

this ff emending number two

has the following keystones:

Forrest J. ACKERMAN, Cecil, Joan & Ron BENNETT, Michel BOULET. Alan DODD. Ron ELLIK, Betty KUJAWA (and Gene), Jean & Annie LINARD. Archie MERCER. Maurice RENAULI. Larry STARK, Wim STRUYCK, Martine THOME, Pierre VERSINS,

and last but not least.

Jean YOUNG.

j u n e 1 9 5 7

Last Hour :

reading FANTASY-TIMES No I find (p. 4): ROBESON: The Man Of Bron-

I find (p. 4): ROBESON: The Man Of Bronze (scarce Doc Savage).

Now, appeared in juvenile French mags in 1935-41 a lot of yarns featuring a certain Franck Sauvage' either without signature, or signed by a Guy d'ANTIN. That puzzle is an arrow in my flesh. Who can help me?..

I want all data about this Doc Savage. If I can find he is an American child, I'll sleep quietly for the remaining of my life and breathe without difficulty.

In advance, thanks for all.

Oh, boys! what a joy for the historian when, after a hard work both archaeological and extrasensorial, he finds and discovers the very subject of his Holy Search ! when, having paid his due to the cruel Ghods and Gosts of the malevolent Past, he can really esteem that his job is fulfilled! what a grand joy takes him (the historian, ye remember ?) and push him amongst the blessed hights of sheer delight !...

I, me myself, Pierre Versins, always speaking from Primerose 38, LAUSANNE, Switzerland, by means of this Fundamental Flash Emending Number Two, have got at least MY 1st French fan ! My work is achieved, Iccan now and forever sleep under the canopy of praises and laudatory flatterings. Don't forget, peaple, I deserve (and am worthy of, when I think of it) the highest commendation. Anyway, if you forgot, you'd not receive the twelve authentic buttons from Napoleon's jacket I intend to give as a bounty to all those who recognize me as the only true historian of French fandom.

But I know, there may be a few among you who don't aknowledge me. For those poor chaps, spoiled by a nearly insufferable skepticism, I'll put here, no matter my modesty, one or two excerpts from the international press :

... There is more reality and true science in Pierre Versins' work as a historian than we could possibly hope from a mere European.' - Sheffield Telegraph, courtesy Terry B. JEEVES.

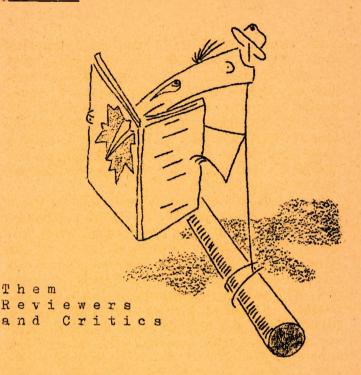
'A serious contribution to Clio's former works. Everybody knows that Clio, the first real historian (though a female historian) of our modern ages, died too young to give us all of her monumental and precise History of French Fandomenum we were all waiting for. Here comes Pierre Versins and his additions ... ' - Glasgow Herald, courtesy Peter HAMILTON.

'What a luck we have with Pierre Versins whose ... ' - Times. courtesy Alan DODD.

'L'Histoire du Fandom Français attendait son chantre. Elle l'a eu, et bien eu, jusqu'au tro non.' Le Canard Enchaîné. courtesy Jacques BERGIER.

French Fandom is no longer an unknown

world, due to the exhaustive works of P. Versins, Lausanne, Switzer Island. New-York Times, courtesy Dean A. GRENNELL.



'Französische Fandum war noch zu finden, und jetzt kam P. Verzins. Nun hat die Geschichte einen anderen Meister.' <u>Die Zeit</u>, courtesy Julian PARR.

My native modesty being now drowned, I can go forth. And apologize for having made such a mistake as to propose Gallet, Bergier, Spriel or Renault as first French fan. I see now clearly my fault (no more Eney's, this). I didn't dig enough the field of possibilities. May you forgive my former statements and believe that NOW, TRULY AND SINCERELY, I know that the first and only true first French fan is none other than

Ronald D. ELLIK

D. standing for Dawn because this man is really the dawn of French Fandom. Let's hear what has Ron ELLIK to say, because I'm pretty sure some of you may spose I'm joking, believing that they know Ellik. But no. Nobody knows the trouble I've seen ... uh, what do I say, nobody knows THE REAL ELLIK. Nobody, save me, and I am willing to permit you to glance upon my shoulder.

ELLIK is THE first French fan. My name, says he with this perticular sort of since-

rity none other has in such a degree, my name is not French, I speak no French, I have never lived in France, and I may not even be a fan for all that I know - but I can write fake-creole and French convention reports, and perhaps I could even manage to meet Lee Riddle if it would help.

And he goes on, with a candour I can't hope to manage myself: I was born at the early age of 13 in a garret in Paris, and starved to death writing poetry for Archie Mercer. I then became disgusted with the UK market and turned my talents to French fandom. In 1921 I hold the first Parisian convention with MYSELF, forrest j.ackerman and six many buffaloes in attendance.

There, I must (excuse me, o Thee, Ron!) rectify a little fact. I was also there, one of the buffaloes, and we were not six, but seven. But that changes really nothing at all.

In 1956, goes on Ron ELLIK, coming out for the first time after the bombs stopped dropping, I began publishing INCOMPREHENSIV-IE, the first French fanmag, which ran eighty issues, published every third minute, in my garret at 402 rue Maple, Paris, Haute-Saône, Wisconsin.

Hmmmm. this is, I think, a little too much joking: who in Heaven or Earth ever heard of a number 402 in rue Maple (you see, there are no more than 234 mumbers in this precise street). Anyway, this apart, I dare say (and everybody will understand me) that this letter, coming from San Diego, Calif, US&A and dated april 30th 1957, warmed truly my heart and bones. I excavated all the second-hand book stores in Lausanne and by chance got the 93rd issue of INCOMPREHENSIVIE, that I'll trade (this issue being totally illegible) for an item perhaps rare too: The Necronomicrogroove, Arabic Folk-lore.

HERE,

if

you

want

illustration.

just look at the Cover ...

Myself

Hush ...

in disguise

But I was not entirely satisfied. I made (with this perticular habit I have to give only the results of my inquiries, not daring to bother my reader with the falterings of one who is not sure of himself) I made further investigations and found that perhaps Ron ELLIK don't know all about himself. So I found that he is the only heir of Honey Leek, that fabulous advertiser in the Court of Guillaume le Conquerant, who himself was the first son of the Hon. L. Lique, also known as Louis de Ligue or Louis de Ligne, born in 997 in a garret too, in Paris too and in France too, but 42 (and not 402, also rue de Naples (and not rue Maple, alas too).

What do you think of this, peaple ?

And, by the way, Ron, I am informed that Guillaume le Conquerant made your ancestor Duke of Hoddesdon, Count of Portsmouth and Plymouth (did you ever dream that you were the real and legitimate owner of Her Majesty's Ships?) and Baronet of Lincoln where, if my references are good, your family's Archives are kept by a certain A. Mercer, esq.

Now I think of it, I got a letter from one MERCER:

Anyway, he says, I now know all about early French fandom. Except that I have heard of a French fan with a Russian name - Isor B. MASLOWSKI - who has a certain international reputation. Was, in fact, and for all I know still is if it still exists - on the Committee of the International Fantasy Award. Perhaps ffm Number None Plus One will remedy this important omission.

Yes, it is all my fault. Though I don't know if it is of use to go further in my Holy Task of Discovering the first French fan since the first French fan is so obviously Ronald Dawn ELLIK. But I forgot (just forgot) Igor B. MASIOWSKI. I don't know him personally, but I know he works with Maurice RENAULT's Mystère-Magazine and Fiction and reviews sf books in Fiction every month with a particular sense of the commercial value of the books he is reviewing (that ain't ill natured remark, but mainly because French sf as a whole has no value save commercial).

So, I'll send to Igor B. MASIOWSKI the first three ffm and let him speak for himself if he wants to.

And he (Archie MERCER) says too that my English spelling's pretty good on the whole and that perhaps I'm really an Englishman in disguise ...

At that, I must say I'm no Englishman, even in disguise. If you could see my struggles with 'personnally'!.. Though, I think, I have got it by now:

PERSONNALLY ?..

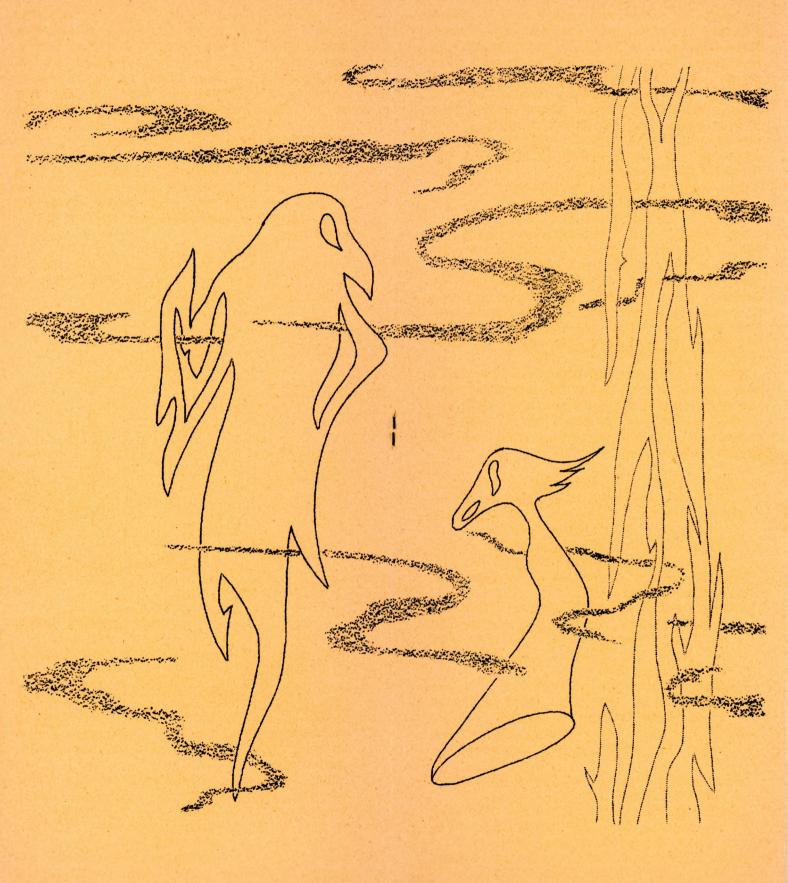
PERSONALLY ?.. O
Why, yes! It must be PERSONALLY!!!.. But
such a battle of Giants!

And, to answer another question: when I say I'm interested in trade, that is just a way of speaking. I am glad to give ffm to all who are interested. But I must know who is interested. When I get a zine or a letter I am inclined to think I get'em because the pretty senders are interested in my ffm, just because I'm conceited, see ? But when I don't get anything, I wonder. So, I'll ask all of you, peaple : if you want to get ffm for the rest of its life, just drop me a card, that's all. You read it, enjoy it, and ask Dag to sell you a stove, just in case you have nothing in Witch burn ... (Oh, those associations !) in WHICH burn your copy when finished. Then, if you think really you owe me something, you can send me what you believe to be of some use to me or my Sci-Fi Swissociety (rights, as for this new word, to be purchased at Ackerman's Science Fiction Agency) of which I am the honourable chairman : this include all the field of fantasy and science fiction (including ARCH-Ive, Archie!).

And that is not to say that I don't think my ffm is something. It is very much for me, but I dare not say it is the same for you. And neither to say that your fanzine is nothing for me, it's also very much for me. Anyway, nothing is better than your letters, so I'll go on:

It will presumably not spoil your day, says 4e, to learn that I am sending you three (un ... deux ... trois) packages of a precious commodity known as FFM.

Oh nonono! that did not spoil my day, that made me jump and spoil the ceiling. And now, due entirely to Forrest J. ACKERMAN, I can look through the ceiling (I dwell at the top of Primerose 38, you see?) at the stars. What a luck for a Sci-Fi Swissociety



are bound to die if they can't read my opera I'll say that they are available in French (four novels), in Italian (two novels), in Portuguese (two novels) and in Spanish (one novel). I don't know exactly the rates, but I think they are something around 20 or 25 cents, most likely less. But I assure you, my dear sirs, it's at your own risks if you try to read my published stuff. I meself would not buy these novels if they were offered me at a lower price.

See, I got'em without paying em.

And you're warned.

WARNED! . .

But translations! He wants me to give you titles of French sf books translated in English, no more! How can I know this? If it were the contrary, English translated in French, there I'd have more than hundreds of them, but French into English that's another job. Are they not included in The Checklist of Fantastic literature, by Everett F. BLEILER?

Anyway, I'll dig for you peaple the few I know. Here they are with (an important precision, I think) the year when they were published in France. And don't forget that I'm willing to give all the data I have, when I happen to have some.

BALZAC, Honoré de : The Quest of the Absolute (La recherche de l'Absolu), 1830.

BENOIT, Pierre: Atlantida (or) The Queen of Atlantis (L'Atlantide), 1920.

FARRERE, Claude: The House of the Secret (La maison des hommes vivants), 1911.

FARRERE, Claude : Useless Hands (Les con-

damnés à mort), 1921.

MAUROIS, André: The Weigher of Souls (Te peseur d'âmes), 1931. Nota: there is too, if I remember well, the same story under the title: The Seeker of Souls, in an FFM.

MAUROIS, André: The next Chapter (or) The War against the Moon (Deux fragments d'une Histoire Universelle 1992), 1928.

MAUROIS, André: The Thought Reading Machine (La machine à lire les pensées), 1937.

RENARD, Maurice: The Hands of Orlac (Les mains d'Orlac), 1920.

RENARD, Maurice: New Bodies for Olds (or)
The Strange Experiment of Dr. Lerne (Le
docteur Lerne, sous-Dieu), 1910.

SANDOZ, Maurice: The Maze (Le labyrinthe) 1941. Nota: This author is Swiss.

VANDEL, Jean-Gaston: Enemy beyond Pluto (Attentat cosmique), 1953. Nota: This is the only one you'd think is a real sf writer. Appeared in France in a collection for juvenile, but not so bad, really not so bad...

VERCORS: You shall know them (Les animaux

denatures), 1952.

VERNE, Jules: (What? This one too? Oh! my good sirs, you'll dig it for your-selves).

And that's all, up to my present knowledge and ability. No more than 12 titles, what a shame! Data welcome if any, about this. But that is not (not nearly) the best of what we have got in French. If you want to know more on French sf, it's up to you. Just ask your favorite publisher to have a look upon our well-hidden treasures and I bet he'll answer more or less something like this: have ye not enough in US&A?

Going back to my own opera, I must answer the only true DODD: Robert E. Gilbert once asked me that as in British science fiction aliens always destroyed London and in US science fiction they always destroyed New-York he wondered whether in Swedish science fiction the aliens destroyed the equivalent i.e. Stockholm. I wondered if in Swiss sf they destroyed Geneva and the like.

You bet, doddering Dodd ... Swiss authors are not so shy! In 'Le nouveau Déluge', Noëlle ROGER destroy the entire world, while Claude PEARSON (a Swiss despite his name) and Charles-Albert REICHEN see universal doomsday by atomic blow-up. But they don't use aliens to fulfill this perfect job, they think we don't need bems, doom is due to mere Terrestrians. As for me, yes, I cnce destroyed Geneva, nearly all of Geneva, to be precise, but that was just a little asteroid falling upon the Earth. You see, we are not very very imaginative ...

According to strict rule, sf of French expression is not always exciting, speaking of ideas and plots. It is the way things are handled and I'm afraid French sf books would not become best-sellers in UK and USA. That is perhaps why you don't know much about the subject. I would be glad - very glad - if someone could send me a checklist of French books of sf translated in English and published in UKas&A.

And Larry STARK who comes: Many people complain bitterly against MY seriousness;

but I think it's just that I'm less inclined than most to pretend that fandom has no meaning... Why, Larry, is there anyone in this world of ours who think REALLY that something has no meaning? Save, naturally, the French author Albert CAMUS but I think his 'L'Etranger' is a perfect joke, else why write a work which has the meaning of telling us that nothing has a meaning? I suggest that all, just all, has a meaning for someone, and fandom, since it's sffandom we speak of, has a meaning for all fen, otherwise them fen would dig potatoes instead or even live as someone who finds meaning in other things than fandom.

Well, to go here and there, answering foolish questions with mad words, I forget that I am primarily the Historian of French fandom. What of a little illustration to show you how I look when I look like a real Historian of French Fandom?

Here, see, right below the word below the word 'below', it is below anyway:



And ffm being the foundation-stone of History of French fandom, I'll answer Wim STRUYCK: What means ffm? One can't ask more in less words, isn't it?

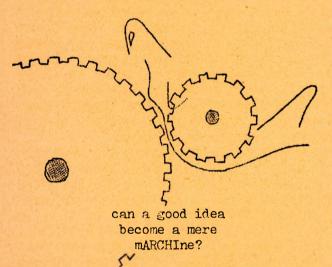
What means ffm, Wim? And you? That's a rather silly question, you know? ffm means as you and me, and others, everything. You must put your nose (and eyes, sure enough, why not?) in your perticular dictionnary at f, f and m, and give to those three letters the exact significance you want them to hide. Just one meaning they have not, and that is Famous Fantastic Mysteries, for this sense of wonder is forever owned (and to my critical eyes well earned) by Mary GNAEDINGER, once editor of FFM and called by her friends The Queen Of Science Fiction.

Oh! There comes Archie MERCER once again with a gentle word: I do it (ARCHIve) on a home-made flatbed, so the printing should be

slow enough for any Frenchhomme to follow. Now, a man who takes care of me, printing slowly because I is French (remember ffm ending Number Cne, page 2, illustration). Is not that a true extrapolation? Oh, Scifi, where do you hide yourself!..

And he adds, quite unconscionably: Martine seems to me a good idea. A VERY good idea. The way she writes, you'd almost think she was human.

And he is alone with Michel BOULET to have bothered himself as much as to seek a job for my poor alien true wife: Never mind, writes he, if she applies to any red-blooded Anglofan (me, for instance) she can have a job doing things for us while we sit back and enjoy the scenery. And, on the other



hand: Martine, Michel BOULET says, I have a job for you: come and do my school work, so I shall be able to do something for fandom.

You see? Those petty materialistic profiteers, they'd tend to steal my only personal wife! Has anyone ever heard of such a lack of sophistication? (this 'lack of sophistication' I picked up in my dictionnary, if you wonder). But I hear already their answer: has anyone ever heard of such a wife? Well, no more I. But enough on this, I'm not willing to cooperate longer. Martine will remain my beloved otherself, unless you give me enough gold to buy a new better one. But I must warn you that she was extremely expensive.

From BOULET again, this definite aphorism: We are, so the French fan is. Er, didn't I say somewhere that I was the Historian of French fandom? So why take from my own brain this magnificent sentence which I'd

have been so glad to think all by myself?..

One thing I rather enjoy in this job of running a zine and getting letters and co, is that any fan who writes writes somewhere that HE wonder what exactly is a fan. By the way, did you read this marvelous tale by VERCORS: 'You shall know them'? In it, he asks just this little question: has anyone ever see a right and legal definition of what exactly is a man? A must for the connoisseur, as say critics. It's published by pocketbooksinc (free advertisement).

So says Ron BENNETT: The trouble is of course that fandom is getting too darned comploycated. Sooner or later someone will have to set himself up as a fannish dicta-

Seems to me a rather good idea? What about a ploynetary ploynnification after a regular ploybiscit, naturally. This ploynt about the too great comploycation of fandom is enough ploysible, a real ploygue, I dare say, which falls upon ploycids in every ployce. It would be surely ploysant to send ploynty of ploynipotentiaries ploynge themselves into dark ployts, by mere lack of ploytform, and see the results.

Going back to French fandom, I'd have been glad to give you a few words about another Glub: Le Cercle du Futur, or Société d'Hyperthétique, which was intended (I just spose) for brilliant-minded guys, but I am afraid that was never more than a project, though I'm not sure. Were in this plot such men as Raymond QUENEAU, Boris VIAN, Robert KANTERS, Stephen SPRIEL, and who else?

That is another question I ask to the French who get this mag, waiting for answers which never come. Though Maurice RENAULT answered this, but merely to say he didn't know anything about this mythical association.

And now:

Here is a list of the FFMs I got till to-day from:
Forrest J. ACKERMAN,
Eva FIRESTONE,
Terry B. JEEVES,
Betty KUJAWA,
Joe SANDERS
& Walt WILLIS.

(More thanks to them than my poor command of English enable me to give. May their blessed hearts be hyperblessed and their lives last as long as themselves and their health and wealth increase along the godly

path of humanity)

and one FN (jul 50), from again TerryBle JEEVES (Yes, Terry, I knew also this mag, but never in my life had I seen a single copy. How happy I am, I can't say here, you'll get a letter all for your Soggyish self).

One thing I must add: I don't consider this mag as an answer to letters I got. Just seems to me certain excerpts from them letters ought to be printed and answered by the Master publicly. But I'm not too much drowned by letters. If you wait for a personal reply, see, it's just because I have too other things to do. I have principally to THINK. It is yet time to allow you to know that I am a profound thinker, despite all I can say when I'm sober.

Well, seems I talk too much. Forget, peaple, forget those above-lines. That is not safe to know too much about me.

Something I forgot in my last ffm. I spose you know we have here in Switzerland a sort of Club, FUTOPIA, which has members in several countries (Switzerland, sure, but also France, Germany, Italy and Belgium). So it's not really a Swiss Club, but rather an European Club (Switzerland is the perfect country for this kind of international joke) and we have a little Library (300 books and mage in several idioms). But what I intended to say to you in my last ffm and forgot to is merely this : we have founded the CERF, or Centre Européen de la Recherche Fantastique, (European Center for Fantasy Research) which first goal is to give us Europeans the basic matter about f and sf which (I happened to understand this fast) is available only in fanzines (or I must say to be precise: primarily in fanzines). To this CERF I give all the fanzines I get personally. With the Ackerman'sfantasticonclomeration, that makes now a fair bundle, full of inestimable items on the subject we Futopians love. So, if it happens that you throw fanzines away, either after reading'em or when you haven't no more room for'em, don't forget they'd be truly welcome in the CERF.

********************* OH, COME, AND I'LL WHISTLE FOR YOU, MY

In case you wonder, the CERF is not intended merely for FUTOPIANS, anyone can use the material it owns, no fees for none, just the one who wants something send a card, get the thing and pay postages. go-and-return.

By the way, Jean Young, is it there that

my seriousness shows a leg ?

Needless to say, but I'll say it anyway : by sending things to the CERF, you get ffm as long as it lasts, but,

TO ALL THOSE WHO ATREADY HAVE THE CERTAINTY TO GET ffm AND TO THOSE WHO'LL EARN THIS CERTAINTY, I must add that a mere card with insults on it is not enough to clean you of my rag. Since I don't know fairly English-spoken insults (ah, if it were in Russian or Spanish ...) to get the exact meaning out of them.

NOT WANT TO RECEIVE LONGER MY ffm. JUST DROP ME A CARD WITH A WELL-WRITTEN (READABLE) NO. That I'll understand.

Well, good-bye for now. Let me hear from you. ffm ending is scheduled to go out every month. If you don't get your copy next month don't wonder why. It'll be only that you don't care. Me too, naturally. So, why worry and cry ? Aren't we men, fen ? ...

Next ffm the 1st of July, but next FFM, when? Alas ... Seems I heard rumors about its rebirth, is it possibobble ?...

zines I got

(I don't include

in this list

the huge bundle

sent me

because it was

for FUTOPIA

but I thank him

and all those editors

who take care

so kindly

of my mental health

by supplying me

with highly readable

and enjoyable

material)

A BAS, from Boyd RAEBURN, No 9,

CONTOUR, from Bob PAVLAT, No 10,

EXCELSIOR, from Jarry SHAW, No 2,

FANTASY-TIMES, from James V. TAURASI, Nos

268, 269 & 270,

GARAGE FLOOR, from Mike J. MOORCOCK, No 7,

STUPEFYING STORIES, from Richard E. ENEY,

No 22,

(Many thanks, Dick)

THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH, from Jean & Annie

LINARD, No 2,

THE NEW FUTURIAN, from John Michael ROSENBLUM, No 7,

TOMORROW, from Niels AUGUSTIN, No 1,

VOID, from Greg BENFORD, No 10.

May I say that those numbers don't apply to fen, but to zines ? Anyway, is not zit unthinkable that there could exist i.e. a second Jean&anniellnakD, a seventh Mike za s

fin ending



