



# SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES 59

Number 59

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Nov - Dec, 1961

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SHAGGY sells for 25¢ per issue or 5/\$1 (but this issue is 50¢); or trade, LOCs, artwork, or other contributions. Trades should be addressed to Fred Patten, and marked: Trade - SHAGGY. We get lots of other fanac in the mail here, and we can't send copies of SHAGGY in return for everything. Make checks payable to Fred Patten; the banks won't accept checks made out to SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES or variations thereof. Send a CoA if you move. British-type people can send their confusing coins to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., N Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND, at 1/8d. each, or 5 for 7/-. Deadline for next issue: Feb. 10.

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## The Shaggy Chaos - FRED PATTEN

"And this, too, shall pass away..."

Boy, that sounds morbid. All I mean is that the Process of Change has gone one more step, and SHAGGY has a new editor. Me.

Early last October, when I went over to the old Fan Hillton to help with the final packing, I was greeted by a group who informed me that uss jt had a big surprise for me. Considering the glint in their eyes, I started to back out before they had me carrying out all the heaviest furniture by myself. But it wasn't that bad. Not quite. They just loaded SHAGGY onto my shoulders, with dire threats that it was now my responsibility to keep this great, world-famous fanzine from folding. But I got back at them. I appointed them all executive assistants. They Can't Mess Around With Me, Friends.



One reason you're getting this issue late is that we've been attending parties lately. Wow, have we ever been attending parties!

On Dec. 21, there was the traditional LASFS Xmas party. Nothing wild; just the usual post-meeting kaffeeklatch magnified about double-size - except for the Gift Exchange. For those of you who don't know how this works, all participants put a gift (supposedly of sf or fannish interest & worth about \$1, tho as they're wrapped & anonymous, this is impossible to enforce) into one large pile, and take numbers. The numbers are drawn at random. The person first called selects a gift from the pile, unwraps it, & shows it around. The next person does the same, and if he prefers the first guy's gift, they trade. This is a forced swap - the first guy has no choice in the matter. As more gifts are opened, there's a larger selection to choose from, and those whose numbers are drawn last are the luckiest. At the end, the first person gets to trade for any of the gifts, so he doesn't end on the short end. It's fun. We had a nice long swapping session here this time. A copy of Silverlock changed hands 14 times.

On Sun., Dec. 24, a birthday dinner was held at Mathom House for Fritz Leiber. This was a nice, quiet affair (even after the ARBM Boys assembled in full force, it stayed relatively quiet). The biggest attraction was Fritz himself; his casual dinner conversation is as good as a convention speech. Jonquil Leiber served Yorkshire Pudding, leading to talk of starting a Yorkshire Pudding Fandom. The post-dinner gathering was small & pleasant; filk songs supplied by Pelz & Johnstone.

On Fri., Dec. 29, most of the SHAGGY staff drove up to Berkeley for the GGFS' New Year's Party at Bill Donaho's & Danny Curran's. We stayed over 'til Sunday morning, thanks to the kind hospitality of Alva & Sid Rogers, Ray Nelson, Jerry Knight, & others. Thanks again, people. All in all, Al Lewis' Peugeot travelled about 800 miles with no more trouble than a flat tire. Can it be that the traveling jinx is broken?

We got back into LA just in time for the LASFS party New Year's Eve. And was this a wild shindig; with balloon fights, smooching & snogging, drinking & other non-pubbing fanac! The new Director of the LASFS began his term of office at midnight stoned cold on a couch. It didn't break up until 4p.m. the next day, and we're still finding people under the furniture.

At this rate, we'll be lucky to get this out before March. Oh, well, we'll get back on schedule someday.

-oOo-

While there isn't enough material to keep The Paperback Scene (see last issue) as a regular feature, I'd like to finish it up here, as the Scene seems to be stabilizing. Of the paperbacks announced as remaining at the standard 35¢ each, Ballantines and Avon pbs have gone up to 50¢ each, and Berkeley and Pyramid to 40¢. Sic transit ignominia (with a few minor exceptions) the 35¢ sf paperback.

-oOo-

Most surprising event of the month: uss JT was going to edit the lettercol this issue, when Bob Lichtman actually stepped up and volunteered to do it instead. Don't these pubbing giants ever get tired of fanac?

-oOo-

The new slate of officers of the LASFS for Jan. - June 1962 is: Director - Bob Lichtman; Secretary - Jack Harness; Treasurer - Paul & Ellie Turner; Senior Committeeman - John Trimble; Junior Committeewoman - Bjo Trimble.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES is the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, which meets every Thursday at 8:00p.m., at 222 S. Gramercy Pl., LA 4. Phone DU 9-0619. Visitors welcome. Potsherds Publications 4

# WHICH LUNATIC FRINGE?

by alva rogers

In SHAGGY #58 for October, 1961, Joe Gibson indulges in some rather gloomy forecasting about the immediate future of fandom, predicting a mighty blowup if fandom doesn't clean house and sweep out the "Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores and Moochers" that he says are beginning to infest it.

Now, I have the greatest liking and respect for Joe, but in this instance I have to take a few mild exceptions to a number of his arguments. I, too, have been an active fan for more than twenty years, man and boy, come next Whitsuntide; and by virtue of this fact, I feel qualified to make some observations of a general--if not a specific--nature concerning fandom and its ills as diagnosed by Gibson.

Joe starts off by reviewing a bit of ancient history. Fine. I like ancient history, particularly if it's about the LASFS of the early forties. Ever since the publication of Laney's Memoirs, the LASFS of this period (roughly, the middle years of the 1940's) has been held up to succeeding generations of fans as an example of group depravity, fuggheadedness and neuroticism. For example, the issue of communism in fandom: Sure, there were communists in fandom during the late 30's and early 40's--it would be really noteworthy if there hadn't been. Joe says he's known two fans who are former members of the Communist Party. I knew at least a half-dozen personally, and that many more by repute. This isn't the important thing to consider. The important thing is that to the best of my knowledge all of these former red fans are just that--former red fans. Membership in the Communist Party (or the Communist Political Association, as it was known during the war years) didn't carry with it the deep stigma that it does today. After all, wasn't Russia our most Brave and Gallant Ally? Also, in intellectual circles of all types the intellectual who stepped bravely into the future, shoulder-to-shoulder with the brawny workingman, was looked upon somewhat enviously by his more chicken hearted friends. It was in to belong--he was an intellectual with a scale, who believed in action instead of sitting around on his fat behind being ineffectually brilliant.

I don't recall that the issue of local fans belonging to the Party created much of a stir around the LASFS, or figured in any of the explosions that erupted around this time.

In short: It just wasn't considered to be an internal threat to the security of fandom.

The picture, of course, is quite a bit changed today. Any significant number of fans belonging to the Communist Party now would certainly be inimical to fandom as a whole; and in addition, I would be more inclined to regard such a fan as more of a nut and sucker today than a similar fan twenty years ago. World conditions have changed, and the pretensions of communism have been exposed for what they are. However, as far as I know, there are no fans fuggheaded enough today to fall for the communist claptrap--Socialist, maybe, or Wobbly, but not communist.

But Joe didn't say he was worried about contemporary communists in fandom--he was concerned, I gather, about ex-communists who are still in fandom being the leverage (or one of the leverages) available to any Bircher type who might want (for some obscure reason) to smear fandom.

If I read Joe right (and I hope I didn't!), and this is his feeling, it could indicate a trend potentially more dangerous to fandom than any amount of



nuts or oddballs with their screwball activities could ever hope to be.

One of the finest things about fandom--to me--has always been its tolerance level.

Let's take a look at homosexuals in fandom: There are queers--and there are queers. I've known some I couldn't stomach, and on the other hand, I've known one or two--both in and out of fandom--who have been my very good friends.

One of my best friends during my LA days was an admitted homosexual who was quite successful in keeping his fan life divorced from his homosexual life. His homosexuality was generally known in fandom, but was regarded as his personal business; and his writings and fanac were weighed on their own merits without regard to his sexual proclivities. Rightly so, too.

To couple sex deviates with ex-communists as Joe does (perhaps inadvertantly) in his article, is an old dodge of the way out right. This is bad enough, in itself; but Joe goes on to make the statement that knowing such characters doesn't coggle him at all, but that he "doesn't recommend it to you". Isn't this the same type of thinking we get from the do-gooding censor who says that reading this book doesn't affect me, but it will most assuredly do grievous damage to your morals if you read it?

Now, Joe's adjuration against tolerating and associating with such low characters, i.e., ex-communists and homosexuals, is obviously meant to be in the best interests of fandom--but I submit that it is just diametrically the opposite!

Oh, the ex-communist or the homosexual is not important--these are just convenient symbols. What is important is the evidence of the deterioration and erosion of the tolerance that has been inherent in fandom since its beginnings. A fan is, and should be, judged on the basis of his contributions to fandom--not on his private sex life (as long as he keeps it private), and not, certainly not on the basis of what political philosophy he may have been fuggheaded enough to embrace ten or twenty years ago.

This may--rightly or wrongly--be an acceptable guide for a school board, or a city, state, or federal government, or a critical industry to use in assessing a citizen's status within their framework; but it for godssake shouldn't be used by any halfway intelligent fan.

When fandom starts becoming security conscious, God help us all!

Joe advocates a policy of toughness for fandom. He says we are too soft, too damned tolerant, too "brother-lovin'" for our own good. Maybe.

Fandom is a mish-mash, a heterogenous collection of misfits, neurotics, and just plain fun-loving characters. We are not a rigid organization all bound by the same laws. Fandom is an anarchy. Fandom is a fluid society. Fans come and fans go.

Look at Degler. Claude came, he saw (and liked what he saw), attempted to conquer, and was eventually routed.

Would you like to know how this soft, tolerant, brother-lovin' fandom really got rid of the unspeakable "Don Rogers"? Well, lean a little closer, Joe, and I'll tell you how we got rid of Degler: Laughter, sarcasm and ridicule--that's how we cleaned our house of the Cosmic Circle and its Prophet. This was the primary weapon used, the one that did the best job. Formally throwing him out of this or that organization was just the final drawing down of the curtain on an undesirable fan.

In a world that is growing increasingly more authoritarian; in a world that views with alarm any deviation from the established norm of personal conduct; in a world where thought control is subtly practiced in the schools, through media of communications and censorship of reading matter; in such a world a tolerant sub-world such as fandom is a rarity that should be guarded and nurtured--not smashed and destroyed in a misguided effort to protect it from some imagined threat to its life.

The real threat to fandom would be the implantation of those seeds of suspicion that grow into the weeds of doubt, hate and fear. When fandom's continued

existence is predicated on the exposure and expulsion of fans who may at one time have been communists, or who are harmless homosexuals, then fandom is already dead without knowing it.

I don't see how a fan can associate amicably with another fan, enjoying his company and the product of his mind, and then--on suddenly discovering that he at one time was a Commie or is a dirty queer--turn from him and ostracize him from the Group, simply for this reason and this reason only. Sheer madness--and besides, it just isn't fannish.

I've devoted this much space to this portion of Joe's argument because I believe it's the crux of the whole article: Joe's insistence that fandom adopt a harshly intolerant attitude towards what he considers to be undesirable elements--using the sicker segment of American society's criteria of "undesirable"--has to be resisted.

As for the rest of Joe's argument: The cheats, thieves, moochers, whores and frauds that Joe seems to find in such alarming profusion in fandom can be dealt with as they have always been dealt with. Don't associate with them (with the possible exception of the whores--where are they, Joe?) if their characters offend you. The types of persons Joe describes in these categories are relatively unimportant, anyway. Any society has its share of them, and our little microcosm is no exception. These sick types generally find the atmosphere a bit chilly eventually, and either change their ways or slip, unnoticed and unmourned, out of fandom.

Or they grow up and achieve some semblance of maturity.

I boggle at Joe referring to the "Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores and Moochers" as the Lunatic Fringe of fandom. They would naturally be undesirable in any society or group, but they certainly don't constitute a Lunatic Fringe.

I've always considered the Lunatic Fringe to be those characters who attribute a greater meaning to Fandom than it deserves; those who attempt to form a closed order out of it, withdraw it from the world of reality and set it up as a society of Slans--the Cosmic Circle is the classic example of this type of aberrant thinking. Also the Dianeticians, the Shaverians, the Flying Saucer nuts, the water dowers, ad nauseam. This is the Lunatic Fringe, and, by and large, a harmless Lunatic Fringe--except that they tend to establish an image in the minds of non-fans (who might be passingly aware of us) of a group composed of kooks and screwballs.

And so who cares what the mundane world thinks of us, anyway?

I'm sorry, but I just can't get too worked up over the cheats, frauds, etc. If any fan cheats me or defrauds me or mooches too much from me or steals from me, I try to see that he doesn't have a second opportunity to do so; and also to let my friends know about it. I would do so in the mundane circles I travel in.

Let's get back to the LASFS which Joe cites as one of the major examples of conditions leading to the need for a housecleaning.

Now, a careful reading of the Laney Memoirs brings out one overriding fact--virtually every incident detailed therein involved Laney in one way or another. Only in the last chapter does he really come on strong with the moral condemnations, and most of the examples of moral turpitude he presents are pretty ambiguous when you get right down to it. Laney had a tendency (one might almost say a compulsion) to exaggerate for effect. I know, because I was there during ninety-nine percent of the time covered in the Memoirs, and I'll be goddamned if I could ever see where things were ever as bad as Laney painted them.

Rampant homosexuality in the LASFS? Bullshit! I've stated it before, and I'll state it again, if there were ever more than one or two practicing homosexuals in the club at any one time during my tenure, they were so thoroughly circumspect in their activity that I never suspected their presence--or I was too blind to detect the obvious. Laney's charge against the LASFS that it had homosexuals crawling out of the woodwork like worms has in effect made every



male member of the club during that period suspect in the eyes of fans who have only Laney's word to go by. This was a regrettable disservice rendered to fandom in general, and to the LASFS in particular.

Commies in the LASFS? I've already discussed this issue, which was non-existent.

What's left? Cheats, frauds, thieves, whores and moochers. I guess we had our share at one time or another (try as I might I still can't recall any whores--whores lay it on the line for money, don't they? I dunno, maybe.....no, she liked it and gave it out for free.....come on, Joe, who are they?), but I don't recall that these particular types figured at all materially in the Blowup.

The Blowup was the end result of long standing frictions, bitter personality differences, and essentially a local political affair in which fandom in general was not involved.

Perhaps we were starry-eyed and innocent in those days, and believed in the sanctity of the Brotherhood of Fans, and accepted a person because he was a fan without probing too deeply into his character; but sooner or later the axe would fall if the fan proved unworthy of the trust tendered him.

The housecleaning process is a continuing one in fandom.

The LASFS cleaned its Augean Stables without mortal consequences.

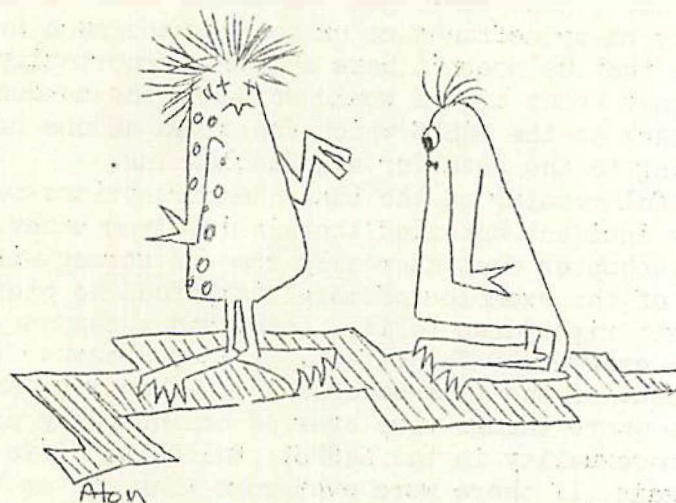
New blood is continuously being pumped into the mainstream of fandom, and the mature older heads who have been around for a decade or two act as antibodies against any poison that may come in with it.

Let's clean house if necessary, but let's do it in a sane and senseable way, being sure the dirt is actually there before swinging the broom.

But, for God's sake! let's not mount ourselves on a high moral pedestal, setting ourselves up as arbiters of what is acceptable and what is not acceptable to fandom; let's not start the sick, sick, sick business of looking suspiciously at all our friends and wondering if any of them were ever communists, or might be homosexuals, or might hold a low regard for the military mentality, or maybe indulges in a stick of pot occasionally.

Suspicion breeds distrust, fear and hatred, and God knows, there's too much of that in the world today without inflicting its cancer on the body of fandom.

---- ALVA ROGERS.



Aton

"suddenly three nukes and Willy Rotsler rushed in and before I knew it I was upside down and being used as an exotic backdrop!"

(Instant Illo) →.

INSTANT MINUTES, a report on the continuous convention called Meetings of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society, or MOTLASFS for short, by Donald Franson, ~~Secretary~~ Convention Reporter.

The only comments on this column so far (in Picking A Bone With Shaggy) have been "trite...pointless...dull...souped up hash", and silence. It has been said that convention reports are invariably fabulous, while reports of club meetings are invariably dull, even though they feature the same personnel and largely the same doings. I personally can't see that much difference between a small convention and a large LASFS meeting, but I will bow to popular prejudice and call these convention reports. I claim credit for writing the most con reports this season.

Also, it has been suggested, by a former editor of Shaggy, that I write up one meeting in full (or nearly full -- after all, I have to edit out something). I think this is a good idea, if only to show you that complete minutes are not dull (if they aren't), so that you will go right out and subscribe to Menace of the LASFS, which is nothing but complete minutes, and seems to be well received, since it is one of the very few fanzines on this Earth that is paying for itself.

(1258th meeting)//Pelz moved that all committees, with the exception of a few he named, be disbanded. The motion was defeated, so all committees are still banded, with the exception of the Telescope Committee, which was founded in 1959 and had no champions left. Don Fitch was accused of being the last proponent, but he had merely asked if the Telescope Committee still existed. //(September 21, 1961)

(1259th)//Rick Sneary wielded the gavel at 8:03 PM to open the meeting, destined to be the last at the doomed Fan-Hillton. //It was decided that Don Fitch, sub-librarian in charge of fanzines, should not try to obtain a comprehensive collection (the word "complete" as applied to fanzines is ridiculous) but instead concentrate on LASFS material. //Ray Craig and Frank Gilbert, of USC, showed some excellent student-made films. //(September 28th, 1961)

(1260th)//The first meeting at the new quarters on Gramercy Place attracted a goodly crowd, due in part to the newsletter publicizing our change-of-address. Ron Ellik called the meeting to order at 8:08 PM. Guests Jim Weisel and Tom Dixon, and old-time member Hank Eichner were on hand. Barney Bernard was present, cracking puns safely before the meeting.

The minutes were longer than usual, and had more corrections than usual. Expensive ol' Bill Ellern read the Treasurer's Report -- old balance \$141.86, rent for two months \$30, Shaggy \$15, and mending tape for the library .41, subtotalling at \$96.45. Dues of \$5.60 brought it up to \$102.05. We dropped below \$100 there for a minute.

At the call for committee reports, Barney brought up the rubber tips for the chairs, was told that this committee had been disbanded long ago. Baker had some old business, but was asked to postpone it till next meeting, to save time for the auction. A motion that the club purchase a plaque to be placed in the meeting hall designating the annual winners of the Evans-Freehafer Award was passed without a dissenting vote, and Ron asked the Award Committee of Al, Rick and Forry to do the purchasing.

Fred Patten announced that Alfred Hitchcock will do "The Birds" by Daphne DuMaur-



ier, screenplay by Evan Hunter, "till now a stranger to science fiction", according to the article by Philip Scheuer. Ron said, "Maybe he was making a value judgment." Hitchcock is changing the locale from England to "a fishing village above San Francisco." Someone cracked, "Seattle?"

Says Patten, who reads the newspapers and steals Forry's thunder, Vincent Price will play the lead in H.G. Wells' When the Sleeper Wakes, script by Richard Matheson. Al Lewis reviewed Leigh Brackett's suspense novel, Eye For An Eye. Bruce Henstell reviewed a book he hadn't finished reading, Dark Universe by Daniel Galouye. Asked why he hadn't finished reading it, Bruce said, "In the most exciting part of the book, it gets rather boring"

Forry said he'd had his first interview for the UCLA tape. They'd previously had Ray Bradbury, for 18 hours, and also some notorious badmen of the West. Jack Harness reminded us of the Hallowe'en party, to get costumes ready, and also a house. Paul Turner volunteered his. The meeting was adjourned at 8:48.

The auction following was quiet but well-attended, and netted \$73.95 for Unicorn Productions. Bruce Pelz sold off the final book at 10:40 PM. Highest bid was for a Summers cover at \$13.50. //(October 5, 1961)

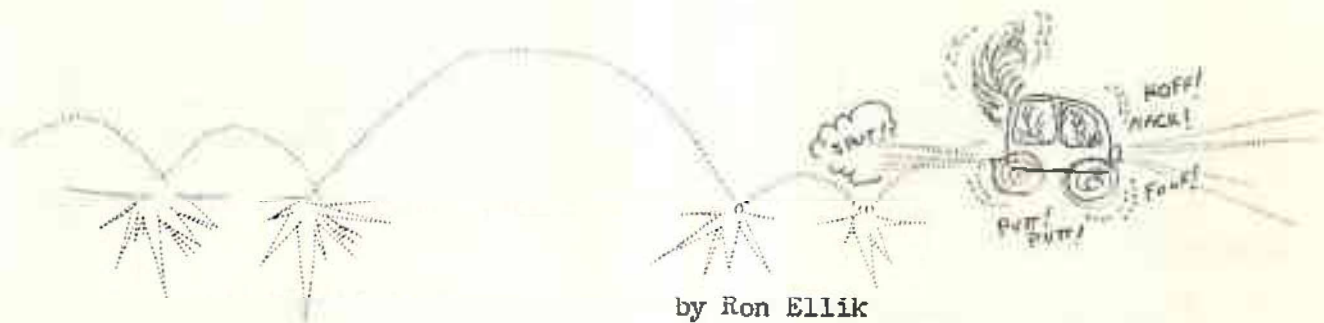
This was not a typical meeting. No meetings of the LASFS are typical meetings. At the October 12th meeting, for instance, we had a panel discussion of Heinlein's Stranger In A Strange Land, with Al Lewis, Jack Harness, Bruce Henstell and Steve Schultheis on the panel, with much interested participation by the audience. At the next meeting there were various uproars about the selection of books for the library, atomic doom, and a New Worlds editorial, this being one of the most uproarious meetings of the year. On October 26th there was the 27th Anniversary, attended by a large crowd, including old-timers Walt Daugherty, Morris Dollens, and Walt Liebscher. Edward E. Smith was present and talked; John Trimble was given the Evans-Freehafer Award; Forry brought a stack of old LASFS fanzines for the club library; and Bruce Pelz strummed a guitar and sang a filk song full of science-fictional references, passing around a quiz sheet to see if everyone could identify them.

On November 2nd, the meeting included a discussion of where to move, and the award of an Ego-buck to the Turners (Hallowe'en party hosts); followed by Pelz's slides of the Seacon and Baycon. November 9th we had another "typical" meeting consisting mainly of announcements and reviews, but some business was transacted; and on November 16th we managed to not only sell the Gestetner, but disband the Gestetner Association, under "Announcements", proving that things can be accomplished at a LASFS meeting, if only in a spontaneous manner. On November 23rd we were treated to a showing of the German scientific classic, Girl In The Moon, thanks to the efforts of (who else?) Forry Ackerman.

This brings to a close the convention report for the last half of 1961, though I still have a few more meetings in which to serve as ~~Secretary~~ Convention Reporter. I have had a fine time, but no more con reports for me.

I'll just sit in the back and quietly snooze. These LASFS meetings are really dull.

-- Donald Franson, LASFS Secretary,  
July-December, 1961.



by Ron Ellik

Jim Caughran, who is undoubtedly known to you all in some greater or lesser degree of fame because he is a Berkeley fan and a world traveller and has never been to Hong Kong, is now 21 this autumn and last summer he and I made a date that I would take him to Reno, Nevada, and teach him how to lose his money.

Now, you can just walk into Reno and plunk down your money somewhere and be sure of enjoying yourself—but this is gambling. Gambling is evil, sinful and wicked, so I, as a mathematician, have reduced it to a science whereby one undertakes no manner of risk whatever. You see, I lose pretty consistently, so it isn't gambling at all. And back when we were rooming in a modified form of luxury known as abject poverty, Jim and I made this date, that I would go along with him and supervise his first legal experiments in gambling. I said I would save some money and take a three-day weekend at the beginning of his Christmas vacation and meet him at Harold's club (a house of iniquity where ladies and gentlemen of the trade shuffle, spin and cast objects of speculation, hereinafter referred to as Tools of Satan).

So Friday, December 15, I set everything up for a day off on Monday, got a tune-up on my car, and left at about eleven in the evening. I had made arrangements to meet Jim at Harold's at nine, ten, or twelve noon the next day—figuring that, at some one of the three appointed hours, we should both be there. I got as far as San Fernando Valley, an exotic sub-culture of North America, when my Fiat developed a rattle.

This was not an ordinary sort of rattle—it was part of the sound of the engine. The flashlight was securely seated, the windows weren't vibrating (for a change), my tires were recently balanced with lugs firmly on...and at 65 mph there was this rattle. I got off the freeway in Van Nuys and stopped at a gas station, where the attendant listened to my problem and my car. He shook his head while I had trouble starting it, and when I revved it up with the hand-choke he nearly cried.

"It's okay if you don't drive it too far or too fast," he said, standing well back from the wobbling engine. "But you oughta have a mechanic look at it—a specialist in these foreign cars who would be able to tell in a minute just what is wrong with it. I don't know too awful much about these little four-bangers."

"But you wouldn't drive it, say, to Reno?" I asked hopefully. He looked as if I were insane, and I grinned sheepishly, and drove back to West Los Angeles, where Al Lewis and I live these days.

On my way back, I stayed off the freeway and drove under forty with the car knocking and rattling as if it were about to explode. I stopped at two more gas stations and got approximately the same answer—one of them didn't think I'd make it home.

I drove home, cursing the mechanic who'd given me a "major tune-up" that day. I wanted to go to Reno.



When I got back home, I tried to call Jim's dormitory, Putnam Hall. The phone rang and rang, but it was after midnight and no one answered the switchboard. Naturally. So I did the most likely thing--phoned Bill Donaho.

"Bill!" I said cheerily. "This is Ron Ellik. Isn't Direct Distance Dialing a wonderful thing?"

"Yes," he said sleepily. He didn't sound like he believed it.

I asked him if he'd talked to Caughran and if Jim had mentioned our Reno trip. I explained my problem. "Well," he said, "I have talked to Jim, but not since the weekend past, and he said he planned to leave today (Friday) around noon. I would say he is already in Reno."

"Gambling and living wildly and carefree," I grumbled into the phone.

"Yes, exactly," Bill said cheerily. I could see him, beaming and weaving.

It turned out Bill couldn't drive over to Putnam to find out if Jim'd left, because Bill's car had been in an accident recently. And nobody else could be contacted because they were all at a party at Rickhardt's, and Rickhardt doesn't have a phone. Donaho himself had just returned from the party. I ended by exchanging pleasantries and asking him to call Jim in the morning, just on the off chance that he hadn't left Berkeley yet.

Saturday morning I surprised my boss by showing up for work. He had asked me to come in for some overtime, but I'd gotten out of it. At ten to nine, I walked out of the office and down the hall to a pay-telephone, and innocently called Harold's Club, in Reno.

"This is long distance," I said, "and I'm supposed to meet a party at Harold's at nine, ten, or twelve noon today, but I'm stuck in Los Angeles with car trouble. I would like you to page the party and tell them that I can't be there. Is this possible?"

The girl at Harold's was very pleasant and agreed to page my party at the three hours. She asked whom she should page.

I had already thought about this; it was possible that Jim wouldn't recognize his own name coming over the loudspeaker. You sometimes don't. But this was the only way I could tell him that I wasn't going to be there...so I drew on an old Elmer Perdue stunt from the Westercons held at the Hotel Commodore.

I imagined Jim Caughran sitting in on a stud poker game and drawing the fifth card to an open-end straight; without batting an eye, he'd raise the opener to his right and the betting would come around to him again just as my page came over the loudspeaker. I didn't want to disturb his game too much, yet I wanted to make sure he recognized that it was me paging him.

"Would you please page for Dean Grennell, Jean Linard and Jim Caughran?" I asked the girl sweetly. I spelled the three names for her, I double-checked that she would page enough to catch Jim at least once, thanked her profusely, and walked back to my desk.

Saturday night at dinner, Al told me that Jim had called person-person for me at 2:30 pm. "I said you were at work, you had had car trouble," Al said, "Because I could hear Jim's voice on the other end. He said he didn't want to talk to me, and the operator cut us off." I smiled--Jim had gotten my message, one way or another.

Very sorry I was to let the last issue of Shaggy go by without me, but it was one of those things. You know--some days you just don't feel up to writing undying prose; with me, lots of those days pile up, and they usually fall into the month just before a deadline for this column. And I'm not the sort to fight evil omens like the stemming of my wonted logorrhea. You betcha.

Mostly what I wanted to say last issue has already been said, though: As frequently as possible I have confronted fans with a big thank-you, because I'm still very grateful to everybody for my election as the TAFF representative to the 1962 British convention. Lengthy expostulations of this feeling should appear here, of course, for you all know me--speeches were never my strong point.

I would like to say that next Easter I expect to have a thoroughly wild and memorable few weeks; what I know of Anglofandom I richly enjoy, and I can foresee much mad rushing around on that sceptered isle, meeting dozens of varied and fascinating folk. In taking notes and photos, I hope to share some of the excitement and adventure of a strange country and a new fandom with Shaggy's readers--because at least a major portion of my trip report will originally appear in these pages.

Right now, as the newly-minuted US administrator of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, I am trying to co-operate with Eric Bentcliffe on the handling of this most worthy charity. Ed Cox' urgent article in the last issue expressed my thoughts fairly well--although I don't think TAFF needs a Public Relations man as much as it needs contact with voters, contributors and potentials. I've been conducting a private sort of opinion poll since being elected with a view towards finding out what a few fans think about things like this--and more and more I think TAFF can be changed for its own good with a minimum of work, a minimum of alteration on the present *modi operandi* and a satisfying feeling resulting for both voter and candidate.

My first change is to acknowledge votes. It takes a simple 3¢ postcard, and assures you when you vote that your ballot didn't just go into a dark hole somewhere. This plan may not be adopted by Bentcliffe--after all, I have the great majority of the TAFF funds, not him--but at least the average fan voting will have the satisfaction of hearing from the Fund soon afterwards.

And later, after the campaign, I think I'll publish a four-page fanzine telling everybody what happened and giving details about the next campaign. And things like that--things that really require a very little work, but which should give TAFF a shot in the arm much like Ed suggested last time.

Of course, the concept of a bi-weekly (or even a monthly) TAFF magazine is currently beyond my available time and is a bit more expensive than the Fund can honestly undertake. This idea is great--but it would require someone else to volunteer a weekend per issue, and another party to volunteer all or most of the expenses...and right there I start thinking that the cash could better be used to help pay the primary expenses of TAFF, sending fans across the Atlantic for fan-type fun.

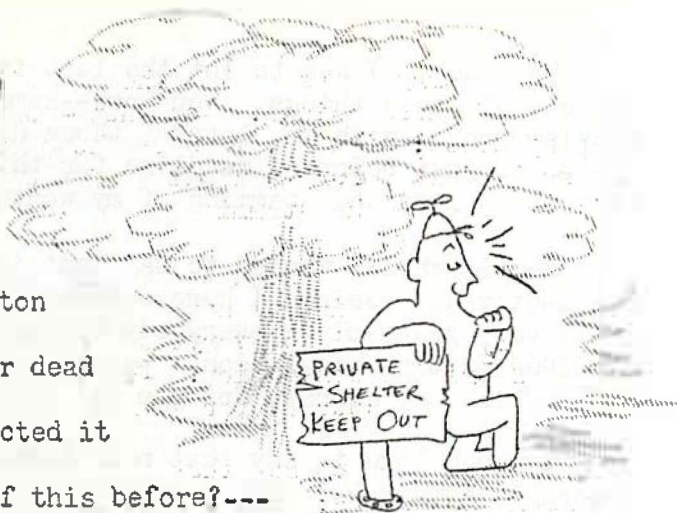
I am more than willing to discuss this idea with anybody who cares to write. Especially anyone who cares to volunteer time or money. I'm that way. Write to me--and when you write, send a dollar for TAFF. It's in, you know. Contributing to TAFF is a status symbol, a necessary adjunct to gracious living. And it's fun.

How'm I doing, Ed?

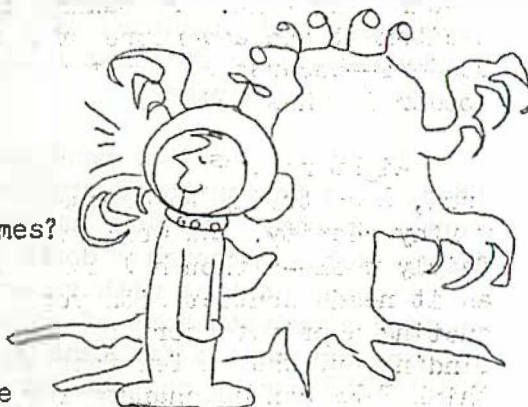


# HELLO, HEINLEIN!

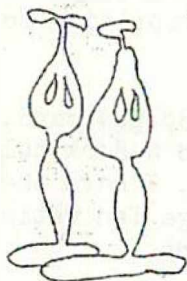
When A-bombs by the megaton  
Are dropping all around,  
And most of us are either dead  
Or cowering underground,  
There's one guy who expected it  
Before it all began ---  
Who's been through all of this before?---  
The Science Fiction Fan!



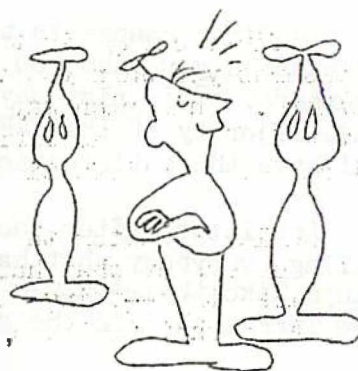
Or when, Oh glad and joyous day!  
Our brave explorers land  
On Luna's dead and airless plains  
Or ruddy Martian sand,  
Who will be there to guide them  
As an alien world they scan?  
Who's made the trip a thousand times?  
The Science Fiction Fan!



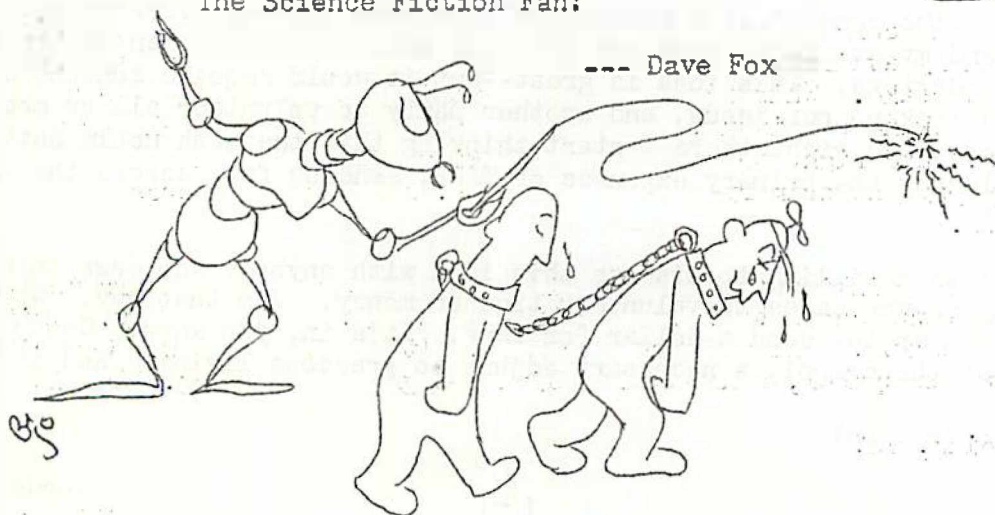
Or when Mutation takes its toll  
And our descendants all  
Look like the things you often see  
At a Convention Ball,  
Whose judgement sharp can always tell  
What's Monster from what's Man?  
That fellow with a mutant brain,  
The Science Fiction Fan!



When from the stars Invaders come,  
All Mankind to enchain,  
And all of us are groaning slaves  
Beneath the lash's pain,  
Who's just as helplessly enslaved  
As any other man?  
That's right, the same old Know-it-all,  
The Science Fiction Fan!



--- Dave Fox



# THE NONCON, AND OTHERS

*...the lowdown by BOB LICHTMAN*

The Noncon V started for me when Phil Freedman suddenly showed up one afternoon at Walter Green's ex-apartment on Peralta in Berkeley. He said something about how he was coming up in advance of the rest of the LASFS and since we didn't even know who the hell he was (and still don't), we believed him. We in this case, I should say, was Andy Main stem and me, since Walter himself was still in New York at the time. Phil Freedman, whoever he was, said that he was hitch-hiking to the Seacon, and we had no choice but to believe him about that, either.

So we put him up, which is to say we moved some stuff out of the way so he could sleep on the floor without something poking him in the spine, and the next thing we knew, there were a bunch of stranded people down in Palo Alto. Now at that time I hadn't ever been to Palo Alto, and had only a rough idea of where it was. "Where is Palo Alto?" I would ask people. "It's somewhere north of San Jose, on the peninsula," they would reply. "Where San Jose?" I asked next. "Oh, forget it," would come the answer.

Let's see, there were a couple of people name of Al Lewis and Adrienne Martine. We knew the former and had heard of the latter and decided they were just a couple of LASFSers and let it go at that. And Joni Cornell is stranded there, too, the report concluded.

Joni Cornell!!! (Andy had been showing me certain Pittcon color snapshots a few days earlier, and this exclamation can stand by itself.)

The rest of the week, whenever someone was on the phone to Palo Alto (usually Freedman, yammering about the art show), I would be hovering darkly in the background, muttering fiendishly, "And tell them to come visit Berkeley, and to bring along Joni Cornell!"

But I never did get that particular wish. Sometime in this context seven other LA fans piled out of a Microbus--I don't remember all of this so I won't name any of them--and came up to Greenhaus at 2 am one morning. We put them up, too, and the next morning around 2 in the afternoon they were gone again. A day or so later, the Peugeot was active again and the whole crew left. And sometime during the day, while I was busily wrapping books for Joe Gibson, Andy took Freedman to a point out in Richmond where he could hitch his way to Hiway 101 and thence to Seattle.

-oOo-

Ray Nelson and I left for the Noncon ~~Proper~~ in his red Rambler sedan around 6:30 pm Saturday (I think it was Saturday) evening. At first we went over to North Beach in San Francisco and Ray showed me around, pointing out where this and that famous beat hangout used to be. Then off down the Bayshore Freeway over mile after mile of freeway until finally we came to a turnoff that looked like it would take us to Palo Alto. We turned out to be in some suburb of Palo Alto and asked the natives for directions. They pointed



us down an ill-lit street and, much later, we showed up at 1360 Emerson to find the party in full swing.

It was a hot, hot evening, especially for the Bay Area, and I wasn't really in much of a party mood, for one reason or another. So after I had a few drinks and talked to a large proportion of the people there, I strolled off into the night and took a walk around Palo Alto, wearing nothing more than my usual amount of clothing and still a bit warm.

I walked down a few blocks to University avenue and started trundling down that street. When I got up to the main business district, perhaps nine or ten fair-sized blocks away, I turned right and started window-shopping. It was around midnight, perhaps. All that sticks in my mind from the many, many things that I saw in the store windows is a ouija board in a toy store. I sat down a few times to rest. I circled around a few blocks to see where they led. Then I started heading back in approximately the same direction I was supposed to go.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm walking," I said, obviously.

"Where are you walking to?" he asked, a bit put down.

"Back to where I started walking from," I said simply.

"And where would that be?"

"Somewhere on Emerson street. I forget the number and it's not important anyway."

"Look, how long have you been in Palo Alto?" he asked with a tone of exasperation.

"Oh, about..." I checked my watch. "About three hours or so," I guesstimated.

He started to say something, but I broke in with, "Look, I seem to be a bit lost, and it's getting chilly out. Could you please point me in the direction of Emerson street?"

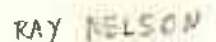
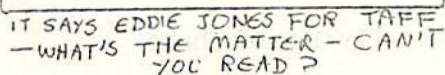
He pointed out a direction and said, "How get back to where you belong. You're not really supposed to be out this late at night, walking around, you know."

I resisted the temptation to ask him, "Why not?" and strode away without looking back. A block and a half later I looked back and he was standing there watching me. I didn't look back again.

Back at the party, now, I found things much the same as they were when I had left, except that everyone was just a bit more drunk than before. I took steps to catch up, and soon did. But I still wasn't in the party mood, and it was Sunday morning now and I was getting hungry. So small wonder I volunteered to pop a peck of popcorn. As much as I usually dislike popcorn, it does come in handy to fill up an empty spot in the stomach.

Around 3 am or so, people started making noises about clearing out. The Rolfs had long since sacked out and those people who were out on the floor when they had gone to bed were beginning to show signs of life once again. The party finally did break up at -- I think; I was too far gone to really notice or care -- around 5 am or so, because I distinctly remember getting into Ray's car and ending up back in El Cerrito around half an hour after the sun came up. Around 7 am or so I crawled my way into my army cot and promptly fell asleep, signalling the end of my personal Non-con.

But this has been enough of a long, dull convention report. Buck Coulson won't read it, anyway.

[illegible]



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"The Voice in the Night," shown on SUSPICION, Wednesday night,  
October 11, 1961, KTTV, Channel 11, Los Angeles

Most reviews of television shows concern series programs, something the viewer may look at later. In this way a review can be of some use to the viewer as well as to the producer. This show has already been shown. However, with the high percentage of reruns these days, it is worth watching for should one be aware of its existence.

Alfred Hitchcock produced this show based on a story by William Hope Hodgson, a name well-loved by fans of the genre. Briefly, the story concerns a ship becalmed in the night. The captain and the mate suddenly hear a voice come out of the foggy dark begging for food. This they give to the person after his entreaties without seeing him. He then rows away to an island (not on the charts) and returns to tell how he and his young bride were sole survivors from a ship that went down in a storm. They come upon a ship becalmed in the fog, clamber aboard, and find it deserted. It is, however, enshrouded with a fungus. They clean a space to live but are forced to leave because of the persistent fungus and flee to the island.

The voice in the dark continues the flashback where they find the island utterly covered by the fungus, grey, loathsome, scabrous. They live on one clear patch of beach hoping for the fog to lift and a ship to find them. Then the man finds the fungus on his body. They attempt to clear it with carbolic acid from the ship's medicine chest. But it recurs...at first only on him.

He says that this was a month ago. He then rows away to his wife on the island. The mate, caught up in a fascination he can't resist, shines the lantern on the figure in the boat...

During the show, I first thought it was the Hodgson story but later decided it was probably Philip M. Fisher's "Fungus Isle" (reprinted in FFM, Oct. 1940). But I checked after the show (when the screen credits confirmed it a Hodgson) and found that the show retained the original title (reprinted in Avon Fantasy Reader #1, 1947).

The program was an hour long and extremely well done, keeping quite close to the original. The acting by Barbara Rush and James Donald was competent, quite natural, and lacking completely the self-consciousness often displayed by actors in sf and fantasy vehicles. They made the play. Since it was a Hitchcock, it is reasonable to assume that more pains were taken than in many a science-fiction or horror movie (usually synonymous) produced by Hollywood.

A brief word on the story. The theme of a "fungus isle" is not new, of course. Hodgeson's great novel The Boats of the Glen Carrig carries the idea much further, a suspenseful horror building up as survivors from a shipwreck attempt to survive on such an island...and meet its terrible inhabitants. His "The Derelict" also touches on the theme. Both Fisher and Hodgeson wrote a lot of stories in which the sea is the setting. It is reasonable to assume that a fungus isle legend has long been a part of the sea-story repertoire. It could have originated from the exaggerated stories of the Sargasso region, another recurrent theme. However long this one has been about, Hodgeson wrote a great story and SUSPICION brought it to the television screen, and into your home, with a chilling reality. Watch for re-runs; it's worth an hour of your time.

18 —the flying dutchman



A STREET SCENE IN ANCIENT NHU-YOK

(The costumes and manner of riding are taken from metal plates now in the museum at Tehran)

THE LAST AMERICAN, A Fragment from the Journal of KHAN-LI, Prince of Dimph-Yoo-Chur and Admiral in the Persian Navy. Presented by J. A. MITCHELL. Edition De Luxe. Illustrated in Color by F. W. Read With Decorative Designs by Albert D. Blashfield and Illustrations by the Author. New York, Fredrick A. Stokes Company, 1902.

This quaint story, first published in 1889, was one my grandfather remembered with affection. It tells the story of a Persian archaeological expedition which explores the ruins of the ancient nation of "Mehrika" in the year 2951. They explore the ruins of Nuh-Yok to Wash-yn-tun, where they encounter three inhabitants, the last of the ancient race.

In wordage this book hardly makes a short story, but it is a beautiful job of book-making, with assorted color plates, full-page engravings, decorative chapter headings, and marginal designs and decorations on nearly every page. These help greatly to give a rather corny and unimaginative story great charm. This is a period piece, and naivete is perhaps its most endearing quality. The names are given with great insouciance: the ship is the Zlo-tuhb, The cook is Tik'l-palyt, the steersman Grip-til-lah, and the crewman Ad-el-pate, Jā-khāz, Iev-el-Hedyd, and Nofuhl. There are a few good gags, one delightful illustration (reproduced above) and many attractive ones, but the possibilities for humor are mostly missed. There is also an underlying strain of bitterness: the Massacre of the Protestants of 1928 was followed by the Hibernian dynasty of the Murfeyes until 1940. About 1990 the nation disappeared:

"Historians are astounded that a nation of an hundred million beings should vanish from the earth like a mist and leave so little behind. But to those familiar with their lives and character surprise is impossible. There was nothing to leave. The Mehrikans possessed neither literature, art, nor music of their own. Everything was borrowed...They were a sharp, restless, quick-witted, greedy race, given body and soul to the gathering of riches...."

(cont'd on p.21)



*P.R. for T.A.F.F. — Revisited*

.....eric bentcliffe

A comparison between TAFF and the recent TAWF is somewhat odious...TAFF is a year-in-year-out thing; TAWF, a once-only project. I think even a dyed in the wool agency man would admit that a different type of 'projection' is necessary. The thing is, and this has been discussed previously many times between TAFF administrators, you can carry hard-sell too far... I'm all for getting and giving TAFF maximum publicity, and even though it may not be immediately apparent, Don Ford (and now Ron Ellik) and myself will always strive for this end. However, whilst you can whip up enormous enthusiasm for a thing (as Larry & Noreen have done with TAWF - and I was pleased to see them do it) over a relatively short period of time, you must also consider how soon fans would get sick and tired of hearing about something which was plugged at them 'through all available channels' over a matter of years. Anyone ever tried to run a weekly auction/raffle over a period of time?

And then, to dispose first of the analogy between TAFF and TAWF. Let's bear in mind that AXE is not just a campaign sheet for TAWF; it did start off with this aim in view but has now become the top Stateside newszine. Presumably Larry & Noreen discovered that there just wasn't enough to say solely regarding the TAWF campaign to warrant its publication. This, of course, would be the trouble if a similar zine was started to plug TAFF. TAFF, by itself, could not provide sufficient copy for the frequency of publication necessary to achieve the desired result. And then again, another and perhaps more important factor...AXE was pro-something, it was (and is) for a particular person and with a definite aim. Any similar project to publicise TAFF would have to be neutral, strictly neutral. Think about that for a while, it not only states why issuing a regular and frequent newszine solely for TAFF would be difficult, it helps to explain one of the major problems that a TAFF Administrator faces over publicity. He has to sell an idea, and that, my friends, is a pretty hard thing to sell.

So far this letter seems to be almost negative; I'm explaining why certain things aren't done, but not mentioning other things that are and will be done to publicise TAFF. And this is a thing on which letters and suggestions are always batting back and forth between TAFF administrators. Ron Ellik and I are currently thrashing out the possibility of an official-organ for TAFF - we can't envisage very frequent publication for this for the reasons already stated, but it should certainly be possible to wind up each campaign with a publication giving all the results and details of the election, and sent to each voter and TAFF donator. One point we'd be glad to have thrashed out is whether fandom at large would be abashed if the cost of this was deducted from TAFF monies - as far as we are concerned it will not be, we'll pay the cost ourselves gladly, but it would obviously be unfair of us to commit future administrators when they may not be able to afford to do this. Mayhap Shaggy would like to take a poll on this; Ron and I would be pleased to have some guidance.

Now let me take up Ed on his inference that TAFF at the moment is a somewhat lackluster thing. To a certain extent I agree with him, it has had far less publicity of late but this is due not solely to the lack of a good PR man or a good publicity journal. I'd put down the main factor as being the apparent shortage of TAFF Candidates these past few campaigns. It used to be common to have four,

five or even six candidates in each campaign; currently we have two, in the last campaign we had two, in the one before three. Fewer candidates means fewer people in fandom have a real personal interest in seeing their candidate elected, it means far less plugging is done in the fanzines - other than a declaration for one or another candidate - it does, let's face it, mean less interest in TAFF. It also, witness the past two campaigns, means less mud-slinging and bad publicity for TAFF. The only way this can be got around is for more people to stand for TAFF, and that's a factor over which your TAFF administrators have no control.

More publicity for TAFF means more Candidates for TAFF, more Candidates for TAFF means more Publicity for TAFF. Get cracking and stand, people. How about setting a lead, Ed?

Arguing aside, and despite the 'apparent lack' of publicity for TAFF, let's not forget that at this time TAFF is in a pretty healthy state financially, and that it is getting fans across the Atlantic more frequently than ever before. These are facts, and they infer a pretty healthy interest in TAFF which, I can affirm - I'd like to see even more people voting and standing for TAFF and TAFF become a firmly annual event, and I'll continue to strive to those ends. And, both Ron and I will always be pleased to listen to constructive suggestions for TAFF....we may not always find them practicable, and we may not always be able to put them into operation but we'll always be pleased to have them.

Ed has done a fair job of comment on the current situation as he knows it, and I hope that these few paragraphs will help to balance the picture a little.

--- Eric Bentcliffe

o-o-o

THE LAST AMERICAN (cont'd from p. 19)

This is right in the mainstream of 19th century social criticism, and it is as social criticism, and not as prophecy that the novel must be considered. Indeed, as prophecy it is a singular failure: like most "prophetic" stories it falls far short of the actuality. The Persians are astounded at a nation which has by 1990 achieved a population of a hundred million and New York a size of four million. In all other respects the America of 1990 is identical with that of the author's 1870: the author has made the cardinal failure of nearly all humanist social critics: he has failed utterly to take into account the dynamic of technological change.

The moral degeneration of the United States in a world of rampant capitalism seems naive today, in the era of the Welfare Corporation and half a century after the Muckrakers and the Progressives legislated out of existence most of Mitchell's specific grievances (due in part to the criticism of Mitchell and those like him).

At the end perhaps the author recognizes the inadequacy of his picture; though his denouement must by the logic of the plot be tragic, nevertheless the Last American is an embodiment of the 19th century American Ideal, and he has all the better of the peovincial Persians.

Here I think the author has hit closest to the truth: when America dies it will not be by moral degeneration; the People have always risen to the crisis. Mitchell at the end is also caught by the American Dream, and the Last American goes down swinging.

The author misses too many possibilities for the story to be first rate, but it possesses earnesty, dignity, and charm. And the book is handsome.

---Al Lewis



# Picking a bone With Shaggy

conducted by Bob Lichtman

HARRY WARNER extemporizes:

Joe Gibson's article puzzled me for a while, because IPSO devoted a recent mailing to this very subject of lunatic fringes. Then I realized that Joe probably hadn't seen a copy, and he's using lunatic fringes in a different sense, anyway, to refer to deviants and individuals of questionable honesty rather than those who think that the world will end on a given date in the near future or have something underground about to hop out and gobble them up. I think that the most sensible approach to Joe's outlined problem is to recognize that there are some unsavory characters in fandom, mention them occasionally in fanzine articles, but lose no sleep over it, because it would be hard to think of any group containing several hundred persons that was completely free of criminals and queers. As all the older fans will probably tell you, Joe has his history mixed up here and there. Degler came and went long after IFFT was organized, for instance.

It's about time that someone wrote the article about TATF that Ed Cox has contributed. Maybe there's a reason-in-reverse for the failure of fandom to support TATF recently contained in this very issue of Shaggy. The article by Eric Bentcliffe is the only one I can recall offhand in a fanzine telling about his trip. By failing to tell his experiences in fanzines as most TATF delegates did, he prevented the trip from being repeatedly thrust onto fandom as a reminder of what TATF is doing and he may have caused some resentment for failure to perform this type of thank-you service to fandom. There are other probable factors: the failure of a convention fan to run in the past two elections, which has removed the incentive of convention fans to vote for their favorite type of fan, and the trend to support TATF through convention profits, auctions and similar promotions that remove much of the sense of urgency from vote-contributions. I'm afraid that pretty soon, nobody will donate much money to fund drives, TATF or otherwise, without getting something for his money like the chance to obtain some rare collectors' items.

Your own words on Rumorsville are entirely to my liking. From one source and another, I gather that you aren't the only person involved in whispering campaigns recently; apparently a number of quite prominent fans have decided to gang up unobtrusively on a certain fan on the grounds that he hasn't done anything yet but might someday do something to embarrass fandom. I hadn't heard the rumors about you, incidentally, and I keep wondering if there isn't much more of this than I realize, in an isolation that permits me to attend only one fan gathering and have a half-dozen or so fan visitors in the average year. Fans may be slans, but they are worse gossips than housewives at a backyard fence.

(#I agree with you that there hasn't been adequate dissemination of information about the TIEF trips themselves. There's been plenty of writing about voting in TIEF, of course! But even Ron Bennett's method, that of handing out bits & pieces of the whole to individual fanzeds who print it over a period of maybe a year (in the most incredible order), is better than the way it's been done lately. Speaking for myself, I stopped having much of an interest in TIEF reports when Colonial Excursion, EpiTIEF, and TIEF Baedeker appeared at the same time. That was too much money to toss out at once, so I figured t'hell with it all. I have bought The Goon Goes West (tho it's not been received. Huz?), though. My personal feelings on upcoming reports would be that Ella should run hers through the pages of Orion. And Ellik's? I think it should be serialized in Shaggy, where else!? ++ Rumors are Bad Things. You should hear some of the stories I have about my leaving home last July. I have, and I can hardly believe my ears!#)

PETE LANSFIELD airletters:

Apostolides' piece was delightful in parts, allowing for a great deal of contrast with the more sobering aspects of the tale -- very well written, and highly topical (much to my regret). Most people on this side of the Pond have read, seen or heard (depending on whether they can afford television sets, or radios, or even newspapers, come to that) about the U.S. preparations for a nuclear attack. We've all heard about personal and public H-bomb shelters, and early warning systems, and mock nuclear attack drill, and ghu knows what else until we're rather sick of the state of affairs in the world nowadays. I wonder where it'll all end; and Apostolides does, I'm afraid, reach a grimly logical conclusion. The Russian children are indoctrinated from an early age--we're all told--and this is a bad thing. It does seem though that the American children may well be taught 'preparedness' and 'survival' to such an extent that they have no time for anything else. In such a community a young 'dreamer' of Paul's ilk would be sadly out of place. Poor Paul highlights the true insanity of this nuclear madness--the effect that it has on youth. Many a friend of my acquaintance has developed the philosophy of 'what's the use of planning for the god-awful future--we haven't got any!' It makes people gain a false sense of values. I was born during the war years, but this had no effect on me because I was too young to understand what was going on anyway, and the war itself came as a shock to the uninformed masses. But this Cold War atmosphere...this damned silly hatred and tension that's building up day by day...it's the height of idiocy. But correcting the trouble--aye, there's the rub.

(#Fallout-shelter consciousness is reaching a high point in this country, Pete. The Sunday Los Angeles Times, one of the biggest papers in the USA, regularly carries at least half a dozen adverts from firms dealing in fallout shelters (they also, usually, deal, or did at one time, in swimming pools!). One of these is amusing; it says that the firm guarantees that they will limit their profit, "for patriotic reasons," to no more than \$150 per shelter. They even urge other bombshelter builders to do the same. But in tiny print at the foot of the advert, it says, "This offer may be withdrawn at any time." Teesss!#)



LEN HOFFATT is longwinded:

The term "Lunatic Fringe" is indeed misused (or, a misnomer) when applied to Fandom's share of cheats, frauds, thieves, whores and moochers--in most instances, that is. There have been a couple of frauds and thieves who could also be classified as "lunatics" but it seems to me that most fans--when referring to the Lunatic Fringe--mean the devout flying saucer religionists, and the like. These "nuts" seem to be quite sincere in their beliefs and--save, perhaps, for some of their leaders--are not out to cheat, mooch, steal, deceive or sell sex. Labeling them as a "lunatic fringe" is Fandom's protective device, for all too often we good ole true-blue science fictionists are painted with the same brush used to smear the flying saucerists, cultists, etc.

But the cheats, frauds, thieves, whores and moochers, of whom Brother Joe speaketh, are not necessarily "nuts", or "looneys"--in fact, I suspect some, if not most, of them are really quite mentally competent, save for the fact that they are too lazy to work, or emotionally unstable in just one area. Undoubtedly some of them must be rather clever persons or they wouldn't be able to con intelligent fans into bedding and boarding them.

Now, apparently, Fandom as a group, and good fans as individuals, know how to handle the Lunatic Fringe (as interpreted by yrs truly, above). We don't take them seriously, or we just ignore them (and speak of them only when some nonfan makes the mistake of equating them with us), and we are generally careful (without taking any special pains, or making any great effort) to keep them from getting control of our clubs, or conventions, or publications. There they are, like the poor, "always with us," almost a necessary evil. Science fiction and Fandom is bound to attract them, but as long as they don't get too "pushy", don't involve us in a mess of trouble, we tolerate them. We may pan them, poke fun at them, or shake our heads sadly at them, but we tolerate them. :

According to Joe, we also tolerate--nay, are TOO tolerant of--the cheats, frauds, thieves, whores, and moochers. We let them walk all over us, and it's getting so bad that we must do something about it...A Crusade to Clean Up Fandom? The last time such a crusade was attempted--a number of years ago; not the Laney fiasco, but sometime thereafter (he means the Watkins COF scene, back in '51)--most fans objected, raised a howl of protest. The primary purpose of that crusade was censorship, as I recall, but it seems that fans aren't all that keen on banding together to "clean things up." A few are, of course, but hardly all of us. There was a time in my younger days when I would have happily leaped onto the crusading bandwagon, preaching against the evils of cheating, frauding (frauding??? okay...deceiving), stealing, whoring and mooching, as well as against sundry other "evils," such as atheism, nudes in fanzines, four letter words in fanzines, etc., etc.

But maybe Brother Joe doesn't have a big Crusade in mind. He makes two major points (1. Most fans are too soft, too tolerant of the baddies, and 2. Fandom is getting too many baddies, and we gotta get rid of 'em), and asks for suggestions. Considering that other good fans (such as Gus and Larry Shaw) have recently complained about frauds, moochers, and the like it would seem that Joe's points are not without foundation, and are to be taken quite seriously. (Of course, ole Joe could be pulling our legs, but I doubt it, so I'm taking it seriously.)

My first question is, How Much Is Too Many? Too many of the Feelfly Five, that is.

Are we, the softhearted, softheaded(?) fans, being crowded out by the cheats, etc.? If so, they aren't being very smart; parasites need hosts in order to survive. And do these things run in cycles? Are there more baddies around now than there were a number of years ago, and at that past time were they obviously prevalent then? Perhaps the one thing that the Lunatic Fringe and the C/F/T/W/I have in common is that they are always with us, sometimes moreso than other times, but always there to be guarded against. But to really know if the current situation is as bad as Joe thinks it is, we'd have to take some kind of a nose-count. OK, so just a few, just 3 or 4, are Too Many. For fandom to be Perfect we should have no baddies in it at all, no lunatic fringe creeping around on the outskirts, ducking in and out of fanac, as it were. Well, sir, no hobby that involves people, many people, is going to be perfect. Every group has its undesirables, oddballs, or whatever.

So, I must assume that Joe thinks the baddie count is much higher than just the "usual" handful. If so, I'd like a good guesstimate of just how many of 'em there be, where they are, where they are likely to pop up next. The bulk of my contact with fandom at large is thru letter and fanzine communication. I don't get to LAFS as regularly as I used to, and even so, the club is only a small section of fandom. The baddies are mentioned in the fanzines I read, but not often enough to give me the idea that they are really increasing in numbers. If Joe, and others who presumably get around more than I do, has/have more information on the subject, than I'm getting in fanzines and letters, I'd certainly like to see it. Naming names isn't necessary (at this point). First I'd like to compare the quantity of baddies in fandom with the quantity of good fans. Then I'd like to compare that ratio with the ratio of baddies-to-goodies in other groups, and in the world in general. Sight unseen (ie, before said info is provided) I'm willing to stick out my neck and say that, "sure, we got baddies amongst us, but not enough to start an all out crusade against."

Next question: Are fans really all that tolerant of the baddies? I would say, speak for yourself, Joe, but he makes it quite clear that tho he claims not to be a tough guy, he is, at least, not as soft as other fans. That sort of points the finger at each of us, as individual fans. Are you or are you not a softie? Am I or am I not a softie? All of which leads into the request for suggestions. Barring an allout crusade, what can each of us, as individuals, do to weed out the baddies, protect ourselves and our fellow fans from their nasty old ways. Joe suggests that we toughenup. When we discover a baddie, by observation--or by actually being taken by him or her--we should let fandom know about it. Of course this is being done, to an extent--as it always has been. Sometimes thru letters under a DNIQ, sometimes openly in fanzines, and sometimes by gossip. The latter method isn't the best way, to be sure, for the picture can get distorted and all too often some good fan gets smeared for standing too close to the baddie whose habits inspired the gossip. Reporting baddie-cases in fanzines can be dangerous, of course. The baddies know the libel laws too, and sometimes it is hard to really prove that a baddie is a baddie, even though the fact seems quite obvious to all and sundry. That leaves us with the private letter of



warning. And, even there, the DNO seem necessary because as far as the law is concerned, libel is libel is libel is libel...be it printed matter, typed, handwrittn, or via word-of-mouth.

So that sort of leaves us where we started. When we do learn of a baddie we usually pass the word along to our friends. I say "usually" because there may be some who don't for fear of the libel laws, or simply because they had been "took good" and didn't want to admit it.

However, this doesn't mean that Joe's article was to no avail. It should serve the purpose of getting each of us to be a bit more wary, to take more care in looking out for ourselves and for our fellow fans. One can be "tough" without being nasty/mean about it. Yeah, I know, Joe's saying you HAVE to be nasty/mean with some jokers; they don't understand anything else. Maybe so, but the cheats, moochers, etc. that I've known could understand firm but gentle rebuffs. They might pretend not to understand--but they didn't persist. (As Joe points out, many of these sad people aren't so tough either. If they were, they wouldn't have to resort to sneaky or "moochy" methods.)

So, once you've recognized them, or have been forwarned about them, don't deal with the cheats. Defy the frauds, arrest the thieves, and deny the moochers

...and let others know of their existence.

As for the whores, that's for every man to decide for himself. But if you use them, pay them. If they don't interest you, ignore them. If they persist in bothering you, or in bothering unexperienced youngsters in whom you may have taken a fatherly interest (~~DIS-~~claimer!), be firm, firm, firm. (Unless you are of the opinion that the whore in question would be a good experience for the youngster in question, but beware of trying to teach that which can only be learned --and beware of irate parents, the vice patrol, and VD.) If the whores you're talking about are not tru-whores but gals (or boys) who are unwell to the degree of just having to show off their "immorality", again, be firm. Heaving them out isn't going to help them, and consequently their antagonisms coupled with self-pity (a most frustrating copulation, indeed) will only make them greater menaces to others. Show them the door, yes; tell them to go, guide them firmly, if need be, and tell them why. This won't be any less painful than getting heaved-out-the-door, but it might, just might, make them think a bit about what they are doing with their lives, instead of merely reacting to a bum's rush.

End of suggestions, or maybe I should say, end of sermon...

Brother EdCo has a Good Suggestion there re TAFF. But, as he indicates, the only way it will work is for some willing volunteer (or volunteers) to take on the task of PR for TAFF. Each winner as he or she (ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF) takes over the administration of the Fund could work at it in this light, but only if they had the time. Money would be needed, too, if, say, a regular TAFF publication is to be produced. If the Fund was in a healthy enough state (by increasing the minimum donation to a buck, for instance) there just might be enough "extra" money each time to produce a monthly (at least) three or four pager. It would contain TAFF news (atch), and fan news in general, or better yet (as we have a couple, three fan news pubs already) short articles by each of the TAFF candidates. Something like that. But the main problem is finding someone willing and able to publish the zine, be it the TAFF administration or a willing volunteer.

Boy, I'm glad I'm not lettercol editor anymore! But I did say I would write a letter, didn't I?

(Hoog, when you were lettercol editor you didn't have to stencil your own letters. Howcome you write four-page letters to Shaggy? Howcome, mainly, you write good four-page letters that I can't cut?! Frustrating, it is what it is for a neo in this art of doing lettercols for S-L'A. ## You find agreement with me in your proposal to raise stateside TAFF donations to a buck, minimum, though I hasten to point out that the British donation should only be raised to 5/-. I had a discussion on buying power with some British fans recently; 5/- there is about like a buck here. I'm not sure a TAFF-subsidized fanzine is necessary. Seems like additional work not really productive of much, if we can get genzine editors to feature more on TAFF (a semi-difficult thing, considering that Fanzeds have Final Say over what does or does not get printed in their own zines). Anyone got any further ideas on this?#)

We also heard from Gregg Calkins and Phil Marrell this time. And there was this letter from Dick Schultz that might have been printed in part but the general consensus of your lettercol editor's eyes' opinion was that we didn't want to bother stencilling a letter that was written on a typer with its ribbon adjustment in middle position, so that the letters were half red and half black. We might also point out that letters in ribbons that are too faint ill also be consigned to Outer Darkness. Typer ribbons aren't that expensive, people! There would probably be more letters, but S-L'A was mailed out so late that it probably hasn't even reached everyone by the time this issue is being prepared.

...Bob Lichtman

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FOR SALE, CHEAP! One somewhat used "Dick Eney For TAFF" rubber stamp.  
Apply to the lettercol editor if you want it.  
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#### A NOTICE OF SOME IMPORTANCE TO SERIOUS SCIENCE FICTION FANS:

I was talking to John Trimble while he was running off this fanzine a minute ago and out in the kitchen a number of Serious and Constructive Science Fiction Fans were talking about The Latest Problems in Coventry. I listened for a minute because I have a Cosmic Mind and Broad Mental Horizons, and besides I'm nosy.

It seems that these Coventry people are running into a problem. They're expanding like unto rabbits these days and the problem is that they're cooped up on this one large spaceship careening through Outer Space. And this spaceship is too small now.

So, in the public interests, and since fan funds are big things these days, we're urging everyone to help these Science-Fiction Fans out of their quandary. You can help by sending just about anything to Bruce Pelz. Send bricks, old beer cans and bottles, money, rubber checks, and crudsheets to Bruce; he'll find some way to convert them into usable space-ship-building money. Well, send a nose-cone or a tailfin if you want. To: Bruce Pelz, #107, 732 S Mariposa, LA 5.

Do it now. Act without thinking. It certainly would be a wonderful thing.

...bl...



P.O. BOX 54207  
TERMINAL ANNEX  
LOS ANGELES 54, CALIF.

# WESTERCON XV

1962: JUNE 30 & JULY 1

JACK VANCE will be Guest of Honor at the 15th Annual Science Fantasy Conference to be held at the Alexandria Hotel. Alva Rogers will be Fan Guest of Honor, and Anthony Boucher will act as Toastmaster at the Banquet. Westercon membership is \$1.00 payable to Bill Ellern, Treasurer, Westercon XV, at the above address. Join now--the second progress report is due out in about a week.

THE WESTERCON will also inaugurate a "first"--the first West Coast Fantasy Art Exhibition. Any artist who lives west of the Rockies is eligible to battle it out with Garcone for the First Place show ribbons. Details about the West Coast Art Show and the Third Fantasy Art Exhibition to be held in conjunction with the Chicon over Labor Day weekend may be found in

the Fantasy Art Magazine, available for \$1.50 per year from Bjo Trimble, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California.

and speaking of the CHICON III, the 20th Anniversary World Science Fiction Convention is being held in Chicago at the Pick-Congress hotel. Memberships are \$2.00 each plus another \$1.00 for attendees. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer, George Price, PO Box 4864, Chicago 80, Illinois.

WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM, 1961, is probably the single most useful fan publication to be published during the past year. Copies are available at 50¢ each from Lloyd Douglas Broyles, Route 6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas. 40 half-size pages, multilithed, full of useful information about old fan and neo fan that you can obtain nowhere else.

The April, 1962 issue of SHAGGY will be devoted to the works of Doc Smith. It will feature a Concordance to the Lensmen Series, an index of all the proper names in the seven volumes laid against the background of the Arisian-Eddorian conflict, compiled by Ron Ellik and Al Lewis, with illustrations from entries submitted in the first PAS-tell art contest (details in SILME #1, from Bjo as above), and articles dealing with various aspects of Doc's work over the years. This promises to be an outstanding issue, and contributions are always wanted. Then in June we start the first installment of Ron Ellik's TAFF report: "The Squirrel Uncaged." While we're at it, let's not forget MENACE OF THE LASFS, the record of the minutes, available from Bruce Pelz, c/o the LASFS address. 6/50¢