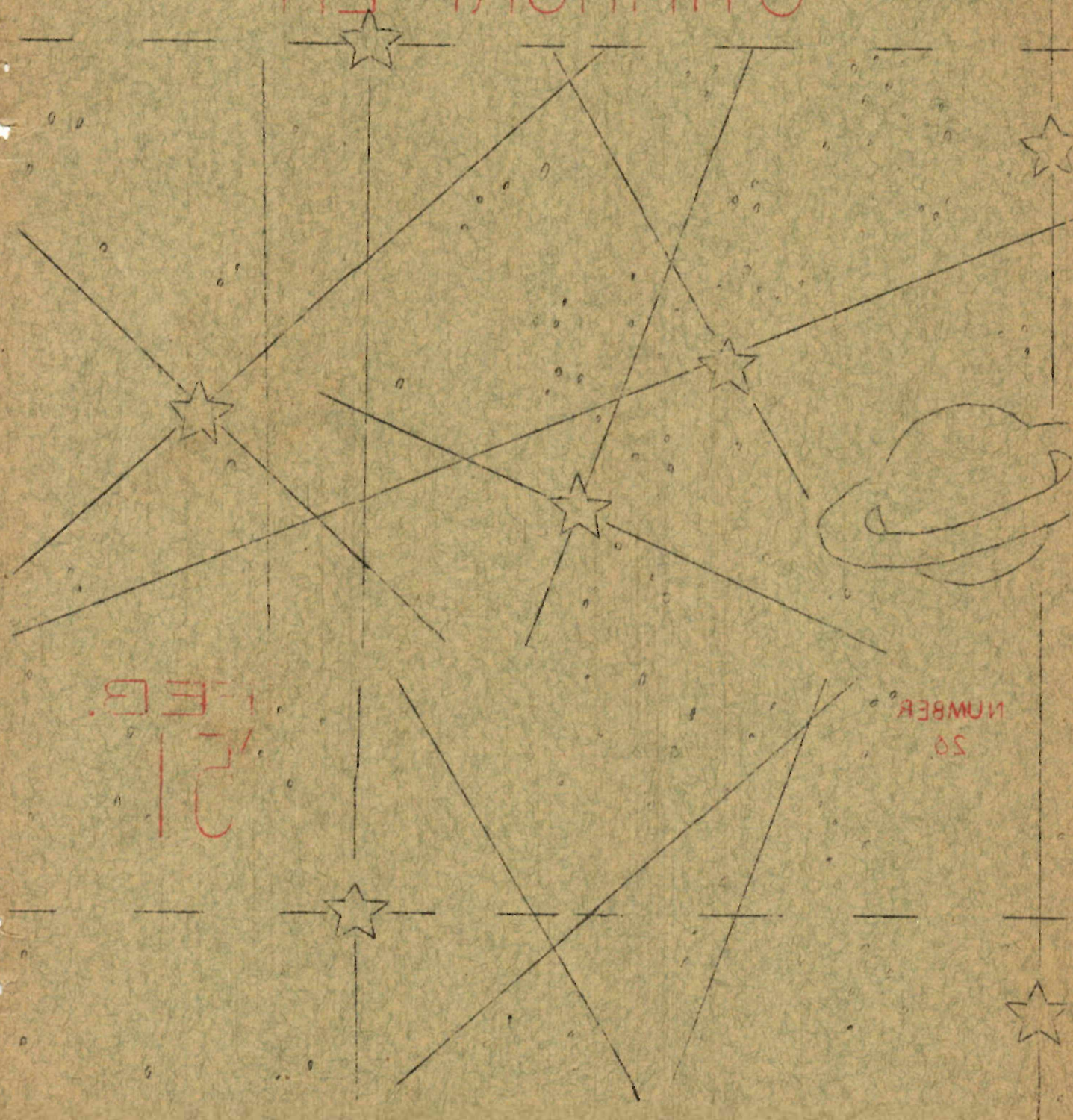


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21 FEB.

NUMBER 50

CONTENTS

For this 26th Edition of SHANGRI-LA, the editor wishes to offer his thanks to the following contributors:

WILLIAM ROTSLER

ANTHONY BOUCHER

HAL CURTIS

EARLE PRINCETON

"FREDDIE"

THE SECRETARY

L MAJOR REYNOLDS

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SHANGRI-LA is the Official Organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, whose club rooms are located at 1305 West Ingraham Street, Los Angeles 17, and to whose Secretary, now Richard Terzian, all communications should be sent. The Associate Membership's Secretary-Treasurer is Helene Mears, at 1340 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles 17. If you became an Associate Membership a year ago, your renewals will be gladly accepted by her. If you have never yet become an Associate Member, why not? You are always welcome at our regular Thursday evening meetings.

A CYCLE AND A CELEBRATION

This issue of SHAGGY is coming out on February 17th, just in time to pay tribute, along with the rest of LASFS and its friends, to two of our boys, by attending the Third Annual Fanquet. This Fanquet is held each year to honor the LASFS Member who has been most successful in breaking into the big world of professional writing. In the past we have honored E Everett Evans, and Arthur Jean Cox, who have since earned greater fame for themselves and the club.

But tonight the Unique Restaurant sees us pay honor not to one, but to TWO members, whose records are so close that there was no choice but to give a double banquet, and honor both of them.

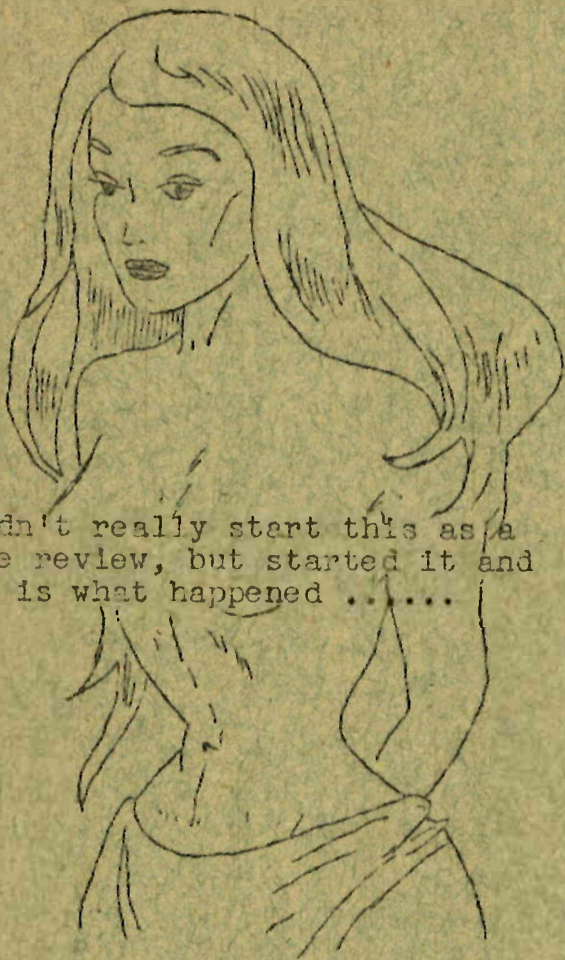
The two lads who are thus treated to a free meal and the praise of the assembled multitudes are: LEN MOFFATT and DAVID LESPERANCE. Each had their first story published during 1950. Len's was "Alpha Centauri Curtain Call", in the December issue of Cut of This World Adventures. Dave's was "The Woodworker", in the first issue of Ten Story Fantasy.

I know I echo the thoughts of the rest of the club in wishing them all the luck and success in the future. May they never write a bad story, but if they do, may they find an editor dumb enough to buy it.

This issue also marks something of the end of a cycle for me. It was just a little over six years ago that my first letter was published in Shangri-L'Affaires. I little dreamed that some day I would be editing that magazine's successor. In fact, I wouldn't have been much interested at the time ... I wasn't now, avtually ... but one can keep out of the way of work only so long, and I have been a full member for over a year without getting stuck with this job before.

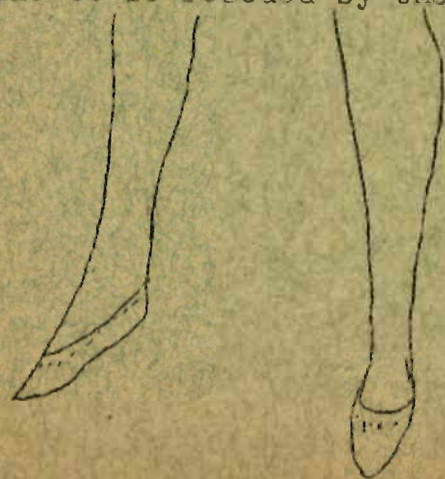
Actually, I haven't any right to complain, as I am really doing very little. I have typed three pages of copy, and written maybe half a dozen letters. All I have had to do is gather material, and most of that has taken care of itself. In fact, the major portion of this issue was sent direct to the stenciller, and will be as much a surprise to me as to you. But knowing who the writers are, I know you will enjoy it, as I will. Really, the only thing I regret is that there is a limit to the amount of material that can be used. I have a number of other items on hand that I wish there was space for. No doubt the next editor, who has already been chosen, will be glad to use them, so you won't be missing anything after all.

(Cont'd inside of back cover)



I didn't really start this as a movie review, but started it and this is what happened

the inevitable desert island, complete with volcano and battling pre-historic monsters (this is what makes it a fantasy, I suppose). They cross a great section of burning desert, watch the monsters battle, find a jungle area, build a raft and have time for some "triangle" complications. The volcano erupts with every day and night shot of every real and fake volcano ever filmed by man. They bump off a perfectly fine-looking broad just (I suspect) so they could use the shot of Mamie Clark getting engulfed by a suspiciously liquid lava flow from "One Million B. C." (the battling monsters and parts of the eruption were from it, too.) Finally the fiancée dies, allowing the people to be rescued by the returning merchant vessel, and all sail off



Dear Forry:

I saw TWO LOST WORLDS the other night, and is it a hodgepodge of stuff! Set in 1830, the son of a clipper ship owner sets out for the East Indies as the mate of his father's ship. By implication the fate of the American Colonies rests with him. Why or what we never know. On the way he is wounded in a brush with pirates and is put ashore at Queensland (Australia) to recover while the ship goes on to

collect the unknown precious cargo. The "hero" falls in love with an engaged girl who is carried off by the raiding pirates, but not before a militia is formed, and numberless shots of sheep, kangaroos and suspicious looks are shown. They take off after the pirates, catch them and a monstrous battle ensues in which they use clips of every sea battle and boarding party ever filmed. Both ships sink but the girl, her tiny sister, a girl friend, the hero and the fiancée and one other man escape in a small boat. Then comes a long trek across the open sea, then sighting

the inevitable desert island, complete with volcano and battling pre-historic monsters (this is what makes it a fantasy, I suppose). They cross a great section of burning desert, watch the monsters battle, find a jungle area, build a raft and have time for some "triangle" complications. The volcano erupts with every day and night shot of every real and fake volcano ever filmed by man. They bump off a perfectly fine-looking broad just (I suspect) so they could use the shot of Mamie Clark getting engulfed by a suspiciously liquid lava flow from "One Million B. C." (the battling monsters and parts of the eruption were from it, too.) Finally the fiancée dies, allowing the people to be rescued by the returning merchant vessel, and all sail off to save the Colonies, I guess. I'm afraid I neglected to mention the pirate raid (also a plethora of clippings from everything), killing of the girl's father, which allowed her to go away with the hero, and a birthday party. I think the Queensland Chamber of Commerce should sue for they would be the only other lost world left after the desert island. William Rotsler

WA

AN OPEN LETTER TO LETTER WRITERS

Berkeley 4, California
January 9, 1951

Fellow readers of S F:

If it's true that a people gets the government which it deserves, it's even more true that magazine readers get the magazine that they ask for.

In show business, a producer can judge by box-office receipts. In radio and TV, a sponsor can judge (if very precariously) by poll-samplings. In book publishing, an editor can judge by sales figures.

But the only way a magazine editor has of knowing which were the tremendously popular stories and which the duds in a given issue is by mail from readers. (I'd say fan mail if fan had not acquired so limited and technical meaning in s f.)

Matters of general magazine policy -- illustrations, departments, lengths, etc. -- can be determined only in the same way. Every magazine is automatically conducting a constant poll of its readers' and your letter to the editor registers your vote in that poll.

Now that's the primary function of letters to the editor; but magazines that publish a letters column offer a secondary function: the pleasure of seeing one's judgments in print. And I'm terribly afraid that among the ten the secondary function is coming to eclipse the primary.

We don't have a letter column in F&SF. Partly it's because we think the pages can be better devoted to more fiction; largely it's because, without exception, all the most intelligent and detailedly helpful letters we've received have ended up " ... and please, no letter column!" (I gather that Horace Gold, somewhat to his surprise, has had the same experience with Galaxy.)

We get a lot of reader mail, and from the damndest and most assorted people. (The most exciting moment in my editorial life came the day we got a fan note from Shirley Jackson.) But very very rarely do we ever hear from a notable action.

I look over the letter columns in other magazines and find largely the same batch of names recurring in all of them (with the exception of ASF's "Brass Tacks", which is something by itself). These are all articulate people, with definite ideas about what they want and don't want -- and we haven't heard from a one of them. (No, I'll take that back; we do hear regularly from one, and just one: Betsy Curtis.) To

bring it down to the directly personal, we've never heard a misspelled word from this issue's editor.

So we make up our policies completely uninfluenced by these articulate people with definite ideas. We carry no interior illustrations, partly because we like it that way, mostly because 90% of our mail endorses the policy. Do the fen disagree? Then let's hear from them.

We recently asked our readers how we should use an added 10,000 words of content -- more short stories or add it on to what we have to make a long novelet of around 20,000? We've been surprised to notice that the mail so far has been running strongly in favor of more shorts rather than novelets. Are you in violent disagreement? Tell us about it.

In short, are the true dyed-in-the-plastikoid fan letter-writers interested in influencing editorial policy, or purely in seeing themselves in print? Are they content to influence only the magazines which will provide ego-boo, or do they want to have some voice in the policies of ASF, Galaxy, and F&SF?

We won't print your letters. We may or may not answer them; that depends on matters of time and pressure, though we try to answer most letters. But one thing you can be sure of: We'll notice and remember what you say, and you'll have cast a vote for what you think the magazine should be.

And if you want to see yourself in print ... well, how's about a story?

Sincerely,

ANTHONY BOUCHER

AB:hjh

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ARE YOU GOING TO NEW ORLEANS?

ARE YOU GOING TO NEW ORLEANS?

ARE YOU GOING TO NEW ORLEANS?

ARE YOU GOING TO NEW ORLEANS?

ARE YOU GOING TO NEW ORLEANS?

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FAN POLL

FAN POLL

FAN POLL

by Curtis

In September, 1950, I sent out a questionnaire to 100 fans. In the questionnaire, I asked them to list the following books:

- I. The five sf or ff books they liked best
- II. The five NON sf or ff books they liked best
- III. The three individual sf or ff stories they liked best
- IV. The three books they would like to read, time permitting
- V. The one book they would most want to save, were their library to be destroyed.

Several people have expressed curiosity as to why I initiated such a poll. The answer is simple: There is a limited time, and lots to read, and I wanted to find out what books and stories are worth while spending my time on.

The response to the poll was a little discouraging: only 25% bothered to answer. But to those twenty-five, I want to express my sincere thanks, and to assure them that they furnished me with more than enough material to work with. And now for the results:

The five best books

Sixty-three books listed. Slan seemed to be the most popular, receiving 10 votes. Runners up were The Martian Chronicles, (7); Heinlein's Man Who Sold the Moon (6); and Merritt's Ship of Ishtar (5). The only other ones that stood out were the Balmer and Wylie epics When and After Worlds Collide (4), and Earth Abides, by Geo. Stewart (4).

Many other books were mentioned, but I obviously can't list all of them in the space and time allotted. I shall, however, list a few which seemed to have more than just a couple of backers: World of A; Final Blackout; Dark Carnival; Sinister Barrier; The Black Flame, and Beyond This Horizon.

Authors

I tabulated the authors of these 63 books, and found that four authors stood out head and shoulders above the rest in popularity: Van Vogt (14), Heinlein (13), Merritt (11), and Bradbury (10).

It is interesting to note that Van's popularity was based mostly on one book, Slan, while Merritt's votes were spread out over six novels.

Next in line were six authors who all ranked about equal. They were Hubbard, EE Smith, Weinbaum, Russell, Pratt & deCamp, and Wm. Sloan. Most of the other old standbys were mentioned, but received only one or two votes apiece.

Individual Stories and Authors

The results of this particular question were quite scattered, with lots of stories mentioned, but only five stories receiving more than one vote. Those five, in the order of popularity were: "Who Goes There", by Campbell; "Universe", by Heinlein; "Homecoming", by Bradbury; "Black Destroyer", by VanVogt, and "Way Up In the Middle of the Air", by Bradbury.

It follows, then, that in order to get any kind of trend out of the answers to this question, it is necessary to look at the tabulation of authors, rather than story titles. Here Bradbury came out way ahead, with John W. Campbell a strong second. Not too far behind were Heinlein, VanVogt, and Lester Del Rey; and others who were mentioned more than once were: H. P. Lovecraft, E. F. Russell, Weinbaum, and Peter Philipps. I don't know if I should mention Arthur K. Barnes -- he voted for himself.

Twenty others received one vote apiece.

What NON sf books do Fans Like?

I didn't even attempt a tabulation of this question, because the results were obviously too scattered. I found, however, that fans seem to read and like just about everything. I could discern no definite trends.

Here are a few authors and titles which I found either representative or amusing (you guess which): Quo Vadis, Ellery Queen, Encyclopedia Britannica, Huxley, Witchcraft, Halliburton, Walden, Dumas, Forever Amber, Sherlock Holmes, Steinbeck, Shakespeare, The Illiad and Oddessy, The Bible, Omar, Ogden Nash, Willey Ley, Look Homeward Angel, Swiss Family Robinson, The Golden Bough, War and Peace, Alice, H. G. Wells, Korzybski, Barnum, Charles Fort, and Tom Jones.

What Books Do You Want To Read in the Future?

I didn't tabulate this question. As a matter of fact, I don't even remember why I included it. Very little of any interest appeared in the answers, except for the fact that Vaughn Greene of Santee, Calif., seems to be trying to get hold of a copy of the Necronomicum. Also, EEEvans wants to read the books Doc Smith hasn't written yet.

What Book Would You Most Want to Save?

A very strange thing came out in these answers. Out of 25, seventeen persons reported that they most wanted to save some book which they didn't list with their five best. Only eleven votes were for sf books. These were: Dawn of Flame, Wind in the Willows, Gullivers Travels, Pageant of Man, Earth Abides, Adventures in Time and Space, Triplanetary, Slan (2 votes), The Outsider and Others, and "the note-book in which Doc Smith wrote by hand parts of 4 stories".

Of the treasured tomes which were not sf or ff, the following were of interest: Fort's Works, Conquest of Space, Fundamental Statistics, The Art of Dramatic Writing, Collected Works of Pierre Louys, World Anthology of Poetry, (Untermeyer), and The Bedside Esquire. My biggest surprise was to see that Rick Sneary's favorite volume is "The Compleet Works of Shakespeare". Not surprising at all is the fact that Arthur K. Barnes' most treasured possession is his little black address book.

ADDENDUM

by Earle Princeton

When Hal Curtis requested me to comment on the fan poll he took recently, I was glad to do so, especially when I read his somewhat injured reactions to it. Such opportunities are few and far between, leaving critical comment to the inanities of subsequent letter columns. Not so here. Curtis, in a singular display of callousness toward his pollees, asked me to be as critical as I wished, both of his summation and whatever material I might dredge up out of the raw, undigested reports.

First, to discuss Curtis' article. He felt that the response to the poll was a little discouraging. This is not too surprising, considering the dubious quality of the returns. A number of people who answered the poll obviously did so in haste, not taking the time to think it through. Since those who did respond were the energetic ones, it does not seem that civilization lost much by the delinquency of the remainder except, perhaps, from the statistical viewpoint.

The replies to the first question (Which five sf books do you like best?) contain no book that is genuinely bad. Similarly, they contain few classics of science-fiction. In the winter of 1949, the eminent Mr. Derleth asked the top authors, editors and fans of science fiction for their listing of the best s-f novels. Of the top five books in the tabulated consensus of these well-read gentlemen, only one, "Slan", appears in the top five of the current poll. Admittedly, several of the books mentioned by the fans have appeared since Derleth's belated cognizance of science-fiction, but it is exceedingly disturbing that such books as "Last and First Men", by Olaf Stapledon; "Brave New Worlds", by Aldous Huxley, any of Wells' "Seven Famous Novels", or "The World Below", by S. Fowler Wright, were not listed by a single fan!

It is true that the question asked for a listing of the books which were "best liked", not for opinions as to the best books. One can, however, legitimately conclude that, either (1) the "best books" are not particularly well-liked, or (2) that the respondent's likes and their opinion of the "best books" lamentably coincide, or (3) that they never heard of or read the "best books".

"Slan" was a genuine enough choice, "Earth Abides" an excel-

lent one. Since fantasy as a choice was permissible, "Ship of Ishtar" is reasonable, although among the fantasy titles listed there was only one vote for "Gather, Darkness", and no votes for any of H. P. Lovecraft's works. "The Martian Chronicles", while representing some brilliant writing, was a disappointing inclusion, as was Heinlein's "The Man Who Sold the Moon", for collections of short stories do not, in my opinion, constitute a book. The hydra-headed monster, "When and After Worlds Collide" was also included. "De Gustibus ... "

As to the listing of the most popular authors, the tabulation seems to indicate that the most popular authors are the most popular authors, with an important statistical exception, to be noted later. However, there was no mention of Aldous Huxley, S. Fowler Wright, or H. P. Lovecraft. In the tabulated returns, Olaf Stapledon, John Taine, M. P. Shiel, Theodore Sturgeon, H. G. Wells, and George Orwell tied for last place with two votes each, well behind such literary nonentities as L. Ron Hubbard and E. E. Smith, with five mentions apiece.

But the most incomprehensible omission is that of the Henry Kuttner-C. L. Moore writing team. They received only one entry -- "The Proud Robot", a short story. Although I did not personally select anything by them, I consider Kuttner the outstanding author in science-fiction today, not excepting Messrs. Bradbury, Heinlein, et al. For sheer volume over a period of years while maintaining a remarkably high level of quality, he is unsurpassed, and incredible that he should be almost totally overlooked by 25 fans. Is the sampling too poor, or the questioning so restricted? What gives?

The selection of favorite individual stories and authors seems as adequate as can be. The non s-f book selections seem to include a potpourri of incredible variety.

Now, to some of the individual responses. Of the non s-f books which were liked best, there was a considerable listing of detective stories, although, strangely enough, none of the people who included detective stories selected such an outstanding master of the field as John Dickson Carr.

The incredible variety of non s-f books which were listed makes one wonder if those books really represent actual present-day likes, or an attempt to demonstrate personal erudition. Little indication exists in the selection of science-fiction titles that the reading tastes of those people are as mature as the responses to this second section would demonstrate. Either the selections of non s-f books were phonier than a three dollar bill, or the people whose reading tastes are as mature as they indicate turn to science-fiction for complete relaxation and leave their literary standards behind them when they read and approve some of the potboiler material they have nominated in this poll.

Now to the answers to Section IV. Of the 25 responses received, nine people were so totally ignorant of the world outside their horizons, or so obsessed by the cares of the world of the present, that they could not even get three whole titles to put down (or perhaps their scientific familiarity with the horrors of atomic war made them so pessimistic that they didn't think they would have time to read more than one or two).

Naturally, someone is bound to wonder how I personally would answer this poll. The five sf books I liked the best (please note that I qualify myself by stating, as no respondent to the poll did, that my likes have nothing to do with my personal opinion of the literary excellence of my choices), are, (1) and (2) "Odd John", "Last and First Men", by Olaf Stapledon, (3) "Earth Abides" by Geo. Stewart, (4) "Before The Dawn", by John Teane, (5) "1984", by Geo. Orwell.

Five non-sf books that I like best: (1) Macauley's Essays, (2) The Ideas Behind the Chess Openings, by Reuben Fine, (3) Darkness at Noon, by Arthur Koestler, (4) Major Barbara, by Shaw, and (5) Admiral of the Ocean Sea, by Samuel Eliot Morrison.

Three sf stories that I like best: (1) "Black Destroyer", by van Vogt, (2) "E for Effort", by T. L. Sherred, (3) "The Power", by Murray Leinster.

Three books I haven't read but would like to read: (1) After Many a Summer Dies the Swan, by Huxley, (2) The Age of Jackson, by Schlesinger, and (3) The Complete Works of Lewis Carroll.

In answer to the last question, if we could not repurchase any of the books in our library, we would probably retain Dr. Benjamin Spock's book, "Baby and Child Care". It might not be the book we like the most, but by God, we need it.

After reading my somewhat unimposing response, I wonder if the fans chose as their favorites only those books which they possessed. I consider it stupid to list as a favorite a book which was not in my library.

Before closing this article, I wish to insert what may seem to be a very snobbish tabulation, and one which Curtis did not think of.

Three of the people who answered the poll are both highly respected and prolific in the professional sf field. Significant aspects of their replies follow.

1. Only one sf received more than one mention -- "The Martian Chronicles", by Ray Bradbury. Three authors, however, received double mention -- Ray Bradbury (of course), Robert Heinlein, and (surprise) William Sloan.

2. No Author was listed twice.

3. No story rated twice. Only two authors, Sturgeon and

del Rey.

4. No agreement.

5. No agreement.

I then went further. The top book listed was "Slan" (10 votes). Next was "Martian Chronicles" (7 votes), but only three out of 25 liked both. Next was "Man Who Sold the Moon" (6 votes), but only two out of 25 listed all three.

Authors? Again a tremendous area of disagreement. vanVogt was tops with 14, Heinlein next with 13, but only six listed both. Bradbury and Merritt were next in popularity with 11 and 10 votes each. Only two people listed any three of the top four authors in the poll.

This resounding lack of unanimity really surprised me. Apparently fans do not play "follow the leader", except when measured by polls, displaying a remarkable amount of individuality, if not discernment. That being the case, why bother polling and analyzing? The answer is, of course, that being aficionados of a genre that is, as yet, not as culturally acceptable as other forms of leisure fiction, we fans wish to peer into each other's bookshelves to gain the dubious assurance that there are others who agree with us. Those that don't agree, of course, are fools.

* * * * *

YOU WEST COAST FANS SHOULD BEGIN

TO MAKE YOUR PLANS TO ATTEND

THE 1951

W E S T E R C O N

The FUTURIANS of San Francisco are sponsoring
and hosting the 1951 Westercon, and the dates

SATURDAY, JUNE 30th

SUNDAY, JULY 1st

Watch later editions of various West Coast
fanzines (including SHAGGY) for data as to
place of meeting, speakers, program, etc.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Mexico is a fantastic country with its odd mixture of the old and the new. The Indian and Spanish cultures are living side by side with the imported American industrializations. The bare-foot Indian woman, carrying her youngest in her dark blue reboso, stops to look at the newest models in washing machines in the window of Sears Roebuck de Mexico, scarcely realizing how strange the picture is to the turista.

Around the corner from the windowless adobe hut with its peeling plaster, a modern office building rears its head to the lovely clean blue of the Mexican sky. Modern? The building almost looks as though it has been moved from the pages of a very late fantasy magazine and transplanted there. From yesterday, Mexico is stepping rapidly into tomorrow.

Here is a land of weird contrasts. Down the wide, tree-shaded boulevards, the Buicks, Lincolns, Chryslers and other large and expensive cars roll majestically -- for only the very wealthy can afford any kind of car, and they have the biggest and best. But on each street corner a traffic policeman stands on a little wooden box and directs the traffic with a whistle in the daytime and a lantern at night -- for there are very few traffic lights. Truly a fantastic country!

What is there for the science and fantasy fiction fan in this unique land? Well, there aren't thirty different magazines to choose from. A new anthology isn't published every month or so. A half dozen different publishing houses aren't putting out reprints and new books in hard covers with sudden bewildering rapidity. But, there is plenty to read for the one who is willing to spend a little time seeking it out.

At present there is a national campaign all over Mexico to wipe out illiteracy. Huge billboards advertise the fact, and exhort the people to cooperate. Posters repeat the message on public buildings, and newspapers remind the readers. New schools are being built all over the country at a miraculous rate. Book stores are very common in all the business districts of the cities. The surge to learn, read, know, and to copy the United States, and to catch up is a feeling being carefully nurtured by the present government.

Therefore, it is not too surprising to see that most of the great classics of literature have been translated into Spanish and are on display in the windows of the book stores. The great writers from every land and every age are here, and so too are the latest best sellers from the U. S.

In conspicuous evidence too, are translations from the old classics of science and fantasy fiction. Every book store has paper bound editions of Jules Verne, Edgar Allan Poe, Sir Conan Doyle and Lord Dunsany. The amount of H. Rider Haggard is really

astounding. Ella or She must be one of the most popular of all, because it can be purchased in hard covers, paper bound, and in a pocketbook edition. Another commonly seen is The Picture of Dorian Gray. There are several editions of the short stories of Poe, and some of the novels by Wells.

Books are not inexpensive. They range in price from about 50¢ for pocket books to about \$3.50 (U.S. currency) for the better editions. These better editions, nevertheless, are poor by our standards: the paper is very inferior, the fonts look tired, old and worn, and the bindings are scarcely adequate to hold the pages together. Only the colorful, imaginative and arresting covers and interior illustrations are superior to ours.

Scattered among these books are titles that contain the word Fantasy, Macabre, Weird, or Unearthly in Spanish. These are the translations from French, Italian or German. It would take more than a cursory examination to determine exactly what amount and style of sf or ff they contain. The original titles are not familiar to the writer, and unfortunately, she made no record of them.

The pocket book craze is hitting Mexico with almost as much fury as it is in the U. S. Since the price element is of even greater importance there than it is here, this new and less expensive form should be very active in promoting sf and ff to the Mexican readers. One new such pocket book is Cuentos Fantásticos, an anthology. Verne, Wells, and Poe are already strongly entrenched. Haggard and Dunsany are close competitors. I believe that VanVogt, Bradbury, Kuttner, Heinlein and Co. must inevitably follow.

In the magazine field the fan will also have some curious experiences. In the hotel lobbies and on the streets in the midtown areas, one can find a great variety of American slick and pulp magazines. However, not even at Sanborn's was a copy of Astounding, Amazing or the others to be purchased. In fact, when asked for fantasy magazines, the attractive and polite salesclerk offers comic books, or shakes her dark head uncomprehendingly. But Sanborn's is hardly any criterion, as they don't even carry sf or ff in Spanish, either.

The bulk of these are to be obtained at the street corner stands. In one particular section of Mexico City, there are half a dozen such stands all within a few blocks of one another. The first glimpse of one of these newspaper and magazine stalls is pretty appalling. There seems to be absolutely no rhyme or reason for the huge stacks piled around the vendor. But in Mexico, the magazines are seldom dated. They are only numbered, and so do not go out of date. The old issues aren't collected from the stands, and consequently pile up in disarming array. If you are missing #73 of some magazine, you go around from one stand to another, read the numbers on the piles of the desired mag, and you are likely to find it somewhere. If you don't, the vendor will most probably offer to get it for you from wherever they

keep even older copies. It would seem that no magazine once printed ever gets converted into mash to make new pulp for other issues.

The latest issues are displayed on the top of the heap and on the folding racks, and are the most expensive. After a mag has ripened a bit, it is a few centavos cheaper than the newer ones. You can pick up some old, rare, and interesting copies this way, if some other fan hasn't browsed before you.

Most of the local fans are acquainted with Los Cuentos Fantásticos. Being printed in Mexico City, it is the most popular, and more are available, even back to the oldest issues. The price has been climbing steadily, so that now it is nearly as expensive as the average U. S. pulp. Its policy of pirating stories and illustrations seems to continue, although it is willing to print originals if it does not have to pay for them. Their good neighbor, Forrest J Ackerman, has been supplying them with some of these originals -- a goodly share coming from the amateur pens of Los Angeles fandom.

Another very popular mag is Narraciones Terrorificas, which originates in Argentina. This is a bit more expensive, due to shipping costs. It leans more heavily on the horror, suspense, weird and supernatural type of story, and has some of the most gruesome covers imaginable. Instead of pirating material, to keep costs down, they print a great deal of such authors in the public domain as Poe, Doyle and Wells. If you can read Spanish at all, you should try your hand at translating one of these back into English. It's screamingly funny to see what happens to the idioms commonly used in fantasy and horror tales.

In the lobby of one of the professional buildings, which has a book store on its ground floor, is a truly remarkable display of these two magazines. The two side walls of the lobby have been glassed over, and made into a huge magazine and book display. Spread out before you are dozens of old and new issues. As you climb the staircase to the second floor, reading as you go, you will find the authors' names tantalizingly familiar, even if the translated titles of their stories are not. It's a fascinating sight.

The fan who is also interested in old fantasy and horror films will get a pleasant surprise from the magazine Fantastica. Practically all the covers are taken from stills from the old science and fantasy films, with a preponderance of those from the old Boris Karloff horror films. This magazine is printed in Barcelona, Spain. The stories -- at least from their titles -- are completely fantasy, with a sprinkling of science fiction. Each issue appears to be the work of one man; at least the index says they are narrated by one man. The price range is about the same as Narraciones Terrorificas.

Comparable to our Weird Tales, is Sombras, or Shadows. It is not, however, the same as our Shadow Magazine. Most of the

stories are concerned with the supernatural, ghosts, and a few are generally off-trail. There have been only a few issues to date. The mag is printed in Cuba.

The newest to hit the stands in the genre is Antologia, a bi-weekly, which is printed in Mexico. The covers have been excellent in the first few issues. They compare favorably with those on our own mags that do not feature half-naked girls on the cover. Each issue to date has had three stories in fantasy, and also three in either police or mystery. The index lists the nationality of the author opposite his name, and a typical issue shows the following: E. Wallace, Inglés; M. LeBlanc, Frances; G. A. Becker, Espanol; F. Ariza, Mexicano; L. I. J., Mexicano; W. Douglas Newton, Norteamericano.

In the fabulous Thieves' Market, where you can get lost in the bewildering array of outdoor stalls that stretch for blocks and blocks, are more books and magazines. After you wade thru the cacophony that is a Mexican market, and your eyes are dizzy from the live chickens, farm tools, cameras, clothes, watches, silverware, serapes, food and more food, you are suddenly among books. Along the narrow streets, the merchants have set up wooden stands and very inexpensively offer a very varied ware. For the student, there are second hand books on law, medicine, history, math, etc. For the lover of art, there is everything from photographic manuals to pornographic pamphlets. There are large stacks of American pocketbooks, mostly mysteries, and mostly Agatha Christie. For the fan, there are huge stacks of Narraciones Terrorificas, Los Cuentos Fantasticos, and Fantastica.

Among the piles of books there occasionally shines forth an intriguing title. One such was a Spanish original called Hitler on the Moon, and a cursory glance indicated that it was a fantasy farce. There were also secondhand copies of the Haggard, Verne and Doyle translations. The books here are really bargains, and a little dickering will bring returns.

One other aspect should not be forgotten. The comic books. Mexico is almost as infested with these as our country is. Openly and unabashed, the majority of adults that can read carry them around in their pockets; to read in the trolleys and buses, and while loafing in the sun. The book stands and newspaper stands give ample room to the favorites. And what are the favorites? They are El Raton Mickey, Super Hombre and the like. These are no doubt popular to the average Mexican because they offer a colorful way to increase the vocabulary, and still employ the vernacular that is understandable to the fairly^{up} educated. For the North American, it is an excellent way to learn Spanish as it is really spoken south of the border.

This is the picture to date. It would be interesting to see what the next few years will add to the above listing.

FREDDIE

JUST A MINUTE JUST A MINUTE JUST A MINUTE JUST A MINUTE JUST A MIN

691st Consecutive Meeting; Thursday, November 16th, 1950

Forrest gave a brief resume of a three-man symposium on science fiction held by Ray Bradbury, Ken Crossen and Ward Moore, at the Writers' Guild. Bradbury's thesis was that science fiction was the last general writing field in which a person could really speak his mind. Crossen predicted dire things for science fiction -- he believes that as it becomes more and more generally accepted it will become more and more diluted and formula-ized, and the old-time readers -- "the fans" -- will still be forced to read just two or three magazines which publish the type of science fiction they like to read. Ward Moore, who insisted on calling the field by the rather-improbable name of "Improbabilia", stated the need for better writing and maturer handling.

Arthur Cox gave a rather abortive review of a fairly-nice magazine, Astounding SCIENCE FICTION, and Rick Sneary gave a fairly-nice review of a "rather abortive" magazine -- his opinion -- Fantasy Book, which he said contained stories which were "very left over".

692nd Consecutive Meeting; Thursday, November 23rd, 1950

It was Forrest J Ackerman's birthday this week. Now, he's old enough to vote. After everybody had sung "Happy Birthday to You, Dear Agent", in their best Spike Jones style, it was announced by E Everett Evans that Forrest was giving a free book to everybody present. (Ackerman fainted.)

The first item on the meeting's roster was, in honor of the season, a discussion of the science fiction stories we were most "thankful" for in 1950. To Serve Man, Coming Attraction, The Stars Are The Styx, Not With a Bang, The Men Who Sold The Moon, The Xi Effect, and Incommunicado were mentioned most often.

The major attraction of the evening was Alan Hershey's talk on Paints and Varnishes. Alan, a chemist, who'd just attended the "San Francisco Paint, Varnish and Liquor Convention", tied his talk in with science fiction with a very adroit mention of A E vanVogt's short story, A Can Of Paint. Alan -- whose talk despite what you might read here, was serious -- gave us the low-down on the great chemical genius, Glidden S. Spreadluster, who physically bears a most remarkable resemblance to that late and great comedian, W C Fields.

693rd Consecutive Meeting; Thursday, November 30th, 1950

Dick Terzian revealed that a contemporary issue of Look was featuring dianetics, starring L Ron Hubbard. Al Hernhuter told us that the title of Howard Hawk's movie, The Thing, might be changed to something else because of the popularity of the song of the same name, and Bill Cox told about a Greek magazine he found lying on

street, which has a two-part Bradbury serial in it -- a translation of Mars is Heaven.

694th Consecutive Meeting; Thursday, December 7th, 1950

Roy Squires, editor of Fantasy Advertiser, was present and suggested that the club permit him to stage an auction here some evening, with mail offers being taken first and setting the lowest bids. The idea was met with approval, etc.

695th Consecutive Meeting, Thursday, December 14th, 1950

Wendy Ackerman briefly described the visit she and other LASFS-ers had made to San Diego, to visit the science fiction group of that city. They seemed quite impressed with the director of the group, Roger Nelson, a coming young fan.

Forry Ackerman told us that the sad news of the collapse of Worlds Beyond with its fourth issue is partially counteracted by the fact that Marvel is soon to have a sister-magazine in the field, a re-issue of Dynamic Science Stories. It will probably have the same policy and rates -- up to 5¢ a word -- as Marvel.

Howard Topp, Jr., told us that recently there was a long article on Destination Moon in the Swiss tri-language magazine, Inter-Avia. About fifteen minutes later, he gave the week's talk, a discussion of calculating and computing mechanisms.

696th Consecutive Meeting, Thursday, December 21st, 1950

Nothing of apparent importance happened on our 696th consecutive meeting, unless you admit that fun is important: It was our Christmas party.

There was no old business, no new business. Alan Hershey announced that Arch Oboler's top-secret science-fiction movie, Five, had been finished. It's the story of five people who are the only ones who have survived an atomic war. Three of them die, leaving a man and a woman. You can take it from there.

It was at this point that the meeting adjourned to make way for Christmas festivities, which found Forrest J Ackerman officiating as Santa Claus, minus the beard. Refreshments were served, through the courtesy of the Ackermans. Gifts were exchanged, as usual, and a merry time was had by all.

Hoping you had the same.

*

C O L D S N A P

by L Major Reynolds

Imp Number 954-628-4023-687² stood in front of the flaming mirror, and screamed his rage for all and sundry to hear.

He raised a cautious finger to the shining circlet that hung from one stubby horn, and yelped in pain. The --- thing was COLD!

Grim disapproval showed in the circle of stern faces surrounding him wherever he looked.

There was a disturbance at the outer edges of the throng, and a path opened to allow the passage of one of the Arch Fiends.

"Now, now, what have we here?" the mighty voice shook even the solid foundations of Hades itself. One look was enough, and the great form stiffened with rage. "Where," he demanded sternly of 687, "did you get that?" pointing to the golden ring firmly fastened to the left horn of the miserable imp.

"We was jus' playin'," 687 whimpered, "an' all of a sudden there it was."

"Playing, indeed! Take it off at once and get rid of it!"

"I can't. It's stuck, and it's co-o-old!"

Before the Arch Fiend could utter another word, there was a mighty blast of trumpets, and the entire assemblage fell on their faces. Even the Arch Fiend bent a knee.

"Sufferin' burnin' snakes!" came a whisper from the middle of the throng. "It's the Boss!"

In a circle of miles-long red flames strode the Lord Lucifer. Attended as he was by all his special minions, no eye saw them. They were practically invisible in comparison to His Scarlet Majesty.

Unerringly his glance found the source of the trouble. His incarnadine countenance faded to a sickly pink. His mouth opened, and his jaw hung laxly for the space of a long breath. Recovering himself, forked lightning blazed from his black eyes.

Treading unheedingly over the prostrate forms who groaned beneath his weight, he towered over the miserable imp, and in a voice like thunder demanded:

"Where did that come from?!"

687 tried to burrow into the asbestos paving, but finally had to raise his eyes to the majestic presence before him. Stammering, he tried to explain.

"B-b-but S-s-s-"

"Stop hissing and talk!" Lucifer gestured to one of his retinue, and 687 was yanked roughly to his feet. His Satanic Majesty took a couple of sudden steps to the rear to put more space between him and the halo, and knocked over the kneeling Arch Fiend. Unheeding, the great form planted both feet on the recumbent figure, and waited.

The imp cleared his throat nervously, and began talking.

"It was like this, Oh Great Damned Sir. We were on assignment to torture, and so we pulled the souls out in a straight line, then bent them into the form of great springs."

The great head nodded. "Approved," he said soberly.

"Then," the unfortunate one went on, "we started bouncing on them."

Again the nod of approval.

"I don't know what happened, Sir, but I was jumping higher and higher, and suddenly I stuck on something. I pulled myself loose, and when I came down, this," he gestured toward the shining circlet and the Great One shuddered visibly, "this halo was stuck on my horn! And I can't get it off!" His voice rose in a resounding wail.

The lights burned redly in the Headquarters building until late that night. Satan and all his cohorts, faced with a problem never before thought of in Hell, racked their assembled brains for a solution.

"If I ask to have it removed, I'll have to make concessions!" Lucifer snarled. A sudden thought made him smile. "What about sending 687 to Limbo?"

"Nay, Sire," the chief Demon answered. "Remember, one touch on the halo would be all that was needed to re-route a soul in the other direction. We'd have to close up and put all the fires out in less than a billion years."

"Don't any of you have an idea?"

The request was greeted by a deep silence. The only sound in the great room was the muffled sniffing of 687 who sat in a remote corner by himself.

Beelzebub, seated almost on his shoulder blades in a

deep chair, muttered almost inaudibly:

"Be nice if we could get rid of it the same way he got it!"

Satan sprang to his feet with a scream of delight. "Beezie, you've got it! All we have to do is rig those soul-springs again, and let him bounce the same way he did before! The thing'll come off when he goes up, and Hell'll be in the clear again!"

There was an Earth-raising time in the nether regions the next morning. Yelps of pain resounded from every corner of the place as all the souls in Hades were tested for resilience.

Beelzebub, working in a corner of his own choice, finally made a decision.

"There's no use looking any further," he announced. "Our best stuff is right here. If some more of these crooked politicians are scattered around in other places, round 'em up. This's the best spring material I've ever seen. Some of it won't even have to be bent."

687, isolated in a vacant pit, chewed morosely on a dry hunk of brimstone, and bewailed his fate. He yipped unhappily, till one of the Arch Fiends gagged him and tied his hands behind him.

Several rows of punishment cells were torn down to give full scope to the vast bed of springs that were being laid out.

"Why so many?" Beelzebub asked.

"We don't know just where the imp entered up there, so we're giving him all the scope he needs," Lucifer answered. "Anyway," he added, "these cells are out of date. Some of the ideas I've managed to get from the participants of the last war on Earth are worth a try."

Beelzebub grinned as he saw one of the souls coil into a perfect spring, without help.

"I remember a crack they used to make on Earth," he mused, "about somebody being so crooked they could sleep in a barrel of snakes. These birds must be near relations, anyway."

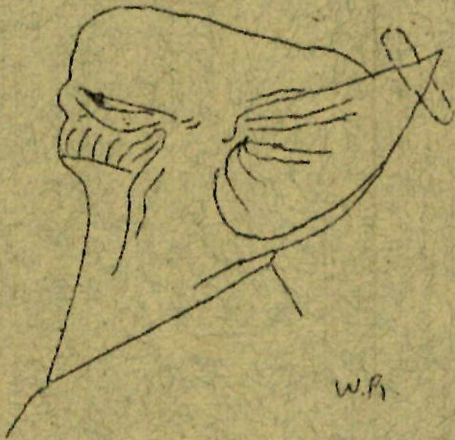
When the project was complete, it was an awe inspiring thing. The mass of coils marched as far as the eye could see, and except for a covering of thin stretched souls, it was ready.

687 started at the southwest corner, and began his jumping task. Again and again, higher and higher he went, until at the top of his leaps all that could be seen was the

bright glint of the halo still firmly fixed to his horn. Hours passed into days, and still the scarlet figure bounced like a rubber ball. Once, tiring a bit, he slowed down and tried to stop, but a voice from the sidelines roared:

"You'll keep on jumping or we'll give you a BATH!"

The barest mention of such punishment was enough to put new life into the imp. He soared higher than ever in a burst of energy. But every time he came down the halo was still in place.



Added to everything was the shrieking and groaning of the shades of the politicians. One entire section went on strike, and had to be forcibly whipped back into position.

Beelzebub was the first of the watchers to tire.

"Call me if anything happens," he told the chief Demon. "I'm going to get some sleep."

Time plodded on, and the bouncing continued. There was only a small section, about six miles square, left to cover, when 687 sailed up into the air, and didn't come down for almost a minute.

Bells rang, sirens blew, and everybody in Hades lit out at a dead run for the scene.

Beelzebub was in the front of the mob that arrived breathless and panting. All that could be seen of the imp was a pair of heels sticking out of the top of a spring.

"Pull him out!" Beelzebub commanded one of the lesser demons.

Everybody held their breath in anticipation. The demon grabbed hold of one of the kicking feet, and gave a mighty heave. 687 came free, and the impetus of the pull sent him high into the air.

Silence settled on the nether regions in a thick cloud.

Not only was the halo still firmly fixed on the horn, but now from between the shoulder blades of the unfortunate imp sprouted a pair of glorious snow white wings!

Beelzebub's shadow wore a hole in the wall from his constant pacing back and forth, but think as he might, there was

no answer to the problem. 687 had been relegated to the deepest depth of Purgatory, but out of sight wasn't out of mind.

Lucifer, slumped behind the half acre of asbestos that was his desk, rested his chin in his hands and stared off into space. Finally, he broke the long silence.

"Beezie," he said slowly, "if we don't get rid of those things," a delicate shudder ran down his spine at the bare mention of them, "Hell is going to be ruined. I've spent my life building this place, and I'm not going to stand idly by and see it wrecked! Can't you think of simething?"

Beelzebub pondered. "Too bad this isn't Earth. All we'd have to do is advertize, and we ..." He stopped, and his eyes widened. "Hey! That's it! Why we've got the best source of information anybody ever had. Look at the crooks, confidence men, stock salesmen, and every kind of a mechanic that ever was. If one of them has an idea we can use ..."

"We'll cancel out a few million years of punishment!" Lucifer finished the sentence for him. "Print the biggest posters you can find, telling all about it."

Applications were in order, and the line formed at the right. More screwy ideas were proffered than ever appeared at any patent office. Every working demon went on double time in an effort to sort and classify all the suggestions that were sent in. But even two shifts couldn't begin to make a dent in the mountain of paper piling up in every un-occupied spot.

All the Arch Fiends set up interviewing offices in every vacant pit they could find. Even Beelzebub unbent his dignity enough to hold conference with the day's winners.

But all efforts were unavailing. 687 was a mass of welts and bruises, and had to be put in the care of a doctor. For some reason, the imp was resentful about some parts of the treatment. He waxed voluble to Beelzebub one day.

"You're not tellin' me those souls're tryin' to get those things off!" he howled angrily. "They're jus' gettin' even for the time I tortured 'em!"

The Lord Lucifer himself finally called a halt.

"This has gone far enough," he said hotly. "Hades has become nothing but a mass of paper work, and I will not allow it! Why, I might as well be on Earth!" He gave an all inclusive sweep of his hand. "To the furnaces with every sheet of it!" he commanded.

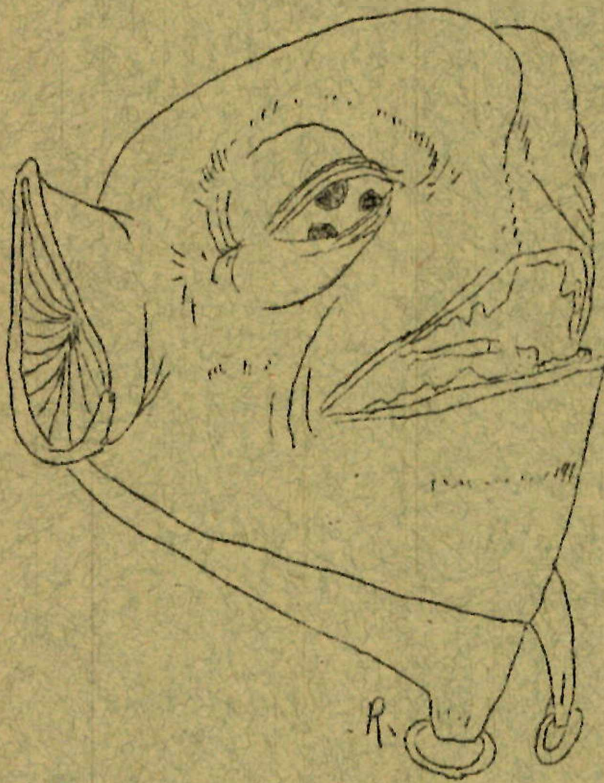
The obedient winds arose, and in a twinkling, Hades was

clear of original ideas.

There were a few moments of silence in which the entire Headquarters staff relaxed from the constant strain that had been put upon them.

Beelzebub swung his hoofs onto the top of his desk, and prepared to take a nap. "We'll figure out something to do, but I've got to have some rest," he murmured to no one in particular.

He didn't even get to close his eyes. From outside the flaming portals came the sound of a heated argument that brought him out of his chair in a towering rage. His footsteps shook the building as he stalked across the floor.



"What in Earth's going on out here!?" he thundered. His glance lit on the sextet of his guards and he opened his mouth to give orders for punishment. But one of them gestured to something between his feet, and the Head Supervisor of all the nether regions looked down.

There were souls and souls, shades and shades, but the specimen that grovelled beneath the big toe of the head guard was, without doubt, the scurviest, raggedest, most moth-eaten, down at the heel specimen that ever was known to survive the tortures of the damned.

"Take it away!" Beelzebub shuddered in spite of himself.

"But, Sir," from the head guard, "he claims he can get rid of the ... er ... encumbrances."

"He can do what?!" Beelzebub screamed in rage at the suggestion. As a matter of fact, it was so loud, it brought Satan himself front and center to see what all the fuss was about.

"What is the meaning of this? I wanted absolute quiet, and absolute quiet I will have!"

"Give a look at the pip-squeak, Chief," Beelzebub pointed

pointed down at the grovelling shade who was now making a few protesting noises of his own. "He claims he knows what to do to get rid of ... " he left the sentence unfinished.

Hell and all its subdivisions went under cover in the resultant blast of temper from the Lord Lucifer. The unfortunate shade crouched on the doorstep, but was blown about the courtyard like a dry leaf.

Satan stopped for breath, and the shade, stuck tight to the top of a pillar, shrilled out:

"Freeze 'em off! It's the only way you'll get rid of 'em!"

At a gesture from the Boss, one of the guards reached up and peeled the unlucky one from his roost. Most of the paint came off with him.

"What did you say?"

"Bring the temperature of the imp down to the same level as the halo and wings, and they'll drop off. I'm a refrigeration expert, and I know it'll work!"

Twenty-four hours shifts started, and everybody really worked. The first set-back came when the expert found out there was nothing but ammonia for his freezing elements.

"Why, that's obsolete!" he exploded. "I thought Hell was modern!"

Beelzebub towered over him, his face black with scowl.

"You'll work with what we give you, and like it," he ordered. "Now, what else do you want?"

The question was easier asked than fulfilled. No one on the staff had even heard of most of the things requested. And, why should they have known of them? Nobody ever iced the drinks in Hell.

The shade of the refrigeration expert was worn to a thin shadow by the time his task was finished. There was a section of coils just large enough to contain the imp, and every soul in the place was pumping on the generator to produce enough power to run the freezing element.

The circle of pipes had just started to chill, when every regular inhabitant of the nether regions took off in a cloud of coal dust. They huddled around the fires in the pits of the condemned, and howled their misery to the roof. Goose bumps of mammoth proportions arose, and as finger and toes started to tingle, the horde pulled down the side walls of the pits, and crawled into the flame itself.

Beelzebub, wrapped in a hastily-contrived cape of cave-bear skin, strove to bring order out of chaos. Enlisting the aid of all the Arch Fiends and Head Demons, they descended on their unfortunate slaves, first with words which had no effect, then with threats, which had less. Finally, reluctantly, they opened the kennel doors, and allowed the Hounds of Hell to range far and wide.

Screaming, every imp, lesser demon, incubi, troll and assorted others, fled back to their work.

Meanwhile, inspection showed the imp inside the circle of coils to be doing very well. Not that the halo and wings were gone, but all the cold was being radiated outward.

A conference was held at once, and the building of more coils began. Again and again the number had to be increased, but finally the temperature began to drop. The imp howled in misery, but was unheard in the chorus of lamentations from all parts of Hades. Only the souls of the condemned enjoyed it.

The climax came one morning when the Lord Lucifer awoke and tried to leave his palace. The doors remained closed in spite of the efforts made to open them. One of the guards finally crawled through a window, and they could hear him hammering on something outside. There was a strange crackling, something gave way, and the mighty portals creaked wide.

Lucifer took two steps into the open, and stopped aghast at what he saw.

HELL HAD FROZEN OVER!!!

Everywhere he gazed, his eyes showed only deep drifts of snow. The winds had broken their obedient bounds and raged from one end of Hades to the other, leaving destruction in their wake.

But, from the center of the coils, the golden light was still shining.

The blizzard increased by leaps and bounds, until all that could be seen was a bewildering mass of snow, assorted demons, and equipment. Even the mighty voice of the Boss of Hades was lost in the awful tumult.

The thermometer finally hit zero, and suddenly the halo and wings leaped from the mass of coils and flew upward at an increasing rate. They vanished in the snow-swept roof, and the blizzard howled on.

Hades is a sad place today. At unexpected spots, deep snowbanks still nestle in cold comfort, and no amount of heat seems to affect them. Icicles hang pendant from the roof and drop their tribute of icy water down unwary necks.

Every scientist has been put to work on creating atomic energy in an effort to bring the temperature back to normal. Castles are weather-stripped, and the coal situation is growing drastic. The flaming pits of the condemned are the most popular jobs, and the Arch Fiends have taken over that part of the work. There's hardly a forked tail left unfrozen, and what there are, are so badly frost-bitten they are practically useless.

The Lord Lucifer seldom leaves his fireside these days, and Beelzebub has gone into retirement.

And 687, the cause of it all, huddles in the warmest spot he can find to nurse his chilblains, and tenderly care for his frost-bitten horns which hang limply down over his furrowed brow.

Hell is in an Earth of a fix!

(EDITORIAL - Cont'd.)

If you have been receiving your copies of SHAGGY late, or maybe (perish the thought) missed an issue, please be assured it is not the fault of the Editors, or our Associate Secretary. For some reason the Postal system has taken great delight in returning magazines for more postage, or demanding more than the customary amount of postage in the first place. Please bear with us, as we are really trying to get them out to you as fast as possible. And to those of you who became Associate Members about a year ago, how about sending in another dollar for another 12 months? SHANGRI-LA is one of the oldest regular fanzines in the field, and I, at least, feel it is one of the best.

Many thanks to Len Moffatt, for doing mimeoscope work, to William Rotsler for the incidental pictures, and to BEE for manual labor.

See you again, the next time I get roped into editing another issue in the -- I hope -- far, far distant future.

RICK SNEARY, Editor

SHANGRI-LA No. 26,

February, 1951.

