

RETURN BOTH 14  
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# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

MAY 1944

NUMBER 14

Official club publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Published each month at the clubroom, 637 1/2 S Bixel St. Los Angeles 14, California. Editor for the nonce is Charles Burbo.

This might be called the "supposed-to" ish of Shangri-L'Affaires. We should have had two articles with the same title, "My Ideals of Fandom," one by Forrest J. Ackerman, the #2 fan face, and the other by Francis T. Laney, publisher of Acolyte. Both are prominent local fans whose ideals of fandom should make highly entertaining reading, particularly when placed side by side in the same publication. Owing to shortage of time but no shortage of previous commitments, the two fans concerned could not make the elastic deadline of this month's mag, but the articles will surely appear in the June issue, which itself should appear on or about the first of June.

Another "supposed-to" was an article about and by Frank Robinson of Fanovseard fame who visited L. A. recently. Robinson says he's never been published except for the Fanovseard capsule stuff and a few Spaceways letters he'd like fandom to forget. He was asked early for copy, but his multitudinous and multifarious fan activities in Los Angeles and environs prevented him from even beginning this chore. The night before he left I dunned him for copy in the IASFS clubroom and a touching scene ensued.

"What article?" he wanted to know, after an unconvincing double-take. He shot a quick look behind him---yes, he was the one being addressed....."I haven't got it," said he at length, a fact which had already become apparent.

"When can I have it?"

"Soon as I get home," he said. "Not a millisecond sooner. Don't got your viscera in a nova."

I put up an argument, wonderful in logic. It came to me later that all my perorations were wasted, since the deadline would be past anyway.

"Oh, all right," he said, with a magnanimous gesture, pocketing some money he had borrowed somewhere. "I'll write it on the train, a full page of Robinson drollery---"

"ONE page!" I must have raised the old voice here because the blonde in the apartment above pounded lustily but fruitlessly on the floor.

"Oh, two pages then....no not triple-spaced." This last he delivered in a hurt tone. I'd touched a vital spot in his makeup, if he has one. A vital spot, that is.

"That's to be the title of this....uh....masterpiece?" he said, dropping his voice on the last word to indicate modesty.

"Through Shangri-La with Gun and Camera?" I offered.

"Silly."

"Cruise of the Eyebrow Special?"

"Doesn't apply."

"Goodbye, Mr Quips?"

"They got worse, by mathematical progression. Besides, I've got a title of my own. Shangri-La Safari."

"That's all right, safari zit goos," said Lickerman. Of course, he was there all the time, dummifying the new VOX, which seemingly has assumed a tri-weekly schedule. After this, came a pun session, which descended to such lows as "Elite anything if it smells good," and its running mate "Ho's no pica."

Robinson gave up first, starting for the phone, muttering, "It's your phone, Bill. He refused to explain this cryptic statement."

He tried one number (got the wrong one first), tried it again; on second trial found his party gone. He hung up with the remark, "There isn't anyone else worth calling."

At this point Kepner came to the door, poked half a body in, and called to the Chifan, who at once bid us a tearful goodbye. As he went out the door I said that in writing his article he mustn't forget to describe the motives leading up to his decision to visit L. A.

The last words he muttered as the door swung shut were these: "It would take a smarter man than I to say why I came to L. A."

And so he went, leaving town next morning on the rails instead of on a rail.

His article will appear next time.

Another "supposed-to" was a caricature of Robinson by Ron Clyne for the cover, but Clyne did not seem interested in this project. This is one item that won't appear next time.

As long as we're on the subject of next time, may as well mention a few items that are scheduled. Too early to say yet, but there may be a litho or two. There may be an article on Horrie Dollens by Ferry if I can argue him into it. Walt Daugherty will be present with his movie news feature, and another old film will be reviewed, perhaps by one fan, perhaps another, and perhaps by somebody else. Glen Daniels is all hot to do an article, or rather a poem, and who knows, he may do one; an article, not a poem.

At a recent meeting, it was decided that since visiting fans such as Len Moffat, to name one, have a rugged time locating fellow fans when they visit L.A., and since they usually have but a short time to accomplish this in, the club ought to do something to alleviate the situation. The club did. Now, visiting fans who arrive unannounced and who happen to find the clubroom closed will notice on the door a list of nearby fans, with addresses and phone numbers. Now, no more stories will have to be written about the poor critters wandering around the strangest part of a strange city looking for fellow slans, tendrils pathetically twitching in the troposphere. The striking thing about it all is that the list is non-partisan. Studiedly so, for on it appear names of Republicans as well as Democrats.

Forgot to mention, when heralding coming attractions to this theater of fan operations, that next issue will contain an article by a prominent local fan. Positively. Of course, the article may not appear due to lack of space or lack of article, but if it does show it will be only two degrees short of stupendous. It'll be the thought-variant for June. It's all about L. A. fandom and the title, the only thing written as yet, is "This Thing Called Ragnarok."

----Charles Burbee



# ON THE SET

WITH WALT DRAUGHERTY

"The Gold Bug", famous story of buried treasure which has long been recognized as one of Edgar Allan Poe's classic tales, is to be filmed by Monogram, with Bela Lugosi in the starring role of Logrand.

New York fans take note: Boris Karloff is now in New York to star in another mystery comedy; also he will appear on the Blue Network sustainer, "Creeps by Night", presented on Tuesday nights. West-Coast fans can hear same rebroadcast on KECA at 10:30 P.M.

The Los Angeles Railway (employer of Guy Gifford, the Ringer family man from Planet) has just bought time on the air for a quarter-hour series of "Great Short Stories." The first to be presented was Edgar Allan Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado".

Producers Releasing Corporation is in production on "The Monster Maker", formerly titled "The Devil's Apprentice".

For those of you who are interested in an addition to your mag collection I would advise that you obtain the current issue of "Screen Romances" as this issue contains the story version of three fantasies: "A Guy Named Joe", "It Happened Tomorrow", and "The Lady and the Monster". The last is the movie name for Curt Siodmak's "Donovan's Brain". Many stills from the movies accompany the articles.

STILLS FOR FANS: I have made contacts now where I am able to obtain stills from all current motion pictures. If you see a still on the billboard of your local theater that you would like to have, copy the number written in white at the bottom of the still and send it to me with 50¢ and I'll get the still for you. I can obtain the stills for 35¢ but by the time I get through going to the trouble of obtaining them, paying for the mailing envelopes, and paying postage, I don't think 50¢ is too much. This is not an ad. I am not trying to sell you something. I am doing this only because there may be some fans who would appreciate certain stills.

"Outward Bound", soon to be released by Warner Brothers, is definitely fantasy with emphasis on character study.

I would like to recommend highly "The Fallen Sparrow" with John Garfield, and "The Coffin for Dimitrios", another thriller soon to be released by Warner Brothers. Neither film is fantasy, but those fan who enjoyed "The Maltese Falcon" will find these two films acceptable.

LASFS MAKING MOVIE: Yes, it's true, the club has voted to release \$10.00 from the treasury to Walt Draugherty as soon as the amount can be spared. The money is to be spent in making screen tests of the various members. It is hoped that the experiments in acting, camera work, and lighting, will turn out well enough to warrant the making of a film of L. A. fan activity. The project has been placed in Walt's hands. The camera will be loaned by Morrie Dollens, and the film used will be 16 mm. (concluded bottom of page 5)

STFUN

By 4e

I had quite a fannish wk-end, Apr 22-23. Maybe U'd like to hear about it. Firstoff, I had breakfast at 8am Sat with Frank, the visiting Robinsonewscard representative from Chi. He & I then proceeded (from the vicinity of the LASFS, he having stayd overnite with Mel Brown & I at Morajo's) to my New Hampshire flat. Frank, who claims the largest stf collection in the midwest, wanted "to see a competitive collection." Myn seemd to depress him. When he found I had twice as much in the garage---all duplicates---it was all I could do forceably to restrain him from whipping out his buckrogersgun & committing fwanky-panky (which is the Marthian---they lithpth, U noe ---verthlon of harl-karl).

Robinson, I learnd, is primarily intrested in the pro's; he payd ill attention to either bks or fmz. In mags he demands mint condish. He was particularly intrested in my #1 Weird, pristine first Amazing & xint Annual; also the Canadian & English mags.

On the door of my main den I have the poster from the Chicon announcing "Welcome Fans!" I learnd he was living in Chi at the time, considered attending but somehow didnt get around to it; that he's been a fan since '39, met such localites as McNutt, Palmer, Clyne, St John, Hamling.

My stock of stf truly seemd to shock him. "Fascinating magazines!" he murmurd over & over in that deep, Paul Robson of a voice of his. And again: "Deplorable condition!" as he woud delicately finger a virginold Science Wonder Quarterly or Clayton Astounding. Bfor he was thru he deposited \$12.50 with me, which this wk-end I expect to convert into lumber. Daugherty is going to construct new shelves for me to accommodate the late influx of duplicates. Y'see, in one swell toop I just added the mags of a collector since '26. And, incidently, at a considerable savings-- due to the wond'rous wanglings of one Walt Daugherty who, for auctions or dickers, is your man.

Sunday I briefly met servifan Bob Camden, ~~whose~~ Navy career I understand nipt incipient fanmag Parsec in the bud; & went out to Ron Clyne's. There I saw Ron's just-completed first illustration for FFM, a honey for a Lordunsaneyarn... Ron is very enthusiastic about illustrating for Mary Gnaedinger, since he considers her a swell person & editor in the first place, beuz they send an artist a typescript to work from, leave it to him the size the pic shall be, & in all ways are quite considerate. In the full page drawing he's done his conception of Balder & a couple other British Gods.

I saw his bk collection---he has few mags, but will touch only mint bks---including most of Merritt with cover jackets, "LAST MEN IN LONDON" & several shelves of special stuff. The original St John oil supertiger, illustrating Williamson's "Golden Blood" in Weird, hangs on one wall; mouth-watering Boks on another; & in the cupboard he keeps scads of originals by Finlay, St John &--Clyne. He also has an extensive file of clippings of outstanding illustrations by the country's leading artists. I lookt at his collection as I lisnd to "Rite of Spring", "Danse Macabre", "Sorcerer's Apprentice" & similar familiars. When I left, I took back for Daugherty a giant framed Cartier original from "Fear".

I arrived back at Morojo's to find a note:

"Greetings 4E".

Arrived here at 4PM.

Finally contacted Morojo and Kepner. We're going to Greyhound Station now as I gotta catch the 8:15 bus to get back to camp. In time. Will write you from there tomorrow.

Best Wishes, etc.  
Len"

It was from the Christian Scientist-fictionist! The time was 10 to 8. I had 25 mins to get to the bustation. I figured it could be done. According to my time I got there about 12 past. I tore all around trying to spot Jiké, Morojo & a sailor. I ran around like a rooster with its red pants cut off till about 8:25 when I finally gave up. Back at Morojo's I found Herself & K. Seems the Len's-man had gone thru promptly at 8:15 & they'd returned immediately; my watch must've been just a couple mins slow & I misst 'em by a fraction. What I thought would be an in-fraction of polite language!

So that about winds up the article, I guess, except to report I guess there'll be no shelf-bilding in my garage as stated earlier. Wait, on checking, finds it'd take a triple-A priority that I couldn't get even if I were NFFF's Pres, Triple-E!



Remember the Mama Oyster Who Had Twin Pearls: Knife One, & Pearl 2...

on the set....

(CONCLUDED)

The Engineering Department of a defense plant at Newburgh, New York, has been experimenting with steel wire, drawing it out very fine to the nth degree. They finally produced a piece of 120 gauge wire, which is practically invisible. The boys were proud - so proud, in fact, that they cut off a strand and sent it to a rival defense plant farther upstate. "This is just to show you what we are doing in Newburgh", they wrote. Weeks went by. Recently a package arrived at the Newburgh plant. The boys opened it with great care. Inside was a steel block; mounted on the block were two steel standards, and strung between the standards was the same piece of 120 gauge wire. At one end of the block was mounted a small microscope delicately focused on a certain spot on the wire. One by one the engineers placed an eye to the microscope and examined in silence the work of their rivals, who had drilled a rather handsome little hole!!



# IMPROMPTU CON

Thursday evening, April 27, after the regular meeting, a few members were sitting around indulging in the old tribal custom of batting the breeze. At this point (which point is not made clear) the door opened and in came a few fans. Not all were LASTSer's. In fact, none of them were. Ianey, Bronson and Kepner came in. With them came visitor Art Osterlund. Morrie Dollens sprang in, too. Maybe there were others. In the clubroom already were 4e, Crozetti, Burbee, Daugherty, to mention a few, if not all. Anyway, if that's all there were, it seemed like more. We crowded into that small room, the half dozen or twenty of us, and some of us were sitting, some standing, and others moving around quite a bit. Did I say Robinson was there, too? Fanews-card Robinson? Well, he was. There wasn't too much room, as I said, and Morrie Dollens alone needed half a gym to swing his arms. The lad needs lots of room to swing his arms. He needs lots of room to swing other people's arms, too, as Sam Russell (yep, he was there, too) will no doubt testify. As for Robinson, he was tossed into the trash barrel by this athletic character. Robinson took it gracefully, or tactfully. Anyway, he took it.

Art Osterlund was half asleep. He's probably the only fan in the Seabees. He might be remembered as the fellow who did the striking diabolic cover for Fantasite coupla years ago. Morojo wasn't around, but 4e rushed Osterlund over to her place (next door) and it seemed she'd been in bed an hour or so, but this made no difference to the raiding twain, or to Morojo either, and the sleep-sluggo Art got a good look at the famous Morojo library. The originals fascinated him.

There was another fellow wandering around, Al Beich. Once he's getting fan-active but the Army got him, effectively putting a crimp in his any fan plans he may have had.

Of course it might be mentioned here that when THEY strode in and met the LASTSer's....there was an electric moment. It was an appalling half-second that fandom's most famous factions glared at each other.... then....screams in the night, dull moonlight glinting on naked razors... ..the staccato bark of stubby (they've got to be stubby) automatics, and somewhere on Bixel Heights the whine of a photon-gun as fan met fan in berserk battle----oh, what am I building up, anyhow? Just trying to make interesting reading for the rest of fandom. No electric moment, any more than when Aunt Isabel drops in and brings a lemon chiffon pie for dinner. We all greeted one another as people and fans will, and the newcomers were introduced all around, etc.

Morrie Dollens got a flash photo of part of the group, and later got a group pic of just about everybody, including himself. Ianey had the duty of snapping the shutter or tripping the relay, or whatever it is that sets the blinding thing off.

Parts of this fan gathering kept breaking off from the whole and gathering outside on the sidewalk. Robinson was out there some of the time, and so was Dollens, the chill Southern California air smacking him in the chest. He'd taken off his sweatshirt. He put it back on again, quicklike. It actually gets cold sometimes in Southern Calif.

(concluded on page 8)

# SCIENTIFILM REVIEW

Can't recall ever seeing the stfilm "It's Great to Be Alive" reviewed in a fanmag, so will have a go at it and see how far I can get with a faulty memory and nothing but enthusiasm to carry me along.

This picture was produced by RKO in 1933 or maybe 1934. Raoul Roulien was the lead character. Gloria Stuart was the girl. Edna May Oliver was in it, too.

Story was from an old Argosy---1926, Ackerman figures offhand.

Raoul is a woman-chasing fellow who has quite a reputation along this line of amusement. Has plenty of dough to follow this trade. By the time we meet him he's already met Gloria, and has decided to stop chasing around and settle down. Of course his reputation is not one to lie down and die on such short notice. A couple of jams he gets into, innocently enough, put him in bad with a girl. She delivers herself of an ultimatum; one more break on his part will spell "The End. Ars Gratia Artis." No, that's MGM. Anyway, he's trying hard to tread the straight and narrow, but it seems he gets caught in an innocent, accidental, absolutely unintentional---well, he's caught. The fact that she could qualify as a 'Grapefruit Girl' doesn't help him a bit.

He gets the book thrown at him by Gloria. She's through with him now. He can't explain to her satisfaction, probably because she won't listen to him, and so, in mood despondent, he hops in his plane and heads out over the Pacific. He runs out of gas, as he expected to, but instead of ending in a watery grave, as he hoped, he lands on a desert island with no women to dance, sing, cook, or anything for him, and there he sits disconsolate for some years.

Meanwhile "Masculitis" sweeps the world. It is a highly contagious disease, affecting only men, incurable, and always fatal. It seems to be a quickly striking, clean death, though. In just a few years there are absolutely no men at all left anywhere on the oblate spheroid. Except one.

Naturally, a matriarchy ensues. To all intents and purposes, a one-generation matriarchy. It must be said to the credit of the girls that they do right well. We get several startling shots of super-streamlined automobiles, bizarre fashions, futuristic architecture.

It goes without saying that the women are man-crazy. Absolutely hog-wild, and no men to be had. I think I mean had. They're trying to manufacture men. This leads to a crackling sputtering laboratory scene where Edna May Oliver, the world's leading scientist, is about to infuse life into a synthetic man. She's been doing splendidly in her experiments, and here, lying on the slab, is this devilishly handsome synthetic man. Before the switches are closed, she says to her starry-eyed colleagues, "I expect this fellow to be even better than the real thing."

But the experiment is a failure, and hope is dead.

Then our hero is discovered by a mail-pilot flying the Frisco-Feiping mail; the picture she has snapped of him is swiped and espionage really goes to town. In no time the nations of the world are hurrying like mad to get to him first. (More on Page 8)

## OLD MOVIE REVIEW (concluded)

The U.S. gets there first, but the rest of the world will not accept that as final. Nasty international complications are setting in. Armies are mobilized. War is imminent.

Each nation claims the lone male. He must marry one of their girls, they each insist.

This is highly unscientific, as any normal male will readily agree. Left on his own, with his own key and a private entrance.... oh well, I didn't write the scenario.

The picture goes musical here. I strongly suspect, but do not remember, that it is musical before this. The hero is awakened in a notable bedroom sequence by flocks of beautiful women. As he dresses he must kiss different girls who bring him some article of clothing. He sings during this scene the title song of the picture, and no one can blame him.

The nations put on a huge show, with each country doing a torrid, provocative production number with music, lyrics, and movements all directed at the one-man audience. A council formed of representatives from each nation is there to see that justice is done. Raoul has declared his undying love for Gloria---her or nothing at all was the way he put it, but for some reason this choice is not at all acceptable to the council. Not to be outdone, Raoul, having gotten a gun from somewhere, threatens to kill himself if he doesn't get his own way.

This panics them---the only man in the world threatening to kill himself---catastrophe! They are weak and aghast. They capitulate. The odd creature gets the girl he wants (she seems to have forgiven him automatically) and everybody in the audience thinks he's making a mistake.

What with the present manpower shortage, this would be a good film for Hollywood to think about remaking.

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## IMPROMPTUCON (concluded)

Highlight of the evening was 4e deliberately shuffling through a two-inch stack of landscape photos Dellens had thrust at him. "No nudes," he warned Ackerman. But Ack-Ack waded right on. Maybe he just couldn't believe that among all those pictures there wouldn't be at least one....but they were all about clouds and cornstalks bulking in the breeze....and hills, with things, bushes, growing up and down on them---not a blasted Vomniden in the lot. Ack-Ack went right on to the end.

This momentous gathering kept gathered for quite a time, though parts of it came unstuck from the whole and gathered in one corner or out on the sidewalk, as has been noted. Spirited conversations sprang up here and there, often in the middle of another conversation, just as spirited, but not so loud.

After awhile people began drifting away, but the group still could claim status as a crowd up to midnight, and possibly long afterward.



"LOT MISS MOFFATT" (Sequel to "Little Miss Moffatt")

LEN MOFFATT, the "Christian Fan", arrived at the LASFS Clubroom about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, April 23---just an hour after the gang had dispersed to go its various ways. He waited patiently in front of the clubroom, up and down Bixel Street & Wilshire Blvd., for two hours, telephoning 4e & Morojo from time to time as the afternoon wore into evening & getting no response from either tone. Finally, after dinner at the Bixel Drug, he decided to try the tone just once more then go back to the station where his bus was due to leave at 8:15. FE 2231 still did not raise anyone but Morojo responded to the tingling of MA 8326. LEN hustled right over and found Jimmy Kepner ringing the same doorbell he was headed for. The two introduced themselves and were engrossed in conversation before I could reach the door. It was after seven then but I still had my dinner to finish & didn't realize that 8:15 was not far off. I parked Jimmy & Len in my den and went back to dinner.

Len is medium-sized & fair with bright eyes and a saucy nose. The term "Christian Fan" is not applicable as it is quite misleading. Jimmy found that Len was not even sure of the name of his church. The only reason for calling himself a Christian is that he has high moral principles and good intentions. This trait is not peculiar to Christians. That's why I say the term is misleading.

4e was due to arrive at 7 o'clock but at twenty to eight when I was thru eating he hadn't yet appeared, so we left a note for him and started to town.

Len said he was glad he finally found someone altho he was sorry to have missed 4e, said he'd try to get back again in about 2 weeks. We were glad to see Len, too, and sorry we weren't in when he came.

AFTERMATH: When I returned home after seeing Len onto the bus 4e was gone again. He'd come in only 10 minutes after we'd left for town and dashed out after us, hoping to see Len before the bus pulled out--but no luck. Maybe nexttime, if there is a nexttime.

----MOROJO

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DOTS...and ---DASHES & Last Minute FLASHES!

LASFS Clubroom to Take Poll! Yes, fantastic as it may seem, the public is to be invited into Stf's Inner Sanctum Soc'y to vote on such important matters as Should Helen Gahagan Douglas, who portrayed "She" in the Rider Haggard film of the same name, be elected to Congress? In other words, the clubroom will temporarily be converted to a poll-site for LA's local elections. Those 2 indefatigables, Daugherty & Glen Daniels, worked from 8pm Sat. nite till 3 the following morning, rearranging the room prior to the public's entrance into it. 4e & Morojo, who will be on furlough & vacation respectively at the time, will be present in the clubroom on voting day and no doubt pick up a lot of choice remarks ...There is no truth to the rumor that the Ack-Ack celebrated his uptancy to sergency by consuming a quart of xeno...Walt Daugherty employed by Warner Bros. at the presentime as stand-in for the Governor of the Virgin Islands! At least, so he claims. Investigation reveals Walt doubling for Errol Flynn!...Feud between Forry & Jeannie Crozetti. Said our 5 year old member, "I think Vemaidens are silly!"...Jo-quel discovers Spanish scientificfictionovel, "Flor de las Perlas"---"Flower of the Pearls"---apparently about a subsea civilization...Fortean Socy's 13-month calendr rates space in local daily...Welcome, 2 new members BILL STORY and JIM PILSBURY...So long, GEO. BARR, who sez "I'm goin' back to where I come from"....Ron Clyne just walked in the clubroom with a proof from FFM of the Dunsanyarn illustration he did, mentioned elsewhere this ish...Glen Daniels was so enthusiastic about the ghostory "The Uninvited" that he sat thru 3 showings of it; Daugherty liked it so well he was champing at the bit to go see it again the nite after he first saw it...There is no truth to the rumor that the LASFS takes in rumors...This ish 5c ea. or free for 10!!

Ron Clyne

135-1/2 N Gale Dr

Bevly Hills

Cal

