

BANSHEE.....

# BANSHEE

## Contents for June 1944

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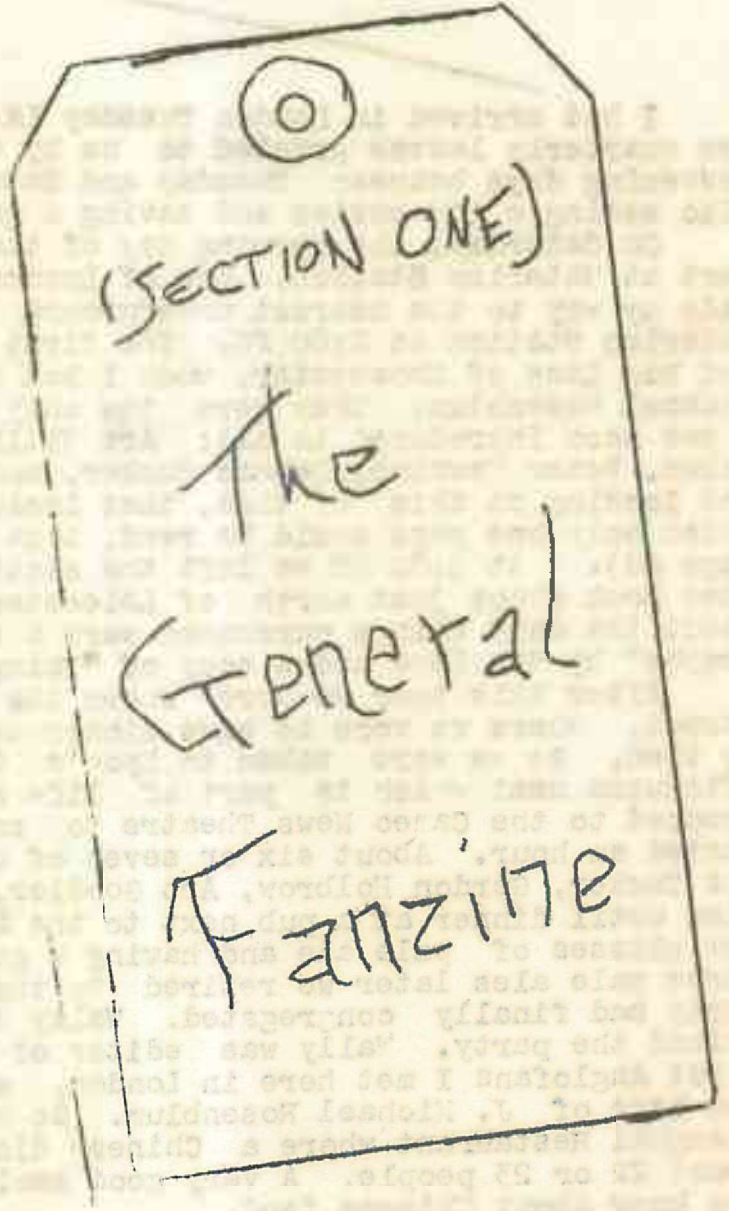
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Symbolic Banshee cover drawn and stenciled by Frank Wilimczyk, Jr.  
Headings and decorations by Leonard Marlow and Larry Shaw

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(SECTION ONE)

The  
General  
Fanzine

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BANSHEE.....

# a Jap to the

Place: London and Teddington  
Time: E A S T E R, 1944

I had arrived in London Tuesday PM, April 4, 1944, using one of the quarterly leaves granted to us by the powers that be. I spent intervening days between Tuesday and Saturday touring bookstores, etc, also seeing a few movies and having a general good time.

On Saturday, the opening day of the Eastercon, we were supposed to meet at Waterloo Station, one of London's many railroad stations. I made my way to the nearest underground (subway) station and arrived at Waterloo Station at 2:00 PM. The first persons I met were George Ellis and Ron Lane of Manchester, whom I had met previously at the home of J. Michael Rosenblum. They were the only two present that I knew, but I was soon introduced to all: Art Williams, E. Frank Parker, Dr. J. K. Aiken, Peter Hawkins, Dennis Tucker, and many more. We stood talking and looking at this 'n' that, that including the Convention Booklet (of which only one page could be read, that one being the Galactic Roamers' page ad). At 3:00 PM we left the station, on foot, for the line of used book shops just north of Leicester Square on Charing Cross Road. About the only things purchased were a few copies of "Practical Photography" by Ron Lane and a copy of "Things to Come" by Bruce Taffron.

After this tour we were shown the Shanghai Restaurant on Greek Street, where we were to have dinner about 7:00 PM. It was about 4:00 by then, so we were taken to Lyon's Corner House for tea, the mid-afternoon meal which is part of life here in England. After tea we trooped to the Cameo News Theatre to see some Disney shorts. The show lasted an hour. About six or seven of us—Art Williams, Ron Lane, Dennis Tucker, Gordon Holbrow, Art Goodier, etc—spent the rest of the time until dinner at a pub next to the Shanghai Restaurant, drinking a few glasses of pale ale and having a good gabfest. About an hour and three pale ales later we retired to the sidewalk where the rest of the party had finally congregated. Wally Gillings and his wife had also joined the party. Wally was editor of TALES OF WONDER and one of the first Anglofans I met here in London, at the time of my first visit to the home of J. Michael Rosenblum. So we proceeded up the stairs of Shanghai Restaurant where a Chinese dinner was served to us, us being about 22 or 23 people. A very good meal, too—I'll leave it up to you who know about Chinese food.

One of the last things we did before the day's activity came to an end was to sign Convention booklets, also a stencil which Peter Hawkins (I believe) started around the dinner table. The day's activity ended

# EASTERCON



about 9:45 PM (DBST). Things close early over here, you know. The next day the convention was to continue at Teddington, a suburb of London about 35 minute's ride by electric train from Waterloo Station.

Sunday, April 9, 1944

I was up by 8:00 AM, had breakfast by 8:45, and was at Waterloo Station by 9:35. The train was due to leave at 10:22 AM. Finally one of the party showed up about 9:55. Then about 10:20 Wally Gillings arrived under full steam. We climbed aboard the train. Arriving in Teddington, which is southwest of London, about 10:50, we made our way to Shirelip Cafe, just a block from the railroad station.

In the door and up the stairs we went, to find most of the gang was there ahead of us. We gabbed for awhile on this and that, until finally some semblance of order was brought about. First on the program was the Brain Trust (something like Information Please). Those taking part were Dr. J. K. Aiken, Wally Gillings, and Peter Hawkins as the Brains and E. Frank Parker as the Chief Custodian of Questions. Just as the Brain Trust came to a close, the call to lunch was heard, so we traipsed to the lower floor for a meal. After the meal had been done away with and several cups of tea had been drunk by everyone, we sat and listened to a speech by Wally Gillings. It was listed in the program as a presidential address, but as to what he don't know. Wally's speech was about the future of Anglo-science and fantasy fiction, both from the professional and amateur (or fan) points of view. He was inclined to believe that the fans were producing some capable writers to help fill the professional mags after the war.

After the speech we returned upstairs where the convention continued with an auction. The auction consisted mainly of U. S. prozines, a few British reprint editions of Astounding, and some original illustrations by Turner. A good price was received for most of the items. A copy of Famous Fantastic Mysteries went for eight shillings (\$1.60 to you guys).

The auction carried on until interrupted by a call for tea at 5:00 PM. After tea the auction continued for awhile, finally ending in favor of some movies, both professional and homemade. After much fuss with the projector, etc, we spent a very enjoyable half hour looking at different films. One was named "The Loch Ness Monster."

So everything finally wound up at 8:30 PM. A social gathering, which was to include some elbow bending, was to continue at the King's Arms, but as I had a train to catch, I didn't go but returned to London and my abode.

Personally, I think the convention was a great success. It wasn't easy to put on such an event and still get away with it the way things are over here, especially food and transportation. But they did a good job and should be congratulated.

A word about those who didn't appear and were conspicuous by their absence: Cpl. Norman "Gus" Willmorth, J. Michael Rosenblum, Ted Carnell, Douglas Webster, etc, probably all due to their being otherwise employed.

But of those present at the Eastercon, all had a very enjoyable time. . . .

# the METAMORPHOSIS

of John Q. Spingtumper

A PENDANT TO  
"BEHIND THE EDITORIAL DOOR"

by PAUL H. SPENCER

John Q. Spingtumper was roused from troubled sleep by the nerve-rendering jangle of the bedside telephone. Wearily, only half-awake, the young man unhooked the receiver and carried it to his ear. "H'lo?" he murmured dully.

"Is this John Q. Spingtumper?"

"I guesso."

"This is J. Van Wyss Underheld, Editor-in-Chief of Star Publications, Inc. We have just purchased CRAZY STORIES, and in view of your long experience as a science fiction fan—even though, as they say, in the outer circle—we think we have a position for you. Managing Editor. What do you say?"

John was up on one elbow. "Repeat that, slowly."

"We have just purchased CRAZY STORIES, the leading science fiction magazine, and since you have contributed so many letters to it—letters couched, if I may say so, in such dulcet tones—that we were under the impression that you are quite interested in the magazine, and with a good deal of background on it. None of the boys around here will touch it—hrrrrrrrrmph! what am I saying? I mean, we picked you, my dear sir, to take the helm of our new venture. As Managing Editor."

John scratched his head. True, he'd been reading CRAZY STORIES for several years, and, true enough, he'd had many letters published in it (after the usual blue-pencilling omitting all the criticisms). But—gosh! Managing Editor!

"Aw," he said heavily, letting his eyes droop shut, "don't kid me."

"This is no joke, sir. We'll start you off very generously, too—say about thirty dollars per."

"Thirty a week?"

"Hah-hah! What a sense of humor! Thirty a month, of course. Ho-ho! And not only that, but there's a chance of a raise if the magazine goes over."

John pondered. If this thing was really on the level—gosh,



he'd been living off his folks long enough. In this post-war world, jobs, he had found, were not easy to secure. And science fiction held a deep fascination for him. Gee. . . .

"When do I start?"

"Good. Hey, Joe, he bit—whoops! forgot to put my hand over the mouthpiece. Hah-hah, Mr. Spingtumper, I must have my little joke! Ho-ho! Please be down at our offices by nine-o'-clock this morning, ready to begin work. Good-bye."

"Hey—"

The line was dead.

\* \* \*

After eating a tiny snack of breakfast, heart pounding furiously, stomach oddly hollow-feeling, John waved good-bye to the folks and took a street-car into the city. There he hunted up the offices of Star Publications. These were located in a rundown little four-story building perhaps 100 years old. There were no elevators, and John hoofed it to the fourth floor.

After a little confused wandering through snaky corridors, John came to a door whose frosted glass pane stated: STAR PUBLICATIONS, INC.; Quality Magazines. Under this were grouped several magazine-titles: GRIMY DETECTIVE, RED-HOT LOVE, SOMBRERO WESTERN, ALL-ADVENTURE WEEKLY, and (the paint still sticky, as John discovered) CRAZY STORIES. Taking a deep breath, John entered.

A little old lady was regarding him through dirty horn-rimmed spectacles. She was seated in a straight-backed chair behind a dusty desk with a little sign on it: Miss O'Gillikuddy. "Well?" she inquired testily in a cracked voice.

"My—my name is Spingtumper—" John found he could go no further. Excitement had the better of him.

"That's no fault of mine," Miss O'Gillikuddy remarked shrewdly, and broke into hoarse laughter.

"I—I was told to see Mr. Underheld about editing CRAZY STORIES."

The little old lady quieted down at that, and peered at him through her spectacles with a perturbed gleam that made him squirm. "Oh," she said, and was silent a moment. "CRAZY STORIES, eh? Oh, well, I suppose you need the job. Just walk right into his office. It's staring you right in the face."

So it was. John moved toward it, a little upset by Miss O'Gillikuddy's odd attitude. He tapped on the door, and, no reply forthcoming, tapped again.

"COME IN!" a tremendous voice roared, nearly bowling John over. "DON'T STAND AT ATTENTION! COME IN! THINK MY TIME'S WORTH NOTHING?"

John practically fell in.

Underheld was a big, paunchy man; he was standing before a dirty window, looking out with his back toward John. "YOU THE CRAZY MAN?" his voice thundered.

"Well," John considered. "In a way."

"Ah," the great man boomed. "I WISH A WORD WITH YOU BEFORE YOU TAKE OVER YOUR DUTIES. SIT DOWN!"

John looked around for a chair, found one, and sat down. When he looked up from this process, he found that Mr. Underheld had turned, and was regarding him with tiny, deeply-set eyes. His drooping lips twitched a little under his hooked nose.

"NOW, MY BOY," he said deafeningly. "FIRST OF ALL, WHAT SORT OF

POSITIONS HAVE YOU HELD PREVIOUSLY?"

"Well—"

"I THOUGHT SO. WELL, THIS WILL BE VALUABLE EXPERIENCE FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN. DO YOU KNOW THE FIRST LAW OF HOLDING A POSITION? I THOUGHT NOT. IT IS TO OBEY YOUR SUPERIORS. THAT'S A GREAT RULE, MY BOY—FOLLOW IT THROUGHOUT LIFE, AND THE WAY WILL BE MADE EASIER FOR YOU. OTHERWISE, AND PARTICULARLY IN THE EDITING BUSINESS, TROUBLE—SERIOUS TROUBLE—WILL BE YOUR LOT. OBEDIENCE IS YOUR SACRED DUTY TO THE BUSINESS AND TO YOURSELF."

He paused.

"Yes sir," John said, obediently. "Oh, yes sir."

"NOW," said Underheld, with something of approval in his tone. "HERE ARE YOUR DUTIES (ARE YOU TAKING NOTES ON THIS? WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?). FIRST, YOU MUST REJECT ALL STORIES WHICH ARE WELL WRITTEN. OUR READERS HAVE NO LITERARY TASTE. SECOND, YOU MUST REJECT ALL STORIES WHICH CONTAIN ANY SCIENCE SHUT UP. THIRD, YOU MUST REJECT ALL STORIES BY THE AUTHORS ON THIS LIST—NEVER MIND WHY. AND YOU MUST ACCEPT ALL STORIES BY ALL THE AUTHORS ON THIS OTHER LIST—NO, I WILL NOT EXPLAIN WHY. THEN YOU MUST WRITE BLURBS FOR ALL STORIES—THE LESS CONNECTION THEY HAVE WITH THE STORIES, THE BETTER. REMEMBER—CRAZY STORIES PUBLISHES ONLY GREAT STORIES, AND YOU MUST INDICATE AS MUCH IN THE BLURB TO EACH STORY. ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME?"

"Uh—" said John, doubtfully.

"GOOD. YOU WILL ARRANGE THE TABLE OF CONTENTS ON THE FOLLOWING PLAN: ALL STORIES WHICH RUN MORE THAN FIVE PRINTED PAGES ARE NOVELLETTES: ANYTHING OVER TEN PAGES IS A BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL. LET ME SEE—WHAT ELSE? OH, OF COURSE. YOU MUST WRITE THE LETTERS DEPARTMENT. WE DO USE SOME LETTERS ACTUALLY FROM READERS, BUT THEY MUST BE TOUCHED UP, YOU KNOW—DO YOU GET WHAT I MEAN?"

"Yes," said John, reminiscently.

"FINE. OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE THAT AS EDITOR YOUR MAIN DUTY IS TO WRITE ABOUT 90% OF THE FICTION CONTENT OF EACH ISSUE—"

"That?" John was on his feet, jaw hanging slack.

"PLEASE DO NOT INTERRUPT. I WAS SAYING THAT YOU OF COURSE WRITE MOST OF THE STORIES WE USE, SINCE VERY FEW WRITERS STOOP SO LOW—ER, KAFT-KAFT! FAH-FAH! THAT OLD SENSE OF HUMOR OF MINE, YOU KNOW! HO-HO! WELL, MR.—ER, AH—WELL, LET'S GET TO WORK, LET'S GET TO WORK! YOUR PRIVATE OFFICE IS IN THAT ROOM OVER THERE. IF YOU NEED ANY ASSISTANCE, JUST YEL, AND MISS O'GILLIKUDDY WILL COME AT ONCE. OH. ONE MORE THING. IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS WHO MIGHT ACCEPT A RATE SOMEWHAT LOWER THAN OUR REGULAR—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. AND NOW, STOP WASTING MY TIME AND GET TO WORK BEFORE I TAKE STEPS!"

John, overwhelmed, opened the door indicated and peered in. The room looked very much like a closet rigged out with an electric light, a chair, a waste-basket, and a small desk—evidently designed for tiny tots—on which stood a typewriter, with a blue pencil reposing impatiently beside it. John switched on the light and entered, softly closing the door behind him. He seated himself, trembling. It was really quite a morning, and the cumulative emotional shocks left him not quite master of himself—but why worry, with J. Van Wyss Underheld around?

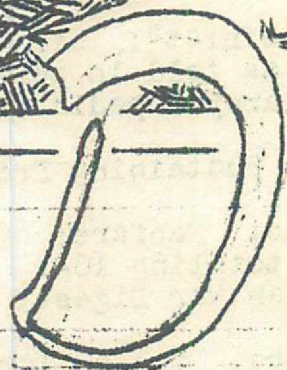
John picked up the blue pencil and turned it over and over in his fingers, thoughtfully.

"Gosh," he said, fervently, "it seems almost too good to be true."



OUTSIDE the realms of Heaven and  
of Hell,  
Who knows the place where fearsome  
monsters dwell?  
Who knows what lurks deep in a  
hidden lair,  
Or sees the weary shadows flitting  
there?  
They wait, those shadows, deep in  
their abodes,  
Well hidden from the cities and  
the roads;  
Spurned by the science of  
humanity,  
They flicker through the nightmare  
cosmic sea.  
They mutter, deep in Space-Time's  
grisly wolds,  
Beyond the barriers of infinity.

One night I saw the veil between  
the worlds  
Grow thinner, and discerned the  
smoky swirls—  
An image of a Creature, blackness  
lit,  
A Shadow from the darkness of the  
pit!  
Its eyes were green and glowing.  
Like a spark  
I see them yet, aflame in empty  
dark!  
Who dares to carry on the torch  
of light,  
In regions of the cold eternal  
night?  
I saw the Darkness battle with  
the Dawn,  
And quiver with a Life-Form of  
its own.



Darkness

OF THE PIT

BY RAYMOND WASHINGTON, JR.

# the Speer poll

JUFFUS

Of the fifteen who were top ten in the last Poll Cat report, thirteen have replied to my questions. Their votes:

Top ten: Tucker 226 points; Ashley 200; Widner 166; Warner 153; Ackerman 147; Speer 128; Rosenblum 127; Bronson 92; Laney 86; Unger 84.

In the running: DEEvans; Larry Shaw; TBYerke; DAWollheim; Walt Liebscher; R D Swisher; Robinson; Rothman; Chauvenet; Daugherty; with points totaling 430, the last four bunched considerably below the preceding six.

One vote apiece: DEThompson; Bill Watson; RWLowndes; Doug Webster; HCKoenig; C Degler; Walt Dunkelberger; points totaling 85.

Points unused: 79.

Why Ackerman's face fell: It will be recalled that in the last Poll Cat returns, Tucker nosed out Ackerman for the first time. Since that poll was conducted thru Le Zombie, this could be discounted as an inaccuracy. However, that helped get people out of the habit of considering 4e the "1 Face, which I think is reflected in this poll somewhat; the persons questioned in the present count also must be considered. And the loss of some points by Ackerman can be traced directly to the feuding in California.

"Points unused" include blanks left by one or two repliers, who didn't name a full ten, and also 25% of my score, deducted as a guess at the extent of the advantage that always goes to the poll-taker.

A question brot out by Evans in a personal letter is, why have them name ten? Ie found it easy to name the top two or three, but after that found it very difficult to arrange them in order of merit. From the present scores alone, it appears that there is substantial agreement for the top five or seven, but below that the next significant break is after No. sixteen. However, it should also be remarked that those receiving only one vote apiece were all put in seventh place or lower by the one who named them.

Another, perennial, problem is defining "top steffnist"; different criteria were used by different ten in this poll, as told in personal letters. I've made an effort at definition in the Fancyclopedia.

Fanzines: Lez 93; Fantasite 70; Acolyte 51; Sustaining Program 44; Fan-Tods 40.

In the running: Vom; Diablerie; Nova; Nebula; Fanfare; Fan-lants; En Garde; Ynos; Fanewscard; Paradox; points totaling 184.

Onebody-loves-me's: Matters of Opinion; Futurian War Digest; Sardonix; Canadian Fandom; Chanticleer; total 43.

Five seems to be the right number to vote on here, the largest break being between fifth and sixth place.

Frozines: ASF 75; EFT 64; Planet 16. Unknown; WT; dividing 28 points. (WTS actually ties with PS). TWS: 26; 8 points. Unused 4.

From which it may be seen that most of the top ten read only two pros regularly.

Pulp authors: Van Vogt 178; Feinlein 168; Campbell 163; Smith 152; Buttner 120; de Camp 109; Weinbaum 108; Merritt 93; Williamson 92; Moore 87. Hubbard; Lovecraft; Leiber; Russell; CASmith; Keller; Simak;



Taine; Booklynne; Boucher; Cartmill; Asimov; 500 points even. Vaughan; ERBurroughs; Coblenz; Verrill; Starzl; Gallun; Stewart; del. Rey; Dif-  
fin; Cloukey; Derleth; Sturgeon; deTina; Jacobi; Hall; Flint; Leinster;  
Epamindondas T Snooks, DTG; total points 243. Unused: 22.

Ten seems to be about the right number to ask for on this ques-  
tion. I've listed all the also-rans here because I think the next  
pollster mite do well to supply a list of possible choices for the vo-  
ters to pick among. I know that I couldn't pull my ten favorites, in  
proper order, out of thin air, and it seems likely that others may  
leave out some that they would have named if they'd thot of them. This  
seems very probable in the case of Lewis Carroll in the next section.

Book authors: Stapledon 88; Wells 75; Burroughs 40; Taine 39;  
Thorne Smith 30. Merritt; de Camp; MacArthur; Carroll; S P Wright; to-  
taling 79. Kipling; Thayer; Trewarthen; Machen; Chesterton; Nathan;  
Lovecraft; H. James; Cabell; Penet; Brandon; de la Mare; Haggard; Verne;  
L Frank Baum; 110 points. 59 unused.

So there are the choices of the experts. There's overwhelming a-  
greement on the top men, and a large sprinkling of individual favor-  
ites. It will be noted that there are several authors appearing in  
both pulp and book tabulations, but probably not as many as would be  
split between a "science-fiction" and "fantasy" division. It's a moot  
question whether there should be any breakdown by types.

Stories: Slan 111; Last and First Men 77; Odd John 75; Final  
Blackout 67; Sinister Barrier 60; Ship of Ishtar 55; Dwellers in the  
Mirage 54; Mimsy Were the Forogroves 48; Spacehounds of IFC 46; Methu-  
selah's Children 45. The Time Machine; Universe-CommonSense; Star  
Maker; Snake Mother; Time Stream; Dr Arnoldi; Fear; Skylarks; It; None  
But Lucifer; Legion of Space; Martian Odyssey; 380 points total. After  
the Afternoon; Lensman stories; Men Like Gods; Exile of the Skies; Co-  
lour Out of Space; Moon Fool; The World Below; Cosmic Engineers; World  
D; Paradox; Invaders from the Infinite; Double Shadow; Tanni of Ekkis;  
Deluge; The Man Who Was Thursday; To Walk the Night; Black Flame; Dream  
of Armageddon; Brave New World; Trends; Cream of the Jest; Lost Legacy;  
The Blind Spot; Star-Forgotten; Solution Unsatisfactory; Man from Tomor-  
row; The Changeling; Rain in the Doorway; Circle of Zero; Ether Ship of  
Oltar; Dracula; Nonce; Alas All Thinking; The New Adam; But Without  
Horns; Tools; Through the Gates of the Silver Key; If This Goes On;  
Conjure Wife; Unto Us a Child Is Born; Men With Wings; Anton York ser-  
ies; Darker Than You Think; Ikestaff Case; Revolt of the Pedestrians;  
Out of the Sub-Universe; Mastermind of Mars; total 794. Unused 231.

In view of the frightfully large number of singleton choices, the  
next poller may be tempted to limit his pollees to the five best sto-  
ries. But many of the points for the stories coming out on top in this  
poll, came from votes between sixth and tenth place. There is simply  
so much to choose from that the competition for the ten top pegs is  
greater here than in any other category. There is reason to believe  
that if the questioners had been allowed to name fifteen or twenty,  
there would be much solidier agreement on the outstanding stef stories  
all around. There are some other problems on this question: Shall a  
series be considered as one or separate stories? As you see, I've con-  
sidered some series, and the Universe-CommonSense duo, together, but  
have taken Invaders from the Infinite and One Against the Legion separ-  
ately from their groups. The easier thing would seem to be to lump all  
((continued on page 18))

Curtis  
Carlyle's...

# THE Ruler IS NO MORE

The Ruler stood in the doorway and watched them wheel the heavy machine into the room. His tall, six-foot figure did not show the weight of one thousand years. But his frail shoulders did droop a little and the ermine cloak that was slung over his shoulders touched the floor. The Ruler did not care. He had not cared for anything for the past 300 years, but he could do nothing about it.

"Is that all, sire?" the uniformed Guard of the Ruler said as he finished placing the ponderous machine in the center of the floor.

The Ruler did not smile as he answered. "Send the Scientist to me. I would speak with him."

The Guard bowed low and departed. The shining doors of gold closed with a hissing sound. The Ruler stared at the throne, the Throne of the Ages, on which he had sat and ruled the Great Empire for a thousand years. He walked to the line of mirrors set in the walls and stared at himself. He was just as he had been that day the First Scientist had given him immortality. His blond hair had a solitary curl that twisted in the center of his forehead, and below that wisp of hair, his blue eyes peered. A thin face with small nostrils reflected from the glass and he smiled.

He recalled the day when . . .

"People of the Empire," the First Scientist said as he stared into the television screen, "today you are going to see for the first time the man who is going to rule you, your children, your children's children, and your descendants for eons of the Rule. He is a man of whom you have heard much. He is young, the youngest member of the Ruling Committee which has chosen him. He is . . ."

The tall young man with the blue eyes stepped forward into view. His chest heaved with the honor and excitement of the moment. He was to be the Ruler!

"Thank you, I will endeavor to live up to the high standards that the Ruling Committee have entrusted in me." That wasn't what he had intended to say, but his throat felt strangely clogged.

The First Scientist stepped forward, a hypodermic needle in his



his right hand. The whole world held its breath as he pushed it into the young man's arm.

When he awoke—he was the Ruler.

Yes, he had liked it at first. Ruling through decades, centuries; ruling with utmost authority. It was pleasant to settle wars with a few spoken words, to build monuments, to further science. It was pleasant to be supreme. The Ruling Committee had almost gotten out of hand in the two hundredth year of his reign, 2204 A. D. But he had quelled that quickly. But after a thousand years—the Ruler shrugged his shoulders and smiled as a blue light blinked over his door. He moved to the set of buttons beside his throne and pressed the one marked: "Door."

The door opened with the same hissing sound, and the Scientist entered. His glasses hid the same brown, thoughtful eyes that his great ancestor, the First Scientist, had had. His horn-rimmed glasses made him appear grotesquely funny. His body was thin and he spoke in a high, squoaky voice.

"You sent for me, sire?" he asked.

"Certainly, certainly. I haven't examined the machine yet, but are you certain that everything has been done according to my specifications? Are you sure that every minute detail has been carried out? The machine must be built right. It must!" The Ruler's voice rang with anxiety.

The Scientist's face lighted with a half-grin. "Oh yes, sire, I am quite certain. I don't understand how the machine will function, but—I am not one to ask the Ruler."

"It will ~~romake~~ remake the world," the Ruler said without emotion. He sighed and looked out at the sky through the large overhead windows. The stars shone brightly and they all twinkled with a new fire.

"And," the Ruler said, "you have summoned the Ruling Committee to meet on the morrow?"

"Yes, sire," the little Scientist answered as he nodded his head.

A deep sigh, filled with centuries of emotion, escaped from the Ruler's lips. "That is all."

The Scientist half-trotted to the door and when the hissing sound began for them to open, he turned around and saw the Ruler standing with his hand fondling the machine as he looked out into space, staring at the stars.

The blue-uniformed Guard stopped the Scientist in front of the Ruler's room.

The Scientist greeted him cheerily and produced a slip of paper with the official seal on it. "I'm supposed to see the Ruler at ten o'clock this morning."

The Scientist twiddled his thumbs nonchalantly as the Guard read the order. He must tell the Ruler about the quarrel that the Economist and the Militarist had over the settlement of the trouble between Merica and Asiana. When the Guard finished, he glanced at his watch, grunted, and strode back to the cubbyhole that was his post. He motioned with his head toward the door and the Scientist moved forward with short, snappy steps. The doors opened and he strode in.

The Ruler was not in his room! He was gone, and he was never supposed to leave the room. His bed was untouched, and as the Scientist scurried toward the table he noticed a small piece of paper caught in the breeze that blow through the open window.

It was stamped with the official seal, and the Scientist gasped

audibly as he roared.

Members of the Ruling Committee:

Exactly one thousand years ago today, I became the Ruler. I swore to an oath that in years to come I would perform my duty to the Empire, to Rule as best I could. I have done that, but being Ruler is tiresome. The machine that I had built was a time machine. As long as I was immortal, I could not die by any means whatsoever. But—if I went back into time beyond the point where I became the Ruler, I could die at will. This I have done. I leave you as rulers of the Empire. I am no more.

The Ruler

The Scientist's lips moved, but no sound came from them. The sounds of arguing voices, releasing pent-up fury, came from the nearby council room, where the Ruling Committee was meeting. The Scientist moved to the windows and stood staring out at the sky. The sky was cloudy, the sun did not shine, thunder roared. The Ruler was no more!

\*\*\*\*\*

".....SANS END"

by Louis de Geneste

Countless aeons in the future,

When a puny race called "Man" has long since perished,

The earth shall be but a cold, blackened cinder,

Swimming feebly in the ocean of space.

Aimlessly wandering about a dying star,

A ghastly caricature of its former luxuriant self,

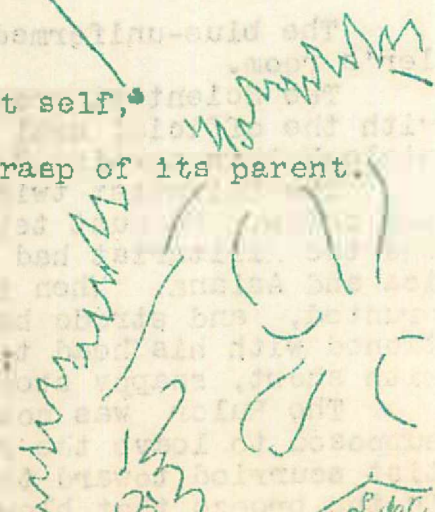
It shall finally yield to the inescapable grasp of its parent.

Just as the Dust which gave birth to Man

Reclaimed him, when his usefulness had gone

So does a Star which gave birth to a world

Grasp it to its bosom when it dies.





\*\*\* RAYMOND  
WASHINGTON,  
JR.

# ROUND MESES

It little matters that an idle fan,  
By this cold stove, among these barren mags,  
Match'd with an aged typewriter, mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto the strange new fans,  
That read Amazing, feed, and know me not.  
I cannot rest from fanning; I will write  
A yarn anew, and work on it all night.  
For I have joyed and sorrowed much, with those  
That loved me; Shaw and Degler and the rest,  
Through fog and fair, drab days and endless nights.  
In those old days the name of Raym was feared  
From sea to sea, and far beyond the skies.  
Much have I seen and known: stfettes and fmz,  
And atheists, and poets, philosophers,  
Myself not least, but honored of them all;  
From old L. A. to sidewalks of New York.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
But fanzines too, and prozines by the ton,  
Can never satisfy the strong desire  
For more. (Oh, someone start another 'zine!)  
How dull it is to drool my life away  
Among these ten-year-olds who turn out tripe!  
It seems the fans are life. Life piled on life  
Would never be enough, when fans still dwell  
In hearing of my letters or my voice.  
I used to reign, high in the moon-drenched void,  
The star-flecked cosmos shook to my commands.  
And now I weep for long-departed fans—  
And this grim spirit burning in desire  
To follow fandom, like a blinking star,  
Beyond all human bounds, and live in thought—  
This is my son, named Scientiweirdfantast,  
Who soon (sad thought!) commands these degenerate fans—  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill  
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild  
These dumb new fanlets, and through soft degrees  
To make them read Astounding and the rest.  
Most blameless is he, shivering in the fear  
Of fans long gone (or—is my son sincere?).  
He does the best he can, I guess, and swears  
Before the rotted sheets of SCIENTIFUN  
That he will carry on when I am gone.  
There lies the 'drome; the rocket spits her fire:  
There glooms the star flecked void. My faniteers,  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That over with a cholic nausea took

Disgusting blatantness, as well as back  
Turned out in rears for Palmer—we are old;  
And still, old age has yet to chain our minds.

Tdd tumbles all: but something ere the end,  
Some new fanzine may yet be sent abroad,  
Not unbecoming fans who strove with gods.  
The fights begin to sprinkle on the docks;  
The dull day wanes: the rockets blast: and space  
Moans round with cries of "Brlfisk." Come, my fans,  
'Tis not too late to start another 'zine.  
Blast off, and sitting well in order, check  
The dials and gauges (buttons I will press,  
And push the levers). We shall pass the sun,  
And chase around the void until we die.  
It may be that green monster-men from Mars  
Will blast us into atoms, with the sly  
And cunning Things from Alpha Centauri.  
Though much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now the strength which in old days  
Moved even Ack-Ack: that which we are, we are.  
One equal temper of brave fannish hearts,  
Made weak by wine and wench, but smart as slans,  
And ready with rejuvenated glands.

<TB>

## The Speer Poll—

((continued from page 11))

series and sequels together, disregarding the stinkier ones if the original excellent idea was run into the ground.

To be anticlimatic, here are the artists, pro and fan competing equally: Finlay 100; Paul 66; Bok 62; Scheneman 46; Elliot Dold 31. Clyne; Weidenbeck; Rogers; Lawrence; Turner; Nesso; Marcquette; 117 total. Timmins; Malcolm Smith; TWright; Hunt; R Isip; Les Tina; 39. Unused 40.

The appearance of Dold here suggests another thing that should be decided: should persons and stories of all time compete together, or only the current crop?

orst fen: Degler 40; Schmarje 16; Wood 14. Ackerman; Fortier; 21. Yerke; Sykora; Bradleigh; McNutt; Reinsberg; Washington; Fear; 36. 26 unused.

The "unused" ones come partly from those who didn't desire to condemn anyone, but quite a few points also are those that people tried to give Don Rogers and Superfan at the same time they voted for Degler. This question was experimental, and as much for my own curiosity about people's pet peeves as in the expectation that any significant consensus would develop. It is remarkable that the same person who voted Degler as 10 fan also voted him one of the worst. And perhaps not so remarkable.





(SECTION TWO)

# The FAPA Forum

RD BENS LEE.....

# Sayings of the Spence

## quarterly quibblings by PFC Paul Spencer

This time, for a change, methinks I'll indulge in the good old practise of "reviewing the mailing." Be warned that if I make no mention of your fond offspring, it's because it is neither excellent nor poor, and contains nothing on which I wish to comment. Now, off to the races!

To me the most significant fact of the mailing is its demonstration that certain members, notably Messrs. Laney and Croutch, have reached puberty. That is, they have become vociferously aware that men are different from women and—tee-hee! giggle-giggle! buzz-buzz! 4e, of course, has been in a similar excited state for some time, but he and some others have restricted their ventures into the realm of the erotic to publication of not very attractive nudes; of such pictures I do not approve, particularly in the FAPA, but at least we have until now been spared the four-letter words and the leerings at sexual irregularities. PEOPLE STORIES started it in the last mailing, if memory serves me right, and now FAN-DANGO, ordinarily quite to my liking, gushes forth with filth, culminating in the suggestion that femme fans are, to put it bluntly, whores. I believe that intelligent, generally charming people like Mr. Laney, whom up to now I have admired, are a greater threat to fandom as a whole than a dozen obviously obnoxious persons like Degler. Leslie Croutch is another chap I have always tended to like, without knowing very much about him. But this mailing's LIGHT ends that; I suspect Croutch would feel very much at home in the Cosmic Circle.

I am in the army; I hear foul language almost every moment I'm awake; I've adapted myself to that environment; but when I gloat over the FAPA mailing I want and expect something more refined and intelligent. Those fans whom I and everyone else admire most—Widner, Chauvenet, Stanley, Speer, and so on—have refrained from such things, and it is my hope and belief that these foul-mouths are a minority group. I was pleased to note in the FA the suggestion that the officials of the organization censor material of questionable taste; this, of course, will succeed only if the officials are, as at present, persons of sense and discrimination. They should avoid being prudish, without going to the other extreme. You can understand why I am not likely to vote for Laney or Croutch should they run for office. Incidentally, those two are not the only offenders, but they—and to a much lesser extent, Ackerman—are the chief culprits in the present mailing.

Incidentally, while I believe Mr. Laney has a good mind, however bad his taste may be, this I. O. of 183 (together with a waiving of claims to genius!) looks rather more than odd. Mayhap it should read 138?

The FA turns up next, so I'll dispose of the various suggestions confronting the organization. It would be nice to have an emblem more suggestive of amateur press activity, but since we have this one, let's put it to work. I agree with the majority that the membership should remain at 65. Maybe the fellows on the waiting list could start a separate organization of their own—though I think that would have more



faults than virtues. Patience. . . . The move on the merging of Official Critics and Laureate Committee should to my mind be submitted to a vote, but I'm in favor of it anyhow. The most suitable award would be some kind of diploma, with the FAPA emblem on it, plus a suitable inscription. These could be made up in quantity, with a blank space for filling in the date. As for Degler, I incline to favor a policy of ignoring him; sooner or later he'll let his membership lapse. I hope.

Ah, SARDONY! A publication the FAPA can be proud of, issue after issue. This number's highlight: The FAPA File, written in that curious, nostalgically dreamy style of Chauvenet's that arouses in me vague yet profound emotion. Not on the heels of Elarcy's appropriately sardonic remarks on the NEFF came a circular from Daugherty giving me the impression that one was still free to submit dues, and I promptly did so. Hence the booty must be divided at least three ways. I'd rather have an active NEFF than a share in the swag, though. Chauvenet has always been ready to put in a bad word for the NEFF, so I retain vague hope that something concrete will be done. Gernsback Wonders? Ahhhhhh! No magazine yet has been free from stinkeroos, and both Lasser and Hornig published their share, but Wonder was in general consistently good except during the latter part of 1930 and the early part of 1931; and the Hornig issues, with all their stupid blunders, were crammed with delicious stories and pictures and—remember The Reader Speaks? And I, too, have always been an admirer of Laurence Manning—what ever happened to him, particularly to his novel "Maze of Creation"? Those amused by the Bierce quotations may be interested to know that Triangle has his "Devil's Dictionary" out at 49¢.

My initial enthusiasm over Esperanto has somewhat waned, especially since Mr. Joseph E. Leahy professed to be too busy to give me very much information, and one Morojo didn't even answer my inquiry. Nevertheless, I, equipped with the rudiments of the language, look forward to each GUTETO. Isn't it about time we got rid of "Nur rekte, kurage," ktp? (For the information of someone who asks in this mailing—Stanley, I believe—"ktp" stands for "kaj tiel plu": "and so forth"). More welcome than "La Frenezulo" would be an Esp-o course and vocabulary. 'Twould mean considerable work, but I'd be willing to make up a course myself if I had time. In fact, if I were stronger on one or two fine points, such as the subjunctive, I think I'd go ahead and do it; with the added supposition, on second thought, that Morojo or somebody would guarantee to publish it. Right now, Basic English seems to be all the rage; but does that hold true of non-English-speaking countries?

SAPPHO is much more to my liking (as you might suspect) than DIABLERIE, neatly got up though the latter is. I have never professed to know very much about poetry, but I enjoyed this issue pretty well. "Solar Perplexum" does not satisfy my definition of poetry (roughly: words arranged to convey a thought or emotion not inherent in the words themselves), but it does pack a wallop; I liked it. I even understood it. And then there's the cover, which I regard with deep content.

HORIZONS: not quite up to par this time, Harry. Even the article on "The Flying Dutchman" seemed not all it might be. But I have yet to find HORIZONS dull. Anent the development of ASF under Street & Smith, it was at its best in 1934, I think; in fact, the other two s-f mags were at their peak then also. Another peak came in '40 or '41, around the time of "Slan." In between, readable dullness, unflaggingly more intelligent than any of the other mags. I'm for putting English inflections on foreign words; adoption of words like "brickle" seems



attractive, but how does one go about popularizing such a word? Me-thinks it sneaks into one's vocabulary, probably in war time, like "camouflage," or it doesn't get in at all. Cabell tried to put over some new (or possibly extinct) hybrids such as "desiderate" and "mundi-vagant," but despite his quondam popularity they're still in no one's vocabulary but his.

YHOS gets better and better; it's a crying shame Art had to go in to the limbo of army life. The spelling is even wilder than Ackerman-ese. What's the idea—space-saving? ~~Gardner on slans' fascinating;~~ my comment, whatever a Ph. D. says is Jake with me. I'm surprised to find Art taking Slan Center so seriously. When it was first proposed, I myself found it very attractive, but too suggestive of the W. K. Ivory tower. I now consider it positively grotesque—not just the idea of so many wildly individualistic persons tearing each other's hair out and jabbing thumbs in eyes, but the psychological effects of exalting s-f to such an important role in one's life. Let's not get in over our heads! The suggestion of "imaginist" as a substitute for "fan" is the best yet, but "imag" is perfectly vile (try saying it aloud with a straight face!). And even "imaginist" is a trifle clumsy. I'll take it rather than "stefnist," but prefer to take neither. Further suggestions are in order. I've been wracking my brains trying to place "pa-leena habby fee," without success—~~but no one's~~ "policemen have big feet" (in case any of you were wondering), but out of whose tortured brain was it evolved? I think I smell de Camp, or is it Weinbaum?

FLEETING MOMENTS is lovely to look at. . . .

AHA! The cream of the mailing! To what do I refer? Why, but of course—THE NUCLEUS! If not neat, at least legible (save for the title of something by one Paul Spencer, who, come to think of it, gave this tale a subtitle one Gertrude Kuslan omitted, perhaps mercifully). And what Trudy says is very well worth reading. It is really astonishing the way that girl's mind has grown in the past couple of years. She was, as the saying has it, no slouch when I first met her, back in '41, but she has progressed in mental seven-league-boots since then. I've already given her my comments on her remarks of this issue; they amounted to unqualified approval, with special cheers for the splendid paragraph on hatred. Incidentally, when I visited Trudy recently she informed me that she is aware of the difference between "clique" and "clique," but failed to notice she'd been using the wrong word until the stencil was finished. Nonetheless, I'm still snickering, in my cruel way.

Fan fiction is generally not too hot; BEYOND holds its own in that field, and is perhaps slightly above average. Let's have more. This suggests one irritating thing about the FAPA—something inherent in its nature, and hence unchangeable; as a medium for circulating one's writings it is too limited. For example, I have written only two fantastic stories in the past couple of years, but quite a number of relatively conventional tales which I'd like to publish. But much as I'd like to set them before the eyes of so intelligent an audience as the FAPA, that may not be. I weep. It is your part to rejoice.

FAN-TODS is another of the major items in every mailing. Incidentally, somewhere in "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain says he "Doesn't care a fantod" for something or other. This implies that whatever they are, they're of little value. But if Stanley's mag is any criterion, the old boy was, as we moderns say, off the beam. I am fanatically devoted to "Yesterday's 10,000 Years," can't get enough of it. Someday when I have time I'd like to make up a guest column, if Norm's interested—I've got some dillies all picked out. Fan? I don't



like it; it's affected. But it seems to have established itself until the substitute for "fan" comes along. So I suppose I'll have to resign myself to it. And maybe even use it. "Stofan" is bad because of that "o" which snuck in there while somebody wasn't looking, and besides, 'tain't euphonious. By all means investigate "Look Homeward, Angel." I went overboard for Wolfe last fall, and have just now completed my set of his books with the addition of the short-story collection "From Death to Morning." His books form a series, describing in magnificently sensitive prose the evolution of a young man who was not as others are. On the subject of fan qualifications, I don't shine too brightly. I used to be a fanatical collector, but now collect only ASF and FFM (I have about 500 mags, some of which—Standard and Z-D—I plan to throw out). My book collection hits the high-spots of the more easily available items, plus a few rarities such as "Etidorhpa" and "The Apostle of the Cylinder." I correspond with only a couple of fans, but am more than willing to take all comers. I read as does Norm: critically if the story deserves that kind of attention—and generally I prefer that type, all too rare these days. My fan articles are few, this column being my activity mainstay. I've never attended a convention. I take very few fanzines. I hope to make those last three sentences untrue after the war; the spirit is more than willing. If one grants your "cultural-isolation-is-the-greatest-cause-of-war" thesis, major desiderata are (a) better communication, including a universal language, and (b) largely through (a), education. I agree with Trudy Kuslan and H. G. Wells on the extreme importance of the latter, irrespective of whether cultural isolation is a major cause (which I haven't decided yet, to tell the truth).

EN GARDE: handsome as usual. A written code of fan ethics might be a good thing, but it probably isn't necessary except perhaps for newcomers. I think we agree pretty well on what is and what isn't cricket. (I, with unaccustomed optimism, expect this sex business to solve itself, with the aid of federal postal regulations.)

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: book notes appreciated. I, reprobate that I am, thought "Three Bottles of Relish" stank. But then, to quote a good many people, there's no pleasing everybody. Other hobbies? Well, my being a sfan is a facet of my interest in literature in general, both for reading and for writing. My other major interest is music—classical. As Warner will wearily verify, my prime musical interests are Wagner, Richard Strauss, and—to venture into quite another field—Gilbert & Sullivan. But almost anything classical can hold my interest if I'm in the proper mood. Sentimental popular music seems merely stupid; swing is sometimes ingenious, but it rubs me the wrong way emotionally. The utter madness of Spiko Jones I like (have you heard his wonderful version of "As Time Goes By"?).

THE PHANTAGRAPH: when the Futurians are constructive, they are perfectly swell (I'm yearning for another Wollheim pro-mag); when destructive, as too frequently, ugh! This time they're O. K.

BROWSING: always interesting. Strangest story I ever read? It's hard to say, but could I enter the Poictesme chapters from Cabell's "The Cream of the Jest"? They form a separate story, whose denouement left me completely flabbergasted. Or perhaps I should mention "All Out," by one of the Futurians; that one I have yet to figure out—any kind soul care to clarify it for me?

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: don't blame Warner for that review of "Die Frau ohne Schatten." Jack: I'm the guilty party. SusPro interesting as usual; I'm nuts about those stick-men, intellectual giant that I am. I



deciphered the note about perspective, by the way.

THE S-F DEMOCRAT: I'll take all the sex Laney and his ilk have to offer in preference to this kind of thing. "Bad taste" doesn't seem strong enough. Jack, I like and admire you, but this peculiar warp in your mentality is just the sort of thing that holds back progress—and that gives rise to Hitlers. And renegade Negroes.

XENON is a very neat little job indeed; the material could be a little better, but I have no real complaint. Methinks Mr. Houze may be a valuable addition to our ranks. I'm looking forward to future issues.

Then there is Ackerman, with a page of much-appreciated photos decorating his first real fanzine since I joined some years back. Good. But you know what I think of the nudes. Oh, yes, I just noticed that Conover in the pic is holding the issues of Argosy beginning "Tama, Princess of Mercury" and "The Snake Mother"—and I want to take my stand in favor of Stahr's Adana as opposed to the much-praised creation of Finlay. Any sharers of this opinion?

BLITHERINGS: this is worth reading; too bad the faint mimeoing made it such an effort. What Saville Sax has to say about industrial reorganization is essentially syndicalism. There's a bad flaw in his reasoning, or else in mine: the assumption that unions can "get control of the key executive posts." The amount of effort necessary to get the owners to consent to such goings-on would be more than sufficient to overthrow the capitalist class entirely and set up a socialist state. Why not go the whole hog, then? I too liked "Flesh and Fantasy" very much, but the stories impressed me as very ancient indeed; the music was above-average, the acting very competent, and—the photography—ahhhh! This contraction of "tion" to "n" merely irritates me.

The Statement of the Futurian Society of New York strikes me as wishful thinking. Degler is not honest; moreover, he is becoming more and more clearly defined as completely irresponsible, not to say immoral. And not all Raym's well-meant gestures can make attractive an organization consisting mainly of Degler and his—er—women. Let's get behind the NFFF instead.

And another Futurian publication: AGENBITE OF INWIT. Lowndes in a humorous vein is—or was, in The Reader Speaks and Brass Tacks—a favorite of mine. But "Trigger-Talk at Green Guna" goes over my head so often that I don't get very much out of it. Which, of course, is not Doc's fault. As I indicated in my last installment (still unpublished as I write this!), I too found some things in "Beyond the Wall of Sleep" disappointing, but to my mind the strong things in it make up for that. Nor do I see the necessity for considering it as an introduction to Lovecraft. As for the location of Kadath, Lovecraft did seem to regard the world of dreams as having objective reality (in his stories, that is); and in "At the Mountains of Madness," it is merely suggested that Kadath lies beyond the city of the Old Ones. It really doesn't matter, in any event. So Doc is Carol Grey? If I say I knew it all along, you won't believe me; but I did just the same. I have that recording of "Les Preludes" you recommend; not on Columbia, however. Seems Decca got ahead of the master disk and made their own pressing, which is what I have. The amazing parts come during the last half, as I recall; the beginning is not outstanding. The music itself is very entertaining, as the work's popularity attests; but most critics turn up their noses at it, for it is rather on the crude side—comparison with Wagner may be made on the basis that Wagner was much influenced by Liszt, but Wagner "at his best" (as you put it) is so



race if I remembered my mythology—I used to be quite a fiend on mythology. . . . "Fantastic" seems to convey an impression of hedonism to my mind, and the images are not as definite as they could be. James Russell Gray's sonnet, "They Wait Outside," is distinctly a Lovecraftian epic, and compares favorably with the old master, but I prefer his "Reflections." "Headless Horseman" is quite good for someone who is a "casual" poet, and the other stuff is so-so.

FLEETING MOMENTS: I feel quite sure that the ratio of poets per number of persons is very much higher in fandom than in the outside world. Look at the fans who can turn out good verse: Lowndes, Eastman, Duane, Rimel, Farsaci....and the numerous fans who are fair at the game: Chauvenet, Jenkins, Warner, Evans, Kinge....need I go on? There are numerous artists in fandom; almost every fan is agile with a drawing pencil, and everybody is able to write plausibly and logically except Ludowitz. I'm surprised we don't burst with conceit. (In the first classification above I should have included Youd' and Singleton, but this isn't an attempt to index all of fandom's poetic geniuses.)

Noble sirs, I call your attention to Comrade Farsaci's rare lyric gift. His polished, smooth style is a rarity in these days of birthday ditties and other assinine forms of commercialized verse. I believe Farsaci is going places.

His five best poems are: "A Memory of Wuthering Heights," "Star-Maiden" (first stanza of which is omitted here, but may be found in GOLDEN ATOM #10), "Across the Timeless Years," "Rapture," and "Swimmer's Delight." I have sent Larry a detailed critique, but have reason to believe that it never reached him, since he has not yet replied (4-25).

I place his "Memory of Wuthering Heights" first because it is just the clear, simple type of lyric that lives in English poetry. The mood it expresses is sustained and in keeping with the lilting meter; it is concise and easy to remember, and it possesses an admirable air of finish and unity of tone. I could not refrain from writing a parody; I invite you to compare the original and the satire below;

A Memory of Wuthering Heights

Away to west the heather danced,  
All-golden in the sun,  
As from the sky, the merry wind  
Enriched all with its fun.

Oh, never bluer laughing space,  
Nor air with life so thrilled  
Oh, never gladder two wild hearts,  
Nor with such mad love filled.

For the world was wide with brim-  
ming joy;

True hearts were together,  
When Cathy cried: "Heathcliff,  
Fill my arms with heather!"

This should, of course, go in TAKE-OFF!, but since Raym and Larry are on such good terms it matters not how strait the gate, or something.

A Recollection of German Power

Away to west our armies pranced,  
All gold in victory,  
As from the sky, our bombers lanced,  
Maneuvering fearfully.

Oh, never wider marching-space  
With German oaths so thrilled!  
So confident the Fuehrer's face,  
And with such triumph filled,

For the Deutsch domain worked like  
a clock;

Brave hearts were in Prussia,  
When Hitler cried: "Wehrmacht!  
Fill my arms with Russia!"

My apologies to all good men who expected me to mention their ef-

forts. Two or three hurried comments on each magazine seems to be the standard, and the rocks would fall asunder if fans became conventional. Seriously, I wanted to set down my impressions on what were, to me, the outstanding items in the mailing. (FAN-DANGO was included for other reasons.) Larry, of course, is not responsible for my absurd hallucinations; he just works here.

The End

# WILIMCZYK REVIEWS THE MAILING

OR: WHO KNOWS, THERE MAY BE SOMETHING INTERESTING FOLLOWING THIS?

By FRANK WILIMCZYK, JR.

In PARADOX, which will be, from now on, my official Fapa pub, I don't intend to include reviews of the mailings, so when Larry Shaw asked me to write up a set for one of his pubs, I started in on this thing. I've tried to keep away from one thing in this review—reviewing the reviews of the reviews (ad infinitum). Soooooo, I've ignored the reviews entirely in preparing this column. All comments are on articles and such. For that reason, many are short, for a number of Fapazines contain almost exclusively reviews of mailings. Phagh to them, and leave us start.

YHOS -- Cover is beautiful, no kidding. Bob has done an impressive job, using only absolutely essential line-work—something I've always felt is essential to good mimeo drawing. About Nomenclature, Art: if we adopt a new name such as stfist or futurian or imagist, what will we use as a name for that which we now refer to as "fandom"? I rather like the name imagist, but it doesn't conjure up any meaning to my thinking. The Last Minute: (Kaf! kaf!) Couldn't we get together on this round-robin story, Art? If you do anything with it, I'd be willing to publish it, either in FAN JOURNALIST or as a special booklet to be mailed out through Fapa and to whomever else may desire it. What say?

XENON -- I was particularly impressed by the cover—marvelous. Editorial comments seem to indicate that it might—I doubt this very much, though—possibly be a lino-block. Material is nice—especially enjoyed d. b. thompson's article. It's a pleasant deviation from the usual Fapazine, and I'll enjoy seeing further issues.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS -- Enjoyable no end. Hobbies stuff should prove interesting. I spend most of my spare time drawing; did some oil-painting for a while, gave it up in disgust. I'm dabbling in photography and, more recently, have acquired an interest in radio. Your idea for an annual (or whatever) is dandy, if you can do something with it. Here's hoping.

TALE OF THE 'EVANS -- I don't believe in World-Governments, s o there. I don't believe in hunches, either.



SUSPRO -- Beyond Which Limits appreciated very much. It would be desirable for certain fans to heed the advice offered. The back cover is superb—the funniest thing I've seen in months. Still chuckle over the statement, "Look, Suzzy! There Claude is!" and the "Heute gehort uns—." Tee hee.

SARDONYX -- Oh, Russell, I bet you say that to all the fans!

SAPPHO -- Like all of Willy's stuff, this is top-notch.

PHANNY -- Ah, such nice, heavy paper. Nothing for me to comment upon, so I'll move on.

PHANTAGRAPH -- (11, 2) Don't agree about hisses. Leave Heck be, fellas. (11, 3) Nice cover on this one—items interesting, even humorous. Both numbers remarkably legible for Futurian pubs.

NUCLEUS -- Spencer's allegory is rather amusing, but the many discussions of inability of fans to cope with reality have been similarly one-sided. I can't address my remarks to Spencer, who seems not to agree with his own writing, so I'll have to turn to Trudy, who obviously does sympathize with the point of view expressed. First, the line "you...manage to get along with—or is it in spite of?—it" seems to be a good summary of Trudy's outlook. But, really, can any intelligent person do otherwise? Should we exist only for reality? (And, incidentally, just what, specifically, do you who say fans do not face reality mean by the term "reality"? I couldn't exist in the way some of my practical, reality-facing acquaintances do; that is, eating, sleeping, and working, perhaps going to the movies once or twice a week, otherwise enjoying no "hobbies" or personal interests which would help them to leave, even if only temporarily, the world of reality. If that's facing reality, then I'm glad I'm a fan—the type of person who, instead of living a common, drudge of a life, works his allotted hours, then spends the rest of his time enjoying himself.

MOO -- My interest in things temponautical prompted me to read the explanation of three-dimensional time. Three times I started, three times I gave up in despair. Finally, I read it thro'. Yep, I now see it all very clear (blubblubblub).

MILTY'S MAG -- I realize that tensor analysis is necessary, but couldn't you transfligate the fanstan, and thereby....?

LIGHT -- I like the Crutch-written stuff, but the cartoons I didn't. I'm no prude, understand, but the jokes aren't funny—they're just off-color (way off).

HOMERONS -- Oh, foo on baseball. Give me basketball, any time.

FLEETING MOMENTS -- Neat, professional format—what more can be said?

PAPA 3A -- No comment seems necessary except that the explanation of various titles is interesting. I look forward to THE NEW HEIR-OLYPT, which should be particularly interesting. Last two lines (or were there more?) were illegible in my copy.

FAN-TODE -- On the toc...what illustrated? Could that blurred word (gee, poetry) be semi-? So much of the stuff is over my head—but I understood (and laughed at) the cartoons, anyway.

FANTASTICONGLOMERATION -- Cover appreciated, though I don't care particularly for "gag" photos. I wouldn't object if there was only one, or possibly two, but when so much space is taken up by worthless pics (such as "?, "Farryhausen," "Gauer," "Pogo & Walt," etc.) when it might be used for worthwhile photographs, it's enough to make one tear his hair. I'd like to know what some of these (those, I should say) far-off (or any kind, in fact) fans really look like. The nude a-settin' on the letter is very nice—one of the few litho-nudes I thought



worth the expense of lithoing. Norton nude isn't bad, either. Liked the Gizmo thing, too—the artist is obviously a follower of George McManus.

FAN-DANGO -- To emulate the Rover Boys, "Hurrah for Slan Center!" I think a Slan Center would be practical, but present plans preclude any possibility of my participating in such a project (isn't that alliteration a masterpiece?). And Laney has labelled VOM as indecent! What would be the reaction of any normal person, on reading the Slan Center article?

EN GARDE -- Cover the best yet—here is a nude to which no one could object. Ah—the true story of the "Exclusion." Have waited a long time for such an exposé. Hope we see more of the little fillers scattered here 'n' there through the issue, in times to come.

CELEPHAIS -- At last, paramount fiction in a fanzine. What next?

BROWSING -- As always, informative. I'd be interested in seeing the discussion anent "strangest story you've ever come across" further expanded.

BLITHERINGS -- Don't like so much the weird abbrns. About the Editorial Statement: surely, sir, you must be joking; you prefer Steinbeck to Repp! And Tolstoy to Verne! Tsk! (I assume you've read none of Repp's westerns. If you had then you positivel wouldn't say such a dreadful thing.) Yea, Astounding!

BEYOND -- The cover—¡e gusta mucho. Coward's Flight reminds me of a story in Future—Ross Rocklynne's "The Creator." That confused me too. The fable is "cute," to steal an adjective from the Hermit: Norm's introduction added much to my enjoyment of the tale. Didn't care much for A Tale of Eden.

AGENBITE OF INWIT -- I'm unacquainted with that portion of fan history with which TTatGG deals in the main, but I find myself enjoying it in spite of that fact. I liked the second Lovecraft volume.

at last---the end

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FANDOM HOUSE has taken on a third member, Raymond Washington, Jr. Not that we're bent on a Vulcan-like expansion—oh, definitely not; we will, on the other hand, remain exclusive at all costs—but Muscles and I both felt that Raym would complete a perfect trio....Incidentally, chum Marlow arrived in Schenectady just in time to be a big help on the production of this ish. Thank you, Mr. Marlow.... Thank you, too, Mr. Vilimezyk, for stenciling your swelegant cover for this thing....Millard's article was sent me for NEBULA, the newsie I couldn't keep alive. Though it is late, I think it is still of great interest....The "Behind the Editorial Door" that Spencer's fantale is a pendant to appeared in the third LEPRECHAUN....Though I have recently become strongly opposed to the type of poll represented by Spoor's article, I suppose most of you will be interested in the results. I took them directly from a Juffus letter, sans editing—not my usual custom, but I had to register protest some way....Parody that it is, think about "Raymeses" as being an actual picture of a future fandom. Em?..."The FAFA Forum" this time is representative of what I want in the future, but contributors need not confine themselves to discussing the FAPA itself.... The first person to discover where in typing the issue I ran out of correction fluid will be heartily sneered at....Any comparatively good headings are by Marlow, others by Shaw....And isn't the green ink gruesome?

Editor Shaw





