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SHANGRI-LA FALL

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Reprints

Henry Kuttner writes from the first club organ, no. 2
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PLANS FOR THE FUTURE...
An Art Portfolio

As All Professional Issue
A First Printing of the Script
for a new nature motion picture on
giant insect films

WESTERN XI

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SOUTH GATE

For
JDI

Editorial...

page 3

It's a funny thing about tradition at the LASFS. You're never sure it's quite there. LASFS is certainly not bound by tradition if it's obvious that there is something more practical. Like all out war, for instance.

An example of the questionable tradition occurred at a time when we were discussing the proposition that dolls be made up of the club emblem. Well, someone suggested them in color, unless the black-and-white was in tradition. Someone revealed that it was tradition--the club emblem had always been in black-and-white. He, a long time member (sic), immediately told us that the club's colors were green and brown and that the emblem was originally in those very colors. Exit tradition or should I say "almost tradition."

Of course, the emblems may still be in color and despite the confusion, tradition may somehow stand.

Never look last at tradition in the mouth...

The club does have over 22 years of "confused tradition," and is still the oldest sci-fi club in existence. And to give you a small helping of these 22 years, this issue plus the next few will feature some of the choice reprints of over 17 years of Shoggy and many more of other club organs, such as the early "IMAGINATION" edited by T. Bruce Yonko, almost insurgent.

Also, since the Westcon has concluded, it is possible to have a little report. So, we also feature Leonard J. Moffett with a seven page report (one of the best I have ever read).

ooo

And now a word from our sponsor--The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Now in effect is a bill which simply states that any member who wants to continue reading Shoggy AND reserving a spot in the LASFS hall, will be now called upon to pay \$1.00 per year to this editor at the address below. Subscriptions for six issues is exactly the same for those not members of LASFS.

Remember, this dollar is due EVERY year or goodbye membership. We think it only fair to weed out the persons who are receiving Shoggy and use it for shelf paper. And we think it only fair that this flat rate be charged of every member to keep him on the membership list and therefore eligible for all special publications and invitations... So what are you waiting for?

-George W. Fields, Editor

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"SOUTH GATE IN 1950!" "WAR AND HATE TO THE GATE IN 1950!" -OS

BACKWARD GLANCES FROM BLOODSHOT EYES

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-by Len J. Moffatt

The Tenth Annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference was held at the Hotel Knickerbocker, Hollywood, California on July 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1957, sponsored by members of The Chesley Donovan Foundation, aided by members of the LASFS.

There was a pre-con press conference, which was built around a well-built movie "starlet", whose only interest in the affair was based on the fact that "she would do anything for publicity." Her name was Vicki Dugan. Not sure that's spelled correctly, but what the hell, I'm not her press agent. I didn't arrive in time to see this babe, but am told she was worth looking at, and didn't mind showing off her better features.

The press preview brought Westercon I more newspaper coverage than s-f cons usually get. A few reporters even showed up the second day, after seeing the coverage given the con by their competitors. In fact, this con received more newspaper, TV and radio coverage than any other convention or conference in science fiction's history. (Ackerman wore himself to a frazzle, appearing on various TV and radio programs, before and during the con.) This gave the con committee high hopes of a large attendance. Surely, by the weekend, there would be 2000 memberships sold. Well, maybe it was the hot weather, or maybe there just aren't 2000 persons in the L.A. area even vaguely interested in science fiction, but the last time I inquired about the number of persons who had signed in, I got figures ranging from 300 to 500.

The con opened with a luncheon, which we did not attend because we felt that we could not afford both the luncheon and the banquet. The banquet cost more of course, but we chose it as the banquet is usually the high spot of any con. It was too.

Thanks to Paul Turner, I heard a tape of Boucher's introductory talk at the luncheon, in which he lambasted the self-styled censors who make life unpleasant for liberal minded, thinking people. Then he introduced some of the notables present, winding up with an intro of Ferry Ackerman, who gave his traditional talk on s-f in the past year, and in the year to come.

According to the Program Booklet, some experimental films were shown next, followed by a panel discussion on "The Night People versus Creeping Meatballism." Ed Clinton, Eph Konigsberg, Alex Apostolides, and Roy Squires (pinch-hitting for Kriss Neville, who didn't show until later in the con) were the panolists, and the audience was permitted to join in the discussion too. According to the Night People, the American public has been lulled into a non-thinking stage by the Madison Avenue tribe of hucksters and have become an unthinking mob of Creeping Meatballs. The Night People are liberal minded, thinking persons, who are attempting to combat this growth of Creeping Meatballism.



On the other side of the coin, there were some who felt that no one (not even the Night People) had a right to such labeling and name-calling, and that most people (Meatballs or not) did not appreciate being told that their only salvation was to join "our side."

We arrived at the hotel in time to hear the tail end of this discussion, which was fast developing into a political hassle.

BACKGROUND CLARIFICATION FROM MEMORANDUM EYES (continued)

There were those who thought the whole thing wasn't lively enough and was dragged out too long, but there were around 50 persons who sat through it, and many of them joined in the variety of arguments brought forth. It certainly was in keeping with the con's theme: "It is not morally wrong to think." More comfortable chairs and a cooler day would have improved it immensely, but at least the bar was handy.

The rest of this report will not necessarily be in chronological order. It has been 2 days since the con ended, the notes I took are hardly comprehensive (or even comprehensible), and only now do I feel sufficiently recovered to attempt some form of objectivity...

There were 2 evening sessions, each to be at 8:00. One was for the fans--a special meeting at the LASFS club room. The other was for the pros, the committee turning it over to Tony Boucher, who is always one of the main focal points at any con he attends, and rightly so. His words are always interesting, filled with his own untiring vitality and sense of humor.



We decided to attend the pro session, as we do rate as "tattle tale gray pros", if not as "filthy old pros", though, like Ackerman, I felt torn in twain, for I'm still a fan at heart, and understand that the fan meeting was quite successful. Instead of calling a formal meeting of the pros, semi-pros, and would-be pros present, Boucher sat in the bar with all the others, talked, drank, and had a jolly good time. Some of the fans criticized this procedure, but the fact is the pros do like to get together at least once a year and yak among themselves, without being heckled by fans, and on the practical side the bar was too expensive for a lot of folks present (even the ones who spent most of their time in it), and of course the younger fans were kept out of the bar at all times during the con by the hotel people.

The waiters weren't too happy with our little crowd, as many of the guests served themselves from the bar, not wanting to wait for a waiter to get around to their table, or perhaps not wanting to pay a tip everytime they ordered a drink. Once, when I was at the bar getting a couple of beers for our table, I overheard one of the waiters say to the barkeep: "This guy isn't a science fiction writer; he's a science fiction waiter." Later, Mel Sturges called him over to our table to order some of the sausage sausages, choiced crackers, etc. they were distributing. Retaining his polite smile, the waiter said: "I thought you brought your own..." But he did bring us some crackers and pretzels, saying they had run out of the sausages.

I remember bits of another conversation when Anna and I were sharing a table with Eph Konigsberg & I forget who else. We were talking about the stories of the good old days, the fact that it was a shame van Vogt quit writing, etc. "Even an inferior story can be a pleasure to read," said Eph. "If there is a sufficiently super superman with whom to identify."

Later that night (rather, early the next A.M.) there was a private showing of an edited version of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (one of my favorite S-F films) in Room 601, the Convention Suite. I slept through parts of it, due to falling eyeballs and the soporific effect of beer. Got to my own bed about 4:00 A.M.

Friday was lightly programmed. The display room was well visited by fans, pros, and strangers who just wandered in out of curiosity. There were some fine Bonestell paintings, PRS rockets, and some fascinating multi-gearred machines that apparently did nothing except whirl, roll, grind and maybe even "tump" a little when one pushed a button. Joe Frisco showed up that night (perhaps his favorite bar) and became fascinated with one of these "perpetual motion" gadgets. Joe, in case you didn't know, is a famous show biz character with a penchant for playing the ponies. He has a professional stutter, and is generally considered a comedian's comedian. In the bar he spent most of his time at the piano bar, joining in the singing(?) of old songs, and occasionally making with bits of his stutter routines. Stan Woolston was carrying one of our "South Gate in '58!" signs, and Joe wanted to know what the hell that was all about. We told him in some detail, and I asked him if he would do us the favor of saying "South Gate in '58!" next time he was on radio or TV. He said he would, and wandered off muttering "South Gate in '58!" as though possessed....

Best

part of the formal program that day was Jon Lackey's talk-with-slides about his table top models, which depict scenes on other planets. Most of the slides were quite effective, and his talk was delivered in an informal, humorous manner which was quite enjoyable. Jon is about 7 feet tall, thin as a rod, and one suspects him of being a friendly Martian. He prepared a table top of a lunar type landscape, while we watched.

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL was shown that evening to an SPO audience in the display room, followed by another old classic, LOST HORIZON. The "day" ended with another party in 601, this time with more likker and no movies. All of the action and talk was real life stuff.... Made it to bed by 5:00 A. M....

The third day (Saturday): The planned program began to fall apart, due mostly to the fact that the sets for the play arrived too late. In fact, they arrived in the form of lumber, paper, nails, etc. and had to be hurriedly constructed. I was one of the volunteers who helped drive a few nails, hold things, fetch things, and eventually help carry them into the banquet room, just as it started to sprinkle a few drops of rain... The play was supposed to start at 3:30, but even after getting the sets inside, there was work to be done on them to make it look like the inside of a space ship. Also I think the actors had to rehearse again. While all this biz was going on behind the scenes (behind the hotel, to be more exact), another panel discussion took place in the banquet room. From a brief glimpse of the panel I could see that Helen Urban and Mark Clifton (the con's Guest of Honor) were on it, and I see by the Program that it had something to do with "The Philosophical Basis of Science." After the panel ended, the sets were carried in, and the play was announced postponed until ready. It didn't get started until around 6:30 P.M. or later.

The play was called (ironically enough) "Breaking Strain", being an adaptation by Ed Clinton of an Arthur C. Clarke story. Obviously a lot of work had gone into it, and the audience was quietly attentive during the half-hour performance, and applauded nicely at the end. Unfortunately, those at the back of the room couldn't hear the actors. It was an intimate type of drama which shouting all of the lines would have ruined. I would like to see it given again, under more advantageous conditions.

The \$4.50 a plate Banquet that night started pretty close to the scheduled time (8:00), as they postponed the talk on the Vanguard Project which was to be given after the play. When I received my salad it looked as though it had had it, and I didn't have the heart to attack the poor wilted thing. The crab & shrimp cocktail was excellent, but the squab chicken, stuffed with ground round (I think) and rice, didn't seem as tasty to me as I had hoped. The coffee was okay, but there seemed to be a shortage of water pitchers for such a hot evening.

In introducing the Guest of Honor, Boucher stated that there was no such thing as a "Mark Clifton Story". Each new story from Clifton was so much different from the last one that one had to look to see who the author was, and each of them was a fine story in its own right. Then Clifton stood up, amidst the applause of the hundred or so present, and spoke in his slow, deliberate manner. He is an easy speaker to listen to, unburied but not dragging it. If I wanted to be unkind I could say that although there may not be a "Mark Clifton Story", there is a "Mark Clifton Speech", for I had heard him give a shorter version of this same talk at LAFS a few weeks before. However, it is one of those speeches worth sitting through more than once, as he does have a lot to say. I don't agree with all of it, and think he was dogmatic in his approach, stating his theories as though they were absolute truths, but this is probably an attempt to stimulate discussion on his ideas. It was amusing to watch the series of expressions that flitted over Boucher's face as Clifton made his various points. Without even hearing Boucher's comments afterwards, it was obvious that he was one of those who found fallacies in Clifton's reasoning, or did not agree with everything the author expounded. Clifton's four major points were certainly worthy ones: (1) Thinking can be fun. (2) It is not morally wrong to think. (3) Heroes in s-f should be thinking men. (4) The problems in s-f stories should be solved by the thinking of these thinking heroes, rather than by brute force. His approach to these points was somewhat dogmatic and prejudiced. He hits hard at the "literary snobs" who live "up on the hill" and occasionally permit s-f, "the bastard writing from the wrong side of the tracks", to appear in their books and mags. He cites history, rather sketchily, and sociological development of mankind in his case against those who have made thinking a dirty word in everyday society. He says that s-f is now passing through an age of unthinking frivolity, but that other Golden Ages will come, as they have in the past. It was a fascinating and interesting speech, worthy of repetition to this larger group, and of presentation as a guest-of-honor speech at a con. Whether you agree with him or not, you have to admit that Clifton is a sincere, interesting and entertaining writer and speaker.

Next came the showing of "Destination Moon", preceded by a short talk about the film by the inevitable Ackerman. I like this film too, but wasn't interested in seeing it again at that time, so Rick, Ann and I took over the guard duty in the display room, while Anna talked to Terra Bartfield's husband in the lobby. Tad Duke showed up later, and we talked about the problems of putting on cons. He said this committee would be publishing a booklet on the do's and don'ts of con producing, including vital info on how and where to get publicity, equipment, etc.

The Moffatts drove home to sleep that night, not wishing to pay another night's tariff at the hotel, and got back to the Westercon the following (Sunday) afternoon. The auction, conducted by Walter J. Daugherty, made little money, I understand, for two reasons: (1) It was held on the last day of the con, when most people are near-broke. (2) There wasn't a heck of a lot of good material--that is, compared to other con auctions in the past.

Charles Burbee showed up during the auction, a rare event indeed for a s-f con these days, and we adjourned to the bar, where Elmer Purdue bought us beer. Burt and Elmer discussed the fine points of making home brew, women, money, and other fascinating subjects. We went back to the auction later, as Elmer wanted to bid on one of Dick Daniels' perpetual motion electronic gadgets.

MY FIRST NEIGHBORS BUILT BY PARENTS.

-ANNEX

The business meeting was held right after the auction and is probably the shortest con business meeting on record. I doubt if it lasted twenty minutes, once Tad got it quieted down enough to introduce my beautiful, charming and intelligent wife, Anna Sinclair Moffatt, who, as Chairlady of The South Gate in '58 Planning Committee, was placing our bid for Westercon XI. Her speech was met with shouts of approval, and she finished by holding up the traditional '58 sign (carried by Sneary to many a con over the years) which signalled everybody to shout "South Gate in '58!", "Hurrah!", "Yayyyy!", and so on. One would have thought the whole thing was planned.... And, of course, it was. We expected no opposition and there seemed no point in making it a dull, cut and dried affair. So we asked a number of people to participate in the demonstration, to add a bit of excitement to the meeting. The bid was accepted by acclamation. Later, I had a brief talk with the Tulleys, who had been planning to bid but who had graciously bowed out this time around, and reiterated our plans to put on as inexpensive a con as possible for the benefit of fans and pros alike. For the benefit of the uninformed, it might be well to mention here that we will be putting in the bid for next year's World Convention, which we expect to win without difficulty, as we have the backing of fans and pros from all over the s-f field. We will combine the Westercon with the WorldCon (as San Francisco did when they had both conference and convention the same year), and put them on in L.A., under the famous "South Gate in '58!" banner.

We went home shortly after the business meeting, being dead tired and financially exhausted. I guess Westercon X ended with the presentation by the Cooper Development Corp. on the Vanguard Project, IGY, etc., and the showing of another old film classic, "Metropolis".

A few of the famous fans and pros who attended Westercon X, who may not have been mentioned previously, included: George W. Fields (now editor of this mag), Ted Johnstone (editor of ZAP!), Randy Brown and one or two other Texas fans (who came the longest distance to attend), van Voet, Mari (Welf) & Dave Watson, Freddie & Hal Curtis, Dave Fox, Len Marlow, Roy Lavender, E.E. Evans and Thelma (who had just returned from a successful Midwescon), Bill Courval, Ben Stark, Mildred Clingerman, Barney Bernard, Paul & Eleanor Turner, Bjo and Don Wells, Bill and Arthur Jean Cox, Bill Blackboard, Mr. & Mrs. Mel Sturges, Julia Ross (new director of LASFS), Evelyn Gold, Lloyd Wallace, Kenny Bonnell, Wendy Ackerman, and many others. Other notables who showed up but stayed only for one session or were there a very short time: Henry Kuttner and wife Catherine Moore, Robert Moore Williams, Cleve Cartmill, Claire Winger Harris, Doctor and Mrs. de Castro, and Ross Rocklyn. That's enough name-dropping, the idea being to show the variety of fans and pros who did attend,....

One of the most entertaining features of Westercon X (from the male viewpoint) were the several young girls attired in out-of-this-world costumes, designed by Bjo. I think the costumes on Shawn and Julia were the most outstanding, although all of them were good camera subjects.

To give a penetrating analysis of what was good and what was bad about any convention or conference would take more space than I have here. However, I would like to touch on a few points—on both sides of the ledger, so to speak. I'll be critical first, and then list the persons and things I thought were most outstanding. In a sense, my criticisms are not of the Westercon X alone, but of the trend which has developed in s-f cons in the past few years, since the s-f "boom"—or if you prefer George W. Fields' term—"inflation",....

(1) The fact that more and more people have become interested in s-f in the past few years does not mean that the individual con guest i

wealthier than, say, the individual con guest of 1946 and before. Consequently, it is not wise to have the con in an expensive hotel in an expensive neighborhood. The average fan (and pro, for that matter—ask Mr. Boucher) really doesn't care one way or the other about glamorized settings and fancy hotels. If all of this glamour and press agency is going to cost him extra money, he would rather do without. He comes to the con to meet other fans and pros, yak it up and have a good, social time. The less expensive the food and drinks, the better. Con committees go in the hole for the obvious reason that they spend more than they take in. Taking up a collection afterwards leaves a bad taste in everyone's mouth, and a lot of people, who have had to spend more than they intended in order to patronize the con, just can't afford to kick in with an extra donation to help save the day. They have to eat after they get home, while waiting for their next paycheck.

(2) The auction should never be held on the last day of the con. Walt Daugherty is one of the best auctioneers in the business—certainly the best in the west coast s-f field—but the best auctioneer in the world can't get money out of a crowd who have spent most of their money the previous three days, and are wondering if they have enough to get home on. Sure, they probably spent it on "likker", and it would be for a better cause, and perhaps to their own benefit, if they had saved it for the auction, but people are people (be they Night People or Day People). They will, for the most part, spend more than they intend in a bar filled with friends and fascinating conversation, and come the final day of the con they are broke or near-broke. The auction should be prepared for months ahead of time, giving the committee plenty of time to obtain more choice items. Give the auctioneer a break; he has to work hard enough as it is. Give him a lot of good stuff to sell, and let him do it on the second day, not the last.

(3) Don't try to put on a bigger program than you can handle. If you don't have a program director (with assistants) to see that everything is going to come off as scheduled, cut down on the program so that the committee available can control it and keep it from falling apart at the seams. There are a lot of fans and pros who wouldn't object to a no-program con, but still it is necessary to have one for the benefit of other fans and pros, and for the newcomers who wouldn't know what to do with themselves without a program to follow. There was nothing wrong with the items or even the number of items on the Westercon X program. Each and every portion was of interest to most of the people present. But they did have bad luck (as with the sets for the play), and they didn't have enough people lined up ahead of time to follow up on things. This, of course, brings me to the bouquets.....

For Foo knows,

the people they did have worked hard enough. Larry Ware gave a very good impression of being everywhere at once. He guarded the displayroom (being the con's art director), he had designed the con's easy-to-read program booklet, he made announcements over the P.A. system, he gave an excellent reading of the Prologue to the play, in his usual projecting voice (would that we could have heard the other actors as clearly), and, well, I could go on, but without his work (or someone duplicating his nearly all-around-the-clock job) Westercon X surely would have suffered much, much more than it did. And this is coming from a man who has never exactly been in love with E. Loring Ware. I have always considered him a moody character who would be as likely to snap your head off as give you a smile. If he snapped any heads at Westercon X, he certainly had a good excuse. Lack of sleep and loads of work can turn the sweetest tempered person there is into an unsocial grouch, and Larry was hardly the latter.

Law Kowner, Tad Duke and Chris Robinson (the other members of the committee) obviously had worked long and hard too. Law told me that after going

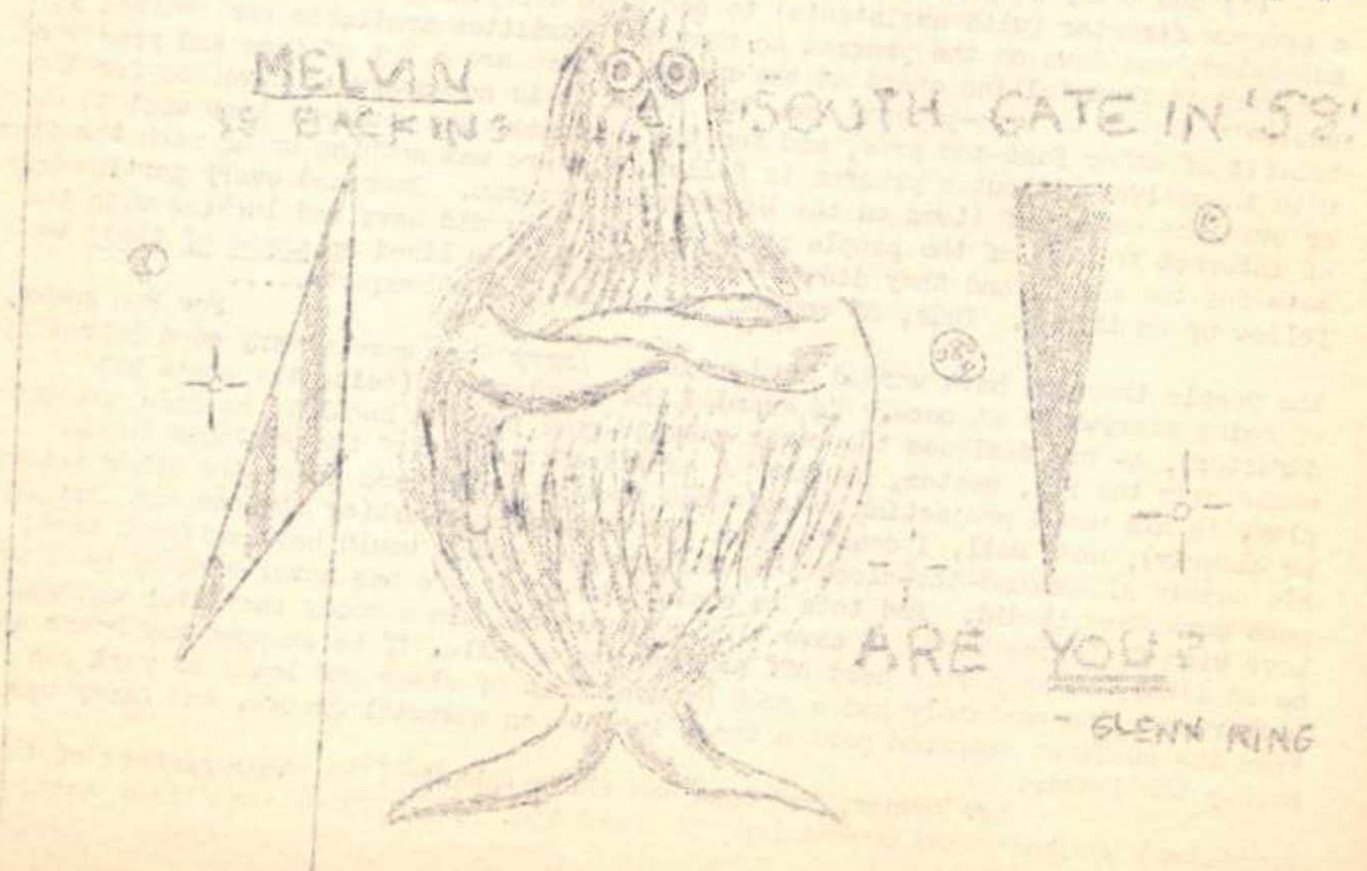
without sleep for a hell of a long time, he finally decided to grab some shut-eye, and cease worrying about the way the con was going. This did him a world of good. All of the committee members took turns at the registration desk (probably the most boring job at any con), and just from looking at the set-up at the hotel, one could see that each and every one of them had poured their hearts and souls (and pocket-books) into this Westercon. If they made the mistakes listed under my criticisms, it was only because they dreamed too big.

Both Lew and Tad give the appearance of being quiet-mannered persons, hardly the extrovert type, yet they, along with Chris in her exotic costumes (and no one could envy her job as secretary), and Larry, made everyone feel at home, and did their damndest to put on a good show.

To sum up, Westercon I was a social success, but everyone, including the people attending and the committee itself, spent more money than was necessary for having a successful conference. The excellent news coverage failed to bring in enough non-fans to pay for the affair. Some blamed it on the hot weather. People preferred the beach or the mountains to a hotel in Hollywood. Others said that the coverage was wasted, and that just as many would have attended without the expensive advertising. But these are points one could debate forever without coming to a conclusion. The basic point, from where I'm sitting, is that the less expensive you make it, the more people will enjoy it.

Personally, I had a hell of a good time at Westercon I, but I wish I hadn't have spent as much as I did. I'm just a "tattle tale gray pro", remember.....

-ljm



This is Shangri-La; November 1st is the next deadline...

.....There usually came a day when Hoy Ping Pong would masterfully fictionalize his opinion of People in Fandom. Here is an article that is as timely to fandom as the Declaration of Independence is timely to the U.S.A. The question is, does it still bear truth?.....

JUDGE HOY PING PONG

THE CASE OF JONATHAN Q. FANN

As the lone figure struggled up the incline, a brassy tin horn somewhere in the background burst forth with a single tinny snort.

An old man with square specs and a long white beard looked up from his game of cribbage to peer between the bars of the gate:

"Cripes! Another'n!"

At the peal of the horn, the figure straightened, glanced about to note if he was seen, and marched proudly up to the shining Gates, chest out and manner pompous. At a command from an unseen watchman, he stopped.

From somewhere a cherub appeared, unfolded a scroll and read the local equivalent of the Riot Act. The figure before the gates gathered himself up in proud disdain, as if the cherub had openly hinted that he needed policing!

The cherub vanished, and the old man stepped forth, specs in hand.

"What's yer name?" he snapped.

"The name, honorable sir," replied "it", "is Jonathan Q. Fann. I was known far and wide on Earth as 'Grand Old Fann'."

"We don't need fancy gaff around here, youn feller," square-specs snorted. "We're plain ordinary folks, speaking plain langwich, and we don't put up with airs. Now. You seek admission. By the rules and regulations of this Establishment, we must first inquire into your past. You may commence; skip nothing important."

"Do you mean, venerable one, that I am to recount the moments of my life on—"

"Yes!" the white beard wavered--"cut that short and get busy!"

"Well, let me refresh my memory a second. I suppose I am best known for the great service I was to fellow-beings, back there--. Especially my breathern following the same hobby as I.

This is Shangri-La, Fall 1957

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Judge Hoy Ping Pong: "The Case of Jonathan Q. Fann"

In fact, it was through my efforts that it became more than a mere hobby: it was converted into the most important thing in life!"

"Yesir--we fans just about ran the country. Editors of all the magazines bowed to my--I mean our wishes, publishers rose and fell upon our whims. Politics depended upon us to exist. We found that the communists were loutish fellows who were more interested in politics than science fiction. We exterminated them. Technocrats soon followed. There was no room for such organizations in fandom who openly advocated supplanting Democracy!"

"All the petty "isms" and "ists" were wiped out. We hunted down every atheist and agnostic and...or...liquidated them!"

"Yes," the old man interrupted dryly. "I...ah...interviewed a few of those who were liquidated just recently. I believe they mentioned you."

"America and science fiction advance nobly under my guiding hand!" The speaker threw back his head as if already tossing his halo about. "I humbly take all credit for doing the great Service. But that isn't all. I was the life blood of the Fan Magazine."

"The What--?" questioned the old man.

"The Fan Magazine..... a great science fiction institution. A fan magazine is a small amateur publication printed and distributed by us fans, and contained material of interest to us and science fiction."

"Go on--", the old man seated himself and propped his chin in the palm of a bony hand. "You interest me strangely."

"I must modestly admit that my magazine--I called it (Fann's Mag)--was the leader of the amateur press. I suppose that in it's long and glorious existence, it published just about every fan author worth any note at all--that is, those who believe in Democracy and science fiction, you understand--and many professionals received their start from me. "Fann's Mag" regularly presented the best fiction, articles, poetry, illustrations and letters. All other fans modeled their little efforts after it."

"Then, too, I helped untold scores of those other magazines. A magazine but needed my magical name upon the cover or contents page to draw readers like flies to honey--if you'll pardon the simile. I suppose I was rated as the most popular writer of the time, and in several popularity polls ranked highest."

"I beg your pardon? You-what-highest?" white-board mumbled beneath it.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired Jonathan Q. Fann.

"Nothing...nothing...just an old man talking to himself. Got on with your story. And it's only fair to tell you that you are speaking into a hidden microphone. That person down there--" and a thumb jerked downward, "is listening to your recital, too."

"Well, there isn't a whole lot to tell. Of course, I had my share of fiction in the professional magazines. You see, they were printed under a pseudonym; the editors thought perhaps it

This is Shangri-La, GWF Number One

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Judge Hoy Ping Pong: "The Case of Jonathan Q. Fann" (cont.)

might arise some questions, if they appeared under my own name. They were quite popular. In fact, the pen name I employed is almost as well known and respected as my own. But then, I really shine in fandom...

"I sponsored many things in fandom. National conventions, small state conferences; saw to it that they were skyrocket successes. I suppose I subsidized more fan magazines than any other six fans together. In short, and to sum it up, everything fandom is today, it owes to me."

"What was that?" the old one asked.

"I said," Jonathan patiently repeated, with the air that he realized he was talking to an old man and must therefore be lenient, "I said," that everything that fandom is today, it owes to me." I might enlarge upon that statement and say that if it wasn't for me, I shudder to think of the state science fiction might be in today!"

"--and Democracy." beard-and-spees added.

"And Democracy. Yes, sir." Jonathan was quite proud of himself. He stood in perfect respectful silence while the old man mused to himself a moment, and then went to a box fastened upon the wall. Pulling open a little door there was revealed a telephone, the wires disappearing downward through a cloud.



The aged gentleman then carried on an animated conversation with someone unknown on the other end of the line. Violent nods of his head, and alternate shakes accompanied his words. In the end he was heard to mutter: "So you won't have him, eh?", and hung up to close the door.

"I am prompted to ask, before informing you of my decision," the old fellow said, "about a party or group you haven't mentioned in your...er... 'purses'. What about those 'fascists'?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I know very little of them, sir. They operate exclusively in Europe, away outside of my sphere of knowledge."

"I see," the old man cocked his left eye. "Well, young man, will you have a cigarette? There is no fire in the existence you are about to enter. Smoke up." Spees offered a pack of cigarettes.

"Oh, no, thank you just the same, but I don't smoke. But my curiosity prompts me to ask a question. I thought that in there all was paradise. Do you mean to say you are not allowed to smoke in there?"

"Young man!", snapped white-beard. "Just who said you were going in there?"

This is Shaggy-Li, Fall 1957

Judge Hoy Ping Pong: "The Case of Jonathan Q. Fann" (cont.)

"Why...why...you, sir. You said there was no fire where I was going, so obviously I am not destined for...you know, down there! Where else is there left to go?"

"Have you ever heard of Limbo?"

"Limbo, sir?" Jonathan was puzzled. "Seems to me I have. What of it?"

"Well, punk, that's your destination. We won't have heads nor hair of you in here, and his nipa down there threatened revolution if we sent you down to him; the answer is Limbo. Son, the answer is you just aint worth a damn nowhere. Limbo is your fate--"

"--and so saying, he yanked a lever, a section of cloud opened under Jonathan Q. Fann and with a well placed kick to propel him, he fell foot first down a black chute. After him came the sarcasm of the old man above:

"Next time, chump, don't be so damn perfect, and maybe we'll let you in either of the two better-known places."

FINIS

The next issue of Shaggy will be much larger than this, and will contain more reprint material plus new material. Please order copies now (15¢) or send in a subscription for six issues (\$1.00)

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STONE

.....Somohow, 4c (Esperanto) Acherman got hold of the copy of the November 1937 issue of "Imagination" (Vol. 1, no. 2 of the first LASFS club organ) and changed it all into Esperanto. I really haven't the energy to change it into English, so I'll leave it. Besides, it may be interesting to a few of you, especially 4c. And don't be a believer in anyone's past until you've read what an Author like Henry Kuttner used to write (usually during his membership in the early, early LASFS).....

IT HAPPED IN HYPER-SPACE, by Henry Kuttner (Not other than Henry Kuttner)

Once was a man flow in a rage & got in such a tension.

He found

himself abruptly in an alien dimension.

& a tesseract perceived him as he jibed & he cued

" passionately pursued him with unbridled shrieks of lust.

" all th 4th dimension rang with noises loud & clamorous.

--For no-

thinkt noisvr'n a tesseract gone amorous!

She chased him down th windggs of a nonEuclidean st
& stole a look behind him & then fled with frantic ft.

But at last she got him corrd when he tript on an equation

& she clutcht him by th trouserseat with littl hesitation

" " dragd him as he struggd to her strangely angl'd dwelling (and

" " dropt him in th bathtub & listend to him yelling ^{sans}

" " murmurd "Call me 'Tessie'" & she artfully carost him ^{'t')}

" " showd him her continuum & to her bosom prest him...

& now behold what happens to a fole who is blameless

If he gets in-

to th toils of one like Tessie who is shameless!

For, a key was

thrust within th lock; th door was opend wide

& Tessie thitrd

"Husband!" as something swopt inside.

& pickt tho (sans 'o') hap-

less human up & dumpt him in th can.

For Tessie, she was married

to....TESSERACTHUMAN!

((And I couldn't possibly go any further with this reprint 'cause it gets too ridiculous as it goes along and Kuttner is probably satisfied (sic) with reading this far! -GWT

ATOMS OF THE WORLD--SISUNIT!

-Uranium 235

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