

MAY-JUNE

NUMBER 6

SHANGRI-LA

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SHANGRI-LA is the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Bimonthly. 10¢ a copy; 3 for 25¢; 6 for 50¢; & 12 for \$1. We trade fanzines. Letters of comment very welcome, of course. Address of the editor is DALE HART, APARTMENT 20, 1116 GEORGIA STREET, LOS ANGELES 15, CALIFORNIA. Do not use Club address for mail--but it's still 637½ S. Bixel Street, L.A. 14.

EDITORIAL

With those satanic mid-semester exams safely behind me, I can write this with Al Ashley's clan if not his savoir-faire.

Thanks very much for your letters. They've helped me compile this issue---as much as letters can help anybody put an amateur magazine together so as to form a readable whole. Don't stop writing now or ever, please. As many letters as possible will be printed. "Shangri-Letters" is larger this issue. At first, the department outvoted Ackerman; then, it had to be trimmed to accomodate an article that threatened to overflow and spill adjectives all over the freshly-swept and newly-scrubbed floor. (I am referring to the Keller article.) More about letters: The names of readers who comment on this issue will be put into a box, shaken with vigor, have some words mumbled over them, and then be drawn out, one at a time. The first name that is drawn will be mailed a good magazine. The last name drawn will be sent a recent Amazing. And the drawing will be legit, too.

The cover is always a headache. Getting something good is difficult. If this issue's cover is by Ron Pederson, it'll show a man seated with his back to us and ear-phone clamped to his head. And, in such an event (or picture), the title could be The Last Outpost, or something like that. But, if the cover is not as just described, I don't know what will be used. The trouble lies in the lap of Uncle Sam. One of his postboys mangled the multilith, and it may not reproduce.

A summary of readers' reactions to the last issue. Nobody too exception to the Editorial. Only one person disliked "The Wind Is Blowing On My Eye," and I think that he must have read the story too hastily. Everyone else praised it highly. Only one adverse comment on "Two Atomic Chances," by E.E. Evans or Eduardo Vance. "Just A Minute" was universally commended. "Mr. Jackerman" was liked by the vast majority. The department for collectors got a forest of upraised thumbs. "Shangri-Letters" mostly elicited the comment that it needed expansion. Ashley's article, "Null-I," was the surprise of the issue. It was either praised or not mentioned. Some of Al's best friends passed it by in their commentaries. Truly, I find this extremely odd, because the article is a little gem, in my estimation.

In this issue, I let Arthur Joan Cox, the Secretary, run wild. I didn't touch his minutes. I might mention, now that I've seen the run-off minute sheets, that he has made one serious error. He writes Joquel's name as "Arthur Louis Jequel, 11." Joan, please use stately Roman caps! As: "Arthur Louis Joquel, II."

As I type this on the stencil, composing as I go, the club room is a bedlam. Evans is mimeographing. Four stencils are being cut simultaneously; on four different typewriters, since you ask. Cox is having the most trouble. "Let me use the new typewriter you just bought, Hart. I've made the same mistake four times." No answer from Hart. Ackerman is no help, either. "Don't be a goldfish, Cox. That is, don't be a sub-goldfish. Even a goldfish stops making the error of bumping his nose on the bowl after the first mistake or so."

Daugherty has just handed me the stack of covers. They came out fairly well from Pederson's drawn-directly-onto-the-plate original.

Some news that you won't read in "Fantasy-Times": The Spr. 1948 issue of THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR is interesting. Fletcher Pratt, old-time sf author, has an article called "From the Fairy Tale of Science to the Science of Fairy Tale." Professor Inez Thrift has one called "Late Learner Among the Mathematicians." She has been writing a series of satires on the specialists, concentrating on the psychologists as they reveal themselves in their learned journals. Now, she tries to listen in on the mathematicians through the same medium, only to find them quite unintelligible. However, she remembers that, unlike other specialists, the mathematicians have been trying to communicate with us for years thru their mathematics-for-the-many books. So, she turns to them. "Late Learner" indicates how much the math boys are able to communicate to a person like her. Professor J. Miles has a long article on poetry. She gives half a page to mentioning ICHOR and in quoting a Hart poem from the first issue. THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR is not recommended to you for commercial purposes. Printed on Book paper by Stanford Univ. Press, and costing a buck a throw, you had best look it up at your library, if you want to read it, by some chance.

More editorial observations will be found in the letter section.----Dale Hart, who may be the late editor, are long.

C O L L E C T O R ' S I T E M : #2 of a Series, by Ye Ed

LEAVES. Pub. by R.H. Barlow. Two issues, 8½x11, 1937 and 1938, respectively. 100 copies of #1; only 60 of #2 placed on sale. 35¢ for #1; 50¢ for #2. 80 & 66 mimeod pages, not counting ft. & bk. covers. Stories, poems, articles, and fragments by Clark Ashton Smith, Howard Phillips Lovecraft, Samuel Loveman, Fritz Leiber, Jr., Abraham Merritt, C.L. Moore, Donald Wandrei, R.E. Howard, William Beckford, August Derleth. V.T. Orton, Arthur Goodenough, Edith Miniter, E. Toldridge, H.D. Spoerl, Francis Flagg, F.B. Long, Jr., J. Lindley, Henry S. Whitehead, R.H. Barlow, and a few others. --- Legibly mimeographed. Content is highly interesting, of course. Is still possible to get a set of LEAVES for about three dollars, if the collector will exercise a little patience and institute a small search.//Selah.

GREEN WATER

By T. L. RUSH

It was no use. I sat down on the ground and stared at the boulder, expecting every minute to see the old man come around it and beckon to me.

I had cried hard the second time. I had cried very hard. Not many tears had come, though. That was because I was scared, so scared that I knew tears would blind me and I wouldn't be able to see him coming, and then I couldn't run away. I had conserved the tears but let the sobs build a wall inside my throat until I could hardly breathe.

Now, I was tired, so I sat on the ground and stared at the huge rock in front of me on the path.

Mother had told me not to go down that way. It's summer, I had said. Let me go, please. Something is calling to me. And don't wade, she had said. Don't go up the green path. Don't drink any green water.

So I had gone walking in the hot day without my straw hat, kicking up clouds of red dust with my bare feet, feeling the dirt sift through my toes.

The branches of the trees hung over me and their leaves brushed softly over my face, while the little twigs from the thorn bushes had pulled at my clothing and scratched my legs. Once, there was a deep scratch, so I picked up some dust, spat into it, mixed up a little paste, and rubbed it on the scratch to stop the bleeding.

Everything was asleep in the sun. Even the flies were too lazy to buzz around me. Far, far away, I could hear the screen door bang behind my mother, and she called. But I could not hear what she said, and I did not turn around to go back to try to hear what she was calling. I kept on walking up the road, keeping a red haze between the sun and me with my dusty way of walking.



I first disobeyed her by wading. It was wonderful. You know how it is---like taking an aching cool drink after being thirsty for a long time. When I set my eyes on that water, I couldn't stand it any longer. When I rubbed my dusty feet together, they felt like dry, rough paper.

It is necessary, I said to myself, to get my feet wet. I could feel them twitch in eagerness. There was nothing I could do to stop them. They led me to the creek and in they stepped. The water washed off the mud and sucked in between my toes. I thought the scratch would begin to bleed again when the mud was washed off, but that was a mistaken idea. The water was so icy that the wound closed as if in defense.

It was time to go home. The sun, to be sure, was still two-thirds the way up in the sky, but one more third and it would be behind the tree tops, and I did not like the thought of a long, dark shadow preceding me on my way home. I did not like my shadow. I hated it.

It was time to go home, but I sat on the bank with my feet tucked under me looking down the deep green path. I had never walked past this boundary before. What could be up there? And what was the green water? Why was mother so sure it would bring me harm?

I had defied her once today. Why not again? Very soon, a thin film of mud covered my legs as I started walking up the path that was green and dusty. Soon the dust dissolved into a hard-beaten track and then dark green grass sprung up in the places that were least trodden. And the branches hung closer and closer to the ground until I found myself nearly crawling on all fours.

I had just about decided to turn around when I noticed the house. It, too, was green, but old and streaked as if washed by many rains, and there, sitting on the porch, in a broken rocker, was an old man, nodding in the early evening air.

I will speak to him, I said, and then I'll go. "Hello." I stood with my hands behind me, staring at him.

"Howdy." He opened one eye slowly and then raised the other eyelid a trifle, exposing an empty socket. "What are you doin' down this way?" he asked, rubbing his feet on the porch.

"Walkin'."

"Tired?"

"Nope."

"Hungry?"

"Nope."

There was a long pause and then he dragged the word from his mouth. "Thirsty?" he asked softly, leaning forward on his elbows.

"Could stand a drink."

The old man rose stiffly and stretched for a moment. "Come on," he said. "Well's over this way."

I stood by the ivy-covered round wall of white stone. A dipper hung on a nail driven into the beam that stretched up from and over the top of the well.

"Help yourself," said the old man, lifting his eyelid a little higher from the empty socket.

I leaned over to take up a dipperful, but I stopped. "But it's green!" I said.

"Sure, what did you expect?"

What had I expected? Sure, the water was green. I was up green path and that was where green water was. But such a green. Clear, all the way to the bottom. The only thing that broke its surface was a small ripple that came from nowhere. There was no moss or algae growing on the sides of the well. There wasn't a frog or minnow in it. Just cool, green water rubbing itself cat-tishly against the sides with its continual minute ripple.

Don't drink green water. That's what mother had said. I dipped into it and held my head back, letting it run down my throat, spilling it out of my mouth, trickling it down my chin.

"Cool, wasn't it?"

I nodded my head. "Thank you." I hung the dipper in its place, turned my back on the old man, and walked away.

I thought I went back the same way I had come, but, somehow, it didn't seem the same. I walked for nearly half an hour, and suddenly there I was again, back at the green house.

"Thirsty again?" The old man opened wide his one good eye and stared wickedly at me.

I shook my head a little fearfully and plunged off in a different direction, his laugh following me. This second attempt to escape was useless. And the third attempt.

Now, here I was, sitting on the ground, staring at the boulder. I could see the sun, ready to disappear behind the trees. Of

course, I could sit here and wait for the old man. There was no use to go around the boulder. The old green house would be there with that little white well beside it. That horrible white well with that hideous old man leaning on it and laughing at me. No, I wouldn't go. I'd let him find me first. No, I wouldn't do that. As long as I kept on, I might find a way. That was the only thing I could do to keep up hope.

If you'd just give me another chance, God. I'd listen, really I would. I'd do just what mother told me to do. I'd not go wading or explore where I shouldn't. Oh, God, if You'd just let me make the decision all over again. If I were just there at the entrance of the green path and could choose again.....

Why, so I was! The green path stretched before me once more. I could feel the cool water on my feet. The sun was still two thirds up in the sky.

It must have been a dream, all of it. I would turn and run, run home so fast. As fast as ever wind went.

But it is not a dream. And there is no turning back. Each day I say I shall do this and this. I should have done that and that. And now it is too late. I shall keep on doing this and this, and I shall probably keep on telling myself that it should have been that and that. The green water is too tempting, so in the end I lose everything. Funny, isn't it. If only I knew where the ripple came from.....

- END -

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JUST A MINUTE *by* DEAN COX

February 19th; 428th consecutive meeting:

Forrest announced that A. E. van Vogt was going to make a speech on science-fiction before the Manuscripters' Club of Southern California on the second Friday of March. Forrest will introduce the noted science-fiction author and he, in turn, will be introduced by someone else. Mr. van Vogt will be allowed to bring anyone he pleases to the speech -- and he pleases us.

It was now time for our selections for the HFFF art-portfolio to be turned over to Everett. The artists whose illustrations and paintings were most frequently mentioned were Cartier, Dold, Paul, and Schneeman, along with Bok, Finlay and Rogers.

February 26th; 429th consecutive meeting:

Weaver-Alden-Forrest told us that apparently the AVON PUBLISHING COMPANY is not going to put out the companion fantasy magazines to the Avon Fantasy Reader; they have lost most of their interest in the finer types of literature, and, instead, have become interested in sex -- odd as this may seem.

Van Vogt informed us that the rumor that SIMON & SCHUSTER are to put out SLAN and THE WEAPON MAKERS was -- just that; a rumor. As yet, no direct offers have been made to him.

Arthur Louis Joquel, 11, told us that they are going to shoot off another rocket. By 'they', I mean the Pasadena Reaction Research Society, whom the L.A. Daily News called "the hotrod kids of the future." They are going to fire this one over land -- not a river. They had to swim for the last one. The purpose of the launching is to sell rocket-mail stamps and thereby gain money for the society.

March 4th; 430th consecutive meeting:

Forrest told us that the release of A. E. van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull's book, "OUT OF THE UNKNOWN", would be delayed and gave us a novel excuse: "The book was at the binders and they moved; also, it was found that the photographs of van Vogt and his wife which were to be put on the back cover were not of the same size." Russ Hodgkins and Fred Shroyer of CARCOSA HOUSE copied these down. They thought that they might find them useful sometime in the future.

Fred Shroyer told us that Ray Bradbury's "HOMECOMING" had recently recieved Hell in the review column of the NEW YORK MIRROR-TREES. It was cited by the reviewer as an example of the decadence of the modern short story. The author of the column was shocked that one of the stories, one "perhaps considered the best", of a collection of the "best stories of 1947" should be concerned with vampires.

In the same line: According to Forrest, Robert Bloch had just written a review of van Vogt's "BOOK OF PTATH" for "THE ARKHAM SAMPLER" in which "he supposedly tore the book to pieces."

March 11th; 431st consecutive meeting:

Forrest told us that the title of the forthcoming Street and Smith UNKNOWN annual will be "FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS" and will feature a cover by Edd Cartier.

FLASH!!! Your secretary has a scoop: The vile, vicious rumor circling through fandom that FFM is going to collapse is false! Speculation is rife as to what is behind these vile, vicious rumors. It is your secretary's opinion that they are being circulated by vile, vicious persons. Notice, for instance, the many other vile, vicious rumors being circulated about. One of them says that Richard S. Shaver is the penname of Alden H. Horton, associate publisher of POPULAR PUBLICATIONS; it is my belief that this is false.

For the sake of his own elucidation, your secretary has collected and classified many of our current rumors for the purpose of verifying them at some

later date. For example: "Is 'Anonymous' the nom de plume of A. E. van Vogt? Is Shaver to be put on the air in a program sponsored by the Schick Injector Razor Company? Did Weaver Wright plagiarize a story from Alden Lorraine?" And many more. Tune in next issue and find out.

There was some talk on methods of enlivening the club. Dale Hart thought that it would be a good idea to have one big open-house meeting every month in which we really went all out to entertain visitors. These would probably be held on the first meeting of every month and the old-standbys of the club could take turns being responsible for a speaker or some sort of program. The idea was approved of by most of the members.

March 18th; 432nd consecutive meeting:

Forrest has discovered that the LASFS library has the wanderlust -- a fact which has been suspected by the members for quite a while. G. Gordon Dewey sent Forrest a copy of the fanmagazine "UNIQUE" and on the inside he found the official library sticker of this club. Dewey says that he bought the magazine from Gertrude Gordon of New York.

There have been a great many people sued, lately -- and, now, we have another one to add to our list: Gus Willmorth is suing Sam Merwin, jr., of TWS and STARTLING for his stating in the fanzine review column of STARTLING that "THE FANTASY ADVERTISER" was "a mimeographed magazine". (joke.)

Bob Cohen, an ex-semi-member, has donated to the LASFS library a carton of magazines. Forrest is inspecting their interiors for the LASFS library stickers.

March 25th; 433rd consecutive meeting:

It seems that there is still another legal suit taking place in fandom: Forrest J. Ackerman is suing A. E. van Vogt. It seems that Mr. van Vogt dedicated his book (and his wife's), "OUT OF THE UNKNOWN", to Forrest, but copies of the book were already rolling off the presses before he phoned to ask his permission to do so; it is illegal to dedicate a publication to someone without their prior permission.

Mr. van Vogt made at various times during the course of the meeting the following statements: "The magazine CLUE is going to have a science-fiction department, edited by Anthony Boucher. They are going to review 'THE WORLD OF A'". The jacket for "OUT OF THE UNKNOWN" is very nice and I like the illustrations for "THE WITCH" but the illustrated capital letters are too simple in design. "KEEPER OF THE GREAT GATE" by Gottlieb is an exceptional science-fiction story."

Dale Hart, editor of Shangri-La: "The second issue of Shangri-La was much better than the first; letters and subscriptions have been pouring in. The minutes were especially liked. Does anyone here know a gentleman by the name of Gilbert Cochran. He has sent me four almost-incomprehensible letters telling me that my becoming editor of Shangri-La fulfilled certain prophecies; it's all connected up with Tibet, you know. In one letter, an especially bulky one which he sent airmail--as he does all the others--contained four cards and a package of evil-smelling mess. The 'mess' was a collection of "esoteric herbs" which have something to do with seeing visions in the cracks of sidewalks and horses' hooves. He lives in a lockbox. He's a friend of Vincent Gaddis, a Shaverite."

Mr. van Vogt, again: "I have a 'friend' coming to visit me whom I think I'm going to refer to Forrest. I've received several letters from him, all marked "PERSONAL" or/and "HIGHLY IMPORTANT" in large letters. In them he claims to have special knowledge of Mars and Venus. He's in Phoenix now and he's going to stop by and visit me when he comes through Los Angeles. It seems he's a world traveler. Somehow, or another, I don't want to see him."

The rest of the meeting was occupied with a discussion of the various presidential candidates -- MacArthur, Dewey, MacArthur, Stassen, MacArthur, Taft, MacArthur, Eisenhower, MacArthur. The discussion was lead by visitor Weisen Himmel, who works for Hearst.

April 1st; 434th consecutive meeting:

Dave Fox amused us by telling us about the 5th anniversary meeting of the Reaction Research Society when Arthur Louis Joquel, II, showed movies of the

second mail rocket flight made by that organization. He said that the flights were very successful; the society fairly coined the money. Currency flowed in from even such remote parts of the Earth as Texas. However, they had a little trouble with the postmaster of a Los Angeles Suburb; it seems the guy says they look too much like counterfeit or something. They had to contact Washington to get them through.

Forrest J Sees All Knows All Tells Even More Ackerman told us that L. Ron Hubbard has started a series of "Conquest of Space" stories for TWS. A. E. van Vogt, whose book, "The World of K", is recommended by the Literary Guild, is to give another speech on April 15th.

All kidding aside, the club received some pretty serious news this meeting. All members were saddened to learn that "Gordie and John are leaving". We don't know where they're going -- but they're leaving. This is pretty serious, especially when considered in the light of the fact that "one Gordie or John is worth a million Ackermans!"

FLSH!!!: The club has just received some startling news. The Torcon has competition! "South Gate in '58" is the cry ringing throughout the land. Send in your dollars right away, so you will be sure to receive your free stickers. (Just kidding, boys.) Rick Smeary and ex-fan Rex Ward are the backers of this long-range idea.

Bryce Walton, a prolific writer who has sold no less than two western novelettes and three western short stories in about two weeks, visited us this meeting. He says that he was tired of shooting those six-guns and came down to the clubroom for a little rest and quiet. Sitting down quietly, he idly lifted the cover of a book and BANG!, something exploded. Frightened to near-collapse he had just managed to sooth his jagged nerves when some evil insect darted right at him. Afterward, it was discovered to have been made of paper and a rubber band. It was decided that either Floyd M. Gerley or the deros were responsible for these devilish tricks.

April 8th; 435th consecutive meeting:

Dale Hart read us a letter from that ever-popular writer, David A. Keller, who says that he will try to write something especially for Shangri-La.

A. E. van Vogt told us that "THE WORLD OF K" would most likely be his last book this year. He mentioned that it had sold some 3300 copies in advance, but that that still failed to cover the advance given to him by SILON & SCHUSTER. His next book will probably be a revised version of "THE JERAPON ILIERS" and will include "THE JERAPON SHOPS". He said that SILON & SCHUSTER had suggested that he make his Black Destroyer Series into a novel, but as yet he hasn't figured out a method by which to do it.

April 15th; 436th consecutive meeting:

At this meeting we added still another distinguished guest to our roster: L. Ron Hubbard, author of "FINAL BLACKOUT". Mr. Hubbard spoke briefly about himself and his stories. He said, "THE END IS NOT YET was not intended to be a great story; it's sole purpose was to implant a half-dozen ideas in the minds of certain people. It has already had some results."

He refused to discuss his philosophical work, "THE LIBUR", but simply said that he had "finally realized how dangerous it was and, so, had storied it in a bank vault, where it now is."

He told us about a 'taboo' which he has recently written; all editors have rejected it, while crying their eyes out. It seems that the Catholic-Fathers-Something-Or-The-Other and the Protestant-Brothers-Something-Or-The-Other would not like the story. (Briefly, it concerns a little preacher who collects together some funds from his flock and, building a space-ship, sets out into the universe in search of God--)

Hubbard is the founder of the "VIGILANTES SOCIETY FOR THE REPRESSION OF VICE-SQUADS".

He spoke about UNKNOWN WORLDS: Back in 1942, Campbell was having a hard time keeping the magazine going. It wasn't lack of paper or lack of subscribers but simply a lack of good stories. He, himself, (Campbell, that is) prac-

tically wrote a great many of the stories read under other by-lines. He would find an idea, construct a plot and, then, hunt up someone to sew it together. But, still, it published a lot of what he labeled 'tripe'. Campbell underwent still another reverse when he had to cut down the word rates of several of his top writers. He called L. Sprague de Camp and L. Ron Hubbard into his office and informed them about that. "If you cut my word-rate," said Hubbard, "I will join the navy!" Sometime later, L. R. H. received a check for a rather-longish story with a half-cent a word missing. That same day the President of the United States sent him greetings; Hubbard had already applied for enlistment. He walked into Campbell's office in his new uniform. "OH, NO!" said Campbell, and UNKNOWN folded.

(Elmer Pardue told L. E. van Vogt, who was also present, "Well, I'm glad to hear that, Van. I'd always blamed you for it--")

The real surprise of the evening came when Hubbard was talking about his friend, Arthur J. Burks. Someone mentioned Burks' story, "SURVIVAL" which was adjudged one of the best of 1938 when it appeared that year in MARVEL TALES. "Survival?" questioned Hubbard. "I don't remember reading that one. What was it about?" It concerned an invasion of America by the yellow men of the East, he was told. "What!" said Hubbard. "And how did they escape the peril?" By burrowing under the ground, he was told. Mr. Hubbard was surprised at this. In fact, he said: "Good God! That Dog! Wait till I get a hold of Burks--!" He explained the outburst: "Back in '38, I wrote a movie treatment of a story I called "SURVIVAL". It concerned an invasion of America by the yellow men of the East. They escaped by burrowing under the ground! I gave that story and four others to an agent to sell. He lost them. And, now, I find that Burks has written and sold a story just like it--!"

April 22nd; 437th consecutive meeting:

This meeting was the shortest official meeting the club has held for a long time. During the meeting Russ Hodgkins gave a report on a speech Ray Bradbury made before a college literary society. Ray read to the group his story, "HOMECOMING" and then gave a talk on writing, complete with tips for the would-be writer. One of the tips was, "Write about things you know." "Do you sleep during the day or night," asked Russ.

The official meeting ended and our birthday party for Mr. van Vogt and his wife began. His wife failed to appear but the club, under the direction of Dale Hart, presented him with numerous copies of ASF and UNKNOWN WORLDS containing stories which, surprisingly, the couple lack in their own library. There were cats and drinks for everyone.

The End

A COMPLETE SET OF ICHOR is available from the editor. Three issues for a quarter; or, ten cents each. Beautifully lithoed covers on the first two, with Rogers doing them. The third is also lithoed but the artist is Bonn. Poems and short prose pieces by Wandrei, Aby, Lowndes, Gross, Johnston, Hart, Ibey, and others. Trades with other magazines arranged. Free to FRPA members and girls with no visible means of support. Extra copies of the cover, suitable for framing: 10¢ each, if mailed alone; if mailed with a copy of the magazine, 5¢. (A free subscription to some writer with an ability to write good advertising copy.) --- A rider advertisement: Don't forget to buy your copy of LIFE EVERLASTING AND OTHER STORIES, by David H. Keller. \$3.50 a copy from Sam Moskowitz, 446 Jelliff Ave., Newark 8, N.J.

CALIFORNIA FANTASIES

OF DAVID H. KELLER

There is no doubt that in the Archives of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society there is some mention made of the memorial meeting in almost prehistoric ages when I, visiting that city, was asked to be the guest speaker. At that time, I was considerably younger than I am now and decidedly ignorant of the psychology of the typical Science-Fiction fan. Moreover, I knew nothing of the California variety of such enthusiastic readers of the pulps.

Much of the details of that meeting are lost in the dark recesses of my subconsciousness. I dimly recall that I went to the meeting in a taxicab, that there were between twenty and thirty fans present, and that we were served a rather excellent meal. I recall very well who paid for the food I ate -- but that, as Kipling says, "is another story."

After the dinner, I was asked to speak, which I did for one hour. Then it was suggested that I answer any question asked me, which I did (and rather honestly), for another hour. I cannot recall what I talked about but distinctly remember that the second hour was a very lively one. I am certain that George Tullis was there....and, in this connection, there is a very interesting story, which I shall tell.

Tullis was a very young man, almost a boy at that time. Later, he joined the Coast Guards; and, one year, in his spare time, helped a young lady who was attending a College for the Blind prepare her lessons. From the first date, the lessons were forgotten while he read to her *THE DEVIL AND THE DOCTOR*. Through their mutual love for this novel, they realized that they were kinspirits and as a result married. I first met them at the *PHILCON*, and they told me the story. At that time, George told me of being at the Los Angeles meeting. Mrs. Keller and I visited them in Baltimore last Thanksgiving, and we thought them the most beautiful husband and wife we had ever seen. Helen thinks my horror stories too horrible -- but wait till she hears George read to her *LIFE EVERLASTING* and *THE SIGN OF THE BURNING HART*.

Mrs. Keller, YumYum, and the old Colonel arrived in Los Angeles just two days too late for the national meeting there in 1946. However, my arrival was not unnoticed and Ackerman and others arranged a Sunday picnic at which I was to be the guest. It was to be an affair of moment. It may even be that Moskowitz will feel it important enough to include in his *IMMORTAL STORM*. For the present, I leave it to others to give the full details but I recall with pleasure the long conversations I had with Evans Bob Tucker, and others. We had a wonderful time from 10:30 A.M. till 3:30 P.M., at which time I reluctantly said good bye and joined my family at the Santa Monica Swimming Club.

Some of the California fans attended the *Philcon*. We were delighted to again meet Ackerman and Evans. Bob Tucker was also there and the three of us reminisced about the second meeting in my honor. I realized at that meeting what a charming fellow Tucker was and how thoroughly Evans had read and appreciated my *LIFE EVERLASTING*.

Since the *Philcon* I have been corresponding with additional California fans, with the result that I have even been asked to write somewhat for their fanzines. Dale Hart has asked me to write an article for *SHANGRI-LA* and has sent me a free copy so I will know how to slant it.

I realize that because of failing memory or natural reticence many of the details of my two group meetings with the S.F. fans of Southern California are sadly lacking. I would suggest that Ackerman be asked to write a more complete account which will give more details. For years Ackerman has been my friend, and, for some reason no longer remembered, I gave the leading character in my story *LIFE EVERLASTING* his last name. However, the fiction Ackerman was married and the father of a child, and

(con'd on page 14)

EVER SINCE BELLAMY
By Russ Hodgkins as
Told to Weaver Wright

Back to the Future, a new science fiction novel from England (Nicholas Vane, Ltd, 8/6) purports to tell in its 264 pages "how to give everyone cake and make them eat it!" But author Meaburn Staniland's picture of the future is pretty depressing after a similar effort, "Summer in 3000", by contemporary Peter Martin.

John Monkton, the hero, is tossed into the future by a time-machine which controls him physically. At the beginning of the story he makes 2 or 3 excursions, each of a little further penetration into the future, until he finally goes a full 100 years--and is marooned by a temporary failure of the machine.

The complications of the plot are rather amusing. The girl in the story; who, incidentally, does not enter it till the book is well along; is the daughter of the inventor of the time machine. The inventor himself had traveled into time, got married in the future, had a daughter who grew up and has been living there "all the time" under another name. The protagonist and his wife finally return to the "past" (1947).

Like most writers with a message to convey, Mr Staniland uses the future or sf content of the book primarily as a vehicle to portray what the future might be, in this case a socialistic bureaucracy carried to the ultimate, wherein the poor class has achieved total unemployment and the landed owners, the gentry, the rich, those with all the wealth, do all the work! What little work is actually done, that is, in this system whose government promises vast undertakings--housing projects, etc.--but never achieves more than ground-breaking. It is a rather drab, morbid picture of the future, in which the author confines himself exclusively to England, with the rest of the world unconsidered. (He does mention in passing that a new record has been established between England and the USA--a Transatlantic stratosphere flight has been completed in 3 minutes--but due to customs inspection, passport formalities, medical check and several other strands of red tape, the passengers are delayed about 2 days after arrival!)

There is one amusing episode where the hero gets involved with the Law of 2047. Haled into court, he is given no trial by jury but--without charge or accusation--is judged and sentenced to prison for an unlimited time. Delivered to the institution of his incarceration, he is nonplussed to find it operating on the scale of a country club...a palatial lodge where he is treated as a guest rather than a criminal. It's a pleasant place, populated by radicals who have spoken or acted against the government--but wouldn't leave "prison" under any circumstances!

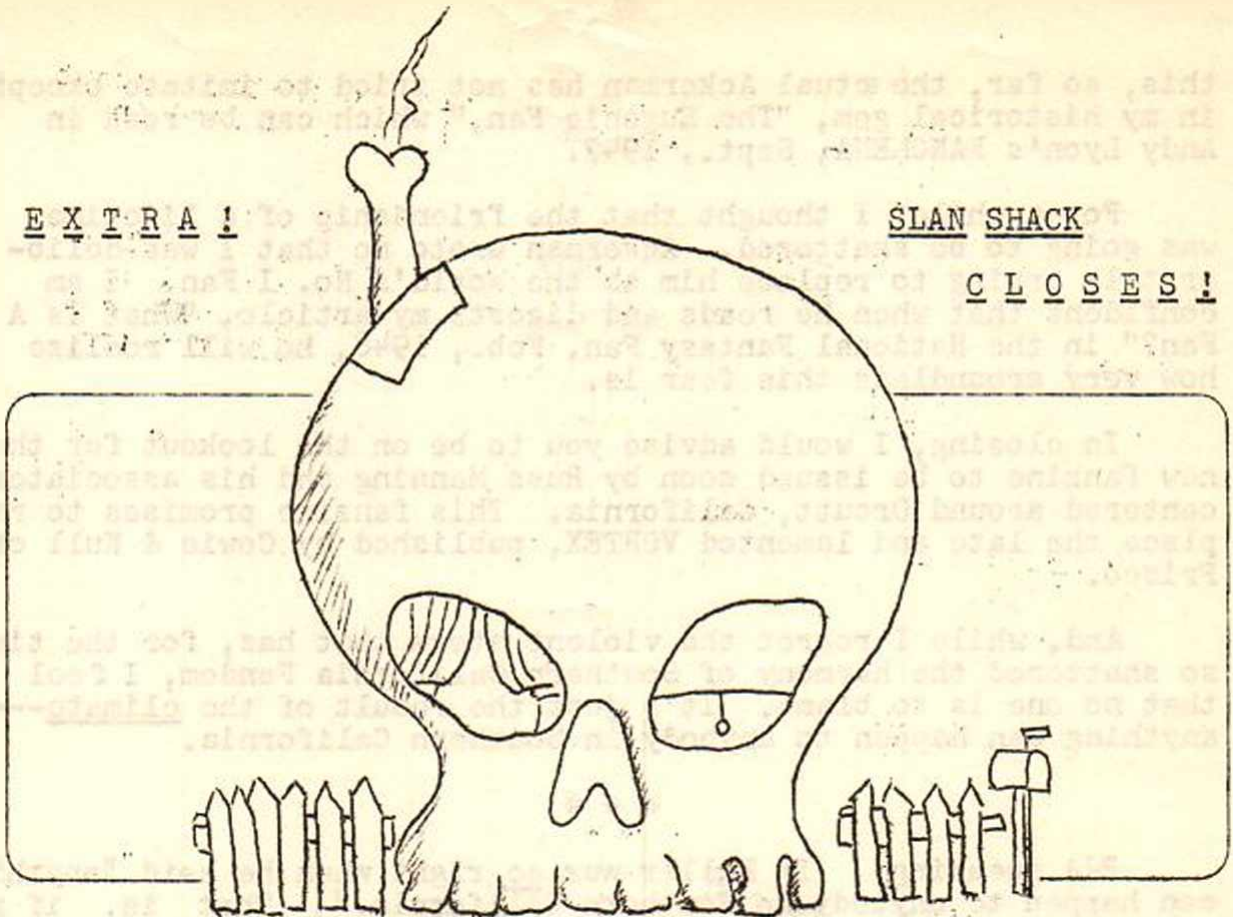
The book's purpose would seem to be that of warning the readers against allowing Socialist government to develop to the point where the individual would be completely subservient in such a bureaucracy as the author believes would follow.

Recommended as interesting reading to any fan.

EXTRA!

SLAN SHACK

CLOSES!



The apartment that has, for the last couple of years, been known as Slan Shack Pro-Tem is empty and no longer contains fan. One of the landmarks of Los Angeles Fandom is gone, swept away by these troubled times. In that apartment at 643 South Bixel Street where Myrtle R. Douglas (so well known to the fan world as the gracious "Morajo") lived for nearly ten years, from whose rooms dozens of issues of the famous "VoM" crept into the sunny Southern California daylight, to which in 1945 the Galactic Roamers of Michigan lost their mainstays of the Slan Shack there: Al Ashley, Walt Liebscher, Jack Wiedenbeck, and Abby Lu Ashley; has happened dozens of happy fan events, gatherings, parties, and kindred events oft reported in the fan press. From that address many fanzines have appeared, at least for part of their life: Vom, Guteto, Stefan, En Garde, Chanticleer, Fantasy Advertiser, Slithy Toves, to name but a few. It has often proven a haven for out of town fan who enjoyed the hospitality of the sofa. Myrtle's hospitality and, later, Abby Lu's cooking were appreciated by literally scores. Such was the spot that is no more, its denizens scattered to the four quarters of Los Angeles and Phoenix, Ariz. Bow your heads, you Sons of Fantasmia, and cast a-moan for another of fandom's Shattered Institutions.

((Incidentally, Willmorth & Fantasy Advertiser now reside at 1503-3/4 12th Ave, Los Angeles 6, California..)))

ACKLE AND TH' OL' FOO WANT TO SEE YOU FANFOLK AT THE
TORCON - - - BE THERE!&! Write to Ned McKeown, 1398
Mt. Pleasant Rd, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M*O*W*

this, so far, the actual Ackerman has not tried to imitate except in my historical gem, "The Eugenic Fan," which can be read in Andy Lyon's FANOMENA, Sept., 1947.

For a while, I thought that the friendship of a lifetime was going to be shattered. Ackerman wrote me that I was deliberately trying to replace him as the World's No. 1 Fan. I am confident that when he reads and digests my article, "What Is A Fan?" in the National Fantasy Fan, Feb., 1948, he will realize how very groundless this fear is.

In closing, I would advise you to be on the lookout for the new fanzine to be issued soon by Russ Manning and his associates centered around Orcutt, California. This fanzine promises to replace the late and lamented VORTEX, published by Cowie & Kull of Frisco.

And, while I regret the violent storm that has, for the time, so shattered the harmony of Southern California Fandom, I feel that no one is to blame. It's just the result of the climate--- anything can happen to anybody in Southern California.

* * *

FJA speaking: Dr Keller wuz so right when he said "anything can happen to anybody in Southern California." That is, if you consider me anybody in California--a prophet is always without honor in his own home state, as has been stated, and there are those locally who regard me as a total loss. Tennyrate, I have been put behind the clim-8-ball by Editor Hart, who has ordered me to climb on the ball and supplement this Keller article with some reminiscences.

I remember rather well the evening in '38 or '39 when DAVID H KELLER MD addressed our club, then the Los Angeles Chapter (#4) of the Wonder-sponsored Science Fiction League. The advent of an author in those there days was an e-vent, Remember, this was before teenage fans traveled to science fiction conventions and shook hands and rubbed elbows with Big Name Authors, and before BNAs were regular adjuncts of every sizable local society.

So us youngsters were properly awed when the legendary Dr Keller came down from Mount Olympus to address us. I am sure no fan present that memorable evening will ever forget that address. Five immortal words. Dr Keller's address then (as now): 55 Broad St., Stroudsburg, Pa. A street-forward address, if there ever was one.

Weaver Wright,
Box 6151

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A QUASI-KINSEY REPORT ON THE LASFS, BASED ON THE TUCKER QUESTIONNAIRE
AND SYNTHESIZED BY FJA, DEMONSTRATING THAT FANGELENOS ARE QUASIER
THAN ANYBODY

We-all at the LASFS prefer Astounding SCIENCE FICTION 8 to 1. The only other mag that got a vote as favorite was Unknown. Amazing is our unfavorable periodical, for the following reasons: Too many deros...mental level...attitude...literary worth...emphasis on metaphysics...Shaver, Palmer, and their attitude. Planet received one panning for its "low literary quality". Horror Stories was also resurrected for one vote as worst promag.

In cover preferences, Symbolic are tied with Illustrative.

There is no get-together whatsoever on the type of story preferred by our members. Straight SF got 3 votes, Fantasy 2, with 1 vote apiece for Superman Type, Sociological, Science Adventure, Utopian, and Good Time Travel.

Eight have taken a stand against the Shaver Mystery, two No Stand. Seven believe the Mystery to be fake, two not the truth, one gives it benefit of doubt: part truth.

Here are the divers reasons Lasfassers feel fandom has for existing: To improve prozines by criticism and get nowhere...to get the fans together to trade mags and to trade ideas...hobby...sex sublimation...to discuss, perpetuate and produce imaginative literature...NO PURPOSE (2)...to round up certain type of neurotics...hobby (again)...mutual admiration society...to keep Forrest J Ackerman from working.

88% of voters believe the Club worthwhile, 4 don't believe they could better it, and 2 think they could improve it.

Three-fourths of the voters feel fans are intelligent, other third has its doubts. (My slide rule is warped.)

Anywhere from 25 to 250 books a year are read out here.

We have 7 optimists for the future, 4 who foresee no future.

The one big calamity expected by LASFS members is WAR---anywhere from 18 mos. to 5 yrs. hence.

A moonrocket is looked for as early as 1950, as late as 25 years from now. Four would go on the moonflight, five of us old men would rather stay home and hear 'em tell about it.

Five believe the Saucers man-made, two that they were a natural phenomena.

The status of science fiction? Intermediate, said 6; adult, said 3; juvenile, said 1.

Here is the big blow: Altho the members are 87½% non-religious to 12½% "part religious", one member replied: 'I BELIEVE IN GOD, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW.

SHANGRI-LETTERS

THE REACTIONS OF THE READERS. With Snide Editorial Remarks

August Derleth, Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, leads off: "I've just got around to looking at the March-April S-La and discover in it, in connection with reports of meetings of the LASFS, a mis-statement concerning myself. In this rather snide paragraph, it is stated that I wrote Mr. Daugherty saying that all Lovecraft letters were my personal property. That is not true. I neither wrote this, nor is it a fact. The facts in the matter are these:

1. any writing by any person is his personal property; or, if he is dead, the property of his estate;

2. it has been settled at law, carried to the US Supreme Court, that no writing of any kind, save such as has been written for a specific publication, or sold for publication, can be published without the consent of the writer, his estate, or his executors;

3. the Lovecraft letters and all his other writings are the property of the Lovecraft estate: for this estate, Donald Wandrei, R.H. Barlow, and ~~one~~ are serving as literary executors;

4. we would be remiss in our duties if we were to permit any such illegal publication as Mr. Daugherty envisioned to pass unchallenged; in fact, we would be legally as much at fault as the publisher, and we would have therefore no alternative but to take punitive action at law, which would be very costly for any rash publisher; it is, accordingly, to his interest that we set these facts forth to anyone planning such illegal and actionable publication."

(For the rest of his letter, he declares that the Lovecraft-DeCastro relationship was a business one rather than a personal friendship, something which Mr. DeCastro disputes, holding to the contrary. Also, he states categorically that he is not a hard man to deal with; that no honest person can or will honestly say that. --- I might add that Daugherty brought out the facts given in paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 above, at the time of the meeting, the minutes of which disturbed Derleth. The minutes were not incorrect, really; just not complete. By the letters being the property of Derleth, it was meant only that he had control over them. --- Okay, Derleth?)

Marijane Nuttall, Route 1, Box 601, Lakeside, California: "I quite agree with Burb's recent comments that the new Shangri-La is quite an improvement over the last one." (She means that #5 is better than #4.) "The Editorial was well-done and should appease all Burboe-fans. 'The Wind Is Blowing On My Eye' was an intriguing tale. Made me wish there were more to it...quite the germ of a real 'guilt-complex plot' there. My mother-in-law asked what I was chortling about so. Naturally it was Al Ashley's 'Null-I.' Now I begin to believe Laney and Burbee. Forry's interview with Cyril Hume most interesting. Was most

impressed by the fact that Hume was impressed by a subject that impressed me. Namely, the Berlin elephant case! In fact, I almost can't believe the truth of it. Much easier to build us a complicated murder case---whereby some clever fiend gets a laff out of man's credulity of a little evidence falsely placed to mislead. Did a short atmosphere piece on it, when I read it. (The Case of the Carnivorous Elephant.) I can't help wondering if they sampled the elephant's stomach for proof. The article I read didn't say so. Without the proof I still have deep doubts of the case. Collector's Item fair." (And that's about all she says, except that Cox should remember that outsiders might be interested in things considered commonplace by insiders.)

Henry Kuttner wrote a short note. Most important, however, he sent a subscription---one dollar.

Albert Toth, 1110 Gellespie Ave., Portage, Penn. writes: "William Battersby's windy story was one of the best I ever read in a fanzine, if only because of the ending (altho the whole story was exceptional). What an ending---the kind that stays in your mind for a long time. Maybe in Bill Battersby you have another Ray Bradbury---who knows? 'Atomic Chances'---I like those cheerful little items that leave you feeling like cutting your throat. Jackerman's opus would have been better with more about Hume and less Jackerman. It looks like the change in eds is going to be for the best. But I miss one thing from the old Shangri-L'Affaires. What became of the Dream Series, those fraudulent, freudian, fabulous fantasies?" (Nothing more by Battersby, at present, Albert. I'm angling for more, because I think the boy is terrific. And, by the way, George Ebey, I am not Battersby, altho I'd be proud to write the stuff he does. As for the dream idea---do you readers want a dream series? If so, you can have same. Having the department in "Shangri-La" shouldn't bother Burbee. He can have a dream section, too, if he wants.)

William Rotsler, 812 S. Catalina, LA 5, has this to say: "So you wish a letter of frank comment? Just a minute until I read it. Editorial, 'Mr. Jackerman,' & minutes interesting. Rest stunk. Especially cover & fiction. Seems to me that with the 'cooperation' of the Half-World a better 'zine could or should result. About artwork: I didn't, by the way, contribute those pix to SHANGRI-LA but to 4e for GLOM...oh, well. Okay, if you find some stuff in here it's because I've either done some or found some. Never, never, never ask me for articles! Gad, sirrah, I'm an - ahem, ahem - artist! 'No strangling policy?' Is dullness a policy? Yes, frankly, without the editorial, the fiction, the minutes, the artwork, the articles, the ads, or the paper & ink, what would you have? Just a gleam in Walter J. Daugherty's eye. Fair, fair, tho - considering that in all probability all the help you got was from Ackerman & Evans. Oh, well, we never had a strong president follow a strong president, either..." ((Maybe I'd better start using double parentheses. One reader says he kept getting the letters and the comments confused, last time. To Bill: Thanks for the artwork. Your heading for the Slanshack article fitted my needs perfectly.))

((To Roberta Hesse: We're folding the mag another way this time, to keep you and others from having to buy scotch tape in order to repair loose covers.))

M. Diner, 445 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Westmount, Montreal 6, Can. has this to say, in part: "Comments? I like the new Shaggy very much indeed. This is not to be construed as a slap at Burb: I like him, too. But creative artistry such as his is not to be damned by a mere matter of being ousted from a club organ---we get our full ration of him thru FAPA. And what we do have is a brand-new and first-class general fanzine. I like it. Only suggestion: get more stuff by Van Vogt, if possible." ((Thanks for the 50¢, M.D. And I'll try to get something from A.E.))

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif. types a long letter. Part of it herewith: "Letters were good. I like your idea of cutting part and merely telling the gist of what they said. And quoting the more important stuff. -- I wish Mof-fat would get a car. If he did we might get into meeting more often. I'm not much out of his way." ((Instead of selecting a few letters and publishing them in toto, a fairer practice, it seems to me, is to select parts of many missives for publication. In your case, Rick, I might have printed more of your letter, had you been less complimentary. This is not to encourage readers to be hyper-critical in hopes of having their letters published, but a letter section of love letters lets the editor be exposed to the charge of biased---well, you know.))

Sam Moskowitz, 446 Jelliff Ave., Newark 8, N.J. sends a dollar and says: "Burb's viewpoint on printing the articles is understandable to me under the idea of mature, uncensored material. I believe that the club is at fault in not having sufficient interest to examine or regulate the type of material they wanted as their 'official' front. Certainly tomfoolery & hilarity have been the watchword in the journals of the LASFS so long that the idea of 'anything goes' is understandable. The club has no legitimate gripe on Burb's printing of defamatory material, but they do have one in his disregard of the club's dictum that no copy be sent Amazing." ((Sam, "Shangri-La-Af-etc" was Burbee's mag. Burbee ran it to suit himself, even publishing fictitious minutes. This was okay with me, and it was okay with the rest of the members, except for the times he got too irreverent at personal shrines. He did all the work and took nearly all the responsibility---all of it, in fact, for practical purposes. -- I wouldn't try to say that Burbee made new club-friends with the Laney articles, but I will say that that it was his going against the members' vote on the Amazing matter that saw him to the door of 637½ S. Bixel St., on the arm of circumstance. May I say, in closing (I hope) the door on this matter, that the Club has, apparently, forgotten the unpleasantness.... and so have our readers, except for perfunctorily stating that our problems are at a local level, that an outsider is not able to judge, or somesuch. Let grass cover the bones at Austerlitz. To quote the caption on the LASFS Emblem: "De Profundis....Ad Astra!" There isn't anything else to say at this time.))

Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, N.J. mails a quarter & a long letter of comment; as: "I think you're doing a nice job on the clubzine; it seems commendably neat and entertaining. Nor is there much point in comparing it with the Burbee-edited mag. The latter mag had a thoroughly different style and different standards. About the only Burbeesque echoes to be found in #5 are the Battersby story, "The Wind Is Blowing On My Eye," and the appearance of the name of Al Ashley. Congrats to Budoff on her cover drawing; dunno why, but I liked it. The fin-backed fish-man and the other bubble-spurting denizen of the deep remind me of a nightmare I once had on the eve of a Biology test. The club-meeting minutes seem to be getting interesting. For the first time since the dawn of remembered history, I read 'em with enjoyment. 'Tis amazing nobody's thought of a collector's item column before. Letter column too brief... Summing up, SL proved highly readable and -- hrrumph! -- well-edited. It should easily be able to hold its own with the other top title in fandom. Keep 'em rolling!" ((Thanks, JoKe. As T. O'C. Sloane used to say, Your letter needs no comment.))

George Ebey, 4766 Reinhardt Drive, Oakland, California, is one of my few regular correspondents. He writes: "#5 is decidedly better than #4 which is saying a little less than much. Your editorial helped. It should be clear to the readers by now that Burbee was axed by a number of mediocritics who had only his best interests at heart. Charming. While I shan't commit myself to the merits of 'club organ vs. Burbee organ' I will point out one thing: a really representative club 'zine will consume itself with the same kind of dry rot that afflicts the club. So it is up to the editor to steer a course between the two extremes. #5 achieves that state to some degree. In the next letter section I want a full discussion of the change in the magazine. Anything less than that will indicate that you are attempting to cover up.... Next time I'm down I'll make a point of knocking at your door." ((That letter was written two months ago. He's calmed down more since then. And that promise to visit me was prompted to discuss poetry rather than fan publishing. Most of the letters we write each other do not concern fandom at all.))

D.B. Thompson, Imperial, Nebraska sends 50¢ and says, in part: "I miss the Burbee touch, even tho I occasionally disliked the stuff he printed. Shangri*La is not the old Shaggy, but I would not say that it necessarily inferior. Best item is Ashley's 'Null-I'; very glad to see his stuff in print again." ((Your money and your comments are equally welcome, D.B.))

((Editorial Notes, to finish out this page and clear up the odds and ends: Keller's article had a reference to the fans of Lower California. Knowing he meant Southern California, rather than Baja California, I made the change. As far as I know, no fans reside in Lower C. --- Ack's Quasi*Kinsey Report on page 15 is not complete but it is completely representative. All the Lasfassers didn't fill out a form. For instance, I didn't, altho I did send one to Bob Tucker. And several new members have come into the club since the poll. --- Pip for this time.))

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