

NO. 18 - FEB. 1950

H. EICHNER-1950

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION

E. E. EVANS-----	HAPPY ENDING-----	PAGE 5 to 8
CON PEDERSON-----	FRAGMENT OF AN EXISTENCE-----	" 14 to 15
RORY FAULKNER-----	THE MAGIC STRATO-BEAMIE-----	" 17 to 20
PATRICIA SHERMAN-----	THE GIRL ON THE COVER-----	" 21 to 22

ARTICLES

WENDAYNE MONDELLE---	WENDY AND FORRY ACKERMAN	
	VISIT THE MOON -----	PAGE 2 to 4
FORRY ACKERMAN-----	FANCESTRAL MEMORIES-----	" 10 to 13
ALAN U. HERSHEY-----	THE FAN OF THE FUTURE-----	" 23 to 25
JEAN COX-----	JUST A MINUTE-----	" 26 to 27
ROSS ROCKLYNNE-----	FAN-AUTHOR QUESTIONS-----	" 28 to 29
HELLINE WEARS		
AND -----	SHORT STORY POLL-----	" 30 to 31
RICK SNEARY		
EARLE PRINCETON-----	WHAT IS WRONG WITH CRITICISM?---	" 32 to 33

ANNOUNCEMENTS

TABLE OF CONTENTS-----	PAGE 1
L A S F S INVITES YOU-----	" 4
WESTERCON-----	" 20
NORWESCON-----	" 22

POETRY

DUVAL-----	MOONSONG-----	PAGE 9
AUDREY-----	NO TITLE-----	" 9
JOHN VAN COUVERING--	ASTERISK-----	" 33

ART WORK

HENRY EICNER-----	COVER-----	COVER
CON PEDERSON-----	SQUIGGLES-----	PAGE 16
LEN MONTAINE-----	TITLE HEADINGS-----	" 2,9,17,21, 23,26,28,30,34

MISCELLANEOUS

JEAN COX-----	PHILLER-----	PAGE 29
EDITORIAL-----	FREDDIE HER.SHEY-----	" 34

SHANGRI-LA is the official organ of the LOS ANGELES SCIENCE-FAN-TASY SOCIETY, meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M. at 1305 West Ingraham Street, Los Angeles 13, Calif. "Shaggy" is issued eight times a year, at 15¢ a copy, or at \$1.00 a year to Associate Members. Address all letters and monies to the above address.

WENDY AND FORRY ACKERMAN

VISIT THE MOON

-WENDAYNE MONDELLE-

Do you want to have a foretaste of thrills to come? Then just imagine you had accompanied us to the set of DESTINATION MOON. Enter with us through the gate of General Service Studios at Hollywood, wind your way through the maze of soundstages, office buildings, parkinglots...and finally here we are; on soundstage 3, the only place on earth that ever came as near to looking like the moon as the real thing.

Clinch your eyes a bit and you will find yourself in the midst of the crater Harpalus; walk on the lava-scarred ground, jump across the deep crevices, where eons ago the solidified lava-flow has cracked. Let your eyes sweep around the awe-inspiring heights of the encircling mountain chains. Wild, steeprising crags, receding in bluish shadows. Upward your glance roves, and meets the immensity of the spaceblue skyroof, sprinkled all over with a planless array of stars...and there you catch yourself; come back to earth, and laugh at yourself.

For a few moments you had yourself fooled alright, or, rather, Chesley Bonestall had made you imagine with his lifelike reproduction of the moonlandscape that you had made the 240,000 mile jump to "up there". With photographic precision he has created an 173' by 120' by 25' mooncrater, which is actually based on photos taken by the Mount Wilson Observatory.

"Hello, there, Forry and Wendy. I am glad you could make it out here," greets us the deep voice of Robert A. Heinlein, author of ROCKET SHIP GALILO, which has been adapted by him for the filmscript of DESTINATION MOON, and for which he has been retained as technical adviser. "Come on, and let's make the rounds, meet the crowd around here."

We walk over to breezy, enthusiasm-inspiring George Pal, producer of Puppetoons. He explains he has graduated from the "shorts" to the long pants stage of fulllength features, with live actors.

"You may expect a series of sciencefiction films", he promises. "The second is going to be WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, by Philip Wylie."

Forry shows Pal some of the stills of FRAU IM MOND, a German sciencefiction film of 25 years ago. Pal gets very interested. "Pichel, come over here," he calls to Irving Pichel, director of DESTINATION MOON. "Look at how Fritz Lang has pictured the moonlandscape." And soon a large group is gathered around us; everyone wants to have a look at these rare stills, which are part of Forry's large collection of Fantasy-film Fotos.

Mr. Breuer, the Technicolor specialist (yes, you are assuming correctly; DESTINATION MOON is going to be in Technicolor, running for 90 minutes); the makeup artist (who is feeling very frustrated, as there are no cuties who will be taken along for the first trip to the moon); the actors, Warner Anderson, alias Dr. Cargraves

(the scientist whose invention of an atompowered driven spaceship will enable an American crew of four to take off to our neighbor in the sky 10 years hence); jolly Tom Powers, alias General Thayer, retired Army man who finds out some wicked foreigners have done it again, and sabotaged the attempt to establish the first artificial earth satellite of anno 1954; which led to the abandonment of all further plans to fly beyond the earth's atmosphere by the Army.

No, the enemy is not through yet, even in 1960, and so the General decides: either we are going to be bombarded from high up there by our dear neighbors, or they will meet the same fate at our hands. So the obvious conclusion: Let us get up there in a hurry, before they beat us to it, but keep it hush-hush and get ready for the moonhop in, oh, let me say, in a couple of weeks. But where are we going to get the necessary money? Thank God, here he is, John Archer, alias Jim Barnes, the inspired industrialist, who is financing the trip.

And now we have met all the actors, with the exception of Dick Wesson, the ship's radar man, who does not believe in the practicability of spaceflight, but who is asked just to go through the motions. Well, now I see him over there, trying to join our crowd, strutting along in his cumbersome spacesuit.

But carrying on your frame 100 lbs. of space outfit might be alright on the moon; down here it gives the little elegant effect of a deep sea diver. The spacesuit is a skyblue affair (we are told that the various actors have to wear differently coloured suits, so they can be easily distinguished from each other, and more important, readily discerned from the drab-colored background of the moonset). Walkie-talkie strapped around the waist, oxygen cylinder on the back, diver's helmet and heavy black rubber boots, with supposedly magnetized soles, complete our first space hero's outfit.

"Come on, let's break it up," Director Pichel reminds us after everyone has duly admired Forry's treasures, and after George Pal has managed to borrow several of the stills to have photostats made for his own private collection. "Let's move over to stage 2. We still have to shoot the scene where Dr. Cargraves will float in space."

A whole procession takes place in the direction of sound stage 2. An immense hall, full of scaffoldings, wires strung through the air, an enormous technicolor camera, workmen busily hammering, shouting instructions. Noise, rush and confusion. How ever do they get anything done?

But in the meantime, Dr. Cargraves has been strung up on the wires and is dangling helplessly in the air like a marionette. Serves him right. Why ever did he manage to get disconnected from the surface of the ship's hull, which he had gone out to repair during the moonflight? This, incidently, is one of the highlights of the film, which is, straight told; serious reportage of what in all likelihood will take place when, in the near future, the trip to the moon will become a reality. Every effort has been made, Heinlein told us, to make the picture a documentary of the future, "as true to actual conditions as we possibly could make it". And judging by all we have seen, we enthusiastically believe him.

This is a short summary of what we saw on our first day spent on the moonset. I had to drag a reluctant Forry home, after which he lived in a moonstruck

atmosphere for a whole week, going back to the set 4 times in all.

When we came back the second day, the huge bottom part of the space ship had been erected on the moonset. We saw the lower \$25+ of the 150' high space ship, which had been designed by Bob Heinlein himself. The interior of the ship's control room was constructed gimbal-like, so that for the scenes in free fall, ceiling could become floor, walls turn to ceiling, by simply rotating the whole contraption. Cost only \$25,000 to build that contraption alone.

A very pleasant meeting with Chesley Bonestall, who took the trouble to explain in full detail each one of the sets designed by him in a charmingly conducted tour for Forry and me. He showed us all the models and sketches right from the planning stage on the drawing board to the completed nonsurplussable end product. This would give material for another long article all by itself.

One word of advice while closing this article, which I feel does not do justice to the treat in store for you: DON'T DARE MISS THIS PICTURE:

----- DESTINATION MOON -----

#####00000000000000000000#####

— LASFS INVITES YOU —

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society invites you to become one of its associated members. If you enjoy this copy of Shaggy, and have enjoyed others in the past, this offer should interest you.

For the sum of \$1.00, you too, can have your name added to the swelling ranks of those who wish to be affiliated with one of fandom's best known fanclubs. Your dollar also entitles you to the eight copies of Shaggy for the year 1950, and notification of all special events at LASFS.

You become a member, and your membership includes the use of our clubroom at 1305 W. Ingraham St., L.A. 14, Calif, and all other membership privileges---whenever you can attend meetings. A penny postcard will bring you an application blank.

Send for your blank today:

Send for your blank today:-----to-----

— L.A.S.F.S. —

1305 W. Ingraham St.

- Los Angeles 14, California

HAPPY ENDING

by

E. Everett Evans

Jhn'ah Ohr was very, very happy. He prowled about the little control room of the one-passenger space-speedster, purring in a loud and somewhat raucous manner.

"Surely no one in all the Universe ever had as much to be thankful for as I," he sang. "The first one of my race ever to leave our planet and go to another. This wonderful ship to ride in, without one bit of trouble on the whole trip. All the marvelous things I saw on Dhn'or. And last, and surely the greatest of all, the wonderful, wonderful gift they gave me."

He made a wry face at the remembrance of the "people" of Dhn'or, but immediately lashed himself with his tail for his unworthiness.

"They are so people -- wonderful people," he scoured himself. "Of course they can't help it that they have such repulsive shapes. Imagine, they stand erect, they have but two legs, but two eyes -- and round ones at that -- and but one mouth. Although they do have two wonderful hands that are much more supple and handy than my two weak handling-paws."

He was glad that they had given him pictures of themselves to take back with him, along with all the other things they had piled in every available nook and cranny of his ship. Otherwise, he knew, the people of his own world, his wonderful, lovely Phel'an, would never believe his reports of what he'd seen.

"Yes, happy am I, for I am the most fortunate being alive," he purred anew. "To think that it was I whom the Council chose to pilot the first ship of space ever built. To think that it is I who will have the honor and glory that our world will bestow on me when I arrive home."

He cavorted about the control cabin again and again. Finally he sat down on his haunches and as he "washed his face" with his tiny handling-paws, he gave himself up to remembering all the grand adventures that had befallen him on the planet to which he had journeyed, and which he was so successful in reaching ... and leaving.

Phel'an was the fourth planet out from the second sun of this system. Dhn'or was the third. Because of the peculiarity of their orbits, there was a time when they were less than fifty million miles apart. That had been the time chosen for the outward trip, with the return made the next time of similar closeness.

It was strange, he mused, that the people of his world had

ever thought of making a ship to go to another world. Stranger yet that they had been able to make one, and to make such a perfect ship the first try. For on Fhel'an there were no machines, nor need of machines of any kind. Fhel'an was covered with the most wonderful forests, in which grew every kind of plant and bush and tree that its inhabitants would ever need.

There was always an abundance of food for both mouths; always a comfortable patch in which to sleep when one desired to spend the night out-of-doors, as they did most of the time; always a dry, comfortable cave when one wished to mate and rear young. The weather was always warm and there was no need of those silly clothes such as the people of Dhn'or wore.

What need had his people of machines, then? And how did the idea ever come to anyone that they could even make such a thing to carry one of them to one of those bright, shining stars which dotted the heavens each night?

Jhn'ah Ohr did not know the answers to these questions, nor did he much care. "I know how to find out, though, once I get back, if I ever do want to know," he grinned gleefully to himself. In sheer exuberance of joy he rolled over on the floor, playfully scratching his furry back by twisting and turning on the deck, his four feet waving in the air, his two tiny handling-paws helping keep his balance. "Yes, now I know how to find out anything anyone else on our world knows."

For that had been the final great gift which those wonderful people had given him while he was with them. The gift of telepathy, of the ability to read the minds of other beings.

He had been greeted so warmly when he arrived on Dhn'or. The people had taken him all about their world, and showed him everything. True, it hadn't greatly appealed to him except for the novelty of seeing something new, for he thought all their great buildings and machines and things rather silly. Just imagine, cutting down their wonderful forests just to make room for those huge, ugly, useless buildings!

Yet shortly before time for him to leave on his return trip, they had put him into one of those great buildings -- a hospital, they called it -- and had put him to sleep. Afterwards he learned that they had cut open the back of his head and had made some readjustments to the glands and things inside of him. When he awakened, though, the wound was all healed, and even most of the hair they had had to cut while operating was grown back to full length.

And the first thing he knew, after he was awake, was that the doctor was talking with his mind directly into Jhn'ah Ohr's own mind, without using his mouth or making a sound.

There had been hours of instructions so that he was able to do this mind-talking with ease and rapidity, faster than one could talk. There had been other lessons, so that he was finally able to look right into another person's mind, and read from the convolutions of his brain and the electrical emanations of his thoughts the

actual things that person was thinking or ever had thought.

"Aren't you afraid to give me such a power," he had asked the Teacher, somewhat awed by the possibilities.

"Of course not," was the amused reply. "No one would ever think of trying to use that power to harm another. When every one can read everyone else's thoughts, and have their own read, they soon learn not to think the kind of thoughts they would be ashamed to have others read in them."

"But I'll be the only one on Fhel'an who has this gift," he was still worried over his newly-given power. "How do you know that I won't read other people's minds, and then know just how to defeat them and take anything of theirs I might want?"

"Did you ever fight with another member of your race?"

"Of course not, how silly. We never fight with each other."

"Did you ever take anything that belonged to another?"

"Certainly not. There is always more than enough of everything for all of us, so why should anyone want to take something from another?"

"Did you ever want another's mate?"

"Oh, yes, lots of times. But one only has to wait until another mating season, and if you please her she will come to you."

"Well, then, you see why we are not afraid to give you this gift. And, too, you will find that it is usually possible to teach this power to small children, or to transmit it to your off-spring."

"You mean that my progeny will have this great gift, too?"

"I mean it is possible. I am not a prophet, so I can't say whether they will or not. Time will answer that question."

So now Jhn'ah Ohr was on his way home, and in a few days he would land his beautiful little ship on his own world once more. How the people of his planet would welcome him, with their loudest cries. How proud his father, who was Chief of all the planet, would be of him. He, too, would some day be the Chief, when his father had passed on to the Blessed Forest.

And then, there was the beautiful Arr'ra Phr. He was sure she would mate with him this next season, and maybe others, now he was so famous and had so many new things to talk about.

So continued his happy, gladsome thoughts as he came to his home planet, plunged down through its thick, humid atmosphere, and brought his little ship to a successful landing exactly in the place in the Great Clearing from which he had started out.

Having landed, his ship was immediately surrounded by crowds

of his people. There was his father, waiting for him to leave the ship. And in the front ranks, the beautiful Awr'ra Phr, a look on her face he hoped he was not misinterpreting.

Quickly he turned off the various mechanisms as he had been instructed. He hurried to the outer door, which opened as he approached it and made certain signs over the electronic box beside the doorway.

He stepped forward through the opened doorway, and was greeted with a great chorus of "Welcome, Brother!" His face was wreathed with smiles, even though his three triangular-shaped eyes were misted with tears.

And then it struck him!

There had not been a great CRY of welcome. It had been an outwardly silent, yet powerfully warm greeting ... in his mind!

How had they learned to use telepathy?

That was his gift from the people of Dhn'or ... they had told him so.

"And it was," came his father's proud and happy thought. "You were the only one of us who could not speak with his mind. Why, we never knew. But our friends from Dhn'or, with whom we talk constantly by telepathy -- which knows no distance -- sent us the automatic ship, which we pretended to you that we had built. They told us to send you to them so they could operate on your head and make you able to telepath, too. For you are to be the next Chief, and we do not want a Chief who might transmit silence of the mind to other future Chiefs."

Jhn'ah Ohr was crushed then for a moment. All the great happiness fled from him into the silent forest. His joy was gone.

Until a soft, warm figure pressed against his side, and the voiceless voice of the beautiful Awr'ra Phr purred in his mind.

"The next mating season is almost here. For us it will come together."

Then Jhn'ah Ohr knew that it was, after all, a

H A P P Y E N D I N G.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* *
*
* *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

MOONSONG

"Who's our nearest neighbor?" whispered the moon,
Gleaming in the softness of an unheard tune.
"Alpha Centauri," whispered back the spheres,
Speaking in music not meant for human ears.

"We must have a nearer neighbor, I am not satisfied.
Alpha Centauri is a long, long ride.
Four whole light years, there I cannot go,
For I should be one with last year's snow."

"Alpha Centauri," insisted the spheres,
"You talk as one who measures by mankind's years
And by mankind's measure---what do you mean by "our"?
Referring to your Earth, or to the Sun, your star?"

And the moon grew silent, and dark with shame
For having been playing a lesser game,
But the spheres resounded with a greater mirth,
For they knew the moon was only a child of Earth.

And so responded. "Beyond your skies,
Lies a planet of greater size,
And another, which, to match your Earth,
Must have been twinned to it at birth.

"A twinkling red world, but cold and bare,
Red dust sweeps through its desert air,
And many more around your sun
Whirl 'til eternity is done."

As the moon listened, she grew again bright
Until she silvered the Earthly night,
And since that day, you may hear her yearn,
"Oh, men of Earth, come to me and learn!"

--Duval

NO TITLE

Long ago when the world was young, an old man sang, and the
song he'd sung
was brilliant, beautiful, and blue, and oh, so very,
very true. He sang it once, and then again; Notes fell like softly
pattering rain.

He sang it once, and then once more---Sang as he
never had sung before. And the forest hushed to listen in as he
sang of the greatest of all man's sin,---

His voice was clear and
high and true, as he sang of what man's hate could do.

For the world had been old to the very core,--
Till an atom bomb made it young once more.

--Audrey

ANCESTRAL MEMORIES

---by Jerry Ackerman

I remember Amuria! Yes, when I was a little shaver I first joined the LA Science Fantasy Society. Of course in them ther early days it was knowed as Chapter #4 of the Science Fiction League.

Is it possible that all began 15 years ago? I guess it is. THINGS TO COME hadn't yet been released at the time I attended that get acquainted, organizational meeting. I remember I had an advance selection of stills from that great scientifilm, and passing them around constituted the "program" that evening. There was an election of officers, and a very nice fanne mother was elected treasurer. Her name was Wanda. Her minutes were referred to as Wanda Stories.

Wanda's boy was named Roy. His last name was Test. He was a stfan. He was also interested in Esperanto. That's right: He was inevitably nicknamed EsperanTest.

In the beginning we met on a monthly basis. What happened at those formational meetings is now about as hazy to me as my first and second birthdays. Except I remember Russ Hodgkins, still with us, was in the club right from the start.

It is only when we began meeting biweekly at Clifton's Cafeteria that my memories begin picking up. Then I can picture Bradbury coming into the club, and Daugherty and Yerke and Shroyer and Brady and Fox and Lewis-- All them characters! Those were the halitosis days. (What's that? Oh. Huh. Some over-shoulder reader informs me I mean halcyon.)

Ghod knows I have reason to remember when Daugherty came into the club--it was not long after that he was ready to run me out of it! Who of you current crop of clubites, regarding our serene relationship, would ever dream that at one time Walt sat across a table from me (and it was a small table) and read about a 6 page blistering resignation from office, expertly excoriating Mr Ackerman in the process. I believe I was even anathematized with that epithet of blackest blasphemy--"take fan!" What a difference a decade makes: Friendship from feudship.

The Visit of an Author was a MAJOR EVENT in those early days. Nowadays we have 'become blasé about banqueting with van Vogt or kaffee-klatching with Bradbury, but when us young funs in the historic time of the club were favored with a personal appearance from some one like Dr Keller or Arthur J Burks--wow! Just a couple years later, after a couple of the Conventions, when we had a crowd of celebrities all at once like "Skylark" Smith, Edmond Hamilton, Robert Heinlein, Jack Williamson, Arthur K. Barnes and Chas D. Hornig, it wasn't the same. We really got a terrifick when we were kids and writers of scientifiction occasionally descended from their Olympian heights to be our guests for a nite. I'll never forget Dr Keller's talk nor Burks' performance. Burks put on a remarkable show for us: He invited anyone in the club to make any remark at random or name any object in the room, and he would immediately plot a story in his mind and recite the most interesting yarn!

/Incidentally, just for the sake of posterity, it might be interesting to record that these memories of the old LASFS are being transferred direct onto stencil out in Garden Grove, Calif, at the monthly meeting of The Outlander Socy. Present are our host, Stan Woolston; Dot Faulkner; Len Moffatt; John Van Couvering; Alan and Freddy Hershey; and Wendayne and myself.⁷

Dr Keller came to us in preRenaissance days, when he was probably one of the Top Ten, and possibly one of the first five authors we had ever set eyes--or ears--on. He gave a truly fascinating talk about the Lost Language that he employed as a child; about his scientific detective, Taine of San Francisco; about exciting experiences with the Insane; and personal glimpses of such legendary, distant figures as Hugo Gernsback, Father of Scientific Fiction, and Farnsworth Wright, Dean of Weird Tales.

A fond memory I have is of one of our earliest Xmas parties. At this gala gathering old-timer Bob Olsen, famous for both his 4th Dimensional stories and formicaryarns (antales to you), played Scienti-Claus, performing a number of amusing magic tricks and presenting everyone present with a prozine (circa '29 & '30 in date) from his personal collection. In introducing Olsen that evening I made a pun that I have never forgotten, and I am going to inflict it on you now. After carefully planting the pun with references to the pests in his garden, I presented the "man with ants in his plants!" This got a big yak in its day. Ah, well, how times change: Today, to get a big laff, it'd have to be a gi-ant...

All the time a quiet kid and a noisy one were attending meetings off and on. The retiring one was a chain-smoker, small and saturnine and very fond of Weird Tales. He corresponded with Lovecraft. The other--the Jack-in-the-box, the poor man's Jack Benny, the rich man's WCFields, "that pest", "Hollerbochen"--might have been referred to as an arrested adolescent, except that he was never, to my knowledge, arrested. And many considered this a crying shame. Well, the saturnine was Keith Hammond alias Lewis Padgett alias Hudson Hastings alias Will Garth alias Lawrence O'Donnell alias Louis Bremmer alias Paul Edmonds. I forget his real name--I think it was Edgar Rice Rohmer or Sax Burroughs or something like that. Anyway, he eventually married C Moore, and they typed happily ever afterward. The Brat was Ray Bradbury, and the callouses on the knees of us old-timers in the club come from getting down on our knees every nite and saying "Thank God we didn't drown him!"

* * *

Our 100th Meeting was quite an event. It occurred shortly after the Nycon, the First World Science Fiction Convention (1939). I had crossed the continent for the first time in my life, and caused a sensation by appearing in New York in a technicolor futurist costume. This was not at an announced Mask Ball, mind you, but right at the first session--me in typical Paulian "balloon pants" with builtup shoulders and flowing sheen-green cape & 1a Things to Come. Gad, what nerve that lad Ackerman had at 22! I amaze myself at 33. What amused me especially at the time was when I wore the costume to the 100th club meeting (none of the members knew about it in advance), and I wore it right on the sidewalks of LA, in the busiest business section, and the

point is, I might perfectly well have been a Kik from Mars or a traveler just arrived in my time machine from 2039 AD, but did anybody pay any attention to me & is the usual sf story? Was I mobbed? Was I rushed to a newspaper by a reporter, and interviewed? Was I photographed and asked to speak on the air? (I could have feigned ignorance of English and spoken only Esperanto, the Tongue of Tomorrow!) But no--nothing happened--absolutely nothing untoward. Well, that's nonchalant LA for you!

We had a big crowd at that 100th meeting. It's beginning to come back to me now. The "O" half of Eando Binder--Otto--was there, and Julie Schwartz, the original science fiction agent. I have no records here to search, but searching my memory I believe that also with us that evening were Art Barnes, Hank Kuttner, Bob Olsen, Charlie Hornig, Ray Bradbury, Leigh Brackett and Bob Heinlein. Also our present day members Hodgkins, Daugherty, Fox and Squires (who was eventually to become publisher of the Fantasy Advertiser). That nite there was a raffle of the original water color cover by Frank R. Paul, from Gernsback's Wonder Stories, for P. Schuyler Miller's "Seeds of Destruction". The cover was won by a lean, towering fan named Alvan Mussen, about whom we who knew him have felt sorry ever since. I don't know whether that's expressed very well--it's sometimes hell, composing on stencil--but the sentiment is there. You see, Big Al died on that damned March of Death ordeal on Bataan...

* * *

The Editrix this ish has just read what I've written so far, and comments that some day I will learn how to spell her name. I already (I mean already) know, Freddie, it's just that I prefer the "y" ending to "ie". I've told her that in revenge she can henceforward refer to me as Forrie instead of Forry.

With a page and a half to go, I am suddenly conscious of the fact that I am never in a million years (or million words) do justice to the subject of Fancestral Memories among the Fancestral Aborigines. (Now I didn't mean to type that twice, meant Fangelefo Aborigines. Shows you it's getting late at nite and Ah is gettin' tired.) There's the whole story of the creation of the original club organ, IMAGINATION!, and all the publishing sessions at Hodgkins' home; and the later establishment of Shangri-LA as the club pub; and how the now abandoned Shangri-L'Affaires came to be. There are tales of individual publishing ventures like Bradbury's Futura Fantasia and Hodgkins' talent-studded Sweetness & Light and Freehafer's highly respected fictional Polaris and my own collaboration, Vom, and Yerke's unique Damn Thing, and the first all-fanne mag, and a number of others. There is the fan Yerke himself, now intensely anti-fan, but at one time one of the club's favorite secretaries. And tales to be told of Paul Freehafer, and the club's first feminine director, Helen Flinn, and Baron Karl Edward Forst von Lütz, and Franklyn Brady, and Jimmy Kepner, and Mel Brown...oh, on and on.

But backward, backward, time in thy flight, take me in memory back to that nite when we moved into our headquarters on The Fabulous Blvd, Wilshire. Fan alive, that was an occasion! Daugherty was in the prime of his recording days then, and a lot of important voices were waxed that evening. The guttural germanic rumbling vocables of

Willy Ley were captured for posterity: the dulcet, dietrich-throaty voice of Catherine Moore; the suave, urbane, sophisticated delivery of Robert Heinlein; and, if you listen real hard, and the volume is real high, a muffled "hrrlo" from Henry Kuttner! There was a big mob in the new clubroom that evening. Henry Hasse, Bill Crawford, Emil Petaja and a number of other professionals were present.

My mind skips ahead to a certain Halloween meeting we had at the Wilshire Eyrle, when on a mad impulse one of the girls decided nothing would do but that all the boys must be dressed up as girls! A dozen "drags"! Can you picture Ramona Bradbury, Charlene Hornig, Rose Hodgkins, Florabelle Ackerman and a dressshopful of other real gown guys? And dozens of pix were snapped by Wilhemina Crawford! It is undoubtedly fandom's #1 tragedy that it later developed that nothing developed because Crawford forgot to load his camera! With such negatives in his possession he could have been an independently rich, retired fan today!

At the abovementioned meeting I seem to remember participating in a hurriedly rehearsed weird play, a collaboration, as I recall, between Ray Bradbury and Cyril Mand. It seems to me in retrospect that it was that same evening that Ray proudly announced to us his sale to Weird of one of his real early stories, possibly "The Wind" or "The Lake". No, I believe it was "The Crowd". We were all properly impressed. I think that nite we also played a number of scary soundscapes from my collection, sequences from such Karloff films as "The Old Dark House" and the original "Frankenstein" and "The Black Cat" and "The Mummy".

Another Halloween we partyed at Bruce Yerke's. That was a masquerade affair. Ray Bradbury was there, posing as a struggling author, only the patches in his jeans were no pose. I came as a bum, wearing a 3 days' growth of beard, a disguise which later was to prove prophetic when I took up book dealing and passing out copies to people on credit. Groucho Marx was present in the form of Walt Daugherty. Present members of the club may be surprised to realize that Mark Blanck was a member way back then. At least one foto-record of this event exists; copies were attached to one of the early Shangri-L'Affaires sheets.

If everybody will please excuse me, I have a coughing cold and a runny nose at the moment, and it is getting late at nite and we still have something like a 50 mile drive back to civilization, so I am not going to try to elaborate on a final episode tonite. Everybody is buzzing about and getting ready to go, so I am going to go too.

Notice I did not say "go to"!

A Quatrain is a four line rhyme

That's never out of place.

It may be used at any time

To fill an empty space.

Fragment of an Existence

GOV PETERSON

He heard the voices then: one binding and harsh, the other objecting, a woman's voice and it seemed as if he might have expected it, that he knew her.

"Let me go up. I should have done it sooner. I didn't know." Faint, far away. "No! oh please, I tell you, it means trouble oh please," came the woman's voice, "Put it away go away get out. Leave him alone." The reference to a third person came through the air like a knifeedge.

The sheets clung to him like layers of partly-melted wax. Long ago he had been awake and it was this thought as well as the intrusion of human voices upon his long dream that evoked a facsimile of consciousness. He felt now the paraffin of night sweat encasing him like a chrysalis and then the sheets and covers themselves, old and unseen in the darkness of the room somewhere around him like a strange barb-walled prison and then he remembered that the voices were thin and distant and had undoubtedly come from below, emanating from a downstairs source and that meant a house, a large house and a strange house and he began to remember sleeping.

A clank far and faint below, as of metal on wood and sliding. Then mutters and sobs, persisting in a far and faint wind that pointed out other rooms upstairs: going in them and echoing as if they were nothing but crevices where there must have been moldy furniture and might have been people, other people, waiting in hushed and frozen violence while outside a hint of revolution spilled like much water through the trees and November leaves flew like birds through the North air. The guns were quiet now but a mumble came out of the earth.

A sound: it was a foot, on the stairway, aimed and pointed upward. Purpose. The sobs were worthless and now even stilled. A second footstep thrilled through him and he felt he would move, that the bedcovers over all his head and body would have to erupt like a hovering impotent volcano suddenly reborn in noise and hostility and he would spring upward through it all with the lava of his sweat against the sheets pouring forth with the sudden trigger and rush of attack that would come with the final footstep and the opening door: his final surge upward to meet the blast as the pistol came forward to a focal point, everything meeting together in an instant at his bare chest and then the bullet crashing into him. Or perhaps just soon enough and the pistol too late, and in the gray dark of what must be early morning even without the singing of birds anymore in this terrortide era, he would ride out into light and resist, perhaps counterkill and escape again into November to find another house for another night with people fleeing from the cities and towns at the bottoms of a million glassy pits.

Then the third footstep came and the fourth and fifth, and in the moment he realized the aimless horror of the man coming up to meet the Wanderer that came in his absence at night without even the proper respect for a Houseowner but even filling the air with his poisons from the cities he fled and even the

woman downstairs which was perhaps why she protested the coming act which the husband would repeat with her when he came down. Then he wasn't sure if there would be any final surge toward the final footstep and the man, the gun, but maybe just lying there dead before death, the bullet, crashed into him would be better. Just still and unable to move as he was now with the covers of the damp dark bed encasing him like a shroud self-drawn by cold fingers the night before.

Then memory came clear in him and he rose slightly, the covers coming away from his eyes and in a flood of unimpressive gray revelation the room stood out plain and ordinary and he blinked for a moment. The footsteps came clear and steady, and he wanted to run, to hide and get away, and remembering the act of the night before with the woman condemning her for life perhaps taking her along so they would be together in eternal escape and flight Northward toward wilderness, away from cities and bombs with their strange contagious taint.

One instant of sharp regret, of desire for atonement came and then it was gone. He felt the immediacy of danger from beyond the door, closed like a secret, coming toward him with metal in hand, ready to destroy the Wanderer.

With everything still happening thirty seconds since awakening or even just fifteen and the dream still fresh in him and real things part of the dream, he found himself standing hingedward of the door, a porcelain pitcher in his hand, breath hushed. Then a sigh of relief came as he examined the situation: the man had come home without knowing which room the Wanderer had, bent of course on destruction and then the second thought staggered him. How had he known? What element of precaution had caused detection of the radioactivity? Certainly not himself and that left only the man's wife, untrue in his absence, accepting a house guest as was normal in these times of war and yet displaying evidence of the poison generated by the bombs and empty cities.

He opened the door without noise, and slipped to the stairway. The husband had gone to the right, the opposite way, looking for him, gun in hand, ready to kill the spreader of deathray. He was fortunate, and he stole downstairs, with only his pants on: his shoes and shirt by the fireplace drying which was perhaps a clue for the returning man and incitation to violence and now the woman, whitefaced, came by him openmouthed and sensing the danger and hearing the bursting open of the final door upstairs and the flood of anger in a yell and the foot coming down the stairs in pursuit.

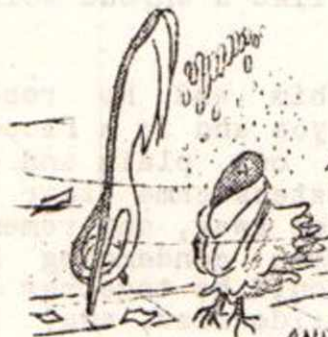
In the moment of indecision he whirled, pitcher raised and then the foot came into view and the man and his gun, his board greasy and his face old and hating. The pistol came up, the woman screamed suddenly, the pitcher thrust forward with life of its own, then the crush of it on startled skull and himself turning and running fast, snatching up his shoes and shirt and a blanket from the sofa, then out the door and into the cold air: toward the pines and the familiar flight from death toward living death. The coming of winter stirred the trees and the air pulsed with a bomb somewhere in Canada. The eternal clouds hung heavy like rags of smoke.

Squiggles

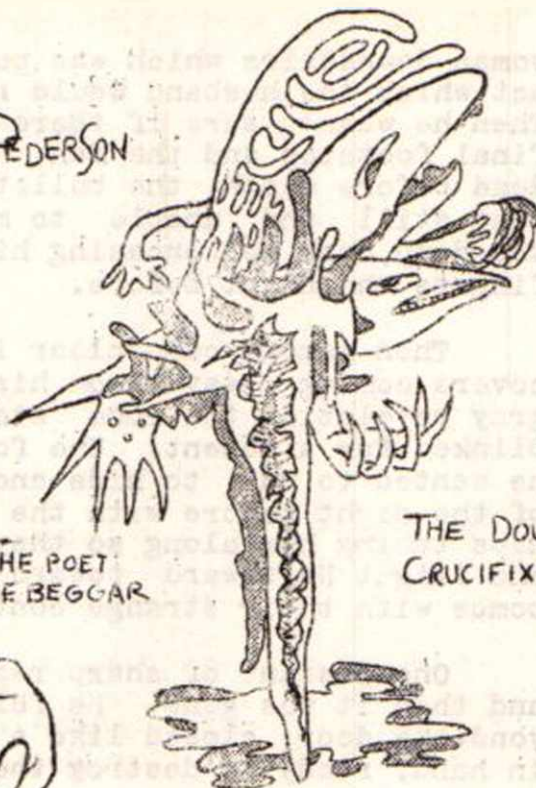
by
CONFEDERSON



a thing in
mourning



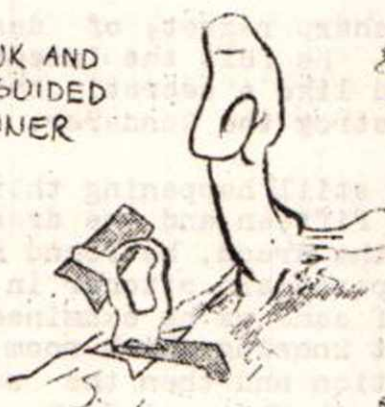
THE POET
AND THE BEGGAR



THE DOUBLE
CRUCIFIXION



MONK AND
MISGUIDED
SINNER



PEASANTWOMAN WITH BUNDLE



THE MAN
WITH TOO MANY
FINGERS



DISENCHANTMENT

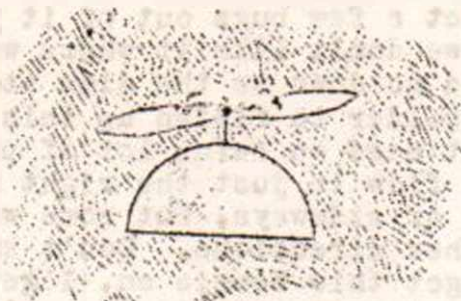


SYMPHONY FOR A
ONE-STRINGED
INSTRUMENT



ACCUSATION

THE MAGIC STRATO-BEANIE



- RORY

FAULKNER

"Mom, what in blazes has got into Gramma? Do you think she is losing her buttons?"

"Why, Ernestine, what a thing to say about your Gramma! Maybe she has been acting a little peculiar lately, but you know Gramma--- can't tell where she is going to break out next. What's the matter now?"

Mom put down her iron as she spoke, and wiped her damp face with the back of her arm, giving a tired sigh. Gramma certainly had been a problem these last months, but there---she was so handily looking after Bud. He followed her around like a pup.

"You haven't paid much attention to things around here if you haven't noticed what's been going on. Gramma has been wearing that strato-beanie."

"That what?" Mom interrupted.

"Strato-beanie---that little cap with the propeller on top. You know---the one Bud picked up on the highway the other day. Gramma traded him her old bird-cage for it. Bud wants it to keep his cat in so the mocking-birds won't pick on her and get her all riled up now her kittens are about due. Yes. Well, Gramma wears that thing everywhere she goes, in the house, out in the yard, and uptown, even. Look to see her showing up in church with that thing on her head, most any Sunday now."

"Oh, well," Mom consoled her, "It won't last long. You know last year she sent off and ordered them magazines with all the atoms and things on the covers---naked girls, too; and then she started getting letters from all over, and she spent all her pension money on books and stamps and paper! But she don't do any harm, and it keeps her up in her room and out from under foot, thank goodness!"

Meanwhile, up in her little back room over the kitchen, Gramma was humming happily as she perched on her old brass bed and busied herself constructing some sort of contraption out of odd pieces of metal, battery cells from a flashlight and yards of wire. The strato beanie sat rakishly on her small head, her hair sticking out in gray duck-tails all around the edges. The little propeller spun lazily, as if in a gentle breeze, although the window was tightly shut. Peculiarly enough, when Gramma stopped to bite her lip and regard her handiwork dubiously, the blades stopped entirely; but as soon as she resumed work, they started whirring again; and once, when she gave a little cry of triumph as she set two spirals of wire together at an unheard of angle, the little prop spun like a weather vane in the funnel of a tornado.

Suddenly the door burst open and in poured a small boy complete with two spaniels and a long, under-slung dog that looked as if it had been raised under the dresser.

"Is it done, Gramma, is it done, huh?" he panted. "When we hitch it on my scooter, will it really work?"

"Why, shore, Bud," Gramma replied with unruffled calm. "Shore

it'll work. You'll see! But I gotta get a few bugs out of it yet. You know we want to get back again, if we don't like it where we land. Now get those lousy dogs out of here and go down to the dime store for me. I need another tube of liquid solder to finish up this here high-power tesseract. You see, we don't need an awful lot of power at the start, but we do have to have it flow in just the right direction---not up and down, back and forth, or sideways, but some way that runs different from any of them other directions. Don't know just how I figured that, but when I've got this beanie on, I get the darndest ideas! Only thing that worries me, I'm afraid Ernestine is fixing to swipe it and hide it on me. She's just that age when it makes her plumb mortified for any of the family to be different from other folks in town. And I sure would hate to lose it before we get this thing all set up. Go on, now, son, ram your jets!" Bud rammed.

The old lady drew a long breath and raised her thin arms to lift the giddy little cap from her head. She looked at it curiously and thought how it had come into Bud's possession. He hadn't told the whole story to anyone but her, she reflected;---the boy was canny enough to keep his own counsel where the rest of the family were concerned. Yes, she and Bud had always been closer friends than you would expect, considering the years that separated them. Bud was fascinated with the lurid magazines that the rest of the family so deplored. Untiringly he would study the pictures of space ships and rockets---the lure of far-off planets had a firm grip on both the little boy and the old lady. But until the coming of the strange strato-beanie the two were content with their pictures and stories, star charts and fantastic speculations.

So when he came home one day with the beanie, and told her of a round thing that whirred and scooped down over the highway, almost frightening him off the road, she thought at first that he was making up his own stories, and delighted in his vivid little imagination. But when he added that the cap had fluttered down from above as the shining object sped past, she caught her breath and took the thing in her hand, turning it round and round, examining it carefully.

What earthly fabric could have the irridescence of a butterfly's wing, and what metal could glow like that which formed the little propeller?

"Try it on, Gramma," Bud has said. "It does funny things to the inside of your head."

Strangelt reluctant, she fitted it over her gray locks. At once a feeling of lightness, of well-being, came over her. Her mind, lately slow and a little confused, all of a sudden seemed as clear as a spring morning. Things that had puzzled her when she studied them with Bud, now were simple as a first-grade primer. Time and space flowed together, two lovely curves meeting and blending, and within their clasp was contained all human happiness. Oh, if only she could find that place, she and Bud! There the little boy that she loved better than life would be safe and happy, and she herself might find something better than the impatient tolerance accorded her by the rest of the children.

Ideas had come thick and fast after that. In spite of the stares of the townspeople when she went about her errands, in spite of the ridicule of Ernestine and her friends and the remonstrances of her daughter, she wore the little cap from morning to night.

She gathered wire, spools of copper and fine silver wire; flat pieces of metal, mostly old copper plates from a local engraving

firm; flash light batteries, three small radio tubes, and other odds and ends; not knowing why they were needed, but listening all the while to the thought whispers from the cap. Funny---the faster the little blades whirled, the faster thoughts ran around and in and about the winding channels of her brain.

And now the thing was done---whatever it was. It looked like the picture of the tesseract in the science book, but it also looked like a crazy tangle of bed springs. And the little tubes, powered by the feeble batteries gave out a blue-green aura of sparks that flowed along the wires. And if you tried to follow them with your eyes, they went off in strange directions that somehow were not right---were not any paths that a human being had ever followed or should follow.

At first she had not known what to do with her queer "Gizmo", but as she worked, it came into her mind to mount it on the handle of Bud's scooter,---the big one with the rubber tires, the one she had given him last Christmas. And now she knew that tomorrow was the day, and that tomorrow would bring a profound change in her life and in Bud's, and it frightened her, just the least little bit in the world.

Bud knew it too. "Gramma, you will stay with me? Gramma, you will stay on the back of the scooter? You won't let me go out THERE all alone, will you, Gramma?"

"Are you afraid, dear? If you are afraid, we can throw it all away and forget about it." (But she knew they would never forget it.)

"Oh, no! I want to go, Gramma. I am sick of that old Ernestine always buttin' into my business:---'Bud, don't do this, don't do that'---I think I don't ever want to come back!"

"Well, then---"

Tomorrow was here at last. It was a day of thin clouds in a thin blue sky, red leaves on the trees, no wind at all; and the autumn sun threw a queer golden-lighted glow on the sidewalk and the lawn, and made the shadows under the elm tree black as night.

Gramma and Bud came cautiously out of the side door, wheeling the scooter, the eerie-looking tangle of wires firmly lashed to the handle. There was no one in sight; Mom was running the vacuum in the dining-room, Ernestine had gone to the store with two of her friends, and the dogs had retired to their lair under the porch. Earlier, the handy man had started a fire of leaves in the gutter, and the blue smoke went straight up into the sky like a thin pencil.

"Ready, Bud?" asked Gramma. Her voice quavered a little. The blades on the little strat-beanie spun like a humming bird's wings. Her eyes were brighter than emeralds and her cheeks apple-red with excitement. Bud, too, was quivering like a flame in the wind. Hugged tight to his thin little chest was the battered old panda that had been his confident, his confessor and his comforter all the days of his short life.

He wheeled the scooter out on the pavement. "I'll ride in the front, and you ride in back, Gramma. Hold on tight to me, so you won't fall off. Oh, wait---you hold Pandy. I'll need both hands to steer."

They mounted the scooter. Nothing happened.

Gramma held her breath. The propeller on the cap whirled madly. They didn't move, but suddenly came a strange vibration in the air, and the familiar outlines of the elm, the front yard and the house, seemed to blur and change contour.

At that very instant, around the corner of the house next door

came Ernestine, laughing and talking with her friends. She caught sight of the ill-matched pair motionless on the scooter, and her face darkened. Running down the walk, she burst into impatient speech.

"Gramma, for Pete's sake, what's the idea of racing around on that scooter like an old goon? Why can't you be your age, anyhow? And take off that silly looking beanie. All the neighbors are saying you've gone as crazy as a coot!" Ernestine made a sudden dart, snatched the beanie and threw it into the bonfire of leaves.

A flash---a terrified cry from Bud---"Gramma, Gramma, you promised to come with me!" The old lady swayed, fell from the scooter. There was a violent turbulence in the air around it, and then----- Nothing.

Nothing but an old woman crouched on the ground, heart-broken and helpless, her gray elf-locks bent over the shabby old panda in her arms, weeping and weeping without end.

#####

WESTERCON #3

THE THIRD ANNUAL WESTERCON IS COMING !!!!!

IN FACT IT WILL BE SOONER THAN YOU THINK.

SPONSORED THIS YEAR BY THE

-----OUTLANDERS-----

IT WILL BE HELD ON JUNE 18.

ALTHOUGH THE MEETING PLACE HAS NOT YET BEEN DECIDED, THE DATE IS DEFINITE. THE WESTERCON COMMITTEE OF 1950 HAVE BEEN COOKING UP A SERIES OF EVENTS WHICH PROMISE TO MAKE THIS WEST COAST SCIENCE FICTION CONFERENCE ONE LONG TO BE REMEMBERED.

THIS IS THE FIRST OFFICIAL NOTICE IN PRINT. WATCH YOUR SHAGGYS AND OUTLANDER #4 FOR MORE DETAILED NEWS.

DON'T FORGET !!!!!

PLAN TO BE AT THE

WESTERCON

ON

JUNE 18, 1950

#####

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

-PATRICIA C. SHERMAN-

Whither thou goest, unclad maid?
Only to Jupiter, sir, she said.

What calamity thou befall?
The gentleman queried the bare damsel.

Oh, kind sir, the lass replied,
List while I my tale confide.

As you can see, I am very fair to behold. My hair, while sometimes rippling in shades from ripe wheat to rich gold, really suits me best a tawny red or midnight black. My eyes...are they not most enchantingly tilted? I've never changed their color. They are most potent this lovely emerald green with flecks of gold. My mouth has driven many men to the point of madness...and many who are not men. Not of this world or this system, yet they cannot resist the wine-red of my lips, their luscious fullness, their exotic promise.

I know I should not talk thus, but I merely repeat what men have told me so often. It is not seemly for a maid to speak thus of herself. It smacks of immodesty; but truly, kind and gentle sir, 'tis only what has been whispered in my sculptured ears so many times. In many languages, in many tongues. Some I could not even understand, and yet the meaning was clear.

They have spoken of my teeth, small, sharp and even. The men of the Earth call them like pearls. My voice is soft and low, yet husky. I must admit I have been told it is like unto a heady wine that excites and soothes at one and the same time. (These men of Earth are poetic, are they not?)

My skin...see how smooth? It is golden now, but truly, my favorite shade is ivory, with a tint of rose. Sometimes I am required to change it to a light green, but I must confess it isn't satisfactory. It seems to clash with my personality, so I must be careful what colors I choose.

I am ever gay and childlike, except when they make me be of Earth. Then I must work in a laboratory with my physicist-scientist father/uncle/brother. I must be brilliant and efficient, yet retain all that is feminine. I like least to be of Earth. It is dull and tame. And I am wild, sir. I have glided through the jungles of Venus, and sped fleetingly over the deserts of parched Mars. I have shivered in my nudity on the frigid floes of Polaris, and crawled painfully over the boiling mass of Mercury.

I have lived many lives on many worlds, yet I am here...and beautiful. You agree I am beautiful. You look as they all do. But I digress.

My limbs are long and slender, yet rounded, do you not see? But you

are not blind! My feet are tiny...oh, many men have admired them!
They do me to walk upon, but they would kiss them.

This is most difficult for me to say, but say it I must if I am to
tell my tale. Most admired are my curves...the gentle slopes that
make me woman. Of course, some of mine are not so gentle...they are
more...how shall I say? Vivid?

Men created me, you know. Oh, yes! Men created me so they could
admire me, but truth to tell, sometimes I feel most unnecessary. I
weary of standing with tear-filled eyes at the space-port, while the
rocket takes HIM into unknown dangers. I weary of fighting with HIM,
while all the time I love him. I weary of wiping the blood from HIS
brow, while HE mans the space-ship single-handed. I tire of being
held captive, while HE battles valiantly to rescue me. I tire of
ruling dying planets. I weary of the breeding pens. Oh, sir, I am
most unutterably weary!

I am old, old, old! Yet I remain beauteous and desirable. I am
tired, tired, tired! Yet I must weep and love, and fight. I am
nameless and homeless. I wish for nothing but oblivion. The si-
lence, the darkness, the nothingness of non-existence. Yet, sir,
they deny me even that. They who call themselves Men, deny me death
because they have given me life. I have no hope. I am the Heroine.

And she wept as she left, this unclad lass,
And the gentlemen bowed, and let her pass.
Her tale had left him tearful and sorry,
But he blew his nose and wrote another story!

The story passed, as is the custom,
To an artist who liked his ladies handsome.
He sketched, he drew, he painted swiftly
And the damsel grew, despite her plea.

Unclad, unhonored and unsung,
There to the Hero's arm she clung.

No more to say.....the tale is told.
The cover's new, but the lady's old!

-----oooooooooooooooooooooooo-----
RE M I N D E R

NORWESCON

PORTLAND — SEPT. 2-3-4, 1950

SEND YOUR DOLLAR TO: PO BOX 8517 PORTLAND 7, OREGON

THE FAN OF THE FUTURE

-BY

ALAN U.
HERSHEY

I have often read articles and books concerning themselves with Man of the future; but I cannot recall any delvings into what may happen to the fan of the future.

We know from the biology and palaeontology books that a species does not necessarily evolve en masse in the same way. Some members may take to the water; some to the alcohol.

Besides that, there has been some question from time to time, whether the true fan is true Homo sap.

The true fan appears to be a spectator. Instead of doing work, he is done to. Rather than create tools to do his work, he would prefer not to work, and have other critters create dream environments for him. His life is not lived in the present, but in a multituded of futures.

The only type of work the true fan enjoys is printing and reading.

The only type of woman who is suitable for a true fan is one with an extremely high I.Q. and overdeveloped mammary glands concealed by breastplates.

Obviously, the fan does not fit into the American scene, where aggressiveness is the order of the day and breastplates are definitely not considered cricket. Let us see then, if we cannot scare up a picture of what the fan of 500,000 A.D. will look and act like.

The most obvious starting point for change will be the extremities. Legs will not be needed, because the fan is sedentary by nature, and while he is gregarious and likes to attend gatherings and conventions, locomotion can be achieved by other means which will be discussed later.

The arms will undoubtedly have become very specialized instruments, ideally suited for typing and mimeography. Probably there will continue to be only two arms, but I confidently expect that four forearms and hands will have come into being by means of branching at the elbow.

These double arms will probably be, about six feet long on one branch, and about nine inches long on the other. Special control muscles and joints will have evolved so that a fan could work at the typewriter and run a mimeograph machine at the same time.

The small arm would be invaluable for transporting material for ingestion such as food and reading matter. When I say ingestion, I mean just that. It is obvious to the fan of today that visual reading is a very inept method of digesting stories and articles.

Instead of today's primitive methods of conveying stories to the brain, I think that stories and ideas would become true food to the fan of the future. This story food would be synthesized in tremendous laboratories out of special types of author trees, evolved to devise plots, supply paper and ink, and transport themselves to the food factories of the Fan Empire for concentration into food tablets.

These tablets would be eaten by fan and become a permanent part of the memory cells of the brain tissue after the food value had been drained off for energy. Each tablet would be equivalent to a 100,000 word novel of today and I am sure it would take at least a hundred tablets daily to sustain life.

With this sketchy background of fan life of the future, we can construct the superfan's face--- or rather faces, for he would have two of them.

The mouths would be about the size of a dime. Just large enough to insert the story pellets.

The noses would be very special evolutionary efforts, utilizing a built in atomic pile for converting a large variety of gaseous materials into oxygen. This would enable the fan to go to conventions on any planet and still be able to breathe in the atmosphere, no matter how unsuitable.

The eyes would also have to be special to overcome the confusions of a perpetually revolving head. The neck, of course, would have to have a swivel joint of an advanced type so that the various channels for food, communication, etc., would not be ruptured by the continuous rotation.

By means of the revolving head and two faces, fan would be able to be aware of everything going on around them, even at an inter-world convention.

Being legless, transportation would have to be solved by another pile, built into the lower portions of the fan.

Yes, the fan of the future would have piles.

By means of the lower pile, and a hole running from the top of the head through the bottom of the superfan, jet propulsion would be achieved. Thus, any transportation problem brought about by the legless state would be solved.

The body of the fan, the bone structure and the organs would have to be strongly reinforced to withstand the stresses and strains of jet propulsion. The piles would have to be heavily shielded to protect the bulk of the fan against radiation and waste products. In addition, the entire fan would have to be protected in some way from the rigors of travel in space and the tremendous gravities of high acceleration and heavy planets.

This would probably be accomplished by means of an exo-skeleton composed of some organic neutronium compound. Because of the tremendous weight of the neutronium, some sort of gravity nullifying device would have to be part of the superfan's nervous system. Otherwise he would sink right through the crust of the planet.

So much for the fan Body Beautiful.

In passing, it might be well to mention that fanzines of the future would be mimeographed on paper made from sterile author trees. Once completed, they would be concentrated into pellets suitable for ingestion.

And now we come to the fan female, who will be a very odd creature, indeed.

Her most prominent feature will be---guess what?

These excrescences will probably project from her facade at least four feet into the atmosphere. In other respects, she will look quite similar to the woman of today, with certain important differences.

Connected to her body by invisible filaments will be a symbiotic bug-eyed monster, horrible to behold, always reaching for her with blood-spattered claws, but never quite able to make it.

Her legs will be about six feet long. She will have a heart shaped face, purple eyes and an expression which is a mixture of passion, extreme intelligence and heart rending fear.

All her clothes will be artfully torn to shreds so that only certain vital areas are concealed. The breastplates will actually be a part of her body---an adaption of protoplasm with a metallic luster.

And most important of all, the hero will always get her in the end.

Poor things!

-----00000000---

"JUST A MINUTE?"

BY ARTHUR JEAN COX

November 10th; 645th Consecutive Meeting:

The chief activity this meeting was book reviewing.

Dot Faulkner gave a funny review of "John Carstairs, Space Detective", by Frank Belknap Long. She deduced that the book was thoroughly adolescent and remarked that she had enjoyed it very much.

Eph "Old Standby" Koenigsberg reviewed three books. He spent little time on The Kingslayer by L. Ron Hubbard beyond resuming its plot; at best, he considered it a mediocre book. He described David H. Keller's The Humunculus as being a "gentle, beautiful book". His favorite, and one which he was almost wildly enthusiastic about was George Stewart's Earth Abides.

November 17th; 646th Consecutive Meeting:

There was some planning done this week for our Christmas Party. Louise Leipiar suggested that everybody contribute two contact point lights for our christmas tree; that is, two apiece. Helene Mears, who seemed to be a committee of one in charge of festivities, put in a requisition for some raw material she needed: First, a Santa Claus. Everybody pointed out that we already had a permanent stand-in for Old Saint Nick, himself, in the person of Forrest J Ackerman. Russ Hodgkins, lauding Forrest's ever-increasing assets, pointed out that he wouldn't need a pillow, thus saving the society some expense. Secondly, she said that she needed someone to help her who was all brawn and no brain. Walt Daugherty said, with even more reserve than usual, "Hohohohoho, at last something I can fill!" Some wondered where he would get the brawn.

Forrest made a couple of announcements concerning OTHER WORLDS, the Palmerzine. He said it looked as if it were going to be a pretty good publication. A story by Ray Bradbury is going to be in the March issue and E. Everett Evans' Little Miss Ignorance is scheduled for the May issue.

November 24th; 647th Consecutive Meeting:

This meeting there was no formal business of any sort: We heard a lengthy but more than interesting talk by Alan U. Hershey on the construction of the "atomic bomb". Mr. Hershey, as most readers know, was a chemist working on the bomb at Los Alamos. Naturally, he was unable to tell us anything which was not already in the Smythe Report but his lucid rendering of the information made it more palatable and intellectually stimulating than the well-known report.

December 1st; 648th Consecutive Meeting:

Our talk this meeting was by Forrest J Ackerman on the early history of Wonder Stories. Back in the old days it smelled--literally, not literarily--and something new was happening all the time. (This has already been reported on at some length in Shanri-La, so more will not be said about it here.)

From one of the magazines he read us an old letter without giving us the name of the author. The one who guessed the name would receive--he told us--a kiss from Freddie Hershey. The winner was Ray Bradbury who recognized Henry Kuttner's style. He failed to collect his prize. Later, someone mentioned that he had missed the boat but he interpolated that he had missed the bus--BUSS, that is!

December 8th; 649th Consecutive Meeting:

Ed Mack offered \$5 for the Christmas fund to see if anyone could imitate the movement of the Earth in relation to the Moon to earn it for the club. He would play the part of the Moon and the contestant would make the necessary Earthly movements. Dave Fox and Walt Daugherty took him up on it. After deciding on a common center, and going around in circles for a month or two, it was decided that the Christmas fund won the prize. Helene captured the \$5 with no trouble, whatsoever.

December 8th; 650th Consecutive Meeting:

There were three magazine reviews: The first was by Tripoli, who reviewed the February, 1950, issue of Amazing Stories, which is supposed to be the first issue in which Browne gives a glimpse of things to come. Everett was enthusiastic, with certain cautious reservations. The next magazine reviewed was Super Science Stories which was handled by Alan Hershey. In his review, Alan used the now-famous decimal system invented by Rich Sneary, which rates stories on a scale from 1 to 10. For this issue, he had to add an extra number: 0. The third review was by the Secretary and of the December, 1949, issue of SCIENCE FICTION, in which he thought the story, The Witches of Karres, by James H. Schmitz was easily outstanding.

Wendy entertained us by reading the synopsis of Robert Heinlein's Destination Moon, and Forrest gave us even more varied and startling news-items about the picture. He told us that the Navy is taking quite an interest in the picture. He mentioned that a one-time LASFS visitor, Jack Fresco, had sold to George Pal, the producer, a method of three-dimensional projecting for the screen. Pal has tentative plans to use the technique in the final scenes of When Worlds Collide, so that we'll see Earth and Alpha Bronson crashing together in three dimensions. I hope it's in technicolor, too; won't be any good without technicolor.

The End.

FAN-AUTHOR QUESTIONS

BY ROSS ROCKLYNNE

Over the years I have received many letters from fans who wanted to write. Competition is the life-blood of the writer; there is not one writer who does not want to see the life-blood of all other writers flow. Therefore I did my best to steer these fan-authors straight in the direction we all want them to travel. Here are some of their questions and my answers.

Q. How does one become an author?

A. Rave about his stories. This becomes him.

Q. When I start selling stories, should I continue to associate with fans?

A. Yes. What you do with your life is of no concern to the fan. If you're afraid of being snubbed, forget it.

Q. What do you think of Einstein's unified theory?

A. Yes! I very definitely would. (fan's question vague and somewhat garbled.)

Q. Should I imitate other writers?

A. Yes. Change the place-names and the names of the characters. Don't bother to change the titles. Fans have short memories anyway. A large percent are unable to remember, for instance, the number of portholes showing on the submarine on the cover of the Feb., 1927 issue of Amazing. (Some say 13, others 14. 14 is correct - I think.)

Q. Does the format of a story matter to the editor?

A. No. Forget margins, double-spacing, neat copy, proper spelling and other quirks of the successful fiction writer.

Qu. Do you believe that one should write by inspiration?

A. Yes. There has been much written about inspiration (by no doubt inspired writers) but I personally have discovered a remarkable way to bring it about. Put yourself upon a chair. You will discover that in this contact of chair and anus a mystic inflow occurs, presumably trembling up from the core of Mother Earth. I cannot explain this. Nobody can. But just sit there for a year. You'll feel it.

Q. Should I write offtrail stories, considering Ray Bradbury's success?

A. No. Ray's success is a fluke. He can't last more than fifty years. Ten thousand years from now he may be completely forgotten. Stick to the tried and true.

Q. Some fans say that as a writer you smell. Is this true?

A. No. You smell. I stink. Please watch your vocabulary.

- Q. If an editor makes a mistake (as has happened) and sends me twice as much as the story could possibly bring, should I build a reputation for honesty and tell him?
- A. Yes. I cannot be too forceful about this. But cash the check first, then wait a reasonable time. Incidentally, must you always be bothering the editors with your stupid letters?
- Q. Should I bring sex into a story.
- A. No sex, please. Fans are not attracted to this sort of thing. For the story's sake, however, describe your heroine thoroughly and in all the detail you can get away with, this being particularly true if she doesn't have many clothes on. (This can easily happen; jungle thorns or brambles lustfully scraping at the soft, glistening flesh; the villains pawing her. etc. I could go on for pages.)
- Q. How come you don't write anymore?
- A. You're reading, ain't you?
- Q. Can I live by the pen?
- A. Live in a house. You have your world, the pigs have theirs. Is nothing sacred?

#####

#####

#####

#####

oooooo

Philler:

It's interesting to observe the Communist's reactions to science-fiction. Communism has a very definite picture of what the world of the future is like; naturally, it is inevitable that s-f, with its many futures, should come in conflict with this system. The Peoples' World published a lengthy expose of the fraud behind the Conrad and Wein movie, The Flying Saucer; deserved, I'm afraid, but they also took a couple of swats at RAN's Destination Moon--they feel that it's one of the State Department-inspired plots to blacken the eye of Russia, pointing out that the space-suits were furnished by the U.S. Army! Recieved quite a surprise, though, when Judith Merrill's Shot In The Dark recieved a good review in the paper; it seems that their reviewer had even predicted that this new field would take over the place of the mystery field. He remarked that the stories were "often well-done and were not filled with the usual anti-Communist cliches". However, he deplored the naive ideas which s-f writers have concerning the evolution of future societies. What amazes me is the loud silence in the Russian world of anything faintly concerning space-travel and the future of flights beyond the stratosphere. USSR IN RECONSTRUCTION, RUSSIA TODAY, none of these carries a hint of things to come in that direction. However, I've been told that, according to TIME magazine, interest in the subject is high in that country. (The Russian musical, SPRING, is a semi-science-fiction story--with a moral: Those who play with atomic fire, may be burned! Story showed the social consciousness of the scientist in Russia.)

--Arthur Jean Cox

SHORT

STORY

Poll

COMPILED BY
HELENE MEARSEDITED BY
RICK SNEARY

Every year about this time people get to picking the ten best of the year. The ten best shows, dressed women, news stories, Canasta players. It makes no difference what, there are always little groups of self appointed experts that go around telling you what the ten best "so-en-so's" were of the past year. And of course LASER is no exception. With us it is short stories. Science and fantasy shorts, of course. Only ten members got the guts to do it, but they were a high class bunch of slobbs, and they are pretty representative. That is if you can find anyone in our world that can be classed as being representative of some one else. Anyway those rash people that did cast votes were Ray Bradbury, Alan and Freddie Hershey, Torry and Wendy Ackerman, L. E. Evans, Jean Cox, Len Moffett, Charles Kelly, Dot Faulkner and Rick Sneary. Do to tie votes, there were actually 11 in the top brackets. Here they are.

WITH SIX VOTES:

Project Spaceship by Van Vogt in the August TWS.

WITH FIVE VOTES EACH:

Private Eye by Padgett in the Jan, ASF.

Eternity Lost by Simak in the July ASF.

WITH FOUR VOTES:

Trojan Horse Laugh by McDonald in the August ASF.

WITH THREE VOTES EACH:

Prodigy; by Sturgeon in the April ASF

Over The Top; by del Rey in the Nov. ASF

Kaleidoscope; by Bradbury in the Oct. TWS

Lost Ulysses; by Bade in the ((?)) ASF

Final Command; by van Vogt in the Nov. ASF

Mother Earth; by Asimov in the May ASF

What Dead Men Tell; by Sturgeon in the Nov. ASF.

Sixteen stories received two votes, and thirty-seven received one vote. So, with the exception of the first three places, there was little general agreement. We would like to point out though the general similarity of those top 11 votes. In somber mood, and generally sad end, they are very much alike. The big exception being Trojan Horse Laugh, which was a wacky and light hearted story if there ever was one.

Everyone was please to see van Vogt Project Spaceship come in on top. It being a slight departure from his usual style of writing, that many of us would like to see him continue. It is also notable that it appeared in TWS, thus breaking away from the "holy of

of holy's ASF.

As for how individual authors stand, out of the forty-four that had stories picked by one or more "judges", only four had more than two stories picked. They were:

Bradbury, with four stories, and a total of 7 points,

Van Vogt, with three stories, and a total of 10 points.

Sturgeon, with three stories and 5 points.

St. Clair, with three stories and 3 points.

Padgett, McDonald and Simak each received 5 points for a total of fourteen stories between them. Nine authors had had two stories chosen. Eighteen received only one vote and point for one story.

It might be interesting to compare these titles with ones picked last year. Of course LASFS didn't have a poll last year, but by sorting out the short stories from the Fantasy Annual, we get results like this:

In Hiding, by Shiras in ASF
Pillar of Fire, by Bradbury in Planet
The Enchanted Weekend, by McCormac in From Unknown Worlds
The Monster, by Van Vogt in ASF.
The October Game, by Bradbury in WT
The Compleat Werewolf, by Boucher in From Unknown Worlds
Genius, by Anderson in ASF
Shambleau, by Moore, in Avon Fantasy Reader
Police Operation, by Piper in ASF.

Well, in comparing them you see first that the 1949 poll stick closer to ASF. Only 4 in 1948, and 8 in 1949. I don't know if this indicates that ASF was better this year, or that the local group is in a reading rut. Of course there was the Nov. Astounding which raked in 3 of the top 11 spots. It is also notable that there is more fantasy picked in the over-all poll of 1948, than the local one in 1949. This might indicate that LASFS, or at least the pollsters, leaned more heavily toward the science-fiction, than the general average of fan-kind.

It is interesting to note that in the voting, Bradbury voted for his own story, Kaleidoscope. We feel it is not egotism to feel that one of his own stories is one of the best. In fact I find an even deeper interest in the story, knowing that the author had felt he had turned out something better than usual.

And in another vein, I sudder to think that one of my most respected friends listed three stories by Margaret St. Clair. But I will not reveal his name, for fear that others might suffer from this act of madness. It might be interesting to compare the list that LASFS picked, with the short stories that appear in the Best Science Fiction Stories of 1949, released by one of the newer book publishers. Last year the choices differ quite strongly from the general fans, even including a couple that no one had ever heard of.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH

-ASKS

CRITICISM?

EARLE ..

.. PRINCETON

In the past few issues of Shangri-La, several readers have indicated their ire at the vehement way in which this column has castigated the dunderheads that are ever with us. Other letters have indicated that they do not agree with the criticism, and still others have questioned the prerogative of this column to set itself up as a judge of the literary endeavors of others.

Obviously the second category of letters, those that merely disagree with the statements in this column, are perfectly justified in so stating and may, for all I know, be right where this column is wrong.

However, let us dissect these two other points of view. First, take that group of readers (and we assume that one or two letter-writers represent more people than themselves) who question the right of the writer to criticize others. To be truthful, no one person has the right to indulge in criticism. Nevertheless, criticism is a form of pleasure in which anyone may indulge, and it is anyone's privilege to do so if given the opportunity. Whether the criticism is justified or not and whether the writer is capable, honest, penetrating, sagacious and otherwise supernatural, is a matter for the readers, and most important, the editors, to judge. There as are, wind up in luxurious perchouses, supported by the swollen bankrolls of amateur fantasy publications. The less fortunate retire to the wilds of Alhambra, or other desolate, God-forsaken areas of the globe.

Now, let's consider the main area of disagreement with this column: that the criticisms are full of bile, invective, and intemperate and overforceful language. Hahh!

There are three types of literary activity concerned with the creative works of others. They may be separated into reporting, reviewing and criticism. A reporter informs his readers of what is being done and by whom. He does nothing more than give a synopsis of whatever story content there happens to be. He leads a peaceful life and is revered by his friends.

A reviewer generally takes three or four times as much space as the reporter. This is because he generally gets paid more, if at all, and also feels a deep obligation to let his readers know enough of what a story consists of so that the reader can tell, more or less, whether or not the subject matter of this story and its treatment interest him. The reviewer does not attempt to criticize, but he does try to give the reader a foretaste of the "flavor" of the particular books he is reviewing. Most reviewers lead happy lives and are revered by their friends.

Critics do not report. They do not review, unless it is necessary to do so to drive the shaft home. They criticise. Let this be understood: criticism may be highly favorable. However, a good critic should give his reasons for his praise just as he should give reasons for his dislike of certain works.

This column sees no reason why criticism should necessarily be polite. Moreover, there are good reasons why the language in a critical column should be strong, vigorous and capable of attracting attention. After all, why should a columnist attack or praise anything unless he feels strongly about it? And why should a columnist refrain from jumping with both feet on extant vapid bubble-headedness that fairly clamors for attention? No reason at all.

Therefore, this column, God and the editors willing, will continue letting blood in the same vein as in the past. Why? Because this critic is a happy, God-fearing man, loved by his family, and, in common with all other critics, revered by himself.

(The lack of literary criticism in this column is because no new books have come out)

#####000000#####

* PLEASE NOTE

Each word of time a grain of sand;
We trickle, you and I,
Fast through the constricted place
That marks our brief reply.

Each chapter written in bright specks
A thousand lines in every disk
And man's star on those unseen pages
An incidental asterisk!

JOHN VAN CULVERING

SOUTH GATE

IN '58! -THE

OUTLANDERS

(UNPAID AD)

In the smoke-filled room, whose walls were lined with art from "other worlds", she sat and considered. Before her lay a copy of the latest Shaggy. The murmurs of the assembled fen were filled with appreciation of the wonderful job that E. E. Evans had done. A few weeks later the fantasy in her mind took shape.

First she cornered the necessary contributors and lashed them into promising an article, story or poem. When enough had promised (to keep her from hounding them - and how she hounded!), she spoke up.

"I'll do the next Shaggy."

Five seemingly innocuous words!

So committed, she began to take the amorphous shapes and force them into order. The phantasy shapes became stencils, the stencils became mimeo'd sheets and the sheets metamorphosed into another Shaggy. This Shaggy. For those that assisted, she gives her heart-felt thanks. It was quite an experience. If you are one of those that has ever made this fantasy come true--- her sincere appreciation of your efforts. If you are one of those that has never tried--- her urgent pleas to consider--- and wadw into this phase of phantasy.

Freddie Hershey

Editor