

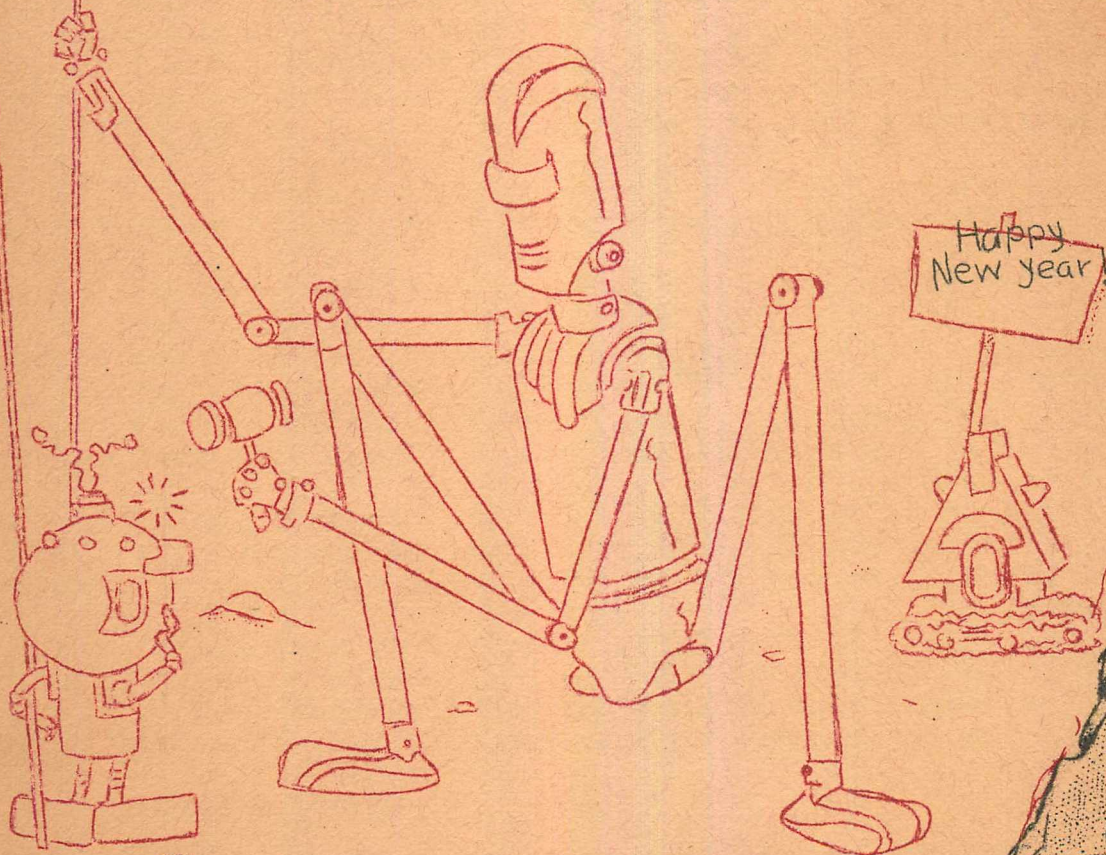
# SHAGGY

NO 41  
FEB  
1959

the MAGAZINE of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

OR

FANDOM GOES ON





## Churches, Said FTLaney

One of the most important fans of all the fans who died in 1958 was F. T. Laney.

I learned of his death second-hand. His fourth and final (I almost said fatal) wife Edith wrote several people about it, but did not include me on the mailing list.

I know why. Do you?

I read two of the letters she wrote. They were almost identical. It got me a bit that in one of the letters she spelled the name of the recipient incorrectly. Anyhow, she said that a number of months before Laney died he was brought around to seeing the light. She said he'd been convinced by a "More Than Enlightened" preacher. She said he'd found peace, and contentment, and quiet. I forgot the quotes, but that's what she said.

I carried one of these letters around for a time, showing it to everybody who ever knew Laney, asking for their opinions. Nearly everybody doubted it very much. Elmer Perdue doubted it most. If I am permitted to quote this man, he said something like: "This is a lot of crap."

For my part, I do not believe a word of it. Laney and God never did see eye to eye.

What is a "More Than Enlightened" preacher, anyway?

Of course I know what happened to Laney. He went to church with this wife simply to keep her mouth shut. This seems like a valid reason. Matter of fact I think that 95% of the church-attending husbands of the world are attendees for that reason.

Laney's third wife Cele also managed to get Laney into Church every Sunday. She was a schoolteacher so he as her husband had to look good. So he did. He went regularly to church with her.

So naturally I kidded him about it, telling him I saw a holy light shining in his eyes or asking him if he preferred the odor of sanctity to that of honest sweat -- real clever stuff like that.

He told me how he spent the time in church.

"I sit there and play phonograph records in my head," he said.

"Doesn't the preacher bother you, talking away up there?"

"I don't pay any attention to that son of a bitch. I blank him out. I mentally pick out a record, lay it on the turntable and out comes a glorious rendition of Dippermouth Blues as played by Satchmo. And you know? I even hear the needle scratch sometimes, and if my record has a slight crack in it, I can hear that as I replay it in my head."

"You know," I said, "I'll bet the preacher sometimes steals a little glance at you and sees your eyes shining with the light of the righteous jazz fan and he thinks he's really got a sucker on the string."

Oh, well. I think Laney's attitude toward churches might be summed up in the following quote: "All churches ought to be designed like accordions so that God can pick them up at will and squeeze out the worshippers so they pop out like watermelon seeds."

--Charles Burbee

# Shangri-L'Affaires

February Issue

No. 41

MCMLIX

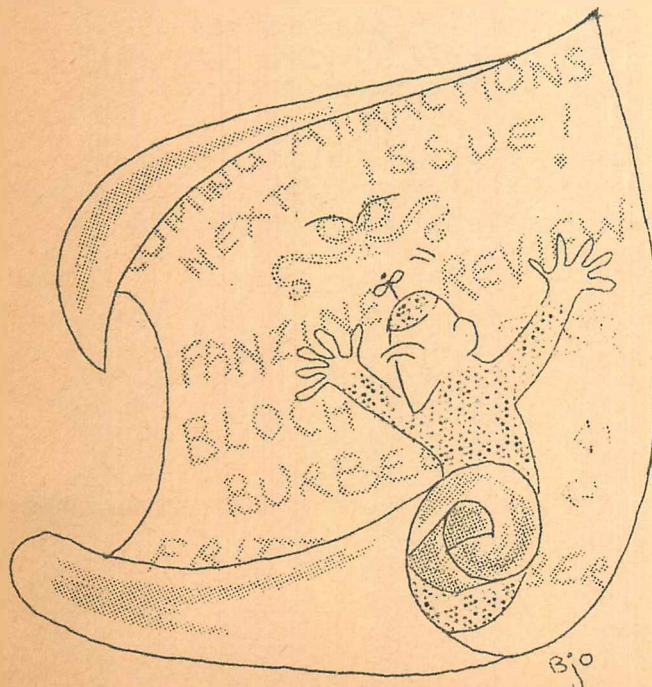
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Shangri-L'Affaires is the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, Calif. Phone: DUnkirk 2-3246. Copies of Shaggy may be secured by

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# YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE.....

by Bjo -- LASFSian-in-residence

It's about time for a discussion, so all you fans stop stacking beer cans for a moment, put down that TWIG Illustrated, and listen to dear old ye ei for just a little while. Now if the neo-fan at the back of the room will stop revving his beanie prop, we'll get down to business.

Business being; just what are we doing here? So far, you have seen two (assuming that you're reading this before plunging into the rest of the issue) Shaggy's. And some unkind souls have pointed out that they haven't seen much, so far. True, friend, true.

Take a group of enthusiastic, but untrained people and see if their first attempt at anything (with a few exceptions, usually having nothing to do with training) is very much to look upon. Still, we've had fun, and so have the majority of the readers. We have a long way to go, even yet, but we are getting there. And that ain't easy without a road map!

Our Gestetner, which is a lovely machine, is doing its best, and after the sudden retirement of the Congress Pica typer, we expect better results from now on. Especially after a few more LASFSians succumb to the pointed hints to get rid of their old typers and buy new ones. With a jury-rigged light box (no one could honestly grace it with the name of mimeoscope), and a fantastic assortment of styli and shading plates, the artwork is also improving steadily. Watch this space....

Getting organized, after almost six years of very sporadic publishing is a feat for a space-opera hero; certainly it was not an activity that a highly disorganized club would have undertaken if left to its own devices. Fortunately, LASFS was not allowed to sink further into its own private little half-world, to eventually disappear entirely from the memory of all but pre-Laney fandom.

So here we are, having fun, drinking coffee, filling up ashtrays, excitedly opening letters to Shaggy, offering no excuses; only reasons, planning the next issue, and the next, and....

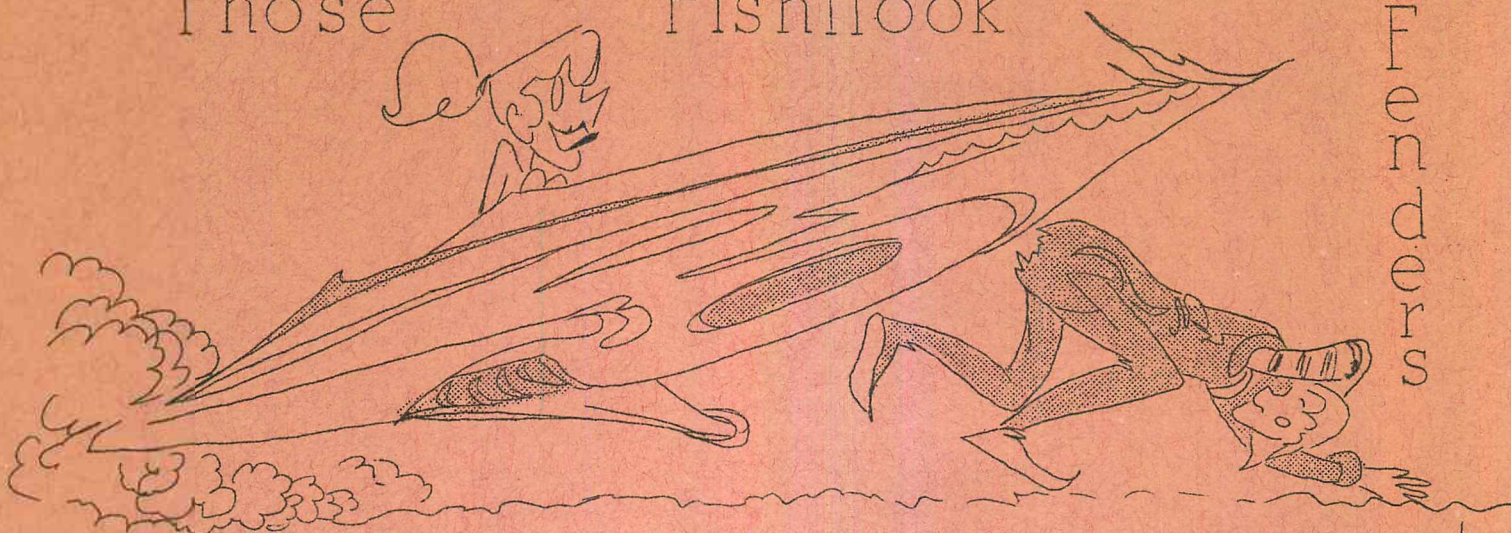
Speaking of the next issue, we plan a few new things for you, chief among them being a regular fanzine review column (just send them to Shangri-L'Affaires), and more fannish fun at LASFS.

PLUS a three color cover -- what more could you ask? Oh, alright, you'll also get interior contents too! Which will include Burbee, Fritz Leiber, Ron Ellick, Bloch, more Al Lewis vs Doc Smith, Terry Carr, Djinn Faine, Ted Johnstone, and -- of course -- artwork by Jack Harness, Jerry Stier, and Bjo. Satisfied? No? Well... you can do one of two things; ignore us and we'll forget the whole thing, or send us a letter, sub, trade, or article/art, and we'll send you the next issue of Shaggy. Might even have a few surprises for you. And all the time, we're improving!



# Those FishHook

Fenders



About eight years ago I wrote a grimly predictive short story which H. L. Gold published in an early issue of Galaxy under his pleasantly ironic title of "Coming Attraction." The story opened with a most literal narrative hook: some future juvenile delinquents have welded fish-hooks to the fenders of their car and careen about trying to graze girls and tear their clothes off. That is the sort of detail that makes an author wonder afterwards whether he was being grimly predictive in truth or just plain nasty-minded -- putting ideas in the morons' minds in the guise of high shockative art.

I don't know the answer to that, but apparently I got hold of a symbol of some sort of potency, for the fish-hook fenders are finally turning up. Not in their crude original form. No, they have been tempered and glamorized by the magic wand of industrial design. But they are fish-hook fenders just the same.

Take a look at the rear fenders of the 1959 Chevvy. I did -- and could only shudder at the thought of being pitched out of a sports car in a rear-end collision and thrown forward against one of those same fenders. Their knife-like flanges are positively medieval in their brutality. It is streamlining put through the fourth dimension, so that smooth spherical curves have changed into saddle shapes -- and sharp jutting ones at that. Black cleavers with a chrome edge. They say plain as anything, "Keep off -- I'm dangerous. Grimly and expensively dangerous."

Somehow those Chevvy fenders remind me most of that family of medieval weapons that included pikes, bills, and pole-axes-- staff-mounted heavy blades, some of them with more fixed gadgets than a Swiss army knife, (the Swiss were great pikemen....I wonder now....) and suitable, say, for hooking a knight in armor off his horse, poking a spike through his plates here and there, chopping him a bit, and finally --by God!-- opening him up like a can of beans. (By the way, the head of an old-style dig-and-gouge can-opener looks very much like a miniaturized version of the heads of some pole weapons.)



The history of pole weapons gives a hint of how flange fenders may develop under the pressure of yearly demands for striking style innovations. Pole weapons went Rococo --they kept sprouting additional curleques and points, the blades were fantastically elaborated. Perhaps we can expect fender flanges that are wavy-edged like Malay crises or terminate in barely blunt fleur-de-lys of chrome.

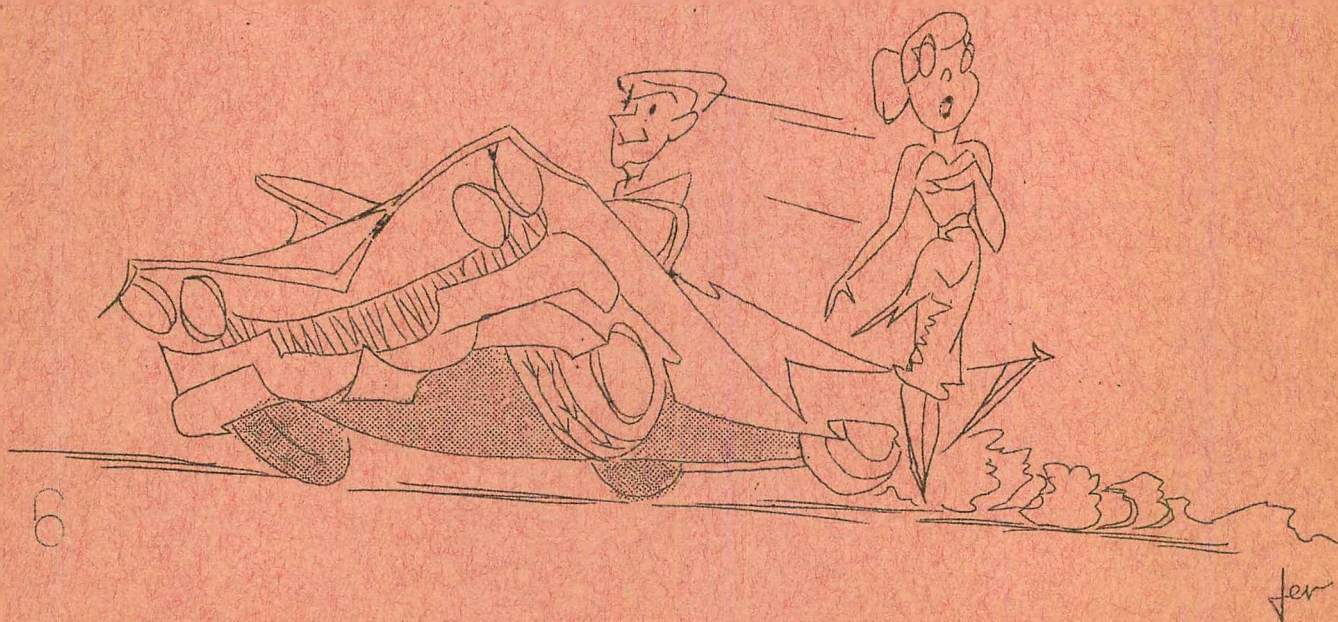
What does all this prove, if anything? Chiefly, to my mind, that if science fiction doesn't influence anything else it certainly influences industrial design, the language and concepts of advertising, and style in general in this age of technology. Where did streamlining make its first concerted, patient bid for popular acceptance? On the covers of science fiction magazines! Barbaric, wide-belted, helmeted, colorfully-shirted garb for motorcyclists? Ditto. Freeways and clover-leaf intersections? Ditto.

I can't quote chapter and verse, but I imagine that it was in the pages of Astounding Stories that business men first started to surround themselves with psychologists, technical sleuths, and scientific trouble shooters.

Terms like spaceship, robot, slidewalk, sockassin are first, you might say, tested or tried out in science fiction stories, then used by industry and industrial press relations. Just today I saw a big sign advertising "Power Pack" gasoline.

This doesn't mean, of course, that science fiction authors invented streamlining, even the streamlined flatiron. It does mean that they are smart at sniffing out lines of development in industrial style -- and that business men, in turn, like the colorful, dramatic forms which science fiction authors have given to industrial organization.

--Fritz Leiber





# JEST A MINUTE by TED JOHNSTONE



(Being a selection of bits of business from recent LASFS meetings, chosen for general interest and/or hysterical significance.)

Since the purchase of the Gestetner and the final abolishment of the Rubber Tips for the Chairs Committee, there has been no regularly appearing business at the LASFS meetings to weave serious constructive discussion around. After a month without anything to worry about, we are now back on the track. At the 1117th meeting, on 8 January, Zeke dropped an idea into a blank silence and stirred up waves which are only beginning to develop. He suggested that in view of increased interest in the club, a good healthy treasury, and the fact that we have our own location now, we might consider the purchase and/or construction of a 6- or 8-inch reflecting telescope. "Many wise and experienced voices compared notes, mentioning points for it (interest, boosting membership) and against (cost, tedious work) and decided to look into a small three-incher as a preliminary venture. Billern volunteered to buy the 3" scope if and when it was replaced by a larger model. The secretary was ordered to contact the Los Angeles Astronomical Society for possible advice or a potential speaker."

At the next meeting, on 15 January, Barney made his committee report. "He had done a little investigating on the telescope, and had found a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " kit for \$22... with mirrors and lenses ground and polished. A do-it-yourself kit for a 6" scope costs \$16. Discussion followed, equating larger sizes vs seeing conditions, and comparing the cost of buying a ready-made 8-incher against grinding our own, and suddenly our guest, Ed Urbank, stood up and said that he had a half-completed 6" mirror in his garage -- he had lost interest in it after running through the first five abrasives -- and would donate it to the club. There was a round of applause, and a 6-months free membership was proffered, but he refused it. We retracted the offer. Barney said a friend of his who had built an 8" telescope might come around and share his experiences with us, telling us about building a telescope from scratch, and how much scratch we need to start with. The secretary admitted he had done nothing towards contacting the LAAS, giving the feeble excuse that he had been waiting for the projected official stationary. That committee was heard from next, and Bjo said the Gestetner company would have a new process in by February and we'll have a stenofax made then, good for 25,000 copies. In addition, she said, she had been held up designing the letterhead by not having a membership card with the club shield on it. And although she is famous as a designing woman, she needs something to work from. The secretary whipped out a blank card, the director whipped out a fountain pen, and within 30 seconds Bjo had her membership card."--1118th Meeting (That actually belongs in a separate section of the report, but that's the way LASFS meetings go; with bits of business blending back and forth and overlapping inextricably.)

## M O R D O R I N S I X T Y - F O U R

At the 1117th meeting, the telescope was not the only memorable item that came up. "I'm not exactly sure what started it, but once again the subject of fining anyone who made a pun came up. This happens every now and then, but this time it actually went through. The fine was set at 5¢, and the vote carried 13-6. Bill Harmon, our guest (actually an old-time member, returning after a sixteen-year absence), said that while puns were fine, he thought that double entendres were not puns and therefore should be exempt. Discussion followed, and the double entendre was declared unfinable by a vote of 12 to 7. (The difference being that a pun is made by deliberate distortion of a word, while a dbl ent uses perfect enunciation and depends on exact homonyms.) Incredible puns flew by while the discussion continued (e.g. "A double entendre is an eskimo duplex."), some of the best coming from Bill Harmon. It was



decided that all proceeds from the puns go into the fund to fix Forry's garage, or the "Fix Forry Fund", as Jerry called it. Apparently Forry can't afford his own fixes now. Incidentally, some time was also devoted to whether or not the minutes were to be exempt from the fines on the grounds that the puns were thought of outside of the meeting. The secretary was requested to note that in the otherwise unanimous voting in favor of this suggestion, Virginia Mill was the only 'Nay' and Barney Bernard abstained from voting. It was also agreed, on the grounds of general liberality, that if a pun were really funny (i.e., if a quorum laughed) the punster didn't have to pay. Dale Hart, our Texas John Daley, was appointed the Official Orbiter to decide between a pun and a double entendre. Finally the last mangled word settled to the floor, and we proceeded to more serious business."

~~WARRANT~~ ~~THE~~ ~~RE~~ ~~SEARCH~~ ANYBODY ~~FOR~~ ~~THE~~ ~~FF~~!

Random notes: "Rick Sncary came up with a letter from Wally Weber asking for help on getting people up to the Westercon in Seattle, and Rick suggested having a wierd-type party. He began by mentioning a sewer party in the city storm drains, then Bjo recalled a house-demolishing party she had attended once. Steve Tolliver suggested drawing lots for a human sacrifice. Rick commented that they would have to be virgin, and Rotslor said plonkingly, 'It's been done.'" -- 1108th Meeting

"Bjo called into an echoing silence for Old Business and at long last a lone hand stood up and Ernie asked timidly, 'What about the New Year's Party?' ~~←(This meeting took place on November 13th.--Taj)→~~ This set off a chain reaction that effectively filled up the Old Business section of the meeting. The main topic was the location. Barney volunteered Ed Clinton's place, and Steve suggested, 'We could invite the Moffatts and tell them to bring their house.' As we tossed the matter back and forth, the gravel settled out and the cream rose to the top. We decided to contact Len about it first and give him a fair chance to back out. Zeke offered our own Slan Shack as a 'ruptured ace in the hole', but it was agreed the place is too small for a drunken brawl involving more than four or five people."--  
1109th Meeting.

"On the subject of the New Years Party, it was announced that the arrangements had been made to hold it at the Moffatts'. Then the drinks came up (bad liquor, y'know) and it was disclosed that a subtle plan is afoot to import some inexpensive booze from Tijuana, just across the border."--llllth Meeting.

"The details of Christmas as celebrated by LASFS were explained to the group. Ernie made one notable comment: 'We can't hold it the day before -- it's New Years Eve!' When the facts of calendar reform were made clear to him he went back to sleep. Ted suggested that, as New Years Eve fell on a Wednesday night, we simply carry the party over till the club meeting the following evening; leaving the Moffatts' at dawn, of course, and just roaming about the city until night fell once more. After several random inanities which grew louder and louder, Jack Harness called for a vote on the Christmas Party and everybody seemed to be in favor of it. Barney nominated Jack for chairman of the New Years Party, but Jack crawled out by claiming he'd be in Washington, D.C. (What some people won't do to avoid being on committees!) so George W. Fields was named chairman. As the subject of liquor flowed past, George nominated Dale Hart as bartender. He had two important qualifications: he knew how to mix drinks well, and he wasn't there to object. In passing, the price of the party was set at one dollar per head, or fraction thereof."--1112th Meeting.

"The Christmas Party came up, and went down again, and was followed by the New Years Party. Len Moffatt appeared a trifle hesitant about various fen showing up early, digging a pit in the back yard, and roasting a whole pig. George admitted that idea was a little far out, and Barney moved we stick to finger foods. There was a series of particularly atrocious puns, but the idea was passed, and George announced Julie Jardine, Dale Hart, and Anna Moffatt as committee assistants."--1113th Meeting.

George announced that his committee had succeeded, and we had had a New Years Party last night, which made \$6 after expenses. Five went to the Moffatts for general damages and one dollar went into the treasury. George was voted and given a round of applause." --1116th Meeting (1 January, 1959)

Indefatigably submitted.

Ted Johnstone, Sec'y LHSFS



## USHERING IN THE NEW YEAR

by Al Lewis



The squirrel was supposed to do this report but he declined on the grounds that he was sober. This, of course, is a vile calumny, because he was carbonated right down to his big, bushy, jelly-roll tail. But he was able to drive home, and I suppose this is as reasonable a disqualification as any; a fan that is fit to drive home after a new year's party is obviously unfit to portray things in their proper flavor. My proper flavor is Scotch and I was not fit to drive home.

The afternoon before the party was a wild melange of collating Shaggy #40 and running to Thrift Shops trying to locate paraphernalia for Djinn's costume. It seems that Thad Swift had called that morning and announced that he was going to wear a bright orange, red, and yellow plaid \$200 circus barker's outfit and he had infinite confidence in Bjo's ability to have Djinn garbed in something suitable when he picked her up at eight that evening.

Bjo came through, of course. She has a knack with costumes; her own outfit was an eye-bugging array of black net and just enough else to. Such-like as she contrived for Djinn hasn't been seen in the half century since the police closed down Minsky's. Complete with feathers, roses, rhinestones, black lace, pink garters and two black silk tassles.

By the time we arrived the party was well under way and we lost no time in joining in. The Moffat's were playing the perfect hosts: they were at least one drink ahead of everybody else. For a while; everyone started early and most did little else. I took some good pictures in the early part of the evening (Wow, did I take pictures! Djinn being chased by Mike Hinge...Djinn being caught by Mike Hinge... Djinn struggling madly to get away from Mike Hinge...) but after a certain part of the evening, the film registered blank. It wasn't that I didn't take any, but for some reason they didn't come out. I think one of us was out of focus.

The party began to take on the aspects of a celebration: Lilian Field and Mike Hinge doing what must have been a Maori fertility dance... Bjo and George Fields cha-chaing enthusiastically (a feat which neither can do cold sober)...my All-American cocktail (everything in sight on the bar) which eventually ended up in Steve Tolliver...and Steve Tolliver ended up Out..Bjo osculatorily wishing all the males a happy new year...and Ron Ellik has been wished thoroughly to 1978...Forry wandering around like a lost and sober soul with an armload of prizes, wondering when the costume judging would start...(it never did)...

The next morning (1:30 PM) Ron, Djinn, Steve, Bjo and I reported to the Moffats to help clear out the damage, wash glasses, and collect Ernie Wheatley. Anna solemnly began looking in closets, saying she was sure she had seen him around someplace. Turned out later he'd been taken home around 3:00 AM. We sat around the rest of the afternoon commiserating with each other, and comparing hang-overs.

It was a great party!



JERRY STIER ,  
THE INCREDIBLE THINKING MAN

by Bernard M. Cook

Let me tell you about this man Jerry Stier. I first met Stier at a LASFS meeting, and after a few thought-provoking conversations I was invited to drop around to his house for more bull-sessions. I figured that this would be one way to get some free beer, so I accepted.

A week or so after the SOLACON, I found myself trudging up a high hill toward Jerry's home, located a stone's throw from Sunset Boulevard. When Jerry answered the door, he was holding an icebag to a throbbing lump on his head and mumbling something about a rock that had come sailing through his window from the direction of Sunset.

So..., while I went down to the store for beer and headache powders, Jerry wound up his tape recorder. The rest of the afternoon was spent listening to amateur versions of popular radio programs that Jerry had produced with the help of his friends back in New Jersey. Anyone who is treated to a Stier tape session is indeed fortunate, for his tapes cover a wide variety of subjects; from Holmes, Hemmingway, and heresy, to sex, sacrilege, and the screamingly funny "Sneaky News". Jerry doesn't pull any punches; he records what he feels would get a good laugh, however blasphemous the subject matter.

As darkness descended, Jerry loosened my ropes a bit, and he brought out his collection of homemade movies. Here was more New Jersey talent for me to admire. The movies were shown to me in the order in which they were made; reel by reel, I could see their quality advancing....

Seriously, however, they were quite well-done. A little half-hour film -- the first Jerry produced -- was so corny that it was good. But when he screened "The Curse of Frankenstein", I had to keep reminding myself that it was an amateur movie that I was watching, and not a professional Hollywood job. Incidentally, Jerry came out here to L.A. last April with the idea of getting a job in some entertainment medium. Here's wishing him luck; he has what it takes.

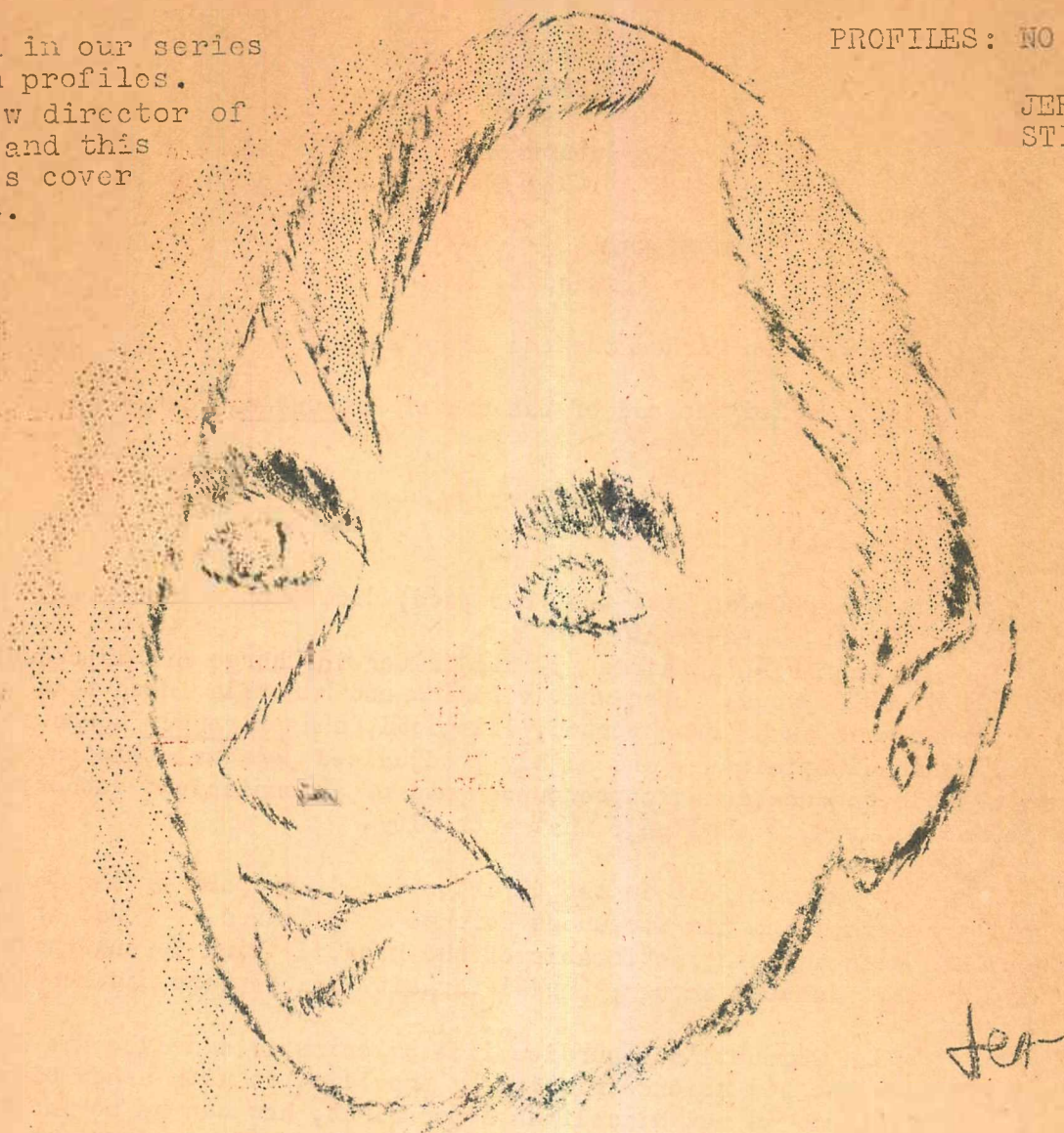
During that and subsequent visits, I was treated to the many sides of Jerry Stier. His versatility has been made evident by virtue of the many stories that he has written. His art work cannot be overlooked, either. He won the National Marine Corps Art Contest two years in a row, and after he was discharged, he attended a cartoonists' and illustrators' school in New York. It is hard to decide which is better, the cartoons, or his more serious art work.



Second in our series  
of fan profiles.  
The new director of  
LASFS and this  
month's cover  
artist.

PROFILES: NO 2:

JERRY  
STIER



Now we come to his masks. AAAAAAAGH!!!! Jerry can make the most blood-curdling slip-over latex rubber masks that it is possible to conceive. Those who attended the SOLACON Masque Ball will remember the Mummy. How can I forget? I didn't sleep for a week. Anyway, buried in that mess of shriveled flesh and rotted wrappings was Jerry Stier. And then -- for the LASFS Hallowe'en Party -- he created his masterpiece; "The One Who Waits", more appropriately known as "Deadhead". This mask was a believable reproduction of what a corpse would look like after six months in the grave. Now I know why Jerry borrowed my pick and shovel that time he went to Forest Lawn for an afternoon of "holy and prayerful meditation". Could it be that, like Pickman, he prefers authentic models?

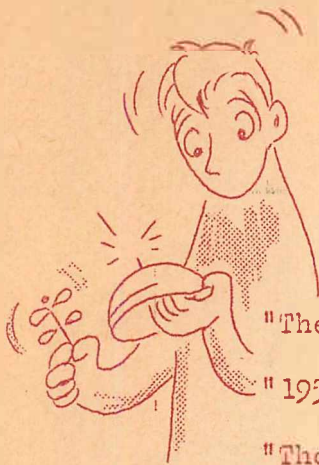
The week before Christmas, Jerry was elected Director of LASFS. Immediately afterward, he was rushed to a hospital for an emergency pebblectomy, that critical rectal operation which is often performed upon successful candidates right after a landslide election.  
(continued on page 13)



## A REBUTTAL TO

" On the Future of Science Fiction "  
( by Al Lewis - Shaggy #39 )

by  
Edward E. Smith

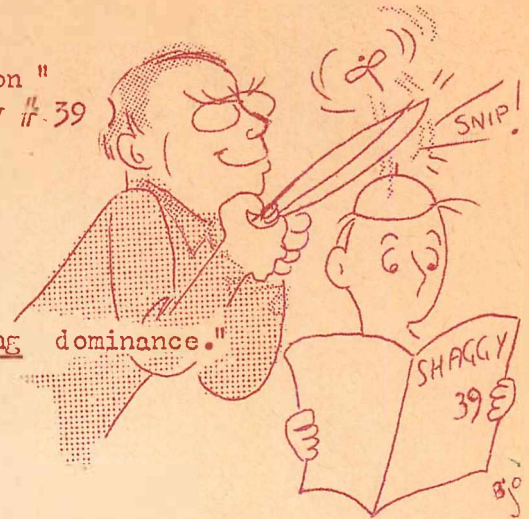


"The Solacon marked the end of an epoch."

"1958 marked the end of the era of Astounding dominance."

"The king is dead."

Ga-a-a-ah!



When Man-O-War lost that one race, did it end his career? Did Dunkirk end the war? Again, Ga-a-a-ah!

In Shangri-L'Affaires #39 its Editor-in-Charge of Misproduction, Al Lewis, really did himself proud. Upon what vitamins and minerals doth this guy feed, to enable him to make such unsupported, illogical, and extremely questionable statements of personal opinion--- and highly prejudiced personal opinion, at that---as the infallible, unquestionable pronouncements of an omniscient authority? From whatever source derived, I challenge that authority.

"It was manifest in the derision and disrespect of the fans for John Campbell's speeches and his strenuous defense of psionics." I was at the Solacon. If there had been anything noticeable of the kind, I think I would have perceived it. I did not. Hence I impugn Lewis' veracity and deplore his mendacity.

"John Campbell's excursion into psionics is a deliberate and reasoned attempt to save the old science fiction by providing it with a new basis for extrapolation." If Lewis is not himself an Esper First, how can he so intrepidly report the innermost workings of JNC's mind?

"The basic variations on these themes have all been done." This reminds me of the vaporings of certain pre-atomic physicists.

Concerning psionics: "There is no body of knowledge from which to extrapolate". There isn't? "The whole scheme is absurdly impractical". Is it? Oh, yeah? Who, besides Mr. Lewis, says so? ( See story of mine in AMAZING, which may be in print when this rebuttal appears ).

"The essence of this approach... is to replace science... with a modus operandi of... traditional literary values, while... retaining the pre-occupation with off-beat ideas which is science fiction's principal charm". Is it? Not to me, it ain't! I deny the validity of Lewis' reasoning.

"What is new is the proposal that we stop trying (sic) to write science fiction, in its present form". Taken separately, I know the usually-accepted meaning of each word in that sentence. I also know what the sentence says. I am not able, however, to deduce what Mr. Lewis means by it, and the rest of the paragraph is even more confusing.



One thing it can mean, of course, is that Lewis is trying to revive the let's-take-the-science-out-of-science-fiction movement that failed so dismally so many times in the past. If this be the case, and if it should succeed, what would he have left? What would he call it? What would he do with it? Was Mr. Lewis ever even exposed to elementary logic?

".....science fiction, as it is presently conceived, will disappear". This is one of the very few true statements I have been able to find in the article. While true, it is loaded ( semantically -dj ) so viciously that it does not mean, even approximately, what it actually says. Thus, it is true that the world will disappear. So also will the sun; and the entire macrocosmic universe.

Why is F&SF now emphasizing the word SCIENCE in its title ( See Feb. 1959 issue ) when it does not publish three real science fiction stories a year ? Since I have no solid basis for assuming that Mr. Lewis likes the story " No Matter Where You Go " ( and what an execrable play on words that is! ) by Joel Townsley Rogers in the above issue, I will only say that there is a high probability that he does like it. I, personally, do not. In my opinion the writing is slick, precious, and as shallow as his bottomless pit of gunk was deep. I do not find any vantage of an idea in it that hasn't been handled, repeatedly and very much better, in the past. And what wisps of scientific basis it claims to have are indefensible. I state this as a fact--- my authority for so stating it being that I know enough about science to have earned a living at it for over forty years.

There is also a high probability that Mr. Lewis liked "The Mitr" --- in my opinion the best example extant of the start-nowhere-go-nowhere-do-nothing-end-nowhere school of writing. It may or may not be a coincidence that both magazines guilty of publishing that abortion went out of existence very shortly thereafter.

In conclusion I venture the prophecy that John W. Campbell, Jr., and ASTOUNDING will again be on top at the Detention in '59.

Edward E. Smith

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(continued from page 11) PROFILE: JERRY STIER

Jerry is an easy person to talk to, despite his erudition and his remarkable ability to discuss a wide range of subjects. It is easy to see that he has spent much time thinking about religious and philosophical matters, and he is quite willing to discuss any phase of them with anybody. You may not always agree with him, but you will have to agree that he can put forth some very convincing arguments in favor of his theories. Read "On Christmas Time" in Shaggy # 40 to get an idea of his doctrines.

Well, here'shoping that Jerry stays around L.A. for a while; we need the mental stimulation. A toast to Jerry Stier, the Incredible Thinking Man!

-- Bernard M. Cook



# THE ART OF MORRIS SCOTT DOLLENS

Planet Stories was known for years as a "primer" for beginning science-fiction fans. The "sense of wonder", thud and blunder type of space opera that interests and excites the new reader is often derided by the "advanced" science-fiction reader, but nonetheless -- in all fields -- a basic introduction is very necessary. And so a magazine like Planet fulfilled a need, and for the full-fledged reader it supplied some rousing (but seldom admitted) good fun.

In the same way, one might view the artwork of Morris Scott Dollens. The basic, simple composition combined with the pure, almost primary colors give the observer a sense of strength and security, even though he may not understand the deep significance of space travel.

While the complicated scratch-board work of Finlay and Lawrence may be very appealing to the avid fantasy fan, a lay person would find the intricate line-work and unworldly designs confusing. Freas, with his sparkling subtly colored interpretations of science-fictional works, is a wonderful artist to the sci fi fan who understands blue men, and green-lipped women.

However, this sort of thing is for the fan who has read enough science-fiction to know what the artwork is all about. Morris Dollens' clean, simple tempera paintings are immediately appealing to everyone, even the non-fan. The ordinary man, who doesn't even think about space travel, much less contemplate the full meaning of it all, finds that a Dollens painting gives him the universe without even having to know "what a rocket pushes against".

Explaining all the details of a rocket won't give the "stay-at-home" any thrill at all; when he sees a column of color and fire, and watches an impossible streak in the sky, he can feel the excitement of space travel without all the scientific knowledge that was necessary to send that rocket up. All he has to see is the metal, the launching rack, a sky, and a momentary smear of hell. All he needs to know is that the rocket is headed up. Morris Dollens gives us this.

More; he gives us a clear, uncomplicated look at the possible worlds beyond here. This is an art taken to it's simplest graphic appeal. It is easy to "live with"; a small bit of science fiction that a fan is proud to display, and not have to explain away, or feel that it is too fantastic to show.

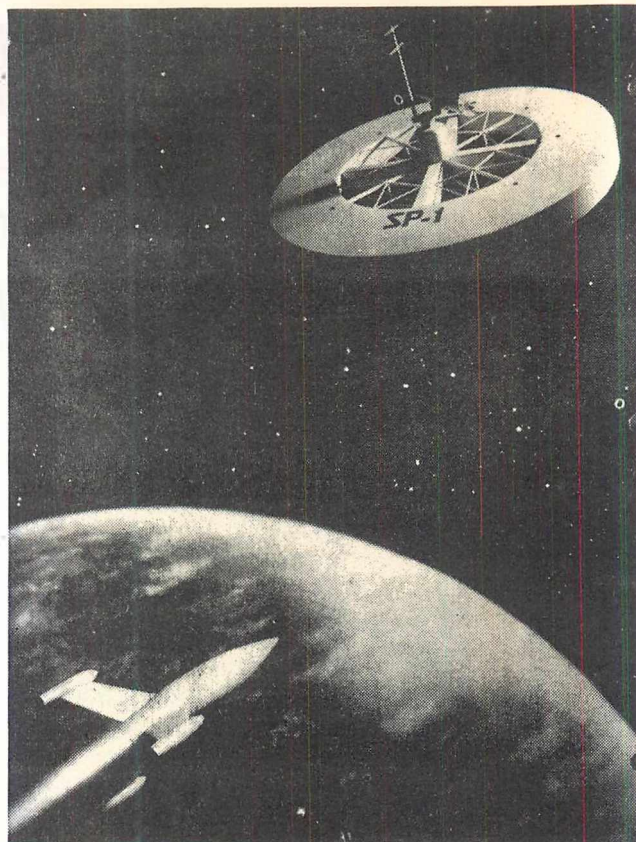
Morris is a fine, sensitive, creative man. His artwork has given many fans and non-fans much lasting pleasure.

-- Bjo

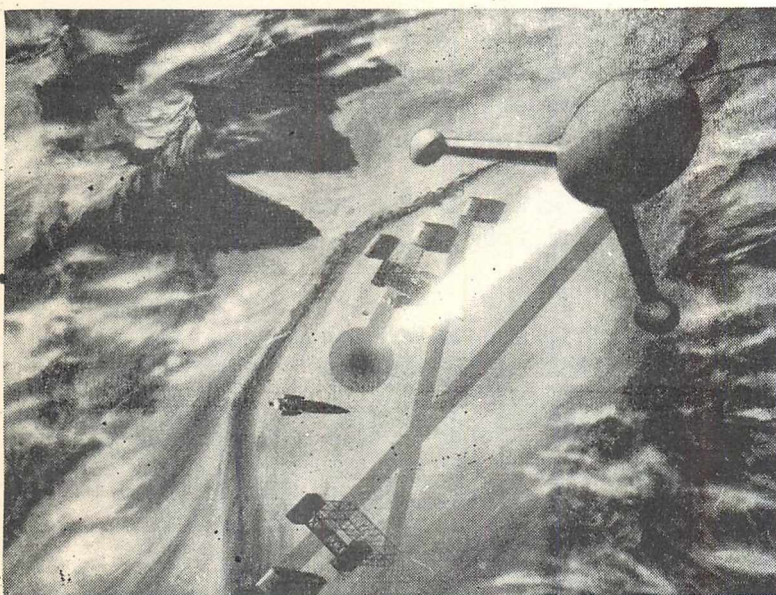


# Take-off

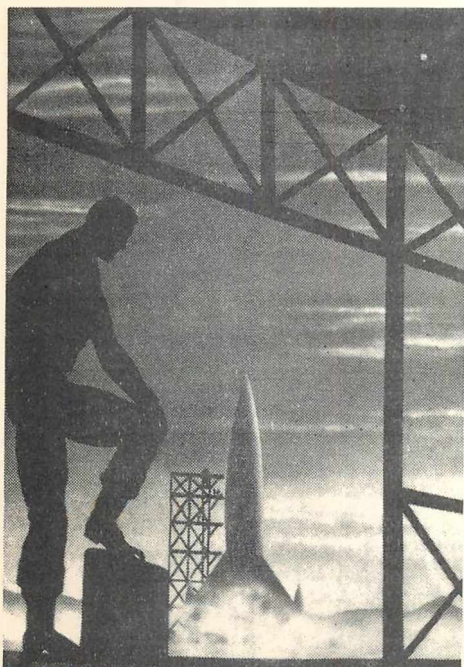
Through the combination of painting, miniature models, and photography, Morris Scott Dollens shows a sequence of views depicting the take off of a rocket toward the future space platform above the Earth.



3: Above the atmosphere of the Earth, the rocket can finally cut its power and drift toward the revolving space platform. Supplies and replacement crew are necessary for the maintenance of this man-made satellite's services: astronomical studies, weather control, military observation, and communications relaying.



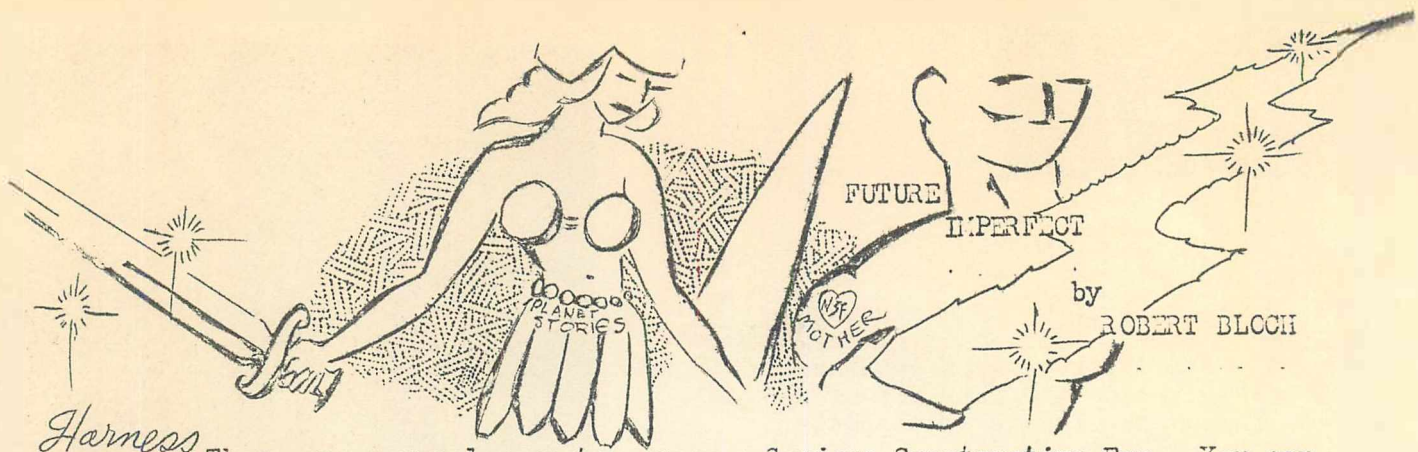
2: Takeoff! On a flaming pillar of fire, the rocket slowly gathers speed, ascending in moments from the spaceport field into the highest clouds.



1: A lonely spaceman waits in the early dawn for the fueling and checking of the huge ship.

Present experiments in nuclear propulsion indicate the probability of the single-stage rocket shown in these visual conceptions to be included in an illustrated book, EXPLORING THE SOLAR SYSTEM.





*Harness*

There are several ways to enrage a Serious Constructive Fan. You can offer to buy his complete collection of Astounding at 10¢ a pound; you can draw a mustache on his autographed photo of Bob Tucker; you can pour a jar of molasses over his Heironymus Machine.

But the easiest way to get him mad is to dismiss the entire field of science fiction as nothing but fairy-tales.

It has been done, you know, by numerous critics -- and each time such a comparison is made, the Serious Constructive Fan lets out a squawk such as has never been heard since the day Sam Moskowitz was auctioneering at a Convention and got a bid of two bits for an original mss. by David H. Keller, M.D.

In Moskowitz's case, it was but the work of a moment for him to kill the offending bidder, and in a few moments everybody had forgotten about the whole thing.

But the critics cannot be as easily silenced, and their accusations continue to echo for a long time, amidst the wails of offended fandom.

Now I'm far from happy with many self-styled literary critics myself; I object to their cavalier dismissal of good writing, their smug assumptions regarding the innate superiority of so-called "mainstream" fiction, and their blithe (and blatantly revealed) ignorance of the science fiction field.

But in all fairness, there is something to their comparison of science fiction with fairy-tales.

Particularly if we accept the term in its larger, all-inclusive sense, embracing the definition of legend and mythology.

Almost all of us are inclined to take for granted the fact that legend and mythology deal with the past. We do not confuse the literary world of heroes, dragons, giants, ogres, noble Princes, beautiful Princesses and marvelous enchanters with the "facts of history".

And when we get into the "facts of history" themselves, a certain chauvinism usually blinds us to arbitrary distinctions; an element of the epic, a smidgin of saga is allowed in the treatment of our Great Men. Their morals, manners and motives are sometimes disguised -- and again, both readers and critics generally make due allowances for such distortion.



When England contemplates her colonial empire of pre-World War I days, or when America takes a look at its own Frontier Era, there are often discrepancies between known fact and recreated fancy.

But with this reservation: along with the Kipling and Colonel Blimp interpretation of colonial expansion one can find an expression of much harsher views, and our own glorification of the Wild West, from Ned Buntline down to Zane Grey, is matched by the work of historical "de-bunkers". Just as we can distinguish, in history, between the Patriotic Portrait and the Blunt Biography; just as in prehistoric times, we separate the dragon from the dinosaur, the noble Prince from the barbarian invader.

At least we're oriented when it comes to literature dealing with the past -- we make due allowances for the "fairy-tale" and proper distinctions for the "realistic story".

But even with actual knowledge to guide us, there is still some dissension. Certain religious groups continue to take violent issue with the "scientific facts" regarding the genesis of earth and mankind. Certain nationalistic groups prefer to cling to self-glorifying legend rather than self-evident accounts of what really happened in their history. Certain self-styled "idealists" or merely people who read "only for relaxation" will stubbornly support the rose-colored distortions of a fictional Frontier or an epic Empire rather than consider the "sordid reality".

But even so, in all these instances, we are dealing with the past and for the most part the veriest bigot must admit that there are various interpretations of fairy-tale, legend, myth, epic, and saga. And our literary critics deal with each interpretation in its own light; they treat a self-evident fairy-tale in terms of a fairy-tale and do not apply the same yardstick to the "realistic novel" dealing with the same period.

In science fiction, however, they seldom are offered a choice. What they are offered, instead, usually, is a fairy-tale with a pseudo-realistic approach. Is it any wonder they become confused and/or disgusted?

For science fiction, dealing as it does with the future rather than the past, has nevertheless chosen to interpret that future in terms of myth and legend; of hero and villain, of noble conqueror and beautiful maiden, of wise scientist-enchanters and evil scientist-magicians, of superior alien-angels or inferior alien-demons. At the same time, the pseudo-realism is there in the form of the alleged "scientific background".

The result is a mishmash, in many cases; an attempt to tell the story of the Sleeping Beauty in terms of encephalitis. In fact, if I'd hit upon the analogy about two pages sooner, I could have saved you a lot of eyestrain -- because this is just what science fiction writers try to do. They bone up on their facts about "encephalitis" -- and if they're sticklers for realism, they'll also document their theories as to why the hedge could actually grow up to such size about the castle where the princess was held prisoner. Okay, now they have their "science". But the story they generally tell is the same old fairy-tale; the Prince is still a Prince, and the Sleeping Beauty is still a living doll. Oh, it's not that crude; some



writers have learned the superficial tricks of the "slicks" and they'll go to great and self-evident pains to disguise the symbols of Nobility and Beauty. The Prince may be initially presented as a revolting s.o.b., with psychotic tendencies, yet; never mind that, though, because you can bet your Puss-In-Boots that by the time you turn to the last page Something Will Happen To Bring Him To Full Awareness Of Himself. All of which means that you'll find him there slobbering over the Princess in the same old fairy-tale style.

To translate this into science fiction terms -- how many times have you started a "sophisticated" yarn dealing with a slob protagonist, or a neurotic protagonist, or even a moronic protagonist; only to find him emerging, on the last page, as the typical stereotype hero? The answer is -- too damned often.

Show me a yarn in which a crew of spacemen are plagued by the presence of a useless dope, and I'll show you a fairy-tale in which the apparently useless Younger Son or Cinderella or the Ugly Monster Everybody Despises turns out to be the final victor.

But it's in terms of myth and legend that science fiction lays itself most open to criticism by the reviewer who cannot separate the veneer of what is offered as "scientific realism" from the fairy-tale characterizations and motivations.

Talk about Kipling's Empire-Builders and our own Heroic Pioneers! Just take a look at what science fiction offers along the line of folk-lore figures.



The Brave Commander...the Dashing Junior Officer Who Must Prove Himself on a Dangerous Mission...the Grim, Determined But Devoted Government Official in a Lonely Outpost on a Faraway Planet...the Dedicated Scientist...the Treacherous Subhuman Native...the Treacherous Superhuman Native...the Noble Native Whose Motives Are Misunderstood By Us Until the Last Page...

Shades of G. A. Henty, James Fenimore Cooper and Prentiss Ingraham!

"Scientific extrapolation" or no, it is pretty hard to give serious critical regard to the stereotypes who stalk through so many of these stories. And in spite of a preoccupation with neo-Freudian psychology, the "plot" generally requires that even the most supposedly sophisticated characters will deliver their punches, their sluggings over the head with blunt weapons, and their automatic emotional responses at the sight of an outsize bust; just as they do in the crudest western or whodunit.

Science fiction fans may admire the painstaking accuracy with which a writer describes the building, launching, and piloting of a space-ship. But science fiction critics will continue to jeer as long as that space-ship is then manned by a crew of military types taken straight out of a boy's book about West Point or Annapolis or a B movie about the fighting marines. Again, the fans may revel in a writer's brilliant delineation of living conditions on an alien planet, while



the critics sigh over the soap-opera drama which is set against the exotic environment. Actually, of course, the ultimate solution is simple; science fiction must eventually achieve the distinction between the outright fairy-tale of the future and the realistic projection of things to come.

To a small extent this has occurred in "mundane" science fiction; such novels as 1984, Brave New World, and The Long, Loud Silence owe their strength to realistic characterization and motivation and to logical and "mature" plot-development.

But once the writers take us out into space and deposit us on other worlds, we generally land with a dull thud in the same old never-never realm of mock heroics and melodramatic action.

What will the real space pioneer undergo, and what will he be like? We can find a clue in actual history -- in the real story of colonial expansion and pioneer developments.

There'll be career militarists and/or scientists, glory-mad political adventurers, speculators, gamblers, whores, opportunists, and every variety of psychopathic misfit imaginable. There'll be crackpots and visionaries and dreamers, and amongst their number a smattering of genuine creative spirits. There'll be heroes and heroines, too -- but as was the case in the development

of earthly wildernesses, their chief battles will be against the forces of environment; their chief struggles, physis and internal. The enemy will not be a bug-eyed monster; in most cases it will be the empty-eyed spectre of sheer loneliness.

Some attempts have been made to tell the story in these terms, but generally such efforts have been regrettably confined to short fiction. The novels of space-travel and ultraterrestrial settlement usually stick to the cliches which the critics condemn,

Is there a place for space-opera? Most certainly; just as there is a place for the child's fairy-tale, the housewife's "historical romance", the adolescent's "western", the tired business man's "whodunnit."

I am not advocating that science fiction give up either its adventurous romantic saga or its sense of wonder.

But I do believe that there is also a place for the serious writer who wishes to appeal to the so-called "adult" audience. And he can find that place and furnish that appeal only if he learns to abandon the fairy-tale elements of hackneyed characterization and motivation and give us protagonists



and plots worthy of critical consideration. There is little point in hurling the reader through the barriers of space and time, only to introduce him to another souped-up version of the invincible Wyatt Earp, ten thousand light-years away.

Let me make one thing very clear. There is as much good writing in science fiction as it is today, and a great deal of entertainment, on every level of reader-appeal. I am not critical of it on the reading-for-pleasure basis, nor do I deny its power as a vehicle for satire or social commentary.

But if we want broader readership, broader recognition, and the serious regard of literary critics, we'll have to develop one segment of truly mature efforts. Our writers have shown that they can build realistic space-ships; Now they will have to create realistic crews.

If we don't, many of us will continue to find enjoyment in the field just as it is now. But we'll probably always continue to wonder just why it is that the critics seldom take science fiction seriously.

-- Bob Bloch

**T A F F**

BALLOTS ARE INCLUDED IN THIS ISSUE!

THEY WERE NOT LISTED AS A PART OF THE ZINE BECAUSE WE WANT YOU TO USE THEM, NOT KEEP THEM AS A PART OF YOUR COLLECTION!

READ YOUR BALLOT, VOTE, SEND SOME MONEY, AND MAIL IT!

WITHOUT YOUR SUPPORT, THE BIGGEST, AND BEST FAN PROJECT IN THE WORLD WILL BE LOST. WITH YOUR SUPPORT, FANDOM CAN ACCOMPLISH A WONDERFUL THING!

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE, OR FOR YOUR FRIEND, OR FOR THE FAN YOU THINK SHOULD BE SENT AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF YOU AND YOUR COUNTRY: BUT VOTE! WE DON'T ASK YOUR MOTIVES.

REMEMBER, A PAPER BILL IS EASIER TO MAIL THAN A COIN!

GET "ACQUAINTED" WITH THE CANDIDATES, READ FANZINES, ATTEND CONVENTIONS, HAVE FUN YOURSELF!

MOST IMPORTANT[DON'T FORGET THE MONEY!] MAIL THIS BALLOT!

**BJO** wells  
terry **CARR**  
don **FORD**



# THE NIGHT \*BURBEE\* CAME TO LASFS

"What the hell will we call this one shot," said Charles Burbee, "I mean, after all, we have to have a theme". "A theme? Well, why not sex?", said I - I being Djinn Faine, co-editor with Burbee. Burbee said to me, "I've been talking SEX all day and I'm tired of it. I'm not really, but you know - you've got to say something". "You're right Burbee - lots of one-shots have sex for a theme - how about Champagne for Breakfast?" "I could fill up a whole page on how I had Champagne for Breakfast, but I don't think I will - do you really want to put out a one-shot, Djinn Faine?". "Certainly, I do, Charles Burbee - this will be a memorable occasion. You have returned to the hallowed halls of LAS\*FS - unofficially, of course. I realize you just returned to play poker and confer with your co-editor, but you are now standing in the kitchen of the house of Zeke Leppin - the meeting place of LAS\*FS - Burbee has returned!". A small voice in the back of the room cried out - "My Gawd, what was that thunder and lightening?" and another small voice answered, "Burbee has come to play poker". "Poker hell! We'll put out a one-shot", I yelled.

We are gathered in the kitchen, telling dirty limericks (one M or three? - Burbee said three), stories of Laney and Champagne for Breakfast and Charles Burbee. Burbee wouldn't believe me when I told him that Mike Hinge had picked me up and carried me thru three rooms at the New Year's Eve Party. Someone asked if I had just about discovered the New Zealand methods of Rape - Burbee said, "Mike Hinge only ways about a hundred and thirty pounds wet - soaking wet and he picked you up and carried you thru three rooms? I don't believe it". "It's true, Burbee. After all, you're my co-editor - I mean, why should I lie?". "I don't believe it". "It's true, Bube - someone even took a picture of it - I mean, why should I lie - to you, my own co-editor?", I asked in an innocent tone. "All right, let me see it", demanded Burbee. "It hasn't been printed yet, Burbee, but I will send you a copy - special, why should I lie?" "It isn't printed yet", said Burbee in a scathing tone, "Sure, and I've got a picture of the Statue of Liberty raping a tugboat - of course, it hasn't been printed yet, but I'll send you a copy". Someone muttered, "Gad, do tugboats get sent up the river for statutory rape?"

"What do I write now - I don't know much about one-shots,". "I'll just sit here and inspire you," said Burbee.. "We set out mouse traps," said Burbee speaking on politics, "We had mouse traps by the home brew, and by the stencils, and by everything". "Did you catch the mouse?", asked Jerry Stier, new director of LAS\*FS. Dick Sands asked, "Did you catch him by the home brew?" "No," said Burbee, "I caught him by the nuts". "Fine - Freudian slip eh," said Dick. "Now, what are your opinions on Outer Space, Burbee?", asked Jerry. Said Burbee, "Well, the last time I was out there, there wasn't much there". "Come on, say something deathless, Burbee", I said.. Jerry: "What do think about sex? - it's been around a long time". Burbee: "No, as a matter of fact it hasn't been around a long time - as a matter of fact, I invented it in 1927 - ". Jerry: "What were your thoughts on that momentable occasion?" Burbee: "Well, it was either inventing bubble gum or sex and so I chose glory instead of money and invented sex right off the top of my head".



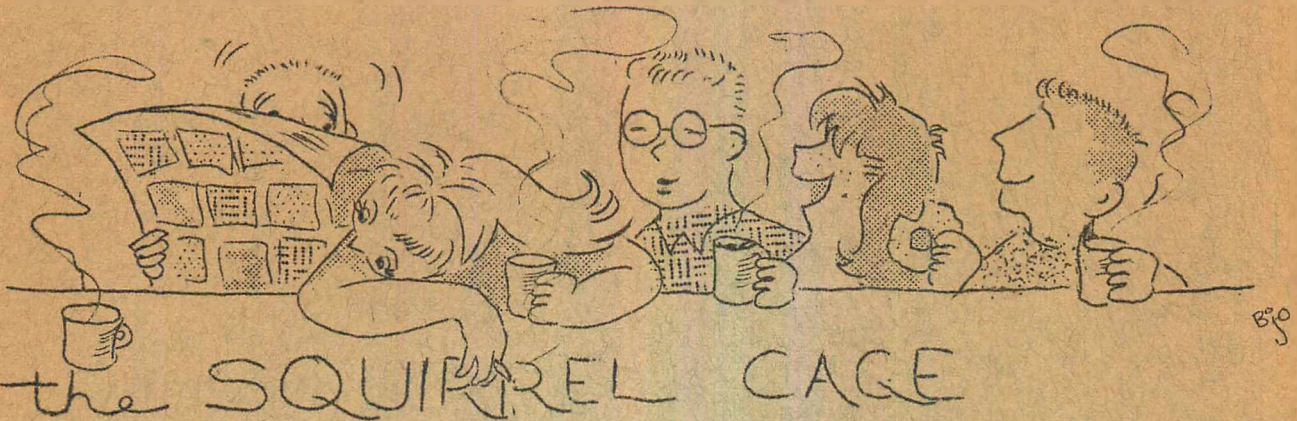
"Jerry stood there open mouthed while Burbee continued, because any time anybody stands with an opened mouth Burbee assumes that he has a captive audience and will speak until struck down with a forty-five year old piano roll," dictated Burbee to my typing fingers.

Jerry: "What is the significance of piano rolls in modern day 20 th century society?" Burbee: "Well, after all, piano rolls are phallic symbols and phallic symbols are never out of date". Jerry: "It has often been stated that various science-fiction clubs have backgrounds of faggot endeavor and what do you think of the future possibilities for LAS-FS?" Burbee: "I am at present readying an exciting editorial on this subject in my new fanzine, Homospeak Nu. 7, also my co-ed's new fanzine, Fagtalk". Dick Sands: "LasFS has been discussing the probabilities of combining with a local orgy society, what do you think of this, Burbee?" Burbee: "What's the quorum for an Orgy? We need a minimum of six and a maximum of sex".

Burbee said, "I died about 17 years ago, but I haven't told anyone". Dick: "To what do you attribute your remarkable state of preservation?" Burbee: "Well?" Dick: "Do beautiful co-editors help?". Burbee: "Of course they do in proportion to thier bust measurement, even tho, at heart, I am a derriere man". Djinn: "Tell me, Burbee, what are your opinions on females in fandom?" Burbee: "Do you mean female-females or the kind I have been used to?" Djinn: "No, Like I'm a female and you know what kind I am (And that's the best kind - seconded by Burbee, Dick Sands, and Jerry Stior.), so like how about my kind of female in fandom?" Burbee: "Well really, Djinn, in spite of your forty-one inch bust I think of you as one of the fellows". Djinn: "Burbee, you are a well known legend and LA insurgent and why are you here at LASFS tonite?" Burbee: "That's a difficult question they asked me". Bjo: "You could say you came to see a tall blonde". Ron Ellik: "But in the old days all the tall blondes in LASFS were queer". Burbee: "This is going into print - it's deathless prose - my wife would kill me." Bjo: "Well, you could say you came to see a short red head?" Burbee: "What are you short, of, Red." Bjo: "Golden (SIGH) Treachery, Burbee". Jerry: "Why do you drink, Burbee?" Burbee: "I'm driven to it by deamons, none of them over four inches high and all of whom are scarlot and speckled and palamino, and all of whom enunciate my name with interplanetary precision". Jerry: "What do you think of abortive conjunctions?" Burbee: "Oh yes, well, we once had one for director of LASFS". Burbee "I don't like people pointing fingers at me that don't smell of whiskey", said he as he poured a bottle of liquid intoxicant. Burbee looked at the ring on my right hand and said sweetly in a provincial manner, "What the cotton-pickon' hell is that?" Djinn: "It is a plain small gold diamond ring, Burbee". Burbee: "Does that mean if a rub a lamp or something you will appear?" Djinn: "(Dimpling coyly - according to Jerry )" "I'd try to, Burbee". Burbee, firmly: "You gorgeous blond co-editor, uh- co-habitor, but I can't you know because I'm married". Burbee: "Do you wish to examine my shorts? They depict, in two colors, a satellite in orbit". Burbee: (Looking into my eyes, Burbee said - with a smile): "Djinn, I think you invonted sex, I thought I did but you changed my mind". Burbee: Djinn, you're my co-editress and I won't fail you - you can have anything I've got". Djinn: "Anything, Burbee?" Dale: "But don't make any inordinate demands, Djinn". Burbee: "Now look, Dale, you like to make them think you've got it even if you haven't."

This has been an inpromptitudo interview with Charles Burbee.





I should like to recount a few incidents which befell me a month ago while I, on one of my visits to the Southland of this state, was a guest in this hotbed of fandom. I should not like you to think I raised an eyebrow when awakened at 7:00 am by an horrendous beating at the door near my head, nor that the sight of Djinn Faine newly awakened and as yet uncoffed in the early morning (around noon) affected me one whit; indeed, I am hardened to such things by the changing moods of a never-reliable environment to which I have added of myself small, if any, stability. So I shall recount but one episode in my visit to Zeke's, and ask that you take it as typical of, if not identical in shock-value with, all else which transpired during these two weeks.

We sat in a donut shop on Pico Boulevard: Djinn, myself, Bjo, and Al Lewis, reading from left to right, seated at a counter waiting for our lunch to be served. This shop is renowned in LA fandom for its Chili as well as its excellent donuts, and we were about to partake of both, with coffee for a wash-down.

On Djinn's left sat a thin, intense young man reading some one of the multitude of tabloids which cover the newsstands and eventually in the course of the day, the streets of that part of Los Angeles. Djinn, in her usual frank manner for which we all love her, was bent double, trying to read the funny papers on the back of the sheet. The young man, who might have been 18 or 27 for all I could tell then or later, had noticed this around the edge of his glasses, and was very, very slowly lowering his right hand. Djinn was bending more and more double, and finally the poor child found her cheek pressed hard against the counter, on top of her fork.

She leaped back, ruffling the paper and nearly throwing me from my stool, amidst laughter from all of us, including the newspaper-reading chap, who took it upon himself to be as gentlemanly as possible after so embarrassing our blonde editrix, and handed her the last two pages of the paper. With mumbled thanks and redded visage, Djinn settled herself on her stool and read the funnies, in the course of which our meal arrived.

Her daily education complete, Djinn carefully folded her section of the paper, and handed it back to her benefactor. He, finished with his paper and ready now for his meal, refolded the entire issue and looked squarely at the towering but shy female on his right. "Anything else you'd like?" he said affably. "Want ads? Sports? Fashions?" Djinn squealed in anguish and turned all her attention to her chili dish, while the rest of us roared in delight.

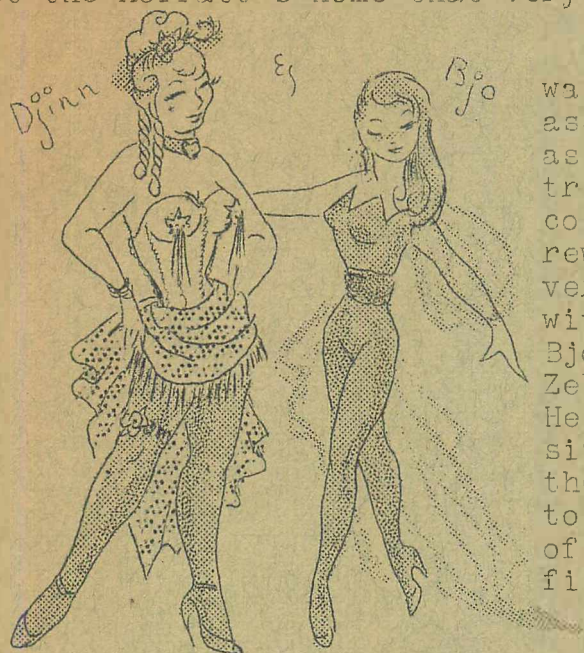


"Ask him if he's a science-fiction fan!" yelled Bjo. These girls are wont to do this to odd people, and sometimes discover that the people are more odd than they looked at first. This is how Bjo discovered Sylvia Hirahara in a shoe shop, as a matter of fact, which is more than recompense for all the fruitless questing she must have done at other times.

"As a matter of fact," said our literate friend, "I was once, and would be again, if it weren't for studies." On questioning, he revealed that he was a serious and industrious art student at some school in Los Angeles which struck a bell with Bjo. He was studying to design cars, he said, for there is money in industrial design. He had never heard of the LASFS, although he lived but six blocks from Zeke's, because he had given up stf and his fringe contact with fandom over six years before, when he settled down to his work.

He was asked if he had ever seen fanzines, and answered that he had, but had only seen them. One of his friends "back home" was a fan, and had some things he called fanzines. He named a name, and it sounded familiar to me, but familiar only in sound, for I have since forgotten it completely. Truth to tell, at that time I was only discovering fandom, and while I might even have corresponded with this fellow, I would not give such an occurrence much weight in deciding whether I would recall a name at this date or not.

Our friend's name was Joe Freeze (spelling?), and he was immediately invited to the LASFS New Year's Eve party being thrown at the Moffatt's home that very night.



He showed up right on time, and was conscripted into the chain gang assembling SHAGGY 40 while some tailer assembled Djinn's costume on her and Bjo tried to assemble nerve to wear her costume. Joe worked well, and was duly rewarded with a copy of SHAGGY for his very own. He went to the LASFS Party with us, and came home in the car with Bjo, Djinn, Chuck Nuetzel, Al Lewis and Zeke, the only one sober enough to drive. He has not been seen nor heard from since, and while his address remains in the club records, no one has seen need to contact him to find out what he thought of his first meeting with organized science fiction fandom.

\* \* \*

Tommorrow evening I am invited to dine at the home of Terry and Miriam Carr in San Francisco. This will be a great experience for me, because I have wanted to meet Miriam Carr as long as she has existed. I have heard many stories about her, all of which lead me to believe that she is much changed from the happy, carefree girl that I knew as Miriam Dyches until the end of January. One fan even told me that her belt bears her new initials.



"Which new initials?" I queried, being honestly curious, because I had no way of knowing what first name she was using. It turned out that her initials are M.C. on the belt, and this bothered me a bit. I wonder what name appears on her wedding papers, and whether, should the Carr's first offspring be female, they will name it Miriam after its mother.

For, as you all know, Miriam Dyches is one of several Los Angeles fans who bother not with formality in deciding which of several names to use at any particular time. She is of the Ted Johnstone, Milo Mason, George Fields and Steve Tolliver school. [Is this known as a Lasfad?] This is not a personal attack on any of these fine fans, all of whom have proven themselves time and again. Indeed, I wouldn't mention this recent LA fad except that it was the cause of a happy interlude during an evening I spent at the home of Charles Burbee a year ago October.

I was invited to the Burbee home as usual because they dared not invite my mother (the big name fan of our family) without me. So, once Mom and Isabel Burbee had settled down to talk in the kitchen, the malws present gathered around the tape-recorder and began to help Burbee magnetize some plastic in return to Harry Warner and Bill Danner. Present was almost a roster of northern Califandom at the time: myself, Terry Carr, and Dave Rike. Alex Bratmon had either been there earlier in the day or was expected momentarily -- my memory is not accurate on this point.

Somehow or other the subject turned to George W. Fields.

"How long has that boy been around fandom?" asked the Great Man, looking squarely at me. "You're the historian in this group," he said, at which I modestly looked at the floor and shuffled my feet, "and you know when everybody entered fandom."

"Well," I said, temporizing before bursting into a flow of words, "He first made himself known to me at the conference in Oakland in 1956, but he says he was at the previous gathering in LA, in 1955. He was once defending his antiquity in a letter to me by saying that he had received a copy of the first issue of my first fanzine, under another name."

"When you say another name, said Burbee, "Do you mean he once used an assumed name in his fannish doings?" As you can tell, we were talking mostly in high-flown phrases for the benefit of Warner or Danner, whichever one we were recording for at the moment; whenever one of us would pause, one of the others would chime in with some unbelievably stilted remark to keep that nemesis of tape-recorders, Dead Air, from intruding on the conversation.

"No," said Terry Carr. "It seems that George Fields is an assumed name. His real name is George something-else, which is a dark secret he keeps from all fans."



"But he has been a guest in my home," Burbee bounced back, "and has shook my hand, and has drunk of my refreshments, and called himself George Fields. Isn't there something we can do about that?"

At this we all paused; Burbee has a bad habit of saying something so unbelievable that nobody can think of a quick comeback. Dave Rike filled a lull by saying, "We could have him investigated by the Secret Service," to which we smiled, for Dave was at that time being thoroughly investigated by that most worthy branch of our government.

"How about that banjo-strumming friend of his, that Ed fellow?" continued Burbee. "He's pretty much of the same rugged mold; is his name really Ed?"

Taking the microphone from him in preparation for a long spiel, I said, "You mean, of course, Ted Johnstone, who wears glasses and plays a large, motherly string instrument. Rick Sneary once introduced me to these two fellows as the most be-named fans in fandom, so I have every reason to believe that this one's name is not as he would have us believe."

"And this," said Burbee, taking the microphone away from me and talking into it, "is why we know that you are not who you claim to be, you out there. You are really Redd Boggs or Marilyn Monroe, because nobody would enter fandom under his right name. I, myself, am really Dean Grennell, and I only sound like Burbee because I have had three of my young sons posing as Carr, Rike and Ellik."

"Grennell only has two sons," I interrupted. "The other four are all girls."

"Well," said Burbee, "I'm afraid I've been found out. The truth is, Redd old boy, that the quiet one who didn't say much, who calls himself Ellik, is really my youngest daughter. Now that you know the truth about me, and I know the truth about you, and we all know the truth about the fans in this area, I find that the end of the tape is coming up."

-- Ron Ellik

NEWS

DEFENTION

DEFENTION

1959

WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION

5, 6, & 7 SEPTEMBER

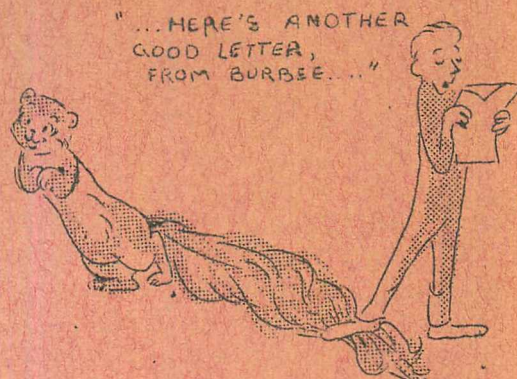
West coast motorcade  
now planned - contact  
Bjo for info - Lasfs address.

SEND \$200 TO JIM BRODERICK  
2218 DREXEL ST.  
DETROIT 15, MICH.





# Squirrel Cage Annex



THIS IS THE STORY OF EASY GOING RON ELLIK--Ronel the carefree, Ellik the unconcerned, good-humored and condescending Ron Ellik. This is the story of a young man glowing with the joy of fandom, resting easy on the down pillow of righteousness, strolling through life with a casual gait, unmindful of brambles and barbed comments; rocks in his shoes or rain in his hair, mixed emotions or metaphores.

Ron Ellik wasn't always easygoing. When he attended the Oklacon in 1957, the fans there said they were surprised to find that he was a nice guy. "Boy, you're murder behind a typewriter!" they said. And sure enough, Ron returned from the convention and wrote a masterful dissection of the fans and events he'd run into.

Ron has had his troubles in fandom. Though today he is a respected and well-liked BFF, his bed of roses was achieved only by clearing away the thorns. At the SFCCon in 1954, for example, Ron got himself into a helluva mess. Though a teetotaler all his life, he somehow was inveigled into throwing an empty beer can out the window of a hotel room. It landed in the middle of Powell Street, one of the busiest streets in San Francisco, some ten floors below. A complaint was made, and Ron had to leave the convention early.

Over three years later he moved to Berkeley and attended a meeting of the Little Men. He was introduced to the president of the Little Men, who thought awhile upon hearing his name, then his face cleared and he said, "Oh yes, Ron Ellik--I remember you. You're the guy who threw the beer can out the window at the SFCCon."

Last year Ron hitchhiked two thousand miles to go to the Midwescon and Illwiscon. It was at the latter concave that he first met Dean Grennell. "I'd been looking forward to meeting Grennell for months," he said later. "I'd pictured all sorts of ways we might meet--encountering each other in a doorway, each of us doing a doubletake, exclaiming, 'You're Dean Grennell!' and 'You're Ron Ellik--I've always wanted to meet you!' We could have met in any number of ways."

"How did it finally happen?" I asked.

He frowned, his eyebrows coming together behind his glasses. "I was lying on this couch, completely bushed, when he came into the room. I didn't even know he was there. The first thing I knew of it was when I heard him shout, "Squirrel! I recognized you immediately!"

So many people know him only as someone who is murder behind a typewriter when he wants to be, or as the fellow who threw the beer can out the window years ago, or as Squirrel Ellik. But Ron isn't like that at all. Ron is mild-mannered, kind--yes, and easygoing. If he is a squirrel, he is a very gentle squirrel.



Ron has changed, you see. A few weeks ago Bob Bloch wrote to say how much he'd liked one of Bjo's cartoons in FANAC portraying Ron as a squirrel. "Congratulations to Bjo for drawing it, and congratulations to Ron for allowing it to be printed," Bob wrote. "Not many people in fandom could take as much ribbing as Ron. I've come to the conclusion that he is the most easygoing fan in fandom."

When I told this to Ron he swelled up with pride. "Easygoing Ron Ellik," he said, and shook his head slowly.

"That's it," said Ron. "Go ahead and laugh at me. Go right ahead, I don't mind. That's because I'm easygoing." He sat there, smiling.

"You know," I said to Jim, "It's a pity that Bob Bloch had to go and spill the beans like that. Ron has been one of my best friends for quite a while now, and I've always enjoyed his company."

"That's because I'm easygoing," Ron broke in.

"Yes," I continued, "I like him, because he was so easygoing. I could kid him a lot, because he could take a joke. And he was a good straight man--he was always ready to rise to the bait and say just what I wanted him to say. I really did like Ron Ellik."

Ron looked calmly from me to Jim and said, "He's kidding me right now, Jim. And I know it. But I don't mind, because I'm easygoing."

"Yes, you're certainly easygoing," I said. "In fact, you're so easygoing all of a sudden that you're a boor."

At this point, did Ron Ellik frown annoyedly, gnash his teeth, and bite off some withering retort? (He is capable of murderous invective, you know, even when not behind a typewriter.) Did he stand up straight in front of me and rise threateningly to his full height, so that his eyes looked me square in the nostril? Did his eyes flash and his breath become short? Did he drop his pose of saintly patience?

No, of course he didn't. He just laughed goodnaturedly and said, "Boy, you sure are a kidder, Terry."

I SPOKE WITH WALLY ROSE: For some time now I've been planning to write an article with the above title. Yes, I spoke with Wally Rose, famous ragtime pianist. What's more, I spoke with Wally Rose at a science fiction convention, which makes it an even better subject for a fan article, I guess.

But it would be a sham, a deception. I can't write such an article even though I did speak with Wally Rose.

It happened at the SFCon, in 1954, before I became interested in jazz. I didn't know a thing about jazz, except that it came up the river from New Orleans--but even at that, it would have taken me a moment or two to figure out whether it had come up the Mississippi, the Nile, or the Yang-tze. (I would have been able to work it out by the process of elimination, of course.)

Like I say, I didn't know a thing about jazz then. This was before I had 300 jazz lp's, or had read innumerable books on the subject. I hadn't been going to jazz nightclubs every chance I got, like I have now.

Wally Rose was with Turk Murphy's band at the time which was playing at the SFCon's Masquerade Ball. I was there, and I was digging the jazz the most--it was that night, in fact, which started my interest in jazz.



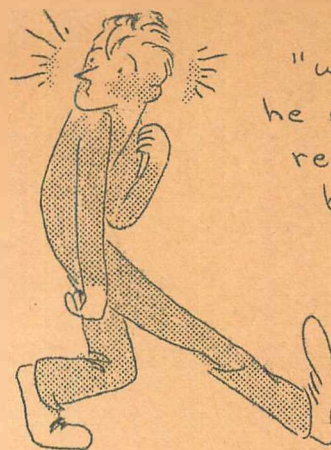


Eventually I decided I'd like to request a number, because this Turk Murphy band was gassing me so much. So I went up and I said, "Turk, will you play 'Alexander's Ragtime Band'".

And he looked at me and said, "I'm not Turk, I'm Wally Rose."

That's why I can't write an article titled "I Spoke With Wally Rose".

-----Terry Carr-----



"well, anyway,  
he plays a  
real cool  
bit, there,  
man...."

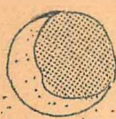
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## ADS

**SOLACON ATTENTION!** Photos of the Solacon containing costume ball or fashion show shots would be welcome for inspection. Special care will be taken of all black and white, color, or color slides submitted. Payment or other arrangements can be made if accepted. Write BJO at the LASFS address.

**OLD BUCK ROGERS MATERIAL**--Preferably the complete comic issues of the early 40's, and any of the Big Little Books....Also, Hal Foster's "Tarzan" in comic book form. Info greatly appreciated. J. Stier, 1857 Lemoyne St. L.A. 26



35 mm color slides; moon photos from Mt. Wilson and Palomar, and moon flight artwork by George W. Fields. 8 slides, \$1.95 the set. Finley's Color Laboratory, 2120 W. Beverly Blvd., Montebello, California

Name and Address stamps. See Ann Chamberlain, 2408 S. Grand, Los Angeles 7, California

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DEPARTMENT!**

*Own an  
original sci-fi  
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Tempera paintings 14" X 20" by Morris Scott Dollens for sale. \$10.00. A few of the titles: "Take-off from Titan," "On a Moon of Mars," "Landing on Our Moon," "Swamps of Venus," "Above Earth," "Sunset on Titan," "Lunar Landing,". Write Dale Hart, LASFS address.

Coupon and trading stamps exchange. Zeke Leppin, 2548 W. 12th Street, Los Angeles 6, California. DU 2-3246.

According to the WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORTS #'s 1 and 2, you can write to Blotto Otto Pfeifer & Wally Wastebasket Weber, 4736 - 40th N.E. Seattle 5, Washington for mis-information about the July fourth-coming Westercon. If you live "on the way" from L.A., let Bjo know if you're interested in joining the motorcade. But W\*E\*E to Pfeifer & Weber!

LIKE, THIS IS GONNA BE A CRAZY  
WESTERCON - DIG, MAN? WAY OUT!



30  
WELCOME WORM

by Zeke Leppin

Oh, welcome worm, it's time to feed.

I am a body sent to you

To give the sustenance you need.

The soul that lived in me is through.

The air is foul. It's dark in here.

There's none to know or want to see

Of mortal man who placed me here.

So feed and sate yourself on me.

You'll find me seasoned to your taste;

My succulence's beyond compare.

You'll find in me there is no waste

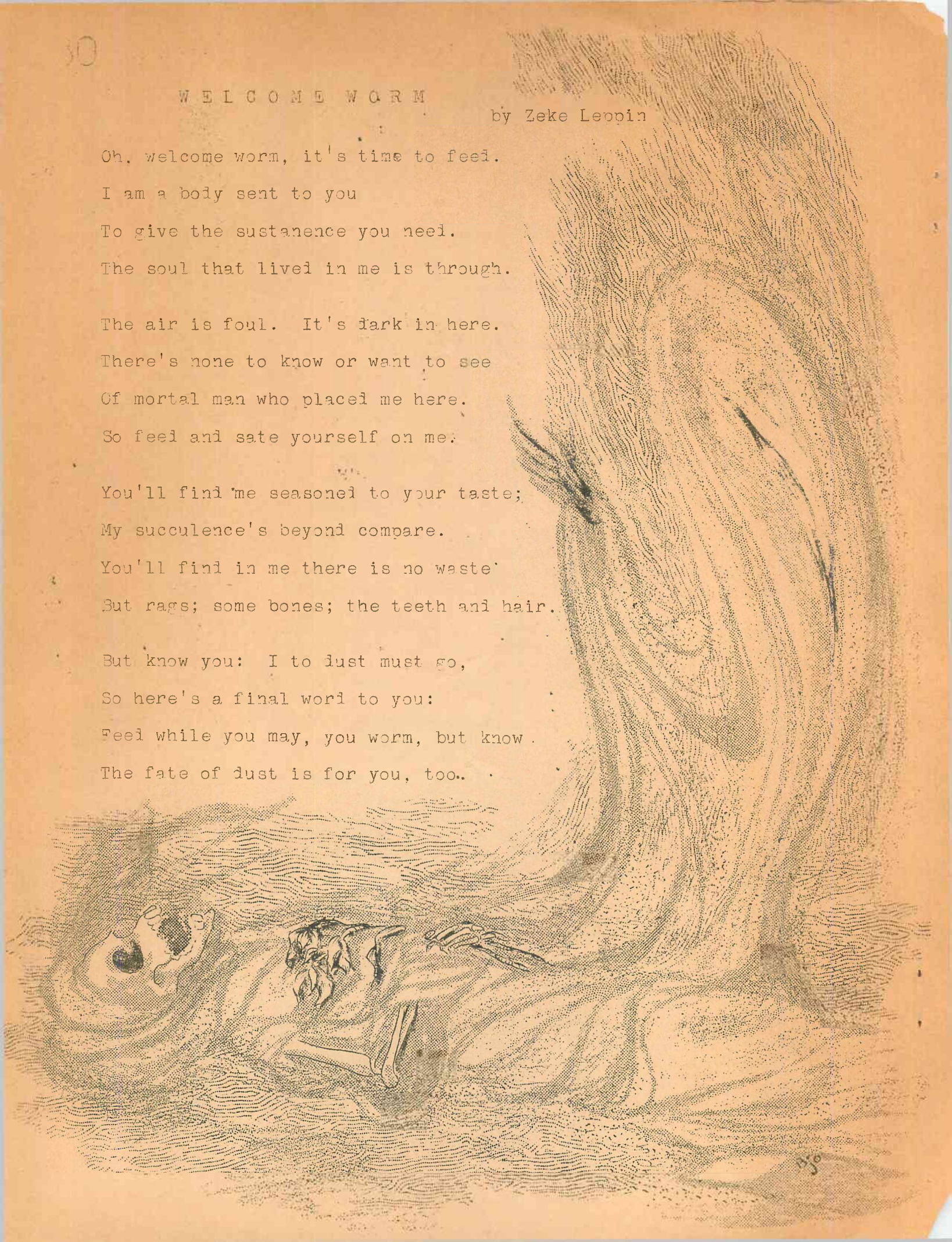
But rags; some bones; the teeth and hair.

But know you: I to dust must go,

So here's a final word to you:

Feed while you may, you worm, but know.

The fate of dust is for you, too.





# Letters to Shaggy



Dear Djinn,

Thank you very much for SLA #39. I see the records have been lost and you want people to let you know what their credit is, so I thought I might mention that I subscribed \$ 25 after the first issue and renewed regularly ever since, that I wrote several editorials for it under the name of Burbee, that I fixed the LASFS duplicator during my visit in 1952, that I have sent 295 fanzines in exchange, that I reviewed every issue in The Times (London) (favorably), that I have written dozens of letters of comment under assumed names, such as Tucker, Bloch etc., and that I saved Forry Ackerman's life in 1952 by preventing him from falling into the Grand Canyon. ( I have already received a Citation of Thanks from the National Parks Dept. for this). So I think I'm entitled to the next issue at least.

If I don't get it I shall push Forry back into the Grand Canyon next time we're passing by.

Bloch was of course the best thing in the issue -- he usually is -- but the rest of the contents shone bravely in his shadow. I specially liked the Detroit spaceship. Both editorials were excellent in their different ways and I even enjoyed Lewis's article, much though I disagree with it. It seems to me that the mere imaginative tale that Lewis visualizes is not the science fiction that we want, because it leaves out all the thrill of discovery which is, or should be an integral part of sf. Lewis says that all the basic themes of sf have been used up: it seems to me that on the contrary they have not been used at all, any more than the theme of star-crossed lovers was exhausted by Jack & Jill. The truth is that hardly a single sf author so far has managed to convey even a fraction of the mystery and magic of the first manned space flight, and the rest of the themes have barely been touched. Look at what Sturgeon has done with the elementary concept of symbiosis.

The artwork, specially Bjo's, was very attractive, it was nice to hear of the LA doings, and altogether SLA39 was very fine. More?

Best,  
Walt Willis

-----

For saving the Grand Canyon you will be entitled to at least three issues. Oh yes, and Forry too, of course. Quite a few fans have agreed with your opinions re Lewis article, and methinks we've got a good gambit here, what with all of the pro and con enthusiastic replies. I enjoyed your letter very much and I hope you'll more and often comment. Thanks for writing..... Djinn



Dear Djinn:

I'm wondering if some fan historian from later days won't blame the decline and fall of Berkeley fandom on Djinn Faine. FANAC has become irregular. INNUENDOS draw further apart. And why?--- apparently because the Berkeley group spends all their time going to and from Los Angeles and/or writing for Shaggy. Shaggy, in fact, appeared more like a Berkeley magazine than many Berkeley magazines have recently. But then, as I was saying, there haven't been enough Berkeley magazines recently to even make a comparison. In a way it's distressing. If I was writing Carr or Caughran I could ramble freely about their material knowing that whoever received the letter would share it with the other -- and yet what I have, or would have, to say just isn't "letter of comment" type material. There are, perhaps, a few observations. Such as that Carr topped Bloch for humor. What a dangerous thing it is to be top man in a particular field, as Bloch is as a fannish humorist at the present. Someone will always come along and mention that, ah ha!, you've slipped, and so-and-so is better as he proved in the last issue of Faneconic. I visited Derry Saturday evening, and he mentioned Shaggy, pointing out the color work on the cover and the sheer multitude of word plays made in Bloch's article. If I'd read it first, I would have commented to Derry on the yuks in Carr and the sheer preponderance of Berkeley fandom--maybe that proves that you're satisfying two of us, even tho for different reasons.

Reproduction is definately up a notch-- I imagine that you noticed this too. The bad pages were apparently all cut on the same typewriter, most of the rest was clear, tho possibly a trifle underinked on a couple of pages. I liked the variety of material; #40 did seem like a full issue to me, while #39 was a trifle underdone. Shaggy now seems to me like an established fanzine, which is going fast. May you have many more as well done as #40! Best,

Bob Pavlat

Actually Bob, it isn't Djinn Faine that is causing the decline and fall of Berkeley fandom, it's that ~~that~~ ~~on~~ ~~hob~~ ~~to~~ ~~beer~~ addiction. Glad you think that Shaggy is now an established fanzine -- going fast, and believe me, there are many opinions on just where Shaggy is going fast.. Hope you like thish as well as #40..... Djinn

Dear djinn:

Thanks for sending me Shaggy. I enjoyed reading of all the gay, fannish activities of the LAS-FS. Forrie's birthday is one event that I would like to attend someday. I envy you LA fans for living in such a center of fannish activity, but I'm glad that I don't live in LA. Smogtown, and the smogtown environs are too much in the way of a people-swarm for me. It's a big sprawling beehive of humanity.

Ron Ellik seems to have been mightily impressed by the LASFS fems. Although I find it hard to believe that many attractive girls would be members of a fan club, or even interested in fandom, I suppose it could happen in a city the size of LA. Most of the female fans that I have met have not been very sexy -- like they didn't appeal to me except intellectually. I did meet a couple of interesting girls at the SWC, thanks to Dale H'rt, but they weren't fans. Ellik sounds as if he is weakening in his resistance of the opposite sex -- some LA femme



fan must be plotting against him. My Ghod, an attractive female fan would be a potential threat to the continuation of my own bachelor-hood!. I'm ordinarily too fond of girls to be too fond of a girl. Besides that, most of them are too much of the unfannish type to appeal to me intellectually.

I suppose it's a damn good thing that such things exist at the other end of the continent. I have enough distractions to contend with now in my struggle to devote enough time to my studies. It is a true fannish goal worth struggling for -- after all, Von Braun can't beat the Russians single-handed! Fannishly,

Bill Conner

Bjo here. Djinn just checked out for a coffee, for fear she'd say something unladylike. Bill, I wouldn't suggest you write letters to a 5'9" Junoesque blond and doubt that there are good-lookin' gals around here. If some blond finds time to edit Shaggy while pursuing studies of philosophy and psychology, how can you doubt that we have intelligent, fannish femmes in LASFS? Me? Well, I'm 5'4", redheaded, and size 7. No intellect, kid, but I draw purty pitchers, tho.....

-----

From Ron Bennett -- via Bob Pavlat...

Dear Djinn:

Excuse me swindling you out of a real British Stamp in this manner, but after the way you swindled me out of the International Tea DRinking Contest with that salt shaker in your pocket....

I have to thank you for Shaggy #39 which rolled in here in two good pieces. I'm still trying to decide which of the two parts was your work, and which we must say was Burb's.

I like the contents page layout. It certainly laid me out, having an editorial staff like that. I sat for three days trying to figure out whether all this listing was serious or merely a huge joke. I see you've got an editor in charge of growling and running errands, so I know it's serious.

I'm not at all sure whether this issue of Shaggy is really a fansine, as such, or a glorified one shot, put out during or/and after a boozy session, but I must say I enjoyed it. Bloch's piece reminded me of a couple of evenings wandering around Porshing Square, the cover reminded me of just about everybody I met in LA, Ron's Squirrel Cage reminded me of how he can't play brag, and so on. I especially liked Burb's editorial with its little cameo of the nun blessing him against his will. And even more so did I like Bjo's little wild illo of the shading plates. On the whole a messy and disorganized but thoroughly enjoyable issue. It read as though it had been lots of fun to put out. It was certainly fun to read.

My regards to everyone around you who might vaguely remember me in sober moments. If you ever get to England, we'll have a return on that tea drinking -- made English style.

Best,

Ron Bennett & Cecil  
7 Southway  
Arthurs Avenue  
Harrogate, Yorkshire



Back in 1781 there were a few poor losers from England, too! And that wasn't a salt shaker, either! Will the return contest include John Berry, too; or are you training him for a match at the Detention? With luck, you'll get this issue in one piece; tho you have little complaint as some didn't even get a cover! Thank you, post office! Djinn

Even'n Mam,

When you people sent me # 39 my heart jumped with joy what with all the famous names and artwork and everything....O boy. But I forgot to send for another. Fanac's reviews reminded me, here's my money.... take it.....G'nite, Mam,

Brian Donahue  
18775 Crane Ave.  
Castro Valley, Calif.

Well, gee! I guess Fanac does serve a useful purpose in life after all. Howcum you forgot us, if you were so impressed? But we're glad that you were reminded, and will take you up on your promise to write.

Dear Djinn, Am still not recovered from the New Year's bash...but we Moffatts are most grateful to the clean-up committee.

Before I forget, I must all that I like the cover on #40. The scene is somehow poignantly fannish. I mean, it tells the Story. Here is a group of fine fannish souls who have themselves a brand new duplicating gadget. They stand around it, in glee, in awe, in jubilation. Perhaps one or two are wondering: "What in hell do we Do first?" but this is over-shadowed (or perhaps over-glowed?) by the mere fact of having a machine, and knowing the wonders that can be done with it. The first brand new, super-luper duplicator the old club has had in years. And so to Work....Bjo finishes her dance of jubilation, and drops to the floor, drawing like mad. Djinn sits and smiles seductively at the typer. Al, Steve, Ernie and t'others unwrap stencils and cry for material, for copy. Once again the gholammed hobby goes for a merry ride....and I thank y'all for including me.

Thine,

Len Moffatt  
10202 Bolcher  
Downey, Calif.

Len, doll, it's always a great day for a fan-ed when she gets a letter from you. How do you manage to be fannish and human at the same time? Bjo doesn't have to draw on the floor anymore, but the rest of the picture is very accurate. Speaking of crying for material, if you know of a nice, moustached fan but Downey way who writes....Djinn

Djinn, (is it pronounced like the major ingredient of martinis?) I envy fans who can mingle with other fans. In this area, there are no fans except shy, retiring little me. I suppose that automatically makes me #1 Oriental fan, but it's an empty victory. Never mind. In 1960 I shall thrust right index finger in right nostril and proceed in a westerly direction, nor shall I stop until I've visited (to their ill-concealed disgust) many, many fans.

Best regards,  
Art Wilson  
c/o CAT  
Kaitak Airport  
Kowloon,  
Hongkong, BCC



Drop by here on your visiting tour, Art, and join us on our trip east to the Detention. We'd like to see you!.....Djinn

Dear Djinn, An extraordinary phenomenon occurred last month: a fullblown legend sprang through my mailbox - Yup, Shaggy. One thing, tho, the photocopy cover is missing and I ill want to see all those costumes! I see from Sandy and the Clarkes that their copies also had missing covers. D'you suppose the Post Office are using them for pin ups?

Bloch, of course, excels, as always. Regarding Al Lewis's article, which was also extremely good and made some telling points, I have always felt myself that Sturgeon was hampered by trying to fit his ideas into the sf mold (although he has brought off some notable successes). Certainly there should be variety as in everything else.

The rest of the mag was fine, too, but uncommentable. Your reproduction and layout were spotty in patches (or patchy in spots). Illos were, on the whole, beautiful. More power to you, honey.

Best,

Fred L. Smith  
3 Douglas Muir Rd.  
Faifley, Clydebank,  
Glasgow, Scotland

The first thing I really loved about your letter, Fred, was the beautiful handwriting. Your script is fantastic, in this day and age! About the covers: we are frakly puzzled, for the #39's were mailed with the covers folded inside! However, we are trying to replace as many covers as we can. As soon as we hear about it, at any rate. Hope the repro in this issue suits fans better...Djinn

Dear ~~777/777 & 777/777~~ GIRLS!

Recently I received #40, after not having responded to #39 at all. You must all have truly noble souls. I haven't seen such generosity for quite some time. I can understand one sample copy; but two are somehow unheard of, except in the case of, BNFs or something like that. And I thank thee muchly.

I begin to think that there is a fanish spirit in the LASFS similar to that in Fabulous Seattle Fandom. Enthusiasm of this kind is a joy forever.

Burnett R Toskey  
4005 - 15th NE #410  
Seattle 5, Washington

The reason you got two sample copies is simple: we lost the ml for #39, and to be fair we felt that we should sort of start over. However, we certainly are not going to continue this "generosity" much longer. Enthusiasm we've got; but not much money to spend on louts who simply ignore us for two whole issues. Glad you wrote. Since you own 1/3 of a Gestener, that automatically makes you a BNF, of course. See you at the Westercon!.....Djinn

I'll address my remarks to Djinn Faine, cause I've heard this female type is some gal! Right, Djinn?

Let me say that Bjo and Metzger are my all time favorites, for art. Bjo has a style that is economical of line, and yet can become old-masterish. I'm tempted to vote for Carr for TAEF just so I can say that IT WASN'T ME WHO SENT BJO out of the country. By the way, why the hell does LASFS have the monopoly on femmes? It's sorta unfair.

While we're putting in plugs, how about saying vote WASHINGTON in 60, by gum.....Chick Derry, 7703 Alpine St.

District Heights, Md.

Thanks for the egoboo for Bjo! WASHINGTON IN 60, of course!....Djinn



# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

OFFICIAL ORGAN of the LOS ANGELES  
SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

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(meetings - every Thursday, 8 p.m.)

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ANNUAL FANQUET

honoring a LASFSian who  
entered the "pro" field  
last year. G.W. FIELDS

MARCH 21, 1959

contact Bjo for info.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
PRINTED MATTER ONLY - MAY BE OPENED - WHY NOT?

THIS ISSUE WAS SENT TO YOU (yes, you!)  
BECAUSE OUR UNPREDICTABLE EDITOR-IN-  
CHARGE-OF-MAILING-LISTS HAPPENS TO  
FEEL LIKE SENDING YOU THIS ISSUE.

THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE SOME OF YOU  
WILL GET (you know who you are!) UNLESS  
WE GET A LETTER OF COMMENT, SOME CASH,  
MATERIAL, OR A TRADE.

IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO TRADE 'ZINES  
WITH US, BUT HAVE NOT YET PUBLISHED  
OR SENT US A TRADE, PLEASE SIMPLY  
INFORM US OF YOUR INTENTIONS SO WE  
WILL CONTINUE TO SEND YOU SHAGGY!

SINCE WE USUALLY SEND OUT ALL ABOUT THE  
FILE COPIES OF EACH ISSUE, IT IS NOT  
ADVISABLE TO WAIT TOO LONG TO ACKNOWLEDGE  
RECEIPT OF EACH ISSUE: AS WE  
MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEND YOU BACK ISSUES  
THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED BY NOT  
SENDING US ONE LOUSY LETTER!

SO, LIKE, MAN, GET WITH THE TYPER  
BEFORE WE GET HACKED, LIKE, AND FIND  
OURSELVES A MORE APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE,  
DIG? CRAZY! WHERE ELSE YOU GONNA GET  
A BARGAIN LIKE THIS FOR 4 CENTS, MAN?

BECAUSE, MAINLY, THIS IS A CLUB WITH  
MEMBERS WHO DON'T DIG FANZINES ANYWAY,  
AND THEY CERTAINLY DON'T DIG SENDING  
THOUSANDS (count 'em) OF SHAGGY'S AT  
A REAL CASH LAYOUT, Y'KNOW, TO A LOT  
OF BIRDS WHO DON'T LLY ON WITH THE  
EGOBOO, LIKE. O.K.? .....O.K.!

