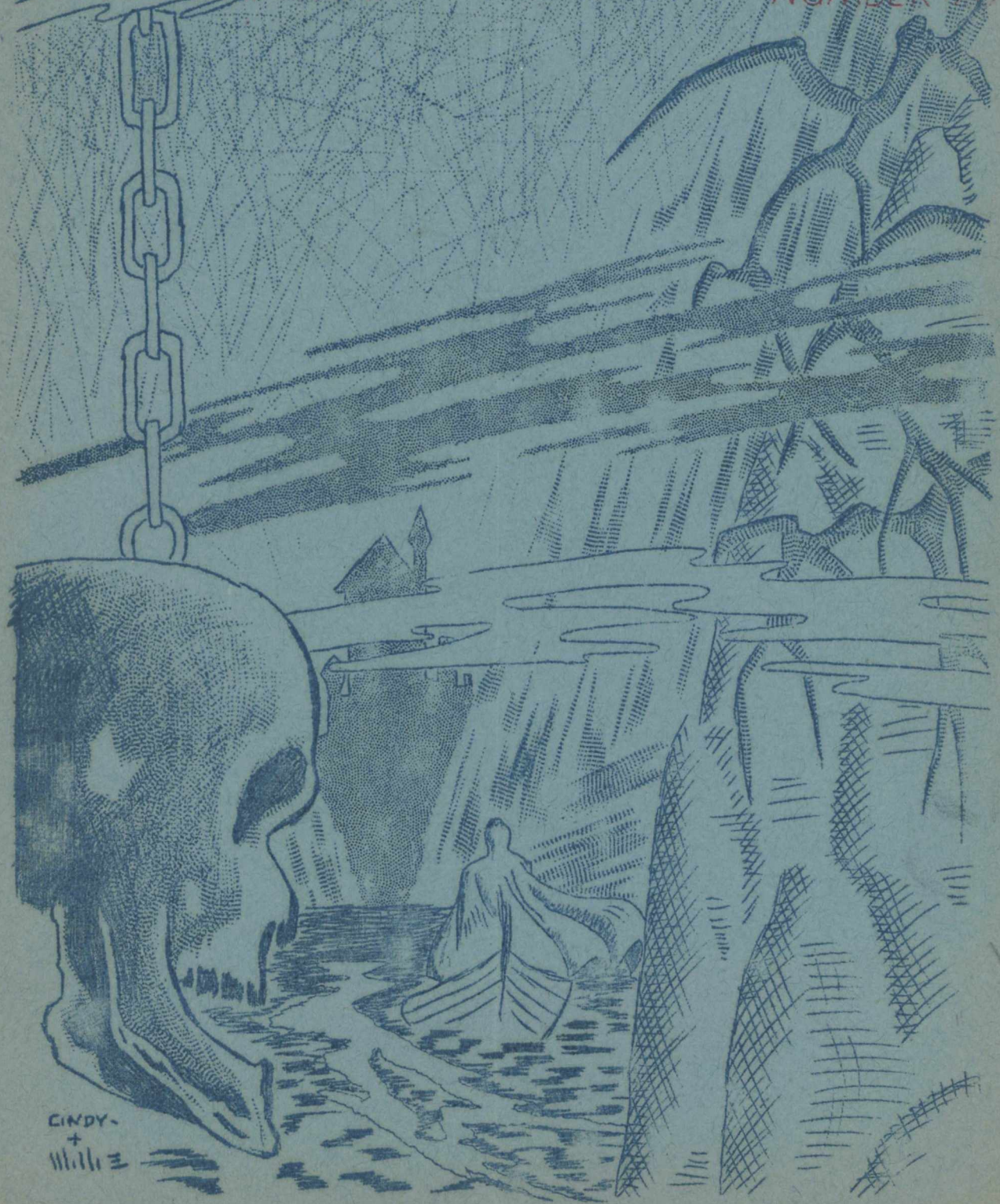


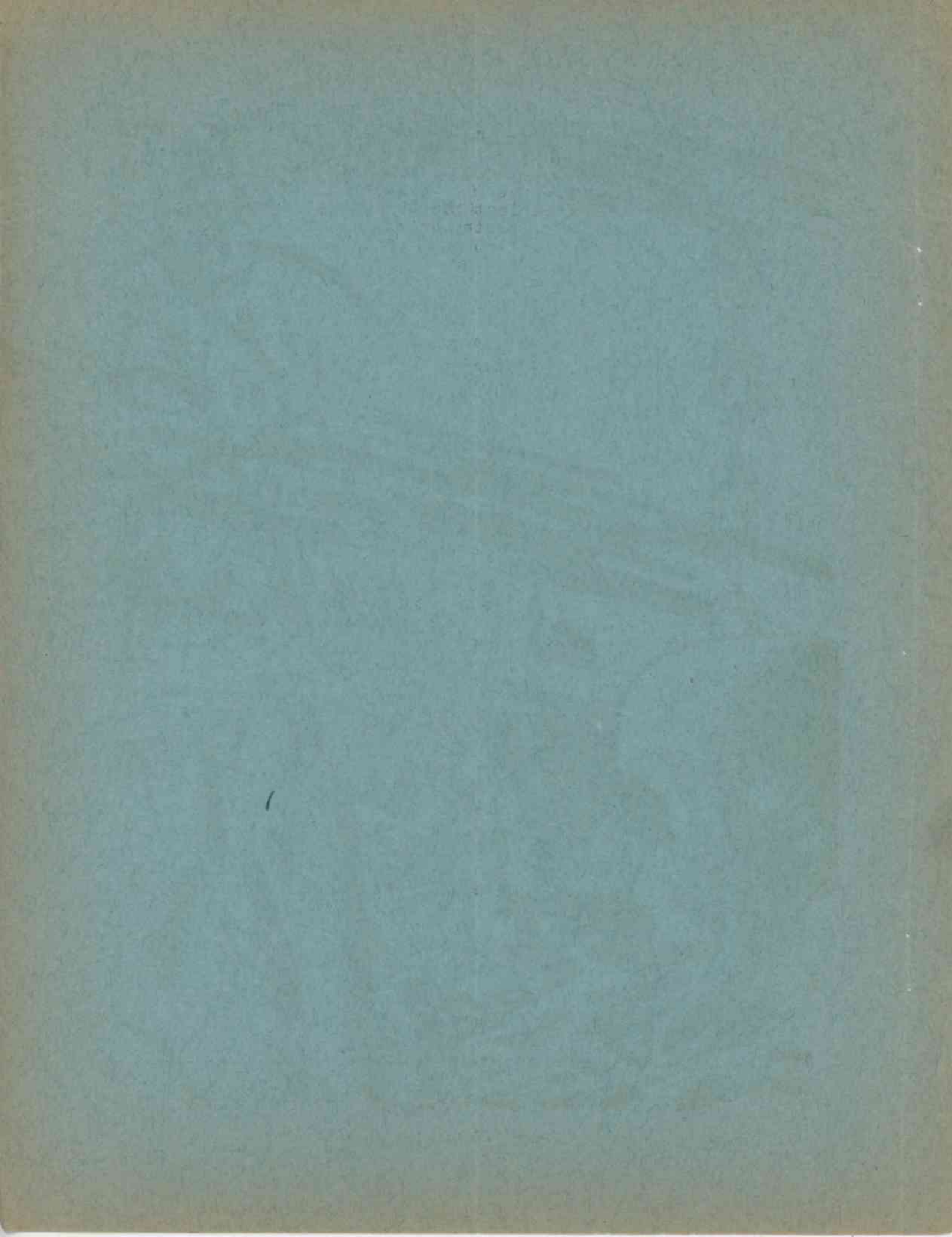
# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES.

NOVEMBER 1944

NUMBER 20



CINDY-  
+  
WILLIAMS



Shangri-L'Affaires #20 for November, 1944. Willie Watson got mixed up on the number when he did the cover, but no use complaining about it now. This is the club publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (the LASFS) and is published once a month at the clubroom, 637 $\frac{1}{2}$  S. Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. Charles Burbee is the editor. Address all communications to the editor. Some of you had better start communicating pretty quick. Also, a couple of you editors have been lax in exchanging with us. Better repent.

Some discussion has been raised here about charging something for this mag. Since it has become a general fanzine instead of a club publicity organ, somebody has argued, it should have a subscription price. It all seemed like a good idea at the time. So, with the idea of slapping a price on the mag, I wrote an editorial last night. But this morning I'd thought better of the whole thing. Too many disadvantages.

I'd have to keep books on the thing. And the letter department would suffer terribly. Nobody'd bother to write any more if they were laying out good coin for the rag. Besides, I might suddenly have to acquire a sense of responsibility. That would be a blow to my character. You see, ever since I became sophisticated, I've assiduously avoided getting a sense of responsibility.

Then, too, the temptation would exercise an evil influence on my will power. Suppose we charged 5¢ a copy, 6 for 25¢. Suppose, then, that we got 4,000 25-cent subscriptions. That's \$1,000, which would guarantee me a good day at Hollywood Park.

So, no subscription price this time.

-oOo-

Got a quaint letter the other day. A fellow requested copies of Shangri-L'etc #14, #15, and #16. Migawd, the club library hasn't got copies of any of those issues, and only the other day Laney traded a copy of Acolyte for S-L'A #18 which contained an article by him.

-oOo-

I always chuckle a little when thinking about the contents of the next month's issue. As usual, nothing at all is scheduled. Brown has half-heartedly suggested doing another ego-boosting article like the one in #19. Kepner has outlined an article which will have to be used elsewhere as it violates this mag's Pollyanna policy. Crozetti isn't around any more. Ackerman groans when he thinks of doing a regular column. I have lost Hummel's science article. Willie Watson hasn't done anything about "Memoirs of a ///". Ebey's somewhere in the South Pacific.

Still, I don't see why I should be concerned about the next issue.

What if the outlook is bad? No business of mine.

Not any more. Because, with this issue, I resign.

Don't forget those letters if you want #21.

# A WREATH OF SKUNK CABBAGE FOR THE NFFF -

BY FRANCIS T. LANEY

A careful study and analysis of the so-called "Welcom Booklet"--WHAT IS SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM--recently published by the National Fantasy Fan Federation leads one to wonder just what objectives could have been in the minds of its sponsors. While the underlying purpose is no doubt to get new members for the NFFF and incidentally to add new fans to fandom, it is extremely questionable just how successful the booklet will be in this respect. It is even more questionable in my mind just how valuable to fandom would be the type of individual this booklet apparently panders to.

Before I proceed to pick the booklet to pieces, perhaps I should point out that I myself am a member in good standing of the NFFF, and that all I say is meant constructively. If, in the course of things, I step on someone's toes, or wax a bit acid, it is incidental. I am sincerely distressed by the motives and interests displayed in this pamphlet and being thus exercised can see little reason to restrain myself. For, if I'd received this booklet in October 1942 instead of October 1944, it would have driven me out of fandom in disgust. I know enough of the field today to realize that the "Welcom Booklet" paints a distorted picture, else I would sever all connection with it at once. I certainly have no wish to remain affiliated with a group which claims to be "fans" yet displays no interest in fantasy, and which tops this absurdity with activity limited largely to quarrelling and making up nonsensical jargon.

I feel that my position in the fan world is such that I might call myself a prominent fan without too much prevarication; I've been in the "top ten" for around a year, publish the #2 fanzine, am active otherwise both nationally (in FAPA) and locally (in the LASFS), and so on. Presumably my contributions to fandom have on the whole been worthwhile, else I'd not have been named favorably on any poll. But, as I have already stated, this booklet would in the early stages of my connection with the field have driven me away screeching with horror. I can't help wondering how many other serious fantasy lovers would be driven away from our group by this abortive attempt at recruiting propaganda.

A few cold facts: (1) The joint authorship of the bulletin prevents it from being a coherent and unified whole and makes it instead a rather illogically thrown-together hodge-podge. Does this sort of thing make the proper impression on a newcomer? (2) The almost complete avoidance of any mention of the literature of which we are fans is in itself enough to destroy the value of the booklet. Prospective fans are interested in scientifiiction and fantasy--regardless of other stereotyped interests they may later develop--and the virtual omission of any mention of the "holy writings" is certain to make them think we are anything but fans. (3) Though the booklet apparently attempts to bridge the gap between readerdom and fandom, two of the

chapters--those by Wollheim and Ackerman--are far too specialized and would have been much more appropriate in some fanzine. (4) Perhaps this is no more than a minor point, but shouldn't the booklet carry some address, in case its recipient desires to investigate further?

Taking the chapters one by one, the pamphlet falls flat on its face insofar as interesting the casual reader may be concerned. Ashley's introduction fairly reeks with the apologetic attitude expressed concretely in the next to the last paragraph: "Please read the following pages carefully..." What a feeble way to write an advertisement! I happen to know that Ashley has the enthusiasm; the casual reader can't be kindled to enthusiasm with this lackadaisical stuff. This introduction failed to make any mention of collecting, ignored any possibility of a serious and literate interest fantasy for its own sake. The lack of a reader hook will doubtless keep many from reading it; those who do will learn that "fandom is a state of mind", and a few other vague things. I cannot visualize the average reader going ahead to the next chapter with any clear idea as to what a fan is. Or perhaps this was designed for the extra-sensory interpretations of slans?

Mr Wollheim's BRIEF HISTORY OF FANDOM is in itself enough to make the average fantasiste utter a loud scream and toss the booklet into the wastebasket. It is lamentably true that the history of fandom has been a stormy one, but a publication of this nature is certainly not the place to drag out these old feuds and quarrels. An aircraft manufacturer such as Lockheed does not use the petty jealousies and strife among its employees as an inducement to hire new help! Despite our preoccupation with our microcosm, we should be willing to profit by the experience of the outside world.

Warner's PRESENT-DAY ORGANIZATIONS is pretty feeble, and was not helped by an asinine misprint. In the first place, the failure to give addresses of local groups or individuals is totally inexcusable. A large portion of the clientele of this pamphlet will be living in the various cities named; contact with local fans certainly will not hinder their interest, will it? And why drag the Cosmic Circle into this chapter? Even if the group had not fallen by the wayside, the organization which publishes this glossy, printed booklet doesn't fear the competition of Degler's "mimeography", does it? And that first sentence in the last paragraph: "The absence of inactivity of fan clubs during the war should not be a cause for distress." How's that again?

Tucker's discussion of fan publishing was quite good. It would have been strengthened, however, if Bob had named a few names. To the newcomer, the discovery that some of his idols such as Palmer, Bloch, Bradbury, and the rest actually got into professional writing and editing through fandom would be a terrific talking point. In its present form, the chapter seems to lack punch and convincingness.

Ackerman's article on FANTASY FLANGUAGE is excellently and amusingly done...and completely out of place. In a fanzine, it would have been fine, but the stressing of the more frivolous side of fandom cannot attract new converts--at least, not converts of a solidly mature and sensible nature. Moreover, I question that it gives a true picture of the way fans talk; Forrest J (no period) himself doesn't talk like that sample dialog! (Thank God!)

YOUR PLACE IN FANDOM, Rothman's contribution, is excellent. Not only does it show a considerable knowledge of preparing intriguing advertising copy, but it is the only section of the booklet which shows clearly

and concretely certain specific advantages to becoming an active fan. I fear, however, that the average non-fan reader will have quit in disgust long before he gets this far.

The chief trouble with the entire booklet is easy to find. Many if not most of these writers are primarily stefnists, individuals who have lost most of their interest in true fandom, but who at the same time have gotten stuck so deeply in the microcosm that they find it well-nigh impossible to extricate themselves. This accounts both for the vagueness of what constitutes a fan, as expressed here, and for the deplorable neglect of fantasy itself. Those writers don't want to add fans to fandom, they wish to recruit stefnists for the stefnate....and there is a world of difference. They forget that the presentday handful of stefnists evolved (or degenerated?) from fandom.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation has prostituted itself to the stefnate, and, apparently, does not even realize that it is supposed to be a fan organization comprised of fans of fantasy and scientifiction. I have nothing against the stefnists either individually or as a group--in fact, I have certain interests along stefnistic lines myself--but I am primarily a fan, and feel that fandom can best be augmented by getting the seriously interested readers and collectors--fellows like Alva Rogers or Lee Baldwin or Art Saha or Bill Evans--in contact with the rest of us and with fandom. Even if he later takes up an interest along stefnistic lines, this type of man is not going to be interested initially in the sort of blather contained in the "Welcom Booklet"...and it's a pity, for we have more than enough crackpots in fandom now. Fandom needs these solid and serious readers and collectors, and it has long needed a presentable means of contacting them.

This booklet could be it. It has the appearance, the organization behind it, means of distribution...everything but decently written contents calculated to fulfil its purposes. What a bitter disappointment to see the NFFF drop the ball when they were away for a touchdown!

Had I been preparing this booklet, it would have been totally different. In the first place, I would have seen to it that it followed sound practices as a piece of advertising. If no one in fandom could have written it this way, I have no doubt that a professional advertising agency would have charged little for a re-write job. This type of publication needs punch and kick, and despite our distaste for commercial advertising, it is based on sound psychological principles.

Then, the contents: An introduction, of course, but it would, without omitting stefnistic views and definitions, have had plenty of dope on the scope of the fantasy field. Chapter One. Fantasy magazines, about two pages of thumbnail, generalized reviews, not omitting the great mags of the past such as WONDER and UNKNOWN. Chapter Two. Fantasy books, two or more pages devoted largely to pointing out that the magazines are a mere beginning, and touching a few of the highlights in the hard cover stuff. Chapter Three. Fans. This would be a long section, outlining the various ramifications of the field, including the strictly stefnistic interests. Sub-headings might include fan publishing, the FAPA, conventions, local clubs, collecting, the stefnate. Chapter Four. Collecting. A three or four page introduction to this charming vice, giving a few pertinent pointers for the beginner, and pointing out the advantages of having one's den looking like the Salvation Army waste paper section. Chapter Five. The NFFF.

A two or three page outline of this organization, its purposes, its activities. Chapter Six. Punch Line. Milt's chapter, or one much like it. An appendix would follow, giving names, addresses, and subscription rates of a few of the leading fanzines; and addresses of local fan groups, prominent local fans, and so on. The back cover would be perforated and carry an application form (with address!) so that the recipient of the booklet would be more likely to do something about it all.

Migawd! Old Blood and Guts Laney actually being objective and constructive for three whole pages! My dotage must be upon me!

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## BOOKS FOR SALE

No bargains--just some Super Stuff!

THE NEW GODS LEAD - S Fowler Wright - \$2.50  
SAURUS (Homo Serpiens) - Eden Phillpotts - \$3.50  
PHOENIX - HG Wells - \$1  
DR KRASINSKI'S SECRET - MP Shiel - \$2.50  
THE NEW ADAM (Homo Mutens) - Weinbaum - \$2.50  
SINISTER BARRIER (British) - Russell - \$3  
HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME - Shiel - \$2  
SIRIUS (Homo Canine) - Stapledon (main stock destroyed by robomb?) - \$7.50  
BEYOND THE RIM - Wright - \$2  
CONTEMPORARY MEMOIR - Wells (deliberately limited to 2000) - \$12.50  
THIS ABOVE ALL - Shiel - \$2.50  
THE INTELLIGENCE GIGANTIC (Homo Superior) - Fearn - \$2.50  
THE GOLDEN AMAZON (Superwoman) - Fearn - \$2.50  
COLD HARBOUR - on the Lovecraft List - \$3  
PERELANDRA - Lewis - \$2 reduced to \$1 since Ley's devastating debunking.  
THE ADVENTURES OF WYNDHAM SMITH - Wright - \$2  
WORLD BRAIN - Wells - \$2  
OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET - Brand New but reduced to \$1.50 since Mel Brown says "It Stinks!!"  
THE WEIGHER OF SOULS - Maurois - \$2.50  
THE GOLDEN BLIGHT - Geo Allen England - \$7.50  
LO! - Fort - \$5

Also much special mag stuff (original printings): "Woman of the Wood", "Sky-lark of Space", "Shamblau", "The Metal Emperor", "Shadow Out of Time", "Colour Out of Space", "Lord of Death", "Queen of Life", "Scarlet Dream", "Black Thirst", "Time Stream", "Exile of the Skies", "Triplanetary", "Conquest of the Moon Pool", &c.

Order from: The Dweller in the Garage, 236-1/2 N New Hampshire, Hollywood 4.

# ACKHORNS BY ACKY

## SPERLIN' MERLIN'S DAY

The superior sport of baiting Merlin (Mel) Brown reached a fine art recently. Bibliomaniac Brown, who boils if he discovers a bookstore & anybody else has the poor taste to run across it too before he's cleaned it out, intended to drop down one Sun morn to a shop known to all. Laney & Acky simultaneously learned of this intention from Kepner. The Laniac, who was intending to go down a little later in the day anyway to pick up a few inconsequential second hand mags, decided he'd leave right away. So, gathering up dawter Sandy, he asked Acky if he wanted to go along. No, 4g was otherwise occupied. So, as soon as Fran & child were out of sight, Forry went dashing out & the long way 'round to the store. He figured on Sandra's slowing her pop down, & surenuf, was able to get inside the shop without being spied by the approaching pair. Quickly loading up with an armful of the nearest pulps (nonstf) he plopt a Weird Tales or two on top & mischievously awaited his victim. Laney chose to stop & browse a moment outside the shop. Sandy spotted Forry, tugged on her daddy's arm & said "Look, my soldier's inside!" Papa paid no attention to her obvious case of mistaken identity. Til he entered the place & came to full-stop face to face with the exultant Ack-Ack & his mountain of mags. Gag's tragic conclusion came a few mins. later when the unsuspecting Mel & manservants entered the establishment. When Brown lampt Laney & 4g, omigawd was he sore..!

## OFF THE RECORDS

The fonograf record files of the LASFS have been augmented by discs from Frank Holby & Les Croutch. This makes 4 discs recvd since N3F Prexy, 3Evans, suggested fans make Shangri-LA the repository of vocal messages.

## HENSLEY & HOLBY

Seafaring servitan Joe Hensley, progenitor of Vulcan mag Apollo, appeared on the LA scene several wks ago, dutifully inspected the Club Rm & the Ackermansion & won regard due to his good stock of dirty storys. By an odd coincidence, he had recently met Dave Fox\*. Fox was reading Wollheim's pb of SF, which caused Hensley to speak to him. Fox mentioned the as yet unconfirmd rumor that Stanton A Coblentz had died.

Cpl Frank Holby, former Frisco fan & semipro (2 acceptances in "Probability Zero") was in town overnite, dropt in at the club. Here he was recepted by Daugherty's fanne find, Edna (illustrious last name) Shaw, who directed Frank to Forry's. As one of the early contributors to the Sha-LA fono-files, the cpl was interested to hear other fan recordings. Simak, Jacobi, Saari, Sam Russell & others were heard on the famous Mpls "Greetings to the Denvention" disc.

\*Old-time club-member, dating from the days when his pal, Roy A Squires 2d, was an important faname, & Russell Leadabrand's printed fanmag, Unique, was laying claim to fame. One of the Big 3 of Glendale...

## "UNCLE JOHN"

Stapledon's superman, 'Odd Jno', has become the beloved "Uncle" of the Laney kiddies, Sandy & Quiggy. Fangeleño Ray Harryhausen was to fashion Weaver Wright an Odjon mask for the Denvention Masquerade but it didnt quite come off (the mask, not the Maskerade) for some forgotten reason. But later on T/3 Harryhausen made a plaster cast of the Homo Superior, complete with realistic white woolly hair--& a Gl haircut, as per description. So Johann der supermann reposes in the LASFS, now, the club mascot, as it were, & the Fran-children are always quick to inquire about "Uncle John"--or, touching tableau, one sees the familiar sight of one the fan's being presst into service to lift Quiggy (née Sonya, nicknamed Squiggles) up in the air by the fone to pat dear Uncle John on his bulging brain pan with the realistic white woolly hair (with the Gl haircut).

## YERKE GOES BERSERKE

In a mad moment, Knave Badman, TBY, toned the LASFS crud room & who shoud answer but Knavendettist Jack Erman! "I am giving away my entire science fiction collection," said Yerke. "Prozines & fanzines. Anybody with a car can have them. Spread the word." To be sure, Hon-zst Acky spread the word...with the subdued whisper of a centenarian turtle with laryngitis. Before U could say "Frqnk Robinson", Erman had procured a car & the haul was his. Haul's well that ends well.

## BLAH-BLAH about SAHA

So a well-drest young man, looking like a poor fan's Phil Bronson, boldly entered the Bixelated Booby (hatch) (trap) & announced "I'm Art Saha." Some difficulty was experienced in understanding this fugitive from Hibbing, Minn, as it was that he was merely clearing his throat. When it became evident he was introducing himself, it was momentarily believed we were in the presence of Art Sehnert. However, his identity was zventually untangled &, ere the eve was o'er, he had joind the Club.

Saha's entrance form was the subject of scrutiny, better spelled screwytiny, by the Hexecutive Committee. Exception was taken to his secondary hobbys, in that he placed philately before philandering in importance. It was felt in some quarters this indicated a maladjustment to life, which might eventually lead to strife in the soc'y.

His occupation he listed as "Mariner", but, as he was born in Oct '23, it was definitely establisht that he was not the fabled ancient mariner. It was learnd he recently had returnd from a trip to Australia in the service of the Merchant Marines, but had faild to meet any tangaroos among the kangaroos.

Responding to the line, "Give brief account of acquaintance with scientificion magazines," he stated: "Started 1936 with ASF. Read 'em all since." Horror was exprest when it was realized this statement indicated the inclusion of Fant. Adventures & Capt. Future. For this, bannishment to the Saha Desert was sentenced, with a "sentence suspended" clause by Judge Laney, who is nuts about dangling participles (with or without whip cream). Nothing thrills purist gram-marian Fran like a neatly amputated gerund, as served up by AE van Vogt.

Askt to give a brief account of his reasons for wishing to maintain membership in the Soc'y, Saha wrote: "I guess I'm a screwball like the rest of 'em." This was considered defamation of characters.

Some insisted they were 8-balls. Concerted attempt was made to induce Art to replace Confetti by Crozetti with a ready-made ego-boosting crud-column, Kah Rah by Saha, but no soap. He's no dope!

FANCYCLOPEDIA sells 170th copy! Only 80 left! \$1.50 from 6475 Met Stn

"IS U IS OK IS U AINT MA' BURBEE?"

Learnd a new respect for our multi-faceted editor recently. Visited his house, listened to his fonograf records. He has a lot of classical culture stuff that he keeps around to impress people with, but also some good stuff, like Bing Crosby & Dinah Shore. Mrs Burbree & I became firm friends at once when it was discovered we were mutual lovers of der Bingle-Andrewsisters' rendition of "Is U Is?" Chas, for some boorish reason, detests this number; but redeems himself by an altogether amiable admiration for "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup" (which --unaccountably--Mrs B. dislikes intensely). Mr B. demonstrated who wore the pants in his family by playing "Je Vous Aime" repeatedly, as if anybody gave a damn about anybody in the Burbree family except who wears the panties. (I--er--am--of course--koff-koff refering to his charming small children. Gaw, for a moment there I was beginning to sound like Watson or Ebey. Death--before dishonor!)

Much merriment was caused by playing records backward. Genzral effect of vocal stuff was German. "Rhapsody in Blue" sounded like "Rhapsody in Blah", while "Je Vous Aime" was, a pleasant surprise, translated into English in the process. Burbree liked "Si Ouy Si", the backward version of "Is U Is", better than the forward...

But I want U all to know that the entire evening at Burbree's was a farce, & I stand aghast at the lengths to which some editors will stoop (& he has just the build for it) for a scrap of ego-boo. It is my considered opinion that Chas (Droll) Burbree did, wittingly conspire with malice aforethought & intent to ego-inflate, to invite the Etjay of Akkamin, Alva Rogers, Vic Clark & the Laney ménage, to his domicile. This, for the express purpose of achieving Burblicity by a report in his own Shangri-L'Affaires!

Burbree is one of these radio nuts who brags about the "tone" & "quality" of his sets, of which, U may be sure, there is more than one. "Listen to that base!" he will enthuse. "Did you ever hear anything like it? Design's what does it! Special Interior sounding board. Most remarkable thing you ever saw in your life. Built by a sonics engineer. Inside looks like a guy's guts just after he's stuffed himself with some of my wife's spaghetti." Plays you a record thru an ordinary horn then via the hetero-dynamic ultra-resonator. U can't tell a damn bit of diff, but U grin knowingly & tchk-tchk approvingly, sensing that the Hyde side of Burbree might tan yo' hide if U failed to praise his wonder box. He exuberantly explains how all U got to do is build the vox box into a wall & all those lovely long-wave low notes will pop out vibrantly. Rogers, the sex-fiend (well, U know how single-minded these bohemian artists are) wakens from his drunken stupor & murmurs, "What's that about vibrant Waves? Long Waves or short--blond, brunet or red head--I like 'em all!" We leave Burb around 1 a.m., as he considers the intriguing possibility of a tesseractivator tube for 4-dimensional echoes. On the way home we stop in front of a church to wait for a st-car & an immense collie wearing a cross around his collar sniffs Rogers, who has been fondling the Burbees' pooch, mistaking him for a canine & trying to make him. But Rodge is standoffish & frustrated fido finally kisses Quiggy & enters the convent, no doubt to devote its life to celibacy.....

## DOWN WITH WARTH

Willie Watson  
is revolting

Here, Here, Old Man: These original covers aren't wanted, fellow! Warth has proven that he is not a true phan! He has defiled the sacred tradition of psighence pfiction! Warth must be disposed of! This cannot continue! We must revolt, do you hear me, revolt! Down with original covers! Down with Warth! Down with Shangri-L'Affaires for defiling the sacred tradition! Down, I say, down! Damn these damn dogs anyhow.

As a matter of cold fact, Burbee, you devil, you, the impression I got of you while down in your sterling city (b'god - listen to that insidious propaganda!) was not too good - or rather - I was impressed not at all. But after reading a couple of those cynical editorials of yours I am impressed, Yes. Favorably, too.

Double Spaced  
on One Side is typical Ebey filler. He read it over the fone to me one day...I yawned and said it was good, as I recall, but couldn't use it. Then he gave me the shock of my life by telling me that he wasn't submitting it to me. I immediately wanted it. I still do. It would still make good filler.

Shottle Bop News will make great satire in the next Bay Area Le Fout. Daugherty is ((was)) in for a big surprise...

The FANCYCLOPEDIA Is a Success! Huzzah! Bang the cymbals and trot out the four by fours, boys, the FANCYCLOPEDIA is a success! By god, Speer is god! ((No, he isn't)) Praise Allah and kiss his feet, but with Speer we must toss orchids and fountain pens! ((Can you see where this has been edited?)) Hurrah! How I talked with God, or, I'm Great Company for Myself, by John A Bristol. Well, it has a good format, anyway.

Francis T Laney - Enigma of Shangri-LA is the year's classic. I'm sorry, Brown, that I couldn't get around to doing that caricature for you, but the one Rogers (?) did ((?)) was just as good as anything I might have turned out. The sports collar, rumpled and tired looking, is just as typical of Fran as the boisterous laughter.

Slobber by Yobber is illegitimate, as Crozetti ain't responsible for the title. Hereafter I demand that Crozetti say --The title for this column was lifted from Bay Area Le Fout without their permission and I'm a big idiot for using it. That way we've got her coming and going. ((Only, I'm the guy that put in the title--Crozetti had nothing to do with it. She intends to bring suit))

Henry Elsner Jr makes me puke,  
so there.

toujours gai

willie but not for 7 y'ars

## NOTHING CONTROVERSIAL

Searles  
and the Fancyclopedia

Dear Burbee: S-L'A #19 at hand, and, having perused same, I vouchsafe the opinion that it falls below #17 and #18. Definitely. Ebey's bit is memorable to me only because of paragraph seven (the one in parentheses); that was a very nice bit of whimsy, worthy of Wilson at his best...but I don't think as much of Planet's letter column as does George, I fear.

May I put in my two coppers anent the Fancylopedia? It's a start in the right direction, and no more than that. That it is a success is pleasing indeed to learn, but I hope that when the flurry of mutual backslapping has subsided thought will be given to the general revision, correction, and addenda which must be undertaken and added if Speer's work is to attain any sort of permanence. Jack has made an excellent step in the right direction---and I feel that he himself realizes that he'll have to keep on walking. And it's my hope that everybody realizes that too.

Thought the "drunk" episode a trifle overdone.

Anent news from Arkham House, I might as well pass along a bit from a letter received from Derleth a while back. Rumors have been rife in the city about a possible reprinting of The Outsider. No, says A.D., that's not scheduled. However, here's a bit of dope on Lovecraft material that I've not yet seen in print: Argus Book Shop (now of N.Y.) have contracted Derleth for a 500-copy edition of Lovecraft's essay "Supernatural Horror in Literature," probably to appear in December, as should also Marginalia. For Argus also Derleth is writing a short book to contain a Lovecraft bibliography. In prospect only are an Armed Services expendable edition of H.P.L., largely for overseas distribution, and also Bartholomew House may do a second paperbound collection. Approximately 50% of The Outsider, however, is definitely scheduled for World Publications' Best Supernatural Tales of H. P. Lovecraft, cloth-bound and with an introduction by Derleth, which should appear under the Tower imprint around next April...

Which, I think, should be enough to keep me on the S-L'A mailing list...

I'LL FEEL GYPPE

Harry Warner Jr wakes  
from his tribal doze

Dear Chas: It suddenly strikes me that I neglected to write you upon receipt of the 18th Fairy, and obviously the votive offering or whatever the letter may be called must be carried out this time, if I am to be sure of receiving yet more issues free, gratis, and with no discernible strings attached. It still seems too good to be true, though. ((Maybe we went out in the noonday sun))

This issue is rather curiously uncommmentable; though I enjoyed most of it, little therein calls for violent denials, contentions, or controversies. I might, though, express my disappointment with the Arkham House book listings on page...well, the book listings; apparently you didn't bother about a little thing like numbers. I've never been rich enough to buy the Arkham House books, so I can't kick for myself, but can't help thinking that Derleth and associates are now letting down the fans who did make the publishing venture a success. Specifically, at least half of the Bloch and Derleth tales listed I've read, and know to be mediocre material, some of them very, very bad examples of weird fiction, many of them easily obtainable at low price through the last few years' issues of Weird Tales. When there is such a crying need for, for instance, an anthology of the shorter works of C. L. Moore--or if copyright difficulties could be smoothed out--Arthur Machen, publishing this sort of stuff is nothing short of criminal.

Henry may leave himself wide open in his comments on cataloging, but hits home in one respect: a lot of the fans just aren't interested. I am interested, very much so, and in fact am toying with the idea of striking out along a different, even more thorough, path, independently and secretly for a while until I find out how things work out. But the thing that no one seems to recognize these days is that fandom is no longer the way it used to be--it has grown so complex that any sort of activity interests only a certain portion of fandom, and the percentage interested in any given item grows smaller and smaller annually. Five years ago, there were no noticeable "bibliofans" like Rosenblum, Searles, Fern, and so forth; and there were comparatively few fans who did their fanning virtually solely through personal contact with other fans, like Frank Robinson and Russ Wilsey. All this is nothing to be deplored, it's simply something to be recognized--that no one can possibly be active in all lines of fan endeavor today, and that no one should be disappointed when a suggestion is taken up by only a certain section of fandom.

The article on Fran most entertaining and instructive, sounding reasonably unprejudiced. Moreover, it shows that Mel is a good writer if not permitted to do his own typing! I still don't know what the Enigma of Shangri-La looks like, though, a curious and rather disturbingly different aspect appearing in every photograph or drawing that I behold. ((The best likeness yet))

Ebey's contention that a prozine's value is reflected in the vigor of its letter section--whether he is really serious or not makes no difference--is pretty sound, I think. I must confess that I seldom read any letter section thoroughly these days, and can't stomach the thought of struggling through every letter in a single issue of Planet, yet changes or suspension of a magazine have usually shown up pretty plainly in letter sections in the past.

If you don't send no. 20 after this effort, I shall feel myself most thoroughly gypped.

P.S. You write ((I copy without a blush)) the most entertaining fanzine editorials of all time.

11:30 IS TOO LATE

Richard Sncary  
leaps out in full armor

Dear Editor Burbee First let me thank you for putting me on your mailing list.

Second let me thank Walter Daugherty and apologize to. Thank him for passing my address on to you and to apologize for calling him. Lorraine. I am afraid I cause him some embarrassment for which I am deeply sorry. The only reason I can give is that there was a Lorraine listed just above Walt and I may have copied it by mistake. If Walt wants I will be glad to bang my head against the wall 100 times, the only thing is the dust comes out of the cotton padding and makes me sneeze.

And next I'm sorry to say I will be unable to come to the meeting as I live one hour by street car. Besides winter's coming on. One hour from Bixel St I live and 11.30 is no time for me to be out.

Why doesn't your club have branches in the smaller cities? ((We have one in N.Y. and one in Battle Creek--good enough?)) So the fans that live so far out can belong to the club even in a small way. No! I am not trying to change your swell club, just make it bigger.

As for Shangri-L'Affaires, the best fanzine I have read and the first.

Cover is good but why not a flying eye? It is more appropriate. Your editorial was swell. That one thing about a free fanzine you can tell your readers to go jump in to space, if you feel like it.

The articles by Ebey, Daugherty and some one named Yobber were fine, swell.

Merlin Brown article was well written but too long. Three pages! Nuts. I say Burbee you out to get a personnel manager to handle the troublesome help. Need I mention names? The fuc letters you had were completely enjoyable, only they were way to fuc. They sure are a hight type of fans. What do they drink to get so hight? ((Subject for a poll--somebody take it from here))

How about giving my friend Benson Perry's new fanzine "CYGNI" a plug. Allso wach CYGNI for big nows next ish. I mustent tell you what but be on the look out for it anyway. Sorry the letter looks a mess (I suppose you won't print it) but I don't have a typewriter.

## EARS AND DRUNKS

Al Weinstein  
sits with us a while

Dear Burb- Ye Ghods, what an issue! Flying cars on the cover, drunks running all around the damned place; what is Shanri La comming too anyhow?

But in all, this issue has been the best so far--at least I think so. Your letter sexion was marvelous--especially that exerpst from a letter by a guy named Weinstein. Marvelous writer, that boy. By all means get some more stuff from him.....

And with that insane thought I will tell you my opinions of this issue---or at least what I can make out of it. You ought to try writing the mag in English sometimes. Anyway, I enjoyed Slobber by Yobber (WHO IN GREEN HELL IS YOBBER?). Cute piece of writing. Very.

Daugherty managed beautifully to take up a page saying just about this much, "---". Original, I know, but its the truth. That was the damdest plug I ever saw. Pretty good writing tho.

Also of high Shangrilaquality was Merlin's bitabout Laney. I often though Laney was a lectle freakish--as the picture of him proves. Only one eye. Tch tch. Poor Laney. No wonder he needs glasses.

Ackerman's thing about the Fancyclopedia---I cannot decide whether its a or a . Please enlighten me. I won't sleep a wink till I know.

Watson's letter is sweet----

-----

Editorial was very funny very funny. Does it hurt very much, Charlie? ((Wide open, absolutely wide open. Control yourself, Burbee))

Ebeys article quite nice. I sometimes think Ebey is becoming human..... and so, with that unnerving thought I take my leave.

## MAHLER'S 9TH

Doc Lowndes  
takes it on the downbeat

Gents- Congrats on Laney's "Dr. Fassbeinder, I Presume", which promises to be an elegant bit of satire. I particularly enjoyed Laney's comments on Mahler's Symphony #9, even though I'm a Mahler addict myself ((Rally 'round, Yerke)) and revel in the piece. However, I can readily understand how anyone not in sympathy with the Mahler idiom would hear nothing but a series of cacophonies in it, particularly in the second and third movements which aren't particularly convincing,

even though they have their moments. For my ears, the first and last sections of this work are truly moving and beautiful, though.

I suppose you might call it an example of what Tovey calls a "relaxation of power". His thesis is that even if a fine artist can be written down by himself, one work of art cannot be diminished by another -- and even if the composer turns out no single work without weaknesses, still the fine points achieved in important sections of a masterpiece cannot be done in by slips elsewhere. This is particularly true of Mahler, whose musical ideas often fell far short of his style of expression. (It's often been said that if Mahler could have only combined his superb technique with Bruckner's superb ideas -- or vice versa, as you may like it -- the combination would have been breathtaking. As it is, Bruckner suffered from an inability to make his separate ideas hang together, or to develop his themes, while Mahler was sadly limited in ideas to begin with. Still, for those persons who are willing to endure a multitude of defects for the numerous places where they both attain breathtaking heights, they have a lot to offer.) In our present time, Shostakovitch seems to be in the same fix as Mahler; as his technique improves -- in his newest 8th Symphony it's awe-inspiring -- his ideas run out and all he seems able to do at present is rehash what he's already done in previous works, though in better form. He's been re-writing himself ever since the 5th Symphony, although I think his 7th has enough new and vital material in it to stand by itself. However, 10 or 20 years will pass judgment on that.

Oh yes, give Bro. Hummel an orchid for his amusing trifle in logic.

## SCIENTIFIC DETAIL, NOTHING

Pfc Paul Spencer  
raises his left eyebrow

Dear Chas: I got quite a kick out of receiving Shangri-L'Affaires. I would anyway, but being in India I got a special thrill from it, and read of fan doings with an interest even greater than that I had when the LASFS was in the same country with me. Of course, it's conducive to head-against-wall-battering to read of activities without being able to take part in them....

Hoffman's cover rather tickled me. Seems as though it ought to symbolize something, but my feeble wits are unable to grasp just what that something is.

The Lanier's epic was amoozin' and not confoozin'. I wait eagerly for more of his fictional slanders--just as long as I'm not the target of his wit, you understand. Apparently only LASFS members and ex-members qualify, so I guess I'm safe.

Glad to learn, via Ackie's column, that my record arrived and was intelligible on at least one side (the other consisted mainly of "Um," with a few "ah's" thrown in for variety, so you didn't miss much.) By the way, have you-uns out there made records? After all, the idea is for the LASFS to be custodian of the records for the rest of fandom.

This Searles chap pounds a mean typewriter. Too bad he wastes his energies quibbling over terms. The whole argument seems pointless to me -- but then I haven't read what Lancy and Speer had to say.

Book reviews good, but I can't help raising an eyebrow (the left one, it goes up easier, for some reason) at Brown's praise for the "correctness of scientific detail" in "Finality Unlimited." As I recall that story, it was a super-deeper thought-variant in which Space, Time, Matter, Motion, and several other things went wild because somebody set some pendulums (-a?) swinging. Scientific detail, nothing.

Still, an impressive yarn, though---and more mind-staggering even than Fearn's "Dark Eternity"--- isn't that the one ending with the destruction of Everything?

Last thing I knew, Wollheim was very much in favor of the NFFF-- what happened?

Crozetti's O.K.

Letters interesting even though I haven't read the articles discussed. That card-file idea sounds super. Why not an NFFF project? That's the sort of thing the organization is for.

Well, carry on---but don't corrupt the Slan Shacklers. They're nice people.

## TOO MANY

George Malsbary Phil/c  
speaks up

Burbee: Day before yesterday I received the two mags you sent me. I thank you no end for this consideration, as I really feel isolated in my present geographical position. And this enables me to keep up--or should I say, it brings me up--to the present in the fantasy world. If you don't mind, I'd like to comment briefly. (On the mags, of course).

It seems that there are quite a number of them. In fact, it seems that there are too many of them. That is liable to happen, of course, and might explain the lack of material of which some of the editors are complaining. And why don't they feature articles on science fiction, or fantasy, if that's what the subscribers are interested in mainly? A whole flock of mags featuring news about each others' time of issue and rates seems kind of silly to me. Maybe there's a law against running stories in them, but how about articles? Articles concerned with the changes going on in the world, changes which were predicted by science fiction stories of the past, etc.?

You know, science fiction is quite capable of taking an important place in the world's literature, if some of the pure asininity is eliminated from it. Let the escapists form one club, and the futurists another, say I. Prophetic fiction, or pure escape, and leading exponents of each...write an article on it, my boy. I can't--for several concrete reasons. I'll tell you all about them when I get back home.

All of which reminds me--some of the things taking place in this war ((the rest of this letter was censored))

## I SEE IT ALL NOW

Henry Elsnor backs off  
half a turn

Dear Charlie: For once I received your fanzine in fairly good condition. ((I didn't send it out that way--what happened?)) The mailman seems to be getting tired of stuffing it in the mailbox.

Cover---didn't click with me. Since I don't approve of calling down fmz when I know how much work has been put in them, this is the polite way of saying IT STINKS!!!! I, personally, prefer a design or symbolic cover to all others. You should see the one I've designed!!!

"Double spaced on one side--" This was very boring except for one thing. What the author said in paragraph 5 didn't go over so well with me. ASF is my favorite mag. What does he mean, "The fans find it difficult to wax enthusiastic about the technical problems of a technician in a technological technocracy."????? Nowadays ASF pub-

lishes just about the best S-F out; even if they do let a fantasy slip in now and then. "Final Blackout", Slan and the stories by Stuart, Heinlein, and Van Vogt, are the best Stf ever published. I do wax enthusiastic about the technical problems of a technician in a technological technocracy!! In fact I go for this type of fiction much more than the "Glu-Glu, the slimey horror at the bottom of the ocean is slithering in the oozing slime, plotting the doom of mankind."

Shottle Bop News was quite good. Keep this as a regular colum.

I'm glad to hear of the success of the Fancyclopedia. It was really a fine job. Besides reading it myself, I've loaned mine out to several readers, to help them become acquainted with fandom.

The article on FTL was really the best thing in the issue. He really seems like a swell guy. Speaking of FTL, I was immensely pleased to see that nowhere in the issue was there any part of that horrible story of his.

The letter section as usual was up to par. But a little less profanity from the letter writers would suit me a lot better than the present state of affairs. You printed my letter. Many thanks for printing it unexpurgated. I've gotten into more fights with faneds over this than anything else. ((Hope you haven't got a carbon of this one)) I finally convinced myself that there is a use for the master catalog. If a fan wanted to collect all the material on one certain subject, say time-travel; all he would have to do is ask the custodian of the catalog to send him a list, then he'd know where to look.

Slobber by Yobber was QX! However, I for one, do not believe that story about the drunk coming to S-L'A. But I guess one has to use something to fill the space. ((It was true. A bit toned down))

#### EXCERPTS and POSTCARD TRIVIA

FRED WARTH: I see what you mean when you say of my cover drawing, "Alva Rogers did it verbatim". Ha. (Flying ears if it's O.K.) Ha, again. But he changed the ~~xx~~ bust of the heroine some what didn't he???...AUSTIN HAMEL: This issue definately a vast improvement over the last few wich absolutely reeked. Mainly format seems to have changed a bit. It seems much easier on the eyes. I thought Ebey's pretty good. Yep, we fans should think a little about the stuff we're fanning. (Huh?) More should be said about the pros in fmz's.. I see where Fred Warth has invaded LA now...He's very good. Recently he has sent me originals.Both black and white and full color. As good as the pros sez I. I'm going to try to sell a few to Planet. Slobber by Yobber was the best. I just drooled over the drunken dame's entrance into the Bixel Street boys. No that doesn't sound right.Can't wait till the next issue. We're running short on..... EMILE E.

GREENLEAF JR: S-L'A #19 OK. Cover good. Liked sketch on Laney. How about similar ones on 4e, Daugherty, and others? ((Brown is mulling the idea over...maybe 4e'll be next)) JAY CHIDSEY: Pon my word, I kneel b'fore thee sir. Send on fair SLA I pray...FREE SLA I say. Ha poultry, a chicken-hearted impulse sire. I crave pardon, indeed. Have heard that Crosetti is but 9 yrs of age. If so, she swings a maen column. Pliz to Xplain. Must say you boys sure put out a fine Fancycl. Read the blasted thing from kiver t'. JOE KENNEDY: Muh usual monthly card in comment re. that noble pub, SL'A. Warth's cover is very well done. Gooood. Hey, CB, ole top--your editorial--what's wrong with being a hecto addict? U sound as tho it was a disgrace to pull copies one by one from the cold, dank jelly. I thot Ebey's thing exceptional. Brown's, too. Other features and stuff decidedly neat. SL'A gets good cross-section of fandom. I exit. ((Letters from Speer, Ebey, and Willmorth too late to include here))

FROM

BOX 6475 METRO STATION  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

I'm glad to hear of the success of the magazine. It was  
really a fine job. Besides reading it myself, I've loaned mine out to  
several readers. It tells them better acquainted with London.  
The article on the West was really the best thing in the issue. He  
really seems like a swell guy. Speaking of the West, I was immensely  
pleased to see that someone in the family was taking part of that  
familiar story of his.  
The last section on the West was up to date. But a little less  
probably from the fact that the writer would not be a lot better than the  
present state of affairs. You wanted my letter. Many thanks for  
printing it. I've got into more letters with London  
over this than anything else. (I hope you haven't got a number of this  
one). I finally convinced myself that there is a case for the matter.  
I've wanted to understand all the material on one certain  
subject, my time-fixer; all the more I have to do to make the confusion  
of the article to read him a list, then he'd know where to look.  
I hope by the way you are all. However, I for one, do not believe  
that story about the attack coming to the West. But I guess you had to  
use something to fill the space. It was fine. A lot better than

RECEIVED AND FORWARDED

THANKS: I don't know what you mean when you say of my letter. I  
"I've got into more letters with London" again. But he doesn't  
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Norman Stanley

43A Broad St

Rockland, Maine

