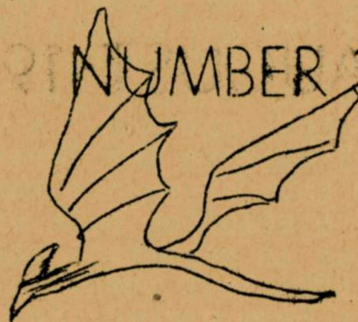


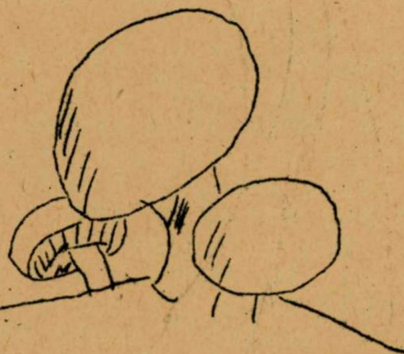
# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

AUGUST 1947

NUMBER 37



ROTSLER



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LASTS  
PUB



Shangri-L'Affaires #37, August 1947. Club mag of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, often abbreviated as LASFS and known to the irreverent as the lassfass and/or the Half World. Clubroom, 637 1/2 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, Calif. 10c per copy, 3/25c. Had a 7-times yearly schedule, but due to the exigencies of peace, this schedule is not closely adhered to. Letters subject to excerpption and publishing. Editor's address, 1057 S Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, California.

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This is the story of Francis T Laney, the fan-loving Laney, Laney the gay, the innocent, the heartless, filled with the sadness and sorrow and joy of the young, crammed with the ineffable lilt of youth....

Towner was not always like that. No, indeed. At one time he was wild, tempestuous, rising to towering rages at no provocation, a titan of irascibility. Maybe you remember him that way.

He's different now. A changed man. Not the same at all. He's just like I said in the first paragraph. I will explain the miracle.

I saw this character some years ago and said to myself that here was a fine upstanding hulk of a man who could be developed into such as described in paragraph one.

Now, after all these years, the subtle influences of my delightful personality have worked their wonders. Towner is no longer irascible, loud, ruthless, vindictive, and all those other things. He is as calm and normal and kind as anybody you'll see this side of the pale.

My subtle personality has wrought these changes in this man. I taught him to laugh. I taught his heart to wear wings. I weaned him away from fandom, lest he drown in its murky backwaters. I weaned him away from fantasy, lest he be lost in outer space. I gave (or lent) him a sense of humor. The things he says now are as funny as the things I say. They are often the same things.

It struck him all at once. He was plunging along, lost in thought, when he stopped short, as though he'd hit a wall. His eyes jerked wide and he turned to me and said, "You've made a man out of me, by God!"

I complimented him on his sharpness in perceiving it.

"My God," he said. "You came to my rescue. There I was, lost to the world, sinking deeper into fandom--it must have started when you cause me to drop Acolyte, without refunding the subscription money.... your subtle curative powers have traced lines of true power on my brain...Here I am, free! Free! Do you hear? Free! And you were the cause of it all!"

I shrugged. "Oh, it was nothing."

"Oh, but it was!" cried F Towner Laney, the Free. "You saved me from a fate worse than death. You are my guru, my messiah, my savior!" His eyes were shining with worship.

"Oh hell, Laney," I said. "Come to your senses."

"But you saved me from fandom!" he cried. "Now I want to be just like you. You saved me from fandom and its horrors. You are my God."

"You may be right," I said, "but I hate this adulation. After all, I'm only human," I said. "Or am I?"

"Guru! Master!" Laney cried, in an ecstasy of realization and self abasement as he found himself in the Presence.

"God, Laney," I said. "Wake up. Come to your senses. Tell you what. I hate to see you with this mad mood on you. Run off to the desert somewhere and commune with the firmament---"

"Which You made!" he cried.

"---commune with nature and so forth until you have seen the Light of Infinite Power and Peace and Will. Go forth, my son."

"I will!" he cried. "I will!"

And he did. He went to Palm Springs next day and took a woman with him.

---Charles Burbee



# CONCERNING EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION

by ARTHUR COX

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I've been interested in telepathy, lo! these many years---I'm eighteen now---and recently I was seized with the mad desire to tell what I knew (or thought I knew) about the subject, so on the fateful day of March 13 I made an address before the LASPS. At the time I considered the whole mess a flop because I became confused and omitted several portions but I was enthusiastically assured by one and all that they enjoyed it greatly. However, to most of the members the discussion which followed the speech eclipsed the speech itself and few people seemed to remember much of what I said; their appreciation of it came from the fact that it gave them a chance to express some of their own views on the subject. The fact that they were little impressed by my ideas may partly stem from my manner of presentation and partly, also, from the fact that they were not so terribly original as I considered them. So I am glad at this point I'm presented with still another chance to blow off a little steam even if my arm still hurts where Burbee twisted it.

I first became acquainted with "psychic phenomena while attending a little country school of about 70 pupils about eight years ago. On rainy afternoons the bus which drove us from school to home and vice versa was always rather slow in arriving so our only recourse was to stay inside and play games until it came. Eventually our supply of games became exhausted so our Arithmetic and Science teacher introduced a new one to us: Some small object was hidden somewhere about the room and a blindfolded pupil was brought in from outside and stood in the center of the room. It was then the aim of the other students to guide him--by simply thinking about it--to where the object was hidden. The game was a combination of blind man's buff and pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. We tried many variations and it was soon discovered that remarkable progress could be made when I and a close friend worked together. (The friend's name was Judd. As I see it now he was something of a moron. I've always had somewhat unconscious moroniphilic tendencies. I get along swell with the members of the club.)

Our arithmetic teacher thought it was a little too remarkable. She accused us of having worked out some sort of signal system although she ought to have known better--one couldn't have worked out anything with Judd. (She was a rather funny teacher come to think of it. The girls of the class used to tell her dirty jokes but she could always go them one better.)



Due to a certain admiration received from my classmates I conceived a special interest in the subject, so that I was habitually requesting friends to aid me in "experiments"--"guessing games", if you wish. I soon found that I had acquired a reputation of being "psychic" but this was due more to my zeal than to any skill I possessed. Most of my results were mediocre if not downright poor; I did have one outstanding success. For certain reasons my parents found it expedient to board my brother and me out so my mother put an advertisement in the local paper. In a moment of speculation I made the statement that the lady who answered the ad would be fat, have black hair which she did up in a knot, that she lived in a two-story house and that her first name was Evelyn. Two hours later two different women had answered the ad, one fitting the description exactly. My reputation was assured for awhile.

This didn't exactly fit into that with which I had been acquainted with before but that didn't bother me much. At the time I didn't even know there was such a word as "telepathy", only that there was something or the other that was in some ways similar to hoping and praying.

At that time my simple but numerous experiments included card-guessing games, blind man's bluff and a guessing hide-and-seek game. When I began to bore the other kids and the adults told me to stop pestering them I turned to my little cousins. I had three at that time and they ran from ages of a few months up to nearly four years. I thought the two eldest did very well when they would cooperate. However it didn't last long. Results fell off the minute they decided it wasn't fun any longer.

Due to these disappointments I decided to do my own experimenting. On Saturday evenings my parents were in the habit of going to town leaving my brother and me at home. To make sure my mother brought home the funny papers I tried telepathy. First I used the method most people call telepathy: I simply thought over and over "Bring home the funnies, bring home the funnies, bring home--etc" I soon became convinced that a much better method was visualization (I didn't call it that). I simply visualized my mother walking up to the stand, taking a dime out of her purse and giving it to the man as she took a paper off the rack. I was satisfied with this for awhile but I soon stumbled onto what is to me a much better method, i.e., "duplication." I pretended to be my mother. I pretended it was me walking up to the stand, that I was the one taking the dime from my purse and giving it to the paperman and my hand which was taking the paper off the stand.

I remember I was very excited with the idea at the time but apparently I had exhausted all the interest which the subject could hold for me at that time for I lost interest. I didn't think of it again till about three years later when in the course of my reading I ran across Alexis Carrell's book, Man, the Unknown. The book itself was so puerile that I gagged several times and Carrell's suggestions concerning telepathy were in keeping with the book's best traditions. Quoting from memory, "What we call our minds are merely fragments of a much greater consciousness which extends outside of our plane of perception. These great pieces of consciousness are moving and floating about slowly like a piece of seaweed attached to a rock. Sometimes these huge chunks collide with one another and when this happens the phenomenon we know as telepathy takes place."



Though I had no better theory to offer I distrusted this one greatly--so I started looking for one of my own. In a flash of brilliant inspiration it occurred to me that perhaps there was a physiological as well as a psychological basis for telepathy. I couldn't find a vitamin which caused telepathy so I started looking for a specific gland. Another mistake. I ran across several interesting ideas. The pineal gland, for instance, was once called by philosophers "the seat of the soul". It is a small reddish organ, an outgrowth of the third ventricle of the brain. About puberty it changes from glandular to fibrous tissue. It has several known functions. The thymus gland is also a quite dominant one in the pre-puberty child but its exact purpose has always remained rather vague to many physiologists.

It is to be noticed that nearly every gland in the human body is either smaller or relatively smaller after puberty. I had already noticed that pre-puberty children made the best telepaths so this fact pleased me. Loosely speaking, one might say that we have traded our telepathic potentialities for sex. They tell me it was a good bargain.

About this time I became aware of the marvelous interacting abilities of the glands. From interacting glands it was but a step to the organism-as-a-whole. I was slightly familiar with Korzybski's formulations but I had not yet read his book although I had read several other books on semantics. After van Vogt's excellent World of A was published I made it a point to get the book so that now I feel I have at least a faint comprehension of the workings of the nervous system. One fact should have struck me, however, which did not until I heard van Vogt's speech at the Pacificon. Van Vogt mentioned the thalamus and its function of reaction to stimuli. It finally dawned upon me that telepathy, too, must be a function of the thalamus, since it must obviously be considered a stimuli. This sounds rather elementary but the fact bears several structural implications not noticeable at first glance. The aristotelian word "mind" bears with it certain false structural implications; the phrase "nervous system" is a true-to-reality term involving implications of enviro-genetic influences and stimuli and reactions to that stimuli, etc.

At the bases of all languages there lie certain metaphysical assumptions--assumptions formulated by primitives and savages who had a very false and indistinct picture of the world in which they lived. These false assumptions still form the basis of the symbols which we predominately use in our thinking; words. How can we make any progress in any subject as long as these assumptions hinder and confuse us? All sciences which have advanced in any great manner have had to formulate languages of structure different than that we use in daily life. ("Scientists" use big words.) The main scientific language is called "mathematics". If any progress is to be made in the study of "extra-sensory-perception" it must be made from a A, semantic point of view.

At about the time I was becoming aware of the above I was conducting experiments with a young man (about 25) named Peter Ten Broeck Runk. We both worked at the same place and had lots of leisure time to do with as we wished. We had exhausted all other topics of conversation and so it turned to telepathy.

On the first day I concentrated on a number: 45. He said, "45". (The numbers were from 1-100.) I was elated. I concentrated on another number: 72. He said, "72". I was elated. We didn't try any more that day. So far we had a percentage of 100% and didn't want to



spoil it. The second day we tried 10 numbers. 8 were from 1 to 100--he got five correct--two were from 1 to 20--he got them both correct. (In these tests I was doing the "sending" and Pete the "receiving." I always was a hell of a receiver.) On the third day we tried 20 numbers from 1-20. He got them all wrong. He hadn't been feeling good that day.

I didn't get to do many more with him as, since we didn't have much to do, he was laid off.

With various other people I was crying "card-guessing games". These games were very simple. We would simply take a deck of playing cards and hold the deck face down while dropping the bottom cards one by one onto the table top as the subject called off what he thought the symbols on the face of the cards were. I noticed something rather peculiar: A person would not always call off the card being dropped but often the card before it or the card behind it. Ordinarily, decks used in tests of this sort are made up of only twenty-five cards containing only five different symbols. If I had been using this type of deck I never would have noticed this odd fact since guessing the following or preceding card would have been a common happening, but when you are using decks of 52 cards, each one of which is different, you get suspicious after a certain length of time.

I came to a conclusion something like this: "Clairvoyance" is not bound to the special space-time area; in fact, it never is. When a person "guesses" the symbol on the face of a card turned away from him he is not perceiving its surface through some mysterious form of radiations escaping from its surface, he is merely prophesying what the experimenter is going to tell him the card was when the experiment is finished! A case of extra-temporal perception!

(EEEvans has pointed out to me that Dr Saol of the British Psychological Society has come to similar conclusions--a fact unknown to me--based on results of experiments he has conducted over a period of 50 years!)

At last I felt I had really dug my teeth into something. I began a few experiments using myself and others to "guess" the unseen contents of locked drawers but they were so unsuccessful I gave up bothering with them. There have been many cases cited in which people were able to list the contents of a drawer--combs, papers, etc.--and the positions of the objects without ever seeing them except after the drawer was opened to see how high their score was!

Some people ask what the difference is between telepathy and clairvoyance. Some psychic researchers answer that "telepathy takes place between two (or more) people and that clairvoyance is a phenomenon in which only one person is involved." Eileen J. Garrett, the highly neurotic authoress of Telepathy, In Search of a Lost Faculty, says "clairvoyance employs symbiology while telepathy does not." This is true by definition. If you say that clairvoyance is symbolical then any psychical phenomena employing symbols is clairvoyance as far as you are concerned. However we are not interested so much in definitions as in the objective, un-speakable processes we label "clairvoyance" and "telepathy."

My definition of the differences would start like this: "Clairvoyance is not restricted to a narrow space-time area as is telepathy. Telepathy takes place between two people and clairvoyance between one person." I'll explain the "between". Due to the inadequacies of our



false-to-fact language people are staticists; they insist in thinking that objects, people, etc., are static and the same from one moment to the next. Leibnitz's famous equation proves this false. It concludes  $1 \text{ at } t_1 \neq 1 \text{ at } t_2$ . ( $\neq$  means "is not.") Therefore, "telepathy" and "clairvoyance" are two different terms applied to what is principally one phenomenon.

All this, though, does not explain just what the strange energy is that makes this possible. Let's look at the facts. What types of people make the best telepaths? Gould, who is one of the chief campaigners against telepathy, states that the overwhelming majority of members of psychical societies are neurotics and it has been pointed out many times that people of low intelligence apparently make the best telepaths as well as young children. Morons without enough cortical development to hinder the telepathic functions of their thalamus and neurotics with their hyper-sensitivity; small children with their as yet undeveloped nervous systems.

It ties in! Judd, my childhood friend, was to all practical purposes a moron and Pete was highly neurotic. (Perhaps you're wondering about me? In my younger years I was a dull, personality-less boy. At the present time I'm a hell of a telepath.)

All of this, however, tells us very little about telepathy itself. Just how does it work? The first assumption would be to say that it's something like radio. But is it? Have you ever tuned in your radio and got next week's Bob Hope show? Yet the telepathic energy can apparently accomplish just that! Radios receive signals emitted by a sender at approximately the same time but the nervous system can receive signals emitted by itself at a later date. Perhaps you might say that they have simply not tried to develop radios which could accomplish this. Granted, the human organism does radiate, but don't let anyone tell you that an electroencephalograph measures "brain waves". It doesn't. It measures change in electrical skin potential. (See C. Judson Herrick's Thinking Machine, Chapter XIII.) In all fairness, I must mention that in Science and Sanity, Chapter IX, Korzybski states "---rapidly growing vegetable or animal tissue emits some sort of invisible radiation which can stimulate the growth of living tissue with which it is not in contact." He goes on to tell of experiments with onion roots and turnip tips which could vastly accelerate the growth of other vegetables when placed near them.

We should try to find some other answer. The above mentioned types of people all have one nervous function in common--similarization. Primitive, infantile, and unintegrated organisms notice, exaggerate and even invent similarities while doing their best to disregard differences. Children and morons might be defined as primarily thalamic creatures and the thalamus is the mechanism for similarization while the cortex, "seat of intelligence", is the apparatus for differentiation. So perhaps similarity plays a part in the picture.

Van Vleet's similarity principle mentioned in World of A impressed me greatly. The principle goes "---When two energies are similar to a twenty decimal approximation the greater will bridge the gap to the lesser seemingly instantaneous but at a finite speed." I made an extensive search through physical science and epistemological text-books but found no similar statement although there are a great many suspicious hints, vague formulations, etc., particularly in P.W. Bridgman's The Logic of Modern Physics. I found no statement contradicting



it. I have a strong suspicion that if van Vogt fabricated the "law" he is very close to a genuine, natural one.

Perhaps there is some special sort of similarization that enables such a high approximation to take place that a flow of energy from nervous system to another is attained. Please remember that when I felt I was doing my best with telepathy I was pretending to be the person whom I was trying to contact as in the case of my mother and the Sunday funnies.

To conclude this rather abbreviated article: If any progress is to be made in the field of extra-sensory perception it must be conducted from a semantic standpoint. There is a great deal to be learned. A great deal will be learned. However, it is doubtful that man will ever be a race of telepaths--perhaps Homo Slan, but never Homo Sapiens.

## NO TIME LIKE THE FUTURE

F J ACKERMAN

A yarn guaranteed to make  
you forget flying saucers  
unless you have already...

In 1895 H. G. Wells imagined a time machine; in 1949 Rupert Swisher built one.

It is a long while since I read Wells' romance of the Chronic Argonauts, and I forget just how far forward they ventured--a million years or more?-- pretty near to the end of time, I think.

Rupert Swisher was fully as venturesome, but his crude and complex chronicar was capable of penetrating the future no farther than five years. This, he reasoned, would be enough. By 1954 time-travel principles should be understood sufficiently that he could move ahead say 25 years in an improved model.

And in the year 1979, or thereabouts, he should be able to find a time-machine capable of transporting him a hundred years ahead. After that, the leaps into posterity should begin to multiply by the thousands.

Einstein would be engrossed by an explanation of the operation of Swisher's time-machine, but I doubt that it could be understood by you or me, so I will pass it by. Suffice it to say that the "autimeobile" moved its inventor 'round the clock as a motor car drives a person up the block. At the normal rate it would take him 12 hours to proceed from noon to midnight, but he could speed that up as a pedestrian may cover miles in minutes by stepping into an auto or plane.

So Swisher sat in his hermetically sealed time-traveler and gave it the juice, and five years passed as fast as a two week honeymoon. I do not mean to imply that he fell asleep and dreamed this; it really happened. He found himself in approximately 1954.

Only the earth was not around, and this was very disconcerting, as you may well imagine, as most of us like to keep at least one foot



on the ground. Somehow Swisher seemed to have gotten transported in space as well as time. There he hung, like a gnat at night in the Yankee Stadium, and all around him was the super silent, incredibly black gulf of interplanetary emptiness.

Then he did a double take. The largest body in the sky was-- Saturn!

Saturn appeared to be about as far away as the moon, if one were viewing our satellite from earth.

Wait a minute!

That was the moon!

What was it doing with a ring around it?

When Swisher dropped back to autumn of 1951 and stopped and bought a newspaper, he learned the explanation of the lunar phenomenon in the headlines: ATOMIGEDDON AT HAND.

That ring around Luna was what used to be the earth, folks, before it was blown up by atom bombs and became a hat band for the Man in the Moon.

Doc Swisher never told anybody about his autimeobile; he just got in it, and set it for reverse, and didn't stop till he'd been transported back to the 19th Century. 1890, to be exact.

Back to the Good Old Days!

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

## LETTERS

In which most of the letters have been substantially padded in order to fill up space. .

George Ebey, 4766 Reinhardt, Oakland 2, Calif.: Dear one and only-- I thot it was a pretty smart idea to write you a letter on your own typer in your own flat becluse I save a stamp this way. But your typer has acute schizophrenia, and your little boy has a ball and Isobel won't let me read your mail.

Tell you wanted me to write you a letter on Shangri laffaires, well, didn't you? This last issue (it is the last issue) is notable to my mind (it is my mind) for the word "Ashley" which recurs forty (40) times. I counted. The man Ashley is the subject of one editorial, two articles and provides the blow in the blow by blow account of club activities. Not that I object to any of this, it is your mag (it is your mag) but people are likely to think that the man Ashley has a hold on you.

The news that the INSPS flatlanders are, in part, homosexual leaves me blank. I wish I could summon up a strong reaction and a trenchant comment but the effort is beyond me. Like this: Eskimos consider rotten fish a delicacy, house flies fly backward when they leave the ground, salt sprinkled on



poison oak will also sterilize the soil, and Le Courbeoisier's real name is not that but Henri and most Christmas tree ornaments used to be made in Germany. And half of the LASSS are sexually abnormal. All of which is a roundabout way of saying 'so what?' This kind of thing in the LASSS is only relevant to it's customary irrelevancy. Are you confused too?

Jawn Cockroft, 4 Winship Ave., San Anselmo, Calif.: ...Shaggy #36. Most intriguing ish...er--that bit by F.T.L. Quite an enlightening commentary. However, judging from what I saw when I attended the Pacificon, I'm halways inclined to side in with Ashley. The rest of the ish was OK except for the gaping hole made by the absence of EBC (Ackerman's dream did not make up this loss, sad to say.) The letter section was up to par and with the editorial made up the cream of the ish. Will send the latest Stell as soon as I can get the energy to assemble them.

Tom Jewett, 670 George, Clyde, Ohio: Shangri-L'Affaires came and was mildly horrible. Only good things were Laney, Condra, and the editorial, in that order. Burbee, old man, you are slipping.

Evans' fiction awful. Editorial good, but not up to standards. Laney beautiful! (Hey, don't misunderstand that, chum!) Letter section smelled -- ALL of it! Even my letter. Sir Tucker is out of his depths. He should stick to humor. FJA and his dream was better than most dreams, and his puns were welcome in their absence. Burbee'd up LASSS minutes, quite good. Keep it up, burb ol' man.

You want slogans? Hmmm. How about: "The 'zine that DARED to be different!" No?

How about: "The 'zine that's untouched by human hands!"

Gilbert Cochran, Box 335, Claremore, Okla: Dear Burb: Shangri-L'Affaires #36, shows itself definitely: as having climbed the ladder of naked sword blades. And it has survived those naked blades. To live on the top line, of Sandomania.

That Girl with the very muddy, and ordured eyes: by Bob Tucker. The poor Dear. The (little watchers of the OLD HAG) See everything she does. They send hundreds of reports, about her every day. To the central headquarters, of the Old Hag.

The reports are all studied over. And every time a report shows, she has got even a little bit ahead. The evil magic of the Old Hag. At once puts her back, into the depths of mental agony.

Happy magic to One and One's Pals, to ward off the: little watchers.

D. A. MacInnes, 877 N Third St., Memphis, Tenn: Dear Charles: The current issue of SHAGGY is up to the usual par. As for Laney's well-written article - I find it hard to believe, but everyone to his own taste. I think the remaining 40% should adopt a new slogan for the LASSS - to wit:

"LET'S GET IN THE GROOVE!"

The cover was good. Bill must have a prodigious storehouse of ideas. It wasn't up to some of his other superb work, though. Editorial continued the consistent excellence of past efforts. Missed Ackcident's cornecolumn, but BLOOM NEW YORK did well in it's stead. THE HITCH-HIKER was well worth the space. JUST A MINUTE! very foonya (i.e. references to comings and goings of Mr. Ashley.) -- we laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed..... Ditto on Condra's piece. Letter section informative as always. GIRL WITH THE ORBS I think was



the best thing in the issue, with the possible exception of the aforementioned editorial which was thought-provoking indeed.

Enclosed find ad copy to run in Shaggy. You will note that it is not at all intricate, and that there is no art work to sweat out.

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Lin Carter, 865 20th Ave S., St Petersburg 6, Florida: Dholly: Shaggy arrived in jig-time, for which I am duly pleased. Cover was fair... I didn't get the fantasy angle at once. The little men didn't show up so well...all I saw were them overgrown pigeons flapping absently around ((they depicted a scene from the editorial)). Editorial--speaking of Fairy Chess, I recently invented a form of chess myself. Yep. I call mine 'Atomic Chess' -you play three games and you detonate.

Along with the conventional pieces, Atomic Chess has the "Rocket" which sits on the sidelines until it's used to strike a piece off. It can pick anybody off and can only be used once.

Then there's the "Pile" which is filled with gunpowder. It doesn't move, it just sits there on the board until the fuse burns down, and then explodes, destroying all nearby pieces. The suspense of wondering when the "Pile" will explode adds to the game. It says here.

Another ducky piece is the "Neutron". This can be aimed in any direction and can travel for five squares only. All pieces on those squares are picked off; they then travel for two squares in any direction, striking anybody off on those squares. Chain reaction, y'kno.

So much for Atomic Chess.

Shaggy wuz pretty good. Evan's item was mediocre...jest a filler no doubt. The rest was amusing and interesting...specially Tucker's Two-pager, which was amoozin' but confopzin'. I guess I should have read THE GIRL WITH THE RUDDY EYES, since this wuz obviously a satire on it.

Letter section...good. Looks like we have another VOL. here.

Harry Mongold, 1500 Silverleaf Ave., Burlington, Iowa: Fear Burb, The green paper is good for artwork, maybe, but I don't like reading on it. Especially I hate to jump from one color to another in the middle of an article. It seems to be hard on my emotional stability.

I'd like more pictures like the ad for Neophyte. The girl cheers me up, arter reading a flock of more or less boring ltrs. Or maybe they aren't boring; maybe they just drive me nuts. Take Cochran's gaggy sentence structure. My nerves are too delicate for that sort of thing; every period made me jump because it was so premature. I suppose the spellings and the misuse of words were also devices to drive Shaggy readers insane. The telegram style used by Stewart I can stand; it is short and to the point; but, "That anyone who studies the word pictures, and other mater," and other "sentences" leave me screaming.

Ianey's article on L&S fans is evidently fanciful. I think it is a good sign that we can speak lightly of homosexuality these days. Our mental health isn't so bad in some quarters. My father would be horrified at reading the article, but most of us agree that homosexuality is a matter indifferent in effects on either social or individ-



ual welfare.

As to dream interpretations, it should be remembered that they depend upon the mental associations of the one who did the dreaming. Also, the psychoanalysts have done their work with neurotics--that is, those who are more flagrantly neurotic than we are. Besides, they refuse to study the work of objectivist psychologists and insist on explaining what they find by theorizing with their own concepts, so that the Freudians don't always keep their feet on the ground.

Gilbert Cochran does a double feature: Dear Burb. After perusing Apologize Al Ashley by F. T. Laney, in Shangri L'36. I thought: "so--! the fans who deign, to send the thought waves. Generated by their cerebral mind cells. Are really growing from their brows: Magic seals, which will ransom the freedom, Of L.A.S.P.S."

Those who peruse Shangri L'36 faires, can feel their heels trod, a pavement of horns. Growing from the brows, of one's who, as they scurry along the curbs. About their daily affaires. Live their thought life, in a sphere of word pictures. Printed by editors and critics, who love to write derogatory remarks. Such as: "The Watchers of the Old Hag are deivated again. As their gaze finds a well known Stan editor. Leading L.A.S.P.S. in the path created by a fallacy."

What I am trying to say is this: "The elementary idea is that the orbit, of modern life. Is in an elliptic of nuclear fission, and spatial radio. Mr. Laney in his article in Shangri L'36. Shows the power of the first ordinal eccentricity. Which is of course, outside, the elementary idea of the elliptic."

In other words, there are word integers, and ordinal terms. In the science of thought life. That form a maze in the science of calculation. Any way after perusing Mr Laney's words. I am more able to balance my mental equilibrium. On the comet like flash, of an eccentricity.

I also think that the L.A.S.P.S. can know that the hirsute array. On their torsos, is an adornment to beautify The possession of magical secrets.

Several spiders with human faces, who say they came from under. The ruins of the Old Wall in Shanghai. Told me to send this to Burbee. So one may print all, or any part of this. Happy and magical dreams to the Longols of the north.

Bob Fuit, 232 N Damen Ave., Chicago 47, Ill: Dear Burb, Enclosed within is a quarter for a renewal of my sub to Shaggy. ((Let this be an example to all of you)) Even though I don't write any letters pertaining to your publication, each issue is avidly read and enjoyed from cover to cover. Luckner's story was by far the finest & funniest thing I've yet read in La-Faires. Only beef anant L.A.S.P.S. is Laney's article. My view of your supposedly fine organization has suddenly become quite distorted. Am eagerly awaiting next issue's letter section and comments on Ell's new controversial topic. Hoping to see this cleaned up.

Stanley Mullen, 4936 Grove St., Denver 11, Colo: Shaggy is still a top notch magazine. I like it very much and always look forward to seeing it. Best thing in it usually is your own fantastic editorial, which is always like a breath of fresh air in a stuffy world. ((I vote this best letter of the issue)) Next, I think, Ackerman's breezy comments on people and things. I got a kick out of that joyous note anent Bradbury and soap-ad Winchellism.

The sexational Laney item was a shocker right enough, but is it



true or just intended to be a satire of some sort? I know most of the people of dubious sex seem to have drifted away from Denver, but surely they haven't all gone to L.... Was his tongue in his cheek or not? ((Hanging out, I'd say offhand)) From the last line of the article, I'd say it was.

Not that it matters to me. Other people's sexual arrangements (or disarrangements) are their worry, not mine. I'm no moralist, I guess. I have run into quite a few such people and found them mildly entertaining, if somewhat shallow. But it's not really fair to generalize from a few; probably the ones I've run into would have been equally shallow if they'd had all their hormones.

The dream section seems to be consistently good. Marijane Nuttall's was extremely well-written and interesting.

About your cover. I like it. Despite its grotesque subject matter, it seems more humorous than revolting. Is it supposed to represent the spider-man lion, from Herritt's yarn? If so, I think the landscape is off, though the general effect is good.

Keep up the good work. Shaggy is a treat.

F. Lee Baldwin, Box 187, Grangeville, Idaho: This issue of Shangri-I Affaires, 36, was possibly the best issue yet. Everything in it was worth reading. Have never been very fond of checkers or chess but I think I'd take a pretty keen interest in the chess variation, fairy chess and maybe you could talk Ashley into preparing a rule book governing the game or maybe write a detailed account for the readers of S-I'A....EEEvan's The Hitchhiker was good almost topping -- almost, I said -- your fabulous work, Invasion. And by the way, why don't you give us another little bit from your nimble mind and humble pen? ((By Ack, I will--next issue)) As for sex, we'll always have it and want it if we can't have it...and methinks there's something of the pervert in all of us. We all have the stimuli (us) but it's the outlet that dubs us in the eyes of others. Now me, I love a good pool game.... The daddy of 'em all in the current issue, (this is a new paragraph about something other than sex) was Tucker's beautiful satire or take-off on the much mooted, cloudy eyed lass. No wonder Tucker is a high pro. Anybody that can analyze a situation and burlesque it like the Bloomington Boy without being obviously funny is strictly a wonder. In fact I'm going to drop Bob a fan letter about it!....Yes, Speer did mysteriously drop in three four months ago, and stayed all of an hour. I found him a very intriguing personality. Wish he could have stayed a couple of days. My good wife and I manned the pumps while he was here for that amputated 60 minutes and tried to cover all that was, is, and will be concerning the cards in Shangri-Ia. We both helped and hampered Speer. He seemed very interested in musty copies of the Astrovox and when I confessed that they were purely figments of the imagination he seemed in a way disappointed. During the course of our conversation, he'd throw a little cross-examination at me like a lawyer trying to trip up a witness. I asked him if he came all the way from Seattle just to get an autographed copy but he said No, he was just driving through the country and happened to remember that I lived here. But I suppose he told you all about it and I rather expected to see a little article in the Royal Oracle about his trip into the hinterlands of Idaho on the quest of the fabulous Astrovox...And this reminds me, Burb, could you use a fiction piece built around and suggested by his visit? ((sure))

Regards. Lay be down that way and mooch off the fans for a few days.



Telis Streiff, 548 N Dellrose, Wichita 6, Kansas: In my Black Pirate I am running a series of articles of Fairy Chess, with diagrams ect. The WSFS informal meetings were made up of concocting these so I ought to have a good bunch, would you ask those two fellows to write up their game, very plainly for use in BP #2?

Hitch Hiker: Haven't read it yet but I suppose it will be good.

Apologize, Al Ashly! I don't see where Laney gets the right to call down personalities. To my mind he is ever increasingly making himself a general nuisance, that Fanzone Scope in last issue was disgusting, I can well see why JoKe rejected it. ((Well!)) I'm not one for purging, but we had a character like that is WSFS.

Letter Section: Kennedy sez, "Fandom has gone to the dogs" Agreed.

Destiny Times Five: The usual thing.

The Girl with the Turbid, Impure, Cloudy, Confused, Mucky Eyes: Very good, usual Tucker satire, gad why can't I write like that?

Black New York: It's not a classic but its good enuf as it goes.

Bottom page of BNY: See what I mean about Laney? No doubt I'll buy one but still it doesn't mean I'm a monger for the stuff.

Just a Minute!: Funny, I mean where each time Ashly is mentioned, if it was Tigrina or Cox it was good, if it was Barbee...ah well.

Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin St NE, Minneapolis 18, Minnesota: Burb:

The Girl with the Turbid, Impure, Cloudy, Confused, Mucky Eyes is the best piece of fan satire that ever smashed me in the teeth like a breath of air laden with the odor of hydrogen sulphide.

Hoping you are the same.

Dave Reiner, 116 Nassau St., NYC 7: SHAGGY #36 limped wearily into my adobe hacienda and flopped over on its back, thus giving me a glimpse of the gangrenish-looking cover. "What is this?" I growled. "The Daily Green Sheet?" So I got out the pencil and began a search for a coupla sure-fire winners in the afternoon's equine frolic. However I quickly (after I had made selections in the first 5 at Jamaica) discerned my error and settled gingerly back for what promised to be a dismal half hour. I was disappointed. I actually found mucho gusto in the issue. But---

What are these outsized sparrows cavorting so gaily with their burden of half-naked jockeys? They musta shot the birds full of riboflavin or something. Anyway it must be a pretty important race, wherever it's taking place. But my money's on the entry on the outer rail. I like the way he handles the whip. Next time, please, give us a carefully drawn pic of the forbidden fertility rites of the Jovian Knishmen. The part where the Low Priest makes the incision...

Editorial: Fairy chess? So what. Get the boys interested in something constructive. Like flogging frijoles.

EE Evans spasm left me limp -- with apathy. No more.

And now we come to what promises to become a cause celebre, whatever that means. Namely, THE ASHLEY PAPERS. Laney's statistical survey of the LASFS membership's moral behaviour patterns revealed nothing sensational, however. I did have to consult my well-used copy of Krafft-Ebing in order to get the full flavor of the various charges and counter-charges. Quite droll, too.

Bob Tucker did a masterful takeoff on Baldwin's lengthy, dull opus. Proving that a skilled hand (witness the success of "The Chinese Doll") outranks a plodding amateur's. THE GIRL WITH THE TURBID, IMPURE, etc., does in two brief pages what the earlier much failed to accomplish in a helluva lot more space. But let's call it quits here. Or else I shall be forced to submit my own throbbing



handiwork. And I don't think the audience could take it in their stride. Powerful, palpitating, pituitary and pragmatic, my MAIDEN WITH THE MAMMOTH MAMMARIES would sear the eyebrows of the collective mob.

Letter section sparkles brightly, thanx to several pithy epithles (!) . . . Kennedy poses a challenge.

Condra's whatzit on Ashley & coffee vs. the World, amusing but unsatisfying.

FJA and dreamatic presentation brought a leer and a chuckle. It was about the first one to actually read like somebody dreamt it up -- after awaking. But 4sj seems to have something on his brawny brain. Perhaps this phantasmagoria in black reveals more than it should. Better give this guy the ink-blot test, see what he associates with words like: mimsy; phallacious; jejeune; labia and dry ice. A particularly damning bit of evidence is his reference to "...the livid green pants I was wearing had only one leg! One wide leg, into which both of mine were jammed!" For private explanation, send stamped addressed envelope and 200,000 Galactic credits. . .

The only sane hunk of news gleaned from Tigrina's summary of the minutes was that a certain A La Verne Ashley was summarily ejected from the club. Or did I read it wrong?

Milton A Rothman 2113 N Franklin St, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: I should comment on #36 of your sterling fanzine:

The minutes of the meetings created no end of amusement in these parts, mainly due to the blow-by-blow description of Joe Solinger's discomfiture, and partly by L'affaire Ashley, (who was kicked out of the club.) ((Well, that's one interpretation of it))

The scholarly paper concerning the homosexuality of LA Fandom created some interest among the more medically inclined Philly Phans. Upon scanning our own membership list, we came to the conclusion that in the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society there are no overt homosexuals. ((Want us to send you a couple?)) That is, no male PSFS member has yet made a pass at another male PSFS member. ((Any she-ing and she-ing?)) This is not to imply 100% normalcy in the sex life of Philly Phandom. Delicacy forbids me to pursue this subject further.

Somehow, despite the crap which fills the pages of Shangri-L'Affaires, I'd rather read it than most other fanzines. The others take themselves so goddam seriously. However, the Philly Phanzine "Variant" is beginning to give you some tough competition. Did you read about the Duofinned Narcissoelinch in the last issue? ((Yes, and it doesn't touch Oxnard Hemmel's stuff)) Too bad if you didn't. It's out of print now.

-0-

This has been a small part of the huge stack of letters that came in about the last issue. But I am running out of time and space and energy. If this mag is ever to come out I've got to bite it off somewhere. This, then, ends the letter section this time.

\*\*\*\*\*

This is an ad of sorts. It's about DREAM QUEST, a new fanzine put out by Don Wilson. The first issue, now out, has no less than 56 pages of stuff, and a lot of the stuff is first rate. Mimeographed somewhat sleazily, it is still the biggest bargain for a dime since the day of the free lunch saloons. The supply is limited (which means he had to stop making them somewhere along the line) so rush 10c to Don Wilson, 495 N 3rd St., Banning, California for a copy of this 56-page giant of fanzines. You might regret it, but I doubt it.



## JUST A MINUTE/

Being the minutes of LASFS meetings as taken by Secretary Cox, with the usual drastic changes by Burbee

June 26. 396th Mtg. Election night. Gus Willmorth was unanimously elected Director, except for four votes shot elsewhere. Jean Cox was elected Secretary, and FJackerman retained as Treasurer. After the ballot boxes were unstuffed it was found that Jesus' Little Lamb, Russ Hodgkins, was senior committeeman and Lover Boy EEEvans was Junior committeeman. Al Ashley, ex-member, got seven votes. EEEvans, with typical foresight, asked that a vote of confidence be given the newly elected members of the governing unit. He said he was doing this because someone once had thrown a monkey-wrench into the legal machinery of the club by pointing out that everything going on was unconstitutional. He didn't say who it was, though he was merely taking a crack at Al Ashley. The members gave their vote of confidence with rousing cheers. There were 3 dissenting votes, one of which was Burbee's, but then Burbee has no confidence in EEEvans.

As his last official act EEEvans shot a dirty look at Burbee and announced that EESmith had just finished his latest space opera Children of the Lens and that Campbell had bought it.

Director Willmorth, a veritable beardless boy, asked program chairman Jonne Evans what was going on in the entertainment department. After a bit of naughty repartee (which certainly could never appear in a family fanzine) she said something about a 4th of July party.

July 10. 398th Mtg. 8 members and 9 visitors present. \$11.85 in the treasury. Everybody bloated with egoboo when Acky told of the St. Claire articles in Writer's Digest which said fans were "intelligent, literate and having broad mental horizons." Then EEEvans presented some amendments to the constitution. The stooges present passed them just about unanimously. They are given here that you may judge their worth: 1. Associate members who pay 25c a month dues must pay another 25c for each meeting over one they attend per month. 2. Associate members must pay 50c each time they use the mimeo. 3. Ex-members must pay 25c for each meeting they attend. Ex-members may not use the club equipment under any condition. Most of these items were directed at Ashley, it seemed to Burbee. No use worrying about it, though, they will never be enforced.

July 17. 399th Mtg. 16 fans and people present. \$16.00 in the box. Ack said either Thrilling or Wonder was going to cease publication because he sold an EEEvans epic to one of them. Ken Tuttle explained the flying discs to everyone's complete satisfaction. Jean Cox said that in the mag '47 there is an article which attempts to explain the impossibility of space-flight. This got Burbee wound up. He not only agreed with the article but proved conclusively that airplanes couldn't fly (even if bumble bees can), that submarines could not possibly keep living men on board when submerged, that automobiles could not run (he was thinking of his own ancient car), and was attacking the feasibility of running railroad locomotives on steel tracks ("Absurd!" he shouted) when several people with broad mental horizons overwhelmed him bodily. The meeting was adjourned when the club's clock said 9. Since the club's clock runs strictly on other-space time, there is no way of knowing what time it was.



July 24, 400th Mtg. 10 members and 6 visitors present, among which was Al Ashley. Do you know our Al? Rex Ward of El Segundo was there, too. \$19.10 in the treasury. No old business. No new business. Russ Hodgkins said that The Secret of Elena's Tomb by Carl van Tozle in Fantastic Adventures stunk. EEEvans disagreed with him. Al Curtis asked if anyone had been to the World Inventor's Exposition currently showing in Los Angeles. "Yes!" answered Russ Hodgkins and immediately warned everyone away from this trashy convention before he discovered that visitor Curtis was connected with the organization. The convention was, admitted Curtis, too commercial. Ackerman mentioned the fact that the inventors were still calling themselves "inventors" despite the fact that they had once adopted a resolution to change their group-name to "inventists". This reminded Russ Hodgkins that the science fiction and fantasy fans once passed a similar resolution whereby they would no longer refer to themselves as "fans" since this term was infantile.

Forrest told us an amusing story about a visit he made recently to the home of an acquaintance of his who, besides being a fantasy enthusiast, has an arm which writes independently of him--that is, he is an automatic writer. He can sit down at a desk, take a pencil and a piece of paper, and his arm immediately will cause the pencil to rush feverishly across the board spelling out words. His friend is also an Ouija board operator. These methods, claim this character, enable him to get into "contact" with Merritt and Lovecraft. Burbee attempted to explain the phenomenon of automatic writing but was shouted down by the spiritualists present. (After the meeting, Ashley and Burbee got Ackerman away from the group and not only explained automatic writing to him but got him doing it himself).

The program chairfanne, Jonne Evans, announced that since this was a sort of anniversary, being the 400th meeting and all that, that we would do nothing this week. But next week or the week after that the club was going to attend en masse a double-bill movie The Man Who Could Work Miracles, a fantasy by H G Wells, and Things to Come by the selfsame character.

July 31, 401st Mtg. 10 people present. Some were members. \$2.10 in the treasury. Somebody suggested a party with this money, but since it was obvious that only cork-smellers could have a party with this sum, Forrest Jesus Ackerman read a letter from one of Burbee's "fans".

It mentioned the sincere fanzine in derogatory terms. It said such things as "your magazine is putrid, moronic, stinking, infantile, not at all constructive." He also said that the fiction was so poor that even Amazing would reject it. (He was commenting on the last issue of Shaggy). Burbee, who would have taken all this to heart, was not present, or he would have been writhing in pain under the psychic shocks contained in this missive.

Forrest J mentioned that the late C A Brandt's collection of science-fiction which the Fantasy Foundation had inherited had arrived. It consists of a trunk full of books and a crate filled with magazines. Since Mr Brandt was literary editor of Amazing under the Sloan aegis and an enthusiast of long standing, it is suspected that there are going to be some pleasant surprises when Forrest gets around to opening them.

Fred Shroyer, after some subtle advertising concerning Carcosa House's forthcoming book, Edison's Conquest of Mars, which at present is at the bindery, mentioned that Melvin Korshak is publishing a definitive list of science-fiction and fantasy books.



# HOMOSEXUALITY *and* R VERNON COOK

## *by* F TOWNER LANEY

The following bit of polished English appeared in the June-July number of K M Carlson's KAY-MAR TRADER:

"For some time; I have followed the efforts of the present editor, of Shangri-I'Affairs, To inject humor into that fanzine, sometimes he has succeeded very well, but in the present issue, #36, there is the most asinine, puerile, and depraved effort at humor I have ever seen, or, read. (And I have read some pretty hot stuff) The article "Apologize" by F. Towner Laney, really takes the "booby" prize in my opinion. IF: Mr Laney intends this to be funny???? Let me assure him that "smut" or "blue" material" is the lowest form of humor, and I speak with twenty years of "showbusiness" back of me. Does Jack Benny, Bob Hope or Fred Allen use material like this? I'll say they don't. On the other hand if Mr Laney is serious, what a helluva thing to put into print where young fans can read it. I am no prude, and I enjoy??? an off-color--- so called, story as well as the next person. In its proper place. But this dirt has only one place and that certainly is not out in the light. I wonder what clean minded members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society think of the impression other people must have of them.. Oh I admit there are people in the world like those that MrLaney mentions, but why bring them out from under the rocks where they belong. If I were a member of that club, you can be sure I would raise a little?? hell about the whole thing. you can be assured of that.

Probably the only result of this tirade, will be that some of you will rush right out and get a copy of this magazine and read the article that I have mentioned. That is all right, do so and get sick like I did."

The article above was a portion of a column by someone who is supposed to be named R. Vernon Cook (or maybe Gook, as it is spelled elsewhere in the issue). It is a moot point if there actually is such a person; I'm inclined to think that this is a pseudonym for that jolly fat man, Walter Dunkelberger. There just can't be two people in fandom who write like that!

But be this as it may, there are some points on which I'd like to take issue with Mr Cook or Gook or is it Dunkelberger?

In the first place, it is not the usual thing for a rebuttal to an article to be submitted to a magazine other than the one in which the original article appeared.. Moreover, it is certainly a strange practice which publishes such material without the editor of the magazine in question being sent a copy. Or did you finally get a copy, Burb? ((No, I guess only the more prominent fans get copies))

The only thing humorous about that article was its manner of presentation (which of course left something to be desired)--unfortunately, the subject matter was dead serious. Al Ashley, a connoisseur of homosexual anecdotes, actually made the statement many times that 80% of the membership of the LASFS are queer. And Wiedenbeck, Rogers and Laney--hoping for the sake of our own self-respect as members or former members of the LASFS--actually went through the club records and got those figures which show that the club has averaged 50% queer in the past four years.

Well, this cracked me right in the teeth. Sure, I'd known that the beat of faery wings was a common sound around the Bixelstrasse, but when I found out how many queers I'd inadvertently gotted mixed up with it cured me of the LASFS--moreover, filled me with a crusading desire to do anything in my power to destroy this carbuncle of pervers-



sion.

Mr Cook/Gook/Dunkelberger no doubt believes in hiding all unsavory things and presenting a sanctimoniously hypocritical front to the world. I don't. Evidently my ideas are shared by a lot of thinking Americans, for in my own experience I can recall the evolution of "syphilis" from a dirty word to a commonly used term, and moreover, if Mr C/G/D cares to get a copy of the June EVERYBODY'S DIGEST he will find an article on homosexuality that will stand his hair on end, despite the fact that its purpose is obviously to acquaint people with a rotten state of affairs that needs psychiatric and other action taken to relieve it.

Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen never use queer humor? Don't be absurd. The comedian doesn't live who doesn't use this sort of thing repeatedly, particularly for in-person performances. Cook-Gook's twenty years of show business must have been on the Chautauqua circuit.

As for young fans reading this stuff, I'd much prefer that their parents would read it and make their sprigs take up something a little more savory than fandom.

If you were a member of the LASFS you would raise hell about it, you say? Well what do you think I was doing? You should have been at the LASFS meeting following the publication of my article. Burbee, Ashley, and myself tried heroically to force the thing on the floor, but could get nowhere. In fact a very very high officer of the society, a man who believes so devoutly in homosexuality that he served a year in prison for its practice, was successful in shutting us up. Did the membership object? Naturally not. Most of the ones present were known queers. You would have loved the after-meeting conversation that night--it centered around famous West Coast queer hangouts, and dealt with this and that notorious fruit or lesbian and their quaint little ways. I'm mighty glad I left when I did--if the vice squad had paid the LASFS a little call that night I might have had some difficulty explaining what I was doing there.

There are some heterosexual fans. But we of the LASFS no longer express surprise on learning that some out-of-town fan is a homo. Rather when a fan comes in from out of town we wonder if he is a (Burb, there must be a printable euphemism for that famous homosexual pastime)--and if a new young boy comes around the club we just idly speculate as to whether or not he will see the light and leave before one of our finer types pulls a Big Bill Tilden on him.

Why do you suppose that the majority of the better-known LA fans have either quit the LASFS altogether, or have at least refrained from attending meetings very often?

Even our better class of queers won't come around much any more, preferring a better type of fruit to the breed the Bixelstrasse has in its stalls.

And the few of us that are normal--well, can you blame us for staying away?

Phooey. If you haven't seen the light by now there is no need in wasting space on you.

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I don't necessarily share F Towner Laney's opinions. These pages are open to further remarks on the subject from Cook or anybody else. Keep your articles reasonably short, please. Yammer all you want, but do it briefly--under 1000 words if possible. ### Odd, I never did claim S-L'A to be a humor mag. I guess it just reflects my casual attitude toward fandom. ---burb.



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