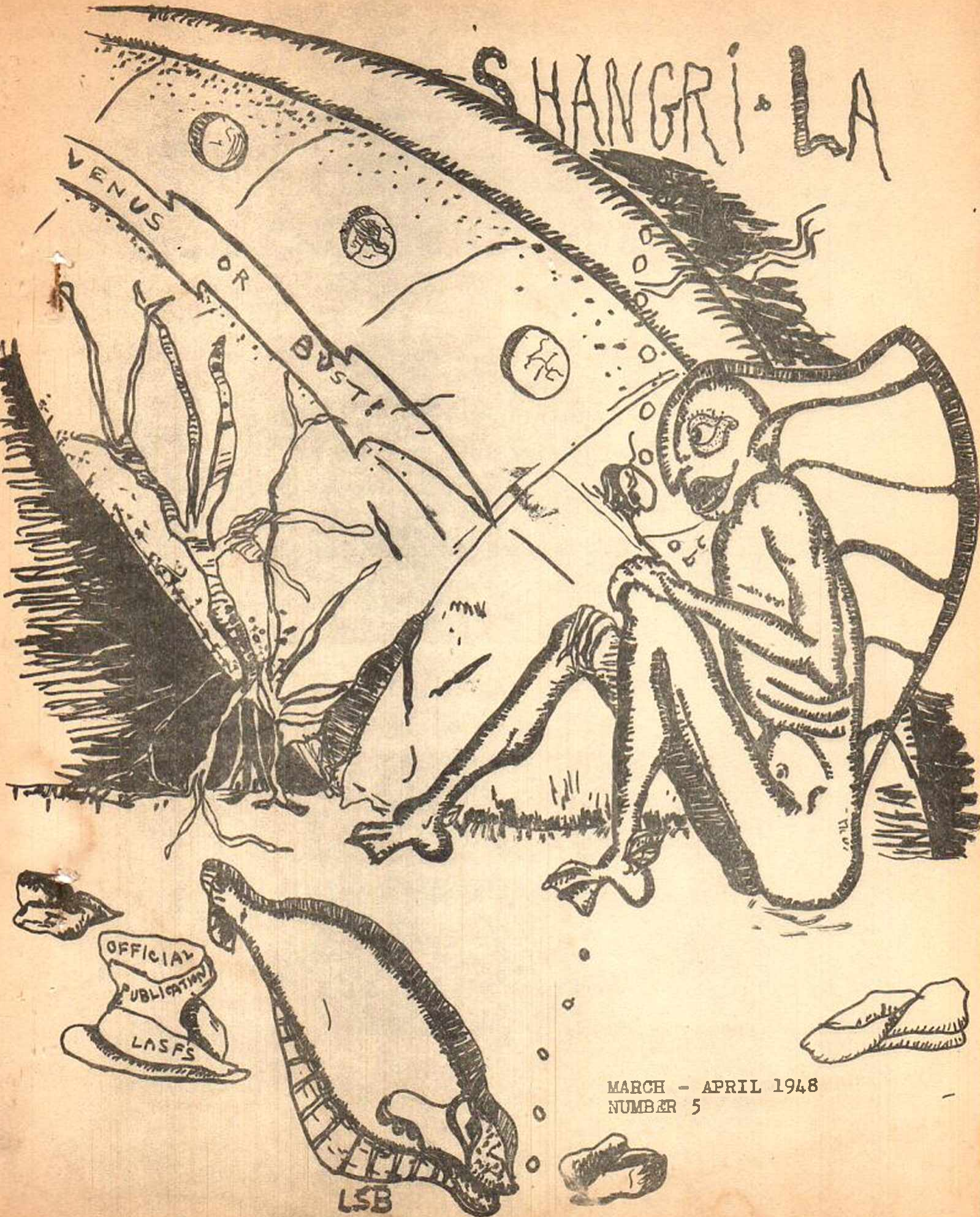
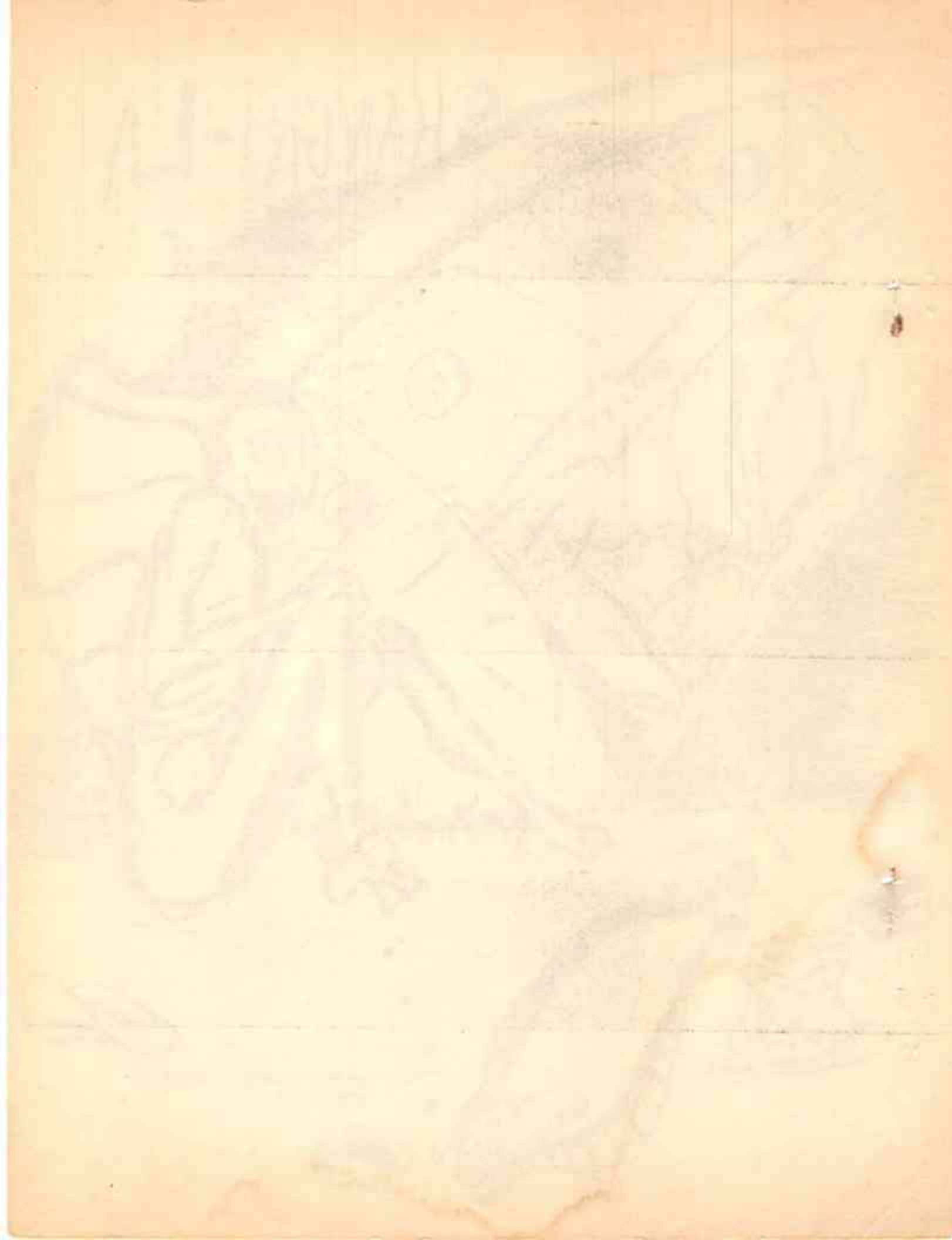


SHANGRI-LA



MARCH - APRIL 1948
NUMBER 5



SHANGRI-LA

#5

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6 for 50¢

SHANGRI-LA is the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. It will appear at bi-monthly intervals. Letters of comment are welcome. And we trade magazines with any willing publisher. Write to the editor for all arrangements. The address is Dale Hart, Apartment 20, 1116 Georgia Street, Los Angeles 15, California. The address of the clubhouse remains 637 1/2 South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California.

EDITORIAL

First things first. So I'll deal first with the man who edited the club magazine when it was called "Shangri-L'affaires."

To repeat what I said in my first editorial, "Charles Burbee was a good editor. He put out a nice magazine who was well-liked and well-supported." I'll add to that now, to give credit where credit is due and because Charles Burbee and I remain on good terms to this day.

I like the Burb style of writing. I suppose you could call me a fan of his, with slight qualifications....but, still, I like the way he writes. (Yes, still.)

He published the club organ as a hobby. The only thing that marked the magazine as the club organ was the publication of the minutes of the meetings. Everybody understood that it was Burbee's mag, and he wasn't bothered much by people insisting that the magazine's policy be tailored. The whole arrangement was satisfactory to all, if only for the reason that Charlie took all the responsibility.

The publication of the now-notorious pair of articles caused the biggest stir in fantasy fandom since Moskowitz, Sykora, and Taurasi refused to admit a small group of fans to the 1939 New York Convention.

After the first article, reactions were mixed, but most thought the article a piece of mistaken wit. But, after the publication of the second, there fell a stunned silence, followed immediately by a swift spreading of the awful "intelligence."

The velocity of the good news in going from Ghent to Aix was as nothing to the speed with which Laney's "news" was noised from Farmmecca to Todospartes!

Fandom stirred like angry bees in a too-small hive. Hart and Daugherty vocally objected to the articles, and Hart privately remonstrated with Burbee. However, there were no published refutations. There was a waiting to see what would happen.

Burbee said the incident was closed, as far as he was concerned, after the publication of the second article, and added that he wasn't inclined to give Francis Townner Laney any more space. And, incredibly enough, Burbee was not asked to resign.

I, for one, favored his retention, and so did a majority of the club, as I found out by privately collaring each one and getting an opinion.

Then, the next thing I knew, I heard that Burbee had been asked to give up his editorship. Now, I wasn't present at this meeting, but here is the dope: On page 8 of Shaggy #38, Burbee declares that he is going to send that issue and all future issues that he edits to Amazing's review column. This being

in disregard of the decision, reached by vote, not to send the mag there. (I know that Charlie thinks his flouting of the club's policy was not the real reason for his dismissal or his voluntary resignation---choose one. However, I think that the club organ would have been his to do with almost as he wished for a n indefinite period, had he not elected to disregard that single request of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. I may be wrong, but I sincerely believe this to be true.)

I'm just sorry about the whole thing, really I am. But being sorry about it isn't enough. I'm going to try to explain a little.

I'm not excited about the matter, but I am convinced that the picture is distorted. I don't feel that fandom is looking at the LSFS correctly.

To begin with, I did not covet Charlie's job. It took me ten years of off-again, on-again activity to beg in even one fan magazine: "Ichor," a literary pub whose readers are drawn from fandom, secondarily, and from outsiders, primarily. I took the job only because there was no editor for the LSFS pub and the subscription list was long. Anyway, I wasn't the editor of the last issue; I was only the co-ordinator, and it was damn' little that I did. I worked at my job with the State Department of Motor Vehicles all day on the day S-La was gotten together. Until I arrived after dinner, a couple of telephone calls had to suffice as editing. With this issue, I become a little more a functioning official. But---please remember that a good magazine cannot be published if little good material is submitted; that no one can make-do without the wherewithal.

A lot of readers have written that I may not be a usurper but that I appear to be. (God love 'em, they're fans of Burbee, too.) Please, people, consider me a necessary evil, at least. Don't regard me as a gopher in the garden of Allah, a shark in the goldfish bowl, or even as a moth in your pet cravat.

I regard Laney's two blasts as ill-timed and misdirected.

Let me explain "ill-timed" first. He waited until the club's questionable element had passed away---until the pansies no longer bloomed in our little hot-house universe on Bixel Street. I'm not denying that the club, before Laney loosed his bolts, had several people about who might dilate the eyes of Doctor Kinsey. Yes, that's true. However, never did I see a person in the clubroom who was not socially acceptable. Those people deported themselves with decorum while at meetings. They were well-dressed, clean-shaven, and betrayed no index to their suspected-by-few character---not by speech or by action. I've questioned people who have been with the club for many years, and they agree that nothing objectionable was ever committed by any person attending meetings. You'll have to take my word for this---my word that I asked those people, that what they told me was true, and that I'm on the level in general.

I've attended at least one club meeting each month since arriving in the city two years ago with the purpose of finishing college. (I'm a senior now.) Never have I opened the door to the clubroom and been met with a flutter of butterfly hands, the patter of softly-running words, or the felicitous falling of tobby-pins.

That's what I mean by "ill-timed!" At the time of the publication of the first article, our acceptable-but-nonetheless fans were pale lillies fast fading out of the memory, even.

Anachronistic Mr. Laney.

When I say "misdirected," I mean that he attacked us where we were not especially vulnerable. Why didn't he say that meetings were often dull---in fact, that periods of doldrums were absolutely unrelieved by really worthwhile meetings? Why didn't he, without mentioning names too nastily, point out that stagnation was the order of the day---any day?

So far, only one man has been attacked by name...and Laney appears ready to recall this for a new appraisal. (See the latest FAPA in regard to this.)

(Continued on page 18)

THE WIND IS BLOWING ON MY EYE

by WILLIAM BATTERSBY

I never did find out what his name was, but I always think of him as Morton. Not that the name fits him, particularly, but I like to do things like that.

At first, I didn't think that there was anything unusual about Morton. I thought that he was just drunk.

It was about 3:30 one morning in a joint called The Club Ramble. I was sitting at a table by the piano, talking to Red Foster, the piano player. I wasn't having a good time. And the others in my group weren't having a good time, either, but they were still trying. Somebody was dancing with Ann, and I was alone at the table, when Morton came and sat down.

After he sat down, he looked at me intently for awhile. Apparently he found me worthy of his confidence, for he leaned forward and spoke.

"The wind," he said, "is blowing on my eye."

"Yeah?" I said, wrinkling my forehead and inclining my head sympathetically. I never contradict drunks.

He took out his handkerchief and rubbed his right eye---hard. Even by the dim light I could see that he looked frightened. He had the same expression in his eyes that our cocker spaniel, Sarah, used to have in her eyes on the Fourth of July.

It was just then that Dave, who was over playing Fourteen, got in an argument with some fellow who was twice his size. I went over and told Dave to shut up, and, when I came back, Morton was gone.

I asked Red where the little guy that I'd been talking to had gone, but he hadn't noticed.



If it hadn't been for his eyes, as I told Ann on the way home, I would have looked at him more carefully. I had been so impressed by the fear in his eyes that I couldn't even remember how he looked. However, I was sure that I'd know him if I ever saw him again.

And I did. And I knew him right away, though it must have been more than three months later.

It was late this time, too---it was always late when I saw him. This time, it was the night of our Annual Founder's Day dinner.

After dinner, about ten of the fellows and four or five of the younger alums drove out to the Lake. There was nothing happening, so we came back to town. Then, everyone went home, except Al and me. We went to the White Castle to get a couple hamburgers. Dee and one of her sorority sisters were there, so Al suggested we all go back to the Lake. Dee and this other girl were all for it, so back we went, finding only one place still open, a greasy little beer hall.

This place was filled with young farmers and their girls. Al and Dee were playing the slot machine and the other girl was in the toilet and I was sitting in a booth, staring at the table, wondering why the hell I wasn't home in bed, when someone sat down across from me.

It was Morton.

He clutched his right wrist tightly, the way you do when you've smashed a finger. We looked at each other a minute. Then he released his grip and extended his right hand, palm downward, across the table.

"The dew---," he said, "the dew is settling on the back of my hand."

Now I had thought about Morton quite often since that night at the Ramble. In my mind he was a figure of mystery.

"The wind is blowing on my eye." Those words stirred me strangely. When I repeated them, even to myself, I almost burst into crazy, hysterical laughter. But "The dew is settling on the back of my hand!!" That merely left me flat.

I began to see the truth.

Morton was saying it again. "The dew is settling on the back of my hand."

"Well," I said, "why in hell don't you turn it over?"

Al and Dee came back to the booth just then, and Morton had to get up so that they could sit down. He walked away quickly, and I didn't even watch where he went.

Al wanted to know who my Mickey Mouse friend was, but I didn't tell him.

I was embarrassed at having been so completely fooled, and, because it was Morton who had fooled me.

He was an unhealthy looking runt. That had been obvious in the glare from the fluorescent tubes. He still had his idiotic frightened look, and that was hard for me to explain away, until I happened to remember that I had once noticed that many middle-aged Slavic Women have that look. It's something about the skin around the eyes -- not the eyes themselves. Morton always looked frightened -- just the way some people always look stupid---or angry

I was angry, because I was certain that Morton had set out to fool me. I was always sitting around somewhere in those days, and he had spotted me - I am easy to spot - and picked me, correctly, as a sucker for that sort of approach.

I don't know why it didn't occur to me that his attempt to fool me was almost as wonderful as the mysterious thing that I half-believed about him, but it didn't.

I certainly didn't want to see Morton again, to be reminded of what a fool I'd been, but I did see him once more.

The third, and last time that I saw Morton was in the October of that same year. This time he didn't see me.

Ann and I had been playing bridge with the Welanders in their apartment, and Ann was waiting in the doorway while I went to get the car. I saw Morton as he passed under an arc lamp across the street. He was hurrying---almost running---and he kept glancing back over his shoulder.

My belief in Morton was restored. I regretted the harsh things that I had thought about him, for I could see what he had seen. By the light of the arc lamp, I could see the dead leaves on the ground. They were following him.

END

Remember the TORCON! It's the 6th Annual Science Fiction Convention, and it's to be held in Toronto. Send your dollar membership fee to Ned McKeown, 1398 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Toronto (16), Ontario, Canada. Help make the affair a huge success.

TWO ATOMIC CHANCES

By Eduardo Vance

About this atomic bomb fuss: The way I look at it, you always have two chances on it.

It either drops or it doesn't. If it doesn't, there is nothing to get excited about. If it does, you have two chances. Either it hits you or it doesn't.

If it hits you, you'll neither know it nor have to worry about it any more. If it doesn't, you still have two chances. Either nothing happens to you or you may get harmed by some of the follow-up reactions.

If nothing happens to you, what's all the worry been good for, anyway? If some of those reactions do happen to you, you still have two chances. Either they make you ill or they don't.

If they make you ill you'll probably waste away and die, and then it won't bother you any more. And, if you do die, according to the religionists, you still have two chances, and you know what they are. If it doesn't make you ill, you have two chances yet.

It can mutate you into something uh-human, in which case you will become an animal and won't be able to think about it anymore, or you'll become a super-man, and isn't that what you're looking for?

If you're mutated back to an animal, you have a pair of chances. You can find a similar animal of the opposite sex and have a hell of a time, or you can hunt and be hunted, and maybe make a goulash for a better animal.

If you're mutated into a super-man, you still have two chances. You can go out and conquer what is left of the world, or you can evolve into something that can integrate into forty-'leven dimensions and go exploring the Universe from then on.

If you are the super-man who conquers the world, you have two chances. Either you work hard until you have everything under control and then rot of boredom, or some super-super-man comes along and takes it away from you.

If you are the super-man who goes gallivanting around and through the Universes, you can still have two chances. Either you get lost and can't find your way back, or you can keep on going until there are no more dimensions or universes to explore, and then you'll stagnate from boredom.

And on and on... I figure that I can be pessimistic or optimistic. So, if it's all the same to you, I'll take the latter.

JUST A MINUTE *by* JEAN COX

January 1st; 421st Consecutive Meeting:

Election week: The previous week Gus Willmorth and Jean Cox had been nominated for the position of chairman; this week Gus won the election. Jean Cox and Forrest J Ackerman were unanimously elected to the respective positions of secretary and treasurer. EEEvans, Dale Hart, and Russ Hodgkins were nominated for the posts of junior and senior committeemen but EEE, even after the votes were counted and it was found that he had a large portion of them, declined the nomination, stating that in his opinion both his co-nominees would make good committeemen and supported this supposition by pointing out that both the name Hart and Hodgkins start with an 'H'. Hart reluctantly accepted, because it had been his policy not to become deeply involved in the club.

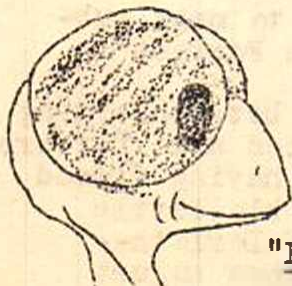
January 8th; 422nd Consecutive Meeting:

With visitors Ray Bradbury and Mark Blanc leading the conversation we discussed with vim, vigor, verve, and a perverted viciousness the coming Doomsday War. We spoke of horrible weapons of nuclear warfare, the devastating qualities of artificially prepared biological diseases, the destructiveness of contra-terrene matter, and other wearons of modern and ultra-modern warfare--top-secret stuff known only to high government officials and readers of science fiction magazines. Said Mr. Mark Blanc, general semanticist, "It is possible that during the coming war the majority of plant and animal life on this planet may be destroyed." Said Mr. Ray Bradbury, writer, "Happy New Year!"

Everett revealed that the previous day the club had been visited by Twentieth Century Fox to film a scene in a picture they are making. It was too bad that the Foxers couldn't have been there during the meeting--along with a few talent scouts--for the LASFS gave an impromptu play directed by Mark Blanc, a socio-dramatist of professional standing. (Socio-drama is a form of analysis whose specified purpose is to discover how individuals react in certain situations, providing an element of spontaneity is present. Aside from just amusing ourselves, its purpose was to gain an insight into the problems which had recently beset the club.)

THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY PLAYERS ASSOCIATION

PRESENTS



"Francis Towner Laney--As We Know Him"



(LEE)

.7.

(EEE)

Directed by Mark Blanc

Cast:

EEEvans,
Forrest J Ackerman,
Gus Willmorth.....as Fran Laney
Gus Willmorth.....Charles Burbee
Lee Budoff.....Laney's Libido
Forrest J Ackerman.....Forrest J Ackerman
Ray Bradbury.....Ray Bradbury

January 15; 423rd Consecutive Meeting:

The interesting part of this meeting was an extemporaneous 45-minute speech delivered by a certain visitor from New York. He considers some of the information he imparted scandalous and has asked me not to reveal his name in the minutes. Al seems to be a nice guy so I promised him I wouldn't.

Here are a few of the highlights: William Lawrence Hamling, associate-editor of AMAZING STORIES, informed him that "ASTOUNDING is soon to fold since AMAZING is outselling it 2 to 1," and "Campbell is to be kicked out as editor because Street and Smith is unsatisfied with his policies." Also: "AMAZING sells 140,000 copies per issue and MAMMOTH WESTERN sells 350,000 but the only thing keeping the Street and Smith pulps alive is their LOVE STORY magazine." (It is interesting to note that since then S&S have dropped that particular pulp.)

Our visitor also mentioned that it was possible that Popular might re-issue SUPER SCIENCE and ASTONISHING, but not to quote him. In reply to a question from Eph Koenigsberg, he told us that UNKNOWN was a success when it folded.

January 22nd; 424th Consecutive Meeting:

Forrest told us that he had called up the 20th Century Fox studios in an attempt to collect the \$5 we want from them for the use of this clubroom, and its electricity, for the filming of one of their pictures. The voice on the other end of the line told him that they had made a contract with the owner of the building and that it was against their principles to make sub-contracts. They clung to their principles despite Forrest's warning that the club would boycott the picture.

Walter J. Daugherty amused us with a little bit concerning August Derleth. It seems that Lovecraft had written some Letters to a gentleman named deCastro and now, of course, having flowed from the pen of a master-mind, they are very valuable little pieces of writing. Now, deCastro has a dislike of Derleth--although, I don't know why anyone should dislike that august gentleman--so he sent the letters to Walt and some other fans

who intended to publish them just for the fun of it--non-profit fun. But: Derleth got wind of this and sent him a very specific, long, letter stating on just how many counts he could be sued if the letters were not published according to his instructions--and his profit!--since the letters, being a part of the Lovecraft estate, are legally his. Walt, seeing the gallows staring him in the face, decided to change publication plans.

But, the amusing thing is this: Derleth ended the letter on a 'sweetness and light' note; asked about "old deCastro's health," and said, "Don't think that I'm a hard man to deal with..."

January 29th; 425th Consecutive Meeting:

Forrest J Ackerman (sole owner of the ACKERMAN AUTHOR'S AGENCY) is agenting some stories for L. Ron Hubbard, of whom all of you have heard. Forrest had spent most of the previous night with that gentleman and had picked up a lot of biographical information from him. It seems that Hubbard had quite a few remarkable experiences at which his stories have only hinted, and one of them is that during an operation being performed on him for certain injuries received in the service he was actually dead for eight minutes!

The astounded pause was well timed for in that moment who should walk in but Rex Ward and Roger Phillips Graham--the Rog Phillips of AMAZING STORIES!

The incredible thing is--during the discussion that followed, it was not Forrest who carried the ball forward into the enemy but Dale Hart. It was mostly a quiet argument, though. Very few derogatory remarks were made from AMAZING'S corner or from ours. No personal remarks were exchanged.

Mr. Phillips let out quite a few definite statements, among them the following:

"There isn't going to be any more Shaver Mystery two issues from now. On March 10, the April issue of Amazing will be on the stands and it will contain the summation of the Shaver Mystery, the proof of the Shaver Mystery, complete with photographs, letters, and so forth. Palmer's editorial will go something like this: 'We have definitely proved that the Shaver Mystery is the truth and since this magazine is devoted to fiction, rather than fact, we must discontinue it.'" And, among other things, he stated that the letter which was sent to Forrest with 'news' of Palmer's insanity was Hamling and Palmer's idea of a joke. "My fan column will have nothing to do with Shaver," he concluded. When he left, Phillips announced that he had been favorably impressed with Forrest and the club.

February 12th; 427th Consecutive Meeting:

4sJ announced that he had just received a letter from John W. Campbell, jr., of ASF, who says that during 1948 an Unknown Annual will appear, similar to the other Street and Smith pulp annuals. J.E. van Vogt told us that Campbell is hesitating about reissuing UNKNOWN; he may, instead, put out a companion magazine to ASTOUNDING, or publish ASTOUNDING bi-weekly instead of monthly.

N U L L - I
and what to do about it.

By Al Ashley

Introduction

I or Null-I stand for Non-Intelligent. This condition may be due to heredity, accident, or other cause. Even if it has been brought about by plain energetic determination, it is an unfortunate state of affairs--as you well know by this time. It is to a consideration of remedial measures for this situation that the following chapters are dedicated.

CHAPTER I: To Be or Not To Be

"Raise your I.Q. in my mental gymnasium. Weekly workouts."
--- Classified ad, L. A. Paper

This would be nice, if possible. But psychologists have determined otherwise. If you are Null-I, you are stuck with it. There only remains the question of what to do about it. Several possibilities suggest themselves.

(a) Go off to some secluded spot and shoot yourself. While the author favors this solution he is constrained from promulgating it by the politicians and other exploiters who consider it a great waste.

(b) Retire to a corner, finger your lips, and make faces at the world. While this realistic solution is suitable for more aggravated cases, the sensitive Null-I finds it ego-deflating and detrimental to dignity.

(c) Resort to some effective form of camouflage. It is with the varied ramifications of this last resort that we will now deal.

CHAPTER II: The Humorist

"Probably the most tedious bore on earth is the man who feels it incumbent upon him always to be facetious and to turn everything into a joke."
--- J. Fiske.

Many a Null-I has attempted to solve his problem through deprecating his lack by ridicule of intelligence and perpetual facetiousness. This method must necessarily be unsuccessful, however, for the camouflage operates in reverse. It is analogous to the ostrich hiding its head in the sand. Avoid this by all means.

CHAPTER III: The Wit

"The essence of wit consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches."
--- Holmes

Related in many ways to the method described in the previous chapter is the attempt to hide non-intelligence behind a dazzling display of wit. Unfortunately, its characteristics of partialness and incompleteness are a dead give-away to the condition of the intellect behind it. Being the chief recipient of the dazzlement, the poor wit again becomes the victim of reverse camouflage.

CHAPTER IV: Flight

All the solutions so far considered are attempts to run away. The Null-I tries to escape the need to appear intelligent in order to adapt himself into a society of intelligent persons. Pretending intelligence does not exist or is unimportant, ignores reality. Avoiding serious discussion with intelligent people by whatever means must always result in discovery for the Null-I. As the problem cannot be escaped it must be met head-on.

MR JACKERMAN AND
THE GENTLEMAN OF DISTINCTION

(As Told To Weaver Wright)

"Mr Jackerman?"

The voice on the phone had the dulcet Texas tone of our own jovial Dale Hart. I'd play along with the gag. "Yes," said I.

"I've just come from the Satyr Bookshop." Well, that made sense: it was Satyrday nite. "They told me you might have some books by Stapledon."

I had decided by now this wasn't quite the voice of Dale (the Ladies' Choice) Hart. The call seemed to be on the level. I have a devil of a time with people sending checks, bills, money orders, bills, postal notes, and duns to F. Jackerman anyway, due to the fact that a long time ago I decided I didn't want a middle name any more but just wanted to use the initial "J".

"Yes, I have some Stapledon." ** "Do you have LAST MEN IN LONDON?" ** "You mean personally, or for sale?" ** "For sale." ** "O...no...that's about his hardest one to come by." ** "Well how about his STAR-something-or-other?" ** "STAR MAKER?" ** "Yes." ** "Yes, I think I have a copy of that." ** "Well, how much would it cost?" ** "Mmm...about \$4". ** "Good, when can I get it?"

It developed the gentleman was dying to read a Stapledon novel that very nite. The situation was an awkward one, as I was just leaving for an appointment with 3 friends to go to the home of a 4th. We discussed ways and means of meeting while I was en-route, but could arrange nothing to suit either of our circumstances. Finally he came to the reluctant conclusion that he was not going to be able to read Stapledon that nite; that the best I could do for him was to mail him a copy of STAR MAKER. He gave me his address. Then his name. "Hume. C. Hume."

Hume! A drum began to t h r u m in my brain. (Melodramatic, what?) Months before, Mary Gnazzinger had contacted me with a request that I try to locate one Cyril Hume, whom she had reason to believe was in Hollywood."

"Cyril Hume? Who wrote 'Wife of the Centaur', 'Cruel Fellowship'?" ** "Yes," he laughed. "That was a long time ago."

So I blurted out the excited story of how I had been attempting to find him some time ago, and here he had found me.

Well! This placed a different complexion on things. The author of "Atlantis' Exile" a couple issues ago in Famous Fantastic Mysteries) was only in town for the evening; I didn't want to miss the opportunity of meeting him, if only for a few moments. The friends I had the appointment with were familiar with fandom, they would understand if I kept them waiting a little and ex-

plained later. So, determining that Hume did not have "Sirius", "Old Man In New World", "Death Into Life" or "The Flames"---and wanted them all---I rushed out to the Roosevelt Hotel, where he was to attend a writers' conference (he's employed by MGM, who also has John Collier and, I believe, Steve "Returned from Hell" Fisher).

CYRIL HUME turned out to be quite a distinguished looking individual of the English gentleman type, iron-gray hair, black-rimmed glasses, bow tie, smart suit covering a solid frame. We stood in the lobby and talked about 10 minutes.

I had brot the FFM with me containing his "Atlantis' Exile", and asked him to sign it (Identifying myself, en passant, as Ackerman, rather than Jackerman. He corrected this misimpression, putting only one "r" in Forrest, of course, rather than two). "So this is what it appeared in?" he said, regarding the cover, which he had apparently not seen before. I turned to his story, pointed out to him that he had been given the magazine's top illustrator, Finlay.

I intended to write this all up the next day, while it was fresh in my mind, but about 6 weeks have passed since the incident and now I have forgotten certain details. I forget how it was that he brot up the subject, but he asked me if I had read in TIME about the elephant in the Berlin zoo who ate a woman alive. I had not. "Imagine the perversion of such an act!" he grimaced. "Why, elephants eat peanuts, you know. But he smashed this woman, and then he ate her, clothes and all, leaving only a hand behind." From this cheery beginning he went on to practically develop a stiff plot he had in mind, based on a true business about somewhere or other there being a bonzyard of mammoths or mastodons (I don't remember which, and I'm aware there's a big difference, but I'm disinclined to look up the facts just now), with the bones a l l jumbled up as tho the beasts had been beaten about by giants, picked apart as a man might disarticulate a mouse. He discounted the suggestion that an earthquake or subsistence of the land might have bounced the bones about or scrambled the skeletons long after the monsters were dead, and developed a scientificfictional theory which I urged him to put into story form.

I gave him a copy of FANTASY BOOK #1, pointing out my ad (gad, this guy Ackerman is getting as commercial as Korshak!) in case he wanted any more reading matter. "Are these all books you recommend?" he asked, glancing over the list. "O, god no, I haven't had time to read them all. If you like Stapledon, tho, let's see, you ought to like this "Forbidden Garden" by John Taine --he's a professor, Dr Eric Temple Bell, over at the University of Technology at Pasadena." He asked me what it was about. I began briefing him on the plot, and about midway realized I hadn't finished it yet myself, and had to wind up with what I knew about the book from reading the jacket blurb and various reviews. I also recommended "Summer In 3000" by a fellow Englishman.

Hume brot the name of CS Lewis into the conversation as someone whose works interested him, particularly "The Screwtape Letters".

I had little to say on the subject of Lewis, having gained the impression (unfavorable to me) that he mixes theology with his fantasy. I recall a devastating review of "Out of the Silent Planet" and/or "Perelandra" by Willy Ley.

I left Mr Hume very happy with 4 Stapledon books clutched in his hot hands and a promise to try and find STAR MAKER for him (as it turned out I didn't have it in stock after all) and LAST MEN IN LONDON and DAKKNESS AND THE LIGHT. I got these titles from dealer Claude Held, whom I shall expect to give me \$10's credit for this priceless free plug. (Come to think of it, it does have a price: \$10.)

The next day I learned who my benefactor was, who it was who steered Mr Hume on to me in the Satyr Bookshop: My very own art client, Chas McNutt. But Charlie, if you are going to write my name for strangers any more in the future, I shall have to ask you to improve your chirography to the point of legibility. Really!
Mr Jackerman!

FANTASY FOCUS

(Est. 1812)

SHANGRI-LA #3 (July 1941): Featuring "Star Chart" and "Institutions of Art" by Ted Carnell, "The Case of Jonathan J. Fann" by Bob Tucker, "Marsie Hits L.A." by Bill Crawford. 24 pgs. 50c.
SHANGRI-LA #2: Fritz Zillig caricature of Ray Bradbury, article by Bradbury, "Decline and Fall of Shangri-LA" (yes, we were declining to fall 8 years ago) by Mark Reinsberg, plus contributions by Tom Wright and Joe Fortier, Daugherty, Ackerman, and Yerke. (Only 2 left) \$1
SHANGRI-LA #1 (Mar-Apr 40): 22 pgs of Hornig, Freehafer, Ackerman, Daugherty, Carnell, Yerke...\$.75

AUTOGRAPHS

WORLD OF NULL-A (\$2.50)

FINAL BLACKOUT (\$3)

First 25 orders I receive on each of the above books, I will arrange with A.E. van Vogt and L. Ron Hubbard to sign buyers' copies.....

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Groff Conklin's "A Treasury of Science Fiction".....	- \$3
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"Out of the Unknown" by A.E. van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull.	- \$2.50
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FORREST J ACKERMAN: Box 6151 Metro Stn, Los Angeles 55, California...

COLLECTOR'S ITEM #1

This is a department for everyone. In it we are going to carry a series of articles about collector's items -- books, sets of ancient mags, of fan mags, on manuscript collections, photo-albums of fans, illustrations or what have you. This first article is by an Angeleno. We hope that the rest of our series will come from other places as well as here. If you've got an item of which you are proud, and which you would like to brag about, send it in and we'll use it. Any length will do, from a paragraph to several pages. Let's see what you can do. (Editorial note: Gus isn't a model of what is desirable. Let's have a maximum of meat and a minimum of meander--ing, please.)

THE FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST of Gus Willmorth

My collection of the FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST was bound into a two-inch volume soon after the last issue by G. Garnham, 63, Pottergate, Norwich, England. At that time the publisher, J. Michael Rosenblum, told me that in so far as he knew, it was one of three complete collections of FIDO that were in existence then. Since FIDO ran into forty-some issues in four and a half years, the collecting of it was a feat such as seems improbable to me now as I sit "en halo" back of one of the best collecting mediums for fantasy in the world - FANTASY ADVERTISER. (Plug not authorized by the Editor..) Certainly it isn't as easy to gather up old and rare fanzines nowadays as I found it then.

The FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST first appeared in October 1940, incorporating the PSEUDO-FUTURIAN and Science Fantasy Review's WAR DIGEST, or so it says in the masthead. I have a few issues of JMR'd FUTURIAN, a little, green-covered, printed fanmag that appeared in (I believe) three or four issues. It may have been much longer, but that is the impression that I received. A good many of you have seen some of the post-war FANTASY REVIEWS and you know without my telling you, that it is a very good mag. Could be that the pre-war ones were, too. FIDO was instituted as a digest of English fan publications. Due to paper restrictions and shortages of other materials and time, besides, many of the English publications could no longer appear. Into this void stepped the FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST carrying as its contents the few pages that several publishers could scrape together. For instance, the first issue contained (aside from the news, reviews, and letters in the main section) Dawn Shadows of Rathbone, and the Fantasy War Bulletin of C. S. Youd. The second issue hadn't any extra papers that I can find, but the third had the introductory issue of Doug Webster's The Gentlest Art, one of the nicest individual sheets ever published. Other sheets supplied at various times during FIDO's life were Rennison's Cosmos, Medhurst's The Fly in the Ointment, Burke's Moonshine, Turner's Zenith, Doughty's Tin Tacks, Tucker's Delirium Tremens, Cverton's Galaxy, Johnson's The Mighty Atom, Carnell's Sands of Time, and so on over the best of English fandom for over four long years of war.

Chiefly I value my set of FIDO for the picture it gives of English fandom during the war period. FIDO was perhaps the only successful fanzine to appear in and to continue during those long years. There were other fanmag efforts to be sure, but none of them could possibly present the picture that FIDO does. The news of the English fans being inducted into service, of being home on leave, of being in Africa, India, the Middle East, Canada, and a few even into the United States. Sure, American fmz carried the same sort of news, but where there were a dozen American publications, the FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST was the only magazine servicing those far flung fans. FIDO was carrying a pretty big torch.

I spoke of the paper shortage. You should see the odds and ends of paper that FIDO was printed on. All brands and types from the crummiest pulp to very slick paper. Every four or five issues you will see sheets of paper that the American philanthropist, Forrest J Ackerman, donated to the cause of English fandom. You can tell these sheets because they are the odds and ends of paper that Forrie had left from lithographic orders. (It's just as cheap to get a thousand copies lithoed as it is to get a few hundred.) There are covers and inserts from VOM; there are pix from that set of extra-terrestrials that Forrie published; and There is a sheet of Denvention photographs. The sizes of sheets were often different. The American paper was often larger than the English sheets. Every now and again, someone would publish on legal length paper, or even send in half-size pages. It is surprising to me, as an American, that it wasn't published on wrapping paper, but then Englishmen didn't have any wrapping paper --- you took your hunk of fish home in a section of newspaper.

Another phase of the publishing of FIDO that often depresses me is the knowledge that it was published on a flat-bed duplicator. You boys who've published magazines on a flatbed hectograph know what you have to go through to get the job done. Still, a hecto is pretty limited and Michael often turned out over 250 copies that sometimes ran over 20 pages. It's a job, I know. I helped turn out a few copies of a zine with the boys once. First the pad is inked, then the stencil is laid down on the pad and secured. Each sheet of paper must be individually laid down on the stencil and rolled by a rubber covered roller and lifted off. Little wonder that occasionally you will see a sheet that is a little blurred. Every once in a while the stencil must be lifted and the pad re-inked. But, for some ungodly reason, some of the best cover picture work ever turned out on a mimeograph stencil came out on the covers of the FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST. The English artist Harry Turner turned out some excellent work. Art Williams did some very nice things. Cover art on FIDO had a pretty good standard.

The content of FIDO ranged from news and personalities to excellent articles on a myriad number of subjects. Almost anything of fannish nature was news to Britishers. The publication of a prozine and its contents were big news to the guys who never saw them. American fan news, British fan news, and even some Australian fan news found its way into the pages of FIDO. Fan personalities, book talk - heavy on book talk - serious articles, raging discussions, a thousand things filled the pages. I guess you can see by now that I liked the FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST, and when Michael told me in 1945 that he was going to suspend publication, it was a bitter blow. But he was no longer able to carry on, and there was no one else to take his place, and so died another science fiction fan tradition, FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST.

t h o e n d

"FILLER UP!" (Gasly, What?)

FEUD: E. Everett Evans, E. Elmer Smith Acolyte #1, doesn't know it yet, but--he's fouding to the death with Edward "Ted" Carnell of England. Carnell's thumb(down)nail review of CHILDREN OF THE LENS: "Unendurable space opera, indefinitely prolonged."

ACKY GETS A GIRL AT LAST: They say talent seeks its own level. Here's a news item, and it is on the level: FJA has recently been employed as part time baby sitter! The baby in question is Krissta, small daughter of stf author Bryce Walton.

NULL-I ; and what to do about it (cont'd from page 10)

CHAPTER V: Boldness

Having little else to occupy his mind, the Null-I usually has little difficulty memorizing whatever seems necessary. Many even have what is known as eidetic memories. Let him then memorize a smattering of the terminology of as many subjects as possible. Let him then plunge into any and all discussions fearlessly. Fling about some of the words he has memorized as if he comprehended their meaning, preferably using them in the form of a rhetorical question. Then let others attempt to answer, a thing they will hasten to do, the human ego being what it is. The Null-I will soon find a fine erudite discussion raging around him. If it lags, a few more terms tossed into the pot will soon have it boiling again.

When it is all over, the others thinking about it afterward will have a sense of weighty and important utterances having been made. After all, hadn't they made many of them? They will also be aware that the Null-I was in on the discussion. Therefore he too must be a very intelligent individual. Hadn't he sparked off some of the more erudite phases of the discussion? Yes sir, a smart guy.

See how easy it is! Just let others do most of the talking. Avoid any statement of a dogmatic nature. Simply play catalyst and leave the positive part to others.

Of course, one must be wary of answering any questions oneself. This is easy. Just say, "Let me see now?....um....you mean that....well...of course there's....um..." By this time the questioner will have thought of some answers to his own question and be rushing all over himself to voice them. Later the questioner will think to himself, "By golly, what a smart guy. I like him. His ideas agree with mine all the way."

CHAPTER VI: Conclusion

A few final precautions might be in order. First, carefully avoid I.Q. tests of any sort. They are a dead giveaway. Second, avoid I.Q. tests like you would the plague. Sneer at them, deprecate their validity, anything to avoid them. Third, if you are forced into taking such a test, never tell your score. Forget it if you can. If you can't, pretend you have.

And now, if you still don't know how to appear intelligent though Null-I, better reread Chapter I, Part (a).

f i n i s

FILLER-DILLER

"Without Plotto It's Blotto"

Editor Hart was trying to explain to Club Secy Jean Cox the point of (dim) view of a reader who asked for "more dynamic Minutes". Cox was puzzled. "Well, what does he want?" he asked. "More color...more oomph...3-dimensional characters...stuff you can believe," volunteered Konigsberg.

"Oh!" Cox brightened. "You mean they want a plot!"



William Rotsler didn't write a letter, but he did contribute pictorial caricatures. Hart & Hodgkins may be seen above, and Budoff & Evans are much in evidence on page seven.

Don Wilson, who publishes "Dream Quost," leads off with a good-humored blast from 495 N. 3rd St., Banning, California:

"Nice-looking cover by Budoff...in its crudity it is easy on the eyes, like this letter isn't. The Chinese lettering is well-done." ((Halter J. Daugherty contributes our multilith plates and runs off the impressions. Budoff drew both covers directly onto the plate itself.))

"You didn't say anything in the editorial. Ghufoo, man, how do you expect me to feud with you if you don't print anything I can feud about?"

((Then he has a lot of comment on the individual items. He liked the Ackerman article, he didn't like "The Conditioned Response," etc. Incidentally, the latter was a satire on anti-vivisectionists, Don. You must have read it too hastily. Remember the Hearst Newspapers. Of all causes to espouse, they oppose the use of subjects, animal or human, in scientific experimentation.))

Continuing: "You haven't done so badly, considering the state of the nation, and if you can keep going and infuse some outside blood into the rag and the staggering wreckage of the club, there's hope for you yet. Yeah, there is hope. Here's wishing you luck, anyway. And I mean Ackerman, too."

He concludes, in a postscript: "I hope you fellows realize that you are in one hell of a position due mainly to Wild Hair, The Hirsute Fanzine. If you ignore them, you give silent nod to the truth of their statements. If you blast back at them, you make yourselves out ridiculous. And if you try to come back in kind, you will fail miserably, because beside the mighty minds of the Burb and company, anyone else's attempts fall flat on their faces. But your new rag will perhaps justify you, since a fanzine is the most important thing anyone can bequeath to fandom, and if you can turn out a good fanzine free from the Club taint, ok. This is not to be regarded as an endorsement of the Lasfs or any of its policies, but rather an admission that you have taken a big step up the stairway to renewed worthwhileness."

((Thanks for your long letter, D.W. I received several piecos of mail but your letter was the longest. May I have your comment on this issue?))

/Letters con'd on the next page/

LETTERS, con'd

Len Moffatt, who lives 'way out in Bell Gardens, so far that he can't attend meetings, writes: "I'm enclosing a half-buck sub..... Items I enjoyed most in S-L #4 were: Now That They're Gone and 4E's 'story behind the story' article... The rest of the mag was good, too. All of it was readable...most of it was interesting... You said in your editorial that 'we are going to stand or fall on the plain merits of the mag.' With all due respect to Burb (who was and is a top fanzine editor), you stand. You stand very well." ((Well, Len, your letter was typical of most of the cards and letters. First, you did not utterly condemn the mag. Second, you gave Charlie Durbee his rightful due. Third, you did not resent my being the editor now.))

Rick Sneary card from 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California. After saying that the first issue pleases him generally, he remarks on the lack of personal controversy, indicating his approval and adding that he likes both sides. He finishes: "Some smoe staples my copy on the right side. I thought this was part of the Chinese air about the cover till Rex Ward told me his wasn't. And Whatts 4E doing coming out of a lamp. You're not hinting that he is lit, are you?" ((Forrie made a pun, too, Rick, but I haven't got the guts to repeat it. Forrest J Ackerman is a great man, but he is a man eclipsed by his garage. Not that he carries his garage about---although he'd like to---it's just that it accompanies him in spirit.))

Albert Toth, of 1110 Gellespie Ave., Portage, Penn. says: "I am enclosing 50¢ for a sub. I wouldn't want to miss all those alarms and excursions. They're amusing, if confusing." ((I got confused, too, Albert. All I want to do, really, is come around to the clubhouse two or three nights a month, to hear the news and to lift my quaih at some local bar, in the company of such old drinking companions as Gus Willmorth, Fred Shroyer, and Russ Hodgkins. Life isn't simple any more, however. All is confusion and the air is filled with charges and ghosts of charges. And, until the ghosts are laid, I can't attend meetings without feeling a bit like anyone who knows that, somewhere, many men scorn his shadow and ~~they~~ might pull their garments away from his unclean touch. Seewatimean? Seriously, I would like to have the matter cleared up, although I do not feel personally in any danger of losing my reputation, such as it is.))

Which is all the room we have, this time. Lots in the next issue.

***** EDITORIAL, Con'd

In case you're wondering who attends meetings of the LASFS, here is a list of people who come around regularly, more or less: Gus Willmorth, Forrest J Ackerman, Walt Daugherty, Jean Cox, Bill Cox, Russ Hodgkins, E.E. Evans, Eph Konigsberg, and Dale Hart. Others who come around frequently are Ray Bradbury, Don Bratton, Bryce Walton, Fred Shroyer, A.E. van Vogt, Art Jocquel---and then there are a few more who visit occasionally. A partial list of the women who come around occasionally or who have come around in the recent past are: My girlfriend, Gus' wife, Bradbury's wife, Alene Beeson, Jocquel's girlfriend, Sophia Van Doorne, Lee Budoff, and Clare Winger Harris.

There. That's just in case you've been wondering where you could find a list of suspects. Those are the people Laney conjured a cloud to cover.

I gotta bust this off. Just room to say: Mag's on time; cover's by Budoff; we want material & letters; & read Letter section carefully.

---DALE HART.

A FEW OF OUR EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN
 WEIRD *** SCIENTIFICTION * FANTASY
 BOOKS

LAND OF UNREASON by Fletcher Pratt & L. Sprague de Camp. Leaving a bowl of milk outside on Midsummer Eve for the Little People was a quaint custom but Fred Barber couldn't sleep so he drank the milk and filled the bowl with Scotch. He soon learned that straight Scotch can be upsetting to Little People as well as big...Regular, \$2.50--
 Our price, \$1.49

TITUS GROAN by Mervyn Peake. A gallery of gnarled human grotesques; a cobwebby candlelit escape from life in a fantastic and fascinating castle - an abode filled with a strange haunting terror. "A wild, magnificent fantasia" - Graham Greene. Reg., \$3.00--Our price, \$1.49

SULLIVAN by C.E. Davis. A rakish, idiomatic odyssey of a young man who knew he could float. That a push on his chair would launch him on his aerial career. Men have dreamed of defying gravity but to Sullivan it was a reality! Regular, \$2.50 -- Our price, \$1.00!

GHOST STORIES OF OLD NEW ORLEANS. Forty stories for lovers of tales of a city noted for its legend and folklore. Some are innocent and charming, some cruel and macabre; all are unusual and vividly written. Regular, \$3.50. Our price, \$2.98.

SHE by H. Rider Haggard. A miraculous country ruled by an ageless beauty - SHE! Her passion for Kilocrates who lived 2000 years ago is transferred to his present day descendant and in fantastic primitive fires of love and hate this weird drama is played out to an amazing end.....Our price, \$1.11

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