

Only five or six more times shall I be forced to repeat the current ordeal of trying to stencil an issue of Horizons while a job keeps interfering. This is the August, 1981, issue, volume 42, number 4, FAPA number 161, and whole number 166. Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, U. S. A., does what he likes to term with some exaggeration writing, and the Coulsons do the production.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: I think there are good reasons for adopting the proposed amendments to the FAPA constitution. It isn't fair to expect a new FAPA member to produce a good publication for the organization after seeing only two mailings, when a long-term FAPA member can allow six mailings to go by without a contribution and still meet activity requirements. I would have preferred giving the new member the first four mailings for his dues, but the proposed change is still better than the existing rule. The change involving renewal credentials is needed because the present constitutional language is hopelessly vague, and FAPA has become a dumping ground for overruns of badly dated publications. I suppose someone will object in this mailing that the change will deprive FAPA of good publications simply because they were distributed elsewhere earlier than the three-month period, but the proposed amendment involves only renewal credentials. There will be no barrier to having an older publication in a mailing if its publisher doesn't expect it to count toward renewing his membership. There are obvious reasons why the dues increase should pass. Bob Pavlat has pointed out the fact that the assessment against the membership to meet a deficit has been invoked in the past, no matter how clearly I remembered its never being used, but my main point still seems sound: assessments are a bothersome and unreliable method of coping with rising costs and adequate dues are advisable. But I do believe that if the future brings the need for yet another dues increase, FAPA should consider making it the secretary-treasurer's job to calculate probable expenses for the year ahead each fall, and announce in the November mailing whatever dues will be necessary to cover them with a small surplus for emergency purposes. The way the economy is going, this might save FAPA from amending the constitution to change the dues two or three times each decade. I don't feel that the last amendment involving presidents and vice-presidents succeeding themselves once is as urgent as the others. But it seems foolish for an organization which has a chronic scarcity of candidates for office to deprive itself of a good one after only a dozen months; the stagnation which has struck FAPA from other causes won't be materially worsened by a few presidents and vice-presidents holding two consecutive terms. In the old days, we even suffered under the requirement of changing the secretary-treasurer and official editor every year, and the discontinuance of that method of rotating duties did more good than harm. Horizons: Since writing about Dr. Buys in the May issue, I've run across a magazine article he wrote many years ago in which he denied firmly having written any music published as Sousa compositions. All he admitted was following Sousa's advice to "fix it up somehow" when Dr. Buys was serving as copyist for the March King's new compositions and couldn't decipher certain passages in the hurried and sloppy manuscript. And he also transposed one Sousa composition after a disgusted cornet player told Sousa that it's much easier to conduct in six sharps than to play in that key. Play It Again!: Those prices for tapes of golden age radio sound aw-

fully high but maybe I don't understand the relationship between the British pound and United States dollar. Several firms in this nation advertise prices around \$1 per hour. Something else that surprises me is Keith's concentration on United States broadcasts; does that indicate little or no availability of United Kingdom broadcasts from years ago? My own interest in old radio is considerable and I've been taping when time and opportunity permit a good bit of stuff which two Washington area FM stations offer on Sunday evenings. But nostalgia isn't the only factor behind my interest. For one thing, working hours caused me to miss almost all afternoon and evening programming from 1943 until the collapse of network entertainment. I worked most of the afternoon and all evening every day of the week except Saturdays. So part of my interest in old radio comes from the unsentimental desire to hear things I wanted to hear and couldn't when they were first broadcast. The other matter is my belief that a fair quantity of old radio broadcasts possess intrinsic value over and beyond the generally accepted functions of reminding us of a happier past and our younger selves. Both Vic and Sade and Lum and Abner are masterpieces of comedy, just as worthy of enjoying today for their genuine values as humorous movies or literature created during the same era. I don't know if the humor of those two series could be as fully enjoyed by a young person today who lives in a big city. The way the characters in those two series think and talk and behave might seem too alien to be convincing, while they seem so convincing to a person who lived in a non-metropolitan area a few decades back. But this is a handicap which comedy in any form suffers; it takes a bit of adjustment to get into the groove for enjoying the Marx Brothers or Robert Benchley today, for instance. ' Japanese fans put out a taped fanzine many years ago, probably in the late 1960s or early 1970s. Roy Tackett might remember more details. ' Crumpled up newspaper pages usually work fairly well as added protection for anything as fragile as a tape which must be mailed. For open reel tapes, another possibility is film cans, which are the right size for audio tape's width and considerably sturdier than cardboard boxes.

Cloud Chamber: I saw somewhere an advertisement which offered a big collection of funny, insulting, startling, and otherwise memorable messages on tape which the purchaser could dub onto his telephone answering machine. Disinformation: Most of those apa abbreviations which Art mentions are unknown and cryptic to me. There's nothing wrong with using them unless it's in a context which makes understanding the abbreviation critical to comprehending the meaning of the statement; FAPA is made up predominantly of individuals who belong to no or few other apas and as a result what might be instantly understood in certain apas is apt to be a mystery here. ' I don't curse in fandom so I couldn't have called Laney a damnable puritan. Maybe things I wrote about him in fan history writing gave the impression I felt that way. I don't and Fran's lifestyle hardly qualifies him for the puritan characterization. ' Paganism and feminism are new ways to live and think? Ornithopter: What happened to the Edmonds auto between Wangaratta and Wodonga sounds like the phenomenon which used to be called a vapor lock in the United States. This is surprising because I had begun to think that vapor locks were extinct. It had been years and years since the last time I read an article about a vapor lock or heard someone on the radio tell what to do in case of a vapor lock, or passed a stalled auto and heard the magic words "vapor lock" buzzing on every pair of lips. Nobody seems to die nowadays of acute indigestion, which seems to have been blamed for about half of

all departures in the nineteenth century. I'd hoped the vapor lock had also ceased to plague mankind but obviously, it had been lurking in this obscure part of Australia, preparing to make a comeback. I am resigned to the probability that it will spread so rapidly from there that I will suffer from it before the summer ends. ' ' It's unlikely that any other survivors of the early years of Australian fandom will possess either documentation or memories reliable enough to add much to what Vol Molesworth wrote about meetings and feuds. But one or more of those down under First Fandomers should supplement the Molesworth history with recollections on the aspects of fandom he didn't stress, particularly what the early fans looked like, their personal characteristics, their mundane lives, and the human side of those years in general. ' ' Paul Stevens must have had trouble getting good results from a hektograph, if he tried to use it in the manner described in his script. Burbee contribution: I seem to remember having read both these items more recently than the eight years ago date assigned to them. Meanwhile, it might take eight years for FAPA researchers and historians to decide what this publication's title should be. The Echo Beach: Reading these welcome facts which relate Australia's fans to its geography, I was struck by how similar the situation on most of that continent is to United States fandom when I was a neofan back in the late 1930s. A fair quantity of fans in two or three cities, and otherwise thinly scattered. There was even an article which Sam Moskowitz wrote around that time, explaining how only one really active fan seemed capable of existing at any given time in any city, and it was accurate under conditions as they then existed. Stencil Withdrawal: This is a welcome exception to the general rule that publications meant specifically for another apa or for general circulation don't seem to possess as much interest as those written with FAPA in mind. And I wonder what the page count for the 200th FAPA mailing in 1987 will be? Around 200 pages if some members make a special effort, I'd guess, basing calculations on the way things have been going in recent years. Gegenschein: I've already looked this, after receiving a copy direct in the mail. Comments here would be risky, since I don't remember what I said about it some weeks ago and therefore I'd probably contradict myself by saying things here. Twentieth Century Unlimited: Andy needs a different abbreviation for his fanzine or semi-prozine or whatever it is. Everytime I see SFC, I think I'm reading about Bruce Gillespie's much longer established fanzine of those initials. Phantasy Press: This is another informative collection of facts about FAPA as it was before I got involved. And the new format looks splendid. A minor correction which I'm doing by memory and accordingly could be wrong about: I think Vodoso was Morojo's son rather than a nickname for various other Los Angeles fans. Vainomoinen: The world and Guy Lillian must struggle along without benefit of my opinion on Jimmy Connors. I don't normally watch tennis or read much about it, and I know only that he's among the highest ranked stars. But the reference to The Sporting News reminds me to relate that something completely unexpected happened. My mention in Horizons about missing a couple issues of that publication when my subscription renewal got fouled up resulted in my acquiring them. Seth Goldberg was the kind fan who filled those gaps in my collection of that publication. I shouldn't be surprised at anything in fandom after all these years of experience in it, but I never would have dreamed of such good results involving a publication which so few fans read. I hate to press my luck, but I don't suppose anyone out

there in FAP A could provide me with the bound volumes containing all the Civil War issues of the Hagerstown newspapers, which have vanished from the local files? Or a copy of Schubert's Gastein Symphony? Empire of Ij: The trouble with slipping stencils sounds like deteriorating rubber in the rollers under the platen. But most typewriters have a lever which disengages the mechanism which causes the platen to turn one line at a time. By using that, it isn't too hard to turn the platen to exactly where it should be for the corrections to be aligned with the line in question. ' The conreport makes my complaint in some fanzine or other recently about the lack of the good old-fashioned kind of conreports seem sort of silly. I hope Brian's fine writing will inspire a lot of others to write conreports which are neither like the minutes of a meeting nor an incoherent barrage of first namedropping and little else. Damballa: Here is another trip report that I enjoyed immensely until I was shocked and saddened by the dramatic, abrupt ending, so eloquent in what it left unsaid. I can only speculate about the full significance of the unforeseen breakoff in the midst of Chuck's happiness. Did the Bermuda Triangle stretch out one hypotenuse far enough to gulp him up as he approached the beach of Antigua? Or did Chuck accidentally return to the wrong ship after that day on the island, and as a result nobody will know what happened next until we see him in one of next season's episodes of the Love Boat? The Devil's Work: WWVA's religious programming is indeed exciting. I remember vividly the night when a faith healer was broadcasting live and shouted after one contact with a sufferer: "Hallelujah! He went one way and the crutches went the other!" There's another evangelist who keeps urging his audience, "Let's have a real big hand for Jesus!" Typographic Oceans: It's sort of unsettling to find Taral so enthusiastic about the Battle of Gettysburg, just a few pages after fussing about Heinlein's romanticism of cruelty and violence and inhumanity. Llanathony: Maybe the trouble with spending a lot of time in the darkroom is related to the mad rush in the photographic industry to make everything so fast and easy for photographers. I haven't processed films or prints for about a dozen years now so I don't know if I'll experience the same reaction when I finally begin to pay more attention to picture-taking. But it must seem awfully tedious to fiddle around trying to turn out high quality prints, when most cameras need little or no attention to exposure or flash adjustments and development of negatives or transparencies is done so fast by time- and temperature techniques. Even in my final years of darkroom work for the newspapers, I still developed by inspection and in the case of roll film by the primitive technique of holding the two ends in my hands and constantly moving the film through the developer and hypo in an open tray. All the textbooks explain that this is sure to scratch the film, it builds contrast too rapidly, and highlight details disappear too fast because developer can't exhaust itself where it's most active during the stagnant periods of other developing techniques. But it worked fine for me and saved lots of time. Past, Present and Future: The psychoanalysis of Ackerman seems to have resulted from the same impulse as the De Camp biography of HPL. If an individual is different from most other people, he's obviously someone to be mocked and degraded in print. It doesn't matter if one of the important differences is generosity, if he differs by lacking in greed, if he is so distinctive he'll be remembered when almost everyone else is forgotten. No matter, make it plain that anyone who differs from the common herd must be nuts.

'Sixty Minus

A couple of times recently, I was forced to resurrect the loose-leaf notebooks in which I kept fan history notes, so I could respond to queries on this or that ancient fannish event. As I leafed through them, I realized for the first time in a long while that some of my research and notetaking had been unnecessary. While working on the history of the 1950s, I typed out various morsels of information on the first part of the 1960s, in the belief I would write a third volume about that decade.

The way I feel now, I'll never write any extended fan history manuscripts again. There aren't enough of these notes to get off to a good start anyone else who might be fool enough to tackle an extended history of fandom in the 1960s. The only function I can imagine for these unused notes is that of unsystematic nostalgia. Many FAPA members have been fans long enough to remember things that happened as that decade began. Many younger fans betray an inordinate amount of interest in fandom long past. So let's see what I can find in those disintegrating notebooks. One caution: I don't guarantee that everything which follows will be unduplicated in A Wealth of Fable. I went beyond 1959 in a few places in that work, where it seemed best to finish the narrative about something that spilled over into the next decade. I don't remember all such uses of the notes for the start of the 1960s and I certainly don't propose to thumb through all those pages of AWOFF to make sure.

Here are a couple of pages of notes on an organization which I haven't seen mentioned in any fanzine for many years, IPSO. It was an unusual apa in intent and I doubt if any of the scores of apas springing up in recent years has operated on the same principles. The notes give this summary of how IPSO started and stopped:

George Locke had become a fan around the time he became of age, in 1957. For a couple of years he didn't do much but sop up fannish atmosphere and history by attending meetings of London fandom at the Globe. Then he erupted in 1959, starting to publish Smoke, writing much for fanzines, joined OMPA, collected books mightily, and in the following year he spent two weeks with John Berry. John (the original, Irish Berry) told George about his idea of an apa which would devote each mailing to discussion of a specified topic. George liked the idea so much that he decided to get such a thing started. The project was announced to fandom with a singlesheet dated late in 1960, consisting of an assumed conversation between Locke and Berry. The first form for the International Publishers Speculative Organization was to have all contributions for each mailing bound in two volumes, one for United Kingdom and the other for American contributions, because of page size differences. There was also the concept of a permanent "reviewer" who would do mailing comments as a non-participant in each discussion. More than 20 fans responded to the first circular, so another preliminary broadside was distributed in January, 1961, containing replies to the idea, names of those who wanted to join, and a proposed constitution.

IPSO got off to a good start. The first mailing, distributed at the end of April, 1961, had apas as the official topic. Eighteen of the 29 members contributed 70 pages to it. George was in Nairobi for some esoteric reason I failed to note, so Ted Forsyth and Joe Patrizio produced that first mailing. The pattern of quite a few members contributing just a few pages to each mailing continued for a while. The second mailing had lunatic fringes of science

fiction and editorial influence as its rather complicated subject. Then came a mailing devoted to time travel (two members wanted to see early Egypt, another wanted to do something about Hitler early in his career, and there was the fan who wanted to arrange for the Gilbert & Sullivan partnership to produce more works), the fourth mailing was devoted to Heinlein, the fifth had the highly original theme of sex in science fiction, but after that IPSO was in trouble. It had already begun to permit fans to subscribe to its mailings without contributing. There were controversies over mailing comments, which naturally enough voided automatically the original intention of having an entire mailing devoted to one topic. To try to keep the apa alive amid dwindling membership, George adopted the proposal which Ted White and Walter Breen had suggested, multiple topics for each mailing. For the seventh mailing, topics were to be fantasy worlds, publicity schemes for prozines, progress, becoming a pro writer, and in a sensational return engagement, sex and science fiction.

But the sixth mailing was the last one. George knew of only three members who wanted to produce something for the seventh mailing. Instead, he sent out at the end of 1962 a single-sheeter which pronounced IPSO's obituary unless someone else wanted to take charge of it. "This all adds up to as convincing a picture of the collapse of an apa as one can get," he wrote, speculating that maybe the problem had been an overload of fanac for some of the members. It was a shame. I was a member during most of IPSO's existence, but I felt as uneasy as I did on one or two other occasions when I tried to be a member of two apas at once. This was my fault, not IPSO's; I'm just monogamous as an apa activist so I've stuck to FAPA. Maybe IPSO could have succeeded better if headquartered in the United States where it would have been easier for more fans to participate. Maybe its basis should have been to require each member's contribution to contain material on the mailing's prescribed topic, with no attempt to confine contributions to the theme and only the theme. My memory is unreliable, but I seem to recall several of the mailings as offering a good variety of opinions on one topic, and I imagine that it would be possible to piece together good, long fanzine articles by extracting and condensing the best parts of a mailing to convert them into a sort of symposium. If the IPSO idea had one significance for apas in general, it provided a way to prevent mailings from rehashing to repletion the same topics, time after time, without new things to argue about regularly.

Quite a few of my notes on Japanese fandom go past the cutoff point for A Wealth of Fable. This causes me to wonder what went wrong with the contact between Japanese and English-speaking fans. For a few years, quite a bit of material by and about Japanese fans appeared in United States fanzines, there were limited personal contacts when fans visited between the two nations, but then things petered out. The Japanese fans never had the fluency in English that so many German and Scandinavian fans have achieved and I know of no English-speaking fans who made an effort to learn Japanese solely for fannish purposes. So maybe the language barrier was too extreme or perhaps the difficulty was more subtle, based on different preoccupations. At that time, fandom in North America and the United Kingdom was intensely faanish and the Japanese fandom was quite pro-oriented, unless in Japanese it would be pro-occidented. Whatever the cause, I'll quote directly from one of my notes to demonstrate how things were developing at one time:

"First English-language fanzine from natives was the first int-

ernational edition of Uchujin, published in the fall of 1962. The magazine's title meant Cosmic Dust. Uchujin Club, alias Kagaku Sosa-ko Club, alias Science Fiction Club, was the biggest in Japan, but not the first. There had been a club established just after World War Two, with short life. The other lived a year before first issue of original Uchujin, named Omega Club, made up of mystery writers also interested in science fiction. Its first issue of its fanzine, Kagaku Shosetsu (Science Fiction Stories) didn't appear until after first Uchujin. This club soon died. The Uchujin Club is six years old in 1962. The international edition was published by Takumi Shibano, edited by Norio Itoh, Noriyoshi Saito, Tadashi Taka, and Aritsune Toyoda. Japan had had a slow trickle of translated stf., mostly American, British and French, since soon after World War Two. Anthologies from Amazing and Fantastic Adventures were first attempt to introduce it as a series, published in seven volumes in 1950. An 18-book Gengen-Sha Science Fiction Series began appearing in 1956, mostly first-rate novels by Americans." The original Japanese-language Uchujin was in its 53rd issue by 1962, running both fancish and serious stuff by fans and pros, with about 200 subscribers out of its total circulation around 400. Another note tells me that the Uchujin Club in the same year "was officially upset that the Null Group in Osaka were not as active in professional writing and correspondence with foreign fans as they should be."

Yet another note on Japanese fandom involves its first convention, the Megcon, on May 27, 1962, in Tokyo. In some ways, the description is reminiscent of the first worldcon. About 150 or slightly more showed up for the Japanese event. Most of the program was basic sercon: speeches by pros in the science fiction and related fields, a question and answer session, a fan giving a history of the nation's fandom, and professional movies.

As a personal note which I probably shouldn't write, I have never been able to shake a baseless discomfort that I feel when I'm in the presence of Japanese people. I can't imagine what causes it. I have never had a bad experience with a native of that country, I admire in the abstract many things about the Japanese, and yet the bigotry is there and I've always wondered if I could conceal it if I should ever find myself around Japanese fans. I don't feel the irrational way around Chinese people or blacks or any other ethnics who behave in a civilized manner. At least I can comprehend the fact that some other people have deep-rooted psychological reasons for bigotry toward other minority groups in the United States.

There's some consolation to be found in my notes on the Hugos: the fact that there was so much turmoil long ago may soften for us the bitterness we feel over the squabbles of the past couple of years. Here's a note telling how the Detention committee had changed completely the previous policies and procedures, discarding the simple vote for fear that three or four votes could be enough to win a Hugo for a category in which there were many possibilities. So they decided to have voting for nominations first. Then there was a fuss over the Hugo won by A Canticle for Leibowitz. Walter Breen charged that it wasn't a novel but three novelettes squashed together. How many of us remember today the fuss that sprang up when Dave Prosser designed a statue to replace the spaceship? Peggy Sexton claimed it looked like an award for the top man in an orgy. And George Willick wanted six Hugos each year for fanac in various manifestations. That idea seems to have lost out on the grounds of expense and too much recognition for fandom. The committee for Pittsburgh's worldcon decided to award Hu-

gos in six categories for the sublimely logical reason that it had six Hugos on hand. Then there was the todo over the Pittcon awards. Dirce Archer explained that the Pittcon refused to count 78 ballots because they all came from the same English village nominating the same novel, short story and publisher and the Pittcon committee had never heard of the author of the novel and short story. But Dirce denied charges that the Pittcon committee had also tossed out another batch of ballots which would have caused Fanac to win a Hugo. The Solacon committee refused to give any details on how the voting went, aside from revealing nominees and winners, on the grounds that this would detract from the honor for those who had just squeaked through. I'm glad to see the recent trend toward full disclosure.

Most of my notes on hoaxes involve things that are in the two fan history books. But the fake issue of Kipple, Ted Pauls' fanzine, came too late for inclusion. Pete Graham was apparently responsible for counterfeiting an issue so well that some recipients considered it the genuine 21st issue, dated January, 1962. Someone apparently had access to a typewriter that Ted had once used, helping to make it look real. However, if you read every word of it, you found a true confession right in the middle of a loc from Pete. Terry Carr wrote Marion Bradley's column and a letter from George Willick. Ted White, Andy Main, and one or more other fans wrote some material published under their own names. The counterfeit issue ran to 14 pages, and I can't recall offhand any other hoax fanzine that was as large, although there have been less ambitious efforts involving a few pages, particularly in apas. Another hoax I would have liked to write about was mundane in its purpose but masterminded by an active California fan, Lyn Hardy. Just before the 1961 Rose Bowl game, he spied under the disguise of a high school publication reporter to get the necessary information on the card section, where spectators are given sets of cards and by holding up cards when the public address announcer tells them to, pictures and messages are created. Hardy and his helpers got access to the cards, doctored them, and as a result during halftime Caltech, their college, appeared before a hundred thousand people. On the other hand, I also find a note to the effect that Lyn Hardy was a hoax of sorts: there had been a Caltech student by that name who after graduation was credited with accomplishing things achieved by new student body members. Maybe someone in FAPA will remember for sure.

Here's a note on a German apa that was even odder than IPSO. It was RAPE, the inspiration of a German fan, Rolf Gindorf, in 1963. It was the Ring fur Amateur-Publizistik und Erudition. Rolf used to refer to members as RAPERs; he was good with English but didn't know that the word he was thinking about is rapist. Among other oddities connected with RAPE was the fact that there was no way to eject a member, as the situation was rather grossly phrased. Membership was limited to ten fans and there was a frantic activity requirement of 18 pages per year with no more than four months between activity contributions. When Rolf put a 78-page issue of Karezza into the apa and sent copies to a lot of other fans, he insisted that he was lending all these fanzines to the recipients, not giving them away or selling them. Sometimes I think this would be a good way to prevent Horizons from reaching unexpected people or turning up on price lists of fanzines for sale. Incidentally, I wonder if German fanzines today approach the size which they were prone to grow to in the early 1960s? I receive nowadays only Quarber Merkur and MRU, both

of them plump but hardly as bloated as some issues of German fanzines in the early 1960s. Gindorf produced a 114-page Ginthologie, containing what he considered the best of his writings up to then. Late in 1962, the 33rd issue of Sol had 88 pages. The tenth issue of Axel Melhardt of Austria around the same time boasted 140 pages. And if you think Horizons is too word-packed for its own good, you should see some German fanzines with lots of pages, past and present.

I never got far enough in my research on the 1960s to find out the entire truth about the Ted Pauls poltergeist. A Baltimore newspaper began running sensational stories about the damage which a poltergeist was creating in Ted's home in 1960; not in my notes but in my memory is the tentative belief that this was Ted's grandfather's house. A psychologist or psi expert or some other important authority ascribed the poltergeist's fondness for the house to Ted as an excitingly adolescent fellow. I inadvertently got involved with the press, which was much worse than if the poltergeist had come to Hagerstown, because a loc in which I mentioned a few tentative experiments with esp I'd been making was grabbed by a reporter and attributed in the newspaper to Pauls, not to me. The poltergeist eventually went away but I don't think Ted, who was publishing prodigiously at the time, ever put into print an explanation of whether there was a mundane explanation for everything.

And here's a very brief note on a quite important matter. It tells how Jim Harmon published at the start of 1963 the first issue of Radiohero, "intended as a place where information and items associated with the golden age of radio can be exchanged." It contained quite a bit of information about science fiction and fantasy programs and sold for the then improbable price of 50¢. I'm not well enough acquainted with old radio fandom to make such a rash statement in a place less secluded than Horizons and FAPA, but I have the notion that this was one of the most decisive events in the entire history of the field. In 1963, Jim hadn't written his pioneering hardcover books about old radio, next to nothing was being done in collecting and trading old programs, commercial stations hadn't begun to rerun fine old programs, and the recordings of many important series were tucked away in nearly forgotten places, threatened with eventual extinction if the hobbyists hadn't gotten busy. Harmon, of course, was a Los Angeles fan and it's quite possible that without science fiction fandom's publishing traditions, he wouldn't have created that old radio fanzine as he did.

Would you believe it? I've just found a note about the first tape fanzine that I mentioned in the mailing comments on a previous page. It goes back much further than I'd thought. Toshio Ogawa mailed it out in 1962. It contained little talks by various fans and pros, the reading of a story, and of all things a performance of Swanee River. Details were published by Roy Tackett in the September, 1962, Dynatron. But another note refers to an even earlier taped fanzine, this one inspired by Frank Dietz and Lee Quinn, who dubbed the original on tape sent by anyone who wanted a copy.

Here are a few quotes about the early years of the space program. I quoted in the book how fans reacted to the first Russian satellites but these came too late for the 1950s: "Among German fans, the news that man's first satellite circled the globe was greeted with exultation. Comments in fanzines and with regard to the public ran something like: 'Haven't we said it all the time?' I don't see any reason to be disillusioned. If you'd draw a line, name it space travel, and mark the point where we're now, it would be about one hundredth of an

inch from the start. The whole rest of the way still remains to be covered." Rainer Eisfeld, Cactus, Winter, 1961. About a parade in New York City for John Glenn: "Dick Lupoff, Bob Shea and Larry Shaw left our usual sophistication and unfinished lunches behind to yell our heads off along with the rest of the crowd. As Dick pointed out, 'This is a day we've waited all our lives for!' It was one time we were complete conformists and loved every minute of it." Larry Shaw, Axe, March 4, 1962. "Well, now we've got the cheering section. Suddenly we're all of us in this thing, playing to win. Shades of D. D. Harriman! Even if Glenn is one-half the creation of a legion of ghostwriters and legendmakers, the other half is more of a full-fleshed character than the science fiction writers have ever been able to make of the 'first American into space'." Hal Lynch, Cry, May, 1962. More about Glenn: "I find myself so accustomed to the idea of traveling between galaxies that a mere few orbits around the earth can't excite me. I find myself wondering if I'll be able to drum up suitable excitement when the first manned ship lands on the moon. I suppose that it's true that it's hard for a romantic to pay proper attention to his own era." Steve Stiles, SAM, fifth issue. "John Glenn would probably chuckle at the thought that a simple triple orbit was too restful a theme for our favorite fiction. There's something spinetingling about the sound of a midwestern voice coming from outer space. I sort of like the idea." Richard Bergeron, Serenade, May, 1962. This one, I believe, refers to the first trans-Atlantic satellite-aided telecast: "I nodded happily, yawned, scratched my head, cleaned my teeth and got into bed. I lay there and contemplated. Then I thought about Telstar. I had actively participated in history and now I've recorded my impressions for posterity." Irish John Berry, Cry, August, 1962. "Most of us are agreed that the orbital flight of John Glenn was a wonderful thing. But you are not going to find us getting all goshwow about Glenn's flight, are you? I mean, we knew for years that something like this would occur, so that when it finally did we took it in stride." Gary Deindorfer, third issue of Lyddite. "Today we know that there is no entrance to Pellucidar at the North Pole--only radar stations alert for intercontinental missiles. Opar and Paul-u-don have vanished, replaced by conniving politicians and bickering tribes. The Moon Pool is gone--vaporized, perhaps, by the heat of a nuclear blast. We are leaving the era of fantasy and entering the era of science fiction. I feel just a trace of sadness. It was fun to dream of far-away places where the fantastic, the mysterious, the strange and wonderful could, and often did, occur." Roy Tackett, Introspection, August, 1962. "I have just heard from the radio that Gordon Cooper has emerged from his capsule, and is in the best of health. He is one of the lucky ones. Who are the men, I wonder, who are walking about now, whose graves will be like no others before?" Langdon Jones, Tensor, second issue.

Quotations like those show what a combination of enthusiasm, ennui, and sadness resulted in fandom from the early part of the space program. The media propaganda about the space race taking food from the mouths of the hungry didn't begin to have an effect on fandom until some years after I stopped taking notes. I admit to failure to run amok from excitement over the early earth orbit experiments, but by the time the Apollo flights began I was more goshwow than most of fandom and disillusioned at the discovery that so few other fans shared my feelings.

Quite a few pages are devoted to the Season of 1961. A few items

on them might be of interest for this purpose, like the fact that the top price paid for art was \$92 which Bill Ellern bid for the Emsch cover for Final Muster in F&SF. Feminists might like to note that Joe Green paid \$15 for a male pro but Karen Anderson went for \$5 to Ben Keifer at the Auction Bloch. Robert Heinlein's speech included the prediction that one-third of those who were listening would soon die as a result of war. A dozen issues of Quandry were auctioned for \$6 and Jessie Clinton won in a raffle what was described as the last fantasy oil painting by famous Weird Tales artist Margaret Brundage. Phyllis Eonomou created a sensation by walking out in the middle of the Heinlein talk. She later explained: "I heard a poisonous spate of the most negative, destructive ideas I have ever been subjected to. My only choice was to either get up and walk out or to leap to my feet and make a most emphatic speech of my own. I chose the nearest exit." Some quotes from a transcript of a panel on "Why Is a Fan": "I think the major difference is that fans realize they have a handicap, even subconsciously. The mundanes are not interested enough to realize it." Ted White. "There are an awful lot of people that I know that are mundane whose handicaps I don't know, and I think probably a great many of them don't have any handicaps." Jack Speer. "What distinguishes our fandom from most of the others is this is a far more self-conscious, self-analyzing group, in person and in fan clubs." Walter Breen. "Science fiction fans seem to have more than all of these other fandoms because what they are fans of is mostly the printed word." Sylvia Dees White.

Most of my notes on semi-pro publishers went to waste, including those which referred to books they issued in the 1940s and 1950s. I decided not to give much space to them in the two big history books, on the grounds that they were borderline manifestations of fanac, and Ed Wood didn't like it a bit. Some of the statistics in these notes are hard to believe nowadays. For instance, the Buffalo Book Company in 1945 was paying \$1,500 as the printing expense on each of the Skylark hardcovers. Reprinting rights cost \$2,000 for an unspecified number of books in "one popular group" which could conceivably mean the Skylark series. In 1953, Lloyd A. Eshbach of Fantasy Press was selling stock. The cost was \$25 per share, and he retained 801 of the 1,600 shares which had been issued. Stockholders got a one-third discount on any books they wanted to buy and dividends if there were any profits. The much-derided novel by E. Everett Evans, Man of Many Minds, sold more than 2,500 copies for Fantasy Press in two months and went into a second printing. The first Arkham book, The Outsider and Others, cost \$3,100 to produce, not counting the value of time donated by August Derleth and Don Wandrei or the jacket illustration which Virgil Finlay donated. About 20 years later, about 20 per cent of AH's original patrons were still buying its books. In the mid-1940s, an AH book returned three-quarters of the production cost by publication date, through advance orders, but by 1959 only one-quarter of publishing expenses were recouped before publication. AH operated in the red from 1949 to 1957.

It's a good thing I stopped taking notes when I did, or I would have filled an entire notebook with data on Tolkien fandom, which was just beginning to gather steam as the 1960s got under way. From the handful of notes which actually got written, I find that the first issue of I-Palantir was published by Ted Johnstone around the end of 1960 as the official organ of the Fellowship of the Ring. It had the distinction of being collated on a cross-country basis, because Andy Main and Bruce Pelz had duplicated it in an all-night session just before

leaving for the Pittcon, then Bruce collated it in the back seat of an auto on the way to Pittsburgh. Ted was the one who made a deadpan announcement about his hopes of turning The Lord of the Rings into a movie which would cost \$50,000,000 to produce and would star such people as Alec Guinness, Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie, Tab Hunter, Anita Ekberg and Danny Kaye. Sir Alec was supposed to be Gandalf.

Six pages are jammed with notes on the Vanguard Amateur Press Association, much more fundamental material than I could possibly use in All Our Yesterdays. I have never seen VAPA material included in lists of fanzines for sale. So I wonder how much value a dealer would put on VAPA publications or even a complete mailing. Fanzines seem to be priced in general dealers' catalogs nowadays mostly for material they may contain by or about prominent pros. So what would be the worth of publications in an apa whose members included Wollheim, Lowndes, Blish, Damon and Norman Knight, Judy Merrill, Virginia Kidd, Larry Shaw, and various other big names, not to mention material by non-members like Cyril Kornbluth?

More evidence on how things have changed comes from the last Westercons covered by my notes. The one in 1962 in Los Angeles had 150 persons attending, although 230 memberships had been sold. It made a profit of \$380. Curiously, the big sensation at the auction was a copy of Silverlock, at the time a hard-to-find book which all fandom had suddenly gone mad over because of its unavailability. One copy sold for \$30 and another brought \$10. And several years before that, there had been complaints from this and that prominent fan that Westercons were being ruined by growing too big. I don't seem to have an attendance figure for the 1963 event in the San Francisco environs, but I did note that a 31,000-word manuscript by William F. Temple brought 50¢ at auction and Poul Anderson reassured everyone that science hadn't yet caught up with all science fiction. There was a rumor that Snorty Powers of NASA was on hand, and Chief Redfeather definitely was there although some fans were disillusioned when he turned out to be a Chinaman who had been adopted by the Sioux.

Yet another offbeat apa apparently lived and died in 1960. The Whimsical Amateur Press Association had no regular mailings, no dues and little in the way of activity requirements. Each member had a deadline of his own when he was supposed to send out one magazine, his own. That made it unnecessary to have an official editor or other bureaucratic things. But it never got past the second "mailing" because too many people missed their deadlines.

Here's a very old quote which I probably didn't use in All Our Yesterdays. Even though it has nothing to do with the years I'm writing about here, I can't resist including it. Donald A. Wollheim was writing in VOM in the December, 1939 issue: "If America gets into this war, and we've got no business there, it will be the end of science fiction as we know it."

Price nostalgia can be found in data on the final issues of Xero. "Costs were prohibitive," I noted, "running around 22¢ to 25¢ for envelopes and stamps per copy. The last two issues contained 100 pages." This was around 1962.

I hate to keep pounding away at the theory that times have changed. But the pages on Los Angeles fandom tell me that around the start of 1960, the LASFS's expenses ran to \$32 per month, including \$20 to publish Shaggy, \$10 for rent, and \$8 for cleaning. The club was running in the red because of such a big budget. Two years later, retrenchment had reduced the rent outgo to \$5 per month, \$15 for Shaggy, and \$5 to build up the club library. Meetings around

that time sometimes had strange programs. A speaker identified only as Mr. Byer showed the club one day slides on the tailfins which he had designed for bicycles and told about his Robot Rangers organization which he predicted would sweep the nation. Mr. Byers also expressed interest in using the club as a place to stage seances. But I wish I could have attended one meeting in 1962 when the Willises and Bob Bloch were simultaneously present. Here's a note on one of the Daugherty Projects that somehow don't appear in funny articles about Walt. When the LASFS undertook to help a school for deaf and dumb children at Christmas time in 1962, Daugherty arranged for 125 Mattel toys to be contributed and shipped in time for the holiday.

More time and typing that will be mostly wasted are represented by a lot of notes on the LKIcon, staged as the British national con for 1961 at Gloucester. Among many other bits of information, I find that Alan Rispin's cat brought 12 pounds for TAFF. Fandom still was badly unbalanced in favor of men so a batch of nurses had been invited to the con to increase the supply of women, but they ruined everything by bringing along their boy friends. One room party had 38 persons crowded in and only one of them fainted from the crush. Eric Jones went to a lot of work to construct an enormous box filled with electronics for the This Is Your Life feature, with the understanding that it would be used for Terry Jeeves, only to find himself the chosen one. The Manchester Guardian stunned everyone by spelling faans that way in its report on the event. The Cheltenham Group contributed one of its series of celebrated tape plays, but this one, entitled Typo, was a disappointment. It dealt with efforts of Harry Slime to solve the swiping of Eric Frank Russell's typewriter. Late flash: the room in which that party was staged belonged to Eddie Jones and its dimensions were seven by ten feet. There is an enigmatic reference to the way Kingsley Amis entertained in the bar with a demonstration of how film monsters tear down Golden Gate Bridge.

I made some notes on the beginnings of monster fandom, even though it was hardly in the field I was writing the histories about. One of them tells me that the first monster fan convention in New York City attracted about 30 persons. Ackerman, Jimmy Taurasi, and Harriett Kolchak were the only people there who were active in science fiction fandom. Interest in monster fandom seems to have increased since then.

I wonder how many of the important early fan movies still exist in a condition that permits them to be screened and enjoyed? For instance, The Musquite Kid Rides Again was shot in 1960 and created an enormous sensation in fandom for a while. Some members of the cast have died, like Ted Johnstone and Ron Ellik, but a few are still active to some extent in fandom: Burb, Pelz, and Terry Carr, for instance. It was based on a series of faan fictions about Wrai Ballard as the Musquite Kid which had been appearing in SAPS, written by Lee Jacobs. Much of it was shot in a ghost town, Calico, by a Pole who couldn't speak English and managed to get himself and his camera into a reflection in one scene. Some filming also was done in Berkeley. Then there was the Liverpool fans' film, The Room at the Top, which featured a fan-built monster which was more than ten feet long and five feet high with wheels powered by 1,500 watts of electricity. Alas, the Los Angeles movie-making group collapsed before accomplishing its plans to produce a Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser story written by Fritz Leiber. Most of the female cast members went away to school and there were serious financial problems.

I filed a lot of miscellaneous morsels of information under the

catchall heading of "fans". With the hope I didn't cheat and use them in A Wealth of Fable, I can extract from these pages the fact that Bonnie Prince Charley of England had changed from comic books to science fiction as his favored reading matter in 1961. And a morsel which probably settles once and for all the rumors that John W. Thiel is someone else: he was supposed to be 12 years old in the late 1950s when he published Caveat Emptor. Here's a summary of a Walter Breen article in Bhisillah in which he linked the rapidfire changes in fandom to the way time is treated in science fiction stories as well as to rebellion against mundane time and to the child-like rapidity with which fans bring up new ideas in line with psychiatric theories about the healthy childishness of creative persons. In a 1962 issue of Warhoon, Blish revealed that during his 22 years of writing books, he'd received just 56 letters from non-fans who read them and John Brunner had received only one or two letters from the United States where a dozen of his novels had been published. And this prophetic paragraph by Walter Willis in Scottishe in 1963: "Another reason that fans like ourselves have an extra interest is in the timebinding qualities of fandom. We get not only egoboo out of it, but immortality. That is assuming that fandom is still extant in another 20 years, and fans still have this interesting tendency toward fancestor worship, there will be eager neofans fingering with awe hallowed copies of the Elsberry Opus or the Willis Q and writing goshwowboyoboy articles about us legendary giants." Results of the testing done by Jerry Pournelle at Chicon II are summarized in another note. He used the Edwards Personal Preference Schedule and got 86 responses complete enough to tabulate. The male fans were found to be less interested than average in lots of friendships, only slightly interested in getting help from others, disinterested in helping others, a bit more aggressive and slightly less interested than average in the opposite sex. The females were extremely independent, low on affiliation interests, somewhat mannish, low on heterosexual interest and had an extremely high ranking for aggression.

Even I turn up in a few pages in these notebooks. For some reason, I pasted up a few lines about the start of my first big project. I announced in the June 8, 1960, issue of Fanac that I would write a history of fandom from 1939 to 1959, estimating that it would take more than a year for research, then six months for the writing. I bought my first looseleaf notebook for the purpose on May 18. Hoo-boy. There are also several entries about the mysterious companion volume which a Seattle fan, Eldon Everett, was planning around the same time. He was supposed to possess an account by Allen Glasser of the history of the Scienceers, an article by Charles Hornig entitled "Gernsback and Science Fiction," an article by Dr. David Keller on Cosmos, apparently the pros' chain story, reminiscences by E. Hoffman Price on the Weird Tales gang, Grey La Spina's account of The Thrill Book, and August Derleth writing about how Lovecraft got involved in a fan project to turn the Cthulhu mythos into an opera. Everett described it as "a complementary volume to Moskowitz, filling in some of the ephemeral details." If those contributions to it existed, they would be priceless if somehow recoverable today.

Pretty soon the circumstances which resulted in The Worst of Martin will celebrate their twentieth anniversary. The FAPA section of my notes advises me that John Trimble as secretary-treasurer sent out a postmailing to the February, 1962, mailing, in which he told how Ed Martin had been dropped from the membership roster for rewriting old jokes. In another postmailing to the same mailing, from Ted

White; the storm began to thunder. Ted charged that Martin's ejection was illegal since his items were not copied literally, which would have made them reprints. In the 99th mailing, Bill Evans as secretary and treasurer ruled that Martin had forfeited his claim to membership through failure to apply for reinstatement. Things were heating up by the 100th mailing. Trimble said in that mailing that he'd made a mistake in judgment, but denied Jack Harness' account of events which had described a group of FAPA members as hunting for a method to throw out Martin. Trimble described events as beginning with questions on whether the Martin publication was available, deciding it was, then general agreement that Martin had used in it old stag party stories. Trimble wrote that he'd advised Martin two weeks later he'd been dropped and suggested two ways in which he could retain membership. Martin didn't reply via letter but published an open letter which several FAPA members denied receiving. Redd Boggs produced the most impressive detonation against the Martin ousting, quoting extensively from a lot of written documents involving the disputed issue of Martin's Grotesque. Harness had written: "Five or more FAPA members were racking their brains to find loopholes to evict Martin through. One idea after another was dreamed up and discarded."

Meanwhile, that 100th FAPA mailing had been the biggest in apa history up to that time. The 101st mailing listed the official tentative page count at 1,219. It had gone out in two main sections, most of it the work of Californians and District of Columbia fandom. And some statistics on FAPA around that time might be of interest. Late in 1962, Ron Ellick calculated that 390 persons had been members of FAPA, but he counted a few fans more than once if they had dropped membership and rejoined one or more times. Alex Osheroff had the distinction of becoming the first member to drop out. The first mailing of 1960 contained results of a survey by Miriam Carr which had been answered by 40 per cent of the membership. It showed that the average age of male members was 31, and females, 24. Eighty-four per cent of those responding still read science fiction fairly regularly. The survey showed the typical member had attended three worldcons and five regional cons, went to two movies a month, and preferred classical, jazz, and folk music in that order. The survey put the golden age of science fiction in the early 1940s with another peak around the time the 1940s became the 1950s.

Lack of an updating of the Fanzine Index makes it impossible to be sure how trends have gone in quantity of fanzines published. Here is a note about Steve Schultheis counting 121 generally available fanzines published during the first six months of 1962 and he was sure he had missed some. A dozen of them were devoted to comics, six to satire magazines, four to Burroughs, three to politics. He apparently didn't count apa publications. I announced in Oopsla! in 1961 that at least 11,000 pages of fanzines were appearing annually, but my note doesn't say what prompted that calculation or whether it included apas.

It's a good thing these notebooks have been off limits to most visitors to my home. If someone had noticed that I filed a batch of notes under the heading "feminine fans" there's no telling what would happen to me. One of the notes summarizes what Daphne Buckmaster wrote in a 1960 issue of Femizine. She believed most female fans prefer fantasy to science fiction. She thought that science fiction requires imagination based on reason and logic while fantasy requires imagination based on emotions. She said it, not me. Daphna counted up the names in Ron Bennett's fan directory and found 53 of 493 list-

ings to be women. That didn't count 19 wives who were listed with their husbands but weren't genuine fans as individuals. Daphne believed she had been the second female fan to appear in England when she became a neo in 1947. She speculated that more leisure for women and a change of fannish interest away from its science fiction orientation might have been reasons for the increased number of women. A letter Jim Blish wrote me in 1963 contains enough leads to keep collectors of female pros busy for a long while: Virginia Kidd once collaborated with Damon Knight on a western story entitled "Lead Don't Mix with Silver," and she also collaborated with Jim on several westerns which were published under the byline of Luke Torley. Judy Merrill's first published story was a detective yarn which she sold to Robert W. Lowndes.

James White's first breakthrough as a pro was reviewed by Chuck Harris in Hyphen and I took the trouble to copy it off: "James White! The modern Iscariot, who, for 285 bucks, renounced his immortal heritage and gave his intrepid spacemen American accents. Unspeakable foulness fostering on the fringes of fandom! Fakefan! Betrayer! Sex-fiend! Jackal! Vilest pro!"

Office copiers are so numerous nowadays that nobody ever mentions carbon paper. But I seem to remember hearing not too long ago about the continued existence of one tiny apa which uses carbon paper to produce enough copies to go to all members. Here are notes on two such groups that came into being early in the 1960s. The Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance began around the end of 1961 for Fifth Fandomers. Art Rapp, Rick Sneary, Len Moffatt, Ed Cox and Roy Tackett were its members. Tetrahedron began in the fall of 1960 as a result of one or two fans egging Don Franson into publishing a fanzine. Elinor Busby, Norm Metcalf, Bruce Pelz and Ted White seem to have been the other charter members.

I doubt if the next Chicon will have much in common with Chicon III in 1962. But the banquet prices were higher than you'd expect for that year: \$5.75 for turkey or \$6.25 for beef. Attendance was reportedly between 500 and 600 but only about 40 persons bothered to show up for the business meeting. Wrai Ballard claimed you had to get close enough to risk getting bitten by Ethel Lindsay and the Willises if you wanted to hear what they were saying at the noisy reception for the overseas visitors. Fans got blamed unjustly for destroying an elevator one night by misusing its emergency stop and alarm button, when it was actually a bunch of mundane drunks. On the other hand, fans blamed a mundane hotel employe for swiping \$51 from the art show room. Bob Tucker probably wasn't in any mood to say "smooth" when the time came for Heinlein to receive a Hugo. Earl Kemp unleashed a straightarm to get Tucker away from the microphone, then Heinlein stepped on his toe. Kemp kept leading a Life reporter through the hotel, trying to find a fan orgy vigorous enough to impress him. One diligent observer counted 30 fans with beards. Some of the auction prices are unbelievable, blamed on an excess of stuff to be sold. A Rogue cover brought 35¢. The Emsh Castle of Iron cover went for \$23.50. The autographed manuscript of Some of Your Blood by Sturgeon: \$12.50. Manuscripts of de Camp novels sold for \$5 each. I'm startled to see the name of Margaret Brundage among the judges for the costume ball; I hadn't realized she had had any contact with fandom and I must have been half-asleep when I typed off those notes. A lot of fans underwent an IQ test under the supervision of junior college faculty members. The 79 testees had a mean score of 127, a median of 131, and a high individual of 139; the mean

score for the general population was 100. There was a pro panel with a brand new, original topic, sex in science fiction. Dr. E. E. Smith said he'd been reticent in his stories because there were so many boy scouts and virgins among his readership. Walter Breen shocked everyone by appearing for the banquet with a necktie in place. Willy Ley speculated that men would reach Mars by 1975 and would find confirmation of the usual ideas about it. Hugh Hefner, the Playboy publisher, threw a party at his home for some of the pros. No playgirls were visible and Bloch considered it rather dull compared to typical convention parties. Al Lewis, Hal Lynch, Don Studebaker, Dick Schultz, and the Schultheises staged a gettogether to consider establishment of a fanzine library, but they seem not to have gone into action up to now.

Another catchall heading is collecting fandom, where I pasted stuff which seemed vaguely relevant to those two words. Here's a reference to extreme rarities: Ackerman cited Conquetes, the French prozine that was aborted when the Nazis marched into France, only three copies of whose first issue were known to be in the United States; stills from Things To Come depicting scenes that weren't used in the film as released; the first fan-published hard-cover, Mars Mountain, issued by Bill Crawford around 1934; and a Canadian reprint prozine, Bizarre, most of whose press run was destroyed because it had run unauthorized reprints. Moskowitz brought up the cover of the July, 1959, Satellite, only two copies of which are supposed to exist. And some collecting bargains: a Tacoma collector decided to sell out in 1960 and got \$200 from a dealer for complete runs of virtually all the prozines published up to then, including Weird Tales. Larry Farsace obtained the entire collections of two oldtime Rochester fans and that of the Decker Dillies for postage.

We've been talking for a long time about how the Denver fan is the second Don Thompson and therefore apt to be confused with the original one who was active in the 1940s and a FAPAN for a long while. But here's a reference from a 1961 issue of Xero telling how Don Thompson was prominent in a science fiction club at Penn State. Unless this is the Denver possessor of the name, there must be three of them. Maybe fandom should adopt for fanzines the same system that a state prison near Hagerstown used in its inmate-edited monthly, putting a little number after each inmate's name if he wasn't the first bearing that name who had served time there. Some of the more popular names were up to eight and nine the last time I saw the publication.

And I wonder if UCLA still has its science fiction and fan collection. There were several references to it in fanzines in the early 1960s. The head of the department of special collections said it was being used by students who wanted ideas for original doctoral theses, and as a source of early writings of pros. Properly cataloged were such things as some FAPA publications, collections of Fantasy Fan and Fantasy Commentator, The Immortal Storm, and N'APA mailings, in addition to lots of prozines. At that time, the college library was showing symptoms of turning into a completist.

One of the most complicated matters which should be researched before it's too late is the origin of comics fandom and how big or small a part was played in its creation by people from our fandom. I copied off a few things I found in fanzines from both fandoms and they're contradictory to some extent, twenty years closer to the actual events. One source referred to a National E. C. Fan Addict Club which was producing fanzines as early as 1954 or thereabouts. But

a couple of other notes put the blame on Dick Lupoff's Xero for inspiring various individuals to publish fanzines entirely devoted to the topic which Xero merely emphasized. The Curtises apparently published a Pogo fanzine sometime around 1950. It seems to be a complicated matter. Then there were the fan groups which were angeled by comic books themselves, like the E. C. Fan-Addict Bulletin which got more than 20,000 member-subscribers.

I suppose the Cult still exists somewhere in the innermost convolutions of fandom but I haven't heard anything about it for a long while. It certainly found its way into the fannish press in the early 1960s. For instance, Fanac tried to explain late in 1962 what had been happening: Ed Baker had published a Fantasy Rotator in Esperanto, causing much reading discomfort, then he failed to write to the next two FRs and Scotty Tapscott dropped him from membership but failed to send him a copy of the FR. On the grounds that this made Tapscott's FR illegal, Bruce Pelz dropped Tapscott from membership. Bob Lichtman immediately called for another election since Tapscott had been official arbiter. Meanwhile Bill Donaho circulated a referendum to reinstate Tapscott as both member and officer. Ted Johnstone meanwhile was trying to reinstate Baker on the basis of a revision to the constitution made in 1960, but this was found to be an unratified change, and this shouldn't be confused with a simultaneous dispute over a different revision of the constitution more recently. The year before, the parents of one member and possibly another member himself had sicced postal authorities onto the Cult for allegedly unmailable stuff in the FR. Nothing happened in particular despite reports that a postal inspector had enough material to stage a full-fledged investigation and one member's desire to hire a lawyer and press the matter to a decision. Johnstone urged: "Publish nothing which could be construed as pornographic, until the all-clear sounds."

Around 1962, Avram Davidson was active as both a fan and a pro. He was claiming to have terminated the longest gaffiation on record, 27 years, since he had organized a chapter of the Science Fiction League in Yonkers, N. Y., in the 1930s. I wonder if anyone knows the current record for gafia's termination? Art Widner could hold it, I suppose. Sticklers for accuracy should note that the "O. Davidson" mentioned on page 169 of The Immortal Storm in its 1954 hardbound edition was Avram.

Some obituaries which occurred too late for inclusion in A Wealth of Fable make melancholy reading, taken one after another. Bob Richardson was 42 when he died April 1, 1963. He and Eric Jones were the main movers of the St. Fantasy activities and he'd helped with the BSFA's formation. Burton Crane was a NAPA member for decades but he was in FAPA for a half-dozen years. He died in February, 1963. Sheldon Deretchin died Oct. 22, 1962. A decade earlier, he had joined Dave Mason and Dave Foley to form a fan club in Brooklyn which became eventually the Fanarchists when Mason moved to the Village. Julius Unger, who had published Fantasy Fiction Field for years and had just recently revived it, died early in 1963. Ralph M. Holland, without whom there might not be an NFFF today, died Jan. 26, 1962. He had been president for the past four years after taking over at a time when vicious infighting and dwindling membership had caused the group to seem on the verge of collapse. Walt Dunkelberger, one of the biggest names in fandom during World War Two and publisher of a newszine for a long while, died May 19, 1962. An extraordinarily talented writer and knowledgeable man, Dr. Arthur R. Weir, died in England in 1961. United States fans knew little about him, but he was so admired over there that an award was set up to perpetuate his memory.

There are a number of other deaths in this section which I haven't the heart to copy off. Fandom had been comparatively free from losing people to death during the 1940s and even the 1950s but some combination of circumstances and coincidence must have been at work as the next decade began. It wasn't increasing age of fans to any great extent because most of those who died were still young or barely approaching middle age; only a few like Dr. Weir and Holland had gained the condition of old age.

The 1963 Discon occupies quite a few pages. Curiously, they come from various conreports and other published sources instead of my own observations and memory; I was there. I remember now having heard what was considered a tremendous episode at the time and paying little attention to it; it consisted of Asimov getting an award as a surprise at a part of the program where he had planned a humorous piece about how he never wins an award. His remark seems to have gone down in print in about six different versions. "Dammit, man, you've ruined the whole bit" is how Alexandria Trio quoted it. Elsewhere in my notes, I find that Les Gerber and Calvin Demmon walked the entire distance up the Washington Monument, tiring themselves out so severely that they didn't bother to look out the window but got the first elevator going downward. Cele Goldsmith reported that the income to authors from prozine sales amounted to \$100,000 per year. No wonder most pros turned to writing for paperbacks in the years that followed. One of the speakers decried the fact that barbarians were taking over fandom; so what else is new? One tireless observer estimated that between seven and 12 women yielded themselves up during the course of the convention. Obviously, prices and attendance aren't the only things in fandom that have undergone inflation since 1963.

I gather that Bill Donaho is still visible occasionally to California fans. But I wish he could be fully activated again. My notes explain how Habakkuk began as his 12-page letter substitute, although his first issue contained the admission that "I may even break down and print an article or two". By the sixth issue, it was up to more than 100 pages, and that wasn't the only big issue before it folded. No wonder, because Bill was six feet, four inches tall, weighed more than 300 pounds, and had a 24-pound cat. Habakkuk might someday become a useful social document, because toward the end it emphasized the beat movement and other protest groups rather than fan-nish material.

But Donaho could be short in one sense. Here's his excellent summary of how to write mailing comments, as published in Viper in 1961: "Have something to say, think it out before putting it down; write so that your comments are a self-contained whole so that if everyone has forgotten the entire contents of the zine you are commenting on, your remarks will still make sense; don't just make little snippets of comment hither and yon; use the ideas you comment on to develop ideas of your own."

I don't think there are many secret apas nowadays, although semi-secret ones still exist. I have one of them from early in the 1960s identified as both APA X and Apex. The name apparently changed somewhere along the line. One day Andy Main absentmindedly left a batch of publications from this secret apa in the place where Ron Elik and Al Lewis were living. Half of Los Angeles fandom had read them by the time he got them back, and Bjo had erupted over unauthorized use of one of her drawings. Secrecy suffered another blow when Bruce Pelz concluded arrangements for someone in the membership to provide him with copies, and the next awful thing was publication of the entire

membership roster, which was also supposed to be secret. Rumor said that the group operated much like the Cult but with some differences which, naturally, were secret in nature.

One nice thing about abandoning plans to write a history of the 1960s was the way it freed me from the need to figure out how to cope with *A Trip to Hell*. This publication caused such a sensation and had so many repercussions in fandom that I could hardly have ignored it. But the details are so nasty and today's fandom knows so little about them that I would have hesitated to rehash them in such a prominent place. *A Trip to Hell* was a long article by D. Bruce Berry who claimed that a prominent fan had arranged to have him first jailed, then sent to a mental hospital. Some parts of his story conflicted with the course of fannish events: the fan he complained about was visible to hundreds of fans during the Solacon on the same weekend when Berry claimed that this fan had burglarized his Chicago apartment, for instance. The whole sorry mess became hopelessly involved with a new set of fannish awards which were under consideration at the time and probably helped to prevent them from coming into existence.

Statistics on the Irish John Berry's fanac cause me to suspect that he may have had few rivals for enormity of writing and publishing output over a comparatively short period of years. He did little in fandom until about 1955. By early in 1962, he had had almost 600 articles, stories, and other contributions published in fanzines. In 1960 alone he turned out more than 100 items, and he claimed he hadn't been later than the deadline for the first 400 things he wrote. Besides all that writing, he published over the five years of his main activity 16 issues of *Retribution*, 16 *Pot Pourris*, nine *Veritas*, and several large one-shots. He had so many ideas for fanzine writing early in his career that he could supply a fanzine with enough items to last it through a year's issues. He wrote more than 20,000 words of his trip report in New York City, ^{in a couple of days} and all sorts of distractions, during his 1959 visit to the United States. There were giants in those years.

And how could I have found space in a book about the 1960s for even brief descriptions of all the cons? I have lots of exciting notes on the first few British conventions of that decade. There was the utter confusion for the 1960 event when the man who had made arrangements for the hotel to host the convention turned out to be the brother of the woman in charge who had just been helping out around the place for a few days, and this owner's mother told Ella Parker: "I don't like the sound of this party you have arranged for Easter." So 48 hours before the con was due to start, there was no hotel. At the Harrogate convention in 1962, one of the principal speakers surprised everyone by standing on his head for a while. The same event almost pulled off a spectacular hoax, in which the pro panel conspired to convince the audience that James White was growing uncontrollably drunk over gin which had allegedly been smuggled into the pitcher of water. This was to be followed by outbreaks of anger by other panelists. Ron Bennett ruined everything by announcing it was time for the auction, just when things were growing loud. The Peterborough convention in 1963 included an exciting innovation, a talk on sex in science fiction by Harry Harrison. He told about such intimate matters as the time a prozine censored "breast" from a story. Fifty-three people were counted at one time in Ella's small room.

Burroughs fandom was better publicized twenty years ago than today. I don't know if this signifies decreased activity in that sub-

fandom or a breakdown of the tenuous lines of communication between it and the rest of us. The early 1960s were a critical time for Burroughs fans because that's when someone allowed the copyrights to expire on some of the Burroughs books and immediately a lot of new paperback editions began pouring forth, increasing interest in the author. Ace Books began publishing titles newly discovered to be in the public domain and Ballantine was issuing others. There seems to have been some sort of unrelated turmoil in Burroughs fandom at just about the same time. One source called for a clean up for "this misled club". In question was the Burroughs Bibliophiles which had been organized in 1960. It published a news sheet, The Gridley Wave, and a semi-annual larger fanzine, the Burroughs Bulletin which claimed to be the "original" Burroughs fanzine. There also seems to have been a club publication called the Dum Dum, which was also the name of its meetings. ERBdom seems to have begun around the start of the 1960s, with Camille Cazedessus issuing it independently from the club. Dick Lupoff, who had helped comics fandom to get going, also had a hand in the spread of Burroughs fandom even though he'd never read any of the ERB books before 1962.

I have much material on the NFFF's adventures in the early 1960s, particularly its new time of troubles which followed Ralph Holland's death. Art Rapp took over as president and suffered frazzled nerves for a while, trying to cope with bureaucracy and finances. Dues in 1962 were \$1.60, and 75 per cent of the club's entire income was gobbed up by its official organ and letterzine. That didn't leave much money for other purposes and the group was maintaining a hospitality room at worldcons, the cost of which was not always paid by donations at the door. The NFFF was doing some worthwhile things around the same time. Through Don Francon, it published Some Historical Facts about SF Fandom, a booklet which answered many typical questions from neos. It also had useful lists of Hugo awards, TAFF winners, and such basic facts. A tape bureau under the direction of Dave Ettlin offered such things as two reels of a fanzine editors panel from the Detention for \$3 and "the entire Chicon III" for \$7.50 to members. There was a short story contest in 1961 judged by August Derleth, Cele Goldsmith, and Forrest J Ackerman, prizes totaled \$75, and winners were published a couple of years later in a booklet. The club grew rapidly after the near collapse of the feud-filled previous years: membership had been down to 79 in 1956 but it rose to 176 in 1960 and to 318 in 1962.

I suppose the Neo Fan Fund is dead and forgotten by now. This was mainly inspired and operated by a Philadelphia fan, Harriett Kolchak. One yuletide, some of the fans who received her Christmas cards told her they never sent out cards, feeling the money would do better if given to charity. So Harriett got an idea. For \$2 a year, each subscriber to her plan received a drawing with the names of all the subscribers listed under "greetings from", and the two bucks went into a kitty designed for the use of fans who got stranded at a con with no way to get home or involved in some other emergency of the sort. My notes don't say so, but I seem to recall that the greetings card substitute feature was eventually dropped in favor of straight donations to the fund, plus repayment of money advanced to neos in many cases. The plan seems to have worked pretty well for some years, but Harriett died and I heard nothing about anyone else assuming the responsibilities.

It's hard to imagine today a new book of science fiction criticism or analysis creating much stir in fandom, since so many of the

things are available at present. But such books were novelties in 1960. So there was quite a stir when a prestige publisher, Harcourt, Brace and Company, produced *New Maps of Hell* by Kingsley Amis, who was fairly well known in the mundane literature field. Even though Amis said many things which pros and fans disliked, he seems to have been popular in the many convention appearances he made after the book had been released. Jim Blish called it "the only existing serious study of science fiction of any weight to be undertaken by an outsider" and "a job that badly needed to be done, and for the most part has been done wondrous well." Blish added that Amis had read much more science fiction than many of those who criticized his book. Sid Coleman was somewhat more dubious: "Some of his conclusions may be ludicrous, but they are his own conclusions; and since he is not unintelligent, some of them are valid as well as new." Among the conclusions which seemed heretical at the time were Amis' disparaging of Kornbluth's literary qualities and his terming Fred Pohl "the most consistently able writer science fiction, in the modern sense, has produced." Walter Breen was unhappy: "It is a kind of critical study which very much needed to be written, but by someone far more familiar with stf. than Amis has proven himself to be. The book is more important for the questions it raises than for the answers it provides."

Les Nirenberg might be a model for the familiar career of the fan who emerges from nowhere, rises to fame with dizzying speed, does something spectacular, then recedes from fannish sight as abruptly as he had appeared. Les was little known until 1961 when he published his first fanzine, named *Vahana*. He changed its title to *Panic Button*, it grew in size, reputation and circulation, and only a couple of years later Les was more or less out of fandom, having converted his fanzine into a semi-pro publication with newsstand display and paid advertising. I haven't heard about him for many years. Les had a marvelous sense of humor and I'm sure he's very successful, whatever he may be doing now.

Most fans who become successful pros retain sentimental fondness for fandom or credit it with helping them to make the transition to professional writing. An exception was Charles Nutt who was a fan as a teen-ager in the early 1940s. When he became a pro, he assumed a penname he'd already utilized in fandom, Charles Beaumont. In 1962, he wrote in *Playboy*: "The object of stf. fandom was avowedly the dissemination of inside information about and the glorification of stf., but in actuality it was a correspondence club for social misfits, most of whom devoted more time to the reading of letters from fellow fen, than to the professional magazines."

The apparent decrease of OMPA is particularly sad when I look at the names and figures for that organization in the early 1960s. Among those who placed in the top threes in various categories in its 1962 egoboo poll were such talented fans as Bill Donaho, Ethel Lindsay, Archie Mercer, Terry Jeeves, ATom, Cal Demmon, and Lynn Hickman. Most mailings were plump ones at that time: they seemed to average about 400 pages despite the handicaps involved in publishing for an apa which had many members on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ella Parker seems a trifle forgotten today when so much nostalgia is exercised for her contemporaries like Willis and others in Irish Fandom. She was a Londoner who came to North America because of a couple of incautious sentences Wally Weber wrote for *Cry in March*, 1960: "Good grief, don't you even know when you've been insulted, you stupid clod of a woman? From now on, I'm only going to apologize to fans who know when they have been done an injustice." Instead of ap-

plying typewriter keys to paper to write a reply, Ella came in person to respond, aided by a fan fund. There was a triumphant journey that began with a two-day farewell party in London, and a ride to the airport in an auto wearing signs like "Gagarin, Titov and Now Parker." Puzzled airport officials received the explanation that all the fans who were seeing her off were Ella's husbands, wishing her well in her three-week burlesque engagement in Las Vegas. Then came a triumphant tour across the United States punctuated by special dinners and receipt of a tape from British fans which alleged that her flat had just burned down. The trip eventually stretched out to cover nearly four months before she got back home. Ella was determined person when she really put her mind to it. Not only Wally found that out. Once she seemed on the verge of destroying the entire slum clearance program in London. Her apartment was in a building scheduled for demolition, but the new place of residence found for her as a displaced person turned out to have rules and regulations which would make fanzine publishing impossible. One bureaucrat after another struggled with the problem and with Ella's determination. Eventually, after she gave free fanzines to one of them who evinced some interest in science fiction, the decision was made that a Gestetner in operation wouldn't completely destroy the calibre of Albert Road and Ella agreed to move.

The Pittcon of 1960 resulted in several pages of notes. F. M. Busby thought the Penn-Sheraton's lobby was laid out for testing rat intelligence. He spent a quarter-hour one morning hunting a way to get out of the building. The NFFF had not only its hospitality room but also an emergency suite for hangovers and other circumstances. Not more than 15 fans patronized the two double beds at any one time during most of the con. Bruce Henstell appeared at the costume ball as Harlan Ellison in such a successful manner that the real Harlan stopped talking for a while, creating a sensation within a sensation. Heinlein made another of his patented dramatic entrances to accept a Hugo, but this time he had been incautious enough for some fans to see him a half-hour earlier waiting for the strategic moment. There was a tremendous argument over the Dean Drive between John W. Campbell, Jr., on one side, and Bruce Pelz and various other fans on the other. Just as it was becoming excitingly violent, the con committee tried to club it off but the arguers clustered around JWC to continue arguing, others in the room crowded close so they could hear, and a quarter-hour later everyone was chased out of the room so the program could continue.

I'm running out of space so I can offer only a sampling from poll results in the early 1960s. Xero took an interesting one in 1961. Twenty-three who responded were Democrats, 18 were Republicans. Thirty-one favored a more militant foreign policy, 15 more accommodating, 17 unchanged. It was 35-32 in favor of recognizing Red China. Thirty-six preferred liberty or death, 20 would rather be red than dead, in case of a nuclear global conflict situation. Only 19 wanted increased government control. Fifty thought union powers should be decreased, 42 wanted the government to get out of farm business but only 22 thought it should get out of the power business. Health insurance on a government basis was favored, 38 to 35. Cry had a 48-question poll around the same time. Of those responding, 17 had psi experiences, 41 hadn't. Thirty-one favored fijagh, 17 preferred fiawol. Only three who responded claimed never to have read prozines regularly.

There are still a couple of notebooks I haven't touched. But I'm as tired by now of fan history as I would be if I really had persevered in that original intention to write a book about this decade.

The Worst of Martin

Ah! The Mocking Bird--with its page layout mixed up twice. Bianchi, couldn't we have one "Bronx-Cheer," just one for a start, without sad looking cuts and more regrettable half-tones? Gee, fruit, your prose is smooth reading...Gad! what is that on page three?

'Spot' News! The Reminder is readable--so what?...E. Martin is a cad! I spent a very pleasant evening with Mike Phelan in Yonkers Jan. 2 and haven't written to him since. Glad to see your renewed activity, Mike: your remarks about our meeting tickled me. Break down, let's see who can write who a letter first...Pleasant correspondence the last few months with 'Ha-lan' and Bob, George H. Kay, (thanks for your help, George!), 'Old-Renegade' Parker W., Bernice McCarthy, (Mrs.) Helen Jones, Frank (just moved again) Miller, others. Yes! I owe them all letters. A pleasure I've had to put off to construct this, Gad-where-will-it-end, 'typo-error'...Bully for the 'Purge.' 'Twas greatly enjoyed. But why anonymous? Cowardly, that's what it is...Le Plume, No. 1: I keep it on my desk, and whenever bored or sad I study it. My eyes widen with astonishment. I'm awed! It cheers me up.

Are you guilty? ? ?

No? Well, then, read on--

BIG CONTEST

Wanted!

The guy who thought I'd make a good 2nd Vice President of the American...

'Edgar Martin--1 vote.'

Enter NOW

Your BIG Chance (?)

One brand new and shining mint julep will be awarded to the lucky contestant who names my friend.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Write Pres. Francis about making New York the next Convention city.
2. Plug NY as Conv city.
3. Ya better had do the last two cause the award will only be made at a Conv in NY.
4. NY would make a peachy Conv city.
5. Convince yourself of that.
6. Send all entries to me.
7. A case of beer, or swigable facsimile, must accompany each and every entry.
8. Send as many entries as you wish, but don't forget the 'reasonable facsimile.'
9. Make sure you send the entries to me.
10. --not someone else. (Goodness No!)
11. Write Pres F again about NY; be stern!
12. Send me another entry.
13. Don't forget facsimile.

YOU'RE A CINCH TO WIN

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