



Shangri-I'Affaires for March 1947. The club publication of the LASFS, which stands for Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Clubroom, 637 $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, Calif. This mag comes out every 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ weeks or whenever enough material has accumulated, or whenever I get around to doing it, whichever is later. 10c per copy, 3/25c, 6/50c. Will trade with other fanzines. Cover this time repeated by popular request. This is #35.

I was sitting here trying to sweat out another editorial in the Burbee manner when the phone rang.

It was from Slan Shack. The character on the other end identified himself as Joe Selinger of Philadelphia. He said he wanted his copy of Shangri-etc because he was a subscriber. This annoyed me somewhat. If I have to give copies to subscribers it means more work than I care to take on at this time.

Then Jonne (which she pronounces to rhyme with phone) Evans came on and asked me some question pertaining to fantasy and of course I could not answer it.

Then Al Ashley came on and mumbled something in a sort of half terrified voice. He said he expected the atomic bomb any day now. I asked him if he was worried and he said that wasn't the point. He said he didn't care how many bombs they dropped or where they dropped them. He said it was OK, so long as they didn't spill his coffee. If they did that, he wasn't going to be held responsible for any reprisals he might have to make. He was pretty worked up about the whole thing.

Liebscher was next, chuckling at something. He told me a joke which had him in stitches but I saw no point to it. Then he screamed about something and flitted away, and the next person on the phone was EEEvans.

He was fully garbed in his pose of saintly patience (this phrase somehow has the faculty or property of making him furious) and he said that since I was about to write the editorial he wished to be on record as making certain statements. Well, he spoke for a time but said nothing of importance, except that he referred once to the editorial in #32, in which the theme was that LA fandom is going to hell.

He said that now that he was director of the LASFS, LA fandom was no longer going to hell.

I said I'd quote him as saying that now that LA fandom has gone to hell he pledged himself to maintain the status quo. He said that wasn't what he'd had in mind.

Then Jack Wiedenbeck came on and said if I wanted a dirty cover for Shangri-etc he'd be glad to do me one like he did for Evans' Time-Binder. I said I would check with Speer to see what I thought.

Perdue came on. Said the April FAPA mailing would be late because he was getting married April 6, and I said that if he was going to let his honeymoon interfere with fan activity he should have his honeymoon now and get married April 6 as per schedule. He grew thoughtful and I suppose he is considering it.

----Charles Burbee

SLAN ORIGINS

A. E. van Vogt

For some generations now, there has lived in these United States a long-haired relic of the old West. I am assuming that he is a relic, because I haven't heard of his crossing the "great divide".* I am assuming that he has still not cut his hair, because it would be awful if he had. It is twenty years now since I saw Ernest Thompson Seton on a lecture platform, but my memory is of a character who looked like Buffalo Bill (which was very exciting) and talked like a school principal (which was very dull).

None of the foregoing should be taken as a criticism of the old codger. I was amused by Seton's attempt about six years ago to pretend that he had fathered (at 71) a child by his 27 year old wife. But when this claim was proved fraudulent (where did that kid come from?) I did not immediately say to myself, "The old fool! This is proof that he's no good for anything." Frankly, I didn't change my opinion about him in any way. So far as I am concerned, I still think (whether the child was his or not) that in his time Seton wrote some of the most interesting, the most exciting, the most characterful animal stories ever turned out for children.

Among others, and a genuine child of his own brain this, he is the justifiably proud father of THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY, and therein lies a story. Literally.

BIOGRAPHY is one of the good animal stories for boys. I read it about a hundred times between the ages of eight and ten. It is the story of a bear cub whose mother was shot before his eyes. He grows up slowly under the most painful and dangerous circumstances. Finally, however, come the days of his strength. For long he is the greatest beast in a vast territory, a grizzly bear bigger and stronger than all the other bears that he ever meets. Ah, wonderful were those days. He is Superbear, king of all he surveys. As he felt, so must Kodiak, the giant brown bear of Kodiak island feel. His fierce pride must have its parallel in the pride and terrible ferocity of the great white polar bear....What boy has a soul so dead that he could lay down a story like that before it was finished?

Apparently, the readers of SLAN, when confronted with a humanized version of this idea found it equally exciting. A young slan, alone in the world, hunted by everybody, grows up until he too reaches the days of his strength...The parallel is not too close, but the first germ of SLAN came to me one day when I discovered my copy of Seton's book, BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY in an old sack in the basement of a house we were living in. I reread the beginning, and it was about a month later that the idea for the beginning of SLAN popped full grown into my head. I did not connect the two stories in my mind until after Campbell returned the first seven scenes to me with a go-ahead signal. Then it struck me that my brain had worked away on all twelve cylinders during that month after I had glanced through the finest animal story written by animal story teller Ernest Thompson Seton.

*He has now.

Naturally, this is not all there is to the origin of SLAM. Each section had its own roots. Campbell suggested that I make the slans a natural mutation, not an artificial one. That had a profound effect on the shape of the story. I examined the information available on the fissioning of U-235, and decided that the ability of the neutrons to warm water did not at all satisfy my purposes. The bulky cyclotron was equally unsatisfactory. Jommy could scarcely slip one around his finger. So I had to figure a new method of using the power of the atom. Perhaps I had better not say too much about this particular method, but I will offer the following statement:

The present limited development of atomic energy would not have served my purposes for SLAM. The ability to supply enormous quantities of heat, the ability to blow up cities, constitutes a wonderful discovery. But some very radical development must be made before the present enormous "pile" can be reduced to hand size. Until it is, atomic energy is a corporation or government baby.

I fully expect, however, that the necessary radical discoveries will be made, and that atomic energy will eventually be in every home as naturally as electricity is now.

Old frontiersman Ernest Thompson Seton would be amazed, I think, if he discovered that an animal story of his had been integrated into a fantastic version of the atomic age. That is, he would be amazed if he was not busy trying to prove that he was as virile as in the days of his strength.

WILD IDEAS:

A PAGE OF FIRE AND GRAVEL

by
CYRUS B CONDRA

Someone recently remarked that Ignatius Donnelly was the Charles Fort of the nineteenth century, a statement which drew from its hearers neither dissent nor affirmance. Only a fool or a scholar would argue the point and apparently none of either was present. I went away wondering whether there is, indeed, a basis in fact for the conclusion, and if so, how it affects the LASFS. The following meditations are strictly my own and are intended to be of benefit to no one (except Charles Burbee, who wants something--for God's sake, anything--for Shangri-L'Affaires).

Probably you know something of Fort, who admitted nothing believable and may have believed the inadmissible, or so he said. In the Book of the Damned, Lo!, Wild Talents and New Lands he said it, between gulps, as he munched the raw and bloody bones of those stupid incompetents whose theories were to lead to nuclear fission and spatial radio. None of his fiction is available to me, but in the above volumes he dreamed up more science fiction plots than Hitler's army, insulted more people than G. B. Shaw and had more fun than anybody. He could have done better with a ball-point pen, but the time lost while he dipped into the inkpot was probably well spent.

His personality, as expressed in his writings, seems to have been a homogenized mixture of the essences of contention and skepticism, complicated by a congenital allergy to mental convention and abetted by a mania for factual bibliography. Maynard Shipley wrote that "reading Fort is a ride on a comet." He forgets to add the Fort will occasionally pull said comet out from under you.

Fort offers evidence to show that the world is not round (Book of the Damned, New Lands) but fails to explain how a man can register approximately 25,000 certified miles in an undeviating line from his front door, and wind up with the other bums panhandling on his own back porch. Fort drags eight eels up through a grating and leers at you triumphantly. Encouraged, you try it yourself. The trouble starts when you find that the proposition is stuck on the end you couldn't see. Those eight eels are an octopus.

Donnelly, compared to Fort, was a piker who escaped the front yard but never got out of town. The limbs he climbed out on, and sawed off, were comparatively close to the ground--but only comparatively, mind you. He dived down to Atlantis (an admirable book, full of factual citations) and soared high enough to snare a Fortean comet which he strewed over most of the Northern Hemisphere in Ragnarok, Age of Fire and Gravel. Those two speculative books were diligently conceived and well presented, but not generally believed. Grandpa did a touble take and changed books instead of brands.

Donnelly's fiction was lamentable. Dr. Luguet, a novel of soul-transference, could have been powerful but was stunted to less than mediocrity by the alkaline waters of 19th Century moral exposition, and the same criticism applies to Caesar's Column, a venture in prophecy, additionally defeated at conception by anomalies too irksome to forgive. Extensive horse-drawn traffic on the streets of 1989 New York is now a remote probability, and Donnelly's estimate of social trends appears equally astray.

The Great Cryptogram I have not read. Paul Skeeters once said something, however, that left me with the impression that in it Donnelly elbowed into the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy and brought home the Bacon. It sounds probable.

Donnelly and Fort seem to have had several things in common. As regards their lives and works, each had much to say in defiance of public opinion and both have been generally ignored. Possibly they abused the inherent privilege of a man to be wrong.

Beyond a naia for factual citations and improbable conclusions, however, their lowest common denominator is surely their reading public, which is strictly from fandom. In four years of astigmatic observation I have met but one non-fan aware of Fort; a bookseller who sold me the Holt Co. omnibus, and I have yet to meet even a bookseller who can discuss Donnelly.

The fenfolk are well up on both--in Los Angeles, at least. Why? Because their restless little minds, ever seeking the literary unconventional, inevitably stumble from fiction into the realm of bizarre speculation. That's no joke, son--that's you and me. So what?

So don't sell Amazing Stories short. After Donnelly and Fort, you will read Seabrook (if you haven't already), Summers, Nostradamus, Albertus Magnus and others too unmentionable to enumerate. When you get through, add them up. You'll be right back where you started, except that you've lost your viewpoint. And your mind.

THEN--you can safely read Shaver!

Lemuria--here we come!

STATION EBC

FORREST J ACKERMAN

DON'T LOOK NOW, but--Station EBC is closing down its kilocycles. This will come as a (shock) (relief) to Editor Burbee, even as he stares in disbelief at this stenciled statement. While attempting to boost the egos of others, all I get out of this is an ego-bruising from my faithful cornstituents who howl about the abysmal atrociousness of this mess of repottage, so I have decided to go off the (hot) air.....

NAMES IN THE NEWS

Our Boy ART JOQUEL got himself a piece of publicity in the LA Daily News when he pointed out to columnist Matt Weinstock that Heinlein's recent crashing of the Post with a post-interplanetary conquest tale was not the first instance on record of scientific fiction in a slick. Art instanced Doyle's "Maracot Deep", Wells' "Brownlow's Newspaper", Train's "Man Who Rocked the Earth", Ertz' "Woman Alive", Wright's "Love in the Year 53 EE", etc. Incidentally, ROSS ROCKLYNNE recently mentioned to me that Warner Bros owns the latter story, a futuristic tale of the Eugenic Era..... GORDON DEWEY, the Merritt Man, is in the news, too, with first a book review of "Slan" in the Feb. Writers' Markets & Methods and then a full page interview with van Vogt himself (foto featured on cover) in the March issue of same publication. Gord called his interview "Fission for the Stars".

GIBSON'S BACK & LA'S GOT HIM

Joe Gibson, the rich man's Humphrey Bogart, has returned from the wilds of Germany and taken up residence in Los Angeles. Terse, tough & torpid, this fugitive from Lauren Bacall continues, yeah, to terrorize the gentry of the Club with that gruff stuff...

WICK-ED LADY

Tigrina, who has just completed some original investigations in witchcraft, recently revealed an astonishing finding to fellow acolyte, Sam Russell. According to Russell, she brot to lite the amazing and never before known fact that a sorceress known as "The Flame of Salem" was the first woman to burn the candle at both ends, thereby, deduced Tigrina, being the creator of fallow-vision!!!

PLUG FOR A PHLUG MERCHANT

That's me! May I point out that the Ackerman Authors' Agency, has just closed a deal with Fantasy Publishing Co., Inc., for pub-

lication of A.E. van Vogt's previously unpublished SHIP OF DARK-
NESS. Fja will represent vV on future book contracts with semi-
pro publishers; and Ree Dragonette & Duane Rimel are among his
newest clients.

HART TO BELIEVE; or, Tub Be or Not Tub Be

Dale Hart: "Sorry I'm late to the meeting, but I was taking
a bath; a bath, that is."

Harold Orenstein: "O, and where did
you take it?"

Dale, ignoring Harold's bathetic remark: "I don't
mind taking a bath--it's after the bath that the rub comes in."

Jean Cox: "Yes, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness', you
know."

Marie Exum: "Well, Dale, how about letting me take you to
the cleaners?"

(As Paul Skeeters points out: At least it's
clean.)

PENNIES FOR EVANS

"Penny for" Jonne is the popular nickname for Jonne Evans in
the LASFS these days. She has "taking ways" with all coppers the
unwary are unfortunate enuf to exhibit in her presence. Her pur-
pose? To pay her way to the Philcon. OKSmith, Gus Willmorth and
her own dad, EEEvans, are among those who have been victimized.
"It's a pretty scheme," comments Dave Fox; "In fact, the schemer,
er, might be said to have more looks than good cents." Centsing
the expansion of Los Angeles, Perry Lewis points out that "she may
never be able to get beyond the City Limits....."

WEDDING BELLES

Fan & wife are soon to be Elmer Perdue & Betty Browder, while
fanne & hubby are soon to be Aline Beeson & unconverted boyfriend.
Also there's RAY BRADBURY: He's beautiful! He's engaged! We
have not yet determined whether he uses Pond's or not.

SPEAKING OF PONDS...

...Leads us naturally into the commercial for The Big Pond
Fund. "This is Station EBC--Ego Boosting Carnell--reminding you
that now is the time for all good fen to come to the aid of Anglo-
fan TED CARNELL." The invitation has been extended to our British
brother to come to the USA for the Labor Day Holiday Convention in
Philadelphia. Now the job is to get the mob to contribute the
coinage. At last count the coffers contained 46 bucks--not very
much cofted up for the first quarterly report. And there isn't
too much time left, because reservations must be made 10 weeks B4
sailing. So...for Ghul's, Foo's, Poo's--but mostly for Ted's--
sake, guys & gals, be pals and put at least a dollar toward the
transAtlantic trip. Every dollar donated, remember, gives you one
chance at the Big Pond Raffle. You'll need a duffle bag to accom-
odate the loot you stand to win! Get that dollar in to FJAckerman
at 236-1/2 N New Hampshire, Hollywood 4.

TODAY: NOT M A N A N A !

GIRL WITH THE MUDDY EYES

(Conclusion)

F.
Lee
Baldwin

I took out my pocket knife and attacked the screws holding the hinges with the screw-driver blade. The door came off and I creaked upstairs into a large kitchen. It was the usual kitchen of an old house. The woodwork was a dirty gray and profusely fly-specked. The linoleum was faded and worn around the stove, the sink and refrigerator. Another worn spot headed toward a dismal walnut-finished door. I followed it.

Through a dining room I passed into a gloomy, furniture-strewn space that I knew must be the living room. A small balcony protruded over one corner of it. I spotted a wide and carpet-covered stairway leading upward.

I climbed, reached the balcony, at the same time clumsily hooking my toe in a torn place in the carpet. Some three or four shiny tacks were ripped loose. I let them lie. Left of a large, heavily built and entirely out-of-place wood cabinet and not far from a small table on which reposed a phone, I spotted a door. Then I stopped, listened. The house was very still. A peculiar and by now familiar medicinal odor was beginning to brush my nostrils. I opened the door and entered a room. It was the most habitable I'd seen, although messy. The blinds were half drawn and the room was bathed in shadow. I could make out shelves and shelves of books. A couple of comfortable chairs beckoned.

But I decided to look around. I drew the blinds, turned on a couple of floor lamps. Then I spotted another door part way open. I stepped in and saw what was intended for a lab of sorts. It was from here that the smell came. I went in, made a tour through a maze of various sized open-topped vats; some racks on which sheets of paper hung limply as if in the process of drying or curing; several lamps which reminded me of those ultra-violet ray jobs some people buy. Shelves were laden with all sorts of bottles. None were labeled Scotch. I stepped back into the other room.

I scanned a flock of books reposing in a case along one wall. There were books on making in; the manufacture of paper; treatment of fabrics. There were one or two good novels.

It was still hot. I ran my hand across my face. It made a rasping sound.

I found the bathroom, looked in the little cabinet above the washbowl, found a safety razor and some blades. I put in a new one and lathered up. I wanted to take a bath but decided against it. When I returned to the library, I felt swell. I unbuttoned my coat, walked over toward the bookcase.

Behind me a voice said: "Raise 'em! I did."

The voice said: "Turn around, but slowly." I did. It was a lean voice. A gun, a .22 target pistol, was clasped firmly in a lean hand. I leaned back against the bookcase.

"Sparse" is a good word. It describes a lot of things. The girl behind the gun was sparse. The loosely made housecoat didn't leave much to the imagination. Her legs were fatless, but they were definitely not emaciated. She had a flat stomach, narrow hips and wide shoulders. She was about my height, five-seven.

Her face was unique. Not a pretty face, yet an interesting one. Her hair, blonde with a pronounced brown accent, was brushed down a la Veronica. Her brow was rather low and wide. The face was a whole was not too unattractive. I figured this was mostly due to the crag-gily accented bone structure of it. I'd seen a face similar to this one recently. There was a marked resemblance. It even dittoed in the voice.

The gun was still leveled my way. She looked determined and not lacking in capability.

I looked boldly into her eyes. They

were large and light brown. The brown looked like it was on the point of melting into the whites. I stared, thinking I'd see it happen.

"Lady," I said, "you're either high, need a drink, or just woke up."

She didn't think that was very funny. The muddy eyes slid from my face to my left armpit. She said: "Now very carefully, very carefully, draw out that rod and lay it on the floor and kick it over here." I drew out the gun very carefully. "That's right---very good." I kicked it. She slowly bent and picked it up, never taking those mud spots off of me.

Her own gun, the .22, she carelessly threw in a chair. Mine, the .28, she held on me.

I was beginning to be very amused.

This was indeed a hot place. Hotter than where I'd come from. I'd crossed the trail of an old-time fan who was evidently trying to make himself a little change. I'd met a couple of nice kids; been irritated by a bartender who seemed to all appearances to know Clinton Koegler, the aforementioned fan. (At least he'd once owned a book that had been in the Koegler home).

....I'd often wondered why it was Koegler had been taken to Blacklodge Hospital in his early twenties. I, personally, didn't think he was nuts. Just a little enthusiastic about his own quaint version of Nietzscheism, which he'd spread in various fan publications as well as his own. He was wont to intimate that he, as well as other fans and believers in such rot as "cosmic endeavors" and "cosmic truths" might well be, at some future time, rulers of the earth---even the Universe. At least, he promised, their progeny might. He wrote well, wrote convincingly. Some rather forceless souls, I'd heard, accepted his craperoo....

The way things stood, I was guilty of assault, breaking and entering, and perhaps even of contributing to the delinquency of a couple of minors. No one I'd met so far was half as guilty of any crime as I was at the moment. I had to laugh when I thought of what actually had brought me to Mullin's Beach. I looked straight into the barrel of my own .38 and laughed.

The girl ignored it.

"I been watching you---you and them snoop kids. Okay," she jerked the gun---my good old .38---make your spiel. Why did you come here?"

I was still laughing. "Because a spider very naughtily thumbed its nose at me."

"Cut the guff."

I said: "Believe me, lady, that's so. But I'm glad I've come." I made it sound sincere; straight from the heart. "I've met a couple of swell kids---fans, like Clinton Koegler used to be. I've always wanted to meet Clint. Those boys told me he was here. He's heard of me---I'm Harry Boyle, at present I am a private eye. But I used to be a fan."

"You think Clint'll be glad to see you? I doubt it. He's pretty busy. He don't like cops---and neither do I."

"But he might like to see me as a fan, not as a cop. If you'll look through those copies of The Astrovox in the basement, you'll see how I used to rate," I said.

She didn't bother to ask how it came that I'd been in the basement.

"I've never read them, but someday, when I got nothing else to do, I'll take a look. Clint and those kids that brought you here talk enough about fans and such to suit me." She still held the gun on me. I began to laugh again. I said: "Why did you throw your gun away and take mine? Simple. Because yours was empty."

Her muddy eyes took on a sort of movement resembling under-poached eggs. I said: "Mine's empty, too. I've always been scared of a loaded gun."

She squeezed the trigger. The hammer snapped emptily. "See?" I said.

She drew a deep breath, let it out slowly. "Okay," she said, handed me back the gun, and sank into a chair. The housecoat dropped open. I sat down, lit a smoke. She kept her eyes on me. The bone structure of her face interested me.

"You got a brother by the name of Pat McGoy?" I asked.

She studied me a moment. "Yeh," she said, "I'm his sister, Maria. Now'd you know?"

"You look a lot alike," I said.

"We should. I'm his twin."

"He used to be a fan, too," I said.

"Yeh, he was one of them." She got a little interested. "Come to think of it, I've heard him mention you."

We were getting no place. I wanted to ask her a lot of things but I didn't think I'd get any right answers. I looked at my watch. It was getting late. I said: "Wonder what's keeping Clint? Working late?"

"Maybe."

"I'll wait."

"Well, I might as well get us a drink," she said finally. I decided she wasn't so bad after all.

While she was gone I heard her make a phone call from the hallway. Then she came back with some glasses, a bottle and a pitcher of ice water. She did the pouring.

I said: "Who'd you call?"

"Clint---at the paper office. Just wondered when he'd be along." She gave me a funny appraising glance. "I didn't mention you, though."

"He'll come alone?"

"Maybe. What do you care? You're only a fan---an old buddy---an old pen-pal."

I could see she was thinking me over a lot. Perhaps make me say something that would prove my visit over and above just a dropping-in for old time's sake.

We sipped our drinks slowly not talking. Then I brought up the subject of how Brother Pat was doing. She said he was doing okay. I asked: "With Mara-cillio?" She said: "Yeh." I asked her if Brother Pat had any idea that Clinton Koegler was placing in circulation a reproduction of a very old and very high-class fan magazine at a very cheap rate.

"He might," she said, "but I don't think he gives a damn. As you said, he's tied up with Mara-Cillio. No time for this other stuff."

I figured she was covering up, not really wanting to lie. I let it drop. I knew about Pat.

I looked at my watch. I wanted to call Sam Bellman about that book. If the book was a forgery, it wouldn't mean too much. Yet, if not, I'd feel pretty well let down. Those copies of The Astrovox were forged sure enough. Law of averages proved that. I figured this woman, Maria McGoy, wasn't interested in the fan-world. I wondered where she slid into this. I figured if I knew more about Koegler's recent activities since his release, I'd have the answer to Maria. Evidently, she wasn't his wife. She wore no ring.

I studied her in the glow of the two lamps. Her face was oddly shadowed and I thought I caught a lonely, fearful expression about her. The craggy lines of her face which had held a certain hardness, had softened. I sensed that her lean, terse way was only used to cover up something that lay dormant and that needed awakening. I surveyed her figure under the housecoat. I liked it.

I drained my drink, got up. "Think I'll make a phone call," I said. "Fix us another drink, eh?" and walked out. She didn't say anything; just eyed me speculatively.

I got the long-distance operator and I could hear her buzzing Bellman's number. She kept buzzing. Finally she said: "Your party doesn't answer." I said: "Let it go." I was a little early for that call anyway, I figured.

I struck a pose against the table which supported the phone. I was trying to do a little lightning calculating. My eyes followed the ways and mottled and stained and torn byways of the wallpaper design. Then I saw the neat little pencil marks bracketed under a couple of roses mounted at each corner of a very artistically designed three-stringed harp. It was that kind of wallpaper. I made out the pencil marks. "Dave Leebe--pvt line--Op 16--700."

Dave Leebe, huh? Dave Leebe, Governor. A big man running a big state.

Now everybody knows or think they know, that it's Leon Mara - Cillio's money that's been backing Leebe for years. The two go together. It's pretty common knowledge who's going to win the Party's approval at the next convention. He can't miss with Mara-Cillio giving the pushes.

I frowned. Quite a potpourri: Me, the McGoy twins, Koegler, some fan magazines, an old book and--Dave Leebe and a syndicate like the Mara-Cillio bunch.

MARIA HADN'T MOVED WHEN I CAME BACK from phoning. She still had the same expression about her. I could see she was thinking. I gave a couple of highly accented sniffs, exhaling pointedly. She rolled her eyes over to me. I said: "What's the smell, some new brand of soap?"

She sighed, nodding her head toward the open door into the lab. "Hardly. That's some of Clint's work."

So she would talk. I'd detected a new note in her voice. A relaxing. The brownness of her eyes didn't look quite so muddy, but more like the drying moss of autumn.

I tried a shot. I pulled a chair around close to hers, sat down and peered tenderly into her eyes. I said: "Look, Maria, this is straight from the shoulder. How would you like to get the hell out of here and forget all this? Hell, woman, I can see easy enough that it isn't paying off. Not for you."

She gave me a look. I could see she was thinking it over. I could see I'd given her a bump. Finally she said: "You think not, eh? So you know about this."

I didn't know about this, but I expected to.

She went on: "What kind of an offer you got that's better than this?"

I thought quickly.

"Why," I improvised, "I can give you peace and quiet and the security of utter domesticity."

She leaned forward, her eyes almost staining mine, the light making oddly

shaped shadows out of the craggy outline of her face.

"Yeah?" she said, low-voiced. Then she kissed me. I've been kissed before, but this was different. She didn't eat me, nor did she blister me; she didn't push my teeth back. But I knew I'd been kissed. Minutes afterward I could still feel her lips. It was that kind of kiss.

"No sooner said than done," I said thick-voiced, quoting a sentence from some old fairy tale.

"Get me out of here," she said, then she kissed me again.

"Isn't Clint due here pretty soon?" I asked.

"As a rule he doesn't show up for an hour or so after I call him. He's busy, you know." She said the last with an edgy inflection.

I LAY QUIETLY, HEARING MARIA PUTTERING around in the bathroom. Then I got up, took a few barefooted steps, pulled out the watch in my pants pocket. It was eleven-ten. I figured I ought to give Sam Bellman another try. Instead, I flopped down on Maria's bed again. In a few minutes she came back where I was. She had on a dandy looking tan gabardine suit, gloves to match. She carried a large handbag which also matched. She sat on the edge of the bed and kissed me. I felt swell. I could tell by the look she gave me she liked me a lot. I said: "See what I mean?" She nodded.

She strolled over and stood in the doorway, watching me. As I got into my clothes I talked. "It's like a wheel, isn't it?" I said. "Leebe, Mara-Cillio, your brother---all hooked together. Now I see Leebe's private number tabbed on your wallpaper by the phone. That makes Clint in it someplace. That puts Clint in the big time. Now where the hell do some reissued numbers of a fine but little-known fan magazine like The Astrovox come in?" I looked up from tying my shoe. "For that matter, where do you come in? It's a gut you don't like Koegler much. Not too much, anyhow."

I got up, shrugged into my shirt. It was still a little wet from sweat and my shoulder holster felt clammy when I

put it on. Maria just stood in the doorway. When I was beside her she said: "Harry, I'm going to tell you the works. When I tell it, I'm asking for trouble. Plenty. But it's the best way. I'm going all the way with you on this and I'll expect you to go all the way with me. And when it's all over I'm going away and start living again. That is, if I'm alive. You see, I've been playing with some tough boys. And for keeps. And I'm going all out on this with you--and for keeps."

I nodded and we walked into the hallway, stopping by the phone. What could I say?

I lit a cigarette, handed it to her. "Leon Mara-Cillio took me and Pat off the streets when we were kids," she said, exhaling around her words. "Some of that schooling was in his school---a rough school. He made a punk out of Pat; not much better out of me. The last few years I've been looking for a chance to break away----and take Pat. Looks like this is it."

I put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Listen, baby, any play you make I'll back to the limit. I mean it, honey. Go on."

She did. "Governor Leebe got Clint out of Blacklodge to do some speech writing for him. I don't know how he ~~really~~ first heard about him. Then, when this deal came up, Leon Mara-Cillio sent me over here to live with and love Clint and mainly keep an eye on him. Leebe and Mara-Cillio think Clint's wonderful on what he's doing, but they like to have a check on him. "That's me." She paused, took a breath. I said nothing. But I put my hand on the phone. I felt something coming.

"Here's where the fan angle comes in," she went on. "You see, Clint isn't too nuts but he's a fanatic on one thing: Human mutation which creates a master race."

I remembered easily now. The stuff Clint used to write for the fan magazines years ago heavily pushed his idea. He was sincere in his beliefs then; a convincing writer. Then Blacklodge had claimed him.

"For the love of God, honey," I said, "where does reprinting all these

copies of The Astrovox come in?"

She gave me a tired smile. "It's easy, once you look at it--smart, too. Leebe and Mara-Cillio figure he had quite a following in the fan world and they figured that if he passed out copies of The Astrovox at a cheap rate to all the fans he'd be really set up in good graces with them again--sort of excusing his hitch in Blacklodge. And here's the payoff: Leebe believes that master race jive, too. He's headed for the White House, believe it or not. The plan he and Mara-Cillio have doped out is a lulu. They are going into every group such as fandom with their stuff. They figure on getting the leaders in each field to pass on this bilge through cleverly and slyly written articles, verse, and fiction wherever possible. Hell, man, fans aren't the only ones on his list. He's getting all lined up to feed religious, fraternal organizations sugar-coated versions of his line. Quite a thing, eh? Anyhow, he sprung Koegler to work on you fans and help with any other thing that might come up."

I stuck a cigarette in my mouth musingly. "I don't think real fans would go for a chunk like that. Of course, there might be a few." Then I added: "Would you testify in court about this?"

She nodded.

I said: "Okay." Then I got busy on the phone. I called Ab Cohn, the young and ambitious assistant D.A. I said: "Ab, I've just stumbled into the damndest thing. Seems John Roy Carlson missed some boys when he was hanging it on Coughlin, Smith, and 'Handsome' McWilliams and boys like that. I've got a big duck and a witness with plenty of guts who'll testify till she's black in the face."

I gave him an outline of the whole thing, one eye on Maria who still stood watching me. She looked relieved. I finished my conversation with Ab Cohn by saying: "Better get one of the Federal boys---Ed Connors, if you can--and have him come to your office. I'm bringing this witness right in and I want her to have plenty of protection." He said he would. "Better yet," I said, "maybe you better send a car over after us." I told him where we were. I hung up.

A warm sticky rain had started to fall. I didn't hear a thing but the rain. I sized Maria up. I said: "Maybe you made a mistake getting all fixed to go someplace. Maybe you should have just stayed in the housecoat. We're going to have to stick around now and talk to friend Koegler till the boys show up. We'll have to string him along, too, so he won't get wise."

A voice behind me said: "I'm wise already." I wheeled and saw two figures standing at the head of the stairway. One, a blond man with a fat face and thick glasses I recognized as a grown-up Clinton Koegler. I'd seen his pic once when he was a youth heading an article titled "We Cosmic Men." He hadn't changed much, only put on more weight. The man standing behind him with the automatic leveled at Maria and me alternately, I couldn't recognize at all. Apparently he'd been in some sort of accident. His face was swollen and mangled. It looked like lacerated hog's liver.

Koegler said again, "I'm wise." Then he looked at me. He didn't recognize me. "You shouldn't have made that call. That makes it tough on you." Then he turned to Maria. "Leon will fix you, honey." The way he said his lines sounded like a judge pronouncing sentence.

Then the guy with the gun said, "Don't waste time with that rat. Let me fix him. Let me fix 'em both. Don't waste time."

That voice I'd heard before. The guy was Hitler.

Koegler said: "Shut up. I'll handle this."

But Hitler was trigger happy. The automatic blasted. He shot low, toward Maria's legs.

He shot Maria in those lovely, lovely legs.

Maria was tough--she sank slowly to the floor without opening her lips.

There was blood.....those lovely, lovely legs....

Koegler shouted, "You fool, you goddam fool!" and jumped at Hitler's gun.

I went nuts. A slug found its white hot way into my shoulder muscle as I moved. With my good arm I jerked the worn rug loose from the two or three shiny tacks holding it and heaved. Koegler and his beat-up stooge were uprooted and thrown against the guard-rail just at the top of the stairway. With a dry splintering sound it gave way and they toppled over the edge down into the room below. I heard a table or some other piece of furniture crackle as they landed. But even as they were falling I put my good shoulder against the heavy, dusty cabinet flanking the wall at the stair-head and heaved. It was built for permanency because it took all my mad strength to budge it across the little hallway and sent it plummeting down where I figured Hitler, the leg-field, and his Cosmic Man friend must be sprawling.

I heard it light with a squashy and padded sound which mingled well with the groaning.

Then I felt suddenly numb and tired. I decided I'd just sit a bit on the little table where the phone still reposed. I kept my eyes off Maria, fastened them on the wallpaper. The wallpaper of the three-stringed harp. Funny, a harp....

I don't remember sitting on the little table at all....

LATER, I OPENED ONE EYE. ALL I could see was a nose. A great, heavy, tannish nose. I closed the eye. I lived, all right, no doubt about that. A pain in my shoulder attested that fact. I opened the same eye again, and still saw the nose. Then I tried both eyes. Now the nose, still an extremely liberal portion of cartilage and skin, rested benignly betwixt two very sharp brown eyes. The eyes peered into mine; at the same time I could feel a hard object being gently forced between my teeth. I swallowed, having recognized the hard object. I swallowed a mouthful of very mellow Scotch. The eyes, the nose, resolved into a face. It was Ab Cohn.

I said: "I love you, I love you; oh, Ab, I love you."

Then a voice behind me said: "And me too?" I turned in the chair. Maria was parked on a settee. One of her legs

was crudely bandaged. Only one. She got up, limped toward me. I said: Maria I love you, I love you...is Connors here too?"

"He's cruising this joint, here. Quite a dump, eh, kid?" I said it was. My eyes were still on Maria as she hobbled toward me. She read the question in my gaze. "Just nicked. Guess I fainted."

Then Ed Connors came in from Koegler's workshop-laboratory. He said it was quite a dump, too. He stared speculatively toward the stairway a moment, "You're just plain tough. It must listen good."

I said: "Later, pal." Then Maria came close and gave me one.

IT WAS MARIA MCGOY'S TESTIMONY THAT cracked little Leon Mara-Cillio at the Grand Jury hearing. And when little Leon began chattering, Governor Dave Leebe was finished. No, he was considerate enough to save the tax-burdened citizens the expense of a trial--he took the easy way; as befits a man of his caliber.

Of course I got hold of Sam Bellman over at The Trinity Chemical Company as soon as I could about that book I'd sent him for analysis. The book didn't mean

a dime. Veddy, veddy authentic. That page with the blurb about Koegler's press, etc., was just stuck in the back.

It's a wonder I hadn't shaken it loose in handling or noticed its being separate from the rest of the pages, for that matter. Too much hurry, hurry, I guess. However, Sam said it had been treated and made to appear as old as the book in which it had been stuck. Having been on Koegler's book shelves, and close to his home laboratory, had given it that smell I'd noticed---that, along with the loose sheet stuck in the back.

After the works were over, Maria stuck around my apartment for several weeks doing a little cooking, a little sewing. But I could tell she was restless; she wouldn't let me help too much getting whatever was on her-mind off. One day she didn't come home and I found her note stuck in the coffee jar. "I've got to find Brother Pat. When I do, I think we'll go away. Thanks for loving me."

I've never seen her since; and as I said before, I've never seen Pat either.

Through a little expert finagling, Ab Cohn made me sole owner and custodian of all those copies of the legendary Astrovox. They're in storage at....

SNEARY MEETS BURBEE

AND FANDOM STANDS STILL

((The fabulous Rick Sneary visited the LASFS one Thursday night not long ago. The following is an excerpt from a letter he wrote me six weeks later. It took him that long to regain his poise.))

"By the way, your looks suprised me no end. I pictured you as a nother Daugherty. (Stop screaming.) Really, that is the way you sounded. (I might add I nearly died wondering what you looked like that night. I didn't know you when you came in and when Gus said who you were, you were seting where I couldn't see you. So all evening I was left wondering what you would finally look like.) You really long more the Tucker type. And a grate deel like what I thought fans should look like before I meet any and found the looked like evertthing elce."

LETTERS

Marijane Nuttall
Rte 1, Box 343
Lakeside, Calif

Dear Turp-Burp--

Fans are not fans are not fans!
I always suspected as much and allowed
for some degeneracy in the ranks, but, by
Ghu, when a more than credible drawing of
Merritt's unforgettable Kon the Weaver can
stalk unrecognized through their very
midst, complete with clinching terrain,
and even the Snake Mother's winged ser-
pent guards, and call forth only such
comments as:

"Cover pic by Gibson was excellent.
but who or what was it supposed to
be?"

I can hear Kon clicking his indignation
from here. Alas, Suarra, thou art so
soon forgotten... And this quote, in-
cidentally, was, at that, the most in-
telligent selection from the Letter Sect
of 34 Shaggy! Eight out of fifteen lett-
ers completely ignore him. The others!!!

"Self-portrait" "Family resemblance
to W--D--"

Look at this one!

"The spider with the fringe on top
is rather handsome if you're another
spider. Artist Gibson must have
read the same newspaper item I did;
that in a Chinese temple in, natur-
ally, China, somebody discovered a
spider with the face of a human
being."

Or this:

"Yes, I got the spiderman. I thot
it was a woman!"

Shades of Graydon! Would that I had
written and congratulated Gibson myself
(instead of getting lost in the holly-
nosed spirits of Xmas) rather than risk
him giving up such artistic conceptions
in sheer despair at such abysmal ignor-
ance.... (Hey! Is this me feudin'?)
...But by Crom, all the majority of them
are fit for are politicians. Between
their Federations and their Foundations,

This is the dept in which
anything can happen--and
usually does

that's the lowest insult I can think
of in this day'n age!

theendoftheburntheendoftheburn

Baldwin's right about your editorials.
They really Joe up the issue, also
don't lose Willmorth. With or without
beard he's good. And would that more
fans would imbrue fandom with interest-
ing things like Ebey's Flora'n'Faunas
instead of throwing their passions
around in Brooklyn. Brooklyn might be
alright for growing trees, but I need
a little graveyard dust to take the
taste of that out of my mouth. How
can you do that to fans are not fans
are not fans? Another Creator I
approved of muchly, The Girl With the
Muddy Eyes I look forward to meeting
after the long introduction, but never
again passion! never! Five Days a Week
without the Paycheck I take, rather
than that! And Tigrena's Jests and
Forrest's J's, but not again that!!!

William Rotsler
Box 338, Rte #1
Camarillo, Calif

Dear Burb:

Hey, lad, Hangri-L'Affaires wasn't $\frac{1}{2}$ bad..
..and the cover wasn't nearly as botched
up as you made out to me...in fact -
not bad at all...even the worm got in.
((The worm is what sold me))

Ratings (from right to rear): Cover:
TERRIFIC! WONDERFUL! ((He did the
cover))

"BALCONY SCENE" - hmm.

EDITORIAL (?): the ((Oh, I'm too modest))
THE GIRL WITH THE MUDDY EYES: contrary
to popular opinion I like fan fiction,
or at least I like it when I run across
things like this!

JUST A MINUTE: Living so close to LA
and still not being able to get there
gripes me no end! And Tigrina's minutes
only turn the knife in the wound.

A ck's article, after careful searching,
proved to be not $\frac{1}{2}$ bad but below usual
Acky work. (Or is that 'Acky work?)
EXCELLANT LETTER SECTION! That guy Klein
is at a place a very good GI buddy of

mine served. I took Basic and radio school at nearby (over seventeen sand dunes and third skull to your left) Fort Bliss.

HACK WRITER: hmm, again.

The other two I haven't read yet but probably ~~still~~ are okay. (I should make enemies!

Joe Kennedy
84 Baker Ave
Dover, N. J.

Dear Burb:

Issue number 34 of "the sincere fanzine" was received today (by me, naturally), and seeing like as now the letter section is back again in full force, I shall bat out a couple lines or so. Indeed.

In the first place, yours truly still can't see how in hell you can continue to break every rule, each sacred tradition in the fanzine publishing racket and still produce one of the very few mags produced today which can be read from cover to cover with complete enjoyment. ((I'd give you the secret...but you don't need it))

Having deftly and masterfully wormed our way into the editor's good graces with the preceding paragraph, leave us turn to the contents. Willmorth's article is too intellectual for me. Baldwin's story was enjoyed muchly, but I read it before. FLB sent it to VAMP ((Am I your wastebasket?)), but 'twas overly lengthy and I violently dislike fanzine serials. Part II oughta be equally good, since that's where the sex comes in. Also, the author introduces the interesting theory that old fanzines could command fabulous prices--and that'twould be worthwhile to reprint classic fmz of yesteryear & peddle 'em as original copies. 'Tis doubtful that all the work of forging such a publication would be profitable enuf, but it's still an interesting thot. Viva Baldwin. And your careful double-columning increases the readability. For some reason, I liked Larry Klein's lil' tale muchly. Plot is reminiscent of Sam Mason's "The God Above" (Ad Infinitum #5), which I believe in turn was swiped from something or other by de Camp. ((I'll bet you rejected it)) This is not an accusation that Larry swiped the

idea for "Hack Writer", tho. As for "Passion in Brooklyn 30" -- my only comment is a resounding scream. I fear, tho, that people who don't know Slavin might get the wrong idea. Here and now I should like to state (1) I do not go around leering suggestively at innocent young females (2) I do not disgorge tapeworms. Dunno what was in the 18 lines you claim to have deleted, but thanks for doing so, anyway. Someday I shall write a dream serie and give the lowdown on Slavin.

May beer, the only true god, be with you

Jack Speer
4518 - 16th NE
Seattle 5, Washington

Bub:

So to Shaggy. Maybe if you're gonna run a letter by me nextime you should use that one i wrote on #33, because i don't think i'll have anything very interesting to say about #34.

Cover: But the eyes aren't like bugs' at all. Bugeyes are manyfaceted.

Editorial is right in the old Burbee tradition. (Speaking of Burbee, did i ever tell you about Burby on Real Property? Just as well; you wouldn't be interested. It's a Hornbook. I got along all right without it.)

Not only no muddy eyes, but for a long time no sign of a plot, so that i thot F Lee was going to turn out another pointless wonder like that other thing of his you ran. At last some unity appeared, but it was thin; the entire barroom scene didn't necessarily prove anything about the duplication of old books. 'Comments of no consequence: Would a "square acre" be a cube? 'Baldwin omits New Mexico's twin Arizona among its bounders. 'Funny thing about all the references to perfectly fictitious fen and fanzines of the dim past is that it's now so distant that most people wouldn't know whether such names and titles existed or not. The Astrovox is an obvious pseudonym for The Galleon, copies of which--several copies, come to think of it--Baldwin was advertising for sale

last spring.

I trust Forry's report that Hadley is to publish a book on Shaver was just some Ackerman humor.

Ref Warner on the age of realism and my Pacificon report, i must shamefacedly acknowledge that in the report i did what i've often cussed Ackerman, Tucker, and others for doing--threw in a few fictitious bits for added effect. However, i think they were fairly obvious: Liebscher beating the invaders over the head with a pop bottle, and one other incident.

Tut to Jewett for saying "whom it seems were left holding the baskets". You wouldn't say "it seems them were left holding the baskets", wouldja?

Letter section was rather long. Can't you train your readers to send in egoboc without your having to print all of it?

"Hack Writer" stank.

Passion in Brooklyn 30 was most interesting and revealing. You should put out a limited private edition for friends of Rickey's dream without the 18 lines deleted. ... After All, Joe Kennedy's top fan now; it would be useful to have something on him.

Verret seems not to have heard of the Reader's Digest's proposal and arguments for making all holidays Monday. This would give a lengthened weekend. His proposal to have it always in mid-week would just give us 24 hours off which isn't enuf time to go anywhere that we haven't been before or get acquainted with anybody after we get there. Anyway, i hate him for saying "Ye who call thyselfes..." "Thy" is always singular.

That's enuf faultfinding this time.

Harry E Mongold
1500 Silverleaf Ave
Burlington, Iowa

Dear Burbee,

I thoroly enjoy reading "Shaggy" #34, practically every inchlet of it. I'm maddened, however to find that 18 lines have been deleted from the ms of

Slavin, right at an interesting point in her dream-fantasy. Would a 3-cent stamp bring an unabridged uncensored version of same? (The 18 lines, I mean.)

My opinion of fans is that they (I'm an unattached fan, so I can't say "we"; besides, I'm pretty sane) are an interesting, crack-pot bunch. I thought Tucker's subtly bitter story of the picnic in #33 revealed a lamentably infantile streak in same. (I'm very sorry for the "innocent" fans who unintentionally financed the debacle.)

Your editorials are tops (he said, joining the chorus), the dreams absorb me (I suppose they are really elaborations of actual dreams), Tigrin's reports are in excellent style. I couldn't decide whether Willmorth wrote seriously or not, but these battles of fandom are rather obscure to me anyway.

Milton A Rothman
2113 N Franklin St
Philadelphia 22, Pennsylvania

Burbee:

The Girl with the Muddy Eyes is the best piece of fan fiction that ever smashed me in the teeth like a breath of air laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms.

Hoping you are the same.

A Sun Of A
Distant Planet
New York City

Dear Sergeant Saturn; ((that's what the man said))

I have read your books many times and enjoyed them. I also am very interested in your fans and there thoughts. I have read the fan letters and reached one conclution. The people on this planet are numskulls and pantywaist. All they think about is having fun. Maybe you think I don't mean what I say but I do. Most of your fans and even some of your staff don't really know what you doing. They think that these fiction stories are just fancy tales. Yes! now they are but who knows. I my self don't think you know what's happing segeant Saturn. You and your staff are paving a

road to real life. Your books make people want to know more about Suns and planets and the rest. So that in future years people will try these things and find that they will work. Maybe you don't understand I'll try to explain. People don't see the value in planetary travel. But think what good it will do. (1) When we reach Mars and the other planets. What if there are--no--human people on these planets. But if the air is breathable and other things are right for our race. In years to come Earth will be over run with people. We can fall back on these places. (2) If there are people on these planets we can trade goods with them and build up trade. There are lots more things I can think of. Ah you are saying to your self who is this person who dares speak this way. Look you buns if you use your eyes everyday of your life you'll see me. By now your wondering who I am Well just call me A Sun of a Distant Planet. Yours Truly A Sun of A Distant Planet P.S. I guess you will call me a lame-brain a nut and a few other big word. But I can't expect anything from you Earthmen.

Lloyd Alpaugh Jr
Rte #4 Somerville, N. J.

Balcony Scene. Shakespeare's version is better. It has a female in it.

I am sending a bottle of eye wash under separate cover for The Girl with the Muddy Eyes. I have to send it under separate cover since it is a bottle of Dr John's eyewash and the censors won't allow a man and a woman to be under the same covers.

The ad for Puzzle Box was by far the most interesting ad I have ever read for Puzzle Box in Shaggy-L'A.

The Letter Section, surprisingly enough, seemed to be full of letters, so I didn't read it. I get letters in my mail, why should I read them in a mag that I have to pay for.

Black Writer. He certainly is.

Another Creator--good. Passion in Brooklyn--stinks.

Robert Stewart
1004 Gates Ave
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Taskmaster III:

Shangri L'affaires #34 has lain safely in my desk for some days now. It is time for some comments. First, much thanks to whoever dreamed up that Minutes contraption--the latest mention of those surrealist films--Lot in Sodom, Dr. Knock, and Cocteau's Blood of a Poet is a sign of a highly exceptional department. Did any fans attend the studio theatre? Why not a review? I have been collecting data about such films since I heard of Dali's L'age D'or, with it's superb synopsis:

"In the course of a final ineffectual episode, the protagonist... answers with foul insults and returns determinedly to the woman he loves. At that very moment, an inexplicable accident separates them forever, and the man is last seen throwing a burning tree out of the window, a large agricultural implement, an archbishop, a giraffe, feathers."

Are any fans interested in Surrealism, Dadaism, Dali, Ernst, Breton, Calas, et al? Or even the Modernist movement in Art? Ah well.

Verret's piece was bewildering.

Ackerman is wonderful, superb, brilliant, intellectual, but too self-esteemed. The cover was fair--I liked 33's better. Besides, BEM's remind me of Sgt Saturn, and Sgt Saturn reminds me of Startling Stories, and SS reminds me of the prozines--and I hate prozines.

Len J Moffatt
5918 Lanto St
Bell Gardens, Calif

Hi Burb! Rec'd, read and almost enjoyed Shaggy #34. Best thing in this ish was The Girl With The Muddy Eyes. Can hardly wait for the next installment... Other stuff ranged from fair to good. 4E's pages were almost illegible but then he admitted that. The editorial was most intellectual.

What! No back cover?



NEOPHYTE

20pp of hyper stuff, 2 litho covers, 15¢ a copy, 2/25¢. Get yours now!

William Rotsler

Box 338, Route 1.

Camarillo, Calif

....ten years with Weird Tales
takes its toll...or;

7 in the Dream Series....

BLACKMARIA LOVECRAFTIAN

Marijane Nuttall

Call 'em the galloping Pegasuses! I got 'em, flapping weirdos that time forgot the land of...

To begin with, I'm as mass of multiple fears and I don't mind passing 'em on. Not to fans, anyhow. If there is a psychoanalyst in the crowd, tho, stop, now, you! I saw Lady in the Dark and I don't want to be a Lady in the Light. You guys might uncover some quirks that could make you want to test my reflexes and I like to retain at least some illusions.

This is it; and it comes in three parts; and I know when it's coming; and I don't want it to come! I detest getting up in the night to plug in the heat-pad, and that's what it takes every time to take the chill off my tootsies when I wake up screaming....lazy, aren't I?

I like to drift off to sleep. It's like floating around on Salt Lake; sheer buoyancy. Sooo, I'm floating...then, suddenly, it aint so soft! In fact, it's work, and I abhor that! For I'm climbing cliffs that put the G.C. to shame. What I mean is, I'm climbing 'em, too! For a darned good reason...the whole landscape is on fire. The horizons flicker like a scene from Dante's Inferno. The skies are filled with billowing grey-black smoke with sultry crimson overtones.

The faster I climb the higher the flames reach. You get the effect. It's the hell-fire-and-damnation-sulfur-and-brimstone ending of the Baptist world. I'm glad I got scared out of being one in early childhood, otherwise the accepted ending would be an eruption of red-hot lava. As it is, I can't quite believe in the fiery finis, so I keep climbing....

Now I'm looking for a cave; a natural instinct for an atavar. But through no desire to be banged on the head with a club and dragged along by my luxuriant tresses. Nope, it's the Arizonian coming out in me. Somewhere among these crags, I assure myself, that red-skinned immortal, Cochise, lies buried in state in his last stronghold; likewise amid all the accumulated wealth of his fierce tribe. Beaten silver-work, intricately filigreed, with turquoises big as hen-eggs; ingots; forgotten mosaics woven of bead or horse-hair; ceremonial robes incredibly feathered; devil masks; pottery priceless to archeology; and more than that...perhaps even the Secret! The Secret that makes every unfound treasure sing like a Lorelei. Secrets such as John Carter found in just such a hidden cave...transportation to the stars...immortality...incredible adventures.... All there for the finding, but I never find them.... End Reel 1

Weary and disillusioned, hot and thirsty, I melt the cliffs into a hidden valley, nestled away in an extinct volcano. I pick up some intangible companions along the way, and we follow a little stream winding through the rocks.

Then we come to the Pool. The minute I see it, I'm frightened stiff. It's not like the fire---the fire I can laugh off, even when it's sizzling my toes like hot dogs. This is real Fear; an overpowering horror of krakens lurking in shadows and slaving for victims; fear of knotted roots under water that waver with horrid fluidity; and somehow entangling human beings in inextricable embrace.

And all the time my comrades are laughing at me. The water in the Pool is crystal-clear. They strip off their clothes (I won't say how far--since this is strictly pre-Freudian in concept) and dive for pink pebbles and quartz shot with golden veins. Suddenly one of them comes up with a pure nugget, and they all begin frenziedly diving for gold.

I can resist no longer. Seeing no harm done to them, I fight down the nameless dread. I'm scorched, tired, and the sight of the splashing water urges me on....to say nothing of the nuggets, now being found by the dozens.

As I dive in, my comrades suddenly seem to tire of the sport. They pull themselves out on the rocks and begin counting their spoils. I have the pool all to myself. The silence is ominous. I vainly splash to hear my own noise, and it is like trying to splash in quicksilver. The water, however, is still clear, and I decide to try my luck on the bottom. I dive, and grope for the heavy feel that would mean a nugget.

My vision underwater clears, and suddenly I try to scream. Water fills my throat and nostrils. I fight for the surface. I have a horrible feeling that I shall never escape the Pool alive. For the bottom is lined with skulls and bones, grotesquely decked in silver and gems. It comes to me then! This is an ancient sacrificial pool, where countless victims were given in offering to some monstrous devil-god, in ages not too far removed.

The water thickens as I struggle for safety. And as I pull myself out of the Pool, an enormous mossy green tentacle thrusts itself forth from the dark mass that now stains the pool's bottom. It wraps itself about my ankle. I tug frantically to be free, and the thing slips of its own slime. I am free and running with heart-wrecking terror.

...end reel 2...

Ahead of me on a path up the mountainside, I can see my cowardly companions flitting like a bunch of shadows; and though I feel that they have somehow betrayed me, still I follow them. It seems the only way to go, except back toward the Pool.

Presently I almost catch up with them. They seem to have acquired hooded cloaks like monks, and soon a medieval monastery, built high and sheer of stone, comes into view. It sits on a precipice, fairly begging a rock-slide to demolish it, and its only entrance appears to be an inclined ramp leading upward, so that one would enter the building at about midway its immense, silo-like structure.

My comrades are already filing up this steep walk, and, though filled with awe at its very strangeness, still loth to be left behind, I follow.

It is worse than climbing the Tower of Babel. I reach the top with my breath stabbing my lungs at each step, yet beset with a strange urge to hurry, hurry, or else... At last at the entrance I have to pause to rest. Looking down, I am horror struck to see the ramp rise from the ground like an overweighted seesaw. Up it comes, and on up, leveling off even with where I stand. Then it begins to tilt down inside the building, very slowly.

It is apparent that in a moment I will be at the top of a tremendous slide, and, peering down, I see only inky darkness inside. Again I am panicked, fearing I will never be able to get out if I slide down.

Frantically I look about, and see, to my momentary relief, a board walk level with my present position. I leap onto this, just as the seesaw ramp begins sliding faster and faster. Presently I hear it hit bottom with a terrific crash. The building shakes and shudders until I am nearly knocked from my precarious perch. Had I gone down the slide I have no doubts that my mangled remains would only further strew that dubious floor below.

I set out after my companions, this being the only way they could have gone. Then, a short distance farther, I step on a loose board. It worries me, thinking of the dark depths below; then suddenly part of the ledge gives way beneath my feet, leaving me stranded horrifyingly on a single, narrow plank. And as my eyes grow accustomed to the dimness here, I see that the whole structure supporting me is merely a skeleton framework of rafters.

Ahead of me my treacherous comrades are skipping merrily from rafter to rafter, playing tag. Fleetfooted and like tight-rope acrobats, they are devoid of fear, while I, always scared and dizzy on heights, reel chicken-hearted and faint.

Suddenly they are screaming at me like a bunch of harpies:

"Look out! Look out, HE's IT! HE's after you...."

And looking behind me, I see an awful shape flitting towards me. Through the dimness, his facelessness is more terrible than any reality could ever hope to be. A nameless horror fills me at his approach; a horror greater than my fear of falling. For I run in headlong flight along the narrow beams, regardless.

He doesn't even play fair. A flapping and swishing tells me that he and Cthulhu are brothers under the skin. Bat wings and all.

My companions belatedly shout advice. There is a Free Base somewhere. I race precariously along, daring a thousand deaths to escape the BLACK IT behind me. In my terror, it seems to me that he is vampire, fiend, body-snatcher and soul-eater all in one. Nearer he comes...and nearer...he is all horrid smells, and smothering, and black death, and mold....

I give one frantic last leap into nowhere and find no footing....

A reel-ending blindingly lights up the dark with lurid yellow flashes:

WILL I BE SAVED? INTO WHAT GRIMMER DANGERS
WILL FURTHER NIGHTMARES LEAD ME? DO NOT MISS
TOMORROW NIGHT'S THRILLING EPISODE IN THE
"PERILS OF PAULINUTTALL"

FANZINE SCOPE

F. TOWNER LANEY

For the past few months I have been having a lot of fun trying to get a copy of the #1 VAMPIRE. I started out, as the more indefatigable VAMPS may recall, being willing to trade almost anything for it, provided I already had whatever was wished in exchange. Mildly surprised that this did not snare a sucker, I decided to give Joe some egoboo--and offered a framed Finlay original. When this did not fetch anything, genuinely piqued, I offered not only the Finlay but the pair of framed Pauls, stating at the same time that the offer was the last one.

It worked. Burbee, that staling fellow, "discovered" a copy of the #1 VAMP, and now owns three originals if he wishes to pick them up. Forrest the Ack told me with his very own mouth in romantic moonlight surroundings in the alley behind his garage that he almost had decided to part with his. And Kent Bone, a Detroiter, sent me a post card offering to make the swap.

I also received a couple of other communications.

Said Ben Indick of Elizabeth, New Jersey: "In regard to your request for the #1 issue of Vampire, I have a copy which I am willing to trade you. However, I do not want the three illustrations you offer...I'll give the Vamp and any other Vamps you'd like for any suitable cover original by Finlay or Bok."

And said George Fox of Rahway, New Jersey: "Am willing to trade Vampire #1 for the three originals you offered if you agree to toss in another, at least fairly good, pic."

Now look, people. The #1 VAMPIRE is just another fanzine. The cash value of the first issue is not over 25¢--meaning to say that any fan dealer who had a copy would probably sell it for that, or would have if I'd not been waving originals around. Ask anyone what it is actually worth; ask Kennedy himself.

A nice commentary on our supposedly amateur hobby that we have characters like Indick and Fox. The originals in question happen to be ones that I got for nearly nothing--counting frames and everything I probably don't have more than a couple of bucks in them. And I'd have been willing enough to have given them outright to any newer fan who really wanted them, but I figured that asking someone to give up something himself would be a pretty fair indication that he really did want them. Though I didn't pay for them at that fabulous rate, I happen to know that these three originals fetched unframed a total of \$11.00 at LASFS auctions in the winter of 1943-44 (\$7.50 for the Finlay, \$3.50 for the Paul pair).

How much did your copies of the #1 VAMP cost you, Messrs. Fox and Indick? 10¢ each? Or did you get them free as sample copies?

Fooley!

-oOo-

The above article was written for Vampire and rejected by Joe Kennedy--the rejection letter follows:

"Thank'ee for the FANZINE SCOPE. The revelation that Fox and Indick tried to haggle over the terms of your utterly hyper offer gave me the best laff in many a moon! Haw! A dinky little hekto fan mag not worth a dime, in trade for 3 originals--framed!--and the guys want to argue up the price! Wow. Lest Messrs. Fox and Indick (who are not quite the Scrooges you might imagine) be overly embarrassed by publication of the disclosures, mayhap 'twould be best to let the matter drop. It was a good stunt, so leave us not run it into the ground. Suffice to note that Burbee actually is getting paid off on the deal to discourage any further applicants. Why not wait till you've got material for another really meaty column?"

JUST A MINUTE

*lasts
minutes*

TIGRINA

December 19th, 1946. 368th Meeting. Al Ashley said he located a book store having copies of Merritt's pocket sized books, which were considered too scarce and valuable to sell, but were rented for 50¢, readers paying a \$2.50 deposit. Al reported rumours of two other science fiction groups in the Los Angeles area, one in Pasadena and one in Beverly Hills, who rented at these exorbitant prices the Merritt books. **This brought up the idea of placing cards advertising the existence of the L.A.S.F.S. in science fiction and fantasy books in the different book stores and public libraries in hopes of attracting new fantasy enthusiasts to our Club. Forrest Ackerman was delegated to write the information to be mimeographed on leaflets and distributed in the book shops.

December 26th, 1946. 369th Meeting. Fran Laney came squiring a school marm by the name of Cecile Barham. Rumour has it that this able abecedarian is Laney's choice for the girl with whom he would rather be kept after class. **Forrest Ackerman read us a letter from Paul O'Connor, publisher of the recent volume of Great Merritt, "The Fox Woman". Mr. O'Connor wrote of his first meeting with the Queens fantasy group in New York, during which he dispelled many exaggerated rumours concerning his personal life and conduct. **Next, voting for new Club officers took place. E. E. Evans was elected Director. Your secretary was unanimously voted for another term and Forrest Ackerman again selected as custodian of the cash box. Gus Willmorth and Oliver King Smith were voted Committeemen. **Annual Yuletide festivities got under way when 40 Ackerman, more full of the spirit of Old Nick than St. Nick, devised a quiz based on the famed "Twenty Questions" radio game. Next was an art contest to see who could draw in 60 seconds the best picture of an atomic explosion. Wallace Brand won first prize for his interpretation of an atomic explosion at a ten foot distance. His "picture" consisted of a blank piece of paper. **Forrest returned again with his "Twenty Questions" game, this time at ten cents a chance. Various door prizes of books and magazines were also given.

January 2nd, 1947. 370th Meeting. We had two visitors, Texas fan artist Joe Gibson, who plans permanent residence in the Sunny City, and Julie Gagno, brunette pet of Art Joquel. **Forrest Ackerman announced that leaflets had been prepared for distribution amongst book and magazine shops to inform fantasy readers of the existence of our Club.

January 9th, 1947. 371st Meeting. Director Evans asked fans' opinions in appointing people to various responsible Club positions. Dale Hart was reinstated as librarian. Jonne Evans, succeeding Al Ashley as Program Chairman, will see our group gets its full share of entertainment, and Charlie Burbee was appointed to continue editing the Club magazine.

January 16th, 1947. 372nd Meeting. An enormous group of 33 attended. The reason for this was that Ray Bradbury had told Forrest Ackerman via 'phone that he would appear at the Club, and also Clare Winger Harris had expressed intention of coming. Forrest also telephoned to Walter Gresham, "Nightmare Alley" author, who happened to be in town, and invited him to the meeting, and Theodore Gottlieb, notifying him of the probable presence of the three authors. Invitations to A. E. van Vogt and Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Walton completed the list of celebrities expected. Joyous anticipation changed to brooding frustration, however, as four of our expected visiting notables failed to appear. The Waltons and A. E. van Vogt, however, saved the day--or rather, the evening--by their pleasant presence.

January 23rd, 1947. 373rd Meeting. Forrest Ackerman reported on the newly published "Puzzle Box". Noted for his straightforwardness and honesty, even though he is a dealer, Forrest was of the opinion that the book was not worth the price of \$1.75, except to collectors. **Next, Forrest read the article "Back of the Moon", by R. A. Heinlein, appearing in Elks Magazine. The article warned of possible disaster inherent in peace-time experiments with atomic power. **Jean Cox astounded and amused us all by saying that he had written a hoax letter to the correspondence section of "Amazing Stories", claiming to be a reincarnation of a Lemurian engineer. His missive was evidently accepted seriously.

January 30th, 1947. 374th Meeting. Forrest displayed a Fantasy Press letter giving reasons for delay of "Spacehounds of I.P.C." and also announced that author H. F. Heard had won first prize in the Ellery Queen Detective Story contest. **Len Moffatt was latest fan to contribute to the Big Pond Fund, Forrest said, and explained that for every dollar contributed, one has a chance on a lottery of a huge collection of fantasy books, magazines and art work.

February 6th, 1947. 375th Meeting. Visiting was Harold Orenstein, who heard of our Club through a book dealer. **Forrest Ackerman said that in "Smiles" magazine, Robert Bloch had posed for approximately twelve zany photographs purportedly depicting the world of the future. **Upon the entrance of Elmer Perdue, fans began to pelt him with marshmallows previously passed around the room with instructions to use Elmer as a target. Reason for so doing was vague, but had to do with the F.A.P.A. mailing. Anyway, a good time was had by all, some fans even going so far as to eat the marshmallows afterwards. **Our program chairman, Jonne "Penny" Evans, passed out a mimeographed list of items for a scavenger hunt. Articles included such rarities as a space ship, a ray gun and a widget. Jonney judged two teams tied for first prize. Team No. 1 was composed of Cyrus Condra, Vic Clark and visitor Harold Orenstein. Cy Condra amazed everyone by his clever wit as spokesman for his group. Team No. 2 comprised Bob Pattrick, Leland Sapiro and your secretary.

February 13th, 1947. 376th Meeting. Harold Orenstein became a member. Two newcomers were Kenneth B. Tuttle and Chan Bandy. **Truman Reese suggested our meetings begin at 8:30 instead of 8, considering many fans, due to late work hours, could not convene promptly. Forrest Ackerman moved we compromise for an 8:15 meeting. It was voted this be done on a trial basis for four weeks. **Forrest read sections of the newly published Fantasy Review of special interest to Club members; the outcome of a best authors poll and a report written by Fran Laney on the Pacificon. "Laney's report on the Pacificon", Forrest commented, "is similar in vein to a history of the United States as it might have been written by Al Capone".

February 20th, 1947. 377th Meeting. Guest was William Rotsler, publisher of fan magazine "Neophyte", from Camarillo, California. **Al Ashley called our attention to the fact that often the Club business procedure was not according to the Club Constitution rules. Ashley compiled a lengthy list of misdemeanors which he cited to us. **The reading of short stories was next on the program, Director Evans saying that he and Forrest Ackerman had, after much deliberation, selected two of the worst calibre they could find. Listening fans were asked to determine which story was the worst. Authors' names were not given. It later developed that the readers were also the perpetrators of those brief, zany accounts. **Director Evans next promoted a discussion of what a really good science fiction story should contain. A lively argument of lengthy duration ensued betwixt those who preferred new ideas and those who preferred good characterizations, writing style and plausible



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