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FAN SLANTS #3



Robertson

FAN SLANTS

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The editors of this magazine are responsible for material only if it is signed by them.

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AN OUTSIDER PUBLICATION

FROM THE EDITORS DESK.....

FIRST IN APOLOGY to all those who should have received fan slants # 2 and did not. Due to a number of things including long working hours, illness, and a general balling up of the mailing list, I realize there are some who did not receive the copies which they rightly deserved. Anyone who got so badly treated will be pacified if they will drop me one last line there are still plenty of copies available. ... and again my apologies to all.

REGARDING FUTURE ISSUES.... Fan Slants will now appear in FAPA inasmuch as nearly all my subscribers are FAPA members, and it would simplify matters. no end. Fan Slants will still be available to all outside of FAPA who request it providing that I know ahead of publication. Mike and I had said several times that we felt the quality of FAPA mailings should be improved and while Mike is no longer directly connected with the publication of FS, I still intend to keep up what I started. Of course there are always a number of worthwhile mags in FAPA but would still like to see the total mount.

FANDOM is a delightful hobby but outside of that it serves very little purpose. As long as it remains a hobby rather than an obsession or life's work, I believe that fandom definitely has something to offer. Sam Russell once made a rather disparaging remark about 'bright eyed thirteen year olds' in fandom. What he forgot to mention was the fact that a certain few fans seem to use it as a buffer between them selves and the possibility of getting anymore mature ---- at least mentally. This definitely does not represent a healthy state of being, and fandom can be thankful that this type of fan are definitely in the minority. For fandom would be of little value if at least the greater part of it did not reach an adult stage along with its more advanced members. There of course will always be new fans, that is the very life blood of any organization. They have to be matured, preferably by a more mature fan rather than some of our snobbish pseudo-sophisticates who unfortunately find their way into the top ten by means of hard work and then are content to ride on their reputations. All in all however progress should be toward the better and I am rather inclined to think that fandom is working along those lines in spite of the efforts of people like Degler and certain other unmentionables.

THE FANS ARE SLANTS idea has been pretty much aired by almost everyone that I have come in contact with and there is still very little doubt in my mind as to the definite conclusion that fans are not slants. They are only ordinary individuals, who find in one another a common bond that distinguishes them from other of Homo-Sapiens. The nature or value of this bond can be called either detrimental or definitely helpful. Fantasy is one of the finest forms of literature, and one of the most imaginative, reading it is one of those great experiences of which few of us ever tire. However to wrap oneself up in continual veil of fantasy had never come up for air is not nearly so good. Anyone in order to lead a normal life has to have more than one pursuit that partakes of their time and effort. If they don't have they become stale and very uninteresting, they are apt to find themselves living in a world of their own making....all by themselves.

Now would have to come the decision; which type of fan is the so-called slant? Obviously it could not be the completely juvenile escapist. Yet if the other type of more worldly slant tries to do anything out of the ordinary (from a fan viewpoint) he finds himself immediately ostracised by the more 'pure' members of the fan group. Such was the case in the Bixel St. row here

in dear old Shangri-La. In fact the row finally got down to purely personal issue.

To sum up the SLAN argument one might well say there are points on both sides of the argument. To the good; are the facts that, fans have an especial appreciation of all the finer things of life, literature, music,, art etc, they more readily accept advances of a scientific and social nature, they have a consistently broader viewpoint than the average and they are less prone to criticize than ordinary man.

On the other side remain several obvious facts which have been pointed out by a large number of fannios; namely, fans are eccentric, they are escapists, lazy, live in a world of dreams, they accomplish almost nothing in the way of anything, and last but not least they are definitely malajuste, mentally, morally, and socially. (to use Laney's famous remark, " In fandom, a pervert is a guy who goes out with women."O. Also the fact remains that the little slans are greatly intolerant of those whom they consider inferior to there own exalted personages. Give them one little defect in a fellow fan and watch them go to town buisily building up their own little egos by tearing someone else apart. (A recent example was Speers rather vicious remarks on the negro question in the last FAPA or the Kepnar incident , here.).

So sum it up for yourselves; are they or aren't they ----personally I am inclined to think not.

THE LAST TWO ISSUES OF FAN SLANTS HAVE FEATURED ARTICLES ON THE UTOPIA idea. And out of these articles has come a great deal of controversy. The arguments summed up seem to point to two things : one, that very few fans are satisfied with any one form of ism, and two if they were they would be too lazy to do anything about it.

Laney expressed the idea in his article that the whole thing was more or less useless because the average man would never have the intelligence to realize that in the long run he would benefit from certain forms of social betterment. In this I am very much inclined to agree with him, very few if any of the general public have a vision much beyond what affects them personally. This is also true of the so called ' Nationalists' that are prevalent in the press these days. Of course as Thompson reiterated they represent a highly reactionary school of thought but still the viewpoint is limited in its scope and vision. .

It is here that fandom and similat groups could make their great contribution to pulic thinking. Fans should have, almost as a matter of course, the type of mind that could visualize the world as a whole rather than in parts as most of our leaders are inclined to do. I am not implying in any sense of the word that fans have the "Deglerian equivalent of a 'Cosmic mind'" but rather that through their reading habits, familiarity with the culture of other countries, and knowledge in general, they are well equipped to thus so think. However like nearly all other intellectuals, or would be intellectuals there is little possibility that they would ever do anything along this line. They are more apt to just forget about the whole thing or give it up as hopeless. As Thompson claimed, if the intellectuals would put more effort along these constructive lines then many of the evils of the present day set up could be eliminated. However it would be their job to educate the masses in opposition to those persons now in controll of the educational system who are interested in maintaining a status quo as long as it is to those persons benefit. Thus fandom could become useful instead of the hodge-podge nothingless that it is now. But don't anyone hold their breath untill these things come to pass. It will never be. But after all its more fun this way --- or is it ?

THE ORIGIN OF FANDOM

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

It is constantly surprising to note that in spite of the vast amount of writing and talking done by science fiction fandom today, very little attention is actually paid to the background and history of the field. Notice was brought to my attention that the only attempt at historical research in fandom has been done by one who is admittedly not very familiar with the earliest phases of the field. I refer to Jack Speer's several efforts at fan history --- his data does not seem to extend much before 1936.

This article does not propose to be a carefully detailed piece of research. It is, rather, a general effort to depict the rise of fandom and covers the period which might be called prehistorical --- as well as the Year One of Fandom. That is from 1929 to 1936;

In his history, Jack Speer has detected what he terms several successive waves of fans, which he has termed, First, Second, and Third Fandoms, the present being the tail end of the Third Fandom period (recently Claude Peggler was called down for claiming that this was really the period of the rise of the Fourth Fandom. The caller-down denied this. However consideration of the claim seems to have increasing merit. But that is a different story.) Speer determines these periods through different phases of activity such as the changing national organizations and the leading club centers, the leading fan magazines and the leaders in fandom.

While I do not entirely accept Speer's version of fan history, for the sake of the story let us imagine that fandom does operate in recurring waves. In that case there is an entire fandom about which Jack Speer has not heard--- or else never recognized. This might be truly called the First Fandom and all the others shoved back accordingly. It covered a period from 1929 to 1933. 1933 to 1934 is what Jack Speer calls an 'interrognum' (a period between fandoms, a period lacking direction, order, and definite centralization. In 1934 arose the beginning of the type of fan we know and understand. For that reason one may call the fandom that went before --Pre- fandom.

These definitions are important, for what I wish to make clear is that despite much activity in that Pre- fandom period of dim legend, it did not actually merge into the First Fandom. It supplies mainly the fertile soil for that fandom to grow in. Out of that Pre-fandom also emerged many names which we connect today with either professional work or certain shadowy occasional fanness. Such names are; Ray Palmer, Julius Swartz, Mort Weisinger, Lester Anderson, Clifton Amsberry, P. Schuyler, Walter Dennis, Aubrey Mc Dermitt.

But what do I mean by fandom? Fandom is not just the readers of science fiction magazines. If that were so, there was a fandom in April of 1926. Manifestly, it means more than that. Fandom means the group of readers who maintain contacts with each other by means independent of the pro magazines and who seek to gravitate together on grounds of having certain interests in closer conjunction to each other than to the general public, which interests are also connected with science-fiction.

The 'means independent of the pro-magazines' is the all-important banding link. It may be a national fan club, it may be a local one, it may be through mutual of fan published, non professional fan magazines. Today, fandom is bound by all of these things, and each fan in many ways. Correspondence rings also play a strong part --- but such rings --- unless they develop into organizations --- cannot be easily traced, do not allow for much expansion, and can not honestly be called a binding link capable of self advancement.

Amazing stories back in the late twenties had a peculiar feature; it had a letter column which was used by readers writing in commenting on stories and get their letters published. Eventually, readers would start asking for correspondents. Correspondents on the subject of science. In those days everyone thought the only reason for science-fiction was to teach science in sugar coated pills. That was the famous Gernsback Delusion and while it lasted, true fandom could not emerge. A fan of those days first had to consider himself a science fan, secondly a science-fiction fan. It was something to apologize for.

By and by, the readers would write in suggesting the organization of a science correspondence club. The editors approved of the idea and every now and then through 1928, would publish letters suggesting the thing. Various plans for it were paraded out --- but oddly enough, nothing seemed to happen. Just talk.

It was not until November 1929 issue of Amazing stories that a letter appeared finally announcing the formation of the thing. The letter was by Leonard May and it stated that several months before the Science Correspondence Club had come into existence. It was then being organized and a club bulletin was in preparation. The organization of the club, which claimed thirty members, was credited to Aubrey Clements and Raymond A. Palmer.

In the January 1930 issue appeared further information by a letter from Walter Dennis. It stated that the club now had fifty members and that the organization was proceeding rapidly. The club was planning on dues of \$ 3.00 a year. (Remember this was pre-depression).

The science Correspondence Club grew rapidly. Fandom was already on its way. Its first bulletons caught fire among the dry tinder of readers and membership grew fast. I believe it reached the figures of almost two hundred before it started on the downgrade. But it remained, in theory, a club for the conduct of correspondence about science, and that was its blindness. Its bulletin had several names but finally settled down to the title of 'Cosmology'. Sixteen members in all appeared (if my memory does not fail me --it is the one major fanzine missing from my collection). Cosmology mainly devoted its pages to simplified science articles, science fiction always occupied a minor place among its pages. It would make exceedingly dull reading to fan today. Many fans would probably reject it as a fan magazine entirely.

Yet the group swept on. Raymond A. Palmer, Amsberry, Miller, Dennis, and Mac Dermott steered it along favorable channels until a man named F. B. Eason was elected president. Eason appears to have been a curious man, with a Napoleonic complex. Or perhaps a Hitler one. He succeeded in wrecking this club virtually single-handed.

Did Dave actually write this in 1948?
Investigate investigative style?

According to a little leaflet put out by Raymond PALMER in 1933 in a last effort to save the club, Eason misused his authority as president by attempting to dictate to the members. Which is to say that he ordered officers and members around by means of telegrams and letters instructing them to do this----that---and the other thing. He levied special dues for objects he alone wanted. He raised hob with the editors of the Cosmology and organized local clubs composed of stooges who overrode the wiser decisions of the founding members.

It should be added here that his installation appears to have been due to illness overcoming Palmer who had been President. Palmer worked so hard on the club that he suffered a nervous breakdown. It was during his enforced absence that Eason got his damage in.

When Palmer returned to activity he found the organization virtually pulverized. The International Scientific Association, which was the name adopted by the Science Correspondence Club in its second year, was reduced to nothing. Its publications had not appeared in many months, its members had mostly quit, refusing to have anything to do with President Eason, its funds were nil. Palmer, Ambory and Hag Donnett published one last issue of Cosmology in an effort to revive the club. It was dated just "1933", it contained a new constitution, and was entirely devoted to science material. Just to show the wide gap that still existed between the I.S.A. group and modern fandom, I will quote the purpose of the organization as given in its constitution in 1933:

"---to promote the advancement of scientific thought, to encourage discussion and exchange of new ideas, and to establish and maintain better coordination between the scientifically inclined layment of the world---".

Not a word about science-fiction!

But, independently of the I.S.A., science-fiction had acquired a consciously pro-fiction fandom of its own. It developed in New York in the form of a club called the Sciencers. It was organized in December 1929 by Nathan Greenfield. It consisted originally of four members, but rapidly grew to perhaps twenty or more. Allan Glasser became its foremost leader. Mortimer Weisinger, Julius Schwartz became other leaders. In July, 1930, it brought out its mimeographed club organ--"The Planet".

The Sciencers still proclaimed itself a science club, but its publication concerned itself mainly with science-fiction. Its meetings were likewise science-fiction meetings. The members were aware of the I.S.A., some of them were members, but their activities never were in support of that club, they were always somewhat independent and outside the I.S.A. movement.

Other local groups were developing, though none had such influence and they left virtually no mark at all on record. I have records of the junior Scientific Association whose base was mainly on the West Coast. Headed by Jim Nicholson, Forrest Ackerman and Stockton Shaw it also proclaimed its intent to create a liking for science among young men and women. But it proposed to do this by 'encouraging the reading of scientific fiction': Glory be! The idea was beginning to sink in!

While the I.S.A. was riding its way through the arid regions of science-hobbying, the Scienceers were learning their way around and beginning to think like fans. Their club was wobbly as an organization --- it had changed format several times and there had been treasury trouble among other things. The members though, had ideas and so in January 1932 there appeared the very first magazine that was a club organ of any sort, but was published to be a fan magazine for science fiction enthusiasts. It was 'The Time Traveler', edited by Allen Glasser, assisted by Julius Swartz, Mort Weisinger and Forrest Ackerman.

The Time Traveler gathered speed and popularity and with its third issue became printed. It rapidly picked up followers and would-be fan writers, and gradually drew into its course the attention of the more interested science-fiction readers.

In the summer of 1932, the crisis came that split the scienceers and ended the 'Time Traveler'. Allen Glasser and Julius Swartz had a falling out. Glasser, after a brief fight, was forced out of fandom. Swartz, Weisinger, and joined by Ray Palmer started a successor to the Time Traveler called 'Science Fiction Digest.'

1933 found Science Fiction Digest growing in strength and fandom still in the days just prior to any real fan organization. For the first I.S.A. was cold and dead. Glasser tried to found a group called the 'Fantasy Fan Fraternity' which joined him in oblivion.

But the same stirrings that moved through Amazing Stories brought forth a new growth in the same way that the first Science Correspondence Club had come out of the dark. In September 1932, three fans who had come to correspond through the pages of Amazing Stories' letter columns formed a club. It was called the 'Edison Science Correspondence Club'. The members were --- E.C. Lovo, Carl Johnson, and Walter Kubilius. None of them knew anything about the I.S.A., the Scienceers or the Time Travelers.

The new club dawdled on, always small, always limited, receiving little publicity. The name changed to then 'Cosmos Science Club', published an organ called 'The Radiogram', later -- one called the 'Edigram'. But it was a point of interest that science fiction was never subdued in their pages as in 'Cosmology'. By October 1933 the club began to build itself up. John Michel, a new member, and Edward Gervais reorganized the group and called it 'The International Cosmos Science Club', and started on an organizational drive. By that time all the other organizations in fandom were non-existent. Besides there was only the Science Fiction Digest.

In May 1934 another tiny group made its appearance. Wilson Shepard of Alabama and Donald A. Wohlheim began to push a little hextographed journal called 'The Bulletin Of The International Science Fiction Guild'. This early fan magazine still exists having passed through several metamorphoses, and today is known as the Phantograph --- a name it took in 1936. It is the oldest existing fan mag. The Guild was originally a local group of three or four around Shepard's vicinity, but it acquired a few members during 1934. Wohlheim, rapidly assuming a position second to Shepard's, was authorized to contact the International Cosmos Science Club, which had headquarters in New York also, according to their letters in Amazing Stories.

'By November 1934, I had visited and joined the New York Branch of the ICSC, meeting there John Michel, William Sykora, and Herbert Goudket (a fan active in that group untill its dissoloution).

In September 1934, under Michel's editorship, the I.C.S.C. had published the first number of its official organ, The Interational Observer. It followed the pattern of Cosmology rather than that of The Science Fiction Digest. It was mainly science Articles, and only during the next two years did science fiction gradually edge out the other material.

Now I pause to point out here that the real activity of the First Fandom is to be found here in 1934. For we were not aware of any influence from the I.S.A.'s former members. The Science Fiction Digest, which changed its name to Fantasy Magazine, was followed by us, but not greeted too enthusiastically. We had at the beggining inly sparse contact with its editors and by the end of the year were fuoding with them. A fuod which lasted untill the Second Eastern Science Fiction Convention of 1937.

The fuod developod through three reasons --- one, though none of us had been associated with the Scienccers, Sykora and Goudket had been friends with the Glassor faction and they felt that Swartz had acted unfairly, ('time' has caused me to think that any justice was entirely on Swartzes side), tow, Swartz or his magazine refused to join or approve of the ICSC and acted indiff-erent to the interest of the creation of a stf organization, three Swartz was on the side of Gersback's Wonder Stories.

The last reference refers to a point which was the cause of a point celebre of the First Fandom. Gernsback, at that time, was engaged in shady deals about the stories which he published in Wonder Stories. For the most part, he preferred not to pay his writers and there were constant lawsuits and bickering. The ICSC and Shepherd's ISFG wished to publicize this state of affairs. Swartz opposed it, and his magazine was one of influence.

Fantasy Magazine still held the attention of most of the 'fans' of the period and the debris of the ISA. Following the line of Fantasy Magazine, they were reluctant to support any new group, including the ICSC. Thus it was rapidly becoming necessary to oppose Fantasy Magazine in an effort to push what had become the only real national fan society ahead (the ISFG was destined to remain a small body numerically and to vanish in 1935). Yet remeber that the ICSC still maintained that it was a science club first, a science - fiction club second.

In January 1935, Sykora replacod Gervais as prosident and Michel remained secretary of the ICSC. The club had perhaps twenty members. And it was now to face the greatest battle of the first days of fandom -- a battle which if it had lost might have set the progress of fandom back several years. Wonderr Stories announced the Science Fiction league.

The Science Fiction League, at its beggining, was bu no meand the morbind, cupon clipping club that it is today. Headed in actuality by a young fan, Charles D. Hornig, and backed by the wide-open publicity and experience of Hugo Gernsback (who had founded many a sucessfull magazine club), the initial campaign had plenty of vigor and ideas. The S.F.L. offered to help form clubs, to make contacts for would be club directorá, and to used its magazine influence for all sorts of efforts. The idea, of course, was to build up Wonder Stoios,

through the subterfuge of building up science fiction fandom.

Now why should the ICSC have opposed this? Why should the defeat of this program have been essential? The reason lies in certain other aims of Gernsback's.

At that time Hugo Gernsback was accorded as one of the least reliable publishers in the business. Which is to say that he'd much rather not pay for a story than to do so. Many young writers were being rooked right and left for tales. This was dishonest. It was clearly the duty of those independent fans, in the know to put a stop to this -- for it was definitely blackening the name of science fiction throughout the professional world (a fact I confirmed many times in my professional career since then -- up to the last few years, atf writer were regarded by most professionals as amateurish idiots --- not for their type of writing but for their commercial guilability.

When Shepherd and myself made an effort to publish news items in regards to this thing, we immediately encountered the hostility of the head of the SFL, Gernsback's paid employee Hornig, and the hostility of the Fantasy Magazine crowd too. The ICSC, however, was on our side.

But there is a greater point than this. From the beginning, the SFL was forced to act as an agency opposing the expression of real opinion by fans, if that opinion should prove detrimental to the best interests of the sponsoring publisher. It was their attitude that the world of fandom should be reduced to a servile clique of believing juveniles. Applause, not criticism was desired.

And if fandom had gone into this trap, established a precedent, there at the beginning for servility, it would have marked the end of all that was intellectual, intelligent, creative, or self-sustaining. This the ICSC saw and for this reason the ICSC set itself to fight the SFL along all lines.

We started a publicity campaign early in 1935 to bring out the facts about Gernsback's non-payment schemes. This fight succeeded. It may have taken another two years to bring about the inevitable, but it is judged to be the factor which started Gernsback on the road to quitting his science-fiction publisher, turning his magazine over to an honest publisher, not interested in controlling fandom for his own ends, Standard Magazines. For this campaign brought about the continuous and self-accelerating collection of payment from Gernsback which led him to decide that the matter was not so profitable. Or so I have been told.

But the ICSC fought the SFL in its clubs too, and always won. Presentation of the truth could not lose. The history of 1935 and 1936 was marked by that fight, in which the ICSC alone placed its cause to fandom, now mainly organized in the rash of Hornig-controlled SFL chapters throughout the nation. One after another these chapters either changed their name or fell apart or changed their structure to independents.

Meanwhile, outside of that, the ICSC achieved in 1935 the first and last actual worldly accomplishment of a science-fiction club. That was the first American rocket mail flight. Two mail carrying rockets built and shot off by the New York ICSC made national news and established a place in Rocket-mail history as the first in North America. Some of the rocket stamps printed by the ICSC for this flight were quoted at \$50 each only a few years later.

In 1936, also, the ICSC changed its name to the International Scientific Association (with permission of that group's last identifiable member, Ray Palmer; took for its own, by permission, the scientific emblem originated by Amazing Stories (see Sept 1928 issue); grew larger and became the most influential of independent clubs.

But, by this time, fandom had definitely emerged in shape. New clubs and new fan mags were booming everywhere. The SFL leaders, shattered out of their Wonder Stories worshipping, were starting to act independently. Fandom in 1936 would appear almost familiar to the fan of today.

The first fan convention occurred in October of 1936 when the NYBISA at my suggestion visited the Philadelphia Club and convened with it. From that time on conventions became the accepted thing.

But to sum it up;

1. The first ISA never originated the fandom of today because it could not understand its role as a true science fiction club. Its members merely learned to know each other --- most of them to have acquired a certain callousness to fan idealism through it. At least, so it seemed to me through what contact I have had with them.
2. The New York Scienceurs were the first local group to actually function as a sf club.
3. Its members published the first real fan magazine --- The Time Traveller.
4. With the death of the first ISA, fandom went through death - and - rebirth, emerging from the cocoon in the first modern fan organization The International Cosmos Science Club.
5. By the defeat of the SFL, this group molded the present shape of fandom.

.....THE END.....

FRAGMENT

by James Kepner.

A bit of chiseled marble, white and cold,
A solitary fragment, ages old,
Lay by a stream, on a wind-blasted plain.
I searched for other relics 'round -- in vain.
No other sign remained of what had been:
This one lone clue to some lost race of men.
Perhaps, there stood a city where some bold
And mighty conqueror went forth to mold
The world to suit his whim; and then again
It may have been an altar -- on in slain
A thousand human sacrifices when
Men bowed in fear before some god of tin.
Little the sculptor thought his work would last
When all else of his gloried race had passed.

FRAN SLANTS

Francis J. Loney

THIS COLUMN IS THE SUCCESSOR to the rather stupidly titled Fran Fout in the previous issue. I would greatly appreciate it if all readers of Fan Slants would in some manner signify their opinion of this type of column. Mel has given me a completely free hand; I am writing directly upon the stencil, guided only by rather rough notes, and Mel not only will not read this until it has been run off in his magazine, but he does not even know what I am going to say. Thus I have a completely free hand, and Mel is not to be considered responsible for anything that I may say.

---ooOoo---

FRANKIE ROBINSON SMASHED another of my treasured illusions during his Los Angeles visit. I had always been under the impression that the reason certain of the more fanatic of us spent so many hours in dusty book stalls and magazine stores was that we wished to read the swag from these junkets. Young Robinson seems quite proud of the fact that he collects somewhat in the manner of a weirdly eye-browed pack rat dragging precious bits of dime store jewelry to his nest, and makes no bones of the fact that he does not read his magazines. Upon making inquiry among local collectors, I was amazed to find that few of them read the stuff. Under such a regimen, it is difficult for me to see the point in collecting at all. While of course it is quite true that many, if not most, pulp stories are scarcely worthy of an extended perusal, I should think that it would necessitate quite an elaborate bit of mental gymnastics to term a mere accumulator a fan.

---ooOoo---

MOST FANZINE READERS believe that Don Wollheim (with nearly a decade of Phantagraph) and Harry Warner (with four years of Spaceways) are the all-time stalwarts of amateur publishing. There is, however, an old gentleman in Haverhill, Massachusetts who makes Wollheim and Warner look like beginners. This man, C. W. "Tryout" Smith, has been publishing amateur magazines for no less than 73 years! Though he was 91 years old last October, he is still quite active, as evidenced by the current number of The Tryout, which came off the press in June 1943, and which is the 369th amateur magazine he has published... In 1872, Tryout published eight different issues of three different magazines, then quit for sixteen years. In 1888, he started The Monthly Visitor, and published 115 consecutive monthly issues before its suspension in 1899. Retiring from business in 1903, he spent eleven years casting about for something to occupy his time; and finally, after having in the meantime published several pamphlets, decided in 1914 to "try out" another amateur magazine. Evidently Mr. Smith is still "Trying-Out", as his latest issue is whole number 245!... Tryout's publishing efforts have circulated almost exclusively to members of NAPA, and have generally been of a non-fantastic nature. However, Smith was an intimate friend and associate of H. P. Lovecraft for many

years--in fact, it was Lovecraft who gave him his nickname--and was the original publisher of a great many of HPL's writings, including such classics as The Terrible Old Man, The Cats of Ulthar, and The Lurking Fear.... Tryout has always done all the work on his various magazines: selecting and editing the material, setting the type by hand, printing it on his own press, and addressing and mailing out the issues. Though he is an expert printer, this has always been nothing more than a hobby with him, and he has never followed the printer's trade (his vocation was the management of a box factory).... C. W. Smith's long career is certainly an inspiration to any amateur publisher, and a challenge to the fanzine field. I salute you, Tryout.

---ooOoo---

A NEW TREND IN THE FANZINE FIELD is the increasing number of subscription papers which are curtailing their circulation and becoming FAPAazines only, with perhaps a slight outside circulation. Farsaci's Golden Atom and Widner's Fanfare have already appeared as FAPAazines; and now Mel Brown, Jimmy Kepner, Frank Wilimczyk, and possibly Phil Bronson plan to circulate their subscription 'zines in FAPA. As publisher of the elaborate Acolyte, I can of course sympathise with editors who find the crank-turning on large editions beyond their time and inclination; but on the other hand, as a fan with the long-term good of our hobby at heart, I cannot but question the wisdom of this fast-growing policy of recession. While there is not one of us who would not prefer having Fan Slants as a FAPAazine instead of losing it altogether, it is certain that fandom will probably wither and die unless new blood can be added. How a fanzine that circulates only to the rather elite group of FAPAns and other top fans can do anything towards developing the newer recruits into worthwhile fans is beyond me. While of course there will probably always be subscription fanzines of one sort or another--witness the amazing number of titles boasted by the Vulcan group headed by Lionel Innman--a few at least of the older and more mature publishers are going to have to attempt to reach the entire field if they expect to have any influence on it, or even if they expect to remain in the top ten.

---ooOoo---

THE HORRORS OF COMPOSING directly on the stencil can be beautifully exemplified by my failing to list Crutch's Light and Watson's Sappho as former subscription 'zines which have become FAPAazines only. Stupid of me, wasn't it?

---ooOoo---

BOOB TUCKER'S IMMORTAL CONTRIBUTION to fandom's vocabulary is spreading amazingly. I presume most fans know, theoretically at least, what is meant by the term "rose-bud", but it may not be so generally realised that this word is gathering momentum in the outside world as well. I have been told on very good authority that this phrase is virtually standard usage now in at least two army camps, and know that it is gaining ground in several local defense plants. Certainly the term fills a crying need; it is just the happy medium between awkward medical phraseology and the obscene argot of the gutter--it would not surprise me in the least to find it used universally a decade from now. How delightfully ironic it would be, if, after all our high-minded and endless discussions on the future of the world, this term "rose-bud" should be fandom's only contribution to world culture!

---ooOoo---

KICK DEGLER OUT OF FAPA, says the FTLaniac for the umpteenth time.

WEIRD MUSIC

By Duane W. Rimel & Emil Petaja.

Reprinted from Fantasy Magazine.

Since the dawn of civilization and probably long before, the soul of man has thrilled and trembled to one kind of strange music or another. The savage voodoo drums of Africa; the harsh strains of Oriental rhythms; the tango of South America; the classics and even modern jazz --- are filled in varying degrees with unmistakable weirdness. There is something about a melody or a succession of harmonic changes portraying intense fear, sorrow, remorse, or other gloomy moods of human nature that is easily recognizable yet quite undefinable. They awake queer thoughts and emotions which no mere language or tongue can interpret.

One of these most famous fantastic compositions is Dance Macabre, the ghastly dance of death by Saint-Saens. Music such as Rimsky-Korsakov's Scherzadade Suite which is filled with the glamor and exotic charms of Arabian Nights and his fairy tale operas are replete with fantastic atmosphere. The Gounod Faust Ballet music conjures up a strange scene in a dark castle high in the mountains of Germany on Walpurgis night. Mephistopheles causes all the dead beauties --- Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, etc --- to appear and dance before Faust who may take his choice from among them. Such music evokes a weird and wonderful panorama. Edward Grieg's PEER GYNT SUITE is a masterpiece of fanciful, sensuous and sinister rhythm patterns. Tchaikovsky is the god of sad and somber themes, often heart-tendering in their pathos --- sometimes swelling up an intense orchestral sob. --- sometimes low and passionate in exquisite depth of sorrow; while Rachmaninoff's compositions like Tale Of The Dead, are spine-chilling in their vividness. There are countless other weird compositions in the classics even such contemporary works as Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, and Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite possess more than a touch of fancy and it would take many volumes to cover and adequately describe all the music of this type.

In literature we find that many pieces have been inspired or written about weird music. Poe's great poem the Bells catches some of the elusive charm that only eerie sounds can evoke. Some of the best stories in Weird Tales have dealt with the subject. "The Music of Eric Zann", by H.P. Lovecraft, ably portrays the wild suggestive notes of the bass viol. "Bells of The Oceans", by Arthur J. Burks brings to its readers the sense of unknown horror inspired by unearthly music. The rites of Pan are climaxed to the accompaniment of weird piping strains, and we have all read stories in which the pipes of Pan are heard, reminding one of the drowsy Aeolian measures of Debussy's, "Afternoon Of A Faun". Much weird verse is closely akin to music of the same nature --- and the two are very often combined with very excellent results. As an example, two of H.P. Lovecraft's verses, "Fungi From Yuggoth", were set to music a young Los Angeles composer, Harold S. Farnesse. Readers of Weird Tales will remember "Sable Reverie" by Robert Nelson, for which music has been written.

Certainly when the great masters like Richard Wagner, Felix Mendelssohn, and Jan Sibelius and others have expressed themselves through the medium of weird harmonic music, it is at once raised to immortal levels.

fan fout #3

BLOWUPS

OR

HAPPEN

SIX MONTHS

IN

SHANGRI-LA

James Kepner

PART 1

It seems that the impression has been recently leaking out to the rest of fandom that all is not well in Shangri-La. Or do I express myself too mildly? At any rate, I doubt if more than a half a dozen fans outside of this locale have a clear cut impression of what is really going on.

Therefore this attempts to present an unbiased account of the whole proceedings. I hope the reader will realize, of course, that the rapid succession of complicated events, sometimes poorly held in memory, and incompletely recorded, as well as the laws concerned with libel, place certain limits on any such article as this.

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, one of the country's leading fan clubs, had after eight years, come to adopt the nickname and much of the reputation of James Hilton's famed haven in the Himalayas. However, as in most organizations, there have always been outbursts of political wrangling, as well as minor personal feuds. Due to the more or less unanimous desire to preserve the good name of the club, accounts of these former animosities have seldom leaked out to the rest of fandom. The club seemed to be known as a place of peace, and from all corners of fandom were coming rumors of fans planning to move to Shangri-La.

Last August, I arrived on the scene, fresh from the more peaceful confines of the now-defunct Golden Gate Fantasy Society (GGFS). I trust that it was through no fault of my own that at the meeting preceeding the first one I attended, was to be the last peaceful meeting of the club for many months. My first meeting saw the club take action to force a delinquent attendant to conform to the club's membership requirements or betake her presence elsewhere. At the next meeting, with thirty-three persons present, the club lost much face as the delinquent's irate spouse had a letter of protest and resignation read before the club. At the same meeting, a visitor was somewhat curtly introduced as Claude Degler, an Indiana fan, making a goodwill tour of fandom.

Degler had supposedly planned to stay only a few days, but he kept postponing the date of his departure. He immediately began attempts to enlist local fans in the support of the COSMIC CIRCLE, a fan organization claimed to have already successfully united Easter, Southor, and Midwestern fandom, after the National Fantasy Fan Federation had supposedly expired. It was not long before his much discussed Cosmic Circle publications began to roll forth

in a steady stream from the LASFS mimeograph. Nor was it much longer before serious protests began. Bruce Yerke's open letter to fandom, challenging some of the statements in the Cosmic Circle publications, started the ball rolling. Dogler's manner of response to this and other "unwarranted" attacks, as he termed them; even eventually alienated those like Mel Brown, Mike Fern, and myself, who, at first, had supported him. So there was no longer any question of whether or not to support the Cosmic Circle. It was merely whether Claude had merited excommunication from the club. After a period of long and heated debates, there came a somewhat general agreement on this question, and the problem narrowed down to one of procedures. The club possessed a constitution of approximately seven pages, however there was no procedure for getting rid of unwanted members.

Paul Frochafer was director of the club at this time, and Bruce Yerke, secretary. Except on Thursday nights, when the clubroom was governed by the regular officers of the club; the clubroom was governed by the Rent Payers Committee, made up of all members who had pledged a dollar or more a month toward the support of the clubroom. One memorable evening in late October, a group of "vigilantes", fifteen strong, led by Yerke, Fern, and Bronson, acted through provisions set up by the Rent Payers committee, and overriding the votes of Ackerman, Morojo, and Joquel (who felt such extreme measures unnecessary) (Morojo was ready to accept \$10 from Dogler for a life membership in the club, the amount having been "set" previously in the case of John Cunningham), excluded Dogler from the committee, and forbade him the further use of the clubroom on any nights except the official meeting night, Thursday. Efforts made by Frochafer, Daugherty, and myself to affect a compromise were unsuccessful, as neither Claude nor his opponents would back down.

Somewhat disappointed, but not in the least discouraged, Claude left Los Angeles with promise of a victorious return at a later date. As I was planning to go to Frisco at the time -- we made the trip together -- and spent most of the two days in a heated argument. From there he went to Battle Creek, for his second "exclusion" and I returned to Los Angeles.

The director appointed a constitutional committee, made up of Morojo, Daugherty, Yerke and Bronson, to draft a new document which would provide, among other things, for the exclusion of undesirables. The committee's first meeting was a stormy session that almost resulted in certain resignations from the club. The new constitution was completed and ratified without further protests.

Paul Frochafer, being of pacific nature, tired of the seven months of wrangling and so on the twenty eighth of October tendered his resignation as director, to become effective two weeks hence. He recommended me to fill the unused portion of his term. Walt Daugherty also informally announced his candidacy (as he does every election..the od.), but later withdrew for lack of support. On the eleventh of November, I was elected director by a majority of ten to five over Arden Benson who was nominated in jest.

During the time which intervened between Paul's resignation and my election Francis Lancy arrived in Los Angeles. As had been expected he immediately became one of the central figures in the group -- but perhaps we had expected a different type of person. It seems that most of us had imagined the publisher of the ACOLYTE to be somewhat of a recluse, with a prudish bent. For the period of my directorship, Lancy did little to upset the illusions,

as he plunged wholeheartedly into fan activity, and spent almost all of his time at the club. He had been almost completely isolated from the rest of fandom, and he revelled in the companionship of Shangri-La.

A few days after my election, Bronson resigned from the club and later Yerke resigned from active membership, and from the office of secretary, retaining however, the title of Honorary Secretary for Life, which had been bestowed on him about a year before. Both of them protested against the muddled affairs of the organization, and the futility of continuing with it further. For obvious reasons, resignations followed from Barry Bronson, "Buns" Benson, and Eddie Chamberlain, although to my knowledge, no written resignation was ever received from the latter.

And then, we in the LASFS began to hear rumors of a rival organization.

Part 2

There was considerable consternation within the club over the general acid tenor of the resignations; however, the club was passing into a period of prosperity. While I was Director, somewhat of a precedent was broken by having planned programs, such as speakers or open forums, for every meeting. There had been a scarcity of anything save business at the meetings since Daugherty had been director a few years before.

Finally the rumors of the other fan group in L.A. materialized, and we heard that Yerke, Bronson, Benson, and Chamberlain had organized "The Knaves", an informal and somewhat sophisticated group which also counted Sam Russell, Frechafer, and Morris Dollons as fellow-travelers. In answer to our frantic questionings, Sam and Paul both denied that they were actually "members" of the new group, and affirmed their allegiance to the club. However, their chief circle of friends was in the Knaves, so that they were rightly termed "fellow-travelers." Dollons later claimed that he had had no connection with the group, as a fan organization.

Late in December, the first issue of their magazine appeared. THE KNAVE. It contained a lead article "exposing" the political situation in the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, a satire on the pacifism rampant in the mythical land of Aethormontia, and minor quips aimed at Daugherty, Degler and new fan publishers.

The club's "righteous indignations" knew no bounds. The "harmless" satire had found too many sore spots.

The end of the year closed my term as Director, while Lancy's star was rising, among his supporters being such as Daugherty, Form and newcomers Alva Rogers and Jules Lancy. My own chief supporters were Brown, Ackerman and Morajo. The week before the election, I announced that I was declining the re-nomination in Lancy's favor; however, due to Morajo's insistence, I presented the matter the last minute and the vote was tied three times, and then, after Jules Ackerman called for changed our votes, Lancy was elected Director for the next year. I was appointed Secretary.

When Pogo returned to town about this time, Perry opposed her re-admission into the club, but after considerable prodding from Morajo, Daugherty, Lancy and myself, he relented and "made up" with her.

Laney at this time was on the verge of a feud with Phil Bronson, as he had taken considerable offence at Bronson's disparaging remarks in the Knaves about the sloppy output of some of the newer fan editors.

After Fran's election, the club massed its energies to publish an issue of Shangri-La-Affairs to answer the Knaves. He wrote a racing satire entitled, "Knaves is a Louse", and Laney, taking over the editorship, inserted various editorial comments pointed in the Knaves direction, also an article slyly suggesting, that if the Knaves were big enough for it, they could become sort of an alumni association for disgruntled fans. However, things didn't go as smoothly as was expected, for on the evening when the magazine was to be published, Fran and others made several trips to Pogo's room next door for drinks. While this in any outstanding way hinder the publication, and in spite of the fact that Fran did more work than anyone else, several of the club members objected on the grounds that it disrupted work, and was somewhat of a bad example for the director to set. At any rate it resulted in considerable antagonism between Laney on one hand and Ackerman, Daugherty, Brown, Fern and Joquel on the other. Meanwhile the Knaves objected to certain libelous statements in Affairs and the whole issue was finally shelved rather than redo the parts that were objectionable.

As to the Knaves, themselves; they were not an organized group, but merely a clique of congenial spirits, with a common interest in fandom, music, literature and the fine art of getting the most out of life. However, their sophisticated "attacks" on the sanctity of Shangri-La made their name anthems to most of the members of the LASFS.

About this time Ackerman recalled that Bruce Yorke had never been "officially" made an honorary member of the club. Due to some misunderstanding, it seems that the title of Honorary Secretary had been interpreted as including Honorary Membership. Among the privileges of the latter was the exemption from paying dues. Ackerman and Daugherty protested that since Bruce had insulted the club in his resignation from active membership and in the Knaves, and had not paid any dues in several months, his membership should be dropped immediately. (This was as nice a piece of lowdown and underhanded tactics as I have ever witnessed. There never was any proof one way or the other. All conclusions were based on Walt and Morajo's conveniently forgetful memories.....the editor). Finally Laney, as director, with a fine bit of constitutional interpretation, and I was instructed to inform Bruce that while he might retain the title of Honorary Secretary, Honorary membership was not included and that if he wished to remain a member he would have to start paying dues although all past dues would be forgiven. A few days later, I delivered the letter by hand to Bruce and in a few moments received a vitriolic resignation from the club. Bruce compared the club's action to that taken by the Catholic Church against Martin Luther, one of its monks.

One evening, after the meeting, Pogo, Laney, and I consumed a quart of rum and several wee-morning hours in the clubroom. There were violent repercussions the next day, as it seems certain papers belonging to Walt Daugherty had been misplaced. After that, Pogo often invited Alva Rogers, Jules Lazar, and Laney over to her apt for drinks. This caused serious dissention in the club. However, the guilty ones felt that such goings-on were their own business.

Aside from the feuds, it had been almost a common practice for various

fans to stay up all night in the clubroom publishing or bull-sessioning. Dal Coger was the center of many of these all night sessions, as he used to get into town almost every week end. While Degler had been around, he had done much of his publishing in the wee hours of the morning. And often, Mal Brown, Mike Fern, or I had stayed up also. Quire a few nights Mike had spent hours at his short wave radio set, which, among other of Mike's paraphernalia was scattered about the corners of the clubroom.

With Laney's arrival, the sire of the midnight conventions moved to his room at the Lee Hotel. There were always five or six; Laney as host and Dal Coger, Paul Freehafer, Bob Hoffman, Andy Anderson, Alva Rogers, Landis Eversen, and myself present. If my memory serves me (heaven help this article if it doesn't) there was no drinking at any of these Leecons.

Then came the split between Forrey and Morojo. These two had been in close partnership for several years when suddenly Morojo rebelled at Forrey's alleged domination. For a week it looked as if these two would go separate ways, when as suddenly as they split they were reunited. And Forrey sent out another announcement contradicting the previous one announcing they had split. It was mentioned that Pogo had also, been take back into the peaceful fold.

A few nights later, word reached Pogo's ears that Walt has taken her name in cain and somewhat insultingly. She resigned from the club but was persuaded to rejoin almost immediately.

Part Three

From this point on there was an open fued between Laney and Daugherty, with various and sundry other fans swimming back and forth. On several occasions during this period, Forrey stated that he was strongly opposed to any drinking or smoking. He felt that fans should be completely above such habits. Moreover, Forrey was of the opinion that fandom was of such great importance, that time spent in other activities, especially drinking or dancing were utterly wasted. With Walt the chief objection was to drinking in the clubroom, because of the damage that there might be done to the club's property or reputation, as well as the release of certain ungentlemanly habits within the hallowed walls. Fran felt that most of the other fans tended to draw too much into fan activity and thus become warped. He felt that a fair medium of sex, together with such things as drinking, dancing, and music were desireable for a normal, well-balanced life, and that it was thru normal existence that one gets the most out of life. In all fairness to Walt, let me say that he was not opposed to any of these features of life as long as they were not brought into the club. Fran maintained that such objections to his social life were plainly "butting in to his own buisness".

One night, at the club, Wakt called Fran down in a rather untactful manner, for gently admonishing the mimeograph with words of an Anglo-Saxon and nautical nature. I put my bit in by disputing the necessity of adhering to the Mrs Grundy rules of conduct in the prescencé of a lady. Morojo had often said that she wished to be considered one of us, and not some tin'god on a pedestal. If felt that if the expression were permissable at all, it was permissable in mixed company. After a few moments, Morojo intervened and pacified both parties.

One Monday afternoon in Febuary, Walt startled the members by proposing that

the club room be abandoned. Said he, "Before we had a clubroom, everyone looked forward to the Thursday night meetings at Clifton's. However, this place has degenerated into a mere flophouse, we see too much of each other, we are no longer interested in the club. Letting the clubroom go for awhile may be the solution to all our troubles". For about an hour it looked as though it might be done, until the majority suddenly awoke from their dumb-foundedness and promptly killed the idea.

Things took an unexpected turn the following Thursday, Feb. 3 as the feud was drawn suddenly to a head. Laney called a meeting of the Executive Committee at Pogo's apt. before the meeting, where a petition was discussed which proposed to cancel Ackerman's honorary membership. The purpose of this was not really to spite Forry, but rather to "wake him up". It was felt that a shock of this type would cause Forry to mend his ways. Present were, Laney, Pogo, Brown, Fern, Bronson and myself. Laney, Brown, Morojo and I made up the committee. I had jokingly had claim to two votes, as I filled both the positions of Librarian and Secretary, there being no one else in the club who was willing to take the former job. But Fran had expected that I would back him in this, as I had in other things during his term. At any rate, I refused to support the move, and Mike Fern, (who together with Mel Brown had suddenly shifted away from the opposition and lent their support to Fran.) was appointed Librarian, for gerrymandering purposes. As the petition then had a majority vote from the Executive Committee, we adjourned to the club room, and to the meeting. Bronson rejoined the club - gerrymandering again. Fran called the meeting to order, and after various bits of trivia, Pogo nudged him and suggested that he drop the idea. He called a recess from the meeting while the committee, adjourning to Morojo's room, convinced Fran that the move would not be likely to have the result which was its stated aim. Fran remained adamant, however, the majority decided to shelve the petition, "putting Forry on probation." Daugherty was not present that night, and when we returned to the clubroom, Laney was heard to make some remark to the effect that the club was not large for both himself and Walt, therefore - - -

Hearing about the proceedings of the evening, Daugherty challenged Laney the next evening in the clubroom. A long and heated argument ensued, as fifteen, approximately, fans gathered gradually, and seated themselves meekly about the room. With only occasional words from Mike Fern or others. Walt and Fern did the talking. The rest formed one of the most attentive audiences I have ever seen in fandom.

Laney claimed that Walt was, and had always been, a detriment to the LASFS. Daugherty required specific points, and Fran countered that Walt was always bringing up high and mighty projects, none of which he ever carried out. Walt claimed that while he had ~~proposed~~ a few plans that he had been unable to carry out, there had been perfectly valid reasons for each failure. He further claimed that he had originated a large percentage of the projects which the club had carried to successful completion. They continued, with charge and countercharge, neither gaining nor admitting any outstanding points, and both appearing to be "on the verge" of physical violence. Each made it fairly clear that he no longer cared for the other's continued presence in the club. And each insisted that he would not quit.

The next day, Walt handed a resignation to Morojo, and removed all his belongings from the clubroom. He gave various bits of fanzines to Ackerman, sold his originals and gave the material for his later proposal to Mel, and stated that he intended to withdraw from all local fan activity, except in so far as his office in the N.F.F.F. should require. Morojo refused to recognize his resignation, and, although he claimed that he would

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submit another letter to someone who would be more likely not to ignore it, he never did.

As the Executive Committee was no longer of one mind, I resigned my Secretaryship at the next meeting, February 10, 1944. Fran and his "echoes" submitted a petition to make Bruce an Honorary Member of the club. Ballots were hurriedly passed out and collected, with a return of nine to six, barely giving the motion the required majority. Fran, however, protested that he had not yet officially called for the vote, and insisted that it should be taken over. Ackorman arose and declared that should T. Bruce Yorke become an Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, he would thenceforth consider the title to be stripped of all honor. When the vote was recalled, the ballots tied, and the motion failed.

In anger, Laney pulled out a bitingly satiric letter which he had written somewhat earlier, and read it to the club. This resigning from the office of Director. In the letter, he made picturesque comparisons of the club to some sort of "holier-than-thou" convent, and insisted that he had no such "nunnish bent". One portion of the letter he was loathe to read, until prompted. Some such remark as: "Now that I, it has been demonstrated, have control of the club - - - ." Mel Brown, having been appointed Secretary only a few minutes before, found himself suddenly promoted to temporary Directorship.

Previous to the meeting of the twenty-fourth of February, Fran, Phil, Mel, Mike and I had jokingly discussed plans to bring up various frivolous motions, to the embarrassment of the club. However, just before the meeting, word was received that Mr. & Mrs. Glove Cartmill and Matthew Huxley were planning to be at the meeting. Immediately Mike and I attempted to soothe things over, but to no avail.

First was read a short note in which I resigned from Active Membership, and, incidentally, dropped the title "Jiko". This was followed by an unexpected letter from Mel Brown, and a joint letter from Laney, Fern, Pogo, Lazar and Bronson, in which these all resigned with the most appropriate adjectives. However, these resignations were postdated two weeks, with the specification that the seceders should remain as members in good standing during the interim. There was a heated debate concerning the privileges which should be allowed the rebels. All this resulted in mere stalemate as nearly every vote resulted in a tie. It was decided finally that they would be allowed to continue as they were during the two weeks.

Then came the election of a director. Laney astounded the group by nominating Daugherty, and then he, himself, was nominated. Bronson, as seems to be his habit, attempted to nominate everyone on the floor. Laney, still presiding over the club, called for the ballot. Another tie between Fran and Walt.

I ended this by reminding the club that the Constitution specified that the Secretary send out announcements at least ten days previous to any special election (for the benefit of the club's large number of absentee members) and that no such notice had been sent out. Therefore the elections was null and void, and must be postponed another two weeks. There was some heckling over whether the membership of the resignees should be discontinued before or after this election.

To add further to the festivities of the evening, there were several recesses called in the meeting, and the Alcoholics, in defiance of club rules, were living up to their names.

During the evening, various proxies had been brought into the voting. As these mounted up, Ackerman, Lazar and others had claimed the proxy votes of several absentee members.

About this time there was an intermission during which the Cartnoll's and Huxely arrived. They had a (Lovely) visit. And left before the fireworks resumed, Mike Fern went with them in hopes of partially rectifying the poor impression they had received.

There followed a good bit of maneuvering on the part of both sides to gain control of the club. The "faithful few" feared the damage that the rebels might do to the club before they were completely out of it. As for the going out bunch, they were admittedly just having a good time. As my resignation had never been acted on by the Executive Committee, I attempted to withdraw them, so that I, rather than Brown, would have succeeded Lanoy to the Directorship. However, Lanoy withdrew his resignation on the same technicality, and promptly cancelled my appointment as Secretary. Mike Fern succeeded me to that office. Thus, Fran resumed the gavel for a brief spell.

During the next two weeks, little was accomplished on one side or another. Those who had resigned met in Mel's room, next to my own, and joined themselves into an informal group known as the Outsiders. This group including Lanoy, Brown, Fern, Bronson, Yerko, Pozo, Jack Rhodes, Russell, Frochafer and Lazar issued an open letter explaining their reasons for quitting the club, viz., their grievances against Ackerman, Daugherty and the general state of affairs. They never attended another meeting of the LASEC with the exception of Russell and Frochafer.

Three or four meetings were held in Morojo's room to discuss plans for reorganizing the club. Morojo, Daugherty, Ackerman, Russell, Frochafer, Lacombe, George Barr and I made an effort to lay down the principles of a new Constitution which would allow for a better club. The plans weren't Democratic enough for me, and I was rather thoroughly disgusted with all the fuss that had been made over Constitutional procedure in the last six months. I had come to feel that the club might even work a bit better if it were more or less of an anarchy. So I made up the club's disgruntled minority. As for the rest, they made a serious attempt to devise a system of checks and balances which would keep any such situation from ever arising again. A self-perpetuating Judicial Committee was to be set up whose duty it should be to lie dormant until any time at which the peace of the club was threatened. At any such time, as they should deem necessary, they would be able to override the authority of the regular Executive Committee and its officers. Other provisions were to include a three months break-in period for new members, before they should be allowed to assume full privileges in the club. This period was to have been extended to six months for any person who had formerly resigned from membership in the club but was later dropped. Also, each rentpayee was to be allowed no more than two visitors in the clubroom any one time, other than Thursday nights. This was brought on by the Outsider's practice of decending on the clubroom en masse, under the invitation of some one of their number who still held membership in the club, and heckling their beloved enemies.

During this period, there was a continual flow of acid letters between

Laney and Ackerman. Both seemed insulted at the nature of the letters they received, and each attempted to make their own missives a bit more insulting.

It was about this time that a large open house party was held for the Outsiders, as Laney moved into his new residence on Georgia street, henceforth known as Fransback.

On the ninth of March Walt was elected Director of the LASFS and the club was freed from the encumbrances of certain of its former members.

Then the Outsider's Open Letter appeared in Fantasy Fiction Field, along with another letter from Jules Lazar which contained various libelous remarks about Ackerman, Daugherty, Morojo, Welsh and myself. Portions of this letter was apologized for by several of the Outsiders.

A notice on the back cover of the sixth Acolyte brought down the next storm of protest, as Laney called attention to the fact that the publishers of such Fanzines as Acolyte, Fantasito, Fan Slants, Toward Tomorrow (at that time it had been turned over to Mel Brown) and The Knave had resigned from the LASFS leaving VOM as the only magazine still issuing from Shangri-La. The LASFS protested that most of these magazines, including a fair portion of that very issue of Acolyte had been published in the club. Also, they protested the omission of SHANGRI-LA FAIRES, the club's official organ. Crozetti's PENUS (which at that time, together with its publisher, had not been heard of or seen in several months) and the Joquel publications. Which had been produced by Joquel at his home on his own equipment, and neither could, nor had been, called Shangri-La publications. Further, Art had stated that after finishing two further poetry pamphlets, he intended to withdraw from fan activity.

Shortly after, Joquel came to the rescue of the issue of Shangri-La Faire which had been abandoned two months earlier. Another co-op publishing session was held which almost saw the mag materialize.

The news of Paul Frochafer's death came next. Paul had been in extremely poor health for some time, and had finally felt the necessity of going home to Idaho for a rest. He died the day after his arrival there. We heard of it a week later. Immediately Forry published a pamphlet, Polaris, in memoriam. The Outsiders issued another commemorative circular, written by T. Bruce Yerko.

When the issue of Shangri-La Faire came out, the club had inserted a lithoed picture of Paul with a poem and two commemorative letters on the reverse. Joquel, supposedly the editor, angered at their having been used without his knowledge, came close to resigning from the club. He felt the picture to be out of place and the letters to be extremely unworthy.

Just before this came out, I received an invitation to join the Outsiders with the specification that I must first sever all connection with the LASFS. Finding that the large number of my friends were now in that group, Lazar being the lone objector to my joining, though the LASFS was composed chiefly of Morojo, Ackerman, Daugherty, Crozetti, Barbee and a few new fans I chose the majority and joined the Outsiders.

About this time, VOM began to step up its publication rate, so that it has been coming about every third week. (If the add on the back of the the ACOLYTE were true, Forry could still match the reboli's combined output.)

Sam Russell, while still a member of the LASFS, was elected Regulator of the Outsiders' however, this title has no great significance, as the group is completely informal. There were a few other fans on the fence during this period, as there were possibilities that Burbee, Crozetti, and Glen Daniels might move over to the Outsider camp. So far, these fans are still on the fence, with their membership in the LASFS.

The next landmark was the arrival of Frank Robinson in town. On a Monday evening came word that he would arrive at Phil Bronson's home in Santa Monica in an hour or so. Phil invited the group out, and someone got the idea that we might invite Ackerman. Although this had been suggested in jest, Fory came, along with Walt and Morojo. Thus, in a state of frivolity mindful of the old days, Lancy, Fern, Brown, Joaqui, Ackerman, Daugherty, Morojo, Yerko, Lazar, Russell, Daniels and myself made the bus trip out to Phil's. After we arrived, and had all met Frank, relations became suddenly strained, as the discussions turned to the issue of the NEBULA that had arrived that day, containing letters by Ackerman giving his side of the fuss. After a short time, Fory and Morojo withdrew, and immediately Phil and Fran drew Walt into another long heated argument.

Robinson was in town for three weeks, and managed to receive a full meal of gossip from almost everyone he met. The Outsiders gave a banquet in his honor at the Carolina Pines shortly after his arrival. He went back to the mid-west thoroughly disillusioned with Los Angeles fandom having seen it in its worst colors from the very first night of his arrival.

On Easter Sunday, a pact of sorts was made between Walt and Bruce in which they each agreed that nothing further would be published on either side. Whether they spoke as individuals or as representatives of their organizations was not quite clarified. At any rate, when the third issue of the KNANVE was published, Walt protested that the pact had been violated and therefore was completely null and void. Whether this will result in another barrage of "I think you stink -- why don't you quit fandom?" from both sides, only time will tell. It is rather likely that there will not be much further fouling, as most of those concerned have had their fill. Yet there are a few who would still love a scrap.

The groups are on more or less peaceful terms now, and are about evenly divided. Without approximately equal numerical membership, the Outsiders have the advantage of being composed almost entirely of more established fans while the most of the members of the LASFS are comparatively new. And several of those whose nominal membership is in the LASFS are really in the middle of the road. However, the LASFS does have a definite advantage of stability.

Reunion is not very likely - at least not for some time, but it is to be hoped that if the two clubs must go their separate ways, they will do so peacefully.

THE END

(Editor's note -- The foregoing article by James Kopnor is an attempt to give an unbiased account of the recent happenings in Shangri-La. Jimmy, has never at any time expressed a particular preference for the Outsiders or the LASFS but rather desired to remain on good terms with the membership of both clubs. Therefore we feel this is an impartial viewpoint as could be expected.) Signed: Merlin Brown & Glen W. Daniels

THRU FAPA'S KEYHOLE

AGENBITE OF INWIT:

Solid, Solid. Particularly the essay on genius and Homo Superior, which reads like a JWC editorial....The comments on Moo were also interesting, particularly to Shangri-la (?) fans inasmuch as one fan in the area has "lost himself in the microcosm"....The bonus-vote proposal is good, but executive ability, sheer ambition, and hereditary wealth and influence can not be compared to intelligence and the qualities that go to make a statesman. Such a setup might work better in the USSR than here: to my knowledge they have nothing resembling our entrenched wealthy families. Also, administration and selection of the candidates should be in the hands of regional groups of a scientific, not political, character; and bonus votes should be revocable if the beneficiary fails to live up to the honor....Your comments on "The Peace Witness" are based on the sort of illogic that can be used to prove that all cats drink beer. The tieup between Peace Now and pro-nazi groups in the U. S. does not mean that all pacifist organisations are fronts for totalitarian propagandists....You're the only FAPAN who expressed a preference for, or even mentioned, the article we snatched from London Calling. For editorial reasons, we'd like to know why.

BEYOND:

"All in all I would conclude that the Navy is the ultimate medium for creating wolves and housewives from American men." Wheee!...."Rose and Robot" looks good. Any significance in the name of the philosopher-compiler? Further offerings eagerly awaited....Why do publishers of small magazines such as this devote a full page to listing contents and the publishing credits? Ego again?

BLITHERINGS:

MORE INK, PLEASE! This goes for almost everyone else in FAPA as well. I've read stf during the past 10 years, until I'm virtually blind (20/700) and while I find fanzines, and fapazines, interesting, I believe that fapubs should devote more time to reproduction (none of the obvious cracks, please!). "Well said" to this faned means attractively reproduced as well as carefully written....More sandwiches would be welcome....Sax is ok....

BROWSING #4:

More ink and less imagination 'round the edges....Content, as usual, good. Browsing and other bibliophilic fanzines move me to ponder the feasibility of some self-sacrificing fan's setting up a master card index of fantasy book reviews.

BROWSING #5:

More praise for more good stuff...Do you perchance know how tight paper for professional publications is over there, and particularly how a venture such as Utopian Pubs will make out?

EN GARDE:

Probably the best airbrush cover I've seen on the Ashley opus....I doubt that it is at all possible to replace worn type-bars. Some time ago when I had this mill overhauled I tried to have the type-face altered, which is pretty much the same thing, and the repair people said twas impossible....Good to have your account of the Second Exclusion Act on record. Why wasn't it released earlier?

FAN-DANCO: Not quite as thick a blue haze as I had been led to believe. "Thoughts on Slan Center" are right on the beam. I think an apartment court or motel would prove most suitable in the beginning. As alternative to a full blown commercial venture I suggest a cooperative whose officials would have to evict those who failed to pay rent or else. There is a lot about the various dream plans that intrigues me---and just enough to want to see at least one of them go through.

FANTASTICONGLOMERATION(whew): Another title for the checklist....After seeing 4e's pic on the cover page I disbelieve his current manifestation is an accurate presentation....Pong cards about the best thing in the ish....The Norton suffered immeasurably in the mimeo transition, became nothing more than another excuse for the portrayal of the nude female form....Sorry, Chauvenet, your sister's story doesn't come up to the standards of Rahuun Ta-Ka--or is it the other way around???. Evans' yarn not bad, not bad....Rogers wench good, but why should she be smiling?

F. A. P. A. FAN: What were you saying when your stencil ripped?

FANTASY AMATEUR: Stanley's remark coupling the Knaves with the CC was indeed snide and rates an apology from Neffus in his official capacity. Knaves Yerke and Bronson were the chief sparkplugs of the cabal which exposed Degler as an unshakable demagogue and pried him out of Shangri-La (?). I might, as a propagandist for the Outsiders, be unscrupulous enough to suggest, without making an investigation beforehand, that 4e had a part in this....

FAN-TODS: Another solid item....Would mob psych and psychodynamics each have any value for practitioners of the other? If so, how much and in what way?.... Now is as good a place as any to blast at Chan Davis for his inconsistent abortion of a system of simplified spelling. I can go along with 4e and other advocates of an overhaul of the Anglo-American tongue, but Davis bows me down completely with his assorted values for n, /n, or whichever form is in favor among his cohorts. A careful study of his publica/ns will show that /n can be resolved as any combina/n of letters from -ion to -eviation (four syllables! YIPE!).... Coaxial cable costs about \$1 a foot at present, and some joe wants to wire houses with it. Comes the Stefnate, perhaps. Also, aren't transformers supposed to be 96-98 percent efficient? The whole deal reads like a pipedream---and secondhand opium, too.... You want to go easy on this decimal classification stuff. Melville (sic) Dewey and his successors could have used some second guessing; some of the breakdowns in the latest index have 3 digits left of the decimal and 10, perhaps 12, to the right. The average run of the mill book on current events is cursed with something like 940.5488; "Tomorrow Always Comes", one of the more recent attempts at fictionised prophecy, is to be found under 940.5314, and I know a couple of books on current events which have 7---count 'em---7 place decimals.. I think that those stefnists who seek to emulate the late Mr D would do well to look into the possibilities of the Library of Congress system: two letters and (for them) four digits. Right there one has $6,76 \times 10^4$ classifications. I think that two letters and two digits (AA 00 to ZZ 99) would take care of stefnic and fantasy fiction for a good long time: 67,600 divisions. With the state of the field what it is, there's a symbol for each printing of each story....

From here on, things take a turn for the worse. I had hoped to be able to list all my comments in alphabetical order, but time is running out: I have to catch an eastbound bus, and Mel wants these stencils prontissimo. I apologise in advance to any fapans whose first thought on receiving the mailing is to see how their last effort fared, and who undoubtedly chortled with glee upon seeing what they presumed was an alphabetically arranged review of the mailing. The exigencies of the moment (and Mel's hossa whip) demand that I take the rest of the mailing as it comes.

YHOS:

Goddam, king size. I apparently missed out on something hyper: Your article on "the citadel" for fandom, I go along with you on this, was conjecturing about it in early '42, before I ever contacted fandom, but always figured on more than one hideout. (If you have any bacopies of the ish in which the original appeared, I'd like to have them.) Can't understand how you got the idea that life in the South Seas is a snap. True, it's not back-breaking, but a fan accustomed to the US standard of living would not take easily to such an environment unless he spent some time preparing himself for it. Same goes for a group of fans. "Coming out and taking over" implies that the citadel-ites would have to maintain, perhaps improve, their education, technology, in fact their whole civilization: they would have to equal or surpass the leading post-catastrophic culture when they came out. At the very least this would require a library, metal fabricating plant, electric power, and (at least) manufactory for internal-combustion (petrol) or diesel engines. And even if the citadel-ites did not intend to restore civilisation, these things would be necessary for defense against future Columbases and Magellans. Salt air is a potent corrosive agent. Yet with delicate, perhaps irreplaceable, equipment necessary for such activities, you state shelter would be no problem. Also, what is to guarantee that the now-supposedly-isolated islands might not become stepping stones for air routes?

35-hour week, one month's vacation with pay, at what annual wage??? Seriously, tho, a Cuban cotton manufacturer (transplanted Norteamericano) has been operating a 6-hour day, six day week for years, and gets as much work out of his men in 6 hours as the ordinary employer gets in 8 hours.

As an ex-broadcaster, I go all the way with you on Petrillo. Incidentally, do you think Bill Green is (a) senescent, (b) getting pressured by labor racketeers, or (c) just palling around with the reactionaries to hurt John L. ?

You are fortunate in living (at present) as close to the OE as you do.

This country started out as a republic, with voting limited to property holders, and look where we are now!

FLEETING MOMENTS:

Isn't Golden Atom. 22pp of Ego-inflation; I didn't get anything out of it, though the biographical note updated me somewhat on Farsaci.

S-F DEMOCRAT:

Meaning Southern Fried?

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS:

Alter-hobbies is a rather awkward term; it does (Turn the page, please.)

not mean anything particular to begin with. "Minor hobbies" or "lesser hobbies" is more explicit. Actifandom is really my #2 hobby; I was introduced to it only 1½ years ago, and before that (and since) my main avocation was & is shortwave listening and international broadcasting research. I've been a shortwave listener for over 6 years, didn't start researching on international broadcasting until early '42. December 7 1941 had a lot to do with my beginning this phase of my radio activity; tho I was only 90 miles from Pearl Harbor at the time, the news of the disaster had to travel around the world to reach me. The precise route, in case anyone is interested: Pearl Harbor to Mare Island, Calif., to Washington by navy radio; Washington to New York by press teletype; New York to London by cable; London to Melbourne via BBC shortwave; then an Australian transmitter in Melbourne relayed the broadcast which I heard. Lack of censors in Honolulu (to handle inter island traffic) cut us off from UP and forced me--I was news editor for the local radio station--to rely on shortwave broadcasts for all news. And for a time there in 1942 the BBC was giving better coverage of US news than US shortwave stations. A further local censorship was imposed during the battle of Midway--the first news I had of this came from a Shreveport, Louisiana, station. All of which has convinced me that international broadcasting can be a tremendous force for maintaining the peace if used to the full extent of its capabilities. One reason for my move east is to try to awaken the US industry's leaders to the necessity of planning now for the postwar battle for foreign audiences. (The US is the only country whose IB facilities are not operated by the government in normal times.) I'm also interested in music, films, current events.

I don't think you should use condensations of book reviews from Channy to push that mag.

I admire you for your patience in stencilling the myriad parentheses-faces in Wramblings and Channy. You might be able to work out a comic strip or something if you kept at it long enough....

Why do so many fans loathe hillbilly or cowboy music?

NUCLEUS:

An outside-inking mimeograph, no correction fluid, no slipsheets, and an almost total disregard of proper mimeographing practice. Gott im Himmel. Degler could be worse. I would suggest that you spend some time acquainting yourself with the idiosyncracies of yon infernal machine. The content, however, is worth all one must suffer through; "The Voyage of the Blerkentwangle" is a sure bet for any "fanthology!" "Proof of the fact that the Japs are not naturally fiendish lies with the American Japanese and the excellent citizens most of them make." Little Willie Hearst should have that pounded into his ears 24 hours a day for a few years...and so should a few congressmen, legionnaires, and Butch LaGuardia. I was brought up among nisei, many of whom have given their lives on the Italian front. A Nisei girl I knew who is now with the FBI in Honolulu visited Japan some time before the war; she said the high point of her trip was when she boarded ship to return to Hawaii....

Ah well, maybe I can find another stencil lying around before I go..

Akhkhkhg...Akhkhkhg...Akhkhkhg...
Uh...WHAT?? ANOTHER STENCIL? Fornch!

SARDONYX:

Wheooowheoo! Cushlamochree! "Fapa-
file" bongs not one but several gongs;
the Bronsonian blow, however, was slightly sour. At any rate, I'll
be much interested in what Fapafile says a year from now about me.,
and Mel.,and all others who slipped in when the rolls were enlarged.
....Your statement on the negro intelligence question reminded me of
some work I did on a (temporarily abandoned) poll of fandom. One
of the questions touched on the average income of the pollees' par-
ents. A professional polister I know slightly said this was no fit
question for a poll; but how else can one get some idea of his sub-
ject's childhood environment? I think this has considerable influ-
ence on a person's becoming a fan (or not) and with most of the
younger members it's about the only gauge of their environment....

PHANTAGRAPH:

One of those things: DAW should be
able to do better. The I did like
"Our Language and Hiss". You have, I hope, sent a copy of this
Phantagraph to H L Mencken or the editors of American Speech....The
NYTimes clipping on the Hitlerjugend's sabbat was interesting and
I wonder if that man is really in league with the devil? And would-
n't R&P and a couple other pro editors be happy!

SUS PRO:

I wasn't at the Danish Building of
the NYWF, so don't know what their
gadget was. Dollens' color organ, to be slightly technical, takes
the output of an amplifier--music, speech, or even ordinary noise--
and breaks it up into bands of audio frequencies. Each band (as
from 250-500 cycles per second) controls a light or group of lights
which is focussed on a screen. Between the lights and screen one
can interpose silhouettes, color filters, crumpled cellophane, and
innumerable other devices for fantastic effects. Dollens' gimmick
was rather primitive but nevertheless interesting....Where IS Koenig?
I realise I'm also, probably, asking for trouble (in this very sen-
tence) but then nobody can--or perhaps, should---consider himself a
full blown FAPAN until he has been held up to ridicule in R&C....
"There are enuf negroes there to change the racial characteristics
of the population if segregation were not enforced." You don't say
by how much---ten percent or one tenth of one percent, so I can't
call this a falsehood. But some periodical I read---either TIME or
PM, I think---reported recently on a poll of both whites and negroes
asking what rights and privileges they believed the negroes wanted
when they spoke of "equality". With the negroes economic considera-
tions were highest on the list: equality in jobs, better housing,
education; intermarriage was 'way down, almost at the bottom of the
list...But it was quite high on the list of whites' impressions of
negro desires. Further, I quote from Margaret Halsey's Memo to
Junior Hostesses at the Stage Door Candeen:

"Intelligence...has
absolutely nothing to do with the amount of pigment in your skin.
If it had, you would all be much stupider when you are sunburned....
Actually, I don't believe any of you are very deeply concerned with
Negro intelligence. What worries you more is the fear of rape. You
unconsciously, but very arrogantly, assume that no male Negro can so
much as glance at you without wanting to get you with child. The
truth is, that while you are an extremely attractive group of young

women, there isn't one single one of you who's that good.

Negro
males react to you no more and no less than white males. As women, you know in your hearts that men of any description respond to you pretty much as you intend them to respond. This is especially true in the Canteen, which has hardly any points of resemblance at all to a lonely, moonlit shrubbery....The main thing to remember is this; the Negroes aren't under any obligation to behave better than we do. They didn't come to this country because they wanted to. We brought them here in chains. They didn't write the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution. We wrote those documents, and if we now wave them in the Negroes' faces and say, "Ha-ha! Practical joke!" we must expect to meet the customary fate of practical jokers....We kept the Negroes in official slavery until 1864 and we've kept them in unofficial slavery ever since. If you meet a Negro....whose conduct doesn't come up to your delicate and exacting standards of behavior, just don't forget this one thing---whatever he is, you made him that way."

End quote. I suggest that you dig up the aforesaid memo, full length, and read it, although I don't suppose doing so will change your views. It was in PM's Picture News a while back, and then reprinted in Magazine Digest. Should be easy to find if you're still in Washington; if not PM will be glad to supply you with a reprint.In re Degler: "Frankfort N Stein" really exists; Milty has corresponded with him....It is a ((four letter word)) shame that the most active and determined fighter against the not-so-comic menace had to turn out a series of publications as technically putrid as those of ~~the movement~~ he seeks to crush..

STATEMENT FROM FSNY:

I believe that the CC as it is now should be considered as if it were in the same position as the PanGermanism of 1919, not that of the Nazism of today....something that has been slapped down for the nonce but not totally destroyed, a potential danger. Some fans believe that the CC should be ignored, let alone, left to pass quietly from the stf scene. I look upon Degler and Deglerism as I would look upon a snake that bit me: I would kill it, not merely drive it off my property and tell it to shed its skin and come back in two years.

LEST ANYONE GET THE MISTAKEN IMPRESSION THAT C. J. FERN, jr. IS A SLAN,The little fellow worked very assiduously making a FAPazine, Eccentric's Orbit, for the last mailing. Shortly before the deadline, he lost the stencils--misplaced them so thoroughly that they could not be found until he was packing his things to go to Washington. You will find many things in the following five pages to be somewhat out-dated, but with the true antiquarian's interest I have gotten The FTLaniac to help me run these off tonight.

NOW...you can see what might have been! Presenting: ECCENTRIC'S ORBIT #1 ----

Mel Brown

*June 1, 1944
(sent by hand) (c.l. ten)*

ECCENTRIC'S

ORBIT

(with apologies to D. B. Thompson)

Published for circulation through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by C. J. Fern, Jr., Box 745, Beverly Hills, California. Orbit will appear at such times as People Stories does not. Unless otherwise indicated, none of the opinions herein are those of the publisher. This is the first of such attempts at inflation of my ego, and is intended for circulation in the Spring 1944 FAPA mailing.

SHANGRI-LA AND SLAN CENTER

The past few months have seen a number of changes in the membership of the LASFS, some of which were for the better, some for worse. One of the most important was the secession of Bruce Yerke, Phil Bronson, and Arden Benson to form the group known as "Knanves". These three, whose views on fandom have clashed frequently with those of other LASFS members, claimed they left (a) because of the club's lack of interest in sf and (b) because the LASFS was wrapped up in fan activities to the exclusion of all else. The first reason was that given to LASFS members when they seceded; the other appeared in the first issue of that excellent though vitriolic little magazine, KNANVE. Though they seem contradictory at first glance both charges were true. The LASFS at the time of the Knanves departure was concerned more with publishing and legalistic piddling than it is today. The Kepner and Laney regimes instituted regular discussions on sfic and other subjects, most of which were quite interesting, and cut business at meetings to the minimum.

The other charge concerns not only the LASFS but any fan considering moving to Shangri-la (?) or joining a "Slan Center" project. A large number of the active fans in Los Angeles make their home near the club, and many of them spend seven days a week and Sunday in the clubroom. Any explorer or traveler who has had to spend weeks or months in a limited group will tell you that such continued close association is not conducive to continued mental health and friendship. Little things which usually are passed off with a shrug grow, and cause friction out of all proportion to their true importance. The blowoffs, when they come, are likely to be serious. The recent wave of resignations from the LASFS was due in part to this situation. The rumbles heralding this cataclysm--threats to resign, to join another group, and an occasional flareup between two or three members--could be observed long before the situation came to a head.

While the wholesale resignations were due to a clash of ideas, not personalities, the potentialities and dangers of "clubbroomitis" should not be ignored. Neither resignation nor a change of groups will cure the malady which causes such outbursts. These are the result of too much fandom: fan activities to the exclusion of all other forms of relaxation. There is a cure for "clubbroomitis", but it does not come in capsules and it takes determination to carry it through. The victim must take himself firmly in hand, broaden his interests, take up new or abandoned hobbies, meet new people, and push fandom back into a small corner of his mind. Otherwise, one more good fan is liable to go the way of Chauvenet and Wright. ---CJFjr

A QUESTION OF TERMINOLOGY

The current (#27) Fanewscard mentions a gathering of fen in a city some miles west of here some weeks ago which has had bestowed upon it the supposedly immortal and world-renowned title of "Santamonicon". I see no reason whatever for this christening; fan gatherings, I have always understood, achieve immortality only when fans from distant areas are present. None of the fen who attended this kaffeeklatch had to put more than 400 weestongs (four bits) on the ticket counter to reach the Bronsonian Legation. No undue hardships were involved. All of them were able to make meetings at 637 $\frac{1}{2}$ regularly when they were members of the LASFS. I could go on indefinitely, repeating myself somewhat, but space in Orbit is limited and a conclusion is waiting.

Some limitations must be set upon the use of the fan neologisms "con" and "vention" and other similarly important-sounding words. I think the most practical requirement would be the presence of 4 fans from over 150 miles away, or just possibly 1 fan from over 300 miles away. Here, then, is another subject for discussion; let the hot air blow.

PRB TAKE HEED

There is a Bronsonia Pharmacy at 5889 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood 28 (at the intersection of Franklin & Bronson Avenues). Is this perchance the abode of the true Bronsonian representative in Southern California?

CURIOSA

The February 1944 issue of Coronet magazine contains a very interesting article on the spiritualist experiences of the family and friends of the California writer Stuart Edward White, together with a list of the books which these experiences caused to be written. It is worth any fan's quarter.

COSMOS AND ANTICOSMOS

At the moment, I can't quite recall Leibscher's precise comments on L'affaire Degler, but I remember that they inspired me to dash off a somewhat windy summation of my attitude on the co(s)mic question. It went something like this:

Degler has re-udiated the statements and the platform set forth in his earlier issues. He cannot, however, re-udiate Falmer's dictum on fandom. Furthermore, he claims to have over 500 members who subscribe to his beliefs. The Co(s)mic Mind alleges that the planks in the CC platform brought fandom's wrath upon him (a) because they were conceived in haste and (b) because the stencil-cutter, by cleaning up his grammar (and with his consent) completely distorted the meaning of his statements. The old adage about conceiving in haste and re-venting at leisure would seem to apply here, but it doesn't. A lot of the platform material in the early CC's was based on the first Cosmic Digest. Furthermore, I can't see how the end product of Degler's thought processes would have differed had he taken six months to a year to develop his program for fandom. I spent the better part of twelve hours trying to clean up the CC program while cutting the stencils, toning down a couple of utterly impossible spots, but could make no important headway outside of correcting some of Clod's incredible Indiana dialect. Then, when the sparks began to fly, he damned me from hell to breakfast, declaring that my attempts to smooth over his grammatical errors were responsible for the bad reception the CC had incurred.

I believe that the CC as it is now should be considered as if it were in the same position as the PanGermanism of 1919, not that of the Nazism of today...something that has been slapped down for the nonce but not totally destroyed, a potential sore spot. Some fans believe that the CC should be ignored, let alone, left to pass quietly from the fan scene. I look upon Degler and Deglerism as I would look upon a snake that bit me: I would kill it, instead of merely driving it off my property.

I believe that his retraction is only temporary, an attempt to regain what little stature he might have had in fandom before the fall of 1943. It is interesting to note that he has not ceased his libelous, snide innuendoes against Unger, Schwartz and other fans who have opposed him on various grounds. It's also interesting to note the lack(?) of coordination at CC HQ: 3 or 4 weeks after he announced the retraction, out came the Cosmic Digest with reprints from CCG #3! I think fandom will do well to bear in mind a quotation from Theodore Sturgeon's MICROCOSMIC GOD:

"The important thing is that that great gray shell will bear watching. Men die, but races live. Some day the Neoterics, after innumerable generations of inconceivable advancement, will take down their shield and come forth. When I think of that I feel frightened."

WHY I LIKE HAWAIIAN

For the benefit of Papans in general, and D. B. Thompson in particular, here is a bit of reference (?) material on the Hawaiian language which might possibly prove of interest. It, like most of the material in Orbit, was provoked by an item in the last mailing; in this case, DET's article on an "International Auxiliary Alphabet" in a recent Thanny. (I am now awaiting details of a language to go with the alphabet.)

Hawaiian has five vowels, seven consonants, and what I believe would be a glottal stop. The vowels are A E I O and U, pronounced as one pronounces those in the auxiliary alphabet, which pronunciation endears it to me. (See below.) The consonants are H K L M N P W. The glottal stop (sic) is usually indicated by an apostrophe: a song written by Sigmund Spaeth is titled Wahine U'i; ua and u'a are two entirely different words. I could lift pages from Thrum's Annual (the reference work on Hawaii) but won't, as my copy is on the other side of town.

I might mention something about the battle of the W, a phonetic, not military, conflict. Briefly, it is this: Some people pronounce the letter W as V when it appears in the ultimate syllable of a word, and some do not. At all other times, however, W is pronounced as W. It can be confusing if one follows the pro-V group, because many names of places and individuals are compounded from several words. (The Honolulu papers still carry accounts of babies who are baptised with burdensome but beautiful 40 or 50 letter middle names. The longest I know of has either 53 or 57 letters. It's a nice way to get baby's picture on the front page; but don't forget, that name might have to go on a draft card some day!) No matter which side of the W fence one is on, he always pronounces Ewa as if it were spelt with a V.

I could also warn that the pronunciation of the letter E varies from the E in bell to the E in there. The former usually appears in words beginning with E: Ewa, Elecle (double E equals two single E's, not I as in machine!)

There are no closed syllables in Hawaiian; the language goes out of its way to avoid them. Neo-Hawaiian, the Hawaiian adaptation of foreign terms not in the language before Cook, usually takes the hard way. For instance: The neo-Hawaiian word for Britain is Beretania--- the name of a main street in Honolulu. The neo-Hawaiian word for week, Ku alone knows why, is hebodome. I think it's out of Greek by French, but I'm not sure.

There's one thing about the supposedly over-vowelled Hawaiian words: you can pronounce them with very little effort. Now when I look at the names of two Slavic towns, Przemysl and Crk, I shudder and lapse temporarily into dreams of the days when I journeyed from Kauai to Kaaawa by way of Maui and Puuwaawaa with my friend Gabriel I. (AU and AI are generally diphthongs.)

I shall close this with a no doubt apocryphal tale of a malihini (newcomer) who had a hell of a time learning Hawaiian words. After a time, his kamaaina (old timer) mentor thought he was ready for the final test. He took the malihini down to the waterfront, pointed to a sign, and said "read that." The tourist collected himself, inhaled, and spoke confidently thus: pee-pay-lee-nay. The word is spelled PIPELINE.

IF YOU MUST KNOW, MR S:

There simply was no choice---WE JUST HAD TO DO IT! If Mel and I had been leading the lives of ordinary humans---or even ordinary fans---on that fateful night, we might never have made FAPA. But we were not: (oh woe!) we were in the LASFS clubroom with a horde of other oddly acting humans, perhaps the largest extant group afflicted with the disease fapa-itis, caused by the insidious virus fmziil wollheimiiii. (No snide cracks, please.) This virus moves from person to person very quickly---a handshake or a slap on the back is enough---and takes effect even more quickly. So, you see, we were not free agents; we were acting under compulsion, there was a deadline to be met, and the dread virus' hunger had to be appeased, for three months at least. If we have offended you we are sorry; we trust that future offerings will remove from your mind any unpleasant memories connected with the names of Brown and Fern. And we ask that you join with us in wishing that the virus within us does not soon pass into the third, or quiescent, stage---in which the victim is content merely to peruse the mailings and foist upon his fellow fapans a mimeographed miscarriage such as MADMAN OF MARS or PANTA SNIDE.

I might add that the fan of 194x who does not have a complete file of Fantasy Collector will be in the same fix as a fan of today who lacks, say, two or three issues of Reader and Collector, Acolyte, or Yhos.

CLICHE:

Light is good entertainment even if it is full of typographical errors. Seriously, though, Light is one of the few mags that attempts to get away from the editor's-ramblings-and-comments-on-the-last-mailing formula. And it could be improved by the liberal use of correction fluid.

I liked "Reordemon", being somewhat of a radio nut and ex-ham, but (a) the playback passage might have been more thoroughly developed, and (b) I can think of no simple hypothesis which might explain the manifestation around which the story was built.

SHAW & SPEER:

The sheer bulk of your contributions terrified me, and I set them aside to read in leisure time I later found I didn't have. At some later date, perhaps I shall delve into them. No hard feelings, please.



RONALD CLYNE