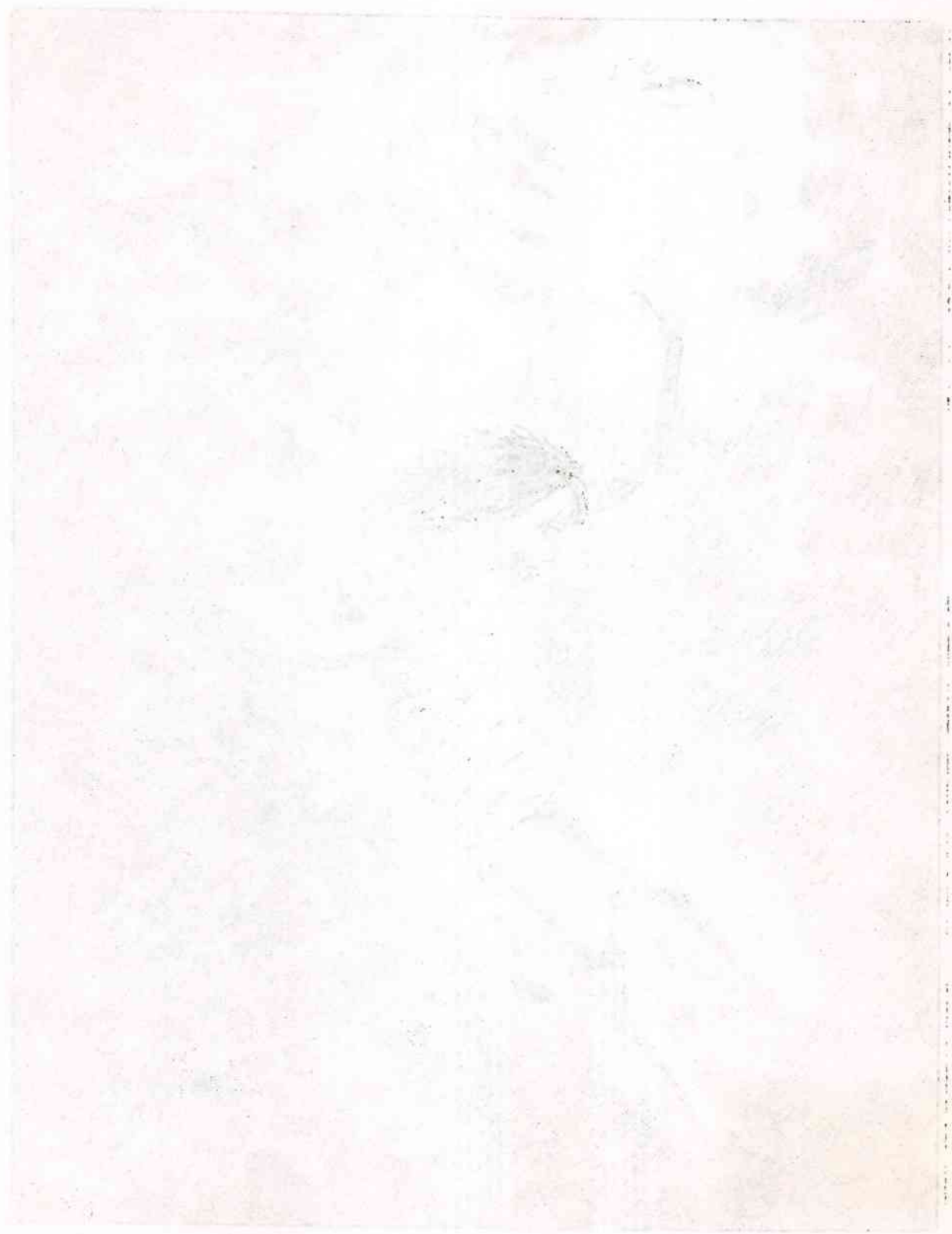


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES



MERVYN PEAKE • *How Many Miles To Babylon?*

2392 AF 47-1204242



WERNER PERKE - New York 1122 - 2004242

Shangri-L'Affaires

THIS ISSUE

Cover.cover.Mervyn Peake

Editorial.page 4.Steve Tolliver

Of Mice and Women. . . .page 5.John Berry

Through Hyperspace
with Brown Jenkin. . .page 8.Fritz Leiber

Menace of the LASFS. . .page 13.Redd Boggs

Fallen Angelenoes. . . .page 14.Bjo

A Walk Through Infinity. page 19.Ed Cox,
Bill Plott, Eleanor Turner

Picking a Bone with
Shaggy.page 23.John Trimble

How many miles to Babylon?

Threescore miles and ten.

Can I get there by candlelight?

Yes, and back again.

If your heels are nimble and light,

You may get there by candlelight.

--Old Nursery Rhyme

Number 66 September 1963

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is published by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Copies are available for trade, letters, or money: 25¢ each or 5 for \$1 from Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles, California, 90025, or in sterling areas 1/8d each or 5 for 7/- from Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, England.

Published bi-monthly; contributions solicited.

editor
Steve Tolliver

associate
Al Lewis

art editor
Bjo Trimble

letter editor
John Trimble

mailing list
Ron Ellik

ART CREDITS

cover
Mervyn Peake
8,9,10,12,25
Robert Gilbert
5,6,7,14,15,16,26
Bjo
20,21,22
E. Loring Ware
4
George Metzger
13
B. Terry Jeeves
19
PFC Don Simpson
23
Zuber
29
Stiles

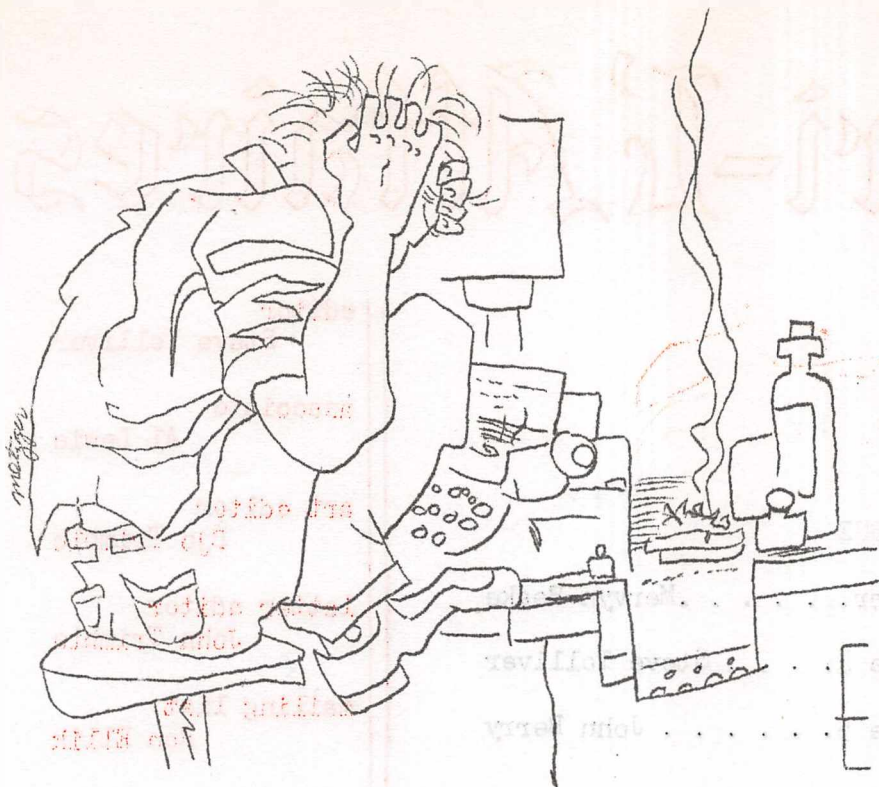
subscriber

contributor

exchange

sample copy

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



EDITORIAL

Polls are a part of fannish tradition, right? In the best of fannish tradition our trouble-making Mailing List polled the SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES editorial staff recently. This was a one question poll, the roughest sort to do anything with statistically, but strangely enough the stat work was quite simple. There was one hundred per cent unanimity.

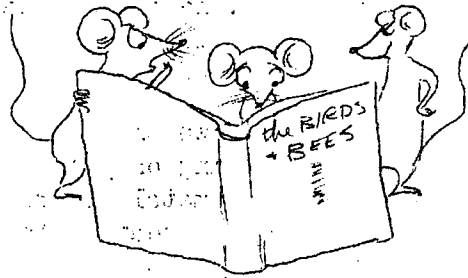
Each by single they (we) echosed the same view: "Indeed, none of the five people putting out Shaggy have any driving personal interest in continuing." That is, we are not "gafiated" or "ing", we are not "mad", nor are we going to chuck the whole thing and forget about it. We're simply tired.

It appears that each of us has been proceeding for some time now out of a sense of fannish duty. Figuring that the other four were a bit more enthusiastic than ourself (a simple idea, but one that presents complications in proper phrasing)--and when we finally did discover the real truth about our collective plans and goals we had several alternatives. We could continue, with all our lack of fire and enthusiasm. We could continue until we fulfilled all our current subscription obligations, used up all the material on hand, and in short duplicated the first alternative (the Mailing List reports we have some subs up to ten issues ahead). The third alternative is our choice, to make this the last issue under our hand, to hand on to another club member or members all our files and mailing list and monies, and to offer our services as needed to the publication of the 67th issue. The fourth alternative we toyed with a bit--to chuck the whole thing and forget it.

You'll be hearing more from LASFS in the future--in the form of a continued, changed official organ, or in the form of a flyer returning money and material.

OF MICE & WOMEN...

by John Berry



With my family rapidly growing (boy 12, girl 8), I was confronted by the problem which eventually cannot be put off...a problem faced by all parents, no matter how much they put it off...I refer, of course, to the Facts of Life. Moreover, I refer to telling the children the Facts of Life. I still haven't done it, but the following all started with that object in view.

-oOo-

It struck me one day that mice are prolific breeders. Coincident with that fact were the frequent requests from the kids that they wanted to keep a pet of some sort. Being fairly astute, I reasoned that (a) there's no better way to teach them the facts of life than by on the spot observations; (b) mice would show the truth unashamedly and at the same time satisfy the children's craving for pets; and (c) mice are cheap.

I got a couple of orange crates, and knocked up a house for the mice. Then I brought home two mice, one of each sex; I couldn't tell the difference, but they seemed satisfied. Incorporated in the 'house' was a full-length window, so that the, er, actions of the mice could be studied satisfactorily. I then gave instructions for the kids to feed the mice in rotation each day, and to observe them whenever possible, so as to get an idea of how mice behaved. I thought I put that rather well.

A couple of months went by, and I checked up on the mice one day, and discovered that one of them was getting fatter. I casually remarked on this whilst we were at tea; my wife blushed, Colin said it must be the chewing gum he gave it, and Kathleen said it was OK when she pushed it through the keyhole.

My experiment failed miserably from then on. You know what children are: they grew tired of the mice, even when the pair were happily joined by a litter of nine. That meant eleven mice on strength, and I had to keep feeding them and cleaning them out. I couldn't return them to the pet shop, because the babies were so small, so for about six weeks I had to keep dithering about with small receptacles of milk, lumps of cheese, and bags of sawdust. Came the day when the nine baby mice were independent of their mother; so I was able to return the eleven to the pet shop. I didn't expect to make much profit.

This is where my story really starts.

-oOo-

You would think, I know, that a small wooden box would be strong enough to hold eleven little white mice for half an hour...for that's all it took to go from my house to the pet shop in the centre of Belfast. Of course, the mice had to breathe, so I covered the top of the box with a tight skin-like covering of brown paper, through which I jabbed a few holes. I put a light brown paper bag over the whole thing, slipped on my trench coat and grey trilby, and walked rather self-consciously down to the 'bus stop. When I thought no one was looking, I put an ear to the side of the parcel, but all was quiet. I was worried slightly about the adult male; he was the adventurous type. I'll never forget

the scream when my wife found him in the bed. Honest to Gawd, I knew nothing about it. But, like I said, he seemed inactive. Maybe thought it was time to hibernate...I had made their last trip as comfortable as possible with copious quantities of sawdust and bread crumbs.

The trolley 'bus came down the Upper Newtownards Road, and I nipped on in my usual athletic way. Pausing only to apologize to the conductor for landing on his toe, I tripped up the metal stairs three at a time, and took what I thought to be an inconspicuous seat at the back. I allowed a bland expression to steal across my face, and I put the parcel across my knees like a maiden aunt's knitting.

Then the noise started. It was caused by sharp canines on taut thick paper. I guess the action resembled that of a big base drum being hit by a heavily-padded drumstick. Loud...sharp...resonant...potent...shockingly insistent. First, I put the parcel under the seat in front of me, and looked as bewildered as the other thirty-five passengers on the top of the 'bus. Then I thought, suppose some of them escape, and I whipped up the parcel again. I put my arms over it. I prayed. But that's what comes of never going to church.

A shrill scream came from the front seat. A silent, probing pause.

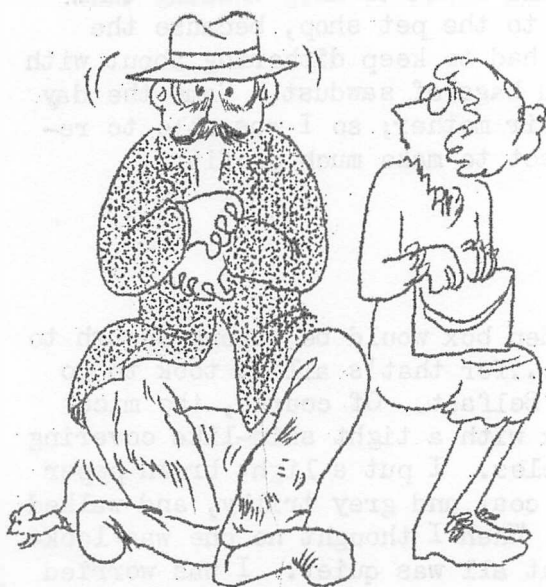
Then a raucous voice/thundered, "Honest, I never touched her!" Everyone stood up, and someone called the conductor.

"He touched my legs," a spinsterly voice said...you couldn't really call it a complaint. More as though she regretted screaming.

"Honest, it wasn't me."

Now, to look the situation squarely, it might not have been my mouse. I thought it was, because there was a two-inch hole in the wrapper. But such things do happen, don't they? And was I going to stand up in the 'bus, a man of my position, well known locally, and announce that it was one of my mice? By the time I'd made up my mind to say nothing, the conductor had escorted the protesting man off the bus.

He calmed the lady down. "Come sit by a friend of mine," he soothed. "He's a policeman." No escape. I was hoping he'd not notice me, because the trilby brim was pulled down until it touched my chin. But you know my luck.



"Evenin'," I said conversationally, hiding the sudden spasm of fear and shock which went all over me like freezing water from a shower as a mouse raced up my trouser leg. Worse. A mouse up each leg.

"Nasty man started to feel my leg," she said. Her eyes were rather wide as she turned to look at me. You all know how my mind works. I had a mouse racing up each trouser leg. I was worried about what would happen when they met.

Quick as a flash, I whirled both hands above my head and clamped them firmly just above each knee. "Yoga," I breathed, saying the first thing that came to mind.

Then she screamed again. Louder.

Everyone looked around, ashen-faced, and then more girls were screaming. "He's got a mouse on his hat!"

"A mouse on my hat?" I said, as incredulously as I could. "A MOUSE ON MY HAT?"

I held up my hand in front of me, a picture of pure innocence and bewilderment. Then more screams--a little white head with waving whiskers peered out the cuff of each of my sleeves.

Then even more screams. White mice were everywhere. Three people fainted in in crush down the stairs. Then the conductor panted upstairs. "What's wrong, Mr. Berry?" he breathed.

"Someone must have brought white mice upstairs, and they've got out," I explained.

"Nobody would do that," he asserted. "Would they?"

"Help me to catch 'em," I panted, "and I'll make a special journey to the pet shop."

Took us about ten minutes. We rescued seven. I've often wondered what happened to the others. I try to forget about the newspaper report of the mad woman last seen racing down Royal Avenue, skirts akimbo. Or of the young girl scrambling up a telephone pole. There was a new moon at the time.

-oOo-

My wife broached the subject again last night. "The children are growing up," she whispered. "And after all, your mouse gimmick didn't work too well, did it?"

"Nooo-ooo," I said. "You tell 'em."

"No, you tell 'em."

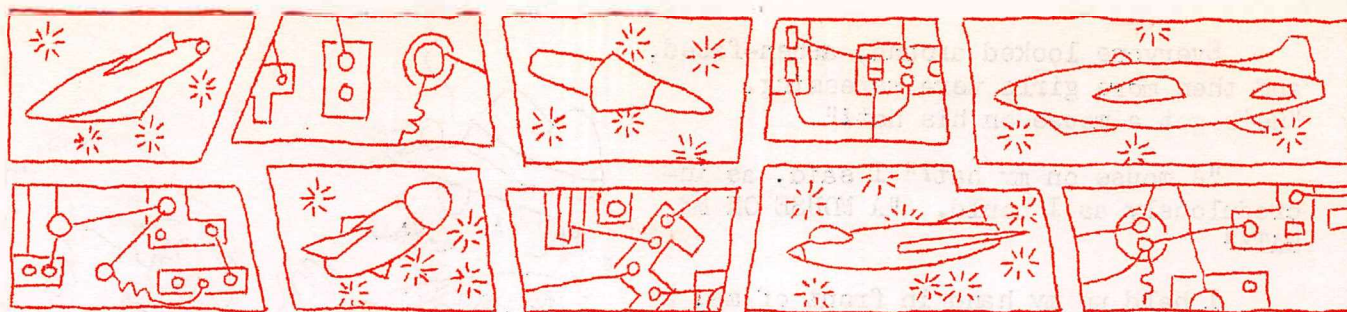
"No, you," I insisted.

"You know," she said, after some meditation, "maybe the object lesson with the mice was too limited...I mean, it was on too small a scale. I was thinking, suppose we got a dog and a bitch...St. Bernards?"

"We'll get 'em a book," I said hurriedly, and changed the subject. I mean, you can't very well board a trolley 'bus with a dozen St. Bernards without anyone noticing, can you?

--John Berry.





by
fritz
leiber

THRU HYPERSPACE with BROWN JENKIN science fiction elements in HPL



Beginning with "The Call of Cthulhu" and "The Color Out of Space," speculative science tended to dominate Lovecraft's fiction: time-capsules, space-travel, hyperspace-travel, time-travel. The fact that those two tales were written very soon after Amazing Stories started publication is at the very least suggestive.

Some of the Old Gentleman's science-fiction ideas were very clever indeed, most of them were very clearly presented, and all of them were carefully researched. His scientists and their paraphernalia--their mannerisms and daily professional work--were convincingly presented; Lovecraft was always good on the scholarly type, and of these the scientists were to him simply a sub-species.

Time-capsules: Cthulhu's "House at R'lyeh" is really one of these--a sunken city whose extraterrestrial inhabitants are held in suspended animation until the city appears again above the surface of the sea. The full functioning of the beings also depends on the stars "being right," when they can plunge from planet to planet and exercise other tremendous powers. Cthulhu himself is a shape-changer; at least he can rearrange his molecules into their original pattern when they have been disrupted... and surely this would make it easier for him to space-travel. The architecture of R'lyeh suggests its builders had a knowledge of non-Euclidean geometries. Since our space is Euclidean, one can't have non-Euclidean objects in it (or maybe you can?), but certainly objects that suggest non-Euclidean geometries are okay; and in HPL's last stories this particular element is discarded.

Also in "The Call of Cthulhu," the background of professional archaeology and anthropology is most authentically presented, particularly at a meeting of the American Archaeological Society in 1908.

Space-Travel: The Plutonian beings in "The Whisperer in Darkness" are able to fly through space "on clumsy, powerful wings which have a way of resisting the ether." This notion was good enough s-f back in the 1920's when the ether was still a fringe-fashionable science concept, and today the notion of sailing or perhaps even winging through space is back in speculative style again--light pressure and photonic winds take the place of ether. A very patient sailor could even tack in from Pluto, theoretically, or perhaps he would find tail winds in one of the hydrogen bands streaming through the cosmos or in some steady gust of cosmic wavicles.

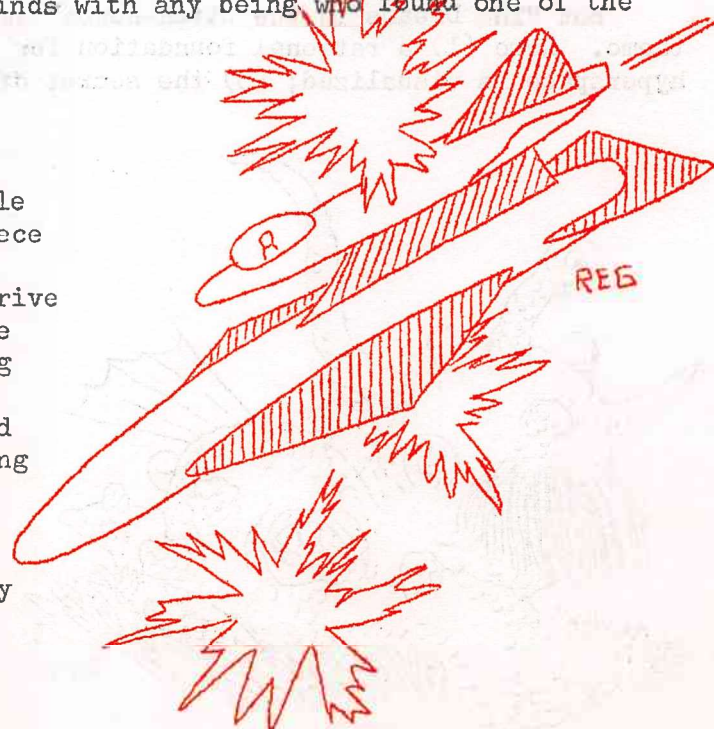
Most of Lovecraft's monsters were equipped to live indefinitely in the thinness of space: by having extremely tough tissues, by suspending animation, by having shape-reforming powers like Cthulhu (and perhaps travelling through space as a thin cloud of independent molecules, like Stapledon's Martians), or by a combination of these. If an animal were tough as a spaceship, there's no reason he mightn't be able to travel as efficiently as one--he would carry his fuel like a camel carries his water.

"The Whisperer" also has the charmingly friendly touch of the Plutonians carrying about with them through space in small cannisters--tucked under their wings or more logically clutched in their maternal pincers--the living brains of beings so unfortunate as not to be able to travel space embodied. In the story this is supposed to be a horror, but there Lovecraft wasn't kidding: he'd have given his eye-teeth and even his Earth-eyes to be able to tour and see the universe that way and then talk it over with other encapsulated minds. I hope some Plutonian stole his brain that last night in that Rhode Island hospital in 1937, removing it "by fissions so adroit that it would be crude to call the operation surgery," and that he's now sailing a course between Hydra and Polaris, safe in the arm of a night gaunt.

The folklore and anthropology background of "The Whisperers" is well-handled, and the authors Akeley lists to prove his competence in the second field are a nice selection.

The centipedal beings (the ones which Lovecraft devised to provide a rationale for the round-robin story "The Challenge from Beyond") broadcast by rocket throughout the galaxy small encapsulated send-receive telepathy stations which would enable them to exchange minds with any being who found one of the stations and started to listen in.

The beings in "The Color Out of Space"--and it's a moot point whether these were intelligent--travelled by meteorite imbedded in an unidentifiable plastic element or compound--"...a piece of the great outside...dowered with outside properties..." The beings arrive in the form of or inside small brittle strangely colored spheres about as big as baseballs--a spore or seedform is suggested--and take off at story's end in a more active flamelike corruscating form, or perhaps reconstitute deep in the Gardner well the meteor on which they arrived. They seem naturally equipped with some sort of antigravity or ionic drive.



The color itself in this story (the color of the brittle spheres, later that of the corruscations) provides interesting speculations. I used to think of it as a new spectral color and this seemed impossible, since color is something in the brain's coding system rather than anything inherent in outside objects. But Lovecraft says, "it was only by analogy they called it color at all." It is possible to think of textures, layered transparencies, and the like that would be completely novel on Earth and give novel visual effects. However, the same color or one very like it also turns up in the spectroscope when the unidentifiable material of the meteorite is analysed--and this is harder to understand.

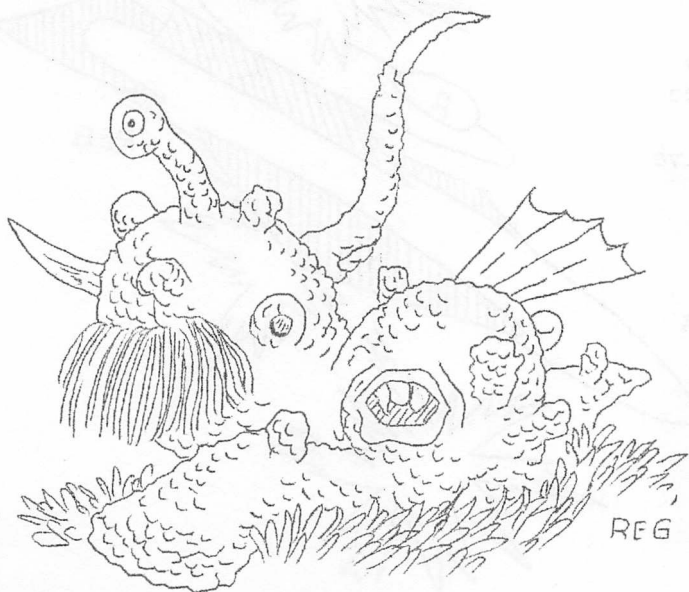
As Edmund Wilson pointed out in his New Yorker article, this remarkably gripping story (oh, boy, did it give me gloomy creeps as a kid!--when it turned up as a dark intruder in Amazing) describes phenomena rather remarkably like the effects of atomic radiation: mutations, morphological peculiarities in the new-born or -budded, and the deadliest radiation sickness. Also, the corruscations given off by the beings about to depart from Earth are very like those given off by the strange radioactive substance in Stewart Edward White's and Samuel Hopkins Adams's excellent adventure novel The Mystery. In both cases much is made of the resemblance to St. Elmo's Fire and showers of sparks are mentioned. There may be material here for some interesting literary back-tracing. (Of course radium-triggered fluorescence was probably a basic take-off point in both cases.)

Hyperspace-Travel: This may occur in "The Dunwich Horror," though that rich story is more an extrapolation from black magic and Arthur Machen than from science; at any rate the Old Ones walk "Not in the spaces we know, but between them"--which suggests interpenetrating universes and makes us think with a shiver about the immense amount of empty space in even the solidest substance. Here an extreme form of the impossible interspatial hybrid is the main subject-matter: the offspring of man and horrendous, emphatically extraterrestrial monster. However, I'd guess the sperm of the Old Ones contained chromosomes fierce enough to force a hybrid with any being they chose to fecundate--to rape their very germ-plasm! Incidentally, the huge extra-terrestrials (or extracosmicals!) in "The Dunwich Horror" have a fascinating morphology: they are made of gigantic tissue-ropes that interweave and slide against each other--living knots, big as small office-buildings!

But "The Dreams in the Witch-House" is Lovecraft's masterpiece on this theme. Here (1) a rational foundation for hyperspace-travel is set up; (2) hyperspace is visualized; (3) the secret of hyperspace-travel is given.

(1) Our three-dimensional continuum is embedded in a four-dimensional continuum (another name for hyperspace) in such a freakishly convoluted way that it is possible to travel in seconds through hyperspace to points many light-millenia distant in normal space--and also to enter other three-dimensional continua, in some of which time might not exist, so that one would not age in them.

By travelling hyperspace one could escape from any prison, enter and leave all manner of locked rooms, etc.



REG

An old Salem witch, Keziah Mason, and her rat-bodied, man-headed and man-handed familiar Brown Jenkin mastered hyperspace-travel as early as 1692 and used it to keep the witch-cult alive in Arkham down to 1932, hiding out in a centuries-boarded-up attic in Arkham and in other hidey-holes dotted about this cosmos and other universes. They tempt Walter Gilman, a brilliant young math student at Miskatonic, to join the witch-cult and finally doom himself in episodes of hyperspace-travel which he keeps trying to explain rationally as dreams.

These hyperspace trips take him to points as close as this boarded-up attic just above the ceiling of his rented room in the Witch-House and as distant as other planets and even "the throne of Azathoth at the center of ultimate chaos." (Which is probably another name for hyperspace or its whirlpool vortex.) One touch is amazingly fine: after one night visiting the planet of a star in the constellation Hydra, Gilman next day finds himself psychologically attracted directly to that point in Hydra as it moves under the Earth, rises in the southeast about mid-day and slowly mounts the sky--until his compulsion which had begun as an impulse to stare at a spot on the floor turns into an urge to leap mystically upward. The boy who hectographed a Rhode Island journal of astronomy in his early teens made excellent use in his fiction of the astronomical knowledge he piled up.

(2) Lovecraft makes a bold attempt to describe what hyperspace looks like and how it strikes the other senses as Gilman travels through it with Keziah and Brown Jenkin. It looks, in brief, like the wildest of modernistic art and sounds like pandemonium; everything is "marvellously transmuted and obliquely projected."

Now, logical purists and other spoil-sports may chirrup at this point that 3D eyes can't see the fourth dimension and that it's silly to try to visualize hyperspace; all you can do is write mathematical formulas describing it. But what the deuce!--Bohr picturing the atom as a tiny solar system stimulated tens of thousands of imaginations, even if we're now told this attempt was somewhat naive, and I think one of the finest things s-f can do is try to picture "the unpicturable": some analogies are remarkably suggestive and great notions may turn up this way.

Or the spoil-sports may insist that hyperspace-travel would be instantaneous and on that ground indescribable; me, I think they're just trying to dodge the problem--plain scairt! Incidentally, I've just been putting a lot of effort myself describing hyperspace in a 120,000 word s-f novel, The Wanderer, which Ballantine Books will publish, and so--at any rate speaking as an artist--I know what I'm talking about.

You'll have to re-read "The Dreams in the Witch-House" to judge how well Lovecraft manages--very well, I think. One thing: in hyperspace Keziah Mason appears as a "rather large congeries of iridescent, prolately spheroidal bubbles," while Brown Jenkin takes the form of "a very much smaller polyhedron of unknown colors and rapidly shifting surface angles." (Ah, there's a resourceful little rat-man for you!)

(3) The secret of hyperspace-travel in "The Dreams in the Witch-House" is nothing but advanced mathematical knowledge intuitively applied--you simply think yourself into hyperspace, hyper-travel a bit, and then...Hey, Presto!... think yourself back out again. You see a direction others can't see. Gilman is first helped to see this direction by the strange angles of the walls and ceiling of his rented room; later on a weird high-gravity planet Keziah and Brown Jenkin point two arms and a forepaw in directions which determine a vector]]

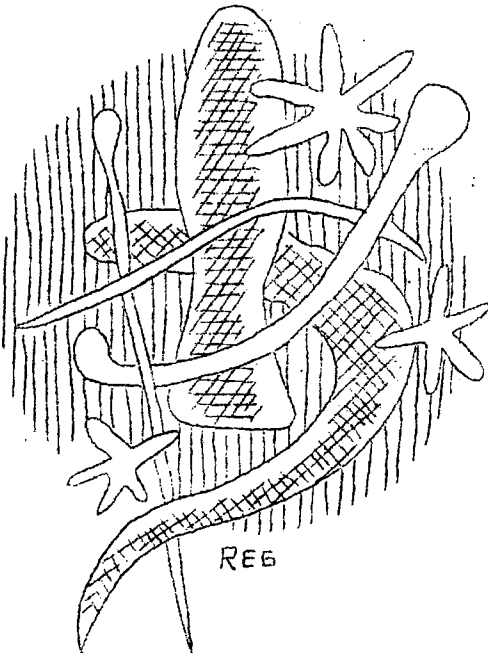
along which Gilman moves to get back into hyperspace. I must admit that three vectors in 3D space add up only to one more vector in 3D space. Still, there might be another answer--two and two make twenty two as well as four--and at the least we have here a fine recreation of early 20th century reactions to news that there's a fourth-dimension: the wistful desire to be inspired to "see" that new direction in 3D space.

This "secret of hyperspace travel" is clearly something of a whopper--hard to swallow--yet to have used machinery would have weighted down HPL's story unbearably, especially since Keziah had to be flitting in and out of hyperspace back in 1692. And come to think of it, making hyperspace-travel one more form of ESP or psionic power, probably closely akin to telekinesis, is really very neat. Hyper-levitation!

Time-Travel: This theme, in combination with personality-exchange, is exploited both richly and detailedly in "The Shadow Out of Time," a work so often reprinted and discussed that anything I might say would tend to cover old ground. But once again HPL does the scientists and science-references very well: paleontology, anthropology, psychology (as he does them in "At the Mountains of Madness," along with geology). "The Thing on the Doorstep" uses the same mechanisms, but mostly for shorter trips.

In both "The Shadow Out of Time" and "At the Mountains of Madness," it is clear that Lovecraft had become deeply interested in picturing in detail the careers of galactic races and the future history of mankind; that, although still holding onto the supernatural-horror pattern in his stories, he was trending more and more in the direction of a sort of creativity like Olaf Stapledon's. The extraterrestrials are the real heroes of these long stories. Their unending struggles for survival and to increase their store of knowledge, their wise, rational, enlightened, and even "humane" cultures, are Lovecraft's finest vision of mind embattled against space and time.

One even gets a hint of the sort of utopia HPL may well have favored: an aristocracy of the mind--those with the finest controlled imaginations ranking highest and having the most privileges, the most strongly and actively thinking minds ruling the duller though with tenderness for all mentality, beings ranked by Imagination Quotient, the "dyspeptic ploughman" subordinate to the poet able to conjure up "the peerless beauty of Narath with its hundred carven gates and domes of chalcedony."

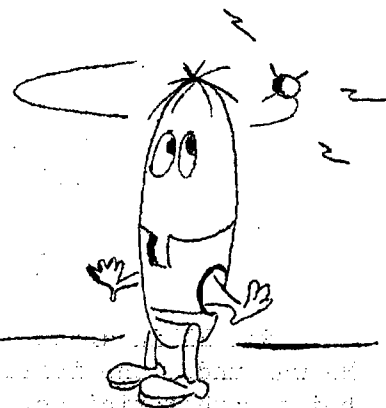


Through a lifetime of thinking about the monstrous shapes he feared, Lovecraft came to love them. (I know--a little of it has happened to me with spiders, even though arachnids still scare me.) It is with the deepest and realest feeling that William Dyer, Miskatonic geologist, exclaims of the Antarctic Old Ones, "...poor Old Ones! Scientists to the last...God, what intelligence and persistence! What a facing of the incredible... Radiates, vegetables, monstrosities, star-spawn-- whatever they had been, they were men!"

---Fritz Leiber

MEMORANDUM

exerpts from the minutes



1357th Meeting: "...the meeting was turned over to an open discussion of Robert Heinlein's 'Glory Road' (magazine version). Though some members praised 'Glory Road' as 'better than Stranger in a Strange Land,' many others--perhaps the majority--seemed to agree with Paul Turner, who characterized the new Heinlein novel as 'a very lousy story' that will disgust him for years to come. Bruce counseled us to withhold final judgement on the work, however, pointing out that some of its weaknesses may stem from condensation for magazine serial publication. Maybe the book version will improve things. What's wrong with the story as it stands? Dave Fox thought it suffered from lack of motivation and a lack of 'bad guys.' Jock Root, who turned out to be the chief apologist for the novel at the meeting, pointed out that it isn't really a series of adventures which the hero undergoes only because the author put them in his path: The hero was custom-built for a certain situation, and he undergoes the adventures for a particular reason....Dave thought 'Glory Road' shows that Heinlein is no longer interested in verisimilitude. As Paul pointed out, one doesn't 'live' a Heinlein novel anymore, as one did in Sixth Column. Heinlein is such a big name, Paul theorized, that Heinlein thinks he can get away with anything, so he doesn't worry about plot or characterization. Fred Patten suggested H. G. Wells as a similar writer who went through the same evolution, becoming interested in preaching rather than in telling an interesting yarn. Sid Coleman thought the lack of empathy in recent Heinleins--going back to The Door Into Summer--is due to Heinlein's present disinterest in specifics. Everything is generalized in description, and there are no 'telling details.'"

1358th Meeting: "Under new business, Paul reported that he'd had a little talk with the Playground supervisor and learned that the LASFS is almost the only group which meets at a park or playground in the city which doesn't pay some sort of a fee to the park department. The Playground supervisor mentioned a Halloween party for kids which we might like to donate some money to support. He also needed volunteers to help conduct the party. Paul made a motion, quickly seconded, that we donate \$25 to the kids' Halloween party, and asked for discussion. Bob Lichtman was heard to mutter 'protection money!' and Jack Harness wanted to know 'What happens at Christmas-time?' Dave Fox observed that even if we donated \$25 per quarter we would still be getting off very cheap. Elmer Perdue said that he is a tax-paying citizen and therefore pays approximately \$10 per annum out of his own pocket to help maintain the parks. When a voice vote was called, the 'Ayes' had it, but Elmer voted a loud 'Nay!'....Then our speaker of the evening was introduced by Leland Sapiro. Samuel Davenport Russell advanced to the front of the room, unloaded his scholarly briefcase of scholarly tomes, and started to talk about J. Sheridan LeFanu, whom he characterized as 'one of the best of Victorian ghost story writers.'"

1359th Meeting: "Most of the balance of the meeting was devoted to an impromptu open discussion which might have been titled 'Who Took the Science Out of Science Fiction?'....Roy Squires noted that Science contains at least one new idea for a story in every issue, and Dave Fox said the same thing about Scientific American. Yet, said Paul, science fiction seems to be running far behind the daily newspapers, whereas in the past sf writers went far beyond the popular knowledge. Why? 13



Ron Ellik dreamed twice that he had won \$27,000 at Blackjack in Las Vegas. He was under the influence of Thorp's Beat the Dealer at the time; both men being mathematicians, the system put forth in the book seemed worth a try. Ron tried to show me how to play Blackjack, but it seemed such a basic game that I couldn't keep my attention on the cards. Besides which, I can't count.

Finally, Ron's enthusiastic discourses on Thorp's system got to us, and we decided to take an official Map and Ramble Society tour of Las Vegas. The Map and Ramble Society is the Trimbles and the Schultheisen and sometimes Fred Patten, and we've made a good many overnight forays into the California desert this past year. If \$27,000 actually materialized, Ron promised to treat us all to a trip to DC; the Santa Barbara branch of MARS was contacted, and camping gear loaded into cars.

We picked the weekend that John was to go to Arizona on a selling trip (rope and twine salesmen do fine there; hanging is still the method of capital punishment). He would take the highway across Hoover Dam, through the Kaibab Forest, and down to Phoenix. Ron and I would return home with Steve and Virginia.

Steve does not gamble, but looked forward to seeing some of the Las Vegas shows, mostly the naked lady kind. We figured to enjoy ourselves around town while Ron won that \$27,000. He had all weekend to win it, as we left Friday afternoon. We were willing to be patient, and take his money away from him as he won to keep him from losing it again. We met at the Sands Hotel, decided it was too swank and uninteresting, and went to the Silver Slipper at the New Frontier Hotel for dinner. This used to be the Last Frontier Hotel, but the Strip reaches well along toward the California border now. Dinner was a buffet for 98¢, drinks (coffee) extra. Ron couldn't wait to start winning all that money, so John loaned him the Volkswagen, and the Map and Ramble Society repaired to the outskirts of town to bed down for the night.

Promptly at sun-up, I awoke. Naturally, I woke everyone else, and John grotched all the way back to the Silver Slipper for the 98¢ breakfast. We met Ron there, and I took five silver dollars away from him so he'd have something when he went home. While waiting for us, he'd dropped \$15 at one table, and at the moment was about \$30 behind in his \$27,000 goal. Ron had not been to sleep all night and looked it.

We decided to visit Hoover Dam, as John, Ron, and Steve had never been inside it. Ron regaled the party by describing in as much detail as Virginia would allow his swim in Lake Mead at one time. By the time we got to the Dam, we were ready to introduce him to another swim. The Dam is pretty impressive, but the thing that went over best was the coolness inside; outside the heat was about 100°. Ron and I came to a Mexican Stand-Off (both sides backed down) about throwing water on each other at the fountain. There is something very Metropolis about the dam; huge turbines making very small weird noises, and big generators making Dr. Zarkov noises, and echoing footsteps. It was something like being inside a giant's science fiction movie set. It was too big to really be believed.

When we went down a tunnel carved into the rock of the cliffs surrounding the dam, Ron noticed the seepage drifting down the walls. "Run for your life in all directions," he bellowed, "the dam is bust!" There were some apprehensive looks while some people tried to decide whether to laugh or run, and the guide tried to pretend he wasn't leading a Squirrel in his crowd of tourists. The men in the crowd seemed much more interested in a blonde; she was a marvel of modern engineering, too, with cantilever effect.

When we reached the top of the dam, where our car was parked, we embarked for Boulder City, a tiny spot of lush greenery in the midst of desert and harsh rock, to have a picnic lunch and a short nap on the grass in the city park. After a bit, the Map and Ramble Society went to the Visitors' Bureau to see a movie of the making of the dam, leaving Ron asleep on the grass.

The movie heightened the effect that the dam was part of the movie set for Metropolis, with shots of the construction where everyone bounced around at that half-trot so common to early movies. Seeing 30-foot penstokes in the making was impressive as all get out. Watching the dam grow layer by layer, and the cables overhead lift whole boxcars down the side of the canyon gave us a better insight into the tremendous act of creation the dam represented.

Returning to the park, we found Ron still asleep. Two ladies and their toy dogs were sitting at the picnic table a few feet away, and looked up in surprise at our arrival. I suppose it did look strange for a station wagon to drive up, two men to get out, wrap Ron in the blanket on which he was sleeping, and drag him off. Naturally, he awoke with a bellow, and shouted sleepy things at us for a few minutes.



Las Vegas was coming alive when we got back. Ron could not wait to hit the Blackjack tables again, and was soon firmly planted in the Nevada Club. We played a few slots, and were harassed by several people who were doing their best not to let anyone out of the club to lose their money elsewhere. They offered key chains with your initials on the tab (you had to wait over an hour to get them), photos of you playing the slots (again a wait, tho the photos were free--and pretty awful candids), free drinks, and even free dinners to sit-down players. Ron got in on the last, tho the rest of us did not.

Actually, the girls were enough to hold the mens' interest. They had been hired to wander around the club offering things for free, mostly drinks and dinner tickets. Their most outstanding features certainly were, and the cut of their costumes left little doubt that what they were displaying was all female and no foam rubber. They were dressed in black, cut low on top and high on bottom, with silly little skirts, a great deal of thigh, and buttocks showing because of very inadequate red panties. John forgot his errand to tell Ron we were going over to the Golden Nugget, and I told him, while Steve and John stood around with popping eyes and appreciative smiles.

Steve has always been a steady loser at slot-machines, but at the Golden Nugget he found a machine that was possibly insane, or like him, or something. It gave a few nickels on any excuse. In every other machine but Steve's, you have to hit a certain order. Usually, a slot machine has three or four reels, 18 to 22 pictures on each reel. You put a coin in, pull a lever, and wait until the reels stop spinning; the arrangement of pictures indicates how much you win, if anything. Two plums in a row with a gold nugget (or bar) will get you a few nickels, but not reversed, with the nugget first or in the middle. A cherry is usually good for at least two nickels, no matter what comes up on the next two reels. Three in a row is tops, depending on what it is; three bars (or nuggets, or whatever the house uses for jackpots) is worth the top price indicated on the machine--anywhere from \$5 to \$25 on a nickel slot.

Meanwhile, Steve was getting four to five nickels from a combination of orange, plum, and nugget. Or a lemon, which is always supposed to mean that you're stuck; some slots won't even give coins when you've got a cherry on it if there is also a lemon, but Steve's machine happily gave nickels about every other round, no matter what turned up. He never won a full jackpot, though he got three oranges in a row and hit 18 nickels once. In all, he played about an hour or more on that machine with a nickel of his own, and the rest of it "house money". Naturally, he did not walk away with much, but he sure had fun. I hit one \$8 jackpot, and we played with \$3 of that, while I set the other \$5 aside for later.

Saturday night we found a restaurant far down Fremont Street that offered a New York Steak, two eggs, hashed brown potatoes, toast and coffee, for \$1. We suspected something, but decided to try it. To our surprise, the steak was large and tender, the eggs cooked right, and there were seconds on both toast and coffee. We heartily recommend King's for any travellers in the Vegas area.

Finding all the big shows booked solid, we decided to settle for "lounge shows"; most big hotels and many clubs have small shows in a lounge or bar area where there is no cover or minimum charge (unless you don't drink; then it's about 75¢ for a coke) if you buy a drink. Also, the \$7.50 minimum for dinner or \$5 for the late shows at the big name attractions sort of slowed us down a bit. The Mint, downtown Vegas, had an Artists and Models review. I was surprised to see that there were bare-breasted gals in this one, but the girls were young and very pretty. At one point we thought Steve had swallowed the little plastic mermaid that held the cherry in his Singapore Sling, but he'd removed it when we weren't watching. The show was a collection of raunchy jokes and lots of bare skin. Pat Moreno MC'd the thing, and aside from carrying several jokes far beyond their comedy, the show had funny points. Billie Bird was one of those.

Miss Bird did a strip-tease. She is about a perfect 48, all the way down. She took off her "Mae West" style dress, and several accessories, and finally got down to a strapless camisole-step-in suit (you must ask someone what that is) with huge red buttons down the front and closing the back flap...and a bright red padlock on the bottom front button. It was worth the whole show.

We then lost Ron. It was decided to try some of the lounge shows on the strip and try to find him again. We got to the Dunes Hotel to see Vive Les Girls, which turned out to be quite an extravaganza,



with lots of girls, lots of costume that missed being clothes in any degree, and some variety acts of the highest calibre. They did an interpretation of Cinderella which featured some very fancy costumes, big skirts, bell sleeves, tall caps, and nothing else. The "Fairy Godmother" came out...well, yes...in blue tights, lots of blue glitter, and looking like nothing Disney would ever introduce in one of his movies. I told John that I'd never trust THAT fairy godmother to turn a pumpkin into a coach. "No," said John, "she'd turn it into a boudoir." Cinderella didn't lose her slipper in this story; she lost her jewelled bra.

The act which got the most applause was a balancing and juggling act which had perfect timing not only in the tricks, but in a refined and fast-moving humor. The noise during the show was terrific: girls in the show squealing, drinks clinking, people talking over the music and girls...John turned to Steve and said, "The drinks are on us this round."

"What?" shouted Virginia, "Zer den Bruce Who What?"

John sat in stunned silence for a second, fumbled for a book of matches in the ashtray, and said quietly, "I think I'll set fire to myself."

He managed to pick a fairly quiet point in which to say this, so Virginia snapped, "I don't care what your religion is, you can't practice it in here!"

Here I saw my first almost-nude dancing, which was pretty erotic. The boy looked like a Barr illo, with a tiny excuse for a G-string, and the girl was wearing slightly less, with bare breasts. Both were beautifully muscled, but not knotted, and both were quite beautiful people. They danced a slow ballet-type thing with lots of lifting of the girl so she could slide down the front of the boy. All under blue lights.

John went to sleep twice during the show (not during the dance mentioned!) and decided to climb into the station wagon to sleep. Steve, Virginia, and I went across the street to the Sahara to see Billy Eckstine and Cleopatra's belly dancers. We missed most of Eckstine, but managed to hear him sing "Maria" as if he meant it. The view of the "lounge" stage was blocked by a circular bar with people sitting at it.

The belly-dancers turned out to be for real. Not just a "hootch" strip-tease, but an honest and very athletic sort of dance by several lovely young ladies. They wore skimpy bras and their skirts could only have been pasted on them; they were too low on the hips to stay up any other way. The main attention was on the belly button and surrounding area. The costumes were mildly Hollywood, but not offensive about it. One young lady did a "Near Eastern" strip-tease that must have set the Caliph on his ear. She came out in spangled bra and sheer skirt and a long sheer veil over face and hair. She danced a bit, quite beautifully, and then toyed with the veil. Then she took it off, and tossed it away and danced a bit more. Then she slowly took down her hair and let it fall around her. It was dark and silken and fell past her hips. She whirled it around her, hiding her face, and doing gyrations with her stomach, which showed through this shower of hair. She used this mass of hair as a veil, and did quite a few pretty and coy bits of dancing this way. Finally, she took it up, wound it back into a bun, and danced off. It was interesting and effective. I could see how Eastern ideas of woman's hair being so sexy came into being. If all women had such silky sort of hair, it would be very dangerous to allow them to display it promiscuously.

By now it was somewhere around 3 AM, we still had not found Ron, and everyone was almost asleep, so we left before the show was over. Back to our camp-site, we sacked out for the night.

Next morning, not quite at sunrise, we were all awake, tired, grumpy, and hot. We drove into downtown Vegas to find Ron. John let me out to look through the casinos and drove toward a parking lot. Ron, who was standing on a street corner wondering when to start hitchhiking for home, saw John and bellowed greetings. When John came to a stop, righted his VW, and parked it, they came to look for me.

I'd gotten as far as the slots in the Golden Nugget. John decided to get rid of his last nickels, and hit an \$8 jackpot. We went on to King's cafe for breakfast where we were to meet the Schultheises. Ron gave us a running account of his adventures in looking for us, and of how much he'd lost, and several good reasons why he had not won the promised \$27,000. The steak was as good as Saturday night.

John left us there, for Arizona, and we started for home. The trip was uneventful except once when Virginia passed a moving-van on a two-lane section, and an even larger truck came around the bend at us. The station wagon was going for all it was worth, but as we were on a grade, it didn't have much pick-up. Neither truck could have risked slamming on its brakes for fear of fish-tailing into us and each other anyway. And there was quite a drop on either side of the road for a choice. The car made it, but barely. Ron took the whole thing calmly, muttering anti-truck incantations at the top of his voice, while gripping my arm firmly and kicking the back of the front seat.

Arriving home with only one bug bite, no sunburn, and a loss of \$8 to \$10 for all the fun and games, we all took showers at Chez Trimble and went to dinner.

This trip will probably be the last of the Map and Ramble Society for some time, as the Schultheises will be leaving soon after the Discon for a round-the-world trip as librarians aboard the University of the Seven Seas. Ah, well. Green, they say, is an Irish color; too bad I've more a tinge of envy than a tinge of Las Vegas money.

---Bjo Trimble

D I A L O G U E S A T S U N S E T - V I I I

Steve: Fans are not talented people.

Ron: Bob Stewart can put his foot behind his ear.

Steve: Which one?

Ron: The New York Bob Stewart.

Bruce: No, he means which foot behind which ear.

Ron: He can put his foot behind his whole head, is all I know.
I guess he can put either foot behind his head. He'll tell you all about it at great length if you ever meet him.

Steve: No he won't. If he walks up to me and says, "I can put my foot behind my head," I'll say "Oh," and then he'll do it, and I'll roll him around on the floor.



THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

Walter Tevis, Gold Medal Books, 1963, 40¢

In past months there's been some comment in review columns concerning the entrance of main-stream novelists into the science fiction field. The majority opinion has been, and evidently with foundation, that they are writing in a medium with which they are not familiar. This leads to flaws which ruin the story for even the most initiate science fiction reader. This book, by the author of The Hustler, does not fall into that category. It instead shows what the other end of the continuum has to offer. A book by a writer who is an accomplished professional who at the same time understands his theme and its context. This adds up to a first rate novel of science fiction. The writing makes even the stf giants pale in comparison.

The basic theme is certainly No. 18A in the standard repertoire but this writing of it is a departure from the usual handling and the story becomes an engrossing thing. Engrossing, mainly, because it is not "escape fiction". Not this. A man comes to earth from another planet with a goal to attain. Who he is and what he intends to do comes out fairly early in the story. It is hinted pretty broadly on the cover. But what isn't on the cover and is in the story is a view of our MadisonAve/Detroit/consumer culture through two sets of eyes. The aillien Mr. Newton and the Professor Dr. Bryce (in whom we have our identity vehicle), both give vivid comment on a world that is even now all about us. And this world's impact on Newton and his plans is the tale.

The story is recommended; it is well-written and it is bona fide science fiction....plus the added attractions of evenly-paced action. It moves forward, the main characters are alive in depth with none of the cardboard so often found in many of the major stf novels. And the "science" part of the science fiction is evident and logical, and dove-tailed part of the plot.

All of the ingredients are in this book and it even has an ending you won't forget for awhile, especially when the impact recurs....and hits you every time it haunts you. Which will be often.

For forty cents you can buy a copy of the potential Hugo winner for 1963.

---Ed Cox---

EVOLUTION OF THE BLUES SONG

narrated by Jon Henricks, Capitol Record #CS 8383

Recorded at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1960, Jon Henricks tells the story of how the blues came to be. He uses one part jazz-backed poetry and one part blues, blended carefully, to paint his picture. He uses a cast of such people as "Big" Williams, "Pointy" Poindexter, and Hanna Bean to add texture.

He tells of the things that he knows about; his people. How they came sad and despairing from Africa in the holds of slave ships. Of how some of them were traded off at supply ports and developed their own means of expressing their feelings so that they became "brothers who weren't brothers no more". Of how the rest travelled on to the United States and took spiritual refuge in the new god of "the Bosses" that wasn't really new at all, and put their souls into the hymns of the Lord and called them spirituals.

He says "the spirituals are the mother of the blues and the blues are the mother of jazz", so that the blues blossomed forth from the roots of the music they had brought with them from Africa that had been nurtured in the sweat of hardship and the balm of the Lord.

Then Jon tells of how his people drifted around till some of them settled on New Orleans after they were freed when "the Civil War that wasn't very civil" was over. Of how they drifted up to Chicago with their music when New Orleans was shut down. And the blues became jazz and the "jazz has become so cool, it's gotten cold".

He speaks of jazz, how it should abandon the intellectual approach and go back to the emotional one that gives it real meaning. He tells his story to children because he says, "I know children are born into this earthly life with all knowledge; that the devil is an adult, that children are corrupted by adults for adults realize that childhood is the kingdom of heaven, so I wrote my history for children, because they understand."

.....Some adults understand.

Maybe you will, too.

---Eleanor Turner---

PACIFICON II

3, 4, 5, 6, 7 Sept. '64.

\$2 to Bill Donaho, Treas.

P O Box 261, Fairmont Sta.
El Cerrito, California



TEN FROM INFINITY

Ivar Jorgensen, Monarch Books, 1963, 35¢

Ivar Jorgensen's ~~first~~ novel is a first-rate loser. TEN FROM INFINITY is a rather typical secret-invasion-from-outer-space story with cardboard characters and Beacon-type sex scenes.

The cover blurb says, "First Publication Anywhere" -- that's understandable. A brief biographical sketch of Mr. Jorgensen mentions that he has been, in times past, an elevator operator and a theater usher as well as several other positions not listed. If TEN FROM INFINITY is indicative of his usual writing talent, one might wonder why he didn't stick to free-lance jobbing instead of turning to free-lance writing.

When a pedestrian is struck by a cab in New York City and is rushed to the hospital, no one gives it a second thought, it being a common occurrence in New York. But when the pedestrian is discovered to have two hearts rather than the usual one, the scheme of normality is disrupted somewhat.

As it turns out, Two-Hearts -- he has an earth-type name also: William Matson -- is one of ten men, each an exact replica of the other, discharged to earth as a reconnaissance expedition for a possible invasion force.

These androids are controlled by their masters out there in Outer Space. They are soulless, mindless creatures, feeling no emotions, no pain or pleasure. Eventually they are all killed off by various accidents until only two are left, both of them in New York. Apparently none of the others aroused any attention until the word got out that all was not right with the world.

The hero in this yarn is Frank Corson, an interne at Park Hill Hospital in this here Naked City. The heroine/sexpot is "Little Rhoda" Kane, with whom good old about-to-be-an-honest-to-god doctor Frank shacks up with in his off hours. They are contemplating marriage, but it isn't a big thing because; "reacting according to current, 'broad-minded' thinking and Manhattan sophistication, [Rhoda] regarded herself and Frank as having a 'good physical relationship'."

Rhoda isn't one to let back-fence gossip bother her. "Some of their love-making, when lifted out of context and surveyed objectively, might have been called abnormal. Rhoda did not think so, however; or, if she did, she blocked the idea successfully by telling herself that whatever she and Frank did to gether was all right because they did it. She told herself it was good for them because they looked at it with a healthy attitude!"



Okay, that takes care of the most important Good Guys. Now the Bad Guys. William Matson, the pedestrian with the broken leg acquired when struck by the cab, is eventually rubbed out by the other surviving android whose earth-type moniker is John Dennis.

Big John kills his buddy because young almost-a-doctor Croson is walking down the street the



day after the accident and sees Dennis and mistakes him for Matson who is supposed to have a broken leg. Being a thinking-man's android, Dennis eliminates the ambiguity in the recon expedition.

From there we are swept into a poor man's world of Charles Eric Maine science-mystery characters and situations. Delectable Rhoda has an affair with Mr. Invader Himself, who doesn't know anything about sex but he's willing to learn in his own emotionless child-like curious way.

Rhoda gets terribly upset when he disrobes her, caresses her, and arouses her to a feverish pitch and then leaves the apartment on business. But she achieves salvation in the end -- she and Corson get married and live happily ever after when the recon forces are exterminated. The invasion is quelled and Rhoda decides she is ready to settle down and sleep only with young not-quite-but-almost-a-doctor Corson.

The sex scenes are dull, badly written and almost as emotionless as the android's feeble brains. Even a normal college student with his over-sexed attitude toward the "days of wine and roses" would find these sex scenes impressionless.

Example: "He drew her to him violently. The impact of their bodies hurt her ribs but she gloried in the pain. She let her knees weaken and sank to the thickly carpeted floor, bringing him down with her."

And if Beacon-Books-type sex isn't enough, we've got a stereotyped noseypaperman, a typical police captain, and a Joe McCarthy image of a U.S. Senator to add to the fun.

This is the kind of crud that Hollywood delights in turning into movies....

---Bill Plott---

NOMINATIONS ARE OPEN for candidates for the trip to the Pacificon II next Labor Day. If you know an English or European fan you'd like to honor with this trip, you need four other fans (three from that side, two from this side of the Atlantic) to sign for him, his signature indicating willingness to travel, a five dollar bond of good faith, and a hundred-word nomination platform. Send this material, or write for information, to either Administrator of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund: US, Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles, California, 90025. UK, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, Six Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain. Nominations close 30 November 1963.

--and have you voted yet? The campaign to elect a fan to go to England is to Hallowe'en. Same addresses as above.

NORM CLARKE, Box 911, Aylmer E., Quebec, Canada

Sorry I let my first few issues of *Shaggy* pass uncommented on; I did enjoy them, despite my failure to respond in other than a drab, monetary way. But now that you have taken to scrawling "WRITE LETTERS" all over the contents page, I guess I'd better write letters. Look: even now I am writing a Letter! Of comment, on *Shaggy* 65.

I suppose you remember that the cover features a Cup and a Sword. The Cup, I imagine is full of Wine, which is to be mulled. Anyway, I think that the Sword is going to be (or has been, although it looks clean) plunged into the Cup. I would call this a Symbolic Cover; but Rotsler probably already guessed that it is. Well, it is.

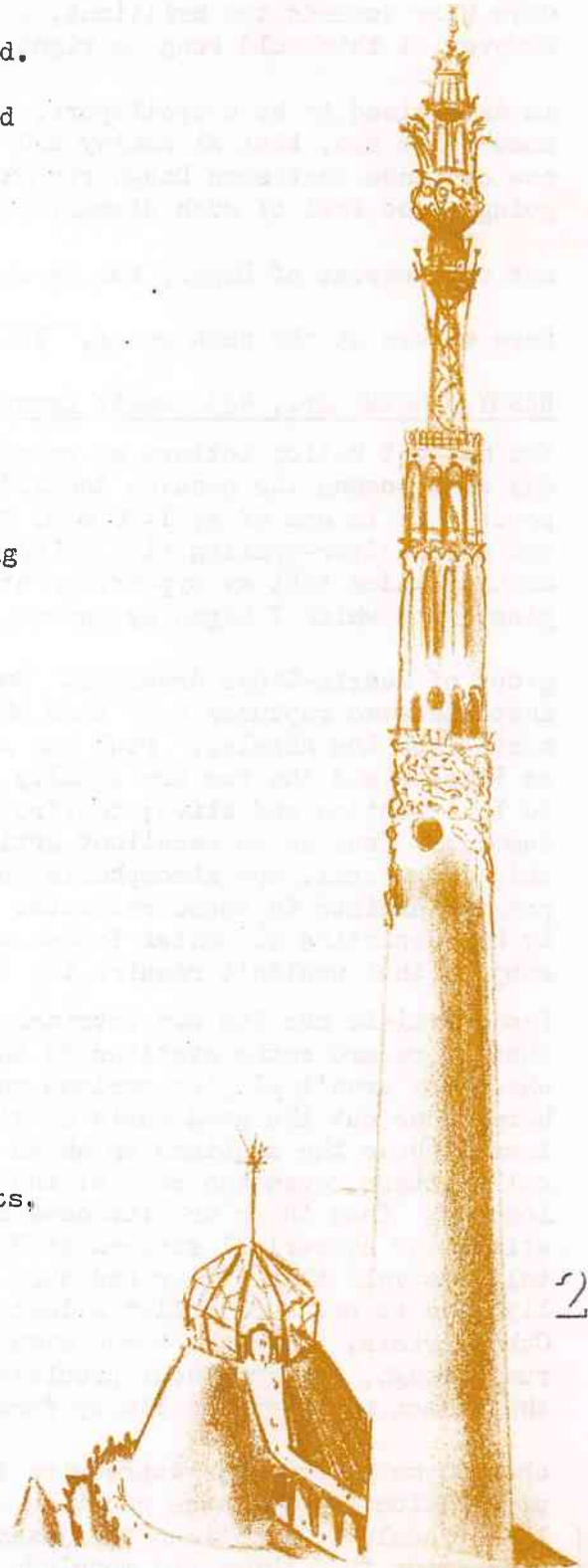
Moving inside, we find that the Contents Page has "WRITE LETTERS" scrawled all over it (remember my mentioning that to you?). Well, okay.

"Fallen Angelenos": Bjo, it has long been one of my deep regrets that I am unable to pick up California radio stations on my Crystal Set. Some of them (is there a station called KJAZ?) seem as though they'd be a Gass; and your KLAC would appear, judging from your account, to be a Gass, too. I am forced to content myself with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network fare, which is often Interesting and Good and even Hip, but which is almost never frivolous, wild-eyed, or even just funny (with the exception of the Max "Rawhide" Ferguson program; which is on at 8 a.m. or thereabouts, and which, naturally, I never hear). However, I haven't listened to CBC for a long time; maybe I lost interest in Interesting, Good and even Hip radio programs--or maybe it's just that our radio Isn't Working So Well Lately. Neither, come to think of it, are our TV, record player, taperecorder or Magic Lantern. Sometimes I wonder what I do with myself, nights; and sooner or later someone tells me.

"Squirrel Cage":

With regard to ordering in Chinese Restaurants, Canadian custom seems to fall (as is so frequently the case) exactly between those of the U.S. and England. Chinese restaurants in Canada--or in this part of Canada, anyway--have menus listing a page or so of individual dishes, and also a page or so of Dinners For...(Two, Three, Six, tec.). But, of course, no matter which way you order, an hour after you've finished eating, you're still full. Especially if you go with five

*Picking a Bone
with
Shaggy*



[[Clarke, ctd.]] or six friends, and swap portions around so that everyone gets to eat part of everyone else's order. ("Let's see, now...you had the Butterfly Shrimps; that's two dollars, and...uh...I had the Plain Fried Rice; fifty-five cents....") Anyway, I don't see how you could "run afoul of the Sino-British menu format," Ron; what's wrong with the good old Bring-Me-Some-Of-That routine? This makes me seriously doubt that you are an "expert on Chinese food." ("Dig that crazy Zen sukiyaki; only a square eats Chinese food.")

The querulous fustiness of Grandfather Pong; "Keep Ellik out of your magazine," indeed! Keep out, rather, such evidences of the malicious Envy and Hatred that these Old Guys bear towards the brilliant, eager Younger Generation. It appalls me! However, I think old Pong is right; keep Ellik out of your magazine.

Harry Warner is determined to be a spoilsport, it seems. Not content with having revealed, some years ago, that Al Ashley did Other Stuff than saying "You bastard!," he now contends that some Daugherty Projects actually happened. Is his History going to be full of such dismal, factual stuff? Tsk.

"The nadir of Peake" is not the deepest of Boggs, but it redd well (well, Redd?).

Goodness gracious me! Here we are at the back cover. It has a Rocket Ship and Planets on it.

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

You may get better letters of comment on the latest Shaggy, but I doubt that any will possess the genuine deckled edges and full-octane rag content of this paper. It is one of my 1:30 p.m. to 3 a.m. nights at the newspaper, and there's not much letter-writing time at home. In addition, there is a rumor going around fandom that my typewriter at home still has the same hisotric ribbon in place with which I began my career in fandom.

I feel grateful and happy for the group of Hearts-Lions drawings. But I'd be somewhat less than honest if I went into the same raptures over them that I produced for the Christmas art supplements from Los Angeles. Poul has about as much ability to create a human figure as Prosser and the two are equally unable to make the living creatures appear to be in motion and alive; they're as stiff and balanced as department store dummies. Poul is an excellent artist at the landscapes, structures, draftsman-ship in general, and atmospheric touches, however, far superior to most of the prozine artists in these respects. I'd like to see something big and ambitious by him depicting elemental forces of nature in extreme agitation, or some other subject that wouldn't require the inclusion of large living creatures.

Bjo's article has its own intrinsic interest and also its unstated significance: that there are radio stations on the West Coast that bear to be listened to when they aren't playing serious music. Nobody with any remaining sanity around here tunes out the good music stations except for the most imperative reasons. I can't bear the stations on which everything is sung--the time, weather, the call letters, even the name of the city and state in which the transmitter is located. Then there are the news bulletins, introduced by more fanfares, detonations and hysterical screams of "flash!" than the German radio ever produced to tell its volk that Hitler had just swallowed up another nation. I actually listened to one such bulletin last fall while in a supermarket during the Cuban crisis. When the three minutes of ritualistic preliminaries had been run through, the announcer proclaimed wildly the fact that the first snow of the season had begun in flurry form 25 miles west of Hagerstown.

Steve Tolliver cheered me up from the depression that had overcome me when I read Campbell's explanation of how there can't be any life on any other planets anywhere in the latest Analog. Sometimes the juxtaposition of such articles gives me the same impression that those old monologs used to produce in vaudeville days, when the

[[Warner, ctd.]] comedian told how he'd found a hundred dollar bill (which was good), but stepped into an open manhole while looking at his find (which was bad) and landed on a thick mattress at the bottom of the manhole (which was good) but his leg plunged down into the padding so far he couldn't move as a giant pack of sewer rats came rushing at him (which was bad), and so on.

I would have been happy to read more about your G&S activities in England, but that's about the only fault I can find with the concluding chapter of your report, Ron. Not that it's relevant to this particular report, but it suddenly occurred to me that TAFF might operate better if this report publication procedure were revamped: it is hard for the delegate to publish his report soon after the trip and it can be expensive if he doesn't have a convenient fanzine as its vehicle. Why not arrange for the administrators to publish the report of the next TAFF traveler? This would give each trip winner a year at least to catch up on financial and activity problems related to his trip, and two administrators would be more likely to arrange for some inexpensive production scheme than the tired delegate.

The cover is extremely fine but it doesn't look like the Rotsler period to which that date alludes, if the figures are '46 as they appear to be. Even if someone put together two or three elements to create one cover, the results justify the proceedings. And if it really was Rotsler, I stand more firmly than ever convinced that Rotsler is the only real rival to Picasso for multiplicity of drawings and constant experimentation with styles. It's dreadful to think of him using up his time with a camera when he could be starving to death making us all happy with his sketching.

[[I wish you hadn't folded this full-octane paper, Harry; it's been hell trying to reassemble all the pieces! :: Maybe you'll take Harry up on his challenge, Poul, and enter something in the Art Show at the Pacificon II, huh? :: The cover was a single Rotsler pen and ink drawing. Harry, and rather fits in with some of the serious artwork he did during that period--it shares certain characteristics with at least one cover illo he did for THE ACOLYTE around the mid-forties. --jt]]

LENNY KAYE, 418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, New Jersey, 08092

The editorial surprized me, since there hasn't been a change in editors since last issue. I'm sort of disappointed too. It was like a suspense story, with each editorial ending..."Tune in next issue for the next exciting installment of 'The Case of the Revolving Editors'." But anyway, Steve, you seem to be doing a nice job with the layout and general editorial aura of Shaggy. Keep it up.

A few weeks ago my phone rang and when I picked up the receiver I was greeted by a pleasant, happy girlish-type voice.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," I said.

"Do you know who this is?" she asked.

"Not really," I said, truthfully.

"This is Sandy!" she said, triumphantly.

"Well, Sandy baby! I haven't heard from you in ages!" I don't even know any Sandy.

"Oh silly!" she paused. "You know you called me just five minutes ago!"

I agreed with her. After all, she sounded awfully cute, and I wished I had called her.

"Well, I called to tell you that the answer to your question is Yes!"

It must have been some question the way she said it. "How the hell do you like that!" I said.

"Oh, Al!" she breathed.



REG

[[Kaye, ctd.]]

"Gee, Sandy," I said, trying to sound hurt, "My name isn't Al. It's Herbert McGillicuddy...."

"Who???"

"And you've been cheating on me," I yelled and slammed down the phone.

Now some girl named Sandy is going to go through life thinking she is cheating on Herbert McGillicuddy. That's a hell of a thought.

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Road, NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Ron Ellik is the mailing list. Now that is an interesting thing. It leads to all sorts of interesting speculation:

We can, for instance, speculate that Ron Ellik is the entire mailing list for Shaggy, but that does not seem to be strictly correct since I seem to have gotten a copy of #64 and I am fairly certain--as certain as anyone can be about anything these days--that I am not Ron Ellik. Yes. I just checked my ID card, and it indicates that I am one LeRoy H. Tackett, MSgt, Ret'd, whereas we all know that Ron Ellik is a lowly Lance Corporal, whatever that is. Therefore I think it can safely be assumed that I am not Ron Ellik and therefore I am not the mailing list and that the assumption that Ron Ellik is the mailing list isn't quite correct.

Let us, which goes well in a salad with blue cheese dressing, therefore proceed to the next assumption and/or speculation, to wit: viz., and other legalistic terms which are meaningless to me as they are, one assumes and presumes to you unless you happen to be a lawyer which is possible since I'm not sure who you are anyway: that the mailing list is printed, mimeographed, lithographed, photographed, pasted, glued, or tattooed on various portions of the Squirrel's anatomy and that it is necessary to get him off in a corner somewhere and read him when typing up address labels. This is a rather revolting thought and I shall henceforth and forthwith hie away from it at a speed which is of the utmost.

No matter.

The cover [[of #64]] is by Mervyn Peake. Whose name appears in letters of a size larger than that of the name of the magazine. I thought it was the first issue of a new fanzine of which the titles are becoming more and more obscure.

One I received the other day the title of which has from me escaped at the moment but, never fear, I shall recapture it and am even now preparing various traps and snares, in which the editor--the fmz had three covers by the way--declared that he hoped to make the zine pay for itself although a profit he did not expect to make.

Which, of course, brings up a point--other than the ones on the ears of a Tolliver called Steve--concerning the point of the even-break. Or perhaps it is the break-even. Some faneds have openly avowed, allowed, and declared that they were out to make from their fmz a profit which is, one thinks the possibility im.

Certainly not by the subscriptions and sales, since I know of no fanzine whose subscriptions paid even approximates the number of names on the Ron Ellik.

In such a case is one to count, recount, or discount as part of the intake, the prices of fanzines in trade received? One could, perhaps, then and there, by judicious juggling one presumes, assume that the fanzine is at the break-even point.



"No, you CAN'T LOOK UP ZUBER'S ADDRESS!"

[[Tackett, ctd.]] Ah ha, John Baxter, you the point have missed. The one holding the editorship will not be barbecued or turned into thin, but savory, broth but shall be boiled and reboiled and reboiled until, as in the making of Ecstasy Sauce, only one rich drop of essence remains and that drop of essence is WESTWARD HOOG! (Note: private joke for the benefit of Ed Cox. Sergeant jokes for the benefit of Bob Smith will be discussed elsewhere.)

Bjo, dear girl, our sympathies go with you in your hours of trial with the telephone. Wrong numbers are, of course, most annoying. I have a standard set of answers for wrong numbers. Let us, which is also good with russian dressing, assume that the phone has ringed, rang, rung and the voice from the receiver asks such as "Is Mabel (are any girls named Mabel these days?) there?" To which the answer is: "She can't come to the phone now, she's upstairs with a customer." Or perhaps that Mabel was run over by a truck of the size large at three of the p.m.

[[LeRoy H., old man, you've been dipping into those old Planet Comics too often of late; those Voltans have gotten to you! :: And no suspicious-looking packages sent to us via EdAnKevCo (on their return from far oof exotic Maine) will be accepted. —jt23

THOMAS DILLEY, 1590 Robinson Dr., N., St. Petersburg, Florida, 33710

It occurs to me that, if you get all the Farley File information onto punched cards, you should find it extremely easy to publish an annotated directory to fandom: merely have the machine sort out all the cards in alphabetical order, program the computer to read out the material on the cards, start feeding stencils into the typewriter readout, and nothing's left to be done but the mimeoing.

Many thanks for the introduction to Piers and Carol Jacob; numerous interesting conversations have resulted. It's staggering to think that one has to go through the California clearing offices to form an acquaintance with people who live 10 blocks away.

.. -Mr. Boardman: In Tallahassee, your manoeuvre protected you from being bothered any further.- In Gainesville, you would have got calls for Gladys every 15 minutes for the next four years.

What's more-fuil than answering. "Fan Francisco Boiler Works," when the phone rings is to call someone, inform him that "...this is the San Francisco Boiler Works," and tell him that his order is being shipped over right away. Then hang up. What's 7 even funnier is to go ahead and get an old boiler, and have it shipped to the appropriate address. ; ■■<

[[And I wondered why Al Lewis'...Econoline didn't look like other Ford vans of that name. But Florida to California is going to pretty great lengths, Tom. :: The combined lengths of the paper on which the letters from which I excerpted the above was/were written is about to 5 feet! And damned hard to handle, too! —jt]]

BILL PLOTT, P O Box 654, Opelika, Alabama

The lettercol comments on wrong numbers and other telephone weirdos reminds me of something that happened to me a few months ago. One Sunday night I was calling Dave Hulan by long distance. Somehow there was a mix-up and the operator rang the wrong number in Huntsville on my collect call. A Negro, apparently drunk, answered the phone and at the same time another Negro on the same party line picked up his receiver. They began arguing back and forth with me trying to cut in and find out just what the hell was happening. I was unable to get a word in edgewise and was just about to flash the operator when one of them (the sober one) said to the other one, "You must be a n----, because a Negro wouldn't act this way."

[[Plott, ctd.]] That statement really impressed me as it is rather typical of the new generation of Negroes in America. This is a generation that is proud of its race and is making a serious effort for improvement. I forgot about my attempt to contact Hulan. I was sorry that one of those parties would have to pay 60¢ for my long distance call, but I was also glad that I did eavesdrop in this particular instance. It was a rather enlightening experience.

[[And if we can eliminate such roadblocks to Negro improvement as Governors Wallace and Barnett, maybe this New Generation of Negroes will be able to make substantial progress in their efforts at self-improvement, and the Federal Presence that so many right-wingers and segregationists object to will not be necessary--as it is at present. :: Your sub runs a stright course to issue #71, Bill; okay? --jt]]

OTHER KIIBBLERS THIS TIME WERE:

POUL ANDERSON, who appreciated the Hearts & Lions portfolios, and the repro on same. DENNIS BRIGHTWELL (1223 Creston Ave., Des Moines 15, Iowa) who's now hooked on fanzines, and who'd like to receive more of them. RICK BROOKS (R.R.#1

Fremont, Indiana) subbed; Dick & Pat Lupoff live at 210 E. 73rd St., New York 21, NY, Rick. DR. ANOTNIO DUPLA committed the unpardonable sin of writing what

hints at being a darned interesting letter on both sides of a very thin and exceedingly transparant piece of onion-skin paper...growl!

ROBERT E. GILBERT, some of who's illos we're using this time around, wrote to say that he believe Tolliver has the right idea, and that "outer space probably won't be anything like what people imagined it would be."

SETH JOHNSON thanked us for the bundle of Shaggies we sent along to his Fanzine Clearing House. DAVE KEIL comm-

ents on the N3F one-shot of recent origin, ATSAIMONADDASFNSA, blaming it on Ron, and rambles on re Shaggy. FRED LERNER (152-B Donor Ave., East Paterson,

New Jersey) wants to know "what's this [[he hears]] about a book called Lesbo Lodge? ...it was described as 'a thinly disguised protrait...of LASFS.' Are you nice people really like that? What would Hugo Gernsback say?" IAN

McAULAY chattered pleasantly about a number of topics, ranging from Scrabble, through Radio Luxemburg to SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. How's that for Broad Mental Horizons?

ANDREW J. OFFUTT (Pine Tree Lane, Morehead, Kentucky) wants to know if the "Ella" Ron mentioned in his TAFF Report was last-named Fitzgerald, as that's the only Ella he knows of who doesn't need a last name for identification. No, Andy, if you'd ever been around Ground Zero when Ella Parker visited the U.S., you'd now know of another Ella who'd be recognizable by just her first name.

WIM STRUYCK mentioned that dread Parker woman's name, too, and nattered on about the 30,000 year old caves where traces of Cro-Magnon man were first found.

ELLIE TURNER sent in a contribution (I suppose; that's what her letter said), and a proposed "Dialogues At Sunset"--shudder!

BRIAN VARLEY nattered interestingly on about the PeterCon and Shaggy...and A NONY MOUSE

sent in a poem: "She has freckles on her nose,

She has freckles on her toes,

But she's such a modest lass,

Nobody knows

(Is this poetry or prose?)

If she has freckles on her ankles."

We're supposed to run a contest to guess the author. Phoo! And that's that for Shaggy #66. ---jt---



Stiles sure doesn't leave me much room.

But that's good, because all I'm here for is to bid evbuddy a fond good-bye and mention that my TAFF report (which has appeared in this space in Shaggies 62-65 inclusive) will be published as a single volume, incorporating many corrections and some expansions, by Fred Patten later this year. I'm taking orders (in my capacity as TAFF Administrator) and all proceeds beyond cost will go to TAFF. \$1.00 the copy.

You see, "The Squirrel Cage" was fun writing while I was in college. For one thing, things happened to me then that were fun writing. But if you've read any of it since I had to go to work for a living, maybe you've thought it was a bit forced.

That's because it was. You don't want to hear a long pagliacci and I haven't got time to write one, but columns for fanzines, and deadlines, and all like that, stop being fun after a while, sniff, sob. I'm going out now and get a Master's Degree in Mathematics, and work for a living some more, and go to conventions and publish fan stuff maybe even.

—rde.

GRAND SALE:

PRINTED
MATTER
ONLY

Al Lewis' INDEX TO THE SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGAZINES, 1962. Cross-index by author &
title, series information incl, with a
list of pseudonyms. 75¢.

--the 1961 INDEX, re-issued with many re-
visions. 60¢ (a complete new edition).

SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNERS--the first
place stories from the first National
Fantasy Fan Federation Story Contest. 25¢.

FANBOOKS: #1 (Fan Terminology, by Don
Franson); #2 (Apas in Fandom, by Bob
Lichtman); #3 (Fan Facts, by Franson);
and the new #4 (TAFF, by Moffatt and Ellik);
20¢ each.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES: 43,45,51,52,53, the
Christmas art supplement to 53, 54,63,65,
and the Anderson folio illustrating Three
Hearts & Three Lions. 25¢ each item.

FREE WITH ANY PURCHASE: your choice of
the following miscellany:

Many issues of the LASFS Newsletter

#2, 3 and 4 of Al Lewis' N'APAZINE,
WHY NOT?

the Lou Goldstone moonlanding cover from
SLA 44, on hard stock--a sombre blue
picture with no lettering, fine for
framing.

the photo cover from SLA 39--a menage of
costumes from the 1958 Hallowe'en party
in L.A.

the photo cover from SLA 45--a retouched
still of Fritz Leiber and Bjo in cos-
tume for the Unicorn Productions movie,
The Genie.

the programme from the 14th Fanquet,
honoring Rick Sneary (1962).

copies of the 1959 LASFS Constitution,
publicity flyers handed out during L.A.
Hobby Shows, the 1962 art calendar, the
1962 Directory to L.A. Fandom, etc.

Order from the publisher.....

RETURN REQUESTED

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #66
from Ron Ellik
1825 Greenfield Avenue
Los Angeles, California, 90025