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ANOTHER FANDOM, YET ~ ~

* A shallow study In Depth into the halfworld of Sex Fiend Fandom *

If you follow these sterling pages at all closely (which I doubt) you will remember that last Spring I reported the receipt of a letter from a sweet young thing who signed herself "Monique Von Cleef". The lady used a New York City postoffice box number, and invited me to come up and see her several times whenever I visited the big city; she promised me unnamed delights, mentioned that she liked leather and rubber goods, and said that she could be a very broadminded Sfc fan. In short, I received a letter from a mailorder mistress, offering me whatever I wanted and could pay for in the line of fancy or outrageous sex. It may be safely presumed that she had larger quarters than a cramped postoffice box for entertainment purposes.

At that time I wondered out loud if one of the fun-loving New York fans had written to her booking agency and forged my name to the letter of inquiry. I still don't know who or what started it, but it has been snowballing along in somewhat startling fashion; I am discovering the far out halfworld of sex fandom. It's a gasser. Dick Ellington offered the initial information:

"That's a kind of a costly prank somebody's pulling (on you). Getting a membership in those rather outre clubs can cost you quite a bit and it costs a buck a shot to get letters mailed on to members who are listed usually only by their numbers. So rest content the joker is paying for his fun with hard cash." Later on, Jack Speer said: "Awake, BT. Chances are no Manhattan fan sent your letter to Monique. Her company probably guessed that a certain number of suckers on their mailing list would figure there was some misunderstanding, but oh boy, what a lucky one." And finally, fun-loving Busby suggested that after tiring of Monique, I should send her on to the next Queebcon and let Raeburn introduce her to alligator fornicing. Raeburn and Norm Clarke wisely held their silence.

Whether my name got on a sucker list by chance, or whether some fan forged my name and contributed a dollar is beside the point now. I'm in, Ellington, and the floodgates are opened; the purple prose is rolling into my mailbox in an educational flood.

I am in receipt of:

(a) numerous leaflets and flyers offering me "medical aids" in my pursuit of the hedonistic life. At one end of this spectrum are the usual rubber prophylactic devices, which may be bought piecemeal in drug stores and washrooms, but which are now offered to me (as an insider) in wholesale lots at wholesale prices. (But it might take me 144 years to use a gross of the things.) Somewhere in the center of the spectrum are the usual lotions and salves and charms intended to give me staying power by supporting my sagging desires and stiffening my determination. One unusual item in this line is a rigid plastic sling, serving the same purpose as a plaster cast on a broken arm; the sling is available in a number of sizes, measureable in circumference and length, and is "guaranteed" to support any man for as long as the lady desires. At the upper end of the spectrum is an absolutely fantastic machine selling at thirty dollars, a machine resembling an automobile muffler but with rubber hoses at each end. Said to work on the "hydro-surge" principle, the lonely male who has no woman simply connects one hose to the nearest water faucet, and the other hose to himself. Water surging through the machine is said to gratify his desires. (Throw away those alligators, Boyd.)

(b) numerous catalogs and folders advertising books and magazines of a very special flavor. The books range from the commonplace (a 95¢ paperback edition of CANDY, or \$3 hardcover editions of nightstand books) to the rarified collectors' items (\$35 editions of EROS KALOS and ROMA AMOR, or a \$50 copy of SHUNGA.) In between are all manner of strange delights such as illustrated and non-illustrated editions of the KAMA SUTRA, passionate novels of flagellation and the more picturesque tortures, brothers and sisters, boys and girls, and other people. Of course there are the expected nudist magazines and girlie magazines, plus one special periodical for insiders called Bizarre Life. This magazine "designed for the connoisseur and aimed at those individuals with a taste for the unusual" costs ten dollars per single copy, or a year's subscription of four issues may be had for \$25. "Not to be found on the newsstands of America!" Quite so.

(c) brief film clips, in both 8mm and 16mm sizes, offering me tantalizing glimpses of home movies that I may purchase at special reduced prices as the insider. One such clip portrays two women in a lukewarm kissing scene, but the taller of the two is obviously a male dressed in feminine undergarments. Alligators would be more fun.

(d) another letter from another mailorder mistress, this time a tall, willowy brunette writing from a postoffice box in Moline, Ill. (I won't go to them so they're coming closer to me.) Quote:

"Hello ... Your friend is quite right in what he says but I am sorry that I can tell you nothing of my experiences until I know you better. And so it is I ask you now that you write me, help me by sending me a dollar so I can give to you my photograph and a long personal letter, telling you everything you want to know. And if you hurry, I will also send something that will prove to you I am not afraid to be different.

Z-183: Couple needs male for the third party. Odd bridge game.

I cannot entrust my secret to everyone so please do not let your hopes rise too high. Nor can I let everyone enter my circle of special friends. We shall see what develops. You are over 21, is it not so? (s) Maria.

PS, Can I trust you? (s) Maria Miseles, Box 52, Moline, Ill."

No, I haven't answered Maria's kind letter. She'd be discouraged to learn how much over 21 I am, and she'd quickly discover that she couldn't trust me ---- I'd blab her secret to Fapa. I would rather spend a dollar on science fiction magazines and booze any day.

(e) and finally, I've received two or three copies of Flair, the fanzine of sex fandom. Flair is flabbergasting but highly amusing, and I now understand how some outsiders feel when they first glimpse copies of our fanzines. One needs a croggle-proof mind.

Flair is a clearing house, the official organ of the mail order lonely-sex-fiends bureau, and a representative copy will have about 28 half-size pages listing some two hundred men, women, and third-sex individuals who are eagerly searching for others of their kind. Each page is illustrated by the same amateur, who specializes in out-of-proportion women wearing (or half wearing) "exotic" costumes designed to arouse the menfolk who buy the magazine. As Ellington pointed out code numbers are used in place of names and addresses, and the party answering an ad must send a dollar to the editor to have his letter forwarded to the proper person. It costs men three dollars to have their entry listed, although women may be listed free. Readers who are not advertisers must send a dollar to receive each issue. All mail passing through the editor's hands (to be forwarded) must remain unsealed, so that he may read it "to make sure nothing illegal or obscene is transmitted." I laugh quietly up my ragged sleeve.

The following examples of advertising are not truly representative of the whole, for I have deliberately omitted the more vulgar items which display a shocking lack of taste -- even for sex fiends.

Z-04: R.I. male, brown hair, 160 lbs., is sick and tired of phoney females -- wants to meet understanding males to 45.

Z-05: Gorgeous blonde with long lashes and complete understanding of how to make a man happy. I only want what every girl mink has already. No reasonable offer refused.

Z-11: Handsome 21, 6'3 German-Spanish male needs students for French or Greek lessons. All answered.

Z-20: Conn. female will serve as weekend maid to dominant white males. Please state desires.

Z-21: Maine female attractive broadminded 37-26-37. Loves French art and exotic garments. Ladies and gentlemen.

Z-32: Indiana couple, he older than she. Your wife may be fine but why not try mine? Pooped papa.

Z-34: Very large female --the mother type-- needs small man of any color to pet, pamper, and spank if he is naughty -- and men are always naughty sometime or another. Big Mama.

7-240: Young single gal, 21, 113 lbs, 5'6, makes all

7-48: Gay male SM member wants companionship with motorcycle and boots boys. Any liberal arts lover; any color.

7-55: Chicago male will serve at ladies parties as a French maid, anyway, anytime. Cleaning and washing and etc.

7-63: Male 43, not old but ugly, with a face like a rug that needs someone to step on it.

7-65: Well stacked female and mighty good to look at wishes to meet bored and single men.

7-67: NJ female brunette 30, collects rubber garments, would like to hear from others who collect. Rubber Rosie.

7-69: Md. female attractive 5'6, 136 lbs, long black hair interested in meeting men or couples. Exotic garment lover.

7-78: I.H. dominating husband wants to teach others the art of wife discipline. All wives need guidance. Helpful Henry.

7-90: Ex-Wave with wild mature ways and a nice slender body light brown hair, wants to gob no slobs. Gobs of fun.

7-92: Unhappy with your marriage? After years one becomes bored. Bring your problems to me or my wife. I'm sure one of us can satisfy you or yours.

7-102: Virginia plantation owner would like to meet modern couples or singles for weekend parties "down on the farm."

7-144: Young woman wishes to have her own servant for weekend, or even longer. He must be able to please or else.

7-165: Indiana, lovely blonde hair to waist and natural, would love to have someone brush it for her, nights only of course.

7-182: AC - DC girl would like to meet people with the right voltage. Shocking Sue.

7-196: An experienced dame not too interested in marriage but would like to meet many friends, Indian, Spanish, or Oriental. I am 41 and just right for love.

7-201: Buxom widow 35, 117 lbs, 5'6, dances and romances but I am bored. Can travel, speak French and Greek.

7-230: Midwest gal, 27, interested in all pleasures, wants to hear from hedonist women anywhere in the USA.

7-231: Women who want to be mothers. Free direct counsel and service available. Willing Willy.

7-249: Egyptian Princess has golden chains to surround her docile love slave. Also desires to add to her knowledge of ancient rites and rituals.

7-250: N.Y. masculine male 32, 170 lbs, loves pretty dragqueens, am considerate and 6'2 and all yours if you are the queen for me.

(rush quickly to the next page to read the final entry.)

Z-261: Chicago old man who's always been a fool would like to meet one nice girl any age or color before it's too late. The last girl almost broke me. Be nice.

This fandom, like ours and others, has its own esoteric jargon with many colorful euphemisms to conceal a multitude of sins. Wise old hands in Fapa know them all but for the benefit of innocent fans such as DAG and Granddaughter, a brief explanation is in order.

Phrases employing the word French, as in French lessons, maid, or art, indicate the oral-genital union. Greek lessons, or Greek art is a euphemism for sodomy. For "gob" read French; and for AC-DC read fond of men or women. Sex fans get a big boot out of exotic clothing (hello there, Norm) and so they dress or undress in rubber, leather, or furry garments to excite themselves and their companions. High heels and very high boots can also send them into orbit, especially when worn by women brandishing whips or chains. Many of the illios in the fanzine picture fantastic female creatures clad in thigh-high boots. The gorgeous blonde with long lashes (Z-05) is telling prospective lovers she is well equipped with whips and things, and will cheerfully beat them black and blue when they come calling. And they will. Many of the advertisements offer to exchange such clothing with others; and others ask to buy anything the jaded fan may have for sale: clothing, books, photographs, movies, whips, and gee whiz.

The young lady in the interlineation at the top of this page is typical of many of the advertisers; the fanzine is filled with coyly- (and blatantly-) worded notices from women (and some men) willing to rent themselves and their apartments for a day, a week, or as long as your money holds out. A large number of these people seem to dwell in and around New York, catering to "businessmen" in town for a short stay. My own Monique Von Cleef was one of these.

And so it goes, the weird and wonderful world of sex fandom. I suspect there is a splendid chance here for some active fan in our world to jump into that one and organize things. He could start an Apa, organize a N3F, and begin holding conventions. I'd be tempted to buy a membership just to get the program booklets, and meet up with Shocking Sue. I want to put an AC-DC girl to the ammeter test. Boyd could bring his guppies and alligators to the con and quickly find himself the guest of honor. "Canadian lessons" would sweep the country. And we wouldn't have to watch "The Lost World" anymore. ☸

Z-209: Bronx, young man has Poloroid and loves action shots

NEWS TO NOTE: My old friend Jerry Sohl (remember him?) has delivered another movie script to the American-International Pic studios, entitled DIE, MONSTER, DIE. Advance reviews say it's based on an H.P. Lovecraft original, but they neglect to identify which HP original. All about an American visiting England who gets himself all lost in a village and winds up in an old house where Karlccff wages a campaign of terror. There's a greenhouse full of giant snarling vegetables (or vegetable-like animals) and murdered butlers, and all. I don't recognize it but then I haven't read much Lovecraft.

LATE ADDITION: "The Color Out of Space" by HPL.

1893 AND ALL THAT

Last November I received a letter from Harold Palmer Piser asking for a list of all my fan publications, complete with pertinent data. He is the man who is compiling a master bibliography of fanzines, and was somewhat concerned because I had failed to respond to the routine pleas and notices published earlier. (He also wanted to beg, borrow or steal copies of the Fanzine Index for the years 1941-45. Dreamer! Who has copies of those things today?) Feeling somewhat guilty for not responding earlier, I hauled out the old Evans-Pavlat Index to re-discover what I had published, and then went rummaging through closets and under beds, and other likely places.

I ought to be ashamed of myself, and take up some respectable hobby like building model planes or shooting at dump rats. My list revealed 12 Fapa titles and 34 non-apa titles published since 1932. Many of those forty-six fanzines were one-shots, of course, but others ran from two or three issues of each up to sixty-five for Le Zombie. Critics may well say that is too many. I'd be inclined to agree. If all that energy, expended over the 33 years, was put into something worthwhile I could be a wealthy man today -- or at least a pro editor. I look with envy at someone like Warner who has concentrated on only a few titles and racked up 104 issues of Horizons, plus 30 of Spaceways. And on reliable schedules, to boot.

In contrast, my grasshopper antics leave me agape, and wondering why I didn't collect Morgan dollars instead; at least I could spend them if values fell. But in this most recent romp through the Evans-Pavlat volume (a good book!) some amusing incidents were recalled to mind. In 1938 or 1939 (I'm guessing at the date) word got around that R.D. Swisher was compiling a card index file of fanzine titles, with a view to publishing a bibliography someday. This was a splendid opportunity for fun loving fans and at once a half dozen of them each decided to appear at the very head of the alphabetical list --- their name and title would go down in fan history and goshwowboyohboy!

Presses whirled, and alpha titles spewed into print.

Cyril Kornbluth, Don Wollheim, and Dick Wilson apparently were on the scene first with a one-shot they titled Aanthor Argus, and it may be supposed they sat back to bask in the glory. Glory was short-lived, as they found themselves in seventh place when the Index was finally published, and as they found others crowding them -- including me. I was hoping to be first in the alphabetical hustings with my own one-shot, AAAAA Argus-Y but alas, mine was the second to see print and a poor fifth on the final list. The clues indicate Louis R. Chauvenet was the third publisher to leap into the fray, with a one-shot simply titled A. Keen of mind was Chauvenet, and he gained second place when the index was published. Mark Reinsberg was the fourth and next apparent contender, and he considered himself a pretty smart cookie indeed by entitling his one-shot AAaAaAaAAa... (A times infinity). The not-so-smart cookie wound up in fourth place.

(next page)

Z-07: Beautiful cream color Negress 22, needs a helpful friend.

MUMBLE...MUMBLE...

BREEN: Have you noticed the shabby condition of some 1965-mint 1964-D quarters? I have two, taken fresh from bank bags in November 1965 (otherwise uncirculated), which suggest that the Denver mint was running on nothing more than its nerve. Obverse: "In God We Trust" is smashed down in such a way as to suggest "M God We Rust." 19 is likewise depressed, 6 begins to resume its normal appearance, and 4 seems to be normal. Reverse: all the As above and below the eagle are filling up, as well as the Rs below. The mint mark is filled. There is a curious flaw in the symmetry of the raised rim; something struck the rim in such a way as to force a minute bit of metal upward between the D and O in Dollar, on both coins. And on each, the Q, A, and R of Quarter bear the slight depression found on the obverse. I seem to recall a warning you published a year or more ago, saying these things could be expected when coinage was tripled (or more), and last year's masters (dies?) were carried over for another year. What a sorry headache future collectors will have, trying to separate and file coins bearing different dates but minted in the same year. And it appears to me the Treasury has created a new collectable item, in its desire to thwart the collector: won't the relatively low 1965 datings make those coins a rarity? I've seen but one lonely quarter dated 1965.

JUFFUS: There seem to be two Richard Wilsons in the newspaper game. Our Richard, of Richmond Hill and Nell, is the man employed as press agent by Syracuse University. I believe he moved directly to that job from his former one, a night editor in Reuter's New York City office. Dick was accredited to the White House, however, and worked the news room there for a brief time; he once threw my local postmaster into a tizzy by sending me a letter on White House stationery. (I always said a fan would be in the WH some day.) The other Wilson, of Look and syndicated columns, must be another people.

Science fiction may have sadly missed the boat in regards craters on Mars, but one small corner of science did not. The Oct.-Nov. 1965 issue of Review of Popular Astronomy, in an article by Patrick Moore, relates the following:

"One astronomer who did expect Martian craters, and who has been proved right, is E.J. Opik, who is based at Armagh Observatory in Northern Ireland though he spends part of each year in the United States). In March 1950, Opik published a paper in the Irish Astronomical Journal (V1 N1, p22) in which he suggested that (quote) the surface of Mars should be covered with hundreds of thousands of meteor craters exceeding in size the Arizona Crater. It is not impossible that some characteristic features of the Martian topography such as the spots called 'lacus' or 'lucas' may be related to past impacts of asteroids. (unquote)"

Moore said that Opik supported the impact theory to explain lunar craters, and pointed out that Mars is close to the asteroid belt, which would permit frequent impacts. Moore, in contrast, supports the volcanic origin theory as regards the moon, and is now compelled to

Z-14: NY vivacious female 30, desires to meet couples or men.

extend his belief to include Mars, or lose face. Another little fuss appears to be shaping up in this interplanetary school of astronomy, one that I shall follow with fascination --- none of those old birds will give an inch, yet one of the beliefs can be shattered into bits when some returning astronaut brings evidence of the true origin of lunar craters. A squabble such as this one is more understandable, and more capable of being solved in our lifetime, than say one of the really far out schisms dividing astronomers. Andy Young once told me of the bitter division between one camp who supported the "Big Bang" theory to explain the origin of the universe, and the opposing camp who clung to the "Steady State" theory. Fan feuds pale in comparison.

The Bloomington daily newspaper has used "from whence."

What are "Amriccans" ?

MOFFATT: Grit was still being published, and sold locally by ragged urchins such as your younger self, as recently as a few months ago. I think the local boy charged 10¢ when he last cornered me, but I can tell you nothing of the current contents for I didn't read it. Like the wonder of the fan in the White House, there was also a fan working for Grit -- dammit, the critters are everywhere!

Richard Frank, who was active as early as 1940 (he spent a part of his honeymoon at the first Chicon) was a feature writer and minor editorial functionary at Grit in the early 1950s. When he could, he planted science and science fiction articles in the paper, and one of the latter was reprinted, in part, in the July 1951 issue of Science Fiction News Letter (taken from the May 6, 1951 issue of Grit.) The original article included a scene from DESTINATION MOON (1950 movie), a drawing of Nazi Germany's proposed "Island in the Sky", and a sketch of a spaceship dodging those pesky, burning meteoroids. I reprinted the latter picture, plus the opening four paragraphs of the story. I have no later knowledge of what happened to Frank; I can't remember a letter from him in the last dozen years.

WARNER: You possess a wondrous ability, the ability to arouse an interest in music in a reader who has no interest in music. Your three closing pages under the title "Trio" were keenly interesting and I learned all sorts of things I didn't know before, without boredom. A remarkable feat; is your newspaper writing also as provoking? Something you failed to mention finding at the Hagerstown fairs are those gyp artists and con men who give you "free" chances or drawings on any number of household appliances -- a sewing machine, for example. Don't they exist at your fairs?

I once signed a coupon entitling me to one chance in a lottery -- which would take place after the fair closed -- for a sewing machine. Knowing what would happen, for the racket is an old and unsavory one, I sat back to await the inevitable letter telling me I had won. Everybody who signs the coupons "wins" a machine. The only thing I had to do was select a beautiful cabinet (ranging in price from \$89 to \$200) and my free machine would be sent me collect, housed in the cabinet of my choice. I answered, saying I was a carpenter and would build my own cabinet -- send the machine pronto. I'm still waiting.

Fair officials know these are gyp outfits, yet tolerate them.

HEVELIN: I've attended 3 'First Fandom' meetings at the Midwescon and each was as long-winded and boring as that first one you endured. I look forward to skipping them in the future. Two leaders, each in his turn, seize the floor and spend an hour discussing some subject which could be wrapped up in ten minutes if either of them knew how to chair a meeting. They may accomplish something someday, but not until they conquer inertia and chin music.

I had forgotten El Brendel's picture, JUST IMAGINE! (Fox, 1930.) Haven't been able to locate the source of the story, but I seem to recall the picture contained a future city, a flight to the moon, a new method of begatting children (drop a dollar in the slot and press the "boy" or "girl" button), and a spaceship resembling a jet plane.

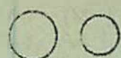
LYONS: Thank your Canadian gods the government network does prohibit toilet paper commercials. Rather than protecting your tender sensibilities, some bureaucrat probably looked into the future and foresaw the shoddy claptrap that was to come. One current commercial for a paper called Sharmin or Charmin has reached an unbelievable low on its first try: a store manager, his clerk, and a group of clucking biddies stand around a display counter pinching and fondling rolls of paper, all the while behaving as if they were erotically at play with members of the opposite sex. Jeez. If Kraft-Ebbing saw it today he'd add a new chapter to his book.

HARNESS: You were unclear; did the Halloween party take place in any public place, or in someone's home? Didn't anyone think to shoot back? Don't you civilized city types keep weapons in your home? Has creeping civilization crept so far that only farmers, villagers, and gun sports like Coulson and Grennell bear arms?

I have never visited a farm that didn't have at least one gun on the premises --- usually a shotgun. Many farm boys will proudly display shotguns their daddy gave them for birthday, Christmas, or whatever, and sometimes those boys are only nine or ten years old. Farm-oriented communities such as Heyworth contain enough weapons to put down a prison riot. My neighbor to the west keeps a shotgun under his bed (the most favored place), easily grabbed as he leaps to the window or door. My neighbor to the east keeps a small rifle in the kitchen, and I've grown used to hearing it crack as he chases away four-footed prowlers from his rabbit hutches. A former neighbor to the northeast had five or six rifles and shotguns in his basement, and bedroom. My father-in-law kept two shotguns in the basement. A man across the way had a gun for himself, his wife, and his oldest son -- they hunted together. A friend on the next street has a prize collection of revolvers and automatics, and has warned we members of his poker club never to approach his house after dark unless we are noisy and aboveboard -- he wants to identify us before he makes an irremediable mistake.

That pattern of behavior is the accepted one on farms around here, and in many homes on the village periphery. It may be a carry-over from frontier days; the loss in grain, cattle, garden produce, and now tractor gasoline is/has been severe. Many a city boy, driving a car with next to nothing in the tank, has learned the hard way that farmers are rather stubborn about sharing that gas in the farm tanks.

FAN FAME



An essay of sorts

When two fans get together and one of them happens to mention a fan poll, the other immediately thinks of one of four things: Fred Pohl, the pro editor; Art Widner the Poll Taker; Jack Speer and his mad dash up a telephone poll (with auto); or the latest poll taken by some fanzine or other to find if you read Amazing in the bathtub or under the covers at night with the aid of a flashlight.

A very few --their number can be counted on two hands-- will remember Jack Speer in another capacity: Lord High Poll Taker. Speer was the Widner of his day a bare four or five years ago. He conducted the IPO -- Institute of Public Opinion, and reported his findings in practically every issue of Olan Wiggins' Science Fiction Fan. Today, Wiggins is reported in the armed services and the SFF is but a memory.

For a good session of tongue-clacking, let's take a look at his list of "famous fans" as reported in July 1938. In first place there is to be found Wollheim; Ackerman is second; Johnny Baltadonis third; Wiggins is fourth; Sam Moskowitz fifth; Bob Madle is sixth; Johnny B. Michel seventh; James Taurasi eighth; Ted Carnell of England ninth; & "WHG" tenth ---Walter Gillings of England, probably. Runners-up come in this fashion: 11- Louis Kuslan, 12- Julius Schwartz, 13- Morris S. Dollens, 14- Douglas W.F. Mayer (England), 15- Fred Pohl, 16- Allen Glasser, 17- Jack Darrow, and 18- H. (the Kernal) Koenig.

So there is your "fame" of 1938. The boys worked hard for the big spots, undoubtedly. About as hard as would-be "top fanners" are working today to grab off the "glory" of being the number one fan face. We can but point to 1938 and hope the social climbers take the hint.

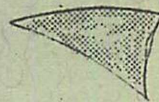
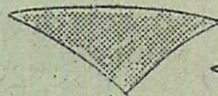
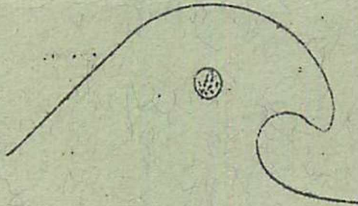
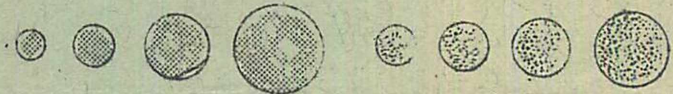
The five leading fanzines of the same period were Science Fiction Fan, Science Fiction Collector, Science Fiction Critic, Cosmic Tales, and Nova Terrae. Who made that crack about the snows of yesteryear ?? The circulation of the leading fanzine was (hold your breath) slightly above 40. The news sheet then was Dick Wilson's Science Fiction News-Letter, promptly dubbed "Nell." Taurasi and others disliked the particular odor of the publication and began issuing Fantasy News late in June 1938. The big noise of that year was the Los Angeles publication Imagination! It remained a big noise until October (same year) and exploded with a small boom, becoming in January 1939 the present-day Voice of the Imagi-Nation!

Walter Marconette and his Scienti-Snaps loomed on the horizon and loomed right out again. A fella named William Sykora was forming and disbanding science fiction film clubs with astounding regularity. The evil cloak of "Michelism" hovered over fandom and the righteous brothers were up in arms; fandom was rather strictly divided in two camps "those deluded poor fools" (versus) "we thinkers who see the light." A club called "New Fandom" was flapping its flag in the breeze, making a great noise. And the first "National" science fiction convention took place in Newark, New Jersey.

(continued on back page)

Z-246: Happiness is just a person named Janet. That's me

VIC RYAN A GOOD MAN
GAVE ME A TREASURE TROVE ---
his entire stock of
LETTERING GUIDES
AND I AM DRUNK WITH
POWER



so there.

Z-74: Ohio female seeking male and female friends. Dominate or meek.

FAN FAME (concluded:)

All in all, 1938 was a gaseous year.

So where are they today and what did it get them? That, dear aspirant, is an object lesson well worth taking to heart. The guys still around today are the guys who, yesterday, did not say, "I'm gonna be the number-one fan or bust." Fan fame is an illusion.

-BT, in Le Zombie #50, November 1942.

(No prizes will be given to the reader who identifies (much less remembers) the fan names mentioned above. Besides, old fogies such as Chauvenet, Hansen, McPhail, Moskowitz, Perdue, Speer, and Warner would cheat. The reprinted essay was abridged very, very slightly.)

Bruce Pelz: if you have read this far, this is the February 1966 ish.
