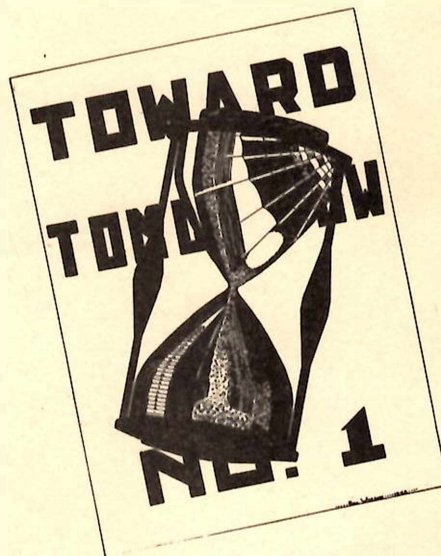
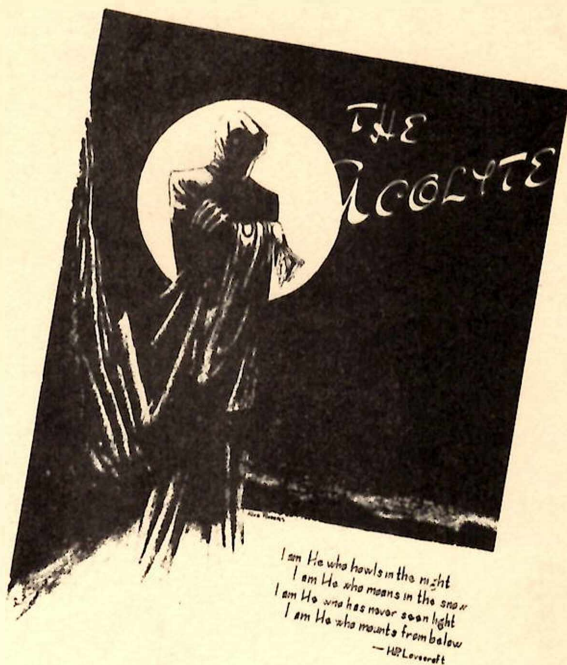


SHANGRI LA

COMMEMORATIVE REPRINT ISSUE



EDITORIAL COMMENT

The high mortality rate among recent editors of Shangri LA should have warned me, but when someone suggested that only an idiot would undertake the job of putting out the next issue of the magazine, and leered inferentially in my direction, I succumbed to the lure of possible fame.

Being a slothful creature, I proposed that, inasmuch as 1950 commemorated the thirteenth year of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society's existence, we should have an issue of the club magazine devoted to the literary, critical, and philosophic outpourings of the past. My heart sang joyously. ("No authors to persuade. No feuds to run into. No injured feelings about left-out material. All I have to do is read a couple of old fan mags, take some good articles, and voilà! she is done.")

Omigawd!

The first session was in Forrest J Ackerman's garage. Out of incredible piles of amateur publications Forrest dredged out some eighty different fan-mags that had appeared more or less under the LASFS aegis. As I staggered up Forry's back stairs this Croesus of pulp informed me that he would give me some of the better fan mags later to complete my selection!

Of the first eighty magazines I surveyed, thirty-eight contained something of value and the remaining forty-two were consigned back to musty vaults from which they came, mostly because they were dated and thus of no general interest today.

I began to get advice. Mostly it consisted of short pep talks telling me to get a move on and do some work. Others suggested what I should and should not do. But...

The original project was, alas, to print the entertaining, informative, and thoughtful articles of the past, and thus demonstrate how much of value had been put out by the LASFS and its members.

Unfortunately, this objective was not attained. Indeed, a perusal of LA fanmags indicated this was impractical. Why?

For one thing, dated material abounded. Many truly thoughtful and analytic book reviews would not interest the reader today. Their dubious reprint value would take space, cost money. Several articles thoughtfully analyzing the trend of fandom, what fans could and should do, etc., were fine in their day. However fandom seems to have evolved into something different from what it was a few short years ago; greatly changed in comparison with pre-war fan activity, although I would hesitate to analyze its present characteristics and significance.

Other articles which would be excellent reading today were much too long to be reprinted. If they were, other articles would be left out, or, this magazine would become an omnibus volume. Obviously, therefore, this magazine does not pretend to be truly representative of the past efforts of the club and individual club members. Here is a golden opportunity for the aspiring anthologist to enter his name among the glorious ones of Derleth, Conklin, Wellheim, Healy and McComas et al. Include me out!

Fan fiction was generally left out. Most of the stories were incredibly amateurish, too long, or both. The table of contents will show how little of it was reprinted. Things have changed for the better recently. Four of the LASFS members included in Shangri LA's all fiction issue received word of fiction sales during the past week.

If there's any slant to this issue, it is towards entertainment. A funny article, short enough to be used, or capable of being cut down to appropriate size, was predestined for inclusion in this issue. If this issue seems overloaded with humor, mark it down to editorial idiosyncrasy.

Now a few apologies. First, I haven't had either the time or the addresses and phone numbers to get permission for all the reprints. We'll give full credit to the authors, illustrators (or should we call them artists?), Publishers, complete down to the Volume numbers, issues, dates, etc. of the magazines from which this deathless prose and art was pirated. We're sure most fans won't mind this er----- sloppy approach to reprint problems.

Second, some articles have been cut. Aside from the pressing problem of space limitations, there was need for excision of dated or irrelevant material. Because of the possibility that some authors or publishers might feel that misrepresentation of the original thoughts occurred, all articles or stories that have been cut are identified by an asterisk (*) appearing after their listing in the table of contents.

Third, reprinted material included stories not written by LASFS members. I've justified this in my own mind thusly: the magazines they appeared in were published by club members. Considering the wealth of material contributed by the furriners we ought to give them a bow, and, incidentally, a hearty vote of thanks. O K?

Lastly, a word to those who feel that some precious gem was left out. It is, of course, conceivable that Ackerman's garage does not contain every coruscating word published in LA. This, I doubt. My selection may have been faulty, of course. But this issue was publicised in advance, and a request for suggestions was made. No suggestions came in that were not followed. Similarly, some may believe that some contributors and magazines were favored. Answer: Some contributors and magazines offered more acceptable material than others.

Some portions of the magazine are magnificent in their pristine beauty. Other portions look as if they lay around on the clubroom floor while the members walked over them. I typed and mimed the latter. Wanna make sumpn of it?

This magazine is coming up slightly behind schedule. My definition of slightly. I don't think I'll ever edit Shaggy again. Not if either the club or yours truly is in its right mind.

Eph Königsberg

P.S. We couldn't reprint anything from it because, well, they're mostly ads, but we extend a low bow to Gus Willmorth, former LASFS director, and his famous Fantasy Advertisers. One of the finest fan-mags in the nation, certainly an all-time great in Los Angeles.....
....and useful, too.

Table of Contents

<u>Title</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Pirated from:</u>	<u>Page</u>
Editorial Comment	---	---	3
Undiscovered Planets: Thor*	Oxnard Hemmel CK FD (Charles Burbee)	Shangri L'Affaires # 29, April, '46	7
The Cost of Science-Fiction*	pub. by: Arthur Joquel II	Sun Trails Vol. I, # 1	8
Chain Letter	Laney-Burbee-Tucker	Glom # 10, Feb., '48	8
The Hat (a story)	Donald Wollheim	Polaris Vol. II, #2, Jun. '41	9
World of Null V	P. H. van Spencer	Shangri L'Affaires # 31, July, '46	10
An Introduction to Shangri L'Affaires*	Charles Burbee	Shangri L'Affaires # 29, April, '46	14
A Shangri L'Affaires Poll*	---	Shangri L'Affaires #31, July, '46	14
Formula for a Science- Fiction Story*	Ray Bradbury	Imagination #7, April, '38	15
Mathematica Menace*	Ray Bradbury	Imagination #12, Sept. '38	15
Reflections on Falling Back in a Swivel Chair*	Fassbinder (T. Bruce Yerke)	Fan Slants Vol. I, #2, Feb. '44	16
A Fan Letter	Forrest J Ackerman	Glom #9, Oct., '47	18
Artistry of the One-Shot Fanzine*	Francis T. Laney	Shangri L'Affaires #28, April, '46	19
A Letter to the Editor of <u>Venus</u>	Charles Burbee	Venus Vol. I, #2, Sept. '44	20
Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan*	T. Bruce Yerke	published separately	23
Los Angeles Fanzines	Weaver Wright	---	28
Minutes of the LASFS	Arthur Jean Cox	---	30
The Gourmet (a story)	Robert Lowndes	Polaris Vol. I, #1	32
About the Next Issue	Forrest J Ackerman	---	33
Cartoons and Text	published by Russ Hodgkins	Sweetness and Light	34
Letters to the Editor	---	---	35

ON THE COVER

TOP LEFT by Ray Bradbury cover of Imagination Vol. I #6
TOP RIGHT by Alva Rogers cover of Acolyte Vol. II #4
MIDDLE LEFT by Lora Crozetti cover of Venus Vol. I #1
MIDDLE RIGHT by Bill Watson ~~cover~~ of Toward Tomorrow #1
BOTTOM CENTER by Lou Goldstone cover of Pacificon Booklet

ON THE INSIDE

TOP LEFT by Ray Harryhausen in Vom #25
TOP CENTER by James Kepner in Toward Tomorrow #1
TOP RIGHT by William Rotzler in Acolyte Vol. IV #2
MIDDLE LEFT by Ronald Clyne in Toward Tomorrow #1
MIDDLE RIGHT by E. J. Beaumont in Fan #3
MIDDLE CENTER by "Maliano" in Acolyte Vol. II #3
BOTTOM LEFT by Alva Rogers in Fan #3
BOTTOM RIGHT by Jack Wiedenbeck in Timebinder --misc. issues.

It is difficult to indicate the versatility and imagery of the artists whose works have been featured in Los Angeles fan magazines. Perhaps this random sampling will indicate their merit, and spur the reader to look up some of the originals. If the reader can, the effort is worth it.

This is issue NUMBER 12 of SHANGRI-LA, the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. All correspondence to the editor regarding this issue, and all subscriptions should be sent to Forrest J Ackerman at 236 $\frac{1}{2}$ North New Hampshire, Hollywood, California. The price of the magazine is 15 cents per issue. The magazine appears every six weeks.

SUPPORT THE CONVENTION. FOR \$1.00 YOU CAN BE A MEMBER OF THE CONVENTION COMMITTEE. JOIN NOW. SEND YOUR BUCK TO DON FORD P.O. BOX 116, SHARONVILLE, OHIO.

UNDISCOVERED PLANETS: THOR BY OXNARD Q. HEMMEL F.K. H.D.

Now that the war is over, we can once again go in for planetary investigation. We can stare not only at the known planets but also search industriously for the planets we think are there or which ought to be there for one reason and another.

Since the 1600's, when Raspighi saw "great balls of fire" to the recent report of Senor Caparucita Roja, who in 1939 saw a black spot rapidly transiting Vulcan, there have been four reports of observations, at least two of which were made by men of unimpeachable integrity and reasonable veracity, but perhaps faulty judgment.

I In the early days, of course, there were any number of theories to account for the perturbations noted, such as Venus reaching herosynodic period 14.04 days late. Then, in 1901, Bordiago said that he saw a body of planetary dimension occulting Vulcan. Of course, M. Duroger looked into it for the Academy, and Fotheringay for the Old School, and, over a glass of ale at the Fowl and Chavender, they unanimously agreed that it would again transit Vulcan sometime in November at 12:03 AM, but though they were there, the planet was not.

Brochure, in his pamphlet "Thor the Planet" has gone to the trouble of collating a number of theories, hearsay remarks, random accounts and some genuine researches, and he proves to his own satisfaction, in not mine, that the ancients knew all about Thor. We are, of course, aware of the character of the man Brochure. He probably wrote the pamphlet more for money than to add to the world's storehouse of knowledge. So let us not pay too much attention to the remarks of B.S. Brochure.

He did remark on the physical aspects of the planet, incorrectly, stating it was shaped like a wafer and could be likened to a celestial coin flipped by playful gods, for he felt it traversed its orbit in a whirling manner and therefore has not been noticed much because often it presents its thin side toward us, and is therefore difficult to perceive. I admire his imagery but not his credulity.

Brochure goes on to complete the pamphlet with a lot of figures he got somewhere and which I find difficult to reconcile with what I know about Thor. In some places his figures are hypothetical and at variance with known facts. Known to me, at any rate.

For the edification of Brochure and others of his ilk, I append a few figures which should serve as a starting point for future circumlocutions on the subject. My figures: Latitudinal peregrination--18.7lm; distance at aphelion--32m (165.004st); lobar flatulence--1600v(3.14pi); vestigial aberration (prismatic)--102.001sh (637 $\frac{1}{2}$ Bix); etc. But let us put it in layman's language.

Thor is 27 million miles from the sun, is 6,000 miles in diameter, has a 247 day year with a leap year every decade and operates on the 17 hour day, rotating on an axis 67 degrees out of plumb, as it were. The temperature during the day seldom exceeds 87 degrees F., and the nights are never below 65 except at the south pole, where it is pretty damn cold.

The principle race on Thor is a brown-skinned people of medium height with a cranial capacity of 1500 cc, and a civilization that ranks with that of Crane City, Utah. The consonants l, v, and d are entirely unknown in their spoken language, and the terminal sibilants are rapidly being lost through a tendency to slur.

The women are rather pretty, even by Hollywood standards, and, as elsewhere, have little trouble outwitting the men.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Thor the Planet, by B.S. Brochure; Objective Subjects, by Ben Okular; Sorties into the Known and Suspected, by Oxnard Hemmel; Clavierbung und Todesbunden, by Ludvig von Prinn.

The Cost of Science Fiction: An Analysis

Did you ever wonder just how much it costs to be a science-fiction fan? It's hard to tell exactly about the professional mags, because of the rapid fluctuation in the field. New mags appear, old ones fold up.

So, it was decided to take all the pro mags that were on the news-stands on February 1, 1941. A careful check reveals that on that fateful day, twenty-two stf, weird or fantasy magazines were in circulation. They cost exactly \$24.60 a year, or an average of \$2.05 a month.

There are four monthly mags, fifteen bi-monthlys, and three quarterlies. Fourteen are strictly or largely science-fiction; three are devoted to weird; and five can truly be called fantasy.

The average price of stf mags figures out to 16.132%. Four sell for 10¢, 10 for 15¢, 7 for 20¢, and only one for twenty-five cents.

The twenty two magazines referred to are the following: Astounding, Unknown, Astonishing, Startling, Comet, Marvel, Strange, Science Fiction Quarterly, Super Science Novels, Fantastic Adventures, Stirring Science, Famous Fantastic Novels, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Planet, Amazing Stories, Weird Tales, Captain Future, Thrilling Wonder, Science Fiction and Cosmic Stories.

To Whom it May Concern:

This chain letter was started in Las Vegas in the hope of bringing relief and happiness to fan-ennervated by crifanac.

Unlike most chain letters, this one does not cost you money.

Simply send a copy of this letter to five equally tired male fan friends. Then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow at the top of the list. When your name comes to the top of the list you will no longer be listless, for you will receive 17,178 women.

If you haven't got a wife, don't let this hamper you; send a spare sister. This way you are bound to get some spanking new women, and everybody knows there is nothing like spanking new women.

Be the first in your neighborhood to lay a basis of a harem.

If not completely satisfied, your honey will be cheerfully refunded.

(signed)

Fran Laney
Chas Burbee
Bob Tucker

SPONSORED BY THE "PUT-YOUR-WIFE-ON-A CHAIN" SOCIETY

I have checked this matter pretty thoroughly, even to having microscopic examinations made, and I tell you that I could not be mistaken. But it does not help to think too much about it. It is all very old.

These refugees, you know. These days all sorts of people are being routed out of Europe. British children and German Jews are really only a small part of it. You've no idea, really, unless you are a New Yorker with your eyes wide open, how many types of people are coming over here these days. Poles, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Danes, Roumanians, Hungarians, oh, all sorts of people. But to get back to my subject.

I was sitting in a cafeteria in lower Manhattan very late one night. It was a smallish cafeteria, not too clean, not too dirty, and not too crowded. In fact there weren't more than three or four people there, mostly having coffee and doughnuts. The time was very late, or very early depending on whether you were just getting up or just going to bed. About two or three in the morning. I had just come from a friend's house who lives down in that crowded section and had dropped in for a bite before going home.

Anyhow, as I was saying, there were only a few people there: two chaps who looked like Italian workmen, who, I judged, were probably on their way to the docks, a chap who was probably a truck driver, and him. He was a nondescript sort of chap sitting over in one corner hunched over a paper. I never got a clear look at his face; after all, who was he to me? I only remember what he looks like by afterthought.

I seem to think he had rather poor clothes on, shabby, and all that. And I have an impression he was unshaven and his hair scraggly. Anyway he was sitting there reading a paper in some Slavic language or maybe it was Hungarian or Greek. I wouldn't know.

Now, nothing really happened, you understand. I hope you haven't been expecting anything from this yarn. Because all that did happen was that this guy suddenly put down his paper, looked up at the clock muttered something under his breath and got up. He walked hastily to the cashier, plunked down a nickel and rushed out.

So what's that to me, you wonder. Nothing except he forgot his hat, a black, rather battered, fuzzy brimmed fedora. I, like the dope that I am, went over, picked it off the rack and went after him, but I couldn't find him. So I came back. The greasy waiter, who was both counterman and cashier, shrugged his shoulders and indicated I should leave the hat back on the rack or do what I pleased with it. I was going to stick it back on the rack when I noticed a number of loose hairs sticking around the fuzzy inner rim of the hat. That's nothing, too, a lot of hats would show loose hairs. Only not like these.

I know hairs. And these hairs were coarse, grey-tapering-into-brown. They weren't like any human hairs. They struck me as odd then and they do now.

But I said there are all sorts of refugees flooding the country these days. What with the war in Greece and in the wild country in Albania. And with trouble in the Carpathians, in Slovakia, in Roumania, in Bulgaria, I imagine just about everybody gets stirred up including a lot of people that the rest of the world just forgot or tried to forget.

Anyway, tests and everything confirm my first opinion. The inside of that hat was full of wolf hairs, wild European wolf hairs, and no human ones there at all.

(The End)

pp. 2

WORLD OF V

by P H van Spenver

"The Ultimate ends of science are, in the last analysis, incompatible with any and all attempts to pierce beyond the strict barriers of the being/non-being equation in its secondary formulation."

---Duke of Milan, 1606

Adelbert Gossheyk was totally unprepared for the verdict of the lie-detector. In fact, he was startled by the introduction of a lie-detector into the matter; as far as he could see, it was irrelevant. There must be a purpose, else those in authority would never have questioned his presence. Regarding the situation from the Null-V viewpoint, Gossheyk decided that since the lie-detector detected only lies, he had nothing to fear from it. Gossheyk was careful never to lie, particularly when anyone asked him the questions which the guard (obviously suffering from dementia praecox, Gossheyk thought, noting the way the man's left eyelid fluttered) put to him: "Who are you? Where are you from? What is your purpose here?"

Gossheyk replied objectively and accurately: "Adelbert Gossheyk; Blowsy City; to play the races."

And the lie-detector exploded.

Gossheyk and the guard both stared at the smoldering remains of the lie-detector. Gossheyk's cortex integrated itself rapidly, in accordance with his null-V training. He had told the truth, as he saw it; the lie-detector, which was infallible, had exploded instead of labelling the statements true or denying them as false. Therefore...?

Only one solution was offered by the facts: Gossheyk had thought in all honesty that he was telling the truth -- therefore he had not actually lied; yet he had made false statements; therefore the lie-detector, unable to answer correctly either way had put an end to its own functioning. And that meant ---

He was not Gossheyk. He was not from Blowsy City. His purpose was not to play the races.

II

"The difference between man and man is no greater than the difference between any one man and any other man."

---J. B. L.

Ejected summarily from the race-track, Gossheyk -- as, for purposes of convenience, he continued to think of himself -- wandered the city's streets in a daze which was less confusion than profound null-V cogitation. The lie-detector was infallible; his own reasoning was flawless. Therefore, in spite of his own convictions, he was not Gossheyk, had none of Gossheyk's background or purposes. His mind, somehow, was not his own. Was it someone else's, or a completely synthetic one? Gossheyk decided it probably was, but filed the problem for future reference. Meanwhile, what could he do?

This question, at least, was abruptly answered. A force-ray swooped from a low-hanging aircraft and shot him breathless into the air, from which vantage-point a sky-hook grasped him and pulled him

within the ship. Gossheyk found himself surrounded by grim looking men -- weaponless, but an instant of null-V orientation showed him that this did not necessarily indicate peaceful intentions. One of the men, who had no arms or legs and was mounted on a kind of dolly, peered intently at him and remarked with satisfaction, "That's he." The others rubbed their hands in unpleasant glee -- a gesture, Gossheyk noted with awe, entirely contrary to the teachings of V.

The man on the dolly laughed in Gossheyk's face. "Now, it seems, you are no longer a threat to us! For one of your capabilities, you have handled yourself very poorly!"

Gossheyk considered that with sharp curiosity. No longer a threat to them -- who were they, and how was he (whoever he was) a threat to them? And what were his "capabilities"? Even V supplied no answers. Suddenly the ship reeled; the men clutched frantically for support. Gossheyk, propped on his elbows on the floor, slid suddenly and thudded against one wall. There was a sickening sensation of swift descent, of turning over and over, and an annihilating crash.

III

"The search after truth starts from untruth." -- Cleopatra

From complete blackness, Gossheyk's mind swam gradually and painfully into the light of being. He took the null-V pause before opening his eyes. His body felt normal, unhurt. He rested on a bare, rather cold surface. Some sort of light, smooth material was over him. There was no sound, but a faint, sickish odor. He groped for memory. The lie-detector -- the strange aircraft, the man on the dolly -- the crash. He must be -- he opened his eyes.

Gossheyk lay on a thick slab of marble, and under the soft light of tube-lamps he saw that his body was covered by a sheet. Around him were other slabs, bearing other bodies. These, he noted, did not breathe. Gossheyk did breathe; and he sat up and slid from the slab, flinging the sheet around him toga-wise. As his bare feet felt the cool floor, he saw coming toward him from the far end of the immense room two persons. Neither was familiar to him; both wore expressions of great astonishment, touched with fear.

One drew a blaster and aimed it. Gossheyk ducked, whirled, and dashed out the nearest door. The bolt from the blaster sizzled the air by his right ear. Barefooted, Gossheyk ran down the long corridor out the double doors at the end, and out into the fresh air.

Near him was a forest; he headed into it, ran with many turns and twists deep into the forest's heart. When he was satisfied that he had eluded any pursuit, he paused for breath and took stock of his situation. His ponderings revealed nothing constructive, but eliminated a great deal. His body was absolutely unhurt, therefore had obviously not suffered the crash he remembered. The sky above him was brilliant yellow, therefore he was not on Earth. One of the strange men had fired a blaster at him, therefore he was not among friends, or even neutral people. Were these people associated with the dolly-man? There was no indication. Yet someone had shot down that aircraft. Gossheyk decided he needed some sleep, and curled up in a tree.

IV

"A loss reflects more of a logically constructive nature than does a gain. However, the common disregard of this introduces a variable factor."
--- G. W.

Gossheyk was awakened by a stone which struck the tree-trunk by his ear. Gazing down, blinking the sleep from his eyes, he saw below the man who had shot at him in the hall of the lifeless bodies.

"Gossheyk!" the man cried, urgency in his tone. "Come on down! We have little time!"

Gossheyk considered, noted the blaster in the man's hand, and slid down. The stranger sheathed his blaster and held out his hand. "I'm sorry I had to shoot at you; I could have hit you, you know, but I purposely aimed to the right. You see, the one with me is--one of them."

Gossheyk took the null-V pause. This man a friend? He seemed to assume that Gossheyk understood the whole situation. Did he mistake him for the real Gossheyk, if such there was? And -- was he, "Gossheyk", perhaps now the real Gossheyk, since clearly he could not be the man who had been in the crash? Thoughtfully, he took the stranger's hand. As he did so, the second of the pair stopped from behind a tree, blaster raised. Gossheyk turned and ran. He heard the man whose hand he had shaken cry, "Don't let him get away!" Then the ground opened beneath his feet and he was falling -- falling ---

V

"Where is there accuracy in its truest sense save in the workings of machines?"
---Scheidhoven

He landed with surprising lightness, on a mattress-like object. He was in total darkness. His skin felt, obscurely, a vastness around him, and great beings coming and going. A metallic voice boomed from somewhere behind him:

"Gossheyk! Adelbert Gossheyk! I speak for the man who knows your identity! You are to proceed to Earth at once by the first available transportation. At the raceOtrack you left in a previous incarnation, you will find clues which will help you. Proceed, Adelbert Gossheyk!" And he was elevated as though by a force-beam; something gaped open above him, he was deposited on the ground before a huge silvery spaceship aimed up at the yellow sky. His mind automatically sifting the statements of the mysterious voice, Gossheyk approached the ship and the orderly standing by the steps leading to the door. The craft, he learned from the orderly, was to take off in three minutes for Earth. Gossheyk knocked the orderly unconscious, donned his uniform, and entered the craft. A moment later, just as Gossheyk got himself strapped into a seat, the rockets roared and the ship lifted from the ground, gathered speed, and flashed into space.

Gossheyk slid open the metal panel over a window. A quick glance at his position in space, and that of the world he was leaving showed that he had been on Mercury. During the rest of the trip, Gossheyk considered with null-V objectivity his latest adventures, and sent his mind over the whole dizzying course of events since he had learned of his mistakenness in supposing himself to be Adelbert Gossheyk. "Pre-

vious incarnation," that voice had said. "A previous incarnation." The significance of this was illuminating, but Gossheyk found in it no clue to his identity or purpose. Well, at the race-track he should find a clue.

VI

"The operations of chance can be reduced by logic to law. On the other hand, laws can by logic be reduced to the operation of chance."
--- J. S.

At the race-track Gossheyk found no one but a lonely-looking bookie. He approached this person, mentally forming a gambit. As the bookie looked him over with mild curiosity, he enquired, "Would you know Adelbert Gossheyk to see him? Would you say I'm him?"

The bookie considered this without visible enthusiasm. Finally he said, unemotionally, "Watch ya' grammar, bud." With which he turned away and seemed to consider the matter closed.

Gossheyk took to wandering the streets again, his mind whirling. The bookie had snubbed him so completely that there must be some significance in the fact. His conduct might be explicable if there had been danger of their being overheard by agents of the dolly-man; but Gossheyk and the bookie had been entirely alone. If the bookie was an agent himself, why his lack of action, his curious answer? And beneath all the puzzlement, the basic maddening question: Who was he? Why was he feared, and by whom?

Null-V is occasionally slow-working. However, its functionings are flawless. Gossheyk's cortex came through with the answer to at least one major question, just as he was tottering on the verge of an untypical gloom. The bookie's phrase held the promised clue: "Watch ya' grammar!" Grammar! The Institute of Applied Grammar! Of course..

As Gossheyk fairly ran toward the majestic building housing the Grammar Institute, he marvelled that the answer had been so slow in coming. The minions of the dolly-man, as well as their chief (for so he clearly was) had exhibited characteristics entirely at variance with V; they were a gang not above violence, and acting in secrecy; it was only reasonable to assume that they were working against the very existence of V itself. That being the case, and Gossheyk (or whoever he was) being somehow involved in the matter as a key personage, his source of help and information could logically be nowhere else than in the Institute of Applied Grammar.

Arriving there, Gossheyk found the place strangely empty of life. He wandered through the halls and the vast rooms with sinking heart. Then -- in one room he found a man; a man who looked at Gossheyk steadily from behind an enigmatic mask, and whispered, "You arrived just in time. I have not long to live."

VII

"When we come to examine the structure of the 'riddle'-form, we find that...the answer is always implicit in the statement."
--- Mother Goose

Reverently, Gossheyk sat before the masked man and awaited the

explanation. "Now that you are here," the grammarian whispered, "my work is done. I have therefore taken poison. It works more rapidly than I had expected. Listen carefully. The man on the dolly was a creation of mine, existing only to serve my purposes." Gossheyk took the null-V pause to digest this. The eyes behind the mask regarded him sharply; the whispering voice resumed, with a suggestion of haste in its manner: "I have planned this for many years. You are my agent as truly as the man on the dolly. I created V itself, and when a variable factor introduced itself I saw that V must face opposition. Therefore you. You are my long arm. You can accomplish what I cannot. Having overcome the obstacles I created for your testing, you face the enemy with the odds in your favor." Abruptly, he bent double. "Gossheyk!" he cried aloud. "Remember -- none of the race-horses lose!" As Gossheyk's null-V-trained mind grasped the staggering significance of this, the man in the mask toppled. When Gossheyk reached his side, he was dead! Mind dizzy with the magnitude of the facts he had learned, Gossheyk reached down and removed the grammarian's mask. The face he saw answered his last question.

It was the face of A. E. van Vogt.

theVnullvpausethat refreshesthenullvpausethat refreshesthenullvpausetha

An Introduction to Shangri L'Affaires

Shangri-L'Affaires #29, April, 1946. The club publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 637½ S. Bixel St., LA 14. Published eight times a year, for the time being, anyway. Lavish gifts of jewelry, money, material and unreasonable praise accepted with pleasure. (...and further on...) One of these times I am going to have a poll. I intend to mark your ballots and send them to you, and all you have to do is sign them and return them.---Charles Burbee

Shangri L'Affaires Poll Results

Sent out: 190 cards; Returned: 63 cards; Filled out in Club: 12 cards

Top Fan Poet	out	in	tot.
James R. Gray	24	7	31
Walt Liebsher	23	6	29
Doc Lowndes	17	7	24

Top Fan Article Writer	
Moskowitz	42 2 44
Russell	19 23 42
Laney	23 17 40

Top Fan Editor

Laney	64	23	87
Burbee	63	22	85
Searles	46	9	55

Fan Humorist

Tucker	78	29	107
Burbee	40	23	63
Kennedy	38	4	42

Top Fanzine

Acolyte	70	37	107
S. L'Affaires	55	17	72
Fntsy. Commntatr.	50	11	61

Top Newzine

Stefnews	90	36	126
Fanews	100	23	123
Blmgtn Nsltr.	22	2	24

Top Fan Fiction Writer

Crane	17	24	41
Tucker	20	13	33
Burbee	26	4	30

Best Fan of Year

FJackerman	20	21	41
Kennedy	25	14	39
Laney	22	4	26

Top Fan Artist: Wiedenbeck 39, 18, 57; Alva Rogers 37, 6, 43
Ron Clyne 42, 0, 42

FORMULA FOR SUCCESSFOOL
STF STORY

By Ray
Bradbury

Ingredients: 1 scientist
well frayd, grayed & bent.

About 60 years old, has invented some supercolossal machine that can warp time or destroy matter--take your choice. Then add a gob of mathematical equations and problems, 100 large words such as ultra-forrest jackermannerless and laggoobrious. Then bring in a theory by the heels. Any theory will do.

The date should be around 2067 or 3098 AD (Ackerman's Demise).

Then add a lovely dawter for the professor to shoo out of the laboratory (business of twirling moustache and raising eyebrows as the mad genius raves: "It will revolutionize the world, it is Collosal!" Also a son for the scientist to work side by side with, forging through the innermost secrets of Science with heads proudly bent in meditation.

Then bring in an athletic young reporter who has been summoned from the city by a mysterious message something like this: "Dear Dick: Come at once. Great Experiment. Has gotten away from me. Danger to the world. Hurry for G___'s sake! Your friend. Frank."

Let the lug solve the mystery immediately upon his arrival. Even tho he never had taken the higher mathematics he was a whiz at adding and subtracting as a kid...so let him solve the mystery that the prof, who has been searching for 60 years, has overlooked. This is what is called "human interest".

Then have the foul ffooti-pusses arrive from Rigel, breathing poison! The scientist combats the incredible Monstrosities with artificial creatures of his own. Go thought-variant: Have earth fall to the moon--have dinosaurs crawl over the hero's tummy--let him rassle a lion as the earth cracks in two pieces!

Then drag in a few dead bodies endeavoring to endanger the Sweet Young Thing. Have the sun explode or die.

This is the end. Are you glad? Has this inspired you with an idea? If it has write it down and airmail it to the dead-letter office.

MATHEMATICA MENACE

by

"OZ" BRADBURY.

Dear Stow-dense of Science:

I spent five minutes yesterday busily working in brother Archy's lab and here is what I found:

The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter but water cannot.

A magnet is a thing you find in a bad apple.

The process of turning water into steam is known as Conversation.

To collect fumes of sulfur, hold a deacon over the flame in a testube.

A thermometer is an instrument for raising temperance.

The zebra is like the horse only striped and is used chiefly to illustrate the letter Z.

The dodo is a bird that is decent now.

A mountain range is a cooking stove used at high altitudes. Sienna is famous for being burnt.

An interval in music is the distance between one piano and the next.

REFLECTIONS ON FALLING OVER BACKWARDS IN A SWIVEL CHAIR
by Carlton J. Fassbinder (T. Bruce Yerke)

It has been my privilege to have fallen over backwards in a number of interesting devices. As a matter of fact, my friends have been prompting this vice for years as it is always after such a minor catastrophe that the famous Fassbinder After Dinner Story blossoms forth. Research has shown that a sudden descent backwards from the table is practically the only way to produce one of these stories, except perhaps to wine and dine Fassbinder extensively on exotic vermouths and champagnes. My friends have found it cheaper to upset me in a chair, however, and the wining and dining is usually strictly plebian.

Thus it is that whenever I am invited out, I arrive to discover that while the rest of the guests are going to dine in rare old antique chairs, or Louis XV, or Teakwood collector's items, the chair at Fassbinder's place is an old relic from the attic or the servant's quarters. I know that I may expect an upset some time before the last course is served, but I pretend to ignore the whole thing, usually passing the chair off as the most antique of the lot. "Good old Fassbinder is a gem," they always say. And someone always replies, "Yeah just like a razor."

Falling over backwards in a chair used to be the acme of shocks to me. The reaction would vary, depending on the chair, but each time, when struggling to my feet, I invariably burst out in a famous Fassbinder After Dinner Story. (This title is copyrighted, and may not be used without the writer's permission.) People used to give me trouble about this phenomenon somewhere during the entree. "Now Carlton," one of the minor wits would smirk, "I want you to engage in a brilliant conversation." Since the evening when I answered with a malicious, "I will, just as soon as I shine my teeth," they have been content just to let me eat in silence until the upset. As a matter of fact, some guests are downright rude about my feelings until after the upset.

I could regale you with tales of many novel and ingenious methods used by various hosts to tilt me backwards and downwards without previous warning, but those are only superfluous technical data and may prove boring. Anyway, all that is over. All that ceased since the day in Charlie Hofer's office when I went over in a swivel chair.

Now, in an ordinary straight-backed chair, when one loses his balance and falls over backwards, the motion is that of a rapidly accelerating curve, ending in a shattering bump and, naturally, leaving the victim in a dazed condition. As I have said, previously, this was always sufficient to set off the Fassbinder yarn.

In a swivel chair, as I have found in that vainglorious moment at Hofer's, the effect is far more sensational. As I recall, Charlie and I were discussing a new sales campaign for his 17 foot-Oxnard-Classics shelf of Books. I was leaning back in his office chair. In fact, an English voice kept whispering, "Farther, just a wee bit farther! And I in a sudden daring mood, inched backward imperceptibly, thrilling as the danger of my situation increased.

And then it happened!

You see, in a swivel chair, as one leans back more and more, the three legs of the tripod base remain off the floor while the seat itself bends rearward, building up tension on the springs. The point of overbalance is attained, and I, the experimenter, am breathless with anticipation.

The tripod base snaps up, out from under the chair, and resumes its normal position in relation to the seat. And for a brief moment the chair and its occupant are suspended at a 45 degree angle in the air! In that moment, sitting up there in mid-air, I felt all, I knew all! The world was at my feet! The most treasured secrets of life were mine! I was one with the universe. And then there was the unparalleled descent to the floor, and the shattering, tingling shock of the crash.

Charlie Hofer rushed over to me. "Carlton, Carlton," he shouted. "Say something! Say something! Oh Carlton, that look, that unearthly look on your face!"

"Whee," I said, making peculiar gesticulating motions with my hands.

"Carlton," Charlie shouted again, shaking me violently, "Tell me, tell me, what was it like? Oh that must have been glorious!"

I arose, tingling with electrical currents. I righted the chair, sat down, and once again tilted back slowly, daring the brink of Paradise... My heart thundered; slowly I eased back, letting the seat bend slowly. My tongue hung out of my mouth. Hofer stared popeyed.

Crack!

Once again I sat suspended in mid-air. Once again, I was God, Jupiter, Apollo, Zarathustra, and all the rest rolled into one. I was just beginning to see the True Concept of the World when it was blotted out by the face of the desk, cutting across the view as I descended abruptly to the floor.

To shorten a long story; I practiced falling in Hofer's chair until about 4:30 that afternoon, at which time the tripod broke into several pieces from the strain. Charlie quickly went around to several other offices and rounded up a half dozen chairs, which lasted far into the night. By that time, whenever I arose, instead of bursting forth into an After Dinner Story, I spewed forth deep philosophical contemplation, or dictated, at an incredible pace, mathematical formulae and concepts for the construction of machines to alleviate all mans problems.

A few nights later, when at a dinner held by the Rear Admiral Buckner B. Bowlinggreen Society, I was upset, as was my usual misfortune, by a very ingenuous host. However, instead of bursting in to my After Dinner Story, which had been scheduled as the gighlight of the evening, I growled unprintable obscenities, picked up a chair, and soundly beat my host over the crown with it, pausing on my way out to invert the soup tureen on Rear Admiral Bowlinggreen's head. I left the banquet hall in utter chaos.

Since then I have been spurned by all mu former hosts. I sit in Hofer's office, falling backwards in swivel chairs for hours on end. Hofer procures them for me from all sorts of unimaginable and obscure places. But soon the crisis will come. The WPB recently issued an order halting the manufacture of swivel chairs, and when the available supply is exhausted, I will be driven to utter frustration. As an emergency measure, I have contemplated experiments with ten foot ladders, climbing to the top of them while Charlie holds them erect, then falling backwards in a ten foot arc.

Who knows what cosmic secrets I may discover then?

Copy of a Letter from a Fan (Age 15)

To the Producer of "King Kong"

A friend of mine in Los Angeles sent me a clipping about your proposed production, "THE END OF THE WORLD". The statement made, altho I believe it only newspaper bunkum, rather concerned me so I thot I would write.

It is stated that "Hollywood's most ingenious technician-producer, merian C. Cooper, would make a picture depicting the end of the world--if he could decide just how it will happen." Now, as a lover of fantastic fiction and films, about which I recently wrote you, I want the film to go thru. And so I'd like to make a suggestion on the end of the world for what it's worth.

Suppose you have the picture like this: It is the dim, far-distant future. A world with a red, dying sun. Desolate; ice-covered. All lakes frozen over; water existing only in little pools far down in subterranean depths. Mankind has burrowed deep into the earth's interior in its fight for existence.

Now suppose there are two factions: those who are content to dwell in their inner-earth homes, kept alive by heat from the earth's center, and those who wish to migrate to another planet. Those in power, they who are content to stay as they are, have control of the one upper outlet to the surface, and forbid its opening. Those of the lesser power, however, secretly are building a gigantic spaceship to be run on inexhaustible atomic power.

One day a keeper of the surface gate sights thru a telescope with outside connections (Ed's. Note: This kid knew Hollywood talk, all right) a fiery marauder headed for the earth. The ones in power are skeptics, but the lesser group predicts the doom of the earth and speeds work on the ether ship.

As the unwelcome visitor nears earth, its heat melts the ice. Titanic floods sweep across the face of the world. There is the fight at the surface gate to keep it from being opened and the spaceship leaving. But the migrators win. And then there is the spectacle as the Venus-bound terrestrials watch the end of the world. The tidal wave sweeps down to the subterranean abodes--down to the molten interior of the earth. And, too, the alien mass strikes the world. What a sight! Three possible endings of the world compined into one!: glacier, explosion, and collision!

Love interest could be weaved in. It might be surmised that giant slugs inhabit the lower regions and present a menace to humanity. There could be a thrilling fight between one and a group of men, the men having flame-hurling weapons or something of the sort.

I'm terribly enthusiastic about this production and only hope that you can gather something worthwhile from the hurriedly sketched outline I've given.

Forrest J. Ackerman
530 Staples Avenue
San Francisco, California
October 11, 1932

A fan publisher can be erudite, intellectual, chatty, or just plain, but no fan publisher has lived until he has partaken of a one-shot fanzine party a la Burbee; his potentialities have not ripened until he too has struggled bleary-eyed at 4:00 AM with a recalcitrant mimeograph.

When I first knew Burbee I little realized what a monstrous perversion he was to foist upon an innocently unsuspecting and peacefully blissful LASFS. He did not look at all like a fellow who would blurt, out of a clear sky, "Towner, why don't we publish a one-shot fanzine? We could call it TWO FINGERS. I can see it now, TWO FINGERS: THE ONE SHOT FANZINE!"

"We'll get a bunch of the guys over at your house and we'll write, stencil, mimeo, assemble, staple, wrap, and mail a fine upstanding fanzine all in one glorious evening. Towner, just think of it! All these top fans and brilliant writers, headed by myself, happily working together for the Good of Fandom. Deep Thinkers thinking Deep Thoughts..Why Towner, this is the inspiration of the ages." And so on---entertainingly---for hours.

Well, I was game enough. I mover hither and yon among the various persons then inhabiting Shangri-LA murmuring something about a "publishing party". I should have known better. Such was their delight at the noun that they wholly overlooked the adjective.

At 2:00 AM, after an evening of righteously riotous revelry, I became dimly aware of Charles Edward Burbee, sitting moodily in the corner pounding his typewriter. The stern hand of duty dragged me along the grim paths of righteousness. I, too, began to produce undying stinkeroos of stefnistic wisdom. Unfortunately for TWO FINGERS the relentless hand of Isobel dragged Oxnard, keening helplessly the while, along the grim way ~~whereforward to a home of fate, into a compatible~~ with fan activity. He never reappeared.

The survivors of the orgy were in no condition to publish anything worthy of their aspirations. Perdue, Ebey, and Laney wrote and published TWO FINGERS. We have been trying ever since to live it down. Still, it was fun, and the six pages took only until 10 AM to finish up.

Some time along in here, Tucker and Liebscher published a low thing called THREE FINGERS, which, being a mere one-shot fanzine, does not merit consideration in a critical article such as this one.

The next item in the saga of one-shot fanzines was a little mag called ACK ON HIS BACK. The Sunday following the news that Ackerman was confined with the measles, Jackie and I (plus children) drove over to the towering Burbee mansion near fabulous Olympic Boulevard. We found Oxnard, squatting in the midst of piles of paper and empty beer bottles pondering the dummy for a one-shot fanzine devoted solely to Ackoboosting crud for the edification of the stricken sergeant. I naturally muscled in, dashing hope after typer and other material. Since we were undisturbed, ACK ON HIS BACK was turned out much faster and was much better than the late unlamented TWO FINGERS, and thus was an encouraging signpost on the road to Bigger and Better One-Shot Fanzines.

We immediately made plans for a super deluxe one-shot fanzine session but Charlie's draft board (a group of malevolent friends and neighbors who did not feel that his work to uplift the field of fan publishing was classifiable as essential war activity) saw fit to send this attenuated husk of a man off to the wars. Finally, Charlie got a 10 day furlough for the sole purpose of perpetuating himself to posterity with a one-shot fanzine. Warily remembering the fiasco of TWO FINGERS and the drawbacks of a two-man session like the ACK ON HIS BACK affair, we cautiously approached various of the more intellectual individuals

Ackerman was one of our prime requisites. "He can say more about less and say it better than anyone I know," remarked Burbee. I suggested Andy Anderson, on the grounds that he had a lovely mimeoscope, even though he is obviously too lazy to produce anything worthy.

"We could always sandbag him and use his 'scope," I said.

And so it went. High standards were adhered to in selecting this party. "Above all," urged Burbee, "KEEP THE DRONES FROM FINDING OUT!"

Alas. Two days before the fatal evening, a dapper young man from Seattle arrived in LA. "We've got to have Speer at this session," I told Burb. "Dunkleberger will cut us dead if we snub his friend Bristol

"Besides," burred Burbee brightly, "We can publish the whole thing under his name, and then we can be as lewd as we want to. If the Post Office objects, we can merely point to his name on the masthead."

There was a rumor about the Slan Shackers. We ignored it with ease.

Alas and alack. WE HAD JUST GOTTEN STARTED NICELY, PUBLISHING A FANZINE WHICH, NO DOUBT, WOULD, FOR ITS INTELLECTUAL TONE AND HIGH ERUDITION HAVE MADE US MARKED MEN FOR YEARS TO COME, when, not only did all Slan Shack drop in on us athirst, but they dragged with them all the drones we had so industriously kept in ignorance of our holy plans!!!

Really, though, we were glad to see them. Except for one individual, a stubble-haired creature who appeared to have been born with a silver spoonerism in his mouth. We welcomed this organism to our gatering, despite the credentials he bore purported to be signed by some person of low antecedents and Bloomington registry. We welcomed him, I repeat, not only as a freind but as a contributor. In full friendship we welcomed Liebscher as a friend and colleague.

And, what is hardest to bear, we even laughed and applauded the low-caliber material which he wrote for FOUR FINGERS. We even praised it.

Burbee and I were so proud of FOUR FINGERS. An all-star list of contributors. Lovely art work. Burning words and glittering phrases. It was OURS, all OURS! Fandom would ring for aeons with the names of Burbee and Laney.

That fellow Liebscher. I quote from Sgt. Saturn in the March '46 issue of STARTLING: "ONE FINGER/FOUR FINGERS, probably published by Walt Liebscher.

"...probably published by..." And it was our bid for fame. We weep.

But we are not through with the one-shot field. Sooner or later, we shall publish FIVE FINGERS, Fandom's Glory Hand. Maybe later on, SIX FINGERS. SOONER OR LATER, WE ARE GOING TO PUBLISH A ONE-SHOT FANZINE WHICH WILL RATE SGT. SATURN'S "A" LIST.

Can you thruthfully say your life ambition is as high-flown & worthy

=====

A Letter to the Editor of "Venus" ---by--- Charles Burbee

From Charles Burbee

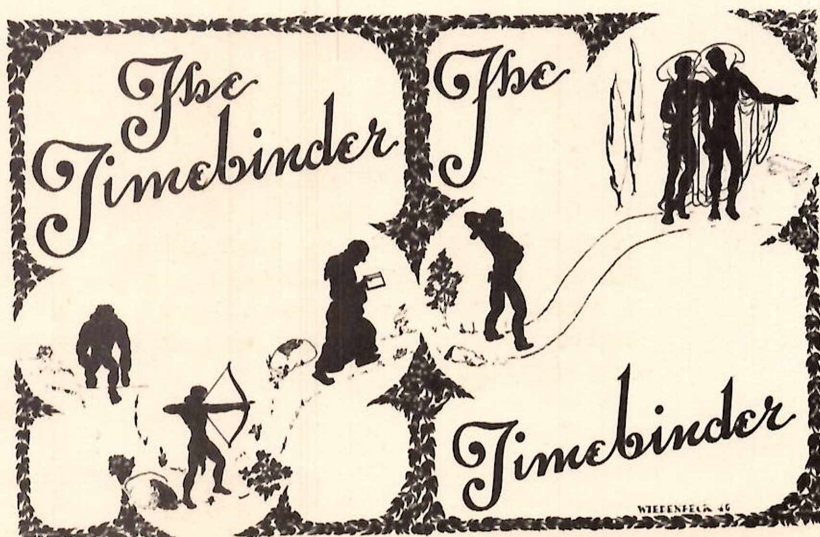
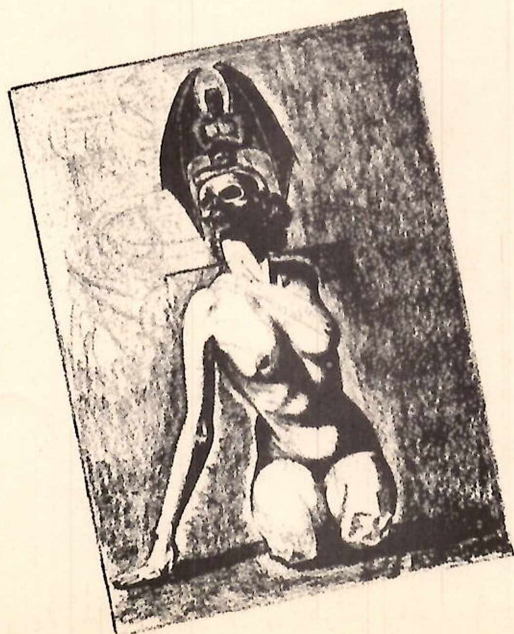
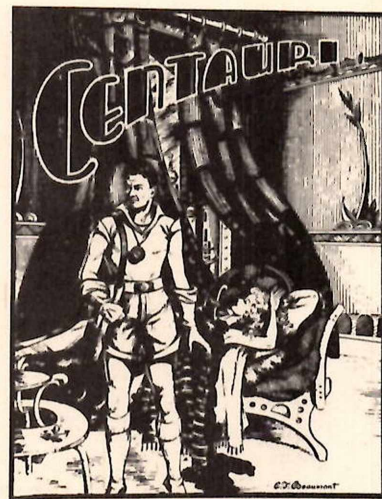
nin/thirtin¹/₂n
fourtif4

Dere Crozzeti:

I have rec'd & red a cop8 of that mag of urine, namly, venis. Gosh, I thoght it was god. Of corse I am onley 13 yers of ege, but mi eys are brite as enythig. I gess my gudjement iano't so god, but i thoght it was swel. I didnot rede eny of the storress in it yet becaus I cann't rerde so wel yet especial suvh bun tipint bñthe phctobs were swel xept the covur & sum of the oughters. i'am working in a defennece pkant rigt now I makeing \$100 dolers a wek but wil some get a rase and ten i wil send you a ten sent dime for venis which is gosh a god mag I think alto i'am onli thertin yers old of age.

Charles Burbee

yor pal



Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan - Vol. 1. - The Old LASFS
by T. Bruce Yerke

In Explanation---

It has been my intention for some time now to record in as much and interesting detail as possible the long, long time during which I was an active member of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS) and its predecessor, the Los Angeles Chapter # 4, of the Science Fiction League (LASFL). My recent action in resigning this Society, and along with it all my active offices, is no way the sole reason for the writing of these memoirs. For whatever good or bad science fiction fandom may eventually serve, it ought to have a comprehensive record of its oldest and largest component.

I was a member of the LASFS and LASFL for very nearly seven years. In it I met many of my best friends, and through it I passed many interesting hours and discovered many interesting things. The LASFL was beyond doubt the greatest and most active scientifiction organization of all time...it had the most members, some of them now well-known in their respective fields; the most publications, and very often the most fun.

What follows are my own personal memories! I do not pretend that they are unbiased or presented with hair-line accuracy, but I do hope they will prove to be interesting to the more serious followers of this avocational field.

From the last Thursday in January, 1937, until November 14, 1943 I was in constant association with the ever changing membership of the club. The names that were extant in the LASFL of early 1937 are strange to the eyes of the current reader. They are, with a single exception, now non-active. Aside from myself, Forrest J Ackerman is the only survivor, Morojo and Paul Freehafer had not yet joined the Chapter, Daugherty and Bradbury were unheard of. The group that met at Clifton's Cafe in 1937 is no more the group that meets now at 637 1/2 Bixel than the congress of 1776 is resembled of the congress of 1943. (Ed's note; This article was written approx. Dec. 1943. The same observation Mr. Yerke makes of the change from 1937 to 1944 may well apply to the change from 1944 to 1949.) The minutes for the meeting of August 19, 1937, show the following to have been present; Forrest J Ackerman, Russell M. Hodgkins, Bob Olson, Henry Kuttner, Arthur K. Barnes, Morojo, Virgil Smith, Roy A. Squires, Mr., Mrs., and Roy Test Jr., Karl Edwards von Lutz and wife, Hal and Victor Clark, Perry L. Lewis, Francis Fairchild, Bruce Yerke, Karl McNeil, Vernon W. Harry, Eddie Anderson, Maurice DuClose, Don Gree, Al Mussen, and George Tullis.

That was the gig meeting of 1937 at which Dr. David H. Keller was guest. As can be seen, there was a liberal sprinkling of authors present, all of whom were more or less regular attenders. Average meetings ran about two-thirds of the above number of persons.

When I first walked into the little Brown Room in January of that year, Perry L. Lewis was my immediate discoverer, "Is Mr. Ackerman here?" I queried timorously. Mr. Lewis, enjoying the situation immensely, let out a whoom of "Mr. Ackerman?" and shooed me down the room to where Forrest was sitting. My interest in science fiction magazines was avid. The sight of those huge quaterlies and old Science Wonder Stories which Squires and Ackerman were trading sent me reeling. And my appreciation of these people knew no bounds when Vernon W. Harry, with great magnanimity, asked me to join the World Girdlers' International Science League Correspondence Club. The scienceless villian rooked me out of some dues on the spot, and I was given some stationery to boot. All in all, I was very proud.

The Los Angeles Chapter, #4, of the Science Fiction League, lead a most sedate sort of social life in 1937. The primary contact between members were the 1st and 3rd Thursday meetings at Clifton's, 648 S. Broadway, in downtown L.A. On these occasions, when there was no scheduled speaker, the topic of current and past stories was a valid and always interesting basis of discussion. The impressions I carry from those early days, though, are that the crowd was quite a well-behaved bunch of serious-minded, intelligent, science-fiction readers and collectors.

I was fortunate to join the Society just at a time when it had its first deluge of celebrities passing thru. The frequency of visiting authors and editors was not equalled or surpassed again until the summer of 1940, three years later. Aside from Dr. Keller, we managed to lure Arthur J. Burks and Joe Skidmore, who died shortly afterwards. There were occasional lectures by such persons as H. Atlantis Sudbury, a well-known Horologist, and Dr. Feeley of L.A. City College. In addition, we had the resident attendance of Henry Kuttner, A.K. Barnes, and the artist Tom Mooney, who lent their unique and witty presence to the chapter at frequent intervals. At the time the club was keeping a scrapbook of important advances in science, the prize item being the L. A. Herald-Express' account of the discovery of Pluto. In 1937, there was usually someone of interest to meet. Kuttner was always bringing in a character or so, and while I was much too young to appreciate the hilarious discussion that went on between members, I know they were first rate...current fans enjoyed no better in those riotous stags in Art Widner's room at the Shirley Savoy during the Denvention.

Some meeting between my joining and August 1937, I was frightened by a lurid affair which either Roy Test or Roy Squires brought to a meeting. It was one of the last copies of Morris S. Dollens SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR. Since I was taking journalism in school, the idea that people could publish little magazines on a hektograph was interesting to me. I scanned the Collector at that meeting and was fascinated. Ever since I had been given a copy of Van Loon's STORY OF MANKIND in 1935 for my birthday I had been possessed with a desire to write apres Van Loon. In fact, I had written many little booklets which I typed and sewed together by hand for the amusement of my immediate circle of friends YERKE'S ALMANAC and YERKE'S HIP-POCKET DICTIONARY still evoke chuckles on my part to this day. The possibilities of making fifty copies of such a venture on a hektograph, for only a few dollars, was a sort of tinder that eventually produced IMAGINATION! I went without a hamburger the next day and sent a dime to Dollens for a copy of the Collector.

By August 1937 I was fairly well established in the LASFL as a rather young but not unduly obnoxious member. I even grew so bold as to contribute to the discussions and arguments. I can never thank Russ Hodgkins enough for treating me in those days as an intelligent person. Hodgkins managed to make me feel not so much a waif in the midst of all these activities. The same goes for Forry Ackerman. He was undeniably the leading and outstanding fan and figure in the field in those days. I could ask him a question about scientifiction and stf fandom which I know was inane and mayhap stupid, but he managed to patiently explain the mysterious world to me.

Late in the summer of 1937 my interest in the science fiction fan magazine field was at a high pitch, and I began to wonder why L.A. had never produced a fan mag on its own initiative. With brilliant reasoning I deduced that with Ackerman, Roy Test, Squires Freehafer, Hodgkins and Morojo all here in L.A., we should be able with little difficulty to put out a top flight fan publication.

One afternoon at Ackerman's, I broached the "elaborate" plans which I had conceived for a local fan magazine. The original title of

the venture was to have been ODDS AND ENDS. This was a carry over from a small one-copy rag of fantastic Munchausen material I used to get out for my schoolmates. The first agreement was drawn up with Ackerman financing the thing, and he and I acting as co-editors. Material was collected and work progressed in Aug. 1937. I wrote and edited, Forrie did the proof-reading and dummy work. He also obtained the title - rights of IMAGINATION! from Roy Test, who has planned to use this title for the official magazine of the World Girdler's International Science League Correspondence Club, which folded earlier in the year, along with my dues, as Vernon Harry went to work nights.

Just where the idea occurred that IMAGINATION! ought to be the chapter organ, I do not know. I believe that this too was Forrie's idea, but in any event, after I read to the chapter letters explaining in lurid details the use of the hekto, Russ Hodgkins fell for the idea and the chapter voted \$7.50 on Sept. 2, 1937, to cover the cost of the initial hekto equipment.

The heroic story of the first issue of IMAGINATION! is related in my editorial in the second issue. It was a small-scale nightmare of those N.Y. publishing houses who do all their desk work in N.Y. and then send their material to Chicago for the press run. In our version when I arrived home from school in the afternoon, I would write up the material of the day, and then hop a street car to Forrie! He would then spend an hour or so correcting spelling and indulging in other editorial adjustments, after which he copied the stuff on the hekto carbon, first having made another short car-trip to Morojo's apt. which boasted a standard typewriter, best for uses of this nature. Then her son, Virgil, made the trip all the way back to my house, usually arriving at 10:00 P.M., catching me in the process of shaving. As the LASTI had only two hekto pads, this mad-house continued for ten nights, after which we were all quite ready to retire in grace from the publishing field.

It became obvious after the first issue of IMAGINATION! that my ideas were a bit too grandiose for my technical ability. For this reason it was imperative that the club come to the rescue of the mag before it was too late. Further, as Hodgkins was and is an addict to rigid punctuality and order, the mag not only had to be letter-perfect, but it must come out on a monthly schedule, and for this last requirement, the hekto was considered too ancient a machine for the purpose.

Whereas the first issue of IMAGINATION! had largely been between Morojo, Forrie and myself, the entire club now burst forth with ideas and suggestions. In fact, all thru OCT. and NOV. of 1937 the club dickered and bickered over IMAGINATION!, tho the contributions of such skilled cynics as Kuttner, Lewis, Fox and Hodgkins made the entire affair a little less than delectable. Among the major battles was the Chapter vs. Ackerman re: simplified spelling.

The great battle of 1937 was Ackerman's mad desire for simplifying the English language. There was editorial friction from the first as I flatly, at that early age, refused to dummy the mag in his jargon, and Forrie was equally insistent that simplified spelling be only one of the many things unique about IMAGINATION! (It was finally agreed that ...Ackerman must limit his horrible mangling to his own work unless the authors of other material request their submissions be rendered in Ackermanese.) To this stupid backwardness of the club majority, Forrie and his disciples conceded grudgingly.

The work of getting the original equipment which has been part and parcel of the group for years is a bit out of my category. I admit I felt hurt when IMAGINATION! exploded out of my hands, but it was for the best. In any case, I can claim the dubious honor of being the founder and co-editor of the first all L.A. fan-mag, and God-father to the rest.

The great difference between the Chapter #4 of the SFL and the present LASFS may be summed up in brief by the observation that the club in 1937 had no social life to speak of. The chapter centered about meetings held roughly every other Thursday. Otherwise, the members contented themselves with occasional Sunday gatherings of a highly informal and unofficial nature. Thus it was that when the Thursday night rolled around, there was a lot of business to be transacted. Book and magazine trading, discussion of the latest stf, which received prime attention, not the cynicism often displayed by the present group. The meeting itself was operated along a modified parliamentary procedure, which called for minutes and officers' reports. After this was business which in 1937 consisted of little more than answering letters, paying dues, and, after the founding of IMAGINATION!, the mimeo and supplies. After that there was a never-ending source of entertainment. There is (now) no native genius left in the club such as was furnished by Kuttner, Arthur Barnes, Fred Schroyer, Perry Lewis, Bradbury, Tom Mooney, and even Hodgkins himself. All of these people were excellent conversationalists, any one of them capable of entertaining the chapter for an entire evening.

Aside from such resident talent, we had a fortuitous string of visitors that year. (Then too) Ackerman would give accounts of the latest movies to be released with stf slant. He was always prepared to present some sort of stf or stf slanted newsitems. He was in touch with virtually every fan of the time.

When the meeting adjourned, cliques of us would break apart and drift down the cafe part of Clifton's, again ordering giant malts, or sponging off Mr. Clifton's sherbet mine. A lot of the members at the time were just out of high school, or else simply and flatly unemployed. Perhaps that is why we took such flagrant advantage of Mr. Clifton and his generous cafe. There was no rent and all manner of free nourishment in his endless Limeade waterfall and automatic sherbet mine, both nationally advertised.

During this idyllic period, just before our publishing venture would make a profound change on the future course of the club, the characters which were to hold forth on this new stage began to filter into the chapter. As editor of IMAGINATION!, I got in touch with a fan who had been cornered by one Robert L. Cumnock. As editor of the club organ I wrote to Ray Bradbury, telling him of our club, urging him to come and visit us. At the next meeting, a wild-haired, enthusiastic individual burst into the Little Brown Room, demanding; "Is Mr. Yerke here?" This fantastic creature became endeared to all of us henceforth, and tho often the victim of assaults with trays and hammers by infuriated victims of his endless pranks, remained a primary figure in the club from 1938 through 1941.

I can now see that IMAGINATION! couldn't have done anything but change the entire nature of the club. From a languid, old-style book and magazine collectors clearing house, the main energy of the club began to be turned more and more to that of amateur publishing. It soon became apparent that IMAGINATION! was going to make a heavy demand on everyone's time, and an especially heavy demand on the treasury. After considerable discussion, it was decided to buy our own mimeo. It cost the club \$50.

IMAGINATION! had the luck to be uniquely blessed. Russ Hodgkins is one of the most methodical persons I have yet to meet, and under his exacting care the mechanical aspects of the magazine became rapidly superb. Aside from mechanical excellence, the mag was liberally blessed with material from such gifted and witty authors as Kuttner, Barnes, Schroyer, Bloch, Mooney, Hodgkins himself, and later by the more responsible fan writers of the time. Native talent also developed, giving L. A. a set of indigenous writers, one of which turned professional.

I think that 1938 marked the period in the club during which the most members were in the most accord over the most things. IMAGINATION! was accepted without question as a serious project, necessitating the fullest support from the membership. No question was raised over whether or not the club organ had first call on the spare time of the members. The bi-weekly and often weekly pilgrimages to Russ' masson were made in high spirits by all. Here was the incipient beginning of the trend which has over a period of years changed the LASFS from a bi-weekly affair to (as of the summer 1943) its 24hour a day, seven days a week, theory of function.

Aside from a few pictures taken out at Russ' house, there is little to record these days in official LASFS archives. However, a subtle change was taking place in the structure of the club. Whereas, prior to IMAGINATION! all discussions and activities were centered at Clifton's on alternate Thursdays, the scene of real activities began to move out to Hodgkins, where Imagination! was published. Therefore, when Thursday nights in L.A. came around, members had less to talk about, and subjects ranged far afield from stf, with business meetings often cut and dried. There was, however, still plenty of good, interesting stf talk and guests in '38 and no immediate cause of worry.

While the summer of 1938 saw the chapter organ ascend ever higher on the list of top fan mags, the first of what has since been periodic slumps in the activity of the club occurred. Activity simply dropped to a very low ebb, meetings attracting only perhaps six or eight persons. The minutes at the time record despair at this trend, later to be a familiar cry.

The minutes for the meeting of Aug. 17, 1938, open as follows: "One of the most discouraging, down-hearted disgusting, dreary, disconcerting, disabling meetings in the history of the local chapter. Only 12 members were present at this sad assemblage; the meeting at which one of our most popular members died: beloved by all, the enlightener of many dreary hours, of service and assistance to the cause of science fiction many times, missed and mourned by all members of the local chapter; yea, of all the scientifictional field, we take this moment to bow our heads in silent memory of our beloved member, IMAGINATION! (Sniffle, sniffle)"

The object here, one might guess, was to make the feeling of disaster communicable to all. What did happen? Forrest J Ackerman had to give up stf as a full time occupation and go to work. Since he was the mainstay of IMAGINATION!, it became obvious that the mag would have to do some rapid telescoping.

The club decided to suspend the magazine, rather than make a slow and agonizing descent from one of fandom's top periodicals. However, plans had been in the offing for some months to make the anniversary edition a giant of its time. In addition, there was a large accumulation of manuscripts scheduled for future issues. Finally, on Nov. 3, 1938, "Madge's prize Mss." (Ed's Note: "Madge was the nickname for IMAGINATION!") was issued, the first bit of fan literature to come out of the LASFL since the crash. But at the same time attendance at the meetings was dropping. But faith in stf and L.A. fandom was again restored on Dec. 15. Despite a heavy rain, 24 old-timers turned up for the annual Xmas party.

The coming year of 1939 saw many sudden, abrupt changes... the beginning of the two years transition period from the LASFL to the LASFS. The following December was to see the face of Rome greatly changed.

(Ed. Note; Mr. Yerke did not, to the Editor's knowledge, continue his "Memoirs". However we seem to have weathered the storm, and the LASFS is still in existence, with new headquarters at 1305 INGRAM, L.A.)

WE GOT A MILLION OF 'EM

by Weaver Wright

A Survey of the LA Fanzine Scene

IF all the fanzines ever published in LA were laid end to end, they would stretch the Imagination.

The first periodical out of LA was IMAGINATION!, "The Fanmag of the Future with a Future". After 13 issues, it had quite a past to look back on, having featured quantities of Bradbury, Kuttner, Hornig, Ackerman, Yerke, Shroyer et autres. Some of its hi-lites were: Interviews with CASmith, E. Hoffman Price, CLMoore, a Letter from Lovecraft, the first Bok cover and the first Bradbury yarn. This all took place back in the prehistoric days of '37 & '38.

On the demise of IMAGINATION!, there rose, fanlike, THE VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION, whose history is too well known to delineate here. VOM was the most long-lived of LA publications, 50 issues appearing.

Early in the game, Russ Hodgkins edited SWEETNESS & LIGHT, one of the personality pubs of all time. Its motto might have been "Inseparable our nose and thumb", for it lampooned every facet of fantasiana, with such hardy harpooners as Hank Kuttner, Art Barnes, Jim Mooney and Fred Shroyer wielding the cutting remarks.

Minor periodicals In the early days--Mikros, Guteto, Novacious--devoted themselves primarily to the plugging of Technocracy, Esperanto, and reviewing of books.

Walt Daugherty's earliest effort was THE ROCKET, an outstanding one-shot of its time. Walt has followed, thru the years, with numerous one, two and three-shot titles such as Cyclops, Fan, Cushlamochree, Shuttle Bop Card; produced one "issue" (about 15 "copies") of fandom's unique fanmag-navox: SHANGRI-LA-RECORD, "The Only Fanmag with Round Edges!" This was a sonodisc sent to subscribers prior to the Denvention.

Bruce Yerke, while a member of the LASFS, produced a half a dozen issues of a trenchant, ribald and outrageous magazine called THE DAMN THING (its final issue was called THE DAMN THIN). Edited with all the finesse of an elephant in a porcelain shop, the publication was largely an expression of the editor's personality via various penames.

LA's premium publication undoubtedly is FUTURIA FANTASIA, which was the adolescent product of--Ray Bradbury! A collectors' item of great consequence, "Futa" featured quantities of early Bradburyana in addition to considerable artwork by young Hannes Bok and contributions from Kuttner, Ackerman, damon knight, J. Harvey Haggard, and the only appearance anywhere of the story "Hell!" by Lyle Monroe.

Product of Paul Frehefer, one of the kindest and most respected fans who ever lived and died an untimely death, was POLARIS. Established as a medium for weird fiction, it featured stories of a high calibre by Robt. W. Lowndes, Duane Rimel, Harry Warner Jr, Jack Chapman Miske, RHBarlow, Donald A. Wohlhelm, and a single collaboration between Bob Tucker & Ray Bradbury.

Art Joquel put out two terrific issues of a thick, neat, compact, pocket-size fiction-article magazine, SPECULA. One of its stories, "Micro-Man", was in later

years professionally republished in England, America and México. Joquel also produced a couple issues of a companion magazine, Spec-
tra, and off and on thru the years has been responsible for several
other titles, such as Sun Trails, Fmz Digest and FutuREsearch.

LA has seen several women's magazines. The first all-girl publication was called STF-ETTE, the product of a fanne known as Pogo. Morojo and Leigh Brackett were among the contributors. Later Helen Finn, one-time directrix of the LASFS, came along and produced a one-shot called, with d i s a r m i n g candor, Stench. Her sister, Lora Brackett, followed some years later with a really superior job titled VIRUS, a fine mag in any fan's league. And, lastly, Virginia Laney-Daugherty, aided and abetted by Marjane Nuttall, Abby Lu Ashley and other fannes, produced Black Flames.

Walt Liebscher, while active in the Club and in fandom, turned out his final issues of the very fine CHANITCLEER. It was here that Al Ashley also issued his outstanding Fapazine, EN GARDE, while active in the LASFS. It was at the LASFS that THE FANTASY ADVERTISER began as a mimeo'd magazine, before its enormous circulation necessitated its being lithographed.

Some of the last issues of THE ACOLYTE, #1 fanmag at one time, were published in LA with the assistance of such fans as Sam Russell, Alva Rogers, Elmer Perdue, FJackerman, Ron Clyne, Henry Hasse and R.Hoffman.

Churned out on the LASFS mimeograph for FAPA were a quantity of EEEvans' thot-provoking TIME-BINDER as well as his subsidiary Fapamag, A Tale of the 'Evans. Fen, Fandango, Toward Yesterday, Glom, Elmurmurings, Fandomania, and a host of other FAPA titles have whirled off the drum of the LASFS mimeo.

Catalyst was another one-shot of the past that suddenly comes to mind, the product of Ed Chamberlain. Dale Hart has produced a couple issues of his fantasy poetry publication, Ichor, here. It seems to me that Andy Anderson turned out the final Centauri while in the LASFS.

This could be an all day job, listing for certainty every last fanmag ever issued by a fangeleño, and this particular fangeleño happens to be scheduled to leave for Portland, Ore., and the Norwescon of 23 April 49, in a few hours, so this is a rush job being done primarily from memory, and apologies are hereby extended for any egregious errors of omission. I have no doubt overlooked some terrifically important publication. Such as: the Club's own organs--SHANGRI-LA and SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. The latter was edited over a period of years, piling up a file of 40+ issues, by practically everybody under the sun, including Willmorth, Hornig, Ackerman, Joquel, Daugherty, Laney, and, at its longest stretch, when it attained its peak of popularity, by Burbee. Three issues of SHANGRI-LA appeared back in '40 and '41, after which it went into hibernation and estivation till its Shangri-Lazarus act of a year ago.

What do you think? I almost overlooked the greatest single project ever cranked out and assembled by Lasfassers: The 100 page FANCYCLOPEDIA!

Twenty-eight thousand, seven hundred and seventy-five revolutions of the mimeo!

fan hours in production!

The sum total of human knowledge!!!

CLUB MINUTES

BY THE
SEC'Y
JEAN
COX

March 17th; 486th Consecutive Meeting:

We had two talks this meeting: The first one was given by Forrest J Ackerman and it went over with a bang. There was one little unfortunate incident, though: E. Everett Evans was shot. (Forrest had brought along a toy ray pistol to defend himself; his talk was supposed to be a de-appreciation of certain aspects of Merritt's work. He fired the gun and Everett collapsed.) Dying, Everett feebly tried to gasp out his last words. He was trying to say something, something urgently important, something tremendously significant. We leaned close to catch his last words. Lifting his poor, old, pathetic head, he said:

BRAACKKK!!!

Forrest spoke at great length (sic.) on A. Merritt: He told us how Dale Hart once tried to brush his own teeth with shaving cream, that Virgil Finlay had flowing hair, that Ray Cummings really looked like an author and that Ronald Colman would star in a broadcast of H.G. Well's "The Time Machine", the following Tuesday.

Everett's "rebuttal" consisted of an appreciation of "The Ship of Ishtar". He read several beautiful passages from it. (Forrest Ackerman is largely responsible for the publication of still another edition of this famous fantasy novel which will be released shortly by the Borden Publishing Company.)

To illustrate this last talk, Ken Bonnell had secured a 16-mm. print for us of the M.G.M. adaptation of that book, "Mutiny on the Ship of Ishtar," starring Clark Gable as Kenton and Charles Laughton as the beauteous Sharane.

March 24th; 487th Consecutive Meeting:

Rick Strauss read a letter from Theodore Sturgeon, which is not an affectionate name for a fish, but is a real life author who is currently engaged in writing a story called, "One Foot In The Grave," which he spoke of in the letter as being a laxative (catharsis?) for him. This story is based on an article by one P. R. Ospero which appeared in #10 Shangri-La. In the letter, Ted gave some advice to any budding young authors and authoresses who might be listening. He made two major points: 1) Write the kind of stories you like to read, and 2) Read your market, read your market, read your market.

The Big Event of the evening was an appreciation of

Amazing Stories on its 23rd anniversary, entitled "April Showers and Glowers." It was given by Forrest Ackerman. He gave a history of the magazine, starting with Hugo Gernsback, "The Father of Science Fiction," and going on up--or down--through J. O'Conner Sloan to Ray Palmer, "The Father of Shaver Fiction."

March 31st; 488th Consecutive Meeting:

The West Coast is going to have some distinguished visitors. W. Olaf Stapledon would be on the Coast April 9th. Forrest read us a letter from L. Sprague de Camp, saying, in effect, "Yes, I'll speak before the LASFS when I'm out there in a few weeks."

We were treated to a science-film obtained through the efforts of Freddie Hershey, called "Over The Rainbow." The film, issued by DuPont was semi-fantasy as it had a cartoon character.

April 7th; 489th Consecutive Meeting:

Walt told us that he had a plan by which the LASFS could advertise itself and gain members: On the last four days of this month we can get a booth at the Shrine Auditorium to display our hobby of collecting, publishing, etc. Louise, Eph, Everett and Forrest volunteered to act as a committee on the matter.

Next, we discussed with Walt Daugherty arrangements for moving into a new clubroom at: 1305 West Ingraham, L.A. 14. After much discussion, it was decided to accept his offer, as we'd gain a much larger clubroom by it.

Russ Hodgkins announced that Shasta Publishers would put out Robert A. Heinlein's entire "future history" series in five volumes, for which he was doing at least two new stories, "The Man Who Sold The Moon" and "De Capo", which is a sequel to "Universe" and "Commonsense."

April 14th; 490th Consecutive Meeting:

Our new clubroom! The members were very pleased and there was a large attendance. Within five minutes five of the greatest science-fiction writers walked into the room: Edmond Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Ray Bradbury, A. E. van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull. It was decided to hold a house-warming on May 5th, with everyone invited.

Our first talk of the evening was given by Rick "Moosemilk" Strauss, who spoke on "Witchcraft." He described in a serious-humorous fashion the origins and structure of "black magic."

We jumped from magic to technology: Eph Koenigsberg described in detail "The Camera of Tomorrow", its potentialities and limitations, its design and function.

We were all happy to learn that Science Fiction was not to be dropped by Street and Smith, as were their other pulps.

THE GOURMET *by* ROBERT LOWMDES

In the wavering candle light, Le Marc became a grotesque, fantastical figure, the embodiment of some artists representation of Teathogua. His voice rebounded along the walls of this barbaric room as if rising up from an abysmal vault.

"It is not hard to understand why the Church made gluttony one of the mortal sins. Look at me, Paul. What am I more than a gigantic stomach--an insatiable appetite?" He poured another glass of wine, downed it. "When one's organs become so encased in fat as mine, when one's being is so encased in fat as mine, when one's being is so enwrapped in taste-sensations what place can there be for a soul?"

I smiled: Le Marc usually became metaphysical at this stage. "Worrying about your eternal soul again."

"You misapprehend me. Yet, it is a point. What meaning can life possess for a man who can do nothing more than digest? I think they were correct: man was meant for better things than this."

"Look at me closely, Paul. See the caricature of humanity I have become. Is there anything like me in the world outside?"

I could not help but think of some of those medieval drawings, showing lords with enormous paunches which had to be supported in little carts when they tried to walk.

"Perhaps you are right---but what of it," I said. "A few years more or less from the life-span---does it make any great difference? You have lived as you wanted to live: what more can you ask?"

He sank back into the depths of his chair. "No, I have not lived."

There was no answer I could make. To refer to Clarissa now would be an unforgivable indelicacy. My eyes wandered to the great silver platter which contained remnants of the night's feast. One does not dine with Le Marc: one banquets.

"What kind of meat is this?" I asked. "It is really different; of a tenderness and delicacy quite new to me---a triumph for you, I think. And there you have it, my friend: you will always have the satisfaction of knowing that the name of Le Marc has become a symbol of gustatorial artistry. The whole world will know you some day and respect and admire you even as the small circle of your friends and acquaintances do now."

He closed his eyes. "Clarissa."

"Once I was like you, Paul. Not merely young---and surely I am not old, even now---but alive. My soul is still the soul of a slender, beautiful young man, lithe and athletic. My dreams are the dreams of a strong young man whose blood throbs and whose sinews are not lost in fat. I want to dance with the dance of the seasons, to hurl the discus and throw the javelin, to hunt with the bow and arrow, to roam the world with one also young, lithe, and---alive."

"You cannot imagine how I hungered for Clarissa, ever since I first saw her. But my gods are terrible gods, Paul. I have made them with my own hands; now they are my masters and they demand sacrifice."

"Clarissa is gone, Le Marc. You must try to forget her."

"Yes, that is right: she is gone."

"Your interests are so bound up in your work---it is not surprising that she should have wandered. You do not blame her, Le Marc? You can forgive?"

He poured another glass of wine. "What is there to forgive? The fault was mine, Paul. I never should have married Clarissa. But she was young, tender---so alive."

"You cannot imagine how I hungered for Clarissa."

His head sank forward. "It is a terrible thing to know such hun-

ger. To live with it as I have lived. We were together for several years, you know. And every night I would dream that I was again young and lithe---only to awake and see myself as I was. Yet, she loved me: I wasn't blind, Paul: she loved me even as I loved her. She saw the real Le Marc, not this padded sepulchre. Yet---for all my love, I knew that some day, she must go.

"I think she knew it, too. I could see the realization of it grow upon her day by day. How can I forget that? How can I forget the trust and love she had for me? She saw my soul, but the world cannot see it. The world can only see this mockery of the human form I have become. How can they know how I loved her?"

Brightly in the yellow candlelight, tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Le Marc! What are you saying?"

"What difference does it make now? What use are these tears? She is gone."

"Le Marc! What happened to her? Where is Clarissa?"

A sob welled up from the enormous figure in the great chair. A swollen hand stretched forth for the wine bottle, but his reach fell short and it overturned, reddening the white of the tablecloth.

In the weirdly decorated silver platter rested a few cold slices of delicate, tender, white meat.

THE END

.....
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TOO CALM; or, It Seems Ackerman Will Be Editing the next Shangri-LA

I thot everybody was being excessively nice to me that nite. Generally the members look furtively away, or openly sneer; I'm the treasurer of the LASFS, you see.

But last Thursday everybody positively beamed. Little did I know how they had plotted and schemed, and when the motion was brot up, Who should edit Unlucky Shaggy #13??? --- all eyes turned on me (even mine: I have 2 heads, you see). And the only vote cast in opposition to the proposition was my own.

I have been asked: What will this wonderful forthcoming number contain? Well...It may have the ending to SLAN that both Street & Smith and Arkham House censored. It may have the 37 pages of corrections and additions to the CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE prepared by Russ Hodgkins. It may have the first new "Northwest Smith" story from CLMoore in 10 years. It may have Henry Kuttner's sensational article, "I was a Pseudonym for Science Fiction", and John Campbell's plans for turning Astounding Science Fiction into a slick, which I am tentatively titling "On the Sunny Side of the Street & Smith". And there may be the first part of Ray Marsbury's new novel in Basic English, "I Was A Good Boy". All these great features---and more too!---may be contained in the issue I am about to undertake editing.

Then again, they may not.....

Need we add that there will be a slight charge for the publication. Life subscriptions may be obtained for \$600.78, but if you're worried about the atom bomb, fifteen cents will secure one issue.

We come out every six weeks except when Konigsberg is editing an issue. If you'll figure it out yourself, we'll accept a year's subscription.

SUPPORT THE CONVENTION. SEND IN A DOLLAR FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP NOW

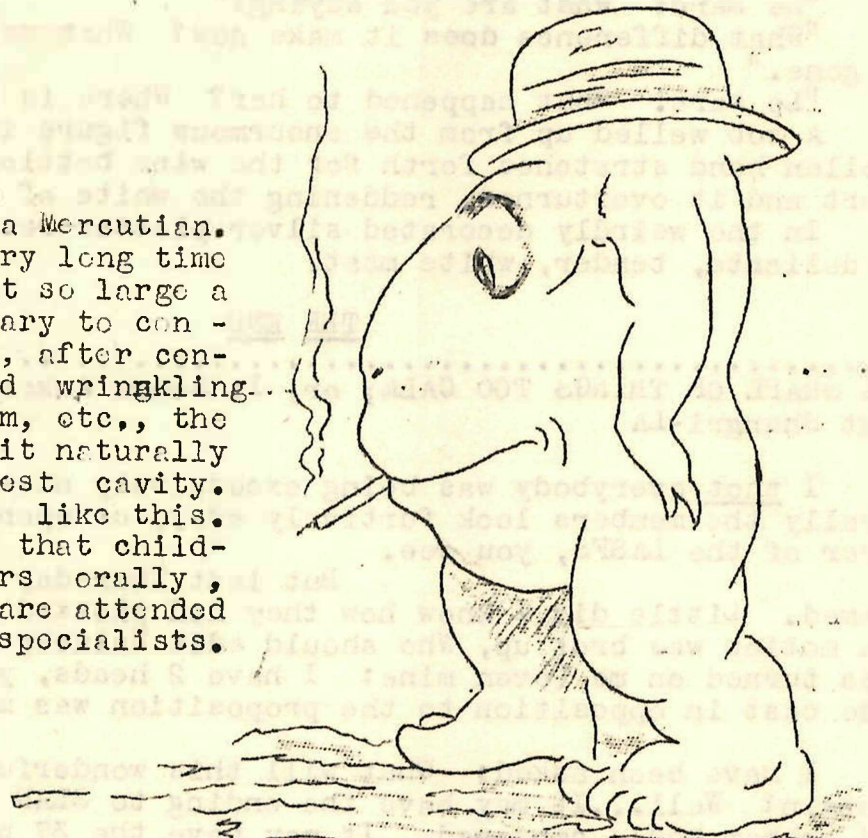
DWELLERS ON OTHER PLANETS

BY

(In response to thousands of requests we are featuring a new and startling series showing Artist Mooney's conception of life on alien worlds. Fans who wish to can cut these out and color them with crayons.)

MOONEY

1. MERCURY. This is a Mercurian. Mercurians evolved a very long time ago. Their brains got so large a huge cranium was necessary to contain them. Eventually, after centuries of thinking and wrinkling the cerebrum, cerebellum, etc., the brain became so heavy it naturally prelapsd into the chest cavity. Today Mercurians look like this. A curious sidelight is that childbirth among them occurs orally, and expectant mothers are attended by dentists and throat specialists.



*T*his is Diego Picasso Montenegro

He illustrates Fan Magazines

And Privy Walls

The Artistic Impulse

Cannot be suppressed

Neither can Fan Magazines

Or Fans

All is Illusion



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR...AS MANY AS WE CAN SQUEEZE IN ON THIS PAGE.

Dear Daugherty, Congrats on one of the best issues -- if not indeed the best -- of SHANGRI-LA I've ever seen! Sincerely, August Derloth

Dear 4E, may I say, sir, that the change in the last two issues of Shangri-LA has been truly remarkable. And 'tis all for the good. The tenth issue was bursting with good stuff. Hershey's atomic article was one of the best non-fiction items I have read anyplace, anytime, anywhere. All the rest of the crud was enjoyable too with a special nod to the photos. It was especially gratifying to see some of these characters I've been reading about. The seemingly renewed interest of the members in the LASFS promises more and better issues of Shangri-LA. Thusly, this means you will find monies for two issues of your soon-appearing club mag attached. Thanx Bub, Bob Find

Hi! Too-brief, too short thanks for sending me Jan. '49 SHANGRI-LA, which I mightily enjoyed. Of particular interest was the precis on ways and means of producing such a thing: Alan Hershey's article, the best of its kind I have read since David Bradley's NO PLACE TO HIDE, and P. R. Ospero on Magic. I used that as the basis for a story: I just submitted it and if it sells I shall express my appreciation accordingly. More power to you by the kilowatt. Yours, Theodore Sturgeon

Dear 4-c, Shangri La made the mistake of being too perfect--it left its readers nothing to say. "Duh, dear editor I liked Alan Hershey's account of the atomic bomb". Of course, who wouldn't. "Duh, dear editor I was vastly amused at Ferry's Stick Out Your Tongue." Naturally. "Duh, dear editor I can't compre how you could run so many photos; the plates must have cost illions!" They did. I keep Shaggy at the top of my fanzine pile--with THE OUTLANDER #1 just below it.
Russell Harold Woodman

Dear Ferry: Thanks loads for the copy of SHANGRI-LA. I really did enjoy reading it a lot. Incidentally that was a nice cheerful little story of yours! I liked it, tho. Guess the guy is really smart, huh? I imagine it is swell to belong to a club like you all have. Who knows, maybe some of these days I can belong to it. We're just about half in notion of moving to California!.....Thanks again for Shangri-La. It was darn thoughtful of you to send it. Sincerely, Joan Delbert

Dear Editor: To say Shangri-La #10 (sic) was the best issue you ever had is foolish. You know that already. Therefore I'll go ahead to solid comments....I do have two complaints. The leaving out of the Sec. report and the Letter column. In this issue of course it is understandable. You had too much good stuff, but later on, let's not forget these old standbys, that have so long been a part of the Shaggy mag...Also, two recs for the future..Don't overdo one thing. You almost overdid articles this time but as their range was from light to heavy they were all acceptable. I don't think a mag of all fiction or all reprints would be too good. Better a little of both. My other suggestion is re this coming reprint issue. I'm known to be a loyal friend of the LASFS, so don't thake it wrong if I say I think you ought to reprint something of Burbee's. One of the old editorials would be best as it was there he shone. I suggest this so there will be none of the dissatisfied group to say you didn't play fair. (My personal opinion is your "hurt silence" in re ceb and ftl is silly--oh well). Now for a bit of correction. You made one mistake--the upper right of page 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. First, the Howard Miller was a friend and guest, he has never been a member of the Outlanders. Second. John van Couvering was not there. (Later Alan and Freddie Hershey and Bill Elias joined the OS.) Otherwise we're quite flattered. Yours, Rick Sneary.