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The Mag

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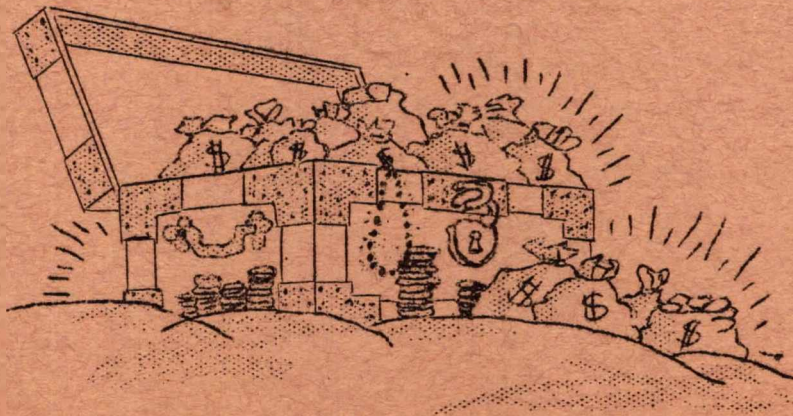
Name -

“Presents”

Gold.

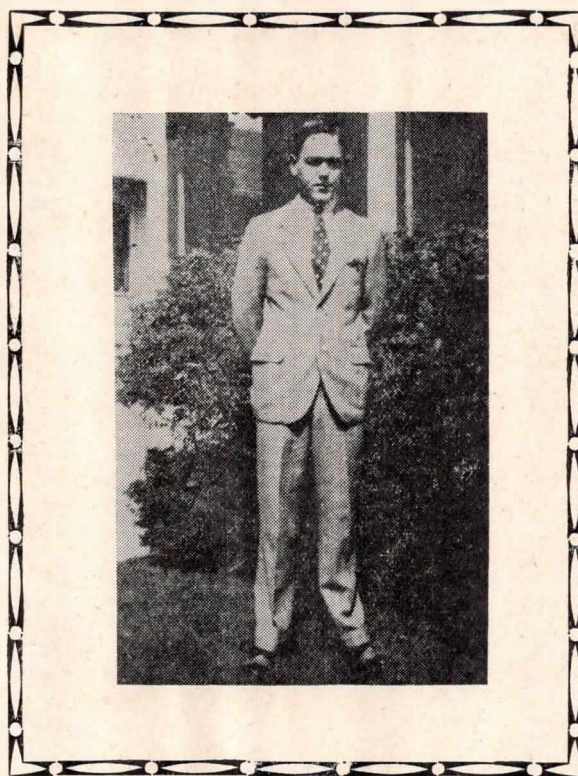
Have you ever looked for the gold in things ?
No, not the gold that is found in rings - -
That is only for dullards - and Kings,
But the tawny gold of the Autumn leaves,
The shimmering gold of the harvest sheaves,
The flashing glint of a butterfly's wings,
And the lilt of a bird that of mating sings!
Have you glimpsed the sheen of a baby's hair,
When the sun puts his fugitive arrows there?
Or the shining light in a loved ones eyes,
When to put it there meant Paradise ?
Oh, Ye who would find God's gift of gold,
Must seek these things - - -
So I've been told !

by Ethel Loman



FANEWSCARD SECOND ANNUAL

OCTOBER 1945



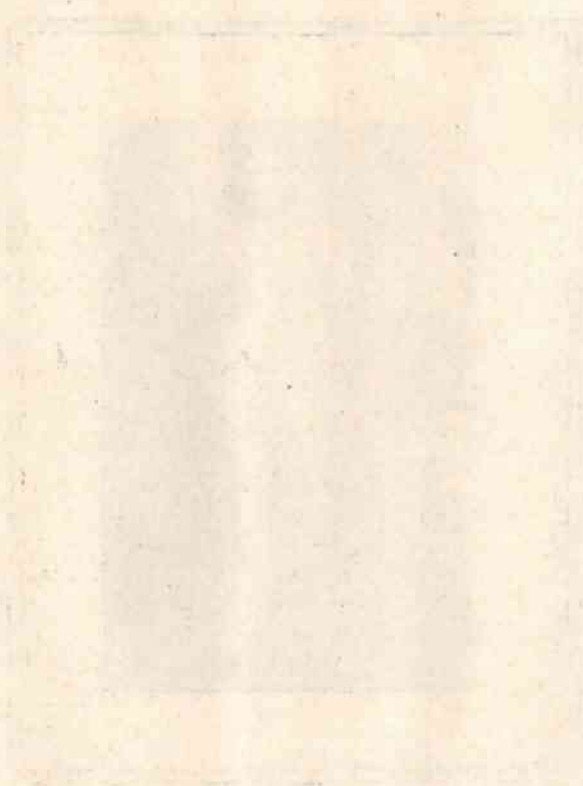
Dedicated to Earl Kay

• • •

SPECIAL F.A.P.A. AND N.A.P.A. EDITION

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

WHY?

This edition of FANEWS - titled SECOND ANNUAL - should have been out in August, but due to holdups caused by misdirected cuts, paper shortages and personal catastrophe has been delayed until now.

This edition is going out to FAPA and NAPA members primarily. FANEWS subscribers will also receive it.

The issue is dedicated to Earl Kay, our former co-editor, who died in Europe in the last few hours of the war.

The issue contains an article by Walter J Daugherty (FAPA and NAPA member) titled LASFS Meets the Wolfman. It was written at our request in the same vein as a previous article; LASFS Visits Frankenstein, which appeared in an issue of Bob Tucker's Le Zombie, was reprinted in Dunk's NUZ from HOME and appeared in a separate reprint by itself. The Frankenstein story was liberally sprinkled with cartoons, but Daugherty's limit of space and time prevented a duplicate effort this time for which we are very very sorry.

The other article - FANDOM - was written by Harry Warner, Jr. (FAPA member and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the NFFF.) - His work needs no introduction.

The poetry in the issue is by Ethel Loman and Clinton Olmstead. Both are well known in their field, having been published in Harpers, Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping and many others. As fans they limit their activity to their locality, Fargo, N.D.

The lithos in the issue are all originals litho'd especially for this production. The originals being donated by Forrest J Ackerman for the VOM cover, Francis T. Laney for the ACOLYTE cover drawn by a New Zealand fan, T.G.L.Cockcroft, who is active in school publications in N.Z. and Hannes Bok (pro-artist) who drew the Le Zombie cover as a caricature of the Editor of LeZ, Bob Tucker.

The NAPA edition will carry an additional litho cover from VOM donated by Forrest J Ackerman, the editor. It is the photomontage.

As examples of the strictly "artistic" side of fan artists we are including the cartoon by Charles McNutt and a litho'd cartoon that has achieved a certain amount of national fame - People Stories - by Ron Clyne.

We felt that the inclusion of fanmagazine covers could serve a dual purpose: they represent fan art and to give the readers an idea as to the better type publications in fandom.

VOM is popularly known as the VOICE of Fandom being to fandom what the readers' column is to a professional magazine. It is the "Forum" of Fandom. Forrest J Ackerman, Editor, may be reached at: Box 6475, Metro Station, Los Angeles (14) Calif. It's editor rated a close second in a recent fan popularity poll. VOM rated 7th.

ACOLYTE covers the works of Howard Phillips Lovecraft and similar works. The cover illustrates a scene from Lovecraft's BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP. Editor, F.T.Laney can be reached at: 1005 W. 35th Place, Los Angeles (7) Cal. Fran placed third in the poll, his fanzine FIRST.

LeZombie's editor is noted for his sense of humor and holds number one spot in the poll and his 'zine number eight. He can be reached at Box 260 Bloomington, Ill.

We also heartily recomend FANTASY COMMENTATOR from Langley Searles 19 East 235th Street, New York City (66); FANTASY FICTION FIELD from J. Unger, 6401 24th Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. and Chanticleer from Walter Liebscher, % E.E.Evans, 628 So. Bixel Street, Los Angeles, Calif. All of the above mags are of worthwhile content. The COMMENTATOR is a second ACOLYTE without illustrations. Fantasy Fiction Field is a print-ed 'zine carrying worthwhile articles. Chanticleer carries all sorts of things, but particula rly stuff about books.

We of course should re-commend FANEWS which is edited and published by Walter Dunkelberger and K.Martin Carlson. It rated number six in the poll and it's editor number four.

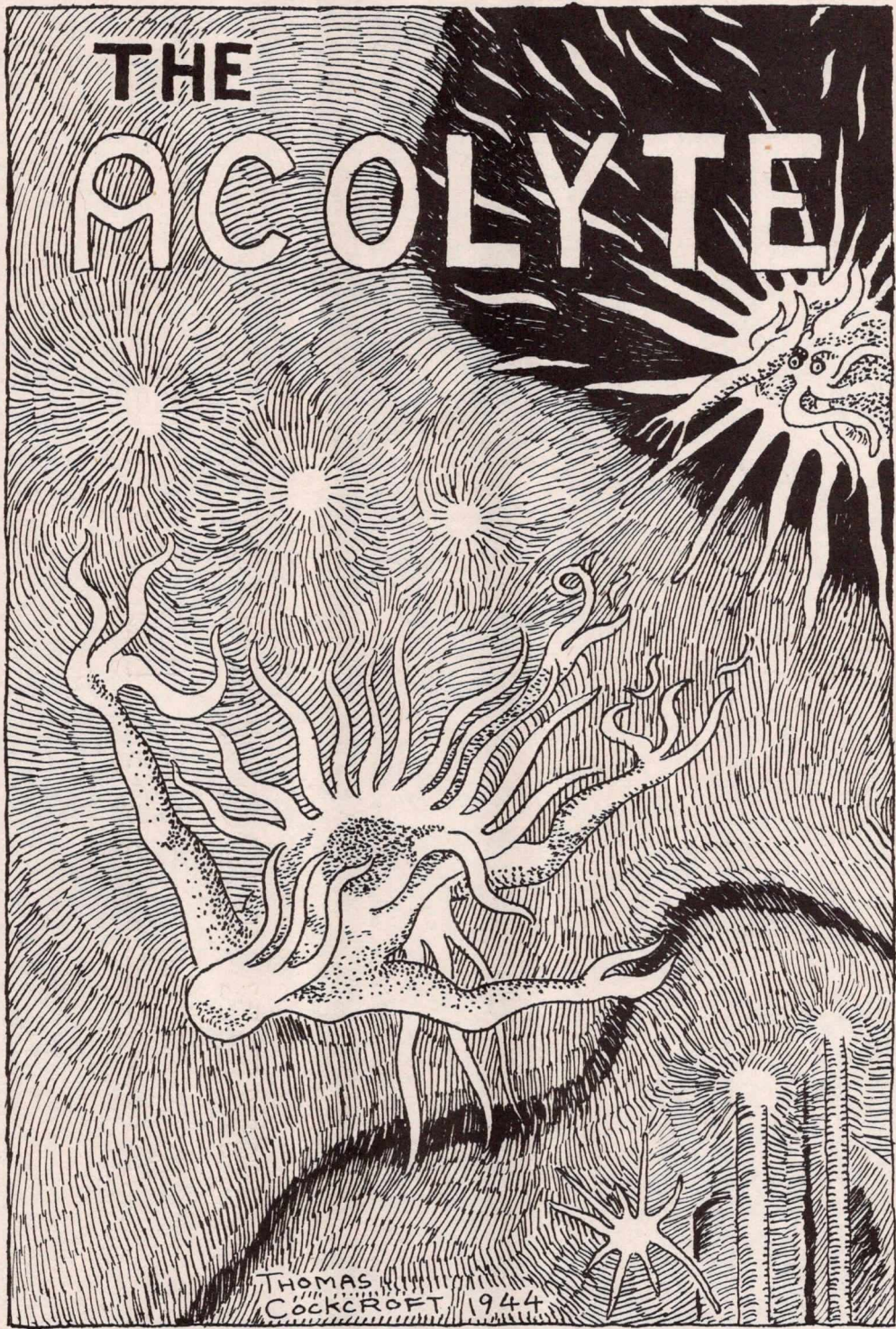
FANTASY COMMENTATOR drew number four spot in the poll and Chanticleer number five. The second and third place mags were Shangri-L'Affaires (club organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) and Sun Spots (a limited circulation 'zine from Gerry de la Ree - 9 Bogert Place - Westwood, N.J.) both to be highly recommended.

Published at: 1443 4th Ave. S.; Fargo, North Dakota by Walter Dunkelber-ger, Editor; K.Martin Carlson, Publisher and Lorraine Dunkelberger, Art Editor. This edition especially produced for FAPA and NAPA circulation but will be sent free to all FANEWS and FANEWSCARD subscribers.



But, Y'know?— What I really miss is my pockets ! by McNutt

THE ACOLYTE





Fandom

by

Harry Warner, Jr.

When pressed for a definition of the word "network", Samuel Johnson is reported to have fallen into this catastrophe: "Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the interections." But he had an easy job, compared with that of defining and describing briefly fandom.

Matter of fact, the devotees of weird, fantastic, and science fiction can't themselves decide what they want to call their group. "Fandom" is the accepted term, but objections have been raised that it means little, and outsiders might take it as applying to baseball or movie fans. Since no one has come up with an accepted substitute, I'll use it throughout this article. And to simplify matters further, I'll use "fantasy" herein as including the related branches of weird and science fiction, though it's actually a different type of literature in itself.

Fantasy Fandom, then, consists of the persons who are interested in fantasy. That is as closely as it can be defined, without becoming involved in a lot of weighty philosophical and semantic considerations.

That interest may take any manner of form or degree. You may be interested mainly in the "prozines" -- professional magazines devoted to fantasy fiction, like *Weird Tales*, *Astounding Science Fiction*, or *Fantastic Adventures*. That is the way most fans enter the field -- by picking up one of these prozines from a newstand and purchasing it through idle curiosity, or reading a friend's copies. Or it's equally possible to get involved through fantasy in book form -- most of us read our first fantasy in volumes of Jules Verne or H. G. Wells or Edgar Rice Burroughs, or possibly even "The Wizard of Oz" and its companion volumes. Some fans specialize in movies or radio, both of which provide a surprisingly large amount of fantasy if you know when and where to look and listen; others are interested mostly in drawings, and collect the fantastic in illustrations whether such art is meant to tell a fantastic story or not.

In any event, these are the fans, pure and simple. The most enthusiastic among them eventually get the urge to do creative work of some sort in the way of fantasy. This usually emerges in the form of amateur mimeographed and hektographed magazines, known as fanzines, or in letters to the readers' columns of the prozines, or in attempts to write fantasy stories or draw fantasy pictures for the prozines and fanzines. These really rabid people haven't any different name to separate them from the mildly interested, altho "acti-fan" and "inner circle fan" have been suggested, and there is no way of drawing a borderline between an "inner circle" and "outer circle" person. Estimates of their number run anywhere from fifty to a thousand; I'd put the figure around 250, myself. ((Ed's. Note: As FANEWS is subscribed to by almost 300, we'd estimate fandom's population to be between twice and three times that figure.))

Now, since these most active fans are so few compared with the total number of persons in the world, the laws of averages have decreed that they be put in widely scattered parts of the globe, and chances are against two of them residing within convenient distance of one another. For that reason, most contact has always had to be carried on by correspondence, and publication of fanzines has stemmed partly from a desire for contact among active fans which isn't possible in mass production through any other method. However, of recent years things are improving. The presence of an active fan in a city may spur inactive fans to take more interest in proceedings and become active. Often the interest in fantasy is so overpowering that one active fan will move to the same city with another, just for the sake of

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this common intellectual reason, and plans for a community of fans after the war have been advanced and favorably received.

Whenever there are enough fans in and near a given town or city, they usually get together and form a club, which as a rule isn't a success but sometimes is, upon which occasions things are even more interesting for both members and non-members, the latter being provided a priceless opportunity to observe the eccentricities of active fans en masse. Before the war, there was a trend to state and region-wide fan groups, though transportation difficulties require most of this kind of contact to remain by way of mail interspersed with occasional get-togethers; and national fan organizations, meant to unify and govern all active fandom, have sprung up from time to time, never with too much success.

Right now, there is one national fan group - The National Fantasy Fan Federation - a few state groups and perhaps a dozen municipal clubs. Active fandom is producing an untold number of fanzines, many of which have restricted circulations, but some of the best of which are available at ten or fifteen cents a copy from the editors; their addresses may be found in the fanzine review column of STARTLING STORIES, obtained from any active fan, or if you have a letter published in a prozine, chances are you'll get a lot of sample copies.

So fandom is simply a collection of people interested in fantasy; and despite its strangeness to the outsider, isn't fundamentally different from stamp collectors' groups, baseball fandom, or the Mark Twain Association.

Now, one of the strangest of all fan traits is his hoarding instinct. The real fan is an inveterate collector of everything remotely resembling fantasy -- magazines, books, excerpted stories from general magazines, art work, even stills from movies. Complete collections of fanzines alone are practically out of the question, while a complete collection of prozines consumes the better part of a lifetime's searching, a sizeable fortune, and a huge store room. Such tasks don't stop a fan, and he with a file of the last four years' of Astounding Science Fiction may be just as proud as Forrest J Ackerman, who has two garages full of books and magazines.

And what does fandom do for a person? Well, it teaches him the ability to express himself, opens up a thousand allied fields of investigation and thought, brings him into contact with a lot of intelligent young men and women, and occasionally leads to something like editorship of a prozine. The more active the fan, the less he confines himself to fantasy in his contacts with other fans; he investigates sociology, psychology, geopolitics, and a multitude of other fields opened up by the stories; he usually takes an interest in and learns about painting, music, and other arts; and he often develops that rarest of gifts, a critical judgement. Fandom can easily become a full-time endeavor, or can be savored if you've only an hour or two a week to spare. You can have a swell time expending four bits a week on the hobby, or investing hundreds of dollars on collecting, publishing, and traveling. In brief, it's just what you've been looking for, if you enjoy stories of the future, the weird, the fantastic.

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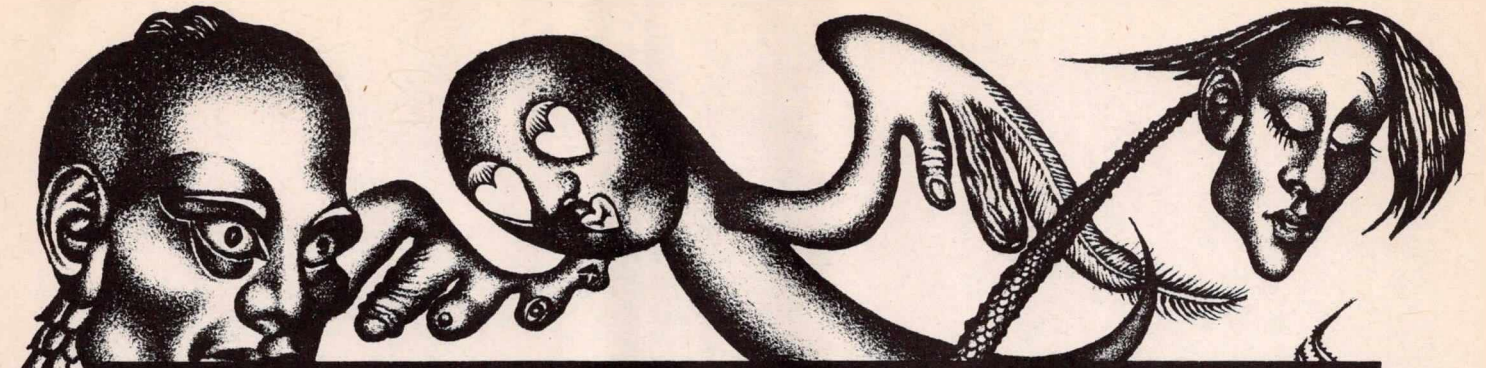
A CIGARETTE - - - - by - - - Clinton Olmstead

I sit and watch your smoke
In upward trend
It curls around my fingers,
And slowly drifts away
Like some beloved friend
I knew just yesterday.

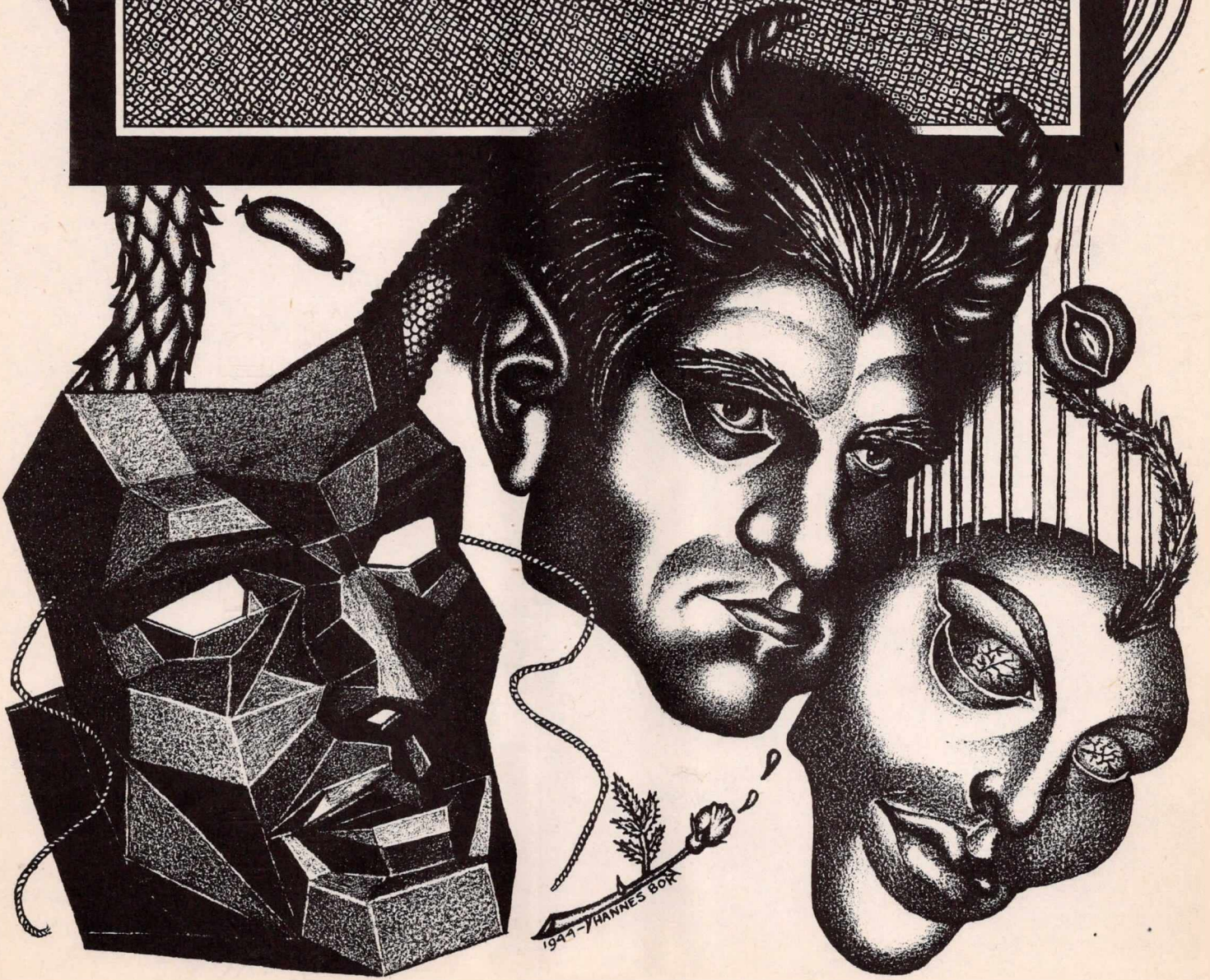
The friend perhaps may go
Around some bend
Lost to view forever.
Yet if you go away
I merely light another. Then,
Why should you stray?



RONALD CLYNE



Le Zombic



A Fireside

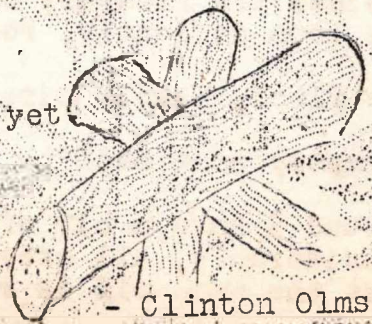
Your colors thrown 'round the room
In ever changing tones
Are lovely things to watch at night,
When the day and cares have taken flight
And night - finds me alone!

Above the logs a flashing tongue of bright red quickly leaps,
It casts dark shadows o'er the wall
Which mold into dark figures tall;
Which slowly round me creep;
Shaped like ghosts and goblins.

Then fancy starts to build
A world of fairy dreams,
They seem - to transform into Kings and Queens;
Dreams with romance filled.

And then the shadows change again -
They bring before my eyes
Images of old time friends;
It seems I live with them again,
And then the red flame dies.

Darkness gathers in the room.
The shadow hour is through.
Ah, strange they know my wish - and yet
They never mold a silhouete,
My Dear, of you.



- Clinton Olmstead

LASFS Meets Wolfman

Walter J.
Daugherty

Editor's Note: LASFS stands for The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society of that city and all characters in this story (with the exception of the police) are members of that organization. Beyond those specific facts the Editor accepts no responsibility for facts herein divulged.

-o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o-

The first known of the situation was a note that had been left for Daugherty at his apartment:

Dear Daugherty:

Understand you may be able to help me with your knowledge of Lycanthropy. An unusual case has arisen here that is centered around a werewolf, we believe. Please contact me at once.

Davis - Chief of Police

It being Thursday, Daugherty entered the sacred portals of the LASFS that evening with an expression of serious tone written all over his map.

Pre-
liminarys of the meeting were quickly dispensed with and he launched into an explanation of the note from the Police headquarters.

"It seems as though Los Angeles has a few unsolved murders on hand that the homicide squad believes can be traced down to one very strong belief. THERE IS A WEREWOLF IN LOS ANGELES!" Daugherty concluded.

All eyes turned to Alva Rogers.

"I said WEREWOLF --- not WOLF!" Daugherty corrected. Alva was very greatly relieved. Ackerman had relieved him of 15¢ for a copy of VOM.

"What is a Werewolf?" questioned Gerrie Hewett.

"The subject of Werewolves is taken up in Lycanthropy", Daugherty explained.

Again Hewett, "Very interesting, but what is a werewolf?"

"In general classification, the broad"Daugherty started.

"He doesn't want to know about women, he's asking about Werewolves," It was Mel Brown who interrupted.

Daugherty swallowed his pride, indignation, two fillings, and a rare stick of Juicy Fruit gum as he exploded, "A Werewolf is a wolf who has lost his reputation as such and is so mad he is out for blood."

Hewett and Brown were satisfied but not amused to any great extent.

"I VOT NO. There is no reason why we should do it and if we did we are not sure that its Constitutional and besides the Treasury can't afford it." Charles Burbee then glanced around the room defiantly, ready to meet all opposition.

"There is no motion on the floor, Burb." Director Laney corrected.

"OH! Pardon me." - and Burb promptly went back to sleep.

"When we get through with this bantering around I have a bit of news about this situation", the group sobered considerably, all except Himmel and Perdue, "The Chief of Police believes that the werewolf is right here in the LASFS."

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"Who is it?" questioned Sam Russell, "And is there a book out on him that I haven't read and written a report on?"

Daugherty continued, "The situation has grown into something that will have to be handled immediately so I have called for that eminent member of Scotland Yard - Filthy Mc-Nasty from Drooling-on-the-Lapel, Scotland. You will recall his work in collaboration with Greasy McCanic from Working-on-the-automobile, Scotland."

At the conclusion of the announcement he walked the typical Scotch detective complete with twin-billed cap, calabash pipe and magnifying glass. This formed a perfect disguise for E.E. Evans, just arriving from Battle Creek, Michigan, who was so well disguised that no one could have recognized him unless you had met him before his transfiguration.

"Who are you, Stranger?" It was Ackerman who questioned.

"It's only me, the Ol' Foo," Everett explained.

"Dig that Rig", from jitterbug Liebscher, "where did you get the outfit?"

"Oh, this cape and other parts of my disguise are from the original Sherlock Holmes collection."

"Gosh, how did you get them?" queried Wiedenbeck.

"I got an FHA Holmes loan," Evans retorted with dignity.

After the furor had subsided Al Ashley asked, "What clues have you got, Walt, for Everett to work on?"

Well, first of all there are the physical characteristics to consider. On page 64 of my latest book, 'How to Lose Hair and Become A Mangy Werewolf' I have outlined one predominant characteristic - heavy and unusual eyebrows."

" F W A N K I E W O B I N S O N" was the LASFS chorus..

The phone rang, Liebscher quickly crossed the room, picked up the receiver and quipped, "A Tisket, A Tasket, We'll put you in a casket". With this he listened for about 30 seconds and hung up."

" W E L L ? ? ? " again the LASFS chorus.

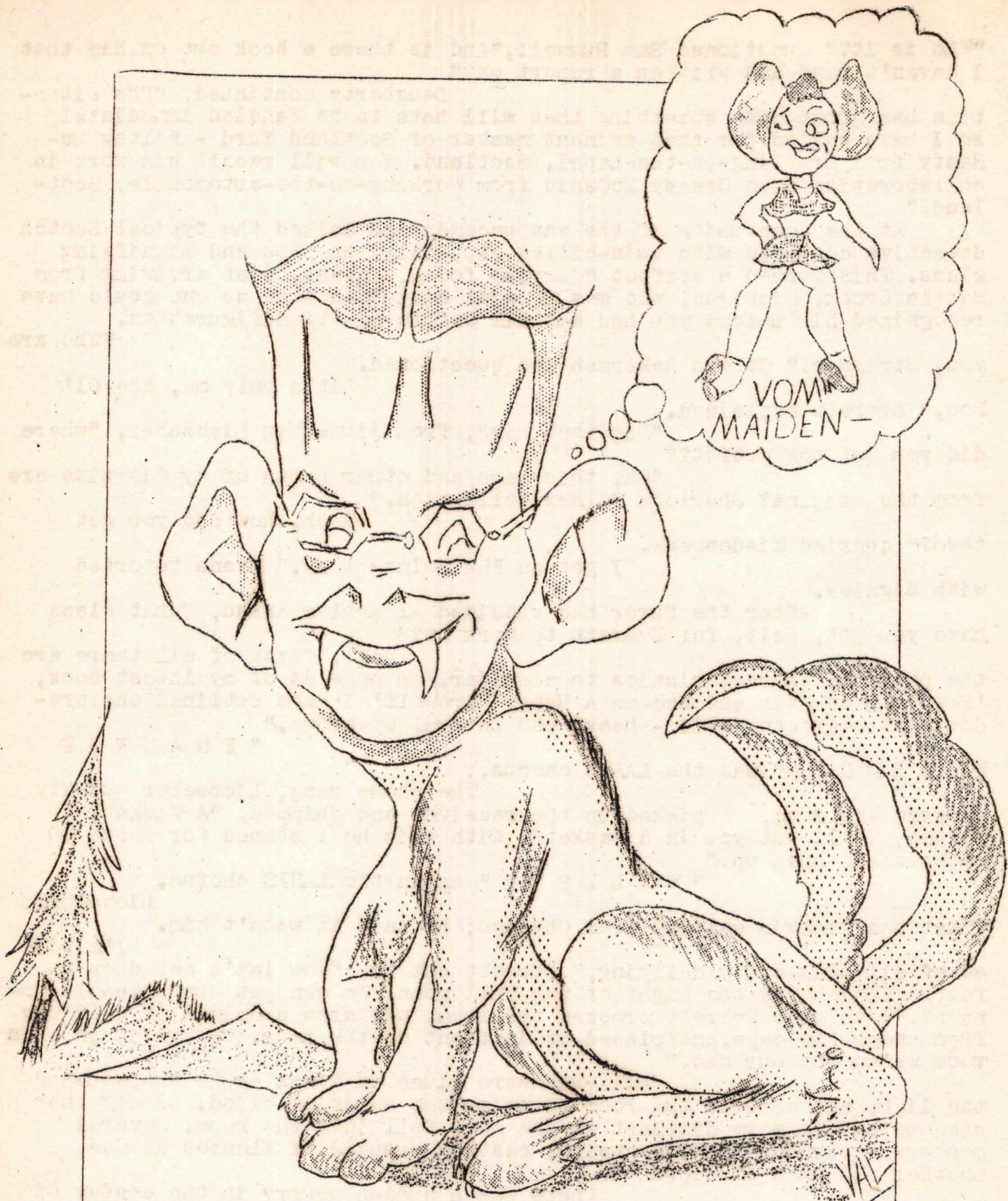
Liebscher, "That was Frankie calling from Chicago; he said it wasn't him."

"I'm tired of all this dilly dallying," Everett cut in, "Now let's get down to facts. Tonight is the night of the full moon. We can get our werewolf tonight." With that Everett crossed the room, withdrew a branch of wolf bay from under his cape, and placed it in front of the door. "If he is in this room we've got our man."

All eyes were glued on Evans as he extinguished the light and crossed the room to raise the venetian blind. Slowly the shadows became more distinct as the moon fell into the room. Several members squirmed in their chairs, casting suspicious glances at one another and then it happened.

There was a sudden scurry in the center of the room. Fur was flying amidst arms, legs and paws. Guttural, half-human snarls and howls were heard coming from the mass. Gradually the mass began to slow down its girationsand as Everett switched on the lights.....the mystery was solved.....for there...there in the center of the room sat the answer to the mystery...none other than.....

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Furry Ackerman

the Wolf-Fan



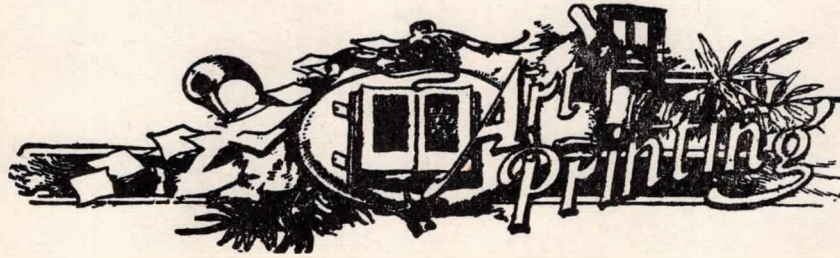
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