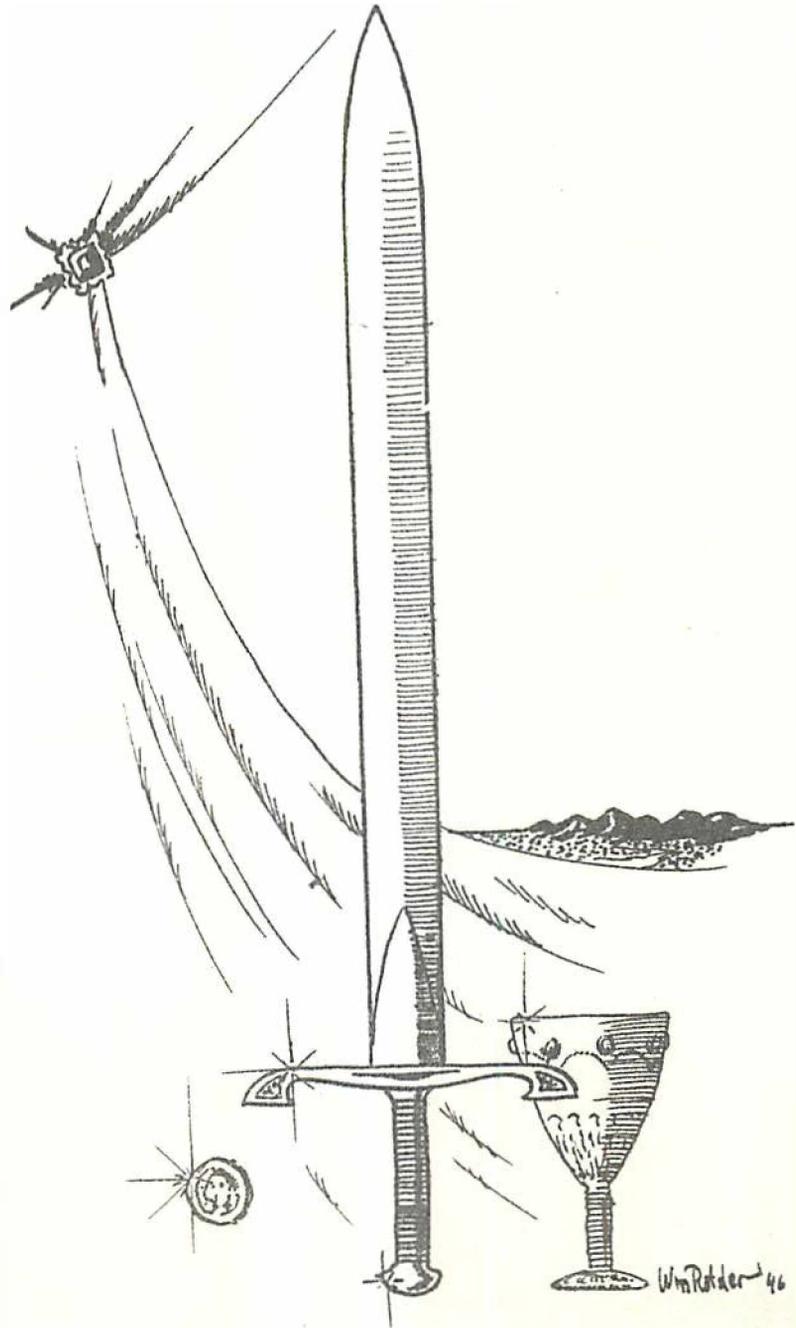


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

65



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Shangri-L'Affaires

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Included with this issue as a special supplement you will find a folio of Poul Anderson's illustrations for his novel of magic, humor and battle, Three Hearts and Three Lions. The drawings were published for SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES by Don Fitch.

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MAY 1963

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EDITORIAL

For 20¢, the fifth part of a dollar, you can obtain a complete explanation of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund from our Mailing List under his hat of Manager of the N3F Publications Bureau; it's called Fandbook #1, and in just a few pages will answer all the questions about the Fund that the ballot accompanying this issue will bring to mind. Then you can send the ballot to our Mailing List, under another silly hat.

The slate of candidates vying for honor, fame and money is composed of a variety of fannish types, a candidate to tickle any fannish taste. The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society is pleased to be represented thereon by one of today's most hyper-active fans; and LASFS and SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES urge you to exercise your prerogatives early to boost the candidate of your choice.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is on the Hugo Ballot, and we would appreciate your vote. Duty done, we must confess we are going to vote for XERO. In our humble opinion the pounds of XERO that Pat and Dick Lupoff have sent to burden our mailboxes help making fan-spent time worthwhile. That's why we intend to help get that silver rocketship for XERO.

This magazine has been carried for too long by the writing of our Mailing List (in a squirrel skin cap). We have been informed that this is so, by our Mailing List, who has completed his marcopolo and who intends to relax back & simply write an ordinary two-to-five page column from now on; we are then put to it to find material for the future.

An editorial plea for material would not be out of place--we are interested in anything, as you know, from science-fiction type material to bawdy filk songs; your slightest contribution will be eagerly perused and if it scales the inconceivable pinnacle of literary merit demanded of all contributors, you may find your name on a near-future contents page.

One fellow avoided competing to match our literary standards by sending artwork. His name is Poul Anderson, and we are proud as punch to include with this issue his own illustrations for his novel, Three Hearts and Three Lions. These have not before been published, and are available free only as a Shaggy supplement. Extra copies, or copies to persons not on our mailing list, are 50¢. The editorial staff and Mr. Anderson wish to express their gratitude to Don Fitch for his excellent reproduction of the illos.

--Steve Tolliver.

F A L L E N
A N G E L E N O S

by
Bjo
Trimble

I WAS A POSSE FOR KLAC AND FOUND SAN FRANCISCO

That little touch of madness that characterized the Bob & Ray shows is not dead in radio. It exists, oddly, in off-beat ads for the most part. But here and there is a bright spot of humor not extinguished by tin-ear "music" and used car ads. One of those spots--in fact, several of them--is found at 570 on your dial (in the LArea); radio station KLAC (a.m. & f.m.).

This humor starts pretty early in the morning to expect funny business from anyone; about 5:30 or so. At least, that's what I've been told. Not even Al Lohmann could persuade me to get up that early just to listen to a radio!

With complete irreverence, Al Lohmann will introduce the station's publicity director as "Wild-eyed Fanatic John Dickson," He interferes with the ads (giving the dull ones a spice the sponsors never dreamed of) and seemingly runs the show pretty much as he pleases. The result is a strange assortment of records, a relaxed feeling, and a generally pleasant program.

At about 20 minutes to the hour, starting at 7:40, then at 8:40 (and possibly even at 6:40, who knows?), there is a short program called "Matt Dilbert, U.S. On-The-Job-Training Marshall." It lasts about four minutes, or until they run out of ad-libs, I suppose. Rumor has it that the whole program is made up over coffee before going on the air each morning, but no one has proven this.

Matt (played by Roger Barclay, "the smart-alecky young program director") is sheriff of Dog City. He has a side-kick, Lester, played by Al Lohmann, and a girl-friend, Miss Catty, who is really an executive secretary at KLAC going under the name of Elaine Cosman except at 7:40, 8:40, and possibly 6:40 each weekday morning. They are aided by Beloved Ol' Doc Fink (played by either Al or Roger, depending), and the whole program is written by the Scarey Troll That Lives Under The Bridge.

Miss Catty owns and operates the Pink Gopher & Grill (a name which grows on you), and the town boasts a newspaper, the Dog City Herald-MacMillan. There is almost always a Problem, such as Big-Time Gamblers (who run crooked hop-sotch games, introduce Monopoly, etc.), Bad Men, and other natural hazards to a small western town.

Usually, Matt trustingly loses at a shoot-out because it has dwindled into a talk-out, and Our Hero is not very nimble of wit. The town means well, however, but their attempts to help out are not usually very successful. A "Happy Anniversary" party for Matt, to celebrate all his years as sheriff, turned out slightly off-beam; everyone tried so hard to keep it a secret, that Matt figured nobody wanted him around any more. While he sulked at the Pink Gopher & Grill, the party was a ball over at the Sheriff's Office; it turned out that everyone had forgotten to invite Matt. And they went off leaving Miss Catty baked into a gigantic rum cake, hiccuping herself to sleep. It was a touching drama of life as it really happens; at least, in Dog City.

The afternoon is taken over by one Dick Whittington, a zany if there ever was one. Because Al Lohmann has a real sports announcer in the middle of his program, Dick added Lance LaVon, his very own sports announcer. Lance is such a sissy, however, that he has to leave a boxing match immediately after the fighters remove their robes. He has a soft, fairy-like voice, and is reputed to wear brocade dinner jackets to sports meets.

As it happened, Lance was faced with one sports event too many, and his terribly sensitive nature just couldn't take it. He fled, and the entire station wondered where he'd gone. A search party was decided upon, and some nut at KLAC decided to run a contest to pick the posse. Matt and his friends would lead the posse, of course. It was discovered that Lance was probably hidden in a certain secret city. Beloved Ol' Doc Fink tried to clue Lester in on where the secret city was by humming and singing "I Lost My Heart In...dum de dum dum...."

"Is there a city named Dum De Dum Dum?" queried Lester in his whiney little voice. "No, Lester, listen again," said Marshall Dilbert, and he joined Doc in trying to give a clue to the Mystery City. "I know," cried Lester, doing a bit of his confounded tap-dancing, "it's the twin cities of Dum De Dum Dum and Lousy Harmony!"

Each contestant was to state in 25 words or less why heshe would like to be part of a posse in the search for Lance LaVon in the Mystery City of Dum De Dum Dum. Ron Ellik entered the contest, chitter-chattering 25 words of pure Squirrel on his entry. I also entered, and decided to try a more individual approach.

My entry must have run about 2500 words or less. I drew cartoons in felt-nib pen on about 20 feet of shelving paper, telling between cartoons how much I liked the program, and why they should all like me! Then I "officially" entered the contest at the end of the scroll, but ran out of my allotted 25 words in the middle of a sentence--and quit there. I rolled the whole thing up and took it to town when we were going by Al & Ron's for a bit of fannishness. Don Wollheim had been visiting us on the evening when I'd done the scroll, and wondered at all the energy I was expending on a silly contest. I had no logical explanation. Perhaps my problem lay in trying to explain the Matt Dilbert program.

We drove by KLAC and dropped the scroll through the mail slot. The next morning Al Lohmann mentioned it on the air. That was a bit of ego-boo, and I was quite satisfied. That afternoon, John Dickson called to ask IF I won, would I be able to go? It would be on a Monday, and an all day trip. I said yes, and he commented on how much fun they'd had getting the entry (which is why I sent it in the first place).

So even later, I was told that I was one of six winners, and to be at the PSA (one of the program's sponsors) counter, L A International Airport at 6:30 a.m. on Monday. John took particular delight in dragging me out of bed and getting me awake enough not to fall down stairs. We wandered into the terminal that April Fool's Day morning, wondering if anyone else would be there.

A tall, dark-haired girl in a red jersey dress was sitting sleepily beside two men, and I wondered if they would be Ones of Us. The tallest man walked over to us and spoke, and I recognized Al Lohmann's voice. I don't know what I expected, but blonde hair and dimples was a surprize. Both Al and Roger look much like the type of serious college seniors who run for student body offices. Dark-haired Roger looks more as if he'd sort of cheat at it. Devil-may-care maybe, I dunno. Anyway, they are both quite cute.

Elaine Cosman is a striking brunette with a bright smile and quick humor. During the day I grew to like her more and more; she did not have the typical "Hollywood" gal's pseudo-blase attitude, and was genuinely interested in everything around her. She showed an enthusiasm for little things, too!

The winners gathered, and my suspicions were confirmed; all of them/us were female! Only five of us showed, though. Rosemarie Singer and I sat together on the plane and yakked. She is called Ro, has six kids, assorted pets, and violent red hair. We quickly got acquainted, and then talked the ear off the man sitting next to us.

PSA is a swinging way to make it to San Francisco. The service (all the coffee you can drink, and the morning newspapers) is fine and cheerful, and the flights both up and back were uneventful, which is the way I like my plane rides. Travelling giants might consider PSA next time they're party-going in either S.F. or L.A.

Randy Shafton turned out to be the real attention-getter in the crowd; a pretty UCLA student with wavy brown hair and a very trim figure. Dee Dee Smith turned out to have a quick imagination and some interesting viewpoints when drawn out. Judy Miyamoto filled out the party with an Oriental touch; a pretty girl with taking ways.

As we started for the plane, Al Lohmann announced that part of the fun and frolic for the day would be Roger Barclay, waking up. Roger mumbled something. I pointed out that it was pretty sneaky of them to surround themselves with girls. "Yes," answered Al, "especially considering I'm a homosexual!" This brought concerted stares from the people we passed as we were walking. Roger then explained that the judge for the contest had been a nice old Tommy Mansville.

John Dickson, who'd flown up on PSA the night before, met the flight. John had rented two cars, and we took off for San Francisco (20 miles from the airport) and breakfast. John Dickson drove one car, and Roger drove the other. During the day, I rode with both, and they were certainly not used to S.F. traffic! It was an interesting experience, I'll put it that way!

It turned out that Elaine had never seen San Francisco before, and neither had several others in the crowd. In anticipation of us, I'm sure, San Francisco outdid herself. The day was cold, and a crisp wind was constantly blowing, but the sky was blue, with white thunderheads hovering in the distance, and the sun was shining. The whole city looked newly painted, and it stayed that way all day. We could see far out to sea, and Berkeley across the bay; the day was beautiful!

Breakfast was at the Mark Hopkins; the danish pasty was worth the whole \$2.50, but I've tasted better coffee. Of course, having decided during breakfast that we were going to go all-out as tourists, we had to see the famous Top of the Mark. The view was all it should have been, and the head-waiter gave us all souvenir maps of the area and such, even though the bar wasn't open. As we went back down in the dinky wire cage of an elevator, John Dickson suddenly asked, "Do you think John L. Lewis will ever get us a 35-hour work week?" We all cracked up, save the little old lady elevator operator.

A wild ride through Golden Gate Park followed, and all the flowers in bloom held out attention for awhile. There was one huge compound with a buffalo in it, and someone asked John what they were doing with a buffalo out here. "They make nickles here," John explained. It was very quiet for a while.

By then it was time to start the real business of the day, so we went to the cliff house and ordered drinks. I'd never had a Ramus gin fizz, so when John Dickson ordered one, I did too. It tasted a little like a fuzzy lemon soda. Al created a new idea; frozen Ramus gin fizzes--or gin fizzesicles! It was at the Cliff House that Al explained the true purpose of the contest: "Well, girls, maybe you're wondering why no return tickets...you've heard of white slavery?" He chuckled evially, "I'm sure you'll all like Hong Kong!"

As we careened back toward downtown S.F., I simply sat in the back seat with Judy Miyamoto and enjoyed the view of the ocean, and people, and Judy, enjoying her gin fizz. "Judy!" I screamed, "What are you doing with that glass?" "I hadn't finished my drink," she said, reasonably, tucking the empty glass inside her large rattan purse.

We were heading, for some reason I still don't understand, for the Sheraton Palace Hotel. All the parking lots were full, and once Roger drove up to a doorman (or possibly an admiral of a South American navy) and pleaded, "Do you park cars?" The doorman said he did, but because of the several conventions being held in the hotel there was no place to park. "But... but...", said Roger, "I came to BUY the hotel!" We'd lost the other party by this time, and in an effort to find them, Ro, Judy and I went into the hotel lobby while Roger drove round and round the block. We didn't find the rest of the party, but Judy found an ashtray for Ro, so it wasn't a total loss. I got them out of there while Judy was eyeing the crystal chandelier.

We decided that everyone had gone to the Temple Bar for lunch, and we'd go there. We finally got parking space at the Union Garage, and wandered out to find the restaurant. Ro asked Roger if he thought they'd be glad to see us. "No, they're probably smashed out of their minds by now!" said Roger, rather prophetically.

After wandering up and down quaint little streets until we were bushed, we tried asking people where Dennie's Temple Bar was. And I'll never again believe Herb Caen when he tells me how much San Franciscans just simply adore each little cobblestone of their fair if somewhat foggy city! Everyone we met was a native, and no one knew where we wanted to go. We finally got the address out of a phone book, and arrived in time for the umpteenth round of drinks.



We met one of the owners of the place, a personable young man name of Frank Tessin, who devoted his time to our table. Actually, that wasn't hard, for we were almost the only table there. The building was taller than it was long, I'm sure, with beautiful red velvet wall paper and hedious green drapes. Gaslight effect, and teensy booths at one side. They served a wonderful salad and some pretty good drinks. Judy tried a couple of Singapore Slings, and wistfully wondered if the tall, fragile glasses would last the day in her purse. She decided against it.

At the Temple Bar, we also picked up a clown named Lloyd McGovern, who was introduced as KLAC's S.F. representative. This is pretty strange, as KLAC doesn't reach S.F.! Anyway, he was jolly and lots of fun, and he came along on the rest of the tour to brighten our day.

We got back in Roger's car, and headed for a beatnik place in Sausalito which is known as the bar with no name. So we promptly got lost right after crossing the Golden Gate bridge, and suddenly found ourselves climbing a narrow hill road high above the whole bay area. "Gee, Roger," breather Randy, "you sure know the places." Roger tried to look as if he did it on purpose, and we started downhill on the theory that we'd hit either Sausalito or Oregon or someplace which would have roadmaps for us. We passed a tiny little church that sort of looked as if it should be made of gingerbread, and right opposite it was a strange pond set-up; near Spencer and Santa Rosa Roads in Sausalito. I want to get a closer look at both of these someday.

We spun down narrow roads, and finally found Sausalito. Then we spent fifteen minutes finding the bar with no name. It turned out to be just that; fake weatherbeaten on the outside, and a sign which had in small letters at the bottom "draft wine," and "steam beer." We went in, and of course found the rest of the party. Several artsy-craftsy types looked up in annoyance from their chess boards when we breezed in. I looked at one pair; the gal looked as if she lifted Mack trucks for a hobby, and her little friend must've been male because of the beard. "Brother!" I thought to myself, and went down the street to see what the World Bazaar had in store. It had assortments of Keane paintings (ugh! glassy-eyed little bugs!) and all sorts of fascinating stores on various floors. Elaine and Ro went shopping too, and we had a ball. Drinking at a real beatnik joint was quite a different thing for most of them, but I'd already been that route in L.A.'s own Unicorn, Cosmo Alley and Positanos, and I wasn't much interested. I AM glad I saw the World Bazaar, however.

Mary Kelton of Lloyd's Imports gave me a rose pod, which smells heavenly, and I brought Ro into the shop to buy a gift set of sealing wax and some other goodies for her kids. This shop closed its paper bags with a long stickpin with a lady bug on it; cute idea.

We went to Aliotti's on Fishermen's Wharf for dinner. Everyone ordered a drink, so I had another gin fizz. We had a gorgeous view of the Golden Gate bridge, and the coming sunset. I asked the waiter what he'd suggest in the way of shellfish, and he thought I'd like crab legs sauteed in butter, with onions and mushrooms, and a glass of Chablis. He was right. It was one of the loveliest dinners I've ever tasted! The others ordered an assortment of goodies, for the menu was a full one and varied--and reasonable for the quality of the food.

About this time, the sun went behind the bridge, and the whole sky turned a vivid, fluorescent red. I turned to look, and so did everyone else. Al fell on his knees, exclaiming, "It's God! And he doesn't LIKE us!" A few seconds later, the sky turned to liquid gold and then to dull purple with red edges, and the beauty seemed to last forever. Al went into a swift change of mood, becoming all quiet and meditative for several minutes, watching the sunset.

We got into a discussion about tolerance. Not to racial or religious groups, but to kooks and oddballs. He held that everyone should have free rein, while I insisted that they should at least not expect to inconvenience everyone around them and get away with it. Still, he has certainly had much more experience with kooks than I have, and if he can honestly hold that viewpoint, I respect him for it.

Later, as he was talking to Lloyd, and the table grew silent (as happens), he stopped the story he was telling. "I suddenly realize that this is mixed company," he said, "and the joke is one I can't even tell to just men!" There was the usual mad scramble to get make-up and coats on, and to get to the cars (of course, everyone wanted to shop a bit) and get on our way to the airport.

SOMETHING OUT THERE TO PUSH AGAINST



by Steve Tolliver

Those of us who are well versed in Physics (and what good science fiction fans aren't familiar with E equals MC Squared and Newton's Three Laws?) have probably often chuckled at the poor souls who exclaim, "But there's nothing out there for them to push against!" Rockets won't work in "space" they try to tell you, as you swallow your laughter.

With the appearances of Sputniks and Explorers and half a dozen more odd chunks of flotsam were these "nothing to push against" types dismayed? Well, to be honest, they were. Some die-hards pointed out that rockets that lifted all that high precision junk burned only in earth's atmosphere. These die-hard-types were silenced when space vehicles started making midcourse maneuvers. Right out there in "empty" space rockets were working.

The success of Mariner II came then as no surprise (except possibly to those working on the project) to anybody, after all, rockets will work, even if there is nothing to push against.

Now comes a scare for the bad guys. It turns out there is something out there, after all. Plenty of it.

Mariner II carried six scientific experiments on its trip to Venus. One of these experiments measured the density and energy level of low-energy particles in space. (Low-energy particles travel along at less than the speed of light.) It turns out that space (in and around Sol, and presumably the other stars) is chock full of low-energy particles--primarily hydrogen and helium--traveling along at an estimated average speed of 250 miles per second. There is no great density, not more than ten to twenty particles per cubic inch, but their average temperature is pretty impressive, about a million degrees F.

A thinnish cloud of super-hot gas boils up out of the sun continuously. In all particulars, mass, velocity, and temperature, it is a rough equivalent of one of the better rocket exhausts. This gas (plasma) is measurable near the earth and by a simple conservation consideration can be seen to be a non-negligible quantity for some distance beyond.

The earth has flung up a shield of magnetic lines, unintentionally I might add, which diverts the particles from reaching us personally. The individual fields surrounding each particle plays havoc with the earth's magnetic field in return. Thus we don't affect compasses on the moon. It seems to be a well worked out division of the solar system.

A number of times Mariner II reported that the velocity of the "solar wind" picked up quite a bit. Soon, with a bit of sliderule math and some experience, we at Pasadena were able to predict magnetic storms here on earth with notable accuracy. A bit of wild action on the sun, say a few megatons of hydrogen fusing out of turn, or the like, would set up a chain of events that would first affect Mariner II (the craft spent most of its journey on line between earth and the sun) and then us. An extraordinary tumult on the sun would cause some extra plasma to come our way. Mariner would nod in passing, and then send us the word at light-speed. Earth would sit and wait--it's shielded.



The solar wind might account for a number of phenomena, has accounted for at least part of the magnetic storms on earth, and probably is the reason that comets' tails both glow and stretch away from the sun. It is, just by being there, a very interesting device. I think the most interesting part of it is the possible utilization and problems it may cause.

Rockets are at best abysmally inefficient, except as pretty fireworks. I am not advocating the harnessing of the solar wind to life a ship from Canaveral--out once lifted I can visualize the Science Fiction Sailing Ship. It used to run off light pressure, a rather chancy propulsion technique; now it can run off an honest wind. At top sailing speed the trip from earth to Mars orbit is just a bit over four days. True, it would take a considerable amount of time to achieve top sailing speed, and once there, more time to get rid of all that kinetic energy:

Top sailing speed, being its own biggest problem, can be diverted and cut down in a couple of pretty ways. The first, and most obvious, is a mechanical tacking, across the stream of the wind. This is also useful, considering that seldom will your goal be straightway out from the sun and yourself. The second technique is an artificial tacking by use of magnetism to aim the reflection of the solar wind. This looks to be so much more tight and neatly controlled that I hesitate to dwell on the mechanical method. Magnetism is not free, though, and the energy used in generating a magnetic field of any note might well be prohibitive.

Whatever the technique used, getting back is still a problem. It is all well and good to picture yourself swinging gaily around some handy planet or asteroid, letting it almost capture your vehicle, only to lose it sunward as you return safely home. I don't want to be in the first, second...right down to the last ship that tries it. Oh, I might volunteer; but it'd be suicide, and I'd only do it because I'm a grandstander. Sailing ships must be light, every ounce added weight is so many mps per second lost in acceleration. Top speed might be limited only to the wind, but if it takes you centuries to achieve it you might as well stay home and read a good book. Light-weight ships can't carry rockets, not rockets of propulsion-mass sufficient to overcome the effects of the solar wind.

It might be possible to effect a towing service. Rocketship from some point starward of your destination might give you a push to get you started sunard. I have even envisioned a tiny sailcraft skimming along at a hundred miles per second catching a line tossed by a juggernaut of a ship, holding on, and arcing around to skim on back toward the sun. Anyone want to calculate the acceleration felt in such a manuver? Anyone want to try it?

There's something out there to push against all right; the problem is, it pushes back.

-oOo-

This is the second of three articles about the secrets uncovered by last December's exploration of Venus. All information has been cleared through the Jet Propulsion Laboratories Office of Public Information and Education.



SQUIRREL CAGE

by Ron Ellick

Flying from Belfast to London, I read T. H. White's The Goshawk (and became a falconry fan), ate all the sandwiches the stewardess would put in front of me (and became a bit fatter), and watched the Irish Sea crawl beneath me (and realized that jet travel has spoiled me). When we set down at London airport early on a mild but overcast Monday evening and the girl in the opposite seat was met by a hulking monster of a boyfriend, the sun fell and I took a bus to a west London subway terminus.

Once I got below the surface, things changed; I left the weather behind me and found I didn't know all there was to know about subways after all. In London each car has a map of the entire subway system, and several smaller maps, all about, color-coded to show you the route that particular car follows. The cars move incredibly fast, but my trip across town was over an hour, and my way was clearly marked; by ten pm I was at the West Kilburn station with only one wrong change of cars and a single backtracking to get back to the right route.

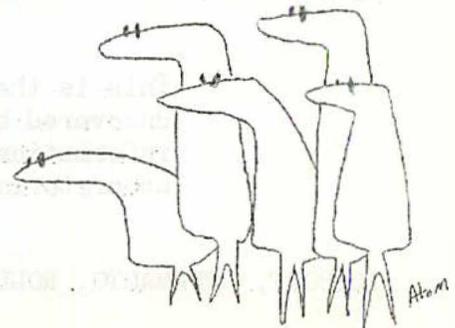
And the cost? Nothing. Nothing to me, that is—because the Science Fiction Club of London had given me a seven day "Go As You Please" free pass to any and all public transportation in London. For this they paid thirty shillings (four dollars), and the moment I stepped on a bus at the airport I began noting on an envelope how much I would have spent had they not done this superb thing. The trip to Ella's, in particular, would have cost me a little over fifty cents.

When I arrived at the Pen--Ella's flat, shared with her brother--Ella and Len Gleicher were sitting up talking, worrying about me. It was getting late, but I hadn't been worried; then they told me that at midnight, sharp, the subways just pull into the next station and stop. If I'd still been aboard one, there's no telling where I'd have ended. With coffee and cookies, Len and I met after ten years of correspondence—we sat and exchanged notes about life since the correspondence flagged a bit some time ago, and just sort of nattered about fandom and work and things. It seems he's got married and works in a travel bureau, and like that; it's a long time since he was attending London Circle meetings at the White Horse Inn.

After he left, Ella and I talked. You know Ella--everybody in England and America has met Ella--you know that she can sit down with a virtual stranger and in half a cigarette be plunging conversational depths undreamed. She looks flighty, and her direct drive makes you think she'd be hard to relax with...but we settled down to a long natter, and I guess we could have sprawled talking all night.

In fact, it was morning when we exhausted the topics of American fandom, England, English fandom, my ostrichism about current events, and subways. I think we talked about science-fiction, too.

London in '65



Tuesday morning, Mayday, might never have been. It was after noon when I woke, and Ella came in about one with black, black coffee and the morning mail. Professor Tolkien had answered my letter, regretting he was not at Oxford over the holidays; to make up, he thoughtfully enclosed four specimen autographs--and, plonkingly enough, in the same mail came the big package of my copies of his books, which I had sent to myself c/o Ella a month earlier. I re-mailed them without opening, and cancelled the trip to Oxford I had planned.

One of the packages for me was one I recognized--it was from John Trimble, and had five dollars in airmail postage on it. Under Ella's eye I very neatly placed it, unopened, next to my suitcase--and left it there until Friday night. She will never forgive me for that, I'm sure.

Ella informed me that the SFCoL had provided her with an (unspecified) amount of sterling to ensure that I paid for nothing while in the city; that she had, further, arranged for me to meet Ted Carnell that afternoon, so I would get dressed to travel into town immediately; and that I would, further, please state succinctly and without ambiguity my desires for the evening.

"Shucks, Ella," I said, flabbergasted at all this, "I dunno. What's to do in London, anyway?" She stared incredulously at me.

And so we went downtown. I had gotten my camera ready just after rising, and kept it ready as we travelled...but because I abhor photographing things like Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus (sites you can see in any travelogue) and also because I'm not really a camera bug regardless of Norman Shorrocks' opinions, I took few pictures that day. As we made our way to the editorial offices of Nova Publications (then still in London S.E.1) I happily rubbernecked about at all the things you can see in any travelogue--after all, I was actually there.

We found Maclaren House easily enough, and doggedly made our way up the narrow staircase to the seventh floor where Ella told me Carnell had his offices; we knocked, and a complete stranger came out. No, he was sorry, but the science-fiction magazine chaps had moved down to the second level! Ella roundly cursed Carnell, piling a decade of hell on him for each step on the way up and again for each down. I quietly followed, making some brief notes on the subject of native Billingsgate, and thinking she'd do better to vent all this energy on the stairs than on Carnell's spirit.

But you know Ella--she hadn't used a tenth of her fire. We all but stomped through the door to the outer offices of Nova, with her bellowing "Where's that blackguard Carnell?" and giving a glower to the secretary that sent her quivering behind a chair. The inner sanctum opened, and I chalked up the fifteenth charter member of FAPA that I'd met.

"Carnell, you censored unrepeatable idiot," Ella thundered, "haven't you any better manners than to let guests from America hike eighty miles of stairs before they find you down here in thick atmosphere?" As she said this she swept him from the way and with the two of us in her wake she went up to his desk and sat down on it. "This," she said demonstratively, "is Ron Ellik."

Fortunately Carnell has a staggering control of himself in untoward situations, and he rescued the day with aplomb and apology before I could stop laughing at Ella's flair for the abrupt. Before the dust had settled about us he was telling me how much he appreciated receiving a complimentary copy of Al Lewis's 1961 Magazine Index--which had arrived only a few hours earlier. I couldn't have timed a better calling card. And then we were talking about the 1956 Worldcon, where we hadn't met. We both remembered having a fine time at the con, despite the many faults for which it became famous.

During our visit Ted pulled out a treasure trove in original covers from his magazines, among which were three fine Quinns from recent Science-Fantasys that he wanted me to take to the Chicago convention if I would. I warned him that one was a favorite of mine, and put them under my arm before he could stop me. And then he really astonished me.

"Except for those three that have to go to Chicago," he said, "and except for -- ah, this one here -- " he removed another Quinn from the stack, "I'd like you to pick over the lot of them and select one you like best, as a souvenir of your trip."

Do you know, when I was a letterhack pouring out thousands of words of tripe a week to the editors of all the pulp magazines in the early fifties, I used to dream of being given the run of an editor's originals. It was so fierce a thing that at the Solacon I bid sixteen dollars (one more dollar than every cent I had in the world) for a Bergey cover that had attracted me since my early stfnal days. About that time (perhaps because I was outbid by another Bergey fan) I decided that artwork was juvenile stuff--but all my hard shell of indifference cracked when Ted Carnell stood back from a table covered with original paintings large and small and told me to take my pick. I think I spent an hour in the sorting, and I can imagine no finer gift. It's a gaudy, primary-colored beefcake-and-cheesecake by Brian Lewis, and I took as much care packing it for the return flight as I did with Al's camera.

Ella and I wound our way to Oxford Circus summat before dusk, still taking in the sights of London in a very general way. We looked up Regent Street and down Tottenham Court Road, and we walked the length of Oxford Street up and back again. Finally we agreed to see South Pacific that evening, and went to a Chinese restaurant for supper.

Ella hadn't eaten Chinese food since her trip to the States and both of us were interested in the differences between Chinese restaurant in the US and the UK. The hour was early and we were two of only four customers in the place; the waiters were busy setting up for the evening trade, and service was slow. But the food was essentially the same as I'm used to in California, and the only major difference was British tea, not Oriental, and the arrangement of the menu. Here, the Chinese offer only a number of dinner combinations, plus side-dishes; in London, the diner must select his entire fare from individual plates, each priced separately. The continental arrangement, capped with prices in sterling, left me at a disadvantage...but I made up for it by giving Ella her second lesson with chopsticks.

The restaurant is named after an English boxing star--who owns it--and it's in the basement level, with a very low ceiling. And I think the waiters knew I was a tourist, because after dinner while we drank tea I took a few minutes to change film and clean the lens in case the darkening night showed me a choicer picture than twilight had.



When the waiter finished mopping up from my demonstration with chopsticks, it was show time and we made our way across Oxford Circus to the Dominion Theatre. I'm no specialist on theatre-going, but I've seen nothing in the States to compare with the service and spread we enjoyed that evening, and at prices far below what South Pacific was showing for in Los Angeles at the time. The only lack I found I suddenly realized had been bothering me for two weeks--virtually nowhere in the British Isles is there a drinking fountain!

It was intermission when the water problem hit me; Ella and I decided to sneak down into the higher-priced, almost empty rows of seats in front of us, and while we walked out to the lobby and back again to where we didn't belong I looked around for a drink of water...and Ella told me she didn't think there was such an animal anywhere in the building. (The only drinking fountain I ever saw in London was in the American Express office.)

We sort of floated back to the Pen after the movie, borne on a Rogers and Hammerstein cloud. Parker's Pen, at 151 Canterbury Road, is no more--it has been demolished to make way for a gargantuan housing development, and the Parkers have been moved by the city to Dunbar House; but the Pen was one of those historical fan-gathering spots, like Inchmery or Riverside Dive, and many fans knew it. Almost anyone, at almost any time, was welcome there--it was the third and fourth storeys of a tenement building, with no pretensions to grandeur (the watercloset was on the 2nd/3rd floor landing) and good cheer for all. While I was there I used the bed in the living room half of the third floor, Ella's room being on the fourth floor, part of which was the kitchen. Ella, the rock-solid realist type, admitted to me two days later that she was still humming "those bloody songs" -- but you've all seen South Pacific, haven't you? We went off to sleep at a fairly respectable hour that night, because next day was Wednesday, my day to travel some eighty miles to Cheltenham.

-oJo-

The Cheltenham SF Circle had invited me to visit their city as soon as the results of the TAFF election had been announced. Eric Jones was on my list of frequent correspondents and prozine exchanges in the early fifties, and it was through him that I came to know Terry Jeeves and Eric Bentcliffe, the other two of the TRIODE staff; when we met at the Harrogate convention, he repeated the invitation, and we set Wednesday the 2nd of May as the date. Ella was worried that I would get lost (or that I'd lose the worn envelope on which I had Eric's phone number and unlimited other information) but well before supper I was walking up Hesters Way towards Barbridge Road with Eric, and that's only a few steps from the most modern home I saw in Britain, and the hospitality of the Joneses.

Eric seems not to have been contented with a typically British home. From outside it's an ordinary two-story place on a small lot; but inside you find yourself bracketed by stereo speakers and contemporary furniture. The print above the hi-fi console is not a grey landscape, but a forceful Oriental girl, outre in color and carriage. The effect of bright colors and clean lines is seemingly to increase the size of the house by fifty per cent--it's a small home with the effect of luxuriant expansion, breaking with style all around it.

Margaret Jones unfortunately couldn't get to the convention; she is small and quiet, with interest in everything, a perfect complement to Eric's stocky frame and extroversion. I wished mightily that my stay in England could stretch another week to let me get to know the Cheltenham fans and especially the Joneses better, but it was not to be. I must say they crowded more into one day than anyone else had managed (save the Liverpoolians, who had managed to include nightclubbing with their day of fannish carousal).

After a generous supper, we went to the meeting of the CSFC, who had at that time the continuous use of basement facilities ideally suited to their needs. They boasted a bar (formed by opening the top of a Dutch door to a small closet), a projection booth (apertures near the ceiling in the rear wall) and a library so jammed with bookshelves that stout librarian Peter Mabey could hardly make his way through it. When we arrived the room wasn't full, but by meeting time it was tightly crowded.

Bill and Roberta Grey were there, and Audrey Eversfield, and Peter Mabey, whom I had met at Harrogate; and John Humphries and Bob Richardson, and many others who'd been unable to make it so far. Humph is one of the quieter young fans, I thought--till somebody mentioned that he's been through military service some years back; it seems he isn't eighteen (and he looks less than that) but in his middle-late twenties.

They disposed of trifling urgent business quickly, while I found myself in a game of Brag with some newcomers to the club. My luck was holding up pretty well from a week earlier, when all of a sudden it seemed lightning struck. At the moment I was dealt a prial of threes (the highest hand you can hold), the meeting dissolved into an initiation ceremony of the Order of St. Fantony, and I was commanded to appear before the tribunal for examination prior to knighthood.

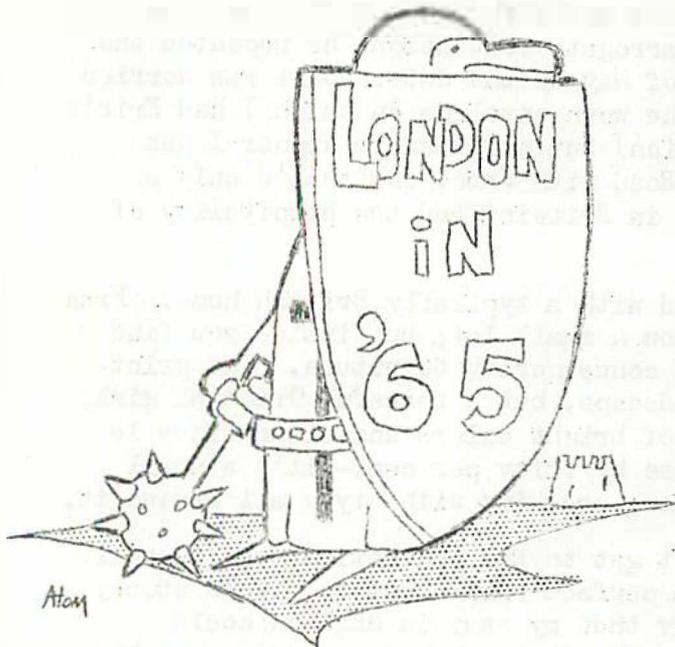
I fumed and I writhed, but Bob Richardson was holding the biggest damned sword I ever saw and glowering furiously at me; I sadly threw down my cards, picked up the entire pot without a word from my dumb-struck opponents, and was suddenly on my knees before Grand Master Eric Jones, with that gigantic sword, blade down, resting on my neck.

It was a startling turn of events; while I knew of the Knights of St. Fantony, I knew of them perhaps as you and you do--they are a whacky lot with a penchant for armor and parties in Cheltenham, Liverpool, and London, and they have an initiation drink which will blow the top off your head unless you happen to be Rory Faulkner. In 1961 I participated in an imitation St. Fantony ceremony at LASFS, with Rory in charge as the only member of the Order present, at which we created Rick Sneary a Squire, to be Armourer's Mate to Bob Richardson. But I never expected to see a real ceremony--less, to be in it.

But there I was, and under pain of death by the sword I was made to swear my allegiance to trufandom, and to drink the water from the Well of St. Fantony. Yes, it blew the top of my head off; and when the room steadied I was bade rise, and named Sir Ronald. Lady Margaret took my elbow to guide me to a seat.

Later, Eric showed movies of the Harrogate convention, and I showed my slides once again. This time the pictures of Joni Cornell drew appropriate wolf-whistles, but they almost (not quite, John Berry) drew less attention than the scenes from the aforementioned LASFS St. Fantony ceremony. They made certain we in California take the Order as seriously as they do, and were very pleased with the costuming by Bjo--especially Lady Rory's gown.

It was that evening and only then that I met Bob Richardson, the Knight Armourer. I'd intended to meet him again in London in 65--his collapse and death last month were bad news indeed.



Next day a friend of Eric's from the Cheltenham tape-recording club came by about nine and interviewed the two of us for the B.B.C. Eric hoped that the uniqueness of science-fiction combined with my fan-sponsored visit would be sufficient to rouse local interest in the club and bring in new members; it's sadly that I here note the loss of their clubrooms less than a year later due to continued inattendance and flagging funds; the CSFC became too small to maintain their basement quarters with the wall full of signatures (which I signed directly beneath Dave & Ruth Kyle), and to worsen the situation Peter Mabey found it necessary to go to London, and Audrey Eversfield to Paris.

Early that afternoon--Thursday, that was--I boarded the train to return to London. It was another uninteresting ride...the mobs of schoolgirls chewing gum and gossiping in every compartment (all very nice girls, I'm certain) drove me out onto a platform with camera at the ready on a bright, clean day. I took one picture, of a lake and some cows.

I no sooner arrived back at the Pen than it was time to eat and run--the SF Club of London, with hangers-on and anyone else who walks by, plays the Globe on Thursday nights, and if we didn't hurry we'd miss seeing Ted Tubb sober!

In plain fact things were already lively by the time we arrived. First off I was introduced to William Temple who posed politely for a photograph and then told me my lens cover was on. He blanketed embarrassment by buying me a mug of stout--he's one of the businessman-sort of science-fiction people, accomplished at conversation and banter equally, undoubtedly a superb host on his own field, and very easy to be around. Ted Tubb is a different sort altogether--he's tall and expansive, stands you on your ear with a roar of laughter, and the life of any party; he's a big, rawboned sort, and decided immediately I was worth something if the Cheltenham lot had knighted me...after all, they had knighted him.

Len Gleicher was there, with another antediluvian correspondent, Pete Taylor. The two of them with Pat Kearney, Bruce Burn and I, congealed in a corner for a while, forming a Young Fan's Clique while around us people were drinking and talking science-fiction and whatever; we talked about fandom. Pete has had a bit more contact with fans since the early fifties than Len, and is much more like a typical fan: slender, with dark hair and sober features. Bruce Burn is New Zealand's Indian-gift to London--he's very plain of appearance and slow of speech (unlike Raeburn and Hinge) and voiced opinions on London fandom that confirmed many of my own...for example, we both like most of the individuals we've met, but feel they are too widely varied a lot ever to be considered as a single group.

The Globe Tavern, which replaced the White Horse Inn as London's fan spot when Lew Mordecai the bartender changed jobs, was fairly packed with fans and at some hour later on I found myself whisked away in a big pre-WWII limousine (Tubb's) to a Chinese restaurant with Ella, Ethel Lindsay, Ted and Mavis Tubb, and a fellow whose name I never caught.

"Ron's an expert on Chinese food," spake Ella, and Ted decided that he would buy if I would order. Once again I ran afoul of the Sino-British menu format, and it turned out that Ted ordered for everybody as well as paying. You don't argue with him--he's a keen wit and a roof-jostling laugh, and is just plain fun to watch. The dinner (although I'd eaten at Ella's) was yards of fun, and a great interlude in the smoke-filled evening at the Globe.

When we returned things were quieting, and by about midnight everyone was drifting off. For some reason I haven't the slightest memory of who was with Ella and me as we left the Globe--there were at least three others.

We walked past the old White Horse Inn, which I captured in perhaps the most beautiful picture of the trip, taken while slightly inebriated at one in the morning, in a half-second exposure. And then we were in a coffee shop, while waiting for a bus (the tube had closed long since) and I was drinking some incredibly black British coffee and the whole mob of us were talking about fans and conventions. I sure wish I knew who else was there.

-oOo-

Friday was my Gilbert and Sullivan day. Months previously I had made a list of places to go in London, working from articles in the Journal of the G&S Society. You probably would yawn, reading about Sir Arthur Sullivan's birth-place, or my personal examination of the interior of Number 70 St. Mary Axe, but I spent the morning and afternoon using my free pass to go all over the Square Mile and beyond, photographing sites and talking to people about them.

The prize of the day, ranking even above the Tower of London, was William Gilbert's London house, near Kensington Gardens and a short walk from Knightsbridge. It was easy to find, and stood starkly out from buildings on either side--the exterior is rust-colored brick with stained-glass windows, rising to a gabled fourth story unlike quiet nearby residences. I photographed it from points across the street to get it all in, and then walked up and knocked.

The lady who answered was just on her way out; but when I told her a bit of my admittedly strange story, she stopped and escorted me on a tour of the two lower levels, explaining that above were merely bed-chambers.

The house was built by Gilbert with his share of the proceeds from Patience. His initials and the date of construction figure in stained glass, pillar capitals, and other ornaments all about. The walls and bookcases built into them are as he built, but the furniture is relatively new. Its present owner, a handsome businesswoman, has named it "Iolanthe House" and is very happy to show it off; she has never been approached by the G&S Society, and wonders why.

And so I found my way through the streets of London. I travelled on more public transport than I had thought existed anywhere, and as the day closed I returned to the Pen for the meeting of the Science Fiction Club of London. The weather broke on that return trip--it had been glorious summer weather since I arrived, but as I neared Canterbury Road the sky covered over and two or three bolts of lightning flashed in warning--just after the meeting started the skies opened and with majestic sound effects informed me that I had seen freak Easter weather for London all that week.

Many of the Londoners had not been at the Globe --for the first time, then, I met Arthur Thomson, Brian and Frances Varley, Ken and Irene Potter, "new-comer" Walter Gillings (a charter member of the Leeds Chapter of the Science Fiction League in the early thirties), and Joe Patrizio. And-- but no-- I'd met that one before-- that was Ajax Hoch! In amazement I greeted him again, and asked him if he were following me around the planet or something. Good old Ajax had brought with him four other Americans, also stationed at US bases-- three of them girls--none of whom had been Stateside for over two years. One of the girls, an English teacher by trade, asked me to say something in American for her. Hoch sure knows how to liven up a party.

That meeting was a hello -and-goodbye party for me, because unfortunately I had to be at work at Douglas Aircraft the following Monday. And so they concluded their business immediately after the minutes and asked me if I'd like to say a few words or something. I very dramatically rose, and asked Ella if she would get for me the package next to my suitcase in the closet--"The one with all the stamps on it," I said, "that's been driving you crazy since it showed."

It didn't matter what I said--all eyes were glued to that package. I think I said something about gratitude, because they as a club had made my trip much more enjoyable by their gifts and interest, and I think I expressed greetings to them from the LASFS. I certainly said a hearty thank-you for the plaque they had sent us via Ella in 1961, making the Los Angeles SF Society an honorary member of the Science Fiction Club of London--and it was at that point that I finally undid the last of the brown paper and string, carefully preserving the address and five dollars worth of airmail postage, and presented to them a big, gaudy plaque from LASFS, illustrated by half a dozen LA artists and autographed by possibly three dozen fans, extending honorary membership in LASFS to the SFCoL.

It compared well, I think, with their plaque--and they were bowled over by it, because I'd been in the country three weeks and given no hint of such a thing. The postage went to Ron Bennett for his stamp collection, and the certificate was immediately given a place of honor on one of the much-decorated walls of the Penitentiary. I was declared a national hero or something amid much excitement, and the rest of the evening was a fine club-meeting, no business, but lots of talk and root beer, and it wasn't over until late.

-oOo-

Don Geldart, a tall drink of water then in the RAF, was asleep on the floor when I rose at an inexcusably late hour. I packed in a hurry--there was just time to get to my trans-polar jet flight, and I high-tailed it for the London airport, reversing the route I'd travelled Monday night. It was after eleven when I sat down in the tube, and my plane was to leave at 1:15--it was just barely possible. And as I sat and waited at a transfer point for the car to go out to the west of London I chewed my fingernails--and waited, and waited.

Finally at half past noon I asked a newsboy when I could expect the next car. "Oh," he said, "they don't run on this track but at rush hour, and you'll wait to evening before you see one." I cursed and thanked him in a breath, grabbed camera and suitcase and coat, and dashed for the door to the parallel line a level below where I'd wasted half an hour.

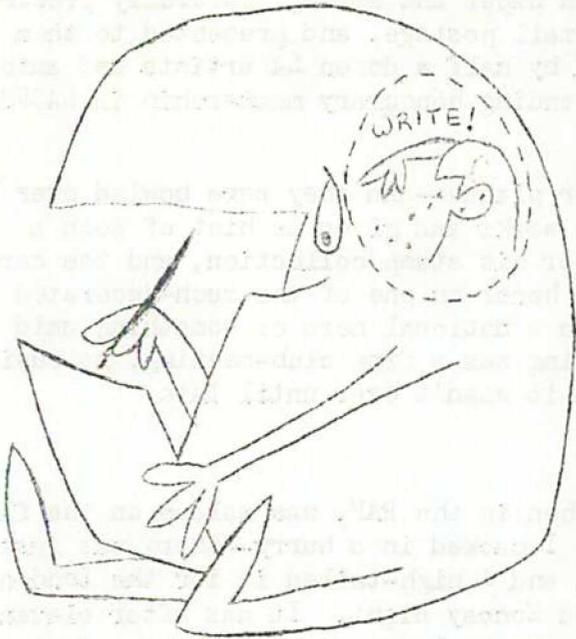
Needless to say, I was barely on the airport grounds by 1:15, and as I ran the length of the driveway to the terminal it was half-past, and my jet was screaming away out of sight. I collapsed in the BOAC scheduler's office to wait while they tried to re-route me.

The best compromise seemed to be via New York--the next trans-polar flight was a day later. With the later departure time and a stop I wouldn't arrive in Los Angeles until 3:00 the next morning; I thought about people who had promised to meet me at LA International at 6:00 Saturday evening--and cabled Al Lewis to call it off, asking him to be there at the later hour.

And so I cooled my heels on a quiet Saturday, and found I couldn't get interested in Gil Blas or the magazines at the newsstand, and it seemed all I could do was walk the empty waiting-rooms and stare out windows at airplanes, waiting for my flight, muttering about the wretched London subway system and my habit of oversleeping.

The stopover in New York was profitable--the BOAC jet arrived half an hour early, and I caught a late TWA jet that had been delayed slightly to prepare it to make a world's record NY-LA run that night. The hostess told us to hold our hats, because this was a brand-new, never commercially flown Starstream jet by Boeing, and tonight we would fly to the west coast in four hours and twenty-two minutes, shaving twenty-three minutes from the previous jetliner record. So we strapped down and waited--and waited. Eventually she told us the hydraulics weren't full and there'd be a delay. Someone wondered if this would count against the world's record.

I asked her how the pilot could estimate as close as two or three minutes in three thousand miles, and she asked me if I wanted coffee, tea or milk. When we did leave the airport, we still didn't break any records--the wheels wouldn't come up, and we circled Manhattan for forty minutes while the passengers made snide remarks. I had milk, and tried to sleep.



And so, some three hours before my cable had said to expect me, I telephoned Al Lewis and asked him to stop asking questions about three a.m., and to come get me.

"I know I'm three hours early," I said, "but I missed my plane in London and caught an earlier flight out of New York than I thought I would. It started because I trusted the London subways and my own judgment. No, I'm not crazy." And that's how the story began that I came home three hours early because I took the subway. And in a way it's true.

--finis

This winds up four installments covering three weeks of travel to and from England in the spring of 1962, focussing on the Harrogate convention. I'd like to thank the staff of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES for their continued willingness to publish it, and the readers for their comments and encouragement; especially those who corrected me on things I sadly fumbled.

It seems as though an unruly mob of loud miscreants would like to see this report published as a single volume; if any of them would like to do the work necessary to prepare it (it would run approximately fifty pages with illustrations, and I might be persuaded to expand some sections for the edition) I can always be reached at 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25. Perhaps we will announce such a grandiose attempt next issue, and start selling it then--all proceeds beyond publication costs to go to TAFF.

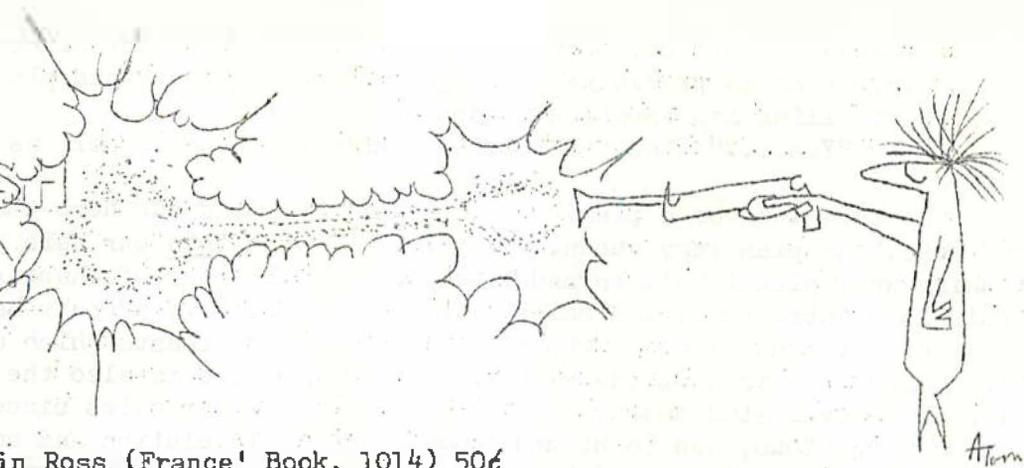
--rde.

FALLEN ANGELENOS--cont'd from page 9:

We made it, with Roger screaming happily over hills--wheee!--and me resignedly taking the viewpoint that we've all got to go sometime. We got there all right. All the gals bade Lloyd a tender farewell and went down the ramp to the plane. The other people in the waiting room had such strange looks on their faces, and I didn't think why until we were in the air. It must have looked very funny for one guy to see off six gals!

I was completely pooped by the time we landed--John was waiting, of course--and decided against joining the whole gang in the big airport bar for a last drink. The trip was lots of fun. We have a large photo to commemorate the day, courtesy KLAC, and some fine memories of a really good day.

A
WALK
THROUGH
INFINITY



- Lust Planet by Olin Ross (France' Book, 1014) 50¢
The Sex Life of the Gods by Michael Knerr (Uptown Books, 703) 50¢
The Nymph and the Satyr by Arthur Farmer (All Star Books, 518) 50¢

Once upon a time it was said that "Sex and Science Fiction Don't Mix" and it was said so often that people believed it. The came Philip José Farmer, and all that changed. These three books, all from Los Angeles paper back houses, are offered as a measure of how far science fiction has progressed since Steve Stevens and Nadia Newton were marooned on Ganymede.

"The Hyper-drive is condition red, isn't it, Drake?" she asked softly. I shrugged. She knew space as well as I did.

The hands of Mindy Random, Doctor of Space Psychology, moved to the zipper at her throat. "I...I don't want you to think...I mean, just because of what's happened to the ship..." Her voice faltered, and the purr of the nylon zipper sounded loud in the pressurized cabin.

"Mindy...I..." I started.

"Don't talk, Drake..." she said quickly, and I paused. Slowly, with a grace that belied her job, she stepped out of the coveralls. "I...I guess I've been stuffy till now...but...before it's too late...I wanted you to know that my feelings haven't always been as you thought..."

I've never seen a regulation uniform look so good on a woman. She looked at me intently and without shame as she slowly, almost casually, pulled the zipper tab down the front of her shirt.

Thus with steely-nerved fortitude and calmness, the hero and heroine of Lust Planet meet a challenge familiar to the old-time reader of science fiction. The two of them, the keen-eyed space pilot, and the cold-but-beautiful lady Ph.D., discover that the hyper-drive has failed and the ship is spinning aimlessly through space. Now in the opening scene the lady is obviously gifted with psi powers, since she steps out of her clothes before unzipping them, but our hero doesn't notice, since his mind is on other things. Anyway, they Have Sex and that takes care of the rest of Chapter One. In Chapter Two they are called back to reality when an alarm bell informs them that they have just encountered a planet and then comes the Science in our Science-Fiction story:

"Mindy, we didn't expect to run across anything and this might be the one large planet we'll see. At least it isn't a Nova, burning up, or dead, since we can see greens and blues."

Mindy nodded, listening attentively.

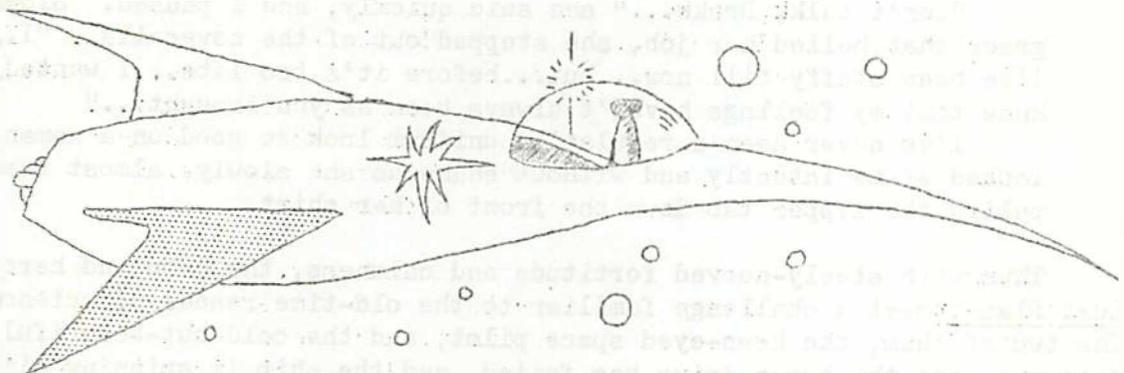
"Then there's one other thing which isn't very pleasant but which we must take into consideration." I tried to keep my voice calm and level, but this last possibility was extremely unpleasant, and had nothing to do with our malfunctioning hyper drive. "The light from our friend out there is stronger, and getting stronger by the minute. Now we know that it isn't a nova, but it is getting its light from some source. As you know, earth itself glows when viewed from space...not because earth is burning, but

because of our sun. Behind us, probably millions of miles away, is a super-sun, which is providing the light reflecting from this planet...and also controlling its position in space."

"Yes...?" Mindy questioned. [knowing space as well as he did]

So they land on a planet and are captured, and our hero wakes up in the bed of Nona, the planetary queen. They Have Sex and then our hero gets around to asking what planet he's on and that takes up the rest of Chapter Three. It seems this is a matriarchy, the males aren't up to snuff, and Drake has been selected as resident stud by Nona, who is a brunette with breasts which distinguishes her from Mindy who is a blonde with breasts. But there is also the queen's former resident royal stud and he is not like all the other males since he has hormones and gets jealous, and so he and Drake foment a revolution and any old s-f reader can take it from there. Between interstices of plot, there are a series of bedroom scenes which rival the science for their realism and salaciousness. If you remember the Howard Browne era at Amazing Stories with nostalgia, this is the book for you.

Sex Life of the Gods features sex scenes inserted into a plot instead of the other way around, which is a considerable improvement, but it still reads like a first draft. The plot itself is a chestnut: the hero climbs out of a spaceship suffering from amnesia, returns to the address listed on his identification, where he is greeted (amourously, for this is a sex novel) by his wife, who tells him that he disappeared mysteriously a year ago. Some Bad Guys chase him; he dreams, (amourously, for this is a sex novel) of a strange, far off-planet. As one reads this one gets the idea that the author started to get interested in what he was writing, and periodically remembered the market he was aiming for, and wrote in another Sex Scene. This one is bad, but at least it is not a shrieking bore.



The Nymph and the Satyr, by "Arthur Farmer" -- really one-time LASFSecretary Jack Jardine, who has also written some straight s-f as "Larry Maddock"--is by some odds the best of the three, and is really not a bad yarn at all. Significantly, I think, the rationale of the story is fantasy rather than science fiction. An archaeologist working on a South-Sea island unearths a pagan fertility god who proceeds to do what he was designed to do, and our archeologist hero presently finds himself inhabiting the body of his luscious blonde assistant. Before he can thoroughly adjust to the situation he/she is kidnapped by a gang of white slavers, and...

Back in his own body, our hero sets out to the rescue. The problem is why did he transfer in the first place, and why did he transfer in the second place---and why does he unpredictably keep bounding back and forth from body to body. He figures out the answer and then his problem is to get his two bodies together in one spot---a problem that becomes just a bit more difficult when the girl Helene decides she is going to By God Kill the Bastard who is bouncing her back and forth from body to body---at the most traumatic and embarrassing moments.

This is a sex story and we get it in variety from both sides--archaeologist George Lewis runs a whole catalogue of experiences in both bodies, from normal adultery, through rape, prostitution, masturbation, and sadism. And in the process author Jardine reveals a considerably higher degree of sexual sophistication than his two competitors.

He also--and this is what sets it most apart from the other two books mentioned above--has a sense of humor. He sets out to tell a bawdy farce, and does it with considerable gusto. One has the feeling that the author must have had a good deal of fun writing this book--and that makes it fun to read.

This is not science fiction, but the hero is a man of intelligence who solves his problem by an exercise of wits, and that gives it a considerable leg up on most science fiction being written today. And the final solution is one that is both satisfactorily ingenious and sufficiently true to character. Moreover, in the course of the story the author unobtrusively manages to say some very pointed and thought-provoking things about the sexual relationships of men and women.

"Arthur Farmer" does not have the writing skill of either of the two greats who inspired his pen-name, but he has more than enough for the story he tells, and considerably more than the market demands. This story won't win a Hugo, but is more than just a pleasant hour's entertainment.

By way of parenthesis Jack Jardine is also the author of a libidinous short story in Busty No. 2. Here is a sample bit of dialog:

Turner had never seen his employees so undecided as to what to do about the most intriguing package ever to arrive in their midst. Clearly, opening the box was the boss's responsibility.

He strode forward. "Ah," he said, "I see it arrived. Harness, would you fetch me a crowbar?"

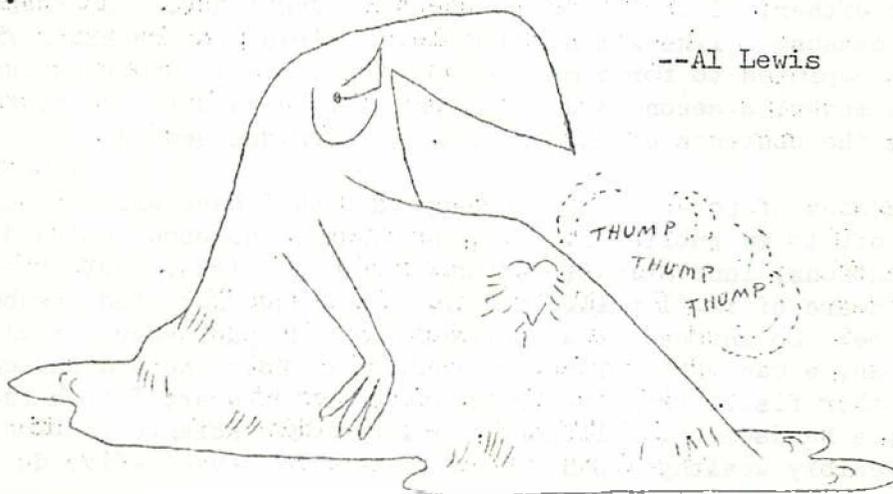
Ellik was the first to speak. "Is that really what I think it is?"

"It is," Ben assured him.

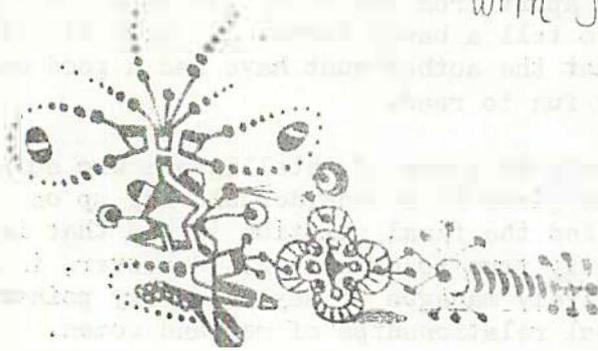
"Utility model," Pelz mused. "How interesting. I've read about that one."

Wheatley simply pursed his lips while his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

And then they unpack a luscious, red-headed robot, lightly sprinkled with freckles...



Picking a Bone
with Shaggy



conducted by john trimble

Yes, this is the Shaggy letter-
col. I know you can read it
this time, Redd, but it is none-
theless the bone picker's sec-
tion, just as the title over
to the left there--by Ware, I
believe--says. To spare your
eyes, however, this installment
in our thrilling chronicle of
Squabble in the Smaug is being
brought to you in living 12-pitch
elite, rather than our usual ol'
11-pitch Senatorial (which is
more suited to Whn or Kppl, any-
way). 'Nuff of my blather, let's
begin the letters with good ol'...

GRANDFATHER PONG, Box 478, Heyworth, Illinois

A young man who shall be Nameless (doesn't that strike a responsive chord?) has caused to be printed in the Letter column of your magazine an uncouth remark about me and my penchant for destroying seventy-five dollar bills. The Nameless creature then goes on to suggest that this act of wanton destruction is proof positive that science fiction writers are wealthy.

Young Nameless is guilty of a half truth. Only handsome, intelligent science fiction writers who are genius-ridden are wealthy. The remainder, like Bloch, are merely ridden. I am wealthy because I believe I have achieved a "first" of some kind; I have sold a science fiction novel to the government. It is not likely to be read, ever, by fandom or that other public. The novel has been classified and tucked away into whatever dark hole was designed for classified documents.

I must say point blank that I am not permitted to discuss the contents of the novel.

Not that I have been placed under the confines of security of any of that buncombe. The government discovered that I am non-securable, thanks to a gay, abandoned life of wine, women and song. Did you know that under certain peculiar circumstances, Sex is subversive? I didn't know it either. I can't quite accept it even today. But there I am, non-securable because I like women and tolerate girls; so instead a fiendish new device was employed to force me to button my lip. I have been paid a certain sum of money; a second and equal sum will be paid to my estate if I do not divulge the contents of that novel. My lips are sealed.

I wrote a book, the same kind of pot-boiling space-opera book I have written before, and packed it off to my publisher. And, as always, the book included a few of my pet inventions, innovations, and unworkable gimmicks. But this time, without being aware of it, I pulled a Jules Verne and "invented a submarine." Do you follow me? So instead of a contract from the publisher I received a visit from a man, a man who carried my manuscript under one arm and waved a check in his other fist. Being a dirty, dirty pro at heart I took the check and here I am, a handsome, intelligent, genius-ridden science fiction writer who is so incredibly wealthy I can afford to destroy seventy-five dollar bills.

Let young Nameless go and do the same.

PS: keep Ellik out of your magazine.

14 [[What lengths some people will go to in order to explain away their winnings from Vegas. Tell it to the Internal Revenooers, Tucker! --jt]]

JOHN BOARDMAN, Box 22, New York 33, N Y

Thanks for...SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. I'm enclosing...Bjo's questionnaire. Why, incidentally, the questionnaire? Is John complaining about his meals?

(Perdita says she has the opposite problem with me: I'll eat anything, so she's not able to fix particular favorite foods of mine.)

Bjo's article about wrong numbers reminds me of a time in Tallahassee when I kept getting calls for "Gladys." I finally started replying that Gladys is upstairs with a customer, and call back in 15 minutes. People stopped phoning for Gladys.

[[Bjo's problem with me is largely that she hasn't fixed anything I won't eat. Not that I'll eat everything...but that she's a darned fine cook, and I'm too busy savoring each dish or new menu to develop special favorites. The questionnaire has nothing to do with any of this, and has been going out to non-fannish types also. --jt]]

MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place, Forås, New Jersey

Peake's cover was an unusual piece of artwork that contains more intrinsic power than a quick glance might reveal. The deliberate lack of anything more than facial and superficial bodily detail of his characters immediately focuses one's attention on them. The undecipherable expressions and the seemingly unconcerned posture further capture the eye.

Telephones are probably the greatest boon to the practical joker. Around here we went through the obligatory "water company," "gas company," and "street-light" calls made by nervous juveniles before Hallowe'en, who threatened to break out in tumultuous laughter before completing their calls. In addition, you will always find some die-hard who can remember the old extended telephone gag. That is, you chose some number from the phone book, preferably someone you don't know, call them up, and in a perfectly normal voice ask for someone, say Carl Brandon, for instance. When you are told Mr. Brandon doesn't live there, thank them politely, explain you must have the wrong number, and hang up. Repeat this a few hours later--and again a few hours after that. This goes on for at least a week, until your anonymous party is beginning to think that most certainly you, and perhaps they, are going nuts. Finally you phone them, disguise your voice, and in a reasonably concerned tone say: "This is Carl Brandon. Were there any calls for me?"

Jerry Page has done a good review of Ace Books. Ace is also to be commended for the Ace Star line, which has reprinted a number of superlative, but unobtainable novels. My most recent acquisitions in that line are Shirley Jackson's The Sundial, and Dalton Trumbo's Johnny Got His Gun. I just finished reading the latter and I can recommend it most vigorously. Trumbo's characterization, his agonizedly meticulous style, and the inexcusable philosophy he has woven into the book make it unforgettable, and Ace is truly to be commended for reprinting it.

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

I thought very highly of your [[Ron's, of course]] con report and the narration of the subsequent events. You keep before your reader the small matters that prove that you really were in another nation, and this is important to prevent a TAFF report from sounding like any fan attending any con. I like your frequent use of direct quotation, to increase this sense of immediacy, and the inclusion of small homely details about getting laundry done and fouling up photographs. Future TAFF delegates might be able to consider your report as a textbook of sorts. It's also nice to know that someone else is fond of roaming around strange towns without guides or guidebooks. I get resentful and rebellious when I'm told that this is a place of great historical significance or that I should admire that for its architectural

[[Warner, cot'd]] distinction. When I happen across a shrine or a specially fine building, I feel that I've accomplished such things without help from anyone, on my own initiative, and there is no temptation to think "prove it" when there is nobody to ascribe great merits to the items.

Fritz Leiber's article deserves the good things that were said about it in the letters in the 64th issue. This makes two fanzine articles in a row about Lovecraft that haven't revealed that he couldn't stand cold air and haven't trumpeted forth the fact that he could live on 60% worth of food per day. It's about time that writers about HPL stopped trying to make harmless eccentricities and preferences into the only things deserving of mention. I wonder, incidentally, what HPL would think of the situation which has prevented for twenty years his letters from appearing in fanzines simply because Derleth keeps planning to publish them Real Soon Now. Lovecraft devoted thousands of hours to writing them, I'm sure he would be the first to oppose their restriction on the grounds that they might result in a profit of a few dollars to his estate, and I'm sure that the situation is as completely opposed to his love of amateur journalism as any treatment of his literary remains could be.

The only objection I can find to the Mattel episode is the resurrection of "Daugherty project" in an inverted sort of manner. I think that the time has come to recognize Daugherty as the guy who was responsible for an imposing part of the accomplishments of Los Angeles fandom in the 1940s. I imagine that he did propose many things that never got done, but I also suspect that laziness and broken promises on the part of other persons were the reasons behind most of the projects that didn't pan out. I've gone through hundreds of pages of Los Angeles publications for fan history purposes, and again and again, I've learned that most of what did get published and sponsored and inspired had Daugherty as an important or the major worker.

I remember too the story but not the title that Richard Kyle praises by Robert Moore Williams. But I don't think that it should be called non-fantasy. As I recall, it had two heroes; a fly and a man. Each was in a serious situation, the fly because it couldn't get through the closed window and the man because of the way events had turned out for him. At the end someone opened the window to let the fly out and the situation suddenly took a turn for the better for the man, and the intimation was strongly that someone had fixed up things for the man in a way he couldn't comprehend, just as the fly had been liberated through a process that the insect didn't understand.

[[Bjo didn't exactly "resurrect" the term "Daugherty project," Harry; it's been with us for well over a decade--in popular useage--thanks to the Burbee-Laney-philis. Bjo's use of the term was in a sarcastic vein, backed up by proof that Walt can--and does--come through. I hope you'll carry through your findings about Daugherty into your fan history, Harry; it might serve to give the lie to a well-fostered myth. --jt]]

POUL ANDERSON, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California

Somebody ought to defend us types that are mostly to be found in the bar at conventions, from Don Wollheim's charge of boorishness, snobbery, and self-admiring exclusiveness. Might as well be me.

It just ain't so. As Ted Sturgeon remarked in his speech, a convention is not a single thing, it's many. Probably no two people have ever attended quite the same convention. They go for different reasons, they meet different people, they get swept up in different parties, and what's wrong with that?

Ethel Lindsay's TAFF Report is available now for \$1 from her or Ron Elik

[[Anderson, cot'd]]

Speaking for myself, and I think for most pros, I sometimes transact a little business at such an affair (income tax inspectors please note) but that isn't why I go. The real reason is to have the fun of mingling in a completely informal atmosphere with my own kind of people. A number of these are very dear old friends. If it weren't for the convention providing us with some kind of central point to meet, many years might go by before we saw each other.

As it is, well, naturally when old buddies have a reunion, one has a drink or three. The bar is a convenient place to do so. And the talk runs on and on, for hours...and that's how come we're all down in the bar instead of up where the formal program is. Programs are fine for those that want them, and every convention has at least a few such offerings which I try to see myself; but it isn't the thing I came for.

However, and this is an important point, these gatherings don't cold shoulder anybody. The bar is a public place. Anyone who likes has the right to join us. If we happen to be talking about that hilarious time back in old Swede's Bottom, Minnesota, when Darrell's dog sled wouldn't, naturally a newcomer may feel a bit left out. But the chances are that the yak will be about something he can plunge right into; and if, as is probable, he's a nice guy and has something to say worth listening to, he won't remain a stranger long.

As a matter of fact, no convention goes by where I don't find myself spending many hours in the most animated conversation with some person I never met, probably never heard of, before. There's a long list of valued friendships I've made that way, including my wife.

No, Don, we aren't snobs. I'm sorry as hell to have missed you in Chicago, but had no idea you were there till too late. Why didn't you just come up and say hello? I'll bet we could have had us a fine time.

[[Hmmm, I've got a cousin name of Darrell who lives in Minnesota...I wonder if.... Doesn't the Milford "conference" somewhat invalidate your first point, Poul? 'Course not everyone in prodom bothers, but more'n a few go. --jt]]

JIM CANTHORN, 4, Wolseley Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England

"Squirrel Cage" continues to maintain the standard of the earlier episodes. Seems as if most of my knowledge of Britian comes from reading TAFF reports; obviously I missed a lot of interesting spots in Harrogate. The non-opening bookshop recalls a place near Leicester Square, London, which stocks considerable numbers of early SF mags, going back to the late 'twenties; I have yet to discover what the actual hours of business are--over a period of three years I found the shop open exactly twice.

Strangely enough, John Baxter's idea of boiling Shaggy's editor had its counterpart at the Peterborough Con, when someone suggested (but not within Amis' hearing) that a fitting climax to the affair would be to serve up Guest Kingsley Amis on a platter, portions to be given to all the SF pro-writers present, on the good old-fashioned principle of sharing the qualities of a hero. The idea was vetoed on the grounds that it might develop into a tradition, which would hardly encourage writers to develop Finer Prose.

[[As Sir Henry Morrivale once said, "The sole business of second-hand book dealers is to prevent the sale of books." While bookstores keep rather regular hours here in the US--as a rule--HM's truism stands in this country also; trying to get a clerk to sell one a book is sometimes more work than it took to earn the price of the tome in the first place, and most certainly more than it's worth. --jt]]

REDD BOGGS, 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles 57, California [[Note CoA]]

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #64, March 1963. That cover indicates that Mervyn Peake can't draw either. Indeed, I feel this is the nadir of Peake. I am sort of glad I feel this way because this is kind of an interesting phrase, and with a little work might be worthy of quotation somewhere or other in a place where I would get more egoboo than in the Shaggy lettercol [[Surrah!]]

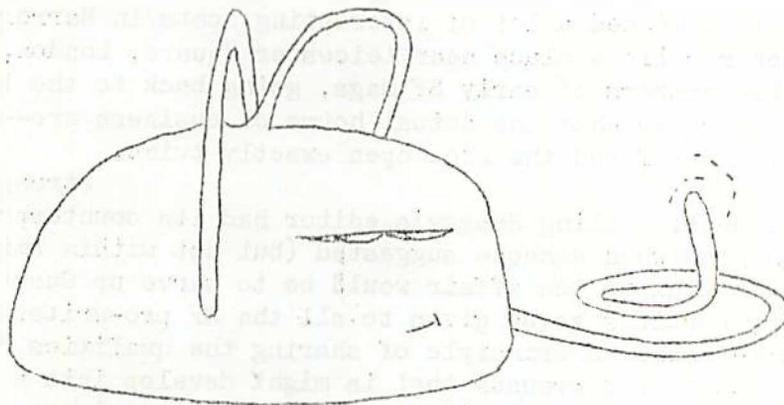
"The Squirrel Cage": When you say "the ride from Harrogate to Sheffield after the British Convention is embarrassing to remember," presumably you mean "embarrassing to try to remember"? I read through that first paragraph 16 times looking for embarrassing situations, but can find nothing important, unless Valerie's lack of a sense of direction was more embarrassing than I would suppose from your account.

I take issue with your statement that "British railroads have a uniformly dismal view...." It was from the window of a British train--in fact the train going from Glasgow, where we'd landed from the Queen Elizabeth, to our Eighth Air Force base near King's Lynn--that I saw the most fascinating sight I have ever seen from a railroad train. This took place in a "rundown field" along the track, in full view, remember, of about 300 howling, screaming GIs: There were three couples in the field. The first were lightly petting; the second were heavily petting; the third were At It. The whole thing looked like a demonstration of the Art of Love. So you see, the view from the railroads in England is not always so dismal.

"Fallen Angelenos" was much fun. The only trouble is, Bjo makes even the bother of being pestered on the phone by wrong numbers and telephone solicitors sound like a very fascinating business. I have been sitting here feeling sorry for myself because I never get any interesting wrong numbers.

Give the cover original to Don Wollheim, who wrote the best letter; second to HWJr. No, on second thought, considering the cover original to be given away (it is, isn't it?), the winner ought to get something else and the loser ought to get the original. Give DAW that DEA.

[[Mr. WAW, sir, please give this letter your careful attention, and make a note to wither Redd Boggs in the proper Oblique House manner when you come over again, in 1972. --jt]]



ROBERT E. GILBERT, 509 W. Main Street, Jonesboro, Tennessee

The bookstore that didn't sell books...reminds me of the time I stumbled into a huge used bookstore in Knoxville. I spent a gleeful hours or two therein, but thenext time I went back, no matter how many streets I walked, I was unable to find the store again. It had vanished.

28 [[Shottle Bop, anyone? --jt]]

PAUL WILLIAMS, 163 Brighton Street, Belmont, Mass.

Ron Ellick's tour through Britian with home-cooking, Brag, bookstores and Bjo cartoons is fascinating as ever. The only way I know of to solve the problem of the bookstores full of books which aren't worth the immense amount of time needed to sort them is this: Anything is better than actually destroying every one of these tomes, some of them valuable, rare, some perhaps lost to the world. So instead of seeling them as pulp paper, you can do what a Boston bookstore recently did before it was torn down: ran a number of sales, advertising them, starting with, say, a quarter for any book in the store. Depending on the response, a while later this price would be lowered to a dime; andthen eventually all the books can be given away free. When the Brattle Book Shop did this almost every book in the store was taken away, and the owner could then see the store destroyed with a free concience. The books were stillin existance somewhere.

Bjo, your column this time is hilarious. Your rational way of dealing with all these strange situations and people dumbfounds me somewhat. And amuses me a lot more. "'It's sort of a strange situation here..." Mighod...I won't bother telling you my telephone stories; you've got me one-upped before I even start.

SUE HEREFORD, Moors Hall, Radcliffe College, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Fallen Angelinos was read aloud--to the best of my ability--to several other people rendering us gasping, writhing and inarticulate, even when new people came into the room and it was somehow repeated. It was decided that the next time our phone rang we would answer "Los Angeles Boiler Works, good evening." The phone promptly rang, I picked it up, emitted several wheezings of suppressed laughter, finally said "Oh Hell, I can't do it," and started laughing again. I don't know what my roommate said to whoever it was, I couldn't hear over the hysterics. She probably said "Ruth isn't here right now, may I take a message?" That's one depressing thing about sharing a phone. You get all prepared to meet the world, pick up the thing and say "Hello!" in your most alluring tone, and it's for somebody else.

THE KIBBLERS THIS TIME INCLUDED...TOM ARMISTEAD, who's sure that wot with "Fallen Angelenos and Ronel's Squirrel Cage all crammed together in one issue...the LA crew wilfind another Fan Hillton and everything will be like it once was not so long ago." [[Hah! --jt]] SID BIRCHBY [40 Parrs Wood Ave, Didsbury, Manchester 20, England] puts "a plague on [[our]] decentralisation."

JAMES R. GOODRICH [7 Third St, Somerville, N J], whom we'd like to see write another LoC. PHILLIP HARRELL, who gushes pleasingly for a couple of pages, blush! TERRY JEEVES [30 Thompson Rd., Sheffield 11, England] who digs Space Fact Documents, among other things. SETH JOHNSON [339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey] whose Fanzine Clearing House recruitment operation needs fmz.

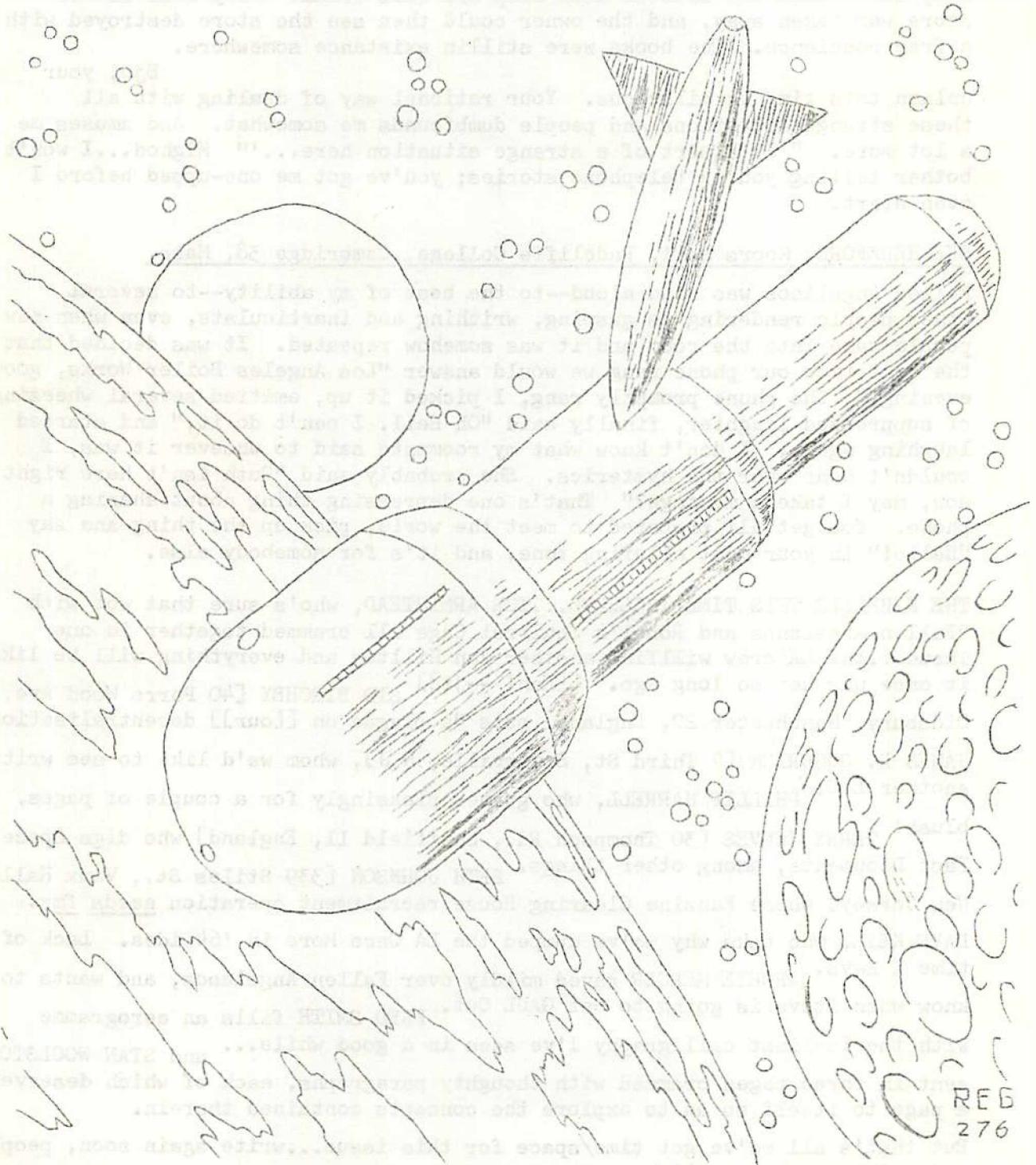
DAVE KEIL, who asks why we've dumped the LA Once More in '64 idea. Lack of time I says. ARCHIE MERCER raved mildly over Fallen Angelenos, and wants to know when Steve is going to Get GAUL Out. FRED SMITH fills an aerogramme with the loveliest calligraphy I've seen in a good while... and STAN WOOLSTON sent in three pages crammed with thoughty paragraphs, each of which deserves a page to itself so as to explore the concepts contained therein.

But that's all we've got time/space for this issue...write again soon, people, and we'll see you nextish.

---jt---

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

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TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #4

May 1963

Published in the interests of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund by Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

-oOo-

Accompanying this newsletter you will find the current TAFF ballot--fill it out and send it off with an envelope full of money. Do it now--act without thinking. You have until Hallowe'en --but I can practically guarantee you that doing it now, while you have the ballot in your hand, is the only way to keep from forgetting about it until long after the deadline. Vote.

About that contribution: This Easter, the fans gathered for a TAFF discussion at Peterborough voted by a heavy majority to increase the minimum British contribution. Americans have said for some time that the fee ought to be raised--and now we've gone and done it, we've let our cousins transmarine jump the gun on us. With tardy pride your Administrators hereby announce an increase which has been long anticipated by overlarge contributions. It takes money as well as votes and enthusiasm to get winners across the Atlantic and back again.

And you are naturally thinking that with more money coming in, TAFF will be giving the winner more than \$500--and believe me, I'd love to announce that there is enough money to plan on that. But at this writing we can send the US winner to the next British convention and have approximately one hundred dollars left over; if we can count on a healthy turnout at the polls and contributions as well from fan clubs and conventions during the year, there will be no difficulty about the British winner making the trip, too. But you can see that we still have to raise four hundred dollars, before summer of next year.

If the financial picture changes before this campaign is over, TAFF may well be able to raise the ante to \$600, making the amount well over the jet fare from London to New York, and allowing winners to travel more in the host country. We want to be sure that the sponsors of TAFF -- you -- want us to do this, and we'll be happy to hear your opinion by correspondence or at conventions; if you want to underline your argument with a five dollar bill to make the raise possible, we will be even happier to listen to you.

But the best we can say now is that the winner will be given \$500 and will become my successor as American Administrator of the Fund after his trip. He will be an honored guest at the Peterborough convention--and those people really know how to make you feel welcome--and can probably expect the vacation of a lifetime in the British Isles. Any travel other than to and from the convention is, naturally, something extra for the winner and for the host country--it makes the trip more than a convention, and gives everyone an opportunity to meet the distant visitor.

And by the way, if you're unhappy about not having been a fan before the cut-off date on the ballot, remember that you can do more for your favorite candidate than just vote for him, by getting on the bandwagon and interesting apathetic fans in TAFF, and by your contributions. TAFF belongs to everybody, not just long-term fans--the restriction on the franchise is to make sure voters know at least a little about each candidate and his qualifications.

T. A. F. F.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND

CANDIDATES' PLATFORMS

MARION Z. BRADLEY In the 40's it was "Astra" letterhacking; in the 60's Marion Zimmer Bradley was writing, publishing, serving as FAPA's president and behaving very much like the fan she was, and is. Unlike some fans-turned-pros, Marion has stayed with fandom: OPUS & SF BULLETIN- "Crying in the Sink"; VEGA- "What Every Young Fan Should Know"; MEZRAB; DAY*STAR; ASTRA'S TOWER- "Men, Halflings, and Hero Worship"; ANDURIL; contributions to CRY, AMRA, KIPPLE, YLANDRO and many others. Through the years Marion has given generously of her valuable time and talent to fandom. It's past time fandom showed its appreciation; Marion has already earned TAFF.

Nominated by: Robert & Juanita Coulson, Dan McPhail, Bob Tucker, E. J. "Ted" Carnell, and Mal Ashworth.

BRUCE PELZ has published a staggering number of fanzines, participated in every Amateur Press Association within reach, and twice been re-elected Official Editor of SAPS. He has managed so successfully that for two years SAPS has charged no dues and this July will declare a cash dividend. He can always be found at LASFS meetings on Thursday nights, and was Director in 1962. He boasts a professionally-bound collection of fanzines and prozines, and is an avid comic fan. His inventive parodies and folk songs have enlivened regional conferences and every worldcon since Detention. Let's export this energy and enthusiasm--BEP for TAFF!

Nominated by: John & Bjo Trimble, Dick Eney, Marion Z. Bradley, Walter A. Willis, and B. Terry Jeeves.

WALLY WEBER Wally cannot be summarized in 100 words. Maybe you've met him? (Eleven Worldcons, five Westercons; 1961 Worldcon Chairman and Treasurer.) Fan-writings? Letterhacked in PLANET, TWS, SPACEWARP (reader/accumulator of prozines and fanzines since 1947). Assumed CRYpublication 1951; edits lettercol since 1959. Also general- and apa-zines; thrice rated SAPSpoll top humorist. Charter (1949) Nameless Ones member: president twice; now "permanent" Secretary-Treasurer. NFFF member from 1958, participating type. Single-phrasedly inspired Ella's Parker Pond Tour to Sea-Con, 1961. Ella demands rematch (see below). Enough of statistics about your Fabulous Candidate. England needs Wally Weber (we need him back, of course).

Nominated by: Ella Parker, Madeleine Willis, Don Franson, Bill Donaho, F. M. Busby.

-oOo-

THE LINDSAY REPORT, Ethel Lindsay's account of her travels to the United States for the 1962 Chicago convention, is now available from either Administrator for seven and six (7/6d) or one dollar (\$1.00). Sixty tidily-mimeographed pages with illustrations by Atom and a page of photographs. ##All previous TAFF reports are also still in print. Don Ford's TAFF BAEDEKER (1960 trip) is \$1.25; Ron Bennett's COLONIAL EXCURSION (to South Gate, 1958 trip), and Eric Benteliff's EPITAFF (to Pittsburgh, 1960 trip) are \$1.00 each.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND

VOTING FORM

The candidates

MARION Z. BRADLEY

BRUCE PELZ

WALLY WEBER

Votes must reach one of the two administrators before October 31st, 1963. The result of the election will be announced as soon as possible after this date.

BRITISH ADMINISTRATOR

Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain

AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR

Ron Ellick, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California, USA

Each candidate has promised that barring acts of God he or she will travel to the convention in Peterborough, England, over the Easter weekend, 1964, if elected. In addition they have posted bond and provided signed nominations. Their platforms are on the reverse of this ballot form.

Should the winner be unable to make the trip, the second place winner will be offered the opportunity.

Details of voting will be kept secret. Write-in votes are permitted.

No proxy votes are allowed. Each voter must sign his own ballot.

A first-place vote is worth two points; a second-place vote is worth one point.

I VOTE FOR

1)

2)

AND ENCLOSE THE SUM OF AS A CONTRIBUTION TO TAFF.

To be eligible to vote you must contribute a minimum of five shillings (5/-d) or one dollar (\$1.00) to the Fund, and have been active in science-fiction fandom prior to January 1962. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be most gratefully accepted. Any normal form of currency, money orders or cheques should be payable to the Administrator receiving your ballot-- NOT, please, to TAFF.

If you think your name will not be known to the Administrators, please give here the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known.

REPRODUCTIONS of this form are authorized and encouraged, providing the wording is reproduced verbatim.

LASFSrexed 3May63

Under no circumstances will more than two points be allowed any one candidate on any one ballot.

SIGNED ADDRESS

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