Bob and Ian felt they ought to take one more look.

We had no scrabble board with us, but word games are a rage in Irish fandom, and as a good substitute we used part of the evening with GHOST. John and Diane and I had the advantage that the others there were long-time co-combatants, and were out to get each other. I forget how the game ended, but I think Diane and I had the lowest scores; it's hard to remember the scores, because the confounded words that kept building in the game were hilarious.

Diane spread another tea for us, and I began to wonder if it were the hard work of feeding the Irish Fans that keeps the Irish Fannies in such excellent shape. All three (excepting Sadie's temporary stoutness, which hardly disguised a naturally good figure) are graceful and slim--and they certainly have a happy and well-fed collection of husbands.

-oOo-

Monday was my day in the bazaars. I took the Upper Newtownards bus into the city of Belfast late in the morning to look around and get a jutting nail in my shoe repaired, and found the place even more interesting than Liverpool had been. I walked around in the tremendous quayages and shipbuilding areas that have made Belfast famous, and through the business districts that keep it ahead in the linen and damask markets. In looking for bookstalls I was directed to a great open area which has been set aside for sellers of all manner of goods, and covered over with tenting--it has a name, like Farmer's Market in L.A., but I don't remember it.

More-or-less permanent stores have grown within this fair over the years, and you can probably subsist for weeks without leaving its shelter. A leprechaun fixed my shoe, and I spent two hours hopelessly lost in miles of books and maps--which seems rather contradictory in memory, because I don't remember buying a single book in Ireland.

Belfast, full of beautiful churches and public buildings side to side with modern, ultra-American department stores, and miles of old, established shops, is on the list of cities I would like to wander for days. I was late for tea. 13

Ian, Walter, Madeleine and I played Scrabble on the lawn in front of Oblique House that afternoon, and I lost ignominiously. They have their own rules--that is, anything in the dictionary is a word. John Berry wrote an article about Scrabble that should have warned me--but you just can't be warned enough to play on equal terms there.

It wasn't so bad when they pulled ST as a word (it appears in their dictionary, the one with typeface that looks so much like the old SLANT fonts) but then they started using foreign words, like DE.

"DE isn't English," I yelped, but they showed me ESPRIT DE CORPS in the dictionary as a non-punctuated English word.

"If we could get all of that on a single Scrabble word, it would count; and DE appears in it as a single word, so it's a word that appears in the dictionary," said Walter.

"Quod erat demonstratum," quipped Ian.

"Reductio ad absurdum," I mumbled back, and went on to a smashing loss. I only gained my own back when Ian introduced me to "Mischmasch," a game invented (or at least formulated in writing) by Lewis Carroll in 1882; he asked me if I could discover a word with SKS appearing in it.

"ASKS," I snapped back.

"No, no-- I mean, yes, that's a fair answer, but-- well, dammit, try ÖSKS. Can you think of a word with OSKS in it?"

"KIOSKS," I said instantly. "That's a snap."

As I said earlier, word games are a rage in North Ireland, so naturally I didn't come off 100% ahead--Walt Willis asked me for a word with RWH in it. I finally had to give up--so he told me about NARWHAL.

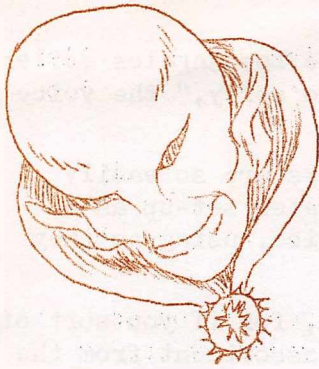
And that evening Walter drove me to the air terminus for the last leg of my journeys--to London for the rest of the week. While waiting for the bus to take me to Belfast Airport (at Nutt's Corner, behind the hills), he and I sat in the depot and talked about TAFF and traveling and fans. From this I conceived an idea for an article I intend to write some day, wherein I can philosophize about TAFF like Ken Bulmer. On such a note of righting the world's wrongs we said good-bye until we should meet again in August in New York, and I left to fly to the land of smoke.

-oOo-

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

The full report, now three-fourths published, is available to anyone who would be interested in publishing it as a single volume, for sale at a reasonable price, all proceeds above cost of publication to go to TAFF. For more information, write to me at the editorial address.

Thanks to Archie Mercer for his note explaining that hamburgers in England were named Wimpy for J. Wellington Wimpy of the Popeye comic strip; as Ron Bennett was surprised when I mentioned the possibility, I had assumed that there was some other etymology.



FALLEN

ANGELENOS

by BGO

This was my day to feel cheerful about answering telephones, so when mine rang, I said "hi!" into it. There was a pause.

"Is that all you usually say?" inquired a strange male voice.

"Well, what else did you have in mind?" I asked, reasonably.

"Oh, don't you usually say something like, 'Good morning, Los Angeles Boiler Works', or something like that?"

"Not if I'm sober," I said, wondering what new fan in town had decided to play telephone games. "But sometimes I say 'City Zoo', if the fancy strikes me." There was another pause, then he chuckled. I chuckled back. It was an intimate moment. I expected him to reveal his name and where he was stranded and when we were expected to pick him up.

The chuckle faded away, and then he got down to business. "Oh, well," he said philosophically, "You are a good business, so I should care how you answer the phone...."

"I'm glad you're taking it that way," I said. "What business?"

"Well, do you remember the pipe-fittings you sold us last year?" he said, briskly dropping the horse-play.

"No," I answered, still wondering what the game was.

"NO? Well, look it up later; I want to give you the order now," he said. "They were umty-umpty type of framistanish brass with overhead undergrafting of the...."

"I'll bet you've got the wrong number," I said. There was a very long pause.

"Isn't this the Los Angeles Boiler Works?" he said in a smallish voice.

"No."

"This isn't Capital 1-1186?"

"No, this is HARRISON 1-1186, and you're dialling into the wrong code area."

"Oh."

He sounded so embarrassed, I felt moved to console him. "That's alright; I wasn't doing anything but answering the phone right now, anyway."

"Oh, good! I'm glad you weren't busy," he said. "Well, it was nice talking to you, I guess."

"I guess so, too. Goodbye." I looked at the telephone in speculation. Was I going to have trouble with this small instrument again? I was.



Two or three days later, the telephone rang again. Feeling more formal that morning, I simply said "Hello".

"Hallo," said a heavily accented male voice, "eses thees the Los Angeles Boiler Works?" I explained again that a mistake had been made. "Oh, so sorry," the voice said, "I am on thees wrong number."

I pondered the fate of telephone subscribers, and how numbers are so easily mixed. It has always been of interest to me that such a complicated set-up as an ordinary telephone company could manage to give any kind of service, using as they insist upon doing, numbers of all sizes and shapes.

It is comparatively easy to remember a number with a prefix, for if you sort of back off and take a running guess at the number, with a helpful assortment from the familiar old alphabet to aid you, chances are good. Ted Johnstone's number is MUrray, but if you remember MUgwump, MUrder, MUrky, or MU-as-in-continent, the rest of the number.....is a mere choice of nine or so digits. Surely.....well.....

If you have an "illegal" phone, one which was not put in by the local phone company but was put in by your electrician cousin or such, you can drive people out of their minds with made-up prefixes on all but the "legal" phone. Such as Tigger-growl, VICarious, and other cute bits. Consider having someone like me make a call, in a strange area from a phone that has a Tigger-growl prefix on the dial. The operator asks what number I'm calling from. Now, I know that this is not a real prefix, but I can't remember the real one, and can't count well enuf to think out the numbers. Oh, well. "I'm calling from Tigger-growl 6...."

"There is no such prefix," announces the operator in solemn tones.

"Well, I'm calling from it!" I say, matching tones, "and if it's any help, the phone is tiny, cute, blue, and lights up. Now do I get my number?" I got it. I also think the operator was trying to figure how to locate me and introduce me to the local laughing academy.

Telephones have always been a problem. When I was a kid, there were only three lines in the whole town (there were a few more people than there were lines, but not many). If all three old gossips o' the town got on the lines, they could tie up the whole town for hours. And did. Clear in my memory is my mother on the line, trying to get them to ring off so she could call the fire department. "Honest, the house is on fire," Mom would say. "No, I'm not joking, the house is on fire, listen, can't you hear it crackle?"....and on. The back porch burned off, and a girl rode the mile and a half on her bike for the firemen while mother argued. This is why I won't have a party line.

When I lived on Fan Hill, and before my marriage, my phone number had once been a business number. Usually a suitable time elapses before the same number is given out, but LA is a big city, and often businesses don't check new directories when they've their old, outdated books to use. Also, I guess the theory is that it is safe to give out these numbers to private homes. There are flaws in that theory.

One morning the phone wakened me. Well, it got me out of bed; I very seldom wake up at the same time, usually having to drink several cups of coffee and wander around for a bit before everything gets co-ordinated and I am prepared to face another day. I groped for the phone and answered it. The caller got a surly "Lo".

"I've got six crates of lettuce here," announced a cheerful voice; "What am I to do with them?" I had a suggestion, but refrained from voicing it. Instead, I mumbled something about wanting to know what he was talking about. There was a pause. Then, "Isn't this the Southern Pacific kitchen car?"

"No, I don't think so." At that hour of the day, I am seldom in any condition to guarantee anything as fact.

"Are you sure?" persisted the voice.

"Well, wait a moment, and I'll check," I said amiably. I rested the phone on a table, and ambled to the front door of my apartment. When the door was opened, it revealed Los Angeles at the foot of the hill, wrapped in the pink-and-goldish glory of a new day. I blinked at the view of City Hall in the sunlight, and went back to the phone. "No," I said positively, "I am not the Southern Pacific kitchen car."

"Then where is the Southern Pacific kitchen car?" demanded the voice suspiciously.

"I haven't got it," I said, and hung up. I went back to bed. But I couldn't sleep. Somewhere in this big, newly-wakened city was a man with six crates of lettuce and nowhere to go. I gave up the struggle and fumbled my way to the kitchen and the coffeepot.

With several grains of caffeine surging thru my system, I felt ready to at least open the windowblinds and face the day. The telephone rang. I answered it and was immediately sorry that I didn't have another cup of coffee handy.

"Hello," said a heavy, sullen woman's voice, "is this Pacific Trust and Finance Company?" There were distinct sounds of children screaming and some birds in the background, plus what could only have been a soap opera on full blast. I informed her of her mistake, and she hung up with a snort of disgust.

A few minutes later, the same woman phoned. At least, I hope it was the same woman, for two households should not be burdened with children of such lung-power. She asked for her finance company again, and I told her that she was dialling the letter "o" when she really should be dialling the number "0". She told me to mind my own business, and hung up. I went for another cup of coffee, and waited.

Ten minutes later, the voice, now quite belligerent about this strange turn of affairs, inquired for her finance company again. As I started to speak, she bellowed, "YOU again!" and hung up. I pulled my chair close to the phone with a sense of predestined fate, and waited.

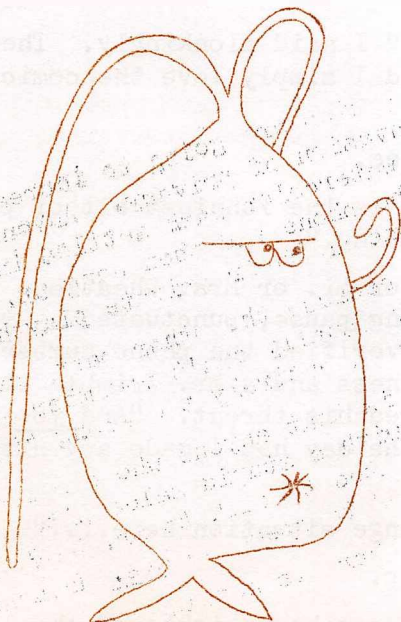
Soon the phone rang again, but the voice had taken on a new tone. Perhaps she felt that to sneak up on the problem was the only solution. In any case, a syrupy voice inquired in what she must have believed was a soft voice, "Is this the Pacific Trust and Finance Company?" There was an expectant wait.

"Lady," I said in as respectful a tone as I could muster, under the circumstances,

"I don't wonder that you are so desperate to reach a finance company at all costs. With your inability to count to six, you NEED help!"

When I hung up, I felt sort of sad. Surely if I had not been so quick to end the game, I might have had this wonderful woman's persistent company all day. It was something to think about. I called the telephone company to see about getting my number changed.

They were properly sympathetic, but observed that all possible number combinations had been used years ago, and I might be taking on another of even worse problems. Such as a former number used by a doctor. I gave up.



Along with problems with numbers, and the companies are going to increase those problems by dropping prefixes altogether, is the invasion of privacy. Anyone can phone you for a gag, or to take up time while your watercolor wash settles into irretrievable smears, or just to get you to answer the phone and then hang up. The world is too full of immature clowns who use the phone as their private plaything.

Of course, John claims that I don't like phones because the other party can't see me wave my hands around. This is true, but also I usually can't remember all the things I wanted to say until after I've hung up, which is entirely the wrong time.

The really galling part of paying for a telephone is that anyone who has something to sell may call you away from your work or play with a stupid sales pitch. One day at the old Fan Hillton, a pleasant male voice wanted to talk to Mr. Harness. Upon being informed that Mr. Harness was at work, he asked to speak to Mrs. Harness.

"This is Mrs. Harness," I said without hesitation. There is nothing in the rules says I can't bug back!

"Ah, Mrs. Harness!" said the voice in a tone of happy discovery, "you'll be happy to know that the Los Angeles Times is fighting juvenile delinquency..."

"How are you doing?"

"Just fine, but we need help, and YOU are in a position to help needy boys all over..."

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that," I said, filling my voice with regret.

The sales pitch took a lurch. "You can't? But to combat juvenile..."

"Oh, no," I said sorrowfully, "my husband is very much in favor of juvenile delinquency." There was a very long pause.

"He....is....?" This was obviously a telling blow. The sales pitch went out the window.

"Oh, my, yes," I said cheerfully, "as a matter of fact, his mother and I agree that Mr. Harness is the biggest juvenile delinquent we know!" And I hung up. But that was not the last we heard from the salesman. He had a list of names to go on, and soon the phone rang again. It was the same routine; he wanted to speak to Mr. Trimble. I wondered how they'd missed Pelz, but gave him the same routine back. He went into the soft-shoe bit about how a sub to the Times would save tender young souls...

"We've got a subscription to the Times already," I said plonkingly. They should have checked that out before disturbing people. "And I simply love the comics you people have."

"Really?" said the man, making note-taking noises.

"Yes," I assured him, "the Times editorial page is the funniest bit of propaganda for idiots I've ever read; wouldn't miss it for anything."

Later that day, the same man phoned and asked for Mr. or Mrs. Wheatley. I identified myself as Mrs. Wheatley. There was a very long pause, punctuated by rustling paper. He asked for the address, which I gave. He verified the phone number, too. Then after another long pause, he asked if a Mr. Harness and a Mr. Trimble lived there, also. I assured him that they did. He cleared his throat. "And you are Mrs. Wheatley?" he asked cautiously. At no time during the day had I made any attempt to disguise my voice.

"Why, yes, I am," I said. "It's sort of a strange situation here...."

"I'm sure it is," said the salesman, and hung up.

I went back to work with the feeling that I had somehow brightened the life of
18 a fellow man.

The last bit of telephone salesmanship that was tried on me was a call from Forest Lawn Cemetary. "Hello," said a bright, lively voice, "our councellor will be in your neighborhood soon, and we thot you would like to talk to him..."

"Is he advising for or against dying?" I asked.

"Well, he....that is....well, it's for the cemetary preparations, and..."

"In other words, you are for dying?"

"Well, no, but..."

"Sorry," I said firmly, "but I'm not interested in dying." And, as no salesman came to our door, I can only guess that she took my word for it and marked me off their list of prospects. It's probably just as well. Forest Lawn is the type of place that would have colored "Princess" phones in each vault...and that is one bit of civilization that I don't want to take with me!

--- Bjo Trimble

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

LUNACON VII: The annual conference held by the Lunarian Club; will take place at 2:00 pm on Sunday, 21 April, at Adelphi Hall, 74 Fifth Avenue, New York City. For details write to Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Avenue, Bronx 53, New York. Admission \$1.

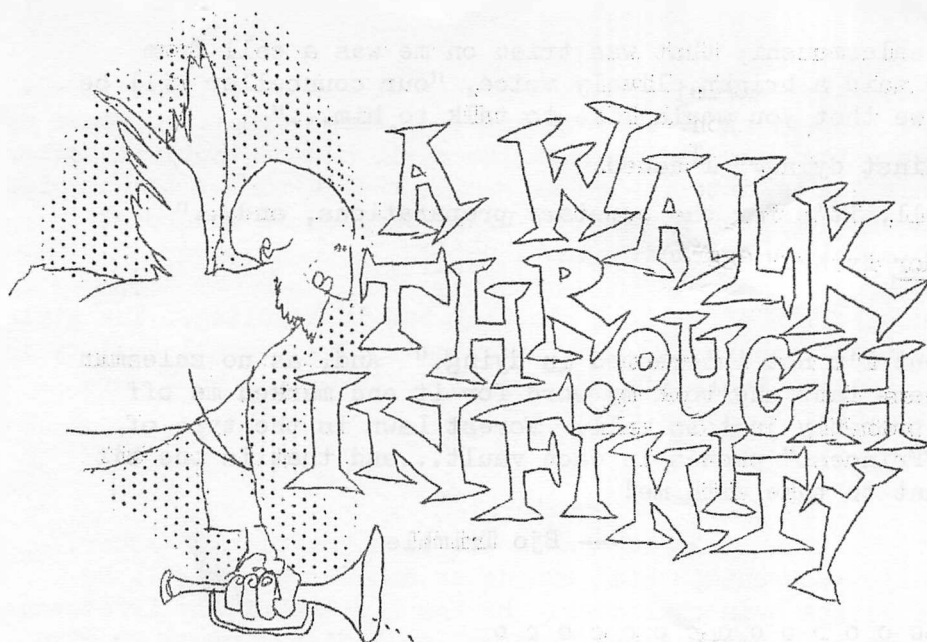
MIDWESTCON XIV: Will be held once again at the North Plaza Motel, on Reading Road north of Cincinnati. Very informal gathering, no fees, no program. For information write to Don Ford, Box 19-T, RR #2, Wards Corner Road, Loveland, Ohio.

WESTERCON XVI: The biggest of the regional conferences will be held in the Hyatt House motel in Burlingame, just south of the San Francisco Airport, for four days starting on the Fourth of July. Membership is \$1 now, \$1.50 after 1 June, from J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Rd, Berkeley 7, California.

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY meets every Thursday evening at 8:00 in the Silverlake Playground, corner van Pelt and Silverlake Boulevards. Meetings feature panel discussions, guest speakers, slide and motion-picture shows, and bull sessions at various times; guests are always welcome. You can't miss it--it's right at the southern tip of Silver Lake, a few minutes from the Hollywood Freeway.

Readers, do we confuse you? To help you get less confused, we'd like to make a special note here that all subscriptions, letters of comment, contributions, and fanzines for trade should go to Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield, L.A. 25 (and please mark trades for Shaggy plainly); all this mail will be routed to the appropriate editor, checking account, reviewer, or wastebasket--you have our solemn promise. But if you wish to write to Steve Tolliver personally about other things than Shaggy, his new address is 24 East Peoria Street, Pasadena, Calif. And John Trimble's address is 5734 Parapet Street, Long Beach 8, California.



Warlord of Kor by Terry Carr
The Star Wasps by Robert Moore
Williams (ACE Double F-177
97+126 pp, 40¢)

In recent months, Ace has become a force to be reckoned with. In single editions Ace has reissued --at this writing-- a dozen or so Burroughs books, not to mention the reissue of so many past Ace books and an increase of single releases such as House on the Borderland, Wizard of Linn, Catseye by Norton, Trial of Terra by Williamson, First Through Time by Gordon and Ace editor Wollheim's anthology More Adventures on Other Planets. Packaging has improved and quality is up. The Burroughs books are national best-sellers and have been listed as such. All this has tended to eclipse the double novel, once Ace's most reliable standby.

But the double novels are still with us and the one at hand is notable, if only for the fact that a little less than half of it is Terry Carr's first novel. And it's something of a surprise. Terry began writing, I would say, in the days of sixth fandom -- days when fanzines could actually boast good fiction most of which was outside the policy range of the thirty or more prozines which were fast becoming bloated with delusions of grandeur. Such writers as Rich Elsberry, Fred Chappell, Harlan Ellison (whose record in prozines isn't half so good as his record in fanzines) and others were frequently appearing in fanzines with downright good stories. Whether or not this influenced Terry's rise as an outstanding fan writer and now a pro, I can't say. To be honest, I rather doubt it. But his first novel is good.

Warlord of Kor is an adventure novel in the Brackett tradition. Recently there has been a notable trend toward imitating Miss Brackett and I, for one, am all for it. Leigh Brackett has always been an excellent writer with a respect for craft and a knack for producing totally satisfying work. These days she concentrates on motion picture scenarios and mystery novels. So we have to count on others for her type of science fiction.

Terry has come remarkably close to producing a perfect copy. His craft is unsure, but then so was Leigh Brackett's at first. The total effect of Warlord is satisfying and intentional. The plot is a straightforward one, dealing with a number of familiar elements. Earth has spread out to the edges of the Galaxy and discovered signs of a superior alien race without finding the race itself. Or any other aliens,

until now. It seems that the planet Hirlaj boasts a number of almost extinct intelligent and telepathic aliens. Lee Rynason, in investigating these creatures comes up with a few facts which indicate that the Hirlaji, in the past, had contact with other aliens. Needless to say, this can be interpreted as making them a threat to humanity and Rice Manning, head of the survey team Rynason is with, decides to interpret things that way for his own political aggrandizement.

But ultimately, every novel pays off not in plotting but in handling. The style here is good, if not outstanding, unobtrusive and functional. The overall quality is maintained at a good level. Nothing really fails, though parts of the book show haste in writing. Much of the book succeeds beautifully.

Such as René Malhomme.

The frontspiece character listing describes Malhomme as a "ruffian-preacher." He is, at any rate, the novel's most outstanding character and Terry may well be criticized for not using him as the main character. He has a delightfully irrelevant approach to religion that might be described as "Fortean" by Tiffany Thayer or even Charles Fort himself, though probably not by Theodore Dreiser. The character, in spite of everything, is not a hypocrite. Quite the other way around. He's overdrawn, in the manner of Poul Anderson's characters, and at first it seems painful. But unlike Anderson, who creates characters mechanically and stiffly, Terry understands his character. The result is a delightful and vivid portrayal. Maybe if we apply enough pressure Terry will use Malhomme as the main character in a book someday.

Terry uses telepathy quite well, too. For those of you who, like me, have become allergic to psionics, here is a novel where telepathy is used as it should be used--as an adjunct to the main situation. It is not a sudden god-like trait we've had all along. Even though the aliens possess it, Earthmen must be mechanically augmented to communicate with them. There's an excellent use of race-mind telepathy à la Carl Jung, too. Delightfully, Terry has shown the rare good taste to ignore Kingsley Amis altogether and use machinery in his future world that we couldn't build today. There isn't much science in this novel (though I'd class it as science fiction whereas most of Leigh Brackett's work is fantasy) but what there is is good.

The upside-down-half of this double volume is The Star Wasps by Robert Moore Williams. Williams is a much-maligned writer, mostly because he wrote for Palmer which is a Cardinal Sin --and who are we to forgive that?-- and to an extent because he's uneven. Actually, he's a lot better than Buck Coulson is able to give him credit for. Sometimes, he's quite good, as witness King of the Fourth Planet (Ace F-149) which is even better imitation Leigh Brackett than Warlord of Kor and which should be read at a single sitting and savored like a short story for its single build-up-to-effect and its background. We are, however, discussing The Star Wasps, which is not the success King of the Fourth Planet was.

I suppose Star Wasps is just fair. Williams knows more about writing than most, but science fiction doesn't seem to be his proper medium. His proper field would seem to be fantasy adventure for which there is no current market. Wasps is science fiction. Mildly, a Pohl-Kornbluth type thing, but much more neatly conceived if it is only handled about as well. There are good elements in this, such as the Star Wasps, an alien life form, accidentally brought to Earth by a sort of hyperspace arrangement, the offshoot of a chemical experiment. The hero, who is out to overthrow the current system (a dictator, of course), has a little gadget to "awaken" man's innate love of freedom--a gadget to brainwash people who have been brainwashed. The gadget also brainwashes the Star Wasps, who have been kept under control by the Company to do its killing for it, and the Wasps go wild, wiping out Denver before being brought under control.

And I had better mention the villain. His name is Erasmus Glock and we first meet him in a section of pedestrian writing that probably would have been edited down had Warlord been slightly longer. Glock is fat, thoroughly ruthless, a bully and a coward. He owns the world, or the company that does. The hero is a fellow who grew up in the same neighborhood with Glock and who was the first person to refuse to be bullied by Glock. Ever since then, they've been opposed and Glock's one regret is that he has never been able to buy the hero out.

If all this sound's familiar, it's because the same situation prevails in the propaganda of the socialists and union organizers of the first part of this century. Glock is the compleat capitalist and Johnny Derek, his nemesis, is the leader of the Oppressed People. Glock can still be seen drawn in editorial cartoons all over the country--and in particular in pro-union papers. Williams is totally serious about Glock--there's no comedy intended.

And here something becomes apparent about Williams the man and writer.

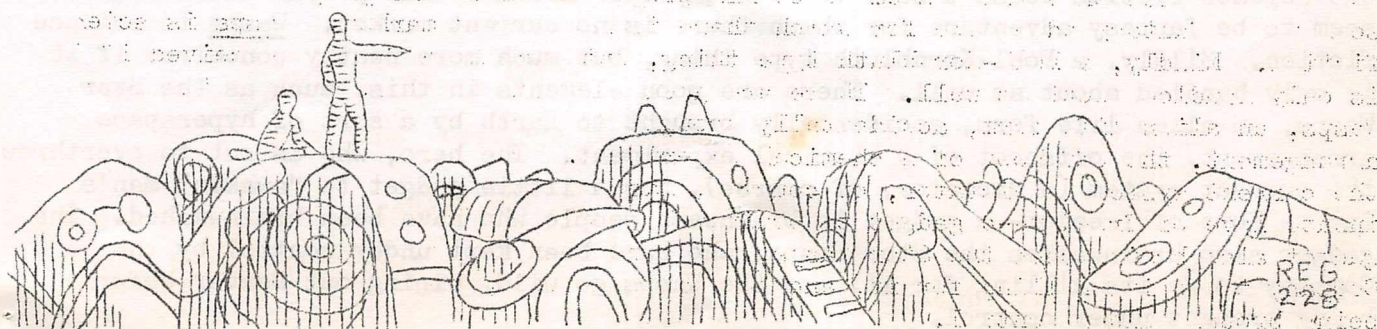
I've heard LA fans who have met Williams praising him as a human being. And I think the reasons are apparent in this book. Williams has a simple, folksy, but not offensive, midwestern flavor to his writing and his outlook. He likes people. In this book, everyone is basically noble -- even Glock, after being portrayed as a thoroughly despicable person, turns around and sacrifices his life for his enemies. And the reader believes this impossible turn of events because Williams does. It's as simple as that.

Williams is worth watching because he does an occasional very good book and because he is seldom really bad. And incidentally, if you are interested in writing, Williams uses his knowledge of it with remarkable effectiveness in places.

But I can't cut this off without mentioning packaging. Ace has improved greatly in the past year. Star Wasps has an excellent Jack Gaughan cover with very good colorwork. Warlord has an Emsh cover which is better than most, mostly because of the colorwork. It is in color that Ace has shown particular improvement. Otherwise the painting is typical Emsh. Everything here is made out of styrofoam, including theoretically massive rock slabs, and an alien. The figures are small, so one of Emsh's most annoying traits doesn't come off. That's his decorated wrists. Emsh apparently has a thing about wrists and someday I'm going to ask a psychologist about it. But really, this is a nice, if not outstanding painting.

Have I said you're doing fine, Don Wollheim? You're doing fine, then.

---Jerry Page



REG
228

"In this book, John D. MacDonald turns from suspense to

"A story of ~~fantasy~~...

"This book is about a ~~detective~~...

"This is a novel of wild ~~adventure~~...

"If Thorne Smith and Mickey Spillane had collaborated on...

"Sheesh! It's a story--by one of America's great storytellers.

"Read it."

So reads--in part--the back cover blurb on a pb that gives one an inexpensive evening's entertainment. Considering the style of the blurb it might well have been written by a fan. However, I think most fans would recognize the book as a science fiction novel. Pseudo-science fiction, perhaps, depending on how one feels about the various theories regarding time.

The time theory gimmick used in the novel is hardly new. Long-time readers of s-f will recognize it long before MacDonald permits his protagonist to stumble onto it. This happens about half way through the book, but the first half is entertaining enough to hold one's interest until one gets to the "fantastic stuff." After that, your interest is certain to quicken unless you have lost your "sense of curiosity" as well as your sense of wonder. It's an old stf-gimmick, to be sure, but the author uses it well--to entertain, to depict fun and games, and to present the protagonist with a problem in ethics.

Yes, there is a serious side to this novel, much more serious than the blurb would lead one to expect, but it is--without question--a fantasy (using the term to include s-f stories dealing with the "control" of time), a mystery (to a degree, depending on the individual reader's literary background), a wild adventure--and a hell of a lot of fun.

I don't quite understand the blurb-writer's reference to Spillane. This is probably the least-hardboiled of MacDonald's modern suspense/action novels. Perhaps it's a reference to the sex in the tale, but no matter how you feel about sexy dames in modern novels--MacDonald is a far superior writer to Spillane.

I suppose one or two of the characters could be dubbed "Thorne Smithish", as well as some of the situations in which the protagonist finds himself. But all this seems unfair to MacDonald, who is an excellent story-teller in his own right, whether or not he is "one of America's greatest story-tellers."

--Len Moffatt

DIALOGUES AT SUNSET - VII

Steve: "What'll we put in this space instead of artwork? What kind of announcements have we got this time?"

Al: "We haven't got any Dialogues at Sunset in the file..."

Steve: "Oh, we ought to be able to work one up tonight.

(new thought) We'll bait Peggy Rae until she says something funny!

Ron: "Just listen! Just listen!"

Al: "Hey, that's not a bad Dialogue..."



conducted by dull ol'

john trimble

Ye ghods! I haven't even read the newly-minted FAPA mailing yet, and here I am stencilling Shaggy's lettercol. Oh well, I guess it won't kill me to slave a little for the ghods of SLA 'fore I partake of life's pleasures. And see how many more status-seekers have joind the FAPA w/list since mailing 1G1.

But, this isn't FAPA, it's a bunch of letters, leading off with.

good ol'...

WALTER A WILLIS, 170 Upper N'Ards Rd., Belfast 4, N. Ireland

Having been showered with the milk of human kindness in LA I feel guilty about not having commented on so many issues [[of SLA --jt]]. Though indeed I have been sending fanzines to various addresses in LA for years in an attempt to exchange for it, and would have written more often if I'd been sure whom to write to. Now for instance, I'm writing to you [[Ron Ellick. --jt]], but presumably I should be writing to Steve Tolliver. Heigh ho. LA is such a big place I never really believe you people ever see one another except on special occasions, but I shall have faith that if I ever say anything of interest about the fanzine to you word of it will eventually permeate to the editor.

Everything comes to him who waits with his mouth open and saying "Duh?" and now I know what Steve Stiles meant in his Christmas card about sending me the original of the SLA cover. Actually I thought the characters on the right were the house detectives, and that pot of gold was the proceeds of the Art Show which they had recovered. I kept telling them to give it to Bjo. Of course you can see now how that money vanished from a locked room. They had their pot of gold confiscated by Currency Control Officers at the airport, and had to pick up another one locally. Maybe it's just as well the Convention wasn't held in Kentucky.

I'm enjoying the TAFF report, though in some ways it's not quite what I expected. It's more sense-of-wonderish than I would have expected from a travelling giant. Oh, one small inaccuracy. I have been to at least five British Conventions.

Leiber's little piece about Lovecraft was absolutely wonderful. I've never had much of an opinion of HPL because some people make an awful bore out of his cult, but this view of him by Leiber really impresses me as to what a fine person HPL must have been apart from his writings. And it doesn't do my opinion of Fritz any harm, either.

Steve Tolliver's article on Mariner II was quite fascinating. Especially engaging was the happy-go-lucky impression it leaves of the project. Refreshing. A sort of let's shoot-it-into-space-and-see-if-it-works approach. I suppose it's really the only one possible, and if you worked in the penny-pinching British way you'd probably have the best interplanetary missile never to leave the ground.

PHILLIP A HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia

I was crazy-wild over #63, and as the mail came early for once in our mailman's demented career, I was able to take it to work with me and read it during lunch and I read the Article "Dumb Luck Triumphs Again," and had everyone howling with glee then I spread Mustard on my Fruitcake by mistake (GAD WHAT AN ODD TASTE!) and set everyone off again.

[[If you like mustard of fruitcake, Phil, you should try a tuna and peanut butter & jelly sandwich some time. And I do mean sandwich, 'cause you'll wish you had better sense! --jt]]

JOHN BAXTER, Box 39, King Street PO, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia

There are times when I get the impression that this fanzine is just part of a big game. The editorship is passed from hand to hand as fast as possible, and the one holding it when the '64 convention opens will be shot and barbecued as part of the festivities. No, no--not barbecued--boiled into a thin but savoury broth à la Stranger in a Strange Land. That has to be the answer.

What on earth is meant by the "most primal" costume? According to my book of words, "primal" means "medieval or primitive. Fundamental." Fundamental...you mean the costume only has to cover your...no, surely not. I knew LA fandom was uninhibited but there are limits.

I enjoyed Alva Rogers' careful distinction between various types of fans and attitudes, though it seems to me one of those arguments that just begs for exceptions to appear. You just can't generalise about fandom--it covers so many types to allow of any hard-and-fast rules to be made. Not that this makes Alva's ideas any less interesting, of course--I'm just a contentious bastard by nature.

Dave Fox seems to have had bad luck...he's right to a certain extent--there are a lot of pros who treat fans as if they were something less than human. Naturally I've never experienced this in person, but in the early days, I wrote a lot of letters. Some were ignored, other writers dropped me the sort of note that reduced the temperature ten degrees for yards around. But a few wrote, and still write, and I number them among my closest correspondents. The important thing is, I think, not to be driven away by the soreheads--stick around and keep asking. Sooner or later, you'll find somebody who'll be glad to hear what you have to say. The search is usually worth it.

Al HaLevy's article was sort of a dud. The basic point--that all contemporary fantasy is just a re-writing of the traditional product--is worth making, but I doubt that five pages were required.

Now that I come to think it over, I wonder if Al hasn't gone a little off the rails in this article. Inter alia, he says "'True' fantasy is nothing more than the recreations or rewritings of the earlier works." Surely that isn't exactly true. Science fiction, the modern offspring of the fantasies he cites--Beowulf, Arthurian Legend, the traditional legends of Greece and Rome and Europe--is similar to its ancestors only insofar as the basic conflict, ie. man against the unknown, remains the same. Where protagonists once fought dragons, spirits, elemental gods and the forces of evil, they now battle technological monsters, perversions of society, and dragons, unicorns, hydrae and chimeras converted with a splash of scientific jargon into possibilities. It's the same old battle, but the whole approach is different, as is the style of writing, the relationship of the main characters to their environment and the whole point of the story. Science fiction represents the ultimate in the interaction between fantasy and fact. In science fiction, man no longer lies down and dumbly accepts the caprices of nature. There are still dragons and monsters and gods, but he tries to control them, and occasionally succeeds. He probes the reason for the

[[Baxter, cot'd]] existence of the implacable elemental powers that the ancients called "Gods," and in some cases, he is able to control them.

My point (though I'm afraid that I haven't made it very well in this small space) is that science fiction is just like fantasy--it is much closer to mythology than it is to real life. And, assuming this, it is obvious that science fiction, the modern successor of fantasy, is decidedly different to its progenitors.

There is very little one can say about Shaggy as a whole. It's a highly personable little magazine that doesn't hang out any hooks to the commenter. No arguments, no controversies, no fuggheaded statements for one to jump at. What sort of fanzine is that? I don't know what the world is coming to.

[[I don't know what it's coming to, either; imagine! some poor blighted souls still spell Sidney with a couple of y's. Harrumph! --jt]]

JIM CAWTHORN, 4 Wolsey St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England

"Smashin'"...seems to be used by adults more frequently in Scotland than in England; English school children use it, among other expressions. It sounds better, somehow, with a Scots accent.

Liked the "Mythological" article very much; just one small quibble--in 3 Hearts & 3 Lions (and, I believe, the Shea stories) wasn't the hero projected sideways, into alternate worlds, rather than back [[in time]]?

Watch it, Ellik--Corgis are definitely IN, particularly at the Palace. In fact, there was a period only a short while ago when it was practically a mark of Royal Favour to be bitten by a Corgi. Well, it was a mark, anyway....

(Still Ellik:) Regarding your comments on the procedure for buying a bus ticket--when watching a bus conductor dealing with a Saturday-night cargo of drunks, I've often wondered what sort of supermen are employed as drivers on American transport, to cope with all this single-handed, and unprotected from their passengers.

[[Not supermen, Jim, just cold, impersonal money-takers for the most part. Of course, the drunks don't use public transport (except for taxis...but that's a story of a different color) much here...we prefer to let them bash about in their automobiles, adding to the slaughter on the highways. --jt]]

DONALD A WOLLHEIM, 66-17 Clyde Street, Rego Park 74, N Y

I particularly applaud Dave Fox's letter, which seems to be the first time someone had the guts to stand up and say what ought to be said about that utterly noxious and entirely boorish habit of people who spend money and time to come hundreds of miles to a gathering of fandom only to bury themselves in some dark hole of a saloon for three days guzzling alcohol in a tiny clique. This was particularly noticable at the Chicon when some of these persons--celebrities --weren't even enough interested in their audience and readers to be present at the initial introductory session. Personally, I went to a fan convention to see fans and meet fans and hear fans and fan and sf talk. Not to drink in some dark hole, which can be done just as easily in my home haunts. I did meet fans and see fans and talk with fans--and I enjoyed it darnsite more than I would have closeted with the deep thinkers and heavy drinkers and smutty talkers in an exclusive covey. If they didn't want to meet fans in the first place, they should have stayed at home.

One wonders what these persons got out of it all. It's also amusing how little they could have. I was present for exactly ten minutes at such a saloon table in the self-admiration crowd. During this time Gordon Dickson came in, sat down next to me, was introduced, and that

[[Wollheim, cot'd]] is all I ever saw of him. Back at the office a few weeks later, I had occasion to answer a business letter from him (after all, I am one of his editors and he one of my writers) and deliberately injected a sad little note about how sorry I was "not to have met him" in Chicago. He answered courteously, expressing his own regret at not having had the opportunity of meeting me. Ha!

Now Gordy is a delightful writer and probably is a delightful guy to know. But I must agree with Dave Fox completely--how's a fan to know?

Dave asks what can be done? I would say hold the convention in a hotel without a bar and miles from one. If this isn't practical, pro authors should be presented with a time card to be stamped by the registers for their attendance at meetings, public sessions, general gatherings, etc. They should be fined \$2 for every half-hour absent from such affairs.

Because if they never showed up at all as a result of this regulation, would it have made any difference?

Eh, Poul?

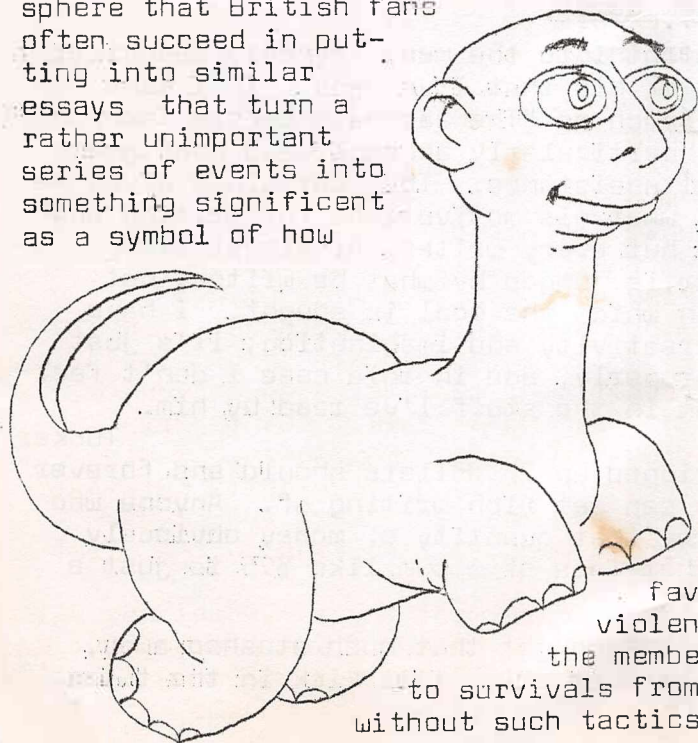
[[Heah neaow, surrah! Fans have tendencies toward drink too, you know. Now if we could only find someone to rig a liquor organ in the meeting rooms....-jt]]

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

If the holiday rush has clogged up the mails a little, you may not receive this until on or after my 40th birthday. I imagine that this is the end of the last crumbs of my youth and the beginning of the aridities of middle age. But I can't say that I feel unhappy or deeply moved by the solemnity of the approaching event. Instead I just have a slight tremor in my sense of wonder. When I was a little boy, I used to wonder if I could possibly live to see the arrival of the year 2000, and darned if I haven't gone more than half of the distance already.

Incidentally, I refuse to believe that he [[haLevy]] can justify that spelling of his last name. It is my understanding that a prefix to a family name is separated in English even if it's customary to jam it up tight in the original tongue.

Sjo seems to capture this time something of the idyllic atmosphere that British fans often succeed in putting into similar essays that turn a rather unimportant series of events into something significant as a symbol of how



Bagpipes and their operators frighten me, awakening some embedded fear of monsters or something, but I'm glad that everyone else enjoyed them and that I was three thousand miles away.

I'd amend Ton Dilley's statement about the unions being rotten to this: any group that has lots of power can be rotten. I've seen numerous examples of it in strong unions and many other examples of the same rottenness where the management, not the union, was strong. I'd hate to have to figure out a way to determine which group is more frequently rotten and does the greater harm to the public welfare. One point in

favor of the unions is that unwarranted violence and excessively emotional rule over the membership by union leaders can be ascribed to survivals from the years when unions couldn't live without such tactics. As the years go along, it's

[[Hwarner, cot'd]] conceivable that unions will feel more secure and try to win their struggles in a manner consistent with their current powers and rights.

Your [[Ron's]] TAFF account's beginning was welcome for two reasons. It's entertaining and perhaps equally important, it brings back the tradition of telling about TAFF results in generally circulated publications which the reader needs no extra work to secure. I think that much of the apathy over TAFF recently has been due to the lack of reminders that these trips have been made and have benefited the person who made them and those who met him and the fans who read about the adventures. Sole emphasis on the trip to come isn't good. No matter how much criticism Madle and Bulmer got for the interminable way their accounts were stretched out and the number of places where they were published, the trips were reaching out and slapping you in the face every third fanzine you opened for a while. I can never [[read while travelling]]. I'm childish enough to want to keep looking out the window, trying to see every! thing. Maybe I unconsciously draw a parallel between the way life goes by irrecoverably and the fact that I may never take this trip over just this route again and I'd better salvage for my memory as much as I can from the non-repeatable experiences.

There is no truth to the rumor that the ribbon on this type-writer will reach its 40th birthday at the same time as I do. But I think it has just enough vital juices remaining to say that the cover [[SLA #62]] was splendid, a remarkable change from Bjo's usual style, and one that conveys to me much more symbolical power than all the literal elements of horror that Prosser puts into his covers.

[[Fresh from a History course which covered the pre-anti-trust laws period of American capitalism, Harry, I'd be inclined to draw parallels between the capitalists of that time and the unionists of this time, with a dash of surety of the unchangeable-ness of human nature tossed in; and opine that the unions will probably have to be curbed by government interference in the same way as has capitalism. Too bad, too, but.... We're all quite saddened by the news of your recent fall, Harry...here's hoping that you mend quickly. That ribbon couldn't be 40 years old...it's fifty if it's a day! -jt]]

MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey.

Williams' letter was an interesting insight into the man. My only association with RMWilliams was through the fiction of his that I've read. If I came across something I especially disliked (such as "The Darkness Before Tomorrow") I could only conclude that he was not a particularly accomplished craftsman and was in need of further instructional assistance. This certainly gives me no idea of what his background is like, what his motivations for writing and his goals sought in his fiction may be; but every writer, or almost every writer, is judged in that way. A writer is judged by what he writes, not what he may be seeking, or the manner in which the goal is sought. I have no quibble with his observations and creativity and imagination; it's just a matter of applying these principles properly, and in this case I don't feel that Williams has done so. At least not in the stuff I've read by him.

Tucker's

bland assertion that he contemptuously ripped up 75 dollars should end forever the arguments as to whether or not pros can get rich writing sf. Anyone who can so callously and so willfully destroy that quantity of money obviously must have a hidden reserve to massive that loss of a sum like \$75 is just a drop in the bucket.

28 [[Tucker can hotel, anyone? If ol' Unkle Pong got that much stashed away, financing construction should be no problem at all. I'll kick in the twine for chalk-line, etc. -jt]]

RICHARD KYLE, 2126 Earl Avenue, Long Beach 6, California

I hope that Leiber on Lovecraft will take some of the edge off Avram Davidson's tasteless and unnecessary remarks in F&SF.

It's been quite a while since I last read a Robert Moore Williams story--but I will never forget one he wrote for FANTASTIC ADVENTURES twenty years ago (although, unhappily, I have forgotten its title); it's a non-fantasy story about a fly and a window that wasn't open, and when I read it for the first time a couple of years ago I decided it was one of the best short stories I had ever read. I haven't changed my mind.

[[You know, it's refreshing to have someone compliment an author like that now and then; most authors I've talked to are distinctly aware that fans love to criticize, and seldom praise. Maybe, Don Wollheim, this is why the authors draw off to their exclusive coveys--they're half-afraid of fans. And like to drink, too. -jt]]

FRED L. SMITH, 6 Dryburgh Gardens, Glasgow N.W., Scotland

Good words...yes, but "talking-type wireless," a la Goons, so caught my fancy that I can never call the thing by any other name now. "Motoring," to me has a rather upper-class ring to it, implying chauffeur and all that or, possibly, the ancient middle-class snobbishness of not-so-subtly intimating that one owns or has use of a "motor car." Whichever, it's a word I don't care for. "Aviator," on the other hand, I definitely like. This has an open-cockpit biplane, wire-braced, leather helmet, goggles, smell of dope feel to it. Uh-huh, wonderful!

[[There're lot's more letters here, and we even have space for parts of several of them--but I'm sick and tired of faint ribbons, and I'm not about to try transcribing from hand-scrawled letters (with exceptions, if it really looks worth the trouble), people.

Other letterhacks this time were: ANN CHAMBERLAIN, FRANK DIETZ, BILL DANNER [RD 1, Kennerdell, Penna] who'd "Just heard an announcement of the death of Dick Powell, and that Anastasia was rushed to hospital after a heart attack and is doing well. Sad, isn't it, on both counts? Anastasia is one guy we could get along without... I was in on the very beginning of Powell's career when he was MC at the Enright Theatre in the East Liberty section of Pgh back in the thirties (or late 20's). It was a brand new theatre and he was a brand new performer, and now they are both gone. The Enright was torn down ab about six years ago when still the newest big theatre in the city, and its location is now, I believe, a parking lot." COLIN FREEMAN, JOHN FOYSTER, and ROBERT E. GILBERT wrote, and REG sent along more art-work (for which ta--as they'd say in Angliefandom). SUE HEREFORD says "Hey, NEAT!" about Shaggy, and wonders when Steve is going to Get GAUL out! CHUCK KALAN feel that S.F. fandom needs more mags like Shaggy, while LENNY KAYE lets us know that the Hall syndicate is selling Puce Stamps for \$5/500 sheets (6 stamps/sheet). Lenny, the Turners reside at 541-A East Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach, and would probably like to hear from other Pogophiles. ETHYL LINDSAY mentions how far behind in everything she is since her TAFF trip, and says thanks--thanks back at you, Ethel. LEN MOFFATT, LARRY PINSKER, BRUCE ROBBINS, TONY TIERNEY, ARTHUR THOMPSON, PAUL WILLIAMS and STAN WOLLSTON round out the letter file for this round.

We're kinda back on schedule, people, so write again...SOON!

---john trimble]]

--:--:--:--

The first-prize winners of the National Fantasy Fan Federation's first short story contest are now available in a 32-page single publication. Fiction by Gerald W. Page, Terry Jeeves, and others, illustrated by Casseres, Karen Anderson, Barr, and others. 25¢ from Ron Ellik, 1825 etc.

It is indeed a long sad story. Back in the good old carefree days, before this zine acquired a hard-as-nails-editor, there was an offer given and a promise made. The offer was to print, as suppliment to Shangri-L'Affaires, a portfolio of illustrations of Three Hearts and Three Lions as rendered by Poul Anderson. The promise was that this portfolio would be ready for the world by Christmas last. That was back in the good old carefree days.

It was not done. One by one, and then in cooperation, the demons, mechanical failure, mangled communications, and human error, played out their little parts. The portfolio is still not ready for the world. Your hard-as-nails-editor makes no promises about the future. He does, however, say this to his staff, "The world had better receive the portfolio by the next issue."

Doesn't that long sad story just tear your heart out?

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #64
from Ron Ellik
1825 Greenfield Avenue
Los Angeles 25, California

PRINTED MATTER .
RETURN REQUESTED

David G. Hulan
3806 Pinedale Drive S.W.
Huntsville, Alabama

