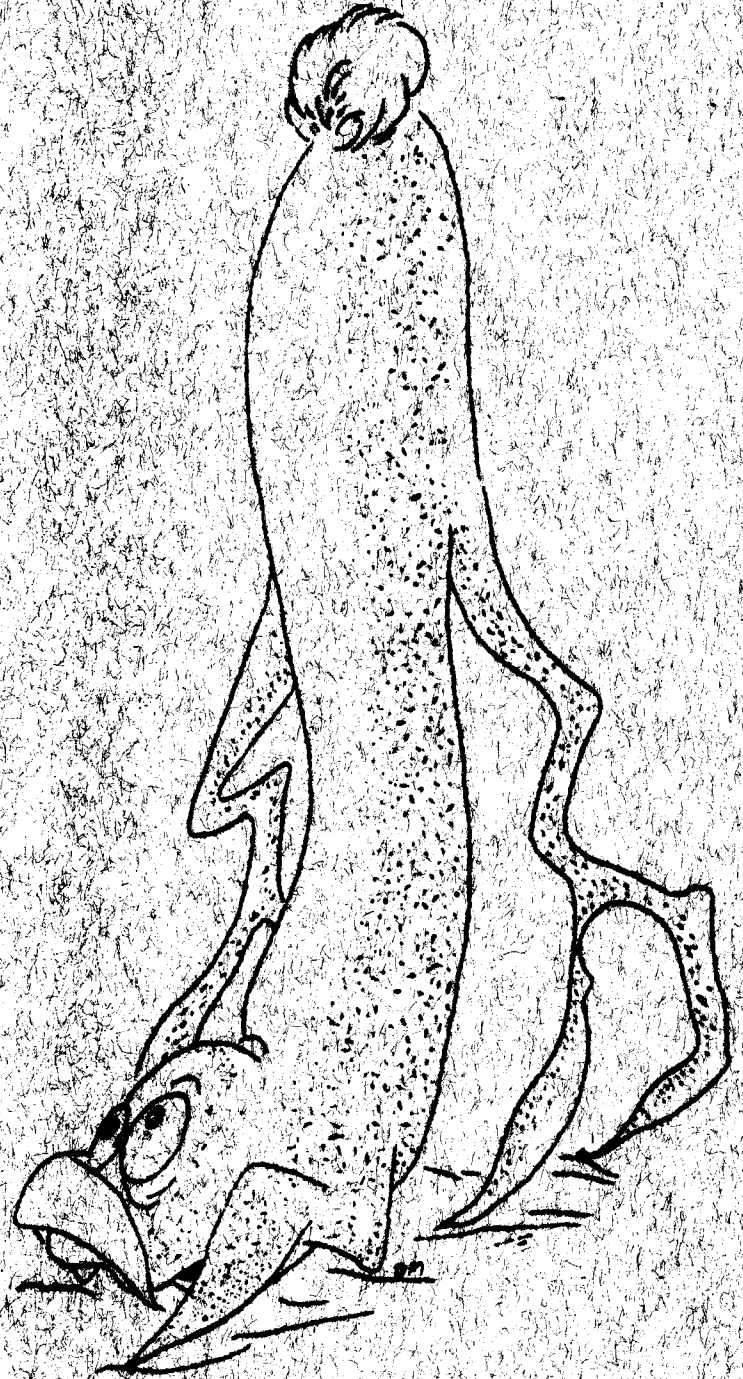


FAPURO





FAPHRD VOL. I NO. 4 MAY '56-CONTENTS

- #1, the editorial, is really just a supplement to the contents page, which most people prefer to read because it's shorter. Besides, now that Cox is no longer with us -- oh, you didn't know? -- you will be deprived of his sparkling editorial wit; if I were you, I'd refuse to read the editorial. But it's on Page 2, anyway.
- #2, leading off the intelligent matter of the issue, is an article by Richard Witter, who would seem to have some connection with some book company or other (F & SF Book Co., 204 Ride, Staten Island 14, NY), and who writes in this about science-fiction, back-issue collectors, and anthologies. This article was captured by Cox before he left (Full story in editorial). Page 4.
- #3, back again, is Des Emery with reviews of professional science fiction, old and new. Some of you didn't like his reviews last time, others did, some just didn't want him to be so long-winded. Better or worse, here is Des Emery--WITH FOLDED HANDS... Page 8.
- #4, even though you can't speak Swedish, is LITE SVENSKT, a column concerning Swedish science-fiction. This first installment has to do with the origin and history of the fantasy element in Scandinavian culture and literature, and the beginnings of modern Swedish science-fiction. Our columnist: Lars Helander. Pg 11.
- #5, even though you can't speak Belgian, is CHOCOLATE AND CHEESE, the first installment of a column concerning Belgian fandom, by Jan Jansen. Both of these columns by gentlemen of foreign extraction were extracted by Ed Cox (of THE ROARING TRUMPET, next pg) Pg.14.
- #6, even though you can't speak English, is . . . AND SEARCHING MIND, our letter column, which is just bulging with intelligent comment about CRATERS OF THE MOON which was in FAPHRD #3; it's also bulging with the beginnings of a real fight about some differences of opinion amongst letter-writers. Page 17.

ART CREDITS: Cover by Deanness Morton, stencilled by Terry Carr; interior art by DEA, Capella, Bourne and Rotsler, stencilled by Howard Miller and me (just one by me); headings are by Miller and ABDick; I could use some more art for the next issue, DEA...

FAPHRD, vol. I no. 4, May 1956, is edited and published (soon, I hope) by Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Avenue, Long Beach 3, California--that is 277, not 227. FAPHRD is free, being exchanged for letters of comment or your fanzine, or reviews, contributions, etc.; all letters are considered for publication. FAPHRD #4 is included in the 75th FAPA mailing. This should have been a larger issue-- c'est la kismet.

THE ROARING TRUMPET

By one-half of the people who should

Well, after a brief leave of absence, I am back again. You will in all likelihood see damn little of that editorial we from now on, because Cox is going to night school. On top of that, he finds it necessary to invest organic material to continue his meagre existence, so he is workin' days. This leaves no time for such important things as fanzine editing, so here I am, all by myself. If you don't like it, go find some other schied fanzine. We ain't, no more. I believe this cuts the number of duo-type fans in the field down, considerably. This, I presume, is significant.

A note to what might be a perplexed readership: FAFHRD is not changing policy. The lead item this issue is not a statement of policy. I intend to run much the same stuff as we did before--in other words, ANYTHING. No holdy barred, Fan-fiction, amateur science-fiction, biographies, research (predominating, I hope), ANYTHING. I'm not, however, going to edit a hyper-fanish fanzine. Damn well got too many of them.

Sure, the sine is three months late. I go to school too, you know. I'm also in the Marine Corps Reserves, which cuts down on one night a week, permanent. I'm FAPA OE, too, which is more work--I have to keep explaining to Boyd Raeburn what the constitution says and why I hate obeying it. Besides that, somebody has to run around with clean diapers for John Trumble, and I'm elected.

Cox will remain on, helping us in a minor capacity--he will be a Contributing Editor, and with sweat blood, phodammit, helping to assemble and address the thing. Yes, Cox, I said BLOOD.

bloodistheonlytrushedpickledbloodforposteritysocietyforthe preservation

The headings in this issue (of directly above) will, I hope, mark the beginnings of a new era in fandom--The Return of Howard Miller. He is, and has been for a long time, a lazy fanartist drawing little but flies. He has become interested in lettering, and is experimenting with FAFHRD. I'm happy--and I'm sure Howard would like some little encouragement from you captive audience type people.

FANZINIA is absent because Cox hasn't read any fansines in the past six months, let alone had time to review them. I didn't review any because I've been straining as hard as possible to keep in one place concerning other things. Just barely had time to write a fan review column for CAMBER (Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England--10 or 154). My columns in NITE CRJ and HARK seem to have died. Maybe I'm getting old.

However, if anybody considers himself a competent reviewer, send me three or four sample pages of review. The title will be FANZINIA, if only because I've already got a stencil with a heading by Miller with that title on it, which I'm saving till next issue. This will be a steady, quarterly column, deadline in the middle of July, 1956.

As a matter of fact, that's a good deadline for any other material for FANZINIA, including letters. You hear, Helander? Jansen? Emery? Reinlein? Juan Peron?

Some people won't believe this, but Peter Versimer is back. If you didn't get SUPPLEMENT to a BAS #2, subtitle "Versimer Rides Again" send 25¢ to Boyd Rastburn for a copy to a BAS, and ask him for the supplement to #2--it's only one sheet, he won't mind. I can personally vouch for Versimer's return. This will shock many people, I am certain. Mostly, it shocked me--he visited me.

BOYD RAE BURN IS GLENVALE, TORONTO 9, ONT., CAN.

You (most of you) noticed the horrible mistake in CRATERS OF THE MOON concerning, mostly, the age of "Polly". The fault, I have since found, lies with the indomitable Cox, who re-wrote the story to "bring it up to date" with Boggs' permission, but who, when doing this, made the serious mistake of placing it (or timing it) in 1970, when it was MEANT to be 1950 or something like that. He did not compensate for the statements of the characters as to when they'd entered sci-fic fandom, however; so it looked ghod-awful as a result.

The ad for OBLIQUE #7 is a hoax--I wrote it in a moment of madness and a fit of wondering what to do with the tag end of a stencil. I want to find out how many people read the editorial--because, so help me, if Wayne Strickland, who lives at 5034 Santa Cruz, San Diego 7, gets any letters requesting information about OBLIQUE, I'm going to either stop writing the editorial or get John Campbell to ghost-write it for me.

To make up my human weakness, I might say right here that, while OBLIQUE is irregularly published it's wan dan fine mag, and #7 should be out soon, from Clifford I. Gould, 1559 Cable Street, San Diego 7, California, @10¢ per. This is legit.

~~dearwaynepleaseandobliqueandexoldinwhatronellikmeantwhenhesaiditise~~

~~hoax~~

Look, man--an interrupted interlineation. Gee.

This is Friday, May 11. I just saw THE COURT JESTER.

I am disillusioned.

They said Barbee was the funniest man in the world.

AS TIME

BY RICHARD WILTER

GOES BY

I. 'WHAT'S WRONG WITH S-F?'

Probably the most discussed question in the field today is "What's wrong with Science Fiction?" And by now most people have assumed that it's merely settling back to normal with the "Davy Crockett" type craze having passed. But, I think there are a few other factors about that indicate that science fiction has progressed to a different stage of development, rather than merely just having come back to normal.

The magazine field today is virtually dead. The few magazines that have survived appear to be all that will appear in the field for some time to come. There are still twelve, however, bona fide fantasy and science fiction magazines appearing today with several borderline occult type items about. This is a great many more than ever appeared before, and all appear to be fairly viable, having been appearing for some time now. I think it's safe to say that even should the concentration continue in the magazine field, nine of these would survive and continue publication for some time to come. And it might be mentioned that four magazines continue to appear in England, and all are now long established, so that they appear to be in good shape to continue indefinitely. I refer of course to original publications such as New Worlds. At no other period have half so many appeared and thrived as these are doing there.

While it is true that far more than these appeared in both countries a few years ago, I think it is also true that there was nowhere near enough printable material to go around. Under any conditions the majority of these newcomers had to go, as there simply wasn't room enough for them.

However, while the number of magazines appearing has diminished most markedly, a more interesting development has occurred to indicate that the field has been advancing. Pocketbooks are strictly a mass production item, and in order to merely break even a pocketbook publisher must sell many many more copies of a title than the wildest dreams of a science fiction magazine publisher could ever hope for. Yet, in spite of the obviously enormous market needed, the number of s-f pocketbooks has not decreased, and if there is any change it is upwards.

Therefore, it is my belief that the money that previously went into the lower grade magazines is now being devoted to the pocketbooks where a comparatively high percentage of quality can be expected. I contend that this is not a settling back to normal, but a very strong sign of maturity in this field--something that no amount of magazines could ever show.

Another development of recent years that is much less desirable is the decline in hard-cover books, more particularly the smaller, specialist publications. I think all regret the demise of a number of them and the difficulties that the remainder still surviving appear to be in. And the major houses today are publishing fewer titles de-

voted to science fiction. This also cannot be denied. But there are reasons for both of these, and some hopeful signs here, too.

That the dollar book club has played an important factor in both phenomena is undeniable. But, that the dollar book club also shows that science fiction has reached a state of maturity is also undeniable, for here again the publishers need tremendous sales to stay in business, and apparently are getting them, for the club is no newcomer any more. The publisher has claimed that he needs six times as many sales to stay in business as the largest edition ever published by one of the small publishers. If the science fiction reading public has declined as much as the fall off in sales of the smaller houses would seem to indicate, where is the book club getting their sales from?

So apparently the public and fans are still interested. The price competitive factor of the pocketbooks and dollar book club against the three dollar small publishers' figure is a great one. But probably most important of all is that there is better material in the majority of these lower priced items than in the smaller publishers' three dollar books. This is very unfortunate, but, I feel, true. I think that the cream of all the magazine remprints has been skimmed off by, at least, three years ago. With the exception of continued series such as Conan and the Legion there was nothing left worth printing from the older material. And the plain facts would seem to be that the smaller houses simply cannot compete dollarwise with the larger houses for the printable new material. In short, they've exhausted the possibilities of one direction and are being squeezed out in the other direction.

The major houses have been going at things a little chaotically and so there have been appearing a great many "remainders" from these people, and a consequent slackening of publication of science fiction publications. But, I think a closer examination will show that the overwhelming majority of remainders in science fiction from major houses have been anthologies of a general nature. I think that it's safe to say already too many anthologies on the market two years ago. These are bound to become very duplicatory in contents and garbled as to any sort of theme or direction.

But far fewer of novels and collections of stories by one author have appeared on these markets, and these that have have almost all appeared in either the dollar book club or in pocketbook form some time before they were remaindered. Very few exceptions exist in this line.

So, I think that the major houses are retranching and finding a direction in which to go with science fiction books. I do not for one





minute believe that those who were at all interested in science fiction in the first place are even considering abandoning or even virtually abandoning science fiction. But the days are over, fortunately, when anything published with the label "science fiction" attached would sell. Today it must be a worthwhile item, and I hope that this remains true for the future. From all publishers the worthwhile books have sold well. It is the other items which today no longer sell.

II. THE OUT OF PRINT COLLECTING FIELD

While all of these upheavals have been going on in the publishing end of the s-f field, what has been happening to the science fiction collector of older material and back date magazines? The exact opposite of what has been happening in the new field, for there appear to be increases in interest in older material.

Every passing year sees the number of indices available increase. More and more information on books and science fiction/weird magazines becomes available every year, and with increasing information has come increasing collecting. But the collecting has become more like stamp collecting or coin collecting than it was in the past. I say this because it is today an almost impossible task to try to get all of the magazines and completely so to get all of the books. So collectors will choose a specialized direction, like a stamp collector does, and work that way.

Today collections of all pocket size magazines can be frequently found; collections of favorite magazines back to a certain date or complete can be found; or collections of certain authors can be found; but very few collections of all science fiction magazines are attempted for the obvious reason today--there are so very very many to get.

But those people that do try, and there are quite a number considering the task facing them, do try in a more serious way than people used to on magazines. Today the demand is tremendous for the borderline magazines such as Doc Savage, Operator #1, Golden Fleece--and these are magazines that were not very often collected before. Actually the fringes such as these and a number of others constitute the most difficult and the most interesting part of accumulating a magazine collection today. Here it is, in spite of the increasing number of indices appearing, that information is sketchy, confusing, and frequently inaccurate. Most of the work to be done in the next few years should deal with these publications.

Out of print books are an even larger field so that the tendency to specialize is really pronounced, and practically all have set specialties here. The biggest field of all is the adventure field; but this again is subdivided into many smaller groups. Biggest group of all is the lost race collector, but there are nearly as many specialists in Durroughs seeking every conceivable appearance of his in every

conceivable format. To a slightly lesser degree are the Haggard and Hundy specialists also collecting along the same lines.

This only illustrates one subdivision for there are numerous collectors of all types of science fantasy or weird books from specialists in vampires and werewolves or weird mysteries to utopian or early science fiction collectors. As many different types of science fantasy or weird as there are, there are today specialists in this type.

All of this is comparatively recent. For before the beginning of the boom virtually all book collections were along the "everything findable" lines, and virtually all magazine collections were of everything possible. But again I feel that subdividing of an enormous field into set specialties that are most appealing is a great sign of growth in the field.

So, to conclude, the older out-of-print material has reached a stabilized format of collecting "bricks" and has progressed to set patterns, whereas the upheavals are still going on very strongly in the recent material; but these too are reaching a great degree of development. What this development will be, I don't think anyone can tell.

—Richard Witter.

ANNOUNCING THE 15th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF
CANADIAN FANDOM

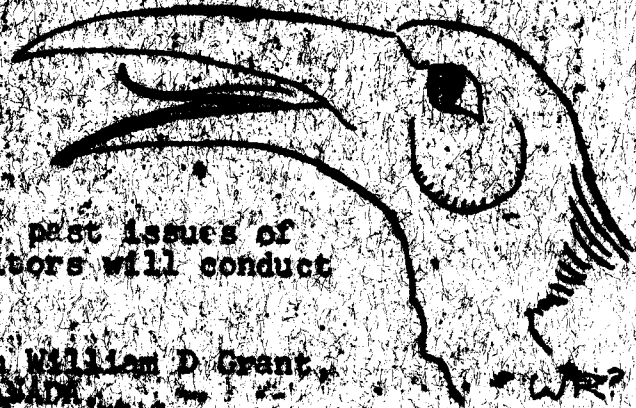
February 1957

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The following articles have been set for this particular issue of Canadian Fandom:

- A SYMPOSIUM ON THE WORKS OF FRITZ LANG 12,000 words
- FANTASY AND PSYCHOLOGY Revised and with additional notes, by Bob Bloch 11,000 words
- SIDELIGHTS ON THE MERRITTALLES All six parts published in one long article plus an added NEW chapter by Phil Raach 21,000 words
- MIMIC INK IN MY VEINS A complete survey of early fandom in Canada, by Les Crouch 9,500 words
- PLUS A special section listing all the past issues of Canadian Fandom and contents. Past editors will conduct their own sections of this item.

Do not send money, but order early from William D Grant,
11 Pardon Road, Toronto 10, Ontario, CANADA



WITH GOLDEN HANDS

SOMETHING OLD

THRILLING WONDER STORIES • The Magazine of Prophetic Fiction.
Volume 11, No. 1, February 1938. (BOOKS)

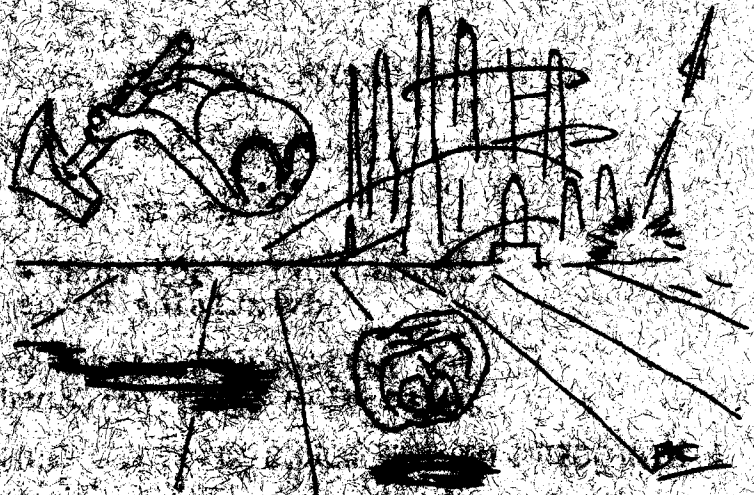
I picked out this issue in particular, not for any special reason, but just to find out what was going on in 1938. Fan-wise, it would seem, early 1938 was one of the most active periods of that era, although fans were few in number. For a time, TWS was dedicated to juvenile thud-and-blunder, and we're lucky none of the fiction was as prophetic as the masthead claimed.

The Science Fiction League was evidently going strong, although disliked in some parts of Pandora. Executive Directors listed in this issue of TWS were Forrest J Ackerman (natch), Eando Binder, Jack Darrow, Edmond Hamilton, Arthur J. Burke, Ray Cummings, Ralph Milne Farley, Willis Conover Jr.; new members listed, among many others were Ray Ercobury of Los Angeles, Richard Wilson Jr., of New York, and an Englishman from Manchester, Eric Stanyer Needham.

There were several longish letters in the back. The Reader Speaks. The same Richard Wilson Jr. thought the December 1938 TWS was pretty wonderful, mostly because of the absence of a mysterious character called "Zarnak." Ralph Milne Farley was happy that TWS was departing from the "stereotyped current ideas as to what constitutes science fiction." David Kyle was also enthusiastic in a restrained manner over the prospects of sci in the years to come. Julius Schwartz, James V. Lawless, John Chapman, T. Bruce Larke, and others were included in the line-up.

There was a short Swap Column, in which it was permissible to list anything for trade except back issues of TWS, because, you see, "back numbers of magazines are known diabolic carriers." Maybe germs didn't - or couldn't - resist in the other items offered: Stamps to swap for stamps, scientific formulae for a radio receiver, a singing course for a camera, track shoes and a collapsible life preserver for field glasses or a telescope, a milk can and a milk stealer for what have you; and somebody in Texas wanted to trade nature specimens, lizards, insects, snakes, etc. They had Claude in Texas even then.

"Test Your Science Knowledge" was a quiz based on facts supposedly learned during the reading of the stories. This was when sci was supposed to instruct as well as entertain.



9
Somebody reviewed Karl Kapan's "War With The News" and liked it, and someone else reviewed H.G. Wells' "Star-Begotten" and didn't like it. Another reviewed "Atomic Artillery" by John K. Roberson, a technical book which worried the reviewer with its prospects of limitless energy. I wonder if he's still around?

Sir James Jeans had an article on Giant and Dwarf Stars and a special article on eclipses promised for the next issue. Also pre-viewed were Jack Williamson's "Lorraine Egan," the first of the H on the M series by Hankuttner, "Hollywood on the Moon," and "The Dark Age" by Clark Ashton Smith.

The stories in the Feb/38 issue were three complete novellettes, averaging 18 pages or so each, and three short stories. Manly Wade Wellman led off the list with "Descent From Mars," in which the liveliest character was the Martian villain, Isol by name. The feminine interest in this as in the rest in which women appeared, was idealized as extraordinarily beautiful, intelligent, courageous, etc., and completely unreal. Perhaps that didn't bother the fans in that year, though. ESO Binder's next, "Life Eternal" was an Anton York (the immortal scientist) epic, dealing with his struggle with Mason Chard, likewise an immortal, who attempts to enslave the solar system. York finally slices Chard's ship in two, with a mysterious purple ray, and thus disposes of the villain and his henchmen. York and his wife (immortal also), drive off into space, and towards further adventures, we presume.

Under the pseudonym, Gordon S. Giles, Binder also has a short, "Via Asteroid," which has been anthologized. This is more of the stuff that is supposed to instruct the reader in scientific facts, like so: "The Martian year is a long one. We have been once around the sun, while Earth has circled it twice."

The rest of the stories fall pretty well into the same patterns, and on the whole, the Feb/38 TWS shows that what's so dead should be buried, and after this brief examination, it shall be.

LIFAFHRD will welcome commentary from any angered old-timers who feel differently about this, or from anybody else with opinions on the subject, by the way. --rc, 44

SOMETHING NEW

THE LONG TOMORROW, by Leigh Brackett; Doubleday, 1956.

Leigh Brackett has written much stuff which contains a goodly dash of that strange essence labelled 'sense of wonder'. She's also written a good deal of straight fiction, but nowhere has she combined the two so ably as in the Long Tomorrow.

The basic element of the story is the Destruction and its effect on America. The same Destruction was also visited upon the rest of the world at the same time, the late 1900's, and the cities bore the brunt of the attack, leaving only the villages and backwater hamlets and the farms alive. So the Cities were blamed by the survivors, and the civilization of America retrogressed to the early 1800's.

A wave of religious emotion rolls over the country, and the Fear of God descends upon the people, but a fear that compels them

to clap a shelter over their heads, a necessity of ignorance, a passion of retreat, and they have called it God, and worshipped it."

In the name of that god, Fear, the people had stoned a man to death before young Len Colver's eyes, because he came from Bartertown. They called Bartertown hell, and the man a devil, but Len began to wonder. His thirst for knowledge was whetted by his Granma's childish reminiscences of presents at Christmas time, chocolate rabbits at Easter, and a bright red dress she wore. Now she wears the white cap and hood of the No-Napewitsee, and Len finds that the slight memories she has are forbidden knowledge. When Len's cousin steals a radio and a few technical books, Bartertown becomes reality unattainable, but the punishment they receive for possessing the evil equipment is strong enough to drive them from the village of Piper's Run to seek the mythical stronghold of science and knowledge.

There have been many books written regarding the last stronghold of science and knowledge, but the men of Bartertown don't prescribe to any of the well-worn patterns cut by books. Bartertown isn't what Len and Len expect when they finally reach it, and although the reader has formed his own opinions, it isn't what he expects, either.

In the light of the Destruction, the book is admirably put together. The social framework is tightly bound by the consequences of the Thirtieth Amendment: "No city, no town, no community of more than one thousand people or two hundred buildings to the square mile shall be built or permitted to exist anywhere in the United States of America." No city, no communication network, no technological or spiritual advancement, nothing which depends on a concentration of people in one place, or non-survival training. A man can't work from dawn to dusk for a living and produce the things that a complicated civilization is built upon.

Although Brackett tosses off her magic words throughout the book, the last three chapters contain what she has so often shown in her other stuff, a certain capacity to shape ordinary words into extravagant tapestry, without the slightest embarrassment or difficulty in forming it. It's a book I would have liked to have written.

M. Desmond Emery, Macleanist.

WATCH FOR

The big, gale, seventh issue of CLIFFORD, the fanfare that has set fandom on its heels with guffawed laughter, and has nearly split the sides of its perpetrators who are probably enjoying this fabulous fanfare plot more even than the readers. Write now and get the seventh issue which will tell all about who is CLIFFORD GOULD?

Clifford I. Gould

5034 Santa Cruz,

San Diego 7,

Calif.

Lite Svenskt

"Column 4 in Swedish"

by Lars Helander

The story of fantastic literature in Sweden and the other Scandinavian countries begins with the ancient traditions and legends about giants, trolls, gnomes and other supernatural beings that you will find in the folk-tales of Northern Europe during the Medieval Centuries.

It is very difficult to determine exactly when the popular belief in these unearthly creatures began to influence Scandinavian literature, but as an example one might take the presence of trolls as evil, horrible monsters in the Icelandic "Sagas" from the 13th - 15th centuries. Also the early Scandinavian mythology presents a multitude of "fantastic elements" as do all mythologies, be they Greek or Nordic.

Almost all these supernatural beings, trolls, gnomes, mountain sprites, giants, skeggrin (a kind of beautiful but evil forest-women equipped with horse-tails) and so on are supposed by popular belief to be evil. However, when the brownie legends start to appear one will find that these beings are friendly creatures who take care of your house and who bring luck by their mere presence. But you had to treat the brownies well, otherwise they might use their knowledge of witchcraft and sorcery to punish you, their magic power was great and had to be respected.

It was a usual tradition in Northern Europe to place a plate of porridge outside one's house for the brownie (each house had one) on Christmas Eve, and from this custom sprang the idea of the Christmas-Brownie, or, as he is called in Anglo-Saxon countries, Santa Claus, who is a modernized and commercialized version of the old-time brownie, which didn't appear only at Christmas but could be seen around the house at any time of the year.

Another more or less supernatural being in Scandinavian folk-tales is, of course, the witch. The belief in witches was long-lived and strong; one need only think of the horrible witch-trials in Europe during the 16th and 17th centuries. These legal murders on the stake were abolished in Sweden in 1801, thanks to the intervening of Urban Hjärne, a famous chemist and supporter of culture.

It is easy to understand what an excellent basis for fantasy and horror story writing the Scandinavian folk-tales with their multitude of supernatural beings provided. Consequently many books of the fantasy and horror kind were written in the course of time, but even more outstanding were the verbal tales of ghosts, spirits and supernatural events that were passed from mouth to mouth during the long Swedish winter evenings.

I am the proud owner of a 1112-page anthology of such ghost, horror and fantasy stories, published in Sundbyberg, outside Stockholm, in 1902. Among the various stories, which were collected and

chronicled by Wilhelm Schröder, you will find such titles as "The Staring Eye," "The Vampire," "Fighting Behind the Port of Death," "Bricked-in Alive," "The Green Maiden," "The Warning of the Ghost," etcetera. It is characteristic for these stories that they are supposed to be true, and this fact is meant to render them even more horrible to their readers.

From fantasy literature the step to scientific fantasies was not long. If Camille Flammarion was the first great science-fantasy author of the Continent, Emanuel Swedenborg was the greatest writer of this kind in Scandinavia. In 1782, he was probably the greatest author of his kind in the world at that time, for Flammarion was not born yet when Swedenborg's book, "The Globes in our Solar World which are called Planets and the Globes in the Star Heavens and their Inhabitants, also the Spirits and Angels there, from what has been heard and seen" was published in Latin in 1780. This book, like many other of Swedenborg's works, can be classed as "religious science-fantasy."

It contains descriptions in detail of the inhabitants of Mercury, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, Venus and the Moon, their ways of communicating with each other, their gardens, rivers and forests and so on. He even describes the type of writing-paper used on Mercury! He got to know all this about the planets in our solar system from angels whom he had met and whom he had been talking to. But the angels didn't seem to be able to tell him much about the planets in other solar systems, so instead they take him there, not physically, but through "changes of his mental conditions".

He writes: "I was taken diagonally upwards and diagonally downwards, continually to the right, which is to the south in the other life." It is very amusing to read Swedenborg's description of engagements and marriages on "the fifth globe in the star heavens." When the girls are old enough for marriage they are taken to a "marriage house" and are placed, naked, behind a boarded partition which covers them from the waist downwards, but "so that they appear naked with regard to their breast-part and face," and then the young men go there and choose their wives. Perhaps it should be mentioned that, according to Swedenborg, these people never wear clothes, anyway!

Many of Swedenborg's religious works can be regarded as science-fantasy literature, but he was, really, no science-fiction author at all. His fantasy works are completely devoid of science - one need only look at the questions above! Swedenborg was, anyhow, a great writer in the fantasy field, although he used fantasy merely as a vehicle for his religious ideas; and he shouldn't be forgotten whenever fantasy writers through the ages are discussed - though Swedenborg himself probably did not at all consider his works of this kind as "fantasy"!

The first real writer of scientific fantasy in Sweden was a person named Krok. He wrote pamphlets in which he used of as a medium for his political ideas - of here means "a moon-travel story". Krok's moon-travelling pamphlet started its journey in 1810.

The first Swedish author who wrote of for its own sake and not using it as a vehicle for his ideas was Claes Johan Lundin. He was an author and newspaperman, he edited the STOCKHOLMS DAGBLAD and wrote reviews of literature and theatre. His books about Stockholm and

Paris are outstanding, and his only work, OXYGEN OCH AROMASIA, published in 1878, is, in fact, a description of Gothenburg 500 years in the future. The book's subtitle is "Pictures from 2378." Lundin lived for some time in Gothenburg and his knowledge of the city was a good basis for writing about a future version of it. The book doesn't deal only with Gothenburg, of course; Gothenburg's role in the book is that of the capital of a super-Scandinavian state. The novel also describes something called "musical vibrations" where the tones of music are substituted by various other sensations. I have read something like it in a later book, but I have only a very faint recollection of it - I sometimes seem to remember that I read it in an SF comic. Nevertheless, Lundin was probably the first writer with this idea. I do wonder how Jane would have reacted...

This analysis of Swedish science-fiction through the ages will be continued in the next issue's column. If anybody interested would care to write, my address is

Lars Blinder
 Östra 11
 Eskilstuna 3
 Sweden

I will be somewhere in Europe until August, so if you don't think your letter will get to me before June 9, don't expect a quick answer.

--lh.

((If I might be so bold, I'd like to mention that correspondence to Larry c/o me might reach him on his European tour, since I might, just might, be able to forward it with my own correspondence, if he can give me an address later on. --ellik))

I AM THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A LARGE
 COLLECTION OF FANZINES, GLEANED FROM
 ART WIDNER AND WALT SEIBSOHER, AND I
 HAVE TOO DAMN MANY DUPLICATES. I'M
 SELLING THEM AT INSANE PRICES. WRITE.

ellik, 27 pomona ave, long beach 3, calif.



IMPULSE

By Ian Jensen

OK. So you don't know what the title is all about. So I still haven't caught on to the title of the mag this may appear in. So I guess we're even, huh? Though I do think that I am in a better position to get the significance of these hidden truths. After all, there ought to be several people who know the meaning of the mag's title by now - and I should be able to work it loose from someone, given enough reason to make it worth the while. But the title up above? Ah, at the moment of writing there's only two fans who can make anything out of that.

I've had the pleasure of having an American fan over here at my place for a couple of days. Ellis Mills isn't too well known in general fandom as far as I can gather from the general subzines, but he has been very much in evidence in the ISFCC, and has been practically a regular fixture at US conventions, mike in hand, to record the words of fandom for posterity.

Ellis has been over in Frankfurt for a couple of months, and after meeting him at the Wetstar convention, where he proposed his plan of visiting the Kettering con over Easter, I invited him to stay a couple of days at my home. Sure enough he turned up, too. I don't know how come, but one would think he plays things on the safe side, and rather than give me a chance to flee the country, he wrote me that he wouldn't be able to come before the 22nd, as his German classes wouldn't finish before that date. So he drops in on the 19th! Talk about being surprised.

Not that it mattered all that much. Instead of having had to rush to the station in order to meet his train, I only had to go round to an Antwerp hotel where he had taken refuge, put him on the right tramcar*, as one would say, and escort the tramcar all the way back to my place, just to make sure that he'd get off at the right stop.

I won't devote a couple of pages to his visit. I could, undoubtedly, but these little things that would crop up would only confuse you even more as to what actually went on. One thing to emerge from this meeting of Finnish minds was a new game that deserves further spreading in the reaches of fandom. Having a cup of tea, I searched the place for something suitable to eat in the way of sweet or biscuits. Unfortunately, all the tins were empty, until I had the bright idea to attack my daughter's spare supply. A tin more than half-full with a small size sort of biscuits was indeed there. These are shaped like letters and numbers, and instead of groping for a handful and gobbling them down, we decided to play it fair. Each of us took five biscuits at a time, and tried to form a five-letter word. If it wasn't possible, ate one biscuit and took another from the box. The game was quite a success, too. We never bought any other biscuits, and the tin is all but empty.

Tea was mentioned there. Did I notice frowns among the audience? Come now. Perhaps I should have written THEA, for indeed, in Belgium, tea seems to have taken the place above all sorts of Finnish drinks advertised in the various fanzines. While an occasional

bottle of port is broken open, a few bottles of beer may appear, and a trinkling of chola be present in the house, visiting fans have as a whole had more tea poured down their throats than any other beverage. At meetings where no outsiders are present, it is still tea that dominates the table, and the rare appearance of alcoholic beverages is diluted so much that it is hardly worthwhile a mention.

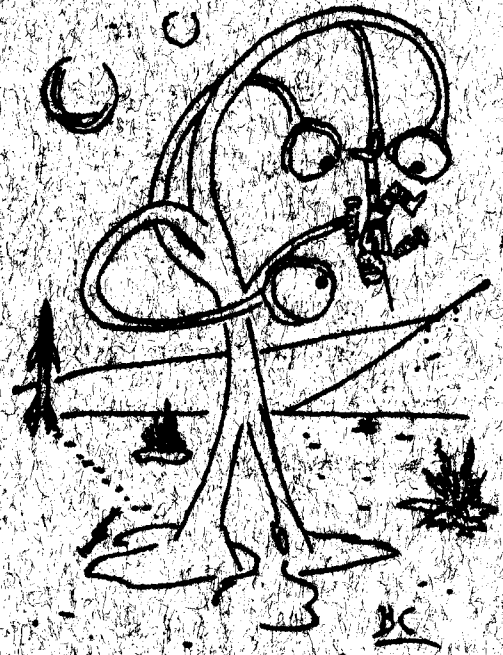
One of the fans from Brussels - there are three more or less active (mainly less) - has disappeared into the wild jungles of Congo. I didn't have a chance to see him before he left, so I couldn't ask him about his intentions over there, but I suppose we will hear about a branch of science fiction followers to supplant the boomerang throwers of aboriginal Australia. (Now what will Ah Chee say?)

Dropping Charles however didn't come on too hard. Another fan, and far better known to you, has also curtailed his activities in fandom. Dave Vendelmans, the fan with half a dozen aliases according to his fearless goodbye sheet, has renounced most of his fanatic, dropping both Alpha and OMPA activities, and will remain only partly active as far as jazz is concerned. His latter day correspondence centered mainly on this subject, and he hopes to publish another issue of Jazz Parade sometime this summer.

Better news (perhaps) is the fact that we will again hold a Twerpcon this year, and although in size it will not be much more than an LA or an NY weekend-brawl session, it will group such semi-active fans as we're able to lay our hands upon. Ellis will pop over again, prior to his leave in the US, and I hope to see some British fans turn up for the event.

Now that we have gotten back to Ellis - and his taperecorder - FAFans will in the near future receive a tape taken here on Ellis' recorder. Whereas it is stated in said tape that I wouldn't be able to play back anything some of you might send me, it is now certain that I shall have access to a recorder for the months August and September. Ellis (that man again) will leave his recorder in my custody when he goes tripping to the New York 1976 convention, and it is even possible that it will turn into fanfan property later on this year. If you are so inclined, I'll be only too glad to actually hear you people.

Publication and film has dropped a lot in the sf field here this year. So far no new movies have been around, tho I may just drop in a theatre showing "The Thing From Beneath The Sea" or some such title, which I missed during its original showing here at Antwerp. The film is the one about the giant octopus, battering LA to shreds. Publication has come to a total standstill, except for those two translations from FRENCH author Vandal mentioned in Alpha.



"I don't know what it is!"
"Some sort of biped thing..."
"Aw, who the hell cares?"

16 And that is about all I can manage to cram onto an airform for this time. This week will see me back in England after an eleven-years period of longing, plus an added three years of severe disappointment at missing all those conventions. This time I shall be crossing the channel, and even as Ed is reading this I shall probably be dodging the spray of a zangun, or wondering whether we shouldn't after all abolish thee and go back to bheer.

Jan Jansen.

* One of the other Carrs in fandom, ---re.

It is against my religion (I'm a very devout miser) to waste the appalling 3/4 of a page Jan's column has left, and it rankles my sense of format to start another article here as Cliff Gould would. Thus, we have a free ad for me and my bloody collection.

FANZINES WANTED

FanNewsCard #s 2,3,6,9,46,52,53,54,63,98,103,104,105,108,
111,112,118,125,143,144,147,150,156,157,
159-170 (inc.),173,174,176-197 (inc.),199

and anything beyond 199. If you are equally interested in FNCs, I can swap duplicates of many of those not listed above for those that are.

VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION #s 4,19-29 (inc.),34,36,37,38,39,48

SHANGHAI AFFAIRES #s 1,2,5,18,19,28,31,32,38 & anything further

ACOLYTE #s 10 and 11.

I can swap quite a respectable amount of fanzines for the above, and will gladly do so to get rid of some god-awful duplicates, triplicates & that Cox and I found in Art Widner's collection, mostly of his (Widner's) own zines, such as THOS from 1944 and about 14 copies of FANZINE SERVICE FOR FANS IN SERVESE, and THE POLL CAT #1 and only.

My address is elsewhere in this micrographed product of a demented imagination.

New address:

Ed Cox - Apartment 206
984 South Normandie Avenue
Los Angeles 6, California



Herewith we present letters of comment on FAFHRD #3, nonetheless interesting for all the time betwixt writing and printing, concerning for the most part THE CRATERS OF THE MOON, by Redd Boggs, reprinted in our last issue from DREAM QUEST #6. I should like to remind you that letters are the only means most of you have of getting FAFHRD, and if I don't hear from you once in a while it is like as not you'll be looking vainly for a mag that does not come.

J. Martin Greeth I, needless to say, have the latest FAFHRD, Ov-Box 374 - 3 Ames St. eral impressions:
Cambridge 42, Mass

The TRUMPET read a good deal like TWIPPLEDOP, whose author, Redd Boggs, seems to have waxed unreasonably despondent about the effects of space travel on fandom. I don't know Boggs, or I could tell whether he was dead serious, or tongue-in-cheeking. Regardless, he did a terrible job on his characters. "Polly, this slim seventeen-year-old" had, in 1970, been a fan for 24 years. All the other fan, acting and talking just past voting age, would have to be in their forties and fifties. Must be some reason for it.

Des Emery seems to be a pretty competent reviewer; am looking for more reviews, less long-winded.

Fanzinia is a fanzine review column. I find that they are almost alike, their main appeal being in the difference of opinions. Standard.

Keep reading ECLIPSE.

William D. Grant You are one person that gets the mostest out of 11 Burton Road the contents page. It comes darned close to being Toronto, Ont, Can. a column itself... THE CRATERS OF THE MOON was

first rate, and the reproduction of the John Grossman illustrations was a very nice job. You don't have to apologize for reprint material like this. I'm in the same boat, of course-- rather than print crud I'll turn to a reprint anytime... WITH FOLDED HANDS containing current book news is always good and it can never be too long... There is no doubt about it, a person's viewpoint on somebody else's fanzine is always good, this being the spot where "a storm in a teacup" can most likely occur. Quite a few of the titles I have never seen, and the capsule reviews make me kind of glad, in some ways... The letter section (like GAZETTE) is short, but that's up to the fans. Frankly, if there is something interesting in a letter that doesn't pertain to the previous issue I'm not against printing it word for word. Then there is always the other case when you get one that praises you up and down (even backwards), in other words it drips. These kind of things I edit down without mercy, because half of it just ain't true. The boy that knocks you a bit and sounds convincing can be quite a bit of help. Then you can also get the extremist who'd like to part your hair with a flying saucer because nothing satisfied him...

(Wm. Grant, contd) There is one thing I'm sure of: If you could publish a real low, low **LOWDOWN** on fandom and all the dirt on certain characters, you'd probably end up with hundreds of letters. The only trouble is that you would need a nice large legal staff to get you out alive. It's great to speculate, though.

George W. Price
Chicago Spectro Service
Laboratory, Inc.
2454 West 38th Street
Chicago 32, Illinois

FAMIRD #3 received and enjoyed. The columns were all interesting, but the high spot was the reprint of Boggs' **THE CRATERS OF THE MOON**. Boggs predicts that fandom will die when men reach the moon because fandom will be purposeless when interplanetary travel is achieved. I disagree completely. The promotion of interplanetary travel is not the "purpose" of fandom. To the extent that we have a purpose, I suggest that it is the enjoyment of our peculiar kind of mental stimulation, which is not limited to thoughts of spaceflight. Fans are distinguished from normal people by an attitude of mind which is independent of the current state of technology. We have a type of intellect which enjoys imagining the differences which the future will bring, whereas most people prefer to think of the future as being the same as the present, only perhaps a little "better", that is, with less pain for themselves. I say "prefer" advisedly, because while the thought of a future in which current patterns of society are discarded is stimulating and pleasurable to us, it scares most people. The difference may be summed up by saying that fans are "future-directed," while most others are "tradition-directed".

All this means that the coming of space-travel will not be sufficient to kill fandom or eliminate science-fiction as a specialized genre that can be accomplished only by a general re-orientation of societal thought-patterns. A landing on the moon is not going to change the mass of mankind from tradition-to future-directed, any more than did the arrival of atomic energy. There will be a big splash of publicity for the s-f boys who predicted the moon landing, there may be a boom in science-fiction, and then things will go back to normal, leaving fandom where it was before. Science-fiction will simply accommodate itself to the fact of men on the moon, as it has accommodated to A-bombs, radar, and jet planes. We will lose one field for stories, but I'm betting that every discovery on the moon will provoke speculation enough for dozens of new stories. There should be a place for science fiction until everything in the universe is known and all the loose ends tied up, and that, I warrant, will be a helluva long time hence.

On the other hand, I don't ever expect to see "slick" s-f mags with "full-color photographs", for I believe that the people possessing the peculiar type of mind needed to enjoy s-f will always (at least in the foreseeable future) be a very small minority, on the fringes of society. Of course, it is possible that a moon landing will be the trigger needed to re-orient the majority into the future-directed outlook, but I seriously doubt it. You see, the required change is more than just a matter of raising one's eyes to see a greater horizon; it means learning a whole new method of vision.

Dale R. Smith
3001 Kyle Avenue
Minneapolis 22, Minn.

FAMIRD No. 3 is just about to be assigned to my files -- permanent, that is. It was a good issue, and the high spot was (is) Boggs' **CRATERS OF THE MOON**. And the basic idea, so skillfully developed here, is certainly correct. Science fiction fandom has reached and passed its peak. From now on it is down-hill all the way,

(D.R. Smith, contd) except for a possible brief rally. The golden era of science fiction, through which we have just passed, is possible only in a civilisation upon the threshold of scientific awakening. Now, as we progress, science fiction, according to our definitions, will be steadily absorbed into the mainstream of literature. Oh, we will always have fiction which concerns itself with the distant future and extensions of current scientific theories - but the term "science fiction" will be lost.

not yet as a reflectors.

Science fiction, however, is dead and it will survive for a number of centuries as a result of the interest and activity of collectors.

But Science Fiction Fandom will leave practically no mark at all on the 20th Century if the fanzines are not more widely collected and preserved.

Jeremy J. Millett: How about Thorne 1146 Garden Smith as a great Park Ridge, Ill. fantasy writer to do a blog on in

FAFHRD? Personally, I think he's the funniest gentleman who ever touched crayon to paper. **LOK**, Jerry--go ahead and write it. --re..

Speaking of FAFHRD, can't say as I particularly liked your story by Boggs. Better watch out! If you print much more as lousy as that was, I'll be sending you one of my very bitter and very naughty satires.

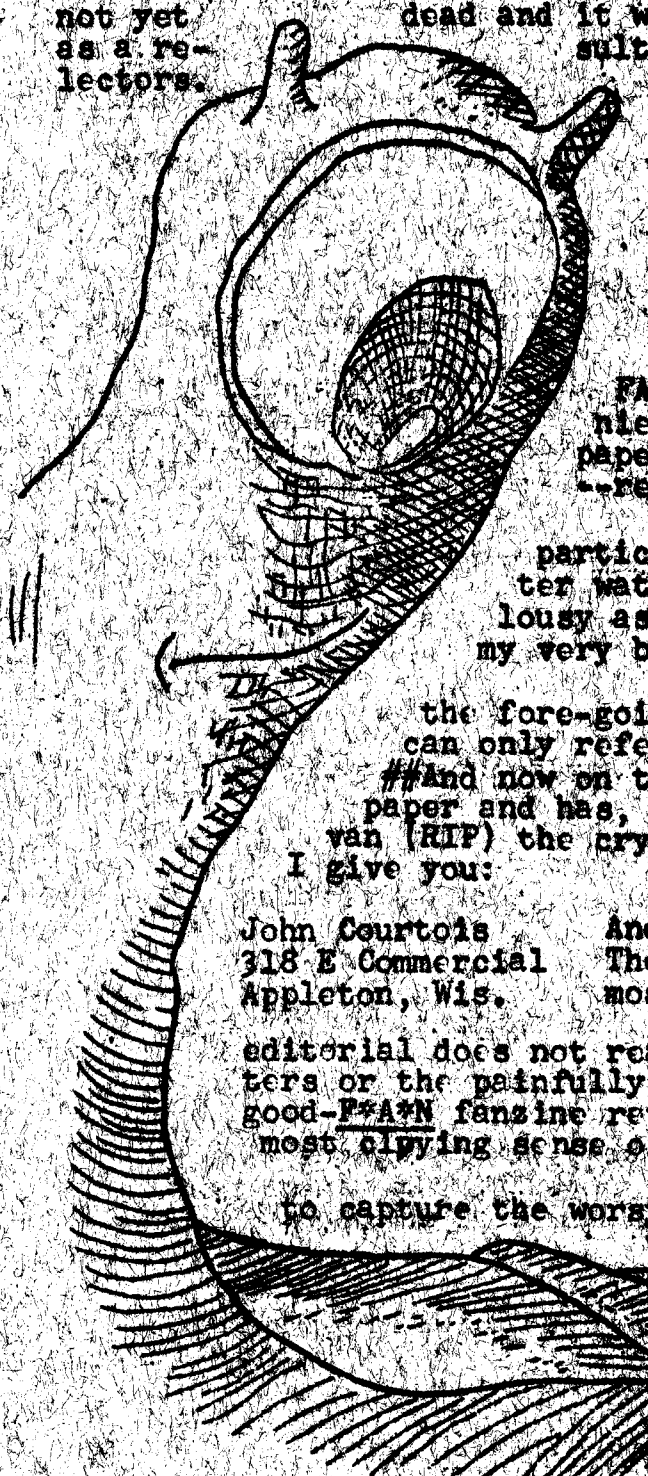
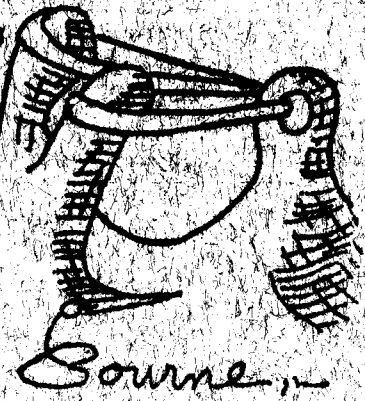
After the fore-going Brain Truster type letters, Jerry, can only refer to yours as comic relief. Thank you, and now on to a gentleman who touches crayon to paper and has, in the past, aroused from Jack O'Sullivan (RIP) the cry of "WANTED! ONE STOMACH PUMP". Sirs, I give you:

John Courtois
318 E Commercial
Appleton, Wis.

And so, by a devious route, to FAFHRD. The cover is quite miserable. But then, most fanzine covers are quite miserable.

The editorial does not really say anything. Neither do the letters or the painfully gushy buy-it-anyway-because-he-is-a-good-FAN fanzine reviews. These are all fannish in the most clipping sense of the word.

Boggs manages to capture the worst of Bradbury. Pregnant eggstains indeed!



(J Courtois, contd) When he starts talking, he speaks much truth. The dream is always better than the reality. I enjoyed being a fan. It gave me a relative importance, which is much better than being nobody. I was something that no one else in high school was. I read and glibly discussed massinics no one else had heard of. I discussed space stations when space stations were still impressive. In a few months, after a few headlines, space stations were an accepted reality, so accepted that the latest developments rated only the second page in the local newspaper. Space stations aren't fun anymore. Reading a book on the goddam basketball is as much of a chore as a math problem in bridge building. Basketball! How afraid we are of the unknown--the poetic must be reduced to the common before it is acknowledged. (It was called "Mouse" for a while, remember....)

BASKETBALL! Life is always more romantic from a distance.

If I may be coarse for a moment, my entire collection is very much for sale. This is a HINT.

Now if someone will only call me a damned fool, I can philosophically reply, "We are all fools and most of us are damned."

I think it's a crying shame this boy hasn't been discovered in a big way by fandom. I think he has the makings of a BNF--look at his philosophy of life: "NO HELL WITH IT!" He will go down in fantasy fandom's history with Bill Danner and Curt Junko. Amen.!!

Marilyn R. Tully
and
Paul C. Tully

would like to announce a convention of sorts

T H E

1956 West Coast Science Fiction Conference

To be held in the Hotel Leamington, in Oakland, California.

To be held June 30-July 1, 1956.

And it should be attended by everybody within hitch-hiking range, as Sam Mines said. Anybody remember Sam Mines? He was the editor of a pulp magazine. Anybody remember pulp magazines?

Back to the Westcon: Dues are \$1.00. Registration fee with the hotel is \$5.00 per person. Banquet is \$4.00. For membership and info, write to

Marilyn R. Tully
432 - 23rd Avenue
Oakland 6, California