

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

"THE PRIMED FANZINE"



Shangri-L'Affaires #31 for July 1946. The club magazine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, which the cognoscenti call the IASFS. Headquarters and clubroom located (by sufferance of one of the minus-fans) at 637 1/2 South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, Calif. This magazine is published every 7 weeks and 3 days and can be secured for the trifling sum of 10c per single copy, 3/25c, 6/50c. If you publish you can arrange a trade with the editor, perhaps. Material cheerfully solicited. Also letters, which, after careful excerpction, are likely to be published in these pristine pages.

The very sloppy state of this issue can be traced directly to the bold skulduggery of one Al Ashley, who, with his I.Q. of 194, was easily able to outwit me (IQ 110). He palmed off, with a bit of elan, some foul and ancient stencils. I, through channels, was the ultimate recipient of these awful things, and naturally did not notice how terrible they were till I'd cut a dozen or so and then tried to run them off. You can see the results in the following pages. It will probably never happen again. All trade relations with AA 194 have been summarily canceled, of course. Some fitting punishment should be devised for the man, such as making him read one of the books in his collection.

Andy Anderson's column, which made its bow last time and was scheduled to appear this time, does not appear this time, by special request of Andy Anderson, who says he has other things on his mind.

And the same or a similar thing has happened to Fanzine Critique, which FTLaney was to have prepared for this issue. Due to circumstances beyond my control but not beyond his, Fanzine Critique will not only not appear this time but is definitely scheduled to be canceled.

I figured out the cumulative scores of people in the poll. The #1 Fan is F. T. Laney. Tucker is #2, Burbee #3, Speer #4, Searles #5, Kennedy #6, Dunkelberger #7, Ackerman #8, Liebscher #9, Moskowitz #10. A local fan whose name has never been mentioned in these pages--well, maybe it has--came out with a minus score, which in itself is a distinction.

Next issue Jack Speer reports the Pacificon in these pages, and doubtless there will be other stuff, such as an anonymous article which George Ebey wrote, and some other stuff of a hyper nature and superior quality such as you are accustomed to seeing in this prime fanzine.

Laney mentioned in a recent publication (Five Fingers) that he hasn't slept with my wife. A typical Laney remark. I would never say a thing like that. I am too filled with the awe of God (who sometimes visits the club under the name of Walter J Daugherty) and a sense of innate decency. I also have fine sensibilities. So you will never hear me denying that I have slept with Laney's wife.

---Charles Burbee

WORLD OF V

by P H van Spencer

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

---Duke of Milan, 1606

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

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

And the lie-detector exploded.

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

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

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

II.

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

---J. B. L.

Ejected summarily from the race-track, Gossheyk---as, for purposes of convenience, he continued to think of himself---wandered the city's streets in a daze which was less confusion than profound null-V cogitation. The lie-detector was infallible; his own reasoning was flawless. Therefore, in spite of his own convictions, he was not Gossheyk, had none of Gossheyk's background or purposes. His mind, somehow, was not his

own. Was it someone else's, or a completely synthetic one? Gossheyk decided it probably was, but filed the problem for future reference. Meanwhile, what could he do?

This question, at least, was abruptly answered. A force-ray swooped from a low-hanging aircraft and shot him breathless into the air, from which vantage-point a sky-hook grasped him and pulled him within the ship. Gossheyk found himself surrounded by grim-looking men ---weaponless, but an instant of null-V orientation showed him that this did not necessarily indicate peaceful intentions. One of the men, who had no arms or legs and was mounted on a kind of dolly, peered intently at him and remarked with satisfaction, "That's he." The others rubbed their hands in unpleasant glee---a gesture, Gossheyk noted with awe, entirely contrary to the teachings of V.

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

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

III.

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

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

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

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

Near him was a forest; he headed into it, ran with many turns and twists deep into the forest's heart. When he was satisfied that he had eluded any pursuit, he paused for breath and took stock of his situation. His ponderings revealed nothing constructive, but eliminated a great deal. His body was absolutely unhurt, therefore had

obviously not suffered the crash he remembered. The sky above him was brilliant yellow, therefore he was not on Earth. One of the strange men had fired a blaster at him, therefore he was not among friends or even neutral people. Were these people associated with the dolly-man? There was no indication. Yet someone had shot down that aircraft. Gossheyk decided he needed some sleep, and curled up in a tree.

IV

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

---G. W.

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

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

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

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

V

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

---Scheidhoven

He landed, with surprising lightness, on a mattress-like object.

He was in total darkness. His skin felt, obscurely, a vastness around him, and great beings coming and going. A metallic voice boomed from somewhere behind him:

"Gossheyk! Adelbert Gossheyk! I speak for the man who knows your identity! You are to proceed to Earth at once by the first available transportation. At the race-track you left in a previous incarnation, you will find clues which will help you. Proceed, Adelbert Gossheyk!" And he was elevated as though by a force-beam; something gaped open above him, he was deposited on the ground before a huge silvery spaceship aimed up at the yellow sky. His mind automatically sifting the statements of the mysterious voice, Gossheyk approached the ship and the orderly standing by the steps leading to the door. The craft, he learned from the orderly, was to take off in

three minutes for Earth. Gossheyk knocked the orderly unconscious, donned his uniform, and entered the craft. A moment later, just as Gossheyk got himself strapped into a seat, the rockets roared and the ship lifted from the ground, gathered speed, and flashed into space.

Gossheyk slid open the metal panel over a window. A quick glance at his position in space, and that of the world he was leaving showed that he had been on Mercury. During the rest of the trip, Gossheyk considered with null-V objectivity his latest adventures, and sent his mind over the whole dizzying course of events since he had learned of his mistakenness in supposing himself to be Adelbert Gossheyk. "Previous incarnation," that voice had said. "A previous incarnation." The significance of this was illuminating, but Gossheyk found in it no clue to his identity or purpose. Well, at the race-track he should find a clue.

VI

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

---J. S.

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

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

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

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

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

age, his source of help and information could logically be nowhere else than in the Institute of Applied Grammar.

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

VII

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

---Mother Goose

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

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

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ANOTHER SEMANTIC THRILLER ON THE WAY

from Langley Searles:

Dear Charles: I didn't think the current issue was so hot. Maybe it'll improve when I read it, though.

Ah well--back, now, to the semi-finished ms of my epic "The World of Z". (The underscoring refers to a complete lack of logic in the world in question. You can see what a hell of a job it is to predict what'll happen there next---even with the experience I've had observing Ackerman ((good thing Ackerman never reads anything in this mag except his own dept or he'd sue))--it's enough to make Korzybski himself throw in the sponge.) If I can keep this thing below 200,000 words I'll let you reject it before Chanticleer does. ((Liebscher is having a time with Chanticleer. Keeps rejecting his own stuff. Nobody blames him))

JUST A MINUTE

TSGRINA

May 2nd - 334th Consecutive Meeting.

Thirty-one attended. Noted persons present were Catherine Moore, Henry Kuttner, A. E. van Vogt, and Planet author Eryce Walton and wife Marsha. Lora Crozetti, editor of fan'zine "Venus", surprised us with a visit, as did Rusty Barron, who just returned from Philadelphia.

Concerning purchase of new chairs for the Club, Director Hodgkins asked if anybody had figures on chairs. Fran Laney demurely volunteered the information that he had his figure on a chair. Wally Daugherty enquired the top price the Club would be willing to pay for rump rests. The price was fixed at \$2 each. Wally volunteered to purchase these items, which would certainly be an asset to the Club Room. Liebscher moved we give "three chairs" for Daugherty.

At this point, I reminded fans that "Broad-cast upon the waters always returns", and gave radio tickets to all interested in attending "Darts For Dough" the following sunday for the purpose of improving the Club treasury.

Rusty Barron told about his recent experiences with Philadelphia fans.

May 9th - 335th Consecutive Meeting.

Due to the local transit strike, only eighteen were present. Rusty Barron reported on his recent visit to the Heinleins'. It was a brief visit, he said, and conversation was mainly of fantasy. Mr. Heinlein, Rusty reported, did not contemplate writing any more science fiction, as he was too preoccupied with other types of writing at present, but was not averse to the idea.

Forrest Ackerman reported on the new fan magazines appearing during the week, and Art Joquel gave highlights on recent atomic news.

May 16th - 336th Consecutive Meeting.

Twenty-one were present, including Bob Olsen, well known science fiction author, who amused and amazed us with his clever handkerchief tricks and sleight-of-hand stunts.

Forrest Ackerman read a letter from John Carnell of England, about his new magazine, and also announced that a story by Ray Bradbury would be dramatised on the Mollie Mystery Theatre broadcast the following Friday.

May 23rd - 337th Consecutive Meeting.

Twenty-eight attended, including such rare visitors as Bill Crawford (publisher of "Garden of Fear") and wife, Lora Crozetti, Rusty Barron and Samuel D. Russell.

Director Hodgkins announced that the L.A.S.F.S. cards had been printed, containing information as to time and place of our meetings.

May 30th - 338th Consecutive Meeting.

Gus Willmorth conducted the meeting in the absence of Russ Hodgkins. Only fifteen were present, including one guest, Lambert J. Ashton, who claimed to be a friend of Mel Brown's. We let him stay anyway.

Burbce announced all and sundry were invited to a one-shot fan'-zine publishing session, at the Club next Saturday evening, said fan'-zine to be included in Everett Evans' Pacificon "Combozine".

I announced revival of "Lost World" at the Old Time Theatre in Hollywood sunday evening, and urged mass attendance after Wally Daugherty's sunday all-day Convention magazine publishing session.

June 6th - 339th Consecutive Meeting.

Twenty-three came this time. We welcomed the return of author Bob Olsen, who bewildered us by his array of bottles impaled with wooden sticks of various sizes, which challenged onlookers as to how the bits of wood could have been introduced into the glass vials. Mr. Olsen also demonstrated several of his special "Fourth Dimension" tricks and sleight-of-hand feats with playing cards.

A new name was added to our list of members--Kris Neville, whose interest includes working on Convention projects as well as Club activities.

Entertainment portion of the meeting consisted of a mock trial, with E. Everett Evans presiding as judge, Al Ashley as prosecuting attorney, Lou Goldstone as attorney for the defense, and Dale Hart as bailiff. The Club was charged with fraudulence and misrepresentation, acceptance of money under false pretenses, and failure to give members full satisfaction. Prosecutor Ashley argued eloquently, and Lou Goldstone, attorney for the defense, displayed a brilliant counterattack. Various members were called upon the "witness stand". The mock trial continued for quite some time until finally Judge Evans exonerated the Club as a whole, while placing blame for dissatisfaction on the members themselves. After this decision had been reached, the court adjourned, which broke up the meeting at 10:40.

June 13th - 340th Consecutive Meeting.

Thirty-one fans sat upon their hindquarters in the L.A.S.F.S. Headquarters, awaiting the stroke of the gavel, which happened at 8:35. Visiting for the second time were Charles McNutt, editor of the fan magazine "Utopia", and his buddy, Ned Johnson, Jr., both from Washington. Private Kenneth Bonnell, editor of the fan magazine "ForLo Kon", and active Club member before induction into the Army, stopped by on his dealy enroute to Fort Lewis, Washington.

Our membership increased by one when Len J. Moffatt submitted his application for the approval of the Club officers.

There was some discussion of improving the Club Room before the Pacificon.

Forrest Ackerman, as Pacificon Publicity Chairman, gave an Accurate resume of Convention plans for the benefit of the many new visitors.

THE DREAM

Elmer Perdue

#2 in our dream series....

Like all dreams, this one is without beginning; and like most, without end. Before these episodes came about, an unknown time was passed in other adventures, as the wearing of the diving suit would indicate; and there are memory-traces of building the suit. No doubt the double-ended car of my brother possessed some deep and hidden meaning, for there was much haste in the building thereof; a doom or danger that must be averted. Undoubtedly Jimbo took the car out on adventure of his own, reentering the story later.

And this one is also without end. Some days after the events set forth, while the club was ascending to greater heights and glories in its new function as center and main temple of the Humanism movement. I kept telling myself now this is what Burbee wanted. Burbee wanted to have good dreams for Shangri-L'Affaires. You'd better get up and write this down for Burbee. Not the ascension of the club to priesthood, no; intermediate steps are all lost; but the earlier, the successfully survived, crisis. So I woke up and wrote it down for Burbee; and when I went back to sleep, had an absurd time racing Goldstone up and down an airport runway, mounted on motor-scooters.....

* * * * *

Night had fallen on Bixel. An oddly unreal night, of course, for one could, merely by straining the sense of perception, see in a flat moody monochrome anything that one wished. With my diving-suit on, face-plate closed, I stood watching my young brother parking the car that we had built. And what a car! With typical confusion of referend levels, the form determined the purpose: it had a stovepipe body and a pasted-on picture of an engine for motive power. In front and in back, two pipes met in a pulley. Longitudinal symmetry. Jimbo would let down the crane at one end, pull down on the hook, and swing the other end of the car to the curb. While he repeated the performance with the other end, I asked him: "Mission accomplished, Flippo?" And he replied, "All is under control, Babo."

Mother came from the house then, saying, "Elmer, I Sprague de Campbell has a menagerie set up in back of the house. There's a giraffe and a goat and some of the strangest things I've seen. Why don't you go and look at it?"

I stopped only long enough to take off the diving suit.

Life was in distorted abundance over the hillside. And yet, there was a wrongness, a subsurface twistedness, to everything encountered on the climb, that made me oh! so very careful to touch nothing. I remember a wise old cat near the base with tentacular whiskers; a big black he-goat half-way up, who stared aloof and evil at the clubroom across the street; myriads of little kittens growing (in assorted colors and shapes) from the surface; and near

the top, a lamb with eyes of a most disturbing pink. Most careful of all was I in avoiding the lamb....

Lester del Rey met me at the top of the hill. We talked of life and supermen and philosophy, over a bottle of wine that he'd grown and pressed himself. He showed me where to look to see the striped head of the giraffe. Undoubtedly mention was made of the purpose of the biological laboratory, but memory doesn't include it. In the hushed stillness atop the high tor, we wandered and inspected his handiwork. I leaned over one of the kitten-clumps, I know; sapphire-blue kitten bodies surmounted by pansy heads. Lester anticipated my question and said:

"I've read and I've read the Book of Leviticus to that old black goat, but he never listens to me. The mammy of those kittens was the lamb with the pink eyes."

Ah, the quality of the wine that Lester and I shared during that timeless hour on the hill! Dry and effervescent, neither a mockery nor an abomination, it intoxicated only the conversation, raising it to levels such as I can recall only through a glass darkly---and the bare memory of a memory saddens....

Sweet wine there was, too; pressed from his grapes by the feet of a tame virgin whom I also met. Lester presented me with a dozen bottles. And in a case, wavery as though under the flowing surface of a stream, hard by the black goat's sodomic progeny, were a dozen bottles. Evil and black they glistened; deadly, inimical. Again Lester anticipated, saying:

"Those are my 'special' bottles. And I wouldn't drink them. You see, they were pressed out by the hoofs of the goat...."

I do not remember going back down the hill.

The scene shifts to club meeting. Trouble has reared her fork-tongued head again, and the club is having legal misfortunes. Not only must one evacuate, but it is necessary to go underground to avoid the law. Questions and debates. I tell people of this hilltop where we could go, tell of the rock cliff at the rear of the place in which a cave could be blasted. Opposition comes from Bob Olsen, who asks if we have heard of the new method of building houses by taking rock slabs and laying them one atop the other until a wall has been built. The decision goes against Mr Olsen, because a stone house would be visible to the police and the hideout would be discovered. It is decided; the club locks the door behind it as they start on the trek hillward... Food? You said there was a goat, Elmer? Yes. We'll live on goat's milk. I protested vainly that the goat was evil and vile, and received a lecture on semantics and absolute values in return. So, much as I hated the idea, I decided to live on wine rather than touch the milk....

Somewhere enroute, a separation occurred, and I went ahead to tell Lester that we were coming. He was not there. Another, an old man wearing a cabalistic cone-shaped hat, saw me coming and I was imprisoned in a transparent Lux-metal cage in an I-beam, that the sorcerer swung up and hung in holes high in the cliff-side. I

protested, to wit:

"What is this? I went through this once before in one of Burbee's dreams!"

"Now don't you worry, son. Everything will be all right."

And the sorcerer vanished.

The club arrived, Tigrina leading the black goat by a leash. Amid a growing murmur, Himmel climbed the I-beam and freed me from the imprisonment. At about this point, the viewpoint changed to myself sitting in a theatre, reading script and following the action on the screen.

There was a deep, momentous meaning to the existence of the holes in which the I-beam had been hung; something having to do with their having existed prior to the arrival of the sorcerer. A human pyramid was made, and Willmorth and Himmel climbed up the members to explore the hole. Later they shouted that a ready-made home existed deep within the rocks, and to get a hammer and chisel and they'd notch steps. Himmel was hanging by his hands from the hole, and the hammer and chisel were passed up. He took a tool in each hand, turned over and hung by his toes while he chiseled. This I read in the script; it didn't seem right. I watched the screen and saw the movie of the event, and it still didn't seem right, and I called to Himmel on the screen, "Do that again, will you Meyer?" He obligingly repeated the process, and I said to myself what the hell if it happens then it happens. Then I merged back into the action.

And life went on in the colony happily for a year or so. Identities merged and became composite, while the members metamorphosed into the colonists of Odd John's foredoomed preposterous island retreat. There was marriage and sex, but lord only knows who with whom; the identity-confusion was too complete. During this time Ackerman in an elated moment found a way to get out of space and time by a twist and a curious way of timing, to another space of black, flat, hairy, living matter. Meanwhile, the sand before the cliff-entrance drifted higher and higher, until it stood even with the doors. And an episode curious indeed, wherein Ackerman made the rounds collecting money to send to keep Richard S Shaver going.

The entrance of the music theme, with all the lads and lassies learning to sing "Jelly-roll, jelly, ain't gonna give nobody none of my jelly-roll." The slow blues theme kept recurring at intervals throughout the remainder of the events.

It was too good to last. And the hidden slan colony was discovered.

How well I remember the moment of discovery! Schroyer and I were doing guard duty that day, seated in the holes. We called back and forth to each other, questioning the reason for the age-retrogression of the members. Freddie had grown much younger, and was a chubby-faced rascal of about eight years. I was about

eleven, myself. A car pulled up and stopped, disgorging a man, woman, and child. Over our protests, they entered and looked around, saying wasn't it wonderful that they'd found this place with rooms and houses so hard to get, and weren't things rough all over? They asked me whom to see to get rooms here. I started to say Willmorth, then stopped nonplussed. How could Willmorth, a downy-cheeked stripling of ten, successfully refuse them rooms?

We entered the common room. No members were in sight, and I knew that all had disappeared through the secret route across time and space to that other black world. There was a short piano at one side, with only twenty white keys on it, and the Countess was playing the Jell-roll blues and singing them. (And your dream had some bad plotting to it at that point, Elmer, or you'd have foreshadowed the Countess and explained her relationship to the group and who she was, instead of accepting her on sight as One of Us the way you did.)

The Countess stopped playing. She looked at the couple and their child. She screamed to Freddie and me, "The jig's up, boys! Get out as best you can!" and she disappeared in a column of purple smoke.

And escape we did. Ackerman helped me get across a particularly tough spot in the route, pulling my shoulders while Jim-E Daugherty spread the boards wider to clear my plump tummy. And once on the other side we all ran like hell in a prodigious number of directions.

Ah, what a glorious chase scene as that was! I have had many a chase, but this was the best of all. We separated early, and there was a concrete wall that had to be climbed, a window gotten through; a fall down an elevator shaft, to land on the car top as it was going down; and a good night's rest for the weary on the davenport of a friend while he spent the night making love to his wife in the same room; and the chase for two weeks hither and thither through Los Angeles, streetcars and buses and roller-skates. The time I had a spare moment on the trolley, picked up the transit line throwaway, and found that the two-sheet publication was serializing "I Remember Iemuria". That seemed odd, to say the least; then I remembered that the week before it had been the same thing. This issue did not have Joe Woe, but the preceding one had him fighting off the deros with a disintegrating-ray gun.

Then my path converged with Myrtle's. Flight together for an hour through the section of town where the giants lived. We were still growing younger; I was about five and Myrtle could barely toddle. A four-year-old giant girl saw us and gave chase, swatting Myrtle on the back and shoulders and chest. Myrtle became infant. I figured she'd be no more use to the club, tossed her in an ash-can, and went on. A door opened in the landscape, as though the scenery were painted on a group of theatrical flats. The Countess reached through the opening in the world and pulled me into the world of the black living ground. Everyone was there, including Freddie, whom I'd last seen riding the C car up the side of the city hall, and Myrtle; and the whole mess of them at the proper age again. We formed ranks, the Countess commanding, and marched back to recapture the citadel, behaving like any other army...only the Countess said "Charleston" instead of "Halt" for rest periods, and we'd all Charleston.

STATION EBC FLACKERMAN

EGO-BOOSTING: "CRIFANAC"

Let us face it: Crifanac is the most important single neologism that 1946 is likely to produce. What egoboo was to fandom in '45, crifanac is to '46. Critical fan activity! How masterfully has Burbee amalgamated this dynamic phrase into a single, smashing vocable! Crifanac: The topriority expletive that explains all, excuses all, enthuses all. The sensation of the season, the reason d'être of the actifan. And may I be the first to point out the pointless observation that crifanac spelled backward is canafirc?

SKEETERS GREETERS

Foreword: It is a tradition of long standing in the LASFS that on the rare occasions when Samuel Davenport Russell descends from his Olympian Heights and honors us with his presence, his entrance into the Clubroom should be acknowledged by vociferous vocalization and considerable handclapping. When this custom was carryd over one evening recently to too seldom seen Paul Skeeters, another gentleman and scholar held in high esteem by the hoi-polloi of the crudroom, one wit remarkt: "Ah--the poor man's Sam Russell!"

OFFHAND & WITHOUT PREPARATION

To Whom It May Concern: Simply for the records, I wish to state that the Station E-B-C script is being composed in the stick, as it were (to mix metaphors) this issue. No time to rehearse, so if it's worse than usual--complain to the sponsor.

BE-BA-BA-LIEBSCHER

The Red Rooster (was that skip necessary, U %\$#&* /! typryter?) The Red Rooster has been cackling over a superslogan he hatcht for the Pacifcon: Come to the "P"con--It's the Nuts! Postscripts Gordon Dewey: Bring your own bag...

"I DENY--"

"I deny," declares Ray Bradbury, "that, as reported by Tigrina last issue, Margaret O'Brien selected one of my stories for an annual anthology." It was two other people, Ray explains: Martha Foley, making selections for the perennial Edward O'Brien book. Altho many of Bradbury's tales deal with children, he thinks using child-star Maggie O'Brien as a critic woud be carrying things a mite too far!

EVERY FAN IS EN-TITLED TO HIS OWN O-PUN-ION

Askt for a thumbnail description of the book, "World of Women", Andy Anderson suggested: Utopia! "Heart of the Moon", that Elmer Perduz, probly had to do with cheesecake.

SUN FUN

Darlynz "Toople" Adams, who shows no scruple about sun-bathing on the lawn in front of Slan Shack, has now been joind by Dale Hart and Walt Liebscher. The boys show no scruples either, but some knobby knees and (knotty, knotty!) muscles. Peeping Toms (with slants in their glances) are advised to pass by any day at fan o'clock.

COURT WITH OUR PUNS DOWN

With Al Ashley acting as Prosecutor, Lou Goldstone Attorney for the Defense, and Ev Evans Judge, the LASFS recently was put on trial. Witnesses called to the stand were required to put their hand on the Fancyclopedia and take an oath either by St Merritt or St Cthulhu. Summoned to the box, Walt Liebscher broke up the courtroom by swearing by St Bernard. Askt by Bailiff Hart if his testimony woud be true, Liebscher barkt "woof! woof!" But he found himself barking up the wrong tree, for his levity did not prove poplar with Judge Evans, who fined him 30 copys of Chanticleer or 30 days. Abby Lu is now baking a cake with a buzzsaw in it.

HIS WENCH READS FRENCH

Betty Browder, the belle who goes with Joquel, is reading a fantasy book in français sent Forêt by Georges Gallet of Marseille, and will review the novel for 4g's Fapazine, Glom.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF FANS' PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN DEPT

"Buddy" Burbee, eldest of the carbon copys, was intently studying an ad in Collier's. (What a slick publication like Collier's was doing in Burbee's collection we are at a loss to explain.) However, there sat Buddy, puzzling over a picture of a man ecstaticly contemplating his atomic typryter of the Post War World. "Daddy," he askt at last, "is he a fan too?"

B.S. (Bright Saying) #2, titled "Quiggy Bank": Bank on Quiggy Laney, the wee one, to come up with a clever one. When Nature calls her, now, she calls her Daddy's attention to this fact by shouting, "Crifanaci!"

COKE JOKE

Evans finally figured out why Forry is allergic to carbonated beverages. He explaiend it to Jim-E Daugherty: "You see, he doesn't want to be Burpee!"

IT'S A WICKED LIE DEPT

His room-mate Nieson Himmel declares there is no truth to the rumor that Gus "Woolmouth" will dye his facial foliage for the Pacificon Masquerade and come as Blue Beard!

ego-broom

(Gad--a capital pun and I forget to set the shift lock for caps!) Well, what I was going to say: Russ Hodgkins was swept back into the office of Director by a club-broom. (Well, at least it's clean!)

Listen, U lugs, all U have to do is sit there & laff your fool heads off over my humor while I develop a tumor on the brain dreaming up this insane chatter when I shoud be in bed getting my beauty sleep. I'm going to cut this short & go get shut-eye. But the next time U vote in a poll for Top Fan Humorist, to heck with Tucker and Liebscher & Burbee, cast your ballot for the boy they steal all their stuff from (all except what they steal from me, ofcourse): Joe Miller!

FANTASY CATALOG PROGRAM

Don Bratton

The firm determination to submit to experiment is not enough; there are still dangerous hypotheses; first, and above all, those which are tacit and unconscious. Since we make them without knowing it, we are powerless to abandon them.

---H. Poincare, requoted from Korzybski's "Science & Sanity"

EVOLUTION

The comments on the last catalog article in this sterling fanzine were encouraging. In the main they call for extensions of our statements.

Change is normal to growing things, geraniums, beetles, and even Fantasy catalogs. Usually the evolution is a slow, step-by-step procedure; occasionally big mutations come along. We rarely accept the changes voluntarily--they are forced upon us by unmerciful circumstance. One of the advantages of the catalog is that in normal times we can plow right on, adding mutation after mutation, allowing the catalog to grow like the ringed layers of a tree. There is enough flexibility in the system that the newest cards can be interfiled and integrated with the old.

At some stage of the game we will look back and see that our techniques have improved so much since a certain entry that it is a pity to let it remain as it is, so we will rework it. But most of the time is spent on making new entries rather than in patching up old ones. In a crowded schedule this is the only common-sense thing to do.

One day we had to leave cataloging to go into the Navy. We were separated from catalog cards for many months, but there was much time to evaluate very seriously all the cataloging techniques. This idle speculation by itself would not have been enuf, but when we finally managed to type cards again, many of the old problems saw rapid and unexpected solutions and many previously undreamed of opportunities were discovered for enrichening the system. This "vacation" from cataloging helped to air many ideas and bring up into consciousness (following the usual struggles) many formerly unconscious assumptions.

So the Fantasy Catalog has been infused with fresh blood--to the order of about three thousand new cards, representing mostly recent issues of ASF. The old are so anemic in comparison that it would seem that we had begun anew. If we had been working steadily on the catalog the changes could have been made gradually and the old cards could have been carefully adapted. As it is, some time will elapse before the old cards are integrated.

CROSS-REFERENCES

I think Jack Speer (his letter last issue) misinterpreted the matter of cross-references. There is no cross-reference within the

entry, each card being complete in itself. The reference from one card to another within the entry is only for the cataloger's benefit, since he must keep track of the cards--an essential for the organization of the entire catalog. The cross-reference cards themselves apply to whole groups of associated entries.

COOPERATIVE CATALOGS

The Library of Congress has a nice system. When a book is published the catalog card for it is designed and printed in bulk. Libraries all over the country can obtain these cards. There is room at the top of the card for the library to type any heading it chooses so that flexibility is allowed in each separate library's system. Each book requires only one card to be printed. Duplicates, each with a different added heading, are entered in the catalog. Card cataloging is simplified by this scheme and there are no details that would prevent it from being used in fandom. The master form for each entry could be mimeographed. This form would contain only the body of the information. All headings, etc., would be filled in as desired by the subscriber. Certain headings would naturally be recommended in each case: the author's name, subjects headings, etc. (Information about the author's real or full name, etc., does not occur in the body of the card; such extra information is contained entirely within the system of headings. The former is simply a report of the information as given in the source.)

We would like to help anybody start a subsidiary Fantasy Catalog and will furnish such make-your-own cards upon request, individually typed at present but perhaps mimeographed in the near future.

SOME FURTHER THOUGHTS ON CARD CATTING

The most fascinating activity going on around the Fantasy Catalog today is the work being done on subject headings.

There are now about 1300 different subject headings in use. Admittedly the subject-heading system is complicated. It is just as dangerous and sterile to attempt oversimplification as it is to work without a method. The encouraging fact is that as work progresses the method becomes simpler, rather than the usual vice versa.

There are plenty of verbal tangles among the subheads which are yet unsolved. V.T. number one is with the terms "stories" and "fictions". The latter term is clumsy, but it is called for in science fictions. Then, considering the terms "ghost stories", etc., we have both "fictions" and "stories" cluttering up the file. One would hardly know when to use either, a point first brought out by Henry M Spelman. The problem is not so grave as it might seem, however, because of the fact that these terms are not used in classifying individual stories. (See the "non-is" rule discussed in the last article.) Such general headings are needed only for classifying articles, anthologies, etc.

V. T. number two revolves around the terms "fantasy" and "fantasy fiction". We wanted one term "fantasy" to represent the entire field. We could then use such terms as fantasy fans, etc., to apply in general. This means that in the catalog the term "fantasy" must include as a narrower one the term "science fiction". But

then what narrower term shall we use to represent the type of the stories in the magazine UNKNOWN? We chose "fantasy fictions". But this creates such clumsy subheads as fantasy fiction cinemas and others. This problem is sidestepped by fans when writing fanzine articles by describing beforehand just what they mean by "fantasy", sometimes using the term to include science fiction, sometimes not. Obviously we cannot do this in the catalog.

The problem of terminology needs somebody who has done wide reading in the fantasy field and outside it. Help from you guys out there in the reading audience is solicited. Yea, verily, 'tis begged of you! .

from Louis Russell Chauvenet:

Dear Burbee: I have no idea why you sent me the latest Shangri-I'Aff, as my fan career came to a close il y a une annee, but before I threw it out I did turn the pages. Thus I encountered the article on the bastard version of Kriegspiel, and as a loyal member of the S.A.K. (Society for the Advancement of Kr.) I feel obliged to send you the correct (& more interesting) way of playing the game.

Kriegspiel is an excellent test of one's powers of deduction & inference, but as properly played, the referee never gives away all that free information.

If a player whose turn it is to move can actually make a pawn capture, the referee does not announce this--horrors no. Instead, it is the player's privilege and responsibility to do the asking. He may attempt various pawn captures to see if referee says "No" or "Capture", or for simplification he may hold up 1 finger, meaning "I am willing to try all possible pawn captures. Do I have a legal pawn capture?" If the ref says "Yes," the player is obliged to try likely captures till he finds one that is legal. The referee does not say which pawn captures where--after all there might be more than one legal pawn capture possible.

When the King is placed in check all the ref says is "Check." He doesn't say a thing about where the check is coming from. This greatly adds to the fun.

To illustrate the superiority of the pawn rule I have mentioned I cite you this example:

| White | Black |
|--|-------|
| 1. P-KN3 | P-K3 |
| 2. B-N2 | N-KB3 |
| 3. P-QR4 | B-K2 |
| 4. P-QR5 | P-QB4 |
| 5. P-QR6 and Black asks, as usual, if he | |
| has any pawn captures, so | PXP |
| 6. BXR! | |

Of course this doesn't always work as the long diagonal may get blocked but I have pulled it off many times. If on White's 5th, the referee said "Capture at Black's QR3" Black would never fall for it.

SHANGRI-L AFFAIRES

POLL RESULTS

To obtain the results herein tabulated, I sent out 190 cards with the last issue of the magazine. These cards were so labor-saving that I demanded a return of 100% and couldn't understand why I shouldn't get it. 63 cards were returned, many of them incompletely filled out. A lot of them were filled out by people who are evidently bucking for #1 Humorist, since such names as Shaver, Maxin-96, etc., appeared. In addition to the 63 cards, 12 ballots were filled out in the LASFS clubroom. I am listing the club vote in a separate column, just for the hell of it.

| | <u>Top Fan Poet</u> | out | club | tot |
|----|---------------------|-----|------|-----|
| 1 | James R Gray | 24 | 7 | 31 |
| 2 | Walt Liebscher | 23 | 6 | 29 |
| 3 | Doc Lowndes | 17 | 7 | 24 |
| 4 | Dale Hart | 1 | 13 | 14 |
| 5 | Joe Kennedy | 11 | 0 | 11 |
| 6 | Kepner | 7 | 3 | 10 |
| 7 | Currier | 3 | 6 | 9 |
| 8 | Staveley | 6 | 2 | 8 |
| 9 | Rimel | 6 | 1 | 7 |
| | Scotland-Moon | 6 | 1 | 7 |
| 10 | Crane | 6 | 0 | 6 |

Might be of some interest to note that Dale Hart's high score came to him mainly thru LASFS votes, including his own, of course.

In general, there was little response to this section, showing that fans for the most part don't care much for verse. Many said so.

| | <u>Top Fan Editor</u> | | | |
|----|-----------------------|----|----|----|
| 1 | Laney | 64 | 23 | 87 |
| 2 | Burbee | 63 | 22 | 85 |
| 3 | Searles | 46 | 9 | 55 |
| 4 | Kennedy | 33 | 5 | 38 |
| 5 | Speer | 16 | 3 | 19 |
| 6 | Dunkelberger | 14 | 0 | 14 |
| 7 | Ashley | 1 | 11 | 12 |
| 8 | Tucker | 9 | 2 | 11 |
| 9 | Stanley | 6 | 3 | 9 |
| 10 | Liebscher | 5 | 0 | 5 |
| | Elsner | 5 | 0 | 5 |
| | Lowndes | 5 | 0 | 5 |

Ashley polled a lot of local votes, for some reason. Laney and Burbee were so close that I thought if I added my own vote for myself I would win. But that, as everybody knows, is hardly ethical. So I did it anyway, and still Laney beat me by two points.

| | <u>Top Fanzine</u> | | | |
|----|---------------------|----|----|-----|
| 1 | Acolyte | 70 | 37 | 107 |
| 2 | Shangri-L'Affaires | 55 | 17 | 72 |
| 3 | Fantasy Commentator | 50 | 11 | 61 |
| 4 | Vampire | 40 | 5 | 45 |
| 5 | Chanticleer | 11 | 4 | 15 |
| 6 | Scientifictionist | 11 | 1 | 12 |
| 7 | Le Zombie | 10 | 0 | 10 |
| 8 | The---Thing | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| | En Garde | 1 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | Light | 6 | 1 | 7 |
| | Vom | 6 | 1 | 7 |
| 10 | Canadian Fandom | 6 | 0 | 6 |
| | Stefantasy | 6 | 0 | 6 |

Most of you seem to have missed the whole point of this poll. Any vote not cast for me was a wasted vote. I wanted all sorts of ego-boo out of this. I got a lot of it, but I really expected more than I expected.

| <u>Top Fan Fiction</u> | | out | club | tot |
|------------------------|----------------|-----|------|-----|
| <u>Writer</u> | | | | |
| 1 | Crane | 17 | 24 | 41 |
| 2 | Tucker | 20 | 13 | 33 |
| 3 | Burbee | 26 | 4 | 30 |
| 4 | Ashley | 12 | 3 | 15 |
| 5 | Baldwin | 7 | 6 | 13 |
| | Kennedy | 11 | 2 | 13 |
| 6 | Croutch | 11 | 1 | 12 |
| 7 | Laney | 5 | 3 | 8 |
| 8 | J H Mason | 6 | 1 | 7 |
| | Speer | 7 | 0 | 7 |
| | Ackerman | 7 | 0 | 7 |
| 9 | J Edward Davis | 6 | 0 | 6 |
| | Rimel | 5 | 1 | 6 |
| 10 | Lowndes | 5 | 0 | 5 |
| | Blish | 3 | 2 | 5 |

Of course it should be obvious that the magazine which takes a poll naturally rates higher than it ordinarily would, and so, it follows, does its editor. What else, one might ask, could cause me to be voted the #3 fiction writer? I have done very little fiction. Of course, it has all been, for the most part, of exceptional quality, I heard somebody say. Modesty forbids me to admit that I concur with this opinion.

| <u>Top Fan Article</u> | | | | |
|------------------------|---------------|----|----|----|
| <u>Writer</u> | | | | |
| 1 | Moskowitz | 42 | 2 | 44 |
| 2 | Russell | 19 | 23 | 42 |
| 3 | Laney | 23 | 17 | 40 |
| 4 | Burbee-Hemmel | 14 | 13 | 27 |
| 5 | Speer | 18 | 6 | 24 |
| 6 | Ackerman | 22 | 1 | 23 |
| 7 | Warner | 10 | 0 | 10 |
| | Kennedy | 10 | 0 | 10 |
| | Tucker | 8 | 2 | 10 |
| 8 | Blish | 6 | 3 | 9 |
| 9 | Rothman | 7 | 1 | 8 |
| | EEEvans | 8 | 0 | 8 |
| 10 | Ladd | 7 | 0 | 7 |
| | Joquel (II) | 7 | 0 | 7 |

Sam Russell got a terrific head start in the balloting at the club, and for a long time it seemed that no one would catch up with him. But Moskowitz crept slowly up and caught him in the stretch. It is amazing to contemplate that this rating of Russell's came from the publishing of one article.

And de la Ree, Sourles, and Chauvenet got 6 points each. Hurter, 5.

| <u>Fan Humorist</u> | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|----|----|-----|
| 1 | Tucker | 78 | 29 | 107 |
| 2 | Burbee | 40 | 23 | 63 |
| 3 | Kennedy | 38 | 4 | 42 |
| 4 | Liebscher | 18 | 14 | 32 |
| 5 | Ackerman | 18 | 3 | 21 |
| 6 | Ashley, Perdus, Danner, Rothman | | | |
| | all with 6 points. | | | |

Tucker, for some reason, still runs wild in this category. When Liebscher sees that he is 4th, behind Tucker and me, both of whom he thoroughly detests, he will gnaw his nails past the quick.

| <u>Top Newszine</u> | | | | |
|---------------------|---|-----|----|-----|
| 1 | Stefnews | 90 | 36 | 126 |
| 2 | Fanews | 100 | 23 | 123 |
| 3 | Bloomington N L | 22 | 2 | 24 |
| 4 | SF Tribune (Erger-zerp) | 21 | 1 | 22 |
| 5 | FFF | 9 | 2 | 11 |
| 7 | Bay Area News, PSFS News, Nebula, all with 4 points each. | | | |

It is a matter of some interest to note the vast difference between the results of this poll and the very recent one held by the NFFF or somebody. Astounding. How can either be called accurate when they differ so greatly? What good are polls?

| <u>Best Fan of Year</u> | out | club | tot |
|-------------------------|-----|------|-----|
| 1 FJ Ackerman | 20 | 21 | 41 |
| 2 Kennedy | 25 | 14 | 39 |
| 3 Laney | 22 | 4 | 26 |
| 4 Speer | 18 | 5 | 23 |
| 5 Moskowitz | 20 | 0 | 20 |
| Coslet | 8 | 12 | 20 |
| 6 Burbee | 8 | 3 | 11 |
| Tucker | 8 | 3 | 11 |

It should be obvious to everybody that I carried this one only as far as was necessary to get my own name in. Besides, the rest of them had but a scattering of votes, nobody getting more than 4.

| <u>Worst Fan of Year</u> | out | club | tot |
|--------------------------|-----|------|-----|
| 1 Dunkelberger | 18 | 23 | 41 |
| 2 Wollheim | 18 | 0 | 18 |
| 3 Speer | 13 | 3 | 16 |
| 4 Daugherty | 5 | 6 | 11 |
| 5 Sneary | 3 | 6 | 9 |
| Tucker | 9 | 0 | 9 |
| 6 Ackerman | 7 | 0 | 7 |
| 7. EE Evans | 6 | 0 | 6 |
| Sehnert | 6 | 0 | 6 |
| Tigrina | 6 | 0 | 6 |

This is one classification on which very few wished to vote. A lot of self-votes came in, this passing for a sort of macabre humor, I suppose.

| <u>Top Fan Artist</u> | out | club | tot |
|-----------------------|-----|------|-----|
| 1 Wiedenbeck | 39 | 18 | 57 |
| 2 Alva Rogers | 37 | 6 | 43 |
| 3 Ron Clyne | 42 | 0 | 42 |
| 4 Goldstone | 12 | 22 | 34 |
| 5 Joe Gibson | 6 | 13 | 19 |
| 6 J Cockroft | 14 | 2 | 16 |
| 7 Ashley | 4 | 6 | 10 |
| 8 "Beaumont" | 6 | 3 | 9 |
| 9 Warth | 8 | 0 | 8 |
| 10 Splawn | 7 | 0 | 7 |

In this category, Perdue tried to vote for himself fifteen times, which would have put him near the top, if not over it. Since I am strictly ethical, however, I couldn't permit such a thing to occur. Why, people would lose faith in me if such a thing got out.

That is it, then. Laney suggested that I tote up all the points each fan received and thus get a cumulative score, but that is too much trouble for me, involving all sorts of elementary arithmetic. Now that I am familiar with the fourth and fifth dimensions, I have a natural repugnance for simple arithmetic.

The remarks on some of the cards were highly interesting. de la Ree was glad to see that somebody was saving him the trouble of taking a poll. Another character, who, because of his name, shall remain nameless---this fan, in marking the "Worst Fan" part, wrote across it "There aint no such animal." Oddly enough, this very fan received a lot of votes himself. I will not release his name, since, as I have said, that would not be ethical.

I am sick of polls at this moment. I do not believe I will ever have another one, unless I feel that I am slipping from my exalted position and need a needling of ego-boo. When all those cards come in with my name prominently displayed thereon, I will feel a rebirth of interest in this thing called crifanac. And next time I want you to realize that I am only going to all the trouble of taking a poll for an excellent reason--I want ego-boo.

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