

SHANGRI- L'AFFAIRES

DUINN FAIRNE, ED. "SHAGGY"

FRANK CUE

NO 39

LILLIAN FIELD

ERNE WHEATLEY,
3RD ED. "MIMSY"

AL LEWIS, HOST
TO HALLOWEEN
PARTY

ZERE LEPPIN

BJO, 2ND ED. "MIMSY"

FJA, ED. "FAMOUS
MONSTERS & FILMLAND"

DICK SAND, ED. "IMPO"

JILL VUERHARD

LASFS HALLOWEEN
& 24TH BIRTHDAY
PARTY

OCT. 31, 1958

Shangri-L'Affaires

No. 39

November Issue

MCMLVIII

CONTENTS

Editorial... by Charles Burboc.....	Page 2...
Editorial...by Djinn Faine.....	Page 3...
"I DUB THEE"..... Illo by Cynthia Goldstone.....	Page 6...
Untitled As Yet...Fiction by Dale Hart.....	Page 7...
Them Ain't Bongo Drums.... Article by Bob Bloch.....	Page 9...
The Muse of 12 th Street... Poetry by Dale Hart, Monette	
" Cumming,	Page 12...
On The Future of Science-Fiction... By Al Lewis.....	Page 13...
Animadvertisement... by Bjo & Al Lewis.....	Page 16...
Libels.....by Arcino of Arezzo.....	Page 18...
The Squirrel Cage..... by Ron Ellik.....	Page 19...
Ted Johnstone's Revonge ..LASFS Minutes.....	Page 23...
Party Reporting..... by Rick Sncary.....	Page 25...
" by Dick Sands & Djinn Faine.....	Page 26...
Vital Information.....	Page 27...

STAFF

Co-editors of Shangri-L'Affaires # 39... Djinn Faine & Charles Burboc....

Editor in charge of growling, running errands, and disorganizing.....
and sometimes inspiration..... Djinn Faine...

Editor in charge of editorials and provision of Shaggy's historical.....
and sometimes hysterical facts.. Charles Burboc..

Art Editor in charge of grumpling and pencils..... Bjo.....

Associate Art Editor in charge of charm..... Cynthia Goldstone...

Associate Art Editor in charge of Freudian Funnies.. Bill Rotsler.....

Associate Art Editor in charge of abstruse philosophizing
and shading plates first rate... Jack Harness....

Editor in charge of Types..... Ernie Wheatley.....

Editor in charge of ogoboo and inspiration.... Rick Sncary.....

Editor in charge of misproduction.....Al Lewis.....

Editor in charge of record changing & coffee making.. Dick Sands.....

Foreign Co-respondents..... in charge of propaganda.....Ron Ellik....

in charge of Kultur.....Bob Bloch....

in charge of dimpled knees..Roberta Gibson...

Technical Illiterary Advisor.....Dale Hart.....

Technical Monstrous Mistakes Advisor..... Forrest J Ackerman.....

Editor in charge of plumbing, painting, and table refinishing.....
.....Zeko Loppin.....

Editor in charge of cover..... Gestetner

Editor in charge of onbezzlements..... Barney Bernard.....

Advisors in reference to/and in charge of/ confusion.....
Alex Bratton, George W. Fields, Milo Mason.

And the whole furschlugging club known as LASFS.....

Shangri-L'Affaires #39 for November 1958. Published by the Lassfass (Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) which is a subsidiary of the Assfass (Alhambra Science-Fiction Society). Guest editor this time, Charles Burbee, whose influence does not extend past this page.

I came away from the hospital bearing a small store of wonderful stories and a small new scar on my chest. My stories are not the usual kind about large needles and bedpan blues. They are about the people I met, and some of the stories are printable and some are not. I was in that place eight days so I met a lot of people. One morning fifteen people showed up before lunch.

Into my room came a stream of attendants, nurses, friends, doctors, strangers who became friends. At least once a day my legendary wife Isabel entered. One night I had six visitors and the next night none. One night I had Willie Kotsler, Bjo, and Djinn Raine, which is why I am writing this thing. You might say I met Djinn in bed. She said something about being the new ed of Shangri-La and I said if they'd revive Shangri-L'Affaires which I used to edit I'd write the editorial. So here I am writing one of the editorials. I am not going to describe my co-editor. It is not seemly for a dignified old man like me to describe a sexy blonde who is 27 days older than Ron Ellick.

Back to the hospital. One day, just before my operation, a shy little nun (this was a Catholic hospital) came in bearing a jug of holy water. "May I bless you?" she asked softly. "You may as well, Sister," I said. "Tomorrow morning I may be standing at the gates of Hell." So she moistened her thumb in the water and pressed it against my forehead, muttering something in what was probably Latin.

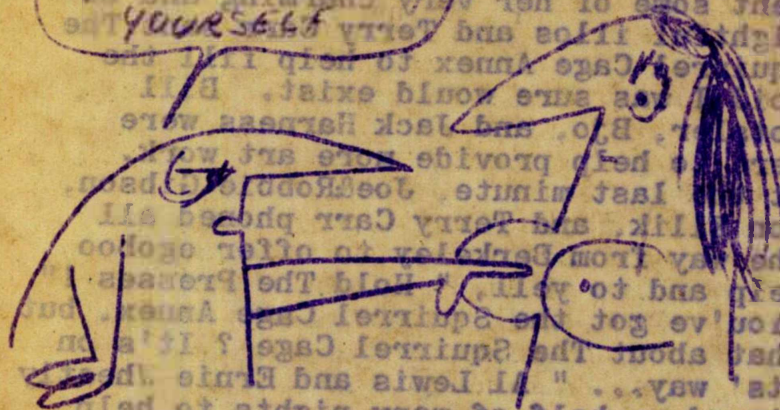
I told this to several people at work. One of them, Doris, shook her head. "Can't you ever keep your mouth shut?" she asked. I said I probably couldn't. But I told her I'd permitted the nun to bless me and had even thanked her afterward very politely. "Well," said Doris, "you had no choice but to be blessed. You were bedridden. She could have blessed you without your permission and you couldn't have done a thing about it." This gave rise to a picture in my head and I told Doris and we both laughed like crazy. This nun asks me can she bless me and I say hell no. So she stands at the door scooping holy water at me and shouting, "Bless you, damn you!"

I also told her of the other things that happened there and she was roused to say, "How come all these fantastic things happen to you?". I said, "People present their Burbee-side to me and of course that is their fantastic side. Next question, please."

But Doris did put the stopper to me. "That holy water cured you. Say what you wish about medical skills, the holy water did it. That is why you are standing heretoday telling me your improbable stories. You can never prove the holy water didn't cure you."

As some of you know, I entered the hospital because of a collapsed lung. It happened once before. In the course of changing jobs and getting physicals for medical insurance, and meeting doctors before, during, and after the actual operations I must have spoken to nearly a score of doctors. They all ask the same questions in almost the same sequence. But the other day I met one who asked me something none of the others had ever thought to ask--probably because they deal in flesh and blood and not emotions. "When you realized your lung had collapsed," he said. "Were you frightened?"

YOU COULD AMOUNT
TO SOMETHING IF
YOU'D ONLY APPLY
YOURSELF



depths of the black lagoon west of LA) of Shaggy Bjo got a weird glimmer in her eye (the middle one) and after the meeting I discovered that I was the new editor of Shaggy. Gosh, it was sneaky, let me tell you. . . Dazedly I began to inquire about How in Hell Co You Produce a Fanzine ? Slowly the history of Shaggy unfolded and too often the comment was heard that Shaggy had not been really notable since the days of Laney & Durbee. . . "So where do I begin?" I cried, and a small voice from seventh fandom answered, " By blackmailing people into writing and helping". And so I began before a week had ended I had an offer from Durbee to help co-edit this ish. And we were off to a typing start. . .

YES, VIRGINIA, THERE
IS A LASSFASS



WHAT WILL DURBEE
SAY? I'M EDITOR
OF "SHAGGY"!

The next few days brought many contributions and the question, " Is there still a LASSFASS?". It appeared that because of the irregular printing of Shaggy in the last few years and the slight mention of fanac in the LA area that most people had forgotten LASSFASS one time center of the fanac universe. Something Must Be Done To Prove LASSFASS Exists!

I DID **NOT** SAY
I WOULD WRITE
FOR SHAGGY - I SAID
I WOULD READ IT!



And so began my career of a black-mailing editor. Within days I had articles from Bob Bloch, Al Lewis, Dale Hart, 4-e Ackerman, and more came drifting in. Cynthia Goldstone sent some of her very charming and delightful illos and Terry Carr sent The Squirrel Cage Annex to help fill the void I was sure would exist. Bill Rotsler, Bjo, and Jack Harness were here to help provide more art work. At the last minute, Joe & Robbie Gibson, Ron Ellick, and Terry Carr phoned all the way from Berkeley to offer egoboo help and to yell, "Hold The Presses!" "You've got the Squirrel Cage Annex, but what about The Squirrel Cage? It's on its' way..." Al Lewis and Ernie Wheatly stayed up half of many nights to help stencil, write, erase, and Bjo sat on the floor for hours transferring cartoons and such on to stencil. So the void was filled and a much larger than anticipated ish of Shaggy was produced.

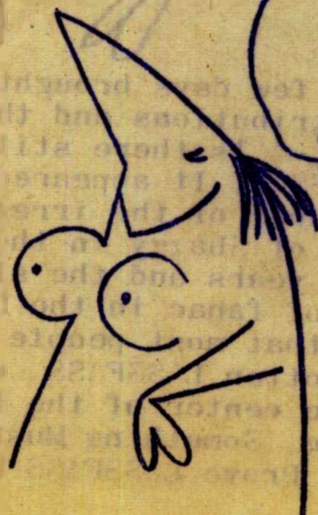
Shaggy may not always be this large or have such a nice spread both art-wise and article-wise, but I do hope that it will be out more or less regularly. If all this wonderful help continues (if I haven't scared them away) I hope that Shaggy will become better, more legible, less typos, more interesting, etc. Any and all comments are welcome.



I HAVE HERE THE
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE L.A.S.F.S.

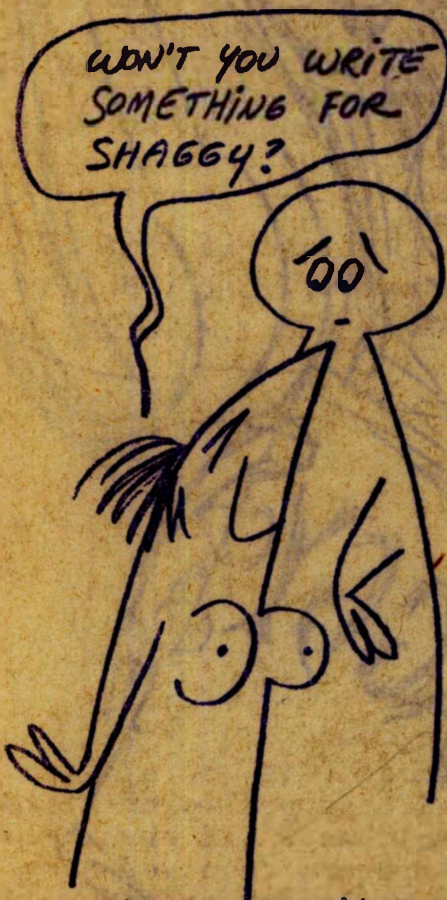


SHAGGY WILL BE
THE #2 MAGAZINE
ONCE AGAIN!



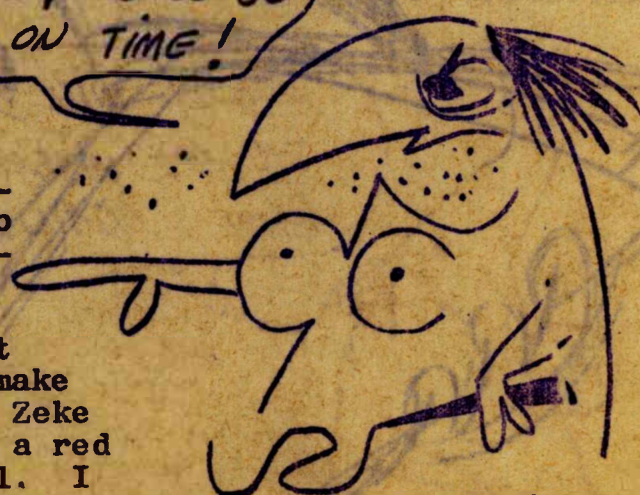
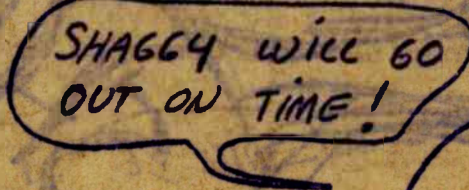
Remember, I'm new at this game constructive criticism is welcomed. If enough letters are received a regular letter column would be in order for the next ish. Also a fanzine review - if enough are received. Also, because the mailing list for Shaggy is a somewhat mixed-up and a bit hazy (Actually it does not exist any more) copies are being sent to lots of people.. This Time Only! If you have or had a sub then say so... or a tradezine. Or just a letter of comment will do to insure that you receive the next ish of Shaggy.

When I first began desperately crying for help with producing this mental mutant of literary form, Burbee gave me a copy of the last ish of Space Warp with F. Towner Laney's article, Syllabus for a Fanzine. This, said he, would be of great help. I was rather dubious at first, but I enjoyed reading Space Warp so much that I reread it and found that Laney did offer many useful suggestions. Now I have not produced a fanzine that Laney would label top notch, but we've had a lot of fun trying.



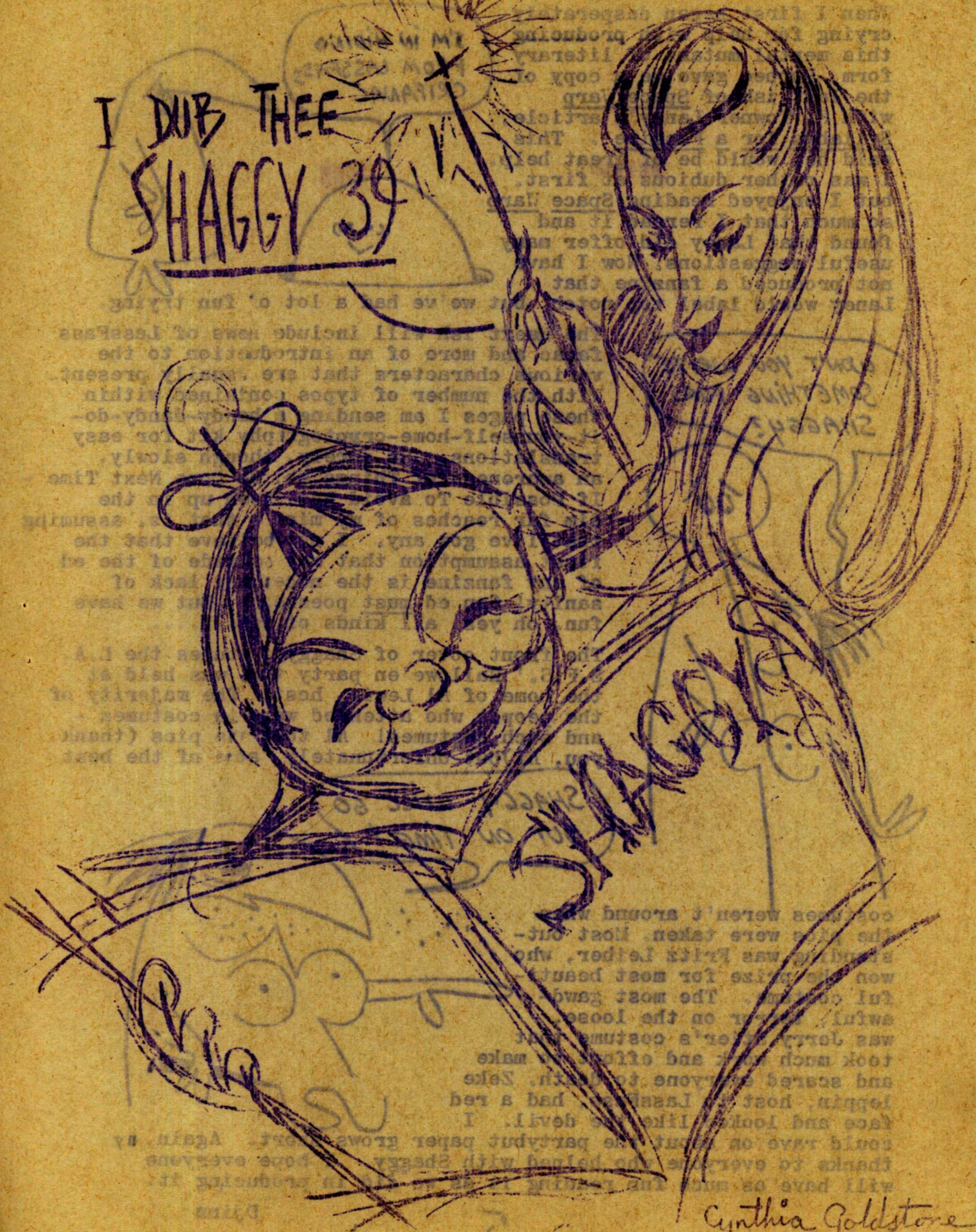
The next ish will include news of LassFass fanac and more of an introduction to the various characters that are usually present. With the number of typos contained within these pages I am sending a handy-dandy-do-it-yourself-home-cryptography kit for easy translations. So surely, though slowly, an awareness of Things Not Be Done Next Time - If Possible To Avoid has shown up in the dim far reaches of my mind - that is, assuming that I've got any. I now believe that the first assumption that may be made of the ed of any fanzine is the necessary lack of sanity! San ed must poessess. But we have fun, oh yes, all kinds of fun.....

The front cover of Shaggy features the L.A. S.F.S.' Hallowe'en party that was held at the home of Al Lewis, host. The majority of the people who attended were in costumes - and such costumes! Al took the pics (thank you, Al) but unfortunately, some of the best

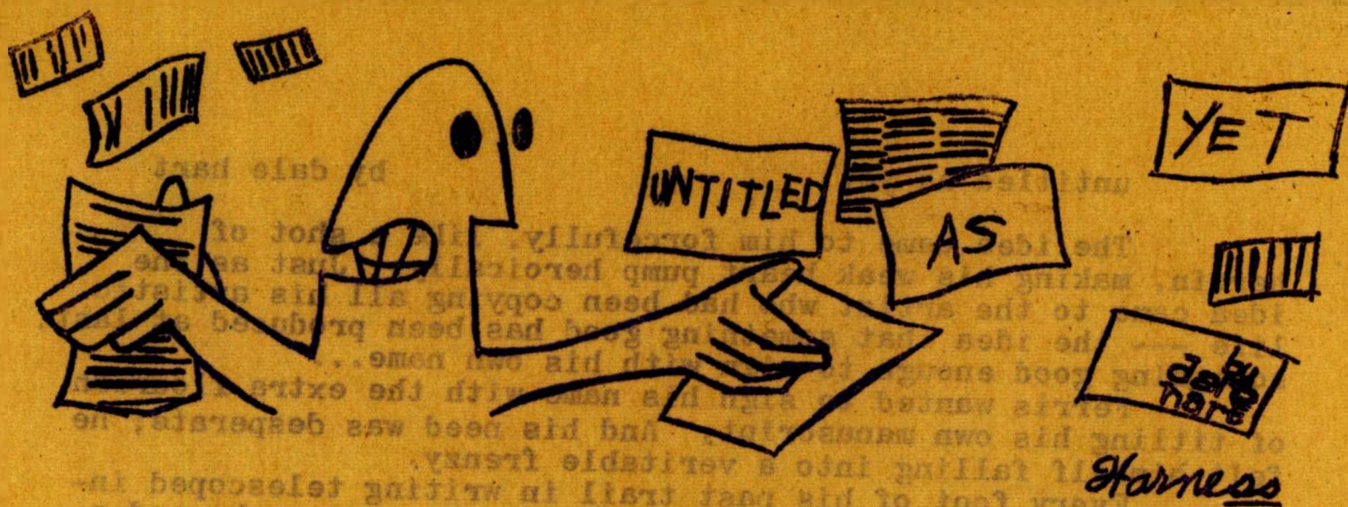


costumes weren't around when the pics were taken. Most outstanding was Fritz Leiber, who won the prize for most beautiful costume. The most gawd-awful, terror on the loose, was Jerry Stier's costume that took much work and effort to make and scared everyone to death. Zeke leppin, host to LassFass, had a red face and looked like the devil. I could rave on about the party but paper grows short. Again, my thanks to everyone who helped with Shaggy. I hope everyone will have as much fun reading it as we did in producing it.

I DUB THEE
SHAGGY 39



Cynthia Goldstone



UNTITLED AS YET

by dale hart

Wingate Ferris was an author who didn't title his science fiction, fantasy, and weird stories. He never could think of a title which satisfied him. Never.

At first, years ago, when he first started writing, this provoked him. He used to lie awake days (he wrote only at night), worrying about what he considered a deficiency in his creative self. Later, he just shrugged and sent off untitled manuscripts to editors. If he worried, the worry wasn't on a conscious level.

Real friends never asked him the title of the story on which he was working currently, although they might ask him the theme. Others who asked the almost-inevitable question authors are always being asked were told that the yarn was untitled as yet.

Of course, the stories of Wingate Ferris had titles when they were published. Editors almost always knew exactly what to name the brain-children of the editor-author marriage. If they didn't on rare occasions, the bright associate editors came up with something gem-like, something perfectly fitting, something precise yet elastic.

One day Ferris was reading a story he had written in a heat of passion, even before his beloved night came down. He liked it. It was a very good short story, he thought --- maybe the best he had ever written.

It was untitled, as usual.

Smiling triumphantly with what he considered to be pardonable pride, he read and reread his newest creation. He read very carefully, trying to exercise his self-critical faculty. He wanted to be objective rather than subjective, now that creation was over and criticism had begun.

Wingate Ferris sighed admiringly when he put the manuscript down upon his littered desk.

For it was perfect. Except for the missing title.

"I hope the editor doesn't spoil my story with a bad title," he exclaimed aloud. And then he snapped erect, with another exclamation; "Maybe I can name this one myself!"

untitled as yet

by dale hart

The idea came to him forcefully, like a shot of heroin, making his weak heart pump heroically. Just as the idea came to the artist who had been copying all his artistic life --- the idea that something good has been produced at last, something good enough to sign with his own name...

Ferris wanted to sign his name with the extra flourish of titling his own manuscript. And his need was desperate; he felt himself falling into a veritable frenzy.

Every foot of his past trail in writing telescoped into the terminal of his head. His cranium began to ache and a fine perspiration collected upon his forehead.

Wingate Ferris summoned all his resources, mental and physical. He straightened his never-strong body in the chair before his typewriter. He whipped his brain into a churning fury.

Wingate Ferris was going to do something he hadn't been able to do before. Never in his acclaim-ridden career.

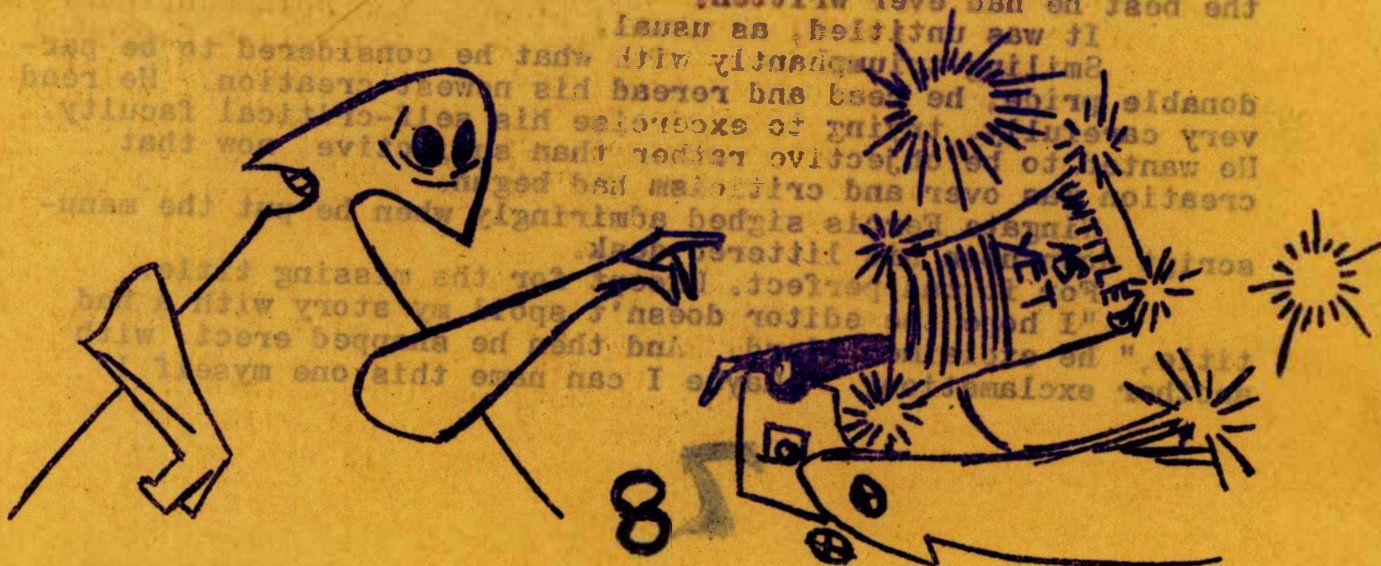
"I'll find a title for this story, even if it kills me!" he vowed, actually managing to look like several of his heroes.

A friend discovered Ferris' body, some hours later. A certain editor had an office near the author's apartment, and the two often had coffee together, when the editor was working late, trying to make a deadline.

Before calling the police headquarters, the editor found Wingate Ferris' last manuscript. He noticed that the first page of the typescript had been put back into the cylinder of the machine. Too, he noticed with sheer amazement that a title had been tacked on: Untitled As Yet. He was shaken as nothing had wrenched him before.

After reading the story and calling the authorities, in that order, the editor sat down on a couch to think. To think dubious thoughts.

"I doubt whether the title can be used," he said, speaking aloud so that he could hear his own voice.



Hart



them ain't bongo
drums - that's
opportunity knocking!

by Bob Bloch

While browsing through the pages of a men's magazine the other day and admiring the advertisements for black lace panties and Freudian slips, it suddenly occurred to me that fandom is neglecting a great opportunity.

This opportunity, I hasten to assure you, has nothing to do with black lace panties, (If it did, I wouldn't be fool enough to tell you about it!) But the aforesaid men's magazines -- in fact, all magazines during the past year or so -- have been crammed full of articles, essays, critical comment and free publicity for something called the Beat Generation.

Now when it comes to fandom, I'm as loyal as the next guy (a very pale fellow with pink eyes who tells me he's Carl Brandon's albino brother) and I have only our best interests at heart. As you probably know, I'm a member of FAPA, and a holder of an NFFF trophy (which I put down only when I go to the bathroom). So my great suggestion, which I am about to make as soon as I can remember just what in hell it is, is intended in a spirit of constructive criticism.

Briefly, it is this: why not let Science Fiction Fandom replace the Beat Generation ?

If you're inclined to think this suggestion farfetched, let me reassure you on that point; I got it without ever having to stir from this typewriter.

Let us consider the facts, if any.

Up until a couple of years ago, the Beatniks were almost totally unknown. Kerouac and Ginsberg were nonentities; Rex-Roth and Patchen had been around for years without anybody giving them a tumble. Then all at once the deluge of publicity started and the panic was on. The Beat Generation became a craze, a topic of conversation, and -- more important -- a commercial vehicle. Obscure writers and poets were elevated to financial eminence overnight, and on what basis ? A couple of books about hitch-hiking around the country and a few poems of poetry recited against a background of refrigerated jazz and a bongo beat.

Now, as is inevitable with any fad, the Beatnik kick is passing. Give it another six months to a year at most and it will be dead. By the time all the sack dress have been cut up into dust-rags and the hula hoops transformed into earrings for ZAZA Gabor, the whole Beat Generation bit will vanish from public consciousness and something new will replace it.

Why shouldn't we take over ?

We've got all the necessary ingredients. If critics can get so steamed up about cross-country travelogs, why won't they flip for something like *The Harp Stateside* ? Of course, Willis would have to rewrite it and sex it up abit -- but this would merely mean that he'd put in some reminiscences he was gallant enough to omit in the original version. Why, a dozen other fans could follow suit with their own uncensored reports of fan-gatherings and fanac and visits to fan-clubs and homes. They could turn out stuff that would make *ON THE ROAD* read like a detour.

And when it comes to the artistic routine; is there any reason why fan-poets like Randall Garrett couldn't learn to recite their stuff to a musical accompaniment ? Think of the potential LP record sales in our midst! I can hear it now, in stereophonic sound -- Tony Boucher and Poul Anderson reciting dirty limericks against a bongo beat, with paradiddles on the punch-lines ! Some of the stuff I've heard at conventions would make Ginsburg's *Howl* sound like a thin bleat.

Then we've got the art bit; Rotsler and Atom and all the rest could turn out genre material. And fandom as a whole can offer a backlog of written material roughly ten thousand times greater than has been produced by the entire beat school of writers. (And I do mean roughly).

Let's not forget the revised *FANCYCLOPEDIA*, either. Part of the charm of the Beatnik approach has resided in their vocabulary..... but this pitiful, meagre collection of words and phrases borrowed largely from musicians who aren't half as quick on the uptake as they are fast on a fix just doesn't begin to compare with the large and picturesque fannish venacular. Why should the general public be content to mouth such unappetizing words as "bugged" and "dragged" when they can announce to the world at large that they're "going gafia".. Who flips man? Not when you can go *Sercon*! Oh, we've got the vocabulary, no doubt about it!

And as for types -- we've got fannish characters who can back the Beatniks right off the map. Even the costumes are right for it; there must be a hundred fans all set to pose picturesquely for *LIFE* and *LOOK*. Have beard, will travel....

That leather-jacket and dirty-jeans outfit will never begin to compare with what fandom could offer.... the propellor beanie ! It could become a national craze overnight (and if it does, that is the night I stay home in bed).



But seriously, it could happen. Somebody, some time, sooner or later, is going to do a real novel on fandom. Dave Ish did a story for an avant garde collection: I've done several tongue-in-cheek or hole-in-head pieces on how fandom could take over the world -- or, conversely, go underground as a persecuted minority. The full-scale novel is inevitable, and it could just possibly (with proper promotion; or better still, improper promotion) start the ball rolling. With Ackerman handling the publicity and Dave Kyle telling the critics where they could sit, we might be on our way. The Beanikk Brigade could be big !

It's worth thinking about. All we really have to do is point our heads in the right direction. I suggest we call a special meeting at the edge of the Grand Canyon, get behind this thing, and push.

On with the beanies --- revv propellers !



BJO JUST FLIPPED -- JACK HARNESS LOANED HER ALL OF HIS SHADING PLATES!

by Monette Cumming.....

WILL SHAGGY SEE THE LIGHT ?

One night I was calmly sitting
In a corner with my knitting,
Listening to discussions of, "Will Shaggy see the light?"
I was mildly interested,
Till the moment one suggested
That specific persons should be called upon to write.

Some were for it, some were "nay-ing".
Then I heard somebody saying,
"I suggest the editor should call upon Monette."
I declined at once, though flattered,
But the thing that really mattered
Was that Shaggy needed all the writing it could get.

So, my mind I started racking,
But ideas all were lacking.
Not one gem of brilliance from my brain could I coerce.
Then someone I value highly
Asked the question, oh-so slyly,
"Tell me, how long is it, since you tried a bit of verse?"

Here, you have my endeavor,
Though it isn't very clever.
If you should dislike it, I would not take it amiss.
And my hair won't start to graying
When I hear some punster saying,
"Nothing—surely nothing could be verse than this."

by Dale Hart..... -

THE LIKENESS OF LIMBO

The questions are so often met at dusk.
But one day he met the answers,
Inside his character, outside his personal apprehensions.

However, no unique fate met him on a road of stars,
He merely fell into the dust of Caesar's toga.
And his death proved irrefutably,
That he had lived until the end of his kinesthesia.

Just let me say that:
One day, he lost his contact lenses
In the open sink of human relations.
One day, he heard unbearable dissonance,
And his eardrums cracked like tomatoes in the sun.
One day, his tongue became a dead eel,
And lichens dilated his nostrils,
And a stone fell on the control-panel of his skin.

And the gray days are black nights,
In everybody's limbo.....

JOHN
CAMPBELL
SPOKE TO
ME!



ON THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE FICTION

by Al Lewis

The Solacon marked the end of an epoch. It was not a sudden thing; the signs have been visible for some years now, but at the Solacon it was spelled out for all to see. It was not merely that the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction won the Hugo for the best magazine, or that both story awards were from the pages of Galaxy. It was also manifest in the derision and disrespect of the fans for John Campbell's speeches and his strenuous defense of psionics. For the first time since the mid-1930's Astounding Science Fiction has fallen from fannish favor. Why?

The reason is more significant than a mere reaction against psionics, for the Hugo went not to one of the other magazines which have followed the Astounding leadership, but to that magazine which has most consistently maintained independent standards, and emphasized a literary rather than a scientific approach to its material. In this science fiction fans are reversing a trend, for ever since the mainstream discovered science fiction, the true fan has looked longingly to Astounding's "Golden Age" of 1940-43, and decried the dilution of standards attendant on the field's expanded popularity. Campbell's magazine has continued to be regarded as having most consistently printed the "true" science fiction to which fans have been loyal.

But in 1958 where are we to find scientific science fiction? Not in psionics. There was a promising first issue of Vanguard, but Hal Clement's annual novel was but a mere shell of his fine work in the past, and so the Hugo for best novel went to a story that was principally a character problem backed by an exciting concept, but a metaphysical, not a scientific one.

In his opening speech at the Solacon, John Campbell stated that he was not getting from his authors the sort of story he wished to publish. Tony Boucher agreed with him, and both agreed that while the average science fiction story was much better written today in a technical sense than it was fifteen years ago, nobody was writing

classics anymore. There was nothing now. Is this, then, the fault with science fiction? Has science fiction exhausted its mine of ideas?

There was another development, too, that came in for much discussion. This was the shift from magazine to pocket-book publication. It used to be that science fiction had an avid and steady body of fairly sophisticated (Stif-wise) readers who would and could accept any concept the author would throw at them. Because there was continuity from issue to issue, and because the letter columns contained commentary on the stories, the readership was self-ronowing and self-educating. This has for the most part ceased to be true. Science fiction in the pocket books is competing for most of its sales to the general reader, and even many fans no longer follow the magazines.

The combination of these two forces, the exhaustion of the lode of ideas which science fiction has been mining for the last several decades, and the shift to a scientifically ignorant readership are forcing ---against strong rear-guard action---a continuing shift toward the popular, more human-centered story. The dangers of this concession to the popular taste are obvious. The science becomes more conventionalized stage-proppings and science fiction is confronted with the potboilers of Charles Eric Maino and the sloshy sentimentality of Ray Bradbury ---the literary equivalents of Hollywood's science fiction equals monsters craze. There are two ways out of this morass, and they may be termed respectively the Campbell way and the Boucher way.

John Campbell's excursion into psionics is a deliberate and reasoned attempt to save the old science fiction by providing it with a new basis for extrapolation which has not yet been worked over. Science fiction, as Campbell is quite well aware, differs from science in one completely fundamental respect: science fiction is deductive. The best science fiction stories are those in which a single postulate or set of postulates is taken and the implications thereof rigorously and remorselessly examined. Outstanding examples of this sort of thing are such all-time classics as Mission of Gravity, "Universe," and Jack Williamson's perfect "With Folded Hands..."

But the basic sciences ---physics, chemistry, astronomy, biology--- have yielded all their obvious ideas ---space travel, robots, supermen, et al. The basic variations on these themes have all been done. It requires an author with a deeper understanding of his science to come up with anything new. There are a few of these ---Asimov, Heinlein, G.O. Smith, Hal Clement and Arthur C. Clarke who possess a sufficient scientific education to be able to mine these deeper layers. For various reasons, however, these authors are writing much less scientific science fiction than they used to, and there are no replacements available. Of the newer writers, only Chad Oliver and Poul Anderson seem to be capable of writing this sort of story, and Anderson will turn out one absolutely superb piece such as "We Have Fed Our Sea" and sandwich it between a mediocre space opera and a really foul dialect comedy.

If Campbell cannot get his scientists to write, he can try to give his writers a science ---psionics. The trouble is, however, that there is no body of knowledge from which to extrapolate. Everything is guesswork, and therefore ultimately unconvincing, however skillfully the author may handle his material. It was with this in mind that Campbell started the Interplanetary Exploration Society, the group of gentleman amateurs who are supposed to formulate a science of psionics in time for Campbell's writers to use it as a fresh basis for science fiction and thus save the medium from a lingering death. (Of course the I.E.S. is also involved with Campbell's penchant for World-saving: general seranities, dianotics, et al, but that is not germane to the present argument.) The whole scheme is absurdly impractical.

The other alternative is the Boucher alternative, and as the sterility of the Campbell approach becomes more and more apparent, the literary approach which Boucher has pioneered is due to assume an ever greater command of the field. The essence of this approach (and the implications go far beyond what Boucher and Mills now practice) is to replace science, which none of today's authors seem to be able to handle well, with a modus operandi of the traditional literary values, while at the same time retaining the preoccupation with off-beat ideas which is science fiction's principal charm.

This means that science fiction, as it is presently conceived will disappear. In its place will be a more broadly defined "imaginative" tale which will include, one hopes, everything from light fantasy to the somber off-trail psychological story, with a more generous use than at present of the fable, allegory, and parable. It will avoid, one hopes, the consciously precocious sort of fiction that one finds in the quarterlies.

This is not now. What is now is the proposal that we stop trying to write science fiction, in its present form. There are many authors, the Bradburys, Sturgeons, Mathesons, et al, who are excellent writers but are handicapped by trying to write for a science fiction market. They don't understand science and can't handle it. One only needs to look at Shuekley's "Time Killer," and reflect what Heinlein would have done with the notion to see that this is so. It is a good story but it is only a mediocre science fiction story.

Before any such major alteration in the goals of the field can come about, however, there must be both reader and fan acceptance. This is something the field has not had in the past, as the Astounding concept of science fiction has pretty generally set the standards. With the award of the Hugo for 1958 to the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, however, there is a promise of change. F&SF, make no mistake, is not the "imaginative" tale magazine that it is capable of becoming. It does possess, however, both the best writing standards and the willingness to experiment that could lead science fiction to new ground in the decade of the sixties. And it does not subscribe to the standard

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

ANTI-ADVERTISEMENT

Everyone knows that the spaceship of the future will be a non-streamlined, functional vessel designed to operate in the vacuum of the void far from the sight of the planet-bound masses. It will be designed with an eye to the elimination of all surplus mass, and far removed from elements of weather in an atmosphere it never touches, it will last for generations. We feel sure, however, that American business will be able to meet the challenge....

KEY:

- 1 - Headlights to penetrate the darkness of outer space.
- 2 - Tail-lights --9--count 'em--9--
- 3 - Shaped to please the female id.
- 4 - Chrome-plated hull.
- 5 - Radiation screen for heating unit made necessary by chrome-plated hull.
- 6 - Twin exhaust.
- 7 - Stereo-TV antenna.
- 8 - Twin observational turrets formed to please the male id.
- 9 - Chrome-plated radar set.
- 10 - Spare chrome-plated radar set.
- 11 - Disposable slop-bucket operated by gas-pressure.
- 12 - Fins. Fins on higher-priced models are operating ornithopters.
- 13 - Continental kit.
- 14 - Rear view mirrors for spotting space patrol.
- 15 - Classic hood device for that backward look.

ON THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE FICTION (cont'd from page 15)

science fiction pattern. 1958 marked the end of the era of Astounding dominance. Is there, within the field, the leadership that will serve to pull science fiction into a new course, the course that seems most obviously open to it, if it is to make a significant contribution to literature?

The king is dead. Do we dare to start choiring the republic?

GM

body by Kinfisher
"It's for the birds"

Bigger
Wider
Longer
more fun
gash
Ger
Wuu
Class

New
for
59

*2059 that is!



LIDELS

Dick Daniels likes his liquor;
Dick Daniels likes to swim.
Dick Daniels would be supremely happy
If the liquor could be swum in.

When George got over his Thunderbird
He nearly had a seizure,
For he had built Metropolis
To resemble the tower of Pisa.

Toward 4E walked the headless corpse,
Dripping blood and putrefaction's grue.
It handed him his severed Head,
"For the cover of your next issue."

Djinn looks so weak and helpless
That to her rescue come all the men.
But somehow its not quite convincing
When the girl is five-foot ten.

Poor Al still is somewhat stunned,
And hasn't figured yet
How Bjo conned his living room
To use for a movie set.

4E promised to award a kiss
To the best at Esperanto.
His eye was then on beauteous Jill,
But now he doesn't want to.
The star of the class turned out wrong,
And 4E's in a pickle.
He'd do it still for honor's sake,
But Larry's moustaches tickle.

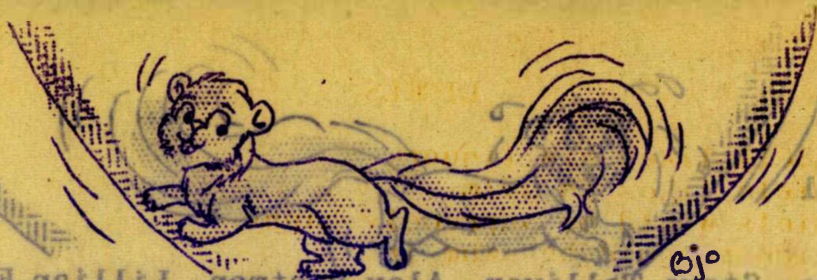
Barney Barnard, all are agreed,
Will go one day to Hell,
And the fittest of all punishments
Will be a solitary cell.

For making many maddy pies
Bjo's mother used to heckle,
So she took up art because splattered paint
Looked like just another freckle.

Dick Sand's mixes aphrodisiacs
So he can make a killin'.
It's all right for him, you see;
He gets a rate on penicillin.

Sabra Yola Elgin Jardine
Has no tendrils like the Blans,
But her heritage is still rather weird:
Both her parents are fans!

the
squirrel
cage



by
ron
ellik

I believe I own the only squirrel cage in existence which, when spun by the mad scampering of the squirrel, actually goes someplace. It's because of this unusual means of locomotion that I am today known as one of the Berkeley travelling giants.

Last weekend, my circuprambulating cage took me to Southern California, the mecca of fandom for lol these many years, and I took in the twenty-fourth birthday of LASFS and one of the most festive and entertaining of Halloween parties. Travel 450 miles for a weekend of partying? Yes, I'm afraid so -- and as long as Los Angeles has parties and peoples like these to offer, I'm likely to make four or five trips a year just for fun.

I approve my usual unusual hour -- one-thirty in the ayem -- to find that my welcome committee, Djinn, was not home. Indeed, no one was home. However, somebody had conveniently kicked the large pane of glass out of the front door, so I let myself in and went to sleep on a chair with Legend (a sort of feline hot-water bottle) on my lap. We each get about one-third of a decent cat-nap before Dale Hart stormed in, flipped the lights and informed us (me and the cat) that Djinn had just gone upstairs for a moment and Bjo and Steve would be right in. Much gossip about LA and Berkeley fandoms ensued, and I found out from Djinn that LA fen are hoaxers just as par excellence as are we Berkeleyites, not to mention publishers of just as much irrepressibility if not quantity. (IT WAS NOT A HOAX, RON! SEE! THERE IS A SHAGGY!---DJINN)

After a few hours sleep and several hours mother-sitting for the Jardines' with Bjo in the afternoon, I got back to good ol' Zeke's for the LASFS' anniversary. It was a remarkably good meeting for LASFS with a large turnout. It didn't equal the 20th anniversary, or the 1000th meeting -- but it wasn't advertised as much as either of those near-conventions. A larger-than-normal group listened to Mort Sahl and Kenneth Rex-roth before and after the meeting, and Ackerman held one of his raffles, followed by a scientifarcial quiz such as only Ackerman can conduct -- thank ghod!

LASFS meetings are really worthwhile attending these days, being more casual with people sprawling on armchairs and sofas. An improvement on the rotting upholstery and goose-shrined chairs that were to be found at the Prince Rupert Arms. Too, you can stick around Zeke's as late as you like these days and Zeke furnishes me, coffee and goodies for an after-meeting session in the kitchen. Seems to me that as soon as the club elects somebody besides that totalitarian terror Bjo for a director, it will be on the road to being the fan club it once was. Red heads should not be given power like that girl has, NOSSIR!!

more
squirrel
cage



Bjo, Steve Tolliver, Alex Bratmon, Lillian Fields, Al Lewis, Djinn, And I went to one of the LAPC Dept's banes after the meeting, A place Called Cosmo Alley, where for a minimum charge of two drinks we listened to somebody named Ronnie something-or-other tell an impossibley long string of bad jokes and do some uniquely feeble-minded imitations. This was followed by the cultured guitar and voice of Theodore Bikel -- a folk-song a minute from all over, and worth the price in themselves.

WE got back to bed around 3 ayem, and roused ourselves out early the next morn to go again our seperate ways till evening. Bjo and Steve went to the Jardines' to keep Julie company whilst the baby, Sabra Yola Elgin, took her father for a walk around the block. Djinn and I went all over LA looking for a pair of black tights to complete her costume for the Hallowe'en party. Many stories have been told about males being dragged thru ladies-ready-to-wear stores; I only wish I had stayed in the book & junk store where we began - at least the piles of dust, when blown aside, did not reveal brassieres and panties on suggestively posed womanikins.

The time of the party approached, but Bjo and Steve didn't. Djinn got dressed (or undressed) in costume, Jack Harness and Ernie Wheatley got into costume, Zeke painted his face red and beard, and got into a tuxedo - and still we waited for Bjo. A phone call came in - Jack Jardine said he was nearing home and would send our make-up expert with eswort to us soon. Finally, Alex Bratmon, Jack Harness, and I left for Santa Monica and the party as our help was not needed with make-up, and Jack's costume needed none itself.

Things were quiet when we walked in, but shortly after we has started nibbling crackers and sipping punch, Bill Rotsler walked in and changed all that. He has friend, see, who is about eight feet tall, and was wearing shoes with soles about a foot thick. On his head Friend wore a Frankenstein mask, complete with knobs under each ear, and on his body he wore a sort of throw rug shirt, which extended along his arms to leave uncovered his scarred and green hands and wrists.

Rotsler was wearing old clothes and boots, with a lump of plastic on his neck to make it look scarred and broken, and powder all thru his hair and beard. When Frankie and Johnnie walked in, everything stopped for a moment - dead ! Rotsler walked up to someone and grabbed him by the shirt. "Come outside", he grunted, "The Monster is hungry". For the entire first part of the evening, Frankenstein didn't say two words -- and both of them were hungry grunts.

and
more
squirrel
cage



After seeing the costumes at the Solacon, I actually expected a rather dull evening of face make-up, bad jokes, and eye-masks. But LA turned out about forty strong, in costumes which showed more imagination, effort and skill than did everything at the South Gate masquerade ball put together. A grim reaper (Earl Samuels) carried with him a full-scale scythe, which kept breaking people off at the ankles --- he'd have carried it above his head except that he is rather a short fellow and would have been poking people's eyes out with the thing. Lillian Fields (recently from NY) came as a "Moonless Night" in a black and silver affair which almost copped her the Most Beautiful Costume award - which award went to Fritz Leiber for his blue-skinned, silver haired costume. He was a Warlock - (He said he was - and I beleieved him implicitly !) Ernie Wheatley, Bjo, Djinn, and Steve finally showed up, as the Count and Countess Dracula, a ' Bitchy Witch' and the Prince of Assassins, respectively. Rick Sneary wore his Nazgul costume from the Lord of the Rings series, inside of which you can only see a pair of evilly-flickering eyes. Larry Gurney copped the Most Humorous award by carrying a pair of ping-pong balls and describing himself as the Ghost of Captain Queeg; and Zeke Leppin quietly accepted the prize for His Satanic Majesty - one of the most imposing and regal of costumes present.

Al Lewis was the Host, and got not only a well-deserved round of thanks, but also won the award for the most scientific-fictional Costume just and only for being the host. In the middle of the judging, he walked past the judges with out his shirt on, and terrified most of the assemblage by displaying a huge lump of plastic and laytex, colored green and red, attached to the center of his back with ugly tentacles. He was a host for it and us! If this is a Puppet Master, reach me the flame-thrower!

After midnight, the hour of judging, the party began to break up. Moffat, Fields, and Sneary had a wild moment of rejoicing when they realized that, whether or not they were ever officials of the WSFS Inc., at that moment any power attached to the position of World Con Committee was removed from their grasp, and they could go back to being mortal fen.

Lewis stopped the party from dissolving entirely by taking pictures of the costumes, showing slides of Korea and Japan, playing Oscar Brand records (the kind fen like), and cooking breakfast. (RON--DON'T TRY TO BLAIE IE FOR FRYING INSTEAD OF SCRAMBLING T ELVE EGGS FOR THIRTEEN PEOPLE**AL)

the
last of
squirrel
cage

This last was at seven ayem, when the party really did break up for good, and the last of us stumbled exhaustedly out to our cars to head back for civilization. I have enjoyed few parties so continually, so thoroughly, or so fannishly; the entire crowd was friendly --especially Nancy Crawford--and everybody seemed to be able to talk intelligently, which is something I sometimes find lacking in Los Angeles groups. This new-found aspect of southern Californians is perhaps a result of the Solacon, where they found out that there are fans just like them all over the country--and, more important, that in some parts of the country there are fans who are not like them at all. I hope this is not a temporary change, because it's a very good change.

Saturday, several of us went over to the Burbee Household for fine talk, finer drink, and superb food. Burbee and Djinn talked editorial plans for the very magazine you are reading now, and Isobel and Bjo made plans for Forry Ackerman's birthday party. Rotsler showed up in the early evening, and he and Burbee told us stories of the old LASFS and of insurgent days, of Laney and the homosexuals, of Shaggy and the fuggheads that surrounded the club in the very era when LASFS was indeed the Mecca of all who could possibly travel, or who had to travel, during the forties.

A fine weekend --- I look forward to many more of them.

LASFS - TRICK OR TREATING

whose
treat?



FRED!

L.C.MERE!

TED JOHNSTONE'S REVENGE

Or, a melange of minutes of past minutes compiled by Al Lewis from some very disorganized notes given over the phone by Ted Johnstone.



All of which goes to show that if one gets dragooned into substituting for an absent secretary who is busy running around town doing some trivial nonsense or other for a school yearbook one should go ahead and write the things up instead of handing the poor sap six pages of illegible handwriting because when he gets a chance he is liable to ~~3#6~~! you too. (AL! REMEMBER THE MAIL INSPECTORS, YOU IDIOT! DJINN).

A long LASFS tradution was broken last month when the club voted to disband the committee to secure rubber tips for the folding chairs. The passing of this venerable organ left Rick Sneary's Committee To Draft A New Constitution as the senior member of the 'old business' section of the agenda. The committee has been out more than a year now, and a report is expected within a very few months.

In the meantime, the club continues to operate with blithe unconstitutionality ("WHICH UNCONSTITUTIONALITY" RICK), and has accordingly voted to pay Zeke Leppin \$ 10 a month rent for the use of his living room on Thursday nites. At the same time it was voted to set club dues at 35¢ per member per meeting, which was deemed sufficient to pay the rent, the Shaggy bills, the very small Hallowe'en party deficit, and still leave a small sum to put in the treasury.

Of course, Bjo has designs on the treasury, and as part of the design, the club was treated to an impressive display of the low priced Gestettners, when on the meeting of the 13 th, our two coter cover was run off demonstration wise before the assemblage. The project is to form a syndicate of LA-area fan publishers to purchase one of these 'Cadillacs of duplicating machines'. ("FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF LA FANDOM" TED).

LA Fandom, both old and new, has been showing up around LASFS lately. Bill Rotsler and Morris Scott Dollens are becoming regular attendees after too long and absence, Dick Sands is out from Iowa and back in Fandom again, and Fritz Leiber has joined the club with the express stipulation that he be allowed to eschew all committees. Dale Hart has also become a regular attendee, with many new unsuspecting neo-fans 'discovering' LASFS.

One of the regular faces will be missing for a couple of weeks, though, as Forry Ackerman has gone back to New York to edit the third issue of 'Famous Monsters of Filmdom'. (HE HAD TO GO BACK AND WRITE IN A CRYPT" RICK). He'll be back just in time to celebrate his birthday with a three-day party, and to entertain the club with con reports from the suburbs of LA in far off exotic NY and Philadelphia.

Barney Bernard reported that the controversy between the Pacific Rocket Society and the California Fire Marshall has been resolved to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. The fire marshall agreed to let the PRS write the tests for the new rocket-firing licenses. With just procured insurance from Lloyd's of London, the PRS and Reaction Research Society will begin firing soon after the first of the year.

The club held two theater parties last month. On the Wednesday before the Halloween party, a large group went to the Coronet theatre to see Fritz Lang's venerable *Metroropolis*, and the following week an expedition to the Pasadena Civic Auditorium was organized to hear Bert Sahl and Tom Lehrer, two of our favorite comedians.

On the 30th of October, LASPS celebrated its 24th anniversary with much discussion, one of Forry's traditional quizzes, and many prizes. The grand prize was won by Jack Jardine who got to accompany Forry to a special preview of "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad." Ted, Djo, and Al tied for second and cut cards for the Nor is Scott Pollens photograph. Djo won with the low card, but sometimes that girl is mighty low anyway. Like right afterwards there was the usual weekly book raffle, and Djo won it, and was undecided whether to take Nights Black Agents or Tales of Terror and the Supernatural. "Take Night's Black Agents," said Steve, "I'll win the other one." She did and he did. Just to round things out, Ernie, Ted (2), and Al won the other four pocket books, and as they were all sitting around the table in the front of the room, there were long, loud cries of "fix" led by Djinn, whose cries were loudest and longest.

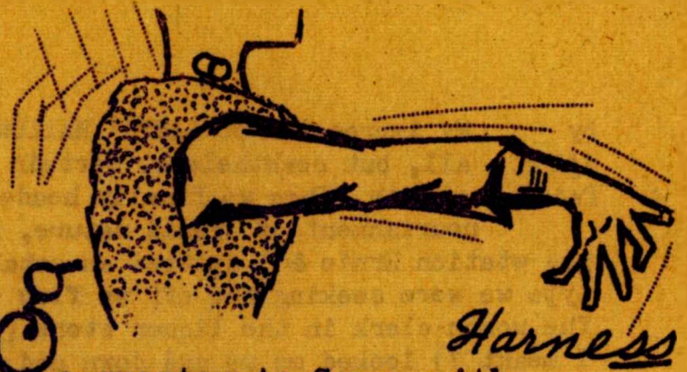
The following night the birthday celebration was continued at the Halloween party, which broke up about seven the following morning. (See Party Report). The whole thing was a howling success, and the club agreed unanimously to start planning another masquerade for New Year's Eve, ways and means to be discussed at future meetings.

Respectfully submitted,
Ted Johnstone, pseudonym.



GA! GA! These female editors! I just gave away half of my own fanzine!

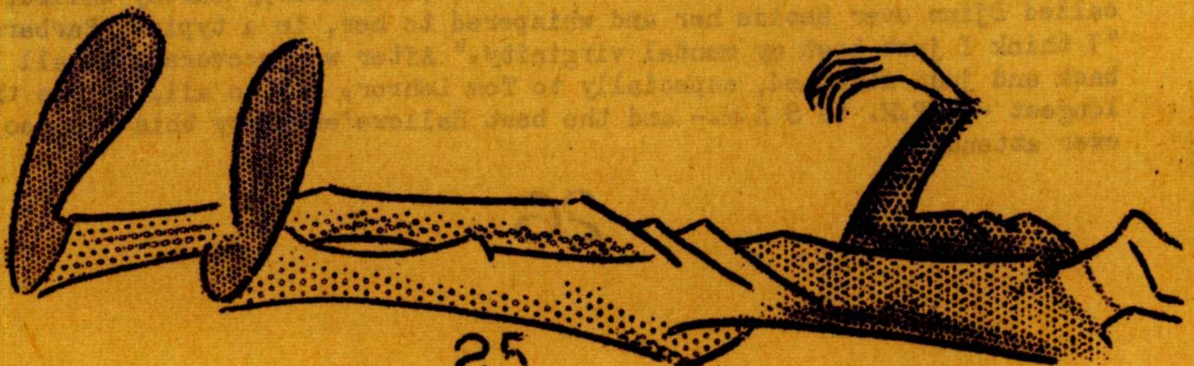
Party Reporting



by Len and I left my place at a quarter to Seven with rick the belief that we were in for a two hour cross-town sneary drive to Al's place in Santa Monica Canyon. Of course, it would have been quicker if we could have gone cross-town -- but, like so many places, you just couldn't get there from here.... We got there though, five minutes early, so by the time I'd put on my cape and hood, and buckled on my sward, it was just time.....

It was probably the best Hallowe'en of LASFS's that I have ever attended. Being in a private home helped a lot, as the old Club Room was like walking into a rather run down morgue. (The manager looked like an attendant in one, too !) But the current group are more of a fun-type party bunch than have been around for a long time. In fact, they are a more fun-type anything than they have been for quite awhile. And ----- Whoo*boy ! Do thay like costume parties !

And what a plave for a party -- Hugh living room with ablazing fire in the fireplace, a piano, a Hi-Fi and range of records from Boddy to Bach, plenty of chairs to lounge in, and even TV. A room like. Wo7 ! Filled with interesting men and lovely girls in costumes to gladen the eye, and a small vile of Scotch to warm the cockles of an old fan's heart. Then there is food in a silver and china appointed dining room. I have never cared much for food, just for fun (a wast of time, generally) but the drippes or dippes appeared to be especially good -- with apples for traditionalist (There wasn't any bobing for apples, but a few tried bobing for girls) and one of Barbara Gratz's fabulouse cakes (special cake-s for all occasions). There was Al's room for reading, Al's photo room for having one's picture gatooken, and another bedroom for Ernie Wheatley to fall asleep in. There was even a fish pond in back for fish and small fans to pond in. If only it had been daylight and I could have seen the outside of this Better Homes and Gardens type house -, my night would have run over. (As it was, I didn't get home tell five.) All en all, we have rarely had it so good.....



by My impression of LAST YEAR'S HALLOWE'EN PARTY is probably the foggiest of djinn all, but nonetheless, certain incidents stand out with frightening faint clarity. When we finally headed for the party, we had to stop for nourishment of liquid nature, for the car and for ourselves. At the gas station Ernie & I spotted an establishment which sold provisions of the type we were seeking and off we flew - Ernie by wing and I on my broomstick. The women clerk in the liquor store (What type of provisions did you think I meant?) looked me up and down and asked me which club I was dancing at - I wasn't sure whether to be flattered or insulted, so I just winked at the gal and said it was a private party. At this point Ernie leered - or tried to leer - which just made him look like the most lecherous Dracula ever.

Once at the party, it was decided that we should go Trick or Treating - so, Bill Rotaler, Frankenstein, Earl Samuels - who looked like Death and carried a six foot long scythe, Fritz Leiber - who won the most beautiful costume award, dressed as a Warlock with blue face and silver speckles, and I took off to go Trick or Treating. At the first house there was a large dog, so we left hurriedly. At the next house we found that it was inhabited by Al's mother and stepfather. Al's stepfather answered the door, and said in response to our Trick or Treat, "Whose Treat?" It was our treat for we had a drink - all those excepting the ones hiding behind masks (or Masques?), which meant only me. The others were given lolly-pops. On we went to the next house, where we were answered by a very old lady type voice suspiciously asking, "Who's there?" The sounds of a barricade being withdrawn from the door clanged when we answered with the refrain Trick or Treat. "Well, I don't know - it's awfully late -" the door opened six inches, still held by a length of chain, and a hand appeared holding an offering of a basket of apples - "I really don't know why your parents have let - Oooh, my Goodness! Well! Well! My Goodness Sakes!" Frankenstein reached out slowly and golem-ishly and dropped his lolly-pop in her basket of goodies. We wished her a very Witchy Hallowe'en and went back to the party. After this, my impressions became even more hazy and lost in a mist of something I went around calling, "Blackberry bran - no, Branberry black - no, Berrybrack bian - no, I know," I cried triumphantly, "Bradberry wine - no!" - Well, whatever it was - it was a good party.

by I went directly to the party from work, and so, was forced to enter dick with my costume under my arm. I was greeted with cries of, "Ah ha! bands Another judge!" "Oh no," I cried, "As soon as Ejo arrives with the make-up and such I'll be a legit type of Hallowe'ener. After the judging of the costumes I get special mention in the sexy costume division- (Next time there's gonna be more girls on the judging committee, dare it.) there was a showing of the silent film, "The Lost World." The party started to thin out after that - and we sat around, (4e on his back on the floor, as usual) and listened to Al's extensive collection of bawdy ballads and folk songs - with the original lyrics. After one particularly earthy ballad, Gratz, called Djinn over beside her and whispered to her, in a typical Barbara-ism, "I think I just lost my mental virginity." After we recovered, we all leaned back and just listened, especially to Tom Lehrer. All in all, it was the longest - 8 P.M. to 8 A.M. - and the best Hallowe'en party this old neo has ever attended.

Vital Information: Shangri-L'Affaires is the official line of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Club. It will be published six-sick-weekly. We will not give up first. The address is: Shangri-L'Affaires, 2548 West 12th Street. Subscription rates are: 20 cents per copy, six copies per dollar.

The next issue, Shangri-L'Affaires, will contain goodies by Len Meffatt, 4th Terry Carr, Dale Hart, Rick Smearly, Bob many others. There will be more art work by Bill Rotsler, Jack Harness, and Cynthia G. All in all, the next issue will be full of goodies and will be published.

Our mailing list is a mess and no one has been found of current subscribers, tradezines or of any other complementary issues of various people. So - the first issue, Shangri # 39, will go out to every one's address we can find or receive from all sources.... So - To Continue receiving Shangri it will be necessary to: Drop us a letter of comment, and/or send a tradezine, and/or tell us on your subscription, and most preferable over all **SUBSCRIBE ! FANS OF THE WORLD UNITE ! SUBSCRIBE TO SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES ! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR MONEY AND SENSE OF HUMOR !**

Now that we have issued our plea for help on our mailing list, and finally finished this ish I have but one more comment to make: Thanks to all who have worked so hard and to those who offered so much help, obboo, etc., and " Thank Goodness They're both of them Over!!!!!!

