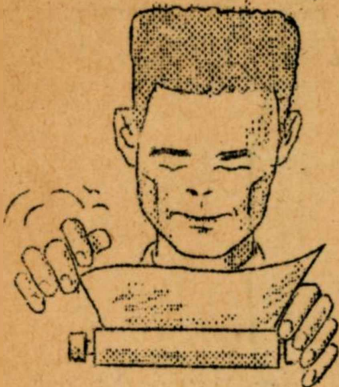


SHANGRI-LA L'OFFICIEL NUMBER

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Shangri-L'Affaires #38, November 1947. Club mag of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. 10c per copy, 3/25c. This is an outrageous price when you consider the amount of reading matter you get for the same sum when you buy the Saturday Evening Post. This mag comes out 5 times a year or so and is a vessel of sweetness and light. 1057 S. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6.

To your surprize and relief I am not going to talk about Al Ashley this time around. I am hardly going to mention the name Ashley. After all, the rest of this magazine fairly creeps with the name Ashley. I am sure the man Ashley will be glad about this, too, and will give his approval to this new tack.

That little picture up there was drawn by Bill Rotsler, or, as he asked me to render his name, BILL ROTSLER. It is supposed to be a picture of me hard at work writing stuff for this sterling fanzine. In the background, hidden by my back, is my mimeograph, at rest. Off to the left, just out of the frame (which itself is not in evidence) Al Ashley is sitting staring off into space. (Al Ashley, you may remember, is the man with two brains but only one head--at last reports). I said to him, Al, let me get you some kind of book. I hate to see you sitting there staring off into space. He said, No, no, never mind. I often sit like this, staring off into space. I've done it a thousand times. So he sat there and stared off into space and I sat here and typed a story which he will submit to Amazing under his own name and after a time we had one of our now famous talks. Thank God there is no space for it here. I've used up so much space now that I can't reveal Ashley's plans for surviving the Bomb, Atom, M-1.

How, in such a limited space, could I tell of his plans for ruling as absolute monarch (beloved by all) over a group of hardy people in which the women outnumber the men 7-1? And how could I describe the Ashley Plan for Beating Off Well-Organized Attacks? And where would I find room for the Ashley Plan for Outmaneuvering in an Indirect Manner Political Aspirants to the Place of Power? There is no room for this revelatory material. It is a pity, in a way, not to be able to sketch out one of the finest pieces of mental engineering Ashley has ever turned out. It is the Ashley Program for Diverting a Sufficient Supply of Water and Power to Slan Center. Dity. I could go into detail on things like the Ashley Plan for Repopulating Devastated Districts, but come to think of it, you may be able to figure that one out yourself.

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I want to state here for the benefit of those who have complained on the score of the vari-colored paper I've been using that I have now used up all the green paper, all the yellow paper, all the orange paper, and all the grey paper. From now on--and this is a promise--Shangri-L'Affaires will appear on whatever kind of paper I can get. Yes, and if that paper came in 8x11 sheets I'd use it and some of the more dignified members would no doubt think it appropriate.

---Charles Burbee

ON WORLD D

A book review in the
mutant manner....

BY

A. E. VAN VOGT

Well, not exactly on the world, but about it. Here is a story that seems to open so poorly, in spite of the great imaginative qualities developed as it proceeds, that any kind of explanation which halfway justifies the beginning is worth bringing out. Let us therefore wipe our glasses and take a second sharper look.

It is a subtle literary world in which we are suddenly disporting. The world of British humor, of British outlook on life, of British things. But there are several Britains, and several distinct and different types of British outlook. There is the outlook of the lower classes, daily becoming more materialistic. These people have for some time now felt their political strength. The initial manifestations are amorality and a defiant attitude toward their "betters", an I'm-as-good-as-you-are, you-toff-you defiance. The romancing of these neophytes is on a realistic level that used only to be found on the continent of Europe, and is but slowly penetrating to America. It is doubtful if it will ever gain any real headway here, because the theme of love, love, love has certain very special mystic qualities in the United States.

In Britain, intellectuals in the labor, middle class and Aristocratic groups dominate liberal thought, and their continual presence in all "movements" explains the very high national spirit which pervades the labor leadership in Great Britain. So-called men of the people and gangsters would have little or no chance to gain ascendancy in British unions. The right to expel a man from the party, though not from the union, is exercised again and again, and has been applied against men so famous they thought they were immune.

Hold on, for a moment, to the idea of that ruling intellectual spirit. It has a history of its own. The Englishman has been a practical idealist in more climes and environments than can ever be described. Sent out to remote colonies, he has been unimaginative and honest in administering the affairs of subject people. His honesty would be absolutely naive to an American. If you can imagine thousands of men living on a pittance for fifty years while governing immensely wealthy countries, then you will have some idea of the qualities of British colonial administration. You may condemn the right of any outside group to govern another group, but that is beside the point. The individual civil servant does not question the right or wrong; he does his duty according to law.

It is still a matter of amazement to me that there are people in the United States who compare the evolving British empire with its

humane laws to countries that have no conception of humanity, and which have a thousand reasons for legal murders besides homicidal acts. The difference between law and expedient brutality has always been one of the differences between civilization and savagery.

All this, too, is relevant. For idealism, a respect for law, extreme honesty of administration (whether accompanied by thickheadedness or intellectual acuteness) have been dominant characteristics of the British civil servant for hundreds of years.

I have an idea that World D was written by one of the following: An English civil servant or a university professor or a barrister, definitely a professional man of some kind, if none of those first three guesses hits the truth. Whoever he is, he is at least fifty years old, and has a great desire to get back to the simple verities of a generation ago. He has a dry wit, and his idea of love is rooted in his strong conviction that it should be pure and unblemished. He is possibly unmarried (though I wouldn't swear to that) and to him sex is an untarnishable relationship between two people who love each other without any neurotic overtones. In his beginning of World D, he has perhaps been influenced slightly by P. G. Wodehouse, because only Wodehouse could ever justify a perfectly sane young man clearing out of an expensive law office in five minutes. The author of World D had the Wodehouse character without the Wodehouse ability for slapstick humor. To go over with an American it needed the broad justifications of slapstick. But Wodehouse was always more popular in the United States than in Great Britain. The British like the humor more subtle and a little drier.

If you ever reread World D, imagine the love interest being handled by P. G. Wodehouse, and then you too will chuckle over many a line of quiet humor as, I am sure, did the Englishmen who read World D.

It probably never occurred to the author that his opus would probably reach an American audience as well as the British market at which he vaguely aimed it. I doubt if he would have worried very much about it if he had.

Because, you see, it is obvious that he wrote the book primarily for his own amusement and entertainment. Which is why it is one of the best science fiction book-novels to come out in recent years.

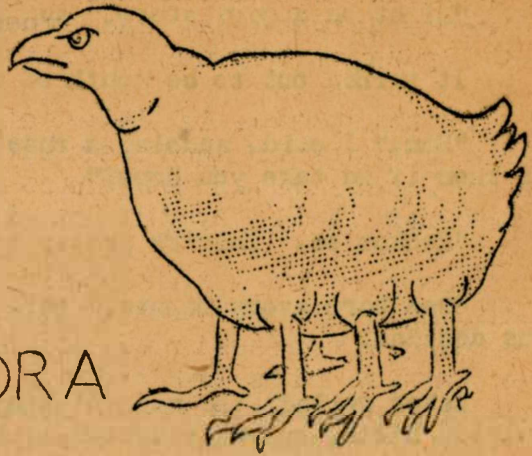
A FILLER OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT

I see in Dream Quest #3 that Don Wilson, its genial editor, declares that this magazine is dying--this very furlong stanzine. He says that everything in it is dull. He invites me to blast back at him, and I have a dozen lines or so to do it in. But I won't do it. After all, I have to maintain the dignity of this stanlong furzine and the dignity (which Russ Hodgkins invented) of the club which it represents, even if I do all the work and they steal the review copies of books which publishers send me. In fact, to demonstrate what a fine and long-suffering fellow I am, I might even urge you to send a dime to Don Wilson, 495 N 3rd St., Banning, California, for a sample copy of his mag. The current issue is smaller than previous issues but is still bigger than this one. You get more for your money there. In quantity, that is. After all, this mag has under contract such big name writers as F. Towner Laney (whom I created--see 37's editorial), Al Ashley (a figment of somebody's imagination, possibly his own), Oxnard Hemmel F.K.H.D., the noted scientist, and others, such as myself.

---burb

THE ZORK FARM

by CYRUS B. CONDRA



He was trudging down the highway and we stopped and picked him up because he didn't bother to hail us for a ride. His name was Joe; his clothing seemed nearly as ancient as himself. We put him in the back seat.

Bill and I had left the Star and were going to Des Moines to give the Register and Tribune a break by lending our peculiar talents to its improvement--God and Cowles willing. Bill, fat, forty and sleepy, was the best feature writer I ever saw. He was interested only in the unusual and had a knack of being around when it happened. I'm slender, three years younger and like to snap pictures. Together we made a specialty team that beat from paper to paper and was usually welcome. We searched out human interest items--freaks, hobby and success stuff--and ground them into stories and paychecks, leaving the straight news coverage to the grind boys and never staying long in one place.

"Go around the long way," suggested Bill as we left Kansas City. "Maybe we can pick up some rube stuff on the way in, for an opener."

Afterward he disclaimed picking our route on a hunch. It was just that he knew that South Iowa, a rolling clay country of winding creeks, small farms and a not too prosperous people, was more on the rustic side than the rest of the state and therefore richer in what we wanted. I don't mean Tobacco Road types and shockers because the country isn't like that even though the plumbing does depend on Montgomery Ward and the RFD combined. Lots of newsworthy things happen in that south tier of counties, but there's no one around to pick them up.

So we went up through Tarkio to what was then Highway #3 and turned east. Couldn't dig up a thing. Just beyond Mount Ayr we picked up the previously mentioned Joe, who turned out to have a farm thirty or so miles farther on. He was a probable 95 pounds and 70 years of withered reticence who erupted tobacco juice as regularly as Old Faithful, but oftener. Bill woke up and went to work on him. He explained what we wanted and why, and asked what was stirring in the sticks.

"I dunno," said Joe, "I aint seen nothin' outa the way, 'less'n you count them yodelin' snakes that turned up on my farm a while back." That brought me around and nearly wrecked the car. "Yodeling snakes!" I hooted. "What do you mean, yodeling snakes?"

"Snakes that youdel," answered Joe, with a shift of his quid. "Dunno what you'd call the noise but it sounds like yodelin' to me."

"Might be a good story," suggested Bill. "Where's your place?"

It turned out to be south of the highway, beyond Leon.

"Hmm," I said, sensing a ruse for a free ride. "Can you guarantee us a look at them if we take you home?"

"Reckon so. They're pretty tame."

"One born every minute," said Bill, giving me a what-can-we-lose look. So it was decided.

Later we left the main highway to follow a rutted trail that lost itself among gullied hills, sparsely dotted with decaying farm buildings, untiled we reached a particularly primitive set of structures which Joe declared to be his "farm". We got out, assisting Joe, whose ancient and stiffened limbs were reluctant to part from the comfort of the upholstery.

"It's a long way from Clarindy," he complained, going over to the well where he quenched his thirst from a rusty tin dipper (having first removed his quid).

"What about the snakes?" I asked gently. "The ones that yodel?"

"Oh, then," said Joe, "they oughta be out back of the barn, I reckon. In the draw." He moved away with us at his heels.

Beyond the barn he lifted his face to the sky and sent his voice soaring in a rasping ragged quaver that might have been an attempt to yodel. He stopped, as though listening for a reply.

Nothing happened.

He tried again. This time there was an echo. Bill and I jerked to attention.

"They're comin'" said Joe, pointing. "Other side of the draw." I had the camera ready, but felt silly. Joe yodeled again.

You've seen those comic scenes in the movies where some dope is testing an echo. The kind where he yells "Who's there?" and the echo answers "Me!" This was something like that. The echo came back all bollixed up, like my inside were a minute later.

For they came. Two plumed serpents, about seven feet long, slithered suddenly up from the draw, pausing now and then to lift their heads and utter clearly the same refrain that Joe had attempted. We stood. And stared.

The afternoon sunlight was clear, yellow and intense. So was I. But I remembered in a minute that if this were hallucination, it wouldn't bother the camera. I got five good shots on fast film before those critters had finished their greeting to Joe and slid away. Then my legs went to jelly and I sat down.

"Air they or aint they?" asked Joe.

Bill had been standing as though petrified with his mouth open. I couldn't speak. Finally, "They air," said Bill. "That is, if you saw what I saw?" He looked at me appealingly. I nodded. "Thank God," he breathed. Then his eyes widened and he jumped three feet straight into the air. "Good Lord!" he yelped. "What's that thing?"

I looked. "That thing" was a beaked and feathered creature resembling a turkey hen, but utterly fabulous on its six legs. It had come around the corner of the barn and now stood a few feet away, eyes us malevolently. The cluster of legs gave it a spiderish appearance. I shuddered.

"That? 'Sa zork," said Joe, indifferently. "I raise 'em. This is a sort of zork farm."

"I never heard of such a thing," gulped Bill. "What is it? What's it good for? Do they all look like that?"

"A zork is a---waal, a zork is just a zork, that's all," replied Joe, fishing for his quid. "Dunno what they're good for--company mostly, I reckon--sort like to have 'em around. Yep, they all look like that. My dad usedta raise 'em. So now I raise 'em." He cut of a sliver of tobacco and tossed it to the zork.

We stared without belief at the creature. It snapped up the tobacco.

"I gotta go pump some water for the cows," said Joe. He started back around the barn. The zork remained in view for a moment, chewing deliberately on its quid. As I frantically manipulated the camera, the zork calmly spit a brown stream on my shoes and then followed Joe out of sight.

"Come on!" I barked, getting out fresh film. "Gotta get more shots!"

Around the barn we saw Joe coaxing a tiny stream of water from an iron pump. It dribbled into a rusty tank. Of the two bovine heads nuzzling the pipe, one raised itself and regarded us warily. Both heads grew from the same body.

Neither of us could say anything, but Bill, with rare presence of mind, pointed to my camera. I snapped another picture.

"This is too much," I gasped. "I gotta know. I gotta know for sure." I went up to the beast and felt gingerly of the muscles of the neck. "This one's real enough." As I went around to the other side, the second head withdrew from the tank and regarded me curiously. Sniffing, it extended itself toward me and licked up the camera from my hands. There was a crunching sound as massive bovine teeth tested the fragile plastic case, and a burp of disgust as the remains were rejected as inedible.

The zork made a noise like a Bronx cheer and flew to the barn roof.

"No pix," said Bill. His voice was soft, plaintive.

"One roll," I answered. "See? That was the second roll in the camera." I held the first one up triumphantly. There was a whirl of wings, a demoniac screech--and the zork was winging over the draw with our precious film clutched in a tangle of talons.



"That does it," I mourned, a few minutes later. "We'll have to get another camera and take more shots. You got a camera, Joe?"

"Nope," said Joe, still pumping.

We left hurriedly for the county seat. We had

to get another camera and more film. The old car broke down just before we got there and we had to wait overnight for repairs. We agreed to say nothing after a feeler or two indicated that no one else knew the story. It was mid-afternoon of the next day before we found the farm again.

The place was deserted. No snakes. No zorks. No two-headed cows. No Joe.

While we stood on the rickety porch pounding a weatherbeaten door, a yokel in a Model T Ford hailed us from the roadway.

"Looking for Joe? He's gone. Sheriff came around and picked him up this morning."

"What about his livestock?" I asked. "Those freak animals he raises--we came out to take pictures of them. Who takes care of them while he's gone?"

"Shucks, stranger, Joe aint got no livestock. That's just one of his stories. He's crazy as a bedbug--that's why they sent him away to the asylum at Clarinda."

"The asylum?"

"Yeah. He got out coupla days ago, but they knew where to find him. He always comes straight back here. Joe thinks he's a zork grower--says a zork is something like a turkey, only it's got six legs--but he's just plain crazy. Runs in the family, I reckon. They say his old man was the same way."

Long after the farmer had gone, we looked and looked--but the farm lay meager, exhausted and abandoned, draped over the lean clay hills like an outworn blanket....

Bill shoots the pictures now that we've recovered enough to go back to work, while I write the features. He says he'll never again try to put the truth to paper.

I know how he feels. I wouldn't touch a camera for more money than you'd believe. But sometimes I open a box in my suitcase and look for a few minutes at the crushed, black plastic instrument it holds...

Those toothmarks are convincingly distinct.

At the meeting of 30 October 1947 the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, in solemn conclave, voted to refrain from sending a review copy of this fanlong stur-zine to the new fanzine review column in Amazing Stories. Since this is the club magazine and I am the editor, this applies directly to me. Well, I think it is all stupid. I am sending a copy of this and future issues I edit to Amazing's review column.

I don't read Amazing because it doesn't entertain me. I do read ASF and others because they do entertain me. Nobody is twisting your arm to make you read, believe, or buy Amazing Stories---so why all the commotion? Why should I, as a reader, care if an editor is wacky or not? I just don't care. Well, I wouldn't say I don't care---I do find this feud amusing, if silly. I view it with detached amusement. All I know is that a fanzine editor's pay is ego-boo and only ego-boo. If Amazing will give me egoboo I'll send review copies there.

---Charles Burbee

LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT

by F. Towner Laney

Are you a member of F.F.P.? You're reading this, maybe, and that shows that you have a certain amount of interest in stuff, fantasy, and this thing called fandom. You may be interested in other things too; some fans actually are. You may like serious discussions, clever humor, an opportunity for creative self-expression of your own. Or maybe you're just tired of the futilities of fan organizations, of the blattings of some of the fans, of the grind of publishing a fanzine, or of the constant sending of fanzine subscriptions for which you get no return. Or, on the other hand, maybe fandom thrills you half to death; maybe you are in a dither over its manifold possibilities.

Whatever of the foregoing may apply to you, you owe it to yourself to investigate F.F.P., the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Where fan organizations of one kind and another come and go and bumble on inanely, F.F.P. is serenely entering its eleventh year of consecutive activity and accomplishment. F.F.P. is less a fan organization than an amateur journalism society which has evolved from fandom, and it is the one facet of fandom which is able to hold a fan's interest after all the rest of the folderol has palled on him. Speer, Garner, Perdue, Rothman, Widner, Ashley, Tucker, Laney---many others.

F.F.P. is simply a clearing house for fanzines. Four times a year F.F.P. members receive a massive envelope containing the quarterly output of their fellow members. You talk about fanzines! The smallest mailing I've seen in over four years of membership bested 120 pages, and in normally good times the mailings run as high as 500 pages, average easily a thousand pages per year.

That's a lot of reading matter for only a buck, isn't it? Yessir, that's all it costs, 1.00 per year.

To get in on this bonanza, you must meet certain simple requirements, in addition to having a buck. You must have had material written or drawn by you published in two fanzines located in different cities in the 12 months prior to your application; or you must have published a fanzine of your own in the past year.

To remain a member in good standing, you must contribute to the mailings a minimum of 8 pages, 8x11, per year, or the equivalent thereof.

Publishing for F.F.P. is a snap. Your press run is only 70 copies, which makes even a pen hektograph feasible (though most F.F.P.azines are mimeographed). You have no mailing lists to contend with, no routine correspondence--merely sending your entire edition to the official editor, who distributes it for you.

And if you don't want to publish, you don't have to. You can get your eight pages published by other members, and get credit for them just the same.

Of course, most members pay no attention to this 8 pages requirement--publishing more than that in every mailing.

It so happens that there are a very limited number of vacancies available at this time, but they're going fast (five new members in a month). If you rush your dollar and statement of eligibility to F. J. Ackerman, 236 1/2 N. New Hampshire, Los Angeles 4 you might be lucky and get in under the wire.

MONUMENT TO WISDOM

OXNARD HEMMEL

After being bruited around the countryside, word has come to me recently that there is at this moment a movement afoot to raise and collect monies for the building of a living memorial to the man Hemmel.

Whether this memorial is meant to be a gigantic Scientific Foundation or a research laboratory or perhaps a brooding colossus I have not yet been able to learn and it does not seem important here because fitting though it may be (and I do not wish to argue the point) I am not particularly willing at this time to be preserved in lines of brass or some more precious metal because I know too little about the group that is raising the monetary means toward this worthy end.

Because it is unknown to me just who is to profit from this venture I hesitate to place my stamp of approval on this project at this time, though it is not to be wondered at if I suddenly release, through the publishing channels of the nation, my formal go-ahead signal, and perhaps accompany the news releases of that gladsome day with a radio address of singular interest to each and every one in the land.

I appreciate the thought behind this project provided there is no thought of power or self motivating the actions of the Hemmel Forever Society, which I understand is the name of the organization collecting the money. After all I am more or less a rather impractical old scientist, unused in many ways to the world outside the laboratory, and inclined to misunderstand anything I cannot view through the objective of my electron microscope, and besides I am not at all satisfied with the Dunn and Bradstreet ratings of these men.

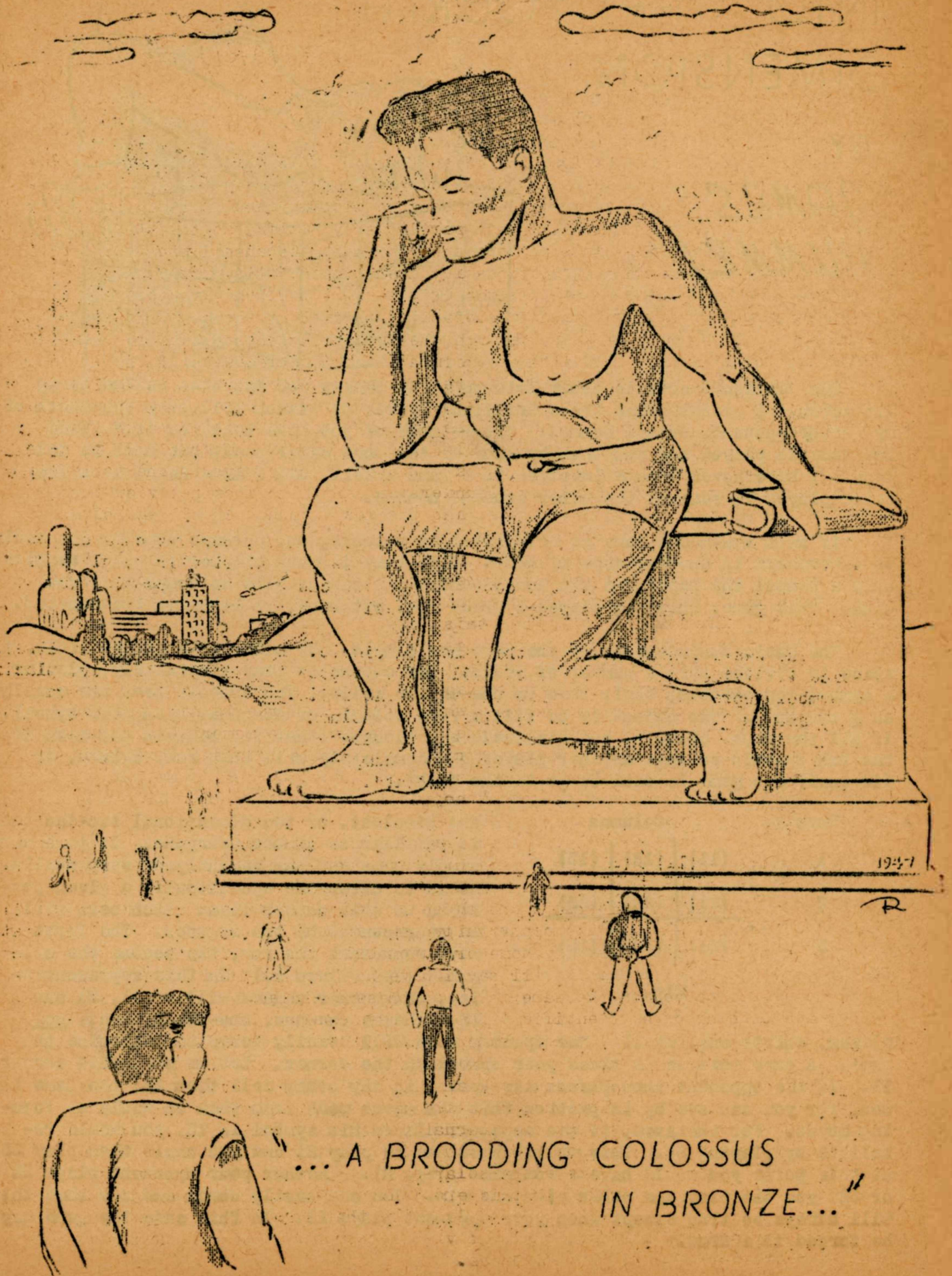
Till I have satisfied myself as to the credentials of the Society, I wish you would forward such monies as you can spare for the living memorial direct to me or to my old famulus and amanuensis Burbee and not under any circumstances to the address of this magazine. I will hold this money in trust for you, non-interest-bearing, and if the project goes through as planned, will invest it for you. If the project is haply abandoned at some future time I do not care to specify, I will cheerfully refund your money---less, perhaps, a small service or handling charge that will not in any case exceed 40% and which you must agree is not more than fair.

Hemmel, a brooding colossus in bronze. Or perhaps the memorial will be a huge building, a research foundation financed royally to delve into the known and suspected---which shall it be? This is a question to fascinate one. However, do not bother to send in your votes with your money as I have already decided and plans are being drawn up now.

In fact, as I sit here writing this article, thoughts have been pulsing through my head as usual and some of these thoughts have been particularly outstanding, also as usual. I have also made several decisions concerning this matter.

Soon I will speak on the radio and those of you who have known me only through my published words will have the opportunity to hear the intonations of my voice as it comes intimately into your very home or automobile (and if this is being read in 1959 in your gynobile). What I will say I have no faintest idea but rest assured it will be useful to you on the same scale as these articles.

Perhaps nothing of a scientific value has been learned here but this release has been more on the order of a news report and thus has some value. Historians will be grateful to me for writing this personal item, for it will let future civilizations get a peek into the present age and its great men. When I am compounded with clay this article will live on, with the rest of my material, ever delighting new eyes and new minds and sowing the eternally blossoming seeds of science and knowledge throughout the lands of the Earth and the other planets and mayhap in some not-too-distant future, the extra-solar-system planets, some fifty-five of which I have already discovered. To this end I have written all these articles in the simplest and most understandable type of language that lends itself easily to translation into any mode of written, oral, or visual communication such as may be employed by extra-terrestrial intelligences.

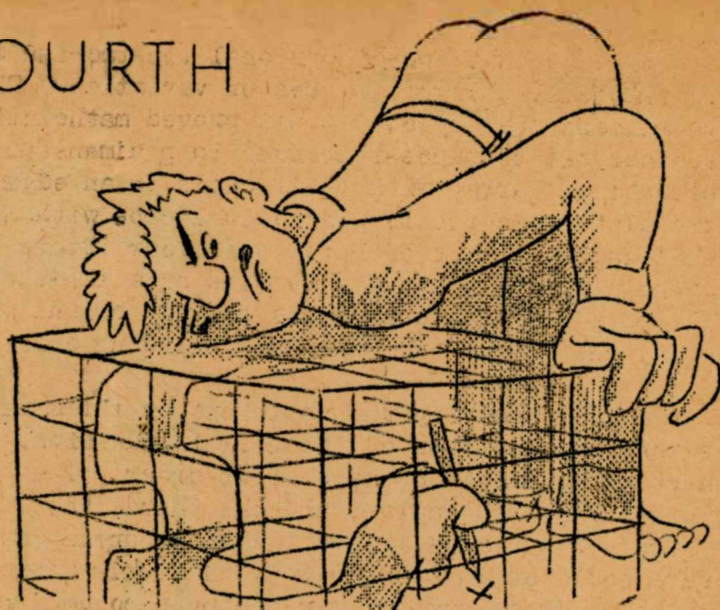


"... A BROODING COLOSSUS
IN BRONZE..."

INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION

BY

JAMES
HUMMEL



The unsigned article about Kriegspiel in Shaggy #30 has been called to my attention. I presume that those brilliant pearls of wisdom fell from the mouth of my worthy opponent, Oxnard Hummel. "Since none of you have heard of it." HAH! The game is played now and then by some of the more eager souls out here at Cal Tech. I have never become involved in a game myself, but I have heard of a few being played in some of the other student houses.

If such a mundane game as Kriegspiel is catching on, perhaps some of you would be interested in another type of game. This game is much simpler to play, requires only a pencil and paper and two contestants, and can be made as complex as you wish. This game, which is played a great deal out here, is known as tic-tac-toe.

The basic fundamentals of the game are simple. By means of straight lines, a space is divided into a number of cells. The opponents play alternately, placing a symbol representing their side in one of the cells. The symbols used are usually an X and an O. The object is to fill a row, column, or diagonal with your symbol. If all the rows, columns, and diagonals are blocked (that is, contain one each of the two symbols so that neither player can completely fill that row, column, or diagonal) the game is said to go to the "cat".

Rows	Columns		
1	(11)	(12)	(13)
2	(21)	(22)	(23)
3	(31)	(32)	(33)

Fig. 1

The simplest, or two dimensional tic-tac-toe, is familiar to almost everyone. It is a very simple game and can be analyzed very easily. So as to determine specifically a given position we will number them. Each cell will be represented by two figures. The first will represent the row, the second the column. (See Figure 1.) In this representation, the corner squares will be 11, 31 and 33. (Read: one-one, one-three, etc., not

eleven, thirty-one, etc.) The opening move will usually serve to determine the game. A sure move is to place your symbol in the corner. Let us call this corner 11. If the opponent then places his symbol in any other cell than 22, the game is won, for you can see by inspection that all moves made from then on would be forcing moves. For instance, if the opponent placed his symbol in 13, you would retaliate by playing 31. This would force him to play 21 and you could then play 33. At this point you would have a won game (Fig. 2). Whether your opponent plays 22 or 32, you can play the other side and win. You can easily check and see that this will always be true except when your opponent plays 22. In this case the game may be forced to a draw.

The fact that two-dimensional tic-tac-toe is so simple to win need not worry you. There are bigger and better varieties. The favorite out at Cal Tech is the three-dimensional type. It was proved mathematically by one of the students out here that the best possible game in n dimensions would be played in a cubical (or hypercubical) array with $(n+1)$ cells on an edge. To fit this theorem, three-dimensional tic-tac-toe is played in a cube with four cells on an edge. The board is visualized as a sort of hotel with four floors and sixteen rooms to a floor. To aid the playing, a diagram is made on a sheet of paper. Four square arrays on four cells on a side are drawn side by side on the paper. The first is considered to be the top one in the cube and the following ones descending below this one.

We will identify the positions by three numbers. The first will represent the vertical position of the cell in question, the top square being 1 and the others 2, 3, and 4 in the obvious order. The second number will represent the column the cell occupies, and the third, the row. The lone O in the first square of figure 3 would be identified as occupying cell 133. The two X's in the third square would be in 323 and 334. A win is scored when one player has four symbols in a row. These symbols may occupy a column, row or diagonal in any square (such as the column of X's in square 1, the row of O's in square three, or the diagonal of O's in square 2). They may also occupy a pillar (such as the pillar of O's, 133, 233, 333, and 433), a sheet diagonal (114, 224, 334, and 444) or a main diagonal of the cube. (A main diagonal would be 111, 222, 333, and 444.)

A typical game showing the line of reasoning followed by one player might be of advantage in understanding the game. We will follow X as he plays the game in Figure 4. X leads with 114; he has no definite plan yet. O plays 332, neatly blocking the main diagonal. X---334, O---112. X now sees that O is trying to fill a sheet diagonal, but waits, playing 223. The presence of this X worries O slightly, so he plays in the same square, playing 222. X now blocks O's sheet diagonal by playing 442. O trying a double approach, plays 321. X---441, O sees his chance and plays 412. X then wins by playing 224. In this game O was a rather stupid lunkhead not to see that move. Actually, the games usually last for ten minutes or more.

4-dimensional tic-tac-toe is played on 25 squares of 25 squares each, the squares arranged in a square array of five squares on a side. The winning is done along any row, column, or diagonal of any square, or any diagonal or pillar of any row or column of squares, or any pillar or diagonal of any diagonal along the array of squares. This game isn't too popular as it takes half an hour or more to play. However, 5-dimensional tic-tac-toe is even worse. 216 squares of 36 cells each, arranged in 6 arrays of 36 squares..... You can go on from there, but in 9-dimensional tic-tac-toe there are 1,000,000,000 opening moves.

You play it--I won't.

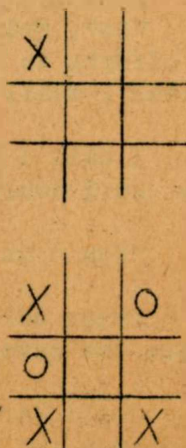
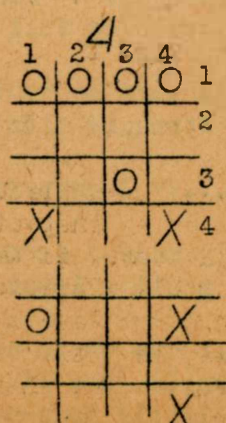
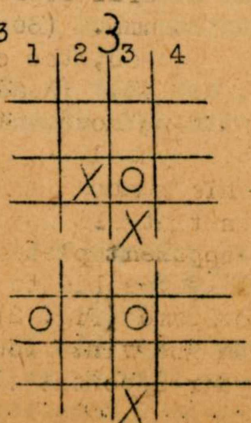
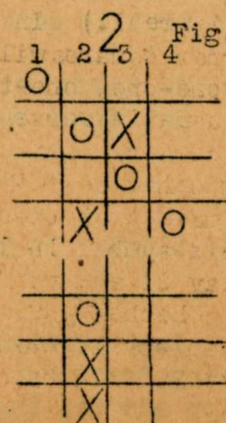
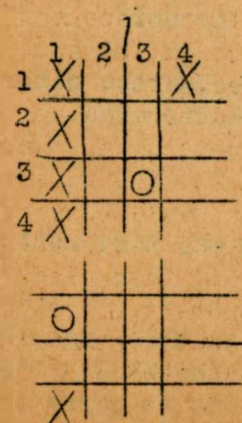


Figure 4.

Fig. 2

I WAS DRUMMED OUT OF FANDOM!

says AL ASHLEY



Yup! I've been drummed out of Fandom!drrrrummed out!

Charles (the Cad) Burbee assures me that this is so, and Burbee is known to be an honorable and discerning person.

You see, it all started back before the war. In fact, you might say that it started about the time of World War I. At that time a guy by the name of Everett Evans served some time, in the Navy I mean, as a drummer. Seems they fit their battles to music in those days, or so one supposes. Anyway Evans manipulated the drums I understand.

But just before the last war, I'd got myself involved in Fandom and in publishing a fanzine called NOVA. Another guy and Evans were in on the mag with me. Three issues came out, each better than the one before. The future looked bright. Then one day E. E. Evans approached me.

"Al," he said, "I find I'm not getting my money's worth of egoboo out of NOVA."

Considering his position as a third partner on NOVA, I was trying to use all of his stuff I could. Still I was supposed to be the editor, and to be thinking of all that readership out there, and such stuff. I must admit none of the three issues so far published had contained more than 65% of material by Evans.

"So", Evans went on, "I'm withdrawing my support from NOVA, and devoting all my efforts to the NEFF." Drawing himself into a stance, he exclaimed, "In the NEFF I feel I shall attain my full stature, and receive what is coming to me!"

I said I was sure he would, and that it might be tough going, but the other guy and I would struggle along with NOVA somehow. But Evans shook his head.

"You mean....?" I quavered.

Evans coldly made a downward gesture with his thumb. As you may have noticed, there was never another issue of NOVA.

World War II was on in earnest by this time. Just previous to this Evans had been away for awhile, and I'd been serving as Acting President of the NEFF. I'd just got a nice little page-and-a-half Constitution adopted that was to carry the organization along in nice shape for "the duration and six months".

"Well," I said to Evans, "as soon as I wind up some details I'll turn the NFFF presidency back to you. Kinda wanta finish things off with a flourish, ya know."

Evans shook his head. "Now!" he said.

"Anyway," I shrugged, "the NFFF has a good constitution now and ought to really amount to something."

Evans said, "I don't like it. Too simple. Too easy for the members to understand." A horrible sound emerged from his lips, while he drew his finger in an expressive horizontal motion just below the level of his chin.

What could I do? I went on paying dues and maintaining my membership, but what I observed in the following months appalled me. The Constitution was ignored, as was the Directorate. Members were admitted or dropped on the President's whim. While the dollars of new members poured in, the treasury shrank and dwindled, and yet the members received nothing. Evans worked over a monstrous new constitution, and presently presented it for approval. But he'd pulled a boner. A confusing constitution and a confused membership simply multiplied the confusion, and the results of the vote moved Evans to resign his office, throwing the mess into the lap of his erstwhile friend Tucker. After that, he settled back to handle matters from behind the scenes.

In the meantime, we residents of Slanshack decided to migrate to Los Angeles. As might have been expected, Evans surprised us by leaving several months before we could get away. Having a few months on the scene in LA ahead of us had its obvious advantages.

Perhaps we wondered a little at the reception we got when we arrived. But we duly joined the LASFS. We plunged into the activities of the local bunch. Then Evans began to feel a desire to expand his field of influence to include even local groups. The rest of the Battle Creek gang saw the handwriting on the wall and got out fast. Naive fan that I was, I lingered on.

Came the LASFS elections. Someone nominated Evans. The nominations were promptly closed in some strange manner. Unnoticed, I stood nearby as the ballots were counted. A write-in candidate by the name of Burbee got the most votes, but Evans was announced as the new Director. Wisely, I remained silent.

A few short weeks later, Evans arose in meeting and read off a list of ten of the better members. These, he announced, were up for expulsion for non-payment of dues. To my surprise, my name was included on the list.

It was a massacre. One by one the alleged delinquents were ousted. I watched the emotional battle play over the faces of the other members as they voted, but perhaps they too had heard the first warning ruffle of the drums. After it was over I went up to Evans. I would appeal to his better nature, I thought.

"Look, Evans," I pled, "surely you can't mean this. What about your many declarations that one should look only at the good in people and shut one's eyes to anything else? What about this Brotherhood of Man you mention so frequently?"

"Little do you know of the Brotherhood of which I speak," he said pompously. But the eyes that regarded me had a speculative glint. I cringed.

Finally I resolved on one last desperate attempt. Surely, with someone to serve as a rallying point, the members of the LASFS would arise and throw off this intolerable yoke which had been fastened upon them. I pored over the club records. Suspecting what I did, the results of my efforts amazed even me.

For over a year, not a single piece of business transacted by the club had been done legally. Members had been admitted or dropped according to whim. Business and elections conducted with far less than the required quorum. And there were other things, worse things. At the next meeting I spread the unsavory mess before the membership---and suggested a remedy.

That did it! Did it for me, I mean. The club did nothing. Perhaps the drumbeats were ringing louder in their ears by this time.

Although no longer a member now, I was even more regular in my attendance of meetings. Could I have been hoping that the LASTFS, even at this late date, would have a change of heart and rise in its might? If so, it was a vain hope. After a time Evans introduced legislation setting a fee for each meeting attended by a former member. Even this failed to drive me away. Finally he stopped me outside after one of the meetings.

"That's all, Al!" he said. His eyes were like ice. "No more FAPA, either," he added.

That did it. That broke my spirit. I'd been consoling myself holding FAPA offices and regularly publishing my fapazine. Now even that was to be denied me. His lust for power was insatiable. Of course he wouldn't come out in the open any more to the extent of running for FAPA office. But did it strike you as strange, in view of certain recent events, that Perdue blossomed out as the new President of FAPA? Would it interest you to know that the one who nominated Evans to Directorship of the LASTFS---was Perdue? Need I say more?

I retired to my fantasy library of nearly a thousand volumes, and numberless prozines and fanzines. I took pride in my collection, and in exhibiting it to my fellow fans. Then Evans happened around. He stood watching as I proudly showed a choice volume to several admiring and envious fen. He spoke.

"I'll give you sixty days," he said, waving his arm in an inclusive sweep.

"For what?" I asked, knowing all too well what was coming.

"It all must go, every last bit!" he declared with implacable finality.

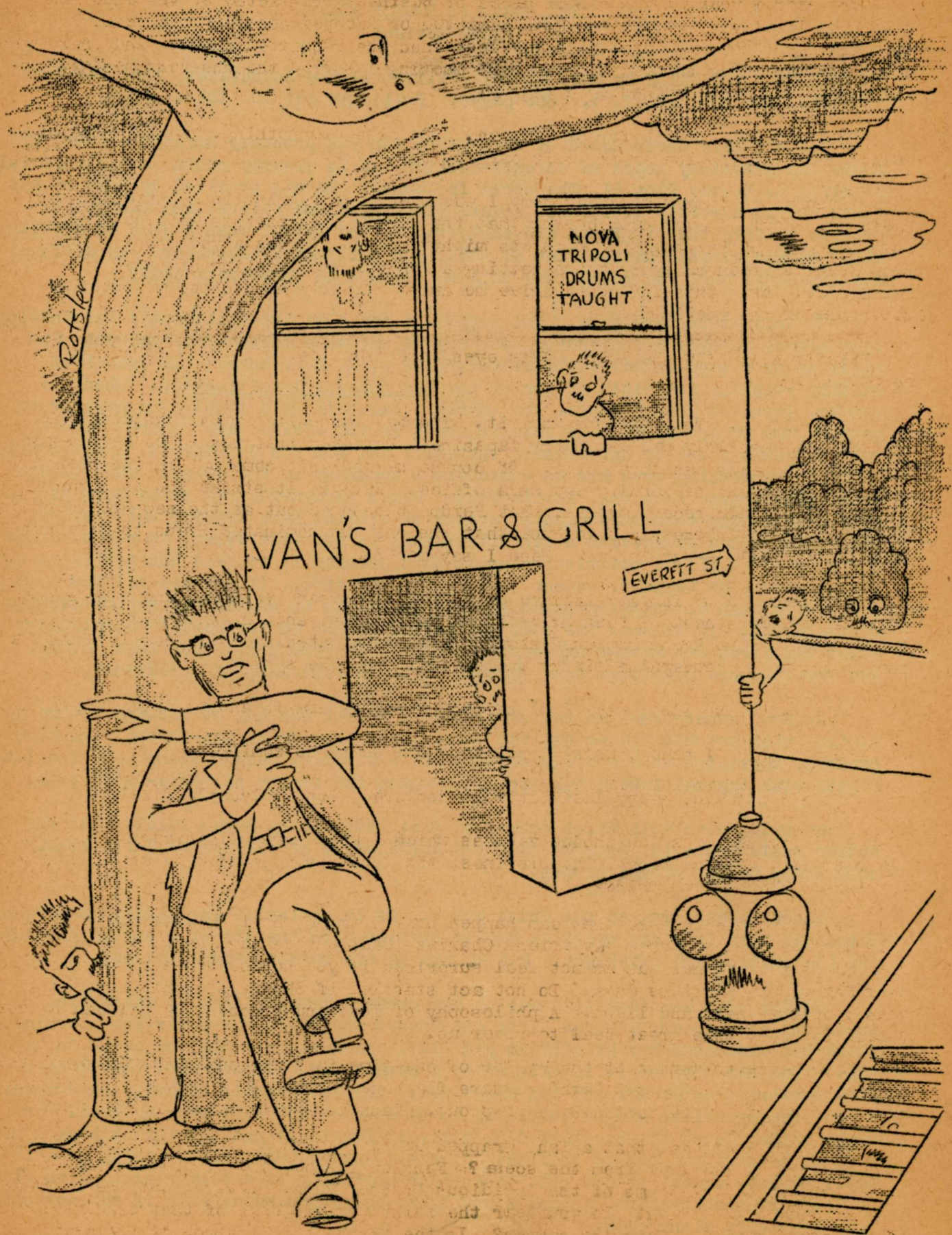
I did sneak out a few choice volumes which I keep carefully hidden. But all the rest is gone--the books, the prozines, the fanzines. And did I get the money for them? What do you think?

There is nothing more that can happen now--I think. So I am determined to make this last defiant gesture. My friend Charles (Cad) Burbee says he will print it for me. He is a brave man but do not feel surprized if you notice a new editor take over Shaggy one of these days. Do not act startled if Shaggy suddenly becomes a vessel of sweetness and light. A philosophy of love and kindness to all can be very useful to one with a great deal to cover up.

Ever pause to wonder at the number of one-time fans who suddenly vanished? From Jack Darrow who quietly slid away to more flamboyant cases like Degler, one by one they've dropped. They continue to drop out. Fanzines fold. Ever wonder why?

Strange, isn't it, that a fan, wrapped up in intense activity, should suddenly drop everything and fade from the scene? Fans do it now, one by one, one by one, to the rhythm of the drums of the insidious Dr Foo Evans.you out there, reading this account, listen! Do you hear the faint far-off beat of that deadly drum? Is the sound swelling, drawing nearer? Is the throb, throb, throb of the drum ringing in your ears? Is Evans beating his drum for you?

Dr-r-rum-m-m-med out of Fandom!



Persecution complex, hell! It's just
that I see him everywhere.

THE WORLD IS DOOMED AGAIN
(Book Review)

GREENER THAN YOU THINK by Ward Moore. William Sloane Associates, Inc. 119 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. 358 pages. Published Oct 20, 1947. \$3.50

While I have never heard of Ward Moore and you probably haven't either, Mr Moore has certainly heard of science-fiction, as is clearly shown in his powerful handling of Master Plot #1, The World Is Doomed. He has profited by what he has read, for he adroitly avoids all stupid plot turns and twists, and manages to produce a story that is fresh and invigorating and better than a jolt of morning air. He has clothed Master Plot #1 with such delightful characters and dialogue and incidents that the result can only be classed as first rate stuff.

No dull characters here. The people of the plot are unanimously fascinating, from Albert Weener, the narrator, who starts out as a second-rate salesman and winds up as a second-rate world dictator, to W. R. Lo ffacaso, the eccentric, saltily voluble, irascible editor of the Los Angeles Intelligencer. Then, of course, there is Miss Francis, the horrific old hulk of a female who happens to possess one of the keenest scientific minds in the world. And General Thorio, who possesses a set of unfortunate initials) and his son Joe Thorio, whose gentle neurotic tendencies prod him to composing a symphony to the grass. That is the doom. The grass, that is. Devil-grass. Plain garden-variety grass such as you should be mowing this very minute instead of sitting here reading this review. Miss Francis has discovered a fertilizer that is not fertilizer, it seems. This stuff causes a slight mutation in grass that permits it to feed and thrive on such bizarre items as asphalt, cement, sand. Unfortunately, it mutates all too well and grows with such astonishing speed that it threatens to engulf the entire surface of the earth. It becomes the most shattering threat to the world's complacency since the first stf author envisioned an invasion from Mars. For that matter, the Martians are mentioned here, but no Martians ever make an appearance.

Albert Weener grows as the grass grows, and at the end it becomes a struggle to the death between Weener and the grass for supremacy of the earth. And Miss Francis, horrified at the awful results she'd foreseen just a blonde one too late, fights with typical last-ditch fervor to smash the threat of world-extinction.

Stippled with delightful satire on just about every human foible that the author could crowd in, GREENER THAN YOU THINK might be classed as a fictional commentary on the nature of man.

Watch Weener grow as the grass grows. As it encircles the globe, so does he. Watch him rise from his original humble station with the aid of a series of flukes and his lightweight intellect. Follow him to the rather unexpected end.

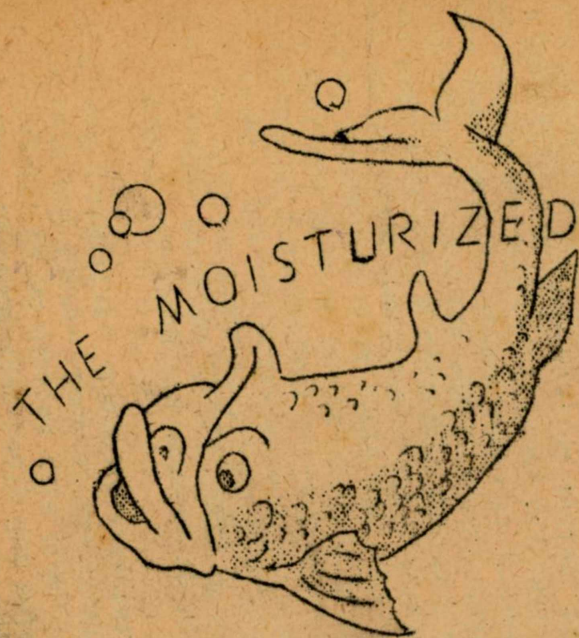
Wonder with him (and with me) at the mystery female, lovely, enigmatic, imperious as a queen, whom he first encounters when doom and power are aborning. Watch him encounter her briefly on page 127, again on page 234 and again on page 335. What her purpose is in this story I cannot say. I only know that I have been wondering about her for two weeks now. She is probably symbolic of something. If so, the symbolism was so subtle as to be obscure and went over my head. Or maybe author Moore was subsidized by a lovely female to put her into a book somehow, so he stripped her in in likely places. Anyway, what she is doing here is of small moment, except to me. She is a minor character in a book replete with plenty of well-drawn characters, a book heartily to be recommended, even if she doesn't help the story along much.

---Charles Burbee

....HELLBOX....

This is the sort of stuff that will appear here when there are no minutes of LASFS meetings. It seems that Sec'y Cox said he'd send them to me and he never got around to doing it, so no minutes this time. Instead, we have this page of items dredged from here and there. Some of the stuff is truth, some half-truths, and some items are just plain lies. The most entertaining items are the lies.

Burbee and Laney are warming up to put out another one-shot fanzine such as Two Fingers, or maybe Four Fingers or one like the memorable Ack on His Back. The new one will no doubt be titled Wild Hair and will out every other one-shot ever published. The two editors-in-chief are now selecting their assistants to share in the glory of this project....Lack of minutes in this issue has so incensed the editor that the name of the misfeasant character, Jean Cox, will not appear anywhere in this issue. So look where you may, Jean Cox, you won't see your name here. You may as well stop searching....Bill Rotsler, who did all the sketches in this issue, has been signed to a long-term contract as Art Editor. No money will change hands, just egoboo (short for ego-boosting crud)....Al Ashley and Burbee are playing a 50-game chess match. Burbee leads at present....FAPA members take notice: Burbee, in his godhead as Official Editor, has sent Fall Mailings to the fanzine review depts in Startling and Amazing....Al Ashley threatens to kill himself. Says he can't live without fandom since Evans drummed him out....Burbee publishes 53th issue of Shangri-L'Affaires and says #39 will be the highlight of the year 1948....Artist Schneeman visited the LASFS a few weeks ago and held members spellbound with his extemporaneous remarks. One erudite listener wanted to know why Shhneeman didn't illustrate Poe in his spare time for the fun of it....Bill Rotsler's new magazine Noophyte to be an all-litho job, same format as Fantasy Advertiser. Will be out, he says, in about one month....Al Ashley denies threat of suicide. Says fandom can't live without him....EEEvans renounces Al Ashley. Cuts him off without a cent. The big brush-off occurred at the meeting of 11 September and will be long remembered (though little noted) in fan circles. In fact, Evans' frank talk that night caused Burbee and Laney to resolve highly no longer to snipe at him....Ashley and Burbee (but mainly Burbee) have started a new game that people with broad mental horizons should enjoy playing. This game will be fully described in the next ish. We all have broad mental horizons because Margaret St Clair said so--in print--so it must be so....Lee Budoff of New York is visiting Slan Shack and is sleeping in the sink on the back porch....Slan Shack is no more. The name, that is. Myrtle Douglas, genial lady of 643 S Bixel, says the place has outlived its name and needs a new title. Send title suggestions to her at 643 S Bixel, Los Angeles 14. Hurry, because sometime early next year the whole bldg will be torn down to make way for a huge medical center bldg....Gus Willmorth and bride Genie have moved to Slan Shack....The club is going to trade its printing press to F T Laney as soon as E Perdue stops claiming it is his....Al Ashley (whisper his name) has got a huge idea to make a thousand dollars a month in your spare time. Drop him a card requesting details, which are free to people with broad mental horizons. Address Slan Shack..An unnamed member sold a story to Amazing last week and his now hiding out from Ackerman....Jack Wiedenbeck is writing a fantasy yarn titled Poonta's Pups and all those who have read the first 50,000 words agree that it is the best thing since William Sell's Other Tracks....For the big annual LASFS Xmas part, Ackerman has announced that he has devised a new parlor game in which blindfolded fans will attempt to pin paper jet tubes on a large drawing of a space ship....In the future, references to what is now called the physical side of fandom will be austerly cut or at least changed around a bit....WJDaugherty is now the genial landlord of the LASFS clubroom, having seized control (according to a telegram I am supposed to have sent to the Philcon in cahoots with Laney) while most of the executive officers were away at the Philcon. He is running a dancing school on the premises and sublets to two or three other people besides...."American Fandom has failed!" shouts a prominent local fan, "We must look to Britain!"



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