

JHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

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Shangri-L'Affaires No. 18 for September, 1944. The club mag of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, published at the clubroom, 637½ S. Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. S-L'A appears every month, trades with other fmz, demands letters of comment from persons who do not trade. Your letters are subject to publication here.

First off, might as well give Walt Daugherty some credit. Last time he defaulted on a color cover for us. This time he did some mimeoing for us on his extensive equipment. He's got a flock of mimeos, an automatic slip-sheeter, etc., but everybody knows all about that by this time. He has given the title of Shottle Bop Publications to the tons of stuff he says he's going to publish. As you may remember, the name "Shottle Bop" used to mean a story by Theodore Sturgeon (Unknown Feb. '41). Six months from now, the name "Shottle Bop" will mean a story by Theodore Sturgeon (Unknown Feb. '41).

Nobody seemed to like R. A. Hoffman's cover for #16, so this time we're using another Hoffman cover to give you a chance to vindicate yourselves. Alva Rogers did the stencil job on it.

This time, too, the mailing list has undergone a slight revision. You people who are not reading this are the ones we left off. You people who are reading this for the first time are guys we're going to try for a couple of issues. All we ask is a letter of comment now and then--not each issue, necessarily. In return, you get this wonderful fmz each and every month except February which has 28.

We like letters for a couple of good reasons. First, we can fill up four pages each issue very easily. Second, we can point to them as concrete evidence of our huge circulation when we are plaguing somebody for material (which is all the time any anybody). And if they do come through with an article or something (except poetry) we can show them a huge pile of laudatory letters. "X", we can say, as we hand him a complimentary copy of the mag, "Seventeen people think your article is a powerful commentary. Thirty-nine thought it stank. Already, two of the seventeen have written me about it."

It does something to those frustrated writers.

The outlook for next issue looks pretty good from here, but I am not naive enough to think it will look so well a week from now.

George Ebey will have an article in #19. Of that we can be sure because it is in the giant S-L'A Backlog file, which takes up some seven cubic feet.

Also, if it can be re-written into English, a science article by James Hummel will make its appearance. I imagine there'll be a lot of complaints about sticking science in where ego-boosting crud should normally go.

And, up in San Francisco 9, Willie Watson sits gazing at the Bay and trying to think of a scintillant opening paragraph for his projected article, "Memoirs of a ///". We are holding four pages open for this article.

Mel Brown, who is sitting here, says he'll do some book reports, but he doesn't know which books, or whether he'll do any reading between now and then.

Laney ought to kick through with Part II of his Odyssey.

Crozetti might do Confetti.

Maybe Ackerman will do something.

I hope I don't have to.

---Charles Burbee

DR FASSBEINDER, I PRESUME?

FRANCIS T. LANEY

PREFACE

This is a popular report of the great Laniac Relief Expedition in search of the lost space trotter, Dr Carlton J. Fassbeinder. It will be remembered that Dr Fassbeinder set out in the great Bronsonian space liner to tour the planets of the Universe. The first two planets on his itinerary, ACKERMOROJNIA and DAUGHERTYMANIA, were briefly described in The Knavve, official organ of the Bronsonian Geographical Society. It will be remembered by the more assiduous followers of Dr Fassbeinder that his last news dispatch stated that his next port of call would be that binary system of Fernatica-Kepneria. The great Bronsonian space liner left Daughertymania, and....vanished. No radio bulletins were received, no other space ships sighted the ill-starred craft. Was it captured by pirates? Was it holed by an asteroid? Did it blow a geodesic relay? Did it burn out a tube? Did it crash into some unknown sun? These and other forebodings filled the minds of all the inhabitants of the galaxy as month followed month with no word received from that doughty adventurer, that stalwart hero, that idol of the spaceways, Dr Carlton J. Fassbeinder.

Popular demand made some sort of relief expedition imperative. Whether it resulted only in the finding of a few relics or the actual rescue of the great Fassbeinder, billions could at last get a good night's sleep when they learned that the Weird Willys, that squat and black vehicle of the Laniac, had been chartered to scour the reaches of space and time. "Don't come back until you have found Fassbeinder," read our official orders.

So, rockets athunder, we blasted out of the Lower Georgia Spaceport. At the controls was the only humanoid Pink Lensman, Alva-Rog---in the astrogator's chair (till the astrogator came back) the one and only (editorial comment?) TTLaniac. As we shot through boundless and illimitable aether, we pondered on our best course of action. Should we trace Fassbeinder's actual route? We should. So we set sail, uh....disintegrated atoms in the general direction of Ackermorojnia.

When Fassbeinder had passed through the Happy Planet, all had been in turmoil. Doubly beset by Cosmen and Grumps, the dual rule of Friend Ackerman and Sister Morójo had been tottering. We knew not what to expect when we landed at Amikoj, the capitol city. At the spaceport itself, all seemed well; but when we moved along the streets, we were struck by the peculiar new architecture. Low, squat frame buildings, each with a single small window and a large double door, lined the streets. The Pink Lensman strode up to one and glanced through the window. The place seemed crammed with mouldering and cobwebby stacks of books and magazines. The inhabitants of the building had scarcely room to move about. Many of the buildings had great mounds of disintegrating paper stacked in front of them, overflow, no doubt, from the stuffed interior.

A passing citizen soon enlightened us. "As supreme obelissance to Ackerman, the National Card, each citizen of Ackermorojnia has built a garage similar to the famed shrine at 236½. Unfortunately, the contents for these buildings must come from the said shrine, so as a result, none of us have enough money to build houses."

We moved on, incredulous.

When we reached the pink-chambered Communal Friendship Center, the Holy Pair were running in mad circles, each trying to keep four hand-feed mimeographs in simultaneous operation. We watched, fascinated.

"The Fansloplopedia must go on," bellowed Ackerman.

"What happened to Fassbeinder," I shouted, above the clack of the mimeographs.

"The Fansloplopedia must go on," bellowed Ackerman.

"What happened...."

"There's a statue....in....the square," panted Morojo. "It...tells you...all....about it."

"The Fansloplopedia must go on," bellowed Ackerman.

We fled.

In the Public Square was a strange monument showing four entities, easily recognizable as Morojo, Forrest J (no period), Fassbeinder, and a Grommp. We shouldered through the adoring throng and peered at the inscription. "SISTER MOROJO ROUTING THE GROMMP", we read.

It was a touching tableau. The unknown sculptor had outdone himself in the lifelikeness of his portrayal. Ackerman stood with folded arms, a benign expression lighting his face. He was portrayed in strawberry ice-cream. Breaking off one of his legs and devouring it, we examined the other figures.

The grey granite statue of the Grommp was fleeing in mortal terror before the horrible sight of the white marble Morojo belaboring Fassbeinder over the head with a folded umbrella. No doubt she had made a mistake, an excusable one under the circumstances.

"What is the Fassbeinder statue made of?" inquired the Pink Lensman. "It looks like some sort of brown plastic material."

I looked closely at it, and noticed a half-digested wheat seed embedded in the mass. "Appropriate," I murmured.

"Yes," said a bystander. "Fassbeinder was never the same after Morojo hit him over the head. I have always suspected his mind to have been affected. Little credence can be put in his dispatches."

There was nothing more to see. We returned to the spaceport and blasted off for Daughertymania.

When we docked at Bigappul, the spaceport at Charlstunwok, we were struck with the utter silence in the place. Daughertymania, we remembered, had long been noted for the feverishness of its activities, and this stagnation was unnatural.

Prowling through the deserted streets, we came upon a huge mound of disintegrating paper booklets. Protruding from beneath them was a familiar pair of dancing shoes. We looked closely at one of the pages, but aside from a mysterious series of names and addresses of unknown individuals we could make nothing of it.

Whatever had happened, there could be no doubt that the High Whirligig was extremely dead. There was an unmistakable odor of decay hovering in the still air.

"One of his projects must have hit him," remarked the Pink Lensman as we left the desolate and depopulated planet to the slow ravages of time.

"Let's go to Bronsonia," I suggested. "Perhaps the home port of the great Bronsonian space liner would be the best place to pick up a concrete clue."

Bronsonia, as you all doubtless know, is the last absolute monarchy in the entire Universe. Under the despotic rule of Philbert the Great, this planet has stagnated and retrogressed for many decades. Philbert has absolute power of life and death over each inhabitant of Bronsonia, a power which he exercises far oftener than one would expect from meeting the usually genial and indolent monarch.

Bronsonia has been pictured in the propaganda emanating from the galaxy-famous lawnmower as a true Utopia. Only the most intellectual pursuits are allowed, any tendencies toward commonness or banality being punished by immediate death. The strong censorship exercises a pronounced effect on literature and the arts; nothing is permitted except material which meets with the approval of Philbert.

My musings were interrupted by the turmoil of landing on the Santa's Site, chief spaceport of Bronsonia.

As we descended from the Weird Willys, our ears were smitten by a hideous cacaphony. Though not particularly loud, the sounds had a penetrating quality that made our very bones vibrate and rasp. Our spines struck sparks. It was difficult to place the source of this noise, but the general effect was a blend of bilious elephants, bleating aardvarks, ululating Cthulus, and Lora Crozetti's laugh. Such a sound could be nothing else but Mahler's 9th Symphony.

Inquiries directed at the spaceport attendants confirmed our suspicions. This masterwork was played over and over, by royal decree, and broadcast continuously through the PA systems of Bronsonia, as part of the program for the development of musical appreciation.

A very successful portion of this plan, indeed. As I remarked at the time to AlvaRog, "I'd even like Mairzy Doats after listening to THAT for a while."

As we proceeded along Arizona Avenue toward the Royal Palace we perceived a large and blonde individual running in wild circles emitting strangled yelps and squawks. From his gold-spangled blue robe and platinum mitre, we deduced that this must be none other than Merlin Brown, the Wizard of Bronsonia. But he seemed deeply perturbed.

"What is the matter, Great Merlin?" I inquired.

"Glub-glub-glub," he bellowed, not ceasing his mad gyrations.

"I can't understand you," I replied.

"It STINKS!", he yelled, reluctantly removing his finger from his mouth.

"What stinks?"

"That...that...that...noise, that symphony by, you know, what's his name, uh, that German fellow, you know, that fellow Yerke likes...well anyway, Junior, you know what I mean." He replaced his finger and gnawed upon it moodily.

As we left the unhappy Merlin, we peered about for the beautiful blondes which King Philbert had told us comprised his entire population. There were scores of them, but all appeared to be young boys. We concluded that their sex could only be accounted for as an attempt to preserve Knave standards of celibacy.

When we approached the royal palace, we found ourselves in the midst of mad confusion. King Philbert, it appears, had declared simultaneous war on Ackermorojnia, Daughertymania, Laniacola, Fernatic-Kepneria, Pogo Planet, the Cosmic Circle, Outsideria, and Shangri-La. The resulting mobilization was terrific, particularly in view of the fact that it was wholly unorganized. Philbert, we found, when we elbowed our way into the palace, was his habitual languid self, sprawled in the depths of a luxurious davenport.

"I want to quit everything and just blow smoke rings," he murmured, as we arose from our obeisances.

We waited a decent interval after his coughing fit subsided.

The great monarch wiggled uneasily among his cushions. "Oh,

"Yes," I interrupted, "but can you help us find Passbeinder?"

"The object of our expedition is to...."

"Oh, just sit down and blow smoke rings," remarked the great emperor, writhing uncomfortably on the pillows.

We decided perhaps we should humor the mad monarch. AlvaRog proceeded to fumigate the royal palace with his famous pipe (an elbow from a sewer pipe, if you want to know) while I lit my customary Flip Morse.

"Did you know I was at the Denvention?" demanded Philbert.

"You're in the top ten, too, aren't you?" asked Alva Rog naively.

Philbert gyrated and squirmed in the lush upholstery. "Yes," he said. "And what's more, I have absolute power of life and death over all the inhabitants of Bronsonia. I am a great man. I have a mind of my own. I am supreme. I'm a top fan. I was at the Denvention. My bible is Alfred Jay Nock. I'm intellectual. I'm...."

I could stand his childish wiggling no longer. Risking the guillotine, I shouted "Will you please stop that damned squirming and sit STILL!"

"I can't help it," he apologized.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I wish that fellow Yerke would come back so I could get permission to go to the bathroom!"

Realizing that we could get no help from Philbert, we returned to the spaceport and blasted off at random. The Great Laniao Relief Expedition was on its own....

(More next issue).

[illegible]

-One reads, in almost succeeding issues of Shangri-L'Affaires that first Laney, then Daugherty, then Ackerman and finally Morojó has been named Director. This is easily explainable. Since the notorious feud, it has been decided that, in order to maintain domestic tranquillity and to keep one director and his cabinet from becoming power-mad during the tenure of the former long term (one year), a new director be elected once every three months. This gives the other members the opportunity of bouncing the incumbent director and his cohorts out on their collective arses if they get too high and mighty. Each director, naturally, has the chance of becoming re-elected for a new term if his former administration warrants it. So far we have had no fights over third or fourth terms. This arrangement has so far kept everyone blissfully happy and we have fond hopes of maintaining this Utopian state of affairs.

---Alva Rogers, Secretary

BOOK REVIEWS

MEL BROWN

THE EYE AND THE FINGER Donald Wandrei Arkham House 1944 \$3.00

THE EYE AND THE FINGER contains 21 of Donald Wandrei's best short stories reprinted from ASTOUNDING, WEIRD TALES, ESQUIRE and several minor mags. Usually when a publisher issues an omnibus of his own works it contains everything he was unable to place elsewhere. This does not hold true here.

Wandrei wrote both weird-horror and science-fiction and a balance between the two has been attained. Included in the weird vein are: The Lady in Gray, The Eye and the Finger, It Will Grow on You, The Painted Mirror and The Witchmakers, and others. Of these The Lady in Gray and It Will Grow on You are perhaps the best. To those who prefer the more astute and literary style of H. P. Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith, the writings of Wandrei may perhaps seem too light; I personally find them a considerable relief from the heavier sort of thing. His plots are well developed and some of the surprize endings that he uses are guaranteed to leave you breathless. His powers of description are graphic but not quite as detailed or lengthy as those of the famed duo.

The science fiction of Wandrei, in my opinion, ranks with that of Heinlein, Campbell, and Van Vogt. The Red Brain is one of the finest science fiction shorts I have ever had the pleasure of reading, including as it does some very well-written satire on the world today. The Crystal Bullet combines science fiction with an element of weird horror making for a neatly done story. Earth Minus and Finality Unlimited appeared in the Tremaine Astoundings and were among the top shorts of their time. Again we find a well developed plot plus a correctness of scientific detail. This alone makes them a relief from the present stf which seems to divide into two types, either all science or plot.

I would heartily recommend THE EYE AND THE FINGER to all those fans who are avid stf enthusiasts and who want an anthology that will give them many hours of exhilarating reading.

REBIRTH Thomas Calvert McClary Bart House (pocket book) 1944 25¢

REBIRTH first appeared as a two-part serial in the February and March 1934 issues of ASTOUNDING. However the new version is 15,000 words longer and has been brought up to date considerably.

The story deals with the attempts of Raine Goddard, a scientist, to destroy the inhibitions, taboos and habits of civilization by destroying all man's memories of them. He is successful, and the events following make for a fascinating story as the inhabitants of what had been New York struggle to start life anew, free of all the limitations under which mankind now labors.

In it will be found humor, pathos, and a great deal of sly criticism of our complex civilization. Recommended to those who like good stf and have not the ASTOUNDINGS in which it first appeared.

OUT OF THIS WORLD Ed. by Sgt Julius Fast Penguin 25¢
(Reviewed by Alva Rogers)

This latest of the many recent anthologies of weird and fantasy fiction to come to us in the last few months is perhaps, with the exception of Random House's giant anthology, the best of the entire lot. Mainly because Sgt Fast has deliberately selected stories that either have never before been anthologized, or else have seen print so seldom that they have not had a chance to pall on the connoisseur.

In another respect, however, the book leaves the regular fan with a rather frustrated feeling because of editor Fast's more or less del-

liberate avoidance of the wealth of fine material in the pulps. In spite of this woeful fact, the book is an absolute must.

The stories range from the rather amusing account of the Last Judgment as reported by the hon. H. G. Wells, to Jack London's remarkable novel of the "Scarlet Plague". Included also are two of John Collier's inimitable and spinechilling little masterpieces, an Eric Knight opus involving the misadventures of the Flying Yorkshireman, Sam Small, and two shorts by the only pulp fantasy authors, Robert Arthur and Nelson Bond. There is a seldom-seen story by Saki (H.H. Munro); "The King of the Cats" by you know who, "The Canterville Ghost" by Oscar Wilde, and a Dunsany short short. The big surprise, to me, was the inclusion of "A Disputed Authorship" by John Kendrick Bangs from "The Houseboat on the Styx". It is high time editors of anthologies were deviating from the more commonly collected tales that one sees in almost every collection of fantasy, and taking advantage of some of the fine stuff of lesser known or forgotten writers.

-oOo-

Fantasy has been on the upgrade of late. Listed here are a number of items which have appeared this year and items for later release.

SIRIUS: Olaf Stapledon; a fantasy of love and discord; Secker & Warburg, London, 8/6 (about \$2). Argus Book Shop, Chicago, sell it for \$3.20
OLD MAN IN NEW WORLDS: Stapledon; no information as to publisher or price.

WEIRD SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH: Lovecraft; Bart House pocketbook 25¢
JUMBEE AND OTHER UNCANNY TALES: Whitehead; weird; Arkham House \$3.00
GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL Anthology. Random House 1st ed \$2.95, reprint \$1.95. According to the publishers, has already sold over 25,000 copies, which puts it in the best seller field.
PAUSE FOR WONDER \$3.00 No other data available

SCHEDULED FOR FUTURE RELEASE: (ds--definitely sched; ten--tentative)

LOST WORLDS: Clark Ashton Smith anthology, Arkham House \$3.00 ds

MARGINALIA: H. P. Lovecraft, Arkham House \$3.00 ds

THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS: Frank Belknap Long, Arkham House ten

THE OPENER OF THE WAY: Robert Bloch, Arkham House ten

SOMETHING NEAR: August Derleth, Arkham House ten

WOLFSHEAD AND OTHERS: Robert E. Howard Arkham House ten

WHO KNOCKS: 20 spectral tales, ed. Derleth, Farrar & Rinehart ten

SLEEP NO MORE!: mysteries of horror for the connoisseur, ed. Derleth, Farrar & Rinehart \$2.60 ds

SIX NOVELS OF THE SUPERNATURAL: Viking Press, 896 pgs \$2.50 ds Includes THE BELEAGUERED CITY: Mrs Oliphant; THE RETURN: Walter de la Mare; THE WHITE PEOPLE: Frances Hodgson Burnett; THE TERROR: Arthur Machen; SWEET ROCKET: Mary Johnston; PORTRAIT OF JENNY: Robert Nathan.

We have definite information that due to the success of GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL, Random House is now working on an anthology of stf (some fantasy) of 800-900 pgs. Material is to be taken from the standard authors to some extent, but mostly from the pulps. This new anthology will be identical in format with GREAT TALES and will sell for the same price.

Bennett Cerf of Random House has re-edited the Modern Library #95 changing the title to GREAT GHOST STORIES, has made some excellent additions.

That's all for now, slanies. Personally I am growing broke trying to keep up with them, they come out so fast.

CROZETTI by ACK-ACK

This is an emergency column that never quite emerges. As it must to all fen, Crozetti Quit the Club--and rejoined again right in the middle of our widdle attempt to replace her. Replacing Crozetti, of course, as you would know if you have ever seen her, is a job for some one with plenty of poise--avoirduoise. Fact is, we find most of the notes we have don't sug-jest anything funny; but even tho they aren't in keeping with the column's title we'll salvage the stuff. So-- to Spaghetti by Ack-Ack...

PFC PAUL SPENCER, now an overseasfan, proved to be the first one to take up N3F Prexy Evans' recommendation and send a record to Shangri-LA. The Spence, on one side of a sonodisc, takes a minute or two to introduce and describe himself, tell a bit about his fanning, and mention his postwar plans. Now that vocal boy has made good and started the record rolling, Club hopes to hear from other articulate members of the imagi-nation.

A telephoniconfabulation of 5 mins. duration was held recently when Walt Daugherty called Battle Creek. He & 4e talkt to Slan Shackers Al & Abby Lu Ashley, Walt Liebscher and Th' Ol' Foo himself.

Art enthusiasts were flabbergasted to walk into the clubroom and find a classic Finlay on display, attached to it a note which is reproduced verbatim:

"Fellow's:

I am a new fan, but as I am only a student and do not have very much money, I would like to join this club, but in order to get dues, I am offering this original V. FINLAY for sale for \$5.00, if this price would not be thought too high, and I could apply it to my membership dues."

It was

signed--Ken Sabbie.

Brown & Laney almost bit, were talking about tossing a coin to determine who'd get to purchase pic. Which illustrated a Howard yarn in Weird, incidentally, and was 4e's property, secured from Chas McNutt, who traded him out of "Dream's End" (Thorne Smith) on a high-pressure original illustrations trade-deal. Nexttime Clyne walked into the room he did a swoon. "Is that back?" he screamed? Seems Ron had originally traded the original to McNutt--having got it from Bok. Complication was, that in the meantime Acky had loaned book to Mari-bud Wheeler...who'd loaned it to Bud Tucker!

Story has a sequel: A St Jno original has recently put in an appearance in the club room. From "The Devil's Planet". Affixed to it a note:

"TO THOSE INTERESTED:

I AM NO SUCKER LIKE MY BROTHER, KEN SABBIE, I WANT \$5.00 FOR THIS ILLUSTRATION.

Bessie Maye Mucho."

* * * * *

An artist was working in my office, at the Fort. About the 3d day, and just before he was shipped away, he asked me about the

"Scientificinematographically Speaking" out from old FANTASY Mag that I have pinned up.

"That was for a supercallifedulisticespialladocious column I used to do," I explained. (In Fantasy Mag.)

"Say", he said, "do you know about the science fiction club up in LA?" -- "I'm a member." -- "Well, maybe you know a fellow...what's his name?..he had something to do with a magazine the club puts out...was always asking me to draw cartoons out at N. American..." -- "Daugherty?" -- "Walt Daugherty! Yeah." -- "Why, I know Walt! Sure! See him all the time! He's in the movies now. Look, here, here's a gag just you and I will know: I ran his picture in the paper last week--see this foto? That's Walt, standing in for Errol Flynn in 'Objective Burma'." So Pvt Doug Heyes was set to come up and caricature the members; but the uncooperative military shipped him first. Sna-foocy!

* * * * *

A Bibliophile in Britain is Amerifan Cpl Gus Willmorth, one of our former directors. Every so often the most globslopulous pkg of bks is rcvd from him; for him, but in my name at Metro. I shudder & shake, now, whenever I find a pink slip in my box (ahem!) for it presages a bundle from Gus. And he selects such heavy reading! Pounds of it--literally & monetarily. Recent acquisitions include "Meccania", "Blind Mouths", "The Martian", "John Silence", "Fantastica", "Planet Plane", "The Wonder", "The One Sane Man", "1957", "Intelligence Gigantic", "Sinister Barrier", etc! Special sticker is inserted in each: THE BOOK YOU ARE READING IS THE PROPERTY OF CPL GUS WILLMORTH, ON LOAN FOR THE DURATION PLUS 6 MONTHS TO LASTS LIBRARY. PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE. This info, cut about 40 times on one stencil, was fouted up once, declaring: ...IS THE PROPERTY OF CPL VUZ AILLMORTH. Armynian?

* * * * *

There is no truth to the rumor I am composing a parody entitled "Everybody Loves a Burbee--". The Burb, actually, is a hateful fellow, always extracting promises from one. He gives me that Ifana smile and spoonfeeds me some malarkey about his wife's adoring my smooth style, and before you could say "Frank Robinson" I'm committed to do a movie review or two.

This month, I do two: CRY OF THE WEREWOLF, "horror" cornography, which Columbia is co-billing with SOUL OF A MONSTER. A local reviewer tickled me when he wrote of the former, "Now that the Russians have invaded Transylvania, maybe something will be done about eradicating the problem of werewolves & vampires, once and for all." Being a "B" picture, the were-villainess is disposed of with a plain lead rather'n a silver slug. Both pix are prefaced with suggestions that they may be regarded as dream fantasies--or racial memories.

"Soul of a Monster" tries--unsuccessfully--to repeat the RKO trick of scaring the audience with some sudden, unexpected mundane noise. Theme of "Monster" is: A woman calls on the Powers of Darkness (unplug for Bok) to save her dying doctor husband. He lives--a zombie without a heart beat, upon whom flowers wither, from whom no blood flows when he is cut. So he goes down to the Plasma Bank and applies for a withdrawal and...WHAT AM I SAYING???

((Soon as Ack-Ack (and associates) see the end of the practically endless Fancyclopedia, his smooth, fluent, lucid, high-gloss stuff will appear every issue.))

SPEER TO THE CONTRARY-- *Langley Seattles*

Eager borrowers having made off with the number containing Laney's article (two issues back) I can speak only from memory in collating it with Speer's letter in this issue; but Speer nevertheless brings up points I cannot let pass, so will climb out on a limb anyhow.

First, I wish to say that many of Laney's arguments I find myself in agreement with. The trouble is, Laney doesn't go far enough out in iconoclasm. He assails everything except amateur publishing as extraneous to fandom---mainly, I suspect, because he is very interested in fan publishing himself and feels (perhaps subconsciously) that that must be dragged in too. But it shouldn't be. Amateur publishing should accurately be tossed out the window right after politics, Esperanto, nudes, etc.---none of these has any connection with fantasy fandom at all per se and never has had.

What Laney and Speer and most other fans fail utterly to comprehend, apparently, is actually what fantasy fandom is in point of definition. The very term "fandom" has become so relative, mostly because of the sloppy reasoning of its users, that today it covers a ridiculously wide variety of nonsense in its sense of usage. To get one's feet on the ground, the most sensible thing to do is to consult an authority instead of re-defining the words one uses according to one's own particular beliefs and tastes. My dictionary defines fan as (slang) an 'enthusiastic devotee'; the word fantasy, I trust, is sufficiently well-known as regards definition as to make it unnecessary to repeat the latter here. Thus when one refers to "fantasy fandom"---granting that fantasy fiction is meant, as indeed it nearly always is---one speaks of enthusiastic devotees of fictional fantasy. Just that and nothing else, period.

Thus we see that Laney's view that everything else added to fantasy fandom is "half-baked" and "balderdash" is, from a point of strict accuracy (Speer to the contrary), completely correct. If Speer or Laney or I or anyone else is interested in amateur publishing does that make the domain of amateur publishing, simply because a few fantasy fans are interested in it, automatically the domain of fantasy fandom? Hardly. It makes us, its devotees, also amateur publishing fans---that and nothing else. And if fantasy is propagandized by means of amateur publications it still means nothing else.

Speer's main trouble---I refer to his letter in S-L'A #17---is that he talks of one thing and means another. He likes to consider fantasy fandom as also possessing in universality a long string of extraneous characteristics---something neither he nor anyone else has ever proved. And thus he refers glibly to "fandom" as possessing all those (to him) characteristic attributes in addition to those it possesses in its true dictionary sense. To affirm such a stand is to reason in the same manner as (again perhaps unconsciously) did one James Blish, who wrote for Spaceways some while back a series of "articles" on what he chose to term "Fantasy music." The syllogism Blish employed was this:

- (1) I read and enjoy fantasy fiction;
- (2) I enjoy certain musical selections;
- (3) These musical selections are fantasy.

There is as much logic in Speer's views as there are in Blish's.

Speer has every right to favor the corporate body whose one unique quality is that all its members are fantasy fans, and whose every action he persists (if it be favored by the majority of the component members) as considering a quality of "fantasy fandom." Every right in the world. But for him or anyone else to say that all extraneous attributes automatically become absorbed into the definition of its appellation is pure nonsense.

As regards F.A.P.A., in the true sense of the word it is an organization of amateur publishing fans. This must be true, for to stay within the membership one has to publish. Does one have to be a fan? Speer says "The statement that FAPA is not a fan organization in the strict (Lanlac) sense of the word is absurd;" That statement is logically indefensible. If one member of the organization is not a fantasy fan it falls flat; and Speer knows darned well several aren't.

The basic trouble, I think, is either that (a) most fantasy fans somehow believe that they can have only one hobby, or else (b) that they feel that merely to read and enjoy fantasy fiction is a logically indefensible one, and that therefore they must tack on all sorts of activity to bolster it into a state of solidity. Both of these views are of course arrant nonsense. The first is childish, and the second was responsible for what little success that Esperanto, correspondence clubs, and the various Wollheim political vaporings have ephemerally enjoyed.

I have no objections to a fantasy fan drinking, swearing, publishing, talking Esperanto, howling on a soap-box in Union Square, or doing anything else he wants to as an avocation. But please, please, for the sake of Webster and your own self respect, don't make such utter asses of yourselves by trying to call these hobbies characteristic, universally, of fantasy fandom. It just doesn't make sense.

I don't agree with Speer in thinking that Laney wishes to "sterilize or abolish" all the various other avocational pursuits indulged in by fantasy fans; rather, he impresses me as merely reiterating what I have pointed out here---viz., the true definition of terminology now in usage. And as for Laney "trying to tell us how fantasy should be run," I affirm that there is no one correct way of running it (Can you prove otherwise, JS?) and that Laney therefore has as much right to express an opinion on the matter as has Jack...

APOLOGIZE. *Mr Wollheim!*

In the recent issue of VERTIGO, Donald A. Wollheim wrote a very stirring, and a very vigorous article concerning the worthlessness of the NFFF.

In the course of this iconoclastic discussion, Mr Wollheim committed one of journalism's cardinal sins. It is excessively depressing to this columnist to realize that a man such as DAW should have such slipshod ethics as to quote out of context, to use such a shoddy device as to take part of a person's utterance on a given subject and quote it as the whole---thereby giving a false impression of what the person really said. A professional editor should know better. We quote from VERTIGO: "Ackerman is a firm friend of his. He says, on the subject, "---," To vindicate the name of 4sj, we take pleasure in giving his full views on the NFFF: " --- !"

FOUT—

A prize-fout letter from
Willie Watson

Fout: Latest Shangri-L'Affaires arrived. Again fout. I liked the damn thing. I couldn't do anything to avoid it. In fact, unless you rush right out & ask Ludowitz and Raym for some material, you're going to be on the top ten list. ((We would, if we held the poll))

Regular appearance. Regular format (messy as hell). Stereotyped Crozetti covers. Fout, man, you can't do this to fandom. The rag is getting so readable that it will be outdistancing (fout) even the best. Even Space Tales. Fout.

Ebey's article I of course enjoyed. Ebey's articles are fun, like Ebey, and so easily corrected. The account of the swing band which he enjoyed so intensely was in Cartmill's last tale, (I think), Hell Hath Fury. Probably the best fantasy Unknown pubbed in its last fading years.

I like Laney. Laney sez sweet things about my mag. Laney is a good Joe. He might have mentioned, however, that I don't try going out of my way to please fans either. Fout on them. I publish what I like, and what the people around here like. Happily, though, fans seem as a whole to like it too. Not Wollheim. Wollheim can't be bothered. Fout on Wollheim.

Readers column nice. People says nice things about the magazine. They are nice. I object to Speer, though. I'll let Michel say it for me: —Slice it thick or thin, it's still Speer, and we know what that means, don't we Jackie? Fout on Speer, which he in turn does to Watson. Fout.

If Crozetti bit the stencil instead of the dentist, and typed his reports instead of Confetti, we would be the better for it. (Never fear, Lora dear, I still luvz yuh.) Mike too.

Honig hoh? Well, we've patched up our differences. Harry's a sweet kid, like Laney, only different. At least he was impressed, and I won't be obviously pointed in my remarks any further. Fout.

FUN-LOVING BONES

George Ebey beats the cymbals
for us, more or less

Burbee, old sock-- That article The Forgotten Few was scheduled for appearance in the fifth diablerie. By accident, I hope, Willie left it in the LASFS clubroom. I don't know what happened to it from there. ((We've got no scruples about getting our material)) I'm glad you liked it. It was a good article but needed a little retouching.

Which brings I to the seventeenth issue which I liked, principally because it had my name displayed prominently hither and yon. Incidentally, you wrote a fine editorial with just the right note of restrained bitterness throughout. Laney's quickie critique was well done and timely: the fans need to be kept up to date on fanzine ratings. Letter Sec oke but I don't like people who say "The cover was good. The column was good. The fiction was good I'm good and the whole world's good. Goody, goody!" Good grief.

I was referring to Monroe Kuttner.

Speer's letter was funny. Not, as the line goes, "funny peculiar" but "funny ha ha."

Confetti by Crozetti was lousy except for my column which was damn near perfect. I was surprized to find that I could columnize so well. Re her inane blurb: Tell Crozetti for me, (1) I didn't write that

piece for her, (2) I wasn't waiting with baited (or bated) breath, (3) it was a bum gag anyway, (4) It wasn't a matter of "Having a heart to print it" as she knows damn well. Lora would probably reprint half of "Real Romance" if she had to fill up her bad column.

As for the illustration in the rear of the mag, read your own comments and you'll have mine. I'm partial to playful skeletons so I liked the front cover no end. That's that, then.

WHERE'S THE BAR?

Frank Robinson
goes maudlin for a minute

S-L'A #17 duly rec'd, read, and appreciated. I was beginning to think you birds had forgotten my address or something.

Ebey's article is the best of the feeble three you managed to scrape up--and it is none to good: A rehash of the kind of reminiscing that goes on at Midwestern conventions. I say Midwestern as s-f seems to be a taboo topic in the precincts of LA. Ah---sweet memories. Ebey would probably have gone into ecstasies over the uncut version of the "Dawn of Flame". The story has had very few equals. Incidentally, Ebey and I must get together some time and have a heart-to-heart talk about the "Creator". I've always wanted to meet a fan who claimed he understood the thing.

Laney's bit is the old Sgt Saturn routine only with a little more tinsel and a trifle longer. And then, Laney sounds as if he had read the magazines at least. His comments anent the Newscard are, of course, interesting if not complimentary. The card was never designed to replace the full size fan rags like Triple F but more to supplement the things. Spot news. Item: I believe I had written various people to the effect that I had attempted to enlist in the Navy was was rejected because of poor eyesight....I have registered and am awaiting draft call at the moment. Laney said I'd been drafted---or words to that effect. I know you guys are predisposed to jump to conclusions but still.....! ((Burbie takes the blame for interpolating the item))

The blatt column was surprizingly good. I see all my friends wrote to say something nice about my bit. Too bad there weren't more.

Lora's column is good. The kind of thing you look for in a club organ. It made me think of my trip out there. ((Here it comes)) Hell---it all seems like a dream now. Bronson, Yerke, Brown, Laney---I wonder when I'll see any of them again....((Well, if their eyes are better than yours....))

The incident of the elderly woman and her curiosity about the club reminded me of the time some sousie stuck her head in the doorway of Laney's ground-floor apartment--and the look of disappointment when she didn't spot the bar.

Wonder what the outcome will be on the Random House book. The same old names? Same old stories? Or, perhaps, one or two by Weinbaum or Heinlein, or DeCamp. I wonder.

FANS WON'T WRITE

Doc Lowndes
is pleased

Gents: Many thanks for the latest Shangri-Laffairs. Was particularly pleased to note, via Ebey's column, that some fans still remember FUTURE FANTASY, and even more delighted that he recalls Rocklyne's elegant fantasy "The Creator". Back in 1940, F. Orlin Tremaine men-

tioned to me one day that Ross had written a lot of good stories, but no great ones. He'd passed the tip on to Rocklynno, and the guy came back with what Tremaine considered a bid for that "great" story. "The Immortal". Dunno how fans as a whole felt, but from what I could see in the letter columns, and from reading myself, it was, while good -- better than his usual -- still not the looked-for "great" story. "The Creator", though, strikes me as being in the hoped-for category. Fans never bothered, for the most part, to write in to FUTURE FANTASY (which is one reason why it was dropped; publisher felt that it wasn't going over too well -- after all, Hornig's SCIENCE FICTION used to get close to a hundred letters on each issue) but those who did seemed to agree with ye ed on this yarn.

Am very happy to see that things seem to have calmed down in LA. If this be not an armed truce, or merely a mis-impression, here's hoping they stay friendly.

UNHUMAN LOGIC

James Hummel
discovers slans

Those who are familiar with geometric type reasoning ought to be able to follow this simple little proof that I have discovered. This is the final answer to the fansareslans-fansarenotslans question. ((Nobody has asked that question lately, though)) It proves conclusively that fans are not human beings.

Statement	Reason
1. Fans are fans	1. Identity
2. Fans are <u>not</u> non-fans	2. Two negatives make a positive
3. Non-fans are human beings	3. We must grant them that
4. FANS ARE NOT HUMAN BEINGS!	4. A quantity may be substituted for its equal in any expression.

See how simple? If fans aren't humans they must be slans because a non-human would either be a slan or a gibbering being who could do nothing but scream clutch at nudes and turn a mimeo handle.

By the way, I sent my resignation into the LASTS, but dont let that stop you from sending me any of that old crud so aptly shoveled out by you and your cohabitants. ((!))

DON'T MIND LANEY

Emile Greenleaf Jr writes
his quarterly report

So far I have received 3 issues of Shangri-L'affaires. Many thanx.

In the July issue I liked Bratton's idea of a fantasy and stf cross index.

When I saw the cover of the August issue, right away I said "Well, well. It looks like Frank Sinatra is taking up drumming." But the back cover! Gad! If James must draw such a subject, tell him to at least make it fantastic and to learn how to draw femmes

I see that the readers are all het up over Laney's article. Tell them not to mind. The average fan must, at least once in his fan career, make a fool of himself. Laney did it with that article, and I know that one of these days I'll pull a boner that'll make me turn as red as Jupiter's Great Spot. ((Subtly, he injects a stf motif))

THING ⁱⁿ the COOLER

Mike Fern
foresees doom

Here goes again. A fmz composed of 4 blank sheets would be not only an innovation but---from some fan publishers---a welcome relief. So many fmz have nothing to say but refuse to admit it. (This does not necessarily apply to S-L'A)

Ebey's article was good. It'll get more fans to reading their back copies---I hope. I think anyone who collects just so he can say he has Amazing, Astounding, & Weird complete and lacks two issues of Magic Carpet is a sham and an ego-inflater. One's stature as a fan or im should not be measured by the cash value or tonnage of his collection.

Also: How much of the rep of so-called top stories is due to promotion by old time fans???

Laney's critique okay---though a new poll would probably put Chan-ny and diablerie up along LeZ and Acolyte.

"Irrefutable".....hmmm.

Letter section interesting, tho the short and long should not have been bunched.

Confetti by Crozetti: Ia! Ia! wgah-nafl pfnglui!

Don't be surprised to hear one of these days that WT is no more. It's not that their financial position may cause them to fold: When I was up in their Rockefeller Center office on a particularly hot and humid day last month, I noticed a water cooler in the closet and asked if I might have a drink. The minor functionary---I think he was asst ed of Short Stories---said yes, if I was willing to face the possible consequences. What consequences? Oh, nothing; only that some strange quasi-Lovecraftian thing had got into the cooler and could not be dis-lodged. Every now and then its spawn fared forth into a cup. Yes, there was some chance that these things might invade the body of those who drank there, but it hadn't happened yet, so why worry?

I haven't been back to WT since---I'm too afraid of what I might find there, drooling over the editor's desk and gurgling in obscene glee at our queer ideas of quasi-human intelligences as portrayed by such amateurs as Lovecraft, Smith, etc.

"IT'S PERFECT"

Don Bratton comes
to his own defense

Ebey's article "Forgotten Few" was superb--just the kind of material which makes fanzines worthwhile. It was meat. Laney's "Fanzine Critique" was interesting and will make valuable reference material. The ego-boosting crud dept. was no less than clever.

As for the letters, I was most interested in those mentioning the catalog. It was surprising that my article ((in S-L'A #16)) was so well received. De la Ree's opinion amused me. Yes, a catalog is hard work, but once started, hard to drop. I was really pleased by Louis C. Smith's offer to help. I think I can arrange to work with him, but my arrangements at this time will be difficult, if the Navy has its way. I certainly want to work on and add to the catalog as much as possible.

Smith says the catalog seems a bit heavy and unmanageable. Perhaps it is heavy, but I think that the great value of such an instrument which completely organizes and makes available all fantasy information outweighs such an objection.

I'm convinced the card catalog is the perfect means of preserving living information. Smith thinks that a "complete" catalog would take up too much space. I deny this; card catalogs are easily expanded and easy to use. Their ratio of value to space occupied is very high. The main card catalog for all material in the Los Angeles (main) Public Library

takes up a floor space about twelve by twenty-four feet, and I can't imagine a building so large as this library completely filled with fantasy material! Of course, our fantasy catalog will be much more thorough than this library catalog, but surely would never be too large for its usefulness. Imagine a catalog covering an entire floor of a building! It would contain a tremendous amount of information, all perfectly organized and readily available!

As you probably know, Mike Fern has been doing some fine work in fantasy fiction bibliography. He has sent me (at Great Lakes) two batches of catalog cards he typed which represent fantasy by Benet, Dunsany, and others, appearing in books and American and British periodicals. I've completed the additional work required and have sent them on to Ackerman.

I appreciated Fern's criticism of my subject headings but would like to make a rebuttal on a point or two. I gave the subject SCIENCE FICTION--ROCKET SHIP to the story "Irrelevant" by Campbell because the story concerns the theory of rocket ship principle in general, thru the action of a certain ship, and was not limited to the field of interplanetary travel. However, assigning subject headings to fictions is a problem I have not yet begun to solve. I will welcome all criticism on that topic. In the years I have been working on the catalog I have made radical changes in my method many times and am not unwilling to make future changes--even extremely radical ones.

Fern had another suggestion--this one I definitely do not accept--having a separate box for biographical material about authors. Ye gods! There aren't and never will be separate "boxes" for this and that. Such a procedure would result in a disorderly, unorganized collection of small, separate, and independent catalogs. Everything goes in the same catalog, into the same alphabet, the single alphabet which comprises the whole catalog....

-00000-

JAMES RUSSELL GRAY: Thanx for S-L'A #17. Best little zine I've seen in a long while. Every item passes as at least "adequate". Eboy's "Forgotten Few" probably best--tho he's wrong if he thinks "Dawn of Flame" has been forgotten. Not by me, anyway. Oh yes, and be sure to get a copy (from Bill Watson) of my poetry booklet The Mad Muse..... ((Say, that's advertising. Strike it off the records))

D.B.Thompson: S-LaF is really beginning to take on a distinctive and individual quality of its own; a quality such as might be expected from a flourishing madhouse like the LASFS.....Crozetti, I fear, has apostrophised a huge segment of Fandom with the following (Quote) "...but nothing has come of it, like most of the other things we talk about." (Unquote). 'Stoo bad we aint all beautiful; then we could qualify as "Beautiful Dreamers."

James Hummel: ((What, again?)) Thanx for the mag chum. I got it today. All I can say is the thing sure is improving, why a few months ago the thing wasn't even in existence half the time and now it's a thriving spring of faith and hope for those to whome the LASFS was a guiding light....((How's that again?))

That's the end of the letter dept. No more space. A pity, too because lots of the letters we got were really good. Trouble is, all the letters were so good that there was a temptation to turn this mag into another VOM. Ackerman wouldn't like that, though.

Neither would anybody else.

CONFETTI

by

CROZETTI

Ah Ha! Fooled you, didn't I? You thought you'd gotten rid of me. You see, too many people were too happy because I quit, so I withdrew my resignation before anyone had a chance to accept it.

Walt Daugherty and Alva Rogers are doing it at last. On Thursday, September 14th, 1944, they will stencil and run off the CONSTITUTION of the LASFS. A mighty task, friends, and they deserve a vote of thanks, only probably we'll be ready to change it come 8:30, meeting time, and all their labors will be for nothing.

In case anyone is interested, the club now has a new officer. The Dweller in the Garage has acquired the title, Keeper of the Closet. We have all the stuff we use for publishing under lock and key, and every time Forry gets deep in a deal, or an interesting conversation, someone is sure to descend on him and he has to drop everything and dole out supplies, and Laney has to drop everything and take money and keep books. It is a wonderful deal, it keeps Forry and Fran out of mischief.

Walt Daugherty and our Ed. were running off this rag, and trying to outdo each other in finding new ways to get rid of an inky stencil. Fran topped off the evening by saying there was only one sure way to destroy a stencil was to give it to Mel Brown to cut.

As you can see, there isn't much in the way of news. Nothing has happened, except that we have new officers; Morojo, Director, Alva Rogers, Secretary, Fran Laney, Treasurer, Leonard Pruyn, Librarian, and an executive committee of the three main officers and the ruling clique. We have had our usual amount of resignations and lightning-withdrawals of resignations. Someday, someone is going to resign and someone else is going to accept it before they can withdraw it, and then what will happen? Alva suggests that the Club will ask that the ruling clique resign. Ah no, ain't politics filthy? Seriously, however, this organization, contrary to the beliefs of the members, has less politics than the average organization. Of course, if we had more members... Alright Burbee, I'll quit. Our Editor has a sweetness and light complex. I think he's afraid someone is libel to sue him.

There is talk of Laney staggering down Bixel street clinging to the various retaining walls. He was perfectly sober, believe it or not. It seems that Fran and Mel and Alva and Walt got hold of some bad food, what with eating in restaurants and the heat and all, and all four of them were more or less poisoned. Fran and Walt were hit the hardest. In fact, Fran was so ill that he was afraid he wasn't going to die. Too bad. Oh well, better luck next time.

The second record received for our recordings of Fan voices was from John M. Cunningham of the Chico AAF field.

The Keeper of the Keys just locked Alva's pants in the closet. What are things coming to? And Alva wasn't in them.

Walt Daugherty and Alva Rogers did not run off the constitution on Thurs. September 14th, 1944. It seems that upon reading it, they found that there were several places where it would have to be changed and revised and etc.

We were all sorry to receive the following communication from our new director, whc we all thought was doing a splendid job:

Los Angeles
12 Sept '44

To the Officers and Members of the
Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

Gentlemen & Lady:

I tender hereby my resignation as Director of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. My health demands that I take a less active part in club affairs.

Sincerely yours,

Morojo

The FANCYCLOPEDIA is done, rimished and ready to mail. Forry really did it up brown, with a leatherette binding and silver lettering. It is really something to look at, and to have. The bulk of the work was done by Ackerman, who labored over the mimeograph in truly un-Ackormanish style. Forry is allergic to any kind of work harder than gazing at a VOMAIKEN. The following hours of work are credited to the following people. 4e, 46 hrs. Morojo, 30 hrs. Walt, 13 hrs. Mel Brown, 5 hrs. Laney, 5 hrs. Crozetti, 5 hrs. & Rogers 4 hrs.

Actual pages were stenciled by: 4e, 37. Walt, 22. Morojo, 20. Lora, 8. Laney, 8. and Misc. 4 pages. We are uncertain who this guy Misc. is who mimeocod 4 pages. If he or she will step forward and identify himself, we will strike off the medal originally intended for Frqnkie, and present it to him in an impressive ceremony held in the crud box of the LASFS.

Henry Hasse sold off all but one of his originals, and the members of the LASFS are the ones who gained by the deal. We had a rather half-baked auction, only everyone was broke but myself, and I was interested in only one, but Walt, who engineered the deal, managed to do alright by himself.

Mel Brown is the type of person who finds a bookstore and hoards the treasures in it until he has funds enough to buy. Great is his delight when he can find one that 4e knows nothing about. He did, only the secret of the thing location leaked out, and 4e came staggering in under half the stock. Laney, afraid Mel would get one good night's sleep, bounded over and told him, and the Bixel Fairy Palace rocked the night through with Mel's curses and threshings as he burned.

In typical Crozetti fashion, I loused up the paragraph following Morojo's letter, and we saved the whole stencil by cutting it out and finishing down here.

Morojo has done the bulk of the dirty work for the club for years, keeping the books and tiding us over the financial difficulties, buying supplies and generally working nine times as hard as anyone else. At the following meeting, when Alva Rogers took over as Director, the members unanimously acclaimed her an honorary member, and we all hope that her health improves so that she can be around more.