

The *Reprint Magazine*

ISSUED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO  
MYPHEN #4 BY WALT WILLIS,  
170 UPPER NEWTONARDS RD.  
BELFAST NORTHERN IRELAND.

LOST AND FOUND LEFT.  
(Extracted from  
Forrest J. Ad-  
eman's column  
in 'Shangri-L'  
Affaires' April  
1945)

She stood out from all the other  
passengers on the street car. Young  
blonde and beautiful. Dressed in a  
neatly tailored business suit. Self-  
possest, an aura of--all I can call  
it is 'authenticity'--about her.  
Soft, and yet somehow unapproach-  
able. One's eyes automatically

gravitated to her. She was reading a book. Something  
about the jacket struck me as familiar. What could it  
be? Something I'd been reading myself, recently, I thought. "The Great Fog"--could  
it be? I tried to get a better look. It was difficult. The car was crowded like a  
salmon steam at spawning time. I felt like Minos of Sardines. I strained my myopic  
optics. At the top of one page I could make out XXX XXXXX XXX. At the top of the  
other, XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX...?

Carefully I counted. 123 12345 123. Yes. And---"DESPAIR DEFERRED...?" It must be!  
Circumstantial evidence, but a title with 3 periods and a question mark in it....!

I tried to sidle near her. I was burdened by my army greatcoat and carrying case.  
And, in any case, was blocked by a wall of human flesh. I was within about 10 blocks  
of where I had to transfer, and was racing with a deadline to catch a train.

As luck would have it, when I was within about six blocks of where I had to hop  
off, the individual sitting next to Her got up and I was able to squeeze in beside  
her. And then....

The Rains Came! A veritable torrent of verbiage. A Second Deluge. Have you ever  
tried to tell a stranger the story of stf and fandom in 2 minutes?

"Pardon me," I burst in on her reading, "But are you reading that just by happen-  
stance or because you're really interested in it?"

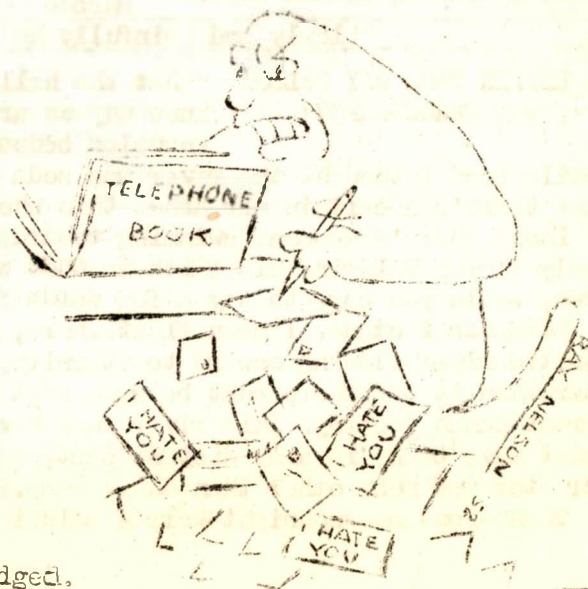
"Why---I'm interested in it," regarding me askance.

"Well, say, you'll pardon me if this all seems peculiar, and I'm incoherent, but I  
have to hop off in just a minute to catch a train, and what I wanted to tell you,  
say---do you read WEIRD TALES by any chance?"

"Oh, yes."

"Yes? Well, you know the WEIRD TALES Club--that list in the back of the mag? Well,  
we have a club--here in town--guys and gals like you and me who read these stories  
and like to talk about them...have our own  
club room...the original illustrations of  
lots of the stories...you know Ray Brad-  
bury?--he lives nearby" ---car stop--- "I  
have that book you're reading in my own  
library, which is why I happened to notice  
it. Our club has WEIRD TALES back ten years  
or more, and other fantasy mags like do you  
know UNKNOWN that's been discontinued now"  
---just a couple more blocks to go; make it  
fast; 4e-- Say, look, here's a little mag  
that might interest you--it has reviews of  
all kinds of books like the one you're  
reading now; in fact I think that book is  
reviewed--and this is my name, here on the  
envelope" ---half rising-- "I'm going to be  
out of town a couple days, but if you're at  
all interested please get in touch with me  
when I get back--we'd be glad to have you  
attend a meeting as a guest. Goodbye!"

"Thankyou for the magazine," she acknowledged.

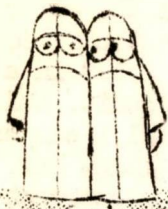


"Vocational Plans? My mother is going to strike oil."

--Wild Hair



But she must have thought that was quite the craziest sergeant she ever encountered.



"YINGVI IS A LOUSE!"

---L. S. deCamp

THE SAD SAGA OF SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES (Tucker is complaining about the non-arrival of his copies of Burbee's fanmag.)  
(from BLOOMINGTON NEWSLETTER No 6, Philcon Edn., Sept., 1947)

....A few months ago I got

tired of this careless publishing system and issued an ultimatum: either Burbee get each copy to me promptly as it was published, or I'd be forced to send a cash subscription.

"I'm no more Siamese than you are."

(W. notslar)

His thoughtful letter of apology follows.

"Are you trying to tell me you didn't get a copy of Shangri-etc 36? I sent you one along with the rest of them. What the hell. ((Note the lapse into profanity to cover his confusion.)) No other beefs have come my way. ((Note the reference to the meat shortage to confuse the issue.)) Is there a hex on Box 260, Bloomington, Ill? Is it haunted? Is it a section of subspace in which things placed vanish for once and all? Is it the dominion of a sluglike being from Saturn who lives on carboniferous matter? There is a mystery about Box 260, Bloomington, Ill. There is a definite out-of-this-worldness about Box 260. I might go so far as to say Box 260 is extra-terrestrially inclined, if not actually extra-terrestrial. It has other-world habits. Or, to put it briefly, it is the damndest Box I have ever heard of.

I can say this with perfect equanimity, though my eyes have never rested on Box 260: ((Note his implied sorrow.))

This is the damndest thing I have ever heard of. Why, that stupid fanzine ((note how he slurs his product in an effort to reduce my sense of loss)) has been out a month or more. And no copy has reached you. This is incredible. It seems odd to me that you have not discovered the mystery of Box 260 by this time. Has it held forever to its bosom other works of fannish nature? Had it withheld from you checks from ~~stupid~~ enterprising publishers for your ~~idiotic~~ pristine writings? Why, then, must it prey on fanzines? ((Note contradiction of quality in an effort to raise fanzine in equal value to checks.))

Oh well. I am sending you, this very minute, a second copy of that ~~stupid~~ excellent fanzine. Please allow a fortnight to pass. If it hasn't arrived I'll send you another, and another, and another, and another. I will teach my children that each and every two weeks a copy of Shangri-L'Affaires No. 36 must be sent to Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Ill. We'll make a fetish of it. More, a whole new mythology will spring up around this."

Burbee

"Slowly and painfully he leaped to his feet."

"Wild Hair"

A LETTER FROM RAY NELSON  
(from SPACEWARP37)

"What the hell is this all about anyhow? Doesn't anybody know why we are floating down this river of piss in a blue enameled bedpan? I just woke up myself to the situation. A

while back I thought the river was soda pop and we were riding in the Queen Mary, but there's a certain air about this whole thing that gave it all away.

Look! There's someone swimming towards us. No. My mistake. It's only Warren Baldwin. His faith in Ghod will keep him afloat. Warren, would you care to say a few words for the radio audience?

"Yes. As I stand..I mean float..here, and look out over this majestic river flowing onward to eternity, my faith grows still greater than it was. There must be some vast meaning to it all, some great human destiny. This river must have started somewhere. There must have been, in some distant past, a creator of all this. That creator was none other than Ghod...gasp...gag...gurgle...blub...blub.."

Thank-you-and-goodnight-Warren Baldwin."

--Ray Nelson



"Did that mouse run up your leg?"

"Well, it will be just like a Dargherby project except that it will actually happen!"  
-F. I. Jancey