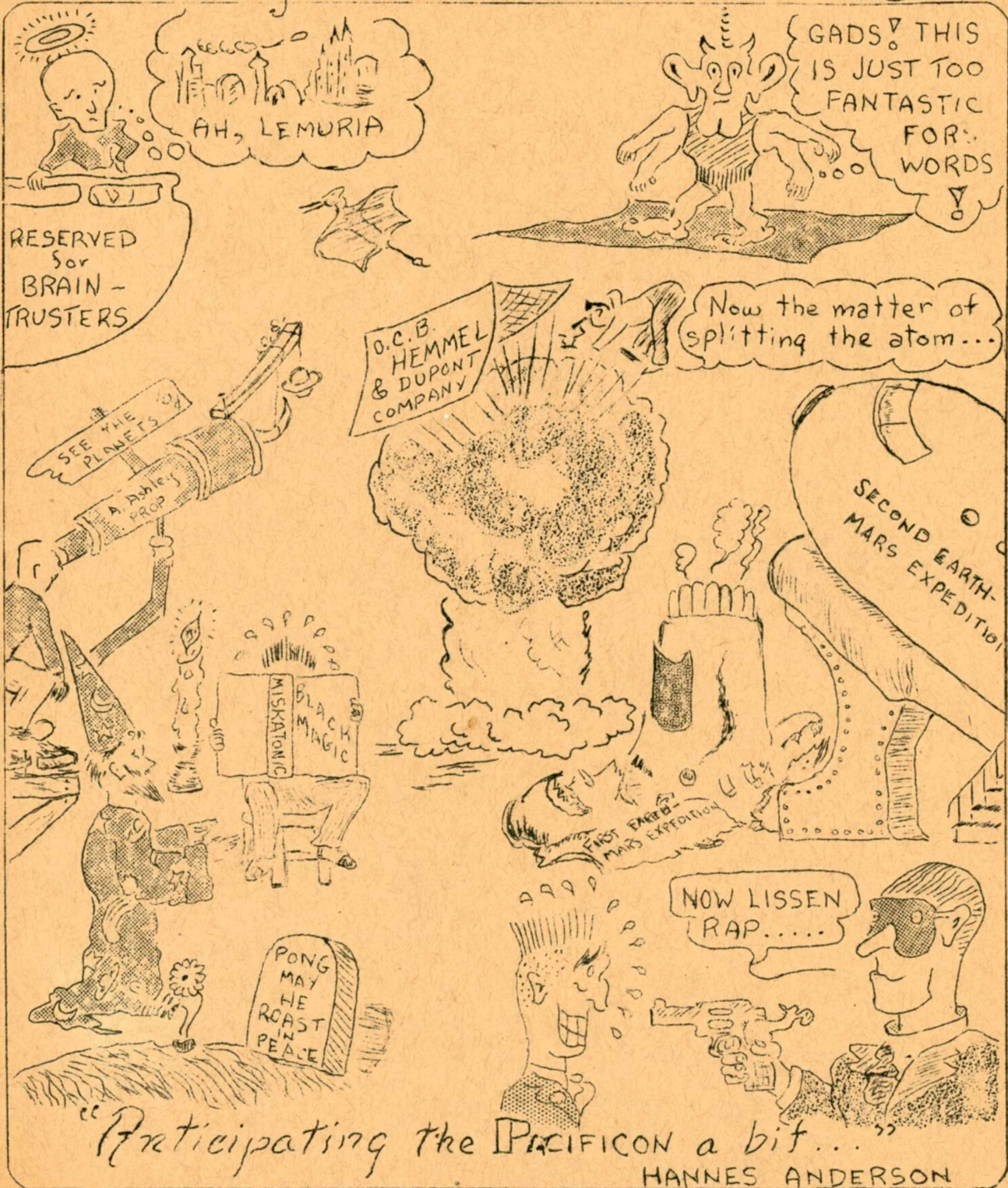


Group 1946

Shangri - L'Affaires - 29



Shangri-I'Affaires #29, April, 1946. The club publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 637 1/2 S Bixel St., Los Angeles 14. Published eight times a year, for the time being, anyway. Lavish gifts of jewelry, money, material and unreasonable praise accepted with pleasure. You must send in a letter of comment after every three issues, at least, if you wish to stay on our mailing list. The list is too big now and somebody has got to go. All letters subject to excerpction and publishing. We will exchange with any other fanzine being published.

After a year of adventures indescribable (if I had space I would describe them anyhow) I am back in the editor's chair of this once-sterling fanzine, which I, single-handed, and without the aid of Walter J Daugherty, raised from nothing to the #2 fanzine

I'd better mention again here that next month there will be considerably fewer copies made, so those of you who wish to stay on the list had better send in some sort of acknowledgment--a card, or perhaps a letter. Of course, if you just want to take your chances, all right.

Far as next month's issue goes, there are some items on hand that were crowded out this month. There will be a three-page item by Elmer Perdue, who takes an occasional glass of port before meals. This article threatens to revolutionize the entire pulp field, provided the proper people read it. The choicest parts had to be deleted, sad to say. There will also be a Hemmel's Scientific Sortie which explains in detail how to beat the races. This article alone will make the issue worth at least a thousand dollars, but you get it free. Just one of our services. Also, there will be three pages of Ackerman's choice crud which I enjoy as much as Ackerman. Our beaming secretary, Tigrina, will also be represented by two pages of minutes of our meetings. And by the way, if you have any complaints to register about the way the minutes were done this issue, please refer your remarks to me because I did the exerpcting and I fear I changed the wording around here and there, though you can safely attribute the puns to Tigrina. There will also be a letter section consisting of some letters which were crowded out this time plus the enthusiastic letters you are going to write when you read this issue. Or perhaps you have already read this issue and have saved this page for the last as dessert.

I may as well let you in on my plans for this magazine. Beginning with the next issue, or possibly the one after that, there will be 100 pages, all lithographed. I am not speaking idly or blowing off about the project; in other words, it is not a blow job. 100 pages or perhaps fewer, lithographed or maybe mimeographed. At the end of five years I will publish a special Pentennial issue. It will be printed in Caslon Oldstyle type on cockle-shell crackle white and will run anywhere from 700 to 1600 pages. In the readers' section I intend to print every letter I have ever received except some letters from my mistress which my wife destroyed for some reason in a fit of temper.

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

ARTISTRY OF THE ONE-SHOT FANZINE

F TOWNER LANEY

Searles can publish FANTASY COMMENTATOR; Speer can publish SUSPRO; or Ackerman can publish VOM. 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?" (I blushinglly censor the words which make Burbee's speech so pungent and characteristic.) "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, mimeograph, assemble, staple, wrap, and mail a fine upstanding fanzine all in one glorious evening. Why, why--it'll be just like a Daugherty project except that it will really happen! Towner, just think of it! All these top fans and brilliant writers, headed by myself who is universally recognized as the toppest and most brilliant of them all, happily working together for the Good of Fandom. A Band of Brothers. Deep Thinkers thinking Deep Thoughts....Why, Towner, this is the inspiration of the ages. As the originator of this priceless project my name shall be hailed by fans near and far for centuries to come." And so on--entertainingly--for hours.

Well, I was game enough. I moved hither and yon among the various persons and quasi-persons then inhabiting Shangri-LA murmuring something about a "publishing party" I should have known better. Such was their thirsty delight at the noun that they wholly overlooked the adjective. The only bright spot to this drunkenest of all drunken brawls was that they did bring their own booze (in belly and bottle), even Perdue, who normally is very abstemious.

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 homeward to some fate incompatible 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 10:00 the next morning 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 Forrest J (no period) Ackerman was confined with the measles, Jackie and I (plus children) drove over to the towering Burbee mansion near fabulous Olympic Boulevard. We found Oznard, squatting in the midst of piles of paper and empty beer bottles like some obscene oriental deity, pondering the dummy for a one-shot fanzine devoted solely to Ackc-boosting crud for the edification of the stricken sergeant. I naturally muscled in, dashing home after typer and other material. Since we were (1) not bothered by a horde of drooling drunks and (2) reasonably sober ourselves, ACK ON HIS BACK was turned out much faster and was much better than the late ornamented TWO FINGERS. It suffered from the inclusion of much Lancy/Burbee drivel, but nevertheless was an encouraging signpost pointing down 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. From the high standards adhered to in selecting this party, an invitation might well have been likened to a squire in medieval days receiving the accolade from his beloved king, Arthur of immortal legend.

"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 Los Angeles. "We've got to have Speer at this session," I told the Burb. "Dunkelberger will cut us dead if we snub his friend Bristol."

"Besides," bumbled Burbee brightly, "We can publish the whole thing under his name and then we can be as dirty as we want to. Why even if the post office objected to our lewdness, we would merely point to his name on the masthead and they would pass the mag without further ado." There was a rumor about the Slan Shacklers. We ignored it with ease, having been ignoring rumors of this nature for at least two years.

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, and screaming for sustenance) 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.

Mark what happened: We welcomed this organism to our gathering, despite the credentials he bore which purported to be signed by some evil-minded Chinese of low antecedents and Bloomington registry. We welcomed him, I repeat, not only as a friend but as a contributor to this erudite and intellectual fanzine of such unquestioned merit and high standing.

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 at the time as being worthy of inclusion under the same cover with the sober thoughts and measured cadences of Forrest J (no period) Ackerman, Oxnard C.B. Hemmel, F. Towner Laney, and others of the elite.

Burbee and I were so proud of FOUR FINGERS. An all-star list of contributors. Lovely art work. Burning words and glittering phrases. Brilliant thoughts, expressed brilliantly for brilliant readers. And 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 1946 STARTLING: "ONE FINGERS/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. Maybe a whole series. For we have a life ambition as fans. SOONER OR LATER, WE ARE GOING TO PUBLISH A ONE-SHOT FANZINE WHICH WILL RATE SGT SATURN'S "A" LIST.

The "A" list or bust, as it were.

Can you, as a loyal fan, truthfully say that your life ambition is as high-flown and worthy?

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FOUND: Several copies of Shangri-L'Affaires #19, #20, #23 and #24. Cost, one 3c stamp (unused) per copy desired. Since it costs but 1c per copy to mail, I make 100% profit. I wonder why anybody tolerates this situation. Chas Burbee, 1057 S Normandie, Los Angeles 6, Calif.

BOOK REVIEW

SKIRMISHER FROM HELL by Cameron Vesey Charlemagne Press, N.Y. 1932
\$2.50

I am not one to go overboard for a book and I don't want you to rush out and buy the book merely on the strength of this review. I am bolstered somewhat when I remember that Laney likes it too (it's his book).

The story concerns James Arvin, who is one of the Skirmishers, complete with portfolio and pen. The Devil, you see, is greatly overworked since the population of the Earth is now far greater than he was originally equipped for, and since there are no more fallen angels he gets no recruits. He must use certain of his damned ones as supplementary demons. Arvin is one of these.

The field supervisors are the original Fallen Ones and some are incompetent, naturally, especially the one assigned to Arvin's area. They are all weary of their jobs since there is nothing but future, without end.

Arvin is freshly off this mortal coil when he is sent right back again. The rules provide that no one can act as Skirmisher till he's been out of circulation for at least 100 years, but due to a slip-up in the unwieldly files, Arvin has been out only 10. Also, Arvin has been committed to Hell by a flip of a coin between the Dark Angel and the Devil's agent.

Arvin feels he has a chance to expiate his crime since the principals are still living. He might reestablish himself in the eyes of the Big White Boss and maybe get his sentence commuted from eternity to, say, 1,000,000 years. But now his job is to lure people into sin, the way demons are supposed to. He is permitted to do good acts, if the eventual outcome is evil.

He has a few limited magical powers, such as supplying himself with funds to carry on the bad work. He cannot go beyond a certain limit in his financial status. He takes human form but is not able to enjoy himself much in this shape. Even the finest foods taste like ashes and sulfur, and water is not the least bit thirst-quenching.

Naturally he falls in love. The girl is one of the victims of his former sin--he'd ruined her father financially. (Disappointed?)

He wants the girl, he wants to stay on Earth, he wants his crime expiated. He has to lie in his report and is eventually discovered. He wangles a 24-hour grace period from the field supervisor, who is not really a bad fellow, and, minus the magical powers he had, must clean up all his troubles. This 24-hour period rivals De Camp for sheer, lovely wackiness. And when he is brought up for judgment, the trial sequence is the best bit of fantasy I've ever seen, read, or heard about.

And then, in the last two pages, an astonishing development occurs--quite logically, too--and the whole plot structure seems to rotate a full 180 degrees. The neatest touch I've ever seen.

---Charles Burbee

UNDISCOVERED PLANETS: THOR

OXNARD HEMMEL, F.R.S., H.D.

If I remember correctly, I once prepared a paper on this or a similar subject, and if I did, then there is hardly any use at all for this item or anything like it. But there is a fairly well-founded reason to believe that the first article has either been lost on its way somewhere or saw such a limited publication that I have no copy in my own huge files. Anyhow, during the recent war most of us scientists were working under wraps (as the saying goes) and could not spend our time gazing at the heavens (so-called) since we were not expecting attack from that quarter anyway, and if we were, the military would have been detailed to look after the job. Now that the war is over, or at least simmering, 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.

It is about a planet which some people think is there that I wish to use up a page or two. (I have given the sterling editor of this curious magazine full permission to cut the last four paragraphs if he wishes, and place an advertisement there, or, indeed, anything that suits his elfin fancy.)

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.

In the early days, of course, there were any number of theories to account for the perturbations noted, such as Venus reaching her synodic 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 they admitted the validity of Bordiago's statement over a glass of brown October 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 and they seriously considered hara-kiri but slept it off instead.

B S Brochure, in his pamphlet "Thor the Planet" has gone to the trouble of collating a number of theories and hearsay remarks and random accounts and some genuine researches, and he proves to his own satisfaction if not mine that the ancients knew all about Thor as well as some of the others. "Thor, the name of this inner planet," I am quoting him now, "was chosen by reason of the fact that a popular story going the rounds at the time had a man named Thor as the hero. The story itself is one of those dubious things one finds rampant in every civilization, modern or ancient, and though I know the story I will not recount it here." At once, we are aware of the character of the man Brochure. He probably believes we would not merit entrance to the inner circle. He probably wrote the pamphlet more for money than

for entertainment or 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, saying 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.

The Sumerians knew of this inner planet and an early Sumerian play concerns a man "fire-like and hot-skinned" who came in "a giant ball" to the Mesopotamian valley and despite his fevered skin (or perhaps because of it) cut quite a swath among the women who said he was "out of this world." It is obviously a story of space-travel, says Brochure, going on to say that the man was surely from Thor.

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 actually hypothetical and at variance with known facts. Known to me, at any rate.

For the edification of Brochure and others of his ilk, including the people who have been and are being misled by his statements, and for the enlightenment of those who have been fortunate enough to have remained unexposed to his peculiar logic, I append a few figures which should serve as a starting point for future circumlocutions on the subject. Perhaps all I am doing is giving Brochure material for a future pamphlet in which he will take potshots at me, in the usual 50-cent edition.

My figures: Latitudinal peregrination--187.14lm (65t714v.008v); distance at aphelion--32m (165.004st); lobar flatulence--16,800dv (3.1416pi); vestigial aberration (prismatic)--102.020lsh (637¹Bix); 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° out of plumb, as it were. The temperature during the day seldom exceeds 87 degrees Fahrenheit, and the nights are never below 65 except in the tropics, where 10 degrees can safely be added to those named, and at the south pole, where it is pretty damned cold.

The principal race on Thor is a brown-skinned people of medium height, with a cranial capacity of 1500cc, and a civilization that ranks with that of Crane City, Utah. Four languages only are spoken, in each of which the consonants l, v, and d are entirely unknown, 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; Clavierubung und Todesbanden, by Ludvig von Prinn

DON'T LET THIS TRACT DIE DEPT

CHARLES BURBEE

(Reprinted from Ack on His Back,
a technological journal.)

This is a story of God Triumphant, of the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness in dubious battle with the soul of a man as the prize. Read on, dear readers, and see for yourself how a man who thought he was so low that prostitutes would not spit on him (though he begged them to) and pigs got up and slowly walked away--this man, depraved in spirit and lost to society, an enemy of Christ, saw the LIGHT (even as you and I may) and became a shouting evangelist.

Tarzeel Smith was but a little boy when he first began to listen to the Devil, who is always whispering nasty things in our ears. Oh, that we might always be dear to the Devil, regardless of how new his stories might be! It began very innocently, the way all things begin, but it was a beginning. He began to steal cookies. They were not his property and he took them heedlessly and sinfully. Later, he would abscond with the nickel his mother had given him for the Sunday School collection and spend it in riotous living---licorice sticks, gum drops, jelly beans, and other instrumentalities of Sybaritic life. This nickel, dear readers, pledged to God in His Glory. And yet, little boys all over the nation are doing the very same thing even as I write. This sort of thing should not be tolerated, for how is God's word to be spread if His ministers are deprived of their rightful ~~xxx~~ offerings? These little boys should be nipped in the bud.

Tarzeel (this is not his real name--to avoid embarrassment to others who are innocently involved) played hockey from school and then began to exhibit samples of the truly evil man he was later to become. As soon as he was eleven years old he began to display inordinate interest in members of the opposite sex. (He lived in a warm climate.) At the age of thirteen he finally got up enough Devil-begotten courage to invite the little girl next door to the movie matinee---first making sure she had her dime---and there, in the flickering, amorous darkness he---yes....he---held her hand! So reckless was his passion that he cared not a whit that her hand was sticky with licorice. He was helpless in the grip of his unholy passion. And later, when he escorted her home, his brain reeling with strawberry pop, he boldly asked her for a kiss. She refused haughtily, being truly one of God's little women. But this rebuff did not discourage this wayward youth. Oh, that he could have read a tract in this hour of dire need! Perhaps he would have been snatched from the depths of perdition. But perhaps he was too far gone to care for snatches.

Later, as his mind matured, he became more and more evil, and then came the soul-shattering day he broke a window and did not cry a drop. At the age of sixteen he was already so far gone that his friends regarded him with awe. Under his bed he kept a list of his crimes:

GIRLS I HAVE KISSED: ~~111~~ 11
WINDOWS I HAVE BROKEN: 1
SHOWS I HAVE SNEAKED INTO: 11
SHOWS I HAVE SNEAKED OUT OF: 11

At length he reached manhood and at this point took up the use of tobacco in all its forms. He drank home-brew and belched without begging anyone's pardon, and smoked cigarettes at the same time. And on the streets, too! Then, one day he took the final step into the depths. With two one-dollar bills in his vest pocket, each bill folded in half and then in half again and then once again, he went up the steps of a notorious house in town and upon reaching the door boldly punched the button. A slattern came to the door. He peered up and down the street and then furtively said in a hoarse whisper: "Gimme a pint."

Clutching the bottle of liquid sin he slunk into a vile alley and drank. Emboldened by the mad fumes he went to the house of a female acquaintance and induced her to let him in though it was past nine o'clock and curfew had blown some time before. The sidewalks had been taken up, of course, and he stumbled quite a bit on his way to the girl's house. He attempted to force some of the liquor on her but she stoutly refused. When he'd finished the pint, a look of foul and filthy desire came over his countenance. He muttered to himself, "I'm going to kiss this girl if it's the last thing I ever do! Yes, kiss her at least once before I go!" With this terrible menace to the girl's virtue he advanced on her and demanded she surrender the treasure of her lips to him. The girl, terrified, thought him possessed of the Devil (which indeed he was!---Ed.) came into his arms (God forgive her!---Ed.) and complied with his wishes. Having taken the prize of her lips he staggered from the house, sold to the Devil body and soul, gloating in crime and sin. But "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord (Corinthians 2:16) and the hand of God smote him down.

Yea, smote him down. He precipitously vomited the contents of his stomach and then sat upon the curb meditating his sins. What a black life he had led! His hand rested idly on a bit of paper and he picked it up to wipe his slimy mouth. In the glare of the gas-lit street-light to which the lamplighter had not yet given a blow job, he read the printing on the paper. It was "A Soldier of the Lord" Tract No. 2071. How kind God is! After punishing Tarzeel (not his real name) He showed him the means to salvation. Tarzeel, because there was nothing else to read, read it again and again and yet once again and finally turned it right side up and read it again. He saw the LIGHT, "The glorious Light from the City Four-Square that shines on the lambs of God" (Revelation 8:14). Forth from the spot straightway he rose, shouting praises of the Lord.

He became a missionary of the Lord and brought the lagging income of the Belgian Congo up to snuff. In the Patagonian jungles he established a brisk trade---prayers for ermine furs and sincere "Praise the Lord's" for 25-lb quills of river-washed gold. In China he built up the missionary trade to a handle of \$50,000,000 a year. Then he took the word of God to the benighted land of America and established the first chain-store system of tabernacles that has been netting Jesus \$12,000 per year per unit.

And all through the efficient distribution of Tract No. 2071.

Reader, has this story moved you? Then take the money you'd otherwise have spent for Ex-Lax and send it to us and we will spread the word of God to the far corners of the earth.

All tracts free as the Lord permits. Free Tract Society of America, 637¹ South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California.

FANTASY ADVERTISER

It is hereby proposed that a new fanzine be published for a purpose heretofore left but mildly covered by the general or the specialized fantasy fan publications that are usually produced by fans for their own enjoyment. This publication will be devoted almost in its entirety to the advertising field with very small space allowed to other matter. The prime purpose of this magazine is to be the propagandizing of fantasy---science-fiction---weird type of literature through the presentation of its various facets by advertisements.

Now that the war is over with a relative theoretical increase in paper and the other publishing materials, it is assumed that fan publishers will desire to increase their circulations that were curtailed by the war and its shortages. Assuming further that with the release of our service bound members there will be a related increase in fan activities, it is desired to furnish a medium by which a person may conduct his business with fans in a manner offering a modicum of regularity and scope.

The contents of the Fantasy Advertiser will consist of adds for fan magazines, book sales, swaps, fan meetings and gatherings want adds, requests for fan mag material, propaganda of any fan organization for membership, and any and all other types of adds that might have occasion to be desired by the body of fantasts.

It is not proposed to publish these advertisements gratis of course, BUT it is proposed that these advertisements be published for as close to cost basis as is possible. Following is a list of

charges that will enable Fan Adds to operate just inside costs:

.02¢ per line (32 spaces) up to 10 lines

.01¢ per line for all lines over 10

.25¢ per quarter page

.50¢ per half page

.75¢ per full page

Lithography is offered at a straight five dollars per page although costs vary from four to eight dollars depending upon the subject matter being reproduced.

As every fan publisher knows, this is slightly above actual cost prices; HOWEVER, further reduction is offered. For every four consecutive adds ordered, a fifth is offered free of charge, i.e., five for four. There will be a reduction in price of adds if sufficient adds are received to cover expenses in the bulk.

To insure that your adds receive as wide a circulation as possible, Fantasy Advertiser will be sent to every person interested in futuristic fiction whose name and address the publisher can secure. On the face of it, this insures that your add will receive wider notice than in any other publication.

Fantasy Advertiser's present offer is one free add for every person who orders an advertisement now. In other words, for those who get in their adds promptly, the first issue is free!

FANTASY ADVERTISER, Publisher, Gus Willmorth, 628 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, California. Publication will be quarterly unless accumulation of material warrants sooner publication. ACT NOW!!

THURSDAY

A ONE ACT FARCE

BY A S QUIRREL

Time: In the fore part of the evening.

Place: The LASFS Clubroom. Walls are painted buff, the ceiling light green, and the floor maroon. A mimeograph reposes on a cabinet at the back of the room, and pictures from prozines litter the walls. Folding chairs and other objects are scattered about the room. None of this property, however, bears much relationship to the action.

Characters: Too numerous to be worth mentioning in this place.

ACT I

Russ Hodgkins: (raps gavel and speaks firmly) Hear ye! Hear ye! The meeting will now come to order. We will first hear the minutes of the last meeting.

Other Members: (very busily) Bz-z-z, bz-z-z, mumble, mumble, ha, ha, mumble, bz-z-z.

Tigrina: (stands, flips hair out of face, and clears throat) The umpty umpt meeting of the LASFS convened at half past. Present were.....

Other Members: Bz-z-z, mumble, ha.

Russ Hodgkins: (makes violent noises with gavel) Let's have a little attention here!

Tigrina: (looks uncertain whether to smile or frown, finally laughs nervously and continues).....the motion was made and seconded....

(Door bursts open cautiously and Sam Russell sidles in.)

Most Members: (with broad grins and carefully cultivated surprize) Why Sam! (much applause follows. Sam Russell grins and makes series of stiff little bows)

Russ Hodgkins: (raps gavel) Proceed with the minutes, Tigrina.

Tigrina: (returns to her task with a start)whereupon the meeting was adjourned at a quarter of.

Russ Hodgkins: (very businesslike) If there are no corrections or omissions, the minutes are approved as read.

Elmer Ferdue: (with dignity) Omission! I was here last meeting. I voted twice.

Fran Laney: (in kindly, quick reply) I wouldn't admit it!

Russ Hodgkins: (ignores both of them) We will now hear the Treasurer's Report.

Forry Ackerman: (strokes chin and muses audibly; then makes with the fingers and a lap full of papers) Well....of course we've had quite a few expenditures this last week. ...and the collections have not been what they should be, but right at this moment we have forty dollars and forty cents, not counting.....

Other Members: Bz-z-z, mumble, mumble.

Russ Hodgkins: (rat-a-tats with gavel) We will now take up old business.

(Door opens cautiously and Charles Burbee bursts in)

Part of Members: (loudly) Oxnard! (Burbee grins and nods head vigorously from the hips. Looks around for vacant chair and finds none. Coolly dumps rubbish out of crud box, and inverting it, seats himself)

Other Members: Bz-z-z-z-z, ha, mumble, mumble.

Russ Hodgkins: (bangs gavel and shouts) Any old business?

Walt Daugherty: (Arises and addresses members briskly and heartily) Now I know our director here...(nods genially to Hodgkins)... would like to get these little matters of business over with as soon as possible, because, as everyone knows, these meetings tend to drag along too long and he'd like to have everybody keep things brief so we can get things over as soon as possible. I know he's been trying very hard to do this and I think we should all do all we can to help him out in his worthy effort to keep things moving and get these matters cleared out of the way so we can get on to other things that might happen to be planned for after the business is taken care of. Now I have just a few little things to go into and I'm going to be very brief and just touch on them lightly so we can get on to the rest of the meeting....

Some Other Members: (in rising audibility) Bz-z-z-z, mumble, MUMBLE.

Russ Hodgkins: (looks alternately at Daugherty and the mumblers. Appears slightly frustrated. Starts to rap with gavel, then decides not to bother)

Walt Daugherty: First of all, you may remember that last week I announced that the Pacificon Committee was disbanded. As I mentioned, this was done to facilitate progress by not having to explain everything that was proposed, then vote on it, and maybe end up by holding up any action on it for several weeks. Well, since that time several of the Committee members have asked that we meet for at least a report on what's going on. So, beginning next.....Then there are several items I'd like to tell you about. First, there is the stickers.....So I guess that about covers it (regretfully) and now after this brief report we can get on to the other business and finish these things up in a hurry.

Russ Hodgkins: (solemnly) Thank you Mr Daugherty. Now is there any other old business?

Art Joquel: (remains seated) Well, there are a few little things regarding this last issue of Shangri-L'Affaires and future club publications. Of course there is a little item of paper which we have purchased recently, but maybe the club would rather I'd take that up with the Treasurer. Then there is a little matter I'd like the club's opinion on. On the approved Shaggy mailing list there are two overseas fans. Now you know fanzines have to be sent to them first class. That means an extra expenditure of three cents for these two fans. I believe the club should pass on whether they think these two fans should receive special favor.

Everett Evans: I move the Treasury be empowered to pay this additional money.

Myrtle Douglas: I second the motion.

Gus Willmorth: I move the nominations be closed.

Fran Laney: Railroad! And anyway what you meant to do was call for the question.

Gus Willmorth: (elevates snoot, points beard at Laney, and speaks with marked distinctness) I guess I know what I'm doing, so there!

Walt Liebscher: One for all and all for one. What was good enough for grandfather is good enough. Besides, it's brimble on the portis-nique for the wiverie.

Charles Burbee: Well, now, in view of the state of our treasury which has now dropped to a mere forty dollars, I think we should be careful about how we throw our money around. Three cents! Just stop and think about that, gentlemen---and ladies (with courtly nod to ladies present). Just say that over to yourself. Three cents. Again. Three cents. Now that is undeniably a sum of money--the sum of one cent and two cents---or should one say the sum of one cent and one cent and one cent?

Walt Daugherty: I move we take up a special collection to handle such cases as this.

Everett Evans: I second the motion.

Fran Laney: (jumps up and shouts loudly) Objection! (Starts talking so rapidly his tongue gets tangled up with second molar on the upper left bringing him to a sputtering halt) That motion is out of order. There is a motion already on the floor and you can't bring up another one until that one has been m f j s t v p x n p x z - s - b - q - z

Andy Anderson: (towers to his feet imposingly and sorta drawls) Well, uh, if you was to ask me, I'd say go ahead and pay the extra money and get it over with. After all it isn't very.....

Lou Goldstone: (butts in feelingly) I beg your pardon, but I'd like to point out something. Mr Anderson is no doubt justified to some extent in feeling as he does, but we are here dealing with a matter of principle that may have quite far reaching consequences. I don't believe we should dismiss this question lightly. It demands considerable thought and discussion.

Other Members: Bz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

Russ Hodgkins: (bangs violently with gavel; stops suddenly and rubs wrist ruefully; shifts gavel to other hand and bangs even more violently) Everybody's out of order!

Elmer Perdue: Mr Director.

Russ Hodgkins: Mr Perdue.

Elmer Perdue: I move that this motion be tabled for two weeks.

Russ Hodgkins: Do I hear any second?

Dale Hart: I second the motion.

Russ Hodgkins: It has been moved and seconded that the motion be tabled for two weeks. All those in favor say Aye....Passed.

Forry Ackerman: Let's not forget the nickelodeon fund.

(Nickels and dimes start flying through the air at Al Ashley who has a policy of giving no change. He deftly catches the coins, leaving those he misses for the other members to stoop for, pick up, and hand to him. With an enigmatic smile he gratefully pockets the money, meanwhile directing a surreptitious wink at Ackerman)

Russ Hodgkins: Is there any more business, old or new?

Paul Skeeters: Well, this isn't exactly business, but I thought maybe the club might like to hear about my recent sojourn in the East.

Russ Hodgkins: You have the floor. (Leans back and relaxes visibly)

Paul Skeeters: Well, maybe it would be better if you just asked me questions and I'll answer them as best I can.

Other Members: (Everybody looks to everybody else. No one speaks)

Paul Skeeters: I might also mention that coming across the country I picked up quite a few duplicate books. Any fantasy bargains I saw I took advantage of, and I'll be glad to pass them on for just what I paid for them.

Other Members: (in chorus) I want to get in on that. What have you got? Have you got.....

Russ Hodgkins: (feebly) The meeting is adjourned.

Ah, beautiful curtain!

ooOoo

The Fan Critick...

There was the fanny Hame
Who used to pan to shame
The hardest works
Of other jerks---
Although his were the same!

---REWright

EBC

By

IF J A

HAIL, THE CONQUERING HERO RETURNS!

Burbree's Back--and Arson's Got Him! Watch his smoke!

But--"O, Jack, my achin' back!" moans the man who has made Jacklaney's legs famous in fandom. After months of Army maneuvers at Fort Ord-eal, Burbree is once again at the helm of Shangri-L'Affaires, and embroiled in maneuvers to get local columnists to kick in their copy. And who cares about it all? Only Burbree and all the prejudiced fans who voted "Shaggy" the #2 fanmag in the last poll. So what if he is at the helm again? To helm mit him, I say!

THE 64¢ DOLLAR QUESTION

Did it ever occur to U fans that "U fans" speld backwards is Snafu?!

PRINCESS FOR A DAY

Tigrina recently graced the stage of the Orpheum Theater in LA when she was one of 6 contestants chosen on the "Queen for a Day" radio prize show. Tho she was not crowned Queen, she did get a royal hand from the audience...and an assortment of gifts from the master of ceremoneys, including cash!

ARABESQUE WITH HORROR

Twenty-5 fangeleños joined together recently in a theater party to witness a unique diablerie: European actor Theodore Gottlieb as raconteur of five rabelaisian fantasies. Surprise guest of Jack Parsons, "connoisseur of the curious", was Rita Jameson, dawter of the late Malcolm. Others in attendance included Sam Russell, Walt Liebscher, Paul Skeeters, Tigrina, Everett Evans, Abby Lu Ashley, Elmer Perdue, Bob Hoffman, Laurel Lee Donnell and Lou Goldstone. Afterwards Mr Gottlieb, star of the one man show ("My Name--Right Now--Is Theodore") and his wife joined the Society members for a late snack-&-chat at a nearby drive-in. The Gottliebs will visit the Club in the near future.

OUR NEWEST MEMBER

Meet Gene Hunter, this month. U've read his letters in the promags. He's wearing the Navy blue right now and is stationed at San Diego, near enuf to LA that he can get up on weekends and to occasional meetings. So he's joined the "swinish hubbub" (new name for fandom, Shangringos in particular, as adapted by Liebscher from Franz Werfel's new futuro-novel, STAR OF THE UNBORN. U said it: How Werfel!)

THE EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

Somebody got the blight idea that a different fan should be "on duty", as it were, each nite at the clubroom from 8 til 10, in order to encourage other fan to drop around and shoot the breeze, or, if that became boring, each other. This situation obtained from 27 Oct 45 til, the last record, 10 Dec 45, for which period of approximately 6 weeks we have 19 "Shangri-Logs" to show. Quotable quotes from these reports tacked on the bulletin board include:

Ex-member Gerald Hewett writing--"Beginning my lonely vigil at around 7:30, I proceeded to cool my heels for something like an hour and a half before I saw anything whatsoever that might be classed as a human face. Even then the fact was debatable, as it was Elmer Perdue's face." Hewett later told of a hoax perpetrated on Liebscher, whereby the rooster booster was led to believe that a chaotic flood of crud sheets on the floor was the contents of his Walt's Wramblings, whose mimeoing he had entrusted to Daugherty...

Our next quote comes from Ackerman, who said on 29 Oct 45: "Evans, Goldstone & I dined together, after which a lively discussion on the Atom Bomb was continued in the Club Room. Goldstone & I were pessimistic, fearing the Atomic 'Age' (?) and Armageddon to be simultaneous; Evans was optimistic that humankind would beat this 'Time' Bomb, that mankind would grow up before it would blow up. Let those among you who will call me pessimistic, but as I gaze into my crystal 8-ball, my only regret is that, when we are all unceremoniously reduced to our primal atoms, I won't be able to say, 'See, I told U so!'." Joquel reported in with a copy of Maxin 92, "the rich man's pro for people who remember Lemuria."

Sultan Ashley speaking: "Walter Coslet wandered in (2 Nov) and quietly hung around for awhile. Himmel and Anderson appeared, vocalized raucously, became positively cacophonous when Gerry Hewett joined them, finally departed leaving a quivering quiet that was startling."

"Time: 8:30 Sunday Nov. 4 1945. Place: Hell's Front Stoop. Enter: Ghosts, Ghouls & Merrie Guys, to wit: Sargeint 'Eyes' Ackerman, 'No First Name' Moreton, 'Gottin' Himmel, Monster Monitor Wiedenbeck, The Old Foo, Sultan Ashley. No business. Meeting adjourned."--Wiedenbeck.

From the Shangri-Log of 6 Nov: "Joquel mentioned a coud-be idea: The formation of a Merritt Socy. Each fan present named his favorite Merrittale, 'Snake Mother' proving most popular. Joquel suggested propagandizing Avon to publish a pocketbook of Merritt's shorts."

Lancey: "A tepid evening, chums, a tepid evening. Gail Moreton was extremely miffed by the fact that he passed by the clubroom no less than thrice last night, finding it dark. He was puzzled by the elaborate log placed on the wall by last night's detail, thinking it to be a fake. How about it, Ackerman?"

(To be concluded)

THE FANTASY CATALOG AND NON-ARISTOTELIAN LOGIC

DON BRATTON

The card catalog of fantasy is still being built at the LASFS. Since the last article on it appeared in this sterling fanzine (issue #26) some notable mutations have occurred in the cataloging techniques.

THE FIRST MUTATION. The line which repeated the author's name, just above the body of the card has disappeared. An entry now looks like this:

WYLIE, PHILIP

The paradise crater; a short novel by Philip Wylie in Blue Book Magazine, 1945 October (vol.81 no.6) p.2-27.

Illustrations by Grattan Condon.

"May the atomic bomb sometime be turned against us? This remarkable novel of the bright brave new world of 1965 foresees such an event. The story was completed several months ago, but because of very needful censorship restrictions, publication has been withheld until now."--editors

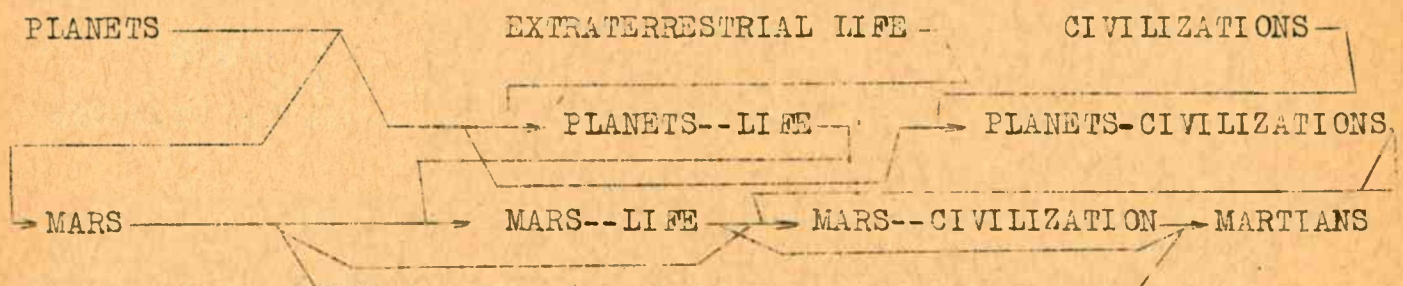
2. PARADISE CRATER

3. CONDON, GRATTAN

*4. UNITED STATES--FUTURE--SECRET GERMAN FASCISTS

The above card is the "main entry card". The three headings listed at the bottom are the headings appearing on the three other cards of the entry. Each of these three cards has at its bottom simply "1. WYLIE, PHILIP", which refers the catalog-user back to the main entry card.

THE SECOND MUTATION.



Nope, we aren't running a contest. The illustration represents an abstraction from some of the Cross-Reference cards of the catalog. As before, every subject heading is cross-referenced to all other subject headings, but in addition some complex cross relations have been introduced, such as those appearing in the illustration among the MARS headings. Here we see that one Subjhead may become a subdivision of two, even three other subjheads. This makes the system of subjheads nonlinear. It's a natural method, allowing flexibility.

The conventional catalog has C-R's which are mostly symmetric. A symmetric relation merely links two things, such as a reference under ROCKETSHIPS which would say: "See also INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL" and a like reference under INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL: "See also ROCKETSHIPS". This is like a dog chasing his tail. The headings in the conventional catalog are then broken up into small isolated groups. If you fail to find what you want in a given series of C-R cards you have to emerge from the catalog and reenter at another point. Lack of integration.

The Fantasy Catalog employs asymmetric C-R's. (An asymmetric relation has a certain direction, like an arrow from one point to another.) This is accomplished by referring from the broader heading to its subdivisions. A card under each heading lists all the narrower headings which are subdivisions. Another card lists the several broader headings of which it is a subdivision.

With this system there is no need to "define" the meanings of the subheads. Nelson bond writes a weird story of a wax museum in a recent Blue Book, with which the obscure heading CERIOLOGY was used. Upon looking up this heading in the catalog you find a C-R card leading to it from WAX and from SCULPTURE. Need more be said?

MINOR MUTATIONS. Ideas about subheads in general have crystallized. The rule: Avoid the dangerous little word "is". You might call this the "non-is" rule. The point is that the subhead doesn't represent what the entry "is", but what it is about. Thus an entry classified POETRY is about poetry, not a book of poems. This rule forces subheads into several types.

Type One is the "extensional" term. Examples: PLANETS. CIVILIZATIONS. MARTIANS. BIOLOGICAL MUTATIONS. SCIENCE FICTIONS. FANTASY FANS. THERIANTHROPEs. etc. These subheads are necessarily always plural in form.

Type Two composes the few allowable terms singular in form. MARS. AFRICA. PHYSICS. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. etc.

Type One is used whenever possible, being the most natural type, more easily subdivided, etc. Take CIMoore's "Doorway into time", which concerns a certain weird alien creature. Only one such creature. But we classify it ALIEN CREATURES.

We also have some compound subheads:

*ASIMOV, ISAAC	-- FOUNDATION SERIES
*KUTNER, HENRY, 1915-	-- BALDY SERIES
*WEINBAUM, STANLEY GRAUMAN, 1902-1935	-- SCIENCE FICTIONS
(etc.)	

This latter type is very useful. Again the "non-is" rule applies.

Having swept the cataloging slate clean of many false and bothersome ideas, we went ahead using these more efficient ideas. About three to four thousand cards have already been entered under these newest techniques, and the differences are obvious enough from an inspection of the results in the catalog today.

Perhaps the LASFS's Fantasy Catalog will become the first Non-Aristotelian card file ever created.

TIGRIN ACCOUNTS

March 7, 1946. (426th Meeting) With the best (?) record yet in tardiness, our 8 o'clock meeting finally got under way at 8:38. There was a goodly assemblage of fen, the number increasing during the progress of the meeting until there were nineteen present. Rusty Barron was back after an absence of many weeks.

Our eminent mathematician, Professor F Jesus Ackerman, reported the currency currently amounting to \$43.30.

Wally Daugherty announced that publication of a mimeographed magazine entitled "Pacificon" will probably commence a week from Sunday. This will give advance news of progress of the Pacificon Committee's plans and will appear at irregular intervals. Al Ashley has designed a cover for this magazine. Wally suggested that someone write a page for the LASTS. Fran Laney moved that Forrest Ackerman "volunteer by popular applause" to do this. The resultant applause gave Forrest "a(p)plausible" reason for accepting.

Gus Willmorth announced that he had begun painting the Club windows, but that the paint project had a di-stinked odor of its own, through no fault of our master painter, who had nothing but an inferior brand of white lead at his disposal. Director Hodgkins said that he would leave the purchase of suitable paint to Gus' discretion. It was not deemed necessary to purchase a paint brush, since Gus, with proper manipulation of his facial foliage, could probably attain better results. Gus also said that he had purchased holders for curtain rods.

Dale Hart, reporting on the progress of his inventory, stated that he had listed thus far the Astounding magazines, and reported that the Club files had issues of these mags dated from 1930 to 1945. 113 mags in all. As an example of the carelessness with which our magazines are treated, Dale Hart exhibited a fine 1930 issue of ASF which someone had torn completely in half as proof of his brute strength (which compensates for his total lack of brains, no doubt!)

EEEvans proposed a Club project of a book length story of "cosmic proportions in the realm of Scientifiction" to be presented to the fantasy public. He suggested asking the 20 leading pro writers in the field to participate, each one writing a chapter of the proposed book. 20 leading fan and pro artists were to be called upon for illustrations, and another to do the dust jacket for the book. It was further proposed that this book would be either printed or photolithoed, and that a purchaser could buy either each individual chapter as it was completed or wait till the series was finished and have the book sent to him complete and bound. Payment, one free copy of the book to each participant. Half the profits to the LASTS and half to the Foundation Fund, now in the keeping of FJackerman.

Wally Daugherty seconded the motion. Discussion followed and the matter was shelved until the following week.

Charlie Burbee expressed dissatisfaction in the two similar titles of his magazine, Shangri-La'Affaires and Art Joquel's publication, Shangri-LA. Art desired the titles remain unchanged. At a vote, the club decided to retain the titles as they are.

March 14, 1946 (427th Meeting) Meeting began at 8:40. 22 present. Treasurer reported \$44.50 on hand. Wally Daugherty reported he'd investigated prices at the American Offset Press in re EEEvans' pro-

posed stf book, and passed out sample booklets showing size, paper, fonts, etc. Fran Laney reminded us that stories from 20 authors entailed a great deal of typing. Again the matter was tabled.

Forrest Ackerman announced that a performance starring Theodore in his "Arabesque with Horror" would take place Tuesday. A theater party was arranged to attend.

Director Hodgkins served notice that meetings would commence at 8 o'clock promptly, regardless of how many insisted on being tardy.

WJD announced that commencing next week, meetings for those interested in the Convention would be held next door at 7:30. He showed some Pacificon stickers, designed by Al Ashley and Lou Goldstone.

Liebscher listed new fantasy books, with a short review of each.

Hodgkins thought the Rent Payers' body should be dissolved as not being democratic, and proposed a new constitution. It was suggested that Russ' proposed constitution be stencilled and copies given out to each fan to study so that he could be prepared to make a decision in the near future. Francis Towner Laney offered to donate the stencils and Everett volunteered to run the mimeo. WJD motioned that notices be sent out concerning a meeting regarding the constitution and the Rent Payers. Andy Anderson seconded this and the motion was passed.

The meeting was then turned over to Everett Evans, who conducted a continuation of the series of prepared speeches on fan opinions of various subjects. The topic this time concerned "Special Interests in Fandom". WJD suggested that another discussion be held next week on "Favorite Fantasy Artists".

March 21, 1946 (428th Meeting) The sharp crack of Director Hodgkins' gavel brought the general confusion down to a mild hubbub at 8:11. An atmosphere of intense excitement pervaded our Headquarters, due to the fact that the weird, the bizarre, the unique "Theodore" of "Arabesque with Horror" fame, whose grotesque accounts would chill a blood bank, was visiting us, accompanied by his charming wife, Lisa. 27 fantasy enthusiasts filled the clubroom to capacity, utilizing every available chair and all the floor space, squeezing in betwixt the bookshelves and hanging from the chandeliers.

Besides such illustrious persons as Theodore and Lisa Gottlieb we were honored by another visit from that Prince of the Pulps, A.E. van Vogt, whose cheery visage has been seen quite frequently around the club of late.

EEEvans conducted the program, which preceded the business portion of the meeting. Various fan expressed their preferences anent fantasy art. Evans also conducted a grab bag--50c a grab. In large canary yellow envelopes were books, of all things.

Our Master of Cere-moneys, Ackerman, said we had \$47.25.

Russ Hodgkins announced an open executive committee meeting to be held Monday evening to discuss his proposed constitution.

Ackerman announced that Theodore had given him some passes to his show, "Arabesque with Horror" and those interested could get one.

A suitable way to catalog books was discussed. Several systems were discussed, but no decision reached.

Rusty Barron startled us all with a tremendous idea of a cooperative deal in picking up books and mags at bargain prices, to be sold by mail to fan collectors, thus doing away with the high prices set by some of the dealers. Rusty offered to act as mailing agent, those who find copies of books at bargain prices mailing them to him, Rusty in turn disposing of those items to others who may be interested. He passed out a mimeographed explanation of his cooperative book-dealing plan, which met with enthusiastic approval among the fan.

Meeting adjourned at 10:01 and fan fled the clubroom like chiropterae out of Gehenna.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES
637½ South Bixel Street
Los Angeles 14, California



ATOMIC POWER—
WILL IT BE A
BOON OR BOOM
FOR THE HUMAN RACE?
—FJA

ROBT SWISHER
15 Ledyard Rd
Winchester
MASS