

THIS SEEMS TO BE THE 21ST. TISSUE OF

THAT STERLING  
FANZINE

SHAGG

Whoops!

L'AFFAIRES



THIS SEEMS TO BE THE 51ST ISSUE OF

THAT STERLING

FAVORITE

SHADE

LAFFAIRS



Shangri-L'Affaires Number 21 for December, 1944. The club publication of the Los Angeles Fantasy Society (in actuality the personal magazine of Charles Burbee, financed by the club). Mostly published at the clubroom, 637 1/2 S. Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California, but partly done at the editor's residence, 1057 S. Normandie Avenue, Los Angeles 6, but using as a return address Box 6475 Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles 55. It is to one of these addresses that letters can and must be sent occasionally if you are to remain on the mailing list.

I resigned this job last month. Like most of the resignations around here, it was strictly temporary. After accepting the job once more, I immediately resigned again. After a short time, during which Mel Brown decided to take over the post, I resumed editorship. It all seems stupid.

This flitting in and out, plus the holiday season, has caused this issue to be late. This gives me less time to get out #22, which is due almost at once. However, there is actually material on hand for next month's Shangri-etc....for example, James Hummel's science article, which I threw away once, lost once, and will now get rid of for all time by publishing. Ackerman will no doubt come through with another installment of the local news, under a title as yet non-existent. Incidentally, this same 4c, when I was trying to make up my mind about doing another ish or not----this same 4c, I say, promised all kinds of material. He came through with just one kind, but so many pages of it that something had to give way. Also, it is just possible that Lancy, exhausted after getting out Acolyte, might relax by writing something highly controversial. Willie Watson, so he tells me, is hard at work on "Memoirs of a ///"----either that or the next diablerie---offhand, can't remember which.

The Hummel item will appear for sure because it's already in existence, and so will a stupendous item by F. Lee Baldwin. It's fiction, which is out of place because it's contrary to policy (whatever that is) but I have no doubt you'll see it in #22. It's a tale of stark terror, pulsating with action, élan, esprit de corps, verve, a character or two....."Crime Stalks the Fan World".

-oOo-

Do not wonder at my neglect in answering your letters. My time is now strictly rationed along with everything else and something has got to take a back seat. In fact, lack of time was my original plea for resignation. In effect, this has been an experimental issue, to demonstrate the feasibility of working long hours and doing a mag. The experiment has been successful to a certain extent---there will be a #22, mostly because I have simply got to publish that stupendous story of stark stuff which future fan generations, as well as the present one, will know as "Crime Stalks the Fan World."

I hope it doesn't raise our standards appreciably. Never spoil the customer.

We have a special, preferred list of names of people who have in some manner contributed to our pages. Ebey's on it, Willie's on it, and so is Crozetti. Frank Robinson, Lancy, Ackie, Searles, Mel Brown, Don Bratton, Hoffman, Warth, REWright are others. We call it our skit list. How'd you like to be on Burbee's skit list?

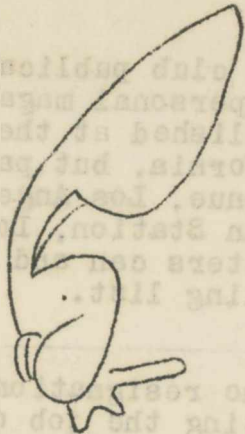
-----Charles Burbee



# A MATTER OF DEGREE<sup>o</sup>

Notes about the Van Vogts--by Forrest J Ackerman

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The Author of 'Slan' said: "Why did we leave Canada for Los Angeles? Very simple: We decided we were tired of freezing at  $-30^{\circ}$  and wanted to live at  $+70^{\circ}$ ." What a difference a degree makes! Or, rather, 100 of 'em! Goodby, Storm-weather.

So Alfred Van Vogt & Edna M. Hull (Mrs V.V.) came south of the border to Southern Cal.

And it came to pass that they came to pass an afternoon at the Flat of Forrest Ackerman.

And Ack-Ack asked: "Say, at the end of that long 'Weapon' story, what was that word, something about '...and this was the race at last that was fit to rule the "sepagam"?'"

Van Vogt laughed. "O, yes, that word! I wondered if no one would ever ask about it. The sevagaram. 'Here is the race that shall rule the sevagram.' Ghandi says, 'And the sevagram--the village--is the universe.' Meaning not just the material collection, but the spirit."

"Hm," said the Eftjay. "Well, we wondered about that word around the club. We asked each other questions, but we had no answers. It was just a semantic blank."

"I saved that word for 6 months," said Van Vogt. "Very specially. No, I don't just throw in a word without a meaning, except like the ezwal."

"So?" said the sarge. "I see I've been mispronouncing that. I called it the ez-wal" (rhyming with West Wall) "whereas I see you call it the (rhyming with Trees Tall)."

Van Vogt hastily said: "But you mustn't think that I necessarily pronounce it correctly."

This led to the exposition of his theory that esoteric names such as Cthulhu should never be given tongue but only be passed soundlessly thru the mind.

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Van Vogt had spoken of saving a word for 6 months, but he does not save ideas that long. All the ideas he has at the time of writing a story, he crams into it. He evolved a theory about that: That if you say to yourself, "No, I'd better save that idea for a future story, I might run out", you may frighten the mind, and pretty soon the well of imagination will dry up. His psychology is that the more you trust your mind and depend on it to produce, the better it will come thru for you. Hoard your ideas, and your imagination atrophies. Express them freely, and two grow for every one you let go forth.

For the first time, Van Vogt read Eddie Ellington's analysis of his work in diab's early article, "Idea Man". He seemed, in the main, to concur. My only thought on the matter was, there ought to be some bureau set up to see to it that authors get a copy of a fanmag when some article considerably concerning them appears.

About E. Mayne Hull--the Missus. His attractive wife discusses a story with him, starts to write it, and he picks it up about midway and finishes it off. This is the only kind of collaboration at which he is successful. He can't take someone else's idea--cold--though plenty have been offered him--and work from it.

Van Vogt has "The Mixed Men", last of the "Storm" trilogy, coming up, and a short, "The Purpose".

There is some possibility of his partially re-writing "Slan"--depulping it--for book publication.

Then it's farewell to the "old" Van Vogt, and an A.E. with a new psychological approach makes his debut with a 3 or 4 part serial running perhaps 80,000 words, "The World of A".

The amazing, incredible thing about "Slan" Vogt is that, like the amazing, incredible thing about "Lensman" Smith, he writes all his manuscripts out first in long hand!

An ardent admirer expresses the hope that he may never get writer's cramp.

LANG IS A FAN!

--SAYS 4E

Fritz Lang, the celebrated European director of METROPOLIS, LILIOM, MABUSE, usw, may be a better fan than you are, Gunga Din. Not meaning to rub it in, but he displayed more thoroughgoing interest in my collection than the last half dozen fans--Holby, Hensley, Saha, REWright, &c--who've seen it! The Great Man finally got to my Flat, 9 o'clock one nite, after a day of directing.

He began by directing his secretary to bring him a chair to my book den, so that he might sit in front of the #1 case. He drew out each of the 6 editions of THE MOON POOL and carefully looked thru them, duplicating this procedure with the half dozen KING IN YELLOW. He cautioned his Fraulein Friday, Lily Latte, to be quiet & not disturb him, as he deserted the chair to sit cross-legged on the floor and drool thru everything from Arkham to "Zanoni". And he did not merely look at spines, but removed books from shelves, perused Tables of Contents, looked for illustrations, read lines here & there, commented occasionally. "'Saurus'? What is that about?... 'Jewel of 7 Stars' I am not familiar with ...I told Willy 'Rockets' would make money. I guess he & I & Oberth are responsible for V-1...Hm, Shiel, 'Above All Else'. He is a marvelous writer, but I didn't know he was still alive...'Hill of Dreams'--Machen--how I am envying you!...'Girl in the Moon' here? By Garret Smith, in these bound Argosys? What date--1928? My 'Girl in the Moon' was already made then. In 1935 the Gestapo took it back to Germany. There is no print in America. There were too many closeups of technically correct rocketry."

About 10:30 I reminded him he was only in the little den, so he reluctantly went back to see the bigger one. He walked in, took one look around, and said, and I quote without embellishment or exaggeration: "You know what you are doing to me, don't you: You are driving me stark staring mad."

"Well, you can't make me mad," I said. "Staro away!" So he called for the first Weird, the Annual, Strange Tales, first Finlay Portfolio, everything he had been wanting to see, and the Lily said: "At last your dream has come true: You are seeing everything at once!"

Before he left he told me a true "ghost" story which I should like to repeat, but he mentioned saving it for his Memoir. There's a book that'll go in my #1 Case!



# TAURUS BY 4S

"I DON'T WANT TO WORK WITHOUT U, BURBEE"

I suppose Ye Merrie Olde Droll will have made some mention of his resuming editorship of SHANGHAI-L'AFFAIRES (that's dragon a pun in by the tail) so I shan't go into detail here. Suffice it to say that after much razzmatazz, Chas agreed to do "one more issue", provided I'd turn out the usual ego-boo column. (This Dent will be replaced nexttime either by Slow Burn by Mike Fern or Hymn of Hate by Fritz Langley.)

I wish at this time to dedicate all future Shangri-L'Ack-Ack columns to MRS Burbee, our favorite reader, in gratitude for saving our life. When the alcoholic content of the atmosphere at the house-warming of the Laniac became so alarming as to inebriate us, she lookt after us like Florence Nightingale, patting our feverish forehead and whispering the most deliteful soporific to us, to the effect that we were "only a little boy grown tall." Ah, Isobel, that was swell! We were headed for a hearse, til along came this nurse. "OF THEE I SING, BURBEE."

--AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER RAFTER

The rafters really rang at the recent Laney house-swallowing. The wine flowed like tears and even Wright was Weaving around that nite. Celebrants included such celebrated phans & stiffnists as S. Davenport Russell, W. James Daugherty, C. Eduardo Burbee (jg) (et ux), M. Rebeque Douglas, J. Arnold Kepner, M. Erlin Brown, R. Thur Saha, A. Hubert Rogers, P. Randolph Bronson, Capt (Jules) Verno Glasser, and others too, numerous to mention. AE Van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull made their first social appearance in LA fandom on this occasion. The Host & Burbee vied to see who could get farthest behind the intoxic-8 ball, but were put to shame by the sarge-at-large, who got down on a hi-ball. The last thing your reporter remembers before passing out tee-totally was balancing the Laney baby, Sandy, on one knee while she pointed out Paul pictures to him in one of her papa's Hornig Wonders. Last couple at 6 a.m. left. (Oops, overlookt: Very much present was furloing Bob Hoffman.)

OSSIFERS ELECTED

At the quarterly election, LANEY replaced Rogers as Director; KEPNER accepted Treasury from Laney; SAHA took over Daugherty's secyship; and ACKERMAN & DOUGLAS were elected to the Board of Directors. It was erroneously reported in Fanewseard (not Dunk's fault) that Laney, Acky & Kepner were running for director; in actuality it was Laney, Rogers & Daugherty who were nominated (FJA declining nomination).

PLUMP PUDDING

Four of 5 of the Bixel St Boys eat together nitely and so naturally get well acquainted with various local waitresses. One of the favorites is "Doughty", a tasty dish who would make a good science fiction fan, and artist Rogers, for one, would like to give her the opportunity, ahem.

Now, a different tack, and then we'll bring the two items together. Various fangeleños have various idiosyncrasies which Laney refers to as "fetishes". Brown likes to ride red street cars; that's his fetish. Burbee obtains a perverted sense of power by blasting the eardrums of guests invited to audit his radio(s); that's his fetish. Daugherty--but, we don't talk about that.

Anyhoo, to put the two together, now: Waitress Doughty and a fangelonic fetishism. One nite, Laney ordered his usual double order of apricot cobbler with twin scoops of ice cream, and Doughty said she'd have to try the concoction sometime. "You can't do that," interjected Rogers, "that's Laney's fetish!" "What's a fetish?" askt Doughty, innocently. "O, you wouldn't know," explained Fran, "because you're not fetish, you're just pleasingly plump!" (For the sake of domestic tranquility, Jackie, hubby didn't really say that, Ackie did.)

## PRO-JECT

Walt Daugherty's projected Hasse Volume, "Prelude in Flame & Others", is shaping up, with the text of the 4 stories cut, 2 Rogers illos mimeod. FAN #1, a new WJD mag, caricatures Planet Stories on the cover (Panit Stories), features VIP portraits of a passel of prominent fans. Edition will run to a couple hundred. "But," warns Daugherty, "FAN #2 will be limited to about 50 copies, being a collection for collectors of selected reprints, about 35, of outstanding lithos, mainly of LA origin, of the past 2-3 years." Daugherty explains delay in production of his personal products due to Shottle Bop work done for other fans, namely Kepner's 42-pg Toward Tomorrow, Tucker's latest Le Zombie, and an 18-pg commercial organ he mimeos monthly for his girlfriend.

## COLD--ER--SHOULDER

Tilly X. Jacobson, Daugherty's glamazon, had a heckish head cold. Acky also. 4e had just purchased a new product, Topacold, for the elimination of cerebral viruses. Said he, "Well, since we've splitting headaches, we can split the treatment." So he began reading the directions. "External Use Only", they said. He envisioned rubbing the liquid around the nostrils. Instead it said: "Pour half of contents into palm of hand and rub vigorously upon the inside of the thighs!"

Blackout.

## TUCK IT OR LEAVE IT

Ethically, I suppose, I shouldn't tell this story. It concerns my hated rival, the new #1 Face, and as such might be construed as sour grapes. However, 'tis a true story of fact. At a late hour one afternoon at the Fort, I simultaneously stumbled on to two artists. They were practically thru processing. On the morrow they would go on KP--unless Fate, in the form of Sgt Ack-Ack, Yed of the Bulletin, intervened. I could use only one man. What fairer test than to let them "draw for their life", as it were? So--I gave them a foto of Tucker to caricature. They reported to me about an hour later, haggard, broken men. They both had a sheet of paper in their hands, with something penciled on it; by my decision of the merit of their work, one would draw pix on the morrow, the other would draw water. Naturally, they were desperate to do their best. But both were apologetic. Almost in unison they blurted out: "Gee, sargo, there wasn't much we could do with this picture--it hasn't got any character!" Alright, Tucker, go on--hate me!

## BRAVE NEW WHIRL

Editor Burbee, under alcoholic influence, became quite courageous at the Fran Shack Conflagration. He proposed marriage to every woman present! He didn't want to commit mere bigamy, but trigonometry! Can you imagine anyone having enuf nerve to acquire that many mothers-in-law?!

## PHANTASQUE & HUMORESQUE

Eseking for material for an Esquirish humor fanmag are MERLIN Brown & ARTHUR Saha, who have just formed (for obvious reasons) the be-knighted Camelot Press. Two publications are announced from this combo, the fantasy funmag to be the second to make its appearance. First will be Phantasque, for which earnestly solicited are literary articles of interest to collectors & readers, material of a bibliographical or biographical nature, critical reviews, and the like. Nothing stefnistic. Humor for the gag-mag may be slightly corny, even mildly porny. Address Camelot Press, 628 S Bixel, LA-14.

## HISTORY IS MADE AT NITE

Busily burning the candle at both ends is Elmer "Bonny Sent Me" Perdue, who has brot his fabulous Card File of the Future with him. Perdue is now availing



himself of the Club Library to make additions to his cards. Files (familiar only to FAPA members, heretofore) will be discussed thoroly in a future L'Affaires. Unless, of course, as predicted in '29 in Leslie Stone's "Men with Wings", Earth is conquered in '45 by the men from Mentor. (A flits krieg.)

#### THE HORROR OUT OF WARNER FRERES

Daugherty, in his capacity of film extra, tells us of a silver screen scoop which is also a coup for stf authoress Leigh Brackett of West Los Angeles. Miss Brackett has been engaged to collaborate on an upper-bracket vampire story, to be filmed by Warners under the direction of Howard Hawks. Fantasy of a female Dracula will be adapted from the already out-of-print Russian translation of 1942, "Dreadful Hollow".

Out at Engem, Rogers informs us he read in the paper, they're to do Arch Oboler's "Alter Ego".

And the Thorne-Smithish "I Am Thinking of My Darling" is to be filmed.

#### IN THE FILES OF OUR BIBLIOPHILES

Recent drooly additions to the book library of F. Towner Laney:

"The Crystal Button", "The New Gods Lead", "Mr Weston's Good Wine", "The Fallen Race", "Saurus", "Strange Adventure".

To the shelves of Mel Brown:

"Sirius", "Darkness and the Light", "Works of Algernon Blackwood", "Beyond the Rim", "Adventures of Wyndham Smith".

Acquired by 4e:

"New Man in Old World", "Wells' Contemporary Memoir", "Miss Lucifer", "Air Trust", "Revolt of the Birds", "Colin II", "Bright Messenger", "Vampire", "Lepidus the Centurion", "Verda Karto".

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#### SPIN ITCH

Burbee, having led an isolated fan life til joining the LASFS, was desirous of hearing the voices of fen from other sectors of the imagi-nation. So, arming myself with Daugherty's monumental Shangri-LA Program, as well as other discs bearing the voices of Donald Wandrei, Julius Unger, Cyril Kornbluth, Clifford Simak, Don Thompson, Robt Heinlein, &c, I instructed my chauffeur to drive me to the Burbee Estate. After a 20-min. wait for the bus, which I did not take, prefering instead to go by street car, as no bus runs by Burbee's, I at last came to his upholstered hovel. I might add that it's on the second story, but that's another story.

There, ostensibly to hear the records, were such localites as Laney, Kepner, Saha, Russell, Daugherty, &c. Hardly had I arrived, however, than fone rang, and who should be on the other end of the line but--Elmer Perdue! He was calling from Myrtle the Douglas's. Myrt was persuaded to spurt over with him in his auto, and as the author of Elmur-murings entered the Burbee abode he was greeted thru the loudspeaker by his own nimble fingers beating out boogie-woogie! For an encore, sister Charlotte was brot on (on platter, not in person, we regret to clarify). So I played one disc after another as the evening wore on and the needle wore out and the clatter got louder & louder and nobody listened to anything except when Isobel called "Come and get it!" for one of her famous Midnite Chinese Dinners, which unfortunately Daugherty could not consume, and for a beery good reason, he being under the weather, and the table. This time artist Alva purposely avoided petting the Burbees' bow-wow, and so was not propositioned on the street corner by the Catholic canine which long-memoried followers of this folderol will recall from last month's ACKorns by Ack-Ack. (Thirty.)



# XMAS

## AT THE ILASFS

---

A dozen fans gathered to celebrate the annual Yuletide party of the Club. Meeting number was approximately #362 (the exact figure is not available at the moment.)

Scienta Claus was impersonated this year by Forry, who had prepared a program of fantasy fun. Program got under way with choosing of sides for a contest, Lancy being one leader and Rogers the other. Three slips of paper were held by each participant, and when a question was missed, one slip had to be forfeited. If the person on the opposite team could answer the question, that person got to pick a slip from the discard pile, thus lengthening his stay in the game. Forry also played, by having anyone on the opposing side ask him a question when it came his turn, although he dropped out when it got to two and two,

Fans were asked to: Describe such aliens as ozwal, marinorro, worsol, thoat, shuggoth, thushol, etc.; name a story for every color of the spectrum; identify such characters as Norhalla, Jirel of Joiry, Santhu, Ku Sui, Tarrano, and others; state whether "The Man Who Mastered Time" or "The Time Stream" was the sequel to "The Time Machine"; define a cepheid, a cephalopod, a ~~triped~~, a microcephalon, colloid, schizoid, osmosis, ~~kalitessie~~, archaeopteryx, etc. Perdue's analysis of a microcephalon was particularly interesting: "Well," said Elmer, "micro, that's small; cephal, that's for head; and on is obvious. So, it's something small on the head...a knob-head!" A f a m o u s fumble was when Rogers was asked if the New Adam had 2 thumbs, and replied no. Of course, he immediately realized it was a trick question when Forry began wiggling both his thumbs and said, "Why, I thought he had one on each hand..." Lancy floored Forry with the inquiry, What three writers did Darleth say he patterned his style after? (Do you know? If not, refer to introduction of "Someone in the Dark".)

Asked were the ranks of Rothman, Hoffman, Willmorth, Cunningham (correctly given as Cpl., T/4, Cpl., and P.F.C.). Three "Frankenstein" films were named, three "Dracula's", three "Mummy's", and three "Topper's". Saha properly replied, as to the activity of the Gostak, that it "distims the doshes". "ONE Sane Man", "TWICE in Time", "THREE Lines of Old French", "Into the FOURTH Dimension", "The FIFTH Dimensional Catapult", "SIXTH Column", "Wanted: SEVEN Fearless Engineers", etc., were named.

When it got to be ten o'clock, Rogers and Saha were versus Lancy and Myrtle Douglas, and, as each side had ten slips apiece, and Forry had run out of questions, it was decided to drop the dead heat and go on to the next part of the program.

This consisted of the auction of an unseen magazine, which Santy Acky described in such glowing terms that it brought the sum of \$2.50 from the pocket of Alva. Rogers did not feel he was gypped when he found the mag. to be a number three Astounding Stories!

After the auction of the magazine, a mysterious book was brought out, to be bid on sight unseen. Ye auctioneer described this volume

as being "a blend of the beauty of Meritt, the horror of Lovecraft, the ideas of Van Vogt, the intensity of E.E. Smith." Said he, "Such a book! And, to the best of my knowledge, not a fan in Los Angeles has it!" Bibliophiles Lancy, Brown, Kepner, and even Daugherty and Rogers, got excited for this item, which eventually sold for something like \$3.50. Then, the great unveiling! And, at first, Kepner thought he had been the victim of a great hoax, when it turned out to be an entirely non-scientifictional item, and about Christians. However--all was all right when Forry presented him with a slip saying, "This book may be redeemed at the Garage for \$5", which was 50% more than Kepner had paid for it.

Next amusement was the "Crud Auction". Half a dozen admittedly crummy illustrations, with the exception that one or two fair ones were included, were set on the ledge, face to the wall. New member Nipson Himmel bought a hunk of beef (an atrocious early Davor Elder discarded Vomaidon--and when Vom doesn't accept 'em, you know they're bad!) for 50¢; Daugherty bit twice, to the loss of \$1.25, for two awful things; and Perdue, Lancy and Saha also got took. However, it was all for a good cause: Forry donated entire proceeds of \$3.90 to the Treasury.

Came now the traditional distribution of presents. Each person had brought something scientifictional, of value not to exceed 50¢. Only Forry knew what was in the packages, and had put a punny name on the outside of each. First thing he called out was, "Who's interested in birth control?" and Myrtle bit on that bait. So she took the present with that name on it, and it turned out to be a copy of "Birth of the Gods" and "Death of the Gods". When Santa asked, "Who has a blank thought?", Elmer answered; and, sure enough, he got "The Thought-Reading Machine". The tag "Almost Immortal" turned out to be the book, "Zero to Eighty". An advance issue of Astounding was found to be "Tomorrow's News". Other gifts included a Buck Rogers spaceship, a juvenile, illustrated Bible book, an original Kramer, and other books and magazines.

Punch and cookies were served, and then--the real high-light of the evening--a "guessing game", where everyone had to act out some certain character which they had been given on a slip. Walt Daugherty was the first to perform. He toddled over to the library, picked out a handful of mags, strowed them on the floor, crawled over to Lancy, said "Up!", then began going "wee-wee! wee-wee!" - He was obviously imitating Lancy's youngest daughter, Quiggy. Everyone caught on except Forry, who sat in his chair with a flabbergasted expression on his face. What had happened was, Forry had written "Quiggy" on a slip, but he thought he had it in his possession, and that the one he had given Daugherty said "Killdozer" on it. Instead, somehow he had written "Killdozer" on the back of "Quiggy"!

Other imitations were: "The Snake Mother" (Jimmy Kepner), "Johnny Black" (Myrtle), "Sirius" (Saha, omitting the canine's most obvious characteristic), "Joe-Jim" (Lancy, who nearly lost his head trying to demonstrate the "Commonsense" mutant), "Frankenstein" (Himmel) and "Adam Link" (Vic Clark).

Winner of the imitations was Perdue, with his shuddering metamorphosis into Cthulhu! (A strange trail of green slime was found on the floor the following morning by the clean up committee). However,



as Elmer himself had donated the prize for the best impersonation, he forfeited the prize to Alva Rogers, who had been called upon to portray the Will Hays of fandom. Fan who undoubtedly had the most fun, however, was Forry himself. Another good characterization was Guy Gifford's of his own local cartoon character, Joe Woo. Fan who undoubtedly had the most fun, however, was Forry himself. His slip read --Rosebud! So he turned out all the lights, went over on the divan and started smooching with Myrtle. "Say, Rosie," came his voice from the dark, sugary and persuasive, "how about you 'n' me shackin' up-- huh?" He seemed sort of sore that the lights were turned on so quick.

Perdue won the Door Prize, "Green Mansions".

---

# COSMOS

## -- THE LEGENDARY!

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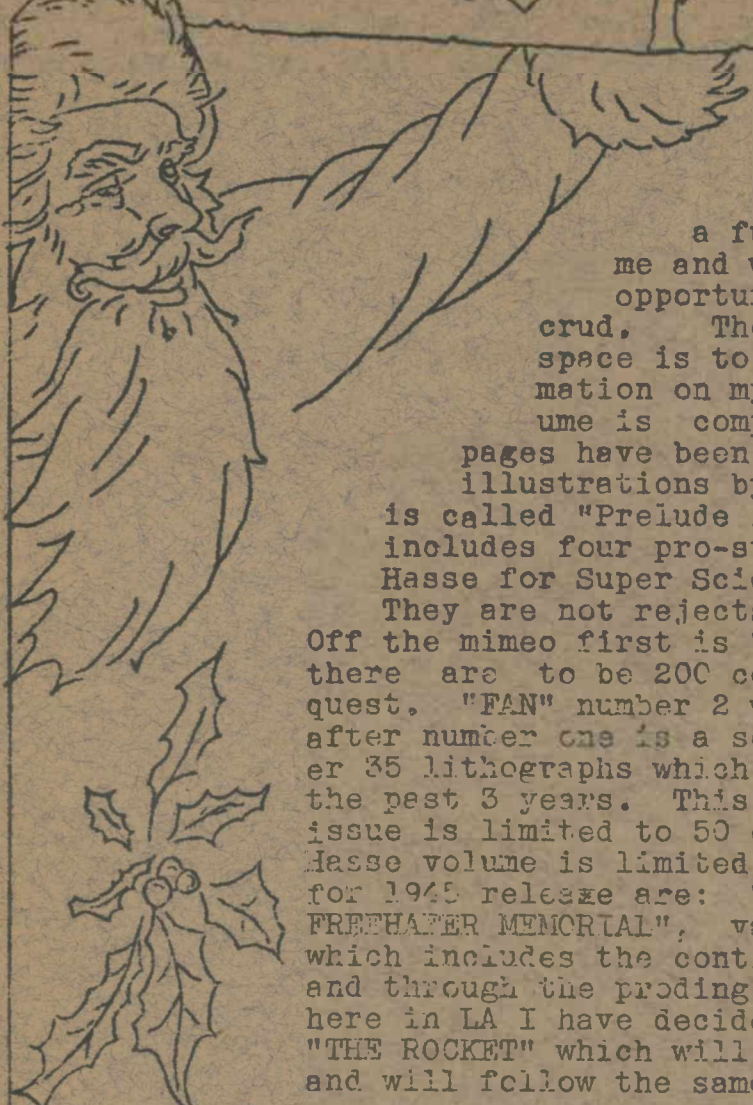
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# W J D Department

## GREETINGS



Well, Burbee sez he wants a full page of advertising by me and who am I to turn down an opportunity for free ego-boosting-crud. The best way I can use this space is to give you the latest information on my projects: The Hasse Volume is completely stenciled and four pages have been mimeographed including two illustrations by Alva Rogers. The volume is called "Prelude in Faamã and Others" and includes four pro-stories written by Henry Hasse for Super Science just before it folded. They are not rejects. The volume is 25¢. Due Off the mimeo first is "FAN" number 1 of which there are to be 200 copies available free on request. "FAN" number 2 which will follow very soon after number one is a selection of reprints of over 35 lithographs which have left Los Angeles in the past 3 years. This issue is 15¢ per copy. The issue is limited to 50 copies. Incidentally, the Hasse volume is limited to 75 copies. Scheduled for 1945 release are: "FAN DIRECTORY #3", "THE FREEHATER MEMORIAL", various FAPA contributions which includes the continuance of "CUSHLAMOCHEE", and through the prodding and insistence of a couple here in LA I have decided to re-issae my magazine "THE ROCKET" which will be the prehistoric issue, and will follow the same format as the original.

THATS ABOUT ALL EXCEPT TO WISH YOU -

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

# Happy New Year

WALTER J. DAUGHERTY  
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good--damn good. I shall someday make 4e my press agent.

Is U Is Or

Is U Ain't Ma' Burbee ? a classic. When I come down this coming summer I shall expect some wine in your icebox for me--preferably muscatel. ((You'll drink rum and like it))

Letter column better'n VoM.

You get more letters on Shangri-L'Affaires than I do on bleery--from fans.

Now--Laney's article. This is one stage of the game where Fran and I are in complete accord. Only I am not a member in good standing of the ntriplef. I am not even a member. I cannot even stand.

But I too got a great kick out of their banal little booklete. One point that struck me as being particularly obvious was their deliberately spelling words such as fans and fanzines with a capital F. Hardly representative of what you and I--Mr Average Phan--do. Foolish. Also too reminiscent of these American Youth and Christian Youth and Young America propaganda in that capitals are always used.

Sounds and

looks too pointedly obvious. Agreed ?

Bob's beating the drum for

Ashley was also obvious. I like Al--or at least think I would--but come, come !

Rothman's article genuinely valuable. Also 4e's in its own way. I could never acquire the flanguage miself--too much effort.

So is typing this letter.

Remember that wine.

Ebey likes sauterne.

I

also like root beer,

but not Mr Searles

a la Passos.

Tourjours gai

Willie (that's me)

## A HACK AT ACK

Cpl Dick Wilson---intimate  
notes from his little black book

Dear Burbee: I don't know why it is, but your magazine makes better time across the Pacific than any other. Do you have a priority? I call it your magazine even tho it professes to be a club journal because your impish--or should I say impious?--personality is stamped all over it. Tell me, do you also smoke opium when you're not editing? Once I didn't give two hoots in Hackensack whether I saw Shangri-L'Affaires or not, but now it soothes my jungled nerves.

The November issue, with Willie W's nightmarish cover, came just two mail calls ago. But if you resign you're a coward and I condemn you with a Kanaka curse, than which there is nothing worse, except an Ackerman pun.

Speaking of this sergeant, whose ad appears on page, uh--why the hell don't you number your pages?((Next month's editorial will explain it all away))--I know now who Tucker was flaying in a recent issue of his gazette for trafficking in the innocence of fantasy collectors. I remember one of my first experiences with the Lord of Two Thirty-Six and a Half North New Hampshire. Not yet dry behind the ears, I bought a hundred-dollar printing press and went into the fan magazine business with The Atom, which soon afterward dug its niche in oblivion. Friend Forrest immediately sent me a contribution in Neo-American, typed in refined brown and green. All he asked in return, as I recall, was a life subscription to The Atom, two dozen copies of the issue it appeared in, and the Manhattan Bridge. I consider it to my credit that I wasn't too awed by his charm to send him the first rejection I ever authored. And if the colorful zany still considers me his "Diki-birdo" in spite of my cruel remarks it will probably be only because we are allies, and all in this together, as they say in the movies. Not to deepen the chasm, I will forego comment on the three pages following the ad.

Searles' kind comment reminds me with a pang that I owe all sorts of people refunds on subscriptions to the last of my publications, Escape. If all creditors will be patient until I'm promoted to the grade of civilian, I promise that after a sufficient period devoted to barnstorming the States subsequent to my discharge I'll ease back into the whirlpool with a high-type, preferably no-price journal with which to discomfit my friends and harass my foes.

All this pro and con comment on the Encyclopedia makes me anxious to see what went on in its pages. Thanx to Daugherty and the much-abused Ackerman for advising that it's en route.

Why won't Will be gay for 7 years? Is he doing a stretch?

Enough for now. It's time this fella he b'long along his sack.

## WE'RE NO LEGEND

Lowndes  
laughs

Gents- Thanks for the latest Shangri Laffairs. Where's part two of Dr. Fassbeinder, I Presume? ((Next month's editorial tells))

Ebey pays me a nice compliment when he says that my idea for the setup of Station X, in the final issues of FUTURE was new to prodom, but I'm afraid I can't take the credit. While it was something of a variation, still that method of presentation was used in the old WEIRD TALES by Farnsworth Wright, prior to the April, 1934, issue, and that is where I got the idea. Don't recall, on the other hand, ever having seen it in a fanmag.

Incidentally, Futurians have all gotten a hearty laugh out of the FANCYCLOPEDIA, for all the solidity of it. To read its pages, one



would think that Wollheim and the other FSNYers was the axis around which fandom revolved. DAW for example is mentioned more frequently than any other person, Speer running up. Not that we uns mind being a legend, but it's still somewhat hilarious, because we know we weren't that important.

## EGO BOO

Only Jack Speer calls  
it "worthless vaporings"

Hi, Bub: #18 Shangri-l'Affaire arrived yesterday. Since it just mentions the completion of Cy, this relieves somewhat my apprehensions at not having yet received a copy. You know, the registration of copy-right is supposed to be filed immediately after publication, and I canna make out the cards until I see a copy.

Cover of this number is really quite lovely. Hummel's syllogism is cleverly done, but like every syllogism which proceeds from true premises to an erroneous conclusion, there's a defect in the logic. In this case, in "Fans are not human beings", he has not substituted a quantity for its equal in the expression; he has covertly moved the negative from the subject to the copula and consequently it's a non sequitur (Watch me toss the big words around!) ((All you've done is scare Hummel and that's not nice))

I might add that I would rather see a magazine devoted entirely to book reviews than one filled with such worthless vaporings as, in this Shangri-l'Affaire, occupy nearly all of pages 1,2,3,4,5,6,11,16; also the whole of something from farther north entitled "Bay Area Le'Fout". Perhaps another back-to-fantasy reaction would have a salutary effect.

Also received and not acknowledged is #16 (#17 never reached me), in which Crozetti's column is good and Bratton and Boucher outstanding. Bratton's comments in #18 carry considerable weight because he has had actual experience in indexing a great deal of stef. I haven't, but from several years' experience in the War Dept. files, where all subjects pertaining to the Army and a Government department are comprehended in a decimal filing system, will suggest that decimal classification is the best solution to the problem of subject headings. I strongly sympathize with his desire to get everything into a single alphabetical order rather than having one file for authors, another for titles, etc; and realize that adopting decimal classification would mean having a numerical file either at the beginning or the end of the alphabetical file; but it isn't quite the same thing.

As to the Great Bib, it seems to me that this will be a never-ending project, that we can keep on forever discovering out-of-the-way fantasy books published several years ago. Since it would constantly have to be added to, all thru the alphabet, the only satisfactory way of publishing the Bib seems to be by putting it on small file cards, such as Bratton uses for all stef stories. On the other hand, with the pulp magazines you can be sure when you have a complete index of them from 1927 to date, and the more convenient booklet form might be better for general distribution, tho the Foundation of course should have a card catalog.

You deserve a lot of credit for making Shangri-l'Affaire into a real fanzine. If the club needs the money now given to publishing the organ gratis, why not charge us for it?

## PHANFILE

Gus Willmorth  
gets excerpted

Re the S-L'A July, I suggest that immediate application be made to Don Bratton that his bibliophile of fantasy be willed upon his demise to the LASFS. I also suggest that since the LASFS seems to be established as a permanent thing--when something has existed a good nine years and been improving, however slightly, for most of that time--it might be considered to be somewhat permanently established--that something be considered that will exist as an institute to which we might will our small efforts. If something upon the order of the one time proposed Ackerman institute could be formed, it would suit the purpose admirably. My collection of originals, magazines, and books, as small as it is, I feel to be of some value and I would most ardently desire to leave it to such a fan establishment. And there must be many more like me in fandom; persons who are vitally interested in fantasy--who have a collection. Maybe they'd welcome the opportunity to establish their collection in an institute after they were no longer in a position to enjoy the blessings of the collection. For instance, Bratton's biblio phile is a project too valuable to be lost to fandom by the death, disinterest, or any such chance contingency.

I weep when I think that Swisher and his fanphile is so far from LA where he could readily be invited to will his magnificent file to fandom.

In partial answer to the Boucher--Why Boucher to fans?--is not Argus Book Shop's edition of 'Through Space and Time' supposed to be a fairly comprehensive history of fantasy? And such a proposed file as Bratton's would take care of the anthology business. Right? However, I'm against publishing the file in book form unless it could be done by years, and could be sure of being fairly complete in those years....

## 3 READINGS

Walt Dunkelberger  
likes it all

Dear Charlie: Shangri-Laiffaires #20 at hand....after the first reading I dropped you a busy-fan's-report-card - after the third reading I've got to express myself more fully....FIRST - This is the best issue I have ever read.

The cover is perfect. In fact, if you have a couple of undamaged copies I'd like to have them for framing. ((Have several virginoid copies---retailing at \$7 each---but I'll send you a couple free))

The editorial is up to your usual high quality. ((Boost my ego and anything I have is yours))

FTLaniac's article is "on the nose". In a very mild way I expressed the same opinion to Evans when at the "Little Chi-Con" (the convention I'm supposed to have hosted, according to Tucker - I'm complimented so I'll let it ride and let Frank take the pokes at Tuck - incidentally Tuck skipped all of the sessions except the Sat midnight and Sunday ones). Evans explained to me that it was the original intention that the booklet not be sufficient unto itself, but that it should be sent out only with an appropriate letter of welcome, application blank, etc. This overcomes Lancy's objections on that score - except that Fran's suggestions are better from an all around standpoint.

Acky's Ackorns were not a bit hard to shell--



enjoyed them very much - It seems that I know each of you much better after a session in SLF.

Watson's - DOWN WITH WARTH was the only article I had an trouble with...it was a littl spotty A little too involved for my feeble intellect (flatterer)

The letters were all very good.

I'm the kind of guy that is content to have only a couple of pages of stuff that I like in an issue and here - this issue #20 - you spoil me. I like the whole darn thing.

## THE PRINCIPLE

Mike Fern, of Commorion-on-Hudson reports by executive order

((Mike Fern, our New York representative, maintained there at great cost to bring you the last word in new fantasy stuff, sends along this item (with expense list attached) with nothing useful to collectors))

Burbee: Cghlologhch! Here I was beginning to think you one of the better editors in the biz and you foist upon me a thinglike S-LA no 20. One editorial, one more-or-less-watered-down polemic, four pages of 4sj ((You will lahve this issue, friend)) and one of the windiest readers' columns since when I know not. ((Mad because he wasn't in it))

Watson's cover was the only good thing in the issue.

What a simple schlemoil you have for a librarian these days. Now when I was running things there was a strongbox with three different locks for the current copies of S-L'A. But I suppose that the new Stapledons have forced the club to the wall...and the strongbox to Uncle Jake's, exposing the priceless annals to the whim of any light-fingered intruder.

Skunk Cabbage for the NFFF is a rather weird item, even from its rather weird author. Laney has veered from his usual aufderpumpen-schwengelfliegen ((cultured man, our agent)) technique, much to my surprise. My reaction is that of a dope fiend addict who finds that his cocaine has been thinned with sugar. Some good may come of it all, however, so I shall not bang my head against the wall too often.

Is Richard Sneary another Ken Sabbie, or is there a strange filterable virus loose in fandom?

Give Walt Daugherty's halo back to the Custodian of Angelic Appurtenances. I've been a member of the NFFF for six months now and have yet to see a copy of the Fan Directory. Not that it would do me much good ((you talk like you've seen it))--it's the principle of the thing!

And that is all for the nonce. Letters plopped down on my executive desk for days on end---only a small number, picked at random (our policy) have been used here. Milty wrote a letter, as did George Lloyd, Joe Selinger, Van Splawn, Henry Elser, Schnert, Cunningham, Bob Mastell, Al Weinstein, Emile Greenleaf Jr., Arthur McCourt, J.M. Stadter Jr., and possible others. Ah yes, after all these months, a letter from Jessie Walker! 7 issues of S-L'A she got (contrary to policy) and all of a sudden she pops up with a two-thousand word acknowledgement---calls me a willing horse, or something. James Hummel two-fingered a typed thing in the dark, and some day when time is more available I will read it. James Hummel is going to be our science editor, I guess. Are you, Hummel? A hyper Hummel article next ish.



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