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SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

MAY-JUNE 1964 NO. 69

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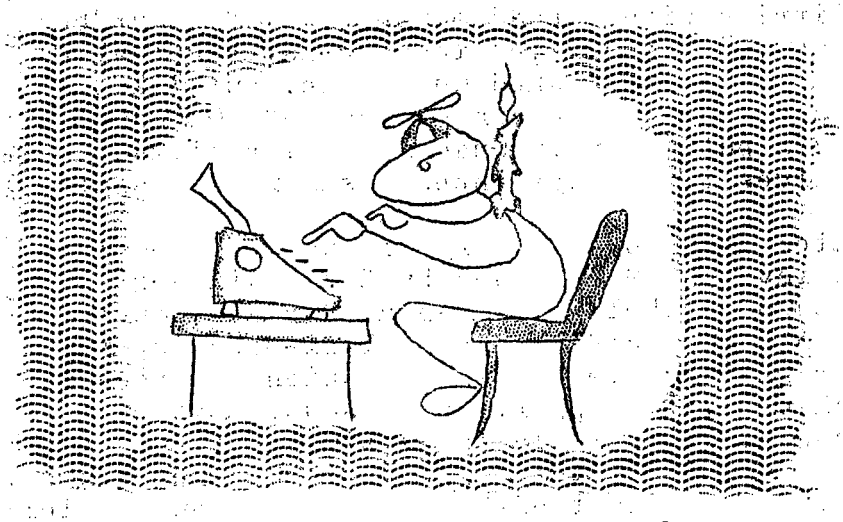
THE SHAGGY MAN



HOW ARE THINGS IN GUACAMOLE?

SOME OF YOU PEOPLE seem to suppose that editing Shaggy is a snap. All one has to do -- you presumably imagine -- is take advantage of the momentum generated by Charles Burbee, Djinn Faine, Audrey Seidel, George W. Fields and all the other illustrious editors of this LASFS club magazine and ride to glory on Shaggy's flying coattails.

It isn't that way at all. Editing Shaggy is a snap much like that associated with a rat-trap or a gibbet. Let me tell you. Take, for instance, the publishing session whichat issue #68 was run off out at Ron and Al's, 1825 Greenfield avenue, 90025.

I was pacing nervously around the kitchen, overseeing John Trimble at the LASFS Rex; John had been delegated to run off the first pages of the issue. His wife was in the kitchen too, puttering around amid the pots and pans, but since she is a mere woman I paid her no heed till she said to me, "Mr Boggs, would you mind terribly going out and picking a lemon for me? The lemons are the lemon-colored fruit hanging on the lemon tree out in the backyard. You can't miss them. I'd be so very grateful."

I took one look at her and instantly noticed her delicate condition. Since I make it a point to gratify (if possible) the mad hankerings of such unfortunate young ladies I gladly sped forth, pausing only to arm myself with a machete from the silverware drawer. As I cut a likely-looking lemon from the lemon tree with my two-handed engine, I noticed a dime lying in the grass nearby. It was obvious that the good fairy (the one with the downward slanting eyes) was rewarding me for my virtue, and I returned to the house 10¢ richer and positively glowing with probity and bonhomie.

But alas! when I presented the lemon triumphantly to Mrs Trimble my mood of easy good will toward all (including pregnant females) was shattered even before I could stash the machete back in the spoon drawer. Mrs Trimble (or "Bjo," as she archly insisted I call her) informed me that she had needed the lemon most desperately, not to suck to assuage her foolish cravings, but <u>to add to a pot of Guacamole she was busily concocting</u>!

As I watched aghast, she seized the machete and, using the flat side of it, beat the unoffending lemon into a weltering pulp which she proceeded to dump into the bowl of stuff which Al Lewis, stripped to the waist, was stirring with a paddle the size of a surfboard. All you Guacamole buffs will, I'm sure, stand aghast right along with me. I had, till that moment, never gwokked Guacamole, but I knew instinctively that lemon is not proper to the concoction of Guacamole of classic mould. Anyone who would put lemon in Guacamole, I realized, would put kola nut in liqueur, chives in cottage cheese, sugar on peanut butter.

I recreated the whole history of Guacamole empirically in my mind. Guacamole was invented 9 May 1485 by Boris Jimenez Krupskaya Tizi-Ouzou, high chef to Queen Isabella of Aragon, for a banquet honoring Cortez for his discovery of the Pacific ocean. Tizi-Ouzou's recipe, I felt sure, had called for green chiles, Bermuda onions, avocados, garlic, mayonnaise, a pinch of black pepper, and a soupçon of lychee sirup, but not even a demidrop of lemon. In the entire history of Guacamole, no one had ever dared to add raw lemon juice to this godly dish. It simply was Not Done. (Till the nineteenth century, of course, lemons were considered poisonous to humans and customarily fed to swans and pet iguanas.)

The closest Guacamole ever came to being contaminated with lemon was in the scullery of the fresco artist Diego Francisco Anaheim-Sacramento on the upper Grijalva river in the state of Chiapas, Mexico. In 1893 Senor Anaheim-Sacramento considered adding lemon to Guacamole, but before he could attempt the desecration he was massacred by a wandering band of Kwakiutl Indians. All Guacamole buffs agree that it served him right.

Mind reeling, I groped my way out of the kitchen into the living room. Here I found Ron Ellik, who had just been reading the first pages run off of Shaggy #68, which contained his article "Metropolitan Chronicle." He looked up at me with sparks of ire blazing behind his glasses just like Al Ashley or somebody. "You ruined my article; you ruined my article;" he hissed at me. "You touched your editorial blue pencil to my manuscript; and you ruined it;"

"I changed a few things in it," I said. "I flatter myself," I added modestly, "in believing that I actually improved it. The article is now in the 'Barely Acceptable' range <u>at least</u>."

"You don't understand; Meyer;" he bellowed. "You changed all my semicolons to periods; which makes it read choppily; to say the least;"

It was on the tip of my tongue to remind him that the semicolon was invented by accident, through a slip of the pen, by Fra Bartolemeo de Cacciatori, grammarian to Pope Sisinnius in 708 A. D., and that no self-respecting writer uses a semicolon where a period will do. Instead, I prudently retreated to the kitchen.

I was just in time to discover Mrs Trimble ("Bjo"), having utterly ruined the Guacamole, was busily splashing about a dram of corflu over a stencil I had carefully prepared for Shaggy #68. I looked down with astonishment and discerned under the gules of Bohn corflu a small masterpiece I had hand-picked out of the Shaggy art file for use in this particular spot.

"Stop!" I screamed.

"At the request of the Oakland police department, the scheduled wine-tasting session will be replaced by an hour of lollipop licking."

It was Mrs Trimble's -- Bjo's -- turn to look astonished. "What's the matter?" she asked. "This drawing -- it was pretty awful, you know." How could I answer the woman? Dared I admit that as soon as I could afford it I intended to hang the original drawing on my walls, suitably framed in black onyx and styrofoam?

"B-but," I said tremulously, "what are you going to put in place of that illo? It's going to leave an unsightly gap...."

"Oh, I'll draw something in," she said carelessly, splashing more corflu with a lavish and enthusiastic brush.

"B-but," I said, lowering my voice, "you are in the family way."

"By golly, I thought something funny was going on!" she said, as she took a stylus and began to fill the corflued space with little pictures of fans wearing helicopter beanies, and duplicators and cats and crudsheets and Guacamole bowls. My favorite masterpiece, the finest bit of fannish artwork since Garcone, disappeared forever.

Meanwhile, while my eye was otherwise occupied, John Trimble had sneaked away and was busily playing acey-deucy with Ron Ellik in the living room. But Al Lewis was still standing nearby no doubt recovering from his exertions on behalf of Guacamole. "I'll bet you're happy you don't have anything to do with Shaggy anymore," I said enviously.

"You bet," he said, and glumly ran off another page of Shaggy #68.

PERILS OF FRIENDSHIP

One day as I sat in my shelter
   Imagine my anxious alarm
When I heard in the earth a soft scratching
   And of course I supposed it meant harm.

"They're coming to get me!" I babbled,
   Tormented with terror and dread --
Just then a stone fell from the ceiling
   And in through the hole poked a head.

It was only a gopher that found me
   And of course I soon made it a pet;
But you shouldn't be pals with a gopher,
   For it proved the death of me yet.

Just now it crept in all a-tremble --
   I hastened to give it first aid;
Then cyanide poured in behind it --
   The neighbor was making a raid!

My neighbor, so proud of his garden,
   His lawn and his prize flower-bed,
Was heartlessly gassing the gophers --
   Don't dig me up now -- I'm dead.

The moral is: Don't trust your neighbor.
   Shoot now while the man is asleep;
And never take up with a gopher --
   You're known by the friends that you keep.

-- THOMAS C. SLATE

;;The semicolons omitted from Ronel's essay last issue

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A TRAGIC SENSE OF LIFE

MOSTLY ABOUT POUL ANDERSON

BY ALEXEI PANSHIN

IN A RECENT LETTER TO SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES (issue #68, pp 30-1), Poul Anderson made the point that it is fallacious to come to conclusions as to what an author really thinks or believes from things he says in his stories. To a certain extent, this is true. If a writer says something in order to make a point, to advance his story, to make a character or background real, for the sake of artistic speculation, to exhaust all the possibilities in an idea, or simply for the pure hell of it, he has a perfect right to do it, and it would be ridiculous to hold that what he has said is what he himself thinks.

That is, if he says it once.

If a Robert Heinlein character holds that everybody who can't work a slide rule is not in tune with the universe, that's one thing. If a number of Heinlein characters say it in a number of different places in which it is in no way necessary to the development of the story, then it is not unreasonable to conclude that this is what Heinlein thinks.

If Theodore Sturgeon picks the subject of love to consider from one angle in this story, that angle in another, out of all the possible subjects about which he could write, then it is not unreasonable to conclude that the subject is important to him.

If every story that Dean McLaughlin writes is science fiction and he won't write any other sort, then it is not unreasonable to conclude that the genre is important to him.

In other words, in some cases it is possible to conclude what a writer thinks or feels from what he puts on paper or what he significantly omits. If a writer says a thing over and over again in entirely different places, he may not always realize exactly what he is saying, but that he does say it and continues to say it is a sign to me that he does mean what he is writing.

There is a danger, of course, of being wrong, of coming to a false conclusion either because of insufficient facts or faulty reasoning. However, if done with a responsible intention, if the reasons for a conclusion are clear and set down clearly where they can be quarreled with, then speculation of this sort is both legitimate and interesting.

It's been done before. I don't recall anybody questioning Cyril Kornbluth's right to probe into Doc Smith's unconscious symbolism, as he

did in his University of Chicago lecture reprinted in The Science Fiction Novel (Advent), though I can't imagine Smith being very happy about what Kornbluth had to say.

While not making any extravagant claims for the quality of my writing here, my thinking, or my conclusions, I do think reasonable speculation is perfectly in order. Any time a conclusion can be made for which evidence can be presented, let it be made -- for fun if for no other reason.

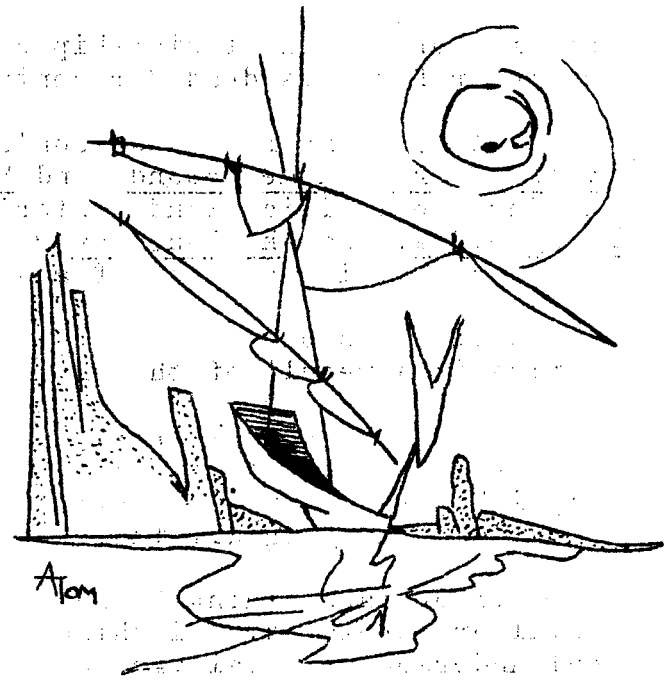
I'll give you an uncomplicated example. Not long ago, I had occasion to read again a children's book called Secret Sea, by Robb White, that I first read almost 15 years ago. I found it quite a good book, and since I'm old enough now to no longer be embarrassed to be seen with kids' books, I read two others by Robb White: Sail Away and The Lion's Paw, both also good reading. Besides the fact that all three involve small sailing craft, the three stories have something in common. In all three, there are parentless children who during the course of the story make a place for themselves by use of brains and courage. Somehow I doubt that White's agent wrote him a letter saying, "I like the latest but I think it needs spicing up. Why don't you toss in another homeless kid?" I think they are present in all three novels because they represent something central to Robb White.

I'll give you a more complicated example, and since Poul Anderson is responsible for this article, he is going to be it.

There is a consistent attitude toward life that runs throughout Poul Anderson's stories, science fiction, historical novels, and mysteries, from the time he started writing until the present. For a label I'll call it a tragic attitude toward life. I'll try to characterize it in some detail and point to some of the places where it can be seen.

Part of it is honesty about death. In his book The Faith of a Heretic, Walter Kaufmann points out that there can never be a true Christian tragedy because in Christianity death is not final. In this sense, at least, I would call Poul Anderson a non-Christian writer. In most popular fiction, including science fiction, death is either ignored completely or ritualized as in the usual western or detective novel where it becomes a method of keeping score or involving the hero in trouble, and no longer has any meaning in itself. This is not true of Anderson. Death is an individual matter, death comes to all, death is with us, death is felt.

Take the ending of Murder in Black Letter. In a conventional mystery, given the situation, the hero, Kintyre, would have killed the villain Clayton. He doesn't here, though. Death is not a cheap thing, cheaply handled out. This attitude is true of all three of Anderson's mystery novels, and it isn't a common one. He seems to say that death is with us, but life is a valuable thing not lightly taken away. I think that this is reason enough for an honest recognition of death -- it forces the recognition that life is valuable, not a cheap thing. When death is treated as a violent, final thing, we may be more judicious in handing it out. Anderson takes a big step in recognizing, and having his characters recognize, that death is inevitable, and then goes a long way beyond.



Anderson values courage. This is apparent in nearly all his stories. There are some that seem to be exceptions to this, notably those featuring Nicholas van Rijn and those about Wing Alak, but these merely seem to be exceptions. They are not. What is negated here is not heroism, but heroics. Van Rijn, Alak, and Dominic Flandry, too, are all poseurs and posturers to a certain extent, but all of them are quite conscious of what they are doing, and there is no question of whether they will bear up when the chips are down.

Anderson's characters have a sense of personal duty, integrity -- call it what you will. Polonius may have been an old bore when he said, "To thine own self be true," but the line is a good one, and none the less true for having been put in the mouth of a bore. I'm thinking of Captain Rovic in "The Longest Voyage," who wanted men to walk on their own. I'm thinking of Dominic Flandry, who might as well sit at home and rot like everybody else, but who doesn't.

Part of it is a willingness of Anderson's to write "hard" endings. Whether it seems so or not, it is as pleasant for a writer to end things prettily as it is for a reader to have them end that way, but if a writer can prick himself to it, a tragic ending or one that causes some pain to accept may be more honest and more meaningful. The end of "The Longest Voyage" was a moderately hard one: The easy way out would have been to take off for the stars, but the central character didn't take the easy way. I am thinking even more of "The Sky People," where the easy, happy romantic ending goes out the window, and the characters suffer because of what they are. I am thinking of The Broken Sword, that deals with incest and ends with the death of the hero. I am thinking of "Brave to Be a King," where the man who had been Cyrus the Great has to go back to a bland life and a bland wife; it hurts -- Anderson makes it hurt. And I am thinking of "The Man Who Came Early," a modern man in Viking Iceland, out of place and dying because he cannot fit the times.

This merges with another characteristic theme: That there is a price for everything, that if something is gained, something must be given up. This is true of many of the stories I have already cited. This is obviously true of The Golden Slave, whose hero loses an eye for wisdom. It is true of "Time Patrol," the first story of the series, where the second lead rescues his fiancee from the London blitz, but has to spend the rest of his life in Victorian England, out of time and place, knowing it and feeling it. Brain Wave, whose supermen know they have lost as well as gained by their new intelligence, is another example. So are "Gypsy," where a simple life is given up and missed in return for an unstable, wandering life, and The Long Way Home, in which

the crew of the first starship come home to find themselves out of place and their families dead for centuries.

A large number of Anderson's stories, the three mysteries (Perish By the Sword, Murder Bound, and Murder in Black Letter), plus others including the Dominic Flandry stories, Three Hearts and Three Lions, The Enemy Stars, and The Long Way Home, show men continuing to function and function well in the face of a society they see as rotten or failing.

What comes out as gusto, relish, and love of life in Anderson's stories is a result of the things I have been speaking of. There is a feeling in the stories that although life is short and will soon be finally over, it is a defeat not to make the most of it. And making the most of it falls into two categories: Accomplishing all that can be accomplished (the sense of integrity or duty that I was discussing earlier), and enjoying all that life does offer to enjoy.

All of these things I have cited I don't think are simply accidental or unrelated. I think they form a consistent picture of what Poul Anderson's actual view of man and his place and purpose is. If there were interlardings of happy, bright, and superficial Ladies Home Journal stories among his output that contradicted what I see, I probably wouldn't make so firm a judgment, but on the evidence in view, I can't see any other conclusion to make.

For myself, I happen to think quite highly of a tragic view of life. If somebody else sees something different in Poul Anderson's fiction, let them marshal their evidence and their arguments. Prosecution rests.

BASS RISING

Cleaving water, this ancient bass vaulted
  into evening air
in shadows where the trees lay over, sun
  withdrawn --
and fell back, shattering stillness and
  sending on
from nearer shore to far, ripples in the
  water's glass --
this great old fish, this solitary bass,
making this moment here uniquely rare,
filling the evening with his ecstasy,
viewed by chance, not intended to be seen,
for but one instant caught between
his subaqueous world and that of mine,
which no common standard could define,
and then was lost again in water's
  mystery.

-- AUGUST DERLETH

A WALK THROUGH INFINITY

JOHN BAXTER

LAMENT OF THE SPHERES

THE DARK LIGHT YEARS, by Brian W. Aldiss. London: Faber & Faber, 1964.

Brian Aldiss is a minor writer; both minor in stature, as are all science fiction writers (though it must be conceded that in his case it is by choice) and minor in a musical sense. All his compositions are in a minor key: moody, dark, often depressing and cynical. If one had to ascribe a characteristic color to them it would be purple, perhaps midnight blue. A good part of this impression stems from the characteristic Aldiss style with its weak sensation and color vocabulary but immense general mastery of the language.

His science fiction is unique; witty without being funny, penetrating without being piercing. He is a poet without romance, a philosopher without objectivity. His choice of a quotation from T. S. Eliot to introduce The Dark Light Years is significant; the two men have much in common. Like Eliot, Aldiss is less interested in individuals than movements, trends, universals, yet, again like Eliot, his sympathy with and concern about the foundations of belief is implicit on every page. Both worry about destiny, yet they seem to have little faith in their ability to say anything worthwhile about it.

The Dark Light Years represents Aldiss' lowest descent into the mire of human existence. The stories in his early collections were half-

sad glimpses of a world where the old values were being eroded away, but their setting in the far future softened their image. Nobody takes the twenty-fifth century seriously. Hothouse Planet was more clearly focused and the satire more pointed, but it was not until The Primal Urge that he brought out his claws. Behind its humor, The Primal Urge mocks a large portion of contemporary mores and sexual morality in particular. But at least it had humor. The Dark Light Years makes few pretences towards amusement. It hits hard, digs deep, gives no quarter -- nor, I hope, expects any.

"A spaceship loaded high with shit," observes the explorer who finds the first utod space vessel. This is not surprising, as the utods are dedicated to the stuff. To defecate on a fellow creature is the ultimate compliment, to wallow in a mire of mud and excrement the supreme utodian pleasure. As might be expected, the earthmen find utod culture unspeakable and refuse to believe that intelligence could hide in these two-headed six-legged banana-shaped monsters, especially when it is discovered they are insensitive to pain and communicate in grunts, snores, farts, and wheezes through their wide variety of bodily orifices. A number of specimens are vivisected without any worthwhile information being obtained. A volunteer is placed on their planet to observe their culture but, aside from exterminating them whenever they are given the opportunity, the human race does its best to forget that the utods ever existed. When the volunteer is finally picked up nobody cares very much about his 40 years of notes and observations. Most of the earth and a sizeable part of the universe has been laid waste by war, and there are other more pressing things to worry about. The volunteer is carried away to honor and retirement on Earth -- while the utods ponder on the weapons left behind and wonder if maybe they might....

You may find it hard to believe that a book with this plot is not high comedy, but I can assure you that the laughs are few and far between. This is probably the most cynical and satirical book science fiction has produced. The plot outline above conveys nothing of the bitterness and power of the various episodes that cluster around the main structure like gargoyle-loaded flying buttresses. The points are hammered home again and again. Finding a party of utods wallowing in their midden the exploration party shoots them down without mercy. Civilized? The chief explorer hates his son because he once found him performing cunnilingus on his girl friend. Civilized? A Chinese girl named Ah Chi is the mistress of at least two men in the story without either being aware of the other. Civilized? A crew member gets drunk on his first night back on Earth, is jailed, and becomes a homosexual when seduced by his cellmate. Civilized?

The human race tries, but eventually we all betray one another, we all sell out, cheat, kill, lie. Is man nothing but a migratory animal, as one character suggests, a creature hiding his blind and meaningless urge to multiply and conquer new territory under evasions and lies about civilization and culture? Or an organism on which sores form and spew up spaceships like pus? Aldiss would like to believe in destiny, but the evidence weighs heavily in the opposite pan.

As always, Aldiss writes beautifully and takes his points well, but The Dark Light Years has the same fault as all his other novels. He never bears down sufficiently hard on any one character, situation, or theme to make a definite impression. His attack is like that of a swarm of bees, moving in close and stinging every target that presents itself.

This diffusion can be irritating to the reader, especially when the stings seem only to graze their mark, or miss altogether.

One wonders where the story leaves off and the stylistic background begins. There are characters named Mrs Warhoon and Bargerone, and a spaceship named the Brunner. Innocent enough -- a joke among friends. But why is the Brunner involved in a war against Brazil? Only because John Brunner once wrote some stories in which Brazil became the dominant world power? Or is there more to it than that? Why is the exploration ship named the Mariestopes? Why is one character, a rather fuzzy philosopher, named Wittgenbacher when the opinions he expresses bear no recognizable resemblance to those expressed by the late Ludwig Wittgenstein whose name Aldiss presumably borrowed for the occasion? Why does the volunteer take as a pseudonym the name Melmoth? Are these beestings? Or just little jokes for those who have done their homework? Perhaps Aldiss, true to the Eliot image, has written a book for the cognoscenti only and had himself a little fun -- or perhaps he is getting at something. As with Eliot, one has the alternative of trying to puzzle out the more obscure passages or admiring the work for itself. I remain confused, but it's nice to find a science fiction novel that offers the choice.

JERRY PAGE

FUN WITH WITCHBLADES

SWORDS AND SORCERY, edited and with an introduction by L. Sprague de Camp. New York: Pyramid Books, 1963.

This book is strictly fun, though the majority of the already-enthused fantasy fans should have all of the stories handy already, and probably all of the illustrations (which are reprints) by Virgil Finlay. If you aren't addicted to heroic fantasy yet, here is a good place to start.

The best of the stories in this collection are "Hellsgarde" by C.L. Moore, "The Testament of Athammaus" by Clark Ashton Smith, "The Doom That Came to Sarnath" by H. P. Lovecraft, and "Shadows in the Moonlight" by Robert E. Howard. Three other stories -- Poul Anderson's "The Valor of Cappen Varra," Lord Dunsany's "Distressing Tale of Thingobrind the Jeweller," and, distressingly, Fritz Leiber's "When the Sea King's Away" -- are spoiled by a sort of musical comedy attitude, as if the author were under the impression he was wasting his time. As others have said, heroic fantasy should be something more than a series of mere incidents. More than mere jokes, also.

For all the criticism of his attitude, however, I have to recommend Leiber's "Sea King" to anyone who hasn't read it. As Jerry Burge once said, until we get real science fiction back again, Leiber's stories are among the best available. This is true of fantasy also.

As for the other tales, "Hellsgarde" is one of the most effective of the Jirel of Joiry stories. If Mrs Kuttner were still writing like this, the field would be groveling at her feet. "The Testament of Atham-

maus" is Clark Ashton Smith at his finest. Two things have to be said about Smith. He is a skilful handler of words, perhaps as skilful as James Branch Cabell. And he is one of the finest humorists in all of fantasy. His humor is dry and veiled but quite delightful. "The Doom That Came to Sarnath" is a slight, early Lovecraft yarn. "Shadows in the Moonlight" is a slight Conan story, reminiscent of the sort of thing de Camp wrote when he was "collaborating" with Howard.

I see I haven't mentioned Kuttner's "The Citadel of Darkness." This falls neatly between the two groups I mentioned above. While not great, it is fun. The whole book, indeed, is fun, except for the Dunsany story which is too busy being clever to be fun.

AL LEWIS

FOR THE TOP SHELF

THE SUPPLEMENTAL CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE, compiled by Bradford Day. Denver, N.Y.: Science Fiction and Fantasy Publications, 1963.

In 1948 Shasta brought out Everett Bleiler's The Checklist of Fantastic Literature. This listed some 5000 titles of hardcover science fiction and fantasy, and represented the culmination of years of effort. Since that time almost the whole of the science fiction publishing boom has taken place, and, too, there were inevitably omissions in the original listing. Now Brad Day has published a 155-page mimeographed supplement: 2900+ titles that were not included in the original volume 15 years ago.

The listing is arranged alphabetically by author, listing each author's titles alphabetically below his name, followed by listing of publisher, date of publication, and number of pages. A second listing by title refers the inquirer to the author under whom the complete bibliographical information may be found.

This brings up the first fundamental criticism: There is no general introduction to explain the principles under which the books were selected. One presumes they are the same as those which governed the first Checklist, but in order to find out what those are, one must refer back to the original volume. There is an introduction of sorts that must surely rate as the most curious introduction ever appended to a scholarly volume: It seems to be a two-page summary history of science fiction and of the authors' tastes therein. And this begins to intimate what the peruser of this book will discover on further exploration: That this volume is far less carefully done than its predecessor, that it is essentially a one-man job (lots of contributors but only one compiler), and that it suffers from an inadequate proofreading of the completed file cards, which would have smoothed out many of the inconsistencies before they were committed to stencil.

Some omissions are forgivable (Shaw's The Apple Cart; you can't catch everything); but others are more curious. All of L. Frank Baum's Oz books are included, but only one of Ruth Plumly Thompson's. And while this is not meant to be a listing of first editions per se, surely an earlier edition of The Land of Oz than 1939 could have been included?

One also finds inconsistencies of format. Page numbers are listed in two styles: "THE CURRENTS OF SPACE...217" and "FOUNDATION...11-255." Now it is true that the first page of text in Foundation is page 11, but then so is it in The Currents of Space. Illustrations are sometimes listed and sometimes not; there seems to be no consistency on this point and surely it is something that should have been explained in the introduction. One would also suggest that Asimov's Triangle, although an omnibus volume, should have been fully annotated rather than cross-referenced back to the earlier editions; it is a new title. After all, Clarke's Across the Sea of Stars was included. (And van Vogt's Triad was omitted entirely.)

In using a work of reference, the question of reliability is one of great importance. Because the editors explained their methods, the earlier Checklist was a volume whose assets and limitations were clearly understood, and in whom great reliance could therefore be placed. Because the basis of selection is not clearly set forth, and because casual inspections turn up as many points of reservation as they do, that is not true of the present volume. It is a fine reference, but one would have a strong tendency to wish to cross-check it elsewhere before accepting it as an authority. And, a final note: In the year that The Dragon Masters wins the Hugo, is it still necessary to list: "Vance, Jack (pseud of Kuttner, Henry)"?

Yet when all is said, these cavils are minor. There is an immense amount of information that cannot be found elsewhere. I know only too well how difficult it is to avoid error, and the amount of effort that has gone into this work is enormous. To bibliographers and those endeavoring to compile major collections it will prove indispensable, and, like its predecessor and companion volume, will be cited for years to come.

AL KRACALIK

A DRAM OF WONDER

IMPACT - 20, by William F. Nolan. New York: Paperback Library, 1963.

According to the cover blurb, this is "A wonderful book for all Bradbury, Serling, Hitchcock, fantasy, science fiction, and -- of course -- Nolan fans." After reading the book, I can only conclude that it's first and foremost a book for Nolan fans, and since I cannot as yet fall into that category I must also discount the word "wonderful" from the cover blurb.

For Bradbury fans the book is only of mild interest, for though Nolan is Bradbury's protege, his writing bears only a faint resemblance to Bradbury's, both in style and quality. The most obvious Bradbury influence is found in "And Miles to Go Before I Sleep." Here Nolan expresses the human interest common to any number of Bradbury's space-travel stories, as well as the "homey" attitude toward Earth. The plot, too, is much akin to the sort of thing I've come to expect of Bradbury.

The Hitchcock element, unless you consider all "shock" or "surprise" endings Hitchcockian, may be narrowed down to one story: "Into

the Lion's Den." This one story reads very much as if it were being dramatized on the old half-hour Hitchcock series, and for all I know, it might have been.

Exactly where the Serling element fits into the picture I'm not certain. Serling's writing for "The Twilight Zone" has always been lacking in the essential element of personality, and his plots fall into a wide variety of classifications. In short, his stories read as what they are: television plays. I suppose a few of Nolan's stories in Impact - 20 could be classified as Serling-type stories, but the same stories could also be classified as the "type" of numerous other science fantasy writers without a great deal of room for argument.

So this book is for Nolan fans. And, as I said, I'm not one. Although Nolan's writing does show a great deal of promise, it reaches its peak only in a handful of stories: "And Miles to Go Before I Sleep," "Into the Lion's Den," "Dark Encounter" (which is my choice for the best item in this collection), "The Joy of Living," and perhaps "The Small World of Lewis Stillman." These stories contain all the necessary ingredients of good plotting and style, and though not necessarily milestones in their field, are enjoyable and worthwhile reading.

The remaining stories show a preoccupied Nolan: preoccupied with souped-up dragsters, trench-coat private eyes, and sex. As may be expected, these stories read as though they were dashed off in great haste -- the way most movie and television scripts are. They read like overplayed scripts, are often predictable, unintentionally funny, and, after a half-dozen or so, cease to be even that.

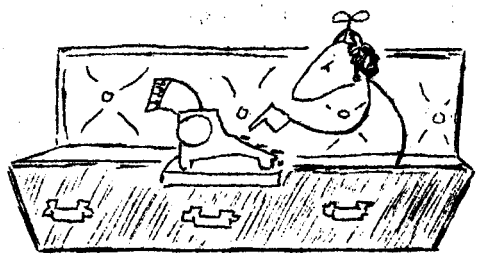
For the price of the book, it's worth getting for the few good stories, or as much so as the average issue of a current prozine. After Bradbury's introduction, however, the book as a whole is a letdown. Mr Bradbury may contend that Nolan exploded into his life, but he's only entered mine with a fizzle.

NIGHT SOUNDS

When man first strode out of his ochred cave
A host of gods came with him from the dark --
Puissant guards, with powers beyond the grave.
But light is cruel to gods. The awful spark
Of knowledge grew. And man must watch each die,
Until but one was left upon his throne;
And that one dwindled to a puerile lie,
And man must face the aching void alone.

In nature are strange, haunting calls that seem
To speak the very heart of solitude.
The mourning of the dove. The seahawk's scream.
Hoot of the owl through woods that drearly brood.
Howl of the wolf under the sky's gray span.
Last of these lonely cries: the voice of man.

-- FRITZ LEIBER



WITCHES, MONSTERS, AND DAEMON-POSSESSED CARS

BY ELEANOR TURNER

OUT OF THE BLACK, a silvery vampire flapped from the abysmal darkness of its coffin. To the right, Hecate in black lace huskily murmured to a plump, jovial Satan. To the left, the mad creator of a teenaged werewolf growled in whispers to the most famous monster of them all: Forrest J Ackerman. All were waiting for the second annual dinner of the Count Dracula society to begin.

The Society is devoted to the serious study of horror films and gothic literature. The occasion of this night's banquet (1 March 1964) was the annual presentation of the Ann Radcliffe awards, given for outstanding contributions in the fields of horror films and gothic literature. About 120 persons were present at Rudi's Italian restaurant in Los Angeles for the big affair.

My husband Paul and I had been invited to attend the dinner by Forry and although we had no idea why the banquet was being held we assumed that he had some prominent part in the evening's program. When we were shown to our seats, we found that we had been accorded places at the head of the central table. We kidded Forry about having pulled some strings, and as it turned out, he had. Other people started to show up and we discovered that many people we knew were also seated at the same table. Walt Daugherty, Sam and Florence Russell, Ib Melchior (our jovial Satan), Walt Lee, Tigrina (the old-time, until recently lost femfan, who is mundanely known as Edythe Eyde), Terry Pinckard (our lace-wrapped Hecate) and her husband Lucky were some of the people around the table. We settled down to pleasant conversation, an easy thing to do in a group such as this, which lasted through a very fine dinner.

Then the formal program of the evening began. We soon found out why we had been invited. As Forry, the master of ceremonies, introduced the celebrities in the audience, it turned out that everyone at our table had a claim to fame in the horror film/gothic literature field and we soon realized that we had been included because of Paul's distinction of being the last (so far) in a very long line of directors of the LASFS.

After the introductions were made, the Ann Radcliffe awards were given to Herman Cohen, motion picture producer and author, for his mo-

tion picture achievements and his advocacy of horror films; Peter Lorre, for his outstanding career in motion pictures (Mr Lorre died only a few weeks afterward); Dr Russell Kirk, philosopher and author, for his modern gothic romances and his book of ghost stories; and Donald Reed, college instructor and librarian, for his work of reviving interest in the novels of Mrs Ann Radcliffe and other gothic romances. Each award was presented by a different member of the executive board of the Society. Mr Cohen (our mad inventor) received his award with a pleasant speech, and Donald Reed gave an emotionally charged dedication to Mrs Radcliffe, for whom the awards are named. Neither Dr Kirk nor Mr Lorre was present but their representatives thanked the Society for the honors bestowed upon them.

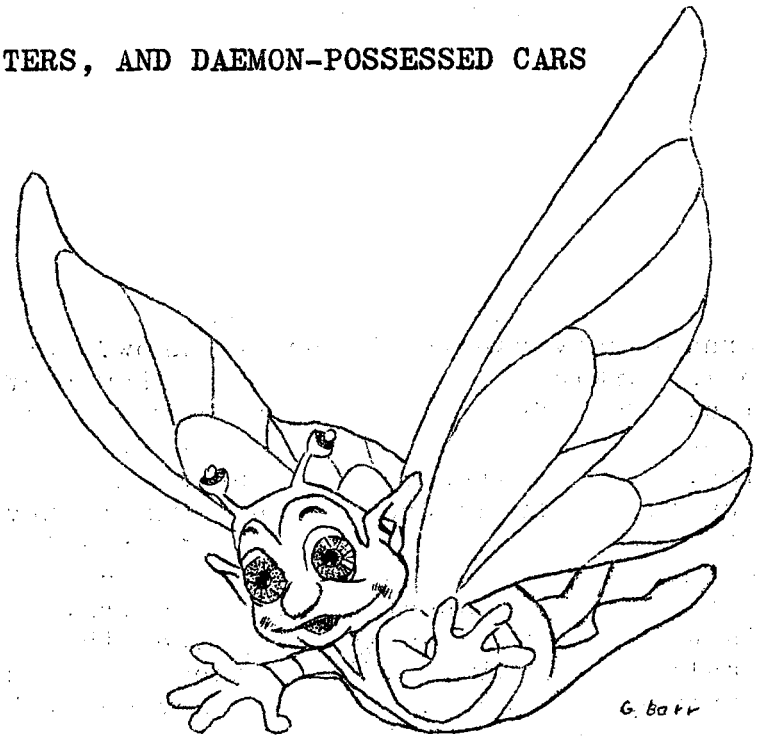
When everything was over, we were invited to Sam and Florence Russell's home for a small after-the-party party. Again we enjoyed ourselves by talking to people we like about things we like to talk about. When we finally left, about midnight, we had nothing in prospect but a pleasant hour-long drive through the quiet night before we could cuddle into our warm bed.

Unfortunately my contrary '51 Chevvy had other ideas. In my account of the Noncon (Queen Anne's Revenge #1) you may have read of the difficulties I had with this stubborn old car months ago. Since then, Paul, with the help of several friends, replaced its rod-thrown engine, and it had been behaving very politely, with only minor complaints of bald tires and a leaky radiator to let us know that we hadn't broken its spirit. Lately it had been acting rather strangely and I knew that it was probably because of the voltage regulator, which had needed replacing for a long time. I just hadn't gotten around to telling Paul. This old car never did like being ignored, and has a remarkable knack for getting back at us at the most inconvenient times. What better time and place than the middle of a Sunday night 30 miles from home?

When Paul noticed that the ammeter was completely over on discharge we started looking for a service station that was still open. We finally found a serve-yourself that seemed a godsend until we discovered that the only tools available for working on anything consisted of a pair of pliers more useful for fixing plumbing than working on a voltage regulator. Nevertheless, when we started home again the battery was again charging slightly.

We had traveled several miles along the freeway before Paul reported that the ammeter was pasting itself against the far end of the scale again. We hastily got off the freeway and stopped at a gas station that was just closing. Paul and the attendant tinkered under the hood awhile and agreed that not only was the voltage regulator in sad shape but it looked as though the generator had followed in its electrons. Hoping against hope that the battery had enough juice to get us home, we set off again with some 18 miles left to travel.

Everything went well for the first ten miles and our hopes brightened. Then the motor began to sputter. Again the car, with almost psychic insight, had waited until we were on one of the few stretches of isolated countryside on our route, with nothing in view but the fairy-castle lights of the Wilmington oil refineries. We quickly doused the headlights and crossed our fingers against the possibility that a highway patrol car would spy us speeding along the San Diego freeway with our way lighted only by our parking lights and the full moon.



We had decided that it would be a good idea to leave the car at Mac's, whose repair garage was a mile closer to us than our house. Just as we turned off the freeway, the engine started sputtering and shuddering again and once more we pulled into a gas station. Luckily we didn't turn off the motor. I could have kicked that fool car, for while we were explaining our plight to the attendant the old motor purred just as if it had had a tuneup by the most expert mechanic in town. We growled at it, and decided that if it was feeling so chipper now, it could take us the last six blocks to Mac's. With absolutely no lights showing, we skulked down dark side streets, moving that car as much by will power as by gas and electricity. The engine shuddered and died just as we pulled onto Mac's driveway.

Now our only problem was that of getting home. We walked across Long Beach boulevard to my mother's house, which is conveniently just across the street from Mac's. We decided we shouldn't waken Mom at such an ungodly hour, but that I could huddle in the shadows on Mom's front steps while Paul ran home (he's in very good condition), got our Triumph out of the garage, took the baby sitter home, and then came back for me. It was either that or try to walk a mile in my $3\frac{1}{2}$-inch spiked slippers.

That half hour that I sat in the moonlight and the fabulous glow of the thousands of lights along Long Beach's automobile row was wrapped in thought. I listened to far off crickets and sleepy birds complaining in the night and in the distance to the rattle of a train. Nearer at hand automobiles flashed by with a slick wet swish. I learned one thing from sitting there: People don't see what they're looking at unless it is something they expect to see. A man in a Buick turned around in the alley within five feet of me with his headlights full upon me. Yet he didn't notice me. A few minutes later a young man in brown pants and blue jacket came running kaddy-corner across the car lot directly in front of me and never glanced my way.

This last lonely half-hour under the misty moon was a perfect ending to eight hours of witches, monsters, and daemon-possessed cars, and when Paul finally came for me, I went home feeling that the night was complete.

FALLEN ANGELENOS

BY BJO TRIMBLE

ARE YOU LISTENING? REALLY?

HAVE YOU EVER HAD THE SNEAKING SUSPICION that, after all, there really is an alternate universe to the one we know? Or that some kind of time continuum is working, very probably in favor of the people in the other dimension? That feeling has been growing, the more we have to do with strange people of our own world who seem to be displaced persons from Somewhere Else. It is difficult to guess how thoroughly we have been infiltrated by these aliens from another Time; they are everywhere. Have you noticed the kind of person who doesn't really listen to what you are saying, even when you are answering a direct question of theirs? This is the type of person I suspect is our Time Traveler. They seemingly speak our language, but actually they are thinking and talking another kind of English entirely. Either they don't understand us or they are so contemptuous of our puny powers they don't bother to really listen. I wish I knew which it was!

We have become used to being addressed as "Mr and Mrs Trundle" or "Trindle," or "Frimble," or "Tringdale," instead of John's family name of Trimble. I have even adjusted to being called "Bajo," "Banjo," and "Bayjo," instead of Bjo, which is easily pronounced phonetically as "Bee-jo." And while John actually works for a rope and twine company known since 1886 as Schermerhorn brothers, many people seem to think he represents "Schmagerhorn," "Shimmer Horn," "Schmermerhorn" or "Sherman Han" company.

Usually, these interesting deviations of names are perpetrated by people who have carefully spelled the name back to you over the phone, or have had the return address before their eyes when addressing the envelope. That is why the whole thing is so inexplicable.

I have found that you can say almost anything to these People, by starting your side of the conversation with a normal-sounding sentence, and then saying something utterly nonsensical. For instance, a certain lady who constantly asks questions and nods "Um...hum" all during the answers is one of my favorite suspects of being one of Them. I found out that she's not really listening in any case, so if she inquires, "How are you today?" I can answer brightly, "Just fine, thank you, except for the leprosy." And she smiles tenderly, nods, and replies, "How nice!"

This same very nice lady recently asked me how my roses were doing. I said that they were doing fine, and she answered, "Um...hum," so I added that the whole yard was looking great, watching her closely. With another sweet "Um...hum," she had now become blank and bright-eyed, with a peculiar, set look on her face which I have come to recognize as the expression They get when They aren't listening to This World at all. So I added the final touch: "...All except for the rhinoceros, which will look much better when we give it a good coat of paint." "Well, how nice!" she exclaimed in a motherly tone, "I'm so glad you are enjoying your gardening." About this time, I had an urgent need for a strong cup of coffee.

People like this are easily Found Out, now that I am "expecting," for They are the ones who don't listen at all after they ask the old cliche about what-do-we-want-a-boy-or-girl? My standard answer to sincere inquiries is that we will be most happy if the baby is healthy and human, but these People get a bit more for their money. Again, it is best to start out with a normal preface to the clincher. "Well, we haven't decided," I say, watching for That Look, "but if it's lavender spotted, we'll probably keep it." "How nice!" said one of Them, just as if she'd been paying attention, "and I hope John feels the same way?" "He does," I murmur demurely.

A few weeks ago John tried to leave a message for a friend with a nice but completely befuddled landlady. He told her that our club was meeting at the Silverlake Playground, and asked her to write the whole message down. "Snatterlake Playground," said the woman firmly. "Silverlake! Silverlake!" said John. "Oh, did I say 'Snatterlake'?" exclaimed the landlady, breaking into laughter. "Why, whatever made me say a thing like that?" It was an ineffective cover-up; John knew then that he was talking to another one of Them. We later thought about this. It does figure that a science fiction club would meet at someplace named "Snatterlake Playground" in at least <u>one</u> time dimension or other, perhaps in this sweet little old lady's real world.

John continued with the message, and the landlady carefully spelled out each word, <u>letter for letter</u>, as he gave it to her. He made a mistake in not having her read the completed message back to him, however, but his suspicions were lulled by her following him -- at least seemingly -- so closely. The message was "Meet us at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy society meeting, 8 p.m., Silverlake Playground, corner of Van Pelt street and Silverlake boulevard." Later, when our friend finally caught up with us, he showed us the written message the landlady had actually taken down. It said, "Meet the L. A. Science Center at corner of Van Pleltt." At least it didn't mention any Snatterlake Playground. Our friend's name is Creedle, and he has enough trouble with This World, much less any Other one!

We subscribe to a magazine which is mailed from Michigan, and which we noticed was addressed to "Belgrarg avenue" instead of Belgrave. The post office probably simply chose the street in our town which sounded most like that strange name and sent it on. Well, it figures that anybody who attends meetings at a Snatterlake Playground would live on a street named Belgrarg.

My husband has one of these People in his office. She is one of the kind, well-meaning types who will eventually destroy the world. Meanwhile, she is driving her co-workers and me out of our collective minds. Because I come into the Big City occasionally to shop, visit friends, and see my doctor, she has gotten it into her head that I am really suffering from a strange malady that I am too brave to discuss. Therefore, her interest in me is quite as touching as it is frustrating. A sample morning's conversation goes something like this:

"Why <u>hello</u>, Bjo!"

"Hello, Ella."

"How are you, Bjo?"

"I'm fine, and you?"

"Fine. How do you feel, Bjo?"

Usually about here I have to stop and gather what reserve strength I may have on hand that early in the morning. "I feel just fine, Ella."

"How nice! Are you in town to see your doctor?"

"No, I'm going shopping for some material for costumes," for I do some work in Little Theater.

"That's nice. How have you been, Bjo?"

This makes me stop and wonder if we have actually had the previous few minutes of conversation or not, but I am game to continue. "I'm still feeling fine, Ella," I say, trying my best to sound as fine as can be.

"Wonderful," says Ella enthusiastically, "and have you been taking pills?"

What pills? I wonder to myself, but it seems that the magic words "vitamins" or just "pills" make everything all right in Ella's world. "Yes," I lie, "I've been taking pills."

There may be a few minutes more of this conversation before I can escape into John's office where I read the Paper and Twine Journal until he is free to take me downtown. But things never end there. As we leave, Ella looks up from her typing and says brightly, "Leaving?" and we affirm this astute deduction on her part. "Well, goodbye, Bjo," she says, "say hello to your doctor for me." Someday, I'm going to do just that, which ought to confuse the good man considerably, as he has never heard of Ella.

Ella has no sense of direction in this world, or concept of area. When the Baldwin Hills dam broke, Ella began to worry for the safety of Ed and Anne Cox. It took John most of an afternoon to discover that Ella thought the dam had inundated all of the western portion of Greater Los Angeles, including San Fernando valley, which is where the Coxes live. In actuality, the dam tragedy covered only a few miles in the lower southwestern area of the city, many miles and several mountains away from the valley. John did his best to explain the situation, even using the huge area map of Los Angeles on the wall of the office. Ella, of course, listened with a bright stare and occasional "Um...hums." So I happened to be in the office a few days later when Ella was sending out some cards and letters. She looked up at John and asked, "What is the Coxes' new address?"

There was a moment of puzzled silence. "They haven't moved, Ella," said John. "They still live in Sherman Oaks."

"Oh," said Ella, and after a long silence, she added, "Then they were saved from the flood?"

John sighed. "Yes," he said at last, "they were saved."

"How nice," murmured Ella, going happily back to her work.

When the company has a dinner, the whole office turns out for it, of course, and then is when Ella is at top form. The discussion once turned to the art of mixing drinks, and Ella was having some trouble understanding the term "bitters" in connection with alcoholic beverages. The issue was further confused by one woman asking if bitters were used in recipes also. Finally, in an attempt to reduce the idea to its basic form, I explained, "Bitters are used in drinks or recipes for a tiny tang, just the taste of something bitter, but not too much."

"Oh," said Ella in an understanding voice, but with That Look. "But does everyone put Tang in their drinks? I would think it would be too sweet, not bitter." There was a stunned silence while we all tried to think our way out of that one. Tang is a brand name for a powdered orange drink which, when mixed, tastes rather like flat orange soda pop.

"Why, no," I started out, "not Tang. I meant a taste, a touch of a taste, you see? That kind of tang."

Ella thought about that for a second. "But John said that he used Tang in his drinks," she said accusingly. John looked visibly croggled, because he hadn't said a word about the whole matter to her; the conversation had been with me!

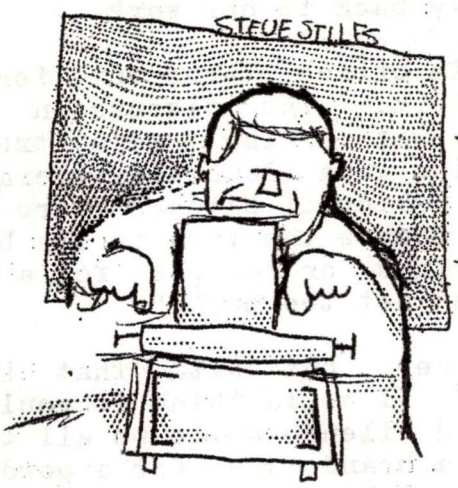
"Well," I said, picking up what pieces I could find of the idea, "he was only kidding."

"Oh, I see," said Ella, smiling along with the joke. John looked as if his own drink really had too much bitters in it.

The problem is: Ella and the landlady and the few others I have mentioned are not exceptions. There are many Others like Them, some of which you may have met and spoken to -- or tried to. So there must be a regular traffic of these People coming into our world. The question is: Do people from our world, our time, travel into other alternate universes? In some other time continuum, do the Trundles find themselves addressed as Trimble? Does the Smagerhorn company sell rope and twine to that Other World? Is there really a Snatterlake Playground (and if so, What plays there)? Are the folks in that world as confused by us as we are by them? Will any of us ever really listen to the Others? Aside from spreading confusion and frustration, the aliens here aren't doing any particular harm. Actually, these interesting, if somewhat unusual, People are really quite worldly.

The question is: Which world?

Coming up in the next issue of Shangri-L'Affaires and in succeeding issues we have scheduled material by such people as Alexei Panshin, Jock Root, Ross Rocklynne (author of "Time Wants a Skeleton"), Edith Ogutsch, Jim Harmon, and Bill Blackbeard. And watch also for a Special Issue of Shaggy. But we still need suitable material, particularly feature articles of some length and magnitude, and critical book reviews.



PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY

CONDUCTED BY ED COX

We've more letters and less space than ever, so let's get on with The Great Debate:

ED WOOD, 160 2nd Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401, writes:

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #68 to hand and I much enjoyed Leland Sapiro's "Passing-Bells for Warner" although he is in this case flogging a dead horse as I'm sure Harry Warner only intended to give a glimpse of the pulps in the early 30s and not to make this a definitive history of both WONDER and AMAZING, both of which deserve many pages for even a synoptic outline.

Leland is a "majority of one" with his very high standards as to what is good science fiction. As long as some are entertained, an editor should not be flung into the outer wastes because of some literary or scientific deficiencies.

It is really Alva Rogers' letter that bothers me. His memory is most defective if he thinks that much reprinting or anthologizing has been done from the first 20 years of science fiction magazines. His mention of ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE and BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION shows that he has forgotten that both books are ASF anthologies and have set the trend ever since. The first has only one story, "He Who Shrank" by Henry Hasse (AMAZING Aug 36) out of 33 stories and 2 articles. The second, to judge from Alva's "...is made up almost entirely of old stuff going back to Amazing for 1926.", is really the collection but what do we have? Out of 40 stories, 25 are from ASTOUNDING, 3 from non-science fiction magazines, 6 from WONDER & TWS, 5 from AMAZING and 1 from FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. So if Alva really feels that 5 stories from AMAZING really represent 20 years of AMAZING STORIES and 6 stories from WONDER and TWS really represent 16 years of those magazines, then he is using different criteria from mine. I might add that of the 25 ASF stories, only 11 are from the 30s.

I'm not picking on Alva; I like his articles on ASTOUNDING very much, but I hate to see another myth generated. I can see a new fan telling all his friends, lot of good stories from AMAZING and WONDER in THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION as Alva Rogers said so! If this distortion of the past goes on and continues in fan magazines, it's because those who know better are too damn lazy to nip the falsehoods in the bud.

//You may have saved the next two generations of neofen from a nefarious myth, there, Ed. I hope Harry Warner notes this action for inclusion in his History of Fandom. And don't forget The Other Worlds. It had 3 from AMAZING but is still an ASF anthology. Had four from there.//

LELAND SAPIRO, c/o Math Dept USC, Los Angeles, California 90007

Kindly insert note in SL 69 saying that "Passing Bells for Warner" was submitted as a letter, not an article, and that the title was not my own. I still respect him more before I read his article.

About Alexei Panshin one correspondent asks, "Who he?" Recall his "Down to the Worlds of Men" in the July 1963 IF? Probably there's more, but anyway, that's who he!

The best insight in SL 68 was furnished by Jim Harmon's reference to Sturgeon's desire for "psychic one ness"--the first accurate characterization of this writer I can remember.

/// I remember the July 1963 IF! I wish I couldn't! ///

DICK LUPOFF, 210 E. 73 St., New York, N.Y. 10021

To get down to specifics in this issue, I found JIm Harmon's review of Three Times Infinity outstanding, even though I disagree with Jim on two of the three stories in the book. I thought, for instance, that Lorelei was a nearly complete success, and I think that the collaboration of Bradbury and Brackett (or Brackett and Bradbury) is a marvelous phenomenon. Bradbury is probably the most feminine of male writers -- dreamy, moody, full of feeling and emotion -- while Brackett is vigorous, tough, tending toward violence and characterized by great drive; in short, a rather masculine writer although a woman. I think in Lorelei she gives Bradbury the drive and the gutsiness that his own works lack, while he provides a softening and a sensuality which Leigh alone lacks.

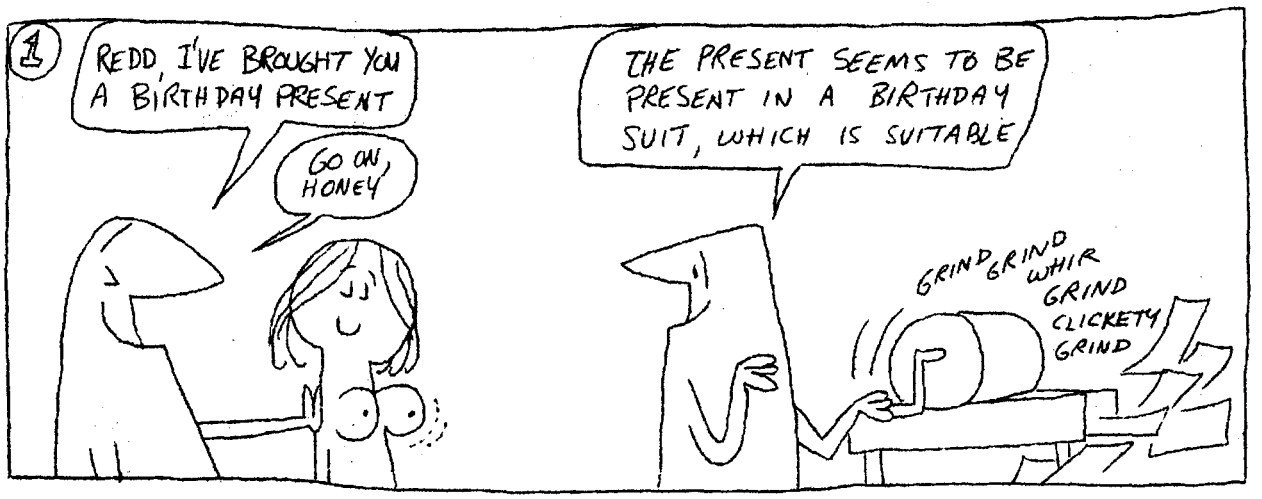
As for Sturgeon's The Golden Helix, while I did not like the denouement either, I found the story itself one of Stergeon's finest, and have felt ever since its first appearence in TWS of happy memory that it was his most underrated.

The Heinlein, as Harmon indicates, is minor Heinlein, but the author makes the story noteworthy.

I have greatly enjoyed both Harry Warner's article on old pulp SF and Leland Sapiro's reply. If things go well at Canaveral Press, I think that I am going to be permitted one looney book a year, between the BN authors that our publishers want me to stick with for the most part. This year it is your fellow-Californian Ed Ludwig, whose first novel The Wine of Violence we have scheduled for autumn.

How would this strike you, Harry? If it is permitted, how would you like next year's wild flier to be a book of early pulp SF selected and introduced by yourself? We'd have to figure out some way to package this thing to make it appeal

WHAT ROTSLER! by William Rotsler



to 1965 customers..."great predictions that have come true", or "ancestors of the greatest stories of today"....I dunno. You can play with the idea and probably come up with a better approach than I can. Wanna play Charlie Collins?

The lettercolumn was outstood by Poul Anderson's reply to Panshin's attack on Heinlein (see what you're doing, Boggs, you've got Sapiro rebutting Warner and Anderson rebutting Panshin...you're building continuity back into SHAGGY!). I found Panshin convincing on first reading and Anderson convincing on first reading. Now I don't know which Heinlein to believe in. I will say that his attitude toward sex in GLORY ROAD was pretty weak. He had his hero always talking up his prowess and never doing anything about it. The scene at the castle which "obviously" "had to" take place between the first and second installments of the magazine version, was not in the Putnam edition either, leading me to believe that Heinlein just skipped over it, presumably because he was embarassed to write it.

Ellik and Lewis on past LASFS publication were interesting; the article as straight good reading and the checklist as a reference work (which I doubt that I'll ever use). I wish we had more fan history. THE IMMORTAL STORM is positively unreadable for stylistic reasons; ASI is fascinating but unreliable; there is little else around.

Oh, Harry Warner...please, Harry, let's have that book!!!!!

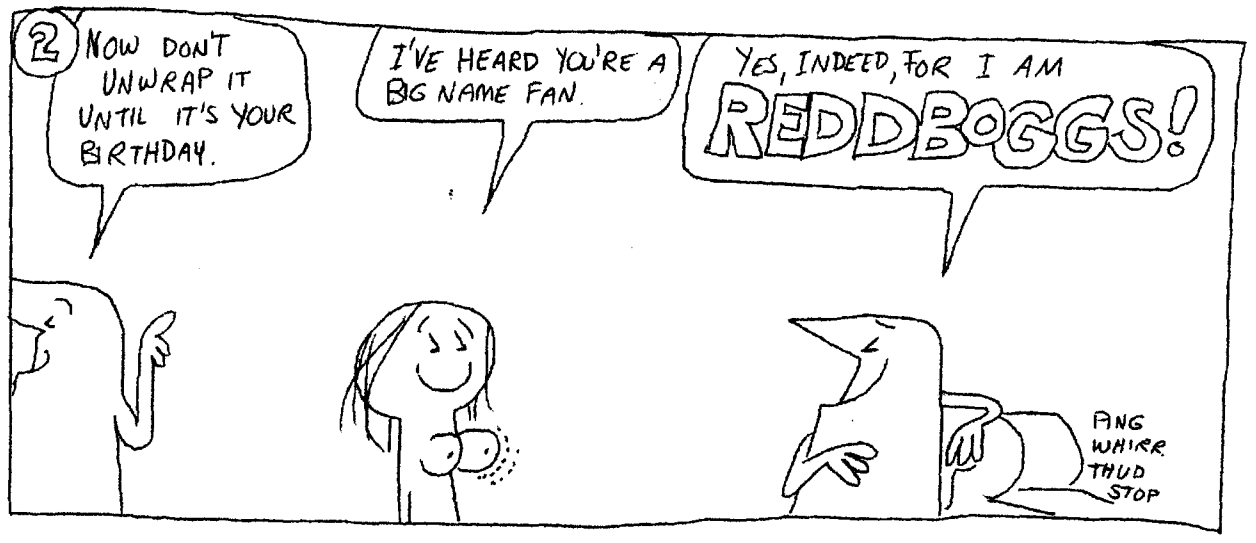
/// Anybody remember "Jerry Is A Man" from TWS, Oct 1947? No sex or anything but interesting. It was "different" Heinlein in those days. ///

ALVA ROGERS, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, Calif. 94546, types:

Your second issue of Shaggy was a dilly. And the Lovecraft booklet was an attractive, very interesting, and most unexpected bonus. Ron's "Metropolitan Chronicle" grabbed me, as this type of article always does. My only criticism of it was that it was too brief and restricted. Al Lewis's "Checklist" must have been a headache to organize, but was worth it.

I haven't read ERB's The Mucker, nor had I ever particularly wanted to, but Dick Lupoff's enthusiastic commentary on it (even discounting the fact that his enthusiasm may be colored by a desire to promote sales) has damn near sold me on the idea of buying it and reading it. The knowledge that the Canaveral edition has J. Allen St. John illos from the first edition makes the idea of buying it more attractive. I'd be interested in seeing more of this type of article from Dick in future Shaggy's, particularly on the less widely known Burroughs books.

Goddamn it! I like Lee Sapiro, but everytime he gets off onto old science fiction and starts analysing to hellandgone, I want to kick him where it hurts the most. He takes all the fun out of it. I'm not denying the validity of Lee's



cold analysis of early science fiction, here and in his articles on Astounding, from his viewpoint. But his viewpoint is subject to considerable question; and some of the authors and stories he cites as superior on the basis of his thesis boggles sometimes my mind.

Bjo's account of Santa Cruz, her mother and her mother's flowers was delightful. I would like to add one thing Bjo left out. The Pacificon committee--which was the Westercon XVI committee -- were so impressed by Jo Roberts and her corsages at the Westercon, that when Bjo let it be known to us that her mother would like to do something at the Pacificon, we took her up on it immediately. For a rediculously small fee Mrs. Roberts is going to do beautiful and wonderful things with flowers for the banquet -- as well as other things which are best l ft to the surprise and delight of banquet attendees.

And finally, I'd just like to give three cheers to Poul Anderson. He expresses so incisively what I've always argued in regards to Heinlein. And, of course, what he says about "knowing" the real Heinlein from his writings can apply as well to Poul or any other prolific writer of fiction. I can remember the days when Heinlein's latest story was read and enjoyed for the sheer pleasure one got from reading a story by a master story-teller without worrying about what deep, hidden meaning might lie behind the surface, or what personal socio-political axe he might be grinding.

I'm sorry this letter's so short, Redd, but the issue was of such uniform high quality that there's virtually nothing to criticise, and to rave on about how good it is would be to just overuse a lot of superlatives.

/// Aw, come on, rave about the lettercolumn at least! ///

JOHN BOSTON, 816 South First Street, Mayfield, Kentucky 42066, acclaims:

Your book reviews are as usual excellent; however, I would like to see a few more long and truly critical reviews, such as thish's Lupoff on The Mucker. Of course, the subject matter of that one doesn't sit too well with me; after all, nobody actually takes ERB seriously...I hope.

/// That ought to get you in trouble with the ERB fans, so we'll cut short there. What space we have left will barely handle the WAHFs the response to last issue was so great and The Vermilion One done cut us considerably shorter than 20 pages...

JOHN BAXTER, Box 39, King St. PO, Sydney, NSW, Australia liked the Warner article and Panshin review in #67. Along with Dick Lupoff, Rick BROOKS especially liked the poem by Edith Ogutsch. KERRY KENT KNUDSON of Whittier, Calif., even went so far as to enthuse: "I like Edith Ogutsch's poems. Her "A Centaur in the

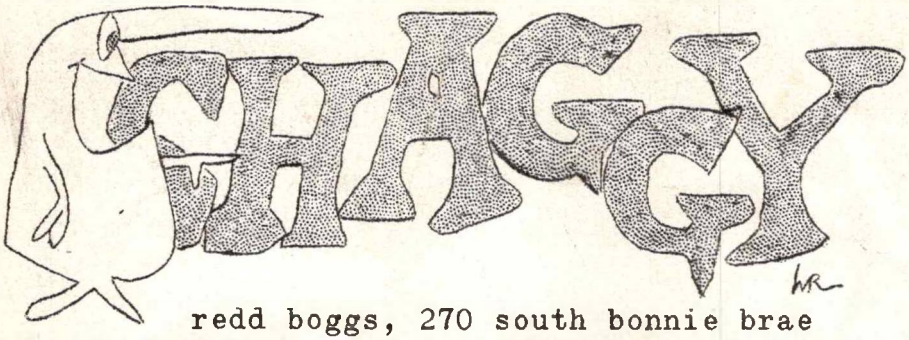
Museum of Natural History" was to me very shocking, in a warm, subtle way. How about running a quick profile on her." He encloses a quarter as well; so does MIKE DECKINGER whose address is now: Apt. 10K, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, New Jersey 07106. Congratulations, Mike, how's married life: Ask PHIL HARRELL of Norfolk, Va., how much he wants SHAGGYs 41, 42 and 65 and he'll tell you as much as he needs STARSPINKLEs 1 thru 7. Write to 2632 Vincent Ave., ZIP 23509. He'll buy or dicker.

Fine letters here from Alexei Panshin, Rick Sneary (who sent Money) which got crowded out by the earlier received items. Maybe next time if there's more space and the response is less than this time (which I doubt). Then, there are people who send money: RENE' RENDON, 933 Kansas, Robstown, Texas; DWAIN KAISER, 5321 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada; ANDY ZERBE, 3154 DuPont St., Montgomery, Alabama 36106; WARREN H. BUELL, 608 North Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles, California 90004. Most of them wrote letters, too.

As did JYM MEIER, 3914 School Section Road, Cheviot, Ohio 45211, who pencils about the first issue of Shaggy. Liked the reviews, but not especially the books but especially wonders: "...what's GAFIA (grabbing aardvarks from inebriated anacondas?)! -- TAFF (trite and farcial fillibuster?). Also, he asks: "...about how many fanzines are there?" Somebody deluge him with answers to that last one, huh? He, like Mr.Buell, saw SHAGGY mentioned in F&SF.

Notes and letters from: JIM HARKNESS, 112 West Harding, Greenwood, Miss. (doesn't dig bibliographis but liked Sapiro's article); BOB SCHNIEBER, 4004 Smith Rd., Cheviot, Ohio 45211 (meet Jym Meier!) pens his liking for Rotsler cartoons (see below), Edith's poem, and would like Peggy Rae's side of the story and a longer letter-column (thanks pal), among other things. I'm thinking mebbe JOE STATON of the 469 Ennis St., Milan, Tennessee Joe Statons, wrote to the wrong zine: "Even since Dave Hulan moved Out There, his zine has the something or other look of LAdom. Speaking of My Hero, isn't that His Beautiful Wife putting Shags in envelopes....? When I die, I'm going to LA, too." I wonder what he writes to LOKI? KRIS CAREY, 1016 2nd St., in sunbaked Wasco, Calif. 93280, indicates a desire for more interior illos and joining LASFS!

BJO sends a letter that ought to appear in its entirety with follow-up on her column (and deplores the lack of cover-art). I agree. Maybe REDD will add a page to this column. WIM STRUYCK, Willebrordusstr. 33 B, Rotterdam, HOLLAND, always writes and like equally faithful Phil Harrell, never gets printed! ROBIN WOOD, Box 154, Amador City, Calif., like Bjo's illos and is thankful no fan-written fiction appears in SHAGGY. PHIL SALIN, 15 Ross St., San Rafael, Calif., liked Bjo and Rotsler best. Finally, LUISE PETTY writes her first, and mebbe, last fanpletter. She's Luise BRANNAN now. And we're done now. So endeth a most frustrating lettercolumn. So many to choose from and a load received after the first were used. And tis my last. Good luck to th' next ed. Ed Cox



redd boggs, 270 south bonnie brae
los angeles, california, 90057

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THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake boulevard and Van Pelt, Los Angeles 90026, at the southern tip of the Silverlake reservoir, only a few minutes from the Hollywood freeway. LASFS meetings feature guest speakers, panel discussions, movies, slide shows, and bull sessions. Guests are always welcome -- whether from the southern California area or from elsewhere: Berkeley, Brooklyn, or Britain. You can attend up to three meetings as a non-dues-paying guest; after that, you pay a membership fee of $1 and dues of 35¢ per meeting or $1.25 per month. For information about the LASFS contact Al Lewis or Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield avenue, Los Angeles 90025. Their phone number is 473-6321.