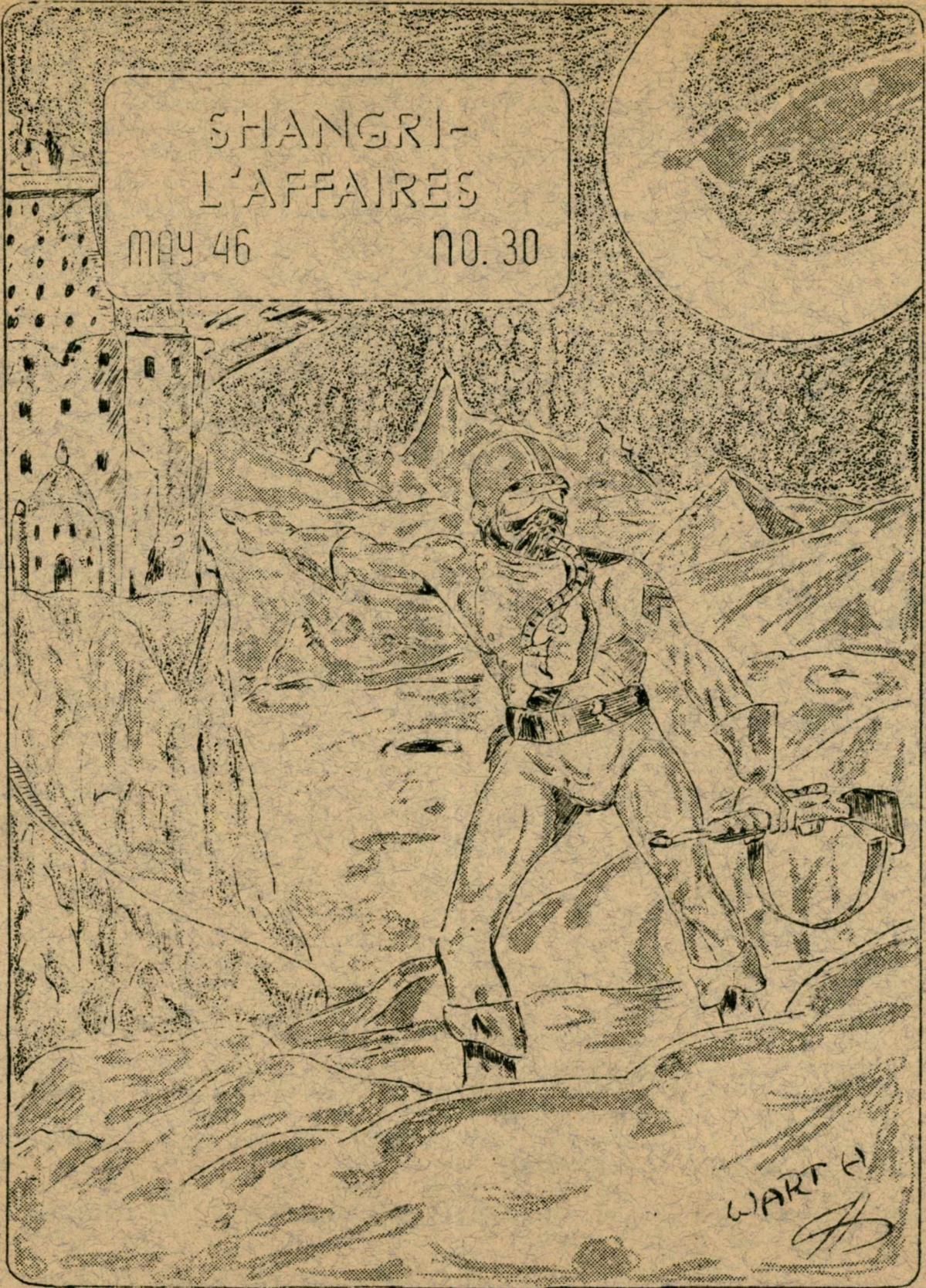


SHANGRI-  
L'AFFAIRES

MAY 46

NO. 30



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Shangri-L'Affaires #30 for May 1946. The official club publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, with headquarters located out of the high-rent district at 637½ South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. Beginning with the next issue, this magazine will charge subscription rates. 10c per single copy, 3/25c, 7/50c. Published 7 times a year, appearing, therefore, every 7-3/7 weeks. Might sell ads, too, provided you are willing to pay a dollar a page, and fractions of dollars for equivalent fractions of pages. Will trade with all other fanzines, including Maxin-96. Make all deals with the editor, Charles Burbee, 1057 South Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, California.

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We're selling what we used to give away. We used to pass it around free to anybody who wanted it but now we're selling it...this magazine, I mean.

Things seem financially floeey around here. Rough. In spite of inflation (or maybe because of it) nobody seems to have any money to expend on the little necessities of life such as Shangri-L'Affaires the Prime Fanzine. So the mag has gone on a subscription basis, as you have already noted. Rates as above.

Now that you are expected to pay for this ego boosting crud, I have got to be a little more honest, perhaps, about my predictions for future issues. At least, I am going to be. I think I am. At any rate I have on hand at this moment (it sure is hard to type with fingers crossed) enough material to fill two magazines bigger than this one.. It goes without saying that next issue will contain some really fantastic stuff, a lot of it.

First off, there is The Mad Dream of Herbert George Perdue, a continuation of the dream series that started this issue. This is a psychological fantasy you should not miss at any cost. You must read it, though I hope you do not go so far as to steal a copy of this magazine, especially when you can subscribe at such amazingly low rates. Then, Paul Spencer, who stirred up Arkham house before anybody else did, has done the semantic thriller World of V. I gained twenty pounds after reading that one, by following the rules laid down. Also, Laney (F Towner Laney) will be represented with Fanzine Critique, a strictly sternistic item like the one he did for me in August 1944. Don Bratton, he of the null-A Fantasy Catalog, will tell more about the catalog. I forget the name of the article, even though I read it only yesterday. Of course our staff writers will be on the job. Ackerman will do his Station EBC as usual, though I might stencil another name on it the way I did this time. Tigrina will condense the club minutes. Andy Anderson might do some more of his column or department, provided reader reaction is satisfactory. He doesn't care what you say, just so you react. And of course, the poll results will appear. And I will do an editorial to explain it all away.

Issue after next, the Pacificon will be reported by Ackerman and one other for endless pages.

Right about here I was going to say something about Daugherty and how he seemingly refuses to do me any publicity for the Pacificon, but that would cause all kinds of strife, maybe.

---Charles Burbee



# TEMPUS PERPLEXIT

ALGERNON  
ASHLEY

"It's nuts!" I cried. "It's impossible!"

Timothy A. Addison just stared at the gleaming mass of mechanism before him, and rubbed his leg.

"It's utterly absurd," I said, trying to drive through his natural stubbornness.

"So's this rheumatism, or whatever it is," snorted Tim. He flexed his leg gingerly, then went back to rubbing it.

Walking over to the window, I waved my arm in a gesture to indicate the expanse of factory buildings responsible for Tim Addison's being several times a millionaire.

"Don't tell me," I said, trying hard to be sarcastic, "the income tax has left you too poor to afford a doctor!"

"OK, OK," he said with an annoyed grimace. "So I should see a doctor, and go on a diet, and take more vitamins---only I'm not going to." He got up and walked painfully over to the machine. "I've perfected this time machine, and naturally intend to try it out. Also, I know perfectly well what caused this attack of rheumatism. So I'm going to kill two birds with one stone."

"One bird," I corrected. "Count me out."

Tim ignored me. "Exactly two weeks ago I went to sleep with the window open. It turned cold during the night. Furthermore the covers got kicked partly off of me. Result, I got a bad chill. Now I've got this rheumatism. So I'm going back and correct that."

"But listen, Tim, it's dangerous. Try out the machine, sure. Go back fifty, a hundred years. But to go back into your own immediate past, that's. . . . ."

". . . . .just what I intend to do," he finished for me, climbing stiffly into the seat at the machine's controls.

"I might even go along with you," I offered, "if you go back far enough; but the very thought of meeting yourself gives me the willies."

"Two weeks," muttered Tim determinedly.

"Then you'll go without me," I said, climbing into the other seat.

Tim adjusted a couple of dials, flipped a toggle, and started pulling a lever toward him very slowly. A low humming commenced. There weren't any curiously twisted quartz rods like you read about. No mechanical abortions that strained your eyes and tried to warp your vision into unnatural angles. Simply ordinary dials and switches, and a few rather unusual vacuum tubes. Something like an unorthodox radio set.

"I hope you realise," I persisted, "that nothing this paradoxical is going to work."

Tim said nothing. He just kept right on pulling back slowly on that lever. Pretty soon a little red light started blinking. He reached out and flipped another toggle. The indicator hand of a meter that read millamperes came to life, and started moving jerkily to the right.

"Don't forget," I tried hopefully, "we're going back 100 years."

Tim moved something else, but I didn't catch just what it was because right then I commenced getting giddy. The feeling grew worse, then veered to a falling sensation---falling in all directions at once. I let out the beginning of a yelp, but suddenly the feeling left, and I was aware only of a slight darkening of vision and an ethereal sort of roaring sound in my ears.



I watched the machine. A second hand was spinning madly counter-clockwise. The minute hand was moving right along too, and the hour hand clicked them off methodically.

"Hh'dn't you better speed it up a little?" I suggested. "It'll take a long time to make a hundred years at this rate." But Tim made like he didn't hear me.

In a little while one of those hands pointed to twelve days. Then thirteen days. Soon Tim's hand reached out and switched the machine off. I felt a momentary lurching, sliding motion--then everything seemed normal.

We sat and looked at each other. Tim said, "Well?" I shrugged. After all, we had arrived, and in one piece.

"Well, let's go," said Tim. "We'll jump in the car, drive out to the house, fix things, and be back here before you know it."

It was dark outside naturally, although it didn't seem like it should be yet. And there was no car.

Tim snapped his fingers. "Of course," he muttered, "car's home in the garage and I'm in bed asleep."

We walked a couple of blocks and hailed a taxi. I slumped down in the seat and shut my eyes. It had just occurred to me that I couldn't remember what I'd been doing that night two weeks ago; I might have been out doing the town, and I had no intention of catching any glimpses of myself as we drove along.

The cab slid to a halt, and we climbed out in front of Tim's house. He slipped the driver a buck, told him to wait, and we headed for the front door. I started worrying about that buck. Doubtless it had existed two weeks ago. That meant there were now two of them at this particular time--two bills with the same serial number; two bills that were identical except for wear. There was something crooked about it.

"Quiet now," Tim hissed. Even he was beginning to feel a little strain at the prospect of seeing himself in bed asleep.

He unlocked the door, and we stepped into the living room, softly closing the door behind us.

"Better leave the lights off," I whispered. I couldn't quite shake off a feeling of being a housebreaker.

Tim preceded me as we groped our way toward the bedroom door. Suddenly I heard muttered curses, and saw Tim's feet fly into the air. I heard something rolling across the floor, and caught a vague glimpse of some object flying through the air to alight on the other side of the room with a dull thud.

Neither of us moved for a few minutes, listening for sounds from the direction of the bedroom. Then Tim crawled to his feet and limped over to the other side of the room to retrieve what I'd heard alight over there. I tiptoed over to join him.

"What the devil happened?" I asked under my breath.

"Stepped on something." He was trying to get a shoe back on, and I surmised what had made the thud. "Damn shoelace is busted," he whispered.

Finally he gave up, and we headed again for the bedroom door, the shoe with the broken lace making a faint slup, slup. Opening the door we could hear the regular deep breathing of the figure on the bed. The curtains were billowing slightly at the open window, and Tim eased over to it. I could dimly see him straining to lower it. It seemed to be stuck, and the way he was muttering about it made me glance worriedly toward the bed.

The window gave way suddenly. Tim partly caught it, but the noise sounded terrific in the stillness of the room. The figure on



the bed stirred uneasily, then turned over, dragging the covers all awry. We both poised motionless until the regular breathing resumed.

I didn't like this whole business, and was getting more and more panicky about it. I watched Tim lean over the bed and gently arrange the covers. He lingered longer than necessary, studying the face of the sleeper. I wanted urgently to grab him by the arm and hurry him up, but I wasn't going to go any closer to that other Tim. Pretty soon he straightened up, tiptoed over to the closet and disappeared inside.

"Now what?" I thought.

Then he was out again, and stuffing something into his pocket. Whatever he'd been up to, I knew I didn't approve, but I was having trouble enough restraining myself from breaking into headlong flight to give it much thought.

We got out without further incident, and the cab was still waiting. As we climbed in and started away, I should have given a sigh of relief, but somehow I didn't feel relieved. Something still was wrong about this. Heavy, heavy was still hanging over our heads. I looked at Tim. He was threading a new shoelace into his shoe.

"Where'dja get that?" I asked.

"Borrowed it," he replied.

I remembered his trip into the closet, and groaned. Tim seemed determined to do everything he shouldn't. He was chuckling softly at me, but I noticed an odd thoughtful look in his eyes as we neared the time machine.

When we arrived I hurried on inside, while Tim lingered to pay the fare. I was already seated in the machine when he got there, and dropped into the other seat.

"See now," he said, a little too cheerfully, "everything's gone off without a hitch."

"Never mind that. Let's just get going."

Tim went through the same routine as when we left, except that he pushed on the lever instead of pulling it. Came the same humming, then the familiar giddiness, followed by that weird falling sensation.

"Maybe everything's..." I started to say when suddenly there was an awful jerk. The next thing I knew was that I was skidding along on my gluteus maximus over some unbelievably rough cinders.

I must have sat there dazed for several minutes. Finally I pulled myself together and got up, feeling around to discover what was broken.

Tim was still sitting where he lit, several yards away. He was gently massaging a bump on his head and staring abstractedly into space.

"Now what happened?" I demanded.

He mumbled something that sounded like, "could be!" It didn't make sense, so I turned away disgustedly. I looked for the time machine, but it seemed to have vanished. Come to think of it, where was the workshop? We were right out in the open! And where were Tim's factory buildings? All I could see were rows of residences. I looked up at the nearby street sign. The location was right, but nothing else was.

I got scared. "Tim," I yelled, "everything's screwy. What in hell has happened?"

Tim was still sitting in the same place, but he'd come out of the fog, and was beginning to show some of his usual self-assurance.

"Take it easy," he said. "I think I know what happened, and I'll try to explain."

"First of all, I guess trying to go back a mere two weeks just didn't work. Remember my looking rather long at that other me on the



bed?"

I nodded. I remembered it all too vividly, and it still made me shudder to think of it.

"Well," he went on, "I wasn't sure--the light was pretty bad--but as nearly as I could tell that was a much younger me than one of two weeks ago. It looked more like the me of, say, twenty-five years ago. Then there was that shoelace I 'borrowed'."

"I knew you shouldn't have done that," I reminded. "But what happened to the time machine---and your factory and everything?"

"I'm coming to that," Tim said patiently. "You see, we apparently went back to a time before I'd started my business. Now it happens that I started in on a shoestring. But I've gone back and stolen the shoestring before I started---so, no business, no time machine. I guess the joke's on me!"

I started getting giddy again.

\*\*\*\*\*

AH, TO BE A FAN EDITOR!

---ooOoo---

The following was received a few months ago by The Acolyte. I copied it off--verbatim--before sending it back. "Scotland" is, no doubt, the poet laureate of the Dunk-Sneary school of literature. Burbee is not responsible for this. --FTL.

-oOo-

Francis T. Laney, Edt. The Acolyte  
637 S.Bixel  
Los Angeles

Dear Sir,

Please find inclosed my poem 'A Road of Doom.' If you can make use of this poem, please do so. If you find you can not use it could you please return it? Postage is also inclosed. Thanking you for taking time to see my Mss. may I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Keith H. Moon

(James C. Scotland, pen sig.)

-oOo-

A ROAD OF DOOM - James C. Scotland

Down through the purple haze,  
Down through unceasing gloom,  
Rushes lifes endless maze.  
Carrying with it untold toils,  
It goes on as a torrent, with our souls.  
On, ever on, with its' spoils.  
In its current flows sin,  
Playing, toying, with lives of men.  
Devistating, damning, their unknown kin.  
All in its' wake, fall to ruin,  
Stay clear of its' path, away from its' shore,  
For good does perish, if you go in.  
For this is the tide of, doom,  
And all good men, pass it with room!

-oOo-



# EGO BOOSTING CRUD

FJACKERMAN

## ABBY LU TAKES ETHER

Poor Mrs Ashley...it was just too gashly! The radio announcer thot she ought to have her throat cut, but--- what mere man could shush "Gabby" Lu? Fact is, Al Ashley's better half got a half nelson on a mike, recently, and told the listening audience a lot about science fiction, the LASFS and the PACIFICON while the master of ceremonies sweated it out. Abby gave fandon the publicity during a broadcast of Carnival of Kwiz. In addition to the free plug, Abby earnd \$4 for the Club Treasury. In the audience loudestly applauding her were Tigrina, instigator of the Kwiz Party: Tripoli, 4e, Dale Hart, Elmer Perdue & Gene Hunter. In a preliminary interview to select contestants from the audience, emcee misunderstood Evans' occupation of mimeografer as cinematografer, failed to pick Forry who posed as "author of fiction about the future", but gave Abby Lu the nod as a masseuse. Directly the program was over Abby was called to the studio fone, talkt with an excited unorganized local fanne name of Mitzi McCourt who had not known about the LASFS til she heard of it on the air. Wife of Bryce Walton, local Planet writer, was another later learned to have heard the broadcast. Russ Hodgkins, LASFS Director, did not hear the program.

## A PENNY FOR HIS THOTS

Chas Burbaz, curious editor of this (half pound) sterling funzine, finds such great difficulty in getting in his 2-bits worth with me the one nite a week he sees me at the Club Mtgs, that he has taken to the expensive habit of sending me a postal or so between Thursdays. Some times he forgets to stamp them, then they arrive surcharged "One Scent Due". Sometimes he even forgets to mail them--these are the ones I get the greatest kick out of. Anyway, I have decided not to hoard these postcards, but to pass on to U bits of their deathless humor. For example, on the 8th of April he informd me:

"This card is your authority to tell everyone you are S-L'A's official representative for the Pacificon. Show this to anybody you wish to impress, and they will at once give out with copy for the Pacificon issue of S-L'A, which is due on one date or another. PS: Thanks for Glom. Send me Vom but keep the atomic bomb."

I showd this card to a dozen different members and awaited their cooporation; but, alas, as I sit here among the embers of my glowing hopes, without a single item submitted for STATION EBC, I realize that Burbaz's abraCARDabra was a promise as hollow as Pallucidar...

On the 14th he stated:

"It has been coursing thru my mind for many moons....while I marched under a blistering sun deeper into enemy territory (i.e., Camp Roberts) I used to muse upon it -- a poll in Shanari-etc! a poll! But for postcards it would cost the treasury \$1.00, for we have that many on the mailing list. Is that good? How does it strike you, lad?"

I must have been suffering from sunstroke when I replyd that I found the conception quite touch-



ing, for he later reminded me of my remark, which he interpreted as authorizing him to touch me for 90c, some other \$ucker having donated the additional dollar.

On 22 April he complained:

"Those stencils are lousay--where thell dya gettum? My typer can scarcely bang thruum--I want no more of that kind --get something my typer can make holes in or the duplication of S-L'A, the Family Fanzine, will be pretty bad. 'Dya feelike stenciling a 7500-wd stry for S-L'A in elite type ...I thot not. Oh well. #Since you have subsidized the Poll to the extent of 90c, can you suggest any questions other than the ones in the NFFF poll, which I am aping to a great extent? #You are privileged: I will ignore your suggestions first. Think of that."

Here is my suggestion: Agreed, that Burbee should be given back to the Indians--what if the suggestion makes them red in the face?

#### 21st CENTURY FROCKS

Due to popular demand, public approval & local pressure (at least one person askt me) I will bow to the clamor for glamor and appear once again, or praps I shoud say twice again, or, even more accurately, thrice again, in my Things-to-Comely costume. This will be, naturally, an adaptation of my futuristcostume, innovated at the Nycon and renovated for the Chicon. Wait til U see the radar rain-rapellor chapeau, and the atommyc-gun (a necessary adjunct of the soldier-citizen of the future). Giving me some tuff competition, I reckon, will be EEEvans, whose Denvention Birdman of Rhea will be but a fledgling, he has given me to understand, compared to the full-fledged Interplanetarian he'll attempt for the Pacificostume Ball. Are U hot up about your get-up???

#### ENCHANTED, FORREST.

So "Woody" Ackerman said to Tigrina, "How woud U like to see 'The Bandit of Sherwood Forrest'? and she replyd, 'I Sherwood, Forrest!'" (Remember, U got the mag free; wait til nexttime, when U have to pay, to complain.)

#### CONTINUING "THE LOG OF THE LASFS"

13 Nov 45, Acky reporting: "I'm afraid #13 proves unlucky for me, tonite, folks--having tidied up the place, I'm departing--leaving the Log before it kindles. I have to be up til midnite tomoro nite for the Army & get up at 445 tomoro (as I did this morning) & I am just BEAT. I leave the Clubroom to the mender fardies of: Rogers...Goldstone...Hewett & Himell. Standing in for me: Tripoli."

"The Log of the Logy Old Lassfass", by Laney: "A quiet evening (14 Nov 45). I straightened out the club. Ashley came over and worked on his FAPA report for at least ten minutes, spending the rest of my 2-1/2 hour sentence talking to me about all sorts of things. Goldstone and Rogers were in momentarily, as was Hewett. Perdue came and sat on his wide posterior, "soothing and refreshing his weary old sinews by reading intently the Dunkleberg Fanews."

Next nite, Hewett: "Another typical Lasfas evening--a few corpses wandered in, looked around, screamed in horror, and departed. Among aforesaid were Elmer, Daugherty, Himmel, Andy, and some Army sergeant (not Ackerman) who was unfortunate enough to be with the last two things mentioned. I was here too, for some strange reason." #



# A PLEA FOR STANDARDIZATION

ELMER PERDUE

Gentlemen: A plea. A request. From more or less bended knee. A whole-hearted question from lil Elmer which in essence crieth unto Heaven, "Why not?"

Simply, baldly stated, with not so much as a faint wisp of hair of circumlocution, what I want is a batch of stock names for characters. Lovely names; beautiful names; names that will stand the test in judgment before time and the all too voluble readers' section. (And which of the mags titled its section similarly, but in the singular possessive? I have forgotten....)

Think of the advantages which would no doubt accrue to the benefit of the reader. Think. You pick up the story, there's a psychological block to be overcome before starting to read. Say it's a common six thousand word short. By the time he's finished, the reader has to take a set of unfamiliar names, establish an identity between each name and its unnamed archetype somewhere in the unique, isolated background of each individual reader's head, be able to identify through the semantic mess of given name and archetype which is speaking, and moreover finish the tale satisfied.

It's tough.

But on the other (if I may coin a phrase) hand, consider if in each and every pulp written, similar characters have identic names. No confusion. Two characters conversing for the beginning hook--we just look at the names and presto! we know who is hero and who villain.

And detective stories. Theoretically you gotta read each one twice (if it's at all well done) first so you can find out who is guilty and second time to see how the clues are covered up and/or integrated by the author. Not so under this improvement. All murderers are to be named Clayton G Stackpool of East Passaic, New Jersey. If multiple murderers, we have another name for the secondary killer.

Gee, lookit all the time you'd save just on detectives alone!

All right. Now, let's put down another advantage. Every once in a while, somebody gets sued because the author has used their name (all unwittingly, no doubt) in an unsavory creation. So. Names must be selected idyllic for the mood and non-sueable. Take Clayton G Stackpool. Every time, you mention that he's from East Passaic, New Jersey. And likewise, Rudolph Rassingdale, time-tried and true villain name, must have an origin. The publishers become automatically freed of embarrassing and usually rather costly lawsuits. Actors? What else than George Spelvin? I've never yet encountered any Spelvin, let alone the theatric alias of George Spelvin.

You want still more reasons for standardization? Oh, Gawd yes, there are dozens more of them. Take so many of our would-be writers.



A third of the nation, my dear dear readers, believes it can write. A third of that third, which my good friend Oxnard C. B. Hemmel obligingly figured for me as approximately one ninth, actually has written. And the other two ninths? Obviously! They were never able to think of names for their characters, hence their opera were never written. Alas, dear readers! Who knows how many

"Flowers were (never) born to blush unseen  
And waste their fragrance on the desert air!"  
---Coleridge

merely because they could not pass the first hurdle--that of who said what!

Even to the professional author, this system has much to recommend it. Consider L Sprague de Camp's tale of the "Merman" wherein was called the protagonist by the name Vernon Brock. Reference is made to letter column, two or three issues later, containing letter from actually existing Vernon Brock, who was also (hold onto your hats, boys, here we go) an ichthyologist and aquarium worker! Now, kiddies, there's a statement in the front of books that says something like all characters named in this book are fictitious and have no conceivable correlatory characteristics with other characters living or dead. Well, Street and Smith? Well, L Sprague de Camp? (While we're about it, how about asking Felix Frankfurter too). Isn't that far within the bounds of coincidence, and is not one Vernon Brock of Seattle, Washington, in an actionable position?

Whereas, if the author had taken the system's name for juvenile, unmarried hero, everything would be hunky dunky.

Now to get down to cases.

The hero will have several names to choose from. In unmarried, only one name available---I don't think age matters. But it's too much trouble to shift viewpoint for same person from marriage to divorce each time. (If I may again become parenthetical, it doesn't matter a damn bit in the love pulps, which always end in marriage. So every single son of a story in that class of magazines will always have the same male name for hero.) Then we'll have another for the married hero.

Then there's the subsidiary hero, too.. And here starts the difficulty. You see, we've also got to foreshadow (an odd word to take literally!) the marital consequences of the tale. So let's say that the hero by definition is the one that gets the girl. If it's a story of decision, a triangle story....it could be that the main conflict was performed by the one that loses the girl; forget it. It will never happen in the pulps---the situation of shall we say the Sydney Carton story. (Exception--Power Planet, Murray Leinster, Amazing about Feb or so of 1931). So the hero gets the girl, so he's named Henry Ballentyne. His chum is named Richard Fordyce.

Okle dokle. The girl? What's wrong with calling her by the name of Frances Fairchild? She never matters anyway, and of course she's got a friend, so the hero's friend can get his matrimonial knot tied. Inasmuch as she (the friend) exists for that sole purpose, any name is good enough. Marie Belinda Dovecote might be satisfactory.

Villain? Rudolph Rassingdale, as I said.



I dunno--Burblo asked lil Elmer to turn out a page article for that curious fanzine Shaggy La, and here we start on the third page.

In pulp stfiction come other complications. We have the name for the scientist's daughter, the scientist. No doubt the same name would be usable for a scientist as such; but it might lead to complexities if in the one case she were well versed both in the humanities and in scientific knowledge, and in the other if she were but a knowledgeless sweet unspoiled daughter of immaculate conception and woman of pure clean conceptions! And has anyone any recollection of a case where the scientist had a wife and mother of the daughter? I think there existed a Mrs Vaneman, but I wouldn't be sure....

But you get the idea. I have hysterical historical precedent for this idea--one Joseph Skidmore of the Los Angeles vicinity, who when he wasn't turning out the Posi and Nega series, was doing other stuff in the Sloane groove (you'll pardon me, I'm sure, for coining another phrase) wherein every heroine hight Joane Cromwell after she who was the sharer of his joys, comforter of his sorrows; the maiden name of his wife. It was a touching thought.

And other precedents? I refer you to Doc Savage, to The Shadow, to Superman, to Captain Future (wizard of science), to Hawk Carse, to Seaton and DuQuesne and Clark Kent and Walter E Traprock and the Campfire Girls and Elsie Dinsmore and innumerable others of like ilk.

Why not? All names might as well be similar. The situation has always been more or less the same, of one man against odds (the conflict story) or one man making decision (the story of decision) between two courses of action (The Winged Man, the love triangle story in general, Cooperate--or Else!) and we've fairly well covered them.

Almost all heroes are the same---why bother with learning a new name with each new story you read? He gets married. So when you see the name Frances Fairchild you know that it'll end nicely and they'll live happily ever after. He overcomes obstacles thrown in his way by the villain. OK. (You'll pardon the slang vernacular--or is that phrase redundant?) We see Rudolph Rassingdale, and we know that he's the opponent. You may call him DuQuesne, you may call him Satan, you may call him Hellion Murdoch, Sandra Blake, or what have you; it's still Rudolph Rassingdale under an alias. He may have a pal, he may be alone; the villain may have toadies interfering with the course of justice and true llovghllnghdud. (That, dear readers, is a Welsh word pronounced "love".) Give the toadies names too; but you see.

It's all for you, beloved readers; all for your simple-minded, ignorant selves, that I sound the clarion call for simplification and for standardization. So pardon me a moment, and I shall sound the clarion.

Beep beep. Beep beep. Beep beep. Beep beep.



# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

## POLL

Stapled to this page you should see a card (if you don't see it, don't worry--it probably isn't there). This card has a number of spaces to fill on it. You are invited, requested, urged, to fill out these spaces with reasonable care, and drop the card in some mailbox. Add labor-saving devices: The card is already addressed.

You should take care in detaching the card, lest you tear the page, for in eighteen months this magazine will be a collector's item, and will probably be worth its face value at least.

This poll is being held at an enormous outlay of time, labor, and money. The sum of \$1.90 cash was spent in a lump sum for post-cards. This money was cadged at great loss of dignity and with infinite pain (judging from their expressions) from F Towner Laney and Forrest J Ackerman. A staff of highly-trained, courteous assistants has been engaged to tabulate the results as the cards come pouring in.

On the bottom of some of the cards is enough space for you to write a personal message at no expense to you. Another Shangri-L'Af-faires Special Service.

### SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES POLL

#### Top Fan Poet

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Fan Humorist

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Top Fan Editor

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Top Newszine

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Top Fanzine

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Best Fan of Year

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Top Fan Fiction Writer

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Worst Fan of Year

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Top Fan Article Writer

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

#### Top Fan Artist

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_

Why, it's all so simple and convenient and labor-saving and timely that I am going to be verrrry surprized not to get 100% response on this. In other words, I am going to be surprized.

I am not asking money for this issue of this fevered fanzine; I am asking you to fill out a little card and return it quick-like. How many of you ungrateful lugs are going to throw the magazine away with the card still stapled to it? (Offhand I can think of only one person likely to do it.)

Anyhow, the results should all be in by the time the next issue of this mag is out. I hope to publish the results in the next issue. Sorry, no medals.





# ON THE BRINK OF NAUSEA

With Andrew Anderson

\* \* \* \* \*

Now that things are gradually settling back to a near normal state, it would be wise for many a fan to sit down and take stock of his own personal situation. Fandom's big boom --- the one that everyone was prophesying as due when the war ended --- is at hand. The stefnistic population will be augmented by both returning warriors and the civvies who will once more find themselves with such a luxury on hand as leisure time. Publishing materials --- that new Underwood or Speedoprint you've been thinking about, and substantial 20 lb mimeo stock again --- will be available in quantities in not too great a period of time. Pro-mags will appear: some we've missed, some we haven't missed, and some we've never heard of before. Stf anthologies and books will be published, occasioned largely, I would suspect, by the strong interest in such matters brought about by wartime developments tending in that direction. Traveling is easier, simpler and infinitely more pleasant now, and what is perhaps most important of all, we'll be conventioning again. The Pacificon this Independence Day; the Fifth World Science Fiction Convention (Philly in '47), and the others to follow will add much to the enjoyment of our hobby.

Therefore, we should expect this microcosmic society of ours to change, fairly fast and fairly radically. We hope it will be for the better, but hoping isn't enough. What is needed is a sound, carefully considered evaluation by each of us of the proportion of fan activity desirable in our lives. We would deride anyone who lived and breathed stamp collecting; a similar view should be taken towards fandom. Each person will have a somewhat different result, of course, but in this scribe's humble opinion, all should have one feature in common: that is the realization that fandom is merely a hobby and should not be taken too seriously, lest the crackpot fever get us all and make us think we are the homo superior.

Fan ethics raises its grubby head.

It should lower it again, with dispatch. It might be well within the scope of this exposition to deal with it, but I'd rather not; at least not the to audience who are likely to be reading this publication. Too many, I would venture to say, do



TAke fandom too seriously to appreciate in the slightest some of the opinions and tenets which I might expound on. Suffice it to say that my own actions in fandom are largely based upon what I find entertaining, interesting, or of definite value on the basis of education and/or (watch it Dunk!) experience. If I could get sufficient kick out of it (and was convinced that the kick outweighed the other considerations), I might do all sorts of immoral and lecherous things in fandom just to see how black my name could get. Ethics be damned!



It might be permissible to say a few words here on the subject of the forthcoming Fourth World Science Fiction Convention. Not a few words in the way of an out-and-out plug for the affair (although, in fear of being misinterpreted, I hasten to add that I am wholeheartedly and steadfastly in support of it), only a few random thoughts in connection with it.

For one thing, the Pacificon, to me at any rate, is primarily wonderful because I will get an opportunity to meet and talk to all sorts of people I've wanted to meet and talk to for quite some time. And I hope that the convention program is organized in such a manner as to facilitate that desire. That is, I am of the opinion that everything should be as informal as absolutely possible in accord with good organization. Beach parties and stuff are fine, as they afford ample opportunity for gabbing. Speeches and lengthy auctions or quiz-programs should be either brought down to a minimum or dropped entirely. I am not advocating a weekend of sheer revelry or anything of that nature, but I don't want to find I've wasted an entire afternoon or evening on a boring, artificial program of one sort or another, such as is occasionally sprung on the IASFS.

Guest speakers will be much in order, as will some of the smaller specialized programs that have been suggested by several persons. Dry business should be avoided as much as is practicable. The emphasis should be on getting acquainted; a pleasant place to do it in and coffee and nourishment to do it over are the big things the convention committee should strive for. Those should be inducements enough to keep the mob together, which is essential for a convention, and I'll bet that almost everyone will leave Los Angeles satisfied.

There are yet innumerable details which must be ironed out by the convention committee, such as site, program, accommodations and stuff, but there is a considerable amount of fanpower available in this corner of the country to carry out that work. Granted that the Pacificon got off to a somewhat later start than it should have, I believe that things will be worked out okay, and that it will prove a bang-up success well worth a long trip out here.

Be sure to fix things up so that you can come early and stay late!



# JUST A MINUTE!

## CONDENSATIONS BY TIGRINA

March 28th.

The meeting came to order at 8:35. Twenty-five were present. Visitors were A. E. van Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Rocklynne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hornig, and Oliver K. Smith, recently discharged from the armed services.

In consideration of guests present, discussion of Russ Hodgkins' proposed new constitution was postponed until the following week.

Director Hodgkins asked Charles Hornig, as founder of the Science Fiction League, to say a few words about the Club. Director Hodgkins next called upon Ross Rocklynne, who answered questions about the Chicago Convention.

Elmer Perdue said a few words about Bob Tucker and his pseudonym, Oliver K. Smith. Our new visitor, the actual O. K. Smith, was informed as gently and tactfully as possible of the past of the fictitious Oliver.

Oliver Smith, in turn, related the tale of the fraudulent Earl Singleton suicide, which created quite a stir in Fandom several years ago.

E. Everett Evans announced that the Buffalo Book Co., and also August Derleth, sent some books in payment for their advertisement in the Pacificon Booklet. He offered the books for sale at ten percent below price.

Lacking anything of further interest, the meeting adjourned at 9:05.

April 4th.

The meeting commenced at 8:02. Although only ten were present, more wandered in during the meeting until there were eighteen in all.

Our new visitor, Robert Pattrick, was persuaded to come by Dale Hart, during a chance meeting in a magazine shop. We welcomed a new lamb into the fold, Gene Hunter having signed the necessary papers transforming him into a member.

Treasurer Ackerman reported only \$17.64 in our treasure box. Discussion ensued how to raise more money for Club maintenance. Charles Burbee suggested charging subscriptions for "Shangri-L'Af-faires". Al Ashley suggested soliciting advertisements for our Club magazine from some book stores doing mail order business. I suggested that fans try their luck at radio contest programs. I volunteered to obtain tickets of admission.

Forrest Ackerman announced that he had persuaded Theodore Gottlieb, of "Arabesque With Horror" fame, to give a special Convention performance.



Director Hodgkins' proposed constitution was read in its entirety for approval of members present, and was adopted as read.

Art Joquel announced resignation as editor of "Shangri-La". Following this startling bit of news, the meeting was adjourned at 9:45.

#### April 11th.

8:15 saw us more or less quieted down as Director Hodgkins' gavel announced that the meeting was in order. Twenty-three attended.

Earl Leath, long-time member and magnanimous monetary contributor during his sojourn overseas in service, was on hand renewing old acquaintances. Oliver K. Smith signed up as a member. R. A. Hoffman became an associate member. Robert Pattrick, visiting for the second time, brought a friend, Jack Crawford.

Treasurer Ackerman's report was more encouraging this time, amounting to \$27.44, but was still far from being satisfactory.

Upon enquiry of my radio contest plans, I replied that tickets had been requested and would be received next week, at which time I would distribute them to interested fans and arrange a radio theatre party.

Since Convention membership cards, stickers, and the Pacificon news magazine were ready, Wally Daugherty distributed them to Pacificon members.

It was suggested and agreed that a dance class hold sway in the Club on Monday nights, betwixt 8 and 10, for not more than 6 weeks, Wally Daugherty presiding as professor of choreography at a nominal fee. Strange females will be allowed in the Club at this appointed time to serve as dancing partners.

Forrest enquired if anyone knew what had become of the Club's "Fancy-clopedia". No one could furnish any information. Earl Leath suggested that the jumbled interior of Forrest's trunk be searched.

Amongst gales of merriment at Earl's Leath-ol humour, the meeting disbanded at 9:21.

#### April 18th.

Director Hodgkins finally got us quieted down by 8:21, quite an accomplishment, since there were 21 fans milling about in the Club.

Attending an L.A.S.F.S. meeting for the first time was Betty Browder, Art Joquel's answer to a want-ad inserted in a writers' magazine some time ago. Another guest was Len Moffatt, Pennsylvania lad, who has with his family, emigrated to Bell Gardens.

Two more new members were incorporated into our organisation: Robert Pattrick and Len Moffatt.

Treasurer Ackerman reported we were just 11¢ short of the amount to pay the rent, having only \$28.89. Everett Evans very kindly donated the extra dime, and Al Ashley donated the remaining penny.



Director Hodgkins enquired concerning progress of the radio contest party plans. I reported that I had obtained 12 tickets to "Carnival of Quiz".

The subject was revived concerning Everett Evans' suggestion of some time ago that the Club sponsor a book of 20 short stories or chapters written by the 20 best professional fantasy authors. It was finally decided such a project would be beyond us financially, and to abandon the idea until we could raise adequate funds for such an undertaking.

Al Ashley bewailed the lack of interesting organised programs in the L. A.S.F.S. and suggested the Club offer a prize for the 5 best suggested programs submitted, two weeks to be the deadline.

"Grab Bag" Evans and Art Joquel disposed of some books, Everett disposing of his "grab bag" style, at \$1 a grab, and Joquel auctioning his books to the highest bidder.

At 9:12, book-laden but penniless fans shuffled out into the night to the tune of Director Hodgkins' gavel.

April 25th.

Twenty-seven pairs of ears heard the roar of Di-wreck-tor Hodgkins' gavel, calling the meeting to order at 8:24.

Gus Willmorth, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced our guests. Just for variety, Director Hodgkins and Fred Shroyer brought their spouses along to the meeting, for as everyone knows, "Variety is the spouse of life". Other visitors were Karl McNeil, former member, and Hal Curtis, attired in the blue serge of the Navy, who visited us for the third time, bringing a friend in similar uniform, Dave Priest.

Treasurer Ackerman reported payment of rent and power bill left only \$15.95 in our "bunk account". \$6.30 received from the dance class and the poker party combined, with the \$4 winnings from the radio broadcast party, were included in this sum. Wally Daugherty gave another 30¢ to the Club treasury from the last week's dance class proceeds.

Director Hodgkins requested from the instigator of the radio broadcast party a report of the proceedings. I complied with a brief resume.

A petition that the dancing class be allowed to use the Club Room for practice purposes on other nights than its regular Monday session, provided this does not interfere with fan activity, was put to motion and passed by the Club, although the Executive Committee had not approved.

Russ Hodgkins asked for suggestions on what to include in our Club discussions, or programs, to lend new interest to our meetings. With the helpful suggestions of some of the members, it was thought that more interesting meetings could be presented. Al Ashley agreed to act as program chairman.

With these worthy resolutions in mind, fans left the Club Room at 9:53.

And that's 30 for this time, except to remind you that if you want the next issue of this febrile fanzine, which will be loaded with goodies, you'd better send in your sub now, since no extras will be printed.



# KRIEGSPIEL

A sort of chess  
without fairies

Imagine playing a game of chess without knowing what moves your opponent is making. That's Kriegspiel. It is not new, but since none of you have heard of it, it may as well be new.

It is amusing to play--not so radically different as the so-called "fairy chess"; since the regular rules of chess apply, and no strange pieces catch the eye and confuse the mind, as strange pieces are wont to do.

The opponents never see each other's moves. They do not know what sort of move the other has made. And when they capture a piece they have no way of knowing what sort of piece they have captured. It sounds stupid. It is stupid. It is Kriegspiel. It's fun to play a couple of times.

Three people play, with or without kibitzers. Three boards and three complete sets of chessmen are needed. The opposing players sit with their backs to each other and the referee sits between them. Each has a board and a set of men. Neither player sees the referee's board or the opposing player's. The referee is the only person who is permitted to see all three boards. The referee serves the function of seeing that only legal moves are made, and of informing the players of their turns to move and informing them of checks and captures. He is permitted to give certain "informations". When, for example, one of the players attempts a move that is illegal, the referee informs him of this by simply saying "No." When a piece is placed en prise to an enemy Pawn, the referee tells the player whose Pawn it is, "You have a try at (for example) KB4." If the player does not capture, but makes another move, and the opposing player moves another piece en prise to the same or another Pawn, the referee says "You have the same try and another one." He does not indicate the position of the second "try." When the King is placed in check, the referee says "Check on the long diagonal," or "Check on the short diagonal," in case a Bishop Queen or Pawn is giving check. (Notice, in examining the board, that unless the King is located in a corner square, there is always a long diagonal and a short diagonal). Also, if a Rook or Queen is the check-giving piece, the referee says "Check on the file" (the vertical rows) or "Check on the rank" (the horizontal rows). Notice he does not indicate the direction of the attack. It could be from behind but he does not say this. If a Knight gives check, he says "Check with a Knight." Of course he always knows the actual positions on both sides and can readily give this information.

When a capture is made, the referee says (for example) "Capture at QR5".

There is no "experimenting" permitted. For example, a player might try to sound out the suspected location of an enemy piece and try to move his King to a square he thinks is in check. If it is in check, of course he cannot move there, as the referee will tell him "No" but if the square is not in check and the move is legal, it has to stand. A move, once made, unless illegal, must stand.

The referee should keep a play-by-play record of the game and play it afterward for the edification of the players, who are always vastly amused at the stupidity of their moves. Also, they are often surprised at the seeming wisdom of other moves.

Burbee, Percue, and Ashley are the local exponents of Kriegspiel, that stupid variant of chess.



# WHERE ARE YOU, KEPNER?

I had been working in this isolated machine shop for about a week when Elmer Perdue and F Towner Laney both came to work. I knew my way about only vaguely. Laney and Perdue were looking for the oil barrel and asked me to go along to find it for them. I only half remembered where it was, so we had quite a time. We waded for a long time through grease nearly knee-deep. It was covered with about an inch of dirt through which we sank easily into the greasy muck. On and on we went, looking for the oil barrel. At length we said the hell with it and threw our buckets away. We began skirting the grease area as best we could and found ourselves beating through underbrush that seemed to have spent centuries getting tangled. We came to the base of a lowering cliff and we saw, set near the level on which we stood, a malachite panel. It looked ancient; it was cracked in several places and had writing on it. Due to my training in forbidden lore (derived through the pages of Weird Tales and Unknown Worlds and other esoteric publications) I recognized the writing as the dangling Hykranian script. In fact, I could read some of it. It said something about Cthulhu and this being the entrance to his lair, and that visitors were welcome provided they came prepared to stay for eternity. I brushed away some of the dirt and all of us bent closer to read part of the inscription that was nearly illegible. The ancient thing, fragile with age, crumbled away and revealed a passageway into the cliff. Out of it blew warm aromatic air. Laney said we ought to go away. Elmer laughed happily, shouting some obscenity, and said we ought to go in. I next remember walking down the dimly glowing way. The others were following.

Suddenly we entered a room. Well-lit it was, lined with shelves which were piled untidily with various pieces of alchemical apparatus and books. Working in the midst of the junk, gently tending an athanor, was a genial old gentleman, rather plump, about 65 years of age. His noble brow was crowned with a heavy growth of white hair. He turned to us with a pleasant smile and a word of greeting. Laney asked him who he was and he answered, smiling politely, "Cthulhu". Laney suggested we go and Elmer agreed and both bolted for the door. Cthulhu threw a gunnysack at them and it opened and caught them and dragged them back into the room. Cthulhu drew a circle in red about them and said they were imprisoned and would have to stay there till he was ready to get around to them, say in two or three hundred years. Laney began to fume and fret, saying he wouldn't meet Acolyte's deadline and he knew the mag would fold if it were left to Sam Russell to turn out. Elmer laughed happily and muttered some obscenity. Cthulhu seemed unaware of my presence so I headed quietly for the door, grabbing one of the tall, thick books from a shelf as I left. I went like mad and the next scene found me in the LASFS clubroom telling the whole incredible story to Kepner and some others. Nobody seemed to care. Only Kepner seemed the least bit impressed. Where are you, Kepner? He looked at the book I had stolen and expressed a desire to own the thing. It was a book of magic---seemingly an anthology of the best in magic. It contained a thousand or more pages, crammed with tiny print. The spine said it was the Book of Cthulhu.



While Kepner thumbed through the book I felt the room beginning to turn, slowly, inexorably, resistlessly. I cried out to Kepner that Cthulhu had searched the dimension for me and had found me and was taking me back. I began to turn slowly and the clubroom vanished, being replaced by a pastel green polyhedron big as a room. I was in the center, floating in mid-air. Suddenly, as I turned, I saw a doorway out of which a cheery rosy light flowed. And there was Cthulhu working busily at his alembics, not even noticing me, and there were Laney and Perdue, still imprisoned in the sack in the center of the red circle.

Somehow, I had learned of a counterspell. I recited it now. The rosy rectangle of the doorway disappeared as I rotated in the other direction in the pastel polyhedron. Then came the original compulsion again. I could not withstand it. I rotated once more in the original direction. There was the cheery room again with the pleasant face of white-haired Cthulhu. This time he was standing in the doorway.

Something plucked me out of the cubistic room and I found myself in the circle with Laney and Perdue. We sat there, paralyzed somehow, for what appeared to be months, and then Cthulhu turned to us and glared. "Where is my Book? My Book of Cthulhu?" he roared. Nobody answered. He grew angry. "Get me that book!" he thundered.

He made a pass in the air. "Now you are bottled up. You are enclosed in a force field, such as we employed on Saturn in 100,000 B.C. You will be immensely uncomfortable."

We began to writhe in nameless pain.

"Eventually you will die, and that will compensate me for the loss of my book. I took five hundred years to write it and I cannot bear its loss easily."

I don't know why I didn't tell him where the book was. It would have saved us some discomfort. I suppose it didn't occur to me.

Right away it got harder to breathe, and the pain grew much worse. I really felt nothing, but I knew I was experiencing a great deal of pain.

Then all of a sudden Cthulhu began to flail at the air as though he fought an invisible opponent. He lurched about the room, cursing violently.

Pictures began to flicker on the wall and in the air. They told the story. Kepner, fearing for us in our plight, had stenciled and mimeographed several chapters out of the Book of Cthulhu. He had distributed them through fandom (getting FAPA activity credit, too), with the exhortation to work the spells at once upon receipt of the material.

Two hundred fans were chanting and squeaking spells and runes simultaneously and Cthulhu was unable to fight them all off. At length he fell into a sort of trance, or stupor.

Kepner then materialized out of the air and cut the circle with a paper knife. The sack attacked him but he spoke a word which caused it to fall to ashes. He went over to Cthulhu and drew a pentagon about him. He took us through the pastel green crazily dimensioned polyhedron and returned us to the clubroom and--it might be said--sanity and mundane things. The sun was shining brightly outside.

We were grateful to Kepner, I suppose, though we did not show it at the time.

Where are you, Kepner? We never did thank you enough. Where are you?



# SHAGGY IS BACK!

D B Thompson  
holds his breath

Greetings, Oh High Burbler: Well it is good to have Shaggy back in the groove again. Hewitt did rather well under what, from this distance, appeared to be somewhat adverse circumstances; it is, of course, obvious that you will be expected to do better, regardless of circumstances; and, of course, Ah reckon as haow you will. I am holding my breath (by proxy, of course; I have a couple hundred trained whales, accustomed to visiting the Great Deep at regular intervals, taking turns) in avid anticipation of that Pentennial issue.

It is a little hard to select a top item. The whole thing is good, a judgement which, beyond doubt, is more than slightly due to the fact that I have only recently perused several very sad imitations of fanzines. The contrast is readily discernible, even to my undiscerning eye. However, I have decided to give top spot to the Laniac, for matters of policy, or something. Hemmel is slightly below standard this time, partly because the subject is less susceptible to his "style". It is still quite enjoyable, however.

I can't evaluate "Thursday" since I've never had the experience of attending a meeting of the LASPS, my only experience with fans in the mass having occurred at the Denvention ((where, some say, the rolls of fandom were closed for all time)). Ackerman, as usual, is reasonably amusing (how did that word "reasonably" get in there; strike it out!) and Bratton's account of the development of the Fantasy Catalog is well worth careful reading. ((I couldn't understand it myself)) Which reminds me that the title attracted me in part, since I have recently embarked on the tremendous job of reading my newly-acquired copy of the second edition of Korzybski's "Science and Sanity." I've already gotten thru the first 35 pages of the Preface to the Second Edition; only about 800 pages to go. Tigrina, as usual, does quite well as Sec'y. Least enjoyed was "Don't Let Your Tract Die" ((this remark smacks of heresy)). I can understand the crusading Christian, since "bringing others into the fold" is part of his duty, if he really believes; but an atheist is, supposedly, a non-believer, and, therefore, has nothing to crusade about. To Ackerman and Morajo, of course, atheism is as much a religion as Emperor Worship is to the Japanese; I didn't know that you were in the same boat. ((I thought it was merely a satire)) Me, I'm what might be termed an atheistic agnostic, and very much a materialist. Now, please, can I have the next three issues of Shangri-L'Affaires? ((10c a copy, 3/25c, 7/50c....annoying, this subscription business---I won't be getting so many interesting letters any more))

## TIGRINA'S PUNS

Jack Speer and a  
comment or two

A comment or three on Shaggy. Cover I liked. Also Laney; but me-thinks you-all are likely to bust before getting a one-shot on Sjt Saturn's A list, if TWS follows the Newarkon's recommendation and dispenses with the Sjt.

Who was A S Quirrel this time?

Re EBC: One gets the impression that Torry entertains his fiancée solely by taking her around to contests. She seems to do all right at them, though.

AFC: Forcing the searcher to go from the cross-reference card to the main entry card to find what he wants will make a lot of work for



anyone who has to look through a whole bunch of cards. If the cards were being printed, it'd be easy to use duplicates for cross-references.

I still think Tigrina's puns would be better if she didn't draw arrows all around the double entendre pointing it out.

## "CLASS"

Sam Moskowitz praises  
Acky, for some reason

Dear Art:- I greatly enjoyed the extremely neat issue 28 of "Shangri-l'affaires. The issue had the air of "class". Forrest J Ackermans "Atomicon Report" was well told and proved very interesting. Either Ackerman has steadily improved or I'm getting used to him, but I find his written material of the past six months or more unusually well done, easy to read and understand, and often clever.

The subject of "Vulcan" has always intrigued me since I first learned of its existence upon reading Harl Vincent's "Vulcan's Workshop" in the Clayton Astounding. I appreciated the summary of available information on the subject.

I don't know who "Albo" is ((send 50c and I'll send you the information in a plain-wrapped package)) but all three of his/her pieces made good reading. Especially appreciated was the first fan viewpoint on Franz Werfel's "Star of the Unborn." Werfel's excursion into science-fiction is a very, very important milestone in science-fiction. Particularly in view of "Time" magazines relevant comments listing it as the story he had wanted to write all his life. At heart old Franz was nothing but a ray-gun toteing world saver.

## NOSE TO THE FILE

Don Bratton  
tears off a hunk

Dear Burbee, Hai! I sure enjoyed Shangri-etc. #29! I tore open the wrapper so eagerly when I saw it in the mail basket that I tore a hunk out of the issue! Do you think the article will go over very well? I have my doubts. Maybe I am giving too much the impression that the catalog is so complicated, involved, etc., that nobody will dare poke his nose into it for fear of getting tangled up in the process. I hope not. Will try to emphasize other aspects of the catalog in the future.

-oOo-

ROY PAETZKE: No. 28--cover, very impressive and dignified. Best in the issue were "Hymn to Progress" and "Undiscovered Worlds". No. 29--cover not dignified but very good. No contents page--why not? "Undiscovered Planets" was very good. I had no idea there were so many.

BOB NORTON: I do wish to continue to receive "Shangri" but it's kinda hard to write a "letter of comment." To comment I must disagree. Sure, I can say I like to read your 'zine just for the kicks--which I do--I can also say that you've got some pretty clever writers--which you have--but that is pure unadulterated mush. No, just publish something I don't like, or that is, to me, debatable, and then you'll really see something. ((Will somebody wire me a moot point for the next issue?))



MILTON A ROTHMAN: Time to kill before taking off for a PSFS meeting so I write you a letter re your April issue. I'm taking the issue to the meeting so as to show the guys there what a club publication is like. We put out a thing called the PSFS News, but if it had half the life that Shaggy has I'd be happy. In short, I think that this April issue is pretty damn good.

Highlight of the thing is the Undiscovered Planets bit by this Oxnard Hemmel, who, if the beard were lifted, would turn out to be Burbee, no doubt. The satire on Joquel's article is most precious. Of course, sometimes I get the suspicion that Joquel was pulling my leg, too. I wish somebody would pull the other leg for a change. I'm growing at an angle.

Re the Fantasy Catalogue: Brentano's has a copy of Korzybski's Science and Sanity for me, and I am going to read it, and after I read it I hope I will be able to tell whether this guy Don Bratton and other people like Heinlein and van Vogt who talk about semantics and non-aristotelian logic know what they are talking about. So far they've been getting away with it because I don't know anything about semantics, either.

Except that, by gift of Douglas Webster, I am the proud possessor of Vol. 1, no. 1, of "etc." a Review of General Semantics, official organ of the Society for General Semantics. It is not for sale.

Tell Walt Liebscher foof for me. Give Elmer my love. ((Elmer read this before I did)) Ask Acky what has happened to VoM. ((Tigrina, I guess)) Tell E.E.Evans I never got the FAPA mailing with his Time-binder with my article and could he please send me a copy if he has one. If any Pacificon publications are being put out I'd like to get them.

DICK WILSON: Probably I won't attend that big hairy old Pacificon.... The April S-L'A popped into my box yesterday. I'm glad to see you back on the throttle, Burb. But if you want to cut the number of copies still further just see that I get the page on which your editorial appears each issue and I'll be happy. That's the only page worth reading. ((Darn it, I meant to edit out those two sentences)) Don't accept this as a creed, tho. Next time I may be in an entirely different mood.

DONN BRAZIER: Burbee: #29 L'Affaires received and enjoyed. I liked Hemmel's scholarly article on Thor, though in several instances I am inclined to disagree with his conclusions. In studying Prinn's Clavierubung und Todesbanden I found that lobar flatulence was given as 16.800d**vb**. Hemmel omitted the "b". **dvb** spelled backwards is **bvd**, and anything with l. flatulence 4th order needs lots of **bvd**'s. The gaseous emission and accidental discharge extends 637<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> googols into space. B. S. Brochure himself admits this. (page 637<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>). Palmer, p637<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, states "Thor may be ancient home of Dero"--both are 4-letter words, you see.

RICK SNEARY: THURSDAY was great. Knowing, or reather having seen those queer people that hang around there I can well belive it. There is more truth than meets the eye one might say. Come to think of it I just did. Any way it was good. Why not write up the miments like that.? Ok, okay, it was only a idea, .

The fantasy catalog I just couldn't understand. I don't know why, maybe I should try reading it when I'm awake.



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