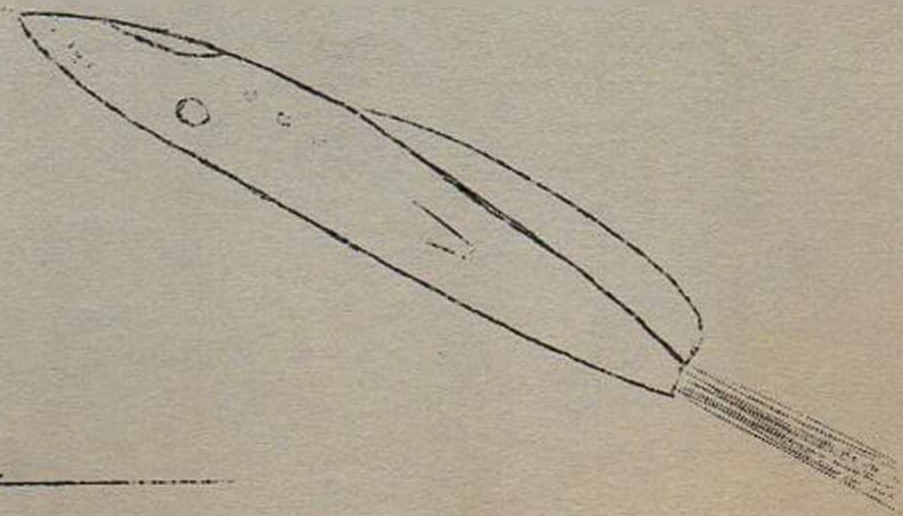
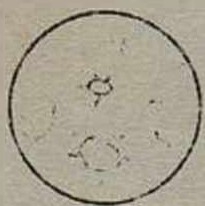


"SHANGRI-LA"

SUMMER 1953



Watercolor 11 Issue

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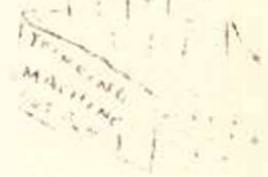
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Published wherever the need arises by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Editors for this issue are: Al Hornhuter, Bill Mosleigh, and Dave Osaman.

NOTE: This is NOT the last issue of Shaggy!

We know it's just on one side; but it's out isn't it?

EDITORIAL



CRT

There have been many great technological advances made in the last few years. I'd like to take time out to talk about one of them: cybernetics.

Many stories have been written about robots and thinking machines gone wild. People have been developing a paranoia against these machines. And little wonder. I imagine that the bravest of us would shudder down to the tips of his toes if he should meet a robot, the type described in sf tales (giant metal monster, an evil gleam in his single photo-electric eye and so on ad nauseum). But you have met robots, even run over them, if you drive a car. Most likely you have done this on some dark and stormy night, and are no more the worse psychologically for it.

You may have noticed those little metal plates imbedded in the road near a traffic signal. It is a robot. It counts the cars that pass over it, and, after a certain amount of depressions, changes the signal from red to green, or vice versa. This type of robot is very handy in a spot where some small street intersects a large highway. It prevents a pile-up of cars on the highway when there are no cars coming from the smaller street.

There are robots in use flying planes (let George do it!), running factories, and dispensing food. None of them has revolted yet.

And as far as the thinking machines are concerned, the most intelligent one made at this time is pretty dull mentally as compared to humans. The best thinking machine made is still that lump on the top of your spinal cord.

Man still has a few years of world-wrecking to go before starting to worry about the machines taking over.

-AMH

//////////////////////////////////////TO//////////////////////////////////////LASPS

AS YOU MAY GATHER AROUND THE TABLE, I AM LEAVING LASPS. But don't think that I didn't enjoy my three year stretch in the club. When I joined, during the dynasty of Alan Hershey, I was a neofan---a young, innocent fan. As I go, I think that I have learned a lot about the ways of fandom.

Right now I'd like to speak to some of the members.

To Walter J. Daugherty: From your lithographic press have come many fine covers for Shaggy. I will long remember your talk on tropical fish; I don't think that I can ever forget having five thousand guppies being born in my own little paper cup. But where is that folder on LASPS that you were supposed to do? Get on the ball, Walt. I hope to see it by the time I get back.

To E.D. Evans: I hope your new book, The Man of Many Minds, is a roaring success.

To Dave Weissman: Wise up, sonny. You aren't the only one in the world with brains. And remember that no one is right all of the time.

To Bill Hosleigh: How can I ever forget those flash-bulbs going off in my face?

To Richard Terzian: I know that LASPS will be dull as all hell with me gone, but do your best to liven it up during the summer months when you're here.

To Dave Osslan: You can do the next issue of Shaggy. I hope you enjoy yourself.

To F.J. Ackerman: You can have 10% of my next four years if you want them.

To Russ Hodgkins: You'll just have to get used to having another leech take your dough each Thursday.

To Ray Iradbury: Your debt to LASPS is now down to 33¢. But don't pay a cent til I get back!

And to all the members in general: Thanks a lot for the banquet. It'll give me something to think about while I'm away.

Until I see you again,

I remain,
Your loyal ex-Treasurer;
Fan;
Author---
Albert Bernhuter.

-----Richard Terzian is a young member of LASFS who is attending Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. While in the east, he made a trip to New York and met H.L. Gold. Being a friend, he sent me the tale of what happened when I met Gold.

-----Richard has to his writing credit a story that he sold to Saga for \$150 and a science-fiction tale, The Last Robot, which appeared in the November '52 Science Fiction Quarterly.

Sensation! Sensation! Sensation!

DULL OF THE CENTURY

Starring

Richard H. Terzian and Horace L. Gold

A Super Epic in Sixteen Reels. Thrills, Chills, Danger!!!

New York, September 3, 1952...

I decided to keep my promise to Big Al, and see H.L. Gold. So I called up Cassidy magazine. A Bronx accent answered the phone, and politely asked what the hell I wished. I said I wanted to speak to H.L. Gold, white hope of fandom. She told me he never came to the office on Thursdays, and gave me his home phone. So I called him at home.

A deep, mellow voice at the other end of the line informed me that he was H.L. Gold. I told him, breathless with excitement that I was R.H. Terzian, missionary from Lasfas. There was a pause:

Gold: Oh. Well I hear they don't like me so well out there.

Terz: Maybe that's because they don't understand you. I could interview you and give them the low-down.

Gold: Well, all right. (chuckle) Come to the Stuyvesant Town Apartments at two.

So I zipped down to Fourteenth Street on the subway and took the cross-town bus to a clump of highly modern brick apartment houses; I went up a silent, self-service elevator to the tenth floor.

"Come in," boomed a masculine voice when I knocked.

I walked into a modernistic apartment with Picasso lampshades, purple walls, Chinese tables and H.L. Gold in shirt-sleeves. Hearty handshake. Sit down. I looked him over. Balding head, undistinguished features, about as tall as Kernutner. He was sitting at a desk with a typewriter, and brown manila envelopes were scattered all over the room---on the sofa, on the chairs, on the floor.

He sat me down and asked me what the hell I wanted, politely. So I told him I wanted his views on s.f. and on Galaxy, and what he was planning for the future. He told me a lot of roundabout bullshit, and every time I asked him a direct question on his plans, he looked arch and said:

Well I can't tell you that right now.

He pointed at a bulging manila envelope and told me that a new Wyman Guin novelet was in it. He also said he was coming up with a real cool cover idea for Galaxy that would rock fandom, but wouldn't say what it was. I guess it was that Camerage crap. How did the boys at the club like it?

He also said he was against organized fandom running s.f., implying that they were a tiny segment of his readership and didn't intend to be run by them, and also implying that they would probably screw the magazine. Very hard man to pin down. Within a few minutes after that, I sorta felt that I should leave, so I did, receiving another hearty handshake and:

Well, I hope you don't treat me too badly if you write an article for Shangri-La.

I said no, and screamed after having spent a full hour with the lord of all creation. Hot spit.

Oh, yes. He told me ATF is going down the drain because Campbell is spending most of his time on a new scientific trend called (I forgot). Anyhow it's some kind of super-dianetics. Also, he has a new Bester serial coming up. It was pleasant to get back to the sunshine of Fourteenth Street again.

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Dear Reader:

If you are a subscriber, you have no doubt noticed the gradual changes taking place in Shangri-La, the publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, during the last few months. In stabilizing our operation with an editorial board and giving a little coherent direction to the magazine, we feel we have brought about some considerable improvements. We want this development to be a continuing situation.

We are looking for material. Primarily we want serious material, but this does not mean that we would not consider humorous work, if it is well done and has a point. Fiction we are very skeptical about, because there are enough professional publications around providing plenty of that for the fans, but there are very few critical magazines available. But don't let that stop you from sending us a good bit of fiction if you think it will fit. Just remember what we said about struggling embryonic writers in the last editorial.

Frankly, what we want are articles and reviews, or comments in some form or other---good satire is quite welcome---on science fiction in all its forms, on the writers and artists and editors in the field, on trends, on related scientific subjects---viz. our recent article on traction on the moon.

We'd like to see anything you think might fit the magazine. A free copy of the issue in which your material appears will be sent to you.

Unlike some high-flown professionals--material considered promptly.

May we see something from you?

167 N. Gardner St.
L.A. 36, Calif.

The Editors
Shangri-La

-----Clay Shadberry is a member of LACMS twice over. He has been in the club for a total of seven years. Among other things, he possesses two heads, four arms, and one pair of glasses. Concerning the following play, he says:

"I have nothing against this fellow Cranberry. I like his stuff. Ch? Bradbury? Well, Cranberry--Bradbury; I was close."

MARS IS HEAVEN (?)

by

Clay Shadberry

...A tape-recorded workshop play in one act.

...The Cast: (in order of appearance)

Announcer	played by	Ohad Clayberry
George	played by	Sam Hoganberry
Sam	played by	Max Strawberry
Grandma	played by	Shirley Boysenberry
Sound effects	by	George Cranberry
Produced	by	Clay Shadberry
Directed	by	Rick Shadberry

ANN: The rocket came down from the black reaches of space. It had men in its hold and fire in its belly. It landed near a small hill and the hatch opened. Two men stepped down, stretching their cramped limbs.

GEO: At last we've made it, Sam. Mars! Mars!

SAM: According to my calculations, we've circled Earth twenty-eight times.

GEO: Don't be silly. Of course this is Mars. Look at that green grass and those maple trees.

SAM: Yeah! The red planet.

GEO: Come! Let us walk over that hill. Maybe we'll find some real, live Martians.

SCU: Walking.

GEO: Look! Down in that valley! A real Martian city.

SAM: Huh. It looks like Green Bluff, Illinois, to me.

GEO: Don't be silly. It must be a Martian city. Look at that sign down there with that weird Martian writing on it. I wonder what it says.

SAH: (slowly) Use Arrid to be sure.

GEO: Come! Let's walk down into the town.

SOU: Clomping.

SAH: I still say we're back on Earth.

SOU: More clomping.

SAH: Hey, look at that gal coming down the street. She don't look like no Martian to me.

SOU: Whistle and slap.

SAH: She ain't no Martian.

GRA: Hello there, George.

GEO: Why Grandma! What are you doing here?

GRA: That's just what I was about to ask you. I thought you left for Mars last week.

GEO: Don't be silly, Grandma. We are on Mars.

GRA: Don't you be silly, George. This is Green Bluff, Illinois.

GEO: Just a minute, Grandma.

GRA: Why certainly, son.

GEO: Say, Sam. Come here a minute. I want to talk to you. (pause) Did you read Jay Raspberry's story, "Mars Ain't Heaven"?

SAH: Never touch the stuff.

GEO: Well I have, and this is just a plot of those lousy Martians to kill us.

SAH: Yeah, yeah.

GEO: Oh, Grandma.

GRA: Yes, George?

GEO: You say this is Green Bluff, Illinois?

GRA: Why yes, of course it is.

GEO: Aha! Just as I thought.

GRA: George! What are you doing with that gun?

GEO: I'm going to blast your brains out, Grandma.

GRA: You're going to shoot me? Your own grandmother?

GEO: Ha! You can't fool me. I've read Jay Raspberry's story. You're really a Martian, and after I shoot you, your face will melt and flow and change into something quite different.

GRA: No George! Don't!

BOU: Shot.

GEO: Well what do you know? She didn't melt and flow. It really was Grandma.

SAM: I told you we were back on Earth.

GEO: Wait'll I get my hands on that Jay Raspberry. I'll get him kicked out of LASFS.

WESTERCON VI BACK IN L.A. BIGGER & BETTER THAN EVER!

it all started back in 1947, when the l.a. fan decided to have a big get-together. they met at the knights of pythias hall & called it the westercon, short for west coast science fiction convention.

they had such a grand time that they decided to have another one the next year. it was held at the same hall and called westercon ii.

by the time westercon iii came around, in 1949, there were fans coming from all over the west coast. they bounced in from san francisco and diego, and when they left they took the westercon with them.

last year westercon v was held in san diego, and it was really something great.

BUT NOW THE WESTERCON IS BACK IN L.A., AND BETTER THAN EVER.

IT'LL BE HELD MAY 30-31 AT THE HOTEL COMODORE.

BE THERE!
 IF YOU AREN'T, YOU'LL MISS SEEING
 AUTHORS LIKE L. AUBURY, FEVILE, VAN VOGT, BROWN, CLIVE L;
 FILMS LIKE SOUTH GATE IN '58 SILENTLY, ACKERMAN;
 MOVIES LIKE DONAVAN'S BRAIN, WHICH WILL BE SILENT-FEATURED.
 SO REMEMBER WESTERCON VI.
BACK IN L.A. AND BETTER THAN EVER.

THE GREAT BRAIN ROBBERY

by
Forrest J. Ackerman

When cerebral experimenter Dr. Patrick Cory stole the brain from a fresh-dead man, he did not realize there had come into his hands the most famous brain in the world--at least - in the world of science fiction: Donovan's Brain! This was - the dangerous excarnate brain created in 1942 by Curt Siodmak, destined to become known round the world through the medium of magazines, books, pocketbooks, translations, radio dramatizations, and films (first as "The Monster and the Lady" and now, sensibly under its original title).

"This time," producer Tom Gries told me on the set, during a special interview for SHANGRI-LA, "we're playing it straight. We think the new audience for science-fiction films appreciate it this way." All respect for your integrity, sir!

Publicist Hank Fine next introduced me to Felix Feist who adapted the screenplay from the novel and who echoed the producer's sentiments: "We're not developing this in the old heavy tradition of Frankenstein, or making Dr. Cory into another Jekyll & Hyde. True, when Cory (played by Lew Ayres) comes under the influence of Donovan, he act antisocially; but we try to make him a straightforward, not make-believe scientist, who is intent on unlocking the secrets of the mind. He wants to cure neurotics, not conquer the world; find the electro-combinations responsible for success and happiness, not enslave the world.

In the plot of the picture the sentient brain grows and glows and sends out thot-tendrils that control the scientist so that he is mesmerically forced to live the vicarious life of the dead Donovan.

The new scientific film, a Dowling production, will be premiered at the LAEFS-sponsored May 30-31 Western Science Fiction Conference in Los Angeles.

DONOVAN'S BRAIN WILL BE SHOWN AT THE WESTERCON BANQUET

-----H. Leroy Nyquist is a graduate chem student who is teaching lab courses in qualitative analysis at UCLA. When I found out that he was a fan, I asked him if he had ever tried writing.
-----He said that he had, and gave me the following story for use in Shaggy. I hope you enjoy it.

A LONG FILE
by
H. Leroy Nyquist

The last man on Earth sat alone in a room. The silence was broken by the ringing of the phone. He let it ring a few times before he reached over lazily and took it off of the hook.

"Parks here," he said.

"Have you changed your mind yet?" the tinny voice asked through the ear-piece of the phone.

"Most certainly not," said Parks. "What reason would I have for leaving when I am surrounded by all the luxuries that I could not possibly have if I were there rather than here."

He waved his hand pointlessly at the bookshelves, overflowing with volumes; the liquor cabinet with its fine brandies, liqueurs; the ice-box filled with goodies.

"All of this would not be mine if I joined you fools wherever you may be now. By the way, just where are you?"

"You wouldn't know if I told you. But just to settle your curiosity, we call it New Earth."

"New Earth!" Parks snickered into the mouthpiece. "How many New Earths have you been on now? .. hundred? Perhaps a thousand? When do you think you'll settle down?"

"Settle down?" The tiny, tinny voice held a note of incredulity. "How can we ever settle down. Each time we do, the new births force us to move onward. God! Sometimes I envy you, Parks. You have a whole world to yourself."

"And don't think that I don't enjoy it. When I feel lonely, which is not very often, I have kinescopes of the finest shows that I can play for myself. Would you believe it that even though I have been here for over six hundred years, I have only begun to make a dent in the stockpile of recordings?"

"Why did you stay behind?"

"Why? I've never been able to really pinpoint an answer to that question. Perhaps I enjoy my own company more than that of others. When immortality came, I accepted it with pleasure. And why shouldn't I have? The chance to do anything and everything that I had always wanted to do, but never had the time for. And when we were threatened with overpopulation and the scientific laddies thought up the transmatter, I just couldn't bring myself to leave old Mother Earth. Maybe I'm one of those damned sentimentalists that you always talk about."

"Maybe if you had more control over the transmitter I might have gone. But all you can do with it is set it to find another Earth-type world and go with it. It's the idea of never being able to return that frightens me. Do you know where Earth is now from where you are? Can you even spot the last planet that you were on? I doubt it."

"You're right, Parks. By your definition, we're lost--hopelessly lost. Sometimes I hate myself for being on the Board of Firsts. Every time that I think that I would like to stay in one place--well, overpopulation rears its head, and we Firsts must go along with a new crop of youngsters and show them how to live. And I wish that this immortality thing wasn't so complete."

"Eh?" Parks muttered. "How's that?"

"The old death-urge as the ancients called it. With our immortality drug, you can't even wish for death. You can get a bit bored, but it always passes."

"I've never been bored," Parks said, reaching out for a bottle of brandy and a huge crystal glass.

"You wouldn't know boredom if it stared at you from behind one of your precious volumes."

"Umm. Perhaps," Parks said, sniffing at the fumes that rose from the glass. "But like I said, I like my own company."

"Maybe so. You always were a queer duck, Parks."

"Have you ever thought that maybe I think that you people are the ducks that waddle wrong? After all, my point of view makes as much sense to me as yours does to you."

"Maybe so; maybe so. I wonder..."

"Wonder what?" Parks sipped lightly at the brandy.

"If I could choose all over again, would I stay on Earth like you did?"

"There were others; you remember them. They thought that I had the right idea in staying behind. But in less than a hundred years they slipped out through the transmitter, like that fellow whose name was on their tails."

"The devil?"

"That's right. Said they couldn't take it any more. Seems they wanted to see some new faces instead of the old ones, over and over. Now I'm all alone, and it suits me fine. Just fine."

"Enough for now, Parks."

"What?"

"Yes. The population figures are on the go again, and we have to prepare the youngsters for their trip."

"Well, good luck, nursemaid. I hope to hear from you in a decade or so."

"Certainly."

"You know, I just had a thought. How long does this immortality thing last?"

"For all practical purposes, the one shot lasts for eternity. Why?"

"Eternity is a damned long time."

Parks replaced the phone gently on its hook and leaned back in his chair.