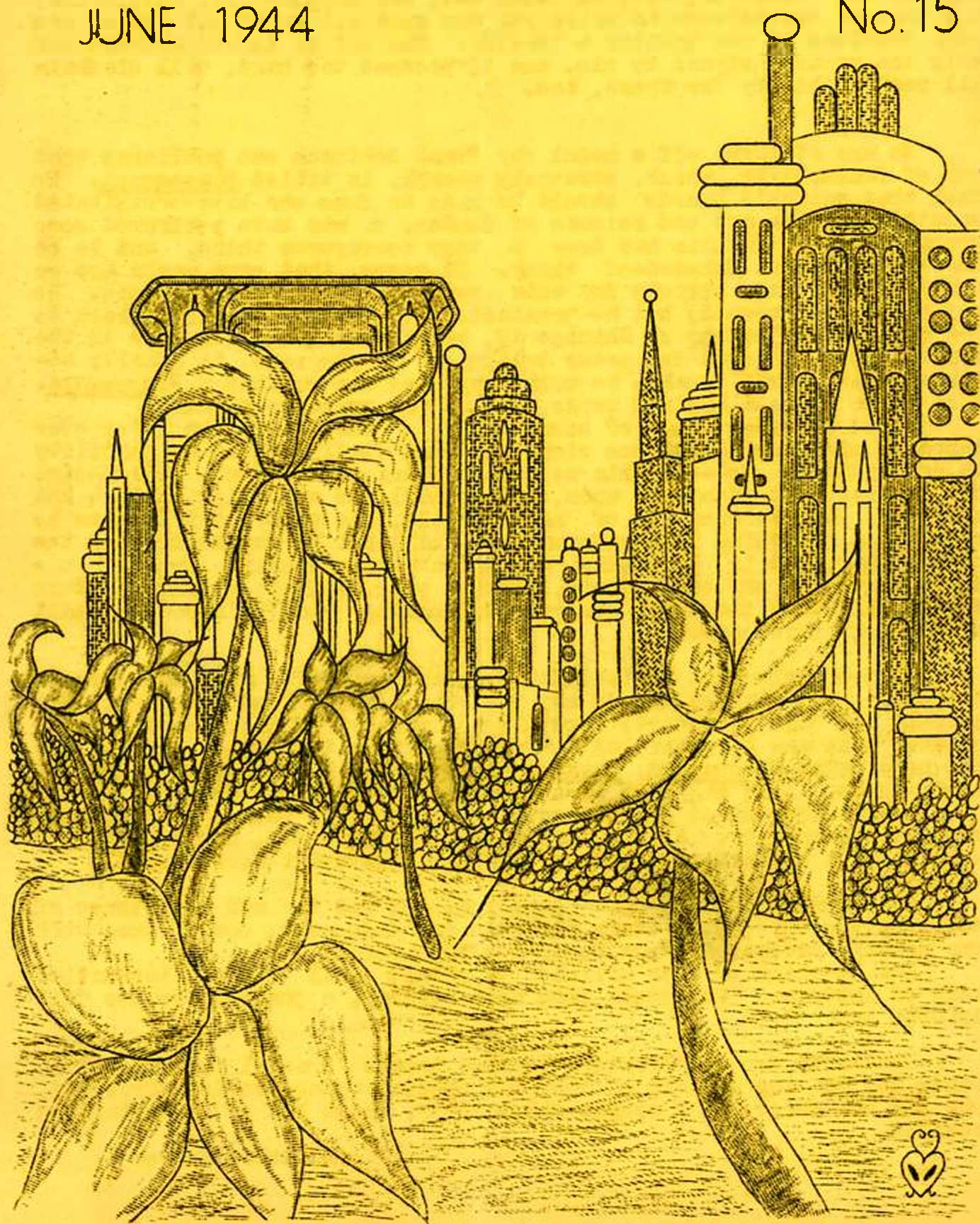


# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

JUNE 1944

No. 15





Shangri-L'Affaires is the bulletin of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. It is published each month, whether we have the material or not, at the clubroom, 637½ S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, California, and that is the address to which you can send all beefs and praise and your fanzines if you publish a fanzine. The editor is responsible for only the remarks signed by him, and if pressed too hard, will disclaim all responsibility for those, too.

We are striking off a medal for Frank Robinson who publishes that gem of fanewscards, which, strangely enough, is titled Fanewscard. We feel that suitable awards should be made to fans who have contributed something to the art and science of fandom, or who have performed some doughty deed. Frankie has done a very courageous thing, and to be more explicit, an unheard-of thing. It seems that some weeks ago we asked him for an article for this very issue. He promised one. He may have been coerced, but he promised. Eventually he rushed back to the comparative safety of Chicago 29, being only a visitor here in the first place. After a few notes telling of no progress, he finally admitted that he was unable to write anything longer than a Fanewscard. Said if he wrote a hundred words, 75 of them would be padding.

We were bowled over, of course. He's the first fan we've ever heard of who's actually come right out and flatly stated an inability to do anything. So---for him we are striking off a medal. The design has not yet been decided upon, but it will be something bizarre and shocking. Due to scarcity of noble metals, the thing will have to be made from something like yttrium. It will not be forthcoming in the near future, but it is being thought about seriously. Even if we don't strike it off this month, or this year, Frankie can always turn toward L.A. with the warm, comfortable feeling that he's got a medal coming from here sometime.

A recent election at the LASFS made Forrest J. Ackerman our new director. He retained Morojc as treasurer, Burbee as secretary. Sam Russell and Walt Daugherty were elected members of the Executive Committee. The new Director had a few suggestions to make. From now on, the news mags, Fanewscard, Phan, and FFF will have regular L.A. correspondents. This mag will have a regular publishing date.

If the news-sheet Phan is news to you, Bill Watson of diablerie has just spawned it. A dime to 1299 California St., San Francisco 9 will get you a short-term sub to this new West Coast news-sheet.

No prognostications for next ish. We had the sad experience of watching the projected items for this ish fade away, one by one, with one notable exception, Fran Laney's hyper article.

And speaking of this article, it should call forth a torrential rain of letters. (Two weeks from next Tuesday, a postcard or two will dribble in.)

Thanks to our contributors in this issue. Special thanks to Fran Laney for the top article of '44, and special thanks to Lora Crozzetti, who did the cover and a couple other items, and a lot of crank-turning besides.

---Charles Burbee

# MY IDEALS OF FANDOM

Francis T  
Laney

Fantasy and science-fiction fandom, comprising as it does one of my chief hobby interests, has naturally been the subject of a great deal of more or less constructive thought on my part. In the course of my association with the field, I have formulated a fairly complete system of mores dealing with it; and, while I have no intention of offering them as an iron-clad series of laws by which all other fans should be governed, I do feel that they are worthy of some consideration.

A definition of fandom is necessary before we can discuss ideals in connection with it. Perhaps I am unnecessarily conservative, but to me science-fiction and fantasy fandom is precisely what its name implies: a group of persons interested in a certain form of written expression. This interest is always indicated through reading (and usually collecting) fantastic fiction; it may also be legitimately expressed through the publication of amateur magazines dealing with various aspects of fantasy, and through the writing, professionally or otherwise, of fantastic fiction, verse, and essays, or by the drawing, professionally or otherwise, of fantastic pictures. That covers fandom, my friends; any other interests or functions tacked onto fandom are wholly extraneous, and furthermore, are completely half-baked, insofar as they may be considered "fan" activity.

This perhaps extraordinary statement should be amplified. I most certainly do not wish to give the impression that I feel fans should be interested in nothing except their fantasy; on the contrary, it should be patent to anyone of moderate intelligence that no one phase of life and letters should be worthy of devoting one's entire life to. The point I wish to make is that fandom is being prostituted by certain of its more introverted members, who find it impossible to adjust to the world in general, but instead try to find in fandom a substitute microcosmos. Through the efforts of such persons, subjects such as music, sociology, the future world, religion, politics, nudes, and dozens of other unrelated topics are drawn into a hobby which should remain purist. As a matter of fact, so-called "organized" fandom has little or nothing to offer to the genuine and sincere fan; except for an occasional book review or a stray article that gets in by mistake, the literature of the fan field is arrant balderdash--sometimes interesting or amusing, it is true, but still balderdash.

As a matter of cold fact, fandom should be nothing more than a passing stage for most of its followers. There are a few persons (Russell, Farsaci, Baldwin, Rimel, and others of that stamp) who actually contract a life-long love for fantasy, much in the same manner that other people become golf addicts or collectors of postage stamps. The usual fan, however, becomes enthusiastic over pulp fantasy, perhaps graduates to book fantasy. More often than not, he never hears of fandom at all, and as his reading interests mature, he finds himself covering all literature, neither seeking out nor avoiding items

of a fantastic nature. If he hears of our little fandom, he may become active in it for a time, but as a rule loses interest in fandom about the time he loses interest in fantasy. To my mind, this indicates normalcy. Any growing person is bound to pass in and out of several interests before becoming mature, though of course there are a limited few whose maintenance of their interest in actual fantasy can scarcely be called arrested development.

If, however, this "usual fan" happens to be of a psychologically unwholesome makeup, he will not fare so well in his passage through fandom. In the first place, his contacts with fans and his appearances in fanzines will probably give him the first real companionship and the first real chance for self-expression that his frustrated life has ever permitted him to have. Since companionship and an opportunity for self-expression are two of the prime needs of any person, this individual can scarcely be blamed for embracing fandom with a devout fervor. Nor, except inasmuch as his caperings cause annoyance and distress to the rest of us, can we do more than pity him when he clings frantically to fandom long after he has lost any real interest therein. His failure to make adjustment to the world is a matter for psychiatric treatment rather than acrimonious articles in some fanzine.

However, people like this, who cling to the husks of a hobby that they have outgrown, drag this hobby into disrepute in direct ratio to how many of them there may be. While of course in some cases they cannot help themselves, I feel that they should make a supreme effort to overcome their introversion, and get out of fandom altogether.

Referring back to my second paragraph, it will be seen that very few fans or fanzines would really be considered such under my definition. This point should be kept in mind as I outline a few ideals. If one is to examine almost any leading fanzine for its fantasy-weird-stuff content, he will find very little of it. In the same way, a surprising percentage of so-called top fans make no bones of the fact that they no longer collect or even read the literature which theoretically is the basis of their hobby.

It is my personal belief that scientifiction is less likely than fantasy or weird fiction to remain of interest to the individual as he matures. Scientifiction, basically speaking, is engaged largely in depicting the future world in its scientific, sociological, and technological aspects. The maturer individual is likely to lose his taste for a fictional treatment of these topics, and turn to serious books. In fact, I am not so sure but what a failure to make this advance in reading standards might be termed arrested development. Fantasy and weird fiction, on the other hand, are far more likely to have an artistic treatment, are far less likely to lead one into a serious consideration of any topic. Such literature is meant primarily to be enjoyed by those sensitive enough to enjoy it; its collection and reading is quite likely to develop into a life-time mania. (I might interpolate that the scientifiction which does remain of interest, other than to while away a very occasional idle hour, is of such nature that it might almost be termed fantasy; cf. Starmaker.)

The ideal fan, then, will collect intensively, will read critically, and will probably try his hand at some form of fantastic self-



expression---letter-writing, writing, drawing, or perhaps publishing. But this definition must be qualified; the ideal fan will also have many other cultural interests, and in addition will be well enough adjusted to the world and to people that he is able to live a completely normal, heterosexual life. Fandom to him will be an enjoyable hobby, probably one of several enjoyable hobbies. And to him, fandom will have as a primary basis nothing more nor less than sf-fantasy-weird.

There is only one non-fantasy-weird-sf interest growing out of fandom which I consider might be legitimately taken as part of the field. Amateur publishing, a well-known hobby in its own right, is a fascinating spare-time activity, and generally speaking is wholly lacking in fantastic content. (Fanzines are an extremely late and insignificant arrival in a field which dates back for considerably over a century.) The fan or former fan who is bitten with the publishing bug is quite likely to remain more or less in the fan field, even though his magazine may have absolutely no relationship to real fandom, and will probably be limited to circulation in FAPA. By strict definition of fandom, FAPA is not a fan organization at all (which is probably the main reason it has been the only successful national organization growing out of fandom) but is instead one of the best of the amateur journalism organizations. (Rival groups include NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, and AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.)

Inasmuch as FAPA is not a fan organization in the strict sense of the word, any type of subject matter is legitimate therein. In non-FAPA fanzines, the subject matter should be limited to sf-fantasy-weird. Organizational gossip, fan personalities, and humor are also legitimate for a general fanzine; but they should not be allowed to take up more than a small part of the pages. Fans interested in seeing what I consider to be an ideal fanzine might glance at a file of THE FANTASY FAN. It contains a large amount of really good fiction and poetry, considerable choice humor, a good deal of gossip, information for collectors, book reviews and magazine reviews. The only defects are its lack of illustrations, and the preoccupation with pulp fantasy. Pulp fantasy is as a rule the poorest available, and in consequence should be given much less space than more literate material. One of the chief functions of a fanzine should be to feature fiction and verse of a non-commercial cast. In the first place, beginning writers need a medium in which to publish their better work; secondly, much of the very best fantasy available today is not written simply because it cannot be published in the pulps, yet has no other outlet. A fanzine should also contain as much collecting information as possible, and as many critical reviews as can be gotten. A literate approach is the only worthwhile one.

Insofar as fan organizations are concerned, it is my personal belief that the only worthwhile ones are local in nature. It is difficult to see the object of national organizations of the NFFF-Cosmic Circle variety; there is no possible function that they can perform one whit better--if as well--as unorganized fans or local clubs. A national fan organization comes under the heading of "wholly extraneous interests and functions tacked onto fandom"; it merely serves as a medium for wasting the time and boosting the egos of its participants. A local group, on the other hand, has considerably more to recommend it. Its primary function, I believe, should be social; the

meetings between persons of like tastes, and the friendships thus brought about are in themselves enough to justify the club's existence. When in addition the club is able to bring about augmented publishing, intensify the interests of the members, and lead them into other fields of related endeavor; the local group is of real value. If, on the other hand, the club degenerates into a vendetta between a bunch of screeching introverts and nit-wits, it is time to call a halt to the whole stupid mess.

An ideal local fan club would have a minimum of organization, and a maximum of casual friendships. It should sponsor and maintain a local clubroom, centrally located for the convenience of its members, and should have an occasional formal meeting at which some truly worthwhile program was presented. Otherwise, its activity should consist of the unorganized activity of the individual members. The clubroom should be used for any activities of the members; there should be no restrictions on any of their actions except insofar as they might be illegal or otherwise likely to bring the club into disrepute. In other words, there should be drinking, dancing, smoking, dirty joke sessions, rosebud-promotion, or anything else; regardless of its lack of fantastic content provided it is (1) kept under control and (2) not allowed to usurp the underlying purpose of the organization. To my mind, the only sin in the activities mentioned in the preceding sentence would be a lack of moderation, and it seems to me that this same lack of moderation would be almost equally harmful if it were applied to actual, legitimate fantasy topics.

The ethical questions arising in dealings between one fan and another could easily be expanded into a large book, since these would be the same ethics that would apply between any two people. A few of the more common ethical breaches in fandom might be worth jotting down: Acceptance of money without either refund or value rendered, a favorite stunt of even top-ranking fan publishers. Ignoring letters from other fans, a trick that I must confess myself at times guilty of perpetrating. Lack of tolerance of other fans' viewpoints (though obviously hypertolerance can be as unethical as hypotolerance). Putting statements into the mouths of the composition, a practice, which, regrettably, is not limited to fan feuds or discussions. Plagiarism. Breach of hospitality. ---- There are of course many other items that might be named, but these occur to me at the moment.

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Even after a great deal of re-writing and revision, I still have a horrible feeling that I have merely been rambling along, playing tag with my topic of discussion. I believe, however, that even with its manifest ineptness, this article does give a rather complete picture of my own ideals. It is quite possible that I have spent too much time splitting hairs over questions of definition, but it seems to me highly important that we approach our hobbies with the proper attitude; and the prevalent tendency to tack everything and anything onto fandom simply because of a preoccupation with a microcosmos to the exclusion of the macrocosmos is the most significant symptom of fandom's failure to come of age.

# THE *STRANGE* GARDEN OF SLERP

L. Crozetti

So much has been hinted and suggested about the gardens of that strange figure in the world of horticulture, S. Wadlington Slerp, that we determined that at least part of it should be brought out in the open so that people would know of the unseen activities that go on in the world about them.

How we obtained the following information must be kept a secret, for the safety of the person disclosing these facts, for if the source of our information was known, steps might be taken.

From the terrace of Professor Slerp's palatial home leads a maze of paths of crushed contusions that gleam with faint glints of mother of pearl in the sunlight. The paths are bordered with pale lavender dropsies nodding their heads in the gentle breeze. The garden walls are a mass of red rambling rheumatism, mixed with the pale yellow blossoms of the eczema vine.

To the left is a bed of old fashioned small pox and creeping in the foreground is a mixture of purple plythoris and pale white ulcers. Down by the fish pond, the budding chilblains give promise of bursting into bloom, and the nearby bed of epilepsy catches your attention with its riotous colors.

The sunken gardens are a mass of rich, red zymotics, and surrounding them, a border of double pneumonias. The slim spikes of tuberculosis blossoms mingle their fragrance with those of the bright orange ganglions.

In his carefully guarded greenhouse, there are rows of pots of imported south sea malaria whose rich yellow blossoms are more than four inches across, and flats of budding hypogastriums. The most striking item and the most carefully tended is the pale green hydrophobia, that was brought with great expense and secrecy from the jungles of darkest Africa.

There is one room that bears only the plant of the stafflicoccus, with a pale blue blossom. The air in this room is in a constant state of purification, because the hyper-acidity of the air must be regulated at all times.

In a walled garden, behind the greenhouse, are some of his earlier attempts at cross-breeding. There are the pink and white striped diarrhoes, a moving sight, guaranteed to leave you weak in the knees. The grass is a solid carpet of creeping, moss-like dyspepsia, with its tiny white star-shaped blossoms.

It was at this point that our informant was discovered, and fled, struggling over the high wall, and he told us that he nearly lost his grip and fell, because the slime from the deep red aphrodisiacs he had crushed in his flight made his shoe soles slippery. The thorns of a gangrene vine grasped at his clothing and he still found several of the fluted, bell-shaped blossoms adhering to his coat after he had made his escape.



DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES  
Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society

Foreword: The LASFS (also known as "Shangri-LA") was established as a discussion club for readers of science fiction. With the acquisition of publishing equipment, it added a creative activity for members with something to write or draw that they would like to see circulated in the amateur press of fandom. But thru the years we have remained primarily a hobby-discussion club, our functioning focused on science fiction, fantasy and the weird tales, illustrations, films, creators thereof and fans thereunto as the common denominator of our interests.

This seems the obviously palpable purpose of an organization bearing our name. If this document seems a bit on the defensive side, it is only to make quite clear what some persons in the past have not understood when joining.

This is not the ordinary social organization, distinguished only by the fact that its members have a mutual interest. Rug-cutting, gambling in the club room, liquor parties and activities of this nature are not regarded as legitimate privileges of membership. We are not equipped to be both library-workshop and dancehall-bar, and the once-attempted combination proved a mistake whose repetition this document is designed to avoid. This is not primarily a partying club. We may have a respectably conducted party on the occasion of Halloween, around Thanksgiving, during the Holiday season, to celebrate a member's birthday, to welcome to town a visiting fan; we have occasional beach parties during the summer or picnics in the hills; but such activities are secondary to our "fanning". If you expect to put such pleasures first, here, you are joining under false pretenses.

We have, in the past, had considerable friction with joinees failing to understand or unwilling to abide by our principles, and it would be wise for you to consider seriously if the society we have formed is one you are interested in joining and enjoying --not "re-forming".

**WE WANT YOU IN OUR CLUB!** We want you if you are sincerely interested in science fiction, fantasy and/or weird fiction. You do not have to publish anything. You may be a quiet reading member, chiefly interested in our library. You may enjoy discussions with persons of an imaginative type of mind. You need not confine yourself to talking about the fiction in the magazines alone, nor yet the fantastic material of radio, in books, or on the screen; but are encouraged to consider the broader aspects--scientific research, world progress, cultural subjects, semantics and artificial languages, rockets, music or wherever your "sense of fantasy" asserts itself.

Finally...the judgment of the self-perpetuating group known as the Board of Governors supersedes in authority and power the decisions of either the Director or the Executive Committee, and may be exercised at the discretion of the Board.



# The Fritz LANGuage

OR, ON THE SET WITH THE MAN WHO MADE 'THE GIRL IN THE MOON'

By AC

"Can we do it? Let's do it!" Fritz Lang was directing; the dynamic man whose name, as Willy Ley relates in his new book, "Rockets", was magic in a Germany That Was, and has long meant cinemagic to me, and no doubt does to you if you remember "METROPOLIS" or "Siegfried" or even the nonfantastic but emotional masterpiece, "Fury". Or "M".

Anyway! This great day recently, Morojo & I were invited to the set of "The Woman in the Window" (almost wrote "Moon"--wish it was being remade and I could have!) This picture was practically completed under the shooting title of "Once Off Guard", when it was decided the ending was too gruesome and a new conclusion would have to be filmed. Story starts off with Edw. G. Robinson (whom we watched act several scenes) regarding a painting in a window, when Joan Bennett, who posed for it, steps up, speaks to him and eventually involves him in a series of murders.

Mr Lang recognized me almost the moment I walked onto Sound Stage 4 and came over to greet me and meet Morojo. "Just make yourselves at home," he invited. "I am terribly busy, but maybe you see something that interests you."

soon saw 'something' that interested us: Joan Bennett, unforgettable from the insanity, "Private Worlds". She did a very simple scene--or so it seemed--involving no more than cautiously opening a door and peering out and withdrawing, but it was rehearsed 3 or 4 times, several times Mr Lang stepping into the doorway and demonstrating how he wanted it done, and shot at least 4 before the director called "Print!" Whereat it was shot all over from the floor!

"One-shot Lang," remarked one of the technicians; and, under his breath, "one shot at a time!" It takes approximately 30 persons behind the camera to support the one in front. One of these "set-tees", talking to Morojo, informed her "Mr Lang is a very expensive director, but he's worth it because he gives you an artistic, finished product."

I thot I recognized the assistant director. "Werent U on the set of 'Curse of the Cat People'?" I askt him.

"Yes," he answered.

"Well, U took me to Simone's dressingroom to be introduced to her," said I; adding, "for which I am forever grateful!"

"I thot you looked familiar," he smiled, shaking hands. "Are you a guest of Mr Lang's today?" And then it was he who outlined the plot of the picture to me.

Later in the afternoon Fritz had a free moment to chat with Morojo & me. The firstthing I askt him was what luck on locating the print of "Rocket to the Moon" that he was going to check up on when he went to New York (as related in Venus #1).

"The Gestapo got it," he informed us. "Willy Ley tells about it in his latest book."

"'Rockets'?" I interjected. "Yes, I've seen it." (The next day, I bought it.)

My next question (handing a foto of the Metropolis robotrix to him): "Whatever became of this, do U have any idea? Who made it? How much did it cost?"

"Was it metal?" Morojo askt.

"We made it," Lang replied. "No, I have no idea whatever became of it. Or what it cost."

"U noe, it's my ambition," I enthused (& the more I think about & look at the pic, the more enthusiastic I get about the idea), "it's my ambition to have that recreated & standing in my den!"

("Can a man fall in love with metal?" Ackerman's diary read. The entry dated 22 May said:

"God pity me, I have!")

"It was not metal," he informed; "it was plastic wood with aluminum paint."

"Maybe Harryhausen--" Morojo suggested. There was an idea. Our local model stfan; that is, the fan who makes models...of prehistoric animals, grotesque faces, puppets, most anything. I would pursue the model--I mean, the idea--at a later date.

Lang was beaming and walked over to Robinson. "Eddie--look!" he exclaimed, holding out the foto. "My mechanical Frankenstein!" Robinson regarded it with interest. Lang's script-girl came over. "And more interesting because it's feminine!" she opined. Lang nodded. He pointed to the shoulder-cleat, the pin-point eyes. Neat!

Lang had to return to directing, and I suddenly found myself engaged in a conversation with a Miss Nancy Lee, his aforementioned script-girl.

#### LEE WAY

I gave her an abbreviated vocal version of "At Lang Last", which is featured in our LASFSienne Lora Crozetti's initial ish of Venus (she pays me a nicklet per plug & pretty soon I'm going to have her buffalood). It developed Nancy too had seen "Metropolis" but hadn't realized Lang had directed it; also she seemed to think it'd been 20 or more years ago when she was in grammar school. I assured her it was not older than 15 years. "It was that picture where the people were underground, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, all the workers lived in a subterranean city."

I had worked up to the point in my story where I was about to lay eyes on my favorite director for the firsttime when Miss Lee frantically motioned for a man who was walking by and introduced him as Mr Rex Morphorple. I wound up with the impression his name was Milton Krasnor but on checking with Morojo she thot his last name was Smith! We agreed only on the Milton. Anyway, he was the gentleman covering publicity on the picture and before I knew it I was being interviewed...yes, 3 stripes meant Sergeant, and I edited the Ft MacArthur "Bulletin"--what? I put out a magazine of my own?...well, it wasn't so important as all that, I explained, just a little stenciled affair, a mimeod mag, I put it out as a hobby...Who reads it? Whoo! The questions were tumbling thick & fast. No, I didn't happen to have a copy of it with me, I didn't come here expecting to be interviewed myself. "Well, it's like this," I explained, "on the newsstands are futuristic magazines. Their names are Amazing & Astounding & Wonder & so on." -- "Yes, I know," said the columnist. -- "They have storys about rockets & robots & the future & so on, & that's what I'm interested in. Then there are people who want to noe more about the authors of the storys, what new theyre riting, where they come from, what else they do, about the artists who draw, &c. Like a movie fanmag." He began to get the ruff analogy. It went on in that vein, and it was quite a talk.

Then, turning to Morojo, he asked:

"And are you his wife?"

Mirta Forsto (Myrtle-Forry) laffed at the poor man's obvious embarrassment the moment he realized we were not married; and he quickly changed the subject to: "Do you write?"

"No, he does the writing"--Morojo indicating me--

"I just tag along."

Later, when she had wandered away: "I didn't get the lady's name with you," said Miss Lee.

"M-o-r-o-j-o," I spelled; "U noe, Like Garbo & so, just one name."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Well, did U ever hear of Esperanto? An Artificialanguage? It's in that."

"And how do you pronounce it again?"

"Mo-ro-  
yo."

"Oh. No wonder I couldn't make it out: It's such a soft name."



After Mr Krasner-Smith and Morojo had left me alone with Miss Lee, she commented on "how extraordinary my story of admiration for Mr Lang was." Then she went on to tell me of a somewhat parallel case of a director and an admirer who had exchanged letters over a period of years and whose paths had crossed occasionally but who had not met for a long, long time. Then she began to illuminate about her boss. "What a remarkable man Mr Lang is! He has such energy and vigor! Consequently he is impatient with people."

Neither Morojo nor I could see that he seemed impatient—in fact, it seems to me I should very much like to be directed by him, if acting happened to appeal to me—but at the end of the day he apologized to us for having been "almost hysterical". He was trying to shoot about 2 days work in one. All I can say is, if hysterical people could hold their hysteria as calmly as Lang, hysteria as we know it would become past history!

When he got another break he came back to his table to talk with Morojo & me again. I showed him Vomaidens Portfolio #3. (The cover montage includes a still from "Metropolis".) He asked about Alva Rogers. I also had the Vom bacover by the Wac (Wacover?) & when he spied it he remarked it reminded him of Wallace Smith's work. I of course at once bubbled over about "Fantazius Mallare".

"Did Ben Hecht write it?—a fantasy?" Lang seemed surprised. He had the script-girl note the title and instructed her to obtain it for him. Later she asked me if I had any idea where she might get it. I mentioned Ron Clyne as having bought (for \$15) the only copy I'd ever heard of. She took his address. Forty-eight hours later an excited, puzzled Ronnie was on the phone, informing me Lang's Sec'y had called him and invited him to the set. Later I learned that when he went he took 3 copies of the Smithfolio with him, which were snapped up, and some original artwork, on the strength of which Lang volunteered to write a letter introducing him to Campbell!

Later in the afternoon Raymond Massey, whose chair Morojo had been occupying, came onto the set. We moved closer, cast covert glances at him. Finally, walking over to him: "I have seen U about 20 times in 'Things to Come'," I said. "To me U will always be The Great John Cabal."

He laughed.

"That was some film," I continued.

"It could have been better. And the poor boy, I hear he's quite ill now."

I showed him the "Maid by Ack-Ack" cover, with the composite of "Metropolis" and my Nycon costume. "This was me," I said, "in '39, at a futuristic party in New York, wearing a costume patterned after your own."

"And very well done. Darling, look at this." He called to his wife. She came, carrying a book in one hand, "Ghost House", as I recall.

"Is that all ghostorys?" I asked, sensing an anthology. But she explained only the initial story, a short, was. This was a posthumous collection of some woman whose name I was supposed to know, I guess, who had voluntarily ended her life by walking down to the river and pulling the water over her head.

Which brings this Shangri-Lang article to a

WATERY END.

## DIRTY WORK

Members read the handwriting on the wall, at the last meeting of the LASFS, when they found a stern decree tacked up, putting them on KP. Ultimatum issued by "Colonel Simone Simon Legree" (suspected of being none other than the new Director, Sgt Ack-Ack ) places Crozetti, Chambers, Daugherty, Daniels, Laney, Burbee, Morojo, Russell, Brown and Kepner all in "1-A", subject to a rotational plan of 7 days responsibility approximately once every 3 months for keeping the club room neat & clean.



