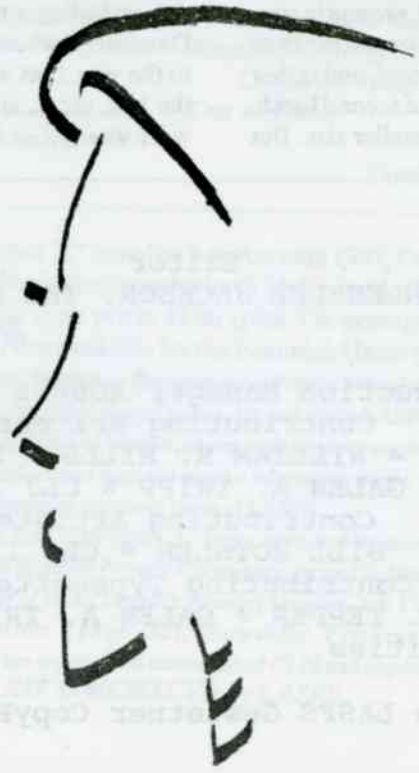
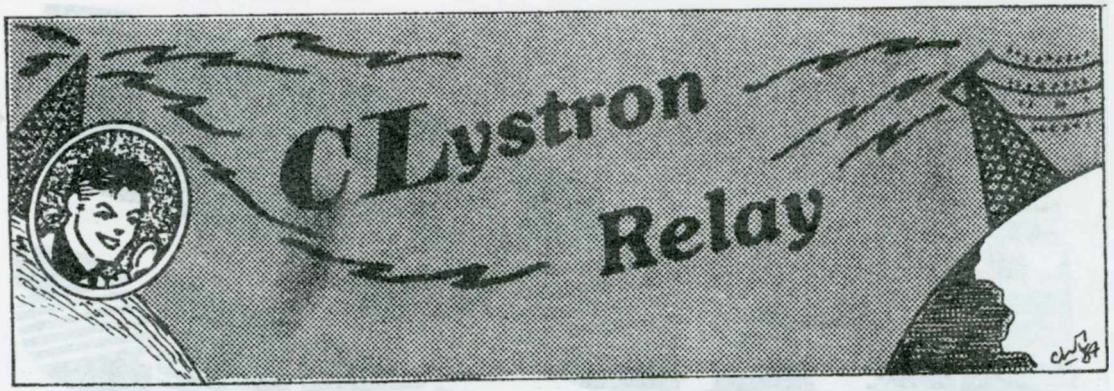
SHAKER AFFAIRS





HOWDY, BUCKAROOS AND buckarettes, and welcome at long last to another issue of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, the magazine that lives up to its name -- no, wait, that's some *other* mag -- uh... what *is* this one called? Oh, yes: the fanzine of the LASFS, by the LASFS, and for the LASFS (and others).

If you've already glanced at the indicia opposite, the number "8-a" may have caught your eye. Here's the reason for such an odd number. About six months after the release of the seventh issue under this editorship, the eighth issue was produced and mailed out -- and promptly vanished! The issue had been letter size, rather than the standard (for my zines) half-legal, and rather than run the risk of losing an entire second batch, I re-composed the book in the smaller size. But by then the club had more important fiduciary fish to fry, and Shaggy was set aside for a while. Just when I was ready to bring out the replacement issue earlier this year, circumstances forced me to yank a nine-page article and replace it.

So what you have here is a zine with some contents "reprinted" from the original number 8, with some new material added (thanx Matthew and Galen). One other piece from the lost issue will appear next time.

This time we have some outstanding material, including a piece by the eminent Walter J. Daugherty, whose career in LASFS dates back to the year 1, as well as two pages of sketches by the late, great, and beloved Bill Rotsler, whose work was *(Continued on page 23)*

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SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

Cover by CLJII

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Submissions by any member of the Society, active or inactive, on any topic are encouraged, but contributors wishing return of material should include postage. Uncredited written material may be inferred to be the work of The Editor, whose views (like those of other contributors) may not necessarily represent those of LASFS.

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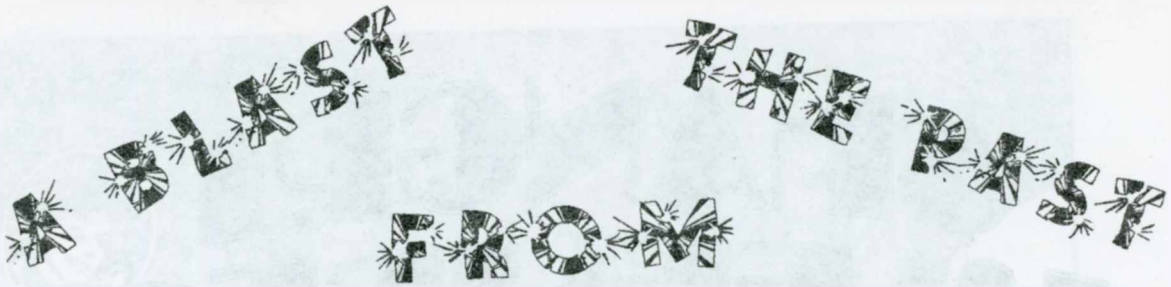


Dear Charles,

An issue of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES? *Amazing*! *Astounding*! Assorted other dead magazines! I wasn't sure there was anyone left around the LASFS who was interested in Fanzines.

Galen Tripp's article on the children's literature project indicates a LASFS project that was finally carried through to more or less the end. Good on ya, Galen, and continued success.

Sam Frank's article on the making of *Lost Horizon* stirs only mild interest here. I'm not that much of a movie buff. Articles about the trials and tribulations involved in the making of movies, even science/fantasy movies, are probably of great interest to those involved with movies but I'm not really one of them.

Openings of the LASFS... gee, we just bang the gavel or water glass or whatever at ASFS [Albuquerque Science Fiction Society] and holler that we are in session. At which point people quit talking and look at the head table. Then go back to talking. The problems attending keeping a stf club in line are many.

Anyway, I was glad to see *Shaggy* after all these years. Am looking forward to another one someday.

Best,

Roy Tackett, Albuquerque NM

(Issues of Shaggy *are indeed a rare and precious thing. There is an on-going* Shaggy *committee, with something like half a score of people interested in keeping the zine going. Our stumbling block is finances. Though we are fully funded by the LASFS, I am loathe to spend the bucks willy-nilly. So* Shaggy *looks to be a semi-annual production or annual at worst). The best thing about the* Lost Horizon *piece is that it's about Shangri-La, and where better to pub such an article than here? On the other hand, See below. – CL)*

Dear Charles,

Thank you for sending me SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES.

When I was in high school, I read *Lost Horizon* and loved it. I later saw the 1936 movie at a college film society program (circa 1975) and was very disappointed. The rest of the audience and I did not find that the film held up well. I even found some of the more serious scenes laughable. Years later I saw Ross Hunter's musical remake on television and was even more disappointed, especially when I noticed how they had merely copied Joe Walker's photography.

I disagree with Sam Frank's assertion that Robert Riskin's screenplay improved upon the novel. Riskin simply overlaid a perfectly fine novel with cheap sentimentality. I was especially incensed when they changed the ending to a happy one.

I enjoyed the other articles, but I have no comments.

Sincerely yours,

Tom Feller, Jackson MS

(Well, a difference of opinion is what makes horse races; quite a number of people before you have complained about the sentimentality of Capra pictures: others find the sentimentality the best part. – CL)

FLIGHTS OF FANTASY

Warning To Venous Victualers

by William R. Mills

In silent flights
through moonlit nights
with purpose so disgusting,
The terror flies
with glowing eyes
to satisfy its lusting.

With daylight past
it knows at last
the time has come for feeding,
It sets a course
to find the source
of human blood it's needing.

The sky's traversed
to quench a thirst
its need is never sated;
It scans the ground
until it's found
the feast for which it's waited.

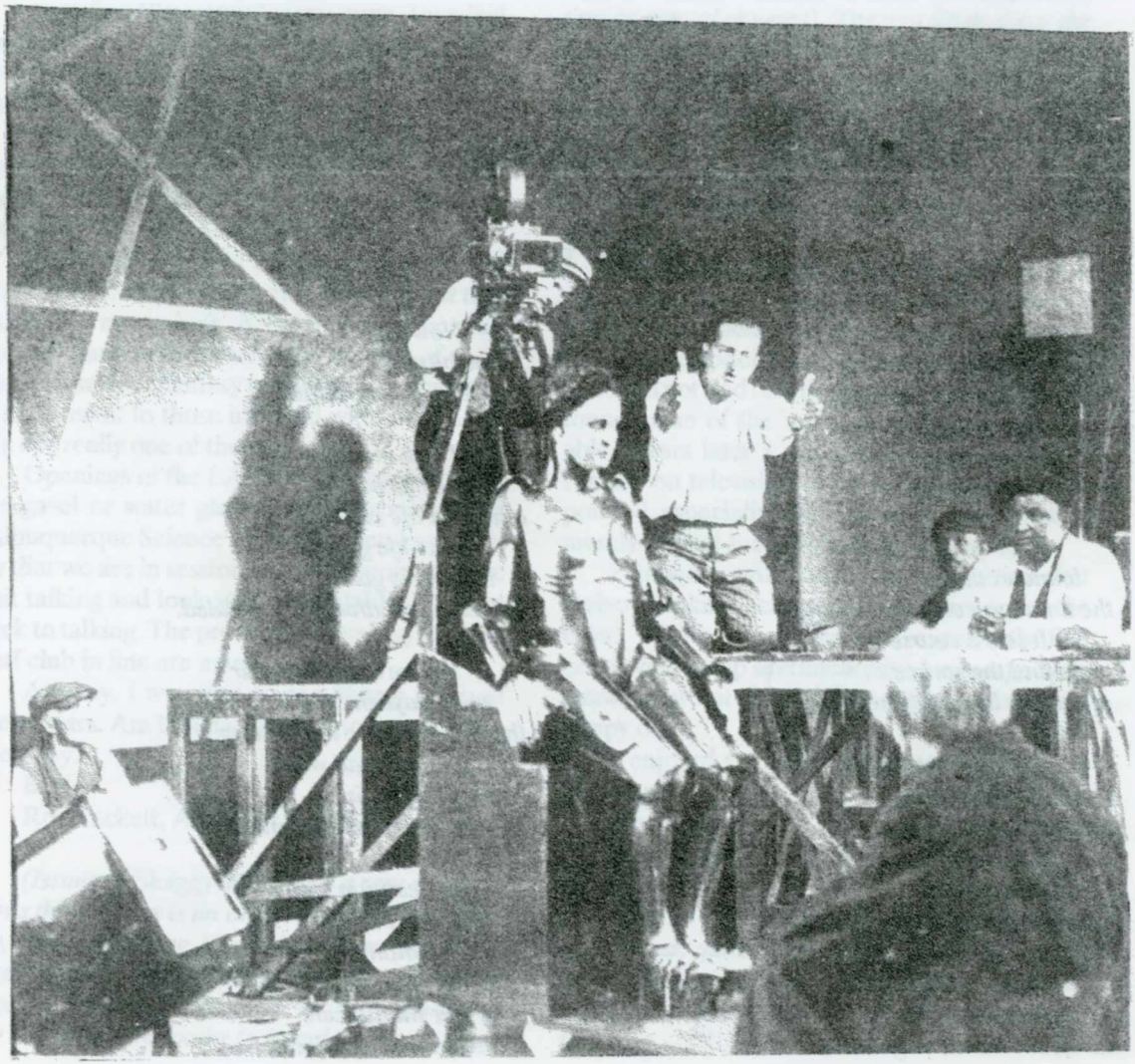
The searching ends,
the bat descends
its victim stands unguarded --
Now finally,
the blood flows free
its patience is rewarded.

There in the dark
it finds its mark
a human life is traded;
One life goes on
but one is gone
the remnants drained and faded.

You've nought to fear
when daylight's here
the vampires flee at morning;
It's nightfall when
they rise again
so heed this poet's warning.

Let caution guide
your every stride
don't be among the unwise;
At night beware
if you should care
to see another sunrise.

BURIED TREASURES



FROM THE SECRET and mysterious files of the AckerMonster comes a wealth of rare, forgotten, and frequently unjustifiably overlooked glimpses into movie and fannish history.

For example, at left, Brigitte Helm, preparing for the role of False Maria the robotrix, receives direction in this peek behind the scenes of the 1925 classic *Metropolis*, a Fritz Lang film for UFA; while, below, FoJAck himself catches forty winks (and possibly a few blinks and nods) after a typical strenuous day entertaining all the little Sci-Fi fans. Perhaps he's even dreaming about the dear metal maid opposite.

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FAN'S

GUIDE TO ALFRED HITCHCOCK

by Matthew B. Tepper

ALFRED HITCHCOCK WAS the greatest film director who ever lived. I feel that is in part because he played against the stereotype. He wasn't a martinet in jodhpurs, or a mysterious ascetic whose utterances would see print in an airy journal such as *Cahiers du cinéma*. No, Hitchcock was a short, fat, funny-looking Englishman, son of a poulterer. He began as an art director, learned his technical chops from the German expressionists, gathered plot and psychological elements from the music-hall and the Catholic Church, and invented a dazzling style which transformed mere cinema into something far more important -- the movies.

So what does any of this have to do with science fiction? Nothing in particular -- but Hitchcock himself always remained acutely aware of the onrush of technological and social advance in his world and constantly sought ways to utilize it towards the end of his art, that of telling a story. When the medium of movie entertainment changed, Hitchcock not only changed with it but led the way. He made the first British talkie. He virtually invented the film thriller as we know it. When television beckoned, he answered with a long-running anthology series that has some episodes which still rank among the best ever offered on that medium.

Exactly what makes Hitchcock so special? Perhaps the first things you think of are the incredible shots, vistas, and concepts that pervade his films. And that's part of it. Or you might consider the running themes, such as the man wrongly accused, or the transference of guilt, or people with good (or evil) doubles, or the MacGuffin, an otherwise insignificant plot device which sets the action going. And you'd be right again. Or you might think of his famous claim that he shot love scenes like murders and murders like love scenes. Hitchcock did all these things, and more.

And then there's the Hitchcock that everyone knows. He was famous for making cameo appearances in most of his feature films, something which began out of necessity (not enough extras for a newsroom scene), but which developed into a tradition. And the intros and outros he made for his television series made Hitchcock the man into one of the most familiar faces in the homes of audiences everywhere.

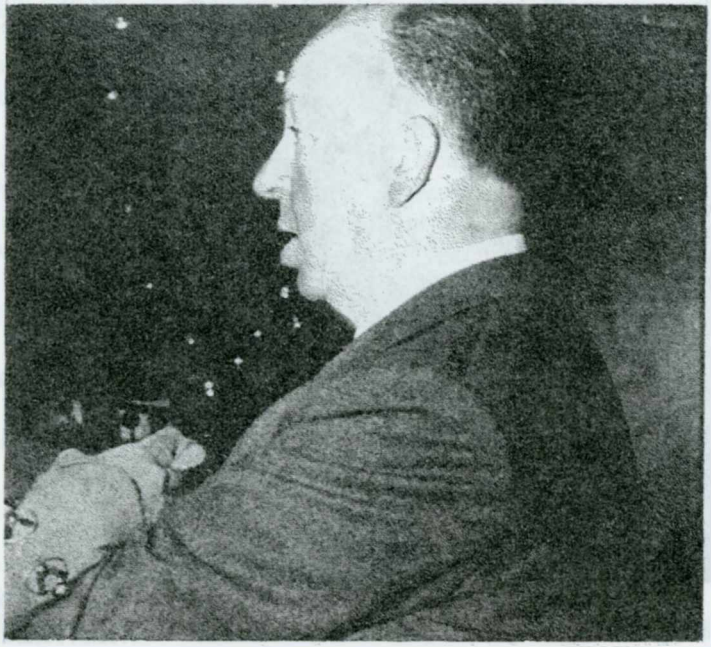
He made all kinds of movies -- his filmography includes such diverse fare as a docudrama (*The Wrong Man*), a travel-adventure (*Rich and Strange*), a bucolic comedy (*The Farmer's Wife*), a screwball comedy (*Mr. and Mrs. Smith*), a turgid Sean O'Casey play about the Irish Troubles (*Juno and the Paycock*), a musical biography (*Waltzes from Vienna*), a psychological drama (*Under*

Capricorn), and even, I kid you not, a boxing picture (*The Ring*). Of course, what Hitchcock did best, and what we remember the most fondly, are the thrillers, the murder stories, the suspensers which serve up surprises and hidden motivations, with flair and economy of means.

With few exceptions, when you pop a Hitchcock tape into your VCR (or, better yet, manage to see it on a theater screen!), you can be sure of a good time, from the plots, from the camera angles and tracking shots, from the actors, and in some cases even from the musical scores. It is difficult to select only a few from his canon, but I think I've managed it here.

Probably every science fiction fan has already seen *Psycho* (1960) and *The Birds* (1963), and as a result I don't think I need to say anything about them here. Furthermore, I don't consider them to be truly typical of the best of Hitchcock's work, so here is selection of some of my favorite Hitchcock pictures that I think will entertain and amuse you:

The Master himself, directing action on the set of Vertigo.



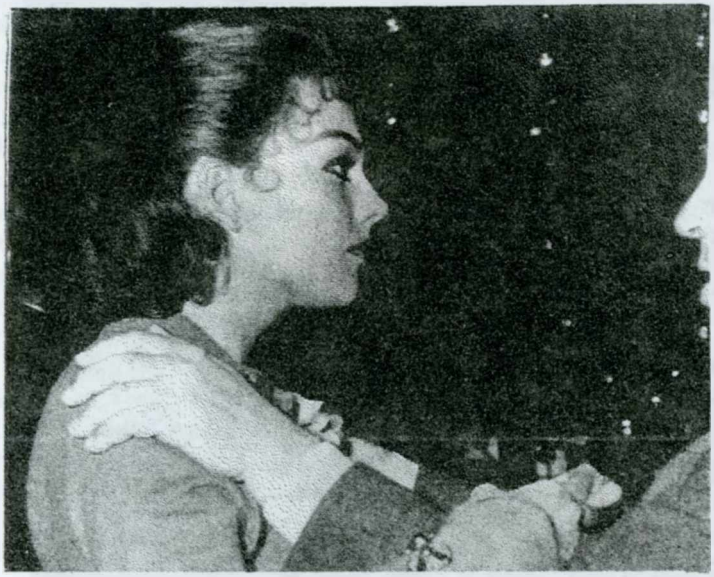
The Lady Vanishes (1938). Margaret Lockwood befriends elderly Dame May Whitty before embarking on a train trip through a politically turbulent Europe. All of a sudden, the old lady is gone, along with all evidence that she was ever there. A super suspenser, one of Hitchcock's best from his British days. Michael Redgrave is the male lead, playing (of all things) a musicologist!

The Trouble With Harry (1955) Edmund Gwenn (who worked with Hitchcock seven times!) thinks he's killed a man. So do Shirley MacLaine (in her film debut), a couple of Mildreds and practically everybody else except a bemused sheriff Royal Dano. John Forsythe just wants to paint Shirley *el buffo*, some dead guy just won't stay put, and Jerry Mathers as Arnie.

Family Plot (1976). Hitchcock's final film may not be a masterpiece, but it is still a romp as psychic Barbara Harris and cabbie Bruce Dern (playing a good guy for a change) cross paths with cool kidnappers Karen Black and William Devane. Score by John Williams anticipates "CE3K"! A LASFS member, who still attends meetings, had a key role behind the scenes of this picture.

Shadow of a Doubt (1943). Handsome, dashing Joseph Cotten plays a young girl's beloved uncle, come to town to "shake things up." Just one little thing -- *is* he the psychotic murderer of several rich widows? Teresa Wright, Henry Travers (Clarence the Angel from *It's a Wonderful Life*), Macdonald Carey, and intro-

Kim Novak (below) and James Stewart (bottom right) from Vertigo *(Universal, 1958).* [stills © Universal]



ducing Hume Cronyn! Shot on location in Santa Rosa, California. Special note: My parents actually got the idea of my name from this film!

Suspicion (1941). Joan Fontaine is a spinsterish Englishwoman, desperate for love, who marries Cary Grant to spite her parents. But then all of the clues seem to point to one thing: He's planning to murder her! Sir Cedric Hardwick, Dame May Whitty, Leo G. Carroll, Nigel Bruce (who does his duck impression). Fontaine won her Best Actress Oscar for this role. Superb score by Franz Waxman -- listen for the *fugue* of the antique chairs!

Rope (1948). This is Hitchcock's incredible, never- duplicated experiment in seamless narrative. Unfolding in real time, a pair of male "roommates" murder a friend just for the thrill of it, then have the dead man's family and friends round for a dinner party! James Stewart, Farley Granger, John Dall, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Based on the real-life Leopold-Loeb case.

North By Northwest (1959). Hitchcock's greatest romp ever! Cary Grant is an advertising executive who has been told he leads too dull a life, but that's before he gets himself mistaken for an international spy hot on the trail of evil genius James Mason. If you don't want to book a berth on the Twentieth Century Limited after seeing this, you just have no sense of romance. The famous cropduster sequence and the Mount Rushmore scene are both unforgettable. Eva Marie Saint, Jessie Royce Landis. This is the only movie known to me which features both the Chief of CONTROL (Edward Platt) and U.N.C.L.E.'s Mr. Waverly (Leo G. Carroll), along with a side order of "Mission: Impossible"'s Rollin Hand (Martin Landau)!

Vertigo (1958). An amazing psychological tour de force. James Stewart is a San Francisco police detective cashiered when his severe acrophobia causes a tragedy on the job. Before long, a friend hires him for what looks like an easy tailing job, but which develops into love, madness, death, duplicity and... reincarnation? Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Helmore, Henry Jones. This has just been restored and looks like a brand-new film!

Strangers on a Train (1951). Effete but crazy Robert Walker has a deal for suffering tennis pro Farley Granger: It goes something like, I'll bump off your estranged wife, and then you can get rid of my father. Yeah, sure, says the jock, but then guess what happens next... . Ruth Roman, Leo G. Carroll, Patricia Hitchcock (whose father was *very* important in the making of this film).

The Wrong Man (1956). You'll thank the

Supreme Court for the Miranda Ruling when you see Henry Fonda as a musician put into the system for a crime he didn't commit. And he isn't the only one who suffers. Based on a true story. Vera Miles, Anthony Quayle, Harold J. Stone.

Rear Window (1954). Radiant Grace Kelly (before Prince Rainier proposed) nursemaids crotchety James Stewart, a globetrotting photographer confined to his apartment with a fractured leg. There seems to be nothing left for him to do but spy on the neighbors -- and did one of them just murder his wife? Do what I traditionally do, and watch this one on the hottest day of the year! Thelma Ritter, Raymond Burr, Ross Bagdasarian (the Chipmunks' "David Seville").

Stage Fright (1950). This picture plays a really nasty trick on you, but if I told you what it was, you'd kill me! Oh yeah, it's a murder mystery in London, and everybody is playing some sort of a role. Marlene Dietrich, Jane Wyman (as always, much better than that guy she used to be married to), Michael Wilding, Patricia Hitchcock, Richard Todd, the wonderful Alastair Sim, and Joyce Grenfell ("Shoot some lovely ducks!")

Foreign Correspondent (1940). Joel McCrea is an American newspaperman [Huntley Haverstock, formerly Johnny Jones] who gets himself sent to Europe to cover the Second World War, and is soon up to his neck in murder and intrigue. Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall, George Sanders, Robert Benchley (who wrote his own dialogue), Edmund Gwenn, Albert Basserman. Watch those windmills!

I Confess (1953). Montgomery Clift is a priest with a past (Anne Baxter) who hears the confession of a murderer, then himself becomes the number one suspect. And he can't say a word to clear himself. Karl Malden takes to "*les rues de* Quebec".

Notorious (1946). Ingrid Bergman is a cheap 'n' easy woman given a chance to make up for her father's spying activities. Cary Grant is the controller who may or may not love her, and dapper Claude Rains has the second nastiest mother in Hitchcock's movies. What's that in the wine bottles? (*Trivium*: Bergman worked with Hitchcock a total of three times, playing two lushes and a shrink.)

The 39 Steps (1935). Who's the dead woman in Robert Donat's flat? Who's the live one (Madeleine Carroll) who gets chained to him whilst he journeys to Scotland to clear his name? And just who *is* this "Mr. Memory" character anyway? Watch for a very young Peggy Ashcroft!

XXX

What's All This REX ALLEN Nonsense, Anyway?

by Charles Lee Jackson, II

FOR THE PAST few years, certain factions within the LASFS have schemed to insinuate into the club an appreciation of the basic American drama, the Western. More than any other, one figure has come to represent this movement: Rex Allen, the Arizona Cowboy.

Frequent references to cowboys have been made during meetings and elections, to the bewilderment of some, the amusement of others, and the annoyance of a few.

Who are these western characters, and what business do they have taking up time at a science-fiction club?

Actually, the characters and stories of the Old West have a direct bearing and relationship to the world of SF. The simplest, most basic form of western is known as a Horse Opera: the lowest common denominator in SF is Space Opera (and don't for a minute think this is a coincidence).

The best Westerns, like the best SF, looks beyond simple plot devices, and become more interesting and more personal to the reader or viewer.

Typical Westerns tell stories of exploration, of encounters with natives of the frontier, of people living hard lives far from civilization. Any science-fiction reader can identify with those themes.

Simply replace the American frontier with the reaches of space, and many stories are easily transposed. (A number of writers made multiple sales to adventure pulps by simply recasting their tales against assorted backgrounds.)

The history of Western Civilization is the story of a gradual westward trend, across the Atlantic and across the Continent. Once the Pacific was reached, the westering trend had to adapt. It first turned north, and then, a generation ago, it turned up. At the beginning of the century, Alaska was known as the Last Frontier. Today (thanks to Gene Roddenberry) space is the Final Frontier.

The hazards of pulp spacemen were the same as those of pulp cowboys, and not just because of lazy writers. The situations are pretty much the same on any frontier: bold adventurers traveling into the unknown, followed by hearty pioneers, and eventually by civilization.

Thus, Cowboy Pictures can be said to have a certain legitimacy at a science-fiction club.

So, you say, what about Rex Allen? Well, Just as SF has its iconic figures, so did the Western movie in its heyday.

As SF has Asimov and Heinlein, so Westerns have Louis Lamour and William Colt MacDonald. As skiffy movies have Kirk, Spock, and

McCoy, horse opera had the Three Mesquiteers. Harrison Ford, Michael Rennie, and Arnold Schwarzenegger are known to all SF fans; Roy Rogers, Wild Bill Elliott, and William Boyd are as well-known to cowboy fans.

The golden years of western movies were from about 1920 to 1955; from about 1934 to 1954 the B-western and matinee cowboy picture *genres* were responsible for hundreds of feature films.

The number-one cowboy during the nineteen-forties was Republic Pictures star Roy Rogers. Rogers had started out as Leonard Slye, a member of a singing group which came to be known as "the Sons of the Pioneers", and was selected by studio exec Herbert J. Yates to become a new star in the late 'thirties.

By the late 'forties, Rogers and Yates came to disagree on the fine points of Rogers' career, and Yates signed a new western recording artist with the intention of making *him* the new "Roy Rogers". But Roy had outfoxed Yates: he had gone to court to have his name legally changed.

The new cowboy star, however, didn't go unused. He began to appear in a western series under his own name, Rex Allen. He was usually billed with his nickname, "the Arizona Cowboy", and was so well loved by the residents of his home town, Willcox, that a major street was named for him, and a small museum was established. (The Gene Autry museum in Los Angeles includes several Allen items as well.)

Rex's westerns were given the big treatment by the studio: top supporting casts, their best "B" director, William Witney, and lots of publicity. Allen's own friendly personality and expressive voice helped too, as did the peregrinations of his assorted side-kicks, actors such as Buddy Ebsen, Alfalfa Switzer, and especially Slim Pickens.

But these were the declining years of Saturday-matinee cowboys. Roy, Gene, and Hoppy moved to TV. Theatrical double-features vanished, and with them, the B-picture itself. Rex Allen became the last big star of the *genre*.

So if you hear the name Rex Allen being bandied about at LASFS or in "De Profundis", now you know.

There is a reason. The Allen pictures were well produced, and Rex himself made an heroic figure. Besides, Rex means "King" and who better to be the favorite cowboy of The Emperor?

And *that's* what all that Rex Allen nonsense is, anyway.

XXX

THERE WERE (PUBLISHING) GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS

by Walt Daugherty (Charter Member, LASFS)

IN THE BEGINNING there were a few of the pro mags that had letter columns wherein fans would write in and generally the publisher included some addresses of the writers. This sparked letters being written back and forth between fans (who were very hard to locate in those days). Then the pro mags opened up a small section in their magazines encouraging more formal club gatherings.

It was inevitable that after the club's formation in 1934 that fans would get into publishing individual fan mags. It all started with "Imagination", a small hectographed mag. For those who are unfamiliar with this archaic form of duplication, briefly, it was a tray of gelatin for reproduction and then, by either typewriter or written form, a piece of carbon paper was placed in back of a sheet of white paper in reverse of modern carbon paper. The typed material was transferred to the back of the white paper which was then carefully laid onto the gelatin tray and rubbed in very carefully. After peeling off this master sheet, individual sheets of clean paper were pressed onto the gelatin, one at a time. If you were lucky you could reproduce a maximum of 50 copies before the image got to where you couldn't read the type. The carbon was a purple-coated sheet and I remember when you got some of it on your hands it was murder to try to wash it off. It was the least expensive form of publishing at the time and two or three sheets together could be mailed for one and one-half cents each issue.

After a number of issues the mag had a section of Letters to the Editor which had grown to sizable proportions so that on the demise of the "Imagination" Ackerman took over part of it and continued on with the letter section with his magazine "Voice of the Imagination" known to all and sundry as "VOM", which then turned to mimeograph with picture covers done in lithography. Ackerman was then working for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and had a litho machine available on occasion for "cost of materials".

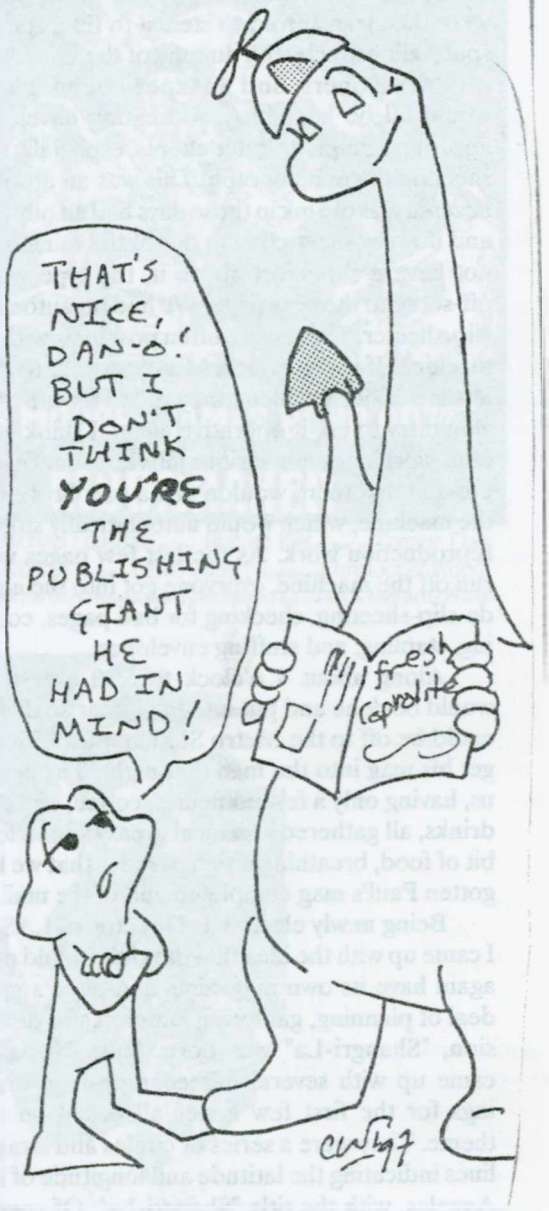
About this time LASFS managed to get an old used A.B. Dick mimeograph of hand-crank style which served the club well for several magazines.

The seeds were planted and we began to see a crop of magazines pop up in L.A. around the club. Paul Freehafer published "Polaris", Ray Bradbury "Futuria Fantasia", "Sweetness and Light", and "Mikros" by Russ Hodgkins, "Guteto" by Morojo (Myrtle R. Douglas), and I came out with "The Rocket". There may have been a couple more at that time, but I can't recall their titles.

Litho covers were rare, after all they COST MONEY and these were depression days. I finally located American Offset Printers on south Los Angeles Street, who had a very big press and when they got a dozen 8 1/2 by 11 orders gang ran them on this one press all together and then cut them up. Of course they were for a standard quantity of 500, so there were many leftover covers as the average mag was about 100 copies.

Having no permanent clubroom, the mimeograph, Speed-o-scope, and other equipment for publishing were kept at the home of Russ Hodgkins. It was here that for a couple of years or so we had the Hey Day of publishing cooperation. There were about one or two magazines published each month out of L.A. The period might be referred to as the forerunner of APA-L. Here is how it worked (I will use Paul Freehafer's "Polaris" magazine as an example):

Paul would announce at a Thursday night meeting that he was ready to produce "Polaris" on the following Sunday. That would indicate that he had already typed onto stencils any long articles (1 1/2 to 3 pages in length) and would show up at Hodgkin's house about 9 in the morning and the rest of the members joining in would be there at the same time. The mimeograph was set up on the dining-room table in the kitchen and two or three typewriters along with some card tables were set up in the front room. When Paul arrived he had his paper, stencils and his all-important dummy for the issue at hand. Morojo was in charge of the actual mimeographing. My job was the Speed-O-Scope using lettering guides to title all the articles as well as transferring any line drawings or sketches onto stencils. Ackerman would set up at a typewriter to cut stencils in his



allotted spaces in the issue with the latest news of movies, radio programs, and from the pro mags. Another experienced fan writer might be assigned to write up short articles of 8, 9, 10 -- to

as high as maybe 20 lines, or just notes, which were then transferred to stencil to fill a specific space allocated by the dummy of the issue.

Newcomers and inexperienced guests would all be kept busy addressing envelopes, applying stamps, or gofer chores, especially slip-sheeting the mimeograph. This was an absolute necessity, as the ink in those days had an oily base and if every sheet coming out of the mimeo did not have a slip-sheet above it, the type would off-set onto the next page. We had no automatic slip-sheeter. There were often problems with the machine. If it was minor, Morojo would fix it. If it was a major problem, they yelled for me and I would try to get it operative again. I think most of us working at our various jobs kept our fingers crossed that there wouldn't be a part broken on the machine, which would automatically stop all reproduction work. As the last few pages were run off the machine, everyone got into the act of de-slip-sheeting, checking for bad pages, collating, stapling, and stuffing envelopes.

Along about 4 o'clock to 5:30 everything would be done and put into Paul's car so that he could be off to the Metro Station post office to get his mag into the mail that night. The rest of us, having only a few munchies, coffee, and cold drinks, all gathered at a local greasy spoon for a bit of food, breathing a sigh of relief that we had gotten Paul's mag completed and in the mail.

Being newly elected as Director of LASFS, I came up with the idea that the club should once again have its own magazine, and after a great deal of planning, gathering material,and discussion, "Shangri-La" was born. Russ Hodgkins came up with several mimeograph-type drawings for the first few issues all based on one theme. They were a series of circles and straight lines indicating the latitude and longitude of Los Angeles, with the title "Shangri-La". Of course, the title was to indicate L.A. and because Hilton's *Lost Horizon* had recently been released, the title had a double meaning. Later, of course, this changed along to way to Shangri L'affaires, Shaggy, *etc.*

At this time there were also several one- and two-sheeter issues being produced for FAPA.

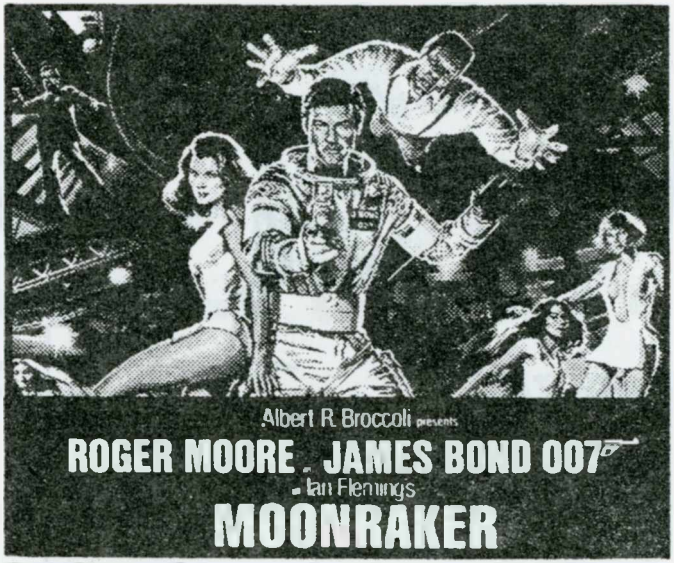
We did have one thing that might be referred to as a LASFS Publication which was produced on record. It was a two-hour program produced on wax-coated paper discs which was sent to clubs around the country as a Shangri-La-Record. I had obtained one of these machines known as the "Wilcox Recordio-Pro" with dual turntables which produced the program. I took the machine with me to Denver for the Denvention which was the first time that all of the major programs of the Con were recorded for posterity. You have to remember at this time there were no wire recorders, tape recorders available except *very* expensive machines for the Hollywood pros.

Practically all of the fan mags were priced at ten cents each and were generally slated for quarterly publication. It was almost always that this could be considered as publishing for the love of science fiction, combined with various degrees of ego-boo, for none were profit makers, and to my knowledge, it wasn't until Gus Wilmorth, much later, broke even and even got a little profit from his *Fantasy Advertiser*, but, of course, most of his money came in from collectors rather than dyed-in-the-wool fans, as Gus specialized in advertising hard-to-get science fiction items.

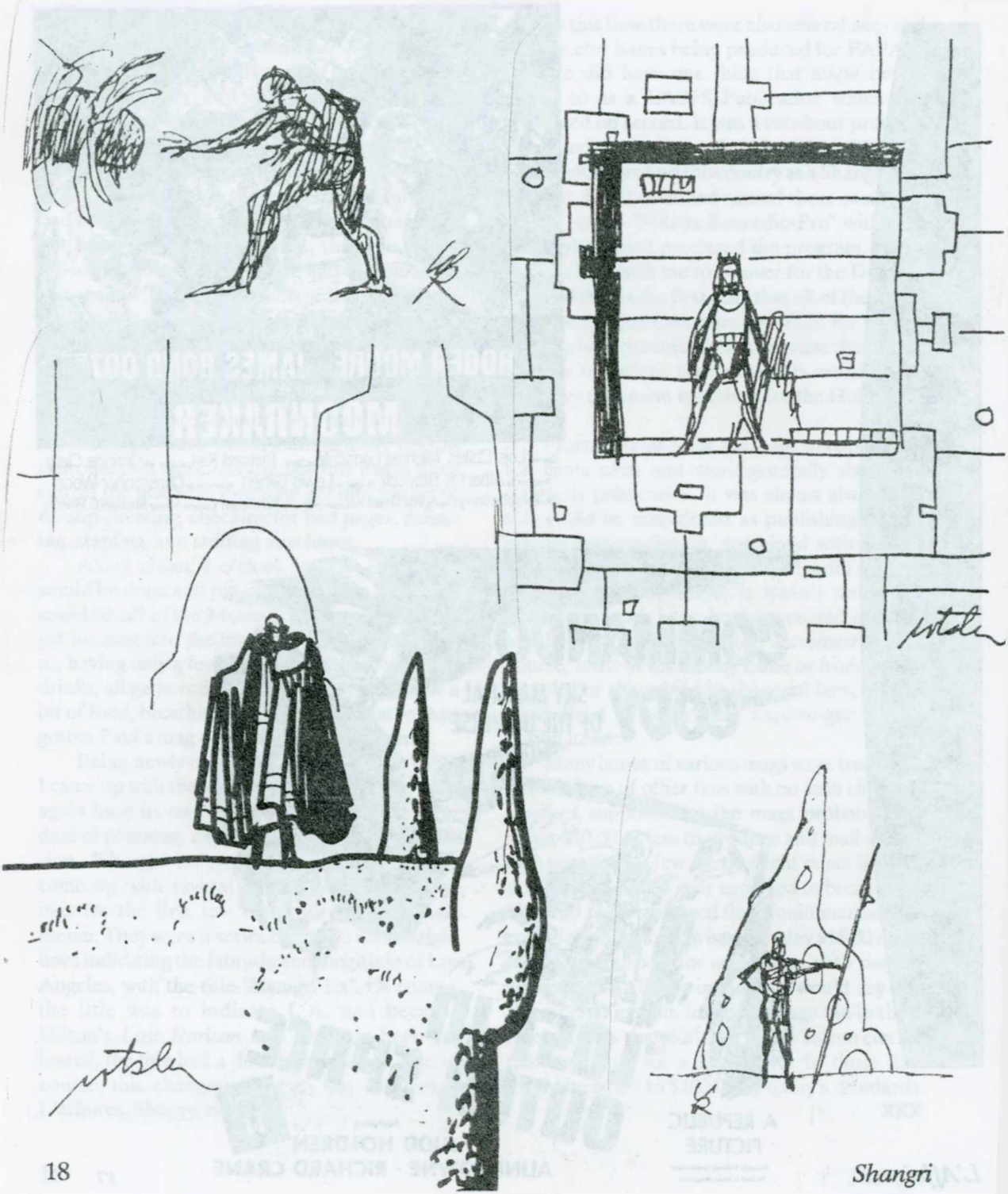
Many issues of various mags were traded for publications of other fans with no cash changing hands. I suppose that the mags probably cost about $10.00 or less to produce and mail and on rare occasions a few dimes might come in, but I don't think anyone ever expected to break even. If a litho cover was used that would increase the cost to about $15.00 an issue. Today $15.00 might take you to a show for an evening, with parking and popcorn. That's inflation. I would say that the average income for the average fan in those days was less than $20.00 a week. So you can see that the $5.00 for a litho cover in those days would be equal to $100.00 by today's standards.

XXX

Cloaden Theatre



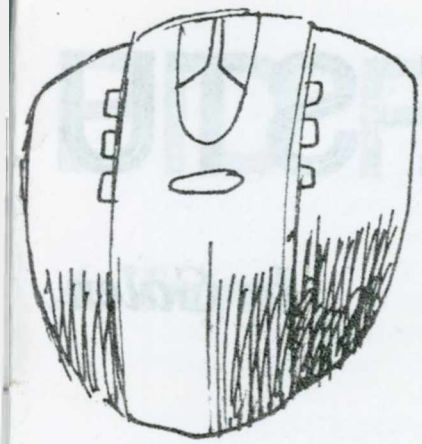
Starring Lois Chiles Michael Lonsdale as Drax Richard Kiel as Jaws and Corinne Clery
Produced by Albert R. Broccoli Directed by Lewis Gilbert Screenplay by Christopher Wood
Music by John Barry Lyrics by Hal David Production Designed by Ken Adam Executive Producer Michael G. Wilson



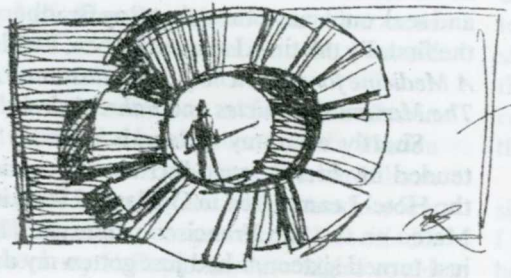
LASFS SKETCHBOOK

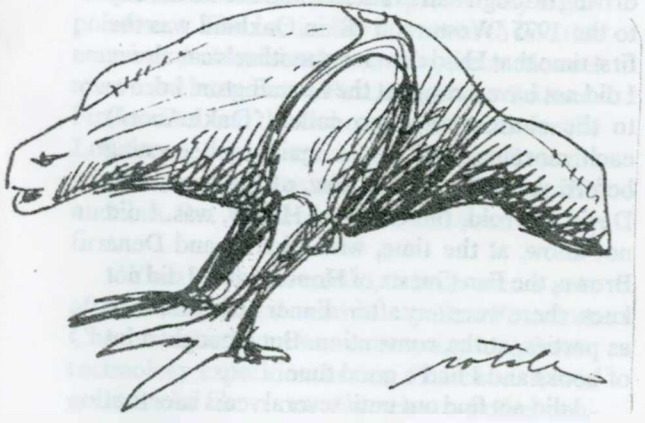
FEATURING

BILL ROTSLER



ALIEN DEVICE OF UNKNOWN FUNCTION





THE STU

by Galen

I AM A science fiction fan. A science fiction fan does more than read the stuff. Becoming a fan sometimes means wanting to meet the people who do the writing. When a fan meets an idolized author, things may not go as one might expect, given the reputation of the author.

If a person is young and naïve, this reality-versus-reputation dichotomy may come as quite a shock. It may well be that "naïve" is not the best word to describe the kind of fan I was as a young man. Given the amount of shock I experienced during an early meeting with a Big Name Author, perhaps a stronger term than "naïve" is in order.

I came to science fiction soon after I started reading. The second novel I ever read was science fiction: *The War of the Worlds* by H.G. Wells. I did not realize that I was a science fiction fan, however, until I was fourteen years old. That year I read many kinds of books. I read *Black Like Me*, a book about the life of blacks in the south. I read *Incident at Exeter*, a book about UFOs. I read *From the Land of Lost Content*, a book about the Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1959. I read the novel *Lost Horizon*. I read murder mysteries and books on astronomy and other things as well. This reading was in addition to all that I had to read as a freshman in high school.

In my fourteenth year I also read a book that contained a story that changed my life. The book was *Mars, We Love You*. It was a book of science fiction short stories about Mars. One of the stories captured me. It grabbed me by the imagination and holds me to this day. The story was "Omnilingual" by H. Beam Piper. While reading that story I realized that no other form of literature could engage my imagination like science fiction could. I like to have my imagination engaged. It's like an addiction.

That year, too, I read *The Halloween Tree* by Ray Bradbury. It taught me that prose could be poetic, and to love poetic prose. Ray Bradbury was the first "name" I came to know and seek out as a science-fiction author. I soon came to know and seek out many others, but Ray Bradbury was the first. By the time I was seventeen, I had read *A Medicine for Melancholy*, *The Illustrated Man*, *The Martian Chronicles* and *Fahrenheit 451*.

Shortly after my sixteenth birthday I attended my first Science-Fiction Convention at the Hotel Leamington in Oakland. I lived in San Mateo on the San Francisco peninsula. Having just turned sixteen, I had just gotten my drivers license. Other than a trip to the corner grocery, driving through San Francisco and across the bay to the 1975 "Westercon 28" in Oakland was the first time that I had driven my mother's car alone. I did not have a room at the Leamington. I drove to the convention (also called "OakLAcon") each morning, and home again each evening before dark. I did not know, at the time, who David Gerrold, the Guest of Honor, was. I did not know, at the time, who Charlie and Dena Brown, the Fan Guests of Honor, were. I did not know there were any after-dinner activities, such as parties, at the convention. But I bought a lot of books and I had a good time.

I did not find out until several years later that

PID FAN

A. Tripp

Westercon 28 in Oakland was, oddly enough, run by the LASFS. I was eventually to become quite active in the Society, serving two full terms as president of the club and two-thirds of a term on the board of directors. There must have been many people at that convention who I would come to know.

I remember an auction at that convention in Oakland in which a hard-cover book by Harlan Ellison was offered. Even then, Harlan Ellison was an author I liked quite a bit. I made a few bids on the book. As the price rose I decided I should check my wallet to see how high I could bid. In the time it took me to do that, the price rose well out of my reach. I expressed my disappointment. The auctioneer appeared to find this amusing. As I look back on it now, the auctioneer must have been Bruce Pelz, Big-Name-Science-Fiction-Fan and the in-house auctioneer for the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Over the next twenty years, I would attend hundreds of his auctions. But Westercon 28/OakLAcon was my first.

When I was seventeen, a little over a year after OakLAcon, I read in the San Francisco Chronicle that there was to be a day-long future technology exposition in San Francisco. It was going to be like a one-day science-fiction convention. It was organized, however, by non-fans. It seemed to be run by the kind of people who would say that they don't really read sci-fi but that they like the ideas in it. Their token science-fiction writer in attendance was to be Ray Bradbury.

I could not resist. I greatly admired Ray Bradbury. I truly loved his writings. It would be a chance to meet or at least see in person this author who had given me so much pleasure over the preceding three years.

I took the bus into San Francisco. It was a Saturday. The exposition was held in a warehouse district in the shadow of an elevated freeway. The building itself was a spacious and modern brick office building. Inside, there was a skylight over a central open space surrounded by wide terraces on each floor. The exhibits and hucksters were arrayed on the first floor and up on the terraces. Except for a few small meeting rooms and the movie room, all the action was on the first floor and the terraces above.

In the late afternoon, Ray Bradbury was to sign his books on one of the wide upper terraces. I had not brought any of his books with me so I bought a copy of *Something Wicked This Way Comes* from a huckster.

When I got in the autograph line there were already several hundred people in front of me. The line of people stretched maybe a third of the way around the terrace. A hundred or so people got in line behind me.

It took well over an hour to get up to the table at which Mr. Bradbury was giving autographs. When I got to the table, Mr. Bradbury was engaged in a conversation with someone to his left. He was signing his name without taking his attention away from his conversation. I felt no need to interrupt his conversation. I felt I had nothing important to say and that it would be rude to bother him for nothing.

He signed my copy of *Something Wicked This Way Comes* without looking at me. I said "Thank you" and stepped aside. The next person could then get his book autographed. I did not leave, however, because I wanted to hear some of what Mr. Bradbury had to say.

The clown in line after me had no qualms about interrupting Mr. Bradbury's Conversation. The question he had for Mr. Bradbury was about me. He asked Mr. Bradbury why I had not gotten the program book signed. If the clown had addressed the question to me, I would have told him that I did not believe that Ray Bradbury had written the program book, but that I was reasonably sure he had written *Something Wicked This Way Comes*.

I have never gotten autographs for autographs' sake. I have authors sign their books. I do not own (and have never owned) one of those "autograph books" with the blank pages to be filled with collected autographs. I do not seek the autographs of movie stars because I have not discovered a good way for the star to sign his or her work.

But the clown did not put the question to me. Instead, he asked it of Mr. Bradbury about me. And he interrupted Mr. Bradbury's conversation to do it.

Mr. Bradbury turned from his conversation to his inquisitor. Then he looked at me, seeing me for the first time. He turned back to the clown and said "He can't help it if he's stupid."

I took an involuntary step back as if I had been hit. I *had* been hit! I had been called stupid by a literary giant, by someone I greatly admired, by someone who had never heard me utter a word beyond the "thank you" I said when he signed my book. I had to get out of there fast. I had to get out of sight. At seventeen, I could not deal with this kind of thing. I don't know that I could deal with it even now.

I turned and walked away. I could feel the bemused stair of two hundred eyes burning into my back. I had to get out of sight.

I found a temporary hiding place behind a pillar by the railing overlooking the central open space. But I was trapped. If I left the shelter the pillar offered, the two hundred eyes would be on me again. I spent several minutes gathering my wits and planning the shortest route to the stairs. The stairwell was, in fact, just a few feet beyond the pillar I was hiding behind. But it was a long walk.

From that day to this, I have never read another Bradbury story. I know that the work and the man are different things. Nonetheless, I can not help thinking of the man whenever I encounter the work.

I never read Something Wicked This Way Comes. I never will, though I still have the book, including its autograph. For what it's worth, I did see the movie made from that book in the early 1980's. I did not think much of it. Perhaps I am prejudiced.

I remain a fan of imaginative literature. I find I can't paint all authors with the same broad brush.

Over the years I have become quite a fan of Harlan Ellison. I collect his books. I have met him many times. I have even been to his house on two occasions. He has never been anything other than polite to me.

Harlan Ellison has a reputation for eating young fans alive. I have seen signs of how this reputation was built. It seems to happen like this: An arrogant, rude and foolish young fan attempts to match wits with Mr. Ellison by insulting him in some crude and unsocial way. Mr. Ellison responds with his rapier wit, demolishing utterly the arrogant fan. The arrogant fan then tells all who will listen, and writes in fanzines, how mean and cruel Harlan Ellison is. His reputation notwithstanding, I have never seen him be cruel to someone who didn't first ask for it.

Ray Bradbury has a reputation as a nice guy. I have no information on that. I only met the guy the once. The casual cruelty I was subjected to, however, does not seem indicative of niceness.

But who knows, maybe I'm just stupid.

XXX

(Continued from page 2) so prolific that his credit will continue to appear in fanzines for years to come (Posthumous Hugo for Rotsler! You heard it here first!).

1997 has been a busy year for the LASFS, far from the quiet year of burned-out fans left over from L.A.con III that was predicted in some quarters. Mike Donahue's brainchild, LA LA Con, was a great success in the spring, and, as I write this, Loscon xxiv is shaping up to one of the best in years. Both events can look forward to bright futures.

And recently it was my pleasure to arrange a mile-stone banquet for the Society. This past August, we celebrated 20 years in residence of our current premises, and in October filled Freehafer Hall with diners and celebrants for the occasion.

October 1997 also marked my 30th year as a LASFS member, a fannish career I marked with some pride. For many of those years I have been privileged to hold a variety of offices within the club, and hope to continue in this regard for some time to come. As Curator of the club Video Collection, I invite all LASFS members to come in and check out your favorites; as Party Rabbi, I invite all LASFS members and their guests to our Winter Holiday and other fine parties throughout the year. And as editor of "Shaggy", I hope you're all enjoying this fine publication.

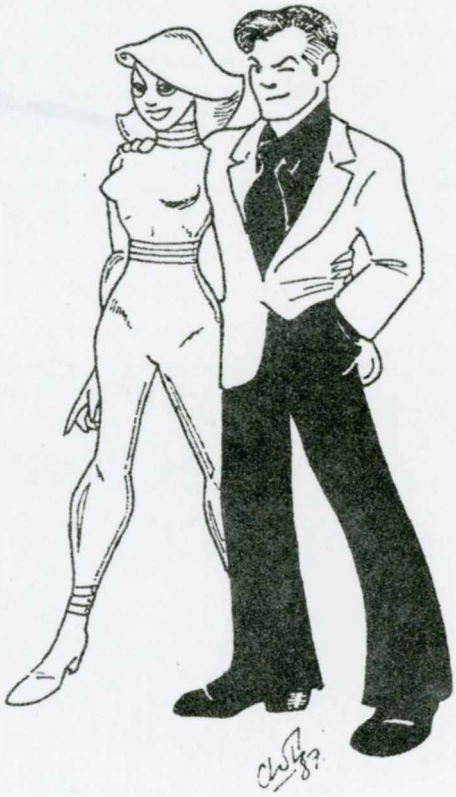
But I am particularly proud (unabashed plug time) of the other magazine I produce, my own publication, AMAZING ADVENTURES, which just saw its 65th issue since 1991. With a rotating crew of characters, and a whole universe in which to work, the novelettes, serials, and cartoon strips that make up the book provide me with as much fun writing as my audience gets reading. If you like superheroes, westerns, space opera, or funny animals, you might enjoy sampling an issue. (End of plug.)

Next issue, be here for Phil Castora's clever "Creating a Superhero for Fun and Profit", Allan Rothstein's compelling "Adventures of a Dying Fan", my own strange and wonderful "Gods of Ink and Paint", and the return of "Thought Crime", a column by Mike Glyer (all right, Glyer, let's see you get outta *that* one!), plus more Buried Treasures, posters from the CL-odeon Theatre, and more Rotsler sketches, all in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES.

'Til then, this is CL and Astra, our magnificent metal mascot (as seen in Hitchcockian silhouette on the cover), saying, Keep Watching The Skies -- no, wait. Boy, it *has* been a long time since the last issue.

How about, CL-ater,

The Emp



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