

Shangri-L'Affaires

Third Series
1

So there we were drinking beer and running AUSLANDER on the LASFS Rex and thinking how sad it was that there was no SHAGGY any more to tell people what keen great things were emanating from the fan center of the Universe, and the idea just sort of came like why not publish a two-pager and call it SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES and sort of get back to first principles on account of this thing sort of got big and out of hand too many years ago, and it was mostly Walt Daugherty's fault 'cause he put a cover on that issue and then it wasn't the same old SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES any more, and then pretty soon Burbee got hold of it and you all know what came after THAT, so we decided to call it Third Series No. 1 on account of somebody may want to publish Second Series No. 72 sometime and anyway the club killed it dead and we don't want to go do anything the club hasn't officially approved because then the club might accuse us of Insurgency and then there would be a big split and people would start arguing about things and we don't want any feuds in LASFS on account of we are a peaceable and fun-loving type of fen who always do things Seriously and Constructively except when we are drinking beer and having parties and like this last month has been party month so why not tell you a bit about our parties and how's that for a one-sentence introduction?

Well, lessee, now, there was the Gilbert and Sullivan expedition up North last month, and maybe we might start with that on account of that's a typical LASFS thing, and I don't know any other fanclub around the country that drives 450 miles to see a show. We've been doing this sort of thing a couple of years now, ever since that first party for Patience. The Lamplighters are a Gilbert and Sullivan Repertory Company in San Francisco, who do a new play about every three months, which is just about often enough to get all the G&S party buffs all steamed up to drive 450 miles on a Saturday and go to a play and party all night and drive 450 miles home again on a Sunday. At any rate, this time there were two busloads with John and Bjo and Katwen Trimble, Alex Bratmon, Lois Lavender, Luise Petty, Fred Hollander and date Merrily Smith, Al Lewis, Fred Patten, Len Bailes, June Konigsberg who was going up to visit Ed and Jessie Clinton, John Hartman, and probably somebody else I've unjustly omitted. Felice Rolfe as usual put up the flock on her floors and apare beds, and served up a whomping spaghetti dinner for all, before adjourning to the play and the party afterwards at Emil Petaja's. Emil showed off his collection of Bok originals, and the LASFSians enjoyed a night of booze and bull with BArea fans including Sid and Alva Rogers, Poul, Karen, and two Astrids Anderson, Bill Donaho, Greg Shaw, Bob Lichtman, and many more.

The LASFS Halloween party provided a bang that will be remembered for many a year. The party was held at that great wooden depository of things fannish known as the Booby Hatch, where Ed Baker, Don Simpson, and Phil Castora were living. Hank Stine had just moved out and Paul Stanberry had not yet moved in, so there were only three living there then which is Important because someday Paul Turner may use all of this vital data to write an inside-viewpoint history of the LASFS, and you all know what the last one of THOSE was like! Well, it was the best Halloween Party in years, and there were some really fine costumes, and Earl and Gail Thomson --er, Thompson; Thomson's the guy who draw's those funny critter-things-- and Fred Hollander were the judges and they did a pretty good job of sneaking around through the party and taking notes about what Barbara May wasn't wearing, which was nearly everything, and then some people had some pretty interesting things on, too. Katya Hulan did a keen job of decorating, and Dale Hart and Dick Daniels were not drunk, and all sorts of other people were there and you can read all about who got the Costume Prizes in RATATOSK and Luise Petti put on a modern dance exhibition for about three straight hours that had ol' sophisticated Bill Rotsler mumbling in admiration, and we had a couple of party crashers, and THAT's what people will be talking about for a long while to come. One of these characters was big and furry (No, not Furry, he was there too) and the other was

tall and stoned and wore a Japanese-style head-band. We let them wander as long as nobody was being bothered, but then tall-and-stoned grabbed Owen Hannifen's dagger out of its sheathe, and Owen grabbed him and missed, and there was Cwen standing with a bloody hand which was the next best thing to a duelling scar, so we decided it was about time they were asked to leave. They didn't, and got quite ugly about it, until Bruce Pelz got on the phone to the police (imagine Dr. Fell summoning the police!) and they left--not willingly, but they left. So the party gradually began to break up, and the room got a bit empty, which was a bit empty, because about two AM a bullet came through the wall directly between Dian Pelz and Bill Rotsler, missing Bill by about six inches and Dian by three, and showering her face with splinters. It was followed by two more, one of them breaking a window, and cries of "Somebody's shooting!" "Hit the floor!" "It's Dick Daniels and his Goddam firecrackers!" A car zoomed down the street, Bill Rotsler was the first out of the door; Durk Pearson phoned the police who showed up in about two minutes flat, and Al Lewis went after his first aid kit for the second time that evening. Everybody comported themselves with a good deal of rationality, and gave statements to the police while Durk Pearson and Don Simpson wrestled with ideas about how to gget the sliding door loose where the bullet was lodged. The party melted away, but later that same AM, Ted Johnstone and Hank Stine located the girl who had come in with the two party crashers. She denied knowing them and stuck to her story, and since nobody could quite remember seeing her come in with them she was released, and the matter still rests in the "unsolved" file.

The Halloween Party pretty well eclipsed the Thirty-First Anniversary Meeting the preceeding Thursday night when Bob Bloch spoke on the history of the LASFS and Paul Turner called Fred Patten out of the back room to recieve the Evans-Freehafer Award for the greatest service to the club in the preceding year.

The weekend after that was the Birthday Party for EdCox which had been cleverly masterminded by his wife Anne, aided and abetted by Dave and Katya Hulan and the rest of LA fandom. Ei put his foot down and said no more parties at ChexCox, so Anne dutifully obeyed him by throwing a surprise party in his honor the following week. She invited Dave and Katya Hulan over to celebrate their anniversary and Ed's Birthday with a dinner, and then when Dave revealed that he had forgotten the beer, Ed and Dave decided it was just the occasion to make a round of the Topless Bars, which gave Al Lewis and Fred Patten time to show up with the full keg of Michelob which a whole group were giving to Ed for a present. Len Moffatt, Rick Sneary, June Konigsberg, Stu and Reiko Metchette, John and Bjo Trimble, Faul Turner, Len Bailes, and, out of the woodowrk, Cy Condra were all waiting to render a very "Happy Birthday."

Down South that same evening, Roy Lavendar Jr. was leaving the state of happy achelorhood, while parents Roy and Deedee and sister Lois looked on and Ron Ellik tucked in his bushy tail to formally make like an usher and Walt Daugherty did honors as photographer for the evening.

And the week after that which was yesterday was the big Avocado Picking and Happy Birthday Party for Len Moffatt and John Trimble which June Konigsberg threw, and also the Happy Birthday Forry Ackerman Party which Forry threw, and since everyone in LA always shows up at the three-day bash, I shan't fill up the page with nothing but names. A. E. van Vogt announced he was writing another Null-A story, and Dennis Smith arrived from San Diego to solicit memberships and speakers for next year's Westercon, and Earl Kemp was up and Earl is Up much too seldom, and there sure are a lot of fans who have Birthdays in November, aren't there?

And Hank Stine and Chris (and if Hank would ever introuduce her as anything but Chris there would be a last name in here) announced their engagement, and so how is this for an efficient job of name-dropping and fanzine-regression, eh? Pass the beer.

--RDE Conway