

PAN-ATIC

JULY

1941

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FAN-ATIC is published bi-monthly by Charles A. Beling. The address is : La Roche Avenue, Harrington Park, New Jersey. Yehudi is assistant editor, and the guy who makes all of the mistakes. Fanny sells for 5¢, 6 for 25¢. Foreign susbscriptions by exchange only. Money may be remitted by coin, money order, check, or 1½ & 3 cent stamps. Money order and check should be made out to Charles A. Beling. Subscription expiration is on Page 9. Advertisement rates are, as follows: Full Page, 75¢; Half Page, 40¢; Quater Page, 25¢; Eighth Page, 15¢. Arrangements made for exchanging ads. We accept no responsibility for your copy of FAN-ATIC being lost in the mail, if you don't notify of change of address promptly. No payment will be made for any material. Please do not submit either poetry or fiction excpt at our request. Ditto for art. We should have stated above, Fanny will trade subscriptions with any other fanzine printed (at least partly) in the English language, regardless of location.

We also take orders for stickers. 3 line stickers sell for 25¢ per 500. The only color ink is dark blue. 4 line stickers are 5¢ extra per each 500. Allow for about a month between the time we receive your order and the time you receive your stickers. For large orders, the time will be shorter.

The next issue of FAN-ATIC will appear as soon as is humanly possible, since this one is over a month late. If you wish to submit any material, do it as soon as you receive this issue. We start stenciling the September issue on August 13th. Any letters of comment will be greatly welcomed, since we received very few about last ish

EDITORIAL.
by Charles (CAB) Beling.

Yeah, Fanny's out again. And only one month late this time, ain't it wonderful? Last time we were three months late. Which brings us to the major topic.

We want to put the next issue out as soon as we can, which means right away. To do this we'll need your help badly. All authors of columns, etc. and anybody who wants to contribute to the next issue must send their material in as soon as they receive this issue. That means Thompson, Ackerman, and Pogo (Who's supposed to do the next HELL'S CORNER).

We are going to try to start stencilling the next issue on August 13th. That means that you'll have to hurry. In the future we'll try to give the authors much more time to do their material. We're awfully sorry about this rush, and sincerely hope it won't happen again. But this time; please hurry, for God's sake!

We don't need any poetry, art, or fiction. Just articles, and lots of them.

For those who are receiving FAN-ATIC for the first time; HELL'S CORNER is a regular department where any fan who wants to can get his pet peeve off his chest. It will always be $\frac{1}{2}$ page of elite type. It will always start with the same sentence: "I nominate ----- for a corner in Hell." Any fan who wants to can write it. Nothing is barred that the Postal Regulations will let pass thru the U. S. Mail .

For next issue we don't know exactly what we'll have; so we'll give a list of what we have on hand. A long (2 page) ballad by Archer Cusp concerning 3 famous fans; incidentally, any connection between the ballad and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" is on purpose. Also handy are a couple of excellent poems by Ray Washington, Jr, and Phil Schumann. Naturally, all of that poetry won't appear in one issue. Then, there are the usual departments. We may have a new column next issue, "Starlight" by the 'Starlighter'. We aren't quite certain about that column yet.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to Doc Lowndes. We had neglected to find some one to write HELL'S CORNER, so we sent a last-minute request to Doc. He came through, on schedule too, beautifully with the excellent installment on Pg 6. Thanks again, Doc. It was extremely nice of you to do it on such very short notice.

We think that Lowndes and Tucker will be surprised. Their articles in this issue were submitted to SUN SPOTS before it was suspended. When we bought the Solar Press mimeo, and everybody thought SSp was dead, we also picked up those two pieces for use in FAN-ATIC. We think that they are both excellent.

As most of know by now SUN SPOTS is back again, and printed too this time.

In response to many inquiries as to the identity of Archer Cusp whose Nash-esque verse has been appearing in FAN-ATIC Archer Cusp is the pseudonym of a professional writer, — though not in the field of science-fiction. Those interested in the "science" of Astrology will have deduced that Archer refers to that well-known bowman of the skies — Sagittarius. While Cusp comes from a birthday just as the sign changes to Capricorn. In plain language, the Archer just missed being the Goat!

Just because the last issue had 25 pages and this has only 16 don't think that the size has decreased greatly. Last issue was done in pica type, this in elite. So this is the equivalent of about 20 pages the same as last issue's were.

Included with some 40 copies is a little sheet "The Bulletin of the Un-intellectual Brotherhood of Anti-Scientists". Since it was hektoided we only had 40 copies, they're going to those we feel would be interested in them. There are none left. **

VISITATIONS TO BLOOMINGTON
by Bob Tucker.

I met my first fan in 1934. Previous to that time I had corresponded with a pack of the critters, and had even exchanged photos with a few, but until the summer of 1934 I had yet to meet a sample face to face. Looking back, I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't have been better for all concerned if my record was still unbroken.

Charlie Hornig came to town first. He was at that time editor of Gernsback's WONDER STORIES and doing a neat job of it too. 'The boy editor', the current marvel of the age. WONDER was no slouch in those days. Then, as today, Charlie's hobby seemed to be floating about the country, he had the wanderlust. While visiting the Chicago World's Fair, "The Century of Progress Exposition," he made a little side-trip down to see me. I remember putting on a clean shirt and wearing my brother's Sunday-best shoes down to meet him.

We had corresponded a lot, and his impression of Bloomington was a "cow path", a "wide place in the road". The bus driver helped foil that impression by bringing him into town in a round-about route that also took him thru another neighboring town, Normal. Charlie admitted later, after that bus ride, and my walking him over a couple square miles that he was slightly wrong. I met him at the station --- gee my first fan! He was short and dark and keen-eyed. I stared at him, disappointed, and he handed me his business card, with: "You must be Tucker?" I wonder how he knew?

We walked about town (he was a tireless, snappy walker ... is he yet?), looked at the sights, sat on the court-house railing and gossipped. That is, he gossipped and I listened, open-mouthed probably, to the delights of the big city and its numberless fans. I also recall picking up some "not for publication" scandal from him but I cannot remember now what it was. Then we went over to the theatre where I was working at the time and saw the show, on me. He afterwards said that he had already seen the picture, a Bette Davis dramma, but hesitated telling me then for fear of hurting my feelings. Hah! After a few hours he departed for Chicago, with promises to come back in the future. We have never met since.

My second fan visitor was William Dellenback of Chicago. Bill, as I remember now, was attending the University then, and also publishing with some other fans, Chicago's first fanzine, the "Fourteen Leaflet". It created a bit of a flurry because it was sewed together instead of stapled, and seemed to fit into the staple war then raging. We too had corresponded a good deal; and then one Sunday in 1935 (date unknown) Bill dropped in for a half-hour chat. His folks had been joyriding about the state and he managed to route them thru Bloomington. I recall nothing of our visit, mostly, I believe, because I was working at the time he called and the theatre manager had been very nasty about letting him into the projection booth. We were both embarrassed about it. He soon left, and we never met again.

My third visitor came in 1937. Who he was I do not know to this day. Only the fact that he carried a copy of the Weinbaum Memorial volume and some other stuff books under his arm made me believe he was a fan at all. He seemed familiar with the magazines, and the letter sections in them. I think he claimed to live in Evanston, Illinois. He was about Paul Freehafer's build, dark hair and glasses, and had difficulty in talking. Very seedy in appearance, he said he was hitch-hiking from his home in Evanston to St. Louis to visit relatives, and thence was going coastward. He "heard of a fan named Ackerman out there."

After putting the finger on me for a touch, and leaving with me the Weinbaum Memorial volume as "security" he departed, never to be seen around these diggings since. However, a few months after he left he wrote me from Evanston demanding "payment" for the book! He named a price, so after a letter or two in exchange, I paid the balance between the amount he touched me for and the amount he asked for the book . . . and I am still wondering who he is/was! (Next page.)

VISITATIONS TO BLOOMINGTON

by Bob Tucker.

Continued.

And then in 1938 metropolis and Big Fandom came to town. Was I thrilled? My dear, I was in stitches of agony! Sometime or somewhere in May 1938 there arrived Don Wollheim, John Blythe Michel, and Dick Wilson. I recall packing up the wife and child ((All 16 of them Bob?)) and hustling them out to the country for the "duration". Fandom appeared in a battered relic and took pride in the fact that the relic was carrying a license, the first two characters of which were "4Q ----". They seemed to think this quite funny.

They arrived one afternoon, stayed overnight, and departed the next afternoon. I believe they departed in low spirits or something because of an unconscious act of mine. I have a habit of only eating two meals a day when sleeping late, and we slept late the next morning. We had breakfast about ten a.m. ((Huh! Call that late?)) and they departed a little after noon. As I realize now, they left in obvious disappointment over my not offering lunch.

But meanwhile we consumed a lot of wine and good ozone in talking; they entertained me with positively "not for publication" items and songs ... these songs by the way, concerned science fiction people in New York. They helped run off the issue of Nova we were getting ready to stun fandom with, even did a page each themselves. Bloomington was but one stop in a long 'international' trip they were taking. (Oh, yes, I have met them since.)

From that time on they came in droves ... droves that is for a town this size and out of the way as it is. In 1939 Mark Reinsberg and Erle Korshak made their first trip down from Chicago. It was right after the New York Convention, Reinsberg had "won" the 1940 Convention for Chicago, and I had telephoned my help. Usually when they came we would drive out to my "country place" (the in-laws' farm) for a chicken dinner. They have been visiting me ever since, having made about eight trips in all since that first one. Once or twice they brought along a coupla other Chicago fans, but that calls for a new paragraph in itself.

On one trip they brought along George Tullis, a new Chicago fan. Tullis was quite a lad. I suspect he had a bit to drink before he arrived. Out in our back yard he ..uh....uh....uh.... so we took him in the house and put him to bed. He stayed there all afternoon until time came to depart for Chicago, still a sick lad. He is very unfortunate, or I am something out of UNKNOWN. ((Sure, a zombie)) On his second trip down he lost a bottle of medicine and a money order here. No, he hasn't returned since. ((Well, watinell didja expect after such treatment?))

The other Chicago fan was a chap named Finley. I don't know much about him as he didn't stay at our house, but went to some friends or relatives who live in town.

Walter Sullivan was next, in 1940. The outstanding thing I remember about Walt is his whiskers. I suspect he never shaves. After a summer in New York Walter was returning home. I believe he was to stay awhile in Oklahoma, and then on to Albuquerque for school. Walt's studies and avowed future profession is digging up the bones of gents. Whether or not said gents wish to have their bones dug up and exposed to the sun is a matter that bothers Walt not at all.

During his overnight stay he entertained us with tales of bonedigging episodes, and various treasures and otherwise he discovered in Indian and Mexican graves and mounds. Walt is in love with an Indian girl, he is moonstruck on the girl.

Elmer Perdue followed Sullivan in last year. Elmer was also en route home (Wyoming) after a season on the government payroll in Washington. Like Sullivan, the most noticable thing about him was his whiskers, while his enunciation mustn't be overlooked. Elmer has read much of James Branch Cabell, especially "Jurgen," and Elmer, we suspect, patterns his life after that of Jurgen. ((Wow! What a life, Bob!)) ((Continued on next page.)) ((Los Angeles in 1942; Washington in 1943))

VISITATIONS TO BLOOMINGTON

Continued.

by Bob Tucker.

Hence the enunciation. However, we had some delightful book-chats; he, like myself, is not widely read, but we treasure what we have. Of all the fans who have visited here, and touched on the general topic of books, I believe he is the only one who has seen eye to eye with me on their appeal and wealth. At least none of his predecessors displayed such an interest in them and talked so much on mine in particular and all in general as Elmer Perdue.

And finally to wind up the year three members of the Literature, Science, and Hobbies Club from Decker, Indiana visited. They came one Sunday in December (1940), and we had a rollicking time with a model railroad outfit. In the party were Marvis Manning and his very perrty wife Faye, plus Maurice Paul (alias 'SleepY'). Paul, I now understand, is about to be inducted into the Army, and has already been preceded by Vincent Manning. At least, such are the rumors as I write this.

And so, I have met fandom ... a slice of it. Ain't fans the berries?!

HELL'S CORNER

This installment by Doc Lowndes.

I nominate for a corner in Hell all those various and sundry writers of epistles to editors who babble on the like of this: "Well, Mr. Editor, this issue was pretty good. Yes, out of nine stories, eight interested me." (Follows remarks about art-work and such and with a final admonition to keep up the good work). Or this: "Yugglethrub of Vombistown" rated a lavender star, while "We, the Glubatsch" was good for a turquoise star, and "Return of the Granistow" rated a purple star because I like deep purple." (Follows remark about anything in general.) Or finally this: "I liked 'Stinkweeds of Mercury' better than 'Mandrakes of Mongo' but not as much as 'O Joi Tsan, Mercurian Privateer'".

These unmentionable species of letter-writers are about the lowest form of animal life in the stf field. How the hell do they expect us to read their low-energy minds and figure out (as in the first example) which story they didn't care for, or (second example) how their color schemes run, or finally unravel tangles like the third example. Fanzine editors, too, are beplagued by such.

I hereby suggest that a Fan Vigilante Committee be formed to mail cholera germs to, or take some similar form of action against, this menace to all editors. Long, far too long, have we suffered. The worm turns!

CAN CUSP CAN CONS?

by Archer Cusp

"The tumult and the shouting dies,"
The Science-Fiction Fans depart.
Denvention's over ... how Time flies!
Soon enough Lacon will start.

Perhaps I'm un-convention minded
I like to con the Cons,
Fling bitter japes and sour grapes
Until we can the Cons!

(more Cusp on p 14)

CAB, AMACHOOR DETECTIVE.

Yeah, the versatile country squire of Harrington Park has turned defective. (Oops, "detective"!) Latest reports from the New Jersey ~~NY/NJ~~ Detective HQ are that the baffled New Jersey police have finally called upon CAB to solve a series of mysterious mysteries which have been baffling them.

And the strange thing about these mysteries is that they have been happening to CAB himself. Since CAB was too busy advising FDR on the foreign situation(s) he turned this matter over the NJ Police, only to discover that these worthies were too busy keeping Moskowitz and Hague apart to do anything but turn the case back to CAB.

Here, dear friend, is the story: Shortly after the Denvention we received an air-mail letter from Denver, postmarked as of July 10; a few days later we received another letter from Denver, by ordinary mail this time, but postmarked the same day. Both were the type of letter one might expect to receive from the inmate of a loony-bin after having been on a binge for some two or three weeks, drinking denatured alcohol laced with ether. Just the type of thing a fan at a convention might commit.

It would be a sheer waste of space to print them both, so we'll print the first one, which incidentally was the shorter and saner of the two. The other, which I'd much prefer printing, is too long, over a page elite.

This one was addressed to "Mr. Charles G. Beling, La Roach Avenue,"..... It purported to come from one "Albert E. Smythe of 1329 Lafayette, Denver, Colorado." Frankly, we were suspicious of that "Smythe."

The letter follows; and after the letter, our deductions as to the 2 criminals:

Mr. Charles G. Beling
Editor: The Fan-Atic Magazine
HarringtonPark, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Beling:

I have read various reviews of your fine publication in many other outstanding fan publications. I have always been meaning to send in my subscription to your wonderful magazine, but unfortunately I have fifteen children and have been out of a job until quite recently and as you can readily see have not had the cash to go around subscribing to fan magazines even as outstanding as Fan-Atic Digest which I have seen advertised in various other fan publications and have seen reviewed in various fan publications which have given you quite enthusiastic reviews of your fine outstanding magazine. However, lately I have been getting quite a large salary for a science fiction fan and have been seriously thinking of publishing a fan publication of my very own. It will be entitled "Fantascientifiction Digest" or perhaps "Scientifictional Romances". The thought has entered my mind (heh, heh, heh) that you might be willing to exchange with me although I fully realize that my magazine will never equal yours in quality or quantity. Please write me ari mail special delivery as to whether you will accept my proposition or not.

Very Scientifictionallyfantasti-
comically Yours,

Albert E. Smythe

There were several post-scripts, all in the same vein, added to it. Exerting our deductive powers we reached the following conclusions: 1. both gag letters were done on Martin's machine, we compared with a missive from lew; & 2. by a comparison of the handwritings involved with those on a group card from Denver we came to the conclusion that Bronson did the above one, and Martin the other. "J'accuse!"

FANZINE REVIEW

by Yehudi.

- WAVELENGTH** - Dime, quarterly. The second issue is a very great improvement over the first, but still needs much improvement. Art-work is terrible. So is the format. Some of the material is excellent, stuff by Pohl and de la Ree falls into that class as do some other pieces. Letter section is the worst in fandom. All-in-all; not too good now, but has chances of going places if the present rate of improvement is kept up. H. A. Ackermann. 5200 Maple Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.
- BONFIRE** - Bi-monthly and free to all members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (NFFF to you). Beautifully hektoed and mimeoed by Harry Warner, Jr. Material and dummyming by Art Widner, Jr. Contains Constitution of the NFFF, ballot, sample Quiz for prospective members, letters, explanations by Widner and Knight, etc. A.W.Jr. Box 122, Bryantville, Mass.
- STARLIGHT** - 15¢, quarterly. The first (and probably last) issue is one of the (if not the) best fanzines ever to appear. It would be cheap at 25¢. Three color mimeoing, best paper procurable, 56 pages, and excellent material all combine to make it super-super. (Mimeoing is superb, by the way) I don't know whether or not there are any copies left, but if there are it would be sheerest idiocy not to get one. There was only one thing, out of all those pages of excellent material, that wasn't any good at all. Joe Fortier. 1836 39th Ave, Oakland, California.
- FANTASEER** - Dime, monthly. Neither outstandingly good or outstandingly bad. The material ranges from excellent to lousy, as does the hektoing. Bronson does an excellent job on the cover. STRANGE NIGHT by 'Mariet Martin' walks away with the prize for lousiness, while SPEER'S SCRIBBLINGS are excellent, though I don't agree on all his points. There is a mix-up with some of Ackerman's VOM ad-paper that is disconcerting to a small extent. W. H. Groveman. 38 Maryland Avenue, Hempstead, N. Y.
- SCORPIO** - Dime, tri-yearly. Well mimeoed. We don't quite know how in the devil they did their cover; it's a very well done picture. The lines are formed of green dust or powder, wears off in time. Nice green paper for the interior, with heavier black paper for the cover. The material is quite good for a first issue. Especially, DR. XANDER'S COTTAGE by M. D. Brown. If SCORPIO never falls below the level of this first issue it will never drop out of the top 10 or 15 mags. Don't miss this fans. Arthur L. Joquel, II. 1426 W. 38th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- SNIDE** - Dime, comes out once-in-a-while. Two very excellent silk-screened covers; in red, silver, and dark blue on a light blue paper. The interior is fairly well hektographed. The material is funny. That's all I need to say about, but I will say more. The stuff doesn't tryto be funny. It is funny, very funny. And the idiots who edit actually pay rates for material that they print! 1/25 ¢ per word, which totals up. SNIDE, "The Thud and Blunder Mag" is not to be missed by anybody in their wrong mind. Damon Knight. 803 Columbia St., Hood River, Oregon.

And that is all that I review for this month dear friend. There were several others that I wanted to review, but space was limited. For those who missed the announcement last issue, I only review fanzines which have not been reviewed in F TC before. Thus many excellent and well-known ones won't be mentioned here at all, now.

THE SCIENTIFUN WAY TO ESPERANTO
Class conducted by Fojak.

Leciono Numero Du

Lesson #2

Saluton, studentoj! Which is the Universalanguage way to say "Greetings, students!" What's that U say? O, U think U've caught the editor making a typographical error? U learned last time that pluraloj always ends in "j", so shouldn't "Greetings" be "Salutojn"? Rite U are! But while it is the American Way to be lavish with our greetings, congratulations, etc.; in international usage (& Esperanto is for world-wide communication, U must remember) it is standard to give only one greeting at a time; extend a congratulation. So, tho U may translate it in English as congratulations, in Esperanto it is singular: gratulon.

U have noticed "saluton" & "gratulon" ending in n. This is the sign of the accusative case. In other words, when U simply say congratulations or greetings, the phrase "I wish U" or "I give U" is implied. In the sentence "I give (to) U (a) greeting", greeting is in the accusative case. This is indicated by an n at the end of the noun. Adjectives agreeing with nouns, a sincere greeting would be sinceran saluton.

Let's see; the foregoing all came about because U thought U'd caught a typographical error. Well, yed did make one in my first column which should be corrected tuj! (That's a lil word meaning immediately.) The word for conventions (of the annual stuff sort) is KUNVENOJ. Would be well to turn to pg 10 of last ish & change that convenuoj. And since I've turned to pg 10 myself, I see I promised U I'd teach U how to count. All x; get out your fingroj (fingers) & let's go! Unu...du...tri...kvar... kvin... ses...sep...ok...naŭ...dek. Those numbers should look fairly familiar. We see them in only slightly altered form in Unit...duet...triangle...kvartet...kvintuplets... sestet...september...oktober...naŭvember...dekember. For 11, 12, 13, etc, U just do a little addition. Dek unu (ten plus one), is eleven; dek du, twelve; dek tri, thirteen. When U hit the Roaring Twentys, U multiply. Then it's dudek (2 times 10); tridek, thirty; kvardek, forty; kvindek, fifty; ktp (etc). 77? Sepdek sep. 99? Naŭdek naŭ. When we hit 100, it's cent. Allsame centennial. 1000 is mil; millenium. Millieno k billiono. (A couple of other errors just noted in CAB's copying of my last column: Interplanada should be interplaneda; mirikla, mirakla.)

Now, to make lil ones & BIG ones... "Et" is the suffix of the diminutive. In English we have kitchen, kitchenette; dining-room; dinette; so in Esperanto, stelo (star), steleto (small star); monstro (monster), monstreto (minor monster); bona (good), boneta (fair). To make a thing BIG, add an "eg" to it! Thusly: Planedego, a giant planet; miraklega, supermiraculous; bonega, xlnt.

Here are koloroj; see how many U can identify: Purpura, viola, blua, verda, flava, orangkolora, ruĝa, blanka, nigra, bruna. Flava is the only one I'm going to excuse U for not guessing; it's yellow! Quick now--how would U say pink? Rite: ruĝeta.

Doktoro Keller's "Feminine Metamorphosis" told of a man's becoming a woman. This is accomplished easily in Esperanto. U all're familiar with chorines, actorines, etc (figuratively speaking, that is; or am I getting into hotter akvo?). Anyhoo, taking the "in" out of "chorine" U see what I mean about suffixing it: Viro (man) becomes virino (woman); frato (brother), fratino (sister); ktp. -- Gis la revido!

#####

If the word "expired" appears to the left, then an excellent guess would be that that's just what your subscription has done, buddy. We won't have a single objection if you want to renew it. FAN-ATIC is 5¢ or 6 for a quarter. Either coin, check (made out to Charles Beling), money order, or 1½ & 3 cent stamps will be taken willingly.

If there is a check to the left, then this is a sample copy. It would be very polite if we received a letter from you enclosing a subscription; very polite. The rates are just above this, friend. See them?

"AS THE WIND LISTETH....."
by D. B. Thompson.

Just before midnight, Tuesday, July 8, I arrived home from the Denvention, via The Zephyr. Just twenty-four hours later, Widner and party arrived at 2302 You. And eight hours later, while six assorted fans were eating breakfast, the following arrived in a letter from Beling (quote) I'd like your column by this coming Saturday or next Monday.....Hope that you don't make all of the column about the Convention... unquote. Just what does he think I'm going to write about on such short notice? ((Oh, now, Don. You should have been gathering ideas for the last four months. eds))

For me, the highlight of the Convention itself was Heinlein's exceptionally lucid and absorbing speech, with E. E. Evans' excellent talk a close second. Least enjoyed was the banquet, for the very good reason that a digestive disturbance, which dogged me throughout my stay in Denver, prevented me from attending. But I'm not to write about the Convention--so I'm going to stick to events of the days immediately preceding and following the Convention proper. ((Who said you weren't to write bout the Convention proper? All we said was not to make all of the column about the Convention. Sorry you misunderstood. eds))

The trip out was great. A woman professor of English from the University of Nebraska transported me and two other passengers from Lincoln to Denver--500 miles, more or less a little--in nine hours, including two stops for meals. Twice, we ran into miniature cloudbursts, and had to slow down to forty miles per hour, but most of the time, we traveled right along.

The feature of that first evening in Denver was a visit to Wiggins' diggin's. Lew Martin, Rusty Barron, Allen Class, Lang, and Al McKeel were there most of the evening. Martin displayed remarkable skill in acquiring the Queen of Spades in a game of Hearts.

The next morning, Lang, Wiggins, and I met Galactic Roamers Millard, Counts, and 3E (E. E. Evans) at Union Station. Martin, Barron, and McKeel arrived too -- fifteen minutes after we left. McKeel had a good alibi--he had driven for twenty-two hours straight, to get to Denver Tuesday morning. The rest of the day, a pre-convention held the stage in the Michifans' suite. I had lime rickey, straight. Lew also had lime rickey, strongly diluted. The Roamers came prepared to talk up E. E. Smith's new novel, but had all they could do to parry leading questions as to plot, setting, characters, etc.

Thursday morning, 4e conducted Gene Miles and me to Heinlein's room, for a two-hour gabfest with the honor guests. Walt Daugherty and Eleanor popped in with the recorder, an infernal machine which kept Heinlein in a sweat throughout the rest of the week. For the first time, I heard myself as others hear me, and discovered that I speak typical Mid-Western, as I suspected.

Naturally, the chief topic of discussion was Heinlein's stories, but many other things were discussed too. I went into Heinlein's room with a high regard for him as a writer. I came out with an even higher regard for him as a Human Being. In both respects, he is ably assisted by Mrs. Heinlein, long time resident of -- quote -- "Hollywood! A little town, where, until ten years ago, you couldn't even buy an ice-cream soda after ten o'clock at night" -- unquote.

I left Denver Tuesday afternoon, but the Denvention wasn't yet over for me, for 3E walked into the same car of the streamliner, ten minutes after I entered, and took a seat across the aisle. 3E, besides being the oldest fan at the Denvention, was, in all probability, the most enthusiastic. Anyone who was at the Denvention will understand with what regret I left the train at Lincoln.

The unscheduled LINCOLN started at 11:30 P. M., July 7, when Art Widner phoned me from a service garage, to the effect that the Skylark of Foo Foo ((?)) was in drydock. Half an hour later, Art, Rothman, Unger, Barron, and Madle trekked up 23d St. from "R" St., after vainly attempting to follow U St. from 14th to 23d. U St. is definitely an intermittant thoroughfare.

(Continued on next page.)

"AS THE WIND LISTETH....."

Continued.

by D. B. Thompson.

The Weatherman gave the Easterners a warm welcome to Lincoln, and a warmer send-off -- the temperature was 77 at 1:30 A. M. Wednesday, and 89 at 10:30, when they left. Four hours later, the mercury went to 100 for the first time this year. They won't believe this, but at 7:30 Thursday morning, the temperature read just 63, and at 10:30, it was 69 -- just 20 degrees cooler than at the same hour the day they left.

There seem to be as many opinions as to just how the NFFF ((National Fantasy Fan Federation)) should be constituted and function, as there are fans with opinions -- which means all fans. That is as it should be. Fans are typically individualistic, with strong opinions on almost all matters, and a pronounced willingness to express those opinions. Luckily, we live in a Democracy, where such expression is relatively unhampered.

Two extremes of opinion have appeared with respect to qualifications for membership in the NFFF. Widner has expressed the idea that membership should be limited to definitely active active fans, with a record of previous participation in fan affairs being a prerequisite to membership. This opinion has much to recommend it. The NFFF is primarily for FANS, not just readers of science and fantasy fiction. A small, highly active body, such as Art proposes, can accomplish a great deal, provided a sufficient number of them can agree on what should be done. Whether such agreement can be obtained remains to be seen.

The opposite opinion has been expressed by Daugherty and others. Daugherty said at the Denvention, in effect, although not in just these words, "Everyone who has ever so much as looked at the lurid cover of the trashiest promag is entitled to a place in any organization of fans." There is much in favor of this view also. In the first place, the larger the group with related interests, the more it can accomplish. A large group is possible only if the requirements for membership are low. The chief objection to such a plan is, of course, that such an organization tends to become overburdened with dead-wood. It is apt to become, in time, nothing more than a passive club, with no other aim than to grow.

I should like to suggest a compromise, subject, of course, to as much modification as is necessary. I propose that there be two types of memberships. For the established fan, an inner circle, with high entrance requirements, and high standards of continuous activity. For the newcomer, an outer, and larger group, with low requirements and low dues. For this latter group, some activity would be required, other than paying dues, if membership is to be maintained, and all such members should not only be urged to contribute to fan activity, but also, given the opportunity to do so, through the pages of existing fanzines, or projects such as Rothman's synthesized "History of the Future," now tentatively adopted by the Frontier Society. In this way, the more active group can grow, without much danger of becoming simply a list of names.

As all of you know by now, it's Los Angeles in '42. I don't know Daugherty's address, but if your dues are sent to Ackerman, at Box 6475, Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles, California, you can't miss. If Ye Ed has more specific information, you will no doubt find it elsewhere in the mag. Shangri-LA in Fairty-Twa'! (Turrible, ain't it?) S'long!

The editors of FAN-ATIC do not necessarily agree with any opinions stated in any of the material presented in FAN-ATIC, unless in signed editorials. Nor do they accept responsibility for any slanders, libel, presented herein unless in signed editorials, or in announcements or statements or fillers such as may be found at the bottom of most pages (such as this one, or the one on Page 9). - The editors.

INTERFERENCE
by Doc Lowndes

This is more or less of a commentary upon an article read recently in FMZ, reprinted from SCIENCE FICTION FAN (and condensed in the process). Since I haven't received that copy of the FAN referred to, as yet, we'll have to assume that the job of condensation was competent. That is, that the condenser didn't cut out any matter denying, contradicting, or disproving statements retained.

"Entropy," says Conway, "is a process based upon the second law of thermodynamics and operates through the gradual dissipation of heat and energy throughout the universe to a common level of low temperature heat. The popular conception of the end of this entropy process is amply delineated in sf stories such as Schachner's 'Entropy,' Kaletsky's 'End of the Universe,' and on a more elaborate, detailed, and sensitive scale, in Stapledon's 'Star Maker'."

He then goes on to state that the dynamic concept of the universe (in fact, of the entire sum of infinity) antequates such static concepts of which the entropy theory is a child, replacing them with a developing theory "which arises from, and influences the, forces replaced by the ever conflicting, ever changing phases of the Cosmos."

Just how does this dynamic concept operate? Does it discard as obsolete all theories, concepts, etc. up to its time? Obviously not; the table of scientific discovery cannot, at will, be cleared in one fell swoop while the leaders of a new concept say to each other: "It is to be assumed we know nothing except this, our fundamental concept: the all that is constantly in a state of flux, the new arising even as the old relapses and wanes away, the new arising, in a limited sense, out of the old." No, this clearly cannot be done.

Nor does the dynamic concept discard laws of matter, energy, motion, light, heat, etc. from which the laws of thermodynamics arise. It examines carefully. But, if a principle is correct today; if, for example, the entropy principle seems to be working now, the dynamic concept does not assume that it will be grinding away, unchanged, to the end of time. Nor, contrariwise, does it automatically assume that it was always in effect.

The old (we call it old, yet current should be the term, perhaps; for it still holds sway), static, concept saw laws of the universe, of matter, energy, light, etc. as eternal verities. Fixed, immutable. While, under the old concepts, theories might be discarded as research brought up new facts pointing to a new underlying theory, the thought still remained that, whatever the fundamental law behind a thing was, this concept was fixed forever and ever. Permanent. Absolute.

Dynamism postulated nothing of the sort. Let us take the matter of entropy. Assume that all facts and evidence indicate entropy to be and to operate as indicated above, dynamism does not assume that it will always operate in the same fashion, or that nothing can alter the process. Dynamism always considers the question of interference, because of the one factor which the static theoreticians seemed to overlook: the matter of life.

For life is the interference factor in our universe, and, possibly in any universe. Without life, then indeed would all things move in accord to immemorial principles from everlasting to everlasting. Nothing would go out of order, nothing would interfere.

But life, as exemplified by homo sapiens in our universe at the present time, queers this entire game. Homo sapiens has already modified a number of "immutable" laws, and homo sap is barely out of the pre dawn period. Let us take that venerable law which states that an object will fall toward the earth (up to a certain distance from the earth) at a definite rate of acceleration. Homo sap has already added amendments on to that. The law still reads as before but "unless modified by parachutes, gliders, airplanes, balloons, etc. has been tacked on. And the sf reader can further amend by saying "gravital counteragents". (Next page.)

JOIN THE NFFF

INTERFERENCE
by Doc Lowndes

Continued.

Homo sap is still too busy trying to solve the problem of how, as a mass, to solve the physical problems of food, clothing, shelter, etc. for all to give real challenge to the universe's "eternal verities" as yet. So most of them are still static. But, eventually, homo sap will rear up and apply scientific knowledge to his economic problems on a planet-wide, rather than a local, scale; and before the universe knows it, he won't be an animal any more; he'll be a first class interference factor with unlimited firing power.

Edmond Hamilton once wrote a story about a living galaxy. It seemed that the reason for the seeming expansion of the universe is that all the galaxies are fleeing for their skins from this one. This one is poison, it's diseased with life. A rather cute idea. But, if the galaxies are conscious and capable of self motivation, they'd better start running now because when homo sapiens finishes with this one, he'll start monkeying around with them, too.

And, from the viewpoint of infinity, it won't be any time at all before that cosmic interference starts.

=====

2 LITTLE JINGLES BY ARCHER CUSP:

I'd rather have science than fiction
I'd rather have plots than have diction
And I'll be a fan as long as I can,
And that's till I'm caught by conscription!

I never saw a human Zombie -
Don't even want to think one -
But the other kind of Zombie,
I'd like just once to drink one!

=====

A DISSERTATION UPON THE PRONUNCIATION OF 'BELING'.

This little piece serves two purposes. The first, and most important, is to fill a blank space; the second is to correct the mis-pronunciation of most fans, and to save us from the trouble of explaining to everybody we correspond with how to make themselves understood.

We are very touchy about the pronunciation and spelling of Beling. See?

Several fans had their own ideas on pronunciation, and spelling too. Take Tom Wright, for example. He was pronouncing and spelling it 'Belling'. Well, he spent the next six months in a hospital recovering. Another sad example was D. B. Thompson. We were more lenient with him, since his offence wasn't nearly as bad; he was only given ten lashes. And J. Michael Rosenblum; well, we'll have to wait till the war is over to get him. We can afford to wait, Mike.

'Beling' is pronounced to rhyme with 'keel' or 'seal', as if it were spelled 'Bealing'. There's no excuse now for mis-pronunciation now; so profit by the sad and dreadful examples of Wright and Thompson, or DIE!

"AS I'M A SINNER!"

by Archer Cusp

I often vow I will be good,
 And make INDUSTRIOUSNESS my motta,
 But still don't read the books I should
 Nor con my lessons as I otta.

Temptations press me round about
 And find me feek and weeble;
 I read my valued eyesight out
 On mags for Kwazy Peeble.

Oh, Shakespeare, groan, and Homer weep
 Tears to your long white beard
 UNKNOWN is out on all the stands!
 ASTOUNDING! COSMIC!! WEIRD!!!

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advertisement

advertisement

D A M ' Y A N K E E ---

----- is not one word! And we'all can prove it!

Or at any rate, that's what the SOUTHERN STAR and the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION are devoted to — uniting the South into an active front capable of co-operating and furthering Northern Fandom as well as its own. The STAR, you know, is the organ of the DFF — as well as a member of the "Dixie Press", fandom's fastest growing press association — and the biggest bargain in the fanzine line as well. If we weren't so stinking modest, we'd tell you that not only does it give you forty pages for a dime, but the finest line-up of material and features in any fanzine; four color mimeoing; lithographed interiors and covers; the longest letter section in fandom; a New York news department; a swap column; and, oh, oodles of junk like that. But we're too modest, so we won't even tell you that we have America's number one column, Fred W. Fischer's "From the Starport"; Panurge's sensational series on the Munsey fantasies, "The Munsey Panorama"; Bob Tucker's hilarious column, "Mumblings"; and a department featuring analyses of fan handwriting. Naturally, we won't be brash enough to even mention that the third issue has a mimicrayoned cover by Phil Schumann; a grimly, timely, and fascinating article by George Fenton and Fred Fischer, "Life Everlasting"; Jack Speer's humorous MUTANT article, "The Preposterous Prophesying of Tim P. O' Nautisshan"; more humor by Klingbiel; and — uh, uhm, — more humor by Klingbiel.

Be a jolly good ghoul and send in your two bits for three to:

s
e n
n o t
d w o :

JOSEPH GILBERT
 Editor, Southern Star, UFM, Sound Off!
 Secretary, Dixie Fantasy Federation
 1100 Bryan St. Columbia, So. Car.

Think of how many million people will follow a similar procedure somewhere — and there's one born every minute, you know!

((As we stencil this ad we haven't yet seen the third STAR, but if it is as good as the first two (and it sounds even better) you would be a sucker not to get it as q uickly as you can do so.)) ((And, Joe; "damnyankee" is only one word; it would be silly to waste more than one word on these damnyankees up here; they ain't wuth it, the varmints!)) ((Anyhow, don't forget to get the SOUTHERN STAR right now))

JOIN THE NFFF

COMPLIMENTS AND OTHERWISE by You

This is where you suckers who bought or traded this lousy fanzine tell us editors (Beling and Yehudi) how good it is and how badly it stinks. All comments are extremely welcome, compliments even more so. So write in now. Yes, all of you.

Pogo ((Mary C. Gray)). 3967 1/2 Brunswick, Los Angeles, California.

Dear Charles,

FAN-ATIC arrived, and thanks ever so much. Absolutely the best five cent pub I've ever seen. For a change I liked the four color ((paper)) arrangement which adds variety if nothing else. The quiz by Tiger and Feldman will come in handy for persons like myself who aren't really up on the vital statistics of STF. ((We too))

Personally, I'm rather tired of this Yehudi and Yagvi business and think it's being carried just a bit too far. I assure you that Yagvi isn't a louse. He's just a dope. ((We've toned it down a lot this issue, hope you like it better))

"A s the Wind Listeth..." was very interesting, and if I were rating I'd give him a 9.99.

Acky's Esperanto article was okay, only I didn't read it. I don't like the idea of mixing business with play, nor science fiction with my Esperanto.

The short bit on "Magic" was read with interest and I'd like to see an addition made to the article. ((We'll ask Miller))

Tucker is always swell and I like his reviews much better than Ackerman's.

"Hell's Corner" is a good idea and should prove interesting. We all have pet hates and perhaps the method you have taken for airing them will help straighten matters a lot. ((We've asked Pogo to do the next HC, but have no answer as yet))

Sir Archer Cusp deserves 10 plus. And as usual I rave about Gilbert. He's my candidate for the best fan writer there is at the present time...and from the looks of things he'll keep improving.

I have but three complaints. (1) I don't think it's necessary to put "Vol 1, No 3" at the top of every page. Just once in the mag is enough. (2) I don't like even edges! I guess my pet hate is all the foolishness some people go to trying to make a neat looking page when all they really do is make a person feel like they have a new kind of eye trouble, seeing all these blank spaces. It's uneven edges for me. ((The even edges last issue, as stated in the editorial, were for only one issue. It was an experiment mostly.)) (3) I don't like the way the articles have been cut up and "continued on last page".

Which just about covers this issue of FAN-ATIC. Thanks again for sending it. And, don't publish this letter in the readers' department...I'm allergic to such things. ((Don't worry, readers. We asked her permission to print it.))

Robert W. Lowndes, 142 W. 103rd St., New York City.

Dear CAB:

The 3rd FAN-ATIC struck me as being very good. Particularly did I enjoy the Quiz, DBThompson's column, and Fojak's Esperanto course. Glad to see you are keeping the Reader's column within reasonable limits. Not that I dislike reader's columns -- after all, I think "Station X" is just wonderful; or don't you think so? -- but some fanzine editors let it run away with them. ((We're awfully sorry, Doc, but our finances don't let us explore the mysteries of "Station X". UNKNOWN is the only mag we buy, and that leaves us broke.))

((COMPLIMENTS AND OTHERWISE is continued on the next page. - eds.))

JOIN THE NFPT

COMPLIMENTS AND OTHERWISE.
by You

Continued.

D. B. Thompson. 213 Lakeview, Pineville, Louisiana.

Hiya Cabbie:

I'm not writing any specific comments on the last issue of FAN-ATIC such as may be used in the letter section, simply because I haven't time. ((That's what you think, Don!)) But four items merit specific mention, anyway -- Tucker's piece, the material of which interests me not at all, but the style of which intrigues me greatly, as is usually the case with Pong's stuff; the straight shooting by Archer Cusp; Ackerman's entertaining and enlightening Esperanto Lesson; and Warner's HELL'S CORNER contribution. Oh, yes, one more; the Quiz. I made no attempt to answer, again because of lack of time; but as a source of information, it is tops.

You aren't expected to compete with ten cent mags. Right now, FTC is superior to most of the 5 centers, and comparable to almost all of them. Also, it definitely beats several dime mags I know of, both in size and interest. Approximately 16 pages is a good size for a nickel mag. ((Fanny will probably be this size regularly.))

I suggest that you plug Cunningham's British SF Aid Society in the forthcoming issue. For general information on it, see the letter section in the current AMAZING. Of course, the information there applies to all mags, not just Palmer's. Unger or one of the Futurians can give you further information on it, if needed; it was unanimously approved at the Denvention. ((We lack information on it, so can't plug it))

Joseph Gilbert. 1100 Bryan St., Columbia, South Carolina.

Dear Charlie,

FAN-ATIC arrived this morning, and I'm taking time out from stencilling the STAR ((p 14)) to congratulate you heartily on a swell job. Excellent mimeoing, excellent material, and several very intriguing features, all for a nickel. Wonderful.

It's really disgusting the way these new magazines are improving each issue. ((The SOUTHERN STAR for instance)) Another coupla months, and Jenkins and I will have to discard the "To Complete Your Files", and "Good Enuf" sections of "Hams and Pros" in FANTASITE, and use the "Must" classification exclusively.

Really, old boy, you did a darned swell job on this number. I enjoyed it a lot. Tops were Tucker, Tiger & Feldman, and Thompson. Old motion pictures, and obscure films are my absorbing passion. I started out to be a projectionist, but got stuck; so, as usual, it's all explained by a childhood frustration. Or, if it isn't, I don't want to hear what it is explained by. Boy, some of those Freudian psychologists can really go to town on a thing like that!

The Quiz was, to me, especially interesting, because it revealed several pseudonyms I had not previously known. But in the second classification Speer is listed as an 'author'. I never knew Juffus had sold stuff professionally. If he hasn't, tho, he could if he tried. That lad can really write. ((When the Quiz was written, quite a while ago, Tucker wasn't a 'pro' either, as listed in Question 3.))

And Asimov is not the youngest writer, if, as someone claimed recently, Kornbluth is only 17. Something hard to believe, and I don't know how true it is. (("))

Ackerman I didn't finish. Not his fault, I just can't stand to read about grammar, any kind of grammar. ((We too)) Thompson I liked very much; a most interesting column that should be lengthened. "Magic" was dull, obvious stuff; and HELL'S CORNER is a nice idea, to which I may contribute eventually. ((Send it in now)) The Ultimate made me sick at my stomach when I read it. Such tripe! ((See Pogo's letter))

Who is Cusp? He appeared in NEPENTHE, and is either Singleton or Widner, probably the latter. I second heartily, incidentally, everything Thompson said about the latter individual in his column. ((See editorial for information about Cusp.)) (((We want letters from many more people than last time, we only received 5.)))

