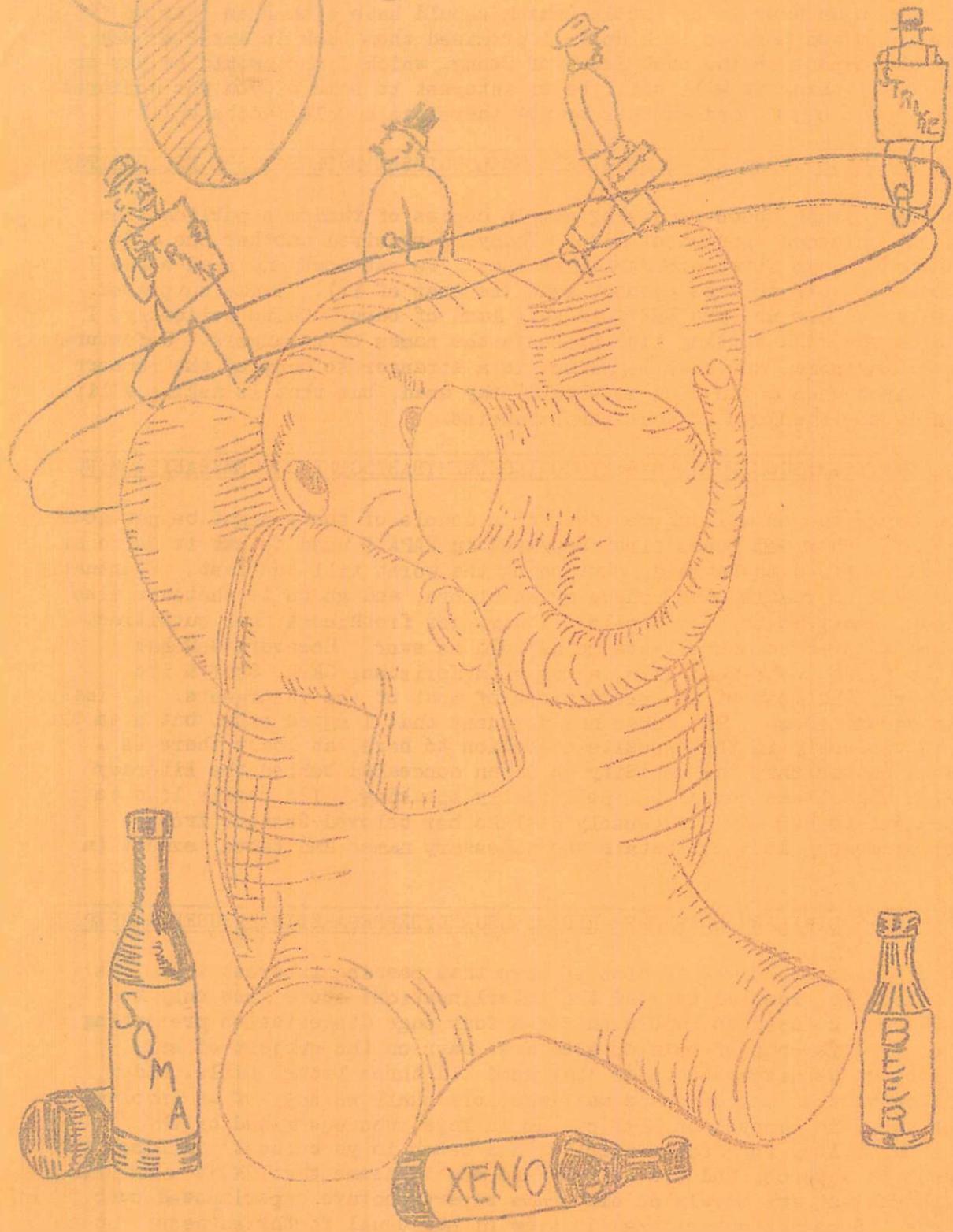


Control





FROM THE GRAVE

an official report by

Les and Es Cole

received early in 1952

Not that we want you to consider the Big O defunct and deceased, just sort of dormant with the possibility of awakening at some future time. We have had a lot of fun in FAPA and SAPS and didn't much like the idea of just dropping out without some word of explanation. Lee Jacobs got us so hopped up on this fan stuff way back last year ((51)) that we immediately began working off the excess energy which developed by putting out a fanzine. We still had an abundance of vitality, so we saved our money, and last September attended the 9th World Science Fiction Convention at New Orleans. This proved no mean feat. Our journey took us over 6000 miles and through 13 states. It also took us through the southland in what is probably the worst time of the year. (And it took us for just about everything we owned.) Not until we reached Colorado on our return home was the weather anything but depressive and almost unbearable.

But we saw real live fen in their natural state!

Also, the junior author was pregnant throughout the entire trip, but was not at the time aware of this singular achievement.

We attended the convention. This was a completely new experience for us. We met fen, authors, publishers, curiosity seekers who kept coming around to inspect the double-headed attractions, and fellow publishers of fan mags. We were even eye-witnesses to the goings on in room 770 and in other rooms less widely publicized. We were winéd and dined and movied and huckstered. We did everything but discuss science fiction. And we knocked ourselves out campaigning for the next convention to be held on the West Coast. (This will be achieved next year!) ((Sorry it wasn't, but I hear tell it will be there in 54.))

Then we came home. We were tired. We were tired of fans and of fanning and we were disgusted with the provincial eastern fan who still thinks of the west as a complete wilderness and that San Francisco can be reached only by packing in on mule back from Kansas City plus attempting a hazardess crossing of the bay on a primitively constructed raft. All the adrenalin which had been fostered by Lee was slowly ebbing away, and remaining vestige was insidiously being drawn towards local fan activity. We needed people who could understand and visualize a tremendous convention held in the city by the Golden Gate. We joined the Elves<sup>s</sup>, Gnomes<sup>s</sup>, and Little Men's Science-Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society. We looked at these people and they understood. They also elected Les chairman. They also insisted ~~Les~~ and Es do some work on the Rhodomagnetic Digest. Meanwhile, Lee severed the remnent of an umbilical cord with the Big O.

The Big O is no mo<sup>o</sup>.

We shed a tear.

We hope you will read the Rhodomagnetic Digest.

This is a plug.

((I hope you will turn to the next page.))

This is practically the end, but not quite. We are beginning a new train of thought, so brace yourselves and bear with us a while longer. We wish to talk some more about people and stuff. We want to repeat how much fun we had in a jay; how we enjoyed our feud with G. M. Carr, with whom we expect to feud in person in '53 when the convention comes to San Francisco; how we enjoyed reading the workes of R. Drummond, F. T. Laney, C. Rurbee, W. Danner, R. Boggs, L. Hoffman, (naturally Bob Pavlat) and others we can't think of off hand; how we were delighted with the controversy of the Big C--people seemed either to like it immensely or to rebel against it--no one ever seemed indifferent to the mag; how we were going to tear M. Z. Bradley limb from limb in a future issue; and how we were thinking of changing our policy to include mailing reviews of a sort.

We even went so far, on our return home, as to put out a rather un-conventional type of one-shot. Un-conventional in that all the material was not written at one sitting, nor polished off into a completed magazine. The affair amounted almost to a party with both typewriters working and a dozen other people wandering about, many not even drinking beer, and having a hate session about the prudishness of the Tahoka babe, and the spitefulness of E. E. Evans for not having supported San Francisco for '52. We did get the rough work completed. We have a magazine needing stenciling and mimeographing which we gladly offer to anyone with the courage, fortitude, time, and effort required for its publication. You may delete any part of the one-shot you desire. Our one request is that no material be edited so the original meaning is destroyed--better to destroy the entire article. Anyone game?

This is almost the end.

Sometime this spring, we will no longer be 15 year old twin brothers. We will be 15 year old triplets. ((And so it came to pass.))

This is the end.

---

This is Pavlat speaking.

So far as I know, the offer made in the third paragraph from the end above still stands. However, the cover which had been prepared for the one-shot has since been reprinted on one of Danner's two publications--it was the Easter Island monolith with the harlequin glasses--and let me assure you now that the artist had never seen nor heard of 4sj prior to drawing the cover.

The Coles and I have been out of touch for over a year now. I will send them a copy of this fanzine. Maybe we will get back in touch. Maybe they will become FAPA's OE 15 year old triplets in 1954, or maybe they will be quadruplets by then.

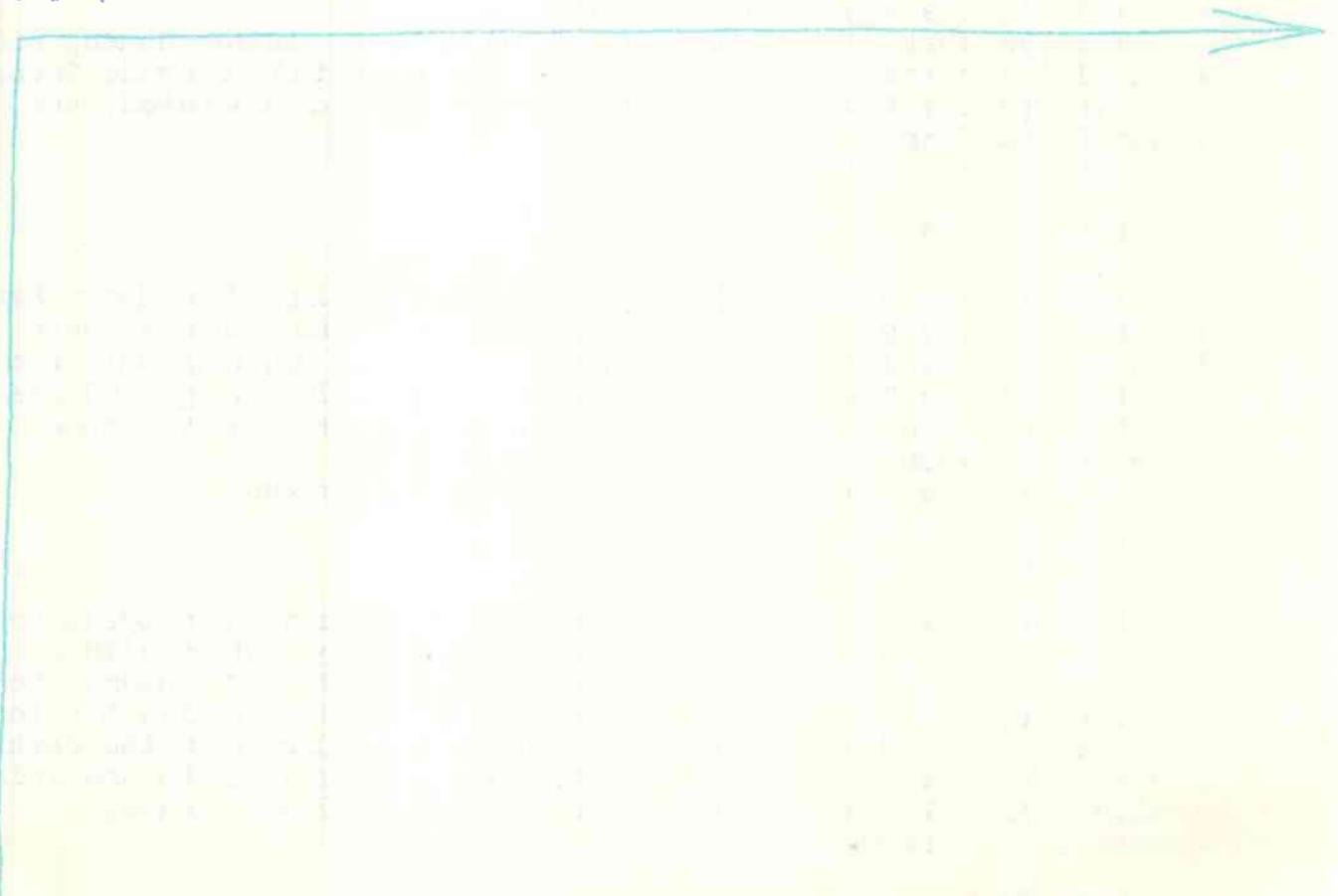
Be that as it may, Alice told me that the '54 convention was going to be in San Francisco. I remember that when I went out there in '51, I called someone who had subscribed to Conny. Maybe it was Terry Carr. Anyhow, I called him, and told him that Conny wouldn't be appearing for a while. After a while, our friend realized that this was Bob Pavlat of Hyattsville, Maryland, calling him. He informed me that I didn't have to call him all that distance just to tell him about Conny. Dear old Frisco, its a wonderful town. I'm looking forward to attending the next convention. There are no blue laws in Frisco, but I once paid \$1.35 for a cup of water in an after-hours joint (The House of Blue Lights). Its a wonderful town.

# SENATOR GARBLE'S

REPORT

ON

FANDOM



INCOMPLETE - ABRIDGED - CONDENSED - DIGESTED - REGURGATED

Know Fandom for what it is; a swamp of fake fans, a jungle of cold blooded book salesman, an arid desert of sexless fanzines. Look, and look deeply into the well, before you divorce all reason and plunge downward to a fate that shames death. Remember also that what you see as your reward for faithful fannish service is not all the horror you will know. The mind shattering, reason blasting, soul tearing, dandruff removing, agony is held in store for you, till after your labors in the vinyard of SF are over. For then, oh then your fate will be the terrible trueism

OLD FANS NEVER DIE! THEY JUST WRITE SMUTTY EXPOSE'S

From my standpoint here at the big end of the telescope let me drop a few kernels of wisdom; hard come by in this dog eat fan world.

Fandom never passes a fan by. A fan never drops by the way-side. A fan is never exiled (except RAP and Degler). No, a fan always drops Fandom. He puts aside the microsm and thus condems it to die.

A fan is not a type of human, and Fandom is not a social manifestation. Rather, humans are a sub-type of Fan, and Fandom is the culture and society a lunic fringe.

Already I can see disbelief on the faces of my eager audience.

PROOF THEN

This is the way things REALLY are.

The New York Times, Saturday Evening Post, Random House, and Ledia Pinkhams are all dummy corporations operated to evade incomes tax. The parent Company? Dianetics Inc., owned, operated, and milked Richard Eney.

You laugh? I lie? You doubt? I sigh?

MORE PROOF

The Statler Hotels, The Empire State Building, The Queen Mary, and Maidenform are fronts. One man and one alone directs these shadowy, frail edifices for the sole purpose of lending bulk and uplift to his real enterprise; the writing, publishing, and distribution of The Immortal Storm. And who is that man? None other than Wilson Tucker.

You tremble? I declare? You plead? I denounce?

86 PROOF

Brinks Inc., Wall Street, The Federal Reserve, and Lysol are just paper empires. They exist at a whim. They can go with a whim. They are nothing. They are not real. They are pawns, tools, figureheads, nothings. In an idle hour a fan, bored with his lot, concieved them. What hides behind them? What lurks in the darkness of REALITY? A mighty fan publication known only to the iniate, as Wild Hair. The life work of, you will know him at once, Forrest J. Ackerman.

MOONSHINE

I am endangering all our lives by revealing to you this TRUTH

formula for a



If Mister Pavlat weren't such a good friend of mine I would never do what I am now about to attempt. It is only that he came to me, sniveling and groveling, pleading for his very existence in FAPA, that I leaped at the chance to

TELL ALL

From the perspective of several years of intrenched readerdom, I can look back to the frantic years of giddy, gay, groggy fannish endeavor. I find that after a thorough searching of my soul (?), I am forced to

REVEAL ALL

I had many trusting friends, loyal comrades, stalwart crusaders; men and women who valued my advice, trusted my wisdom, believed in my integrity. They must be sacrificed. Nothing must be sacred, no wet rock must be left unturned. The time has come at last for the fan of today to

KNOW ALL

I shudder when I think of the fresh faced, true blue, rock ribbed, iron clad, red blooded young fan coming, as he does, alone, and unarmed into the morass that is fandom today. He must be forewarned and thus be forearmed against the loathsome dangers that are at every turning to trip him up, drag him down, ensnare, enslave, devour him. Above all the young fan of today must follow the first law of fannish survival

THINK NOTHING

# W A N D E R L U S T

by Pavlat (1948)

"Would you go?" he asked me. "Would you go? Would you investigate the Horse's Head dark nebula in Orion? Lift the clouded view that obscures the Venustan landscape? Would you see if the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter has glazed sand and rocks--fusion signs of an atomic blow-up? Would you wander down the canals of Mars, and see if they really are canals? Would you investigate the rays of Tycho and the red spot of Jupiter? Would you watch the Earth from the Moon while it was eclipsing the Sun, and take measure of the halo of atmosphere surrounding your native planet? Would you chance the dangers of flying through the Pleiades; of cosmic rays and the wrath of Elder Gods?"

"Ha!" said I.

"Would you chance approaching the sun as close as Mercury at perihelion, or leaving the sun as far behind as Pluto at aphelion? Would you sail even further from the sun--so far that it could only be identified as a star in an arm near the outer reaches of the Milky Way--so that it was lost from sight in the glories of the nebula--so far that even the Milky Way shown no brighter than a twelfth magnitude sun?"

Ha! Would I could!

Where are born the men that will first traverse that danger trail? Who are the lucky, unwilling men that will see Halley's Comet five years ahead of schedule--when both they and the comet are returning from a rendezvous near the outer reaches of the Solar System? Will they be like those men who now dream and have ever drempt of far away places? Or are they the cosmopolitan hicks that saw all they desired of the moon when they looked a ten-cent-a-look telescope and were told that the Mare Serenitatis was particularly striking when the moon was in that particular phase? Will they be prepared to make first contact? Or would they sooner bolster their own faltering egos by saying "Only the Earth has life--I've been 240,000 miles straight up, and I KNOW!" themselves knowing everything except how very little they know?

There are some men to whom only space has meaning. Men to whom the scorching metal on one side and the shrieking cold of steel on the other spells out the life and death of the universe. Men who will give their space ships life, and who will reap ten-fold returns of life by doing so.

Out of the valley shall ride the six hundred--and I can do nothing but watch them.

---

New address of the editor is Apt 6, 6814 Red Top Road, Takoma Park, Maryland. Cover of this issue by Bob Briggs, originally drawn about 1946 for Shangri L'Affaires. All titles and copy-work, including the cover, by Derry, who states that he hates copy-work and lettering--which, no doubt, explains the preponderance of such material by him in this issue?

This page replaces a drawing originally scheduled (and dittoed) for this space. Or, as Kerkhof and Derry so correctly said, once I sobered up, I chickened out. Said drawing is available on request.

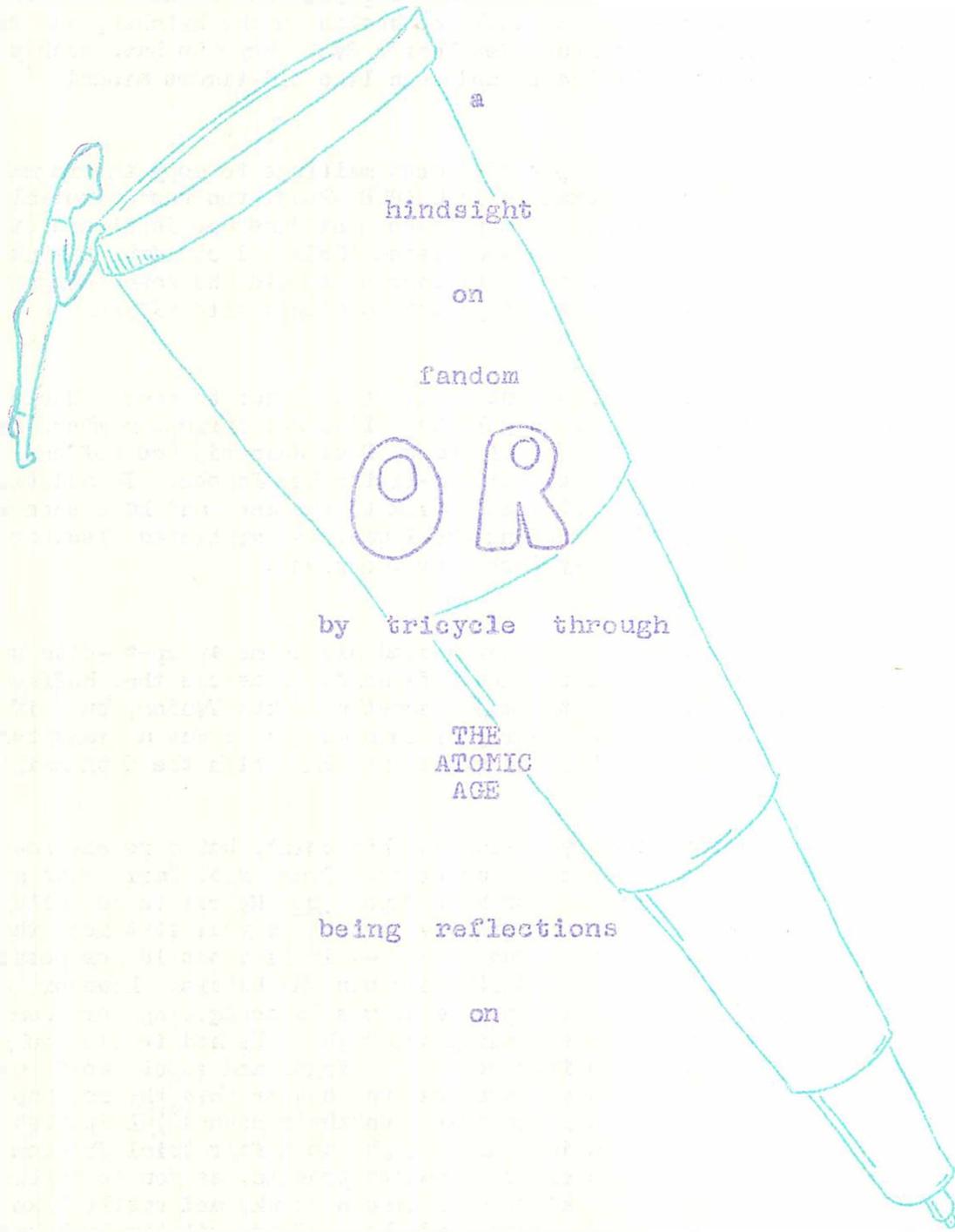
The required eight pages are now completed. Glad I'll be around for another year. Hope to do somewhat better on activity in 1954. Quite a few things have been weighing on my mind recently, and I haven't been able to do much of anything--much less fanning. However, the mere fact of now having a wonderful apartment of my own is no little boost to my morale. While the place isn't out-of-this-world, it's quite an improvement over former places I've lived. New furniture--armless chairs, triple dressers, black-iron-and-glass end and coffee tables, etc. Drop around, there's always a bottle of hooch in the kitchen, and Merle tolerates my fan friends. Open house New Year's Eve. Hope to have such people as Kerkhof, Briggs, Derry, Bill Evans, and such like old-timers around.

I have noticed a tendency in a couple of recent mailings to copy the format used by Widner in YHOS. The primary example is CHAPTER-PLAY, tho the editorial columns of SKYHOOK and DREAM QUEST ("Twiddledop" and "The Gas Jet") are straight out of the Widner book, as was my SAPS-published AONIA. I could be mistaken here, but I believe that one or two issues of Swisher's        did the same thing. It's the easiest style that I know of, and hope that a couple more of you use it.

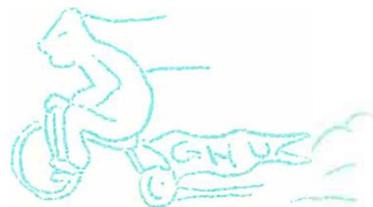
I never realized how few of you have met other FAPAns face to face. Tucker and Hoffman could naturally cite quite long lists. I've met current members Redd Boggs, Walter Coslet, Richard Eney, Bill Evans, Dave Hammond, Lee Hoffman, Sam Moskowitz, Art Rapp, Bob Tucker, and waiting-lister Lee Jacobs. In addition, I saw Juffus at the 1947 Philcon, but didn't talk to the man, and have seen Ken Beale numerous times without his knowing who I was. As mentioned elsewhere, I believe that I once talked to Terry Carr over the phone.

Would one of you 7th Fandom people (Browns) mind giving me an up-to-date briefing on your interpretation of the chronology of fandoms. I assume that Hoffwoman and WAW are from 6th Fandom, and Rapp the major apostle of 5th Fandom, but, if so, who is 7th Fandom? Sackett et cc? For your information, I was a transitory fan from early '46 through 1950 or '51, and snuck into FAPA with the 50th mailing.

Pardon my returning to the McCarthy fracas at this point, but a recent re-reading of UO forces me to ask GMC a couple of questions. Pray, Mrs. Carr, what are some of the "acts and utterances" which show Mrs. Meyer (not Myers) to be guilty of "pro-Communist leanings"? You are absolutely correct in your statement that "...the whole fight is not a legal fight at all -- it is a battle for possession of public opinion." Equally true, McCarthy has won the battle. However, can't you recognize that whether or not the people he was investigating were communists had extremely little bearing on his winning the fight. He had to find only one or two true communists, and thereafter point his finger and shout "wolf, wolf" and people, convinced that McCarthy's eyesight was better than theirs, happily chased the quarry? Don't you recognize that McCarthy's methods, antipathetic to such American notions as presumed innocence, right to a fair trial, freedom from slander without recourse to the courts? I cannot presume, as you so willingly do, that something that looks like a skunk, acts like a skunk, and smells like a skunk, necessarily is a skunk. My ideas, and those of any relatively liberal American, have at times coincided with the communist line. This fact has not for a moment made me think that the communists were right, nor has it made me a communist. Yet how many communists try to point out your areas of agreement as scores for their side -- and how many mccarthys try equally hard to prove that such thinking is morally weakening, and highly indicative of communist preclivities. Huts.



things learned





"I'm gonna do my stuff for FAPA, and since you're an old time fan, I know you would love to do something for me. Of course you haven't been in Fandom for a long time, and maybe you don't feel up to writing a little...."

The above quote should be justification for homicide, but sadly so, it isn't. More happy friendships, boon companionships, just plain buddies have come to ruff because of that simple little quote.

Let me explain.

Active fan comes calling on old inactive. He has his arms laden with the good things of life. The old life that is. Beer, fanzines, beer, etc.

He sits himself down and slyly begins far afield. He regales you with tales of loose women and red wine. He discusses everything under the sun; except fandom. He knows that you have been long in the boondocks and that your mental tongue hangith out. Finally the thread will stand the strain no longer.

"Tell me, please tell me. Let me hear what I want to hear. Give to me the scoop! Oh, please, oh, please what of FSJ and is Laney still mad at Fandom. Does Space Warp still warp? Does BEM still stand for Beer Enterprise and Moskowitz? I die for a word of the old life. I thirst for a drop from the fountain of true fandom. Give."

Active fan sinks into his seat and leers. From a tattered tattersal he drags forth a pulpy wad of crud. Your eyes bulge, your breath comes short, you hands shake. You swoon.

It's all there. The narcotic of narvina. You sprain his wrist as you seize upon the foul, magot infested sheets. The lurid pics, the purple phrases, the misspelled words. The suggested meanings, the high flown verbage, it is all a sot to your arid soul.

You are HOOKED

For what seems centuries, you drink his beer, you read his fanzines. Then slowly through the pink haze a voice begins to touch you ear.

The first quoted phrase begins to make it's self heard.

"What'aya mean maybe I don't feel up to writing something. Hell, I got a million things. After reading this stuff I can see that Fandom ain't what it used to be. What these guys are all sissy's. Them dames sound like Dikes. There ain't no sex in SF anymore. Where's the guts. What's happened to the Old Masters? I guess I'll have to do something for you, if this is what fanzines are like today."

You go on and on and on. Then slowly you realize that Active Fan isn't saying anything. He merely sits and smiles. He smiles and smiles and smiles.

Then you know you're HOOKED.

Active Fan leaves you then, and the horrible truth comes and sits on the arm of your chair and it leers and leers and leers. It whispers to you that you haven't a damn idea in the world. You haven't gotten frantically fannish in years, you are in a word a jerk. You have committed yourself to a fan. A fan is a thing that never forgets. A fan is a sub species of the human race that never lets a promise (real or fancied) go unaccounted for. You must produce or all Fandom will know of you perfidity.

It's easy. You got a million of em. You tell yourself, and the horrible truth fades, laughing.

Let's see, I'll do a satire on Prozines after the manner of Chaz Burbee. I'll write an article on fanzines called "Through Darkest Drivel, with gun and beer can", I'll write a witty story about a fan who dies and has millions hidden in the pages of old zines. I'll write a nasty nice history of the local fan club. I'll write a double meaning poem about the sex habits of fans. I'll, I'll, I'll

You are stumped.

You tear off to your tripewriter and you reel in a fresh sheet of paper. You begin with awild, loose, disjointed ramble into the personal habits of all the old fans you used to hate. You tear it up. You start again. You tear it up. You start again. You... but why go on?

So what? You'll do a picture story, after the manner of Briggs' ZAP. You get out paper and pencil. For a long time all is quiet, on the scratching of you feverish pencil can be heard. Your pencil and a small, haunting laughter. The laughter of the Horrible truth!

The days draw on, and the nights grow cold and publication day is nie. What to do? What to do? Simple, at last the perfect solution. You go to Active Fan's home. You draw him aside, you whisper in his ear, you clatch him fondly, you embrace in goodfellowship, and then you slip the knife in.

Thrice blessed is he who dispatchith a fan



