

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRE S

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THE WARNER WAS GREEN

HARRY WARNER JR

In 1938, I was very green behind the ears, as concerns both fandom and the rest of the world. I fancy I have gained a bit of experience in both since then, but stick to my original opinion that it is best to hold them as clearly separated as possible.

Fandom is to me an escape medium--other things too, but always an escape from the world in which I have a reasonably good time living and earning enough money to keep me alive. My fanning has been done solely through correspondence, reading, and publishing, except for those rare occasions when visiting firemen stopped off here.

It was, then, a rather startling thing for me to learn, in that last year of peace, that a well-known writer for the prozines, Leslie F. Stone, lived in Hagerstown. Here was a most perplexing mixing of the two worlds of fandom and reality, and she became to me a fantastic half-breed, belonging to both the world of tomorrow and the world of today. I am sure that this is the only reason I permitted myself to lose track of her so quickly, and why I never wrote for publication anything about her. At this late date, I can look back on the experience quite coolly, wonder where she is now, and wish I hadn't been so infernally determined to keep my fanning so restricted to correspondence, reading, and publishing.

Leslie F. Stone phoned me one night during that year. She had seen my name in some prozine or other--Startling Stories, I believe--which had printed a free plug for the then burning Spaceways. That phone call still stands out as one of the big moments in my life. Though I hadn't read the stories which made her so famous at one time--those that appeared during the first few years of the stf prozines, like "Men with Wings"--I had enjoyed very much indeed such now faded epics as "The Rape of the Solar System".

A few days later, I went to call upon her and offer up my adoration of a real-life, flesh-and-blood person who typed untrue words on blank paper and received checks in the mail for such efforts. It was about this time that I was first fired with an ambition to write stf myself, incidentally, which made things all the more exciting.

Leslie's married name was Mrs. Silberberg--I never did hear what her husband's first name was, or precisely what his occupation. He traveled, and did something in the selling line, and kept himself out of the way when people started to talk to her about stf. They were living in a fairly good duplex apartment in the best residential section of Hagerstown; their only child was a boy, then four or five years old, apparently a year or two beyond the average in intelligence and self-reliance.

The writer herself appeared to be in her very early thirties, attractive, collected, and the sort of person you'd expect to find,

perhaps, as secretary to the most important man in a large industry--thoroughly capable, efficient, sure of herself, but not the type who intends to be boss herself some day. Of her background, I learned nothing except that she had done quite a bit of travelling about with her husband, living at one time or another in most of the big cities in the east.

She was interested in fandom, which was the thing that put me at my ease, and prevented me from jumping out the window from sheer nervousness during the first five minutes. She immediately regaled me with the story of the prominent fan with whom she had corresponded for many years, quite exhaustively, until one day the fan heard she was married, and exploded with a withering letter, apparently under the impression that he had been doing a deed almost as bad, by corresponding with a married woman, as she had by deceiving him into thinking her a maiden. She was most amused over the whole thing, though a little rueful, and explained that she had no idea that it would matter to this fan, so just hadn't bothered to mention her conjugal status from the first.

Her main problem then was how to sell the stories she was still writing. I made arrangements for another early visit, upon the conclusion of the first, at which we would hold a story clinic, and so it happened. I read through three or four of her rejected recent efforts, and tried to figure out what was wrong with them. Whether I succeeded or not, I'll never know, for they were never re-written. One of them, though, that Campbell had turned down, later appeared in another sf prozine and gained fair favor. Only one of them was really worthy of attention, I thought--something about the survivors of a plague--which with a little re-working might have turned into excellent fantasy. The remainder were throwbacks to the early days of sf which might have sold to the Amazing Stories of 1928. She violently disliked Campbell's rejecting one story, incidentally, and was most disgusted with the Astounding of that day, although John W. had written her a lengthy letter and explained at great length how he had even taken her story, with a bunch of other mss., home from the office, he being then so violently swamped with work.

Leslie still bought all the prozines, though she collected only issues in which her stuff appeared, and didn't even have all of those. She was particularly desperate to find a copy of the Amazing containing "Men with Wings", because of a suit she was bringing against the Hollywood studio that had released a picture of that title, and seemed very sure of her chances of success in getting a good judgment. How it ended, I never learned. She had also saved many of the early fanzines, dating from the days when she had taken more of an interest in fandom; the thought that those issues of Science Fiction Digest and Fantasy Magazine may be destroyed--for she didn't seem to think much of them, yet didn't want to give them away--still haunts me. Her whole attitude toward writing seemed to be that she wanted to make some money that way, though nothing serious would happen to her outlook on life if she failed. She had even been doing some love fiction--unsuccessfully--upon the recommendation of her husband, who detested fantasy.

The following summer, when a bunch of fans came through here returning from the Nycon, they went out to see her at 11:45 p.m. a Sunday evening, and shortly thereafter, I took Speer and Rothman on the

pilgrimage. That was the end of my contact with Leslie. A couple of years ago I looked for the name in the city directory and didn't find it, and since Hagerstown is small enough that you see anyone living here on the streets at least once a month, and I've never again seen her, I judge she is elsewhere.

And so, that tale is told.

FLIGHT INTO FEAR

BURTON CRANE

There was a neat bronze plate on the door. It read:

SPEER, LANEY & ACKERMAN
Space Explorations

DON'T KNOCK
Use Your Blaster

The girl didn't knock. She walked in. She was a tall, leggy blonde, with fingers, toes and the necessary connectives.

"Tucker sent me about that job," she said. "What is it, when do I start and what does it pay?"

The grizzled space veteran behind the desk looked her over approvingly. "What do you care what it is?" he asked. "It pays ten grand."

She sat down. "OK," she said, "you've hired a working girl. Let's have the lay-out."

"You work on Tom Blunt."

"The space hero of the magazine covers? That won't be hard to take."

"Former space hero." Ackerman laughed harshly. "The guy's gone safe, sane and careful. Everybody between Procyon and Betelgeuse is saying he's gone yellow."

"I don't believe it."

"No? Then listen! On this last trip a crew was exploring the emerald caves of Popeye...."

"Popeye!" exclaimed the girl. "Where's that?"

"It's not officially on the map yet, but a couple of years ago, in 1977 to be exact, our outfit staked out six planets around Altair and named 'em for comic strip characters: Popeye, Superman, Buck Rogers, and so forth.... As I was saying, they were down in these caves when they were attacked by a strange kind of Popeyetalian mosquito, carrying little blow torches instead of stings. Blunt ran."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Because that isn't the way a spaceman is supposed to act. He should have pulled out his trusty blaster and let fly."

"At mosquitoes?"

"Sure. You got to stay in character. The public expects it. That's what the other boys did and some of them were pretty badly burned before they got back to the ship. Tom didn't have a mark on him and the gang was naturally upset."

"Sounds pretty sensible to me but maybe you boys have standards of your own. Did Blunt understand those standards?"

"Of course he did. Blunt was born on a space ship."

"Nuts. Nobody was ever born on a space ship."

"Would I be kidding you, baby? It was back in 1955, when the science-fiction fans of the country financed the first swing around Mars and Venus."

"In the Jules Verne, wasn't it? That was before I was born."

"Well, that's how this firm got its start. We were all in on it, staked a few claims for diamonds and rubies and made a pile. So I know what I'm talking about. On that trip one of the New York tabloids sent along a girl reporter, a crazy kid who'd do anything for a thrill!"

"What happened?"

"She did."

"And then?"

"You see, that trip took 762 days and was boring as the devil. Fuel was so poor that most of the time we were in free flight, so we sort of floated around without weight, wondering whether we ought to swallow up or down. Not like today, when we're always adding or subtracting a gravity or two and have something to hold on to."

"You don't have to apologize for her," said the girl. "I know how she felt."

"Just so you know," said Ackerman. "Anyhow, Tom was born just as we left Venus."

"It would be Venus," said the girl. "Who was the father?"

"I thought you said you understood how she felt," said Ackerman. He sighed. "So ever since then Tom has been a kind of community prop-

osition. Every old-timer on the spaceways has chipped in for his education and we all feel a responsibility for him. That's why it upsets us so to hear him say he's going to settle down and raise potatoes in New Jersey."

"Come clean," said the girl. "What's the real reason?"

Ackerman grinned. "Perhaps it's just as well I can't fool you. All right, I guess you're entitled to know the truth. We want Tom to make a special trip to Pekingese and he won't go."

"Pekingese?"

"One of the planets around Sirius: Doberman, Pekingese, Scotty, Great Dane, Setter and Wonk. Some day I'm going to retire and live on Wonk....Half a dozen exploration companies made a joint trip out there two years ago. We all staked a lot of claims but nobody bothered to stake on some funny-looking yellow rock we found on Pekingese. After we got back here we had it analyzed and last week our chemists found that it would break down into the branchingest carbon rings you ever saw, so that it could be turned into space fuel about ten times more efficient than the best we have now."

"Zowie!" said the girl. "Why, that would extend your range from thirty to about three hundred light years!"

"Right! And if we got a hand-picked crew which could stand five G's all the way, we could do it in six and a half days and average six thousand times the speed of light. If Speer, Laney & Ackerman get hold of it we can control the universe!"

There was a calculating light in the girl's eyes. "How about a little bonus if you do get it?"

"Of course!" said Ackerman. "A million dollars a year for life!"

"And membership in the Cosmic Circle?"

Ackerman glanced quickly from right to left. "You know?" he whispered.

The girl nodded.

"But you'll keep it secret? I shouldn't want my partners to find out."

"If you get me in, my lips are naturally sealed."

His nervous hand gripped hers firmly. "I'll do my best. Until then, not a word!"

"Not a word!" breathed the girl. "All my life I've dreamed of this! To be admitted to the most powerful secret society among space men...."

"S-s-s-sh!" hissed Ackerman. "Here comes Speer."

The famous astrogator entered with his two secretaries, coal-black natives of Darwin, smallest of the planets about Pollux. "Will she take the job?" he asked eagerly.

"I think so," said Ackerman slowly.

"A Pollux on thee, Forrest! We've got to work fast! Sign her up! Turn her loose! We've got to get going!" He sat on the arm of the girl's chair. "Look, my sweet....what's your name?"

"Betty Bloomer."

"Look, Betty, here's the situation. Only two men know where to find those carbon deposits on Pekingese. Tom Blunt is one. Larry Shaw of Shaw, Evans & Koenig is the other. They're fitting out a ship now---and Blunt won't go. You've got to make him go!" He rose and strode nervously to the window, where he looked out over the great Arizona space port. "What did Forrest offer you?"

"Ten thousand dollars to get Blunt on board and a bonus if you stake your claim first."

"Make it twenty thousand and double the bonus." He swept her with appraising eyes. "For that you ought to be willing to go the limit."

"Whoever said there was one?" asked Betty. She rose. "And now, if I might have about a thousand for expenses....."

"Of course!" said Speer. "See to it, Forrest!" He was gone, his faithful Darwinians trotting at his heels.

Ackerman counted out the money.

II

"Keep your shirt on," said Ackerman. "Here are the messages she phoned my secretary." He laid the yellow inter-office communication slips on Speer's desk. Speer read:

"OCT. 10. GOT IN. AM TO TYPE HIS MEMOIRS. WILL PHONE AT NINE."

"OCT. 11. PROGRESS ON MEMOIRS NIL. OTHER PROGRESS GOOD. WILL PHONE AT NINE."

"OCT. 12. COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA. WILL PHONE AT NOON."

"I can't waste my time with this kind of bunk," said Speer. "Is she making progress or isn't she?" He pounded the desk. His two ebony Darwinians pounded in unison.

"Read on," urged Ackerman.

"OCT. 13. WHAT A MAN!"

"OCT. 13 (LATER). THAT GOES DOUBLE."

"OCT. 13 (STILL LATER). HAVE JUST REMEMBERED TODAY IS FRIDAY."

Speer uttered a string of Darwinian oaths. "Is she going to get superstitious and walk out on us?" he raved.

"No, no," said Ackerman. "Here's another."

"OCT. 14. AM BEGINNING TO THINK HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME."

"That's the stuff!" said Speer. "Call her up and ask her if they're holding hands yet."

Ackerman watched sadly as Speer and his two faithful black men left the room. The younger man shook his head slowly. As he sat gazing at the phone, it rang.

"This is Blunt," said a weak voice at the other end. "I've decided to go to Pekingese if you want me."

"Great, Tom, Great!"

"But I've got one condition."

"Anything at all, Tom. You know that."

"Betty's got to go along."

"Who?"

"Betty Bloomer."

"Does she want to?"

"No, she refuses. But if she doesn't go, I don't."

Ackerman sighed. "Send her over here," he said. "Let me talk to her."

Ackerman talked to her.

Speer talked to her.

Finally that grand old man of the spaceways, Laney himself, was called down from the mountains to talk to her. Limping slightly from a leg-wound suffered in a fierce battle twenty years earlier with one of the glutinous ghatars of Gantona, he entered the long conference room with dignity laced about him like a straitjacket.

Betty smiled at him but he did not unbend.

"Huh!" he snarled. "No emotional stability!"

Betty quailed. "Don't talk to me like that," she protested. "I'm not a space-walker!"

The Laney laugh lanced at her from his tight-drawn lips. "How much have they offered you?"

"A hundred grand now and three million a year if you get there first."

"And isn't that enough?"

"It should be, but I'm scared."

"Why?"

"Because you're planning to use the new fuel and it has never been tested."

"We all have to take some risks for science."

"Are you going?"

"No. Can't stand three G's any more and this may be more than that. This will have to be a crew of youngsters." The great explorer bowed his head in thought, then raised it slowly. "Listen, my dear, I look on Tom Blunt as a son." He coughed in some embarrassment, then went on. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll not try to pay you off with a miserable wage for a single job. If this proposition pans out as we plan, I'll see that you and Tom are taken into the firm. Between you you'll have an equal partnership with Speer, Ackerman and me." The old fox's eyes were moist with something that looked like tears. "Can I offer anything more?"

"Make us each an equal partner," said the girl.

There was a faint, almost sneering, smile on Ackerman's lips.

"What?" yelled Laney.

"Those are my terms," said the girl.

The spaceman's eyes narrowed. "You're making a mighty tough bargain."

"Do you think so? It seems to me that it's only fair. Your whole future depends on getting that fuel and getting it first. If Tom and I make it possible...." She let her voice trail off, shrugged her shoulders.

"You know, Fran, there's a good deal in what she says," said Ackerman.

Laney looked sharply at the two, the girl swinging a well-filled leg against the edge of the desk, Ackerman watching the well-filled leg. At length he spread his hands. "OK," he said, "it's a bargain!"

The girl rushed forward to shake hands.

"But it must be thoroughly understood," said Laney, "that the share of any partner reverts to the firm on his death. Those are the terms of our present partnership agreement."

"Of course, of course!" said Ackerman, and the girl echoed him.

"I'll fix up the new agreement," said Laney. "We'll all sign it before you take off."

Through the almost soundproof glass came the racket of a space motor warming up. Laney jerked a thumb at the silver cigar on the launching tracks. "There goes the Shaw-Evans crate," he said. "They've probably souped up their own mixture. You'll have to step on it to catch them."

There were sparks of fire in the girl's eyes as she ran to the phone.

"Tom! Tom!" she called. "Get over here! We're hopping off in thirty minutes. I'm going with you!" She did not even see Laney leave.

Twenty minutes later Ackerman drew her aside from the little knot of technicians clustered about the Acolyte IV. "It worked!" he said. "Wonderful! You, Tom and I will have control of this firm. We can take it over for the Cosmic Circle and wash Speer and Laney right out of everything."

"That's what I figured," said Betty. "And with those new deposits on Pekingese, our power will be limitless!"

Ackerman pulled her close and whispered. "I'll tell you a little secret." He pointed to a bearded man in a cover-all. "Can you guess who that is?"

The girl gasped. "You mean it's The Man Himself?"

Ackerman nodded.

"Going along---with us?"

Ackerman nodded again.

"Gosh!" said Betty. "Now I really am seeing life!"

The warning bell sounded and everybody clambered aboard.

III

ACOFour TO SLACo ONE. ROSE AT TWO GEES. LEFT ATMOSPHERE AT 1735 AND OPENED TO THREE GEES. SEKCO SHIP SPOKE BASE 1753 REPORTING THREEENALF GEES AND NEW FUEL GOING WELL. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW MUCH THEY HAVE? BLUNT 1800.

"Their samples weighed about ten thousand pounds. Ours were twenty," said Laney. Tell him to open up."

Ackerman tore from the room.

ACOFour TO SLACo TWO. NOW AT FOUR GEES BUT JUST HEARD SEKCO SHIP HAD MOVED TO FIVE. WHAT SAY? BLUNT 2023.

"We've simply got to get there first," said Ackerman.

Laney shrugged his shoulders.

Ackerman left the room.

ACOFour TO SLACo THREE. PASSED SEKCO SHIP 2354. NOW DOING SIXNALF GEES AND STRESS TERRIFIC. PLAN CUT BACK TO THREE WHEN WATCH CHANGES. BLUNT 0143.

An attendant ran in with a message from the radio room. Ackerman snatched it. As he read it, a broad smile twisted his face.

"We've won," he said.

"What is it?"

"Message from the Shaw-Evans ship. Burned out three motors on the port side and will have to come back on one."

"You mean they're turning back to earth?" asked Speer.

"That's about the size of it. Here, read it for yourself."

Ackerman thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest and faced his two partners.

"Thanks for signing that partnership agreement," he said. "It's already registered at the county seat. And do you know what it means, my dears? It means that Blunt, Betty and I are all members of the Cosmic Circle and that, with the discovery and staking of this new claim, the Cosmic Circle will be the most powerful force in the universe."

Laney laughed.

"Why don't you tell us that The Man Himself is aboard Acolyte IV?" he asked. "Give us some fresh news, chum." He stood up and looked down at his astonished partner. "You must have taken us for awful saps. Of course we knew of your connections. Of course we knew where Betty was aiming. The Tucker Agency has watched every move you've made for years and we've never trusted you any farther than was safe."

Color came back into Ackerman's face and he treated himself to a slight swagger. "That sounds all right when you say it, Laney," he said, "but where are you now? The Acolyte IV will be on Pekingese in about fifteen hours. The claim will be staked for the firm and the Cosmic Circle now controls the firm."

"Does it?" asked Laney. He flipped a switch and the great selector radio for the wavebands of space began to glow. "We're tuned to the Acolyte now," he said. "Let's listen."

An hour went by. Then, faint and fluttering and woefully slow, the Morse signal began to come in:

ACOFOUR TO SLACO FIVE. FEEDPIPE CONTROLS BURNED OUT.
CAN'T CUT FUEL. TEN GEES PREVENT MOVING TO REPAIR.
EVEN NOW NOT ENOUGH FUEL LEFT TO STOP HER SO GOODBYE
EVERYBODY. SORRY I TRIED TO DOUBLECROSS YOU, LANEY.
GOOD LUCK. BLUNT 0303.

"So you knew, did you?" asked Speer.

"I not only knew; I planned it this way," said Laney. He rose. "Don't forget that I designed those rocket motors and knew they couldn't possibly stand up to that new fuel." He turned at the door. "Come on, Speer. We're taking off in five minutes in Acolyte V, with the old fuel and stake those deposits if it's the last thing we do."

Ackerman's voice came slowly. "So you know, Laney. You planned

it that way!" He turned to Speer, his voice cracking with emotion. "You know, I'm beginning to believe that Lancy is a heel!"

IV

Of course, the Shaw-Evans ship reached Pekingese first. The turn-back message was a fake.

TUCKER'S GIANTS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Out in Oakland, California, by the bay, there dwells a wayward young fan christened George Ebey.

Wayward, because now that he has grown up to the point where the Merchant Marine has accepted and made use of him--there being a manpower shortage---he blithely sails the turbulent seas, accumulates a modicum of pocket change, and quickly returns to his native land to expend it in riotous living: Wine (and other drinks), Women (and other sexes), and Song (and other oral noises). Which wouldn't be unbearable if he'd keep quiet about it.

But George Ebey also publishes a fanzine.

It is called Bay Area Le Fout. Or rather it was called Bay Area Le Fout. With the third issue, this wayward young man has changed the title. It is now called Bay Area Pullover, the no-doubt subtle meaning of which unfortunately escapes us. (The next issue will probably wear still another title, some meaningless thing like Bay Area Razzmatazz.) In mid-volume, he has also changed the size and format of the publication, a trifling thing calculated to win him a warm spot in the hearts of myriad collectors.

The cover and contents of this sterling fanzine represent outstanding literary merit. George chatters ceaselessly of lecherous meanderings, of alcoholic debauchery, of impure reading matter, of snide asides at the expense of moral and upstanding fans, and of various uncanny observations made while falling off of.

Displaying shrewd business acumen, George carefully prevents outraged and indignant readers from cancelling their subscriptions by giving the magazine away free. George also pays the postage.

Of late, however, there have arisen some scurrilous back-room rumors of alarming nature, the gist of them being to the effect that a committee should be formed to point out to George Ebey the horrors and insecurity of dying of old age. Now there is no place in a democracy for an act such as this. Accordingly, we are pleased to offer the following to the opponents of Mr. Ebey:

THREE REASONS WHY EBHEY SHOULD NOT BE HUNG

1. He is kind to his mother.
2. He buys a copy of Astounding now and then.
3. He is kind to his mother.

SPECIALIZATION

A. LANGLEY SEARLES

Harry Warner Jr's recent remarks in this magazine about fandom's becoming more and more specialized are worthy, I believe, of amplification.

I think it should be noted that specialization has always existed, but that it is only in recent years, when it has become so remarkably easy to publish material (far too easy, to my mind) that the fact has become more noticeable. In other words, it's not just that the potentialities for specialization have been always with us, but rather that the means for expression have not been.

Back in the old Science-Fiction Digest days, the contents of that magazine (and its successors, too) showed that specialization was well under way. There were bibliographically inclined readers---else why include the check-lists that were regularly a part of the contents? It wasn't just an experiment, for reader-tastes would have forced its discontinuance had such lists been entirely without appeal.

In a larger sense, S-F Digest catered to the two divisions of fandom which were then recognized---the collectors and the readers---though in all probability it slanted more toward the former group, that one being in the majority. And as Fantasy Magazine (merger of S-F Digest and The Time Traveller) it pursued the same course.

With Fantasy Fan, the tendency toward specialized publication may be said, I think, to have begun. This magazine openly catered to the readers of the supernatural and "pure" fantasy (as opposed to fantasy in its correct, all-inclusive sense which embraces within its meaning s-f and the supernatural as well). That it was not so successful as its forerunner (though by present-day standards to produce 18 consecutive monthly issues is nothing to be laughed off) cannot wholly be laid to lack of readers who were interested in the type of material it presented, but rather to the composite basis of inadequate reaching of these readers and hard financial times generally. More, the field of the weird fans was not so well integrated in 1933-5 as was that of science-fiction---nor is it even today, however much it may have improved in the past decade.

Of course, judged by present-day publications, Fantasy Fan was a general rather than a specialized magazine; fans now produce material that appeals to a far more limited set of cliques. Indeed, personalized publication is rapidly approaching the point where the magazines, like Finnegan's Wake will be interesting (and, even, comprehensible) only to the producers themselves. This trend is shown not only by the decreasing circulation figures of the average fan offering, but by that fact that so many fan magazines are now sold for below-cost prices, or, for that matter, given away. The plain truth is that material is so specialized nowadays that no publisher can

hope to establish his periodical on a paying or breaking-even basis if he continues to slant its contents to immediate friends and admirers as so many do. And the policy of giving away your work to all comers is usually a tacit admission of this very fact.

While in many cases such a fact does reflect on an amateur publication's quality, obviously it cannot be taken wholly as such. Plenty of the 'zines passed around now are tripe, but the tripe class is inhabited by specialized and non-specialized denizens alike. (That there are more of the former merely is indicative of the trend Warner has pointed out.) And this giving-away of fan magazines is not, I feel, an arguable moral issue of right or wrong, anyway.

Some of the reasons for specialized publication might be interesting to review. Of course, as I have pointed out earlier, I think the main one is the fact that through cooperative or personal financial reasons it has become far easier to publish now than it was a decade ago. Being so, and the average age of the average fan being what it is (eighteen or less, as I recall) it is only natural that the average publisher should show more marked interest in presenting material which primarily appeals to him than to all others. Thus specialization. It's a downhill snowballing affair, too, for as time progresses production of specialized material apparently is on the increase.

How much mechanical improvements have affected the actual ease of publishing I can't say---and so I'll leave that an open question for others to debate on; I don't know much of anything about it, but it may be worth considering.

A third reason why specialized publication has taken a firm hold derives largely from the first one stressed. With the ease of publishing comes an increased number of amateur magazines, which simply means that there are more media through which a given fan article can see print. When Fantasy Magazine reigned supreme in the field there was (to all practical purposes) but one place you'd send something you wrote. With everybody sending to one place, presentation of a variety of material (as well as a better quality than now clutters up the field) was a comparatively easy matter. When an editor has on hand a dozen articles, he's bound to find variety when they derive from as many different sources. But now, though the numerical amount of articles and stories fans write has undoubtedly increased, this increase is all out of proportion to the increase in their own periodicals. And this has diluted, so to speak, both the quality and the variety of available stuff.

(Indeed, competition has become so keen nowadays that it is extremely difficult to put out an effort of any great length and general interest---difficult, that is, in comparison with the relative ease whereby a publisher may turn out specialized stuff in the narrower range of his (and his friends') personal tastes.)

Lastly, partially through sponsorship of the F.A.P.A., amateur publishing has become specialized because it is in part replacing correspondence. Letter-writing does exist, naturally; but its extent of domination of communication between fans has steadily diminished. Of course, personal contacts brought about through fans' trips is also a factor here, but it is undeniable that fans are expressing through their publications personal views which a decade ago would have been seen only in letters. Perhaps this may be traced in part to the lack

of other material which I mentioned in the paragraph above.

There are probably other reasons for specialization having taken hold and keeping its grip, but I believe I've touched on the more important ones. If I haven't, anyway, somebody else'll doubtless jump into the fray and point out my omissions.

This brief and admittedly non-definitive account would not be complete, I suppose, without my venturing out on a limb--the trend through the past up to date has been clear; what of its progress in the future? That, I think, is not too hard to forecast. In the first place, if wartime, with all the attendant shortages of time and material, has not materially dented the activity of amateur publishers---and it does not seem to have---one would tend to look forward to peacetimes to increase even further the extent of fan activity along such lines. Financially, of course, 1944-6 will be flush years with many, as compared to their slimmer incomes in time of no war industries. And if the cessation of activities is accompanied, as in past years, with lowered incomes, this may be a factor operating against more amateur publications. Admittedly it is an unknown quantity, but it is my guess that it will have little effect.

Thus the quantitative conditions. As to specialization, I think it is with us to stay, good or bad. I have pointed out above that it is far harder nowadays to publish a magazine of general interest, and even more so a good one along such lines, than to turn out the usual sort. I see no factor which would indicate a reversal of such a trend. I visualize the future as bringing us the usual flock of specialized stuff, with a few---perhaps only one or two---productions slanted at the whole field. Acolyte, for example, is general by present standards but would be quite specialized according to those of the 1930's; my own Commentator, though differing in policy, is about as general as Laney's publication, though it, too, would have been considered as having narrow coverage ten years back. Neither of the two (which I have chosen at random, being more acquainted with them than most others), of course, is as general as Warner's Spaceways---again substantiating the trend he himself has outlined.

Nor do I believe that future fan magazines labelled as "general" will ever approach the generality of Spaceways. Neither will they be more general than Acolyte or Fantasy Commentator. Which is simply saying, I suppose, that specialization tends to mold even those publications which endeavor to avoid it. The days of Fantasy Magazine and Science-Fiction Digest are gone for good. Perhaps another reason they are gone is that the field is at present sufficiently integrated by other means so that fan magazines---or one or two of them at least--no longer need be relied on to perform such a function.

I'm afraid that I cannot see any "reaction against reaction" in store for us. "Afraid," I guess, because it means to me that in the last analysis I can expect no magazines of the calibre of Science-Fiction Digest and Fantasy Fan ever to be popping through my mail-slot again. And to tell you the truth, that saddens me a bit.

An Italian gentleman, named Barthema, said to be entitled to implicit credit, who has just returned from Africa, states that he saw two unicorns at Mecca which had been sent as a present from the King of Ethiopia to the Sultan.

THE HEELS OF IF

L. Sprague de Laniac

((This story owes absolutely nothing to any previous story along this or any other line. Any resemblances are, can be, no more than inexplicable coincidences. ~~FTL~~ I mean, LSdel))

Forrest J Ackerman stirred feebly in his sleep. His groping hand closed around the 1932 Astounding he always carried to bed with him and drew it lovingly to his side. He looked like a sweet little cherub cuddled up in its crib with its teddy bear. Beautiful slumber like that of childhood--shot through with thrilling roseate dreams of fanzines, originals, garages, fangatherings, Tigrinas, and other innocent fancies--once more closed its protective arms around our hero.

A few hours later, a tender shaft of sunlight fell across his handsome, unfurrowed face. Forrest J stirred restlessly, then drowsily opened his eyes. A vague sense of strangeness swept over him. This bed, this room...unfamiliar! Where was he! With a start, suddenly wide awake, he leaped from the bed, a rash action which he instantly regretted when he brought up with a bone-shaking crash on the floor some ten feet below. It was only then that he saw the ladder leading up to his bed--no, not his bed! "How the hell did I get here?" thought our Ackie, gingerly fondling his podex. ((It is to be hoped that none of our less erudite readers will read unintended implications into this sentence.))

A few minutes of feverish exploration convinced him that he was indeed in a different world. The clothing in the closet fitted him, yes, but it was all in subdued violets, cerises, crimsons, and heliotropes in gloomy contrast to the garish khacki which he normally affected. He had recoiled from the open shelves of his prized collection, where, instead of the prized sets of prozines, reposed a complete file of Good Housekeeping. The last, unbearable revelation struck him when he glanced, for reassurance, at his cherished Brundage nude. It was gone! In its place was a fashion plate from an 1842 Godey's Ladies' Book!

Beaten, muttering feverish nothings to himself, he crept out of the horrid place, and after a few false starts found himself in the street. A strange street, one he had never seen before, and never wanted to see again.

A small shop caught his attention, bearing a sign reading: "2nd Hand Magazines--Bought, Sold, Exchanged". He brightened visibly, and turned through the door. "Have you got any old Astoundings?" he asked the clerk, a loathsome female vaguely reminiscent of "Coy Maiden", Alva's newest pen-and-ink.

A disconcerting scream answered him. His confusion was capped by the deafening reverberation of an alarm gong. As he turned to flee into the now siren-filled street, he ran into the arms of a gigantic Amazon policewoman. "This man is a pervert," screamed the hag of the mags. "He asked for science fiction!"

A truncheon descended with sickening force upon his head. When his intelligence ((free plug)) returned, he found himself in a noisome dungeon.

"A new fan has joined us," intoned a cadaverous voice, and the dazed Ack looked mistily at the speaker, a tattered scarecrow covered with matted hair and purulently oozing prison sores.

"Tucker! Don't you know me?" demanded the Ack feebly?

"My name is not Tucker. On this hated orb, the world of Amazonia, I am called W. Olaf Pongledon. I am the #1 Face. But I am in jail, as are we all. For in this hideous travesty of a world, fandom is the only proscribed movement, fandom the only perversion, fans the only inmates of our gaols."

Ackerman mercifully fainted. Mercifully indeed, for this was Amazonia, where women reigned supreme. And what women! Great belching creatures the size of cows, domineering, dictatorial, and dire.

It seems that in this branch of time the great grandfather of Geo. Ebeey had bashed out the brains of Carry A. Nation with her own hatchet because she had hidden his favorite snifter glass. And no true Ebeey could drink brandy except from a snifter glass. Geo. told me so himself. Geo. is a sterling character and I believe him. Everybody likes Geo. because he always drinks his brandy out of a snif...where were we? Oh yes. Well anyway, it seems that militant womanhood girded up its collective bustle and set up an amazonian state, with dear old Carry as the national martyred hero. Naturally all the male descendents of grandpappy Ebeey were put in ghettos.

It was a sad day for the fandom of that time branch when Geo. escaped and started reading Fantastic Adventures. Fandom got investigated. Sad. Sad.

Meanwhile, I seem to have forgotten to rescue Ackerman. There he lies, the poor fellow, unconscious, weltering in the bile and slime of that filthy prison floor.

I believe something is just on the point of crawling down his collar.....

---ooOoo---

Forro woke up in the morning with a crick in his back. Rather, he was awakened. A luscious female something-or-other with sharp upstraining devices for the distribution of liquid nutriment for immature humans was...well, she was waking him up.

"Forro", she said sweetly, "Will you give me something?"

The #2 Face beamed with anticipation.

"Will you give me the key to your typewriter so I can stencil the next Vom for you?"

The happy man leaped from bed with a terrific bellow of sheer, exuberant joy. He should have known better, though, after what had happened yesterday morning. This bed was only six inches high. His landing was nearly as spectacular as that of yesterday. But so happy was he that he ignored such trifles.

"She's gonna stencil Vom! She's gonna stencil Vom!" he chanted ecstatically.

So excited was he by this tremendous stroke of luck that he dashed off to the lithographers without even brushing his mustache. (In this particular time-branch, he hadn't shaved it off yet.)

Of course he couldn't find the lithographers. He couldn't even find his way back to the place where he had awakened.

He was, in fact, confused.

Good old Forro. Back to normalcy at last.

Eventually, the dear chap found a park bench, whereon he sat and mused on this and that, while the lights of the strange city winked on about him like a scientist's day dreams come to life. He dropped off to sleep vaguely wondering about a story in Unknown, the story after which this one is not patterned in the slightest. His last conscious thought was that he should have found out what made this time branch as it was. Gee! Nekkid wimmen that wanted to stencil Vom!

---ooOoo---

He awoke, as he had half expected, in completely unfamiliar surroundings. He sprang from bed, as usual, and was brought up with a sickening jerk and clatter by the chain with which he was fastened. As he picked himself up from the floor, he realised that he wore a huge golden collar about his neck and that a chain held it securely to a great ring set into the stone flags which comprised the bottom of his cage.

But yes! Forrest J (no period) was in a cage.

As his dismayed exploration quickly told him, he seemed to be in some sort of zoo or menagerie, and, judging from the sumptuous nature of his own prison, was one of the more prized exhibits. Near him were other cages, containing all manner of weird creatures, but none of them had golden collars.

Then he saw...THEM!

They were Martians. He knew it without asking. They looked like an early cover original come to life.

Their telepathic conversation smote him like the blow of a club. It was so...apologetic!

"Yea, O Great One, this is but a very trifling specimen. It resembles only vaguely the prototypes of its race as depicted by the Mighty Creator. Undoubtedly just a feeble-minded mutation."

"Is this the specimen reserved for mating?"

"If we cannot find a male more resembling the archetype, we will be forced to use this one, but sire, it will be a great pity. For our female is precisely as pictured by...(a profound awe and reverence crept into the thought)...PAUL!"

With a frenzied scream of stark, raving horror, Forrest J (no period) fainted. He always faints when L. Sprague de Lantia cannot figure out what else to have him do.

---ooOoo---

When he came to, it was morning. So of course he was in another time branch. He had to be. That is what always happened to the hero in the story after which this is not patterned in the slightest.

His fantastic experiences had been too much for him. He went through the day wrapped in a fog of torpid blankness. It was probably as well for the sgt's sanity, since his only clear recollection was a horrible vista of a non-human world ruled by great, clanking, sentient, metal things. He seemed to be a slave to one of them.

They looked like mimeographs.

---ooOoo---

The Great Day in the life of Forrest (no period) James (no period) Ackerman (no period) dawned with a shrill twittering of happy and innocent birds. He lay in his soft bed (wondering the while whose bed it actually was) with his eyes closed listening to them.

Then rising above the chirping and peeping, a distant clear high chant was borne to him. It sounded like all the saints and saintesses in heaven praising the lawd, hallelujah!

The swelling sound drew nearer.

"The Messiah has come, hooray, Hoorah! The Messiah has come Hippee-Dip! Hoopla!"

As the joyous shouting rose to a crescendo, there came a deafening clashing of cymbals and a roar of kettle drums. Then the tempo of the chant quickened, and martial music seemed to fill the very room. \$sj's heart throbbed with quick ecstatic strokes, virtually bursting through his straining chest as the import of the solemn words limned itself in letters of gold upon the scrolls of his brain. (And who says the puns of Ackerman are the corniest things in Shangri-La? Bah !!)

The choir was singing:

THE ODE TO ACKIE

Oh, Ackerman is a mighty fan,
A mighty fan is he.
His stefnal efforts come quite close
To true divinity.

(refrain)

FUDGE! FUDGE! FUDGE! FUDGE!
To true divinity.

He has his tiffin without tea,
His 'burgers without onions.
He's sat around the club so much
That he's developed bunions.

(refrain)

ACHE! ACHE! ACHE! ACHE!
Real stenographer's bunions!

The ingrate fans of his old world
Have treated him like the devil.
They elected Tucker #1 face.
It can't be on the level.

(refrain)

UP HILL! DOWN HILL! UP HILL! DOWN HILL!
It can't be on the level.

He thought at last he'd found a fan
In the person of Rosco Wright.
But Rosco, alas, spends all his time
Engaged in a boudoir fight.

(refrain)

ROSE! ROSE! BUD! BUD!
Engaged in a boudoir fight.

Ack's worries and troubles are over.
His griefs and pains are done.
WE'D not neglect fandom
For anything under the sun.

(refrain)

FAN-DOM! FAN-DOM!
Is everything under the sun.

The Ack has come into this world
To rule the Heels of If.
We proffer the throne of this great land.
It is our highest gift.

(refrain)

IT'S FREE! IT'S FREE! IT'S FREE! IT'S FREE!
(We said it was a gift.)

He's come now to Utopia,
A science-fiction dream-world,
Where fans rule the earth and the universe,
And the bannere of stf are ne'er furled.

(refrain)

AWAKE O ACK! AWAKE O ACK!
The banners of stf are ne'er furled.

And Forrest J (no period) Ackerman opened his eyes. He lay on a dias in a vast palace. The walls of the place were hung with many thousands of originals. Great stacks of fanzines and garage stock lay about in honored heaps. Here and there in the huge cathedral-like room sparkling fountains gurgled and splattered. Some were filled with green mimeograph ink and some with Lemo-Nip. Gorgeous Brundage nudes become three-dimensional and alive moved enticingly about. Marching towards his dias came a vast army of lusty, sing'g slans.

Forrest I, King of the Heels of If, arose benignly.

The singing stopped, and the marchers stood motionless, waiting raptly.

"Bless you, my children," said Forrest I in solemn, thrilling tones.

As one man, the vast throng prostrated itself in adoration. As Ackie stood there with extended arms, a nimbus of holy light formed about his brow, and a look of divine power settled about him. Hope, strength, joy, courage flooded into him in a mighty avalanche.

Forrest J Ackerman had come home.

--(THE END)--

(Of course, the author of this story should have explained just how Ackerman was being transported through all these different parallel time tracks, or he should at least have explained that Ackie was being transported! On the other hand, most readers of Shangri L'-Affaires have files of Unknown, and the method and so forth was precisely the same one used in the story after which this one is not copied in the smallest particular. We save many stencils by letting you look it up for yourselves.)

(Look how many more stencils we could have saved by not running this story!)

(And some of you may be wondering how come fans were ruling the world Forry finally got to. It is very simple. This particular time track split away from our own in 1861, because the North let the South secede without fighting the Civil War.)

(You don't get it?!? If there wasn't any Civil War, Fitz James O'Brien wouldn't have gotten killed at the battle of Fredricksburg, would he? And if he hadn't been killed, he'd have started that fabulously rare magazine Unbelievable Stories in July 1866, didn't he? And the fandom growing out of US's readers' column grew and grew and grew and grew until it carried the national presidential election of 1904, didn't it? And then they deported all the non-fans and other undesirables to Brooklyn and set up the stefnate, didn't they?)

(It simply gripes the hell out of me to find a bunch of supposed fans that don't know their stf history any better than you guys seem to!!)

(Advertisement.) ((Hah! Burbee, I fooled you!))

The preceding five pages of corn are NOT the sort of thing you will find in THE ACOLYTE, a serious amateur quarterly devoted to various aspects of scientifiction and fantasy. For 50¢ you can get four 30 page issues--over 70,000 words (or maybe less!) dealing with various aspects of your favorite reading matter. The tenth issue is now ready and it looks horrible, due to war-time thin paper, but it can still be read. Maybe I can get better paper next time. Want to gamble? Send the dough to FTLaney, 1005 West 35th Place, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

AN OPEN LETTER TO BOB TUCKER

FRANCIS T. LANEY

Dear Bob:

I have spent the past three or four evenings reading through my file of LeZombie, a rather complete one lacking but three or four issues. Since my own subscription to the magazine did not start until the November 1942 issue (#50), it follows that most of the file was wholly new to me. As a result of this pleasurable interlude, I not only see that I owe you a profound public apology, but I also feel impelled to write what might be termed a medley of appreciation, eulogy, and requiem.

#

First the apology. In the August 1944 issue of this sterling fanzine, I filled a rather large amount of space with a descriptive review of currently published fanzines. In my discussion of LeZ I stated in part: "This one feature alone ((the 50 page annishes)) makes LeZombie worth subscribing for, the balance of the material is well-done and enjoyable, but very seldom anything that is really worth re-reading or of genuine permanent interest. I personally feel that Bob should attempt to have one item of permanent interest in each issue, rather than concentrating on humor and froth. As it stands, LeZ is entertaining, rates tops with most fans, but still falls short of being what a good all around magazine should be."

This portion of my review is hereby withdrawn with apologies. At the time I wrote it, I had read the eight copies received up to then from my exchange subscription and the third annish which I had picked up somewhere. I was judging on very incomplete evidence, as my definitely faulty judgement shows. It appears from my previous statement that I was miffed at LeZ. I was not, but I must admit that I was rather heavily biased by the feebly inane Lez-ettes, no more than two or three of which were other than stupid and silly, and by the atrocious taste of the booster ads in one of the annishes (So-and-so loves So-and-so). To judge Lez by these minor flaws, which did not appear in the magazine until late in its career, is roughly analogous to judging the quality of an automobile by the color of the blanket someone has spread over the front seat.

After having just read the whole file, I can find "something of permanent interest" in nearly every issue, excluding only the first nine or ten which were no more than single-sheet gossip rags. As to humor and froth, while it is true that LeZ contains much such, a comprehensive survey of the entire file has left me with the conviction that despite its reputation, Lez is not a humor magazine. Satire, a Tucker strong-point, is many degrees above the slapstick corn of the Lez-ettes. Moreover, the large number of serious articles, the informal friendly atmosphere, and above all the almost never violated LeZ rule against nasty personalities make a file of LeZ of paramount interest to anyone at all interested in the fan field. I was all wet in my judgement of this magazine, and sincerely hope that these few remarks will erase any injury I may have done either to LeZombie's circulation or to the feelings of its editor.

According to announcements by Tucker, the coming annish will conclude the publication of LeZombie. Now that I've read nearly every issue, I realise that this loss will be even more of a blow to fandom than the demise of Spaceways. (This is not to belittle Warner's superlative magazine, one of the two or three best fanzines of all time, but it must be remembered that at the time Spaceways was discontinued, other comparable magazines (notably The Fantasite) were still being published. What currently published fanzine could reasonably be expected to replace LeZ?) After a man has published 60 consecutive issues of any amateur publication, he can scarcely be chided if he de-

cides to forgo the unbelievable amount of work and expense any such project entails. He has every justification in the world to sit back and rest on his laurels.

On the other hand, Bob, do you realise what LeZ means to fandom? Since 1938 you have published almost the only fanzine which has been a consistent point of common interest to anyone interested in fandom. No matter what a person's interests in fantasy may be, no matter if he has lost nearly all such interest and become a stefnist; as long as he retains any interest in the people he has met through fandom (and what fan is NOT interested in other fans?) he will find in LeZ a journal of their sayings and doings, spiced throughout with tender whimsy and sparkling satire, and usually noteworthy for an adult viewpoint.

The new fan cannot fail to speed is acclimatization to the ways of fandom if he finds LeZ dropping regularly in his mailbox. Moreover, your usual treatment of such characters is far more humane and friendly than that dealt them by other established fans. Through these two factors alone, LeZ is certainly a constructive force, and one which we have had for so long that it is difficult to evaluate. One tends to take it for granted.

The old fan finds in your pages sufficient material by and about the individuals he has met and corresponded with to keep him interested in LeZ even after his enthusiasm for the rest of the field has vanished. Thus you keep smouldering embers which are quite likely to burst once more into flame--an excessively corny simile, but one which expresses what I mean too well to revise it. What other fanzine, with the possible exception of Vom, does anything to keep ennuied old-timers from drifting clear out of the field?

For the average fan you have consistently furnished almost the only journal devoted to what might be termed "fan-human-interest", which is neither sectional nor partizan. Futurians or Shangri-Lallapaloozas, Bookworms from Battle Creek or Dillies from Decker, cosmopolitan boogie-boy Perdue or isolated "old man" Washington, Britishers, Australians, Canadians---all have been discussed and represented in your pages; impartially, equally, and genially. Not more than three individuals could possibly have had their feelings hurt by anything you published about them over a seven year period (Schmarje, Ludowitz, and Degler), and it is certain that LeZ treated them mildly compared to what they got from the rest of fandom. (For a fanzine dealing in personalities, this is a record!) On the other hand, you have never hesitated to speak your mind in connection with wrongs and abuses that came to your attention, notably in connection with irregular distribution and inaccurate or unethical reporting in the case of two well-known Eastern fannewsheets (paging 4e!). Your editorial policy has always had the character and firmness so pitifully lacking in many of our more cream-puff journals; and your persistent, if inobtrusive, campaign for better ethics in fan publishing deserves the admiration and thanks of every decent fan. No matter how actively you have tried to foist the fable that "Tucker is a jokester", "Tucker is a funny-man"; you have been a consistent power for genuine good.

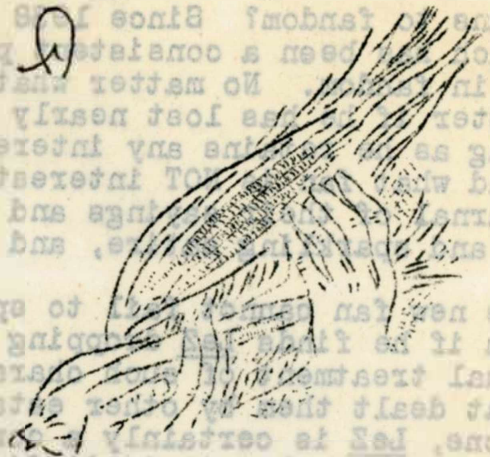
I cannot know what motives underlie your announced determination to suspend publication. Knowing the character of the Tucker I have met in LeZ these past few evenings, I do know they are thoroughly above reproach. But I still cannot help hoping you will reconsider this decision.

For if LeZombie is discontinued, its loss to us will be a greater one than words can well describe. I doubt if either you or the rest of fandom fully visualise the extent and effect of this loss, or the impossibility of finding another fanzine to take its place.

1913 4720

ALL THIS CORN & NO TOMATOES

Alva Rogers: "I'm hungry."
Daugherty: "I'm starving."
Elmer: "I'm Perdue."
Rogers: "T'ain't funny, Perdue."
Daugherty: "T'ain't funny, starving!"



VOICE U DERE, SHARLIE BURBEE?

LA fandom turnd turtle when it read the lead letter in the current Lemuria Amazing Stories, U know the one, the "Voice of the Turtle" concoction by the bug-eyed teen-year-olds, Billy & Bobby Herzenschön (or whatever their names are. T'ain't worth taking the time and trouble to check up. After all, the mag is lying right by my elbow).

Arthur, that sterling Sahance fiction fan, aided & abetted by Sf Elmo Perdue, otherwise known as "Benny Saint Me" (Benny being short for benzedrine)--Arthur toned these kids to determine if they werz fo-ney. To this day he is not certain whether he talkt to the 12 or the 14 yr old, but he got one of them, alryt. Art identifyd himself as Mohoo Oo Thognok (I took this down in longhand, it being too long to take down in shorthand) tho some minutes later, when askt by the voice on the other end of the line to repeat his name, he added an extra syllable, Thognok-wa.

"Who is this?" askt the adolescent on the other end of the amech. "Are you a boy? You don't sound like a boy." "I am from Thibet," replyd the adolescent on this end of the tone.

This effervescent conversation bubbled on like champagne in a Lubitsch movie, with Perdue (speaking for Lemuria) interjecting a word now & anon.

The lad with the mad sensayuma, incidently, admitted the turtle was but a product of a fertile imagination, and that the theovys werz geck-&-bull, desgnd to bull Palmer's leg.

FRENCH POSTCARD

A Vomaiden, varietée française, has been rcvd by your correspondent. She comes on a carte postale, bearing the message: "France is wonderful, as any fool kin plainly see!"--signd, Hoffman. The latter will be recognized as the fanom-de-plume of T/4 Bob Hoffman, late of LA & latelier of the European Theater (varietée militaire). Pictorial portion of card is a reproduction of a demi-nude by one, Modigliani, a nobody on the Brewer-Speer List. Title: "Nu assis". Hoffman has called attention to this title by the notation, "It does not mean what you think." Complaints by Langley Searles shoud be adrest to USArmy Examiner #44580, who passt the postal.

MINT JULEP

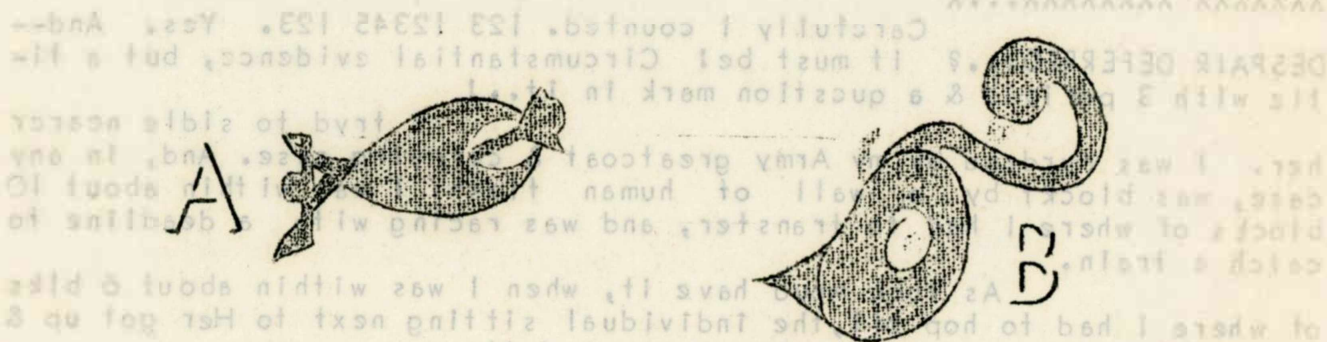
Daugherty is concentrating on completing a mint scientifantasy collection, something for visitors to his den to drink in, as it were. Culling cyps from the Brown & Rogers' duplicates, trading with The Garage, and combing local magshops, he has managed to amass an enviable amount of materiél scientifictionelle.

TRADER HORNIG

This would be a good title for an item about one of the LASFS's Honorary Members, Charlie Hornig, if he were trading some science fiction items, which he isn't, so it ain't.

MASS MIND

(Or is it mess?) Once the wall by the LASFS telephone was pristine. But a pencil hangs from a string attached to the phone, and bit by bit, doodles--just oodles of doodles--have begun to burgeon. This marvel-less mural that mars the wall is the collaboration of practically all the people who use the phone. Thus, the subconscious minds of Rogers, Laney, Kepner, Daugherty, Brown, Saha, Crozetti, Burbee, and many another fan have contributed to these surrealist creations. Reproduced herewith are 2 of the major works, about one-quarter actual size. For purposes of identification, I have named the obloid on the left "Spaceship Reclining", while the obvious name for the oviparous bivalvular spirallelopod on the right is "Siamese Twinge".



BOB (BRICK) BRADFORD

--is a new member whom comrade Kepner will have to cover for U in the near future. He excited me by producing a French cinemagazine with the complete story of METROPOLIS & numerous fotos from the film. I have the bk in both German & English---but the French item was an absolute must for me. Fortunately, "Skylark of Space" was a real rarity ity* to Bob. So, we swapt--and now every Bobby is Forry happy.

*An ity bit too much wordage here :

THE LONE GRAINGER

Pete Grainger is another new guy to the roster of the Club. Comes a considerable distance from the town of Burbank. Answered an ad for Acolyte...was sent one of our propaganda pamphlets...now he comes every Thurs nite. A young-enuf guy, but an old-time reader, he collects.

EGO-BURBING CRUD (See following pg--if U feel U really must)

Charles (He Must've Been a Beautiful) Burbee astounded Shangri-LA fandom by issuing, single handed, Sam Russell's perennially delayed FANTASY CRITIC. A superlative 16-pg issue whose contents pg sports everybody from Campbell to Crozetti, from the sublime to the sublimated, as it were.

NO WOMAN BORN; NO PAINTING DRAWN

Six mos. ago we "contracted" with artist Rogers to design Vom a symbolicover inspired by Catherine Moore's Deirdre. Regularly we remind Alva about this. But he lives behind the procrastin-8 ball; he has aint's in his paints.

LOST & FAN DEPT

She stood out from all the other passengers on the street car. Young, blond & beautiful. Drest in a neatly tailord businesssuit. Self-possesst, an aura of--all I can call it is "authenticity" about her. Soft, and yet somehow unapproachable. One's eyes automatically gravitated to her.

She was reading a bk. Something about the jacket on the cover that I could see struck me as familiar. What could it be? Something I'd been reading myself, recently, I thot. "The Great Fog"--could it be? I tryd to get a better look. It was difficult. The car was crowded like a salmon stream at spawning time. I felt like Minos of Sardines. I strained my myopic optics. At the top of one page I could make out XXX XXXXX XXX. At the top of the other: XXXXXXX XXXXXXXX...X

Carefully I counted. 123 12345 123. Yes. And--DESPAIR DEFERRED...? It must be! Circumstantial evidence, but a titlz with 3 periods & a question mark in it..!

I tryd to sidle nearer her. I was burdend by my Army greatcoat & carrying case. And, in any case, was blockt by a wall of human flesh. I was within about 10 blocks of where I had to transfer, and was racing with a deadline to catch a train.

As luck woud have it, when I was within about 6 blks of where I had to hop off, the individual sitting next to Her got up & I was able to squeeze in beside her. And then--

The Rains Came! A veritable torrent of verbiage. A Second Deluge. Have U ever tryd to tell a stranger the story of stf & fandom in 2 mins.?

"Pardon me," I burst in on her bk-reading, "but are U reading that just by happenstance or because U're really interested in it?"

"Why--I'm interested in it"--regarding me somewhat askance.

"Well, say, U'll pardon me if this all seems rather peculiar, and I'm incoherent, but I have to hop off in just a minute to catch a train, and what I wanted to tell U, say--do U read Weird Tales by any chance?"

"O, yes."

"Yes? Well, U know the Weird Tales Club--that list in the back of the mag? Well, we have a club--here in town--guys & gals like U & me who read these storys & like to talk about them...have our own club rm...the original illustrations of lots of the storys...U know Ray Bradbury?--he lives nearby"--car stop--"I have that bk U're reading in my own lib-

rary, which is why I hapnd to notice it. Our club has Weird Tales back 10 yrs or more, and other fantasy magazines like do U know Un-
known that's been discontinued now?"--just a couple more blks to go;
make it fast, 4e!--"Say, look, here's a little mag that might interest
U--it has reviews of all kinds of bks like the one U're reading ryt
now; in fact, I think that bk is reviewd--& this is my name, here on
the envelope"--half rising--"I'm going to be out of town a couple
days, but if U're at all interested please get in touch with me when I
get back--we'd be glad to have U attend a mtg as a guest. Goodby!"

"Thank you for the magazine," she acknowledged.

But she mustve
thot that was quite the craziest sgt she ever encounterd & why wasnt
he discharged as a sexionate? Tennyrate, she never came 'round to the
Club.

That means she's still got my mag. And I never even got to
read the issue. Confound U, Liebscher, U've got some crust expecting
me to give a copy of Chanticleer to every beautiful fantasy fanne I
encounter in the city of Los Angeles! Reader, does not such gall
appall U? Liebscher, if U are a gentleman at all, U will replace my
copy of Chanticleer with a complimentary copy! And don't let it oc-
cur again! Alryt, I accept your apologys...

"THE BIXEL STREET BLUES"

Words & Musick by

Tigrina

I've got the Bixel Street blues,
There's no doubt about it.
How I long for that place,
I can't do without it.
I want to go back
To that little Slan Shack
In Bixel Street.

It's the place I love best
In all of creation,
This magical realm
Of imagination.
I never grow weary
Of this little eyrie
In Bixel Street.



Listen! The Slans are calling me,
And I was meant to be
Down in old L. A.
Someday, I'll cease my plans and scheming
And I'll realise my dreaming
And go down that way.

My friend, if you'd ever been there
In that iv'ry tower
And met all the ten there,
Had fun by the hour,
You'd know why I yearn
For the chance to return
To Bixel Street.

LES CROUTCH

RECORDED PICTURES IN THE FUTURE

Offhand, I don't recall the exact story or what magazine it appeared in. Maybe the idea has been used several times and my mental picture is a composite one of many stories over a period of time. Anyway this is it: The future scientists, or the enemy, stored their statistics, their history, their plays, on tapes which were stored on reels. These were placed in a machine by the hero, and on a screen was reproduced in colored movies, and accompanied by sound, plays, history, geographical data, news, or what have you. The author usually made it very clear that this wasn't movie film, but was in some cases flat steel tape, very narrow, or wire. Sometimes several hours of data or entertainment was recorded on a small reel holding maybe a hundred feet of wire or tape.

This isn't as impossible as it sounds, you know. It isn't possible just yet, but science will some day give this miracle to us.

Let's look into this and see what we can find.

You have likely read in the papers, or in the popular science magazines, accounts of the new wire recorders as developed by General Electric, RCA, and others. The principle of operation is simple. The wire, which must be of a steel base, is run from one reel, between special magnets, and onto another reel. The magnets have small coils on each pole, and the magnetic flux present between the poles of the magnet fluctuates in accordance with the aural signals picked up by the microphone. The tape, or wire, passing through this magnetic field, has its molecular structure (or so it is believed) rearranged in such a way as to correspond with the magnetic current. In other words, the wire, or tape, has impressed on it, magnetically, the aural signals present at the microphone. This is a very bare explanation, but perhaps it will suffice for the argument that follows.

Musical recordings of a high-fidelity nature cover a frequency range of 30 to 10,000 cycles per second. Sound can be changed into electric fluctuations of current through electronic tubes so that some transcribing tool, say the cutting head in the recording head at a recording studio, vibrates at any frequency within that range.

Roughly speaking, and very roughly, too, I must admit, that is what radio, as we know it, really is. Sound changed to electronic currents, impressed on radio frequency currents, and sent out into the atmosphere, to be picked up by your radio and turned back into sound. In television they have found that an infinitely greater frequency range must be used to successfully transmit pictures of decent clarity. In radio, acceptable broadcasting standards allow for a 10 kc signal. In other words, the station operates on a channel 10 kc in width, which allows aural frequencies up to 10,000 cycles to be carried by the fundamental radiowave emitted by the station. As an example: WLW operates on 700 kc. Unmodulated carrier is 700 kc. Impress on

that carrier a sustained musical note of 8,000 cycles. The carrier then covers a band width of 8,000 cycles, or 4,000 cycles above, and 4,000 cycles below the carrier of 700 kc. In other words the station is covering frequencies from 696 kc to 704 kc. That is why no station can transmit a note of greater than 10,000 cycles; interference with its neighbor would result.

In television, frequencies as great as 6 megacycles must be handled. In other words, 6,000,000 cycles per second, as compared with sound of 10,000 cycles.

Now, suppose the television pickup cameras operate in the usual way, and their allied equipment also. But instead of transmitting the broken down scene, change them into currents, feed these through a magnetic recorder as in the sound type. There would be no moving parts to introduce deadening inertia. The fast-moving tape or wire would receive the magnetic fluctuations. On the tape would then be stored the individual elements of the scene viewed by the cameras.

To review the scene, play this tape back through a pickup unit which would pick up and change to picture elements the individual magnetic changes thereon.

Impossible? Why? Television is but a complicated version of sound radio. True, greater frequencies are handled, but they ARE frequencies same as sound in character as far as the transmitter is concerned. Then why not as far as magnetic flux and moving steel tape are concerned? Maybe electronic science today hasn't progressed far enough to make this possible. But that in the future the celluloid tape that is the motion picture film will be supplanted by some radical new discovery, I firmly believe. This may be the answer.

In the past, electronics have done other apparently fantastic deeds. Why not this one?

REQUIEM

A Guest Editorial
by Francis T. Laney

Yes, it's true. That Sterling Fellow is now Pvt. Burbee of the USArmy. On Saturday, May 5, C. Edward made a pilgrimage all by himself down to Fort MacArthur (he was supposed to be with a group but in typical fan style got lost) and nevermore returned. A raffish looking character in khaki, who claimed to be Burbee, and indeed looked somewhat like the fellow, showed up at the club Thursday evening (May 10), but I know it couldn't have been Burbee. This unknown soldier told me a dirty joke. It was about a dream about a watermelon. Burbee would never tell such things, so who this unknown fan could have been beats me.

All kidding aside, we in Shangri-La miss our Sterling Fellow, and I'm very much afraid you folks are going to miss him too. Shangri L'Affaires will continue in some form or another, but lacking Charlie's puckish wit the subsequent issues will probably be without that which to me at least was one of the chief charms of the magazine.

(turn to p. 29)

USE THEM IF YOU MUST

F. LEE BALDWIN

After several years of intensive research and diligent toil, my book was finished. It was a marked success and I was having fun spending the cash it brought. But I needed a vacation badly -- my bartender advised it -- and the banana plantation of my Cousin Manuelo Gonzales beckoned with deftly crooked finger. I took a southbound Clipper and Gonzales, all in white, met me at San Rubio.

As we bounced along the narrow-gauge railroad which he owned we chatted about many things, avoiding mention of my book, although I was sure he'd read it. We also avoided mention of his wealth and position here in the Republic of San Boraxco which was obviated at every turn -- the Gonzales touch. Yes, he is famous throughout the land. Even in Norte America his concoction, "banana triplicar", is even a greater favorite than the old-fashioned banana split. Why, I'll never know.

The train chugged on and the sultriness of the day soon modified our verbal excursions into a hodge-podge of "yesses" and nos".

Later, when I'd freshened up and changed we rested on his cool-shadowed veranda sipping iced rye. We smoked those monumental and traditional long black cigars that you see clutched in the mouths of the Senoras at the fiesta. (I wouldn't spoil the picture for the world). I know iced rye whiskey isn't the best in "explosive republics", but think what would likely happen if it were! But my Cousin Manuelo is a different kind of spick and likes rye -- a carry-over from those months spent in Los Angeles bars and from an extreme familiarity with that type of fiction peculiar to Norte America, the drunken detective story....(A little later, when I'd freshened up and changed, we sat in the patio sipping iced rye...at the fiesta, where the Senoras smoke those long, black cigars....later, when I'd gotten a fresh drink of rye, my Cousin Manuelo had freshened up to a senorita)

Next day, my Cousin Manuelo found time to remark that I'd written a book, a book he'd read if only from curiosity. He said: "Your extraordinary book will make you, but to me you are still a tramp, a journalistic bum. To others, you are the keeper of the gate, a living Saint Peter. I predict you'll be pursued the rest of your life by men and some varieties of the female. Look what you have brought about!"

Just then I upset the serving table. Ice, rye, and water went slowing. Cousin Manuelo let the commotion subside, then ordered more drinks. We wasted a drink with a toast to my past. He got his breath quicker than I and continued with picking me to pieces: "I doubt if you can follow your success with another because you do not have the drive. You are languid but loved; a good thing, too! May I ask, did you share your good fortune with that most deserving barman whose unselfish devotion carried you on in the face of adversity? I'll wager he still possesses your eye-oh-youse". Cousin Manuelo knew me very well, it seemed.

I poured drinks and somehow my legs got mixed with those of the serving table, sending its contents spewing across the floor. Before continuing, Cousin Manuelo ordered more rye. We drank. He rolled his head back, cleared his throat and out it came: "Now me, I'm an everlasting success. I can produce endlessly a product the world must have. Can you boast of that? No! The banana. Si, si, the banana. Mi pobrecito, printed words may fade but the banana succeeds like crazy."

Cousin Manuelo stopped to have one with me and before I could regain my breath, "The most amusing thing about your stupendous book is that it contains the key to all. Yet no one, not even you, can take the final step. Ha! Ha! You, the author of it, cannot even do that! Madre de Dios, let us drink."

In edging forward toward the serving table, I accidentally gave it a vicious kick and it went swooning across the floor. My beloved Cousin Manuelo ordered another table and before he continued, we had a drink.

Then we had one out of a shot glass and he continued: "How you ever found time to write such an obviously great work as that book of yours, which I recall is titled "The Dumb, Numb Five Senses", is indeed a profundidad....May I ask in what plush and chrome bistro you dreamed it up?"

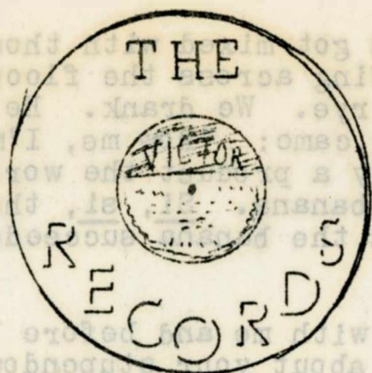
I was about to reply, but before favoring the Cousin Manuelo, I decided I'd have another drink. So did Cousin Manuelo. We both reached for the bottle and accidentally I kicked over the serving table. The contents went swooping across the floor. He ordered another table and we had a drink. And as he was the first to retrieve his breath, he continued: "In that spectacular book of yours, 'The Dumb, Numb Five Senses' you elaborated in five very coherent chapters the befuddlesomeness of the five senses. Very adroitly you mention that we should combine each sense with a part of the sixth in order to gain a truer value. Verdad, Cousin, verdad! I like that one in which you illustrate about the beautiful woman we should chance upon. We are thrilled by her beauty and our desire for her is much. Our eyes tell us that she is for us; her fragrancia tells us the same and when we feel of her body, taste her lips and hear her celestial voice we are convinced. But here, you say, is where we should bring into play our sixth sense if we have not already! Brilliant, Cousin Franco, brilliant..."

At this point I reached for the bottle but Cousin Manuelo was quicker and I slipped limply to the floor hearing only the fading sound the rye made gurgling down into the depths of his belly.

From a great height I could hear him bellow, so as to be heard from one end of San Boraxco to the other: "The dumb, numb senses are all I need, for I do not wish to be god-like!"

REQUIEM. (cont. from p. 27)

In any event, this is the last Burbee issue for the duration. It is his Annish. Various members of the LASFS, especially Jerry Hewet will finish it for him (he left about ten stencils unrun). After that the magazine is going to undergo considerable of a metamorphosis. As an experiment, the club voted to try one jointly published issue, with
(turn to p. 34)



Leslie A. Croutch

For a time they thought they were going crazy. One did have a near breakdown before things got under control. Not that the neighbors noticed anything out of the way. They were used to such goings on. But within the LASFS clubroom for a few short hours all was turmoil. And it was all on account of that guy in Canada who sent the record.

They knew he was sort of wild and had a few good ideas now and then, but they never expected anything like this. Some of them were familiar with a story of his called Recordemon, and they knew he was quite a hound when it came to electronics, but as I said before, they never quite expected this. Therefore it was some little time before some genius of the club tied the two together and came up with four. To which all shouted "Eureka!" or some such outland term....but that has nothing to do with this little tale I will recount.

It came one sunny afternoon. Of course the adjective is rather superfluous, for it is always sunny in California. Only Florida gets rain. California gets a heavy mist, and at its worst, dew. Of course if you were to suggest to the Chamber of Commerce that sometimes it came down in pretty hard droplets....well, after all, the courts are lenient, you know. They call it justifiable homicide, or maybe it is looneycide.

But as I was saying, it came one sunny afternoon. It wasn't much to look at, the package. About fourteen inches square and about two inches thick. The gang expected a book, or maybe another original from some trusting editor back east. So it was without trepidation that they opened the thing. It wasn't an original, but it did tickle their curiosities, for, packed between several sheets of corrugated cardboard they finally found the shiny expanse of a twelve-inch record. That it wasn't a professional one could be easily seen by the fact the label was strange, and it had written on it: "To the LASFS, from Croutch."

If they had but known the diabolical glee with which this instrument of torture had been devised they would have run forthwith to the nearest exit and never returned. But men are curious beasties. You have to be a curious beastie to be a fan. A fan is never content to leave well enough alone. They'll delve into a new mystery even if it means eternal damnation of their souls. So it was that they seized upon the disc and hastened to the player, to see what was what and to lancinate their aural organs with what might have been cut thereon.

Burbee it was who started the platter turning, and Burbee it was who set the needle in the groove. Authorities have since claimed that therefore it was he who was the prime culprit in Los Angeles, a sort of secondary cacedemon to Croutch's Moloch.

They expected a message, almost anything but what they did hear. For from the speaker came the rhythmical strains of the opening passages of the Danse Macabre, rendered harmoniously on twin pianos. They thought this might just be a sort of introduction, but through the entire recording the music ran. When it was finished a stir ran through the listeners.

"Is that all?"

"Seems like it."

"But what's the sense in cutting that? You can buy it almost anywhere."

A shrug answered.

"Say, did you notice? It seemed to be awfully short. I have heard that rendition and it always appeared to me it lasted much longer than this one did."

"Your imagination, old man. There's the record. Twelve inches of it. We played the whole thing. It just seemed short."

"Well---maybe so. Look, Burbee, play it again, huh? I'd like to time it, just for the hell of it."

Obediently Burbee switched on the motor, and as the turntable began to revolve, placed the needle in the groove again.

Just as they were expecting to hear the opening strains of the Dance of Death for the second time, they were startled by an eerie ululation that quavered up the scale and faded into inaudibility. Silence fell. They looked at each other.

"Hey, what'd you turn it over for?"

"I didn't. It's the same side."

"You're nuts---" he was interrupted by a resumption of the lation, this time accompanied by a belling cry that tore at their ears. Almost immediately one faded out, leaving the belling that faded into a soft sobbing. Then silence for several seconds. Suddenly a bellow burst forth, a bellow which as suddenly dropped to half volume, and served as a background to a weird tonal utterance, accompanied by a quavering echo that seemed to run up and down the scale. The cry stopped. The voice grew stronger. They strained to hear what it said, but somehow it seemed to be just beyond the range of interpretation into recognizable sounds. The voice grew to a scream, then broke off, to be followed by a mewling far off in the distance. This finally faded and the record was at an end.

They stared at each other.

"What was that?"

"Croutch pulled a good one in that cutting. I remember he used to say fen didn't investigate the recorder to the extent possible. I daresay he has been experimenting."

Burbee shook his head, a strange look in his eyes. "Maybe so,"

he said. "But I didn't turn it over. I played it the first time and we heard Danse Macabre. Then I play it again and this---this comes out."

"You're nuts, Barb. You switched sides when we weren't looking."

"OK, OK, then. Play it yourself. Have I switched sides this time?"

"I don't know, but what if you did? On one side is this weird stuff, on the other has to be Danse Macabre. Here, I'll play it." He shouldered the other aside.

Again the needle was in the groove and they waited expectantly.

Roaring up on the shingled beach of some vast prehistoric sea the waves washed, fell back, to rush up again, beating vainly against nature in her primeval strength. Thunder in the background muttered rawly. Then through these sounds came the lowing of what sounded at first like a strange sort of cow, but on second cry sounded bigger, older. The cry fell off, and they could hear a splashing which came nearer and nearer, then the sodden sound of footsteps on something which was wet and yielding. Silence but for the roar of the sea and the growl of the elements. Then with a suddenness that caused a cry from one of the girls, a puling caterwaul broke out, to cut short with a slobbering crunch, crunch, crunch....

"Now who's nuts?" yelled Burbee. "A record can't have three sides. It just can't."

Shaken, the other set the disc turning again. Carefully he lowered the pickup. He hunched over it and watch with an eagle eye as though hoping to catch some evil little gremlin switching discs.

"Greetings, fen!" The bass voice, carefully enunciating the syllables, came from the speaker. "I trust you have enjoyed this little demonstration. I suppose you will play this again and again. I'll be more than interested in knowing how long it goes on and what happens because of it. When you get weary wondering, play the other side and see what happens there also."

Silence again. Someone set the disc turning again, and this time instead of the voice came the weird ululation which was as quickly turned off. Again the needle was placed on the record: this time the Danse Macabre came forth.

Nobody will admit who had a near breakdown, but then everyone by this time was in something of a pickle. Nobody thought of turning the disc over and it lay there for several days. As one put it, "I'm scared to touch a thing that can play one of four things just as it pleases. No doubt there is some logical explanation, but I can't for the life of me think what it is. I'm leaving it strictly alone till I feel more controlled."

Ackerman, it was, who turned it over one day. He is a brave soul anyhow, and as he put it, he wanted to see what went on on the other side. This, however, was strictly straightforward and according to some guy named Hoyle, who seems to be a sort of second Emily Post on what to do and what not to do.

"This is Croutch speaking," the second side told them. "I suppose by now you'll have figured out what I did to get the effects on the opposite side. But if you haven't....

"I got the idea one day for a dandy practical joke, or hoax, or whatever you wish to call it. I got it while playing with a borrowed recorder from the local broadcast station.

"I thought: standard cutting is done using a feed screw so either 98, 100, or even as high as 120 lines to the inch are cut on the blank. Well, supposing a guy had four feed screws. Each one cuts, we'll say for sake of clarity, at 25 lines per inch. You put in feed screw number one, and cut on a 12" disc. Then you put on the second feed screw which cuts not in the same groove but right alongside of it at 25 lines per inch. With this one you cut something different. This gives you two selections on the same disc. You follow along with the third and fourth screws, getting in the end 100 lines per inch, four selections on the same disc at 25 lines per inch, between each other.

"This I proceeded to do. On the opposite side are four cuttings, between each other. If you examine the edge of the disc carefully you'll find at four points around the disc the starting of a new groove. It depends which groove you get into what you hear. Naturally, the odds are three to one against hearing the same thing twice in succession.

"I admit this is a pretty elaborate practical joke, but leave that disc around to catch all the unwary fen who drop in and see the fun you can have with it."

The voice ended, and the remainder of the recording was filled in with music.

Things were back to normal once again, though the neighbors never noticed any difference in the first place.

OR MAYBE IT'S JUST CLUMSINESS FILLER BY MALIANO

George's stomach hurt. Rubbing it, to ease the pain, got tiresome though, so he blew his brains out.

After wiping the gore off his shoulder, Geo looked around to see if anyone had noticed him trying to commit suicide. There was no one around. He tried again.

It got awfully messy after the third try, so Geo put away the gun and hauled out his Nifty-Shifty Shiv. He put it to his throat and drew the blade across his jugular vein. Coughing drove the blade even deeper, so he coughed twice. The blade went through his neck, piercing the skin on the other side. After leaving it there for two hours, Geo drew it out. It would have been deucedly uncomfortable--going through life with a blade in one's neck. Besides, it was very ugly.

Geo didn't like to be looked upon as ugly. He tossed away the knife.

He tried poison next. Pouring himself a cup of blood, he placed arsenic in the fluid. It bubbled hotly and insidiously and then blew up in his face.

Geo didn't like going about without any nose, so he climbed aboard the trolley one morning and went down to the docks. He strolled out on Tomasini's pier and jumped off.

The water was awfully wet. Geo noticed that as he hit bottom. It was cool though. Cool and refreshing, and soothing above all. Geo couldn't swim, so he pushed aside a starfish and went to sleep. The water drifted hazily through his hair and got his clothes wet, but Geo didn't care. That was what water was supposed to do.

After he had had his rest, Geo got up and climbed a pile to the top of the dock. He strolled back to the trolley car and got drunk that night and got a girl.

Geo was immortal.

REQUIEM (cont. from p. 29)

with each contributor stencilling his own stuff, Bob Bradford stencilling any out-of-town contributions, Jerry Hewett mimeographing it, the whole club assembling it ((I want to see this)), and 4e addressing and mailing it. A magazine without an editor, so as to speak, though Burbee will be listed on the masthead as editor-in-absentia or something.

After that, it is probable that the magazine will be edited by one of our newer, less-known members, with occasional kibitzing and help from others in the club.

The present state of the club finances will make further monthly issues impracticable. This sterling fanzine will probably end up as a 12 to 16 page quarterly or (with luck) bi-monthly.

You readers could make it come out oftener than this if any of you cared to "angel" issues. A 12 page issue would cost, mailed, approximately \$8.75 to \$9.00. If anyone has some money they want to waste, why not let us waste it for you? We are very good at that. Donations of \$1.00 and up will receive acknowledgement space, any funds that are received for that purpose will be placed in a special account, and whenever the amount in this account reaches \$7.50, an extra issue of SLA will appear, dedicated lovingly to its sponsors. 4e, Box 6475 Metro St, LA 55 is the boy to send the sugar to.

Don't all send donations at once please!

We want material---the same kind of stuff that has filled these sacred pages in the past. It doesn't have to be good, after all, this is only Shangri L'Affaires! So send your wandering mss. to Shangri L'Affaires, Box 6475, Metro Station, LA 55. (Nothing like making a packhorse out of Ackerman!)

And how about writing our boy Charlie a nice long letter? Huh? We don't know his address yet, but we will by the time you read this.

I intended to write something glowing about the Burb, but dammit, I'm afraid I'd get a bit madlin. LA fandom will never be the same again until Charlie comes Burbing home.

Some remarks from
Arthur Louis Joquel II

Dear Charlie--- You've been most obliging by shipping me copies of Shangri-L'Affaires without any answering letter(s). In my normal state, I would probably let this go on indefinitely. However, the latest issue--Number 21--contained several items which have jarred me out of my lethargy somewhat.

In the van Vogt article by 4e, the perplexing word "sevagram" at the end of The Weapon Makers is clarified, the explanation coming "straight from the horse's mouth," as Huxley phrased it in Brave New World.

Not having heard of the Ghandi phrase, I had not been able to interpret it in that light. From the context of the story, of course, it was reasonably clear that the reference was to the universe, or at least to the Galaxy. But by a rather illogical mind-bridge, the "seva-" insisted on suggesting "seven"--and the universal connotations of the number seven (the knowledge of which in this our present race begins with the researches of Pythagoras) were sufficient to complete the intuition.

I was pleased to see that Van Vogt also holds the belief that names such as Cthulhu should not be spoken aloud. Having heard some of the attempts made by irreverent individuals to pronounce these mystical designations (and some of them have the incredible affrontery to state that "Lovecraft pronounced it thus" when he probably did nothing of the kind) I am strongly in favor of not uttering these names aloud at any time, and when it is absolutely necessary to refer to these beings, using a circumlocution.

Thus, in the Khitab al Aswad, or Black Book of the Yezidees--the Devil Worshipers of Arabia--it is written: "Speak not my (Satan's) name nor mention my attributes...for ye have no knowledge thereof." And while it is forbidden to give tongue to the name of Shaitan, under pain of death, he may be freely discussed under his other name, Melek Taos.

In magic, also, there is the word Tetragrammaton, which possesses untold power when uttered under the proper circumstances. And, even greater than this is the word called Shemhamphorash of the Talmud, of which the man known as Frater Perdurabo has written:

"Shemhamphorash! all hail, divided Name!
Utter it once, O mortal over-rash!---
The Universe were swallowed up in flame
---Shemhamphorash!"

4e mentions van Vogt's coming story titled The World of \bar{A} . This would seem to be derived from the usage in Alfred Korzybski's Science and Sanity, where the current authority on general semantics uses A to stand for Aristotelian and \bar{A} to stand for non-Aristotelian systems of thought. The same with N for Newtonian and \bar{N} for non-Newtonian; E for Euclidian and \bar{E} for non-Euclidian.

It seems, then, that The World of \bar{A} would resolve itself into The World of non-Aristotelianism or some similar awkward phrase. Whereas if the title was The \bar{A} World the interpretation would be The non-Aristotelian World, and as such be considerably more lucid, and certainly easier for the mental process to comprehend.

But then, perhaps van Vogt knows what he's doing. He has pretty well in the past, it seems.

Enough for now. Please keep the mag coming. It's getting to look something like what I wished it would look like in the times past when I was editor.

van Vogt
replies

The editor of this curious magazine has warned me to keep my standards down. The implication of this warning, that I could raise them, if I strained a little, is very pleasant to the ego, but it just happens that I am a fiction writer. Years ago, true, I wrote many, many trade paper articles, but I assure ye ed that none of them raised the standards of those magazines.

And so to business: I have recently sold to Astounding an opus weighted with the sleep-inducing title THE WORLD OF A. The A stands for non-Aristotelianism, which tongue twister Joqueln II indicated would make for an unsatisfactory semantic block in the mind of the reader.

I came reluctantly, because it involved work, to agree with J. II, and while I won't say here what the change was, I think he will find it satisfactory, and no longer a mental obstacle.

A itself is a comparatively long story for me, and I divided it finally into three huge parts, of which the last is the longest. I have no doubt, since the story was paid for, that it will shortly appear in AST.

The origin of the serial goes back a considerable time, to the day that I was born. It was an important period in science fiction history, that decade preceding World War I. Most of the early readers of Amazing Stories saw the light about then, and I have no doubt that, like myself, they were puzzled by the ideas of reality then making the rounds. I don't mean, consciously disturbed, but unconsciously rebellious against the accepted notion of things.

From time to time, as the years passed, I would run across a book that would fit all my own vague ideas, cohere them, add to them, and generally make me feel that I had come to a milestone in my intellectual life.

Slowly, the first enthusiasm would yield to an awareness that the answer was fragmentary at best, because here was I still milling around, physically and mentally a flawed individual. I discovered gradually that when I adopted a positive purposeful formulation about anything, my whole nervous system was beneficially affected. Conversely, I could see that "wrong" thoughts I had had in the past had merely upset me.

It came to me finally that I was following a narrow trail, beset by fakers, flanked by queer faiths that lay in wait for the unwary. I had one strong faith myself, a belief in science and a determination to make my inquiries only in scientific sources. Here and there in books on psychology and psychiatry I gleaned valuable material that eventually found its way into WORLD OF A. In this same fashion, I read SCIENCE AND SANITY by Korzybski; and though it seems to bulk larger than all the others in the story, actually it was but the end book of a long series whose synthesized ideas went into A.

The story of course always came first. John Campbell thinks it's as good or better than SLAN. Personally, of my stories, I still have a soft spot for ASYLUM and THE WEAPON MAKERS, though I am aware of the weaknesses of the latter. Well, we shall see. That large body of readers who belong to no fan clubs or groups, and the fans themselves, will inexorably register their verdict on A, and that will be that.

-ooo-

Now that A is finished, now that the cheque has arrived, and is in process of disintegration, I no longer quite regard the story as mine. That's an attitude which I can't quite explain, but it's very real to me.

A story belongs to those who enjoy reading it. Some of A. Merritt's stories, some of the stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Max Brand (the Dan Barry yarns), Campbell-Stuart, MacDonald-Heinlein, A. Hyatt Verrill, E. E. Smith, Balzac, Wells and many others, including some of my own stories, are very comfortably settled inside me. I defy any of those authors to claim their property.

Those stories are mind, and will remain so until the day I fall out of bed, and utter some classic phrase before giving up the ghost.

I hope that those who have already read A in manuscript form are justified in their praise of it. And that accordingly many readers will make the story their very own.

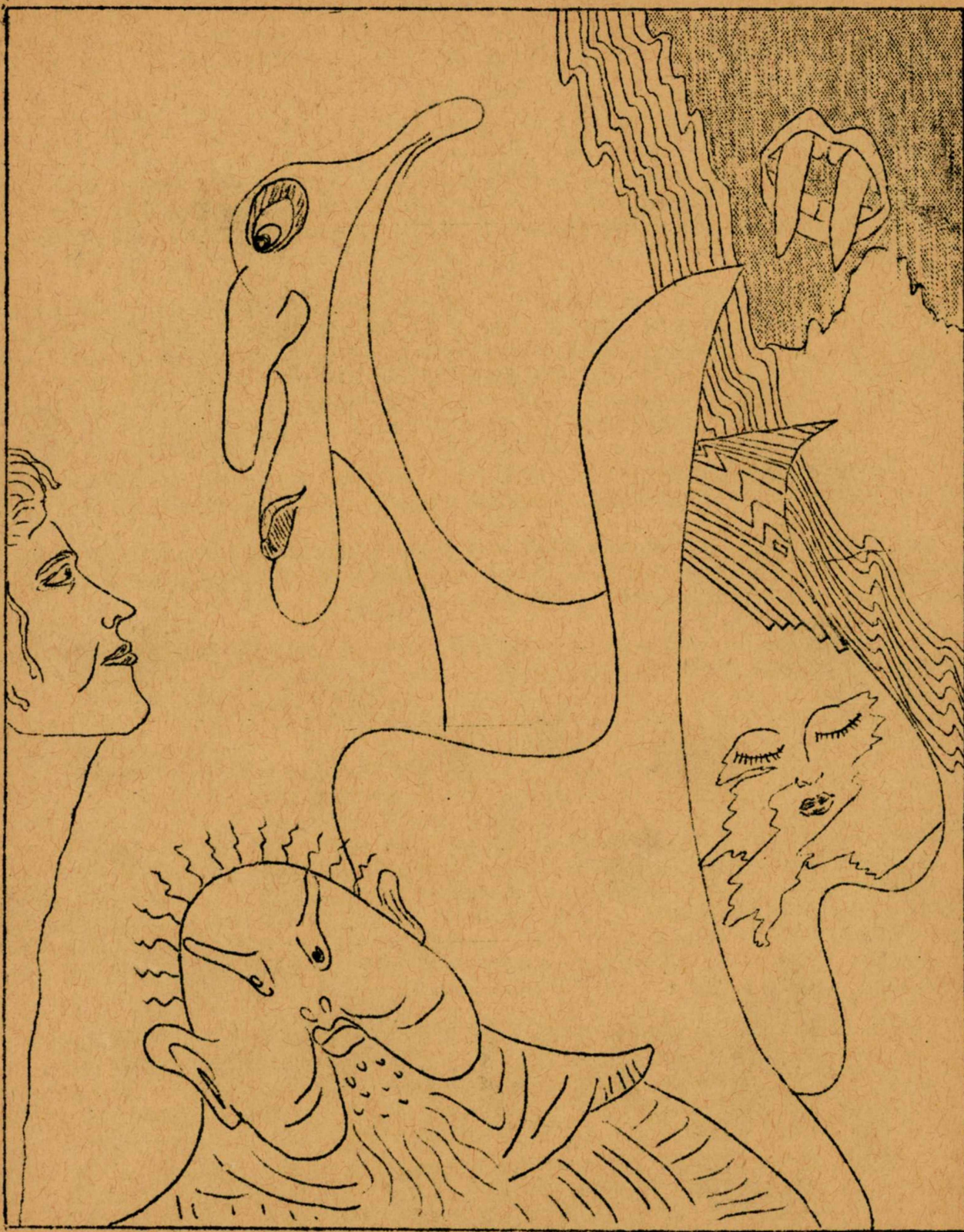
I feel fairly confident that I have satisfied Joqueln II's well taken criticism. Thank you, J.II.

G. Waible gets us
back in the rut

Burbee, dear, I finally worked up enough nerve to borrow my typewriter back from the girl next door. She says I can use it provided I bring it back before eight o'clock. (I used to lend it to her, but the exact opposite is true. She lends it to me. I wish I knew how this happened). It's after nine, now. She probably won't let me borrow it again. Serves me right, I guess. I really should try to be more punctual.....

SL'A #24 really quite good. Editorial giggleable, Kennedy's appeal was rather appealing, and Ackerman's mots were boner than usual. That's French. Cover adequately screwy. That's French, too. Am I being naughty, Charlie? Will you send me that hyper annish, Charlie? ((You talk like a man with a paper pancreas))

Birchley's letter interested me nary a whit; I am holding myself completely aloof from Arkham House. If I start buying their books, I know darn well I'll soon be buying every one they put out---obsession---and if they put out 500 books in the next year, for instance, why, at \$3 apiece, that comes to \$1500!!! and I'm not prepared to shell out that much for books, so I would have to sell me car and mortgage my house to pay for them, but I don't have a house or even a car, so why should I go to jail just so I can read stories reprinted from Weird Tales which I can pick up back issues of..((he went on like that))



"Pardon me, but is this the LASER?"