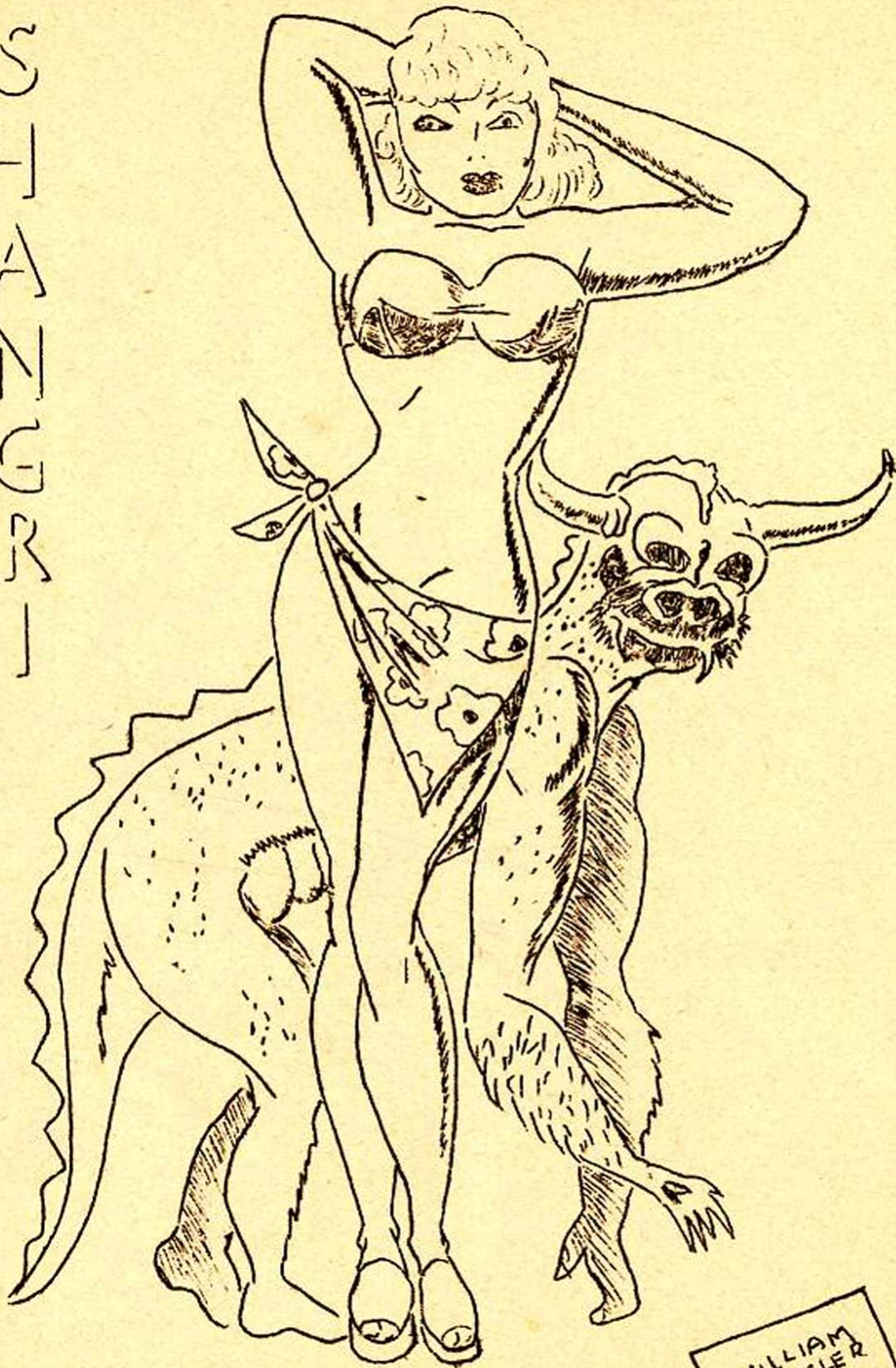


DAVID RIKE
Box 203 RODEO
CALIF., U.S.A.

SILVER



THEY ARE (SILVER) FOLK 22

JAN 1945

WILLIAM
ROTSLER

Magri-I'Affaires #22 for January, 1945. The club magazine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Published once a month at the club-room, 637 1/2 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, Calif. Subscription rates do not exist for the mag right now, but we want to exchange with all fan-mags extant, a fact which has not yet entered the heads of some fanmag publishers who've been receiving this peerless publication each and every month for quite a while. Letters are required occasionally from readers that they may thus indicate their desire to remain on our mailing list which isn't exclusive but is big. These letters are subject to excerpption and publishing.

The #25 issue of this sterling fanzine is scheduled to appear in April. The only thing interesting about that bit of news is that it will be the Annish, the 12th consecutive issue since I took (not without protest) the job of editor. For some obscure reason not yet apparent to me or the rest of the LASFS drones, I'd like to make this issue a little bigger than the usual monthly ones. Not better---bigger. Same type of stuff that appears here every month, only more of it.

To gather this material I intend to shoot letters to all the top fan writers to get stuff off them, though I hope they don't need a special invitation after they read this impassioned plea.

Who knows, maybe some of the localites might be persuaded to forget their leanings toward the transcendental and descend far enough to submit material for this April miracle.

Alva Rogers has already sketched a preliminary drawing of the cover, which will be lithoed. I wonder how many angels are reading this?

This Annish, the April project of Burbee and the LASFS, will not be issued without a stupendous struggle against space and time and lack of money, not to mention lack of interest, laziness, and superstition, maybe.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial: Burbee	1
Station E B C : Ackerman	2
Science Nook: Hummel	5
Crime Stalks the Fan World: a story by F. Lee Baldwin	6
Letter Dept: Readers	10

Special thanks to F. Townor Laney and Elmer Perduo, who, at 4:15 A.M. this foggy morning, are out getting a cup of coffee (and two straws) to give them a lift so they can give me a lift with this mag. Without their help, I am sure, this issue would have been in the mails 24 hours ago.

---Charles Burbee

STATION E-B-C BY 45J

Know your E-B-C's: The title (which will be standardized in future) stands for Ego-Boosting Crud. Our sponsor, the Searles Fern-iture Co, a subsidiary of Searles-Rosebud. We fraudcast monthly on a contraband of 6475 icicles. And the opinions expressed in this column are not a part of the U.S. mail, being, as we said before, expressed.

HUMERLESS RULER

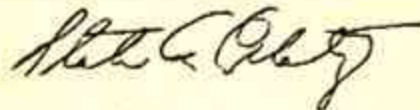
Stanton Coblentz is not dead. We printed that hot rumor two issues ago, and then decided to do an unprecedented thing: We wrote the final authority himself, to determine if he had shuffled off this mortal coil. We present his response verbatim:

Jan. 3, 1945.

Dear Sgt. Ackerman:

You may remember what Mark Twain said when he received the report of his own death, that the rumor was "much exaggerated." I will have to say something similar, also that it seems a little premature - many years so, I hope. At the present writing, I seem mostly alive, though an attack of the "flu" is making me seem not entirely so. I hope that my survival won't be a disappointment to anybody, and do sincerely appreciate your writing and taking the trouble to find out if I am still on this earthly plane.

Maybe the report of my decease arose from the fact that I haven't been doing much scientifiiction of late. "The Nemesis of the Astropede," accepted by Thrilling Wonder several months ago, is my latest in this field.



RUM, LITTLE CHILLUN

Alcoholic beverages abounded at the New Year's Party thrown by the editor of Shangri-L'A Farce. Gang was singing "Ale, Ale the Gang's All Here" when a phone call came and a voice said, "Put the Burb on." (Get it? Bourbon. O, you do get it? Where do you get it? How much?)

Voice on the other end of the line was that of Mel Brown, slightly mellow. In fact, he was so mellow, that if he had been in a marsh, he would have been a marshmellow. If he had been in a marsh. Said Mel: "Come out to Hollywood, Burbee, and bail Saha out. He's in jail for insulting a sweater girl--How's that? O, he tried to pull the wool over her eyes and get her to imitate a Sally Rand salad--you know, two peaches with no dressing?"

"Go away, hic," said Burbee, "you're drunk."

"That's no excuse for calling me a hick," complained Brown in an injured tone. "Just for that, let Saha cool his tail in jail. See if I care. Only, you'll be sorry when Forry publishes the scandal in Shaggy Laffs: FAN IN CAN!"

Properly present at the Burbee Year's End Party were: The Van Vogts, the Lanoy's and Morajo & Forry. Gate-crashers of the first wee sma hours of '45 included Perdue, James (Vodka Boatman) Kepner & Art (On the Wagon--any wagon with liquor on it) Saha.

Life of the party was, I blush to admit, Yours Truly. "O, Forry," exclaimed hostess Isobel, "you'll be the death of me yet." Don't believe a word of it. I sat like doath warmed over, all evening, thinking Deep Thots. Every time I was on the verge of pronouncing a great pronunciamento, Burbee would bellow: "Shut up, Ackerman!" And I would subside from silence into impenetrable quietude.

At midnito Iso-

bel served a scrumptious turkey dinner. Grace was said by the Master of the House, and I quote his very words: "Olord" we thank thee for this wise old bird, and for the right smart dressing, it being sage."

A NEW LEETH ON LIFE

After having been disillusioned by the shoddy Slan Shackers, the futile Feudurians of New York, and the Bay Area LeFouters, Lt (jg) Earl D Leeth found welcome relief in the dignified culture and impeccable decorum, the 19th Century gentlemanliness, of the fangelones of Shangri-LA. Prior to shipping overseas, he spent 2 or 3 days in the company of the Bixel St Boys, visiting Laney in his home, and Ackerman. At Ackerman's, he made the sacred pilgrimage to the Garage by the dark of the moon; and, due to (cunningly contrived) poor nite-lites, four fouty mags were palmed off on him for the preposterous total of \$16. Mel Brown, a former victim, warned him "Look before you, Leeth", but Earl blandly bought the first Astounding and several other items. Rogers, who is reading over my shoulder as I compose, suggests a subtitle for this paragraph might readily be: The Golden Floecing.

MARVELOUS MEETING

The most recent meeting of the LASFS was, all kidding aside, really a swell one. Present were Director Laney, Secretary Saha, Treasurer Kepner, Librarian Ackerman, Honorary Member Morojo, and Elmer Perdue, Mel Brown, Alva Rogers, Earl Leeth, Rosco Wright, Jane Gilbert, Sam Russell, Walt Daugherty, Jack Rhodes & Nieson Himmel. Discussion Chairman Rogers presented Brown's suggestion for the evening, a discussion of Fantasy in Book Form, which topic somehow got metamorphosized by Perdue into an inquiry into How Complete Must the Completist Be? In other words, what should legitimately be included in an All-Around Fantasy Collection? Tom Swifts? The Oz Books? Utopianovels? Lost Civilizations? Tarzans? Occult titles? Where should the line be drawn? The conclusions reached might well make a worthwhile article. I'd write it myself, but I never do worthwhile articles. El, why don't you run up something along this line for Camelot Press' forthcoming serious fanmag, Phantasque? (unplug).

SOME JANE

She comes from the artists' colony in Greenwich Village...she knows Dolgov.... does surrealistic stuff herself...and has had her work exhibited along with Bok's, being a personal friend of Hannes. She's Jane Gilbert, she's attractive, and she's a potential member of the LASFS. She came to our last meeting; we hope she'll be Bok.

ELMURMURINGS

Sgt Ack-Ack: "Yes, the army has certain compensations. For instance, U can get all the cigarettes U want."

Perdue: "But you don't smoke."

Ack-Ack: "At the Bottle Front, U can get all the booze U want."

Elmer: "But you don't drink."

Acky: "In uniform, U can get all the women U want."

El: "I say, what do you think of the current FAPA mailing?"

"SHE'S ONLY A BURB IN A GILDED CAGE"

This line lovingly dedicated to my sole mate, that shoe-shoe Burbee, Isobel---ah loves her 'cuz her feat's so big.

GOD HELP HIM WHO HELPS HIMSELF!

Exserviceman Rogers was touring Fout MacArthur with the ~~reverend~~ venerable sargent. They had passed thru the camp's proper library already, and Acky had explained how it was that the shelves were singularly devoid of fantasy items. Then they came

*Evidently a bird-god of the ancients

to the small but exclusive library for Permanent Party members. "I suppose you've weeded thru this too?" asked Rogers. No, oddly enough, replied he, he had overlooked this possibility. Whereat Rodge reached and plucked "Odd John" from the shelf! Casting a furtive furt around, Alva hastily pocketed the coveted item, breathing "You wouldn't turn me in, would you, Forry?" Forry let him sweat it out all the time he was in camp and until he'd passed the guard at the gate. Then he informed him: "U rnt so wicked, Alva: That was my bk U stole--I put it there--thanx, U just saved me trouble of picking it up, now that it's been pretty thoroly read." And was Alva's face read? After he shamefacedly handed the book over to me, he was assailed by doubts as to whether I was kidding him or not; and to this day, he is unsure. In fact, I am uncertain at times myself. I lie awake at nites and brood about it. Life is so very confusing among the intellectuals that, if I had any brains, I'm sure I'd shoot them out. As it is, I can only eagerly await the next Shangri-L'Affaires to see what new nonsense hatches from this egg-noggin they call the Ackermortality.....

INDUCTION IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

Lives there a fan with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "What if I should be inducted---and stationed at Ft AckArthur?" The answer--surprise!--is YES. The fan has been found. Bill Rotsler, our cover artist this issue, was taken from the ranch in Camarillo, Cal., a couple weeks ago, and processed at Mac. It was not until the day before he shipped that he thot about Ack! Instead of KP he could have been on the STF detail, he could have drawn pix all week instead of pots; I could even have fixed it for him to get a mid-week pass (not ordinarily permitted induc-tees) so he could have come to the Club and met th' fans. As it was, he only got to talk to Laney on the phone, and meet me briefly before boarding the train for Deepin"

Miracles for Sale

"The MIRACLE of the Lily" by Clare Winger Harris - \$2

"The Greater MIRACLE" by Homer Eon Flint - \$1.25

"MIRACLE in Three Dimensions" by Catherine Moore - 75c

And if, by some miracle, FFM & FN had continued with the Munsey reprint policy, you might have read such miraculously fine storys as the following. Yet---you need not be denied them! Order now, while the dwindling supply lasts!

Beyond the Dark Nebula, by HVSchöpflin (alias Harl Vincent) 50c

Slaves of the Wire, Garret Smith - 75c

A Year in a Day, Erle Stanley Gardner - 50c

The Devolutionist, Homer Eon Flint - \$1.50

The Darkness on 5th Ave., Murray Leinster - 50c

Out of the Silence, Erle Stanley Gardner - 50c

The Future Eve, synthetic woman serial - \$3

The Queen of Life, Homer Eon Flint - \$1.50

The Brain Blight, booklength - \$3

The Shadow Girl, Ray Cummings - \$2.50

The Metal Emperor (Science & Invention, 11 Instalments) radically reduced, after criticism, from \$25. Marked down, for a limited time only, to \$24.50. (Please mention Shangri-L'Affaires)

One unautographed copy of "Cosmos" - \$29.75.

"Heil!" by Lyle Monroz - \$1

"Martha Brown, MP" (British bk of the 30th Century) - \$1.50

"The Centaur", Algernon Blackwood - \$2

"Unthinkable!" (English stf bk) - \$2

Address Fan Ack's Annex: 236-1/2 N New Hampshire, Hollywood 4, California

*the Heart of Texas.

HUMMEL'S SCIENCE BOOK

JAMES HUMMEL

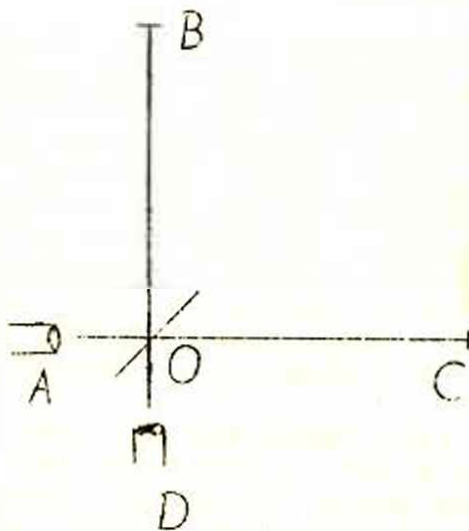
A story I read some time ago in ASF started a train of thought that has resulted in the writing of this brief article.

The story was The Moth by Ross Rocklynne, and the issue was for July 1939.

The yarn made some mention of the Lorentz-Fitzgerald theory, and it is about this well-known theory I will speak for just about enough space to satisfy Burbee. This character Burbee is known to go around looking with calculating eyes at everything in manuscript form, saying "Is that for Shangri-L'Affaires?"

Now, it is pretty well established that the earth goes around the sun with a considerable speed and the sun is doing some moving on its own account. Then, too, there may be a galactic drift of no small proportions. (See Starting Point, ASF Feb 1942). If you were in a boat which was moving at an unknown speed through the water you could determine the speed of the boat's passage by dropping a lead into the water and watching the spreading ripples. Their center would remain stationary regardless of the speed of the boat. So it would seem simple enough to determine just what course and speed that the earth is taking in its meanderings, for isn't light a wave motion and isn't it propagated through the luminiferous ether?

Michelson and Morley decided this would be easy enough to test, so they built a gadget of which a diagram is shown.



A is a source of light, O is a half-silvered mirror, B and C are mirrors equidistant from O, and D is a small comparison telescope. Light from A is partly reflected at O, half of it going to mirror B and half to mirror C. In the test instrument this distance was about 12 yards. The mirrors then reflect the beams back to O, and half of each beam is passed into the small telescope D. The amount that one lags behind the other is determined and the whole instrument rotated through 90 degrees. The procedure is repeated and the amount of lag compared in each case. The turning through 90 degrees eliminates any errors resulting from OB not quite equaling OC.

The experiment was tried and came out zero. Oh well, Rome wasn't built in a day. They tried again, and again, and yet once again. The apparatus was built more accurately. Results negative. Could it be that all the motions canceled out? Maybe. Try again when the earth is on the other side of the sun. Still nothing. After a good deal of experimenting they came to the conclusion that if the earth was moving through the ether they couldn't determine it. (Turn to pg 9)

CRIME

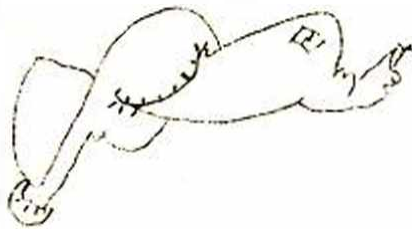
STALKS

THE

FAN WORLD

by

F. LEE BALDWIN



Some call me a gum-shoe, but I let it pass. I do, however, operate the Shamrock Agency. No glamorous jessie answers my phone or tells a prospect that I'm in conference or opens my bills. I run the Agency without that detective writer's frill. It's damn lonesome, too. But the gray dampish walls of my cheap office room would be depressing for some slick frail, and besides I can't afford rye for two, let alone after-hour dinners.

I had to go to Croyford on Saturday but because of two bits of mail I locked up the dump on Wednesday and went ahead of schedule. Number One piece of mail was a "fanewscard" and a paragraph said: "Old time fan Pat McGoy returns to activity after 7 yr absence. Now living at coastal pueblo of Croyford. Welcome back, Pat." It gave his address.

Number Two was a third-class circular from Pat himself. He had something to sell. It said that due to an accident which had resulted in the amputation of both arms he was forced to sell his collection of autographed fantasy and science-fiction to help defray the cost of medical aid. It was touching, a pity-garnering thing. The stuff he had on offer was excerpts from magazines between twelve and twenty years old, each with the author's John Hancock. He must have put out a lot of effort and postage and bothered a lot of hack writers getting such a mess of stuff. Anyhow, now he wanted to peddle it, and, indeed, it was an imposing array of "names" he had. Clark Ashton Smith, Lovecraft, Merritt, Howard, Wells, Burroughs. All them guys. Enough to make a tyro's mouth water.

I've been a fan since I was a kid in knee pants and the name of McGoy was familiar enough to me. But like a lot of others he had dropped out as he grew older. The name Pat McGoy, in later years, had a familiar ring to it too. So that Wednesday afternoon I went down and thumbed through the morgue at the "Free Press" office. My think tank was plenty refreshed enent the McGoy when I left. It was Pat McGoy who was gunsel for the Marara-Cillio gambling syndicate. The clippings said nothing, though, about his having met with any accident.

Hell, Croyford's only seventy-five miles or so up the Coast from

here so I grabbed the five-forty bus.

He had a suite at the Benchley. The clerk said he was in so I rode the express to the 20th and catted down the hall to his door. It was closed but the damn fool had forgotten to lock it. Anyhow, I was in the room watching interestedly before he saw me. That is, before the broad saw me. She saw me first. I got a good gander at her, too. Her legs, what I saw of them, were long, very shapely and very white. She had indigo sloc-eyes and her matching velvet dress was wadded up around her flat little tummy. That's all she had on, I'm sure. The McGoy was making with the mush, but in earnest. His sleeves had a couple of good, healthy arms in them. His back was to me and when she pushed him away he misinterpreted the action and cuffed her along the jaw. He said, "What the hell's the matta, b...."

Then he got the drift.

He turned. He was in his shirt sleeves, shoulder holster unbuckled loosely. When he saw me he went for his rod.

I said: "If you're Pat McGoy, put that thing away. This is a friendly call. Name of Boyle." I stuck out my mit. "I'm a fan and I thought I'd drop over and see what you had for sale. The line-up sounded good."

His eyes got pleasant and he clasped my hand. He said: "Sure, sure, I remember you. You used to write a column in Astrovox. Sure, sure, but you've changed a lot from them early pix. Christ, I thought you was a shamus at first. You look like one; no offense." He grimaced in an effort to be cordial.

I released his paw and as he drew it back his brown eyes clouded and his craggy face crimsoned from his collar up. I thought I was going to have to bat him one, but he swallowed his embarrassment. He shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Just a gag, just a gag. Come on, and I'll show you the stuff." He laughed down in his chest and motioned with his head to follow as he took off toward a doorway across the room. I let the arm deal pass.

The indigo dame gave me a breathtaking leer. She was taking her time arranging herself. When she had it smoothed out the velvet fit her like a skin.

The room was a bedroom, nicely furnished but untidy as hell. Piles of magazines littered the place. The corner to which he led me had a semblance of neatness and what he had piled here and there was crisscrossed and labeled "HPL" or "Two-Gun" or whatever the piles happened to be.

There must have been a hundred items or more in each. He motioned with his head, saying: "This is the stuff. Personally autographed by the author--five skins per, and that's plenty cheap in these times." He picked one at random off the Lovecraft stack. I easily recognized the minute scrawl of Howard Phillips. The yarn was "The Rats in the Walls" from a pre-1930 Weird Tales. I put it back and scanned through the others within reach. McGoy watched my face, his own impassive. He was a heavy-set little gee and his shoulder muscles seemed to be bunched whatever his stance. The forty-five he packed looked plenty aggressive.

"Brother, these are plenty sweet," I said and gave him what I hoped was an envious smirk. I didn't want to buy as I was not at the time adding to my own collection. It was good enough--cost me plenty of rocks, too.

I thumbed through the Bob Howard pile and pulled one out at random. There was his fine-lined, green-inked John Henry. Title of the yarn was "Almuric" extracted from Weird Tales for May 1939, very neatly bound by a professional binder. Then something clicked in my nog-

cin: that this smelled. I had it! "Two-Gun" Bob had cashed his chips on June 11th in 1936. So how the hell could he have autographed this deal? I did a good job of controlling my face as I tried to put it with the others. My brain chucked any ideas that the handwriting had sprung from the spirit world. The McGoy shouldn't have tried it. Hell, any starry-eyed punk would know the facts. It was a cinch the whole works was like this one.

Just then Velvet Dress came sauntering into the room. She must have gotten lonely. She gave us a condescending appraisal, especially me. She said in a husky voice, "Come on, you freaks, and I'll buy a drink."

"We aint thirsty," McGoy rasped. I was, and hungry too, but not for grub. "We're doin' business," he finished, a note of dismissal coloring his voice.

Velvet Dress turned archily and headed back toward the door. I watched her swing. It was neat. Where the hell was a jig band to go with it? Then she suddenly had a change of mind. She turned and crossed toward another door opposite--evidently leading into a bath or another bedroom.

McGoy didn't seem to like this. He growled, "Where the hell you goin'?" The crags in his face jumped as though made of muscle.

"After some cigarettes, small fry," she said coolly.

"Here's some." He flung a pack at her. "And stay to hell away from that door."

But he was too late with the lip. She had the door wide open, ignoring the fags on the floor at her feet. It was another bedroom and I couldn't help seeing what was just across the sill. More stacks of magazines and a funny little table that looked like a bedside smoking stand only this particular article had a glass top and a light cord running from it to a plug-in in the wall. All this I took in at a quick glance as the tableau of McGoy and Velvet Dress held for a short breath. Whose, I'll never figure out.

He said: "Shut that door."

She appeared to ignore him but her blue eyes kindled a new kind of flame.

McGoy made a very fast shuffle toward the dame and swung a heavy mit at her, his pan clouding up with pounding blood. He looked brutal. He didn't get to slug her because just then I swung the barrel of my thirty-eight across his temple from behind and that ended that. He fell like a safe full of lead nickels.

She gazed approvingly at my handiwork, exhaling slowly. The late afternoon sun from the window touched her hair just right. Its coloring reminded me of a new automatic.

She said: "We better tie mutt-face up. He might be troublesome."

We did, with a gag and all the extras.

I said: "Now what'll we do with him?"

"Nothing now. Later we'll dump him in the Bay--if you prefer."

I allowed it was a good idea.

She went on, looking down at him. "He was hard to take. Head too big for the peanut brain. The steady diet of his egotism and braggadry was wearing on me." She hesitated, then went on quietly with her eyes boring into mine: "I'm a great one for the natural and more simple things of life."

Me too, I thought.

I went on through the door she had opened and sized up the room. It was nice, like the others. Littered to the rafters, though. The only place stuff wasn't stacked was in the fireplace. That had been spared.

It was easy to figure how the glass-topped smoking stand with the light card fit in. I marveled at the punk's guts. Several bottles of different colored inks and various sized pens were on a nearby shelf. Just then Velvet Dress put her hand gently but persuasively on my arm. She said, as she steered me toward a divan near the fireplace: "I'll buy that drink now. You earned it."

I figured I'd earned more than a drink, but hell, I'm no boor.

I said, "Sure and maybe you'll tell dear old Boyle all about this little dodge."

She fixed me a rye-in-the-ditch and we lit cigarettes.

I liked being around this dame. She was all right. We parked on the divan, her long leg touching mine, but in a polite way, of course. It had a personality; I could feel it. The cool way her voice husked into my hear was swell music suggestive of a Berigan trumpet.

She said: "You can see the set-up. To start with he had about five or six original pieces he'd collected while in the heat of fanning, he told me. All he does now is cruise the old magazine stores, rip out the yarns he thinks he can peddle, hold them over that glass with the light underneath and trace the signature from the original under it. He's got all the pens and inks to match---even though they don't have a faded look he gets by. It's a damn dirty stunt."

I didn't answer for a moment. Then I said, "Guess I'll burn the whole works." While I was building a nice little blaze in the fireplace I could hear McGoy's feeble thumping through the open door. The dame got up and closed it. With the arson act well under way I parked comfortably on the divan again. We didn't say much, just watched the flame lick away McGoy's artlessness.

Then somebody in the apartment across the court-shaft turned on the radio and a dixie combo started kicking out "Four Or Five Times." Velvet Dress laid her head on my shoulder where I could find her lips and her breath was warm and fragrant on my neck. I found them.

I was glad I'd come to Croyford on Wednesday instead of Saturday, four days ahead of schedule.

////////////////////////////////////

HUMMEL'S NOOK

concluded from page 5

Of course the earth might be carrying a pocket of ether along with it. But then there would be a warping of light reaching the earth. There was no detectable warping.

The scientists wagged their heads. They were still wagging them when Lorentz and Fitzgerald independently arrived at a solution which was proved to be mathematically correct. They stated that an object which was moving shrank along the line of movement. This shrinkage was shown mathematically to be just enough to negate the Michelson-Morley experiment. This would cause no visible distortion because all measuring rods would shrink, too, as would the observer.

This shrinkage is proportional to the velocity of the object, and at the speed of light, if Lorentz and Fitzgerald are right, an object would have no length. That is, it would become a plane surface, with length and breadth but no thickness.

You try to visualize this---I can do it quite well; but then, I had to train myself to do it.

FUTURISM FOR ME

Henry Elsner
rambles on long enough

Dear Charles-- Received Shangri-L'Affairs #20. For once I must compliment you for a really excellent cover. Of course I don't go for the subject matter too much, ((whatever it was)) but the mimeoing is really effective.

Now to decimate the contents of the mag itself: First is the ego-boosting department--otherwise called "editorial" by more modest souls--I'm glad you decided the way you did regarding the price of the mag. You might lose some subscribers if you charged them hard-earned cash for it.

"A Wreath of Skunk Cabbage for the NFFF." Hmmm, and again Hmmm-- Though not a member of the NFFF, I thought the booklet was pretty good. If the booklet is weak or faulty in places, I believe that the fault is with fandom, and not particularly the Welcom Bklt, or the Nfff. Mr. Lancy says that the booklet does not mention that fans are fans of Stf and fantasy. But are we?? I think not. Most fans are fans of fandom and that's all. Take a look at any fanzine for example. How many of any of them have anything about science, science-fiction or fantasy in them. As far as the fantasy fan goes there is the notable example of Mr Lancy's own ACOLYTE. However, there is still really no science-fiction fanzine. Mr. Lancy criticizes the booklet for saying that "'Fandom is a state of mind' and a few other vague things" Well, what else is it?? I think that the Welcom booklet paints a true picture of fandom--too true. I have just one question concerning this article. What is this "stefnate" that Lancy ((Don't you mean Mr. Lancy?)) is raving about in this article??

In conclusion, I can say that at least you print interesting, thought-provoking articles in your mag, and not the silly wish-wash that is in most of 'em nowadays.

Ackerman's bit about the inhabitants of the LA booby-hatch was very enlightening. Especially that bit about the radio fiend.

The letter section, oh yes the letter section. You know, you really should put a heading on this section to let the readers know what they are in for. I was half-way through Watson's gruesome gab before I realized that I was in the odoriferous section of the mag. But, seriously, tho, the section was pretty good this time.

The worst letter was Weinsteins, and the best was George Malsbary's. That fellow Malsbary really has got the right idea. I agree with him about futurists and escapists. Futurism for me, any day:-- that's another reason that I don't care for fantasy fiction.

Well, I guess I've rambled on enough now.

THE LESS SAID

J. M. Stadter Jr is not
too pleased with this sterling fmz

Dear Burbee--Or have you resigned? I've gotten a couple issues of your rag so here's my letter.

The less said of your covers the better, but sometimes the stuff

inside makes reading worthwhile. Believe it or not the words by you aren't so bad.

Will try to restrain my great gift for humor to give you an opinion of the mag. F.T.L's little article on the NFFF makes me swoon with joy. Much more of the same soon, I hope.

Elsner feels me he has a letter to you coming up on the subject. One of the few reasons I have for wanting to keep reading it.

Your letter-hacks, whose average age seems to be fourteen could, I think, completely express their opinions without swear words and the like. Do grow up children.

At this time I can not think of anything else nasty to say about you, your mag, which really isn't bad, or your readers.

Kiss your beautiful blonde secretary for me

Females

Jessie Walker thinks
we need 'em

Dear Ed:- If he be Burbec-- ((he be)) -- if not, to Shangri-L.A. in general.

I was much surprised to receive No. 20 as I was sure my name had been thrown in the ash can long since. Your telepathic communications system can't be hitting on all 4 or else no one has tuned in on my wave length. I have thought of you often enough.

Same old alibi as before -- too much war work -- too many overseas letters to write - etc. Now if I were only the Dionne Quints I could divide my hobbies and maybe keep up to date.

If you still want Shangri-L'Affaires No's 14, 15, & 16, I'd be glad to send them to you. ((Hang onto them, Jessie, they'll be worth \$32.50 each in six years)) I am not a collector in the true sense of the word. Usually I swap or pass the mags on to some other fan. We used to send them overseas until mags were banned due to lack of shipping space.

I enjoy getting Shangri-L'Affaires. It makes the club members seem more concrete than just casual references in letters. I don't expect to meet any of the fans in person so the mags form my only contact.

Burbec ((this is the part I like)) has done a good job of editing. If he has finished his quota with this issue I hope his successor keeps up the good work. Even the farmers find rotation a good policy. There is always a tendency to let the willing horses do the work, but all co-operative societies believe in making each member take each job in turn. ((That's what I keep telling them down at the office!)) You never can tell what talent will be uncovered.

Where is the female of the species??? Except for Morojo and one or two others the club seems to be predominately male. There used to be quite a number of feminine faces in the fan covers on Vom.

P.S. If you really want some funny music, bore a second hole about 1 in off centre. The record swoops as it goes around and you get some real Hallowe'en music.

JUST A FOOTBALL

Pfc Paul Spencer doesn't
neglect a subject

Dear Chas: After being kicked from APO to APO for a couple of months S-L'A #19 finally got here and here are my reactions.

Cover: Not too good, probably because of the reproduction rather than any fault of the original drawing. Actually, the figures are well done, but the technique seems rather crude. Best thing is the inclusion of Warth's deferential "Flying cars, if it's O.K."

Editorial: mildly amusing. A pretty good job of taking a whole page to say nothing (that's intended as a compliment). "Double Spaced on One Side" is all right. Its thesis seems very plausible, though I think--judging from the stories I've read in it--that Planet gets letters by the lure of the originals rather than because the mag itself inspires comments. As, in fact, Ebey suggests. I do long for Hornig - and Tremaine- type letter columns; my, yes. I like FEM's, though.

"Shottlo Boy News" is good; I agree with Elsnor that it would make a good regular department. The line-ups supplied by Derleth are interesting. Like Warner, I find them disappointing, but as I said in commenting on #20, you can't blame Derleth for publishing his own stuff, and the greater part of his output has been mediocre. Bloch, on the other hand, while not an important writer, has done some very good stories, and some of them are included in "The Opener of the Way", though a better selection could have been made. (I miss "In the Face of the Pharaohs" and an excellent Lovecraft imitation about some loathsome Thing in somebody's collar.) Arkham House's policies are, on the whole, full of flaws, chief being the favoring of a circle of writers who seem to be closely associated--HPL, Derleth, Bloch, Smith, Wandrei, Long. Still, I cannot praise too highly the services A.H. has rendered fandom and the general cause of fantasy fiction, and the even greater ones planned for the future. I received a letter from Derleth last month containing a good deal of information, but it's old as the hills now. The only thing in it that might just conceivably be news is the partial line-up of authors for "Who Knocks?": Quinn, Bradbury, Lovecraft, Blackwood, Coppard, Machen, Edward Lucas White, Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, Everil Worrell. Oh--and the first stf collection will be by either Heinlein or Campbell.

"The Fancyclopedia is a success": indeed.

"Francis T. Laney--Enigma of Shangri-LA" seems like a most maddening individule. I loathe swing music; I also regard without admiration the practice of getting drunk. On these points FTL and I will doubtless never agree (which no doubt will just ruin the rest of Laney's life.) On the other hand, while I myself am hog-tied by inhibitions, I agree with the Laney that fandom should not be one's all, that one should have other hobbies and recreations and that, subject to good taste, the two sexes were intended to enjoy each other's company. I also agree that fandom should be primarily concerned with fantasy fiction, not with personalities. And I sympathize with that laugh of his. My own is a treacherous, changeable thing, but most frequently a sort of rusty hinge-squeak. Nevertheless I laugh like Laney, inside. I recall with fondness an evening at Stan Shack when Al, Walt, Abby, Thelma and I sat about the kitchen table telling jokes, mainly off-color (I don't believe I contributed much, to be honest). I was in one of my silly moods, and got more and more hysterical, driving them one by one off to bed. Al stuck it out longest, and before he'd finished describing a cartoon film he'd seen, about some chipmunks cracking nuts with a cannon, I was rolling helpless and out of breath on the living-room floor. What that has to do with Laney I'm not sure. (Just incidentally, the article is well written.)

Letter section interesting as always. Does c Baldwin actually mean he knows nothing about the yarn "Black Flame" except the title? Or are we thinking of two different flames?

"Slobber" is interesting, amusing, etc. Gad, I'd like to lock the LASFS up with a psychiatrist ((a suitably armed one)). A lakh of rupces he'd come out stark mad.

Oh, to get back to the article on Laney, I find friend Merlin referring to a recording of "Les Preludes" by Mengelberg and "the New Am-

sterdam orchestra." Odd, I was under the impression they changed the name of New Amsterdam to New York, some years ago. (I have that recording; the orchestra in question is actually the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra - I don't blame Brown for wanting to avoid or attempt at spelling that.)

Well----till #21! ((After which came something in Esperanto, which probably meant "Happy New Year"))

Wooooo?m? (?)

Pvt George Lloyd
goes in circles

Dear Mr Burbee, Burb or---. My delay in answering your letter of 12 October is deplorable, but due to a change of assignment, I've been going in circles trying to get straight with the Army and "The One" (and only?)

I received two issue of Shangri-L'Affaires, and it's all I thought it would be. These vague statements fascinate me.

For my money, the two best features are the Book reviews and the illustration for that Section--Potty had better watch out. The snake adds something to it--but what--Lilith?

All in all ((say, this guy is talking about Chanticleer ---how he ever got this high-class mag mixed with Liebscher's little item....))

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

Milty managos to get
in a few sentences

Dear Ed: So you threaten to cut me off if I don't write a letter. You'll be sorry. The last issue got to me when I was going insane in the capacity of Company Clerk at Co. H, and I had no time to write to people. Now, in Co. D, things are even more screwy, but I have more time to write. For a week I don't do a damn thing. Then I do all sorts of things for a few days. Then nothing again.

Saturday I was a school teacher. Sunday I was a chapel organist. Monday I cleaned the latrine. Tuesday I climbed telephone poles, with nothing between me and destruction but a little spiko strapped to my ankles. Today I operated a telephone switchboard beside a campfire, eating C-rations. Tonight I'm corporal of the guard. God knows what I'll do tomorrow, and it's my birthday, too. Friday rumor says I'll be on a train, but troop movements are military secrets.

Becoming a regular field soldier, I am.

Gad, but Laney flatters me in saying I "show a considerable knowledge of preparing intriguing advertising copy." The word "knowledge" implies a certain past study of advertising technique, to which I make no claim. When I wrote that piece for the booklet I was going purely by instinct, helped along by a certain good humor given to me by Walt Liebscher's Chanticleer ((that mag again)) which had just come to me in the hospital. It gave me a terrific kick just to have something like that to do after a fortnight of boredom.

Even though I helped with the booklet, I do agree with Laney in his main points. When it comes time to put out a second edition we should pay heed. Maybe Laney could be editor.

Tonight I saw the writeup of Clifton's Cafeteria in Life Mag, and it brought me right back to the months I spent in LA. There was the days. Every time I move I think back to the last place and say there was the days. Question of the moment is--from where will I look back to where on my next birthday?

And with that thought I leave you, no doubt sorry that you ever mentioned writing letters.