

POST MAILING TO

FAPA S #59

SPRING

1952

This Issue of Chaos
Is Respectfully Dedicated to
the Mundane Millions of Americans
Who Always Ask with Incredulous Amazement:
"You mean you actually read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?"

"Yes, I'm a good fan too."

F. Towner Laney

Chanticleer #2

SPRING 1952

CHAOS #1

FAPA #59

Contents in Chaos

Past, Present and Future in Chaos-----4

Half Baked Articles-----6

 #1: "They Aren't So Furtive, Gertrude"
 A Socio-Economic Report Covering Various Parisian Phenomena

Our O's Behind The Big O-----15

 In Mixed Company--"O" As In "Organism"

What Type of Religion Do You Use, Bud?-----18

 A Brief Discussion Concerning Our Contemporary Theologies

Mr. Hersey's Pulpwood Editor -----21

 Remarkable Quotations from a Remarkable Volume

With Fillers By:

F. Towner Laney-----Chanticleer #2-----2

Bob Tucker-----Spaceways V1N7 Aug '39-----5

Harry Warner Jr.-----Spaceways V1N1 Nov '38-----17

Al Ashley-----Nova V1N2-----20

John W Campbell Jr.-----Nova V1N2-----25

All Non-credited Material by

After September 1, 1952

Cpl. Clarence L Jacobs
Instr. Co. A, STR, TSESS
Camp Gordon, Georgia

Mr. Lee Jacobs W3S7M
2112 "O" St., NW
Washington, D. C.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE IN CHAOS

About Our Title

Chaos is an honest Fapazine. We realize that this name has been previously used; we do not intend to assume credit for ideas that are not ours. And we sincerely hope, entirely for her own sake, that no one confuses remarks made in this Fapazine with those in Miss Lee Hoffman's similarly-titled column in her charming subzine, Quandry. Our title has been chosen carefully, not with intent of obtaining a word with stfish overtones, but to accurately describe the type of material we will write and publish. We guarantee it to be chaotic!

Always in Chaos

Format

Chaos is an informal Fapazine; it will try to live up to its title. Do not expect even right hand margins, exquisite artwork, glib but erudite scientific discussions, "quality" poetry, straight and serious fiction, or such other features that ostensibly make up an interesting Fapazine. Time and lack of talent does not permit it. We will never know how many pages will be in each issue, and we will never know the contents of those pages until they are written and published.

Continually in Chaos

Editorial Policy

Chaos is a realistic Fapazine. If you believe that Fandom is a Way of Life, and your Greatest Ambition is to become a BNF, please do NOT read any further. This is primarily a stop-gap publication, designed merely to meet mailing requirements. When worthwhile material is obtained, we will continue The Big O.

Rarely in Chaos

Mailing Reviews

Chaos is not a falsely egoboosting Fapazine. Primarily, we believe such reviews are important to the individual individual concerned. Thus, to save space, paper, and time, mailing reviews will be sent via amateur radio directly to each editor. We will be separated from the Service this August and will have the best equipment on the air that money can buy and ingenuity devise. Commentary directed directly to all of FAPA will, of course, be presented thru this present medium.

Never in Chaos

Half Baked Articles

Chaos is an informative Fapazine. No fan can know everything about everything, despite the many subjects authoritatively discussed in Fapa each quarter. To do our part in Fapish enlightenment we respectfully present a vital article in each issue, concerned with data unavailable to or generally overlooked by this membership. Subject matter, by choice rather than by necessity, will always be of a serious, printable nature, and vulgarisms, together with double entendre, will not be used. We have stern tastes, and violently abhor such off-color material.

Permanently in Chaos

"Our O's Behind The Big O"

Chaos is a revealing Fanzine. Speculation has run rife over the possible demise of this publication, and its editors' sudden separation. Here is the story behind the 'zine which elevated Les 'n' Es from passifen into Fapa's top ten.

At Present in Chaos

"What Type of Religion Do You Use, Bud?" At Present in Chaos
Chaos is a reverent Fapazine. We do not believe that Man is Alone; Someone must guide our unimportant existence, regardless of His Name. We realize there are atheists among us. We leave them content in their misguided beliefs. But the discerning element in Fapa; you who do not base your philosophy on base materialism; those searching for an indefinable peace of mind, may find this discussion exceedingly beneficial.

"Mr. Hersey's Pulpwood Editor." At Present in Chaos
Chaos is an educational Fapazine. We are proud to present valuable quotations from such an invaluable volume. Pulpwood Editor is more than just a book; it is a tour behind the scenes of the entire pulp publication industry. Written by Harold B. Hersey, editor of Miracle, Thrill Book, and former managing editor of the Clayton pulp chain, McFadden Publications, etc., it treats pulpwoods as an industry, and the editors and authors as workers in that industry. Undoubtedly much of Pulpwood Editor is dated, publication being 1937, still this book proves that "the Fabulous World of the Thriller Pulps" is (or was) really fabulous!

* * *

"It is astonishing how very few people realize that I am trying to be frank. Yet, that's it. I know that I am not a Joe Miller, or any other famous wit, but I am trying to be. Articles and stories by me, appearing under the name of Pong far outnumber any nonhumorous or 'straight' articles and stories I have written. Simply because I recognize the scope of my writing ability. I do not need to be told that there are literally dozens of fans who write better nonhumorous stuff than I do. I try to write very little of it.

"Instead I concentrate on humor (or what I am pleased to term humor) because time and time again it has been brought home to me that my humorous material is quite passable, that fans like it (the majority that is) and that therefore, that is the field to stay in! I decided upon that quite some time ago."

Bob Tucker

Spaceways, VI N7, Aug '39

"...tho the Coles' taste in art is likely to be the kind sold by furtive Frenchmen in dark alleys."
G. M. Carr, Gem Tones, Saps Edition.

THEY AREN'T SO FURTIVE, GERTRUDE

"The Big O, from its inception, has tried to be more than just an ordinary Fapazine. We have instituted our Department of Useful Information, for example, not to entertain, but to provide factual data so vitally necessary for survival in our post atomic world. We offered technical instruction to you thru such articles as 'Building Blocks of the Universe' in an effort to broaden your scientific knowledge, and have shown you some of the pitfalls in prozine illustrating thru the talented typer of Hannes Bok. Is there some other way, we asked ourselves, in which we can aid our companions in a jay? For months we studiously pondered this problem, rejecting numerous ideas that, while worthy of merit, would not interest our general reader. Finally we decided that a socio-economical article concerning Western Europe, introducing you to various aspects of continental culture, would be of immense help to those of you who may journey to Europe for business or pleasure. However Western Europe covers such a vast territory that but one section can be adequately analyzed at a time. Fortunately one of your editors is currently making his Tour, and thus can give you accurate information about one of Europe's most exciting cities: Paris, France..."

Unfortunately, we were returned to the United States and O temporarily ceased publication before the above article was written. However, because of the educational value inherent in such a socio-economical article, Chaos has incorporated collected material into Half Baked Article Number One for your enlightenment. This information has been compiled via numerous conversations with many, many military personnel stationed in and/or around Paris; no personal experiences of course. Our spare time in Europe was occupied with -- uh -- The Big O... Various prices referred to herein are based upon the May 1951 exchange rate between French and American currency -- 350 francs per dollar.

Most Americans reflect Mrs. Carr's viewpoint, i.e., a French dealer in pornography is always an evil little man with a dirty collar who whispers, "Feelthy pictures?" when one passes littered alleys in less savory sections of Paris. This same reasoning in cartoon form is always good for an urbane chuckle when it appears in The New Yorker.

We are greatly amused by such ideas. Obviously, these good people have never been to Paris!

Sex in any form is a major industry. Anglicized pornography is on sale at most book stores. Liquor is cheap -- by the drink or bottle. Marijuana or deadlier narcotics may be purchased anywhere...but these and other popular topics will be discussed at greater lengths later. Let us now have a few words about the American in Paris.

Roughly four types of Americans are found in this city -- the Rich, the Tourist, the Student, and the Military. The Rich are primarily responsible for the large number of custom Caddies, Chryslers, and Lincolns, complete with chauffeurs, to be found on the Champs-Elysees. They pack popular but very expensive spots like the Club Lido. Mr. and Mrs. Average Tourist along with their family can be found thruout the city, either with others on a guided tour, or just casually rubbernecking as do tourists in New York and Hollywood. Most students stick to native bistros, seeking to absorb as much culture as possible in their too few years in Paris.

The recent influx of American military personnel is something new. Prior to the last few years, relatively few soldiers were stationed outside the continental limits of the United States, her possessions, and occupied countries, with these few being placed in embassies. But NATO and allied developments have greatly increased the number of Americans in France, government civilians as well as military men and women. Incidentally, the Army is in France by the French government's express permission -- a soldier is nothing more than a tourist and is subject to French, not American, law. This is radically different from the situation in Germany. There, he is a member of the Army of Occupation.

Hotels, food, and related items are purely a matter of personal preference, but any visitor would be extremely wise to get a map of Paris right after his arrival. Paris is an old, old city. Its streets -- especially in more ancient sections -- run in all directions and intersect at all angles. Better maps divide Paris into individual zones, with every street shown in each covered area, plus Metro (the Paris subway) stops and other valuable information.

American currency and money orders may be exchanged for French francs officially at the American Railway Express Agency in Paris. But actually a dollar bill is literally "as good as gold" thruout the city. Possession of greenback by Army personnel in Europe is absolutely illegal. The Army issues scrip which is used at all military installations, and which may be exchanged for francs also. This scrip is changed at irregular intervals to prevent widespread counterfeiting and block black market currency manipulation.

Paris' public transportation system is similar to those of London and New York, utilizing busses, subways, and taxies. Cab fares are below those of most American cities, tho the driver expects an enormous tip. Metro's are rapid, efficient, and crowded in 2nd Class cars, altho 1st Class patrons can usually find a seat. Because of this advantage, it is worth paying the 13 franc difference in price between 2nd Class and 1st Class accomodations on longer trips. Busses are even more crowded than the Metro's, as well as slower. A working knowledge of the French language is helpful when traveling by bus.

"Avez-Vous les Cigarettes, M'sieu?"

What used to be the Black Market is now virtually lily-white for the normal individual. A Market staple, American cigarettes, is now common; indeed, American cigarettes are imported quite legally into the country. But French cigarettes are harsh and strong, and many Gallic citizens prefer the milder American brands. Consequently, albeit slim, a definite market is available. Wholesale Market prices run between a thousand and thirteen hundred francs per carton, with king-sized Pall Malls bringing the highest prices. Non-smoking GI's sell their cigarette ration (fifteen packs per week at ten cents a pack) for extra money. Cigarettes may be sold either to individuals contacted on the street, or direct to most large cafes. Average retail price is 150-170 francs a pack.

American coffee, widely popular in Germany, has decidedly negative value in France. French coffee, we've been told, is strong enough to eat away the enamel from your teeth, and the native prefer it that way!

A large volume of Black Market business involves currency manipulation. American dollars are greatly desired -- greenbacks only, no coins, please. One is able to obtain a twenty percent mark-up in over the legal exchange rate when trading unofficially and when dealing with a reputable person. Some small-fry are just thieves and will run after they have your money in their possession. Others are fine fellows, lending the broke GI a few thousand francs at the month's end without interest charges.

American canned goods, especially fruit juices, are quite popular with the Market. Good cameras, typewriters, Parker 51's, and similar factory produce can be easily disposed of. But candy bars and chewing gum, once in great demand, are now on sale at low prices thruout all of Paris.

Most of the Black Market small fry also handle narcotics, with marijuana being on their person and more powerful drugs cached close by. Prices depend largely upon the argumentative powers of the purchaser.

Representatives of the Market can be found almost anywhere in Paris, but contact will be more quickly established near GI hangouts, the Paris Post Exchange, Pigalle, etc. Wherever GI's congregate be assured that a Black Marketeer will always be around! Many specialists in photographic pornography also have connections with the Market, and vice versa.

With few exceptions, your Market contact will only be used to make the contact. After he learns what you wish to buy and/or sell, he'll take you to a nearby bar for a drink, while he gets in touch with the bigger boys. These latter individuals are the ones with whom you bargain and pay or collect. The Contact gets a percentage for finding you.

As a note of advice, do not trust any member of the Black Market until he proves himself worthy of your trust. Millions of dollars in currency and goods have been stolen from the unsuspecting naive.

"Change pour les Machines, M'sieu?"

America has contributed much to French living -- industrial aid, factory produced imports, Coca Cola, etc. America's most popular gift, from a purely economic viewpoint, is the pinball machine!

This interestingly diabolical device can be found anywhere in Paris. The brasserie (a word which deals with pectorals only indirectly, but is French for "brewery" and colloquially corresponds to the American "bar" or "tavern ") which contains none is a rarity. With more popular games, not only do citizens cluster around the machines to watch and kibitz, but many also stand in line awaiting turns. They are given competition by GI's and English tourists.

Replays are not particularly hard to win in comparison with American games, but tilt mechanisms have a relatively low threshold. Most prewar machines are five francs per play, and this type is most common. However, flipper action postwar models are being imported on a large scale, and are preferred for their more exciting play. These modern machines require ten franc coins.

Machines are standard American models with even the original English language operating instructions included. Only alterations are a change in coin-receiving mechanisms to accept French coins, and a sticker to indicate whether the machine is a five or ten franc game.

"Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, mademoiselle?" is passe. Modern GI's employ "S'il vous plait, Madam. Denez moi une sandwich du jombon avec beurre, une bier grosse, es change pour les machines. Cinq francs" until late afternoon. Prostitutes not only sleep late after working all night, but "zee beezness girl" usually speaks better American than the GI!

Other coin-operated arcade type machines are found in brasseries, tho not as popular as pinball. A few places in Paris have prewar juke boxes, but this is not a common practice.

Several brasseries have the French equivalent of an American racing wire service placed in a prominent location. Lotteries are legal; a huge lottery is continually held in Paris with the French government as its sponsor and ticket booths placed on every block. Convenient gambling casinos are found thruout Europe, if you have an urge for roulette or similar sports.

"Etez-Vous Beaucoup Zig-Zag, M'sieu?"

French custom encourages the use of alcoholic beverages. One never drinks water, coffee, or coke with his meal in a French restaurant; one has an apertif to whet the appetite, wine or beer with the main course, and an after-dinner liqueur to aid digestion. Coffee, when consumed, falls between the dessert and the liqueur. Occasionally Coca Cola is used as a dessert, either by itself, or in conjunction with fruit or pastry.

Liquor by the bottle is much cheaper than in America. French beer, weaker than its American counterpart, retails for only 55 francs per liter at all

stores. Bottled wine prices vary, depending on type, vintage year desired, etc., while unbottled wine prices depend mostly upon its alcoholic content. Cognac and other brandies may be had for half their American price. Wine, cognac, and beer may be found in almost every grocery store, delicatessen, and drug store in Paris. This last feature made us homesick for California.

French stores with nothing but potables generally carry much more of a variety than do their American brethren. American whiskies and gins retail slightly higher in France due to import charges. Rare liqueurs, brandies, and cordials, expensively imported into the United States, are decidedly less costly in Europe.

Beverages purchased by the drink in cafes, bars, and night clubs, are cheaper than those sold in comparative places Stateside -- except in expensive Paris tourist traps. Draft beer sells for thirty francs per glass, with bottled beer (ten fluid ounces) between 40 and 90 francs depending on place where and time of purchase. Vin rouge and vin blanc run about twenty francs a glass; cognac about 75 francs per ounce. Cognac is France's favorite likker, while wine is her favorite beverage.

A drink may be had in Paris at almost any time since merrymaking seemingly goes on around the clock. Most business establishments are closed in the early morning while the tourists get some sleep. No age restrictions on liquor sales seem to be in operation, as children drink wine with their meals and teen-age prostitutes can always be seen imbibing with customers.

Undoubtedly due to conditioning, the French never seem to get very intoxicated. Tourists are not too well behaved when looped, with Americans, civilian or GI, the worst offenders.

Most native bars don't mind tho. The drunker one gets, the easier it is to pad his bill!

"Un Livre Bien, M'sieu? Filles es Garcons?"

France is famed for its pornography. Thruout America you hear "Genuine French postcards," "Red hot spicy French novelties," et cetera, an nauseum. Oddly enough, this fame is justifiably obtained, for in Paris pornography is exceptionally easy to obtain and offers a wide variety in taste for the degenerate and connoisseur alike.

For purposes of discussion, we shall divide French pornography into two classes: literary and photographic. The "red hot spicy French novelty" is generally unknown to France simply because she lacks factories for their manufacture.

Literary pornography in English may be found in almost any bookstore. Physically such volumes are slightly larger than American pocket-sized novels, printed on pulp paper with stiff, cream-colored covers, contain about two hundred pages without illustrations, and retail for 350 francs each. On every volume's back cover is printed "NOT TO BE SOLD IN ENGLAND OR USA." These volumes would most certainly be banned in Boston.

Titles include The Amourous Adventures of a Lady of Quality; The Amourous Adventures of a Gentleman of Quality; Strange and Fanciful Tales; The Primrose Garden (subtitled A Manual of Arabian Erotology); Princesses, Courtesans and Lesbians; with many others on the market. Most volumes are collections of short stories.

Unlike American pornography, colloquial vulgarisms are not employed. Stories convey their obscenity without such crudity.

A favorite of GI's was My Life and Loves, by Frank Harris. This autobiographical work is contained in four volumes, with relatively the same physical appearance as those mentioned above. However, these have stiff blue paper covers. The same restriction appears on the back cover, "NOT TO BE SOLD IN ENGLAND OR USA." This set would be banned in Boston also. Decidedly more emphasis is placed on Mr. Harris' "loves" than his "life."

Photographic pornography is widely spread thruout all of Paris, altho not on general sale. Most photographs cater to the degenerate with many models showing a marked degree of ingenuity and contortionistic ability. Pictures may be obtained illustrating almost every conceivable heterosexual and homosexual combination.

The obscene photo retailer operates much in a similar manner as does the Black Market runner, i.e., he contacts his customers on the street. But contrary to American ideas, he decidedly does NOT stand in dark alleys and whisper, "Psst! Feelthy pictures?" to every pedestrian. He may be contacted on almost any Paris boulevard and street, particularly concentrated around Pigalle and the Arch of Triumph.

He looks like any other Paris citizen walking down the street, but he advertises his product by flashing a small hand-held leather-bound photo at likely looking prospective customers. This small photo in itself may not be obscene. Sometimes it is a standard shot of the Arch or the Eiffel Tower. It is only a gimmick with which to establish contact, a device to inform interested parties that the vendor has pictures to sell. The type of pictures is understood!

Retailers do not carry merchandise with them. Practically all operate out of a brasserie or small cafe in which they store their stock. So, after contact, Mr. Customer is taken to the appropriate cafe, sheltered in a back booth (which is used only for this purpose), has a shot of cognac, a bottle of beer, a cup of hot chocolate, or a glass of wine, depending upon his preference, and examines stock samples. Retailers not only carry a large variety of poses, but also a wide assortment of sizes. They try to, and can, sell anything from pocket-sized photos to photo-murals. Prices are not fixed, but are set by individual haggling.

Camera fiends need not contact a vendor for pornography; they may take their own pictures. Many, many prostitutes will gladly pose in any manner suggested for further fees, and several exceedingly vulgar "exhibitions" are held every evening precisely for those who like to photograph such proceedings. But more in the following section about this particular form of good, unclean entertainment.

"Comment, M'sieu? Faire Amour? Mais Certainement!
Combien Moi Donnez-Vous?"

Prostitution is one of the most competitive and remunerative occupations in Paris, and legally too, for Paris is a tourist town, and Paris prostitutes add thousands of dollars to French revenue nightly!

Unfortunately, we lack room to discuss this topic at any great length. Thousands of pages could be written upon any given aspect of the industry. Instead, we will endeavor to give you a general background concerning "the business girl," and that tourist mecca which is not in the guide book, Pigalle.

We have mentioned that prostitution is a competitive business. Even most conservative estimates place the number of full-time filles de joie in excess of ten thousand. Even greater competition is added by the more realistic French attitude toward sexual expression held by French females. Obviously then, in order to be a success she must not only be a skilled worker in her chosen profession, but also quite physically attractive, preferably multilingual, and a shrewd exponent of practical psychology. Thus, many are above average in intelligence and even superior to our cinema stars in beauty of face and figure.

A prostitute is one of the best paid workers in Paris, averaging more money than a secretary, salesgirl, or factory worker. Many girls enter the sisterhood because they feel they have better financial rewards as a prostitute than in any other field of endeavor. Often one counters an oversexed female who enjoys her work -- combines business with pleasure, so to speak. Hundreds claim their careers grew out of the German occupation of France. Another standard sob story is that an unwed mother is supporting her baby by retailing her own body to the masses.

Ordinary sexual intercourse is her most common function, but oral stimulation is a close second. Most prostitutes will perform any service her customers suggest.

Prostitutes may be divided into roughly four major categories: the street walker, the house employee, the cafe girl, and the living companion. A girl will usually, tho not always, specialize in one of these. Customers always pay in advance.

The STREETWALKER is by far the most common type, and like the pornography vendor and Black Market runner, may be found on any Paris thoroughfare. She operates much in the same manner as her American sisters. More prosperous girls solicit near their automobiles and transport their customers to their own tastefully furnished apartments. Other girls stand near street corners and work the vehicular trade. Some prefer to go to their customers' hotel rooms; others receive a cut on room rent paid by their customers in specified hotels. In fact, a traveler will be refused admission in many Paris hotels if he does not have a girl with him! Standard price is a thousand francs for the first session, with bargaining prevailing for more extensive bouts and all night orgies.

The HOUSE GIRL is normally more secure than less organized competitors. She usually works between 8PM and 6AM, and is off one evening per week. All house customers are contacted by runners of either sex, but bed partner selection varies with each organization.

Smaller houses may employ its girls in a short pornographic display to graphically illustrate their individual talents. Very small houses may offer no choice at all. Large houses will supply you with any size and shape of female and type of service desired. Prices begin with a thousand franc minimum, but the House organization takes fifty percent of each girl's earnings.

The CAFE GIRL may function as the French equivalent of the American "B" girl, but unlike her American counterpart, her principal emphasis is toward the bed rather than the bar. The majority merely use the cafe instead of the street for customer contact, trying to average as many customers per evening as possible. Note: evening in Paris means until 6AM or later. A majority will encourage liquor consumption until the wee hours, obtaining a percentage on every purchase made by their companions, and then go to more strenuous pastimes. Almost all have individual rooms in nearby hotels for pleasant working conditions. Girls may shift locations, depending on time of day, or work more than one bar during slow evenings, but most have their favorite places and can be contacted there when not busy doing other things. A thousand francs and up, plus your cafe bill, for one of these.

The LIVING COMPANION, or "shack-up," in more popular parlance, is usually more expensive than the average, either being paid a flat rate by the week or month, or living expenses plus clothes and spending money. She is at the top of her profession, and often graduates from living in luxurious sin to living in legal luxury. Mistresses are fashionable in Europe. Prices for these ladies depend upon your and her standards.

Venereal disease is kept at a fairly low level thru weekly medical inspections of everyone in the profession. Consequently, the percentage of infected girls in Paris runs far below that of such notorious border cities as Juarez and Tia Juana. After a girl becomes infected, she must stop work until she is completely cured, and at any time during her illness, if she is caught at work, she is subject to heavy fines or imprisonment by government authorities. An infected customer may be treated thruout Paris, with ample supplies of penicillin available for all patients.

Paris prostitutes are not shy and retiring. Any evening, rain or shine, they will openly solicit trade on Paris' broadest boulevards — Champs Elysees, Avenue Cliche, Rue de l'Opera, etc. But nowhere in all of Paris is there a heavier concentration of the ladies than in Pigalle!

When one thinks of prostitutes, one automatically thinks of Pigalle; but when one thinks of Pigalle, one not necessarily thinks of prostitutes. Pigalle offers more than just mademoiselles for the tourist; to the American GI, much more.

"Pigalle" or the more reverent term of affection "Pig Alley," colloquially refers to that section of Paris in which lies Place Pigalle, Bowl Pigalle,

and Rue Pigalle. On a map it looks like a downtown traffic circle with Rue Pigalle as a narrow arterial offshoot, and is about 300 francs by taxi, or twenty minutes by Metro from the Arch of Triumph. And in this very compact area, one can partake of any vice ever created by immoral man!

Pigalle is not the French version of an American skid row. There isn't a knifing every ten minutes or wholesale dealings in knockout drops. The area is so crowded that the most common crime of violence is the rolling of an intoxicated GI by a dishonest prostitute. We can't adequately describe it. We can only say that if Pigalle could be placed in book form, the book would be banned on Baltimore's "block" and Chicago's N. Clark, S. State, and W. Madison streets!

Pigalle has three spots catering to American tourists and GI's: Morgans's Bar, The Blue Train, and The Anglo-American Club. These three bistros, all located along Rue Pigalle, four blocks off Place Pigalle, do capacity business nightly. In them, the homesick American can purchase hot dogs, hamburgers, chili, highballs, collinses, and many other native foods and beverages. A talented pianist will play the latest Hit Parade melodies for dancing, with an ever modern stock of American records to provide incidental music. Cafe girls who patronize these establishments speak flawless Americanized English, do the latest American dance steps, and are among the most financially successful prostitutes in Paris. Unlike many Pigalle spots, prices charged there are quite reasonable, being cheaper than in most State-side juke joints.

Many Pigalle tourist traps put on suggestive floor shows, using nude entertainers (which are available afterwards). Often these shows are elaborately staged. But such places are tourist traps and a bill for an hour's stay may run as high as fifteen thousand francs.

For pornographic photographers and those who enjoy such things, numerous "exhibitions" are presented. No standard times are set. Runners are sent thruout the Pigalle district to enlist interested parties, price of admission being about a thousand francs, and as soon as enough customers are obtained to make such an endeavor financially successful, it is held. Camera flash attachments are usually unnecessary, since "exhibition" entrepreneurs thoughtfully take lighting arrangements into consideration. Even a general description of what takes place after admission is paid would bar this publication from the mails.

Focal point for over a hundred Pigalle prostitutes is the Aux Perroquets, a large restaurant and bar on a Place Pigalle street corner. A couple of flipper type pinball machines help the girls kill time during slack hours.

What applies to Pigalle applies virtually to all of Paris. If you wish to engage in any type of illicit activity, just walk down the street. You won't have to look for anyone; they'll contact you.

Because you see, Gertrude, and you too, Joe Fann, the Frenchmen aren't so furtive!

OUR O'S BEHIND THE BIG O

Fapa's own F. Towner Laney once referred to O as "a mixture of liquor recipes and off-color remarks." Wrai Ballard called it "The Ideal Sapzine", which may or may not be a compliment. Bill Danner, whose own Stefantasy always ranks high, called O one of the best fanzines he had ever read, while G. M. Carr, tho continually making caustic comments, placed this fanzine high on her critical listings. O was one of the top four fanzines on the recent Fapa poll, outranking such sterling zines as Stef, Gem Tones, and the Hoffmaniack mags. Even its editors placed high on the laureate listings. What caused us such egoboo? Why did O inspire such diversified but generally enthusiastic reception? I don't know -- I was a stranger there myself. But let's begin at the beginning...

I'd been corresponding with the Coles for some time prior to 1950's Norwescon. Thru the same year's Hydra affair, I had obtained some pro-written material for a proposed all-pro oneshot. Upon informing the Coles that I would be at Portland, they immediately invited me to visit them on my westward jaunt -- to quote their telegram, "the purple plush carpet will be rolled out well soaked with Pabst."

It was.

My visit was the Coles' third contact with organized fandom. Their first exposure came thru a letter exchange with Marion Zimmer Bradley. Mez wrote, Coles replied, but then as now, les Coles and la Bradley have divergent viewpoints. She didn't answer their return letter. Also, just after its organization, the Coles attended a meeting of the Bay Area's "Little Men" group. But they found it "snobbish" and went no more -- then.

After staying with them a few days, I went up to Portland, and, without their knowledge, placed them in SAPS. At the time, of course, the Coles knew nothing of fanzines, BNF's, ajay, and organized fandom. But they soon found out.

It was upon my return from the Norwescon to chez Cole that Orgasm materialized. Les 'n' Es were a bit bewildered, but more than willing to plunge into amateur journalism. After all, until this time, they never suspected that their liking for imaginative literature was shared with equal enthusiasm thru out the United States and even beyond. But they didn't want to rush into anything absolutely cold -- they asked me if I would team up with them, since I had a fanish background plus a ready outlet in DC for mimeographing purposes. Naturally I agreed. Not only did I like the Coles' style of writing, but Es was an 80 wpm typist!

So one evening, between such serious subjects as stf discussions and dirty jokes, we had to think of something to meet SAPS mailing requirements.

First of all, we needed a title. After due appraisal, we selected Orgasm -- not because the three of us detected anything off-color about such a title (never!) but simply because we thot of the word in connection with a final culmination of effort, a blossoming forth, so to speak. Later, to our complete chagrin, Fapa thot that title quite unprintable with unfortunately vulgar overtones. Let me repeat, in selecting our title, we had divorced "Orgasm" completely from sex and related phenomena. At the same session, we also formulated department titles and hit upon the "serious introduction to a relatively peculiar statement" idea which we titled "Department of Useful Information."

Orgasm #1 was distributed only thru SAPS and contained two Cole articles, a poem "Oedipus Rex," rather extensive mailing reviews of previous SAPS mailings by myself -- with editing and snide remarks by the Coles -- editorials by both of us, and the mutual "Department of Useful Information" which later Merwin reprinted. The mag was stencilled by Cole but thru prior arrangement, sent off to Washington D. C. for duplication by DC's Frank Kerkhof and his electric mimeos. About this time I found out I was scheduled for shipment to Europe, so during one last fling in DC, Kerkhof, Briggs, and myself toasted O with champagne -- managing, perhaps from too much champagne, to invert one page in running it off.

With the publishing of Orgasm #1 in SAPS, Cole met Fapa's entrance requirements and promptly joined the organization -- after suitable urging from me. We toyed with the idea of having separate mags for each group, but finally discarded the notion, simply because we planned O to be about 30 pages and couldn't finance a separate zine. Just before my departure for Europe I sent them three articles I had scheduled for my now-discarded "all-pro" fanzine -- material by Anderson, Campbell, and Bok. The Coles, in turn, wrote to several people that they knew.

The publication of O #2 found me comfortably settled in Europe, and to contribute to a jay culture I wrote an article describing a few of the more unconventional and unpalatable potables. Carl Murray, who also became acquainted with the Coles via correspondence, contributed my personal favorite bit in all O, "Orgasm's Version of The Thing," plus his Bradbury criticism which Merwin also reprinted. The rest of O is now history -- except for a few small items.

Under our original plan, all material would be sent to the Coles. By correspondence, O's contents would be mutually worked out, then the Coles would mail cut stencils to Kerkhof in DC for reproduction and distribution. This worked out fine for #1. But Kerkhof moved, and the cut stencils for #2, instead of being forwarded to his new address, were returned to the Coles. Deadline time was near. But somewhere, somehow, the Coles appropriated a hand-cranking mimeograph, purchased multicolored mimeograph paper from our bankroll, and ran off the second issue in time to meet SAPS' mailing date. Fapa's was some six weeks afterwards, hence no trouble. This method proved so satisfactory that we decided to dispense entirely with Kerkhof's services; besides, Les said he needed the exercise.

All our covers after #1 were based on a single theme, and a photolith job was needed for #3. But, due to overwhelming and misconstrued opinion concerning our apazine title, we switched over to its former informal title. Remember the proper phonetics. The Big O -- in mixed company, "O" as in "Organism." We finally ran the Bok article -- still don't know whether he wrote that one before his Fanscient article -- and Poul extended his first bit. Thru their amazing connections, the Coles obtained "The Thing's" publicity pamphlet which lead to their slightly acrid movie review.

Henry Morgan is one of the Coles' favorite humorists, so naturally they requested material from him, tho I dunno how the Coles knew that he read stf. Anyway, their request for material was signed "Lester Cole" but the envelope addressed to them was to "Les 'n' Es Cole." Evidently Mr. Morgan read the Merwin mags, for how else would he have been familiar with the "Les 'n' Es" terminology?

We never intended to make a subzine out of O. Outside of copies to contributors and personal friends, no copies of O were intended for outside circulation. But the favorable reviews in SS prompted several inquiries from general fandom, and the kind-hearted Coles sent copies to all who asked for them -- as long as our few extra duplicates lasted.

O #4 almost appeared, but the Nolacon aftermath killed it. The Coles, bolstered through a jay, went back to the Little Men, and this time stayed on. After the Nolacon we were going to publish #4, most of it was written, but Les was drafted into being director of the Little Men and assumed supervision of its "little magazine" (never use such crude terms as "fan-zine") Rhodomagnetic Digest, dropping out of the apas and O. I didn't want to take it until I received more permanent an assignment than I held at that time. Some of the accumulated O material went to Rhodo. The rest may see publication somewhere, sometime.

O is not dead; it has gone into hibernation. I'll be a civilian when I go to Chicago this year. If I ever get up sufficient energy I'll go off on a mad hunt for material sometime within the next five or ten years. The next issue is indefinite, but be ye all assured -- The Big O will be back!

"Of course we want, and need very badly, material for publication. No matter what you have, sent it along and it will appear in an early issue."

Harry Warner Jr.

Spaceways VI1N1, Nov '38

WHAT TYPE OF RELIGION DO YOU USE, BUD?

The subject of Religion is extremely dangerous. Wars have been fought, millions slain, because masses of humanity worshipped different deities. Yet, in spite of undoubtedly adverse criticism we write this article. We are not moralists. These words which follow are not intended to lead you to any specific form of worship, tho most of us, even in this frighteningly "enlightened" age of technological development, do recognize some form of Superior Being. Atheists may sneer derisively, but in these troublous times any spiritual comfort obtained thru reverent devotion is certainly important to all humanity. For practical purposes, of course, Christianity and other mundane trivia must be discarded. The True Fan has no use for such sheer, outmoded superstition...

Klono is a ghod that is lost in the depths of antiquity. Long ago, however, fanzines and often even stf were filled with incredibly detailed descriptions of His unusual anatomy. Kimball Kinnison, once called "the rich man's Captain Future" (or was Curt Newton the poor man's Kimball Kinnison?) swore lustily by Klono which was considered quite fashionable in those days and not even offensive to the ladies. But few of the modern fen remember when Dr. Smith's dialogue was used extensively thruout fanish literature and everything checked to 99 decimals. Fewer still remember once mighty Klono. A ghod can only endure as long as He has Believers, and fandom soon rushed towards ghods of a more fanish nature, leaving a bewildered, unhappy Klono, bereft of all followers save a graying Gray Lensman and other aging spacemen that inhabit the Lensman universe. Perhaps even now He is reflecting upon his tarnished bowels, bitterly jealous of His modern successors and waiting for the coming Storm Cloud series to elevate Him back into fanish favor. We can only wait and see.

In contrast, veterans ghughu and FooFoo are still actively waging their unceasing struggle for fanish domination. Origin of these ghods is not within the scope of this discussion. Time-yellowed fanzines plus the FooFooist inspired Fancylopedia will give the sincere theological student this information, tho the student must be reminded that in those formative years, religious fervor was at its peak, with distorted charges and counter-charges offered by both sides.

Time has changed nothing, except perhaps to drive the Battle underground with but slite eruptions to the fanish surface. Modern followers of the Great White Spirit, notably Boggs, Pavlat, and Sneary, still rally to the Marching Song of FooFoo. And even Elder Statesman Juffus, once a leader in the FooFooist regime, can be seen unpretentiously spreading the Grand Foolosofy among impressionable neofen at any yearly convention.

But FooFooism has a powerful adversary in lee hoffman and her potent publication, Quandry. Miss hoffman, being one of the biggest of present-day

BNF's, exercises tremendous influence among modern fen. She acknowledges no ghod but ghughu, mentioning him incessantly in her widely circulated fanzine, and thus dying uncounted souls in his purple stain. She places his gholy ghible far above such comparatively lesser works as that of the mad Arab. daw may look approvingly upon sister hoffman, for she is effectively opposing the force of FooFoo in these modern times. In Chicago this year it is believed that her beanie will be violently violet....

Roscoism is a comparatively recent development, founded by one A. Rapp, carefully nurtured first by midwest fandom, thence adopted by SAPS as its official religion. The birchbark bible is an exceedingly rare document; much of the movement has grown sluggish lately. But we are told that the official book of Roscoe will soon be made public again and once more fan-kind may side with the Sacred Beaver in His War against Oscar, the Malevolent Muskrat. DC's Richard Eney swears by Roscoe's Terrible Two Front Teeth (a fearsome oath to any confirmed Roscoist), and Irishfan Walter A. Willis -- THE Walter A. Willis -- has been recruited to the cause. Note carefully the identity of our FAPA leader. Under Rapp's benevolent dictatorship SAPS embraced Roscoe -- will FAPA be next?

The most hardy fannish deity is the great ghod Beer, whose followers devoutly chant "Beer is the only true ghod!" Wherever fen gather, one will usually find his presence, and many cash offerings are made at his various altars. Beer is not only an American ghod. His presence is felt throughout most civilized countries where fen of each nation worship in their own way. This was forcefully illustrated at London's First International Science Fiction Festival convention, where British, Dutch, Swedish, French, Irish, Australian, and American fen clustered around a common deity, tho in his many Aspects. One mathematical wit suggested that Beer was the common denominator. The Beer-inspired fanatic will state that the great ghod Beer predated even stf itself and strict Beerish protocol designates such names as Pabst, Schlitz, Budweiser, and Blatz to be placed far above those of Heinlein, van Vogt, Asimov, Bradbury, and Burbee. To the True Fan, obviously, this ranks but short of heresy! Thus, while Beer may be the only true ghod, he is definitely not the ghod of the True Fan.

Interrelationships between various faiths are extremely complex. FooFoo and ghughu grudgingly concede one another a ghod-like status, each derogatorily refusing to capitalize the other's Name. FooFooists consider Roscoe not as a ghod, but as a canny subterfuge cleverly designed to disorganize the ghughuist forces, insuring speedy victory for FooFoo's followers. Ghughuists, however, not only claim Roscoe as a ghughuist device to disrupt FooFoo's organization, but dedicate Beer (corrupted to "Bbeer" to conform to ghughust terminology) to the purple. And with Roscoe's high priest over in Korea, the south has gone to ghu and is establishing a beach head in SAPS. Worshippers of Roscoe calmly discard the Elder ghods, considering Beer as but one aspect of Roscoe. Those that belong to Beer are more liberal when judging other faiths. All ghods are divine, quoth they. But ghughu and FooFoo are archaic ghods, weakened by their constant struggle, and not worthy of modern fandom. Roscoe, they continue, is a young but puerile ghod, only slitley above the Shaverian saga in last fanish value. Beer, they repeat, is the only true ghod.

Oddly enough, Beer influences even those addicted to other faiths, for no less than Bob Pavlat, an ardent FooFooist, high in FAPA's who's who, and our vice-president, sages states, "It is against the non-existent rules of the Elders to discriminate when it comes to Beer." (In explanation, the Elders are a small group of erudite DC people who enjoy the more intellectual things of life. Its members include Fapafen Mr. Robert Pavlat, MA; Pvt Robert Briggs, US; Cpl Lee Jacobs, RA; and Dr. William Evans, PhD.) A fan cannot serve two masters -- or can he?

There are theologies other than those mentioned. Such theologies continue to evolve and recede in fandom, but there are none which have become as lasting as the above. However Neofutilitarianism sounds exceedingly promising. This small cult (it is not on a fully religious scale as yet), an outgrowth of somewhat sacred literature obtained at the Nolacon, has yet to receive the fanwide publicity needed to incite a new uprising. But its few members are intensely active and time may be that the Neofutilitarian Concept will supplant one or more of our present faiths. Pogo, as we all know, is above even deification.

What is the future of fanish theology? Will Klono ever regain His former power? Will FooFoo or ghughu ever reign alone in grand supremacy? Has Roscoe a really firm footing on the fanish scene? Is Beer the only true ghod? Or is the time ripe for a new and vigorous entity to dominate our micro-macrocosm?

What type of religion do you use, bud?

...

"It was recently offered as a truism that 'when science fiction audiences increased, that the science gave way to adventure -- plain fantastic adventure.' One is therefore lead to assume that the continuation of science fiction depends upon fandom's ability to shun all forms of growth."

Al Ashley

Nova V1N2

MR. HERSEY'S PULPWOOD EDITOR

We've only been reading fanzines for ten years -- a very short time in comparison with Warner, Speer, Tucker, and other Fapish veterans. We've read millions of fanish words, but have missed even more. Perhaps in the thousands of pages we have not read, lost somewhere in the long ago, Pulpwood Editor has been brought before the eyes of fankind. We do not think so but we may be wrong....

Pulpwood Editor by Harold B Hersey; Frederick A Stokes Company; 1937; 300 pp; subtitled "The Fabulous World of the Thriller Pulp Magazines As Revealed by a Veteran Editor and Publisher."

The True Fan generally overlooks the fact that prozines are pulps, and pulps are a business. Most prozines, Amazing thru Weird, are published for one and only one purpose -- to make money. And from an entirely practical, editor-and-publisher's viewpoint, Mr. Hersey tells us the story of the pulps.

Pulpwood Editor consists of fifteen chapters, covering every aspect of the pulpwood magazine business. A theoretical new magazine (Dandy Stories) is conceived and published with each detail on its launching fully and clearly explained. Chapter titles include "The People Who Read the Pulps," "Pulpwood Advertising," "The Reader is Always Right," "Editors May Come and Go," "...But Writers Go On Forever," "Covering the Pulp With a Multitude of Sins," "If You Must Write for the Pulps," with a fifty-page history and analysis of each individual pulp type.

This book is brutally frank, hence highly entertaining, for Mr. Hersey uses words which generally tear away any protective stardust from Joe Fann's ego. Suppose he is a letter hack. Well, Mr. Hersey says -- first about prozine departments:

"Love, Romance and Confessional pulps -- the latter being those written in the first instead of the third person -- have used the department more as an Advice to the Lovelorn idea than as a general backyard feature devoted to patting the reader on the back and boosting the magazine. Western, Adventure, and all the he-man magazines look upon the department as a sort of safety valve for the reader's poverty-stricken emotions and as a place where the editor can distinguish himself by filling up a few places in the magazine without extra cost. Pseudo-scientific and other specialized fiction sheets devote a bit more space to departments because so many of their readers are cranks who take a grim pleasure in finding flaws and showing off their juvenile knowledge."

...and about the young letter writer:

"While the juvenile element is by far the largest in the pulpwoods, the young editor is surprised to find that the letters he is asked to answer and print are mostly from older people. The boy or girl who writes him is

so exceptionally high in intelligence that he is not long for this fiction world. He or she is already critical; soon will be hypercritical."

...and about letter columns:

"The earnest soul who finds a flaw in a magazine is the editor's meat. The more, the merrier. The critic usually closes his letter by saying, 'And I dare you to print this,' as though any intelligent editor would neglect any opportunity to prove that his magazine welcomes criticism and that he is broadminded to a fault. Made a distinctive part of the department lay-out, generally leading a column, the letter immediately attracts the eye, whether it's one that the mailman brought, or one the editor has written to himself over a false signature and address. Many an editor has waged a furious battle over a dozen different names until there were enough bonafide communications to keep the pot boiling over its own fire."

...and about perennial letter hack subjects:

"Many readers strenuously object to serials; they are forever writing in to ask the editor to eliminate them from his regular fiction program. This is out of the question, for having finished an issue of Dandy Stories without a carry-over to the succeeding issue, he might sample the stories in one of our competitor's sheets next month -- and get to like them! So..."

"There is an old saying in the pulpwoods that any color will do for a cover just so it's red."

"A word about novelettes. Sometimes the pulpwood editor calls them 'complete novels' to make the reader believe that he is getting a lot for his money. There is no legal or ethical definition as to what a novel's length must be, so he is at complete liberty to call anything from twenty thousand words up a complete novel, even a booklength novel if he so desires."

Nice, huh? And what about Joe Fann -- pro author? He dewy-eyed Bradbury-to-be will read:

"The beginner is never a financial problem. He is so delighted to receive an acceptance instead of a rejection slip that he is receptive to any decent offer. Fiction houses of the first rank do not traffic in this human weakness. It is natural that the beginner, one who may never be heard from again, must prove his worth before he can profit by it. The larger concerns pay enough to discourage the newcomer from going elsewhere with his next yarn, not enough to embarrass the budget; a decent sum within range of the stories value."

...and about them duhty pro's:

"From a pulpwood editor's viewpoint writers are divided into two classes: professional and amateur. The professional is one who has learned to take punishment, the amateur is one who has not. The professional disciplines himself to long tedious hours at the 'mill,' the amateur has yet to go through the heartbreaking process of inuring himself to the grind. The professional can turn out a yarn on any subject at any length and at any given time, either woven around his own theme or one chosen by the editor,

whereas the amateur is incapable of adapting his talents to a practical purpose. The professional has attained an objective state of mind about his work, the amateur still talks about that inspiration and individuality in self expression which are so precious to the serious artist and so utterly worthless to the quantity writer."

Remember the subscription copy complaints a few mailings ago? Mr. Hersey reminds us:

"It is necessary to point out that the distribution of subscription copies is a matter between Uncle Sam and the publisher. Second class mail entrance is a great privilege; the Government loses money on the proposition; every post office and RFD is an integral in a relatively inexpensive distributing system insofar as the publisher is concerned. To gain these subscriptions, on the other hand, is an extravagance that only those periodicals that subsist on advertising can afford; subscriptions are nothing but a headache to the pulpwood publisher. He mails his magazines in bulk to the various wholesalers, or ships them by freight, express and truck."

We notice several prozines, primarily those in miniature format, that carry only small amounts of advertising. Real great, we thought. Less advertising and more fiction. Thanks, Mr. Editor. But according to Mr. Hersey:

"Whenever black spaces occur on the printed page at the ends of stories we include notices of treats in store for the reader in the next number, couched in such terms as will get by the post office ruling anent the difference between an announcement and an advertisement. This takes a skillful hand. It is important because the cost of shipment rises in ratio to the portion of advertising in the magazine. Anything under five percent gets by at the usual rate; anything about this amount increases the mailing expense. This explains why many publications confine their advertising to the minimum."

If Joe Fann ever becomes an editor, Mr. Hersey has a warning word:

"Gradually, inevitably, if he stays in the profession, the editor constructs the entire character of his reader much as a paleontologist reconstructs a prehistoric animal from fossilized remains. He reads a sermon from every letter. He observes the relative popularity of succeeding issues, featuring those writers who appeared in to ones that gained the greatest response from the public; that is, if some other editor doesn't steal his stars away from him in the meanwhile. Groping, blindly, and with no mother to guide him, he finally gets the wobbly, lifeless, reconstructed figure known as the Average Reader to his feet. In some secret, unexpected moment it lives and breathes. The danger is now that it may become a Frankenstein monster. It lumbers after him from then on, wherever he goes, haunting his sleep and whining its endless, monotonous criticism of everything he does. Whenever you see an editor mumbling to himself, don't be startled; he's merely holding conversation with the unseen monster at his elbow!"

Mr. Hersey has more than just a brush with stf, as will be seen by this next quote. Of particular interest to Coswal, Bill Evans, and Joe Fann -- historian, but also on a prophetic bent, Mr. Hersey gives us the past, present, and future of stf -- circa 1937:

"Jules Verne is primarily responsible for the pseudo-science and fantasy fiction in the pulpwoods. H. G. Wells, in his earlier and perhaps only immortal period, helped the good cause for those who enjoy stories taller than any of those surrounding the name of Paul Bunyan. In the yellow back weekly days Lu Senarens wrote a series of yarns for Frank Tousey under a pseudonym that dealt with the adventures of an inventor who constructed weird machines with which he went through the jungle, flew to other planets, and bored through this one. He was followed by the Gernsback brothers, who created Amazing Stories. Now we have not only this one but also Weird Tales, Astounding Stories and Wonder Stories. The magazine public, enamored of fantasy fiction, makes up through loyalty for what it lacks in size; there are enough readers, however, to support all four magazines, and I am told they earn sufficient profits to make it worthwhile for their publishers to continue.

"There is even a digest issued for the fans entitled Fantasy Magazine. Its editor, Julius Schwartz, and his associates not only write the contents, they set them up in type and print the copies as well. This little magazine, issued for subscribers only, publishes interviews with authors, editors and artists engaged in creating the four big newsstand products, discusses fantasy in general and in particular; reviews new books and lists old ones. Haywood S. Kirby, of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, wrote me recently to the effect that he is editing another little magazine called the Fantasy Fiction Digest. He tells me that it is the official organ of the Fantasy Fiction League.

"It seems that I enjoy a reputation as an editor and publisher far out of proportion to my just deserts. I failed miserably with the Thrill Book in 1919, a pulp that included many excellent pseudo-scientific yarns by Murray Leinster and others in its several issues, but which was not devoted entirely to this type of story. I discussed plans with Clayton before I resigned from his company to take over the Supervising Editorship of the MacFadden Publications, to launch a pseudo-science fantasy sheet, but he did not issue Astounding Stories until about a year later. My third venture was on my own. It was entitled Miracle Science and Fantasy Stories. Elliot Dold, whose brother Douglas Dold had been our editor of an adventure magazine, the Danger Trail, encouraged me -- not that I needed to be spurred into publishing this periodical. Elliot Dold is one of the brilliant artists whose work now appears in many of the fantasy sheets. Unfortunately, serious illness prevented his continuing his services as editor-artist-writer and I decided to put the magazine aside temporarily. I regret to say that it has never been revived.

"Two of the most successful strips now running in the newspapers, Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, deal with this theme. H. G. Wells' recent motion picture dealing with events in years to come proved that futuristic fiction, closely akin to the pseudo-scientific and fantasy yarns, is fine material for the movies. I rather imagine that we will see much more of it now that Wells has reshown the way. We must not forget that 'A Trip to the Moon' and similar pictures are among the earlier classics of the screen. Books are continually being published in his field. Although the Munsey Magazines have printed a good deal of it, the other pulps and smooth-papers have not been so prolific in this regard. It is evidently an impossible theme for

drama now that the movies have stultified what little imagination had in the past by providing realism in the place of suggestion. It will probe a valuable item for radio, however.

"Pseudo-science, fantasy, futuristic, weird fiction -- whatever you choose to call it -- satisfies an instant demand on the part of many readers who are not content with the mere adventures on terra firma and in soaring aircraft. They want their favorite authors to take them on wild goose chases through the earth and to other worlds in the distant sky. There are those who insist that every invention used for these purposes have some scientific basis, or at least be surrounded by a convincing patter; there are others who don't care just so long as the story is entertaining. This former group is vastly in the majority. A rocket that is to carry the hero to Mars must be explained and certified in detail; fantastic and incredible situations now or in the future must have an atmosphere of credibility; weird experiences must not veer too far from simple understandings.

"Here is another instance where one of the Parts of the general adventure theme has been used effectively. It is now an entity in itself."

Frankly, we don't know just how much of this volume of fifteen years ago applies to the modern pulp -- still included. We live in an everchanging world. But we do think, as a reference work or just for casual reading, Pulpwood Editor is an interesting book. Why don't you see if it's on your city library shelf?

...*

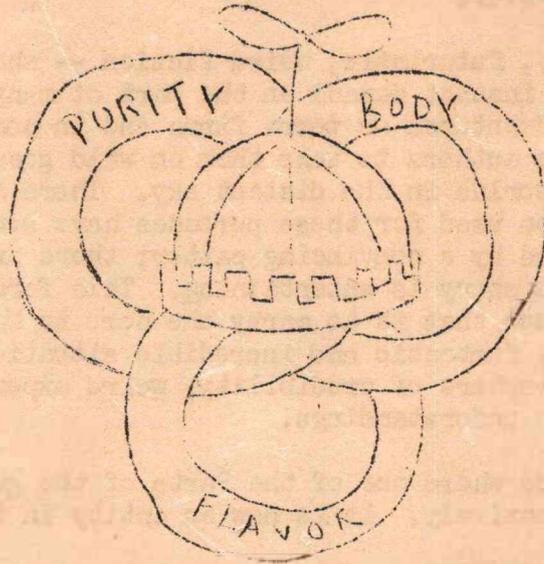
"The direct influence of the fans is, though I know it hurts to realize it, indetectably minute. Their indirect influence -- as spokesmen for readers in general -- is a distortion of the actual facts. They're all fans, which means they're all a selected, specialized type of reader, not general reader average at all.

"But they represent one of the few ways I have of actually reaching any readers; they're highly important and informative, if I can just figure out how much of what they say is due to the distorted-general-reader-who-is-a-fan, and calculate from that what they might have refrained from saying if they had been Mr. Clam Silent Reader."

John W. Campbell Jr.

Nova VLN2

YES!



OUR HAT IS IN THE RING!

For TREASEC? No! He must work and we do not like work.

For OE? No! He must work and we do not like work.

For V-P? No! He must work and we do not like work.

For PRESIDENT? Yes! This important office carries a maximum of egoboo with a minimum of responsibility. We are eminently qualified to fill such a post.

- 1). We lived in Southern California for 20 years, 45 minutes away from Pioneer Blvd, but never met Burbee.
- 2). We were stationed in New Jersey for two years, active in ayjay, but never met Joe Kennedy.
- 3). We met Walt Willis at 1951's London Convention, that him a fellow LNF, and found out differently only after our return to America.

No other FAP can match that sterling record!

Fix Lee as the figure in FAPA's figurehead. Make your X opposite its name on the FAPA ballot!

REMEMBER: PRESIDENT LEE IN '53!