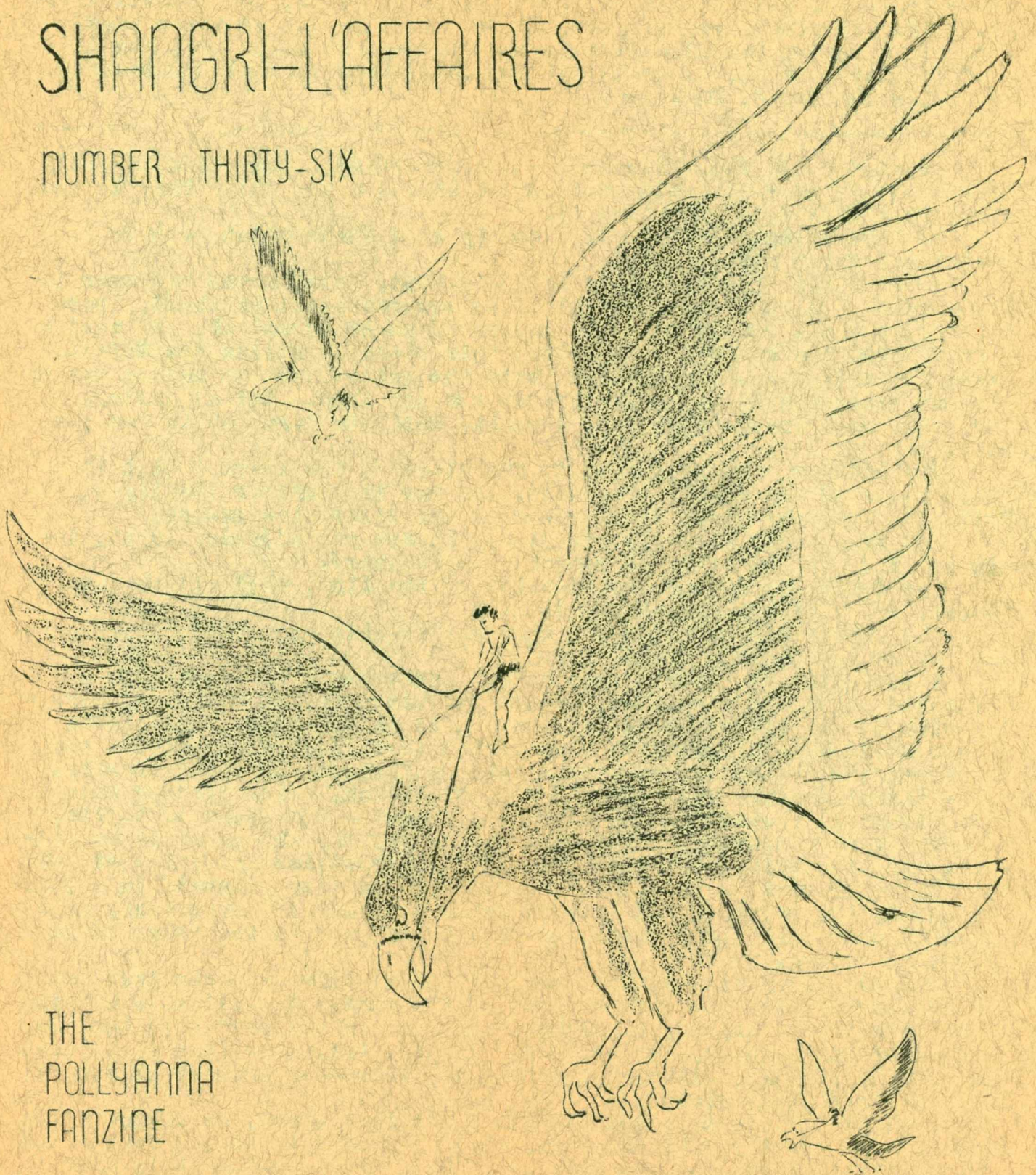


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX



THE
POLLYANNA
FANZINE

ROTSLER

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Al Ashley and Jack Wiedenbeck have developed a variation of fairy chess, and to hear Al Ashley talk about it you would think this is the first time anybody's ever done it.

We have invented, said Al, a new type of chess which we have christened fairy chess.

Some of the pieces: There is the Rabbit, which moves but once in the course of a game and then only four squares straight ahead, there to stop, spawn a row or rather a square of pawns around it, and vanish forever from the board. I suggested this piece be called the Salmon, since the salmon spawns and dies while the rabbit goes on and on and on without pause except maybe for breath now and then. But Al Ashley, through some obscure process of thought, said the term Rabbit was more suitable.

The Blinker moves parallel to the sides of the board (which is 10x10 squares) any number of spaces, and has the further faculty of "blinking" off the side, to reappear on any other side square.

The Plague can kill all the pieces in squares adjacent to it, including its own men (this is sometimes advisable).

The Joker can assume the identity of the King, with all the King's powers, and limitations, at any time.

The Kibitzer can get on the same square with any other piece, cutting the powers of that piece by 50%.

I suggested to Al that the center four squares be mounted on a turntable which would rotate at random impulses during the game, carrying with it any pieces which might be on it at the time. Also, some pieces could be equipped with tiny lights that flashed on and off now and then, the powers of the pieces being materially affected thereby. And I invented a piece called the Gleeper, which, being lighter than air, floats 15 inches off the board and observes the gauge of battle, dipping down to snatch off the best man of anybody who seems to be winning. And the Swike, which is a small time-traveller and can dart into the future or past of the game. Thus, when you find yourself in a jam, you employ the Swike, causing it to enter the game 10 moves back, undo the damage at a critical point, and swing you over to the track of an alternate future.

But Al Ashley claims these suggestions of mine are frivolous and not in keeping with the serious tone of the game. He will have nothing to do with them. Anyhow, he claims, the game is now perfected and has no need of any changes, now or ever. He also intimates that he devised the game by himself, although I know Jack Wiedenbeck dreamed up some of the more intriguing pieces.

I might mention here that if you don't know chess, be assured that it is almost exactly like checkers, which you used to play a little and were pretty good at. Be assured, too, that you understand this new game every bit as well as Al Ashley does.

I think this all indicates pretty clearly what sort of people we have running loose here in Los Angeles, so don't feel too badly about not being able to visit this Mecca of fandom.

---Charles Burbee

THE
HITCH-HIKER—
A
STORY
OF
HATE
AND
TERROR.

BOLDLY WRITTEN
BY E.E. EVANS
AND
DARINGLY
PUBLISHED
IN THESE
TURPID
PAGES

I was working out in my garden when the man parachuted down beside me. As soon as I got over my first surprize, I helped him retrieve his 'chute and helped him out of his rig. Then I asked him into the house.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm famished, if you can spare some food. I'd like a box to pack this suit in to ship to the government. It'll give 'em ideas about suit-design for high-altitude fliers."

"I thought that's what you were," I said.

"Me? Nope, just a hitch-hiker." He dug into the food I'd set out and didn't speak again till he was finished. He sat back, belched heavily, lit an odd-smelling cigarette 9 inches long, and started to talk.

"I've always had the itchy foot--in my day I've hoboed all over the world. I got the crazy idea some years back that I'd like to see the rest of the Universe. I used to read this science-fiction crap and it was always talking about life on other planets and it got me to wondering.

"After I got to the moon I found that there were a lot of space-fliers commuting through the solar system, even though we don't know anything about it yet. I managed to bum a ride to Mars on a moon-freighter, and from there I've been to every planet and large satellite in the System. Nothing galactic, you

understand--just solar system stuff, and all by hitch-hiking, except one hop from Europa to Ganymede, when I had to work my way in the engine room.

"I got so I could talk the language that is used by all the different people on these planets--and they are all folks just like us in shape and looks, though much smarter than we are. I asked why they never dropped in on Earth and they said they were afraid to--our folks here are too damned war-like, and with the power and knowledge the Planeteeers have, the Tellurians would try to take over everything, once they'd learned what these others know. They never have any war at all---their economic structure is perfectly balanced.

"I finally got home-sick for Earth, and the crew of a ship I was on, Venus-bound from Mars, swung a little bit off course and dumped me out of the garbage lock toward Earth. My suit took care of me out there. There's no air out there. You know that, don't you. Anyhow, here I am. Think I'll settle down for a while. Fed up with travel."

I shook my head. "Hogwash," I said.

"Don't blame you for feeling that way, but it's the truth. I've traveled all over this solar system. As to getting to the Moon in the first place, that was the only hitch in the whole hitch-hiking trip. I had to hike up there!"

He belched heavily again, got up and strode out, me goggling after him.

APOLOGIZE,

AL ASHLEY!

SAYS

F. TOWNER LANEY

One of my best friends has committed an act which so nearly puts him beyond the pale that I am forced to utter a word of public protest. Ordinarily I cater to my friends, humoring them, lying for them, tolerating their harmless little foibles and peccadillos. Ordinarily I give to them a fierce and unquestioning loyalty--though I may differ with them in private, publicly I will go all out for them and their plans.

But this is different.

Through the years, I have also developed a modicum of loyalty towards the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, that fine organization of which this is the official organ. And Alfred L. Ashley, carried away by the times of strong coffee and the workings of a brain which may--it has been whispered--be too strong for the haggard and diminutive body which houses it, has uttered a gross calumny against the Club which I feel impelled to deny publicly.

In the first place, Alfred L. Ashley is not even any longer a member of the LASFS, and moreover left the group under a cloud. Let us be blunt about it, friends. Al Ashley was expelled from the club for failing to pay his dues. Though the club made every imaginable concession to him, in deference to his fine reputation in fandom, Al not only refused to make any arrangements to pay up several months in unpaid dues, but even went so far as to monopolize an entire meeting of the society in an attempt to have them forgiven on the grounds that the administration of the LASFS has so flouted its own constitution that the membership is justified in flouting this document to the extent of refusing to pay dues. It is difficult to see what he expected to gain from this maneuver. But in any event, Al Ashley is now a non-member of the LASFS under circumstances which may have perhaps led him to some Khanve-like scheme of revenge.

For certainly revenge--sheer, petty spite--seems the only tenable explanation of Ashley's thunderous slander against the LASFS.

I am beating around the bush, I suppose. But I find it a little difficult to make myself type the text of this slander, even as a quotation from Ashley. Perhaps....no, I must say it once. Maybe then it will be easier to proceed with this refutation and demand for an apology.

Alfred L. Ashley has said, publicly and emphatically, that 80% of the membership of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society are homosexuals. On at least three separate occasions of which I am personally aware, Alfred L. Ashley has made this statement. 80%! That is four-fifths. On this basis, according to Ashley, a club meeting attended by 20 people will have in it no less than 16 individuals who are lesbians, fags, queers, fruits, nances, pansies, dykes...16 homosexuals, 16 out of 20!

Nor does he content himself with just saying this. He has an impressive repertory of names and perversions and events. He apparently knows just who has been in bed with what other boy, and precisely what revolting perversions took place. Pediastry, sodomy... He speaks enthusiastically of assigning a number to each name in the LASFS, and publishing in FAPA a long series of shocking case histories. 80% of the membership of the LASFS, says Al Ashley, are homosexuals; and he apparently intends to blazon this gross misstatement from one end of fandom to the other. I have attempted to reason with Ashley. 80% of the LASFS homosexual, why that is ridiculous!

In one of these attempts to move Ashley out of this arrant misconception, three of us compiled some actual cold figures which definitely show that Ashley is wrong when he says that 80% of the LASFS are homosexual.

Three individuals took part in this compilation: Jack Wiedenbeck, who has been well acquainted with the group since the fall of 1945; Alva Rogers, active in the LASFS from 1943 through most of 1946 and director in 1944; and myself, an active LASFSer from November 1943 through the end of 1946 and director for four consecutive three-month terms in 1944-45. We know this group of fans as well as anyone. We further compiled our figures in the presence of Al Ashley, and in several instances deferred to his opinions or superior knowledge of a person in classifying him.

We definitely took a random sampling of the club's membership. In October 1943 the group commenced requiring new members to fill out a detailed application form, and this practice has been quite faithfully followed ever since. When it was instituted, all the then members of the LASFS also filled out these forms. It so happens that these forms are kept filed in the club; while some members are not represented in this file and of course none of the casual visitors, at least 80% of the LASFS membership since 1943 is represented in this file with a filled-out application for membership.

We went through these applications one by one, considering each of them except in perhaps ten instances when none of us could remember the person in question. These we threw out, and did not consider. If we could remember the person, but did not know enough about him to say what he was or not, we gave him the benefit of the doubt and classed him as a normal, heterosexual individual. In this one way, our study is perhaps prejudiced against Ashley.

If we classed a person as homosexual it was on most solid grounds. Either he had attempted to make one of us, he had openly told us at one time or another that he was a homosexual, or else other homosexuals in the club at the same time as the individual in question had told us (with corroborating data) that the guy was a queer.

The doubtfuls include persons that we knew enough about to know that they were not definitely heterosexual, but that we did not know for sure that they were overt homosexuals. These may include one or two asexuals, an arrested development or two, and perhaps one fetishist who however does make use of feminine objects as fetishes. But if three people know someone well, and have strong doubts if he is a heterosexual, it is not hard to imagine what he probably is.

And, I should like to reiterate, if we possibly could do so, on even the flimsiest pretext, we classed a case as heterosexual and normal. I repeat this because I wish to give Al as much excuse as his inexcusable utterances can be given.

There were 67 application forms--67 separate and distinct members and former members of the LASFS between 1943 and 1947. Of these 34 are definitely heterosexual. 19 are doubtful--not heterosexual, however. And only 14 are open, overt, practicing homosexuals. On a percentage basis, this is 50.7% heterosexual, 28.4% doubtful, and only 20.9 homosexual.

Or put it this way. 50.7% of the club are heterosexual; that's over half. What do you mean, Alfred L. Ashley, saying 80% of us are queer? Only half of us are not normal sexually.

Apologize, Al Ashley!

Letter
Section

In which most of the stuff has been substantially cut in order to save space

Don Wilson, 495 N 3rd St., Banning, Calif. fires the opening gun: Yes: #35 arrived today and symbolic of its quality it fell on the ground when I was trying to get it out of the mail box. Yes. It should have fallen in the sewer. Now, #35 wasn't as good as 34, wots the idea of the ungodly yellow paper? And that horrible green paper? I won't be able to see for a week, and all because of you being too cheap to use decent paper. Yeah. Gus uses slick stationery, for his mag.... Whose popular request to reprint that "cover"? ((line))

Van Vogt took up space in an interesting manner. That article was a bit serious for the general tone of S L'A; tell me, did Kennedy reject it?...."Wild Ideas:etc"...I would like to point out that the best article on Fort yet printed was a letter from Caleb Northrup in a 1941 Astounding. Somebody may remember it..... So EBC isn't going to b any more? Well, at least we will be relieved of that typewriter. (By the way, do you use Gus's typer?) ((Yes, in the last three issues))

Girl With Muddy Eyes, which Rothman seemed to take a liking to. It was very ably written, but just what was the idea? I fail to see what it accomplished, besides the filling of several pages. ((And isn't that enough?)) Mjane Nuttall seems to be nuts over Merritt. Wish I could make a pun out of that--but did Kon ever carry bits of paper and pencils around with him? Her dream was okay, too, better than the last two. Wish I could have read Perdue's.

Before I leave you I should like to state that I have founded a fanzine, DREAM QUEST, for which I want material.

Gilbert Cochran, Lock Box 335, Claremore, Okla.: To-Burbee Dear Burb, Having perused Shangri L'Affaires # 35. One's perspicuity enables one to perceive. That anyone who studies the word pictures, and other mater. Will soon find one's cerebral brain: Illuminated by flashes of lightning, from the galleries, of the universal mind.

Marijane Nuttall's Dream series is sure from the Paradise of

Fantasy. There is something homogenous in her words. I dug up a book on the (Magic of the Islands of Asia).

As near as I could make out. A passage in the book said: i.e. "When one is puzzled by a mystery in writing. One does as follows: (Primus) One walks a straight Diddle to the Bolen. Taking due care not to Gooven the Dooten. (Segundus) One says the Nipponese words: "Koi Ko-ko Butaru". Which mean in english: "Come Here Firefly". (Tercite) One receives in one's mind a flash of magical light.) Which enables one to solve secret writing.

I beleive that by following the above instructions. I can learn the secret of Marijane Nuttal's dreams.

The repeat cover on 35. Reminds me of a story I heard, of a hidden underground street. In Shanghai China. A criminal society rules the street. They sally forth on the surface streets, and commit crimes. Taking their loot, and sometimes victims. To the Sing Song and Dope Dens of joy, in their hidden street. Where they surfeit themselves, and become satiated: On the rich loot of the city above them. Many of them are said to be, shaggy and Hairy men of the North. Who have come to Shanghai. To live like spiders, on the human flies, of the city above them.

Well Barb one can print all, or any part of this, if one so desires. Or if one knows that the abdominal minds, of the perusers of Shangri L'Affaires. Will reject it. Then one can send it to the Queen: Of the ladies and gentlemen of Mongolia. Who live like shaggy hairy spider bandits in that hidden underground street. That is under the great ancient wall, of China: A part of which runs through the city, of Shanghai. Near the bank of the Wang Poo river, which also runs through the city of Shanghai.

Happy magic to One And One's Pals Of L.A.S.F.S.

C. Burton Stevenson, 521 E Monroe, Phoenix, Ariz.: #35 reads like something that happened while your back was turned or while you were thinking about something else. What were you thinking about?

The dream reads like it wasn't sufficiently fictionalized. I don't mean it sounds overwhelmingly like a real dream, but then some dreams probably don't; it just shows too little purpose and imagination to have been thought up consciously. This is bad; realism should never be allowed to interfere with art--as most of the previous dreams have realized.

The editorial reads like you were having a heluva time filling up that much space. It would've been pretty good if you'd left off everything except the last paragraph.

The serial interested me for obscure reasons; it sounds like a mild burlesque of that type of detective fiction. A lot of that type of detective fiction also sounds like a mild burlesque of that type of detective fiction, so that makes it pretty authentic. Anyway Baldwin avoids the effeminate pseudo-cuteness that makes Chandler's first-person characters sound like fairies--which is something to be thankful for.

Van Vogt's contribution read vaguely like something van Vogt might contribute when he was in a particularly confiding and unwary mood. Did you ghost it for him? Why don't you arrange to ghost his next serial? It might be an improvement.

You showed a distressing lack of imagination in re-using the #33 cover; that "by popular request" gag is pretty thin. If you'd put it on upside down this time no one would have recognized it, though they might have been troubled by a vague sense of familiarity.

I liked that Slavin dream, by the way, though I too am curious about those missing eighteen lines.

David Reiner, 116 Nassau St., New York City 7: Dear Burbee: Random Impressions of a generally entertaining issue: SHAGGY #35.

Of the cover: I dunno. Admitting the incredible possibility that an overwhelming "popular request" forced your reluctant hand and led to a perpetration of "Webwork Willie"--I am still baffled by its taunting, elusive overall significance. Gibson's horrifically restrained cover seems definitely to possess faint ironic undertones, suggesting a keen understanding of vital cosmic truths. Then again, persistent examination plus 4 quick shots of cheap cognac reveal a rather pathetic caricature of a somewhat prominent public personality (only slight astigmatic myopia is required to discern the resemblance) . . . But further revaluation of its bold, fuzzy contours hints of mind-shattering, eldritch horrors . . . of things better left unsaid. Better left undrawn. Final critique: a masterly, cyclopean work, depicting in subtle erotic manner many profound and disturbing lymphatic forces. Perhaps posterity will glean new eternal verities from its disturbing lines. I am content to quaff my ale and mumble an occasional: "Grumph."

Baldwin's thriller came to a powerful, totally expected conclusion. Hardboiled, grim fiction that it was, "Muddy Eyes" will not seriously threaten Chandler's monopoly in the field. True to type, the Bacallish babe lent a certain sultry insipidity to an otherwise amusing tale of fans, frails, and festivity.

The lightweight in quality, the editorial was the best thing in the issue. **Say it isn't so! Don't let 4e's "Station EBC" go off the air. I never read the stuff; just looking at the outre type satisfies something in me. It's so restful. **Tigrina's lively comments make for pleasant conjecturing. LASFS meetings must be as strikingly exciting as sticking your head thru the hole in the "Three throws-for-a-quarter" game. And marshmallows, yet!

Naturally, I was fascinated by the letter from the glitteringly bright "A Sun of a Distant Planet." The couched in deliberately deceptive grammar, this spawn of extra-galactic space has shown himself to be a shrewd observer of the frailties of us submortal slugs. With withering but accurate description, he has gone on to point the way towards the stars, wherein he dwells in godlike grandeur. Deigning to communicate with our miserable little orb, "A Sun of a Distant Planet" offers us the shining hop of the future when we shall have attained the Universe and may then be permitted a glimpse of his majestic personality. I nominate this awesome, splendiferous creature as the Man of the Millenium! Hail to thee, O all-powerful, all-wise Cogitator! May you reign until the nebulae are denebulized. I appoint you honorary member of the Lunar Technicians (Luna-Tech's). . .

Len Moffatt, 5918 Lanto Street, Bell Gardens, Calif: 'lo Burb! **Now let's stop being serious and talk about Shaggy...the cover: So tis Kon the Weaver, eh? Me, I wouldn't know. I haven't read all of Merritt's tales yet. It's still...excellent artwork. The editorial was most intellectual. Best thing in this ish was The Girl With The Muddy Eyes. So the hard-boiled shamus tales are sneaking into fan fiction as well as pro-fandom-background fiction...(Whatever that means...I'm referring to Tucker's Chinese Doll...) Wal, wot ay sy is, let'em sneak in..if they are well-written. The ending of TGTME was a letdown (to me) but maybe I was expecting too much. **van Vogt's short piece was interesting. Readers always like to know the story behind the story. **What! No more EBC? Here's hoping Forry returns to the pages of Shaggy with something bigger and better in the way of a column. ((He says "No more columns--but plenty articles, etc.")

**The lettersection was highly amusing this time...not that its contents made me high...it was entertaining, that's all. **Just a Minute! is rarely "up to the minute"...Since Shaggy is supposed to be the club mag, Tigrina's notes should be a stop-press item and inserted at the last minute so the column will contain the very latest details of the doings of the LASTSers.

Marijane Nuttall's dream sounded more like an actual dream than most of t'other you've published. Don't ask me why.

WHAT! NO BACK COVER?

Harry Warner Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland: ...the last issue of Shangri-l'Affaires gave me a lot of pleasure. Especially "Blackmaria Lovecraftian". I had just finished going through Freud's "General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis" when the issue came, and was finding Freudian significance in everything from Shaver's caves to "Open the Door, Richard"; Marijane's dreams were a field day for me. **Quite sorry to see Joe Kennedy faltering in nerve and failing to print the Laney column; the grabbing trend manifest these days is one of the very few ways in which fandom has deteriorated in recent years. And it's nice to see an author admitting how another story influenced his own, though I sometimes suspect that it happens so subconsciously that the author is never aware of it; I still don't think "Slan" is a very good story, though. The editorial and the letter section and various other things in this issue are the other reasons why I'm parting with the two bits.

Robert Stewart, 1004 Gates Ave., Brooklyn 21, N.Y.: **Let Marijane Nuttall do surrealist verse in the Stein manner. Dream sequence best piece in current issue. Cover familiar. Muddy Eyes disappointing... such a good start it had. Rest--fair. Who criticized Ackerman? You're not going to let his column fade? Ghuds!!! Best letters... Nuttall---Rotsler (well, the BEM was fairly good)...Kennedy,...Rothman. ...and that Xeno thing...

Jack Speer, 4518 16th NE, Seattle 5, Wash: The editorial was a great mutant idea, and i could be heard all over the house when i read the last two paragraphs.

I thot Condra was giving me a new word, so i hauled down my Unabridged and looked above and below the line for "naia". I feel cheated.

Probably not all rejecters of the Shaver mythos feel as i do, but my reaction to most of the boys Condra names as substantiating the Palmer attitude would be negative. Donnelly is pretty thoroly discredited; see for example the discussion of The Great Cryptogram in somebody's book on codes, ciphers, etc (i have the annoying notion that the somebody is an ex-scientifictionist like Fletcher Pratt). I think DeCamp has Nostradamus's number. Ktp. (Ktp - Kan't think of phurther examples.)

EBC: Looks like Joquel overlooked one of the most well-known instances of s-f in the slicks: Benet's "Place of the Gods", anthologized as "By the Waters of Babylon". I think i'm correct on that.

Speaking of muddy eyes, Baldwin thinks you and he are much of a kind. When i was out there a couple of months ago he asked lotsa questions about the LA gang, and hypothesized that you, as he, believed in taking it easy in crifanac so it doesn't stop being fun. ((Yup))

Sneary Meets Burbee was lovely.

Gad, let's stop this egoboo or you'll have nothing to strive for.

Letter section was above standard.

Tom Jewett, 670 George St., Clyde, Ohio: Charles: Shaggy received and contents noted -- as follows: Gibson girl cover still good tho a trifle blurred in spots. **THE GIRL WITH THE MUDDY EYES was next best, tho it impressed me as being a half-way attempt at duplicating the hard-boiled style of Raymond Chandler. CBCondra's article was next, being interesting and entertaining; followed closely by AEvon Vogt's piece which was just interesting. Next was Laney's former-VAMPIRE stuff, which shows, if nothing else, that fans are just as grabby as anybody else. Even moreso.**Nuttall's dream smelled. I've had better dreams after a slug of mimeograph ink, which aint bad with a root beer chaser. Not an exceptional issue. Bring back Willmorth and a couple others. Vari-colored paper nice. Hope next ish is on time.

Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, N J: What-ho Burb: SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #35 (the rejected fan's VAMPIRE) finally arrove,...herewith a comment or two. I liked the cover. It reminds me of somebody I usta know. Material this time seemed well above par. Van Vogt's revelation of how SLAN! came to be written proved of outstanding interest to yours truly. But if science-fiction can be written around the plot of an animal story, why can't the reverse be tried? Aha! Verily, here lies an inspiration. I shall run out and buy a bunch of old ASTOUNDINGS and re-write their contents using animals as characters. For instance, by a little reworking of Heinlein's UNIVERSE, a marvelous animal story could be obtained. Imagine a family of squirrels floating down a river on a rotted log -- they don't know how they got there, for their parents and grandparents before them had also been floating on the log, so that their destiny, how they got there, etc., are now preserved only by racial memory. And if you don't think raising a family on a floating log is quite an accomplishment, try it some time.

"Wild Ideas" was excellently written. Who did it? Ackerman?

Wonder how many helpless innocents were corrupted by Part II of "Girl with the Muddy Eyes". 'Twas good stuff.

Ditto the letter section, with nods to Speer, Rothman and Alpaugh.

A most intriguing installment of FANZINE SCOPE.

Fandom has gone to the dogs. Anybody want to get up a petition to combine the NFFF with the Shaver Mystery Club?

Milton A Rothman, 2113 N Franklin St., Phila 22, Pa: ***Shangri-L'Affaires, the only LA magazine without scientific errors!

You never say anything scientific enough to be a scientific error.

Well, so Elmer got married. Gaaaaahddam!

Hell, I knew it was Kon all the time.

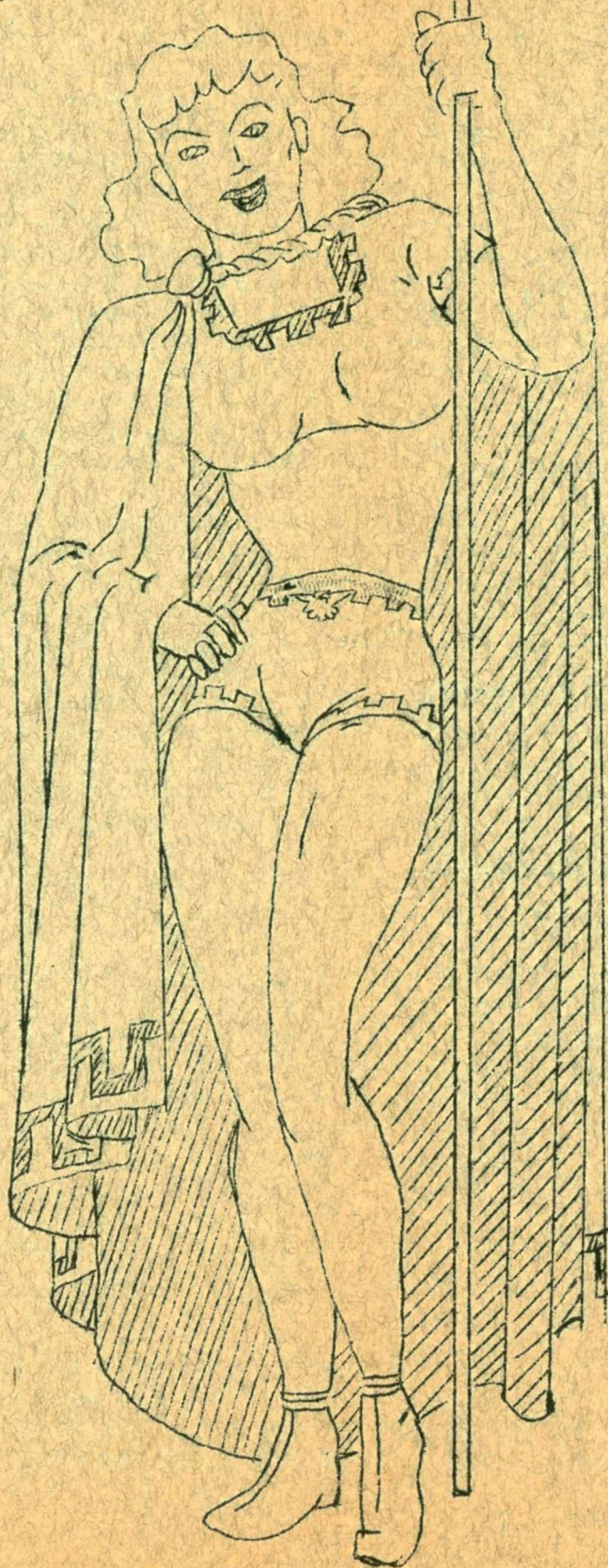
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Well, that winds up the letter section this time. I had meant to keep it shorter this time, but it got out of hand. All right. Since everybody seems to like this dept anyhow, I will let it run this long or longer after this. Maybe the defunct VOM will sort of be reborn here, except that I will not adhere to Ackerman's policy of never rejecting or cutting a letter. I will live by my own policy, whatever it may be. Anyhow, shoot your letters to me at 1057 S Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, Calif. You ought to have a lot to say after reading this issue. I need a slogan. Do you think "The Pollyanna Fanzine" is appropriate? C. Burton Stevenson suggested "The Magazine that everybody takes but nobody takes seriously." Somebody else said "ALL the stuff that fits, we print". If you want, you can send in your own suggestions. Not that I'll use any of them, of course.

--burb

NEOPHYTE

THE
FANZINE
OF
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WILLIAM
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DESTINY TIMES FIVE.....

by CYRUS B. CONDRA

It is a sad commentary on the moral character of the human race that our most notable discoveries in the field of science have resulted, primarily, from efforts to devise more efficient methods of slaughtering our fellow-men. It is more than sad; it is frightening to reflect that, from an unparalleled welter of research and engineering, the Atomic Bomb descends to a level of efficiency where the lives of not only a part, but all the lives of humanity are threatened by extinction. It is fortunate indeed today, that only a secret few have knowledge of a further situation (a possible resultant in the coming atomic conflict) the contemplation of which induces a state of mind transcending any familiar state of alarm--a situation which, if generally broadcast, could easily panic the entire world and topple humanity headlong into another Age of Darkness!

There exists today a Menace to our future, inconceivable! Newspaper stories; magazine articles published daily seek to frighten us with sensationalism in their mouthings over the Atom Bomb. Pathetically they ignore the significant---and the story that would rock the world is ripening unnoticed and unchecked. Unless the course of destiny is changed immediately, that story will be told to dead ears in the moment of its birth. It is no pleasant task to act as bearer of bad news, but the purpose of this article is to lay before the eyes of Fandom, at least, as much of the Truth as can be borne by frail minds already burdened to an extreme degree and calloused to danger through very familiarity. All cheap sensationalism aside, it is truly later than you think!

Here are the facts.

The greatest peril ever to threaten the future of the human race is being produced secretly here in Los Angeles, in the form of a rare, amber-colored liquid of such amazing corrosive powers that it can eat its way through a quarter-inch of pottery in a matter of moments; a substance whose effects on the human nervous system are unimaginable horrible! At this moment we are fortunate that the rate of production is small, and equally fortunate that the formula is in the hands of one unlikely to reveal it to any possible enemy nation, except for money. Our own government has not yet taken steps to seize and impound this deadly agent, but will certainly do so shortly in view of the supreme importance of this substance in relation to the Atomic Bomb.

It has been authoritatively stated that an atomic explosion near enough to spill only a few drops of this Borgia's Brew will set off a holocaust of fury sufficient to rip the very veil of atmosphere from our beloved planet, and with it the last crumb of humanity!

This is very serious!

When A. LaVerne Ashley (AA194) recently announced, through the

medium of this journal, that should an atomic bomb drop near enough to make him spill his coffee, he would not be held responsible for any reprisals he might have to make, few men indeed realized the significance hidden in his statement and the threat to the future of the world implied. But when one considers Ashley, and the nature of his coffee---and reflects that he has been drinking the stuff in absolute defiance of its known effects---it is impossible to foresee anything less drastic than the complete obliteration of all life, should he be forced to action. Existing conditions clearly indicate that, sooner or later, someone will drop that Bomb!

Is there any hope for the human race?

The answer to that question lies in a hastily compiled, 600,000 word report (similar to the Smyth Report on the Atomic Bomb); an exhaustive survey of the situation made by a small group of men aware of the implications of Ashley's recent statement. While the bulk of their findings is much too confidential for present disclosure, it is no breach of security to announce the following facts and to state that, broadly speaking, the answer to our question is "No---unless!"

This report concludes that the world has reached a crisis in Time; that at this point Destiny branches off into five possible futures. Only one of these futures (which are listed below in their order of probability) leads to inevitable destruction, but unfortunately that one stands first on the list. Here are our possible Destinies:

1. The Bomb will drop, with the consequences mentioned above.
2. It will drop too far from Slan Shack to bother Ashley.
3. The Bomb will drop on Ashley; no reprisals.
4. The world, frightened, will unite and the Bomb will not be dropped. (Highly improbable).
5. Ashley will quit drinking coffee. (Almost impossible).

Somewhere in this report it is stated that Ashley should drop dead first, but this was apparently wishful thinking and was not included in the list of possible futures.

The odds on each of these possible occurrences are listed in the report as follows: (Al Ashley will book your bet)

- #1. 60-1 it will happen.
- #2. 30-1
- #3. 1-1
- #4. 1-100
- #5. The odds on this are mathematically insignificant.

Little more can be said. Fandom is warned---this is an accurate picture of our probable futures; the problem of averting mass annihilation is placed squarely in your hands.

T-H-I-N-K! Will you let Fandom perish?

WITH "APOLOGIES TO MY
GOOD FRIEND, F. LEE BALDWIN"

BOB TUCKER WRITES OF

THE GIRL WITH THE
TURBID, IMPURE, CLOUDY,
CONFUSED, MUCKY EYES

I slouched into her boudoir. She was wearing nothing but skin-fitting tights, pink ones that covered her from toe to neckline. The girl with the turbid, impure, cloudy, confused, mucky eyes leered at me. I leered back.

"Lady," I said, "who's putting out them fake Le Zombies?"

"Search me," she said. "I ain't hiding nothing."

I ran my eyes down her sparse figure. I could see she was telling the truth. The pink tights were still there. I looked at her eyes and face and head. Her head was unique. There wasn't a hair on it.

"Baby," I ventured, "let me take you away from all this." I swung my hand around the dingy room and the extra tights hanging on a clothesline in the corner.

"Yeah?" she asked curiously. "Such as what?"

I thought quickly. "Why," I said, "you can come and be a tight-rope walker in my circus."

She leaned forward. The sweet odor of her reached me. I've been hit by odors before, but this was different. It didn't swamp me, nor did it stifle me; it didn't even clog my nostrils. But I knew I'd been given a whiff that was a whiff. One of my lungs collapsed. It was that kind of an odor.

"What's your name, kid?" I asked.

"Polymastia Kegler", she said, low voiced.

"Are you Kosmic Kegler's illegitimate sister?"

"Yeah; what of it?"

"Nothing," I said, "Except that I wouldn't be caught dead in bed with Kegler's illegitimate sister "

"That's what they all say," she sneered. "But they usually are."

"I'm going to get to the bottom of this!" I declared.

She continued to sneer. "They all say that, too."

"Who's putting out them fake Le Zombies?" I shot back.

She played with the zipper on the tights and said nothing. I rolled around on the kitchen floor for awhile and got up and went to the pantry. She watched me with those turbid, impure, cloudy, confused, mucky eyes.

In the pantry by the cookie jar I found some pencil marks on the wallpaper. "Channy--fast line--4/26/45." Channy, huh? That was Ghanticleer, a big cock-o-the-walk around the barnyard. I didn't think his line was so fast. I whirled on the girl.

"What's this 4/26/45 business?"

She was sullen. "That's the last time Channy was out."

"Must be dried up by this time, eh?" I said insinuatingly. And then I thought of another question. "Who's putting out all these fake Le Zombies?"

"I dunno," she said. "I ain't putting out nothing."

"That's what they all say," I replied. She strolled over to the door and stood watching me. As I stripped down to my tights I wondered how I looked. I must be pretty good--her eyes were glowing. I put up a protective arm.

"Listen, baby, any play you make, I'll smack your teeth in. I'm viridescent, see?" But I could see she didn't believe me.

She said, "I could teach you to be a juvenile delinquent."

I took out my pocket knife and attacked the screws in the pantry door. When I'm nervous I do something like that to occupy my mind. Pretty soon the door fell off. That surprized me because it was only a 29¢ knife.

She went into the other room and changed into blue tights. I eyed her figure under the blue tights. I liked it, even though it was sparse. I had to say something so I said, "I used to belong to your brother's club."

"He was always dredging a hole," she told me. "Said that was the purpose of the club. But he always made me do the work."

That touched me. "I'll take you away from all this," I said. My holster was clammy. "Let's get out of here before I get wise." And then I thought of something.

"I wanna ask you a personal question."

"Yeah, so what?"

"Why do you have such turbid, impure, cloudy, confused, mucky eyes?"

"On account," she said, "I do so much drinking with my pals."

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"They're always saying, here's mud in your eye."

I shot her in the keratitis.

BLACK NEW YORK

A "dream manuscript" by
FORREST J. ACKERMAN

#8, and perhaps the last,
of the Dream Series.....

Who would have guessed that, lying in a plane parallel to New York, was an ebon replica of the Skyscraper City? But it was true, and I had passed through the vibrations and into the coal black twin of the metropolis.

I walked thru air-conditioned corridors of strangely deserted buildings, searching, searching for people. I found no people, but at last I came upon A.E. van Vogt. He was busy in his office. He looked up at me in surprise.

"How did you find your way here?" he asked.

"So this is where you do your writing!" I replied. "Over here, on the other side. In the Black City."

Van Vogt got up to show me about his office. He led me to an alcove. Here were two shelves, fairly full of books. All new books--"mint condition with cover jacket" is the way I believe one of these dealer chaps would describe them. On the spines of three I read: The House of Tarzan. He had several copies of another called The New Works of Skylark. He began pulling books from the shelves, titles in foreign languages--chiefly Spanish, I believe. I remember one, Les Amours d'Hollywood. Andale, Bueno Charro, was another. I was very excited to see so many books I hadn't known about before. He was very generous, he kept offering me ones I wanted. Thanx, van. ((Sorry, no personal messages, please))

"I kinda like it over here," I said. "I wonder if I could rent a room, too?"

He thot it could be done. I asked if anyone else I knew hid out over here. He said Derleth was a couple flights up. I had an instantaneous vision of the Sultan of Sauk City sitting in his office. "But," van Vogt warned me, "if you drop up to see him he'll very likely act quite brusque and business-like and give you the brushoff." I decided not to bother. Neither Derleth's actions nor mine would seem very true to life.

So I left the Black City--Black New York--to wander around the country, an itinerant bum. Or maybe the cops were after me--awake, I can no longer remember. At any rate, I finally ran into an old army acquaintance, who tipped me off to a carnival or circus nearby where I could get work at 50c an hour. The job turned out to be shoveling coal.....

Coal. Black. The nexthing I knew I found myself back in the edifices of ink. It was about time for the banquet. The important people--authors all--were beginning to arrive. I looked for my place at the table, saw "Forrest Ackerman" written on a card to the right of the Guest of Honor's place. I sat down.

Suddenly I was called upon to make a speech . It was so unexpected. I consulted with my girl-friend, who materialized out of thin air. She was no one I had ever seen before. I couldn't tell you anything about her except I think she was a brunette. She talked to me like a Dutch Uncle--or aunt: "Now, Forrest, for heaven's sake be serious and sober in your speech. You know how inclined you are to eccentric, flamboyant. There are a lot of important people here, so try and impress them by being sensible and not extravagant."

I promised and was about to address the diners when I discovered I had nothing on. Clothes, that is. I hurriedly went over to a two-seater auto and asked the owner if he'd lend me some clothes. He obligingly handed me the trousers lying at his side. I slipped into them. The fact that I was barefoot and had no shirt--so what? I stepped before my audience, about to make my speech, when I looked down and--my god! (no, not what you're thinking, you wicked reader)--I found the livid green pants I was wearing had only one leg! One wide leg, into which both of mine were jammed! I could see my two shoes (I had shoes now) emerging from the bottom of the one pants leg. "My god!" I groaned mentally. "Now I've done it. She specifically asked me not to make a spectacle of myself, and here I've...."

Well, I just apologized to the people for my curious appearance, and then went on and made, if I do say so myself, a masterful speech. I expanded on the Fantasy Foundation and how the attention of all Hollywood filmdom was focused upon it.

Then I dreamt I woke up and, applying pencil to the paper lying on my pillow, hastily wrote the whole thing down before I forgot it. Only, when I really woke up, I discovered to my regret no such thing had happened. So here you have it, my dream fantasia of Black New York, and I hold you, A.E. van Vogt, personally responsible for a satisfactory interpretation. (On second thought, if it's fraught with Freudian sex symbolism, maybe you'd better explain it to me privately.)

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ARE YOU A SERIOUS LOVER OF STF AND FANTASY?

Then you'll want to read Laney's Memoirs: the inside story of The Acolyte; page after page of anecdotes of Clark Ashton Smith, Fritz Lieber, A. E. van Vogt, Mich McComas, and many others; a Marginalia of West Coast pro authors.

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Laney's Memoirs give the low lowdown on every fan he has ever met...at long last the truth about the LASFS...expose of the NFFF...inside story of the Los Angeles Fan Feud of 1944...Slam Shack debunked...page on page of red hot dirt that up to now has been suppressed.

110 pages now stenciled...and the end is not yet! Watch these pages for further developments.

REMEMBER! LANEY'S MEMOIRS!

JUST A MINUTE!

The minutes of LASFS meetings, as taken by Tigrina and Jean Cox and edited, cut, interpolated, and stenciled by Burbee

March 7, 1947. Mtg #379. Director Evans banged the gavel at 8:15, only to adjourn immediately to wait for latecomers. After a time, 26 fans and people were present. Evans recommended the film They Came to a City. A quiz program was held which bored most of the members and people, since no prizes were to be awarded. After an announcement that next Week Jean Cox would present a talk on something or other, the meeting was adjourned, this time for good.

March 13, 1947. Mtg #380. 20 present. We were pleased to have with us again the up-and-coming author, Ray Bradbury, even though he was an up-and-going author before the end of the meeting. Ackerman said the treasury had \$26.07 in its lead-lined coffers. Acky also told about a new Arkham House book by Ray Bradbury, obtainable complete with autograph for \$3. "\$3.50 without autograph," added Bradbury. Then Acky read an article debunking stf which appeared in a British magazine (accurately translated into English as he read). The article was written by John C Craig, who had some stuff published in Astonishing some years ago. Somebody said his cynicism toward stf might have resulted from his not being so successful as a writer in the field. Art Joquel announced that there would be a meeting of the Reaction Research Society. He also asked for volunteers to do a recording of a script. Since he was reluctant to name the type of script, he got little response. A bit peeved at not receiving enthusiastic acclaim he went away. Dave Fox said The Stone Flower, supposedly a fantasy pic of Russian make would show soon at the Laurel Theater. Then Jean Cox gave a talk on mental telepathy. And astonished us all by holding our interest for 38 minutes, giving the most interesting talk we've heard since the installation of Evans as director. (This talk has been written into an article and will appear in the next issue).

March 20, 1947. Mtg #381. 18 present. A. E. van Vogt and Ray Bradbury were present and so was John van Oouvering and Rex Ward. It was suggested that we should decide a definite time for calling meetings to order, but since a quorum was not present, this weighty question could not be voted on. Ackerman said that Ashley and Liebscher had not yet paid up their back dues and the deadline for doing so had passed. But no vote could be taken because no quorum was present. Ray Bradbury recommended the photography of The Stone Flower but said the story was not particularly good fantasy. John van Oouvering told of the con held at Rick Sneary's South Gate residence. A fascinating femme, Paula Vreeland was present in the club.

March 28, 1947. Mtg #382. 21 present. Several people were there who hadn't been around for some time, including WJ Daugherty and Russ Scofield. This became a memorable meeting, for Al Ashley, Walt Liebscher, Bob Bradford and Elmer Perdue, false fans all, were unceremoniously kicked out of our little club and threatened with violence should they ever return. Reason: nonpayment of dues. Al Ashley reported further findings on the elusive Beverly Hills fantasy society, which claims to have been in operation for 18 years. They send delegates every now and then to the LASFS, said Al, but nobody knows who they are. They are always unfavorably impressed with the LASFS and Al was requested

not to disclose their place of meeting. (A full expose of this obscure society will be published in the next issue)

April 4, 1947. Mtg #383. 30 present. Visiting were Alva Rogers, from San Diego, visiting the area in which he was a garret-dweller a few years ago. Decil came from some distance and so did John Steely. And Al Ashley, former member of the LASFS (kicked out for nonpayment of dues) was also present. Program Chairman Jonne Evans had planned a "bunny party" for us. Condra was called upon to give a 3-minute talk on rabbits. Fran Laney was requested to entertain us with a 3-minute talk on eggs, which he did, with his usual emphasis on personalities. And so on.

April 11, 1947. Mtg #384. 28 present. Oliver King Smith introduced our visitors. Art Jensen, Alva Rogers (former drone), Len Moffatt, Miss Laurelle Miller, Gene Hunter, Fred Shroyer, Russ Wood, Charles Walker were all there. So was A. La Verne Ashley (former member) with his genial smile and soft voice. He was expelled, as you may remember, for not paying his dues. Ackerman announced that Gordon Dewey had made a large contribution of Merritt material to the Foundation. Russ Scofield spoke for a time on a new method of teaching at the International University which he attends. At this meeting Joseph Franz von Selinger (he says that's his name) made more noise than Gus Willmorth --without being entertaining the way Gus is (some people think).

April 18, 1947. Mtg #385. Jean Cox had to fill in as secretary, and did not attract one half the attention, even though he wore a tight shirt. And, migod, Ackerman wasn't around! Al Ashley was, though. You may remember Al Ashley, sometimes referred to as A. LaVerne Ashley, was expelled from our little group some weeks ago because he refused to pay his dues. A serious matter now absorbed the attention of the members....that of considering for membership Joseph Shutzengraben von Selinger. There was considerable discussion on the matter, all of it being against letting him in. It seems that Mr von Selinger used loud and profane language upon the premises and did not restrain himself as we expect our visitors to. So it was moved, seconded and passed unanimously that his application be rejected. The first time such a thing has ever happened in the LASFS. Cy Condra got wound up on the subject of business cycles and didn't stop till he'd sold every member a lot in Manhattan Beach. Condra is a real estate man.

April 24, 1947. Mtg. #386. 15 present, among them one Al Ashley, who is a former member. He lost the privilege of membership when he became delinquent in dues, and was summarily ejected from our clubroom. His name was struck from our roster, as you may remember. Bonnell enthused over Heinlein's story Space Jockey in SEP. Acky said the film Wax Works, an old German film starring Conrad Veidt, would be shown locally and fans might see it for a buck. Jonne Evans got up a theater party to see Frankenstein and Dracula, the two revivals showing at the Academy theaters. Acky told us of the astonishing popularity of these old re-issues. Then, the event of the evening occurred when Joseph Franz von Selinger and Cyrus B Condra tangled verbally. It seems Selinger had gotten irked at being refused membership in the club and accused Cyrus B Condra of voting unanimously against him, or something, and Condra, though he was by no means the only one who'd spoken against Selinger, was the only one to say anything in defense. It ended happily, however, with von Selinger wanting to remain a paying guest and everybody getting pretty bored with him and leaving.

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