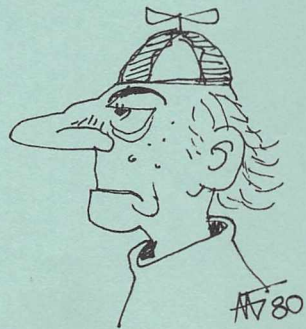
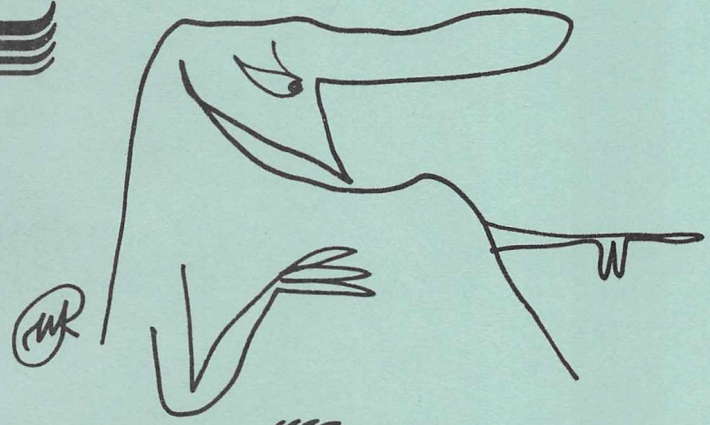


SNICKER

yuk

Chortle

I'M GOING TO REPORT
YOU TO THE ILLUMENATI.



SHAGGY

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES NO. 76

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SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES is the club genzine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc. (11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601, USA). SHAGGY is published thrice-yearly (June, October, February) and is available for trade, letters of comment, or contributions. As per the LASFS by-laws, all Patron Friends of the LASFS (\$150 or higher contributions to the LASFS Building Fund) receive copies of SHAGGY free. SHAGGY is also available for \$1 per copy (3/\$2.75). Copyright (c) 1980 by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc. One time rights only have been acquired from signed contributors. The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily represent the viewpoint of the LASFS, Inc. nor of the editors of SHAGGY. Please make all cheques payable to the LASFS, Inc.

STATEMENTS

cantor

It is not as though I have nothing else to do. Aside from the time needed for eating, sleeping, and other (similar) non-fannish activities, I put in about 56 hours a week at the tobacco store that I manage. Every Thursday evening there is the weekly LASFS meeting. There are the Friday night Hell games at the LASFS clubhouse.

LASFAPA is a big (most disties being 300 plus pages) monthly APA. I am Little Tim God of that. HOLIER THAN THOU is a large quarterly genzine which always beats its deadline by several weeks. HTT is my current pride and joy.

I mean, there are a few hours left over each week - hours which really should be spent on some soft of fanac, right?

Ergo, here I am as an editor of a revived SHAGGY.

I am not going to bore all of you with biographical details - most of you probably know the pertinent ones, and the rest of you will find out those which are appropriate in the fullness of time.

For SHAGGY I make only two promises. Firstly, SHAGGY will always be out on time. Secondly, the lettercol will not be huge - I will confine my passion for same to HTT.

-mc

gunderloy

In early November of 1978, an upstart neofan innocently asked in APA-L, "What is/was SHAGGY?"

In early October of 1979, and old-and-tired fan observed in APA-L, "I would suppose that someone with enough persistence ((and basic idiocy)) could get themselves appointed editor of SHAGGY."

Now that it's 1980, just that has happened. The old-and-tired fan has appointed the upstart neofan as one of the editors of SHAGGY. See what a bit of persistence can do?

Actually, of course, there is more to my being here than just an old APA-L comment chain. Over the past few years, I have gradually been getting more and more involved with fandom in general and the LASFS in particular. Volunteering to help with this project seemed like a natural part of the progression.

So far I seem to have brought a certain amount of competency to my fanac, and I think I can do the same in this case. If you don't know me already, you'll find out soon enough.

Like Marty, I have two promises to make. Firstly, SHAGGY will not be dominated by any particular ingroup or faction of the LASFS. Secondly, I intend to enjoy SHAGGY -- and hope that you do so also.

-mg

GETTING SHAGGY

SHAGGY is free. Rather, this first issue of the revived genzine -- the one that you hold in your hands -- is free. After much discussion, the editors decided that this would be the best way to go with the first issue. Future issues, though, will not be free unless you qualify for free issues under the LASFS By-Laws or the policies of SHAGGY.

The club By-Laws state that all Patron Friends of the LASFS (and those who have given even more to the building fund than the Patron Friends) must get all official LASFS publications free of charge, and so it shall be. To qualify as a Patron Friend of the LASFS you must donate at least \$150 to the Building Fund. Give the Building Fund \$150 and you will get SHAGGY FREE -- forever. ~~Of course, without the editor's is the best!~~

Except for Patron Friends of the LASFS (and the LASFS library, which will get a file copy), everyone else who wants a copy of SHAGGY will either have to *pay money* or *do something* to get a copy.

The money part is easy -- \$1.00 per copy, or \$2.75 for a year's subscription (3 copies).

So let us consider the other ways in which you can get a copy without handing over any money, at least directly.

One way to get a copy is to be one of the editors of SHAGGY. As said editors are not very stingy ~~compared to Ebenezer Scrooge~~, the other members of the production staff and those who help in putting out each SHAGGY will also get free copies.

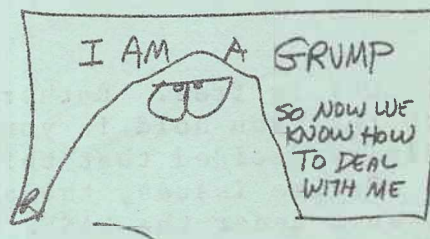
Accepted contributions of articles or art-work (or both!) will also get you a free copy of SHAGGY as long as your material is either in our files or printed in the then-current issue. If you wish more copies after your article/artwork is printed, you must either convince us to accept more material or think of something else.

Another way of receiving copies is to trade us for your own genzine, provided that both the editors and yourself feel that this is acceptable (this is an all-for-all trade). Many of you who are receiving this first issue of SHAGGY are currently trading with the LASFS newszine De Profundis. If you wish to continue to receive trade copies of SHAGGY as a part of your trade with De Profundis, you must indicate this to the editors of SHAGGY.

The editors of SHAGGY like locs, and future issues of SHAGGY will contain a lettercolumn. (This one would have had a lettercol, but the letters were misplaced some time in the past twelve years). The letter column in SHAGGY, unlike that in HOLIER THAN THOU, will not run to (sometimes) half the pages in an issue; neither, though, will it be miniscule. As we will (it is to be hoped) not have room to print all letters received, you will get a free copy whether or not your letter is printed.

Let us be certain to make one thing clear -- members of the LASFS attending the meetings at which SHAGGY is distributed will get a free copy ONLY if they qualify under the above-stated regulations. Otherwise, they pay their dollar just like anyone else. The editors wish that just being a LASFS member were enough reason for a freebie, but the economic facts of life dictate otherwise.

EDITORIAL



Gentlebeings, after an hiatus of twelve years, you now have before you a revived SHAGGY. Well, at least that is the title on the cover. In fact, there will probably be little resemblance between SHAGGY in this incarnation and the SHAGGYS of old.

Aside from the name there will be some similarities between the new and the old SHAGGYS. SHAGGY remains the official genzine of the LASFS - our expenses are for the most part underwritten by the club. Contributions will be, primarily, from club members (though the current editors will not rule out accepting written material and artwork from non-members if we like those contributions).

But let us dwell, for the nonce, on some of the differences. The most obvious difference, naturally, is the look of the zine. Now is not then - and the editors of this SHAGGY were not involved in fandom during the earlier periods of SHAGGY. Many new fanzines have come and gone since the last issue of SHAGGY was pubbed, and we (the current editors) are much more familiar with current fanzines than with those of a decade or more ago.

Both of us started our fanwriting in APAs. Mike seems to be in so many APAs that he has neither enough toes nor fingers for the counting of the number of APAs to which he belongs. Marty ~~the ~~that~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~~~ was never in more than 8 APAs at one time. Currently, Mike is The Admiral of SCAPA FLOW, whilst Marty is Little Tin God of LASFAPA (and was once OC of APA-L). Mike continues to paper fandom with APA zines (and is ditto and mimeo printer for contributors to many APAs) - Marty's APAwriting is now confined to LASFAPA. Mike, who has been reading many genzines, is in the beginning stages with his own genzine, TENTATIVITY. Marty's genzine, HOLIER THAN THOU, has gone through 6 issues (one each quarter for the last 6 quarters) of between 40 to 60 pages each issue.

So. There you have the fanwriting background of the two of us. We are both devoted LASFS members, rarely missing any meetings of the club. Which should tell you something else about both us and SHAGGY - the LASFS is not the same organisation that it once was. One does not have to be an old-time member to realise that the LASFS has changed over the years. As a club we are more financially successful than the old club, owning our own clubhouse as we do. The average age of the members is probably older now than it once was (though we still have many young members, with more constantly joining).

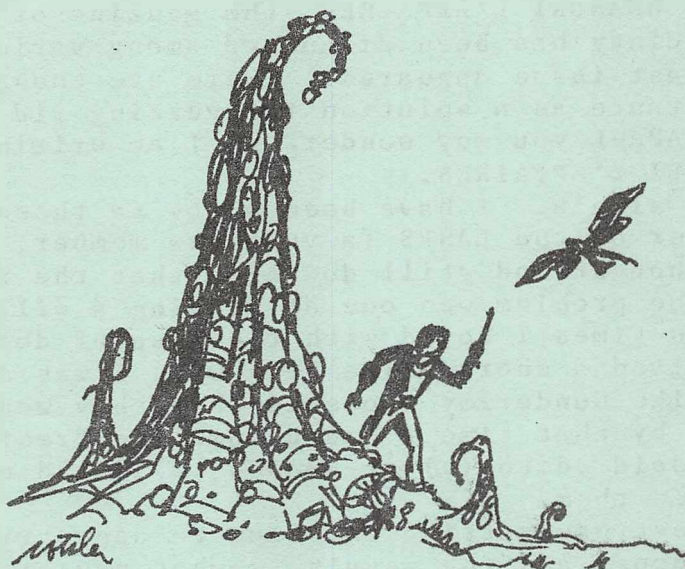
It is the direction that the club has taken that has changed (which is only natural in an organization that is almost 46 years old). Hmm. Maybe we can get one of the older members to write about this. Anyway, one of the prime interests of the current members is fixing up and making better our clubhouse - certainly, a different interest from a club that many years ago had members aghast at the very idea of the LASFS even considering the ownership of its own clubhouse.

The LASFS, also, is larger now than it used to be. Weekly meetings usually have an attendance of between 100 to 125 people. With two

buildings and a patio in between allowing those with similar interests to get together without bothering other people with divergent interests, the weekly meetings resemble nothing so much as small conventions. It sometimes seems as though there are so many things going on concurrently that there is no way to take everything in. Some of us like this; however, there are some long-time members who do not like this largeness that has overtaken the club.

As we have said, the LASFS is a different club than it used to be. The new SHAGGY will (we hope) reflect the fact that the LASFS now is not the LASFS then. SHAGGY is the LASFS clubzine; and, in reflecting the LASFS as it is now, it cannot help but be different from the SHAGGY of old. We hope that you like that which we are.

mc-mg

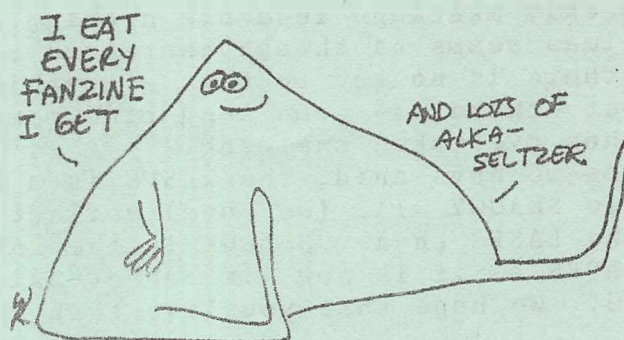


WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS - part J

- () One or more of the editors was on drugs at the time.
- () For valient efforts to complicate the Langdon chart.
- () The editors humbly crave your artwork.
- () The Secret Masters of Fandom threatened us with Lesnerization if we didn't mail this to you.
- () This is a test of the postal service. This is only a test.
- () Come back to Los Angeles!
- () Stay away from Los Angeles!
- () Death will not release you - but we might make an exception if you don't respond.
- () Allah moves in mysterious ways.

THE RETURN OF SHAGGY

by george
jumper



The return of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, the genzine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society has been discussed among various members off and on since the last issue appeared. There are those who have actively promoted its appearance as a solution for getting rid of APA-L. Since I am a past OC of APA-L you may wonder why I am writing this for inclusion in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES.

The answer is simple. I have been party to these discussions since I have been a member of the LASFS (a very new member, but active, nonetheless). I thought and still do think that the revival of SHAGGY is a good idea. The problem was one of finding ~~a willing writer~~ an editor. At various times I toyed with the idea of doing it myself.

This was resolved a short while back when I was approached by Marty Cantor and Mike Gunderloy who said that they would be willing to take it on. Since by that time I had become the President of the LASFS and could appoint said editor(s) of SHAGGY, I looked over their prospectus and appointed them.

The next project was getting the club to appropriate the funds for SHAGGY. This was done, and the result is what you are about to read.

Marty asked me to write something for this first issue by way of introduction and/or welcome to the reader. I am most pleased to do so. It is my aim as president of the society to increase club activities. As such, SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES fits in with that objective.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES also does something which I feel is desirable for the LASFS as a whole -- it gives us a chance to provide a picture of the LASFS to fandom that shows us as we are now, and not as we were years ago. The LASFS is different from what it used to be.

It also seems to me that a successful SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES will provide a science fictional forum for the club. There is plenty of social interaction for the club, but not very much in the way of science fiction discussion. I hope that SHAGGY will provide this focus.

I would like to encourage those LASFS members who have not contributed to this issue to contribute to the next one. Participate. Let your feelings and thoughts be known.

-8j

((SHAGGY will provide a Science Fictional focus over our dead bodies. -- ye fannish editors. (Yuck - now we have the beginnings of another SHAGGY feud. Actually, though, the current LASFS is more fannish than sercon - the editors expect that SHAGGY will reflect this.))



METROPOLITAN CHRONICLE

by ron ellik

((Reprinted from SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #68, Jan.-Feb. 1964:))

Throughout its history, the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society has published fanzines. During World War 2 and just after, and around 1960, this activity has reached startling peaks. Of this enthusiastic flow, a large amount has represented the club officially under three principal titles: Imagination!, Shangri-LA, and Shangri-L'Affaires.

A preliminary, quarter-sized printed issue of Imagination! preceded the run of 13 hektographed and mimeographed issues available in the club library; this small magazine circulated to fans in the United States and abroad on the Fourth of July 1936, and the first full-sized, 20-page issue didn't appear until October 1937. The first issue was designated as the official organ of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Science Fiction League, and was edited by Forrest J. Ackerman and Myrtle Douglas (Morojo). T. Bruce Yerke was listed as the editor, but Forry and Morojo did the work, and after the first issue Yerke's name disappeared from the masthead. The last issue was October 1938 and ran only 12 pages; it was succeeded by Mikros.

Mikros kept the years after Madge from being empty, and editor Russ Hodgkins retroactively applied the title to four fanzines published by Ackerman and Morojo in FAPA. But after Hodgkins' second issue there was a lapse of over a year, and he finished with a six-page fapazine carrying the same title.

In that same period Imagination! metamorphosed into the most successful letterzine ever published, Voice of the Imagi-nation (VoM), edited by Ackerman and Morojo. They advertised that they printed every letter as it was received, with signature, no matter how complicated. The result was 50 issues and seven years of fun.

VoM, however, was not a club publication, and in March 1940 the renamed Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society brought out Shangri-LA, Volume I, number 1, 22 pages. The second and third issues, dated October 1940 and July 1941, were somewhat larger. Between these two issues a strange event in fan publishing occurred: Ackerman's news and chatter column, "Shangri-L'Affaires," which began as a single-page

feature in fanzines such as VoM and Art Joquel's FMZ Digest, became a separate entity, to the point that 13 distinct issues are recorded, four of which were not included in other magazines but appeared as flyers, giving the latest scoop about LASFS fans and their activities, plugging VoM, and so on.

After the July 1941 issue of Shangri-LA, which was edited by Walter J. Daugherty, Charles Hornig (of New York) edited the next club publication, titled Shangri-L'Affaires (sic). It consisted of one legal page, was dated December 1941, and carried no number. Editor Hornig considered it the "next issue" of the title, so he must have been thinking of Ackerman's 13 issues -- but then Forry published an unnumbered issue (January 1942) and still another issue, undated, which he called #3!

These "new" issues of Shangri-L'Affaires were all distributed separately and are clearly distinct from the column-become-fanzine series. They continue in serial numbering, growing at a fairly steady pace until Daugherty's #11, a full-sized, ten-page magazine, beginning a schedule of six issues per year. Art Joquel, Fran Laney, Phil Bronson, and Gerald Hewitt edited issues from time to time, but the golden era came under the editorship of Charles Burbee, who ran it almost solely from May 1944 to November 1947 -- issues 14 through 38, excluding 26, 27, and 28.

During this period SHAGGY settled down to monthly publication and generally ran 16 to 20 pages, with a fairly representative circulation to outside fandom, showing off the capabilities of the LASFS very well. In those days just about everyone in Los Angeles fandom was connected with some publishing venture -- VoM was continuing strong, the Fantasy Amateur Press association was full of Lozangeleonos such as Ackerman, Daugherty, Burbee, Laney, and so on; and the publishing scene in L.A. was more frantic than it has ever been since. SHAGGY's main function as official organ was to present readable material and to feature Los Angeles as a focus of fan activity, keeping localities aware of the outside world and vice versa. Some of the funniest material ever to see mimeo ink appeared in those issues, including Burbee's editorials -- they were editorials that have never been equalled in fanzines for consistent readability.

This era ended in a fight. Al Ashley and Fran Laney leveled charges of blatant homosexuality against the club and against certain members as individuals, and editor Burbee printed articles on the subject (such as "Apologize, Al Ashley!" in issue #36) as part of his "Let's rib LASFS" policy. At about the same time -- late 1947 -- the LASFS decreed that its official organ should not be sent to Amazing Stories for review, in reaction to the Shaver Mystery hoax and Raymond A. Palmer's attacks on fans. Burbee, calling the whole thing silly, said he was going to keep sending SHAGGY to Amazing for review. So the LASFS canned him as editor, and he quit the club.

After a short hiatus, Dale Hart tried to revive the official organ. The old title of Shangri-LA was selected when Burbee threatened to bring out a magazine called Shangri-L'Affaires, and the club discovered they couldn't stop him if he did. Hart got four issues out, beginning early in 1948, effectively quelling the feuding in print, and beginning the long series of quiet, stuffy issues of Shangri-LA which continued into 1957.

In those nine years, editors changed nearly every issue. This led to much bibliographical confusion. For instance, the All-Juvenile issue

edited by John Van Couvering was misnumbered and carried no date; several other issues were misnumbered, undated, or some combination. In general, the spirit in these issues is that of the perennial one-shot -- no continuity in editorial matter or letter columns, no particular awareness of outside fandom, and no particularly brilliant material. There is much of artistic merit about these issues -- some remarkable covers, and much sterling reproduction. There is, however, little worth reading save for its curiosity value or for research into LASFS history.

In 1953 this series of Shangri-LAs edited by various hands ground to a temporary halt after a good strong try at an organized committee of editors failed to give the magazine more than a temporary lease on life. The last committee-edited issue, Fall-Winter 1953, not numbered but actually #35, featuring the Ray Bradbury index, preceded the next issue by nearly three years.

During this period I discovered the LASFS. Early in 1954 Peter Vorzimer had planned to revive Shangri-LA, but lost interest in favor of publishing his own fanzine, ABSTRACT, about the time I came on the scene and decided to try my own hand as club editor. Between Vorzimer and myself we probably misplaced more than an entire issue of material, and nothing happened until July 1956 when Paul Turner actually published an unnumbered thirty-sixth issue, using what was left of the material I had collected. Paul published one more issue -- months later, after marrying in early 1957 -- and then George Fields published one final gasp (also unnumbered, actually #38), in the autumn of 1957.

For more than a year afterward Fields did nothing, and the LASFS' only publishing activity was an occasional newsletter such as It and De Profundis.

About Solacon time (1958), the LASFS director, Bjo Wells (now Mrs. John Trimble), decided to try once more. She talked George Fields out of his inactive editorial post and talked Djinn Faine into it. In September 1958 she and Djinn visited Charles Burbee while he was hospitalized, told him of their plans for a revived club magazine, and asked for contributions. He replied, "If you will call it Shangri-L'Affaires #39, I'll write you an editorial," and it was as good as done. And no one realized the numerical coincidence because of the many unnumbered issues of Shangri-LA: At this point Bjo and Djinn could have picked up either title with issue number 39.

Djinn edited #39 and #40, but was out of town when time came for #41 and Al Lewis and Bjo published it under her name. With John Trimble (editor from January 1960 to late 1961), these two people have been the force behind the club publishing activity in recent years, with Bjo as art editor giving SHAGGY its distinctive carrying flavor through changes of editor and policy. The renewed publishing activity in Los Angeles created a small paradox: Because many club members became interested in fanzine activity, interest in the club organ itself slacked off -- it published in 1962, appearing only through a sense of duty.

One of the signs of activity in Los Angeles at the turn of the decade was the launching of the LASFS Newsletter, begun by Bjo as a continuation of the ideas behind It, a small flyer she and Julie Ross had published in 1957. The Newsletter is now being published frequently by Bill Blackbeard, after appearing more or less regularly under the names of Al Lewis, Dian Girard, Redd Boggs, and Ron Ellik at various times. It provides localities with news of club programs and other activities likely to interest them.

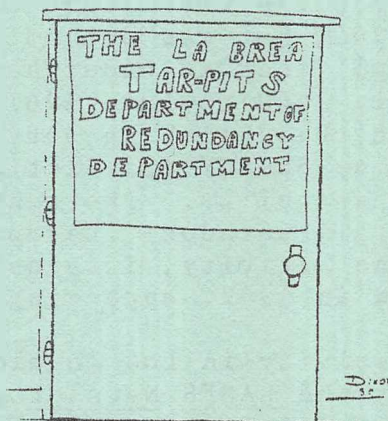
Also in 1960, Bruce Pelz, Jack Harness, and Ted Johnstone began the publication of the LASFS minutes of each meeting under the title Menace of the LASFS. This venture has been a mild financial success (it just breaks even) and Pelz continues it regularly, extending his activities to reprinting the minutes from meetings of years ago when he can get hold of them.

While she was secretary during the first half of 1963 Dian Girard enlivened the minutes by giving each member the name of a comic-book character. These minutes were published as All-Star Begotten Comics, and after complaints from members that they couldn't understand the minutes of meetings they had attended, the comic-book version was made a separate publication, the Menace returning to unadorned reporting. The comic-book minutes seemed to some members to subject the LASFS to ridicule, and their objections reached the verge of impeachment proceedings before the All-Starbegotten Comics were dropped. At present everything is quiet and the genuine minutes are appearing regularly.

As Shangri-L'Affaires entered 1962, only a committee effort was deemed strong enough to keep up with the publishing work, and it was a committee with Steve Tolliver co-ordinating and listed as editor, that held down the fort through issue #66.

When the committee decided, soon after the Discon in September 1963, that most of the members were going through the motions only from a sense of duty, publication of SHAGGY became an overpowering burden, and the committee quit. The club organ was turned back to the club, which was asked to find an editor who was interested in SHAGGY and willing to take on the job of publishing it regularly. Redd Boggs took over with issue #67 with little visible lapse and began to impart to the venerable club publication his own distinctive flavor.

-re



THE SHAGGY PEOPLE

by len moffatt

As indicated in the preceding article, the fanzine that was to become known as SHAGGY (sometimes affectionately, sometimes not...) made its first appearance forty years ago. However, it has been twelve years since the last issue was published.

Redd Boggs continued his editorship of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES through 1964 with issues number 68 and 69. Ted Johnstone took over in 1965 with issues number 70 and 71. After that, there were no more SHAGGIES until 1968, during which year Ken Rudolph edited numbers 72 through 75.

I don't know if 113 issues of a club organ (or anybody's fanzine) over a 28-year period is some kind of record, but if it is, the credit would have to go to all of the various persons who helped produce the magazine. There were many, and they were varied.

I didn't know all of these people, but I knew some of them and am glad that I did. I won't say I never met a fan I didn't like, but I can say that some of my best friends have been SHAGGY editors or contributors.

When I joined LASFS in 1946, I found that it was like any other organization, fannish or mundane, in that the people running the club were the ones who contributed the most, in work, money or both. It was ever thus, and I'm sure it ever will be.

Although I had been in fandom since 1939, my crifanac had been interrupted by World War II. After the war, I moved from Pennsylvania to California, but as far as fandom was concerned, local or otherwise, I was still a neofan. A fanzine fan from the beginning (I had yet to attend my first convention) names such as Daugherty, Ackerman, Burbee, Laney, and so on were just as Big Names to me as were Heinlein, van Vogt or John W. Campbell, Jr.

Walt Daugherty, besides editing the first three issues of SHANGRI-LA (1940-41), managed to find places for the club to meet back in the days when the club could barely afford to pay rent, let alone think about buying a clubhouse or property of its own. Naturally he became a power in the club, as did the internationally popular No. 1 Fan Face, Forry Ackerman, along with Myrtle (Morójo) Douglas, E. Everett Evans, and others who supplied the energy (and money) to keep the club operational.

Charles Burbee was editing SHAGGY (as Shangri-L'Affaires) when I arrived in L. A. Both he and Francis Towner Laney had quite a bit of influence in club affairs. The club organ was really Burb's genzine, which was hardly a bad thing as he himself is an excellent writer as well as a good editor. Excerpts from the Minutes and other club or local news were published, but there was nothing "official looking" about the magazine. It was typical of most fanzines from the LArea (and in this respect, too, typical of a Burbzine) as it was neatly mimeographed and laid out. Neither ink nor effort was spared to make SHAGGY attractive and easy to read.

Going back to earlier issues of SHAGGY, I'm sure I saw some before coming west, though my favorite fanzine from LA was VOM, the letterzine. I know that I saw my first Virgil Partch cartoon in a Daugherty-edited fanzine, and it might very well have been one of those first SHAGGIES.

Walt Daugherty, a man of many talents and interests, was well-liked and respected by some, and disliked by others. The same could be said for a goodly number of others who helped run the club or the club's Official Organ over the years. I have been present when Walt chewed us out for some infraction of the rules, or for using materials that belonged to him (which he kept in the clubroom), not to the club or to the individuals using them. On the other hand, I've seen him work like a slave to get something done for the club or for a fellow-fan that might not have been done had he not tackled it.

Forry Ackerman might very well have said "I never met a fan I didn't like". I'm sure his attitude has changed over the years, but there was a time when anyone who represented themselves as a science-fiction fan was immediately welcomed into Forry's home. The reason for this attitude can probably be found in the way it was with fans in those days. The problem is still with us, but it was more pronounced when there were fewer fans and when there was no such thing as NASA, Star Trek, etc. to popularize such fantastic ideas as space travel and other wonders. A person who had the guts to express interest in s-f was to be encouraged, not turned away, even if you had never heard of them before. In some instances, Forry's generosity has caused him more grief than egoboo.

On the lighter side, Forry was probably the club's champion punster. Speaking or writing, he loved (and still loves) to play with the language. There were other punsters, too, for it is indeed a truly LASFSian tradition, but if Forry had a buck for every pun he's made over the years he could probably finance the housing of his collection without aid from the city.

Charles Burbee is best-known as one of fandom's leading humorists. His humor, almost always satirical, was conveyed in a deceptively simple style of writing. He is much the same in person as on paper, not subtle but superbly sarcastic when inspiration strikes him. One-shot sessions and FAPA sessions at Burb's are parties that will long be remembered.

Fran Laney, seemingly too tall and thin to have the raucous laugh that he had, like most of us in those days came into fandom as an idealist. He expected too much of the hobby (or the people in it) and when disillusioned turned bitter and nasty. Instead of developing any degree of tolerance, he reacted by striking out with purple prose at the iniquities of LASFS and of fans in general. Actually, some of the so-called "iniquities" were the business only of those who engaged in them, but he obviously didn't see it that way. He descended from being a top-notch fan editor and writer to yellow journalism.

Another part of the problem--perhaps the major part--that resulted in the feud that separated the Insurgent Element from LASFS was simply personality clashes. When the people who are running a club differ with the people who are editing or contributing to the club's Official Organ--something's got to give. When neither side does, the result is inevitable.

My favorite memories of the late Fran Laney are his fanzine, ACOLYTE, which I enjoyed despite not being that much of a Lovecraft fan, his knowledge of jass, and the enthusiasm he showed when the Fantasy Foundation was being planned for presentation at PACIFICON I (4th Worldcon, 1946). He was to be the editor of the FF's Official Organ, and I remember being in a Tendril Towers room with him, Forry, Walt, Ev Evans and others as the big event was being planned. Unfortunately, it never developed into the organization it was supposed to be. Forry became too ill to attend Pacificon (except for one day),

and I've always felt that had he been there to help make the presentation it might have gotten off to a better start. In any case, Forry did save the day in his own way, as the collection he has accumulated over the years, and which he recently donated to the City of Los Angeles, represents a major part of what the Fantasy Foundation was all about.

Dale Hart had what can only be described as a Texas-Harvard accent. He spoke slowly, softly and concisely, an English major who loved the language and used it kindly, both in spoken word and written prose or poetry. He was a true gentleman with a lust for life, and extremely big-hearted. There may yet be those who think that he drank himself into an early grave, but the truth is that his heavy drinking in his last years helped to kill the pain of the cancer that was killing him.

I don't think that all of the issues of SHAGGY that appeared during the late 40s and 50s were quite as dull as Ron says, but then I'm somewhat prejudiced, as I had a hand in some of them. Foo knows it was difficult keeping the mag going. Each issue was pretty much like a one-shot session, where most of the material had been prepared in advance. The rotating editorship didn't work too well, and the mailing list kept getting lost as it went from hand to hand. Result: Most of fandom assumed that LASFS was in the doldrums, and that SHAGGY was indeed defunct. The fact is that though we did not have a large attendance at every meeting, those who did attend were having a good time. It was an era of actual s-f discussion in the meetings, with some very good book and magazine reviews by Ed Clinton, Eph Konigsberg, and others.

During this time, another fanzine was coming out of the LArea, THE OUTLANDER, published by a small group, The Outlander Society. Our circulation wasn't large, but we were being read outside of LA fandom. Our group was not to be confused with the Insurgents, or with LASFS per se, though most of us were going to LASFS regularly and helping to keep SHAGGY going. The Outlanders themselves broke up as a regularly-meeting club in the late 50s, but a few of us remained active and continued to push for the idea of a Worldcon in South Gate in '58...

That's a whole 'nother story, but I mention it here as it was in that magic year that Shaggy was truly revived. Bjo Wells, later Trimble, came into the club like a tiny freckled whirlwind, and we started Doing Things again. She was joined in this madness by relatively new members (from my viewpoint), Al Lewis, Ron Ellick, John Trimble and others. Those of us who had been around for a while got the spirit, so to speak, and pitched in to help, too. Djinn Faine, a tall, statuesque blonde, was the initial editor of the new SHAGGY, but none of it would have happened without Bjo's goading and guidance. The production of the magazine was again much like a series of one-shot sessions, with much of the last-minute artwork and layout being done on the spot. Those were exciting times for all of us.

When Marty asked me to write a historical piece about SHAGGY I decided that, since we had the article by Ron Ellick, I would concentrate on writing about the people who produced the magazine in those first 28 years. I have done this to some degree, but it would be impossible in an article of proper length for a fanzine to list and talk about all of the people on that lengthy list. There is so much more that I could say about the ones I have mentioned, and so many more that I could say quite a bit about, including Ellick himself, and all those others, some gone, some still with us. Maybe nexttime? (Or should we make this a continuing column?)

THE RIGHT OF SPRING

by michael r farkash

*"Spring is come, spring is come,
the bird is on the wing.
My, my, how absurd,
I thought the wing was on the bird."*

--Old Scottish Proverb

Benson, my pet cockatiel, has exercised a flight of fancy I would never have suspected.

Benson has lain an egg.

This was a slow, unexpected shock. I had supposed that Benson was a male bird all these long months. I mean, with his--er, her--second birthday coming up in October, that's a long time to remain confused. I guess I'll have to take back the baseball bat and glove, now. And all this time, I've been undressing in front of her, too--and used all manner of language.

The first hint of Benson's springtime sex change came on Friday, March 28, when my roommate, Jim, pointed out a small, off-white ovoid at the bottom of the cage; an egg, about an inch-and-a-quarter long.

"You put that in there, didn't you?" he accused me. I took a look at the egg, trying to remain calm and unshaken, refusing to fall prey to his pre-April Fool's Day joke.

"No," I said. "You must have." We both finally assured the other of our non-practical joking intentions, and tried to figure out which of our friends had come over in the last 24 hours to pull off this stunt.

Those people that had come over seemed incapable of going to the trouble. Besides, Benson would have probably bitten their fingers to the bone if he--she--had observed anyone placing a strange egg in the cage. Benson, having seen "Alien" twice, was no fool.

The next step was heading over to the pet store, egg in hand, to check out the identity of this little, round intruder.

"That's the biggest cockatiel egg I've ever seen," the pet store man exclaimed. He took the egg over to a strong light, to check if it was fertile.

"My bird hasn't ever been near a male," I explained, when I saw what he was doing. "At least, not within the last six months, or so."

I had originally inherited Benson from my sister, who had named the bird after the TV character who appeared as the butler in "Soap," later spinning off into his own series. (The butler, not the bird.)

The egg, therefore, could not be fertile. The pet store proprietor explained that Benson might lay an egg every other day for a while, and then stop. It's something female birds apparently do when they get to be an adult. Like smoking cigars.

It was going to be rough times. Benson was bound to become confused as all get out, if we changed her name. What's the female equivalent of Benson? Bensonette comes to mind, right off the bat.

I castigated myself (which is a lot less painful than it sounds) for taking my sister's word for it that Benson was male. But I should have brought the bird in to an expert, had I really wanted to know.

Well, I guess I can accept Benson as a female. (It's just lucky I didn't go in on an impulse I had some weeks ago to buy Benson a mate.) The problem is, do I rename her? It's bad luck to change the appellation of a ship, but maybe birds are a different matter.

My father suggested Brenda. Roommate Jim was for keeping Benson's name Benson, or (horrors!) Marilyn. (Marilyn?) My mother suggested Bertha. My sister, who gave me the cockatiel, was silent on the matter. The family had already discussed it when I got together with them for holiday dinner.

I considered Benson (pronounced Ben-sauna) as an alternative.

My friend, Brian, remarked, taking in Benson's firmly established moodiness, feistiness and absolute refusal to be petted (although she will come to you) as being "just like a woman."

On Monday, Jim called me over to the cage. It was three days after the first blessed event. Benson was past due. "Mike," said Jim, "better come look at this." I approached, slowly.

"I think she's laid another one."

Jim stepped back to let me have a clear view between the bars. At the bottom of the cage was a huge grapefruit. Benson was eyeing it, her beak opened wide in a cockatiel's snarl.

"Better check her for bleeding, Mike," Jim advised me. "I bet she's plenty sore after that one."

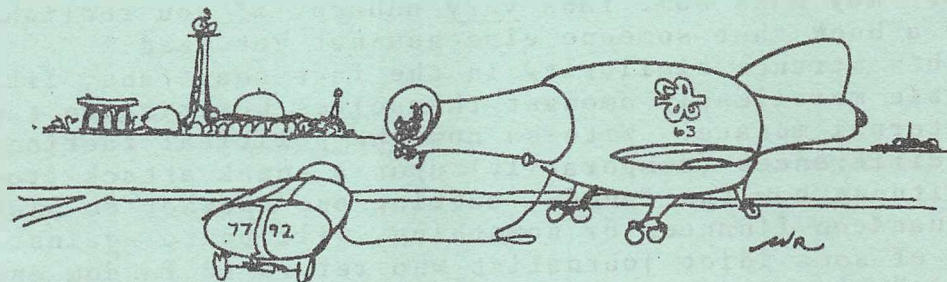
Writer's Note: Benson did produce a second egg, just a hair smaller than the first, sometime in the morning, on Thursday, April 17. The evening before, she had been sticking her head under the water tray, whistling a strange, little song.

We speculated that she was going to give birth again, but then it occurred to me to be of a different mind.

"No," I told friends present. "Don't you know why she's in a cage, behaving so strangely? It's because she's quite...quite...mad!"

I'd be angry, too, if I didn't know whether my children were destined for lamination in clear plastic memorial blocks, or the skillet.

-mf



THE WRONG SIDE OF INFINITY

by matthew b tepper

Ah, fandom. Where else in the multiverse is the statement "I'm in FAPA" a recognized pick-up line? Strange though we are to the external world, every once in a while we get so bozo as to baffle ourselves. Sometimes we reflect the outer world. Of course, sometimes we don't, but that doesn't make good copy.

For example, witness the miracle of rebirth in this century of a homeland for the Jews--the State of Israel. Now, I'm not going to get into all of the political ramifications of the effect that Israel and the world have on one another (particularly the timeless and ever-present effect that if one man has something valuable, another man is going to want to take it away from him); but I would like to venture a daring thought, a strange theory, which may say something entirely new and original about fans and their own special interactions with themselves, with one another, and with mundanes.

Basically, the thought is this: fans are like Jews. Well, I know that that's not a terrifically new idea. Van Vogt, after all, presented in his *Slans* an oppressed people with whom the outcast science fiction fanatics of the day (and even later ones) could identify; witness the expression, "Fans are slans." Surely that's not new.

Nor are fans distinctively like Jews in other ways, oh, say, in terms of diet. Now, where I grew up (Southern California), the traditional Jewish food comes in two main categories: Italian and Chinese. While it is true that fans love to get together for repasts in these cuisines--not to mention also Japanese, Mexican, Galkan, veggie, and lots of others--I wouldn't go so far as to say that fans are like Jews because of what they eat. I have never seen gefilte fish, lox, and bagels on the munchie tables at a con (there was matzah at Minicon, but that's a different story!). Nor for that matter have I ever seen a "Crottled Greeplach" on a delicatessen menu.

Nor are fans really like Jews in that they read funny. It is true that Forry Ackerman, first thing he gets a new sci-fi book, opens up the back cover and reads, but that is not so much that he is pretending to be literate in Hebrew as that he is fulfilling his old joke: Visitor to the Ackermansion says, "Gasp, what a lot of books! Have you read all of them?" And Forry, nodding solemnly, replies, "Every last word." (There, I even managed to tell the joke backwards!) Science fiction is funny stuff, perhaps, to mundanes, but it is not primarily published in Hebrew, and you may make some fans very unhappy if you foolishly reveal the ending to a book that someone else has not yet read.

Nor is this strange similarity in the fact that fans, like Jews, tend to squabble mercilessly amongst themselves but rise to the occasion of a nasty external menace. Witness how the political factions in Israel forget their differences (temporarily) upon a sneak attack from their neighbors. Witness how two faneds, cutting one another to pieces in print over Iguacon finances or something, will unite against the common menace of some idiot journalist who refers to fandom as "a bunch of sci-fi nuts."

Nor are fans like Jews simply for the fact that a fair number of fans are, or have been raised as Jewish. I'm Jewish, and I don't see that it has made me particularly receptive to fandom, except perhaps to realize that it is possible for there to be more than one kind of person that it is a proud and lonely thing to be. You should only live so long to see that it isn't lonely.

Nor are fans like Jews in terms of having a homeland. Jews have Israel, of course (unless the ~~Falastinians~~ Fonibalonians succeed in their wretched attempt at taking it away), but what do fans have? The LASFS Clubhouse? The Bozo Bus Building? The run of two hotels during Worldcon weekend? Uh-unh.

So I started out this column with a flip and clever remark, and proceeded to proclaim that fans were like Jews. All right already, so maybe life is not like a cup of tea--er, I mean, maybe fans are not like Jews.

But whatever we are like, and whoever we as fans and people are, we sure have a lot of fun doing and being it!

-mbt



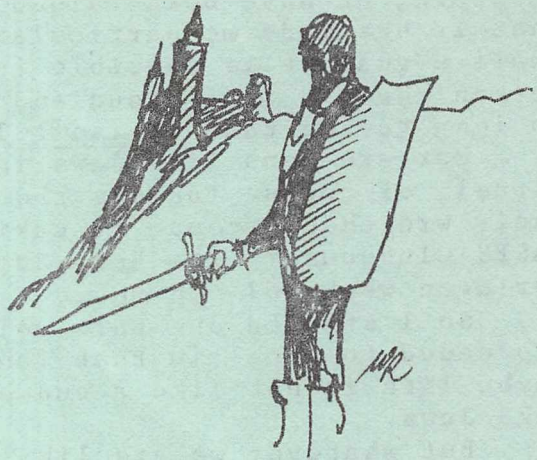
WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS - part 2

- () You asked. Silly you.
- () You're interested in fanhistory.
- () The editors humbly crave your article.
- () Blood is thicker than water, but mimeo ink is thicker than blood. So bleed already - we'll take from there.
- () We hope you have a soft spot in your head and/or wallet.
- () You are not a trekkie.
- () Can you find the hidden code message?
- () This is good preparation for the test of fannish as a foreign language.

ONCE UPON A TIME

by mike glyer

((Mike Glyer has received a Hugo nomination this year for Best Fan Writer.))



A short time ago, in a hotel not very far away...

Westercon and Mythcon were held together in 1972, over July 4th weekend at the Edgewater Hyatt in Long Beach. The lobby swarmed with fans in medieval attire. Some bore weapons. Some -- outside -- even bashed one another with their weapons in an SCA combat demonstration. Yet it seemed perfectly unthreatening and enjoyable to me. More of the same went on at LACon a few months later at the wedding of Stephen Goldin to Kathleen Sky, wherein all participants were costumed and the couple left the ceremony through an arch of raised swords.

Through the SCA, the wearing of battle gear inside cons became accepted, routine, romanticized.

Now it's 1980 and at the past two Westercons, and myriad smaller gatherings, swarms of fringe-fans have been encountered carrying mock pistols, rayguns, energy rifles, and plastic light-sabers. They wear army surplus fatigues, impact-plastic helmets, Han Solo vests, jack boots, holsters and belts, or may swing the other way, in satin tunics out of Logan's Run. The worst of all wear modified leathers and flail after some chained fan costumed as a beast. All of the above goes on -- unless the hotel and committee repress it, which they usually do if only to keep their stomachs from turning.

Whether such fans got tacit 'permission' to carry on so by witnessing SCA types at cons, or organized on their own initiative, no doubt the reason they have been tolerated as they have been is that (1) we're accustomed to SCA people with weapons handling them conservatively, and (2) what better place to come in fantasy gear than to a science fiction convention? For myself, my tolerance is exhausted. It's only a passing irony that real swords caused me nowhere near the concern that plastic pistols have. But only passing -- for the SCA was never so cretinistic as to stage a melee in the con registration area. Yet at this past Westercon in San Francisco it was a daily chore to cross the hotel lobby simply because the number of fringe GI-fantasts reached critical mass, acting out their hallucinations of hunt and capture in groups upwards of two dozen strong.

While I hardly claim that every SCA member is a model of chivalry (although I guess that is the idea), I've never personally known one with any desire to wield weapons outside a tournament. I've seen Libertarians with Bowie knives, practicing for the imminent Collapse. I've seen fans in the prime of health leaning on wooden canes, some for decoration, some because they sheathed a sword. I've even heard Alan Winston eulogize his Polish Navy knife. But I can tell you exactly why

I continue to respect the SCA and loathe these junior-grade storm troopers.

I recall Gordon Monson attending LASFS when it met in Palms Park, during those dark times when the club shared Thursday nights on the grounds with the infamous 'bicycle urchins.' Ostensibly a bicycle racing group, the urchins looked like a grade school street gang that was too middle class to survive outside the white ghetto of West LA, but was certainly sleazy and hostile enough to harass much milder fans. At times they would ride bikes across the roof of the meeting room -- that shows they were crazy. With the full membership of both groups looking on, two each decked a LASFS member in the course of a 20-minute scene -- that shows they were dangerously crazy. The tension was sufficient to lure the LAPD away from ticketing jaywalkers for an occasional patrol through the park. In the meantime, Gordon Monson was encouraged to attend meetings with his quarterstaff, a weapon in which he'd develop tournament-level proficiency. Monson was encouraged to demonstrate this proficiency upside the heads of several park punks. But no -- he tried to become their 'pal' by showing off quarterstaff tactics to a few. Fortunately none of them came back the following Thursday with broomsticks... I feel my respect for Gordon, and thereby the SCA in general, was rooted in the fact that he steered his way effortlessly between the illusions believed by either group, and attempted a practical rather than violent-fantasy solution, even though he was strongly pressured to do something that would have satisfied the fans (but likely landed Gordon in the hoosegow).

In essence, Gordon, like other SCA people I've known (rather than merely heard rumors of) will not use weapons away from tournaments even if they have strong motives to do so.

The Logan's Runners, sandmen, paramilitary hunt fans, would-be Han Solos, and space vikings show nowhere this level of maturity -- or even self-preservation. In their case one is convinced that the weapons are a symptom, more than they are a cute trapping in the environment of an sf convention. There is no requirement of certified normalcy when you joined science fiction fandom, obviously. But until now it has been possible to know several people in the throes of one kind of problem or another without having to find a northwest passage around them while traversing the convention floor from lunch to the film room.

In fact I can think of nothing more damning than that Doug Wright passed up the chance to make a few bucks off them by barring the most notorious from membership in his ripoffcons. (I mean they are included in the two dozen he has photos of posted for use by his security people, not the joke list of enemies who got a letter telling them not to show up for two years but against whom no precautions were taken.)

Yes, I suppose I have to agree with you who say these runners and "Lucasites" are more an inconvenience than a threat to life and limb. Unfortunately, their outrageous behavior tends to mask, almost until it is too late, the truly imbalanced fan or two who show up at the con and in a moment of frustration pull their blade on an individual or nearby crowd. If nobody has been recorded injured by fannish "muckers", that's only a measure of how close you can approach a tragedy and still miss it. I know of two instances, one at each of the past pair of Westercons, where a weapon was pulled on another con attendee, though no attack was forthcoming.

My suggestion is that weaponry (mock and real) be banned from large conventions, outside the masquerade. I think that the absence of the

weapons will at least minimize the consequences of misbehavior, and it might even tone down the quarry hunts normally carried out in the con hotel. I couldn't care less that such a measure would offend the people involved, or decrease their enjoyment of the con -- I don't feel comfortable around them, and am willing to bet they inject an unwanted element of apprehension into the minds of many other con goers. The principle of the greater good would be served by getting rid of the milling militarists (shades of Spiro, Glycer, better get shed of that alliteration). But not wanting to start a practice of barring anyone from fannish conventions, I would be willing to settle for restrictions on the blades and toy guns and whips and godknowswhat. ~~And if they don't agree then we'll just have them!~~

-m. glyer

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS - part 3

- () You gave a lot of money to the LASFS. See what it gets you?
- () You are a fane who might be silly enough to give us good press.
- () You loosed SHAGGY #75.
- () You trade with De Profundis - this followed the scent.
- () There is no rational reason.

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