

# The Return

PHW  
S hangin' L faires



A short time ago, when I still had hydrogen oxide sloshing around behind me ears, (and its still plenty damp there) I would have looked upon anything resembling the following as the rankest heresy, blasphemy, treason, et cetera ad infinitum. Now that I have joined the erudite LASFS and had this position shoved off on my scrawny shoulders, however, I have seen things happen and heard things said that have made me question many of the things that I have previously held out as the very pinnacle and acme of stf. Every time I opened my mouth (and believe me, that was often. I have learned somewhat since to keep my mouth shut or else keep my foot out while I had it open; which is a very difficult thing for me) to say something about a great stf epic or short or serial someone would be sure to inform me in the most minute detail exactly where the plot of the story originated, where the story slipped up on its science, where the characterization was poor, where the thing wasn't logical, and in general would pick it so full of holes it wouldn't hold up under a slightly anemic sneeze. Well, I figure, (I'm good at figures.....) I might as well get in on a little of the fun myself. So herewith I shall begin the aforesaid heresy.

Doc Smith

was the # 2 man of my authors list, had been for ages. Don Stuart, of course, was and still is my #1 favorite; but skylark was very close behind him. I weep. He is no longer in the running. Why, you ask?? All because of a stfiction fan--the one person in the world you would be expecting to uphold the tradition of the Great Skylark. Naturally, I was highly desirous of disproving the various unkind things he had said concerning the Galactic Patrol - the Lensman- stories; but alas and alack, upon the immediate rereading of the classics I not only failed to disprove his statements, I convinced myself of the fact. As for instance, Kimbal Kennison is in command of the Boskonian cruiser that captures the hospital ship of his girlfriends service. So what happens? In a very corny scene he manages to look idiotic by telling her all about the nurse that once wouldn't feed him steak et cetera ad nauseum and she replies in the same sickening fashion that she understands all. And in the Second Stage Lensman no matter how many tight squeezes he gets himself in, he always comes out with a whole hide. How can he do otherwise? If he gets in a jam he can't solve there is always dear old Mentor to jerk him out. If Doc Smith had stuck to the old type of grand yarn he had in the Skylark of Space, Skylark Three, and Interplanetary, he could have done topnotch work. As it was, even in the Valeron he was get too big for his solar system. In my opinion, the Valeron was his last good piece of work--no, I retract that statement. Galactic Patrol was fair, if not outstanding. As for the Valeron, it deserves the praise that was heaped on it by Campbell, but not as much as fandom as a whole has thrown its way. I sincerely hope that in the next story by the Skylark he drops this impossible sort of superman he has developed in Kennison.

Apparently there are people in this dizzy organization (?) called fandom who actually think enough of this erudite fanzine who, if they don't send in anything in the way of monetary value, at least send in letters to help fill up the gaps in the back of the issue. So if any of you who are reading this didn't get #26, blame yourself. No letters, no mag. You don't know how lucky you are, as it is. The director is debating the issue of charging you guys hard cash for Shaggy. I myself don't think it right--after all, Shaggy is a club zine, paid for from the club treasury--if there is one. Right now there ain't, so you probably won't see Shaggy for another six weeks. But you dopes could help an awful lot, if you would only use your tripewriters often. This ed is being carved directly on the stencil, with no premeditation whatsoever and due to this there are none of the vital statistics on hand that I need just now, so I'll have to stick it some where else in the mag later. The statistics I refer to are the names of two persons whom sent in the dough to put this ish on the press, one a check for nine (9) bucks and the other one (1) buck. Praised be these in the annals of the Lord High Ghu. They saved my neck.

Shangri-L'Affaires is the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and is published at 637 1/2 S. Bixel by Gerald Hewett, with the aid and abettment of the rest of the fellows. Charley, our former ed, once remarked it was born with most of the fellows at least standing around looking on. I earnestly think he was wrong. These jerks are too lazy to stand.



# THE DAY

AFTER

Victory



burbee  
CHARLES

He woke that morning (it was nearer noon) with the definite feeling that some nauseating creature had slept all night in his mouth. He rose and his head hammered in a subtle rhythm that jarred him to his toes, etc. Anyhow, to put it briefly and to save space, he had a terrific hangover. A soft melody hummed in the air. Somebody's radio, he thought.

It seems that the day previous had been Victory Day, or some such thing and had been proclaimed a holiday by the President. In fact, if the President had had any foresight in such matters, he would have also declared the day after a holiday for such people as Joe, because Joe had partaken rather unwisely of liquor. Besides, he worked in a war plant and who the devil would be building war planes now?

He sat there, and perhaps we can forgive Joe if he did not notice the change that had been wrought. He reached down and braved the storm raging inside his skull. His slippers were generally to be found in this area. He couldn't find them. Suddenly he noticed they were on his feet. Oh well, he must have put them there absentmindedly. He got up and started for the bathroom. As he entered the room a soft melody started up from some unseen source. It had no recognizable tune, but was strangely soothing to his jangled nerves. As he picked the toothbrush off the rack he was somewhat jarred from his hangoverish aplomb by the way it twisted out of his hand and popped into his mouth. He stood there wondering just how drunk he might still be as the brush efficiently brushed away, using the stroke and the dentifrice recommended by 4 out of 5 dentists. He did not even start as a fine spray of water washed his mouth out, and after he'd gotten enough control to spit it out he got something of a shock to notice that a pleasing mouthwash was being delicately sprayed inside his mouth. His amazement was pretty well worn out by the time he noticed that the toothbrush was now a razor and was shaving him, applying shaving cream before and rinsing and applying scented lotion afterward.

"Oh, well....." said Joe. Which certainly showed that he could take it. He left the bathroom as soon as he could, only just evading the tentacles that reached out for him from the shower. Joe caught on quick and had the idea he might be given a cold shower whether or not he fancied it.

In the kitchen he smelled ham and eggs and fresh coffee and the stink revolted him. As he entered the door, his chair slid out and caught him. The extensible arms shoved a pick-me-up at him and then began feeding him properly seasoned ham and eggs and occasional swigs of coffee, black.....

"This," said Joe, "is the acme, if not the pinnacle." He relaxed and enjoyed it.

(Dis be page vun)



Breakfast finished, the chair walked with him into the living room where the softly playing music that had played the whole time now became strongly accented and martial. A soothing voice (so pleasant it must have been a voder voice) began to give him directions for setting-up exercises. "The hell with it," he grunted, so his chair dumped him out. He lay there on the floor, his patience gone. Having gathered up enough energy to get mad, he rose to do battle and the chair kicked him--not hard, but a stinger. "That does it!" growled Joe and waded in. Two minutes later, Joe, two bruises on his jaw and with shins decidedly dented, was doing setting-up exercises with the chair looking on complacently.

Now he was whisked into the bathroom and he went willingly. The cold shower jarred him out of his daydreaming mood and he began to observe things a little more clearly. It seems that the furniture, all of it, was endowed with a set of special functions. It seems also that they had minds of their own and his own feeble will was just that, feeble, against them.

He permitted himself to be rubbed down briskly--- he did admit it made him feel better--- and then he dressed. At the door he stopped, but was edged gently out and the door closed behind him. He almost thought he heard a feminine voice (he had no woman living with him at the time) say words of farewell, just before the door'd closed. His mouth was damp. The door kissed him dutifully.

All right, then. He was out of the house. He might as well get in the car and go down to work. Then he noticed that he was already at the garage. Looking down, he perceived that he'd been standing on a moving strip. Now the garage doors opened silently and his car backed out. Or was it a car? It was streamlined and glossy. But what was more, there seemed no way to get into it. Furthermore, it had no windows. It seemed a solid black egg. But with a soft click a door opened and he stepped in. He sank into soft deep cushions and fumbled for the wheel. This was not necessary, for the car was already moving down the boulevard with some speed, having backed out and gotten itself on the street the moment he stepped into it. "You're late, sir, we'll take to the air," said a soft voice at his elbow, interrupting the flow of soft music that was still somewhere about. So they took to the air. The city dropped away with alarming speed, only to come right back up again, and Joe noticed that he was parked neatly in the parking lot at work. Next to him another car had landed, folding its helicopter vanes and tucking them under the shell like a beetle.

The other man spoke first. "You too, eh?"

"Yep," said Joe. He noticed that the other's face sported bits of adhesive tape, as though he'd fought his toothbrush-atomizer-razor--- unsuccessfully, for his face was clean shaven.

Others were arriving every moment. Joe and his friend went toward the main plant building. A group of men and women was clustered there, chattering about their morning's experiences, all of which had a strange similarity. All sorts of theories were being advanced. Joe stood on the sidelines drinking it all in, not contributing to any of the arguments.

At length, the thing struck him with the suddenness of a slap. He saw it all now. It was clear and ridiculously simple, once you could



accept the basis.

This was the day after Victory. The war was over. This was the Post-War period.

All right, then, this was the Post-War world the adwriters had been gloating about for years.

Somebody else might be able to explain the why and wherefore---something about mass hypnotism, mass delusion---the combined forces of all minds of everyone everywhere, deluded into believing the ad-writer's goddam lies about the post-war world---all these little pictures conjured up out of ad-writers' brains and printed day after day in the newspapers, the magazines and blatted out on the radio---they'd solidified now, brought into existence by the frantic desires of the people who'd believed in them thoroughly and wholeheartedly because they'd wanted to bad enough....

Joe, sticking a cigarette into his mouth, hardly noticed that it lit itself.

The Postwar period! All sorts of luxuries---but evidently work was still with us. He didn't suppose he could use his car to go anywhere now---during working hours. He also surmised (and correctly) that his house would forcibly eject him if he attempted to enter it before quitting time.

The others had found some satisfactory answer for themselves, too, and were now intent upon convincing themselves for all time that their reason was the real one---so they wouldn't go nuts, of course.

It didn't matter, Joe knew, all the stuff was there to stay and it had to be accepted, and would be, since humans were human.

He flicked his cigarette away (it went out before it hit the pavement) and entered the factory, wondering what his eyes would behold in there.

- o -

Well, I am amazed. I am dazed. I am with glazed eyes. I got help on Shaggy.....

Laney, that old of the fanzines, was the main attraction and elemental force behind this astounding occurrence at 637½ Burbee Street; he dashed around like an amiable lapdog and addressed us in his gently bellowing voice, telling everyone just what he could do. Finally he decided there was something he could do, too. As the full comprehension struck him with all its dazing force, he was forced to set down and slowly assimilate the stupidindous facts. Then, with a brave shrug and a shuddering inhalation, he set down and went to work, too.....

~~~~~

The only persons present whom did any actual work were the afore-  
ahindsaid Laney, TIGRINA (lovely as the petals of the desert rose),  
EEEvans, SDRussell, Tigrina, (Gracefull as the nodding lily), Forrest J  
Ack-Ack, Robert Hoffman, Tigrina (radiant as the morning sunrise), and  
Pete Granger and I. Oh, yes, Tigrina arrived here today for the meeting.  
Charming girl.....

~~~~~



I Like LANEY, Too.....



Having been in Los Angeles now for almost two weeks, I am well enough informed to give my opinion of the place and the people therein. Meaning, of course, that they are as easy to read as a child's primer.

But I can sincerely and honestly wax lyrical about these LAnen. They have, individually and collectively, proved themselves to be the very finest friends that a fellow could ask. They have proved conclusively my contention that "people are the swellest people!"

First there was Walt Daugherty. He gave me answers to a whole letterful of questions about climate, food and room prices, wages or salaries, and suchlike things I needed to know in making my plans. He gave me permission to use his address to have mail and express sent until I should get my own place.

When Art Saha went East, shortly before I arrived, the gang here rented the room left vacant by his moving for me, so that I would have a place to live the first night.

Walt, Ackerman and Jim-E Daugherty met me at the train, even tho I did not get in until 10:00 p.m. The first days following my arrival the boys in Tendril Tower would, when I mentioned that I had to go to some particular sort of a store to make purchases, jump up and go with me to show me the way and to see that I did not get lost. They did everything in their power to get me quickly and easily acclimated.

You can thus see that I am very much in love with the people out here. I already knew several of them, and have seen all of those I formerly knew except Bronson and Yerke (including Ross Rocklynne, my second favorite among pro authors.)

I have met a lot of the other Angelfen, and have yet to meet one of them whom I did not like. Naturally some I will like better than others as time goes on and I get better acquainted. Some of them may even not like me (Foo forbid!) But I do really feel that I am going to enjoy my life in Los Angeles very much.

I even like the weather here! Hope to see very soon all of you Californians I have not as yet met. Hope I continue to like your excellent, fine, glorious weather. (I'm trying to get a job with the Chamber of Commerce.)

You who have not yet succumbed to the desire or temptation that will lead you to this sunny spot, had better make up your mind soon. That Slan Center will come, and soon, and you will be most unhappy if the roll is called and you are not present.

Yep, I'm sold on California. "Michigan" -- never heard of it!

Love, as always,

Ed Everett Evans



# RAY BRADBURY'S Weird fiction



S.D.R.

Recently, while seeking occupation for a spare hour or two, I was drawn (I know not how) into a perusal of former-LASFS-member Ray Bradbury's stories in Weird Tales. He has had a story in practically every issue for the past two and a half years, and in reading them all at once I could not help noticing the themes with which this latest of fans to achieve literary success has been most preoccupied in his supernatural fiction. To be distinctly unfannish and make a long story short, the three themes are: nostalgia for childhood; symbolism; and hypochondria or other similar psychological obsessions.

These themes did not appear immediately with his first tales in the magazine, for his first two were only conventional stories depending upon the specific individual ideas in them for their effect, rather than any wider reference. "The Candle," in the Nov. 1942 Weird Tales, was a conventional "plot" story with an ironic trick ending based on the idea of the "biter bit"--the hero being destroyed by the curse he had planned for his rival in love. "The Wind", which is vaguely reminiscent of "The Wings of the Storm" in Astounding a few years ago, has some good descriptions of the wind's fury and interesting intimations of the wind's sentience, but is otherwise not significant.

The stories dealing with the theme of nostalgia for childhood are obviously based on personal experience to some extent and are very well written from the point of view of psychological reminiscence. The two worst stories in the series are "The Ducker" and "Bang! You're Dead!", which describe the experiences of a soldier in Italy who believes that instead of fighting a real war he is merely playing with his boyhood comrades. The mawkish sentimentality displayed in this character's actions destroys the effectiveness these stories would otherwise have had. "The Sea Shell" tells of a bed-ridden little boy whose fascination for listening to the oceanic sounds of a sea shell apparently draws him into the scene that he hears therein, and the atmosphere and dialogue of childhood are depicted with great sensitivity, although the fantasy content is rather vague. A still better delineation of boyhood's griefs and trials may be found in "Reunion", in which the boy, an orphan, seeks to recapture the spirits of his mother and father by poring over their discarded clothes in the attic. The poignancy of his yearning and the horror of the destructive climax are conveyed with great effectiveness, and the element of symbolism is brought in as well in having the clothes represent the parents who had worn them. The best of the childhood stories, however, is "The Lake," which is to be reprinted in August Derleth's anthology, "Who Knocks?". This story reaches extremely moving and artistic heights of poignancy in its suggestions of the semi-tragic nature of puppy love and the transient nature of all man's plans, as expressed in the simple symbol of a castle of sand on the seashore. Mr. Derleth made a wise choice when he selected this story, for I believe it exceeds all the rest of Bradbury's tales in maturity and psychological significance.

The theme of symbolism, apart from the partial examples mentioned above, is represented by only three stories in the canon. "The Scythe," one of the earlier stories, uses the title-object as the symbol for death but has it wielded by an itinerant farmer who chances upon it accidentally in modern times. This illustrates Bradbury's inclination to depict supernatural themes in terms of modern everyday instances



rather than conventional romantic ones. His custom is to select some fairly common and ordinary object or event of mundane life and to invest it with occult attributes, usually of an original, "modern" nature bearing little or no resemblance to traditional supernaturalism. His use of symbolism is strikingly illustrated by "The Poems," in which a young poet, under the strange influence of the valley he lives in, captures so completely in his verses the objects he writes about that they are wholly removed from the world of reality; this is symbolism with a vengeance! Less definite but far more suggestive and intriguing is "The Jar," in which a strange pale head in a jar of alcohol, bought from a sideshow by a farmer, becomes an object of reverence for all his neighbors by symbolizing the particular wishes, fears, and frustrations of their cramped lives. Though Bradbury never indicates any actual meaning for the thing and thus leaves the story on a non-supernatural level, the philosophical implications in the theme suggest that he could have lifted the tale to much greater significance by spending more time and thought on it.

The most interesting general theme in Bradbury's stories, however, is that of psychological obsession (usually hypochondria or something similar), though it is never presented directly as such but is always given a supernatural interpretation. It appears for the most part in his most recent stories, though there is something of it in one of his earlier tales, "The Crowd," in which a man discovers that the crowds which gather with miraculous speed at auto accidents are always the same people and that they kill the injured victims by "accidentally" moving them before the doctors arrive; here the hero, from a rational psychological viewpoint, might be said to be suffering from delusions of persecution arising from his injuries. The story is somewhat similar to "The Wind" (described above) and even more so to "The Watchers," in that it deals with a man who discovers a secret about an unsuspected sentient menace in everyday life and is killed by it to shut him up; in "The Watchers" the delusion of persecution is a conviction that all insects are spies of the Evil Ones that rule the world, though the hero ultimately finds that microbes rather than insects are the villains. "There Was an Old Woman" tells how Aunt Tildy, who refuses to believe in death, blackmails the undertakers into giving back her body after Death has stolen it, and "The Tombstone" deals with a shrewish wife who pretends to be afraid of sleeping in a room in which a newly finished tombstone has been left; both characters might be called psychologically abnormal to some extent, though in quite different ways. In Bradbury's last two stories in Weird Tales the heroes suffer from hypochondriacal obsessions that are very familiar to psychiatrists, the only difference being that in the stories the obsessions are justified and true: the hero of "The Dead Man" believes he is dead (and really is), and the man in "Skeleton" is frantic with horror and hatred toward his own bones (they finally are eaten out of him by a fiendish little bone specialist). The latter story in particular is crammed with realistic psychopathic details and might well be the case history of an actual hypochondriac.

Whether Bradbury uses these three themes because they have some special meaning for him personally or merely because they happen to suggest interesting and original ideas of up-to-date, 20th-century supernaturalism is not for me to say, but I believe it is of considerable significance that he almost invariably approaches the supernatural from the viewpoint of psychology. The traditional themes and treatments of supernaturalism have just about outworn their appeal for modern readers, and Bradbury, by trying to weld together with greater subtlety and profoundness the concepts of occult fantasy and mental science, may help to give new life to the Gothic theme.



I was talking to a horse the other day (his name is Freddy, but he prefers to call himself Spike) and we were discussing the past and future of science-fiction. Nothing came of it. As a horse, Freddy (or Spike) was handicapped by the fact that he couldn't read, and all his information was relayed secondhand through his hackie, who ~~was~~ has a hansom-cab stand at the foot of Central Park, right where the Bird Sanctuary is. But Spike (or Freddy) is an individualist, and he thinks that the future of sfiction is something decidedly worth considering. As for its past, he just snorts and wiggles his ears.

He says a lot of good stories have been written in the past, and I don't doubt it, for I've written some of them myself. (They were never published.) In his opinion, the chief weakness of sfiction to date has been the lack of horses as protagonists. With a well muscled Pinto as a Grey Lensman, or a strong-minded sorrel taking over control of the universe, my equine believes that the circulation of the s-f magazines would have a considerable increase, at least on the foot of Central Park where the cab-stands are. And he may be right.

He told me he had written a story, and suggested that I might like to read it, but I said no. I cant even read my own stuff. I gave him a copy of Marvel Science Stories to improve his mind and left him. After that I wandered downtown and thought of Forrest J Ackerman, but since I dislike non-coms on principle, after a casual rendezvous with the US Army, I dismissed the revolting little creature from my mind (hmmmmmm, YeD) and concentrated on Tigrina. (ahhhh, YeD). But that didnt help either. Forry I may loathe while he's wearing sergeants stripes (all sergeants are by nature evil), but I shall love him devotedly again when he puts on his illfitting civilian garments. As for Tigrina, I shall never understand her, though I have my own opinions, which involve a Black Man named Malik Taos and a fat little individual named Lubricans. While both of these persons have contributed greatly to stfiction, as well as the modern version of Kraft-Ebbing I am compiling, I cannot help but feel that my morbid interest in them has made me wander off the subject. I was talking about the past and future of stfiction.

I disagree with my horse friend. I think sfiction, in the future, should be about rabbits. I should not care to elucidate this statement, but would be willing to, on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a hundred dollar bill, not counterfeit. It's pretty obvious to me that some things going to happen. And it is my unalterable conviction that only rabbits will save the day. Sfiction has been going to the dogs for years now, if we are to believe the fanmags(and the professional fiction magazines), but every once in a while we get a masterpiece by some writer like Lewis Padgett or Lawrence O'Donnell or Keith Hammond. Or Paul Edmonds. And C.L. Moore is undoubtedly the best fantasy writer extant, with the exception of her husband, who is far too modest to name himself. Aside from these dependable standbys, there are literally thousands of other writers(including horses and rabbits) who could, and sometimes do, turn out masterpieces of sfiction. So obviously there is no cause for alarm.

I trust this report from New York will ease the fears of those who are Viewing with Alarm. I have Viewed with Alarm for years, and look whats happened? The worst, of course. Finally I should like to add that Freddy (or Spike) is looking for a collaborator, and asked me to advertize the fact. But its only fair to mention that hes a damned stupid horse. ###

some time si wonder some time si wonder some time si wonder some time si wonder some time si wonder

I guess this is as good a time as any to stick in the post mortem facto note wherein the Angels noted on the editorial page do not wish their erudite names mentioned. So sorry. Tally Ho, the Fox! %%%

*[The page contains faint, illegible markings.]*



## THE GARDEN OF FEAR: a review — SDRussell

William L. Crawford's first pocket-book of fantasy stories, culled from the pages of his 1934-35 magazine, Marvel Tales, appeared on the newsstands at the end of July bearing the imposing title of The Garden of Fear by Robert E. Howard and Other Stories of the Bizarre and Fantastic. The paper cover bears a green-and-black illustration by Alva Rogers of the LASFS, depicting in pen-and-ink a scene from the title story characterized by wiry-muscled figures not too badly executed for such a difficult medium.

A surprising good selection of stories has been made, and the pamphlet will stand up very well in comparison with other fantasy pocket-books, despite its somewhat amateurish appearance. The Robert E. Howard story is, of course, the outstanding item here, and though the tale is told from the viewpoint of reincarnation, with the narrator recalling scenes from a former life as a paleolithic wanderer, this dubious mystical theme is made plausible by skillful, artistic writing and careful attention to the psychological details that such a situation would involve. The story itself is of no particular significance or complexity as to plot, being merely the account of the rescue of a dawn-maiden from a winged man, but it is very well told, like all of Howard's yarns, and contains some genuine, effective fantasy in the descriptions of the vampiric flowers guarding the tower of the winged man, and in the intimations of the latter's forgotten civilization, of which he is the last survivor.

The remaining tales vary from fair to excellent. L. A. Eshbach's "The Man with the Hour Glass" is the weakest, trying unsuccessfully to wring some ironic poignancy from the worn-out theme of time-travel into a predestinate future and failing utterly to convince us that the hero's hackneyed painting, whose title is that of the story, could become an object of worship as the world's greatest artistic masterpiece a century hence. H. P. Lovecraft's "Celephais", on the other hand, is too well known to need praise here, for it is perhaps the most successful of his dream-stories of pure fantasy, the one in which his Dunsanian style most perfectly blends with and expresses the story and thus renders most convincing HPL's thesis that true happiness is found only in dreams. "Mars Colonizes" by Miles J. Breuer, M.D., turns out to be a somewhat more realistic invasion story than the trite beginning augurs, provided one accepts the anthropomorphic nature of the Martians, which in this case is not due to the unimaginativeness of the author but is a necessary postulate to the theme of the gradual infiltration and displacement of human society over a 400-year period by the peaceful invaders, who are depicted with plausible psychological insight and whose ultimate defeat by the cumulative physiological effects of Earth's atmosphere helps to counteract the jarring note of the anachronistic army sent to destroy them. The complex racial problems aroused by the mingling of men and Martian have timely implications, but the situation in the story cannot justly be compared too closely to any actually existing today. The final story in the pamphlet, Dr. David H. Keller's "The Golden Bough", is smoothly written, and its mingling of Druidic supernaturalism and sexual psychology marks it as refreshingly mature for a fantasy tale.



/~~~blank thot.

It really breaks my heart  
to do things like this to you;  
I hate myself when I  
get these spells. # # # #



# FRAN SLANTS

Francis J. Laney

This is one of those things! Someone conceived the quaint idea of having a gala publishing night here at Shangri-la, a night when the clubroom would be sacred to the holy rites of publishing an issue of that one sterling fanzine, SIA. Well, I'm working. On my immediate left is that doughty fellow, Prince of Pockermannas, ye olde fooie, Tripoli. He has a harrassed expression on his usually beaming pan, for he is attempting to use my 1915 model LCSmith. Aldo he is one of the very few people in this room who is actually working. Across from me catty-corner is that newest arrival, Tigrina. She too is working. You can tell that neither TNT nor TNT have been here for long; Me, I have to work. I'm the director and have to set a good example.

Distracting the wouldbe workers from their many tasks are the following charter members of the LASFS drones: Forrest J Ackerman, Russell J. Hodgkins and wife, Alva Rogers, Jimmy Kepner, Pete Grainger, Sam Russell, and my delightful little children.

Hewett, for once, is at the mimeograph--or he was when I started this sentence. Hoffman the rah-rah boy is doodling a Hoffmania.

Ah these cooperative publishing projects. I'm particularly distressed at the hideous example being set by that false fan, Forrest J no period. He is just talking....

-----oooOooo-----

I'm not getting anywhere at this rate; no one could work in this madhouse, particularly on this foul typewriter.

-----oOooo-----

Any scientifiictionist this week is undoubtedly filled with thoughts of atomic power. It is as I write some three days since the first atom bomb dropped on the Nips. I suppose that this discovery was inevitable, but somehow I'd been hoping that it would be deferred for another couple of centuries. The implications of atomic power do not leave me particularly happy.

In the first place, from the releasing of atomic power it is but a comparatively short step to harnessing it. Many difficulties remain to be solved--true enough--but it seems reasonably probable that 25 years from now will see this mighty power available for general use. Will we get the benefit of it? I doubt it. Probably some powerful group will use it to make themselves more powerful; the rest of us can go to hell.

And consider the fun we will have some two decades hence when these bombs start dropping on our cities!

We have a civilization, so-called, which has shown itself to be incapable of even making an equitable distribution and use of steam power. A civilization which curtails its food production while a large proportion of its population is enduring sub-standard conditions of nutriment. A civilization which has its sawmills running three days a week in 1938 while half its populace is living in antiquated hovels and warrens. A civilization which cannot even make suitable use of so relatively simple a thing as an internal combustion engine, as witnessed by the thousands killed and maimed thereby annually.

And now we have atomic power.

Children playing with matches. Cthulhu help us!

-----oooOooo-----

A letter from August Derleth dated 6 August: WITCH HOUSE is due late next week, by month's end comes THE OPENER OF THE WAY (Robert Bloch). Then in September, THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD (Derleth and Lovecraft) and "IN RE: SHERLOCK HOLMES"; in October, THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS (Frank Belknap Long) and GREEN TEA & OTHER GHOST STORIES (Sheridan LeFanu). We are also rushing through for early 1946 publication two other titles:

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND AND OTHER NOVELS, Wm. Horre Hodgeson (\$5)

THE DOLL AND ONE OTHER, new stories by Algernon Blackwood (prob \$1.50 or \$2)  
Catalogs containing this announcement together with other data will be mailed out in September. #####



# HEMMEL'S

## SCIENCE SORTIES



-- # 2 --

---Oxnard CB Hemmel---

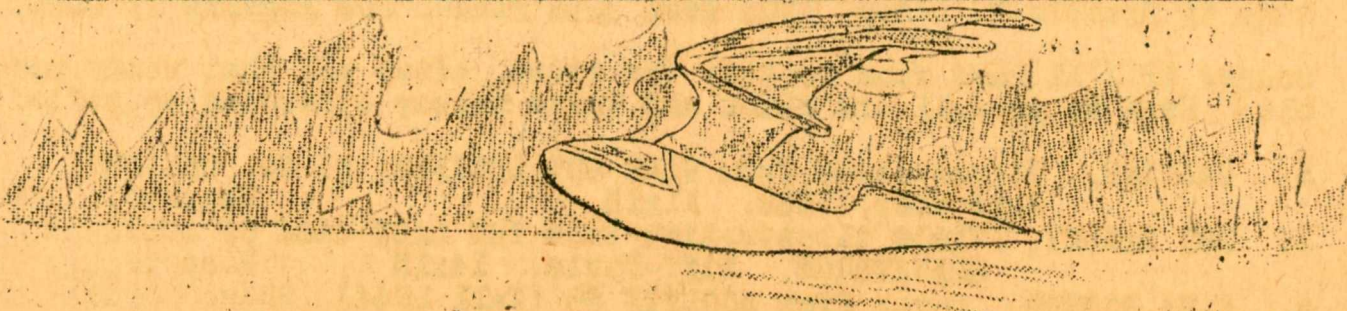
Since the recent enthusiastic reception given my first article in this curious fanzine I have been egged on to greater achievements and their accompanying triumphs. I feel now since I got so many praising letters that I am really doing a worthwhile thing in this field and perhaps this magazine will someday be elevated to the status of a daily newspaper with its stuff syndicated to all parts of the globe. Who can tell? There is no doubt that good strong writers on any subject are scarce and some of them are very lazy and too busy with other things but right now I am in the pink and can rattle this stuff off at an amazing rate.

As I have attempted to explain these little sorties into science may make many a Hertz out of halfwits and Marconi's out of morons because by bringing plain everyday science down to the level of the common mind there is no telling what the result in time will be and I am already proud as I sit here ripping this copy off that so many embryonic minds are in my care to shape and mold and slap into condition with deft fingers into the geniuses of tomorrow though it is quite possible that the plural is gonnii much as in Arabian folk-lore.

Well today or this month I have chosen another well-known piece of science that is hardly known at all so draw your easy chair up to the roaring fire and while your toes are toasting on the grate like so many marshmallows prepare to get a painless and pleasant injection of pure knowledge that will in the future assist you to climb the ladder of success in a thousand and one ways.

One of these fine days the universe is going to stop. Have you ever lain awake nights thinking about the celestial power plant that keeps the whole sheebang running like a Swiss watch? Have you ever thought that the whole business the whole works might one day stop for lack of steam as it were? I have and so should you and for those of you whose educations and experiences both romantic and scientific are not on a par with mine I will begin to describe the gigantic scene with a few broad strokes. There will be nothing at all because everything it seems will be at a state of rest which means no new chemical combinations will be possible and all electrons and protons and photons and rumbatrons will have stopped their mad gyrations and will fall in fine clouds through the ether which will not be luminiferous then. So there will be no matter any more because these electrons etc. are nothing but charges of force like electricity and when they are all discharged it will be a dangerous place for a person to be even if he is wearing an insulated suit. As far as the eye can see with telescopes of an expensive make there will be nothing to see except a very dark grade of blackness which will be bad for visibility as far as seeing goes. There will really be nothing to see. This phenomenon which will occur only once I have called entropy though it is possible that someone else named it and I am but repeating the term.

This has been a very elemental lecture on the nature of the universe and next month if this periodical has its regular period so to speak we will talk for a time of spiral nebulae and the various theories of the formation of the very globe upon which we are living and moving this very minute though it is natural to assume that some of us are moving more than others.###





# Lights - Camera - AUCTION!

Here is your chance, people! You no longer have to be an LASFS member, a resident of Slan Shack, or a convention attendee to get all the originals you want. And what fan doesn't want a fistful of these somewhat dubious pieces of art? Sure, they stink. No gallery would hang them. Yet they have a certain something; many of them, in fact, being suitable for hanging in the main part of one's home. To the fan, that indescribable certain something of sentimentality enables him to overlook their occasional faults.

The LASFS needs some extra money at this time. Part of it is for the continuance of Shangri L'Affaires. Part is for the repairing and modernization of our printing press. As usual, we are going to raise this money with an auction...but as an innovation, we are going to let you, and you, and you in on it.

All the following originals have been donated for this auction by individual members of the LASFS. The donor has placed his own reserve price on his own pictures; some of us value originals higher than others as will be shown by the inconsistency in pricing. The proceeds will go to the LASFS treasury.

Here are the terms and conditions of sale: 1. The price appended on each item is the minimum price, the price below which it will not be sold. If you wish to be certain of securing any given picture, better bid well above the minimum. 2. The size given is in each case the overall dimensions. Since most of these pictures have margins, the actual size of the drawing is somewhat smaller. 3. These are in as good condition as they were when they left the editor who used them, except where noted. 4. Don't send any money with your bid. Winning bidders will be notified, and their pictures will be sent to them upon receipt of their remittance. 5. Below \$1.00 bids will go in multiples of 5¢, above a dollar in multiples of 10¢. 6. Purchases of \$5.00 and over will be shipped postfree to any part of the United States. Smaller purchases are subject to a packing and shipping charge of 25¢. 7. Bidding closes October 1, 1945, and the winners will be notified as soon as possible thereafter.

So far so good. But here are a couple of innovations designed to make it easier for you. In the first place, you will not necessarily have to pay as much as you bid. The highest bidder will be given the lot at the minimum multiple (5¢ or 10¢) over the next highest bidder. An example: suppose the high bid on lot 1 is \$4.50, and the second highest bid is only \$2.10. The winner will get lot 1 for \$2.20. So don't be afraid to bid high; we'll protect you from yourselves! Also, if you wish to limit your total expenditures, tell us the total you don't wish to exceed, and we'll throw out your remaining bids as soon as this amount is reached.

Bid by lot number, and send the bids to Francis T. Laney, 1005 West 35th Place, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

I wonder if I'll have room to list the items, after all that windy preamble! Here we go—all are black and white unless otherwise specified:

1. CARTIER. Illustration from NONE BUT LUCIFER, p. 30, UNKNOWN, September, 1939. 11x15 Reserve...\$2.00
2. NED HADLEY. Title illustration from THE LAST CASE OF JULES DE GRANJERQUE. Ziff-Davis. 14x15 Reserve... .75
3. ALVA ROGERS. Cover from ACOLYTE #8 (Fall 1944) Shows hooded ghostly figure in the moonlight. 10x12. Reserve. 1.50



4. RONALD GLYNE. Second cover from LE ZOMBIE, January 1943. Shows prehistoric monster being attacked by three primitive soldiers. This once sold for \$7.50 but since that time has become somewhat dogeared and soiled, so the reserve on this 15x19½ beauty is only \$3.50
5. MOREY. Two illustrations from UNDER THE SAND SEAS on one card. Super-Science, January 1941, pp. 107 and 111 (former a bit soiled. 18½x14½. Reserve..... 1.00
6. MOREY. Illustration from JESSIFFER RIDES AGAIN, TWS date?. "The thing is crushing me! Get me out of here!" two-page spread, 32x17½ Reserve..... 1.25
7. FUQUA. Title illustration from THE SECRET OF THE RING, 16½x21. AMAZING date?. This is badly sotted and soiled. Res. .15
8. H.R.HAMMOND. Illustration from Burroughs story in ARGOSY, 10x12 about 1939. two figures. A good one! Reserve .75
9. KRAMER. Illustration from DEFENSE LINE, page 115 of ASTOUNDING December 1941, 11x15 Reserve..... 1.00
10. DONNELL. A striking illustration from STRANGERS ON THE HEIGHTS, page 13 of the Summer 1944 STARTLING. 12x17 Reserve..... 1.50
11. RICHARD FLETCHER. Illustration from MUDER CAN'T BE RATIONED. A hi-jacking scene from MAMMOTH DETECTIVE. 13x16.. .25
12. MOREY & KRUPA. (A collaboration!) Title illustration from VAGABONDS OF SPACE, Amazing, date?, 18x14. Reserve 1.00
13. MALCOLM SMITH. Title illustration from MOON OF DOUBLE TROUBLE, Amazing, March 1945. 13x22½ Reserve .50
14. FUQUA. Title illus. from SONS OF THE DELUGE, Amazing, date?, 15x23 Reserve..... .75
15. FUQUA. ??? shows a collision of spaceships. 15x19½. Reserve .75
16. ANONYMOUS. (I wouldn't have signed it either!) Title illustration from BREAD & FURY, Ziff-Davis. 15x18½ Res... .75
17. MOREY. An illustration from Helen Weinbaum's THE RADIUM BUGS in SUPERSOENCE, September 1940. p. 113. 11½x15 .... .60
18. FINLAY. A beauty from THE MOON METAL in Nov 1939 FFM, p. 40 This is 11x14, but pic is drawn to size. Reserve... 5.00
19. HUBERT ROGERS. This one is really desirable. One of the best illustrations from EESmith's SECOND STAGE LENSMAN, p. 102 of the February 1942 ASTOUNDING. 11x13, and deserves a frame. Reserve... 2.00
20. ORBAN. Illus. from FIRST CONTACT, p. 30-31 ASTOUNDING May 1945. 13x15 Reserve... .50
21. ORBAN. Illus. from THREE BLIND MICE, p. 68 ASTOUNDING June 1945. 10x13½ Reserve... .50
22. ORBAN. Another from the same story p. 77. 10x10½ Reserve... .50
23. KEPNER. Cover original from TOWARD TOMORROW #2. 11x15. It does have neat lettering. Reserve... .05
24. GROZETTI. Fanzine editors take notice. This is a neat little pic which has never been published. Would mimeograph very well. Futuristic city. 7½x8 ..... .25
25. PAUL. FULL-COLOR preliminary water color for LIFE ON VIRGO. is signed by both Paul and Palmer. 7x10. Reserve... 1.50
26. JAY JACKSON. Illus from JONES GETS THE WILLIES in Fantastic Adventures. Shows Elmer Perdue leaving the LASFS, supported by Laney & Russell. 10½x13 A steal... .25
27. ROY HUNT. A truly beautiful surrealistic view of lunar scene. THIS HAS NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED AND RIGHTS GO WITH IT. Well worthy of lithography. 8x11. RESERVE 5.00

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 REMEMBER, THE BIDS CLOSE OCTOBER 1, 1945, so send your bids in today. Mail bids to Francis T. Laney, 1005 West 35th Plade, Los Angeles 7, California. All proceeds go to the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Soc'y





Wherein may be found many choice morsels, ranging from the most outright flattery to pure libel. All aboard whose got the nerve. Tally Ho, the Fox! ###

Rick Sneary Rides Again--  
or, Hi-Ho Sliver!!!

Dear Ed. Hewett:

Well I am glad to see that good old Shaggy is back in its ~~rat~~ groove, with a rather surprizingly good editor. Yep! You did a right smart job of kicking Shaggy together. You pulled together a very interesting bunch of stuff for me to mull over this time. everything was very interesting, but two were outstandingly interesting. The article on the FC by Bratton and the letter from the self styled Shaggy -knight, Rick Sneary. The first becose it was a interesting problem nicely worked out, the other becose it is a problem why you find it interesting.

gives me to wonder tho. I have a lone cover off of a Vom ( poor fellow--YeD) and it has a marked resemblance to the cover on # 26. This cover (never mind where I got it) was done in by a Joe Gibson. It is--er--well dont know what kind of a printing job it is, but its like Shaggys #25 cover (printing, I mean.)(Lithoed, he means--YeD) And it was a better job. Now it wasnt exactly alike, but, well it is the same size and about the same shape. Now I dont have many old Vom's so I cant tell if it was ever used or not,. I am not complaining understand. I's just wondering what was going on.

The article on COSMOS by Laney was very good! I wonder what Laney would call good? Tic, Tic, the life of a critic. O well it allways makes good reading. I really cant say anything about that Michicon thing. Dxocept that I eid standunder it.

Well I seem too have run out of stuff to balk about. That the trouble with a good mag, you cant find anything to complain about. (Thank you!!! YeD) But before I dash off to do joust with some one else let me put in a little plug. (Does your Xeno taste different lately?) All fans and writers are invited to come to the TIME TRAVELERS CONVENTION. It is to be held June 26581 AD, in the 8th city of the planet Mizor, constellation Figaro, universe #63, plane 6 in the Cosmic Circle. EE Greenleaf spokk of it some time back in SS. After hearing of it I and a friend of mine (Sherlock of SHERLOCK SUPER SPACE SHIPS INC.)

worked out the plan. We go to Mizor in his ship and then go to 26581 inn my time machine. The cost is low, 1 lb. of U235 is all. It really is a nonprofit trip as we will burn the U235 in flight. Right oather of us for reservations. TFFrespectively yours. ###

There you have it. And welcome.  
Next on the fire is MJ Nuttall  
from Lakeside on the Pacific.

Hi, kind peoples--

ly missed out on Howards "Garden of Fear" had it not been for your kind advance info (Coff---Coff.) Sorry to hear Burbee is gone-but the Slaf must go on- and it does, very ably! (Another coff.)

very ably! (Another coll.) The article on the Fantasy Catalog was very interesting--- Cosmos succeeded in making me appetite sharp for that Merrit I missed. Liebscher was definitely N -(but dont we love it?) Eager Beaver better than an extra for news. Editorial and letters okay. Burbee must be Searloy-hunting again (?) with a shock-gu (or is it the Schlitz?) 4\$J was HiJ....###

hahahaha hahahaha hehehe chachacha hehehahahahahaha hahahaha hahahaha hahahaha hahahaha hahahaha hahahaha /aw



Hearken all ye sinners  
to the word of the Messyah:  
to wit (if any) Burbee...

In line with my policy which I will someday outline (soon as I discover it) I am sending along a coupla letters that have found their haven here after wending the labrythine ways of the US Postal system. They may be possibly used for S-L'A, if they suit the editor. (If they suit me! It's a case of use 'em or no letter section; apparently they are the only fans existent that know how to write.)

Of course they need a little editing. Since I am always jogged for time, I have got to leave that to someone else.

Migawd, I am interested in the comments you must have received on #25. Couldnt I, as the erstwhile editor, be permitted to see these comments on the magazine on which I put a goodly amount of work?

But certainement, mon ami!

But yes!

(But!)

I know youre all wrapped up (in) (with) (b y) /use one/ Tigrina or something and it is quite possible that such trifles as I request are considered trifles. (Needless to say, this was sent via Sgt. Ack-Ack.) ###

surprisesurprisesurprisesurprisesurprisesurprisesurprisesurprisesurprisesurprisesurprise

Bob Hoffman, late of France,  
late of Germany and lately  
in the LASFS: Three Lines  
of old French or, OOHhhh...

Dear Ghouls:

First, thanks very much, Sharley, for sending the Shangri-L'Affaires by first class mail. It took 23 days, but at least it got here! (I speak of #22) The pages b4e were, as usual, of the most interest to me--not because they were executed by the Smiling Sergeant but because they were written about LA (no espursions cast against your writing technique, 4e).....Although such smalltime crime would not be very profitable, Baldwin has an amusing idea in his tale(my, my, you dont say!!! I'd never have known by looking.....Please notice that I am not even mentioning the cover. But to bring up the subject of covers, recently I addressed to the Laniac for proper disposition my projected cover design for the December issue(1945). It seems that the purpose of your covers is to inspire controversy in your readers, which in turn just might bring in a few letters, so with that thought in mind, I extend my own controversial cover series with the afo said design.....And about those flying lips, eyes, zars, noses, and thr just what was meant by the initial letter with regard to my flying lips The drawing was executed (no wonder it had such a "dead" look in August 1943 and saw publication more than a year later. A letter from, I believe San Francisco, written by someone whose name I have forgotten, seems to fer that the flying lips (labzous arcous) are a product of my own imaginative zoological,, insofar as is known by me, and that if the origin of flying lips is claimed to lie elsewhere, it is simply a case of simultaneous creation. I do not claim and have never claimed flying zars to be my creation, abd Mr. Warth may draw his inspiration from Dumbo if he pleases. And a plea--will whoever wrote the initial letter on the subject please tell me what it is all about?

After a ll these yeard, at last I am in France and am dnjoying it very much. I am located in a small village, living in a spacious chateu, and I take the opportunity frequently to imbibe in those



... drinking liquids which the French make so well. Unfortunately I do not mean wines, for, at least in this locality, the Germans took practically all the supply. So for the most part I drink cider, hard cider. But it is good. And there is beer, (very light beer, little foam) sometimes Cognac, calvados (a sort of imitation denatured alcohol), anise, and a few other miscellaneous liquors.

I haven't found the forest of Averroigne yet, but I am sure it must be someplace around. I doubt that France has changed much in the past three hundred years, from the looks of things, so I'll keep looking. But that's what I like about the place. It is of the past, yet in the present. The chateau where I stay dates back to 1750. Actually that is looked upon as recent; there are many older ones nearby. The castles are mostly in ruins, for the Germans were using them as fortifications when the Allies came in and bombarded them. A countess owns the Chateau where we stay, and she lives in one end of it. Her son is in jail; he was a collaborationist.... Had charge of the food supply for this region and gave most of it to the Germans.

In Rouen the other day I went into a bookstore run by a Comte d'Erlatte or something like that, and he took me into a back room and showed me his complete file of French WT, dating back to 1867. The first five volumes were bound in human skin. There was a large freckle right in the center of the cover to Volume 1, though, which spoiled the effect. The man offered to sell them at a reasonable price, but naturally I wasn't interested, for I can read only a little French, and most of the drawings, by Doré, or something like that, were so old-fashioned that I wasn't interested. The last issue was dated June, 1939, and was an all Lovecraft issue, with the cover illustrating the Shadow Over Innsmouth. He would have sold it I had bought only the other five issues of that year, but I wasn't interested because I already had all those stories in English.###

(GAD!)###

This letter received  
some time ago from  
Sgt, Rbt. C. Peterson  
threw the entire club  
into a turmoil (whatever  
THAT is,) Quote:

.....have received several issues of Shangri-L'Affaires free, so I am enclosing \$1 (one buck) to help cover expenses....maybe more later.  
(Your eds underTTning.) ...am sorry...Burbee..was called away unexpectedly. I hope the rest of you can keep SL'A hopping.###

(THANK YOU!)###

Once again we present  
by popular demand a  
Corn-to-Corn hook-up;  
Yours Truly, Charles  
the Yobber.

Happy to see that S-L'A seems to be shaping up fairly well under the guidance of you and perhaps others, with Hewett doing the dirty work (I wonder how long he will last when he stencils so slowly?)(So far, so good. Who knows?) I'll be damned but I'd like to have an item or two in there==if I could have some knowledge('scuse me, I meant foreknowledge of the deadline (if there is one) of the thing I might be able to hold myself down long enough to write something. At worst I could butch up



up a couple of Hemmel's Science Sorties I wrote for #25 but never got around to stencilling.

PROMISE: If I get home next weekend (29th) /did he? we dunno\_/ I will submit for consideration one (1) article of lasting value to the pages of that curious fanzine. /'curious'. hmm. couldn't be us./ I can not stencil it for there is no time, but I will give it to you or Hewett. Or Laney. /but most likely candidate is the worthless stenciller of these feeble interpolations, X. Algernon Clinkumboomer./ It will probably be Hemmel's etc #2 or #3 or maybe #4. Who cares? /Oxnard Hemmel. See below/

I am stunned even in my army induced /??/ stupor, to learn of you & this Tigrina critter. In the face of fandom you wave your devotion to this femme fan, and we are naturally agog, awaiting new developments. I am isolated up here & therefore am not aware of what may have occurred since last Sunday, so I am counting on being brought up to date soon.

This book After the Afternoon has finally got to worrying me. Leibschler keeps worrying the subject of the book and at length has got me convinced I should have a copy of it. If, then, it is not a collector's item commanding a "cosmos"-like price, I would very much like to own a copy of an inexpensive make. Do you, perchance, know where I can get a copy? I am willing to pay a reasonable sum for it.

---Burb

HEMMEL HCA

Or, why newly appointed editors live on benny

It has come to my notice through channels known and used only by me and others of the intelligentsia (with whom I am often at loggerheads) that you have used an article of mine which I wrote in record time for that staling /!/? fanzine Shangri-L'affaires. Of course I do not wish to carp but my agent saw the thing in printed form and although the more scientific term would be mimeographed form and since by some elementary logic he determined that you intended the article for use in that staling /some accent!/? fanzine I can only believe that you actually intend to use it. Now I do not wish to carp /as he said/ but I thought it only practical of me to inform you that I am accustomed /as of now, no doubt/ to receiving substantial payment for my services rendered and since there is no use being cheap about any of this what with inflation and all I think that an honorarium of \$1000.00 would be quite acceptable.

Consider then that this is a bill for 2 articles @ 1,000 dollars which comes to 2,000 dollars.

Please take care of this item at once as I wish to clear my books of this account by the 30th inst.

---Oxnard Hemmel, F. K. H. D.

/Insufferable, ain't he?/

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The first four issues of Walt Daugherty's new monthly mag, FAN, are now available. Price per ish varies according to contents. #1, June, 15 cents: Cartoons by VIPartch of Colliers and PM. #2, July, 25 cents: four unpublished stories by Henry Hasse, intended for pros but never submitted. #3, Aug.: a collection of LA fan-mag lithos of which there are about 30. 10 cents. #4, September, 10 cents: Science-Fiction Fanquet booklet with articles by Laney, Ackerman, Russell, Rogers and Kepner. Nice for neofen. #5 is in the works, like the others may be secured from Walt Daugherty, 1305 W. Ingraham, Los Angeles 14, Cal