

Shangri- L'Afaires

58



CHEATS

frauds

THIEVES

AND

WHORES

MOOCHERS

A Brief Discussion of the Lunatic Fringe

-- by Joe Gibson

Fandom's always had a varying percentage of characters who are generally referred to as the Lunatic Fringe -- which is a misnomer, actually. We almost never use it to describe all the nuts in fandom (I think we use "actifandom" for that), but rather as a derogatory term specifically meant for the bad nuts in fandom.

Specifically the cheats, frauds, thieves, whores and moochers. All the ones I've known were some kind of nut -- wanting us to turn fandom into their private sanitarium.

Now, there's a cyclic thing about this. I mean, there are periods of several-odd years when fandom goes merrily along in its roseate glow of goodfellowship, and every fan is his fellow-fan's keeper -- and the Lunatic Fringe has itself a field day. But finally comes the time when they've leached a few too many fat suckers -- I mean, fans -- and somebody gets mad, and publishes. And there is Hell To Pay.

In short, fandom occasionally does a little house-cleaning.

The reason I mention this is that, judging from the handwriting I've seen on the walls lately, fandom's about ripe for another stint of house-cleaning.

And it's always been a rather dirty job.

-ooo-

We just might dampen down a little of the dirt around here, tho, if we review a bit of Fandom's Past (or fandom's past, if you were there same as I was) to see what usually comes off in these acid-baths. So I'm gonna lay a little history on you, here. I'm qualified for the task; I've been an active fan for more than 20 years, man & boy, come next Whitsuntide. (I'll welcome any of you to argue the facts with me, of course -- but I must ask: that you argue from your own knowledge of fan history. Don't come quoting to me what some other oldtime fan wrote about it, for chrissake; there's some of those old fuggheads I've been arguing with for 20 years!)

During the time I've been in fandom, I've known two fans who are former members (former nuts, I call 'em) of the Communist Party, one (I's as soon forget) who's in prison for smuggling heroin into the US, and several who are known sex deviants. And I've known a helluva lot of other fans who want absolutely no contact with such characters. Now, mind you -- I haven't said I knew of those guys; I said I knew them. This doesn't croggle me at all (tho I've noticed it does croggle Robbie, at times) but I don't recommend it to you.

Most of you are entirely too damned tolerant and brother-lovin' -- most of the time -- to be safe in that company. This isn't just my opinion; it's honest fact. It doesn't mean I'm a tough guy; it means that you're soft.

And you're fandom. I'm the oddball.

The ironic thing is that those objectionable characters I've just mentioned are soft suckers, too. They weren't safe outside their own back yards. I'm not implying that there, but for the sake of Gnu, goes you -- I just know damned well that it ain't me. But I digress.

It was just such a smug, fat and happy bunch of suckers as you are who made up fandom shortly before I came on the scene. In those prehistoric times, as Tucker will tell you, there was true brotherhood among fans; fans were all superbeings of brilliant genius and wisdom & -- they just didn't have any money. The universal motto was A Fan Can Do No Wrong.

Then Degler came along and spoiled it all.

The result was a sometimes-violent purge of fandom, not only of Degler but of several other "undesirables" and a few innocent fans who happened to get in the way of a tarring committee. There were some pretty bad feuds, too. Some? There was nothing but feuds!!!

The result, y'see, wasn't just a house-cleaning. There were enough regrettable incidents, as well, to make fandom feel rather guilty and chastened about it, afterward. It was a dirty job.

Then reaction set in. We weren't going to have this sort've thing in fandom ever again -- this was one of the strong motivations in organizing the N3F; and FAPA was going to guard against any recurrence of it among fanzine publishers -- and fandom loudly reaffirmed its faith in the Brotherhood of Fans.

We tried to forget the past. We found new interests, got the old fun-&-games rolling again, and enjoyed ourselves as Trufans should. Burbee was publishing the best fanzine we'd ever seen (Owell, yes, it wasn't VoM of Le Zombie) and the LASFS was a shining citadel of fanac that shone over fandom everywhere.

Y-y-yeah!

Well, we wuz fat. Some weirdos got into the game, but we paid no mind to them -- fandom is the embodiment of True Freedom of the Individual! -- and even when one of us got cheated or defrauded or taken for a few bucks, we didn't make a fuss about it. The nuts moved in, the ban 'uns, and some nuts we already had began to relax and play their games. Among the latter was a prozine editor.

Then the LASFS blew up and fired Burbee off their 'zine and out of the club. Then Laney blew up and incinerated the LASFS.

And all fandom stared aghast at the blackened ruin. The details no longer matter; but this job was so dirty nobody tried to top it. It was still a job somebody had to do. If Laney hadn't done it -- well, the outcome would eventually have been far worse for fandom.

As it was, it was bad enough.

-oOo-

I was in LA about a year after the Blowup Happened. I was living in hotel rooms and on peanutbutter sandwiches, then -- writing Science Fiction. My little, old grayhaired mother was tagging along, too; this was "highly suggestive" to some local characters -- but I merely sneered at 'em. I consider some things, like parental squabbles, as nobody else's damned business. I left LA shortly before my first story sold to TWS.

Anyway, I was around there for a while with a few rumors being circulated about me which tarred me with the same brush that'd been applied to a few other LASFSers. It made for some peculiar moments. I also learned a few things not generally known -- how Laney's blast back-fired, for instance, rather than doing the job he'd intended. While he exposed a number of homosexuals, I found a few he hadn't mentioned were showing a decidedly effeminate joy in telling all they "knew" about the homosexuality of the ones he had. In short, some unnamed queers seemed to get more fun out of Laney's blast than anyone.

And of course, after I'd visited E E Evans a few times, someone asked me if he'd ever tried to make me. He hadn't; and he wouldn't. Nobody there seemed to know what a sick old dog Evans was. He tried his best to hide it -- especially from his daughter, Jonne, who was around then, too -- but he didn't always succeed. Evans was sometimes so pain-wracked he couldn't see straight.

When I saw him again, 10 years later at the Solacon, everyone knew he was sick. I knew better. He wasn't sick then. He was dying.

Walt Liebscher was one of those Laney named; I didn't know him then but I do now. "Hell, I'm no queer!" he says. "I'm a sex maniac!" Whatever life Walt has chosen for himself, it's his business. He keeps it that way. And if I go to LA, I'll want to see ol' Walt Liebscher. Sure, he's a nut. But he's not one of the bad uns. He's not trying to drag me or anyone else into it.

It's like some of the femme fans I've known who end up sleeping around with this guy and that. So suppose some babe is shacking up with a guy -- hell, they're welcome around my place for a bullsession any time. But let a bitch walk in who starts showing how very much this guy wants to fondle her fanny, and Gee, what do we all think of the Utterly Immoral Life she's leading -- and I'll heave that cheap broad outta here.

If you're thinking by now that this is all the fandom I know, you're wrong. I'm talking about the Lunatic Fringe and bighod, I do know what I'm talking about.

--oOo--

Well, recently I've been cutting sign around these Happy Hunting Grounds which tells a few tales I don't like. It looks to me very much as if fandom's heading for another blowup.

I know a local couple who left some nuts to take care of their home, for a month or so of very nominal rent, while they were off on a trip. This couple got cheated, defrauded and thoroughly mooched off -- and they took it quietly, like the Nice People they are.

The first time I saw a certain fan, he was between two cops. He had reason to complain, good reason, but not to the cops -- his behavior with them was like a squalling brat. I know other fans who like him, who think he's simply Great! I also suspect that he intends to set himself up as a Great White Father of fandom as soon as he thinks he's got a good excuse.

And maybe the best way to get booze for a fan party is go steal it??? Kids, the nuts I'm referring to are fans you know!

No, it's not important that there's always this sort of thing around -- like secretary-treasurers who abscond with the funds of a fan organization -- but I'm afraid it's increasing. We seem to be getting more of 'em: cheats, frauds, thieves, whores and moochers. And there can only be one reason for that: we've invited them!

We've been too soft.

Now, fandom's gone through two spells of house-cleaning because of this. Each of those times was different; but both were dirty. And it can be some nut who sets out to Clean Up Fandom just as easily as it could be any one of us. In any case, there'll be some regrettable incidents. Some fans will get hurt who shouldn't be.

Look at Bill Donoho and Danny Curran. If there's any criterion for social respectability, they could both qualify. Bill's got a top bookkeeping job with a national concern that's just set up shop out here; Danny's a switchman on the

Southern Pacific. Both are responsible jobs -- these two guys aren't mere flunkies, working at some lousy job because they've got to make a buck. But you'd never know it to listen to them! They've both got this collegiate-type kick about either having to Conform To Society Or Fight It, and they're real-George on the Socialist bit and the latest thing in progressive thought. They are Willing To Take The Risks To Do Something!

These goddam fool kids are sitting ducks. They're just the thing to brighten up a really lurid exposé -- especially if we get some nut doing a John Birch deal on fandom! About the least damage we can expect is a blast at the young fans in our midst who've cheated the Draft. I'll not "whitewash" any of these kids. But I won't precipitate this blowup, either. If I'm involved in any way, I'll try to prevent it.

But there's just one way it really could be prevented. You fans have got to stop being so damned nice!

If you get taken for a sucker, say so -- and label the Bastard who did it.

When you don't, he just goes looking for another fat sucker.

And other fans don't know the bastard he is.

We have occasionally bounced some wierd character out of fandom without precipitating a general blowup -- but I've known only two kinds of situations where this happened. Most often, it was some creep so far out that no one could possibly accept him. There've been only a few times that it happened because a good many fans were sharp enough to see what had to be done, and did it.

And there's just one reason I wanted to write this article:

I haven't seen any mention of the Lunatic Fringe, implying that it's any kind of threat to fandom, in years.

If this isn't to go on, somebody needs to start making some suggestions. In the past, just letting it go hasn't worked too well. Some suggestions of the past didn't work so well, either.

My suggestion's that we not be too nice for our own good.

----joe gibson.

Publishing is usually drudgery, but group publishing is fun--no matter what you are putting out; and any group wishing to establish a common focus can by adopting a group publishing program not only accomplish this aim, but in addition add mightily to both the quantity and quality of contemporary fan publishing.

—Francis T. Laney,
AH! SWEET IDIOCY!, 1948

A Propos of....

((Lead-off of A Walk Thru Infy this time -- something new -- is "The Paperback Scene" by Fred Patten, a whimsical, critical look into recent events in pb stf. --jt.))

A Walk Through Infinity

THE PAPERBACK SCENE -- Fred Patten

The days when you could buy any sf paperback for 35¢ may soon be as gone as the days when any pb was 25¢; Ballantine, Berkeley and Pyramid are still 35¢, but Bantam has gone up to 40¢, and Signet is now 50¢.

Ace really fluxuates: Formerly they put out 2 kinds of pbs at 35¢ each -- the double books with 256 pages, and singles of varying length, but usually of about 180 to 250 pgs each. Recently Ace raised prices to a uniform 40¢, and cut the double novel down to 224 pgs. In the latest Ace release of 3 pbs, the Double Novel had been raised back to 256 pgs. The two single novels were back at the old 35¢ price; however, one of these, This World Is Taboo, by Murray Leinster (a reprint of his Pariah Planet in this July's AMAZING) was only 127 pgs long. It'll be interesting to see what happens next.

The publishing field may be pinched, but it doesn't seem mortal yet. On Thursday, Oct 12, 9 different stf titles hit the IA stands at once; 8 pbs (3-Ace, 2-Ballantine, 2-Pyramid and 1 from Berkeley) and the Nov AMAZING. Interesting to note that most of the more prolific publishers are the ones who haven't had to resort to raising the 35¢ price tag yet.

While prices &/or quantity may be on the rise, there's no notable increase in quantity. There are some very good books appearing, of course, but one of Ace's pioneers in the 40¢ range, Rebels of the Red Planet, may become known as one of the most asinine sf novels ever to see print in this country (the flip side, 200 Years to Christmas, by J T McIntosh, is rather good, but not worth the 40¢ by itself). Apart from literary quality, there are some low spots in physical quality as well. A recent Signet pb, Anthem, by Ayn Rand, consists of only 123 pgs., printed in fairly large type on pages with extremely wide margins, and large spaces between all paragraphs. This would hardly have been worthy of the 35¢ price it had as a novelette, and it certainly is not worth the new 50¢ price.

Of all the pbs to appear in the last few months, 2 collections of stories from WEIRD TALES, both edited by Leo Margulies and published by Pyramid, stand out. Margulies is a good editor, and (extremely rare) he can write a very attractive blurb. The first book, The Unexpected, has some amusing interior comments on, among other things, the correct way to pronounce certain authors' names. The most recent, The Ghoul Keepers, has a poetic come-on entitled "Never Fool With A Ghoul" which may not be deathless verse (sample lines: "Now when BRADBURY writes a shocker, you can count on it to shock; SPRAGUE DE CAMP's macabre talent meets its match in ROBERT BLOCH", etc.) but is much more enjoyable than the usual cover advts. The backcover blurb and the introduction are in the same vein, and even the disclaimer is a little gem: "The stories in this collection are fiction. Thank goodness!" Let's have more from Margulies.

The humorous disclaimer is beginning to develop as a minor art. The disclaimer to Robert Bloch's Firebug (Regency, 50¢) reads: "This is a work of fiction in a fictional setting. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental, and would scare the author half to death."

CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Gold Medal Books, Greenwich, 1961.

The author of this new gathering of short stories is a name familiar to sf readers since Player Piano made its appearance. It may be his name (though not in a prominent place on the cover) that will attract science fiction readers to this book rather than the title or cover illustration. They will then find that it is not a full slate of sf or fantasy. Some of the stories, such as "The Barnhouse Effect" will be familiar from the pages of the late COLLIERS. This and "The Euphio Question" are examples of themes not entirely unfamiliar to sf fans in the realm of the sf magazines, yet they are the slick-type story designed to sell to a magazine catering to a massive audience whose interests, as mirrored in the advertising, are oriented by the "hidden persuaders" line of approach. This type of thinking is reflected by Lew Harrison in "The Euphio Question" which has to do with an electric reproduction of an extra-galactic "hiss" which brings on nonstop happies as long as you can hear it.

Both of these stories are not fare that the sf fan is going to rave over, or even find mildly interesting other than the fact that they appeared in a non-sf prozine. The point is, in their vehicle, they are a departure from the regular, polished-to-death fare, and as such are ably putting over ideas and concepts that in a more sf-oriented medium handily would leave POST and COLLIERS readers somewhat baffled and lost. Neither theme is new. Barnhouse is certainly psi (and caters to a universal desire for relief from war and armament races), and while the Euphio was handled well in the short story format, The Big Ball of Wax -- especially -- kept recurring in my thoughts as I read Vonnegut's story.

Only two others are strictly sf, both out of GALAXY. "Unready to Wear" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow" both appeared about seven years ago and are recurrent themes in the field. "Unready" tells how humanity can at last shed the ungainly fleshy cage and takes a few lusty swings at the people who don't, and why they don't. The other is the overpopulation bit, grimly possible should a longevity drug become universally available with the concurrent conquering of all the fatal diseases. A grim picture this. Nonetheless serious is the first of the non-sf shorts in this selection of twelve stories.

"All the King's Men" is another in a multitude of propagandistic stories concerning the conflict of the two great economic ideologies in the world today. A chess game is converted into a game of death in a Communist-controlled far-eastern state, Americans being human chessmen. Guess who won? Another in this type is "The Manned Missiles" which has a lot to say, yet leaves some doubt as to motives on the part of the Good Guys -- us, of course. "D.P." concerns a little colored boy and how his world became livable, in a post-war orphanage in Germany. "More Stately Mansions" is an O Henry-like work which will cause shudders in those to whom home-decorating (or re-decorating) is a consuming passion. Everybody will find the ending a real kicker.

"The Foster Portfolio" is a bit of cynicism, in a way, about a man too wrapped up on psychological cage created by his parents to enjoy a legacy his grandfather left to him. "Deer in the Works" is a sort of indictment of the state of the individual in our heavy-industry, mass-production society. "Hal Irwin's Magic Lamp" is another case where money is involved and this, unlike "The Foster Portfolio", is where a man tries to buy happiness. "Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog" is a little gem stemming from an ages-old concept that will be apparent when you read this story. To Mr Vonnegut, I say: also cats.

The science fiction reader need not pass up this book because the stories are mostly non-sf. Try reading the book without an overlay of sf-expectancy. Enjoy these stories for their overtones of O Henry and John Collier. "More Stately Mansions" and "Hal Irwin's Magic Lamp" especially give the impression that Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. is on the way to becoming a modern day combination of those two writers with quite a definite touch of his own. You guessed it! I recommend the book. And look for more.

---the flying dutchman.

A SHORT TREATISE ON HIGH FLYING LEPIDOPTERA

by Eric Bentcliffe

I was bugged on the Empire State Building....

It was my second day in New York, and I'd decided that it was time I ascended the world's tallest building to see the fine view, and I stayed up on top for nearly two hours gazing out at Manhattan and taking photos. I got into conversation with several people, but my strangest encounter was with an intenerant insect.

This was quite an impressive bug, it must have been at least six inches long and had the usual bug-like appurtances, wings, feelers and things. (I realize that this vague description doesn't quite bear out the title of this vignette, but quite frankly I wouldn't know a lepidoptera if it came up and bit me in the leg -- and this one nearly did!)

I was attempting to hang out over the concrete precipice to get a verticle shot of New York, unnoticed by the ever present guards, who generally dash forward and restrain anyone who even puts a finger through the protective railing. I had both arms through the railing and was busy guessing exposures and such when the female standing next to me gave a scared gasp, and something winged and seemingly huge whizzed past my viewfinder. I gave a gasp, too.

I turned, and the thing alighted near my left foot. I moved my left, and followed it with my right foot, several times. I didn't know what it was, but whatever it was, I wanted no part of it. Could it, I wondered, be one of the fabled New York Cockroaches John Berry had written about...but surely they couldn't jump this high! And, allowing for their regular habitat, it was doubtful if they'd have the money to buy themselves a ticket to come up by the regular route.

For a moment, I even thought it might be FANAC's "Spy X"....

Whatever it was, it was creating some furor amongst the sightseers, maidenly females within its vicinity were hurriedly deciding that it was time they took in the RCA Building. One man, braver than most, approached the insect and attempted to persuade it to walk onto his newspaper, however it seemed to have a rather low opinion of "The Times" (the "New York Times", of course), and merely fluttered itself a few feet away. Not daunted, the man quickly changed the "Times" for a copy of the "Saturday Evening Post", and made a second approach. (I was curious as to whether he was undertaking some sort of census.) And this time he succeeded in his aim. The insect, albiet reluctantly, was persuaded onto the paper; its bearer gingerly approached the coping and with a neat twist of his wrist provided the bug with a SEP-assisted take-off.

There was a general sigh of relief from the audience at the bug's departure, followed by a low murmur of disapproval as the now airborne insect circled leisurly overhead and descended to a pin-point landing not six inches from its original landing place. I moved my feet again, quickly; being bitten in the leg by a New York bug would have made excellent anecdotal material for my report, but I wasn't that desperate for copy.



"Ah think it's a Texas fruit fly," said the man who's toes I was standing on. I hazarded an opinion, "...that since it is now facing due East, it could be a Praying Mantis..." in reply.

The insect was unimpressed, and remained where it was, waving its antennae a little as if to make some comment. I've a theory that it had been reading science fiction recently and had decided that the future for bugs of its type was on Mars...and what better placebo breed future inhabitants of a rarefied atmosphere than on the Empire State Building.

Whatever it was, and whatever its intentions, it was still there a good half-hour later when I reluctantly decided it was time for me to head back to the Chesterfield. Still watched by a small group of admirers, and a disconsolate looking person with copies of the "Times" and "SEP" tucked firmly in his pockets.

I'd appreciate it if some New York fan would take a trip to the top of the Empire State Building one day, and let me know if it is still there.

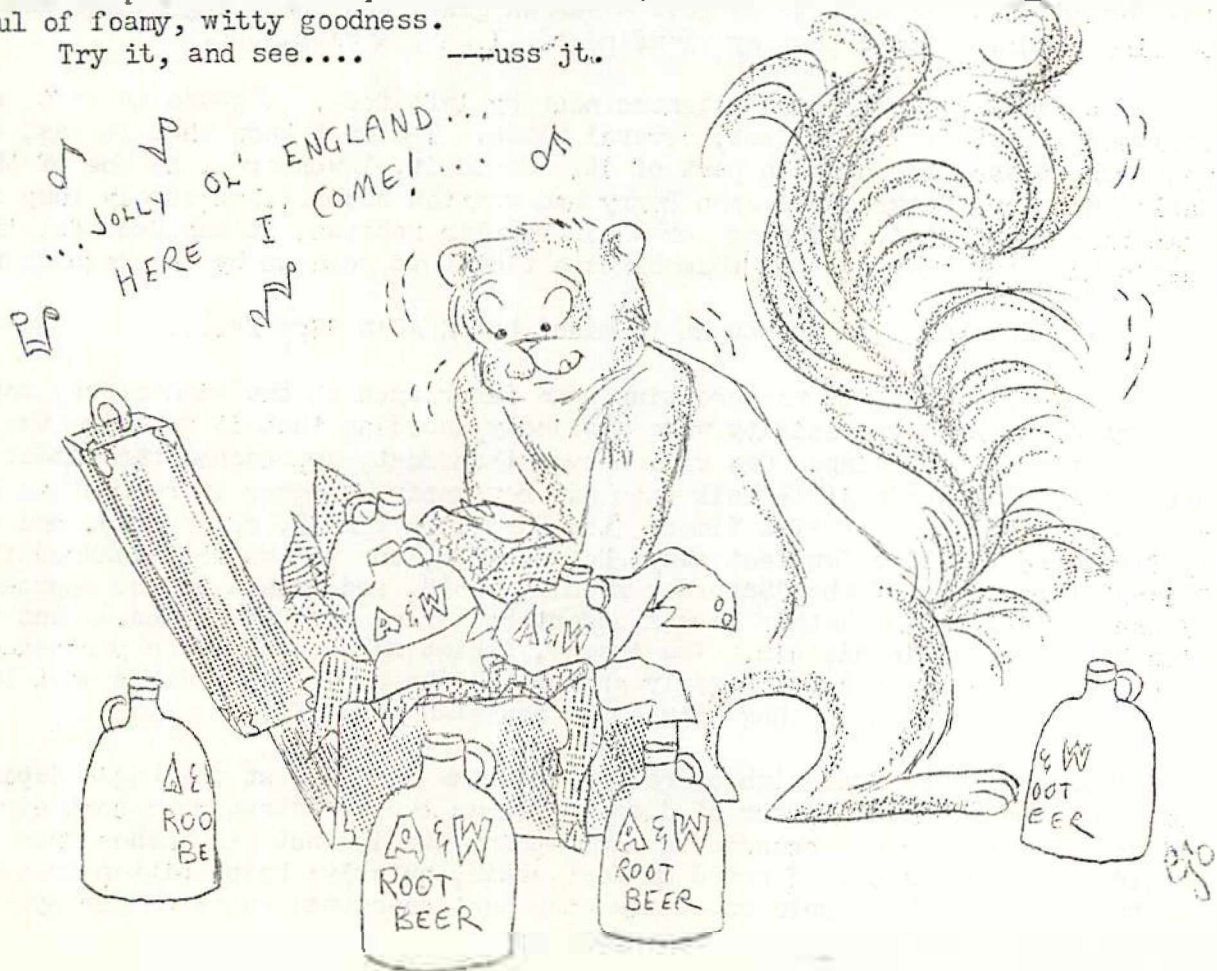
-----eric bentcliffe.

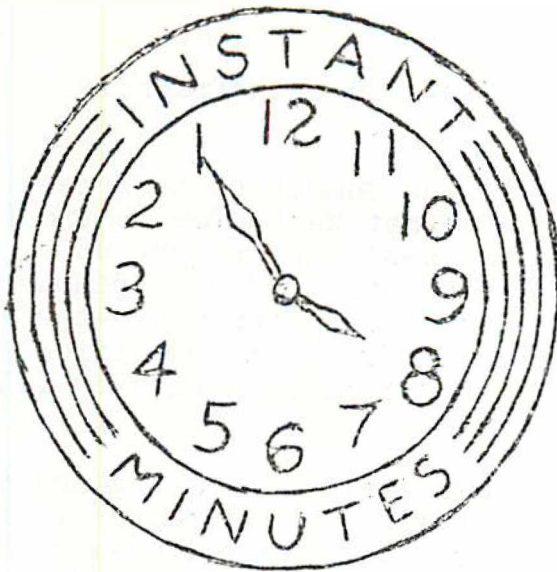
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The complete and unabridged minutes of meetings of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society, as completely dehydrated by the Secretary, Donald Franson, from the original manuscripts on file in the archives. Advanced students may obtain the complete minutes in Menace of the LASFS every fortnit.

(1248th meeting)//Guests included Cele Goldsmith.//Bruce Pelz brought up the subject of the Pun Fund. As this has remained rather small and stable in the past year or so, since it acts as a deterrent to excess vile puns, it was suggested that the Pun Can be combined with the Penny Jar, which is being

filled up for worthy causes. Forry relinquished his tenuous claim on the Pun Fund; originally, it was set up to provide refreshments for an army of fans who would periodically straighten out the magazines in Forry's garage. Apparently, the garage is now either straightened out, or beyond straightening out.//There followed a rasher of Baycon reports. At Oakland there were about 30 LASFSians, a good representation. //Forry murmured about a collection he had purchased, containing a book which bore the imprint "Los Angeles Chapter #4, Science Fiction League". This must have been borrowed from us a long time ago.// (July 13, 1961)

(1249th)//The subject of the lock for the files came up again. Someone asked why doesn't the club just buy a lock without all the fuss? This from a new member who hasn't been around LASFS very long.//Fritz Leiber had a scroll to present, leading up to it with an amusing fantasy which had me believing.//Someone had brought a toy sketching machine, which makes lines appear on its surface when knobs are turned; making it possible to doodle without a pencil.// (July 20, 1961)

(1250th)//Billern purchased a set of locks and has them installed on the file cabinet. Quick work, for a LASFS committee.//It was decided to adjourn the meeting before the auction, and the gavel came down at 9:40 PM. The auction continued until 11:30, when the auctioneer, the Secretary, the Treasurer and most of the bidders were exhausted, though the prozines showed no signs of giving out.// (July 27, 1961)

(1251st)//(Recorded by Jack Harness) It was announced by the Director that the minutes of the previous meeting would not be read because of the absence of Franson; however, Billern had a copy and so, due to circumstances beyond our control, the minutes were duly read.//Guests were introduced, in particular Donald A. Wollheim, Pillar of the Futurians, Founder of FAPA, and Latter Day Editor.// (August 3, 1961)

(1252nd)//Bjo reported that the Committee to Repeal the 19th Amendment had met with success; not that the 19th Amendment had been repealed, but that the Rainier Ale people had come through with 12 six-packs of ale for our party.//Ron Ellik brought up the LASFS membership in the Golden Gate Futurian Society, and appropriately Alva and Sid Rogers walked in.//Bjo started another discussion by announcing that the fuzz were getting restless; we had had several complaints about noise(es-

pecially after meetings). The cop(badge 714) had been friendly so far, but--dum-de-dum-dum.//(August 10,1961)

(1253rd)//Ed Baker asked what happened to the Committee to Preserve the Character of Los Angeles, and was told that Watts Towers and Angel's Flight were still standing.//New business was brought up by Al Lewis, a motion to purchase an electric Rex Rotary.//John Trimble gave us the distressing news that LASFS is going to have to move--the Fan Hillton is going to be torn down to make way for a modern office building. The Committee to Preserve the Character of Los Angeles is falling down on the job.//(August 17,1961)

(1254th)//A banquet was in progress for our visitor from England, Ella Parker, and this delayed the meeting until after the Director washed the dishes.//The motion to buy the new mimeo was carried unanimously. //Pelz announced that at long last the Willis Papers were ready.// Ella was coerced to stand up and speak, and she presented the club with a beautiful plaque drawn by Arthur Thomson, and Rick with a badge of St.Fantony.//(August 24,1961)

(1255th)//(Don Fitch substituting) Patten announced that the new Galaxy and F&SF are on the stands. Someone pointed out that they had been for over a week in Covina, and the Director suggested that this must be because Covina is closer to the East Coast.//Len Moffatt reviewed the party for Fred Pohl at 4e's. Dave Fox said that the people at 4e's parties are interesting, but it's rather difficult to get to know them on the basis of a 5-minute conversation once or twice a year.//(August 31,1961)

(1256th)//Bjo, reporting on the Art Show, mentioned Barbi Johnson's painting of an enchanted forest, and Forry managed to draw a pun fine without hardly saying a word.//The electric Rex was present but not set up, and Ron Ellik called on Al Lewis for a report, told him to stand up and explain about the new association, and that training of skilled operators was to be arranged for, and so on, and Al said, "Thank you,boss",and sat down.//Forry read a letter from a Japanese fan, one of Roy Tackett's finds. Roy is opening up Japanese fandom like another Commander Perry.//(September 7,1961)

(1257th)//Ron Ellik gaveled the meeting to order at an actual 8 PM sharp, to set a new precedent.//Len Moffatt had a letter from Fred Parker, Ella's brother, and this reminded us that LASFS ought to reciprocate and offer an honorary membership to the Science Fiction Club of London, as they had done to us. There was an amendment to the effect that the local artists should join forces and create a fitting answer to ATom's artistic invitation. The motion was passed unanimously as amended.//Forry led up to the Big Heart Award, and Ellie Turner presented this to Rick Sneary.//Bernie Zuber's slides of the convention were shown after the meeting.//(September 14,1961)

-- Donald Franson, LASFS Secretary.

TIME IS SHORT

Call me Ishmael.

Like, I'll just call you Ishy.

Time is short, Earthman, and there is that which I must know.

But, like, first there's the stuff which I gotta know. Like, how come keep blinking on and off? I mean, it's like you're here or you're not, but-- It is 'that I am having difficulty keeping up with you. You Earthmen live wrong, you see--

No, Ishy, you mean like the squares.

Backward, I mean--in time. A freak of nature. We, who are correctly oriented to time, live from your future into your past. It is tiring for me to live backward long enough even to talk to you--so, please, no more questions. Time is short.

Well, just one more, Dad. (Cooooo, but you're ugly!) Like, how did you learn beat?

Pardon?

Talking--English, you know.

Ah, yes, how do I communicate with such miserable creatures as yourself? I have often wondered--a miraculous thing, no doubt, but we haven't discovered the cause as yet.

Wha--?

What is this what?

Surely you people understand simple effect and cause? Aha! It is from your backwardness that you are misguided. I see it all then.

Ishy, you're becoming unbearable.

What? What is this becoming? Aha! It is the backwardness. Becoming-unbearable is unbecoming-bearable! I see it all then. But, no more questions. Time is short. Quickly you must answer my question--how was the Earth born?

Uh? Well, that was a long time ago...

To the contrary: Time is short. Only yesterday this world was not here. Where did it come from?



---Peter Rogers Ilic.

Wanted: P.R. Man for TAFF

Ed Cox

Let's face it, this year's TAFF voting was a miserable let-down. Less than 200 people, in this country and overseas, were interested enough to vote and send money as they did so. This, when you take into account that all facets of fandom were contacted, is less than a successful job! Fanzine-fans, supposedly the most hyper-active element of all, were probably responsible for most of the voting that did come in. But other segments of fandom, to whom such a campaign ought to appeal, somehow failed to catch the spirit.

Luckily, money from other sources will help the TAFF winner get over and back. But the whole show seems a pale shadow of success when compared to the brilliant, white-heat affair being conducted for the Willis Fund. We immediately run into several different problems and situations.

One is that the TAFF campaign is basically a popularity poll/vote. In a sense, the Willis campaign is too. Walter A Willis is a well-known and beloved personality...but only to a certain segment of older fans. He is probably not as well-known to the current generation or two of fans as Ron Ellick and Rich Eney are. Nevertheless, the money for the Willis Fund is thundering into the coffers for the TAWFund. Why?

Mainly because it is not merely a popularity poll. And it isn't being run as such. Let's not blame anybody currently for the poor TAFF showing. Don Ford and the others running the TAFF balloting can't be blamed for being saddled by an antiquated, (ahem!) traditional system. Why do I say antiquated? Because there is absolutely no organized central P R organ for TAFF. Many, many fanzines generously devote space, spot-plugs and reprint ballots for TAFF. But this is a pretty generalized thing. A fund-raising activity must go along with the general concept of TAFF in addition to groups of the candidates friends plugging away as best they can. We need a sure-fire, pushing, plugging central agency at the core of the thing regardless of who is running.

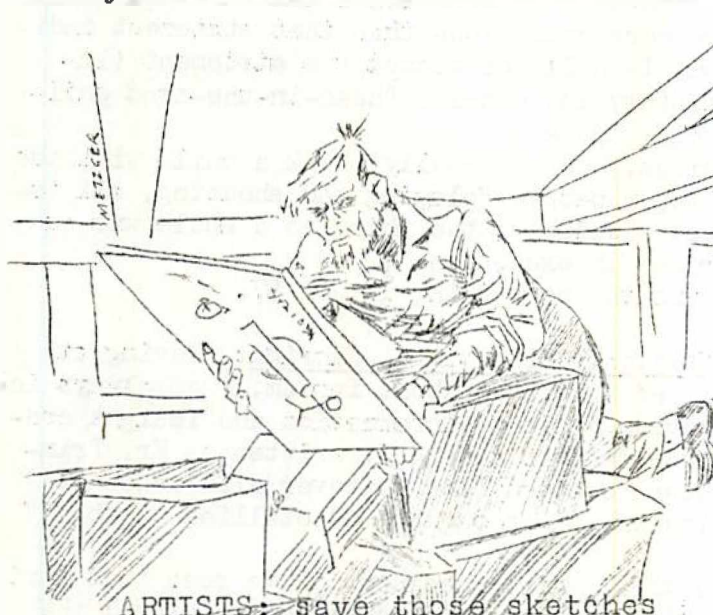
Sure, you might say, but who wants to pour money into the coffers of a thing like TAFF where they don't know till the last minute who is going to benefit from it all? Well, like this year, the candidates are most likely to be people we all know, either one being a good man to send over no matter how the voting goes. So, you say, okay so I auction off a copy of WHO KILLED SF for TAFF, the proceeds going to the lucky winner, whomever heshe might be, despite the way the voting goes, regardless of whom I voted for? Who then is going to do all the work...and...how is all this going to be accomplished?

Maybe you've got me there, for the time being. We can't be assured that the up-coming TAFF administrator/s/ can do the kind of work that Larry and Noreen Shaw are doing for the WAW Fund. Ron Ellick, for instance, simply may not have the time to do an AXE-type program for TAFF next year. We can't count on finding somebody with the time, money and energy that the Shaws have, to carry on such work each year for TAFF. But, the problem is, TAFF needs something like AXE. It currently has no drive, no carrying force, nothing spurring on the crowd, drawing in the cash (and, incidentally, rustling up a greater total of votes when the time comes), keeping up enthusiasm and maintaining the excitement of the campaign, and no real way of informing the newer fans of what's going on...who, what, where, when, how, why....

It could be, it should be! TAFF needs a central S P R I N G B O A R D! guiding light, a sparking catalyst, a cheering section. Otherwise it is going to sink to a semi-apathetic showing as it did this year. The only evidence of real interest I've noticed in this year's campaign was when, on the evening of September 29th, a nervous Ron Ellick was disappointed when it turned out to be me in stead of Don Ford when he answered the Fan Hillton telephone. (I explained that I was too short to be Don Ford....)

With the aforementioned points in mind, I sincerely and heartily suggest that TAFF be given a shot in the arm. Some central, instigating publication must be created. Fandom must be continually reminded about and spurred on about TAFF. Money, in addition to the 50¢ per vote must be raised as is being done for the TAWFund. The big question is: Who is going to have the time, money, energy and interest to do this? In all of fandom there must be a solution to this problem.

The proponents of TAFF should take this into consideration and start looking for the answers. The point being; it must be done, and soon! I sincerely believe that TAFF is on the road to being a forgotten thing, shot with apathy and dis-interest unless something is done quickly. And TAFF, with its underlying philosophy, is too good a thing to let die. Let's hear from you about it. What do you think of the idea and what suggestions do you have? Help save TAFF...and hurry!



ARTISTS: save those sketches for the Sketch Table at the art show. Collect some cash instead of cobwebs. Send 'em in with your exhibition work!

of finances. PAS-tell was sent free of charge to all who were interested in the bulletins; to non-artists as well as artists.

THE ART MAGAZINE will have --along with art show news -- other features of interest, articles on views and arts, a question column, news of new art materials and techniques, letters of interest, and anything pertaining to SF and fantasy arts that is requested by the readers. Marketing is a future subject.

Subscription is \$1.50 for four issues of the magazine, and any news bulletins which are necessary during the year. Interested non-artists may sub to the magazine only, if they choose; \$1.00

-----ed cox.

ART MAGAZINE IN PUBLICATION

PROJECT ART SHOW, which has presented a science-fantasy art show at Pittcon, Seacon and will have an exhibition at the forthcoming world convention, now has a full-fledged magazine of its own.

PAS-tell has been the Project Art Show bulletin for two years; giving information about the show itself; rules for entering, and winners of the shows, and full report

PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY

G. M. Carr, 8325 - 31st N.W., Seattle 7, Washington: First comment that occurs to me is that I met a girl last night who looks just like the Joni illo on page 21 of SHAGGY 57. Her hair was dark brown and she wore it in a braid over her shoulder, and her bangs went this-and-thataway, but most of all she had enormous light gray-green eyes set far apart. Remarkable coincidence...

Isn't fandom sort of going overboard on these fan-funds?....No doubt these are all excellent Funds, and all that, and fandom is only too happy to support them all...But it seems to me that if somebody doesn't slow things down a little, pretty soon we are likely to find that we have so many "special" Funds, that we end up with no "special" Fund at all...Could be, you know.

Enjoyed Roy Tackett's Japanese folk lore in 56. Amusing cover on 57.

Maggie Curtis, Fairchild, Oberlin, Ohio: On "Double-Edged Sword": I have comments on Franson's article only, but I don't agree with Farmer either. Franson says, "The heroes of sword and sorcery are physical, not mental ones." Now, the hero of the classical epic was certainly a hero of sword & sorcery; if you'll take a look at The Odyssey, I think that you will find that Ulysses' main claim to fame rests in his wits, not his strong right arm (though he used that, too). I am not going to search my memory for other examples; let others do that. But Franson can't get away with a statement like "There is an occasional battle of wits" to cover all exceptions because there are more exceptions than that statement indicates. And you can argue all day but I shall not accept the statement (implied or otherwise) that a love for fantasy indicates a "head-in-the-sand philosophy". Or is all of Franson's article a joke?

"Poor Paul" I found a bit too precious. Do you really think a child with the character of the narrator would talk about people "playing and shouting, all together and warm-like"? But that's just a quibble; the thing as a whole was an excellent job, even though a bit overdone in execution.

The open letter to George Willick was the best thing in No. 57.

Thomas Dilley, Box 3042, University Station, Gainesville, Florida: Having at the present time amassed no great deal of knowledge about fandom, I am always interested in any article which will provide a bit of information and insight concerning the subject, and articles as well and as amusingly written as Mr. Trimble's and Mr. Ellik's are all the better received (for whatever difference it may make to either of you). In particular, the thought of "totalling a hubcap" strikes me as amusing.

"Poor Paul" failed to be too impressive, mainly because I have seen that sort of idea, presented from that sort of viewpoint, done once or twice before; the same effect is difficult to evoke twice.

"A Little Reading Is a Dangerous Thing" was painful; that last line is nothing short of apoplectic. And the "Open Letter" could without any difficulty use a bit more subtlety.

Rolf Gindorf, Wolfrath/RHLD, Hans-Böckler-Strasse 52, WEST GERMANY: Ted Johnstone's mention of "Hoch sollen sie fannen!" makes me wonder whether his German goes beyond that; I had sort of prided myself of having introduced the verb "fannen" into German (fan) terminology, and was a bit surprised to see Ted apply it quite casually.

Being constitutionally unable-or unwilling-to accept anything or any fiction that doesn't leave the way open for a rational (or 'scientific', if you prefer)

explanation within a rational frame of reference, I'm no admirer of the "sword & sorcery" story....and I'm inclined to go along with Donald Franson when he links the liking of this sort of fiction to a 'cult of reaction', or 'Anti-Utopia' as the same phenomenon was called by the German sociologist Dr. Schwonke in his scholarly 'Vom Staatsroman zur Science Fiction', published by the sociological faculty of the University of Gottingen.

Arthur Hayes, R. R. 3, Bancroft, Ontario, CANADA: I was a little amused by Lichtman's letter, "But to us, SF was just a phase in our life". At his age, speaking as though he was one of the "Grand OLD Ones" of S.F.

In this Fantasy vs SF controversy, my own view is that there is ONLY Fantasy, and that SF is merely a branch of it. SF is Fantasy, most of it being just as impossible as the type that some call Fantasy to the exclusion of SF. The only difference being, mainly, that the SF tries to moralise on something, and sometimes likes to use logic and some science to attempt to underplay the Fantastic element in it. Because SF is a branch of Fantasy, but more closely connected to it than the more mundane types of Fantasy, we continually get more borderline cases.

The Fan experiences in the Japanese restaurants, at first, made me think this was a Tackett episode, and only on closer reading did I realize that this was JAPANESE made in U.S.A. I reread because it seemed odd to suddenly find Al Lewis, and the others, suddenly being transported to JAPAN. But, one thing about this article brought out a thought that made me ask the question, "What is the Gringo Touristas? And why the unsavoury reputation of the Gringo Tourists?" I know the general meaning of the word, but why the general impression of it being something that is HATED in Latin American countries? Is it justified? I'd like to have a Gringo Tourist give his version of this. Maybe we might find out the answer to why North Americans are not generally liked in South America.

Betty Kujiawa, 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana: Huh!! Non Ellik?? Are there statistics on how many women will not allow their husbands to see them nude?? I mean rated by geographical locale, income, class, nationality and all? Wpuld be interesting to find out-sorta. This was all news to me anyway--never having thought about it before and never having heard any other wife or wives mentioning it in any way--sounds so nutty. Then, too, I wonder how many men are that way?? (None in Indiana, of course) More I think of this the more it breaks me up!

Charming charming illos by Bjo with the SQUIRREL CAGE, kids.

And here is yet another book I passed by--and am mighty glad you-all had it reviewed in WALK THRU INFINITY--Shute's IN THE WET--I shall try to find a copy. The 'basic vote' idea is extremely interresting---though I see some flaws in the qualifications in this list...

That 'achievement' rating--not always. What if the income and all were inherited? Also this deal of 'family' (raising 2 children past age 14 with divorce in family)...this might lead to abuses or trickery--deliberated divorce, maybe? How about some reward by vote points for someone who adopts and educates orphans or needy kids? I would grumble a bit at an official of any recognized Christian Church getting an extra vote--it shouldn't be just any official, I mean. Rather any doctor or lawyer who spends his time and talent to help poor unfortunates without pay than an extra vote for a minister or priest just because they are Christian officials and have done nothing else to warrant it.

I do like the idea, the more I think of it. Lotta loopholes though that any clever chap could use to his advantage--or make a mint helping and showing others how to do same.

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 5 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, ENGLAND: My chief complaint about this Shaggy is that there is even less ussjt in it--why can't the man spread himself a bit even if he doesn't have the time? He certainly has the writing ability.

"A Walk Thru Infinity": How odd that the first review of the Doherty book should be in an American zine. He was very well liked at the DSFA con at Gloucester. Frankly, I think it is a pity that this book had not been written till after he had met up with the BSFA. It was Doherty who wrote for the newspaper "The Guardian" the first serious and sensible report on a SF con in this country.

Very much enjoyed Lon Moffatt's review, and made a note of the book on my reading list. "Fallen Angelos" produces more envy--what a lovely full life Bjo lives. ((ELF TAFF!--ljm))

Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND: Why should I make typos--I prefer the American (Franson) way.

Jan Sadler Penney, 5130 Clara Street, New Orleans 15, Louisiana: A two-person poll last night (Emile Greenleaf & JSP) revealed a unanimous vote of confidence in any good sf writer, as opposed to mundane writers. Sturgeon against Joyce, Heinlein against James Gould Cozzens....so I'm afraid I'd get tangled in my definitions trying to talk about Farmer's contention that "SF never produced a first-rate writer"...What's "First Rate"? Do you measure by the loot a writer rakes in? Please, but no.

Franson, defining, mentions that mundane writing has no fantastic element, explained or otherwise, but this is exactly what keeps the sf reader (unless he has a high tolerance for being told things he already knows) away from mundane books; no matter how sensitive a manwriter is, he usually lacks imagination, or doesn't use it for fear his writing will be too far out for empathy.

P.F.C. Les Sample, RA 14 737 569, Med.Det.(3416), Valley Forge Gen. Hosp., Phoenixville, Pennsylvania: "Poor Paul" was nicely done....Is Alex Apostolides for real, or is that a pseudonym? ((Mr. A. is a real, live pro author.--ljm))

Fantasy, as far as I am concerned, as a branch of literature includes all literature which has no basis in actuality; that is to say, the story can't possibly be true, or at least is not from the knowledge possessed by mankind as of this date. For instance...ALICE IN WONDERLAND is in direct conflict with the knowledge of the laws of nature possessed by the human race. It couldn't, even by the remotest possibility, be true, ever. Therefore it is fantasy.

Then, take a story about the Russians landing on the moon in 1967. A story of this type seems, from all current events, as if it might possibly become reality, even before 1967. But, such an event has never happened in the recorded history of mankind. Thus, although a landing on the moon seems to be logical, even imminent, through extrapolation of today's knowledge, it is impossible by omission; i.e., it has never been done, and is a feat sufficiently defiant of natural law to be considered impossible until such time as it becomes reality. Thus, this concept, also, is fantasy.

Science fiction...is merely a branch of fantasy...

Rick Sneary, Esquire, 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California: Shangri-L'Affaires...is many things, but not hardly any one of them. Its most outstanding feature is its unevenness. It probably publishes more high quality material by professional writers than does any other fanzine in the country.... Yet, it regularly prints material that verges on the trite and pointless, mostly because it is tied to LASFS, and must maintain the image that it is a club publication. To do this it must keep on publishing minutes of meetings--

that would be dull to most outsiders if printed in full--in a generally souped up hash. Also, page on page of announcements and advertisements that are part of any club organ--but not of a well planned magazine.

The magazine is a labor of love, and generally a group effort, and while a group image is interesting, it is much harder to feel friendly toward than toward a single editor...It is warm and friendly, and lots of fun...but rather nameless.

The Apostolides story is on a old theme (I'm sure it is not only older than our generation, but probably older than this republic), and I don't think the writing is quite up to MoF&SF standards... It is, though, a polished and professional story that is ten times better than average fanzine fiction--and says something we believe...even if we are a little horse from saying it so much. ((And it's better to be a little horse than a big yahoo.--ljm)) It is this that makes Shaggy so good. And, it is things like this that convince other pros that Shaggy is a good magazine to write for.

Good old Flying made the book ((IN THE WET)) sound interesting, but took the very professional reviewer's approach of not only talking about the book, but the ideas the book brought up. I've read reviews in The Reporter in which the reviewer spent more time reporting his own views, and arguing with the author, than in telling you all the details of the book. I feel that this is a more interesting way of doing it, and only wish I could do them that way myself... The voting system seemed unique to me, and thus doubly interesting.

The letter to Willick was great. It seems--along with the other barbs--to have blasted the statuette clear out of the picture....I've heard it is to be plaques now...A sign of reason in a still otherwise fuggheaded set up... I wonder, though, if the letter made any sense to readers not in the main wourl of fandom.

Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, New York: "Poor Paul" didn't go over big with me. I just got the impression that "Alex" was a poor suffering individual trying to show us what clods group activity produces---I'm a long way from being convinced, being a stubborn clamp-jawed type.

"Squirrel Cage" was interesting, engaging, amusing, and like that. I was quite alarmed to note that there are wives who won't let their husbands see them in the...um...puris naturalibus; mighod, hasn't a poor sex starved teenager enough to worry about now?

"Quintlar Zeano Ylis" writes remarkably Biffable, if you grok at what I mean.

Leslie Norris' letter to George Willick was a gas, but you ain't seen nuttin' yet; wait'll you see the latest Void! The award itself is pretty miserable art-wise---why, it doesn't even strike me as sexy!---with all those rib cases, and muscles n' everything, she seems kind of boney. Somehow or other, if I won such an award, I figure I'd have to keep it buried in a closet, or be forced into gafia by irate parents.

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland: Poor Paul impressed me as a very good story except for one 'ingredient that made me most unhappy. I think it is wrong to equate watching television and playing baseball. Baseball is one of the few remaining bastions of individuality, one of the pitifully tiny clump of surviving symbols of one-against-the-crowd in the nation. This may be the clue to why it has been losing much of its popularity with the younger generation, and I hate to see it adopted here as a sign of being one of the crowd. It is so different from other team games. In football or basketball you are one part of a large machine, helpless without the others on your side. In baseball it is one man against the other nine men at all times, even though the identity of that one man shifts as each batter reaches the plate, or as the ball is hit in the direction of this or that fielder. Otherwise, it's a very good story,

Blake Maxam's article seemed to come to a strange end until I discovered a quarter-hour later that you'd forgotten to give directions to a jump. I am unhappy to see yet another fanzine writer referring in complimentary terms to The Once and Future King. It is strange that the mundane reviewers said nastier things about White than the fan press for the omissions and changes that occurred when he condensed the three original volumes into this one retitled work. Someone in fandom ought to make amends by citing in detail what has been lost by the reworking.

It's hard to be sure from the review of In The Wet whether Shute portrays the multiple vote system as a good or bad thing. It is basically a sound idea, I should think.

The Open Letter to George Willick is more disturbing evidence of the damage done by that dreadful statue design distributed with the fan awards poll. I'm afraid it's going to prejudice fandom against what is basically a sound idea, simply because of the vulgarity and pretentiousness of the proposed award. I fully agree with the individual who wrote this open letter, as far as the foolishness of considering such a design, and the uselessness of spending a lot of money on fan awards, are concerned. I disagree completely with the added implication that Heinlein, Sturgeon, or Leiber, are better writers than the fans who would be likely to win the awards if the new categories were set up. I will stack up Willis essays or Bjo's art against the professional fiction and illustrating for basic worth, despite the impossibility of finding exactly comparable ideals against which differently slanted productions can be judged. I feel that the Hugos are insufferably overpriced, and that the fan awards should not be created in their likeness, because there is no sense in repeating a conspicuous consumption mistake. But I think there should be fan awards, and if the world convention is afraid that they'll outshine the Hugos in interest-attraction, one of the regional events, like the Westercon or Phileon, could make the fan awards its principal feature.

Somehow this sounds like a nasty and hypercritical letter, and I don't know why it should because I enjoyed the issue very much.

((No more than we enjoyed your letter, Harry. As I just said to ussjt, I'm glad Warner begins with a W as it's always nice to end a lettercol with a Warner Letter. Come to think of it, Willis starts with a W too, and that's good too--for alphabetically inclined lettercol editors. But no letter from WAW this time, unless, like the Boggs letter, it got lost when LASTS moved from the Fan Hillton to Mathom House. So we wind up with 13 letters this time, and no Also Heard Froms. And now I must bid you all a fond farewell--as Shaggy lettercol editor. This lettercol may not be copyrighted, but nexttime there'll be a Patton on it.... I'll still be around--in these pages, though--if only in my letterhack capacity. Everybody keep writing, and keep smiling....

-Len Moffatt))

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This is a Mail Auction conducted for a 3-fold purpose: 1, to provide a copy, free, to the fans of Germany, of "The Genie"; 2, to donate a complimentary duplicate of "The Genie" to French Fanta-Film Fan #1, Jean-Claude Michel, for future showings in France; and 3, to acquire a copy of said film for one of its feature players -- you guessed it -- FJA.

- ITEM # 1....TESSERACTION ANNUAL #1, 1939. Fanzine, half mimeo-half printed. "The Crawling Chaos" by HPLovecraft & WJJackson; poetry, "Atlantis" and "White Death" by CASmith; fiction by James Blish.
- ITEM # 2....THE CRYSTAL BUTTON, a Novel of the 19th Century by Chauncey Thomas. Good condition, 1891, apparently First Edition.
- ITEM # 3....THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE by Christopher Blayre. Rare British science-fantasy collection in fine condition.
- ITEM # 4....THE WEAPON MAKERS by AEvanVogt, the original limited First Edition of 1947, which 2 years later (when o/p) commanded a price of \$65. In xln condition w/jkt.
- ITEM # 5....TARZAN OG DEN GLYDNE STAD, Danish edition, 1936, very good condition.
- ITEM # 6....BOY'S CINEMA 11 July 36 (British). Fictionization, with 5 fotos, of episode 10, "The Unseen Peril", of chapterplay FLASH GORDON.
- ITEM # 7....THE BRITISH BARBARIANS by Grant Allen, 1895. Apparently First, in good condition.
- ITEM # 8....THE CRYSTAL SCEPTRE BY Philip Verrill Nichols, 1906, very good shape.
- ITEM # 9....PLANETOID 127 by Edgar Wallace. British. Fair for its age.
- ITEM #10....THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER! By the late Victor Rousseau. Firsttime offered in years! First American Edition, 1917. Very fair, some fox.
- ITEM #11....THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND, Hodgson, 1921 British, Average for age.
- ITEM #12....OLGA ROMANOFF by Geo Griffith. British 1894. Generally xln except for partly water-marked spine.
- ITEM #13....THE NEW ADAM by Stanley G Weinbaum. First (&only) edition, 1939. Splendid condition with almost perfect jkt.
- ITEM #14....DREAM'S END. My favorite Thorne Smith novel. Serious, sensuous, fantastic. First, 1927, very good.
- ITEM #15....THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE by Robert A Heinlein. Second edtn, mint, 1941, of his legendary Denvention address.
- ITEM #16....CINEMA 57. French inspirator of FAMOUS MONSTERS. Over 100 fotos from imagi-movies, 144 pages. Mint.
- ITEM #17....FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #1. mint.
- ITEM #18....THE ACOLYTE Summer '44. HPL, CASmith, Boucher, Barlow, Rimel, Hoffman, Price, Wakefield, Yerke, Laney. Good condition.
- ITEM #19....MEMIORS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN Vol #1, Yerke. (The Old LASFS)
- ITEM #20....FANTASY MAGAZINE Oct-Nov '34, dedicated to Astounding.
- ITEM #21....FANTASY MAGAZINE Feb-Mar '35, dedicated to Amazing.

- ITEM #22....IMAGINATION! June '38. Mint. Cover and contribs by Bradbury. Also Kuttner, Ackerman, Wollheim, Speer and Dracula.
- ITEM #23....VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION (VOI) #s 7 & 14, mint. Knight, Perdue, Warner, Kuslan, Wilson, Gallet, Temple, Tucker, Rothman, Kuttner.
- ITEM #24....SCIENTI-COMICS (fanzine) #1 May-Jun '40. Xlnt cdtn.
- ITEM #25....SCIENTI-COMICS Aug '40. Xlnt.
- ITEM #26....SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST Feb & Mar '33, mint. Merritt, Palmer, Keller, Bates, Schwartz, Weisinger, Ackerman, Farnsworth Wright.
- ITEM #27....FANTASY REVIEW Dec '48. Printed, British, mint. Stapledon, Wyndham, Furroughs, Ackerman, HPL.
- ITEM #28....SWEETNESS AND LIGHT #1; '39, mint. Mainly Kuttner.
- ITEM #29....SWEETNESS & LIGHT #4, mint. Kuttner, Otto Binder, Madle, Hornig, Trudy Hamlen and E Hoffman Price.
- ITEM #30....THE KNANVE, issues 1, 2 & 3 in good condition; 1944. The Ackerman-Daugherty Appreciation 'Zine, by their Acolytes Yerke & Laney.
- ITEM #31....SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR '38 & '39: Nos 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, & 27. Rothman, Speer, Madle, Moskowitz, Yerke, Hart, & FJA.
- ITEM #32....FUTURA FANTASIA Win '40. Bradbury's fmz, mint. Bok, Bradbury, Hasse, Petaja, Rocklynne.
- ITEM #33....FUTURA FANTASIA Fall '39. Hornig's copy, in v.g. condtn. Bok, Brad, Hasse, Shroyer, Kuttner.
- ITEM #34....POLARIS (Freehafer) Dec '40. Lowndes, Rimel, Carnell, Warner, Knight, Tom Wright, FJA. Good.
- ITEM #35....PLUTO, the technicolored mimeomag. July '40. Knight, Wright, Tuck, Ack, etc.
- ITEM #36....A handful of hectomags, out of the Ark: SCIENCE FICTION DEBATER (Rothman) Fall '38, Spr '39. S F CONVENTIONEER, Nyconzine. S F COLLECTOR Nov-Dec '39, Jan-Feb '40. IMAGINATIVE FICTION, June '37. FANTASY MIRROR July '37. FANTASY HERALD 1 & 2, 1938.

Send no money -- bids only, during the 30 days after publication of this SHAGGY ((Oct 31, 1961. -jt)). Top bidders on each item will be informed individually after 4 weeks, given an opportunity to make final bids. Unless purchaser requests anonymity, names of & prices paid by winners will be published in a future SHAGGY.

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You guys who went to Seattle may think you had all the fun, but let me tell you.

We got talked into holding the NonVenton V at our place by Ed and Jessie Clinton, the idea being to ease the pangs of those Bay Areans who couldn't afford the Seacon. Officially, it was to start Convention Saturday; actually, things started popping the previous Monday when Al Lewis, Joni Cornell and Adrienne Martine rang our doorbell. They intended to stay overnight on their way to Seattle, but would up staying until Thursday evening; Al took the Peugeot in for a checkup and found out it needed a complete engine rebuild.



We had a hectic three days. Wednesday night we foregathered, with several others, at the Clintons', for a PreVenton, thus getting a head start on sleeplessness. Adrienne and the Clintons took off for Seattle Thursday night, and an hour or so later Joni and Al conned George Sackman (a local non-fan type) into helping drive the Peugeot -- on about fifteen minutes' notice. I think Joni did most of the conning, because George is never impulsive.

Also on Thursday, George Scithers, Royal Executioner of the Hyborean Legion, editor of Amra and of the Terminus, Sedgewick, and Ft. Mudge Electric Railway Gazette, made a flying stop in Palo Alto (even though he doesn't approve of planes) on his way to the con. So to add to the confusion we dashed up to the Andersons' in Orinda, where also was Jack Vance -- prompting Joe to remark that maybe God (that is to say, Heinlein) wasn't there, but we were certainly in the presence of His archangels...

Sid and Alva Rogers showed up first for the NonVenton itself -- Alva with a wineskin. Filled with Italian Swiss Colony, yet. Al haLevy showed him how to use it, but they both make lousy Basques. From then on my memories consist mostly of disconnected vignettes...

...I thought I had a chair big enough to hold Bill Donaho. It will hold any three ordinary people. You might say it is a young sofa. But he totalled it.

...Doctor haLevy, the eminent physiologist, near broke his foot doing the Hora barefoot.

...Terry Burns saying to Miri Carr, "She got drunk on Coke and now she's sobering up on Coke. It's ridiculous."

...Jerry Knight and I diddled around on the piano for a couple of hours (DISclaimer!) (it's a very upright piano), enjoying each other's Bach, Beethoven, Debussy and like that. Then Jerry proceeded to play jazz-type piano; a short interlude of dance music-- jitterbug, tango, hora, brought to an end by haLevy's crippling enthusiasm -- and a couple hours of Jerry accompanying folk-singing. Our neighbor, Ted Gove, brought his wife, his accordion and some Tom Lehrer song books over about 2:30, and when Jerry's fingers finally wore down to the first joint, Ted took over the piano. I bet it is a long time before Jerry is foolish enough to sit down at a piano again; he's good enough, people won't let him up.

...Danny Curran promising to do the Hora in the middle of the street if Jerry could play it, and Jerry promptly doing so. But Danny chickened out.

...Miri blessing Donaho under her breath for making her buy a full gallon of wine...

...My son (age 1½) staring bewilderedly at the wreck of the big chair along about 1:30, saying words to the effect of "Mommy, ahgoo beeeple whap hopen?"

...Bob Lichtman, wandering around, lost, until he finally found his niche: he is the best popcorn-popper-upper in the East Bay.

...Miri Carr, "I feel fine. It's just that I'd like to take my eyes out and rinse them under the cold-water faucet."

...Ray Nelson tapping out a bongo beat on my son's toy drum...

...Miri telling fortunes with a pack of cards to Terry Burns, Al haLevy and my loving husband.

I dunno when the thing broke up. When I went to bed, Donaho, Nelson and Curran were flaked out on the floor, and everyone else was approximating that condition. When we got up the place was empty.

But man, what a swingin' party.

No house detectives, either.

EPITAFF, Eric Bentcliffe's highly readable account of his 1960 trip to the United States as winner of the TAFF campaign, is still available for \$1.00. The American agent is now Ron Ellik, 127 Bennett Avenue, Long Beach 3, California. Proceeds beyond duplicating costs will go to the TransAtlantic Fan Fund. In fact, while you're sending for EPITAFF, slip in a contribution to TAFF to help support fandom's biggest, most reliable project--sending a fan a year across the Atlantic to a convention.

(a snuck-in advt.)

THE

ye sloop john t.

RUMORSVILLE

CHAGGY

One evening, shortly after the SeaCon, I answered the phone at the old Fan Hill-ton, and Ron Ellik asked me if I had disappeared.

I told him ni, I'd just looked, and was still there.

And he proceeded to tell how "a usually reliable source" had told Larry & Noreen Shaw that I had disappeared shortly after the con, had been suffering black-outs since my accident last winter, and that Bjo was grief-stricken about the whole thing. The Shaws had the good sense to phone Ron, who'd be pretty sure to know the facts, and get the straight scoop.

Missing a good chance at a fun-type hoax, we squelched the rumor; Ron called the Shaws and gave them the Good Word.

A few days later, Al Lewis got a letter from the Busbys mentioning the same rumor, and wanting to know the facts -- good old "Reliable" was at it again. We reassured them, and got to tracing the rumor. The trail led a meandering course, appearing to have started with "an un-named L A fan".

What bugs me is not that such a rumor should start -- there were some pretty odd circumstances surrounding getting all the Lareans back here after the Microbus was taken out -- but that it should be spread so far by such a well-meaning fan as old "Reliable". People heard the rumor, and asked folks in Seattle, New York and such-like about it, instead of querying LA, because "they happened to be writing them" and didn't "happen" to be writing anyone in this area.

Fout! There are two good rules for use in checking out a rumor, and squelching it before it spreads too far:

- 1) When you hear a rumor about someone, don't communicate it any further than you have to, except to:
- 2) Write to the people involved, or to someone in the area you know to be a close friend of theirs, and find out the facts. And spread them if you feel so inclined -- if facts hurt someone, it's largely their own damned fault.

-oOo-

Note the new address for SHAGGY, LASFS, Ernie Wheatley, Jack Harness, N'APA, Bjo & I, the cats, etc.: 222 South Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif. The address is temporary for the club, due to zoning restrictions; Mathom House (new name, new set-up) is in an R-1 zone, and regularly-scheduled, organized club meetings are verboten. We hedged about the "organized" bit, but the city feels that even LASFS is organized -- boy, are they loose with Webster.

"Mathom House" is single-story, with three bedrooms, three baths (1 tub, 2 showers), kitchen, service porch, Duper Room, studio, dining room, and a huge living room -- now housing the club. It's smaller than the old place on 8th Street, and more of a home.

Which is to say, we're not performing the service of every fan's home-away-from-home as we were at the Fan Hillton. Oh, guests are welcome, provided they write ahead and let us know when they expect to arrive, how long they'll stay, and like that.

You know, silly stuff, like common courtesy. The sort shown by Walter Breen, Wally Gonser, Ken Hedberg, and the Schultheisen.

-oOo-

The repro this time isn't up to standard (if you didn't notice, you got one of the good copies); just goes to show what buying a new mimeo will do.

The LASFS splurged and bought a new, electric Rex-Rotary D-280, that runs itself, inks itself, creates its own crud-sheets.... You have to put the paper in and turn it on, but from there, the machine takes over. Fearsome, it is -- and formidable, too.

Darned formidable, as the lousy repro indicates. But we're still in that intermediate stage of Learning to Control the Monster -- going by the book until we get to know the beast's idiosyncranasties will enuf so that we can throw the book away and Do It Right (our way).

Next issue, now....

Which brings up a point. This issue, such as it is, will be the last SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES to bear the editorial imprint of the uss jt. SLA #59 will see the advent of Fred Patten as editor of the zine.

For some time now, editing SHAGGY has been something of a drag -- it's been showing in the last few issues, too (number 57, quite definitely). And when editing a gen-zine gets to be drudgery, 'tis time to give it the old heave-ho, and retreat to letter-hacking or into an apa.

And that's exactly what I'm doing. Bjo and I are going to concentrate on FAPA for a while -- being Sec-Treas of that worthy group is more work than we thot. Fun, tho. Bjo will still handle Project Art Show, and like that, but we're most assuredly cutting back the fanac.

Fred Patten is a newer member of the LASFS; a capable science fiction fan, with a dry, subtle sense of humor, and a tendency toward perfection as regards typos and like that. He's only begun to dig the joys (hmmm) of ayjay, and we figure that there's no better way to learn than by editing good ol' SHAGGY.

Now, if Fred can only retain his perfectionist tendencies and maintain the rigid bi-monthly schedule we've been holding to, why.... What're you laughing at? Isn't this the September-October issue? And wasn't the last one the July-Aug issue? If that isn't a bimonthly schedule, I.... So what if it is November... what's that got to do with it?

Hmmmmph!

One of these days I'll edit a 24-page monthly magazine called The Wessex, North-umberland and San Bernardino Leathern Omnibus Quarterly, or something, and hold to the monthly schedule whether I've got anything worth printing or not. You'll see.

-oOo-

Next time we get a questionnaire from Lloyd Broyles, I'm darned it I'll let Bjo fill mine out. And I'll bet you'll fill yours out, and send it back to him, won't you -- Terry...Ted...? And you other fans whose names aren't in Broyles' Directory of S F Fandom - 1961.

Lloyd didn't run a "typical N3F project"...he actually came through and produced! A little behind schedule, but not by much, and not nearly as far behind as a number of fannish items that have been about to be published...Real Soon Now... Fannish, anyone?

There are names missing -- through no fault of Broyles' -- and the proportions of information to fannish importance isn't what it might be, but the booklet is neatly done, nice format, off-set, and is available for 50¢ from Lloyd Broyles Rte. 6, Box 453 P, Waco, Texas. And you ought to have a copy.

-oOo-

PARTYTIME.

Doc Smith was in town a couple of weeks ago, and Forry held one of his "Let's Say Hi To ---" parties the night before LASFS. Doc and his wife were there, of course, and Forry dug up Ross Rocklin, James Schmitz, van Vogt, Harl Vincent, Arthur J Burks, and actually dragged Bob Bloch out of the depths of Hollywood. Bloch has been working like crazy -- he doesn't have the sort of tan Bradbury's got.

Ron Ellik walked in with about three feet of books to be autographed, and Doc happily complied. He wrote further autographs the next eve, at LASFS.

And the LASFS' Annual Hallowe'en Party was held Octboer 28th at Paul and Ellie Turner's apartment in Long Beach, and was a fine blast, marred only by a stupid incident with a knife. There were enough knives present that we could have played "stab for apples" -- except that 90% of the knives were firmly secured to their sheathes. There are one or two idiots who have to show off their toy, tho, and follows cuts, and such things.

-oOo-

HUCKSTER, FEELTHY HUCKSTER

Anyone need a real good silk-screen mimeo? With three color-kits (plus the one on the machine)?

The LASFStetner is for sale; \$225.00 takes it, lock, stock and pocksarcd attachment. It's been completely reconditioned since the purchase of the LASFSRex, and is impractically new condition. Check around and see what the office machine boys would sell a completely reconditioned, 2-year-old Gestetner 120, with 3 color-changers and a postcard attachment for, and I think you'll appreciate our price. Besides we need the money to help pay for the Rex.

If you're interested, write to me, or to Ron Ellik, at this address (Mathom House) and we'll talk about it. We're even willing to haggle about freight.

-oOo-

Remember, next issue is the Holiday Art Supplement -- 50¢ to non-subbers, &/or those not having a printed LoC or contribution in the issue. Order now, while your're thinking about it.

----uss jt.

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Illos by: Bjo - 9, 10, 13, & 23; Franson - 11; Metzger - 15;
Rotsler - 21; and Trina - 7.

Headings: Bjo - 9, & 23; Harness - 3, 7, 14, 16, & 21; Simpson -
page 25.

Next issue goes to press: 1 Dec 1961

Stencils typed by Don Franson and uss jt.
Mimeography by the uss jt.

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SHAGGY
222 S. GRAMERCY PL.
LOS ANGELES 5 CAL.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is produced at 222 S. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 4, Calif, USofA, for the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, which meets here every Thursday nite at 8 p.m. -- Visitors welcome; phone DUNKirk 9-0619.

This issue is edited by Bjo & John Trimble, but the next one will feature Fred Patten in the editorial chair -- same address.

SLA is more or less available for 25¢ per copy, 5/\$1, but we're nutty enuf to pre-fer letter of comment, artwork, or contribu-tions in trade -- send trade fmz to Fred Patten @ 222 S Gramercy Pl. Or, if you live in the sterling area, you can send that fake money to Archie Mercep , 434/4 Newark Rd, N Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND, at the rate of 1/8d. ea, or 5 for 7/-.

Send us a CoA if you move, make checks payable to Fred Patten.

SLA # 58 1961 by: John G Trimble.

-oOo-

This issue is:

A Contributors copy _____

A LoC Copy _____

You're mentioned _____

We trade _____

Sub _____ Expries, # _____

THE GAPIA GAZETTE

A half-sheet one-shot published by John Trimble, Mathom House, 222 South Grammercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California, in an attempt to explain why SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES # 58 is being mailed out November 25, 1961.

All the fun went out of edit-pubbing SHAGGY a long time ago.

Even tho it was a drag, I finally stencilled # 58, and then ran it off, fighting the Rex-Rotary, paper, ink and myself all the way.

But to assemble the blasted thing...and address it...and.... So I put it off. And then I put it off. And it got later and later.

Thanksgiving rolled around, and a magazine due out about the first week in October was still sitting, half-collated, in the sorter.

If it isn't out by the 27th, tho, Fred Patten will cheerfully slit my throat, or commit general mayhem upon my mortal being. Or, worse yet, just gaze at me sadly. Oh, far worse!

With apologies to all concerned, Fred, the contributors (don't you dare hit me, Joe), and you, I urge you all to give Fred much egoboo for the superior issues he's sure to produce in the months to come.

-----uss jt/22 Nov 61.