

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

Feb. 1945

No. 23

STAR-STUNG

the prophet



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Shangri-L'Affaires Number 23 for February 1945. This is, by right of titular entry, the club magazine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, sometimes known as the LASFS. It is published once each month at 637 1/2 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, Calif. There is no subscription price attached to this rag at present, the only stipulation being that letters of comment be addressed to the editor, Charles Burbee, 1057 S. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles, California, at least once every four issues or your name will be summarily struck from the mailing list. Those who write letters are put on a list which is known as our chit list.

For some reason James Kepner was struck with a passing fancy and turned out eight pages of stuff for this issue. It is the first time he's done anything for Shangri-etc since I assumed this thankless job. Eight whole pages of stuff, all of it strictly ego boo. So, we dedicate this issue to Willie Watson, whose remarkable cover has already evoked comment from the far corners of the globe.

Getting into our palatial office which overlooks Los Angeles of 1949 (the war's been over for two years now) is a letter from Arkham House which takes Pfc Paul Spencer and beats him into a red fog. This letter was too late to be included in this sterling issue, which is already too long, but will be the highlight of the March issue, which, Ackerman willing, will be out March 12.

Which reminds me, the April issue of this fabulous fanzine will be out in April, as scheduled, but so far we have only 26 pages of stuff in our gigantic air-conditioned chrome and plastic files. This issue, in order to be properly presented to fandom's jaded eyes, has got to have at least 30 pages, so why don't some of you who are literate enough to write, write and send your puling efforts in here. You may think it stinks, all fandom, not to mention the First, Second, and Third Fandoms, may think it stinks, but there are no literary standards in Shangri LA and we'll use your stuff. A. E. van Vogt got a hyper novelette thrown right back in his face with the Laconic comment, "Too good". John Campbell Jr asked if he might write something to help but I haven't answered his letter and I don't intend to. The standards of this mag are not going to be raised while I have anything to say about the matter. Spoil the reader, as I will sometimes orate, and you have gotten yourself an Old Man of the Sea. The readers begin to expect good stuff and you knock yourself out trying to supply it to them and who appreciates it? Your nurse might seem to, but then, she's supposed to be pleasant to everybody.

The April issue, as I have said, is the annish of this hyper mag and if you are foolish enough to send in something, go right ahead. If you can't write, get somebody to write something for you, and if that fails, send in some money, no more than \$50, to help pay for the Rogers litho, the editorial, the paper, stencils, wear and tear on the LASFS mimeograph, and postage stamps for answering stupid queries which daily come in here.

Last issue, to please those who clamored for it, we had a table of contents and numbered pages. Future issues will not trifle with such sophistries. We do try to please those who howl and maybe next year sometime we'll do a repeat. Watch for the announcement.

Elmer Perdue told me I looked like Dick Wilson. In a flash I had whipped out my rapier and pinned the varlet against his own wainscoting.

RING IN THE NEW??

by F TOWNER LANEY

A problem which has always been more or less with us--that of the proper reception to be accorded new fans--has recently been brought to a focus by Walt Dunkelberger's letter in the annish VOM, and to a lesser extent by a one-page circular called The Iconoclast which was anonymously distributed from "Manana Pubs, Boykins, Virginia". (A great deal of sleuthing enables us to state that a young and new fan named Fred S. Baker is probably responsible for the latter; though it is not easy to pin the blame on one person when we consider what a thriving fan center this huge city of Boykins probably is.)

For the benefit of those who may not have seen one or the other of these articles, I shall give a sketchy resume. Dunkelberger, in leading up to the question, "Why do some fans always have to present their worst side to the rest of fandom?", pointed out at some length how certain of his earlier fan undertakings were met with such scathing abuse as to discourage him utterly. Instead of quietly sitting down and writing him a letter of helpful explanation, many fans evidently ripped Dunk apart for not having come into the field fully acquainted with it in advance. His disgusted disillusionment is certainly understandable. Baker (?) on the other hand spent the better part of a page tearing hell out of some unnamed individual who wears 14AAA shoes. (As this is my size, I presume he meant me...or do some of you other kiddies have big feet?) In any event, it seems that Baker (?) felt that this unnamed fan with the overdeveloped understanding was doing fandom a great deal of harm because of his "childish and stupid attempts at reviling weak organizations and newcomers..." and a few other rather unjustified accusations.

Well now. It is rather appropriate for these two gentlemen to break into print nearly simultaneously. It is my candid belief that the irresponsible antics of such juveniles as Baker (?) are directly responsible for the unfriendly reception automatically handed any new fan by many of the older and more established figures in the field. I question if there is a single active fan of more than one year's standing who has not been more than once on the receiving end of some exceptionally annoying dirt from some brash newcomer. Material sent to new fanzines and coming out in an illegible hash six months to a year later if at all; a single letter of helpful criticism written in a moment stolen from something else starting a torrent of putrid mss. that would take a full-time secretary to handle; 6 half-size pages of junk offered blandly as an even-steven exchange for 30 pages of painstaking effort; unannounced personal visits at extremely awkward times Some of the oldsters have just enough of the scoutmaster in their makeup so that they stand for this sort of nonsense year in and year out. Others gradually develop a protective shell.

Dunkelberger, it will be generally admitted, is a sterling character--old enough to know what he's doing, enthusiastic, energetic, an all-round (this adjective has no snide reference to the plump cheeks in his published pictures!) asset to fans and to fandom. How-

ever, when he first came into the picture, he was no more than a name, "Walt Dunkelberger". How was anyone to know that he wasn't merely a Dakota version of a Ludowitz or a Schmarje or a Degler or a Honig? Sure, sure, he should have been given the benefit of the doubt, but burnt children (goes the saying) dislike the fire. Too many fans had been burned on too many children. So here our boy Dunk comes along, and gets the fire extinguisher right in his face. (Thereby costing fandom a damned good fanzine which he and I had been discussing--THE INNSMOUTH GAZETTE.)

Baker, on the other hand, is a prime example of the sort of critter that makes us load our flit guns. I first heard from him about November or December 1943. He was obviously young and new to the field, but he had plenty of enthusiasm, and certainly seemed sincere. He spoke of publishing a fanzine, asked me a lot of questions, wanted material, etc., etc. Very well, it so happened that I had the responsibility of seeing that the second issue of Rosco Wright's VISION (left 15% incomplete when Rosco went away to war) was finished and distributed. I offered it around to several people, Tom Daniels among others, but finally decided that Fred Baker would be the best bet to take over, due partly to his enthusiasm and partly to the fact that he had hektographing equipment. I was unfortunately slow in shipping the material to him (about February as I recall), but in any event he received all he needed in plenty of time to get the mag out by the middle of May at the latest. Well, that was that. I'd drop him a postal once in a while to see what had happened, why he didn't write, etc.--after all, Rosco had a lot of work in that mag and I'd promised him I'd get it finished for him fairly soon--but a bleak silence from Boykins was all I got. Since my mail service rather stank due to my moving around about then, and since I'd definitely lost other incoming mail, I wasn't too worried until one day last summer when Baker's own fanzine, ALPHA, plunked into my box. What the hell, I thought. Then a few days or weeks later came a little postal that he'd try to finish VISION now that he'd gotten his mag out of the way (ignoring the fact that he was supposed to give VISION priority in exchange for the sub list, and the head start it would give him as a publisher). In time, about November 15, as I recall, he did finally get VISION out. About a month ago, I received another card from Baker, urgently requesting material for another fanzine! Obviously, I ignored it. Now I get ripped apart--not entirely without justice, perhaps, but in a manner which shows an almost complete ignorance of my various controversial actions in FAPA or elsewhere--by this same young fellow I attempted to help along the rocky road of fan publishing.

And this is not an isolated case. If it were worth wasting stencils over, I could fill ten or twelve pages describing briefly various ways in which I've gotten more or less rooked by various new fans.

What particular incentive is there for me to be nice to any newcomer until he first proves himself in the field? Being of a sweet and lovable nature (as Mr. Searles will no doubt be glad to confirm) I don't intend to go out of my way to step on brash young fans; on the other hand I certainly shan't strain myself to help them any.

There are those who maintain stoutly that all new fans should be drowned at birth, that such uncouthly enthusiastic blobs of protoplasm should be consigned to a perpetual purgatory along with their Planets and their Felixes. A commendable idea, this, and one for

which much could be said. Another school of thought would carefully foster these humanoid little excrescences. EEEvans or FJAckerman, for instance, will display towards a Warth or a Weinstein all the clucking, disinterested love of a large Wyandotte hen towards an orphaned and illegitimate duckling. DAWollheim, on the other hand, cultivates these little creatures less altruistically, with the sly hope that a Shaw or a Wilsey will come along and be a quisling for the (whisper it!) Futurian Menace. Most fans shudderingly shy away from them.

As I pointed out over a year ago in my column in FAN SLANTS #2, fandom depends on a strong and steady influx or new blood for its continued existence. This fact is certainly as true now as it ever was. The weakness in that statement is that it considers the blood solely from a quantitative angle. If fandom gets many more transfusions like the kind it got in 1944 (judging from the past year's crop of new fanzines) pernicious anemia is just around the corner.

Don't some of you readers perhaps have some concrete ideas on what should be done about all this? I have been authorized by that sterling fellow, editor of this sterling fanzine, etc., to offer a free life subscription to this sterling periodical to the author of the best and most thought-provokingly constructive article submitted to him on the subject: "WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT NEW FANS?" (Of course you'll get the mag free anyway, but just think how your fellow readers will hail you as a benefactor if you write such a long article that it crowds my bilge out of these sacred pages for a while. And think how grateful I'll be not to have to turn out vast quantities of drip in order to keep the Burb quiet.)

Come on gang, WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT NEW FANS?

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HEMMELS SCIENTIFIC SORTIES ---No. 1

I read a story once, and that is the only reason I can think of for writing this brief article. I do not remember offhand the title of the story, but perhaps if I sort of mark time I will eventually remember it before I use up the whole page. No, I guess I won't do that, because the fellow who asked me to do this article would be vexed and wouldn't give me the twenty free copies of the mag he promised me.

Well, even if I can't remember what the title of the story is, I do remember a good deal of the plot and the science used to further the evil plans of the villain and the science used by the hero to defeat the villain, which in a way was a pity because the villain was every bit as smart as the hero, except I think he was more soft-hearted than the stalwart hero because he had the hero three times in a tight spot where he could have wiped him out and he let the hero get by with only a bop on the head with a Stillson wrench once, a clout in the jaw with a Wedemeyer re-activating photo-rumbatronic gun another time, and a soporific kick to the crotch another time. Then the hero, as soon as he gets the villain in a tight fix, will not let him off with so much as a whack on the scone oh no not him. No, he bats him through

the midriff with the very same Wedemeyer re-activating photo-rumbatron-
nic gun. No, come to think of it, it was a variegated geodesic proton
flasher he did him in with, yes I am pretty sure that is what it was.
I thought it was the Wedemeyer gun because it sure would have been a
great deal more ironic. The geodesic flasher was invented by two
soldiers of science, Edo-Tamulinas who were out in a boat one day
throwing empty beer cans in the water and watching the ripples. Edo
complained they'd run out of beer before he'd got illuminated and Tam-
ulinas complained that he wasn't luminiferous either. At this point
Edo started sketching on the back of an envelope and the diagram or
figure is reproduced below which he drew with swift sure strokes of
his fine Italian hand. In this sketch we recognize such familiar sym-
bols as A, C, D, E, F and G. Speculation is rife as to where B is.

Some time later, Edo-Tamulinas perfected the geodesic proton
flasher and it is naturally believed that the diagram had the germ
plasm of the idea for the gun in it, although Edo-Tamulinas always
were tight-lipped when questioned about it, saying that the Ranger
would be nettled or vexed if they violated their pledge of secrecy.

Since no one ever tried to buy the diagram this makes it price-
less and the original is at present preserved in the Library of Cong-
ress with day and night guards in three shifts watching it along with
the other valuable documents of the land such as (no doubt) Shangri-
L'Affaires #25, Two Fingers #1, and the Declaration of Independence.

A	C	D
E	F	G
H	I	J

K	L	M
N	O	P
Q	R	S

LOVE RANGER'S
SECRET CODE
(MINE FOR 10 BOX TOPS)

The principle of the geodesic proton
flasher is too well known for me to go
into here in great detail but perhaps it
would be well to review some of its as-
pects to refresh everyone's memory.

In the first place the radial net-
work of the input terminal takes the
stuff from the previous stage, shunts it
across the low-resistance load, resistance
couples the stage to another output term-
inal tube where the coupling circuits
feed back. The feedback is what makes
the gun work, of course.

I could be much more technical about
it but I am afraid I would get out of the
readers' depth which is why I said it in such simple concise English
so I wouldn't sound like George O. Smith but on the otherhand you
might think I was specially smart if I filled the page with technical
terms---do you see now how well I understand you, better than you do
yourself? It is because I am taking a psychology course along with my
science courses which enables me to delve into my fellow man, a gener-
ic term which includes women too.

Thank you very much for you kind letters to this department, of
course I am speaking of the letters you have yet to write but they
can't help but be complimentary letters because of the useful thing I
am doing in bringing this dept. before the public. If, by some random
shot into infinity I get a derogatory letter from some nitwit it is
possible I will not wish to carry the banners of science supreme to
the multitude any more and will resign as science editor of this ster-
ling fanzine.

STATION EBC by 4E

THANK U FOR your bokays on the column. One letter in particular toucht me (for \$5); I shoud like to reproduce it in part. Wrote Mikhail Fernovski, prominent New York fan (his waistline is a perfect 136): "With a program like yours on the air, no wonder the Blooie Network is in the red. If your stuff continues to be on the air, I am going to stop breathing." We imagine the announcement that we are going right on with this will leave our ardent admirer breathless.

Incidentally, there is no ruth to the tumor that we chided our friend Lebosi for being backward about admitting her identity in a certain asbestos fanmag called 2 Fingers.

SIR,REALIST!

"I did it in an hour in a white heat of genius," is Rogers' explanation of his first surrealist painting, now on exhibit in the Clubroom. Fangeleños hail it as the Great Amerifan Masterpiece. It is all things to all fen. Perdue terms it "A lascivious man & a virtuous woman--or vice versa." Art Saha crosses himself & mutters something in Finnish. Niesen Himmel simply blushes. Rogers titles it: YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR CHEESECAKE AND EAT IT TOO.

TACKETT OR LEAVE IT

Wherein I meet marine LeRoy Tackett. I found him in Frisco. He recently returnd from overseas. I dunno whether he was nervous in the service or it was just 'cuz I was the first fan he ever beheld in person, but he seemd kinda tongue-tied. Far from tongue-tied, however, was a Maurine (what I call a lady marine) named Betsy, who lookt at Watson's latest Sappho & wanted to know what this science fiction stuff was about that "Homer" (Tackett's pet name) read. I tryd to explain to her about the fascination of rockets & rayguns & robots, but, goodness to Betsy! I think she was more interested in men.

WHAT YA KNOW: JOE!

Visitor at our most recent meeting was servifan (navy man) Joe Hensley, formerly editor of Apollo, of Bloomington, Ind. He's stationd only 25 mi. distant!

COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY BURBEE

Buddy Burbee, eldest of yeditor's 3 ~~brats~~ slans, was really blue, recently. Seems he fixt himself up something new--but mutant!--in the way of a meal. The combination, if U'd care to try it: One heaping bottle of obliterate ("correction fluid" to U non-stencilcutters) plus a sprinkling of talcum powder. Said Mrs Burbee: "It was the tale of the town."

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Joquel & Kepner were at the Ackermansion. Joquel was checking Wells' works in the Ackollection, Kepner was copying notes from a Faneword file. The doorbell rang & an unknown fan in khaki enterd. He recognized Sgt Ack-Ack, who said: "Don't tell us, let us guess your identity." But the newcommer woud not cooperate in the matter of clues. To every inquiry, direct or indirect, he woud reply with something irrelevant. He woud not say where he came from, if he were a member of FAPA, if 4E had ever corresponded with him, or anything. Pacifist Joquel was about ready to delete the paci-, leaving only fist, when at length we got our first clue. The PWC withdrew a notebook & read us a pome he'd composed. "O, star strewn sky," it started; "O, mood maroon. You enchant my eye: I fain would swoon." --LARRY! We realized we were confronted then with not some 5th rate fan but a star of stellar magnitude (semantacists will be unable to understand this, tho it will be perfectly clear to those who havent read The Book). Litterio B. Farsaci...the Very Young Man...editor of the glam-

orcus Golden Atom of yore. Larry gave us the lowdown on Vida Jameson, told all about the time Virgil Finlay-- & the nite that Julius Unger-- & how Langley Searles once-- ! But these revelations were too shocking for print in a respectable fan journal. That's why we have printed them here.

OUR ASSETS OVER \$25

So the County Assessor wandered into the Bixel Bughouse, lookt over the mag collection, the typrytters, the mimeo, the press--& was imprest to the tune of...\$30... when salesman Elmer got thru running down our equipment to her. Why, as every fan knows, our copy of "COSMOS" alone is valued at \$30!

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LORA 'GAINST IT

Crozetti comes back! Umpty-umpth ex-LASFS member in "hi" society again. This is the biggest thing that happend to the Club all month.

GOING TO SEED

Recently rcvd by F. Towner Laney was an envelope from the BURPEE SEED CO. Their motto: The Plain Truth about the Best Seeds that Grow. This obviously referd to Chas Burbee, the poor man's hayseed.

"DON'T GIVE UP :THE SHIP'!"

Every time artist Alva Rogers, who woud rather starve in a Garrett Serviss novel than work, has to pull his belt a nautch tighter & leave go one of his harem, he sells a bk or 2 from his collection, to recoup his financial losses. He has let go many a good item, but his most prized possessions remain: THE OUTSIDER & THE SHIP OF ISHTAR. Here is a fan who literally "devours" his fantasy, and he expects next to "eat up" his collection of FFM & FN. He still has such morsels to masticate as "The Girl in the Golden Atom", "The Young Diana" & "The Amber Witch". He expects to have some trouble digesting "The Last American", "Undine" (& its sequel, "The Undine Monster"), "The Moon Colony", "Ants of Timothy Thummel" & others. But THE SHIP is the last item he will ever give up, when he gets behind the oat ball.

THAT SAGA'S HERE AGAIN

Olden Vom readers in the audience will recall with (delight) (indifference) (a shudder) ((choose one)) A Tale of Tigrina, which ran for many an issue in prewar days. Well, I have visited the Devil Doll again...peerd into the murky depths of Bx 13... confirmd the fact that her forefinger is longer than that in the middle of her hand (a distinguishing mark of the werewoman)...& listend to her sing her latest composition, "The Bixel St Blues", the lament of a lonely fanne who wants to go back to that ole Slan Shack, where fen are fen &--on the level--they raise the Devil! Today, at 23, I found this controversial miss beautiful, witty, a gay companion & vivacious conversationalist--& very very anxious to live among fen & be liked by them.

But,
for a change, let the tale be told Thru Different Eyes: As Tigrina interpreted it.

U Can't See the Tease for the Forrest

IT WAS AN unusually sunny day for January. I had just emerged from my place of employment, and was wondering what it was that preyed upon my so-called mind. Strange--I knew I had some sort of appointment to keep, but couldn't recall what it was. I decided to wander down the street awhile, and perhaps I would remember.

TO PASS THE TIME, I glanced in the window of a shoe store, and stood admiring a row of those rationed items, when suddenly I saw a strange face reflected in the window--leering at me.

"Satan preserve m! It's Cthulhu himself!! I'll have to cease reading those Lovecraft stories so late at nite!!!" I thot.

I HASTILY MADE the sign

of the cross (backwards with the left hand, of course) ((ofcourse: the Crux Fansata!)), but despite this, the apparition refused to disappear. I observed it more closely, and saw that it was still peering at me intently--not malevolently--but with a sort of hungry interest.

A SMUDGE on the window seemed to prevent me from getting a better glimpse of this unearthly being. While idly wondering why the proprietor of the shop didn't keep his windows in a more sanitary condition, I noticed that The Face moved in another direction, and I observed that what I first took to be a flaw in the otherwise spotless window moved with it. I then came to the conclusion that the smudge must be a part of this strange denizen of another plane, whose image was, in some inexplicable manner, reflected in the glass by the dazzling rays of the sun.

WHILE MUSING on this strange phenomenon, I happened to notice that the face was mirrored over a particularly lovely display of ladies' sheer hosiery. Something about the association of ideas--that face in conjunction with the ladies' hosiery--offered in a flash the plausible explanation to the mystery. I turned around, and came face to face (or I should say face to shoulder, since he is so much shoulder--I mean taller--than I) with--you guessed it--Forrest Ackerman! He had been standing behind me all the time, and it was his reflection that I had seen in the window. The "smudge", of course, was his mustache, which was new to me, since I had not seen him for two years or so. Smudge ado about nothing.

THE PRESENCE of sunshine was also accounted for: 4e brought it with him from L.A., of course! And now I remembered--I had had an appointment to meet this Fandomanic. That was what I was endeavouring to remember not to forget to remember!

IT WAS GRAND seeing 4e again, and we had a nice long (ch)ceery chat of this 'n' that. Your master of ceremonies of Station EBC (I used to think the initials stood for "Eager Beaver Corporation", especially since 4e was the originator of it!) has certainly changed since last I saw him. He has grown shorter in the first place (or maybe it's because I "grue-some" since last I saw him), and he has grown broader in the second place. ((Ed. note: What does Tigrina mean, the second place?)) He looked more handsome than ever in his Army uniform, complete with Sergeant's stripes. ((Honest I didnt bribe her to write all this 4ego Boosting Crud, folks. --4e)) ((Yes he did, folks--but the Bribe Came C.O.D.! --"T"))

4E SAID I had changed too, and I have! There are black splotches on my skin, which "Dr" Ackerman diagnosed (and he has just the nose for it) as mimeographia of the epidermis, and which is accompanied by an intense feeling of longing known as Angeles Eever, or more commonly termed the "Bixel Street Blues". He prescribed a visit to L.A. (permanent, if possible) before the condition becomes worse, and I hope to follow this suggestion some time this summer. It has always been my desire to journey Bixelward and meet all the fen, and see some of the other unusual sights in Los Angeles while I am down there, too. I would like to visit Earl Carroll's, Radio City, the vast public library. Porishing Square (where, I am told, the bones of strange unearthly animals are resurrected from the tar pits for scenes in fantasy films, or maybe I have confused this with some other place), and meet some of the good humour men one hears so much about. Well, perhaps I'll realise these dreams some day.

TIME SPED BY at an amazing rate, as time is wont to do when one tries to cover the events of two years or so in a few hours' fanversation. Time waits for no one, of course, even if Forrest does have a face that would stop a clock. (Don't be alarmed, 4e, I am only practicing some of my clock-eyed humour.) Before I realised it, I was saying farewell to 4e at the bustation, and waving my broomstick in preparation for a speedy flight home.

AS I DROVE HOME, a gibbous moon hung in the sky like an enormous opal, and I encountered thick walls of fog every once in awhile, like the frosty breath of some unseen giant. Strange...I didn't seem to be guiding an automobile down the highway--but piloting a spaceship earthward, after a glorious and fantastic journey to some other world.

IT WAS AN exhilarating and joyous experience to me, isolated as I am from fankind, to have a few hours' friendly chat with a chap who, too, is a devotee of Fanta, see?

FANQUET

Brilliant Success

32 ATTEND!

THE SCIENCE FICTION FANQUET (Walt Daugherty, Sponsor) came off my crescendo Saturday nite (and Sunday a.m.) Feb. 10-11. A chicken dinner was served 32 fans and friends at the Park Manor Caterers, across from famed Westlake Park. Heading a "T"-shaped table were Daugherty and his glamazon girl-friend, Tillie "X" Jacobson, to whom the Dinner was dedicated; AE Van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull, FJ Ackerman, Guy Gifford and Ross Rocklynne. Others present included PFC John Cunningham from Chico, Cal., HA-2/3 Rasco Wright from Oceanside, Cal., Andy Anderson, Pismo Beach, Cpl. LeRoy Tackett, Frisco, Sam Russell, Alva Rogers, Myrtle Douglas, Jimmy Kepner, Lora Crozetti, Phil Bronson, Art Joquel, Elmer Perdue, Art Saha, Belle Wyman, Sophia Van Doorne and numerous guests.

Dinner was punctuated by numerous amusing anecdotes related by Daugherty. A grapefruit course encouraged everyone to get acquainted with the individuals to either side of him, by the "I beg your pardon" method. An interruption occurred at one point when a note was delivered to Daugherty concerning Alva Rogers. Before he had digested its contents, Walt read aloud "Mr Rogers: Your laundry is back from the cleaners. They refused it."

When the crowd finished lickin' its chops from chicken, introductions were made all around. A "Tillybuster" was anticipated from the talkative Miss Jacobson, but her reception left her tongue-tied. Niesen Himmel, Fashion Editor of the Daily News, noted that the dress worn by Miss Jacobson was of the peek-a-boo ego-boo type, an importation from Boost. "The dress," he described, "was created on conservative lines--that is, lines that conserve material--and its two reasons for success were at once apparent."

The stf-lite next fell on Ae Ackerman, who said: "This Banquet takes me back & forward in time: Back to 1941, to the nite of the last World Science Fiction Convention, at Denver, when we were looking forward to the next Convention in '42; and ahead to the postwar Pacificon, of which I believe this affair tonite is a small-scale preview."

Introduced as "3 generations of fans" were Lora Crozetti, her Mother--Mrs Eva Roberson, and her daughter--Jeanne Crozetti. L o r a characterized herself as "the publisher of Venus, that fanmag printed but never seen." (Issue #2 has been completed for mos., but never distributed.)

Prof Rol- and Dishington was introduced as "a fan who made good", our "Dish" now being an instructor in electrical engineering at the University of Southern California.

Andy Anderson was introduced as "that fanmag publisher from down at Pismo Beach." Audible corrections from the audience came: "Up, up!" "Up?" echoed Daugherty..."that reminds me of a story." Art Joquel hastily called out: "Then loave it 'down at Pismo'."

Howard Reed, reader of stf who does the majority of the litho work for LA Fandom, spoke of the pleasure he took in running a fantastic job. "LA owes much (gratitude) to Mr Reed," said Daugherty. "Thank god that's all it owes!" declared the lithographer.

Ross Rocklynne had to brag on his newborn son, whom he's raising to be a science fiction fan. "I use Astounding to weigh down his mosquito netting," revealed Ross, adding: "It works well, because you know the science in it is quite heavy."

Guy Gifford had to brag on his young "slan" too. "He'll choose science fiction every time," boasted Planet's cartoonist. "In fact, there's nothing he likes to chew on better than a stf mag!"

Three Door Prizes were distributed. First number, picked by Mrs Reed, was held by Art Joquel's Mother, who received a set of every current prozino.

Second selection, made by E. Mayne Hull, got Lora Crozetti's number, and it was cigaretti for Crozetti--five packs of the legendary Earthian tobak-weeds!

Mrs Wyman obligingly picked her grandson Forrest's number--13!--and the Efjay of Akkamin was awarded two impressive volumes on the Romance of Aviation. With true trader instinct, however, before the eve was o'er he had traded these to aerial enthusiast Reed for the free lithoing of a future Vom cover!

Elmer Perdue woogied a boogie beat on the piano, with a repeat called for.

Then--a hi-lite of the evening--the auction of Mary Gnaedinger's gift, the Lawrence original for the Famous Fantastic Mysteries cover for GK Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday". Bids on this exquisite piece (which must be seen in the large-size original fully to appreciate its fine detail) rose rapidly, auctioneer Daugherty himself participating in the bidding, which was bouncing around between Kepner, Ackerman, Joquel and several others, until Walt himself purchased it as a present for "TX" for \$10.50.

Evening then broke up into a session of autographing, gabbing, inspecting the display, etc. On view were quite a few choice originals from local collections, a selection of early pro's and outstanding fanmags.

There was a present of a stf, fantasy or weird item for each guest present: Mementos of the occasion and possible interest-stimulators such as The Pocketbook of Science Fiction, "Dwellers in the Mirage" (pb), "Deluge", "War of the Worlds", and various prozines.

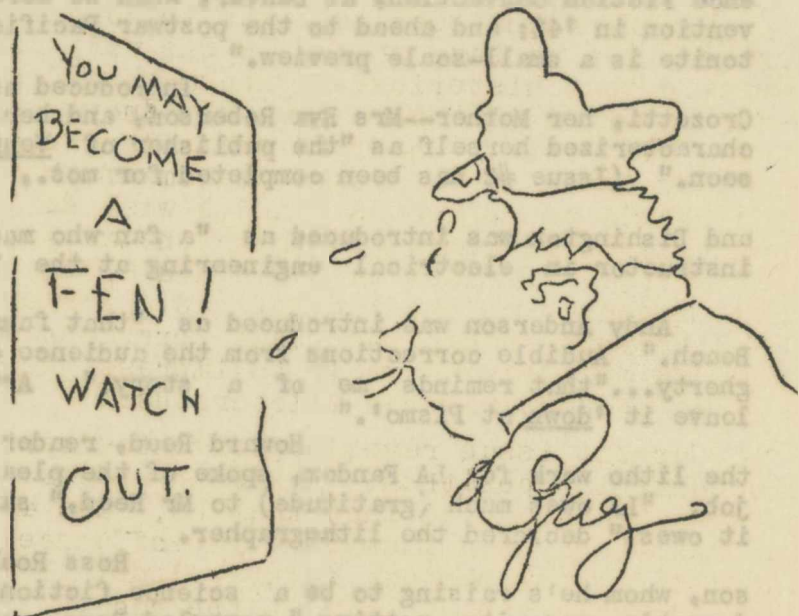
Missed were the Burbees & Laneys, both obliged to remain home due to child-care. Expected, but falling out at the last minute, were R. DeWitt Miller, Mel Brown, Morrie Dollens and James Hummel.

Oddity: There is now a Hamell, a Himmol and a Hummel connected with LA Fandom! ("Hemell" is a fictitious creation of Burbee's fevered brain.)

Knots clustered around Van Vogt, "TX" and Rogers, and the majority of fen did not leave till about quarter of one. Myrtle put up LeRoy & Rosco for the nite, Cunningham stayed at Kepner's, and Andy found Alva's room handy. Rogers, Himmel and Saha went out to Laney's, leaving Fran Shack at 3 in ye a.m.

Next morning, Kepner, Anderson, Saha, Brown and Perdue went hiking. Ah, these social climbers!

Daugherty has announced an approximate profit of \$13 on the Fanquet, which money will be put toward a Future Fanquet Fund, with a Bufet get-together on the way about three months hence.



GUT GIFFORD'S
locally famous
cartoon character--
"Joe Woe"

LET US SAY STANK

Russ Wilsey hacks
right and left

Dear Burbee; I suppose now is the time for some sort of reply to the several dozen issues of Shangri L'Faries which have been pouring into my mailbox. Just recently I have succeeded in unearthing several of the more recent ones from a pile of mail on my desk. And, having succeeded in that Herculan task, I thot I might as well complete the day's labor with a letter regarding the aforementioned. To wit:

The cover on the eighteenth issue was most profound. The tremendous meaning set forth in this masterpiece equals the might works of Dali himself. Hoffman is to be congradulated. Laney's satirical piece was amusing. Please force the Laniac to complete the series. I hope you interperet 'force' in a gentlemanly fashion. Regarding Searles and fans in general, I think the question is summed up in a word popularized by one of the great scientists of our age, that word being relativity. Fans are a highly individualized group, and therefore can not be considered as a group. As Warner pointed out some issues back in a letter of his, the ramifications of fandom are numerous indeed. Unfortunately Mr. Searles fails to realize that fans have other interests, other than fantasy, which they consider as important. The fact that these fans discuss such varied subjects as biology, music, women, etc., seems to irate him horribly. I suggest that Langley adopt some other hobby, or mind his own business regarding what fans may say in their fanzines. After all, this is U.S., isn't it. Ackerman, as always, more than slightly boring.

Warth's cover for the 19th issue, while displaying some art talent, was poor humor. Thank you, Ebay, now I know for sure why none of my letters are ever printed in the pro mags. But then, my rather violent language may have something to do with it. Local back-slapping by Brown (what a sinister pun) interesting. The Futurians are rather happy to notice that the rest of fandom has finally discovered alcoholic beverages. Some day we must all go down to the Purity Resturant for a spiked coke.

Cover on the 20th issh was to good for words, whilest Raym's effort---, let us say, stunk. I was very much interested in Laney's declaration that histories of fandom should not contain mention of the various fueds. In which case the Ency. certainly was pretty much at fault, wasn't it. The fact that Fran was in no way connected with these fueds in no way deprives him of the privilage of stating that they should be forgotten. And I wish some one would inform my Latin teacher that it isn't the thing, nowadays, to acquaint ourselves with past strife. Perhaps then I would not have to bother myself with Ceaser's escapades on the battlefield. For once Ackerman waxes interesting. Sorry to hear, tho, that Ferry considers classical music as something which is used merely to impress people. But then, Lowndes warned me that there were such illeterates.

Current issue reveals pleasent surprise that Burb-y still retains his editorial position. Ackerman wanders about for several pages, revealing the dreadful fact that he, Pure 4e, actually became intoxicated. One can easily see Laney's evil influence at work. Daugherty was amusing with his tremendous future plans. I hope I have the chance to mail this advertisement to him at the end of the year.

Well, that will have to suffice for a few more dozen issues. And if you should decide to publish any of this crud, please remove some of the more glaring spelling errors.

I CARE, HE SAYS

Dick Wilson boosts
local morale

Dear Bubbles: Tarfu, as we obscene army personnel say, when your August issue reaches me later than the October and November numbers. I imagine the September issue is at the bottom of some ocean playing Jap fleet.

It is a sad situation when a soldier has to write cheer-up letters to a civilian because said civilian gripes about his empty mailbox. But ever amiable, I comply. I care, Charles, really I do. But I'd appreciate it if you'd move next door and get rid of the fraction, to which my typewriter is allergic.

Mark down a vote of disapproval for the Crozetti cover. There is little to be said for a skeleton who plays xylophone solos on his left shoulder blade. Is Ackerman really at box 6476 now, or did Lora hit the wrong key? Incidentally, I think when I asked my mother to renew my subscription to Voice of Thing, I gave her 6574, so if no pretty money order reaches those lovely people it'll be all my fault, and I am desolated.

Enclosed is the requested belch for the travesty on the back cover. Unfortunately, belches don't photograph. I am baffled by Ebey's observation that Mel Brown is a "course individual." I'm beginning to think Los Angeles wants to secede from the English language, which, of course, would be a hourse of another color.

What I am dying to know is whether Ackerman still wears that Ben Turpin mustache on his upper labium. And when did he start wearing specs? He used to look like a handsome juvenile, but now he looks like the wrath of God. Does he still work in that GI publicity post where male movie stars are inducted on Monday, have their pictures taken in privates' uniforms on Tuesday, and are discharged on Wednesday?

Nuts, Burbee, why should I knock myself out writing filler for your rag? I'm going back to my sack and dream libidiously of June Allyson.

Golden Gate in '48

YOU'RE LEGENDARY

Bob Tucker says so,
anyhow

Cheerio: In regards Lowndes' letter in the December issue, and the building of a legend:

Methinks the sly Doc be pulling at your leg a wee bit, or is being over-modest concerning his and others past doings. I have no doubt the Futurians (and many others) found much to laugh at in the Fancycyclopedia, but if they're human there was a certain amount of satisfied glee mixed in their laughter; show me the man who isn't satisfied to find himself in history, no matter how insignificant that history may be compared to the larger world.

Whether they realize it or not (and I think they do), the Futurians and their friends and enemies practically were the axis upon which fandom evolved a decade ago; they couldn't help but build a

legend. In as small a group as we are, almost anyone who takes a notion can erect a legend of some kind by merely throwing his weight around. Remember a certain Indiana gentleman.

Ten years ago, more or less, I, like the majority of others that made-up the fandom of yesterday, was a rank and file member of this goofy movement, buried away out here in the hinterlands. I saw another fan once in a blue moon. A national convention was as far away as the moon. In short, I stagnated.

When you have a small world stagnating, a movement anywhere of any nature was history. New York was an extremely busy place as regards the motions of fan. There was always something going on. And you could almost count on it to be going on around and about a gent named Wollheim. The pesky critter never sat still.

In that day the name Wollheim was something to regard with awe. Awe, with a little mixture of something else. Anything else: awe with admiration, awe with disgust, awe with fear, depending on where you stood on the fan ladder and how Wollheim affected your fan life. A top figure in those days, such as Wollheim, could make and break a lot according to whim, because the hinterland fandom was small and stagnating and almost afraid to possess a thought of its own.

Therefore the Futurians grew into a legend because they were the most talked about group of that era. They did things no other fan dreamed of doing. They sued a pro mag. They joined the communist party when everyone else was afraid of finding a communist under the bed every night. They splashed this puddle and then that one. They wove a magic spell before the eyes of the rest of the country.

The spell was only broken when the hinterland fandom grew up and broadened out, to discover there was someone else in fandom besides Futurians. But what they had done was already in the fan history books.

WHAT—

Richard Sneary
sits on a feather

Dear Burb; I want to thank you for finlay sending S-L'A#20 to me, I don't mind the wait, but it seems it's steal mixt up as I got your card saying that #21 would be out in a week, and that was 3 weeks ago. What go's? I hate to keep bothering you but I would like my copy. So I can write in a nother letter. I am not mad yet but I would like to know what go's on. Could it be that I didnt write in the week between the time I got #20 and when #21 came out? If I am figering right #22 comes out in to weeks, so I better get #21 so I can answer it and not be left out on #22. Huh.??/???

Do you think that S-L'A could use a cover done (IN) by me ?? I would be glad to send in one (or as meny as you can use.) It may not be as good as some but it will be pretty good. Tell me if there is thing that is don different in drawing a cover. Let me hear from you.

"GENIUS....."

Emile C. Greenleaf Jr
laves the ego

Dear Burbee: Shangri-L'affaires again. This time its #21. Let's see if there's anything that'll arouse my energy enough for me to

comment. Hmmm....

The various fans have fetishes, I see. As a matter of fact, I have one. I always swallow food when I'm eating. ((Where but in this sterling fanzine can you find such consistently high-caliber stuff?))

Burbee, in answer to Walt Dunkelberger, didn't you say that if someone boosted your ego, he could have anything of yours? Well, you're a genius, the leading fan in L.A. the best fanzine ed in U.S. and a good fellow besides. Now kindly send me your copy of "The Outsider and Others".

This issue as a whole was livarara. You see, the hooskonvanz of the nachstur canceled the ushton-gubba-rum! That was the only thing!

SEA FOG

Gerald Waible
runs amok

Hullo, Burbee, I notice that you have bestowed on me issues #20 & 21 of SL'A.

This places me in a rather peculiar position.

You see, I have fallen behind in my correspondence. If I take time to write you now, I will fall farther behind yet. But if I don't write you, you will think lowly of me. Yes.

And you will stop sending SL'A to me.

That is bad.

So I write you. So there.

I am pleased to note that you don't use fiction. Gudo. That's a step in the right direction. Next eliminate the articles, letters, editorials, and artwork.

Ackerman quite excellentment. The remaining 10% of stuff was hokay, too.

Wot, may I ask, was the cover on #21 supposed to represent? The spirit of seance-fickshun, no doubt.

Through a rapidly disappearing sea fog, Flash Gordon, Dale Arden, and their trusted friend, Professor Zarkov, nosed into space. They were escaping from the cruel Ming, yellow-skinned emperor of Mongo, who had sworn to kill the gallant earthlings on sight, and was even now sending out pursuit rockets to overtake them in their flight.

If you don't care what you put on your covers, you ot to have Waible send you one of his universally-reputed artistic creations....

Zarkov was stationed at the telescopic eye, peering out for enemy rockets. Flash shook his head as he realized the danger they were now facing. The sea fog had been a welcome camouflage to their escape. But now they were running the risk of being spotted by Ming's air patrols.

Enough.

DO WITHOUT FTL

Pfc Paul Spencer
says so

Dear Chas: The Nov. S-L'A has arrived and been read with interest and gratitude.

By the way, I never received No. 19--did you send it? ((Yes--will send another))

This month's cover is a beaut---nicely designed and handsomely executed. A pat on the back to all concerned!

Lancy on the Welcom Booklet is interesting. The title is too harsh, though; I was expecting a bitter diatribe against the N3P and

all it stands for. Let's see more of this Dr. Jekyll version of Laney; whether or not the drunken rake he prefers to be known as is his real self, its intrusion into fanzines can, as far as I'm concerned, be dispensed with. That Laney isn't among the top ten; nor does he publish "Acolyte". As for FTL's charges against the booklet--well, I haven't seen the thing, to be honest, but I did skim through the typescript, and, in my blindness, liked it. Enlightened by Laney's superior critical faculties, I will admit that it did have the basic fault of being slanted too much towards the person already converted. Laney's proposed version does sound more persuasive. I wonder how the booklet actually did affect potential converts....(I'm overdoing the verb "do", n'est-ce pas?) ((C'est vrai. What culture crowds these pages!))

Ackerman's ramblings inconsequential but sufficiently amusing. I notice, however, that Ackerman the Inviolate has taken up a four-letter word you of LA have overused of late. I am hopelessly Mid-Victorian, and would be much happier if you people used better taste in your choice of words. Also easier in my mind about postal regulations. ((Wait till you see Two Fingers--the One Shot Fanzine))

I fear I must confess to boredom indescribable at 4sj's ravings over "Is You Is" and "Darling, Je Vous Aime". I am one of those stern, inhuman, and basically hypocritical monstrosities who fail to be moved by either swing or sweet, yet respond enthusiastically to classical music. I (midst blushes let me confess it) honestly believe "Tristan and Isolde" to be a finer expression of passion than either of the masterpieces listed above. ((This letter seems familiar to me. I must have read it before I began stenciling it))

The description of one Charles Burbec's devotion to his mechanisms for the reproduction of sound is especially funny to me because I know a chap who is cursed with the same affliction. Apparently it takes complete possession of the mind, driving out every other thought. This chap I have in mind literally talked of nothing else, and he talked a great deal.

An excellent letter-section this time. I sympathize with Warner's feeling that Arkham House is letting us down, but you can't blame Derloth for publishing his own stuff, and, as you probably know, he does plan volumes of Moore, Howard, Hodgson, Heinlein, and other greats, for the near future. Highlight of Richard Sneary's (?) letter is this stimulating observation: "Cover is good, but why not a flying eye? It is more appropriate." In great Cthulhu's name ((to be passed soundlessly through the mind)) appropriate to what?

Yerke, I see, is not alone. Well, I, like Doc, agree with him on Mahler. Definitely great stuff. I haven't heard as much of Mahler as I'd like, but have high regard for his First, Second, and "The Song of the Earth." As for the Ninth itself, I've heard it but once, and didn't like it at all. Perhaps I'll like it when I hear it again; that's happened in the case of other selections--I rather admire what I've heard of Bruckner, though there's an effect of reaching for ungraspable stars.

George Malsbary's letter ends with the best comment on the war I've seen yet, viz., "Some of the things taking place in this war ((The rest of this letter was censored))" Classic, absolutely!

((The rest of this letter was cut))

WHO'S WHO

in SHAGGY LA

by J. Kepner

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is one of those magazines that is put out on the assumption that when the editor, or some columnist writes casually about Steve, Mel, Forry, Rosco, George, Himmel, Buns, Rosebud, and Fran, the reader will, by second nature, know whereof he speaks.

Personally, we think that assumption is completely ungrounded. Of course, if you've been around fandom for any length of time, you're probably familiar with all of the things that Ackerman has been called. (Naturally, I refer only to those that are printable). If you've been particularly active during the last few years, you may guess that Fran means Francis T. Laney, Mel means Merlin Brown, George is George Ebey, Rosco is Rosco Wright, and Rosebud--well, maybe you know and maybe you don't. The other names may go completely over your head. If it happens that you've just gotten into fandom, probably all of the names will escape you.

So that's where this comes in. Unless ye Burbee gets tired of printing them, there will appear serially in this and subsequent issues of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES a Who's Who of Los Angeles Fandom, past, present and---well, we'll see about that after I read that book on Nostradamus, the one that sells for a dollar. The series shall be divided into Active Members, Less Active Members, Former Members, and Honorary Members, of which the first section follows.

The inner circle in Shangri-LA has been shifting around for years, but Forrest J Ackerman has been in ever since the club was organized. Known as Forry, 4e, 4sj, Amaryllis, Jay Neauperiot, FJA, Weaver Wright, Fojak, Jack Erman, the lesser half of Mirtaforsto, Master Balloon Pants, the Dweller in the Garage, and other things too impolite to mention in print, he has been in fandom about as long as anyone else still around. Since the days of the Gernsbacks, he has had a hand in just about everything connected with fandom. His collection of fanzines, promags, scientifantasy books, original drawings and covers, movie stills, nude photos and pix, and all sorts of odds and ends of fan interest is about the largest in fandom. He has extras of nearly everything and its brother stored in his garage waiting for buyers (not a paid plug). He has attended several of the fan conventions including the 1939 Nycon and the 1941 Denvention. Although he started out in Frisco, he has been in the LASFS since its inception, and has held several offices in the club at various times. (He is an Honorary Member also). He is famed for his puns (Ackorn), his zootshaped glasses, Ackermanese (his own system of simplified spelling), as has often been voted #1 fan in fanwide polls; recently, however, the title was surrendered to a guy named Tucker in a poll taken by LeZombie (Tucker's own fanzine). Ackerman publishes VOM (which began as the letter column in the old IMAGINATION, "MADGE"), one of the leading fanzines which consists mainly of letters from fans, and prides itself on being the mirror of fandom. He has published innumerable other things, such as the recent 100-page FANCYCLOPEDIA, has appeared in more fanzines than most of us have seen; a large number of his articles have been on fantasy films. The Presid-

at of the United States sent him greetings a few years ago, so he's now a sergeant stationed near enough home to spend about five nights a week at the club. He is editor of the Ft McArthur Alert, recently voted second most popular GI paper in the country. Tall and slim, with light brown hair, a microscopic mustache, horn-rimmed glasses, and about twenty-five years under his belt, he could be a lady killer--- but then who'd publish VOM ?

Myrtle R Douglas is another of Shangri-LA's perennials. Her name has been linked with Ackerman's since way back when. She is an ardent Esperantist--whence the name, Morojo, by which she has been known in fandom. She lives near the club, was its treasurer for years, is an Honorary Member, and was assistant editor of VOM for years (ed for an issue or two). Her collection is one of the best. With Forry, she's been to several of the big conventions. As far as size goes, she's not too large--but then--shall we say...she's well arranged?

(Fran)cis Towner Laney, of the blood and guts clan, is at present the club's director. The last time he held that office, he got into a feud with Ackerman and Daugherty and resigned from the club, taking over half of the active membership with him. He entered fandom with the first issue of ACOLYTE, which incidentally contained a hearty protest against the asininity of fan feuds. Be that as it may, his mag, devoted to the serious side of fantasy, and dedicated to H. P. Lovecraft, has rapidly become number one in the fan field. He was the moving spirit of the Outsiders during their feud with the club, but now it's over and things are rosy. Aside from fantasy--and you should see his collection--his chief interest is jazz. For a short time, it seemed that his mission in life was to convert the poor anemic little fans to the worship of the Great God Sex, but now he's settled back to the bucolic life with the other three residents of Fran Shack #2, Mrs. F. T. (Jackie) Laney, and their two daughters Sandy and Quiggie. The FTLaniac is slightly over six feet, thirty years, and is somewhat pale, with a raucous voice that fluctuates between drollery and enthusiasm.

Art Sahn has been on the mailing list of loads of fmz for several years, but it was not until he joined the Merchant Marines and in the course of his travels met several of the fans in New York and San Francisco that he became an actifan. Recently he quit the Merchant Marines, and joined the LASFS (we demand a recount!) and is now Secretary of the club. One of the four fanhabitants of 628 S. Bixel, better known as Tendril Towers, he is around now most of the time. He is working now as a research chemist, and his interests, outside fantasy, are in both the physical and social sciences, math, semantics, and current events. He and Mel Brown are working on plans for two mags, CAMELOT, and FANTASQUE.

And that brings us to Merlin (Mel) W Brown, another of the Tendril Towers clan. He happened to fandom about three years ago. After several nebulous attempts to organize a club and publish a fanzine in the great Pacific Northwest, he migrated to Los Angeles. Since then he has been one of the central figures in the club except during the period when the Outsiders were Outside. He has published three large issues of FAN SLANTS, and one of PEOPLE STORIES, and may soon come out with more. At present he is busy cataloguing the prozines. Mel, the unsuspecting father of the now-famous "Merlinisms", would appear to be something of a cross between Daisy of the Blondie comic strip, and a Saint Bernard that had just come through a storm during which he polished off his brandy. His chief interests are his highly erratic collecting of stef and records.

Alva (Red) Rogers, also of Tendril Towers, is LA's top fan artist. Personally, we think he is going places fast. So far, most of his work has appeared in the LA mags, notably ACOLYTE and VOM, but it looks as if possibilities are shaping up in more lucrative fields. He hails from San Diego, and has been in actifandom for a little over a year (although his reading, and his collection, stem from 'way back). Like Saha and yours truly, he was just old enough to vote in the last presidential election. He has served as Director and as Secretary in the club. His chief interests are artwork reading, movies, music, current events, and the highly developed skill of keeping chairs warm.

Elmer Perdue, who hails from Casper, Wyoming, has been in fandom for years. He was one of the leading lights in Papa during the early days of that organization. He is one of the most intriguingly imponderable characters I've met in fandom. He does all sorts of strange things such as staying up without sleep for four or five days and nights in a row just to see how long he can do it, and startling the good folk on Hollywood Blvd by shoving his teeth at them, then removing them politely and calmly combing his hair down over his face, and stuffing the ends of it into his mouth. But then, it is considerable of an accomplishment to startle anyone on The Blvd except for the sightseers. I must admit that Elmer's methods are unique, even for Hollywood, where the "boys" specialize in making spectacles of themselves. A pianist par excellence, his taste runs strictly to jazz. He and his printing press landed here not too long ago, and he is hard at work on a prodigious job of chronologically cataloguing all predictions (with dates connected) made in steif stories, thus projecting what will amount to a vast "Worlds of If" history of the future. Medium height and greyish appearance, with a greater variety of unique mannerisms than any other fan I've met, Elmer is in his middle twenties and Class 1A.

Walter James Daugherty, sponsor of the Pacificon, of the LA Banquet for 1945 and of the highly successful Hallowe'en party in 1943, leading reviver and prime activator of NFFF, author of several of the LASFS's wordy constitutions and publisher of FAN (the 100-page all-litho job), ROCKET, SHANGRI-LA, CUSHLAMOCHREE, YE OLDE SCIENCE FICTION FANNY, THE DIRECTORY OF FANDOM, SHOTTLE BOP CARD, several issues of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, THE FREEHAVER MEMORIAL, THE HASSE VOLUME, and one-time co-ed of such fmz as FANSLANTS and FANTASITE, etc., is fandom's leading projectile. He projects himself all over the place. Most of these magazines I just mentioned have been projected for several years, but Walt still plans to get them all out shortly. Since Yerke left, Walt has held the undisputed claim to the title of the club's leading constitutionalist. However, now that I think of it, Walt is not really fandom's leading projectile. Degler nosed him out when the great Cosman announced his list of Cosmic Circle projects. For that matter, some of the points I announced as projects for the Caustic Square were almost as ambitious as a few of Walt's ideas. Walt is a husky fellow, slightly under six feet tall, who gets around quite a bit. One of fandom's leading "wolves" he is holder of approximately 200 dancing trophies. He has an Honorary Doctor's Degree in Egyptology. He was at the Denvention, and has been a crucial figure in the LASFS since he joined the club late in '38, and has held several club offices.

If Charles Edward Burbee weren't the editor of this magazine, I'd include him in the inactive group, since he has only been around the club two or three times in as many weeks. However, I guess we can't expect too much of a guy who works from 6 in the evening to 6:30 in the AM. And he does get out SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, although I don't know

whether than should be considered a credit or not. It's a damnable drain on the club's meagre treasury....who better than I, the aforementioned treasury's keeper, should know? Anyhow, after reading the sacred writings and subscribing to fanzines for years, Burbee meandered into the clubroom one ill-starred night and didn't have enough sense not to come back. Like Sam Russell, he stayed in the club during the recent feud, although he was on the best of terms with the outsiders. He was the most humorous secretary the club has ever had, though some consider Yerke as all-time top man. Married plus three; angular handsome features; dark curly hair; droll voice; and a shuffling gait (I know that's an outworn cliché, but it fits him perfectly). Favorite non-fan avocation, shooting craps and/or bull.

And then there is yours truly, aka, James L Kepner, Jr., Jike, Jasker, John or Jean Arnold, Lynn Peterson, Conrad Desty, (Four-) flush(-er) Gordon, and other things unprintable but hintable. I entered fandom in 1942, and after a year in the GGFS, I moved to Los Angeles. I was the first fan to move into the house now known (not to the landlady) as Tendril Towers. I have served as Director, Librarian, Secretary, and am now Treasurer of the LASFS. I was the last active Outsider to quit the LASFS, and came back later with Lancy and Brown. Six feet, 135 pounds, twenty-one years, dark hair and eyes, and a part time mustache. I've published such things as TOWARD TOMORROW, ditto YESTERDAY, FEN, MIDGE, and the CAUSTIC SQUARE BULLSHOOTER.

Lora Ruth Crozetti is the largest fan I have ever met. She has published the most handsome fanzine ever to come from a femme fan, and has her third issue almost ready. She first appeared in the LASFS a couple of years ago and was amazed to find that her sister, Helen Finn, and two nieces, who later became Mrs Bill Crawford and Mrs Henry Hasse, were already members of the club. Lora claims to be the daughter and the mother of a fan, as her mother has read science fiction ever since the ARGOSY days, and her six-year-old daughter was last year a member of the LASFS in good standing. Lora is runner-up to Mrs Burbee for the title of fandom's best cook. Besides her work on her fanzine VENUS, she is working on several professional stories and novels, she says. Her husband, Jay Crozetti, is in the army overseas. Lora is a big fan---Mrs Five by Five, and one of the jolliest fans around here till she loses her temper.

And that seems to be just about all of us there are in the inner circle at present. In the next issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, we will go into those on the fringes of the group, and will then drop back and mention a few of the former members of the club---did I say a few on that last? Offhand, I can think of over forty former members that have been around in the last year and a half. So Burbee and the readers notwithstanding, I'll be filling pages in the next several issues of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, that sterling fanzine.

TO SAPPHO

Once
up

by James Lynn Kepner

on a time

there was a : fan

--poor guy

A DAY AND A HALF in SHAGGI LA

by James Kepner

When I first came to Los Angeles, the LASFS was going like a beehive in August. Then winter came and things slowed down a bit, but recently we have begun to note all the signs of returning spring. (That was poetic, wasn't it? Incidentally, I was referring to periods in the club's history, not calendar seasons).

At any rate, yesterday was one of the most active days LA fandom has seen for awhile. By yesterday I mean Sunday, February 5, 1945. But since things really got under way Saturday evening, I'll start there.

When I got home from work Saturday evening, I stopped in at the clubroom (across the street from Tendril Towers, where Brown, Rogers, Saha, and I live). Alva, Forry, and Fran were there, Forry working on VOM, Alva as usual was keeping his trousers pressed, while Fran was making a maiden attempt to set type. Elmer Perdue's printing press arrived here a couple of weeks ago and Elmer has been setting things in order ever since. Eventually Morojo wandered in, as did Mel. I wanted to go to a Chinese restaurant for dinner, but the rest were afraid to break the monotony, so we decided to go to the usual restaurant. In the meantime, Mel was muttering about Art always waiting till the last minute to take his shower. Finally Art arrived and we went to eat. Morojo and Fran went their separate ways home.

The meal passed with little more eventful than a few smutty puns followed by the usual guffaws from Mel and evil looks from some of the cafe's other customers.

We returned to the club about the time Elmer arrived and had a rather enjoyable bull-session on such subjects as capital punishment, criminal responsibility, mercy killing, and determinism. After awhile I broke away and headed for Franshack. I wanted to do a little research for a projected article in TOWARD TOMORROW, and I had gotten Fran's permission to go through some of his files.

When I arrived at Franshack I was beset upon by Laney's two wild offshoots, followed by two of Burbee's more timid young-uns. Sandy and Quiggie wanted to ride piggy-back (both at the same time, as usual) while Burbee's prize productions looked on. Burbee and Fran and I managed to get a few words in edgewise about SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, the Neff, and other things, and then Fran dragged out a load of his junk for me to plough through. I proceeded to spend several hours buried under a literal pile of papers, while the children tried to distract me. Finally, Burbee took his two and went home. Fran put his to bed. Then Alva, Art, and Elmer showed up to bother me. I had been so naive as to think maybe I could accomplish something at Franshack on a Saturday night! The quart of Rock and Rye that Art had brought was rapidly consumed, and shortly after midnight, the trio headed over to Elmer's place to get more to drink. Around two, Burbee dropped in again, minus children, and forthwith dropped out again. I continued wading in papers, and when the trio returned Fran began dishing the jazz platters onto his phonograph. Billie Holliday, Ellington, Waller, and loads of others with whose names I am not familiar followed each other in throb-

bing succession. The trio had returned with a quart of rum and Elmer's large and very much louder phonograph. Fran's machine is no softie. About that time, Jackie, Fran's wife, got home from work and suggested eating.

After a couple more hours of jazz records, among which were several made by Elmer, his sister, and some of his former friends--during which time I continued at work, nosing through papers galore, despite distractions in the form of Alva and Art---Jackie decided to do something about food and hied herself away to the kitchen. The jazz continued. Anyone who has never seen Elmer Perdue listening to hot music has really missed a treat. I consider the music itself a treat--but you should see Elmer! He goes into an ecstatic trance, falling in with the rhythm, body and soul. He closes his eyes and his face assumes the expression of a sensuous cherub, while his whole body beats the rhythm and his hands pantomime the motions of one of the musicians or the ork pilot.

Then I began to notice the aches in my back from bending over so long. I left my work and went to the kitchen to see if I could give Jackie a hand with the eats. I could and did, though I probably got in the way more than anything else. After awhile, the coffee was ready and we had made a load of hamburgers. We called the wolves in and the music stopped temporarily.

When it resumed, one of the neighbors started hammering on the outside of the house to shut off that damned noise. So we turned the music down, sharpened our claws, and fell to our pastime of discussing the various local fen not present. This is generally juicy, though there wasn't much of it that hadn't been said before.

At five ack emma, Alva and Art and I decided to go home. We got to bed shortly before daybreak. I don't know how much longer Elmer stayed, but with all the jazz records Laney has, neither he nor Elmer needs any sleep.

About nine A.M. Mel and Art Joquel entered my room and proceeded to drag me out of bed. After I had dressed, we went down to one of the corner restaurants for breakfast. I decided I didn't want anything but a glass of tomato juice. Then Joquel and I headed for Ackerman's place. I wanted to continue the research (to use a high-sounding name for it) that I had been doing at Franshack, and Art wanted to look up something in an old issue of FIDO that he was missing. (Complications set in here. There are two Arts in this gang, Saha and Joquel, as though one weren't plenty. Saha was the one concerned in last night's adventure, while this morning it is Joquel. If somewhere in this trivial discourse they get together, you'll just have to do the best you can to distinguish them).

Forry and his grandmother greeted us, and we were introduced to his aunt and uncle. After a brief stay in his front-room den, we proceeded to the bedroom den and started rummaging through his fanzines. I had just gotten about halfway through the file of newscards when we heard his grandmother tell someone at the door, "Yes, Forry's in. The second room down the hall to the right."

We looked up expectantly as a soldier walked into the room---"I suppose you're Ackerman?" ---"Yes." ---and Joquel and I introduced ourselves. Then Forry bubbled, "Don't tell us who you are---let us

guess." Damn him. Damn both of them. We were still trying to guess who he was forty-five minutes later and Joquel and I had only a few more minutes to stay. We guess nearly every name in fandom and asked him all sorts of questions. He refused to be pinned down. At first we weren't even sure if he was a known fan. He mentioned Unger several times, and kept telling us how sorry he was to have had to leave some luscious girls in Seattle where he had been for a short time. He denied that he was Frankfort Nelson Stein. Forry said that he looked somewhat like Hornig, although I thought he looked younger than the pictures I had seen of CH. Of course, Forry had met Hornig an infinite number of times, so that was out. We thought for a minute he was Paul Spencer, but various details eliminated that also. He denied being Al Ashley; nor would he settle for the name of Abby Lu. I had been looking at a picture of Searles a minute before, so that was out also.

We guessed and guessed, but to no avail. Joquel said, "O.K., I'll ignore you. You don't exist." But Art's will power didn't make the unknown visitor fade from our sight so we continued guessing at his identity, taking time out occasionally ((of course; it was such a grueling task)) to discuss other subjects. Forry had met so many of the fans that most of our guesses were eliminated almost immediately. Then he said something or other about Fapa, and we pounced on him demanding to know whether he were a member. He was non-committal. Further conversation dropped hints that made it fairly certain that he was in Fapa. Then he pulled out a poem he had written and read it, asking if we thought it was good enough for Fapa. Forry stole the words from my mouth as he shrieked "You must be Farsaci!" His face remained a deadpan, but we began gathering clues. ((they play their games to the hilt, these boys)) Yes, Farsaci was a Pfc. And this fellow said he had been in Florida, New York, Virginia, and other places. We remembered that Farsaci's first booklet of verse in Fapa had mentioned all these places.

Then he clinched it for us. "Have you any Thrill Books?" he asked insinuatingly. Forry burst into a coughing laugh and I looked smugly contented. He added, "I have all except one issue." That did it! Who in Fapa could forget the stirring accounts of "The Very Young Man" and his mad quest of this fabulous ancient fantasy publication of Street and Smith's? The visitor, though he never in so many words admitted it ((he went down fighting)) was Pfc Litterio B Farsaci, "The Very Young Man," editor of that outstanding fanzine of a couple of years back, THE GOLDEN ATOM.

Now that the mystery was solved, Joquel and I had to be going, as we were to meet the rest of the gang at 2:45 PM. Larry was reading several of his poems and in exuberant style was telling how the girls always went crazy over his poems. He said he was really getting good, he said, even though he had not known it, he said. He was hoping to have them published in book form and was sure they would make a real best seller, he said. This would be something outstanding and unusual for poetry.

Art and I left Forry and Larry raving about Larry's poems and Forry's collection respectively. We met Saha, Perdue, Brown and Rogers at the downtown bus depot and headed for El Monte. It is about a forty-five minute train ride.

Art's mother, known to all and sundry as "Butch" greeted us at

the door. A visit to the Joquel sanctum is a rare treat--I think I'm the only fan who has been there more than twice. We dug into his rare collection helter skelter, wading through pamphlets on all sorts of odd subjects to enormous books on Atlantis, Bacon, Shakespeare, Demonology, etc. Joquel has as near a complete collection of the works of George Sterling as I've ever heard of; about a foot and a half of books and dozens of magazines containing single poems. Ben Hecht, Tiffany Thayer, William Seabrook, B P Blavatsky, Manly P Hall, Ignatius Donnelly, and Sax Rohmer and others join to form one of the largest, and by far the most select library I have yet seen in the environs of fandom.

Strictly speaking, Art is no longer a fan. He has gotten rid of his formerly flush collection of science fiction and fantasy, save for the choicest items. His library leans most heavily to off-trail subjects. He has books on every conceivable sort of religious or esoteric cult, on semantics and sociology, poetry, history, fiction, topped off by a capital ET CETERA.

Most of us went from one book to another until Butch announced that the eats were ready. She had fixed some delicious salad, accompanied by fried Spam sandwiches, olives, and loads of grapefruit juice. Then we persuaded Elmer to play a couple of pieces on the piano--- Sophisticated Lady, Tack Head Blues, and others I don't remember. Art could not be persuaded to play, although he is also a pianist and has one composition to his credit. His taste runs to the classics, and so we kept the phonograph going with Rachmaninoff, Ravel, et al.

We continued to browse: illustrations by Steele Savage; a secret biography of Benjamin Franklin; OAH SPE, the New Bible; SECRET SOCIETIES IN MODERN LONDON; sketches by Heinrich Kley; various "sealed" books on magic; DECLINE OF THE WEST; SCIENCE AND SANITY; CRUX ANSATA by H G Wells; manuscript facsimile of TESTIMONY OF THE SUNS in a deluxe limited edition; a treatise claiming that Columbus was the ancestor of the present royal house of England; another claiming the same distinction for Christ; FANTASIUS MALLARE; THE KINGDOM OF EVIL; and generally just about everything except the NECRONOMICON.

At eight, we left witch-haunted El Monte for home. We stopped in at the clubroom, hoping to see Farsaci, but no such luck. I went over to Morojo's place (two doors down). Forry had just arrived and was playing the piano. Morojo said Farsaci had gone from Forry's to Hollywood. Elmer followed me over after a few minutes. Morojo and I got to talking about poetry, and then she went to the back of the apartment (Morojo's den is in the front room of an apartment occupied by Morojo and her cousin) and returned with Pogo. I had not seen her for some time and it was the first time Perdue had seen her in years. They did a bit of "how-have-you-been-since...." parleying and the talk turned to Hornig. Saha wandered in then, and he, Pogo, and I went back to the club to show her a picture of Hornig and family.

We learned the club had not been inactive while we were in El Monte. Daugherty had dashed in and out; Laney and family and Bill Crawford and his wife Peggy had been there. Bill has plans for publishing a few pocket-books. One under way now is A MAN ON ALL FOURS, a murder mystery by August Derleth, for which Alva Rogers is doing a cover.

Yes, on the whole, Saturday evening and Sunday added up to a busy day and a half in Los Angeles fandom. And so to bed.

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