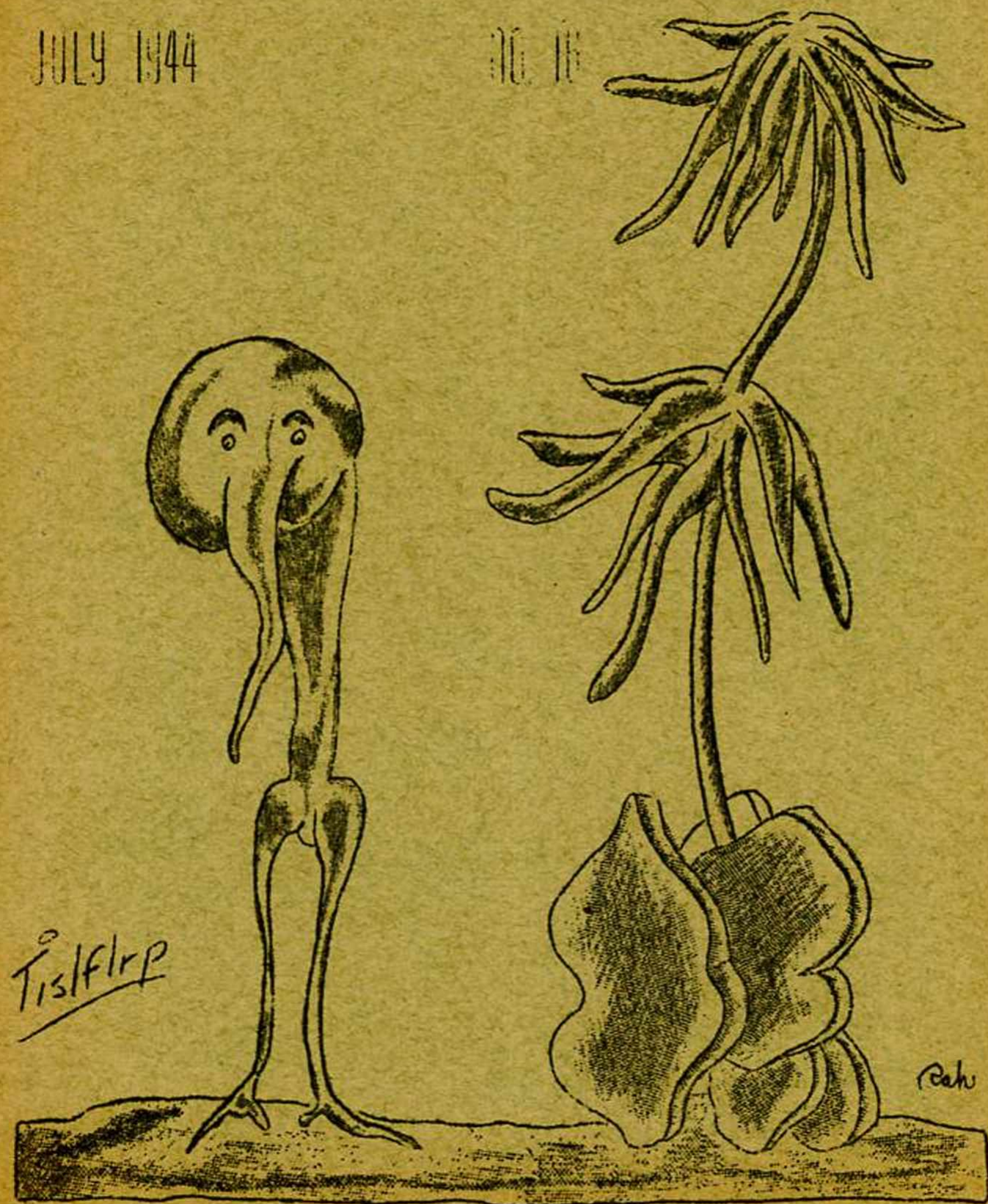


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

JULY 1944

NO. 16



SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

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This is the "bulletin" of the LASFS (Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society). It has, by directorial order, a monthly schedule, and for the last few issues has actually met this schedule. S-L'A is published at the LASFS clubroom, 637 1/2 S. Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. Charles Burbee is editor at the present time. We always appreciate comment. Send your fanzines here, too, because we're exchanging with you even if your mag is cornier than this one. Naturally I am not to be held to account for anything in this publication unless it's good or my name is signed to it.

By this time you've all forgotten that we were striking off a medal for Frnk Robinson because of his bold, unabashed admission that he couldn't write an article for us longer than a FANNEWSCARD. Well, now that you've remembered, prepare to let it slip your mind again, because he has come through with an item, a two-page affair, which, if I am not mistaken, is over there to your right (don't look now), and work on his medal has been stopped. Instead, we are sending him a check for one thousand four hundred and seventy-two dollars and no cents, which anyone can see is payment at the rate of ninety-four dollars and twenty-six cents per word. A not unsubstantial sum. As soon as the club treasury goes up another fourteen hundred and seventy-five dollars, and Walt Daugherty gets ten bucks for that movie he has been yammering about making (See S-L'A #14), we will send the check spanking along. We don't generally pay for material---in fact, we never do. Seems unfair to make an exception in Frnk's case. I don't suppose the boulder expects any payment does he? It's pretty cocky of him if he does....

Just WHY should we lay aside hard and fast rules for a beastie like Frnk with his name writ in his shirt? Of all the unhallowed brass.

I'm calmer now.

It seems we do not make a limitless number of these things. Due to many factors, all of which mean money and labor, only a small number of this "bulletin" go out each month. In our own modest little way, we like to feel that those of you who are getting it now haven't any violent objections to receiving it in the future. We are thinking sort of vaguely about renovating the mailing list, which covers but a portion of fandom. If you're a big shot in the pro field or in fandom, you'll get this and like it, but if you're important only to yourself and a brown-eyed girl, why, you really ought to drop us a card.

No, nobody's on a waiting list, but---yes, there is, too! One fellow in New York 33 is on our waiting list. His name will be sent on receipt of a 12-cent stamp and 54 coupons from packages of Raleigh cigarettes.

---Charles Burbee

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT! COMING NEXT MONTH---A TABLE OF CONTENTS!
also selected short subjects

COVER: BOB HOFFMAN - Stenciled by Willie Watson

SHANGRI-L'OUSAY

BY
FRANK ROBINSON

The California sun beamed pleasantly down on Bixel Street, delicately fingering the accumulation of wooden beams, bricks, and masonry known as the Bixelstrasse wherein reside various refugees from the Outside World; namely one James Kepner, one Glen Daniels, and the indefatigable Merlin Brown. Enough for the reputation of the place.

The heavy oaken door of the Bixelstrasse slowly opened, revealing a somewhat thin figure stupidly blinking its eyes in the glare of the sun. If one could have seen inside its shirt collar, one would have read, under the dirt, the initials FMR. They stood for Frank Malcolm Robinson, the shirt's present occupant. Robinson, standing in the pleasant warm light of the sun, yawned slightly and slowly made his way down the time-worn stone steps to the street. He had slept his accustomed 13 hours and sleep still lay heavy on his eyelids.

It was time, Robinson thought indolently, to make his way over to the residence of the fascinating Fassbeinder, cultured author and photographer extraordinaire. He pulled out a street map--a swift cursory glance showing him that half a block to his right ran 6th Street, where he could catch a "3" car to Rampart and from there, a bus to the shadowy home of Fassbeinder. Two blocks to his left--and downhill---lay 8th Street, where he could catch a bus that would take him right there---the same bus; incidentally, that he would transfer to at Rampart. It would be quicker, and the inconvenience of transferring avoided.

While FMR stood carefully weighing the two modes of transportation, there floated up the quiet street the sound of someone typing. Closer observation proved that the sound came from an apartment building across the street, the hideout of the notoriously and repulsively puritanical Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Robinson frused in his cogitating. It would take but a minute to run across the street and see who was there. Besides, he really ought to see the clubroom while he was in town.

He timidly stared in through the screen door, taking in the originals on the wall, the sagging book-cases at one side of the small room with half their contents spilling over onto the concrete floor, the small couch at the end of the room, and the figure seated at the table in the middle--carefully typing a stencil. A discreet cough betrayed Robinson's presence and the seated figure turned swiftly.

"Oh, hello, Robinson," gurgled Dougherty in a horribly friendly manner. He lurched away from his typewriter and came toward the door, brushing against one of the book-cases on his way and precipitating another small cascade of mildewed magazines onto the floor. "Come right on in," he offered, grasping Robinson by the hand and pulling him into the room. He found a metal folding chair and pushed his somewhat reluctant guest into it.

"Glad to hear you're going to be here for a while. I might even get time to take you to the studio---I suppose you know I'm in the movies?"

Robinson nodded assent. The fan press had been full of Dougherty's acting career--how WJ appeared for a fleeting moment in "See

Hero, Private Hargrove" and for a trifle longer in "The Hitler Gang". It was after the latter film was released that fan mail by the hundreds began to pour in, beseeching the studio biggies for autographed pictures of the handsome male who had portrayed a minor gestapo man. Later, it was discovered that all the letters were in the same handwriting, a peccadillo that was traced to WJ himself--who had portrayed a minor gestapo man.

Daugherty paused just long enough for the nod of assent and plunged on. "Of course, you may have heard that I'm something of a success on the dance floor, too. Some day, remind me to show you my trophies. Also pictures of my partners--some of the most luscious--oh, excuse me a moment, will you?" Daugherty unfolded himself from the chair and leaped for the telephone.

Swiftly, he dialed a number. "Walter J. Daugherty?" he snarled into the mouthpiece. The answer was unsatisfactory for he banged the receiver down with a thunderous crash that shook the room. A few more mildewed pulp magazines slipped to the floor, adding to the general decrepit appearance of the place.

Daugherty glanced thoughtfully at the magazines strewn over the floor and remarked, somewhat bitterly, "You know, there was a time when I used to clean this place up every week. I quit when Burbee came---say, did I ever tell you about the time I was going to put out FAN---the fmz that would've knocked the eyes out of the midwest bunch? I--excuse me a moment, will you?" He again unkinked himself and grabbed for the phone. Robinson's eyebrows shot upward as WJ repeated his phone call of a few minutes before. The reaction was the same as before.

"You know, I wonder if they've forgotten me," Walt began, in a somewhat plaintive tone.

"Who?" Robinson asked.

"Oh--they. Say, did I ever tell you about the time in "See Here, Private Hargrove" when I---"

Fassbeinder was forgotten. The April sun was pleasantly warm, the metal chair had lost its hardness, and Daugherty's droning voice faded away into a noiseless blur. Robinson's eyelids sagged perceptibly--Daugherty rambled on in the pleasant valleys of reminiscence....

Robinson woke with a start. He had slept for quite some time. He tongued the taste of sleep in his mouth. The April sun was low in the west and shadows had taken possession of the corners of the club-room. The originals on the wall leered menacingly down and the book-cases along the wall had taken on an air of a subtle threat. Daugherty--apparently unaware that his guest had slept through most of his discourse, had gotten as far as his 17th birthday in the history of his life. Robinson noted with a gasp that Walt, too, seemed changed. Taller, somewhat thinner, a trifle--hungry looking.

"I--ah--think I'd better go," stuttered Robinson. "It's getting late."

Daugherty drew in toward the shadows. He seemed to be changing--his eyes grew beady--his nose appeared to elongate into a snout.

"You aren't leaving so---soon---are you?" he purred. "I wanted--to ask you over to my den."

Robinson didn't pause to answer, but hurriedly dashed through the door and down the street.

Walt Daugherty stopped forward from the odd arrangement of shadows at his back and gazed wistfully at the dwindling figure of Robinson, now rapidly nearing 8th Street. "Gee, I wanted him to see my dance trophies."

CONFETTI

by

CROZETTI

Now look, fellows, don't blame me for this. This is not my idea. In fact, I've had no ideas for so long I've lost the knack. This is a column. I never wrote one before and if I can even spell it, it is an accident. I have the idea that I am supposed to gossip about what goes on in the LASFS.

Twice, now, in the past month, Arthur K. Barnes has visited the LASFS, (hardy soul) and during the first Visit, told us of a new Gerry Carlisle novel scheduled for TWS, "Fog Over Venus." It seems that he wrote a swell story and the Ed. made him re-write it, losing the super treatment he had given it.

Our second visitor was fantasnide artist Charles McNutt, from Everett, Washington. He has been visiting Ronald Clyne, and was with us two Thursdays. He brought Forrie the most beautiful VOM cover that ever was and all are agreed that it is too wonderful to waste on Vom. It says on it that someone by the name of Beaumont did it, but I've heard rumors that McNutt is Beaumont or Beaumont is McNutt or something. You guys probably know a lot more about him than I do, anyway.



Ye Ed. said:
"Keep it clean!"

McNutt dragged Ronald Clyne to the club two Thursdays in succession. Ronald is doing a cover that Planet commissioned him to do, and we hear that it is to be a monster (BEM, of course) without feet, having five breasts and sundry other things that monsters have. It is blue and it "PLODDLES", whatever that is, and need I mention that it will also be a gal and a man? And I think the gal will be nude, for all I recall Ron saying she would wear was a shirt, and it was to be torn. The whole thing sounded rather vague, but when you're listening to half a dozen different conversations at once, things are.

T/Sgt. Bob Hoffman in town on furlough, enlivened the meeting of June 6th. I had just told them of sitting alone, reading, in the club one evening, when a frowsey old woman ambled past. Just outside the window she said loudly enough to make me look up, "You lousey stinker, I shouldn't even talk to you." She was alone and talking to herself... Bob is of the opinion I should have immediately dragged her in as a LASFS kindred soul.

The Ross Rocklynes are Infanticipating!

The last Sunday in June saw a goodly gathering at Morrie Dollen's Palms-near-the-Beach- establishment. Present were Ron Clyne, Charles McNutt, San Russell, Harold Chambers and it is believed that Phillip I of Bronsonia appeared briefly for one of his public appearances. Pre-

liminary work was done on the production of a fantasy film sketch, tentively titled "Der Zauberer", and trial discs cut for a proposed recorddramatization of "2 bottles of relish.

The following Sunday, Morojo and Forry joined Russell and Bronson at Dollen's in the evening, saw projected results of last week's shots on "The Magician", made further tests on the script of the Lord Dunsany yarn. Morojo revealed a hither-to unexpected talent for modeling, her nude figure being appraised by all. Later she fashioned a shawl around a little clay figure, which is to serve in a distance-shot as sorcerer Russell, in the role of der Zauberer. (Forry handed me this and I hope you are not as foggy on it as I am. I don't know whether Morojo was nude or she made a nude. You figure it out.)

At Morrie's, Forry's attention was mainly occupied by the enormous library of fantasy books, which occipies a big double-doored book-case and three large shelves. Forry in turn was envied for his acquisition that day from England of Wright's futurian fantasy, "The Adventures of Wyndham Smith" and J. D. Beresford's recent "Common Enemy" and "What Dreams May Come."

Fran Laney's red-haired wife, Jackie, arrived in LA. Fran received a telegram saying she would arrive in the evening. At 4:30 that afternoon, Fran and Mel Brown ambled down to Fran Shack to start the home fires burning by putting away various crud when they found another telegram, saying that she had arrived at 11:30 and was waiting at the station for Fran to come and get her. Fran sputtered about it for two days.

Ray Bradbury, local boy, to be represented in the 2nd volume of Arkham House's fantasy anthologys.

Charles Burbee is the most successful Ed. we have had in a long time. You should see the piles of nice fat he is receiving.

Glen Daniels, in the throes of giving birth to Entre, is being descended upon by a sister and child. It is liable to change his whole life, he confesses; how, we are not sure, but he says it, so it must be true. (Doesn't this paragraph stink???)

Round and round Crozetti goes, etc. Her next bit of goo concerns Leonard Pruyn, Don Bratton, and 4e. Precisely what this bit of gossip is escapes the FTLanac, who is attempting to follow a most botched-up dummy. I see the word "globsplopulous"---one of the better known Crozetti-isms---but this does not help me to follow copy. You see, kiddys her dummy has one word inserted, and one word deleted. Lora bellowed, as she avalanched outof the club room, "Just fix it up some way or other, Fran---but make sure it has even edges." Y'know, it certainly is a tough job to compose on the stencil and make it come out even. However I'm coming up with a much more even paragraph than this alleged dummy. Of course, it says absolutely nothing, but then--you should see what the original said. Oh well. Now back to the copy.

Vom is going mad with the rest of the LASFS over multi-colored mimeoing. Seems as though 4e will have a back cover in red and black in a future issue. (I've always thought two propitiously located dots of red would help the looks of the average Vomaiden. --ftl.)



"Slan tendrils might
become useful."

The youngest member of the LASFS, Jeanne Crozetti, made the classic remark the other day that "she didn't like to go to church because no one lets her get a word in edgewise." Typical female.

Ten copies of pocketbook, "Weird Shadow Over Innsmouth," dispatched by club members to overseas fans, after Forry put the bite on everyone who would buy.

Charlie Hornig, Honorary Member of the LASFS became a pop June 25th, 1944. A baby girl, Ruth Cecelia.

Bill Watson and George Ebey arrived at the meeting, Thursday, July 13th. Bill seems to think they should be featured in this column, but all that he has done since he has arrived, according to him, is eat.

What vaguely known member of fandom disappears occasionally and no one is interested enough to inquire about them? Your columnist (heh heh!) has found out that they are on call by a writer in Hollywood to help him iron out plot difficulties at \$50.00 per iron? Who? I promise not to tell.

Classic remark of Jackie to Fran Laney, after meeting Ackerman and comparing him in person to his writings: "But he talks so natural!"

Ebey and Watson arrived Thursday morning, took up temporary residence at the slan center at 628 So. Bixel, and the visitors were unimpressed by the business-like inefficiency with which our meetings are held, in spite of what Mel says. After the meeting, Jackie, Fran, Mel, George & Bill and Jimmie went up and played miniature golf. Saturday morning they visited the Ackerman garage and staggered away wondering why it doesn't spontaneously combust.

Paul Frehafer's collection was willed to Bob Hoffman, which gives him about the second most wonderful collection in existence.

Leonard Pruyn joined the club Thursday, July 13th.

Crozetti's #2 VENUS held up by lack of a lead article of four pages.

Harry Warner, Jr., wants the LASFS to buy a machine for their own lithographs. Gad! Does the man think we ooze dough?

That's all, folks. You didn't ask for it, but you got it.



BUCK PRIVATE

FANTASY CATALOG

DON BRATTON

There has always been a crying need for a complete bibliography of sf-weird-fantasy fiction. (See Anthony Boucher's letter this ish and P. Schuyler Miller's letter in Future Combined with Science Fiction, 1942 June, p105-106). A card catalog is no doubt the best form for such a bibliography during the information assembly period. The device of the card catalog would enable a user to locate the sources of stories when he is possessed of but a single clue. He might look up his story and find it listed under its author, joint-author, title, sub-title, or one or more subjects. The complete contents of any fantasy magazine would be given by looking up the name of the magazine in the catalog. Stories would also be listed in subject groups and could be found in the proper category, be it time travel, space war, other dimensional, future, space travel, brain transplantation, zombie, vampire, witchcraft, or kindred types. Articles, too, would be included, and editorials, readers' letters, pamphlets, movies, and facts about fantasy.

Such a catalog will exist. I have begun it; already it has grown from a small tin box used for filing recipes to a large, ten-drawer catalog unit containing 8,000 cards, which represent some two thousand fantasy stories, plus books, readers' letters, etc. The present size was attained after three years of work. I feel that another three years must pass before the file is fairly complete. Of course, it never can be complete to the present; fantasy writers and publishers--and movie makers--are seeing to that. As time goes on, and more and more entries are made in the file, it becomes more valuable to me and fellow fans who use it.

The catalog was made with the intention of sharing with anyone who cares to use it, so no special abbreviations or code signs are used. It is an attempt at scholarliness. Perhaps, some day, an index can be compiled and published from it and circulated to fans, collectors, anthologists, and others interested. Until that nebulous future day, the catalog will be most useful only to those who have personal access to it. However I would be delighted to do research in it at request and mail the information to inquiring persons.

I got considerable experience in card catalogs when I worked at a public library branch in Hollywood, and the knowledge gained there was enhanced by the study of books dealing with cataloguing, filing procedure, Dewey decimal system, subject-headings, etc. Thus I feel that the system I use is flexible, concise, rich, clear, and efficient in structure, being essentially the same as that used in library catalogs. Being a nicely organized system, it permits the entry of any type of information without fear of confusion or complication.

At present the catalog lists Amazing Stories from 1926 April to 1929 April; all of Street & Smith Astoundings are entered, but only four Clayton Astoundings; all Gernsback's Wonders are catalogued, including Science Wonder, Air Wonder, Wonder, and the quarterlies; Unknown will soon be completely catalogued; some issues of FFI and FN are entered; a few issues here and there of later mags such as Science Fiction, Future, Stirring, etc., are entered; Science & Invention (The Electrical Experimenter) have been entered from 1920 May to 1924 Apr.

The catalog uses the full and correct form of each person's name,

whenever it is known, and cross-reference cards are filed under pseudonyms referring the user to the correct name form, under which all entries are filed. Thus, under TAIKE, JOHN (pseud.) you will find a lone card which refers to BELL, ERIC TEMPLE, 1883- . If you look up POGO (pseud.) you will be referred to WOOD, MARY CORINNE (GRAY), 1921- . Hence it is important that the cataloguer know the full and correct name of every person entered, together with his year of birth and death, and, if a married woman, her married name and also her maiden name. For this reason, I would appreciate any information about fantasy authors and fans, especially full names and pseudonyms.

I lack much information on fantasy in book form, also stories which have appeared in magazines other than the specialized pulps. I would very much appreciate information of this nature for my file, and invite correspondence from those who wish to give or receive data.

My catalog, which I have named the Bratton Fantasy Catalog, and I can be reached at my home, 5650½ Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif.

The following illustration shows the cards for a certain entry. It gives an idea of how the catalog looks and works.

SCIENCE FICTION--ROCKET SHIP

Campbell, John W

Jr.

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2. IRRELEVANT

3. SCIENCE FICTION--ROCKET SHIP

"THE GREAT BIB"

Anthony Boucher sets
fandom a titanic task

Thanks for the latest and unusually interesting S-L'A. I hope that the magnificent Lang-Ackerman saga will eventually be assembled into one piece; it's too good to be scattered about among assorted fanzines. (I first heard of it from Willy Ley, who reported that the individual really impressed was Lang. Ley had just received a most excited letter from him all about guess who I just met? Forrest Ackerman!!!!!!)

Lancy's piece is a joy and a classic and a breath of fresh air. You're probably snowed under with violent letters about it at the moment, but let me put in my vote on Lancy's side and my most hopeful blessing upon his crusade.

And let me expand a little on his sentence "A fanzine should also contain as much collecting information as possible."

It seems to me that one of the things that fandom, organized or otherwise, can accomplish as no other agency could is the amassing of bibliographical information on fantasy. A good deal is, of course, being done. William H. Evans' bibliography of fantasy in ESQUIRE (CENTAURI, Winter 44) is an excellent example. But think what could be accomplished with coordination of fan efforts!

Some of you may know Ellery Queen's BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE DETECTIVE SHORT STORY (Little, Brown, 1942)---an invaluable work for anyone doing any editing or anthologizing in the field. There's never been a comparable bibliography (from now on to be known as bib) of fantasy. It would be, of course, a much larger task---a greater and more nebulously defined field---but it could be done by the combined energy and efforts of many fans.

It would need centralization---one chief bibliographer who would live surrounded by card-indexes. Any fan who took up his favorite author or his favorite magazine and learned everything there was to know about him-or-it could publish his bib in his own fanzine---then send his findings to the central office where they could be coordinated as part of the eventual Great Bib.

It might even be possible, through small contributions from all the fan organizations of the country, to hire a professional trained bibliographer to undertake this coordinating job on a part-time basis.

The value of the eventual Great Bib to collectors needs no emphasis. And to anthologists it would be heaven. Fans are the first to complain (or at least the second after my reviews in the SF CHRONICLE) of the repetitious dullness of 99% of fantasy anthologies; but one reason (aside from the general cannibalistic trend of anthologists, who live off each other's vitals) is the difficulty of getting at fantasy material. You remember a swell story you once read, or somebody suggests a honey of an unreprinted yarn that you must not omit, and then you try to find it...

It's an idea worth tossing around. Try it out on some of the LASFS and see what sort of reactions you get.

I'd like to put in a strong word too for the value of constant critical revaluations in fanzines---essays studying the fantasies of the past, justly or unjustly forgotten, and trying to determine their modern interest. Sam Russell and Langley Searles and Harold Wakefield and Laney himself are doing Grade-A work in this line---possibly developing a significant school of fantasy critique. I only wish their writings could reach a wider field; since Basil Davenport (of Book-of-the-Month and SATURDAY REVIEW) went into the army. I can't think of a national critic who seems to know anything about fantasy.

Let me know how the Bib-nation goes over. And give my best to 4e whom I know and to Morojo and Laney and all the others whom I feel as though I did by now.

HE LOVES US NOT

Bill Watson, of diablerie (Aos) & Fan, pauses long enough to spit in our eye

Hi: My lack of enthusiasm comes from being confronted with a not too enthusiastically inclined issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES...Laney says what he has to say very nicely and very tritely, which means that no one will take him too seriously except a few sticklers like Speer and DAW, though Kepner, when started on such a subject, can ramble for endless and boring hours...the DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES is the most humorous fan article I have read in years; I hope it was intended as such...THE STRANGE GARDEN OF SLERP strikes me as something Lora rejected for her own magazine...The thing about Fritz Lang is nothing but idolization of a two-bit director who was responsible for a few fantasy films, goody, goody. Give me Orson Welles; anyday; at least we have something in common...the cover existed and that's all that can be said about it; might I suggest that the members chip in four bits apiece some weekend and get one of Ronald Clyne's excellent creations lithoed? I presume that the majority of you have four bits to spare. If not, forget it...the editorial was good, and I am not damning with faint praise in this case....

IS LANEY A FAN?

Cpl James Thomas pops a pungent question

VOM and the recently received SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES are doing much to get my mind out of the doldrums. Laney's article in the latter stimulates this letter. I have been a bystander outside the pale of fandom for quite a few years--I have watched it from a detached point of view. This article is the first one I have ever seen that really made a really successful attempt to clarify things Fan. I find many statements in it that I can agree with wholeheartedly as confirming the ideas formed by my own observations. I hope I'm welcome as a rank outsider, to add my opinions to those of Fran Laney.

In his definition of fandom, Laney uses the phrase "a group of

persons". He then goes on to propose that fandom should be limited to the "legitimate" activities which are embraced by the term "fantasy". My expression on this particular point would be that where you have a "group of persons" it is impossible to confine a hobby to the ramifications of the hobby itself. A stamp collector who pursues his hobby on his own has no difficulty in confining himself to pasting interesting bits of paper in a book. When he joins the local philatelists' club he is introduced to his hobby from a different angle--as a vehicle for social activity. If he joins the club he is not a misanthrope and if he's human he soon finds himself admiring the legs of the girl across the room. I don't think Mr Janey will insist that stamp clubs never degenerate to the point where the members discuss such "unrelated topics--as music, sociology, the future world, nudes, etc." It would be excellent if fandom could be confined to fantasy but I can't see how it can be done. If there is to be contact in fandom between individuals there will always be attempts of individuals to probe the interesting minds of others--to find out what others are thinking about subjects outside of fandom.

I have no fault to find with Mr Janey's psychological analysis of fandom. I have often thought that here was a happy hunting ground for a psychiatrist. However I think (possibly as a defense mechanism or self justification) that the fan who does not lose interest in fantasy or fandom has a good case. Any hobby that is interesting enough can claim its followers' interest for a lifetime without any unhealthy implications or symptoms. I see no necessity for growing out of fandom--rather I see on all hands a crying necessity to grow UP to it. I find my fellow man the most interesting object in this existence. All individuals do not interest me but in fandom I find a collection of which the greater percentage is interesting. I can see no reason for growing out of an agreeable connection--life is much too short. The fan who is of an "unwholesome psychological makeup" fares the same in fandom as in other strata of existence. The fact that he irritates fandom indicates that he has not adjusted to it just as he has not adjusted to life.

The picture of the ideal fan is excellent. I can sympathize with the point that his sole interest in fandom should be fantasy but I don't see how this can be. Fantastic self expression--letter writing--unless fan correspondents confined themselves to naming the titles of the books or stories that they have read I fail to see where or how letter writing could be carried on without bringing in some of those "unrelated topics" that Mr Janey speaks of. Any discussion of fantasy writing will of necessity involve some talk of the motive forces behind the actions of the characters--and when a story is written without characters that will be purer fantasy than we have yet had. Any form of literature is concerned with the reactions of the human animal. In kosher literature the characters react to "real life" situations--in fantasy they react to unreal situations. I defy Mr Janey or anyone else, to write me a letter discussing stff, fantasy or weird fiction without making mention of anything that might be broadly, or otherwise, construed as coming within the scope of those "unrelated topics" of his--music, sociology, the future world, religion, politics, nudes, etc. In human life everything is so interrelated that I fail to see how any hobby can be confined entirely to its intrinsic self. For example, how can a person read of the future world and not have his thought processes stimulated to the extent of speculation

about it? Perhaps in listing the "future world" as an unrelated topic, Mr Laney was merely registering a protest against discussion of the future world--preferring that a fan keep his speculations to himself whether they are interesting or otherwise. Yet Mr Laney apparently holds no brief for introversion. He finds his unrelated topics irreconcilable with true fandom--I find them indispensable--or at least attendant evils.

Mr Laney speaks of the maturer person losing interest in the fictional treatment of the aspects of the future world and turning to serious books--and of failure to make this change as a possible case of arrested development. Am I to understand that a large percentage of fans confine their reading to fantasy to the entire exclusion of other matter? I will stack my reading habits in all fields up against anyone's yet I do not find the reading of fantasy irreconcilable with the reading of other literature. I find the two go together rather well. The reading of "serious books" complements the reading of fantasy and vice versa. Serious books enable me to get more out of the reading of fantasy and the reading of fantasy stimulates my thought processes when serious literature fails. What is stif anyway but the end product of some reading of serious books, by, for the most part, an intelligent group of men and women? I can't believe that a well-written stif tale with any significance at all comes out of thin air.

I find an apparent contradiction in the article when Mr Laney lists the activities of the ideal fan club. He advocates the indulgence of a number of "petty vices" "regardless of their fantastic content", which while interesting, can hardly be compared to the items on his list of "unrelated topics". To jell all this--Mr Laney and I agree that there are plenty of other opportunities for the discussion and the consideration of his unrelated topics. Where we differ is in whether or not they should be excluded from fandom--I don't think that they can be.

Mr Laney's whole article is a violation of his own precepts. He considers fandom from a sociological standpoint--he rings in psychology--I find no fantasy in it--in short, to use his own words, his article comes under neither "fantastic verse, fiction and essays" nor under "the drawing of -- fantastic pictures". Yet--again I quote, "That covers fandom, my friends; any other interests or functions tacked onto fandom are wholly extraneous, and furthermore, are completely half-baked, insofar as they may be considered 'fan' activity". Are you a fan, Mr Laney? Under your own laws or "mores" your article would be completely outside the pale. Personally I think it was interesting enough and stimulating enough so that its exclusion would be fandom's loss. I think the same could be said about many other items that would be excluded under your system.

I close with the hope that the above will be taken in the spirit of friendly discussion with which it is offered.

Last ish I said maybe two postcards would come in on Laney's article. I'd have said the same for the whole mag if I'd thought of it. To help me maintain my status as a prophet godawful, our vast army of readers deluged us with letters, cards, and telegrams. To be exact, five letters and six cards. Forty-eight telegrams came, too, but I'm not counting them; they came collect and I sent them back.

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