

Swisher

FAN

VOLUME ONE — NUMBER ONE.

Editor & Publisher

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"TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A FANZINE ED."

Plus

SPECIAL AWARDS FOR 1941.

TIPS FOR YOUR MANUSCRIPT PLACEMENT.

FAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER is an amateur publication, non-profit, needless to say. Subscription rates are: 10¢ an issue, or 3 for 25¢. Advertisements by arrangement with the editor. Editorial offices — 2409 Santee Avenue, Columbia, S. C. In an attempt to maintain an announced quarterly publication, our next issue will appear about July 1st. Watch for it!

Harry Jenkins, Jr. : Co-editors : Joe J. Fortier

ROSTRUM RAMBLINGS
 an editorial by
 Harry Jenkins, Jr.

TIME ALTERETH MANY THINGS, and FAN EDITOR & PUBLISHER is no exception. Since the Fortier editorial was written quite a while ago, the conditions in regard to Fortier have changed greatly. To be very blunt: Joe has retired from fandom, and has dropped all fan activities. At his request, the co-editing plan is being dropped. Next issue will be edited by yours truly only. As to the status of FE&P, it will switch over to Dixie Press with issue number two, joining our other publications, JINX, ENDYMION, and FANART.

AN APOLOGY is due for this issue. There is a sorrowful lack of material; aforementioned condition will be remedied next issue. And, of course, we'd like your aid in selecting the things that would be of popular interest. We've planned the following: (1) reproduction tips, both hecto and mimeo, for the amateur publisher; (2) advance flashes of coming fanzines (contents, etc.); (3) an article by some outstanding professional author or editor; and (4) current professional "wants". The editorial will be limited to one page, too. But — we want your opinions and suggestions!

ABOUT TWENTY OR TWENTY-FIVE COPIES of this first issue will be sent to England through our English agent, J. E. Rennison. Therefore, if you notice little incidental line-ups of current American professional magazines, remember that many of the English fans will not see them for quite a while yet. And, perhaps, not at all! As for you English fans, gentlemen, a copy of your fanzine (sent to Renny) would be appreciated. Again, thankee, fellow slans.

WE URGE YOU to subscribe to the NFFFANNUAL, which will appear June the 1st, as stated in the ad on the back cover. It's something that no fan will want to miss, for it will be the first of many NFFFANNUALS. We won't elaborate on the contents, for the ad explains everything, but we will say — your subscription will be more than appreciated. As for English fans, we will accept book exchanges.

COMMENTING ON the Special Awards (see p. 13): These selections are, of course, based entirely on Joe Fortier's and our own personal opinions. But — we tried to be just as fair as humanly possible in making our selections. There are very few fanzines that we missed in '41, and, therefore, the selections cover almost all of the fanzines published during 1941. If you disagree with our selections in any section, please let us know, for we want to publish several, no — many, different opinions in our next issue.

IF ANY OF YOU are wondering why Doc quit using reprints in FUTURE, take a peek at the March, 1942 copy of WRITER'S DIGEST, "The Good Fight Is Won". Through the efforts of most of the publishers, chiefly Street and Smith; the Authors' League; most of the trade magazines; and many authors, Columbia Publications, of which FUTURE is a member, was forced to stop using re-prints without splattering REPRINTS all over the cover, contents page, etc. and etc. We heartily agree with all ACTION taken against Columbia in this respect, even though it will cut out many of the old Cummings stories that we had hoped to see. For a complete report, see the March WD.

IN THE SAME ISSUE, we note that Otto Binder, of the Eando Binder team, is now editing CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES, a monthly, and quarterly AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS for Fawcett Comics. In connection with this news note, you may remember "A New Medium For Fantasy" by Binder, which appeared in the October, 1941 SUN SPOTS.

A SERVICE TO THE NEW FANS: all manuscripts sent to the editor of FE&P will be placed for you free of charge. Postage for mailing out mss. to various fanzine editors must be included, however. Address mss. in care of FE&P.

INTRODUCTION: Wilfred Owen Morley, who writes our regular column on the writing of fantasy-stf-and-weird stories, is a well-known author whose work has appeared in STIRRING, FUTURE, ASTONISHING, and many others. We consider ourselves particularly fortunate in securing him to write our column.

That's all for now.

PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE
 an editorial feature
 by Joe Fortier

Past

Whatever happens Tom Wright and I shall feel pleased for time eternal to know that together with Jim Bush we published the greatest single issue of any fanmag. Thus was acclaimed STARLIGHT. It is doubtful that this feat will be duplicated, but if such occurs I hope to be in on the kill.

STARLIGHT spelled the death of Starlight Publications, but we— Harry, Tom, Phil, and I — feel it for the better. One thing did not die, as can be seen by this old department, and strangely enough it is felt that the corpse that wouldn't stay down will be enjoyed. It seems that the readers asked for its continuance.

Several attacks have been made against my writings during the past few months, but the majority of these remarks are accepted in favorable light. The criticism is studied and digested with a flourish of thorough favorability, for yours truly had it coming as no fanhack has ever had it coming. Before announcing the good news, I shall extend thanks to all those old faithfuls who supported me to the very end.

Present

Facing Me across the table of time and tide there sits an ominous, almost threatening array of duties and trials that will have me bound and shackled by the time that this necessarily dry material is consumed unavidly by soul-searing eyes of fannish discrimination. So that all may know, read the printed list for yourself:

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| 1. Learning to fleece my fellow business man | <u>six hours</u> |
| 2. Pursuing the lamb chop with a wolfish gleam | <u>four hours</u> |
| 3. Papering my walls with rejection slips | <u>two hours</u> |
| 4. Waxing floors with mimeograph inks | <u>one hour</u> |
| 5. Keeping 'em Flying .. via airmail-special | <u>one hour</u> |

Plus this I have a fastidious appetite for food galore, an average dose of nighty-night, and an occasional wench. And lately, as well as publishing a fanmag, I've attempted to read a rare group of struggling mags known as the professionals.

Being rather busy, naturally I had but one solution: cut down activities to 25 hours a day. So I done it! But it brings a Peculiar circumstance; it's a shame to tell that I'll be writing articles for Futuria Press when I so wanted to give it a boost. (Psst: read TWILITE)

Out of the old grew the new Starlight Trilogy featuring Jinx, Minneapolis, and Futuria Presses, composed of Harry Jenkins, Phil Bronson, and Tom Wright and Joe Fortier. Each has a regular fanmag, an F.A.P.A. publication, and several miscellaneous items.

About the end of this series known by a "stolen title" you will find random bits in the Time Tube; certain items defy classification in any given specification. All in all I'm trying to do my little bit toward helping FAN EDITOR & PUBLISHER to assist in uniting Dixie Press and Starlight Trilogy. At any rate Futuria Press and Jinx Press are cemented firmly.



Trials and Tribulations
of a Fanzine Editor ^{by}
JOE GIEBERT

Once there was a chappie. He was a dope. He was also a fan. The combination is not at all unusual, but it is bad.

This chappie was known by many names, by most of which we cannot call him, due to the fact that they are quite unprintable. The High Priestess of a certain cult, the details of which it is best not to be explicit, termed him, with a brilliant flash of genius, a "mislead introvert". The chappie denied the charge indignantly, but he was a dope so his opinion doesn't count, of course. Let us, however, call him Gilbert, for the rather logical reason that that was his name.

Such is the mysterious working of fate that at the same time this chappie lived and had his being in South Carolina, there was another chappie living in the state of Tennessee. His name was Art Sehnert. He was not a dope, but he was a fan. He was also intelligent. The combination is unusual, but it is good.

"Why," the Tennessee chappie asked the South Carolina chappie, "can't we edit a Southern fanzine?" The South Carolinian said "hot ziggety!" Or perhaps he said "yip-pee!" It is a point which historians must fight out between themselves. At any rate, it is rather certain that he ejaculated in joy. He was good at ejaculating in joy, being an enthusiastic sort of dope.

The two of them set about gathering material and making plans. Soon they had enough on hand to set about dummyming the first issue. Which Gilbert did. Weary days went by. And at **least** the exhausted but triumphant co-editor staggered out from under a four foot pile with a completed dummy, trailing a wake of waste paper behind him.

Gilbert bought stencils. He was smart, he was. To save money he purchased white celltox stencils, and thus saved a dollar. He went home and dived into stenciling. Or he did until he finished the first three things he dummied and tackled the job of stenciling the rest.

The rest of the dummy had wrong margins. They had to be done over.

They were. After all, thought — to give him the full benefit of a ~~non-existent~~ doubt — Gilbert, one had to expect such things when one became the editor of a fan mag. So after redoing the dummyming, he resumed stenciling. The bottle of correction fluid went down like a bottle of beer attacked by a thirsty fan. There were illustrations to ~~cut~~. They were cut. Departments were rushed through at the last minute; changes were made in format, material; there were corrections and deletions. The pile of cut stencils grew. So did Gilbert's temper. At last 27 of them were done; only 3 more to go, and a red-eyed, panting Gilbert, with a Southern exposure involving not only his geographical position, but an extended seated position, stumbled exultantly down with his 27 stencils to a local pro mimeoing firm. They ran off one. Disaster! The correction fluid had not gone through the tissue sheet and where there was an error the words jumbled all together. Where there was not an error the typing had not registered enough to be legible.

There was a plopping sound, and the great Gilbert temporarily forgot his troubles.

When revived, he first of all expressed his opinion of all white stencils. He grew lyrical. In one particularly well-phrased and juicy sentence he said they were—well, I'd sure tell what he said they were if it weren't for one or two fem fans I

know. Anyway, take my word for it that it was choice.

Clinging weakly to one of the ladies running the shop — she was pretty, which was why he didn't clutch something more substantial — he asked them how much the two would charge for running 75 copies of a thirty page mag. When told that it would be at least nine dollars, probably more, he clutched them both — proving that there are redeeming features in every bad situation.

Having been assisted to the door and gently persuaded to release his grip with a well-placed rabbit-punch, the disillusioned fanzine editor pushed the elevator bell, fell into the elevator, and was dragged out of the building and dumped on the sidewalk.

Once home he sat down — gingerly — and typed out cards to most of the subscribers, wherein he sounded like a composite of Miske, Schopenhaur, and pessimistic Russian tragedians. Only his sentimental nature kept him from committing suicide. He wanted to leap off the Brooklyn Bridge and drown most romantically, but he didn't have the money to go to New York, and Doc Lowndes unreasonably refused to send it to him C. O. D.

Laughing in a high, hollow voice, he weaved blindly through the door leading to the open fireplace in the next room. After picking himself up off the floor, he tried opening the door, which worked admirably.

A close examination revealed that the four blue stencils on which he had cut department heads, since the white stencils wouldn't take a stylus, would pass inspection, though they wouldn't look too good because of his light touch on the Royal portable, in combination with the fact that his type struck top-heavy. These facts resulted in the tragedy of the lower portions of the letters not registering on the stencils. He burned 23 white stencils, keeping only one. It had to be thrown out later.

Four stencils out of a needed thirty. And no mimeo. Gilbert wailed at the moon all night, relaxing occasionally from this intellectual pursuit by swinging from chandeliers.

Then came salvation in the attractive form of Miss Gertrude Kuslan. She and brother Louis would not be using their mimeo until summer, and if he wanted it, he could have it by paying for shipping charges. Gilbert drooled so ecstatically he had to don a raincoat and rubbers. Foo bless you, kind ma'am, and by all means send it on, said Gilbert on a postcard, along with some other stuff that ain't none of your business, nosey.

More stencils were bought. Blue ones this time. Also mimeo paper and cover paper. Then it occurred to him that since the STAR was about a week late then, and since it would take some time for him to learn to operate the mimeo, the thing to do was to find a pro firm willing to do the job for less than the 1st one. It was found. A very kind and obliging Mrs. Jones was in charge at the time, and informed of the nature of the publication, she offered to cut her price for him. It was five dollars provided that he furnished the paper and helped with the slip-sheeting. He agreed.

Stencil-cutting went on. It became a conditioned reflex with Gilbert. At dawn he began stenciling and stenciled away steadily through the long, long day until late at night — until his fingers slipped from the keys, and he was unable to sit up any longer; whereupon he did a Shroyer-glide under the table and lay there in an intensification of his usual unconscious condition. At the first pale sign of dawn, he sprang to his feet, detached the table from around his neck, placed the typewriter on it, climbed upon the pile of pillows in the chair, and resumed stenciling.

It is a matter of record that at this time the great Gilbert lived on coffee, drinking, during one day, 27 cups of Java in five hours, and taking it black toward the last. This was probably fortunate since the continued sight of material he had been gazing at for three or four straight weeks had an almost dismally upsetting —

literally — effect on his tummy.

As stencils were typed, they were rushed down to the Letter Shop and run off. With the aid of two — Harry Jenkins and Lee Eastman — of the four members of the Columbia Camp, which is composed of the two previously mentioned fans, the great Gilbert, and W. B. MacQueen, and when Koenig sees this damn good grammar, I'm in for some hoisting, the sheets were assembled and then stapled on a Friday. That night Lee and Joe shambled around to Mac's neat little apartment to borrow enough money to send the things off. Gilbert knocked on the door, then, as a few feminine voices floated down using language that does not usually associate with the unfair sex, he yipped in utter horror and collapsed at Lee's feet. It seems that Mac had told him that he wouldn't be there on Friday night due to the fact that Edith was having, quote, a hen party, unquote (courtesy, W. B. MacQueen), and Gilbert had forgotten it completely! When Mac's pretty wife came to the door, Joe apologized all over the place and wanted to know if they could come back later. They could, it seemed, since the quote, hen party, unquote, would be over about 10:30. It was then about half-past-nine, and the two fans wandered down to the local drug store, sold a bus token of Lee's, and pooled the proceeds with Joe's four cents to mail off the most urgent copies. They then sat down in front of the magazine and rental library rack and made disparaging remarks about the tastes of non-slans. Gilbert found a copy of Kline's adventure stories and said a few things about it that would not please Otis Adelbert. He also glanced thru a copy of Wellheim's excellent new COSMIC STORIES, and found Rosenblum's address in the fanzine review section. It seems that Rosenblum had sent him a copy of the WAR DIGEST, and he had lost the thing, so was unable to send a copy of the STAR in exchange for the mag. He copied the address on the back of his own copy of the STAR, and the two of them were then shooed out by the owner of the joint who was closing up. They wandered over to a nearby filling station and listened without much interest to the usual finish of one of the Louis fights. Then the filling station manager closed up on them, too, but not before Joe put through a call to Edith asking if it "was safe to come up now", which question Edith repeated to her hubby with a great deal of relish later.

Mac was not there when they arrived, but came in about twenty minutes later, and the necessary dollar was duly donated to the 'cause'.

Next day, Lee helped out in the morning with mailing the things out, though he positively refused to lick the SS stickers and Gilbert and to do it for him. He also — the snob — despite dark hints of what the Futurians did to such people, refused to listen to the opera on Gilbert's \$12 Philco Transitone, preferring his slightly more costly \$160 Beam-of-light bang-jigger. Jenkins came over in the afternoon and helped roll most of the rest, making low moaning noises over what the energetic but inexperienced Gilbert had done to his beautiful cover. He had to leave for home early and Joe finished up himself, at last consigning the mags — oops, pardon Mr. Chauvenet — the 'zines into the care of the postal authorities.

And thus ends the sordid epic of the issuing of the first Southern fanzine. Non-too-enthusiastic efforts are still being made to bring Gilbert out of his coma that he went into as the last copy was mailed.

Found among his prized possessions were a bus token, a copy of FFF ((now 8 for 2 bits, Julius Unger, 1702 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, N.Y.)), a torn theater stub, his life savings (7¢, 8¢ is you count the penny with the hole in it.), two raisin seeds which he fondly hoped to start a raisin orchard with some day, a copy of ECLIPSE ((10¢ from Richard Kuhn, 13598 Cheyenne, Detroit, Michigan.)), a copy of "What Every Young Fan Should Know", a copy of Art Joquel's SPECULA ((now dead)), a personal rejection slip from Campbell which he always carried next to his heart, a cancelled three-cent stamp a copy of the SOUTHERN STAR ((10¢ an issue, or 3 for 25¢ from Joseph Gilbert, 908 Lloyd Court, Columbia, S.C.)) and the following advice to fans who hope to start a fanzine, from which his notes show that he intended to make the Great American novel:

(1) If you intend to start a fanzine, be certain first that you have something unique, something different, to distinguish from the mass of other good, bad, and in-different fan pubs on the market. It may be in format, or it may be itself a new type

of fanzine, or a new feature or features of some sort; or, again, it may be a combination of all three. But have something different, or drop the idea.

- (2) Don't use white stencils.
- (3) Put your typer on 'stencil' and type normally on white thin sheet of paper to see if your machine is striking true. If it isn't, have it adjusted.
- (4) Don't use white stencils.
- (5) Don't be afraid to type heavily, especially if you have a portable.
- (6) Don't use white stencils.
- (7) Keep your type cleaned. Me, I quickly ran out of type cleaner, and had to prove that necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the father, the kid brother, and the maid we comes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, by using everything handy. Mouth wash was the most satisfactory, despite the rather depressing odor that it leaves with the t'writer. After-shave lotion is no good at all. Kerosine did me when I ran out of mouth-wash, tho it doesn't have a very good effect on the type, and had to be wiped off carefully with a bit of cotton afterwards. So have some sort of clean or ready. The Remington-Rand stencil, incidentally, doesn't fill the type like the Dick stencil does, but the softer Dick stencil is the better of the two.
- (8) Don't use white stencils.
- (9) Don't announce a date for the appearance of your epic. You'll invariably come out at least a week later than you had expected.
- (10) Don't — and this is important — use white stencils.
- (11) Go off into some quiet corner and shoot yourself for even considering such an idea.

The last suggestion is unquestionably the best one.

~~The end did somebodysay thankgod! the end did somebodysay thankgod! ping you're ready you are you are!~~

ANN-ISSUE COMIN' UP!

What! You aren't thrilled? Treason!

Well, you oughta send twenty cents to J. Gilbert anyway, just to see the chump the poor chump is making of himself — the chump. He's going overboard on the Ann-issue of the SOUTHERN STAR, youse know! Since the STAR is always forty pages he can't just add ten pages and call it an Annish, so he's combining two issues and will have a seventy-five page Anniversary issue. Yowsah! There'll be five color mimeo ing, colored paper, twenty-four pound bond used thruout, with material by all the top fans. Lithographed covers and interiors by the best of the fan artists, with special stuff by England's Harry Turner and America's Tom Wright. Photo-lithoed pics of the staff and special editions of the STAR's famous columns will help to round out things . . . such columns as Panurge's MUNSEY PANORAMA, Tucker's MUMBLINGS, Fischer's STARPORT, Waldeyer's analyses of prominent fan's handwritings in the HANDWRITING ON THE WALL, Morley's flash news from New York, Harry Jenkins' accounts of Southern Fan finaglings in THE TELECASTER, the gory details of Harry Warner's life in THE PASSENGER LIST, the second in the SOUTHERN STAR Trilogy of space ships, and one of fandom's longest and most interesting letter sections. Lots of other drool, too, that'll interest youse no end. It'll be out in June, so you'd better send in your twenty cents now. We can't think of anything else to say, so we suppose this is the end of the ad. Money's to go to J. Gilbert, 908 Lloyd Court, Columbia, S. C. Not that it'll do him any good, the poor chump, he spends it as soon as he gets it. End of ad, are aren't you happy, tho? We thought you'd agree.

~~Tucker starts rumors. Tucker starts roomers. Boardinghouse bobhewasknowedasinthemthardays~~

Lee B. Eastman

Love is Life, and Life is Hell,
And never the twain shall meet;
'Til Hitler hangs from the lamppost
At No. 10 Downing Street.

Lee B. Eastman.

TIPS!

Several newcomers have blossomed forth in the last two months, and they broadcast urgent appeals for material. The first is LEPRECHAUN, edited by Larry Shaw, and is a bi-monthly. The first issue has only 12 pages, but the editor promises 20 in #2. LEPRECHAUN is in desperate need of good articles and a top-flight columnist. Editor Shaw, following the example set by Tucker, will use photos on the covers. If you have a picture which you think would be of interest, send it along to LEP, with an explanation of it. Might try some of your fiction here, too. Address: 1301 State St., Schenectady, New York.

The other newcomer is NEBULA, a weekly news-sheet, edited by Rust E. Barron at 333 E. Belgrade, Philadelphia, Pa. This news-sheet caters to fan news and fan-viewpoints. Send all fan news to NEBULA as fast as possible, for up to now, it has been keeping its "nearly as weekly as possible" policy.

SPACEWAYS, the number one fanzine, has all but exhausted its backlog of material and editor Warner searches for material. "No fiction is needed yet, so don't drag out all those old novelettes of thrilling interplanetary adventure. But — poetry and articles are now very welcome. Publication is promised within four months, and in most cases a little quicker. Types of articles desired: the kind that has been used in past issues of S. That, a glance over back issues is sure to prove, means just about anything. How about digging through those mss. and getting out some stray sonnets and dusty dialectics?" Address: 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland.

THE SOUTHERN STAR will soon (heh!) issue its big anniversary issue, to number 75 large size pages. Of course, quite a bit of good material will be necessary to fill this many pages. The inventory of the STAR is pretty low, and will sink further with the issuance of the 5th issue. Therefore, here's the STAR's requirements: The STAR does not want the light "Why I Think Kummer Stinks" type of article, but it does need thought-provoking, controversy-provoking material of a serious nature, with a lasting interest. Not that the STAR is just a stamping ground for intellectuals only. It is very anxious to obtain good humor, and would appreciate seeing some. Good poetry is a much needed item at the present, but fiction must be of professional or near-professional quality. However, the STAR's standards are exceptionally high, witness the large number of rejects, and only your best should be sent to them. And — big names mean nothing, quality rules! Joe Gilbert edits; 908 Lloyd Court, Columbia, S. C.

FANTASITE will soon celebrate its First Anniversary and it, too, will feature a 50 page issue. Phil Bronson, in the latest issue, did not yell for material, but we think that he'll probably need some. Much of what is said about the STAR might apply to the Organ of the Minneapolis Fantasy Society. Address: 224 West 6th St., Hastings, Minnesota.

POLARIS will make its re-appearance in June, with large changes in format and requirements. Harry Jenkins, Jr., the new editor, has only two stories and one poem on hand for the first issue, and herewith appeals for (1) weird stories and (2) fantastic tales. The accent will still be on the weird, but at least one fantastic yarn will be included in each issue. As stated before, poetry will be used. No sf stories will be used. Address: 2409 Santee Avenue, Columbia, S. C.

PEGASUS, edited by BoB Jones, will go into a 2nd issue. Material should be held until this issue appears, then after perusal of the type of material used, material should then be sent to him. Address: 281 14th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Tidbits: There's very little room for anything but columns in FANFARE, but don't let that discourage you. Send articles to Art Widner Jr, 25 Arnold St., Quincy, Mass. ... NOVA, the amazing Michigan fanzine is in need of material, but it must be of the

(Concluded on page 15)



IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

by *Hilfred Owen Morley*

Introduction:

Theophile Gautier is credited with having first said it: the literary life is that of a dog, but I would not exchange it for any other. He may have been actually the first to put it into so many words of 19th century French, but I'm damned if I'll believe that no one thought as much before then. There's lots of room for interpretation, of course. A dog's life isn't necessarily miserable — at least not all of the time. The creature has little or no responsibility, can usually keep its own hours, is allowed more license than other pets, and is capable of winning a good deal of appreciation without overexerting itself. I said capable and I mean exactly that: in actual practice, capabilities don't always pan out as you think they might, or should.

Now there are dogs and dogs and then again dogs. And thusly there are various degrees of canine living. But we're interested in a particular kind of best friend. We're talking about the human pet who gets his lumps and so on by selling pulp pseudo-science, weird, and fantasy fiction.

1. Style and such —

Style is stuff, as Junior remarked, that makes the difference between Shakespeare and Eddie Guest. I'll leave you to pick flaws in that so far as exact comparison goes, but the general idea is sound enough. Bluntly speaking, your literary style is your writing personality. It's something which can be charming, offensive, witty, dull, affected, genuine, crude, polished, or whatever you will. It can broaden out, evolve, mutate, or degenerate. With care you can alter it to such a degree that few will recognize you (because a literary personality does not have to pass a rigid examination as a living one), you can become a schizophreniac, literally, without alarming results.

Everyone has a personality; everyone has a style. But not necessarily a developed, mature, responsible, or even pleasant style. For some individuals, the development of a writing style is strawberries and cream, while they still go through the agonies of the damned with their living personalities; with others it's vice-versa, and some, enviable creatures, are just about balanced: as they expand in the world outside the typewriter, their style puts on flesh and color; when, momentarily, they shrink, their style shows traces of anemia. But they're virtually gawd's chosen in the literary world, and unless you're one of them, it's best to forget about them.

There's another kind of divinity in the writing world which should be excluded from consideration here; that's the individual who suddenly sits him down upon his fanny, bats off a yarn, and gets the check for this first tale virtually by return mail. The thing moreover turns out to be popular and in less than egg-time is a big name. If such there be reading this article, I urge them to scam on somewhere else: this ain't for you, bud.

But let's say you are a fan. You want to become a professional. You like stf, weird, and fantasy; you rave over some and puke over some. You have ideas of your own some of which you're positive are as good if not better than the best you read these days; you think to yourself, as you skim through what seems to you to be a smelleroo that you could easily do better than that yourself.

And perhaps you say as much to the editor when you write in letters of comment and criticism.

However, suiting words to action is another thing.

I started off with style, because, from dozens of stories I've seen, stories which had to be sent back with either plain "sorry, not for us" remarks, or "not quite right", it's my opinion that the proper nurture of style is something which must come first for anyone who seriously intends to write professionally. Whether they do it as an avocation or prime interest and occupation.

So the first thing to say to the fan who wants to write is: don't start off by trying to whip up those dandy ideas into a story or stories right away. Make enough notes, etc. so that the ideas will be preserved, then file them away. Don't start in trying to write sf or fantasy stories.

First of all: read and study. Get out your files; get out the short stories you like best (never mind whether they are classics or not) and re-read them carefully. Saturate yourself in them.

Then take one or two favorites and type them neatly on paper, double-spacing. That may sound silly but it isn't. A thing you have to know is the feel of a story on typewriter paper. Get to know how it looks typed double space in mss. form (and take time off to study up on the proper preparation of a mss — you can obtain this information easily — and if you don't know it already, you'll get more out of looking it up for yourself than if I retell you here) the way the editor first sees it.

Now — and it may be best to start with a two or three thousand worder — put the magazine aside, and type the story over again, editing it. See how many changes — little changes, cutting, adding, changing words or punctuation here and there — you can make, changes which you think will improve it, without essentially altering the story. Then compare your edited version with the author's.

By this time you should be thoroughly familiar with the plot, the situation, the characters, and the development of the plot. Now put both of these typed mss. away and write that story yourself, write it completely in your own words, in your own way, using no more than the bare idea of the story. And again compare.

If you're alert and intellectually honest (and if you aren't you'll not stand much chance in making the grade) you won't be very well pleased with your own efforts the first time. You'll be aware that something is wrong — you may not be able to put your finger on it, but you'll know — for all the fresh treatment, that your version is not as good.

Why?

Remember, you've been doing this in your own style. You've been writing as clearly, as fully, imbuing the mss with as much feeling for the plot, the atmosphere, the development of idea, situation, character, and incident as you could. If you are playing the game, your style is a mirror of your personality; you've written that story very much the way you would tell it to someone else. Your writing style is a similarity with your talking style — only a similarity with differences. Because when you speak, when you talk to someone else, you're not, as a rule, as acutely aware of yourself, your personality, as when you are trying to write and write well. There is (or should be) a lack of inhibitions, a dropping away of reluctance to say what is in your mind, to say it fully and completely. Another person might be bored, might laugh at you, might cut you off with a Bronx cheer, might miss the point.

But paper can't talk back. On paper you are the master. And now you are writing for your own eyes alone during this bit of practice. You do not have to worry about someone else's not getting it, being displeased or disposed to mock.

You'll find differences between your version and the author's because the writer was writing about something he understood, something which he was able to put over clearly and with a degree of credibility. He wrote it with confidence and in it can be found a smoothness resulting not only from mastery of style but from the subconscious incorporation of experiences and understanding of people. Why is this so? How do I know this is so? Well, I said above: choose your favorite stories. And only

tales which had those elements could remain favorites out of the mass of pulp fiction that you've read.

Don't be afraid to imitate if the imitation seems to come easily to you. That merely indicates a sort of rapportness between your personality (style) and that of the other author. If the rapproachment is great, for a time your stuff will read like imitations — so long as you do not deliberately limit yourself to the master's individualities.

Imitating is not necessarily copying. Imitating is often helpful and constructive.

But copying is deadly.

Deadly not only because you will get only a superficial similarity when you finish — because, after all, you have not lived this author's life; you haven't shared his experiences, emotions, sensations, aspirations, frustrations, etc. — but because in copying, you will emulate his virtues, true, but you will also make the same mistakes he made. And it's vital that you make your own mistakes, not merely ape someone else's.

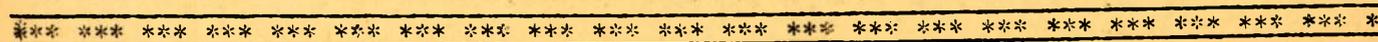
Example of imitation: Jack Williamson. His first few stories "The Metal Men", "The Green Girl". and "The Alien Intelligence" were strong imitations of Merritt. But they weren't copies. For all the similarity, Williamson showed individuality of his own, showed a personality not to be equated with Merritt. His first stories, perhaps, suffered a bit from imitation, but not much.

Or again, August W. Derleth. Many of his stories imitate Lovecraft. But none of them copy Lovecraft. There is a strong superficial resemblance.

I cannot give a good example of copying, however, because there aren't any outstanding figures in the field who practice it.

And if you try it, despite advice, you won't get far.

(To be continued in the next issue of FE&P)



SURELY YOU SUBSCRIBE to the number two fanzine on Widner's poll? If you don't, you don't know what you're missing, brother! I'll tell you just a few of the big things that you're missing; there's the most complete review section in fandom, "Among the Hams & Pros", written by Gilbert, and (koff!) Jenkins; those two swell departments, "MFS Clubnotes" and the delightful biographies by Squeenchfoot; plus two color, 3 color, or four color, or even five color mimeoing; and stuff, and stuff, and swell fiction, along with sum other excellent stuff! Yeah!

Ok, keeds, come on and toss 10¢ for one issue, or 25¢ for three to Phil Bronson. Don't miss the next issue, which will be the anniversary issue. Don't miss it! Act now. Send your money to:

Phil Bronson
 224 W. 6th St.
 Hastings, Minn.

Gilbert: "August W. Derleth stinks."
 Jenkins: "Sure, but I'll betcha he still retains his Derleth complexion."
 Gilbert: "God! Come bok, O Hedy, come bok!"
 Jenkins: "She won't. Even your collar is frayed of you."

Special Awards

During 1941, quite a mass of material was published in 81 different American, English, Australian and Tasmanian fanzines. Out of that voluminous output, there were certain outstanding items. The editors of FAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER have tried to delve into this material, emerge with some sort of coherent "bests", and then recognize them as such. Herewith we present the results.

I — FE&P FANZINE AWARDS . . .

Best all-around fanzine — THE SOUTHERN STAR, Joe Gilbert, ed., & FANTASITE, Phil Bronson, ed.

Most colorful fanzine — FANTASITE, Phil Bronson, ed.

Best fanzine technically — FANTASIA, Lou Goldstone, ed.

Fanzine with best humor — LE ZOMBIE, Bob Tucker, ed.

Fanzine with best fiction — FANTASIA, Lou Goldstone, ed.

Fanzine with best departments — THE SOUTHERN STAR, Joe Gilbert, ed.

Fanzine with best artwork — ZENITH, Harry Turner, ed.

Fanzine with best articles — SPACEWAYS, Harry Warner, Jr., ed.
THE SOUTHERN STAR, Joe Gilbert, ed.

Best single fmg of the year — STARLIGHT, Joe Fortier & Tom Wright, co-eds.

II — FE&P AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING INDIVIDUAL ACHIEVEMENT.

Best humor of the year — (1) "Confidential Notes On Editors", Bob Tucker, SPACEWAYS, April. (2) "Call For Captain Past", Gerrod de la Ree and Roderick Gaetz, SNIDE #2. (3) "I Am Positively Not Robert Bloch", Ray Bradbury, ALCHEMIST, February.

Best article of the year — (1) "How To Be A Hack", Pumhandle J. Snort, III, SPACEWAYS, June. (2) "Twenty Thousand Leagues Over the Road", Art Widner Jr, SPACEWAYS, October. (3) "Denvention Daze", Milton A. Rothman, SOUTHERN STAR, December and "Denver Post", Forrie Ackerman, VoM.

Best department of the year — (1) "The Munsey Panorama", Panurge, SOUTHERN STAR, and "Djinn Fizz", Mickey Finn, FANTASIA. (3) "Among the Hams and Pros", Gilbert & Jenkins, FANTASITE.

Best artwork of the year — (1) Cover by Tom Wright for October VOM. (2) Interior illustration by Roy Hunt for STARLIGHT. (3) Harry Turner cover for December ZENITH.

Best fiction of the year — (1) "Plurality", Lou Goldstone, FANTASIA, January, and "Danse Grotesque", Hyman, FANTASIA, January. (3) "The World Accused", Sam Russell FANTASITE, July.

Best column of the year — (1) "Slanlder", Joe Gilbert, FANFARE. (2) "From the Starport", Fred W. Fischer, SOUTHERN STAR, and "Mumblings", Bob Tucker, SOUTHERN STAR. (3) "As the Wind Listeth", D. B. Thompson, FAN-ATIC. (now in LEZ.)

Best poetry of the year — (1) "Fragment In December", Robert W. Lowmde, NEPENTHE, Spring. (2) "Pastels — New York", Robert W. Lowmde, NEPENTHE, Spring. (3) "Nocturne", Robert W. Lowmde, NEPENTHE, Spring.

Best editorials of the year — (1) "From the Dual Controls", Gilbert, SOUTHERN STAR.

(2) "From the Control Room", Warner, SPACEWAYS. (3) "The Kept Korpse", Bob Tucker, LE ZOMBIE, and "The Last Minute", Art Widner, FANFARE.

Best letter sections of the year — (1) "Strange Interludes", FANFARE. (2) "Fantast's Folly", FANTAST. (3) "From the Passenger Lounge", SOUTHERN STAR, and "Fantascripts", FANTASITE.

III — FE&P GRAND AWARDS . . .

Editorial Award — Joe Gilbert for THE SOUTHERN STAR, and Phil Bronson for FANTASITE. Special mention to: Warner, Widner, Joquel, Rosenblum, 4e and Morojo, and Douglas Webster.

Publishing Award — Joe Fortier and Tom Wright for STARLIGHT. Special mention to Warner, Joquel, and Harry Turner.

Poet Award — Robert W. Lowndes for his poetry in NEPENTHE. Special mention to: Chauvenet, Evans, Kraft, Singleton, and Warner.

Author Award — Lou Goldstone for his work in FANTASIA. Special mention to: Joe Gilbert, George Cowle, Borrie Hyman, Bob Tucker and Don Wollheim.

Artist Award — Tom Wright, who has proved himself ready for the pros. Special mention to: Roy Hunt, Bob Jones, and Rudy Sayn.

Now, what do you think?

— FINAL POLL RESULTS

<p>Authors (43 votes)</p> <p>1- HEINLEIN.... 253</p> <p>2- Smith, EE... 227</p> <p>3- Campbell- Stuart.. 198</p> <p>4- de Camp..... 173</p> <p>5- Merritt..... 144</p> <p>6- Van Vogt.... 126</p> <p>7- Hubbard..... 120</p> <p>8- Williamson.. 77</p> <p>9- Lovecraft... 61</p> <p>10- Asimov..... 54</p> <p>11- Wells..... 43</p> <p>12- Weinbaum Burroughs... 45</p> <p>14- Taine..... 38</p> <p>15- Moore..... 38</p> <p>Fanzines (33 votes)</p> <p>1- SPACEWAYS..... 131</p> <p>2- Fantasite.... 149</p> <p>3- VoM..... 135</p> <p>4- Le Zombie.... 128</p> <p>5- Southern St.. 122</p> <p>6- Fantasia..... 104</p>	<p>Fans (38 votes)</p> <p>1- ACKERMAN.... 299</p> <p>2- Tucker..... 226</p> <p>3- Warner..... 186</p> <p>4- Lowndes..... 124</p> <p>5- Gilbert..... 103</p> <p>6- Rothman..... 81</p> <p>7- Chauvenet... 75</p> <p>8- Evans..... 68</p> <p>9- Bronson..... 61</p> <p>10- Wollheim.... 49</p> <p>11- Unger..... 46</p> <p>12- DBThompson.. 41</p> <p>13- Morojo..... 38</p> <p>14- Speer..... 37</p> <p>15- Rosenblum... 33</p> <p>Fanzines (cont.)</p> <p>7- FFF Weekly... 82</p> <p>8- Eclipse..... 37</p> <p>9- Fan-atic Starlight.... 33</p> <p>11- Nova..... 25</p> <p>12- Snide..... 20</p>	<p>Prozines (38 votes)</p> <p>1- ASTOUNDING S-F..... 349</p> <p>2- Unknown Worlds..... 286</p> <p>3- FFM..... 226</p> <p>4- Weird Tales..... 132</p> <p>5- Super Science..... 121</p> <p>6- Astonishing..... 104</p> <p>7- Thrilling Wonder... 92</p> <p>8- Startling..... 83</p> <p>9- Cosmic / Future.... 68</p> <p>11- Stirring Science... 63</p> <p>12- Planet..... 48</p> <p>13- Amazing..... 42</p> <p>14- Fantastic Ad..... 20</p> <p>15- S-F Quarterly..... 17</p> <p>Fanzines (cont.)</p> <p>13- Fmz Digest..... 19</p> <p>14- Milty's Mag..... 18</p> <p>Fantast..... 18</p> <p>15- Reader & Collector. 17</p> <p>Pegasus..... 17</p> <p>16- Frontier..... 15</p>
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Britishers: Contents for ASTOUNDING, April, 1942 — "Beyond This Horizon—" by Anson MacDonald; "Silence Is—Deadly" by Bertrand L. Shurtleff; "Co-operate—Or Else" by A. E. Van Vogt; "Monopoly", by Vic Phillips and Scott Roberts; "If You're Smart—" by Colin Keith; "Strain" by L. Ron Hubbard; "The Eagles Gather" by Joseph E. Kelleam, and "The Fatal Coloration" (article) by Willy Ley. Cover by Rogers.

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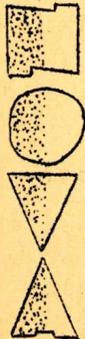
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Yeah, another first issue! But just wait 'til ya see number 2. Take it from us, it's going to be hot stuff, what with the introduction of new fan artists, unusual material, etc. and etc. Yeah, get in on the ground floor. It's only 5¢ a copy. Yeah. Larry Shaw of 1301 State St., Schenectady, N. Y. edits it. Yeah.

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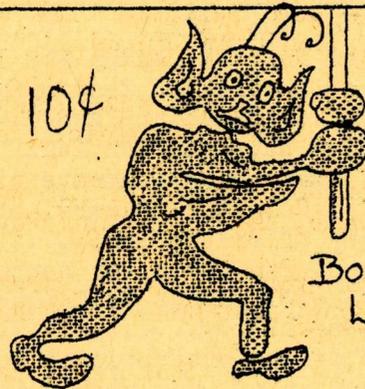
Tips (concluded from page 9)

highest quality. Fiction, poetry, and articles are all used. Their lino-block prints are amazin', too, so — all artwork submitted must be adaptable to the lino-block. Address: 86 Upton Ave., Battle Creek, Mich... Hey! SCIENTIFUN is a good spot to place your LEZ rejects with. Ray Washington, Jr., Live Oak, Fla. edits this newest humor fanzine And did you know that L. Sprague de Camp will not replace the horse?

BRITISHERS: Newsnotes (from FFF)— There will be two novels in summer issue of SCIFIC QUARTERLY, "The Great Mirror" by Arthur J. Burks, and "Starstone World", a long novelette by Hannes Bok.... Bob Tucker cops June FUTURE with "The Princess Of Detroit", cover by Forte.... FFM will reprint A. Merritt's immortal "The Moon Pool"; will be both the original novelette "The Moon Pool" and the sequel, "The Conquest of the Moon Pool"

Are YOU a FIEND? ←

Well if you're not, brother, you're welcome to subscribe to LE ZOMBIE. That is, if you're one of the very few fans who don't subscribe already. Heck, you ain't a fan unless you follow the Kept Korpse. Naw. Hell, it's only 5¢ a copy, so subscribe now. Ya know who edits it — Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois. Naw, he ain't a farmer, he's an esquire! (Psst! Be smart and send two bits for 6.)



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WANTED!

Any and all copies of UNKNOWN for 1939, '40, and '41. Will exchange copies of JINX FANART, FAN ED AND PUB and STF H/ASH, and various other sundry items for them. Urgent! 2409 Santee Avenue, Columbia, S. C.

FANFARE

Where else could you find 6 top-rate columns? Nowhere, I tell ya. Look, FANFARE has: (1) "Slan!der" by Joe Gilbert, (2) "Detours" by Russell Chauvenet, (3) "Fantasy Footnotes" by Harry Warner, (4) "Thud and Blunder" by Ritter Conway, (5) "Their Own Petard" by Hisser Koenig, and (6) "The Goatherd". And — there are suspicious rumors floating around that there is to be another one by Doug Webster. Send 10¢ to Art Widner, 25 Arnold St., Quincy, Mass.

Gentlemen of the Fan Press:

This concerns all fandom, but most of all it concerns you.

All of you know that the NFFFANNUAL is now in the process of production by Dixie Press. It will be mimeod in four colors on twenty-four lb bond, and will feature photo-lithographing. The tentative lineup is as follows --

Brief explanation of fandom	Harry Warner, Jr.
Fotoes and short biogs of ten top fans	
Highlights of '41 fan year.....	Bob Tucker
Explanation of the NFFF.....	L.R. Chauvenet
Explanation of the Frontier Club.....	L.R. Chauvenet
Short history of fandom.....	Jack Speer
A new and startling revelation of fan and pro pseudonyms	
Explanation of the FAPA.....	Milton Rothman
Highlights of English fandom for 1941.....	Douglas Webster
Highlights of Australian fandom for '41.....	Vol Molesworth
Short history of Canadian fandom.....	Fred Hurter, Jr.
List of active subscription fanzines.....	Staff
Accounts of the accomplishments of the regional clubs for '41; Strangers, LASFS, DFF, Galactic Roamers, etc, by the club secretaries.	
Short summary of Denvention.....	Unassigned
Explanation of fan terms for newcomers.....	Unassigned
Outstanding developments in fan publishing field during 1941.....	Unassigned
Short biogs of the professional editors, with an explanation of what they intend to do with their publications.....	John Chapman

In addition to this, there will be reprints of the year's best articles poetry, and fan art work, including cartoons, and a reprint of the year's best fan story. A list of fiction sold to the pro magazines by fans, and of the best pro stories of '41, will be included.

Please note: this is not a stuffy, dull compilation. It is a brisk, highly amusing informal almanac of 1941. It is the first of a series sponsored annually by fandom's biggest and most active organization; and no fan shelf will be complete without it. There will be fifty pages of indispensable information, and highly entertaining material. The price is only twenty-five cents to members of the NFFF; thirty-five to non-members.

And that, gentlemen, is where you come in.

This yearbook will have a circulation of two hundred and fifty copies. It is going out to hundreds of people who have never more than heard of fandom before. Their curiosity is going to lead those people to do some heavy fanzine buying if properly persuaded. You can do that persuading thru the medium of an ad in the Fannual. And you'll surely want an ad in this magazine if only to keep your publication from being conspicuous by its absence. For this publication is going to be very highly publicized and very widely distributed, indeed and is an opportunity not to be missed by any fan publisher. Ad rates are:

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1/2 page	1.90	\$3.25
1 page	2.50	5.00

The magazine will be out June 1. Buy now! from Joseph Gilbert, 908 Lloyd Court, Columbia, South Carolina.

Highly recommended by FAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.