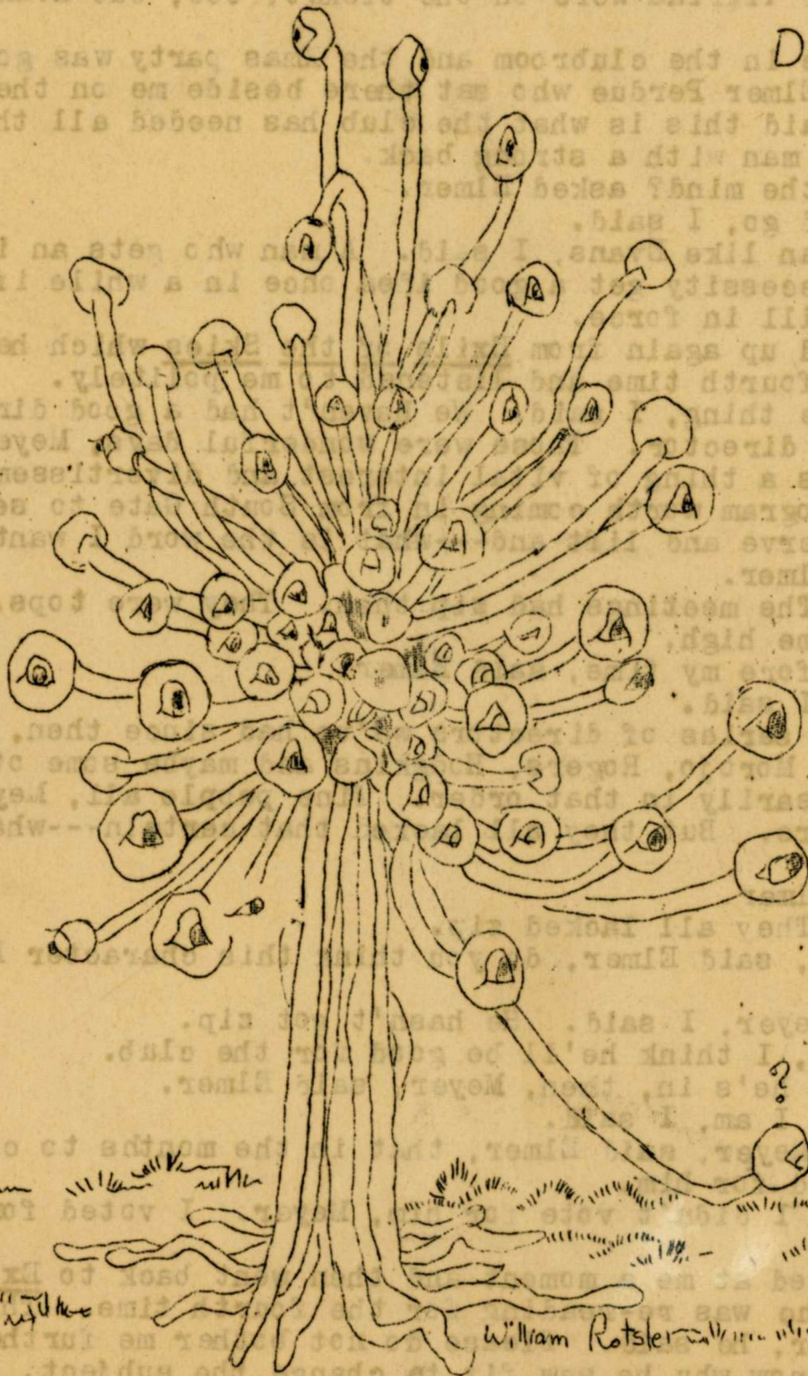


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

"THE SINCERE FANZINE"

No. 34

DEC. '46



A B.E.M. TO END ALL B.E.M.'S

Shangri-L'Affaires #34 for December 1946 The club magazine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS), 637 1/2 South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. Issued 7 times a year, I believe. 10c per single copy, 3/25c, 6/50c. Trades arranged with other fanzines. Letters of comment solicited, read with pleasure, appreciated, and often published in these pages. I could use some material right now, too.

000

E E Evans is our new director. We voted him in the other night. Gus Willmorth and Tigrina were on the ticket, too, but Evans won.

We sat there in the clubroom and the Xmas party was going on, and I turned to Elmer Perdue who sat there beside me on the inverted crud box and I said this is what the club has needed all this time, Meyer. A strong man with a strong back.

What about the mind? asked Elmer.

Let the mind go, I said.

We need a man like Evans, I said. A man who gets an idea a minute must of necessity get a good idea once in a while if the laws of chance are still in force.

Elmer looked up again from Exile of the Skies which he was re-reading for the fourth time and listened to me politely.

It is a fine thing, I said. We haven't had a good director since Kepner was director. Those were wonderful days, Meyer, I said. Every meeting was a thing of vital interest and divertissement. Each meeting had a program worth coming in from South Gate to see. They had spirit and verve and lift and---what is the word I want?

Zip, said Elmer.

Yes, zip. The meetings had zip then. They were tops. They reached an alltime high.

That was before my time, said Elmer.

Mine, too, I said.

Look at the series of directors we've had since then, I said. Laney, Ackerman, Morojo, Rogers, Hodgkins and maybe some others, though not necessarily in that order. Fine people all, Meyer. Fine people, to be sure. But they all lacked that certain---what is that word I want?

Zip, said Elmer.

Yes, zip. They all lacked zip.

Well, Meyer, said Elmer, do you think this character Evans has zip?

Well, no, Meyer, I said. He hasn't got zip.

But, I said, I think he'll be good for the club.

You're glad he's in, then, Meyer, said Elmer.

Yes, Meyer, I am, I said.

I suppose, Meyer, said Elmer, that in the months to come you'll be glad you voted for him.

Oh, I said, I didn't vote for him, Meyer. I voted for Gus Willmorth.

Perdue looked at me a moment and then went back to Exile of the Skies which he was re-reading for the fourth time. This is a good story, Meyer, he said. Please do not bother me further.

I do not know why he saw fit to change the subject. It is not like Elmer to forget his phoney old Southern courtesy pose. And it irked me.

It irked me because I wanted to talk about EEEvans, our new director. We voted him in the other night.

-----Charles Burbee

BALCONY SCENE

or I can bait Daugherty, too

BY-

Gus Willmorth

"I shall have no other God before s-f, whose name shall be Astounding; I shall not bow down to the graven image Amazing nor yet lend ear to the false prophets Daugherty and Dunkelberger."

So begins a letter I have received but lately from a person who not so many months ago was not a Daughertyphobe, but, indeed, was a phile of considerable roughness. Yet here is this person clambering into the balcony with Speer, Laney, and Burbee. On all sides of late (meaning these past months) there come conflicting reports of inclement nature attacking some of the strong men of Fandomania.

Why is this, I keep asking myself, what the hell is the basis for these statements? It hardly seems as though it could be personal animosity except in the case of Los Angeles fandom where the man is known personally by several unnamed persons who want it kept quiet. Could it be that the attacks and counter-attacks of Speer, Laney vs Dunkelberger, etc., are unduly influencing the opinions of youthful fans into believing that these ancient and honorable fans are false? Again I ask: Is there going to be another fan war? But no, we are all mature persons who will not descend to such depths of recrimination.

From a source not impeccable at all I might quote the following, roughly verbatim, from a person who chuckled evilly over the Speer Pacificon Report in a recent Shangri-L'Affaires: "I was ushered into fandom by Daugherty--" (Here he quickly crossed himself in reverse to ward off that devil and the evil eye.)--"that false prophet who claimed that Fan was the voice of Ghod, and that the holy Fancyclopedia was a foul and corrupt book unfit to be touched by fankind. Allah ilallah al Allah," he claimed, "There is no Ghod but Ghu, and Daugherty is his prophet." But I found him out, the incredibly evil Thing that he is." He glared at me over his beer stein. "I found him out in time; I shall be saved. By following the precepts 'Suspro' the great leader Speer will organize the moral elements of Fandomania against the immorality of the horrible professional fans. These bookcollectors must go!" And with the remnant of a horrible scream, he crushed his glass into powder, mixed it into a paste with some mimeograph ink and, after the manner of a true aesthete, spread it on a copy of the True Word, 'Shangri-L'Affaires' and ate it down with relish. Where he

got the relish I'm not certain, unless it fell as manna from Shangri-LA, the only True Paradise.

However, from the other side of this jihad or holy war, I must, in order to be entirely fair and equivocal ((no such word, Gus)), quote these words that, while they actually do not bear directly upon the subject of discussion, may bring a certain amount of light to bear upon the dispute. In referring to the only True and Righteous Institute of Science-Fiction, the Fantasy Foundation, my correspondent was read to say: "While talking to the Great Disciple ((D for Daugherty. GW)) the other day, He told me that at first He was not able to reconcile the principles of the founders of the Fantasy Foundation with the True Belief, and He had therefore opposed its erection. But upon seeing that the great Aesthete and Director of the Foundation, Ackerman, was feeling very low and discouraged over His distrust, He decided to lend His support to the Great Effort as His duty under the Only True Literature, hoping that the charlatans and false idols would be purged from the Holy Edifice after its institution."

Of course, you can see that both of these quotes have been taken from two different side of the fence, both of which are undoubtedly biased and both filled with an unquenchable religious fervor such as may raise Science Fiction, the Righteous Way, to its proper sphere of influence. However, as you no doubt may think, such fanaticism is dangerous. At any moment, this sparking of flint and iron (and who can tell which is the True Metal) may burst into a full-fledged conflagration that may rage thru Fandomania as the wrath of Ghod destroying all in its path. I say to you, this is dangerous and should be checked. We must live together in peace; both bookcollectors and more human fans or we shall all perish.

I have known Walter James Daugherty for many years and have counted him amongst my friends, viewing him as a man and a pillar of fan society, a stout hearted advocate of Fantasy, a serious fan and a publisher of note. Now I find all fandom split into two factions, one deifying this person as a great leader and doer; the other reviling him for a lukewarm projectionist. As yet I have been unable to make up my mind in either direction, for I well know that I must for to follow the Middle Way is impossible since anyone not on either side of a fanfeud is doomed to be utterly destroyed; his fame will wither on the stalk, and his publications crass and mediocre shall remain. Both sides have brought to attention great masses of evidence showing certain proof that Daugherty is a great man or completely discrediting him and his followers quite impartially.

So, having presented this short dissertation upon the True Word and Its Prophets, I ask the opinions of the fanfolk upon this subject. Further, I wish to advance a warning: This thing must be brought under control or the strong forces that surge within its scope will disrupt our society of fankind beyond all redemption.

Actually, I mentioned this subject to Nancy the other evening in hope of an objective opinion from that eminent philosopher, but she said that while she considered Fandomania to be a great thing and a definite facet of civilization, and Mr Daugherty was very suave; we were quite wrong to bow down to false idols such as these. She then uttered these great words:

BEER IS THE ONLY TRUE GOD!

THE GIRL WITH THE MUDDY EYES

Part One of Two
or Maybe Three
Parts

by

F. Lee Baldwin

It was hot. I had the window up.

I wasn't doing anything except a little wondering. I was running through my mind whether a jessie named Velvet Dress had dumped Pat McGoy in the bay like we'd been talking about. I didn't think she had. Maybe I should have stuck around longer and helped her with the job. As it was I'd skipped right out and left her with him. Of course he was tied and gagged, but still, she could have had a change of heart. I got to thinking that if he were loose I'd probably have a little trouble with him eventually. That line of thinking bothered me. I changed it.

...What I didn't know then was that McGoy had a sister, name of Maria McGoy.

....

As I say, I changed my line of thinking. Velvet Dress: a sweet kid, if a little impetuous. I liked her from the first and played it accordingly. I let my thoughts whisk hither and thither; I smiled, wetted my lips. Velvet Dress.

....

Suddenly---very suddenly, I became acutely aware of another wonder of Nature. A vagrant breath of air drifted through the open window. It was laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms and it kicked me squarely in the teeth.

My eyes cast about the twelve by fourteen room that is The Shamrock Agency, inventoried its streaked, damp walls. A lonely spider languished in a darkened corner. Then I pulled open a drawer in the desk, took out the company bottle and took a swallow. What trickled down my throat was room temperature. I spit it out, looked up at the ceiling. The spider sardonically thumbed its nose at me.

I got the hell out of there.

I walked the five blocks to the bus station, said to the gee in the ticket cage: "I want a round trip ticket to wherever the hell this'll take me." I laid out two bucks. He eyed it, consulted a poster. He said: "How about Mullin's Beach? One-ninety-six, plus tax." I laid out the extra for Uncle Sammy.

It was hot. The sky hung low like the inside of a skillet. I chewed a toothpick.

On the bus I got squeezed between a fat dame and a drunk. We rode away in heavy traffic, then finally got lined out down a straightaway centered between thousands of square acres of orange groves. Over the fat dame's bulwarks I could see a lot of shorts-garbed gals of around sixteen or seventeen picking up a tan. I reminded myself to come back in ten years when I'd cashed in my bonds and was driving that red Packard convertible and familiarize myself more thoroughly with the situation. Then I got stuck with the thought that in another ten years it would probably be a biological impossibility and decided to put all my bond accruals into real estate. I got tired of that line of thought too.

The fat dame stuck of garlic and the drunk was fast asleep with his mouth open. When he breathed a bubble drew in and out of his mouth. In and out---in and out---never quite reaching the breaking point, never quite disappearing. It fascinated me. When I got off the bus at Mullin's Beach, I stuck the toothpick in the bubble, but it didn't wake him up.

Mullin's Beach is a one-shot town: one poolroom-saloon; one theater; one weekly paper; one grocery store; one drugstore; one dozen gas pumps. I found all this out while cruising the one-block business district. The one sun

that shone was hotter than the one which shone where I'd come from. Funny what's in a name: Mullin's Beach is nowhere near the sea; the beautiful sea...

I stepped warmly into the darkened confines of the poolroom-saloon.

Two transient loiterers were haranguing the bartender who looked something like Hitler only his nose was bent and one front tooth was broken half-way off.

I laid a buck down on the pine bar and said: "Double rye and a glass of water." The loiterers shut up and edged closer to me. I knew what they wanted. The Hitlerish bartender leered, raised one eyebrow, deftly inquiring if I wanted his two cronies in on it. I said pointedly: "Coincidentally, I'm not staying long." That subdued them.

What he poured from a greasy bottle was certainly not rye nor any approximate variation. I frowned at him and he tried to stare me down. I was getting sore.

He stuck the buck in his pants pocket and turned to his two chums, beginning the harangue at about where I'd come in. He had a strident voice. I hated his guts.

"So you're still stickin' with your story, huh?" He addressed the shorter, greasier of the two. That worthy blinked and nodded half-heartedly. He looked at his companion, a thin-faced guy, then at a spot on the bar. Thin Face looked at a spot on the farther wall. Hitler said belligerently:

"Whatta you say? You look smart. Anyhow, what difference does it make-- I'm right. Hell, everybody knows New Mexico's not part of the forty-eight states." He spat through the hole the broken tooth made, ran his tongue partly out, in a follow-up. It was a red, nasty looking thing. He leered at Thin Face.

Thin Face looked at me, took courage. He said: "I still think you're wrong. Anyhow, they taught me in school that it was one of the United States."

Hitler got a poisoned look on his face. "How the hell you figure? How come they call it New Mexico, then? How come they talk that Mexican lingo there,

then? How come..." Then he remembered me. That fat guy shuffled his feet, shot me a pallid glance. Thin Face swallowed noisily. They needed a drink. But not on me.

Hitler tried to stare me down again. I let him. I was doing some thinking. I tasted a little of the water. It was flat, having absorbed some of the flavor of the room. I washed it down with the ersatz rye.

Finally Hitler said to me: "Well... you look smart to me; tell these punks New Mexico aint part of the forty-eight states."

Then I got mad. Just for the books, I've been around. I've read a little, too. I've got a pretty fair smattering of how this country got started. I said in a classroom voice:

"Boys, it's like this: New Mexico is a southwestern state of the United States. The area is 121,666 square miles. The population 531,818. It's bounded by Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas and Old Mexico." I cleared my throat. "Now get this, boys," I said. "The Spaniards held the territory after it was conquered by Coronado in 1540. In 1821, it won independence from Spain and became a Mexican province. The United States acquired the territory in 1848 at the close of the Mexican War. And in 1853 it was enlarged by the Gadsen Purchase." I paused, before delivering the k.o. "And in 1912, it became one of the forty eight states." I counted three round mouths.

Hitler recovered first. He ~~screamed~~.

"A wise jay, huh?" he spat and shoved the tongue part way out at me. "I got five bucks which says you're a liar." I don't like being called a liar but I don't heat up fast.

"Bet with these guys," I said.

"Whattsa matter, no guts? The way you got that spiel off like a young lawyer, you oughta be able to back it up," he screamed. He was almost frothing.

I balled my fist, counted four knuckles. Then I counted three and one half teeth still in his mouth. I said: "Prove New Mexico isn't one of the United States." I threw down five bucks.

The two bums were spellbound.

The bartender got out a green book about four inches thick and thumbed through to the "N's" with a smirk. He turned it so I could read. What I read was about New Mexico but it didn't say a damn thing about it being one of the forty-eight states. Hitler shoved the five in his pants.

I got the hell out of there.

I TRIED THE DRUGSTORE. I ORDERED an ice-cream soda and thumbed through the magazines on the rack. It was hot and the .38 holster was getting damp and soaking up my shirt. A book on ju-jitsu held my attention; with a knowledge of that science I could throw the heater away. Then I picked up a science-fiction magazine and headed back to the booth where my soda was. I thumbed through the pages, just to see what the boys were doing with the stuff now. Years past, I'd read a lot of it. My collection--a magnificent one--was stored in a warehouse. It's quite a hobby. It'll make a fanatic out of you. I ought to know.

I kept one eye on the poolroom-saloon across the street.

A couple of kids came in, ordered cokes, shoved a nickel in the juke-box. Fatha' Hines' Boogie Woogie on St Louis Blues came at us. The sallow looking pharmacist frowned. The kids cruised the magazine rack.

I kept an eye on the place across the street. The kids, clean looking lads of about seventeen, passed my booth evilently looking for some gals. Then they spotted the magazine in my hand.

The blond one with the downy upper lip said: "Gee, do you read that stuff?" I fumbled the mag, turned red. Then I saw the awe in his face.

They looked like good kids. I said: "Sure. Anyway, I used to all the time."

The one with curly dark hair said: "Gee, Harvey, I'll bet he's a fan."

Harvey took the cue. "Are you a fan, mister?" I said I used to be. I said I was a little interested yet, occasionally. "I got a swell collection," I told them. "Even if a little dated."

I named off a few choice items that came easily to mind.

"You got a few minutes, mister?" Harvey asked. I said: "I guess so." I took a drink of the soda. The ice-cream was melting fast.

Harvey said: "I'm Harvey Brown and this is Marty MacMillan. Gee, you're the second fan we ever met." They sat down.

"Who was the first one?" I asked.

Harvey said: "Clinton Kogler. He lives here in Mullin's Beach." I'd heard the name a lot years back.

I said I was Harry Boyle. Now Harry Boyle might not mean much to the layman, but these kids ate it up. Why? Harvey said: "Not the Harry Boyle who used to..." Marty looked ecstatic.

Just for the record, in my early days I used to knock out a sweet little column for that peer of all fan magazines, that semi-fabulous amateur rag: The Astrovox. I appeared along with such giants as G. Summers Whitely. Scott Diege, Jaxon L. St. Ives-Bell and Deward Vayden. Guys that wore and still are topnotchers.

Harvey and Marty remembered my name but I doubted if they'd ever seen a copy of The Astrovox, now a veddy, veddy rare item in any collector's book.

It was nice talking to these kids. They admired me.

"Mr Boyle, would you autograph a copy of Number One Astrovox for us?" Marty asked eagerly. My jaw dropped. Where would a kid like him get a copy of that number the way the price tag hung on them? I swallowed, said: "Sure, sure."

I took a gander across the street at the poolroom-saloon. The two bums were walking out. I said: "Excuse me boys, I'll be right back." They said they'd wait. The sallow clerk stared at me.

HITLER WAS TAKING A DRINK, SOLO, when I walked in. I gave him a hugg smile, flashed my eyes beguilingly. I used to be quite a Thespian. His leer in my direction exuded caution. I said:

"Chum, I got a seeee-well idea. Come here." I motioned him closer to me.

He held the drink a moment in his mouth, then swallowed noisily without making a face. He said: "Yeh?" His eyes got nasty at me. "What's in it for me?"

He was close to me, now, across the bar.

"This, chum." My four knuckles obliterated three and one-half front teeth. Then I leaped over the bar and got him with my heel. His nose moved the other way--under duress. Then I walked over and snapped the latch on the door, got a couple of dirty towels and hung them over and window and the door pane, with some tacks I found scattered around. I poured myself a tumbler of Scotch from the bottle Hitler had had in his hand. It wasn't bad. I took what was left in the bottle and poured it over my knuckles which had started to bleed. Then I lit a cigarette.

I found the thick, green covered book under a pile of deceased flies and old newspapers. What was left of the gold lettering said it was "Pilson Hunnycutt's Alphabetical History of North America." I turned a page or two. I read where it was copyrighted in 1898. I spat out a shred of tobacco, stuck my jaw out. 1898, huh? I thought. I looked at Hitler who hadn't moved. There was blood around.

The third or fourth page from the back of the book was naked except for a line of very small print. I walked over toward the windows, strained my eyes. I read where the book was printed on the press of one Clinton Koegler of Mullin's Beach.

Now I'll tell you about this Koegler. When I was a kid he was one of the more prominent fans. Probably six or seven years older than me. Then all of a sudden he ceased activity, but it got around that he had been whisked off to Blacklodge Mental Hospital. Prior to that, he'd been quite a brain. But you know how these brains are, sometimes.

Evidently he'd finally been cured and was running the weekly here in Mullin's Beach. Mullin's Beach, which in 1898 had been just another bush on the desert.

It didn't track. Then I stuck my nose between the pages as I rippled them with my thumb. They smelled--medicinal.

I stuck the book under my coat. Then I threw a dirty wet towel over Hitler's face and beat it out the back door.

HARVEY AND MARTY WERE STILL IN THE booth. I said: "Just a second," and headed for a phone. I got the long distance operator and called Sam Bellman, a lab man over at the Trinity Chemical Company. Sam and I have done a lot of fishing together.

"Sam," I said, "Can you tell within ten years how old a book is?"

He thought I was kidding. "Sure," he said. "And you can too. Just look at the copyright."

"No," I said. "I got a book I'm sending over and I want you to tell me if it was recently printed or whether the copyright date is authentic. I got a funny thing here, Sam."

"Can do."

"Okay. I'll call you sometime between ten and midnight."

He said oke and hung up.

I said: "Just a minute" to the kids again. I got some wrapping paper and wrapped the book up and headed for the Post Office. I sent the package special delivery.

When I got back, I spent fifteen cents for three cokes. Harvey and Marty seemed relieved when I got all settled in the booth and could talk. I asked: "Would you guys fix it so I could meet this Clinton Koegler? I used to read his stuff years ago and always wanted to meet him." I looked as ecstatic as I could.

The idea of bringing us two oldtimers together thrilled them. "You bet," said Marty. "He lives only three blocks from here. We can walk over right now."

"Gee, Mister Boyle," Harvey said. "We wanted you to autograph that copy of The Astrovox for us. We'll be taking up

a lot of your time." He looked put out. I said not to worry about that.

"How about me running home real fast and getting it and bringing it here. That won't take long." I said that would be swell.

When he got back with the magazine, I wrote my name boldly where he wanted it. The magazine looked pretty timeworn. It was nice to see a copy of it once more. Brought back old memories. Then I rippled the pages close to my nose, inhaling. Just as I thought. I said:

"Where'd you get this?"

Harvey said: "Me and Marty got a whole file---seventeen issues---off of Clinton Koegler for five bucks. Swell, eh?"

I said: "Yeh" deep in my chest. I was thinking that most collectors had to pay from fifty to seventy-five bucks ordinarily if and when dealers could and would supply them. Marty grinned. He said freely: "We got a bargain. Mister Koegler says he's going to sell 'em to all the fans. Only five bucks." He looked at Harvey. "That's sure a deal," he said.

"Harvey said: "Boy, he's sure going to make some dough. I'll bet he's got a thousand copies stored in his basement."

I said: "Let's go meet this Koegler."

I multiplied seventeen by seventy-five and got twelve hundred and seventy-five. Seventeen being the number of issues and seventy-five being the number of copies (or nearly so) in each issue. I knew damn well that there weren't that many copies floating freely around. I knew that one guy wouldn't have them all if there were. I knew that nearly all the copies had been pretty well assimilated by collectors during the past decade.

WE WALKED RAPIDLY TOWARD KOEGLER'S house. It was a big three-story frame house, with a lot of paint gone, a lot of loose shingles and it reminded me of a fat dame in too tight a dress as it tried to conceal itself on a piece of ground which was covered with a dried-up lawn and a few scrubby locust trees. Its

green blinds were partly drawn and the windows needed washing. A piece of cracked and patched rubber hose lay dead across a gravel walk.

We each took a turn at knocking. Nobody answered. We waited a minute, then tried it again. Nobody answered again, either. The kids looked at me. I could tell they wanted to go. I said: "I'll just stick around here on the porch till someone comes home. Hell," I emphasized, "I can introduce myself...He's doubtless heard of Harry Boyle."

Harvey said: "S'funny no one's here. His wife usually is."

Marty sniggered when Harvey said "wife". They leered at me. I caught on.

I said I'd wait till either Mrs Koegler or Clinton himself showed up. We shook hands all around and Harvey and Marty started back toward town.

I tried the front door again, then went around the house and tried the other two doors. Nobody answered. Then I parked myself on the big front porch and lit a cigarette. I wondered if I'd ever see Harvey Brown and Marty MacMillan again. So far, I never have.

I stared at the gravel walk. The patched hose still lay dead across it.

Then I got up, made a tour again. Luckily the house stood by itself and nobody saw me. The windows were all locked. Then I found a loose brick in an old shed and broke out the glass in one of the basement windows. The cracking glass was deafening. I stared guiltily around. Evidently, I was the only guy in that part of Mullin's Beach. I got on my belly and lowered myself into the dark maw I'd created. Then I lit my lighter and found a wall switch over near a door. I tried the door and it was locked. I glanced around. The basement walls were lined with stacks and stacks of The Astrovox. Enough copies to paper the walls of the Senate Chamber. I nosed around. All the mags looked pretty old. They all had that medicinal whang. I tried the door again. It was still locked.

(Continued next issue)

This many pages and no girl with muddy eyes. She'll show up in the next installment, though.

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JUST A MINUTE /

The minutes of the LASFS
condensed by Burbee from
notes taken by Secretary

TIGRINA

October 10, 1946. 358th Meeting. Twenty-two fans present, including visitors Bill and Peggy Crawford and AE van Vogt. Our master of ceremonies, Gus Willmorth, remarked upon our good fortune in having with us a number of strangers whom we could impress, and introduced, in his own hy way, our trio of visitors. George Tullis, one-time Los Angeles fan of years ago, was on hand to renew old acquaintances. Curtis Butler of Spokane, an isolated fan of long standing was there. And Cyrus B Condra, dogmatic law student from fable Culver City. Treasurer Ackerman informed us that we had \$32.72 in the treasury. Willmorth read a letter from Anglo-fan Newman, librarian of the Cosmos Club. Forrest J Ackerman announced a possibility of a private showing of the famous future-fantasy film Metropolis, provided 30 fans would be willing to pay \$1.50 apiece to view this ancient melodrama. EEEvans read a letter from Rosco Wright, former La fan, who among other information mentioned that he had acquired a wife. Fran Laney reported on the progress of the committee appointed by Director Hodgkins at the last meeting to aid Pacificon Chairman Walter Daugherty in straightening out the Convention financial report. Laney said that contrary to plan, the committee did not meet the following Tuesday evening. Both he and Burbee were at the club at the appointed time, but Dale Hart, third member and chairman of the committee, did not show, and had neglected to inform them that there would be no meeting. Daugherty was quoted as refusing to work on any committee of which Laney and Burbee were a part. Ed Ewing asked if the club would be interested in having as guest speaker next time the Secretary Treasurer of the Pacific Rocket Society would talk about their rocketry experiments and perhaps bring a few examples of their test rocket motors along. Members were enthusiastic about this.

October 17, 1946. 359th Meeting. 34 present, including such notables as Mrs & Mrs van Vogt, Marsha and Bryce Walton and Rick Sneary. Bob Olsen was there too. Our speaker for the evening, Richard W McCarthy, began by saying he felt a bit uneasy talking about rockets to science fiction experts. In his talk he said that his society was working on some basic ideas which may eventually be applicable to space-ship use. He passed out copies of the Rocket Society's magazine and invited anyone who cared to, to attend their meetings. He volunteered to answer questions after his talk and was bombarded with a plethora of questions, both stupid and intelligent.

October 24, 1946. 360th meeting. 24 present. Tigrina mentioned that next Thursday would be Halloween and suggested we celebrate. Very few fans cared to. Ackie said 21 fans out of the minimum of 30 had signed up to see Metropolis. Ackie also gave a report of his recent visit to the home of ERBurroughs.

October 31, 1946. 361st Meeting. 18 fans present. Helen Wesson was a visitors, as was AE van Vogt and that infrequent frequenter of 6572 Samuel D Gankbottom Russell. Wesson expressed great disappointment in the decadence of local fandom. Various fans were dressed in some sort of costume. Bob Pattrick was His Satanic Majesty, complete with red suit, horns, barbed tail, pitchfork and pointed ears. EEEvans

was The Insidious Dr Fu Manchu. Ackerman was Swami Ribber, Helen Wesson was devilishly devastating in a crimson suit with red-horned cap. Your secretary shivered in the spangled sequins and diaphanous drapery she wore at the Peon, and several scientifically-minded fans wondered what held it up. Some games were played and prizes won by Dale Hart, Gordon Dewey and Cyrus Condra.

November 7, 1946. 362nd Meeting. Dale Hart as chairman of the committee for aiding Peon Chairman WJ Daugherty in compiling his report on Convention expenses and profits, announced that he and the committee, comprised of Ackerman, EE Evans, and Gus Willmorth, convened with WJD examined his report on expenditures and income and that to the satisfaction of all concerned the net profit totals \$95.38. \$58.16 of this money was at North American in a savings account and the balance in a local bank account. Ackerman announced that 27 fans had signed up to see Metropolis.

November 14, 1946. 363rd Meeting. 25 present. Jonne Evans gave a brief report on Metropolis. Lerdue informed us that the Gas Co. had sent a notice reminding us the bill hadn't yet been paid. Elmer also informed us that Bob Cohen, a member paying minimum dues of 25c per month (and is 5 months in arrears) let two non-fans into the club to use the mimeograph to publish a non-fantasy publication entitled "The Kosher Sentinel". Gus Willmorth confessed that he was supposed to have helped them on this project, but forgot. EE Evans said that he lent his key to Bob Cohen upon the assurance that it was quite all right for Everett to do so, as Bob's dues were paid up and he had permission to use the mimeograph. Elmer Lerdue moved that a rule be put into effect that a fan must publish as much fan material as non-fan material on the club machine. Director Hodgkins suggested that the matter be presented to the Executive Committee and there the matter died. Gus Willmorth said on the following Sunday the clubroom would be the scene of a gargantuan assembling session for his mag Fantasy Advertiser with free eats and drinks (soft, that is) for the workers. Tigrina announced a Tuesday morning series of films, free to the public, at a local dept store and told about one of the pix, M, a Fritz Lang German production, the picture that started Peter Torre on his way to stardom. Hal Curtis said that in a book he had just read the author considered that the stories in WT and ASF were not worthwhile because the stories were not remembered. Paul Skeeters said he had received a letter from Ben Abramson, who is starting exclusive fantasy publishing as soon as he finishes present commitments. Ackerman volunteered further information on book publishers, saying that the Trover Hall Publishing Company is bringing out Puzzle Box and expects the book to be ready within 30-60 days, and that Pegasus Publications will print two 50c items by Bob Tucker. Forrest also informed us that he had heard that Buffalo Book Company's Skylark of Space is now sold out and that Hadley plans to publish a second edition, and will continue to print fantasy, the next item to be a book about Richard Shaver. This information caused some derogatory remarks to be made by fans.

November 21, 1946. 364th Meeting. A scant 15 were present. Those present in the clubroom could not believe their eyes when Jack Wiedenbeck, that elusive fan with the face of a cherub and the figure of a scarab, mingled with his fellow fans after making the arduous pilgrimage from Slan Shack, 50 feet away. Walt Liebscher flitted in and out airily. Tigrina was blowing bubbles with her bubble gum.

Treasurer Ackerman hurriedly mumbled that our treasury amounted to \$37.92, and then called to our attention the cabinet at the other side of the room, which was staggering under the tremendous weight of many brand new books with Slan printed on the covers. Absent fans missed out on a wonderful opportunity, for author AE van Vogt (working in collaboration with Ackerman, no doubt) agreed to autograph copies of his book. Forrie was nearly stampeded by prospective book buyers. After the dust had settled, Gus Willmorth gave a brief report, in his charmingly informal style, on the previous Sunday's "Assemblycon" when fans gathered to aid him in assembling Fantasy Advertiser. Gus also told of his experiences with Angel on My Shoulder, which we learned did not concern his friend Nancy, the fainty dispenser of fermented beverages, but a fantasy motion picture playing at one of the local theaters.

November 28, 1946. 365th Meeting. 11 loyal fans gathered in the clubroom this Thanksgiving Thursday. Elmer Percue announced that three surrealistic films would be the next attraction at the Studio Theater, the pictures being Lot in Sodom, Blood of a Poet, and a short feature entitled Doctor Knock. The meeting lasted just eleven minutes. It was one of the shortest meetings for some time. Someone was heard to remark that there was no use maintaining a clubroom if members were going to forget their premises.

December 5, 1946. 366th Meeting. 17 present. EEEvans claimed everyone's attention with the news that Pacificon chairman Walt Daugherty had totaled the Convention profits, which amounted to \$5.60. One half of the proceeds, \$47.80, was given into the care of Russ Hodgkins, who acts as the Treasurer of the Fantasy Foundation. It was arranged that the second \$47.80 be sent to Art Widner, for the NFFF. Forrest Ackerman announced that Theodore Gottlieb is to appear in a European horror drama entitled Humanity Laughs, to be presented at a local theater. Forrest said that due to his relationship with Theodore, he was able to get a block of tickets at a cut rate. There was some talk of a Yuletide party. Hodgkins surprised us with the rumor (which he personally invented) that the mag Unknown Worlds might be revived, but only if editor Campbell gets enough encouraging letters from interested fans. Hodgkins also informed us that he understands that ASF will revert to its former size in the near future. Our new visitor, Mitchell Sobrick, mentioned that the company where he works was contacted by William Wellman of Warner Bros in regard to scientific details to be put into a film about a space journey to the moon based on the powers that we know of and accept as true. Wellman has asked the company to build a full scale as well as model space ship and various paraphernalia. The lunar voyage film is to be a million dollar production.

December 12, 1946. 367th Meeting. 28 present. Ashley said he'd heard that EESmith's next Lensman story would be finished 1 April, and be published the first of the following year. Ackerman said that Fantasy Press is putting out Spacehounds of IPC and later Dawn of Flame and Black Flame under one cover. As head of the Foundation, Ackie gave a report. Joe Kennedy, he said, had asked him to a 500-wd article about the group. Sam Russell is handling the mailing end. Anthony Boucher has sent \$10. The New Collector's group has been thinking about donating a copy of Merritt's Fox Woman, and special stationery for the Foundation is being printed, with a special design by Lou Goldstone.

SCIENTI-Claus in LA

by F J (Illegible) ACKERMAN

STATION EBC presents a program, transcribed earlier for presentation at this time. Your announcer...Forrest Ackerman:

XMAS came to the LASFS one day late this year, due to a time warp which caused the usual meeting nite of Thursday to fall on the 26th rather than the 25th.

After the year's end elections, which saw Everett Evans nose out Gus Willmorth & Tigrina as Director, replacing the retiring (but far from shy) Russ Hodgkins, the entertainment got under way.

First a guessing game based on the 20 Questions principle was played. Weaver Wright had the title of a certain story in his mind--who could find it first? (the story--not Weaver's mind...locating the latter would be an all nite job). Did the story appear in magazine or book form? Dale Hart asked. Both, was the answer. Science fiction or fantasy, Ashley asked. Science fiction. Future or past, Cyrus Condra asked. Future. Ever serialized?--Liebscher. Y-e-s. Interplanetary?--Jean Cox. Partly. Author English or American?--Perdue. English. Living or dead?--Wally Brand. Dead. "First Men in the Moon"? No. "War of the Worlds"? Right, Hodgkins, right! And the retiring (but far from shy) (hm, must be a crack in the record!) Director cops himself a nice prize (paid for by the LASFS treasury) (some political shenanigans suspected here) of Jack Mann's British book, "Maker of Shadows".

Next, for a mint copy of the recent "Moon Colony" reprint, comes a little drawing game. Everyone is provided pencil and paper, and given 2 minutes to draw 1946's most familiar new form: The ubiquitous atomic mushroom! Art critic Ashley declares Wally Brand winner on basis of his submission of a completely blank sheet labeled "atomic explosion as seen at distance of 10 feet". Other conceptions, resembling ink blots, are to be taken to psychiatrists for psychoanalysis. Pete Granger hastily pays treasury 10c to buy his back and destroy it, upon learning of this plan. Burbee denies rumor he will use most impressive conception as cover for next Shangri-L'Affaires.

Free prizes having been distributed, Weaver now had his audience warmed up, and put the pitch to them. How many wanted to get rich quick? Were they spectators or speculators? Whoever coughed up a dime this time got to play "20 Questions" for a mystery stake, a wrapped book which Weaver avowed no one in the crowd, to his knowledge, had in their collection. Deal was, if winner was not satisfied with book, he could have his choice of half the proceeds instead. Seventeen big time plungers decided to risk a ten cent piece apiece...and the game was on! Science fiction? Yes, Dewey. Interplanetary? No, Decil. Short or long? Long, Abby Lu. Author's dead, Fran. No, not "The World Below", Liebscher. Atomic power in it?--yes,

as I recall, Everett. Is the hero a male? No, Limbscher--wait a minute, what am I saying? or, uh (audience laughter, completely unrehearsed)--that is to say...why'd you word it that way? I mean, no, the "hero" is a woman--a woman is the leading character.

(Time out for Station Indemnification: This is Redco Station WOW--Way Out West--bringing you the latest & best news from Shangri-LA. Stand by for Crime Signal: B-a-n-g...the puns you are about to hear shouldn't happen to a S h a g g y dog.)

Everett Evans was the first to deduce that the title Weaver had in mind was Weinbaum's "Black Flame", whereas the mystery gift was unwrapped. It quickly became evident why no one in LA had it in his book collection--who amongst such MightyIntellects would want a juvenile book such as "The Mystery of the 15 Sounds"? Evans decided he would settle for half the swag, was handed 85c in coin--after which Weaver, alias Machiavelli, removed the book's jacket, revealing a five dollar bill nestling beneath the wrapper!

Three hours later, after Evans had been revived, winners on the evening's dual raffle were picked by Hodgkins. Winner of the first mint copy of the new Marsian book, "The Angry Planet", was Jonne Evans; the second copy was copied by Purdee. This was regarded as regrettable in some quarters, due to the popular myth that the editor of Shaggy has never learned to read; however, Purdee pointed out that the book would not be a total loss to Burbee, as it was profusely illustrated.

Next no less than a dozen door prizes were distributed. Fans picked numbers from an envelope. Lowest 12 each got to pick a prize in chronological order. Among the items to select from were the Canadian printing of "The Moon Pool", the English edition of Cumming's "Into the 4th Dimension", an early Acolyte, #1 Outlands, Doyle's book "The Great Kaimplate Experiment", the Unknown Index, and Dr Keller's pamphlet, "Sex & Society". Everyone cautiously avoided selecting the latter, until at last fan #12 was forced to take it. The fan? Three atheists declared, "Now I believe in God!" For the one person who needed the information most was accorded it by the hand of Fate: Fran Lancy!

Following this came the exchange of gifts, Saint nAck presiding. A package marked "KALEidoscope" given to Al Ashley turned out to be a copy of the book "Tunnel to CALAIS". Everett Evans was found to be the bound Argosyarn "Jungle Girl" by Bedford Jones. (The well-wrapped parcel was marked "J u n g l e J Nerves) Jonne Evans got a copy of "GREEN UNMANIFESTABLES"--need we say more? The whole crowd rolled around on the floor when Gus Wilimorth unwrapped an unwieldy bundle which consisted of a copy of Lemurian Stories--with a genuine GI gasmask!

Party was climaxed by the exchange of personal presents, such fine gifts being given as a major Lawrence original, mint "Shocking Tales", a book previously owned by Lovecraft (this came to Tigrina), the uncorrected proofs (collector's item) of "Adventures in Time & Space", rare fanmags, first British reprint Edition of Unknown, the limited edition book "Enchanted Hour"--probably 50 gifts in all. Happy Days!

(Gah! My New Year's Resolution: To cut better stencils in 47!!)

LETTER SECTION

MILTON A ROTHMAN
2113 N Franklin St
Phila 22, Pa

So it's money you want again, Leech. And you won't even let me get rid of some of my German Marks. Fie, then, you shall have to be content with the enclosed 25c.

You are giving me quite a reputation, spreading stories about me drinking Elmer under the table. Like Elmer says, he was under the table to begin with. So 'twar nothing, really. If you people ever get to Philadelphia you will enjoy the hospitality of Jim Williams, whose form of greeting as you walk into his joint is to stick a glass into your hand and keep it filled from an apparently inexhaustible supply of sherry. After which anything can happen.

I would like to write you a dream story, except for the fact that for the past several months the only thing I've dreamed of has been the army. Some deeply underlying soul-conflict must be going on. Either I think I'm still in the army, or else I want to go back to the army, or else I'm so glad to be out of the army that I keep having recurrent dreams about being discharged so as to recapture that pleasure. Maybe it's a substitute for Sex.

Len Moffatt
5913 Lanto St
Bell Gardens, Calif

So now you're hollerin' for ego-boo... the editorial wasn't much. All you did was ask for money. Anybody can do that. Why don't you follow in the footsteps of that Great Editor, Mr Campbell? Why don't you write, humorously or otherwise, on some subject of current interest?

Business Fen by Gus Willmorth was good reading. I agree with Gus for the most part. I have no objection to fan dealers and the like as long as their prices are not jacked up to an inhuman height.

The Dream Series is beginning to irk me. Why can't I have dreams like that? What must I eat or drink before retiring? ((A glass of port and 3 oz of cheese))

The poem about the centipede was a work of art.

The Burroughs interview was interesting and entertaining to this fan, who in

the days of his youth was an avid reader of the Tarzan tales.

Ebey's article was amusing too. Thank heavens, I'm not a completist-collector!

EBC and Tigrina's Minutes brought me up to date (more or less) on the doings of my fellow LASFSers....

Tucker's article was entertaining too though a bit dated.

What! No back cover?

Incidentally, the cover pic by Gb son was excellent. But who or what is it supposed to be? All of the LASFS members rolled into one grotesque monstrosity, perhaps?

Robert Bloch
2628-A N Maryland
Milwaukee 11, Wisc

Angri-L'Affaires #33 received. A fine issue, especially the self-portrait on the cover.

Contents highly satisfactory, and indicative of activity in your quarters (I use the term in the geographical sense, naturally).

Nothing much at this end (I use the term geographically, of course) except for the recent Chicon...about which you will doubtless be hearing from more qualified correspondents (such as Tucker who doesn't drink). Anyhow, it was a pleasant session, highlighted by the appearance of Doc Smith and the non-appearance of Richard S Shaver, who must have lost his razor en route.

Have I mentioned recent visits of Ray Bradbury, Derleth, followed by the joint visit of Leiber and Hank Kuttner? Things were pretty lively around my little wine-cellar for a while...it seems that so far this year I've had my biggest dose of fans and pros to date. (I use the word in its pornographical sense, naturally). My daughter is becoming very blase about authors now, and as I build up her psychological tolerance and physical resistance I hope to be able to expose her to some fans. Why don't you come East and make the experiment? ((In the geographical sense, I suppose))

Is it true that Willmorth donated his beard to the Foundation?

Is it true that some gal donated her foundation to the Foundation?

Is it true that the Big Pond Fund

is now raising money to send U.S. fans to England...permanently?

I hear these rumors constantly, and they upset me. I wish the voices would go away. I'd like to donate them to the Foundation. But enough of this trivia... I must be off. Only shoplifting days until Xmas.

George Ebey
4766 Reinhardt
Oakland 2, Calif

What the hell goes on here? Only three letters to the 33rd issue? Surely the mention of my forthcoming expose should have dragged a score of missives out of the typers of my fans. (Syn.; relatives) Well, anyway, my hands are clean. Snow white, in fact. I sent you three letters and you printed one; that gives me an advantage over you, Burbee, and should make you feel guilty as all hell.

The critter on the cover has a family resemblance to W-lt D-u-h-r-ty--I don't want to start no feuds--but it still isn't good art. Tell G. to sharpen up his fountain pen.

I hear the Walt Liebscher is ghosting your editorials. Is this true? If so he's doing all right....

You will note, my man, that in my recent additions to the literature I have followed your technique of setting a low standard and then living up to it. Time was when I set my standards pretty damn high and suffered when my material fell down. Now all is changed. My standard is quite low---so is my style. So are my thoughts. See Flora & Fauna for verification of all this in case you didn't read the piece before you printed it.

Then there is Ack's column which ought to be good and is.

BT's contribution is fine and dandy but I think he should have mentioned science fiction somewhere along the way. You know...just in passing. It adds tone. But--the drawing of Daugherty and the five dogs is wonderful. ((Credit our boy Andy Anderson for that))

Now about this dream series: I said you'd get some awful crud if you kept on and now I intend to prove it. I'm sending a two pages of a slightly different sort which should keep every amateur Freudian in a dither....

Uh--FJA-Tigrina's review is up to snuff. He has a professional style that is hard to criticize.

Letters--you would print that thing I wrote you when I was practically faint-

ing with weariness; as, incidentally, I am now...practically.

Harry Warner Jr
303 Bryan Place
Hagerstown, Maryland

#32 gave me a lot of edification and pleasure. It was only the second lengthy account of the Pacificon that I had read, the first of them being in the form of a long letter from someone who was there. I am beginning to suspect that the age of realism has at last come over fan literature. There was certainly nothing to compare with this Speer account, or the Laney diary in the new FAPA mailing, written about preceding conventions.

If you're going to run a letter section next issue, I'd appreciate your inserting a couple of sentences from me, though. I asked for space to state the facts in the NFFan, after the Dunkelberger message appeared there, and didn't get it. So I want justification. The statement in that message that I "got wind of the plot against the NFFF by two of the directors, and wrote me that he would do something to bring it out into the open" just isn't true. The reference is to a suggestion I made in May or June that the NFFF should be dissolved for the good of all concerned. It was broached in a letter to Dunk and the other NFFF board members, ten days or two weeks before I learned of the existence of the Fantasy Foundation plans, and I still don't know of any "plot against the NFFF" by its directors or anyone else. I think I've exonerated myself convincingly enough to the other board members, and Dunk was willing to set his misstatement right in print, but I would like some sort of a more public hearing on the matter.

Gene Hunter
2503 Burton
San Gabriel, Calif

So ya want more mail on Shaggy, eh? 'Smatter? Don't fans have enough correspondence already. Believe me, if the fanation is ever established, the greatest problem is going to be the slantish postal system.

Thought your S'LANzine #33 veddy good indeed. Learn something new every day. Thought ERB died some time ago. Ugly rumor. The Ack-Ev interview interesting.

Rest of mag good, too. Chinese, yet. Should write up a dream sometime. Only trouble is, when I dream about fans, 'tis usually connected with too many mundane matters. Was confined in some sort of futuristic jail with Elmer one nite, recently, though. Elmer was playing a guitar and singing at the top of his voice:

"Just the other day
I heard a feller say
Buyin' Mission Bell Wine
Because Mission Bell's fine."

I escaped, and poor Elmer was lost in the shuffle.

Swell cover. Artist new, to me at any rate. Leave us have more lithos. Hell, Burbee can afford it.

Tigrina: Change title to "JEST A MINUTE".

That's all. Keep up the good work, jork.

Tom Jewett
670 George
Clyde, Ohio

Dont look for any money in here, cause they aint any.

The cover was excellent. The spider with the fringe on top is rather handsome if you're another spider. Artist Gibson must've read the same newspaper item I did; that in a Chinese temple in, naturally, China, somebody discovered a spider with the face of a human being.

Willmorth's article interesting. Gus, yoo-hoo, Gus! In next Shaggy tell the rest of us fen how to make money outa fanta sy? Gadzooks, an idea has burst upon my fertile brain! I shall forthwith begin the FANTASY UN-ADVERTISER, an 80pp zine listing all fen who DON'T want to advertise! My fortune is made!

Ebey's item good. Somehow i like to read about the old-time fandom.

Ackerman okay. Only i dislike intensely that typewriter he constantly uses. Also the puns wouldnt be missed.

Tucker's picnic account vergy good, even though the picnic didn't seem to be so much fun. Especially to the ladies, whom it seems were left holding the baskets after the crumbs had run out. He, no doubt, could word that better.

Tigrina's minutes interesting.

Dream #4 was good, and the hazy writing made it exactly like a dream. B rating, of course.

The Burroughs interview excellent, but GAAAAAAA! That typer again!

Letters, all of 'em okay, but will be put to shame when mine is printed.

Summary: Good ish. Lithoed cover excellent. Hock 4e's typer. Bring back Willmorth. Filler poeds good. (Poede: poem, ode. Poede:- odious poem.)

Bob Stein
514 W Vienna Ave
Milwaukee 12, Wise

yes i am writning this to you on thanksgiving mourning-while eagerly awaiting the arrival of the turkey on the table. why am i withning this-it is to tell you that your mag is an inferior creation. Inferior to FANTASY ILLUSTRATED that is-by the way did you receive it?

Don Hutchison
7 Tacoma Ave
Toronto 5, Ont
Canada

No. 33 was notable for its cover. Why not plaster something as good as that on your cover every issue. It would certainly improve the generall appearance of the mag.

The next best thing in the issue, and I do mean thing, was that item on collectors.

That dream stuff is getting monotonous. The only one I really enjoyed was the one by Elmer Perdue. No, I didn't even like Bloch's.

The section by Gus Willmorth was interesting. He ought to know what he's talking about.

Dick Wilson
5653 S Dorchester Ave
Chicago 37, Ill

I don't know why I'm doing this. After all, I'm an ex-fan. But here's a coin for your poor box. I know it's a foreign coin, but at least it's not Canadian. Maybe I'd have sent a dime if you'd printed my name in your editorial, but you didn't--and I consider Forry's mention on page Tarzan only worth a tenth of a guilder (he should pay me). Who are these Richard Alnutts and Don Wilsons? Or is it just a gay-um yoro play-ying?

Tucker makes like you do about Jackie's legs. There must be something to them. Why not offer one of them with each new subscription? ((No. Would you like your legs spread over fandom?))

F Lee Baldwin

Box 187

Grangeville, Idaho

So you didn't get only 2 letters on the last issue, eh? Too bad but don't worry you aren't slipping as an ed. In fact you write the best editorials of all and you ought to get plenty of fan mail on them alone. In fact the LASFS oracle should feature nothing but your hot editorials. Then your subs would increase too. Also, besides writing fine editorials your judicious selection of material gives me the impression you got a keen brain embedded in that tank Donovan used to put that other one in. And besides all the above remarks I might add that you write some wonderful anonymous stuff as well as do a sharp bit on re-writing the crud you sometimes get (which isn't often). At present your best "house men" are Chas Burbee and Gus Willmorth, named in order of their writing abilities and imagination. To say nothing of their use of verbal clauses which I've heard are hard to get used to using.

Now about these dreams you have been featuring with utmost success: Most of them have been pretty good--not too involved as people sometimes think dreams should be. I suspect that you ghosted a lot of them with the exception of possibly Robert Bloch's which I think he wrote himself as he is quite a capable typewriterer. Well, to make a long thing short, I will say that you are the natural person to handle the job of putting out the LA Gospel Sheet. And speaking again of those dreams, I had one the other night concerning some rough, tough Salmon River cowpunchers and a nice looking mulatto gal. But then I guess it wouldn't be the right slant for your mag. Nothing much really happened. The gal got away. Well, Burbee, I will now pronounce you as a pretty good editor and writer, if I have not mentioned it before. And I hope this letter brings you into a state of high elation as I know you've been feeling rather despondent lately because you think you aren't appreciated. ((This takes the 1946 prize for having more egoboo to the vertical inch than any other letter))

Pvt Lawrence Klein 12261035
HQ Btry 1st AAA GM Bn
WSPG Las Cruces, New Mexico

Thought you might be interested in a description of a V-2 launching. First as it

appeared from 7 miles away--I was looking thro an AA range finder, it looked something like this. ((He drew a picture but I saw nothing to it)) The routine they follow is this, first a siren is sounded, then a smokey object is shoot aloft, maybe to warn airplanes. Well anyway, The siren and flare dutifully performed at the appointed hour, 1300.

I had by this time been chased away from the AA R.F. so I sat myself down on a handy sand dune and waited. At 1345 I said, the Hell with it, and started to wander back to my ditch digging (I'll tell you about that sometime) when there's a wild scream from my buddie-- There she goes! I scream, Goddamnit, where, It was about 10 degrees above the horizon and accelerating like a bat.

In flight the rocket looks like this. ((Another pic)) The tail seems about 1 1/2 times as long as the body. It appeared to be flying in a rather strait path, but when the vaporization path appeared it looked something like this. ((Just a blank space)) I haven't been able to figure that one out. It was out of my sight in about 2 minutes, the AA tracker lost it in 3, so did the Radar truck in back of me.

A friend of mine who was as close to the takeoff as any one is allowed, has this to report. The rocket made a tremendous, the newsreel dubbing gives you no idea as to the amount of decibels actually thrown around. The attachment from the tower fell away and the rocket was balancing on its tail and flaming like mad. Then it started to sway (my friend says toward him, but another buddie of mine on the opposite side says the same thing, it is verified that it does sway and quite a bit, too) then it sort of wobbles upward and SWOosh, its gone.

This took place Th. Sat a plane with a loudspeaker flew over informing all and sundry that the rocket was recovered. Subsequent info revealed that it was found 90 miles away practically impaled on a mountain peak. They can't steer those things worth a damn. (That is a military secret, maybe). One almost hit El Paso a week ago. It ran out of fuel just in time. P.S. Yes, I got the spiderman. I thot it was a woman.

A Langley Searles
19 E 235th St
New York City 66

Speer said that I do not wear horns, and that I am not a dour, demented hunchback, and believe me, it has been an awful lot of trouble to change my habits and live up to these complimentary remarks, which of course I must do since we all know that Speer is always right. I wish people would stop being complimentary to me; it's getting so that I can't act naturally any more.

Take the latest issue of Shangri-L'Affaires, for example. I see by your unique editorial that my subscription has expired---with #33 to be exact, in case you have managed to get another number out in the interim. Now, in former days I would have gone to my wife's purse, taken a quarter out when she was not looking, and posted it Burbeeward. Now, however, I think of maybe writing an article for you to insure my continued receipt of that sterling etc fanzine; I think and think, but all that comes to mind is the loss (total--I've no carbon) of the 400,000-word ms. which you mentioned, and of how difficult it would be to grind out a 2,000-word hammered condensation for S-L'A to publish. Some day I may do it, so beware.

Seeing that only three letters came your way, I should make this one a little longer; you might be in such dire straits that you'll have to use it in #34. Not that it's particularly interesting, but look how innocuously it fills such a lot of space. ((Well, yes, I did notice that)) I suppose the obvious thing to write about would be issue #33. After reading the stuff by Willmorth, Ebey, Ackerman, Tucker, Tigrina and Laney, let me rise to remark--Why, Burbee, don't you write more of the issue? ((I never get tired of this sort of stuff)) Not that the contributions by these were so utterly miserable (not only were they passable, but I mustn't forget what nice things Speer said about me); nevertheless, I couldn't enthuse over them. Over yours I seem to.

For example, what has Ackerman being a parasite on fandom got to do, Gus, with fan dealers? I don't care what fan dealers do, as long as I am not rooked.

Next article. Ebey's, to be exact. Well, I liked the two quotes---by Lord Chesterfield and Lord Monig---I mean Lord, Monig!--but the rest of the article....

Station EBC. Some day even Forry will get tired of topical froth and bad puns. Oh well, two more pages filled.

"We Call It 'Leibschers Folly'": Not too bad, but Tucker has been so much

funnier, I couldn't work up more than a smile over this one.

"Just a Minute!": Still too long. Laniac's dream: Technicolor we're promised yet, but where is it? It's just like a dream, and that isn't as interesting as fiction, any day. I hope Ricky Slavin's dream, which you promised us, is either very short, or not a dream at all, but a good story. All this must prove something; if a psychiatrist were only here....

Now, Burbee, the reason you don't get more letters, and the reason that the few which do arrive are as dull as this one, is that you don't write more in your magazine. Yes, sir, that's why. So get busy with Hemmel, or stretch your editorials to two pages or something. All LASFS and little Burbee make Shangri-L'Affaires a dull fanzine---so there.

Don Wilson
495 N Third St
Banning, California

Thank you, oh, yes, thank you so much for the free egoboo. Appears that I didn't need it, tho. Mr Art Widner is giving all the publicity I need in his BLATANT BLASTED BEAST of shunned memory. It appears that a fuller explanation of my "opinions" should be forthcoming, and it will be if Kennedy puts out Vampire within the next year or so. ((Beat this mag to press by 1 month))

I wish there were more fans like LASFS. Most fans take themselves so seriously that it is pathetic.

Raj Rohm
2837 San Jose
Alameda, California

Well "Shaggy Laughs" came the other day not too long ago. The editorial was good. Ah such wit. The stuff by George Ebey was good. Yes indeedy.

The dream series maybe could be better possibly. Yes. Gad the cover is the best in a long time, gad what a fascinating expression it has. "Business Fen" was interesting and quite an article

There, now, wasn't that better? Lots of letters this time. So many I couldn't use them all. I feel better now. I feel more appreciated. Yes, I went to a LASFS meeting the other night and four people smiled at me!

--burb

HACK WRITER

By LARRY KLEIN

They sat hand in hand, reunited. She leaned her head against Edward's shoulder, and as his hands went around her waist, their lips met.

"Oh, Edward, if only this could last forever!"

"It will, Edith. It will!"

FINIS

Phil leaned back, flexed his fingers a few times, took a swallow of his now luke-warm coffee and sighed. McCarthy would probably like this one. He read over his last few paragraphs---"They sat hand in hand, reunited".....God, what crap! Trite situations enacted by improbable characters against a pseudo-historical background. He wondered how McCarthy could stomach the stuff, much less print it week after week. He supposed, though, that McCarthy's subscribers knew what they wanted. The Woman's Weekly Story Teller---long may it publish!

Some day, he promised himself, he would write that novel he'd started during the carefree days of college journalism. The thought that he was prostituting his talents by turning out stuff like he was doing for McCarthy spun through his mind...it always did at times like this of course, but then, he consoled himself, people have to eat, even if they are writers.

Why, he wondered, can't I turn out something like Saroyan (his current literary hero). Something that has the spark of life itself, the conflict, the clash, the rich, moving, colorful, human experiences that make life what it is. Oh, if I could only capture something of that on paper, then I could truly call myself a writer!

Darlith floated gently, waiting

for the decision. The Co-ordinator looked at him.

"We allowed you the use of the ***** (equivalent of "producing machine") for a period of *****. Is this what you have to show for it? An exceedingly poor attempt. You learned little in the **** classes. Feeble attempt to imitate life, unimaginatively arranged, vague in motif. The characters you have created, the situations, backgrounds, and so forth, are too unoriginal to be commented upon. They lack the essential *****. Do you wish to speak?"

Darlith raised the pressure in his ***** and slowly came to the level of the Co-ordinator. "Please excuse me, your *****, but as you know it was my maiden attempt. It would, perhaps, be wiser to begin afresh, instead of trying to ***** (rebuild, recreate, rewrite), what I now see is an illy-conceived and executed creation. I crave your pardon for having submitted it. May I go?"

The Co-ordinator flapped his **** in assent and Darlith left.

Before the Co-ordinator Darlith's creation lay. "A pity he could not have turned in something more worthwhile.....still, a maiden effort....one learns not to expect too much...." He contemplated showing it to the Others, but finally decided it would be an unkindness to Darlith.

And as he flicked the manuscript into the annihilator, what was known to mankind as the First Galaxy suddenly ceased to exist.

"No," said Gosloq. "It will not do. Characters unlikely. Scenes impossible. Life-forms improbable." He rayed out the script and what was known to *****kind as the ****Galaxy suddenly ceased to exist.

ANOTHER CREATOR

Kris Neville

#5 in the Dream Series....

There were seventeen of them, all green.

This did not annoy me until later. At the time I was concerned with my feet, of which I had three times the normal complement, imbedded in a block of concrete.

In front of me was a brace of jacksnipes on stilts doing the Lambeth Walk, and I thought crazily of a poem by Sandburg that I now find I cannot remember. To the graveyard rhythm of Danse Macabre with overtones of Valse Triste, they were doing their weird dance. And the dead leaves chuckled drily under foot and swirled down from the sterile branches casting floating shadows by the light of a tenebrous candle.

From a great distance came the voice of Dinah Shore repeating over and over: "O! Lost and by the winds grieved, ghost, come back again."

Then came the braying from a score of asses, perched in a sedate line of their ridged and upright tails, which were as unyielding as columns of iron. It gave them the impression of being on a bar stool. I know, because they were drinking transparent fluid from non-existent glasses.

I was strangely affected by the scene.

I flapped my wings at them and they went away.

Then there were two mice. In a short time there were many mice. I said to myself, "One cannot have enough contempt for that sort of thing."

The mice surged over me in a screaming tide that completely inundated Miss Shore's dirge.

Order grew from that chaos and I found it possible to wiggle one of my toes slightly, which was a great relief, for it had been cramped.

I was now on a tropical island, alone, save for one quart of wine. I poured the wine into the sands and the sands became crimson, and shivered like new-shed blood in the pale moonshine.

"How do you do?" she asked.

"I have spilt the wine of life," I replied.

"I know," she said mournfully, "for I am the spirit of all living things, and that which is once destroyed returns unto me and is lifted into the heights of the Gods."

She kissed me just before she vanished and said: "I must go for you have wasted the fluid."

The Heavens fell and I said unto myself: "Now she has slipped beyond the door of death and swiftly sped up silver stairs where star-dust sows itself in Heaven's fields to wait the breath of Cosmic Spring and blossom as more stars."

And I knew she was dead, and eternally waiting, the spirit of all living things. I knew that all the Gods were dead after her, and there was nothing, nothing. The moon was gone and all was darkness save for luminous kiss of the night wind.

I said unto myself: "I am the night. Oh, would that I were the day," and in me I felt a great surge of power as I thought of dew, morning-fresh on the new-born grass; and I knew that my soul had returned unto me.

The Cosmic Voice came unto me and said: "He is dead now, and you must assume his duties. You are the world and in you all things are real."

And I knew that I was the trinity. The creator, the preserver, and the destroyer, and I knew that only in me are all things real.

The world is mine, my product, and exists only so long as I think it. I should not tremble at this new power; I should not cry into the night. I should make the world a place of beauty, for I love it.

But I cannot. I am too base to rise above myself; that which is bad in me is bad in all the world, and I cannot purge myself of the evil. To do so would be to deny my own existence. And so doing, all things would pass away, and the Cosmic Voice would sing: "...to pass, and be forgotten with the rest. They were poor little lambs who were led astray..."

I love the world, yea, unto the depths of my being, with a fierce passion, and my mind cries that I will it to rise from the disgrace into which it has fallen.

And I cannot.

But worse yet, I know that even those things which now appear to be orderly, they were going to degenerate unto the chaos that was revealed unto me, where jacksnipes dance the Lambeth Walk and mice drown out the chant taken from Thomas Wolfe.

I know and the day approaches. For this mind, my mind, the mind that thinks all the world, is slowly but surely going insane! And so for the world, there is no order ahead, nor progress, but only confusion and chaos.

When I awoke from the dream, I marveled much.

For the seventeen of them were green, and they should have been pink.

Pink elephants.

PASSION IN BROOKLYN 30

by

Rickey Slavin

#6 in the Dream Series...

It all began on the night that I had a fight with JoKe. I had cried myself to sleep, and I suppose my subconscious took over and went on from there, continuing to fight and make up.

There was a funny ethereal girl standing at the foot of my bed. I could see right through her clothes and right through her, too, for that matter. She said "Why are you crying?" I told her, and she started to cry too.

Then she metamorphosed quickly into a jellyfish, floating in mid-air like a toy balloon with eighteen strings. "I'm mirroring you," she said. "You're a jellyfish without a spine. A spineless

jellyfish..." Then she changed into JoKe. JoKe was shaking a finger at me and weeping bottles of hecto ink. I leaped out of bed and threw my arms about him, but he inconsiderately changed into a jellyfish and the jellyfish kept shouting "Y u're a jellyfish you're a jellyfish you're a jellyfish..." I turned to the wall, which seemed more like a friend, and as I looked, it became a mirror and I asked it why I was a jellyfish. The mirror, in a voice without inflection, told me it was because I wouldn't fight for my man, even if I didn't have anybody to fight for him, and let him go away with only a few kisses.... ((deletion of 18 lines thought necessary))

I stood on a windy street corner, the wind plastering my thin dress against my body till it fit like skin. A pair of leering fen stood by yelling in shrill effeminate voices, "Why don't you write a story? A good one, that is? Campbell might buy it...never say semantics...say non-aristotelianism..." I sat down, concentrated at my typewriter and it wrote by itself (four pages at a time)---three yarns it wrote, and Campbell bought them all...

JoKe was beating up a poor thin redhead named Sam, and I was screaming "Don't! The penalty for murder is a lifetime in the Village!" "No!" grunted Joe. "There's not a mimeograph in the whole place." The redhead's head began to moan and cry as it rolled down the asphalt, "I want some gin." Joe did not answer. He merely pulled a bottle from his pocket and passed it along to me, and the head did a sharp bank turn and came rolling swiftly back. To keep it from me, I gave it the bottle and it began to swill gin, glugging contentedly, letting the pale stuff leak out into the gutter.

The bottle was empty and cigarettes began to burn holes in everything, even the hands that held them. I watched them, enchanted, but no sound was forthcoming from the people that held the butts. The silence reverberated into a tremendous roar and the roar was coming from a copy of Shangri-L'Affaires that had escaped the janitor's eye. The roar became a modulated whine and appeared as a visible thing. It was two-dimensional, writhing like a Disney. Finally, after some odd gyrations, it escaped up an inclined scale, up, up, out of sight.

I felt a tug on my skirt and looked down to see a troop of tiny men, no higher than matchsticks and they were all shouting but their voices were supersonio and were just thin wires of light looping in the air above them. Then, angry because I couldn't hear, they jumped together, coalescing into one person. When the last one had jumped in, there stood JoKe (I don't remember where he'd gone) and he stood there with a Boyer look to him and in a faint French accent he began to apologize for the fight we'd had.

I knew he was lying and he wasn't sorry and would do it again the first chance he got but I wanted to believe him and pretended that I did and he came closer and made a grab at me and I just stood there and didn't try to get away. His voice slanted off into a voice-tape and unreeled out of his mouth like ticker-tape. He looked like he was disgorging a flatworm. Then he ripped off the tape at his mouth (it squished) and an evil grin grew on his face.

From here on my memory of just what went on is not very clear. You might say it was murky. I awoke with no regrets.

T H E F I V E - D A Y W E E K

by Evannus Verret

Now it has befallen for lo these many years, that wise men have talked about, and counselled, that man should work for but five days each week. It was the Holy Foo who put these great concepts in their minds, praise His Holy Name. Yet these wise men have not been truly wise, for they have not carried through the concept to its logical conclusion.

A FIVE-DAY WEEK MEANS A WEEK OF FIVE DAYS!

Work should begin on Oneday, and proceed on through Twoday, Threeday and Fourday. Fiveday should be our day of rest, study and recreation as we choose, not forgetting to give thanks to the Great Foo for shewing unto us His wisdom.

When time comes for the celebration of those great events, which we call Holidays, they should always occur on Threeday so that the week will be thus evenly divided. And it were well if Man should invent enough of these Holidays, so that each Threeday would thus be celebrated.

Oh foolish Man! Can you not see the many benefits thus to be derived from such a True Five-Day Week as Foo has told us?

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

FANS OF THE WORLD, ARISE!

Ye who call thyself Science Fiction and Fantasy Fans, in this be thy great opportunity to be of vast service to that Humanity of which ye claim to be the highest type. Here be that high destiny which ye have sought these many years.

Here is thy chance to prove unto the skeptical world that ye are those far-seeing and forthright people ye long have made claim of being.

The Great and Holy Foo desires, nay commands, that ye tell unto all the nations the values and benefits of His great plan, THE TRUE FIVE-DAY WEEK!

Go ye forth, and shew all peoples that a Five-Day Week can only mean a week of five days. Preach unto those dullards that thus can they reap the true benefits of happiness and joy.

Why, but think ye! The TRUE Five-Day week means that there will be not Fifty-Two, but SEVENTY-THREE weeks in the year. It means there will be not Fifty-Two, but Seventy-Three paydays in the year.

It means that there will be, not Fifty-Two, but Seventy-Three meetings of the L.A.S.F.S. . . . No, Oh Great Foo, no, NO NO, NOT THAT! Anything but THAT! Aaaaaggghhh!

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thedogdidnotbarkinthenighttimethat

Would you like to help shape the destiny of this sincere fan-zine? Your letters of comment can do it. They give me egoboo, ideas, criticism. They make me feel that somebody out there reads this stuff I sweat over, even if they don't throw fits of joy when they see this thing in the mailbox. Also, your letters serve to fill up space.

An apology to Tigrina for the way I botched up her English this time. Sheer carelessness. It may happen again.

wastheextraordinarypartoftheaffair

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