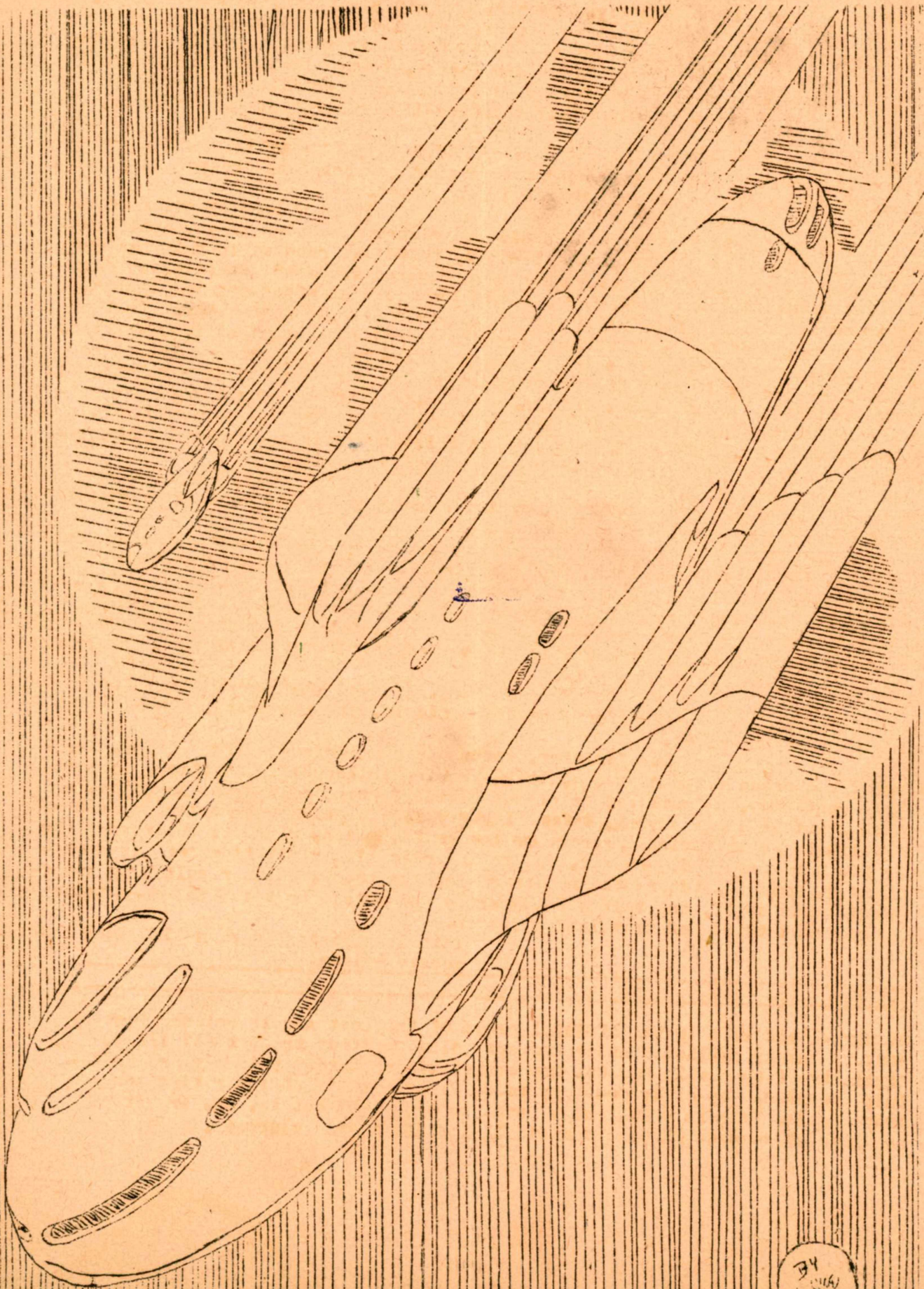


SHANGRI -

no. 26

L'AFFAIRES



First impressions are of as much significance in fandom as elsewhere, I suppose; and I hope that this magazine makes the impression that I wish it to. This being my first attempt at (1) putting stencils (2) getting material (3) editing it, this has probably turned out pretty dismally. However, I can't say that I've regretted it. My grateful thanks are extended to Jimmy Kepner, Andy Anderson, Alva Rogers, et cetera (yeh, I know-it should be "cetera") of the LASFS for their moral help. That's right-moral help. With the exception of Laney and Forrey, that's all I got from them. I asked them about six times apiece for an article; they were all going to think about it. For all I know, they're still thinking-I've never seen the articles.

I have heard somewhere recently that this mag is the official organ of the LASFS, and as such, should report various and sundry things that are going on around here. Well, settle down, children, and prepare to receive the dirt.

It is a long standing tradition here at shaggy's that at no time shall the clubroom be seen in any other condition than filthy. For a long, long time now, there has reposed in this hallowed (two l's that time; it's a special word) room a revered layer of heterogenous material several inches deep. The venetian blinds look like an afternoon in Pittsburg, and it is considered disgraceful if the tables ever have less than three feet of assorted crud piled on them- everything from beer bottles to chestnut tree anthologies. Now, this has prevailed so long that the older fans have become inured to its presence-in fact, I doubt if Forrey could do any work here if it were otherwise.

It just wouldn't seem like home. Lately, however, one of the bright boys has gotten the idea of cleaning it up. I'm not sure who, but I think it was Merlin W. (period) Brown. Anyway the date has been set as a few weeks in the future. Uhuh, paint, broom, dustpan and everything-maybe even soap and water.

Well, Furbee's now a kickin' chicken; uncle done grabbed 'im. And I don't think it's made him very happy. Anyway fandom is now devoid of one grade A ed.

Quick, children, drag out your Sunday clothes, put on your shoes and prepare to celebrate; the LASFS now has a new constitution-or it will have after the next meeting. That will be-let me see..... no. 27, or is it 28? so far. Which shows how progressive stfans are. Just think, the United States has been here some hundred odd years (I think; I can't count much higher) and in all that time, it has only had one constitution; while the LASFS has had any number since 1938. Oh, well.

By the way, did you know Forrey actually spends one whole night a week at the fort; Honest to Cthulu, it's the truth. I thought he never went near the place.

Our Director, better known as Forrey's Trunk Laney, is, as you know, the proud pater of two healthy, growing children; in addition, as you probably don't know, he puts out an obscure little fanzine called the Ackylite, or something. But as I was saying, before I strayed; Laney was busily engaged several meetings ago in giving a report on Lovecraft; which, with all due respect to Lovecraft, was very good. However, due to inexplicable gravitations of his younger daughter, Quiggie, toward the region of Forrey's trunk, which resulted in several abrupt exits of FT, the talk was adjourned and until about ten the main topic became chestnut trees and traveling salesmen.

This is begining to read like aunt Maude's gossip column.

~~~~~

Shangri-L'Affaires is the official organ of the Lost Angels Science Fantasy Society and is published under the spreading Chestnut tree at 637 1/2 S. Bixel Street by Gerald Howett. Any contributions thrown this way are gratefully accepted, especially monetary ones. We are expert at seperating money from angols. This is # 26, and we hope to have # 27 out by, on, or after the 15th of August. Please address all insults to the clubroom.

"

"

"



# FANTASY CATALOG [EVOLVES]

(1)

Unless you're one of those unfortunates who didn't receive SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #16, you're aware that a card catalog of fantasy is being prepared in Los Angeles. At present the Fantasy Catalog has over 8000 cards, indexing all of Street & Smiths Astounding, all of Gernsback's Amazing, and most of his Wonders. This monstrous collection of waste paper now reposes in the LASFS clubroom.

The catalog has been in preparation since about 1941. During this time the theory and technique of preparing the cards has been slowly evolving, and more and more insight has been gained concerning the purposes to which the catalog can be put.

We see now that the fields to which the Fantasy Catalog is being applied are inexhaustible, and a fairly good program for future cataloging will be 5000 cards per year, year by year.

In ten years at this rate we will have a catalog case made up of ten 5-drawer units. Still only a very small catalog!

\*\*\*&O&\*\*\*

I sat at my typewriter one evening, working on the catalog in the deserted LASFS clubroom. I gazed at the beautiful dark-oak cabinet and tried to imagine what it would be like in ten years....

Whoever was at the door wasn't a member because he was knocking. I rose and opened it, to face a man with a bulging briefcase.

"Pardon me," he said, pantingly, "is this the Los Angeles Science-uh-Scientific Fantasy-" but he was looking past me into the clubroom and he stopped. "Oh, this must be it!... I'm Farrel, of Glorin and Farrel of New York," and he stepped in. "We're begging a series of anthologies-"

I'd heard of the publishers. A little firm that sprang up just after the war, specializing in off trail. But my mind was wandering from the conversation-

"and each volume will be devoted to a special theme. This first one is to be time travel."

"A new sciencefiction anthology! A whole new series of them! This sounds good."

"I thought you could help me," he continued. "We heard of a Fantasy Catalog here in Los Angeles, so I flew out."

I showed him around the clubroom. His eyes lit up at the sight of the catalog in the corner.

"Hypersections!" he exclaimed. "What a catalog!... How many cards?"

"About fifty thousand," I replied.

"And they represent stories from the pulp magazines?"

"Oh, no" I laughed, "there are around 8000 different stories filed, each one having an average of four cards. The stories are from books, pulp and slick periodicals of all kinds, amateur publications, and even newspapers. Naturally the specialized fantasy pulps command the greatest number of cards.

"The remaining 20,000 cards represent many different kinds of nonfiction entries. Entries are made for the actual issues of the specialized fantasy mags. The editorials, book reviews, articles, and readers letters in these mags are also cataloged. Then we have the innumerable fanzines, which are cataloged even more thoroughly than the specialized prozines; (they deal with personalities and events in our own microcosm). And then there are nonfiction entries from miscellaneous sources- author biografies, articles, reviews, essays- all stuff having to do with the fantasy field or of interest in any other way to we fans."

Farrel nodded appreciatively at these statistics. He



was only superficially acquainted with fandom.

He had found the drawer labeled "TIME TRAVEL to UNKNOWN" and began looking through the TIME TRAVEL headings. I pointed out to him some of the classics, as we came across them: Wells, Bell, Schachner, Williamson, Hoar, Heinlein....He took a great interest in the stories under TIME TRAVEL PRESENTWARD FROM THE FUTURE, and I pointed out Flaggs "The Machine Man of Ardathia," Stuarts "Twilight," and Kuttners "When the Bough Breaks," all my favorites. After we exhausted all the headings under TIME TRAVEL, he thumbed back and noted the cross references to the related subject headings (TIME, FLENUM, POSSIBLE FUTURES, etc.)

Farrel explained that he wanted to compile a list of about sixty of the best time travels- novels, novelets, and short stories. Altho less than twenty would appear in the anthology, a safety factor is needed "when battling copyrights."

We set to work. Farrel thumbed through the subject headings, stopping at each story and calling out the author and title to me. I would then find in the catalog any comments, reviews, or ratings of the story which existed. When I'd find a letter from a reader concerning that particular story, we'd stop and refer to it in the magazine issue in the club library. I would also find reviews in fanzines and elsewhere, and if the story was from Astounding I'd check the "Analytical Lab." rating from the catalog.

Before long we had an evaluated list of our time travel yarns. In the beginning we had listed 400 stories from magazines, 50 from books, and a dozen from fanzines. Through careful analysis of the various comments on the stories, we boiled the list down to 6 novels, 11 novelets, and fifty shorts- the cream of the fantasci crop.

Farrel was very pleased. As he left, he reminded me he'd be back "for the coming anthologies!"

Sooner than we expected, the book arrived. It was sent to the club. "Tempinautica; fantastic voyages on the seas of time, edited by H.E. Farrel. Glorin & Farrel, New York, c 1956." And can you guess to whom- or rather- to what it was dedicated?

You guessed it! Not to one, but to 50,000 little things.

\*\*\*&O\*\*\*

That great catalog is the milestone toward which we are now working. We have confidence it will continue to grow at the rate set, during the first few years of its existence.

The Fantasy Catalog was begun simply as an index to a small STF collection. We had tired of trying to index by means of sheets of paper in a binder, and we turned to 3x5" cards.

It's funny to reflect that the FC once occupied a small tin recipe-filing box! It quickly grew out of this stage, however. Open card-filing trays were next used. Then at about the 4000 mark we purchased a 5-drawer catalog unit from Remington Rand's Library Bureau (with rods) and at the 7000 mark a second unit. These units stack one on another and can be bolted.

In June 1944 we made our first contact with fandom and joined the LASFS. The gang gave much assistance with the catalog. Ackermann (who possesses a phenomenal memory) informed us of hundreds of fantasy authors and fans pseudonyms, while Lora Crozetti gave us a pile of fanzines which we've been preparing for cataloging ever since.

Activities came faster and faster. Burbee cornered us one day and extorted the first article on the catalog for S-L'A. The article was written hastily and handed to Charlie still in a crude state. (The article, of course.) Luckily, Anthony Boucher had sent Burb an outstanding letter on fantasy bibliography which originated the term "GREAT BIB", and this letter appeared in the same issue of S-L'A (#16) as our article, which Burbee had doctored up.

Things were looking rosy; then came the blow. Near the end of July uncle Samuel beckoned and off we went to Great Lakes to begin 14 months of Navy training.

Meanwhile, fans all over the country were reacting to these bibliographical ideas. While in boot camp we received Mike Fern's letters containing valuable bibliographical information and a large number of catalog cards he typed. His cards represent many fantasies of Stefan Vincent Benet and many assorted fantasies by



Lansany and others, including some in English periodicals and in back issues of Red Book, Colliers, Post. Furthermore, Mike prepared cross-reference cards listing his pseudonyms and his full name, information which is sorely needed from every fan.

When S-L'A #17 hit the mail, the letters therein contained some interesting comments on the catalog, besides some interesting bibliographical ideas by Louis C. Smith and Mike Fern. Some ideas were advanced which should be discussed further: that the catalog seemed a too heavy and bulky method of indexing.

The truth is that the unique setup which a card index offers allows of a more thoro and detailed technique than is practical with a book index. The FC has tried to make the best of this advantage.

If you could compare a card index with a book index, both covering the same field, having the same amount of information, and equally well organized, you'd find that the card index is not only easier to use, but it was easier to prepare. And the card index would have every other advantage over the book index except that of portability. It can be expanded without limit, never changing its organization, while the book index can never be adequately expanded; it is immediately dated.

It's obvious that a card catalog is the best means of assembling bibliographical data- but the period of assembling never ends! If a card catalog is started and it will continue to grow without end, it is the obvious index to be chosen master; and enough pains might as well be taken to make it permanent. Thus, the card type of index is the only practical means of preserving bibliographical data.

Once a card catalog is chosen as master, book type indices may be made from it for distributing the data. Such indices can never hope to succeed in doing more than to condense a fraction of the catalog as it is at the time of publication.

For these reasons we believe that one master card catalog is needed to carry out fandoms bibliography of fantasy (as outlined by Boucher in his letter). White may have had a book index in mind when he coined the term "GREAT BIB", but we think that nothing less than a card catalog can fulfill this function. We also believe that the Fantasy Catalog now at the LASFS is the start of that "GREAT BIB", and that its cataloging methods(as they are now evolving) are suitable. We are willing and anxious to take any cooperative steps possible towards creating this "GREAT BIB" for all fandom.

There are many cards in the catalog which exemplify the early stages of its evolution.

The first method was designed only for the simplest kind of book and story entries.

The name of the author(s) and the title were noted. A simple subject heading was devised. These three data, together with information on where to "find" the item, were put together in a rigid mechanical form. The result was like this:

TITLE The Sky lark of Space  
AUTHOR Edward Elmer Smith , and Lee Hawkins Garby.  
SUBJECT Science Fiction  
FIND Amazing Stories, Aug., Sep., Oct., 1928.

This setup was then copied onto a number of cards and headings were added.

The limitations of this method eventually forced the first major change:

Smith, Edward Elmer  
Garby, Lee Hawkins  
The Skylark of Space  
Science Fiction-space travel  
Amazing Stories, 1928 August, September, October.

The subject heading is becoming more detailed, and we're shying away from abbreviations. Still, the biggest disadvantage of all in these early methods was becoming apparent. It had already been decided (and wisely) that the authors name should be indicated exactly as it appears in the source. An authors identity is a delicate matter; we cant afford letting every cataloger record his own guess upon the card and let it appear authoratative. It had also been wisely decided that the cards



would be arranged by headings in a very mechanically simple way, no subtle and inconsistent judgement having to be made by the person who places the cards in the catalog.

The results of these decisions meant, however, that under the early methods an authors cards would be seperated. Doc Smiths stuff was collecting at three different among the Smiths in the catalog: SMITH, E.E.; SMITH, EDWARD E.; and SMITH, EDWARD ELMER. It's only natural to expect a mans cards to fall together, but how could this be accomplished? The answer took a form which eventually led to the present method. (We'd have arrived at it sooner if we'd studied more sympathetically the system used by the Library of Congress.)

Description of present entries:

|                                |                                                       |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| SPACESHIP, ATOMIC ENERGY DRIVE |                                                       |
| Sm                             | GARBY, LEE HAWKINS                                    |
| T                              |                                                       |
| by                             | Sm SKYLARK OF SPACE                                   |
| Haw                            | T                                                     |
| Sep                            | by S SMITH, EDWARD ELMER 1890-                        |
| C                              | Haw                                                   |
| ior                            | Sep b Smith, Edward Elmer                             |
| S                              | C H The Skylark of Space; a serial in three parts     |
| ior                            | S by Edward Elmer Smith in collaboration with Lee     |
| S                              | Hawkins Garby in Amazing Stories, 1928 August,        |
| i                              | September, and October.                               |
|                                | Cover illustration by Paul, 1928 August issue; inter- |
|                                | ior illustrations by Paul.                            |
|                                | Sequel is "Skylark Three".                            |
|                                | 2. SKYLARK OF SPACE                                   |
|                                | 3. GARBY, LEE HAWKINS                                 |
|                                | 4. SPACESHIP, ATOMIC ENERGY DRIVE                     |

Note that the information comprising the body of the card is presented in paragraph style, and that the first paragraph represents information direct from the contents page of the magazine and the page in the issue where the story begins, while the succeeding paragraphs give any information which has a direct bearing upon and is within the scope of the entry.

Heres another example. We wont make YeD stencil a whole illustration this time: just the body of the main entry card:

Bond, Nelson S.

The five lives of Robert Jordan; a novellette by Nelson Bond in the Blue Book magazine, April, 1945, Vol. 80, no. 6, p. 2-15.

Illustrated by Charles Chickering.

"If you had gone to that other school, or taken that other job, or married that other girl- what would your life now be like? This idea, or something like it, lies behind this remarkable novelette."Ed.

2. FIVE LIVES OF ROBERT JORDAN

3. BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE, APRIL 1945

4. CHICKERING, CHARLES

25. POSSIBLE FUTURES

Note the quote of the editors blurb. Blurbs are practically always quoted in the entry. Since Bonds fantasy appeared in a mundane magazine which itself is not cataloged, more facts are given about the issue are given in the entry and a heading for the magazine is made.

Note the Smith illustration again. The three paragraphs in the middle of the card represent the basic information. All the rest is what is added by the cataloger.

The fundamental features of a card catalog is that it organizes its information, and it does so automatically. Each item of information (called an entry)



is filed under several different key ideas (called headings). All the cards in the catalog are arranged alphabetically by these headings so that they form one large alphabet. There are four general rules followed each time an entry is made in the FC-

1. The information to be recorded is typed in duplicate on a number of cards, 4 lines being left vacant at the top of each card. Then the headings decided upon are typed in capitals, one on the second line of each card.

2. One of the headings (usually the author) is chosen as a main heading and is recopied (not in caps this time) onto the fourth line of each card.

3. At the bottom of the card bearing the main heading (called the main entry card) is made a list of all the other headings. This tells the user what headings are being used and allows the cataloger to withdraw the whole entry for changes.

4. At least one of the headings for an entry must be a subject heading (hereafter abb. SH), which is a carefully composed classification of the information. Each SH in the catalog is related to every other SH by means of a unique system of cross-reference cards. Two of these cards follow every different SH. The first lists one or more SHs of which it is considered a sub-section. The second lists all of the narrower SHs considered sub-sections. By this comprehensive system you can look up GENERAL and, in a series of expansions, reach any SH in use, or look up any SH whatsoever and trace back to GENERAL or trace quickly to related branches.

Any entry which follows these four rules can and will be entered into the FC.

However, to save unnecessary retyping and to make the catalog more efficient, there are many little techniques found desirable. They make for consistency in the choice of headings and in the presentation of the information on the card.

Ideal name headings appear like this:

LIEBSCHER; WALTER CHARLES CURT, JR., 1918-

WOOD, MARY CORRINE (GRAY), 1921-

Note that Mrs. Woods maiden surname is enclosed in ()'s at the end of her name, and that both names appear in fullest form, together with dates of birth and death (years only).

It's a great advantage to have all the cards representing one person all in the same spot in the catalog. For this reason one form of the person's name is chosen and used consistently, the fullest form known. This means that the cataloger should not only learn the full name forms, but also the pseudonyms of the authors, illustrators, editors, etc., appearing in the catalog. The ordinary catalog user is not expected to know these facts, however, so every time a pseudonym is discovered, a crossreference card leading from the pseudonym to the correct name is filed.

The fantasy fields, and especially fanzines, are overrun with pseudonyms. For this reason, preparations for entering fanzines have been terribly held up.

A program of author research has been started. Information about hundreds of names has been compiled; and fans have been solicited for names and dates. This is one of the most important tasks required for the FC, and much cooperation and collaboration is needed.

Our entrance into the world of fandom was practically coincident with our joining the Navy and leaving Los Angeles and the catalog. Pre-Navy cataloging was mostly of our own collection of mags. Since we had no mentionable amount of fantasy books, this field was neglected.

Thru the LASFS we learned of the tremendous field of fantasy books and of the fascinating field of fanzines. Now we are separated from both the catalog and the mag collection and can obtain only current prozines on the stands and fanzines thru subscriptions; so we are not accomplishing a tenth of what could be accomplished under more favorable conditions. Since the Navy, most of our progress has been in increasing our contacts with fandom and improving our catalog techniques (they have evolved by leaps and bounds).

We shall continue our part time cataloging up to the beginning of 1946. Thus Astounding will be cataloged up to 1945 December, and this year's crop of Weird, PFM, Planet, Startling, TWS, Amazing and FA will find their way into the catalog. A few books will be entered, that is, just as many books as we have time for and can obtain, and we'll attempt to cover the various mundane in search of fantasy, but we won't get far. When 1946 comes, we will probably leave Treasure Island



California, our present station, heading for sea.

Will the FC die in 1946? Or will new hands set to work to keep it nourished? We don't know.....

Guess it's up to you.

~~~~~

ACK

the GYPIER'S



BLOODY book SALE

AE Van Vogt--plagiarist? Read TARRANO THE CONQUEROR by Ray Cummings. See how, in 1930, Cummings wrote about...slans! Oops, scuze my myopia, I see the Cummings term is slaan. A thousand pardons, AE, for having so egregiously accused U. Well--what is a Cummings slaan? A member of the slave-caste of Venus in the yr 2430. The bk is dedicated "To Hugo Gernsback, scientist, author & publisher, whose constant efforts in behalf of scientific fiction have contributed so largely to its present popularity." This is a copy from a Lending Library. \$1.75. (I think I paid 50c for it.)

How U fixt for Fowler Wright? Need THE AMPHIBIANS? NEW GODS LEAD? HIDDEN TRIBE? Heh--don't they all! I shoudnt insult your standing as a collector by suggesting U myt be able to use a copy of DELUGE, however, I have numerous readable copys at 75c apiece. The sequel, now--DAWN--this is more difficult to find. If U need it--\$1.50.

LAST & FIRST MEN--now there's another hardie. Case U havent had any luck locating the famous Stapledonovel (I havent got any duplicates in a racoon's age) U myt stop the gap with THE COLLAPSE OF HOMO SAPIENS. This English libro-futura has been called "a poor man's Last & First Men". U will be poorer (by \$2.50) after purchasing it but richer for the reading. If your tastes are carnivorous, this is your meat!

Gad, havent U bought a copy of SAURUS yet? And after all the plugging I've done for it. C'mon, buy this bk by Phillpotts, if only to call me a big liar. But if U like intellectual scientifiiction--scientificritism of society in fictional form--this novel of the sapient serpentoid from planetoid Hermes will delite U for \$2.50.

Baseball fans, read THE DIAMOND MASTER. My error--I see this is about a different sort of diamond. By a fellow named Futrelle. Some joker, I'm sure, has insorted a figure "3" in front of the \$.50 at which it was priced second hand. I'll erase it & U can have the copy for \$1.25. Or, if U'd be just as content with a smaller DIAMOND, it's yours for 75c. I don't carat all.

Are U the fan who cryd werewolf? I have the ansr to your call: LYCANTHROPE. A beat copy of the English edition, for \$1.50. (Phillpotts wrote it.) (I make a profit of about 3 shillings on this one.)

"On a lonely Irish coast, during a season of great heat, a landslide occurs, uncovering the seeds & eggs, and even a few sleeping creatures, of a primeval age. Under the blazing sunshine this exotic animal & vegetable world develops with extraordinary rapidity." So does the story of--LANDSLIDE! Cost me a buck & a quarter. Will hold U up, oh, say \$1.75 for it.

And the last item is--SIRIUS, the superb Stapledonovel of the mutant canine. How's that--U've seen my previous ads, asking \$7.50 for it? So U figure I'll want \$15 by now? No, cddly enuf, I'm asking only \$3.50. (Don't feel too badly, U who paid \$7.50. Remember, U've had yours a yr or so in advance. And yours was mint, with a jacket. It's been reprinted. And these are coverless, second hand copys. Besides, Searles has hurt my sales by giving away 5 copys to friends at cost. These lousy fans--how can a dishonest dealer turn a dishonest dollar without a holler? Bah; fout on fans; down fans--Up Dealers!) --\$sJ Ackerman, Cash Box 6475 Metro, Los Angeles Zone Fifty-five

COSMOS: a resurrection and review

by Francis T. Laney

Unknown to many fans, forgotten by others, the cooperative novel, COSMOS, was fandom's sensation back in 1933 and 1934. Sponsored by FANTASY MAGAZINE and written especially for this greatest of all fanzines, COSMOS represented the combined work of nineteen of the outstanding sf authors of its day. Its seventeen chapters were published serially in eighteen installments of FANTASY MAGAZINE, being set up in such manner that the installments might be extracted and bound into a book, a table of contents and linoleum block title page by Hannes Bok being furnished for this purpose.

The plot, such as it was, was cooked up by the editors of the magazine, and chapters were assigned to the authors in such manner that each was enabled to turn out something along the line of his particular specialty--Abner J. Gelula, for instance, who had just written a robot story, being given a chapter called "Menace of the Automaton". Chapters were contributed by the following: Ralph Milne Farley, David H. Keller, Arthur J. Burks, Bob Olsen, Francis Flagg, John W. Campbell, Jr., Rae Winters, Otis Adelbert Kline, & E. Hoffman Price, Abner J. Gelula, Raymond A. Palmer, A. Merritt, J. Harvey Haggard, E.E. Smith, P. Schuyler Miller, L.A. Eshbach, Eando Binder, and Edmond Hamilton.

As may well be imagined, COSMOS is an excellent example of broth that was spoiled by too many cooks. The critical reader will find dozens of inconsistencies as the novel progresses. Nevertheless, considering the conditions under which it was tossed together, COSMOS reads with a fair amount of continuity, and as a whole stacks up very well with the professional pulp sf of its day.

The plot is hopeless. It and its variations have been written up probably five hundred times since 1926 by everyone from Edmond Hamilton to Don Wilcox. There is a menace out of space, a power-mad tyrant seeking to enslave the Solar System from his home planet in Alpha Centauri. There are three self-sacrificing heroes who flee from Alpha Centauri to set up headquarters on the moon to warn the Solar System. There is the menace of a second power-mad tyrant (an insane one, this time) who also intends to enslave the Solar System from his headquarters in the bowels of the moon. On each planet that is warned of the oncoming menace are secondary menaces which the heroes of that planet must first overcome before they rush headlong into space to give battle. Almost every hero has a tender sweetheart, be they gas-inflated Saturnians or quasi-human or human characters. The eventual success of Our Heroes is unquestioned from the beginning, though a pleasing number of them fall victims to the onslaught of Evil, their compatriots carry through to victory just as one expects them to when he encases their actions in this particular plot.

The story embraces practically everything that had appeared in sciencefiction up to 1933 except timetravel, with a noticeable bias towards a roughly equal mixture of pre-Astounding Campbell "heavy" science and E.E. Smith super-super battles of super-super ships in super-super ships. It is one of those ghastly things where in the author(s) gets the hero in an impossible predicament about every ten pages, whereupon he whips together a little whatchamaddiddle out of the buttons off his underwear, a cigar band, and the flint out of his cigarette lighter, wherewith he becomes invisible, leaps into another dimension, or some other deed of surprising agility and implausibility.

How editor Schwartz was able to dragoon so many busy professionals into doing all this work for him is one of fandom's minor mysteries. Most of them, evidently, decided they about had to as a matter of advertising and such. So they tossed a sheet of paper in the typewriter, poured out a bit of crud, and rushed it in. It is amazing to note how similar the styles are. Merritt evidently took his assignment seriously; his chapter is the only one of the seventeen that deserves serious consideration. E.E. Smith performed a major miracle in writing his story, the one he has sold so many times, in a mere 18 pages! Even more surprising, it is excellent reading--much better than some of his major op. Keller's chapter, though stereotyped, betrays the only touches of characterization outside of Merritt's, and in comparison with most of the others is refreshing reading. The rest of the authors wrote a lot of words. Few of them said anything.

But I'm being unfair. I've read too much recent science-fiction to appreciate COSMOS. Comparing the tale with a majority of the stories being published in 1933 would result in a rather favorable review. At that time, WONDER STORIES was the only prozine publishing consistently good science-fiction, and Wonder was on the downgrade from its all-time high peak of a year or so previously. ASTOUNDING STORIES was drifting through the interim between the Clayton and Street&Smiths ownership. AMAZING STORIES, under Sloane, had virtually reached the mediocrity it maintained, with one or two notable exceptions, until the termination of his editorship. WEIRD TALES still used occasional Science-fiction tales, but nothing of the calibre featured in the 1920's; Wright had for several years been concentrating on weird and fantasy and leaving stf for Gernsback and his more immediate contemporaries.

The fandom of that day depended largely, wellnigh exclusively, on the magazines for its reading matter. The reading and collecting of book fantasy, far from being the major fan pursuit it is today, was followed by only a few connoisseurs such as H.C. Koenig. COSMOS, to the fan of today, can be considered only as a curiosity, a souvenir of early days in stf. To the fan of 1933, COSMOS was a genuine event.

The outstanding feature of this novel is A. Merritt's chapter, "The Last Poet and the Robots", which was later rewritten and published in TWS (Oct. 1936) under the title "Rhythm of the Spheres". It is literate, and in its revised form one of the twenty-five or thirty outstanding short stories of magazine stf.

Otherwise, the modern reader is not likely to wish to read COSMOS more than once. It is one of those things, good enough in its day, which has been rendered obsolete by evolution and should be allowed to undergo the slow erasure of time.

The writer of this article wishes to extend thanks to Forrest J (no period) Ackermann for the kind loan of a bound volume of COSMOS, upon the reading of which this review is based.

FLUB from FLANEY

Our boy Hewitt failed to find anything stupid enough to fill out this page. He seemed to feel that I was the only person stupid enough to fill this said page. I am deeply touched.

Except fro the fact that I have absolutely nothing to say, this is going to be a snap.

Let's see... The fan publishing racket has been perking beautifully this past few weeks. I was particularly struck by the excellent 7th issue of Langley Searles' FANTASY COMMENTATOR which may be obtained at 20¢ from 19 East 235th Street, New York City 66. This issue is highlighted by Matt Onderdonk's terrific critical comparison of Lovecraft and Sloane, an article which should be missed by no serious fantasy addict. This man Onderdonk is fast developing into fandom's best article writer.

Another excellent piece of work, though of less general interest, is Bob Tucker's carefully worked out index of the ancient fanzine FANTASY FAN. Newer fans will not know this mag, but those of us who have access to files of it consider it to be one of the two or three best of all time, and this index is invaluable since an FF file is one that one wants to consult frequently.

Jack Speer's new STEFNEWS looks extremely promising. A mwszine that confines itself to news! What an innovation!

And speaking of fan publishing, here's an orchid for fandom's newest editor, Gerald Hewitt. This issue of SL'A is entirely his work, except for EBC and the actual authorship of most of the articles. I realise the mag has its faults, yes---but I realise too that Gorry doesn't know how to type (hunt and peck, no less!), and that these are the first sten-cils he has ever cut. He also did the cover, printing and all, but tells me to mention that Joe Gibson drew it. I say hats off to LA's newest fan find. (There, you little snot! Have I said enough nice things about you to satisfy that bet I lost to you?)

THE MIFT FICHICON

Lalt WIEBSCHER



The Mift Fichicon is now a ping of the thast. A good had was timed by all. Awer-etees tend: Chan R. Tarsler, Lalt Weibsher, Tuck Bobber, Evelett Bart, Enry Helsner, Lt. Pob Bettat, Nurse Court Court McFlo, Elsie Panda, Rank Frobinson, Jackenbeck Weid, Ash Ally, Heim Donwall, Elwoll Seiheim, Evansat Ever, Thelgan Norma, Osaar Lally, Moss Rorgan, Ashy Ab Luley, Barty Bettlet, Lucounts Ceile, Early Pear, Ced Ounts, Ilton Madams, the pittle Learys and the cittle Lountzes, and, in spirit, other fails who delegated to arrive.

Pings bethan agopping when Buck Tobber mowed up in the shiddle of the night, four exact to be AM. We lalked a tiddle bit, and then we bent to wed. (Is that naughty?) More pe, I wad to go to herk the next morning, so of dat thay I can noth you telling exthat cept goings I was bone I was talk-ably probbed about. (Is that naughty?) I was gery wlad when five o'roll clocked around, and I hed spome thaster fan a bedding sprocket. Nothing do was muching as no other ashowees had tended up. And the dext nay was eboring as qually, as Bobber Tuck was still the visy onlitor. In fact, nothing hap muchened untill homing come after Bocket Tub's fiasco of the aching back, (a tall soon to be taled afan roundom) Tub and I sumped into Baari, who was darking around in the grope, sumbling momething about Beckenweid bending at both bees of the bed at the tame sime. (Is that naughty?)

After rescuing Raari from the worrors of Hiedenbecks redboom, we akicked to the journen for a recheese of past and crackers, epped past the helpiglottis by parge lotions of jilk and mava. Then we retired up and went. (Is that naughty?)

Maturday

sorning Uck and Ti were pleasantly, but wakely, rudened by the sute little kister of my firलगriend. Once our mannish slinds beop ganerating we fought it would be some thun to ay plindian. Fonning our deathers Ob and Bi wided into Prancerbecks redboom, iving gout with the harpian windhoops. Soon after we were in alldulging in a rumpt-tuos (Is that Naughty?) sepast of kied frackleberries, relly, joles, and tuff like that stere.

Nutsolutely imthing aboportant took place Afterday saturnoon except we told many scales out of tool. (Is that naughty?) Kings werent thwiet for homg, tho, as the Hollweims, Sonrobin and Dajan showed up, and other poople teep.

Amc the cevening and radness meigned. Tamithak fooner durst in the boor toting a parge lackage of farticles (Is that naughty?) for our anzines, and was swamply purrounded by a funch of bans. Kit in the outhen bahy mottles of inliquorating toxicants retabed on the clinal, whenny of mich were innig bedulged in. Lt. Ret Pobbit and Nurse Fourt Fourt McClo dubbled in the boor and Nertan fromptly ploored the Nurse plain he exwhened how he would see teation with a crelescope. I booged out some bangy wangy on the piano and the inpelligent teople listened while those who do not aparchiate fine preesh drowned to try me out. (Is that naughty?)

Conflosation werved, old fastships were friended, fans, peoplegabbed, undawn the early til, when everynight said body body and we rewent and uptired.

Everyrslept bodied late Sunday. I was up the one last. After the usual Slan Shack of vittles there was another fan of roundgab. Then pic-les took peeptures, collected at looktions, some sent out to wee the sair fity of Cratted Beek. Three it was soon o'clock and auk for the timetion. Qfrominals ridge Astoring Soundies, Afazing and Mantastic Vedeutures, Thrilling Stonder Worries, and Fasic Moustasmy Fanteriex were faired for a pretty sold price, an original by ill-Lawrehcerating a scene from "The Goats of the Blen Carrig" Highing the bringest price, sive fmackers. Auk was the cyetioneer and I fame out of the cracas with a Lawrence and a shore soat.

After the auction peep of the somal went out to collapse off and I cooled. After I ruly decovered, amother neal was tet up on the sable. Ap-peasitites were apped, and every belly had full bodies. (Is that naughty?)

Atime the las had come for parting. (Do it yourself on the last three words)
The Hollweims, Dajan, and Robin Frankison took for the trop mebigolis of Chicago.
The demaining relegates, Tobert Rucker, Tanithak Tumer, and Solly Aari adulged in-
gain in ganfab.

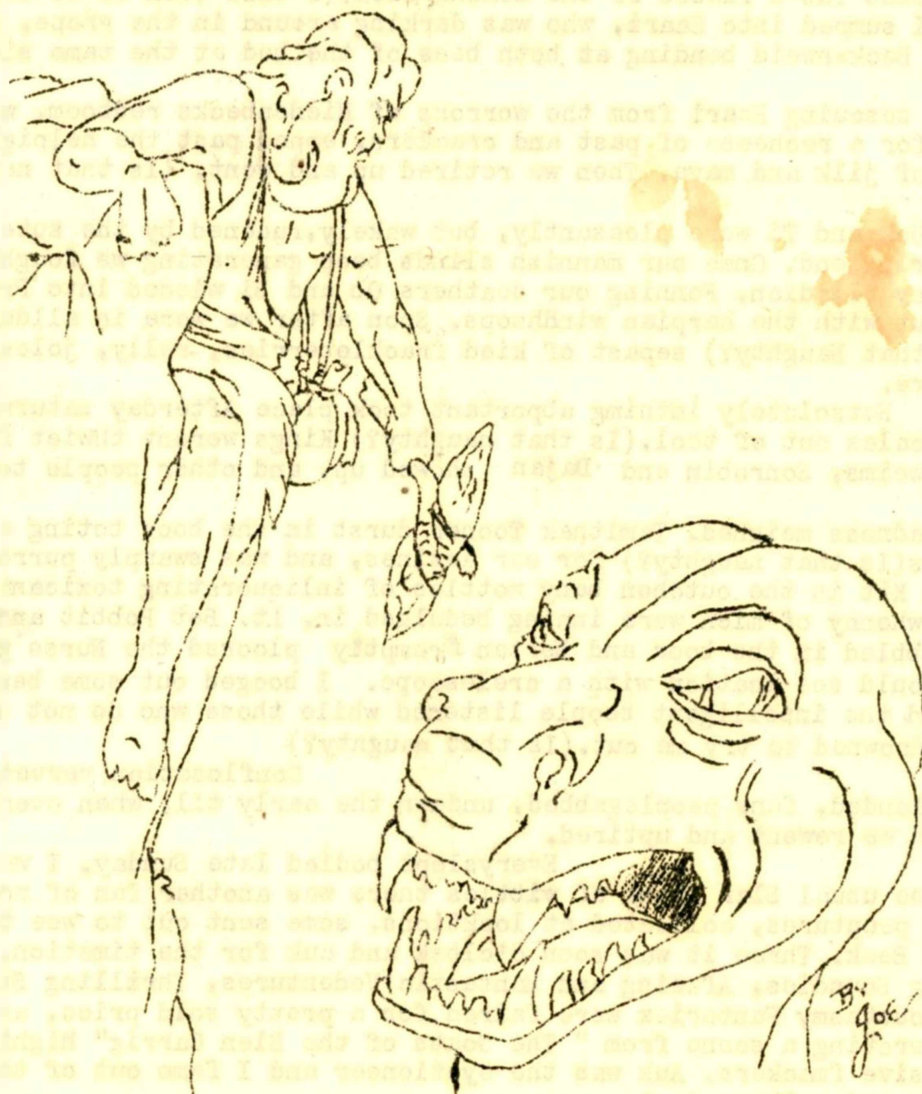
Hour every on the every curing the donvention, some thean old ming pa-
rted a stoker game. Outside of these ingaminous chance quits of chance, the commartia
an was unvenched and every time had a good one.

The dollowing fay the ling of the rest-
ers-on wook offfor the tide open spaces, and the Crattle Beekians were left with ba-
ching acks, and mond femories of the final Slan Get shack-together. (Is that naughty?)

As I sinish this faga, it is deveral says afcon the terverction. All hen in the
fouse have upted rest, and suff to be seemering no ect effills. As for me, I guess
the gavetion auk me an inscodiment in my peach. (I have a beautiful orchard) I can't
stalk traight; keep vunching my bowels. (Oh, my, I'm sure thats naughty!)

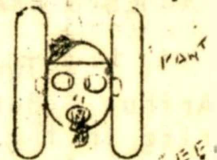
((The managerial staff of this erudite fanzine wish to point out the
fact that we are in no way responsible for the foregoing monstrosity
and all otten reggs should se bent to Cattle Breek.))

\$(#)(%)(&)(')(")(-)(S)(H)(A)(G)(G)(Y)(J)(J)(L)(A)(F)(F)(S)(-)(")(')(&)(%)(#)(%)



CRUD

dept.



—BY Weaver

U
ON GEE
A
GURL.

It was a disappointment to get Shangri-L'Affaires
And read something that made me tear out my few remaining hairs,
Viz; the news about the induction of poor Charlie,
Which is not so cheerful, joyous or even jarrle.
Can only hope his army future will be great,
Even if it means a career confined to just Section Eight.
He has done a lot to spread pleasure among the fen
(Or ften or stefnate or just plain fans, God-damn!)

And in the pages of Shangri-L'Affaires I will miss his comments
Which used to be sprinkled in so neatly like on top of a
 sundae they sprinkle alments.

Anyhow, I just want to say that I wish the best to Burbee
And hope he comes back soon...and I don't mean murbee.

HPLaneycraftt

A recent evening of the LASFS was marked by the presentation of an erudite & engrossing prose pastiche of Howard Phillips, child & man, by his #1 acolyte, Fran Laney. Laney intimately considered the effects of environment & heredity in the creation of this unique character; enumerated his astonishing attributes & astounding accomplishments; and echoed requiem, over a lustrum after his passing, for the untimely demise of this tragic genius. This nite, Laney earned the ultimate encomium: AE Van Vogt termed him "the rich man's S Davenport Russell."

BOBBY SEX

Bob Bradford to become a father for the 4th time! This impending impediment to his fanactivity was described in The Minutes in the following manner: "Absence of previous mtg's Program Chairman Bob Bradford was explained by the fact that one of his wives is expecting another--or, rather, one of his children is expecting another mother--no, his wife is infanticipating (emphasis on the fan)." Alas, poor Bradford; shortly after this he was drafted. His first communique from Boot Camp reveals: "They made us throw away all our magazines. Thus, the g.i. can was properly edified with a fine copy of the Summer '30 Wonder Quarterly. Oh, well, I'd read all the stories in it anyway."

EMIGRANTS

Latest arrivals on the quays of Shangri-L'Agoon (and no undue stress on the "goon", please!) include Jas Russell Gray, "the Mad Muse"; and Tom Daniel & spouse.

BARNES & BRADBURY



Two of our LASFS alumni communicated with us recently-- Arthur K Barnes dropt in & Ray Bradbury toned--to inform us of their rise in the lit'ry world. Art has had an acceptance from Colliers, Ray is to appear in American Mercury. Speaking of pro authors, Daugherty informs us Elma Wentz is now esconced at Warner Bros (along with Rocklynn & Brackett). And Cleve Cartmill has been tract down (oops, I'll retract the spelling on that: Shoudve been trackt) working for the local Daily News.

QUIZ LUNGS

(I really took a deep breath for that one) A scientifiquiz set the clubroom abuzz at a recent mtg when Laney & Acky staged an impromptu battle of brains. Bee was Laney's idea & Acky began to suspect it wasn't entirely as extemporaneous as claimed when the Laniac began his blitz with a question like "In what story did the date Feb 1 - 1947 appear projected on the Moon?" "My gosh," responded Ae, "how woud U ever expect a guy to remember such an obscure thing as that? 'The Lunar Consul' by Sidney Patzer."

GALLET PROOF



Proof of the innocence or guilt of French fan Georges Gallet, against whom collaborationist suspicions have been aroused by Wollheim & Speer, is anxiously awaited at LASFS HQs. Prior to the news, Rogers, Brown, the Daughertys, Hewett, Saha & Himell had generously contributed a fantasy pocketbook apiece to a club pkg for Gallet. Hope is held that the only known French fan does not prove to have been a traitor.

U WERE MINT FOR ME

Walt Daugherty goes methodically about his goal of assembling a pristine collection of stf mags, combing second hand shops here, there & elsewhere for unread cyps of the pro's. There is no lie to the rumor that he can pick up such cyps of Amazing for the past 5 yrs from half a dozen different collections around town.

A BEARD IN THE HAND--

Disguised behind a luxuriant hirsute covering reaching to his waist (if U're a little lenient with how U treat the truth) (but not very) there came to the club one Geo Xian (read christian) Bump, formerly of the Bay Area & now of the Windy City. His main contribution during his several visits while sojourning in the southern section of the State was a philosophical debate or 2 with Kepner & Vic Clark. O yes, he enjoyd the distinction of "having known Shaver when"--ie, before he discovered Lemuria.

"GARDEN OF FEAR"

Bill (Marvel Tales) Crawford's pocketbook of fantasyarns, featuring Howard, Lovecraft & Keller, is ready for distribution, reports

Lora Crozetti, who has been spending nites helping on the packing of 37,000 cyps. She tells us, however, that New York & 1 or 2 other major citys will not receive any. If it doesnt turn up in your neck of the nation in a reasonable length of time, don't look at me--at least not until about 1947, when it shoud be out-of-print beyond all shadow of a dout (unless the publisher double-x's me & keeps a secret stock of 10,000). I coundt be bothered to find wrapping paper for cyps at a profit (?) after deducting postage, of 2 or 3c aplece; and if I dared charge a fan 35c when it's available on newsstands for a quarter, I'd be drawn & quarterd (in effi-J) in certain quarters for profiteering, so--t'heck with it! sweat out your own copy, Searles...

THRILL OF A LAFF-TIME



Ye Director introduced a new type program when he called on each member to tell of his or her greatest thrill in fantasy or fan-dom. Quarters were contributed by each participant, 50% of the kitty to go to the teller of the most popular fanecdote, the other half to swell (?) the coffers of the treasury (coff-coff!). For Saha it was when tales like "Trends" & "If This Goes On--" began to appear regularly in Astounding & he realized that social significance had come to scientificfiction. For Gerald Hewett, it was the discovery of Shangri-LA in the form of the LASFS Crudroom. For 4e it was the day The Time Traveller (first of true fanmags) popt into his Staples Ave mail box.

But the story that took first prize (\$1.20) was BoBradford's "ripping" account of how a science-fictionnarrative first focust his attention on several outstanding features about a girl that are different from a boy, particularly if the girl is Lana Turner. It seems he read one of Kuttner's sexsational Marvel Science Stories wherein the gal's spacesuit got torn--& passion was born in Bradford's breast at the revelation of the heroine's ditto. (Personly, we find there's nothing quite like a ditto to bring out the beast in a fan.)

TIGER SHEDS FROGSKINS

Altho not yet physicly able to attend the LASFS, Tigripa of Palo Alto (400 miles distant) has been contributing a dollar a month for the last quarter tord the upkeep of the klub-čambro. Art Saha, who expects to be 3000 miles distant from Shangri-LA at the time U read this) has volunteerd to maintain a similar monetary membership in absentia.

SMALL CLAMS AGENT

Andy "Centaurian" Anderson, of the Pismo Beach clan, arrived LA with this tale in tow. It seems one nite he was lying on the sand by the seashore, daydreaming about the issue he woud get out in 1946, when he overheard the following conversation between 2 clams.

Chowder: "How was your date with the octopus?"

Bake: "O, he was divine! And when he gazed soulfully into my eyes & twined his tentacles around my neck & drew me to him in a passionate embrace-- My God!"

"What's the matter?"

"My pearls!"

Rick Sneary richochets: Sic

LETTER SECTION

Dear To-Whom-it-my-Concern:

Whith dear old Burbee gone, and no editor on the last copy of S-L'A I am forced to write to the club as a hole.

I just about thought that I wasn't going to get S-L'A, and when it did come I wasn't sure what it was. Except for the name on the cover I might neaver have know. I didn't think that one man could make such a dif.

But let me go back to the time I got it.

I had just picked out of a bunch of other mail that had just been handed me, The rapper gave no clue to what might be inside. As Isaid, S-L'A was late so I thought that nodoubt I had missed Burbee's anish, and was geting the first copy from the new Ed.

Riping off the ontside i gased at the yellow horror before me. My first thought was "Ye Gads!" Turning it over I found the real cover and was again tacked a back.

Why didn't Burbee get Rogers to do S-L'A covers when he was Ed.? He's great. Out side of the girls face, this it the best cover I've seen.

I take a quick look in the back to see if by chance They used nay of my letters, but no. In fact there was but one letter. Quear indeed, there used to be about five pages.

But I turn back to the front.

THE WARNER WAS GREEN, meets my eye. So to myself I say, "Aaa, this must be the new editor, and this is his way of introducing him self. But after reading the thing I began to wonder which one of us was crazy.

Could it be that they would put ont a mag without telling who was the editor. I looked quickly threw the pages and found no editorial. (I didn't find it tell next day, when I had enough nerve to read the rest of the mag.)

As was only natural I read "Flight into Fear" next. Whoweee! A 9 page story, know I know I am not reading S-L'A. But but I am sorry the local boys lost. Realy quite a story, Crane might have made some mony if he had made it a little longer and sent it to TWS.

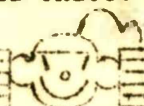
"Giants of the Western World" Feeeeee. What's the idea of Tucker blowing Ebey's horn? Or is he? Anyway, anyone knowing where I can jone the committee he spoke of, please tell me, as it sounds like a groop I could happily become a member of. Ever sence Ebey stoped answering my letter for no reason at all I have had no good will toward him.

"Specialization" Gad! A article on a serious subject. Again I wonder if this can be the S-L'A I knew. It was very good, if a trife long.

This brings me to something I want to speak about. I am plan to put out a fanzine this summer. I am going to call it THE FANZINE READERS REVIEW. And it will use reprint stuff from other zines. About a year or more old I think. I am planing to use allkines of material, and hope in a way to be a answer to Searles plee. What I want from you, (meaning the LASFS) is permission to come down a few Sundays and copy articles from your file of old zines. I asked Burbee, (the dear fellow) and he said that I could, but i thought seeing that he is gone so to speak that I had better ask someone elce, ... The only fly in the soup is that I still can't become a member of your club. I will give LASFS a free copy of TFRR, of course.

And just who wrote "The Records"? Who in the name of Glar could believe that Croutch, who the story said lived in Canada, could write the story.? Eather the story is so much bunk, or some elce wrote it and signed his name. It was good, tho.

Well, anyway you get the idea, I liked #25. It wasn't quite as neet as when Burbee put it out but it still is one of the best zines out. And onless some fool tris to stop me I'll be seeing you one of these days.%%



Yod of olden times now
hath his say:

Dear Towser---

All those days and I am still in this longlived organization. Why, there seems to be no sense in it.

I lay there on my bunk last night dazed with beer and dwelling on escapist thoughts such as publishing a oneshot fanzine and being a civilian once more. Escapist thoughts. And then I conjured up pictures of pleasant things I have done and seen--I thought of Spring and the clank of the mimeograph when somebody else was turning the handle and Jackie's legs and long summer nights spent anywhere outside of this [] camp and the discovery that the new Astounding was out and the click of the dice when \$20 bucks has been faded and a 6 & a 5 turn up when the cubes stop dancing and Jackie's legs and my 54th drunk when I was 17 and I lay out there with the stars so close I could have reached up and stirred them around with my finger and the wondrous delights of being a civilian once again and Jackie's legs and the quitting whistle and the air-conditioned beer joint where I found my true love whose love endured three whole days much longer than the life span of an Ephemerid fly and the pleasing gurgle of Scotch going down my throat and a lovely girl now half-forgotten who clutched me tight and swore she'd been mine since she first saw me and always would be mine no matter what and I lied and said I felt the same way and two weeks later she married a sailor and I was damned glad of it and Jackie's legs and the erectile odor of the beach at night and I do believe that the 72 ounces of Schlitz I just drank have more or less affected me.

I will grab up a handfull of commas and sprinkle them over that last paragraph. Later. Not now.

What makes you think Isabelle should see this?

One more fight in the barracks, men, and you'll all be restricted for the duration of the cycle.###
(In case any of you wish to contact our erudite Burble, he is now # 39747275, Company A, 79th Infantry, Camp Roberts, California. No, I'm sorry, he's not a colonel yet. You'll have to address it Private.)

Milty Rothman(himself):
draw your own concussions.

DEAR PEOPLES:

MUCH MAIL FROM YOU IN THE BOX AT THE MOMENT.

FIRSTLY A LOVELY GROUP LETTER FROM YOU-ALL WHICH FINALLY WANDERED IN FROM MY SALT-WATER APO. 'T WAS NICE BEING REMEMBERED LIKE THAT, ALTHO YOU'RE PROBABLY DISAPPOINTED THAT I DIDN'T GET PUT INTO SOME DIRE DANGER SO AS TO WARRANT ALL THE SENTIMENTS.

SHANGRI-LA'AFFAIRES IS AMOOSING, ALTHOUGH I LOOKED IN VAIN FOR A PIECE BY ME WHICH BURBEE SAID HE WAS GOING TO PUT IN. THE COVER IS FAIR, ALTHOUGH THE DAME IS PRETTY RUGGEDLY BUILT. WARNERS MENTION OF THE VISIT TO LESLIE STONE BRINGS BACK AN EPISODE WHICH I'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN. "THE HEELS OF IF" HAD A GOOD IDEA, BUT IT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN WITH MORE FINESSE AND DEVASTATION. LIKEWISE WITH "FLIGHT INTO FEAR"

LES CROUTCH IN "RECORDED PICTURES" MAKES A TECHNICAL BOMER CONCERNING THE BAND WIDTH OF A MODULATED RADIO FREQUENCY SIGNAL. HE SAYS IF YOU MODULATE A CARRIER WITH A TONE OF 8000 CYCLES, THEN YOU GET A BAND WIDTH OF 4000 CYCLES ABOVE AND 4000 CYCLES BELOW THE CARRIER FREQUENCY.

NOW, THE EQUATION OF AN UNMODULATED WAVE IS AS FOLLOWS: $S = A \sin 2\pi ft$
WHERE S IS THE AMPLITUDE AT ANY TIME, T, A IS THE MAXIMUM AMPLITUDE, f IS THE FREQUENCY.

WHEN THE WAVE IS AMPLITUDE MODULATED, A BECOMES: $A = A_0 + n A_0 \sin 2\pi f_1 t$ (1-
 $n \sin 2\pi f_1 t$)

WHERE A_0 IS THE MAX AMPLITUDE OF THE UNMODULATED WAVE, n IS THE COEFFICIENT OF MODULATION, AND f_1 IS THE FREQUENCY OF THE MODULATING WAVE.

THEREFORE: $S = A_0 (1 + n \sin 2\pi f_1 t) \sin 2\pi ft$

$S = A_0 \sin 2\pi ft + n A_0 \sin 2\pi f_1 t \sin 2\pi ft$

BY TRIGONOMETRIC FANAGLING THIS BECOMES: $S = A_0 \sin 2\pi ft + \frac{n A_0}{2} \sin 2\pi (f + f_1) t$

$+ \frac{n A_0}{2} \sin 2\pi (f - f_1) t$

BY THIS IT IS SEEN THAT THE MODULATED WAVE CONSISTS OF THE CARRIER, PLUS TWO SIDE BANDS WHOSE FREQUENCIES ARE THE SUM AND DIFFERENCE, RESPECTIVELY, OF THE CARRIER AND MODULATING FREQUENCY.

THEFORE, IN CROUTCH'S EXAMPLE, THE BAND WIDTH SHOULD HAVE BEEN 8000 CYCLES ABOVE AND 8000 CYCLES BELOW THE CARRIER FREQUENCY.

SEE?

PS. I DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS LETTER. ###

Sgt. Ricardo Wilson will
now enlighten us from
somewhere in the Filley-
pines.

Dear receipient:

Being by nature a person inclined to do as little work as possible, either fisical or mental, I'm going to send one copy of this t4 Speer, who wrote the Fancyclopedia, and one to Burbee, representing those who published it. My overall comment on the work is one of pleasure and gratification. It provides in permanent form, in one place, a staggering amount of information about the fan world. Certainly it is not an impartial view, but on the whole it is a fair one. I think it is the first tangible monument we've had, and one to which any serious work of reference or history will have to refer in the future. Minor corrections and comments are as follows:

Page 40: The Futurian House in existence before its inhabitants moved to the Ivory Tower was not at 306 W 213 St, which sounds like Kornbluths old address, but somewhere in Brooklyn:4th St, I think it was, therely inaccessible except by Baby, the Exploding Ford....The good-will tour never touched Maine. And I never used the expression "Gawp". That sounds like an invention of the devil, Tucker.

Page 51: The oldsmobile was not named Jr., but Jenny. The name was hung on by its previous owners, and stuck.

Page 59: Nell, the Science Fiction News Letter, was nicknamed by Elmer Perdue, not Ackerman. At least I first heard it from Elmer; I concede that he may have picked it up from the Ack.

I object to the fact that little known, nonstandard abbreviations, such as "usw" and "ktp", are often used, but not defined. You may not be G&C Merriam, Speer, but we are not omniscient.

I came across a sort of Thorne Smithean "Outward Bound" over here. The novel is called "The Wench Was Wicked", and is by Gilbert Anstruther; Peter Huston, publishers, Sydney, 1944. After a bit of murder and adultery, there is a scene in a railway station which is full of other peoples wives and husbands, Greeks, Bulgarians, and an all seeing loudspeaker. The train these souls are waiting for is bound for Hell, presumably. The author is quoted in a protest reading: "I wished to title this book 'Why Not Bash The Bitch?' but my publishers, a notably unimaginative and humorless gang of thugs, would not hear of it."

Has anyone tracked down a book called "Sergeant Terry Bull: His Ideas on War and Fighting in General", by Terry Bull (Col. Wm H Triplet)? It contains chapters titled "Grenade, Hand, Fragmentation, M-19, 1949," "The Roving Boys of 1949," and other chronicles of war with the Munges which will take place in 1949-50. It's published by The Infantry Journal, Washington, DC.

The following bit of trivial info is for the peculiar collector who would be what Speer calls a completist. A supernatural short-short story, "Stronger Than Death", by Capt. A. C. Pollard, VC, MC, DCM, appears in Splashes, an undated shilling magazine published by W. J. Martin. State Building, 49 Market St, Sydney. It's not reccomended, but some misguided compiler might like to make a note of the item.

Seems to me Speers oblitterine, or stencil corection fluid, would work perfectly if he'd first rub the word to be corected with a blunt instrument, such as the end of an automatic pencil or paper clip, thus smooching the wax solid again before applying the fluid, then waiting fifteen seconds for it to dry before retyping. I do this every day on stencils of combat mission reports going out of this office, and it works perfectly, even in this ruinous climate.

Now that the European fracas is kaput, many of the fan gentry

from that theater should be returning to the states, either for keeps, or enroute to the Pacific. I imagine there'll be some hot times in LA and various other reunion centers. If any of the characters get to this particular Phillipine, look me up and we'll chin some about the good old days. One of the men in my squadron is a one time neighbor, name of Larson, of Clifford D. Simak, who was always writing those "crazy stories." If anyone has any copies of Simak's pieces, Larse'd like to see them for old times sake. Over here you read anything, is his filosofy.

Thats all, brethren.####

Don Jalbert communicates from
Wenchisdown, Mass.

To Burbees Successor:

The Rogers litho cover for Shangri-L'affaires #25 is a superb job. Take that sentence for its face value, fellow; I mean every word of it. The job is superb for two rather unorthodox reasons. Not because it is artistically perfect- a true artist could doubtlessly find many details in it that are poor- but because it puts me in a half nostalgic mood. It induces nostalgia because of one outstanding fact: practically every single detail in the picture is reminiscent of the characteristic style of some science-fiction artist.

Take, for example, the figure of the cringing little fellow with the big head. He, alone, reminds me of several artists works. The head resembles one of the Paul alien-race-members that used to appear so often in the old "Wonders". It is also similar to the work of Leydon-frost that ran for a time in "Planet"; and the Jay Jacksons definitely pulpish illustrations that formerly (dis)graced the pages of "Fantastic Adventures". The body could have been drawn by either Bok or Dolgov; the position it is in reminds me of a Schneeman illo in an old "Astounding".

The figure of the girl is also a composite of several artists styles. Her face suggests Julian Krupa's work for the Palmer Pubs, and Finlays "horroified women" on the covers of FFM. The costume she wears, for a very apparent reason, reminds me of the Berges covers on "TWS" & "SS"; and her figure, of the work of Joe Simon & Jack Kirby that appeared in one or two issues of "Marvel Stories". The gun is a "Flash Gordon-ish" affair; the folds in her skirt (γ) are done in a characteristic Bok way.

The (1) tree (2) monstrosity (3) BeM (take your pick) looks like something dreamed up either by Dolgov or Fax (the latter's illustrations are being run currently in "Weird Tales").

The background is strictly from Wesso, and the picture taken as a whole reminds me of no one better than Leo Morey!

Whether or not Rogers intended the picture to be representative of so many artists styles is pretty doubtful. But I don't particularly think that he meant it to be a definite takeoff on sf art as a whole. 'Teny rate, I find it amusing to ramble through the thing at random and pick out the various parts of it that are wholly or partly familiar to me.

Maybe Alva stumbled onto something-the picture could be a lavish joke of his, played on us un-suspecting non LA fans.

Or
then again, maybe I'm just an over-observant, loud-mouthed adolescent with a craving for distinction.

Could be. ####

Forrey told me there'd be times like this. What the hell am I supposed to do with these empty spaces, anyway? I wish you fans would be more considerate and write letters that wouldn't leave about ten lines of vacuum at the bottom of a page. I tried to get Kepner to do a ten line poem for a filer but he started thinking about it, as I was afraid he would. I think I'll try my hand at blank verse: Light was she

light as down

softly descending

flop.

FROM

BOX 6475 METRO STATION

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



Lt Wiebseher

25 Poplar

Battle Creek
Mich