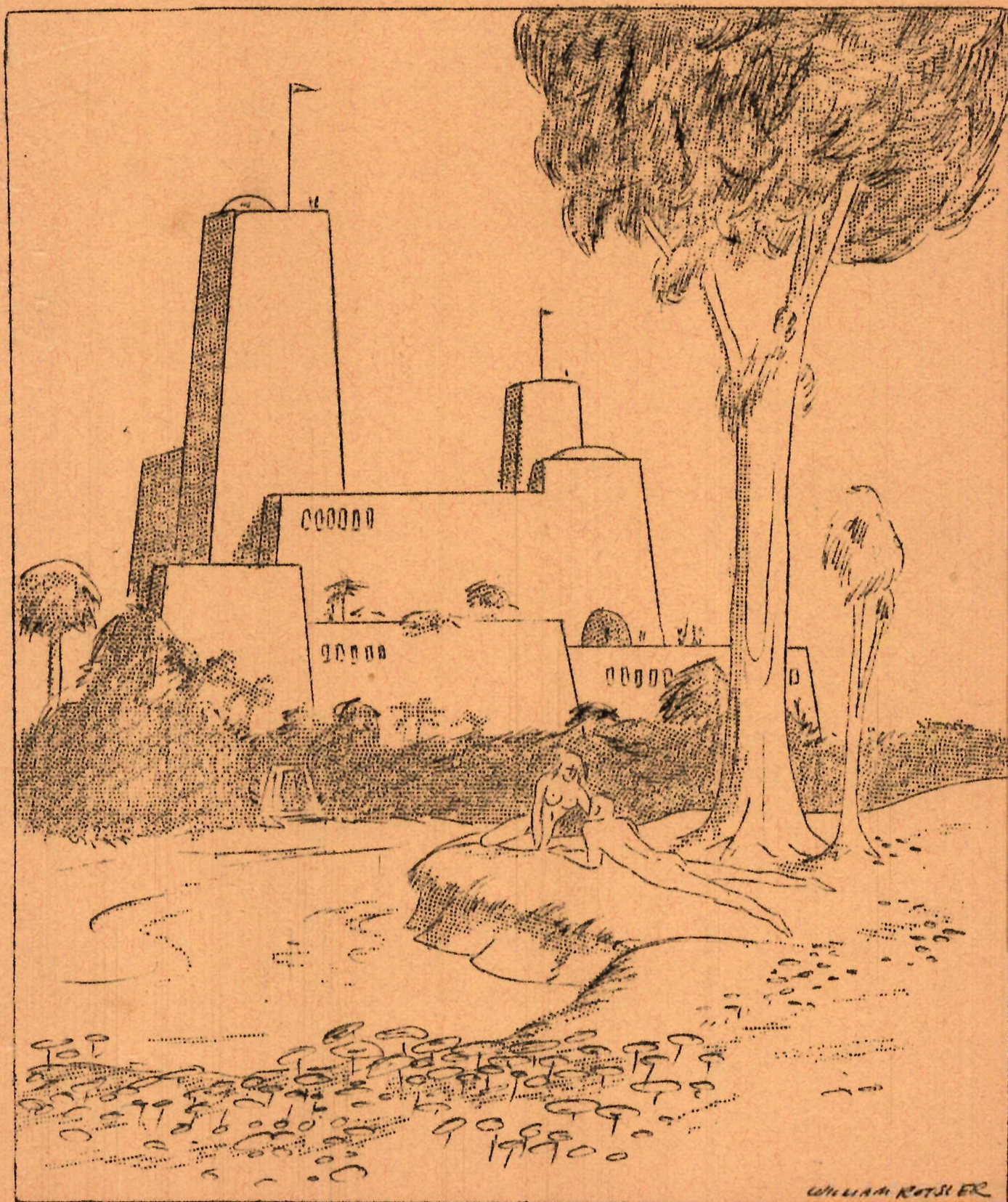


ESHANGRI - LA NO. 23



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EDITORIAL

Now that the time to write an editorial is here, I'm not sure of what I want to say. I'd like to give a large rousing cheer to all those marvelous people in fandom who were gracious enough to send material for this issue of Shaggy. The response to the letters sent out was most gratifying...

Fandom is wonderful, fandom is wonderful, fandom is wonderful. This fact became increasingly apparent as this issue of Shaggy progressed. The help of those wonderful people, Rick Sneyd, E.E. Evans and John VanCouvering, as well as that of several others has been the main and only reason that this issue of SHANGRI-LA gets out on time. Thanks.

This paragraph should be titled...thank you William Rotsler. William did this fine cover without any knowledge that it would be for the Shaggy. He is known as an insurgent...but I say he is a damn-fine artist, and I am exceptionally proud that we have his work on our covers.

Over and over again letters from Associate Members hoped that there would be enough fine material for me to pick and choose the material to make the BEST ISSUE EVER PRINTED...

So without further ado--I dedicate this issue of Shaggy to all those wonderful fans who have become ASSOCIATE MEMBERS OF LASFS...plug, plug...

It has been wonderful putting together this issue of Shangri-La, and I think it is THE BEST ISSUE EVER PRINTED...

Helene Mears

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Cover by William Rotzler

Headings by John Van Couvering

This is SHAGRI-LA # 23, It being the Annual Associate Members Edition of the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society located at 1305 West Ingraham Street...not to be confused with the same address on Engram St...You are cordially invited to attend our meetings which are held in the clubroom every Thursday evening from 7:30 pm on...we also cordially (Hah) endeavor to extend the kind invitation for comments and criticism on our publication...(not this one). Associate membership, open to those of you who live outside the city, is \$1.00 per year, and brings you all special notices and all issues of Shaggy for the year...information regarding this should be addressed to Helene Mears, 1340 W. 4 th St. L.A. 17, California.

THIN THINGS

"Paul, are you doing your geometry?"

"Yes, sir." lied Paul.

His eyes snapped from the corner back of his dad's easy chair to his geometry book before him. He looked at the triangle on which he was supposed to figure the hypotenuse. He heard the rustle of the evening paper and knew that his father had returned to the financial page.

Paul's eyes snapped back to the corner of the room just in back of his father's chair. There it was again, just like last night. It was leaning against the elder Creekins' chair and reading the paper over his shoulder. It was awfully hard to see. It was thin. Ungodly thin.

Paul tried to trace it's outline. It had a trunk, a pair of arms, elbows leaning on the back of the chair, and a head. The head was so thin it was practically an extension of the trunk. It was so thin it was hard to see. If it moved, Paul had to rake the area with his eyes, trying to get a focus on it again. It was like trying to locate a high flying airplane that was just a dot in the sky.

Paul was suddenly aware that his mother had come up behind

him and was also staring at the corner of the room.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"I don't know. It was there last night too." this was also a whisper.

"Thin, isn't it?" whispered mother.

"Yeah. Must be a new kind of bug." Whisper. "That reads." he added.

There was a vigorous rustle of the paper and George Creekins' bald head burst into view. "What are you two whispering about, for god's sake!" he yelled.

"George, don't shout like that, you'll have the neighbors telephoning again." said Martha Creekins.

"Well, what the hell is this buzz, buzz, buzz--"

"GEORGE! Don't swear like that, you'll have Paul doing it." Martha was bracing her ample form for a heavy blow. When the elder Creekins got red on top, there was a storm; and George, in one of his temper storms, literally walked on the ceiling.

"That boy is supposed to be studying his geometry. Do you want him to flunk out again this year? He could have made it last semester if you hadn't let him buy all those--" George sputtered as he tried to think of a suitable adjective. "--magazines."

"George, there's something behind your chair."

"There's what? Is that boy of yours studying his geometry?"

"NO, GEORGE! I said that there was something behind your chair. It was--well--thin--"

"THIN!" George sunk one knee in the seat of his easy chair and leaned over the back and flapped a heavy arm around in back of his chair. He straightened, turned around and glared at his wife and son.

Martha glared back.. "Well, it was there. I saw it."

Paul's high voice broke in weakly, "You probably murdered it flappin' around like that."

"Martha, for god's sake, are you reading that junk too? Paul, get back to your homework! One screwball in this house is enough, Martha. If you are going to start seeing 'THIN THINGS' around here, I'm going to have to move out. Paul, did you hear me!" He was off. He shouted this and he shouted that. He leaned over his chair again and flapped his arm around. He glared at the corner of the room.

Martha went back to her sewing. Paul went back to his triangle. There was a whish as George settled his huge bottom back in the easy chair. The evening paper came back into place.

Paul's eyes darted to the back of his father's chair. There it was again. It was changed. No, there were two of them. Three! FOUR! Three of them seemed to be grappling with the fourth. A thin piping sound came from the corner of the room. An argument seemed in progress, the sound a little too high to hear.

The paper rustled and Paul's eyes darted back to the triangle--which he didn't even see. He stole a glance at his mother. Her eyes, big as a cat's, were glued to the corner. He quickly returned to the fight. Three of the thin ones were dragging one of the thin ones out from behind the chair. He could see their legs. God, they were thin. When they moved it was hard to follow them. A weird "yetada-yetada" seemed to emanate from the struggle.

Paul looked over at his mother and mouthed the question without making a sound, "What are they?"

She formed, "What?", soundlessly.

Paul formed very slowly and distinctly with a little whish, "What are they?"

Martha couldn't hear and moved cautiously over to her son's chair. The struggle had now moved out from behind the chair and was right in front of George's foot stool. The three little ones seemed to be trying to pull the big one away from George's newspaper. The big one had a hold on George's foot and was hanging on for dear life. George wiggled his toe, and the big one let go and they all went down in a heap in front of the chair.

Paul in his excitement got up and whispered a little louder, "What are they?"

"I don't know--shhhh." whispered Martha.

"Martians? Could they be Martians--you know, from Mars?" whispered Paul.

It was too loud. There was a rustle of paper and a squeak of chair springs. George came out from behind his paper like a bull through a Toreador's cape. He was in the center of the room before anyone could stop him. He was right in the middle of the struggle. Thin things seemed to scatter in all directions, one even went up his pant leg.

"What's the matter now?" he roared. He flapped the paper around, knocking down one of the thin things. It disappeared. It went under the rug or under a crack in the base board.

"Look out," shouted Paul. "You're knockin' out the things. There's one up your pants leg, dad."

George flapped around his pants leg. He felt down his leg. Of course, it was so thin he couldn't feel it. He looked up at his wife and son. His face was solid red from tie to top. "What the hell is this! What are you two up to? Ye gods, Martha!"

"Well, if you would just have a little patience and stop barreling around like a big bull, you might see the things."

"See WHAT things?" He flapped around with the newspaper, looked over in the corner back of the chair.

"The thin things, George. They were in back of your chair and they came out fighting---"

"Is this family going completely mad? Martha, are you going to stand there and tell me that you are seeing--what the hell was that--THIN THINGS???"

"George, will you stop shouting."

"Paul, if you are not going to study, go to bed. You can at least get a good night's sleep. AND quit fiddling around in back of that chair. Paul, are you listening to me--PAUL!"

"Will you please do as your father says, Paul, so we can have a little quiet." his mother spoke soothingly.

Paul came out from behind the easy chair...there was nothing there anyway. He stopped by his father and looked at his in-step where the pant leg broke over it. "You don't feel anything, do you, dad?"

"Feel what?"

"Well, like something--er-something dangling, maybe?"

"Like something DANGLING???"

"Yeah, something sort of thin--"

"If anybody says 'THIN' again to me tonight I'll kill 'im. So help me, I'll kill 'im! YOU GET TO BED, PAUL!" George was shouting at the top of his voice, his face a deep purple, his arms flaying the air.

Martha said, "Go to bed, Paul, and we'll talk about it tomorrow."

Mr. Creekins had new fuel. "That's what you do when I'm at work. You get out those--" and he never could think of a po-

dianetics | an Appreciation

|| By Kris Neville

Less fun than a fan fued, but currently more popular in this land of the summer sunshine, is Dianetics.

I know nothing about Dianetics, myself, having successfully avoided reading the book, and being far too stupid to listen to people who are talking about it. This leaves me in a peculiarly fine position to examine the subject critically. I'm completely unbiased.

Once upon a time I saw a paper explaining the process one could follow if one wished to trisect an angle using only a straight edge and a compass. Its author assured me that the committed trisection was valid. I kept the ms. for a week, then returned it, praising it as one of the finest examples of creative thinking in the 20th century, one which constituted a powerful blow at the organized dogma of geometry. I left him to face the future alone but unafraid, and my life is not totally in vain, for, in my small way, I made that man glad. What better excuse can be given for my unbiased approach to criticism? It makes people happy....

Dianetics, it occurs to me, is the greatest thing since "The Readers Digest". I can hardly wait until we are all cleared.

On that happy day, undoubtedly, enlightened self-interest will make all humanity as polite as pie and, incidentally, obviate the bother and expense of government.

Spontaneously generated projects the length and breadth of this great old planet will proliferate movie houses and television sets and concrete highways and museums and egg beaters and fountain pens that write under water and all the hundreds of thousands of other things required to maintain a civilization.

On Sundays, I expect, in every hamlet and city, we will gather together to chorus out "Nearer Myself to Me", "All my Engrams are Taken Away", and other fine old songs of the new era.

Naturally we will quit smoking and drinking, like the sensible people we are. And bar-bell societies will spring up over night, like toadstools.....

As we continue to enjoy ourselves, the population will multiply; under the pressure of that, rockets will flash offward and upward. Planet after planet will come under our benevolent feet. We will span galaxies, fertilizing the ova of the universe with euphoric humanity.

Under our proselytizing, alien race after alien race will abandon its ancient tribal customs and join with us in the indefatigable Brotherhood of the Cleared.

Man will roll on and on, inexorably. As we stride forward erect, our eyes will glitter with enthusiasm. Our vision will be steadfastly rivited on the dream of an even better, an even brighter tomorrow. Just to think about it makes me all a-twitter with delicious goose-nipples.

And I'm as happy as happy can be that I was privileged to be born when this was just beginning.

tent enough adjective--"magazines, and you cook up these, well, THIN THINGS to run up my pants leg at night. Martha, I thought you, at least, had some sense--"

"George, let's go to bed."

"Don't you realize that those--er, ahh, those--well, magazines will run that boy mad."

Paul closed the door of his room and the argument became muffled and incoherent. It waxed and waned and had reached new heights of fury when the telephone rang and he heard his father shouting threats over the phone at the neighbors. Then all was quiet. Paul thought of the new copy of ASTOUNDING hid out on the window ledge, but he dare not show a light, not even a candle.

What were the thin things--invaders? He had done his best to contact them without success. He thought of going down to the library after his parents were asleep--but he had tried that several times before, and at great risk. They seemed to be around only when his father read the newspaper.

Here was opportunity. If they were invaders, and he was convinced of it, out of all the people in the world, he had the chance to give first warning. Paul sighed in the darkness. The thing to do was to go ahead without his father's support.

The next day he tried out his thin invaders on his schoolmates. But Paul had little standing among his friends in the junior class in high school. To a man, they advised him to "Get chursself a date for the junior dance."

He decided that the science fiction fans were the best bet. Perhaps some of them had also noticed thin things. So he wrote a form letter to three hundred fans, and also included writers and editors. For three weeks no answers. Then he got a post card from a fan in Illinois:

"Dear Paul, your invader gag is a little crude. Why don't you try dying--you get a lot more laughs and the fans are used to it.

Your fan friend (and I mean, friend)

Bob."

Paul wrote letters to three local papers and one published his letter in the joke column under the head "LOOK OUT!" This brought George Creekins home from the office a seething and bubbling purple and Paul had to do without his slim allowance for two months.

The above account of the early history of Paul Creekins is reprinted from UGTFOM (The Underground Workers For The Freedom of Man). It was surrendered, under protest by the Acting Secretary, T.E. WATKINS.

WHO KNOCKED THE SCIENCE out of SCIENCE FICTION

BY NESLO DERFLA

Every one who claims to be a science-fiction fan should be interested in the answers to three salient questions:

- (1) What is science fiction?.
- (2) What distinguishes science-fiction from ordinary fiction?
- (3) Why is science-fiction superior to so-called "Escape Literature?"

If you try to answer these questions, basing your conclusions on the stuff that masquerades as science-fiction nowadays, you will probably find yourself marooned in a semantic jungle of contradictions. The best way to do the job is to go back to the beginning and ask yourself two more questions: (a) Who originated science-fiction? and (b) What is the best example of the original author's work? It is well known, of course, that fantasy has pervaded literature ever since the Neanderthal Man started to draw picture messages on the walls of his cave. But there should be no doubt concerning the identity of science-fiction's inventor. His name is Jules Verne, and the most typical story he wrote was "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Analysis of this yarn reveals that it has four distinctive characteristics which differentiate it from fairy tales, horror stories, fantastic adventures and other types of "escape" literature, whose function is either to scare the pants off the reader or to lead him into a dream-world where he can forget the responsibilities of ordinary life. Science fiction is far superior to "Escape Literature" because it is:

I. INVENTIVE. A real science fiction is original in the same sense that a new invention is original. It is well known that the submarine, the airplane, television, the atomic bomb and practically every other important invention was first conceived in the mind of a science-fiction writer.

II. PLAUSIBLE. A legitimate science-fiction author must be able to clothe the skeleton of an "impossible" conception with the flesh and blood of verisimilitude. Verne accomplished this notably when he described the "Nautilus" with such scientific accuracy that all

Simon Lake had to do was construct a craft in accordance with Verne's specifications and a submarine was born.

III. SCIENTIFIC. Science-fiction is not merely entertaining. It also is educational. No one can read a real science-fiction story without acquiring accurate, authentic, scientific knowledge. "Twenty Thousand Leagues" certainly fulfills this requirement. It not only contains authoritative discussions of the principles of hydraulics which accord with orthodox science, but it also includes detailed, accurate descriptions of underwater fauna and flora.

IV. PROPHETIC. Genuine science-fiction predicts--with a high percentage of accuracy--the scientific developments of the future. That does not mean that the author has to be clairvoyant. Just as a scholar who has a very thorough knowledge of history, sociology and economics can foretell with remarkable correctness what the political future of the world will be like, so anybody can prophesy future scientific progress--PROVIDED he has a very thorough knowledge of scientific principles and of the past history of invention. I wonder how many of the authors who contribute to present-day fantasy magazines can qualify in this respect.

During the past ten years, circumstances have compelled me to get out of touch with science-fiction as it is being interpreted by modern pulp magazines. When I decided to get back in step with March of Time Travel, I asked one of fandom's leaders to advise regarding the selection of a typical science-fiction magazine of today. Acting on his suggestion, I purchased a copy of "Super Science" for July, 1950, and plowed through it from cover to cover. Let's see how the "typical" alledged science-fiction stories of today measure up to the standards which Jules Verne established. A thorough study of "Super Science" lead me to the inevitable conclusion that these stories are:

- (1) As ORIGINAL as a dish of hash. (2) As PLAUSIBLE as "Jack and the Bean Stalk." (3) As SCIENTIFIC as a Li'l Abner cartoon.
- (4) As PROPHETIC as a Bugs Bunny Movie.

Let's start with attribute Number One, namely ORIGINALITY of INVENTIVENESS. Of the nine stories in the July Super Science, four were on Time Travel, two were about Robots and the other three followed the usual threadbare themes: End of the World, Trip to the Moon and Hyperspace. Not one of these stories offered any original suggestions as to how the astounding phenomena they described could be explained.

Next, let us consider VERISIMILITUDE. Most of the authors did not bother to describe their marvelous imitations of inventions. They probably figured that, since the same ideas had already been hashed over and regurgitated over and over again by other authors, no further details were needed. However, one author did undertake to explain how his space ship was constructed. Here it is,--a perfect gem of pseudo-elucidation:

"The cruiser itself was a projection of the third Shenweiss equation expressed in sixty-three alloys (seven of which were new), twelve families of plastics and four relatively inert elements whose gentle bombardments were so mingled that their basic animosity resulted and fission of an estimated 93% average efficiency. Built into this physical extension of a mathematical concept were those factors essential for sustaining of life while the Oberlin moved from place to place though a gray timeless area which Shenweiss, for want of a better name, had termed 'the half dimension.'" The author of this masterpiece was obviously ignorant of the fact that, in building the Douglas "Skyrocket",--a much simpler craft than a space-ship would have to be,--Douglas Aircraft Company used hundreds of different alloys and plastic. Apparently the Douglas engineers overlooked those inert elements having "gentle bombardments" and "basic animosities"; but they did make use of innumerable, diversified substances such as Masonite, fiberboard, plaster, rubber, leather, felt, vellum, diamonds, carborundum, beeswax, spider silk and many other non-merallic, non-plastic materials. Building the "Skyrocket" also required hundreds of thousands of drawings and blue prints, thousands of lofting boards, hundrads of thousands of templets, dies, form blocks, jigs, fixtures and guages, hundreds of specially built machines, and millions of man-hours of labor by thousands of specialists in over a hundred different fields. Think of all that waste, when a marvelously efficient rocket-ship can be produced merely by expressing a mathamatical formula though 63 alloys and 12 families of plastics! Too bad Donald Douglas did not know about that third Shenweiss equation! We might have saved the U.S. Navy a lot of time and money!

When we pass on to the third consideration, namely AUTHENTIC SCIENCE, we discover that Super Science, in spite of the name on its masthead, is about as devoid of this essential ingredient as an old maid's date book is devoid of phone numbers. To be sure, one of the nine authors did make a stab at scientific instruction, with the result that this profound bit of misinformation was promulgated: "In one direction, at least, the universe is $1.12 \times 186,334 \times 60 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365.25 \times 10$ miles across." A sixth-grader can easily figure out mentally that all but two factors in this seemingly cabalistic formula represent the number of miles which light travels in one year. One wonders why the author didn't just state his guess that the diameter of the universe is $11.2 \times 186,334$, or $2,086,940.8$ light years. Let's see how this compares with estimates made by other great astronomers, for instance H. Spencer Jones, Britain's Astronomer Royal. In his book, "Life on Other Worlds", Jones states: "The most distant systems that have been reco rded on long-exposure photographs with the great 100-inch telescope are at a distance of about 500 million light years." This indicates that just that portion of the universe which is visible in the 100-inch telescope has a diameter of approximately one billion light years. There seems to be a slight discrepancy of $997,913,059.2$ light years between the Astronomer Royal's figures and those of our pseudo-scientific author. But, wait a minute! Maybe his estimate referred only to the small galaxy of which our solar system is a part. If that's what he ment by "universe", our dillitante scientist over-estimated the distance by the trifling amount of only $1,986,940.8$

light years, since the diameter of our Galaxy, according to Jones, is approximately 100,000 light years. Such stuff is "educational" to be sure; but it teaches us more about the amazing ignorance of some authors than it does about science.

Finally we come to the fourth essential ingredient--namely PROPHECY. If a parrot that repeats predictions which intelligent beings have enunciated over and over again in its presence can be classified as a prophet,--then I am willing to concede that the stories in Super Science are prophetic. However, there wasn't an original prophecy in a carload.

Now, for a word of appeasment. Vituperative as this review may seem to be, I do not really mean adversely to criticise the editors of Super Science or the authors who contribute to it. In general, the stories in the issue I read were interesting and reasonably well written. A typical sample will give you a rough idea of their literary merit: One author described his heroine in these unforgettable words: "Sam, in one searching glance, took in the straight tallness of her, the wood-smoke eyes which had sooted the lashes heavily, the ripe tautness across the front of the blue work shirt, the lorelei curve of flank which blue jeans couldn't hide, the softness and petulence in the wide mouth." Where there's so much smoke and soot there must be fire and smut; and so the reader is not surprised when this luscious tomato sneaks off for a weekend in Acapulco with her boy friend and subsequently celebrates Father's Day by murdering her old man. See what I mean? I just LOVE stories like that! My only objection to them is that they sailed under false colors. Instead of masquerading under the name SCIENCE they should have been called "Fairy Tales", "Horror Stories" or "Fantasy." Or, if the theme is based on the science of sexology,--why not call it a "Torrid Tamale Tale"? (But be careful how you spell that last word.)

I realize that there is a place for "escape literature". Modern life is so bewildering that many of us need some palliative that will help us to forget our troubles and responsibilities. One advantage of escape literature is that its addicts do not suffer from the hangover effects of lost weekends and marijuana binges, but, please, oh please: don't call the stuff SCIENCE FICTION! And, once in a while, pretty please, won't you give us a REAL science-fiction story for the benefit of those seriously inclined boys and girls who read to improve their minds instead of to stupify them!

I am fully aware that this gripe sounds prejudiced. Because of my fondness for real Science-Fiction, I have perhaps dealt too harshly with what passes for science-fiction nowadays. Let's discuss the subject, pro and con, shall we? What do you say, fans and fanesses? I sure would like to hear the argument for the other side--if there is one!

THE LAST ---

From:

DON
NARDIZZI

"The last man on earth sat alone in his room; there was a knock on the door....."

You've read that before. It's supposed to be the epitome of all horror stories; the ultimate in suspense; the very essence of all that is gruesome and supernatural. Well, don't be fooled. Somebody had a swell idea for a yarn. He sat down and wrote the first sentence, and - let's face it - by Jupiter, he was stuck! He wrote that first line at 5:48 P.M., on a balmy summer's eve. He read it over smugly, and rubbed his hands in disgustingly self-satisfaction. This was going to be a story! Let's see, now.....er....hmmmm...

He lit another cigaret. He got up and paced the floor. He sat down again. Lit another cigaret. There were three now burning in his ash-tray. He opened his collar, scratched his head, rubbed the back of his neck, all in the traditional behavior of an author at work. He got up again, chewed his nails 'til his fingers bled copiously. He didn't sleep that night. Two weeks later, babbling incoherently, he was led quietly away to a nice place in the country. It was his publishers who foisted that one sentence on us as a great masterpiece.

Ah, but was it?

Frankly, no. The man was utterly lacking in imagination. He would still be among us taxpayers if he had, for instance, continued thus:

"The last man on earth sat alone in his room; there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" he called out, setting down his glass of ale.

"It's only us mice, boss," the voice could have replied, and he could have said, 'Oh, O.K.' and gone back to his crossword puzzle without having become involved in impossible situations. (This could have later been sold to Walt Disney, who can really do things with mice, for a full length cartoon, and he could have retired on the royalties.)

Or, for another example:

"...there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," the man said, placing the black queen on the red king. And in stepped the chambermaid. (Now wait a minute; we said he was the last MAN on earth. Nothing was said about women.)

"You are the last man on earth," she said, 'and I've come to do your room.'

See? The situation is pregnant with possibilities. This story could have been sold to True Confessions for a good piece of change. And later, if the author had been smart enough to introduce a bathtub into the scenario, it could have been sold to Cecil B. De Mille for one of his epics. Instead, the dope is spending the rest of his life cutting paper dolls in a nuttery.

Why, the whole thing is ridiculous! Just because a second rate author was unable to get beyond his first line, we are led to believe that he was a genius. The man was an utter ass. He had the nucleus of a best-selling novel in that first line and what does he do? He gets an Aristotelian complex about it, never having read Van Vogt, and blows the whole thing. He never read Bradbury either. For he could have gone on:

".....There was a knock at the door. The man rose, walked across the room, stumbling over an old copy of 'Dianetics', and threw open the door. There on the threshold stood --(who else)-- a Martian!"

You see, this guy's education had been sadly neglected. He was not quite up on his science-fiction. He had never heard of Campbell and Herwin. He had never, sad to relate, been a member of the L.A.S.F.S. He was a mess.

Why, even I could have done better:

"The last man on earth was alone in his room; there was a knock on the door..."

"The last man on earth pulled the covers over his head. 'The hell with it!' he said."



HYDRANETICS

By
L.
DON
SCUDDER

INTRODUCTION, by M. D. Summer, chiropractor.

Hydranetics is the greatest thing since the invention of water. It is the new science of the plumbing of the mind.

Mr. L. Don Scudder, the developer of Hydranetics, has been working on this new science for twenty-five years. Explorer, lecturer, rabble-rouser, sewerpipe engineer, reporter, mystic, fishmonger, hypnotist, gem-smuggler, nepotist, guru and blackmarketeer Mr. Scudder has shown a singular lack of sticktoitiveness which has enabled him to sweep across the artificial boundaries of compartmentalized science and come up with a revolutionary new synthesis which bids fair to recast all of Western Thought.

It is not within the scope of this introduction to recount a list of the possibilities of Hydranetics. But I want to give you one hint of what this new science may mean to womankind. Two months ago I was attending physician at the birth of Mr. Scudder's baby. Mrs. Scudder had a completely painless delivery (she was unconscious at the time) and, most significant: The baby was born fully developed after a pregnancy of only three months!

For those of you who may doubt the biological possibility of such a short gestation, let me state that it stands proven by the fact that Mr. Scudder was out of the country, curing cannibalism in East Africa, for nearly two years before the baby was born. He returned to his wife only three months ago!

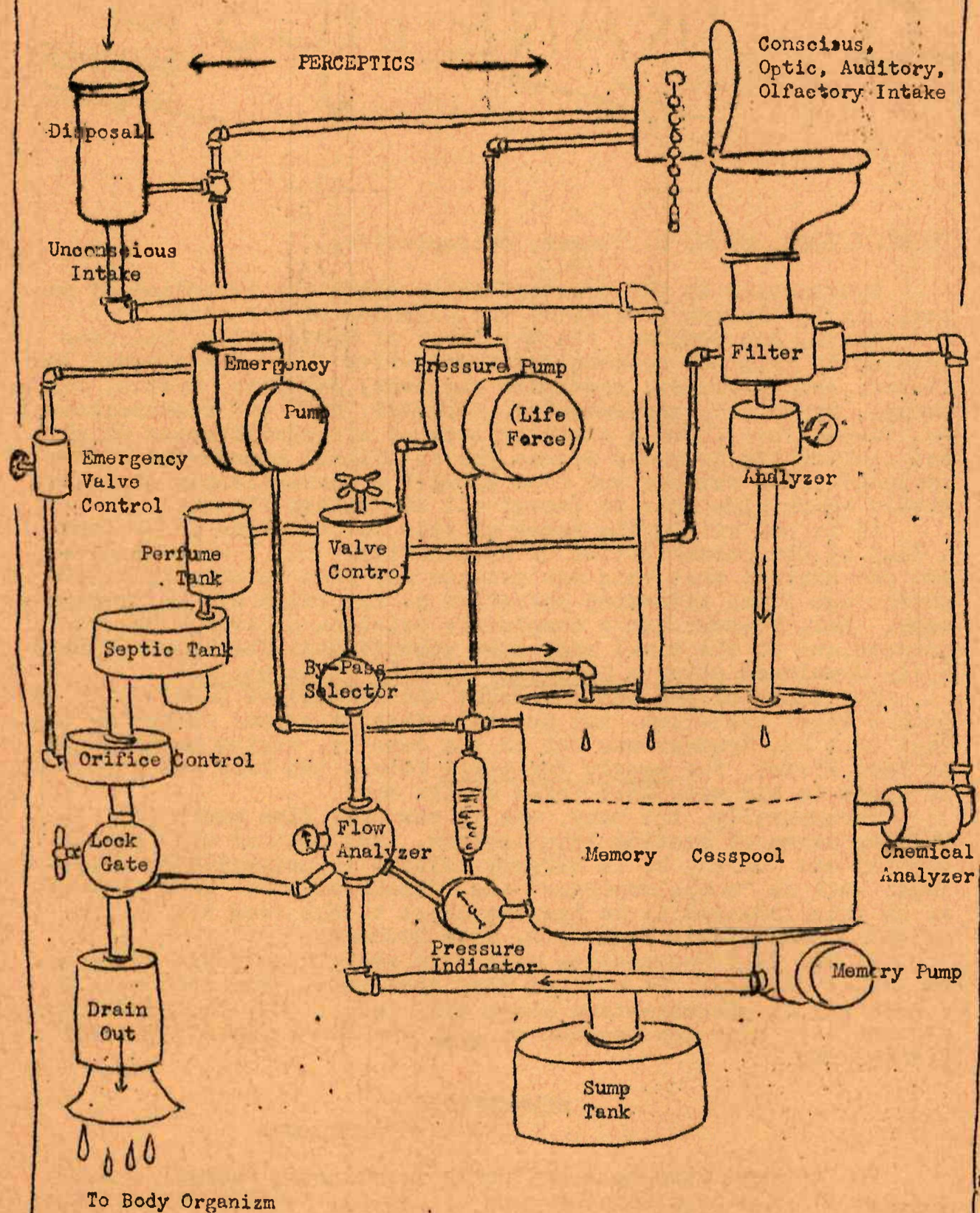
Incidentally, the baby, who is now only five weeks old, is showing signs of amazing intelligence. Not content with simple "goo's" and "da's", he is already talking in polysyllabic gurglings, such as "googeldegoogoo" and "dadabbledada". Keep your eyes on this lad--you'll be hearing great things from him in two or three years. His name is N. Gram Scudder.

To say that Hydranetics will cure everything would be to show unfair modesty. It will do more than that. How much more we cannot say at present--time alone will tell. What the world will be ten years from now depends on you, and how seriously you take HYDRANETICS.

HYDRANETICS

by L. Don Scudder

The optimum mind is a perfectly functioning hydraulic mechanism. It is a huge complex mass of piping, tubing, tanks, relief valves, accumulators, cylinders, selector valves, servo-motors flow analysers, orifices, pressure pumps, by-passes, and regulat-



HYDRANETIC DIAGRAM OF THE HUMAN MIND

Jan 52

ors. When it is running smoothly, almost anything is possible. But it seldom works smoothly--not because of a defect within itself, but because of the "Life Fluid", the experience that is put into it and pumped through the tubing.

Let's put it this way: The eyes, ears and the nose are the toilets of the mind. Any and all material is accepted by them and then flushed, filtered, analysed and deposited in the "memory cesspool", where it stays, forever available for use by the rest of the system. Some of this material that is deposited is more dense and viscous than other; and here's where the trouble comes in. This dense and viscous material stops up the pipes, and we have what is known as a "clog" in the system, which prevents its optimum use.

A "clog" is the result of an unpleasant experience. A "clog" in the system necessitates the use of inferior bypass tubing, and allows further clogging material to pile up behind it. It only takes a few dozen good stubborn "clogs" to louse the system up completely, and produce what is commonly known as a neurosis.

The purpose and function of Hydranetics, then, is simply the removal of these "clogs" from the Hydraulic Mechanism of the human brain. We do this by a process called "Sludging". After about one hundred hours of sludging, the tubing of the mind has been relieved of much of its dense and viscous material, and the subject is able to function without being burdened down with such silly psychosomatic ills as pimples, cleft palate, baldness, TB, and constipation. Such a subject is called a "high flush" (dignitaries being known as "Royal Flush"--ed.). After two hundred hours of "sludging", the "high flush" has reached optimum. He can remember everything, control the color of his hair, get a tan without lying in the sun, bark like a dog, crawl on his belly like a snake, and roll over and play dead. This optimum man is called a "Sluice".

The technique of "sludging" is very simple. The "Sludger" and the "pre-sluice" get together, preferably in the bathroom, and seat themselves on whatever furniture or stools are available.

Then by the use of key words and phrases, such as "lets pull the chain", "dredge that cesspool", and "flush that clog" the sludger takes the pre-sluice "back along the sewer pipe" through clog after clog in an effort to reach the "First Clog", the granddaddy of them all, which started all the trouble in the first place. This first clog is called "prime-prime."

If the sludger can reach "prime-prime" and flush it out, all the other clogs which have piled up behind it will come gushing out. It's something like removing a bung-stopper.

But unfortunately "prime-prime" is never in the conscious memory-cesspool. It is always in the "sub-conscious sump-tank", below the cesspool, for the simple reason that the



"prime-prime" is not installed at birth, not during the pre-natal period, not at conception, but at the moment of the first gleam in the father's eye! Needless to say this is sometimes very difficult for the child to recall.

What was said at this precise moment can be of tremendous importance, and can affect the individual's entire life. For instance: suppose Papa said "Good Lord, what gams!", the child would no doubt grow up to be a preacher, a servant of the Lord, with a strong bent for gambling. The resultant conflict would be the basis for a serious neurosis.

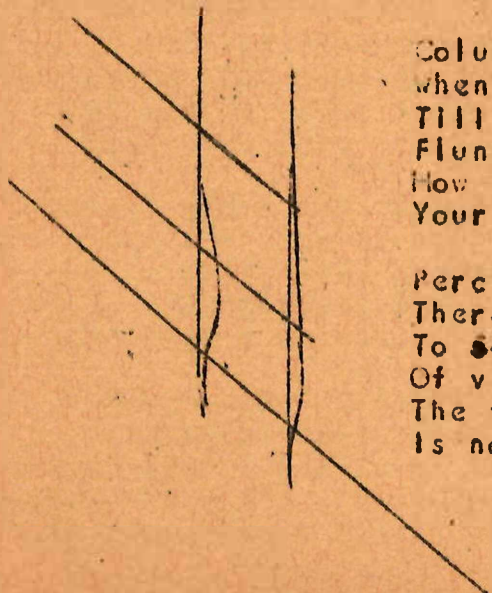
I can see the neuro-surgeons and their evil cohorts throwing up their hands in sheer horror at this concept of memory before birth. It involves an admission of something they don't dare think about, and that is memory on a cellular level. Cellular memory is a fact--and from this fact I have derived an axiom--"every cell is a cesspool". Try your pre-frontal lobotomy on that, you monsters!

So much for theory and technique. Let's get down to cases. I spent twenty five years perfecting this theory--but it may be false! As a matter of fact, the whole thing is pretty absurd when you stop and think about it, but the main thing is DOES IT WORK?

The answer is YES! Some might say that it works too well. I have treated one hundred cases. I have cured everything from sterility to virility, from dandruff to Republicanism. Out of one hundred cases I have had one hundred and one cures! (one fellow was a split personality--I cured him twice!)

Well, there you have it. Hydranetics triumphant. And I am giving it to the world. All the details of this science can be found in my book, (Hydranetics; The New Science of Mental Plumbing) (published by Out House, 1000 pages, price \$5.00) Anyone who can lift the book can become a "Sludger". You have nothing to lose but your self respect, so for heaven's sake get going! Before we change the terminology.

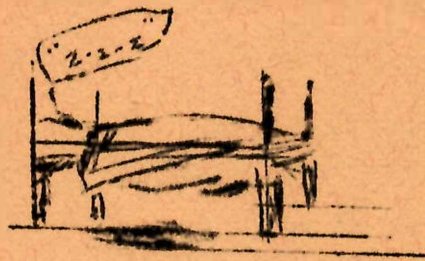
COLUMBOS OF THE DEEP



Columbos to the infinite upper deeps
When first your spacial galleons outward sweep
Till Earth is but a luminescent mite
Flung deep into omnipotent folds of night;
How far shall that wee speck hold golden-trussed
Your possions--after you forsake her dust?

Perchance along the parsecs of your course
There waits a necromantic sentient force
To Sever Terrian cords within the breast
Of valorous man, who dares to manifest
The trinity of man and space and time
Is not alone the gift to gods sublime!

--Olive Morgan



ONE fan's dream

by Roger Nelson

I crept off to slumber along a deep and a dark trail. I was on a long and winding road which stretched far into the distance. Weird people and animals passed me and made my very spine creep. Then I noticed the sign.

SELL YOUR STORIES! LET RAY
DO IT FOR YOU--PROFESSIONALLY
RAY BRADBUSH

I stole into the rickety shop that appeared out of nowhere at all and sat myself at the cushioned counter.

"May I help who?" The voice belonged to a rather old and decrepit man who nearly crawled out of the back room. I could tell at a glance that here was the famous author of 'Home Calling'. Here was my idol. But this was a dream and how could he be in it? "That is easy my kind friend. In a Fan's dream anything is alright. Surely you have learned that by now."

"But Mr. Bradbush..."

"Just call me Ray. All my understudies do."

"Understudies. I do not quite understand. Who are they?"

"Oh there is E.A. Poe, Ambrose Hearse, Robert Dock, Heinrich Von Keller, September Derleth, and a new one that has just joined. I believe he calls himself, oh dear me, oh yes! Vane Boat. I am not too sure of how he will get along, because of his complete lack of knowledge. Now wait a moment.... Oh yes, now I remember, A.A. Smithe. He is one in the same class as Boat. Those two just do not seem to be able to get all the facts straight. Why just last week Boat came to me and insisted that I okay his story that he calls World of Pully B. Isn't that just crazy. Why I wrote that story long ago."

"But I thought..."

"Hush! I am thinking." He pressed a button and I was swept off my feet by a gigantic robot that came from a wall. He took me by my heels and carried me to the cellar. There I was tied and bound. It seemed hours before Mr. Bradbush returned but when he did he was carrying a rather large manuscript in his hands.

"It is finished. Complete except for the torture scene. I have just to complete that and send it to the publisher. Ha. Ha. Ha. I am a genius. I admit it. It takes a genius to know a genius when he sees one, you know." He reached over his shoulder and brushed a piece of dandruff from his back. Then after smoothing his ragged hair he picked up a lethal looking weapon, a long spear, and walked toward me.

I let out a gigantic scream and collapsed into darkness. When I awoke I found a rather small timid looking man standing over me. "Take it easy, old chap. There is no danger now."

"Thank you, sir, but who are you? And where is Mr. Bradbush?"

"I am River Ackeymen and I saved you from Bradbush just in time."

"I do not understand."

"Look about you. What do you see?"

"My just nothing. Absolutely nothing. All is barren. All is no more. No trees. No hills even. Miles and miles of just dust."

"Of course. I have taken you into The World of Authors. It is this plane that authors enter to meditate and work on stories. It was here that I brought you when I found you in Meril."

"But Mr. Bradbush---"

"Alas he is dead. When I found him trying to kill you I had to kill his writing permit and when that happened he fell dead with grief. Now the world has lost forever a galaxy of Authors. Hayne Mull, Jon Train, Nis Reville, Bob Jolson, E. EVENS Everett, Nelson Band, Elron Cubbard and many more were some of the pen names he used. He was a great man. And I'll let you in on a private secret. His real name is Hugo Churnsback."

"No!"

"Yes."

"I do not believe it. It is fantastic."

"Well have it your way. After all this is your dream. It is't mine. Now I must be off. And don't take any wooden coffins. Some of them leak. Ha. Ha, Ha." With that he took his right foot in his left hand, put his right hand on his head, and pushed and folded himself up and vanished.

You don't believe me? Well whose dream was this, anyway?

Any reflections on any prominent author is merely a matter of fact. Was it a dream or the truth? Only Bradbush knows.

??

B L O O D Y V I

Things like that didn't happen, even in a dream. He was sure of that fact. But nonetheless he stood on the black onyx floor, and stared up at the massive golden thrones above him, and could feel the coldness on his bare feet, and sense the chill of a wind that eased through the tremendous pillared hall.

He was not alone there for--- He found himself thinking, "For judgement." But it was ridiculous. A man fell asleep, and stayed asleep, and even if he dreamed, he knew it was a dream, and could understand. A man didn't fall asleep, then awake to find himself standing before gigantic golden thrones --- seemingly unoccupied --- for judgement. Not unless --- he forced the thought away.

He was not alone. He twisted his head and saw the man beside him, stiffly erect. His companion in that strangely silent place was a giant. His skin was green, and his face was cruel. He was naked, as was the man who thought he dreamed.

"John Cambridge," he heard his name called. But it was not spoken. It rang in the chambers of his mind. He saw the other man stiffen. "Vay Kol."

The golden thrones were occupied. He knew that now, although he could see nothing there. But he sensed a majestic presence.

"You, John Cambridge, are puzzled, and, yes, afraid. You think you sleep --- but are frightened at the thought that perhaps you do not. You are not asleep." The green man turned his head. His thin lips were sneering, his eyes redly hating. "You, Vay Kol --- you know where you are, what we are who have brought you, and only one question is in your mind. Why are you here, that is what you wish to know."

John Cambridge shook his head, then resorted to the child's trick of pinching himself. He felt the quick pain, and it startled him.

"For your knowledge, John Cambridge, listen and listen well. Your life, the very existence of your kind, depends on your attention, your belief. Know you, we are The Guardians. Once we were planet dwellers, but now infinity is ours. This solar system which saw our birth and development has been taken unto our keeping. But it is our trust not to interfere, not to change the life forms here. But Vay Kol is not from this solar system. The distance he and his kind have come would be meaningless to you. Their own world has been destroyed, by their folly of war, and they seek another. It is your world they wish, John Cambridge." The mighty voice in his head paused. John Cambridge took a deep breath.

"It is not for us to choose the life culture that shall inhabit your planet. But it is necessary that the stronger organism be chosen. That is why you are here. That is why Vay Kol is here. It is not our wish that the surviving culture be weakened by such a war as we see shaping up between you. Vay Kol has been taken at random from among his people, as you were taken, John Cambridge. Between you lies the fate of the world. Vay Kol is the product of a thousand generations of selective breeding. His brain is the culminate product of a society hundreds of years advanced from yours. But the learning of a race is not the sole factor upon which we may judge. There are other factors. So we must judge you two as repre-

sentative of your races. By your actions must we judge." The sonorous voice deepened.

"Only by combat may such judgement be made. And no advantage shall rest with either. Your weapons shall be only your natural bodily equipment, and what else you may devise from raw materials. You shall both be placed upon a small planetoid. The temperature and atmosphere and gravitational attraction have been adjusted to meet the requirements of you both. We will not interfere. For three days you will be left alone. At the end of that period we shall return to you. The survivor between you shall decide our judgement. If you, Vay Kol, are the one who lives, we shall not interfere with your colonization of the world you have chosen. We shall remove the present civilization existing there. If you, John Cambridge, are the survivor, Vay Kol's people shall be forced to go on in their ceaseless search for another planet.

"We, The Guardians, have spoken."

There came something akin to an electric shock, and John Cambridge reeled. He saw dazzling light, pinwheeling crazily, then the light steadied, and he found steaming soil beneath his feet. He could feel the oozing warmth of it. For only an instant did the persistent thought that he dreamed assail him, then he drove it away. That was no dream --- this was no dream. The droning mind-voice had left no doubt within him.

He stood in a slight clearing amid a steaming jungle. Moss-hung trees of warped and alien kind sprouted at crazy angles, and the sky above was deepest blue, of overwhelming dimensions. For only a moment the sensation of falling upward into that yawning void struck at him, then his mind steadied. The horizon was visible but short miles in any direction. There were no mountains. Only the sweating morass of jungle growth. A small planetoid. Small....

He saw the green man, suddenly. He was tall, striding purposefully. He was naked, and his sneering smile bent his thin mouth.

"Ho, John Cambridge!" His language was strange, a sound like nothing Cambridge had ever heard before. But he understood. He backed away, slowly. He saw the red-haze in the other's eyes.

"Let us end it here!" the green man challenged. "We need not weapons. You are a race close to the earth. You are men of your hands, not of your brains as we are. You find pride in your strength. Here is your chance. I meet you on your own terms!"

John Cambridge was a big man. He was strong. He had boxed at college, and he had played football. Physical fear was not a part of his nature. He smiled, stood his ground.

The green giant came up. He moved lightly, balanced on his toes. He struck out with his right hand, as might a man to whom body combat was unfamiliar. John Cambridge blocked the blow. He stepped into the punch, brought his own right up. He felt the numbing shock of the blow. The green flesh broke under the blow, the bone structure caved in, and black blood welled forth. The green giant's eyes glazed, and his knees trembled. John Cambridge struck with his left, then his right. The green man's arms dropped. Then John Cambridge stepped back. He saw the giant sag at the knees. But he could not bring himself to strike again. Another blow might kill the man; alien being that he was, the thought stopped John Cambridge.

The glaze faded from the green giant's eyes. They blazed anew.

"I know better now," he said, slowly. "I am the stronger --- you have the physical knowledge of the beast. When we meet again, I shall hunt you as I would a dangerous beast."

He turned, suddenly, plunged into the jungle, was gone.

For a moment John Cambridge was shaken. His nerves were raw. Why had he not struck when the chance afforded, when the green man's pride of race had brought him on even terms? But the answer was clear before him. He shook his head, slowly.

I shall hunt you --- The thought tumbled in upon John Cambridge. He had wasted his best chance. What other would there be? He was not a man of war, he could fashion no weapons. A bow, and arrows -- perhaps. But the futility of such a thing made him smile. A spear? Yes, he could use that. But would he?

He fought a battle inside himself. And he turned into the jungle. He found a creeper-hung tree, whose polished wood gleamed in the hot sun. He broke off a long, straight limb. The end was jagged, sharp. He balanced it in his hand. It felt sturdy, good. With it in his hand, he made his way on through the jungle morass.

He kept going for hours. The sun's heat diminished, and it was dropping below the short horizon, directly before his face, blinding him. Shadows were lengthening. He was aware of hunger, of thirst. He found a cool stream, oozing forth from the base of a tree. There he knelt to drink.

"T-thunk!" He felt the tree jar. Then again. He sprang back, and saw a third missile leap from the surrounding jungle to bury itself in the tree. They were round crude stones, of glass. The dying sunlight caught them. Whizz! one sailed past his head. Then something struck his left arm, and he felt the bone give, and a wave of black pain raced through his brain. He stumbled, half fell into the protection of the jungle. As he lay there, his left arm dangling uselessly, he saw the heavy figure of the green man, smiling now, advancing. He held a strange instrument in his hands. From a hollow tree-tube, Vay Kol had fashioned an air chamber. Other jungle growth had abetted his efforts. The chamber was sealed with wet moss, and the plunger was in his hands. As John Cambridge watched, he reloaded the weapon, cocked it with a motion of his arms, and sent yet another missile into the foliage that concealed his victim.

Stealthily, John Cambridge moved, on his belly. He made no sound. Claving fingers dragged him along. Vay Kol stalked warily into the clearing before the spring, knelt to drink.

"Ho, John Cambridge!" he called. "We are a war-like race. You've felt the bite of my weapon. You'll feel it again."

He walked slowly toward the point where John Cambridge had vanished. The hunted man kept moving, was behind the stalker. He came to his feet, silently, the crude spear gripped in his hand. He balanced, drew the spear back. The green man's naked back was before him. Then something held him. His arm weakened, fell slack. In the silence he crept away. Vay Kol's taunting voice reached him.

"Run, John Cambridge! But I shall find the wounded animal who would elude the hunter. Across the wastes of unmentionable space we have come, a race of hunters. We are the strong. You are the weak. You have shown that. But now is the time of judgement!" He laughed. "You are hungry, for you know not what to eat. You will thirst, for you will not trust the water you find. For I have

poisoned every stream I have crossed, John Cambridge! We know the secrets of nature. No growth, alien or familiar, can hold mystery for such as we. There is no chance for you. Come forth. You shall be the first of your kind to die. Come forth, meet your fate!"

Silently, breathlessly, John Cambridge fled. He ran until the breath choked in his throat and he fell to the humid soil with heart-rending gasps. He was afraid. Not for himself, but for the nation, the world. He had failed. Why, oh God, why had he been the one chosen by the guardians for this test? He, a man who could not kill, not even when the fate of his entire world depended upon it!

Through the night he fled, and the day that followed. But he found no recognizable food, and feared to touch the water he came across. As a hunted beast runs, so ran John Cambridge. But he carried his spear with him, and it lent him strength, though it was as a staff it served.

The third day came. John Cambridge could run no more. He lay in a covert, his spear grasped in sweaty, nerveless hands. Then he heard Vay Kol's mocking laughter, and a spasm jerked his body uncontrollably.

"Run to earth is the quarry!" came his mockery. "But the hunter is wary. Perhaps you have found a weapon, John Cambridge, perhaps you'll use it, now? There are ways to rout a dangerous beast from his covert."

John Cambridge saw the green man kneel. From the crude glass pebbles he had ground a lens. He saw the intensity of the ray it shot from the sun. He smelled smoke, saw growing flame. He closed his eyes, and prayed, as he had prayed the night away.

He came to his knees, crouched there. In minutes the copse would be aflame. He moved backward, and little snarling sounds came from his lips. He felt something brush his back, and stepped into a clearing. Even as he did so, Vay Kol sprang out at one side, his face triumphant.

"Now!" he shouted, and raised his deadly air-gun. John Cambridge backed a step, two. A trailing tendril struck his face. He brushed it away. Vay Kol had his eyes fixed on John's face.

"This is the end, as it must be! Throw your spear, John Cambridge!" His laughter bubbled out, mockingly.

The weapon leveled. John Cambridge stood as frozen. His eyes closed, and he whispered a prayer. "Forgive me, for I have been weak. Forgive me, for it is the world I destroy by my weakness."

He waited for the blow, the numbing shock of death. Minutes seemed eternities. Then a bubbling scream jerked his eyes open. He saw Vay Kol. The green man seemed wrapped in something red, fuzzy -----

A towering plant behind him bent closer. John Cambridge remembered the touch as he had jarred the plant, the trailing tendril that had touched him. He had brought the sentient, starving thing alive by that touch. And it had seized Vay Kol! The green man's weapon was shattered on the ground, and he was lifted high into the air by the wriggling monstrous arms of the plant.

For a moment John Cambridge felt triumph, then Vay Kol's helpless, terrible cry struck at him. What he did was not a voluntary thing. It sprang from something deep inside him, but he could no more control it than he could control the thing inside him that had

stayed his fists. He sprang forward, and his spear dug deeply into the fat, bulbous body of the plant. A harsh, screeching cry issued from the gaping orifice at the top, and the writhing tentacles reached for him. Again and yet again he plunged the spear deep, until the plant was silent, and the tendrils released the green giant. Vay Kol dropped inertly to the ground.

John Cambridge knelt at his side. Then powerful green arms reached up, caught him, and Vay Kol's sneering face writhed. John Cambridge was hurled to the ground, then Vay Kol was above him, pressing him down. A knife of the same glass-like material was in his hand, poised to strike.

"Weakling! Even in the final moment of triumph you have failed! You are of a race that does not deserve to exist. Die, weakling!"

The knife sparkled in the bright sunlight, plunged down ----
... Then was caught and held! He saw Vay Kol trying to overcome the unseen bond that held his arm. It was to no avail. Suddenly he swept back, and something unseen was lifting John Cambridge to his feet. The same brightness pinwheeled before his eyes, he felt himself swept backward and away.....

They were again on the ebony floor before the seemingly empty golden thrones. The resonant voice, with a new timber, resounded in his mind. "The test has been made. The three days are up. Vay Kol, John Cambridge, the judgement has been made." The voice deepened. "Vay Kol, your race has forgotten one of the basic principles of life. Strength and learning alone are not enough. They failed you, because you could not kill this weaker being. John Cambridge, you have demonstrated a weakness in not striking while you might. But it is more than that. It is a significant factor in all things. It is the quality that Vay Kol and his people have lost. It is a simple thing to you, John Cambridge, and most complex to Vay Kol. It is Faith. It is the belief in the goodness of things. It is the thing on which our trust as guardians is based. You share it with us, John Cambridge, you are as we are. Vay Kol, you will be returned to your mighty space vessel --- and it, and all of you, will be hurled beyond your ever reaching this solar system again. Your destiny is in your hands, but you will fail in your quest for a world of your own only if you fail to heed the lesson this man has given you. Suffer that others may live, be as you would have them be. We, The Guardians, have spoken!"

Pinwheeling lights, and sleep, deep and sound.....

"Father!" the child's voice awakened him. "Father John!"
A small boy stood before him where he dozed in the afternoon sun. The gaunt gray building loomed up from the tiny garden.

"Father John, you must have dreamed of Heaven, for you were smiling," the small boy said.

"Yes, my son," the priest answered, gently. "Perhaps I did."

LETTERS **** LETTERS **** LETTERS **** LETTERS **** LETTERS

Greetings and stuff like that there---

...What would I like to see in Shangri-La? First, some copies of it. (Steps have been taken, steps have been taken--ed) Secondly, if possible I'd like to see a plug in it somewhere for the International Science Fiction Correspondence Club, since I edit there (oops, sorry) their 'zine. Being a club that's passed the century mark in memberships and steadily advancing toward the two hundred, it's getting to be a pretty fair organization.

I'm writing seems to be tied up with Fan-Fare, the coming macabre and two as yet unnamed efforts.....pet peeves.....Sam Merwin, Jr. characters who tried to "unify" fandom, usually under their own ideas as to how fandom should be united....enough...I shaddap...

S-Fictionally,
Ed Noble Jr.
Editor, Explorer
Box 49
Girard, Penna.

...I'm now writing a television s-f story for the Ford Television Theatre, as well as collaborating with Rip Van Ronkle, screen author of DESTINATION MOON, on a screen script of my MARTIAN CHRONICLES,

Ray Bradbury

... About the only thing I can find wrong with Shaggy, is that I do not see as much of it as I would like. I think it is a great work. One suggestion--An eye to the color of the paper used could be of great value. Mimeographing has certain obvious advantages and disadvantages. One of the disadvantages, is the frequently light impressions. It is sometimes hard to read on white paper, while on pink or yellow, or green it seems to show up better.

Have been here in Phoenix for almost a year now, and think it is swell. It is great country for fantasy writers.....

Hal R. Moore
1029 S. Minnesota Ave.,
Phoenix, Arizona

I leave for the Army Signal Corps ... Tomorrow morning.

Eugene J. Allen

Dear old chum of my childhood;

... I also had a poem accepted by "Challenge", the sf poem magazine. Are you people aware of such a periodical? It's a quarterly, published in Arkansas.

... Why is it that among the reviews of fanzines in the pros, Shaggy is always conspicuous by its absence? I think that our fanzine is as good as any of them. Best wishes.

Don J. Nardizzi

MORE LETTERS **** MORE LETTERS **** MORE LETTERS **** MORE LETTERS
Dear Helene:

...I have enjoyed SHANGRI-LA very much. It has a well rounded contents. The fiction is very good for fan work...I do not usually write fiction, but I have sent along a story just in case you do not get others...as an associate member, my suggestion would be to publish at least one story by a fan per issue. OR--save up all stories and publish an all fiction issue as you did last year. (An issue that I enjoyed very much, by the way)...)

Yours truly,
T.E. Watkins
1605 Wood Ave.
Kansas City, 2 Kansas

Hello right back at you!

...Your letter pulls out of me what I've never quite dared to offer unsolicited...Your gang sure does a swell job on that Shangri-La--Believe part of its charm is due to the clever way you have of tossing the editorial ship around; always the charm of the fresh idea, the new approach. (My approach has never been better, hah!--med)

There are half-formulated plans for me to visit Doc Faulkner... I hope to meet a lot of you nice people then, so you'll all be personalities instead of names when the zine comes along...

Hopefully yours,
Olive Morgan
Box 101
Gardiner, Oregon.

...Please give my very best wishes to those L.S.F.s I met on my first visit there. I hope to see you all soon...

Most sincerely,
Sam Peeples
524 C Street
Colma 25, Calif.

...Sorry! No can do this time. Too busy making money. Maybe later this winter, huh?--say, I'll bet your purty! An' you're a girl, too! (To wit--your editor leaves for a strato-hot-stuff-cruise to explore the wilds (hehehe) of Idaho)

Lee Baldwin
Box 187
Grangeville Idaho

Dear Everett:

I received a copy of the "2150 Symposium" this week and found it to be most part well worth while. "my contribution" was dramatic indeed, (though I actually don't feel things are quite that gloomy). But thanks for including me in it despite my inability to make a more substantial offering.

Incidentally, look at the editorial of the August 5 issue of the Saturday Review of Literature. It looks ahead to 1960, giving two extremely literate views of what might be.

Art Barnes

