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SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

OCTOBER 1944

no 19



Shangri-L'Affaires #19, October 1944. A publication of the LASFS, emerging messily but legibly once a month from the LASFS clubroom at 637 1/2 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, California. By acclaim, Charles Burbee is still editor. More simply put: Nobody else wants the damn job. This mag is priceless and profitless. Letters must be received from its readers now and then if they wish to remain on the mailing list. Letter subject to cutting, excerpting, publishing. No ads, no poetry, no verse, no rhymes, no fiction, no articles wanted. We are full up till March 1946....HOWEVER! if you send in something in spite of this and we see it has special merit, we'll make room for it somehow, even if we've got to throw out Confetti by Crozetti.

I am heartily sick of fmz contributors who begin: "Well, here I am with a blank page in front of me and a new ribbon in the typewriter and I can't think of anything to say. I am supposed to be doing an article for Smorgasbord Mildew's new fmz Canine 3.1416..." I have read that article three times in the last few weeks. Newest example appears in Warth's Luna Pono...I really shouldn't say anything nasty about Warth's mag; he did the cover this issue. Not a bad cover, either. Idea is superb (I supplied it). No destructive criticism of the cover is desired.

Next month, if Willie Watson isn't stringing me along for some dark purpose of his own, we'll have a two-color cover by this same Willie. He offered to do a cover and got taken up before the beer wore off and probably at this very moment is wearily pulling the sheets one by one off the jelly...there, I've done it. I've planted the thought that Willie hectors. The doubt will always be there. He'll never erase the idea completely from his colleagues' minds. It'll have a whole month to sink in before I publish a retraction--in the meantime everybody'll think Willie is a hector artist and that we do all his mimeoing down here on the LASFS mimeo.

I should really be nice to Willie. He says very nice things about me (except in Bay Area Le Fout)--stemming from an awful mis-impression he got of me last time he was down here.

-oo-

What with one thing and another, this rag has run past the 12 pages I tried to hold it to. If only people would stop sending in material I wouldn't have this trouble. Please cooperate in this.

-ooo-

Walt Daugherty got taken. He commissioned Ron Clyne to do him a Hallowe'en cover for some mag or another. Gave him the idea, too. But Ron said, after a few days of rumination, that he had a fabulously wonderful idea. Walt, without getting details, gave him the go-ahead. (That's the way we do things here. Blindly. I cut stencils from copy with my eyes closed.) Eventually Ron submitted a cover. It was a nice-looking thing, but had no resemblance to a Hallowe'en subject, not even in the 19th decimal. So Walt was taken. For \$2 cash. I use the past tense advisably, because Walt, with his customary acumen, has no doubt sold the item to somebody else at a reasonable profit, say 500%.

That item really belongs in Confetti by Crozetti, but here deadline is two hours away (in the opposite direction) and our lady reporter has not shown with her copy. What a stinking pity if we are forced to go to press without any local news!

Oh well. Local news just clutters up a mag.

---Charles Burbee

DOUBLE SPACED ON ONE SIDE....

GEORGE EBEL

Brass Tacks...Discussions...The Reader Speaks...Ether Vibrates...
Under the Lens...The Cosmoscope...Under Observation...---And Having
Writ...The Mail Bag...Missives and Missiles...The Reader's Viewpoint...
...The Eyrie...The Reader's Page...Station X...Prime Base...Rocket
Mail...The Vizigraph...

That was---when? back in '39, '40, '41? In the general vicinity
of those years, anyway. Remember the names?

The letter sections...

Well, you can forget most of those titles. The magazines that
featured them have gone down the drain in one way or another. Lack
of circulation, at first, and later, the "paper shortage" did 'em in.
But for a while, brethren, for a while...the legions of letter hax
had space and to spare for their regular monthly mouthings. And how
they wallowed!

Now, of course, it's a different story. Let's see...Brass Tacks
makes a fairly regular appearance--when it isn't crowded out by
George O. Smith--but, like ASF, it, too, seems to suffer from a per-
nicious dry rot. Campbell has been successful in replacing the "pulp
formula" with a formula of a different kind--the former was easily
reduced to basic English, the latter, evidently, to basic algebra.
At any rate the fans find it difficult to wax enthusiastic about "the
technical problems of a technician in a technological technocracy."
Therefore, Brass Tacks doesn't have much to do except fill up space.

And Discussions, you'll remember, was deservedly ignored and con-
signed to the obscurity it merited. There was a brief flare of activ-
ity back in 1938 when Palmer first assumed editorship of Amazing, and
the fans were a-twitter at the prospect of a pro mag guided by one of
their number. Said interest died down when Ray began printing his
peculiar mixtures of fantasy and corn.

(Not like the dear dead daze of Gernsback, said he, running his
fingers thru his long gray beard, when Discussions ran for pages and
pages in fine unreadable type. Not like the good old days, he said.)

The Margulies mags ran letters under regular department heads,
and once in a while somebody on the staff would interject an editorial
comment. Now we have nice black type faces and blurbs over the let-
ters in TWS and Startling--Cap Future, I understand, is defunct--and
Leo has given the job of jazzing up the dep'ts to one of his needy
contributors (Oscar Friend?). Thus, Sergeant Saturn.

Let's pause here, fellow fen, and drop a salty tear in memory of
Fictioneers' two lively mags, Astonishing and Super Science Stories
and their scintillating departments. Among which were The Mail Bag,
and Missives and Missiles, respectively. I liked these magazines---
to include a personal note--liked these departments. Drop a tear for
me, O fen! I had a nice letter coming up in SSS. Mr Norton said so.
He did not say the mag was heading for the last edition, but then he
probably didn't know, either. Tsk...

Norton, it's rumored, took pains to answer every letter sent to the two magazines. If so, it was a good stunt and AHN deserves a round of applause.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries retained its letter policy after Fictioneers took over. That is, a minimum of missives containing either constructive or destructive criticism, and a maximum of "Ghosh, Merritt was sure a great writer, by ghosh" mash notes. Gnaedinger, however, has shown a fan-favoring editorship. The Reader's Page is always open for fan announcements, plugs and advertising.

Another letter section that died an untimely death was Station X in Doc Lowndes' Future. RWL was just beginning to roll out the brickbats when along came the paper shortage. Readers of the mag will recall the distinctive presentation of readers' comments in latter issues. Tho the idea was swiped from a fanzine, it was new to pro dom. So much for that.

Marvel and Dynamic, Cosmic & Stirring Science, Comet, SFQuarterly ...none of these were published long enough to achieve widespread fan notice. Unfortunately. Weird Tales. The Eyrie has faded into insignificance. So much for it and them.

About this time you will note that I have carefully refrained from mentioning Planet and La Vizi---the only mag and department to defy the trend. The only explanation I can think of is that Peacock likes letters and the fans like originals. Therefore Planet has a score of letters every issue. Maybe there's another reason besides the one I have suggested. Maybe the answer to so much reader reaction lies in the stories themselves. Maybe I'll read one of said stories some day. Maybe...

At any rate, Planet stands alone as the one mag with truly vocal readers. The other prozines are dying on their feet. The "why" of this is beyond me. Perhaps the war, the lack of prominent authors, the lack of fans with leisure time. Perhaps the widespread stf stagnation---heigh ho, I'll make no guesses or predictions.

I will note one thing, tho: lots of interesting letters go hand in hand with lots of interesting stories. And interesting magazines.

You go on from there.

(((((

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SHOTTLE BOP (PLUG) NEWS

WALT DAUGHERTY

*Sensation was caused recently when several LA members returned from a visit to Ray Harryhausen's place with a large (grotesquely lifelike) bust of ODD JOHN. It is one of the most gorey things you ever laid eyes on. Laney and Rogers report that if you can't get women any other way just carry one of these along wherever you go. It seems that they flock around the masterpiece.

*Issue number 2 of Crozetti's Venus will have a white ink on black paper illustration drawn by Crozetti and reproduced by Shottle Bop.

*Ye Editor has purchased the entire Henry Hasse collection of originals including oils by Finlay and Bok. A larger portion of the collection however has since gone into the hands of various LA collectors. Also I procured 4 of his unpublished off-trail stories which I shall publish in the near future.

*Loigh Brackett who has just finished a six-week assignment on a horror film has recently been given a real break. Because of her murder story that was printed in the pocket-books she was called in by Howard Hawks, the producer, and is now collaborating with none other than the Wm. Faulkner on the scripting of THE BIG SLEEP which will star Humphry Bogart at Warner Brothers. Good Luck, Leigh.

*The LASFS has published the latest edition of ye olde Shaggy Laf

*The club now has a slip sheeter for the club mimeo.

*SPACE-TIME CARD recieved from H. Loren Sinn promising photocards very soon. Promises twice a month

*111 Fancyclopedias sold to date. Order yours now.

*WANTED : copy of THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS, let me know your price.

*Alva Rogers will move by the end of next week to 628 S. Bixel.

*Managed to obtain a very excellent collector's item from Ray Bradbury the other day: A beautifully bound volume of the original script of "SHE" with all the set sketches from the film. There were only 10 copies printed and the one I have is from the collection of Nigel Bruce.

*Further report from August Derleth: "Close to 50% of the new Wandrei book, THE EYE AND THE FINGER, sold to date; books are going very fast, due in part to an Army review picked up by other papers, in part to a good New York Times review, substantially to the support of the fans. At the same writing, one third of the edition of Whiteheads JUMBEE AND OTHER UNCANNY TALES IS GONE. Also, at this writing my own SOMEONE IN THE DARK and HPL'S BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP have gone out of print, and only 67 copies of Wandrei's slim book of poems DARK ODYSSEY, remain to be sold. LOST WORLDS, by Smith, will be out by September 26th.

*Duane Rimel reports that his next article to appear in the Oregon journal is about THE FANTASY-SCIENCE FAN WORLD.

(Excerpt from letter to Fran Laney from August Derleth - September 19)

"There has just come up now, too, the possibility that we may have to publish my SOMETHING NEAR this year in order to absorb our paper (quota which I understand cannot be carried over until next year. SOMETHING NEAR happens to be the only ms. now completely ready, with jacket design and all, and also the shortest, thus enabling us to print a full edition without running over our quota. Nothing definite on this as yet, but if we get it off our hands this year, it will help to make the Hodgson omnibus more likely for next year. If you are interested, here is the line-up of titles for that collection:

A Thin Gentleman with Gloves	Mr Ames' Devil
A Wig for Miss Devore	Pacific 421
Mrs. Corter Makes Up Her Mind	Carousal
Headlines for Tod Shayne	Lansing's Luxury
No Light for Uncle Henry	Here, Daemos
Lady MacBeth of Pimley Square	The Satin Mask
An Elegy for Mr. Danielson	McElwin's Glass
The Dweller in Darkness	The Metronome
The Inverness Cape	Ithaqua
The Thing That Walked on the Wind	Beyond the Threshold

The Contents list of the Robert Bloch collection, THE OPENER OF THE WAY, coming as soon as possible in 1945, is as follows:

The Strange Flight of Richard Clayton	
The Shambler from the Stars	The Cloak
The Fiddler's Fee	Beetles
Yours Truly Jack The Ripper	The Mannikin
The Seal of the Satyr	Waxworks
Return to the Sabbath	Mother of Serpents
Slave of the Flames	The Dark Demon
House of the Hatchet	The Faceless God
The Opener of the Way	The Mandarin's Canaries
The Feast in the Abbey	The Secret of Sebek
The Eyes of the Mummy	

Now here is news that may electrify some fans. Among the mss. left by the late Greta H. P. Lovecraft was the complete outline of a novel, together with some fragments of that novel. I have begun to write it; it will be published as a collaboration, for such actually it is, very likely both in curtailed form in a magazine, and as a book, probably the first of the Arkham House Fantasy Novel series, which we hope to sell at \$2.00 each, instead of \$3.00. Its title for the present is THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, and it has a number of construction similarities, as might be expected, coming from HPL, to THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD."

Recently the PICKWICK BOOKSHOP located here in Hollywood gave out with a very excellent exhibit of ARKHAM HOUSE products. It consisted of almost a full half-window display of the latest releases.

ARKHAM HOUSE REPORTS (thank to Laney for news) : "Jacket Artists for next year's books have been selected. Ron Clyne has done the jacket for my own SOMETHING NEAR. Frank Utpatel (who illustrated the original SHADOW OVER INNESMOUTH) is doing the jacket for Bloch's THE OPENER OF THE WAY, and Hannes Bok is jacketing both Long's THE HOUND OF TINDALOS and Howard's SKULL-FACE AND OTHERS....continued support seems to justify plans for these four books next year." A.D.

The FANCYCLOPEDIA is a success (4c).

Not only in the sense of pleasing fandom (typical is Harry Warner's comment, "You may quote The Hermit of Hagerstown as stating that the FANCYCLOPEDIA is fandom's greatest single accomplishment to date--Congratulations!") but, miracle among miracles...financially! One hundred & 35 copys taken...& after the 78th sale, evry further copy earnd kale for the project. Backing for another project!

I can smile now when I recollect the pessimist who only sevral short mos. ago told me "Phooey on the fancyclopedia! I wouldn't give a canceled 1/2c stamp for a half dozen of them!! IT STINKS!!!" The fan had not seen the stencils but the fan was of the opinion it was foolish to publish 250 copys bcuz not even 20 woud ever be sold. But the fan broke down & paid a buck for the 46th copy.

In the Preface to the Pedia it states 47 copys were orderd prior to assembly. True. But the bk was a wk at the bindery, & by the deadline nite (in LA) we had 103 orders! & by the time the last letters bearing the deadline postmark had arrived, 109!

Here are a few infresting sidelites: Walt Daugherty was the first fan to order. Leonard Golding Pruyn got #13. Robt Bloch was the first author to buy. Last fan to be included in the 47 mentiond in the Foreword was Willmczyk. Those 47, incidently, were: Daugherty, Donald Warren Bratton, Morojo, Ack-Ack, Sam Russell, Chas Dye, Alva Rogers, Mel Brown, Gus Willmorth (sponsord by Morojo), Laney, Clynz, Rothman, Pruyn, Moskowitz (2 copys), Rosenblum-Temple-Crouth (spon. by Dye), Evans of Australia (spon. FJA), Lowndes, Bloch, Shaw, Sam Mason, Tucker, Pong, Dunkelberger, Kennedy, Cosmos Club (per LASFS), David McIlwain (by Morojo), Don Smith (Dye), Moffatt, Eloise Becker, Watson, DAW, Baldwin-2, Fred Warth, Kessell, Beak Taylor, Rouze, Kent Bone, Dunkelberger, Sinn, DBThompson, de la Rec, Crozet, & Willmczyk.

Other sponsord copys include: Sevral servifen by Dunk, the British Fantasy Socy Library, Aiken-Carnell-Parker-Turner-Bulmer-Lane-Youd of England (by Brown, Dye, Rogers, Morojo, Ackerman, Laney & Stanley), & 3 servifen by Robinson.

#100 was taken by Tigrina; #111, Swisher; #113, Widner; & the very latest sale is to Ron Maddox.

The publisher wishes to give credit due to 2 individuals who substantially enhanced the apearance of the volume: Walt Daugherty, whose idea it was to include the "Limited Edition" frontispiece & who designd & stencild same (altho the publisher has sometimes been tempted to call down the curse of Cthulhu on his head as he has had to print in another name); & the FTLaniac, inspirator of the cover binding. It was Laney who foresaw that, merely stapled, the vol. woud have to go as parcel post, costing as hl as 15c per copy. But as a bk it woud go for 4c. Ergo, if it could be bound for around 10c a copy--! And so the publisher discovered it could, & it was.

Development: There are a few defective copys, copys with a pg repeated or upsidedown, silver ink on back of front cover, & similar minor imperfections. These will be salvaged at half price (75c apiece), allowing fans in the lower pocket-money brackets to procure one, & also, it is suggested, enabling the sponsorship of many as-yet-unsupplyd overseas & servifen, who do not necessarily need a perfect copy under the present circumstances.

All of which reminds me, altho he hasnt sent his order, spose I shoud send Speer one.

FRANCIS T. LANEY --

ENIGMA

OF

SHANGRI-LA

BY

MERLIN BROWN



One cold November afternoon, while I was busily engaged in extracting Mike Fern and Lora Crozetti from the midst of the LASFS mimeograph, there entered the old slan shack a long, lean, and hungry looking individual who somewhat timidly announced that he was Francis T. Laney, late of Clarkston, Washington, and editor of the Acolyte.

Thus began one of the strangest friendships that I have ever been a partner to. Laney is a many-sided individual and extremely difficult to describe. My vocabulary could never possibly contain enough derogatory adjectives to do this son of the hills of Idaho credit. Besides, I do not care to be on the receiving end of a Laney reprisal. An old saying goes that "Hell hath no fury---" to which should be added "like a deeply wounded and thoroughly frustrated FTLaniac". To this, more than one innocent little fan can all too well attest. To continue with the physical description; first one notices a pair of glasses behind which repose a pair of mildly amused weird green-brown eyes. Over this is a thatch of brown hair studded here and there with little-used tendrils and more active dandruff. Leaving the face, hurriedly, we next notice what passes for a body, a disjointed, awkward, and under-nourished affair held upright by a pair of enormous feet. All in all, he gives one the impression of a newly painted totem pole after a hailstorm. H. P. Lovecraft could never have met this macabre character in the dark or he certainly could have written the greatest fantasy masterpiece ever conceived.

At the first look he frightens you---then he smiles---and completes the picture.

Like most "normal" people, Fran has a variety of things he likes to do other than his fan activities, including such plebian pursuits as jazz record collecting, miniature golf, pinochle, wild parties, dancing, etc. These extra-curricular activities have led the FTLaniac into no end of trouble with the local would-be-has-beens. Feeling as he does, it was frustrating no end for him to enjoy a "social evening" with the would-be "wolves". While the energetic and ever thirsty FTLaniac was wont to cavort the light fantastic with the local babes, the rest of the gang were content to sit around the club making nefarious remarks about every girl that they'd never had the courage to make a date with. There was even a mild objection to his and my discussions on hot jazz record collecting. They seemed to feel that it detracted from the "cultured" aroma that they exuded. He was not long in discovering, as the rest of us had, that the only thing to do was to tell the little wolves to go to hell and go out and do whatever he had planned to do...which he usually did anyway...only to come back later to my place or the club lit like 42nd and Broadway and thoroughly frustrated.

When Fran opened FRAN SHACK it was then we first had a chance to attend a "party" of the kind that he considered worth the effort. Gallons of liquor were consumed and much ado about nothing was the order of the evening in the rosebudding dept. Everyone had a lovely time and went home with a hangover and a firm resolution to be out of town the next time the FTLaniac had a party. You see, there were GIRLS at this party and the thought of being in the same room with anything so devastatingly feminine as what showed up was more than the majority of the Celibacy Society of Lower Gordon Street could stand. Phil lost his tie and other things, making it very hard on the plumbing facilities.

Fran has one habit which makes him the delight of the more fun-loving members---viz., the habit of laughing uproariously at anything he finds amusing, including his own jokes. His laugh can best be described as starting with a subtle rumble way down deep inside and increasing in volume and pitch until it resembles the cry of a frustrated female elephant in a monsoon or Crozetti looking for Daniels. More than once the more sophisticated members of our little group have dragged us out to eat at some particularly classy spot considered the ultimate in the best circles---only while putting on more dog than a fake Russian prince---only to be dragged out of their dreams of social conquest by a loud, raucous laugh as Mel and Fran exchanged the latest in risque stories from their places of employment. Invariably, when Fran is in the group, one of these chain-of-circumstances things starts. Someone will make a seemingly innocent remark and one or more of the lewd minds, of which there are many hereabouts, will take it the way it shouldn't be taken but which was probably meant. As the conversation progresses, the pornography gets steadily worse and the Laney laugh gets increasingly more noticeable. Fran is usually laughing from the first crack and before the conversation is halted it is usually advisable to move away from any and all objects which are apt to collapse from the sheer vibration of the great Laney bellow. Although if anything of this nature were to happen, most of us would be too weak from laughing at him and with him to escape the impending catastrophe.

Secondary in Laney's hobbies is his jazz record collecting. It is not at all uncommon to walk into a second-hand record store, peer inquiringly under a pile of old dusty records and after some effort, fish around and eventually bring to light a squalling, squirming, but excruciatingly happy FTLaniac from the wreckage. There will be a maniacal gleam of satisfaction on his face and in one hand he will be holding a copy of Delauney's Jazz Discography and in the other, clutched tenderly, a warped, worn, battered record in such horrible condition that I would even be ashamed to turn it in for scrap. Laney would be exclaiming wildly, "Look, a genuine King Oliver!" Whereupon yours truly would look at him rather blankly and innocently ask "King who?" Upon which the Laniac would shove me into the corner and proceed to explain ponderously, but with great gusto and enthusiasm what and why and which was King Oliver, Bix, or some of the other jazz artists of the twenties. From there, we would proceed to Fran Shack where the precious King Oliver would be lovingly placed on the turntable of the Laney record player. Soon there would erupt a series of scratches, noise and weak brays of a fouted trumpet, the unhappy notes of a clarinet, with a broken-down piano somewhere in the background.

It was about this time that I decided to try a little symphony on the Laney platter spinner, and one evening when the musically correct members of Shangri-LA slandom were present I ventured to play a new acquired recording of Lizst's "Les Preludes" by none other than Mengelberg and the New Amsterdam orchestra. Nothing was said until after the last side was put on and had begun to issue forth from the protesting speaker. It was then that Fran stopped whatever he was doing, listened for a moment, and then remarked, "Hmmm, I wouldn't mind having that. There is some really good brass work there". This rather innocent statement horrified all of those present--or the majority--and for that it deserves a place in the annals of fan history. All in all, however, Fran is very tolerant of other peoples' taste in music. I've used his machine to play a great part of my own collection, both classical and swing.

Sometime previous to the "Les Preludes" incident, I decided to sell my jazz and swing collection, mainly because I no longer had room for all of it. Also, my tastes in music had changed a great deal. As I needed money, I sold the records without consulting the FTLaniac. They were sold to a second-hand dealer in the same place Laney makes most of his purchases. I sold them Saturday and on Monday Fran made a mad dash to see if he could acquired any of the rarities I had formerly possessed. He was not long in finding out that they had sold like hotcakes and that he couldn't even get any of the lesser works. Of this little incident I was to hear plenty. It was not till after I had given him a platter of Duke Ellington's "Solitude" and "Stormy Weather"--autographed by the Duke and Ivy Anderson, that the moans subsided. Now he is quite happy and gurglingly drags them out whenever I come down there.

As most Acolyte readers will probably remember, Fran had his own mimeograph in Clarkston. He was not long in Shangri-LA when another ish of Acky was due to spawn forth, and Fran had his first of many battles with the LASPS war-horse. This proved disastrous, particularly as Mike Fern offered to assist him. It was not long before Jike and I were forced to dive into the blue smoke hovering over the infernal machine and extract a very inky Fern and an extremely disgusted Laney, take them outside, and let them cool off before allowing them

to again approach the mimeograph. However, it was not long before he discovered that Mike's haircut was not a mimeo pad, put thoink in the right place, and proceeded to successfully publish another issue of Acolyte.

To present the more serious side of Francis Laney, and I assure you there is one---Fran is not what could be classed as a "professional" fan. His interest in science fiction, fantasy, and the weird, is assuredly sincere, as any who have read Acolyte or his compilation of the Cthulhu Mythology in "Beyond the Wall of Sleep" will attest. The principal reason that the Outsiders folded was simply that Laney, the driving force of the organization, was not long in finding out that certain of the members were no longer science-fiction and fantasy fans but were rather fans of fandom and interested only in maintaining their status in the top ten rather than using their talents toward worthy projects designed to further the progress and understanding of imaginative fiction....the reason for fandom in the first place.

To Fran, fandom is built around a mutual appreciation of a certain type of literature. And to back up his stand, I believe I am safe in saying that he has contributed more to the field in the last two years than any currently active fan.

Being a fan of fantasy, in toto, in the midst of professional fans, has made Fran truly "The Enigma of Shangri-LA."

LATEST ADDITIONS TO OUR CLUB LIBRARY...

...include a big batch of books over from England, on loan from our Angelicorporal (in more ways than one) Gus Willmorth.

Gus gives us--for the duration plus 6 mos.--such titles, known & unknown, as Mitchell's "The Last American"...C.J. Cutcliffe Hyne's "The Recipe for Diamonds"..."Scotch Fairy Tales"... "The Undying Monster"... "Strange Conflict" (Dennis Wheatley)... Jack London's "Before Adam"... "News from Nowhere"... an intriguing, paradoxical title, "Haunted by Posterity", a big book--464 pages--by an author with the breath-taking name of Hodgson, only it happens to be a W. Earl Hodgson... "Zanoni" & "Disowned"... "Golden Hades"... JDBeresford's "Revolution"... "Blind Circle"... Gertrude Atherton's Henry James dedicated book of 10 shorts, "The Bell in the Fog"... "The Flight of Icarus"... "The North Afire"... "The Black Mole"... "World D"... Corelli's "Ziska", "A Romance of Two Worlds" and "The Mighty Atom"... "Da'nra" by "Ganpat"... "Vice Versa"... "Which Hath Been"... "Dawn" (S Fowler Wright)... "Cassandra"... "The Lavender Dragon"... and "Contagion to this World"!

Something to while away the long winter nites with in Shangri-LA...

VOMBASTIC AD-ITORIAL

"A sensational selection of lithographic covers is coming up on Vom," it was revealed here today by 4sj. Following the Beaumontage will be the Nov. number, a November morn fantanude described as "an Alvamaiden Rogersiren". (Yeek! I mean this'll be on the Xmas cover.) New Year '45 is scheduled to start off with a Giffordrawing, followed in Feb by Hannes Bok! March, Alva Rogers (illustrating Stapledon!) April, Ava Lee - illustrating Merritt! Watch VOM

"I'M BORED TO TEARS"

Willie Watson reveals
editorial secrets

Kaff kaff: I'm bored to tears, Burbee, little chum. Shangri-L'Affaires and the Speer thing arrived the same day, plus manuscript from Acky. I read the first, retched over the second, and rejected the latter.

(See, people, I reject manuscripts from Ackerman. Don't bend too far or Laney will be embarrassed.)

The cover was good, only Rogers can use coquill far better than he can a stencil. Would you care for a two color job for deah old S'A, Burbee? Can doX god damn it this typewriter stinks. So do I; just returned from a fishing trip.

Will do you a lovely two-color job, I repeat. At least, I'll think it's lovely. Not surrealism. (Tell RaH he's liable to have The Major Publicist on his neck if he ever sees those winged lips. Stealing is stealing, but oh you kid. A little more originality, here, boy...)...I should talk!

Laney's watchmacallit was delightful, which reminds me that I must solicit something from Laney, or Yerke, or somebody down there for the 7th Bleery. Burbee! ((Yeh?)) You haven't written anything for a phan-zine in a long time! ((I do the editorial in this rag each month--is diablerie any bigger and better?)) When you're in Bleery you're made. ((Gee! Will I be famous?)) People will be clamoring for your autograph. ((Really?)) Ah-h-h...I can see it now...((gosh, I can see it too. What is it?))...great new novel by CHAS BURBEE coming in the next satevepost...this famous author got his start---real start--in an insignificant (whup) small non-profit magazine put out by Bill Watson, ((This part of the picture is murky)) now editor of Esquire and Coronet and Ken. ((It's all gone now, whatever it was))

Speaking of the seventh Bleery, the fifth issue is all mimeod and assembled, but I can't send it out because for lack of time to do an illustration for a double page spread in it (it's small size) I hastily scrawled Merry Christmas! to fill up space. Now the sixth issue is completely stenciled, and I have material on hand for the seventh, which I am beginning to dummy. I'll be the first fan ever to have three issues of a fanzine published and assembled but not mailed. I'll not have to work for awhile, at least.

Letter column of course exceptional, the reason being obvious. I remember FUTURE, too, Doc, and a tale called THE INHERITORS, I believe. Everybody in this neck of the woods went nuts over it at the time of publication; Fortier 'specially.

Thanx Mike, for them kind woids. Trouble is, I publish too limited an edition to hit enough of the fans who vote. Someday, maybe, I'll start pubbing 150 copies again. Ack! Wot wolk!

I note that Crozetti is still around. ((Around and around. She quit twice and reconsidered the same number of times in one month)) I don't like to give the wench an inferiority complex, but for chris-sakes when are you going to can that ham she pounds out and make her eat it? "the fate worse than death..." That woman must hate fans horribly to inflict such pain.

Alright, Charlie, so it aint a good letter. So you won't print it. You don't hear me weeping, chum.

So be it....

Did you like Bay Area Le Fout...? I thought it was a classic. So did George. We wrote it in one evening. We mimeographed it in one evening. We mailed (bribed?) them in one evening. Terrific waste of time. Swell satire, though. I like satire. Especially damn good satires, like Bay Area Le Fout.

SAD LIKE MAD

Art Sehnert
is contrite

Let's see, this makes five or six copies of Shangri-L'Affaires wot have plunked into my mail box wid out my even acknowledging same. I am indeed most unworthy. ((So is my blonde secretary---she should've scratched you before the fifth frame)) Humbly I beg all sorts of pardons. Please see that I continue to receive them, for in spite of evidence to the otherwise, I do enjoy reading the crap and other stuff that appears therein. ((What other stuff?))

Unusually promising is the first part of Laney's Odyssey. I have sincere hopes that Dr. Fassbeinder is found and ultimately rescued. What a blow it would be to lose this learned gent. I swoon!

After so long a time Hoffman begins to become monotonous, and it would be doubly pleasing if someone besides Rogers or Crozetti were to act as substitute. Dali perhaps?

I note on the editorial page a brief mention of a science article. This intrigues me no end, and I request information on just what kind of a science article you bats would print in a fanzine. I for one would be very happy to read it without its being translated into English. I haven't run out of paper, but I have run out of time and ambition. You have my apology for not writing before, so....

NOT TOO GOOD

Henry Elsner Jr registers
some complaints

Shangri 'la Affairs arrived last week. As usual, the mailman tried to cram said fmz into our mailbox with disastrous (misspelled) results. After straightening the rag out, I finally got around to reading it.

The editorial, as usual, was very good.

"Dr Fassbeinder, I Presume" was just horrible. How could Laney turn out such a marvelous article as the one in aforementioned rag, 17th issue, and then turn to such hack. I can't see why, when he can write so well, why he should turn to above mentioned hack for such a quality fmz as said rag!???!! However, I'll venture to say that at least 90% of all of said rags readers will vote afore mentioned article first place. ((90%...? We haven't got that many readers!))

"Cornfetti" by Ack Ack. This bit was much better than the usual gossip column. "Speer to the Contrary" seemed to be written by one of above mentioned readers (refer to paragraph 3) of said rag. This article seems to be the best one of them all concerning fandom. But why all this squibbling about a mere definition? That isn't going to help fandom any. The trouble with fans today is that too few are still interested in stf or fantasy any more. Instead, their main function is to publish fanzines for the purpose of boosting their egos. I've been told by some fen..."not a real fan unless you're in the publishing class..."

Book Reviews interesting and well-written. Ditto the letters as far as interest goes.

One thing I can't find any sense in, is this master catalog idea. Naturally, I approve of every fan having a catalog of his mags, or a club catalog. Also, I could see a lot of sense to it if all the mags cataloged were in or around the city where the catalog was located. But I can't see any sense in a catalog just for a catalog's sake. Why put in all the necessary work on it, when most of the mags it lists are way across the country, or in somebody's contribution to the paper

drive? ((Needless to say, lad, you've laid yourself wide open here. You trying to make a battleground out of this lil department?))

Just one thing more: The Fancyclopedia is swell, except for one defect. If you want to read the history of fandom, you have to look up: 1, 2, & 3, fandom, conventions, Futurians, Michelists, Wollheimists, Cosmic Circle, etc. It's so mixed up, that its hard to get a really accurate history of fandom. I think the fancyclopedia should have been in the front, and a complete history of fandom under "F" or at the back of the book...

DOGHOUSE BLUES

F. Lee Baldwin finds
himself in trouble

You are sure doing fine, Chas., with that mag called S-L-Affaires. It is getting where you can read it through with interest. Purty soon you can ask a dime or a nickel for it or something. My wife is very unhappy now as she found out I sent you them cigaret coupons. The 12¢ stamp she dont know about yet. Could you give me the where-when-and by whom on Black Flame? What is guys like Fran and other intellectuals beefing about the fandom business for; now they got, there stuck with it looks like to me.

But all kidding aside: From my corner I see that fantasy fanning is one of the more flexible hobbies. Unlike others, it has many facets, which is indeed credit to those who pursue it to the full. Judging from the past -- 1927 to the present -- the future should bring many new and flavorsome nuances. The changes will be so gradual that they'll be hard to see.

I think Laney is as funny as Doc Passote. Too bad he is disappeared but Fran will find him dont worry. Which give me a thot: maybe Fran knows all the time where the hell he is and I think sometimes the Doc is ghost writing this stuff for Fran cause it sure is comical. If Fran should disappear in the near fut-ure I bet you a Willkie button or maybe two if you want to raise, that you can find him behind Hamp's vibos, or sprawled under the "Father's" piano...huh?

Well goodbye my wife has missed that ol stamp. Oh why did I do it huh?

"BETTER PRINT THIS"

Mike Fern demands
publication

The Hoffman cover is reminiscent of an expectant Sears catalog.

The Laniac's search gets off to a good start. I notice that Fran said nothing about Fernatica in the first installment. If he potshots at me in the second, it better be hyper. But I think that the free-lunch statue was a bit sacrilegious.....

Incidentally I have yet to receive my copy of the 1944 (summer) fan directory. And I'm a member of both NFFF and FAPA.

As for Langley Searles' article, it is but one in what I fear will become an unending series of quasi-philosophical attempts to define fantasy fandom. I find myself in the unpleasant position of agreeing with whomever I am reading at the moment.

All of which reminds me of the offshoot of the Scopes Trial that sought to force schools in some states to teach that pi is 3.00000.

Searles tells me that he rec'd a letter from England hinting--- it couldn't be said right out---that an F-bomb (robomb to us) had destroyed the publisher's stocks of the first printing of SIRIUS but a second would be out in 3 months. OLD MAN IN NEW WORLD is small---36 pages only, published by George Allen and Unwin Ltd., at 2/6. A very

beautiful if somewhat arty printing job, and it gives some rather jolting insights into Stapledon's own philosophy. SIX NOVELS OF THE SUPERNATURAL has been available for two or three weeks. You're sloooow. ((He wants tomorrow's news today))

Get Laney to write up that horrific night when three drunks forced their way into his apartment one after the other and were followed by two people who turned out to be visiting firemen from Clarkston.

From what I hear, no moderns in the Derleth-F&R series; I also was told Derleth panned hell out of Out of This World for its modern, light fantasy when he reviewed it in a Madison paper.

UNSATISFACTORY is Hummel's "solution" to the fansareslans verbrawl. Reason 3 is not a reason in any known system of logic; statement 3 has already been proven false by better men than Little Jimmy (the account is in either Astounding or Time). The provers base their claim on new research which proves that what is thought of as a monotonous racial unity--homo sapiens--is in reality a multiplicity of mutations. Of course one can quibble for years about whether "human beings" and "homo sapiens" are synonymous. His last brave effort is equally futile: "If fans aren't human beings they must be slans because a non human would either be a slan or a gibbering being who could do nothing but scream clutch at nudes and turn a mimeo handle." How does he know so much?

My opinion on multiparenthetical editorial interpolations* is a constantly vacillating one, not quite a sine wave. I wept because you did not cap my letter in #18 with your beautiful, well-nigh classic, personal comeback: "The thing would probably eat up all of humanity in two gulps. A pity there'd be nobody around to hear the burp."

*I can do better with more time, but that long phrase is as good an argument as any for not even-edging.

I give in to Bratton on the separate box for biographical material; but I bet that the biographical material, in sequence, will eventually fill a box of its own.

Page twenty is a bit of a disappointment.

You can print this---I'd be sore if you didn't.

EXCERPTS:

AL WEINSTEIN: Your excellent material saved the mag from the wastepaper basket under my desk. Opening my mag to the first page, what should greet my eyes but---I'm still trying to figure out what it was. Anyway, it was signed Burbee. I liked it...Laney's bit fair. He does better stuff. Possibly it has some deep significance to the race of LASTS. ((Possibly)) Cornfetti was best in the whole issue. I always liked Ack-Ack's style, as it is similar to the one I am trying to attain. Excellent. ((Look, Acky, an acolyte))....AUSTIN HAMEL...S-L'A very good...Cornfetti by Ack quite good. Letters add interest. Many more if you so please! And improvement in appearance can be achieved by the placing of small pix between the monotonous pages of words, words and more words!....JOE KENNEDY: #18 not best issue yet...cover was a beaut. Personally I like Hoffman's work. More of it, what? Laney's story takes top honors this time. Book revuz okay. Confetti a little below par. Editorial weird, but holds the attention. Letter sec excellent...it's free, so I'm content....

AN APOLOGY TO MR BRONSON

It has been brought to my attention that several persons have read a wholly unintended implication into one of the sentences in my recent Dr Fassbeinder, I Presume. "...we peered about for the beautiful blondes which King Philbert had told us comprised his entire population. There were scores of them, but all appeared to be young boys. We concluded that their sex could only be accounted for as an

attempt to preserve Khanve standards of celibacy." is the section in question.

What was meant here was a not too subtle dig at the surprising lack of gals in the lives of the Khanves, who give one the impression that they are quite wolfish, yet rarely go out with girls, preferring apparently to indulge in more intellectual pursuits. Any other implications were certainly unintended by the writer.

As a matter of fact, this story was not submitted for publication. I did a very rough draft of the first two installments and handed it to Burbee for suggestion and comment. I did not even read most of it myself. Burbee, however, misunderstood me, and thought that I was ready to submit it. Since he had it stencilled the next time I saw him, I decided to let it go without the revision which I'd originally intended, and gave him the go ahead, still without reading it. Obviously, had I revised the story, I would have noticed that the wording was ambiguous, and would have changed it entirely.

Anyway, as I said above, no untoward meaning was intended. The way this has worked out, it is certain that I owe a most profound apology to Phil Bronson; while I certainly intended to lampoon him (and the other characters in the tale) there was absolutely no wish or intention to put anything in the story which would lead anyone to draw unwarranted, derogatory conclusions.

So...my sincere and humble apologies to you, Phil, and I hope that this error has not caused you too much distress and annoyance.

----Francis T. Laney

-oOo-

Dear Forry:

The article by me in the Annish of Vulcan calls for some kind of explanation and apology, I believe.

As was manifest from the tenor and content of the article in question, it was written in mid-February of 1944, with immediate publication in mind. At the time, as we both remember regretfully, the unfortunate feud here in Los Angeles was at its height. The article, as is obvious, was written, not in the calm and collected quiet of tranquil reflection, but at the white heat of feuding.

It has been a long time since the non-appearance of Vulcan's Anniversary issue ceased to be a topic of fan conversation; most fans no doubt thought as I did, that Vulcan was no more, and that Innman had quit fandom. Thinking thus, I took no steps to withdraw the article; although I had decided in mid-April that I did not wish it to appear. Later, I forgot the matter entirely, not to recollect it until the ghost rose from my mailbox and said "G-r-r-r-r!"

That I am very sorry about the whole thing goes without saying. While of course the primary fault is mine (for not seeing to it definitely that the article was withdrawn), a considerable amount of contributory blame attaches to Mr Innman--who, if at all informed as to fan happenings, has known for months that the squabble was adjusted amiably last June, and that further public (or private) remarks concerning it are now passe to say the least.

I hope that you will accept my profound apologies for the entire unfortunate incident.

I will appreciate it if you will give this letter public publication in either Vqm or Shangri-L'Affaires.

Sincerely,

Francis T. Laney

SLOBBER BY YOBBER

Confetti with meatballs has been suggested as the title of this thing. I wonder if you guys go through as much reading it as I do in writing it? News is scarce, but here it is, such as it is.

Don Bratton scared the pants off me on Friday, October 13th, by phoning me at work. It gives you quite a turn to hear the voice of someone you think is in Chicago. He is here on leave from the Naval Training Station, and assures me that contrary to their looks, sailor pants are very comfortable to wear.

The LISFS had a grabag auction one night last month, to raise funds to add to our almost non-existent treasury. (The new mimeo just about wrecked it, temporarily.) The bids flew fast and loose and quite a time was had by all, and most everyone acquired something that they didn't want. Walt was our auctioneer, and brought the thing off without a hitch, except at his pants, occasionally.

Morojo got a Dunsany original manuscript for 17¢ and Forry did a slow burn the rest of the evening. The bidding raged from 2¢ to the magnificent sum of 35¢ paid by Alva Rogers for an old Christmas card from Phil Bronson.

Each package being carefully wrapped, the bidding got as high as 15¢ on some of them. Forry bid 1¢ on what looked like a choice item, and Alva grunted around his pipe. Forry raised the bid to 3¢. Alva grunted again. Forry began raising frantically, every time Forry raised the bid, Alva grunted, until Forry got up to 9¢, at which Alva took his pipe from his mouth and pointed out that Forry was bidding against himself.

Bob Hoffman will be in town on furlough around Thanksgiving.

Our auction meeting was graced by Ida Charles, one of our members who has stayed away too long. We all hope she comes again soon.

Arthur Joquel was there, and after the ShangrilAuction, Walt continued with certain choice items he brought for disposal.

September 28th, we had one of those things again. A female of the species stuck her head in the door and wanted to know if the clubroom was where people registered to vote.

Art Joquel received a copy of England's FIDO with Forry's Fort McArthur stuff in it. Something slipped, for that appears only in the overseas copies.

Jackie Laney and offspring have arrived back in town permanently. The Laney's have two very beautiful children, with the youngest

a curly-haired little angel whose hobby seems to be standing on choice copies of the MOONPOOL.

The LASFS is back to normal, since the FANCYCLOPEDIA came out, and publishing is either being planned or is being done at a great rate. Walt Daugherty is putting out FAN, the LIFE magazine of fandom, and his first cover will make you howl with laughter. It, as well as many of the interior items are by VIP, whose delicious cartoons you've all seen in the leading magazines.

Ronald Clyne, who went to New York, to study painting and take a serious whirl at the commercial art field, really dropped some choice items to the LAFans cheap. Drawings, books and originals went to the fans for a song.

In case anyone wonders what became of Yerke, I came across a printed item of his on semantics in a magazine in my Doctor's office the other evening. A letter to Rob Wagner's SCRIPT, no less. How the mitee are fallen.

The prize visitor in the history of the LASFS dropped in the clubroom the first Sunday in October. Walt was deep in the mimeoing of VENUS, and the floor was studded with piles of the same. Alva was sitting over on the couch, reading, Forry was at the table, doing something at the typewriter. Walt's secretary (ahem) was working away in the middle of the floor. Walt's typewriter is one of those elaborate affairs that opens up into a table, and she was stenciling the Hasse stories for Walt's new mag.

Walt was at the mimeograph and I was reading a story in the latest WEIRD TALES. The door opened and a female came in. She was a skinny female in dark blue pants and a sweater, had black hair and was so drunk she was rolling like a rocketship in a meteor-storm. She meandered over toward Mel, carefully preserving her balance while threading her way through piles of paper. Mel moved away, and she peered at me. Large as I am, I doubt if she saw much of me, except one corner, but she tried.

"Do you want something?" I asked.

"No" she whispered and turned and staggered out.

Everone laughed and Alva got up and went to the door to see where she went. He came back in, and said that she was gone, and she was right behind him. She followed him over to the bed and sat down beside him. There was a dead silence for a moment.

"Did you want something?" Alva asked.

"No." she assured him solemnly.

"What are you here for?" Walt wanted to know.

"What's anybody here for?" She tried to see him through her alcoholic fog.

"We are here for various reasons," Walt told her.

"My husband's got a lot of property, mumble, mumble," she replied.

"Do you know what kind of a place this is?" Alva asked.

"Sure I do," she looked around the room, saw one of the originals on the wall and we all held our breaths, for her eyes widened and for a moment we thought she was going to scream or faint or both.

"Then what are you doing here?" Walt insisted.

"The same thing you are." She was becoming impatient. "What's anybody doing here?"

We were getting nowhere fast, so we all fell silent. Again she mumbled something about 'property' and her 'husband' and Walt decided to try it again. "We would like to know what you are doing here."

"The same thing anybody is doing. Say, have you been drinking too much? You're pie-eyed. You're in no condition to be out."

"I'm sure you're not the type to ever have too much to drink," Walt observed.

She swelled with visible pride. "Thank you," she was as gracious as is possible for a drunk. "I'm not."

"I could tell that by looking at you," he assured her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked of Walt's secretary.

"I'm working," Edna replied.

She turned furiously on Alva and started pounding him on the knee. He tried valiantly to defend himself. She was just a bit more than he could handle, and when he finally got a good hold on her wrists, she was on his lap, and his arms were around her. She went through all the motions of screaming, throwing her head back and opening her mouth, and all of us but Alva were rolling with laughter.

Finally Walt and Alva tried to put her out. She kicked the typewriter over into Edna's lap, I grabbed the pepsicola and the burning cigarette she dumped from the ashtray, so that the place would be neither flooded nor burned down. It was all Walt & Alva could do to handle her and it took them a good five minutes to manage it, what with her hooking her feet around things.

Alva got the old business about bringing his girlfriends to the club and fighting for his honor and that stuff. After a while, he went to the door and peered out, and she was sitting on the running board of a car across the street. The minute she saw him, she got to her feet and started walking up the street, a car came along and she held up her thumb, yelled "stop", the driver did and she climbed in and the car drove away.

So ends another month in the LASFS. Why don't you wire your reservations for the next vacant straightjacket?

From:

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Los Angeles 55, Calif

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Walt Kessel

1207 E. Henry

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