



SLAFF #33

Gibson

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This is the business department, usually conducted sub rosa, but I am going to bring it all out into the open. This is a rare chance for all of you to peer breathlessly into the secret and delicate machinery of a great fanzine and see everything that goes on but not why.

Now, the following people have subscriptions expiring this issue. Tom Jewett, who sent me a dream for the Dream Department. Yes, I believe he did. Sam Moskowitz. Milton A. Rothman, who drank Elmer Perdue under the table during the Pacificon (which netted \$30). Elmer Perdue claims he hoisted his first vasty potion under the table to begin with, and claimed further that he felt more comfortable down there and so stayed there the balance of the evening. A. Langley Searles, who recently sent me a 400,000-word manuscript which went astray in the mails. Paul Spencer, who wrote World of V. I really should continue him awhile on the strength of that. Yes, I will. Disregard this notice, Paul. It has been stricken from the records. C. Burton Stevenson, a first-timer here. Bill Weeks, who throws money around like money. Guy J. Wells.

For all you characters named above, this is the last issue you will get unless you fork over fresh money. And not foreign coin, either. This means, among others, Canadian dimes and quarters. In spite of the traditional friendship existing between Canada and the US, and no guns on the border patrol, Canada is still to be considered a foreign country since she has not yet seen the light and voted herself in as the 49th State, and her money is not legal tender here. I am going into all this because somebody sent me two Canadian quarters and I could not pass them. Four Canadian dimes I got rid of all right, but Canadian quarters, I fear, can be disposed of only in Canada. I finally took them to a bank where, after opening an account in excess of \$3,000 I exchanged the quarters for 42 1/2c American. I let them keep the 1/2c as lagniappe.

The following people are also receiving this issue and no more unless something drastic is done. Howard Allen. A. Betts. D. Hutchison. E. A. Martin. Russell McGhee. Donald Moffitt. Robert Peterson. Jimmy Wheaton. Richard Alnutt. Don Wilson. R. Vernon Cook. William Bade.

Look at all the egoboo you've gotten. Your names spread all over the civilized world for absolutely no charge at all.

Now that you've all seen how a giant fanzine works, I hope you will go chastened back to your daily tasks and fret no more, nor chaff at the chains that bind you. Live clean, think clean, be humble and honest and dour, vote against greyhound racing and send 20% of your income to Shangri-L'Affaires (for it is a holy work), and when you must, die in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

---Charles Burbee

BUSINESS FEN GUS WILLMORTH

In a recent FAPA mailing and further in a fanzine named DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST, A. Langley Searles called Forrest J Ackerman a pitiable parasite upon fandom; thereby starting in my own mind a trend of thought that has been mulling at the back of my head for a lengthy period. Not to boast, but in order to get in a free plug here, I mention my editorship of an adzine, FANTASY ADVERTISER, as a basis for authority upon science fiction "parasites" such as Mr Ackerman. In the past six months this magazine has been almost completely patronized by such gentlemen whose commercial approach might well entitle them to an equal place beside the mentioned fan.

However, to call a fan a parasite who has in some manner or other managed to turn his interest in fantasy into something that will give him a financial advantage instead of a perpetual demand on the pocket is stretching a point a little. Or is it? Now here it is--that which has been nipping at me for some time. As one views the fan-field, it would seem that more and more of the older fans are actually turning to some facet of the game that WILL give them a monetary return. Is my scope too restricted, or is there an actual trend toward this sort of thing. For quite some time now it has been the honorable and accepted thing for a fan to suddenly turn pro-author--(in this matter, Ashley, Tucker, I, et al, were having a discussion not so very long ago and over sixty fans--to our knowledge--had turned pro in one way or another)--pro-illustrator, agent, editor, and/or publisher of the stuff. In fact, I dare even to go so far as to say that perhaps 80% of those fans who have not sold anything would like to do so. In this facet, it is quite all right to turn your hobby into a paying matter, but now the fan who desires to become a professional is not merely trying out a lot of wordage, but is actually trying to turn his collection into a portable bookstore. People are now asking--nay, demanding in loudish voices--if this is quite kosher. For many years it would seem that Mr Ackerman and Mr Unger were our only two regular book-dealers other than those out and out pros such as Argus Book Shop, Random House, Street & Smith (I cross myself & bow head), and such grand people as these. (It says here). Now however, the fan dealers are springing up like mad all over the place. Mr Korshak bills himself as a seller of choice items. Mr Train has advertised his long lists of things for sale in various publications. The list is long. I have even sold some books for profit. (Yes, I sold them, but will any of the poor characters ever get them?)

Occupational psychiatrists do declare that if a person has a hobby in which he is very interested, and which, if said persons should desire, can be turned into an occupation profitable to the hobbyist, then the avocation would undoubtedly be the job at which that person is going to be the greatest success. Supposedly the avocation will keep the person contented, interested in his work, and spiritually bright--this is something that turns into sharp when speaking of science-fiction dealers. Therefore, from a therapy point of view, perhaps it will make a better citizen out of every fan who turns his steinistic activity into a profession. If 'twill build a stalwart character for these lads to sell, agent, publish, and draw (down dough, that is); then I say more power to them.

Actually this sudden (or is it?) increase in the numbers of those pro-fans dealing in all sorts of this was somewhat of a surprise to me. Overseas, where I conceived of the idea of publishing the FANTASY ADVERTISER, I thought of my clientele as being a merry group of persons surrounding the United States with the merry clatter of their merry mimeographs who would be glad to help me pay for introducing their efforts to all of fandom. Little did I know. I am swamped with big bustling full-page ads glaring FOR SALE signs all over. The "wanted" ads are little dozen-liners and what not. I ask you; with such a small demand and such an apparently large supply, how do these dealers manage to keep the prices up so high? How many of these dealers have to figure storage costs? Knowing from personal experience what a lot of bother it is to sell small amounts of books and mags, wrap 'em, write letters to those who want books you've sold to others, and another host of small detail in connection with these book dealings: the continual cataloguing of books on hand, books sold, etc--I certainly can sympathize with the dealer's desire to get the most out of his books that he sells in each small deal. However, as a collector I know that it would usually be much cheaper for the prospective buyer to go searching for his own books in the legitimate book stores. Besides, it's a hell of a lot of fun delving into those dusty depths.

Having thus covered the preliminaries of the matter, indicating the trend of fen to turn into pro-fen, I should like your permission to go just a wee bit deeper into the sociological aspect of this phase of phandom. If one looks closely, there is a certain gradation of these pros. Beginning at the top, there are those fans who've turned into the recognized professional vocations. Bradbury of Los Angeles is a fair example of a once rabid fan turned pro writer; a writer who promises to develop rapidly into a slick mag author of note. Other writers from the fan field, however, are not regular authors and seemingly have no desire to be. Mr Rothman, of Philadelphia (in Phorty-7!) as Lee Gregor is one of these. Years ago Julius Schwartz, of NY, turned professional agent making quite a success of the job. Recently, Mr Ackerman, earlier referred to as a pitable parasite upon fandom, announced his intentions of becoming an agent. Apparently Ack might be a good agent--he recently sold one of Evans' stories to some sucker. Have any of you people read any of Evans' stories? Mr Ackerman promises to become an excellent agent. In New York Mr Wallheim, Mr Lowndes, Mr Pohl, Mr Weisinger, and Ghod knows who else have turned to editing the effusions of others. Some successfully. Elsewhere a Mr Palmer and more recently, a Mr Hamling, have also turned their hands to editing more doubtfully. Others have sought to become publishers of the stuff written and read by others. Arkham House provides a great deal of worthwhile recreation for August Derleth and ghastly

company no doubt. Recently the more youthful generation reared its eager head and the Buffalo Book Company appeared. Among those ambitious gentlemen who wish to draw their fame freehand are Bok, Clyne, the demon, and Dolgov. With all this array of examples before them is it then surprizing that other fans who have now grown out of adolescence, been through the mill of the war gods, and tasted of life, should decide to become dealers in dog-ears and charms when they begin to cast about them for a manner of gaining a livelihood while wasting away upon this mortal coil?

Fandom, as has been said before, is growing up. Most of the active fans are of an age where they must now support themselves. And in some cases families, too. Ten years ago, when I, VoM, LeZ, LASFS, and Ghu for Ghod knows who else were just beginning in this fan business, I dare say that most of fandom's members were still pretty youthful. With myself, and with a good many other fans I feel sure, the war and things intervened before I could actually get serious about this business of working for a living the rest of my life. Is it so strange that persons should try to defray expenses in a gratifying fashion? Nay, it is not.

Now why the hell don't I sell my collection?

(Undoubtedly a grand book-burning orgy would be easier and much more worthy!!)

The social strata of fandom would indicate that there is at the top a layer of professional publishers, editors, authors, and illustrators being supported by the fen in Fandomania. 'Twould also indicate that just below is a section of partime pros who, while not making a living with their parasitic hands, are gaining spending dough thereby. Even lower on the scale are those book-dealers who are not quite bookshop owners but who endeavor to make a good profit out of their bookish finaglings. Book-dealers and traders naturally come in several degrees of boorishness, just as do authors, editors, and illustrators, and their services are paid for in ratio. Below these lowest of professional fans will be your amateur members of the society. These, while they may think that they are the heart and sole cause for fandom's existence are merely the parasites existing upon the larger carcass of the professional world around them. It appears to me that a fan who is interested in fantasy fandom enough to want to make it his vocation is going to be a pretty solid fellow upon which to base your fantasy fandom in the future. Perhaps he is commercial, but the possession of a large "garage" of books, magazines, original manuscripts, and illustrations is going to keep that business fan in fandom, a solid bulwark against disbandment. Here is a person who will support fanzines for the advertising that they will give him, for the new contacts with a larger field of prospective customers, a man who will encourage the growth of fandom. Perhaps it is to his own ends to build up fandom thus, but it is also a healthy aspect to see in face of the lack of interest evidenced by a great many very sprightly fen of years ago.

So, it is my conclusion that despite the fact that all of these business fen prey upon the helpless, unprotected initiate of the fan field, it is also true that they are doing good service in inducing other readers to become fans and in forming a sort of middleclass backbone for fandom between the upper crust of pure professionalism and hoi polloi of youse 'n me. In fact, I approve of these people. (By Ghod, I'd better; these boys are paying for that 'zine of mine!)

FLORA AND FAUNA ^{of} the FANUS AMERICANUS (sub-species: Britannicus Blokus)

1. The Collector

George Elbey

((Note: This article, all unsolicited, came to me one day while I was wondering where I'd get material to fill up #32. It came in a rather informal condition. Three pages of double-spaced typing, in elite type. The first two pages were wrinkled and opium-stained; the last page was white and could have been called virginal except for the writing on it. The following note accompanied the contribution: "Don't aggravate your gray matter about the difference between pages 1 & 2 and page 3. I wrote the former several years ago and the latter yesterday. Alright so I ain't neat. So I'm lazy. Pfui! The artistic temperament rejects order. (And extra work.) Bet you wish you knew who this is. I'd tell you now but I've forgotten. Had it right on the tip of my tongue..."

Anonymous Admirer

With that stupid story out of the way, let's get to the article in question.....))

FLORA AND FAUNA ^{of} the FANUS AMERICANUS (sub-species: Britannicus Blokus)

1. The Collector

George Elbey

"Due attention to the inside of books, and due contempt for the outside, is the proper relation between a man and his books."

---Lord Chesterfield

"My Amazings are all in perfect condition."---Harry Honig

My first sight of a collector came at the tender age of five. While walking along the curb, one day, I spied an old, gap-toothed individual avidly scanning the various gutters he was passing. Suddenly, the rheumy eyes glittered with a new flame; he bent over the gutter and clutched between thumb and forefinger a moldy, green cigar butt. He placed the remnant in his coat pocket and went his way with a decided spring to his footsteps. Obviously, he was pleased with his discovery, and, perhaps, felt that the world wasn't so bad as it looked.

I looked up at my father whose hand held mine. "Pop," I cried, "what was that?"

My father wrinkled his nose and said: "That, my son, was an old bum."

And for the first time in my existence, I had gazed upon a collector.

The years rolled by and eventually I found an old Amazing in the garret, was converted to the literature, and became a fan. Nobody else knew it at the time, but I was a fan. I was sure of the fact since I belonged to a fan club: The Golden Gate Fantasy Society of unhallowed memory. At times, the president-dictator of this club was a man named Louis C. Smith. (He was later to be known as "Slippery Smith" for the ease and celerity with which he slipped out of the ordered ranks of actifandom...in and out...in and out. Louis' job was to shush all the members up long enough to say, "The meeting will now come to order." Then the conversation would resume and Smith and Fortier would repair to the kitchen to test the potentialities of Ten H.

During the course of one such meeting---these meetings were always held at the Smith apartment on Prince Street--Berkeley--I was impelled to enter this kitchen, which lay at the end of a hall which started at the living room. Two steps down the hall--and I stopped dead in my tracks. My eyes bulged, my mouth gaped. And so forth.

For there, in a minor alcove, lay an even thousand magazines! Naturally, I knew the truth at once.

Smith was a collector!

Here were complete files of Science Wonder Quarterly, Clayton Astoundings, Miracle Science & Fantasy, and Captain Future! Files in piles, that is. They towered to the ceiling, the shelves groaned beneath their weight. In my mind's eye, I could see Smith, walking down the years, peering into crowded book stalls, his orbs lighting with a new flame as he leaned over the counter and clutched between thumb and forefinger a moldy old Teck Amazing, a bright red TWS, a battered edition of Odd Tales. Here were the fruits of his endeavor!

Later, I was informed that Louis had copies of every stf mag published, excluding, of course, Weird Tales. In order to keep his collection up to date he purchased every type of scientifiction on the stands. I forget where this included Spicy Adventures--though there was a copy of this publication in the club library.

Then there was Jimmy Cripps who had several degrees, a rocket in his back yard, and almost as many magazines as Smith. And easily, much better liquor. Jimmy lent his magazines out quite readily, thus enabling other local fans to complete their collections. What magazines he wouldn't lend were easily slipped inside sweaters for later perusal. That is, until the day Jimmy slapped Watson heavily on the back and three '26 Amazings fell out of the front.

Watson had also become a collector. And a true collector will do anything to augment his collection---whether it be match-covers or magazines. Witness the case of one of Smith's friends who casually chucked a complete set of Louis' Science Wonders out of an upper window to be picked up at leisure by an accomplice.

One way or another, it seemed, every fan in the Bay Area was becoming a collector. Some restricted themselves to books and magazines, like Watson and Honig. Some collected liquors and rocket data, too, like Cripps. Some collected model space-ships--LCSmith--to hang over their bookcases. Some amassed pornographic pictures--Goldstone. (Nudes are fantasy; see Vom of a coupla years ago). Wright collected records of fantasy music, and fantasy pix. And practically everyone collected fan mags, intentionally or otherwise.

Needless to tell of the effects of this blight that swept Bay Area fandom. Of the conversations dominated by gloating references to "my complete file of Unknown Worlds"; the whispers of bookstores yet to be ransacked; the planning of bibliographies; the confidentially imparted information as to the best ways of binding magazines. The new ceremony: that of salaaming thrice before one's collection before speaking. These activities were climaxed by One (who shall be nameless) who announced that he had prepared a lecture on "The Art of Elliot Dold", (subtitled: "Esoteric Tendencies in the Visualization of Science Fiction").

It was the last straw that took the finger out of the dam and broke the camel's back. On the eve of his lecture the speaker disappeared. Rhamda Avec was dragged in for questioning but revealed nothing. (His story was that he had come to attend the California-Stanford football game). Speculation ran rife--until the corpse of the missing person was found floating face down in the Oakland Estuary. That this was the work of a fiend could not be doubted when a copy of a Tremaine Astounding was discovered shoved down the victim's throat.

Of course the crime was never solved. But it served the purpose of jolting local fans out of the pulp-induced stupor. At get-togethers the collecting talk was discreetly soft-pedaled. Hackneyed original paintings came down from the walls. People took to dropping fanzines at the slightest disturbance--dropping them and letting them lie. The figure of doom had leveled the most outspoken collector of the group--the fate of his successor was obvious. People came back to alcoholic normality.

LCSmith recently admitted that he had disposed of most of his collection. "Some damn fool offered me two cents a pound for the lot," he chuckled. Watson began lighting fires with fanzines. Cripps touched off his rocket with an old original Finlay, claiming he liked to hear it sizzle.

And I? I was the first to see the light. The last thing I got rid of was an old Tremaine Astounding....

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If you love me
Like I love you
Then shame on us.

STATION EBC

by
FORREST J.
ACKERMAN

BALD OUT

By special arrangement with Authors' Agent Ackerman, Shangri-L'Affaires presents the latest in Lewis Gadget's hair-raising "Baldy" series: Dear Forry (the message ran) Just got a copy of the FANTASY ADVERTISER, and I note you list me as a dissatisfied client. I'm grieved. I'm perfectly satisfied. - I think you're a first-class agent. Hell, I demand a retraction. In your next ad, you'd better quote me as saying that in my opinion you're a nigh perfect specimen of agent. You never disturb me by writing letters or bother me by sending me checks to cash. What more could I ask? Moreover, if I wrote good stories, I'm sure you could sell them anywhere. It's all my fault. Forgive me. I just wanted you to know that I'm a satisfied client. (Signed) Hank Kuttner.

A WEIRD TALE OF THE EVANS

Go 'way, Tripoli, this egoboo aint for U; we'll get to U later, so don't loiter over this paragraf, which concerns BILL Evans. Fandom's great indexer recently visited LA, got his index'finger on a file of very early Weird Tales to fill in his collection. There is no truth to the rumor that Acky made him leave the finger as security...

OK, EVERETT--NOW

EEEvans' initial appearance in New Worlds, the English promag, originly scheduled for #5, has been moved ahead to #4. This will be an Angeleño issue of sorts, with "Jumping Jack" by Alden Lorraine among the shorts.

SPEAKING OF SHORTS

U shoud see Tigrina posing in some for professional modeling. But that's another story. Speaking of other storys, "Masker Aid" by Tigrina, a supernatural thousand-worder, has been sold to Teen Ager for its Hallowe'en ish.

LA's LOSS

Our demon bibliofile, Charlie Dye, took a fly back to New York where he'll reside & study for the next couple years. Well, that's one way to be sure to be near the Philcon! Ray Bradbury has also gone to Gotham, but there'll be a homecoming for him. Which reminds us: Read Ray's "Homecoming" in the Oct. Mademoiselle with the swell illustrations by Chas. Addams (plus other fantasticonfents).

IN THE NEAR FUTURE...

...Fangeleños will see the superscientifilm of the far future, "METROPOLIS". A minimum of 30 are expected to attend the revival of this classic prophecy picture, with possibility that Director Lang will be present in the exclusive audience.

LASSIE COME BACK

When she reads this, "Jim-E" (the lassie with the classie chassie) will realize she's been misst around the clubroom lately.

THE LOWDOWN

Russ Hodgkins, Jack Wiedenbeck, Gord Dewey & Al Ashley reveal they have got real low numbers on the limited Inscribed edition of Dr Smith's SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC, due out in hard covers early in '47 from Fantasy Press. Better rush your orders in for a personally signed one, boys & girls: 3 bucks does it, to Box 159, Reading, Pa. Incidentally-- Fantasy Press enjoys the distinction of being the first publishing company to cooperate with the Fantasy Foundation by volunteering to send a copy of each of its releases for the Master Library. Shangri-LA salutes Eshbach and his associates!

GABBY ABBY

Ashley's better half came up with a good one the other nite. Wanted to know why, like the Denvention, it wouldn't be a good idea to call the Philcon the Pennvention?!

"WOOLMOUTH'S" REFORM

Sticking his chin out, these days, is Gus (ex-Beard Boy) Willmorth. Seems that when Gus used to be disguised as Prof Challenger, he kept catching his beard in the mimeo. Other explanations for his exfoliation (if there is such a word, which I doubt): Room-mate, Nieson Himmel: "He couldn't find his mouth at meal-time; he got tired of beating around the bush." He got sick of Laney pulling puns like "A beard in the hand--." His girlfriend: "Every time I went out with Gus, I was tickled to death."

YES, MASTER

One of these years Angeleños will have to pay more respect to member Paul Skeeters, who's going after a Master's Degree with a thesis on fantasy fiction. Call him "Skeet" while you can (and that goes for you, Van--er, Mr van Vogt.)

GREEN FLAG ON FLAGG

Bill Crawford is rushing to completion "The Night People" by the late Francis Flagg, a pamphlet companion to Simak's "The Creator", now circulating.

TURN BACK THE CLOCK

In the old days when the LASFS was the LASFL (Science Fiction League) we had 3 members come from nearby city Glendale: Squires, Fox & Lewis. S., F. & L. SFL. Well, with the war over, our Glendale delegation is back in full force of habit.

BE-BURBEE-RE-BOP

Attention, all Anglofans! Publishing of the "bans": Stern decree from Editor Burbee says no more free cyps of Shaggy to England! This (pound) sterling fanzine no longer to cross the Big Pond, to be banned, unless you band together and send barterable material in exchange. "No nylons, sugar, steaks or beer, please!" Burbee stresses; "nothing perishable: Only imperishable literature such as Stapledon's 'Last Men in London' or copies of New Worlds featuring Evans' 'Was Not Spoken'. I have spoken!"

APOLOGYS

To all U gees who didn't get mentioned this time. Nexttime we try to include some egoboo for OKSmith, Wally Brand, Jean Cox, Aline Beeson, Dale Hart, Walt Liebscher, Truman Reese, RAHoffman, Ed Ewing, Dr Davis, Don Bratton, Andy Anderson, FJAckerman & Other LASFS Luminarys.

WE CALL IT "LIEBSCHER'S FOLLY"

BY BOB TUCKER

'Twas on the Sunday following the close of the Pacificon---July 14, 1946 is the fateful date--that various and sundry members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and visitors, betook themselves on a picnic that was destined to out-picnic all fan picnics, past and future. (In fact, it may be doubted that the LASFS will ever sally forth upon another such venture.)

The week previous to that Sunday, Abby Lu Ashley and Mari-Beth Wheeler "thought it would be nice to have a fan picnic." Bless their innocent hides! And we were off. The affair at first was small; perhaps a dozen fans in all were invited to participate in the nice, cozy friendly gathering. By week's end the mob had grown to about thirty hungry persons, eager to snatch a sandwich someone else had prepared. Provisions were purchased by the two ladies--bless their innocent hides!--with the understanding that each picnicker would pay his pro-rata share of the cost afterwards. Eureka, cried everyone, an excellent idea. You fix it, we'll eat it and pay later. Let us be off!

Sunday dawned bright and clear, as Sundays are supposed to do in golden California. The mob, as it was now affectionately termed, was supposed to meet at Slan Shack Pro Tem shortly after the aforesaid dawn for an early start to the picnic grounds, which were located away over to hellandgone across the mountains; a spot chosen by Liebscher as a place of natural beauty, a canyon where several Tarzan pictures were filmed. Oddly enough, only Liebscher knew the way to this canyon and he, coyly, refused to give directions to the drivers of the other cars. "Follow me," he chirped cheerfully. "I shall lead you to Eden!"

The early birds gathered. Ackerman turned up, his first public appearance since his Pacificon illness; Null-A van Vogt and his wife put in appearance; likewise Dr Keller, visiting from Pennsylvania. We early birds then sat down to await the to-be-expected tardy members. The last of them came struggling in around eleven o'clock. Half the day lost, we took off in five cars: drivers Laney, Ashley, OKSmith, Virgil Douglas, and Bryce Walton each taking a full load. "Follow me," cried the cheerful rooster-booster in the first car. "I will lead you to the enchanting paradise." And that was the last two of the cars saw of him till they finally found their own way into the canyon.

Eleven-thirty on Wilshire Blvd and---wham!----the trusty conveyance belong to OKSmith groaned "I give up!" and gave up, right in the middle of the blvd. Eager-beaver fans piled out and pushed it to the nearest service station. "It's the oil pump," sang out a wise fan. "Naw," declared another, "it's a dirty gas line." "You're both wrong," I insisted. "Some jokester has plugged up the exhaust pipe with a potato." Mechanic Daugherty poked his nose under the hood. It was the oil pump all right. He soon had the pump lying in ten or twenty pieces on the pavement.

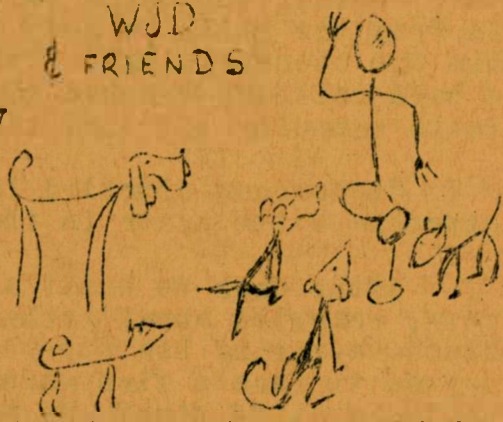
OKSmith's trusty conveyance ran no more that day--at least not

under its own power. In the meanwhile Ashley had turned his car about and come back searching for us. It was growing late: a decision was reached. Smith would stay by his car and call the garage; Ashley would transport the ill Ackie and all the women present to the picnic spot; and the rest of us (van Vogt, Keller, EEEvans, Daugherty and myself) would take a bus to Santa Monica. Ashley, after depositing the women, would meet us at the end of the bus line. So by twelve-thirty we were away, tearfully bidding goodbye to the disconsolate Smith

Yes indeed.

The bus deposited us at the end of the line and there was no smiling Ashley to greet us. There wasn't even a growling Ashley. In fact there ~~was~~ no Ashley at all. Santa Monica was conspicuous by the absence of a slant named Ashley. We were philosophical. After all, we shrugged, this is a picnic Sunday. Posting Daugherty on a busy intersection to watch (he had to shoot off 14 dogs), the rest of us retired to the green lawns of a nearby park to discuss cabbages, picnic plans, kings, and twin-brained fans. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we were still sitting there.

WJD
& FRIENDS



Regretfully, Keller announced that he was going no farther (if, indeed, any of us were,) as he had an appointment at four, for dinner. That, in turn, reminded him of something else. Inasmuch as he was attired in rough picnic clothes and it was necessary to dress for dinner, he wondered idly where his suitcase and clothes were. It developed that they were in the Ashley car, wherever-in-hell that was. At 3:15 we all decided that we could wait there just 15 minutes longer and if Ashley didn't appear, we would return to Los Angeles and the merry picnickers could go to hell.

At 3:30, Ashley (accompanied by Mari-Beth) finally put in appearance, colorfully discussing Liebscher, his habits and his ancestry. "Follow me!" is wonderful when you can follow the leader, but when he is an hour or two ahead of you and you are forced to find a canyon by trial and error, it is something else again. Ashley revealed that Liebscher knew of a short-cut to the picnic grounds, one involving no mountain roads at all, but that he had led the party this way because he wanted us to enjoy the mountain scenery! Al had been all this time, he said, finding the canyon, depositing the ladies, and returning to us. Too, he said that Laney's car had had trouble; Laney had been forced to return to the foot of the mountain and start up a second time, just barely making it. All in all, the five drivers were in a merry mood, each mentally deciding to vote Liebscher their favorite fan in the next poll that came along.

We said goodbye to Dr Keller and were off, at long last. The tortuous, twisting mountain road scared the hell out of me.

In a gay and jolly mood we finally arrived at the picnicker's paradise, some six hours after leaving Slant Shack. Lunch had already been served and the mob had broken up into groups to climb the hills, swim, and explore the canyon. Shortly afterwards the first carload pulled out for home.

Touched by the thoughtfulness of our brother fen we sat down to eat and admire the verdant countryside ((these lads were really hungry)) the meanwhile fighting off the ants and mosquitoes. Liebscher, wise owl that he was, had grown tired of the continued criticism directed at him and had vanished into the hills.

In a short while a gorgeous sunset mellowed the prevailing mood. A radio mystery program caught our undivided attention, John Dickson Carr's excellent weird tale: "The Burning Court".^{us} Liebscher wandered in from the hills to hear the broadcast. Some of ^{us} unbent and smiled on him the teensiest bit. Peace, it was wonderful. And then I bit into a hard roll and wrecked ninety dollars' worth of bridgework, four teeth snapping off like teeth in an old comb.

Wiedenbeck chortled in high glee and predicted I would learn to appreciate the humor in the situation, someday.

After dusk we built a fire. Eager-beaver Daugherty, man-of-all-work, scurried about gathering brushwood. Standing by the heaped-up blaze, admiring his boy scout training, he felt a tap on his arm and turned to face a fire warden who inquired sweetly if he felt up to paying a stiff fine? We were pichicking, it seems, in a verboten area as far as fires--and smoking, for that matter--were concerned. Fast talking fen got him out of it, and we broke camp, feeling that we had pushed our luck far enough for one day.

The remaining automobiles streamed homeward, using the short-cut that brought us out onto a highway in a matter of minutes. One car left our bedraggled caravan as the inviting lights of a friendly tavern appeared on the horizon. We pulled past them, enviously. Ten in the evening found us back again at Slan Shack, mentally digesting the day's misadventures. The merest whisper of the foul word "picnic" brought a scream to our lips. There and then we resolved never again to mention the term on the premises, using instead the designation: "Liebscher's Folly."

But all was not over--Holy Klono, no! REVENGE, SWEET REVENGE!

How we chuckled and gleed a few days later when Liebscher burst out all over with poison oak! He must have been wallowing naked in the weed! Oh, sweet revenge!

(Somebody else had the last laugh: according to pre-arranged plan, the cost of the picnic was summed up and pro-rated at about 80¢ for each attendee. Such was announced at the following meeting of the LASFS, and the money requested. At this writing, the two ladies---bless their innocent hides!---are still holding the bag for something like fourteen dollars.)



JUST A MINUTE!

TIGRINA

August 15th - 348th Consecutive Meeting.

One more member was added to our list when Wallace Brand, visiting for the second time, decided that he would like to affiliate himself with our organisation.

Forrest Ackerman announced that Milton Rothman informed him via letter that he was selling Pacificon snapshots at twenty for one dollar.

Forrest Ackerman gave an impromptu speech on H. G. Wells, noted science fiction author and philosopher, whose demise on August 13th was a great loss not only to science fiction fans but to the world. Forrest gave a resume of the many stories and non-fiction written by this fine author and spoke of the novel ideas originated by him.

August 22nd - 349th Consecutive Meeting.

This meeting was made memorable by the presence of Edmond Hamilton, famous fantasy author, arrived from Pennsylvania to visit in Arcadia.

Fans were crowded back into corners to make way for E. Everett Evans' chest, expanding with fatherly pride as he introduced daughter Jonne, just arrived from Battle Creek, Michigan, for a year's stay in L. A.

Forrest Ackerman introduced Mr. Hamilton, and gave a short speech anent this prolific author who has had 250 stories published and only five rejections over a period of two decades. Mr. Hamilton himself addressed a few words to those present, and upon being deluged with many questions pertaining to writing, replied to various fans' queries.

August 29th - 350th Consecutive Meeting.

Forrest Ackerman announced that he and Art Joquel had published a memorial of H. G. Wells, available at fifteen cents apiece.

Everett Evans discoursed on the fantasy contained in religious tracts and publications and also stories purporting to be true, such as tales featured in the "Amazing" magazine.

Forrest Ackerman read a letter from England anent a new English magazine, "Outlands", the policy of which will be to feature off-trail and unusual stories.

September 5th - 351st Consecutive Meeting.

Two new faces greeted us at the meeting, William H. Evans of Corvallis Oregon, and an unidentified, corpulent individual with a broad grin and a pink chin, who introduced himself as Gus Willmorth. Fans were thunderstruck to see that the printer of Fantasy Advertiser had once more become the bold-face type.

Forrest Ackerman auctioned three books from England, proceeds going to the Foundation Fund. Don Bratton volunteered to inventory books donated to the Foundation. Forrest announced that recent book donations included a box of volumes from Lou Goldstone, and that Andy Anderson had given a copy of "Adventures In Time And Space."

September 12th - 352nd Consecutive Meeting.

We welcomed back to our circle our hale and h(e)arty friend, Dale Hart, otherwise known as Elad Trah, who returned from a summer visit to Sax-et, otherwise known as Texas.

Our fan circle widened a bit to admit as a member Truman W. Reese, local fan who used to attend Clifton Cafeteria meetings years ago, who visited our Club for the first time and decided to join our group.

September 19th - 353rd Consecutive Meeting.

Bob Tucker announced that he and Mari-Beth Wheeler were leaving for the east the following Monday, and Bob steadfastly refused when Laney tried to persuade him to donate Mari-Beth to the Fantasy Foundation.

Forrest Ackerman announced that according to a letter from Frank Robinson, midwestern fan, Ray Palmer is still active editor of "Amazing". As this report contradicts that of several weeks ago saying that Palmer suffered from a physical and mental collapse, Forrest informed us that he had airmailed a letter to Robinson asking for further details, which he would send to Rusty Barron for publishing in Stefnews.

September 26th - 354th Consecutive Meeting.

Forrest Ackerman announced a new science fiction book by Will Jenkins, dedicated to J. W. Campbell, entitled "Murder of the U.S.A." was now on sale in the book stores.

Roy Squires spoke briefly and humourously on the origin of the Pacific Rocket Society, of which he is a member.

October 3rd - 355th Consecutive Meeting.

Introductions were made by that master of satiric wit, Charlie Burbee. Although this was entirely unnecessary, as everyone know everyone else, Charlie insisted upon performing this little social ceremony, if only to hear the bell-like tones of his own vocal chords.

Once again we had amongst us a professional author in the person of Bryce Walton, who honoured us with one of his rare visits.

Director Hodgkins reminded us of the October 1st deadline for Walt Daugherty's Pacificon financial report. Fran Laney motioned a committee be appointed to aid Daugherty in completing his Pacificon financial report. Burbee volunteered to be on the committee. Director Hodgkins appointed Dale Hart and Fran Laney as co-members, with Dale Hart as chairman, Hodgkins to act as auditor after the figures were computed.

A sorrowful note entered the discussion when Forrest Ackerman informed us of the death of fantasy author Francis Flagg.

Regarding recent developments concerning the Fantasy Foundation, Forrest reported that Don Bratton is taking inventory of books and magazines donated, Milt Rothman is giving a complete set of Pacificon photographs, and Walt Dunkelberger donated a treasured strip of film appropriated from "March Of Time", which contains excellent pictures of H. G. Wells.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, TOOPLE

the Ianiac
dreams
in

#4 in the Dream series....

TECHNICOLOR

It was a funny sort of house, large and echoing, with polished parquetry-floors. It seemed to be simultaneously all on one floor and still in several stories, and it was almost completely unfurnished except for the ornate fishpond out of the lobby of the Davenport Hotel in Spokane. This pool, with its imitation marble carved sides and fountains, seemed to be in several of the rooms.

Lots of different people were around the place, and there was a simultaneous impression that we all lived there and yet we didn't, but merely had gathered there for some unknown reason.

At the time the dream opened, I was enjoyably occupied with Darlyne Adams. We were playing a childish game with erotic overtones and undertones. We were smooching like mad. Abby Lu, bursting out of the seams of her husband's work clothes, was sitting on the edge of one of the fishponds watching us, and making all manner of friendly suggestions.

She seemed especially determined that we should take off our clothes, and I seem to recall having a very hot argument with her on the matter, pointing out that she was just trying to fix it up so Ashley could blackmail us.

All this time, the erotic play continued merrily. Darlyne was arguing with Abby too, but she was speaking in Chinese. I mean to say, she was speaking in Chinese like a cartoon character, which is how I knew it was Chinese. Each time she spoke, a white, two-dimensional balloon would come out of her mouth, poise above her for a moment, and then, one by one, Chinese characters would appear on it. I've been trying two days to remember of any audible sound accompanied this phenomenon, but I don't think so.

Somehow, I became aware that Myrtle Douglas had gone to work and left a suitcase, which was not a suitcase, but might as well be called that, since waking language has no word to describe the intricate, glossy, jet black container which materialized out of nothing on the parquetry floor over to the left of me.

Alas, poor Darlyne!

Either she dematerialized at that point, or else was lost in the sudden change of scene, for the next thing I knew I was dashing madly out the front door, carrying Myrtle's anomalous container. Better luck next time, Toople.

When I stepped out of the front door, I plunged headlong into a gigantic sand-filled funnel something like an ant-lion's trap; and slid down its sides for what seemed to be several miles. This se-

quence led into a chaotic mess of scenes and half-scenes, none of which I can recall coherently. But since Myrtle's black case, and all ideas connected with taking it to her, vanished the moment I started down the declivity, my waking self is forced to the conclusion that Myrtle Rebecca Douglas is the 20th Century counterpart of the Lorelei. Beware, slans!

When chaos gave way to order, I found myself in a very strange place. I was trudging, dispiritedly, along the sandy beach of a wide, stagnant river. Everything seemed to be a pale copper color, even the water, and a tremendously hot sun pounded at me from all sides at once. The terrain was utterly flat, unbroken by any vegetation, and seemed utterly deserted at first, though soon I was in the midst of a vast, trudging company, and talking to a character I once knew slightly about ten years ago. Somehow I seemed to know that we were all heading to work in a place that my waking self wants to call "the mines", but which I am pretty sure was something else.

Of a sudden, a highly polished chromium thing fastened itself around my forearm, materializing from nowhere and sinking itself into the flesh nearly to the bone. This implement consisted of a hinged group of fangs vaguely reminiscent of patent belt fasteners and ring notebook guts, and seemed not to have any direct connection with any guiding force. The agony was so great that I nearly fainted, but before I could collapse the thing vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving no scars or blood but leaving me tremendously weak and shaken.

I immediately boiled over with rage. I was going to do something about it, right now, and I made the welkin ring with my shouted curses. The companion, however, tried to soothe me, explaining that it was the ((king's)) daily blood tribute, and that nothing could be done about it. (King is not the term but I can't remember the connotation-packed word that was used.)

For the first time, I took careful note of the surrounding throng. All were emaciated, staggering, near death. From time to time a bright flash would encircle the arm of one of them; occasionally one would collapse from it, but otherwise they ignored it and trudged on apathetically. I suddenly recognized Tucker in their midst.

"Tucker in such straits," I shouted. "This must be an alternate time-track!"

And quick as a flash the whole thing dissolved and vanished. I was seated in the midst of a queerly ramified system of sumptuously furnished tunnels, talking to a swarthy, mongoloid looking fellow in a red velvet robe--the ((king))--and about twenty female store window models. Though we were chatting affably enough, undercurrents of savage emotion swirled just beneath our words. I sensed that the ((king)) feared and hated me, yet liked me, and at the same time wanted me to do something for him. I was willing enough to do what he wanted, but I was in no hurry to comply, and at the same time was very anxious to go buy a new car, and felt that the ((king)) ought not to interfere with this critical fan activity.

And so help me, Cthulhu, right at that point (when I thought of "critical fan activity") I realized that I should remember all these details and write them up for Burbee's dream section. I mentioned as much to the ((king)) and he immediately assigned one of the store window models to write down detailed notes for me to take with me. Then I got mad because I couldn't will the ((king)) to say a certain sentence for me. I wanted him to say "What you say doesn't hurt me, it hurts the Pacificon," and he just wouldn't say it. After we had talked for hours, I desperately blurted out that me must say that spontaneously so I could put it in the writeup. He replied, quite angrily, "To hell with you; I not only won't say that; I won't even say, 'Bare with me'!"

About this point, the scene shifted. We seemed to be floating along the tunnels in a sort of car, looking at the names of people who had died there in despair. I remember two half-tone publicity pictures labeled "Mr and Mrs Charles Spivak", but the male picture was that of Bunny Berigan. And a moment later I saw in red ink a well-remembered signature, "Louis Russell Chauvenet".

I had been taking the animated store-window models as a matter of course, but their eyeless eyes, immobile faces, and motionless mouths began to get on my nerves. I asked the ((king)) about them, and he explained that he was so powerful a man that human women couldn't stand up under his ministrations, so he had these specially built for him. He asked if I wanted a dozen or so, but I didn't think they were any good, and said so.

"They are just exactly like flesh-and-blood women in every respect," he declared, "except that they look like that in the face and are so durable."

"Might I presume," said I diffidently, "to touch one of them?"

He nodded, and I grabbed one of the mannequins by the arm. It felt exactly like flesh and blood, and she turned and looked at me, though her face showed no sign of expression or change, or even of eyes, other than the ones painted on.

At this point, I woke up.

* * * * *

The centipede was happy quite
Until the frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
And startled him to such a pitch
He lay exhausted in a ditch
Considering how to run.

TARZAN STRIPS FOREVER

(NOT AN INTERVIEW WITH
EDGAR RICE BURBEE)

By Tigrina & Forrest J Ackerman

WE HAVE JUST visited Edgar Rice Burroughs. He is a septuagenarian but looks more like a sexagenarian. He confesses to a very poor memory, and when we mentioned that fact at the LASFS, several individuals piped up, "So that's why he told one plot over and over?" They seemed to feel that if all the Tarzan books were laid end to end, they would stretch for quite a yawn. But we are not so easily bored. Whenever we tire of van Vogt, Merritt, Lovecraft, Weaver Wright and the other Big Lads, we take down a Tarzan from our shelves to sooth our jungled nerves*.

Be that as it may (as it well may be) we, and Everett Evans and daughter Jonne, recently made the pilgrimage to Tarzana to meet the world famous author of the Barsoom books, Venuseries, Pellucidar novels, etc.

We learned one disillusioning thing about Fame: When we came to the town named after its renowned citizen, none of the gentry knew where the Bean Plantation was. (This pun has connotations only for old-timers who remember that Burroughs' first story, "Under the Moons of Mars", was signed Norman Bean.)

We finally found the Burroughs' boma near the end of a country lane with the supramundane name of Zelzah Avenue. We had in mind some pun about Zelzah water, but it fizzed out.

To start the conversational ball rolling, Tripoli, the most avid and observant Burroughs fan amongst us, took ERB's proof-reader to task. This short-sighted individual, Evans complained, had caused the short-coming in "Tarzan and the Leopard Men" of permitting the Lord of the Jungle to cry (and in a loud voice, too!) "Kreeg-ah!" when he really meant "Ka-goda" (or vice versa, frankly we've forgotten). Everett's face fell all over the place, blushing as crimson as the blood Tarzan so often spills, when Burroughs confessed that he proofs his own books!

Speaking of fox paws, Burroughs told us about the time he inadvertently put an animal character, Sabor the Tiger, in the wrong locale (thinking of a Sabor Tooth Tiger, no doubt). Emily Pest's book on Etti-cat tells us tigers are never found in Africa--outside of fiction. This caused a lot of friction, as irate readers wrote in to the magazine informing the errant author of his egregious lack of verisimilitude. However, a missive from a resident of Africa (not a tiger) saved the day, the week, the month and the year, for the correspondent declared that there were tigers in Southern Africa, only they were known as striped panthers. The moral to this anecdote being: Never try to hold that tiger, you may get caught with your panths down. (I, Tigrina, disclaim all discredit for that animal crack.) (Ack: What's she want--the lion's share?)

This next episode might be entitled Suspense. You see, suspend from the wall in the hall of Burroughs' home

*pun copycatted 1946 from Dick Wilson

Is the model for the man who inspired that popular song, "I Ain't Got Nobody": 'Tis a genuine South American shrunken head. The size of a Florida grapefruit or a California grape, this souvenir of savagery was both a gruesome and shrinksome sight. There is no truth to the rumor that author Burroughs used to be a 6'4" giant, but is now medium height because, constantly repulsed by the shriveled object d'horreur, he shrunk from it...

Incongruous amidst the Oriental and Indian furnishings on Burroughs' porch was an eye-tem which was strictly modern day North American. How Editor Burbee's pulses would have pounded at the sight of it! It was a gambling device, known as the "One-Armed Bandit". (Yes, not satisfied with his slot in life, it is whispered Burbee sometimes plays the slot machines.) Much merriment ensued when Tigrina, never having seen one of the diabolicontraptions, inserted a coin and complained when no "Bell-Fruit" chewing gum was forthcoming! The owner removed the front and back of the Bandit of Hell's Bend to display its mechanism, and provided Tigrina with a fistful of nickles. At one time it looked like she was going to own 6 shares of stock in Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., as she nearly hit the joke-pot, but after all her energetic gamboling wound up like the Czar of Russia: Nicholas.

And so...as nite's dark shadows fell over the African veldt, bringing welcome relief from the broiling equatorial sun, we bid goodby to Mr Burroughs, mounted our dog-sled, and mushed!

THE END

BIG POND FUND

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES scoops the World with the First Public Announcement of The Big Pond Fund, fandom's greatest communal enterprise since the creation of The Fantasy Foundation: The project to Import a British Fan for the 5th World Science Fiction Convention!

Think of it!

Since 1939 we have called our Conventions WORLD Conventions---but no fan has ever been able to cross the sea. Now America & England are invited to join hands in digging down in their pockets to finance a Transatlantic round-trip for an Anglofan to come to the Philadelphia Convention!!!

J. Michael Rosenblum, Edw. John Carnell, and Walter H. Gillings--England's Big 3--have been consulted as to the possibility of their making the trip (provided the finances) and this has resulted in my decision, as Chairman of the Committee, to make the candidate... TED CARNELL!

All contributions will be carefully recorded. Eventual transmittal of the money will be made by the British Fantasy Society Secretary, Donald Raymond Smith. In the (unlikely) event of any fall-thru of plans, the contributor understands that his donation will be given to the treasury of the Fantasy Foundation. However, with the support of all global-minded fans, the latter possibility can be made a distinct improbability. Follow the Leader, Milton Rothman, and send me your money today to get the Big Pond Fund under weigh with a bang, with the eventual goal of presenting--in person!--at the Philcon, TED CARNELL OF LONDON! Checks, cash or money orders to Forrest J Ackerman (authorized by Rothman as Chairman, Big Pond Fund) Box 6151 Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles 55, Cal.

LETTERS----

(3 of them)

Elmer Perdue, God's Big Brother Bill, writes an enthusiastic fan letter:

My dear Burble; Yesterday, I was by the club room; dropped in, and to my great joy found a copy of my very favoritest fan magazine.

Gawd, what an issue! Crammed full from front cover to back with a laugh on every page; one of those dear darling belly-warming chuckles that makes one glad to be alive in order that one might laugh. Superb, hilarious; and yet with an undertone of seriousness that made me stop more than one time in my merriment to think seriously...and brother that is a marvelous combination.

So then I finished...regretfully; so mirth-provoking an issue was it that I really hated to see that last page in my hand, knowing there was no more. And I decided that I must really write to the editor and tell him how much I enjoyed it.

But then I stopped to think. Perhaps Dunkleberger is sensitive about his typographical errors; maybe he honestly doesn't know where to hyphenate; and he may be self-conscious about the sheer bucket-headedness that makes Fanews such a laughable magazine. . .

So I decided to write a letter to you instead, Burble old boy. This is it.

George Ebay, who knows where Kepner is, says:

Hah' youre tired. Huh? Run down, huh? No eneergy... Christ, brother I've been running myself ragged over this maritime strike from shepherding forty guys on a picket line to marching demonstrating distributing leaflets running errands typing stencils and ending up finally with a fiendish contraption known as an electric mimeograph---it's wonderful when it works---and fifty committees holler they must have 5000 copies of forms and bulletins and manifestoes etc. Phooie..youre tired...

But nono, But you don't think I'd let down my old pall Daaghert Burbee--who in hell are you, anyway?--I'll write you a letter of comment on that magazine. Right on top of a full scale report on FEPC to a local labor school.

Well, I thought the cover was first rate, and your new artists is a find. As usual, the editorial was the best-thing-in-the-issue. Weel, nono, Well, I don't think the other stuff was much good. Speer's article was alright. It's nineteen pages like you said, too. Maybe I'm bleery but I kind of got the impression that the convention was a rather dry show. Right?

Cut out that dream stuff. Youre going to get a lot of ultra crud if you keep on. No, I don't like these dreame articles. I can't remember my own dreams except that they never have caught me there and

