

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

NUMBER

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CONTENTS

ATOMICON REPORT	Forrest J Ackerman	2
UNDISCOVERED WORLDS: VULCAN	Arthur Louis Joquel, II	4
STATION EBC	4SJ	6
HYMN TO PROGRESS	P E Cleator	7
PROFESSOR LOW ON ROCKETRY		7
FANS ACROSS THE SEA		10
BOOK REVIEW: "IF: OR HISTORY REWRITTEN"	Alojo	11
TIGRIN <u>A</u> CCOUNTS	Tigrina	12
ODDS AND ENDS (OF THE WORLD)	Alojo	15
COMPACTS WITH THE DEVIL	James Russell Lowell	16
HAL- <u>LA</u> -WEEN	Jack (O'Lantern) Erman	19
MASS AND ENERGY	Henry DeWitt Smyth	21
LETTER SECTION		22
PELICAN BOOKS IN AMERICA		25
BOOK REVIEW: Franz Werfel's "STAR OF THE UNBORN"	Alojo	26
EDITOR'S NOTES	Arthur Louis Joquel, II	28

ANGELS FOR THIS ISSUE ARE

LIEUTENANT LEETH

AND

E EVERETT EVANS

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JOE GIBSON

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is the club publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 637 $\frac{1}{2}$ South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. There is no subscription price, but anyone who fails to write us a letter of comment at least every four issues will be dropped from our mailing list, unless they publish a fanmag and trade with us. #

ATOMICON REPORT

FORREST J ACKERMAN

UNDER THE DATE of 4 Jan 46 approximately 100 persons in the metropolitan area of Los Angeles acquainted with scientifiction received a 6 page mimeographed prospectus of The ATOMICON. Said the conceper of the Conference, Arthur Louis Joquel 2d, by way of introduction:

The atomic bombs which startled & dismayed the world last year were no surprise to readers of science fiction. For over 30 years, the release and use--whether for peace or war--of atomic energy has been virtually a commonplace in the stories of the future.

That future of which we wrote and read is now a reality. And it has brought with it problems which confront every one of us--that is, if we are at all interested in our own survival and the survival of the world.

With this in mind, the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society is sponsoring an "Atomicon"--an Atomic Forum.

ONE-THIRD of the persons invited responded, meeting on the evening of Thu 10 Jan at a hall located by Abby Lu Ashley & Fran Laine. Joquel had appointed the room with pictures, magazines and books of an atomic nature. In the audience were such persons as Everett Evans, Bob Olsen, Gus Willmorth, Al Ashley, Tigrina, Chas Burbee, Art Barnes, Russ Hodgkins, Roy Squires. Joquel stepped to the platform at 8:45 and opened the meeting with a 5 minute résumé of atomic energy in fiction. Wells, Train, Stapledon were acknowledged as promulgators of atomic power in the pages of several of their books; and it was pointed out that author Bob Olsen, who was present, had "invented" radatomite in the Feb. 1931 Amazing for a lunar flight in "The Man Who Annexed the Moon". Heinlein & Cartmill were cited as latter day prophets with honor.

At ten to nine Guest Speaker AE van Vogt was introduced. The slim "Slan" author, influenced by freezing winters in his former home, Canada, lectured on the theme of atomic power's thermal potentialities. He outlined how, by a judicious warming of key lakes in the frozen wastes of Canada, the entire north American continent could be transformed into a land of southern Californian climate.

The speech as well as the informal session following was recorded on discs by Elmer Perdue.

At the conclusion of van Vogt's speech author Olsen made an extemporaneous supplementary talk mentioning other possible peaceful applications of AP.

As the mike was passed thruout the audience, Evans then asked: "What of the sociological-sykological angle?"

VV replied that he believed, when many of the gadgets came true, people would accept them quite casually--and be as neurotic as ever. He went on to visualize a greatly decentralized world in the Atomic Age. As an aside he stated that he liked the "Beyond This Horizon--" world

of Anson MacDonald--"minus the guns that fire at the slightest insult."

Anderson to Olsen: "Do you think it was good that the Bomb was developed during war, because it made people aware of the danger of atomic power?"

Olsen answering on a tangent: "To insure peace we must have a United States of the World--eventually a United States of the Solar System. And, for this, a universal language is a necessity. But not"--with a nod to Esperantists in the audience--"Esperanto." (Foĵak drew his atomic tommy gun and shot the scoundrel dead.)

Willmorth attempted to clarify the concepts of Van Vogt & Olsen.

Nieson Himmel: "I would like to put in a word of respect and admiration for our scientists who developed the atomic bomb."

Bob Cohen: "With selfishness removed it could be truly referred to as the Atomic Age--rather than the Atomic Bomb Age."

"The atomic bomb should solve everything"--interjection by Joquel's mother--"and I'm in favor of it!"

Perdue: "How can we get atomic power out of the hands of the militarists?"

A facetious infraction of the forum's otherwise straight face came when the motion was made (but not seconded) that the LASFS should petition Congress to put the Bomb into responsible hands--specifically, those of the LASFS!

Ackerman stated that he had no idea how to get the Bomb out of the hands of the military, as he himself had been trying to get out of said hands--unsuccessfully--for over 3 years. "All I can add," said 4sj, "is an excerpt from an editorial I wrote the other day: New Era or New Error? Atomic power could be mankind's greatest boon--or greatest boom."

Himmel: "'Blunder'...Wylie...Collier's."

Sam Russell at this point broke his silence to deliver himself of a lengthy speech wherein he criticized the callousness with which America has accepted the destruction of Hiroshima & Nagasaki...with their ignorant and impotent populations. He questioned if future historians would not judge the US guilty of a crime against humanity for its employment of the A-bomb. Other points brought out by Russell were: That since no physical defense against atobombs is possible a psychological one must be found...that spaceships require a commercial desire...that one should read "Modern Man is Obsolete"...and that he did not favor a world government. He concluded: "What good a juke-box utopia founded on moral atrocity?"

Ashley: "Would Russia's possession of the secret mean trouble or mutual respect?" Van Vogt: "The atomic bomb will weld the United Nations together." Visitor: "We must outlaw war--not its weapons." Evans: "Taking the Long View, I remain an incurable optimist."

Joquel, concluding: "Let us keep our heads and keep sane--keep our semantic balance--and we may all meet here again in this hall 50 years hence." #

UNDISCOVERED WORLDS: VULCAN

ARTHUR LOUIS JOQUEL, II

Astronomical research, which was dormant or at least extremely curtailed because of the war, is beginning to be resumed. Along with the completion of the 200-inch Mt Palomar telescope, there should come a resurgence of investigation in all the varied fields of astronomy, and particularly in that division which was seriously neglected before the war—planetary investigation.

Besides pointing their telescopes at the eight already known planets, there is possibility of work being done to determine the possible existence of further major bodies in the Sun's family. There is ample data to warrant such a search. Even with the discovery of Pluto the outer planets do not conform strictly to the orbits laid down for them. And the evidence for an as yet undiscovered inter-Mercurial planet (or planets) is strong enough to encourage considerable work in that direction.

Since 1618, when Riccioli recorded a "fiery red globe," to the report of M Guillaume, who in 1929 saw a black spot rapidly transiting the Sun, over seventy observations have been made, many of them by men of unimpeachable reputation and high ability.

Despite the existence of observations over a period of one hundred and fifty years previous, the problem of an inter-Mercurial planet was first seriously discussed in 1857, when a combination of the facts that Mercury was not conforming to its calculated orbit, and the observation of an unidentified body crossing the Sun on June 11, 1855, brought the question into prominence among astronomers.

The general opinion then prevailing was that there was a Saturn-like belt of astroidal fragments circling the Sun within the orbit of Mercury, which would account for the perturbations noted. But in 1859 Dr Lescarbault, a French physician and amateur astronomer, announced that on March 26 of that year he had seen a body of planetary size, crossing the Sun's face.

Lescarbault's report was carefully investigated by Leverrier, the Director of the Paris Observatory, who satisfied himself of its validity. On the basis of this and four previous observations, extending back to 1802, Leverrier rejected the astroidal-belt theory, and calculated the orbit of the dark body, giving it the name of Vulcan. He predicted that its next transit would be on March 22, 1877. But Vulcan did not appear, and Leverrier died a few months later.

L H Weston, in his little brochure on "The Planet Vulcan," has collected a number of evidences that the ancients held knowledge of other planets beyond those visible to the named eye which figured in the general astronomical lore of the time. According to Weston:

"The selection of this name (Vulcan) was, as a matter of fact, due to a singular mythological story which gives an almost exact description of an inner planet. An intra-Mercurial planet is pretended to be hot, like a blacksmith's iron, because it is close to the Sun, and Vulcan of mythology, or Tubal-Cain of the Bible, was feigned to be a blacksmith, or an artisan engaged in the occupation of forging hot iron... It seems possible, if not probable, that Vulcan was the true ancient name for the intra-Mercurial planet, and that the attributes of the Vulcan of mythology correspond with the scientific effects of the intra-Mercurial planet of Chaldean astrology."

Weston refers to Democritus, philosopher and astrologer of the third century B C, as stating that "there were certain planets invisible and unknown to the commoner sort of observers of his day." He mentions the Jewish worship of an "invisible deity situated in a place too intensely light to gaze upon," and to show that the Egyptians also had knowledge of Vulcan, an intelligence which was possibly derived from the very early Atlantean astrologers, he says:

"A spotted panther or leopard carrying a human head on his back and the head having two wings, was the Egyptian glyph for a secret and unknown element, later by the Greeks called Bacchus riding on a panther. It was the Sun, covered with spots like a leopard, and Vulcan, like a human head with wings..."

In regard to the customary invisibility of Vulcan at its calculated times of transit, Weston sets forth the hypothesis that the planet is a thin, flat disc of matter, instead of being a spheroid like the rest of the planets. As its axial rotation would place the thin edge of the disc toward the ecliptic, it would be extremely difficult to observe. Weston postulates that occasionally Vulcan captures masses of matter from Sun-circling comets, and this material, surrounding Vulcan in a globe of cloud-like matter, makes the planet visible during a transit. When Vulcan next approaches the node, however, the high axial rotation will have by that time thrown off the cometary clouds, and the transit will be unobservable.

After long calculation of his own, and consultation with the works of Newcomb, Leverrier, and Valz, Weston determined the elements of Vulcan to be as follows: Mean sidereal time—18.58415 days (18d 14h 01m); Mean synodic period—19.5804 days (19d 13h 54m); Longitude of descending node June 25, 1907—102° 55'; Mean annual motion of the nodes minus—16° 42' 21"; Semi-major axis (Earth being 1)—0.13744; Mean distance from the Sun in miles—12,753,000; Angular distance from the Sun at maximum elongation—8° 17'; Longitude of perihelion (Newcomb)—10° in 1907; Eccentricity—0.019; Mass, according to Newcomb—1/37,000,000; Inclination to the ecliptic (Newcomb)—7° 30'; Mean daily motion in orbit—19° 22' 17".

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STATION
EBC
EGO-BOOSTING CRUD comes to U on a short wave, this ish, as I've only one page in which to dish the dirt...In a spurt of enthusiasm, Daugherty, Willmorth, Goldstone, visifan Reinsberg (short for "visiting"--not to be confused with Planet's dept) & Evans lifted the face of the Clubroom. The place was formerly a beauty shoppe & really looks beautiful after its coats of paint & rich drepes donated by Paul Skeeters...U say SKEETERS is an unfamiliar name to U? Not if U're a Philly Phan or Newyorkcollector. Ex-servifan (Navy) Paul Skeeters is a former crony of Unger, Nitka & Searles; also was a member of the PSFS while pulling Pennsylvania duty. Skeeters has an extensive bookcollection, leaning heavily to the weird, & also a niece (nice!) with red hair & a flair for the fantastic...JOY HESSON is Paul Skeeters' titian trest teenager who has to ansr "Uncle!" to him. Joy keeps her own collection, featuring The Outsider & the other Arkham bks...JEAN COX (masculine) is a member who joined up 6 mo or so ago & has attended regularly ever since...GAIL MORETON is a precocious lad with a ready wit & a head on his shoulders that is head & shoulders above the average junior of his yrs. Gail goes for Astounding & astronomy...HOPE HODGKINS, a Director of the club in early days, has been discharged from the Service & returned to the service of the LASFS as Director. His gavel-wielding gives a certain dignity to the meetings...Dapper DALE HART, from Deep in the "Hart" of Texas (thanx, Tigrina), has doft navy blue & dond civvies with a bow tie touch, is pleasantly in evidence at the meetings...GORDON DEWEY rounds out the recent additions to the roster. Dewey is papa of 2 potential fantasy fannes, Judai & Sharane Yvala Dewey. With fantasticognomens like those, how can the little misses miss? Merritt & Moore are Dewey's idols, as might be imagined, & he undoubtedly has the country's #1 Merritt collection...O, yes, I overlookt one re-member (as it were) who has not been seen in the LASFS for 3 and a half yrs: Civilian Forry. Many a member had never seen ex-S/Sgt Ack except in uniform!

PROJECTS, PROJECTS, EVERYWHERE--& NOT A STOP TO THINK!! The fangelenos (self included) have gone mad over Projects. It is not enuf that we are faced with putting on the Pacificon; no; every Dom, Hick & Terry is rashly bursting out with a Project of his own. Goldstone & Gus Willmorth have conceived one for release around the end of the yr that will utilize a lot of that great Goldstone art & is really a smart idea. Daugherty & Tigrina have something Lovecraftian up their sleeves that I believe theyre going to colaborate on. Evans has an inspiration involving a bunch of big name authors & illustrators. And I, waking up to the fact that Oct '46 will mark the 20th Anniversary of my reading scientifiction, have decided I must do something to commemorate the occasion. (I am considering the anonymous suggestion that I shoot myself. U may even vote on this proposal, if U wish. Votes, to be counted, however, must be accompanyd by a \$10 bill. If enuf of these are recd I promise to shoot myself...over to England, to visit the Anglofans--which's foremost in my plans for '47.) Come to think of it, I believe that poor man's Chas Laughton, Art Joquel, has, unless he applys a swipe of editorial obliteration to these revealing lines, a bit of a Project on himself, involving some ducky from down in Kaintucky: A southern Miss who's made a hit with him, uh-huh!

BACK SEAT, PACIFICON!

4
S
J
The 4th World Science Fiction Convention--that's going to be all x, ofcourse; but your columnist feels remorse that all fandom could not have been invited to the event which so far overshadowd it: The GARAGECON! This titanic, superfanic event took place one sunday recently when Willmorth, Evans, Daugherty, Hart, Tigrina, Skeeters, Ashley, Ianey, Bob Peterson & myself moved a million dollar mountain of mags, bks & pix out of the Garage & rearranged its interior so that it was no longer inferior but merely chaotic. Fen were payd 75c per fan hr, served cider at the candy bar.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

HYMN TO PROGRESS

P E CLEATOR

From THE ASTRONAUT, August, 1938
Journal of the Manchester Interplanetary Society

PROLOGUE

The original propounder of the idea of making a journey through space is unknown, and the probability is that his name is forever lost. But so venturesome a specimen of the animal that thinks, we may be sure, was promptly rewarded for his mental pains in the immemorial manner — decapitation by forty-five blows of a stone axe if it happened that he graced this ball during the Neolithic Age, and burning alive at the stake if, perchance, he shared the benefits of our now perfected Christian civilization. But though he justly died the death for his unbounded temerity of thought, the impiety he uttered lived unaccountably on, and even came to be recorded on the tablets of the race...

BEFORE INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL

57 B I T

May 3rd: A rocket-propelled stratosphere plane, flown under the auspices of the International Rocket Society, achieves a height of 25

PROFESSOR LOW ON ROCKETRY

Professor A M Low, scientist, inventor, rocketeer, and author of more than thirty books, wrote an article for the September 15, 1945, issue of MacLean's Magazine, a Canadian publication. In it he made, among others, the following statements:

That rocketry research will not receive much help from governments, despite all that the German V-1 and V-2 rockets have proved. Public interest will be practically nil, or will consist of amusement and laughter at the crackpots who join rocket societies. That is just as well if experiments do fall to individuals, for very few worth-while inventions have ever come out of government laboratories. And that the country which will advance now will be the country which encourages originality. Rockets may take half a century, more or less, to develop, depending on the support which may be forthcoming. But when they are perfected, they will completely change our way of living.

miles, and attains a speed in excess of 13,000 miles an hour. The Governments of the world pronounce the vessel to be "of no practical use."

56 B I T

February 10th: The International Rocket Society announces that the construction has begun of a rocket vessel capable of reaching the moon.

February 11th: The Churches of the world temporarily unite solemnly to proclaim that had it been intended that man should engage in interplanetary exploration, he would have been fashioned with a rocket, instead of a tail, between his legs.

February 12th: A group of eminent professors demonstrate, to the entire satisfaction of themselves and the world, that an extra-terrestrial voyage is physically, chemically, and biologically impossible.

54 B I T

March 25th: The International Rocket Society announces that an attempt to reach the moon will be made within a week.

March 27th: A frantic, semi-Christian mob, ten thousand strong, wrecks the completed space-ship.

April 5th: The building of a second ship is begun.

44 B I T

March 25th: The second ship, shot secretly moonwards, backfires at a height of 53 miles, and crashes in flames on the British House of Lords, causing the untimely demise of five bishops, eight peers of the realm, and a charlady.

March 27th: Rocket research, by international agreement, is prohibited throughout the world.

March 28th: All books on space travel are placed on the Index Liborum Expurgandorum.

April 1st: The Archbishop of Canterbury, after due prayer, denounces the interplanetary idea as impious and against God.

43 B I T

January 1st: The construction of a third rocket vessel is secretly begun.

35 B I T

June 10th: The third space-ship, after a secret launching, falls into the Atlantic, with the loss of all hands.

June 11th: All known members of the International Rocket Society are imprisoned without trial.

June 12th: By international law, the conducting of rocket research is made a capital offence.

June 13th: A group of eminent professors demonstrate, to the entire satisfaction of themselves and the world, that an extra-terrestrial voyage is physically, chemically, and biologically impossible.

25 B I T

December 25th: Forth-five rocket experimenters escape from jail.

10 B I T

May 4th: The construction of a fourth rocket-ship is secretly begun.

1 B I T

December 31st: Man reaches moon!

AFTER INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL

A I T 1

January 5th: A group of eminent professors demonstrate, to the entire satisfaction of themselves and the world, that an extra-terrestrial voyage is physically, chemically, and biologically impossible.

A I T 2

May 7th: The Governments of the world, suddenly aroused by the thought of planetary colonisation, release all imprisoned rocket experimenters.

June 15th: Unlimited funds are placed at the disposal of the International Rocket Society for the purpose of constructing a space-ship capable of reaching Mars.

June 16th: The Pope denounces the enterprise as an attempt to defeat the plain intent of God, and calls upon the nations to forsake "this wicked project, this new Babel."

A I T 8

November 12th: The space-ship departs for Mars.

November 13th: The Archbishop of Canterbury, after due prayer, predicts the end of the world within forty-eight hours.

November 14th: A member of the Church of England is excommunicated for publicly quoting Newton's Third Law of Motion.

A I T 9

February 27th: The Martian expedition effects a landing, and radios the discovery of intelligent beings.

October 3rd: The adventurers return to earth, bringing two Martians with them.

November 2nd: An obscure monk, delving into Holy Writ in his gloomy cell, discovers that mention of space travel is actually made therein, and quotes 2 Kings, ii, 9-14.

November 3rd: The Archbishop of Canterbury, after due prayer, declares that he knew it all along.

December 25th: The Poet Laureate composes a new hymn, entitled Rocket of Ages.

December 26th: From the Vatican comes the glad tidings that a Herald Angel, swooping low over the City, has let it be known that interplanetary travel is no longer an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

December 27th: A Fundamentalist is lynched during a Thanksgiving Service for declaring that had it been intended that man should engage in interplanetary exploration, he would have been fashioned with a rocket, instead of a tail, between his legs.

A I T 10

January 19th: The whole of Christendom is profoundly shocked to learn from the Martian visitors, who boast three legs, five eyes, seven noses, one ear, and two tails apiece, that they are made in the image of God.

January 23rd: Plans are made to organize a united missionary expedition for the benefit of the poor, unfortunate heathen Martians.

September 13th: The good ship Hallelujah sets off for Mars, overloaded with representatives of the ninety-nine One and Only True Cults, three dozen Y M C A secretaries, the entire Salvation Army, Navy, and Air Force; 5,000 repeating rifles, 350 machine guns, 3 tanks, a submarine, 10,000 hand grenades, 300 gallons of poison gas, 10,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and two dozen copies of the Bible, translated into Martian.

A I T 12

January 3rd: The good ship Hallelujah returns to earth with a cargo of Martian missionaries, itching to convert the poor, deluded, pagan peoples of this ball.

January 4th: The visiting missionaries solemnly proclaim Bunkum-Bunkum to be the One True God.

January 5th: Earth declares Holy War on Mars.

January 6th: Escaping in the good ship Hallelujah, the ambassadors of Bunkum-Bunkum proceed systematically to exterminate the barbarian peoples of earth with the aid of a lethal ray.

January 12th: Satisfied that the delousing is complete, the triumphant Martians depart for home. Behind them, the earth burns merrily for forty days and forty nights...

EPILOGUE

To a lusty bawling of "Noah, Noah, a thousand times Noah!" the space-ark glided earthwards, alighted clumsily on a mountain top, and disgorged its psalm-singing occupants—a Sunday School Superintendent, his neighbor's wife, their three sons, a couple of blondes, and a brunette. Then emerged specimens of every living thing — two elephants, a couple of tetanus bacilli, a brace of pheasants, a pair of kippers—everything, in brief, from two tapeworms to a double dose of chicken-pox. And so it came to pass that life on this sterile ball began anew...

(Back to Prologue, and repeat ad libitum, ad infinitum, for ever and ever, Amen.)

FANS ACROSS THE SEA

The Cosmos Club of England needs the following issues of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION (U S Edition) for its library: 1940, June & December; 1941, May & October; 1942, October; 1943, November; 1944, April, May & October; 1945, February, March, April, May, June & July. We urge anyone who has extra copies of these issues to send them to the Cosmos Club, c/o J Newman, 36 Bulstrode Avenue, Hounslow, Middlesex, England.

BOOK REVIEW: "IF: OR HISTORY REWRITTEN"

ALOJO

"Headline writers are fond of 'The Parting of the Ways.' But every moment we are all at the parting of the ways. There is no action or event, great or small (leaving predestination out of account), which might not have happened differently, and, happening differently, have perhaps modified the world's history for all time."

Thus J C Squire opens his Introduction to "If: or History Rewritten," a collection of eleven outstanding short stories on the "if" theme—the alternatives which history might have taken—may have taken in another, parallel universe separated from our own at that crucial point when a decision was made on which all future events turned.

"Here we have gathered together a number of speculations by curious minds as to the differences that would have been made had certain events 'taken another turn'," Mr Squires continues. "The contributors do not all write on precisely the same plane of reality. Some mingle more satire with their speculations than do others. Some produce, I think, very convincing guesses as to what might actually have happened; the fantasies of others suggest some expansion of Dr Johnson's remark that 'a man is not on his oath in a lapidary inscription'."

Philip Guedalla's "If the Moors in Spain Had Won" opens the volume, and is followed by "If Don Juan of Austria Had Married Mary Queen of Scots," by Gilbert K Chesterton. Then comes "If the Dutch Had Kept Nieuw Amsterdam" by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, the eminent Dutch writer and historian, and "If Louis XVI Had Had an Atom of Firmness," by Andre Maurois.

One of the most interesting pieces in the volume is Hilaire Belloc's "If Drouet's Cart Had Stuck," the pivotal point being that the flight of the French King from Paris in 1791 was not interfered with, and history changed accordingly, because a cart was chained to a post.

"If Napoleon Had Escaped to America," by H A L Fisher, and Harrell Nicholson's "If Byron Had Become King of Greece," are the next two items. Then follows Winston S Churchill's "If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg" (which was mistitled when mentioned in H H Holmes' "Rocket to the Morgue" as "If Lee Had Lost at Gettysburg").

Milton Waldman's "If Booth Had Missed Lincoln," "If the Emperor Frederick Had Not Had Cancer" by Emil Ludwig, and J C Squire's "If It Had Been Discovered in 1930 That Bacon Really Did Write Shakespeare" complete the volume. This last story is certainly the most humorous of the entire collection, if not the best in all respects.

For the benefit of readers who may be a trifle rusty on their history, a short summary of events around which each story revolves precedes the story itself. The book, which contains 379 pages, was published at New York by the Viking Press in 1931.

TigrinAccounts

Tigrina

September 27, 1945

Wally Daugherty outlined a plan for publicity for the LASFS through capitalizing upon the recent atomic bomb news sensation. He stated that if there were someone who would do a bit of investigation into books and other sources dealing with atomic power, and serious articles were written, incidentally mentioning the Club, and telling how atomic power has long been a standby in science fiction, such articles might, if submitted to the newspapers, find their way into print, and the club might derive some favorable publicity therefrom.

Mike Fern stated that he would endeavour to use such serious material in his radio program when he returned to his home in Hawaii.

Meeting adjourned at 9:50, after which members were treated to an extensive lecture on witchcraft by Samuel D Russell.

October 4, 1945

Kenneth Bonnell, not to be outdone by Wally Daugherty's enthusiastic ideas for Club publicity at the previous meeting, piped up with an idea of his own, suggesting that the male members of the Club choose from among the many classy lassies prevalent in the motion pictures the one with whom they would most enjoy being marooned on the moon. This idea was somewhat squelched, however, when some far-seeing member suggested that the originator of this plan might find himself in quite a predicament if such a thing were actually to happen.

October 11, 1945

The condition of the mimeograph was discussed, this wayward machine having gone nuts and bolted a few days ago.

October 18, 1945

Al Ashley auctioned some original drawings. Walt Liebscher acted as actioneer, and with his quaint way of disguising the actual content of his conversation by his own special brand of double-talk, he had people bidding for monstrosities for which they never would have otherwise. He did a very fine job, however, as naturally would be expected from such a re-auctionary individual.

November 1, 1945

Gail Moreton, our effervescent neophyte, suggested that we obtain some door knobs for the entrance to the clubroom. Fran Laney delegated Forrest Ackerman to persuade the landlady to supply him with these necessary items to a door, and judging by the persuasive power of our Sergeant of (ch)arms, the job is as good as done.

November 8, 1945

It was announced that E Everett Evans would entertain us with a program of his own devising. Mr Evans spoke on extemporaneous speeches, calling upon various hapless fen for most of the work, however. Forrest Ackerman was called upon unexpectedly to give a two minute talk on vampires, as an example of extemporaneous speeking.

Fran Laney was asked to improvise a speech concerning werewolves, and Al Ashley was requested to speak on rocket ships. Arthur Joquel continued with an elucidating two-minute lecture on demonology, and Walt Liebscher concluded the extemporaneous series by an interesting speech concerning fantasy music.

November 15, 1945

Two of our more recent members will be absent from the **ranks** on Thursday evenings for awhile: Walt Liebscher and Jack Wiedenbeck, these two vultures for culture having bought season tickets to a concert series of sixteen weeks' duration, which performances are presented on Thursday nights. We weep.

Treasurer Ackerman announced in reverent tones that the cash on hand amounted to \$52.13. I could not vouch for the intensity of the resultant gasp of delighted amazement as this startling news penetrated our brains, but I heard the next day that residents of Pomona complained of a violent windstorm. Director Laney asked for this report to be repeated, for it was such beautiful music to our ears. Treasurer Ackerman graciously complied, Director Laney thereafter requesting thirty seconds of respectful silence. This in itself is unusual among fen, but then so is \$52.13.

Hardly had the last loud rap of the gavel announcing the conclusion of the meeting died away than Fran Laney, with a maniacal gleam in his eyes, called upon E Everett Evans for a five minute extemporaneous speech on how he became interested in fantasy, doubtless in retaliation for the improvised talk Everett requested from him last week. Mr Evans complied, giving us an added five minutes entertainment for good measure.

Fran, not to be outdone, gave a hilarious talk on how he first heard the name of Forrest J Ackerman, which kept the listeners in gales of laughter.

Sam Russell was asked to give an extemporaneous talk comparing the Minneapolis Fantasy Society and the LASFS, which he did in an interesting and very elucidating manner. Russ Hodgkins was then called upon to give a short speech about the early days of the LASFS in contrast to the present time.

November 22, 1945

Treasurer Ackerman suggested that since there was a double horror show in town the following night, we should form a theatre party and attend. Director Laney immediately jumped to conclusions and gave Forry a vote of thanks for celebrating his recent promotion to the rank of Staff Sergeant by taking us all out to dinner and the theatre. Tigrina hastily intervened, explaining that Staff Sergeant Ackerman's sole motive in suggesting the theatre party was that some kind hearted fan might suggest combining a birthday celebration for him in conjunction with the proposed party, since 4e's birthdate occurred the following day. Amid much blushing and feeble protests from SSgt Ackerman arrangements were made for a birthday celebration at Cliftons. E Everett Evans offered to arrange for a birthday cake which would change Forrest's rank from a Staff Sergeant to a Stuffed Sergeant.

The subject of heat for the club room during the winter was brought up, it being decided that the general hot air prevalent during the meetings would not be sufficient.

November 28, 1945

Arthur Joquel proposed an "Atomicon," a non-technical conference on the subject of the Atomic Bomb and the sociological implications of the Atomic Age. The idea met with general approval. It was suggested that A E Van Vogt, or some other science fiction author, or perhaps someone from one of the universities, well acquainted with the subject of the coming Atomic Age, be prevailed upon to give a lecture.

Next on the program was a lusty rendition of "Happy Birthday to You," on the part of all persons present in the club room, for the benefit of E Everett Evans. In order to prevent Mr Evans from rushing out of the room in terror at such a cacophonous outburst, birthday presents, consisting of books, were handed to our bewildered birthday boy.

The festivities reminded Director Laney of the oncoming Xmas season, and he promptly delegated Forry Ackerman to take the part of Santa Claus for the Xmas party. This is a natural part for our fun-loving sergeant, who is perennially laden with parcels and packages anyway, and has been known to sleigh belles with his cheery humour.

December 6, 1945

It was announced, for the benefit of any who might be interested, that a lecture on communizing the atom was to be given next Wednesday at the American Legion Stadium. (At this point, some bright fellow remarked that the phrase "communizing the atom" was undoubtedly synonymous with spreading it among the people. The resulting explosion of laughter would have put an atom bomb to shame!)

Fran Laney announced that he had a carbon copy of the preface for a new science fiction anthology, and requested that Forrest Ackerman favour us with a reading of this preface. Our treasurer complied, and gave a very fine rendition. We all applauded heartily, but not too heartily, lest our enthusiastic reader re-read the entire preface as an encore. Director Laney precluded this by closing the meeting.

December 27, 1945 (Reported by Charles Burbee in Tigrina's absence)

Concerning the Atomicon, Al Ashley told of Abby Lu's search for suitable halls for the event. When it was at length decided that Fran Laney's presence in a neighborhood did not necessarily cause property values to fall, it was decided to rent the Good Templars' Hall at Jefferson and Vermont.

Laney, according to custom, read a long letter. It was his farewell to the Director's chair, which he began occupying coincident with Cthulhu's descent from Saturn.

There being no more interruption, the election was held. Charles Burbee and Russ Hodgkins had been nominated for Director. Burbee made a 17-word campaign speech which alienated 38% of the voters. Hodgkins was silent. As soon as most of the members squared themselves with the Treasurer, Hodgkins was elected, 9 to 5. He appointed Tigrina and Forry, incumbents, to continue their jobs of Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

January 17, 1946

Forrest Ackerman announced that five dollars had been donated by Lieutenant Leeth, stationed overseas, for a "Leeth"-ographed cover for Shangri-L'Affaires. *ff*

ODDS AND ENDS (OF THE WORLD)

ALOJO

COLLIERS—Stf mag? Begins to look like it. First there was Philip Wylie's world-end stunner, "Blunder," in the issue of January 12, 1946. And in the February 23, 1946 number, the lead story is "The Terrible Morning," by Nick Brodie Williams. The blurb reads "A new star exploding into the Universe. And on the Earth, chaos and sudden disaster." A top-notch short, which probably missed the pulps—fortunately—because of the minor love interest.

"Your Last Chance To Avoid Atomic Destruction" is the title of an excellent article in LOOK for March 5, 1946. It gives the three alternatives with which we are faced, namely (1) to conquer the world; (2) to try to defend ourselves; (3) to put an end to war; and a consideration of the methods and results of each possibility.

Charles Fort is represented in the February, 1946, issue of ENCORE with an article "Monsters on the Earth." The material is taken from Chapter 9 of "Lo!", trimming out some of Fort's own unique theories, and leaving largely the data which he accumulated about the "Jersey Devil," an errant pleisiosaurus, "the blonde beast of Patagonia," and other strange animals.

Alfred Noyes began writing his new story, "No Other Man," before the start of World War II. "I felt even then that mankind was on the edge of an abyss, and unless we woke to our danger, scientific developments on the way might easily end all human life on this planet," a sketch which accompanies the first installment of the serial quotes Mr Noyes as saying. THIS WEEK MAGAZINE for February 17, 1946, carries Part One of this post-future-war story, which is blurb'd "Was Mark the sole survivor of the mysterious wave of death which had destroyed mankind?" Illustrations are by Steele Savage, who did the drawings for Tiffany Thayer's "An American Girl," the Redman edition of the "Arabian Nights," and other books. (FLASH! See LATE NOTES on Page 28.)

In Shangri-L'Affaires #24, Harry Warner wrote, anent "The Shadow Out Of Time," as printed in the Bart House Pocket Book, "...sadly cut if I remember the Astounding version correctly." We are glad to say that, in checking the three versions (Astounding, Outsider and Others, Bart House) the only omission we can find is at the very end of Section Two, in the last paragraph, where the final sentence about the sea — "Great shapeless suggestions of shadow moved over it, and here and there its surface was vexed with anomalous spoutings." — was deleted, probably by the compositor, because the two extra lines did not fit at the bottom of the page. H P Lovecraft can rest in peace.

The BARNABY QUARTERLY Number Three (February, 1946) features the O'Malley ventriloquism wonder (during which the dog Gorgon discovers that he can talk)(and tell shaggy dog stories), the "hot coffee" ring, the O'Malley autobiography, the O'Malley testimonial dinner, and the astounding episode when O'Malley loses his voice. Don't miss it!

COMPACTS WITH THE DEVIL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From the Chapter on "Witchcraft" in AMONG MY BOOKS. Published in 1882.

Most of the practices of witchcraft — such as the power to raise storms, to destroy cattle, to assume the shape of beasts by the use of certain ointments, to induce deadly maladies in men by waxen images, or love by means of charms and philtres — were inheritances from ancient paganism. But the theory of a compact—a transfer of allegiance from God to Satan, sometimes written, sometimes with the ceremony by which homage is done to a feudal superior—was the product of later times, the result, no doubt, of the efforts of the clergy to inspire a horror of any lapse into heathenish rites by making devils of all the old gods.

Christianity may be said to have invented the soul as an individual entity to be saved or lost; and thus grosser wits were led to conceive of it as a piece of property that could be transferred by deed of gift or sale, duly signed, sealed, and witnessed. The earliest legend of the kind is that of Theophilus, chancellor of the church of Adana in Cilicia some time during the sixth century. It is said to have been first written by Eutychianus, who had been a pupil of Theophilus, and who tells the story partly as an eyewitness, partly from the narration of his master. The nun Hroswitha first treated it dramatically in the latter half of the tenth century.

Four hundred years later Rutebeuf made it the theme of a French miracle-play. His treatment of it is not without a certain poetic merit. Theophilus has been deprived by his bishop of a lucrative office. In his despair he meets with Saladin. Saladin tempts him to deny God and devote himself to the Devil, who, in return, will give him back all his old prosperity and more. He at last consents, signs and seals the contract required, and is restored to his old place by the bishop. But now remorse and terror come upon him; he calls on the Virgin, who, after some demur, compels Satan to bring back his deed from the infernal muniment-chest (which must have been fire-proof beyond any skill of our modern safe-makers), and the bishop having read it aloud to the awe-stricken congregation, Theophilus becomes his own man again.

In this play, the theory of devilish compact is already complete in all its particulars. The paper must be signed with the blood of the grantor, who does feudal homage and engages to eschew good and do evil all the days of his life. The Devil, however, does not imprint any stigma upon his new vassal, as in later stories of witch-compacts.

In proportion as a belief in the possibility of this damnable merchandising with hell became general, accusations of it grew more numerous. Among others, the memory of Pope Sylvester II was blackened with the charge of having thus bargained away his soul. All

learning fell under suspicion, till at length the very grammar itself (the last volume in the world, one would say, to conjure with) in French became a book of magic, under the alias of Grimoire.

It is not at all unlikely that, in an age when the boundary between actual and possible was not very well defined, there were scholars who made experiments in this direction, and signed contracts, though they never had a chance to complete their bargain by an actual delivery. There seems to be no case of witchcraft in which such a document was produced in court as evidence against the accused. Such a one, it is true, was ascribed to Grandier, but was not brought forward at his trial. It should seem that Grandier had been shrewd enough to take a bond to secure the fulfillment of the contract on the other side; for the document exists in facsimile, signed and sealed by Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, Elimi, Leviathan, and Astaroth, duly witnessed by Ballberith, Secretary of the Grand Council of Demons. Fancy the competition such a state paper as this would arouse at a sale of autographs!

Commonly no security appears to have been given by the other party to these agreements but the bare word of the Devil, which was considered, no doubt, every whit as good as his bond. In most cases, indeed, he was the loser, and showed a want of capacity for affairs equal to that of an average giant of romance. Never was comedy acted over and over with such sameness as "The Devil is an Ass."

In popular legend he is made the victim of some equivocation so gross that any court of equity would have ruled in his favor. On the other hand, if the story had been dressed up by some mediaeval Tract Society, the Virgin appears in person at the right moment, and compels him to give up the property he had honestly paid for. One is tempted to ask, Were there no attorneys, then, in the place he came from, of whom he might have taken advice beforehand? On the whole, he had rather hard measure, and it is a wonder he did not throw up the business in disgust.

Sometimes, however, he was more lucky, as with the unhappy Dr Faust; and even so lately as 1695, he came in the shape of a "tall fellow with black beard and periwig, respectable looking and well dressed," about two o'clock in the afternoon, to fly away with the Marechal de Luxembourg, which, on the stroke of five, he punctually did as per contract, taking with him the window and its stone framing into the bargain. The clothes and wig of the involuntary aeronaut were, in the handsomest manner, left upon the bed, as not included in the bill of sale.

In this case also we have a copy of the articles of agreement, twenty-eight in number, by the last of which the Marechal renounces God and devotes himself to the enemy. This clause, sometimes the only one, always the most important in such compacts, seems to show that they first took shape in the imagination, while the struggle between Paganism and Christianity was still going on. As the converted heathen was made to renounce his false gods, none the less real for being false, so the renegade Christian most forswear the true Deity.

The notion of a personal and private treaty with the Evil One has something of dignity about it, that has made it perennially attractive to the most imaginative minds. It rather flatters than mocks our feeling of the dignity of man. As we come down to the vulgar parody of it in the confessions of wretched old women on the rack, our pity and indignation are mingled with disgust.

In the confessions of village crones, dumb girls, and idiot children only a short time later we find included nearly all the particulars of the popular belief concerning witchcraft, and see the gradual degradation of the once superb Lucifer to the vulgar scarecrow with horns and tail. "The Prince of Darkness was a gentleman." From him who had not lost all his original brightness, to this dirty fellow who leaves a stench, sometimes of brimstone, behind him, the descent is a long one.

In all the stories vestiges of Paganism are not indistinct. The three principal witch gatherings of the year were held on the days of great pagan festivals, which were afterwards adopted by the Church. Maury supposes the witches' Sabbath to be derived from the rites of Bacchus Sabazius, and accounts in this way for the Devil's taking the shape of a he-goat. Bodin assumes the identity of the Devil with Pan, and in the popular mythology both of Kelts and Teutons there were certain hairy wood-demons called by the former Dus and by the latter Scrat. Our common names of Deuse and Old Scratch are plainly derived from these, and possibly Old Harry is a corruption of Old Hairy. By Latinization they became Satyrs. Here, at any rate, is the source of the cloven hoof.

The belief in the Devil's appearing to his worshippers as a goat is very old. Possibly the fact that this animal was sacred to Thor, the god of thunder, may explain it. Certain it is that the traditions of Vulcan, Thor, and Wayland converged at last in Satan. Like Vulcan, he was hurled from heaven, and like him he still limps across the stage in Mephistopheles, though without knowing why. In Germany, he has a horse's and not a cloven foot, because the horse was a frequent pagan sacrifice, and therefore associated with devil-worship under the new dispensation.

The Saxon horse was sacred to Woton. The raven was also his peculiar bird, and Grimm is inclined to think this the reason why the witch's familiar appears so often in that shape. It is true that our Old Nick is derived from Nikkar, one of the titles of that divinity, but the association of the Evil One with the raven is older, and most probably owing to the ill-omened character of the bird itself.

It will be noticed that the witches underwent a form of baptism. As the system gradually perfected itself among the least imaginative of men, as the superstitious are apt to be, they could do nothing better than describe Satan's world as in all respects the reverse of that which had been conceived by the orthodox intellect as Divine. All it had to take the trouble to do was to reverse the ideas of sacred things already known, and behold, a kingdom of hell with all the merit and none of the difficulty of originality! #

HAL - LA - WEEN

REPORTED BY JACK (O' LANTERN) ERMAN

ALL HALLOW'S EVE saw an all-out turn-out of fans at the LASFS. Clubroom had been converted for the occasion into a Witches' Den by decoration maestro Walt Daugherty and a crew of hardy helpers. Black cats & cardboard skeletons adorned the walls, confetti covered the floor, serpentine festooned the ceiling, smiling plump-kins sparked the candle-lit room. Even the bust of balding Odd John had been given a black wig, arranged à la Veronica Lake. Jack Wiedenbeck, from suggestions by Ashley, Ackerman, Daugherty (plus a few ideas of his own) had created tombstones, fitted onto the backs of chairs, for choice fans in attendance.

HERE LIES--

1912-2160	1492-?	1909-Technate	1944-1943
Dictator Laney	Tackless Daugherty	Russ Hodgkins	Ghoul-Digger
He burns hotly	Cause he quoted	the Technocrat	Tigreaner
even	Jimmy's age as	He'll tech no	She took 4e
When its Raney	Being Faugherty	Crats from you	to the Cleaner

1920-1820

-1945

1159-1890

Rests artist "Gold"	Rooster Booster	Th' Gran' Ol' Foo
Who's modle claimed	Cause he couldn't move	Dead for lack of a
He got too bold	His Inners like he uster	Little ego-booo

15-16	1940-'43	1920-2180	1908-200001
Rusty Barron	Rufja-blu, a red-	Dancer Jimmie Sultan	Ashley
Now he's nought but	headed cat but a	Walt shot her	--and lies!
Ferrous carrion	good cook too!	Cuz she shimmied!	and lies!

Daugherty was the Laff of the Party in his get-up (complete with mustachio) as Groucho Marx. Tigrina appeared as her fantasti-cartoon character, Witch Hazel. Al Ashley was disguised as Swami Turban Bey. Snow White attended in the person of Darlyne Adams. Myrt Douglas impersonated a one-eyed pirate. Abby Lu Ashley, swathed in black veils, was exotic as the Queen of Sheba. Fran Laney was highly incensed when mistaken at first for the Outsider: It seems he was representing that mythcharacter, Joe Fan, instead. Rusty Barron, marine, made a busty farmer's dawter, in drag. Virginia Daugherty stepped out of the future as Buck Rogers' girl friend, Wilma Deering.

Thruout the proceedings, a silent stranger mixed in the midst of the fans: A gentleman in a brown suit, wearing a red hat and Santa Claus mask, carrying an umbrella. He looked curiously about the clubroom...he spoke not a word...at times he sat in a corner of the room, opened the umbrella above him, and watched proceedings without comment. There was much speculation as to the stranger's identity. Ackerman was absent, but Tigrina had established his

alibi: That he was detained at the Fort. At any rate, the Mysterious Stranger was not in uniform, but civilian clothes. Well, we won't keep you in suspense, as were the local fans: He didn't turn out to be Jesus Christ (by Mark Twain)--it was, after all, Forry, whom 50% of the fans present had never seen in civvies.

As the evening progressed, fans took turns entertaining each other on an informal program. Walt Liebscher (as Baby Bunting) recited the immortal ballad of "I Wonder Why She Swallowed the Fly?" Daugherty demonstrated wacky ways to exterminate obnoxious brats. Tigrina gave a dramatic reading of a vampire poem from *Weird Tales*. "Toople" (Darlyne Adams) sang a popular song. Prof. Roland Dishington gave a farsical monolog involving much facial maneuvering. Andy Anderson pantomimicked Laney (his ghoulish laughter) and Ackerman (his Ungershish inclinations).

Walter Coslet, visiting fan from Montana, was present at the party.

Forry put on a special "radio" show. Reading from a self-prepared script he invoked the audience to "Turn back the clock and step with me thru the portals of time into the terror-ridden past. By guttering candle-light a strange young woman, only 21, pens a frightening story. She is Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley--whose antiquated quill scratches upon parchment the classic horror tale of--'Frankenstein'. And now, as we travel in foreboding imagination to the shunned castle laboratory of Baron Frankenstein, the crazed scientist whose febrile brain grapples with nature to create the simulacrum of life from bits of bone, and nerve tissue, and blood...lights out!" Thereafter his voice issued from the dark, now as Frankenstein, now as Dr Waldman, as he recited memorized dialog leading up to the dramatic climax where Frankenstein exulted:

"It's moving--it's alive--it's moving--it's alive! In the name of Science, now I know what it's like to be God! Speak to me, my creation! Speak!" A pregnant silence, at last broken by a cough. A guttural voice chokes out: "I--want--a--" sudden switch to falsetto--"bottle of magic blowing bubbles, daddy!"

Blackout.

Swami Ashley next went into a trance and produced ectoplasmic manifestations by means of a hidden ultraviolet flashlight and fluorescent paint previously applied to a drape. This put everybody in the best of spirits to witness a spectacular operation, performed by shadows on a sheet. Dr Liebscher made a hasty incision on "Mrytle" Douglas. Belly laffs were brot forth from the spectators as Dr "Kill-on-a-Dare" Liebscher removed everything from Douglas's abdomen from the missing club minutes to a lost Lemurian.

At the Witching Hour "Witch Hazel" Tigrina told fortunes via a plate containing a razor blade, a wet rag and a ring. As blindfolded participants placed a hand on the plate, their fate was determined by the object they touched. Travel was indicated for Al Ashley & "Jim-E" Daugherty (not together, of course!) as they choose the wet rag; divorce was indicated for Evans (already divorced) and Gail Moreton (not yet married); and marriage for Darlyne Adams.

After a time the keepers came and took us all away.....

From ATOMIC ENERGY FOR MILITARY PURPOSES

There are two principles that have been cornerstones of the structure of modern science. The first — that matter can be neither created nor destroyed but only altered in form — was enunciated in the eighteenth century and is familiar to every student of chemistry; it has led to the principle known as the law of conservation of mass. The second—that energy can be neither created nor destroyed but only altered in form—emerged in the nineteenth century and has been the plague of inventors of perpetual-motion machines; it is known as the law of conservation of energy.

These two principles have constantly guided and disciplined the development and application of science. For all practical purposes they were unaltered and separate until some five years ago. For most practical purposes they still are so, but it is now known that they are, in fact, two phases of a single principle for we have discovered that energy may sometimes be converted into matter and matter into energy. Specifically, such a conversion is observed in the phenomenon of nuclear fission of uranium, a process in which atomic nuclei split into fragments with the release of an enormous amount of energy.

One conclusion that appeared rather early in the development of the theory of relativity was that the inertial mass of a moving body increased as its speed increased. This implied an equivalence between an increase in energy of motion of a body, that is, its kinetic energy, and an increase in its mass. To most practical physicists and engineers this appeared a mathematical fiction of no practical importance. Even Einstein could hardly have foreseen the present applications, but as early as 1905 he did clearly state that mass and energy were equivalent and suggested that proof of this equivalence might be found by the study of radioactive substances. He concluded that the amount of Energy, E , equivalent to a mass, m , was given by the equation

$$E = mc^2$$

where c is the velocity of light. If this is stated in actual numbers, its startling character is apparent. It shows that one kilogram (2.2 pounds) of matter, if converted entirely into energy, would give 25 billion kilowatt hours of energy. Compare this fantastic figure with the 8.5 kilowatt hours of heat energy which may be produced by burning an equal amount of coal.

The extreme size of this conversion figure was interesting in several respects. In the first place, it explained why the equivalence of mass and energy was never observed in ordinary chemical combustion. We now believe that the heat given off in such a combustion has mass associated with it, but this mass is so small that it cannot be detected by the most sensitive balances available. (It is of the order of a few billionths of a gram per mole.) In the second place, it was made clear that no appreciable quantities of matter were being converted into energy in any familiar terrestrial processes, since no such large sources of energy were known. Further, the possibility of initiating or controlling such a conversion in any practical way seemed very remote. Finally, the very size of the conversion factor opened a magnificent field of speculation to philosophers, physicists, engineers, and comic-strip artists. For twenty-five years such speculation was unsupported by direct experimental evidence, but beginning about 1930 such evidence began to appear in rapidly increasing quantity. #

LETTER SECTION

'BOFF OF CYGNI'
October 1, 1945

68 Madbury
Durham, New Hampshire

I have received a number of issues of this interesting if not literate rag. I was interested in them all and recognized them to be of better quality than the majority of other fmz. Ungratefully enough however, I never wrote a letter about them. Ain't I a stinker? So here I am ready to burst into print (well Sneary can so why not I; come to think of it that's not a very logical remark) so I write this eddifying epistle.

THE DAY AFTER VICTORY was very, very good. I wish I had written it myself. Tch. Remind me to ask Burbee for some material. I think he would ignore me. Burbee is a cur.

Your other articles are good if puzzling. Some of them seem published for filler purposes. (Your powers of observation are amazing, my dear Boff—Ed.) As Widner mentioned at the Necon "instead of putting in a page just to fill up room in a fmg, why not just leave it out entirely." Of course someone will now ask why put out a fmg at all. Which seems entirely logical.

Have just thought of something. Who would like to play a game of Chess with me via postcards? Should take less than six months unless some crumb refused to admit he was beaten and dragged the game on to an unnecessary checkmate. Any takers?

I was interested in finding that my copy of S'LA 27 was wrapped in a lithograph of #25. Many nights I have lain awake wondering what to do with the extra 900 lithographs. I've shredded them up for insulation in the walls and started fires with them. I used the backs of them for letters and was pleasantly surprised to find someone who wanted to buy "some of that stationary you use"!! I still have a good many covers left. So it is with pleasure that I introduce the LAPA. Namely, and to wit: The Lithographed Amateur Press Association. Here's the idea: Any number of persons up to about 500 may join. So after you put out your fmg, send me about 50 (don't you mean 500—ED?) litho's. After about 15 or 20 different kinds of litho's have come in, I send out a mailing free to every contributor and at a small expense, say a nickel, to subscribers. The money, such that it is, will pay for the cost of mailing and will be a dividend to those who sent the litho's. You need not send a litho every mailing to keep receiving them free, all I ask is that you send some every time you have some extras. Purpose of this is two-fold: Help reimburse the editor who has to stand unnecessary expense by buying a "minimum of 1000" of the blasted things and to furnish fans with good lithographs to put on their walls, etc, without mutilating fanmags. Quality of the "mailings" is insured by the fact that no editor will waste \$5.00 to litho a lousy pic. What say everybody?

LEROY H TACKETT
September 24, 1945

Military—probably
changed by now

The nerve of the man. He actually wants people to write to his mag. He wants his ego inflated. My God!

OK it's a deal. I'll inflate your ego if you will tell me what a wonderful guy I am. I'm really a stinker but I like to put up a good front.

Oh, yes. SLA. Very nice. Russell, Laney, Kuttner and what have you. Oops forgot to mention Evans. Repeat very nice. Gracias. Cover stunk. What the hell was it? Almost sobered me.

DONALD WARREN BRATTON
October 7, 1945

Uncertain
at present

Congratulations to the #2 fanzine! Keep it up! Number 27 (I trust that it was #27) had some very exceptional material in it, altho it did seem a little disorganized, due, no doubt, to the fact that the whole club pitched in and helped (?).

Burhee's yarn was really nice. Hope that more of his work is published. How in hell did you get Kuttner stewed enough to write that column for you?

Let's have some poems and stuff from Tigrina! Russell's analysis of Ray Bradbury was masterful.

JOHN M STADTER JR
October 22, 1945

1067 Wagar Road
Rocky River 16, Ohio

For nine issues of Shaggy La I've written one letter, so I guess it's time to mend my ways and write another. You know, I just couldn't exist without the old rag.

You're lucky in that you've got a lot of egotists who like to write for your 'zine (you kidding — ED?), so you've got plenty of material, but I won't mention the quality of their opi in memory of dear departed Burbee. Shaggy La has been becoming more and more illegible every ish. But with the characters who haunt the crudroom you should get a medal for even turning the rag out. The OrderoftheRabidFan or something.

The very fact that Shaggy La exists has always amazed me. I can just see you now, pleading for help, but always refused by the heartless LASFS. An innocent child in a den of perverts. Why do you stay, Hewitt? You know that every day spent there takes you that much further down the cold, hard road. And what is the result? Don't you see what you'll end up doing? You'll end up reading (sob) F A!!! You'll believe in Lemuria!!!

Find enclosed \$2,000 with which to pay Oxnard Hemmel, FKHD. If there is anything I hate, it is rooking a hard-working man out of his money. After this, please pay up promptly. You'll give the 'zine a worse name than it has already (as if that were possible).

FRANKLIN LEE BALDWIN
September 24, 1945

Box 137
Grangeville, Idaho

A great fan is Francis Laney
The words he writes are very many
I think at heart he's quite a sociologist

Those of you who read "Crime Stalks the Fan-World"
Woke up the next day with your appetites all spurred

I don't give a damn for that art you guys are auctioning
But I'd bid on Hoffman's doodlings
Especially if they were in water-colors or in oils

Max Brand has written science-fiction
With some conviction
Using the name of George Challis

I like Shangri-L'Affaires
'Cause it prints stuff no other fmz dares

I like the idea of a world of SLEN
But first, I think we should be MEN.

"THE SENATOR" WALTER A COSLET
September 21, 1945

Box 6
Helena, Montana

As a couple issues or so of the Shaggy Laffs have come my way since I received Burbee's acknowledgement of my previous letter, perhaps I'd better let you know I wish to continue receiving the said fanzine.

#26 boasted a very satisfactory stf cover. I wonder who got the original? At least it was not offered in the auction in your latest issue, so it appears its present owner doesn't care to lose it. If he ever does, though, tell him to contact me.

However, it's your latest issue that you anxiously await my report of, I presume. (Ha, I actually didn't end my sentence with a prep.)

This new cover, apparently foreshadowed by your previous backcover, is not so bad in its own right. I wonder what the chances of getting its original are. But if the back covers from now on prophesy the type of cover of the following issue, I haven't much hope for your next cover. OK, call me a pessimist — I was just kidding.

Burbie's yarn of the postwar world turned out to be really good after an uninspiring beginning.

The Bradbury analysis was welcome — here's hoping you'll be able to continue to have serious articles of such caliber.

Kuttner manages to blow his horn quite nicely but his humor doesn't amount to much.

THE GARDEN OF FEAR? Not all reviews of this pocket book have been so fav-

orrible. FRAN SLANTS—too bad this was so "dated." Or else, too bad the mag was delayed. HEMMEL'S SCIENCE SORE TEASE — well, there was some humor present. Continue the series.

BURTON CRANE
August 16, 1945

Military—probably
changed by now

Dear Laney and Liebscher and Hewitt and Speer:

Dear H Unpredictable Wesson:

The chances that I'll be returning this year
Consistently, steadily lesson.

You think that the Nippies have nipped off this war?

Well, that's what most everyone thinks,

But don't heed that drivel:

This new war is civil.

The Nips haven't nipped off the Chinks.

When will I be back? When the war's over, dears!

And you'll find, if in research you delve,

That our quandom allies have been slugging it out,

Trading blow after blow to the enemy's snout—

And with never a hint what the fighting's about—

Since the year of Our Lord Nineteen-Twelve!

Empiricist reasoning leads me, my friend,

To conclusions I voice with regret:

The war here in China's unlikely to end

Because it has never stopped yet!

Bratton's yarn on the fantasy catalogue is tops in the 26th issue. Wonder how many cards start with UNSPEAKABLE THING... LIEBSCHER'S effort on the Michicon was a bit long. I'd gone nuts long before I finished it, perhaps because I was reading it aloud to an uninterested friend. That stuff is easier to understand when reading aloud... "Crud" was amusing, but do clams really have poils, too? Where I come from the ersters have a monopoly... Letter Dep't: Thank SNEARY for the guess that "Flight into Fear" might have made money if expanded. The yarn itself was tripe, its only interest lying in the familier characters... Nice cover...

PELICAN BOOKS IN AMERICA

Pelican Books have for almost ten years been an important subsidiary of Penguin Books in England. Dealing largely with works of Science, Astronomy, History, Archaeology, Politics, and Economics, they have made many otherwise unobtainable works available to the general public. With the start of the new year, Pelican Editions are being published in America. The first four titles are: Public Opinion, by Walter Lippman; Patterns of Culture by Ruth Benedict; You and Music by Christian Darnton; and The Birth and Death of the Sun, by George Gamow. Each volume carries a short introductory note on the flyleaf, and a biographical sketch of the author on the back cover. They are a trifle taller than regular pocketbooks, and the covers are strikingly designed. This should be a series worth watching.

BOOK REVIEW: FRANZ WERFEL'S "STAR OF THE UNBORN"

ALOJO

I have read the late Franz Werfel's "Star of the Unborn" twice, and am still at a loss to describe it. Werfel, while he was working on it, called it his "travel book." The descriptive paragraph on the back of the book jacket says, "It is (that) no more nor less than is Don Quixote or the Divine Comedy." But it is more than that. It is Last and First Men and Gargantua and Pantagruel and A Crystal Age and Fantazius Mallaire and The Sword in the Stone and Brave New World and No Hiding Place and The Chemical Marriage of Christian Rosenkreutz and The Sleeper Awakes and Alice in Wonderland all rolled into one. It has wit and pathos and drama—well, in short, I liked the book.

The story does not really begin until the second chapter, but the author explains that there is a first chapter simply because it seemed inappropriate to open the book with the second chapter. So the first chapter merely tells of an author's troubles in finding the proper pen with which to write a book, and how the book came to be written.

But as Chapter Two opens, F W, invisible, is greeted by an old friend, B H, in the midst of a flat, open, uninhabited country where the only breaks in the strange iron-grey turf that spreads to the horizon in all directions are clumps of leathery-foliaged trees. And on page 12 are some paragraphs which will give Werfel's more devout readers the first of a series of high-voltage shocks. For F W calmly announces that, with no conflict with his belief in immortality, he has come to a belief in reincarnation! It had struck him while in a drug-store on Wilshire Boulevard, and he had forgotten to finish his coffee in his meditation on this age-old doctrine.

F W is informed by his reembodyed friend that he has been summoned to a wedding, which is commencing on the Third Day of the Fourth Earth-Month of the Seven Hundred and Forty-Second Sun-Week of the Zero Point Zero Zero Third Evolution in the Eleventh Cosmic Capital Year of Virgo—approximately 101,945. Partly as an exhibit, partly as a distinguished guest, he was picked from a list by chance, and transported to that distant time by a metaphysical manipulation of which little is said. But, that being the Astromental Era, many things can happen.

The human nervous system has been considerably refined, both by evolution and by a remarkable phenomenon called the Transparency (an infinitesimal fraction of a second, occurring many ages before, during which the Sun had begun to be a Nova and had controlled itself, all at the same time, but in the course of which incredible things had been seen and felt). Man's internal organs could no longer stand the shock of rapid motion, so the Mathematical-Mental mode of travel has been developed. By means of the Mentelobole, an instrument about the size of a pocket compass, labeled (in fine print, which F W can easily read without glasses, "as long as you're invisible") "Galactic Time—Planetary Time—Continental Time—Local Time—Galactic Space—" etcetera, and containing tiny colored globules which are directed into various

holes according to the owner's wish to travel. Pick your place, drop a green ball into a pocket marked "Keenly Directed Desire," and you are immediately where you wished to go!

The homes of the time, F W discovers, are built underground, and the clumps of alien trees surround the "penthouse" of each one. F W is introduced to the families who have summoned him, makes a number of faux pas, but manages to survive until dinner time. At an odd meal he is addressed by a very intelligent dog, who is frightened of him as being a spirit (which he is not, incidentally, as a little later an exhaustive and exhausting exorcism by the religious leaders of the time fails utterly to banish him). When F W attempts to tell his host what he thinks of the dog's remarks, he finds himself unable to make himself understood in the Monolingual language which hitherto he has been speaking without difficulty. It is not until his friend tells him that offensive thoughts cannot be uttered in the language, that he regains the power of intelligibility.

But the world of a hundred thousand years from now is no Utopia. Strange things are happening. The smooth, even surface of the planet splits open in out-of-the-way places, to form mountains and valleys, rivers and dales. These monstrous excrescences, which are remarkably similar to conditions in 1945, are found attractive by many persons, who desert the cultured life of the time to return to primitivism. And the "Jungles" are only one of the threats to the status quo.

F W is taken by the fascist-minded, weapon-collecting young bridegroom to see the Monument of the Last War. He is chosen as the judge of a great controversy between two professors as to the existence of a god, and has the experience of seeing his decision written in the night sky by the very stars themselves. He meets the Geoarchon or Global Major-Domo, and is enlightened by his friend B H as to the course which history took after 1945. Later, he meets the Worker who does all the labor for the planet; the Idiot of the Era, who was only able to get as far as integral and differential calculus; the Bishop of the Catholic Church, which institution has survived until that far-off time; and the Jew of the Era, who has also survived.

Still wearing his crumpled swallow-tail coat and cracked patent-leather shoes, in which he had discovered himself when he became visible (he had apparently been buried in these garments back in 1945), he visits the great Djebel or school, makes a trip with an elementary class first into space, where he is shipwrecked on Jupiter for a time, and then into a hydrogen atom. The true nature of the Universe (which has the shape of man, and breathes, so that the stars are alternately near to and far from the earth) and the answers to other questions are revealed to him by the High Floater.

He is tempted by the bride, visits the Jungle, has adventures which rival Dante's in the Wintergarden. And the story builds up to a climax of drama and beauty which — but I'm damned if I'm going to tell about that, and spoil it all. You'll just have to get and read it for yourselves (Viking Press, \$3.00; Published February 1946; 645 pages) as I'm going to do for the third time right now. ¹¹/₁₇

EDITOR'S NOTES

ARTHUR LOUIS JOQUEL, II

As some fans with long memories may note, this is the fourth time we have taken over the editorship of Shangri-L'Affaires.

Away back in August, 1942, we prepared issue Number 5; which consisted of the Yerke minutes of the LASFS meetings. Then, after a trip to Washington D C, we returned to edit Numbers 7 & 8, for December, 1942 and January, 1943. These were the last of the large-paper size.

In April, 1944, we again took over the editorship for one issue "in order to get the thing out before fandom forgot that L A ever put out a club mag," as we said in that editorial of Number 13.

And now, come issue #28, we are at the controls again, attempting to pull one of our favorite fanmags out of the doldrums into which it has fallen since Charles Burbee went to war. We would appreciate your letters, with comments and suggestions about future issues.

Our policy about reprints, of which there are three in this issue, is, first, that the material has to be good. Second, that it has to be something which, because of age or limited publication, has not been available to many readers heretofore. The Smyth report, of course, may be secured by anyone from the Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D C, for 35¢. But that is something which every person in the world should read, and the more times and places it is published, the better.

Tigrinaccounts is compiled from the minutes of the LASFS, which are faithfully (and humourously) compiled by the gal with the skull pin on her lapel. But in editing them for publication a couple of minor incongruities have crept in, and we hasten to take responsibility for them, lest she get her (f)ire up and bew a spell agin' us.

TWO LATE NOTES:: Frank Capra (Liberty Films) is rushing plans for filming Alfred Noyes' "No Other Man." And we recommend the article "Atomic Doldrums" under "Science" in TIME for February 25, 1946.

We have been planning for some time to have our copies of Shangri-L'Affaires bound, and in this connection have compiled an index of issues 1 to 8, completely cross-referenced. We have a few copies of this index, mimeographed on regal size paper, the same as the first eight issues, and will mail one to anyone writing and enclosing a 3¢ stamp. Indices to Numbers 9-16, 17-24, & 25-32 may be issued later.

For next issue, out in March, we have an article on the LASFS's preference in non-fiction reading, as ascertained by a recent poll; the second in the Undiscovered Worlds series; an article on semantics, from the final Futurian War Digest; more of the Tigrinaccounts; another section from the Smyth report; and other interesting material. Also, your letter, if you write us one! See you next month.

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