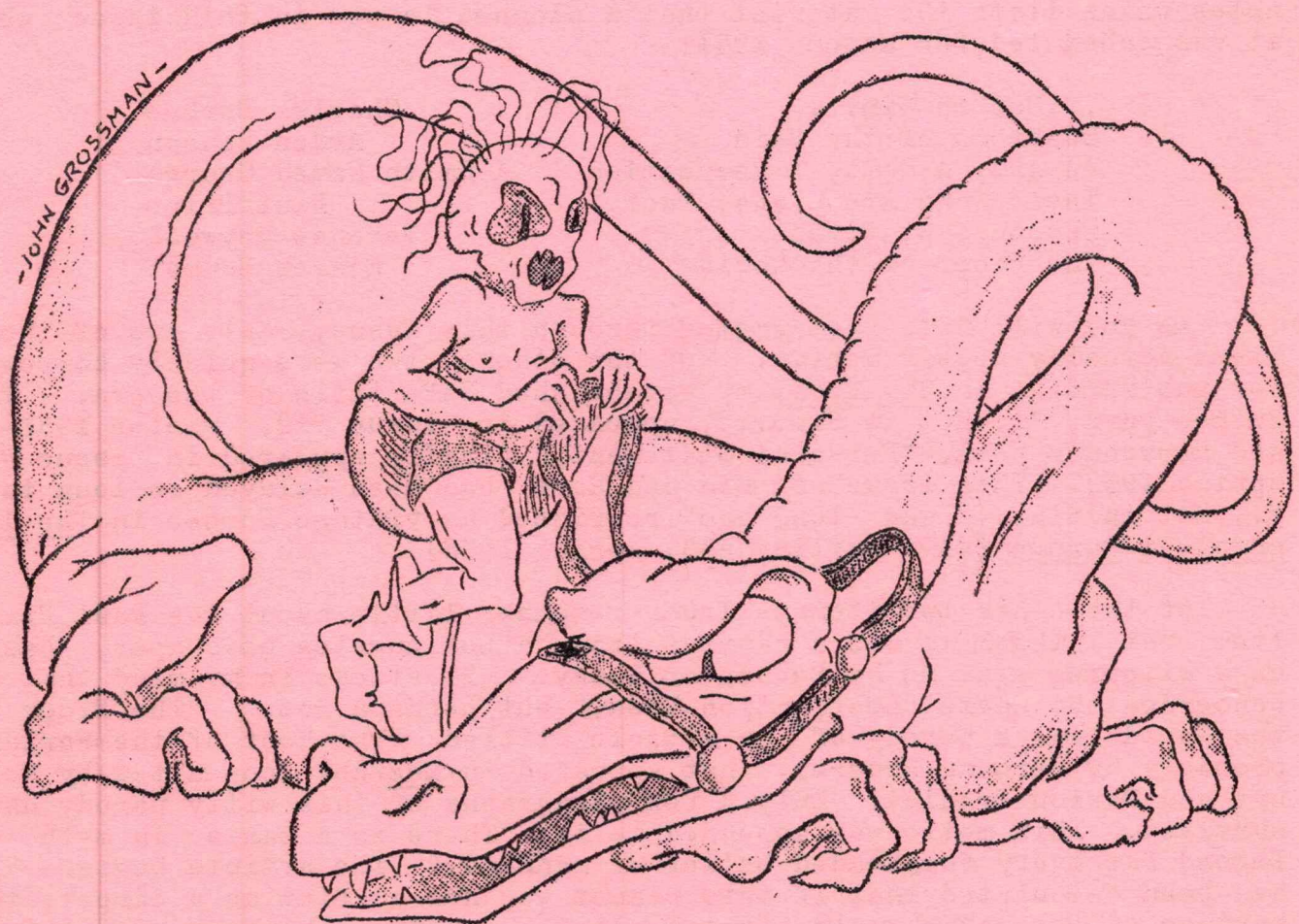


# old and rare



NUMBER TWO

FAPA

EDITORIAL

FAPA MAILING

ECHOES OF  
FIFTH FANDOM



SUMMER 1962

THIS second issue of Old and Rare has been slightly delayed. Say about 11 years. It was intended for FAPA mailing #57, autumn 1951; with luck it may appear, as labeled, in FAPA mailing #100. I really planned to publish it last autumn, exactly ten years after it was scheduled to appear, but when I had time and inclination to publish I was unable to locate my only copy of the piece by "a Smith named George." I have forgotten what delayed the appearance of this magazine in the first place.

The missing article finally turned up, and with it a pageful of notes which lists the material that I planned to use in this issue when it was scheduled for autumn 1951:

...Not in Sin...	Charles Burbee
Monsters of the Void	Arden Benson
An Art, A Game, A Recreation	A Smith Named George
These Fans Are Slans, Too!	Paul Price
Personal Statement	Terence Heywood
The Floor of the World	Egomet Bonmot

As you will note from paging through this issue, only two of these items actually appear herein. Of the others, two were quickly borrowed for publication in Sky Hook, my established FAPA title of the era. The Burbee yarn, "...Not in Sin...", appeared in issue #12, winter 1951-2, and Heywood's poem, "Personal Statement," finally appeared in issue #17 spring 1953. This issue of Old and Rare has been delayed so long that "...Not in Sin..." was long ago reprinted as vintage Burbee in The Incomplete Burbee (FAPA mailing #83, spring 1958).

Of the other two items, I can remember little about the Paul Price item, but I think it was a reprint from a Los Angeles newspaper, based on a clipping sent me by Burbee or Laney. It sticks in my mind that it concerned the movie "Destination Moon," but perhaps not. "The Floor of the World" was a parody of an article titled "The Roof of the World," probably by Fernand Roussel, that appeared in Mezrab, co-edited by Robert and Marion Bradley. Only a few paragraphs of this witty parody have survived. This motto was appended to it: "There is a basis in myth or legend for every fuggheaded belief of mankind." The article begins: "It has been calculated that if this planet was now as flat as a carpet, the surface of the earth would stretch all the way from Whittier, California

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EDITOR: REDD BOGGS

NUMBER 2

OLD AND RARE

# AN ART, A GAME, A RECREATION

by a SMITH named GEORGE

SEX is a term in grammar.

It has nothing to do with the integer betwixt five and seven, but often has a lot to do with the interval between five and seven. Or eleven and midnight.

In its simplest form it requires a minimum of extraneous equipment. As an indoor sport it is indulged in by more people of both genders than any other form of exercise.

It is responsible for more damn foolishness than gin rummy, more broken homes than bridge, more kittens than curiosity ever killed, birds, bees, flowers, laws, rules, regulations, broken laws, broken rules, broken regulations, broken hearts, broken heads, broken pocketbooks, broken commandments, broken resolutions, fun, arguments, spent time, wasted effort, and worn-out middleaged juvenile delinquents than any other single game of chance ever devised.

It is a noun between the ages of six and fourteen, a mystery between fourteen and twenty, a transitive verb between twenty and thirty, a game of tactic between thirty and forty, a game of chance between forty and fifty, a passive verb between fifty and sixty, and something you pass laws against when you are over sixty.

It is, at best, a binary occupation.

Certain odd characters hold that sex may be held in congress with but a single member, but the usual quorum falls in quanta of two. There are those who claim that members of the same gender may indulge in the game, but these are queer characters indeed.

In its most satisfying form, the requirements are simple: it takes but male and female and a suitable place, unencumbered by relatives, visitors, friends, business acquaintances, or strangers extraneous to the occupation.

Some hold that a bit of legal parchment is required, but this is but a ruse to deny, since others hold that the possession of this same parchment mitigates against the game.

A certain quantity of time is required, the length of which is, somehow, neatly tailored to fit into the time which is available. Stories are told of indulgents who disappear for entire weeks at a clip, whilst there are others who leave their cars doubleparked with the engine running during the inning.

Exponents of the art have claimed indulgence in many precarious places, such as standing up in a canoe, or in a rumble seat of a 1929 Chevy. These are researchers, experimenters, and people who wouldn't appreciate a Beautyrest if they had it to bounce upon.

As a sport it can be legislated against, but it cannot be rendered unpopular.

There are accounts of the lower classes attempting the game, which is obviously too good for them, and also tales of the upper classes, which should be above such a vulgar endeavor.

It is the cause of, and the result of, more drunken brawls than Prohibition.

It is the object of more words slapped on paper and murmured into telephones or shell-like ears than the late fracas.

It is about as undignified a game as was ever invented; since its costume or uniform consists of a complete minimum of equipment, any man caught indulging cannot pull his rank on the observers.

Howthesoever, it is fun, and upon the day that I am deemed ineligible I shall go forth and cut my throat quietly, leaving my electric blanket, Beautyrest, and the calm, untroubled quiet of my baliwick here in East Falls to someone who can damn well appreciate a place to commune with nature.

Have I made myself clear?

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## EDITORIAL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

to Alhambra, California -- that is, it would, if a split were made between these points and the earth were uncurled and laid out like an orange peel on a table top...." \* Well, that's enough of that.

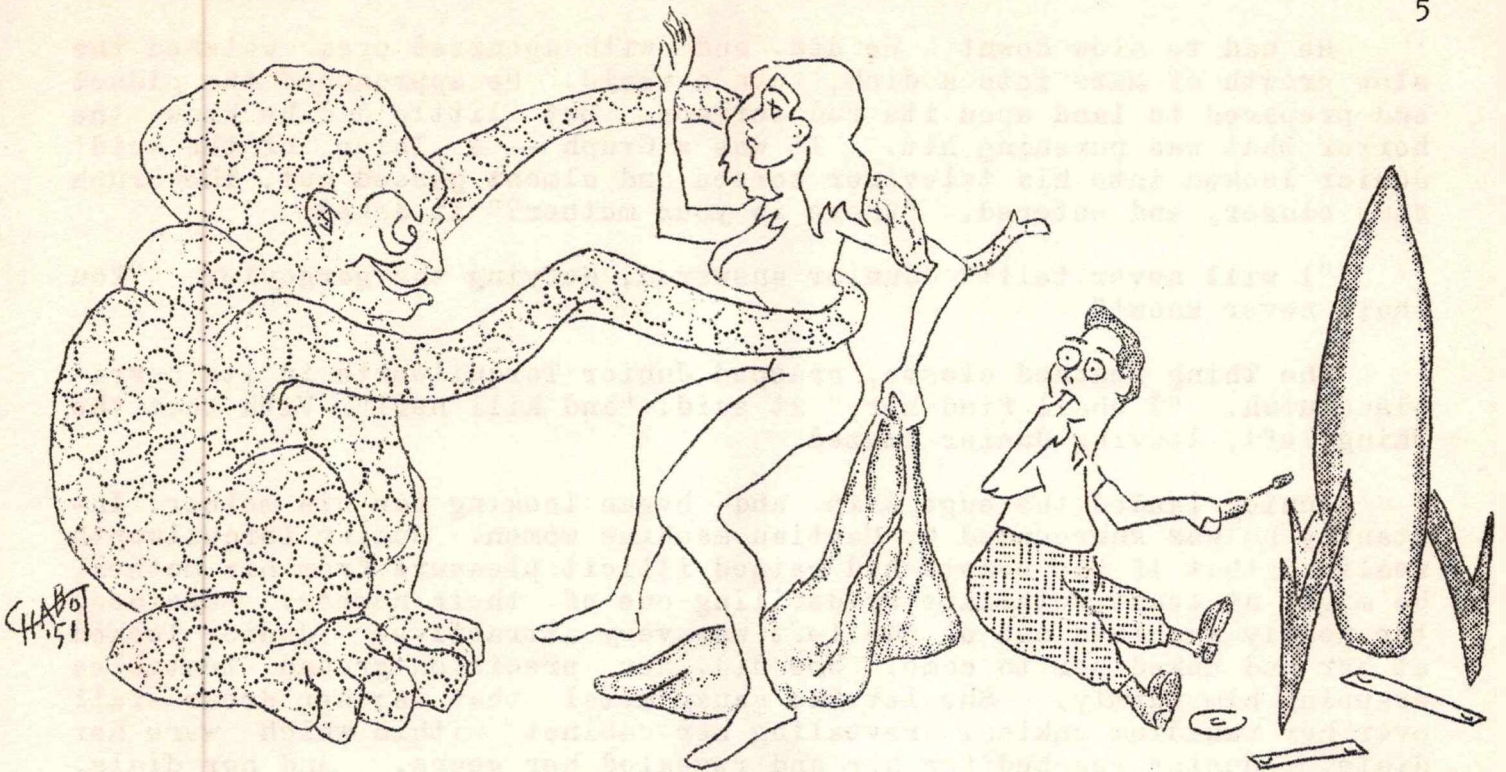
Of the two items that have survived and are printed here, "Monsters of the Void" is reprinted from B-r-r-r-ack! #2, an MFS publication, edited by Manson Brackney and published early in 1944. The author, Arden "Buns" Benson, was an old-time sf fan and MFS member, and "Monsters of the Void" continued to fascinate MFS members for years. As late as 1950 Poul Anderson read the story on a wirecording sent Burbee and Laney. I should point out that this yarn is a parody of the stories by Henry Kuttner that appeared in the first issue of Marvel Stories, August 1938.

The other article, "An Art, A Game, A Recreation," is a reprint from The Committeeman #7, June 1951, published by Roy Lavender. This unofficial NFFF publication -- yes, I said NFFF publication! -- was circulated to NFFF officialdom; I believe that Lavender was secretary at the time, and lived somewhere in Ohio. I'm not sure why I happened to receive a copy of The Committeeman.

As I say, I don't remember the reason Old and Rare was delayed in 1951, though, upon reflection, I think it might have been due in part to the hassel between two good friends of mine, Marion Z. Bradley and F. Towner Laney, involving the 1951 presidential race. But the reason why it was finally put in cold storage is plain: Somebody beat me to the re-printing of "An Art, A Game, A Recreation." I've forgotten who it was,

\* Did Whittier really have fannish significance in 1951, or is this a later version?

(Concluded on page 7)



# MONSTERS OF THE VOID

by ARDEN BENSON

"MOMMY!" exclaimed little Junior Torquilworth to his mother. "Look what I made with my Tinkertoy!"

His mother looked and was astounded. It was a spaceship. She gaped at it. Her loose robe flung open, revealing the soft, yet smooth and firm mounds of her breasts. "That's wonderful!" she said, letting the robe fall down over her smooth thighs. "How did you do it?"

"It was easy. I did it in three seconds." Junior Torquilworth looked long at his mother. She was beautiful. Suddenly a thought came to him. "How would you like to go for a ride in it?" he asked her.

"I'd love it," she said, climbing into it. "Let's go to Mars!"

Just then a horrible scream rent the air, and a horrible being entered. Slimy things on his tentacles touched the bare skin of the mother. It slid its lewd hand over her breasts, and Junior Torquilworth fainted. When he awoke, the monster and his mother were gone.

"I must go to Mars and catch them!" he yelled, and so saying he jumped into his newly-created spaceship. "I may be too late."

Junior Torquilworth maneuvered his mighty ship into interstellar space. The acceleration was torturing him. He was approaching the speed of light, and he knew that by the Lorentz-Fitzgerald theorem, the length of a body equaling  $L(1-C^2/V^2)^{\frac{1}{2}}$ , he would soon cease to exist.

He had to slow down! He did, and with agonized eyes watched the slow growth of Mars into a disk, then a world. He approached the planet and prepared to land upon its red surface. But little did he know the horror that was pursuing him. It was a Gruph -- a Thing of the void! Junior looked into his television screen and almost passed out. The Gruph came closer, and entered. "Where is your mother?" it asked.

"I will never tell!" Junior answered, defying the gargoyle. "You shall never know!"

The Thing reached closer, grasped Junior Torquilworth in its horrible clutch. "I shall find her," it said, "and kill her!" With that the Thing left, leaving Junior amazed.

Junior landed the huge ship and began looking for his mother. Instantly he was surrounded by Martian machine women. Junior Torquilworth realized that if the beasts had gained illicit pleasure from his mother, he might at least retaliate by defiling one of their number. Besides, the neatly machined one on the left was very attractive. Junior looked at her and asked her to come. She did, her precision-ground tentacles wrapping him warmly. She let the gauzy metal that was her dress fall over her vanadium ankles, revealing her cabinet within which were her dials. Junior reached for her and revealed her gears. And her dials. Those luscious dials! Junior had never seen anything more beautiful, save the form of his mother. The gears ran smoothly, oozing oil.

His hand reached inside, and the fire of passion burned in them both as he touched her dial. Something seemed to happen to them; they knew that no matter what, they would not be able to stop now. The ecstasy of touching that dial seemed to blot everything else into oblivion. They melted and found the supreme pleasure as he turned them, shifting her gears into high. But this was as nothing compared to what happened then. Sparks flew; flames leaped high. The heat was unbearable, wonderful. He reached further, touched one of the teeth of her gears. It was rapturous.

Hours on hours they lay thus. Now turning a dial a little further, now simply relaxing in bliss, hand resting in the very center of the mechanism. The heat of the contact was infinitely satisfying. She swooned, and his hand replaced the cover to her cabinet. He lingered, and that was his undoing.

For one of the beasts -- the kind that had taken his mother -- appeared on the scene.

"EGBERT ALOYSIUS TORQUILWORTH JR!" it shouted. "Now I have you at last! You shall share the fate of your mother!"

Junior instantly died of heart failure. His mother must be dead.

The horrible beast returned to its lair, where the body of Junior's mother lay, horribly mutilated. "Hah!" it spoke ravenously. "This time the Martians have won out over the Earthmen, in spite of the author!"

But little did he know that at this moment, outside his den, there stood a giant Kronn, inhabitant of a world beyond the fourth dimension.

With him stood Junior Torquilworth and his mother, resplendent in the new bodies he had given them. The young mother's dress hung loosely about her hips, and as she spoke, it fell.

"Thought that you could get away with it, did you? Well, there!" She pointed a tiny weapon at the Martian beast, and it was instantly resolved into its component atoms. Mrs Torquilworth and the Kronn retired to a dark corner of the spaceship, and the boy flew the mighty vessel back to Earth.

That night they stood in the deep of the forest and looked long at the tiny pinpoint of light that was Mars.

Mrs Torquilworth sighed and relaxed in the arms of the Kronn.

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## EDITORIAL CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 4

and it makes no difference now. (Incidentally, I gave the present title to the work; originally it had none at all or only a poor one.)

The artwork herein should be particularly mentioned. Henry Chabot, New York fan and artist of the era, drew the illustration accompanying "Monsters of the Void" especially for Old and Rare. He also drew one for "...Not in Sin..." that appeared with the story in Sky Hook. John Grossman, then of Des Moines, Iowa, sent the pic that appears here on the front cover as a filler pic for use in The Fantasy Annual, 1948, but it couldn't be squeezed in. It was selected from my artwork files for use here almost as soon as this issue was conceived in mid-1951.

What is more, the cover on this issue was stencilled and mimeographed nearly 11 years ago. Since 3 September 1951 when, according to my records, the front cover was run off, I have carefully preserved the ready sheets in my files and use them exactly as prepared back then, in the middle of the Truman administration. The machine I used, my old Speed-O-Print model "L", was traded in about three months later on the venerable but serviceable A. B. Dick 77-B I bought from DeFore & company in December 1951. The latter machine was traded in on my present Gestetner, and I suppose both old clunkers have long since been sold as junk metal. The building that housed DeFore & company has disappeared under the wrecking ball in the Minneapolis loop redevelopment project.

Old and Rare #1, "the glorious pool of brotherly love and broad mental horizons," was published for FAPA mailing #46, winter 1948-9, by Don Wilson, aided and abetted by Howard Miller and "a person from Porlock named Peabody." Soon after Don temporarily ceased FAPA activity in mid-1949, he turned all rights to the title over to me, although he did use the title at least once in combination after his return to FAPA: Ego Beast combined with Old and Rare combined with FAP U Combine, co-edited by Wilson and Miller for FAPA mailing #70, winter 1954-5.

In any case, mark well that I began mimeoing this issue on 3 September 1951. I'll bet nobody began a mag for mailing #100 earlier than that. I'm publishing this issue to claim that record.