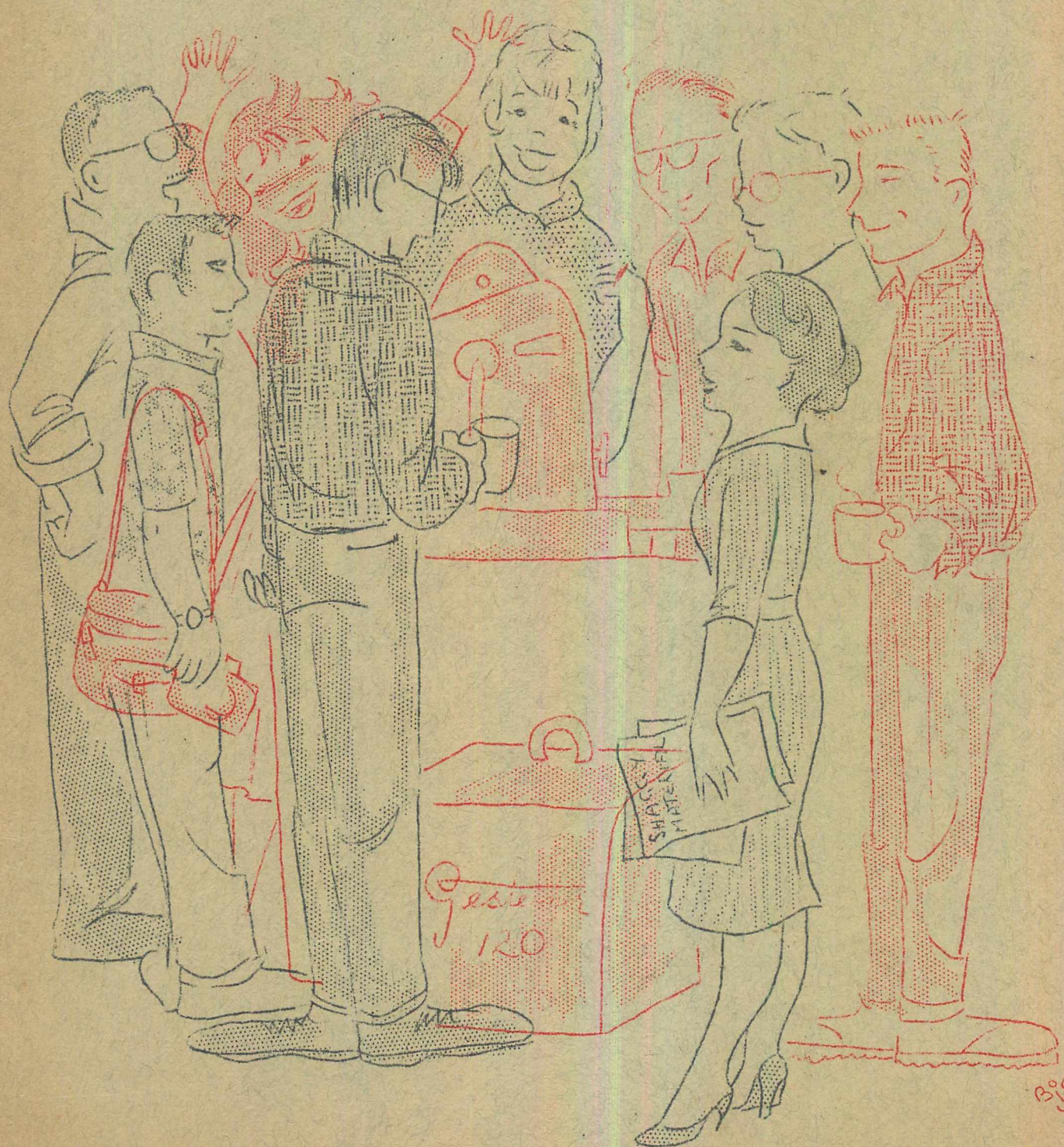


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

NO 40
DEC.
1958



Shangri-L'Affaires

No.40

December Issue

MCMLVIII

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Shangri-L'Affaires is the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California. Phone: DUNKirk 2-3246. Copies of Shaggy may be secured by

1. Sending us your fanzine in trade, issue for issue.
2. Send us a letter of comment.
3. Send money. Single copies twenty cents, six copies for one dollar. Let us hear from you!

*But Virginia -
what's so terrible
about a snowman
in the front yard
this
time
of year
?*

STAFF:

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Forrest J. Ackerman
Junior Committeeman:
Zeke Leppin

Harness

AN EDITORIAL BY ANY OTHER NAME.....

I realize that FAMC and many other zines have reported that I would not be editing this ish, or any other, of Shaggy, but - like, SURPRISE, here I be. Whether or not I'll have the necessary amount of time to edit another depends mainly upon job getting and schooling and other mundae things. The next editor will be Lillian Field (no relation to George J.) and I'm sure she will probably be doing a much better job of this. Relax - you've got to put with at least this ish..

Unfortunately, because of my lack of planning and extra time, I failed to procure more Durbee for you Durbee-fans. However, Durbee will be back in the next ish, we hope he do anyhooo.

And aren't you all glad we have become the proud parents of a Gestetner baby boy. After the many types of repro in the last ish you have now won a medal for perserverance and a free advertisement for Dr. I.C. Umore, the painless optometrist. And now, more seriously, thanks to everyone for the kind replies and all. Everytime Djo thinks of our Ditto machine now she snarls out of the side of her mouth and takes a wild kick at the beast. As editor may I say: BJC FOR TATF.....

Hooboy.. Talk about sneaky subliminal advertising.. In case you might have misunderstood me the first time, may I repeat: The Editorial policy of Shaggy states - BJC FOR TATF..

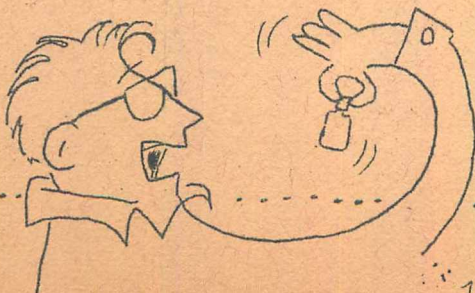
Vote early, Vote often, and Vote for BJC.....
Send votes to Bob Madle, 3608 Caroline St., Indianapolis, Ind.
and at least 50¢ (very least!)

Incidentally, Leke's is now full of such creatures as Ron Ellik, John Trimble, Steve Tolliver, Al Lewis, Ernie Theatley, Dick Sands, Lillian Field, Leke Leppin, Djo (the same one as in BJC FOR TATF.), and myself.. The main confusion of typing, drinking coffee, listening to music, handing stencils, and decorating a Xmas tree makes for all kinds of fun. Then one of the boys had to hang some mistletoe (I just asked Ernie how you spelled that and he said "s-e-x.. And I called him a mild little man - chee!) and then the fun began.. Since we are attempting to put Shaggy out in this one short day the mistletoe just makes everyone work faster to finish sooner.. Like hooboy, some fun.... "Djo! Will you get out from under that green weed and go back to illoing, damit!" - (You know, like it's my turn now.. Dan Bohemian arty types.. So why do you think I want to send her to England, like.. hnn?)

BJC FOR TATF... please?

Djinn

Ernie,
studying
new
bottle



"Gee, we might even have
enuff correction fluid
to put out one more
issue!"

Best A MINUTE! by GED JOHNSTONE



LASFS SEC. (with fangs) ... Bjo

(Being a sort of selection of the best and most important bits from recent LASFS meetings)

The most important story of the month, one of the most important of the year in this area, is the purchase of the LASFS Gestetner. Probably the best thing to do would be to follow this through the minutes of two months, since the matter first came up at the 1107th meeting, Oct 30, 1958. Bjo had been scheming well, and here it saw the first light of publicity. "Bjo announced the projected formation of a syndicate to purchase a Gestetner." There was some discussion at the next meeting, but Bjo had already formed the basic outline for financing it, so we decided to wait till the next week.

1109th meeting: "At 8:45 a Mr. Crowhurst arrived with a great big beautiful Gestetner, a \$250 model. The demonstration was opened by Djinn howling about the Godawful repro problems they had had with the old ditto, and Barney arguing half-heartedly for the mimeograph. Then Mr. Crowhurst proceeded and all argument ceased. The demonstration continued till 9:15 and was too staggering to report. The machine will apparently print anything on anything with perfect results. It seemed as if you could run 8,000 copies of a stencil on tissue paper with no showthrough and no slipsheeting, wearing white gloves, and do an entire fanzine in an hour with photos yet. Bjo just happened to have some stencils handy for a demonstration which turned out to be six pages and the cover of our next (#39) issue of SHAGGY. When the show was over and they were ready to settle down to the serious business, Bjo announced the impending sale of shares in The Thing. LASFS will pay for the controlling interest and local publishers will buy in for a piece of it and occasional use. Jack Harness donated a bucket of shading plates, styli, lettering guides, etc. Bjo freed one arm from the stencils to bang the gavel and adjourn at 9:37:22."

1110th meeting: "Al Lewis made the committee report on the Gestetner. They had put together a Shareholder's Agreement which all the co-owners would stick by. Before he read it, Bjo read Rick Sneary's letter, eloquently expressing a minority viewpoint, considering the cost of the machine, the comparatively limited use, the awkwardness of joint ownership and the general cussedness of human nature. Then Al read the Articles of Association in a booming voice. They were well constructed, covering all or most expectable contingencies. Zeke commented that there were great potentialities for trouble despite the best intentions, and Al pointed out that it had great potentialities for building up the club, and nothing ventured, nothing gained. Others agreed. Elmer relayed a suggestion from Burbee that we look into purchasing one from overseas or Canada. This was approved and the matter tabled till next week."

The 1111th meeting fell on Thanksgiving, and only a few fen showed up, so everything was tabled again. It was beginning to seem that all that had been accomplished was talk. Investigation had shown that European Gestetners used a different size stencil and were impractical. The next week, however, "The secretary arrived late, in the middle of a free-for-all debate among the proponents of the Gestetner, the Mimeograph, and the Multilith. The latter was finally deemed too expensive, too hard to handle, and too tricky for us. Barney finally rose above the schmozzle and pointed out where we were going -- straight to nowhere, do not pass GO, do not collect \$200. We spent our time discussing, considering, and just plain arguing while the deadline for the next issue of SHAGGY crept up on us, and time, as time will, marched on. So we immediately began discussing and considering what we should do. Barney suggested that if more than ten fen are interested in buying shares, we accept them (at \$15 each) and use the additional money for more color changers. Virginia popped up with an objection to the shareholder system, but the rest of the group talked her down. The motion to buy came solidly on the floor at last as was passed, with 2 no's, 11 yesses, and 7 abstentions. Barney was worried about the fact that only 11/20ths of the club was really in favor of the deal and called for reasons from the abstainers. It turned out that five of the seven felt unqualified, unaffected, or disinterested, and only two who cared were neutral. So the motion stood as passed. The Gestetner age is upon us."

The next week our treasury reported that it was at its lowest point since last February, after having paid out \$72.60 into the down payment on the Gestetner. "Barney also asked that members try to pay their dues every meeting and those who wanted in on the Gestetner hurry up with their \$15. Barney further suggested that Al Lewis be nominated as temporary treasurer of the Association. Al was promptly railroaded and began soliciting immediately." Later in the same meeting: "Bjo announced that the Gestetner would be delivered Friday and a demonstration show would be put on at 8 pm." -1113th meeting.

At the 1114th meeting, December 18th, the Gestetner was there, in its case, on top of the buffet behind Bjo. It was a fine note for her to leave of ice on, reminding us that though a dictatorship can be uncomfortable, it usually gets things done.

Business at the next-to-last meetings in June and December includes elections for the next six-month terms. Since the last meeting of 1958 falls on Christmas, elections were moved ahead one week to miss the Christmas party. At the 1113th meeting, Jerry Stier, George Fields, and Ted Johnstone were nominated for director. At the next meeting, as ballots were being passed out, Barney reminded us that we couldn't re-elect Ted as secretary if we elected him director, and Jerry Stier received a clear majority. Hardly had the shouting died down than Ted was nominated, the nominations were closed, and Ted Johnstone was re-elected secretary by acclamation. (modest cough). Our perennial treasurer, Barney Barnard, was re-elected as it always is. Except for the one time he was elected director. Al Lewis and Forry Ackerman as senior and junior committeemen respectively round out the list of officers for Spring 1959.

--Ted Johnstone

Take a name like Betty Jo Ann Conway--Harman--Hayes--Ferguson McCarthy--Wells, ["Mom sort of made a hobby of getting married"] rinse thoroughly, hang up to dry, and you'll discover it isn't sanforized--it shrinks to Bjo. Then take the temper of an Irish whirlwind, ["I'm very even tempered!"] freckles to cover the beaches of our plenum, and the fun of a childrens' hour, condense it to go with the name, and you'll have our directress.

* Now that it's over!
When she bangs down the gavel for the last time Christmas night, she'll have ended one of the most memorable directorates in LASFS's twenty-four years. [It's a toss-up who's happier--me or LASFS]* 1958 will go down in records as the year in which LASFS returned to organized fandom. First there was the fashion show at the Solacon--a Bjo project from start to slightly frantic finish. Halloween and Forry's birthday parties follwed, and next came the revival of Shaggy, moribund for over a year. Finally there was the acquisition of the Gestetner, the outward manifestations of which plot will be found elsewhere in this issue. What it doesn't say, however, is that the plot was conceived way last spring, and nurtured until the opportune moment.

Bjo is adept at handling people. Her talent for pushing buttons is uncanny enough to be uncomfortable, though one of my heads assures me that it is not so much that she is forceful, domineering, and overpowering as that she is irresistible. This is why 60% of Berkeley fandom is in the kitchen doing dishes right now. Last June a small group formed a clever conspiracy to railroad her into the directorship. It was accomplished with aplomb and style, and only later did they begin to wonder who was railroaded by whom. ["Ha! well..."]

Bjo has learned to accomplish things as a sort of psychological survival-of-the-fittest. Born in Oklahoma ["I'm an Okie if that explains anything."] 25 years ago, she perambulated around the country a good part of her life, mostly in California. When she enrolled at Orange Coast College (Costa Mesa) she realized that she would either be a left-out or have to organize her own in-group. The Sir John Audible Junior Boy and Girl Bird Watchers' Society (apologies to Ving Fuller) was organized for the sole purpose of having fun--and was soon running the school. ["I even put out a 'fanzine'--the Birdwatcher Bulletin."]

Even the military was no match for our Irish Watcherwoman. In 1952 she enlisted in the WAVES to get away from home, and when she came to the conclusion that she and the Navy did not see entirely eye-to-eye on all matters, wangled a medical discharge on the grounds that the polio she had had as a child made her quite unfit to march.

It was while she was a WAVE in Chicago that she attended her first convention --Chicon II--and who else could have gone AWOL from the hospital for three days while under sedatives and have it all covered by some clever paperwork? ["Didn't do paperwork--just talked--fast!"] The freindships begun there, with such fans as Walt Willis, George Young, Rog Sims...led to her seconding the succesful Detroit bid at the recent Solacon.

Bjo has her serious side, too. Her main interest in life is her art, and when she is not busy doing covers and cartoons for

Innaugurating a new series of fan profiles. In this issue, LASFS's director and own TAFF candidate.

PROFILES: NO 1:

Bjo

a "prattified"
self-portrait
by Bjo



Shaggy, Mimsy, Fanac, Hyphen, Brilliz, Innucendo and others, she shows equal ability with water color, pastels, oils, or ceramics. She has studied at Chouinard's and Orange Coast College, and for a time had a business in custom-painted pottery, Bjo Crafts.

So far this talent has failed to achieve its full potential. Peregrinations, an unhappy marriage, lack of money, and an almost compulsive bent to undertake projects have all taken their toll. She also has an overly generous nature that sees her expending time and energy on almost everyone but herself.

Around Bjo things move at a somewhat frantic pace. Those who enthuse and join in her projects are apt to be in for a whale of a good time. Those who don't are apt to be steamrollered or ignored--and this makes enemies. But few Bjo fan-projects have been left incomplete ["Well, not many."] When at the fashion show one of the models failed to appear, she put together the transparent gown and wore it herself. It was a stylistic abomination, but it had been promised, and Bjo keeps her promises. ["Yach! That fashion show!"]

Her latest project is TAFF for 1960, and we're betting that she wins. In fact, we're urging it. Look out England!

---Cerberus



EVERY MAN HIS OWN PSYCHIATRIST
or
Is There A Doctor On The Couch?

This is Psychiatry's Golden Age. Everywhere we turn there are ladies in the dark; we stumble into snake-pits, unaFreud, for our hearts are Jung and Gay. Evidence of amateur analysis is everywhere at hand. Pick up the newspaper and read the crime reports; the homicidal are now identified as homosexual, the cat-burglar is labeled a catatonic. Switch on the radio; Young Doctor Malone is giving John's Other Life a sample of the cathartic method, thus tying in neatly with the laxative commercial at the end of the program. The screen is filled with bearded character actors who gravely advise delinquent young heroes to go West where men are Penningers. Every drama has its trauma; neuroses are read and if Violet is blue she is probably a manic-depressive. In our police courts, methodology has been brought up to date--the drunk who formerly received a urinalysis now gets a psychoanalysis.

It is no wonder, then, that inhibition begets exhibition--no wonder that personal disturbances regarded as a peck o' trouble are now looked upon as a peccadillo. Self-analysis is the order, or the disorder of the day. Men and women rush around setting up hastily improvised confessional booths to the tune of "You Tell Me Your Dream and I Will Tell You Mine."

During the past several years, scores of friends, acquaintances, and near-strangers have beaten a path to my door and then bent down the door in an effort to climb up on my couch and regale me with a nocturne. Everybody wants to discuss dreams, although couches have other uses.

Since I am by no means the only person in the world owning a couch, I feel fairly certain that this is a widespread condition.

At first, however, I was slightly aghast at a guest who guessed he'd gas about his ghostly gas. Everybody insisted on talking about dreams--including the insomniacs.

Elderly women of the haughtiest haute monde have spoken to me about the most intimate details of their subconscious.

It is a bit disconcerting to hear grandma tell you about how she identifies the gorilla as the minister of the First Congregational Church. Sweet young virgins have recounted sexual exploits with purple alligators; neat, subdued housewives have launched into hour-long rambling dissertations on their dreams in accents more fecal than fickle.

It is getting so that I half expect to hear such unburdenings from strangers on the bus or streetcar; I do hear them regularly from the person standing next to me at a bar.

There seems to be neither shame nor reticence when it comes to discussing what happens in a dream. Sleep has become the great national alibi--anything goes as long as one slumbers; anything from sonnambulism to enuresis.

Recognizing these truths, I am no longer shocked when the cleaning lady drops the mop and begins to tell me about the dream where she jumped over a series of candles, umbrellas, church-steeple and Washington Monuments in an effort to catch up with her daughter in foetal form. I merely whip out a false beard, adjust it quickly to my chin, and hope to heaven it will hide my smirk.

I smirk because it's all a fake. The unburdening, the opening of soul and sewer--meaningless and absurd. Everyone will tell you his dreams, but no one will tell you what is actually a much greater source of self-revelation...his day-dreams.

For sleep, as I remarked, is the great national alibi. It is the excuse, the extenuation. But the daydream--

So far I have been unsuccessful in soliciting a single solitary daydream from any of the bold, free, scientific-minded souls who offer the unaesthetic products of their anaesthesia. Many of them, in fact, actually refuse to admit that they have daydreams.

"None of your business"... "Think I'm crazy?"... "Don't have time for such silliness"... "Only kids have daydreams."

This attitude is in itself evidence of the relatively greater importance of the daydream as a clue to personality. The element of conscious cognition implicit in the daydream is of vital concern to the psyche-plumbers. From the daydream springs the Messianic delusion, the Hitler, the hatchet-fiend, the nympholept.

While the boys with the goatees analyze, interpret, abstract, and just plain guess their way through the symbolic and semantic maze of sleep; while they attempt to look at the teeth and withers of a nightmare, they largely ignore a horse of a different color.

The daydream is naked, unashamed, self-evident. As a matter of fact, the free-fantasy and free-association techniques have been developed in an effort to stimulate the very sort of self-admission which has the daydream as its embodiment. The wishes, impulses, sexual berations and abberations which can be uncovered only after painful months of "dream interpretation" with the aid of Uncle Sig's Gypsy Dream Book are readily available in the actual conscious

Note: Fritz Leiber kindly offered some material from his fanzine, *HE / FUNKOIDS*, for *Shaggy*. While reprinting isn't the best idea in the world, I was hesitant until Fritz told me that only 50 or 60 people had received *HE / FUNKOIDS*, and most of them were not in London and those that were in London are not now. The majority of material is so good that it should be reprinted so more people can appreciate it, and what better place to begin than with *Shaggy #43*. I hope that everyone will enjoy reading it as much as I did... I think....

Fritz Leiber

concerned for everything. With a humorous detachment and is at the same times warmly his friends--and vice versa. The mind sees everything. Philosophical, poet. He delights in his enemies, laughs at consciousness is outraged. The individual becomes lover, heavy, but inspired, intoxicated, illuminated, ecstatic. nor amused, neither solemn nor frivolous, neither lit nor The most important mood in the world is neither serious Yet out of these two antitheses can grow a synthesis. seek to arouse in others a sense of fear and guilt. or else, like a heavy parent, we put on a solemn look and. He either seek instant, unearned pleasure, like a child; every billboard. entertainment industries of advertisements that smile from canned and synthetic recreations of all sorts, of the great age of "light" novels, of cajoling popular magazines, of It also happens to be the great age of amusement, the thinking, of serious books, even "serious" novels. tees, of social consciousness, of science, of realistic is the great age of seriousness, the age of causes and commit- by much solemn feeling, professional and amateur, into the human mind. Extending his concept a bit, we note that this as Mr. Bloch points out, this is an age characterized

Bob Bloch

possible. But--that's a daydream, too. misery and strife would be eradicated it only this were wishes freely and without constraint. How much of human affection--where one seeks of one's private thoughts and with hypocrisy and pretense, sham and subterfuge, fraud and Sometimes I imagine a world in which everyone dispenses content of the eternal fantasy.

THE SQUIRREL

C*A*G*E

—Bironellik



YOU KNOW, going to school in northern California is wonderful; there's a wonderful fannish atmosphere continually billowing out of Berkeley fandom, the mailbox is always full, there are people alla time visiting us--and, best of all, now that I'm going to school 450 miles from Los Angeles, I find myself attending more LASFS meetings than I did when I lived in Long Beach, a scant thirty miles from Shangri-La.

Of course, there are, today, more incentives to attend LASFS meetings. Why, when I first joined this club, you might see an unmarried or unattached female around the club once every six months. By the time I got up to another meeting, she was married to a member, elected Secretary, or scared away from the club by some guy in sandals with a beard and a shirt he'd worn for several weeks.

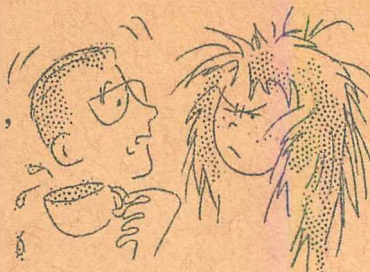
Today things are different. I first noticed it when I walked in on a meeting in August of 1957, after a six months' absence and found a female directing the club. Julie Ross was her name, and bigolly if'n I didn't get to ride to San Francisco with her the next week. But I moved to Berkeley--and sure enough, when I started attending meetings again, she was Julie Jarline, and married to the Secretary. This was early in 1958.

Easter of the same year came, and Terry Carr, Pete Graham, and I voyaged to Los Angeles to spend a part of our vacation. Together with Alex Bratman and John Trimble (old Long Beach contemporaries of mine) we entered LASFS's new home on 12th street an hour after the meeting had started. The five of us found it difficult to step over people quietly, but we hardly made as much noise as the girl who screeched, "They must be big name fans--they're an hour late!" Yes, gentle reader, you can believe your eyes--there was an unattached girl at the LASFS meeting. Down on her swooped Berkeley and Long Beach fandoms; at this writing she is being un-attached like always.

But I began looking around the old club a little more--and right now, there are at least five young and unattached females who attend club meetings regularly; more regularly than I do, anyway, because the club has a book where you sign your name when you attend meetings, and I can check on how often they attend at the same time I check on their addresses and phone numbers.

Another encouraging feature is that several of the more interesting addresses and phone numbers are the same as the club's now that the LASFS meets in a private home. It was private, before the Club moved in, anyway. Zeke Leppin is the beguiled guy, and,

besides him, you can find the OO editor, MIMSY's editor, Dale Hart, and Lilian Field at home most of the time--a veritable Slan Shack. The plumbing is sort of inefficient, and watch out you don't step on the cats-- but the scenery is more than worth while, except early in the morning when the women need a cup of coffee to drown the cobwebs.



Having an open invitation from Zeke to utilize one of his lumpy couches anyoldtime makes for more trips down here than isreallydompatiblewith a collegeeducation, especially with all the incentives I listed above; and now I discover that the whole crew is planning to drive en masse to Detroit next year, and I'm invited to help fill out the roster (they're amazingly ept at type-casting). They don't seem to understand that I've used no method but hitch-hiking to get to a convention for years; they think I can throw away all this tradition and actually travel to a meeting of science-fiction fans in one car, chock full of Al Lewis, beautiful girls, and me. [RON: What makes you think I'd let you in my carful of beautiful girls--Al] These poor fools. [hitchhike!!]

They [?] want me --me!-- to disappoint the dozens of people who, every year, form a pool on whether or not Ellik will make it to the convention. Why, last September, I was the cause of Rick Sneary making enough money to retire; everybody thought I was a cinch, because the convention was right here on the West Coast, so the odds in favor of my arrival were vanishingly small. Rick hates me, as he will gladly tell you, so he bet against me just to be spiteful. Ah, they laughed at him--but when he collected enough money to buy a section of Los Angeles and give it to South Gate, thus assuring himself a place of honour in the South Gate hall of fame, they laughed out of the other side of their mouths. For I did hitch-hike to the convention from Camp Penlleton, and bigolly if after talking my way right up to the rank of a Light Colonel, I wasn't still a whole day late. And as if this wasn't enough of a shock to united trufandom, these people want me to consign myself to a predictable, scheduled trip to Detroit -- which will cost me money -- and ruin Sneary's chance of making his third million by plowing his money under. Just so I can ride 2500 miles with a carload of Al Lewis, beautiful girls, and me.

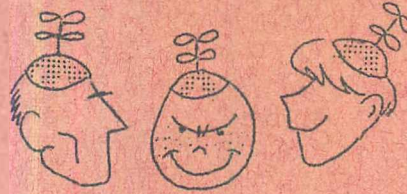
So I figured I should take a small amount of space in this high-class mag to let everybody know: if I can work some way to get rid of Al Lewis, Rick Sneary can do his own hitch-hiking.

(to be cont'd)



A FAN BY ANY OTHER NAME....

Rick Sneary



Every once in a while it pays to restate the obvious. Either because some things never become obvious to enough people, or because it is something to do tell a new idea comes along. So, as there has been some talk lately about the different types of fans, and what it takes to become a BNF, I have put down my own opinions as to what makes up the many kinds of fans. And while it is rare to find any fan that these labels fit perfectly, they do give a general picture of the different phases of fan-life.

READER-FAN. Is one of those 100,000-plus Americans who buy other copies of magazines off the stands. He likes s-f, and may read one or all the magazines, but probably not regularly. But he has no other interest in the field but this, and throws his copies away afterward.

READER/SAVER-FAN. Suffers from a mania known as Pack-Rat fever. While he knows nothing about fandom, he is compelled to save every-thing, no matter what its value, that feels he might want again some day.



Most older fans have met a Saver-Fan, who enjoys telling of his piles of Amazings or Unknowns stacked in the back of his closet or garage. The chance to boast of his hoard, and watch the white-faced reaction of the Fan, seems to be the only joy this class of fans have.

READER/COLLECTOR-FAN: He saves too, but keeps his magazines and books neatly on shelves or in apple boxes. He usually re-reads his favorite items, and tries to fill in the gaps, as well as gain older copies. To do this he often turns to other fans, but his only interest in contact is his collection, and the chance to compare it with that of others. He was once more common, than he is today, as fewer true fans are also Collectors.

PASSIVE-FAN. A passifan reads s-f, and knows about fandom, but he takes little interest in it. He may read S.F. Times or write a couple long time correspondents, but he has no interest in join group doing, or a local club. Not even one in the same block. He is usually the serious type, and the blood of a true-fan runs in his veins, but very very slowly.

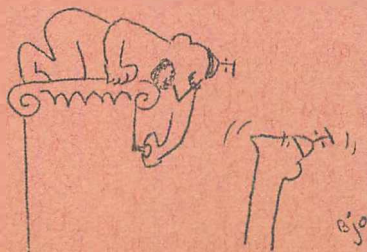
FRINGE-FAN. He may-not even read s-f, but he knows some one that does and is a fan of some-sort. He lokes the excitement of fandom, the people he meets, the parties, the chance to show off, and even the work of fanzines and club organization. They normally make up a large portion of local clubs, and active young fans have been known to form whole clubs out of nothing but Fringe-fan friends. Some are talented in their own way, but no matter how active a Fringe-fan may become he never really grasp what fandom is all about, or interest in the world of fandom.

NEO-FAN. This is generally the most transitive state of fan development. Lasting from the time a Fan first finds out there are others who read that crazy science fiction stuff, tell the frantic euphoria wares off and he takes on the protictive color of the "average fan." The classic call of the Neo-fan is Goshwowboyoboy, which is his general approach to all things fannish. He is impelled or compelled to all sorts of things, encluding writing or editing a fanzine, forming clubs, and starting feuds, irregardless of talent or experience. Neo-fans are fandoms juveniles, which is natural as most of them are teenagers. But being old enough to know better doesn't prevent anyone from acting like a Neo-fan. And unfortionetly some fans never stop acting like Neo's.



TRUFAN: A fan is the hardest of all to describe, as he can be so many things. But basicly he is a reader of s-f with a deep desire to communicate his ideas and opinions to others. I believe he does this manlyly though letters and fanzines, but also to some extent though local clubs, which he joins when he can. He usual joins national groups too, and tries to attend Conventions. While fandom maybe his favorite hobby, it is usually not his only one, and he would never think of devoting all his spare time to it. The fan makes up the rank and file of fandom. He buys the fanzines, writes to the letter columns, joins causes, and fills the chairs at Cons.

ACTIFAN: While the Actifan does the same things as a Fan, he does them at a much grater rate. His main interest is fandom, and most of his spare time time is spent in fan activities. Other fans make up the bulk of his friends. He generally edites his own fanzine, and is part of one of the amature press groups. To an Actifan, fandom is importen for many different reasons, whether he takes it seriously or makes fun of thos that do.



BIG-NAME FAN: To be a BNF is the ultimate accolade awarded to a fan. Being a BNF is more a state of mind than anything. And it the state of other peoples minds that count. Years of experience and activity are not enough, you have to be liked and admired, too.

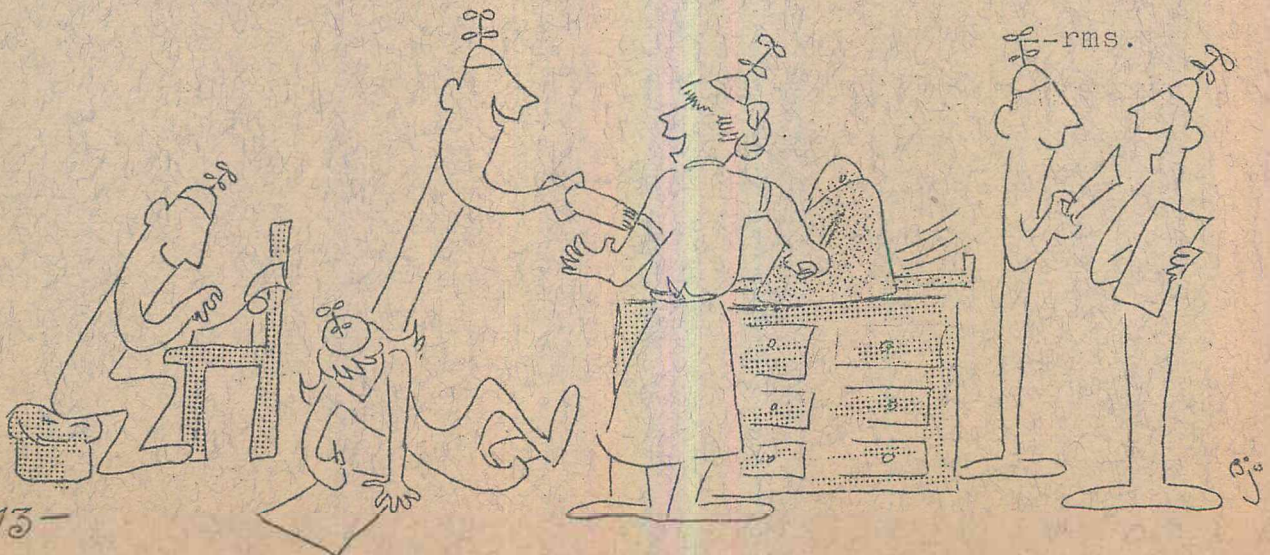
But there is no fine test as to who is and who isn't. A few like Willis and Boggs are BNF's to everyone, but any Actifan may seem a BNF to the neofans who don't know him. How many believers it takes to make a BNF no-one can say, but they are the leaders of fandom. Though their long association with the feild they have learned the ways of their fellows and their opinions are listened to, their leads followed. And while a few have gained reputations as BNF from sarcastic remarks and feuls, most of them are also the nicer people of fandom. (I have heard that if Boggs, Willis and Grennell all thought of you as a BNF, you were.)

FAKE-FAN: The archetype of which does not read SF, and professes a dislike for fandom. He enjoys making fun of fandom, and fans who do anything constructive. Yet he hangs around fans, goes to their parties, and write for fanzines, all the while telling them how crazy they all are. The only thing he really likes about fandom is the chance to show himself off.

SERIOUS-CONSTRUCTIVE-FAN: The Serconfan is supposed to believe that Fandom Is A Way Of Life (whatever that means). He does take fandom seriously, and dislikes the frivolous fun-loving type of fan. He wants serious programs at conventions, believes fanzines should be mainly reviews, bibliographies, serious articles and maybe attempts at serious fiction writing. He is a Puritan among fans.

INSURGENT-FAN: He is an ultra-non-conformist, but unlike the fake-fan, the Insurgent-Fan likes fans and science-fiction. He believes the hobby should be enjoyed, but has for some reason rebelled against the Serconfans. His philosophy (which the Fake-fan pretends to understand) is that Fandom-is-just-a-Ghoulam-hobby. But to many in expressing their belief have fallen into the same error as the Serconfans and assumed theirs was the only true way to enjoy fandom.

OLD-GUARD FANS: He is generally anyone who has been around ten years longer than you have, but more exactly, members of First, and maybe Second fandom. They are seen mainly at Conventions and Forry Ackerman's parties. Their general feeling is that nothing is as good as it was, and they try to act as if nothing had changed since their day. They are generally looked up to by Neofans, tell they stomp on one of the Neo's pet ideas as being un-workable because Wollheim or Moskowitz would frown upon it.



THE SQUIRREL CAGE

ANNEX

by Terry Carr



"Ron! I've told you
before--it's not a
root beer tower to
the moon!"

Awhile back, I was up on the campus with Jim Caughran, sitting in the sun and gabbing. We were right by Strawberry Creek, which passed by with much merry babbling-like-unto-a-brook, and across the creek was a grove of trees which hung out over the water. On one of the farthest-stretching branches was a squirrel, which was inching farther and farther out on this virtual twig, trying to get at a nut on the end of it while the branch/twig bent under the squirrel's weight. Undaunted by reason, this little nut-gathering giant pressed forward, until the branch was bent virtually downward, directly over the water. Jim and I watched in fascination while the squirrel detached the nut and scampered back to safety, before the twig should break and plunge him into the water below.

The suspense over, Jim turned to me and said, "By God, I've known people like that."

I nodded sagely, mentioning no names, and we watched the squirrel strip the outer shell off the nut and disappear into the bushes with his hard-won nut. In a few moments he was back, flitting across the clearing spryly, stopping now and then to sniff and look around a bit.

His little beady eyes spotted something. Off he dashed into the bushes and tall grass, and in a moment he came forth again, gamboling with a nubile little female squirrel back and forth across the clearing. They chased each other around gaily, chitter-chattering a bit.

"By God," said Jim, "that looks almost obscene. The Regents of the University shouldn't oughtta allow that kind of thing on campus."

"It's okay," I said. "That one squirrel just turned 20 today and I told him he could chase girl-squirrels now."

Jim's face brightened. "Come to think of it," he said, "today is my birthday. I'm eighteen today. Can I chase girls now?"

"Sure," I said magnanimously. "I hereby give you free license to chase girls all you want."

Jim grinned. "Actually," he said, "I've been poaching for years."

-- --

I've been planning, vaguely, to write an article on Boob Stewart, Fabulous Fan. For years I've planned on writing such an article. I even had plans for it when Boob was still in fandom, and even in

The Squirrel Cage Annex--II

FAPA (though at that time FAPA was still Where Old Fans Go To Die, not the hyperactive group of today in which you're sneered at if you're not a publishing giant, practically). I think I first got the idea for an article on Boob during his first gafiation, when he seemed to be dropping out of fandom. Boob, for the last year or two of his fan-life, underwent recurrent periods of gafiation, each longer than the last. He'd become sick of science fiction--said he'd lost his sense of wonder or something--and then next thing I'd know, when I was just about ready to roll the paper into the typer for my article on him, he'd phone up and extoll the merits of some Astounding serial which he'd just breezed through avidly. His sense of wonder would be back for awhile, he'd write an article for Mike May or Pete Vorzimer or even me, and then he'd suddenly say that science fiction made him sick, all fans were queer, and curl up in a corner with a copy of Harper's, after tearing out the Bradbury story. The wind of his wonder would blow hot and cold in cycles, like glacial ages coming and going on the land. It wasn't long before he fell into his Final Gafiation and disappeared into a Catholic seminary in Marin County.

So now, I guess, Boob is definitely out of fandom. He has been for a couple of years, as a matter of fact. Now I can write that article on Boob Stewart, Fabulous Fan.

Boob was definitely a fabulous fan, too. San Francisco fandom was a pretty wild group of teenagers, and Boob was one of the wildest. Berkeley fandom is a mere shadow of San Francisco fandom, though many of the members of the latter are still in the group. San Francisco fandom too was a fandom of publishing giants--there were constant cries of amazement from other fans at the volume of material spewed forth from the San Fran mimeos. The only difference between Berkeley publishing and San Fran publishing was that not one-tenth of what San Fran fandom published was worth a damn.

Of that which was worthwhile, Boob published far more than his share. He had the most regular zine among us--BOO!, a monthly subzine which appeared promptly, except for one lapse when Boob published an issue two weeks after the last because he didn't feel like waiting till his next deadline. You talk about publishing giants!

Of course, BOO! wasn't worth much, either, for the most part. Boob's typer was admirably unsuited for stencilling, and he never turned out a single page on that typer that couldn't easily be mistaken for a Wansborough offering today. He couldn't stencil artwork very well, either.

But BOO! had its excellences, very considerable ones, which were almost buried among the poorly-presented crud which nearly filled most issues. Boob Stewart had a sense of humor which shined through every issue. Once he had a half-page to fill, so he slapped on an ad for a contest, headed "HAVE FUN! WIN PRIZES! GO TO HELL!" and went on about how the prize would be a pound of goat-dung or something. I'm damned if I can remember what the contest was all about. Nothing important.

Another time he sat up all night before a deadline stencilling a long batch of incoherent Rike ramblings (and Rike could really be incoherent in those days, believe me!) and Rike drawings, then headed the typed mess, "WRITINGS by Rike. Errors by Stewart".

These were just little touches, to be sure, but they added personality to the mag--the sort of personality that fans meant when all this fooforah about personality-zines began. The sort of personality that QUANDRY had, that FANVARIETY had, and CONFUSION and the rest. "Personality" in the Sixth Fandom sense, I'd call it--casual, unforced, unobtrusive, almost unnoticed. BOO! was certainly no Q, Fv., or Cf., but it had touched of brilliance which would insure it a permanent place in my fanzine collection even if Bob weren't a personal friend of mine.

In person, Boob was quite a guy. Boob Stewart was the guy who sent a long, filth-ridden letter to Larry Balint, typed on stationery headed "From the desk of Boob Stewart" with a drawing of a toilet, signed with my name, and put a sticker with the address of the Hubbard Dianetics Institute for the return address on the envelope, then addressed it accidentally to San Francisco instead of Long Beach. The letter, among other things, told of how he'd heard from a mutual friend of ours that at Log Cabin Ranch School, a boys' penitentiary, marijuana was cultivated and cured behind the cook-stove.

The next thing Boob knew he was visited by Officer Sorrelli, a name to conjure with in San Francisco fandom and its successor, Berkeley fandom. Officer Sorrelli was from the San Francisco Police Department, and he wanted to know a little more about this marijuana bit. It seems there was such an address in San Francisco, the occupants had opened the letter, turned it over to the police, and they in turn had passed it on to the Vice Squad, who had given it to the Narcotics authorities, from whence it had gone to the F.B.I., and then back down the ladder to the local police again for investigation.

Boob explained that he was just joking, and Officer Sorrelli asked for the phone number of the fellow who had given him this information. Boob gave it to him, and Sorrelli called the fellow up.

Now, I've mentioned a few times here and there that San Francisco fandom and Berkeley fandom is composed of pathological hoaxsters. We pull hoaxes on fandom and on each other, and always have. Well, just the day before this Boob had phoned the fellow in question (a fringe-fan only, but a member of the San Fran social group) and impersonated an Englishman asking for directions to the Golden Gate Bridge, or something like that. When Sorrelli called, the fellow immediately figured it was Boob again. "Aw c'mon, Stewart, cut the crap," he said.

Sorrelli gasped and sputtered into the phone and told him he was a member of the San Francisco Police Force and by god he wanted to know about this marijuana being cultivated in a penitentiary!

"Oh, I see," was the reply. "You just want the facts, man, just the facts."

Sorrelli yarmfed and rowrbazzled at him for awhile longer, getting no cooperation, and finally had the ignominy of being hung up on. He turned back to Boob and shouted for awhile at him, but Boob finally calmed him down, persuaded him that there was nothing in the whole affair of interest to the police, and got rid of him.

Awhile later, I told Sorrelli's phone interviewee what had happened, and he almost swallowed a can of beer whole. "I thought it was Stewart!" he kept saying.

Boob Stewart was the sort of fellow who got into predicaments like that. I could go on for pages and pages about things like that, but Ron probably would begrudge me the space, and I doubt that Bob would appreciate it himself, sequestered as he is up in that seminary in Marin County, filled with the love of God and his fellow men.

For Boob Stewart the Fabulous Fan is no more. Just plain Bob Stewart remains--a quiet, mild-mannered young theology student who spends his days in prayer, study, and writing of poems like the following:

MOTHER, SOMEDAY YOU AND I WILL STAND

Mother, someday you and I will stand
Before a Crib, linen-spread;
And while a singing angel band
With Hosannas serenades His Bed,
I'll call Him down from Heaven.

Bowing low, adoring Him,
In swaddling clothes of bread and wine,
We'll join in praise the seraphim;
He Whom nothing can confine
Will come to rest before us.

In echoing silence, then,
I'll raise up the Lamb of God
(You beside me, Mary, on Calvary again.)
And while all about in stillness awed
I'll crucify Him on a corporal.

--Bob Stewart, October 1957

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At the Documents Department of the University Library, where I work, I am constantly writing letters requesting government publications, and acknowledging publications received, and so forth. All very dull correspondence which I type from a form-letter in my head and pass on to Miss Maunula, the Librarian, who signs them and sends them out.

The other day I was called upon again to write a letter of acknowledgment of an incoming publication, but this time I rebelled. I typed two different letters--one a standard form-letter, the other somewhat off-trail. Miss Maunula was to sign and mail whichever one she pleased. This is the letter I composed:

16 October 1958

U. S. Department of the Interior
National Park Service
180 New Montgomery Street
San Francisco 5, California

Gentlemen:

The Documents Department of the University of California Library, Berkeley, acknowledges with thanks receipt of Woodrow Wilson Centennial, the final report of the Woodrow Wilson Centennial Celebration Commission, Washington, D. C.

This publication makes a valuable addition to our collection. Already we have had between 40 and 50 requests for it, and several offers to purchase it have been received, one at a price of \$25.00. Interest in this publication is very high on this campus, presumably because of the hilarious misprint on page 105.

Thank you very much for your kind consideration.

Very truly yours,

DOCUMENTS DEPARTMENT

Rosamond M. Maunula

RMM:tgc

I'll give you one guess which letter she signed and mailed.

-- --

Jim Caughran, Miriam Dyches and I took a trip up to the top of the Campanile the other day. The Campanile is a tall belltower-type structure looming over the whole University campus, with elevators to take sightseers up to the top for viewing. The view is fabulous--the whole campus laid out at your feet, Berkeley and Oakland stretching away to the West and South, Richmond to the North, the hills immediately to the East, and San Francisco Bay farther to the West, with Treasure Island and the Bay Bridge and San Francisco, and the Golden Gate Bridge way, way far out, barely discernable against the blue of the water and sky.

We wandered around the top of the Campanile, looking from one side, then another, and making oooh sounds now and then. Eventually we settled down to leaning on the rail and talking quietly.

"This would be a perfect place for a suicide," said Miriam. "What a drop!"

"You'd have to do it fannishly," said Jim, "or it wouldn't be worth doing."

The Squirrel Cage Annex--VI

"That shouldn't be too hard," I said. "After all, the Campanile is a kind of a fabulous structure. Its real name is Sather Tower, you know. It was erected by Jane K. Sather in honor of her husband. Some people," I said, "call it Sather's Last Erection."

Jim laughed. "Why, By God! It is a huge phallic symbol!" he said. "It's a fabulous structure!"

"And with such a fabulous structure," I said, "it shouldn't be hard to figure some way of committing fannish suicide from it. For instance, it would be nice to leap from the side, shouting, "I'm GOING OVER!" and then just before you land you yell out, "God DAMN you, Sather!"

"That's good!" said Jim. "Or how about yelling, 'Fandom is a way of li-i-i-i-i-i-ife!'"

We went on discussing such things until the four o'clock bells struck right above our heads and almost knocked us over the side with their reverberations.

-- --

J. G. Newkom, who is sort of a fringe-Beatnik and would hate to be classified as such, told us of a friend of his who was picked up on a dope charge recently.

He was hauled into court, sworn in, and asked to "tell the story in your own words, please".

"Well, man," he said, "like nothing was happening, so I split on out and fell by my buddy's pad. I didn't know he'd be holding or anything, but when I made the scene there he was, blowing grass. So like I took a stick myself, and then left, but before I got back to my pad the fuzz came on the scene, and I got busted. And like here I am."

The Assistant D.A. or somesuch stood up and shouted, "Your Honor! I demand that the defendent talk in English!"

The judge looked at him and said, "Freeze, square!"

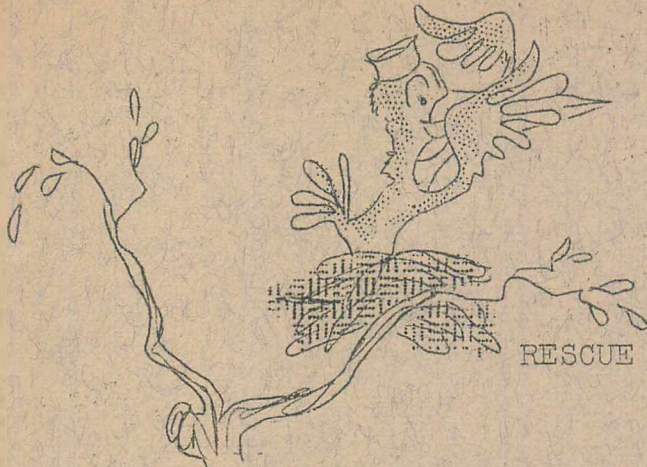
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Somehow, I doubt the veracity of that story.

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I guess that's about it. This has been a visit with witty, droll, debonaire, jocular Terry Carr, guest-spotting this time around in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. ("Guest-spotting," as you know, is another term for "freeloading".) Our heading has been by Ejo, and was originally drawn on my name-tag at the Solacon.

13 Terry Carr



RESCUE

by Lillian Field

A Wuck and a Wickle went sailing
 Alone in a leaky old scow.
 They thought they could sail without bailing,
 But water crashed over the bow.

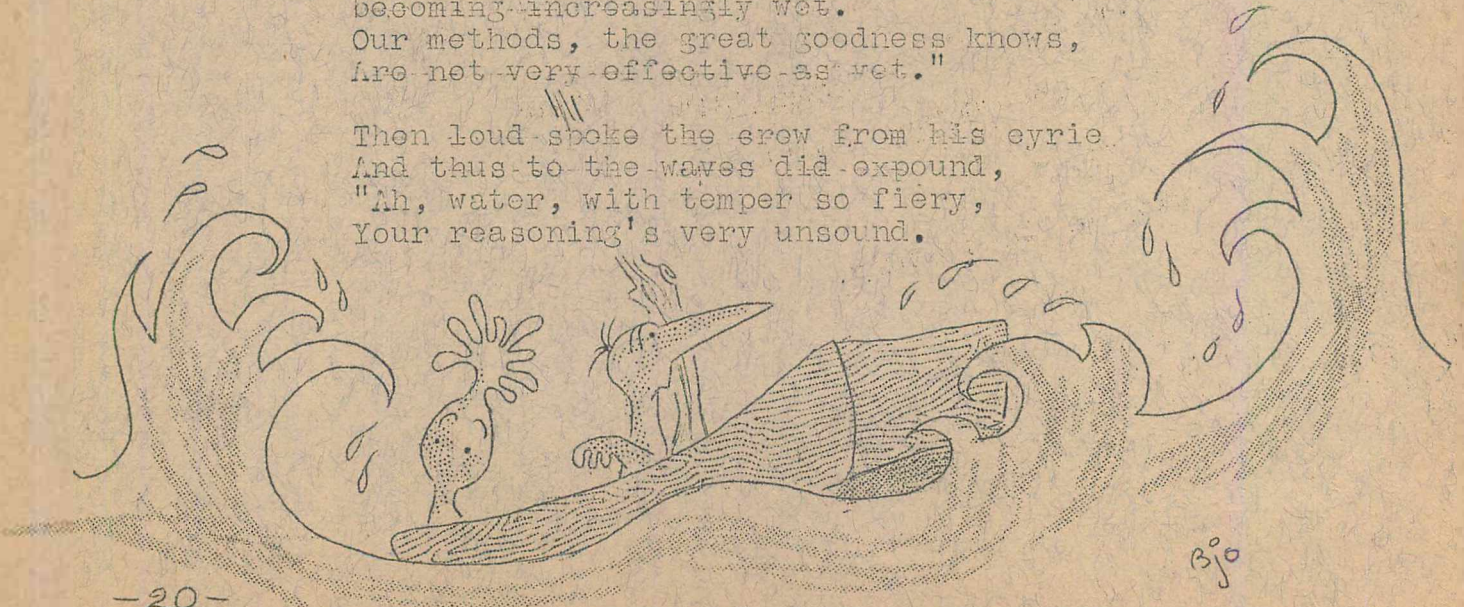
Said Wuck to the Wickle, "I know this
 Is dreadfully craven of me.
 It seems, though, if we don't forego this,
 We'll be out of our depth in the sea."

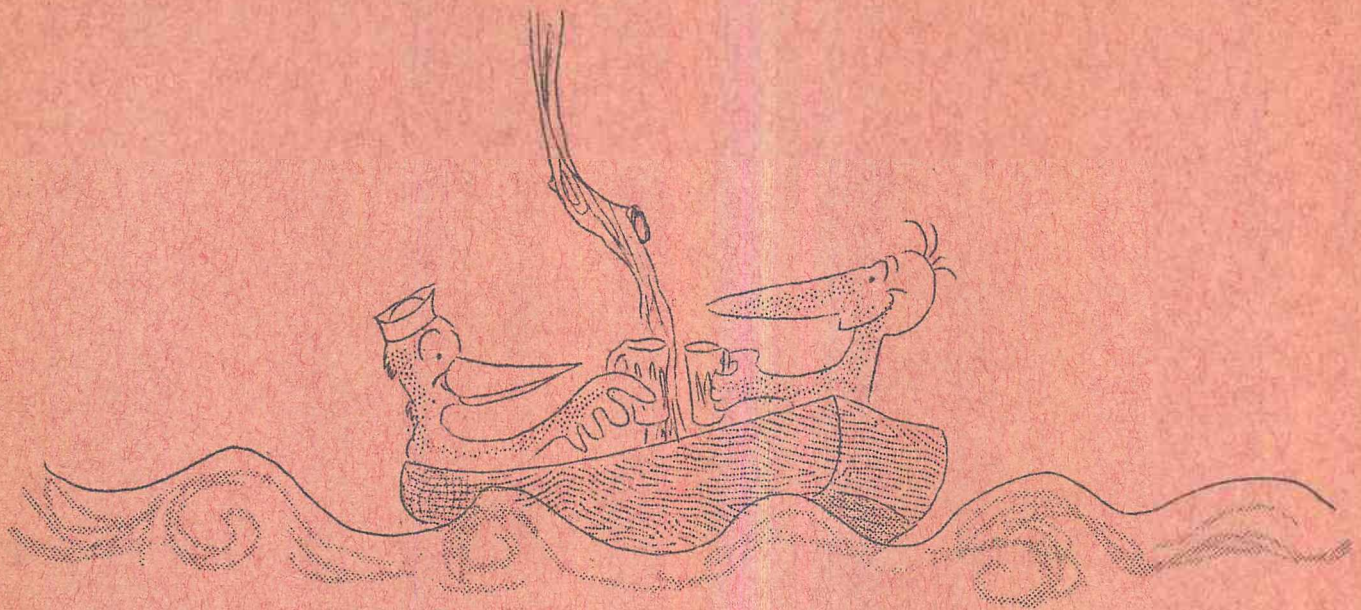
The waves mounted higher and higher.
 The craft was awash and adrift.
 Their straits now became truly dire;
 Their barge had no longer a lift.

They heard, then, a voice from the crow's nest
 That sounded both raucous and bland:
 "Pray, listen to someone who knows best,
 And I'll quickly get you to land."

"Oh, Crow, do your best, for our toes are
 becoming increasingly wet.
 Our methods, the great goodness knows,
 Are not very effective as yet."

Then loud spoke the crow from his eyrie
 And thus to the waves did expound,
 "Ah, water, with temper so fiery,
 Your reasoning's very unsound."





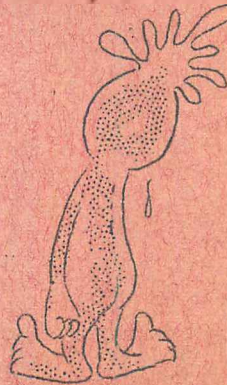
"You think you're attacking a frail boat
By dashing so hard at the prow.
But this is not even a sailboat.
There isn't a prow on a scow.

"Both ends are alike as you see, sir;
The keel is both heavy and flat.
Don't you see how naive it must be, sir,
To make such attack upon that?"

The water then quickly subsided
And viewed the ungainly old hulk.
Embarrassed to be so derided,
Withdrew, to lie flat in a sulk.

Said Wickle, "Sir Crow, you're my hero,
Dear gentleman, brainy and sleek.
My feeling for Wuck is now zero,
He's so undecided and meek."

The Crow and the Wickle went sailing
Alone in the leaky old scow.
They knew they could sail without bailing,
For the sea would not trouble them now.





APPROPOS de SACRAMENTO by Jim Caughran

Ron Ellik was showing me, road map wise, the best method of hitchhikeing to LA, says Ron, "Don't go north when you get to the freeway or you'll wind up in Sacramento". Ron and Terry were going to drive down Thursday, and because of the necessity of school work, I was going to hitchhike down on Friday for the Forrest J Ackerman Birthday party.

Ron's directions continued, ending with, "If you keep going on 50, it only leads to Sacramento". I assured Ron I wouldn't end up in Sacramento, his directions continued. "Yes, you will if you turn north at Modesto. Then take 99 all the way south, throo Fresno, Bakersfield, - oh, call the highway patrol first to see if the ridge route is open. It might be snowed under and you'll have to make it over to 101 somehow and in the confusion you'll end up in Sacramento."

"Ron, I won't go to Sacramento!". I was becoming slightly angered at this slur upon my directional sense, but there's no argueing with squirrels. So - several days later, off I started upon my journey to LA, which proved uneventfull.

Though it was the first time I'd visited LASFS, I could tell easily for there was a large sign out in front that read:

.... SACRAMENTO CITY LIMITS....

There were lights on inside even tho it was 3 ayem, but no one seemed to home. I let myself in the back door to be greeted by the sign "Dave Kyle Says You Can Sit Here", and so I sat. About 4 ayem I noticed a slight stirrings in one of the chairs and found Steve Tolliver, who just muttered "gawd awful hour of the morning" and went back to sleep. Then about 4:30 ayem in rolled Terry, Ron, and Djinn from the first night of Forrie's party, all in hi spirits. After chitter-chattering for awhile we finally went to sleep.

The next day Terry, Ron, Djinn and I all piled into Djinn's car and headed for Burbee's house. Burbee showed us a carbon of an article he had sent to the Busbies. Burbee had said therein that Terry Carr was 90 % of modern day fandom, controlling us all by pushing buttons and telling Ron Ellik to do things. "You should see the buttons I've got in Djinn," Terry said, while she blushed.

"If you're 90% of modern-day fandom, then you must be 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ of us," I said. "Which of us is half-free?"

"Hell, Jim," he said, "You know Ron is a half-wit."

Terry had it all figured out, how fandom was going to be run; how he and Bjo were both going to England, and how we all would do things the way he dictated. Sometime during the afternoon Ron mentioned how tired he was. "I'll unplug you so you can go to sleep," said Terry.

"A plug-in job -- that must be like the sleeve job," said Ron, looking happy.

We all sat around and drank Burbee homebrew, while the Living Legend told us about his job. "I operate three screw machines," he said. "Two hand-operated, and one automatic."

He said something about F. Towner Laney having advertised in the paper for a woman, a story everyone else had heard. "Advertised in the paper!" I exclaimed.

"HO! A live one! Congratulations, Carr--you finally found someone who hasn't heard my stories, even if you did have to send to Pakistan for him." He went on to tell us the Laney story and a few more, and three different true stories of how he chose the name BURBLINGS for his FAPAZine. After we had weaved out the door, under the effects of the homebrew, I finally realized that I still hadn't heard the watermelon story.

Ron kept complaining about the brakes in Djinn's car. They were failing, he said. Don't pump them, Djinn said. I always pump my brakes, he said. And it went on and on, till we got on the freeway by driving on the shoulder to miss a car we couldn't stop for. "There aren't ANY brakes!" screamed Ron.

You haven't lived until you've ridden in a car with no brakes, with Ron Ellik at the helm, at fifty miles an hour, along the freeways toward downtown Los Angeles.

On the way to Forry's that night, we stopped to have something to eat at a place recommended by Djinn. Imitation ranchero atmosphere, with all the waiters in blue-jeans; lumber strewn around, looking like make-shift I-beams and rafters; sawdust all over the floor. The waiter who bounced up to take our order was about 5 ft tall, had a nasal twang, and seemed a trifle out-of-place... This was a he-man, western-themed restaurant. "He's queer as a three-dollar bill," said Ron.

Finally our hamburgers were brought, and we started to eat. Terry wanted some mustard, and called the waiter for it. "Nobody uses mustard," said our small but feverish friend. Terry insisted, so the fellow finally brought some mustard. He set it down, and as he stomped off he said over his shoulder, "Square!"

"He's queer as a three-and-a-half dollar bill," said Djinn.

At last we got to Forrie's. There was a handful of active fen there, a few Lasfs members, and several mundane people trying to figure out who we all were. Bjo and Rotsler were trying to outdo each other in drawing birthday-cards on rolls of shelf paper with which they later papered the walls. In one place, Bjo had drawn a reclining nude, and Rotsler had drawn a couple of figures standing atop her with a flag, saying, "I claim this in the name of FAPA." Two of Forry's non-initiate friends were saying, "It must mean Forrest-Ackerman-something-or-other."

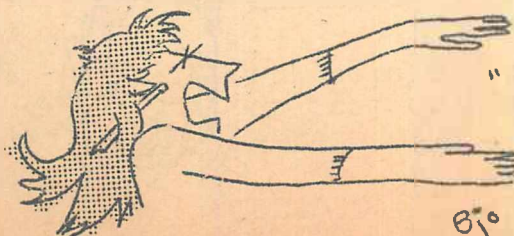
Terry, Djinn, Ron and I went out to breakfast when things calmed down--around 7 ayem--and went back to Zeke's. No use going to sleep at that hour, so we went out to play miniature golf, minus Ron. Near 11, we got back to Zeke's and fell asleep.

Ron's mother showed up in the afternoon, and she, Ron, Bjo, Terry and I took off for Berkeley. I slept most of the way, recuperating from the hectic weekend; Bjo has soft shoulders.

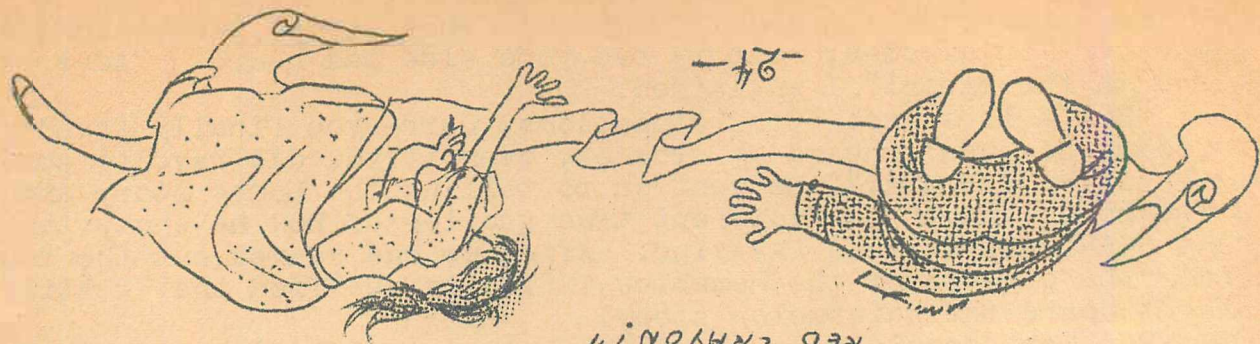
I awoke suddenly in the early evening, wondering where we were. "Where are we?" I asked Ron, who was driving.

"We're in Sacramento," he said. "I overshot."

-30-



"THIS MUCH SPACE
AND THEY WANT
A CARTOON ALREADY!"



"C'MON, BIG - HAND OVER THE
RED CRAYON!!"

-Bjo.

sleep before the party started again that night.
more days of this, and somebody dragged me home so I could
kept washed, and about 1 even I was reminded that I had two
fell, the potato salad held out, and the coffee cups were
meeting some of the greatest people in and out of London.

we weren't busy clearing to our gallery slaves, we were busy
in doorways; all of them good forkers, every one. And when
coffee, cleaning up spilled ashtrays and breaking up crowds
theater and Bill Allen busy washing dishes, carrying
he kept Al Lewis, Jon Ellis, Steve Tolliver, Emile

spines of Torny's collection.
uncooperative guests and the piano, completely smothering the
working all the way around the fireplace, the lamps, several
and hung it up in the living room, starting at one corner and
started a cartoon duel. He used up all 40 feet of the paper
shelving paper I had brought for the express purpose, and
Then Torny and I went in to Torny's den, unrolled the

by LASTS.
line Torny's garage, protecting his book collection) bought
fiberglass panel (one of many panels which will eventually
on! Notler carried in a wonderfully cartooned box foot
Then Torny returned, and the party started, and we were

his book collection.
atives who didn't know Torny but who would just love to see
could not change nights, come all three nights, or bring rel-
went to hide in New York, while I told people that no, they
Torny chickened out of the proceedings about here, and

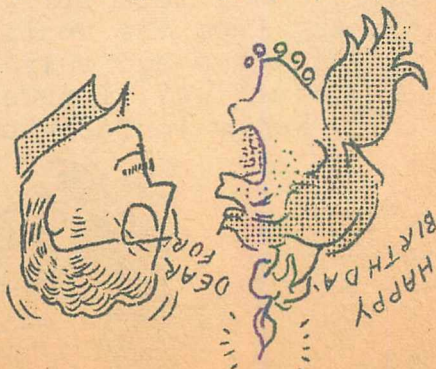
hostess.
before she knew it, I had volunteered Bjim to be the other
I knew it I had volunteered to be one of the hostesses--and
it only he had someone to take care of the hostessing, and before
party; he looked mildly disturbed, and said he'd consider it
started when I was fussing about whether he'd even have a
the official beginning of the hassle. It

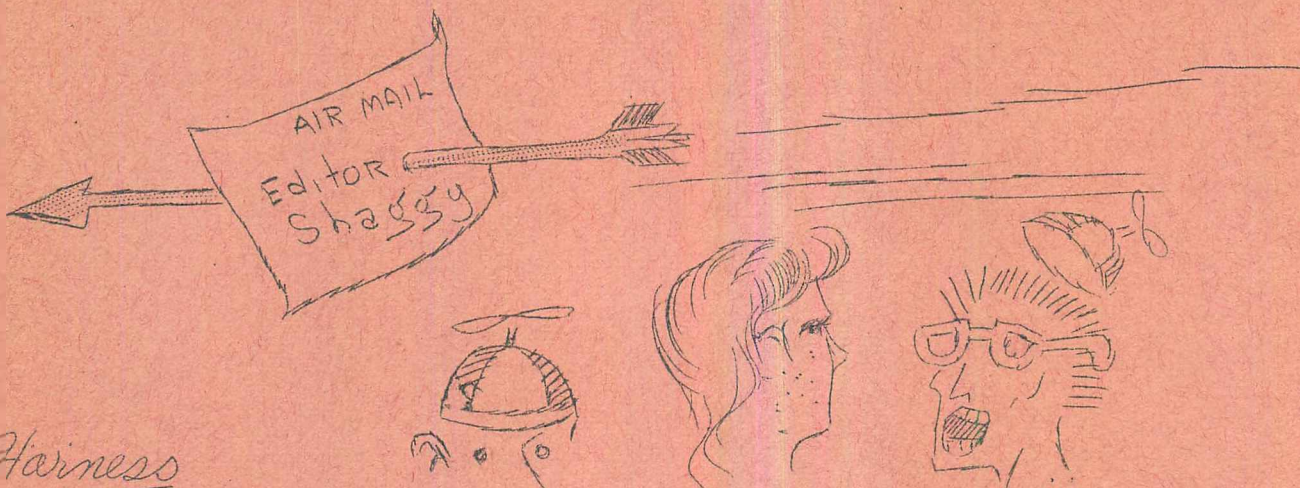
Actually, Torny's party started several
days before the Friday night that signalled

THE FIRST DAY

--being the accounts of three mystical,
magical days encompassing a sort of birth-
day celebration, and much confusion.

BEFORE, DE FIVE, DE TONY (---Dun Rab)





Shaggy 39 rec'd and enjoyed. Thanks, you did a nice job on it, Djinn. Now you are a bona-fide 'faaaaaan' and eligible for the FAPA Waiting List and TAFF and things like that there..... (That shouldn't be available to mere Convention-going 'fringe fans', according to some of the Big wheels, that is. Not me - I'm for the open door policy.

Give my regards to Monette, will you?, and tell her I enjoyed her Poe-ish poetry. There is one thing to be said in favor of Conventions; meeting fans makes it so much more fun to read the clubzines for you know the people mentioned.

Tell Bjo I enjoyed her illos, especially the one on page 11, I know just how she felt, and she expressed it so vividly! The illos on the cover were a nice deal - all except the one of you. You should sue the photographer for libel - you are much much prettier than that! One query: How in the world do you fans manage to make everything you do sound so glamorous? The way it's written up, you make a meeting of the LASFS sound like a convening of the Star-begotten in the Halls of Olympus.....

G.M. Carr
5319 Ballard Ave.
Seattle 7, Wash.

(Thank you, G.M. Carr. 'Tis letters of comments like yours that make first issueds like me jump with joy. And really, honest, that is the way fanac happens around LASFS. Now, does Star-begotten mean illegitimate? --- Djinn..)

Dear you-all,

Shaggy # 39 received and gleed over, but have no (sob) time for comment right now - will you take a raincheck? Will send FIJAGH though it won't be out that often - so am enclosing a buck. So I'm money mad.. Thanks again,

Alors,
Dick Ellington
P.O. Box 104
Cooper Station
New York 3, N.Y.

(Raincheck accepted and so was your sub - which I gleed over. Thanks for being money mad and for your reply.. Djinn..)

Dear Djinn,

Shaggy # 39 received today - quite happily, I might add. It's good - definately a cut (or even two) above the usual first issue. A leetle over-much emphasis on the party mayhap (after all, Ellik said it all), and not nearly enuf Burbee or Faine or Bjo or Bloch or Rotsler. But enuf to easily be worth a buck for 6 issues, which is why a buck is inclosed. And honest, I did enjoy it. Best,



Bob Faylat
6001- 43rd Ave.
Hyattsville, Md.

(Gee, you put me right after Burbee - your letter was received quite happily too. Thank you, kind Sir.. Djinn..)

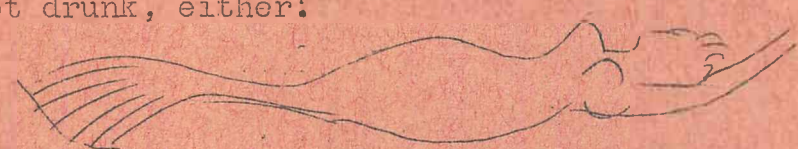
Dear Shaggy Eds,

Enclosed please find a check for a buck's worth of Shaggies. Good luck.. Sincerely,



Norman C. Metcalf
Lowry AFB
Colorado.

Shangri-L'Affaires... who sat up all night creating that ... and then, let it deteriorate into plain ol' SHAGGY? JUST goes to show you.. show you..it sure does!... what wonders can come out of the night..if the night was a LASFS Hallowe'en Party, among other timely events, and monsters and devilmen and witch-women... Just happy let's pretend, o'course. Title Page pictures... a real Thrill! There is no lack of Associate Editors.. everybody got satisfyingly IN on the act... and spontaneous though it is, the disharmony (popular) blends into an unholy but uproarous finale, gaining bows, wows, and applause! Long may Shany shagg... and I'm not drunk, either!



Ann Chamberlain
2408 S. Grand Ave.
Los Angeles 7, Calif.

(Spontaneous - chee! It may have looked that way, but as long as it produced cards of comment like yours I'm happy - Real Happy! In fact, I'm bouncingly euphorically happy.. Djinn.)

Dear Djinn & Bjo:

Thot I'd better let you know that I received Mimsy and Shangri-L'Affaires, enjoyed both of them very much, and will be glad to establish a trade for these zines with Spectre. I'll send along Aghast also. Just keep me on the ol' mailing list, huh? Like, pretty please, with blog on top?



Bill Meyers
4301 Shawnee Circle
Chattanooga 11, Tenn.

(Will be more than glad to receive your zines in trade. Like, you're on the list, like, okay with blog yet.. Djinn ..)

Djinn:

Volla! This is pretty fair stuff. Not great, nor profound, nor even constructive writing. But it is funny, and that's even better - to my feeble mind, anyway. Goes with this "fan-dom is just a ghoddam hobby" philosophy perfectly.

There wasn't as much Burbee in this as I'd have liked. What there was helped put the zine over, and make it as funny as it was. Of course, there was Al Lewis' article. This was profound, well written, evenly extrapolated, and possibly, just possibly right, even. Good balance for the remainder of the mag.

I even enjoyed the Squirrel Cage. Ron chitter-chatters so well. Of course, in person, the bushy tail is a bit overpowering, but that's only in the little fellow's presence. Feed him rhoot bheer, get him carbonated, and you cease to notice the tail at all. You can even pat him on the head without being bitten.

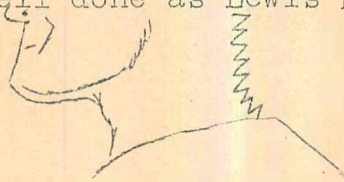
This is short, but it lets you know I liked Shaggy # 39. Now if everyone else was as favorably impressed - why.. Well, don't pull an Unknown on us, let's have #40, #41, ad infinitum. Like please? Aw, c'mon. See you 'bout,



John Trimble, A2c
HqSSec, CCTWing
Williams AFB, Arizona

(So, like, here is #40, like, okay? Thanks for your comments John. I know Ron appreciated them too.. Djinn..)

Shangri-L'Affaires #39 duly received, and much appreciated. It's good to know that this legendary pub is being revived. Al Lewis and Ron Ellik have the best items in the issue; sercon is fine when it's as well done as Lewis has done it. Regards,



Bob Leman
2701 S. Vine St.
Denver 10, Colo.

Dear Djinn Faine:

Shangri-L'Affaires was the best issue of a LASTS mag I've seen in many a year. I particularly liked the article by Al Lewis. I liked it all, but his article did seem to sum up pretty well where we're going - for better or worse.

Haven't kept track, but I suppose my subscription has been used up, so here's a buck for another six issues. Won't expect them to surpass this one, but I'm just very glad to see some life and enthusiasm for doing the job again. Again my congrats to everybody involved with the issue, and best of luck with the futures. Best Regards,



Mark Clifton

(You're letter certainly added a kick to my enthusiasm, so here is another ish and I hope you enjoy it as much as the first.

Note: I also received a letter from Ellie Turner, but due to a lack of room, and because of its exceptional quality I'm asking Ellie to present her views article form for the next ish.. Djinn..)

Dear Djinn:

Two weeks late, I want to thank you for sending Shangri-L'Affaires, and to apologize for not acknowledging it sooner. The sight of a publication with that title containing a Burbee editorial stenciled on what is apparently the Burb typewriter caused me to suspect that I'd really flipped through hyperspace into the past. Even the later word that Burb isn't apt to be doing this regularly wasn't enough to spoil the tremendous pleasure that I got out of the surprise. I suppose it's something like finding in your cellar a trunk full of money that you'd forgotten that you owned.

The fanzine helped me another way, too. I'd heard somewhere that the post office forwards mail to your new address for only one year. This was the first thing that had come addressed to 303 Bryan Place since the first anniversary of my move to 423 Summit Avenue, and it was brought by the postman, not my former neighbors, so apparently there's no statute of limitations on that forwarding deal. However, it might be safer to use my new address if you should send anymore publications in this direction. With what little sense of probity and honor that still remains to me, I usually manage to get out some kind of a letter of comment, and apparently I'm going to be reviewing fanzines in OOpsla! for a while, so I can partially repay you in those two ways. I don't subscribe to fanzines, though. The last time I subscribed to a few of the things, I got so interested in it that I started to put out one of my own, and I don't want to run a risk like that again.

This was definitely a pleasant issue to read and to look at, although the names have changed severely in Los Angeles since the days when I used to receive official club publications, and it's pretty hard to remember the identity of the people who get referred to often by nicknames or first names only. The front cover helped to provide a foothold for memory. I assume that this was done by one of those photo-stencil processes that work on a cylinder like a wirephoto machine or Fairchild scan-a-graver, and the results seem to be better than average this time, unless you had spectacularly good prints as the starting point.

About the interior stuff, I have a couple of bones to pick with Bloch. He leaves a couple of participles dangling at the very start of his article, and fans are so anxious to imitate their deity that we'll undoubtedly have an epidemic of this sort of carelessness for years to come, just because Bloch did it. And he apparently doesn't know that Dave Ish really did write a full novel about fandom, or almost a complete novel. I don't know why it didn't see print, because the last I heard, it was far enough toward the finish line to have been accepted by a publisher. It was to be the same sort of thing as the New World Writing item which Bloch mentions. How can it be a proud and lonely thing to be a fan if fandom takes over where the beat generation leaves off, anyway.

However, I liked the Bloch article, and I enjoyed the Al Lewis piece as much as anyone could who hasn't been reading the prozines for some years. I've read more issues of Boucher's than Campbell's magazine when I've read the prozines at all, mainly because Astounding has always irritated me for its absolute lack of a sense of humor.

Everything is taken so seriously that the editor must use an exclamation point every time he makes a comment which isn't intended as the crack of doom.

All the notes on the happenings in Los Angeles were thoroughly enjoyable, except for the pages here and there that were blank. I find, in fact, that four pages in my copy are blank, and I'm pretty sure that some of them weren't intended that way, which makes me feel better when I think back to the publications that I've sent out with a missing page at the most irritating place. I gather that an era of good fellowship has set in among Los Angeles fandom, unless you've all been hypnotized by someone into inability to put into print any of the fueling.

And you've certainly got the best artists around Los Angeles, whatever other failings or merits the area may possess. There are more sketches that caused me to grin in this issue than in any one fanzine I've received since the last time Rotsler issued a major opus. It is also wonderful to read a publication produced by a fairly new fan--well, new to me, anyway--that contains spelling.

So thanks for not skipping by my name on what ever moldy mailing list you may have found it, and I hope that this incarnation of the magazine doesn't come to the sad state of suspension that the last one did.

Yrs., &c.,

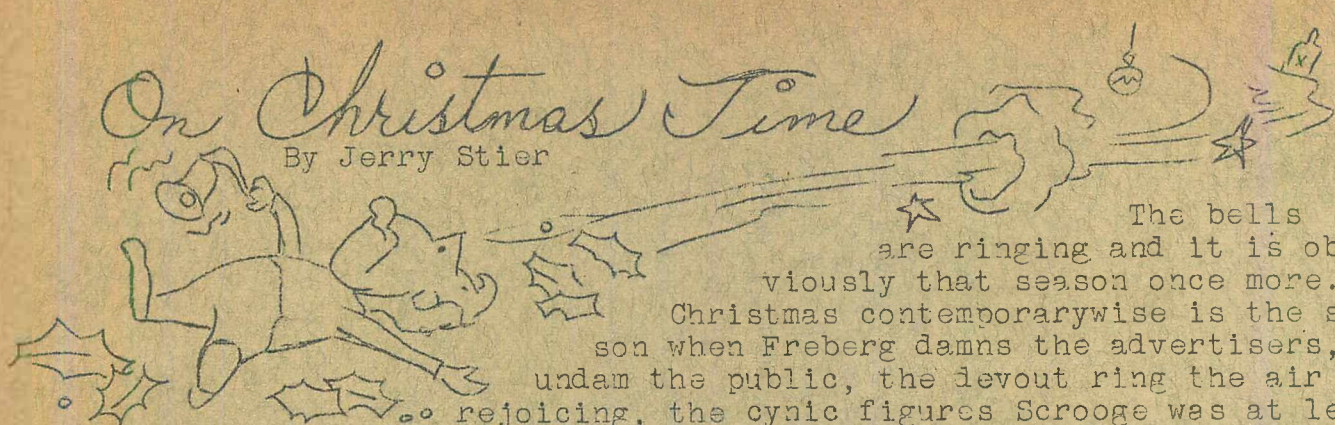
Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagestown, Maryland

(I received your letter the 24 th of December - and a nicer Cristmas present I couldn't have received. The cover of Shaggy # 39 was Stenofax. and your pages were supposed to be blank - I think so anyhow.. To my knowledge, no fanzine was sent out incomplete, tho some had blank pages because of the terrible reproduction that was turned out by Ditto Company - our Ditto machine broke down and they said they would help us out - but gah! I think we would have done better without them.

Honest - I know of no fueling in the LA area, and if there is - I refuse to print any of it in Shaggy. Mostly because I think that Fanzines should be for fun, communication, and sometimes, if at all possible, intellectual stimulation. Fanzines also provide a place for up-and-coming writers to see some of their endeavors in print. An example of this is Lillian Field's "RESCUE" on page 20, which is a Dr. Seuss type and one of the cutest I've seen. I'm sure none of this is new knowledge to you, but this is what I would like Shaggy to provide. I hope you will enjoy this issue as much as you enjoyed the last. My apologies for the lack of Burbee - maybe next time you'll see his hallowed name in these pages.... I hope so too... Thanks again.... Djinn..)

On Christmas Time

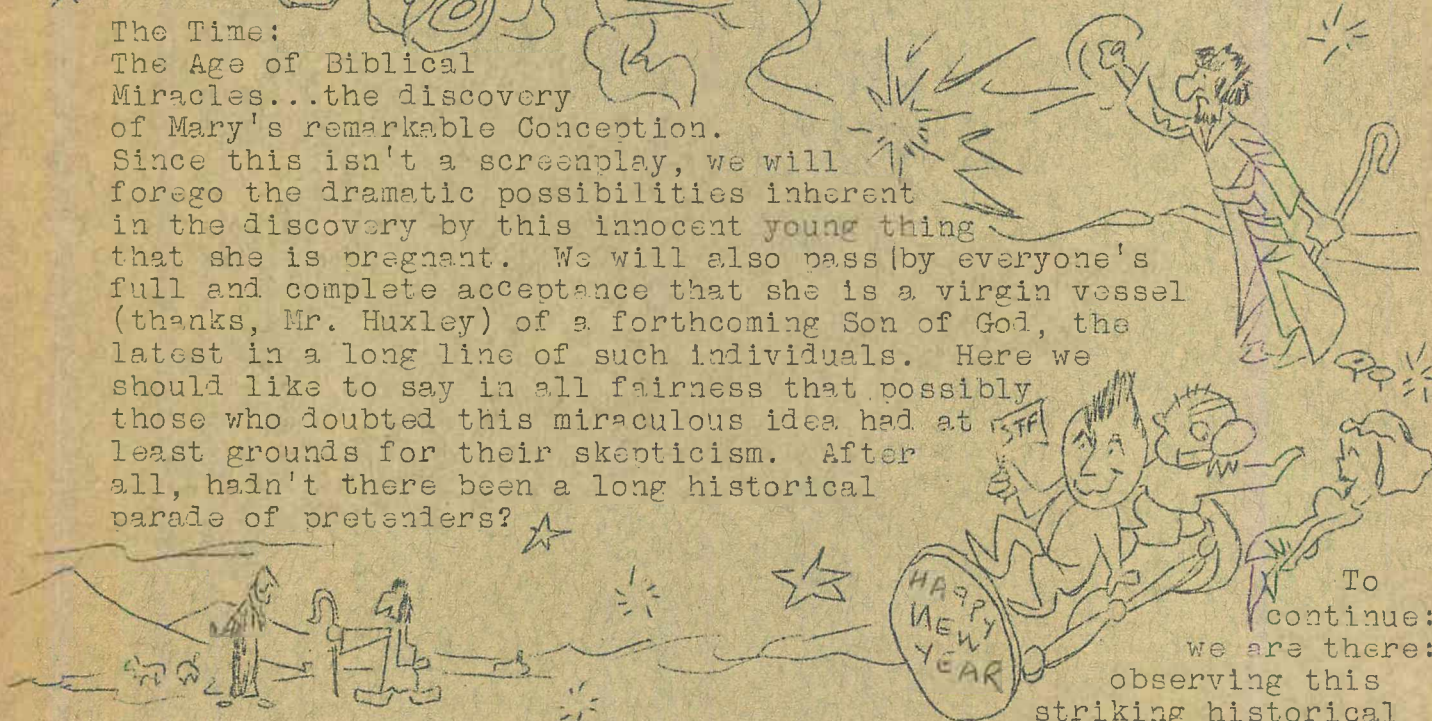
By Jerry Stier



The bells are ringing and it is obviously that season once more. Christmas contemporarywise is the season when Freberg damns the advertisers, they undam the public, the devout ring the air with rejoicing, the cynic figures Scrooge was at least half right, and the middle of the roaders lig into conditioned pockets shrugging in annoyance, and beaming in happy heartfelt enthusiasm on the big day. Ring those bells!

Certainly the day is still well worth considering. How about a little more wondering how it all began? Though we have the Bible, written and rewritten, more speculation, and possible future Dead Sea scrolls for enlightenment, the straight scoop is denied to us until the arrival on the scene of the long-heralded but scientifically impossible (they say) STF device, the Time Machine. Let us begin our time journey back to one B.C. along the pole streams of implied logic...

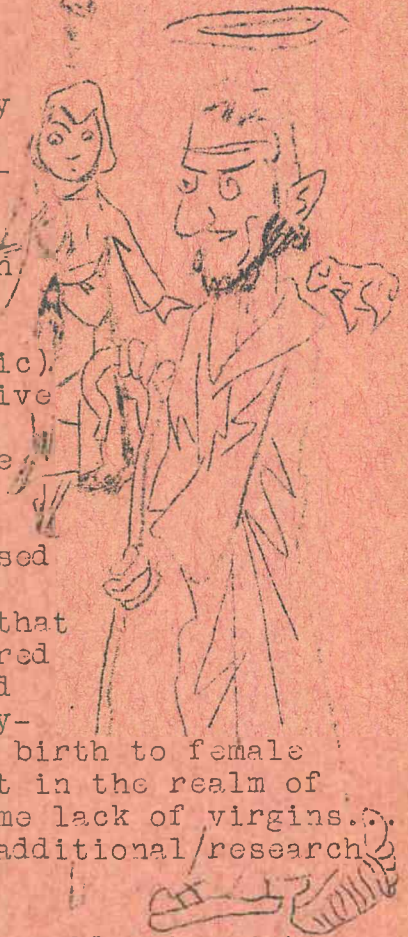
The Time:
The Age of Biblical
Miracles...the discovery
of Mary's remarkable Conception.
Since this isn't a screenplay, we will forego the dramatic possibilities inherent in the discovery by this innocent young thing that she is pregnant. We will also pass (by everyone's full and complete acceptance that she is a virgin vessel (thanks, Mr. Huxley) of a forthcoming Son of God, the latest in a long line of such individuals. Here we should like to say in all fairness that possibly those who doubted this miraculous idea had at least grounds for their skepticism. After all, hadn't there been a long historical parade of pretenders?



To continue:
we are there:
observing this striking historical event. From our pedestial of hindsight we know better than any enthusiast of the time that Mary's impregnation is of world-shaking proportions. Let us give this foetal event some study and realistic appraisal of the facts, stripped of the emotional faithfults' cries of blasphemy. For it is the credo of our

would-be scientifically enlightened age that to establish a fact solidly, it must be able to withstand the cold impersonal light of day upon it ---probing, testing, studying it from all angles, in short, proving conclusively that thus-and-so is irrefutable fact. This we wish to do in the matter of Christ's birth. All parties along on this Time Journey realize that for these purposes of examination we are precluding divine or religious elements widely accepted, but for our purposes, unproven factos in Mary's case.

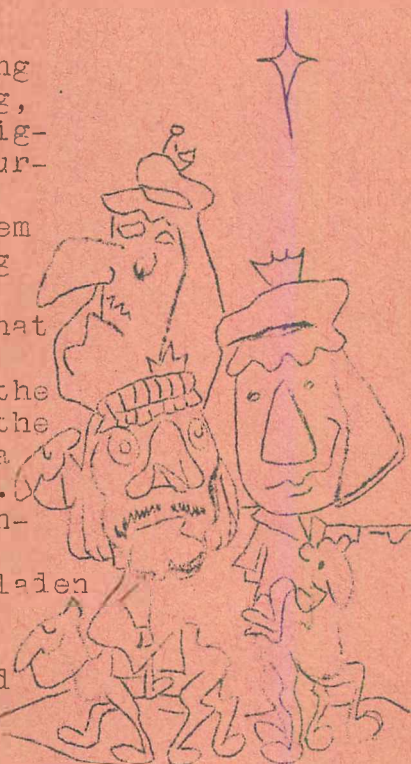
Virgin birth, something which is contrary to generally accredited notions of animal and mammal biology is hard for the rational observer to apply to the human female. We are used to the usual male-female combination serving as the basic mechanism of conception. Now, if we accept Joseph's word that he didn't do it, and Mary's that nobody did, we have then to accept divine instrumentation or delve into known possibilities. Parthogenesis is an established fact. Very simply, it is the fertilization of the egg by shock (usually electric) or some other stimulation of the female reproductive system without any contact with male spermatazoa. Is this applicable to Mary? Not too likely, since by all available accounts, and as we may see for ourselves, she was raised in an agrarian village and is an ordinary pleasant country maid. Harnessed electricity was unknown and it is ridiculous to assume that the infrequent lightning displays of that semi-arid land could in any way produce the required fertilization. So parthogenesis seems to be ruled out in this case. Furthermore, without the twenty-four chromosomes of the male, the mother can give birth to female children only. However, we have much to learn yet in the realm of parthenogenesis. Perhaps this is due to an extreme lack of virgins. er, willing to grant scientists the privilege of additional/research along this line of study.



What else might explain Mary's condition? Possibly she might have been the unknowing subject of ordinary male impregnation. This seems more believable. More than one family doctor (this bit of data gleaned from a national woman's mag) has had cases wherein a tearful mother has brought an equally tearful young daughter in for examination hoping to learn that the worst she suspects is not true. Sometimes it turns out to be just that...violently though the girl avows her innocence. However, vaginal examination may well substantiate the daughter's tale. Suggested medical explanations include (if a boy freind is at least in the picture) the girl indulging in heavy petting with the boy becoming so aroused that an ejaculation occurs. If the warmth of the innocent couples' passions is sufficient, some spermatazoa may be kept alive long enough to pass through several layers of clothing and penetrate the vagina through even a tiny opening. Something similar has been known to happen in a bathtub used by a boy who ejected sperm into the water after which a sister had presumably taken advantage of limited water supplies by using the same bath water....

However, all these explanations seem untenable. If parthogenesis were the answer, it has apparently occurred only once in recorded history, producing a male child in addition, thus making Mary a unique woman any way you figure it. Bathtubs were not readily available to the peasants despite the well known Roman baths of the era; also, the heavy woolen garments worn by the peasants of the time would doubtless impede the other type of accident, assuming that Joseph and Mary would become engaged in a petting session out in the fields or wherever. All established religion denies this hotly, but should the unprejudiced observer grant this extreme in the interest of at least establishing a logical basis for Mary's pregnancy, we feel the two might well have gone the natural one step further. Perhaps we should have set our Time Machine to arrive a little sooner, for we have not established anything conclusive after all. Only the divine hand of God or old fashioned sex seem to be contenders for the final answer.

The birth of Jesus was also the beginning of our modern custom of Christmas gift giving, probably inaugurated by those three indefatigable desert wanderers who came together, purportedly following a brilliant star that had suddenly appeared in the heavens to guide them to Bethlehem where the infant Jesus was being delivered. We will now advance our Time Journey forward nine months (We doubt that that figure is in dispute by either scientists or theologians) by the arrival of this trio in the old Hebrew town. We are not concerned with the motives of each man in bringing presents to a new-born babe lying in the straw of a manger. Prosperity and a well-filled stomach often engender a warm sense of well-being, and it is not hard to understand how these three well-laden travelers, having safely crossed the desert, might have felt charitable towards the poor unfortunate couple who were without money and had not even a bed for the laboring girl.



But looking upward to the darkened sky to the star shining above the city at this same time demands a belief in coincidence as a factor in the lives of men. Since as Time Travellers we can see the star for ourselves, we accept the coincidence and see if we can determine any connection between the two. If this guiding light is a star in the astronomical sense, then it follows that its apparent position over Bethlehem is illusory, being a sun billions of miles away in space. On the other hand some may insist that this guiding light is not a real star but a product of intelligence. Intelligence is attributed by some to the UFO of modern times, and there is historical evidence to suggest that unexplained phenomena are not confined to the present. This could lead to speculation of a most fantastic order of intelligent beings in the sky over Bethlehem directing a light to further the belief in a miraculous event which they might have brought about with advanced methods of biology.

But this is strictly speculation with no basis in fact. Certainly such a notion would not be embraced by the faithful, and the scientific observer finds no evidence for such unsupported fancies.

So let us say that it is a star, far out in space appearing where no star was visible before. Astronomers are not unfamiliar with stars that suddenly brighten up sometimes with such increased magnitude that they become visible in daylight. They call them novae, as any self-respecting fan knows backwards, forwards, and interspatialwise. Just what triggers off a nova, science has yet to add to its long list of painfully accumulated knowledge. Apparently the sun's unstable atomic reaction builds up to a peak intensity of bursting energy whose light might travel a thousand years or more before its brightest moment is seen by men on our spinning globe. Of course, this coincidence of a nova becoming visible at the same time that the peasant girl Mary is to give birth to a child, is untenable to those of undying hope, as anything but God's intention to light the way to the birth of his first son born in deference to a long standing prophecy. (Was precognition involved here?) Wishful thinking is as old as the human race and the impersonal observer is tempted to consider the psychology of the times and wonder if perhaps instead of the Star being related to the child, it was the other way around. Thus a properly receptive frame of mind is induced in the child's contemporaries; all that is required for the subsequent growth and development of the Christ legend in terms of the individual Jesus of Nazareth. All kinds of intertwining skeins could be fashioned out of the woof and fabric of the past and to be materials for the future conduct of the man born under the nova of Bethlehem.

The Time: the present once more. Just what have we proved in our brief time excursion to check the story of Christmas? We have studied the conception and birth of a child, which in the light of credible observation is no more or less wonderful than the same birth cycle of any human being. We have seen the bright light that heralds the death of a star fascinating, but something which has happened before and will continue to happen to those fiery inhabitants of the cosmos. Neither event is especially miraculous in itself unless one credits a suspension of known natural laws governing these occurrences. Where, then, are the familiar elements of Christmas time that we sought? There has been and is much giving and receiving of gifts by rote, with a sense of well-being achieved by the visualization of a noncorporeal Father (and Son) nodding a benificent okay, based on an interpretation of an historical act of charity. A real old time Bethlehem spirit of Christmas may be gotten, but this is rather lacking in the spirit of humanity as applied by our fellow men. We humans need understanding and humanity at times...at all times, we should perhaps say, but we had better be realistic enough to settle for "at times" as we take down the advertising from the halls. As a shining example of this hard-to-achieve feeling, the Christ mythos is no better than many other historical instances of brotherhood. Still, it might be well to ponder at least once a year the trappings of Christmas pointed up by our Time Journey. Why the insistence on Virgin Births and Omniscient guiding stars? All that seems of real importance at that first Christmas was simply the birth of one of those men of peace who lived as he believed, with good will to men.

Ring those bells, huh?

From: Shangri-La Affaires
 published at: 2548 W. 12th St.
 Los Angeles 6
 California, U.S.A.

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 Gestetner!
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 YOU

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and the best of the new year to you!

