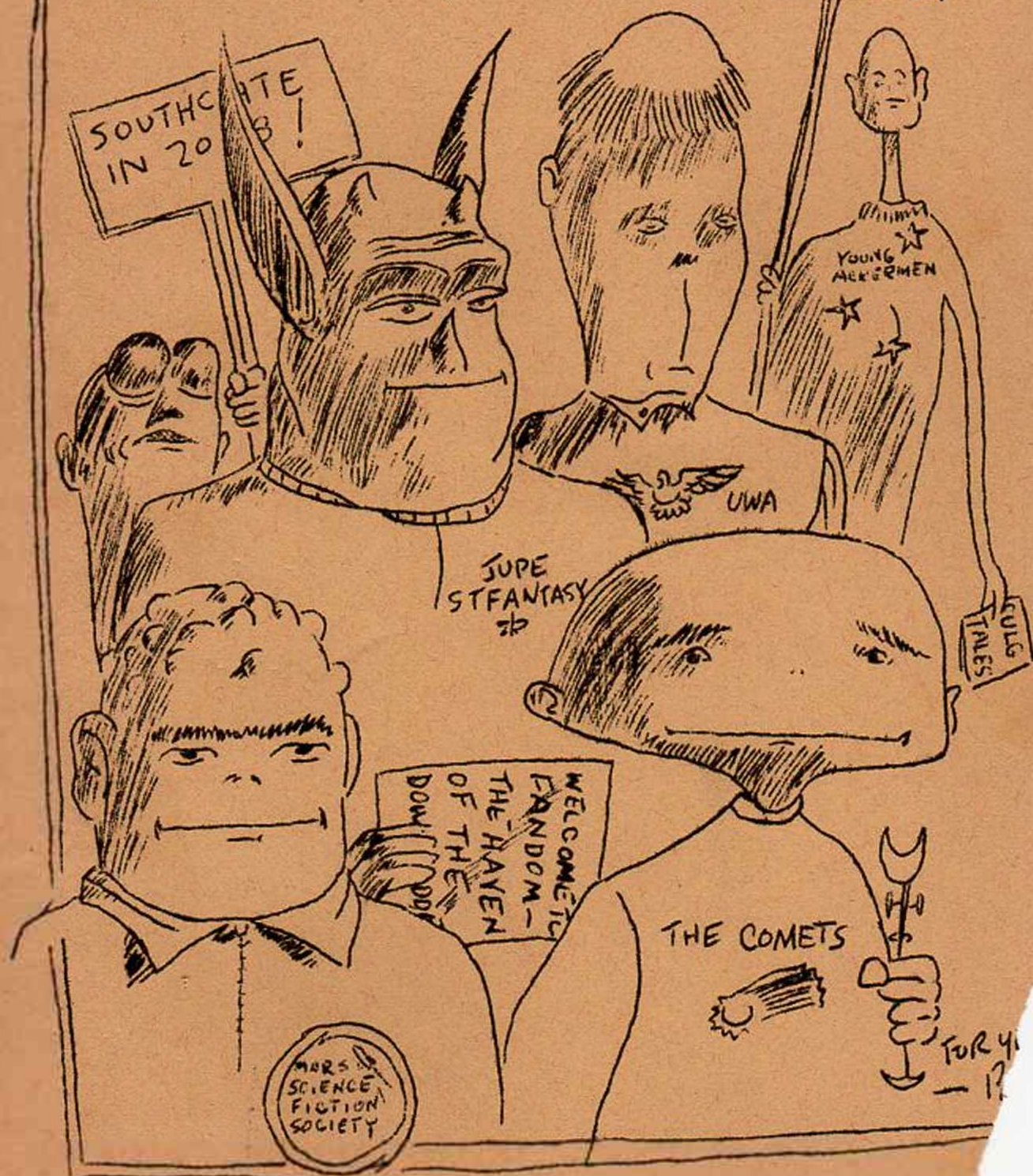


# Shangri LA 23

90 Junior Member Issue 00

24  
PALMER STF SOC.  
(FOUNDED 1949)





## LACK OF PROGRESS REPORT:

: an editorial:



IN THIS cruel world, it is the fate of lost causes to be forgotten. John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave; Bonnie Prince Charlie lost both his battle and fame at Culloden... who remembers the short but tragic histories of the Orange Free State, the Volga German Republic, the Appalachian State of Franklin? (I am somewhat hampered by the fact that I have to use forgotten causes that everybody knows about...)

But the one lost cause that nobody seems to forget is the pitiful case of John Van Couvering, editor. I can think of no more hopeless cause than that of he known as "The Man Without a Magazine." The man scorned by his contributors, reviled by his publishers, without a scrap of stencil in which to hide his nakedness of achievement. One of the lostest causes ever known to man... an ugly abortion of an idea which somehow pulled through...the "Junior Issue" of Shaggy was like an anvil around the neck of its editor. The choice was not sink or swim; it was sink or get sunk.

The case of Van Couvering, boy man, is thrown up...even regurgitated...time after time, and given various epitaphs: "Man, I'm glad I'm not in his shoes," "College can't take all that time," and, "Well, whaddaya want from a goddam Outlander, anyway?"

I take some consolation from the fact that Junior Memberships...and the Junior Member issue...have been done away with. But that's just closing the barn after the cats have been let out of the bag. Since the night the Junior Issue was announced, you haven't had any Junior Members.

There was Glenn Crabbs, who promised to dash off a monograph on Toxicology. I think he went back In Hiding. Terzian, stout fellow, offered a book review. To him I am indebted for making an offer at a time when all I had was mere promises. Hernhutter volunteered two complete book-length novels, five novelettes and many other shorter, more meaty yarns, all written in longhand on three-hole notebook paper. Paul Gordon smiled his glassy smile and said that he and Campbell had an agreement which forbade his donating any free material in order to protect Astounding's sales.

In addition, I pinned down a brace of unplumbed pigeons from the outer wilds and got them talked into sending me something to do with Junior College life and the fan. They went away thinking that if that was supposed to be funny, it was a damned poor idea of a joke. May all their girl friends wear falsies!

Let me say in conclusion that I bear no grudges. Any Junior Member (by definition) who ever wants to edit an issue of Shaggy will have my full support. But anyone who suggests that I edit another issue will get my support right where he needs it, and I don't mean with the left foot either!

---Read before LASFS, November 18, 1950

either!  
John Van Courvenberg  
1950

# NOTICE OF UTTER RESIGNATION

IN THIS ISSUE OF SHAGGY, IF YOU  
SEEM TO DETECT A NOTE OF CARE-  
FREE MEDIOCRITY, YOU ARE MISTAKEN.

WE JUST DON'T GIVE A DAMN.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS, UPON  
ARRIVING AT THIS CLUBROOM, THE  
ONLY AVAILABLE PAPER WAS A KIND  
OF STUNTED PULP WHICH HAD AP-  
ARENTLY BEEN REJECTED BY THE  
SCOTTISSUE COMPANY.

"THERE WON'T BE ANY MARGINS," SOME-  
ONE WARNED.

"SO WHO READS MARGINS?" I REPLIED.

SO FROM NOW ON, WHO READS SHAGGY?


RICK SNEARY AND HELENE MEARS WERE  
NOT HERE, FINGERPRINTS ON THE PAGES TO  
THE CONTRARY. I STAYED HOME, TOO.

FANTASY

INDEX

WEIRD &  
FANTASTIC

NOW

COMPLETE  90 PP. - \$1.00  
SUPPLEMENT TO the SCIENCE FICTION INDEX

Write to: ROBERT C. PETERSON  
1309 S. VINE STREET  
DENVER-10, COLORADO

QUICK!  
BEFORE  
I'M DRAFTED!



# JUST A MINUTE

Gene  
Cot

## Meeting of September 21st, 1950; 683rd Consecutive Meeting:

Perhaps the biggest entertainment of this meeting was a letter read by Rick Sneary, which was from one of his "bosom buddies". Unfortunately, the secretary cannot recall the exact text of the letter -- he probably repressed it for reasons of mental stability -- but it seemed to deal with some information this fellow had gained from a medium, who through the agency of our beloved departed ones dwelling on the Other Side, could predict the future. The gist of the predictions seemed to be that Southern California could expect the appearance of several earth-shaking events -- namely, earthquakes. The writer of the letter, incidentally, lived in Florida. The letter goes on to explain that other disastrous occurrences will take place the world over -- everywhere, except in the locality in which the writer was living.

Rick also read an article on the 8th World Science Fiction Convention in Newsweek. It was mostly about Dr. E. E. Smith. In fact, the only person mentioned in the same breath with him was God. The article was serious in nature, there being only one vaguely derogatory remark; the assistant manager of the convention hotel had remarked that he was sorry they had taken the convention. And: "Those fans are a queer lot and aren't good spenders."

A fan from Eugene, Oregon, Norman Hartman, arose under some pressure and said a few words about The Eugene Science Fantasy Society -- the name of which, he announced, has just been changed to The Eugene Science Fantasy Artisans, as so many of the members are writers and artists. The chief reason Hartman came to L. A. was to get some first-hand contact with dianetics, a subject he's interested in. Naturally, he was asked for his impressions, after his visit to the Foundation. He replied that on the whole, he'd been favorably impressed by dianetics, itself, but not by the people who subscribed to it. He added that this last remark was not meant to include Forrest J Ackerman, his agent.

Ross Rocklynnne walked in just as the meeting was drawing to a close. Ross, who's been absent from science-fiction for nearly five years, says that he has a story coming up in Galaxy.

## Meeting of Thursday, September 28th; 684th Consecutive Meeting:

Forrest made a few remarks about things which had happened during the week. He and some friends had made a 250-mile round trip to see Aldous Huxley, only to miss him as Huxley had to make

an emergency visit elsewhere. He also briefly described a visit to Howard Hawks at RKO, who is making a picture based on Doc A. Stuart's well-known novelette, "The Goes There?" Earl Kershak, who read the script, could find little relationship, however, to the story which had actually appeared in the pages of astounding SCIENCE FICTION. Hawk's version will be called "The Thing". Forrest also passed around the third Japanese issue of Amazing Stories.

Enn Koenigsberg reviewed two books. First, "The Dreaming Jewels". He confessed that inasmuch as he didn't have an autographed copy, the review couldn't be too favorable. Apparently, he felt the work to be so-so. The second book was "Voyage of the Space Beagle", by A. E. van Vogt. He thought that this was good science-fiction, on the whole, but that van Vogt had loused up "Elack Destroyer".

Forrest--again--had a couple of birth announcements: In April, "Little Miss Martian" would appear from E. Everett Evans, in Other Worlds. And, possibly about the same time, the Bradburys are having what he called "A Small As-Susan".

#### 685th Consecutive Meeting: Thursday, October 5th, 1950:

This meeting, a startling new subject was mentioned on the discussion floor once or twice: Dianetics, "The Science of Mind", formulated by L. Ron Hubbard, a science-fiction and fantasy writer. Dick Turzian told us that the first issue of the new magazine, Why?, had a debate between L. Ron Hubbard and a psychiatrist named Sacks on dianetics. Hubbard was pro-dianetics, and Sacks anti-. Alan Hershey remarked that dianetics had received some mention in the current issue of The Scientific American, in which it was recorded that the American Psychological Association had asked their members to place the subject in the experimental category, and not to use it as a therapeutic method prematurely. Forrest Ackerson, who'd seen Hubbard recently, passed on the information that he still loved us. Bill Cox, who'd talked with him briefly the previous Monday, had a modification to add: There were three members whom Hubbard would like to boil in oil, "it is weren't for the fact that it would give them more engrams."

Forrest told us that Donald Wollheim was, at last, releasing--or had decided on--the name of his literary magazine: Ten Fantasy Stories. He also read a portion of a letter from Gold, telling him the type of story he wanted for Galaxy. Gold said that he wanted the magazine to be a soap box, a pew, a crying wall, an ivory tower; in short, a chest to get things off of. He, Gold, said that this would be good for both the writer and the magazine.

This meeting's talk was from Ed Sawyer of the Pacific Rocket Society who described some of the work currently being



done by the organization, as well as a few of its plans. The society, though small and without government backing or large funds, has accomplished much work of genuine merit: Various members, and groups of them, have perfected such items as a unique fuel injector device, a whirling parachute for retarding the speed of rocket mechanisms and lowering them, and a poem, "An Ode To A Dead Rat", which he said couldn't be quoted in present circumstances and company. (The poem was inspired by the number of rats which have fallen into one of their Mojave Desert fuel tanks and drowned.)

Albert DePina, a former Planet Stories author, now a movie writer, dropped in for a few minutes at the urging of his science-fiction agent, who's been to the club before...at some 680-odd meetings...

#### 686th Consecutive Meeting: Thursday, October 12th, 1950

Forrest told us that H. L. Gold has written him that Galaxy is to definitely have a French edition and that there's a possibility of an Italian edition. He mentioned also that Curtis Mitchell, publisher of Fantasy Stories, is having press difficulties.

A new-comer to the club, Mr. Cindar, told us that the television program, "Manhattan Spotlight", had featured an interview with Willey Ley recently, during which he talked mostly about science-fiction.

Eph Koenigsberg, the incorrigible book-reviewer, reviewed two more: "After 12,000 Years", by Stanton Coblenz and "The Greenmen of Graypec", by Festus Pragnell. Although he appeared to be unimpressed by the Coblenz story, he felt the Pragnell book to be "an excellent adventure story in outlandish dress", but remarked that he didn't approve of the policy of digging up old-timers and foisting them on on the public (that should've been in quotes) when there was good new stuff to be had.

The major event of the meeting was a discussion of "the losses amenable to being a superman", instigated by Eph Koenigsberg. The problem was that, previously in science-fiction, writers have been concerned with what faculties or abilities or characteristics a man could gain to make him more "efficient"; Eph wanted to know what he could lose that would make him more so. Quite a few suggestions were brought forth--such as the necessity of sleeping and/or sex--and the discussion came to a head, so to speak, in Eph's thesis that we might be better off without a thalamus. The only problem is, without a thalamus, a person wouldn't be able to make the "cortico-thalamic pause" and then where would he be?

#### 687th Consecutive Meeting: Thursday, October 19th, 1950:

Len Moffat mentioned that Universal-International Pictures were making "Abbott and Costello Meet the Invisible Man". Next, he supposed, they would meet the Martians. The picture would be called "The Martian Comicals". "Goody!" squeaked Paul Gordon, "then we'll have science-fiction all to ourselves, again."

Forrest read a review of Ray Bradbury's book, "The Martian Chronicles", by Christopher Isherwood in the magazine, Tomorrow. Isherwood was very impressed with the novel and summed up his opinion by stating "that Mr. Bradbury's was a very great and unusual talent." Forrest mentioned that Bradbury has designed his own jacket for his book, "The Illustrated Man". He'd been rather disappointed with the jacket for "TMC" as he found that it was hard to spot on book shelves. It was suggested that the man who might remedy that situation would be Erle Bergey.

Bill Walker told us that he'd shown a couple of people at his place of work Campbell's editorial on the flying saucers in the October issue of Astounding SCIENCE FICTION, and that they had become "violently interested in science-fiction". That was the most ominous statement made at this meeting.

#### 688th Consecutive Meeting: Thursday, October 26th, 1950:

No important business was conducted at this meeting, but then no one cared; it was the Halloween party. Some ten people came in costumes. Everett Evans came as the Illustrated Man, Alan Hershey as a witch, and Dot Faulkner as--believe-it-or-not--The World of Tomorrow. Eph Koenigsberg came as The Divisible Man and Forrest J Ackerman as an army sargent. What Forrest didn't know was that he'd be outranked; Rick Sneary came as a Lieutenant. For some reason, Forrest only wore the jacket to his old uniform. Len Moffat came as Pike Pickens, a vaudevillian character in his story, "Curtain Call on Alpha Centaurus", which appeared in Out Of This World adventures. Paul Gordon came as a Krishnan, Ana St. Clare as a super-clear and Audrey Seidel as a Bergey Girl.

Forrest Ackerman took care of the first item of entertainment, acting as MC on a couple of guessing games. The major of these was a Seven Footprints to Santa contest, in which the first person from a group of seven to answer seven fantasy questions correctly would win the prize book which was, oddly enough, "Seven Footprints to Satan". E. Everett Evans was the lucky boy!

The second and biggest phase of the evening was the aforementioned Pike Pickens who did a series of songs, dances and comedy skits for his audience. Among others, he sang such gems as "L'Amour L'Atrine", "Clearie", and "A Spacesuit Built for Two". Rick Sneary assisted as disc jockey. Ana St. Clare and Audrey Seidel filled in as decorations for Pikens-Moffatt's acts.



689th Consecutive Meeting: Thursday, November 2nd, 1950:

Forrest Ackerman said that he had read somewhere in a newspaper that Lippert was making a picture called "The Invisible Worm." He called up the publicity boy at Lippert, Marty Weisser, but he said that he had never heard of "The Invisible Worm." The report that Lippert was making a movie called "Two Lost Worlds" was also a mystery to him; he didn't know how these rumors got started. As for making a sequel to "Rocketship X-M1", namely, "Rocketship X-M2", that was out, too. He said Lippert Productions wanted to quit while it was ahead; the boys there figured that they had just got in at a juicy moment on a good thing, and they didn't want to press their luck. However, Audrey Seidel says that a friend of hers works at Lippert Studios and that they're repairing the costumes used in the picture. Forrest did know a couple of things definitely, however. One was that Eagle-Lion was preparing a sequel to a certain well known science-fiction movie; their new movie will be called "Destination Venus". Also, it seems that a group of whiskey distillers have filmed their own science-fiction movie. A short called "Destination Achievement" in which some men land on the moon and find a big bottle of Schenley. Or something.

690th Consecutive Meeting: Thursday, November 9th, 1950:

There was some discussion about a back file of Shangri-La. The one we don't have. Charles Walker suggested that we could bound our year's output each year and send it to the Los Angeles Public Library where it would be made accessible to the masses. There was some discussion of this proposal. Eph Koenigsberg cracked, "It seems to me that we are trying to prognosticate an indeterminable amount of interest in an esoteric publication"--- and I'll bet the clubmembers didn't think the secretary would get that down. Alan Hershey announced that Forrie Ackerman would arrange the construction of the Shangri-La shrine. It'll be on the top floor of the library tower.

Forrest gave us the sad news that Ray Palmer is gone---gone to Wisconsin. This bit of information was somewhat in contrast to the rumor that he died recently of a stroke. But this mix-up was not quite as puzzling as the report that Palmer has sold his imagination to the Greenleaf Company. Sounds like the plot of a fantasy story.

Forrest also announced that the following Tuesday evening there was to be a discussion about science-fiction between Ken Crossen---who reviews science-fiction for the Daily News---, Ward Moore---who wrote Greener Than You Think---and Ray Bradbury. This would take place at the Writers' Guild.



2150

in

review

Arthur Louis Joquel II

### ---ON SCIENCE-FICTIONISTS, DIANETICS, AND THE FUTURE

WHEN Shangri-La Number 22 arrived, with its "2150 A. D." on the cover and a brilliant constellation of names on the contents page, I started through it eagerly in search of the new ideas, the original concepts, the forward-looking descriptions which we have been propagandized into expecting from science-fiction writers, and which they would contribute to a forum such as this.

On reaching the last page, I was so dumfounded that I went back and read it through again. But the words were still the same, and the same names were still attached to them.

Frankly, it was and is incredible to me that the majority of the contributors to this anthology should actually be so disillusioned and disheartened with the world and its inhabitants that they are willing to put down for public view the fact that they do not expect this globe to survive for two hundred years more, after it has gone along for some two billion years already with only minor damage.

It hardly seems possible that the five years since Hiroshima have, for example, changed Ray Bradbury from the witty, ribald, exuberant chap I knew as a fellow Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society Member ten years ago, into a morbid prophet of radioactive doom, along with many other writers and informed persons. Is this the result of a million years of man's development-- that in half a decade they are willing to let the earth go up in flames if only it waits until after their lifetime to do so?

To write fiction about atomic and bacteriological catastrophe overtaking the earth in the future is all part of the game-- a modern version of the creepy-crawly school which runs chills down the spine of the reader by means of unnamed and unnameable threats. But when the writers start believing what they write, it seems to be time for some reconsideration of their and our place in the system of things.

I have an excellent recollection of my own activities in the first couple of years after the atomic era opened. I remember organizing, in January 1946, what was probably the first conference in the Los Angeles area on atomic problems and control. A.E. van Vogt was the speaker, Bob Olsen an unexpected visitor, and we were plagued with the difficulties of trying to record a talk in the pre-tape-and-wire days.

I also recall W. Bradford Shank and others, including myself, talking, lecturing, explaining, demonstrating, showing the film "One World or None" until we knew every nuance of the commentator and every note of the music, explaining to anyone who would listen that-- "An atomic war could wipe out civilization"--"There is no defense against the bomb"--"The only solution

is to end war"--"There is no secret, other nations will have atomic bombs in a few years."

Then, finally, I took a look at the situation-- a good, long, dispassionate historian's look. I came to the considered conclusion that the threat to existence, compared with our state of evolution, was no greater than the monaces the world has passed successfully through before. I turned to other, more constructive matters like interplanetary rockets and the problems of Atlantis, and have not tried to be a world-saver since then.

Because the world crisis turned out to be only a normal, logical development of the evolution of man, nations, and the course of existence as a whole. Because we live in a time of crisis, we proceed to magnify it out of all proportion. There are excellent comparisons between the present disaster-mongers and the world-end scares of 1000 A. D., 1881 A. D., and others. The present political situation has an almost exact parallel which took place 1,981 years ago. ((That's er.. uh.. 31 B.C.)Ed.))

Since the letters to prospective contributors in this Shangri-LA symposium were sent out in February of this year, and the articles were probably in most cases written soon afterward, they display the fact of having been written before dianetics arrived on the science-fiction scene. If they had been done later, it seems certain that at least several of the writers would have expressed different and more optimistic views on the future, since they are at present boosting dianetics as the only solution to mankind's woes, ills, and problems.

Since science-fiction was actually the literary midwife of dianetics, it is only logical that scientifiictionists should have a strong interest and enthusiasm for dianetics. However, I hope that they are taking it up for something besides the superhuman angle. I was fortunate enough to be present at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society when a letter from one of the highest-ranking officials of the Hubbard Research Foundation was read aloud. And it closed with these words, in effect: "Dianetics will not make you into a god-- just into a superman." I remember that early in 1941, and undoubtedly later, serious articles were appearing in the fan press with such titles as, "Are Fans Slans?" And so we are addressing our comments and opinions on dianetics to those who should, logically, be most interested.

Although at the present writing public knowledge of dianetics is only four months old, L. Ron Hubbard's dramatic solution for the world's troubles appears to be working and producing results. The major reservation which I believe should be regarded is-- Are the dianetics researchers, who include some of those pessimistic science-fictionists, proceeding too fast in untried fields, even with their fear of the atomic and hydrogen bombs to spur them on?

What will these clears and releases be like in ten years? In twenty years? Can Hubbard be sure, with the relatively short time he has spent developing dianetics, that he has really solved all the problems of dealing with the human mind? Or will the future find these individuals relapsing into a state much worse than their pre-pre-clear condition? Some forms of Eastern Yoga, which strongly resemble the dianetic technique of reverie, produce mental brilliance far above the norm, but the restrictions which are thereby imposed on the persons who undertake them (no indulgence in the second dynamic,



for example) are so stringent that they have never been suitably adapted to the habits and temperament of the Western world.

In this same connection, the use of "guk" to assist in attaining reverie seems to me to be a most dangerous procedure. So little is known about synergistic reactions that this mysterious "guk" may, in certain aberrated body chemistries, have exceedingly detrimental effects during or after its use. Has the Hubbard Dianetic Research Foundation tabulated data on the comparative ease of releasing and clearing vegetarians and non-vegetarians? I would be willing to predict that the former are easier to work with, and that instead of secret chemical mixtures, a vegetarian diet would be the greatest assist that dianetic therapy could have.



What is going to be the attitude of clears toward war? Has the Hubbard Dianetic Research Foundation solved the problem of whether a clear will take part in a war or not? If they do participate in the mass insanity and slaughter which is war, they cannot be called clear according to the dianetic definition. And if clears start registering as conscientious objectors to war, who--the Dianetic Foundation or themselves-- should provide the lawyers to defend them in the courts and military tribunals before which they will be haled?

Also, what is going to be the result of the armed forces using dianetics on its high officers? Will these men discover that war is folly and start resigning their commissions? Will there be court-martials of cleared officers because they refuse to carry out their duties in obedience to the fourth dynamic (and the first)? Or will they use their new-found clarity of mind to develop ever better and more destructive weapons and more ingenious means and methods of warfare?

These are pointed questions, and they have been stated bluntly. But none of them have ever been answered when submitted in writing to one after another of the forums on dianetics. They are the points where I believe dianetics may fail, or fall into error, and I think are deserving of immediate attention. Not all of the workers with dianetics possess Hubbard's eclectic mind, and in dashing ahead in a field where the technique of one week may be obsolete the next, some slight degree of caution is definitely indicated. Temporary improvements are not worth the possibilities of incurable relapses later.

Finally, dianetics will be only another panacea for today, and not a concept for tomorrow and the years to come, until its proponents discover the fifth dynamic. The fifth dynamic will also solve some of the peculiar items which pop out in dianetic auditing to baffle both auditor and pre-clear alike, such as the case of the woman (described by auditor David South at the Forum) who went back on her time track to the burning of Rome, and another reported case where the pre-clear went forward in time instead of back.

Whether dianetics will recognize this deficiency and be able to correct it, and thereby develop into a really valuable and permanent contribution

to civilization, or will ignore it and lapse into being only a more rapidly-working outgrowth of present day mental science, remains to be seen.

Returning to the relationship of science-fictionists to dianetics: dianetics, if accepted by all science-fiction fans, spells the end of fandom. Can you conceive a clear sitting idly in a comfortable clubroom while the atomic bomb is at large? Can you imagine clears not wanting to build more rockets instead of reading about them? Can you picture a clear living in the world of today and wasting his/her time in discussing what some favorite author says should be done, rather than getting out and doing what is necessary?

For the first time in years, many fans are going to find themselves doing their own thinking about the future. It will be a startling experience for some of them. I have been plagued for a long time by the suspicion that science-fiction fans do not want the future to happen. That rockets, atomic power, and the other developments of contemporary science were fine as dreams in a pulp magazine, but that they are somewhat less glamorous and intriguing when they arrive as part of everyday life. When rockets do reach the Moon, Mars, and Venus--with no help from the fans--and the real facts about our neighbors in space are found out, there will be no room for wild speculations on these themes, and a large number of science-fiction's favorite playgrounds will lose their appeal.

But meanwhile, tomorrow is moving upon us. Tomorrow is not going to wait for dianetics, because if the inefficiency of the forum being held in Los Angeles is any criterion--where meetings announced for 10:30 sharp have sometimes not started by 11:00, and the speakers when audible sound like religious evangelists (Conway), "think-and-get-rich" promoters (McRorie) or have not even been informed of elementary Forum procedure (Winter)--it will still take a long time for practical experience to be supplanted by meteoric mental brilliance in the actual practice of running things, whether they be oneself, a meeting, or the world. Such matters also give a poor impression of dianetics to any person who is just becoming acquainted with dianetics, the new science of mental health.

The coming world is not going to wait for innocuous, absent-minded clears, like the one Mr. Hubbard paraded out on the stage at his Shrine Auditorium meeting, to grow up and take over. It is not going to wait to be built by little groups of pre-clears who are sitting around auditing one another. Those who remember the Oxford Group, with its meetings of confession in which the end result was that each person tried to confess bigger and better sins than the next, will see the close resemblance to dianetic circles where the participants are bragging about their engrams and how many hours of therapy they have had and how they are going to "a perfectly marvelous auditor that you simply must try, my dear!" (I do not exaggerate. I have heard all these things myself.)

The world of tomorrow is being built now by men and women who are doing things about it. As an example, a major step toward the semantically sound universal language, predicted by Bob Olson in his optimistic contribution to the Shangri-LA symposium, was made seven years ago. Its name is "Interglossa" and it was developed by Launcelot Hogben, author of "Science For the Citizen," and the preface for Bodner's "Loom of Language." How many science-fiction fans have ever heard of it?



2150 a.d. IN REVIEW : JOQUEL

The world of tomorrow is going to be made by men of dreams and action like Garry Davis, the young American ex-soldier who stood up in the balcony at the United Nations Assembly at Paris in December, 1948, and interrupted their funereal deliberations with these words:

"Mr. Chairman and Delegates-- I interrupt you in the name of the people of the world not represented here. Though my words may go unheeded, our common need for world law and order can no longer be disregarded.

"We, the people, want the peace which only a World Government can give.

"The sovereign states you represent divide us and lead us into the abyss of Total War.

"I call upon you to no longer deceive us by this illusion of political authority.

"I call upon you to convene forthwith a World Constituent Assembly to raise a standard around which all men can gather, the standard of true peace, of one Government for one World.

"And if you fail us in this-- stand aside, for a people's World Assembly will arise from our own ranks to create such a government!

"Nothing less will meet our need."

Of all the science-fiction writers who have pictured a future world in their stories, probably the most accurate of all was done by an author who is now somewhat under a cloud-- Olaf Stapledon. In his little book, "Old Man in New World," published in 1943, he says:

"But...the Third World War never happened... When both sides were mobilizing, and the war was due at any minute, something happened which would have been impossible at any other time in history. You remember how government propaganda for the war never really caught on, on either side; and how at the critical moment an extraordinary popular clamor against war and against social robotism broke out on both sides. Who was really responsible for that? Why, the new 'agnostic mystics,' of course. They started the world strike in America and Russia... (This) new group, who weren't strictly pacifists but social revolutionaries with a religious motive-- they found conditions ripe, and they did the trick. Obviously you must know the story, how everyone downed tools and was ready to die for the new hope. Thousands must have been imprisoned, hundreds shot. But presently the governments found their armed forces were mutinying... The power of comradeship...developed into a purged and clarified will for the light...; a will for a more fully human way of living, for intelligence, and other-respecting community, and for creative action in all human affairs."

Since Garry Davis made his ringing declaration, more than a million persons have enrolled themselves in the World Citizen's Registry; more than a hundred European towns have declared themselves "mundialized"--world communities; young men have walked out of the ranks to lay their rifles at the feet of their generals as a symbol of protest; and there is no reason to believe that the great mass of ordinary people in the Soviet Union feel otherwise.

=====

The recent attempt of the Puerto Rican Nationalists might be called a "Fawkes-pas"

=====

Those persons who give up in despair, those who are waiting until they can improve themselves, those who refuse to face the challenge of tomorrow-- who see disaster to the earth instead of a normal period of turmoil which accompanies the birth of a new age-- they are standing in the way of progress, and will be swept aside by the inevitable march of those who are already moving forward into a new world.

30-30-30-30-30-30-30-30-30-30

# Push-Button Warfare

THE DICTATOR strode angrily to the wall panel which covered one whole side of his office.

"S-s-s-so!" he hissed, and his fawning followers cowered beneath the fury of his glance. "S-s-s-so! The decadent democracies defy me, do they? Me - the great Kallikak - Lord of more than half the Earth and sole inventor of the only infallible system of pushbutton warfare! We shall soon see how they feel when the bombs begin to fall and the earth itself begins to melt away under their feet!"

Furiously he began to punch button after button on the panel. As each one glowed red beneath his flying fingers he watched the visiscreens that showed the capitols of every nation with which he was waging war.

After punching the first dozen, he stopped, puzzled. There were no changes in any of the peaceful scenes depicted on the screens. Wildly he reached out and began clawing at one button after another indiscriminately. Howling with rage, he finally covered the whole board with glowing dots of red, but still no change in the pictures...no reports of any holocausts from abroad.

Purple with anger and foaming at the mouth, Kallikak dropped to the floor, felled by a stroke brought on by his rage and frustration. What could possibly have gone wrong?

The Prime Minister stepped forward and examined the push-button panel carefully.

"It is just as we feared," he said finally. "The Great Kallikak never did have all his buttons!"

-end-

Rory Faulkner



*Alfred Bunker*

## THE MCILWRAITH YEARS: A Survey of Weird Tales, 1940-1950

Around the first of October, 1933, the first issue of *Weird Tales* edited and published in New York appeared on the nation's newsstands. Previously the *Unique Magazine* had been edited from Michigan Avenue in Chicago and published in nearby Indianapolis by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company. The Indianapolis-published magazines were printed on a good, book-quality paper, with an unusual and distinctive type face utilized in both the text and story and poetry headings. They had been distinguished by the good taste evidenced in their physical make-up and in the quality both of their illustrations and of the excellent reproduction afforded these by the Indianapolis publisher. Now, without warning to its readers, the grand old lady of Michigan Avenue had sought shelter under the scraggly wing of a New York publishing house incorporated under the name of its sole publication, a rag-tag pulp known as *Short Stories*.

The initial, or November, 1933, issue of the new *Weird Tales* must have been a shock to the magazine's regular readers. The paper stock used was the worst sort of wood pulp. The text type face was identical with that of *Short Stories*, large, heavy, and wearying to the eye. By a stroke of good fortune, however, the unique story-head type, with the large, exotic capital letters so familiar in the old *Weird Tales*, had either been brought from Indianapolis or duplicated in New York, but this item, the title band on the cover, the back strip, with date and volume number, the *Eyrie* department heading and the authors represented on the contents page provided the only recognizable features remaining from the old magazine. The cover and interior illustrations had been done by unfamiliar--and mediocre--artists, the contents page format was entirely different from that used in the Popular Fiction issues, and--perhaps worst of all--both sides of the back cover, the inside of the front, and some seven of the interior pages were embellished with the worst variety of cheapjack advertisements. But, however depressing this "new look" appeared to regular readers, the most downcast must have felt that this was but a passing thing, that this November issue had been produced under undue difficulties and the severe pressure of a publishing deadline, and that improvements would be forthcoming in short order: for a glance at the contents page provided the reassuring information that Farnsworth Wright was still editor of *Weird Tales*.

\* It is true that the interior illustrator, Joseph Doolin, had done a good deal of work in the Popular Fiction *Weirds* between September, 1931, and March, 1932, but his work for the November, 1933 WT--as well as for the December, 1933 and January and February, 1939 issues--was in so different a style and comparatively so poor that he can hardly be considered the same artist.

The cause of this vital switch in publishers is unknown to me. I suspect that some research into the court records of the city of Indianapolis might reveal a bankruptcy filing by Popular Fiction Publishing Company; Weird Tales had long been the only periodical publication on Popular Fiction's list, and, appearing as it did, without advertisements--the only magazine in the professional science-fiction or fantasy field which did--its limited newsstand sales must many times have fallen below a profitable level. Be that as it may, a change in publishers was effected; Weird Tales had become in its new circumstances--an appropriate analogy--as a Lucifer fallen from grace, sustained in partial and probationary beatitude only by the editorial influence of Farnsworth Wright.

But Hell was not far. Wright had little more than a year of existence left in that unfortunate fall of 1938. For a while, however, it seemed that readers' hopes, buoyed in the catastrophe by the fact of Wright's continuing editorship, had been well-founded, and Weird Tales would have many years more of worthwhile fantasy, in illustration, prose, and poetry. The December, 1938 issue contained two illustrations by Finlay, and the quality of the fiction, as in the November number, was equal to anything which had appeared before. The cover, however, was lurid and garish: a far cry from the quiet tones of the Brundage pastels which had decorated the Unique Magazine's covers prior to November. The remainder of the interior illustrations were of poor quality, and the wood pulp newsprint was unchanged. It was too early yet to judge reader reaction; the letters in the Eyrie commented only on the September and October issues.

On the first of December, the January, 1939 issue made its appearance. There had definitely been a turn for the better in make-up. Not only had Virgil Finlay, whose illustrations had been the joy of readers of the Popular Fiction Weird Tales, done most of the interior work, but he had produced a cover painting which, if not among the best of his works, shone in splendid contrast to the gaudy daubs which had just preceded his work on the magazine's cover, and promised better things to come. Finlay, too, wisely had adapted his technique to the poorer quality paper of the new Weird Tales, and the heavily shaded, undetailed work reproduced excellently. The fiction, headed by one of the best of the Robert Bloch chillers, "Waxworks," was uniformly excellent. Manly Wade Wellman's "These Doth the Lord Hate," was unusually good, and the new serial by the author of the well-liked "Last Pharaoh" in the old Weird Tales, entitled, "I Found Cleopatra" was progressing brilliantly. But it is in the reader's column that we find the significant material in this issue.

Farnsworth Wright, in an editorial message obviously written with considerable concern over reader reaction to the new changes in publisher and format make-up, states in the Eyrie of the January issue that, although "the readers of Weird Tales have sent



us a veritable flood of letters expressing your fear that the change of publisher may result in a deterioration of the magazine's contents, the elimination of Virgil exquisite illustrations from our pages, or some other equally serious calamity" he wished to reassure them as well as "the thousands of readers who have not written in, that we shall continue to give you the best weird fiction written today, and maintain the literary and artistic standards which have built the reputation of this magazine through the sixteen years of its existence, and placed it far ahead of all others in its field. Any other policy would be suicidal." The reader has the impression--or is it only my imagination?--that Wright is being deliberately guarded and cautious in his phraseology, that he had a considerable tussle with his new publishers in order to maintain the Unique Magazine in some semblance of its previous self, and that he is still not sure how much he can do to avoid the further "pulpizing" of his magazine, or whether he can even reverse the inroads of cheapness the new publisher has already introduced into the magazine. Certain things which happened to Weird Tales after Wright's death would seem to bear this possibility out.

Some readers' comments in this Eyrle are interesting. A Joe Aloizi, of Los Angeles, writes, "How come the new typography all of a sudden, all unannounced? Where is Virgil Finlay? How come M. Brundage is not on the cover this month (November)? How come WT's change of address from Chicago to New York?" (Mr. Aloizi must have been either a hopeful author, submitting weird tales regularly, or an unusually observant fan to have noticed this fairly obscure matter). A Miss Annabelle Lantz of Chicago writes, "The November issue lacked the dignity and mystery that the former issues possessed. The stories were still all up to standard--weird and spooky--but how can the reader enjoy them if he hasn't got the feeling that he's reading a magazine that's different? I missed Brundage's exotic cover and Finlay's delicate illustrations and the short stories that are usually present at the back of the book....Please don't dispense with our old-style book! Give us back the same print and illustrations that gave the magazine the aura of dignity and mystery that the November issue lacked." A Margaret Runyan of Maryland writes, "What is the matter with the current issue of WT? ...No Virgil Finlay pictures." And so on. Nearly all the letters mentioning the November issue's format indicated alarm and distaste. Only one, from a Howard B. MacDonald (perhaps also a writer) of Yonkers reflected an odd reaction, possibly engendered by state pride. He remarked: "I see you have moved to New York. That's fine. It seemed to indicate that Weird Tales is growing nicely."

Opposite the January, 1939 Eyrle, on the opposing page, was an announcement also of great significance in a study of the tormented contortions the Unique Magazine was undergoing with its new publisher. "The size of Weird Tales," states this announcement, "will be increased to 160 pages, beginning with the February issue." The former, or "normal" size had been 130 pages. Had Wright's publisher, or Wright himself, some detailed foreknowledge of the new Street and Smith magazine whose impending appearance was imminent, and whose influence was to change the whole course of magazine fantasy in our time? --William Blackbeard

# What do You think?

FANS are always talking about the future, and speculating as to when such and such a thing is going to happen. I decided to try and pin the club down on a few points, so a couple meetings back I passed out slips of paper and asked everyone to answer a series of questions... They all concerned events that we expect to happen some time in the near future, and could be answered with a date, an infinity sign (if the pollee thought it would never happen) or a question mark if he just didn't know.



It took me a couple days to work out any conclusions from the 24 sets of answers I received. About the only thing that one could be sure of was that the fans weren't sure when anything would happen.. But then fans aren't supposed to be experts.. So here are the results, for what they are worth.. See how they would stack up to your own personal predictions.. Here is one poll where it is best to be only "average."

The first question was, "When do you think the shooting war in Korea will end?" This one we may live long enough to check on. It is also the one we are best informed on. The average date selected was late in 1951. Two thought it would end this year (Dec. 1950) and another thought it would last until 1958. Two others said it wouldn't end until after the next presidential election. I'd like to remind the readers that this was just after the first intervention of the Chinese Reds.

The second question was in the same vein: "When do you think a shooting war will start with Russia itself?" "Experts" have been predicting that a war was five years off for the last five years. The average fan seems to think it is even farther. They picked late in 1958 as the likely time. Though there was a minority support of six who felt that it would never happen. Of those naming a date, four thought it would be next year, and one 1975. I personally think that if it doesn't happen within the next fifteen years that it never will. The big question is: How are we going to keep alive for 15 years?

My next question was, "When do you think the H-Bomb will be perfected?" Well, the fans don't seem to think the H-Bomb will touch off a war, as the average vote cast was for summer, 1954. And only four thought it would never be perfected. But one thought it would not be until 1970. Maybe I'd better explain that "summer"



## FAN POLL : SNEARY

is the fractional remainder after the average year has been found. In this case it was something like 6/9.

The Fourth question was, "When do you think the first space-rocket (possibly unmanned) will be launched?" I was rather surprised to find the average at late in 1965. I think this is partly due to the one vote that placed it at 2025. The lowest vote was 1952, though one said a rocket had reached Venus in 1944. This long estimate doesn't seem to fit, when you consider the interest in rocketry nowadays, and the oft repeated statement of the rocket societies that they could build one now, given the money and equipment.

Question five was, "When do you think the first atomic engine adapted for rocket ships will be used?" Here, despite the fact that the government is working on an atomic powered submarine, the average selection leaped far into the future and chose 1994 as the date. The lowest date anyone gave was 1952, whereas one said 2055, with three others saying 2000. Three thought it would never happen, one saying that something else would be invented and used in its place.

The sixth question was, "When do you think the first space station will be built?" Here the average opinion was the first part of 1979. Still, one fan thought it would never be done, while one said Dec. 19-52. The farthest in the future anyone guessed was 2100.

Question seven was another step in the conquest of space : "When do you think men will land on Mars? The average answer placed that momentous day as somewhere in July, 2018. However, one thought that it would never happen at all. (I expect to reap rich rewards by blackmailing this fake fan.)

The eighth question was, "When do you think we will make our first interstellar rocket?" Here, the leap into the far future is probably justified, as it will probably take a new scientific principle to make such a ship possible. The average of the answers was the middle of 2300, with extremes from 1952 to three 3000's.

Question nine was a change of pace: "When do you think the next depression will hit us?" One happy soul said it started in 1949, another selected 1981, but the average brought it down to August, 1961. This agrees with what the men who study cycles say. All the major and minor depression peaks are due just about now. Save your money, kids, it'll be a long, cold winter.

Question ten was, "When do you think they will find a cure for cancer?" One had no idea, another thought they never would, but the rest of the answers averaged out as July, 1965. One thought it would be found next year, and two said it had already been discovered but not recognized in 1949. The most distant answer was in 1999.

On to question eleven, which asked, "When do you think color video will be in general use?" Here, the arguing going on between the different companies seems to have made the average fan think it will be a while before color is added to the "Martian Torture Machine," as the average answer was 1952. ((However, see Nov. 17 LIFE.))

## FAN POLL : SNEARY

The longest range guess was a unanimous six who thought that we wouldn't have it until 1955. (For some reason, out of 23 answers nobody hit on 1954. The law of averages must be a bit off. Or else the fans are a bit off.)

For question twelve I asked, "When do you think they will invent a workable ray-gun?" I had in mind the nice neat little portable things that go "Zaaap" and do unpleasant things to the folks they are pointed at. Five fans didn't believe they ever would, and three had no idea. The rest hit an average of late 1957. One answer was "1925" and another simply "They have," referring to the cyclotron, I suppose. It may be a very deadly ray-gun, but it isn't very portable.

In the same line, question 13 was, "When do you think they will build an independent thinking machine, or in other words a robot?" Three people thought they never would, but the average put it at mid-December of 2111. The most optimistic answer was 1952, and at the other end we had 2625. One pollee had 1949, but I am sure he was referring to the mechanical mice written up in LIFE. I was in all cases referring to a semi-humanoid with reasoning power at least on the moron level, and being science-fiction fans, the pollees as a whole realized this.

Question fourteen was, "When do you think they will master gravity with either an anti-gravity or a null-gravity apparatus?" Here the results were mostly on the negative side, nine saying that it would never happen with two others naming odd dates, 1949 (for what reason I don't know) and the other, "April issue of Other Worlds, 1951." This makes even less sense, even knowing who said it. Anyway, the average guess put it just five years beyond the robot, 2116.

Question fifteen was, "When do you think the world will be ruled by one government?" Here pessimism ran high, and the average was 2027. (Two said 1984.) Two thought it would never happen, and the soonest was 1959, one year short of my answer. The highest was 2500.

Swinging into our field was question 16, "When do you think they will issue the first slick (like the Post) all-science-fiction magazine?" Four fans with no faith in the future said never, but the rest placed it in August 1952. The most pessimistic thought it would be along about the year 1962.

With the seventeenth and last question I asked, "When do you think we will see an official World Fan Convention outside of North America?" My idea was that with science-fiction becoming more international in scope, that some day another country might outvote the U.S. delegation and win a site. Six thought never, and one had no idea. The rest settled on early 1959, which isn't so far off. Good thing they didn't say 1958; I'd hate to have to move South Gate to England just to hold a convention there.

I want to thank Paul Gordon for his help, and the following LASFSers and guests who answered the poll: Helen Cinders, Dave Fox, Bill Blackbeard, Ed Connor, Frank Quatrocci, Ira Rosen, Howard Topp, Rory Faulkner, Charles Walker, Bill Cox, Paul Gordon, Forry Ackerman, Jean Cox, EEEvans, David Lesperance, Alan Hershey, Monty Hind, Alan Schaeffer, Richard Terzian, John Hind, Len Moffatt, FEGinders, Helene Mears, and myself...



# =the terrible three = plus one=

Together they were about to perpetrate the greatest crime imaginable. Feverishly they went over the details, again and again referring to the bottle of pale enervating liquid. Occasionally one would burst out with an eerie piercing scream, subsiding into chortles of fiendish glee, rubbing their hands together in silent agreement. Slowly the whole thing was taking shape, a shape so horrible as to remain forever namelessly referred to as "The Thing."

"Dunderkopf," screamed Virile Van Couvering.

"Mein Herr, you is loaded but not aimed," smiled Steady Sneary, pointing to the black machine.

A picture fell off the wall, shattering the silence.

Virile approached the machine with unconcealed excitement. He marveled at the complex morass of gears, rods, pistons, and rollers. The mechanism of the machine puzzled him still, and he turned towards Joltin' Jessie, as if to question her. But he hesitated, and then returned to the machine. His fingers found their position on the handle, and soon the machine began to hum. A queer kavoom, kavish, kavoom, kavish emanated from its throat.

Moody Hears sat in one corner of the room, biting her lips. She watched the proceedings at the black machine with baleful bloodshot eyes. This effort was doomed, she kept muttering. And so was the pale enervating liquid, her subconscious told her. Acting upon pure animal instinct, Moody grabbed the empty bottle and disappeared into the night.

"You'd better hurry up, Moody," cried Steady as he saw her retreating form.

"Up and at 'em again," cried Virile. "I'm only getting slightly messy," as he wiped his hands on a grimy rag. "Schneller, schneller, immer schneller!"

Suddenly Moody burst in the door, waving a sheaf of swiss cheese and with another bottle of pale enervating liquid clutched to her ample bosom.

"Tell me not in stencils mournful--" came from the clenched lips of Steady Sneary.

"That's about enough for right now--" Joltin' Jessie said.

And so it was....

THIS IS THE HEARS CONTRIBUTION TO THIS AWFUL ISSUE OF SHAGGY

# Shangri LA

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EDITOR: John Van Couvering  
USEFUL PERSONS: Helene Mears,  
Rick Sneary, Len Moffatt,  
Alan Hershey, Bill Rotsler.

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Pathogenic cultures and induction notices to JVC, 10358 S. Downey Ave., Downey, Cal.