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SHANGRI-LA

Edited by
Anna and
Len Moffatt

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Edited by
John and
Lillian Mott

SHANGRI LA

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COVER BY WOOLSTON

Interior artwork by Michael Ball, Anna Sinclair Moffatt

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SOUTH GATE IN '58!

CHICAGO IN '52!

BATHGATE IN '68!

-THE EDITORIAL PAGE-

Why are there no Negroes in LASFS? or Chinese?
There approximately four million people in Los Angeles,
four million representatives of just about every race known
on Earth.

About four hundred of these have at one time or another
been associated with LASFS or one of the other fan groups in
the city. Of these, none that I have met during a year of aqua-
intance with L.A. fandom have been members of the minority
groups mentioned, nor of many others!

Science Fiction and Fantasy, by their very nature, must
appeal to the imaginative; regardless of race, color, or re-
ligion. I can think of no element that would make this form
of literature the favorite of only one certain cliché.

The four hundred known fans in Los Angeles can not re-
present the total readership in this area. More magazines are
sold than can be accounted for by this small group. Of these
unknown readers there must be some proportionate example of
Los Angeles varied population. Of these, surely there are one
or two interested in being active fans. WHY AREN'T THEY???

Anna Sinclair Moffatt

Anna and I want to thank all of the people who contributed to
this issue of Shangri-LA. We also want to thank our niece and
fellow-Outlander, Shirley Jean Booher for cutting some stencils.
So...thank you, folks! (And thank-ahead-of-time to any of you
who may be on hand to help when we assemble and staple this
issue!)

At one time this magazine featured one of the most interesting
letter sections to appear in any fanzine. Lately there has
been a definite lack of reader-response to "Shaggy". Perhaps
a few letters were recieved and were not published. Or it could
have been due to the fouled up distribution of this mag in the
past year. The latter situation is being straightened out. Ed
Connor is an "old time fan" and I have found most "old time fans"
to be dependable characters. He should make a good Associate
Membership Secretary.

So it's up to you, the reader. If you want
a letter section in this mag, you have to write the letters.
Letters commenting on the mag, praising it or panning it, can
be interesting to other readers (as well as the editors) if you
know how to write those kind of letters. Most fans do know how...
that is, the active fans who write to and for the fanmags. As for
some of the letters that appear in the pro mag letter departments--
well, that's a horse-laugh of a different cull-er.

Or you can
write letters on most any subject, anything you think would be
of interest to the other "Shaggy" readers. I'm sure future editors
would be pleased to publish letters from the readers if enough
interesting ones are written to the mag. (Future editors of
Shangri-LA, please note.)

-hoop la!

-Len J. Moffatt

THE PROBLEM OF ANNUAL SF CONVENTIONS

-by E Everett Evans

As one who has attended all of the annual National Science Fiction conventions except the first, and who hopes to continue attending them each year, the problem of where they are to be held is naturally very important to me.

It is this fan's firm conviction that these are the high point of the year as far as fandom is concerned. Although only about 250 regular fans actually attend them, they mean much to fandom as a whole; they give it far greater unity and purpose than any club or organization can possibly do--even the NFFF, which I did my best to organize and set on a solid, going basis.

For it is not just those who are able to attend who are interested in the conventions--it is almost all of the active fans. Witness the number who annually take out memberships in the convention committee even though they will not be able to attend, but are interested in the success of the yearly meeting of fans, authors, editors and publishers.

It is because I feel so earnestly the need for such a yearly convention and because I believe it necessary for the continued existence of a united fandom, that I gave a talk just before the voting, at New Orleans, for the 1952 site. For I try to look at the matter from the long range view, rather than merely for the year following any one convention.

At New Orleans, for instance, I talked against some of my best friends and very good neighbors, the San Francisco-Berkeley group, who were bidding for the 1952 convention. I also talked against other very dear friends in Chicago--although on the second ballot, which was between Chicago and Atlanta, I voted for Chicago.

Why did I do this?

Let me review the history of these yearly conventions. The first one was at New York. The second was at Chicago, the third at Denver, the fourth in Los Angeles, the fifth in Philadelphia and the sixth in Toronto. Please picture these locations mentally on your map. See how nicely they were divided, from East to East--ern Middlewest, to Western Middlewest, to the Pacific Coast, back to the East and then to the Eastern Middlewest.

It is common knowledge that 75% or more of the attendees of any one convention are people from the immediate neighborhood of the convention city. Only about 20 to 25% are people from other parts of the country. Then held on the East or West Coast, that percentage drops materially. This is merely because of a matter of finances. It costs money to attend conventions some distance from home, and fans are usually not wealthy people.

So it is right and just that the conventions should be scattered about. It should ALWAYS be that way, and I shall work and argue and vote to keep it that way as much as possible.

To continue the history of convention sites. The seventh was held at Cincinnati, also in the Eastern Middlewest, as a compromise only. There was no other strong bid except Detroit, which is right next door, geographically speaking, to Toronto. None of the clubs in the Western Middlewest--Milwaukee, Minneapolis, or on towards the Rocky Mountains, put in a bid or could be persuaded at the last minute to do so. Don Ford thought that his Cincinnati group might, and after a long distance talk with Charley Tanner, he Okeyed the matter, and Cincinnati was chosen.

But the eighth went where it belonged, to the Pacific Coast, to Portland. And then the ninth to New Orleans, giving the Middle West South its first convention.

Now why did I oppose Chicago when I knew they would--and WILL--put on a whale of a meet? Because I felt then, and still feel, that no city should have a second convention when there is another large city in its immediate neighborhood who wants such a convention--and the Detroit boys did this year, as they have wanted it the past four years. Outside of that Chicago would be fine by me, and I certainly plan to be there in 1952.

For 1953? I say it MUST go back to the East Coast, for the very reasons I have mentioned before--to give the fans of the Boston-Washington, D.C. area a chance to attend a convention. Each section's fans must have a chance to attend one near their home at least once every four years.

That was why I opposed The Little Men for 1952, why I shall oppose them for 1953, why I shall work my damndest to help them get it in 1954--the regular four-year placement out here following Portland in 1950.

As I said in New Orleans, it is my firm conviction that if it had gone to San Francisco-Berkeley in 1952, the convention we were then attending in New Orleans was the LAST NATIONAL convention. As sure as the reaction that splits atoms in the cyclotron, such a move to the West Coast after only two years would have split fandom wide open, and there would have been a full-fledged convention somewhere in the East in opposition to the one on the West Coast--and I would have gone to the Eastern one, in protest!

I know I probably made myself obnoxious, talking about this so much from the first day I arrived in New Orleans, and found out that The Little Men were going to make a strong bid for 1952. But I also know that I was able to help some fans take the long range view of the matter as I did--and that I cut down on the vote my good friends and neighbors might have received, for which I do not blame them if Evans' name is now Venerian mud.

The actual voting at New Orleans showed so well what I had been talking about, as quite a number came to me afterwards and admitted. Let us review the bidding and the voting.

There were six cities who entered a bid: New York, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, and San Francisco, plus a gag-bid put in by the Tucker-Bloch-McKeon gang--"Over the Falls in '52"--the "Barrel-con" at Niagra Falls--which, not so surprisingly, polled quite a large number of votes on the first ballot.

Chicago, of course, received the largest number of votes on the first ballot, but not enough to elect. Atlanta was second, Detroit and San Francisco tied for third, Niagra Falls fourth, and New York fifth. On the second ballot, the vote, as my memory serves, was Chicago 56 and Atlanta 39.

Remember, now, that this voting was done at a convention held in a Southern city, and that there was a large number of our Dixie friends present. They had attended their first convention; they were having a wonderful time, as all fans do at such gatherings, and they wanted to come to another. How could they do it easier than in another Southern city? Thus the big vote Atlanta received.

And so it will be at any convention when a city near the one holding it is in the voting for the following year! That point should be remembered always--it is important.

I firmly believe that if the 1952 convention had gone to the Pacific Coast, it would be perfectly possible to keep it there from then on, if other Pacific Coast cities put in a bid each year. The same, of course, would hold true in any other single section of the country.

That is why I am doing everything possible--keeping always the good of fandom as a whole in mind--in trying to see that the annual conventions be spaced across the country in regular sequence each year.

Think it over-- I'm sure you will agree.

-finis-

CHICAGO IN '52!

SOUTH GATE

IN '58!!!

M. TRAIN'S PARODY OF

A.

R.

K. ANTHONY'S ORATION OVER CAESAR. BY SHAKESPEARE

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;
I will return them next Saturday. I come
To bury Caesar, because the times are hard
And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
The evil that men do lives after them,
In the shape of progeny that reap the
Benefit of their life insurance.
So let it be with the deceased.

Brutus has told you that Caesar was ambitious:
What does Brutus know about it?
It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!
Here, under leave of you, I come to
Make a speech at Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a pinch
And signed my petition for a post office.

But Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus should wipe off his chin.
Caesar hath brought many captives to Rome
Who broke rocks on the streets until their ransoms
Did the general coffers fill.
When that the poor hath cried, Caesar wept
Because it didn't cost him anything, and
Made him solid with the masses. (Cheers)

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is a liar and I can prove it.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which thrice he did refuse, because it did not fit him quite.
Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country
But he is a horse thief of the deepest dye. (Applause)

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. (Laughter)
You all do know this ulster.
I remember the first time ever Caesar put it on.
It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
With the thermometer registering ninety degrees in the shade.
But it was an ulster to be proud of,
And cost him seven dollars at Marcus Swartzmeyer's,
Corner of Fulton and Ferry Streets, sign of the red flag.
Old Swartz wanted forty dollars for it,
But finally came down to seven dollars because it was Caesar!

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
Through this the son of a gun of Brutus stabbed,
And when he plucked the cursed steel away,
Mark Anthony, how the blood of Caesar followed it!
(Cheers and cries of "Give us something on the Silver
Bill!" "Hit him again!" Etc.)

Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
And as it looks like rain,
The pall bearers will proceed to place the coffin in the hearse,
And we will proceed to bury Caesar,
Not to praise him.

[illegible]

What were you thinking, my darling, when the black cold took you?
What were your thoughts when the air rushed howling from the broken hull?
While you drifted alone in the cruel void of space did you remember
The sweet green earth, the friendly sky, the little town you found so dull?

-Rory Faulkner

[illegible]

—Manuscript from Mars

— Forever Limbo .

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HOFFMAN AND HIS TALES

III view of the excellent review of the cinema, Tales of Hoffman, made recently by Ed. Clinton at a LASPS meeting, this material is presented with the view of additional enlightenment on the life, career and works of Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffman.

Among fans it is generally supposed that Poe was the inventor of the horror story. However, there is ample evidence that he borrowed the form from Hoffman. Unfortunately, Hoffman is not too well known in the United States, but in his own country he ranks only below Goethe in the number of his works that have been re-printed.

He was born in Koenigsberg, in Germany, in 1776. His father was eminent in law, and his mother was so neurotic, that the elder Hoffman deserted her when the boy was three. A fine beginning for an impressionable youngster! He was brought up by his grandmother in an atmosphere of music and painting. The former was the original love of his life and his intended career. In fact the Amadeus in his name was a substitution for the original Wilhelm, in honor of his idol, Mozart.

His own career was fantastically varied. He dabbled in theatrical management, and law, as well as composing. He had an excellent reputation as a jurist and conscientious official. While studying law he went to Posen, where he married a Polish girl. For his distribution of a series of caricatures of important officials, which he wrote, he was banished from Posen.

After that he devoted himself more to his artistic bent. In Warsaw he wrote operas and painted. In Dresden, he conducted music in a theatre, and started to write. After Napoleon's defeat, he returned to Berlin, and gave himself up to opera and writing. His opera, "Undine", was produced there in 1814.

To his Berlin period belong the great series of stories or tales, as he called them, which have placed Hoffman in the select list of writers of the strange and grotesque. His first important writings were called "Fantasy-Pieces after the Manner of Callot". Callot was a 17th century engraver, whose caricatures inspired Hoffman to weave weird tales about them. He soon found writing so easy, compared with his other talents, that he forsook his music, law, painting, and occasional baton-wielding, and gave himself up to the following schedule: He carried out certain official duties two mornings a week. The other five were spent in writing. He slept afternoons. And every night he talked and drank the hours away in the taverns. He drank himself to death by 1822, when he was only 46 years old. In 1822, Edgar Allan Poe was 13 years old.

Hoffman has frequently been compared to Poe of account of his use of drink as well as a kinship of feeling that permeates their work. Both were fascinated by the fantastic and horrible, but while Poe was the master of his fancies, and wrote with a sublime objectivity, Hoffman was the slave of his. The over all tone of the stories of each makes this apparent. In reading Poe, one is sure

that the master craftsman knows all the answers, pulls all the strings and yet is personally aloof. He doesn't feel the horror, since he is making a real art out of the analytical processes of the mind. Many of Poe's seventy short stories were experiments in writing, which he kept changing and polishing with each reprinting. His approach to writing was intellectual, amoral, exact.

How different was Hoffman! After reading one of his stories, you come away with the feeling that he has been as excited, mystified and terrified as you. It is said that his Polish wife had to hold him with the cool hand of reality while he throbbed with the fantastic weavings of his brain. The world of drink to which he had abandoned himself almost completely, once he began to write, was his protection, harassed as he was between the world of reality and the intense world of his dreams.

His Tales abound in grotesque and gruesome scenes, vividly and in exquisite detail spread before you. You can't help feeling that he was there, and is now relating every scene, every impression, just as he saw it and felt it. He makes you feel that he really experienced all this and that it was real, too very real to him. It was this realism that made him so popular, not only in his own Germany, but in France and England as well.

Coming now to the Tales of Hoffman, I want to review my own particular copy. It is the Heritage Club Edition, that came out this year. The book is a bargain at the Club rate of \$3.50; is excellently and tastefully bound and covered in blue-gray Dutch linen, with a cover design of Hoffman's initials by the illustrator, Hugo Steiner-Prag. There are 43 illustrations by this master lithographer. They are from the artist's original lithographs, and not the common offset variety. A prologue written by Steiner-Prag sets the mood for the book, and explain why the illustrations capture so well the feeling of the Tales.

In the Tales, the action does not happen to the narrator, as it does in the opera and cinema. Nowhere in the book is Hoffman's name mentioned, and nowhere does he appear as a character. He is the teller of the tales, the man who was there when it happened, or the observer, and now you feel that he is passing this all on to you pretty confidentially.

The first story in the book is called "The Sandman". It starts with a series of letters from Nathanael, the chief protagonist, to his best friend, Lothair. These set the stage for the fantastic story of the automaton, Olympia, and how she inspired the hapless Nathanael to fall madly in love with her. The villain of the piece, Coppélius, starts out by being the personification of the dreaded "Sandman" with which the young, impressionable Nathanael is frightened when being sent to bed. Coppélius is a friend of his father, and the child hated and feared him. Even after he has grown up and gone away to study, the spectre of the man who caused his father's death and years of nightmares continues to haunt him. He is certain that Coppélius is not dead, as rumored, but is now watching him in the guise of Giuseppe Coppola, a weather glass hawker. From here on the

tension in the story mounts. The hawker sells our hero a pair of magic glasses, and he is lost in false and rapturous love. Inexorably, he goes to his shattered disillusionment and tragic end. The tale that captured the fancy of Offenbach and was translated into the first story of the cinema is almost better in the reading than in the seeing, so close to the heart of the horror and fantasy does the author bring you.

Moving in its folk-tale like simplicity, the "Mines of Falun" is also a tragic tale. Elis Frobom falls under the spell of the spirits of evil that rule in the depths of the mines. He dreams of lovely metal trees, and plants whose fruits and flowers are precious stones. He gazes into the noble face of the mighty Queen of the mines and goes to his doom. Not even his love for the beloved Ulla and the advice of her father, Pehrson Dahlsjo, that the fancies are caused by his being bewitched by the strange old miner, Torbern, can swerve the young man from making a last attempt to solve the riddle of the "Mines of Falun" on his wedding day. A hauntingly lovely story.

From "Councillor Krespel" comes the cinema sequence just before the epilogue. Vastly different from the film, it still has the same elements of surging musical power. The Cremona violin and Antonia's last singing gasp are touchingly lovely, dreadfully blissful. The tale starts out with the mystery of Councillor Krespel's new house. No windows, no doors, no partitions! The masons are aghast at such insane plans. The Councillor is indeed a strange fellow, buying up old violins, taking them apart to study their construction, and guarding his daughter, Antonia like an evil genius. What is the mystery of her voice, and why has her father forbidden her to sing? The last page of this poignant story shows Hoffman at his best, as he combines his love for music with a tragic dread of its power.

In "Don Juan", music again sets the stage for a bizarre Tale. A commercial traveler finds that his hotel is connected with the opera next door. In spite of his weariness, he decides to see the performance, since it is one of his favorites. The overture is played so well that he becomes panicky. It is too real; the pain of the horror to come fills him with terror. The singers act their parts so well; he feels that is is all real and not a stage production. And when the singer of the role of Donna Anna appears in his box, he surrenders himself to the vision, although he is still aware that she is on the stage and singing her part. The strange conversation, the somnambulist feeling of reality that permeates the story only vaguely troubles the teller, and the reader comes easily into the spell of the vision. Seldom has so beautiful a description of the beauty and horror of the opera, "Don Juan" ever been written. Seldom has the faith man could have in the supernatural been so carefully explained and felt.

"The Mystery of the Deserted House" is a suspense story, with suggestions of subjective hypnotism. If you have ever wondered about some old house that seems to have an aura of mystery about it, you will feel sympathy with the hero, as he tries to solve the mystery. It's not too well done, being dragged out where there is only a thin line of material. The best things about the story are the prints that illustrate it, one particularly, showing the evil face of a man peering through the small window of the dilapidated hotel.

A love story with overtones of psychopathic delusions that would throw the student of Freud into a happy tizzy is "The Vow". Underneath the story, however, is an excellent picture of the Polish fight for freedom, at the time of Kosciusko. Hermengilda and Stanislaus, two young patriots, are in love. For his lady and his country, Stanislaus goes to the wars and is wounded twice. Hermengilda taunts him with his ineffectuality and vows she will marry only when the enemy is driven from Poland. When she hears that he is dead, she realises that she loves him more than her country and is driven to the point of madness. At this point in the story, the younger cousin of Stanislaus appears on the scene, and he falls in love with the bereaved girl, who at first mistook him for her beloved. Beset by visions of her lost love, and yet intrigued by the young Count Xaver, she arrives at what is called an "interesting condition". She insists that Stanislaus, whom she calls her husband, is the father of the child. In a vision he came to her, gave her a ring, married her and fathered her child. This is her story and she believes it. In spite of Count Xaver and her anguished father she sticks to it, and departs for a Cisterian convent. Heavily veiled she remains, before and after her child is born, and heavily veiled she dies in peace, firmly believing that she has never broken her vow.

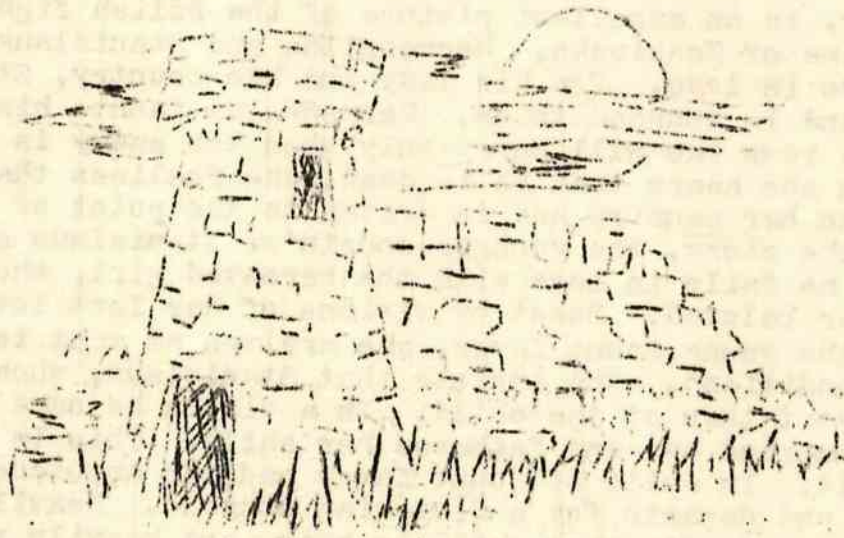
Almost out of place with the rest of the Tales is "Mademoiselle de Scudery", a tale of the times of Louis XIV. The clever mademoiselle might well be classified as one of the firsts of lady detectives, as this is a mystery story of stolen gems and a wrongly accused man. Hoffman is a past master at the art of flashback. He almost never tells a story straight through, but likes to begin near the end somewhere and flash back to the beginning. In this way, he manages to add to the suspense value. The story here is unnecessarily complicated and wordy, according to our standards, but there are some interesting sections concerned with the royal court and its personages.

"The Entail", the longest tale in the book is an eerie period piece about the horrors that dwell in an ancient mansion. It creeps with visions; raises hackles with mysterious footsteps; and creates horror with weird moanings, sighings and carryings on in the night along the dark corridors of the accursed, entailed estate on the shores of the Baltic Sea. Hoffman has a little of everything in this one: murder, buried treasure, romance, illicit affairs, mistaken identity, etc.

Yet even more complicated is "The Uncanny Guest". The title gives some idea of the plot. It is a story of the supernatural and Black Magic. In the beginning there is a discussion on why and how the supernatural affects people, and although one of the characters derides the whole thing, you rather sense that even he will become involved when the door suddenly opens and in comes a man, "dressed in black from top to toe, with a pallid face and a set, serious expression". Angelika, the heroine, falls under his spell. Too involved to recount here, but it's a fine tale to read before going to sleep, if you like to have interesting nightmares.

The last story in the book is "Gambler's Luck". It's very inferior to the others, being not much more than a moralistic tale of the evils of gambling. However, you can still feel the power of Hoffman's description, and the real horror he can instill against a power he feels is as destructive as the unknown.

—Freddie Curtis



THE CULT OF EEPHARLET

The flame leaps scarlet
bright tongue licks
the chin of Eepharlet
the black God of -
The Cult!

Nocturnal winds calling
beneath dank loam,
the dwellers in silence
who call it their home -
The Cult!

In the moss grown tower
bleak in it's dullness
silent in power,
the moon in it's fullness,
gather -
The Cult!

The witch drums throb
into jet black night,
calling,
the cursed and the damned
to the orgy of proselyte
of - The Cult!

Presided by Satan
held in the tower
where the unmentionable
reign in their power
so meet - The Cult!

From the beginning of time
to the end of eternity,
the followers of Satan
cursing God's sanctity,
rule - The Cult!

- Michael Ball



[illegible]

Life is living, life is hope;
Give a dying man a rope;
And he'll seek to climb from death.

I found that piece of "poetry" in the jumbled box of stuff that Professor Shinnebob kept in a corner of his place. Perhaps it isn't very good rhyme, but I remembered it.

of my life. You might think this is funny, but wait until I tell you a bit more about myself.

I was built by the Professor several years ago, and almost at once turned out. He didn't reject me; he spent a short time every night teaching me stuff. But he did it only in his spare time and the Prof just didn't have enough time to go around.

read a bit, though. I found a magazine which contained a story about a robot. Maybe that's where he got the idea for me. Anyway the illustration looked a good deal like me, except for the way my arms were jointed. The pic had been penciled over until it looked more like me - the way a mechanic, not an artist, would build me.

the way a mechanic, not an artist, would build it. So after a year of baby stuff I'd mentally grown through a maze of learning into a fairly competent thinking robot. Many of my unthinking actions, such as the way I swayed my arms, were like the Prof's. And I took to wearing coveralls and a hunting cap after an unexpected visitor got a look at me once. That delivery boy never did return. I don't like to scare people;

Oh, this mag story about a robot. It mentioned a "prime directive" and I thought back. Funny, but the Prof forgot to build one into me. I proved it the night I was out roaming and a kid threw a rock at me. I knew it was a kid but I got mad and beat the brat up. But when I thought of the prime directive stuff I got to wondering.

I thought of the prime directive stuff I got to know. The Prof. grunted when I asked him about it and said, "Never mind that. I got a problem that needs an assistant. You've helped me before setting up projects. Come along..."

He went and I came. We worked welding a sort of tube and putting stuff in it; another rocket experiment. On the stucco roof he pumped in some fuel, weighed the whole thing again, and set it on the rack. I punched it off. It went up almost a mile beyond the last one, and the Prof grunted.

aren't enough!" He glared at the rigging. "I've almost finished the last plate of the full-scale spaceship at the place on the mesa, and my fuel still isn't right. I improve the injector and the fuel does a fraction better, but not enough." He kicked something. He ate stea

a fraction better, but not enough." He kicked something. He ate steak that night. I sat across from him, listening to him talk around mouthfuls of spuds and the rest.

fuls or spuds and the rest. "If I'm ever to get into space I'll have to do it on my own. Government's almost out in space already, but they wouldn't take anyone as old as me. I've been saving supplies for a year, and the rocket's all packed for us two to take off. I put in a radio last night, while you were doing the math on that Government

problem."

He talked like that all during his meal, then left by helicopter for the Mesa ranch. I'd never seen it--just pics--because the 'copter isn't big enough for me and I'm not to be seen. The Prof doesn't like publicity. He had been spending his money as soon as the royalties on his inventions and his paychecks from Uncle Sam came in. And he'd been spending his time like mad, too--practically no sleep. Even with me to do the details he could hardly keep up with government work and his own secret project too.

Next afternoon he dropped on the lawn and bounded in with the familiar yellow envelope. "Another job," he said, in greeting, and we went into the lab.

It was a long, narrow room with benches on two sides and one end. Most of one side had been cleared of smaller side-jobs and the new rig began to form.

"It's a tube that does things to magnetism," he said, handing me the math and verbiage. Yes, it was that. It folded magnetism in a way I've never heard of, and I've taken several simultaneous mail order courses in mechanics, science and shop courses.

"For the new government Hydrogen project," he explained. "If they can fix that new isotope of Hydrogen like they did in the heavier radioactives I might have my improved fuel." He winked.

He stayed with me next day, and worked along on the Government project. Heeven hummed a bit when lab routine permitted. It was interesting--did you ever hear a tone-deaf guy him "Bolero"?

Then the new project was finished and the Prof went to the Mesa for a week. He phoned twice and I reported to him via phone when necessary. That last phone call was something. I felt my mouth should fall open but it wasn't hinged unless you took out a screw at the side. He told me to come.

So I packed a suitcase with the things he wanted, greased myself well, and called a cab. I hope I didn't look too much like a hoodlum as I hid in the long overcoat, droopy hat and slacks. I'd shined my feet so they looked like shoes and a rubber mask served as a semi-face.

The Prof was exuberant. He bubbled as he led me into the strange workshop, to the rocket squatting there. "It's ready!" he cried. "Got the new Hydrogen fuel instead of the natural H. We're going into space!"

We got it, and I told him it wouldn't work. We needed far more fuel. Even with the new power we'd have to have at least a two-step rocket before we could escape the gravity ties with Earth. He nodded agreement. "But I have a plan," he said. I shut up.

We blasted off pronto, and I pulled a Western mag out of my kit to read on the way. It seemed more natural to read the Western now than the ish of Astounding, for the former had a pioneer story, and we were about ready to go into space if the Prof was right. But I could not see how.

We had curved over the Pole region and was over Russia when the Prof pulled a lever. It was crazy after that; something dropped by a couple of parachutes and in a second we were out of sight, and soon a third of the way around the Earth. And then the Earth came up to meet us.

I dropped my mag and looked around. The Prof was wearing a new expression; it was diabolical. He was gloating, smiling, and talking...

"They said they'd discovered some of my inventions," he snarled. "Then they couldn't get me to go red and work in their country they got nasty. So I got nasty too. Look!"

He turned on the TV color screen: the picture was of a rim of fire immediately behind. It hugged the horizon, then seemed to lengthen upwards. I had an impression that the shape of the Earth underneath was changing under my sights.

The ocean was undulating! It shook like jelly, even as seen from our height. It was a bit later I saw the Earth split in two...

The Prof was gloating all the time, using short words and no sentences. He was enjoying himself!

I saw that the Prof had killed the Earth. The flame-like light deepened to red and then darkened more, until the surface started to streak with splits and a cliff of flame seemed to fill the sky. We had slowed, but climbed higher for safety. For a while dust darkened the glow, then we saw it. It--the Earth--had split in two.

We were heading back towards the split on the other side by then. We veered, and in that orbit in the high atmosphere rocketed around for awhile. Air gusts tried to throw us higher; downdrafts sucked at us in the later stages and I saw that the air was going. It didn't take long. Into the sore where the other half of the Earth had been, the atmosphere had drained. No human had a chance to live, even if they were on the most stable place on the planet.

We had been gliding for some time before the Prof changed course by sudden thrusts at buttons. Flame-puny flames beside the interior heat that killed Earth, spewed out and lifted us away. Of course I understood it now. The Prof had split the Earth, simply to cut the gravity until it was below the escape velocity potential of the motors...

Now I don't have a built in prime directive. I'm not mechanically set to avoid destruction of human life; maybe the Prof hoped to use me for criminal accumulation of wealth if that way led to space. So I didn't ask the Prof how he had worked out the super H-bomb that he had used on Earth. I could guess the fields involved; we'd worked on many of the details, for the Prof had been cleared for such work years before. But he was eccentric; he worked alone and made enemies of any who tried to work with him. I didn't talk to the Prof. I just killed him.

It's easy to bash in the head of a puny guy like the Prof. I didn't want to think of him, and so I got him--most of him, except for the blood--into the airlock and into space. But I kept air in the ship, for we had rabbits for testing air and I didn't want to kill them. Or the cheese mould and the goat for the Prof's fresh milk. The goat was nearly dead from acceleration and I helped her awhile. The Prof, like a nut, took the wring goat; this one was with kid, and I helped her have one immediately after I killed the Prof.

So I came here to Mars. The rocket was aimed that way and the Prof's math worked out perfectly. I decided to land even before the two moons became clear in the fore TV cameras. I was a day out, trying to read the rest of the Western story when I tossed the mag aside and idly flicked on the radio. And got the call.

Of course it was you. The United States secret expedition. Your calls were frantic--some WAC was on--asking what had happened on Earth. So I told them the Prof had killed Earth and I had killed the Prof. I talked to you--different voices--and you told how you had been sent to explore Mars for minerals and other valuables, and to keep "undesirables" from Earth from making a base here. And you were stranded, with H-fuel but no rockets now, as the one had been going to contact Luna and its group of moon-holders. So I came in on your radio beam and turned the ship over to you. You've done remarkably well in the few years you've been here. The awe-inspiring hydroponic gardens... I would like to be a gardener.

But maybe you'll take my life--not for killing the Prof but because you may think me a potential mad robot. I don't want to die now that I have a place to stay, especially. I am lonely and won't harm you. There's no deep drive to live forever in me, though perhaps I could. I could serve as a teacher for your kids; my knowledge is wide, as I absorb reading at a glance and remember it all. But that is for you to decide. Anyway I'm glad you have the Prof's rocket to rescue the fifty people from Luna. The ship will be back soon, and I was glad to help fix the new dome for them.

Well, I have explained it all. I will leave it to you, the jury.

-finis-

STREET (AND SMITH) SCENE A One Act Play by Albert Hernhuter

Time: The Future. Props: Rocketship, Planet, Human (Jon Smit), Alien, etc.

SHIP LANDS. ALIEN MOVES TOWARDS IT.

ALIEN: (telepathically) Jon!

HUMAN: (ditto) Martian!

ENTER H. E. GOLD ACCOMPANIED BY BAT DURSTON.

GOLD: WE'LL HAVE NONE OF THAT HERE!

DURSTON: YEAH! (He Tucks His Thumbs Under His Gun Belt)

HUMAN: Who invited you to this fracas?

ALIEN: YEAH! (He Tucks His Tendrils Under His Left Eyeball)

ENTER CAMPBELL ACCOMPANIED BY STUART.

CAMPBELL: Now, see here Horace!

BEFORE GOLD CAN ANSWER... ENTER KUTNER ACCOMPANIED BY PADGETT, HASTINGS, O'DONNELL, EDWARDS AND ALL OTHER PEN NAMES. HE SAYS NOTHING BUT MERELY GLARES AT OTHERS.

HUMAN, ALIEN, GOLD, DURSTON, CAMPBELL, STUART AND ROCKETSHIP SIMULTANEOUSLY: Gads! We're outnumbered!

ALL LEAVE, SEVENTEEN OF KUTNER'S PEN NAMES CHASING EACH. FIFTY-TWO TAKE AFTER ROCKET, CATCH IT, AND FEED IT TO THE BOROGOVES. CURTAIN FALLS AS OTHERS ARE CHASED INTO THE WINGS.

CURTAIN

Want to learn more about SOUTH GATE IN '58!....hmmm?

Want to read interesting articles, amusing stories, Katchlekikle--kalikanese opera librettos, the best in stf poetry, stf book reviews?

Want to look at squiggles (anew art form) and beautiful printed covers?

15¢ a copy from Rick Sneary

Then...read THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE! 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California.

Book Review:

BETWEEN PLANETS, by Robert Heinlein

It may be simply because I am entering my second childhood, but I enjoy the so-called "juveniles" of Heinlein's more than I do nine tenths of the science fiction so blatantly billed as "adult". Between Planets is the fifth in a series written for boys, but boys--let me add--of more than average intelligence!

This might be classed as a "war book". The war in question is the revolt of the colonial Earth settlement on the planet Venus against an ever increasing dictatorship of the Interplanetary Federation based on Earth, which has its full complement of bureaucrats, secret police and all that goes to make life miserable for any citizen who still maintains a remnant of rugged individuality and initiative.

The protagonist is a nineteen year old lad, Don Harvey, born out in space and therefore entitled to choose his own citizenship; either that of his Earth born father or his Venus colonial mother. His early days were spent on Venus and his school days on Earth, thus making for much inner conflict for the lad because of his divided loyalties. To further complicate matters, on the eve of his departure from school to join his parents on Mars, he is entrusted by a Colonial sympathizer with a clandestine package for his father, and the safe delivery of the contents becomes a matter of the utmost importance eventually.

The arbitrary way in which the Federation interferes with his personal affairs antagonizes Don, and his sympathies incline more and more to the cause of the Colonials. He becomes personally involved in the war, does his share of guerrilla fighting on Venus, where he matures mentally and acquires a certain spiritual toughness in the atmosphere of death and conflict with which he is surrounded. His early familiarity with the Venusian natives, and his mastery of the weird, whistling speech of the ruling class, eventually lead to his being chosen by the leader of the Colonial troops as a sort of liaison officer to these dragon-like creatures, with whom he established a warm personal relationship.

With the exception of his new serial, The Puppet Masters, Heinlein books for adults do not contain extra-terrestrial characters. But in the juvenile series he has developed a number of fascinating beings, denizens of other planets, either in the flesh or as relics of a dead civilization. On Venus, there is a race of giant dragon-monsters, full the equal of man in their mental equipment, and in kindness and their development of a peaceful society, definitely man's superiors. The lower form of life on Venus is a faun-like race of little creatures, which are embarrassingly affectionate and sociable. It seems that all of Heinlein's alien characters share these same gentle, peace loving qualities, and I have no doubt this is intended as a moral lesson in tolerance and respect for the other fellow's habits and view-point, for his young readers. Between Planets is full of suspense and the interest is sustained throughout. It drives to a smashing climax with Don's supreme test as to his willingness to sacrifice his own life, if need be, for the Colonial victory.

I recommend this book highly to all boys from 16 to 60!

—Rory Faulkner

WITH MECHANICAL BRAIN AND PROZINE THROUGH DEEPEST TIME.

With the battle cry "Time is our enemy!", a group of fans have organized a research group with its aim of making fanlife easier and longer by certain applications of the scientific principles.

The need for more than a 24 hour waking day was the reason for the organization of the group. For the sake of uninterrupted work the fans will remain anonymous, though many of the members would be easily recognized by you.

At the first meeting they decided for the sake of the members who like tags to be called FANDOM UNANIMOUS. Membership is numbered, with No. One place being reserved for a team of one fan and one mechanical brain. They will serve to work out the problems that the fans feed to it.

Already, though the group is only a month old, several basic steps have been made to solve the problem on all fronts. I serve as Publicity Committee, to accept questions to be solved by FUN. There is the question of deciding what a fan was so we could know what kind of time to battle. Due to technical difficulties in dipping into this exoteric field a special language was developed to make the conversations meaningful; as many hours were needed to develop the lingo it is a bit involved, but for the members serves as a good shorthand to cut time down to a minimum for their work.

At this time a committee of one was picked to start research on the possibilities of stretching time by developing a shorthand or language for fans to use. Dubbed "fanguage" by a wordy member of the committee, it is now under preparation. Right now certainties are under study, such as condensing subject and predicate into one two-syllable word, deleting certain unneeded parts of sentences, and primarily leaving out much of the sentences instead of repeating them. One member suggested telepathy, so he was elected a committee of one to study it, and is delving through the literature in prozines, fanzines and books. Already he has prepared several thousand cards with data that is being fed into the mechanical brain (dubbed Oscar Wilde).

A mechanical member suggested another approach, and so he is delving the pages for data to feed Oscar on TIME CONDITIONS, with emphasis on ways to develop chambers where time will stretch on while outside time is constant. He now has a companion, and their research has been expanded to include the possibility of developing a field to cut time to a minimum, so inside it a volunteer could dip into the future to talk to someone there who may have developed the answer to our problem (either a member of FANDOM UNANIMOUS or another). His duty: to return with the answer or new data to feed Oscar.

You see how our field of research is expanding. It involves care and is time-consuming. So we have developed a science fiction "reader" that repeats itself over and over in the sleep and so impresses the story on the unconsciousness. Proof that it works is the speed in which the subjects so treated can quote any part of the stories from a very incomplete slice of the story. So far this reader is literally one--a member who speaks into earphones--but later we contemplate applying this on a mass basis, sending recordings to fans to listen to while asleep and so let the waking hours be set aside for fan activity. These, of course, are preliminary research lines.

We have taken over an old factory building on the outskirts of a western city; the mechanical brain alone covers a great deal of this space

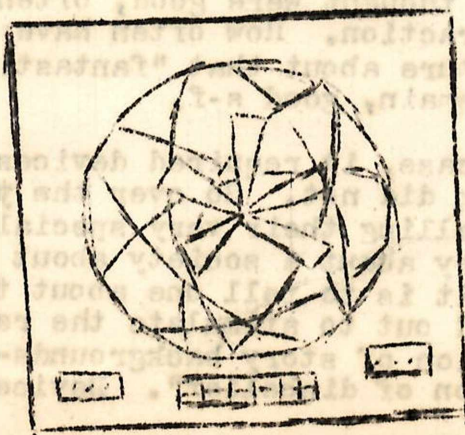
with quarters for the workers and the Committees: FUN, the rest. A nearby TV broadcaster has complained that we set up interferences with their broadcasts, and we had to hire counsel. This and the expansion involved need of funds, and so several of our basic discoveries have been adopted for use on a small scale. One of our most promising lines is a set of graters that cuts carrots and other vegetables into intricate shapes; actually it is a small warper with the warp-patterns set according to a recording built into the set. This gizmo can actually be reversed; we discovered this when we unwarped a carrot fed to a rabbit in one of the labs. So far no investigations have been made into the several unaccounted deaths of users of our graters caused when the field of the warper got out of whack and reshuffled the warp-pattern of the vegetable already grated and eaten. The field has the unfortunate ability to latch on and keep hold of any material that has ever been in it. We may solve this for the sake of the money we need.

From the above you see that the problems are many, but we are sure they will be solved. Our anti-sleep group has tested various gadgets and ideas, from hypnotism of various kinds to an attempt to make sleeping and waking concurrent. As a result of the last-named experiment we have developed a form of zombie that is impervious to pain, fear and many other failings of mankind. Maybe he will be the hypertype of spaceman, for burns or almost-fatal drops in air-pressure doesn't affect these zombies. Their thought-pattern on an electrocardiograph is distinctive both in outline and intensity, something that must be seen to be believed. They are also natural telepaths, perhaps due to this brain-wave difference, and work together without any clash of personality. It has been suggested that certain Congressmen be treated this way and the matter is under study by a Committee.

The Project is not near completion; we desire to have solved the problem and tested our conclusions over a long period, so we could use some aid from general fandom. We need, mostly, questions inspire answers, and we feel capable of attacking the problems and getting the right answers. If there is anything in the line of questions or suggestions you wish to make, just drop us a line.

((The above was submitted by Stan Woolston who enclosed the following note: "The address was missing from the envelope, and it is apparent the envelope was sealed before the address was included, as the signature space was blank. Any information would be appreciated."))

SOUTHGATEIN' 58! SOUTHGATEIN' 58! SOUTHGATEIN' 58! SOUTHGATEIN' 58! SOUTHGATEIN'



Some thirteen years ago I discovered science fiction. The first science fiction story I ever read was "VANDERBILT IN THE VOID" by Dr. Arch Carr, and the first magazine I ever bought was the February 1938 TWS-- and a very good issue it was, too.

One I had seen and tasted science fiction, I knew it was for me. Most people are unsatisfied with something or other in the world; or with the whole damned place, but the majority of these fuss and fume and, I suppose, get ulcers. Some few of us are unsatisfiable--we recognize that our knowledge of the universe is tragically limited, that the society in which we live is a very ragged thing, and that everything--everything--can be better.

These are people who read science fiction, or should if they don't. The immediate response to that is: s-f is escape literature, so naturally such unsatisfied types turn to it. There is a statement that never fails to infuriate me. Every form of literature is escape literature. It does not matter whether it is the most frivolous comic strip or the heaviest "quality" fiction appearing in the high-priced magazines without pictures on their covers, it is all, all escape literature. If it is literature commenting on some social problem or some serious personal problem for the reader, the reader reads it to escape into the author's delineation of the problem, and, if the author solves the problem, to enjoy vicariously the solution, or if he does not, then to sublimate his own frustration through the frustration expressed in the story. Everytime we read we escape into the world the author creates for us. So it does not describe science fiction even a trifle to call it escape literature. But--s-f is a special case.

And here of course is where difference of opinion commences. There was a time when science fictionists--I will use that term instead of "fan" to avoid any special connotation--accepted as a matter of course the fact that their favorite reading material was a bit different, that it was in a word "off-trail". To some extent we all enjoyed the knowledge that it was different...it set us apart, I expect, even though it sometimes meant we carried the magazines home with the cover turned inward. But we were all aware that it was different, and there was no attempt made to stand it up beside other branches of fiction, and evaluate it in terms of those other forms. We simply assumed somewhat different standards.

We had proof of this. Stories we thought were good, often as not bored a non-science fictionist to distraction. How often have you heard remarks of a highly uncomplimentary nature about that "fantastic stuff", and so on? But they were still, and remain, good s-f.

The fact is, s-f being a special case, it required devices and methods which other varieties of fiction did not. So over the years s-f writers developed special methods of telling their very special stories. It is somewhat difficult to tell a story about a society about which the reader knows absolutely nothing, than it is to tell one about today or a known past. Devices had to be worked out to stimulate the reader satisfactorily into the proper visualization of story backgrounds--to attain an unusually complex "willing suspension of disbelief". Devices of extrapolation, so to speak.

Let's go back for a moment to our special reader type. It takes a special attitude, we have seen, to enjoy science fiction. Whether it takes a special mentality is beside the point, and depends upon how closely interrelated are this attitude and mental standards. But it does take a special attitude, with which apparently some are born or which is very early acquired, and doubtless which some can develop or discover later in life. But if you don't feel that innate dissatisfaction with the status quo, if you don't really feel that tomorrow can be better, then you can't enjoy science fiction.

Some weeks ago at Melody Lane after a LASFS meeting, author-member Frank Quattrocchi, Forrest Ackerman, and myself were discussing the deviant ways of s-f editors. Said Frank, "Look here, Forrie, we've got something very unique here. That other kind of literature has organized followings like this? Why don't we do something about it, preserve this uniqueness?" He was of course speaking primarily from a professional standpoint, attempting to convey the idea that s-f authors might be protected from the things which have made life miserable for other writers in different fields. But his remark applies well to the whole nature of this article, and stems directly from the situation under discussion. That are we doing about it, then? Nothing? No, not nothing. I will tell you what we are doing about it.

It was a little later the same evening that Frank said to me, "Science fiction is looking inward too much...it's a reflection I think of the whole society...I sometimes wonder if Freud hasn't done more harm than good..." To which amen! That is what we are doing, we are becoming entirely introspective. Now, introspection is a fine thing, but it is good only so long as it does not become self-destructive. If you cut out your heart to examine it you will soon be quite dead. On the other hand, exploratory operations in that area are quite successful these days. "We are losing," said Frank, "the grander sense that s-f is so capable of expressing..." To which amen! again. It seems to me we look outward very little these days. Now, this applies in two respects. It applies first to us as science fictionists in our appreciation and criticism, and it applies to the sort of material that we are seeing today, that is, to the writers and probably more particularly to the editors in the s-f field today.

Let us examine these two areas individually. Recently we have had examples at LASFS meetings of our introspective critical attitude. It seems to me that week after week the subject of the author's characterization comes up. (Bear in mind I am using this only as an example, and that I am not against characterization per se.) Every week it is banded about, and everyone concludes that there should be more characterization but there isn't enough, and we're satisfied until next week when we do it all over again. A few weeks back LASFS Director Ed Clinton fell prey to this attitude, when in response to a suggestion that a program be devoted to a discussion of the works of an individual author, an experiment was attempted, which, in failing, illustrated wonderfully how horribly dull this introspection can be and largely is.

Trouble is, science-fiction--you've heard this before--has suddenly gotten popular. We've gotten very self-conscious. The spotlight is shining on us, and we're all fussed up about it. We're looking for qualities to measure up to universal standards. We're forgetting almost entirely the special nature of our field. Sure, the structural

requirements of good story writing must apply to s-f, by and large, as much as to anything else--but there's more to it than that, and it is this "mbre". that we've lost. How often around here lately have we heard that once significant phrase: "new idea?" How many times in the past year or so has anyone waxed enthusiastic over a new concept or a bright new extrapolation? And I do not mean by this gadgets and gimmicks, though to some extent they are a part of it. Answer? Damned rarely.

The grander sense which Frank mentioned is lost out in limbo--and all we worry about now is whether or not there is characterization (for example) in a story. Turn it around! Is it a good science fiction story? Or could you have read it elsewhere? If in growing proportion the answer is that these stories could have appeared elsewhere but for the superficial trappings, then surely we are losing our uniqueness. We are not getting s-f, a fiction of grand ideas, but stories of today, laid in the future. By and large, the fault for this is ours. It is not enough to say in resignation that we are but a small part of this newly enlarged readership. At least in ourselves, let us keep this sense of uniqueness alive; let us not surrender our self-respect to the exigencies of this damned popularity we're cursed with. One day, it may mean something.

And that other area, the writers and editors? Well, the reasons for their inwardness are essentially the same, but it manifests itself in somewhat different ways. First of all, they naturally feel that same self-consciousness of universal quality standards, and led by the sight of Gold they are tramping off in the direction of a highly stylized "quality". Secondly, they have become preoccupied with "significance", social or otherwise. ~~SOMEHOW, FOR ME, SCIENCE FICTION HAS ALWAYS HAD ITS OWN SIGNIFICANCE; IT IS A SIGNIFICANCE INHERENT IN THE VERY NATURE OF SCIENCE FICTION.~~ I am annoyed immensely by this consuming preoccupation with the standard varieties of significance. All that is being accomplished is that the real meaning of science fiction is being stifled.

Some weeks back LASERS talked about politics in science fiction, and while I found it one of the groups most interesting discussions, one thing for which I was hoping did not come up. The argument devolved mainly upon whether or not s-f could and would become a platform for any political ideologies. No one ventured to suggest that it might better be a platform from which to put forth new political and social ideas. Which touches upon what is the essence of all of this. All science fiction, in greater or lesser degree, is concerned with one or more of four general themes: WHAT IS WRONG WITH TODAY PROJECTED INTO THE FUTURE ("1984"); WHAT IS GOOD TODAY PROJECTED INTO THE FUTURE ("The Moon Is Hell"); A NEW AND BAD THING IN THE FUTURE ("Humanoids"); and A NEW AND GOOD THING IN THE FUTURE ("Beyond This Horizon"). This is true of time stories as well, since when you go into the past today becomes the future. The tendency, in keeping with the self-destructive Freudian introspection which has got hold of our whole society, s-f included, is now to dwell on the more morbid projections of today's evil and future evil. This is part and parcel of the very dull science fiction I have been reading in the best magazines in the field this year. Let's start thinking in the other direction. I don't demand happy endings, but I would like to be inspired once in a while. Maybe there's a place for a "little" s-f magazine, publishing real s-f. Maybe with somebody like Jean Cox as editor and me as chief letter-writer.

-finis-

HIERONYMOUS HOGWASH TRAVELS IN TIME.

Rory Faulkner

Some weeks ago, in a LASTS meeting, we had a most interesting discussion of time travel by a panel of experts in this field. The question debated was: What should one do in case he had access to a time machine which would permit him to go back to any chosen period of time, taking with him impedimenta equal to the cubic area displaced by, say, a small sedan. Our board of experts chose, more or less arbitrarily, to return to the time of Shakespeare's England, the "golden age" under Good Queen Bess. Some very interesting propositions were advanced, and the selection of articles to be taken along on this mythical trip were unique and varied, if somewhat on the heavy side.

Unfortunately, due to the cantankerousness of the Pacific Electric I was compelled to leave in the most interesting part of the discussion, in order to catch the last bus out. But my mind was still on the problem as I sank back in the lumpy cushions of the Covina bus and closed my eyes, the better to carry on in my mind the implications of such a trip, as brought out by the three minor geniuses who started the project.

All of a sudden I felt a sharp elbow digging into my ribs. I opened my eyes resentfully, to find sitting next me a gnome-like little man, who gazed at me with the most ingratiating grin imaginable.

"Good evening," he said, in a low, husky voice, "My name is Hieronymous Hogwash."

"A beautiful name, I murmured politely. "Anythink I can do for you?"

"No, thanks, I have just been listening to your fantastic concept of time travel," he said, as coolly as if this in itself were not quite beyond fantasy. "Those boys had a good idea, but their belief as to what would be appropriate to carry along on such a trip was a little too scientific, too cut and dried, you might say."

I blinked. "You mean you can read my mind and you know what's in my own private thoughts?" I asked incredulously, mentally thanking heaven that I had not been reviewing certain phases of my past life.

"Of course." He shrugged impatiently. "Now, take me - I once invented such a time machine as the boys described. I had the same idea of taking back some trade goods, too, but mine were more practical. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Oh, pray do!" I answered courteously. After all, it was a long ride home, and anything to while away the tedious hour would be welcome.

"Well," he began, I won't go into any description of the time machine itself, or explain how it worked, because you are only a woman and cannot be expected to understand such things. I will begin with the journey itself, so pay strict attention and you may be able to throw a little more light on the subject at your next club meeting, for you see, I too decided to visit the England of the Elizabethan period."

I settled back comfortably on the small of my back and lent an ear to the husky tone of the little fellow's voice.

"In the first place," he mumbled, "my cargo was extremely simple. I did not want to take along anything that would smack too much of sorcery and land me in serious trouble. After debating the question with myself at some length, I procured a common, everyday Brooklyn Avenue push-cart, and loaded my wares in this. First, twelve gross of yoyos. Next, several hundred toy balloons, which, when inflated, would display a variety of shapes and colors. A large supply of cheap mechanical pencils. Lastly, I filled all the chinks with packages of bubble gum."

"With these things, I figured, I could entertain and profitably trade with, the humbler portion of the population. I had no desire to contact the rich and famous. Their lives were too fraught with uncertainty, and their fortunes too changeable under a monarchy, for me to wish to identify myself with this class. I remembered the wise old proverb: "The more you stick your head above the tall grass the more they chunk rocks at it."

"As a last precaution, I rented from a costumer a simple but neat dress of the period, suitable to a hawker of respectable character. Thus arrayed, I grasped the handles of my push-cart and wheeled it into the chamber of my time machine. There I set the dials, manipulated a series of complicated levers, and before I had time to get dizzy I found myself standing with my cart outdoors under the blue sky of bonny old England.

"I recognized at once that I was standing in front of the royal palace of Queen Elizabeth, and, from the crowds assembled there, judged it must be the hour of the changing of the guard. Reaching under the tarpaulin with which I had covered my wares, I drew out a yoyo and started it on its endless up and down journey,. At the same time I popped a stick of bubble gum in my mouth, and let nature take its course. This naturally attracted a good deal of attention from the crowd at once. They almost mobbed me in their eagerness to see these marvels at close range. I took the vanvas from the cart, and at once was in business. My policy of selling only one to a customer worked as well here as in my own time, when it came to stimulating trade. In no time at all, yoyos were bouncing, gum was bubbling, and gay balloons blossomed everywhere over the heads of the assemblage.

"All at once the crowd fell back as a high-pitched voice shouted in a commanding tone, 'Stand back, churls! How dare you block the way of a noble of the Queen's court?'

"Up strode a man clad in silken doublet and hose, with a long curling feather adorning his broad-brimmed hat. His dark hair hung down in ring-e-lets, and, to my surprise, he was puffing on a cigarette. His face seemed strangely familiar, and on a hunch I pulled a pack of my own favorite smokes from my pocket and compared the picture thereon with his knightly visage. Sure enough, this character was none other than Sir Walter Raleigh himself! I had evidently arrived at the very time that he was successfully launching his venture of manufacturing the popular brand of cigarettes that still bears his name!

"'Hieronymous Hogwash, at your service, good sir!' I addressed him as he peered into my push-cart. "Wouldst care to sample my wares, your lordship?"

"Sir Walter was enchanted with the yoyo. For half an hour I was busy teaching him the trick of its manipulation. But the bubble gum was not so well liked. He found himself quite unable to master the art of blowing and popping this delicacy. I was not surprised, for I myself had found it necessary to take lessons for some time from the children in my block before I learned this accomplishment. A mechanical pencil, however, roused his awe and admiration.

"'This is a gift fit for the Queen herself," he cried eagerly. 'I shall obtain for you at once an audience with her Majesty.!!'

"Striding to the palace gates, he waved me inside with a lordly gesture, the guards offering no resistance to the Queen's favorite courtier. On entering the palace, he ushered me into an antechamber, large, dark and quite empty save for a few uncomfortable antique chairs. Here he bade me wait while he arranged to have the Queen herself receive me.

"'After your audience,' he remarked, 'I shall see that you have accommodations at our best hostelry, the Sir Francis Drake, recently built by that most noble admiral and named in his honor. No courtesy

is too great for the purveyor of such marvels as you have shown me today!"

"With this he left, closing the massive doors behind him. I sat down and waited. Waited till daylight disappeared and the blue dark of the night sky showed through the high windows. Waited till I grew faint with hunger, which I vainly tried to appease with bubble gum. It became all too apparent that the volatile knight had entirely forgotten me in the many diversions of the court. After what seemed hours, I grew very sleepy. The stiff, straight-backed chair was no place in which to catch a nap, so I spread my folded tarpaulin on the floor, and with resignation lay down to wait for morning, fearing to venture forth alone lest I be seized as a trespasser.

"I was awakened suddenly by the boom of a large clock striking midnight. At the same time I noted a dim, phosphorescent light in the corner of the room, which grew brighter and brighter until at length I was horrified to see, hanging against the wall, a row of female heads. Each wore a jeweled crown, and as they chattered among themselves and glared slyly at me, I realized these were the heads of the unfortunate wives of good King Henry VIII! I sat up and leaned back on my hands, staring wildly, unable to move from fright. But as I sat thus, the heads began to nod from side to side in a gay, almost ribald fashion; their pale lips opened and from them issued a familiar tune, croaked in a ghastly chorus. In atrocious time they were singing the old folk-song: 'Oh, I ain't got no bo-o-ody...'

"This was too much. From fright and sheer weakness, I fainted, and knew no more until I felt a rough hand on my shoulder, shaking me, and a voice in my ear shouting - 'Hey, you! are you going to sleep clear through to Ponona or do you want I should throw you off at your own street.....!'

My gnome-like little friend's voice trailed off, and I lifted my head in surprise.

"What was that you were saying?" I asked apologetically as I turned to look at him. But he was no longer in the seat beside me. Instead, the bus conductor was leaning over me, shaking me vigorously, and insisting I get out and quit holding up his schedule. Dizzy and confused, I reeled down the aisle and stumbled off the bus at my own corner.

Whatever has finally become of Hieronymous Hogwash? And what price time travel now?

(I began to snicker as I thought how mad all the fantasy fans who hate dream sequences would be when I finished telling them this story.)

-finis-

WHAT'S NEW AT LAFS...

Well, what is new? The story of SNEEZY'S MOUSTACHE is told on the next page. So I'll report the other important things that have happened at the club lately. The LAFS, incidentally, is The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. It's in its 17th year of existence and meets every Thursday nite at 8 o'clock. The clubroom is located on the first floor of the Prince Rupert Apartments, 1505 Ingraham Street, Los Angeles, California.

(Continued on Page 23)

THE STORY OF A FAN WHO GREY A MOUSTACHE -by Albert Hernhuter

(((((.....))))))

Does the above title lead you to believe that you are about to read a fiction story? If it does, then its purpose is fulfilled. This is really a fan poll. I gave it the above title so that you would not look at it and skip it as just another poll. (Devilishly clever, what?) For this is not just another poll. For once Rick Sneary is not the one doing the polling, but the subject of the poll.

At the LASFS meeting of September 27, 1951, I was surprised to see a new fan. He looked vaguely familiar, so I went over to say hello. I was even more surprised when Rick Sneary answered me from behind a crop of hair on his upper lip. At that moment, I decided to see what the reaction of the other fan was to this problem, so with Rick's permission, I took a poll, the question being, "What should be done about Sneary's moustache?"

The results of the poll was that it should be removed. The exact results were: Of the seven wanting removal, one wanted it washed off, and two wanted it taken off with force. Five wanted it to remain. Of these, two wanted a full beard to accompany it. The others wanted it dyed green. Of the other votes, one wanted the left side removed, one wanted the right side removed, and one wanted the bottom taken off.

On the eleventh of October, Rick brought an electric razor to the meeting. He had dyed the moustache a purty shade of green for the occasion. Louise Leipiar won the honor of shaving off the moustache. (A raffle was held to decide who the lucky winner would be...) Richard Terzian finished the job.

-finis-

((No one, not even Sneary, seemed to notice that the hairs of the late moustache curled around to spell out "South Gate in '58!"—ljm))
thepooismiterthantheyobberfooforveverdownwithghuthepooismitierhellollee

The three best fanzines in the field today are The Outlander, Shangri-LA and...QUANDRY. QUANDRY features material by Walt Willis, Redd Boggs, Bob Tucker and other great fan journalists. Try a copy at 15¢ from:
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WHAT'S NEW AT LASFS... (Continued from Page 27)

The clubroom is now officially named Freehafer Hall, in memory of the late Paul Freehafer. Evidently Paul was one of the best liked fans of all time.

Damon(Not With A Bang, etc.)Knight and his wife, Helen, visited LASFS recently. Next day he wrote a letter to Forry Ackerman, part of which we quote here:

"We had a wonderful time yesterday, thanks to you and Wendayne and the rest of LASFS. Liked everyone we met, a phenomenon which borders on the miraculous, and were highly impressed by the group as such. If you pass this on, as I hope you will, I don't want to render anyone incapable of getting into his hat, but I've never run into a club so little encumbered by pathological chairmanship,

(Continued on Page 29)

WHAT'S NEW AT LASFS... (Continued from Page 28)

parliamentary procedure and other forms of the organizational barnacle, or whose members seemed to enjoy each other's company so much. Hope to see you all again soon."

The LASFS Halloween Party was a colorful and gala affair. Members came dressed as Mayan gods, slans, witches, Frankenstein monsters, Chinese time travelers, girls from the future, fans, etc. Eph Koenigsberg wore a sandwich board sign advertising Mars candy bars and gave away sample bits of same. He of course was "the man from Mars". The prize winning costumes were worn by Dorothea (Mory) Faulkner (as one of the human puppets from Heinlein's Pupper Masters) and Rick Sneary (as a mad scientist, complete with vials of weird liquids and a suitcase labeled A-bomb). Entertainment was provided by Forry Ackerman's pantomine quiz, Walt Daugherty's comedy routine, and a performance of Le Dulce Cheemnev Swip by The Upper Katchle--kicklekalkanese Opera Company.

The next Big Event at Freehafer Hall will probably be the Christmas Party. And next February will bring the annual Fanquet in honor of the new writer who has sold the most words in 1951. (Who will it be this year?) In the meantime, we will no doubt have our usual round of unusual speakers, discussions, programs, etc. Drop in sometime and join the fun.

Forry and Wendy Ackerman have bought a house and have a new address. There must have been over fifty people at the housewarming they had in October. The new address is: 915 S. Sherbourne Drive, Hollywood, California. (Phone: CR. 4-2762) ((So now you can change it in your Fan Directory. If you don't have a copy of the Directory, send 25¢ to Moffatt, 5969 Lanto Street, Bell Gardens, California...))

Ex-LASFS director and fabulous Outlander, Alan Hershey is now living in Bathgate, Scotland. He is attending the University of Edinburg. Now he cries Bathgate in '68! as well as you-know-what...

Westercon V (Fifth Annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference) is to be held sometime next summer in San Diego by the fan club there. No news from that area to date, as to plans, etc. We hope they are planning a good'un.

How Shangri LA Is Published: Different members edit each issue, thus giving every would-be fan editor a chance at the mag. Beside the editors we have the Publisher and the Associate Membership Secretary. The Publisher draws money from the treasurer and buys the supplies for the mag. (Paper, stencils, ink, etc.) The editors collect the written or artistic material, cut the stencils and run the mimeo. The Associate Membership Secretary mails out the copies to the Associate Members. Regular members pick up their copies at the club. Koenigsberg, due to press of other work, had to resign as Publisher. Starting with the next issue, Jimmy Kepner is the new Publisher. I don't know at this writing who the next editor or editors will be. Ed Connor is Associate Membership Secretary. For more info see the bottom of Page 3.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from all of LASFS to all of you!

-ljm

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