

SHANGRI-LA

NUMBER 15

NOVEMBER 1949

In This Issue:

ARTHUR JEAN COX

DOROTHEA M. FAULKNER

LEN J. MOFFATT

EARLE PRINCETON

L. MAJOR REYNOLDS

RICK SNEARY

J. STANLEY WOOLSTON

WEAVER WRIGHT



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Shangri-La, official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, is issued eight times a year. 15¢ a copy or 7 for \$1.00. Or-better still-become an associate member and save money. Details on last page. The LASFS is beginning its sixteenth year and meets every Thursday at 8:15 PM at 1305 Ingraham, Los Angeles 14, California. Address all money and mail to Freddie Hershey, Treasurer, c/o the club's address. All unopened cans of good Eastern beer should be sent to 6766 Jannon Street, Bell Gardens, Calif. The current (and choice) editor is thirsty. All beer-donors will be mentioned by name in my memoirs which I am publishing serially in Watchtower magazine. The next issue of this fine magazine will be out in six weeks with The Old Foo at the helm. As everyone knows, there is no foo like an old foo. While you are waiting for the next ish, why not drop a line and some dinero to 1305 Ingraham, Los Angeles 14, California and latch on to some ego-boo.

Len's Shangri-LA Den

WHEN we were shanghaied into editing this issue of Shangri-LA, we turned to ourself and said: "Moffatt, do you realize what has happened to you?"

And turning back upon ourself, we replied: "Hah?"

Then--slowly it came to us. We were going to edit Shangri-LA, a Big Name Subscription Fanzine. We were going to gather material, edit it, type it on and gouge it into stencils, and make Editor's Remarks here and there in the mag in double-parenthesis ((thusly--ljm))...We were going to be a Big Name Fan Editor for One Whole Issue!

Looking back upon our fannish past we find cause to glee, to groan, ay--to weep. In our early stage of fanitus we published one shot, one-copy maglets, called Chainzines. Then we found a hectograph and joined FAPA. Moonshine, the still-born mag, came to be.

We "edited" the second ish of the late Blaine Dunmire's Stellar Tales and--strangely enough--after this "professionly written fanzine" (I am quoting Unger, who was refering to fact that Nelson Bond, Basil Wells and others appeared in ST) came into our hands...it folded.

We have helped to publish other fanmags, one of which met with striking success. It will prob'ly be named Fanmag of the Year and is the only two-bit fanzine that sells for but a dime. My friends, let me tell you that when you buy and read The Outlander.....whup!

Yes, we have taken part in all kinds of crifanac; we have published yapamags, written letters, written fiction, been published in Los Cuentos Fantisticos, drawn crummy pictures, told dirty jokes at stf conferences and one convention, groaned at Ackerpuns, drank beer with Gus Willmorth, joined NFF, FF, OS, LASFS, FAPA, PrtSFS, WPSF, etc. We have been a fan from Fanysylvania all the way to California. But never before have we actually been Editor in Chief of a Big Name Subscription Fanzine.

And now we have. We have edited to our heart's content and our belly's discontent. We have slaved and sweated and stenciled and used beer for correction fluid. (Pistachio drank the correction fluid.) And now it looks like this issue is about ready to run off the mimeo.

Soon I will be able to sit back in my swivel-chair (if I had a swivel chair, stick my thumbs in my vest (if I had a vest) and proudly say: "30. It is finished. The mag is ready for the mails. Eager fans will soon get their copies and write long letters of praise and adulation..."

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have lived. (and to hell with the editorila "we".)

Thannx be unto Freddie Hershey for typering stencils, Walt Daugherty for mimeo and lettering-guide work and any of the other Lasfasians and Outlanders who may be helping in mimeo-ing and assembling.

hoop la!

—Len J. Moffatt

WESTERCON II

By RICK SNEARY & STANLEY WOOLSTON

A Report on the Second Annual Pacific Coast Science-Fiction Conference

Fans started wandering into the Knights of Pythias Hall in Los Angeles at around nine in the morning of October 2, 1949...and before the day ended over eighty-five fantasites had wandered in and out of the place. Informality and all day fangabbing was the keynote of Westercon II, which was held on the third floor of the Hall.

There were several exhibits, including: the pro originals to be auctioned, a table displaying books, mags, etc. (pro and fan) and other items of sfantasy interest. The Outlander Society's display of pix of the OS members and copies of the third issue of that sterling magazine, The Outlander ((dime a copy from Freddie Hershey, 6335 King Ave. Bell, Calif. -ljm)), Ackerman's table of current and choice sfantasy books where he held a running raffle--winners taking their choice of any book on the table--and probably gave away more books than he sold, and two or three other tables with books and old mags for sale.

Big Name Fans and Writers present were Alan and Freddie Herbbey, J. Stanley Woolston, Rick Sneary, Len J. Moffatt, Bill Elias, John Van Couvering and Weaver Wright.

Lesser notables included: Forry and Wendy Ackerman, A. E. van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull, Mr. & Mrs. Ray Bradbury, Mr. & Mrs. Bryce Walton and daughter, Crystal, Mr. & Mrs. Gus Willmorth, Dave Lesperance (OS Retired), E. E. Evans, L. Major Reynolds, William Knapheide All The Way From San Francisco, William Rotsler, Russ Manning, Art Widner, Eph Knigsberg, Louise Leipiar, Jean Cox, Art Joquel II, Dorthea Faulkner, Kris Neville, Elmer God Perdue, Dale Hart, Rick Strauss, Ross Rocklynne, etc., etc..... And Walter J. Daugherty, Chairman of Westercon II.

After fangabbing, going out for late breakfasts, brunches and lunches all AM and afternoon, fans were brought to order by the spund of Walt's gavel and discovered that it was 3:30 PM and time for the auction. There were several worthwhile items auctioned off, outstanding of which were two Cartiers from recent Astoundings and some Finlays, Lawrences and...others.... Willmorth got what was considered the best of the Cartiers and Moffatt got the other one for a dollar and eighty-some cents. ((Must you tell? And what about the cruddy pic I got stuck with for two-bits already?-ljm)) A few second-hand books were also auctioned. Bidding was lively and when the item on the block wasn't too attractive, people had fun bidding small sums for them anyway. Eph got the bargain of the day by bidding minus 5¢ on such a pic and got the pic and the nickle. I think Eph bought another small pic for one Canadian nickle. This guy Eph is a sharper.

Walt (who was also the auctioneer) announced that the formal evening session would begin at 8:30. Meanwhile, fans could go back to their fangabbing (of which they never seem to tire), eating ((like-wise, I'm sure. -ljm)), etc. The coffin--complete with skeleton--which rested just outside the auditorium added a weird effect to the conference, not to mention the revival meeting which began downstairs

during our evening session. ((Maybe they knew Perdue was upstairs—ljm))

Daugherty brought the conference to order and said: "After nine and a half hours, welcome to the Westercon."

The first speaker was that sterling director of LASFS, Alan U. Hershey((co-editor of the current Outlander, the two-bit fanzine that only costs a dime—ljm)), who announced that the LASFS was now taking associate memberships. ((Details on this good deal elsewhere in this issue—ljm))

The next announcement was by Eph Konigsberg, who told of the coming 15th anniversary of LASFS, celebration of which would be held in the form of a Halloween Party(costumes preferred) at the club on Oct. 27. Entertainment will include a member of the Amateur Magicians Society. ((Refreshments?—ljm)) And, of course, refreshments.(Good!—ljm)

Eph also gave a talk on the sfantasy books that have appeared in the last few months. In his erudite opinion, the top ones are: World Below, Watch The North Wind Rise, 1984, The Humanoids and the memorial edition of The Ship of Ishtar.

Then Ackerman gave a preview of things to come in the sfantasy book field. Fredric Fell was spoken of most highly as a young man interested in publishing sf books which are well-written but not overly-complex or involved. Heinlein's future-history series will be published by Shasta in a five-volume set. E. Mayne Hull will have a short in an anthology of extra-solar tales. Van Vogt may appear in the same volume. Also watch Perma Books for sf stuff. Bradbury and Van Vogt both have novels coming out in book form within a year.

E. Everett Evans gave a short talk on what went on at the Convention(reports on which most of you must have read by now) and urged us all to make it to Portland in '50! ((and South Gate in '58!)) Arrangements may be made so that the LASFS and the Outlanders and any other interested fans can go to Portland via bus.

Rick Strauss made a short announcement about the BOTA, a group which seems to prefer the workings of intuition to reasoning or logic. If you want to know what BOTA means, ask Strauss. ((OK, I'm asking.—ljm))

Ray Bradbury started his talk by saying that if he were van Vogt he could talk on semantics; if Williamson, on cybernetics; if Kuttner, on paranoid psychology...but being Bradbury he didn't know what the hell he was going to talk on.

Despite this, he launched into a heated discussion of the current sf market. He pointed out that it was great temptation to an author to allow a poor story to be reprinted in book form and cash in on the current sfbook boom. But if writers would look to the future, they would allow only their best stories to be published. Otherwise, the field will become so glutted with poor books that it would merely drag along, instead of continuing its sky-rocket climb.

"Now, more than ever," said Ray, "The s-f writer must concern himself with human beings. For only if we create human characters in

our stories can we make our readers care about his fate, and thru making the reader care about the fate of the character can we make him care about his own fate." He went on to say that it was all very well to astound the reader with far-off worlds and gadgets, but it was more important to show that these things mean nothing if man refuses to grow up. "That I am asking for is an attitude of mind that will be inherent in the output of the s-f writer, and...will say to the reader: Here is the future. It is not a Utopia. It has many creature comforts. But the moral and ethical problems remain the same. The inner man remains the same, and it is his problem we must concern ourselves with. It is all good and well that we enjoy the spectacle of fireworks as we go to Mars, but what about the morning after.....We should be concerned with the terrible flow of s-f slush that has hit the bookstands in the last year; nine out of ten of these books should never have been republished. Small editors are rushing in where large editors have very reason to fear to tread. The answer to the problem of interesting America in s-f is fewer books, human books, better written books. Until we do this, the reading public will leave us in our back yards playing with our rocket pistols."

The next man up was A. E. van Vogt who took a healthy swing at the poor publicity the world sf conventions have gotten in the newspapers. These reports invariably picture sfans as followers of Buck Rogers and blud and thunder tales. He seemed to believe that this was partly the fault of the reporters and partly the fault of the Conventions themselves. He suggested a few things that might help sfan press relations. The best sf books of the year(selected by a fan poll before the convention) could be mentioned to the papers willing to give space to the convention. Such a plug would aid non-fans to pick books and encourage publishers of sf to put out better books and attend the conventions. A board should be set up in the convention hall and divided into two parts. One side would be labeled "What They Say" and would contain clippings from the past write-ups of conventions. The other side would be labeled "What We Say" and do just that. Give the sfan's viewpoint of sf. "Something" said Van, "Like 'Science fiction stimulates the imagination. We have all heard this before, but I don't think the extensiveness of the process has ever been appreciated.the importance of positive suggestion points to the possibility that science fiction is having a far greater effect than might be suspected. It....implies to hundreds of thousands of people: There is change. Look, today's fantastic story is tomorrow's fact."

He admitted that authors have missed some of the new feats of science, but pointed out that only a few score writers turn out 80% of the stoires while thousands of scientists are doing research. These "misses", however, were not so important as the attitude that was being fostered, namely "the great notion that the universe is an area of endless potentiality.....Science fiction as I personally try to write it, glorifies man and his future. So long as editors accept my work, that will continue to be the basic philosophy in my writing. Man has been in chains. Powerful retrogressive forces are at work to keep him enslaved. All the powers of misused positivism and that most dangerous of all mental forces--unsuspected hypnotism--are arrayed against him. But he will free himself despite all their efforts. The forward looking attitude, stimulated by science fiction, will, in my opinion, be a factor in that fight for freedom."

The final feature of the evening was a talk on rocketry by Arthur Louis Joquell II of the Reaction Research group. Speaking without notes this well-known actifan of yesteryears sent his voice booming into every part of the hall.

He said that s-f was like the prophet who had been ridiculed for years by his neighbors--until one day his prophecies came true. His neighbors came to him with great praise and asked for more prophecies. He thought awhile and then gave a number of predictions of events which were to take place in the far future and far, far away. So his neighbors left him again, for his prophecies had no immediate bearing on themselves. S-f, said Joquell, is doing the same thing. It wasn't enough to predict radar, atomic bombs, etc. For while it is possible that the great social and industrial changes that are being written about might eventually come true, the immediate future, which is of great interest to all readers, is being mostly ignored.

Stories used to be written about trips to the moon. That is still in the future, but not too distant at that. Only the lack of money is stopping us from putting a rocket on the moon within the next five years. And it looks like the government alone was interested in large-scale rocket research and that might be too slow. We are not the only country with the atomic bombs and surely we are not the only country experimenting with rockets. If we are not careful, we will find we were only the second country to reach the moon, and spend the rest of eternity kicking ourselves for not being the first.

Part of the blame for the slowness of research he layed on the general public, their apathy and general ignorance. He told of a case where a man on seeing the book of paintings by Bonestell((Cpnquest of Space--by Bonestell & Ley. Recommended.-ljm)), told his family that they were photographs brought back by the first Moon Rocket. He blamed the informed public for letting such ignorance exist in the world. He said that stf writers and fans were in the "informed people" category and urged us to encourage more interest in science and the forseable future.

Then he showed us a movie on the work being done by his group. It showed the making of their reaction motors, their workshop and several good shots of testing and launching small rockets, which--tho only 6 ft. long--went up with all the grace and beauty of a V2. The film also showed the covers(envelopes) used in the two mail-carrying flights of rockets and pictures of these flights. One shot showed the rocket take off, raise into the air and then slowly drop toward the camera.

Just before Westercon II was officially ended, Rick Sneary marched to the rostrum and put in a bid on behalf of the Outlander Society to hold the next Westercon. The Golden Gate Fantasy Society (in the person of William Knapheide All The Way From San Francisco) had spoke of bidding for it, but withdrew the bid. The OS bid was voted on and passed without opposition. So Westercon III will held in LA next year, sponsored by The Outlanders! YOU are invited. We had an interesting and very enjoyable time at both Westercon I and Westercon II. At Westercon III we hope to provide three times as much fun for all who attend. In the nonce, we hold fond memories of Westercon II....

"By the powers of Satan and by the laws of Hades in which lie the jurisdiction of all the demoniac tribes, I hereby command and compel the presence of one of its members...mmm, that ought to be all right," muttered Ames to himself as he turned the pages of the book before him.

"Howdy, Bub."

Ames snapped his head up. Sitting on the typewriter carriage was precisely what he had asked for. A demon. With full equipment, hoofs, horns and a tail, which was, at that moment, firmly wrapped around the margin-release key. A faint smell of scorched paint hung in the air. The key was smoking from the bubbling enamel.

The visitor was a foot tall and uglier than anyone would have a right to expect. A wide malevolent grin nearly split the malicious face in half. His hoofs played a tattoo on the keys of the machine. His only garb was a very brief pair of stagg pants, and he was smoking the vilest cigar on record. It smelled worse than the paint.

"All right, Bub, what's on your mind? Make it fast, 'cause I left the hottest pinochle game of the century to make this call. If I don't get back pronto, those buzzards will take me for every sould in the stack. Comeon, talk it up!"

Ames said nothing. He couldn't close his mouth.

"Hey, what kind of a runaround do you call this? Beezie said someone was paging one of us and I got stuck with the call. I get here, and you don't want to talk. What gives?"

Ames gulped, and managed the weakest answer of his career.

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? Why, you lame-brained ape, I'm a demon. What in Hell did you call for, a bellhop? Say, that's good! What in hell did you call for...yuk, yuk! Oh, I'm the best of the bunch all right! But listen, sluefoot, didn't you send for me?"

"No, I was just reading this book." Ames was getting his confidence back.

"You were just reading?" The demon was incredulous. "Suffering Snakes! You're a member of our lodge if you can do that. Shake, brother. Here I thought I was dealing with a sucker and you turn out to be one of the boys. Well, what do you want taken

care of? Service, that's me!"

"All I wanted to do was put that incantation in a story I was writing. I didn't ask for anything like you to show up..."

"Get him! Anything like me! Just what do ya mean by that crack, Bud? I'll have you know I'm hot stuff where I come from. Maybe you don't realize it, Pal, but we don't care much for your type. Calling a busy guy away from his job ain't funny. Let's have a gander at this thing you're writing..."

He stood up and turned to look at the scorched sheet of paper in the typewriter. "Oho, so that's what you were doing? Making fun of us demons, eh? Listen, Pal, we don't like this kind of stuff. We don't mess in people's affairs unless they ask for it, so why should you mess in ours? Beezie ain't gonna like this. Hold it. I've got to have a talk with him."

He vanished--and reappeared--in the same puff of smoke. A small bag hung from his shoulder now.

"Well, Bud, I talked to Beezie and he didn't care much about your idea. Looked you up in the book, in fact. Ames V. Ames, the great satirical humorist. Pal, in my opinion, you're a ready candidate for the pit. But that ain't my job. Beezie told me the only sense of humor you have is what you put on paper. I've got something that'll fix your clock. See if you can get around this!"

He opened the bag and fished around inside. "Yep, here it is. Sure is dusty." He wiped an invisible something on the seat of his brief pants. "Now we'll just paste this where it'll do the most good. Right on the roller. Try and right some of your so-called humor now and see what happens. Beezie told me the only thing anybody can write on this is their real thoughts. And with you, Bud, that ought to be somethin'..."

Another puff of smoke and he was gone.

Ames sat, stupidly watching the paper burst into flame. The demon was as good as his word (or as bad). The typewriter was indeed possessed. You had to hand it to Ames; he tried. But no matter what he tried to write it came out bitter, cruel sarcasm. He tried for a week and then had a brainstorm. Only one thing to do. Sell the machine and buy another. Simple as that. He would be very careful with the next one, too.

The new typewriter worked like a charm. No demon was going to make a sap out of Ames V. Ames.

.....

"But, Mother, we know he needs a typewriter. His old one won't hardly write. Why can't we buy this one for him?"

You don't understand, dear. I know all of you want to buy him a birthday present but it seems a peculiar gift to me. Besides, that

one has a burned key. Look around and see if you can see something else."

The group of children stood stubbornly in front of the secondhand shop window. Their eyes were all on the same thing. The shining machine set in the center of the heterogeneous display. The one thing on which all the watching minds were set was the purchase of the typewriter. Nothing else would do.

"We worked for the money to buy him a gift," grumbled one of the children, "so why can't we get what we want to? (It ain't her money.)"

"Come, children," the mother urged. "We'll find something at the big store. You wouldn't want to buy anything second-hand for him."

Not one of the group moved. It was the typewriter or nothing.

"Oh, very well. If you have your hearts set on it I suppose nothing else will satisfy you..."

.....

The children raced up the steps of the parsonage and rang the bell. A grey-haired smiling man came to the door.

"Happy Birthday, Reverend Hough! We brought you a present."

"Well, bless my soul, a typerwriter. I don't know of anything I'd rather have. I can't thank you children enough for this. My old one was in pretty bad shape."

"We knew you wanted one. Give it to him, Mother."

As the minister took the machine in his hands, there was a sudden flash of light.

"Barn you, Bobby, you shot your flash gun!"

"Aw, I did not!"

"Children!"

.....

"Benson! Benson! Damn all incompetent servants! Benson! Where in---oh, there you are." The dulcet tones of Ames W. Ames.

"Yes, sir?"

"I want you to keep that crippled brat of yours out of my garden. When I told you it was all right to bring him here, I didn't think he would be underfoot all the time. Now don't let me see him again."

"But, Mister Ames, the doctor said..."

"I don't care what the doctor said. Keep that brat out of my sight. Is that clear? Now get out and let me work!"

He turned back to his notes. He really had a dilly this time. A murderous satire on the....

"Howdy, Bub."

Ames groaned. He was afraid to look, but he had to. Imprinted on the sheet of paper in the typewriter was the demon. Horrified, Ames watched as the thing grew, and grew... He ducked as the typed letters seemed to fly past his ears. Then the demon stepped from the paper as if through a door.

He took an invisible something from his pocket and tossed it from one hand to the other. "So you figured all you had to do was sell the typer? Oh, you might have got away with it for awhile, but it landed in the wrong hands. We had an S.O.S. right now. This thing came flying back so fast it hit Beezie on the shin. He didn't like that. It upset his coperosity."

The long forked tail wandered over the surface of the desk and burned neat designs in the stack of bond paper. The stench of burning rubber filled the air as the tail idly reamed out an ink eraser. Ames stared at it in fascination.

"By the way, Pal, I heard you blowing your top just as I arrived. What gives? Who's the kid with the bum gam? I don't know much about that kind of people. Goons like you are specialty. Come on, talk!"

Ames finally managed to speak. "If you persist in this outrage, I'll...I'll..."

"Aw, shaddup; you can't do nothing. The minute you read that incantation you were sunk. Now answer my question. What's wrong with the kid?"

"Infantile paralysis. The doctor says there isn't much hope he'll ever walk again. I didn't want the little pest around here, but Benson took a cut in wages if he could stay. I want him kept out of my sight!"

"Know what, Bud? I'm glad I'm a respectable demon and not a heel like you. Don't think I could take it. Who soured your milk anyway?"

For a long moment Ames remembered. A hundred thoughts flashed through his mind and each one left a bad taste behind it. "If it comes to that, I guess I soured my own. I want money and what it brings. I like to feel the power my writing gives me."

The demon shook his head. "I'd have a little pity on you, Bud, but I don't think you ever wasted any. Won't even let a crippled kid get a little sun in your garden. Heaven's Chimes! Beezie was right. I've been kicking too much time away. The super'll give me a cut if I don't get back!"

He turned and slapped the invisible something on the platen of the typewriter. "Okay, Bud. Try selling this one and see what happens. You do, and you'll find how mild an eight-ball can be. So long, Dope!"

The demon vanished in a puff of flame, leaving two hoofprints burned into the surface of the space-bar.

A trial with the machine showed it to be in the same shape as the other. But no demon could make a sap out of Ames W. Ames. The simple brilliancy of his solution to the problem astounded him. Don't sell the typewriter. Just put it away, store it. And buy a new one to use. He called Benson to take care of the details...

.....

"James, won't you even ask him if I can borrow it?" The little professor sounded desperate. "You know how much I make at the college and I certainly can't afford to buy a second-hand machine. The man at the repair shop said it would cost more to fix my old one than I would have to pay for a new one."

"I don't see how I can ask him, Uncle Gilbert," replied Benson, "He loses his temper so easily. You know I gave up my position and took this place just so I could keep Bobby with me, and I'm afraid if I bothered Mister Ames too much he might make me send the boy back to the hospital. That would break Bobby's heart. I don't know what to do!"

"Mister Ames goes out at night, doesn't he? Couldn't I come over and use it while he is gone? James, if I don't get those articles written I am liable to lose my job. And, at my age, what would I do?"

"Uncle Gil, we'll take a chance. You can type down in the basement in my room. Then maybe he won't hear you, if he should come in early. We'll risk it tonight..."

.....

The little professor typed happily away. His first thesis would be ready in plenty of time. He had never known anything that went as smoothly as this. Coming to the end of his notes, he picked up a pile of the typewritten sheets for correction. His eyes nearly popped from his head as he looked at the first page, which read:

CAPTAIN MILES CALHOUN STOOD ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS MIGHTY SHIP AND SLITTED HIS STEEL*GREY EYES AGAINST THE GLARE OF THE BLAZING SUN. SOMEWHERE ON A PLANET NEAR THAT FIERY ORB WAS THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS, NOW A CAPTIVE OF THE DREADED SPACE-PIRATE, BLACK HARRON.

SHE HAD BEEN SPIRITED AWAY UNDER HIS VERY EYES. SOMEWHERE IN THIS SECTION OF SPACE WAS THE SECRET HIDEOUT OF BLACK HARRON. THE PATROL HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE IT, BUT MILES CALHOUN WOULD FIND IT. HE HAD HIS PET MOON DOG WITH HIM, AND HE KNEW HIS SWEETHEART HAD THE MATE TO IT. THE TWO ANIMALS WERE IN CONSTANT TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER. ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS WATCH THE ANIMAL HE HELD SO TENDERLY AND IT WOULD LEAD HIM TO THE ONLY GIRL IN THE UNIVERSE FOR HIM.

A SUDDEN EXPLOSION DESTROYED HALF OF HIS SHIP. CALMLY HE ENTERED A LIFE BOAT, AND RESUMED HIS SEARCH. HE HELD THE NOW LIFELESS FORM OF HIS MOON DOG, STILL IN HIS ARMS.

The little professor sat and stared at the words on the sheet of paper. His voice quavered as he spoke.

"James, come here a minute! Look at what I have written instead of my thesis. It isn't what I thought I was writing. Perhaps my subconscious..."

Benson read a few paragraphs. "Uncle Gil, this is science-fiction! Mr. Ames wrote an article panning the stuff but I rather like it. And Bobby likes the onssabout space travel. Buy them all the time. You know, since the war science-fiction has had a boom era..."

The professor put both hands on the typewriter. "James, this machine has changed everything. I'm quitting my job at the college. I'm going to write for a living."

He paused for a moment and then spoke reverently. "God bless this typewriter."

At the words, a sudden flash of flame came from the platen of the machine. Both men stared.

Ames chuckled nastily to himself as he typed out a satire of Shakespeare's entire works. It had started out as a take-off on "Hamlet" but he was letting himself go...

Suddenly he screamed and jerked his fingers away from the keys. A tendril of smoke was rising from each of them. The tendrils slowly coalesced into solid form.

"Fowdy, Bub!"

Ames sprang to his feet and covered his eyes with hands that trembled with fear and rage. "Go away! I don't like these constant interruptions and I don't like you!"

"Go away, he says! And after that entrance... You don't appreciate genius, chum. What do y'want me to do? Come in on a wing and a pr---wcoops! Don't ever do that again! By the way, how is the crippled kid?"

"How should I know? I'm not his keeper."

"Wise guy, eh? Listen, Hotshot, we gave you one more chance than you deserved. Better get your mental bags packed. You're gonna have a lot of time to think. Come on, let's get going!"

"I'm not going anywhere...especially with you..." whined Ames.

"Yeah? How many chances do you want? You muffed the first one when you sold the typer. And got rid of the second one but it back-fired too. Here's the third and you couldn't take a little punishment though you had it coming. No, you had to get cute..."

Ames raised his fist and crashed it down into the little sneering face, only to yank it back with a howl of agony. He stared in horror and desperation at his burned and blistered hand.

"Want to play rough, eh? Well, pal, it'll be plenty rough from now on. I'm really fed up with you now. Okay, Beezie, take over; it's all yours!"

Ames stood speechless with terror as the heavy cloud of smoke rose from the floor. It closed around him and he could feel the constriction. He knew he was shrinking. His choked throat tried to utter a last sound...then...he was gone. The cloud sucked back from whence it had come.

The demon was alone in the room. He did a jig on the keys of the machine, then stopped and thought for a moment. Using the tip of his tail, he worked busily at the platen. Grinning, he stepped back to admire his work.

He glanced into the garden and what he saw reminded him of another idea. "Well, I get me a fresh wish every time I promote a new member. I'm not such a bad guy---for a demon, that is. Hey Beezie! You know what I want. Get going! And tell the old man I'm on my way!"

He vanished in a blaze of pyrotechnics.

"Mr. Ames! Mr. Ames, come quickly! Bobby is walking! Mr. Ames, where are you?" Benson's voice was a mixture of laughter and sobs.

But the room was empty. There was just one thing to remind anyone of its recent occupant.

Burned into the platen of the typewriter was the saggiest caricature of Ames V. Ames.

The End

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Close your shining silver eyes;

Curl your pseudopods about you--

Cold the wind from Titan's skies!

Overhead the orb of Saturn,

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Hums a sleepy song for you, dear,

...Hear the lullaby it sings:

"Sleep and dream, my little changeling,

Dreams born long ago on Earth--

Dreams bequeathed by those who came here

Long, long years before your birth."

—Dorthea M. Faulkner

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The FANTASTIC FANTASY FAN POLL

-by RICHARD M. SNEARY, Top Fan

Back in 1946--just before the Pacificon--Rick Sneary visited the old LASFS and polled everyone in sight.

"The results," reported Rick, "Along with some answers from Eastern fans were used in the Pacificon combozine edition of Shangri-L'Affairs...and were thus soon forgotten. Forgotten, except by a little known Eastern fan who was publishing a small fanzine called Le Zombie. This editor, Bob Tucker, wrote a rather lengthy and scholarly discourse on the poll and the meaning he found in it. But this too soon passed into fan history."

Then Rick decided to poll the LASFS again and compare the old answers with the new. He did--early this year--and we are publishing the results here, along with the first poll results and Tucker's commentary on them. Mr. Tucker leads off with...

TUCKER: Fan polls are traps, subtle pitfalls for the unwary; the slicker the poll taker, the more cunning you are ensnared; for the really smart pollster will have thoughtfully greased the way for you by bestowing banana skins along your path. Most cunning of all the recent pollsters is Rick Sneary of South Gate((in '58!)), California; his poll taken during the Spring months, is a masterpiece of subtle interrogation, carefully designed to pry answers from you which you would never dream of making otherwise. Consider this man's fiendish questions:

(1) Would you be willing to be the first person to land on the moon if you knew you would die there alone?

TUCKER: In answering that one you frankly haven't a chance, although on the surface it seems innocent enough. Re-read the last eight words. Doesn't this subtly remind you of that classic question: "Is it true you have stopped beating your wife?" All right, our brave explorer has answered "yes" and is on the moon, dying by inches. Will he die there alone? Damn right he will, unless he can plant one foot on Earth and the other on Mars and die in three places at once. Next question.

RICK: The old LASFS was divided; 5 said yes and three no! The new LASFS gave 12 no votes, though one merely said "not especially". It would seem the old group was more willing to die heroes. Reason for the question: I'd read somewhere that the first rocket to land on the moon would be unable to take off again. Wanted to see if there were any fan willing to do the honor, and yet die doing it.

(2) Would you be happy in a world without men(if man); without women(if a woman)?

TUCKER: Is Rick Sneary nuts? This is akin to asking: would you be happy in a world without screws if you were a screwdriver?

RICK: The old LASFS cast 5 no votes, and one yes. The new LASFS cast 7 no, 6 yes. It is possible though that some were confused as to the meaning. It should have read; would you care to be the only man in a world of women and vice-versa. Reason: After reading stories liked "The Last Man" and "The Last Woman", I wondered if fans would care to

THE FANTASTIC FANTASY FAN POLL (cont'd.)

live in a world made up of the opposite sex.

(3) What two colors clash the most to you?

TUCKER: This is a tough one and reveals the poll-taker's most sinister subtleness. A penny-ante wit such as a Liebscher or an Ackerman would leap up and shout "burple and drene", happily believing that they had wrung the most possible humor from the situation, whereas the thoughtful critic would at once discern Dusty Rose and French Gray never meet with harmonious results.

RICK: "Burple and drene" was what Tucker actually did vote. As for the old LASFS, there were 2 votes for black and brown and one each for read/orange, yellow/purple, pink/dark green, light green/Chinese red. New group: two votes for purple/green, one each for purple/yellow, lavender/yellow, tired purple/stale yellow, purple/brown, yellow/black, brown/black, white/black, dark gray/dark green.

(4) Would you be willing to live in another world were you would not see Earth people, if you could do so without danger?

TUCKER: This is begging the question. The implication is that once on Mars (for example), you would never have the opportunity to look upon the face of another human. The absence of even the average human face guarantees you a life without danger or harm to yourself. A wise old Chinese scholar once remarked that it isn't the brick falling of which you must beware, but the face lifted.

RICK: The old group were 2 to 1 against it, four voting no, 2 yes. New group: 7 no, 4 yes and 2 perhaps. In the earlier poll a northern fan had qualified his vote by saying "Only if the place was inhabited by beautiful creatures similar to women."

(5) How much, or what, would you take to kill a person you had never met?

TUCKER: Notice the evil, homicidal tendencies of the pollster. In this question he is openly seeking advice on the fine art of murder. A sample answer to this question might be: "I'd take at least a revolver, a length of rope, a rusty sword, a pinch of poison, a spiked club, a mace, and a trusty ypyo." A satisfactory answer depends, of course, upon the important facts left unstated: how far away is this person, how will you know what he looks like unless you are armed with a photo and a pre-arranged agreement for each to be wearing a red carnation in the lapel, who is to pay for the transportation. Pong recommends that you take at least two suits of clothes, three changes of underwear and an umbrella.

RICK: The old LASFS was a little more bloodthirsty. Three voted no but three said they would for \$13,000; a complete collection; immunity and a good motive. New group all said they wouldn't. Reason: To see what price was that "every man has his price". Seems fans don't know.

(6) Do you believe dreams foretell the future?

THE FANTASTIC FANTASY FAN POLL (cont'd.)

TUCKER: Absolutely. I might cite a striking example. The night before the Kentucky Derby I dreamed a horse named "Gay Innocence" ran last in the field. Slyly, the next day, I placed a ten dollar bet on the shiny, wet nose of "Gay Innocence". Next question.

RICK: Both groups agreed they didn't, tho there was always one who tho't they did at times. Reason: to see if fans believed in dreams.

(7) Would you like to have been born 50 years sooner?

TUCKER: What! And become entangled with question number 13, below?

RICK: Both groups voted 100% NO. Tho in each, one was indifferent & one wished to have been born that much later. Reason: to see if fans wanted to go back to the "good old days"...

(8) Would you like to know when you are going to die?

TUCKER: Trickery again, upon the part of the poll-taker. He is obviously preparing to launch an advertising and selling campaign of either a life-giving elixer or a time-line machine. This is his under-hand way of preparing you for a sale, destroying your sales resistance. As almost everyone knows, the exact moment of one's death can easily be ascertained. It is that fine, hairsplitting moment when one is hovering between life and death and life gives up the ghost.

RICK: Old club cast 5 no votes and 2 yes. New group: 12 no, one yes. Reason: Just wondered.

(9) What fan do you like the least?

TUCKER: Sir, you are asking for it!

RICK: In the poll, I got it. One vote as least-liked fan. Local fans of yore gave one vote for Bill Dvetscle. ((???-ljm)) The others said they liked everyone. Only six of the new group named names. The names: Higgs, Palmer, Lovelace and 3 votes for Laney. Reason: Tired of voting for who I liked.

(10) Do you think all fans should live in the same town?

TUCKER: That shouldn't happen to any town!

RICK: This time everyone agreed with Tucker, both groups voting NO.

(11) Next to fandom, what hobby do you like the most?

TUCKER: See my answer to number nine.

RICK: Old LASFS: Politics, Esperanto, music, mythology, movies and making things. ((Hmmm.-ljm)) New LASFS: Baseball-poker, flying, sculpturing, cats, writing, reading/listening to music, men(said a certain woman), dancing, chess, movies(2 votes), and one just said: "Please!" Reason: to see what fans did when they weren't fanning.

(12) With whom would you like to be lost on an asteroid?

TUCKER: The man who wishes to answer this question honestly is confronted with an amazing variety of answers, all immoral. Each who answered this query undoubtedly chose his favorite friend or movie star of the moment. They would soon find however that the life they had chosen for themselves would become boring in short order. It is a pitfall, surely, and the pollster knew it. He knows well the preordained end of such an adventure. There is only one sure way to avoid this obvious fate: Take along a snapping turtle, preferably a talking one.

RICK: The older group didn't all want to go--with anyone, but those that did said: The Black Flame, Simone Simone, "any compatible person", "a certain girl", Of the new group some said they wouldn't like to and "that's my business". Others said: Jennifer Jones, Doc Smith, Wendayne Mondelle, Annie, "my husband", Danielle Deureaus, Mrs. Harry James, "a woman, good looking and willing." ...

(13) What type of car would you rather be hit by?

TUCKER: At last the true genius of the poll-taker is revealed. Please note that he carefully refrained from asking the color of the car you preferred to be hit by, or what color you might choose for the car you would rather be hit by. Also noticeable by its absence is the important question of whether or not you desire seat covers for the seats of the car you would rather be hit by. Apparently it has not occurred to Mr. Sneary that your taste might be moved with a car having two tail-lights, instead of one. This is unfair of course, for when choosing a car to be hit by, the participant naturally cannot see the rear end of the automobile until it has passed over him, and then he might wish to change his mind upon observing the tail lights. The question is not any too clear. Mr. Sneary may be asking the model of car (such as coupe, sedan, etc.), or the actual type of car (such as gasoline driven, electric, etc.), or the make of the automobile. Therefore the pollee has, of course, a choice of answers and he may choose that field of particular benefit to him. Whereas one person might choose a tudor sedan because his ancestors were loyal to the English throne, or because he, himself, is a musician in the brass section, another person might possibly rather be hit by a truck because all the boys at the poolhall call him Mac. I, personally, would choose a vehicle of a bygone age called a Stanley Steamer, not only because such vehicles are out of print, but because in a manner of speaking, a Steamer is softer than a Mercury.

RICK: Old group was divided into two groups, casting two votes each for Mack Truck, Phantom car and Kiddy-car. New group said: futurist-car, phantom car, Model T, "expensive", Sidecar (hic), Kiddie-car, 2 for toy-car, and two for Cadi; ~~gives~~ their reasons being "you can sue for more". My Reason For Asking: you wouldn't believe it.

(14) What story gave you the most bad dreams?

TUCKER: A gripping piece in the second issue of The Fanzine Reader's Review, entitled "And So The End", written by Rick Sneary.

THE FANTASTIC FANTASY FAN POLL (cont'd.)

RICK: Old group: The Picture in the House, Sinister Barrier, Pit and the Pendulum, Doc Jekle and Mr. Hyde, Fu Manchi of 1924. New group: (only 8 out of 14 answered) The Deluge, Deliver Me From Eva, Tarzan, "the story I tell when I come in at 4 AM", Never Come Morning, The Picture in the House, "anything by Lovecraft". Reason: HMMMMMMMMMMMM???

(15) Would you like it if everone could read minds?

TUCKER: I'd be beside myself with joy if you could read mine right now.

RICK: Now here we see a real change. Back in 1946 the LASFS voted 5 to 1 in favor of it, with only a few reservations. But now it is a mere 7 to 9 in favor of it. And some of those that voted yes wanted mental blocks. Reason: Wanted to see if fahs wanted to be like Kuttner's "Baldies".

(16) What piece of music do you call the most fantastic?

TUCKER: Swan Song

RICK: Old club gave two votes each for Gloomy Sunday, Ravel's La Valse. One each for Traffic Jam, music for movie "Spellbound", and ~~Mars~~, Bringer of War. New group voted for Valse Triste, La Valse, Death and Transfiguration, Rachmoninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor, Rite of Spring.

If you are wondering why the total number of answers to each question is not always the same, it is because all of the pollees did not answer all of the questions.

Shall I poll them again in 1952?

The End

HORSEHEAD NEBULA

Now, ebon-dark on the rim

of a nebula, silver and sable

Rises the head of a stallion

all haloed with shimmering stardust

Proudly he tosses his mane

as if challenging any to stay him

Galloping free on the ether drift

fleeing Orion, his master!

—Dorthea M. Faulkner

SPACE CADET, by Robert Heinlein. New York: Scribner's, 1948. 242 pp.
\$2.50.

How much faith can you place in a book reviewed by a book dealer? Isn't it likely he just wants to sell you the book? Leave us make no mistake about my intentions: You're damn tootin' I want you to buy Space Cadet! Run, don't walk, to your favorite bookstore and purchase this "sleeper" which should become a stf best-seller.

Will it help you to establish faith in my fidelity if I caution connoisseurs of science fiction against purchasing Bob Heinlein's previous book, Rocket Ship Galileo, even tho I stock it? There is nothing wrong with it -- it fulfilled an ambition Bob had when I first knew him, to do a brand new, up-to-date Tom Swift type book with an adult approach, and he did it admirably -- but it is primarily for teenagers.

Space Cadet, on the other hand, while being damned to start with in the eyes of science fiction fans by being classified as a "juvenile" (the Publishers' Weekly, for instance, put it in the category "for 12-16 year olds"), is definitely on a mature level. I sold van Vogt a copy and he thanked me for it. The characters admittedly are young, but, by the Gods of Space, they've got to be young for this interplanetary peace-keeping! "Alert, quick young people", as HG Wells put it in Things to Come, in the peak of physical and mental condition.

The tale is told in the year 2075, 120 years after Kilroy Was Here, first of true spaceships, made a manned roundtrip from Tero to Luno. There is no particular plot, no "hooked-up adventure"; all the breathtaking excitement burgeons from the matter-of-fact way in which the events of that future day are related. Except that there are no cliff-hanging quasi-climaxes at intervals in this book, this would have made an excellent serial for ASF.

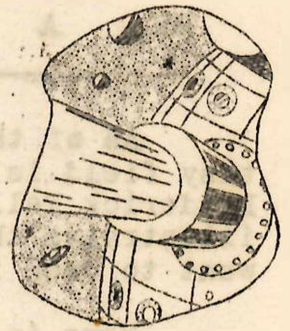
The Solar Patrol, prop of the book, as envisioned by Heinlein, is a sort of embryonic Lensmen's Legion. It functions in a time when the solar system has been partially colonized, with man living on Venus and Ganymede. Man has contacted the Martians, but found himself curiously incapable of establishing a rapport with the intelligent inhabitants of Planet 4. The Martians seem to live simultaneously in two worlds, a material and a preterphysical one, and are unwilling to waste time in communication with gross Earthmen or trying to explain things to them, just as a man would not endeavor to enlighten a jellyfish in re the auditory enjoyment of a symphony.

It is extremely unlikely that any reader of these pages will ever be a space cadet, and maybe you wouldn't want to be even if you could qualify in corpus and cerebrum; as the book points up various reasons that aspirants fail to mesh emotionally with the high-gearred organization.

Learning the art of astrogation is a minor matter to the members of the Space Patrol compared to the languages he must master, the knowledge he must have of extraterrestrial biology, history, cultures, psychology, law and institutions, treaties and conventions, planetary ecologies, system bionomics, interplanetary economics, applications of

extraterrestrialism, comparative religious customs and law of space -- "to mention a few", as one coach puts it.

But before you even get to this brain-busting business (a lot of which has to be absorbed under hypnosis) you have to demonstrate that your body can take a beating that would tame a tyrannosaurus. How would you like to take this roller-coaster ride after breakfast? "You start with centrifugal force of three gravities, then all weight is removed from you as the car goes over the cliff. As the car enters a spiraling track its speed is reduced at a deceleration of three gravities. When the car comes to rest, it enters the ascending tower; you make the climb at two gravities, dropping to one gravity, and momentarily to no weight, as the car reaches the top. Then the cycle is repeated, at higher accelerations" -- until you have reacted. By "reacted" is meant hemorrhaged, vomited, blacked-out -- they try not to let you die.



Heinlein, who has always wanted to get into space personally, projects you from this planet with consummate skill. You will experience the vicarious thrill of leaving the Earth for the first time and looking back upon the Mother World. I have been reading scientifiction since 1936, and Stf knows I should be blasé enough by now about space opera; but this is not space opera, it is space operations; not interplanetary thud-and-blunder but thot-and-wonder; not cowboys and Injuns of the future but the know-how boys and engineers unheroically going about the heroic business of surviving on trans-voidal trips to the planets, and maintaining law and order on (pardonu la "pun!") a systematic scale!

Physically, the book is a pleasure to regard, being printed on fine white stock, with a modernistic treatment of table of contents and chapter heads, and four illustrations, two of which are double-spreads. Jacket is adequate, if not overwhelming.

But -- the story's the thing! The clarity of thought, the essence of intelligence, the expert extrapolation, the inspired imagination that elevated Heinlein to the position of Astounding's prewar ace author in such works as "Universe", "The Roads Must Roll", "Logic of Empire", is here richly revived and dignified with hard covers.

-- WEAVER WRIGHT.

((Illustration above by Bob Dougherty.--ljm))

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ON THE RESPONSIBILITIES
OF A PUBLISHER

-by-

Earle Princeton

As of this writing, the latest book to be published in the fantasy field is "The Last Space Ship" by Murray Leinster. Put out by Frederick Fell, who presents "Fell's Science-Fiction Library", it illustrates the slipshod approach of many publishers of fantasy, who want to cash in on the science fiction boom.

Here is a book that is, basically, a fine science fiction story. However, it was designed for the pulp magazine field, and was published as such. To one totally unfamiliar with what was published in the periodicals of the last ten years, it might pass muster as a novel written for a publisher-----save for one thing: it is obviously constructed as either a three part serial or as a series of three novelettes.

In each of the last two parts of the book, there is repetition of material that appeared in the first part: obviously written in a way to make the continued story palatable to the reader encountering this series for the first time. In the third part, material originating in the second part is warmed over, for the same manifest reason. What is more, the inclusion of this repetitious material is so blatantly evident that one is forced to the conclusion that the book was not proof-read at all, either by the author, his agent, or the publisher; or that it was proof-read (I am refraining from using the word 'edit' purposely) by a literary nincompoop. A third possibility intrudes upon my thoughts: That the book's defects were known to the publisher, and that he and the author, either independently or concurrently, decided that it was not worth the time and money to do the necessary rewrite work.

This, mind you, was done in the case of a story which had merit, judging by the general standards genre.

But even more obnoxious to this reviewer were the two slight items not connected with the story proper. One was the use of the words "A new science-fiction novel by Murray Leinster" on the inside front flap. The second was the utter failure to mention, on the copyright page, of any previous printing. Indeed, there is a "Copyright 1949" by Murray Leinster on that page!

Let me make myself clear. Those terms, in a limited frame of reference, are perfectly true; their use is legal; and the practice of doing so is by no means confined to the firm of Frederick Fell. But the combination of these with the apparently poor---if any----rewriting of the story, and the rather plain omission of the name of the magazine in which the story was first published, in the list (short, 'tis true) of magazines for which Leinster has written (on the back flap) leaves me with a bad taste in my mouth.

If Mr. Fell really and truly wants to put out a science fiction library, the least he can do is hire himself an editor, who is cog-

nizant of a few of the major requirements incumbent upon a publishing firm.

However, while the writer is in this bilious mood, it is fitting that another long standing gripe should be aired. This time it is against the August Mr. Derleth, Sage of Sauk City, Head of Arkham House, Author, Anthologist, Poet, Biographer, etc., etc., etc.

Let it be understood at the outset that the writer has the highest admiration for Mr. Derleth, as a man of particularly good literary taste. We have yet to read a book published or edited by Mr. Derleth that did not hew to high standards of literary craftsmanship. The stories that he has seen fit to print and reprint all contain, to our knowledge, lasting value, and deserve publication.

Further, with the exception of one book, which was published by another firm and which was intended to be a cheap edition, none of the books Mr. Derleth has published have been shoddy merchandise in the physical sense. He has led, and in many respects, he is still leading the field of fantasy publishers. But.....

In the six general anthologies he has published, thirty two (32) of the stories contained therein have been printed in collections of the authors previously or subsequently published by Arkham House. (mind you, the list would be greatly increased were we to consider collections of the various authors published by other firms, but we will pass that up for the time being.)

In "Strange Ports of Call", there are two such stories. In "The Night Side", there are four. In the "Sleeping and the Dead" there are Ten such stories, out of a total of thirty. In "Who Knocks" there are six out of twenty, and in "Sleep No More", his best percentage to date; seven out of twenty. This is something of an order of magnitude approaching Ted Williams' batting average. "The Other Side of the Moon", perhaps because it is mostly science fiction (Mr. Derleth's publishing leans toward the weird and fantastic) has only three such stories out of twenty.

And, of course, Derleth has never published an anthology without including at least one story by Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

Unfortunately, the end is nowhere in sight. I'll lay odds that this tendency will continue until, in desperation, we will be protesting against a third round of reprints. In some instances this has already been started, notably in the case of you know whom!

Well, now, is that bad? Doesn't this testify to the sagacity of Mr. Derleth, that he should choose stories so carefully that the demand for further appearances is well nigh insatiable? Is it not evident that Mr. Derleth was right when he chose those stories now being reprinted and re-reprinted by other publishers (and the back of me hand to them too!) and, what's more, being sold?

To our mind, the answer is NO! A quick glance through the pages of, for example, the Avon Fantasy Reader, edited by the estimable Mr. Donald Wollheim, will show how much ground remains unworked.

Or, if one is so fortunate, there exists tremendous evidence in the pages of the old Weird Tales, Argosy, Blue Book to cite the three greatest gold mines in American Pulpdom, to give ample evidence to the contrary.

The answer is; either that Mr. Derleth wants to extract the last bit of value from a good story he has unearthed, before he lets it leave his fingers; or, perhaps, that he likes to indulge his prejudices. The latter seems more likely in view of his predilection for certain authors, who appear time and again.

And, unfortunately, this tendency towards reprints is spreading. It is the easy way out. Startling Stories has made a shibboleth of its Hall of Fame classics, and put some of them into book form. And Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Fantastic Novels carried reprints of Merritt to such lengths as to seem incredible. Dauntlessly, they are now starting a new magazine to be called the Merritt magazine. We suspect that it will be no ephemeral publication, but will last a good many years. The Ship of Ishtar is good for three installments, and perhaps four, if arranged cleverly.

Needless to say, we are not the only followers of fantasy fiction that have noticed this sad state of affairs. Disatisfaction and unrest are already growing in fantasy circles over this trend. Where it will all end, nobody knows. However, many suspect that the cycle of anthologies, which commenced with Donald Wollheim's refreshing pocket book anthology will end in that very way-----giving Erle Stanley Gardner a run for the reprint honors. Fugh!

END

#####

SOCIOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION OF THE LOWER ANIMALS, INVOLVING THE DOUBLE-TROUBLE LOVE MOTIF

The crocodile said to the polar bear, "howdo,howdo howdo.
Now are you Pole or are you Bear, howdo howdo howdo.
How do you stand these freezing climes, my friend whom I doth love?
How do you stand these desperate times?"
The polar bear answered, "Bluv."

The PB said to the crocodile, "howdo howdo howdo.
Now are you crock or are you Dial, howdo howdo howdo.
How do you stand these torrid climes, my friend whom I doth love?
How do you stand these desperate times?"
The crocodile answered, "Pnrv."

And then they sang a chorus swett, howdo howdo howdo.
"Now are you Pole, Crock, Bear or Dial, howdo howdo howdo.
How do you stand these temperate climes,
oh friends whom we doth love?
How do you stand these desperate times?"
Everybody answered, "Smluv."

Anon.

Shangri-La Letters

RICK SNEARY, THE SAGE OF SOUTH GATE, WRITES: Shangri-La # 14 was one of the best yet. I like the strong flavor of articles. While I don't care to spit on you budding pro authors, most of you can still turn out better (more interesting) articles, than you can fiction. Liked the Moskowitz article, not so much for what it said, but what it tried to say. While I don't think fanningg and politics mix, a little discussion on this line is in order. It would be interesting to see the reaction to it by Olaf. Any one think to send him a copy? ((Dunno. U'll have 2 ask GE—ljm)) The article on Bradbury is in many ways better than his own autobiog...in Fansciant.....His seeming dislike for kids is going to be given the ultamet test when he becomes a father. I wonder if he will raise it the way Mark Twain suggested. Put it in a barrel at birth, and feed it thru a bung-hole til it's twelve. Then... stop up the bung-hole. More on GS. A little more authoritative this time. ((Your thor? Thay.....—ljm)) but still confusing. Nodoubt Aristotle would have been a nullA if he were alive today. ((If he were alive today, he'd be an old, old man.—ljm)) It would take someone with a mind like that to understand GS. ((Most people don't even understand GE—ljm)) I still think reading a book three or four times denoted either dullness on the reader's part, or too many brains on the writer's part. Give me the simple life with Laughing-boy Hayakawa. While it may not be too technical to a person fairly well based in semantics, it is a rather rough beginning. Ther ought to be more books to act as a start. Cox suggested a number, but... May try. Can't go one without saying how I admire Miller's drawing on page 24. He is good but I think this ranks as some kind of peak. The detail I believe is unequalled. I saw the original stencil or I wouldn't believe it possible....Wish there was some way you could reuse it each issue. Reviews were, by the way, of the best. Keller is great, even when not talking about Keller. ((Dammit Rick, I was going to edit one fanzine with northing in it by Keller and no mention of Keller...Then you sneak in with Keller in the last line of your letter! My pal!—ljm))

JAMES DUFFEN, NEO-FAN FROM NEW CASTLE, PA. PENS THE FOLLOWING: When I returned my fantasy directory questionnaite to Mr. Moffatt and asked to be put on the mailing lists of any mags he might recommend I wasn't sure what to expect. Of course, I have seen a few other fan-mags but they were all from east of the Mississippi and only a couple were very interesting. One was a little newspaper. The mags I recieved were the last two numbers of your club publication, Shangri-La. Numbers 13 and 14. (The latter was marked Number 10 on the cover--a beautiful cover, by the way.) Mr. Ackerman asked for a few words of comment, the things I liked the best, and so on. Well, I must say some of the materiel was very confusing to me but then I haven't been in the field long although I have been reading the stuff for several years. I read Players of Null A but didn't read World of Null A but I plan to buy the book if it is still available. The articles by van Vogt and the others in both numbers were quite interesting but maybe I should read this Science & Sanity first, and the other recommended books, I guess. Ever alert for new ways of living and learning I am always happy to read such articles as these. The best fiction story in

Number 13 was 'Virmin!'-by Reynolds. I would guess that Reynolds is a pseudonym for some professional author who does not want to use his real(or, at least, his professional) name in an amateur magazine. Evans was very good in Number 14. I have several other letters to write at this time but before I close I would like to mention the one page article by Earle Princeton in Number 14. I do not think that Mr. Princeton defines his terms correctly. I refer, especially, to Criticism and "working familiarity with literature". I say a critic of any one field of writing(for instance, fantasy) need not know about the other fields to be a competent critic. He must know about only that which he desires to criticise. Now I am speaking of constructive criticism (which most readers do give in their letters to the pulp magazine editors) and not just the It's Wonderful and It Stinks type of comment. But be that as it may criticism, constructive or otherwise, is based primarily on our likes and dislikes. We are all biased one way or the other and our bias is going to show up in what we say no matter how abstract we try to be. If a person reads a story and likes it, there is a reason for it and he can find that reason without reading six other stories having nothing to do with the type of story he had read and enjoyed. The same holds true if he did not like the story. Reading six other types of stories will not help him understand why he didn't like the first story. He can find that reason only in the story itself and perhaps in himself. But then Mr. Princeton's article was probably only filler material to fill out that last page and it is possible he himself has no faith in his erroneous theory of criticism. This is running longer than I intended so I will close now and try to write another letter upon the arrival of your next issue. I am looking forward to it. I am enclosing fifty cents in stamps for a subscription to your fine magazine.

((Thank you, Mr. Duffen—ljm))

JOSEPH DAVIS OF LONDON, ENGLAND HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT Shangri-La # 14: The cover is one of the best I have seen. Grossman is the new Paul of the scientifiction artists. I studied that cover for a good three quarters of an hour and the more I looked the more I could see. Moskowitz on Stapledon was quite good but I would liked to have read the complete article. I don't see why Forry had to cut it down so... Must the magazine always be only thirty pages? Mister Stapledon's writings have never been among my favorites but I imagine he is a rather interesting person. I think I would rather meet Bradbury. I have read only two of his short stories and will continue to read these two until I can obtain new ones. I read somewhere that he has had a book published. Perhaps Forry can send me the information or the book. ((He did—ljm)) The article by this Hershey person (male or female?) was... shall we say "quaint" and let it go at that? The poem was beautiful. ((Which one? There were two, you know.—ljm)) The reviews and the other things were all very good. I agree wholeheartedly with the Out,Damned Blind Spot article. It is indeed deplorable the way some pulp magazine readers set themselves up as literary critics. ((Davis goes on with ego-boo for Arthur Cox but space is running out and ye editor wants to remind ye readers that Shangri-La will publish your letters in this dept. each issue if you will write said letters. You don't have to be literary. Comments, criticism, discussion on disa and data, what-have-you; beat your gums and ye shall be heard. —ljm))

Nurse Sybil De Coninck of Boise, Idaho ; just made the deadline with the following:

Dear Mr. Ackerman,

I am not in the habit of writing letters to editors of club magazines, and your club organ doesn't even have a letter section. But it is 4 A.M., no little red lights are twinkling (I, sir, am a nurse, doing night duty) and I've just finished reading my first copy of Shangri La.

Perhaps it is the memory of a few delightful weeks in L.A., when I was in service (also as a nurse. And that rather dates me. I'm thirty..) and I unfortunately had no idea of the existence of your group; but I am tempted to write my few lines.

Because I work the late shifts, I have never become active in any fan group. But I have for many years faithfully followed the activities of the more active West Coast Fan Groups in the promags' club columns and the review columns of the fanmags. And through the Readers's Columns, I have made some pen, or is it fen?, pals? And And this copy of Shangri La came to me through one of them on an exchange.

First off, the cover. The lithoed picture is terrific and worthy of a professional mag. The artist is not known to me, but he certainly has ability, and I'm so glad your mag can afford a lithoed cover. The usual club organ mags only have some unhappy attempt at art, done poorly, or some sad, old mimeograph.

Since I personally do not care for Stapledon, I just skipped over it. E Everett Evan's story seemed amateurish to me; like the work of some teen age starry eyed new fan.

What is the Fantasy Annual? And by glory another lovely litho by Grossman. The limits of my abilities in that line are to be able to find some spot in a confined area that hasn't had a hypo puncture. But even I can appreciate the artistry of Grossman. Oh, oh, LIGHTS!!!

Having duly injected, bed-panned, rearranged, watered and comforted a few of my patients, I now come to Bradbury. Anyway, I love Bradbury. While no great shakes as a story writer, his miniatures in emotion and the utter necessity of every word he writes make him my favorite fantasy writer. The review on his youth was welcome to one of his ardent admirers. How about more on other local authors, who seem to abound down your way.

I hate poetry, especially fan poetry, but I found myself very happy with Dorothea's poems. Is she a nurse too? She put so many of my thoughts after the atom bomb was dropped, into words, so aptly.

And What is all this trash about being non-Aristotelian or non-non-Aristotelian? I fell asleep over it, or was it some ether I inhaled? Has dear old L.A. become embroiled in another fad--Semantics? What horrible fates for the fans. Arthur J. Cox's name sounds familiar to me, but the poor man reads as though he needs a tonic or a shot to start peristalsis. 'Nuf said?

Fine book reviews. Hate to see the usual four lines of rehashed pop. By golly, so it's you again, Cox. Write fine minutes and have you really had so many consecutive meetings? Wonderful!!!

And pooh pooh, Earle. Who steps on your favorite story or author? Such nastiness, and who are you to decide what any fan can or cannot say about anything. (I've got red hair, not dyed and a bit of a temper too) So, who do you think you are to set yourself up as a fan critic. Lights again. Here I go. I'll be looking for the next Shangri La..... Sybil

uhhhhh...J u s t A M i n u t e ! ..-by Arthur J. Cox, Sec'y.
.....

Aug.25:635th Consecutive Meeting: Louise said there was a cute fantasy in a recent SatEvePost, entitled The Duck Who Flew Backward, which reminded Walt of the puzzle that had cropped up about a peacock who laid an egg...which in turn, egged Rick Strauss on to tell a tale of a rooster and a peacock. That were both good yokes. ((aaaagh!-ljm))

Alan said that Dot Faulkner had a letter in a recent ish. of the LA Times about cybernetics, and got in a plug for Ast.SF. One of the big events of the evening was Freddie Hershey's review of The Lady From Venus, by Garnitt Radcliff, which she praised highly. It was about eggs too, telling of how a certain Venusian lady & friend visited the egg-eaters' planet(Earth). Final sensation of the evening was the showing of two installments of the projected-stf-television-serial Pell Melton, as told by A. E. van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull...brought to us at great cost by the authors and their friends. Story is told by means of a connected series of some fifty drawings by William Rotsler and Sydney Stibbard with narration by the w-k radio announcer, Marvin Miller. Melton is an immortal man found lying on the moon when the first spaceship arrives there. Like Gosseyn in the World of A, Pell Melton is a man in search of himself. Tho it doesn't have the appearance of a finished, professional film, it is a cliff-hanger par excellence--and will probably sell.

Sept.1: 636th Consecutive Meeting: Some discussion on radio presentation of Orwell's 1984. It worked out that those who hadn't read the book liked the radio version, those who had read it, didn't like the radio version.((I read the book and heard the radio version and liked both. Whaddya want in a an hour program?-ljm)) Ray Bradbury denied that the pic in Sept ish of Mademoiselle was himself. A mis-photo. The big shock of this--or any other evening was the news of Tucker's death.....((details on this you must have read already so I delete a bit-ljm))...Sec'y was instructed to send a message of condolences to Mari-Beth Wheeler.

Sept.8: 637th Consecutive Meetings Walt told us he had talked to Bob Tucker by phone, long distance which surprised a couple of us. Then some were shocked to learn that Tucker hadn't died. The Sec'y had already sent Mari-Beth the club's "condolations"; it was suggested that we demand them back. Dave Lesperance, OS Retired, announced that he'd just heard that Clifton Fadiman was at that moment speaking on the radio and lavishly praising such stf novels as "Last and First Men" & "The World Below". The same C. Fadiman who in 25th Ann Ish of Sat Rev of Literature(which comes out on Wednesdays)stated that modern literature deteriorated something terrible...Stf was getting more publicity in LA Daily News in the book section which mentioned the LA SF and in the Times which did a shorticle on the Cinvation on the editorial pg. Tired and exhausted by all the lengthy business discussion(sic!)our thots lightly turned to anatomy. Henry Eichner's talk on the adventures of an anatomical artist...CENSORED...Sinne Hank is a long time associate of things malignant, it's only natural that he should do a cover for Shangri-La...((You'll see it ish after the next. Next ish edited by EEEvans, by the way. Following ish--with Hank's cover, litho'd will be edited by Walt Daugherty, star of Task Force))

Sept. 15; 638th Consecutive Meeting: Again, there was some discussion about having associatememberships in the LASFS...((And now we got 'em. Any fan, anywhere can join for a buck a year and get Shangri-La and anything ~~else~~ the club might put out such as bulletins, announcements about special meetins, etc. Complete info, inside back cover, this ish, Join now!--ljm)) Evans talked on the Convention; auctioned off an original V.T. Hamlin-Alley Oop daily comic strip. Walt got it for a dollar and ten cents, EEE making a clear profit of 10¢. The book raffled this week was "Four Sided Triangle", which was briefly reviewed by Eph Koenigsberg, and won by Henry Richner. ((Helping to break my "winning streak". I've won more damned books at LASFS and OS meetings lately!--ljm)) Winner of the previous week's raffle, one Len Moffatt, came smiling through with the required book review of "Summer in Three Thousand", a novel which seems to be replere with painted-on clothes, food-organs and "Little Brothers". ((My review didn't do the book justice. It was prob'ly the best of all the books I have thus far won--ljm))

((Gad, I expected two pages of Minutes but it seems I have edited Jean's 2½ pages down to a page and a quarter...or is it a third. Now all I have to do is find something to fill in the rest of this page. Lessee now...Oh yes. The 1948 FANTASY ANNUAL is finally out. Well worth the buck the Foundation is asking for it, tho. You can buy it from Ackerman, Box 6151, Metro Station, Los Angeles 55, Calif. Lot of work, both mental and physical went into this Annual and it does a thorough job of reviewing 1948 for the sfantasy fan and reader. It's divided into five sections, as follows: Events of the Year, Fans and Fanzines, Fan Organizations, Fantasy Books, Fantasy Magazines. Has many other features valuable to the reader and collector, including poll results (top fans, top writers, top mags, etc.), Foreign mags, semi-pro mags, etc., etc.... The cover by Grossman graces 120 neatly mimeo'd pages of material by such tops fan writers as Ackerman, Boggs, Wilson, Miller, Sneary, Rapp, Moskowitz, Searles, Cox, Day, Ford, Gray, Kennedy, Laney, Newman, Osheroff, Pederson, Rothman and Harry Varner, Jr. Recommended by--ljm))

ATTENTION FANS, WRITERS, EDITORS, AGENTS, DEALERS, PUBLISHERS WHO WOULD LIKE TO BE LISTED IN THE FAN DIRECTORY WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED BY The Fantasy Foundation AND The National Fantasy Fan Federation...

Questionnaires have been mailed out with a recent issue of The National Fantasy Fan and in a recent FAPA mailing. More questionnaires will be distributed with The Fantasy Advertiser and perhaps with the next issues of Peon and Bloomington News*Letter. If you get more than one questionnaire please give your extra copy or copies to some fan or fan who didn't get one.

If you do not get any of the above mentioned mags and want to be listed in the Directory, simply send me the following info about you: Name, Address, Phone Number, Birthdate, Sex, Fan Organizations You Belong To And/Or Support. No need to order your copy of the Directory now. When it is ready it will be well-advertised and be priced within the range of everyone.. ljm, 6766 Hannon St. Bell Gardens, California.

LASFS

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIPS

Because of the many requests received by the L.A.S.F.S. we are now opening the membership rolls to associate memberships. The idea was presented at a recent meeting and passed by the group. The membership is made available principally for two types of fans. There are many local fans who are unable to attend meetings regularly but desire to keep in touch with the Society and receive the club publications. Outside of Southern California there are fans from all over the country who have requested information on joining so....Here you are.

Associate memberships are \$1.00 per year plus 35¢ for each meeting attended. This entitles the associate member to all publications of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and notices of all special meetings.

This membership will begin on January 1, 1950 for that year, HOWEVER, those who have their applications in right away will receive in their preliminary bundle the latest three issues of Shangri-La plus the december issue which is being edited by EEEvans. A membership card and club stationery will also be included.

Send your dollar today to

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