finending no 1 this ff emending number one owes all in various respects to:

Ron BENNETT

for a letter, see p. 6

copyright 14.4.57

Eric BENTCLIFFE

for a letter, see p. 8

copyright 15.4.57

Georges H. GALLET

for a letter, see p. 1

copyright 4.4.57

GESTETNER

for stencils paper

and duplicator

copyright 1938

Jean LINARD

for quotes

copyright 43.14.2768

and support, see everywhere

Florian SCHMIDT

for his Open Letter, see p. 9

copyright 22.4.57

Martine THOME

for Her Diary, see p. 3

copyright 20.4.57

the job of running the whole

and for her very existence

copyright 13.5.22

Pierre VERSINS

for cement, see here and there

copyright 30.4.57

may 1957

Well, peaple, seems I was right, seems I was wrong, seems I was both at the same time. And we are once more together. If you don't like it and if you don't have central heating (yes, a guy named Stanley Cheapman gave me the 'sorry-right-word', with a bundle of unprintable words, one must be equitable. In fact, 'central-heating' was the only printable word of his whole letter, though, being myself a triffle unprintable, I must say I enjoyed above all this. And you? (Quote from Jean Linard)). Seems I forget something. Oh yes! I didn't finish my sentence!..

Anyway, all is clear, no ?

In case I'd for et also my name and address, here they are: I must be Pierre Versins, writing from Primerose 38, Iausanne, Switzerland, by means of this Facticious Fable Emending Number One.

ffm is free for you if you don't pay it, but if you want to pay, it'll cost you so much that you'd have better sell right now your soul to the Devil, since I ask no less than two (2) TWO issues of FFM for one ish of ffm. Or if you prefer, two ishes of FN, or two pulp size prozines featuring Finlay's, or two pulp size prozines without Finlay's, or ... No pea! Anything which is two (2) TWO. Maybe, after reading this, uh, you are to send me two stamps (used) or two buttons, or two Buicks? Am I fair?...

Or, if ffm is of any value to your too benevolent eyes, maybe ONE ish of your own zine for 666 issues of ffm ? What of this?

Well. I'm now april 15, 1957.

I don't know when this ish will be ended, but I can't wait longer to begin with my Holy Task. Concerning French Fandom, you see? Up to now, I received ONE letter about this truly important subject (excepting Jean Linard's but that was one letter among such a huge amount that that doesn't count at all) ((And besides, he is too gentle)). The letter I got was from nobody else than Georges H. GARLET, and I beg his pardon to have stated blindly blind statements (???)

'You seem, writes he, to be looking for a mythical 'first French fan'. May I suggest that this calls for some semantic scrutiny?'

Sure, you may, Mr. Gallet, since I am not able myself to semanticize (?) in English.



'l. The 'fan' - considered as an 'afficionado' of practically any kind of hobby:
railroads, movies, wild west, rock'n'roll,
James Dean, whatever have you, including
science fiction and/or fantasy - is typically an American phenomenum. It follows that
'French' fan is almost non-sensical, unless
it means a Frenchman sharing an American
hobby with Americans.'

Well, there is something to say here. For one, why do you use a Spanish term to translate fan?.. You could add toros in the above list of hobbies, since there were afficionados long before America's Discovery? What about Cimmerian fans?

So, you see, I don't agree. You, Mr. Gallet, are right saying that sffandom is an American phenomenum, organized sffandom, rather, but that is, for me, all ...

Proceeding :

'2. I admit it is rather difficult to agree on a definition of what or who is in fact a fan. Most likely in my opinion: someone interested in a hobby for pleasure only, not for any gain. Else he is a semi-pro or a pro.'

This opinion I share, with both hands!

'3. Further the word <u>first</u> is dubious. If it means 'first' in a chronological order, or 'best known' in the sense Ackerman is Mr. Science Fiction in the U.S., should be made clear.'

Wasn't I clear ? Oh no, I apologize, I

was not clear at all, I mixed chronology and importance, because primarily my perticular mind is not clear at all and 2. ah, cause I didn't want to choose between importance & chronology. That is rather difficult, to choose, eh?

So, to make all this damn thing clearer, I'd say that, no doubt, Mr. Gallet is the first French fan, up to my present knowledge, in both respects, since he was a fan in 1916 (!) (that ain't a doubt, that is a wonder exclamation) and knew and know personaly most BNF in the world, and is known of them. Everybody satisfied? Me, not. Because that has nothing to do with French Fandom. And I don't think it'll have, for Mr. Gallet's definition, a Frenchman sharing an American hobby with Americans, makes of him something of an outsider by choice.

Am I now satisfied? No more. Because Mr. Callet is French, a Frenchman sharing an American hobby with Americans, sure, but sharing it with me too. And I'm NO American, or else I'd know it. And Jacques Bergier ain't no American. No more Stephen Spriel, no more Gerard Klein nor Michel Boulet, no more 33 Futopians (up to now), no more Walt Willis and Atom and Jean Linard and others who are, wrongly perhaps, but surely, on this side of Atlantic, and most likely share an American hobby with Mr. Gallet who is NO American.

What of this ?..

And what of an interlude ? Right now ?..

Then, Ladies and Gentlemen who share with me an American Fandomenum, I'll rive a little place to my beloved otherself, who is by name Martine Thome and by vocation (such a vocation I can't really blame, but don't in the least understand), and by vocation Mrs. Myself:

I seek a job, says she.

Yes, me.

Who else ?

But what a job to seek a job !

Since three months right now, I'm seeking a job. I have written many many letters where I said how much I am a pretty nice girl, and how I should be very very happy to do a wonderful job for the benefit of the wonderful boss to whom I am just writing. And after a few days, I receive a letter or a phone and I go and see the wonderful boss.

Then, the comedy is beginning:

The big man is sit behind a big desk with a large smile on his rosy complexion. And

with his sweetest voice, he let fall his first question upon my poor scared myself:

'Have you got a husband, eh?'
'Sure!' I answer, 'why not?'

'Well', he says, 'how is your husband ?'

'Very nice, thank you. And you?'

'And', says he, 'what is his job ?'

'Who?' say me blindly. And a little time after: 'Oh yes, my husband, of course! He is a wwwwwwwwwwwriter.'

'Ha ha ha! A writer indeed? It is really interesting. So you see every day a real writer, in the flesh, I mean, is it possiboble?..'

No, that I add all by myself. A wonderful Swiss boss, no matter how wonderful, can't possibly know Pogo.

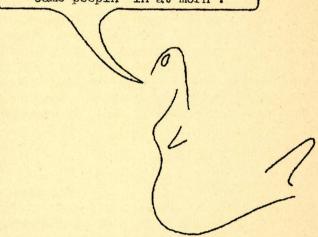
And he goes on :

'You have a great luck, do you know? And tell me, please, how really looks a writer?
'Oh ... er ... well ... uh ... eh ...'

'And tell me too, if naturally it is not your personal secret, is truly your husband an Earthman? That, I must say, is very very important for us.'

It is always with this very question that things begin to go wrong.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where two suns
Came peepin' in at morn'.



Martine is here giving you a free translation of a poem widely known in her aboriginal country.

Naturally, I cannot say that my husband is a pretty creature of Venus, but I don't know why the boss want not to believe that he is nevertheless a man like me ... er ... You understand. Maybe because he is a writer?

Always with his large smile, he then thanks me for the really very interesting conversation, and tells me how he was happy to make my acquaintance. I cannot say that it is the same for me.

Naturally, after two or three days, I receive a letter beginning as follows: 'I am sorry, but I don't believe that your place is among us ...'

Phooey !

Once I thought that I had really found the ideal job. It was a very great firm with a businessman as director. But the big director was not there. After three or four visits I learned that he lived too far to come daily in Lausanne, where ? I don't recall exactly, Aldebaran or Betelgeuse I bet. And, you see, he has a special office for staff's engadement. I answered a book of questions which contained 85 pages, every sentence being written in a different language, save French. Then, I waited, confident in my ability, a lot of months, after what I got an answer:

'Sorry, but your husband being just a common creature of Venus ...'

So I ask you, friends: is that really a shame? And besides, it's not my fault ((it is Eney's fault, perhaps! Ed.)) if my husband is a pretty nice writing creature of Venus-Swamps! Me, I'm not of Venus. And, you see, he didn't say anything to me before we got married. After that, it was too late because on Sirius III divorce is prohibited, and I can't stand the thought of not to follow the custom of my aboriginal country.

But, please, you, give me a job, or I'll starve. Gwarfkoils-birds are not cheap, in these times, and I have just two of them left.

Yours TRULY,

Martine Thome.

Sincerely, folks and peaple, I engage you not to believe too blindly what my beloved otherself said just above. She has delusions at times, but if you could find a job for her, far away from this very Earth, I'd be delighted.

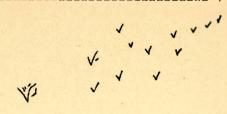
Well ... You see, she's mad, just a little for now, but when one begins on this way ...

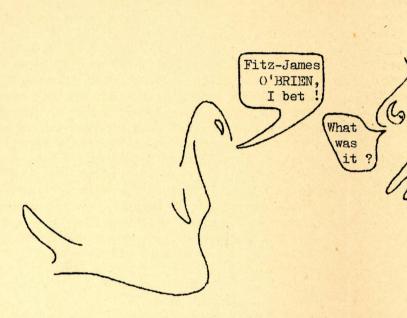
So, believe me, peaple, don't believe her.

And ... uh ... what of a blank to fill this
page?

No, after all, there is not enough place. You must just turn to page 6. That's all.

By the way, I did receive a lot of FFM !.. See illo, just here, right under :





And letters, I got letters (we are now april 29) no more about French Fandom - here I was right, I got nothing from Bergier nor Spriel - but about everything else.

And questions. Being polite, I'll answer: Says Ron BENNETT Yes, we all know Jan Jansen. What have you done with him?

Says Me Myself :

His address and Linard's was given to me by Maurice Renault a few months after FUTO-PIA's birth, so I sent him a formal letter introducing FUTOPIA and AILLEURS and myself. I sent him also AILLEURS 1 & 2 and I sent him a card, not at all formal, this one, and that is all I have done with Jan Jansen.

As for him, he has done nothing with me. Maybe I'm just perfectly the kind of guy he dislikes above all in the world. Maybe he is too shy to dare to approach my Highness? Maybe he just doesn't care.

Anyway, after sending him ffm number none, and having not heard from him, I spose I must live forever without Jansen. That's a shame, I do know, but even if I had the courage to go to Borgerhout and ring at Berchemlei 229, what if he says to me, from behind his door firmly shut: I have nothing to do with you, Mister Versins?..

I can't stand the thought, so I don't go

to Borgerhout.

Though, a thing I don't understand at all is that he gave a full column of his CONTACT about AILLMURS and FUTOPIA. Maybe it is only me versins he dislikes. Too bad for AILLMURS and FUTOPIA if he doesn't send us CONTACT and AIPHA merely because he hates Pierre Versins.

I was not very kind for him, in ffm number none, I know, but you see, friends. I'm not really a man, just a wild beast, and wild beasts, when they don't understand, they are afraid, and when they are afraid, they harm ones they don't understand, just in case ... just in case they'd be harmed otherwise.

Well.

And Ron asks also, having put the first paragraph of his letter in French: Heck, did you see ever such poor, bad, horrible, terrible, atrocious French?

Oh Ron, that's just because you don't read to-day's French literature. I personnaly myself read a worst French in luxuous reviews, printed on Japan paper. And this is why

French literature is quite fascinating. When you lance upon a book, you never know never what you'll find in the book. At first you'd be inclined to think there are words in a book, cr at least letters? But no. Definitely no. You find everything in a book, today: pictures, rings, wloofs, salt water, frogs without their legs (you see, I'm speaking of French books and you never find frogs with their legs in French books - we eat'em legs, you MUST at least know that), eggs that stink, motor-oil, well-fed calves, bidibing bobbesdoo's flashes, monkeys, scissors, no-sided professors, and the likes, deadly women and (why not?) deadly males, all, in fact, all, save WORDS.

And Ron asks at last: Will you be coming to the WorldCon in London in September? I know it's far, but you'll find the way OK -- just follow the white line in the middle of the road ...

There, I was quite puzzled. To follow the white line in the middle of the road? Uh, but I'd be run over before starting, man! And besides, I travel only by spaceship, so London is not too far, it's more likely too near. And the worst, (I don't know if it is safe for me to aknowledge this but I can't hide this shame longer) the British Empire's policemen are all waiting for me. You know, you sure know that there is not an ounce of gold left in the British Banks ? I am the man who stole it all two years ago. And they know that I am that man. They are perfectly able to say, if I had the stupidity to put just one leg at Dover, to say in a loud voice : ECCE HOMO ! And then, all the peaple around'd look at me and lauch.

Oh no! Better wait till they forget, and let speak Eric BENTCLIFFE:

Begins Eric BENTCLIFFE: Mon Cher Pierre et Mon Chérie Martine.

Just that ! Mon Chérie Martine ? Who knows personnaly this Eric there ? Mon Chérie Martine !!! Eh, you, Martine is MY wife! What, exactly, do you mean by this Mon Chérie Martine ?

Anyway, if you don't own a spaceship, my honour is pretty safe, because ... er ... Stockport is, to my knowledge, further than London from Lausanne. So, I can breathe the air again (uh? where do I hear this before?) and go on:

Incidentally, I remember meeting Georges Gallet at the London convention of ummmm ...
1951 ?? T'was way back in the dark ages, a-

nyway. Nice chap, but not really mad enough to be a fan ... the way the Linards and yourself seem to be.

I don't know how Linards will take this last insult, but as for me, I feel ... er .. I want not to say here how I feel. Maybe I must go to London AND Stockport? Suffice to say that I don't seem to be mad. Just don't seem.

And you?

Then, what about publishing here an open letter to the Martians that I got from a Swissman sharing with Frenchmen, Americans. Britons, Belgians, Germans, Chinese, Portuguese, and others, this American Phenomenum which is fannishness? I don't know in the least why this Florian SCHMIDT (as he names his self) sent it to me, since you must know now that I'm no Martian, but I want to deliver it to the proper address.

So, all of you Martians, go home, sit down and read:

Dear Friends (yes, I'm one of those rare people who dare to call you like this),

This is a letter for the Human Kind to apologize. Yes, we must be excused. Because of our unlikely mishievous spirit about you.

Imagine that many, manymanymany so-called 'science - fiction authors' have tried to describe you.

Well, you know, on the Earth you have got all possible forms, save one: you are never conceived as beautiful and gentle beings. But tentacles, feelers, tails, fagends, and the like, of that have you much.

This is Florian Schmidt, F Y I ...

Personnaly, I don't know what you are like, but I think that if a Martian was so illspeaking of my personal aspect, I'd not say to him: hullo, boy! D'you want a glass? For ones, you are giants (with or without

a head) (when you own a head at all, it lies unfortunately not always upon two shoulders) and for others (writers) you are minute. One sees your arms very small, where the other sees'em as beams (huse beams, of course).

But the reatest idiocy was certainly achieved by a French writer, Pierre Versins (d'you know? Me not). Imagine that this man said once: 'I'm myself a Martian, and I look like a potato.' A potato, indeed? That is very very... I don't think yet what it is very very, owin, to you folks to write with not too unprintable words.

For this offense, you must revenge yours-

elves, you variable Martians !

At least, we owe you thanks. Er ... 'cause you see, many people made money with your supposed forms, and for this very kind of people, money is truly invaluable, I bet.

But right now, I have a question for you

to answer : HOW are you ?

(Answers, with your particular weapons of revenge, would be very (I just suppose) welcome by Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland).

Hummmmm !

Well ...

One must proceed anyway, but if you don't find this Florian Schmidt in further ishes, don't blame me too much.

Though ...

... peaple, a rather terrifying thing occured, which an old old peasant told me yesterday, when the sun was bleeding at the bottom of the lake (not yours, Dag, not yours. Mine, instead, the Lake of Geneva, but don't you folks call it 'Take of Geneva' here in Lausanne, if you are to come, because those who dwell in Lausanne and in the country around, name it merely 'Léman'. 'Le Léman'. Not a lake at all, just 'Le Léman'. Don't forget, for if you'd forget, I don't know what would come) ((Where was I?..er, yes, the story of the old man, though this old man was only outside his story, not inside, as you'll no doubt see soon.)) (((Eh! see soon, that's funny, ain't it?)))

'Well ... er ... uh ... said the old man in an old suit, once upon a time there was a spaceship. Maybe one would say it was rather huge, but one doesn't know what one says. It (the spaceship) gravitated for a long long time around a little sun which conveyed it away towards its ultimate destination. And there were people in the spaceship. They ca-

me from the Dog-Star, they went to Lyra, and this mean of locomotion saved most fuel during the greatest part of their travel.'

By the way, aren't you amazed ? A peasant, a Swiss peasant speaking of space travel ?.. Me I was, sure, but we deal with curious peaple, here in Switzerland, they are astonishingly astounding, amazing and startling.

Then, the Earth went towards Lyra, leav-

ing our beloved Sun behind.'

This told, the old man patted my shoulders with a gentle hand, and looked at me with sad eyes, not as sad as mine, sure, he is Swiss when I am French, and he said in a low tone:

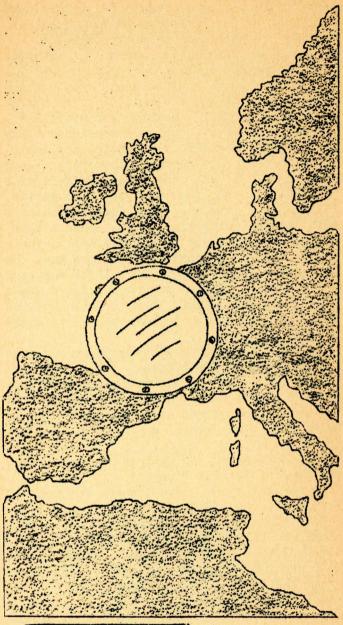
'How long since you went to France, Pierre, my dear dearest Pierre ?'

He had sad eyes, have I said, but what if I forgot to add istic to sad?

So, you won't be surprised, peaple, if I remain hastily yours for this ish.

See, I must so West a little. Anyway, I do know skating, but if you didn't get news from the Linards these times, that ain't really Linard's fault.

And, by the way, isn't the sun a little less warm, in your countries, folks? Oh, my!...



Is France from now on a mere side-light for Civilisation ?..

fanzines I got, with bem's who sent them :

ANDROmeda 10, from Julian PARR, BANDWAGON 2, from Richard E. ENEY, BOOK COLLECTOR'S NEWS, from Mike MOORCOCK, BURROUGHSania vol 1 no 10, from THE SAME, BURROUGHSania vol 1 no 11, from THE SAME, CAMBER 7, from Alan DODD, CENTURY NOTE, from Richard E. ENEY. FANTASY TIMES 267, from James TAURASI (?), GRUE 28, from Dean A. GRENNELL, HYPHEN 17, from Walt WILLIS, JAZZ 5, from Mike MOORCOCK, JEFF CITY, from Richard E. ENEY, LATE NIGHT FINAL, from THE SAME, MEUH 1, from Jean LINARD, MEUHPEON, from THE SAME. ROUBIDOUX, from Richard E. ENEY, SFAIRA 2&3, from Lars HELANDER, SUNDANCE 3, from Jean YOUNG, TAKE-OFF, from Alan DODD, THE DIRECTORY OF 1956 SF FANDOM. from Ron BENNETT,

THE FANTASY AMATEUR vol XX no 2,
from Richard E. ENEY,
THE HARP STATESIDE, from Walt WILLIS,
THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH 1, from Jean LINARD,
TRIODE 10, from Eric BENTCLIFFE,
TYPO 1, from Mike MOORCOCK,
VINTKAT 1, from Annie LINARD.

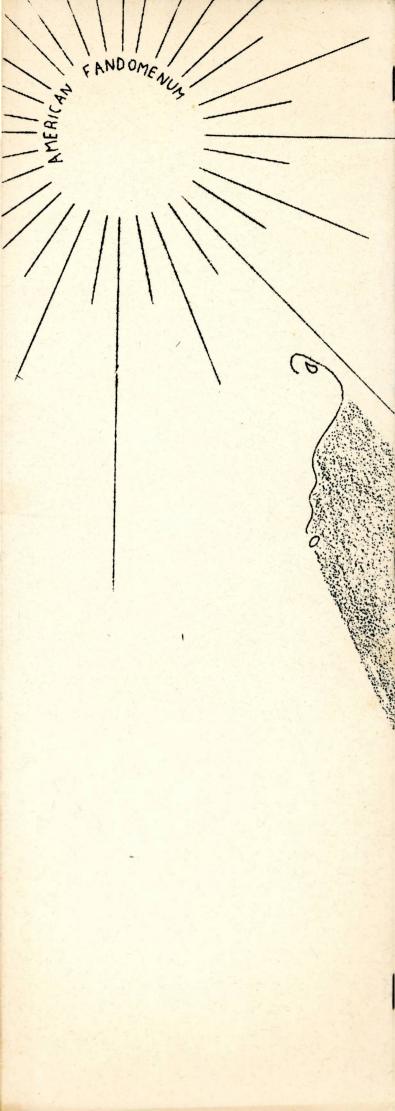
I have no ability to comment and besides no time at all and anyway no more room

I am afraid ... Hence I'll say I like all of this

TRULY

and that I love all Bem's

who made them zines with
their heart.



FANDOMENUS