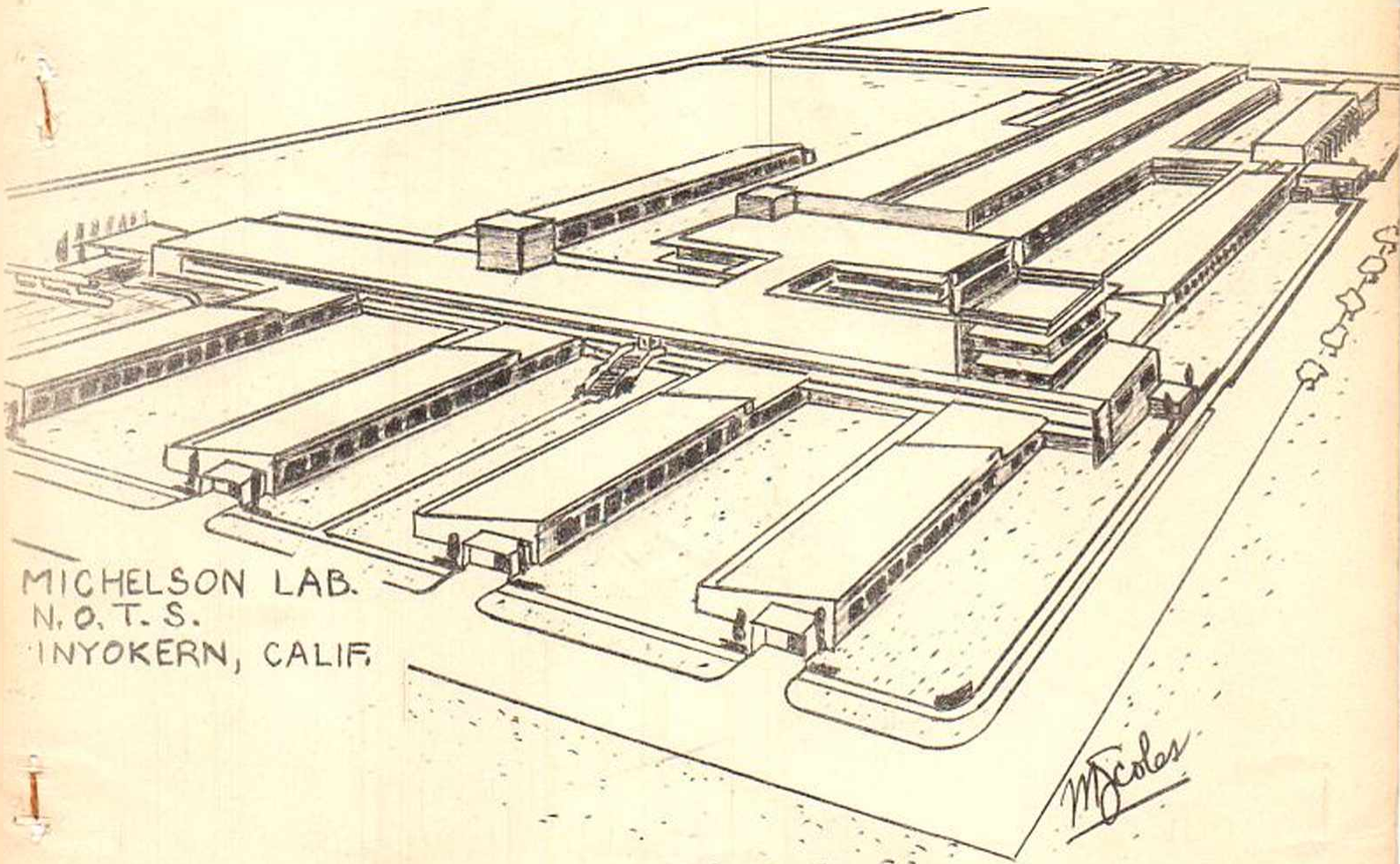


HAWGRI LAW

JULY-AUGUST
NUMBER 7
- 1948 -



MICHELSON LAB.
N. O. T. S.
INYOKERN, CALIF.

THE WEAPON SHOP

SHANGRI - LA #7 JUL-AUG 48

SHANGRI-LA is the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. It is published bimonthly on a regular basis, & the price is 10¢ a copy, or 3 for a $\frac{1}{4}$, or 6 for a $\frac{1}{2}$, or 12 for 1. We trade fanzines. Letters of comment very welcome. The address of the Editor is DALE HART, APARTMENT 20, 1116 GEORGIA STREET, LA 15, CALIF. The address of the Club remains 637 $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Bixel, LA 14.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL.....	1
THE WEAPON SHOP, by Mike Scoles.....	3
GLASS HOUSES, by David H. Keller, M.D.....	5
WEST COAST CONFAB PUBLICITY.....	9
COMMUNIQUE TO WILSON TUCKER, by F.L.B.....	10
JUST A MINUTE, by Jean Cox.....	11
SHANGRI-LETTERS, from the readers.....	17

EDITORIAL

As I begin this editorial, as I start this greeting to you, let me say goodbye in the same typed breath.

I graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles last Sunday. I stood up in an open-air theatre, in my cap and gown, and was proclaimed an Artful Bachelor. It was a mass ceremony, reminding me very much of the time I entered the service of the United States Navy.

Editing this publication was a relief from my studies. The job didn't take much of my time, really, since the trojan work was done by such trojans as Gus Willmorth, Kenneth Bonnell, E.E. Evans, Mike Scoles, Jean Cox, and many more. Anyway, I was only an interim editor.

I took the job for two reasons. First, the mag needed an editor, and no one seemed ready to carry on---to catch Burbee's thrown torch. Second, the job was ready-made. There was a subscription list, a long one, so there had to be no initial process of building up the subscription list. There was no money in the coffer and no material in the files, but matters like that are trivial and beneath the notice of any self-respecting editor-in-the-stick.

Quiet, Willmorth!---Excuse me. Willmorth is howling for this stencil. He claims that the mimeograph god must be fed.

If anybody is interested in my future plans, I plan to compose stories. If I don't succeed, I won't have any excuses. From now on, I'm going to get my kicks elsewhere, leaving fandom to its very articulate devices. For a while, I'll drop completely out. Later, I'll indulge in some limited activity.

Just call me Laney. I don't care.

Before I go, I'll answer the question: Hart, how do you stand on the Amazing question? Well, in the first place I'd advise no one to attempt standing on the Amazing question, literally speaking, because the footing is so slippery. However, here is my long-range analysis: I don't object to Amazing because the stories are poor. I don't regard science fiction mags as gods in paper habits. If a mag contains readable (to me) material, I read it. If not, I quietly lay the mag aside after a few attempts, without rancor, without doing a slow burn or going up to the Heaviside Layer. Sputtering indignation seldom amuses anyone except the indulgee, and I have other outlets. I object to Amazing for the reasons Milton Rothman does. By this time, everybody in fandom knows why Rothman does not like Amazing Stories.

Let me repeat: I do not object to the poor quality of Amazing's yarns. And I read Amazing's better tales. Yet.

If I read: "Head up, with her left breast pointed toward Venus and her right breast pointed toward Pluto, Myrna guided the patrol craft on its way to Mars..."---if I read this obvious attempt at making a story sexy, I remark to my friend and muse, Dale Hart: "Dale, check that guy's astronomy!"

Back to this rag: I don't know who the new editor will be. I served notice a long time ago, but no one has volunteered. However, don't be alarmed. The mag will continue to appear. If necessary, the editor will be a group mind. In other words, the magazine will become even more communistic.

This issue is an experimental one. Besides, all the material that came in was rather heavy. The best is herein presented. If you have any reactions, write me. Yes, write me, because I am to receive all letters to SHANGRI-LA. After I read them, I'll turn them over to the person or persons who come after me, without fail. And don't be afraid to send money. I'm absolutely trustworthy. After the new editor takes over, I'll relinquish my right to receive mail.

I love mail. Very often, I open a letter and find it interesting, quite apart from its references to fantasy fandom.

As well as resigning from the editorship, I am resigning from the LASFS. I can't fit it into my new program.

Gus is still waiting for this stencil.

And I'm trying to think of something I thought of yesterday while stooped over a Martini in restrained adoration.

Can't remember. --- In closing, I give you a conventional goodbye, along with the usual admonitions: WRITE LETTERS! SUBSCRIBE! SEND GOOD MATERIAL!

THE WEAPON SHOP MOORE SCOTTES

On May 8th, 1948, with impressive ceremonies before a large crowd of scientists, industrial executives, high military officials, and Navy workers, the Navy dedicated the huge new Michelson Research Laboratory at the U.S. Naval Ordinance Test Station, located in the heart of California's Mojave Desert.

Named in honor of the late Dr. Albert A. Michelson, noted American physicist and Nobel Prize winner, the lab is said to be the most complete scientific research facility of its type in the world.

The dedication address was made by Robert A. Millikan, Professor of Physics Emeritus of the Cal Institute of Technology. Dr. Millikan was for many years closely associated with Dr. Michelson.

Michelson's work in physics was centered largely in measurements pertaining to the interference of light and the speed of light. The Michelson interferometer, invented prior to his tests for etherdrift, was a classical development of optical physics. It established a new standard of precision in measurements of length. It was the etherdrift experiment, conducted in collaboration with Professor Morley, which provided the foundation for the theory of relativity.

Michelson's superb scientific achievements constitute the best interpretation of Lord Kelvin's famous commentary: "When you cannot measure (what you are speaking about), cannot express it in numbers, your knowledge is meagre. It may be the beginning of knowledge, but you have scarcely advanced to the stage of science."

THE WEAPON SHOP, as it could be called, was started in the summer of 1943 as an adjunct to the California Institute of Technology program for the development and testing of rockets for the Navy's Bureau of Ordnance. The Naval Ordinance Test Station at Inyokern has grown to be one of the most important scientific and military installation in the country---in the words of a Navy news release. Actually, it is the most important installation in the world.

Located in the heart of the Mojave Desert, this thriving community supports more than 12,000 people, including naval personnel, who staff the facilities. About the size of Rhode Island, the Station is approximately 1,000 square miles of desert plains and mountains located in the counties of Kern, Inyo, and San Bernadino. At the present time, the community has about 2,000 permanent buildings, including shopping district, recreational areas, and schools. There is a well-equipped dispensary, a chapel, large gymnasium, swimming pool, modern theatre, library, officers' & scientists' club, baseball & football fields, and tennis courts.

The Station has nearly 3,800 employees, about 500 of whom are scientists and engineers. There are approximately 100 Naval officers and 600 enlisted personnel.

Facilities of the Station now in operation include large pilot plant installations for the experimental development and production of solid propellants and other weapon components. There are nine principal range areas for guided missile and rocket firings, for operational testing of aircraft and ground firing equipment, and for terminal ballistics research. The Naval Air Facility has 9,000-foot runways and hangars adequate to handle the B-29's which have been brought here for the joint Army-Navy high altitude research projects. In addition, the field is equipped to handle all types of tests with aviation ordnance material. The principal water ranges are at Morris Dam reserve near Pasadena. These have deep water suitable for experimental work with torpedoes and for investigations to water entry and underwater ballistics.

The desert climate aids the primary function of this Station. Good flying conditions are present 350 days out of the year and the winter weather is mild enough for range operations the year around. While the temperature drops to below freezing during the nights, the average daytime temperature is around 65 degrees. During the summer months, the daytime temperature frequently exceeds 100 degrees, but the low humidity keeps these temperatures from being uncomfortable. The nights are comparatively cool, since there is an average temperature differential of 30 degrees between day and night temperatures.

THE WEAPON SHOP, or Michelson Laboratory, is virtually self-sufficient. Air-conditioning makes it comfortable. Earthquake resistant, it contains extensive facilities for all types of basic and applied research in the fields of physical and chemical science, aerophysics, mathematics, electronics, metallurgy, propulsion systems for rockets and missiles, and fire control and guidance systems. Its huge machine shop is capable of handling work ranging from heavy metal tooling to the manufacture of complicated parts for extremely delicate instruments.

Still under construction in the laboratory are the all-weather and altitude testing rooms. Here the Navy will be able to reproduce custom-made weather at will, simplifying the testing of new weapons under simulated atmospheric conditions---such as sand storms, icing, rain, salt spray, wind, altitude changes, or any combination of these.

THE WEAPON SHOP is undoubtedly Man's most ambitious project. Its destructive potential is terrific, of course. However, the destructive potential remains just that---potential---outside the confines of the 1,000 miles of Shop. The constructive potential is the more satisfying, from any standpoint we now consider sane.

Yes, THE WEAPON SHOP is a wonderful thing. If it can't help Man, it can destroy Man.

END

FLASH! The editor has just read the Minutes of Joan Cox, and He notices a terrible misquotation. L. Ron Hubbard did not say that Joe Stalin is not getting any younger; he said that Joe is not getting any older. --- He does look youthful in the newsreels...

GLASS HOUSES

A Socialistic Article
By DAVID H. KELLER, MD

It was nearly dinner time in a State Hospital for the Insane. A middle-aged woman was standing in the long sun-parlor, monotonously wrapping a handkerchief around her right hand and then taking it off. Near her, three attendants stood yawning and waiting for something to happen. Then, without a word of warning, the patient jumped up and ran down the corridor, breaking pane after pane of glass with her fist. Before the nurses could bring her under control, she had smashed thirty-seven pieces of glass. So sharp had been the individual impact, so well-protected her fist with the handkerchief, that she was not even scratched.

The almost continuous crash of breaking glass attracted the attention of the Superintendent, who was in his office some distance from the sun-parlor. By the time he arrived on the scene, everything was quiet and the woman was chatting calmly with the nurses. When asked why she had destroyed so much hospital property, she simply replied, "Because I wanted to."

Months later, she completely recovered from her manic-depressive psychosis. With this recovery came complete insight into her previous mental condition--also perfect memory of all of her past conduct. It was thought that the time was ripe to obtain a better understanding as to just why she had broken those window panes. Again she was interrogated, and this time her answer was far different:

"All my life I had always been annoyed by window glass. As a child, it came between me and so many things that I wanted. Often, I thought that if only I could break through it would be easy for me to take that special piece of jewelry or lovely hat. Of course, I never did throw a brick through a show-window, but I wanted to. I supposed that I repressed the desire. When I became insane I didn't care what I said or how I acted---all I knew was that I was going to do everything I wanted to do and say all that came into my mind. The morning I broke the windows, I thought something like this: that the windows were shutting me off from the things I wanted---air, and the free sunshine, and flowers, and liberty. I remembered the hundreds of times in my past life when I had wanted to break windows to obtain my heart's desire but had been held back by the repressions of modern ethics. Now, I was insane, and nothing could hold me, and there would be no blame attached to me, so I just broke windows, and a lot of them, too, before the nurses caught me. I wouldn't do it now, but if I ever become insane again I certainly am going to smash every one I can."

Up to this time, it was the general opinion of physicians and nurses that breaking glass windows was simply a habit of the

insane, caused perhaps by a reversion to the childish desire to break things and make a noise in doing so; but here was a statement that threw new light on window breaking and made it necessary to arrive at an entirely novel interpretation of one of the most frequently repeated acts of the insane.

*

*

*

*

The earliest home had only a door. It was a cave, a rock nest. Later on, the homes of the aristocrat had two doors, front and rear. As the centuries passed, it was found necessary to make caves out of stone . . . and thus the first stone houses were built. These were modeled on the natural caves, with doors the only openings. Finally, small slits were made high in the wall to let out the smoke; and, when it was realized that these also let in air and sunlight, the first window was deliberately incorporated into the architecture of primitive man. While windows were used in dwellings, it was not until the Goths began to build churches that windows were used in temples of worship.

Various substances were used to close these windows. In the Orient, stone and alabaster tracery filled in the opening. The Chinese used polished oyster shells, thin plates of horn, and silk varnished with shining lacquer. In Rome, wooden shutters were used and later on a transparent stone, called lapis specularis, which was no doubt mica. In the second century, polished sheets of thin horn were used. Some authorities think that actual glass was used in Pompeii, but the first authentic reference of its use is found in the writings of Gregory of Tours who speaks of seeing glass windows in Italian churches in the Fourth Century. St. Wilfred, Bishop of York in 665, put glass windows in the vacant windows of the ministry, while in 674 Abbot Benedict Biscop imported artisans from France to glaze the windows of the abbey of Wearmouth. As early as 1180, the rich used glass in their private homes in England, while in 1458 Aeneas Sylvius commented on the fact that many wealthy Venetians were having glass windows placed in their palaces.

At once, two facts are apparent. One is that the richer a person was, the more windows he could have in his home. The second fact is that in those early days only the wealthy could place glass in their windows. Thus, the possession of glass windows was an index of a person's wealth and social position. There was a gradual ascent from the poor peasant, who lived in a hut with no opening but the door and smoke hole, up to the laborer and artisan, who lived in a house with windows but nothing in them, and on to the merchant, who boasted of at least one glass window, and ending with the rich nobility, who had homes with as many glass windows as pleased the caprices of the architect.

Even when glass became more common, there was still a great difference between the windows of the poor and the rich. The pieces of glass in the homes of the poor and middle class were

small, while in the windows of the rich large sheets of glass filling the entire window were often the fashion, and even up to the present time a rather good idea can be obtained concerning the wealth of a house owner by just making a careful study of the kind of glass he uses to glaze his windows.

As civilization demanded more luxuries, the middle class craved better houses and that simply meant more windows and better windows. This desire was frowned upon by the ruling class who were always afraid that with these desires on the part of the underling to ape his betters would come desires for liberty and equality and such foolishness that in the end might overthrow the Government. So, to discourage these ambitious upstarts, these foolish imitators of the nobility, a tax was laid on windows and on glass. The more windows a man had in his house, the more taxes he paid. Only by living in darkness could he be spared from paying a tax that was almost confiscatory. It did not worry the nobility any because they were the ones who collected the tax, so it did not make any difference how many windows they had in their palaces.

Years passed, and centuries. The use of glass windows was extended to business. The storekeepers exposed their wares behind glass, so that the passerby could more easily be tempted to buy the often unneeded items in place of the necessary bread and meat. In the cities, long narrow streets were lined on both sides with these glass show windows. On these streets, the common people thronged to inspect the proffered wares, and into these stores the elegant dandies and the bejeweled ladies passed to buy.

But day in and day out, for every one who entered and satisfied his heart's desire by purchase, there were perhaps a hundred, five hundred, who could only gaze curiously through the crystal glass and dream of what they would buy had they only where withal. Starving men, shivering women, dirty and hungry children stood there with only a thin sheet of glass separating them from food, from clothes, from the very necessities of life. And so they stood without, year after year, and generation after generation; and, thus, to them, the shining glass window became a symbol of the repressed desire for all the things they needed and all the longings for luxuries.

And, not only these privations gnawed at the hearts of the oppressed. More and more, it became the fashion of the rich to so place their windows that at least a portion of the inner life could be seen from the street. The rich duke obtained a greater satisfaction from his food if he could dine in the presence of the common people. A celebrated hostelry in New York, soon to be torn down, had its dining room so located that many patrons could look directly out on the pavement as they ate, and these tables, easily seen by the passerby, were always in demand. In all the years, how many starving men and women looked at the idle rich through the windows of this hotel?

Thus, the whole world was separated into two groups, those in comfort in back of the glass windows of life and those in discomfort and even actual destitution in front of those same glass windows. And, through these glass windows the two groups of humanity looked at each other and each forgot they were others, under the skin. On one side of the window was comfort, warmth, and luxuriant clothing. But on the outside of that window was hardship, penury, cold, hunger, a life only possible by hard work, a life that was only lived because of the hardships of death. It cost too much to die.

What happened? The rich did not know. They had always been curiously uninterested in the reactions of the unfortunate. The Queen of France suggested that the peasants eat cake if they had no bread. The child of the millionaire asks her nurse if pedestrians feel pain the way autoists do. Later, enormous Foundations are formed to eradicate hookworm and prevent malaria, but still there is no real effort made, either by the rich or by the poor, to understand each other. The glass windows not only form a barrier of bodies but also of souls.

And, generation by generation, the window gazers have looked longingly at the good things in the life behind the windows of the rich, behind the glass of the shop-keepers. The little boys and girls going to school, the laborer trudging to work and toiling back, the tired mother with two children hanging on her skirts and one in her arms, lovers wondering if two can live as cheap -- as one in one room -- all these, and millions more, have for centuries looked in through the windows of life and seen the abundance of things life has denied them, the possession of which would make the world closer to their heart's desire. They have looked through these glass windows, and have remembered the longings and the disappointments of life, and they have transmitted these thoughts to their children and their children's children as inherited memories.

Slowly, through the ages, this shimmering, beautiful, transparent substance has become a hated symbol, and the desire to destroy it, to obliterate it in some way so the good things on the other side will be easily accessible, has remained a constant desire. It is true that this desire is usually repressed and it is also true that often it lingers in the subconscious, below the threshold of consciousness, but it is there always and needs only a definite stimulus to liberate it.

Therefore, these windows are broken -- by the thief who tries to break them, snatch his prize and escape amid the noise and confusion; by the insane who loses, through his psychosis, his power to repress desires contrary to his code of social ethics; by the child simply out of malicious mischief; or by the drunken man, who suffers loss of his judgement through alcoholic intoxication.

These are individual instances, but every riot, every rebellion and revolution carry with them the breaking of glass and

(Con'd on page 16)

At its regular meeting on June 24th,

THE L. A. S. F. S.

Decided to Sponsor a

WESTERN CONFERENCE

to be held on

5th SEPTEMBER --- LABOR - DAY SUNDAY
(On One Day Only)

This Conference is planned, so that those fans, who can not afford to make trips East, for the National Conventions can have the chance to meet and to gab with their favorite West Coast Authors, and with the other fans from this section of the country. We are keeping one thing firmly in mind while planning this Conference: to make it cost YOU as little as possible so you can be sure to attend and enjoy it with us.

S P E A K E R S ! !

There will be at least FIVE SPEAKERS for this occasion, who will bring you much interesting information on various facets of our Science Fiction, Fantasy and Weird fields.

A U T H O R S ! !

You'll meet Authors of Sff and Fantasy from ~~our~~ part of the U. S. They will be there to speak, gab, autograph, etc.

B O O K S , M A G S , P I C S ! !

There will be many books, magazines, fanzines, and original illustrations which you may buy if you wish, at prices that you can afford to pay. Fill out that collection -- with an autographed book or mag-story, or get a pic for your walls.

START PLANNING NOW TO BE IN L. A. ON SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 5th. YOU'LL HAVE A GRAND TIME !!!

at the

FIRST ANNUAL WEST COAST CONFAB

Watch for more details later! 'Member the date!

LETTER TO WILSON TUCKER: or,

THE CASE OF THE FACE ON THE DUST JACKET

Four years ago, in 1944, the best reading in book form I ran across was NONCE, by Michael Brandon. The book reminded me of the late William Seabrook, and the picture of the author appearing on the dust jacket fascinated me. I studied that face a lot; and, later, when reading a fan magazine called AD INFINITUM, I found that I was not alone. You, Bob, had been intrigued by that magnetic face of the author, and you, too, felt the great resemblance to Seabrook in the writing.

In that article of yours concerning NONCE which appeared in AD INFINITUM you went much further than I did, though. You felt a great suspicion and scented a hoax. You went ahead and made up a good case around your theories involving the book's actual authorship, publication, and the photographing of author Brandon. Not having a copy of AD INFINITUM here at hand, I can't quote you. But I believe you almost proved (to my satisfaction, at least) that the book was authored by Seabrook or some equally great writer in that genre. Also, you convinced me that photographers had taken parts of various people's face and had wrot, via the picture-making art, the face on that dust jacket. I believe you said there was also the chance that the author could be, possibly, a woman, because Michael, Brandon's first name, was a masculine name chosen often by women writers as pseudonyms and as character names.

All the way through your reasoning, Bob, I went with you.

But!...four years have elapsed since NONCE was published, read, and enjoyed. And, now, along comes a movie actor named John Ho-diak and an actress named Frances Gifford, plus a writer who writes the script for the movie, "The Arnelo Affair."

I buy a ticket to the said "Arnelo Affair." I'm reading who got all the credits for production. I'm reading the names of those in the cast. And I see the name Michael Brandon. And it doesn't take long to associate that name with NONCE while I'm sitting there. I decide to wait until the character portrayed by said Michael Brandon appears and see how closely he resembles the still-vivid mind's-eye picture of the NONCE author.

Bob, they check! Brandon's real! He's no composite face.

By the time "The Arnelo Affair" got into Idaho, no doubt, it was slashed all to hell...but watch closely the scene where the detective sits in his office. Before the scene is over, in pops a rather swarthy gent. He stays for only a moment.

That guy is Brandon, fascinating face and all!

Just thought you might like to know....

Your Idaho Correspondent,
F. LEE BALDWIN

BACK ISSUES OF SHANGRI-LA: The Jan-Feb, Mar-Apr, and May-June numbers are still available in limited quantities. Price: 10¢ ea.

JUST A MINUTE

JEAN
COX

April 29th; 438th Consecutive Meeting:

This meeting, we had a guest speaker, L. Ron Hubbard.

His untitled talk was about "...the future immediately before us..." He said: "During the last two or three years, several things have happened that enable us to see quite a chunk of eternity."

Hubbard served as an officer in the United States Navy during the war. He was injured and had to receive treatment for his wounds. As has been recorded before, he was dead for eight minutes by the surgical clock, and was brought back to life by the use of several emergency measures.

Hubbard stressed the difficulty of obtaining books on medical subjects. Many of them cost as much as \$25, and the best ones are all but unavailable. The layman, therefore, has a lot of trouble in satisfying his curiosity on matters medical, if he has such a curiosity. Hubbard had a consuming curiosity. He satisfied it only through perseverance and stratagem. Even then, he wouldn't have found out much, had he not had lots of time on his hands during a period of convalescence.

After months of research, and a lifetime of picking up odd bits of knowledge, Hubbard has become convinced that man can be made to live a very long time. In fact, he is convinced that only a half-dozen prescriptions, if administered regularly and constantly, can produce "immortality."

He mentioned the anti-reticular serum which the Russians are supposed to have. "Russia does have it, but they do not have testosterone in any appreciable quantities." He emphasized: "I want to point out that there is one man in the world today who is not getting any younger and that there is one nation that is not getting any softer. It is not getting any softer because its leaders are not getting any softer. That man is Joseph Stalin and that country is Russia..."

Hubbard places great faith in the twenty-three amino acids. Too, he thinks testosterone very efficacious. He admits that some ways of introducing it into the body are inefficient, but declares that the stuff, if permitted to exercise its full effect, produces a very salutary reaction.

"It's the bio-chemist who's going to lengthen our life. If chemists and biologists are not interfered with, they will give to the world many cheap and easy ways to produce 'limited immortality.'"

He concluded: "By necessity, the doctor is only a practitioner, not a scientist. Therefore, there is a need for greater cooperation between the fields of medicine and the scientific fields."

Ackerman told us the the Elmer Rice play, THE ADDING MACHINE, a fantasy, was showing at the Circle Theatre. He recommended it, and suggested that the club get up a party and go to see it. The idea was accepted, of course. ((Ed's Note: About 15 of us enjoyed seeing the play.))

May 6th: 439th Consecutive Meeting:

Gus Willmorth led off this meeting with a short resume of a speech given by Howard Browne, one of Ziff-Davis's editors, before a college literary society. Said Browne, via Gus Willmorth, "There is not much of a future in detective stories... One does not pour out one's heart in them...Any intelligent man can write a mystery..."

This brought up a great deal of discussion concerning mysteries and their writers. L. Ron Hubbard stoutly insisted that Poe was not a drunkard and a dope fiend despite popular opinion and called up an admirable number of facts and references to support this belief. Said Hubbard: "Poe had a powerful enemy, the editor of a large newspaper. This editor determined to wreck Poe. Apparently, he has succeeded for, today, when anyone wants to look up anything on Poe they go to the backfiles of that newspaper." (Editor's note: The best biography of Poe, in my opinion, is Hervey Allen's "Israfel: The Life And Times Of E.A.P.")

Ron also told us an amusing story about Sax Rohmer, creator of the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu. "The Manchu stories first appeared in Collier's and they appeared often. There were one or two of the stories each year for several years. But during one period they received no story from Rohmer. They were very distressed about this for the yarns were a great circulation booster. They asked Rohmer's agent about it, but he told them there was nothing in production. So, after waiting six months, they wired Rohmer: "WILL GIVE YOU \$75,000 FOR NEW FU MANCHU STORY SIGHT UNSEEN." Sax wired back: "DEAR COLLIERS TOO BUSY".

Before closing this meeting of the Los Angeles Mystery Society, it was asked that someone contribute some news from one of the lesser fields such as western or fantasy. Ron went 'way off trail and came up with a piece that might interest the science-fiction nuts. It seems that the LOS ANGELES TIMES recently printed a column headed "SPACE FLIGHT SEEN AS PRETTY SERIOUS BUSINESS" with right next to it a picture of one Robert A. Heinlein, the person doing the seeing. But the next day, there was another column entitled "SPACE TRAVEL CENTURIES OFF", which told how Charles A. Federer, editor of SKY AND TELESCOPE, had made a speech before the Pensacola Polytechnic Institute had ridiculed the idea as an obvious absurdity. Although, he did go as far as to say that someday, centuries off, "It might be possible... There is no air on the moon," he explained, "and, furthermore, it is very cold..." The LAMS agreed with Dr. Federer one hundred percent.

Forrest J conducted a quiz contest. There was money involved, of course, but he stoutly insisted again and again that he was not making a single cent off the deal. He didn't. The money went for a LASFS advertisement in the TORQUE.

May 11th: 440th Consecutive Meeting:

Nothing happened at this meeting; at least nothing **TM** allowed

to put in the minutes. L. Ron Hubbard amused us for hours but they tell me to be very discreet in mentioning it so I can't put it in the minutes. Louise Lupeir had a sensational announcement but has asked me to delete it from these minutes till further developments. One of the younger members announced that one of science fiction's celebrities is in town, but I can't print that either since he's not supposed to know that we know it.

Dave Fox announced that there is to be a playing of Orson Welles' famed "War of the Worlds" broadcast which soared so many people out of their wits on All Hallow's Eve ten years ago. This playing was to be given by the Pacific Rocket Society at the South Pasadena Library on May 17. All members were invited to attend.

Mike Scoles entertained us with a recording of H. G. Wells' "The Time Machine", presented recently over the radio. It was a nice presentation; the only trouble was the record sometimes the record sometimes the record sometimes...

May 19th: 441st Consecutive Meeting:

Forrest gave us some sad news: Everett has done it again; another magazine to which he sold a story has collapsed. New Worlds, the English science-fiction magazine, has folded. That is what Ted Carnell, its former editor, has written to him from England. The magazine didn't collapse for circulation reasons; it was doing very well. The cause was laid to other commitments made by the publishers. However, all is not lost. At the recent science-fiction convention held at the White Horse Tavern in England, which was liberally attended by such celebrities as A. E. Chandler, Walt Gillings, Ted Carnell and fifty others, it was proposed that the fans start their own publishing company and put out New Worlds themselves. This was enthusiastically received. Shares are being sold in the company--to be paid for by next fall--at a dollar a piece. Several members of this club (Everett, Bill and Jean Cox, Seth Shepard, and Louise Lupeir) decided to get in on it. Writers and artists pledged materials with the understanding that they are to be paid later. Everett stated that he would pledge his story, "WAS NOT SPOKEN", which was to be published in the next issue of New Worlds, to the new magazine despite arguments from his friends that AMAZING would probably like the story better.

One of our visitors was astonished to learn that "A. E. van Vo-get" is just another Henry Kuttner pseudonym. Despite this, when the meeting broke up, most of the club wandered over to a real flesh-and-blood person to hear his remarks on hypnotism. Van Vogt, an enthusiast in that field, will have an article on the subject soon in WESTERN FAMILY magazine.

May 26th: 442nd Consecutive Meeting:

A few weeks ago, I gave an account in the minutes of a report made by Fred Shroyer of a review of one of Bradbury's stories which appeared in the NEW YORK MIRROR TIMES--the review, that is, not the story. I will do now what I didn't do then,

because I didn't consider it necessary, and remark that Fred was only reporting the review, not endorsing it. Fred is in agreement with the unanimous opinion of the LASFSers that Ray is one of the best writers--and he stated, specifically, the best writer to come out of the modern fantasy field.

FJA, that intrepid book-dealer, gave us an insight into the signs of the times by telling us that he is receiving an astounding number of requests for fantasy and science-fiction books from universities and schools about the country; a trend seems underway. He also mentioned that he was rather amused to receive orders for books from two persons who specifically requested that their books not be autographed. One of them remarked that autographed books lack the personal touch.

He also told us that Weird Tales has just accepted another story from Everett: "FOOD FOR DEMONS." The editors of Weird stated that they were receiving a gratifying response on his first story.

It must not be thought that van Vogt was trying to out-do Everett when he told us that he had just sold a 37,000 word short novel, "THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER", to TFS. (The Ackerman Authors' Agency also just sold a short story by Van to Merwin which was first entitled "THE THIRD ONE." This was changed to "ILLUM" and then to "DORMANT.") Someone remarked that it was rather strange since that's about twice the length TFS usually uses for their novels. But there's an explanation for that: Wonder and Startling are going to expand again.

He also told us that Derleth is going to put out an all science-fiction issue of ARKHAM SANFLEER. Derleth has asked him to do a 1,000 word article on what constitutes the basic twenty books that every reader of science-fiction should have and submit a list of those books with the article. Van Vogt asked us to help him in picking them out. Ha! By the time the furore subsided, the place was in pieces.

As we all know, van Vogt is a hypnosis-enthusiast, as is also his quiet wife. Van is pretty good at self-hypnosis. He has one little trick which he demonstrated for the benefit of a few people in the clubroom. He learned it in ten minutes. All he has to do is say "A!" and his left arm and shoulder wither up in a peculiarly paralyzed fashion. When this happens, he is unable to move arm, shoulders, or fingers. To disrupt the paralysis, to make his arm relax, he says "B!" Mike Scoles and Bill Cox asked him if he was able to give this control over to other people. Van, at some length, said 'yes' and explained just how it could be done. To demonstrate his lecture, he gave Mike Scoles the power to paralyze him by saying "A" and Bill Cox the power to relax him by saying "B." Then, he told them to go ahead. Both of these boys are two of our younger members. Ah, unhappy man! To have entrusted his fate to two impetuous youths! "A," said Mike Scoles and he withered up. "B," said Bill Cox and he relaxed. "A," said Mike Scoles. "B," said Bill Cox. "A!" "B!" "A!" "B!"

And there was van Vogt contorting and dis-contorting and undis-contorting. For some reason, he took away their power of suggestion, as soon as he was able.

June 3rd: 443rd Consecutive Meeting:

The treasury had an extra ten dollars in it this week. 4SJ explained that the ten dollars was a contribution from Mr. and Mrs. van Vogt, who made it "in remembrance" of the club and in the hope that we might be able to use it when so many of our rent paying members left for the TORCON leaving the club desolate and destitute.

Eph Koenigsberg thought it would be nice if we could buy some little gift for L. Ron Hubbard, currently ill abed. Louise Lupeir testified that he had a sweet tooth so a box of candy was bought-- and a card. The card was a birth announcement, humorously done up (sic.), in commemoration of the publishing of "FINAL BLACKOUT."

Mike Scoles announced that Hubbard is doing a dissertation on a part of the first chapter of his mysterious book, "EXCALIBUR," and that he will permit us to read it. He is writing a book along the same lines, to be entitled TRAUMATIC PSYCHOLOGY. (Forrest denies this; he says the titled is to be, DON'T BE MAD BECAUSE YOU'RE CRAZY.)

June 10th: 444th Consecutive Meeting:

Forrest advertised that he had just sold a van Vogt short story, "Dear Pen Pal--", to Darleth for the SAMPLER. Darleth is going to put out a special edition for his science fiction issue. This one will have 2500 copies instead of the usual 1000. He also told us that the ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLER, which he calls "the rich man's FANTASY ADVERTISER," is going to publish an all-fantasy issue. It'll be out the 29th of June.

This meeting was concluded by an article read to us by Forrest. The title of the article was "Rocket Target Number Two". "Rocket Target Number One", by the same author, Richard Farnsworth, President of the American Rocket Society, had already been sold by Merwin of STASTLING and WONDER. This article concerned Mars; the first the moon. In it, Mr. Farnsworth conclusively proved that there are dippos on that planet, or something to that effect. Knowing Forrest, I have little doubt that he used our enthusiastic reception of it as a devastating argument to Merwin why he should buy this one, also.

June 17th: 445th Consecutive Meeting:

Kenneth Bonnell read us an interesting bit of news from a little weekly pamphlet put out by the SATURDAY EVENING POST called "INSIDE INFORMATION." The item, "Einstein Brings The Post Back To The Third Dimension", told how Albert had recognized himself in a Post science-fiction story, "MORNING STAR", by Robert Spencer Carr, and had thanked them for their sympathetic portrayal of him. The movie rights to this story, which concerns a space flight to the planet Venus, have been bought by Leland Heyward. The story is said to have caused much excitement among a certain esoteric cult which is believed to be receiving daily space flights from that planet; in fact, they held a special meeting because of it.

(GLASS HOUSES---con'd)

and the stealing of treasures behind it. The mob, in a wonderful example of group psychosis, rushes down the street breaking pane after pane and taking from them not only the needed food but also the silks, jewels, works of art, and trembling aristocrats to hang from lampposts. One Frenchman said, "Let the people eat hay!" And the Parisian mob hung him, grass stuffed into his mouth.

In every serious riot in the United States, the Abolition riots, the draft riots, the frequent labor riots of the last thirty years, the breaking of windows shows this latent desire to destroy this symbol of the separation between rich and poor. Glass windows have been broken for centuries and will be broken for centuries to come. If a Commune ever forms in New York, in Chicago or in any other large city, the first sign of it will be the smashing of windows and the looting of stores and the killing of the dwellers behind the windows.

* * * *

Thus, the study of a woman breaking glass in a hospital for the insane made it necessary to study the reactions of the human race to glass windows over a period of hundreds of years. Her reason for doing it was not an isolated one, a reason peculiar to herself. Rather, it was simply the individual expression of a group thought that is the common heritage of millions of our fellow men. In spite of our boasted culture, our boasted equality and fraternity, there are too many glass windows in our national life. It would be better for us to remove them instead of waiting for them to be broken.

END

(JUST A MINUTE---con'd)

Next, we had nominations for Director: Eph Kennigsberg nominated Everett; Everett nominated Jean Cox; Jean Cox nominated Norman Willmorth; Mike Scoles nominated Russ Hodgkins; Russ Hodgkins nominated Dale Hart. Forrest objected to Gus' nomination on the grounds that he wasn't a hu-man but a nor-man. Evans, Hodgkins, and Hart declined their nominations. Eph K. cried so vigorously for a speech on the part of the nominees that he finally got Gus to state that "if reelected he would continue his present platform"

Dale Hart read us a letter from Clare Vinger Harris, who tells us that she likes SHINGRI-LA very much, and also that she had given a speech before the Manuscripter's Club on science-fiction writing. Afterwards, she received a literary award for her book, AWAY FROM HERE AND NOW, from the Manuscripters.

END

-((ADVERTIZEMENT))-

FOR SALE OR TRADE: Doc Savage Mags. 1934 on.

WANTED: Stray copies of ETC. Review of General Semantics.

Kenneth H. Bonnell, 628 S. Bixel St. Los Angeles 14 Calif.



SHANGRI— LETTERS

WILSON (BOB) TUCKER, P.O. Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois, who has just started autographing copies of his novel, *THE DOVE*, writes:

"Little Chum: You will not find a dollar enclosed because I've been getting Shangri-icky free for all these years and I see no good reason to start paying for it now. That's the kind of a leech I am.///About the May-June issue: Dr. Keller is either a happy reprobate or his memory is failing. In his article, he speaks of a wonderful time he had in Los Angeles one Sunday at a picnic thrown in his honor. Steady readers of Shangri-icky will recall that the good doctor never saw the picnic....and 3 or 4 other fans damned near didn't make it either, thanks to the whimsical Walter Liebscher, a goon if I ever saw one. The doc, myself, and 3 or 4 others sat on a lawn in Santa Monica from about noon until about four p.m. that Sunday, waiting for someone to return from the picnic grounds and rescue us. The main party had gone on ahead, were all enjoying a gay picnic in the mountains, and caring not one whit that the guest of honor and court followers had been left behind. Liebscher was the only one who knew the way to the picnic spot (neglecting to inform the driver of each car how to get there), so when O.K. Smith's car broke down, we were abandoned. Santa Monica is a lovely place. Cool, refreshing lawns.///And to the Ackerman "Quasi-Kinsey" report in the current issue: Dozens of people answering or discussing my questionnaire have made this same error, referring to it as a small-time Kinsey Report. I'm afraid these people have never read the Kinsey book, and have been misled by the false reputation it has gained. My questionnaire asked only

two questions about sex and one of those was redundant, so no logical comparison exists. I'm getting some fine information on fandom, though. A finer bunch of jerks never existed.///For instance: One chap isn't sure whether he dates or not; another does not date but records sex activity; another enjoys street-walking as a hobby; another demands that I take a poll of fan-homos and publish their habits; there is another who wants to know into what subdivision I fit answers of single men who are shacking up steady; another one does not indulge in 'the act, but enjoys sophisticated dalliance'; a surprising percentage believe in Shaver and deros; and so forth. The returns are so readable that I'm making plans on publishing a booklet, similar to Fantasy Advertiser, giving data, charts, and graphs. (After the Convention.)///P.S.---Would appreciate more information on the bust-up of Slan Shack Pro-Tem. When & why? Where are they now and are addresses available?" ((Thanks for your letter, Mr. Tucker. As long as you write letters to the editor, he'll send you the magazine, and consider himself well-paid. After all, letters are the only pay an editor gets, really. "Shangri-La" has a large circulation for a fanzine, but it doesn't make money for anybody. And all fandom will be looking forward to that booklet---don't fail to deliver it!))

TE WATKINS, 1605 Wood Ave., Kansas City 2, Kansas, sends a buck and a letter of comment. He's coming back into the fantasy fold after a long absence, he says, and he finds the magazine called SHANGRI-LA a fount of information about s-f and fantasy fan matters. He likes "Just A Minute" and "Green Water," particularly.

DAVID H. KELLER, 55 Broad St., Stroudsburg, Penn. wrote two letters. Notes from them: "Thanks for including CALIFORNIA FAN-TASKES in 'Shangri-La.' If I had the time, I would search diligently through Lower California for one fan, even if I had to subsidize him, just to show that you are wrong. Of course, the word 'lower' instead of 'Southern' has undesirable connotations. ///I dug down into the barrel and found Glass Windows, which is socialistic but not communistic." ((Thanks to you, Doctor. In a future issue, DHK will present a bibliography of his contributions to non-professional publications.))

EDWARD L. ZIMMERMAN, 146 East 12th Ave., Eugene, Oregon, writes: "Enclosed is \$1.00 to keep the magazine coming. The literature (GREEN WATER) was well-written and unusual---I rather liked the style. It could even have been turned into a novel with the present story as a basis. Concerning the book review, may I refer you to what seems to be a fairly accurate picture of the attitude of the majority of the English people on the present 'Labor' government in OUR LONDON LETTER by W. Dennis Way in 'The Western Stamp Collector,' published in Albany, Oregon. (The letters are excellent---even better than a lot of those that appeared in VOM.)" ((Thankee, Sir. How about a postal of comment on each issue?))

F. LEE BALDWIN, Box 187, Grangeville, Idaho, types a card of comment. Likes the mag, of course. Is trying to find the 39 vol. set of Bancroft's HISTORY OF THE WEST COAST, pub. about 1880.

PHIL FROEDER, 448 Demarest Avenue, Closter, N.J. sent a long letter, part of which follows: "Have just finished reading the New Shaggy during my two periods of 'Physical Education' at school. Hah! and my fannish friends have asked me in amazement how I managed to actually fail gym...Tho at first I may have been overcome with sorrow at the loss of Burb's Shaggy, this has now passed. Your editorship is swell, and I hope you remain the editor. ///I took a liking to 'Green Water' and was set at ease. But I didn't like the way it ended. The 'Just A Minute' notes were well-handled and are now of more interest to most non*LASFS members./// For a club that holds weekly meetings, I think its organ should come out at least monthly." ((You make me happy, Phil. However, you may like the new editor as well as the man who followed Burb. Subtle humor, huh?))

M. DINER, 445 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Westmount, Montreal 6, Quebec, Canada, wrote a long letter. Part of it herewith: "The minutes are especially welcome---they often contain news well in advance of any other 'zine. The letter section was especially good this time. Story wasn't bad. If you can't get serious stuff, I'd urge you to include stuff by Ashley, Burbee, and---dare I say---Laney.... I write, even if only to get the booby prize in your contest." ((Pro and con, pro and con. Nobody disliked the story but two out of five thought the letter section slipped. You that it didn't slip, I see. And so it goes. But, about this issue---it's full of serious stuff, this being my experimental issue as well as my last.))

TO TUCKER AND FANDOM AT LARGE: Slan Shack Pro-Tem broke up because the property was to be converted to commercial from residential property. The inhabitants scattered. Ashley doesn't want his present address known; at least, I don't think he does. If anybody wants to reach them, write to me, and I'll pass the word to them---"them" meaning Myrtle Douglas, Al Shalley, Walter Liebscher, and Jack Widdenbeck. Lee Budoff is somewhere in the state of Arizona. And everybody knows Wilmoth's address.

THE RESULTS OF THE LETTER CONTEST: M. Diner won, as he fondly hoped, and he has been sent the first issue of FANTASY BOOK. Phil Froeder's name was drawn last from the box, and he has been sent a copy of Amazing Stories.

CON PEDERSON, of 705 West Kelso, Inglewood, Calif. never fails to record his reactions to each issue. He says: "#6 was no let-down. Though you haven't made any distinct improvements as yet, you are maintaining a good magazine, affording quite common interest. GREEN WATER was a fair piece of fiction. I still maintain that THE WIND IS BLOWING ON MY EYE is the best I've seen in fiction for S-L's part so far." ((All I gotta say is: I liked TWIBOME, too.))

RICK SNEARY, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif. sends some of his inimitable observations: "Cover good. Con is quite promising, I think. Just A Minute---uproarious. Green Water---stuff like this could compete with The Gorgon. Well, almost."



SHANGRI*LA P M
 A LASFS Magazine R A
 DALE HART, Apt. 20, I T
 1116 GEORGIA ST. N T
 LOS ANGELES 15 T E
 CALIFORNIA E R
 D

May Be Opened For Inspection

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Norm Stanley
43 A Broad St.
Rockland, Maine

(10)