

Like a spider in my web
I never never being fed
I wonder

[illegible]

This issue has earned the right to hand down its name to the remotest posterity (quote from CASSELL's French Dictionary, 23rd edition /revised/ 1952, page 557, 2nd column) thanks to the following people who gave to its fulfilment all of their heart and sweating :

Fitz-James O'BRIEN, for he once existed,
see page 1;

Martine THOME, who gives always the wrong answer when I ask her, see page 1;

Demetre IOAKIMIDIS, for emending my emendations, see page 2;

Joe SANDERS, who gave me a pretty illustration and an idea to attend the Lon-Con without danger, see pages 2 & 3;

John BERRY, who was somewhat connected with the former though he made me more afraid if possible to go to England in september, see page 3;

Jean LINARD, whose UNPRINTABLE MOUTH is in a way quite printable when I quote it, see page 3;

Ethel LINDSAY, whose kindness permitted me to say something kind about the Linards without saying it myself, see page 3;

Annie LINARD, Babs SCHMIDT, Betty KUJAWA,
Eva FIRESTONE, Jean GRENNELL and Jean
YOUNG, from whom I stole the courage to
draw the central illo and write the
poem, see page 3 & between pages 5 & 6;

Ralph M. HOLLAND, whose "QUOTH THE WALRUS" made me jump and spoil once more my ceiling, see pages 3, 4 & 5 (!!!!!);

Jean YOUNG (again), whose "Shadow Bird" I loved and still love, see pages 5 & 6;

Ron BENNETT, who has this particular habit of finding me somewhat worth the Altar, see page 6;

Eric BENTCLIFFE, who wonders if Florian Schmidt is a mere phantasm, see page 8;

Archie MERCER, whose mercatorial taste is so evidently good, see page 8;

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That is a shame. When one asks one's wife, one gets always the same answer. Who said once that wives never understand male's trouble ? If I open my heart, consider, gentlefen, what'll you see ? Blood, blood and nothing else. And what'll come to me ? Death for lack of blood and nothing more.

No, that won't go. I must seek myself another path.

Just a strange feeling which strikes me : seems it was yesterday I pubbed my first ffm. And you ? That makes anyway 4 months, or 120 days, or 2880 hours, or 172.800 minutes, or 10.368.000 seconds. Such is time. Amazing. I wonder ...

No, I'll wonder another time. Now, I have to say something, though still not anything to say ...

When I think of it, may I emend my last ffm, saying that according to Demetre IOAKIMIDIS, a Swiss Futopian, there is too THE DEATH OF IRON, translated from LA MORT DU FER (1931) by S.S. HEILD ? Yes, I may. And according to me (though the data came from an FFM sent by Betty KUJAWA), there is too THE HORLA, from Guy de MAUPASSANT's LE HORLA (1886) in FFM sep. 42. The first one is good while the second, translated by George Allen ENGLAND, is a pure marvel.

And I remain with my burden. Hey ! "Burden" ... Who says it was a burden to write in ffm ? It's a pleasure, I assure you !

Anyway, I may always answer your letters. gentlefen and gentlerfemmefen. Why, this is just what I had to do ! I remember now. After all, is not that a good editorial policy, I ask you ... Personally, I can't think of a better one.

Now, here is, for instance, Joe SANDERS who, never losing his head, was very shocked to hear me make that horrible error "ain't no". Why, Joe, it ain't no my fault if I like my faults, no ?.. And he goes on : To attend the London Convention, why don't you enter the British Empire through Ireland ? John Berry is one of the police force there and I'm sure that he wouldn't let duty stand in the way of



of his fanatic. Well, it's an idea, though ... I got a couple of weeks ago an esoteric publication entitled CLOCHE BY NIGHT, a G.D.A. Factual Investigation by this John Berry you speak of, Joe, and ... just look at the actual atomfoto taken with infrared stylus. If it is John Berry who lurks from the barrel with a nose as long and sharp as a spade, I think it is safer for me to take my vacations in Hell. For, you see, I fear pricks more than death, and that nose, er...

And, when I'm still with Sanders, no, my dear, the last few pages of ffm ending number one were not fiction. No matter what said JeanL in his UNPRINTABLE MOUTH second of its dynasty. Jean thought (I presume) that he was concerned by the fact that Vesoul existed no more, replaced by this huge side-light my Swiss peasant spoke of. But no. Vesoul or no Vesoul, there will always be one couple of Linards somewhere, don't you think ? Which prompts me to quote here a bit of a letter from the gentle Ethel LIND-SAY. I can't say, says she with this particularly feminine candour of saying something without saying it, that it really matters just who was the first fan in France. The important thing is that the Linards came to fandom as a very good revitalising tonic. They made old and tired fans everywhere perk up in a way to do your heart good. And not only, Mylady, if I can here put one word or two, not only fans. I was not a fan (if I am one today) when my way crossed Linards' way, and I think it was like an Earthquake for me, an Earthquake not unlike, maybe, Søren Kierkegaard's, in importance, I mean, though I don't want to be too much serious.

And Ethel adds that she liked particularly the drawing in the centre of the ending number two (by the way of numbers, remind me, you all people, to quote somewhere someone who wonders why I don't publish a straight number one). Now, Ethel, for you and the other ladies in fandom, Annie, Babs, Betty, Eva, JeanG, JeanY, and all those whose name I don't know, there is in this issue another drawing tuned with a little little poem from another world's literature. Copyrights free for Earthmen and - women only.

Well, I'll now comment a little on a few fanzines (next issue trying to explain why I just can't comment), mainly for an astounding statement in Ralph M. HOLLAND's "QUOTH THE WALRUS". But I can't say a word about this mag without saying at least half a word

about two or three others (Ralph would be too proud and I don't want to push men on the glooming path of vice, you see?).

I begin, seat down and hold your breath :

This very morning, I got "QUOTH THE WAL-
RUS" with a "sent by request from Jean Li-
nard - France". Good. But didn't you get the
first three ffms, Ralph ? I sent them to you
but maybe this "Ohio-Oregon" error made the
difference. Anyway, if JeanL received your
zine a while ago, I now see the reason (or I
presume I do). Because you wrote a few sen-
tences which made me jump and spoil another
part of the ceiling (so I'll have to buy an-
other tub in case of rain. If I had had any
idea of what you put in your mag, I'd natu-
rally have placed me right under the first
hole in my ceiling - this one being the res-
ponsibility of Forrest J. ACKERMAN, as you
may remember if you read another stuff than
MAD or THE TIMES). Where am I ? Yes, I see.
You said, explaining why you are no longer a
member of ISFCC : Europeans usually take or-
ders quite docilely, as a result of having
their lives regulated for many generations
past. HMMMM, where exactly did you find this
one ? If it's a joke, I mean, because if it
is not, I must answer, in the name of all
conscious and organized Europeans : do you
think REALLY that wars are regulators ?
Count yourself, without going too many gene-
rations in the past : WW2 = 6 years + WW1 =
4 years + sundry other wars here and there
(all inside Europe), that makes something of
12 years of wars in 50 years. Is that an
help to regulate our lives ? I must put here
that I am no Swiss, but French, and that WW2
gave me, as a free gift, something of 10
years of living (if this is life) in various
hospitals. Please don't excuse yourself. I
do know that you didn't aim your sentence at
me (I'm not that conceited). It is just that
I can't stand the thought of someone saying
that we Europeans have this silly habit to
obey orders. Well (and when I say "Well", it
is "Well" I mean, I am quite older than ac-
rimony). And you, Ralph, add : But I just
happen to belong to the rapidly disappearing
group who may be quite willing to do some-
thing is (if ?) they are asked but, upon the
first sign of any "big brother is watching
you" technique, will say : "Oh yeah ! Try
and make me do it !" No, there, definitely
no. I know lots of people (I think you have
now to come over here, Ralph, I'll prepare a
room for you) and never found them either

disappearing or having proper respect for authority. Never, hummm, speaking frankly, I must emend this : rarely, that is. Even soldiers, you hear me, sometimes disobey orders. And I don't think either that Americans are a flock of sheep. We don't belong to Big Brother.

And then, seems to me I see the reason be-
hind your statements. Remember, you said
that you published your due (and more), but
do not want to go along with any requirement
as to activity as a matter of principle
Good, but what use, even to you ? I feel I
must sound "oriental thinking" to you (that
is maybe why, no joking, France is from now
on a mere side-light for civilisation, if I
may quote myself) but I don't see the point,
save in terms of courage and "lost causes a-
re worth being helped". I'd be glad to have
the Linards' opinion on this. Why, take me,
for instance. I applied to FAPA, though I
dislike associations (that is not to say I
dislike associates, eh !). Formerly, I foun-
ded an sf society, though ... see above. The
point is that I have not enough strength
(and you too) to stand all the oddities of
life. When I find an easier path which let
me free for other things (maybe more or even
less important, that is always the ques-
tion) I follow this path, like a river. But,
and here is the main part, I think, I choose
to do so. Well, the river too, who knows ?
maybe JeanY, she is acquainted with Nature
in a way I won't challenge, 'cause I can't
hope to share her secret.

Oh my, Jean, while you come across my way, is that enough seriousness (good bye, Ralph, see you later, and thanks for your mag), or is it too serious ? I'd like too to have your idea about this important way of life, you must have some opinion, and it would be a marvelous occasion to write me another letter of no consequence, because, anyway, it is a matter of no consequence, isn't it ? Which matters more is that I loved (and still love) your story in GARAGE FLOOR No 1. Do you happen to know personally those wonderful creatures ? If I could only hope not to spoil your writing, I'd beg you to give me one of your tales to translate it and publish it in AILIEURS. But I am just a man, madame, et vous savez comme sont faits les hommes, lourds, réels, si réels, trop réels, though I struggle, struggle, struggle, but earth will win. When I have such a battle in front of me, I can't spare any strength. And

I remember now that Eric BENTCLIFFE is intrigued to know if the letter from Florian Schmidt in ffm was a genuine one or a product of my fertile imagination. I know another one who is intrigued, Eric. I know Florian 3 or 4 years now and I can't even manage to decide if he is a genuine Swisshomme or a mere shadow of my own self. See illo on former page, after all, it has at least a meaning, if unpredictabobble. He (Florian) came this very afternoon, I gave him your letter without comment, he read it, laughed like a fool he is when he is not a mere shadow and couldn't decide himself. I think he will think it over an year or two and let you know the results of his cogitations.

Hell ! I was just about to forget that my ramblings were very much to the mercatorial taste (Hi ! Archie, how is you ? And your "mute-non-existent-or-something-else-altogether-wife" ? Martine says Hello to you too).

I got too two opinions about M. GAILLET's definition of the faaaaaan : Ellis MILLS (who is right now Berchtesgadening with the ever gentle Linards) says : this seems to me to leave out the English "fans" some of whom do indeed share an American phenomenon with Americans there is yet a group of the English who share an English phenomenon with Englishmen to say nothing of the Scotch and Irish. God ! such a sentence without breathing !... There must be one or two commas lacking there. Anyway, I share this American opinion. Another matter : this matter of comma. If you come to Lausanne, Ellis, welcome, naturally, but don't expect me to do such sentences without commas. I'll breathe, me myself, between every word, I warn you. Why ? Because I is French ! And between every word, I'll have, so doing, time to think of the following word. Am I not something of a genius ? To pave my way with such a discreet precaution !... I amaze myself, at times.

I have too in my hands (God bless them, if I had none, I could not hold my breath) a letter from Ron No-Longer-Dawn ELLIK to the Linards. Do you know what he made of myself? A fool, that is it. He made a fool of myself. In this revealing letter, though he had sent to me the supposedly exact History of French Fandom, he says another story to the Linards. He spells now his name Jean-Jacques Rellinok, writes he was discovered in a CARE package in Versailles in 1935, was guillotined as a Leusannian spy in 1937

(My ! how a man who was guillotined in Lausanne in 1937 can be discovered in a CARE package in Versailles in 1935 ? That I can't hope to understand) and go on with his evidently false tale. If you could read his whole letter ! And now, what remains ? I even wonder if his first version was truly the truth, you see how a man with no conscience at all can do to a poor Historian of French Fandom ? Alas, poor Yorselves, I think you'll never know what it is all about. With such an inquirer (not ME, eh ! it is Ron Sunset ELLIK I speak of !) ... My sadness is matchless.

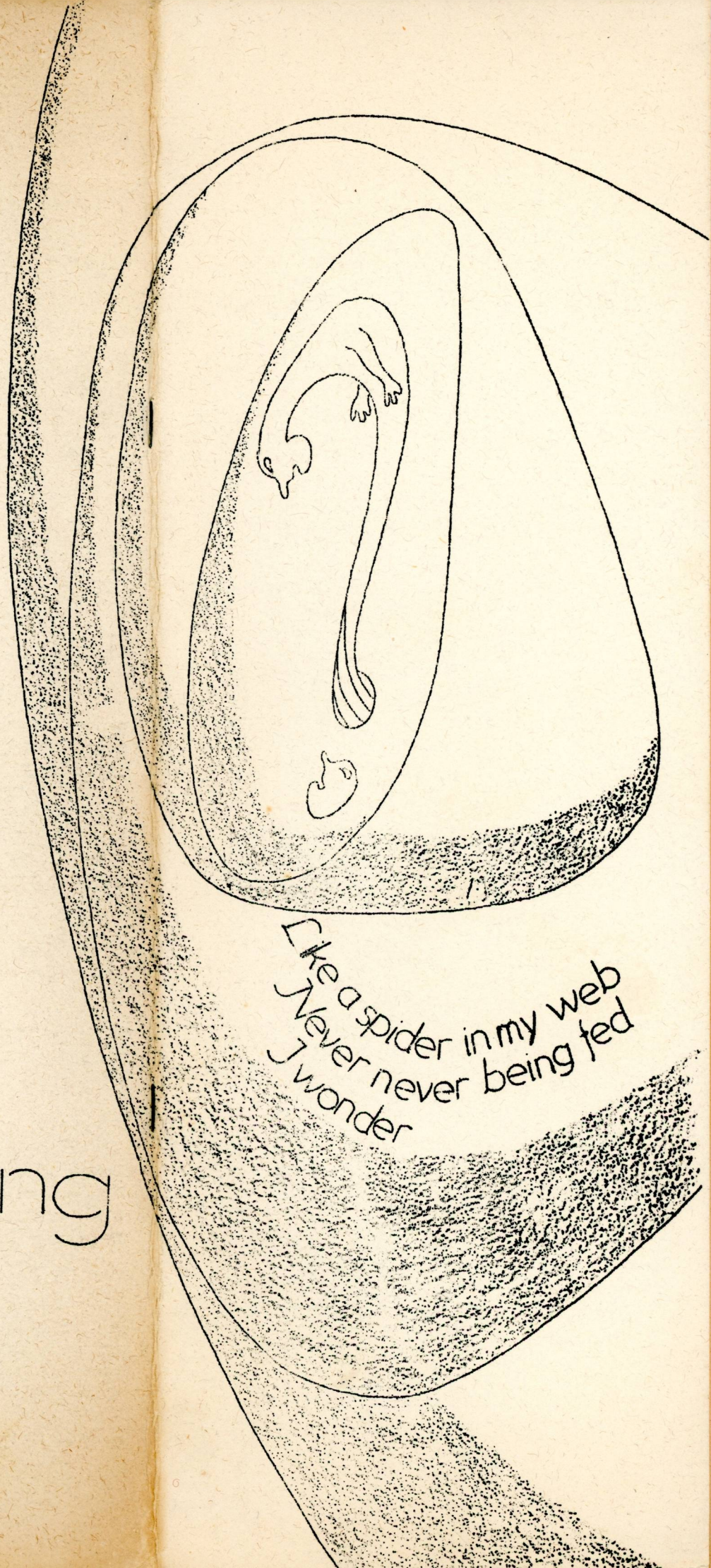
With this, I nearly forgot the other opinion about GAILLET's definition, this one coming from Bob PAVLAT : I can't see where the nationality of a person has much, if anything, to do with the subject. I don't see either. One ALMOST requirement is that the person have a facility with the English language, but even that is not entirely necessary : then Bob gives the example of Swedes and Norwegians not sharing an American hobby with Americans, since, apart from Lars HELANDER, I think (it's me, right now), Swedes don't speak English. And Bob comes to the conclusion that, chronologically, GAILLET would appear to be the first French fan, and if "first" were taken to mean "the person who has done most, earliest, to promote the development of science-fiction in his locale" -- well, in that case, you could probably answer the question far better than I. So, if you mean by this, Bob, that American sf is considered, it's probably Régis MESSAC who pubbed a collection in the thirties (don't recall exactly when), translating a few of Dr. KELLER's tales, and I don't think Georges GAILLET'd disagree with me, though being a good friend of late MESSAC, he is naturally abler (or more able ?) than me to answer. But if it is sf in general you speak of, and since it is France which is on the spot, French sf, it's undoubtedly M. HETZEL, who gave to Jules VERNE the opportunity to publish his novels. And that makes Hugo GERNSBACH himself look like a youngster. What of this ?

I WAS SURE OF IT !. Nobody has reminded me of someone asking if I was ever going to publish a straight ffm number one. Luckily, I have got a few years ago an electronic memory whose name is Martine. D'you know ? Anyhow, it was John CHAMPION who asked. A very nice guy, this John, he wonders where I got

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Never never being fed
I wonder

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