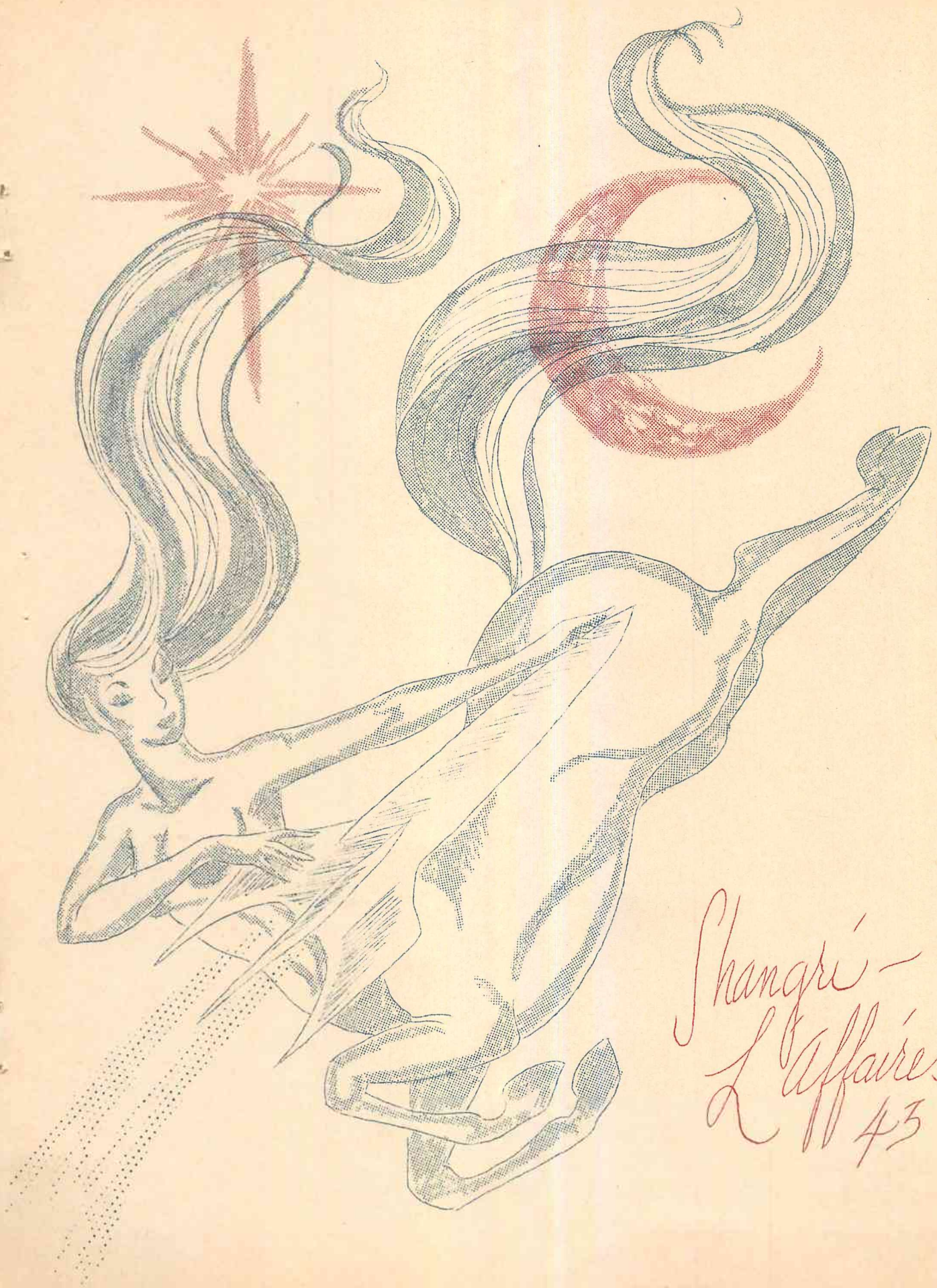
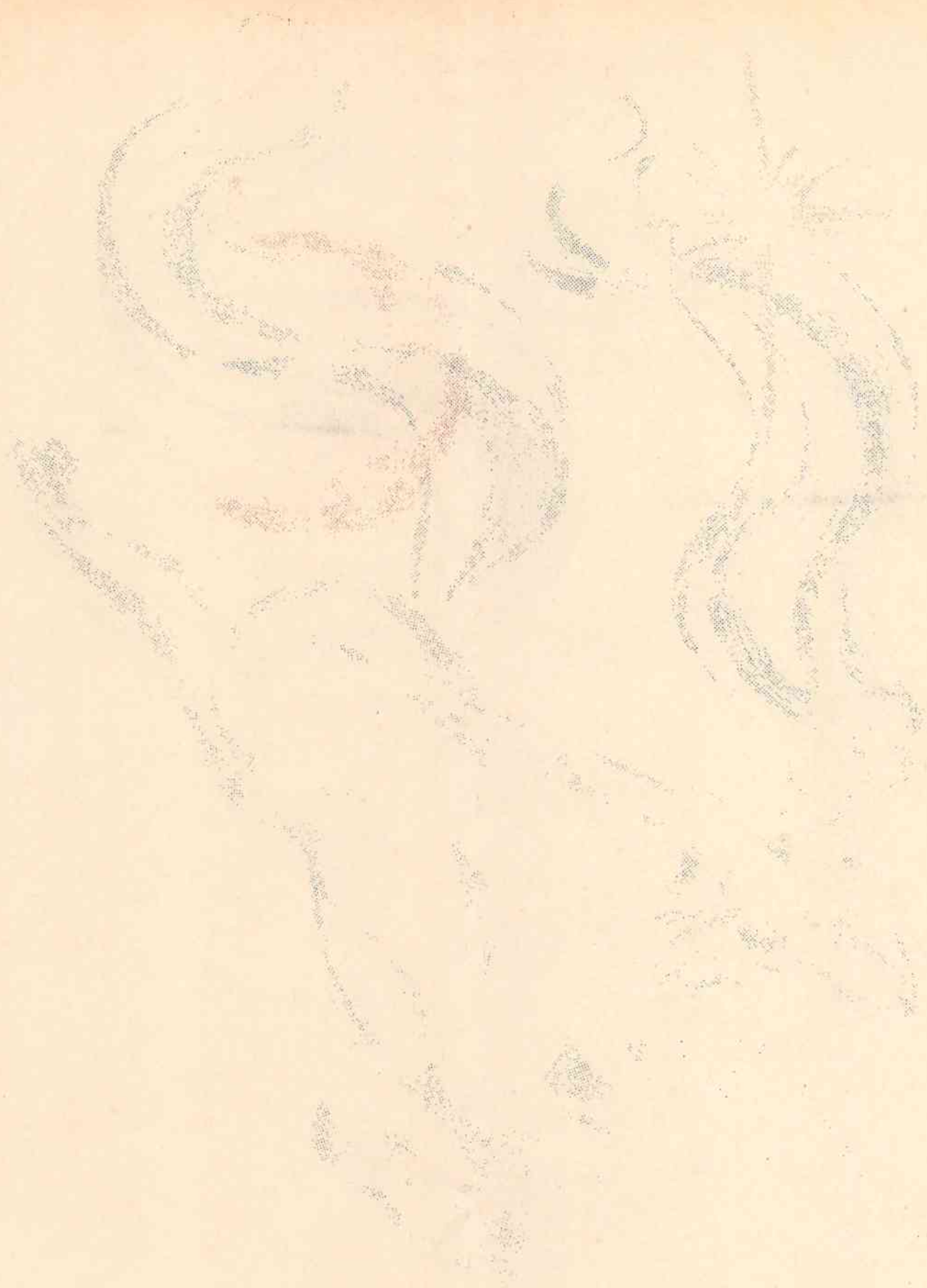


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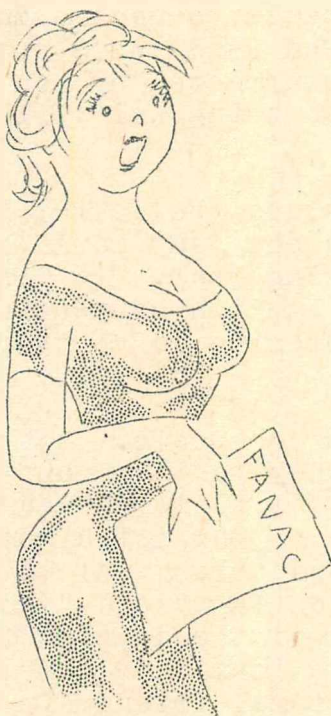
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"NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE
WHETHER I'M A FANZINE FAN
OR A CONVENTION FAN!"

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. Meetings every Thursday night at eight P.M. You are invited.

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1. Sending us your fanzine in trade.
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3. Sending us money. Single copies are 20¢; six issues for \$1.00.

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ABOUT TAFF AND JOHN BERRY

There is a great deal of talk in the fanzines these days about "our kind of fans" and "their kind of fans" and "let's elect a fanzine fan to TAFF", and all that sort of thing. There is also the more-or-less explicit statement that fanzine fans are the only true fans and that all other fans are a sort of untouchable imitation, to be carefully skirted as unclean. That may be an overstatement, but I am afraid that it is not much of an overstatement as far as some of the extremists are concerned.

Science fiction fandom, especially fanzine fandom, is a sort of international correspondence club whose interests are many and diverse, and include science fiction only as a sort of a common point-of-departure. It has its heroes and its villains, its Burbees and its Wetzels, a language of its own, filled with such esoteric jargon as sercon, gafia, and D.N.Q., and a tremendous and heart-warming esprit de corps. On the obverse side of the coin it is also a congress of snobs.

The Trans-Atlantic-Fan-Fund is an outgrowth of a notion dreamed up by Forrest J. Ackerman right after World War II. In that year the Big Pond Fund was instituted to bring Ted Carnell from England to the United States to attend the 1946 Pacificon. The purpose was to promote international amity and understanding by bringing one of the foremost English fans to the United States to become more personally acquainted with fans over here. The Fund was a success, but it lay dormant until 1952 when it was resurrected by Don Ford and Shelby Vick, who masterminded the drive to bring Walt Willis to the Chicon.

So successful was this, that it was decided thereafter to make the trip reciprocal; an Englishman to America one year would be followed by an American to Europe in the following year. In 1958, Ron Bennett came to the Solacon; because the English convention is held in May instead of September the next TAFFer would go overseas in the spring of 1960.

The TAFF delegate to London in 1957 was Bob Madle. Bob was elected by a vote of all those who donated money to the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Bob was elected by a plurality of those who cared enough to make the trip possible, but because he was not a member of the in-group of fanzine fans there were loud screams of anguish. Now we hear all sorts of talk about "convention fans" and "fanzine fans" and threats to boycott TAFF on the part of the fanzine fans if they do not elect a candidate acceptable to them this time around. What happened to all that talk about international friendship and amity?

John Berry is a fanzine fan, one of "our kind of fans". It was a pair of convention fans, the Talascas, who conceived the idea of bringing John Berry to Detroit in 1959. This was a separate fund, independant of TAFF, in a year when TAFF was not seeking anybody anywhere, but the reasons for bringing Berry to Detroit are the same as the reasons for supporting TAFF: to get to know an awfully nice person a little better.

Here is a made-to-order opportunity for the fanzine fans to get back on the side of the angels and prove to the rest of fandom that they are neither a negligible force nor are they incapable of positive action in a worthy cause. They can bring Berry to Detroit. They are saying that fanzine fans are worthy of support by fandom at large, because they are a good sort of people. Here is an opportunity to prove it, by bringing a fanzine fan to America. They say they care. Do they care enough to pay money?

At LASFS, last week, Bjo brought up the matter of the Berry fund. After a short discussion the hat was passed and \$10.75 was collected. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that fanclub fans are neither con fans nor fanzine fans. Most of them had never heard of John Berry and did not expect to get to meet him. They only went to the Solacon because it was on their local bus line. They donated money on the grounds that John Berry was a nice guy who was worthy of support, and perhaps if he was able to make a tour to the coast as Walt Willis did in '52, he would drop in and see them.

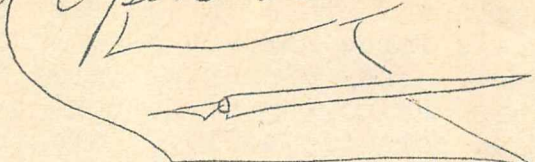
The Berry Fund needs money! The TAFF decision is seven months away, but we have just thirty days to raise enough money to get Berry over here. Here is a fanzine fan, the sort that the fanzinests say is worthy of support. The convention fans and the fanclub fans are supporting the Berry Fund. Can the fanzine fans do less? If organized fanzine fandom were to give Berry their wholehearted support -- and not just with words, but with money -- they would be doing themselves and all fandom a good turn; and there would be no doubt about bringing Berry to Detroit.

How about it, fanzine fans, have we got an open heart? Let's bring Berry to Detroit. Now!

--Al Lewis

Speaking of Detroit -- come to the
DETENTION Labor Day week - and
join now - send \$200 to:
Jim Broderick
112011 Kilbourne St.
Detroit 13, Mich.

an open letter to jwc, jr —



Dear Mr. Campbell,

I had felt an indefinable sense of dissatisfaction with Astounding Science Fiction for some time. Then two of your recent editorials said things that intensified this feeling that there was something wrong. I could not say what it was about them; after all, you have written about Psi and possible Supermen before. I couldn't put into words what it was that bothered me. And it was not till a couple of weeks later that the reason for my dissatisfaction took form in the words of another man:

It was while reading a book review by Alfred Kazin The Reporter, that I began to see what was bothering me about current science fiction. For, while Kazin was speaking of the changes that have taken place in mainstream writing, I began to see the relationship to our own field. He was comparing such older novelist, as Gide, Proust, Mann, and Joyce, who wrote in the period of "crisis", to modern novelists such as Greene, Silone and Pasternak. The older group broke with the old ways of their time, and though, and tried to act for themselves. They wrote of each man as a world unto himself. And their books sold, because the times were right, and there was a need for men to say these things.

Now the world has gone mad, old values are swept away, and we live in fear. Now what new writers are saying, and must say, is what there are still some thing of value within ourselves. That the individual must find reason and reasonableness in his own life. That we must have faith, if only in ourselves. To quote Kazin: "To put it bluntly, Gide's generation worried about the individual's right to be 'perverse', today a novelist must cry out against the identification of perversity with all life itself."

Now, no one, least of all you or Gernsback, would deny that science fiction has had something to say. Over the years it has tried to both entertain and interest its readers in science, and, while I doubt few have become scientist merely because of reading science fiction, undoubtedly the future attitude of many fledgling scientist has been influenced by such reading. Just as many Englishman were once influenced by Kipling's stories of the White-man's Burden to go to the far flung out posts of their empire, and model their lives on similar fictional ones of duty to Queen and country. So too, have the readers of science fiction, especially Astounding, been given an "ideal" to work for, and a feeling of esprit de corps.

This is also true of the average readers. As such, we have been prepared for the world today. Not merely being informed, so we can say "Oh, yes, we knew it would happen," when we read about

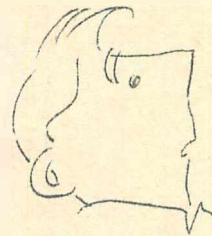
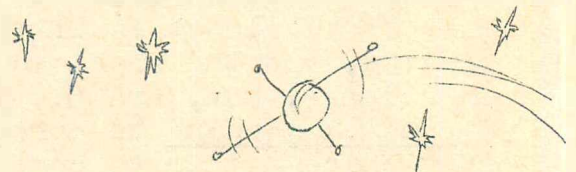
atomic power and space ships. Our way of thinking has been tuned to be adjusted to the world of today. Science fiction readers have been better informed and ready for the next step. But more important, we have been able to see more clearly the "big picture" of the future.

But science fiction has started to fall behind the real world. No writer can hope to write stories in the old way that can equal the excitement and newness of the stories in the daily paper. The future is catching up with us. And so some older fans, who think we have lost our sense of wonder, blame the authors for not writing as well and the readers for not being interested in the same old "classic" style of writing.

It seems to me that the trouble is that the writers are no longer writing about the real future. They are no longer showing the way to new ideas and answering fans' question of "what's next." They are re-plowing the same old field of ideas, rather than tackling new ones. And the greatest tragedy is that you and Astounding, who have been the field's natural leaders for years, are doing so little to correct this failing. No longer can writers look to you for powerful and positive new ideas on which to write.

For there is no question that there are still powerful ideas for science fiction writers to use. The future, the real future, is more exciting now than it was 20 years ago. We are on the threshold of all the old promises that science fiction has made. Space is a conquerable challenge, but a greater challenge has arisen. We have been made ready to accept the world of science and the atom; now we must learn to live in it, and it is proving, day by day, harder to live with our fellow men than it is with the atom. We must write and think about what can happen in our future, and what we can do, so that we will be ready. We must learn to deal with people, and their relations in the world of day-after-tomorrow. Science fiction has been hailed as the one great free area of political comment and satire. But that there has been that has been good, (1984, Gravy Planet,) have been pessimistic. They have shown man failing to build the world he wanted, just as the atomic war stories portrayed the breakdown of civilization. While these have served a needful purpose (S.F. readers were worried about fall-out ten years before the rest of the world,) it is not enough. For science fiction has always in the past been a positive force. It has said that the future was good and full of promise. And it should be saying it again, with conviction.

Bob Bloch, as well as many others, has written about the stereo typed characterization still used in science fiction. Writing about real people is apparently harder than writing about ideas and machines. But to be accepted as more than modern fairy tales, and to recapture the zest for living, our writers must write about real people in conflict with the world in terms as we know them. We are living in the future, and we must have stories of our times. I believe our writers are up to it if they are given the lead.



"WELL, THERE GOES THAT STORY GIMMICK!"

Bjo

But as Maugham said in a recent Post article, writers write what will sell, -or what editors will buy. And thus it is not much good appealing to them to do better. For who's lead are they to follow, when the field lacks positive leadership.. Gold neather knows what he wants or comands respect. Mills is too new, and lacks background. And what of Astounding? We are fed an endless series of Psi and Superman stories and editorials. Neather of these are bad as entertainment, but they hold no realistic answer for us or our world.

It is almost as if the world you had dreamed about had arrived, and the problems it has brought had shaken your own faith in science, man, and the future. For now you seem to be seeking a deus ex machina to come along and save the day, benevolent providence either to come along and bail us out of our own mess in the form of E.T.'s, or the unleashed power of the mind.

I wish something like this would happen, too. We could use a good miracle or two. But untill they show up, I think we are better off seeing what we can do with what brains and talents we have. Then we should be imagining ways to get along with China and the atom, instead of thinking of the people on Wolf XII.

It is hard for me to watch what seem to me to be an attempt by you, to busy your head -- and the heads of many writers -- in the sand. To see you seemingly avoiding the real world while delving into fancies not nearly as exciting. It is hard because there are few men in the field that I have admired more or longer. If you had not always seemed one of our great men, I would hardly find myself frustrated and exasperated by your failure to take the lead as you have in the past. To me your current stand is a waste of time and talent. The future is

such an exciting place, and the world so full of a number of things, that it is a crying shame to sit in one spot and say there is nothing we can do about it by ourselves. So, how about Astounding running some stories on what we might be doing until that far-off day when the miracle in fact arrives?

Rich Smeary



ONLY A FEW MORE WEEKS 'TIL TICKETS
MUST BE BOUGHT TO
MAKE THE CON
COME ACROSS!

SEND \$
TO: N. FALASCA
5612 WARWICK
PARMA, 29
OHIO

JERRY A. WILKIE

(selections from the minutes of recent meetings of the LASFS)

At the 1130th Meeting, we got a stranded log rolling again. "The Telescope committee reported no progress, and it was moved and passed that the report be accepted as progress. Then Barney asked why, referring to the lack of progress. Jerry considered the matter, and ordained that Things Start Happening. Zeke volunteered to build a work-table to grind the mirror on, and Ellie agreed to look up a place in Long Beach which sells lens-grinding abrasives. Ed Urbank, the One With The Experience, told us a few more things we'd be needing, and various people volunteered to look into them." (--9 April, '59) A couple weeks later, at the 1132th, Zeke reported that he had finished the work-table, but nobody had cared enough to go look at it. We apologized, and promised to look at it after the meeting. The next week, the 1133th, Zeke said that nobody had bothered to look at the work table yet, and we again promised to go look at it. At the 1134th, Jerry reported on it; he said it looked just like a table, except it only had two legs.

The 1128th Meeting's business session was curtailed by the fact that two of our best sources, Bjo and Al Lewis, were out in the Back Shack helping Tesseract have a set of kittens. About 9 o'clock, "Al Lewis appeared, a little out of order, with a lack-of-progress report from the Kitten Kommittee -- seems they were beset with one of fandom's oldest peadaches... reproduction problems. The issue refused to come out on time." The next week, though; "Bjo, as chairman of the Kitten Kommittee, reported the publication of four black kittons last week. Mother and family are doing fine. Anybody want a kitten?" At the 1130th; "The Kitten Kommittee asked if anyone wanted a cute little kitten. There were no volunteers, and very few excuses." Nevertheless, two weeks later, at the 1132th Meeting; "Bjo announced that all four kittens had found homes to which they would be transferred when of age, and the Kommittee was honorably disbanded." --23 April, '59

----- You'd be surprised what you can't do in an R-1 zone! -----

We have a new committee which can report a lack of progress at regular intervals, at least for the next ten months. It began at the 1133th Meeting: "Djinn delivered a report on the Relaxicon -- it seems that the LA contingent were the only attendees. Forry opined that this would be the last Relaxicon. Barney moved that we hold a Relaxicon of our own next May. Forry said that it wouldn't be proper to use the same title for it, and Jack Jardine suggested we call it the Collapsicon. This was accepted among another rash of puns, and Barney was appointed Chairman." --30 April, '59. The latest report from the committee was 'no progress'.

Bill Ellern was appointed Chairman of the Entertainment Committee at the 1127th Meeting, and by the 1130th Meeting he had gotten used to the idea. "Bill...dragged an old motion down from the pigeon-hole where it had been tabled some time ago, and asked what ever became of the idea that we set aside \$10 from the treasury for the use of the Entertainment Chairman, to cover expenses incurred in the locating, convincing, transporting, and re-imbursing talent of interest to show off to the club. There was a great deal of discussion on the amount of money and the method of keeping it, and some worried about the Chairman going hog-wild and dropping the entire wad on something nobody dug. It went back and forth for some time, until it was almost voted that \$10 be auth-

orised, any more to be approved by the club. Then somebody asked if that was constitutional, and it all hit the fan again." We dragged in a few more qualifications for the limitations, and sent it around again. "The motion came up and passed. Barney abstained, and then pointed out a bunch of things that had been overlooked or overridden in the general fuss. More discussion raged, and finally burned itself out in a complicated legal tangle." --9 April, '59.

At the 1132th meeting, Bill proudly reported that we had entertainment booked ahead for a solid month. At the 1133th meeting, Barney was muttering about having to hire entertainment and the good ol' days when we could entertain ourselves, and Bjo admitted Bill is sometimes a trifle over-zealous. She gave as evidence the fact that he had bought six -count 'em- six couches for Freehafer Hall at an auction for \$5 each.

A T T E N D - T H E - F I R S T - C O L L A P S I C O N - I N - M A Y - 1 9 6 0

Random notes: "Zeke made a special announcement to thank the clean-up committee, and especially Ann Chamberlain, who cleans up after the refreshments Friday morning. This led George Fields to a novel idea -- everyone should wash his own glass. It sounded very reasonable, and quite practical. All it required was that everyone co-operate... Bjo came up with a rather remarkable idea -- she announced that she is re-opening Bjo Crafts, her late personal pottery business, and will make cups for everyone. If a member's cup is found lying somewhere on Friday morning, nobody washes it, it just lies there. There was a lot of discussion, but I fell behind in my notes about this time and lost track of it. I remember somebody wondering what we would do with the cups in the event of the gaffiation of a cup-holder, and the ideas of turning the cup down on the shelf or draping it with a black wreath went by without any desision."

--1130th Meeting

"Al Lewis came up with a review of damon knight's The People Makers (he didn't like it. Dick Daniels asked, 'Don't you like a damon knight?' There was a pregnant pause, and then a few people started to laugh. Then Djinn, our new sergeant-at-arms and official orbiter, got it, and howled that he owed a nickle. The defense stated that it was a double entendre; he had pronounced the name of the author properly, it was only the dirty mond of the listener which converted it into a pun. Djinn threatened to

fine everybody if we didn't all shut up, and Dick paid." --1133th Meeting.

"A large, audacious, and agile fly had been attacking the head table for some time. At last he settled on the bulletin board, directly on the 'T' of the TAFF announcement, and stayed just too long. The secretary, in an effort to prove that he is good for more than killing fifteen minutes at the beginnings of meetings, took the opportunity to cream him neatly with a rolled-up copy of SHLAGGY #41, thereby also proving the versatility of the club organ. The board crashed to the floor, interrupting the meeting, and prompting George Fields to remark, 'Look! There's a fly running on the TAFF ballott!'" --1128th Meeting.

"A pun-session started, and Djinn ordered fines for all, despite the fact that she laughed hysterically at all of them. But she managed to gasp out that the puns weren't funny at all, Al Lewis was tickling her in the back -- of the meeting room, that is. Al denied it and said he had just been trying to start a little game. Some minutes later he got through the raucus laughter and insisted he meant a game of chess." --1134th.

--Ted Johnstone, L&SFSecretary

Fourth
in our series
of fan profiles:
TED
JOHNSTONE
LASFS
Secretary



by Rich Brown

Before you even start reading this, I can tell you that I won't be able to give you any Real Insight on the character that is Ted Johnstone. The best I can hope for is that this profile of Ted will be a stepping stone for you to get to know him. When you do, you can sit back and relax, contentedly, knowing that you have led a full and fannish life.

Ted Johnstone is 5'6", blond, and looks like a were-hobbit. I say this not only because he went as a hobbit to the Solacon, nor merely because Bob Shaw hung the title on him there, but because in many aspects Ted has the personality of a hobbit, besides the mere physical resemblance. The only dissent that might be made against this comparison is that the hobbits had a fine feeling toward respectability. Ted Johnstone is far too interested in things to bother with being respectable. In fact, I have a strong feeling that Ted would look down upon anyone who even hinted that he was in any way "respectable." If anyone ever tells you that Ted Johnstone is respectable, you can tell them that it's a vile lie, because he isn't. Fun-loving, yes; trufannish, absolutely; enthusiastic, undoubtedly; respectable - not at all.

But while we're on the tack, let's continue with Ted's enthusiasm. Ted Johnstone is enthusiastic about everything; about Gilbert & Sullivan, about fandom, about Tolkein, about folk songs -- and this enthusiasm is due to a serious (though not sercon) interest in each of them.

Take, for example, his enthusiasm for Tolkein, The Lord Of The Rings, hobbits, and so forth. The Lord Of The Rings is probably the finest piece of imaginative writing done in this century, and Ted is quite an authority on it. So much so, in fact, that he has written a screenplay and has ideally cast most of the characters: Peter Ustinov as Dinethor, Alec Guinness as Gandalf, Mel Ferrer as Fairimir, Ernest Borgnine as Boromir, Danny Kaye as Legolas, etc. It will be produced with a flawless combination of live action, dynamation, and animation and cost a mere thirty to fifty million dollars. It will have a musical score, too, but while waiting for the funds, Ted (with

Paul Stanbery and George Fields) has picked out a selection of "music to read The Lord Of The Rings by" ranging from "The Great Gate Of Kiev" by Mussorgsky to works by Vaughn Williams and Stravinsky.

Ted Johnstone is 19 years old, a sophomore and a journalism major at Pasadena City College. He can't remember when he started reading science fiction; just that he read it off and on for several years, until one day a librarian told him of a speaker they were having that night - R.S. Richardson, astronomer and science fiction author. He attended the talk, during which Dr. Richardson brandished a copy of "What is SF Fandom?", a pamphlet distributed by the NSF at the Chicon, and offered it to anyone who wanted it. Ted wanted it, and it was shortly thereafter that he answered a letter by George W. Fields in Other Worlds, and after one exchange of letters found himself vice-president of 20th Century Fandom (the lofty purpose of said club was mentioned by Ted in the last Shaggy, in his profile of George).

Since then, his fannish activities have become increasingly numerous. He attended his first convention, the Westercon held at Oakland, in 1956, and joined the LASFS in that same year. Last summer he was elected secretary of the club, and was thunderously and unanimously re-elected in December. His minutes have always been one of the high-points of the meetings, and, in abridged form, one of the most popular regular features of SHAGGY.

Oh, I could wax enthusiastically over Ted's early writings, if I dared, but I imagine his more recent works to be of more interest. Ted has, after all, just recently really started to turn out the material; he has a column in Miriam Carr's fmz, whatever the title of it may be at this particular moment, which reports the happenings of 20th Century Fandom and other newsy, humorous bits on the happenings in the LA area. He also has columns in Bob Lichtman's fanzine, PSI-PHI, as well as in Belle Dietz's GROUND zero, plus the already mentioned minutes in SHAGGY. He is also contributing with a good deal of regularity to several other fanzines. And, he has written a small fantasy book, for children of all ages, which has been illustrated by Bjo, and sent out by 4e Ackerman, with high hopes for its possible sale. He has started a sequel to the novel, which will be considerably longer.

With these facts, plus examples of his earlier writings, in mind I offered Ted the co-editorship of Excalibur, which he accepted. I warned him that the reason I had taken him on was because I write lousy editorials (among other things) and he would have to write three good editorials to cover up for my lousy one. To this, much to my pleasant surprise, he agreed.

But before these editorials see the light of day, I would like to take the first one to task. In it, Ted says something about "(Rich Brown) has published about a $\frac{1}{4}$ dozen different zines, which have improved constantly; as a result I am now editing with him and I hope to hitch my wagon to his star and rise to BNFDom on his slipsheds." This, I assure you, is flattery; bold, almost sacrilegious flattery. I do not, and, probably, never will, hold a stick to the wit and intelligence and trufannish ability that is Ted Johnstone. However small.

the chance may be that there will be any disagreement with me on this subject, I feel I must smash all such disagreements before they start.

The other day Ted and I sat typing stencils for Excalibur, and every once in a while one of us would think up and tell a joke, a Feghootism, or a pun. After a particularly long silence I said, "Ah, I've got one."

"What?" said Ted.

"What's the difference between a wagon and a star?"

After considerable due deliberation and a few feeble guesses, he finally said, "I don't know."

"Aha," I said. "I thought not."

-oOo-

Seriously, though, Ted is a personality that is to be experienced rather than to write about; and you have to know Ted, know his interests, which are a lot more than just "sex, liquor, and sin," as expressed back in the days of CALIFAN.

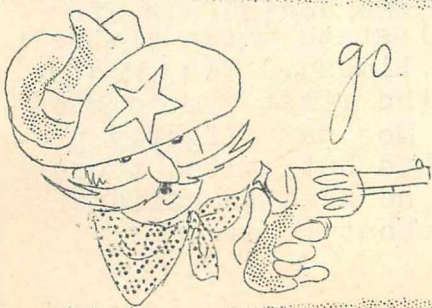
His interests are catholic; he's interested in parapsychology and metaphysics from Dr. Rhine to demonology, and Shell Scott mysteries (of which he has a complete collection of which I am envious) and Gilbert & Sullivan. He owns eight complete recordings, can recite all of the chief patter songs, and is capable of rendering Trial By Jury from overture to final applause. Nor is this the end of his musical talents; he plays the piano and the guitar, though he insists that his guitar is better than his piano, and delights in folk music from the serious to the profane. His current project is to learn all the tunes from Al Lewis' collection of Oscar Brand records and then learn all the dirty words to them from Djinn Faine or Sandy Cutrell.

And that is just on one interest alone. I could go on and on, with his other interests, but instead I will leave them for Ted to tell you in his letters and columns, and undoubtedly, more entertainingly. Because, as I've said, this article isn't going to give you any Real Insight on Ted Johnstone; you have to know Ted yourself.

Ted Johnstone is the fan's fan, the very essence of all that is trufannish and fun, the sugar and the salt of the fanworld. I know this to be a fact; I've never considered it to be anything else -- but I know Ted Johnstone. There has not, as yet, been enough of Ted's stuff in fandom to get this idea across to the fan-world at large. But Ted is the fan's fan, the very essence of all that is trufannish and fun, the sugar and the salt of the fanworld.

I say so.

---rich brown



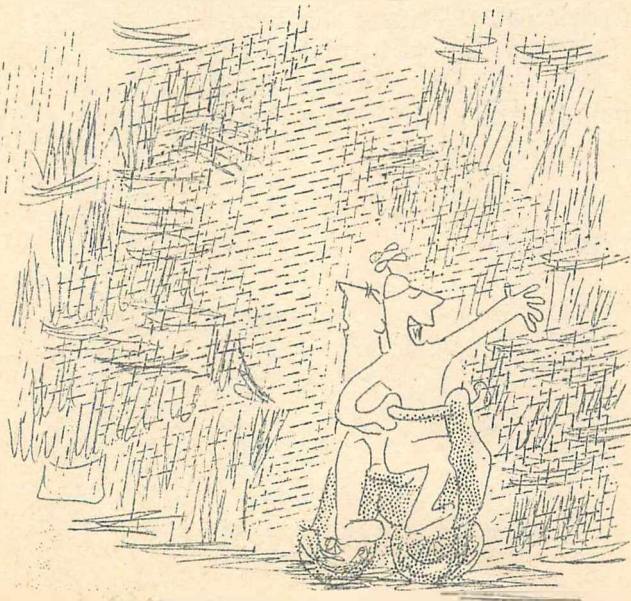
go west, young man - to the
Westcon!

info from: Otto Pfeifer
4736 - 40th N.E.
Seattle 5, Wash.

Truefandom (comes Into Its Own

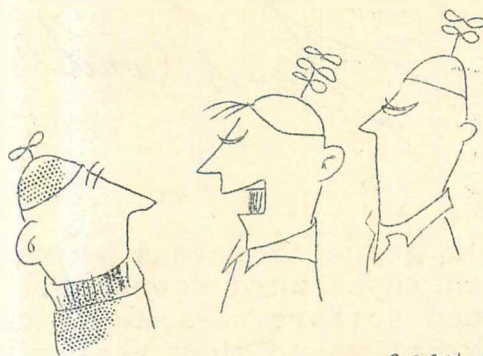
Did anyone ever tell you of Kom P. Letist, a reknown 'fan' of long ago? This was in the days when 'fen' read 'science fiction' (a peculiar type of literature existing in the days prior to TRUEFANDOM). 'Science fiction' dealt quite often with the future and speculation on many subjects. At any rate Letist collected these curious items. His main claim to fame was the size of his collection. Fanmags of the time spoke of his collection as being the world's largest. Letist had every 'promag,' 'pro-book' and indeed, everything ever written by a 'pro' including rubber checks. (The meaning of 'pro' has not yet been determined; it carries connotations of a profane nature.) Letist lived in a twenty-story warehouse the base of which extended two miles deep into the lithosphere. (Disgusting but true.) The base area was thirteen square kilometers. In this most abominable abode Letist housed his collection. Here he corresponded with 'fen' over all the world. (These people were imitations of the genuine; 'Frauds,' to use the parlance of those days, we would call them fakefen, a term which originated about that time.) Most of the 'fen' belonging to Letist's correspondents knew nothing of fanzines; in fact they worshipped 'promags' which were as foul to trufen as Baal was to the early-historic Israelites of prefen times.

During a term of research at Fan U., CarrXXIIIrdBNF+ discovered mention of Letist in the newly recovered files of Fanzine's Zenith published by Tsi T. Moc. In glowing terms it described how Moc visited Letist and was led on a motor-scooter tour of Letist's collection. An unfinished catalog of Letist's collection was serialized in Fanzine's Zenith. Moc complained about the rate of growth of the collection. The cataloging was falling behind. These complaints were the beginnings of 'gafia' (an evil state which claimed many fen of the times). Yes, Moc had come down with the first symptoms of gafia. In this Moc was slightly premature. If he had but waited there would have been no need to gafiate. Fakefandom was about to die.



The slow decline of "promags" began to accelerate. Soon only Astounding Science Fiction was left. It lasted nearly a decade after its last competitor, then ceased publication. Gnome Press quickly folded followed closely by Ace Books. Science Fiction Times published its last issue, each page being bordered in black. The lead article began thusly:

"The end of science fiction has come. Your reporter has learned that Ace Books filed notice of bankruptcy. Since they are the last publishers of science fiction this is the end. Science Fiction Fandom is consequently dead. And so we publish the last issue of Science Fiction Times..."



"TURN IN YOUR BEANIE?
WE JUST DISCOVERED THAT
YOUR GRANDFATHER READ Ast!"

Fortunately, this prophecy came true. Fandom was rid of the fakefen. No longer could you masquerade as a fan by merely reading science fiction. Fanzines came into their own. Trufandom was vindicated. And now comes Letist's greatest contribution.

Kom P. Letist rendered his service to fankind by gathering all fakefen in his warehouse to mourn the passing of science fiction. By some coincidence the warehouse exploded, killing all fakefen. (Some attribute the explosion to the hot air generated by fakefen. This is ridiculous when you consider the facts.) CarrXXIIIRD BNF+ has found some evidence pointing towards the source of the explosion. It seems Letist had been dimly aware of fannish tradition. His warehouse was built on the site of an ancient tower. Fenhistorians are in favor of this tower being The Bheer Khan Tower made famous by CarrIstBNF+. If we accept this explanation for the tower then the source of the explosion becomes evident. What is more explosive than beer which has aged for twenty-three generations? You ask, "But how did any beer remain in the cans?" Elementary, my dear Moskowitz. Ronel did not drink his share of the cans.

Thus the hand of Trufandom reached across the ages to bring about the course of fen events in the way ordeined by The Great Fan.

--Norman C. Metcalf

Send some \$ and vote!

OVERSEAS:

Ron Bennett
7 Southway
Arthur's Ave.
Harrigate, Yorks, Eng.

TAF

U.S:

Bob Madle
3608 Caroline St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Fans and Downbeat

by Fritz Leiber

I'm going to reveal a great idea for a chain of magazines to have the theme word downbeat. This is for the sake of the authors. You know authors are always being told to write upbeat and uplift stories and they really want to write these morbid, dreadful, psychoanalytic, psychiatric, downbeat stories. I think it would be nice, for the authors if no one else, to have Downbeat Science Fiction, Downbeat Mystery, Downbeat Sex....

Now, incidentally, while we are on this downbeat theme, I want to tell you that I've been looking at you all very carefully wherever I go, studying you for signs of morbidity, (I don't mean just an interest in monsters, but more the moribund kind of morbidity.) to see if you look sort of greenish or poisoned. Now the reason for this is that according to some prognostications, science fiction is half dead, magazines cut in half, practically, in the last year, and we hear people asking, "Is this the end of science fiction?" I figure if it is, the practitioners and enthusiasts ought to be showing the signs of it, and I don't see any, and I didn't expect to see any, because I think that this whole question of the possibility of the death of science fiction is just ridiculous.

Every once in a while I think all of us get the feeling that all of the ideas have been worked over and on and up; maybe this is the finish; maybe the spaceships have made their last trip, and robots their last manipulation and so on. But I was thinking over the whole question, and I began to review stories that were printed twenty and thirty years ago, and some of these stories went so far, actually, that they seemed like ultimate stories. I remember one by Campbell, writing under the name of Don Stuart, called "Invaders from the Infinite", I think in Amazing Stories Quarterly, around 1930. In this it was nothing for the villain to travel at several times the speed of light between galaxies, and in the end the three heroes have arrived at such a state of control over nature that they can create new universes just by putting on a special kind of headpiece and thinking the universe, and then it just appears next door. In fact, at the end one of these guys creates a universe by accident and immediately destroys it in a kind of sort of embarrassment of, "Gee, folks, I didn't intend to do that."

Or we think of Campbell's interest in psionics right now and the feeling that sometimes comes to a person is that this is something new. Well, bosh! Psionics has been in science fiction ever since it started, just under different names. I rem-

remember some of the early Campbell stories like "Cloak of Aesir", where the villain, villainess, the chief opposition, the Sarn Mother is defeated by broadcasting telepathically the thoughts of a melancholy schizophrenic. The idea of psionics just thirty years ago was mental telepathy; fifteen or twenty years ago it became extra-sensory perception and all its varieties of telekinesis and so on. Now it's psi and psionics. The name has changed, but the sphere of interest is there and I think at any time, no matter how far back you go, you'll find authors trying to plumb the infinite, and this is going to go on.

We'll do it in cycles. I remember in his novel, Last and First Men, Stapledon looked at an infinitely superior, more advanced culture than our own, that of the fifth men, and he showed how, over the course of millions of years, their interests keep going in cycles, working in cycles with a hundred thousand years or so between the psychic or spiritual emphasis, say, and the material emphasis, and so on. I think the same thing obviously goes on in science fiction. You can go back to the great source books, as, say, the essay novels of Stapledon, or the books of Charles Fort, and find materials that are just as fresh and just as ready to be worked and reworked today as they ever were.

I think this is true of monsters, even. Perhaps it occurred to me that everything changes in science fiction except the girl and the monsters. I mean there we seem to like the same old models on and on, but even there I think there is a chance of working in cycles. I think that the accurate but humorous interpretation of that history of film monsters that Forry is bringing out may, among other things, lead to a revival of the serious monster story.

I just happened to see "The Phantom of the Opera" over again, the Lon Chaney version, at the silent movie, and I was, and I think anyone seeing that would realize that there was a possibility there. It was very strange to see a monster film in which the monster didn't appear for the first half of the picture, and they just spent that part of the picture building up to the first appearance of the monster, and they really took him seriously. It was quite amazing to see this treatment and to feel the way the audience feel under the spell, even the ones who had come prepared to kid the monster in the best style of modern movie viewers.

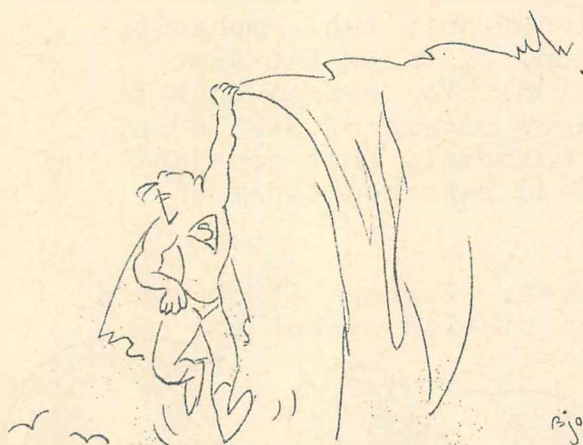
I remember another example of this cycle business from the middle 1930's. I was in a newsstand with a friend of mine,



and we had picked up an odd thing, a comic magazine. They hardly had names then, for these were among the first ones. Now this was about a character called "Superman", and we scanned it and we talked about it: well, obviously this is going to die at once, because if there's one idea that has been overworked, it's the superman. We know that Doc Savage is on his last legs, and the Shadow is practically dead, and nobody is going to start anything. We said this looking at the first Superman and the first Batman, and how wrong we were! If we can be wrong about a rather trifling thing like that, why I am sure it is easy to be wrong for the same general reasons about science fiction as a whole.

Now that I've got that off my chest, and rescued science fiction from this abyss into which it was about to drop

except that I reached out my hand and pulled it back, I can't think of anything better to do than to give you a few recollections of personalities and events as they come to me. These are mostly of the east coast, because, after all, we are at the west coast, and we know ourselves, and it's so easy to talk about people a couple of thousand miles away.



Isaac Asimov occurs to me.

You always think of him as the "A" name, I guess, the ultimate in productive energy and also in compassion; a man who is always laughing, crying, working, and playing. A man who sometimes gives the impression that he is doing them all at once. Speaking of his general field, and also recalling the movie Marty, I'd say that Isaac is a Marty with brains.

Then Heinlein. I first heard of Heinlein as along with being a science fiction writer as being the enthusiast for political education. This is a factor of Heinlein that has become stronger and stronger with the years. Now, after he has turned out these eight or ten juveniles, he has become an enthusiast for education, period. For instance, I have always thought about Heinlein as the man who will die happy if he sees them teaching tensor calculus in second grade and semantics and epistemology before the alphabet and the first ten numbers.

Next Phil Klass -- who also writes under the name of William Tenn, one of the fabulous New York characters. Now saying "fabulous New York characters" is not to imply that other cities I could have mentioned but won't don't have fabulous characters, but Phil Klass is a man waging a perpetual battle against writers'

block. Writers' block being an obscure psychological malady that is sometimes known as the Galaxy disease.

Another New York character is Dave Mason, an author (stories in Infinity and Galaxy) of especial interest because he is the chief figure in a movement that he calls "Fanarchy", a combination of science fiction fandom and anarchy. He is trying to teach anarchists to respect science on the one hand, and on the other to interest the science fiction fans in anarchy. Now as far as I can make out, anarchy, according to Dave Mason, consists chiefly in getting as many people as possible to live together -- unrelated people, except for an interest in science fiction and such -- to live together in large apartment dwellings, large loft basements, warehouses, tugboats, ...any sort of space available -- and to call themselves and places names like Riverside Dive and The Nunnery -- all of these derivatives from the original Slan Shack movement which is something that is not strange to Los Angeles, either.



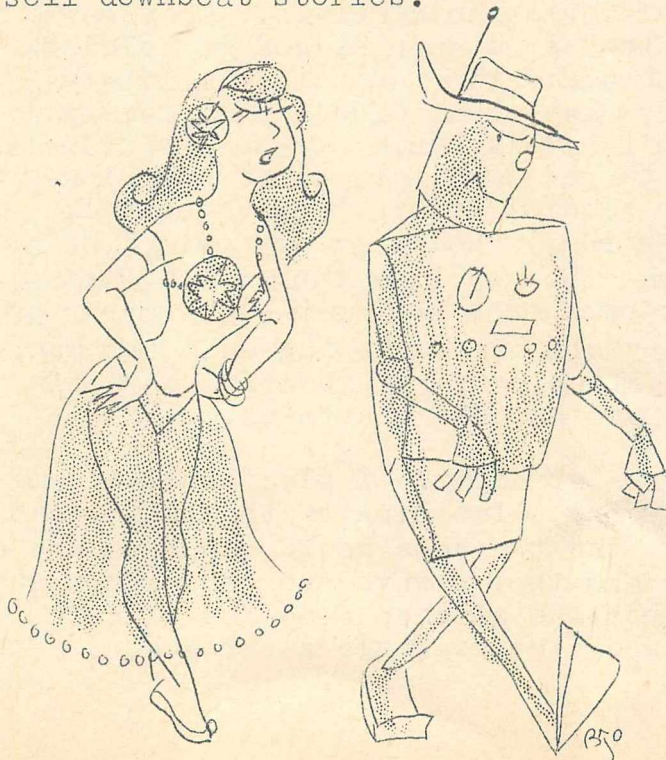
I have specially affectionate memories for Dave Mason and his shack because one time in my life when I was having trouble sleeping, I stayed with Mason for a month or two and I learned to sleep all over again -- the hard way. Now, the hard way to sleep is the way they taught the Janissaries to sleep. (These were a special order of Turkish soldiers who were largely recruited from the children of Christian captives. They were orphans; in their childhood they were apprenticed to soldiering. You might say the idea back of this and other military casts was to create a military caste that didn't have family ties. If the lieutenant didn't have a bunch of aunts and uncles and so on that he was trying to get jobs for, carve out kingdoms for, why he was a better soldier and easier to control. It never works out in the long run.) Well, at any rate, the only reason I brought this up is that the way they taught the Janissaries to sleep under all circumstances was to have a couple of guys going around the dormitory all night beating on a tin pan, see, walking down between the sleeping forms, beating on a tin pan. Now I achieved this in Dave Mason's apartment.

He was typing for three days straight. I slept in the same room, on the couch. He was typing, listening to the radio, and at about ten minute intervals, the two cats would run from one end of the apartment to the other and they always took the short cut across my couch. Meanwhile from the kitchen came the click! click! click! of the footsteps of the gigantic cockroaches. This

is the way to learn to sleep. I learned to sleep perfectly, just like a Janissary.

I will mention two other persons -- editors. Hugo Gernsback. It just occurred to me that there was a special reason to think of Hugo Gernsback, grand old man of science fiction, and a remarkable man, and I will give you this reason for what it is worth. Here is a man who for a couple of decades has been editing Sexology magazine, and yet he was not the man to put sex into science fiction. Now I think this shows remarkable restraint. He held back and left this to other people. I think back to the early copies of Amazing Stories and those remarkable color covers, those covers with the 24 carat, 18 jewel irridium robots, and the princesses with the radium bracelets and the selenium tiaras wallowing in four colors -- and there wasn't a bit of sex in ot. I mean the robots knew their place in those days. Now the formula for the story is more apt to be android meets boy; robot loses girl; android gets robot. There is a good working formula to take in most everything, incidentally.

Finally, I have to mention one more person, and that is John W. Campbell, Jr., also the father-in-law, you might say, of science fiction... the assistant grand old man, who somehow stays sane in the midst of psionics, dianetics, and scientology. I don't know how he does it, but he does. I know the reason, I think. I can't work it out, though. The reason is that John Campbell is really a great geneticist. He is really a geneticist of the future who is trying to mate the ultimate pure-grade crackpot and the General Electric company man. When he gets the ultimate mutation from those two, why, I think then maybe he'll die happy, just as I'll die happy when they get a downbeat magazine, and I won't have to worry for two or three years where to sell downbeat stories.



"I'M TIRED OF THESE
DUMB CHICKS WHO GOOF
THE BIT AND THEN PAY
ME WITH A CAN OF
BARD AHL WHEN I RESCUE
THEM! I'M CUTTING THIS
SCENE, MAN!"

TO CRY TOO LATE

you steps Right up and you Takes, your choice

and what'll it be, my bonnie brave man?
a lifeLong mortgage or a five year Plan-
you didn't Know ? hell and where were you
when the radioactivity hit the fan ?

Step Right up folks! just one Thin dime!
Pitch your penny and win a brass bright pott-
Age of sold birthRights for a lead lined tomb.
step right up, my bonnie Brave man, get your Hot

Porridge here for the foundling from Humanity's womb:
step Right up and test your strength m'lad,
Prove your Might, show your lady what a Man you Are!

what? stronger the promises from NATO's car
(words and meanings sticky as tar)

what's that m' bonnie brave Man - you've been had?
the burns your bonnie face shall mar?

Here Here m'lad, dry your tears, please don't cry
and howsabout some dandy pink cotton candy?
three for a quarter get yours here, dipped to fry
in Pure bacteria oil extracted from a statesman's lie.

oh it'll be ducky m'bonny brave man,
we can have cotton candy pie in the sky - when we die,
Here ya' go kiddies - catch the brass bright ring!

Pick your pony - don't wait too late
it might be gone, don't Miss the Thrill
Pay your shiney hardearned by sweat one thin dime
and ride the exciting merry-Go-round Kill.
ride the rollerCoaster! - Defy the living!

Defy the Dead! it made you ill? the Speed?
o' my bonnie brave Man, isn't it a pity -
But try again (and cry again) and ride up high, and See!
Watch the far off fiery lights of a burning city.

what did you say? this Worries you?
NO NO, it'S really all a game m'lad
Said in fun and life's a chance and what can you win
if you never try (Damn but that Drum beats ever more loud)

And these aren't tears - and I'm not sad -
and hell, of course I'm only kidding,
and - Jesus ! will ya' take a look at that toadstool cloud !

djinn faine.

Quo Vadis in the fanzines

by E. Southington Plunkett



And again we'll have a go at the fanzines which have arrived since the last SHAGGY, leading off with....

YANDRO #75 - Robert & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind.
15¢ per, 12/\$1.50, trade, - Monthly.

Leading off with somewhat interesting editorials, this YANDRO wanders to a renewed Dan Adkins column which both gives a view on New York, fan and pro-wise, and provides insight into Adkins himself. Like to see this continue. "A Doric Column" by Bob Tucker makes its bow, and will probably improve as it picks up momentum. Bob makes some rather telling and humorous points at the expense of the movie "From the Earth to the Moon". The lettercol is the spice of this YANDRO (aside from certain interliniations); Buck and Terry Carr tangle horns, with the results in doubt (though Coulson's casual admittance to being inconsistent seems to put him about 3/4-up with us). Most of the other letters (including a nice blast at GM Carr) prove almost as interesting, and serve to make this an above average YANDRO.

HYPHEN #22 - Walt Willis, 27 Clonlee Dr., Belfast, N. Ireland. -
15¢ per, several/\$1. - Irregular.

As Oblique House passes into history fan-wise, we are treated to the last "-" from the Upper Newtownards Road address. This is an issue of H which isn't up to recent issues, despite the efforts of William F. Temple, Bob Shaw, and Vin Clarke; probably the funniest thing in the issue is the Atom cartoon on page four. Even so, HYPHEN retains a certain atmosphere, or aura, which places it among the top zines in fandom.

FANACs #37-38 - Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, Apt.#7, 2444 Virginia St.
Berkeley 4, Calif. - 4/25¢, 9/50¢, trade, WRITE! -
BiWeekly (usually).

#37 leads off with an Atom hilaritoon, and then serves up Ron Bennett's report on what seems to have been a successful first BSFA convention. As usual, FANAC is full of news, reviews, and fine chatter, as is #38, headed with a somewhat dated (it seems to us) Ray Nelson cartoon. Most notable bit of news in this issue would seem to be the advance notices of summer moves for both FANAC and Ron Ellik. For the most up-to-date news coverage of the fannish scene, and irrepressable chatter in the Berkeley manner, FANAC is truly indispensable.

APORRHETAS #9-10 - Clarkes & Sanderson (Inchmery Fandom), 236
Queens Road, New Cross, London E 14, England *
20¢ per, 6/\$1, 12/\$2 - quasi-monthly.

Damnably good repro characterizes both these APZs, which arrived

together, and which herald a change in the zine. Sandy promises larger (52 page) APZs for the money, with some drop in frequency. There's a change already, as the Inchmery Fan Diary becomes the format for the entire zine, with the columns and the like popping up as they arrived. Makes for some breaks in continuity, but -- on the whole -- we'd say that this is a change for the better for APORRH/TA, and hope that they can keep it up.

S-F TIMES #311-312-313 - SFTimes, Inc. POBox 115, Syracuse
9, N.Y. - 10¢ per, 20/\$1, \$2.40
per year, \$15 for life. -Twice-
a-month.

Even in mimeoed format, SFT keeps having to resort to sending out several issues together to keep up their schedule, tsk, tsk. The pro-news here is still the most complete around, but the pseudo-professional atmosphere emanating from SFT would be stifling if it wasn't so tragically laughable. If you get FANAC, JD*ARGASSY, and some of the more frequent fmz, SF Times is dispensable.

THE STORMY PETREL - Terry Carr, 3320A 21st St., San Francisco 10,
California - 25¢ per, - one-shot (FAPA).

"A Collection of Articles About Francis Towner Laney", which Terry says he's had in mind for some time now. A rather good collection it is, too, from the Rotsler cover, through the contributions of Burbee, Bloch, Harry Warner, Jr., to the excellent article on "The Inner Laney" by Jack Speer which closes the publication. Of course, a collection of this sort is of great interest in LA fandom, and in addition, the continuing popularity of FTL is a monument to the maxim that something doesn't have to be wholly true if it is cleverly writt'n. Laney was a clever writer, and his picture of the LASFS is probably enshrined in fannish lore as the tale of Richard III and the Princess is in English literature -- and about as true. Readers of this collection of essays will find at least a hint of why Laney was one of the two persons ever expelled from membership by a formal vote of the club. Laney was witty, intelligent, charming -- and viciously and irresponsibly mendacious. The tragedy for LASFS is that having "won" its battle for survival with Laney's expulsion, no serious effort was made to correct the image of it created by Laney's writings. It is now far too late, even if anyone particularly cared. But old fan feuds are like ancient history, amusing and diverting, but hardly areas for intense emotional involvement. So this admittedly non-definitive set of articles and reminiscences provides a fine introduction to one of the most entertaining and interesting, if not admirable personalities in fannish history.

AMRA v2n3 - Box 682, Stanford, Calif. - 20¢ per, 5/\$1, 10/\$2 -
Irregular.

A multilithed special interest zine, which is continually proving to be very worthwhile. AMRA can present a good serious article like Poul Anderson's "Who Were The Aesir?", and cancel out any labeling as serecn with fannish words here and there. "Conan: A Social Commentary", a tongue-in-cheek article by Buck Coulson; Steve Schultheis' remarks on a "manuscript" of importance to

Hyborian scholars; some other bits on Conan and Howard, and a magnificent two-page spread by George Barr do their part to make AMRA the top zine of its kind now, and one of the best in fan-nish history.

JD-ARGASSY #43 - Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon,
Ill. - 10¢ per (less than 10 pp), 20¢
(over 10pp), 12/\$1. - Monthly

Among the news and talk lurks the sixth chapter of Bob Madle's LunCon report. The Con ends with this installment, and Bob's visits in Anglo-Fannish circles commence with Chapter 7. Dan Adkins' fanzine reviews, Hash Harbor, show a good deal of improvement over last issue, but Dan's comparison of Ted White to Dick Geis is stretching things a bit (or is it...?). Lynn promises a large-sized JD-A next time, with a larger letter column, and other goodies. Don't miss it!

SLANder #4 - Jan Sadler Penney - 51-B, McAllister Pl.,
New Orleans 18, La. - Free for comment,
trade, etc. - Bimonthly to Quarterly.

This resurgence of SLANder marks Jan's reentrance to fannish ranks. The contents of #4 range from passable to quite interesting, with Harry Warner and the lettercol providing much of the latter part. Jan's natural semi-bewilderment at the changes in fandom in the last couple of years provide further interest as it shows through here and there, and helps SLANder become one to get and one to watch.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #127 - Busbys and Toskey, Box 92
920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4,
Washington - 25¢ per, 5/\$1,
12/\$2, comment(prntd) -
Monthly

John Berry continues with his "A SOPS Fables" series with a good fannish bit, while Ed Cox adds to the merriment with his S-F Forever #3. Len Moffatt contributes a fa-anish piece which makes me holler for more, while Pemby's StField Plowed Under, Mhinutes, and the Irrepressable CRY lettercol complete things. Only one note of real disharmony here...; they're thinking of making CRY a bimonthly. We can sympathize with the problems inherent in a monthly fmz, but with Ap¢ on a more irregular schedule, YANDRO will be fandom's only established monthly fmz, if CRY drops frequency. Sure hope something less drastic can be worked out, Fabulous Seattle Fandom; CRY's too enjoyable to come less often.

RETRIBUTION #13 - John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Bel-
mont, Belfast, N. Ireland. - Trade,
comment, like. - Irregular.

In an attempt to satisfy both the Goon lovers, and the general zine people, John Berry once again proves that nothing succeeds like success. "South Gate Confidential," a Goon Yarn by Ron Bennett, with a documentary style, sets the pace, while John, Bob Shaw, Archie Mercer, and Don Franson do nothing to lower it. John makes noises in the editorial about pubbing RET on a

*picking a
bone with
Shaggy*



SHAGGY #42 has been out only three weeks as this issue goes to press, which has not been enough time to recieve very much in the way of comment. So get cracking, you people, SHAGGY #44 will be out the last week in June...

Dear Al;

A letter of thanks and appreciation for the copies of SHAGGY that have been coming my way is long overdue. What with the Cult and now this letter to you, it looks like I'm getting back a little bit of that old fannish fire.

COMMENT ON #42

Clever cartoon on the contents page. Bjo looks like a female Dennis the Menace.

"Jest à Minute" was entertaining and informative as usual. Clever heading. Along with the 5¢ contraceptive, what this country needs is a good 5¢ piece.

"Im going to put out a focal point fanzine titled: Quandry-Vega-Psychotic-Oblique c/w Star Rockets." --Boris Pasternak

The series of profiles is a damned good idea. Wish I'd thot of it when I was editing. Continue the good work. Enjoyed "Colonial Excursions" muchly. Is there going to be more of this in Shaggy? I hope so.

The fanzine review I thought very good. And of course I wonder who Eustace Etc. is. Does this anonymity give the author any added courage? I don't see from the less-than-mortal reviews that it is necessary. But maybe next issue the fangs will sink into some unsuspecting neo or BNF, eh? Ah, blood, how I love to watch it flow...even if it's mine, sometimes.

Rotsler continues to be absolutely fabulous as seen by the cartoon on page 18 and the color masterpiece on 28.

"Thots While Peeling Grapes," by Pauls, naturally provoked my interest. I agree completely that there is no fanzine at the moment which could be considered a focal point, with the reservation that SHAGGY itself has possibilities if the editor can stand the strain, and has the egoistic enthusiasm required. The fact that there are crank twirlers available, and perhaps a semi-reliable staff makes it a golden opportunity for someone with the divine spark.

And that man could be you, Al! Yes, you could be the BNF of tomorrow, the editor of the great f-p, SHAGGY, the man who drug social out of the muck left by Vorzimer...Hey, c'mon back here, you coward!

To wreck the N3F all Ellik has to do is get on the Welcoming Committee and hold the job all by himself. In a year his "welcomes" could scare off all the new members and the hoary old N3F would be gone.....

The Annex was interesting, natch, because it mentioned my name. I'm sorry White had to drag Larry into the fray when he butchered PSY#25, because he (Larry) has reacted so violently to the fawning acolyte charge that he actually went so far (this will shock you) as to REJECT an article I sent him! Well! And the news that he may cut me off altogether is highly saddening to me. Just when I was considering making Lars a commonwealth this communist agitator from the Clayfoot Country has to come along and provoke a revolution.

Ah, well....You know of any fawning acolytes around?

The poetry match between Cogswell and Djinn near seared my eyeballs. Does th t gal mean "sword" in the same context and meaning as Cabell meant it in his most famous book, Jurgen?

The letter column was too short and too lean of comment. Reads something like the letters in Amazing.

The more I look at serious space view mimeographed covers the more I like Dave English. How about stenafax covers, like?

Sincerely,

Dick Geis
19 Wave Crest Ave.
Venice, Calif.

We have a stenofax coming up on the next issue, and I hope you prefer this issue's letter column. Fewer letters, but printed in larger chunks. I won't quit editing them altogether, though. "Colonial Excursions" appeared in thirteen (to date) episodes, each in a different fanzine. I don't imagine there will be any more in SHAGGY, though I'd hate to think that we had seen the last of Ron Bennett in our pages. How about it, Ron? We could, say, send a certain red-headed TAFF candidate over in trade....

There are several good reasons why SHAGGY will never become the fanzine focal point, though we would like to think that we could keep on turning out one of the better fanzines. First and foremost, SHAGGY is a clubzine, and its first responsibility is not to international fanzine publishers, but to the members of the club who foot the bill for each succeeding issue. For this reason SHAGGY will carry from time to time material of mostly local interest. It won't interest most non-LA fans because it isn't directed to them; this does not mean, however, that it does not serve the purpose for which it was intended. The Libels in #39 are a good example; they were not meant to be understood outside the club. Even more important, however, is that fanzines are only one of the activities of a fanclub fan, and editing a focal-point fanzine is a full-time job, and a labor of exceeding love for a full-time hobbyist. What is needed is a devoted fan-

editor with lots of help. Now I nominate CRY...

Dear Al etc (are you editor PERMANENT-like, now?)

well, anyway:

TO Whomever it may concern,

This, by the way, is intended as a letter of comment on SHAGGY #42, which arrived in my mailbox yesterday.

I could note first the change in appearance, but you know already that the appearance of the zine is changed. Black printing on white paper isn't as jazzy as you've had previous issues, but it is more readable. Our experience with the Seattle Gestetner is that white paper is always the best, and it can be livened up by printing in colored ink. Note how much better the printing is on TJohnstone's pages than on the others. It would seem that the other typewriter being used has a larger typeface, and so you simply have to hit the keys harder, if you want good results....

SHAGGY doesn't seem to be nearly as good this time as it was last time. No EESmith, no Leiber, no Bloch, no Burbee. I guess that's why. In addition, the minutes by Johnstone aren't nearly so good this time, whereas last time they were very good....

The Ron Bennett article is probably the best all-round thing in the issue, though it doesn't live up to the best of the material in #41. The part about the Mojave Desert brought back memories of my own sojourns through that desolate part of the country. The only trouble is that it seems to me that all of California (except for the mountain regions) is just about as desolate. There were a lot of quaint touches in this article.

I sympathize heartily with RonEllik about the NSF, since I personally have no use for said organization myself. Oh, I have no objection to it existing or to anybody belonging to it who wishes to, for after all, it takes all kinds of fans to make up a fandom. But I, personally, do not feel that it and I have any common interests...In case anyone gets a bright idea to send MY name in, I merely warn you that your money and effort will be totally wasted, since I wouldn't participate...In the case of Ron, it is obvious that the money was well-spent, however, since it seems to have stirred him up --and the results are great fun.

The fanzine reviews are fine, and I think they could only have been written by Rich Brown. Or maybe Bob Lichtman?

The poetry by Cogswell/Faine I thought to be poor poetry and in bad taste ---but probably that's because my dirty mind reads things that weren't intended. Or were they?

The lettercol was good, as usual, except that you didn't get my name right. But my name has been misspelled so many times in the past that it doesn't faze me, and by bigger men than Al Lewis. Misspelled by, that is...

Well, I admire the SHAGGY spirit, so keep them coming.

BURNETT R. Trotskey
4005 15th NE #410
Seattle 5, Washington

Nope, Eustace Blunkett is neither Rich Brown nor Bob Lichtman, and while we haven't got Smith, Burbee, or Bloch, we have got Leiber back this issue, and Ronel has a few serious things to say about NFFF this time. And to anticipate, we have no Annex on accounta we lost the MSS...

Hi Boys or Girls(or Both):

A queer beginning, no doubt. But what should I say? There's only one thing I know for sure. I did receive Shangri-L'Affaires. But who sent it? The L.A.Sc.Fa.Soc.? And who told you, asked you, made you (to) send it to me? One of your members? There are only two names in the issue that I know. That is: of the people who know me. Names I do know enough. But who knows rather inactive me? Only Ron Ellik and Harry Warner....Well, to be safe let me thank the whole society. Male and female. Thus my beginning. Possibly you'll regret making my acquaintance. /Do I write that properly? It looks wrong. Too lazy to look it up./ Why regret? Because you'll notice (you couldn't know) I'm one of those persons that don't write very much. But if I start writing, I ramble on and on, without really saying a thing. Not a thing that matters, that is. Probably you know I'm a musician? Professional. A jazz fan. But I don't play much jazz. In the first place I'm not good enough to play good jazz. In the second place, in the profession, playing jazz doesn't bring much cheers and money. The profession doesn't bring much money as it is. Anyhow I like to listen to jazz. As I'm doing just now. A radio program from Brussels (Belgium). Now you know at least that I've got a radio. I've also got a tape recorder. (very small and primitive). It's being repaired these two weeks/ I don't have T.V. Too expensive and I don't like T.V. either. I do have, on the other hand a motor bike and on both hands a wife, which I like-love. I don't drink(much). I've got no dirty habits, but rather a dirty mind. That is I don't think it dirty myself but a lot of people do think so.

That's more than enough about me. About Shangri: /Nice name by the way. Ingenious....Some pages excepted (rather faded), the rest looks good to me. Nice and clearly. The last pages got loose from the staples, but that's rather common with fanzines....

Rather interesting, because I never saw it worked out that intensively, is the list of fans. (Kinds of fan). I didn't think I'd find myself in it. But I did. I'm the passive fan, with only one difference. I do take interest in fandom, but I'm just too lazy and maybe not enthusiastic enough to do any thing about it.

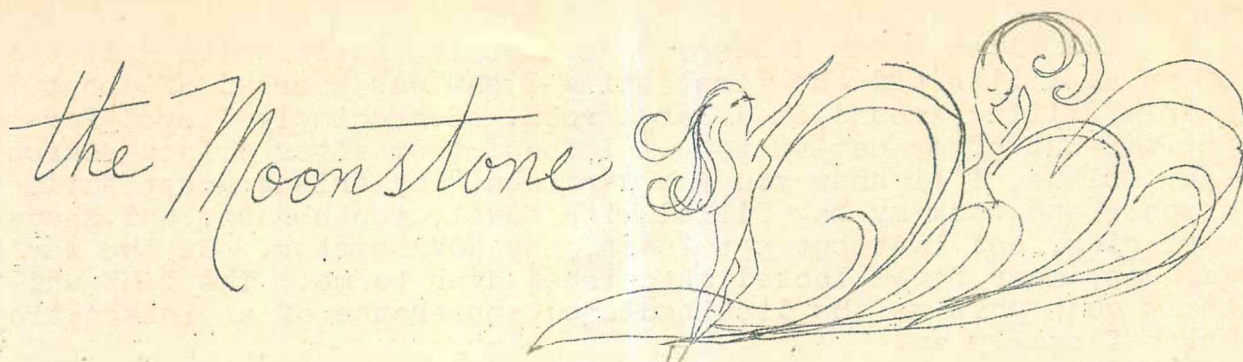
Very strangely one of the things I like not in this issue is the poem "Rescue" by Lilian Field. Strangely, because I generally don't read or like poems....

Thanks again, all of you.

Wim Struyk
Molenvyver 40^c
Rotterdam 12, Holland

Thanks, Wim, for a most enjoyable letter. Im sorry we didn't have room to run the rest of it. Bad planning, I'd call it. You will be interested, I think, in an article coming up by Len Moffat in the next issue on fans and music. And we have a bit by Ray Bradbury....

--Al Lewis



THE NORTH-WEST CON took place in Hanover on 28th February and 1st March. Present were a flock of about 60 fans and professionals. There were Walter Ernsting, who writes under the pseudonym of Clark Darlton, K.H. Scheer, Kurt Brand, who writes under C.R. Munro, W.D. Rohr, who writes partially under Wayne Coover, and fans from Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich, and Hamburg. They all came together in Hannover to make a good time and...well, and to constitute a new SF-Club in Germany.

The largest SF-club in the world is the SFCE (Science Fiction Club Europa) with about 1500 members. It issues a printed journal, BZ, (Blick in die Zukunft) which appears bimonthly. It has a filmclub, bookclub, and fanclub, and BZ is very interesting to read. But it made a wrong step; it made membership too expensive, and it changed gradually into a commercial organization which sold SF books.

That and other reasons compelled many fans to form a new club in June 1958: the SSFI which publishes a magazine called STELLARIS. That club now has about a hundred members. A small group, you may think, compared to the SFCE, but they are trufans and that counts. The officers of both organizations worked against one another and the clubmagazines were full of accusations. It was horrible.

But a clique of some trufans, mainly out of Northwest Germany, worked on a plan that should guide German fandom into cooperation again. That task was accomplished at the North-West Con in Hanover.

And so we chanted in Hannover, "Eh, Walter, we want a fanclub!" and we got it, and with that the "lost sense of wonder," the glorious old days of the former SFCD came back. We have a real fanclub again under the presidency of Walter Ernsting, the Science Fiction Union Europa. It is only a fanclub and a little organization, but the trufans in Hanover wanted that, and German Fandom is high, wide, and handsome again.

I had some idea the con would be a markstone in the history of German fandom, when I took off from Hamburg. The other SF-freinds of Hamburg drove with a bus early in the morning. I could not do the same, because I had still to sleep some hours on the schoolbench. After that, I hurried over to the Central Station, bought a copy of LIFE and TIME, hastened down to the platform where the (diretissimo...no, that's Italian) express-train was already whistling, and it shoved off as soon as I was in. In Hanover, two fast train-hours away from Hamburg, I got my body into a tram which, I knew from a letter, would carry me to the Con-hotel.

The first thing I heard was marching music which radiated out of an amplifier and the first thing I saw was a crowd of about 70 people milling around in a large room. Searchingly I eyed for my friends out of my native town. I found them after a long search. "Hey, Klaus, I'll show you the wardrobe," my friend Horst said, and another one took my bag filled with towel, toothbrush, and shave-mysteries, and last but not least, the NOVA poster. On the way to the wardrobe many faces looked astonished over to me. The TIME and the LIFE in my coat gave me the distinguished appearance of an international fan, which I really am.

Then the Con began. The leader of the SFCE-group Hanover which had organized the con, opened it with a little speech which lasted fifteen minutes. And I had time to ask my friends where the big names were. Yeah, far away there sat BNF No. 1 Walter Ernsting, in 1955 founder of German fandom, next to his wife, the manager of the SFCE, Wolf-Detlef Rohr who writes under Wayne Coover and Alan Reed (all English names, funny, isn't it?) then my head swivelled a bit and I saw the president of the SSFI, Karl-Herbert Scheer, who writes under Alexei Turbojeff (at least one Russian name!).

Retrospectively, I have to say, they all made mildmannered-sour faces, but the later the afternoon, and the nearer the program came to its explicit end, the more beers came in, and the more Disney movies were shown.....the sooner they became a grinning, moonish looking bunch of people who understood each other very well. Especially Walter Ernsting and K.H. Scheer. Walter, as president of the new-founded SFUE, and Scheer, as president of the SSFI, sat long together and chitter-chattered, while W.D. Rohr was a bit unhappy, I think. The two fanclubs SFUE and SSFI will cooperate and organize conventions together, and the SFCE is willing to give them a big hand, in order to forget the events that happened in German fandom a year ago.

I for myself spent most of the con-time in getting acquainted with as many authors and fans as possible.....and to sell NOVA. We brought a pile of NOVA with us and tried to make a mass-suggestion performance. Our Berlin agent had made a NOVA-advertising movie and showed it at the con. I went to the microphone every hour and changed, "There on the corner table lies NOVA, the literary fanzine, and waits to be read by you...you...and youhooooo!" We sold ten copies and two heads of the monster were happy. Yeah, one wasn't happy. That was me. I'm co-editor of the fanzine SOL, too, and I had to go every other half hour to the microphone and to chant with my SOL co-fellows, "There on the other table lies SOL, the famous fanzine of the four groups Bielefeld, Braunschweig, Hannover, and Hamburg, and waits to be read by you...you...and youhooooo!" Yeah, I had to make public relations for my competition fanzine. That's the result when you get too much involved in fanzine editing.

In the afternoon there was a great auction of paper-covered SF books, and many fans lost their money there. At the end was Walter Ernsting's homemade movie, "SF-Chronik". The film contained fannish events that happened throughout the past years. It was very nice.

Then I had to say good-bye to Hannover and the fans I met there. And it is also time to leave you now, 'cause I'm tired and want to sleep. Er, wait a moment, does also your chewing-gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight??



As the careful reader will recollect, in our last thrilling installment the great maw of the N3F swallowed up our easygoing author in a swirl of Welcome Committee missives. Bob Farnham was the first, followed in quick (if erratic) succession by full twenty, possibly thirty, of his fellow WC'ers.

Some of the letters were carbon-copied, some dittographed, some mimed'd. Many were typewritten, or written in longhand. All were of interest, and, when last seen, Ellick was faithfully attempting to sort the wheat from the--from, the best of the letters; he was neglecting his fanzine collection, his s-f reading, his hitchhiking...everything, in short, but school and girl watching, was forsaken to keep up with the unbelievable flow of prose from the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

From this mountain of paper, stamps and good will has come the following sincere, if not definitive, discussion of some of the more apparent facets of the N3F. Shangri-L'Affaires is not noted for its serious fannish dissertation, nor is the author; so you need not take this as typical of either.

As long as I have been in fandom, some person or persons have been attempting to drag me into the N3F. It began as a droll remark, and ended in utter tragedy; I became a member.

Larry Balint, who introduced me to fandom, was the first to invite me to join. He knew the reputation of the N3F in fandom at that time--which was much the same as it is in fandom at this time--and he was beginning to think that his own membership was not such a good idea. Suspecting a trap, I demurred with a word or two about "Later, maybe."

In the middle of 1953, when I was wishing I could attend the second Philadelphia convention, and when the first sthoughts of fan-publishing were being born in my mind, I met Stan Woolston through the letter-columns in Sam Mines' magazines. Stan was then and is now a very earnest Meffer, and perhaps the single most popular member in outside fandom. He tried to recruit me, but he was serious; the N3F had hit a low in membership--well below a hundred names, not all of them active--and he was naturally interested in enlisting new blood. When I decided to stick by my earlier decision, and watch the

club for a while, he didn't push the point. From then on, he would jokingly ask me, about once a year, if I wanted to join the N3F. It became a conversation piece with us, and never grew annoying.

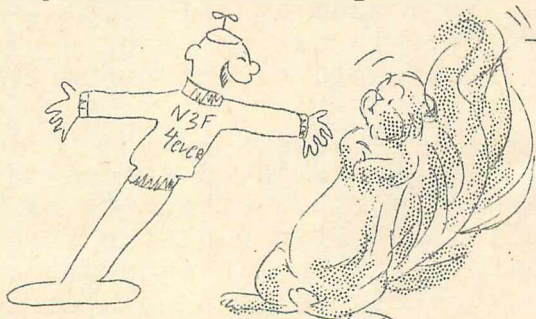
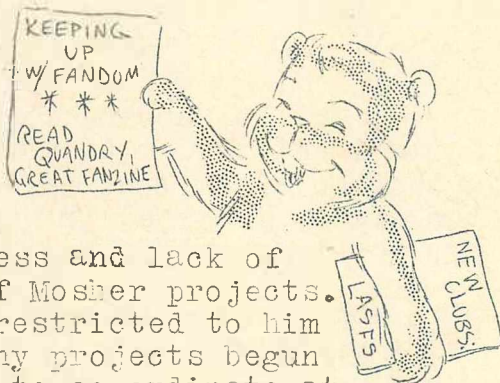
Stan introduced to me a part of fandom I had only known through the fan-press until then: The Outlander Society. Through him I was privileged to meet, over the Phillicon II weekend, Rick Sneary, the Moffatts, John van Couvering and others. For the first time, I actually met more than one fan at a time--and few neofans are so honoured in their first fannish contacts as I.

Shortly after this, I chanced to begin corresponding with Orville W. Mosher III, of Emporia, Kansas, at that time. Orville was working on Project Fan Club--a comprehensive listing of all fan clubs, with an eye to co-ordinating an effort to help each of them help others, through correspondence and the exchange of problems.

The preliminary listing of fan clubs appeared in the early months of 1954, and remains today an excellent, though incomplete and in places inaccurate, listing of fan clubs and addresses of responsible officers as of (approximately) June, 1953. Its tardiness and lack of a follow-up are and were then typical of Mosher projects. Unfortunately, these qualities are not restricted to him as an individual, but can be seen in many projects begun by other members of the N3F. A failure to co-ordinate at the crucial point in an experiment is characteristic of many fan-efforts, but it seems to be the rule rather than the exception with the Federation.

Through Mosher I happened to strike up a correspondence with Barbara Schmidt (nee Bowden), of Long Island; and, through an address printed in one of Mosher's fanzines, I contacted John Trimble when we both lived in Long Beach. I count these two acquaintances as the only worthwhile things to come to me through The Emporian Organizer, and perhaps as the two happiest things to happen to me by reason of something read in a letter or fanzine.

This sort of semi-contact with the club went on and on. I have always known someone connected with the N3F, it seems--Larry Balint, Stan Woolston, Orville Mosher, Babs Schmidt, John Trimble, Honey Wood, Ernie Wheatley, Fran Light and Bjo are among the persons I have known as members of the club. Of them, only Mosher merits no respect from me as a person; the others are all, without exception, of excellent merit and desirable personality as friends, correspondents and neighbors.



"NEW PROJECT! WE'RE BUILDING A TOWER TO THE MOON!"

I have not, so far, emphasized the overpowering feeling of intent which is evident in the correspondence produced by any active member of the N3F. In person, only those who recently joined express this feeling of earnestness and endeavor -- they, and the ones who have never

gone beyond the first flush of membership. The "typical" Heffer, as pictured in fanzine satires, is the one who stands by the display table at a convention and can think of nothing but what he is selling to the neofan. This sort of person exists, and is a wet blanket at any fan gathering -- but he (or she) is not really typical of the Federation, and you might find that this sort of person soon changes, or else drops out of the N3F altogether. The few who remain, year in and year out, can be endured when you realise that, at any fan gathering, there are bound to be a majority of persons not of this type.

When I first met Frances Light, in the summer of 1958, she was violently defending Heffmanship against the world -- for she was a brand new member, and very much interested in advancing the club. She will not be doomed to a lifetime of such an attitude -- since that time, she has done her best to get to know as many fans as possible, and is an officer in two clubs. Neofans of such drive and

personality are rare -- for you usually see such qualities in a brief flash from a teenager. While she has acted like a "typical" Heffer, she is holding one course far longer than most, and is proving herself an interesting person in the doing.

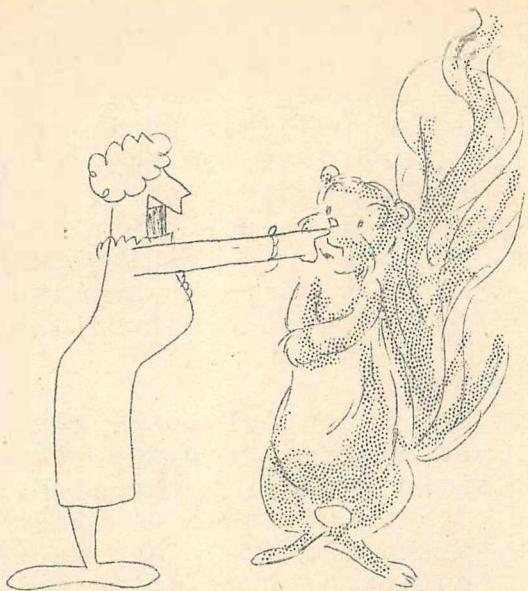


The most surprised person in the club upon my entrance was Stan Woolston. His was among the first of the Welcom-mittee letters to hit me, and among the best. The rest of them came at irregular intervals and were of irregular nature. The best of them were of good will and honest welcome; the worst were stereotyped and probably expressed a tired sincerity on the part of an over-worked fan.

Yes, -- I said fan. A word applied to all members of the club by other members, but by very few non-members. In letting N3F members vote in the TAFF race, other fans feel that they are doing someone a favor, for the term "fan" really ought not extend to cover these people. Heffers are tolerated; they are not considered our equals.

But regardless of the group ignorance of international, national, and local fan-activities outside the club itself, most of these people are, indeed, fans. They are as hard-skinned in many respects as the most grizzled fake-fake-fan, and certainly they are as interested in fandom and science fiction, in their own way, as any downy-cheeked vanguardist of seventh fandom ever was.

Unfortunately, there are members who found their way to the club through some indefinable path which requires no interest in fantasy or its associated audience-participation rites. These people are the correspondence- and lonely-hearts-club type who cannot be



"WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING INTRODUCE FANDOM TO THE NSF?"

understood by the fantasite of today any more than they could be by the insurgents of LA fandom ten years ago.

It's these people who help delineate the "typical" Neffer in the minds of the satirizing fan-authors of outside-Neff fandom. They enjoy themselves immensely, and apply the words "fan" and "fanac" to themselves and their activities without any knowledge of the origin or meaning of those words... or any desire to have such knowledge. Unhappily, these people are often the ones who do the "recruiting" work -- and it requires only one letter from someone like this to set the trufan off on a month's series of articles castigating the club.

Orville W. Mosher III was perhaps the worst single influence to be thrust upon the young and otherwise-growing fan club in Dallas when he arrived there. He was responsible for much of the organization (it was inherent in him to organize) but he was directly and personally responsible for planting in the club disagreements which prevented it from displaying a more respectable display to the rest of Southwest fandom in 1957 and at Dallas' own conference in 1958. It is fortunate that he had no direct hand in the organization of the 1958 Souwestercon -- for, while his plans called for such an occurrence, they would by no means have given it any aid. When I visited Dallas in 1957, I found him creating nothing but dissention in the club; the only thing they were agreed on was that Mosher was not to be a member of the 1958 conference committee. Later, when the Benfords moved to Dallas, they attended one meeting and found the situation to be the same -- Mosher, trying to be elected an officer of the club, and casting aspersions at anyone not helping him.

Few members of the NSF are as corrosive in contact with other fans as was Mosher. They all, uniformly (but not without exception), share in his lack of understanding of personal meetings with fans. For the most part, they all hold the same views about other fans, and their reactions to fan-gatherings are much the same. They think it will be great to write about the meeting in letters.

At times, persons with no knowledge of fandom or fans have been of more concrete value at conventions and parties than have long-standing Neffers. I need only contrast Andy Howell or the Solacon hotel detective with the "typical" Neffer-at-a-con to assure you of this.

The potential of the National Fantasy Fan Federation impresses me; if the squabbles and confusion which occupy it much of the time could be dispensed with, it could provide what it thinks it has -- an indoctrination course and proving-grounds for neofans. Right now, it discourages the casual onlooker from getting more interested, and it

swallows up the slightly interested potential actifan in committees, discussions, and machinations of, at times, an unbelievable nature.

I grieve for the reader if he has come this far expecting a solution to the problem of the N3F. The preceeding has been a first formulation of my ideas on the club, and purports to contain no ultimate answer. I am still a member in good standing, and am attempting, each time I open a letter from another member, to gain the answer. I have refrained from taking my membership as a laughing matter in contacts with Neffers, and have tried to mesh as well as I can.

But one thing I ask you -- don't tell the N3F what I am. Don't warn them to put on their Sunday manners and hide their raw natures from me. If you turn stool-pigeon on me, gentle reader, you are robbing yourself of innumerable Squirrel Cages about these people who can be, with only a slightly different viewpoint, highly amusing subjects for fan-articles.

--rde

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QUO VADIS IN THE FANZINES (cont'd)-

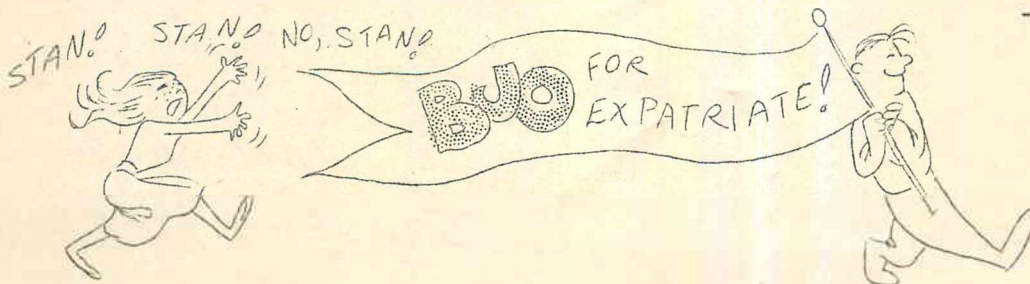
limited scale with all Goon stuff, and starting a new gen-zine. If this means more Berry, with no less Goon, we're all for it. Get RET and find out why we want Berry to Come Across!

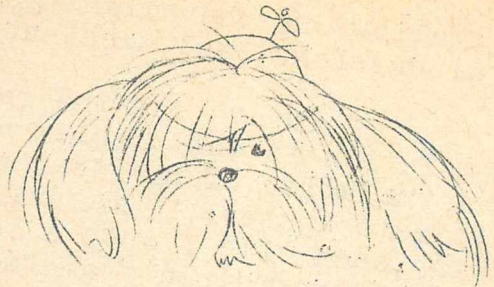
DISJECTA MEMBRA #2 - Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland - Free for comment. - Irregular. The promise shown by DM #1 is fast being fulfilled as DM #2 serves up some rather interesting letters. A feud-ish argument between Ted White & Rich Brown, and a developing thing between Steve Tolliver & Ted Johnstone help liven up an already very good letterzine.

FANVIEW #1 - Johnny Bowles & Butch Manka, 802 S 33rd St., Louisville 11, Kentucky - 6/25¢ - BiWeekly. Pointless reviews in a poor fake-pro manner, a small, inaccurate (when did TAPF take over the Berry Fund? -- why should TAPF contribute to the Berry Fund?) news section, and a supersilious attitude (only one letter of comment will be printed next issue, so we've all got to write a real good one, now) characterize FANVIEW. We wouldn't advise bothering with this one.

Which, it seems, wraps it up for this time. See you again with SILENCRI-DEFIENCES #44.

--osp.





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