

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #44 July, 1959

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SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is the official organ of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society, which currently meets at 8 pm each Thursday at 2548 West 12th Street, Los Angeles 6, California; telephone, DUnkirk 2-3246. All interested parties are invited to attend meetings as guests, pursuant to certain obscure sections of our atrophied constitution.

* Single copies of Shaggy are available for 20¢; longer term subs are 6/\$1. Letters of comment or copies of your own fanzine effort may be substituted for cold cash. *material?*

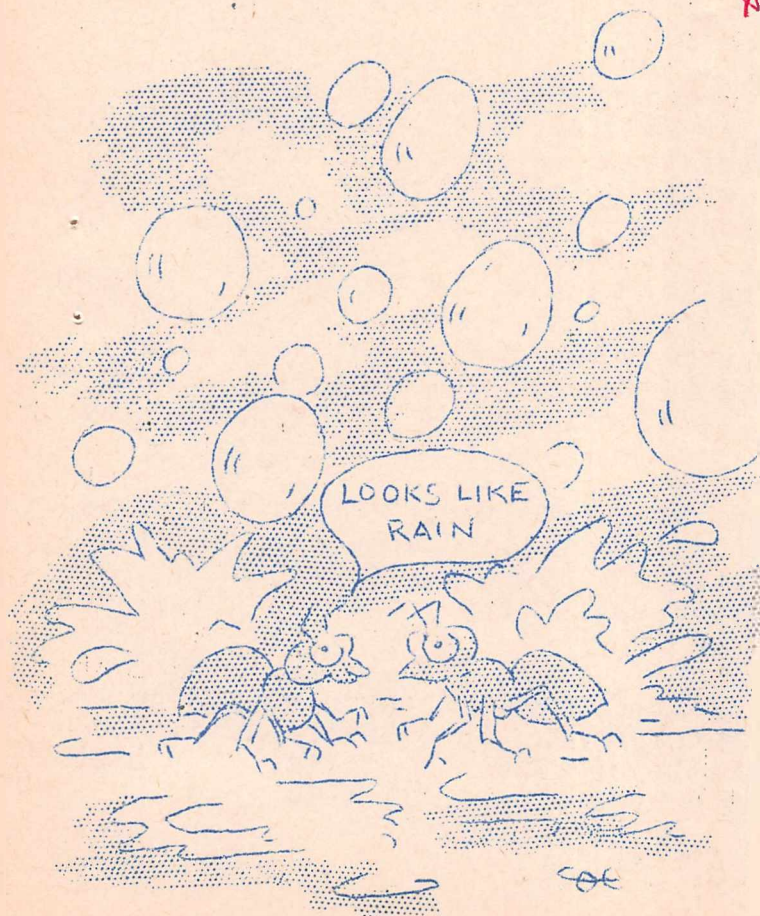
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Treasurer, Barney Bernard
Sr Committeeman, Forrest Ackerman
Jr Committeeman, Len Moffatt
Happy Birthday, Rotsler & Sneary

See pg.36 for explanation of vagaries in this issue. If an X appears here you are urgently requested to send \$1 to Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio, to help bring John Berry to the Detroit Convention. Partially a FENDEN PUBLICATION



DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this Westercon issue of SHAGGY to E Everett Evans. It is particularly appropriate since Ev was the originator and chairman of the first Westercon back in 1948. It was hoped that an Evans Memorial Volume would be ready in time for this convention, but that project is being handled by Walt Daugherty and the N3F, so this simple dedication will have to do. Ev was a guiding light of the N3F, a past director of LASFS, a director of WSFS, a former editor of SHAGGY, and an unstinting contributor of his time and effort to science fiction fandom. He was the author of three published books and many short stories. He was also one of the kindest men I have ever known.

I particularly remember Ev because he was never too busy to talk - to everyone. I remember how as a newcomer to LASFS I was listened to with the same respect accorded the hoariest old-timer. It is a very important thing to a boy when he is treated as an adult for the first time. When I was saddled with the job of editing my first SHAGGY in 1951, it was Ev who took the time and trouble to show me how it could and should be done -- and gave me help when I needed it. For a long time I attended LASFS only three or four times a year -- mostly to say hello to old acquaintances. Ev was always one of those who remembered me, and had a cheerful greeting and an interesting something to say. I knew him less well than I would have liked, but what I knew I liked well.

This issue of SHAGGY, then, is his.

* * * * *

With the removal of the Westercon to Seattle this year, California finds itself for the first time in a dozen years without a convention. This is a logical outcome of trends that have been afoot for several years, but it violates the original purpose of the Westercon: to put a convention within reach of every fan.

The first Westercon was a one-day affair with the simple purpose of giving the fans who could not afford either the time or the money to travel across country to the Worldcon. That first Westercon featured speeches and appearances by Claire Winger Harris, Forest J. Ackerman, A. E. van Vogt, Guy Gifford, John Scott Campbell, Ray Bradbury, and R.S. Richardson.

In succeeding years the convention grew to be a two, three, and in 1957 a four-day shindig. It was put on with a scale that rivaled that of the Worldcon. At the meeting of the Westercon-combined with the Solacon in 1958, the convention site was voted to Seattle, over the bid of San Diego.

The bid was well-deserved and it looks like the northerners are going to put on a bang-up con, but for many in California it posed a hard choice: 1200 miles to Seattle or 2700 to Detroit. For most California con-goers it means no convention at all this year.

Thus we see that the Westercon has come to be two things which it was not originally intended to be. It is out of the reach of local fans, and it has come into direct competition with the Worldcon. This is what has prompted the cry: bring the Westercon back to California!

What the local conventioners are forgetting, however, is that a California con is equally unreachable for Washingtonians and Oregonians; this is only the second science fiction convention ever held in the Pacific Northwest; the last was the Portland Worldcon in 1950. For the first time there is a Westercon in the northern part of the Pacific Coast. The frustration that California fans are feeling this year is what northerners have been feeling right along.

The answer is obvious. Next year there must be two Westercons, a northern and a southern. After all, this was the original idea: a local or regional convention accessible to all. The next Westercon will probably be in either Berkeley or San Diego. Why can't there also be a Westercon in the Portland-Seattle region?

After all, people, the next West Coast Worldcon is to be in Seattle, and the only way to learn to put on conventions is to put them on. So let's have a real whing-ding in '61, and two Westercons in '60, and ...

Why not a convention for every state!

We'll let John Trimble throw the first in Arizona.

* * * * *

We found the cover in Forry's garage.

I know I promised you people a stenofax, but do to circumstances (see below) we haven't got it. Probably just as well, because it is a good excuse to use a Goldstone that Lou has probably forgotten all about himself.

It happened this way: For some time now we have been imposing a 5¢ fine on all puns punned during LASFS meeting. This has been going into the Fix Forry's Garage Fund, better known as the Fix Forry Fund. LASFS gave Forry a birthday present last fall, of a repair job on the garage. In the meantime, that long time between word and deed, the roof got tarred, the magazines were saved, and LASFS got around to making good on its promise. "Let's clean the garage out!" said Bjo, and promptly began laying plans to turn the contents of the Fix Forry Fund into a pot of spaghetti. For willing workers, that is. Well, anyhow, we spent a whole weekend last May taking things out and putting them back in again. The difference was that they came out in piles and went back in on shelves. Mostly. It'll take another



I'M MORE
ELDRITCH THAN
YOU ARE.

(Continued on page 43)

Fifth
in our series
of fan profiles:

BARNEY BERNARD
LASFAS Treasurer

-by Larry Gurney

PRELUDE

In the Spring of 1959, Ferdinand Verhootnik was in Los Angeles making a survey of the local scene for the Literary Supplement of Pravda. Hurried last-minute instructions had left him a bit confused, so, in the disguise of a Beatnik, he appeared one Thursday evening at the door of the Leppin manse, where a meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society was gathering head.

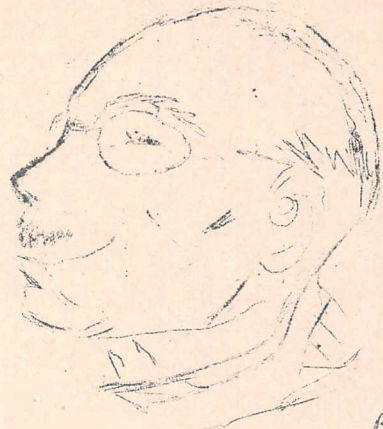
Stepping inside, he was immediately confronted by a wiry, bespectacled little man, with hand extended in a mendicant pose, who looked like a cross between a leprechaun and Igor Stravinsky. Ferdinand had been a star pupil of the Moscow Language Institute, and so felt superlatively at ease in any situation.

"Hey Dad," he said, looking at the extended hand, "why the mitt?" "Dues, -35¢" twinkled the voice behind the spectacles. This unexpected opening shook Ferdinand up a bit, because his disguise specifically excluded any easy margin of pocket change. But as he started to dig down, Specs chortled "Just kidding. You get three guest meetings free before dues start."

Sitting down across from Spectacles with a sigh of relief, he stretched his sandalled toes, scratched his beard, then made another spirited opening: "Say Pal, who's the host? I mean, whose pad is this?" "Why, this is Scratch's pad!" said Specs, slapping his thigh with a chortle; "that's a hot one!" "Scratch--- who?" "The Devil!" sniggled Specs. "Pah!" snorted Ferdinand. "You Amerik, --er, I mean, who digs that crap any more?" "If you don't believe me, here he comes now!"

At this moment, from behind a wreath of smoke, slowly emerged the stern and dominating figure of the host. Ferdinand looked at the looming figure, the cut of moustache and goatee, and gasped. For the first time he really became aware of his surroundings, - a long, narrow, dimly lighted old living room with the thumbprints of time on it, exotic drawings and strange, cabalistic objects about, - almost a Blavatsky touch. He shuddered, and fought back the impulse to cross himself as he had once seen his uncle Christofilos do.

"How do," said the host, in measured organ tones. "Huh,-- Hi there, Scratch," quavered Ferdinand. "Oh, you can call me Zeke," said the host. "and this here is Barney." For a quick, wild moment,



Be E

Ferdinand thought of the names he had heard in christian, western folklore: Satan, Scratch, Nick, and now.... Zeke...

"Zeke, and you shall find!" chortled Spectacles. "What's in a name? Ezek-iel? Ezek come, Eze go!" Specs now had his glasses off, wiping his eyes. "Ezek it'll rain tomorrow?" Specs was now clinging desperately to the arm of the divan, with heartrending sobs of laughter, trying to stifle his tears.

"KeeerIST! I wish this meeting would start! snorted his satanic majesty. Ferdinand hardly had time to absorb this surprising invocation of deity when a firm, clear feminine voice broke in: "It had BETTER start pretty soon!"

Ferdinand looked up, and his jaw dropped speechlessly down. There, at the foot of the stair, stood something like an apparition out of Norse mythology or the Ring of the Nibelungs; a statuesque young woman with a mobile, delicate solidity of feature, and a mane of golden hair. The shimmering harmonics of Das Rheingold swarmed up around him, and the leaping brasses of the Rhine Journey.

The apparition glided across the room, and with a single graceful motion came to rest shoulder to shoulder beside him. Gazing deep into his soul, in thrilling tones she said: "I am Vanya."

"V-V-Vanya?" gulped Ferdinand.

"E Pluribus Vanya!" amended a newcomer.

"Ulp--, like--..Ape Pluribus Ookum?-- I mean, like in E Pluribus Unum?" flustered Ferdinand.

"The Unum and Only!" seconded another.

Having recovered from his previous pun, Spectacles was weak but rested. "Anyone around here who likes Djinn is pro-Faine!" he chortled.

"Oh Barney!" burst Vanya in exasperation.

Ferdinand looked up in perplexity. "Gin?-- but, assuredly you don't dig that old temperance jazz; and what's that got to do with..?"

"Oh, what he's trying to say--" she fumbled at the hopelessness of it-- "is that I'm;-- I mean that my--, oh GOD how I hate puns!!" and slapped her palm to her forehead in an unfained migraine stance.

Glancing wildly about for enlightenment, Ferdinand flinched slightly as Scratch leaned forward and intoned kindly: "What it means, Son, is that her name actually is Djinn, not spelled Djinn like in gin, but Djinn like in Genie!"

"But--" gurgled Barney, "who ever heard of a genie without light brown hair? Hers is blonde!" And besides," he added, pounding the arm of the divan with howls and sobs of laughter, "Djinn's cousin is named Djohnny Vodker!"

At this point, just as Barney collapsed in a quivering mass with his face buried in the corner of the sofa, the porch lights went on, the door burst open, and in a clear, firm monotone, a voice worthy of nothing less than a Wac master sergeant said:

(continued on page 35)

JEST A MINUTE

(being a compendium of selected moments from the Minutes of the LASFS)

We are still making haste slowly on the Telescope Project. At the 1134th Meeting were authorised our treasurer, Barney Bernard, to spend up to \$10 on abrasives for the mirror grinding, "and Jerry said he'd try to find people to work on the scope. Milo Mason objected to the use of the word 'work', and Jerry promised to change it in the record." (-7 May, '59). Two weeks later, at the 1136th Meeting, "Barney reported for the telescope committee -- he's ordered a batch of abrasives and similar jazz from a company that sells that sort of stuff. We ought to be able to get to work in a few weeks." (-21 May, '59). The next week the abrasives were delivered, and Barney presented the bill, "for \$2.34, including tax and postage, and we got off on discussion of matters telescopic. Barney offered to pay for a spaghetti feed, if Bjo would fix it, for a gang of people to get together and start grinding. Somebody pointed out that not many people can work over a 6" mirror at once. Ed Urbank, after making it clear that he was not volunteering, gave us some vague advice, recalling a very good book he had used for a while and lost. All he could remember was the title and the color of the binding. Jerry volunteered to try to find it." (-28 May, '59). For the next two weeks Jerry reported he hadn't looked for the book, and, as Director, officially censured himself. At the 1140th Meeting, "Jerry said he'd actually looked for the telescope book Ed had recommended, but hadn't been able to find it." (-18 June, '59).

Also at the 1140th Meeting, we had a guest speaker, Martin Olsson. A recent graduate from CalTech, he had been brought in by Norman Metcalf, recently returned old member. "Since our guest speaker had to leave early, we put him at the head of the bill. He first admitted to having constructed a 10" telescope, then we proceeded to grill him extensively on grinding, observing, and photographic tricks and techniques. The discussion lasted about half an hour, then we ran out of questions and applauded. He smiled weakly and fled into the night." Later at the same meeting, "Don Simpson (~~another new member~~) told us of his brief experience with a mechanical mirror-grinder. Jerry decided that we needed an overseer for the project with some experience, and it turned out that Don's hour-an-a-half was just that much more than the rest of us put together, so he was picked for the post."

----- E C R A S E Z L I N F A M E ! -- Voltaire -----

Since the 1140th Meeting was also the next-to-last meeting in June, we nominated for next term's director. Berney Cook was nominated, Larry Gurney and Al Lewis were nominated but declined, Ron Ellik was nominated but closed the nominations before anyone could second it." (-18 June, '59). The next week, at the 1141th, Berney was elected by acclamation. Your humble chronicler was re-elected with only one dissenting vote, his own, and Barney was naturally re-elected Treasurer unanimously as always. Then we got down to elections. Forry Ackerman, Len Moffatt, Milo Mason, Jerry Stier, and Bill Ellern were nominated for committeemen. (Rick Sneary was nominated but declined. Even so he drew two votes.) When the votes were all in, Forry was re-elected Senior Committeeman, and Len was elected Junior Committeeman. He accepted for Forry, who was in New York on a business trip."

Finished Business Department: 1135th Meeting-- "Bjo reported that the GarCon was a smashing success -- she fed 16 people the first night and 18 the second

night, and most of them worked during the day. The group had spent two full days emptying out the garage, shaking up and re-arranging the contents, and putting them back, but at least half the collection is fairly neat now." (-14 May, '59).

At the 1138th Meeting, "Bjo announced that some of the personalised cups had been finished and were sitting on the table waiting for their owners. The governing rules were made clear -- wash your own cup or be fined 25¢, don't use anybody else's cup, and they are all LASFS property." (-4 June, '59)

Unfinished Business Department: For the last three weeks, the meetings have been remarkably peaceful. Bjo, Djinn, and Al Lewis have been away, and as a result, many of the old business items have been held up. For instance, at the 1139th Meeting, "Zeke asked what had happened to the Egobux committee, but Bjo wasn't here, so nobody knew. Then Barbara Gratz asked about the car pools to the West-ercon and the Detention, but Bjo still wasn't here, so nobody knew." (-11 June, '59).

Barney has been reporting regularly on plans for the Collapsicon -- at last report he had still done nothing, though once a month or so he thinks about it.

At the 1136th Meeting, we had a showing of five experimental films, courtesy of Bob Pike, a local cinematic experimenter. "The first film was short and abstract, 'Tiger Rag', and was followed by an even more abstract film, which reminded one of a short hop in hyperspace. These two were animated, but the last three were live action. Third one was representational ('Desire In A Public Dump'), the fourth was symbolic ('Hell Has No Doors' -- the private hell of a nymphomaniac), and the last, which Bob called the most extreme type of experimental film, was a fascinating semi-fantasy.

With a real sexy nude, too." (-21 May, '59).

Send \$1 to Ted Johnstone for Vol I of The Collected Works of Willis. Advance orders are now being taken so we can afford to buy the paper for it.

Random Notes: "Virginia Mill read an article on Sea Monsters lurking in the depths of the ocean. John Trimble objected to the use of the word 'lurk'; after all, they live there. Johnstone said pacifistically, 'Lurk and let lurk, I always say', and Djinn said he'd said it one time too often and it was a pun, 5¢ please. Ted said it was a paraphrase, and several fen leaped to his defense. Barney said, 'Lurk before you leap', and paid instantly. Ted said, 'Better lurk next time', and Zeke said, 'Lurks like you've done it again'. Both paid." (-1136th Meeting).

"Barney read a report on the Watts Towers, some fabulous erections in South LA, in danger of being torn down by an unimaginative building code. Bjo told us about some other people who want to preserve some of LA's colorful relics, such as Angel's Flight, the shortest commercial railroad in the world. Then Barney suggested we the SPGLA, a Society to Preserve the Character of Los Angeles, and there was a surprising surge of interest. Larry Gurney supplied a title for a bulletin ('The Watts Tower'), and Ted Johnstone came up with a motto ('Save The Past For The Future') which ought to sound real jazzy in Latin." (-1137th Meeting).

--Ted Johnstone, LASFSecretary

MUSIC MINDED FAN

by Len Moffatt

Most sfans (if I may use such an antiquated term in this New Shaggy) are lovers of music -- to one degree or another. Many a fanzine, or section thereof, has been devoted to discussions of music, and the Science Fiction fan-purists (who, like the proverbial poor fans, are always with us; Too bless both catagories!) have inquired loudly or plaintively or bothly: "What has this got to do with Science Fiction?"...They apply this same question to any subject in any fanzine which doesn't deal directly and purely with sf and sf alone. When applied to music and music discussions, the Question is certain to receive a variety of Answers. For instance:

1) Music, like the sfan-purists and the poor fans, is always with us. Sf deals with the future, and it is reasonable to assume that music will be as much a part of the future as it is a part of the present, and has been a part of the past. Assuming there is a future. So why shouldn't sfans discuss music, its development, and so on?

2) Sfans are (theoretically) supposed to be slobs escaping from the world of reality, living in their own half-world of wishful daydreams. Music appeals to the slobbish "escape artists", so naturally sfans love music and like to discuss it.

3) Sfans are (theoretically) supposed to be intellectual types. Music appeals to the intellectual types, so naturally sfans love music and like to discuss it.

4) Everybody likes music. Why should sfans be different and outlaw it from their fanzines?

5) We like music and like to discuss it, and we will talk about any damned thing we please in this fanzine. If you don't like it -- go read SF Times.

So much for the sfan-purist and his eternal Question.. Not that I'm against the purist, mind you. There is, I hope, a little of the purist in all of us. (Quiet, Burb!) I think it was Rick Sncary who once said that we need these Old Guard types to remind us of what brought us together in the first place. Maybe it wasn't Rick Sncary who said that; maybe it was two other guys. But it could have been Rick Sncary -- unless he denies it. If he does deny it, I hope the two other guys step forward and acknowledge their claim to fame. I like to give credit where credit is due, and only wish my creditors felt the same way.

I think the fact that most fans like music, and more important -- have a variety of tastes in music, proves something. Perhaps it proves once and for all that fans are people after all, and not nearly so different from other human beings as some would have us believe. If you think other things are proven by fans liking classical music, jazz, pops, etc. -- well, I'll serve up a little pudding here and you can stir around for your favorite proofs. Man, that's like Madison Avenue. Let's steer clear of that jive, try to keep our (-next page-)

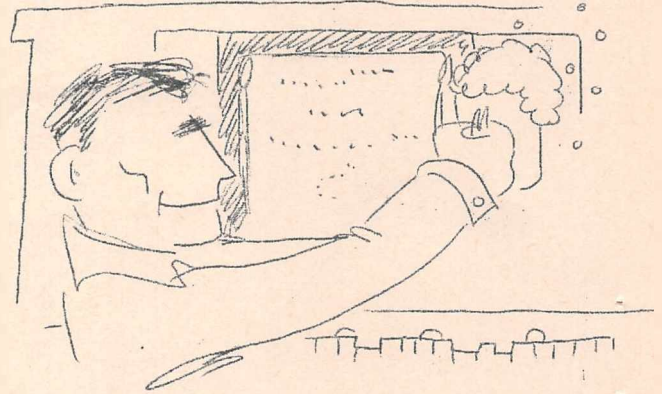
metaphors unmixed, and talk about some of these Music Minded Fan.

Rick Sneary is a chamber music fan. Oh, there are a lot of other kind of music he likes, but I believe chamber music is his favorite brand of sound. To mention some of his other musical likes: some opera, various major symphonic pieces, old fashioned banjo playing, real folk music (as well, I think, as Tom Lehrer's unreal folk music), the good old fashioned songs everybody can sing, Gilbert & Sullivan, and although he swears he has no affection for le jazz hot or cool, get him sufficiently intoxicated at a party and he will tap his foot to a good, driving beat. I have even caught him tapping his foot to a dixie record. Of course, this was at the last New Year's party and a lot of crazy things happened that night. But chamber music is what he is most likely to buy when shopping for records for himself.

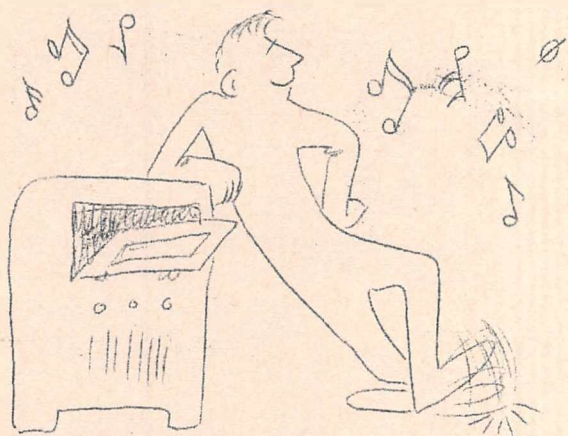
Charles Edward Burbee, Jr., as everyone should know, is a dixieland jazz fan. He also collects, plays and listens to ye olde tyme piano rolls. Burbee has taught his children to believe that all of the best music was written in the '20's or earlier, that everything written afterwards is pure guk. Although I love dixie (and piano rolls, and what is commonly known as "rinky-tink" music) I would argue the point with Burb. I like the music of the 30's and 40's too. I'm speaking of jazz and pop music now, of course. I'm not sure how Burb feels about classical music, but I suspect the worst. I am almost inclined to agree with him when you get into the 50's. The Rock and Roll of this decade perhaps has something to say--to and for some of the kids today, but to my ears it is too repetitious, redundant. To this mouldy fig it is just Too Much. But let us get back to Burbee--and leave him, remembering that he represents the Mouldy Figs of Fandom.

Harry Warner, Jr., as everyone should know, is an opera fan--particularly Wagnerian Opera. Although I prefer what I call "Latin" or "Italian" opera to Wagner's heavy musical meals, I always enjoy Harry's articles on opera. But then I always enjoy Harry's articles. He is the All Time Great in FAPA and one of the All Time Greats in fandom in general. If he wants to look down his nose at Verdi or Mozart (and I really doubt that he does take a nose-shadowed view of these composers) I wouldn't argue with him. For one thing he knows much more about music than I do, and he writes so well on any subject, regardless of his approach or viewpoint, that I would probably like him and his writings if he were a Rock and Roll fan. I think.

Forrest J Ackerman is an enigma to some folks when it comes to music appreciation, or a number of other subjects. Now we all know that Forry is a Jolson fan. So am I. I don't think I have ever met anybody who has heard Jolson and didn't have a definite opinion about his singing. Some of us think he was the greatest singer of pop and jazz-like songs. Ever. Others think he is the lousiest singer ever. Anna says he had a good voice but she doesn't like what he did with it. Anyway, we know Forry likes Jolson. I once asked him if he liked



dixie. He nodded, smiled--maybe he even said "yes". So I have reason to believe that he is a dixie fan. Judging from his sheet music, and from hearing him sing and hum tunes at various times during the past 12 years, I know that he likes the good old songs from the 20's, 30's and 40's. So, generally speaking, he is a pop music fan. I haven't quized him on Rock & Roll, Presley, etc, but suspect that like others in our "middle-aged" group, he is not impressed. Am not sure about his opinions on classical music either. Again, I must "suspect" or guess that he would like light classical items but would not dig opera or long major symphonies.



Stan Woolston gives the impression of being indifferent to music in general. That is, if you don't know him very well. Actually, he has quite a good singing voice, and can always find the tune when others have lost it. He has said that he likes music, but that he isn't a real all-out music fan like Rick and me. He enjoys good pop music and other types too, but he is not as music minded as other fans. So Stan can serve as an

example of the intelligent fan who knows good music when he is hearing it, because he does have an "ear" for it, but would rather spend his money on books and mags instead of records.

Ferry Carr, if I'm not mistaken, goes for progressive jazz or le jazz cool. I get this impression from his writings, not from personal discussion. There are a goodly number of progressive jazz fans in fandom today. This is not unusual. The young people who are not rock & roll addicts, and who are not inclined to be latter day mouldy figs, dig the jazz that is being created now or has been created very recently. Although the progressive stuff quite often says nothing to this old tin ear, I'm with them. The difference between Rock & Roll and Progressive Jazz are just that--creators. Even as the priginators of dixie created something never heard before. True, they used old African music, spirituals, etc. but they did create a form of music which for some time has been native to this country. The progressive jazz musicians are creating too, and in much the same manner. Naturally they have something different to say, so it is said differently. But the Rock & Roll people have nothing new or different to say. They just try to say it louder and faster. For the most part, I think of them as the Monster Makers of the Music World rather than as Creators. The Frankensteins of the Pop Music Field. Offhand, I don't know of any fans who are rock & roll addicts, but I am glad to see the young fans going for progressive jazz when they don't go for dixie.

Bill Meyers, Chattanooga's gift to fandom--and I mean that sincerely, is a classical music fan-period. He refuses to admit any liking for jazz, pop music or wothavia. Still he has permitted jazz discussions in his fine fanzine SPECTRE, which indicates that although he is a purist in his musical tastes he is not evangelical about it.

Paul Turner, who was once editor of this mag for two consecutive issues, is another purist classical music fan. That is classical orchestrations--not opera. He says he dislikes opera as much as he dislikes jazz (any form), pop music and all the rest. (But he does like to sing old folk songs like "Jimmy Crack Corn"...) In one discussion with him, I told him that if I had to put music types into three, presumably descending, categories, I would do it in order of difficulty. That is, the degree of difficulty in creating and playing the various forms of music from my layman's viewpoint. On top would be opera, as combining the human voice (for story line, dialogue, multiple musical conversations, etc.) with appropriate instrumental music, not to mention ballet to further augment the drama, seemed the most difficult feat of all. Next would come classical orchestrations, chamber music, classical solo instrumentals, etc. And last, of course, would be the simpler jazz forms, pop music, folk tunes, etc. Based on this categorization, I told Paul that since he liked classics as played by orchestras and nothing else, I considered him to be a Middle Classicist....

No, I am not going to attempt to list every fan I know and discuss his or her musical likes and dislikes. My only purpose was to illustrate that fans, like everybody else, have a variety of musical tastes, and that I am not the only person who can be fannish and human at the same time--as was said of me in Shaggy # 41's lettercol. We all are.

Rotsler said, "Come on out to my car and I'll give you that copy of The Tattooed Dragon Returns, since Burbee told me I could."

"H-hah!" I said, in a detective-type manner. "Then Terry Carr is NOT the secret master of fandom. Burbec is actually the secret master of fandom."

"No," said Rotsler, "Terry Carr is the public secret master of fandom. This is what makes Burbec the secret secret master of fandom."

However, Burbec is no longer the secret master of fandom.... This bit changes all that.

- Jim Caughran -

DETENTION

LABOR DAY WEEK-END

\$2.00

JIM BRODERICK
12011 KILBOURNE
DETROIT 13
MICHIGAN

JANEY AND CLANCY: ON THE GO

The day days, Oct 4, '58, via United Air Lines, we began our flight to Los Angeles. After breakfast, a stop at Pendleton, Oregon; a stop at San Francisco after lunch; one more lap and I arrived safely at International Airport in Los Angeles.

Most of you know that I'm an arthritic and must depend on a good deal of help. That's why Clancy, bless his hydraulic soul, goes with me everywhere I go, lifting me in his strong arms each time I am moved, from bed to wheelchair, to car and reverse process.

There was as much difficulty maneuvering me off the plane as on, but we made it. My cousin (hereinafter referred to as Ginnie), Mrs. G. Sheldon, with her two year old daughter; Julie, her daughter-in-law Ruth, and two friends, took me in hand. My baggage and Clancy were claimed, and we piled into the car. It was a thirty mile drive to Ginnie's home in La Puente. Those freeways stir the imagination no little bit; are they ever a thing to behold. In the days that followed, Ginnie took me to see Knott's Berry Farm, Farmer's Market, and Marineland. We went to see Cinerama, a South Seas Island Tour, which was so realistic that the waves sloshed in our laps and we almost got seasick from a baby kangaroo's view of the world from its mother's pouch. We also saw South Pacific, which left us dewey-eyed and bathed in beauty. Around The World In Eighty Days left us both chuckling and gasping at the enormity of it; Mike Todd certainly left something for everyone to enjoy.

I think this is a good spot to tell about Clancy's big adventure. Of course, I played a part in it, too...a dilly! Upon returning from a drive-in movie one terrifically hot evening, Ginnie put Julie to bed, ran Clancy into the living room, and then we sat in the kitchen getting cooled off with a drink of lemonade. Just after midnight, Julie (Little Dynamite) padded out in the kitchen and handed her mother something. Ginnie headed for the living room on the double only to discover that...horrors!...Julie had unscrewed the release valve COMPLETELY OUT...letting all of Clancy's hydraulic blood run out on the rug! After the shock of realizing that Clancy was absolutely powerless without that motivating hydraulic, we began to wonder just what was next on the agenda. Ginnie thought of an all-night service station nearby, and she loaded Clancy into the car...leaving Ruth and me to stare at each other. About an hour later, she called and said the man there didn't know anything about it, but he thought there was a small part missing. Ruth crawled around looking for a part she hadn't seen and found nothing, and Ginnie hung up and went back to Clancy. Another half hour or so passed and she called again and said the man put hydraulic brake fluid in Clancy, and still no lift. The garage man suggested that she call the sheriff's office and she did. In a few minutes a prowl car pulled up and two very handsome but somewhat bewildered young men listened to our story and very gallantly hoisted me into my little bed. Half our problem was solved: I was in bed, at three a.m.

After a rather short night, and as soon as possible, Ginnie started phoning, only to come up against snag after snag. A Rent-All store said they carried the lifts, and when they went on the blink they sent them to the factory...in Oshkosh, Wisc., that is. They finally located a hydraulic jack company in LA and again she and

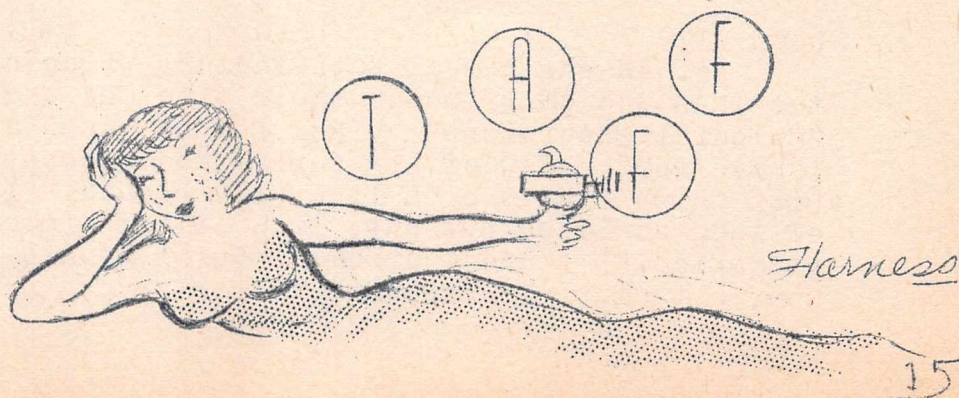
Clancy started off, this time with the temperature at 105 degrees and me in bed, waiting. It seems the brake fluid was the exact wrong thing to put in it and they had to take Clancy apart and clean him thoroughly, replace the leather gaskets, replace the missing part (which Ruth finally did find) before he was in working condition. About three in the afternoon, Ginnie and Clancy staggered home and hauled me out of bed. THAT is the story of Clancy's adventure in California, but I'm not sure which of us was "shook" the most. You may rest assured we kept Julee away from Clancy's working parts, from then on.

One Thursday night, Ginnie and I went to a LASFS meeting. We found the address Ernie Wheatley had given me, and on a slight side-hill, we started the unloading procedure, using the block of wood. Several LASFS members, seeing there was something a bit out of the ordinary going on, fell to and helped me get de-carred and up on the stairs and into the house. Clancy and wheelchair went, too--and we were very warmly welcomed and enjoyed it very much. It was my FIRST fan meeting and I hope not my last. Ginnie was quite interested in it all as she had never heard of fan clubs before. I met several of the LA fans...the few whose names come to my mind are Zeke Leppin, Bjo, Djinn Faine, Rich Stephens, George Fields, Ted Johnstone, Forry Ackerman and Fritz Leiber. I asked to have a paper passed around and many signed it and several drew cartoons. I am keeping that in my book. We stayed awhile after the meeting and then, with several of the boys helping again, got me back into the car with all my equipment. It was most enjoyable and everyone was warmly friendly. Oh, yes...there was one fellow who looked slightly down his nose when I mentioned N3F, but I staunchly upheld the merits of our fair club. After all, if it hadn't been for Neff, I'd not have attended a LASFS meeting...it's a bit round-about, but it's there.

Ginnie heard me say that one of my favorite fans lived in Berkeley, and remembered it. Thus it was that we found ourselves on the road to see Honey Wood. It was a Monday morning and we headed out through the heavy traffic and out of the city limits. We pulled into Oakland at about four-thirty and decided to stay overnight. I called Honey in Berkeley...which resulted in a nice visit at the motel where we were staying. Honey showed me some of the pictures she had collected, and Rog gallantly autographed one of his stories for me! We saw San Francisco and enjoyed a four-hour cruise. Ginnie and I and her friend. It was all very wonderful, for me...if any of you come through Spokane, Washington, DO look in on me.

--Marijane Johnson.

BJO-
BECAUSE





Picking a Bone With Shaggy

Well, all you people have been so dog-gone pestiferous that we have decided for this special Westerncon issue to put a bug in all your ears and get rid of some of the lousy paper that's cluttering up our drawers, and so...

Comments on #42 lead off (out)?

Hi Al.

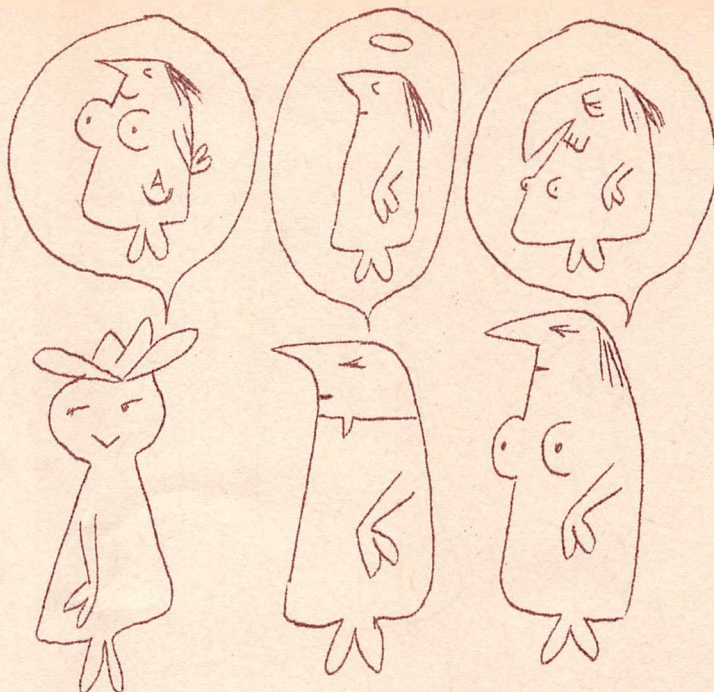
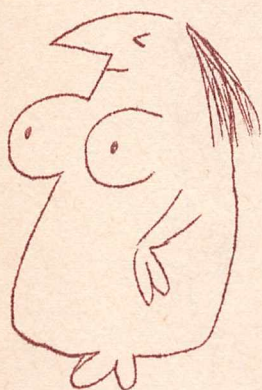
...I've got already to admit that I don't like this ish's cover. And Bjo must be somehow responsible for this, being art editor. On the other hand there are very, very good works of art in the rest of the zine....But that cover. Jupiter from Europa. Such things have been done better before, even with tricked-up pictures. (photos). By professionals, of course. Can't be expected in a fanzine that way. True. But then, why try it? A simple thing, if it's only original, with some "meaning" behind it, could be nice too. This could just as well be an Edam cheese, hanging above Pluto. But I shouldn't use so much of my paper being critical. There are so many good things inside. ...With a view to my view on his view on Jupiter, I might better skip "George Fields, What Next?" by Ted Johnstone, and I must assume that George could do better....

Wim Struyck
Molenwyver 40c
Rotterdam 12. Holland

No Wim, Bjo had nothing to do with this cover. We decided to give SHAGGY readers a representative specimen of George's art and he was given carte blanche. George cut his own stencils and selected his own color scheme. I thought it was rather attractive, myself. We are running another astronomical this month. Let us know if you like it any better. --Al

Dear Al:

No. 42 was a real satisfactory piece of work, and did credit to the fans who contributed their time and their work and material. "Colonial Excursions" by Ron Bennett was a nice piece of reporting. I have read a few of his serialized accounts in the British Fanzines, with which I have been liberally booned. I wish a collected version of them could be put out, like Willis' immortal work, "The Harp Stateside." I had a dream of doing something like that for the London Con, but alas, I came back with a severe case of Asian flu which I had



contracted on that lousy Queen Mary, and was too dull and languid for so many weeks that all the other reports had been in for a long time when I looked over my notes again. I have had 3-4 letters from Ron since the Solacon, and he was most enthusiastic in his praise. I was glad to renew the friendship which started in London, as he is a swell guy.

Ron Ellik's "Squirrel Cage" was a delight. I agree with him about the NFFF to a great extent. Years ago, when it was first started and I was 12 years or so younger, I joined and was put on a thing called the welcoming committee, where I was supposed to write letters to endless lists of would-be fans. It got to be so expensive in stamps, and so exhausting that I finally resigned. When a pleasure turns into an overbearing chore, it is time to quit being an overdriven heifer and settle down like an old cow to chaw one's cud. If this offends any N3F member, I am sorry, but that's how it is....

I certainly miss old LASFS, as it came into my life just in time to prevent me from settling down in my rocking chair and chewing over the Good Old Days, gave me an interest in life I hadn't had since 1930, when I joined a glider club and flew a home-made trainer. I doubt I would fit into the new set in LASFS now, as they would probably think I was an awful square. Privately, I am, about a lot of things: over-loud stereo records, beatniks, booze and babes, for instance....

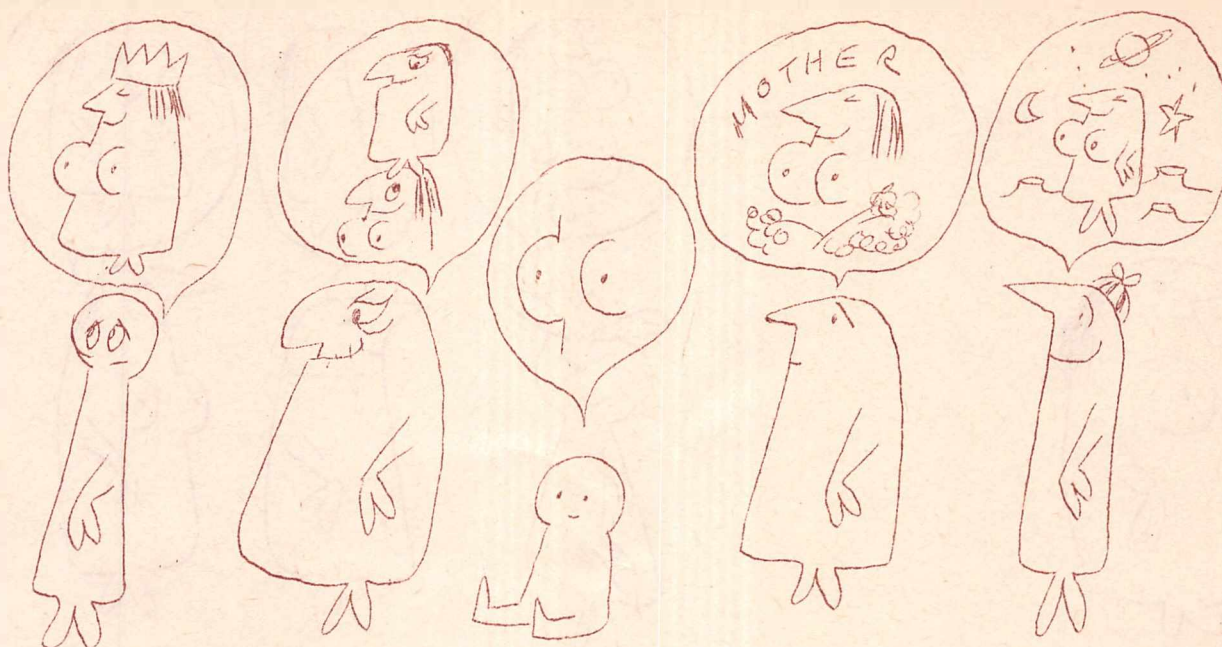
Good luck to SHAGGY - hope this renaissance continues!

Rory Faulner
7241 East 20th St.
Westminster, Calif.

Dotty, you're about as square as a planetary orbit, and we miss you around the club. Your contributions received with many thanks, as you will see elsewhere in this issue. Let us hear from you! --Al

Little Red Riding Hood is NOT a Russian contraceptive! --EFR

P.S. Thanks for passing on the lino, too! -- Al



Dear Al,

I congratulate you on printing Part XIII of Ron Bennett's report, despite the fact that parts 4-12 haven't been printed yet. Maybe now Calkin's will send his section to someone else who'll actually publish the thing. Bill Meyers has been ready with Part V for several months now, waiting for Part IV to show up. Frankly, I think the whole thing should have been pubbed in one or two widely circulated genzines, and then in one volume. Probably SHAGGY? CRY-APORRHA, or YANDRO would be best. Anyway, this episode, the report was excellent and well up to the first few parts' promise.

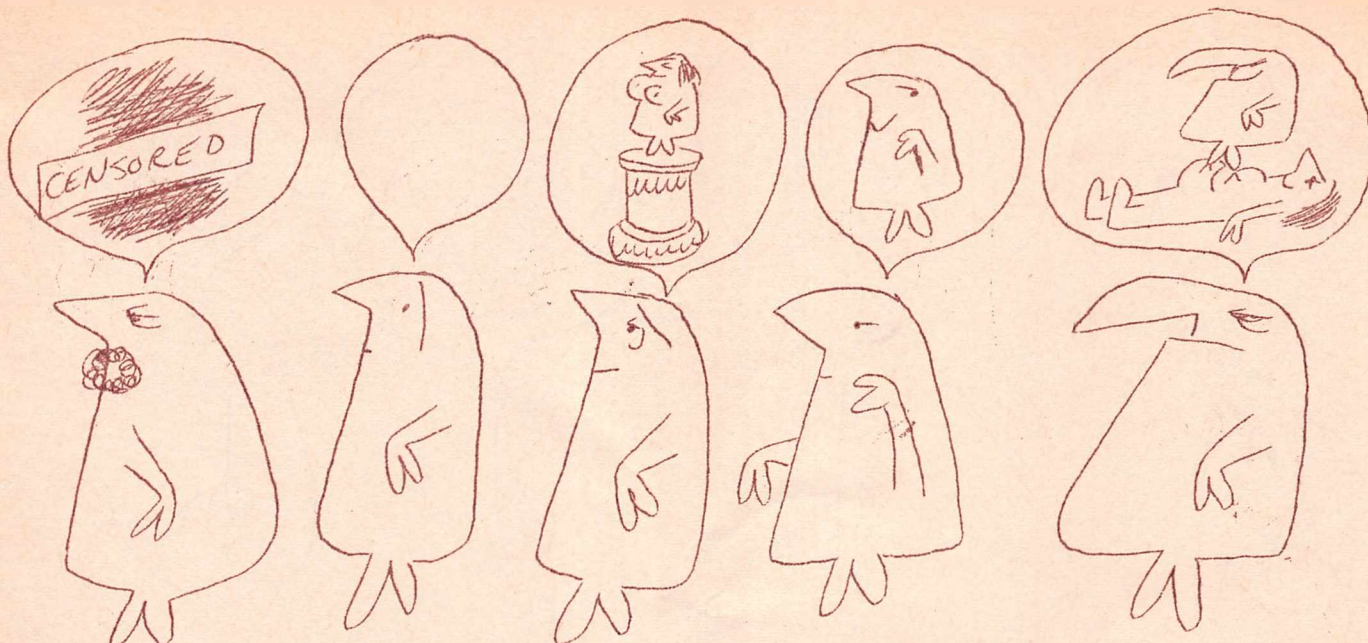
The FANACites get in some very good material again. Ellik takes the honors, but Whatzisname's Face Creatures were drolly clever.

No matter whether pro or fan, neophyte or full-fledged slan,
 As poet he is also-ran, who cannot make his verses scan.
 It grieves me sorely when I start to read some versifier's art,
 Then have to skip and jump and dart, because the meter falls apart.
 So tho I always like to read a fannish verse on news or creed,
 By fans from inhibitions freed, I find they've mostly gone to seed.
 And even Cogswell, Theo R., whose poem, I grant, is over par,
 (The ideas better this by far!) -- even his meter tends to jar.
 Yet perhaps it would be wise, not to carp or criticize,
 Unless I also emphasize, I LIKED the poems, despite my cries.

So I'd convey appreciation, 3000 miles across the nation,
 To all the LASFS aggregation, anent the SHAGGY concatenation.

Bruce Pelz
 4010 Leona St.
 Tampa 9, Florida

I would rhyme if I had the time, and if my wit weren't out of it. Seriously, though, we had a couple of second thoughts about printing our part without the intervening ones, but considering that it is now convention time 1959 it seemed awfully late to be running con reports from 1958. Apparently we unloosed the flood, for since part

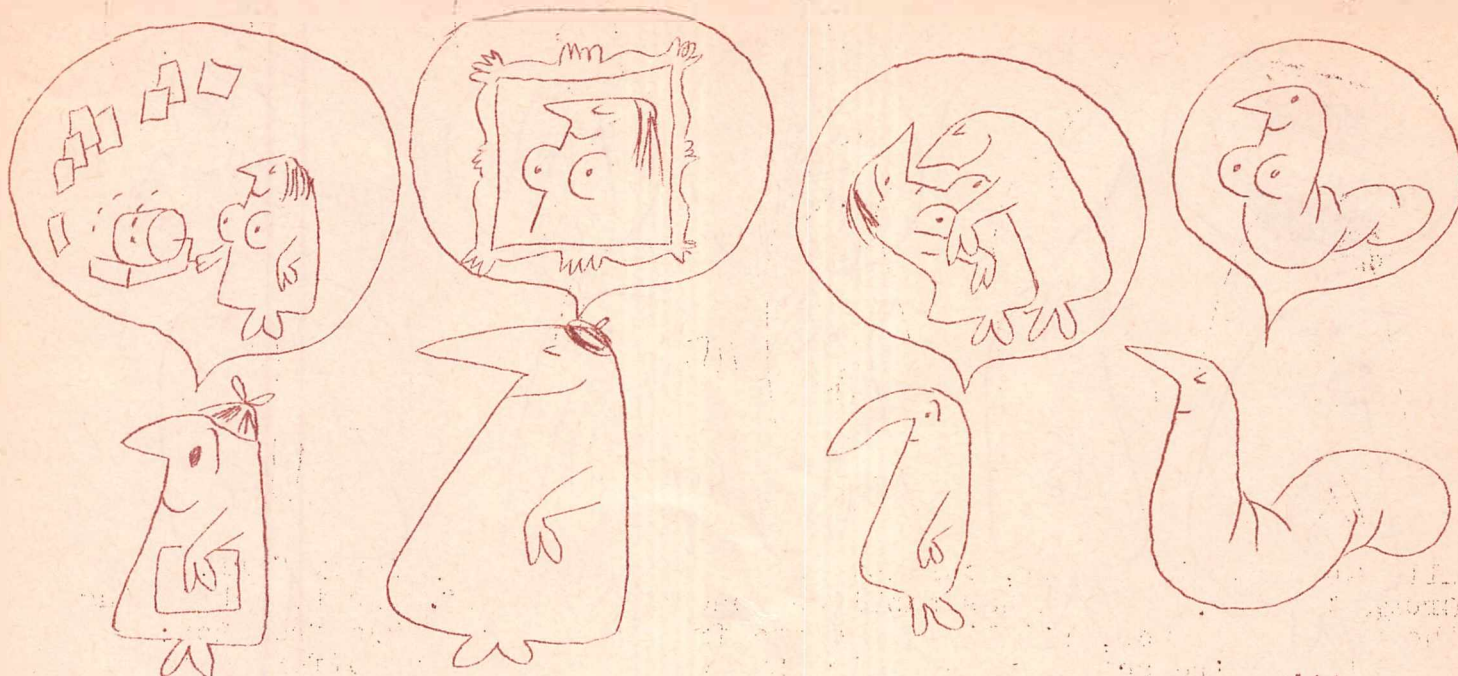


XIII appeared in Shaggy, our lead has been followed by Terry Carr, Gregg Calkins, and Ron has published one part himself. As to publishing the whole sequence, I'd like to quote from a letter to Bjo from Ron:

"...You're actually the third Stateside fan who has offered to run off the entire version and I have to say that each offer has been a step ahead of the previous one. I do feel that the responsibility of putting out such a load of tripe should be wholly and purely mine. I may change my mind if I'm unable to keep this resolution but at the moment I'm adamant. (If I were Willis, I'd find some way to bring in a woman's name so that I could say she was Eve-ant). I hope you don't hate me; well, not too much...."

And from the same letter:

First, thanks for SHAGGY 42, which arrived a little after the air letter. I'm naturally wild about the fact that you added an "s" to my title -- my, how you love using those letter guides -- and spelled my name without capitals. Still, I've made SHAGGY, which was an ambition of mine since I was so high. I have something to say about your illos, Bjo, and I hope it won't make your freckles blush. (sorry, are we still friends?)....Up to a year or so ago, I always liked to have any rubbish I wrote for fanzines illustrated by Bill Harry, the young Liverpool artist who now has evidently dropped out of fandom. It is a pity. Much of his work was adapted from illos in M.D and from photographs, but the ideas he put into this work, altering the original slightly to form some pointed and very fannish joke was greatly enjoyed by fans over here, especially as his artwork had a fine degree of quality about it. What I myself liked about Bill's work was that he seemed to add something to the printed word he was illustrating. Many a time, I've conceived of some inane idea which has seemed at the time a fine and fannish thing to do, and I've written an article or a fannish story around the idea. It hasn't come out as I'd initially pictured it, but with Bill's illo added, it has been complete, an independent whole. Bill could complement what I myself lacked in the way of writing, and his illos found just the right touch of spirit and atmosphere that was certainly necessary. I owed a lot to him, and although several artists have



illustrated my rubbish since Bill dropped out of fandom, I've not found anyone who could quite lend that same amount of feeling and yes, sympathy as Bill himself. Until now, that is. Ma'am, your illustrations for my piece are superb, no less. I especially like that picture of my dipping my hand in the Pacific and I've sat and stared for many long minutes at the picture of the four of us, Bob, Sylv., Ted and myself, in Las Vegas. I notice that you have omitted glasses from both Ted and Bob, but have included such exact details as my camera, my tennis shoes and that Vegas cowboy. Also, one left-handed jackpot machine!...

Best Wishes,
Ron Bennett,
Southway & Cecil.
Harrogate

Bjo's freckles are blushing prettily, and we're awfully glad you like her artwork. With Bjo, Jerry Stier, and Jack Harness, I think we have the best group of illustrators in fandom, and when you add the cartoons of Rotsler and our new contributor, Elmon Lee Coe, I know we have. Now if we could only hear from you, Bill Harry.....Al

Dear Perpetrators of the SoCal focal-point:

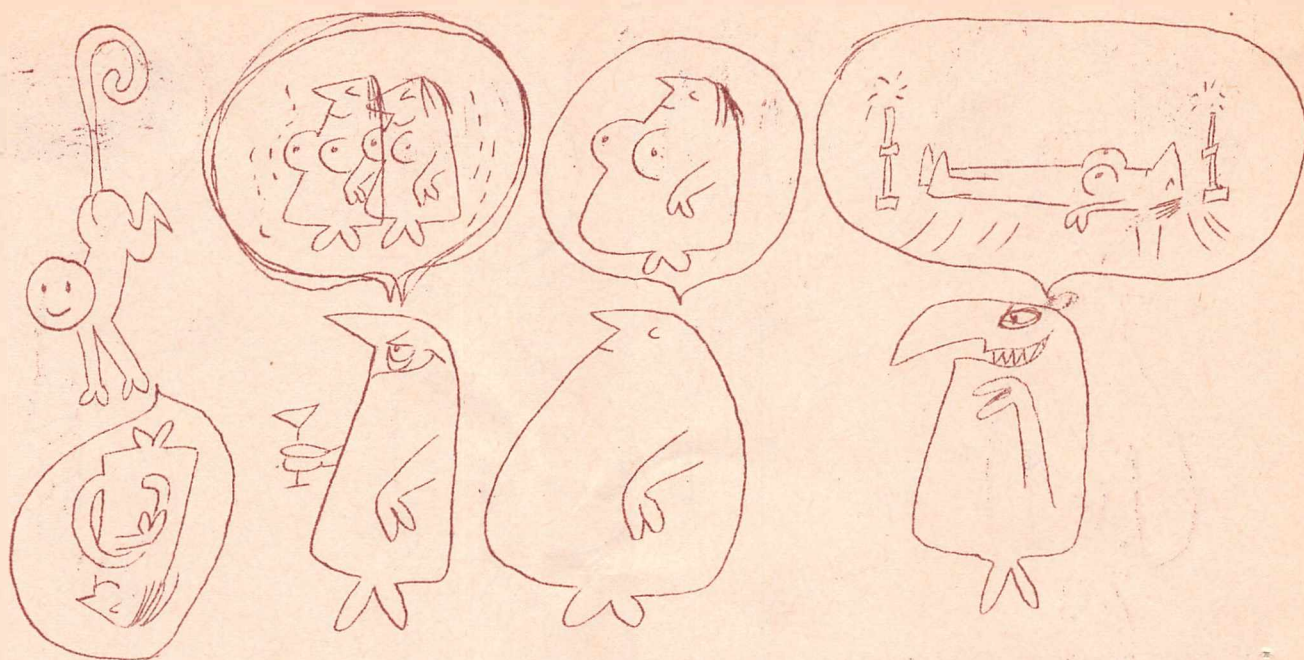
...A suggestion: edit your letters just a wee bit more....

Hurridly,
Ted Pauls
1448 Meridene Dr.
Baltimore 12, Md.

Okay--Al

Dear Shaggy-People,

Your periodical came to me in the mail a few days ago, and I was most interested in it. I am not new to the field of science-fiction (I started buying Astounding back in the early forties) but I am new to fandom. Partly by accident, I joined the M3F at Solacon, and ever since assorted circulars, bulletins, zines, and the like have come through the mail. Most have been quite interesting, and I have been pleased to receive them, altho I am often baffled by some of the



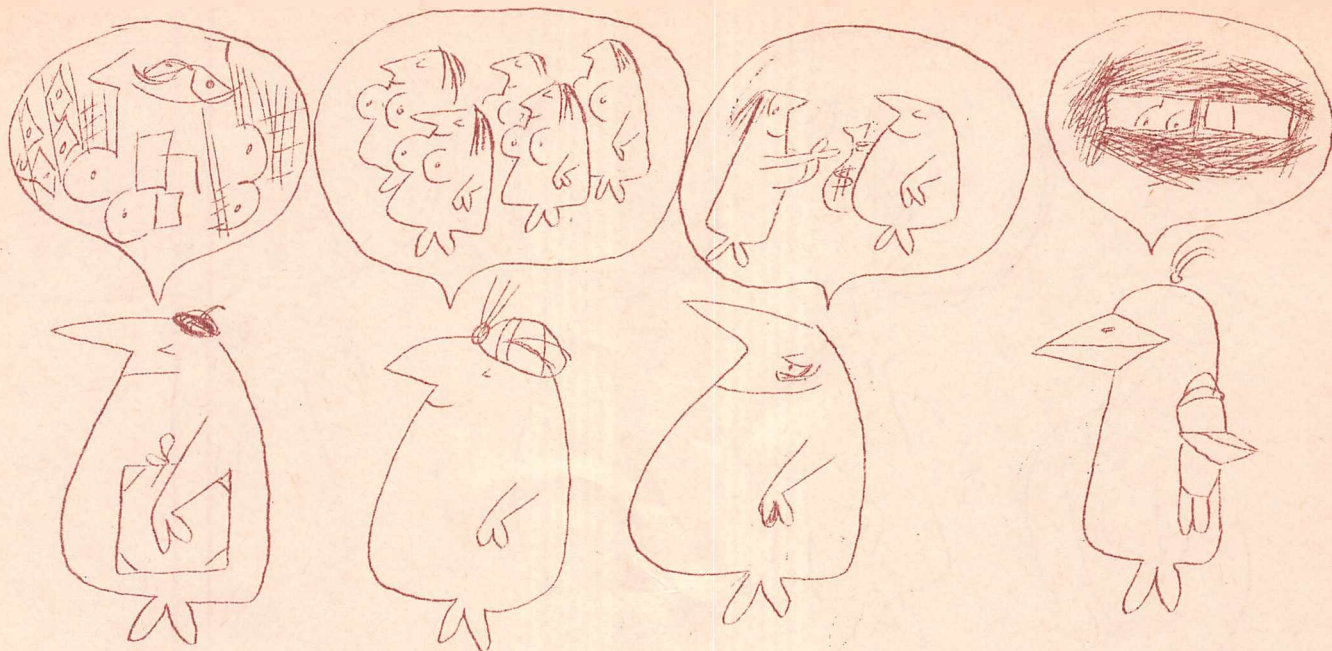
abbreviations, new terms, and oblique references to alien subjects. I am a little weary of the series of vitriolic letters and articles sent by the two opposing sides of the "Rehorst Affair." I don't know exactly what is going on, and being a person who is trying to figure out what N3F, and fandom in general, is all about, I am a little discouraged. I had the vague impression that an organization of fans was mostly for fun, but this doesn't seem to be quite true for N3F. Right after one of the violent letters from one or the other side (I forget which) in the N3F dispute, your Shaggy #42 arrived, and it was like a breath of fresh air - the imaginative articles, poetry, and art were a welcome relief. It is understandable, now, why some of your members have been reluctant to join an organization like the N3F - and I say more power to them. Your organization sounds more like what I had imagined, judging from the spirit reflected in SHAGGY.

Various points which impressed me: tendency to avoid the more esoteric terminology and initials which make comprehension difficult for a neofan; printing on white paper - reading all those green, brown, yellow and purple sheets was warping my eyeballs; imaginative and carefully done art; a certain lack of inhibition in the writing, which adds life to a zine; a healthy avoidance of taking yourselves too seriously.

As you may have notice, I have included some of my own art work along with this letter....

Elmon Lee Coe
10543 1/2 Apton St.
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Hoo, boy did we notice! And the reader will notice a few in scattered spots throughout the zine. My own favorite is the one we've put in the place of honor on the contents page. And while we didn't use them all, we'd like to see some more. Boy, would we! This, Heffers, is an example of the impression made upon a complete neofan. It is good, constructive criticism, and from a person who can hardly be called prejudiced through a long sojourn in fandom. The two articles by Ron Ellik on the NFFF seem to have stirred more opinions than anything else we have published to date. Now for some of the remarks inspired



by the sercon squirrel of issue #43:

Dear Al & Shaggy Crow,

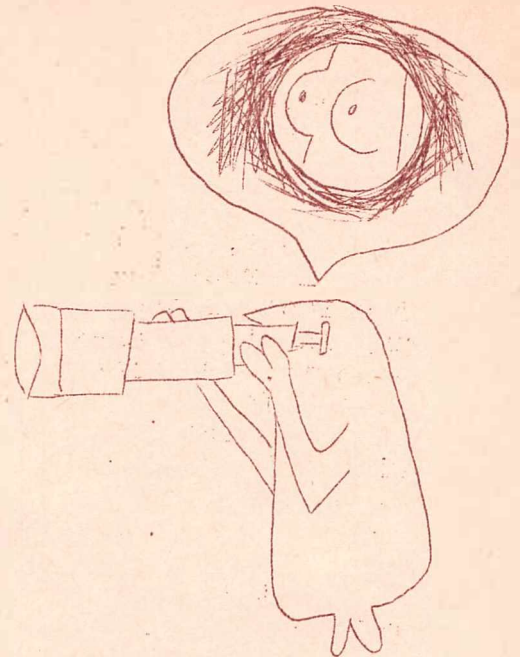
...The Squirrel's adventures in the NFFF are of course amusing, but I am glad to see him taking a "serious" approach, too. Actually, the NFFF needs fen of Ron's calibre to make it the club it should be. The red tape, etc. can be cut through but only by those willing to be super-active. I know Stan Woolston and others have tried like everything to improve the club (and from the outside, looking in, I think there has been improvement), but it takes more than a handful of superactive fen to do this job. If Ron (and others like him) get really interested and worked along with Stan, Ernie Wheatley, Honey Wood, etc. Well, who knows what might happen?

A local club can get by with a small percentage of active members who do all the work while the others sit back, pay their dues, and reap the benefits. But a national or international organization must have active members all over the map to make it worthwhile, or -- in other words -- a large percentage of active members.

I am happy to hear the NFFF is starting an APA group. It occurs to me that this ajay group could very easily wind up being the NFFF. If those who don't join the APA segment continue to go along with a do-nothing attitude the club could fade away, leaving only the publishing and/or writing members intact. This is NOT a prediction, just a statement of possibility...

Maybe Fritz Leiber had his tongue in his cheek when he was talking about the need for a downbeat stf mag. As Rick pointed out, there are too many downbeat stories already. We need some good upbeat tales, not Pollyana stuff, but stories that give the human race (and other races, other worlds) a chance to lick their problems instead of their wounds.

Of course there is downbeat and downbeat. Good writers, like Leiber and Bloch, can write entertaining downbeat tales. Weird fantasies can be downbeat as all hell -- and carry a punch (or a thrill -- or a chilllll) that makes the "tragic" ending worthwhile. But science fiction could do with some brighter future stories. Not sugar-coated or sugar-saturated utopias where everything works like clockwork, but stories showing an improved world instead of a perfect one or a demol-



ished one. There will still be problems for the protagonist to solve, and that's what makes a story.

I enjoyed the article very much including the paragraphs about the Eastern writers. Hope Fritz will do more of these, and tell us more about himself, too....

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, Calif.

Dear Bjo,

...Due to the letter-of-mine pubbed in the last SHAGGY, it will doubtless amuse you to know that Eva Firestone (or someone living in Upton, Wyoming, at any rate) sent in my dues for NFFF also, so it looks like I have been inducted into the NFFF without warning or anything, just like Ronel was; so when you come up for the Con, be sure and give me an official welcome. Due to my apathy toward NFFF, I didn't feel that poor Eva would get her money's worth of fun, so I am sending her a refund today also. I mean, if I was antagonistic like Ronel was, I would let it go, but since I won't be writing any funnee articles or like that, like Ronel is doing, it didn't seem fair somehow....

Bertram R. Toskey
4005 15th NE #410
Seattle 5, Washington

Two down...Now let's hear from the counsel for the defense:

Dear Al;

I have been a Neffer for three years now and was most interested to read the article in tail end of SHAGGY about us. I grant the author that in many cases the N3F becomes something of a lonely hearts club. Certainly we do everything to encourage the new members to build up a roster of correspondents, and try through welcome letters and round robins to get him into the habit of writing long and often. And personally I think N3F is a real and valuable asset to fandom, even to the groups which pretend to be so superior to the newfan neffer. But

the fact remains that it is in N3F that the neofan learns to handle typewriter and later a mimeograph or spirit duplicator. One thing is for sure there would be few recruits to fandom if it were not for organizations such as N3F which permit a person to fan without special equipment, duplicators or editorial talent.

A great to-do is made about the defunct projects of the N3F.... The fact of the matter is that it is the policy of N3F to encourage any fan to go ahead with ...a project and help through publicity and soforth. The fact that the project often fails may not necessarily be the fault of the N3F or of the neo fan either...All that can be done in a project is to back it up and let the person responsible go ahead with all the encouragement you can give him. If the rest of fandom chooses not to cooperate then it surely is neither the fault of the N3F or the neofan. In fact the only way to find out if an idea is any good or not is to put it to practice and learn the hard way....

But I would like to remind you that it is not the success or failure of one project or another, but the zeal with which we approach and attempt these projects that counts. Surely it is better to try and fail, than not to try at all. And I don't think the most wholehearted detractors of N3F can say that we don't try.

Now as to the so-called characters around the conventions. It is true that the lunatic fringe is invariably attracted to organizations such as the N3F and to the conventions for that matter. One hour in a bedlam at the average con hotel would convince anyone of that. But the overwhelming majority of Neffers are by no means freaks or crackpots.... The average Neffer is a sincere hardworking fan who is trying to find some way in which to serve fandom. Certainly we put a premium on correspondence since it is seldom one Neffer meets another except at conventions. And one thing said might be quite true. Your Neffer is usually a lonely person using the mails to vent his loneliness and make friends which he or she is unable to make alone. I personally think this is good. VERY GOOD. The loneliness soon ceases and the person becomes far better adjusted to life and soon graduates into one of the numerous apa groups or drops out due to personal difficulties.

Finally I might remark that under Ralph Holland, Honey Wood, and Stan Poolston, the N3F has finally topped the 200 mark and recruiting is still going strong. If we can coax the present Directorate to remain at the helm I feel sure the N3F will really become THE FAN ORGANIZATION. But one characteristic of almost every Neffer is congeniality. I have corresponded with something like 200 fans in my membership in N3F, and one and all have turned out to be men of good will willing to do anything within reason to further the best interest of fandom as a whole....

Hoping this finds you in best of health, and congratulations on a most excellent SHAGGY, I remain,

Fanatically Yours,
Seth A. Johnson
339 Stiles St.
Vaux Hall, N.J.

Shucks, Seth, some of my best friends are Neffers. But I would suggest that perhaps the N3F scares away as many neofans as it recruits. And as member projects are undertaken with the blessing of the N3F and publicized as N3F projects, it is no wonder that when they fail the organization recieves the blame. If N3F had a better record, they might recieve better cooperation. But they've got to deserve it first.--Al

Growls:

...Berry Fund. I is agin it. Any such Fund is in competition with TAFF. Even tho' TAFF will not be sending anyone out this year, still, more support for TAFF, less for these special funds, might make it possible for an annual TAFF. My opinion is that anyone who is willing to come out, over, under, or what-have-you, should take their chances with TAFF. I do have complaints about TAFF, though, even though I do support it. It would seem to me that this year, there weren't enough serious attempts to publicize the nominations. Do you realize that the first news, outside of rumors, came when they announced that the nominations had been closed. I've nothing against the candidates, in fact some of 'em... yum...yum., but the Principle is that I did not hear of it until nominations were closed. One fan's opinion of the Candidates presented runs like this, " I ain't seen any pics of Terry Carr's legs, and between Bjo and Ford, I think Bjo has nicer legs, so I'm for Bjo..."

Art Hayes
Cardiff, Ontario
Canada

I disagree with you about the Berry fund, Art. The Berry Fund was begun only after it was determined that because of the timing of the British con, there would be no TAFF candidate to the US for either the 59 or 60 conventions. This means no TAFF representative would visit the states agin until '61 which is also a Pacific Coastcon. And if you extrapolate this forward, you'll see that there never will be another TAFF candidate to anyplace except the coast as long as the present scheduling continues. This is something the next administrators are going to have to work out. I agree with you, however, that the TAFF nominations were not at all well-publicized. Bjo had decided to run for the 1960 TAFF some time ago, but it was not until a November 1958 Science Fiction Times (of all places!) that we learned there would be no 1959 candidate and that the 1960 nominations closed in a little more than thirty days. We had a mad scramble to get her nomination in under the deadline, and Don Ford was even later. Terry Carr, who had been angling for the 1959 bid, of course had his campaign rolling at the Solacon, but he was planning on an earlier trip. This is another thing the new administrators are going to have to change. --Al

Dear Pippie.

...To hell with the difference between fanzine fans and convention fans. After all, they're both fans, in their own ways, and if one group is strong enough to elect a candidate, then that candidate is the most representative. Like, say, there are 200 convention fans and 100 fanzine fans (good round numbers, even if inaccurate). If the groups cast their votes for their candidates without exception, then, the vote would be 200-100 in favor of the convention fan...and he would be the most representative. After all, TAFF is an election, and the person who endears himself (herself) to the majority is the person elected as the representative. Let's have no more talk of a split in fandom, as Fandom is Just a Goddam Hobby. I think....

Vic Ryan
2160 Sylvan Road
Springfield, Ill.

Bravo! --Al

Dear Al,

Thanks very much for the fine Berry Fund editorial; this is greatly appreciated up here in these strong pro-Berry precincts (also pro-TAFF). I'm not sure that you have all the early history straight, but I'm not sure enough of the opposite to make any definite corrections, so just count me as vacillating on the historical end.

One thing that has been continually misinterpreted, though, is the "convention fans VS fanzine fans" pitch. It has come to the point that even the original protagonists use these misleading labels, but 'tain't so. What happened; after a certain amount of misunderstanding about vote-subsidizing by unsuccessful TAFF candidates in 1957, was that various fans griped in fanzines, letters, tapes, etc. They were griping not about voting by so-called "convention fans", but about voting by non-fans who attended conventions as friends of s-f readers, and who voted (under pressure from candidates and/or other canvassers) in Total Ignorance-- particularly when the TAFF contribution was put up not by the voter but by the canvasser. It was the Ignorant "oh, come on, he's a friend of mine," Vote that was protested. Clearer?

...Rich starts his Profile of TedJ as if he's going to give Ted a good run for the course, but lapses into less-interesting backslapping such as I griped about in my last letter. I suppose it's the Momentum of the Thing, because Rich is generally a good man on reviews, comments, and casual personal assaults. Well, he picks up at the end.

Rick Sneary has a good set of points; I wish someone could hold Campbell's nose and feed him a set of this sort of comments, with a long-handled spoon.

Metcalf makes a good try, but doesn't seem to be too familiar with the field he's satirizing.

Leiber has a good pitch but too disorganized. And I have a question: did someone goof up Fritz's grammar in stencilling, or did someone fail to correct Fritz's grammar in stenciling? Through sheer awe and etc? Well, anyhow, it is a good piece, though looser than could've been.

Good old ESplunkett (you, Al? Bjo? Who, in mortal guise?): pretty well-done, mostly. Who is still griping at Lancy's evaluations of L.SFS?? Was you dare, Sharlie? (Me, either.) Otherwise, Plunkett mildly rides high in saddle....

Best anyhow,
F.M. Busby
2852 14th Ave W.
Seattle 99, Wash.

This was a rather pointed editorial, and one of the people it was pointed at was you, Buz. I recall some rather alarmed efforts on your part to get Bjo to drop her campaign so "fanzine fans could present a united front," or some such thing. Furthermore, my remarks are directed toward material published in fanzines in regard to the current campaign, not to the campaign of 1957. It is my personal opinion that Terry Carr and certain of his supporters have been running a campaign whose effects cannot fail to be harmful to fandom at large, irregardless of the final results. As to the peculiar form of Fritz's article, the point should have been made and was not that this was not an article at all, but a speech. It was given by

Fritz at the LLSFS fanquet in March, and transcribed by me from a tape. I corrected the grammar --spoken words don't sound like written -- or thought I did. Fritz did not have a chance to go over it in detail, although he made a few modifications. The blame for any out-and-out grammatical errors, therefore, is mine. As for Plunkett, he got his information from a couple of people who were there. And as long as someone is going to try to discuss a writer -- any writer, fan or otherwise -- one of the most relevant comments that can be made is on the veracity of that writer. Furthermore, and this is undeniable, the Laney LLSFS has not been in existence for a dozen years, now. You were not the only one to remark on the Laney comment, Buz, as a matter of fact your editor, Plunkett, a certain redheaded TAFF Candidate and a couple of her hired guns were invited over for one of Isobel's slightly fabulous dinners for the purpose of letting Burbee pontificate about homosexuals, LLSFS and Laney. (Will that dig stir you up enough for another dinner invitation, Burb?) Anyhow, we got this lwtter:

...You remember I remarked that the Laney picture of the LLSFS was not false, as you declared in your review of THE STORMY PETREL. I asked you where you got your information and you said from WJ Daugherty and FJ Ackerman. They both paint the LLSFS (of Laney's time) as lily-white while Laney said it was black. (Actually, Al Ashley called the club to be 90% queer--why has no one but Laney called him on that?)

The Daugherty-Ackerman picture is not any more accurate than Laney's. (Daugherty couldn't see and Ackerman wouldn't look.) The true picture lies somewhere in between.

I asked you also to tell me when Laney'd been expelled from the club. He never was, to my knowledge, unless the club did it in a fit of bravery two or three years after he'd resigned, never to return.

S-L #43 very interesting, with Sneary and Leiber taking top honors.

Charles Burbee
7628 S. Pioneer
Whittier, Calif.

The point of the review, if you'll recall, was that Laney was not accurate, but that his picture of LLSFS had become accepted throughout fanzines. Without going into the relative merits and rehashing an old fan feud, most of whose protagonists have ceased to care, I do want to repeat the point for all those like Busby who seem to think there is something wrong in an organization coming to its own defense that Laney did not tell the gospel truth, and that his picture is and was false. As even you, Burb, have conceded. As for the fact that Laney was expelled from the club, this is tradition, and I don't know of any authority for it, and Forry is out of town so I can't check with him. It is quite possible that Ashley was the expelled and that the tradition, as is common with oral traditions, got garbled. Anyhow, Peter Kronweld von Rotsla (sp?) was the second, because I was there. Now, suppose we let the whole thing drop into history and out of controversy, which is where it belongs anyway. --Al

To emphasize what I said in my last letter about repentance, I'm acknowledging and expressing thanks for the 43rd Shangri-L'Affaires only three days after its arrival. So I'm devoting this entire week to fanzine reading in spare time; it's one way to reduce the frightening stack of unread publications. I'm such an old fan that I can remember when fanzines usually contained only 24 pages or thereabouts. You people in Los Angeles are setting a near-precedent by limiting an issue to 36 pages, and in pica type at that.

The identity of Mr. Plunkett intrigues me, too....The reviews give evidence of first-hand involvement in fandom for quite a few years, and I'm inclined to suspect either Len Moffatt or Stan Woolston, preferably the former.

The thought of people welcoming Ellik to fandom is a strange one, but I enjoyed very much these accounts of his encounter with the NFFF. Its recruitment work is the only major activity in which it indulges that unorganized fans couldn't achieve quite easily. I remain unconvinced that the recruiting is more beneficial than harmful, when looked at in the general sense, over a period of years. There have been some welcoming committee members who have definitely repelled prospective new fans by their gushing tactics or near-illiteracy. Even when the welcoming is properly done, it's questionable if brand new fans are going to get the right impression of science fiction fandom by entering through an organization which has everything so wrapped up in protocol and committees and channels. These new fans are apt to think that it's impossible to do what you please in fandom without going through prescribed rituals and clearing it with authority.

I liked the things that Fritz Leiber had to say. In Hagerstown, the afternoon newspaper is about to cut back its publication rate to five issues per week, omitting the Saturday edition. This doesn't mean that people are no longer interested in reading about deaths and bloodshed and weddings and so on. It simply means that it becomes more expensive all the time to publish and it'll be more profitable to crowd the week's advertising revenue into five newspapers instead of six. It is hardly correct even to speculate that the arrival of space travel has ruined science fiction in magazine form, because up to now nothing that has occurred in reality has involved things that ever were part and parcel of science fiction. Placing in orbit a few tiny satellites and sending a few small animals a couple of hundred miles up never formed the subject matter of science fiction stories, although such activities may have formed a paragraph or two in a story that described the development of space travel. Wait until men get to the planets; then will be time to think that advances are ruining science fiction, instead of such things as the rising cost of type-setting and paper, the need for paying high rates to authors for good fiction, the competition from paperback books, the way people prefer to watch television instead of reading, and the way in which picture magazines have made people unwilling to buy any periodicals that don't contain three or four pictures on every page....

Bjo's pictures make it obvious that anyone who tried to choose among Bjo, Atom and Rotsler as fandom's best illustrator would conk out in an agony of indecision.

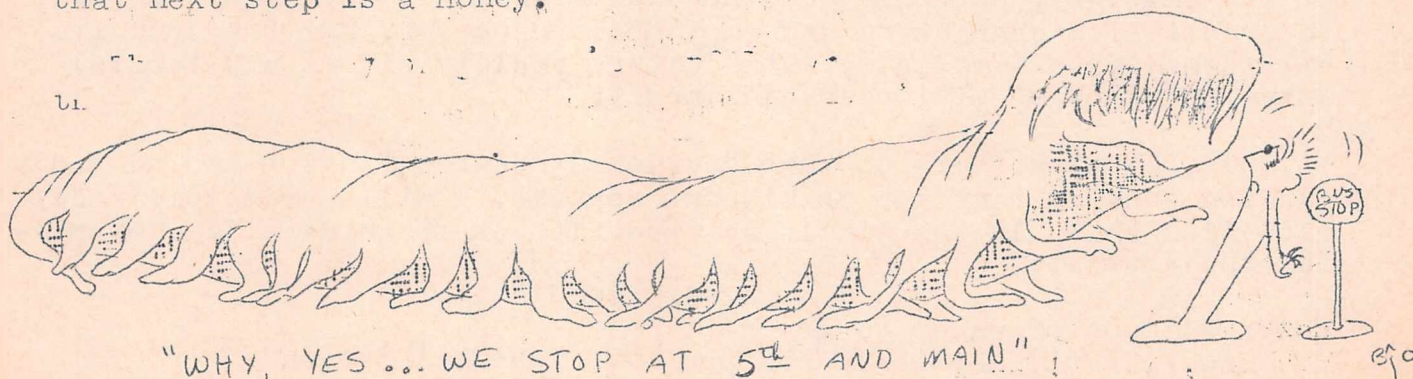
Well said, but the paying of high rates to authors hardly applies in the science fiction field. There aren't any.--Al

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Shaggy,
 Being at the typewriter already, I might as well add an extra issue to the subscription by making this a letter of comment. Since you didn't specify what the letter must comment on, I am **tempted** to give comparative ratings of Berkely bars, or lament the passing of your rumble seat, or speculate who posed for the rear half of your cover pic on #43, but it's so much easier to be Serious and Constructive that I shall ask Rick Sneary why he's reading Astounding at all. If he wants "real people in conflict with the world in terms as we know them" (sic) there's always Harper's, or any number of earnest little Serious Novels, or even, God help us, the Saturday Evening Post.

Look, Rick, I thoroughly agree that this deus ex machina bit, whether it be Benevolent Aliens or New Powers of the Mind, is the sure way to ruin a story. It has not only no relation to reality --- in the abstract, symbolic way which is the closest any fiction of any kind can approach reality --- but, rather worse, it has no relation to story telling. On the other hand, the so-called "realistic" or "extrapolated" or what-have-you science fiction hasn't got a discernibly closer relationship. At its best, it satirizes by taking one aspect of the world-today and stretching it to infinite lengths. "Gravy Planet" is a case in point. "1984", incidently, is not, since Orwell was offering a pretty sober and accurate portrait of Stalinist Russia, merely transferring the locale to a future England to underline the warning. But the method of satire is inherently limited, and any amount of stories have been ruined by using it as the method of what should have been more general fiction. In other words, I enjoyed "Gravy Planet" the first time I read it, but along about the fiftieth time, under still another title, I got as bored with "extrapolation" as I was with the deus ex machina.

Now if our immediate future is to be, in Rick's words, "good and full of promise", there are certain things which must happen now. Some of them are, to a slight degree, within our control. We might all get out next year, for instance, and try to elect a President who reads something besides Western magazines. But most of the crucial factors are completely beyond our amending. We can do nothing whatsoever about the built-in paranoia of Communism, the birth rate of China, or the data of nuclear physics. And nothing but the most wildly improbable series of coincidences will make them all come out the way we want. Science fiction can offer no prescription any more than science can, or diplomacy, or religion, or you-name-it. Hang onto your hats boys, that next step is a honey.



Therefore, any bright and cheerful, or even any very hopeful-for-the-individual future which science fiction is about to write about, must be constructed arbitrarily and set at some arbitrary date beyond the immediate crisis, which the writer must assume we weathered in some arbitrary one of several possible ways. Unrealistic? Sure. So is the "extrapolation" type of gloom and doom, since it extracts one or two features out of the existing mosaic and makes them predominant in the whole future. Actually, history is so completely unpredictable that the only safe bet is that 2059 will incorporate, as fundamental features, a number of consequences of events today so insignificant they haven't even made the papers.

So is science fiction doomed always to remain arbitrary, each story a self-contained little universe completely adrift from present reality? No. But the fictional approach to actual problems must be different, both from the distortions of the "extrapolation" formula and from the welter of meaningless details which make up every day life and work.

What science fiction should deal with, when it tackles its own era, is an abstract and generalized version of our own basic problems. Most likely these problems, in their fictional restatement, can most conveniently be given settings in the far future and on distant planets. This does not make them into an artificial shadow play, for on this abstract level the problems become eternal; the same problems of war and peace, love and hate, sorrow and joy, fear and courage, with which Euripides dealt, and with which our most remote descendants will probably also have to deal.

The characteristic science fiction approach to these large issues, as distinguished from the characteristic approaches of other fiction types, is intellectual and analytical. For example, Asimov's "Foundation" series employed fictional techniques to illuminate the underlying logic of history (including 20th Century history --- for instance, the most recent "Bel-Riose" would be a Soviet marshal turned out to pasture). Ralph Williams is a writer with an admirable grasp of reality. In case anyone remembers my own "Among Thieves", it was a parable all the way down the line. And so on.

Of course, the fact that the basic approach, or attitude, or philosophy, or whatchacallit of science fiction is analytical, does not mean that the resulting story has to be a cold glorified essay. On the contrary, not only can the usual fictional techniques be used to create live characters and emotional responses, but the symbolic relationship to immediate, 20th Century reality offers a potential extra dividend of vividness and impact.

This, I think, sums up what "serious" science fiction can do about placing contemporary man in his own context. I will agree completely with Rick that all too little science fiction these days is even making the attempt.

Cordially,

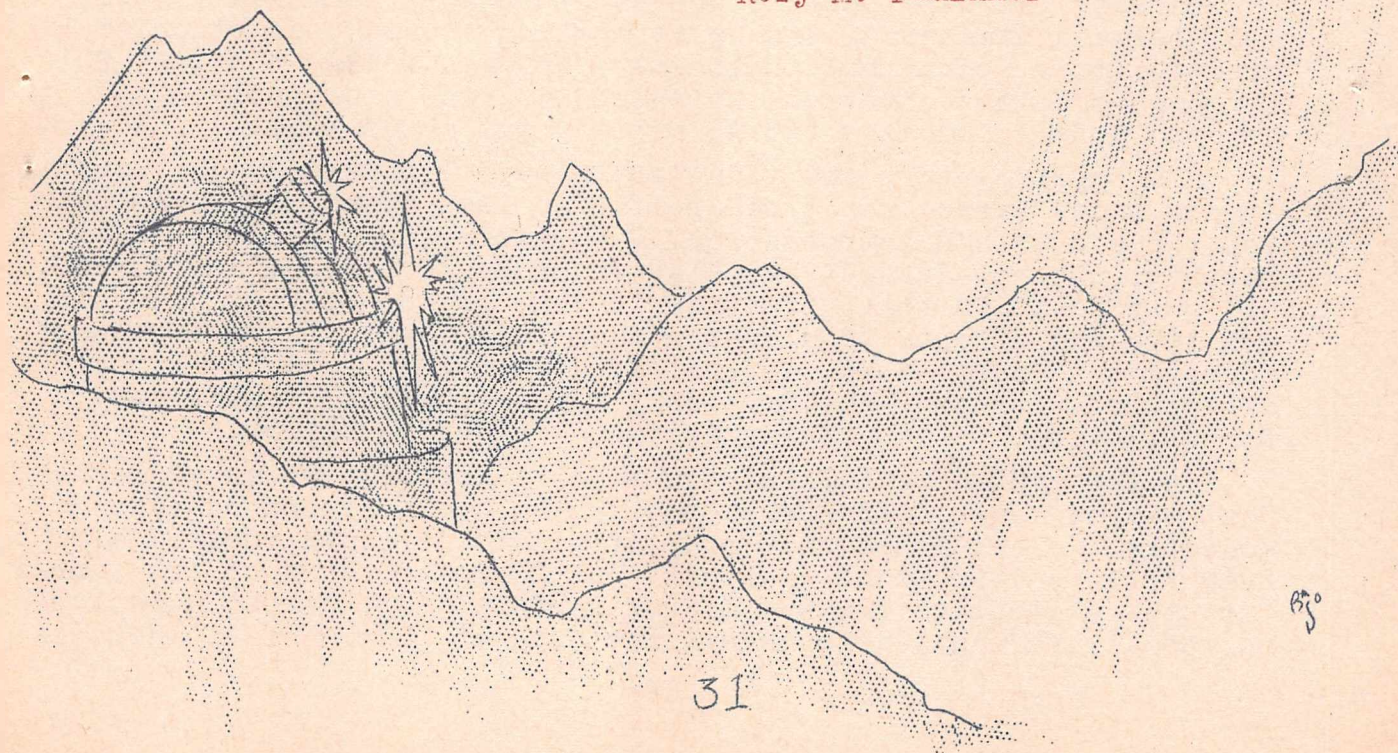
We're all out of paper so you get no answer, Poul, but we'll see you next month. And thanks for the Kibbles, Karen! --Al

Poul Anderson
1906 Grove Street
Berkeley 4, Calif.

NIGHT SHIFT

The sky is blue with cold. A bitter, space-born wind
Torments the shivering pines upon the mountain crest
And steals beneath the cloaks of the astronomers
Who walk in silence toward the star-lit, silver dome.
Within, the framework of the giant telescope
Casts shadows like some monstrous beetle on the walls.
With noise like distant thunder rolling through the dome
The rounded roof top parts, and through a narrow slot
A blunted muzzle thrusts and aims, to catch the gleam
From one far galaxy, the target for tonight.
And now the night-long vigil starts, as lonely men
Who work in darkness seek the light from distant stars.

--Rory M. Faulkner



(cont'd from page 7)

"Alright, Barney Bernard, you keep your cotton pickin' puns off our guests!"

Ferdinand looked up through a haze of freckles as thick as motes in the porchlight to see a sprightly young colleen step in, who, to his amazement, had been the owner of the authoritative voice.

"Hi Bjo, Hi Jerry;" said Scratch. "Saved by the Belle!"

Tenderly they picked Barney up, and laid him in a corner, where he would be recovered in time for the poker game at the end of the meeting.

-*-*-

Here beginneth
the profile proper of Barney Bernard

LASFAS' most renowned punster was born on a farm near Detroit, to which city the family moved by the time he started school. But in spite of Barney's facility, there is probably little truth to the base rumor that his mother was frightened by a production line. While he was still in grammar school, the family moved to Portland, Oregon, then later to Los Angeles, where he attended Belmont High and City College (in that order).

After school, Barney worked at different things, including a gas station, a haberdashery (which probably accounts for his being a Democrat), and a CCC camp. The times being desperate and horizons alluring, he took to the sea like another famous Pole, Conrad, and wound up staying with the Merchant Marine for thirteen years. This took him through the war years, including the invasion of France and the pleasure of a torpedo baptism off the east coast of India in 1942.

Barney's principal work since has been as a machinist, tool-designer and draftsman, and he is working toward completion of credits for a Mechanical Engineering degree. During the late 20's he came to Science Fiction, which he has read abundantly since, tho he didn't fall into the LASFAS orbit until about 1951.

His parliamentary and fiduciary sensibilities are also notable. At one time, Barney was treasurer of no less than four organizations: the American Astronautical Federation, the Pacific Rocket Society, the now-defunct Bay Players of Santa Monica, and LASFAS. His only fault in this direction is that he is generous with his own time and efforts to a degree that would make a more mercenary temperament independent. Typical is a recent special certificate of appreciation from the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, for his participation in the Moonwatch and IGY program.

In the course of talking toward this profile, we asked Barney what was the most pride-provoking pun he had ever engendered. Modestly, he mentioned only one, of a cliché-ridden individual who "was trite and profound wanting". But there are many others seared into the collective unconscious of LASFAS. Under direct questioning, he has always managed to change the subject, but we feel there is

The mass attack of Barney's puns, of course, is such as to try the temper of angels. Like Persian arrows, they darken the sun. Occasionally one can sense an undertone of criticism, ranging from mutterings to screams, about "selectivity", with a counterpoint of deadly silence, or an undertone of moans like the chorus of the Damned in ORPHEUS. Ordinarily one simply overlooks such outbursts, because those under great strain are not themselves, and it would after all be both unfair and lacking in human sympathy to blame such unfortunates for words or phantasies of violence at such a time.

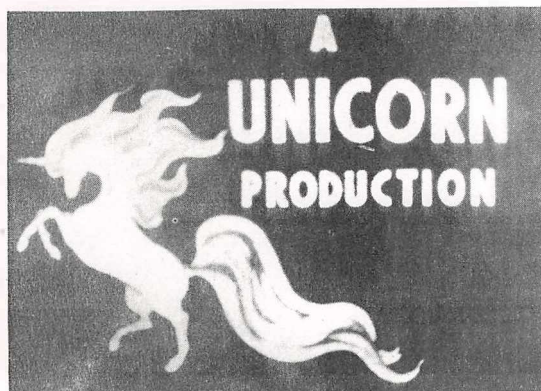
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Ron Ellik
127 Bennett Avenue
Long Beach 3, California.



the

a unicorn

Starring

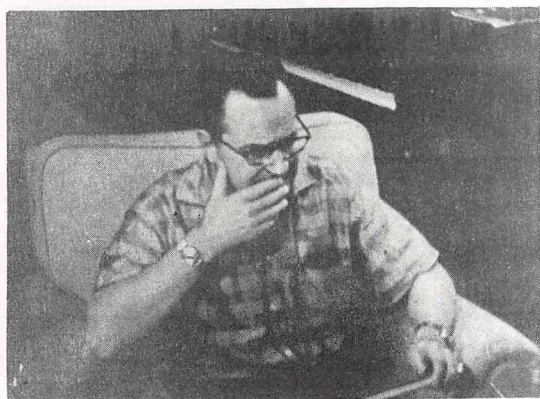
FRITZ LEIBER

FORREST ACKERMAN

BJO



THE 1959 WESTERCON will see the first presentation of THE GENIE, a four-hundred foot, sixteen millimeter, color & sound representation of a first amateur effort in stfantastical movies by unicorn productions.



up is a small informal-type group composed of LASFS members but connected in no other way with the club. It was thought better to keep the club and the film group separate from one another, due to the heavy financial investments in film and equipment, and in order to keep the movie-making on a volunteer basis, with a small, workable group which could be counted on for continued interest. We highly recommend the number seven to other potential movie-makers; the team has functioned admirably and with a minimum of internal friction.



The story concerns a genie who returns to Earth after a thousand-year sleep, having decided on a whim to grant three wishes to the first mortal he encounters. The human in question is rather doubtful of the whole bit, and demands a demonstration or two; our philanthropic genie manifests a bunch of grapes, transforms them into a bottle, and for a clincher has the bottle become a dancing girl. The snapper at the end is a variation on a parlor joke.

Script is by Bjo, re-written to strengthen motivation by Fritz Leiber. Dale Frey produced and directed it, with

genie

production

the genie

the lucky mortal

the dancing girl

John Trimble, Ernie Wheatley, and Al Lewis as sound, lighting and camera crew, respectively. Bjo designed the costumes and did the artwork on the titles, at beginning and end.

For our next picture, however, we are envisioning a Martian space opera, with many roles and even a small mob scene; for that movie, several actors will be needed, besides a slightly larger crew. Since a film cannot be produced both efficiently and democratically, we foresee some difficulties in working with a large number of people. Watch this space.

For all but Dale, who has had a good deal of experience in movie-making (and whose equipment we used), this was the first attempt for us at amateur hollywooding. Consequently, the premier in Seattle will suffer from poor splicing, which cannot be corrected in time for the Fourth of July weekend. When the film is shown at LASFS later in the month, and at Detroit in September, this difficulty will be overcome and the final polish will have been applied. We feel the completed (but unpolished) film to be an entertaining example of Los Angelen fan-projects to display at the Westercon.

unicorn productions is looking forward to showing this, and others of its efforts, at future conventions and fan-parties. We hope we'll be welcome.

--Al Lewis.



Excerpts from A Disaster

Longview Daily News (Longview, Washington). Friday, 3Jul59; pg 3.

"... a car went out of control just south of Coweeman Bridge and rolled over, injuring three persons.

The Patrol identified the driver as Albert J. Lewis, 26, of 706 San Lorenzo St, Santa Monica, Calif.; he was the only one who did not require hospitalization.

He 'told officers he fell asleep and went down the center median. The vehicle then struck a cement guard post and rolled over.

Passengers who required hospitalization were Betty Jo Wells, 25, and Virginia Faine, 20, both of 2548 West 12th St., Los Angeles, Calif., and Warren B. Carlson, 24, of 121 Covina Street, Long Beach, California.

Attendants at St. John's said the women suffered multiple bruises and abrasions and were still being x-rayed for possible injuries. Carlson was said to be 'resting comfortably,' but the extent of his injuries was not revealed.

Officers said there was an estimated \$1,500 damage to the car. The accident occurred about an hour after the four-car crash."

Note:

This item ran below a four-car crash involving a soldier from Fort Lewis, Wn, and several unfortunate others. The accident prevented Al Lewis, Bjo, Djinn Faine, Brad Carlson, and Bill Ellern from attending the 1959 Westercon.

At this writing, Brad Carlson has been released from St. John's and is resting in the nearby town of Kelso. Bjo and Djinn are hospitalized for convalescence and muscular therapy, respectively, and due to be released within the week. This issue of Shaggy is being completed by several of the CRY gang during the Westercon; more information about the accident and final circumstances of the principles can be obtained by writing to any of them at the above addresses.

--Ron Ellik,
5 July 1959.

THE SQUIRREL CAGE

by Ron Ellick

"Let me introduce you to Brad Carlson," I said into open air, "he's prepared for the end of the world." I liked the way that rolled off my tongue, so I said it again. Brad Carlson squirmed as it repeated.

"I'm not prepared for the end of the world," he said. "An atom bomb, maybe, or several of them. A drought, or floods, or world-wide earthquakes. Flash-fires; perhaps, or invasions from outer space. Not the end of the world."

Warren Bradley Carlson, Long Beach fan, sleeps with a hand-made Randall knife within his reach. A .45 automatic (with fifty rounds of ammunition nearby) hangs on a peg over his bed. Under it is his bookshelf-area; the section nearest to the head of the bed is partly composed of science-fiction, and partly composed of books on survival and camping.

In his closet are sleeping bags, tent-making equipment and Mac Wests. John Trimble was surprised when I told him about the Mac Wests, and I suspect I didn't really see them. The closet is rather full of such things, and I might only have seen an inflatable life-raft.

Brad is, of course, a naturally out-doorsy type person. Besides basic survival gear he has swim-fins, masks and snorkels, as does any other youth reared within the sound and smell of the surf. His spare time is spent in the desert, in California and Arizona, working out camping and hiking techniques sure to be needed when/if.

His basic thesis is that, when the bomb drops, he and a few others (preferably very few) will be left to pick up the remnants of civilization. Natural selection will immediately start weeding out the unfit, and soon he and even fewer others will be left, leading a life of scavenging, pillaging and war against the elements. "It will be dog-eat-dog," were his words. I asked him if he would team up with anyone and he replied in the negative. It seems that individuals will work better alone when the chips are down. He would take a woman along, he says, but he'd want a strong-headed self-sufficient sort who could stand on her own feet; "You couldn't depend on the hysterical type in a tight spot," he told me, over a chocolate malt.

Most of his talk seems to be of a post-bomb world; this is because he envisions the bomb (whether it be clean or dirty, atom or hydrogen) as the end of our civilization, and considers it likely to fall within this generation. He holds himself open to world-wide earthquakes, drought, floods, fire, and invasion from outer space. But not the end of the world, he insists. He doubts the need of survival methods after such an occurrence.

-oOo-

Since the last couple of issues of Shaggy have appeared with installments of this column dealing with the N3F, I've received any number of different types of comment. Neffers seem to hope I'm kidding, and say that as long as I'm kidding they'll take it as a joke. Non-Neffers are unanimously agreed that they don't understand how I ever got into the club; they see me as a beacon of sanity placed against the N3F, and feel that now their beacon has been consumed by the advancing hordes.

Rest assured, N3F, that I am kidding--I am not out to destroy you. But the serious installment of this column (in Shaggy 43) was not all a joke; I am out to discover for my own satisfaction what is wrong with the club, and to upset, perhaps, some inertia-loaded appecarts in the finding.

Seth Johnson says the N3F should be commended because it starts a lot of projects, and that even though these projects may not be completed, the effort is better than doing nothing at all. But neither commendations, nor the unfinished projects and the commendations, are enough to make Neff a worthwhile club.

People in the National Fantasy Fan Federation worry too much. Right now they are all shook up because a member (allegedly deceased just after the hassle started) accused other members of writing letters to him which insulted him on account he was an Indian. The Directorate is manfully (and womanfully) attempting to get across to people that just because the accusations were made, it doesn't mean anybody actually wrote such letters. Yet denunciations of prejudiced people are appearing in N3F members' fanzines and letters like wildfire.

We don't even know this chap is dead; we don't know the letters were written; we don't know what he did to instigate them. But Neffers have taken off in an anti-race-prejudice crusade likely to embarrass many of them in a few weeks. The sentiment is great--it's terrific. It's sort of ineptly applied, however.

The N3F should stop worrying so much. It's a congenital difficulty with fan-clubs, and it affects this one more than others. If the members just wouldn't take fandom so damned seriously, there'd be no need for me to answer pained letters requesting information as to whether or not I consider Neffers fans or fringe-fans, or whether the N3F should fold or not on acct of its squabbles.

--oOo--

The other week, Elinor and FM Dusby wrote to Djo and me, and asked us to "throw some notes together for an extemporaneous speech" to be delivered to a distinguished assemblage at the twelfth Westercon--with me speaking on Terry's TAFF campaign, and Djo speaking for herself. Make it funny, they said.

With Djo bush in Olancha fighting off gila monsters and fake-injuns, I sat down to write a lot of nonsense which would sound extemporaneous when delivered. Only it didn't come out nonsense.

I was writing an article about TAFF, in dialogue form, for Djo and me to recite over the fourth of July weekend. It was dead serious.

So I wrote a half-page, and tore it up, and re-wrote it. It still came out serious. I will talk to Djo on the way up to Seattle, and we'll see if we can't work out a vaudeville routine, with pie-throwing and pratfalls and fake noses, and have the audience roaring with laughter.

But there's one thing for sure. It'll be extemporaneous; we haven't a typewriter we can take with us on the trip.

--rde.

Quo Vadis ⁱⁿ the Fanzines

by Eustace S. Plunkett

Being a fanzine review column (you'd guessed?) instituted a couple of issues ago to let you faneds know that we'd got your zines, to introduce new fans reading Shaggy to fanzines, and to spread around the egoboo everyone in fandom's constantly faunching for. And now to get to the fmz, loading off with....

INNUENDO #9 - Terry Carr, 70 Liberty St.#5, San Francisco 10, Calif.-
Trade, comment - Irregular.

Starting off with a Bjo cover rather obviously re-stencilled by Terry, INN #9 presents some of the best Ray Nelson, Tom, Bjo, and Rotsler cartoons around. These are scattered amongst such things as "Inn a Mist", Terry's editorial, detailing much of the "Brandon" background, plus some notes on the Carr's wedding, and some nonsensical ramblings about Bjo. Chapter 12 of Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion", detailing the SoLJgon, and just as interesting and entertaining as the other chapters published so far have been. Bill Doncho's "Adventures in Fandom" prove entertaining, and Bob Bloch's "A Letter to Carl Brandon" might have been more than just good if it had been printed about six months earlier when he wrote it. Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" and the letter column wind up this INN, which suffers only through being so irregular.

OOPSLAs #26-27 - Gregg Galkins, 1484 E. 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah - 15¢, 2/25¢, 4/50¢, 8/1 - More or less Bi-monthly.

But being irregular isn't all of INN's trouble, as Gregg proves with these two long-awaited issues of OOPS. Rex-rotaried in blue on pastel-shaded colored paper, OOPS is up to the usual high Galkins standards repro-wise, and the contents measure up equally favorably. Two chapters of Colonial Excursion (did Shaggy break the ice?) appear, and Harry Warner contributes two installments of what is probably fandom's most unusual and best fmz review column. Bob Tucker, John Berry, Dean Gronnell, and Walt Willis all prove to be their usual entertaining best, and with a line-up like that, who needs more? We do, and await the next OOPSLA with high hopes.

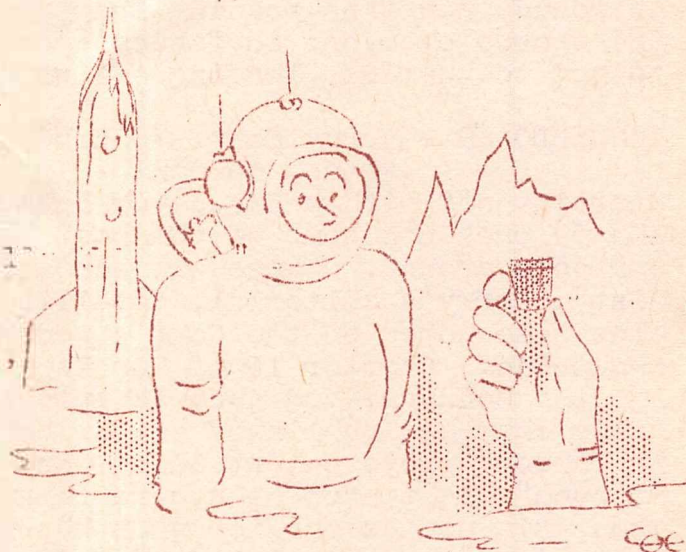
YANDRO #76 - R&J Coulson, Rt.#3, Wabash, Ind. - 15¢, 12/1.50, trade.-
Monthly.

A Yandro Literary Supplement, "Creatures and Stuff" makes up and enlivens this issue of YANDRO, and while it could probably have been presented more forcefully or clearly in some ways, it effectively disposes of monster mags, fanwise (while they continue to make a mint). The editorials, Geo. Schithers' reply to Stenfors' serious article of a couple of issues ago, and a longish lettercol round out this issue, and prove that the standards for an average issue of YANDRO are climbing with each issue.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #128 - Busbys, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - 25¢, 5/81, 12/82, contributions, comment (prntd), fnz reviewed in issue, no trades. - Monthly.

So fandom still has two monthly fnz, as the FenDen folk decide to try holding CRY's size down, and avoid having to change frequency.

Leading off with a great Berry Fund ATom cover, #128 dashes through Buz's fun with Page 3, into StField Plowed Under, where quite a few fen do most of their "reading" of stf these days. Dean Cronnell sets the record straight on croggle in the DAG manner. GOOLga- Faa!, a Berry Fund pro-agenda take-off on Kipling, the Lichtman/Brown fnz reviews, and Wally Weber's "Minutes" (the "h" is gone!) round out things, along with Terry Carr's "Fandom Harvest", from which one can hear reverberating the sighs of we young and repressed fans, and the tromp of the hordes out to lynch Don Ford. The lettercol is, of course, one of fandom's best, and only helps prove that CRY is just that, too.



JD-ARGASSYS #45-46 - Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Ill. - 10¢, 20¢ twice a year, 12/81 - Monthly.

Aside from the Warner, Bjo, and Adkins artwork, and the Cronnell and Goose-reprint cartoons, both these issues are filled with letters, and have appeared with a week or so of one another. JD-As accent is more heavily Mid-western than FANAC's is West Coast, but here's a hi-potential zine which could take the focal slot should something happen to F.

FANACs #39-40 - Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, 70 Liberty St. #5, S.F. 10, Calif. - 4/25¢, 9/50¢, trade, letter of interest. - Bi-weekly, it says.

With a gap an apologetically missed issue would have filled nicely, FANAC continues from Carr's address, while being run-off, assembled, etc. by Ron Ellik in Southern Calif. If previous experience is any guide, FANAC is due further irregularity while Ron is away during parts of the summer. Too bad, really, as this is about all that can hurt fandom's top news and chatter organ.

PSI-PHI #3 - Bob Lichtman & Arv Underman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., L.A. 56, Calif. - 15¢, 4/50¢, trades, contributions, letters. - Irregularly quarterly.

In this, the third issue of a quickly improving fnz, Jim Caughren's "Secret Life of Walter Neofan", John Berry's "The Cruel Sea", and all

the other funny and entertaining contents run a poor last place in comparison to Bjo's cartoon-strip "Super Squirrel". This is pure slap-stick (almost), and the funniest thing to hit fandom in many a year. There aren't adjectives enough to do it justice. Even fans who hate squirrel jokes are going to love this, but in all fairness to the other contributors, "S-S" should have been run alone. Which isn't such a bad idea....

APORRHZTA #11 - "Inchmery Fandom", 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE 14, England - 20¢, 6/81, 12/82 - 52-pagely.

Sandy's again decided upon a format change for APZ, and either he's damned persuasive, or Inchmery can do no wrong (take your choice), because this sounds as good as the all-Diary idea two issues back. #11 operates under a Fan Diary and semi-layed-out format, with the editorial, Ron Bennett's "Cloudburst", Joy Clarke's "The Li'l Pitcher", Penelope Fandergaste's "The Old Mill Stream" appearing on their own, and the letters, etc. being encompassed in the Diary. And it all hangs together as one expects of APZ.

VOID #17 - Ted White & Greg Bonford, 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. - 25¢, trade, contribution, or comment - Monthly. "Fandom's Focal Point" still lacks something as it moves into issue number 17. Maybe lots of hard work and skill won't make up for lack of brilliance after all? "Criteria for Critics", by "Franklin Ford", "Ill, Ill, Ill", by Richard Wingate, and Ted's "The Wailing Wall" (in which he's most kind to Shaggy), help the editorials and letters toward making this an average or so VOID. And, for VOID, that's not too bad.

DISJECTA MEMBRA #4 - Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md. - Free for comment - Irregular.

Really rolling with issue number four, D-M has shaped up into a top letterzine. The fact that there seem to be few (or none) letterzines around fandom has nothing to do with it, as we're pretty sure this one would be number one even with competition. Tightening up the lay-out and repro, and working out a regular schedule would help out, but this is a going zine as it stands.

NR: v2n4 - G H Scithers & Liz Wilson, Box 682, Stanford, Calif. - 20¢, 10/82. Irregular (quarterly?).

This issue is largely devoted to Conanania, and with the advent of Jim Cawthorne's illos, puts itself across very well, indeed. As a matter of fact, NR has an air of competency without dullness, and of seriousness without losing it's sense of humor which all goes to make it something to look forward to, between issues.

PLOY #14 - Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., England - 25¢, 5/81 - Irregular (sigh).

The Bob Tucker Appreciation Issue, and a very good one it is, too. Bob Bloch's "Unsolicited Testimonial", reprinted from Opsla 14 begins things on a pleasant, serious note, but along comes Tucker himself and PLOY rolls on in the usual ploysing fashion (Hello, Ron Bennett). Ron publishes part seven of his Colonial Excursion, setting forth his "Personal Encounter" with the Bard of Bloomington on the way to the SoLaCon. Actually, about the only thing one could

wish for re PLOY is that it would appear more often.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN v18n2 - Ralph Holland, 2520 4th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio - Bi-monthly?

Ralph Holland takes over from ailing Ray Higgs, and this issue, with almost 100% improvement in repro, layout, etc., either speaks wonders for Holland, or indicts Higgs. Filled with the usual reports and such having to do with the N3F, the zine still shows signs that some of the N3F is awakening to fandom. Ellik's influence?

FANVIEWS #2-3 - Johnny Bowles & Butch Manka, 802 S. 33rd St., Louisville 11, Kentucky - 4/25¢, trade, comment. - Bi-weekly.

Accented toward the NFFF, the news reporting continues to be inaccurate and of little import, but the reviews stand up rather well (maybe in comparison?). This effort can still use a great deal of improvement, both in content and attitude.

Which pretty well closes up shop for this issue. Also in the stack are such things as SMORGASBORD, from Poul Anderson, an excellent special interest sort of one-shot(?); SIRIUS, FANTASI, and something else from Roar Ringdahl, but we don't read Swedish. So, 'till Shaggy #45....

--esp.

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THOTS ON PERLING FIRE ENGINES by Ted Pauls

Of late fans have been talking and writing of Other Fandoms. Vernon L. McCain started it all with his article, reprinted in VOID 14, discussing record-collecting fandom. Since then, thots of dozens of fandoms have filled fanzines and correspondence alike. No doubt there are many un-thought-of fandoms existing somewhere in the mundane limbo. I would like to give space to the one of these I feel most qualified to discuss. You may have already perceived that it is the hobby known sneeringly as "chasing fire engines", or -- with more contempt -- "fire-bugs".

There are some amazing parallels with our fandom -- the term "fire-bug", for instance, is a deliberate slurring of "fire-buff"; but then, the word fugghead isn't exactly a correct term.

Fire-buff fandom has fanzines: one of these, a local paper known as GENERAL ALARM, is more or less a club-zine (like Shaggy!), the club being the 414 Assn. The main difference is that these club members own and operate a Coffee Wagon to give refreshments -- and medical aid -- to fire-fighters on duty.

Fire-buff fandom has its cons, I am sure, and its collectors, its fringe-fen, its old guard, and yes, its fuggheads. All in all, it is amazing that this fandom has gone unnoticed by our fandom all these years.

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EDITORIAL (cont'd from page 5)

full weekend to finish it up. Have you ever seen about 72 cubic feet of Weird Tales all in one pile?

Well, anyhow, one of the things we came across, underneath the VOM's and the FFM's --did I mention that they were going through the Weird Tales to make up the best 5 complete runs?-- a package of 400 unused fanzine covers. Like wow. Forry has the original on his wall. Has had it for years. In fact, as the story goes, this was to be the cover for Forry's memoirs. Or at least that makes a good story, and who has ever known Daugherty to exaggerate?

* * * * *

Now if this seems slightly incoherent it is because the hour is late and the editorial is being written last as usual. It is now midnight and I had three hours sleep last night. I am afraid that this is three hours more than I will get tonight. There is a whole crew of us sitting around here putting things on stencil. Larry Gurney is stencilling his profile. Ron Ellik is busy composing "Squirrel Cage." -unedited- Bill Ellern is redoing Jack Harness' lettering. Steve Tolliver and Ellie Turner have just come in from a UPI cartoon festival, Rotsler has just left and Ernie Wheatley who has been cranking the Gestetner all night has just gone home with Dale Frey who dropped the Genie film by along with the multilith stills. Bjo and Djinn are on the way down from Olancha in a loaded station wagon and just as soon as we get SHAGGY done and they arrive, we'll all be heading for the Westercon. Well, two carloads of us, anyhow. But not Alex Kirs. He is having too much fun pointing out all my typographical errors.

Now if this issue seems just a bit more confused than usual it is because it is. About two weeks ago Djinn got a phone call that her mother was seriously ill and she had better get up to Olanch immediately. Bjo accompanied her and in due time most of LISTS, in bits and installments was up there too. I went up for a weekend and stayed a week. Now when the Editor and his Artist are in one spot and the Assistant Editor and all the material that is supposed to be edited and illustrated is 200 miles away, difficulties arise. Which is why there is no Bradbury in this issue. I have the MSS, but there was no opportunity to get it on stencil. Apologies.

Of course it must be admitted that part of the trouble is that the Olanch segment of the SHAGGY staff was not paying overmuch attention to putting a SHAGGY out. For instance...

We were sitting in the Mt. Whitney cafe in Lone Pine one evening, when a large portly gentleman started making intersted comments in Bjo's direction. He was in the process of being mauled over and crawled over by a pair of happy kids. "G'wan back to your parents, " he said, "your crabbing my act."

(continued on page 45)

the air he walked on...

BY

CHARLES NUETZEL

When you first saw E Everett Evans you had the impression that he was an old man. A tall, thin, white haired man. This impression lasted only long enough for you to watch this man hopping from one group to another with his ready smile and eager readiness to jump into any project or event which might be thrown his way. This appearance of old age was further shattered when you began to know the man personally. And the amazing thing is that he was an old man, a very sick man for many years of his life. For over twenty years he had been living on the edge of death from a heart ailment.

I remember him telling me about it; "I was told I wouldn't have six months to live if I continued to smoke, or do other strenuous things. I said if I couldn't do them I might as well be dead. And so continued to live as I always had." Those weren't the exact words, but the context of their meaning is intact.

And he continued to live an active life until about two years before his death, when he had a relapse of his heart condition which had not only slowed him down, but almost stopped him. He was sixty-three at the time and had only recently seen his 3 novels published.

He continued to write slowly, but was forced into an early retirement from his work at a mail-order company. I visited him many times during this time, and saw a man who cheated death, slowly rising up, grabbing hold of life and almost returning to normal. He never returned to his original active self of years before, but he hadn't been stopped and he was damned if he would be now.

At his death on Dec 2, 1958, two days after his 65th birthday, he was still working on his last novel, one which I believe was his best, The Undelinquents. It was almost finished. He was talking about completing the last draft after he had been released from the Wadsworth Veterans Hospital. This never happened. I only hoped that Thelma (T D Hamish) his wife and collaborator, will finish that "last draft".

Here was a man who regardless of what problems, sufferings, or so-called "old-age" kept a young and youthful spirit. Sixty-five is not an old age, but this man might have been ten years older from his appearance, from his actions, however, he might have been judged only twenty. He was not so "blase" that he would not admit that something excited, thrilled him, or made him "walk on air". In an article he wrote for a fanzine I published several years ago he tells of how he recieved word of the sale of his first novel.

"Christmas Eve of 1951 I recieved a telegram. Before opening it the thought flashed through my mind, "Its from someone in the family, wishing me a Merry Christmas". Imagine my surprise and delight then, when I opened it and read:

"If we agree on terms will publish Man of Many Minds
Merry Christmas Lloyd".

"What a wonderful Christmas present! You can be sure I was walking on air for days... and still am. It is still a great thrill for a beginning writer to have a book accepted. No matter how many more I may have published in the future, none of them will ever quite equal the thrill of that first one; just as none of the short stories I have had published will quite equal the thrill of my first acceptance and appearance in a magazine. One can outwardly act as blase as he pleases, there is a secret thrill to such a thing, no matter who one is."

And that "secret thrill" was behind every action that he did. He was a man who thrilled in helping others, and in seeing those he helped grow because of it. He enjoyed giving of himself and his time. And this he did. And above all he enjoyed writing. This was the "air he walked on".

I recieved a phone call from Thelma Evans on Dec 2 of last year. "Ev died about 7:30 tonight", she said.

EDITORIAL (cont'd from page 43)

He turned out to be Al Greenway, makeup man for Clumbia Pictures and invited us out the next day to watch the filming of a Randolph Scott western out in the Alabama Hills. Now for those of you who are not familiar with California geography, the Alabama Hills is a worn-out range of low hills just to the east of the Sierra Nevada. They are mostly bones of ancient hills, great weathered and tumbled rock-forms, huge boulders, where about 60% of all western movies are shot.

Bjo in particular was fascinated by the activity and during the course of the next two days managed to corner nearly everyone in sight for a first hand explanation of their jobs. There was the man who puts blood on all the wounds (it's real chicken blood) and the woman who keeps track of how dirty the heroine's dress is from shot to shot, and the fellow who shoots the dust particles that kick up everytime the villain shoots, and the stunt man who got dragged for real when the rope fouled that should have released him from the horse. And then of course there is the truck driver who has a \$75,000 home in Pasadena but likes to drive trucks...

And to top it off there was the rush date which ended (began!) with both girls getting propositioned and ended with Bjo being proposed to.

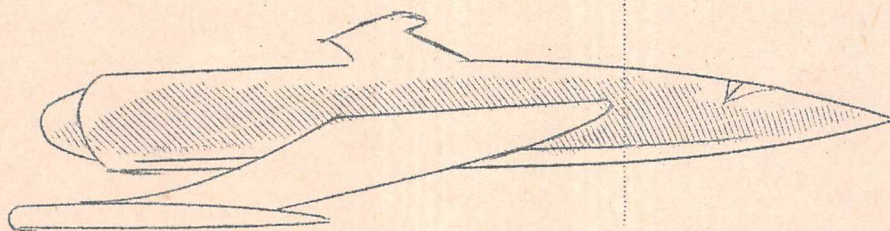
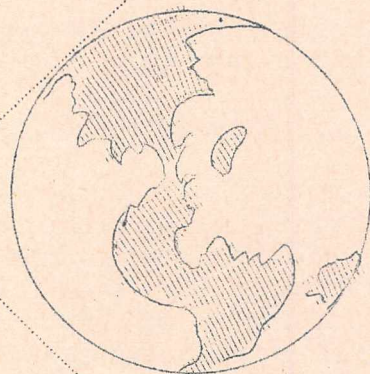
Out of space! Thank God!

PREFACE TO

"THE PLANET MAPPERS"



Harness



This is the preface to The Planet Mappers. It was never published, It is herein presented for the first time. In it, Evans states his philosophy of science fiction. The material in it is familiar to most science fiction readers, but the reader is reminded that this preface was intended not for the science fiction aficionado, but for the general public. It is, however, material that bears repletion every so often --- ed.

P R E F A C E

There are as many definitions of the term "science fiction" as there are people who read it and love it. It has been the subject for innumerable articles in amateur magazines devoted to this genre, in introductions to countless anthologies of science fiction stories, and even in these submitted in various colleges and universities for degrees in literature.

It is not our purpose here to attempt to give such a definition. But, to us, personally, science fiction "fans" have always seemed to possess one common denominator. They all, so far as can be learned --- and the writer has met and known hundreds -- have a tremendous imagination. And the reason they like science fiction is that it not only gives their imagination full play -- it also "stretches" it; and gives it scope and magnitude.

There are many kinds of science fiction stories. In the early days of the first magazines devoted entirely to this type of fiction, the basic idea was to show new inventions (as "invented" in the fertile minds of the authors, for the purposes of their stories). The greater and more daring and marvelous the inventions, the better the story was thought to be. There was, in this so-called "gadget era", no special thought of making any great effort to show how those tremendous and far-reaching inventions would effect people as a whole -- merely, as a rule, those two or three persons included in the story proper. There were a few notable exceptions, of course, but not many. And the more fantastic -- yet logical-sounding -- the concept, the better the story was considered to be by its readers. The latest ideas and "supposes" of science were fed the readers in this semi-fictional form.

Then came the period when the writers, led by certain far-seeing editors, began taking for granted that such inventions as space travel, time travel, etc., etc., were already in effect, and showing how those tremendous scientific advances changed the lives of people in general, as personified by the characters in their stories. Science Fiction began to be as much interested in the effect as in the cause. It was no longer necessary to go into long and verbose detail of each step of how a spaceship was constructed and operated -- now they began examining the effect of space travel on the people who rode the ships, as well as people in general. This concept is still largely in vogue.

With science rapidly catching up with -- and in many cases surpassing -- the "wild" ideas of science fiction authors, something else was needed. Therefore, writers in the genre began trying to imagine and project the psychological, economic, cultural and other trends in human behavior in a world -- or a universe -- in which such things as space and/or time travel would be commonplace. (Or any other futuristic invention that might be under consideration in a particular story. Robots, or androids, for instance.)

Writers became more interested in extrapolations of past events and cultural growths and sudden changes, into possible future worlds. They traced back through history various events that had made great and far-reaching changes in human relationships, and projected such types of changes into the future when other just-as-great and striking discoveries and inventions should be made.

Those who have delved much into the past know what stupendous upheavals in the method of living -- and manners and customs and morals, perhaps -- were occasioned by such then-tremendous advances as the taming of fire, the domesticating of wild animals and the growing of harvests where desired, the invention of the wheel, the formation of the alphabet and writing, the invention of printing from movable type, and any other of the countless thousands of great inventions or discoveries which one might mention.

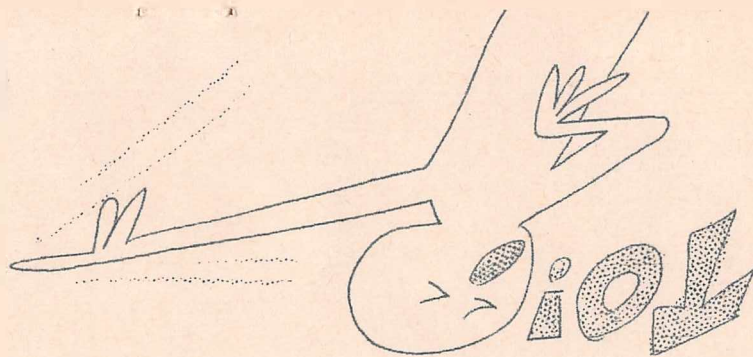
What, then, would happen in a world if someone invents a safe, easily-operated and economically cheap method of obtaining the almost unlimited power of atomic fission -- not for "bombs," but for power, for peace? What far-reaching effects will occur to mankind as a whole when a swift and economically-feasible method is discovered, or invented, of reaching the other, distant stars? What upsets and dislocations of our economy will be known when someone invents a cheap, safe and well-nigh indestructible automaton -- a robot or android in human or semi-human form, that can be trained to do housework or factory work more quickly -- and much more cheaply and better -- than can a human being?

One other instance. Historians well know what happened when colonists began coming from the Old World to the New -- and from the Eastern coast of America across the plains and mountains to open up the West. Extrapolate that to the day when colonists will be going out into space to open up new worlds.

This story, then, deals with one simple instance that will be a commonplace in that near future day when space travel to other worlds outside our own solar system shall come into being. It has its roots in the past. We know it will happen, because it has happened. It is a concomitant of pioneering, of exploration and discovery and the colonization that inevitably follows. As surely as it was shortly after Columbus discovered America, so surely will it be after some future Columbus blazes the trail to the planets of the stars.

It is presented in that light, for your enjoyment. But more than that, it can and will happen ... someday ... soon.

For + Cindy Smith
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