

done by
in
Burbee

this is!

Shangri & Affairs



no
since

he says it's only Shangri & Affairs

This one is the
Twenty-Fourth

March,
1945

THIS COVER WAS STENCILLED BY KEPNER (THAT'S ME). I DON'T GUESS I WAS SUPPOSED TO MENTION IT HERE, BUT I WAS AFRAID BURBEE MIGHT FORGET TO GIVE ME MY DUE CREDIT.

Shangri-L'Affaires #24 for March 1945. This is the club publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 637 1/2 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, California, and is issued monthly. The editor's address is 1057 S. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, California, and it is to this address that letters of comment must occasionally be sent because that is the only way you can stay on the mailing list unless you publish a fanzine and trade with us.

The haphazard way this issue was thrown together is illustrative of the way each issue is thrown together. The only things holding the mag together are the staples, I believe. But, at that, you have been unknowingly protected from terrible fates by my selective activities as editor of this sterling fanzine. In the past I have never spoken of the way I've been shielding you by shunting certain material down the drain, so to speak. If I had, I'd have been lying, in some cases, because the only material I had was the stuff you saw in these pristine pages. Anyhow, I'm going to let you into the inner sanctum which is so sacred I am never seen in it.

A seven-page story entitled Horseplay on the Dog Star was kept from your eyes, luckily. An article, I Don't Care for Money, I had to reject because the author expected payment. Case of the Wingless Rooster was too good so I sent it on to diablerie, that pamphlet Bill Watson puts out in competition with us. Hemmel's Science Sorties #2 was no good, so we will use #3 instead, and call it #2.

-oOo-

#25, the April ish (the annish) will end my publishing activities so far as Shangri-L'Affaires is concerned. Various one-shot fanmags may appear from time to time, perhaps, and it is possible I may have a hand in their publishing. Here on the West Coast we've brought the technique of the one-shot fanzine to a high point of perfection.

As I near the end of my editorial span, I find myself indebted to lots of people for their efforts in helping me make this the top fanzine of all time. Of course they failed to do that, but it is the top fanzine for 1944. At least I voted it that way in Gerry de la Ree's newest Beowulf poll, and if enough more did the same thing it'll be a Shangri-etc landslide. I am taking steps to learn just how each and every one of you ungrateful lugs voted, and when #25 comes out, I will deliver a four-page diatribe on the subject.

-oOo-

The LASFS is preparing a Time Capsule. Complete files of pro-zines and fanzines have already been collected for it. Fan recordings, letters, drawings, photographs, are also going into it. We are now taking votes on the final entry, which will make our Capsule different from all others. We are going to put a living fan inside. Enough concentrated food will be stored to supply the fan for the 500 years which will elapse. Then, instead of some stuffy old recording giving greetings to 2445, the fan will address the wondering throngs of the future in person.

We are still in need of material for our Capsule, so send in your most priceless fan possessions and all the money you can lay your hands on to finance the venture. Do it NOW! Act without thinking. Do it NOW!

---Charles Burbee

TOLERATION, PLEASE

JOE KENNEDY

I found Laney's article in the February Shangri-L'Afaires especially interesting, for various reasons. On ransacking my questionable memory, I recall receiving a copy of The Iconoclast, the circular that ostensibly aroused the Lanian's "righteous" indignation.

It seems to be a story we've heard before. Kind, generous Laney bestows a few fatherly pats upon the brow of malicious newfan; malicious newfan immediately turns around and bites the hand that feeds him ((metaphors mixed to order)). A pathetic state of affairs, indeed.

Fran introduced some sound, highly logical points in his commentary, and as usual, he writes convincingly on subjects of fannish nature. Though I find myself agreeing with a great deal of what he has to say, an equal number of FTL's remarks leave me decidedly cold.

I'm a newfan, supposedly one of these back-biting jackals who infest the borderline 'twist stf and sanity -- admittedly, I'm prejudiced. Out of my opinionated narrow-mindedness, I'd like to offer a few remarks of my own.

Let's consider momentarily the case of the average recent convert to fantasy fandom. He's probably rather young, enthusiastic. Perhaps overly so. He finds out that there's a marvelous kind of pulp magazine in existence that prints out-of-this-world stuff known as science-fiction. He's intrigued, fascinated. In a flash, he investigates, discovers that stf is definitely it. He reads these lurid-cover pulpsspends a lot of time mulling the concepts they present. He realizes that he wants to take an active part in stfantasy, but he doesn't know how. Then all of a sudden---and even sooner if he's been reading Planet---he comes across a prozine letter column. Here's the answer, he says to himself....this is fantasy fandom.

And what does our passifan do? You've guessed it. He scribbles off lengthy letters to these pulp editors, and to his great delight, they see print. He's enthused. He writes more....and more.

He doesn't know it, but the real fans---the people he's been unwittingly trying to contact---have branded him as a letterhack.

Eventually our fledgling acquires a few correspondents. He discovers that such things exist as fanzines....fan clubs...fan activities. By and by, he begins to glimpse the light. He's been wasting his efforts in a shallow puddle of triviality.

And our fledgling fan finds himself at the crossroads. If he can find the right people to give him a lift along the trail, he'll gain a satisfying hobby of lasting interest that will open a channel for his interests in fantasy, collecting, writing, and publishing.

If he fails to find these people, he'll muff a chance to have

friends in every part of the country....to associate with those who share his interests, think his thoughts, recognize his undeveloped talents, appreciate his fumbling efforts to write, to publish, and to edit.

And, missing this chance, he may let the "explosive concepts of stf" get too strong a grip on him. Mayhap he'll simply fall into an intellectual rut, marked by stagnancy of the immature outlook. Or maybe he'll merely become another Chad Oliver.

Of course, if he's fundamentally a realist, he'll get out of stf altogether. But this isn't always so simple if he's a bit too youngtoo misdirectedly sincere.

It's at this point that the advice and guidance of older fans, the fellows who've been through exactly what he's undergoing, that counts so heavily. From the fan's standpoint, such help can make him or break him.

It is, I believe, the well-intentioned (but unfortunately too idealistic) spurts of enthusiasm of the newfan that have turned Laney and a few others from the fledgling and his ilk. But it's my opinion he should be given a year's time---a year of definite activity---in which to be judged, before you start reaching for the fire extinguisher. You'll spend a few extra minutes a week answering his numerous questions---requests and inquiries that may often sound maddeningly naive!---but, in the end, you'll lose very little. I've made a number of excellent fan friendships with ease. At least, there's a system here that some other slen might employ with success---one measly postal can go a long way toward giving the newfan a ray of feeble hope.

To be sure I do not advise falling over backward trying to be "nice" to newcomers. On the contrary, I'd consider one rather unwise if he were to support the newfan to the extent of using up valuable time that should be devoted to more readily constructive enterprise. At least, though, tolerate the guy!

The practise of ignoring fan responsibilities...violating standards of good taste...is, you'll admit, not limited to newfans alone. And by the way, the reference to "a Warth or a Weinstein..." seems hardly congruous. Warth's a very promising artist--I've seen much of his stuff that approaches professional quality. As for Weinstein, he has rapidly raised his fanzine to a worthwhile level, with good possibilities for future improvement. I've seen worse from fans of much more experience in the field.

The Baker incident is comparatively insignificant; I decline to take sides on the matter here. From my contacts with Baker, I've found him to be a very likable chap.

Not that this is intended as an attack on Fran ((he'd like it better if it were)) or his opinions. No. I can understand his views though I do not share them. This would be a dull world if everybody went around agreeing with everybody else. The point remains that while it is hardly advisable to "display all the clucking, disinterested love of a large Wyandotte hen for an orphaned an illegitimate duckling," a reasonable amount of respect toward the newfan will go a long way toward curing a few of fandom's more common ailments.

Judge fairly before you condemn!

WHO'S WHO IN SHAGGY LA

JAMES KEPNER

PART 2: THE OUTER CIRCLE

Now that you've met the active members of the LASFS, I'll introduce you to some of those you may not know so well. These include new members, who, although already fairly active, are not yet generally known in fandom, as well as older fans who are rather inactive now.

It also includes persons like Mr Reed, who are not really fans at all. Mr Reed does read science fiction, but that is not why I include him. How many of you remember seeing all of the lithography that has been used in ACOLYTE, FAN SLANTS, TOWARD TOMORROW, the WALLACE SMITH PORTFOLIO, FANTASTICONGLOMERATION, the third VOMAIKEN PORTFOLIO, FANTASITE, and even some in CENTAURI, diablerie, and others? Mr Reed was responsible. He is a professional lithographer, but after the various bull sessions several of us have had with him, we almost think of him as a fan. He is now the possessor of an excellent St John original that formerly adorned the dens of Mel Brown and Ron Clyne. He and his wife were among the outstanding figures at the recent FANQUET.

Sam Russell barely misses the preceding section. He don't get around much any more. This quiet, unassuming fantaisiste, assistant editor of ACOLYTE, is greeted with loud shouts on whatever rare occasions he enters the clubroom. Sam, who seems like a character out of a James Hilton novel, or from Lovecraft, is almost never seen without his bulging brief case, and an overcoat which has every pocket jammed with books and papers. Before coming to LA, he was one of the top members of the old Minneapolis Fantasy Society. He was the only person in LA fandom who was at all times on the best of terms with everyone in the recent feud here. While he remained throughout a member in good standing in the LASFS, he was a fellow traveller with the Knaves the moderator of the Outsiders, and one of the more active members of the group that sits in Morrie Dollens' studio. He has recently dabbled in the vices, so that at various times in the last few months he has been seen drinking, smoking, and even dancing. However, we have a slight suspicion he doesn't take these things seriously. He haunts bookstores and follows the symphonies, formerly accompanied by Freehafer, Yerke, and Bronson. His interests in writing, which he hopes to make his profession, are chiefly artistic. His magazine, Fantasy Critic, will be out---soon.

George Ebey is an intruder here, as he is really a Bay Area fan. But he has paid us a couple of long visits recently and has appeared at times in this sterling fanzine, so I thought I might condescend to include him. A GGFSeer in the Merchant Marine, he is Watson's partner on SAPPHO, DIABLERIE, CHAOS, and the innumerable one-shot mags that emanate from Frisco-Oakland. As for the personal description---very short, very loud, very blase, very sophisticated, very intellectual, very susceptible to alcohol, but a quite likeable little lad for all of that.

If fandom is in any way contagious, Jackie Laney will have to break down soon. She's Fran Laney's wife and has lived for the last few years in a hopeless welter of fan crud. The pix on her livingroom wall are fantasy originals. Same in the bedroom. One pic is on the kitchen wall. They have been considering several pictures for the place of honor in the small room between the bedrooms. She has recently played hostess to the bunch of us so often and has been so much around the clubroom that you wouldn't know her from a fan. She is a slim redhead--nice legs, there, sister, and although I haven't particularly noticed the color of her eyes, it wouldn't be inconceivable to suppose that Fran has bespoused himself to a vampire.

I suppose that would mean that 6-yr-old Sandra (Sandy) Laney would be an embryonic *lycanthropus erectus*. Be that as it may, you can certainly recognize her as the child of her parents. She is one of the most boisterous persons around the club and rates as the group's leading humorist. She loves to ride pickaback. (My back's getting into shape again--I haven't seen her for two weeks). She's already active in the fan field, as she has turned the mimeo crank or slip-sheeted several issues of *ACOLYTE*, has done an original Laney for a now nameless one-shot fanzine, and has torn up several of Fran's best prozines. She often writes his editorials. Once when something went haywire with one of the pages Fran was mimeoing, Sandy did the honors by saying the dirty words, since she knew Mommy didn't want Daddy to say them.

Quiggie Laney (a vague rumor is going the rounds that she has some other name) is the baby in Shangri-LA. She can speak several words but her main stock in trade is the vigorous "Hi!" with which she greets each person she meets in her meanderings about the room. Ackerman has a trunk in the clubroom, and when Fran brought Quiggie around for the first time, he told her what the trunk's purpose was. Ever since then, whenever Q makes certain suggestive sounds, Forry runs in horror to shut his trunk until Fran can get his younger child headed safely in the direction of *WSlanshack*. These sounds usually resemble the French expression for the affirmative with the accent on the first word.

Arthur Louis Joquel II has for the most part dropped out of fandom. But he still comes around the club occasionally, and a few of us see him quite regularly. His interests keep him not too far from the fantasy field. Art skyrocketed into fandom in 1941 and in a short period of time put out several of the neatest fanzines of all fantime. Among his publications were *SPECULA*, *SCORPIO*, *FMZ DIGEST*, *COVENTRY* (a mag with a Fortean slant), and poetry booklets by Fywert Kinge, Frances Moyer and myself, not to mention a large number of pacifist publications not connected to fandom. (He was reviewed pretty thoroughly last month). Art is lively, loud, blond, and plump, and expects to feast with Hymen soon as he can find a girl who fulfils a large enuf percentage of his qualifications, and who isn't already taken. I suppose he'd be looking for a ring now, if he weren't so out of sympathy with modern popular ceremonial.

Rosco Wright is not many months removed from the northern backwoods, but he's learning rapidly about fandom, live, and lahve. He seems to be developing into one of fandom's rare wolves (I mean as far as actual practice goes. Fandom is full of would-be Don Juans who like nothing better than to talk about rosebud---Northern Califans are especially lugubrious along this line.) He's been showing up at the

club about every other weekend recently, on his weekend pass. We never know whether to expect him to be in Navy or Marine uniform, as he's a sailor attached to the medical branch of the Marine Corps. He edits fmz BEYOND and VISION, and is one of fandom's youngest artists, authors, and poets. His art work is strictly moderne.

"Mary's place" which has been often mention in local fmz, is a store a half block from the club that handles likker, soft drinks, ice cream, second-hand mags, and a few groceries. We used to troup down there in groups of six or more to get ice-cream or pop just before she would close for the evening--that was when there were a dozen or more people in the club every night. Mary has another name, I am sure.

Mrs Burbee ((why so formal, James?)) (Isobel, or as Acky calls her, Ei-so-ble) is the wife of the jerk who edits this magazine. I pity that woman. But then, she manages to put up with him, and on rare occasions, even with a few more of us. On these occasions she serves even better Chinese style dinners than you can get in Wan Hung Low's restaurant, and there is no check to stare you in the face and discomfit you. She is especially memorable for having purchased Burbee a mimeo for Xmas so that he could continue to publish this reg, which is tantamount to saying that she is responsible for Shangri-etc's continued existence. Is that a curse or a compliment? And she's also the mother of three prospective fen---Burbee claims to have had something to do with it. ((I didn't enjoy it---it was legal))

Cartoonist Guy Gifford, who draws the Ringer Family for Planet, as well as a large amount of local work, recently sparked one of the best bull sessions we've ever had around here--wish he come around oftener than once or twice a year.

Andy Anderson, of Pismo Beach, California, has previously been suspended halfway between Frisco and LA, making occasional visits to both, and one to Battle Creek, but is planning to move to LA shortly, to attend the University of Southern Calif., so he'll be in the inner circle soon. Towheaded, blond, and rather horse-faced, he publishes CENTAURI, one of the rising fanzines.

Donald Warren Bratton came around a year ago and immediately went into the Navy as a student. Has avidly read and collective the prozines for years, and has built-up an extensive catalog index covering a good deal of the fantasy field. He is earnestly working on his file and eventually hopes to see it as complete a file as has ever been made in the field. ((Will be article by Bratton on his file in the next ish)) His other interests are serious music, science, and math.

Mrs Ada Charles, a widow to gives her age as 21-&-&, has come around the club monthly for several years. Regular prozine reader.

Nearly ever fan who went to school in LA has gone to school with Victor Clark. At the age of 31 he's still taking post grad. courses. Attends most of the big events around Shangri-LA.

14-yr-old Robert Cohen, one of our newest members, has read the pros for years. A combo of hi-school studies and stf have brought out the junior scientist in him and he nearly drove us from the club one night with the stench he created by experimenting with a makeshift welding outfit.

5-yr-old Margaret Jeanette Crozetti's chief occupation at present is growing up. She has just started school, and is anxious to learn

to read so that she can do more than just look at the pictures in all those stfantasy mags her mother has. Last year she was a member of the LASFS.

Jerry Lee Hewett, another 14-yr-old who has just discovered the club has been reading stf for several years and seems to be a dyed-in-the-wool fan. Has been around the club 50% of the time since he first came around, about 3 wks ago. Small, blond, exuberant. May publish soon. ASF collection dates back to 1935.

Nieson Himmell made his appearance in Shangri-LA about 3 months ago and by now should almost be classed as one of the inner circle. He has been reading the pros for 4 yrs, and has attended various schools, including Minnesota U and Georgetown U. Works for the News, LA's only liberal paper, finds plenty of time for wine, women, etc. He seems to resemble Mike Fern in some ways, but then, if you haven't met our boy Foutless.....

Burton Crane, prominent writer, newspaperman, critic, and officer in the NAPA, spent a week around the LASFS recently, previous to his departure to parts unknown on Gov't business. During his stay, he was the central figure around the club, as he gave Perdue several pointers (and bits of equipment) on the use of the printing press, and led off in several interesting bull sessions. In the last few issues of The National Amateur, which he edited, he has given several mentions to fandom and fmz. Seems to have been everywhere, and to have done everything. We're hoping to see more of him around the LASFS (possibly around the middle of March).

A. E. van Vogt is a name that should hardly be unfamiliar to any reader of stf, for since his SLAN appeared in ASF a few years ago, he has been rated one of the top authors in the field. He arrived in LA a few months ago from Canada. He seemed rather bashful about meeting fans, at first, but he has come back, first to the housewarming at Franshack #2, and then to the Fanquet, recently staged by Daugherty. He fits the old description, tall, dark, and handsome, and incidentally wears the pair of glasses that scooped Ackerman's claim to having the oddest glasses in fandom. van Vogt's are pince-nez, with an ear chain.

Mrs A. E. van Vogt, otherwise known as E. Mayne Hull, is quite as interesting a person as her husband. She was in ill-health when she first came to Los Angeles. A quiet person for such a circle as ours, she is more often found off in a corner shooting the breeze with someone quietly, leaving the limelight to her husband.

Mrs Arthur Louis (Butch) Joquel is known chiefly for her son; but hasn't been resting on her laurels. She and Art live, almost buried by the advancing tide of his books, in witch-haunted El Monte, near LA. They keep on good terms with each other by a rather novel twist: when either loses patience for any reason he/she shouts at the other and the other shouts back so loud as to be ridiculous. So they both begin laughing and forget what they were arguing about in the first place. Butch has read most of the yarns Art likes, and others. She has attended several outstanding LASFS events and has often been hostess to fan groups. Her tasty lemon pie (reference to which was deleted from the record last month by editor Burbee, jealous of own wife's reputation as a cook) is the best I have ever tasted---of course I've not tasted Mrs Burbee's lemon pie yet. (Burbee, if you edit this in any way I'll discontinue the series). I'm thinking about adopting her as an extra mother myself. Anybody know the legal procedure?

SLR LBC

b y fja

A bit o' ABC (Acky Boosting Crud) to begin with, to put your columnist in the proper creative mood:

POETICARICATURES

by Tigrina

F is for your Funny sensayuma.
O is for Originality
R is for your Rare imagination,
Reflected in your ready repartee.
E, of course, would stand for Esperanto
S, for Science Fiction tales, I guess.
T's for your Time and Talent, freely given
in the Service--of the LASFS!

Blimey, but we love that blarney! We havent had such praise since CyK.

Urgent Emergency

We were recently stricken with Bwright's Disease, a disease of the kidders, which manifesterd itself in the form of spots before everybody else's eyes--Bwright Wred Wones--arranging themselves in such a way as to be susceptible of musical interpretation as "Pop Goes the Measles"! Yes, U weasels, for 200 hrs I was behind the isol-8 ball with this childdisease!

Typical of the many letters of consolation recvd is this one, from the Editor of Shangri-L'Affaires: "For a moment, when I learned you were confined to the Fort, I seethed with rage. 'That goddam sgt is trying to get out of doing Station E B C,' muttered I between clenched teeth (quite a feat), (I just tried it---it's easy) 'I'll fire the sob,' I rasped. 'I'll fire him same as I fired Crozetti.' But then the tremendous thought struck me with the force of a physical blow and I crashed through the floor, through the floor below and into the collar, smashing 17 bottles of home brew. No. If I fired the sgt I'd be playing right into his hands. So, to meet his titanicly treacherous plot I'd play the game his way. So I wouldn't fire him. He'd have to come out of the Fort eventually ---he couldn't---wouldn't stay there forever, or until Shangri-L'Affaires stopped coming out, and when he came out I'd be there grinning triumphantly and stretching out blank copy paper to him...."

And maybe U think he wasnt? I no sooner re-set my foot inside the Clubroom than the televisior set up a clamor &, ansring, I was confronted by that tired glamor boy himself, Burbee, who harangued me for 1/2 an hr on battin' out the egoboo for Burbee's Abortion. "Why, it's the only good portion of the mag!" he flattered (I love putting words like that in the editor's mouth). And he harangued & harangued til he was red in the face.

Red harangue. #

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Lasfans are beginning to call each other by the pronunciations pind on 'em by Laney's li'l pinup girl, Quiggy. In particular there's "Walto" & "Fo-wee" for Daugherty & Ack-Ack.

WRIGHT WHERE SHE WANTED HIM

"Mrytle" Douglas recently entertaind Wright (not Tom, Dick nor--Weaver--but Rosco) at her servifans' USO. Rew drew her several originals, as a memento of the weekend, which, in a week moment, La Douglas put upon the wall of her den (of faniquity) along with Bok, Finlay & Paul. One particularly fancy conception is a combination fox & horse, which Bosco calls a "Foxorse". Incidentally, foxy Rosky, that (rose)budding writer, has his eye on a lil Eye-talian gal, with, we fear, ulterior motive of the most ulterior sort: It seems she oan type! Which is just the type girl he requires for quires & quires of stencils (above & Beyond the line of duty) to say nothing of a new manuscript he woud like turnd into a typescript...whereafter he hopes to obtain the services of that rising (at about 11:30 daily, sundays excepted--2:30, then) artist Alva Rogers to illustrate for submission, say, to FFM.

Incidentally, if our seaman ever goes on a sub mission, we hope he won't Rew the day! By the by, Rosco has a new rating now, but between his marine-sailor-medico standing I get too confused to know what term should be used. Now how Rosco rates with the girls is a story of quite a different stripe!

"A BAIRE IN THE HAND..."

Mary Baird, local member of the Weird Tales Club, & correspondent of Tigrina's, at the urging of the Tiger Girl took a whirl at the Wolves' Den of Bixelstrasse last Sunday. Met 5 fen--all men! Was her face red? Not particularly. Her normal complexion: She's a redhead!

KENEALYARN

M/Sgt Nickenealy airs from New Guinea: "After three years plus in this particular part of the world which has taken me from Melbourne up to and including the Philippines, the good gentlemen who control my destinies have seen fit to return me once again, if even only temporarily perhaps (hope not) to mine own fireside. -- Inasmuch as mine own fireside, at the moment, hapens to be located in Southern Calif, not too far from El Pueblo de la Nuestra Senora de los Angeles, the opportunity to drop in and take tea with the LA Fans will undoubtedly present itself." We'd be tea-lited, Nick!

1-A. E. Van Vogt

Yes, the great, great Slanfater is now eligible for induction into the USArmy! Sgt Ack-Ack may soon be having a temporary asst. on the Bulletin. Can't U just see Ae ordering AE to do ten-drills a day?!

CITIZEN CRANE

Burton Crane, NAPA Bigwig (on him a toupee woud look good), was a recent guest at an LASFS mtg. This burgeoning Eastern fan, a mature man with a teenage enthusiasm for amateur journalism, made a big hit with one & all. Related the plots of several stf storys his agent's submitted, made some very concrete contributions to the club printing equipment, & this leads ryt into the next item--

ESPERANTICRANE INSTRUCTION

Mirta DuGlaso (aka Myrtle Douglas) has started an Esperanticlass based on a clever card-playing system devised by Burton Crane, which has been used successfully by the army to Japanese, Military French & Military German. (On reading back, I see that sentence fell apart at the end--the word "teach" was inadvertently omitted.) Class meets once a wk for an hr & 1/2...will run for 16 wks...& starts with 1/2 doz mems, nonfans with the exception of "Elmo" Perdue. To insure seriousness, each participant puts up \$5...which is returnd if course is successfully completed.

THE LANG & SHORT OF IT

"Dear Forrest, I found among the heap of letters that piled up on my desk during the days of moving one by you and one by Walter J. Daugherty with an invitation to the Science Fiction Banquet on February 10th. No need to tell you that I would have loved to come and meet all the people you wrote about. But unfortunately I am opening these letters only now, on February 19th, and learning that the banquet was on the tenth, I can hardly follow the invitation. -- It's my loss and I feel very sorry about it. --Fritz Lang"

STENCILD BUT NOT READ

The 4e--going 2 pgs have been composed direct on stencil in a very hasty hurry, nor will the author have time to check back for any typograficalouse-ups, as he is leaving for Frisco quicker'n U could say Crisco (O, lard, what a pun!)

Burple tells us we write the glibbest column in fandom. But The Spence says: "All is not gold that glibbers."

This ish, STATION E-B-C has been strictly ad glib.

SEE HERE,
PFC SPENCER!

Ethel Birchley
for ARKHAM HOUSE

Editor, Shangri L'Affaires
Dear Sir:

I want to take issue with certain remarks made by Mr. Spencer in the new issue of your magazine ((#22)) -- quite unknown to Mr. Derleth, who is today in Madison -- because those remarks are made so glibly out of ignorance of what it means to run a publishing house. I have reference to these: "You can't blame Derleth for publishing his own stuff, and the greater part of his output has been mediocre." and "Arkham House's policies are, on the whole, full of flaws, chief being the favoring of a circle of writers who seem to be closely associated."

No one is more aware of the fact than Mr. Derleth that his stories are not all they might be, but the fact remains that they will stand up with the best of pulp fiction, and Mr. Spencer's represents a minority opinion, since professional reviewers and our patrons disagree. When he says that Mr. Derleth's -- or any other's stories -- are "mediocre," he ought to clarify his standards; the glib tossing off of phrases is not literary criticism. But the publishing of Mr. Derleth's own work is something else again, and I want to make it clear, as Mr. Derleth's secretary, that neither *SOMEONE IN THE DARK* nor *SOMETHING NEAR* had to see the light of day under the Arkham House imprint. Mr. Spencer should know very well if he is on his toes that no other writer among contemporary writers has one/fifth the breadth and background knowledge that Mr. Derleth has. That is not to disparage other writers in the field; it is just stating a fact. Mr. Derleth's work is regularly published by front-line publishers like Scribner's, Farrar & Rinehart, Appleton-Century, Coward-McCann, etc., and any book bearing his byline finds a ready market. *SOMEONE IN THE DARK* was published under the AH imprint because Mr. Derleth, trying to please customers who kicked about the \$5 price on *THE GUTSIDER & OTHERS*, was experimenting with a lower price -- \$2 -- to find out whether it would work; and for the purpose of that experiment, he felt he could afford to sacrifice his royalties. That low price did not work; and \$3.00 became the average. By publishing *SOMEONE IN THE DARK* under the Arkham House imprint, Mr. Derleth sacrificed a good deal in royalties. *SOMETHING NEAR* is being published for another reason, and so is any other book under Mr. Derleth's byline from Arkham House; it is published because there is often a slack between income and expenses to be taken up, and that slack can just be met now and then by the removal of the need to pay royalties to an author -- in other words, Mr. Derleth is using what would ordinarily be his royalties to take up slack. Paper enough for just so many books can be had; if all 5 or 6 of those books were full royalty books, the difference between income and expenses would be too great; so one of those books at least must be one on which no royalty is paid. Mr. Derleth, therefore, who has close to 40 other books to his credit, feels that he can better afford that loss than any other writer; so he takes it simply as a matter of business. His thanks are manifest in Mr. Spencer's glibness, and in the reaction of a few other fans, very few in number, who underline the fact that, though the professional fans number considerably less than 10% of our buyers, they make enough noise to sound like 150%.

As for the policies of Arkham House -- Mr. Spencer says they are "full of flaws" and adduces as his reason only the fact that Arkham House seems to favor a "circle of writers" etc. This is utter clap-trap. The fact is that Arkham House, being pretty much Mr. Derleth's baby, must adhere to certain literary standards, if only because Mr. Derleth has a certain reputation to maintain. Mr. Derleth, it should be remembered, is backing his literary judgment with his cold cash; Mr. Spencer isn't spending a cent to back his, but he feels free to criticize Arkham House's policy as "full of flaws". The writers selected by Mr. Derleth, while not all first-line, are backed also by critical reception. Mr. Derleth picked Lovecraft as the high-spot of the Arkham House list, and Dr. Whitehead second, with Smith third. So did the critics; so did our literate readers -- I have reference to well-educated, widely-read patrons, not immature and underdeveloped people who have a flair for Class-B writing and a cheerful ability to pass themselves off as literary critics. Mr. Spencer and those who think like him lose sight of the fact that for every one good tale of gore and thunder or science-fiction, there are a dozen first-rate supernatural tales.

There is one other aspect of easy criticism Mr. Spencer ought not to lose sight of. Mr. Derleth works 14 to 18 hours a day; he does his own writing -- he has 10 to 12 books coming out in 1945; he is literary editor of the Capital Times, a metropolitan newspaper in nearby Madison; he keeps a lengthy daily journal; he has a slough of minor positions -- on the State's juvenile delinquency commission, the Parent-Teacher Association (program chairman), a Men's Club (Secretary-Treasurer), etc., etc., he reviews books for the Chicago Sun; he does all the editorial work, the proofing, etc. for Arkham House, and it is his money that is being risked, despite his personal indebtedness, which is not small. Arkham House policies are his policies; and if Mr. Spencer thinks that Mr. Derleth's policies and judgments are "full of flaws" let him sit back on his haunches and try to find another Weird Taler who is fully listed in Twentieth Century Authors, Webster's Biographical Dictionary, Who's Who in America, and so forth. But this, no doubt, is not the reward of merit, but to Mr. Spencer must seem pure bad judgment on the part of the editors of those volumes.

###

((I sent a copy of the above letter to Spencer, hoping to use his reply this issue, but no reply yet from him.))

Willie Watson
reprimands

Charlie: I told you twice, stinky, if I tole you fifty times, that my name was not to be mentioned in regards to the cover. ((Last issue)) It was horrible (better'n Crozetti's stuff, tho). It stank. I distinctly remember writing you a letter telling you to keep my name under your hat. At least, I think I wrote you a letter.

Laney's thing is--well, let's be generous, boys--readable. Though I dislike his snide references to Shaw and Wilsey, and his obvious attempts to make Dunkleberger into a jolly fellow, when Dunkleberger is practically a non-entity.....some of Fran's ideas & remarks are generally sound. His remark about EEEvans and 4e was particularly funny--and true.

Your editorial, as usual, is 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ % padding and 1% informative. The witticisms are appreciated, tho, mainly because they aren't sophomoric & aren't intellectual--er, too intellectual. Burbee, you've got to write me something for the last diablerie, if it's only a filler. ((I did, too))

Hummel's Scientific Sorties--#1. Hummel couldn't have written this!

Station EBC was about Tigrina. Tigrina doesn't interest me, Burbee. I can take Tigrina or leave her alone (how old is she?)

Fanquet--am I--as a sterling fan--obliged to comment sweetly on this? Well, the attendees probably never had a better time. No booze, though. Lots of dirty jokes, probably, since Daugherty attended. I like Daugherty's dirty jokes. They have a flavor all their own.

Letter Column filled up space, as usual, but Wilson is the only one who is readable, and his stuff compared with Sneary's epistles and Waible's & Greenleaf's atrocities is like an oasis. You remind me of an oasis, Wilson.

Who's Who in Shangri-LA? As if anyone gave a damn. You stole the idea for this thing from CHAOS, James, and should be severely reprimanded. Yes. Consider yourself reprimanded, stinky.

Time out now for George Ebay,
our Oakland representative

Cover...Bill said he wanted it anonymous. After looking it over I can't say as I blame him. The printed lettering is effective--not to say startling...editorial...nifty, chum, just nifty ((my boy!)), you have a fine, fey touch with the typewriter keys...Laney's Ring in the New is the kind of stuff you'll get when you cry for anything to fill up space, readable, tho...Hummel's (who's Hummel? any relation to Hummel, Himmell?) Scientific Sorties No. 1...the best thing in the issue, really, the eighth paragraph left me weak with laughter. I never knew Hummel, Himmell, Hummel, was capable of this kind of thing...Station EBC, 4e is a good columnist when he has something to write about....so we're back to Tigrina, I give her the Lilith Lorraine "URP!"...So the Fanquet was a brilliant success? How so? I wasn't there, you know. Were you there, Charlie? I don't see any mention of your name...((It's there, twice)) in your own fanzine, too...I guess you weren't there...Letters are ultra enjoyable: you have the best letter section of any fanzine (positive statement for someone to jump on.) Be sure and send G. Waible an original Warth: when he writes that kind of a letter to Planet, Peacock reciprocates with an original--are you any different from Peacock, Cholly? (Perhaps Waible's letter is a reject from Planet rewritten for SL'A; write Waible and find out.)...the obvious answer to Jimmie's Who's Who in Shaggy La? is Who Cares--but as long as my name is included therein, I shan't complain...we're pulling the same kind of thing in Chaos...A Day and a Half in etc...they keep you pretty busy, hey Jimmie?

That's that, then--another typical, pleasant issue.

Be sure and write us on CHAOS number three. Bay Area Pullover was another one-shot (unintentional error, really) fanzine.

UGH

Harry Warner Jr threatens
to become a dealer

As long as I've fallen into the pitfall of writing you a letter, I might as well mention the excellence of the 22nd Shangri-L'Affaires, which blew in here on Wednesday, and which I had completed reading with the greatest of enjoyment by 11 p.m. that evening. I still can't get done marvelling at the grace, the ease, the humor, the rhetoric of your editorials. They are unbeatable. Could you let me have \$75 until Wednesday?

The only thing miraculous about the ad on page four ((why don't I number the pages?)) is the prices. Ugh. A bunch of copies of Merritt's "Seven Footprints to Satan, Avon edition, which everybody thought was long ago out of print, have turned up in Hagerstown. I could probably make enough money to finance a whole wing of The Foundation by buying them up and selling them at a reasonable price, like \$3 a copy.

The whole issue isn't up to the standards of some other recent ones, but was most thoroughly readable. The letters were the best thing about the issue, aside from the editorial ((that's my boy)) with Milty's topping them all.

Incidentally, though everyone probably knows it by now, a new Bart House Lovecraft booklet is out--contains "The Dunwich Horror", "Thing on the Doorstep", and "Shadow Out of Time", the latter sadly cut if I remember the Astounding version correctly. Chances are that all over the broad expanse of the nation, fans have long since purchased untold quantites of copies of this book, for resale three years from now at \$9.98 per, but I haven't yet seen its appearance noted in the newszines, and it's just possible that the local stands jumped the release date or something. I'd still like to know where those Seven Footprints came from, though.

It is enough.

CRUD AND BLUD

Joe Kennedy suffices
for the nonce

Burb: Thanks verr' muchly for the letter of comment on VAMPIRE, and sundry subjects. SHANGRI L'AFFs #23 also arrived t'other day, and is, seriously, a darned good issue.

Watson's cover, of course, is excellent. The idea is rather weak, but that style easily puts it over. Comment formez-vous les lettres au haut de la page? Linoblock, mebbe?

Editorial good for many a grin--and true, too. Laney's article so impressed me that I actually hacked out an article about it. Find sloppily-typed mss enclosed. ((Also in this issue, on page---why don't I number the pages?))

Hemmel's Scientific Sorties. Ha. I enjoyed this one. Who wrote it, by the way? ((I did)) Station EBC--averagely good local news column. The puns are horrible but apt.

Fanquet. Wish I was thar. The Gifford cartoon on the following

page is good, even for a sketch. I admire Guy's style greatly. Have one of his Ringer originals. Prize typographical error of the month dept: Gut Gifford! You'll get sued for liable one of these days... ((we're libel to at that))

Letter column combines crud and blud effectively enough. None of the letters particularly outstanding, but none particularly uninteresting, either. Sneary. Gaw.

Kepner's stuff good enough.

And this should suffice for the nonce.

FERN'S NEMESIS

Rick Sneary
rides again

((There are those who say that Sneary does not exist))

Dear Burbee: As the Knight of Shangri-L'Affaires I step forward to do joust with you. AAaaa first let me thank you kindly, for throwing tho's last three ish(s at me. I got four now, and four tipics of covers. One action, one wird, one funny, and one,mmmmmmmm. The best article was "Xmas at the LASFS". Say what is wrong with you Burbee old man? Why do let Acky say such things about you. Aren't you the Ed? Or is 4e's word law in LA?

With the exception of Mike Fern your readers are better writers than your editorial staff. Except for your editorials I lurn more from the letters than the rest of your mag. Let me put my banner beside that of Elsner's, in the Crusade to bring Science-Fiction Fans back to science-fiction. He is right, most fans are more interested in fanning that in SF. You seem to be trying to do somthing about this with Hummel article, but it was poor. 12 pages about a experiment that didn't work, Ha. I would rather herd of a experiment about turning lead into gold, that didn't work. But lest it is step in the right direction, and better than nothing. But what I want is more letters, lots more. Some by me ofcourse.

Your attemp at fiction was---in 3 words,"not so hot". Tho Baldwin is a good enough writer, the story was-----. It's only good feacher was the worning about foney autographs. I now go back to S'L-A 21. After craling threw 7 pages of Acky I find that I am to the letters. Jack Speer's was best, I may use his idea in a club, or a branch of a club (this depends on Elsner) I have started. Any one interested in geting info on joning a club in which thair questions on Science or SF fandom will be answered by fans that know, write me. Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif. Will answer all mail.

Qukek, Burbee! Tell me who Ken Sabbie is. If he is a dope er smething I challenge Mike Fern to a duel, (of words) I'll have him know that he can't call me names and get away with it. I'll track him down if it takes the rest of my life. If he is your NY representative well my advice to you is" better start looking for a new one, this one may wear out, Suddenly." Grrrrrrrr.

At this point let me say that I am glad to hear you didn't quit, as S-L'A wouldn't be the same with out you. No other Zine can make that clam. Hemmel's (HA) Science Stories #1 wasn't bad. That is Tom Mix's secret code, not the Lone Ranger's. If the L R is useing it, he is a cheet.

Pfc Paul Spencer gets in under the wire from somewhere overseas

Dear Chas: Thanks for sending me a copy of the Arkham House letter and giving me a chance to answer it through the pages of Shangri-L'Af-faires. I am badly handicapped by the fact that I have not yet received the issue containing my letter with the remarks about Arkham House, and will have to rely on my memory.

Miss (or Mrs.) Birchley's criticisms are based upon a fundamental misunderstanding. Actually I am an enthusiastic supporter of Arkham House. I have reviewed Arkham House books for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association very favorably, and have repeatedly expressed my admiration for the firm in print, in correspondence, and by word of mouth. I have also expressed my approval directly to Mr Derleth. My letter to Shangri-L'Affaires was a defense of Arkham House against some criticisms which had appeared in a previous issue. At that time one of the fans expressed dissatisfaction with the announced contents of "Something Near" and "The Opener of the Way", saying that many of the stories were mediocre or even downright bad, and, moreover, that Mr. Derleth was unjustly neglecting some of the first-rank authors. I replied to say that it isn't fair to blame Derleth for publishing his own books and those of his friends, and on the whole he was doing a very good job. Miss Birchley's information about the circumstances surrounding publication of Derleth's books strengthens this conviction.

I conceded that some of the stories listed were "mediocre"--I do not think they should be called "bad"--and I retain this opinion. My exact words, as quoted, were "The greater part of his output (meaning Derleth's) has been mediocre." I have consulted a dictionary about that word "mediocre," and find it means just what I thought it did: "of medium excellence"--that is, neither very good nor very bad. In the case of so prolific a writer as Mr. Derleth it cannot be expected that he would maintain a consistently high level. I was careful to say "The greater part of his output," because some of his stories are very good.

Incidentally, I think Miss Birchley is being unfair to compare Derleth's writings with pulp fiction; I do not consider him a pulp writer--his stories are on another and higher level. On that level, most of them (judging from the fairly wide selection I have read) are, as I have said, neither very good nor very bad. A few are excellent. I hope this makes clear my attitude toward Mr Derleth's writings--I have been referring, of course, only to his weird fiction (which is not the basis for his inclusion in Who's Who, etc.).

As for the policies of Arkham House, the phrase quoted seems like a very severe criticism, but I trusted the context to make plain that when I said the policies were "full of flaws," I meant simply that I disagree with Derleth on some points, these points being relatively unimportant ones. If my language was too strong, I apologize most sincerely.

I am interested by the statement that only 10% of Arkham House's supporters are active fans. I've been told more than once that the success of the venture was due very largely to the fans, and am wondering what the truth of the matter may be. The remark that more good weird fiction is produced than science fiction or "gore and thunder" strikes me as being quite true but irrelevant. I do not recall taking

a stand on this point in my previous letter.

The fact of the matter is that Miss Birchley and I agree on all major issues; and I hope my explanations have cleared up any hard feelings there may have been. Perhaps the most convincing proof I can give of my devotion to Arkham House is the fact that I have purchased all the books published by Mr Derleth so far. And I hope to purchase all future ones.

Elliott Rockmore briefs
the last four issues

Dear Ed: Received the promised copies of S L'A and would like to thank you for them. They were excellent. Here is the required letter.

The covers were good in the following order; 1. On 20-Pretty good. 2. On 22-The Beauty and the RAP were well done, but the girls face is a little cockeyed. 3. On 23-soso. The man seems to be having trouble screwing his head back on. Used to have the same trouble. Tell him to leave his head and neck out in the rain occasionally until it rusts. Then it will fit more closely. But tell him not to get water inside or he'll become a SF Fan. 4. On 21-I don't get it.

The editorials are verramusing and are among the most delightful I've seen in Fandom. Ditto ed comments thruout the zine. Almost all the letters proved to be interesting.

ISH 20. Laney's article on NFFF was interesting even tho his hobby of late seems to be finding stefnists under every rock, tree and organization. Ditto above comments on FTLs Ring in the New.

Ackermans Taurus, Station EBC, Matter of Degree, Ackorns, and Ma Burbee were as charming nonsense as can be found in Dr Doolittle's Adventures. Mo, mo, and mo.

Xmas at the LASFs, Fanquet, show more activity and incredible machinations of LA fans. Just reading about you tires me out. The only fan I know in NY is my brother who is still in the Captain Future stage.

Hummel's Sci Nook Proved interesting tho functionally useless. Still don't understand it, but thanx for trying.

Hemmel's Sci Sorties proved to be more delightful Burbeolings. Mo, mo& mo. Kepner's Who's Who&Day&a 1/2 was purely Stefnistic (FTL Brand) and very enjoyable. Mo.

AND THEN THERE WAS BALDWIN'S STORY CRIME STALKS THE FAN WORLD was without doubt the finest bit of Fan comedy-parody-satire ever published. I nominate it for the best fan fiction of the year. It was superb!

SO in order to repay you for a really fine zine, I am enclosing 40¢ toward the 'hyper April ish' or toward the Hollywood Park you like so much. If its the latter, please send 4 dehydrated blondes immediately. ((I kept the 40¢. You'll never see it again))



EDW TOMASZEWSKI
 214 E 19 ST
 NYC 3

immediately. (I kept the book for you like no much. It is the letter I had toward the 'Hesper' April 1941, 30 in order to repay you for the copy!)

And then there was Baldwin's story. I was without doubt the finest plot of bad comedy-parody-satire ever published) and very enjoyable.

Home's 3rd Sortes proved to be a delightful surprise. I had heard of it only last I know in N.Y. as a 'problem' but it is still in the 'Oz' magazine of 1941. I know it is a 'problem' about you times me.

And then there was Baldwin's story. I was without doubt the finest plot of bad comedy-parody-satire ever published) and very enjoyable.

Home's 3rd Sortes proved to be a delightful surprise. I had heard of it only last I know in N.Y. as a 'problem' but it is still in the 'Oz' magazine of 1941. I know it is a 'problem' about you times me.

And then there was Baldwin's story. I was without doubt the finest plot of bad comedy-parody-satire ever published) and very enjoyable.

Home's 3rd Sortes proved to be a delightful surprise. I had heard of it only last I know in N.Y. as a 'problem' but it is still in the 'Oz' magazine of 1941. I know it is a 'problem' about you times me.

And then there was Baldwin's story. I was without doubt the finest plot of bad comedy-parody-satire ever published) and very enjoyable.

Home's 3rd Sortes proved to be a delightful surprise. I had heard of it only last I know in N.Y. as a 'problem' but it is still in the 'Oz' magazine of 1941. I know it is a 'problem' about you times me.

And then there was Baldwin's story. I was without doubt the finest plot of bad comedy-parody-satire ever published) and very enjoyable.