

# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

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Shangri-L'Affaires No. 17, August, 1944. The club magazine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Published once a month at 637½ S. Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. Put out by the members, or at least with most of them looking on. The editor, Chas. Burbee, welcomes all types of criticism, but does not wish to be held responsible for opinions expressed by others in this publication.

That strange cover you see overside was whipped up out of attenuated atmosphere and bubble gum by Lora Crozetti, after Walt Daugherty volunteered to do a 3-color job and then went off somewhere and either forgot about it or hoped I'd forget about it.

Lack of a cover wouldn't have delayed us any---we go to press whether we have the material or not. Some day you'll get four blank sheets of paper in the mail---that'll be Shangri-L'Affaires.

Last issue we asked for letters and got a very low percentage of replies, when you consider how many thousands of these we send out every month. Again we ask for acknowledging notes. No use sending this thing to somebody who doesn't care at all.

We are sticking a vile back cover on this issue (courtesy of Lancy and others from whom he lifted it) that ought to excite comment out of anybody, be it but a hearty belch. Get it on a postcard and send it in.

I can't imagine who would beef about it, but this issue has no even edges. Furthermore, future issues will have none either. Of course Crozetti's column is even-edged, this ish, but I'll bet it won't be next time. As long as I've got to do the bulk of the stenciling I will ignore the even right hand margin. Not worth all the extra work, especially when spare time is at a premium.

Can't make any predictions for next issue. I have absolutely no material at all on hand, and no promises of any, unless you want to count Crozetti's column. I asked Ackerman for something and he said he'd be too busy on Speer's Encyclopedias. I asked Mel Brown, but he stoutly declared he'd never, never, write anything for S-L'A. I asked Vic Clark (via mail) and have received no reply. Leonard Pruyn, when asked, said he wanted to do a heavy article on psychology. "Fine!" I beamed. "When can I have it?" "I'm not quite prepared to write it," he said. "Psychology is going to be my major in college and I haven't started yet." Kepner says he has no time whatever, working two hours a day and going to and from work an additional eleven hours. (It might just possibly be the other way around). Of course, he could whip up a lil pome while waiting for a street car, but we don't use poetry, having some pretty definite ideas on the subject. I asked some other people for stuff and got several kinds of evasive answers. I hope I won't be forced to write anything. I had to write five pages of #14 and didn't relish it much. Anyhow, from where I sit, #16 is nebulous....but it'll be out, regardless. This is not to be construed as a plea for material, so there's no use of your writing an article for us. It wouldn't be any good, and we'd use it anyway and lower the high standards of our magazine.

I see that since Lancy's article was stenciled, FANEWSCARD has appeared under the aegis of Walt Dunkelberger (who, incidentally, dunned me for a renewal). EREBUS has also come out. So has Beck Taylor's CANADIAN FANDOM.

---Charles Burbee

# FORGOTTEN FEW

GEORGE EBEL

Nobody remembers these yarns. I never see their titles in the "Ten Best" or even "Personal Favorite" polls. Even the letter sections of that time contain little or no comment on....the forgotten few.

The offtrail---

One such was Rust. Remember....? The robots who had killed all the humans, and X-120 who tried to make a statue. And the plaint: man did not make us for life. All dominated by the continual rusting and death of the robots.

This story had mood and the mood was pathos. Reading it you could feel the machine running down and--like the robots--could count the days until the rust would conquer.

Joseph Kelleam wrote one more like this for Astounding: In the Day of the Cold. But this with aforementioned Rust was fated for obscurity. I think they were too much like literature.

The Creator! Rocklynne's fantastic tale--one of the most off-trail yarns ever to appear in a fantasy magazine. Lowndes' Future combined with Science Fiction, to name the pub. The Creator...a mixture of metaphysics and romance and mad, mad logic with the pendulous monstrosity who came out of the night to confound Philip Graydon. It also confounded the readers who wrote in in evident bewilderment wanting to know just what The Creator was all about.

At any rate the story was a fascinating bit of mental jugglery--"Zero and zero make one," says Dr Farjeon. "From nothing came something. Otherwise, how explain the universe?" This is either wacky, or humorous, depending on the point of view. But suffice it to say that Phil ends up sitting in nothingness listening to the lovely echoes of his voice as he cries "Who is Elaine?" and "Who is the monstrosity?" There is no echo to the question: "Who is Philip Graydon?"

Perhaps readers of Weird Tales remember a story called Wind in the Moonlight...? Gretchen Ruediger--odd name--was the author.

The heroine, you'll recall, loved camellias, and had a habit of blighting the blooms by touching the center of the flowers. Her husband--a materialistic scientist--was rather nasty about this. He was also irked by her habits of leaving his books on the floor, the doors and windows wide open to the night winds, while she wandered down to a curious pool in the canyon--they lived in the Rockies--hoping to catch a glimpse of the lovely world. She was sure that this region lurked at the bottom of the pool.

Hubbie had no patience with such fancies, and said so many times. eventually they quarreled, and she ran from the house, slipped, and fell into the pool. A week later, after the ruckus has died down, he returns home and finds--books on the floor, the windows open, and running to the canyon pool sees another series of ripples form on the surface. That's all.

What made this fantasy memorable for me was the fey atmosphere present throughout. It showed how a skilled author can construct a moving piece from the simplest of situations and contrasts. For in Wind in the Moonlight the fantasy is merely hinted at and the style is subdued yet I rose from my first reading of that story with a sense of having gazed on something very strange and beautiful.

This next story, you might say, has no place on my list of the forgotten few. By one of fantasy's most prominent authors, written as he approached his peak, its acclaim should have been tremendous. Alas--Weinbaum's scintillating novelette appeared and was forgotten almost simultaneously-----Down of Flame!

Remember now? Black Margot of fabulous Urbs? And Hull Tarvish the Mountain? Not to mention the Immortals: Joachim Smith and Lartin Sair. In this minor classic Weinbaum gave full sway to his masterly imagination and brought forth some of the most glamorous personalities and events science fiction has ever seen! Here with a power and sweep he had never shown before, Stanley Weinbaum chronicled the history of the days to come when the Dominists should conquer all America and fashion that "vast, glittering, brilliant, wicked world metropolis--Greater Urbs", where the Black Flame would rule with the Immortals as long as time itself.

But this was to be in the future. Dawn of Flame is concerned with the capture of the village of Ormiston, by the Dominists, the romance between Hull and the mayor's daughter and--the Black Flame.

From cymbal clash to muted violin--from the roar and tumult of Urbs to Heinlein's quiet logician's fantasy--They.

In a magazine devoted to the off-trail--Unknown--They stood out as the quintessence of the unusual. Remember the opening in the insane asylum, the hero who doubted the scheme of things, the expert incisive reasoning by which he deduces that the world--from the Taj Mahal and Harvard University to his wife Alice--is a gigantic plot designed to deprive him of his own identity.

It is my opinion that most fans passed this off as a pleasant piece with a trick ending. And I, myself, think that the concepts in They were not entirely original with Heinlein. Yet the author's superlative handling, the economy of wordage with which he presents a mind twisting idea as a more problem in logic place They in the upper brackets of my list of favorites. For those who minimize its importance I suggest intensive re-reading.

About here I feel a strong urge to include E. Hunter Waldo's (Who, I strongly suspect, is none other than Theodore Sturgeon) The Ultimate Egoist. Again we have a not too original concept fired with Sturgeon's superb writing--writing that breathes and has life.

Unfortunately, Joe Gilbert said all the nice things that could be said of TUE in a succeeding issue of Unk. More power to him, but he shaves another purple paragraph off this article.

While the aforementioned stories remain memorable for the mood, the handling, the concepts throughout, there are sections of longer writings that have grace and beauty in themselves.

I particularly remember Bester's account of a swing band and a piece it played as the high spot in Hell Is Forever. Then there is Merritt's description of the valley of blue poppies in The Metal Emperor--words that form a glowing picture of the type for which this author is famous. Then I've already mentioned The Ultimate Egoist but the scene at the finish where the hero begins--"Listen, winged things. ..." approaches prose poetry. For contrast I recall a part of Slaves of Sleep wherein the hero makes his escape from the castle of the djinn. And remember with pleasure how I caught up the swift beat of the sentences and rushed past the guards, Solomon's Seal in hand, down the stairs, hacking and slashing, past the throne...excellent fun and a tribute to L. Ron Hubbard's narrative powers.

These stories were recognized as superior material by one and all however, and have no true place on my list.

Other yarns worth mentioning are Keller's Thirty and the One--remember the homunculi who wanted to go back in his bottle?--Waldemar Kaempffert's Diminishing Draft, or Price's bittersweet Khosru's Garden.

Truly, these and other stories cry out for suitable praise. With all the skill and heart poured into their pages it's a pity they remain quiescent under that sorry classification--The Forgotten Few.



# FANZINE CRITIQUE *by* FRANCIS T. LANEY

The attempt in this article will be to present a critical review of each currently published fan magazine. No particular issue of any one of them will be singled out for criticism; rather, I hope to give a picture of the broad general policies and quality of each publication as shown in complete files of them. The underlying purpose is three-fold: (1) to fill up the space which editor Burbee demanded that I use, (2) to attempt a general picture of the fan publishing field which may prove of some guidance to those who wish to subscribe to some of these magazines, and (3) to give constructive criticism which may possibly lead to improvements in fan publishing standards.

For the purpose of listing these publications roughly in order of merit, I am arbitrarily following the order in which they placed in the Beowulf poll of last winter--the most recent general fan poll at this time. This order indicates that fifty selected fans, voting for their favorite fanzines, considered LeZ first, Acolyte second, and so forth; and is not to be taken as meaning that I personally rate all these magazines in just this order.

LE ZOMBIE. Published by Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois. 10¢ each. This publication has been recognized as the top fanzine for a year or more, and is certainly an enjoyable bit of reading. Appearing irregularly, it runs strongest to reasonably enjoyable humor, and occasional more serious articles dealing largely with fan affairs. The annual anniversary issue is usually a fifty-page opus containing a huge variety of assorted material, and highlighted by a catalog of all fanzines published during the previous year. This one feature alone makes LeZombie worth subscribing for; the balance of the material is well-done and enjoyable, but very seldom anything that is really worth re-reading or of genuine permanent interest. I personally feel that Bob should attempt to have one item of permanent interest in each issue, rather than concentrating on humor and froth. As it stands, LeZ is entertaining, rates tops with most fans, but still falls short of being what a good all around magazine should be.

THE ACOLYTE. Published by Francis T. Laney, 1104 S. Georgia, Los Angeles 15, California. 15¢ each, 4 for 50¢. My own contribution to the field makes no attempt whatever at being a fanzine, or even at being of general fan interest. The Acolyte is an attempt at a serious and literate magazine devoted to weird and fantasy. Each issue is about equally divided between fiction, verse, and essays. The fiction and verse are usually off-trail material by accepted professional writers, while the essays generally deal with either bibliographical or biographical information pertinent to the field. Those who like their weird and fantasy straight will probably like The Acolyte; those who are interested largely in the froth and mouthings of "professional" fandom are advised to keep their money.

VOM (The Voice of the Imagi-Nation). Published by Forrest J Ackerman, Box 6475, Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles 55, California. 15¢ each, 7 for \$1. Vom attempts to be a "mirror of fandom", and is made up exclusively of letters received from its readers. Art work ranges from truly beautiful fantastic drawings down to utterly nauseating bits of backhouse scribbings; the letters range from serious and worthwhile discussions down to completely uninteresting and disgusting pages of adolescent mouthings. Vom's weak point is its editorial pol-

icy of using nearly everything submitted. If, instead of being a "mirror", it would set itself up as a forum of fandom and use higher standards of acceptance, the magazine would be vastly improved. Even as it stands, it is always interesting and often excellent. Worth subscribing for.

**FANTASITE.** Formerly published by Phil Bronson, this magazine has been discontinued. When published, it was one of the best general fanzines of all time.

**PARADOX.** Published by Frank Wilimczyk, 44 Wyman Street, Chicopee, Massachusetts. 10¢ each, 3 for 25¢. Paradox is a fast-improving and generally worthy attempt at being a general scientifiction fanzine. In its pages one is likely to find almost anything of general fan interest, usually well-written and always well reproduced. Artwork is always mimeographed, but this is all to the good so far as I am concerned. Lithography has come to be an old man of the sea on the shoulders of most editors, and it is refreshing to find a top editor who is courageous enough to buck this expensive and unnecessary frill. Weakest point of Paradox is the large quantity of material by Raymond Washington, a very young fan who has not as yet matured sufficiently to be worthy of a place in any first class fanzine.

**FFF (Fantasy Fiction Field).** Published by Julius Unger, 6401 24th Ave., Brooklyn, New York. 8¢ each, 4 for 25¢. Triple-F started life several years ago as a one-sheet news-weekly of fandom; under the co-editorship of Walt Dunkelberger, it has developed into a small but frequent general fanzine with a strong tabloid bias. In addition to keeping one well informed on all current events within the field, FFF contains a large number of thoroughly worthwhile permanent features, and is well worth a subscription. The one weak point in the magazine's editorial policy is the lack of blue pencils in its preparation. For material to be well presented, it is necessary for it to be revised and worked over so as to be at its best; FFF apparently uses stuff as submitted; and, in addition, it is not too careful about rejecting such questionable items as the notorious Lazar letter of last winter.

**FANEWSCARD.** Published by Frank Robinson, 6636 S. Sacramento, Chicago 29, Illinois. 2¢ each. (Robinson has announced that Walt Dunkelberger will take over publication soon. Seems Uncle got Frank). Presents tabloid form news mimeographed on the back of a postal card, and appears once a week. Is well done but the limitations of space make such an effort rather futile, no matter how well it is attempted. I'll take FFF, myself.

**VULCAN.** At one time, the fastest rising fanzine in the field, Vulcan has apparently folded. In the absence of positive information shall give none at all.

**DIABLERIE.** Published by Bill Watson, 1299 California Street, San Francisco 9, California. 5¢ each, 15¢ a year. This publication is breathtakingly wonderful. Utterly marvelous format and mimeography, a wide variety of well-assorted and excellently done material, superb artistry by Watson---what more could one expect? The maturity of outlook displayed in diablerie is refreshing after the adolescences one so often finds elsewhere in the field. My personal choice for top fm.

**NEBULA.** Formerly published by Larry Shaw, this newsweekly has been discontinued for some time.

(The foregoing comprise Beowulf's top ten fanzines. However, many of the best mags in the field are not listed therein, so I shall follow down the list of the also-rans in the order in which de la Ree listed them in his poll report.)

**CENTAURI.** Published by Andy Anderson, 515 Ocean Ave., Pismo Beach, California. 15¢ each. This is a general type scientifiction fanzine, and is of quite good quality. It is somewhat difficult to criticize Centauri, because I myself cannot decide what is wrong with it. In some way, though each feature of the magazine is worthwhile, the publication as a whole misses fire just a trifle. If I knew why, I'd say. Even so, it is worth a subscription.

**FANSLANTS.** Published by Mel Brown, 628 South Bixel, Los Angeles 14, California. 15¢ each. Fanslants varies from 36 to 64 pages and contains almost anything one could imagine. The material is uniformly first rate, but is marred by poor typing and weak presentation. However, the excellent material more than makes up for other flaws, and this is an item which I personally would rate in the top ten.

**SATURNALIA.** The magazine has discontinued publication.

**FIDO (Futurian War Digest).** Published by J. Michael Roseblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Chapelton, Leeds 7, England. This is the old rallying point for British fandom, and contains an assemblage of one and two sheet ghosts of former British fanzines tied together with a continuity of news, views, and excellent bibliographical information. It is difficult to get on the Fido mailing list, but is worth the attempt.

**CANADIAN FANDOM.** Published by Beak Taylor, St. Andrews College, Aurora, Ontario, Canada. This is a superbly done general fanzine, and is to my mind the successor of Fantasite. Good art, good material, excellent presentation. I do not list a subscription price, since the continued existence of this magazine is questionable. However, it is worth looking into.

**MARS.** One of the discontinued Vulcan publications.

**EREBUS.** Probably discontinued.

**THE KNANVE.** Discontinued.

**NOVA.** Published bi-monthly once a year by Al Ashley, 25 Poplar, Battle Creek, Michigan. 15¢ each. The format and artwork of Nova are the best of the field; however, the material does not always stand up to its very excellent presentation. Nevertheless, this publication is amazingly good, and it is regrettable it comes out so seldom.

(The following mags are new arrivals in the field and did not appear on the Beowulf poll.)

**CHANTICLEER.** Published by Walt Liebscher, 25 Poplar, Battle Creek, Michigan. 15¢ each. This magazine is divided about 60/40 between mad humor and seriously superlative bibliographical material. The humor is not always too clean, but is usually side-shattering. The book reviews are always good. The serious fan cannot be without Chanticleer. A little more restraint in the matter of humor ((Omigod! This---from Laney!)) would probably add to the magazine's punch. As it is, there is so much humor that it almost palls on one.







## CHEERS & JEERS FROM OUR PEERS

Our plea for letters, cards, or anything which showed you were interested in receiving S-L'A brought forth an avalanche of letters and cards, all of which are reproduced here, in case anybody wants to count them.

FRED WARTH, Savannah, Ga., says: Dear --?: I would have written you sooner but your fanzine had no return address. ((!)) I still don't know to who I'm writing this letter.

I don't know why I've been getting I've been getting SL (or is it SA) have I been a good boy or something? Did I send you L.P.? If not here is #4 and #6 will soon follow with more pages. Your mag is very good. Wish I had a mimeo. Would you care for some pix? (( "L.P." is his mag, Lani Pono, whatever that means, and isn't bad. ))

MONROE KUTTNER of Woodside, N.Y.: July ish. Cover. And I complained about the BELLS on prozines. Can't classify your jabberings on back of the covers. Shangri-Lousay was very good. Confetti was good. We'll skip the two little illis (and I mean illis.) Fantasy Catalog was good. Wish I lived in L.A. Letters and stuff good. Signing off.

KEN KRUEGER, Buffalo 8, N.Y.: Shangri-L'Affairs arrived OK. Ratings Shangri\*L'ousay--10 Confetti -- 8 Fantasy Catalog -- 6 The Great Bib -- 7 Cover -- O Mi Gawd; All in all one of the best club sheets there is. I'd go into detail but as there is no letter section ((Whatinell d'ya think this is?)) I'd never see my name in print so what's the use. ((Likes his name in print? Always glad to accomodate a peer--KEN KRUEGER KEN KRUEGER KEN KRUEGER KEN KRUEGER KEN KRUEGER)).

BOB TUCKER, Bloomington, Ill.: Cheerio: Have noted, noteworthy sir, you humble plea in Grumphhh #16 for even so little a thing as a postcard in acknowledgement of the issue. Here it is.

Besides, kind sir, not being much of a big shot, this humble person wishes to keep on receiving Grumphhh; therefore, this card, as requested.

Likos best in this issue, Robinson's article and Crozetti's column, plus of course the starting and welcome news of that monstrous stf crossfile. Huzza!

GERRY DE LA REE, Westwood, N.J.: Thanks again for sending me the latest issue of Shangri-L'Affairs, which I found most interesting. The mimeoing was very neat and the material up to par.

The front cover was the worst item in the 'zine. ((I thought it was amusing)) Bratton's card index sounds like too much work to me; could be an interesting hobby, but after a time anyone would grow tired of it. Reading even half of the stf stories from 1926 to date would be a life's work for me. I stopped reading every stf story that appeared as far back as 1941. From '38 to '41 I managed to miss very few stories, but the quality of the yarns either became so terrible, or I grew that much older, or something, for I suddenly lost interest in reading all those short stories. I haven't missed many novels since then, but the shorts are too much.

I agree with Watson about taking Orson Welles any day in the week over Fritz Lang. Welles, I think, is, whether he knows it or not, basically a fan. What I mean is he has the makings of a fan. However, I do not agree with Watson's other opinions of ShangriL'Affairs. ((I don't either)) I guess that is mostly a local mixup, too.

Well, I just meant to write and say thanks, but I seem to have said more than I planned to.

LOUIS C. SMITH, Alameda, Calif: Thanks muchly for the latest Shangri-L'affaires.... It is about the best I've seen of them, so far. At least to me, for I am one of those collector-persons with a mania for facts and figures. And the two pieces by Don Bratton and Tony Boucher were right up my specialized little alley.

If you could pass the word along to Bratton, Boucher, and any others interested in such things, you might let them know that I'm wide open to suggestions, cooperation, assignments of work or what have you, in connection with any compilations, bibliographies, or indices...

Bratton's idea is splendid, but seems to me to be a bit heavy and unmanageable for general use. What is needed is the same thing as his index, but with a simplified mode of preservation; obviously a complete fantasy index, to cover all aspects of the subject, would require a library-sized building just to house the card files. But I do agree that some standardized method of listing, such as the one Don suggests, should be universally adopted by fandom. Some coherent listing whereby we will all talk the same bibliographical language.

As to the method of compilation, Boucher has something on that line. As to who would start the ball rolling, perhaps by volunteering for the gigantic task of head bibliographer, or compiler, or whatever title he might assume, that is up to fandom as a whole. The job, that is, the centralization of it, should as a matter of course be delegated to some part of the country where there are groupings of fans; for the simple reason that the head guy is going to have a whale of a lot of work, and will need the assistance of others at times.

If there's anything I can do, as I said before, let someone get in touch with me about it. I have some leisure time, and can do a bit of reproduction (!!) if necessary, or just about anything else that's needed, including some financial aid...

Let's get the bibliographical ball rolling.

((Well, we had a head bibliographer--Don Bratton--but now that he is in the Navy....))

F. LEE BALDWIN, Grangeville, Idaho: O.K, Chas. Hoo is the guy in New York 33 whose on the awaiting list? The gal has grey eyes! Leastwise, don't stop sending me the "bulletin". ((He enclosed 54 Raleigh cigarette coupons and a canceled 12-cent stamp, and I sent him the fellow's name by return mail, registered))

DAN WILHITE, of Little Rock, Ark: Dear Editor, (and stuff). If I may boldly ask a simple question, how in heck did I ever get on your mailing list. As Burbee so aptly put it "I am really only important to myself and a certain ball and chain", (and maybe not too important to the latter). My only claim to distinction (if anyone would call it that) is the fact that I have been personally verbally chastised in the public print by the emanent "Willey Ley". So you can see that I'm not too particular with whom I pick an argument. My better half claims that I will argue with a signboard and throw rocks at it 'cause it won't answer back.

Frankly I have enjoyed both issues of your paper. But actually I am not a dyed-in-the-wool fan. Of course I buy and read practically all Science fiction and Fantasy mags, as fast as they hit the market, but I leave Weird strictly alone. When the mood strikes me (as it has now) I even write to the "Reader Squeeks" depts. of the various pro. mags. I have been buying this type mag every since I got my first job as delivery boy in a drug store away back in 1924 but I never bothered to save any, in fact the only one in the house right now is a current issue that I have not as yet passed on to friends.



I didn't even keep those that had the few lines of my own composition printed in their pages. (Aint I the dope?) I get a kick out of the reader letters sometime, so always read them so I guess that is my affliction that I have in common with ren-dom. So it wont make me the least bit upset if my name is removed from your lists. You see, I'm the sort of guy that likes to give full value for value received and I can see no way in which I can return the favors already shown me. (I guess I could send you a picture my young son drew of a chicken but you already have a reasonable facsimile of it on your front cover of the last issue.)

If you are unable to read or decode any of the foregoing hen-scratching just skip it 'cause I haven't said anything anyway.

(Writ by hand as any fool can plainly see) (LH kin see)

((Whether or not to remove Wilkite from the mailing list has now become the big issue of the day.))

C. J. "FOOT" FLRN. NYC 25: Latest ish not bad. I was particularly interested in the Bratton catalog and other letters relating to the "Great Bib". If you maintain the monthly schedule you might use Shangrill-affaires as a notice board whereby fans can announce that they are cataloging a certain author's works or a certain volume of a pro-zine. ((WE'LL DO IT)) I am currently going through recent English literary promags and will send you a full tabulation of the 15 or so fantasies mentioned during the past six months. This includes two brand new Stapledons (out less than a month) which I'm commenting on in a coming Triple F.

I am also mulling a biblio of Steven Vincent Benet----listing fantasy in detail. He did three or four blank verse stf poems a few years ago. Altho the underlying plots are pure TIS his treatment of them is out of this world. And I would say he has HPL backed off the map when it comes to restraint.

I don't like Bratton's system of subject indexing. "Science-Fiction---Rocket Ships" is both redundant and technically incorrect. "Interplanetary Travel---Rockets" would be specific enough. Stf, weird, fantasy if not implicit in the title or the subject heading should be mentioned in the summary of the story. And one has stratosphere, interplanetary, interstellar, intergalactic travel, for which one can choose from rockets, anti-gravity, atomic, sub-electronic (as in Goo E Smith) and space-warp drives.

I'm working on biblios of Keller and John Kendrick Bangs at the moment; after I finish them I'll start on Benet. After I finish him I may do Merritt and Robt E Howard and Wallace West. After that, knows god. Probably in between all that I'll start indexing, not cataloging, the printed fanmags of the early '30s. I think that is needed, really, more than anything else. After that, an index of contributions from pro writers in other imz.

The Bratton Catalog, incidentally, ought to state---in case of odd items such as Miracle Science and Marvel and Weird 1920s and those other small fortunes, just who has them. It should also add a separate box for biographical articles about authors.

What's the lowdown on the Encyclopedia? The east coast bunch is wondering when and if it'll come out. What I said about sending copies to Time, Newsweek, and the news agencies still goes; if the mob's too cheap---I'll angel the necessary copies. First run should be nearer 500 than 200. Would like more dope on the multitude of jerks who seem to have come into LA fandom during the past couple months. Get Laney to do 'em up brown. Also--where do Bronson and Yerke stand on the reconciliation?



JACK SPEER, overseas, gets in some V-Mail: It's always a puzzle whom to write in commenting on Shangri-L'Affaires. Orchids on the cover. The Strange Garden of Slerp was passably amusing, except for the extension of remarks on "diarrhoes", which were in bad taste. Forry's article was good for a few vicarious thrills. I wish there'd been more JASNS news in this issue, but suppose the big story was told in an issue which hasn't reached me yet.

I think you showed poor judgment in calling Laney's the top article of 1944. Prey to the superstition that a thing should be what its name implies (by which rule, all comic strips should be funny), and never thinking of changing the name, he wants to take fantasy fandom back to 1933. Everything that has been added since, he says, is "half-baked", "balderdash" (justification of these strange epithets is completely lacking.)

I do not agree that fandom should remain "purist" --or rather, regress to purism. If, for example, chain-letters discussing eugenic policy and population increase were no longer circulated by stefnists, such subjects would probably not be discussed by such means in any other circles. We know that the field of amateur journalism is limited, and we know that nowhere outside of stefdom is it made the medium of sustained discussion (ayjays would consider such discussions extraneous to their hobby and undesirable). If there are any other all-correspondence magazines in the world, it is unlikely that they cover many of the classes of topics in Voice of the Imagi-Nation. Our general conventions may be rather too much like others' conventions, but in the smaller conferences and informal confabs of fans is something unique and worthwhile. Unique too is the thinking that individual ims ((sic)) do on the basis of stefnal concepts. Certainly such activity benefits us individually in forming our ideas and broadening our knowledge; it is just possible that something of great value may be produced in some of these mediums. Laney would sterilize or abolish them.

One reason he would sweep all this away is that he knows next to nothing about a lot of it. He has probably never been on a round-robin letter, he has never attended a stef convention or conference, he has never served on a national organization, and so on. In other words, he is a freshman trying to tell us how fandom should be run, and we are properly impatient with him.

The statement that FAPA is not a fan organization in the strict (Laniac) sense of the word is absurd; and FAPA would never have arisen out of a hobby tied to the "Fantasy Fan" ideal. Incidentally, his mention of Farsaci as an adult fan is a laugh. And by the way, I challenge Laney to name two top fans who make no bones about the fact that they no longer read any fantasy literature.

An amazing thing is that Laney endorses for the local club everything and more than he proscribes for general fandom. I believe he will find it impossible to give good reasons for this contradiction. In sooth, this article of his is not a "fairly complete system of mores" dealing with fandom; it is a collection of heterogeneous ad hoc positions on various issues.

The only reason given for cutting out 75% of fan activity (which, if valid, should apply equally to local clubs) is that it makes the microcosm so interesting that one may be satisfied to spend a lot of his time in it. This fear of microcosmism sounds a little like the fear of anything that "might be termed arrested development". How many personalities can you name that 9 out of 10 Americans could identify? A few movie stars and two or three political leaders would be about the size of it. Artists, poets, scholars of all sorts must get their satisfaction in microcosms. It is the ability and accomplishments of the persons in it that determine whether the microcosm is worthwhile. Stefists can show a respectable array of undeniable honors and credits.



# CONFETTI BY CROZETTI

Yes, folks, I have nerve enough to go on, after the horrible mess Fran, Forry and I made of the first column. Burbee didn't do so badly himself, with his COVER: BOB HOFFMAN - Stenciled by Willie Watson. Now look, Ed. I've met and talked with Hoffman, and he never looked like that to me. Or maybe it is all in the point of view. Ok, I'll be good so don't shoot.

My first mess came when I was cutting the stencil of the second page. I had been to the dentist, had two teeth pulled, and between the gas and the dope and the usual dopiness that is me, I was getting nowhere fast. Contrary to the way it looks, Burbee is not receiving big piles of Crozetti, but nice, fat letters.

The paragraph Fran loused up was another of Forry's contributions and the next time I met Don Bratton, I told him all about it, and that it was all about him and Forry and the trouble they had listening to a radio program. Don insisted that he couldn't find it, and so of course I got out my copy of the magazine and saw, for the first time, what Fran had done. Oh well, at least he is refreshing.

Leigh Brackett is doing a screen script for Republic Pictures. She has John Butler for collaborator, and says he is a swell guy to work with. (He has just done a terrific job on "The Spirit Speaks.>"). Rudy Abel is the producer, and is doing it according to Leigh's idea of how it should be done. So watch for "THE VAMPIRE'S GHOST", by Leigh Brackett.

Saturday, the 16th, at about 12:00, midnight, Little Willie (he's 6 feet if he's an inch) Watson bid goodbye to all of the LASFS and set out for the bus station and home. Of course, he returned, when he learned that we knew what we were talking about when we said that he couldn't get out of town without reservations at least two days in advance.

## CONFETTI FOR CROZETTI

(George Ebey wrote the following for me, and I haven't the heart not to include it. He will be watching for it with a mouthful of worms. you know, baited breath.)

About two ayem Watson woke up and said, "Just why in hell are we going to Los Angeles, George?"

Frankly, I was damned if I knew. But should I tell Bill? So I replied, even as Honig: "Arrgghh!"

\* \* \* \* \*

So here we are, festooned over the club furniture and listening to Forry's ceaseless typewriter pounding, Laney's jittery tattoos on



same and Mel Brown's slamming of the mimeo, interpolated with screams and curses and odd gurgles. This, we are told, is customary with Mel.

It is also noisy.

Bill and I have done all the usual things: seen Ackerman's fabulous collection, ditto Daugherty's (I thought he sold the thing?) and attended a rather peculiar club meeting. (Hell, brother, they all are.) Bill wants to see Clyne and Yerke. So far we've visited Ron. Ch, the beautiful Boks---and Willie has spoken to Bruce via Don Ameche's invention.

Mel Brown is a pleasantly coarse individual with a shock of yellow hair and an unoriginal sense of humor. We like him. In fact, I'd write a whole paragraph on Mel, but Crozetti's Jergen's Lotion bottle keeps getting in my way.

Much has been written concerning the IASFS clubroom. Unfortunately all the information comes from the local fans. They're prejudiced. Anyway, it's a comfortably untidy place, with a bed in one corner and a mimeograph in the other. Symbolic... Between these two objects lie untold amounts of printed matter and various fans. They sleep in shifts here, getting up at odd times to mimeograph and eat.

As for current chatter: Crozetti and I have been arguing the literary quality of STF for the past hour. She says I'm a young punk and that the trouble with STF is editors. I'm inclined to agree with her, but she won't know that until she reads this article. Happy, Lora? (I'm enraptured!)

Willie has just dashed out. He wants to go home. Unfortunately it seems that you have to reserve train accommodations three years in advance. This does not faze the lad who sallies forth right boldly.. "Bring me back a malt, with an egg in it," says Ackerman. "I won't be back," says Willie.

Willie just came back.

No malt. Do you have to get reservations for them?

I've been noting the expressions of people who pass by the club window. They seem rather curious. One elderly woman went so far as to poke her bonnet past the door (A poke bonnet, no doubt) but Fran said: IA IA SHUB-NIGGURATH and Mel laughed a funny kind of bubbly chuckle and the woman went away. I believe she was screaming.

(That's mild, friend George. One evening a woman stuck her head in the door and asked if it was some kind of a church or a religious society. Forry bowed gravely and said: "Madam, this is the ONE TRACT MIND SOCIETY." Do you wonder why we are what we are?)

Willie has come back again.

Well, I intend to remain in L A for a day or three longer, or at least until I invent some method of smuggling out some of the Cartier originals displayed so prominently on fan walls here-about. Every Lafan



has a Cartier. Dammit! that Jergen's Lotion bottle is in the way again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Which ends George's contribution.

Don Bratton, grabbed by the navy on Tuesday, July 25th, wants all of us to write to him, but so far, has not written us. We hear, from the underground that he is at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Marie & Dave Elder have a boy, 8 pounds and 3½ oz., have named it David Hugh Elder, Jr.

V mail letter from Jack Speer, arrived August 11th, saying, "I hear that the LASFS will publish FANCYCLOPEDIA, which is where I rather expected it to end up." Coincident with the receipt of this note, the 1st page was run off. Everyone is contributing their time and energies and it is coming along swimmingly. Laney spread copious papers on top of Don Bratton's catalogue, set up his mimeo and went to work. The mimeo was so high that Laney hit himself under the chin with his knuckles as he turned the crank. Morajo, who was slipsheeting, stood on a huge pile of paper stock which grew so high that Laney had to build a staircase, for she couldn't have climbed it, otherwise. This 100 page project is available at a pre-publication price of \$1 (50¢ to NFFF members) from Forrest J Ackerman, Box 6476, Metro Station, Los Angeles 55, Cal. . . .

One evening I got out of a car with an armload of LASFS mags I was returning to the club, when a strange individual, who was standing on the sidewalk turning around and around in a queer fashion, came up to me and said, "Are you a fan?" I came right out and admitted it. I'm not ashamed of it, yet. "Well, I'm Harry Honig." he announced.

I was completely stunned. I let him into the clubroom and the clan began to gather and tear him apart with their so-called wits. We were even more impolite to him than usual. He had piles of wonderful books he had picked up for a song (They let him have them to get him to shut up) and clubmembers oozed envy.

His father came in with him, and seemed a nice individual. Harry was around for a couple of days. The last time I saw him, he announced that he was no longer an atheist, but an agnostic, and that he was off to Pershing Square to get into an argument with the first bum that would argue with him. He has not been seen or heard of since.

There has been desultory talk of organizing a safari, headed by that intrepid explorer, Jimmie Kepner, who is familiar with the wilds of the square, and going in search of him, but nothing has come of it, like most of the other things we talk about.

Random House is to publish a 50 story, nine hundred page anthology of science fiction, similar in format to the recent supernatural. The editors are N.F. McComas and Ray Healy, both of Santa Monica, and have called in Fran Laney for consultation.

That's all, except LA contributes to FAPA the FAN-DANGO #6, PANTY RAISER #1, MILTY'S MAG. and an unnamed mag by Fortier. Tentatively, an unnamed mag by Walt Daugherty and TOWARDS TOMORROW #3.

Directorial election coming up.

