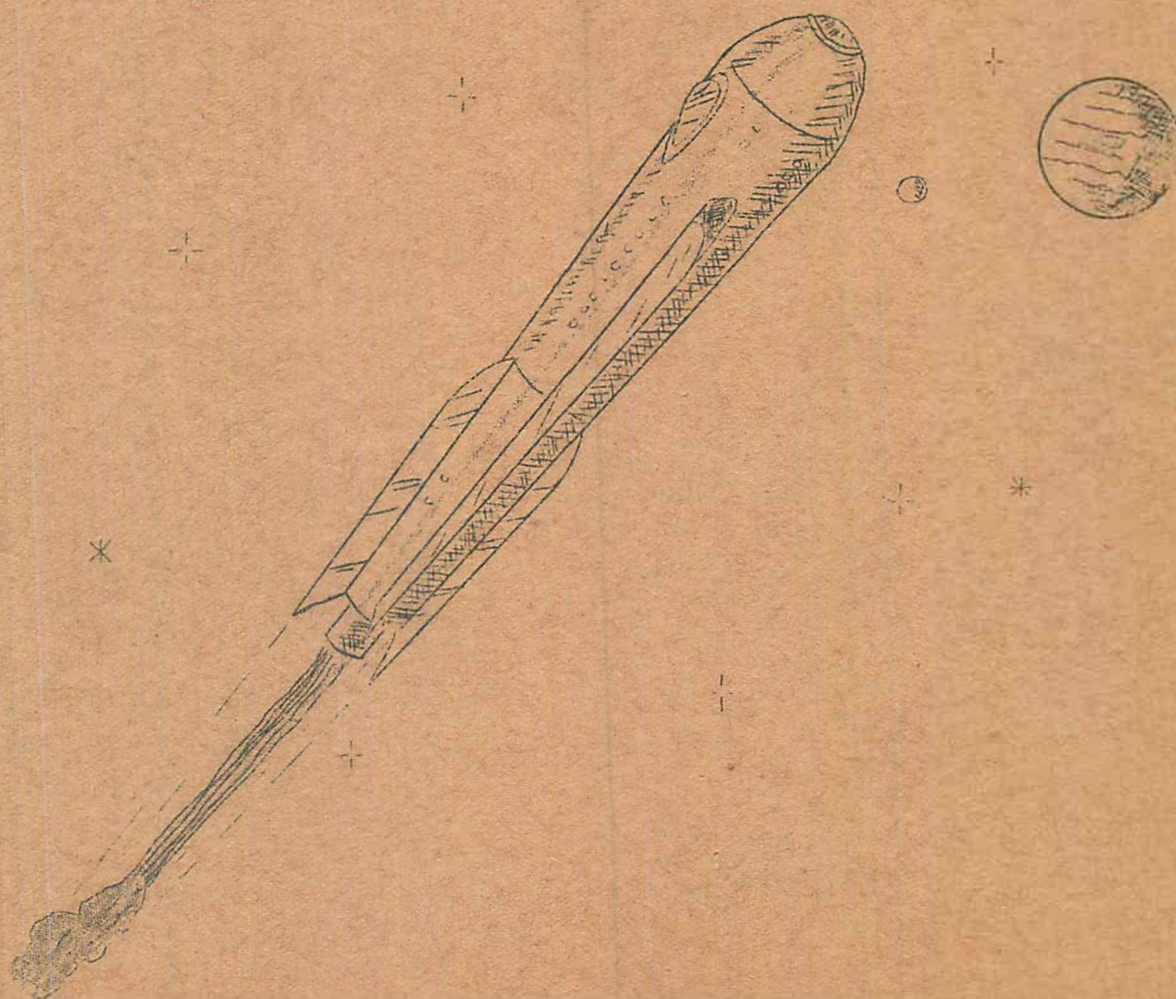


# S P E C T R A

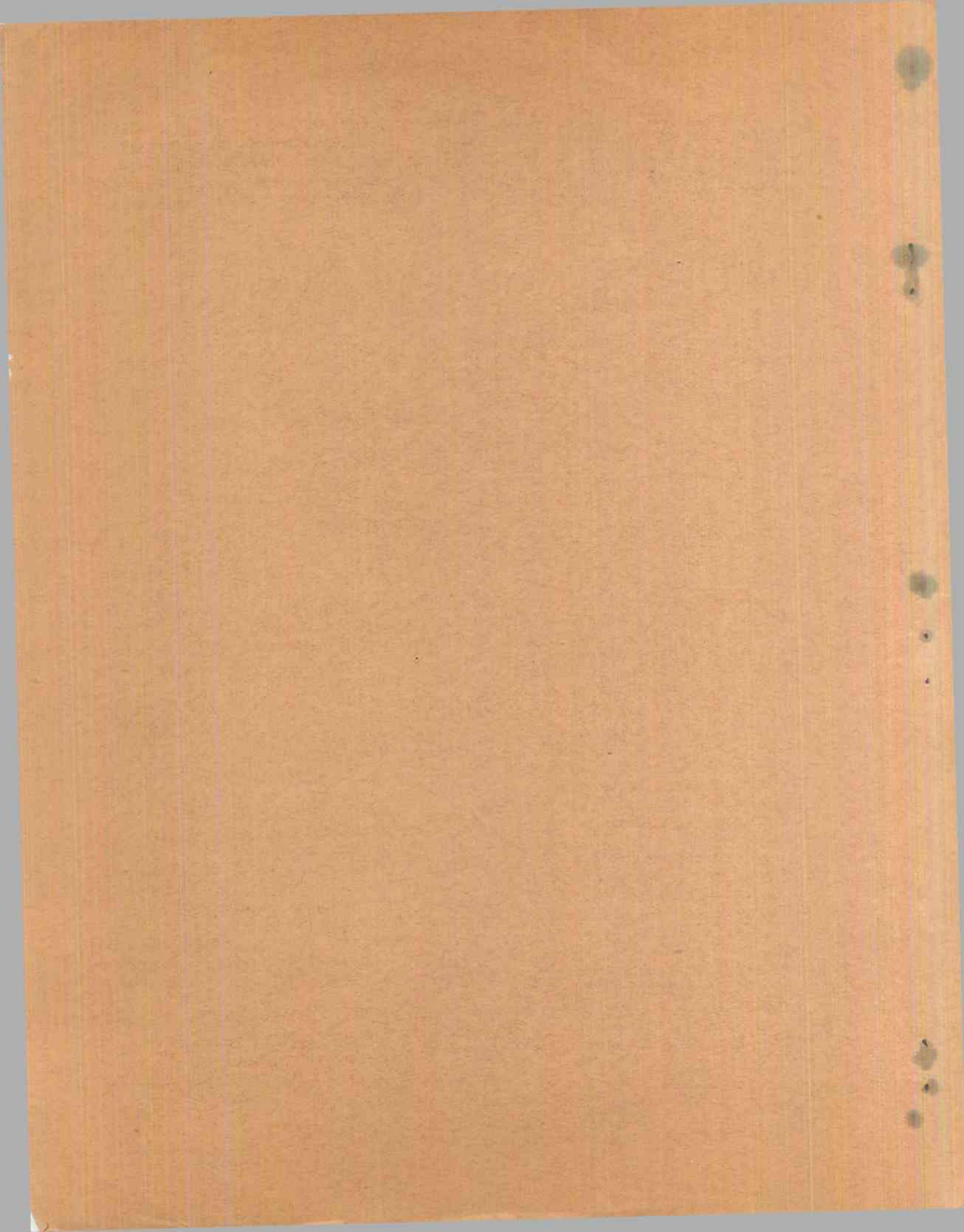
#1

1941



T.W.





This chain letter was a sudden inspiration, born out of an article telling of similar projects in Britain. When it was started, there was no precedent to tell how it would succeed. A list of ten fans was included, along with pre-addressed labels, and a note indicating that the letter was to be mailed to the addresses from one to another. The following fans wrote letters in the chain:

Joe Gilbert

Harry Warner, Jr.

Julius Unger

Art Widner, Jr.

Bob Tucker

Donn Brazier & Phil Schumann

Roy Hunt

Joe J. Fortier

Tom Wright

& Forrest J Ackerman

The letter vanished into the mailbox, and for some time no word came concerning it. Then came a brief note from Widner, and a line from Warner. Just when tracers were about to be sent out, a bulky envelope returned to the originator. The two-page letter that had begun the chain had grown to a thirty-page manuscript, with pictures and other items accompanying it.

With the exception of the photos and drawings, their letters are reproduced here exactly as received. Typographical errors are faithfully reproduced, and of course a few have been added in cutting the stencils. Almost the only concession to space limits has been to copy some of the letters in elite type instead of the pica in which they were written. Also, Roy Hunt's letter was completely handwritten, in a script which defied copying, so it appears in type as a concession of originality to necessity. Art Widner Jr.'s letter appeared in two colors, and the second coloring is shown by underlining in this reproduction.

Gilbert, Unger, Widner Jr., Tucker, Brazier and Wright enclosed photos, of themselves, their families, and other subjects; such as a pic "Taken on Iapetus, June 3, 2040," by Wright, a Buck Rogers comic strip taken by Tucker, and a Draculenstein pic of Fortier. Roy Hunt sent four photostats of his drawings. Either Fortier or Wright enclosed a sketch of a monstrous Fortier about to devour a fly labeled "Ryt"; Ackerman put in a copy of his stickers pamphlet, "Such-stuffery," and Tom Wright sent along an original space-flight drawing. Wright also drew a picture on the envelope for the last mailing, and this picture appears as the cover of this issue.

This publication is being undertaken in order to make available to the general fan public the contents of this interesting series of letters, which is probably unique in American fandom.

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Published at COUNTRY, Box 5451, Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles, California. Letter started, finished, and published by Arthur Louis Joquel, II. Price, 10¢. (1941) We reserve the right to refuse any subscription, purchase or exchange.



8:25 P. M.  
March 25, 1941  
Los Angeles,  
California

Dear Fellow Fan:

I am sitting in my easy chair, and my radio is roaring forth the finale of Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," and I have just laid aside the latest Futurian War Digest, in which I read about the British "serial letter," which is going the rounds of the tight little isle's fans. And I thought, "why not try it over here?"

So I have laid aside stencils of SPECULA #2, and proofs of the April F M L Digest, and much mail that needs answering, including one to Harry Warner Jr., who I hope will hear from me before he reads this, to try to start just such a serial letter.

I'd like it as a sort of get-together place for fans. For myself, I'm virtually a newcomer to fandom. I've read about the rest of you fellows and gals. I hope to meet a lot of you at Denver. But, in the meantime, how about it? Will you write something—long or short, as you wish—on the bottom of this sheet, or add another page, and mail it to the next person? Surely the 3 or 6 cents it will cost won't break you. And if we get it back in a reasonable time, we'll publish it in pamphlet form.

If you want to include photos, stickers, clippings, or anything else, do so. Tack 'em to your writing, or label them, so those who follow will know who inclosed it.

And who am I, who am starting this letter? OK, I'll tell you. A new fan, but an old reader. My first stf was a 1928 Amazing with Dr. Keller's "Revolt of the Pedestrians" (which I still have, incidentally). "Maza of the Moon" in Argosy was one of the next I remember, and from then till now I have read rather sporadically, but have never lost interest.

Discovering real fandom late last year, I am now trying to make up for lost time in the fan-publishing field. Printing, publishing, journalism of any sort, are my main interests, and my first publications, which I still have, are dated 1928. Some earlier ones are lost.

Am interested in music (all kinds, but classical most of all), composing, conducting; occultism; astronomy; archaeology; palaeontology; Charles Fort's works; graphology; world peace; Lovecraft; and oh, any number of things! Dislike movies (with some exceptions), affected people, bright lipstick, and rabid reformers. Any communications pro or con on the above will be more than welcomed, and answered as promptly as our publications schedule will permit.

This is a most boring way to start such a project, I realize. I hope the rest of you can do better. Want to tell your pet opinions? Me, f'rinstance, I don't think I'm going to like "The Stolen Dormouse" in ASTOUNDING. I think De Camp should stick to bear stories. Want to make something of it?

Now the music is Beethoven's Violin Concerto. I really feel sorry for music lovers in the east. When I was there I didn't hear any good music at all. Here in LA, if you know the stations to tune, you can get six full hours of classical music every day! Think of it! One-fourth the day, and sometimes more. What a paradise for music-lovers this is.

I've got to get back to stencil-cutting, and prepare to mail this out. So, until it comes traipsing back into my mailbox, here's how! to all of you.

Fantastically yours

Arthur Louis Joquel, II.

1426 W 38 St Los Angeles

## DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION

EARLE BARR HANSON  
PresidentHARRY HENKINS  
TreasurerJOSEPH GILBERT  
Secretary3600 Grand St.  
Columbia, So. Car.  
April 2, '41.

## ADVISORY BOARD

RED W. FISCHER  
HARRY WARNER Jr.  
ART R. SEHNERT  
JACK SPEER  
W. B. McQUEEN

Dear Friends and Fellow Dopes:

This is being written while sitting here in bed suffering from a variation of the fabled growing pains -- the doc tells me that my 6' 1" was attained too rapidly for my health, and that I gotta stay in bed for a week to permit my health to catch up. So I took my typewriter, two packages of envelopes, a box containing 500 sheets of 20 lb bond that I still owe 45¢ for, a box of DFF stationery, unanswered letters from Widner, Lew Martin, Thompson, a gal fan named Virginia Allen -- leer, leer -- Emrys Evans, Art Sehnert, Chauvenet, Pogo -- drool, drool -- Phil Schumann, Speer, and Perdue, a copy of SPACEWAYS (dime from 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland), three copies of FANTASY FICTION FIELD (nickel per copy from J. Unger, 1702 Dahill Road), and an old FANFARE, which can be obtained for the tenth part of a dollar from Art Widner, Box 122, Bryantville, Mass., (Psssst! Hey! THE SOUTHERN STAR is pretty good, too!), a dictionary, a bottle of ink, a fountain pen, a blotter, a box of stickers, a book on graphology, a large wall mirror that supports this typer, a midget Philco Transitone radio, and about twenty feet of aerial, and, uh -- oh, yeah -- myself, to bed. Phewww! That, my friends, was not a paragraph, not a book length novel, but a sentence. It occurs to me, too late, to title it: "Me, Moskowitz, and grammar as she is writ." Would that bloodthirsty hunting cry I hear be H. C. Koenig?

Really, fellows, I think dis guy Art has got himself a pretty clever idea. He's got a couple of swell fanzines, too, in case you don't know. Have you seen SPECULA, SUN TRAILS, and FMZ. If you haven't, it seems a right nice idea to me, to enclose two dimes for all three when you add your bit to the cause: 10¢ 10¢

Art sez that that by proper tuning you can get six full hours of classical music per day down in little ole Los Angeles. Cad! Paradise. That's what it is. Paradise. We had a little station down here in South Carolina that used to play some really fine recorded music, even if they did play "The Light Calvary Overture" every day on a half-hour program of classical music. It was inevitable. It was fate. At some point in that program the announcer would say, "We turn now to hear the 'Light Calvary Overture'". He never used any other form of introduction for the music save, "We turn now to --". He did so much turning he must've been awfully dizzy when that program was over. He sure sounded dizzy.

They played that one record so often that the horses broke under the strain, and had to be lugged the rest of the way by the calverymen.

But that station has gone on the NBC blue network now, and the only recorded music I hear nowadays is: "Oh, whaddaya know, Joe. I don't know nothin' . . ."



It has just occurred to me that the above passage could be given a distinctly person application by anyone desirous of so doing. Consider the subject hastily changed.

Personally, I think "The Stolen Dormouse" is the best thing L. Sprague De Camp has written since "Lest Darkness Fall". And it is my opinion that Doc (Super-colossal Smitty) Smith, stinks, stinks, stinks. Heh! That ought to get a rise out of some of youse guys. Of course, if hard-pressed, I'll admit that he doesn't really stink at all.

He just smells.

And what do you fellows think of the latest COMET? If you wanta know what I think of it you're refered -- believe there's another "r" in that -- to the next FANTASITE. Of course you don't wanta know, but, then, you'll want to see the next FANTASITE, anyway. It's a swell fanzine. Don't have the address in the mountainous pile cluttering up this bed, but I know a very nice guy who can supply it. Mr. Warner . . . ?

The COMET I'm refering to above is not the very excellent fanzine, but the pro mag. I vote that we give Joe Fortier a quarter page to extol the virtues of COMET, and Tom Wright another quarter page to tell us about DAWN. And since all of us save Hunt are connected in some way with a fanzine, why not follow the same procedure all the way 'round? Hunt could tell us about the CFS and the Denvention, and the rest of youse could just shoot bull about what rotten tripe you put out. Seriously, it seems like a good idea to me.

Here's a debatable item that I had planned for SLAN!-DER, but for such decent chappies . . .

W. B. McQueen -- whom we shall henceforth call Mac -- thinks that Merritt is not too busy to write another novel, but afraid to! You know that when you read a Merritt tale today in one of the Munsey reprint mags, you make allowances for the slow movement of the story because that was the style in them thar days. So does the average reader, even if he is a dumb cluck, and he's almost certain to be. Now. In these days when stories start off with a bang, sometimes with two bangs, and whistle down the stretch at about five hundred per minute, suppose Abe were to write a new story with the same slow pace as his old ones. It would be full of beautiful description, exquisite phrasing, and some damn good writing. But -- and this is the point -- would it please the average reader, who hurls the mag across the room in boredom if the harrassed hero stops to remove a rock from his shoe? Merritt doesn't know, and he's afraid of ruining his reputation by risking a new novel. The short story he'll have FNN soon, is just a feeler. If it goes over well enuf he might chance that novel; if it doesn't, we'll doubtless never see another Merritt book.

Anyway, that's how Mac and The Columbia Camp sees it. What do YOU think?

Sykora is ---. He's also a ---, and a ---.

Gilbert is a genius.

Famous quotations from the lives of great men -- Harry Jenkins, Jr.: "What did one coca-cola say to the other coca-cola? Hi, Dope!" Haw! haw! haw! Ahrrrrrrrrrr! Koff, koff.

A few personal notes in closing: Harry, that article will be in next week. I'm afraid I won't be able to get one out of Lee after all. He's working now, and

is very busy. Art — where in all hades are my NFFF stickers? Bob, Tom, Forrie — howse about dropping me a line of comment on the STAR? Julie — did you know that you resembled Willy Ley? Only you're a bit better looking. Joe — am mailing you a letter today. Donn — how do you do; I'm quite happy to know you. Wanta trade FRONTIERS for the STAR? Roy — as an artist, old men, you're the best in the field.

There's a picture enclosed. I suggest that all of us enclose one, along with a sample of our stickers, if any.

Did I hear someone say stickers? Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Joseph Gilbert  
Co-Editor, The Southern Star  
Secretary, Dixie Fantasy Federation  
2600 Grand St. Columbia, So. Car.

Ah!

"THE COLUMBIA CAMP"  
Gilbert - Jenkins - Fastman - McQueen  
South Carolina Sciencefictionists  
Columbia South Carolina

Ah!

Joseph Gilbert  
Co-Editor, The Southern Star  
Secretary, Dixie Fantasy Federation  
3911 Park St. Columbia, So. Car.

Ah!

MEMBER  
Dixie Fantasy Federation

the southern star  
THE SOUTH'S OWN FAN MAG  
3911 Park St. Columbia, S.C.

Ah!

Ah!

Don't forget the  
DIXIECON  
IN 1942!

Ah!

Join the...  
SOUTHERN GROUP TRIP  
... to the Dencon

Ah!

Come to the  
DENVER 1941  
World Science Fiction Convention

Ah!

I sink leering thru the floor. A'bas Gilbert!

Historically yours,

*Joe*  
Joseph Gilbert.



303 Bryan Place,  
Hagerstown, Maryland.  
April 10, 1941.

Dear Dopes:

A fine idea; yes, indeed. So fine, in fact, that I think it should be perpetuated somehow, someway, beyond its present limits of just one letter from each person on the list. So, a few suggestions as to how to keep it going might not be amiss, to begin with.

The most logical and simplest plan would be this: each fan on the list write and add his letter to the ever-increasing bunch, as Art J suggested originally. Then, when the bunch of letters finally gets around to Ackerman (the last few names on the list will have to pay not a little postage!) he'll add his letter, of course, and send all of those he received, together with his own, on to Art J--but, omit the original letter from Art J which started the thing off. Then Art will write another one, and mail the whole pack, except for Gilbert's, on to Joe. Josephus will write a new one, send all of them on to me, but leave out my own. See? That way, there'll always be one letter from each fan on the list in the envelope, each time it gets around to a fan there'll be nothing but brand-new letters which he's never read before, and he'll get fifteen or so letters every now and then and have to write only one. As I say, that would be simplest. Its only hitch is that the letters which would be taken out by each fan as the chain-letter started its second trip around the circuit would be scattered all over the nation and wouldn't be all in one place.

Another idea would be the most obvious: merely to let this one run its course, and then start a new one. But then unless someone published the complete original one, no one would know what everyone had to say. Another thought that occurred to me was to have each fan type with a hektograph or carbon, thus making for simple publication when the thing is done. But by the time it went the rounds they'd probably be pretty well smeared up, so that idea isn't very bright, either. So--what do the rest of you think? You'll have to decide by the time this gets back to Art J; I suggest each one getting this indicate his preference, and Ackerman can tabulate the votes. Remember: the two things we want are a means of keeping this going on and on, and some way of each fan knowing what was in every letter written to it.

But, to other things. There's hardly any use for me to get into a description of myself. I trust that you who will receive this have heard of me before, and I shrink from even the thought of appearing so egotistical as to imagine someone interested in me. My opinions--well, that's a different matter altogether.

Oh, and you feel sorry for us in the East because you, Art J, can get six hours of recorded music if you know how to tune in Los Angeles? I sneer. And I sneer again. And yet a third time I sneer, this time twirling my moustache...hey, wait a minute, I don't wear a moustache. I knew I'd forgotten to shave, but I didn't know it was quite this bad. Well, anyway, I've heard six hours of recorded symphonic music without a break many a time, and without having to tune, either. Ten to one it's better than yours in Los Angeles. Where? Well, up in New York City, there's a station which is as far as I know unique in this country. It's the only privately owned, commercial, station which broadcasts nothing but "cultural" programs. And those programs are about 90% symphonic music--recorded, mostly, but some live talent, too. The station is WQXR, it is on 1560 kc., and comes in here in Hagerstown most of the evenings from 7 on, sometimes with near-local volume, although it's not particularly powerful. Occasionally, too, it may be heard earlier in the day, although not as a general rule. I remember one Sunday afternoon when I was faced with the most difficult decision of my life--whether to get the New York



Philharmonic, or a recorded complete performance of Wagner's The Valkyrie, which was coming in over WQXR. That, at 3 o'clock, is the earliest I ever remember receiving it, though. Anyway, are you satisfied that California doesn't have a copy-right on good music? You'd better be! (The only one this information is likely to do any good is Widner, for no one else who'll get this lives close enough to receive it, except Unger who undoubtedly knows. But maybe it'll be news to Art W.)

Incidentally, don't believe Joe's story about the piece of music which haunted him. If he'd heard it that often he'd know it's Light Cavalry: Calvery was where another rather celebrated event transpired. Yes, I know "transpired" isn't supposed to be used like that, but where would we be if the English language didn't change?

Mr. Warner reports that The address of that indisputably excellent fan magazine Fantasio, is 224 W. 6th St., Hastings, Minn. Want to make something out of it?

And he's also like to say that Spaceways will be a wee mite late this time. It'll be out before the first of May (I'll cross fingers as soon as I'm finished typing) and so all but the first two or three to get this will have received it. But it'll save Julius and Art and maybe Bob from wondering whether their copies got lost. First person singular and the flu or grippe or something met up and f. p. s. cracked under the strain. It's the first late issue in more than a year, so I suppose it won't change the course of future history too much.

To Julius: glad you finally found a fan mag reviewer, and this'll answer your postal of a few weeks past. Looks like Fantasy News ain't no more, and so I'm now at last free from the strain of each Wednesday digging up all the fan magazines of the past week and trying to think of something original to say about them. I'll let you have what news items turn up around here, although I can't guarantee they'll be many, and glad you arranged for the ad all right. Keep FFFWkly coming--it's really swell!

So is Spaceways. Or had you guessed?

Why is it that when one wants to say anything effective, he put it into a paragraph all by itself? If it's effective, it should stand out anyway, and if it isn't effective it'll just look silly. We'll continue doing it, I suppose.

One of my correspondents (not on the list to receive this) is mad at L. Sprague because "The Stolen Dormouse" is written "sort of like he was making fun of story-writing itself or something." And that's just what I like about it. As a story, it'll probably be remembered in about the same class with X--heck, I can't remember the title; the one in Unknown about the conquered earth under a sort of feudal system: not a masterpiece, but swell entertainment. That scene in the first installment--the only part I've read--where the hero goes into the ballroom with the swiper pants bears just the same relation to Romeo & Juliet as, I'm told, the ostriches in Fantasia resemble ballet dancers doing the Dance of the Hours. (I've not seen Fantasia--it probably won't come to this burg, and if I had a chance to go to Philadelphia or Baltimore or Washington, I'm afraid I'd spend my time with fans rather than a film.) Another thing about de Camp--notice how standardized his heroes have become? They used to be rather different, but now the main character in one story could pass for any of them: they all react the same, act the same, think the same, and the heroes of the Mathematic of Magic series, The Stolen Dormouse, and his collaboration with someone in the first Super Science Novels--all are the same guy except in name. It hasn't gotten tiresome to me, either, Hubbard's slightly similar heroes weren't real like de Camps, somehow.

By the way, you're doubtless noticed I'm using both sides of the paper. I commend we all do this; postage is going to be pretty high by the time this goes

the rounds, and for everyone to use one side only of the paper would make it awful.

I dunno about the Merritt business. One more thing which may be holding him back a little--where would he place the novel after it was finished? Argosy is not the magazine it was when he was selling his stories to it, you know; it's become little better than the average pulp, and enjoyable a little only for its variety. Oh, they'd probably accept a new Merritt serial for the name, but they couldn't pay him the rates to which he's been accustomed, I fear, and just might not take it. Too, Argosy appears to be in rather bad shape these days, and it's possible it just wouldn't be any longer when he got a story done. That leaves only the two Munsey reprint magazines and they're only one Munsey reprint magazine now. Miss Gnaedinger isn't even buying shorts any more; where would she find dough to pay the near-\$1,000 Merritt would almost certainly demand for a long novel? Which leaves as the only other possible market, out of all the hundreds of pulps and slicks on the stands, publication in book form and just possibly Blue Book. Blue Book looks of rather high quality to me, but I don't read it and so don't know. Of course, A. Merritt just might alter his style to fit the pulp requirements of today and still be able to turn out a great yarn, but I doubt that he'd risk that. On the whole, I consider it a combination of factors--that which I've mentioned, what Gilbert brings up, his lack of time, and just possibly his knowledge that he doesn't need the money he'd get from the story and a lack of incentive to write it for that reason.

I might as well add that I'm running for President of the FAPA and shall expect everyone to vote for me. If you get this before June and I've not mentioned it, don't you think I managed to keep from wrecking the organization the last twelve months and should be given a chance at a position where I won't have to do any work as reward? Thank you very much.

Sorry, but I'll not include any photo. I've searched and searched, and can't find one. Gee, you lucky guys. Maybe this will mean the success of this chain letter, at any rate.

A few stickers are pasted on. I can't add as many as Gilbert, but if everyone puts three or four on Joquel is going to have one beautiful collection of stickers.

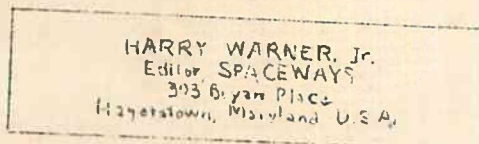
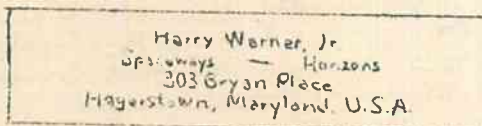
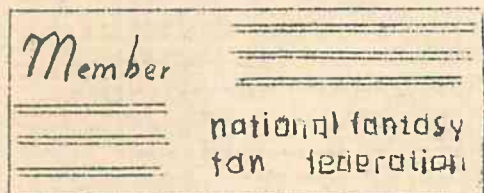
Are you ever going to get the dummy for Bonfire down here and answer my last 19 letters, Art W?

Well, this should give at least some opportunity for discussion. One last thing: if anyone who gets this doesn't want to carry on with his end of it, will he please send it along to the next guy with a brief note to that effect? Please don't ruin it after it's gotten this far.

Love and kisses.

*Harry*

Harry





1732 Dahill Rd.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
April 17, 1941

Dear Dopes and Fellow Fans,

Art Joquel--or is your name really Billy Rose- you seem to typify his brusque efficousness and capabilities-I salute you for the grand work in the FMZ field in the short space of time you've been active.

And now this chain letter- Now Art if you had put a dime in it or maybe a dollar. Oh well, those days are gone forever i'm afraid. Joe you shouldn't spend so much of your time in bed even with FFF. It breeds familiarity and you know the old saying. Well I wont stand for that.

I've seen Willy Ley in New York several times. I'll have to call you up sometime and explain things clearly. You must have bad eyesight. What was your draft classification.

About Merritt now- I've had some interesting correspondence with him in the past year and the only reason he hasn't worked on a novel is not because he doesn't want the money, not because he's afraid to write his type of yarn, not because he's too busy, but because he's been in a convalescent stage for several months. He's even now recuperating in Florida from a throat ailment. He's on his vacation, and he's taken along his work on the American Weekly. He does all his editing from there, and still finds time to work one short story for F.F.M. He promised that to Mary Gnaedinger because they were'nt allowed to reprint his "Woman Of The Wood". So there.

Joe- - - - -You handsome shiek!

Now Harry-- Fantasy News, you should know, has just changed hands again. Taurasi will edit and publish it in the future.

Wait until you guys see Dolds cover for the next "Cosmic". FFF No. 28 will carry the preview. Also Forte's first cover on the next Future Fiction is something to look forward to.

Most of you have expressed wonder as to how the devil FFF goes out promptly every week and how it's done for five cents per copy. If you only knew! Well here goes.

(Monday) First I gather fan news from the numerous fan letters I receive during the week, then I contact one of the publishing houses, say Street and Smith, and get a preview cover, also details of issue stories illustrated ect. Take cover to photographer and have negative made. Take negative to my special printer and have him run off 100 copies. ALL that takes time and money, and we still haven't got FFF done.

(Wednesday) Doc Lowndes comes to the house and we stencil the first two pages, leaving room for news flashes.

(Thursday) I pick up all necessary items for the actual mimeographing of FFF, such as paper, stencils, ink, ect.

(SaturdayMorning) I go to Doc Lowndes house and stencil the last two pages. We then check over the stencils, if O.K we go to press. Johnny Michel runs off 300 copies in less than half an hour. Unger pays, sh! sh! Unger takes FFF home saturday afternoon. But, can we mail FFF yet? NO! But saturday night is deadline , so we all get to work. My wife, myself M and my baby. My wife staples and addresses FFF, my son stamps the copies and I check off the nos. on the subscription list. Is FFF ready for mailing yet? Of course not, the main feature has been left out. The pictures! Unger rushes out and picks up the pictures. If they're ready. More money in the wastebasket, comes back to the houseand another licking orgy is on. This time we all join in , my wife, my baby and I. Finally about 12 midnight FFF is completed.

Unger is duped again. FTF goes out completed at a cost of \$10-15 dollars; and oh what wee returns come in. But then I guess we all know the story, eh!!!

I use only one sticker on my stationary so as not to dazzle my correspondents and here it is

JULIUS UNGER  
FANTASY FICTION FIELD  
1702 86th Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Also a family picture.

Now Joquel you asked for it,

Fanatically Yours  
Julius Unger  
FTF



Co-editor, FANFARE

ART WICHER JR

"Gallup of Fandom"

Box 122—Bryanville, Mass.

Director, THE STRANGERS CLUB

10:45 A.M.

April 21st

1 9 4 1

Greetings, goons:

At last! Double goody with marshmallow on top! Just 15 minutes ago I finally slobbered on the last sticker on Joe Gilbert's envelope and #6 Fanfare was a thing of the past. Those of you who receive it please bow your head and stand in silence for a moment in memory of the colossal task I have just completed. It may not look like much, but I did it all myself coming down from a \$200 direct process Ditto machine to a measly \$3.95 Filmograph, and I don't think the drop in the quality of the mag compares with the drop in the price of the duplicator. Also bear in mind that you are receiving the equal of SEVENTY SIX LARGE SIZE PAGE FANMAG! That is based on the amount of labor put into it, of course, since, to get enough readable copies, I had to type two masters for every page. I wonder who else besides Ackerman would have bothered. But enough -- Art J no doubt has figured I have a tremendous miske. (NB: starting now, the english language has a new improper noun, "miske", meaning ego. Pronounced to rhyme with whiskey)

Kidding aside (but only for a moment) I really am proud to have my name included on a list of <sup>these</sup> whom a new fan wishes to make the acquaintance of whom of whom.

Yes, Art J, you are to be highly complimented on your beginnings in fandom. I wish every new fan began the same way, instead going thru the almost inevitable period of publishing a drivel sheet. Your FME DIGEST is something that should have been done long ago. Unger, myself and several others have had it mind but never got around to doing anything about it. However, I suggest that it be changed to FIZ DIGEST, (pronounced "fenz") to avoid confusion with "femmes", and thus take on the air of a contraction of "fanzines", thus serving at one an euphonious and Ackermanipulating purpose.

I can't enter the Stolen Dormouse controversy, as I am an "evolved" fan, one who no longer reads or buys the pros, as all his time is taken up with purely fan activities.

The DFF stationary would be quite pretty if 'tweren't for that "tattle tale gray". I'm not trying to insult Pogo either.

By all means everybody use both sides of paper. The postage is up to 6¢ now, and will no doubt be considerable when it gets to the last guy on the list, Ackerman.

At times Joe Gilbert's spelling can be as amusing as the Sun Spotters (which is a powerful simile.) Joe used "probably" thruout the entire last installment of Slender.

Heck, I've no doubt that one could get all the classical music he wanted any time in any part of the country. I've no doubt I could get six hours of it without the least bit of trouble if I tried. Boston radio schedules just ooze classical programs, both direct and transcribed. But you see I like my swing programs too. It used to be the other way around before I saw Fantasia. I used to say "Swing is King but I like the classics too." Now if Fantasia had such an effect on a barbarian like me, you guys sure don't want to miss it. Notice I always say Fantasia when I mention it. That's because there's just absolutely no synonym for it. Calling it a "film", ~~movie~~ "movie", or "cartoon" does not describe it all. Nor does mere "symphony" take it all in. It's a super-symphony of art and sound. The nearest one could come to describing it would be to say that it's a "Disney masterpiece."

Couldn't find any recent snaps of the Widner carcass, so I'm putting a couple of ancient ones salvaged from my CCC days. That "thing" I'm holding in one pic is nothing less than "Jazz" the camp mascot, a pet porcupine! Some naturalists who visited us said they'd never heard of such a thing, and wouldn't believe it until several of us picked up Jazz and held him for proof. Usually a porcy will leave some 17½ stinging quills in anything that is so rash as to take a firm hold upon him. Ah, I jyst found an extra Chicon pic. The good-looking guy is Earl Singleton, who is talking to Mororojo. I am the one which is making like a butterfly. That was the day we moved the gals from the "Y" to the Chicagoan in the dear old Skylark of WooWoo. Oh Happy Days!

Which reminds me that the pore old SofWW has passed on to jallopy heaven, and its place has been taken by a traditionally oil-burning '35 V8, which I hope will take me and a few others to Denver even if we do lay a smoke screen all the way..... Watch for the FooFoo Special!

bt; will rytcha ryt soon. Yo letta is nearin the top of the pile. Donn: Whynchu run for Membership bord in the IFFF any-how? Roy: Thanx again for the wonderful pic you sent me, but I gave it to Earl for Nepenthe, and I guess I'll never see it again. If you can forgive me, I sure could use something else by you. Fanfare goes mimeo next issue, thru the generous help of Russ Chauvenet and Jack Bell. 2j: Gotcha card today, and will rytcha 2 eventually. Getting Fairy out all by mine lone-some put me about 40 letters behind on correspondence (that's no hyperbole, either, but actual count!) Tom: Mopulykt the



ad for Comet. And where the devil is it? You're damn near as lazy as the editor of Fanfare. 4e: Don't you approve of the NFFF? If you don't, I would like to noe y. Tfu do, y donchu join and get the other Angelenoes to do lykwys? Hah? Good luck on your new venture. Sorry I can't help you out right now. I gotta go to the Denvention too, and I've got twice as far to come.

And back to everybody again. This Joquel scheme just fits in perfectly with an idea I had in mind, and which I intended to execute soon. Now I can murder two geese with the same hatchet.

ATTENTION PLEASE! On March 20, 1939, the late Farnsworth Wright accepted a short story from me tentatively titled The Horror from Space (not my title) and later changed, according to an item in TFF, to Out of Space, with a promise of payment of \$50.00 upon publication. I used my pseudonym Arthur Lambert. Now most of you are steady readers of WT, and you know damn well no such story has appeared. I think two years is a damn long time to wait for the fruit of one's labors and think I have been patient enough. I have written both FW and Miss MacIlwraith a couple of times, but got the old story "as soon as possible" or "as soon as we have room" each time.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ If you guys will drop a postcard or letter to Miss Dorothy MacIlwraith, editor Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, asking why my story hasn't been printed it will be greatly appreciated by yhas. Now if you'll further make a copy and one or two carbons of this, and send them to two of your friends ~~kak~~ whom you know are WT readers, you won't receive 30,156 copies of valuable old WTs in the next mail, but you will be helping out a fellow fan who needs that \$50 something fierce in order to attend the Denvention. If Miss MacIlwraith gets some fifty or sixty queries in the mail about my story, it may have some effect. If so, I'll C U N DENVER!

Regarding Harry Warner's suggestions, I ~~suggest~~ favor the one about publishing the whole works when it gets back to Art J, in regular fnz form. Sun Trails seems to be a good spot. I'm doing this in hekto ribbon, but mostly because I haven't got around to getting a regular one yet, after working on Fanfare all month. I do heartily insist that there be some means for the fans involved to find out what those who followed them in the chain wrote.

Thanx Harry, for informing me about WQXR----I tried to get it in the daytime (I'm working nights) but a nearby Boston station on practically the same wavelength must be drowning it out.

Your last 19 letters have been answered, and the Bonfire dummy will be down soon if I can get them cussed lazy fans like Fortier, Schumann, and Speer to get their nomination cards in. I swow, effn they aint the mos de-less critters I ever seed in my born days. They're a scandal to the hooty owls.

'Tis now the 22nd. I was interupted in the middle of this letter to go out and fight a forest fire that threatened the woods in back of ~~house~~ our house. Not that we were in any particular danger, ~~not~~ as there is a large open garden between the house and the woods, but I made nearly enough to pay my poll tax for this year.

I don't think the resemblance between Unger and Ley is so very far fetched, altho I'd never mistake one for the other. I've seen both.

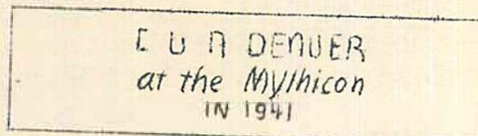
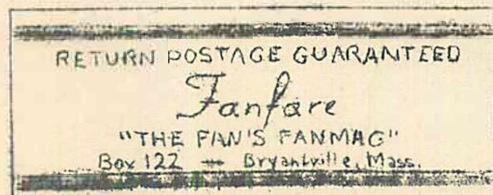
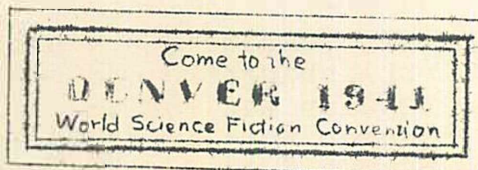
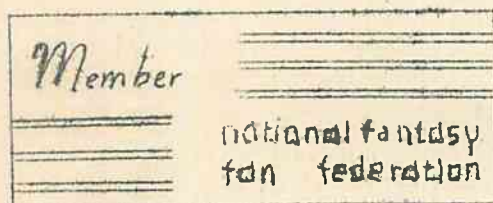
Cut it out, Julie. You'll have to show me the bills before I'll believe you spend \$10 to \$15 per week for FFF. Maybe you did for that special ten page issue, but you don't do it every week.

OK, take it away, Pong!

Auf Widnersehen,

OH YES, STICKERS.  
BY ALL MEANS.

*Art*



Sorry, my personal  
stickers are all gone.  
Will order some ~~the~~ beauties  
for the next time this comes  
around.



Bob Tucker

ILLINI FANTASY FICTIONEER  
YEARBOOK - EDITOR - LE ZOMBIE  
P. O. BOX 260  
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Apr. 27, 1941

Cheerio Chums,

I fall into line on such a nifty idea with much gusto. Now I would suggest that after all these accumulated letters have reached Joquel at the end of the line, he immediately ship the packet back up the line, in just the reverse direction it is now going. He is to add nothing, of course, and may skip Ackerman if desireable, to save the #1 face the extra postage. In this manner, each of us will be able to read what has been written by those who come after us. When Warner, up in first place (or was it Gilbert?) gets it . . . well, I suppose Joquel is entitled to all the pretty pictures and the stationery, so might as well return it to him and retire the first round. Meanwhile of course, Joquel could have started the second chain. Keep this chain a seperate identity. What think? Of course, the publishing idea is all right too, if that expense doesn't count. Then everyone can read the letters, and there would be no point in running them back up the line. The only objection would be from the other three hundred members of fandom: "Why wasn't I included in the chain?"

About this A. Merritt new-book business. Why pester him for another book chums? He has all the fame and money he needs, and writing another book is so many words over the dam to him. Why not get behind some other author and push a book? Tucker for instance. This chap Tucker is writing a book, I happen to know. I imagine he can use a thousand bucks or so --- of course, the fame and name means nothing to him, oh hell no! Just so he gets his hands on that mint! So everybody write to all the magazine and book publishers in N.Y.C. and clamor for a book by Tucker!

de Camp's Stolen Doormous Dept: Count me among those who didn't like it. Neither did I go wild, simply wild over his earlier "Divide and Rule". This is the yarn by the way, that H. Warner junior couldn't place. For shame--- and I betcha he had a Yearbook handy too. Maybe people think I put out the Yearbook to gather dust? But then I didn't care for the Slightly-Unwhite Lensman, either; all of which I suppose exposes me as a false fan. EE Smith I liked swell-- but not his fiction. I thought it to artificial. That's a hard term to define in connection with the story, but that's the way I see it.

Campbell is handy with his propaganda. Currently, there is a verbal barrage being laid down in Britain to the effect that Arthur McCann is Campbell. I cracked this at Campbell is a round-about way, and he neither confirmed nor denied it .... just answered me in the same round-about way. And now I note some people think he is also van Vogt. Well, could be. Don A. Stuart was a radical departure from Campbell.... why not van Vogt? P.S.: I also refuse to go wild over van Vogt. Malcolm Jameson, for instance, entertains me more.

(flip it over, pleaz)

New June Unknown came in two days ago. I suppose all of you have read it by this time, but if you haven't, I recommend "Yesterday was Monday". The issue is typically Campbell; his face even sticks out all over the blurbs on the cover. I wonder if this isn't the real reason why the mag dropped it's monthly publication date? Too much Campbell. After all, Campbell fans aren't to be found in every news-stand browser. They are either made or born. Made is the hard way... .. doggedly reading his magazines untill he grows on you, or you sink. Born in that you lap up with delight the fiction he hands out. And, apparently, Unknown depends upon the browsers who stubbornly won't be made, and refuse to admit they were even born. I would love to edit the magazine ... I think I would even be willing to do it a month or two for nothing just to get my hooks into it.

My idea of "unknown" fiction is similar, but not identical with Campbell's. I think I would print less of his type of fantasy, and more of the type that is appearing in the slicks the last year or two, including women's magazines. I have in mind, especially, Jordan's "First Port of Call". Aw...sissy stuff, you might cackle. Oh yeah? A slick women's periodical ran it first, then it came out as a book, and now an English firm has reprinted it in book form. That is the kind of stuff that sells a magazine! But Campbell wouldn't touch it --- it has no hero, but a heroine... and there isn't even an Edd Cartier character in it ... so he wouldn't touch it. Meanwhile, Unk goes bi-monthly, "because of the war and the ban on foreign sales".

\* This radio stuff tickles me. I go in for the classics too. We have a 29¢ recording of "Tales of (somebody's) Woods" we play over and over again because it seems to keep the baby quiet. And then there is some Italian business with some dame shouting Figaro all over the place. It's fun to keep up with her; when the three of us in our family that can successfully pronounce Figaro get to singing, she Figaro's out of the picture. For the most part, we use our radio to listen to soap operas and "guess-who-this-is-contest, and-win-a-prize" programs. To date, we have won a shirt, three ties, two theatre tickets, and nine loaves of bread. We just missed a week's supply of milk.

You know, after reading that paragraph over again, it gives me an idea for some fun to push off on Harry Warner. He once told me he would never reject an article by Pong. Now, airing one's ignorance is funny to the intelligent few who can read . . . I just wonder if that above can be made into some sort of article dealing with a poor fan who just isn't nobody, because he fails completely to match up with the intelligentsia of fandom? Sort of a perfect foil to a Miske?

And listen you guys.... I'm getting tired of reading dope on what Miske isn't. Like the Nycon and Chicon, don't you think it's about time to change the record? Of course, this doesn't apply to the Chicon and Miske articles of mine yet to see print. After they appear we'll apply a ban, eh? I have a private little idea all my own as to "what happened to Miske", but not having majored or even minored in psychology, and not wishing to stick out my neck by making a startling statement in print, I shall sink into oblivion with my astonishing theory, and you are the poorer.



Gilbert is a dope. Warner is a dope. Unger is a dope. Widner is a dope. Tucker is pretty nice. Brazier is a dope. Hunt is a dope. Fortier is a dope. Wright is a dope. Ackerman is a dope. Joquel is a dope. I hope this doesn't get lost in the mail because I wish to inform certain parties what I think of them.

Gilbert is a dope because he now claims there is no "15" fan. I refute this, there is. Gilbert has found the situation out of control and denies of existence of the knifer to prevent his own back from being knifed at the Denvention. \*\*\* Warner is a dope because he rejected an article of Tucker's; an article that was hilariously funny and exoruciatingly interesting. The article dealt with some Negro fantasy films produced last year that Ackerman failed to review. \*\*\*\* Unger is a dope because he pays Johnny Michel (quote) \$10-15 dollars (unquote) to publish his newspaper. Taurasi or Sykora would be glad to publish it for him gratis, as a freindly gesture. \*\*\*\* Widner is a dope because he rode up an elevator (at the Chicon) with Pogo, holding a pillow, and when fellow passengers made looming faces, Widner failed to come back with a snappy one like: "heheheh -- we've been to a party -- heheheheh". \*\*\*\* Tucker's points are rather obvious. \*\*\*\* Brazier is a dope on just general principles because I don't know anything to hang on him. \*\*\*\* Hunt is a dope because once, in a copy of Alchemist, he signed his name (in pen and ink) to a picture he drew, and the postoffice charged me first class postage on the fanzine. He also wrote 'merry xmas tucker' or something, which may have had something to do with it. \*\*\*\*\* Fortier is a dope because he , and I can think of no more hiddæous thing to do than that! \*\*\*\*\* Wright is a dope because he too rejected an article by Tucker, a sweet little thing that would have made Dawn! S'too bad the sun will now rise in a blackout. \*\*\*\* Ackerman is a dope because he keeps me from being #1 fan by continuing to annoy the world with his presence. I move we exile him to Siam and give him no money to buy postage! \*\*\*\* Joquel is a dope because he thought this thing up, or stole it rather, from British fandom. What, what a dishonest person is Joquel. For shame!

And so I pass it along to Donn . . . may he let slip a remark I can hang on him, and thereby prove him a dope.

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3031 North 36th Street  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
May 3, 1941  
3:25 P.M.

Dear Fannies -

After cogitating (consult Webster's, Pong) some minutes on the pros and cons of using all the backsides of the fannies' letters for my contribution, I decided against it. Imagine, when this letter is preserved for posterity, to have it on the rear side of a Tucker opus! And so I am adding straw to the postman's back...

I left Monday last for a five day tour of the state, servicing and checking the theaters which carry our candy and popcorn, and when I returned I found this envelope of letters on my desk. I am now hard at work trying to think of funny things to say. But I just can't think of anything. Tucker and I are similar in other ways too; we both have beautiful eyes, one on each side...

Why in the name of E.E. Smith was I included in the list of fans? (This is called the "modiste miske" approach) What have I done to deserve it all? (I shall now swing into the true, or as it is more commonly called, the "proper miske" approach.) Brother, I've done a lot, and I'm disappointed in youse guys for not voting me #1 fan. In fact, I'll settle for 100rdth.

Music. You can have the log scraping and the ten-minute finales; I'll take boogie-woogie and the harmonious discords of Raymond Scott's fantastic swing. Now that I've identified myself as a "dynamic" low-brow, lover of the discords, and advocate of tricky rhythms and weird tonal effects, I'll pass on to other things.

Like Widner I have almost "evolved". He has not completely evolved, but I don't want to talk about him; I want to talk about myself. I buy most of the mags: ASF, UNK, FFM, COMET, WEIRD, SSS, CS. These are stacked knee high in my closet. (This reminds me of the time I came into my room and smelt something stinking. It was a mystery. Several days later after unendurable agony which I endured, I discovered the source of the stink. Among the pile of mags, and probably deposited there by some fiendish space warp, was a copy of AMAZING. ) Now you know my s-f tastes. As for stories: 1. The best of 1939 was "Spawn" by P.S. Miller; 2. The best of 1940 was "Quietus" by Ross Rocklynne; 3. The best so far this year, though I haven't done any thinking on the matter, is "Dark Reality" by Robert Moore Williams.

Everybody's plugging their mags. As all of you may know by this time, Phil Schumann has taken over FRONTIER. That leaves me without a mag of my own. (Good title for a sad, sad song to be sung at the Denvention -- Without a Mag of My Own) So I shall plug those I think are worth the dough. FRONTIER, FANTASITE, SPACEWAYS, FANFARE, Joquel's pubs, FFF, FANTASIA, and others. (You are in the "others", Tucker) Have you heard that you can buy four of Fort's books in one volume? I, for one, am going to get it.

I refuse to discuss de Camp stories.

I nominate Ross Rocklynne as the author who wrote the most science-fictional significant stories in 1940. I hereby protest against the insurges of the social and economic sciences into science-fiction. I protest against the theory that a s-f story is good if it is the type that anyone could read and enjoy. I want more specialized.



complex, screwy, scientific, thought-variant, improbable --yes, I said improbable -- stories which everyone in the world would not understand unless he had been reading s-f several years or had majored in science. This is serious business, boys! (OK. Tucker, I should have said enough now to let you hang one on me).

These letters should be reprinted in a special mag in special green ink. IT's cheaper and quicker. Look - Art's letter is dated Mar. 25 and here it is May 3 and look at all the fans to go! Let's not hold this thing up too long, or Art will worry himself until he looks like Tucker.

The fourth paragraph of Tucker's letter has me all a bubble with information that I cannot reveal to a living soul. At the Chicon, Doc Smith accidentally revealed that ..... Only Hamling, Miske, and Singleton, and myself were present during this confab, the others being upstairs at the business meeting. I shall say no more.

Tucker would like a different type of "unknown" fiction. So would I. Campbell should drop the long lead novel and feature short. The authors of these shorts should be: John Collier, Don Wandrei, Nelson S. Bond, etc. You get the idea?

If any of you fellows would be interested in a rather serious magazine on the technical side of science-fiction in a critical approach toward discovering facts and proposing their theories based on actual research or pure brain storms, get in touch with me, and we'll discuss it.

Don Wilcox is a nice guy. George Tullis and I rode down to Chicago (took Betty Deppiesse along too) and toured the Brookfield zoo with Mrs. Wilcox and daughter, Caroline, while Don caught a little shut eye before he dug into the final copy of a story he wanted to get in the mails before supper. This incident with all its overtones and exaggerated implications may be retold in some fmz.

Phil Schumann just called up, and he's coming right over with the #5 copy of FRONTIER. Perhaps he can read these letters, and add his own two cents worth. Maybe, I think as I rub my hands with invisible soap, I can get him to pay half the postage. Nope, now he isn't coming over. Says he'll come Sunday morning. If he doesn't I'll not keep this envelope longer, but will mail it tomorrow.

In my plugs I forgot to mention THE FRONTIER SOCIETY. If you are interested in the things mentioned by Joquel near the bottom of his letter, get in touch with Paul Klingbiel, 627 S. 7th Ave., West Bend, Wisconsin.

Now I gotta go find a picture of my puss for the "photographs only" envelope. I wish I could see you fellows at the Denvention, but it looks like my job will keep me here. Be sure I'm on the next list, Art ...

a bientot

*Donn*

Donn "Uranus" Brazier

2767 N 4<sup>th</sup>  
Milwaukee Wis  
May 5 41

Howdado:-

This is only the second time I've started to type this --- the first time that mess at the top giving my call letters was really a mess (six mistakez)((see?)). It ain't right even now.

Ya know -- this isn't the first time I got one of these letters, I recvd one a week ago that was supposed to be a goodwill and luck letter. I sent it out and what happened? yeah -- the next Frontier after this will not be out til July -- or maybe never. No, I shouldn't say never, because it will be published sooner or later -- I hope.

These letters are ok -- should have more. Lucky dog that I am, Donn lives close to my cave and I get in on these things.

I THINK MISKE IS A SWELL FELLOW !!!!

Somebody's got to be on his side, so I might as well incur pipples wrath by doing just that. Of course TRIBUTE was a bit questionable, and Stardust DID have a certain reek to it but -- so what. He gets around.

Ya know why Widner hates me by this time? I'll tell you -- but don't breath a word to him. Since I couldn't run for mem board, he said I might as well run for Vice Pres. So what did I do? I sent out twelve nom cards in twelve envelopes, and ..... and forgot to include postage on the envelopes! So my pal, the postman, brings 'em back as nice as you please and dumps em in my lap -- and too late to make the ish of Bonfire. So I guess us and Art ain't speakin lately.

GOOPS.....I have to go to dinner now ... and I live six blocks from here .... so I guess I'll have to cut it short.

So long fellows, and .... even tho I won't be at Denver, you just go right ahead with your plans and don't let it ~~pr~~ pray on your minds too much. (!)

Au revoir  
(meaning: adios)

Philip A. Shumann.



# Colorado Fantasy Society

DIRECTOR  
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SECRETARY-TREASURER  
LEW MARTIN  
1258 KACE

1245 Ogden St.  
Denver Colo.  
May 26. 41

Greetings,

Not possessing typewriter I', afraid you will have to wade through this indecipherable scrawl.

1st. I think Tucker is a dope for having such a dopey secretary as Prunella Twitchet. It just isn't done y'know.

Widner, I'm glad you gave my picture away. In fact I'm sorry you didn't throw it away. If you promise not to use it I'll send you another though I dislike making any kind of pic.

Has anyone bought a copy of Lest Darkness Fall? If so how did you like it in book form? I thought the story in original form was a classic. Soon as I rake up 2.50 I'll buy the book.

About Merritt; In a long letter recently we talked over the possibility of getting all of his books reprinted in volume form. The Moon Pool would be vol. 1 Ship of Ishtar Vol. 2 on down to Creep Shadow. The books would be a uniform set with a black & gold format. The same type of stamp work that enhanced the books, Dwellers in the Mirage & Burn, Witch Burn, pub. by Liveright. He spoke once about Doubleday & Doran wanting to publish The Metal Monster as a book. But this was back in '37. A complete collection of his short stories could also be brought out in book form. He stated too, that this could be done but up to now much copywrite trouble has always set in.

I wish a gigantic volume of Clark Ashton Smith's stories could be brought out which of course would include his poetry. Smith is the most famous/ contemporary literary poet. Those who have the good fortune to possess copies of his book, Ebony Crystal, will confirm this.

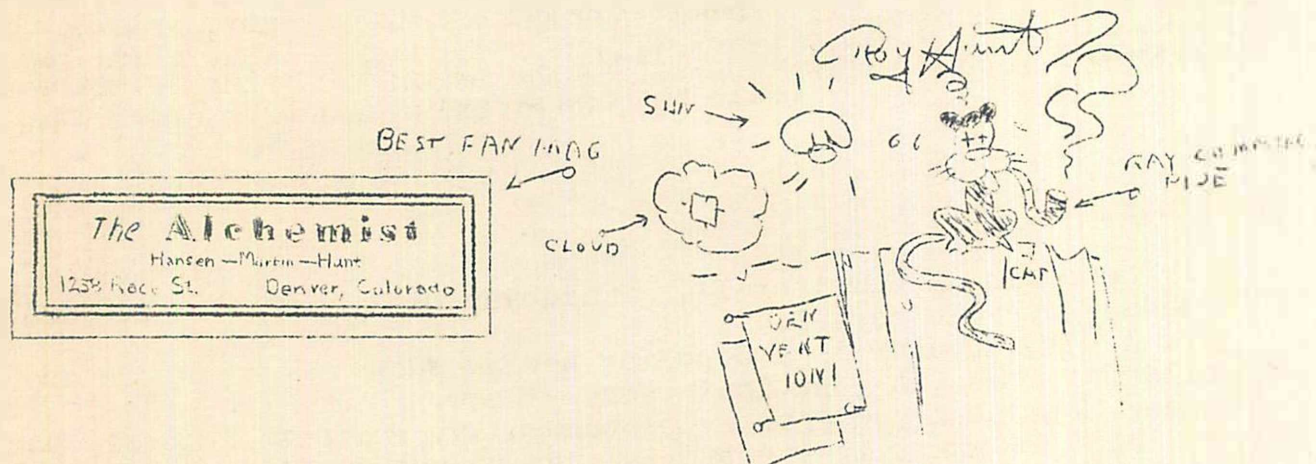
About the Denvention; Everything is going well and no obstacles thus far has come up. The convention hall is elegant. I suppose most of you have seen the 3 issue of C F S Review with the map of Denver. 'Seed' Wiggins told me I should have put in the directions. This same map will be run in the next issue and directions added. The expense of everything is going to be enormous. So if but a few fans show up the Denvention Committee will have to declare bankruptcy. On the other hand if all fans who can be here July 4.5.6. there is no reason why this cant be the biggest Convention.

Lew Martin will get around to answering you all sooner or later, so don't despair. At the present time he is working taking care of his folks. This added responsibility takes up much of his time and he's up to his neck in correspondence. All C.F.S. Member should be

mailed out. I'll get after him on that as its the most essential to those of you who gave your support by sending in your 50 cents. Thank you again.

Most of you by now have also read about the Denvention in the pro-mags. Beer, wine and punch as was stated, will be free. However you'll have to have hunt your own wenches. We cannot afford to furnish same.

Cheerio, and carry on,



PS. Art. Am enclosing 4 photostats that you wanted awhile back. - R



1836 39th Avenue  
Oakland, California  
Monday, June 2

Dear Peggy,

Oh-oh! hold the line a minute, Peg, 'cause I gotta rush some insipid lines off in some cock-eyed chain letter racket that Screwball Joquel dug up. Yeh, I ain't written a rotten letter for a hell of a time. Darned busy, ya know. What's that, Peg? How am I going to begin? I dunno. I suppose that I oughta start like the rest: listening to Beethoven in his C Sharp Minor--- Oh, no minor's allowed. Well . . .

Well, for the first thing, I definitely do not care much for symphonic harmony. I can take it or leave it, but, as a general rule, I much prefer to leave it. However, I extremely enjoyed Disney's "Fantasia" due to a fine selection of pieces and such grand and masterful work by the all mighty Walt D.

Right now I'm riding high with some remarkably fine boogie-woogie. Just a minute ago Jimmy Dorsey finished his fine "Green Eyes". Up here in Northern California, I am glad to say, one is able to get swing all the day round. O, I suppose I will be considered a bit of a disreputable character, because I smoke quite a bit and use indecent language rather profusely at times. However, Ackerman should be glad to know that I don't drink outside of drinking parties (oh, I attend those seven days out of the week, but I stay away from the stuff the rest of the time). At least I'm not a Los Angeles Wolf (we're rather foxy in this territory).

I'd like to straighten up the fact about Northern and Southern California. There is a distinct and decided difference in the two clans. There're just a bunch of damn publicity hounds down there, while the gang of us up here are in Stf for the fun of it. We try to do our share to make this world of Stfandom a bit better place, but we don't go rushing around in a never-ending search for glory and fame. Central California cuts us off, and, thank goodness, there are no fans in that region due to their being a bunch of hay-seed farmers for the larger part. Oh, north and south gets together once in a while on special occasions: when Florida fans arrive!

Certainly, Gilbert; DAWN is a marvelous enterprise. There is no use in my saying another thing about it for almost every fan knows what is what. We can use photos and brief auto-biographies with autographs as well as any short articles and such, but the money is in greatest demand. In passing, I will enclose a sample page from Starlight, the G.C.F. club publication. I may forget to send along a photo due to the sorry fact that I have none on hand. However, you're mighty lucky. If I sent a good likeness, it would be horrifying to the extent that many might be afraid to attend the convention

\*Bradbury accepted - he's okay

- they would leave Denver when they met the real face of 2j4.

We are not working, ~~but~~ have a rather liberal supply of cash on hand at most times. Too, we will be able to put on a show that will last for five days! The convention hall will be painted in beautiful Stf style, and accomodations are the best ever known!

The thing Unknown needs is a liberal supply of Merritt and Moore with a liberal dash of Finlay to be supplemented by Cartier. More of the good Hubbard ought to be included and Bok is not to be overlooked. I sincerely think that I have discovered an artist who may yet appear therein. What else? Feature novels by me to be paid for at the rate of five cents a word. Gosh (in a hay-seed tone); whatcha snickerin' at?

The way I cut into my stationary with my sharp keys and hard pounding would make too much of a mess when writing on both sides of the paper. Now! a mistake in that margin!

Bosh, Unger: you don't use fifteen dollars on your magazine! My, God! Wright and I can turn out a fifty page magazine with heavy covers and photographs for about twnty to twenty-five dollars!!!

I'm evolving also, when speaking of such fans. I now follow those six good magazines: Unknown, Astounding, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Storring, Cosmic, and Super Science Novels. Also, I am different in the fact that I pay for fmz that I wish to receive!

Here are my reactions to certain fans:

[illegible]



writer)) \*\*\* Ackerman will be ignored as I am sure no one has ever heard of the fellow. I understand that he recently crowded Tucker out of a baby contest to take first place for the skin you love to tuck. \*\*\* Joquel-- Well, if you don't know this fellow, it's astounding. He turns fmz out with marvelous ease.

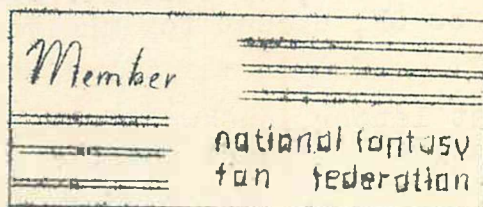
Really, I haven't a thing to say of importance, so will just shove off. Hello, Peg.

What? This isn't Peg? O, hello Audrey. Oh, it's Vi. Well how are you? How about a date . . . tonight . . . a-n-d . . . . .

Hey, Tom. Grab hold and speal out.

that crumit typist,

                      
JOG



1140 Bush Avenue  
Martinez, Calif.  
June 4th, 1941

Dear Joe Fannn,

Well.

(meaning the chain letter, etc.)

Very nice. In fact, I like it a lot. Yes indeed. Congrats to you, Art Joquel, for starting it over here. Now all we gotta look out for is a flood of the things. I can just imagine every fan's thoughts as this is published (?). "My big chance to complete my photo, stickers, etc. collection!" And most of fandom (the well known fans at least) will go quietly nutz buying photos and stamps.

I feel a little more fortunate than the rest of you Joes, since I'll only miss one letter, and after all, it'll only be ~~the~~ some dope called Ackerman. Who is he, by the way? But, of course, if it is printed all will be OK, except for the various photos and junk? . . .

Starting from the first letter, and working down (which is an entirely novel idea, I might add) here goes.

Sure glad to learn a little bit about your background Art. How your likes and dislikes differ from mine! I don't see how your going to publish this pile of junk in PAMPHLET form, a two volume bk would be much better.

Thanks for the plugs, Joe ol keed, I like Suthern Star, too. Sure, I'll write about it sometime, there's quite a few things I've lettslip lately, and that's one of 'em. I'm trooly sorry. I'll make a note on a Marchioni to write youse prompt Smith stinks, agreed. DecCamp is all right, ef ya like him. I don't, paicularly. "The Gnarly Man", "Divide & Rule", and "The Stolen Dormouse" only good things he's done.

To save work, Art, who not (pardon; meaning Art J) let each fan dummy and stencil his section of the letter, and send it to youse for publication? If you don't publish it, the best thing is to send it back along the line -- in reverse order -- as some ghoul suggested.

HWjr. Aw yes! Forgot about the collaborations LsdeC did with Pratt, they were definitely good.

EEE Gad! May I add my exclamation to the rest of the fans? \$1.5 for a newsy. Well. Whose robbin ya, Julius? I'll admit FMZ run into money, but not that much for small ones.

"Evolved Fan", eh? What'll they think of next? Even though I've cut my diet down to AST, UNK, COMET, FFM, and an occasional STARLING, STIRRING, and ASTONISHING, I ain't gone that far. Don't tell me somebody thinks FMZ are better'n pros? ? ?



Pardon my typos on the last of that page, it does that often. I like FMZ better than FNZ. Why not keep a good thing like it is? Sure, Art, I thought the way you hectored the VOMET ad was swell. Really, I liked it a lot. I am afraid though, VOMET is no more. (I can see the squirming and visioning \$5.00 sprout wings) But, don't worry Forry, you'll get something for life. I don't wanta keep the name COMET, 'cause I always associate it with corn. And if I put out a good mag (which I'm planning on now), I don't want it connected with that horror. Catchum? I hartely (sp-?) agree with you, FANTASIA IS a masterpiece. If any of you fans haven't seen it, spare nothing to go. You will be in your own private dream world for three hours. FANTASY, and how! The mag by the same name is also good. (Yer welcome, Lou)

Aren't editors most peculiar about submitted material? They come back rejected practically by air-mail, but if they think they might ever use something, you better give it up as lost. I hear a few fan manuscripts have found their way into print. But I guess even editors slip up sometimes. . .

Well, whaddya know. Bob Tucker. Long time no hear from. Let's start a 'EE Smith stinks' club. I think you and I have the same grudge against him, Bob, he's a brilliant writer, but his stories are, as you put it, 'artificial'. Jameson can't begin to compare with Van Vogt. So there. Say, Joe (Joe for Fan) remember when we rejected that thing of yours from \*D\*A\*W\*N\* you promised another GOOD mss pronto. Fork over. Then, after we accept it, you can say "Gee, Wright's tops, ain't he?"

Say, Donn, why don't you write FANTASIPS anymore? It was a good column. Best story this year is "Universe", though "Dark Reality" rates very high.

What's the matter with you guys on this chain letter? Cheap? I notice you all use both sides of the paper. I suppose this is not only to conserve paper for national defense, but to conserve postage, too.

FRISCO in '42!

No. No no no. DO NOT BRING THIS IN GREEN INC. Oh, unhappy that. How could you, Donn?

Phil Schumann. Hmm. Think I owe you a letter, don't I? Oh well, don't worry yourself sick over it, I have not committed suicide. Poor fellow. I guess I really torture fans when I don't answer their letters.

Altho your letter was a little difficult to decipher, it was one of the most interesting, Roy. Oh, for a set of Merritt bks. Wine and beer. What the hell ya trying to do -- get all the fans drunk so they'll think the Denvention was a science-fiction gathering? Hah! Your pictures are beautiful. By the way, how like the stencil job for your STARLIGHT pic???

Well. Joe Fortier. Imagine that. Another new to fandom, I presume. Give these new fans a chance, I always say. I prefer Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor, in fact I've never heard Beethoven's. I feel like a lucky fan 2j4, I can sit here at my typer all day long this summer and look at a pic of Joe Jean Fortier. Gee. You have beautiful hair.

Oh yeh, FRISCO IN '42.

By the bye, Joe, I liked your suggestion that the fans vote for me in the NFFTF. In fact, I like it so much, I am sending both pages of your letter along, with only a few minor changes.

Now watch out, Art J, here comes some stickers at cha, and maybe I'll rake up sum other curio.

I hear you poor guys in LA are going to be cursed by the presence of Phil (Fantasite Fill) Bronson. He's cumin here for a while, too. Ohgawdamighty!

Pouf!

*Tom Wright*  
Tom Wright

Caree on 4e,  
Whoever U may b.  
I welcom U nu fan  
As squirt to man  
Don't ferget, ryt sumtime  
Here's for Vom, a dime!

Denver in '41  
Frisco in '42

Member  
national fantasy  
fan federation

member -  
GOLDEN GATE FUTURIANS

Tom Wright  
—Starlight Publications—  
RFD 1, Box 129 Martinez, Calif.

DAWN  
La Moderne Annual

DAWN  
The Moderne Annual

Come to the  
DENVER 1941  
World Science Fiction Convention

Starlight Publications  
Wright-Fortier-Martin-Gougherty  
Bronson-Cummins  
Science, Fantasy and Weird Material

MERCHANDISE CONTENTS  
POSTMASTER: THIS PUBLICATION IS NOT TO BE OPENED  
UNTIL AFTER INSPECTION BY CUSTOMERS  
MEMBER GOLDEN GATE COME TO DENVER  
Just off of



10 Jan 41

Allo, Alojo!

I shall have a very guilty conscience, should I talk to U on the telephone tween the time I send this & U receive it, without mentioning it. Or is my syntax out of sync? Come to think of it, what is syntax? I never've loobt it up; just always sposed it wuz wut the govt charged U yrly for misdemeanors. seeing movies like "Extase" (original Cheskoslovenskan spelling) or admiring nu Vomsaidens: U noe--Sin Tax?

I couldnt imagine what was coming off when I opend the pkg from Wright (TWENTY CENTS POSTAGE DUE, GENTS! counta Tom on'y stuck 3 3s on & consequently Uncle Sam's mail-carrier stuck me for what was due on the other 5 3s, plus 5c for what was termed "peralty"). As I was saying, bfor I was so incontinently interrupted: When the big envelope came--all unexpected--from WrightToMartinez, I didnt noe what to make of it. First fell out all the fotos & pix & I got the sudden idea that this was some material for \*D\*A\*W\*N\* which he wanted Assorted Services to assemble & litho. When I saw your letter, Art; followed by the by now w.k. Dixie gray stationary; et autres; I was indeed sorely puzzled. Then deeply delited as I read on & the whole puzzle began to fall into place.

Commenting on this conglomeration of correspondence woud sorta be like turning the tables on the editor of The Voice, donchu think?

As for Music & Mo, I don't mind the programs U have on when I'm over at your place, Art; in fact, I rather enjoy 'em; but when left to my own devices I twirl the dial awhile til I locate Dorothy Lamour, Tony Martin, Frances Langford, either of the Crosbys or most any tune-of-the-times. Until I left the AMPAS I had not had much opportunity to listen to moden music; & now I just lap it up. For the sake of the records: I like the boogie-woogie business alrite.

(A li'l girl named Arline has just come to the door & askt Adele--U understand I'm riting this from our AS office--what I am doing. Adele ansrs I am typing. Only, at the time, I was thinking what to rite next. But the li'l nabor girl said, "Make the man write"; so this is what I rote to satisfy the li'l girl named Arline who just came to the door...)

I get one break on the postage situation: Being local, twill be only 2c per oz. Howsomever, I think in future I just'll hand the material over to U, Jo.

To whom it may concern: I wasnt crafy about either "Stolen Dormouse" or "Divide & Rule". As a rule, tho, I do like de Camp very much.

(Migawd! I just thot! I didnt inquire--maybe that kid's name was speld Arleen!)

It's noon to U alredy, ofcorse, Artijay, but it myt amuse the others. My impression of "The Vortex Blaster": Man puts out fire. Or, to be more specific, praps, in my reaction: Man puts out Atomic fire.

Don't noe as Carol Southinian's theory about Merritt's being too slow in his story-telling & therefore aferd to rite another'n holds up in view the fact either his "Burn Witch Burn" or "Creep, Shadow!"--I frankly forget which & have not my xrpts handy to check--was reprinted in one the blood-n-thunder detective pulps. Tho I didnt read either of 'em, I got the impression the latter 2 tales--& they were the latest Merritt rote, werent they?--were speeded up. Incidentally, probly was too young at the time THE METAL EMPEROR was being serialized in Science & Invention & having read only parts of it then & there retaind the impression I did not care for it. Later, collected the 8 instalments of it from Argosy (one of the tuffest tales to track down & complete, twas my experience); but did not re-read. Now, however, at The Master's own request, I am reading the FFM version...& enjoying it immensely!

"Fenz"? I think it sounds too similar to "fans". But gosh--fanags...fanzines...fmz & fnz--if it's gonzz cause all this diversity of opinion & trouble why don't we just go back to our old reliable "fanmag" & forget about it?!

Someone in the audience said Surely no one thinks fanmags are better than pro's? Or words to that effect. Well, it is a rather well-known fact locally, if not nationally, that I'll drop a pro any day to look at a new fm, or give the fmz preference if recvd simultaneously with pro's. Which goes to prove what? That I'm firstmost a fan, I guess...

Bliev it or not--I don't guess this is very noon--but in the chain-letter-cum-dime days (I also was in on a \$1 one...with RAP!) I started one that was to pay off in stf! One was to wind up with 16,500, or whatever it was, 2dhand mags, fmz, xrpts & what-have-U? I think all I, the Great Originator, ever got out of it, was a ragged ole xrpt I alreedy had!

Hurray for U, Donn...the only fan to employ no stoparagrafing in the chain.

First letter I ever've seen by Roy Hunt. Handriting reminds me of someone else's but can't think whose offhand. Possibly Wiggins', but smaller? .

When I use an elite typryter like this, I think I'm Harry Warner. There is no fan to whom I shoud rather turn over the top-fanship to. Pardon the one to too many. On 2d thot, one doesnt "turn over" a rating, does one? It is earnd & taken. Or praps that sounds egotistical on my part. Please, chums; I didnt mean it that way. Why not Bob Tucker for #1 Face? I just can't take Pong seriously. He is too funny. I think U have a place of affection in the heart of fandom, Bob, equal to the #1 standing anyway.

If I anit so coherent today, U must understand I am doing a thing I most extremely rarely do: i.e., compose rite on the paper & let it go. A "dummy" almost invariably preceeds any letter. There, U see the sort of mistake I'm prone to make if I don't go thru & correct? Few lines ago I rote "rite" in the sense of "directly". In that sense; or as "correct"; I spell it "ryt"; applying only the meaning "type-etc" to the spelling "rite".

But now, like it sez on the swell fotostat Roy sent U, Art, I suddenly see "It's Later Than You Think" so I must be bringing this to a close.

And so--with Lotions of Love--this is your Follywood Choruspondent--who sez: "Let others imitate our exclusive chain if they will, the pipsqueaks (copycat Tucker 41) will be only small chains!"

AE



Dear Ghouls and Goons—

It is growing late as I write this, and a chill ocean breeze is sweeping in through my window, bringing a promise of fog or rain before morning. The originals on my walls are curling in the change of weather, and several have already come crashing down—unlike Ackerman's, which simply strike some nearby object and lean rakishly for months.

My radio-phono is thundering forth Sergei Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" as loudly as the law allows at this hour, and I am working up a fine mood for the evening—for, after all, a vampire has moods just like anyone else. But, before I go about my business, I hope to finish up this chain letter with a few comments and a couple of questions.

Joe Gilbert: Guess you've wondered what's happened about your two mss., sent to SPECULA and never heard from. Well, they will appear in one final, super-colossal magazine, together with stories by William Davies and Dale R. Francis, (these two names mean something to other people) and a lot of others. As this will probably be our final fan-publishing attempt for some time, we are spending more time on it than we'd like to, but feel in the end the results will justify it.

So you, and some others, think Doc Smith stinks, eh? Well, after reading some of his stuff over again, I wonder. That short he had in COMET left me wondering how it could be so awfully lousy, even in comparison with his novels as viewed by you. Someone told me that Smith is just naturally incapable of writing short stories. Well, then, why doesn't he write a novel, and have someone break it up into a number of shorts? That's all his novels seem to be, anyway.

Harry Warner: Sure wish I'd known about WQXR when I was in the East. I was positively lost without my daily doses of high-powered music. Incidentally, you say you had to decide between the NY Philharmonic or Die Walkyrie one time. Well, come on, man! Which did you choose? Don't leave us in suspense like that. If it had been me, the choice would have been easy—I think Wagner is the nearest nothing ever, with the exception of Tristan and the Albunblat. Also I'm surprised, Harry, at the number of fantasy music selections left out of Blish's article on same, in SPACEWAYS. Never a mention of "Isle of the Dead," Zeisl's "Little Symphony," Shilling's "Victory Ball," or a lot of others. Someday I hope to see a complete list of fantasy music, recorded and not. Probably it would include a lot of selections nobody had ever heard of before.

Julie Unger: Even with rising prices and stuff, I can't see how you can spend 10 or 15 dollars on FFF, even counting photos. I don't believe that even the largest of my magazines ever cost over \$9, even counting postage (that is, at the time you wrote your letter. Prices have gone up 50% since). But I sure hope you can keep that \$10-15 coming, if that's what it takes. FFF is one of my four top favorite fmz.

Art Widner Jr: So FANTASIA converted you to a classics-lover, eh? Well, I guess it would. FANTASIA is absolutely the most powerful thing I've ever seen or heard. I was only able to see it three times, but those times made an impression I'll never lose. My favorite, of all the selections, was Bach's

"Toccata and Fugue." Second was "Night on Bald Mountain," and third came the "Rite of Spring." After those three, the rest drop way down the list.

Bob Tucker: While the chain letter was still making the rounds—probably somewhere between you and Fortier—you ran that stuff about the 29¢ record and the Figaro business in LE ZOMBIE, and mentioned "the discussion of classical music now going the rounds of fandom. And I nearly wrote you an irate letter asking what was this discussion and how come I wasn't included in it! The only word I had from the letter after it started was a card from Widner and a line in a letter from Warner. How did I know the letter had turned into a forum for music, EESmith, deCamp, and Merritt? Tucker is a dope, and I've proved it on page 5 of SUN T(r)AILS.

I agree with you 100% on Campbell, ASTOUNDING & UNKNOWN. These could be the really different magazines of fantasy, if Campbell had the nerve or the inclination to make them so. But no. In order to make UNKNOWN, and even to a lesser degree to rate ASTOUNDING, a story must conform to one word—"wacky." And not everyone likes "wacky" stories. UNKNOWN could be the magazine to run a new Merritt story, if Campbell would only drop his ultra-Campbell formula and make a few experiments. But I doubt that he ever will.

Donn Brazier & Phil Schumann: Hiya fellows. I agree with you, Donn, a stf mag is needed which could cater to the more advanced science-fiction reader, but I doubt that it will ever be printed. I'm interested in your idea of a technical stf mag, Donn, but can't do anything about it till after the first of next year. After that, maybe I can drop you a line and we can get together on it. In the interim, I am working on that article about Roerich that you wanted for FRONTIER. Sorry you didn't write more, Phil—the letter just gets going when you stop. Glad to hear someone say a good word about Miske for a change—it breaks the monotony.

Roy Hunt: Perhaps someday we'll see that set of Merritt books—I certainly hope so. I understand Arkham house is going to bring out a small volume with a number of CASmith stories—maybe. It's a start, and something to look forward to, anyway. Thanks muchly for the photostats, Roy. Sorry I couldn't buy one of the pics at the time. I hope you're not retiring from illustrating for good—after all, Finlay and Bok have both just about seen their day, and someone has to carry on the weird artistic work. I like your decaying monsters best of all—how you get those marvelous effects is beyond me.

Joe Fortier: Sorry you Northern fellows didn't get the 1942 Convention. You would probably have made something out of it. As it is, when someone down here said "We're going to make a motion picture of the Pacificon committee in action," someone else remarked "Why bother? A still of Daugherty will show exactly the same thing." But—so it goes, I guess.

Tom Wright: Sure agree with you about editors. My experiences with them have been the same as yours. I agree that "Universe" is one of the best stories this year, if not the best. You say that Doc Smith's writing is "artificial." I agree, that the way it seems to me, too. But if he really wrote as I think he is able to, all the readers would raise a howl and want to know what was being put over on them. For, as I've mentioned elsewhere, I think EESmith is really van Vogt. Or, if he isn't all of van Vogt, perhaps he's half of him. Campbell might be the other half, maybe. What a combination! Thanks for the original, Tom. And the preview of that Hunt pic really bowled the locals over when I showed it around. I understand you do your reproduction with only the most primitive of tools. If that's the case, it certainly shows what can be done with a very little equipment. Your repros will stand up with any in fandom.



4e: Well, old chappie, you finally know what the "surprise" I've been talking about for months was. It certainly must have taken a lot of self-control for you not to telephone me, I know, with all your enthusiasm for things of this sort. As for fmz vs. pros, I can inform TW that such is definitely the case with you—fmz rate highest in any circumstance. As for me, I don't have much preference. It takes me so little time to read a full edition of either that it really doesn't matter.

Now that Widner has put FANFARE out in mimeograph, he won't need this tip, but someone else might use it, on hectographed magazines. Instead of typing masters twice, in order to get enough copies, why not type one master with a hecto ribbon and the other, at the same time, with a hecto carbon? The idea just occurred to me, and it seems practical enough.

Now, just a few questions. Who put in the small envelope with the "for photographs only" typed on it? Gilbert, Unger, or Tucker? I know it must be one of you three, because those are the only three pica typewriters before Brazier, who mentions it for the first time. Tom Wright, are you the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (Censored) individual who put in the photo of a white bunny with the caption "Rabid Fan"? And who enclosed a program of the "St. Anne Spring Festival," featuring on the cover a pert-looking damsel clad in very diaphanous robes? No address is given on the program, and the only name that seems at all familiar is "Mrs. John Carter"! (Hey, Edgar, are ya listenin'?)

And now for the thing that has kept me awake nights wondering how it happened. When I received the bundle of letters from 4e, it was contained in an envelope bearing an illustration by Tom Wright across the front. This envelope had not been folded, as far as I could tell. Now, it's easy enough for an envelope to get from TW to 4e. But—here's the rub. When Julie's Denvention Issue of FFF arrived, the envelope had a vaguely familiar look. I investigated, and tore off the label Julie had pasted on. There, in the corner, was the same printing that was on the chain-letter envelope. Comparison proves that the two are identical. Now, how did that envelope come from Julie, past Tucker, Brazier & Schumann, Hunt, Fortier, to Tom who decided to do a picture on it, thence to Acky and me? If someone doesn't tell me I'm afraid my new address may be the State bug-house.

Someone wants to know if I plan to start any more chain letters. No, I don't, at least not now. But, if any one of the ten others in this chain wants to be "end man," to start out the letter and receive the results, I'll be glad to send the address of the members of this chain, in the order in which this letter went the rounds. I'd like to be a member, but not the originator, this time.

All I can say is that I think this chain was a marvelous success, and I hope someone carries on with it. Suggestions for future chains: limit the number of pages each person writes; write on onion-skin paper; try to set a time-limit for each person to hold the letter.

So, until we meet again, whether in person or through a medium similar to this, I remain,

Yours fantastically,

Arthur Louis Joquel, II  
Arthur Louis Joquel, II

