

SHANGRI-LA

29

EVANS

TUCKER

PALMER

PRINCETON

CONNOR

TERZIAN

FAULKNER

RANDALL

McBARSCOM

AND OTHERS

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY

The September, 1951

SHANGRI-LA

* Quarterly *

A Science Fiction fan publication.

* Issue Number 29 *

Published by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

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Mr. Moffatt brings the touch of an expert to these pages. Not only has he edited and published numerous fanzines over a period of ten years, showing great versatility and rare humor, but he has sold material professionally. Because of this confidence in his ability to entertain, we would not be disappointed were he to write the whole of issue number thirty himself; since, however, that is a time-consuming task, we wish to remind those various members who are interested in writing that beginning now they may give their material to Len. Doubtless their consideration will be appreciated.

* * *

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Shangri-La is published at the headquarters of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 1305 West Ingraham St. at Widmore, L.A. Society meetings: Thursdays, 8:00 PM

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CONFETTI IS SO FUTILE

BY

LEIGH RANDALL

Waiting

The tension fills the room--eddyding around the chairs, hanging from the bright crepe streamers, reflected in the excited chatter of the crowd. Bright bits of confetti ooze from tight-clenched sweaty fists, making meaningless mosaics on the cement floor. Someone enters--the group springs to attention--the cameraman leaps to position--and relaxes. The wrong one. Good-natured hoots and jeers ring out, hands make as if to toss the confetti. Bits of red, yellow, pink, green and blue float indifferently down amid the chattering questions. Aren't they here yet? Aren't they here yet? Unconscious of the lack of originality, the crowd flings the eternal question. The hands of the clock march steadily on--eight twenty-five--eight-thirty.

Arrival

The lookout dashes into the room. They're here! The crowd flings it delightedly from mouth to mouth as if each had not heard. A military march begins playing, battling valiantly against the new surge of noise from the crowd. The awaited pair stand in the doorway, a little frightened at the reception. The flashbulbs make bright silent milestones to mark their journey across the club-room floor. In the far corner, the march is cut off, and Jolson's mellow tones, singing "California, Here I Come", begin their battle with the crowd noises. Slowly the crowd quiets, and for a few moments, the only sound is Jolson's welcoming voice. A golden corsage and boutonniere glitter as they are presented to the returned prodigals.

Travelogue

The faithful shoestring to which the travelers owe their trip is display-

ed and given proper credit. Proof of the old saying that travel is broadening is presented in two exhibits--"A" (shown) and "B" (not shown). The returned wanderers go on to tell of odd Johns and Olaf Stapledon's widow, of three kinds of potatoes for dinner and English haircuts, of Eric Frank Russell and British fan, of the convention and lack of elevators in British hotels, of no after-theater snacks and no late bus service. The clock ticks on, but no one cares. A man who had an appointment much earlier in the evening sits relaxed and forgetful (in a padded chair). Nine--nine--thirty--ten. In spite of interest, loyalty and pure dogged determination, the contact of coccyx to chair is proving paralyzing to many present. Feet shuffle, spines are twisted into fantastic positions, hopefully seeking a spot not yet sat upon.

Aftermath

A five-minute break is suggested. The floodlight is turned off the speaker, bathing him in welcome shadow. The crowd leaves its seats with multiple sighs of relief, and forms into small groups, some of which cluster near the great man that they may add their personal welcome to the general one already given. A few moments later it is announced that the talk will be continued the following week. The approval is general, and plans to go out for coffee, etc., begin to be discussed. The purple and gold streamers are grasped and pulled down, Maypole fashion, and, their former glory now just so much trash, are shoved unceremoniously into a wastebasket. Slowly the crowd files through the doorway, bits of conversation floating along the line like so many autumn leaves in a brisk wind.

As they leave, the cleanup man pauses in the doorway and looks sourly back at the confetti on the floor.

THE END

DUBIOUS BOUNDARIES

BY

EARLE PRINCETON

The title of this critical piece is deliberately chosen. This purports to be a review of the latest volume in the sequence of anthologies edited by August Derleth. The title of this book is "Far Boundaries", and, like its predecessor, seeks to demonstrate some sort of historical perspective by including among its contents work from the "primitive" era of science fiction, a "middle-period", and, of course, "contemporary" science fiction. The phrases in quotation marks are terms employed by Mr. Derleth.

Attempting to give a critical run-down of each story in the book is far too long a task for what is to be the length of this review. However, there are certain aspects of the book which I feel deserve comment.

As always, the format and typography of this volume typify a product of Mr. Derleth. They are excellent. Again, Mr. Derleth has come up with stories which are gems. They are well written, some of them, with philosophical undertones which are bound to make the reader think. That there are all too few of them in the mish-mash Derleth has contrived illustrates this reviewer's contention that Mr. Derleth is not as yet capable of putting out a well-rounded science-fiction anthology. But worse than this, it seems that Mr. Derleth's standards have slipped.

In his Arkham sampler, and in the prefaces to some of his anthologies, A. D. has always made much of his adherence to high literary standards, and has, if perhaps inadvertently, seemed to sneer at the lesser literati of the genre who failed to hew to such a high plane as

he. It must be granted that AD's standards were, indeed, high, even if he had to include agglomerations of quasi-fantasy material into what were, purportedly, science fiction anthologies. Now, however, his delving into origins of science fiction have so affected him that he seems to consider that a story qualifies for a current science fiction anthology even if it is poorly written, insignificant in theme, devoid of general interest, or, in short, "primitive", as he honestly calls them. One might grant this promise if a story or two were included for their quaint--er--patina, but to include four such stories in a nineteen (or twenty) story volume indicates to this reviewer rather more a high brand of courage than anything else.

However, it is his definition of the "middle period" which gives me the greatest pleasure to review. His middle period, judging from the copyright dates in the front of the book, ranges from 1936 to 1949. That his middle period overlaps what he terms the contemporary period is perhaps understandable, even if there are some pretty remarkable overlaps. I have some friends who, unfortunately, are writers. One of them has never been able to decide just which period he is in. Another insists that his psychological "nova" stories keep getting rejection slips from Gernsback. I dunno. Maybe AD should have included "Period Piece" by J. J. Coupling and let it go at that. However, aside from all this nonsense, the fact remains that he has been completely uncritical in selecting the stories in this section. For one thing, despite an introduction which gave some, but not enough credit to John

W. Campbell for the editorial drive which produced the middle period; (which is, according to the Princeton chronology, those years between 1937 and 1942), he failed to include one story from ASF under the early Campbell regime.

I cannot readily conceive this to be a fit of temperamental pique on the part of Mr. Derleth, for he enjoys, I might add justifiably, a stature in the field of fantasy, and especially Lovecraftiana, which would exclude such a conjecture. Rather, I believe that this omission arises from the fact that Derleth is, primarily, an editor wedded to the fantasy side of science fiction, and does not particularly care for the Campbellian approach on literary grounds.

Nevertheless, considered in the framework of the historical periods which he, himself seems to concur in, this omission invalidates the fundamental premises of his categories of science fiction.

The last part of the book deals with contemporary science fiction. It suffers from the Innsmouthian shadow of inbreeding, featuring two stories by Bradbury (with due deference to that great writer, one story is enough for a quasi-survey of the s-f field, a story by Stephen Grendon, who is represented in the middle period, "Dear Pon Pal", a story by van Vogt, which is not typical of his best work, appeared first in a publication of limited circulation, and has already been reprinted in one of the lesser pulps, "De Profundis", which has already seen republication, etc., etc., etc.

All in all, the book is a poor job, relieved only by the few genuinely good stories in it which have not appeared before. I might go on to cite some statistics on where the stories appeared, copyright data, and so forth to belabor my point, but what's the use. Mr. Derleth, as he himself has pointed out, is highly successful; which indicates that the public likes, or at any rate buys, his stuff. That makes him right. This review is, then, merely a protest by a very insignificant minority of one.

THE END

SPOTLIGHT

20 Sep 1951

SHANGRI-LA
1305 Ingraham St.
Los Angeles 17, Cal.

Gentlemen:

I suppose you'd call me a new science fiction fan, since I haven't been reading the science fiction magazines so very long; however, I've become interested in this whole idea of fandom and from information I have been able to gather from the fan publication review section of "Startling Stories", there seems to be a lot of fun in reading and writing for the fan magazines. I have an idea I'd like to work out so I'd like to see a copy of Shangri-La . . .

I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the very last session of the Nolacon, and I certainly found it interesting. While visiting my folks in Meridian, Mississippi, I hitchhiked down to New Orleans and got there just in time for the last evening session. Frankly I was amazed at the interest that seems to exist among fans. I was sorry I had missed the earlier parts of the convention.

As a newcomer, I'd appreciate any advice you may be able to give me as to how to get started in fan activities.

Sincerely yours,

Chester A. Polk,
Wernersville, Penna.

* * *

Here is your chance to extend a hand of greeting to a new eager beaver (apparently) in our midst. Roll out the carpet to the NFFF, to your own fanzine, if you have one, and to fan activities of your own ~~flavor~~ ^{out-}tre tastes.

PSYCHO-KINETICS BY RORY FAULKNER

Psycho-kinetics, the wonderful new science, does for the human body what a certain other new "science" purports to do for the human mind. Based on the recognition of the most deep-seated human trait, laziness, it involves a simple engineering principle, namely, the utilization of pure energy.

To begin with, it is a well-known fact that the universe as we know it is made up of three constituents--Time, Space and Energy. And the greatest of these is Energy. Without Energy, Time and Space would become static and cease to exist.

Now that we have proved that fact we will proceed a step further. Since Energy as such pervades the entire universe, it necessarily follows that energy in unlimited quantities must be available to every atom and every molecule of every entity in the universe. This means you too, brother! When you have absorbed this basic truth, it will no longer be such a heartbreaking effort for you to get the lead out of your pants. You will be cleared of lead automatically.

Now, when you are confronted by a dull, boring, difficult task which you feel you lack the skill to perform properly, do not yield to despair. Try Psycho-kinetics! This science, which I myself discovered, developed, and brought to its present state of perfection, was created after many long and arduous hours of study and research, during which I spent the best years of my life gathering data in laundries, packing-houses, bowling alleys, public rest-rooms, and other centers of physical culture and cultural physics. By mastering my perfected technique, you, the disciple, will be able to perform every task effortlessly, tirelessly and perfectly. At the end of the day you will no longer have the feeling that it is dragging the ground. You will be alive, vibrant, and rarin' to go!

Now hear this! You can, by an easy imaginative feat, train yourself to bring this boundless supply of cosmic energy flowing into you, through you, and out at your fingertips into the work you must accomplish. Here is the technique. Before commencing the job confronting you, close your eyes and mentally call on the skill of all the adepts in your trade who have lived and worked at this trade:

in days gone by. This skill, or energy if you wish, of the exact form you may require, was liberated at the time of their death to join the general pool of pure energy which fills all space. You may use it freely. Ignore the ribald comments of your associates or the sarcasm of your boss. With closed eyes, remain standing in your psycho-kinetic reverie until you actually feel all that previously liberated energy filling every nerve and muscle of your body. Then, and only then, get to work. You will notice at once a great change in your approach to a hitherto detested physical effort. With apparently no direction from your brain (you have a brain?) the kinesthetic sensations in your hands and fingertips will take over. Almost like magic, the work will appear to do itself, and you will find yourself performing every action as if you had been doing nothing else all your life.

The beauty of this science of Psychokinetics lies in its utter simplicity and in the fact that it works! You need no help from anyone else for its successful consummation. There is no need to lay yourself open to possible blackmail by allowing some chance acquaintance to invade your privacy of mind in the guise of an "auditor." The facts are all yours--and for free--by simply purchasing, for the nominal sum of seven dollars and four bits, a copy of my book, PSYCHO-KINETICS, and reading it carefully, with an open mind. (A hole in your head will help, too.)

In this book, for further proof, you will find several case histories--two, at least; also additional data on a new speed-up technique involving the use of massive doses of the miracle drug "schnuck" is presented. Schnuck is not a hypnotic, not an opiate; it is merely a simple derivative of harmless benzadrine, and may be obtained at any drugstore without a prescription if you get it while the man isn't looking.

All the details and marvels of this new wonder-science cannot possibly be given full coverage in this short come-on--er, article, for which I am getting but the regular space rates. My book is a MUST for everyone. Get your copy today! You will always regret it.

--Adv.

THE END

MADELENE BY CHARLENE GOLDENBERG PALMER

the large room was small in the sick dim light
and the thick heavy smoke hid all the corners.
the people with the smoke about them were weird
angels in green light
playing with each other in hell
as the smoke air laid heavy upon them
and their breathing did not stir the stagnant air
hanging about them in the darkness.
the white light in the hidden corner
the sole one lit
like a stranger's starring eye
turned green in the thickness.
the angel faces were a muddy green, red lips were
purple
they kissed green lips in drunk air.
madelene pushed johnathan away with a heavy arm
she raised herself weakly from the low leather couch.
thru the thickness she walked but the noise was not
heard
in the green air.
she walked upon a carpet of quicksand
dragging her into a pit of clouded fire
that beat upon her ears like the thumping sounds in
a nightmare of another sleeper
she tugged at the air
beating her head
the carpet drew her further dragging her in
and down and around
where the air is a whirlwind
and jehovah cries out man is stupid and weak and
you are the weakest of your kind
while satan watches quietly thru dustfilled air.
madelene's thumping heart was louder than the voice
she stumbled hard against the bar
her heavy arm with a lead hand reached for the bottles
and the hand closed about one
the heavy bottle knocked hard against a glass
harder against a second
it broke silently
its pieces dropping slowly to the smoke cushioned floor
"damn bottle damn glass"
in the dim green darkness johnathan missed madelene's
weight
in the heavy heat of orange pins.
she fell again upon the leather
and his throbbing body heavy at every point
some of the hot smooth liquid spilled
sliding from the slick glass
licking her near bare body
and hers was a separate hell.

scraping away a life from the center of her body
the wealth of the office did not clean the muck red air
the doctor's skin was yellow in the foul smelling
medicine light
of the darkened room.
madelene's green skin with purple lips was sickly gray

with brown lips
in the yellow light.
the doctor's voice made the glass bottles and jars
vibrate a thin sound
piercing the yellow light.
"one more operation, madelene, my dear, and you will
die."
the doctor walked thru the yellow light as she laid
upon the table like
a corpse upon a slab.

every black corner of the violet lit house
fills itself with heavy atmosphere.
in the violet dark of stupor
their faces were wax like dolls there to play with.
no one sees whom it is they kiss what hot lips press wet
in the forgotten night in a house away from the world.
johnathan stands and walks from a woman an animal
not a man
stumbling with a bleeding face and anger glowing
staggering about
blundering in a darkened world
stumbling where the trees and grass are drunken men
and women swaying
swaying in a sound of monotony
howling in a wind of lust where the wind blows
and no air is known
where far off the natives cry the drums beat and
white men die
while the moon sleeps behind the firefilled cloud.
habit is never conscious.
handsome johnathan
tall and erect
the best of his kind
walks handsome and tall and falls upon his face.
before him a pair of swollen breasts pumping the thick
atmosphere into her clouded lungs
blood orange caverns pushing out the thick atmosphere
back into the thick room air.
slowly shadows creep silent like the fog rushing up
from the sea
moving about the walls and ceiling
large and quiet like a murderer looming in the dark
silent and quiet like footsteps in a vacuum.
no one saw the shadows on the wall or the moonlight
thru the window
from the quiet walking night with crimson stars.
where is the love in this land of violet light?
nowhere is there known the man upon the cross
or the green lights that spread over the grass in
the brilliance of a summer's day
or the pale blue air of a winter's night warming
the cool air that passes over the land
touching all who pass under the coming starlit moon.
out of the lost room came no sound of love
waiting always for night to come.

THE LASFS AT BAY

BY

HOMER U FUNCE

Sometime in July a spy came to me with the report that our club, the noble LASFS, would be cast forth from its happy home at 1305 West Ingraham St. This was interesting news, and I began a surreptitious quest for new quarters, preferring one just across the street from my place of residence.

Suffice to say that the neighborhood for blocks around seemed loaded. Loaded with empty store buildings, chuck-full of roomy fraternal organizations, and crammed with just plain, old-fashioned meeting halls. All this time the information of our club's imminent loss had not been announced to the membership at large, so I figured that, ho-hum, when the time came to select the exact place it'd be a lead-pipe cinch.

Ah-hah!--Have you ever awakened from a comfy nap to realize that you have missed the boat? Well, never mind. All too soon the announcement came at a club meeting, and I awoke to find myself the head of the housing committee. To paraphrase an expression coined by Bob Tucker in re Claude Degler, it was "take to the woods, boys, the housing committee's coming!" Rooms and rent got the notion that the time for revolt was at hand, as they became too slyly elusive for our \$30-a-month grasp. Rental agents laughed up their sleeves, pretending to check their files. One or two were not so kind, and laughed in our faces. Fraternal organizations could rent halls only on the undesirable transient basis, which would have left us with no permanent clubroom, and hence with no place for our library, our mimeograph, our chairs, table, and sundries.

After a week one committeeman mentioned Clifton's downtown cafeteria, which tendered private rooms free, with the expectation of food sales from those meeting in those rooms. The outstanding feature, of course, was that we would no

longer have to sweep heaps of ciggy butts off the floor.

So, the next week, we took a poll to see if the members would favor moving to Cliftons. All but one member were willing to move to Cliftons. All but one wanted an immediate vote.

Suffice to say this: we didn't vote; we didn't move to Clifton's.

What's that? There's something screwy somewhere? Hah!--evidently you don't know the LASFS! It seemed that the whole club became screwy, en masse. A vociferous discussion ensued, in which Clifton's was drawn and quartered.

I suspected that what I had anticipated was occurring. Suspicious fans, true to form, slyly suspected that someone might be trying to railroad something past them. So, in spite of themselves, they rejected it. They themselves began to look around for something better. Next week, the man who had led the rebellion against Cliftons came up with a scheme whereby we might consolidate with two other organizations (one the Pacific Rocket Soc.) with a total of \$60 available for rent.

Another member mentioned that we could meet in a hall in a model's school for \$25 a month. The room has succulent shots of the models adorning its walls, and the girls themselves would be in the premises on Thursday nites. This was privately approved by a number of people, and several formerly vociferous Clifton's supporters promptly forgot that the cafe existed. But this was not to be.

After an extended, and somewhat humorous, discussion, the question was shelved for the nonce. The greatest difficulty here had been getting the members to agree on what area they wanted the clubroom in.

Nuts. That was futile, useless; everything had been useless. We aren't going to move after all. The lengthy scrounging seems silly, now. More so than it actually was. Anyhow, here's what the score is, today:

We get less room in our present location, pay \$30 (\$5 more than formerly); Pacific Rocket Society moves in with us at \$10. So, we wind up paying five bucks loss rent each month. Maybe, just maybe, we can change Shangri-La from a quarterly back to, say, a bi-monthly.

THE END

DE-DIANETICIZATION

BY

OMAR McBARSOOM

Since persons who have been dianetically audited for a number of hours have been said to lose their sense of emotional value, it is obvious that in order to go through the necessary degenerating, frustrating, and shocking experiences which are so essential to the proper casting off of all dianetical effects, a suitable guide must be offered for the unfortunates to follow. They will not have retained sufficient imagination or initiative, according to the skeptical opinions available to me, to think of these things themselves. Here are some rules for you to follow, if you think that such a thing has happened to you, and if you are looking for a way out:

Always snatch candy from babies or small children, especially after they have tasted it. Leave a [redacted] cigarette in their mouth in exchange. If the kiddies aren't eating, give them a nice red balloon. As soon as they start to leave, stick a pin into it.

Go down to San Juan or Havana and go through the [redacted] from one end to the other. Doubtlessly you will leave with [redacted] you had with you when you went in. Go home and [redacted] it with your [redacted] and with your best [redacted], and with any other [redacted] who happens to be handy. This will start a chain reaction that will blow up in your face.

Make yourself thoroughly hated in your neighborhood. Play your radio loudly. Don't speak to a soul. Set your television set in your front window and turn it off at the crucial spot. Beat rugs just across the fence from the next-door wash. Give horror fantasy and crime comic books to all the youngsters. Throw used [redacted] (*Note: This juicy

plum was deleted at the last minute. Who does this guy McBarsoom think we are?---Ed.)* on the [redacted] porch.

Give in to that [redacted] thing in the neighborhood who's been arching [redacted] and goggling [redacted] at you for a year past. [redacted] love you for it. However, you can get into all kinds of snarls here. You must carry a pin with you, to use at the first opportunity; [redacted] think you're playing safe. The object here, too, is to leave [redacted] with something [redacted] didn't have before. When you're [redacted] that way, leave [redacted] (*Mann-O-Mann, McBarsoom, caution these guys! One of 'em might take [redacted] with him and wind up in San Quentin or Leavenworth.--Ed.)*

Go down to L. A.'s Main Street and find a likely-looking [redacted]. Let them see your roll. You won't need any special instructions here, they'll take care of you. They'll also take you. Go back a couple of days later, armed with a supply of [redacted] (get it the same place you got the [redacted] cigarettes.) Buy a couple of bottles of champagne, carry one back up to the bar (with an addition en route) as a gift to the bartender and the other [redacted]. (You should then have no trouble spiking your personal [redacted].) You now set back and watch the fun. (Leave, however, before the cops arrive.)

Finally, buy up all the dianetics books you can find. Keep this up for the rest of your natural life, burning them as you go. However, since you are to avoid tangling with the law while doing your de-dianeticizing lessons, be sure to keep within the legally specified time limits for burning trash.--OMcB

THE END

ONE WORLD?

BY

OMAR McBARSOOM

Science fiction writers, in general, have, in recent years, presupposed the future union of the Earth states under one government. It has, generally, been taken for granted that "one world" is a desirable situation.

It is not, of itself.

Mankind's greatest asset is the lack of infinite "sameness" between individual members of homo sapiens. Increased government, on any level, tends either to stereotype the individual, to subvert his initiative, or to engender active opposition. Favoring more, and ever more, government is selecting the easiest path. The natural path--and the most difficult, if the misguided individual who seeks perfection in his own lifetime is to follow it--is the long-term path of natural social and philosophical evolution. The path along which a few more individuals each year will become truly civilized, but which is a long, long path--a path that must needs eventually hold several billions of enlightened individuals.

Following this path means simply that--following. The line extends too far into the future for any man to envision more than a problematical evolution of human sociology. Little basic change takes place, usually, in any one generation. We cannot therefore hope to effect a change, artificially--by attempting to create what we consider to be the ultimate government for the ultimate society. The society will still change only as its individual members change. It will not change into the "ultimate society" merely because it has the "ultimate government." This will become readily obvious if you take into consideration factors other than purely political. Such a set-up will fail, invariably.

Because of the complexity of world society today, a contemporary world government--created out of nothing, literally--would be completely incapable of governing; national societies would only surrender liberties up to a point, and they wouldn't go very far to reach that point. The central government would, therefore, be a simplified one, not too complex. By its very nature, it could not attain the complexity necessary to the equitable administration of the vast conglomeration of variable, human factors co-existing on this planet.

But . . . just suppose, for a moment, that all governments--India, Pakistan, Russia, Sweden, Argentina, Indonesia--all, without exception, were to surrender national sovereignty, in its totality, to a central world government. Could that government rule, administer, the planet? Could it refrain, in even the slightest degree, from changing ideologies to suit the whims of other ideologies? Could it protect the rights of all minorities? How would it handle the tendencies of one "underprivileged" population mass to move to "greener pastures", individually or collectively? Wouldn't it have to prevent almost everybody from shifting their residence to another state, in order to avoid discrimination?

Really, there can be only one (with our existing techno-sociological make-up) just government: a government that is equally just to all, in every law, in every levy, in every expenditure, in every way.

Such perfection is beyond human capability, even with the most complex governmental structure conceivable. In the foreseeable future, this will not change.--OMCB

THE END

THE NOLA CON... 1951

BY

E. EVERETT EVANS

It was my privilege to attend the Ninth World Science Fiction convention in New Orleans over the recent Labor Day week-end, and I enjoyed myself greatly, as I have the other seven I have attended, for I've only missed the first--the Nyon.

In many ways this Nolacon was the best yet--in other ways it was one of the poorest. Not that the latter was particularly the fault of the men in charge--but so many of the pro authors and editors who had planned to come had to miss it, that as far as that part of the convention was concerned--always a most enjoyable portion of such a gathering--it was not too good.

Most missed, by me, was Edward E. Smith, Ph. D., my favorite author. However, I did have a chance to see him for a couple of hours in Chicago beforehand, so that helped a little. He is very busy at his job--his assistant was off and that was why "Doc" couldn't get away to attend the Nolacon. Then Nelson Bond, whom I was anxious to meet, couldn't come at the last minute; Howard Browne, Tony Boucher, Bill Hamling and other editors were not there--but Bea Mahaffey was, and after all, who are they compared to the one and only Bea? Rog Phillips and his new wife, Mari, were among the absent, as was Mack Reynolds, Ted Sturgeon, and many others who always make a convention so interesting with their talks and with the gob-fests one has with them. However, I did meet Fred Brown, who is quite a guy.

The Guest of Honor, Fritz Leiber, Jr., gave what in this fan's opinion was the best Honor Speech we have yet heard at a convention--even better than Heinlein's wonderful Denvention talk. It was thought-provoking, interesting and most enjoyable from every angle and

facet. I understand it is to be printed in several fanzines, and I have been promised a tape of it, which will be played for the LASFS, and other nearby groups who may wish to hear it.

Speaking of speeches, at the banquet Bob Bloch also gave a fine, serious--that's right, I said "serious"--although of course there was interspersed some of the truly wonderful Blochian humor--talk about the publicity fans receive, why they get what they do, and what they must do to get better, and the chances of so doing. This, too, was well worth hearing, and was one of the high-lights of the convention.

In the matter of movies, we were more fortunate than at any other such meeting. We had a premiere prevue of "The Day the Earth Stood Still" at one of New Orleans' finest theatres, as guests of RKO. Still pictures and newsreel shots were taken, and the picture itself was a magnificent job you'll all want to see. There were a few things that, as fans, we might wish had been different, especially the fact that as the story-line was developed it became necessary to leave out that magnificent tag-line from Harry Bates' original story, "Farewell To The Master", from which it was made.

We also had the chance to see the large-sized film version of "When Worlds Collide." Unfortunately, however, we had to view it in the hall on a small screen, and we are sure quite a bit of the effect was lost. But this, too, is a wonderfully fine job of picture making, and a very definite must for all fans. Again there were changes made by the script that many fans will not approve of, but were probably felt necessary for the general public. Mostly, I, personally, did not approve the change

that gave Ransdell the girl instead of Tony, and particularly I didn't like the initial scene showing Ransdell and some other dizzy blonde--it changed his character completely, and, I felt, for the worse.

We also had two oldies--"Castles of Doom", a vampire pic, and the ancient but ever-fine "The Lost World." But the big surprise, to me, was two small pictures made for TV--Ted Sturgeon's "A Child Is Crying", and Nelson Bond's "Conqueror's Isle." These were excellent, particularly the first. If this is a sort of thing they are going to start showing on TV, I'll have to break down and buy a set. The pictures were simple, with small casts and a minimum of sets, but the picture value was there, very muchly so! They are, or have been, shown on the "Fables of Tomorrow" program. By all means see them if you can.

The auction was very good, some fine pieces available, and at generally not too high prices, although some of them brought fantastic sums, especially the Bok original of the program booklet cover. Not that a Bok painting isn't worth the \$56.00 or so paid for it--they are. But it was high for a fan auction. I got a few more of the chapter-heading pictures donated by Lloyd Eashbach of Fantasy Press, of some of Doc Smith's monsters, to add to my collection of his aliens.

There was a panel discussion of "More, or Less, Science in Science Fiction" that was interesting, but not productive of too much new in the age-old argument. In fact, the opponents seemed to agree quite a bit on their likes and dislikes and desires in this category.

Sam Moskowitz and myself also gave talks about the History of Fandom. Sam's talk was very interesting.

I understand the Dianetics session was very sparsely attended. I don't know, I was playing poker about then.

The banquet the last night was well attended and offered very good food. Besides Bloch's talk, mentioned before, there was some other entertainment under the toast-mistressship of Judith Merrill Pohl. Afterwards we adjourned to the

convention hall for more entertainment. A very clever skit, written by Fritz Leiber, was enacted by himself, Judy Merrill, Joe Cristoff and--I'm ashamed to say I disremember the other fellow's name. Based on the story "The Last Man In The World Sat Alone in a Room" theme, it was about the "Last Woman", whose door is knocked upon by a robot, an android, and a poet. She finally forms an amalgamation of them all . . . and I hope she had fun, but it looked doubtful.

Then we had "Through Darkest Fandom with Birdie and Camera", by Bob Tucker--pictures of old and new fans, shown by means of slides, with some of the famous Tuckerisms thrown in for good measure. I never did find out from Bob who "Birdie" was, though.

I've left the voting on the next year's convention site to the last. It is to be in Chicago, I'll tell you that now. But it was the fight about where it was to be that was interesting. Besides Chicago, there were Detroit, Atlanta, New York, San Francisco and Niagara Falls, bidding. The latter was a good gag worked up by Tucker, Bloch, Ned McKeown and who knows who else. "Over the Falls in Fifty-two" at the "Barrelcon", was their slogan. In the first ballot all but Chicago and Atlanta were eliminated. The final vote was Chicago 56, Atlanta 39, as I remember the figures. There was an immediate surge to get low-numbered membership numbers. I must be slipping--the best I could do was Number Five, after I have had so many Number Ones.

The best part of the Nolacon, as of every convention, though, was meeting old and new fan friends, and all the friendly gabbing that goes on at such sessions. Even if there was no prepared program, this fan would attend just the same, for this one facet alone. It is truly the high-light of any convention. I'm already making my plans to go to Chicago in 1952. Are you?

Bh, yes, one other thing made this the best convention I've yet attended. I actually won a couple of bucks in the poker games. Murray for me!--FEE

Presents

I. CADAVER

(Sing to the tune of "The Thing")

I

Oh, Mr. Graves came to the vault
One dark and dread midnight--
To catch the meeting of our cult,
In sheet of maggot-white--
He sampled our formaldehyde,
Then ate a rat or two--
And settled back to enjoy the sight--
The death of you know who!

(Oh) And settled back to enjoy the sight--
The death of you know who!

II

(Oh) Our werewolf crushed my life away,
Our vampire drank my blood--
Our ghoul commenced to eat my clay,
Our black cat ate my crud--
Our witch she came and saw my plight
And grabbed my steaming heart;
"I'll bring you to life tomorrow night,
And use this for a start!"

(Oh) "I'll bring you to life tomorrow night,
And use this for a start!"

III

So now my story has been told,
But I'll return once more--
And if you are so very bold,
Come down and eat some gore--
Perhaps you'll like the coffins here,
I surely think you will--
Just sharpen your teeth and have no fear,
I'll really fill the bill!

(Oh) Just sharpen your teeth and have no fear,
I'll really fill the bill!

ALL-TIME SCIENCE FICTION GREATS

BY OMAR McBARSOOM

Can A. E. van Vogt, Isaac Asimov, Robert A. Heinlein, Ray Bradbury and Jack Williamson be considered really "great" science-fiction writers? How do their achievements stand up under rigid analysis? I think they come pretty close to earning the title, but no personal preference enters into their selection ((Hah!)) as outstanding greats. If a dozen other authors could have been found who meet these requirements, don't you think we would have included them, too?

Here are some of the more general reasons why each of these five was selected:

1. He has been consistently successful over a long period of time.
2. He has never turned out any really mediocre or poor work.
3. He has produced much writing that ranks with the greatest in science-fantasy.
4. Masters and fans alike have acclaimed his work as masterful.
5. His work has appeared in a wide range of publications.
6. He has met with great success in both magazine and book.
7. Most of his work will continue to withstand the test of time.
8. His writing shows versatility.

For one thing, I want to create a basis for what might make an interesting "panel discussion" at a LA S-F Society meeting, and for another, I hope that various members will think over the idea, formulate opinions, and decide whether such a discussion would be sufficiently meritorious. Naturally, everybody will have ideas to express about their favorite writers

We might work it this way:

Select a panel of four or five members who have a solid scientific background. Konigsberg, Jean Cox, Ackerman, Evans, Terzian, Bill Cox, and others will be suitable. There will be no need for them to compile notes or memorize specific data. The rest of the membership will turn in an individual list of writers whom they, personally, consider all-time greats--keeping in mind certain factors in the list presented here, and other factors they might themselves deem important. A dependable member (The Director, say, or someone appointed by him--probably a volunteer) will check the lists to determine the top candidates for the panel's consideration. When they convene before the assembled membership, they will work on the top man, and continue down the list. The panel will have the task of deciding if, how, why, etc., the author in question deserves the tag of "All-time Great."

We'll say, tentatively, that complete agreement by the panel members on the writer's worth will give him the accolade of All-Time Great. Thumbs down by any member will leave the tale-artist suspended in mid-air indefinitely, and total disapproval will send said shivering scrivener scrambling to the Styx.

Sure . . . in the long run, who cares? But some bloody damned good discussion, or even argument, for that matter, will inevitably take place. There's really no other reason that I can think of why this matter should be taken into consideration. But--I think that's good enough, what with so many people yowling for controversial subjects.

THE END

THE FAN FRAME-OF-MIND

BY

BOB TUCKER

(*This was submitted to us for publication in something (we forget what thing) around eight years ago.--Ed.)*

Wild charges and hysterical assertions to the effect that a fan is no longer a "true fan" (whatever that is) simply because he ceases to read the prozines, amuse me.

It is a glaring example of hollow thinking, of not looking below the surface, and a result of a too-deep fervor for the fan movement as a whole; altho I am well aware that rabid fervor may well be out a subconscious shadow, in an otherwise amiable, tolerant fan.

I believe the asserter loses sight of the general definition of a fan; fan--anything, science-fiction, movie, radio or crossword puzzle bug. Instead, he tends to substitute a much narrower definition of a fan--his definition--and the thing will probably apply to only a minor strata of fandom. When a person ceases to read the prozines for whatever reason, that shallow-thinking fan brands him a has-been . . . because the person slipped over the straight and narrow line of the already narrow definition.

A fan can be a fan and yet not touch a prozine for years on end. This isn't healthy for the prozines, I'll freely admit, but it's true nevertheless. Science fiction and fantasy (including the weird of course) exist in vehicles other than newsstand magazines. That single statement destroys the base upon which the charges and assertions were made.

It is pointless to divide fandom into such fine sectors as "science fiction magazines fans" and "science fiction book fans." It must be remembered that there are perhaps hundreds of thousands of "science fiction movie fans" who nev-

er touch a magazine or book. If this latter class hunt down and buy tickets to every mummy-melodrama and mad-scientist-shocker in their locality, can one brazenly deny they are science fiction fans? Because it is senseless to so slice up classes of fandom--a fan is a fan for whatever he reads or doesn't read.

I know a fan who has no use whatsoever for books and probably hasn't a single volume in his collection. His contention is that there are no worthwhile science fiction books to be found--all good stories are found in the prozines.

This is as hollow as the charges in mention; my own and probably your collection houses a good many science fiction books that never appeared in a magazine.

I find that the quality of a book equals, and very often exceeds a magazine story; due, in a large degree, to the absence of publisher and advertiser taboos. It is noteworthy to point out that one magazine now makes a policy of reprinting books--yarns (*This doubtless refers to FFL.--Ed.)* that have never before appeared in a magazine.

Now obviously, those books must have some merit to attain so exalted an end. Nor can I accuse the fan of not being a fan because he dislikes books. Any argument that one may raise concerning my failure to support magazines (were I a fan who never read them), I could return in kind for his failure to buy books.

I know another fan who has time to read only Astounding, but goes hog-wild over all the science fiction comics. He would probably collapse of apoplexy should someone accuse him of not being a "true fan." He doesn't read all the prozines, yet he has written the most com-

prehensive history of fandom yet to come off a mimeograph.

Finally, I'm eager to know just what constitutes a "true fan?" What sort of a critter is it? Does it eat only breakfast food from the wheat fields of Mars, and drink only milk that uses a rocket symbol in its advertising? Or is a "true fan" one who blindly and faithfully buys long-term subscriptions to every putrid, unreadable pile of stapled pages (laughingly called a fanzine) in existence? And dutifully reads each Captain Future from front-cover blurbs to back-cover foot-itch advertisements?

Somewhat wistfully, I await a workable definition of a "true fan." It will be such fun to chase about the country, fitting the definition to each fan I meet like a brand new pair of overalls, or like a nice new slippery pair of step-ins.--BT

THE END

* * *

(* (Wilson Tucker's latest book, "The Red Herring", is available from W. B. Read, Co., Bloomington, Ill., at \$2.50. It is a choice detective-character-series book, of a type that today is mainly trite; Tucker, a science-fiction fan who, in over a dozen years of astronomical fan-writing could rarely be called trite, certainly isn't here--on the contrary!--he instills new life into a dying field. Sent for a copy today, and if you don't like it, sell it to me for half price--I'd like to read it.--Ed.)*)

* * *

Presents

A PORTRAIT OF THE STEFEL AS A YOUNG GIRL

She was known as just plain "Sugar" after she started to school, although in her baby days she had been referred to as "Sugar 'n' Spice." That was only natural, as you can readily see.

This continued until she reached high school where she found that most of the boys had a sweet tooth. So eager was she to satisfy their craving that before long she became known as "Sugar 'n' Spice."

When she graduated from high school she went from pillow to poster, until finally she decided to settle down, in one spot.

Just about this time she inherited her uncle's typewriter, which he had been pounding for twenty years.

This typer was so beaten up that Sugar almost wept when she saw it. She finally decided to name it "Angela", after the woman who had been pounded so much in the book by the same name. She thought herself into believing that she didn't pound "Angela" like a brute male would have done, but only stroked her, with a gentle, Lesbian-like caress.

So when the time came to write her memoirs, she wrote them. Her only difficulty was in choosing a title. She would have liked to have become one with the original Angela and titled her book simply, "Sugar", but that was suggestive of the wrong thing. It was the publisher who finally selected the title that made Sugar sugar.

On the day the box arrived with two advance copies of her book, she eagerly tore them free, then promptly swooned to the floor.

As she lay in the position glorified in her book, the two tomes lay beside her, title up. The publisher had chosen, not wisely, but too well.

Sugar would now, doubtlessly, be known as "Sugar 'n' Vice."--ECC

THE END

MEETING THE L.A.S.-F.S.

(*We take you now to the innermost sanctum of Los Angeles' most insidious cult. To horse and away!--Ed.)*)

MEETING #722, Thursday, June 21, 1951:

The meeting was called to order at 8:10 p. m.

Nominations for director were held. Walter J. Daugherty, Edward G. [unclear], and Paul Gordon (?) were nominated.

For some reason, the first ten minutes of the meeting were occupied by a discussion of the problems of rocketry.

We went into announcements, where it was reported that George Pal would make H. G. Wells' "The War Of The Worlds", and that the Little Men from Berkeley would sponsor the Westercon, after the Futurians had flubbed the dub.

There was a panel on what a man should carry on a trip to Shakespeare's time, if he were limited to \$5,000.00 and what he could stuff into a four-door sedan, making allowance, of course, for the blooded stallion which Eph insisted was necessary for happiness in that era. (*Hare-ly a matter of studied opinion: --Ed.)* The panel members, Hal Curtis, Ed Clinton, Al Lewis, and Eph, displayed some larcenous tendencies heretofore hidden under their honest masks. Curtis advocated palming off phony jewels on the yokels of that time, while Lewis wanted to be a cardsharp, and build up an empire in land. (*Other things mentioned: medicines and vaccinations, guns and armor, pens and printing, language and manners; watches and spices, ships and gambling, movie cameras and tape recorders, toothbrushes and gargles, bastards and contraceptives (on the sly), and (furtively) yoyos and pogosticks. Moffatt, Lord of Bell Gardens, wondered why one couldn't go back to 1600 as the second coming of Christ, but everyone dismissed that as being too dangerous to try.--Ed.)* Meeting adjourned at 10:10 p. m.

That was all the business for the meeting. However, I am going to continue on, and say what I've wanted to. Since the night I will read this is the night for secretarial elections, and since I wouldn't be caught dead in this job again, I would like to thank all those members who have done so much in the past six months toward making me into a nervous wreck.

First, to Russ Hodgkins, whose never-ending stream of abuse did so much to reduce my mental stability. To Eph Konigsberg, whose interminable program suggestions nearly broke my hand getting them all down. It's all right, Eph, my right hand wasn't worth much anyway. To Paul Gordon, whose conflicting and weird treasury reports earned me the withering glances of our beloved director, when I reported them each week. To Rick Sneary, that wonderful man, who laughed up every feeble joke I inserted into the minutes of some very un-humorous meetings. Thanks boy, they really kept up my morale. To Albert Hernhuter, whose constant poking and talking distracted me and kept me from getting down half of what went on. And finally, to Anna Sinclair (*Now Moffatt.--Ed.)*, who didn't have the common decency to be born Margaret St. Clair, and thus save me from a classic flubb.

Thank you all. I'll write you from the sanitorium.

Respectfully submitted, Richard Terzian, Esq.

* * *

MEETING #724, Thursday, July 5, 1951:

The meeting was called to order at 8:10 p. m. Treasury report by Paul Gordon, who asserted that there was an unknown amount in the treasury and that the rent was paid.

No minutes were available for last week's meeting, as the late secretary,

Richard Terzian, was absent. I was given to understand that, in a snit of rage and frustration at losing this job, Terzian had eaten his notes. This is really eating your words. (*If you had digested his last secretarial report (see above) you could take him a yoyo next visitor's day.--Ed.)*

The meeting was opened by our new director, Ed Clinton. Unaccustomed as he is to public speaking, etc., Mr. Clinton nevertheless gave a very fine introductory address, setting forth his aims and ambitions for the improvement of LASFS under his benevolent dictatorship. He gave a comprehensive definition of our organization, its ideals and its purpose. At last we know what insidious attraction lures us to these hallowed halls, or basement dive, as you will, week after week! In addition, a questionnaire prepared by the Clintons was passed around the club, so that some idea might be had of just what the members would like in the future. It wasn't exactly a Gallup poll--more of a slow walk, I should say.

At about the same time Rick Sneary performed a public service by presenting all present with a copy of the Outlander News Review containing a report on Westercon IV at 'Frisco.

Under the heading of new business was brought up the subject of the appointive posts of librarian, publisher, and associate member secretary. Since these coveted offices are invariably the subject of much rivalry and pushing among the club members (pushing them off on some other sucker, that is, son!), it was decided that it would be a good idea to limit each incumbent to not more than two consecutive terms. Alan Hershey then made the motion that the term be limited to one semester, as Eph so scholastically puts it. The motion was seconded and passed by a large majority.

Simultaneously, the overworked secretary was ordered to furnish a fair copy of all motions passed for the records of the society, to be kept on file in an easily located place, if any.

Next a report on the Westercon IV by Paul Gordon, who vowed he was some-

what less than thrilled by the year's session, and loyally claimed that last year's conference was much better. He seemed to be dissatisfied by the speakers, and accused Bernard I. Kahn of talking down to them as to little children. Well? (*Even at that, he was probably being over Kahnsideate.--Ed.)* E. E. Evans, who was more favorably impressed, added several high-lights to the account. He gave a young artist who had several originals on display quite a plug, referring to this G. Faraco as "the poor man's Bonestell."

ANNOUNCEMENTS: Eph K. passed around an Australian magazine containing an installment of "The Revolt of the Trifids", formerly published in Collier's. Russ Hodgkins valiantly averred that the publisher had paid for it.

Ev Evans announced the arrival of four new books, among them being Heinlein's "Green Hills of Earth." For this blessed event we have been waiting a long, long time! It seems the gestation period for a publisher is even longer than that of the author!

Albert Hernhuter announced that they are burying a time capsule in Pershing Square, and immediately several suggestions as to what should be preserved for posterity were forthcoming. Strangely enough, no one suggested encapsuling Degler. (*Why, didn't you know? Degler is already encapsuled.--Ed.)*

Alan Hershey gave the news that a magazine called "The Reporter" carries a three page article on one Ray Bradbury.

Hal Curtis gave an account of a TV program featuring Doodles Weaver, who, he asserted, kept dragging van Vogt in by his engrams all through the program. (*L. Ron Hubbard took on a lubbard, who said he had to be shown; The business he got, Now his engrams are not, But poor Ronnie's synapses are blown.--Ed.)*

Alan Hershey, himself the possessor of an adequate toupee, then arose and read a medical note on hormones as a cure for baldness. Walt Daugherty immediately sprang to attention, and Bill Blackbeard evinced a mind interest. Some wit suggested that the product, when

marketed commercially, should be named "Hairmone."

Eph gave out with a rumor that deep in the heart of Texas stands a moon rocket, sired by the Navy but at present a mere abortion, due to the discontinuation of construction from some unknown cause. Probably lack of funds, or Atcheson's fear of disturbing Russia by such evidence of capitalist imperialism. (*{If situations like that continue too long, Russia will be disturbing us--from the Moon.--Ed.}*)

BOOK REVIEWS: "Seeds of Life", by John Taine, reviewed by Ev Evans, who came close to giving it four bells. He recommended it as good reading, naturally. (*{Is it all right if we read it with our clothes on? Reading "Seeds of Life" a natural might give people ideas.--Ed.}*) Al Lewis, ad-libbing in his own inimitable fashion, gave a SHORT review of "Green Hills of Earth", story by story. All went well until he reached the tale "Gentlemen, Be Seated." Blushingly he finally managed to convey the gist of this tale. (*{In this case, shouldn't it be "tail?"--Ed.}*) the snapper of which was that three good men and true, marooned in a moon tunnel which had sprung an oxygen leak, took turns using their respective "sitz-fleisch" for a stopper. They suffered agonies of frost-bite and suction blisters in the process, but as Al so aptly remarked, "In the end, everything comes out all right." Eph Konigsberg gave a somewhat devastating criticism of the latest Derleth anthology, "Far Boundaries." (*{See page 4.--Ed.}*) Eph seemed much more impressed by the money Derleth saved on copyrights than with the merit of the stories. A short-short review was given by Al Lewis of Sprague deCamp's "Rogue Queen", the gist of which was that if you enjoy deCamp, this is just the sort of thing you will like. (*{We don't enjoy deCamp, but we might enjoy the Rogue Queen.--Ed.}*)

The meeting was adjourned at 9:21 for the raffle, which was won by the new director. H-m-m-m.

Present this evening were 27 members and guests. Prominent among the latter was Con Pederson, The Outlanders' way-faring waif from the wilds of Lower Slo-

bbovia, who was greeted with a display of ardent affection by his many friends.

--Rory Faulkner, Secretary.

MEETING #725, Thursday, July 12, 1951:

The meeting was called to order promptly at 8:00 p. m., for a change. About 30 people were present. Two out-of-town guests were welcomed--Harley Sachs of South Bend, Indiana, and Bob Rheinhold of San Bernardino.

Paul Gordon reported that there was \$7.15 in the treasury as at the end of the last, or July 5th, meeting.

Old business concerned itself with the results of the poll taken at the last meeting. In the main, all the questions were answered in the affirmative, with the possible exception of the one on magazine reviews. These have been so scarce lately, in any event, as to constitute an almost non-existent hazzard to perfect harmony of opinion. A curious anomaly appeared in the answers to the question concerning the liking for either planned or informal meetings. Each proposition polled a 19 to 4 favorable vote. Does this mean we have four subversives in our midst who are against all meetings?

The new business contained many announcements. Paul Gordon announced that Dimension X had switched to Calvert's--I mean, Thursdays--and Richard Terzian, nable and public-spirited soul, bellowed out that that was the reason he had brought along his portable radio!

Eph Konigsberg brought up the subject of Forry's return to our collective bosom on the 19th, and plans for a really royal, MacArthur welcome for him were formulated. Also the cup that cheers, that cheers the committee in charge, was passed around, following which Ev Evans read a letter from Forry.

Len Moffatt read a very entertaining letter in Quandary by Walt Willis; the wild Irishman. (He probably smiles, too.) It was a continuation of Willis' report of the Eucon, and told us, among other things, that our own far-traveling Ackermans were still hitting on all cylinders.

Rick Sneary, despite many rude interruptions from the wits--or am I only half right?--in the audience, read an article from a FAPA mailing, typographical errors and all.

Russ Hodgkins had a letter from Ted Carnell of England, and Russ also announced the future publication of another Heinlein juvenile, to be called "Between Planets."

We then had two book reviews, but only one book. Ed Clinton, who won Williamson's "Seetee Sh&P" last week, dutifully gave the review of the same. On the whole, he was favorably impressed with the book, but he insists that Williamson is "girl-struck"--that all his tomatoes are alike--sweet, simple, and sincere. These are BAD qualities in a dame? Following Clinton's interpretation, Eph then arose and did it over again his way.

At 8:25 a five minute recess was called, after which the little children all gathered 'round the radio to hear the Dimension X bed-time story, courtesy of KFI, Niles Trammel, and Terzian. The story was H. Beam Piper's well-liked "Time and Time Again", and all went well until the last, when the jerks succeeded as usual in competently lousing up the ending. This was greeted by loud groans and cries of pain from the audience, who suffered!

Terzian won the raffle this time, a fitting reward for his public service in supplying the radio. It was positively not rigged that way!

I believe there was no formal adjournment--we all just faded away.

--Rory Faulkner, Secretary.

MEETING #726, Thursday, July 19, 1951:

The meeting was held amid a flurry of excitement and expectation. Ye secretary does not know if the meeting was formally called to order or if any business was transacted, as she was posted outside as a spy to ferret out the arrival of the Ackermans, in whose honor this session extraordinary was held.

The club room was tastefully decor-

ated with streamers and a large welcome banner; a full house was present, including A. E. van Vogt. The Ackermans arrived at 8:30 and were greeted with a brass band, a fanfare, and Al Jolson singing "California, Here I Come"; and they were showered with confetti on their triumphal entrance. The only things missing were the skyscrapers and ticker tape.

Forry was given the floor immediately, and, after a few snide remarks on certain frustrated attempts on the part of unknown miscreants to collect the ghoul-pool, embarked on Chapter I of his Odyssey to foreign shores. He spoke of a visit to Olaf Stapleton's widow at the great man's home; he also reminisced at length about other odd Johns he had encountered in his travels. He mentioned several well-known authors and fans that he met in England at the Eucon, and also referred to the recent science fiction article in Life, which he seemed to think belied all the efforts that went into collecting material for it. "The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse."

At ten o'clock, in deference to the many uneasy behinds squirming around on the hard chairs, a recess was called, which was then changed to an adjournment in order to allow the weary travelers to rest. The Odyssey is to be continued in our next.

A large part of the club then repaired to Melody Lane for further celebration.

--Rory Faulkner, Secretary.

* * *

(*And now come with me into the past, and read, with a sneer on your lip or with nostalgia--for what you might believe to be better or worse--of the LASFS doings of yesteryear, with that great horse Silv--no, no, I mean with no one in particular doing the honors. I hope nobody rides me about that little slip-up.--Ed.)*

"Shangri-L'Affaires reports that from time to time strange and somewhat drunken creatures wander into the LASFS clubroom under the impression it is

something else. Perhaps the members had better check into the past history of the place to discover what that 'something else' was."--LeZombie #59, Nov., 1944.

"It was a Thursday nite. I know this to be true by one bit of evidence. 637 $\frac{1}{2}$ South Bixel was surrounded by a pack of vicious neighbors with clubs, picks, and shovels in hand ready to commit murder. Inside the clubroom there were many members, guests, vice-squad officers and pandemonium."--WJD, LeZombie, #56, Jan., 1944.

"It is possible that the LASFS will move to cheaper quarters soon. Details will follow when I have them. Everything is hush-hush on the deal at the moment."--WJD, Fanews #211, Sep., 1945. (*Where have we heard this before?--Ed.)*

"I thought I was an extremely active fan, but Ackie far surpasses me in the sheer amount of things for and pertaining to fandom that he can accomplish, and in such a short time. (At that time I was devoting nearly half of each and every entire day to activities such as writing scores of letters to get opinions and suggestions and new members for the International organization, the Cosmic Circle--publishing numerous sheets such as a twice-weekly fanews sheet, meeting fans and prospective fans in the Los Angeles area, etc. I do not have so much time for activities now as then . . . but I think that there is little doubt that at that time I was the second most active fan.)"--CD, alias DR, The Bixel Street Alert, 194X. (*We wondered what this was leading up to!--Ed.)*

"In 1938 Ray (Bradbury) was attending L. A. High School. His ambitions were along the theatrical line, but the feature which marked him among the members of the group was his mad, insane, hackneyed humor, which was the especial anathema of Hodgkins. But beneath this ribald and uncontrollable Bacchus . . . was a deep understanding of people and the signs of the times."--TEY, The Old LASFL, 1944.

MONK RHOEBUCK RIDES AGAIN

BY

TINA CUPP

Cloppity, cloppity, cloppity, cloppity, clop, clop, clop, clop.

"Whoa! Blast ya!--Whoa!!

"Hum-m-m . . . think I'll look this place over. Gotta watch my step though, I'm new around these parts, and there's no tellin' what kind of a mess I'll get into if I don't watch out.

"Hey! Maybe I oughta fill this place fulla lead!!

"Naw, I guess not--I'll try it later if nothin' else works.

"Right now I'll just stick my nose in here and see . . .

"Why you . . . ! Snap at me will ya! I see what you need!! Lucky I've got a nice heavy rope handy, 'cause that's it!

"I'll just loop one end around up there, the other end around ya right here, tighten it, and you're all set ta go . . .

"Now a good, quick jab . . . there!"

CloppityCloppityCloppityCloppityClop
ityChoppity . . .

* * *

"Hummm . . . confounded old machine does seem to run better, but I sure haven't got rid of that blasted knock."

THE END

LOVE LETTERS...

FROM READERS AND ADMIRERS

EDITED BY IVA SUTOMAN

Dear Editor:

I was flabbergasted when I got through reading that last Shaggy organ. You know--the one with 'all that about the funny papers. Boy, I think that there Pogo, the Possum, is good too. You know ever since it came out I liked the alligator the best of all, but you ought to see what's in it now. I just got the paper in off the porch and turned to Pogo. Well, the alligator ain't in it right now, but this one is so funny I can't hardly hold the pencil straight. There's a screwball, bear, I think it is, with a bone-handled cane--the kind dogs is always burying in the comic-books and cartoons--bone, I mean, not cane, and he runs a circus. I think the whole thing is a circus anyway. Do one on Bugs Bunny next.--A loving funny fan, Martin M. Zu, Flapback, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Shaggy:

You DOGS! Hah! A lot I care about joining your old club! I'm speaking to every member you've got, and I don't mean maybe.

By god, I was really burned up when I came to your meeting last Thursday and nobody said anything to me or even asked me what I wanted. Maybe that was a good thing--I could have gotten kicked out.

I just came here to L. A. from Nebraska two weeks ago, and I'd heard so much about the club here--so I thought I'd have a grand time and meet so many wonderful fans! How disappointed I was! Anyway, I suppose I looked like a first class rube against all you big city dudes, and I guess you've got so many things here and there are so many fans that you don't care much whether another one comes around or not. I'd heard that most fans were big egotists, and I guess you take the cake. Anyway, I'm going to write to Startling Stories and tell them what I've seen here in L. A. Maybe it was because Forrest J. Ackerman wasn't here--I've seen his picture and a fan girl friend of mine who I met in San Francisco on the way down here told me he is very friendly.

I might start a fan club of my own here in L. A. If any readers are interested, I'm 19, five-foot-two, red hair, greeneyes, weigh 110, and I like to lay on the beach on sunny days. Yours truly, A country girl stf-fan, 1028 West BIX--!--(*No, none of our readers are interested!--Ed.)*

Cheerio All:

I was very gratified when some kind soul (if fantasy fans have such things!) posted me an issue of your society's organ, Shangri-La. It was actually forwarded on to me from my ancestral home in Devon, near Bovey Tracey, on the edge of the famous Dartmoor.

I take this tattered copy of Shangri-La as an omen, here in Africa. I have only to lift the flap of my tent to see, in the distance, the forbidding reaches of the East African highlands, which, for all one knows, could very easily contain the mythical site of the legendary Shangri-La.

It may seem strange to you, sitting in a comfortable chair before a warm fire, there in far-off America, but I may very well be dead when this chit reaches your hands. It all happened one day while I was walking across the moor, in a section which I had never traversed before. My faithful hunting dog, Odd End Up, refused to go farther, and I carried on alone. I soon stumbled upon a creature the like of which I had never seen before. Alas!--He was breathing his last.

So it was that my quest began, and although long, weary months have been spent seeking the origin of this otherworldly creature, the trail has led here to the highlands of Africa, where I have a premonition that my search is near its end. Alas!--Such are the perils that I, too, may be near that end.

If I survive, if I get back even this far, I shall be sure to remember all of you, and write you first off. You may be sure that if I do make it, I shall have some really startling Gnos for you. Sadly, Alger Niles-Johannes, Meru, Kenya Colony. (*And we'll have a Gnos all ready and waiting for you--you Cad, sir!--Ed.)*

THE END

EXHUMATION

BY

OMAR

McBARSOOM

You attack the ponderous packing cases that have for so long been sealed. You cut through the heavy metal bands, loosen the lids, expose the precious contents. One by one you remove the small cartons, carry them into the house and stack them--stack them higher and higher, until the room is full and the packing cases are empty. Then you begin to open the cartons.

From those cartons came books, magazines, fanzines, movie stills, fan photographs, originals; a history of that segment of fandom of which you were once a part, a history such as no mere text can reveal.

You paw through a regiment of Fanewscards--started by Bob Tucker, who is now well on the way toward realizing his onetime ambition of becoming an editor as well as an established author; continued by Frank Robinson, who just this last year has solidly established himself with many tales in the leading S-F pros; concluded a couple of hundred issues later by Dunkleberger. You kept the thing from dying after its thirteenth issue, because you'd always wanted to publish a fanzine and this looked like an easy way out. The nostalgia makes you want to do so again.

You find a few really old fanzines--from before your time, back in the 30's. Those were sold to you as "rare" items by Niel DeJack in Chicago in 1943. They are rare items now. You remember the cut-throat poker game Niel steered you--an army private--to one night. You lost all through the game, then copped the \$5 and \$10 showdowns and walked away with all the loot. You find the Ray Cummings book that Niel sold you as a "rare" item--rare because the last few pages had been omitted. You remember your naivete.

You mull through the originals--the Cartiers, the Boks, the Rogers, the Orbans, the Fortes, the Pauls, the Moreys, the Schneemans, the St. Johns, the Finlays, and many more of illustrators long forgotten. You recall the day you dragged Robinson up to Ziff-Davis to see Palmer, and how Palmer presented you with that beautiful Finlay. You handle the pics picked up at a Michicon of yesterday; thinking of the Ashleys, Weidenbeck, Leibscher, Saari, Mari Wheeler, Speer, Marlow, Coger, Leeth, Camden, and wondering who it is that you've forgotten. Evans is the only one who's still around, and he too is now a somewhat successful pro author.

You smile at the pics you got from Unger, for financing a photo of the cover of the then latest issue of Future for Unger's fanewsheet, FFV. You wonder if fans still refer to Unger as "moneybags", and, looking at his ad in the latest Astounding, realize that, in any event, the title is still appropriate.

You fondle the fifth annish of Tucker's LoZombie, and gazing at its beautiful six-color "blown-by-mouth" cover, recall how Robinson slaved in his basement for weeks to consummate the idea--using naught but a cheap dime-store outfit and stubborn determination to produce the most striking fan cover of all time.

You pry loose the several years of Astounding that Ashley had sold you at cover price when you visited L. A. years ago. You missed them all because you were at war in Europe. You drop everything and reread Van's first Null-A yarn, and wonder if he will ever again produce its equal.

And you pull forth the old large Wonders, Amazings, and Quarterlies, and wonder where you can get rid of them. It won't be easy to find somebody nowadays who'll but them, so you decide to dump them into the moldy LASFS library.

You extract a large, musty pile of Argosy excerpts, and rather ceremoniously direct their destiny into your yawning trash box. You no longer need such things, for there are legions of new hard-cover books to take their place. You recall how you, long ago, hoped that the next Argosy would have a fantasy; today you can as often find one in a slick.

You dig through the vast array of old fan photos, and reminisce the fan gatherings in Chicago, Bloomington, Battle Creek, Milwaukee. The poker sessions, the bowling fests, the book-store orgies, the magazine quests. You think of Hiss Koenig, of Harris M. Schmarje (author, columnist, critique), of the Decker (Ind) Dillies, of Suddsy Schwartz, Claudes's Cosmic Circle, and of how the NFFF almost got around to suing him for slander.

You once thought that you, who had only been an active fan for several years, could never be an "old timer." That title would always be reserved for Ackerman, for Moskowitz, for Hornig, Palmer, Wollheim, Lowndes, Tucker, Marconette, and not too many others. You mentally look around the country, the world; you think of your old home town, that never had another fan as long as you were there, and now has several; you think of the time when there were few fans, and how one would go a great distance to get together with another; and of now, when a city will hold many, with quite a few never seeing most of the others and, apparently, never caring to see them.

You wonder rather there are--today--too many Science Fiction magazines; too many books, too many conferences, too many fanzines, too many fans.

THE END

LET ME PLAY A TUNE ON THE ORGAN

BY

EDWARD C. CONNOR

EDITORIALS

So many things nowadays are referred to as "organs." This magazine you now have in your digital organs is really an organ (although I have broken precedent by not referring to it as such in the front of the book), and I have enjoyed editing it, and I've also enjoyed printing it. (I was afraid for a few weeks that I would have to write it, too.) I certainly hope to have the opportunity to act as editor again.

Pay no attention to our exercising our editorial license-tiousness every once in a while throughout this issue, (which includes, you'll notice, using either "I" or "we" as we see fit), but fandom being what it is, with every one sooner or later--out of sheer frustration--having to edit a fanzine in order to get a word in edge-wise, we just had to make the obvious remark in the obvious spot, before some appleknocker beat us to it.

Seriously though, it isn't often that a fan can find a bunch of suckers who are willing to foot the bill for his follies. Of course, thinking it over, ahem . . . if you want to be editor of Shaggy . . .

* * *

Those stalwart individuals from the nether regions, The Outlanders, have plans in store for their organ which cause us to look forward with eager anticipation. The next notes to issue forth will be conducted by Con Pederson, and they're sched'ed to appear between covers at about the time you read this--late in September. Then--and we take this opportunity to help pin down the hapless suckers to their inexorable task--the following--November, we believe--issue will be co-edited by fan neophyte Shirley Jean Bocher and Anna Sinclair Moffatt. This will set the stage (and we take this opportunity to pin down the

whole Outlander Society, en masse) for the colossal, the titanic, Anniversary Issue: issue number ten (10), marking three (3) fabulous years of publication.

* * *

Our contemporary civilization has a facility for evolving numerous "dodges", so that the average man can say or do something "verboten" under the guise of new double-talk or of a new "front."

Doubtless any day now someone will heave the old-hat "come up and see my etchings", in favor of "come up and play me a tune on my organ." Perhaps they'll just be imitators of Gallagher and his "liquor-organ"--who knows? The point is, so many fascinating things are referred to as "organs" nowadays, with more to come in the near future, that, in a situation like the above, some poor trusting soul might be sadly disappointed.

* * *

The last issue of Shaggy did not reach the general public because it was not completely finished. The last editor, Al Lewis, regrets this deeply. It was not his fault, we assure you. Things crop up in fan clubs that the general membership cannot help. One member will frequently never know for sure what another member is doing; it is a sorry fact that some of them actually don't care.

* * *

"Madalene", (which we just know you'll love), is used in place of an article which various people thought we might be able to weedle out of Ackerman. The article was to have been a lengthy connotation of 4e and Wendy's trip to Europe this last summer. Ackerman proved agreeable when we approached him on the evening of his return to the LASFS clubroom, but we had secret doubts, since we knew that the Gargantua of the Garage might have a little work to catch up with. Such proved to be the case, as we found out when we cautiously approached the Fabulous Fantasist several weeks later. Seemed he had, among other things, over 400 pieces of mail to cope with. Also, he'd have to work from scratch, if he did attempt to write the

article--he had made no notes. Seems he lazed on the ship coming back, just as he had done going over.

Perhaps he is just a master at handling such things, having been around stefen longer than any of us; he was possibly toying with us as a cat would toy with the proverbial mouse. Humm-m-m . . . Seriously, however, Forry has appeared in the pages of Shangri-La just about as often as anyone. Checking back issues of this 'zine, we found that the LASFS members who have had the most items in print are Ackerman, E. E. Evans, Dot Faulkner, and Arthur Jean Cox.

* * *

Apparently Jim Kepner is back with us as a regular attendee. The one-time editor of Toward Tomorrow, Toward Yesterday, Fen; and, more recently, Western Star, has, supposedly, forsaken Frisco for good. He and several club members, Bill Cox among them, are cooking up a writers' workshop.

* * *

The LASFS has had some pretty good Directors through the years, but we hardly think any of them can surpass Edwin Clinton, contemporary wielder of the gavel. Clinton, who has a B. A. degree in history from the U. of Cal., does not let a single week pass without working to improve the meeting programs. Finding an attraction for the program in the first place is a complicated ordeal. Clinton has been known to more than once offer to do something without being asked. He and his wife, Audrey, also helped mimeo this issue of Shangri-La.

THE END

.....

CHICAGO

IN

1952

20,000 SHEETS UNDER THE SEE

OR LOOKING, ROOKING, AND BOOKING

BY
E.C.
CONNOR

My stacks of fanzines are estimated to contain 20,000 sheets of paper, but I looked over only a few; when I found a likely item, I rooked it from its source and booked it for appearance in the twenty-ninth Shangri-La.

Some of this can be called corn--corn off the cob, as it were. Tons of fanzines have been printed, and many gems of wit have been left to mold within their pages. I see no reason why the editor of a general fanzine should not supplement his own unproven efforts with bits of proven humor.

From: Bloomington News Letter. Philborn Ed., Sep. 1, 1947: (LeZombie #58, July, 1944):

MERELY A DABBLER DEPT: John Cunningham in Vom #34: "I do not agree on mass nudism, but small groups must be a pleasant experience."

THE LIFTED EYEBROW DEPT: Joe Kennedy in Black Star #5: "There is a lot more to belonging to the (club) than just letting BS flow into your mailbox."

BOOK OF THE MONTH DEPT: Most of us are impatiently awaiting Arkham House to bring out "Thumb One in the Dark"--a wild goose story.

From: Three Fingers, Tucker & Liebscher:

WRECOMMENDED WROOTING

1) "Wanted--Seven Hairless Engineers", a bald drama of peril among the domes. (The Hirsute Press, \$1.49.)

2) "The Decline of the B east", by L. A. Phanns. The inside story of the grapefruit growers of California. (Citrus House, \$2.00, Boxed.)

3) "Odd John", the tale of an unconventional privy, by that raconteur of

the old West, Sitting Bull. A fantastic, moving story of our raw frontiers. (The Crescent Press.)

Liebscher (letter), Fan-Dangling, FAPA, 1946:

"I must perforce end this charming letter. I'm writing in bed, with a broken back. My gal and I entered a bitter-jug contest last night. I got my tie caught in her garter and we were disqualified. I forthwith ruptured by curnkle, and my terdle pate won't mindulate. Besides my goober log took quite a beating and the glop won't fosdurf any more."

From: Scientifun, by Mary Helen Washington:

"There before Fan's eyes was a curtain. It rose, and there was a man just like the monster, only horribler, with two long tusks on the side. Fan drewed his throat in . . . Fan rose from his feet and began talking with what little air he had . . . he started telling his tongue off . . . Fan-sweat poured off of him like rain . . . the monster said: 'The sun has about risen. I can't stand day.' I will let you go against my will, but day is coming.' A hand took Fan back to his plane. When Fan was alone, he breathed like a million pounds was off of him . . ."

From: Scientifun, by Harris M. Schmarje, Esq:

"We are not sure all fans read science fiction at all. Certainly all gentlemen do not read Esquire or the New Yorker. Similarly, all stf fans do not read stf." (*(-?- Uh--How's that again? --Ed.)*)

Scientifun also engenders this comment:

In "Scientifunnies On Tap" Moffatt comments on Buck Rogers, Tarzan, Brick Bradford, Flash Gordon, Alladin, Jr.,

and Prince Valiant, concluding with the words: "Now, I'd like to hear other fans' comments, etc., concerning 'Scientifunnies.'" Hah! We wonder if his foot is still in there somewhere! The enterprising editor of Scientifun forthwith took him at his word: "Raym (Washington) says: Thank fbofoo he didn't drag in the Green Lantern, The Mask, Superman, Batman, Dr. Doom, The Clock, The Hawk, Uncle Sam, Iron Man, Steelman, Spaceman, Sandman, and Witey Powers, The Madman of Mars." We could add at least 82 more.

From Walt's Wramblings:

ZUBELDA BOVINE: My dear have you been milked by the new farm hand?

ABIGAIL BOVINE: No darling, why?

ZUBELDA BOVINE: Heavens, it's terrible. He's udderly incompetent.

ROMEO RAT: I had a wonderful time. When shall I see you again?

JULIET RAT: Oh, anytime next squeak.

UNCLE BOID: Your new offspring is a fine specimen of birdmanity.

PAPA BOID: Of course he is--just a chirp off the old block.

TABBY CAT: I will not stand this humiliation any longer. I refuse to be abused by such as you. I'm going to pack my bags and go home to mama.

TOMMY CAT: Oh, shut your big meows.

POEMS FOR GNOMES

or

What Makes Oscar Wilde

I hate women who give ablutions
When they indulge in osculations

Just a myth
is wedded blyth

There's nothing better
When I'm in the mood
Than smooching a
Pulchriwenchinous tude

Women strongly perfumed
Smell like they've been exhumed

Some men I know, will never go
With women who are bawdy
But I confess, I'm lecherous
I likes gals who are nawdy

Old Advert in the Chicago Sun Book Week:

The PSYCHOLOGY
of SEX RELATIONS

--A Handbook for Laymen.

There is nothing more sweetly licentious
Than a bevy of lightly clad wentious

CHANTICLEER (Liebscher):

Spring, sprang, sprung
Ding, dang, d---

Rosebuds are fornicing the slithy toves
and phooey to the borogroves.

THE END

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((SIXTEEN FORTY-NINE-ELEVENTH))

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

DOGS

BY OMAR McBARSOOM

IS GALAXY NOTHING BUT FOOL'S GOLD? READ THIS DARING EXPOSE IN WHICH MR. McBARSOOM SCANS TWO PROMISING SCIENCE FICTION PUBLICATIONS--GOLD'S GALAXY & CAMPBELL'S ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.

Astounding had been noticeably deteriorating in the quality of its fiction for some time--beginning in 1949, and extending through all of 1950.

With the publication of L. Sprague deCamp's "The Hand of Zei" (Oct. '50--Jan. '51) Campbell brought an all-time science-fictional low to Astounding. However, the atmosphere cleared up rapidly; certainly the quality of material could only rise after such a s-f stinker. It is doubtful if John will ever again allow such tripe to see print in his magazine.

Because Astounding was at this low ebb, the concurrent advent of a science fiction magazine of pleasing format and appearance was doubly auspicious.

The reference, of course, is to Galaxy. The material in the early issues was, generally, fair. We read Gold's premises of the millenium, however, and expected a god-box. Instead, one year has seen a wild melange of verbous pomposity, with practically nothing in the way of solid, skillfully-plotted and purposeful, science-fiction. The Gold-en age, like a golden fish, has been one flop after another. Let's skim through a few examples:

Because Isaac Asimov is such a consistently good writer, it is readily apparent that "Tyrann" is not up to his usual standard of excellence. Is it just a coincidence that Gold should get Asimov's weakest long effort, or is it because Asimov couldn't just alter his top-flight style enough without crucifying himself? "Tyrann" is weak on characterization, a quality which Gold claims to be boosting in Galaxy.

Ray Bradbury's "Fireman" is definitely boring. The general opinion of one faction seems to be that it was simply a good short story, blown up. It was blown up, all right.

Clifford Simak's "Time Quarry" is said by Gold to be a "powerful" story--it is actually shallow and trite--a story of "suspense, mystery, ideas and human emotion." It is obvious that it contains ideas, but their uniqueness is questionable. The mystery is of the slipshod type to be found in van Vogt's unfortunate current book, "The House That Stood Still", and the human emotion is abnormally weak, principally because of--weak characterization!

In regard to the label "adult fiction", which Gold appends to his magazine's material:

I will make an assumption, and I'll suppose that Gold means something like "intelligently mature."

What is the general run of "adult" fiction today?--Look into various leading "slick" magazines; peruse the book publisher's current delights. Is the fiction "intelligently mature?"

In the book line, we find some of the most popular varieties to be spicy historical novels, spicy detective novels, spicy, so-called "juvenile delinquency" novels, or out-and-out "sexy" novels. (*Agreed. I've read at least fifty like that so far this year.--Ed.)*

The slick magazine "boy-meet-girl, diddle-around, boy-get-girl" theme is still popular.

The only obvious ingredient, as far as I can determine, that Gold has bor-

rowed from our standard patterns of "adult" fiction is their "adult" treatment of sex. In several specific encounters with this subject in Galaxy stories, there is a leaning toward the "different" in science fiction, but readers and admirers of "adult" fiction have doubtlessly been disappointed at the inadequate development of what might have been, in most any "adult" slick story or book, quite a spicy little situation. (*{Right! We've been disappointed many times!--Ed.}*)

There is one point in numerous Galaxy stories that I, personally, have found hard to stomach; long-winded bombasticisms inserted with no apparent bearing on the idea-trends of the story.

I might mention that in certain respects the Galaxy serial "Mars Child" by Cyril Judd, is juvenile. To a science-fiction reader, that is.

The only Galaxy tales that are 100% acceptable are Asimov's "Darwinian Pool Room", "Second Night of Summer", by James Schmitz, and (so far) Heinlein's new serial "The Puppet Masters." The sex-play in the latter is "slickish" in tone, but Heinlein, nevertheless, manages, fortunately, to hold the science-fictional plot together.

Galaxy, I must admit, has cover art second to none that has ever appeared, anywhere. The painting for "Second Night of Summer" is an outstanding example for aficionados to scrutinize. On the other hand, I cannot regard the Bonestell's as anything exceptional--with the reservation, of course, that they are exceptions to the general run of Galaxy covers. And these covers are unique in another way; obviously a serious attempt has been made to (1) Present a believable, commonplace, future scene; (2) Show a different scene than any presented before by any other source. The latter point is embellished and (in the case of near similarity) accentuated by a special and refreshing handling of color values.

My belief that science-fiction of an "adult" nature must have a "unique" treatment has been greatly strengthened since Galaxy began publication.

In general, van Vogt, Heinlein, Asimov, Bradbury, and Williamson have suc-

ceeded in setting a unique pattern, that I believe is the right pattern. If the mass public cannot yet find a genuine satiety in such offerings, it's just too bad. We can be thankful that all publishers aren't so interested in gaining readers from the slicks that they will try to change the intrinsic nature of a good thing.

The long-winded grandiloquencies of even fifty years ago are passe; the trend even today--and there is no reason to believe that it will alter in the future--is toward a freer style, a quicker pace, the obliteration of that which is unnecessary.

Galaxy goes to hell and gone with an average of over 50% of the wordage so much excess baggage. The failure of Gold to present more than just a little decent material in the line of science fiction is really pathetic. It's obvious--from reading Galaxy's editorials, of course--that Gold is too egotistical to change his policy now. Let's all cry over it together, shall we? Apparently we can do little else.

This article began with mention of Astounding; it shall end the same way.

Let us glance at a few of the yarns that have enlivened Campbell's capricious science fiction magazine since the deCamp outrage. To be perfectly frank about it, I haven't read a blasted thing in Gold's Folly to compare with these JWC presentations: "And Then There Were None," by Eric Frank Russell; "Space Fear" by James Schmitz; "Protected Species" by H. B. Fyfe; "Temple Trouble" by Piper; and "Galactic Gadgets", "Fair Prey", "Philosophical Corps", "Izzard and the Membrane", "Breeds There a Man . . .?", "The End of the Line", "The Greatest Invention", "City of the Phoenix", "The Soul-Empty Ones", "Courtesy", "Prometheus", "Day of the Moron", etc. No need to comment on any of them; a few of them are exceptional, and the rest will merely serve to show what I think of Galaxy in comparison.

We've seen that there's little chance of Gold's changing his policy; hence we can assume that among science fiction magazines Astounding will remain at the top for some time to come.--GulCB

THE END

● ADDENDUM ●

I swore to FooFoo I'd have no additions at the last minute to this issue. But--just as I was leaving to go to our luxurious clubrooms to polish off this issue, that McBarsoom creature, like an avenging conscience, pulled up in the gutter.

Hell's belles in a bawdy house!--I should have known that if I let that b----- have six (count 'em, six) articles in this issue he'd be sure to want more. Which reminds me of a radio news commentator, Frank Edwards, and the way he speaks of those individuals or others who are in the front line when the government hands out money. He speaks of them being "at the trough" or having "their nose in" said trough.

Well, this creature who has been plaguing me has his whole head in the trough.

He now admits (very subtle, that louse) lousing up one (hah!) of his stories, and he pleaded for an addendum. "You can do it," he said. "I won't mind if it is the rear-end of the issue."

That did it. I gave in, which should be obvious by now. Here's McBarsoom's note:

See "The LASES At Bay" on page nine (9).

Pacific Rocket Society held their first meeting on a Monday night in our clubroom. The following weekend they pulled up in front of the building with a trailer and began to move bookcase, table, typewriter, mimeograph, chairs, etc., inside. The manager viewed this with horror and stopped them.

For a while we were really AT BAY, but now everything is duck-soup. We're all staying in our hole. And speaking of holes, the management has widened the hole in our pocket by jacking-up the rental ante to forty-five iron men. Sob, sob.

(* (Homer Funch, as you may have guessed, is a pseudonym of O. McBarsoom.)*)

THE END

