

Shangri-
L'Affaires
71

SIMPSON '65

Handwritten text, possibly a title or address, in a cursive script. The text is faint and difficult to decipher but appears to include the words "L. H. H. H." and "1877".



Small handwritten text at the bottom left corner, possibly a date or a signature.

COLOPHON

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES is now an irregular publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Text for this issue stoncilled by Ted Johnstone. Art work stoncilled by Don Simpson and Jack Harness. Published on the LASFS Rex on 26 and 27 July 1965. Fornchy Pub Number 93.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

+ SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES costs 25¢ for single copies, \$1 for five copies. Free copies go for contributions, including letters. Deadline for next issue is First of October 1965. We especially need book reviews, articles sercon or faaanish, or oven vorse, or fiction, maybe.

| | |
|--|--------|
| THE EDITOR SPEAKS (Ted Johnstone) | page 3 |
| TABLE OF CONTENTS | 4 |
| FANDOM AND VALUES: A Philosophical Proposal (Stephen E. Pickering) | 5 |
| NEXTISH | 9 |
| THE CITY OF MUSIC (Dale Harding Ekum) | 10 |
| LAST-MINUTE ANNOUNCEMENT (Ted Johnstone) | 10 |
| OPERATION FANTEST (Julian Reid) | 11 |
| A WALK THROUGH INFINITY (Terry Carr) | 19 |
| (Stephen Barr) | 21 |
| (Jim Harkness) | 22 |
| (Ted White) | 23 |
| (Stephen Barr) | 24 |
| A LETTER FROM T. BRUCE YERKE (T. Bruce Yerke) | 26 |
| PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY (Lots of people) | 27 |

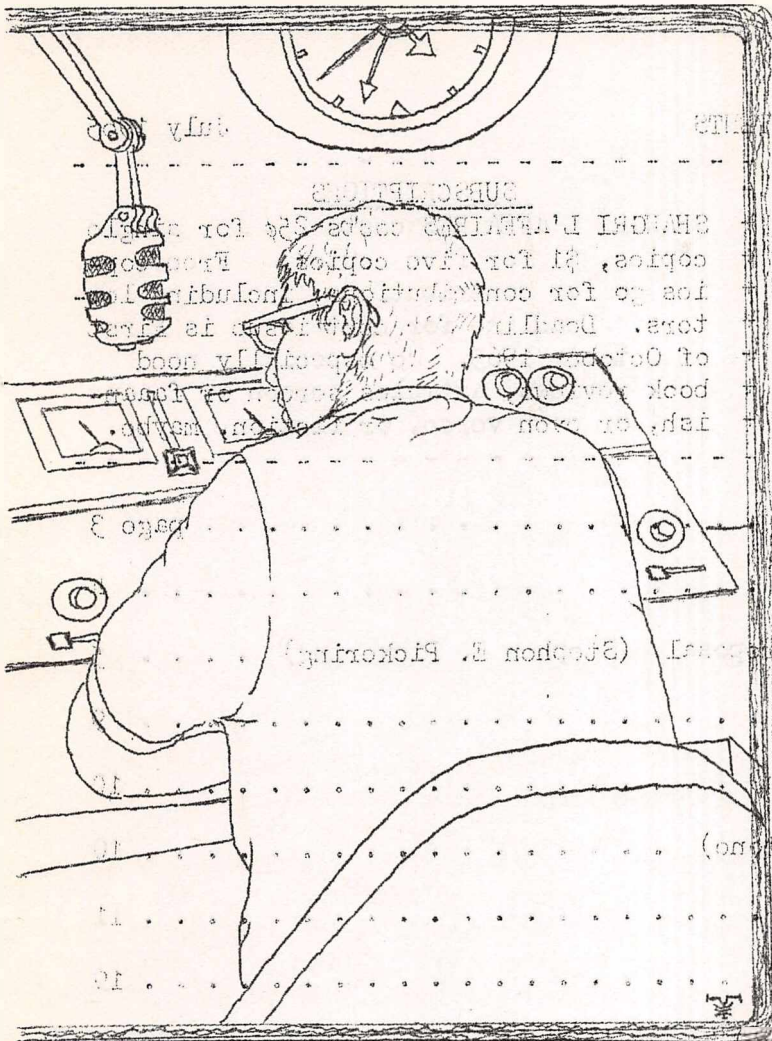
ART CREDITS

| | | |
|---------|---|--------------|
| Cover | - | Don Simpson |
| page 3 | - | Don Simpson |
| " 5 | - | Don Simpson |
| " 12 | - | Jack Harness |
| " 19 | - | J.W. Bogert |
| " 27 | - | Don Simpson |
| Bacover | - | Jack Harness |

STAFF

| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| + | Chief Kook and Battle-Watcher : |
| | Ted Johnstone |
| + | Art Editor : Jack Harness |
| + | Art Staff : Don Simpson |
| + | Reproducing Editor : Owen Hannifen |
| + | Morale Booster : Lin Johnstone |
| + | Everything Else : Ted Johnstone |

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Next issue of this magazine will not be called SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES. ----- But the editor will continue to publish, letters of comment on this issue will be published, subscriptions will be honored, and materiel run as before. SHAGGY has been torn up and fed to the ravens by other hands than ours, but this zine by any other name, will continue to function regardless. See page 10 for details.



If you're one of these people who starts-reading at the back of a magazine and finishes at the front, you've already read the lettercol-umn. If you have, or even if you haven't, pay careful attention to this because all the impressions given by my insertions between pp. 27 and 44 have one very important flaw.

They are predicated upon the assumption, prevalent at the time I cut the stencils, that I would soon be leaving Los Angeles and would therefore be unable to continue in the editorship of SHAGGY.

Rumors along these lines have been prevalent in the last couple months -- in fact, I started most of them. I expected to be leaving Smogville-by-the-Sea in the middle of July, with no return date set.

These rumors now have been found false. I will not, repeat NOT be leaving Los Angeles or giving up the editorship of the LASFS club organ at any foreseeable time in the near future.

Any statements in the lettercol which imply or state that I will be, are wrong and should be corrected. But I will be damned if I'm going to go back and re-type seventeen bloody stencils just to make them agree with facts. I made a number of other rash, and sometimes angry, statements about other people on those stencils, thinking I would be out of range when they hit, and now it turns out I'll have to stand around and bear their results, but this is fitting and proper -- I stated my own opinions as I felt them, and they have not changed substantially in the few weeks since I typed them.

I had a bitterly scathing editorial of some 3000 words all dummied, too -- and that I will not publish. I'll keep it in the files, tho, in case I ever have to leave LA fandom and want to give them something to talk about when I'm gone. Part of it I can mention here and now -- three things, specifically.

Imprimis: the material in this is the last of what we have in the files (except for the stuff on Doc Smith, which we are accumulating for the special issue someday). If no more comes in, next- ish will consist entirely of LOCs on this. This might not be so bad anyway, come to think of it... The LASFS has supplied not one single word of material, with one notable exception (see below), channelling all its efforts instead into APA L. Even Al Lewis, some-time editor of SHAGGY and one of the loudest attackers of anything that would tend to demean it (see also below), is putting his Trip-and-LonCon-Report through APA L instead of supporting his "favorite" gen-zine.

Secundus: the serial begun lastish will not be continued. For those of you out of touch with behind-the-scenes news, the club was kicked out of its apathy by three members who tried to impeach me: the editor and succeeded in barring all further material relating to Coventry from the sacred pages of SHAGGY

(cont. on page 9)

FANDOM AND VALUES



A PHILOSOPHICAL PROPOSAL



by STEPHEN E. PICKERING P^d

"My job," wrote John W. Campbell in ASTOUNDING some 38 years ago, "is to stir up orthodox science by lighting a fire under those whose thinking has become too rigid and earthbound." In 1963 Jack Williamson stated that if "science fiction is to be regarded as a legitimate and reasonably sane intellectual pursuit -- which I believe it is -- it can only reach and keep such a position through ... sound and vigorous criticism." In recent months there have been several statements to the effect that science fiction must utilise a rational code of criticism as editorial policies of various magazines (both professional and amateur) have become somewhat weak; in fanzines there has been a marked trend towards trivia and non-science fiction material, while in prozines there no longer seems much emphasis upon rational, extrapolative material.

If fandom is ever to grasp fully its potentialities, insight must be gained into questions of values, in addition to our furtherment of science fiction, the combatting of anti-intellectualism and socio-cultural stagnation. All human instincts stem from systems of values. The "cross influence of cultural patterns and mores on technological background," wrote John W. Campbell, "is one of the prime fields of exploration for science fiction", and he felt, likewise, that the "complexity of interaction of technology and social custom" should be coupled to the reactions of human beings in a scientifically advanced society. All human beings, then, are mirrors of our conditioning by the ethical-moral values of our society.

#

Theodore Sturgeon (notably in "Wages of Synergy", STARTLING STORIES, August 1953) has extrapolated that ethics and morals are each survival imperatives. The patterns of survival of an individual in a society are morals. The society, likewise, must survive, and Sturgeon added another factor to morals: the patterns of survival of the individual in a society toward the survival of the group, are ethics. However, ethics and morals, in the main, are rather different per individual, being a bit beyond the reaches of monetary values. "Their price," said Heinlein in STARSHIP TROOPERS, "is agony and sweat and devotion ... and the price demanded for the most precious of all things in life itself ..." Hence, values are emotional judgements, rather than an intellectual endeavor to assign specific worths to particular conventions. They are acquired after birth -- an individual is not born with the Christian dogma of ethics and morals -- and are not "hereditarily dictated psychological reflex actions".

Values generally try to set forth a given code or convention of conduct, whether this conduct is applicable to human institutions or human beings. Moreover, they can be validated or nullified, varying from time to time, from society to society, although these various changes in time or culture do not alter the validity and/or invalidity of human behavior with which these ethical-moralistic values concern themselves. What fans must ascertain is the logical results of action analogous to these values. If this action gives our lives as science fictioners an enhancement for the whole entity of science fiction, they are valid. On the other hand, should these values inhibit the vast potentialities of science fiction, they are proportionately invalid.

Sam Moskowitz has stated that the fanzines of the 1950's were a "vast wasteland". One may discern the reason being that so many so-called fanzines concerned themselves with triviality. A few fanzines may contain stimulating discussions of philosophy or politics or science fiction, but compared to the vast number of fan magazines one cannot help but ascertain in the common run anti-intellectual policies and, more specifically, a marked reaction against concepts and ideas which are daring, forward-looking, imaginative. Such a state of frozen conventions should be altered; it should not have existed in the first place. We fans have long prided our intellectual, imaginative horizons in terms of racial magnitude. But if we are to sustain this position, then (rightfully) there should be a large re-orientation in fan magazines, a new onslaught on questions of the humanities and the sciences, deep criticism of science fiction, stimulation to urge potential fan talent, and to raise the standards of all amateur publications.

There are many types of values which have intrinsically shaped our thinking, which in turn has cumulated in our fanzines. These values can be changed or revised, contrary to common belief. It is rather perceptible that the world has seen reverberating changes due to the Renaissance, and the breakthroughs of the present century; the theories and the thinking being colored to a large extent by those who delt, as now, in speculative science, the professional science fictioners in academic circles.

Ostensibly, our acquisition of values as science fictioners begins at birth, and later in the acceptance or rejections of our "gift" by our parents. The values, then, in the early years affect our motivations so deeply that their alterations or revisions are extremely difficult in later years; it is better to do so when the opportunity presents itself rather than doing so later. And our primary difficulty, as fans, lies in discerning whether it is more difficult to change those values which we find no longer operational tools, or to decide which values are valid or invalid.

Frank R. Paul, at the First World Science Fiction Convention in 1939, commented in his moving speech that the science fictionist could be called the "advance guard of progress". He is "intensely interested in everything going on around him, differing radically from his critic". The latter, according to Paul, is "hemmed in by a small provincial horizon of accepted orthodoxy and humdrum realities, and either does not care or is too lazy to reach beyond that horizon." The "critic" of a science fictionist is generally, if not completely, unknowledgeable of the field of science fiction; he is an Outsider, more specifically. There are so many factors to consider that one must literally grow up with or become deeply involved in stf before he grasps the significant role of science fiction, both as extrapolative fiction and as an usher of the future. There are approximately four fields of values which the science fictioner, like ourselves, deals with, and it is these areas which we must continually re-examine; once these areas

come into light, once our minds become more receptive to new ideas and concepts which could profit our discussions and fanzines, then fandom will have put itself on the road to greater maturity. Each of these four values have been the topics of many a fan article, but for purposes of our discussion we shall briefly examine each one, then summarize in conclusion.

Firstly: "Epistemic"

values -- truths and errors in relationship to thoughts, attitudes, and prejudices. It is obvious that in war or peace the psychological state of mind of the populace can be somewhat more important to a nation than any amount of atomic weaponries or fall-out. Or, in other nations, than the screaming whistle of arrows and the resounding twang of bows, or the crushing of clubs. Moreover, our present scientific breakthroughs are being spurred on by the ever present threat of nuclear holocaust. The laser, the missile, the space program, *et alia*, were, as early as 1929, in the Gernsbackian science fiction magazines of the time, extrapolated to come into being as a result of war. Wherever there is a need, someone will find a way to fulfill this need.

Secondly: Teleological values -- dealing with designs and purposes in our society, with ends and means for fully grasping them. A. E. van Vogt, in 1950, stated rather emphatically that man must discover "a balance and unity in the fourth dimensional structure of biophysical and cultural dependence on variables." To explain van Vogt's semantics, man must form an integration between his scientifically advanced society and the ways and means of those non-scientifically oriented cultures, both on a philosophical plane and on the socio-cultural side. On the other hand, fandom should create a correlation between professionals and amateurs, establish magazines which would bring the two factors on a common plane of mutual respect, to re-establish thought provoking approaches to science fictional concepts -- you can easily finish the list.

Thirdly: Ethical and Moral values -- these are extremely important to the science fictioneer, and have therefore seen rather extensive discussion in fanzines during the last fifteen years -- stemming, to a large degree, from Don Wollheim's Michelist-Futurian movement during the late 1930's, which caused fervent examination of philosophical questions and issues -- these being aimed at how fans believed as individuals on issues which were gripping fandom, science fiction, and the world at large.

An individual is not brought into the world with a moral, ethical attitude, Christian, humanistic, or otherwise. Such a sense is instilled in our minds by the culture in which we live, which, in recent years, has placed tremendous emphasis upon the questions of morals and ethics in relation to the literatures, theatrical productions, movies, and the mundane teenager's ideas and investigations into sex. However, as a common rule, we science fictioneers -- on an ethical-moralistic plane of philosophy -- are atheists, although the immature minds of the American public have the annoying habit of equating atheism, a lack of "faith", with a lack of ethical-moral standards. Should this term prove a bit too strong, or offensive to those among us who profess a particular religious credo, then we are humanists. In the last analysis we are free-thinkers.

The two types of fan skeptics, in dealing particularly with religion, are rather interesting and difficult to differentiate. However, it is ascertainable that we feel, in the main, that religion (theological supernaturalism, if you wish), demands behavior/ways of thinking restricted to a strong feudalistic convention we find somewhat incompatible with reason or known scientific variables. However, a glance through any number of philosophy-dominated fanzines proves that we are rightfully aware of our skepticism, but more often than not, there are few who can logically ex-

plain why we are in a state of questioning, of agnosticism. At any rate, the only "loss" we possibly experience is a social one. The first type of skeptic feels that all forms of religious, mechanistic ritual are tantamount to actual vilification points against scientific reason. The second form of skeptic sees, the mythology withstanding, a great emotional symbolism to the mind, far above the nostalgic rituals.

Hence, the science fictionist's "faith" is not embedded in supernal theology, but in reason, and among other things, the idea that man can shape his own destiny. Lucretius wrote: "Too long to bondage reason was consigned, chained by religion, by rant of the mind." This feeling or sentiment many science fictioners feel, and as such can be shaped to fandom's great atheism vs. theology controversies of the Michellist days. H.P. Lovecraft summed up the atheist's position thusly: "The conjurations that the mind has given forth, have bred all the misbegotten superstition and errant bigotry of witchcraft and miracle-mongering down the long and dusty ages. Science is true and irrefutable."

The fan's ethic-moral values are not necessarily strengthened by religious dogma or philosophy, but rather by an imaginative imperative to remain loyal to reason and, more or less, to a humanistic orientation. Hollow statements, when they remain mere intellectual commitments, are useless; but living imperatives they are when directed towards the myriad goals of science fiction, when they ring true to our dedication to science fiction, and to a sustenance of an emotional and creative atmosphere.

Fourthly: Economic and Utilitarian values -- the fan must, by necessity and by the very nature of science fiction itself, with socio-cultural-economic-technological trends. Robert A. Heinlein, in the Science Fiction Novel (Advent, 1959; revised edition 1964), stated, more or less, that the science fictioner has failed in his function if he has shirked keeping well-informed. L. Sprague de Camp, some time earlier, summed up the same feeling by saying that "In science fiction, as in law, ignorance is no excuse." If the fan has not kept well-read in science fiction and in the humanities in general, then he has placed limitations upon his knowledge and the analytical strength of his speculating imagination; science fiction demands one's full efforts if it is to be an operational tool. In another light of the matter, Ray Bradbury (in "Day After Tomorrow", NATION, 2 May 1953) has said that "There are few literary fields, it seems to me, that deal so strikingly with themes that concern us all today; there are few more exciting genres, there are none fresher or so full of continually renewed and renewable concepts."

In summary then:

If fandom is to deal effectively, with sharp insight, into the pressing question of values, those who endeavor to re-orientate fan magazines to a more science fictional foundation must (in formulating a new refreshing code) realize that in stipulating to be science fictioners, Citizens of the Galaxy, we must utilize these points -- in science fiction the quest for self-awareness, for truth, must never end; that being a science fictioner is a noble endeavor requiring intense and continuing efforts; that our callings to science fiction were rightfully endowed with values and imperatives towards which we should continually strive; that we must always be true to the ideals of science fiction which initially impelled our callings; that mature science fiction fanzines cannot be created in large quantity without a fusion of all ranges of human activity both in the humanities and in the sciences; and that the various methodologies which we utilize, probably the most important to sociological science fiction are the studies of human motivations and actions. And analogous to this: science fiction fandom is not so sacred that it cannot



submit to self-criticism. One can still recall the Tenth World Science Fiction Convention's (Chicago 1952) discussion of fandom -- Sam Moskowitz moderating a panel consisting of E. E. Evans, Lester Cole, Edward Wood, and England's* Walter A. Willis. More discussions of this type, in fanzines, would prove rather profitable.

The questions of values, motivations, and critiques will prove to be points which science fiction cannot ignore. We must be particularly aware that man's progress has not been a steady movement upwards, but an erratic, botched-up, tangled race for power. The purpose of power is power; one knows of no nation which has used power for humanitarian purposes. Man has been blindly stumbling through crises upon crises, with his archaic methods of human relations, through an enmeshment in every conceivable device and folly, destroying our best intellectual minds since the early mists of history, even ossifying scientific reason into ritualistic dogma. Mankind treasuring the teachings of Greece's Socrates and the Jew's Jesus -- and murdering them both because they caused the none-too-intelligent cultures to think, to speculate, to examine those truths they held for centuries to be true.

And yet, as Frank R. Paul so brilliantly said, we are the "advance guards of history" -- science fiction, with ominous foresight, pushed away the veil which covers the ever-emerging future and produced itself as the pinnacle of the humanities -- as a heretage by which the future generations of science fictionists shall be guided and supported, even as today's Man drives himself to the very edge of joy, despair, and ... thought.

(((*Ireland's))

--Stephen E. Pickering

I don't think I should've typed that in nonstopagraphing...

EDITORIAL -- continued from page 3

till blah do us part. The club has come up with nothing to replace this banned material. I was thinking of changing the name of the world to Quesornenplatz and continuing the story, but that would be hedging.

Tertius, you may notice some masthead changes thish, reflecting some things I learned about genzine pubbing last time. The assistant editor and letter editor have been abolished, and I am now the whole show except for art. This falls under the head of "If you gotta be responsible for something, give it to somebody you can trust. If you can't trust anybody, do it yourself."

Page ten was saved for a promised column which never came in; rather than rework the layout it is left blank as a reminder of human frailty. Final news: by ruling of the club, we can no longer offer copies of SHAGGY in return for trades. Apologies to our old traders, but we don't make the policy. Ye ed still likes them, tho, and will appreciate receiving them. But SHAGGY requires money, LoC, or materiel. There's more I'd like to say, but can't spare the space. See y'all next time.

==+oOo+== ==+oOo+== ==+oOo+==
NEXTISH: We hope to have a Westercon Report by Owen Hannifen, which he will write as soon as he figures out whether he enjoyed the Con or not.

We are expecting a few thousand well-chosen words by *!HARLAN ELLISON!* on a topic which surprised attendees at the panel on the last day of the con, regarding a certain paperback publisher of questionable repute. And we will also have an article by The Incredible Paul Stanbery, back in contact with LA fandom again, on His Favorite Subject, which should interest most true fans of science fiction and fantasy. None of these items have been written yet, except for Paul's, but if they come in we'll have a great issue. If they don't, we'll still have a great letterzine. So write, send money, send materiel, and help.

Exum

LAST-MINUTE ANNOUNCEMENT: This is the last stencil to be cut, and something else has to be made public before we go to press. The director of LASFS has decided SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES will be discontinued, and even SHANGRI L.A. will not be allowed to be published any more. Anybody who wants to can publish an issue of SHAGGY, but there will be no continuity in editorship.

This has been done against my wishes and advice, as editor of SHANGRI L.A., and I have no intention of ceasing publication now that the magazine is beginning to recover from the long dead spell. Starting with the next issue in a few months, the title of this magazine will be changed to something else -- possibly LOST HORIZONS. I will continue to honor all subscriptions, and keep sequential numbering; letters of comment on this issue will be published, materiel will be accepted. All the LASFS can withdraw is financial support and the name of the zine.

There may be one or two independant issues of SHAGGY coming out in the next six months; they won't have your letters, though. Continuity will be preserved only in the pages of this fanzine, under whatever title we must masquerade. Let's hear from you, and renew your subs. We Are Not Folding. --Taj



O P E R A T I O N F A N T E S T

Fans are the race of tomorrow.

--Claude Degler

It has long been suspected by aliens, alienists, and other related experts that science-fiction fen form a race psychologically separate from the rest of humanity. This is not hard to believe. Nonetheless, until recently no serious attempts seem to have been made either to prove or disprove this attractive theory.

In the year 1958, however, two young lecturers in Psychology at International Correspondence Colleges (see advt. in some issue or other) decided to rectify this situation by initiating a new programme of fan-testing, aimed at the determination of the mental characteristics (if any) of science-fiction fen as such. This monumental project, financed by a generous grant of four cases of bheer from the Morgan Botts Foundation, they named Operation Fantest (OFT for short).

The original conception of OFT was brainstormed by Dr. Joe X. Fann at an all-night party at the Midwescon. (The actual time of his inspiration seems to have been approximately 3:00 a.m., but things were a bit hectic at the time, so no one is certain.) While the project was still in its tentative pre-planning stages, Dr. Fann was joined by his colleague and former friend, Dr. Stigmand Fraud, who suggested that it might be more easily developed and carried out in the somewhat quieter and more private (if less hallowed) halls of the I.C.C. on Devil's Island. This suggestion was acted upon, and in 1959 Drs. Fann and Fraud opened an office of the top floor of the great two-story I.C.C. Building. Here they commenced development of a series of elaborate tests designed to make possible for the first time a detailed survey (a la the Kinsey Reports) of the mental profiles of normal and abnormal specimens of the species Homo Stifiens, or the Common Science Fiction Fan.

It was a thankless task. Only a psychologist can fully appreciate the labour required to develop an even moderately reliable test of mental capabilities or incapacities of any sort. Tens of thousands of possible questions were drawn up, and tested on a representative sample of fen drawn from all parts of Dogpatch. The responses to each question were run through a battery of six I.B.M. machines and one Everready cell. The results were then tabulated; Dr. Fann always picks up the tab. Only those questions which showed a positive correlation approaching unity with the characteristics they were designed to measure were preserved on the final test forms; answers to all others were reluctantly filed away for possible future reference. (For further details of this, see Dr. Fraud's forthcoming book Fans Say The Dumbest Things.)

By the beginning of 1963, Drs. Fann and Fraud had managed to prepare texts of three completely dependable tests which, taken together with the four crates of empty bheer bhottles they returned to the Morgan Botts Foundation, form the entire achievement of Operation Fantest to date. Those are the Slanford-Binet Intelligence Quota Test, The Kruder Vocational Desperation Test, and the I.C.C.-Eney General Knowledge Test. (This last is so called because of the debt it owes to the I.C.C. Library's copy of Richard Eney's Fencyclopedia II. This debt currently runs to \$15.65 in overdue fines, and is still rising.) Other tests as yet in their developmental stages include the S.S.P.I. (Scientifictional Schizophrenic Personality Instigator) and the Slanschach Ink Blot Test. Rumors that Dr. Fann has discovered a 100% reliable test for male pregnancy are completely unfounded, though he and Dr. Fraud are still trying. Volunteers willing to co-operate in this important project are always welcome.



On the following pages we reproduce sets of questions from each of the three completed OFT tests, together with the full text of the Personal Information Sheet that each candidate for testing is required to fill in. (The fee for processing these sheets is \$15.00 apiece, although the tests themselves are administered free of charge. As Dr. Fann puts it, "We're a non-profit organization, and we plan to convince the government we're staying that way. But processing expenses have gone up, and besides, a guy's gotta eat, ain't he?") All information on scoring and other such vital details have been omitted, since Drs. Tenn and Fraud like to have some secrets. They have requested us to point out that these are not the complete tests (which for some reason have been banned from the U.S. Mails), nor can the results obtained by attempting them be regarded as in any way indicative of the ratings that should actually be applied to the ~~writer~~ ~~subject~~ writer, unless properly scored by a qualified person such as Dr. Fraud or Dr. Fann. Any person who is sufficiently alarmed by his answers to be interested in having himself tested by Operation Fantest proper should answer all questions on the Personal Information Sheet, and mail it (together with \$15.00 processing fee and \$3.00 bribe for quick action) to:

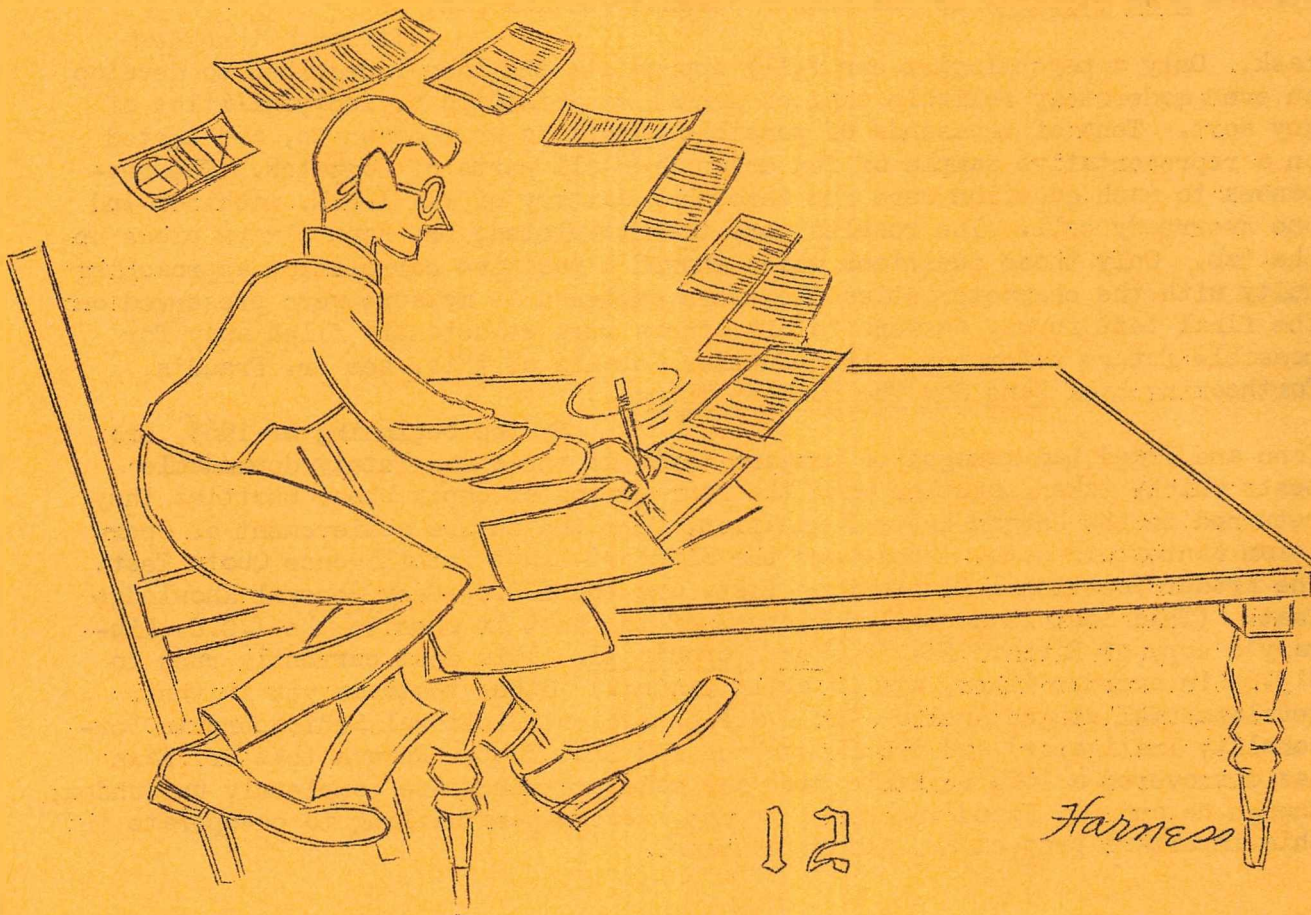
Operation Fantest

X-14, 19Ft, R.A.P., M.Y.O.E., 37

c/o General Delivery, Military Maternity Ward,
Devil's Island.

/Officer's Division,

The Personal Information Sheet is very important; it is designed to ~~provide~~ provide the testers with background information regarding the ~~subject~~ subject which is essential to the proper scoring of test results. Remember to answer all the questions on it if you want to get your \$15.00 worth.



PERSONAL INFORMATION SHEET

(Please fill out and enclose with \$15.00)

All answers will remain STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

I. PERSONAL

Name (write surname first, then Christian and Pagan names, if any): _____

Address (if any): _____

City, Zone, and State/Province/Local Equivalent: _____

Age (in lustra): _____ Race (Human or other): _____

Sex (M., F., N., or other -- if latter, please specify): _____

Marital Status (single, committed, hitched, divorced, uncertain): _____

Number of Children (unmarried applicants need not answer this question): _____

Religion (Foofooist, Ghuist, or Rosconian) : _____

((Worshippers of Pal Jesus initial here: _____))

Are you a High School Graduate? _____ A College Graduate? _____

Why? _____

Occupation: _____ Social Security Number: _____

Hobbies: _____

Are you a FAN? _____ If not, why not? (No excuses accepted): _____

II. HEALTH

Is your health good, bad, indifferent, or unsettled? _____

Do you suffer from flat feet, headaches, or deliquescence of the left eyeball? (Specify.): _____

Have you ever suffered from Stigwort's Disease? _____

Have you ever suffered from Gafia? (Give particulars): _____

Have you ever suffered, period? _____

Are your armpits rising or falling? _____

Do you hold a Certificate of Sanity signed by a reputable psychiatrist? _____

Is it your own or borrowed? _____

Comments (please do not write in this space): _____

III. SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS

Are you socially conscious or unconscious? (Specify): _____

To what organizations, subversive or otherwise, do you belong? _____

Are you a Fully Certified Sex Fiend? _____

If not, why not? _____

Did you vote for Ike when he was sick? (This question need not be answered by Democrats, John Birchers, or any other non-residents of the United States in 1956): _____

Have you ever served a prison term, and how long? _____

If not, why not? _____

Comments (Please do not write in this space): _____

IV. FOR FEMALE APPLICANTS ONLY

Bust measurement (inches): _____ Waist: _____ Hips: _____

Hair colour: _____ Eye colour: _____ Telephone: _____

What nights are you available for research? _____

Comments (PLEASE do NOT write in this space!): _____

THE SLANFORD-BINET INTELLIGENCE QUOTA TEST

1. THING PROUD AND FAN A BE IT LONELY TO A IS.
If the above words are rearranged to form a sentence, its fourth word is:
A. fan B. thing C. obliterate D. misspelled _____
2. The word characterizing the relationship of the gostak to the doshes is:
A. distilling B. dimming C. dehydrating D. goshwowboyoboy _____
3. What is the square root of 4sj?
A. N3F B. 102% Fan C. South Gate in '58! D. It's not square, it's round! _____
4. Yngvi is a:
A. slan B. registered trademark C. nice guy D. souse _____
5. HANG FROM THE CEILING AND DRIP GREEN!
This quaint folk saying means:
A. Hello, nice to meet you. B. The morning after the night before.
C. Emshwiller's been at it again. D. (CENSORED) _____
6. FIRST FANDOM, SECOND FANDOM, THRID FANDOM, FOURTH FANDOM, FIFTH FANDOM, ...
The next term in the above sequence is:
A. 7th Fandom B. Type Fifteen Fan C. 200th Fandom
D. The Year of the Jackpot _____
7. The opposite of "dirty pros" is:
A. clean poetry B. Rosconians C. sorp ytrid D. who cares? _____
8. Fans are to slans as Shaver is to:
A. deros B. Cthulthu C. a vombis D. Twonk's disease _____
9. Which of the following words can not be made up entirely from letters contained in the word QWERTYUIOP?
A. qwert B. yuiop C. poiuytrewq D. potrzebie _____
10. FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE.
One and only one of the following quotations does not have the same meaning as the above statement. Indicate it.
A. I! Yog-sothoth!
B. Just like a Daugherty project except it will actually happen.
C. Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged.
D. Fandom is just a goddamned hobby. _____
11. E^2S 1984 ∞ 4E
Which of the above numerical expressions is the largest?
A. 4E B. 4E C. 4E D. 4E _____
12. The second day of the week is:
A. Tuesday B. Mundane C. Fannish D. A, what else? _____
13. (DELETED BY C.C.F. BOARD OF CENSORS)

14. Mis to Was U is to:
A. me B. XXX C. C D. everyone else _____
15. MOSKOWITZ, TUCKER, MARILYN MONROE, BLOCH
Which of the above does not belong with the others?
A. Moskowitz B. Tucker C. Bloch D. Moskowitz _____
16. SAVAGE, _____, DEFIANT AND CONTEMPTUOUS.
Which of the following words best fills the blank in the
above quotation?
A. sullied B. sodden C. sercon D. Cheech _____
17. Which of the following expressions is the most nearly synonymous
with the term DIACYBERSEMNETIMANTICS ?
A. Holy Mackerel! B. Pseudopsycholinguavitology
C. Null-Everything D. Campbell's Folly _____
18. EX-CHAIRMAN OF THE LIVERPOOL SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY
What is the letter following the second F in the above familiar
expression?
A. M B. A C. OO D. R _____
19. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, __, 13, 14, 15, ...
The omitted term in the above complex numerical sequence is:
A. omitted B. in invisible ink C. x D. guess what! _____
20. Fan is to Fen as Pro is to:
A. crud B. JWC C. prose D. himself _____

THE KRUDER VOCATIONAL DESPERATION TEST

(Instructions: In each question choose which of the three alternatives listed most appeals to you and which least appeals to you. Indicate preference by sticking pins in wax doll of test administrator.)

1. A. Read Analog
B. Read Sixgun Stories
C. Read Operation Fantest
2. A. Attend a Con (Worldcon)
B. Organize a Con (Westercon)
C. Be a Con (Sing-Sing Con)
3. A. Meet Ray Palmer
B. Meet Richard S. Shaver
C. Meet the author of this test
4. A. Write for fanzines
B. Write for Prozines
C. Write for FREE GIFTS!
5. A. Suck eggs
B. Stick pins into rotten avacadoes
C. Visit California

6. A. See no evil.
 B. Hear no evil.
 C. Do no evil.
7. A. Go to Hell.
 B. Go to Hades.
 C. Go to Pyrrhus.
8. A. Quirtle.
 B. Platt quatts.
 C. Suffer a cortico-thalamic pause.
9. A. Practice the piano.
 B. Practice practicality.
 C. Practice free love.
10. A. Tell the truth.
 B. Tell lies.
 C. Tell Mommy.
11. A. Shut up!
 B. Shut up!
 C. SHUT UP!
12. A. Eat asparagus.
 B. Have poison ivy rubbed on the soles of your feet.
 C. Make up your mind on this ticklish point.
13. (CENSORED!!! -- THE C.C.F. IS STILL AT IT!)
14. A. Find out what question 13 was.
 B. Not find out what question 13 was.
 C. Find out what the C.C.F. is.
15. A. Write a four-hour symphony for a 300-piece orchestra using
 a 12-tone scale.
 B. Write an Italian translation of The Demolished Man entirely
 in rhyming couplets.
 C. Write an editorial for Analog.
16. A. Publish fanzines.
 B. Read fanzines.
 C. Ignore fanzines.
17. A. Get this test over with.
 B. Learn to play the flute using your toes for fingering.
 C. Have twins.
18. A. Learn how to read.
 B. Learn how to write.
 C. Learn how to make money.
19. A. Be kissed by 4E.
 B. Be kicked by 4E.
 C. Be killed by 4E.

20. A. Raise worms.
 B. Raise Hell.
 C. Go back and do this test all over.

THE I.C.C.-ENEY GENERAL KNOWLEDGE TEST

1. Who are the Big Three?
 A. The U.K., the U.S., and the U.S.S.R.
 B. Ford, General Motors, and American Motors.
 C. Analog, F&SF, and Galaxy.
 D. Asimov, Bloch, and Garrett.
2. Who sawed Courtney's boat?
 A. Eney B. DAG C. Roscoe D. It should be "seen". not "sawed".
3. The correct spelling of KTEIC is:
 A. cteik B. ktiec C. ketic D. Top Secret
4. Why?
 A. Why not? B. Yeah, why? C. Whaddya mean, why?
 D. Good question.
5. What are the symptoms of Stigwort's Disease?
 A. Nonexistant. B. Prolonged gafiation. C. Falling of
 the armpits. D. Walter on the Willis.
6. !NOX L.NEHV 'AESON
 The above cautionary admonition is in:
 A. High Martian B. poor taste C. -decipherable D. Esperanto
7. I have a cosmic mind -- now what do I do?
 A. Think again. B. Gafiate. C. Consult a psychiatrist.
 D. Consult JWC.
8. FANDOM MARCHES ON.
 Who originated this famous saying?
 A. Confucius. B. Hoy Ping Pong. C. The Elves, Gnomes, and
 Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society.
 D. April Bell.
9. What is the true recipe for crottled greeps?
 A. An omlette made with caviar.
 B. Chocolate cake in hot tomato soup.
 C. Wheat thins smeared with cheese-and-bacon spread and
 strawberry jam.
 D. Fried pigs' eyeballs drenched in blog-and-marshmallow
 sauce and garnished with raw parsnips and tender
 young sprigs of poison ivy.
10. "Where there's a Willis there's a Walt" is an ancient Erse
 proverb. The correct translation is:
 A. Not Oblique but Obliterine.
 B. Hyphen are never sober.
 C. Either you Slall or you Slant.
 D. This means WAW!

11. What is the best prescription for a Virgin Cow?
A. Able semen. B. Wrai Ballard. C. A calving knife.
D. (DELETED BY CENSOR)
12. What was the Great Stationary Duel?
A. A giant immovable diamond.
B. A battle fought with paper darts at three paces.
C. The match following the Great Stationary Singles.
D. Speer's Spoliation.
13. (THIS REALLY IS AN UNLUCKY NUMBER, ISN'T IT? SIGNED, THE C.C.F.)
14. What is the customary reproductive process utilized in fandom?
A. Hektography. B. Mitosis. C. S-X D. Wishful thinking.
15. SAY SOMETHING IN CANADIAN.
The suitable response to this request would be:
A. Klaatu borada nikto. B. Yankee, go home! C. Sorry,
I'm a Martian citizen. D. Go to Hell!
16. "The sport of Kings" is usually considered to be the hunting of:
A. Queens. B. Princesses. C. Grulzaks. D. Golf balls.
17. What was "The Immortal Storm"?
A. Hurricane Hazel. B. Butterfly fandom. C. Moskowitz's
Microcosm. D. A spoon in a teacup.
18. What is the seventh of the Fen Commandments?
A. Thou shalt not comment upon adultery unless thou canst
do so without being sued.
B. Thou shalt not drink up the bheer before I get there.
C. Thou shalt not do what thou shalt not do.
D. Unprintable.
19. Is it really Eney's fault?
A. Yes. B. No. C. Yes-and-no. D. Don't ask me!
20. What do you think of this test?
WARNING: ALL ANSWERS TO THIS QUESTION WILL BE TAKEN
DOWN AND USED AS EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU.
A. Stupid. B. Stupid. C. Stupid. D. This means you, Stupid!

--Julian Reid

BACK TO THE GATE IN '68!

FOLLOW THE GOLDBRICK ROAD!

"I come from the city of Berkeley,
The home of the Breen and the Sod --
Where haLevy speaks only to Rogers,
And Donaho thinks he is God."

A Walk Through Infinity



GREYBEARD by Brian W. Aldiss. Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc, 1964. 245 pp., \$4.50.

The novel of world catastrophe is one of the most popular subgroups within the science fiction genre. Men come and go, but as both the author of Ecclesiastes and George R. Stewart have noted, Earth abides despite worldwide floods, droughts, vegetation blights, renegade planets and atomic wars. Novels such as Stewart's, Max Erlich's The Big Eye, Fritz Leiber's The Wanderer, Wilson Tucker's The Long Loud Silence, and others have made catastrophe profitable both financially and at times literarily for American authors, but it is the English who have made the most of destroying the world. Authors such as John Wyndham, John Christopher, J. G. Ballard and even such second-raters as Charles Eric Maine have successfully devoted a major portion of their novelistic output to stories of world catastrophe.

After all these books, one would assume that the field had been pretty well exhausted -- that, in its own terms, the field would now be fallow and those who had once fed on it would become extinct. But Brian Aldiss, an English writer who has not notably written in this sub-genre before, has now come up with a book which is both original and hauntingly effective.

In Greybeard, the human race has been rendered sterile by a sudden overdose of radioactivity in the year 1981. Life goes on for those who are alive already, but no children will be born henceforth, either to humans or to most of the higher mammals.

A less imaginative author would tell the resulting story as a straight thriller about panic and riots, the breakdown of the patterns

of civilization, unavoidable anarchy and despair and eventual barbarity -- through all of which a hero, who alone among the rabble of humanity maintained his integrity and dignity, would fight his way to make a new dawn for the race. Aldiss, however, has a more exciting conception.

Greybeard opens in the year 2029, by which time the panic and riots have long since abated and the remnants of humanity, the youngest of whom are now middle-aged, have settled down to living out their lives and working out their individual philosophies or faiths of life. Civilization has indeed broken down, and the population has been decreased not only by plague and violence, but also -- and more frighteningly -- by the loss of the balance of birth and death. Now when a man dies, there is no baby born in the world to balance the statistics; it is one more human life irreplacably gone.

Algy Timberlane, the protagonist of the book, "had a thick grizzled beard that grew down almost to his navel, where it had been cut sharply across. Because of this beard he was known a Greybeard, although he lived in a world of greybeards. But his high and almost bald head lent emphasis to the beard, and its texture, barred as it was with stripes of black hair sprouting thickly from the jaw line and fading out lower down, made it particularly noticeable in a world no longer able to afford other forms of personal adornment." Greybeard, as a matter of fact, is only fifty-four years old, which makes him one of the youngest men alive; his wife Martha is the same age. They have not given in to the hopeless lassitude which has taken most of their neighbors; they still feel youthful if not precisely young, and this feeling drives them to begin a picaresque journey from their isolated village down the Thames River to see the sea and, symbolically, life itself.

There is a great deal of symbolism in the book, and even more of philosophy -- but these are integral to the book's conception and humanity's condition. At the end of life there must be an accounting, a toting-up and a conclusion, and in Greybeard all of the characters are consciously or unconsciously concerned with this. There are religious fanatics, intellectual dilettantes, egocentric poseurs, and senile madmen, all acting out their conceptions of personal and racial worth or guilt in alternately humorous and apocalyptic scenes. What each of them has to say is relevant to the human condition not only of Aldiss' posited 2029 but of any age: we are all dying, after all, from the moment we draw our first breaths, and we must all face these questions if we are human.

The secondary characters in the book are at times too broadly drawn, so that they emerge from the page as caricatures, but both the physical features of the world of 2029 and the mood of the land are fitting backdrops for the grotesque. Already cities and towns are becoming overgrown with vegetation, rivers have become dammed and have flooded whole areas, and the smaller predatory animals, their larger natural enemies extinct, have multiplied and become a menace. Travellers pass on tales of gnomes in the woods.

The primary characters, Greybeard and Martha, are superbly drawn and thoroughly believable. Greybeard is an intelligent man, and a man of action, but he is no stereotyped hero. He can make mistakes, and he is sometimes plagued by self-doubts. At one point is upset by the realization that he is almost glad the Accident took place -- for it has made a less complex and regimented world where an individualist like himself can develop fully. Yet at another he berates himself as a failure throughout his life, and it takes Martha's blend of wit and sense to restore his spirits.

There are two flashbacks in the book, which serve the dual function of showing us intermediary periods in the collapse of civilization and, in counteraction, the development of Greybeard's and Martha's characters and the relationship between the couple. The latter function is admirably achieved -- they are each, in earlier periods, clearly different people yet with the seeds of their later personalities -- but the world-picture is less successful. The idea that an executive of a recording company whose clientele is primarily teenaged would commit suicide when teenagers no longer exist, for example, is over-dramatic and naive -- obviously the man would simply change his company's records to a type which would appeal to an older age-group. And it's in a flashback that we encounter the group called Documentation of Universal Contemporary History (English wing) -- otherwise known as DOUCH(E), which is about as forced a pun, given the premise of the book, as one could imagine.

But these are cavils at portions of the book which are only secondary. The essential story is that of the trip of Greybeard, his wife and companions down the Thames, of the adventures and the people they meet. Aldiss displays a fertile imagination throughout in his invention of characters and situations: the mountebank Bunny Jingadangelow at Swifford Fair who later becomes a last-days messiah bringing hope to the credulous but none to himself; Norsgrey, "a lively octogenarian...a sprightly grotesque with a tatter of red and violet capillaries running from one cheekbone to another over the alp of his nose,"; a widower who keeps a she-badger that he's "rather too fond of", as Jingadangelow puts it; the over-bearing Oxford dons who preserve and censor what's left of English culture; and many more, all sharply drawn individuals who are if anything larger than life, in the evening of the human race.

Aldiss' writing style is controlled and frequently poetic, a remarkably effective evocation of a world without a future -- a thoroughly alien Earth because one's orientation must be totally different from any you and I have known. His descriptions of the river and encroaching countryside have all the grace of the traditional English celebrations of nature -- a grotesque Wind in the Willows. Yet he can turn around and present images filled with civilized wit: "He was a tall man, broad-shouldered and stooped, with a nervous nod to his head and a countenance so lined it looked as if it had been patiently assembled from bits of string."

The result is a novel of genuine literary merit, by the standards of the science fiction field or any other -- and yet it's a novel which also has its full measure of that most important of all science fiction qualities, a sense of wonder.

--Terry Carr

=====

WHITE LOTUS by John Hersey. Knopf, 1965. 683 pp., \$6.95.

This book seems to have been written for the high IQ person with lots of disregard for the average reader. The book is a cross between science fiction and fantasy, and is based on historical reality.

The heroine is packed off to China on a slave ship and sold to an aristocratic family in Peking. The United States has been defeated by "the yellows" and a syndicate has been lawlessly ruling the U.S. White Lotus finds herself in a strange society with ancient customs, dress, and government. The Communists are not seen throughout the story until the revolution, or more correctly, civil war, which is

clearly patterned on ours of 1861-65. There is the underground railroad, draft riots, carpetbaggers, and the Ku Klux Klan.

The heroine is very attractive, and the reader is willing to go with her on long dangerous adventures; we share her love affairs, her rebellions, and her friendship with others and with life. Hersey has succeeded in imagining a white as a slave, but in his drawing he sometimes comes too close to the American Negro stereotype. Most novels of this type are bold and racy but Hersey piles detail on detail until he crushes the life out of the story. This is a well-intentioned book, and, in the basic insight that motivated it, as such a true one. But the author tries to be both an author and a social critic, and trying for both he fails at both. The readers are left with sympathy for the attempt but not for the product.

--Stephen Barr

=====

THE POST READER OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION selected by the Editors.
Curtis, 311 pp.

The Saturday Evening Post, one of the mass-magazines which in the 1940's began to be receptive to well-written science fiction and fantasy, has brought out its first collection devoted entirely to the genre. The anthology is a curious one; it's a hodge-podge of good stories and bad, old ones and new, by "in" authors and mainstream ones. The one characteristic each has in common with its fellows is literacy. In some cases this saves an otherwise mediocre story, but a few aren't so lucky.

There are twenty stories, ranging from Conrad Richter's "Dr. Hanray's Second Chance", an incredibly asinine and confusing story, to Robert A. Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth", one of the few really great narratives in the field of "honest" science fiction.

Other authors familiar in this genre are Will F. Jenkins/Murray Leinster, present with one deadly-menace-averted-in-the-nick-of-time story that the better fanzines would have rejected, and another and thoroughly different type of tale that is actually funny and tongue in cheek at the same time; Ward Moore, with "The Second Trip to Mars", entertaining in its way; and Philip Wylie, with a rather silly novelette about what happens when an atomic test kills an angel. (I don't know how you kill something that's already dead, but Wylie managed it. Possibly the whole story is a satire on stories that take science to task in the name of religion -- Wylie is a well-known iconoclast.)

The contemporary writers represented are an impressive cross-section of the Post's most famous contributors. "The Place of the Gods", by Stephen Vincent Benet, is an exceptionally good yarn about man's regression to barbarism after the Big Bomb, and a young warrior's discovery of his species' former greatness. It reminds me of nothing so much as Andre Norton's Star Man's Son, in style, theme, and resolution of conflict. Gerald Kersh, who could have been included in the preceding paragraph, has a highly amusing story, "The Unsafe Deposit Box", which is as far from the usual slant of the Post as anything else in the book; it is more in the vein of the fiction found in Scientific American in its early days. Geoffrey Household, who I am told is a prize-winning mystery writer, is a stylistic twin to L. Sprague de Camp -- I'd have been willing to bet that they were one and the same, before learning of Household's other talents. "The Lost Continent" is a monolog sort of thing much like deCamp's "A Gun For Dinosaur".

and recede into two-dimensionality or less. There are perhaps three moments when Farmer's old gift for probing his characters' psyches becomes apparent, but these moments are fleeting indeed.

The action throughout is wooden. Great battle scenes are described perfunctorially, and from a distance. Climactic confrontations of characters are handled as follows:

For at least a minute Broward was speechless, his gaze fixed on the speaker as if he could not believe what had come from it. Then, his face bright red, he roared out obscenities and threats. The veins on his neck were purple columns. He shook his fist, he dredged up every foul name he could think of, and he also told Scone his true sentiments about Scone's methods and philosophies.

It would be hard to find more pallidly wooden writing than this in any contemporary piece of science fiction. And that is hardly an isolated example. Phrases reminiscent of THE ROVER BOYS AT SCHOOL abound: "He kissed her briefly on the lips and walked away. However, he was not to return as quickly as he had hoped." Although the plot is full of potentially climactic scenes, all are handled with a similarly dull and plodding manner, as though Farmer had sat down one hot evening to grind out so many thousand words, and had not glanced back once over the finished product.

Indeed, everything about this book suggests it was single-drafted, and ground out as quickly and with as little effort as possible. For instance, a star-hopping ship is described as spherical and with earth's continents painted upon its exterior in the opening pages, but at the end of the book it is "cigar shaped"; obviously Farmer lost track of the details.

A book of this nature, if it had to be published at all, should've been issued under a pseudonym, both to protect Farmer's reputation and the pocketbooks of those who, like myself, have made it a practice to buy all his books on the basis of past performances.

On the other hand, this book has been a sobering experience for me: I'll think twice before buying the next Farmer.

--Ted White

=====

A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING by Alva Rogers. Advent, 1964. 224 pp., \$6.00.

This finely printed book is one of the first in a series of new volumes and reprints that Advent is publishing. They have done a wonderful job publishing this but... for six dollars... couldn't they have put on a color cover instead of a black and white one? Oh well, this is still the best fan publication you can find anywhere.

The author, fan Alva Rogers, has done a great job in going through the issues of Astounding from 1930 to 1959 and setting down his observations about the leader of the magazine science fiction field. The style is easy to read (if it weren't you'd be bored to death) and is very informative. Rogers adds touches here and there that only a fan would know about and these add greatly to the book.

The volume is lead off by the author's preface which gives you some idea of why this book is coming to be and why it came to be. It is followed by the three guest editorials. The first is by Harry Bates, who launched the baby Astounding Stories of Super-Science and built it up step by step. The second editorial is by F. Orlin Tremain, and he relates how he helped to build up the stable of Astounding's top writers and moved the magazine to the forefront as the top sf magazine. The third editorial is by that famous editor who is with us today, John W. Campbell, who took over a declining magazine and helped to level it out as a mature one instead of a pulp.

The meat of the book comes next, and Rogers recalls and relates the story of Astounding, with an outside comparison to the other zines in the field at different times. He also discusses the stories in depth and the authors in general. The book is enhanced with illustrations from old issues and reproductions of several covers. However, the covers are bent and frayed ones that have been taped over and this clearly shows up in the pictures. Surely there are some issues in the world that aren't mutilated.

The author doesn't pull any punches about Astounding, and relates facts about things that show this is an honest interpretation of the magazine. The only thing you can pick at (outside of a few minor errors) is that this book is not the definitive analysis of Astounding, it is just nostalgic recollections mixed in with a few facts. I hope this doesn't keep someone from writing the real analysis of Astounding, because I would like to see one, as would most other fans. This is a fascinating book, however, and everyone who calls himself a fan should have it on his shelves.

--Stephen Barr

-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-

"There was death afoot in the darkness.

It crept furtively along a steel girder. Hundreds of feet below yawned glass-and-brick-walled cracks -- New York streets. Down there, late workers scurried homeward. Most of them carried umbrellas, and did not glance upward.

Even had they looked, they probably would have noticed nothing. The night was black as a cave bat. Rain threshed down monotonously. The clammy sky was like an oppressive shroud wrapped around the tops of the tall buildings.

One skyscraper was under construction. It had been completed to the eightieth floor. Some offices were in use.

Above the eightieth floor, an ornamental observation tower jutted up a full hundred and fifty feet more. The metal work of this was in place, but no masonry had been laid. Girders lifted a gigantic steel skeleton. The naked beams were a sinister forest.

It was in this forest that Death prowled.

Death was a man."

--Kenneth Robeson
("The Man of Bronze") Doc Savage Magazine, 1933.

.. ((There's color and sense-of-wonder for you, Ted White, at least to my way of thinking. Other readers, compare this with the passage quoted on p. 24, and consider the difference between "blah" and "bazazz". --Taj))

PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY starts on the next page, but we have this letter separate. It's not a letter to SHAGGY, but to the LASFS Newsletter. It should be published in the Newsletter, but a) it's too long, and b) it's too good. To be honest, I wanted to show it off to a wider audience. The letter is dated 11 February 1965.

Dear Mr. Johnstone:

Since Labor Day 1964 I find myself more or less regularly receiving your LASFS Newsletter. Right now (it is just after dinner and I am drinking a fine Northern California white table wine) I want to say that this is for me an unexpected and novel sensation, and that I find it surprisingly interesting. I appreciate it. If it is not a drain on your stamp resources, just keep sending it.

From occasional contacts, I understand that I am a hoary, historical figure in your ancient mythology. This despite the fact that I am only 42. But then, I was only 13 when I first went into the Little Brown Room in Clifton's Cafeteria. I wish I were 13 again. (With what I've lived since, a preposterous wish, of course.)

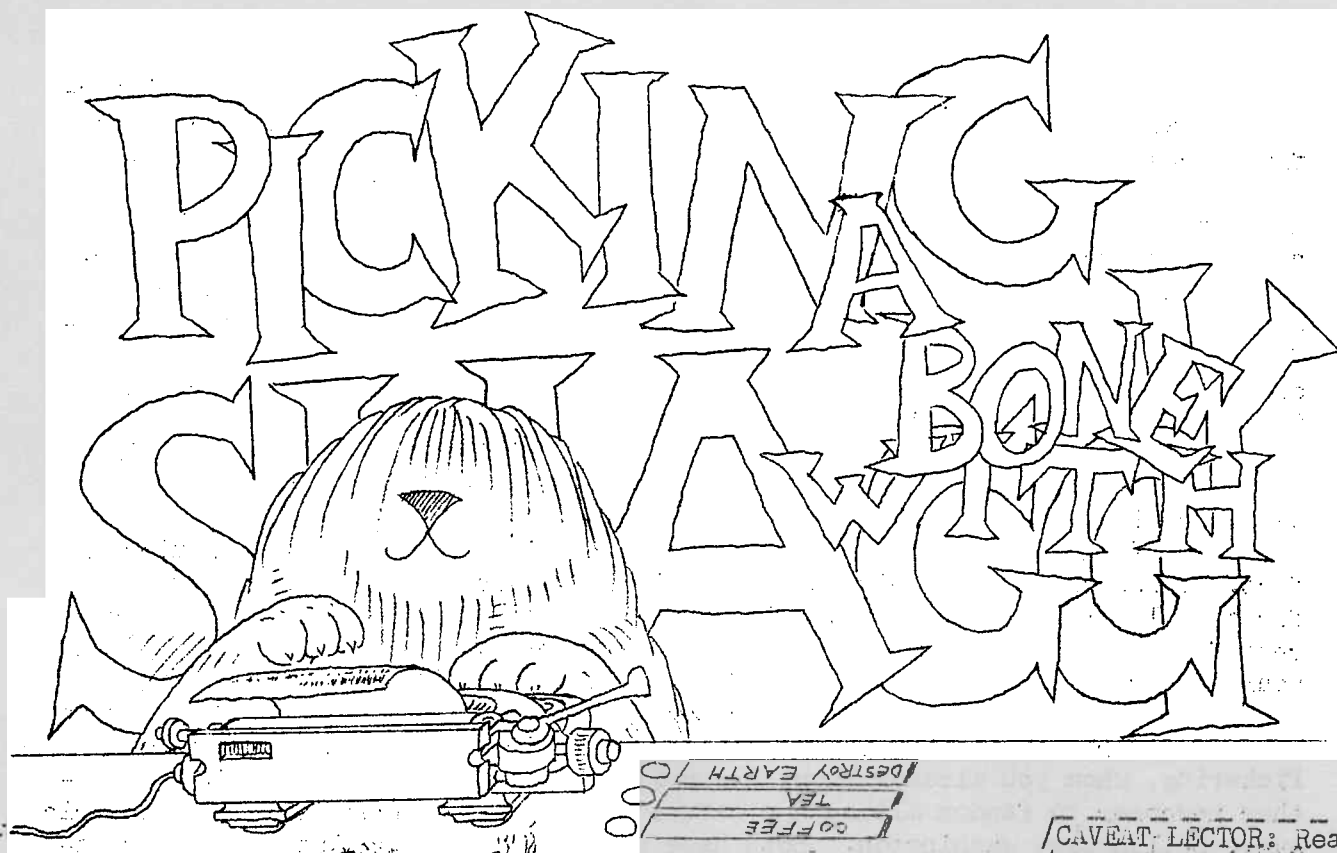
I also hear (the grapevine of life has long roots) that someone is, or has, taken/taking the trouble to issue my old LASFS notes as secretary between 1938/1943. I should like to see this. If copies are not available, I would like to be loaned one. My eyes have not set sight upon those pages since 1944, at which time I was using them in subversive activities involving the Laney-Knanve-Bronson-Yerka palace revolution against the Ackerman-Morojo-Daugherty stalwarts. We were all fairly sick in 1943/44, and from a look at your Newsletter, I distinctly garner the impression that the mental health of fandom is far superior to that of some of us then.

You should not imagine that I am a "fan" in any contemporary sense anymore. I do read an occasional paperback, but that is all. On the other hand, those marvelous years of budding and forming were for me spent wholly in fandom, and I could not for a moment ignore the wonderful bit of me that is there because of them. The friends, the setting, the hopes and dreams, the battles, the time of the world itself, the satisfactions and pleasures (though often malicious), the direction -- also the arrogances, egoism and vanity. Imagine clashing head-on with Heinlein at the age of 17, and having him calling for his lawyer. Stupid but much fun!

Your address on Hobart is right near where once (if not now) was an Ollie Hammond's Steak House -- one spring day in 1944 Phil Bronson and I met Adolph deCastro there in the morning, to receive from him some Lovecraft letters for a projected publication. It never came off. Where the letters are, I do not know.

Senescently, /s/ T. Bruce Yerke

((It seems rare to find an ex-fan who looks back on his time among us so happily. I regret to inform you, Mr. van Winkle, that things have not changed at all -- only the names. There are still petty feuds, revolutions, betrayals and backbiting... but what the hell, it's Fandom. // And Ollie Hammond's is half a block away; we eat there when we have money. // And thank you, T.B.Y. --Taj))



/CAVEAT LECTOR: Read /
/the editorial first./

Dear Ted;

You have my moral support for what it's worth. Seems to me that even in a clubzine if an editor is to do the work than he should have the right to edit and insert what he pleases. Of course, this would not extend to excluding stuff the Club or executive committee had voted to insert. But I feel rather indignant that after all your work you should be publicly censured for running the Coventry business. Not that I am a Coventry enthusiast but I am something of a Freedom of the Press enthusiast even in fangdom.

Alexei Panshin's article was fascinating in a way. Only trouble is if authors get all that good they stop writing science fiction. Not that the dead ends he criticises are peculiar to stf, as witness the Perry Mason series by Gardner, or the Mike Hammer series by Spillane. And I don't agree that the Oakie series was dead, at least not till the last of them. And even then Blish started another one that was as good or better than the earlier ones, although with totally different characters. And frankly I often wondered if the Oakie series couldn't have gone on forever if they had switched to a different city once in a while with an entirely different set of basic problems. And different characters and motivations, of course. For instance a city of Mormons, of Jehovahs Witnesses, Beatniks, Science Fiction fans, or one of the occult Yoga cults. Or describe what happened when one of these cities came across earth-type worlds with no people on them, and just settled down and populated the place. Presto -- instead of an Oakie city you would have an Oakie world, with spindizzies and all.

I too read all of Edgar Rice Burroughs books when they first came out and even today am moved to pick up some of the Ace or Ballantine editions. Only trouble is that rereading the old ones does not recapture the same thrill; just a partial nostalgia for the really heroic heros ERB specialized in. However, I suspect that the reader of today, particularly the youth who has not had a chance to have his tastes jaded by the more sophisticated and worldly characters of more recent Science Fiction or Fantasy might well get the same thrill that we got forty years ago.

I didn't find DAVY nearly as fascinating as Barr did. It was interesting, although in some places I felt the story dragged. Also the frequent flashbacks and interjections somehow took some of the zest from the story.

Ruth Berman wrote a nice review but the trouble is FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD has been reviewed to death already. I've often suspected that Heinlein has a ghost writer to finish his stories for him so he can get on to another. Especially in CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY and PODKAYNE OF MARS did this appear to be so. The last episodes of both novels appeared to be written by a totally different personality -- as though Heinlein had sketched in the plot but let some one else dub in the action. I've often wondered how many other readers had the same impression, or if I'm alone in this idea.

Why not write E.E. Smith himself for additional information on his books? He's a grand old man of SF and would probably be glad to help in any way he could.

I thought the Coventry story pretty fair fan fiction as a matter of fact. I wouldn't mind seeing another episode or two, but do hope you won't go for a really long novel thing. Finish the present story and then let Coventry rest for a year and then perhaps run something else. I'm afraid both you and your readers will get pretty sick of it if you go overboard too much.

Maybe I'm just talking through my hat as the saying goes, but why not make an effort to get some really superior fan fiction for SHAGGY? Stephen Pickering, whom you already know, has written some pretty good stuff, and another newcomer to fandom although a mature fan, is Wayne Greenough, 2241 Electric Ave., Bellingham, Washington. Both have a number of manuscripts already written and if requested might be willing to let you look at them at least. Not that I am suggesting you make a "fiction" zine out of SHAGGY, but that variety is the spice of life and some good fiction would adequately substitute for the Coventry thing when you've finished Harness's series. For that matter you have enough talented people right there in LASFS to turn out some pretty darn good fiction if you spur them to work at it.

Well, that's my LOC such as it is, and permit me to hope you'll continue editing SHAGGY in spite of the rough time you had at a recent LASFS meeting over the Coventry stories. I think you did a very good job indeed and should have been getting a pat on the back and some appreciation rather than a kick in the pants like that for all the time and effort you put in. And SHAGGY will of course go out with the very next Fanzine Clearing House bundle leaving here.

Fanatically yours,
/s/ Seth A Johnson

((Yes, LASFS is full of talented people. It is also full of lazy ones. In fact, there is almost a one-to-one correspondence. For five months, since the last issue, I have been reminding them to supply their own club magazine with materiel. I have gotten not one word on paper from anyone, although the ones who yelled the loudest against the Coventryarn have also been the loudest in promises of materiel. I held up this issue a month and a half because I believed them. Foolish, wasn't it? Of course, when I hand out this at LASFS, they will be very angry because I didn't tell them I was going to publish this week so they could prepare their materiel. They think they're so great the magazine deadlines don't apply to them.

SHAGGY is primarily a LASFS Clubzine. But if I waited for LASFS to come up with materiel to fill it, the ice in Sheol would be three feet thick before I got five manuscript pages together.

So SHAGGY has had to depend on outside contributions almost exclusively. The two artists here in residence at the Lab will illustrate and do headings if I stand over them. The Coventryarn was the only piece of textual material anyone in LASFS has supplied SHAGGY. --Taj}}

Dear Ted & Shaggy #70;

Having not been to meeting for the past quarter I find my self more a subscriber than a member, and feel I better contribute at least a few words of comment, before I am due to be dropped... (Maybe you weren't thinking of dropping me, but if I were your circulation editor, I would.)

Exalcent
cover by Don, though just a bit faint on my copy. I'm glad to see Shaggy sticking with the un-cluttered policy of cover art.

Ted, when you are being editor of Shaggy, I wish you wouldn't smoke cigars. No, my copy doesn't have ashes in it... but the picture reminds me of EEEvans -- who was a fine fellow and all that, but nothing at all like you -- and I preferr it that way. ((That sketch of me that adorned the editorial page lastish was a year or more old; Luise made it during a Diplomacy game. She'd never even heard of EEEvans. And anyway, I don't mouth my cigar like a long-lost friend. Natheless, the sketch is struck. --Taj}}

Panshin's article makes some good points. I don't agree though that "template" series are bad, even when collected into one book. A good number of my favorite stories are part of these kind of series. And were would detective stories be with out the "template" hero, such as Mr. Holmes? Or how about Galager (?), Kuttners' drunken genius? == The falt here is not that the author writes about a charater that doesn't change, but that the reader may read to much at one time. The quickest way I have found to lose my interest and taste for a series is to get a number of them together and read them one after another. I've done this with Asimov's "City" series, and the books of Thorne Smith and John Dickson Carr (though not to the extent of loseing my taste, perminetly). -- And after all, the stories weren't written to be read that way. It is the readers falt if he reads to much at one setting and the subject starts to cloy him. == The real answer to Alexei's problem is to always read the story in the original form, i.e. magazine. That's the way I do it. ((What about that other series detective who fits the description as well as Holmes? Of course you remember Simon Template? (Ugh!) --Taj}}

He doesn't mention another evil I have found -- though he makes it clear that the falts he covers are not the only one. The long novel that has from 2,000 to 5,000 words cut out of it so it can appear in magazine form, sex-eight months before appearing in book form. This is the same kind of editorial dishonesty as in #39; expansions.

I'm sure the fans of Burroughs enjoyed the letter by Rocklynne. I liked it, but not being familure with ERB, except second hand, I didn't/don't have much to say.

I've read or heard a couple reviews of Davy before, and was given the impression that it was one of the best books of the year. But from reading Barr's review I don't find anything that would make me want to read it. I

can't remember Pangborn for anything I've liked, and another post-war world story I can do without.

Berman's review of Heinlein's Freehold is good, and in agreement with all the other reviews I've seen. It is quite clear that there are absolutely no characters in the book that I would like, nor are the theories ones I'm interested in. The fact of there being no detailed description of the society or background removed the only other interest the book might have had for me. I'm just as pleased to read a panning review of a book I might have read, as to read praise of one I might have missed.

I don't understand what point Stine is trying to make. He seems to be attacking Ruth's remarks on "liberty", when it appears to me that she is merely reporting what she thinks are HRH's views. He also argues rather emotionally about "freedom" and "liberty" without any clear agreement between him and the reader as to just what either mean. At least not with this reader.

Root's review of Seconds is very well done, but I have some objection to reviews that tell you too much about the story. In showing what the story was doing, Jock just about tells everything that did happen. That is true with most of the reviews of Freehold, but with it seems more in the telling that what is told that makes the story, and beside the reviewers were not recommending the book. -- Again, not having read the book I can hardly argue Jock's opinion with much strength. It would seem to me though from what he says that it was more of a nightmare "Traped" theme, than a "It Could Happen" a la 1984. Stories like 1984 and On The Beach or even Dr. Strangelove not only "could happen", but we are able to see the seeds of their possible growth all around us. Seconds or Sorry, Wrong Number can fill us with terror as something that might happen to us allright, but no first step has taken.

The idea behind the story is rather interesting though. Some time ago I was thinking of suicide -- not my own, but the growing problem in the world. It seemed to me that there were roughly three main reasons for people taking their own life. First of all those who are really and legally, nuts. Then the group that do it because they are incurably ill or dying (not always the same). And lastly, those for whom the problems of the world have become just too much. -- There isn't much you can do for the first two, and the last kind is usually too wrapped up in his own self-pity to be helped. Be he disillusioned in love or overburdened with responsibilities, what he needs/wants, is to get out from under. There is no actual need to kill himself. All he needs to be is some one else. Society takes a dim view of people who shirk responsibilities, but even a dimmer view of suicide. So why couldn't the suicide prevention bureau, with the consent of three doctors, make the would be suicide into some one else?

As for "Thrilling Gondor Stories" -- well, my views on straight fiction in fanzines hasn't changed in ages. I don't care for it in principle, for the same reason many other fans don't. Running slow moving, continued stories is another strike against it. But Coventry!!!!

In view of what happened at club and what has appeared in fanzines I'd like to make my views clear. I for one can't now, and never could, see what all the fuss was about. I enjoyed talking about and thinking about Coventry, as an intellectual game. Tinker-toying a world background together. I never felt a strong attachment for it, let alone feel I was part of it. On the other hand I never saw what others had to object about. I'm afraid I still don't. Though if it is going

to cause trouble it is better dropped -- or kept within the circle of those interested. -- I frankly do not think anyone I know can write about Coventry so that it makes sense to people on the outside. There is such a wealth of conflicting detail that even the least of us knows, that I rank it nearly impossible to write and know what must be explained more and what can be let slide as mere background color. -- Regreatfull most of the enjoyment in reading Coventry stories comes from the finding the hidden references, and to some one who doesn't know them, it must be rather thin reading... But above all, it is fan fiction.

I'd like to make a suggestion for something I'd like to see in Shaggy. I've always thought some of the Minutes of LASFS should appear in Shaggy -- which wouldn't be new -- though these, when brief, are kind of dull. I was thinking about this, and with Bruce's publishing the Minutes, having them in Shaggy isn't so importen. But on the otherhand, the club, or large parts of it, does a lot of things outside of club meetings. In the old old days, Forry use to do a regular column of doing of the group. I was thinking, that with a stack of the recent Minutes and his own memory, almost any regular member could come up with two pages happenings. In fact it is a chore that could be assigned to a new and egger neo-fan. You could then earn your title by editorially polishing it into shape. And us stay-at-homes would know what had been happening.

Best wishes,

/s/ Rick Sneary

{{There are no more eager neo-fans in the LASFS. Anyone with a strong enthusiasm is put down as "un-cool", and soon gets over it. There are perhaps three people who might volunteer to try this column you suggest, if forced, and one of them might actually come up with a page or two of copy. Once. It's a fine idea, and if the LASFS ever gets new blood it might be feasible. I hope in a few years they'll remember the suggestion, and try it when SHAGGY is revived again. --Taj}}

{{The following was tucked in with a dollar bill. There was neither date nor salutation. The entire text ran as follows:}}

For sub. Scription, that is, not marine.

Poul Anderson

{{But it was followed by a very long and very enjoyable letter, which I read several times to several people and they all enjoyed the hell out of it.}}

Ho there Ted Johnstone, whoever you may be,

Trade? Trade? you ask. Why bless your bones and cigar, lad, of course we trade. Haven't I been trading for SHAGGY for, lo, these many years? Why, bless your bones and cigar, lad, of course I have. Regularly, it was. Up until a few months ago that is. When the previous editor, a fellow whose name slips my mind at the moment, decided to bury the zine I stopped sending...ah...er...well, whatever it was I was sending in trade for SHAGGY. Now, tell you what I'm going to do. Just because I like you, see? After all, you're a likeable lad and all that. I just happen to have on hand several copies of a great fanzine. Really great. I refer, of course, to none other than ARNIEKATZ #0 and for every issue of SHAGGY you send along why I'll send you a copy of ARNIEKATZ #0. It'll make you famous, boy. You'll go down in fanhistory as the only fan ever to have collected 942 copies

of ARNIEKATZ #0. Think of it, Johnstone, think of it! Now's your opportunity, boy, don't let it get away. If you'll just sign the contract I'm enclosing -- in triplicate, of course -- you'll have your chance to become one of the fan-nish greats. Yes.

250 names on the mailing list, eh? You're right, that's an awful lot of people. One of the awfulest lot of people I know and I know because I've met some of them. Awful lot. 250 names on the mailing list. Tsk, and the mailing list has moved to Washington, D.C. or somewhere back there in the East. Too bad, really. I thought a lot of him, you know. The mailing list, that is. Pay attention, boy. Fine fellow he was. Regret that he had to go East. But, we all got to go sometime, you know. I have confidence that, although it may leave him a bit scarred, he'll survive it. Good man, the mailing list. Former Marine, you know. Harrumph.

Now then, if you'll just explain a few things about the new old SHAGGY. For instance you say in your editorial there on page 3, "Subscription information is on page 3 with the table of contents." Well, boy, I want you to know that I went over page three very carefully. Very carefully. Even so far as to examining the smoke from your cigar through a microscope and I want to tell you that nowhere, absolutely nowhere, did I find any subscription information or table of contents. See here, Johnstone, what are you trying to pull? Are you trying to confuse the readership? Don't you realise that the readership is already thoroughly confused?

Now over here on page 4 with the colophon is the subscription information and table of contents. Colophon? You call that a colophon? That little bitty paragraph? Tsk, boy, you just don't know what a colophon is. Now for a real colophon take a look at Dynatron. Oh, not the current issue --- that's an unusual case -- but any of the past or future issues. Now there's a colophon. Why that reminds me of a story about Herr Schmidt who was trying to marry off his daughter to Baron von Frugglen and the Baron wanted to know if she was pure -- ah, but that's another story and we won't go into it here.

Enjoyed Panchin's article on literary dead ends. But, of course, it all depends on what the writer is striving for, doesn't it? Like, if he's just grinding out the words day after day to earn his bread then the writer doesn't care if the series is a dead end so long as the checks come in. And a series or series character can build up a following to such an extent that it is difficult to drop it. Cases in point include The Shadow who did the same things time after time after time but his fans were legion and this was what they expected and dead end or not the character was successful enough to go not only in the magazines but in books, movies and radio. And, of course, there is always Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street. Closer to home are such as the whole Edgar Rice Burroughs crew who went through the same motions again and again. I dunno how many times Tarzan lost his memory or fought the apes a whatever or how many times Dian the Beautiful was carried off to some far corner of Pellucidar or John Carter conquered all but this is what the readers expected. So it was a dead end. Ah, but for whom?

Quite agree, though, that sequels usually fall flat and that there are far too many fake novels around and they don't make the grade either. Good article.

Appreciated Rocklyne's letter on Burroughs. Well said.

Robert

Heinlein has done it again; written a book which has managed to stir up a storm of controversy and conflicting opinions. Here in "A Walk Through Infinity" we have Ruth Berman's discussion of FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD and Hank Stine's rather

confused rebuttal. As with STARSHIP TROOPERS, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and GLORY ROAD, there seem to be as many interpretations of FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD as there are readers of it. Is it a good book? It tells an interesting story but Heinlein has done better.

I'm afraid both Ruth and Hank lost me somewhere along the line. I doubt that there can be any real discussion of the book unless there is first a general agreement on what is meant by "freedom" and such an agreement is unlikely. Hank belittles Ruth's use of "innate freedom" calling it a contradictory phrase which it may or may not be. I interpret Ruth's use of the term to indicate that Hugh Farnham is like the lion, born free, which is to say, hmmm, undomesticated. (See Van Rijn's comments at the end of THE MASTER KEY.) Is Farnham free? It all depends. Stine equates freedom with responsibility (and that is contradictory). Farnham is free because he is responsible. To cite one example only, Farnham alone could have escaped from Ponce but because he felt responsible for Barbara and the twins he attempted to take them with him and did not escape. If he had been free to go on his own he could have made it; with the responsibility for his mistress and family, he didn't.

Stine says that Duke shirked responsibility and was happy in his captivity. Well, shirked responsibility for what? Duke offered during the cabin-building phase of the story to take the responsibility for Grace, thereby relieving Farnham of it. He was happy in captivity only after he had been "tempered" -- a shock great enough to change any man's character. Duke is supposed to be weak but he rebelled against Hugh's dictatorship in the shelter and accepted it only when faced with the alternative of death. That's not being weak -- that's being smart. Hugh Farnham's idea of freedom seems to be that freedom is okay for him as long as he is looking down your throat but when he's uncertain of his position he checks. FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD is a complex book full of complex characters. Stine ought to use some of his objectivism in a re-reading of it.

((If it is contradictory to equate freedom with responsibility, then you must equate freedom with irresponsibility. That's not right either, is it? Hank has communication trouble -- the only responsibility that equates with freedom is the responsibility for the results of your own actions. You are perfectly free to walk over a cliff, but if you avail yourself of that freedom you automatically accept the responsibility for your own broken neck. Any action has a result, and whoever performs the action is responsible for the result whether he likes it or not. The trouble is figuring out the results in advance.--Tajj))

I'm afraid I don't know enough about Coventry to appreciate Harness' fragments. I gather that their appearance in SHAGGY caused something of a controversy at LASFS. ((Message to the LASFS from the Master Sergeant at Arms: Let's maintain a little order there.)) There has been much written about Coventry apparently but it is seemingly scattered. A worthwhile fannish project for those interested in it might be to gather it all together under one cover and issue it for the benefit of fandom as a whole, the history, the ideas behind it, the stories and all. Hell, they might even get Advent to publish it. It marks, I think, a colorful phase of fandom and one not too well known outside of LA.

I note that Phil Castora is to be the letter editor. Howdy, Phil Castora. Let's maintain a little order in that letter column.

Oh yes, a copy of Dynatron is enclosed under separate cover as they say. Glad to have Shaggy back.

33 /s/ Roy Tackett

Dear Ted,

Since you are not going to run the rest of Harness' story I am glad I did not waste my time reading the thing in the first place. Would you explain the history behind Coventry as I am sure there are many like me who were not in fandom 4 years ago?

The rest of #70 was not up to the usual Shaggy quality. "Dead Ends" was fair but the rest of the articles were rather blah, and I would like to disagree with a few of your book reviews.

For a guy who has read "Davy" 50-90 times according to TB, Barr's review is definitely lacking. If Pangborn's style was so "fascinating" -- unlike any other the reader has "come across" in all his years of SF reading, it merely shows that he is rather young. He (Barr) also seemingly failed to recognize the fact that about 60% of the plot was lifted from Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" tho' I will agree the book probably deserves a Hugo. Mr. Stine's understanding of "Farnham's Freehold" is incredible. As I saw it the story was little more than "Swiss Family Robinson" with a love triangle thrown in.

It is good to see Shaggy again tho'.

/s/ Mike Irwin

((The complete history of Coventry in five volumes, one for each level, will be available from Fornchy Pubs very soon for \$25, sent in plain wrappers. The high price is to help cover the lawyer's fees when we get taken to court by the borderline psychotics who see themselves in the various antagonists invented by the various writers and who think Coventry is an evil plot to destroy them. --Taj))

Ted--

Enclosed be my resub to SHAGGY. I enjoyed Panshin's "Deadends" in #70 more than somewhat. It reminded me of a conversation some years back with a friend who works for World Publishing. He remarked that they were planning on bringing out a nice, fancy edition of the Sermon on the Mount, to sell for several nice, fancy dollars. Unfortunately, SOTH was just too short to justify this format. So, to body it out to a more commercial length, they had Norman Vincent Peale write a preface to the Sermon on the Mount. Now that I think of it, it seems that with an Epilogue, a few footnotes, and maybe an appended "Lives of the Authors" it could have been an even larger volume.

Immer,

/s/ Roger Zelazny

Dear Shaggy,

#70 was truly a wonderful issue. Within it I found humor, wit, a truly godly greatness.

And of course I also found Jack Harness's THRILLING GONDOR STORIES. I asked myself, I did, if this could be... could really be a Coventry story. Yes, it is. A Coventry story in ghod old SHAGGY (hold on a second, I'm going off and laugh...okay back to this LoC I'm done now).

It isn't as tho I read the story, so I won't say anything against it. But I did enjoy the little reading I did of it, I kind of jumped around, looking for something to hook my eyetracks on when I suddenly noticed that this Coventry story turned interesting, amazing, GREAT, but that was to be expected as I had reached the A HARD DAY'S NIGHT movie review. Oh well, I'm sure that is a Coventry story of somekind too... it must be.

The idea of sending money is an excellent one, may we all send out money to Ron Ellik for later issues of SHAGGY. If the

readers send enough (more than a dollar, Ron is basically an honest faaan, comes from drinking all that Rhoot Bheer), I'm sure that Ron will form his own TAFF, and take off for England.

I don't have any money to send you, but if you ask nice next time at a LASFS meeting I'll take my slot machine with me. It'll give all of you LA fen a chance to feed it and keep it happy. Which would truly be a good deed for your visitor, for when it is happy so am I. Remember you must all keep your visitors happy, otherwise we'll go around telling dirty tales about you L.A. fen, like that all of you enjoy Coventry stories...and that not one of you is a good Brag player (nothing in common with each other, just two dirty lies I happen to have come up with at less than a seconds notice.)

I hate to tell Stephen Barr this, but if the mundane reviewers come across this book they will be very careful not to note that it is science fiction ... they always forget that fact when they run across a good sf book. But they make up for it by remembering about all the crud that is in the sf field, and we do have a lot, and telling everyone about it.

Is that a picture of Doctor Zarkov or Jock Root? No, I'm not serious, I know that is Doctor Zarkov in the clever plastic disguise... there isn't any use in trying to fool me.

And anyone with any brains knows that Robin Wood doesn't exist... he is a myth that is all. Told me 'imself, 'e did, and ATom was there at the time. Ask him if Robin Wood exists, he'll say he doesn't. You'll find a lot of those myths floating around at Cons... I met one called Charlie Brown, and all fans know he doesn't exist.

In fact I doubt if there is even a L.A. fandom... you are nothing but a drink of sour blog in my stomach, that is what you are.

I am now disbelieving in you...

Best,

/s/ Dwain Kaiser

{{Apparently a lot of people saw the word "Coventry" on that story, went into gales of laughter, and then didn't bother to read it. So much for broad mental horizons. I'd thought higher of fans than that, but Bjo had a certain amount of correctitude -- there still are people who cannot accept anythign with a Coventry lable on it because of acres of preconceived notions on the subject. --Taj}}

Well, I liked the Thrilling Gondor Stories -- the only fault was in the introduction of details of Coventry which weren't at all necessary for the plot to hand. If those had been left out, the story would have been -- if anything -- still better. ~~Go ahead~~ Go ahead -- finish the serial -- to Hell with Bjo and her goddamned ulcer. ~~As you may gather~~ As you may gather, Shaggy 70 arrove. I've sent money -- keep the shaggy old thing coming, please? ~~Harness'~~ Harness' backcover of Shaggy is one of the best things he's done. Tell him so. ~~I have run out of things~~ I have run out of things to say.

/s/ George Scithers

Dear Ted,

Well, surprise! Shaggy, which I'd given up for lost! Hmmm. The previous editor, it seems, did not turn over any letters. Apparently he didn't turn over the dollar I sent him for a subscription, either, the cancelled check for which I have before me. No matter; here's 25¢ for the next Shaggy, and I've no doubt that future issues will be commentworthy enough that I'll be more inspired than I am by thish.

Panshin is, as always, interesting and entertaining, but not as comment-provoking as in his previous Shaggy appearances. Likewise the review on Seconds; unfortunately, I think all has been said about Farnham's Freehold that there is to be said. There is something rather clever about Henry Stine praising a Heinlein book, though -- Heinlein and Ayn Rand; it's not only politics that makes strange bedfellows!

"Fandom and Values" sounds like it might be mildly interesting. The whole FIAWOL/FIJAGH controversy, however, is a bit too much like the big-enders versus the little enders to be particularly absorbing.

Sincerely,

/s/ John Boston

{{I don't know; I find it kind of a relief to be able to have a good sincere argument about something that isn't of world-shaking importance, that the world doesn't give a hang about. Are you old enough to remember the Great Staple War? // Apropos of Seconds -- it has been purchased for a movie, which will be going into production fairly soon: male lead fairly definitely cast as Rock Hudson. I will not extrapolate from this! --Taj}}

Dear Ted:

If it weren't for the sure succession of popes and Shaggy editors, I don't know where I'd find a familiar and reliable stable quality in this universe which demonstrates otherwise such a distressing insistence on change. After the initial disappointment at the lack of personality sketches and things like Bjo's column, this issue entertained me considerably and left me with hope that you'll be the long-awaited editor who will last for years and years.

{{I had that hope too. But a long-term fanzine editor needs at least one qualification I definitely lack -- a stable position in society, a steady one-place job, and predetermined amounts of spare time. In other words, an ordered existence. Right now I have vast amounts of spare time, but only because I don't have a job. And I'm afraid once in a while Real Life must take precedence over Fandom. Maybe in a few years I'll be able to give it another shot. --Taj}}

I can't find anything in particular to dispute in the Alexei Panshin article. It says important things about science fiction that haven't to my knowledge gone into print in this thorough manner before. Without specifically making the statement, it implies for me that the loss of the prozines as a source of science fiction would not be an unmitigated tragedy: some excellent science fiction might never get written but a larger quantity of excellent science fiction might possess that calibre because the author didn't compromise his standards to make possible sale to a magazine market. Of course, there's the additional thought that the magazines have brought some of this situation on themselves by drifting away from the old tradition of continued stories. Serials made good novels with little or no revising, and I have never found an editor who could justify the refusal to run novels in a prozine on any grounds other than objections from a few readers and theoretical considerations. Most of the big circulation fiction magazines got that way with the help of serials.

Ross Rocklynne stirred up my blood pressure only a trifle. I'm willing to concede almost any outrageous statements by a person who loved Burroughs as a kid, just as I'm glad to feel tolerant to an individual's personal faults when it's proved to me that they were caused by influences over his boyhood which he couldn't control. But I'd still like to take an active part if the Burroughs Bibliophobes ever came into existence, for I did not read

Burroughs when I was small and I find it impossible now to react to his fiction with any emotions beyond repulsion and disbelief that people can read a Burroughs novel from beginning to end.

Happiness is finding a book review about a novel that I've really read. I share Stephen Barr's admiration for Davy, or perhaps I have even more than my share of that admiration. The only possible fault-finding I can imagine involving the Pangborn novel is the tenuous nature of its claim to being set in the future -- I got an occasional impression that Pangborn had written a story about 19th century America and then inserted occasional references to mules and artifacts from the past to avoid too direct comparison with Huck Finn. In fact, I wonder if the Huck Finn influence might not be the reason for Davy's failure to say much about his life after he left the Ramblers? Dion is a Negro, just as Jim was, and perhaps the author decided two-thirds of the way through the novel that he'd better leave out yet another parallel with the Twain novel. But even if the book were laid in the past, I would consider it as the finest novel in the Huck Finn tradition that I've encountered. The obscenities and sexual materials are particularly splendid, emerging so naturally and inevitably out of the events and the people of the story, obviously not grafted in at every twelfth page to keep the morons reading. Of course, as all your other letter writers will hasten to explain, the paperback edition has the advantage of a splendid cover, perhaps the finest I've ever seen on a science fiction novel. I admit to inability to understand the symbolism of the animals, and I wonder if they might not have been the result of sections of the manuscript that were cut at the final pruning session? Stephen Barr makes one minor error, if I understand the social structure of this future North America. Davy wasn't a slave boy but a sort of servant indentured because of the circumstances of his birth, who would have become a freeman if he hadn't failed to work long enough to pay back the trouble and money he'd cost the state by the circumstances surrounding his birth.

On the Heinlein reviews, I'll say nothing, a policy I've adopted lately on the theory that maybe if I ignore rehashing of the arguments about Heinlein's politics, maybe they'll go away.

I was flabbergasted to find Coventry still sailing along intact and unscarred. After all the recent events in the real Los Angeles, I was confident that Coventry would be unrecognizably damaged and that at least three novels would be required to get it repaired sufficiently for carefree fiction. The only thing that the Jack Harness story lacks is a Cecil B. de Mille production. I could even see the advertisements in the paper on the day preceding the grand opening of the epic film, as I was reading about the splendours. The writing has enough gusto and energy for me to overlook what stylistic faults and lacks of coherency it may possess. (But isn't it about time that fans everywhere got together and agreed to spell Edgar Allan Poe's name the way the writer liked to see it spelled? There are other ways to rebel from authority and custom.)

If you people ever do produce that EESmith issue of Shaggy, the Second Coming would be an anticlimax. I know that it'll be on the verge of publication for at least another five years. But let me point out that you'd make a fine old fellow extremely happy if you accomplished the improbable and published that issue soon. I'll never forget the genuine pleasure he got out of that First Fandom award.

Yrs., &c., /s/ Harry Warner Jr.

((An interesting point for the consideration of those who felt Coventry would damage the "LASFS image" -- here's an intelligent and literate reader who was more offended by the Burroughs article than by the Coventryarn. Should we ban Burroughs from these pages too? No, I forgot. Shaggy is being published only for the LASFS, not for fandom at large. Well, it would be a nice newsletter substitute to send to the inactive members if the active members ever came up with anything to fill its pages. Anyway, Coventry wasn't barred because it might offend outsiders, but because it offended certain members. Best reason in the world. --Taj))

Dear Ted;

I got Shaggy the other day. I was pleasantly surprised. I thought that my sub had expired and I intended to write and mention it sometime. To

The Alexei Panshin article was up to his competent standards. I disagree with his conclusions in regard to series.. I doubt that THE LORD OF THE RINGS trilogy counts as a series. It's more a three-volume book. However some of the best sf I've ever read falls into the series category. Examples that spring to mind are the Lensman series, the Conan series, the Northwest Smith series, and Campbell's THE NIGHTIEST MACHINE and THE INCREDIBLE PLANET.

((Exceptions to a generalization don't disprove it. In some cases, the authors were able to do it again and keep the same bazazz. But while C.L.Moore's sfy shorts are magnificent, I lost my taste for them after reading straight through two volumes of same. They all start sounding alike. Conan does to a certain extent, but it takes much more. And you will admit there are a lot of series that start sounding too much alike by the time you've finished the first one. --Taj))

I don't rate Tarzan or John Carter so highly, but they are both rather pleasant time passers. What more can you ask of any volume?

Now we will tear up your book reviewers. As far as I'm concerned DAVY is flawed by its treatment. When I set the book down, it was with a feeling of having been cheated. Pangborn keeps giving tantalizing glimpses of the heart of the story. Then, as if he had grown tired of it, he kills off the heroine and literally abandons the hero. I don't care if a story has a down-beat ending, but I dislike the author promising the reader something, and then failing to come through with it.

FARNHAM' FREEHOLD is a very annoying book. Even more annoying are Henry Stine's attempts to defend it. Heinlein may have had a theme. What it was is obviously unclear. My main gripe is Heinlein's mixture of a fuzzy essay and a rambling story to the considerable detriment of both. The main fault of Heinlein's book is his lazyness. Instead of working his philosophy into the story as he did so beautifully up until a few years ago, he strews it around in indigestible chunks. What he needs is a good rewrite man.

I read Thrilling Gondor Tales. God knows why. I suppose it was because you had used the term "Coventry" which I had only heard of in limited reference before. My main feeling after reading it was "So what". I can read stuff like that anyplace.

I might be able to get up an article on Doc Smith, but I'm not making any promises. I promised Mark Irwin some book reviews months ago, and have them in the half typed stage at the moment.

I am looking forward to the Pickering article in the next Shaggy. I hope you can speed up the publishing schedule.

Yours, /s/ Rick Brooks

Dear Ted;

Bet this is the first time you've seen a typer ribbon in Guardian blue. Not being on the West Coast when the fun turned into nastiness I was sincerely sorry to see it get as Bitter as it did "...please don't draw on my sidewalk while I'm gone..." because nothing that's that much fun should go that way...

I would have enjoyed the Coventry story very much if there had not been so much tiring language used. "Burn me this" for "Burn this" and "Now shall myself open this other letter" for "Now I'll open the other letter" or even "Now I will open the other letter". These things tended to add an edge of boredom to an otherwise enjoyable story. Also Jack Harness has a considerable Talent for drawing ANYTHING but a human figure or face, this he makes severely out of proportion. If it can be something like the back cover he'll do fine but pages 19, 24, 25 the figures are crude and the faces worse. Page 18 is brilliant and the background for pages 19 & 24 are likewise brilliant but the faces and figures yetch! I'm the same way. It is very seldom that I can get a passable face and I have seen a few passable faces on Harness people and a few passable senses of proportion, but mainly I find that he excels unto brilliance doing things like the bacover and page 18.

I'm surprised that after so much bitterness that ensued that Coventry and Guardian things would be back in SHAGGY for all their enjoyableness. I'm glad to see it myself (if only you'd straighten up that goshawful talk). I can see the "High of Ilthmar" acting that way if he was that way and the talk that went along with it, but myself fined it to tiring to translate Rosharn the Tenth's back the way it should be, much too tiring.

((You and everybody else, ye editor included, missed one of the most important aspects of the story -- the title was The Secret Vices of the Viceroy, remember? Acto Jack, one of the "secret vices" is this appallingly ornate method of expression. In LA Fandom, there is a particular class of reference called a Harnessism, meaning some particularly sly bit of wit that is so subtle nobody gets it except the person making it, and you suspect he's bluffing. You just met one. --Taj))

Now back to the third page editorial. I do not blame you in the least for your editorial dictate that you want the mailing list of S-L'A pared down to reasonable size. Nothing more frustrating than sending out 250 copies putting all the work and time required in doing so and getting less than token response for it. I have always commented on Shaggy (clear back to #42) and that I still get Shaggy is reward enough for me. I seldom make the letter column, but I get the Shaggy and that's what counts. Also I repay in kind whenever I publish something Shaggy staff always gets a copy no matter who's at the the head or editor. I'm sorry Redd Boggs ran off with my last deathless letter but nothing really lost -- it wasn't that good. None of them are I'm not that good at LoC-ing but I do at least try and make up for it with other things.

All in all this was a dandy issue of S-L'A which I enjoyed muchly tho I do still miss the gay Carefree days of #s 42-50 or thereabouts... But you did an admirable job. The main thing I'm glad to see back is the cover. I remember griping about this to Redd Boggs when he came out without it and he said he didn't think it needed a cover &c. Well, I still thought so then as much as I do now and I for one thank you most heartily for bringing one back.

I notice also lately (covers reminding me of art and Art reminding me of EC) on the newsstands there seems to be a revival of the Old EC INCREDIBLE SF and TALES FROM THE CRYPT in paperback form sans Color. Same Artwork and stories in a pocketbook form. On the cover of the one that brought out TALES FROM THE CRYPT I could almost gleefully imagine that the hand that was stretching out of the grave after being buried alive was that of Dr. Fredric Wertham and as such I'd gladly have volunteered to be the one to jump up and down and pack the dirt tightly on top of him making sure I stomped on his fingers a few times while I was at it.

Well, I guess that will be it for this time around. I hope you'll do wonders with my beloved Shaggy. Who knows, if you can maybe I'll even feel like nominating it for a Hugo again. I'd like that, I really would.

/s/ Phil Harrell

((I'd like it too, but I'm afraid this won't be the time. For a Hugo-quality clubzine you either have to have a whole club interested in it or an editor willing to break his back for it. I've taken my shot at it. Maybe in a few years I'll take another. But this time, not a chance. Too many things to block the operation, fannish and mundane. They add up, and I don't exactly have all the stubbornness and drive in the world. And this job needs it. Maybe the nexted will have it. --Taj))

Dear Ted,

The page numbers were very funny -- too bad they were the only humor in Shaggy. Since I couldn't think of any funnies to submit for the next issue, I guess I shouldn't complain.

/s/ Mrs. Carol Nelson

((If you think the page numbers were funny, wait till you see the postage stamp this time. It's a gasser! --Taj))

Dear Ted;

Thanks a lot for the copy of Shaggy. I was beginning to wonder if the 70th issue was ever going to come out. I suppose I would have sent one of those irate letters to Redd Boggs, but I wasn't a subscriber, and thus I didn't feel that he would particularly care for my remarks. It surprised me, though, that LA fandom let the zine go that long before they decided that Boggs wasn't going to come through. Or maybe I haven't heard the whole story?

((Just that the LASFS Director of the time was too easy-going and kept accepting excuses, and by the time he cracked down, Redd had skipped town with material, mailing list, and money. We did get the material and mailing list back, tho, hence #70. The Director? Oh, that was me. Sigh... --Taj))

Funny thing -- this copy arrived on the same day that my Apa L did -- and in the distribution I noted a bit of controversy about the zine. Really, I thought you did quite a good job for the amount of time that was spent on it. I guess the best thing about it this time is the art, but I expect the features to pick up a bit as more material comes in. As I said, you do have good art, and that can help a zine of this sort quite a bit.



I think, from the remarks scattered throughout this issue, that Shaggy under its new editor is going to be a lot more free-wheeling than it was under Redd. This statement is not to criticise either method. Both can be executed to a point of quality. But I have a feeling that the personality of Shaggy is going to change quite a bit.

Alexei Panshin has a good article here -- one of his better ones. As usual, there are several points that I can argue. First, I would say that the quality of the "template" serial depends on what you are looking for in the story. If you are looking for a literate story, you, in all probability, won't find one in this category. The reason is that a short story brought to perfection is something that cannot duplicate characters in another plot. The characters are fitted to the plot just right -- and they cannot be placed in another plot or scene and retain their "believability". On the other hand, if you are not looking for a story brought to perfection, and simply want something to enjoy lightly and pass the time with, the "template" serial can be very good. Remember that Alexei doesn't deny that the standard of writing can be good. Too, when a person sits down with one of these stories, he already knows the characters, and probably feels a certain attachment to them. One sometimes has the feeling of recalling old acquaintances.

I too was disappointed by THE GREAT EXPLOSION. I had enjoyed immensely And Then There Were None... when I first discovered it in an old Astounding. But the book was a disappointment to me. However, I think that this is due more to the fact that nothing really happens through the first two thirds of the book. There is really no point to the first three planets. There's no plot there at all. The only thing in Russell's particular brand of wry humor which is good, but hardly enough to sustain the first 2/3rds of a major novel.

I have no complaint whatsoever about the series of short stories woven together with bits of commentary before and after the stories. Asimov did this in I, ROBOT and I thoroughly enjoyed the book.

((Van Vogt did this in WAR AGAINST THE RULL, and the result was a minor stench. Some can, some can't. --Taj))

Book reviews -- for the most part good. The commentary on FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD is interesting -- but I would highly recommend that anyone really interested in the book read Al Lewis's review in Zenith. It seems that many times the reviewers become over-concerned with the many theories in RAH'S books and ignore the other standards that a book must be judged by. I disagree with Heinlein in several fields of his thinking, but I will admit any time that he is an exceptionally good writer.

The best review, of course, was the one by Jock Root.

I guess I hadn't better comment on Thrilling Gondor Stories since I have no wish to become involved in the controversy that seems to be going on in LA. I have no personal interest in Coventry myself, but apparently some people are quite sickened with the entire deal.

The letter column, believe it or don't, was interesting!

How often will Shaggy come out? Will you have any type of a set schedule?

I enjoyed the issue and expect the zine to improve. As you said, it was a rushed issue. In future issues, there will probably be a bit more tightness to the zine.

Have fun and Good Luck.

Sincerely,
/s/ Creath Thorne

((All these people saying what great hopes they have for SHAGGY under my editorship make me feel sort of guilty about giving up so quickly. Honest, fellows, I'm sorry for betraying your faith after only two issues, but I'm sure my replacements will do better. SHAGGY isn't really defunct as long as the club still cares enough to give money and support, and an editor. --Taj))

Dear Red:

Well, when I had the idea made that SHAGGY was going to be published steadily under the firm hand of a stable editor, there go overboard both ideas. It has been the longest gap of its modern history and gone is Redd Boggs. Where? To a new elephants' graveyard in a secret and ultrarestricted (though not underpeopled) APA for the ex-editors of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES?

In any case, welcom Ted. For the duration, till the always new. The editor is gone, long life the editor! And if the picture on page 3 is your portrait, short life it will be as soon as that spaceship, little as it is, goes beyond your hand into your face.

And now I see that the dateline is precisely today. Let's hope it refers to the date of post mailing and not of arriving, though I am so sure isn't so!

On issue 69, your new recruit, Alexei Panshin, is gaining himself quite a reputation as a writer the hard way, writing and doing it very well. But all the implications he picks up from the work of Poul Anderson are oversimplified and the article seems to lack the finished touch. As it stands now, interesting as it is, reads more as the index of the different chapters to be elaborated upon upon the premises exposed. Is he going to dig deeper into the matter? Perhaps Anderson's answer will be the catalyst. Please forward to Mr. Derleth my sincere compliments for his very nice verse where he has caught with adequate and precise words the transcendence, as he described, of an apparently trivial fact. This is precisely one of the more important goals of a poet. To transcend.

I read with growing satisfaction the review of Aldiss book by John Baxter, a thorough study of it, and found it first rate though one of its effects shall be to put the book more at the rear of those bought but not yet read. As of now and for what he says it doesn't sound precisely appetizing. And, am I wrong if charge the Brazil-dominating stories to John Wyndham (with his alter/same ego Lucas Parkes)? And why are the prozes omitted, particularly in Bradford Day's case? Too, Fritz Leiber has contributed his worthy part to an issue with the highest level of poetry in many a time.

Can you illustrate a dumb foreigner, and native besides, about the finesses of English syntax? Concretely about the phrase of Leland Sapiro in his letter: "I still respect him more before I read his article". He (Sapiro) respects him (Warner) more now that he (Sapiro) has read his (Warner) article, Or he (S) respected him (W) more before he (S) read it? Sorry, I feel rather confused and I don't know if as an effect of my reading of the phrase or of my exegesis of it.

((No apology necessary here -- the sentence is not correct English syntax, and I don't know what he meant either. Probably the mistake is due to a typographical error. It could have been intended to read "...respect him more now than before..." or possibly "...respected him more before..." etc.. Applying Occam's Razor, I'd guess it was more likely the latter, since it's easier to drop two letters than two words. Also, knowing both gentlemen somewhat, it somehow seems probable, tho far from certain. --Taj))

On No. 70, the more I read from Panshin the more I like it, as this time. Though I can't agree that Blish's Okies are sterile (the series). The first one They Shall Have Stars depicts the beginning of the end of Terran history lineally extrapolated from the actual, and the surplus of the best factually pictured Jupiter in SF with only the exquisitely poetic one of Simak's CITY and the ulterior of Anderson's Call Me Joe in the same level. Earthman Come Home goes through the history of mankind in its new Lebensraum and The Triumph of Time ends the cosmic circle magnificently if in a forced way. It has defects, and what not; some due to the concoction of parts first written separately and others of the work by itself but it has a continuity, a sense of development, or fulfillment that doesn't agree with the word "sterile". And less in a strict sense when the whole ends with the spawning of a new universe, only from a human being. But this is only a minor point of disagreement in an article full of hits.

As my opinion of ERB is as low as it can be, I have nothing to say about the opinions of Ross Rocklynne.

Count me on Ruth Berman's side, please.

And till next time that I wish and hope will be soon.

Sincerely,

/s/ Dr. Antonio Dupla

"Reality is fading out behind us -- let us not look back..."

"The mound of moss was a huge and high oval, hemmed almost to the base of the cliffs by gigantic trees. They were somewhat like the sequoias of California, and quite as high. Their crowns towered; their enormous holes were columns carved by Titans. Beneath them grew graceful ferns, tall as palm trees, and curious conifers with trunks thin as bamboos, scaled red and yellow. Over them, hanging from the boles and branches of the trees, were vines and clusters of flowers of every shape and color; there were cressets of orchids, and chandeliers of lilies; strange symmetrical trees, the tips of whose leafless branches held up flower cups as though they were candelabra; chimes of flower bells swayed from boughs and there were long ropes and garlands of small starry flowers, white a crimson and in all the blues of the tropic seas. Bees dipped into them. There was a constant flashing of great dragon-flies all in lacquered mail of green and scarlet. And mysterious shadows drifted through the forest, like the shadows of the wings of hovering unseen guardians."

--A. Merritt

(Dwellers in the Mirage, 1932)

TRANSLATION OF MAILING LABEL DATA

#(n): will be your last issue unless
you do something before then.

#71: THIS is your last issue unless
you do something Right Now.

M: you have materiel in this issue.

E: you have egoboo in this issue.

S: this is a sample copy -- react.

T: Sorry, no more tradezines.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #71

Produced and Directed by:

Ted, A Johnstone

619 South Hobart Boulevard

Los Angeles Calif -- 90005

Printed
initial

GI
G

