



# Fanfare

#11



# FANFARE #11

## September 1989

Welcome to the eleventh issue of *Fanfare*, the fanzine that gives new meaning to the expression REAL SOON NOW. It has been quite a while since December 1943 when issue #10 came out and the subscription list cannot be found. So, if you can prove that you have issues left on your sub please get us a copy of your proof and we'll send off a copy soon. We make no promises as to the publication date of issue #12.

MCFL has undertaken the transitory revival of this fanzine, the official organ of The Stranger Club as part of the honor due to the members of that club as progenitors of Boston-area (and beyond) fandom during the early days of the 1940s. The members of the Stranger Club are the Fan Guests of Honor at the 1989 Worldcon in Boston, Noreascon Three. This is the 50th anniversary of the Worldcon (but not the 50th Worldcon due to the intervention of the more mundane World War II).

Much more information can be found about The Stranger Club and its members in Progress Report One and in the Souvenir Book. Additional fanhistory of the period is covered in Harry Warner, Jr.'s *All Our Yesterdays* available from Advent:Publishers.

While reading the text, I could not help commenting from time to time. My comments are in this sans serif font; text from The Strangers looks like this.

We had originally hoped to type this on stencils with a mechanical typewriter and run it off on twilltone with a hand-cranked mimeo. Alas, the pressure of time and other work precluded this and we were forced to fall back upon computers, laser printers, and electrostencil machines. So it goes. I had also asked for a funds sufficient to use platinum staples to hold the zine together but the convention budget would not allow for it (ask the old-time fan to explain this to you.)

This issue is available for trades, letters of comments (give us some comments on where those letters might be published), \$3.00, former subscribers to *Fanfare* with uncompleted subscriptions, or the whim of the editor.

The editor is Tony Lewis whose own genzine, *Stroon*, is currently on a 22-year hiatus. Thanks to Jim Mann and Chip Hitchcock for the work they have done on this zine. Thanks to Claire Anderson for the mimeoing and to all those who showed up to help collate it. Great thanks to all the members of The Stranger Club who made this issue possible and necessary. In keeping with an older tradition, no one really proofread this zine (and I certainly didn't run it through a spell checker).

Cover art by George Richard (a.k.a. Harry Clement Stubbs). Interior artwork by William Rotsler. Layout by Suford Lewis.

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This issue has no ISSN so don't waste time looking for it. Print run is about 300, more or less.

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# HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE STRANGER CLUB

Start of excerpts from *Fanfare* #2

## MINUTES OF THE FIRST MEETING

The first meeting of the Strange [sic] Club, then the Nameless Ones occurred on February 18, 1940, at the home of Louis Russell Chauvenet, Cambridge, Mass.

Art Widner, Jr., the instigator of the gathering, rattled up from Bryantville in that amazing piece of mechanism, The Skylark of Foo, pausing only to pick up Francis Paro, William Schrare, and John Ferra in South Boston.

They arrived, after a bit of circling about to get bearings, [here the ancient text is damaged] LRC, and adjourned to his room to await the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Swisher from Winchester. Chauvenet trounced Widner soundly at the ancient pastime of chess, while the others looked over Louis' collection and discussed various aspects of s-f.

After about an hour, at 5:00 P.M., Mr. and Mrs. Swisher came; everybody sat down to a delicious supper of cold cuts and salad. After supper there followed a s-f discussion during which Francis Paro allegedly fell asleep. Nothing important was accomplished, not even a name for the club. We departed, after selecting a date for the second meeting at Swisher's home next month, still the Nameless Ones.

However, everybody enjoyed the meeting, as it was the first time most had attended any such gathering, and it was a pleasure just to see and talk with real live fans in the flesh.

## MINUTES OF THE SECOND MEETING

The second meeting was held at Swisher's home in Winchester March 17, 1940. All members of the first meeting were present with three new additions, Earl Singleton of MIT, Majorie Wilson of Winchester, and William Zimmer of South Boston; bringing the total membership to ten.

Meeting got under way with the appointment of Art Widner Jr., as Director and Francis Paro as Secretary-Treasurer.

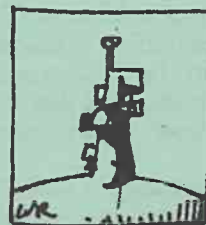
Eastern Massachusetts Fantasy Society was decided upon as the official title under which the organization is to be recognized. Meetings to be held about once a month at various member's homes. Dues were set at fifteen cents a meeting to be used to set up *Fanfare* as the club organ.

[Interestingly, one of the original proposals for NESFA's name was the Eastern Massachusetts Science Fiction Society.]

Members were to bring material for *Fanfare* by next meeting. The treasurer to purchase the stencils and bring them to the next meeting since Majorie Wilson volunteered to help cut the stencils. Prospective cover artists were Harold Gruhn (who did cover for the first issue), Art Widner famed cover artist of *Spaceways*. Russell Chauvenet suggested biographies of members to be included in *Fanfare*.

*Fanfare* to appear bimonthly at ten cents a copy. Second issue to include twelve pages but as you see it miraculously jumped to eighteen pages.

Next meeting to be held at Singleton's MIT Dorm, April 7, 1940, 3 P.M.





## MINUTES OF THE THIRD MEETING

Third meeting held as planned at the MIT. Four new members were present bringing the total membership to 14. However three members were not present, they were William Sehrage, John Ferrari, and Majorie Wilson. The new members were Bill Whalen of Dorchester, Fred Thomas of Dorchester, Fred Weiner of Boston and Henry Lemaire of MIT.

The first action taken was the changing of the EMFS to The Stranger Club after the process of elimination over several other names such as 'fanatics', 'fantaseers', etc.

Members agree on suggestion made for a contest on the cover by Widner.

Meeting temporarily adjourned to watch eclipse of the sun.

Meeting resumed. Paro to have Fanfare out by next meeting on May 1, 1940 at the MIT (Tsk! It's the 10th now). [Nothing could be more traditional in fandom.]

Constitution by Singleton adopted. Article by Avery read and accepted unanimously by members. Weiner relates story he had in mind. Accepted Chauvenet's biography of Widner read by everyone except the editor.

After meeting the Swishers departed. Chauvenet long since departed. While other members retired to Singleton's room. There members looked over Singleton's collection and listened to Widner relate the plot of his "Horror From Space" accepted by *Weird Tales*.

After yawning and stretching for an hour, Paro suddenly found himself back home in dear old South Boston.

P.S. Meeting of 3/17 adjourned with ice cream as central attraction. [This is still an very active Boston fannish tradition - meetings have been halted in mid-flight to hi-jack ice cream trucks.]

## NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES

By neighborhood, we mean the MSA, which is practically next door to the STRANGER CLUB, and composed of New Englanders like ourselves.

The Maine Scientifiction Association was organized in August of last year when Jim Avery, Jerry Clarke, and Eddie Smart got together at the Skowhegan Fair. Due to the rather large distances between members, regular meetings have not been held, but many informal get-togethers between two and three members at a time have been "gotten together" from time to time.

Last September, the MSA BULLETIN was started, and is now a thriving ten page monthly. 5¢ a copy or six for a quarter from Jerry Meader, 49 Washington St., Rumford, Maine. It is easily worth that, being chock full of interesting notes about the MSA, and fandom in general.

There are now fourteen members in the MSA, scattered all over the state, and including such well known fans as Jim Avery, Jerry Meader, and Norman Stanley. Unfortunately, Jim had to resign recently from active participation, and give up his position as Executive-Secretary, and editor-publisher of the Bulletin, but he is still on the rolls as a passive member. Jerry Clarke resigned as President also, and Carl Paradise was elected in his stead, but resigned entirely from the MSA a week later. At present there is no President, as the office is largely symbolical, with most of the work being done by the new Executive-Secretary, Norman F. Stanley, and Meader, now editor of the club organ.

THE STRANGER CLUB cordially extends an invitation to any member of the MSA to drop in on us at anytime, especially at one of our monthly meetings. Write to Director Art Widner Jr, Box 122, Bryantville, Mass. for information as to when and where meetings will be held. Perhaps plans for a New England S-F Conference next winter can be discussed, and closer relations between the two clubs cemented.

## LOUIS RUSSELL CHAUVENET

by Earl Singleton

(Second in a series of informal biographical sketches of the Strangers)

One of the best known fans the Stranger Club can boast, Russell has been moderately fanactive for about the last three years, publishing in *Spaceways*, *Cosmic Tales*, and *Le Vornbiteur*. Just recently he has brought out his own magazine, *Detours*, which has apparently achieved immediate success. To appear monthly until at least June, 1942, from now on *Detours* will constitute one of Russell's chief contributions to fandom.

Like most fans, Russell became interested in Sf at an early age. It was the old *Amazing* that did it. When he was eleven years old, in an open admiration — unsuccessfully discouraged by parents, teachers, and friends — for the Vorkuls in Skylark Smitty's *Space-hounds of the I.P.C.* Russell now has a large collection of *Astounding*, *Amazing*, and *Wonder* but lately his interest in the pro mags has been lagging. About a year ago he almost quit them completely; and today, only *Astounding* and *Unknown* are coming through with his money's worth.



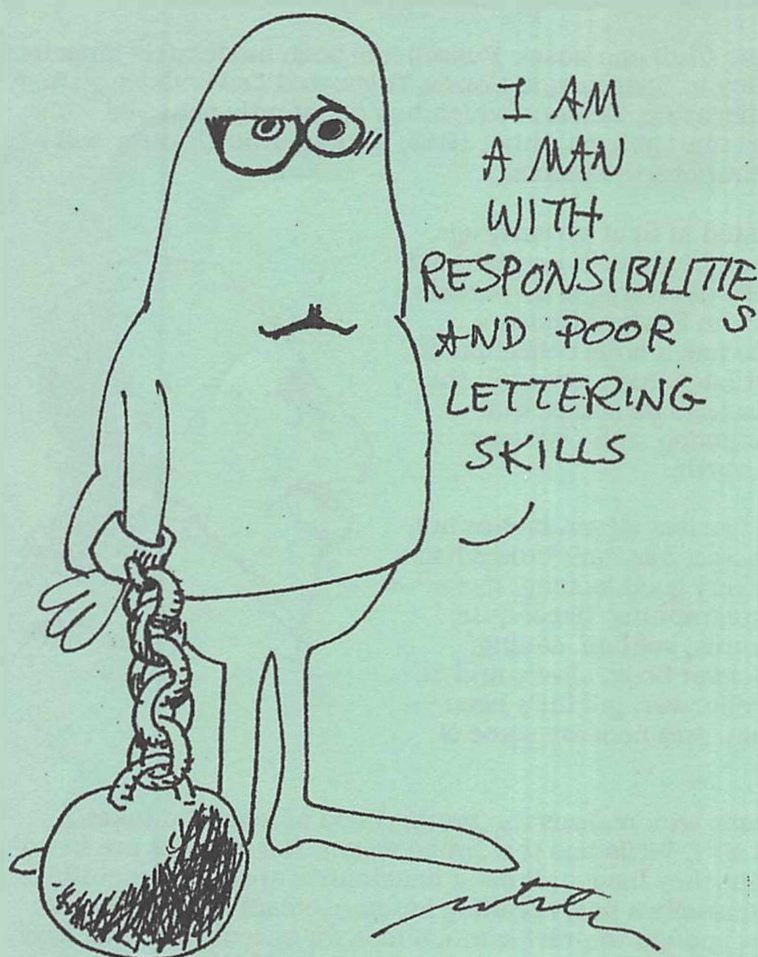
What is Russell like? Well, he's about five feet eleven inches tall, weighs perhaps 150 pounds, wears glasses, has dark brown hair cut in almost regulation crew style, is very good looking, has a taste for green ink and multicolor hektographing, likes: quiet clothes, all board games, pingpong, tennis, softball, sailing, model boats, swimming, anagrams, *Golden Book*, olives, and Sf better than fantasy; dislikes: cheese, jello, war, jail (he's been there), James Joyce, and Gertrude Stein. And here are some of his comments on a few Sf writers:

"I am prejudiced in favor of anyone who realizes the brotherhood of man and takes a cosmopolitan, humanistic view. H.G. Wells has this broad vision. His writings are in no way extraordinary as writing, but they have unlimited imaginative appeal. The outlines of his stories are solid enough to satisfy a hasty reading for amusement — yet there are sketches, suggestions, and ideas enough to provide much food for speculation. *The Door in the Wall*, for example, poses a far more interesting question than *The Lady or the Tiger*. I like Wells equally as a science-fiction writer and as a social prophet and interpreter... (Russell characterises the "classics" as being superior to most of the present-day Sf., and then goes on)

... Only Don A. Stuart has written stories I'd rank with the classics. Some of the new boys — L. Sprague de Camp in particular — write amusing stuff, but it doesn't have depth and validity. Heinlein's "If This Goes On" is a good example. The structure of the dictatorship is not satisfactorily explained. The revolution succeeds too easily, and the very ancient idea of 'Land Battleships' is farcical ...I think Olaf Stapleton: although he tends to tediousness on occasion, this is a minor defect. Particularly is *Star Maker* interesting for discussions of other types of life ...Stuart is at his best (in "Forgetfulness") writes with a clear, cold economy of words, carrying an impressive theme to a forceful conclusion. This is not at all true of J.W.C.'s super-epics, which are overdone.... John Taine has a smooth semi-poetic style (e.g., in *The Time Stream* and *The Purple Sapphire*). He can also write with commendable succinctness of action. This particular combination of aesthetic and blood-and-thunder values, when just right is splendid; but when not, is horrible (*Tomorrow*). ... Stanton A. Coblenz has perhaps overdone his 'satire', but when he is not straining himself to be satirical, he becomes quite effective, as with *In Caverns Below* and *The Man From Tomorrow*. ...David H. Keller possesses the ability to insert one abnormal element into a story, while keeping the other elements normal. This method can yield good results for example, *The Metal Doom* and *The Fireless Age* ..."

It is plain from these comment sthat Russell like stories dealing with the possible future state of man, on earth or elsewhere. His opinion that a story, to be Sf, should deal with the inter-relation of science and society — a theme that no other type of fiction deals with at the present time — explains why he so strongly favors H. G. Wells. Russell cares for few weird stories, but he thinks that Clark Ashton Smith and H. P. Lovecraft sometimes turn out good work, and that C. L. Moore, in her *Bright Illusion*, is better than either.





This past year, Russell has been taking the premedical course at Boston College. Don't give him an opportunity to get going on a disquisition, complete with drawings, of the unpaired branches of the dorsal aorta in the dog-fish — unless you are as fascinated by biology as he is. Personally, I'm glad he is willing, in general, to keep his interest in the inner workings of living organisms to himself. Next fall he will probably continue his studies at the University of Virginia, near his home at Tallwood Plantation, Esmont, Virginia, to which he is at present bicycling on a very circuitous route that will include visits to many Eastern fans. There is a possibility that Russell will be present at the Chicon as he plans to make a trip to Chicago after his bicycle tour is ended. If he does attend, there is a rumor that he will impersonate Professor Jameson. Incidentally, the current rumor that he is Edward Elmer Campbell, Jr. (Captain of the *Frolic Apace*, of *Fantascience Digest*) has no foundation in fact. Let me suggest that E. E. C., Jr. is more likely to be a synthesis of Jack (Cupid) Agnew and Bob (Stupor-epic) Madle.

An accomplished chess player, Russell has carried off several tournament trophies (Widner and Avery take notice). Mrs. Swisher has a theory that his deafness gives him an advantage in such games, by enabling him to concentrate undisturbed by outside influences. Perhaps, but his exceptionally keen mind does not hamper him either. Russell's ability to understand the relation of things to their surroundings — a necessity for successful chess playing — is again manifested in his poetry. For the writing of poetry is one aspect of Russell's reaction to his environment. His short lyrics show him transforming both reality and imagination into disturbing word pictures. Inevitably and inextricably intertwined with a strand of fantasy, these poems reveal a mind questioning the actuality of things as they appear to be; probing beneath the surface of commonplace scenes and events; and uncovering ordinarily unguessed (and sometimes beautiful, sometimes sinister) potentialities. In consistence with the fact that most of his poetry is lyrical, Russell professes to write poetry only "when he has to"; Let us hope he finds it necessary to write much more. Some of his favorites are Stephen Vincent Benet, A. E. Housman, Lord Byron, and the great modern American, Robinson Jeffers.

That's about all the information available concerning "Pedal-pusher" Chauvenet's past. He has a past. As for the future, he is firmly convinced (in agreement with Raven's scholarly history, *The Shapes of Things to Come*) that regardless of the outcome of the present European struggle, there will be inflation, famine, war, revolution, general chaos, and finally bleak desolation in the United States prior to 1960. Not at all unnaturally, he plans to be elsewhere during these festivities — specifically, he intends to gather about him a group of kindred spirits and retire early and permanently to the island of Moorea near Tahiti in the South Pacific, there to fish, sail, swim, and raise children. [Remember that this was written in early 1940. Tahiti did not suffer from WWII battles. It would have been more amusing if Chauvenet had wanted to settle in the British Solomon Islands - say Guadalcanal.]



## DOINGS OF THE STRANGERS

First of all we want to apologize to all concerned for the inaccurate statement made in last month's DOTS, (Hmmm, think I'll change the title of the column to DOTS hereafter.) We said Chauvenet had in FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, an amusing piece under a pseudonym. This, of course, was untrue. In our desperation, and zeal to make this column something interesting, we hazarded a wild guess, and missed fire completely. We had some reason for our stab in the dark, as we knew Russell was the author of LEGIONS OF LEGIONS in SPACEWAYS some time back, and because this piece — we are talking about THE FROLIC APACE by Edward Elmer Campbell; it's time we let everybody on what we ARE talking about — so resembled it in humorous satire, we naturally supposed LRC was sounding off again in his inimitable way. But we were wrong, and we mutely bow the columnal conk, and hope nobody is offended. Also, our respects to the real author whoever he or she is, for a mighty enterprising piece of fan writing...

Now on to other things . . . Saturday, June 15, 1940, was the occasion of the first informal gathering of any of the Strangers. Art Widner had heard from a long lost correspondent--one Steve Reckert, of Terre Haute, Indiana (quick Bob, your index!)--that he, Steve, would be in Boston for a few hours, on his way home from prep school. Accordingly, we wound up the Bergenholms on the Skylark of Foo, picked up John Bell in Whitman, and clattered and clanked our way northward. Arriving in Boston, we found Steve waiting in excellent condition, then contacted Earl Singleton over at MIT, and finding him in, did a flit to Cambridge, then back to Boston for a tour of the bookstores.

Lots of jabber was jabbered, but we can't remember much of it, save that it was highly interesting and your columnist will remember Der Tag for quite a while. Steve picked up a volume of french drama by Racine (I think), Singleton, Gertrude Atherton's DIDO, and snagged Dunsany's IF right out from under the columnal schnozzle, Bell bagged a couple of old editions of Verne, with gilt and fresco an inch thick, and a couple of textbooks. Yours truly got six books; two volumes of Kipling's short fantasies, Taine's *Quayle's Invention*, Corelli's *A Romance of Two Worlds* and Dr. [more lost text] in combination with *The Merry Men*. That's only five, 'scuse it please.

Squibs: . . . Member Singleton is planning a fantasy poetry mag, and is looking for good material . . . Member Chauvenet is now on a bicycle trip which will cover all the northeastern states as far as Chicago, in the West, and Virginia in the south where he will reside for the summer. He will stop in on practically every fan of note between here and there, so be on the lookout for the Strangers' messenger of good will on the red bicycle. The third issue of his fine little hectoed publication, DETOURS, will be out in August from Tallwood Plantations, Esmont, Virginia. . . . LRC wrote a mirror to *Voice of the Imagi-nation*, which specializes in printing wacky letters just as they are written, but this one was too much for even the 'never-take-a-dare' coeds of VOM. . . . We are rather proud of our cover on #3 *Polaris* which editor Paul Freehafer says has received a lot of favorable comment . . . which is all.

## LOOKING OVER THE FANMAGS

by Art Widner Jr.

DETOURS — Louis Russell Chauvenet, Tallwood Plantation, Esmont, Virginia 5¢ or 6 for 25¢. This second issue, while in exactly the same vein as the first, is a great improvement. Still hektoed, but much larger, and now with three colors! Beautiful! The ramblings are highly interesting and the departments show many a pretentious publication. The quiz is for experts only. The unique ideas for subscription expiration notice, reader comment, and fanmag reviews are masterpieces of novel originality. Be sure to get the third copy, due August 15th, as it will contain a report of Chauvenet's bicycle trip, which I believe will be a highlight of the fan year, surpassed only by the coming Chicon.



THE FUTURIAN — J.P. Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Chapeltown, Leeds 7, England. 3d., or 4 issues for 25¢ in the USA. This mag is the perfect size; 9 by 7, or just about half of the elongated FANTASY DIGEST. Material all by English fans except for Van Houten. This is the Spring 1940 issue, and the latest, I believe. All good material, The best being Rathbone's poem and Argumentative, the readers' department.



## R. D. SWISHER

an informal sketch, being composed of extracts from letters written by Earl Singleton

(3-10-40: to DVS) . . . You will perhaps recall that I mentioned in a previous letter about having visited Campbell when in New York on my way back up to Boston last month. Anyway, Campbell told me that Dr. Swisher (cf. *What are Positrons?* — Yeah, what? — , *Astounding* for August, 1937) lives in Winchester, which just happens to be a part of greater Boston. And since I showed signs of becoming a fan, Campbell said that I might be interested in getting in touch with Dr. Swisher, who, he explained, was pretty much of a fan himself. I have been meaning to call Swisher ever since I got back, but you know how one delays. . . Well, the thing that brings it all up at this present writing is a card I received from one Art Widner, Jr. (the fellow who wrote that atrocious comic poem in *Spaceways* — I think he is also conducting a poll or something), and he says that a group of fans will get together at Swisher's on the 16th for the purpose of organizing an Eastern Massachusetts Scientifiction Society. Of course I shall be there. . . Wonder what Swisher is like. . .

(3-20-40: to DVB) . . . We had the meeting, all right. I found the house — a lovely, two story red brick structure, with lawn, trees, and all — at 15 Ledyard Road after a long drawn out struggle with the Boston Elevated System. They had already started things. . . Swisher has a pretty wife, who is as talkative as any woman (in an argumentative sort of way), and wittier than most. She strings along with the scientifiction crowd, undoubtedly not through any native interest in the stuff, but simply because the Doc is in it. They seem an admirably matched couple. . . He is under thirty, I'd say; five-elevenish, two-hundredish; dark curly hair, and dark eyes, maybe — as you know, I never remember colors — ; an unusually quiet person, when he does say something; it's usually much to the point. Perhaps he feels he has to maintain a dignified front before the more evident exuberance of the younger members; and then again, perhaps he's just naturally inclined to be a little laconic — I suspect the latter. Lots of westerners are that way, Yes, he comes from out west, too; was born in your favorite city of Denver (Plug —



Ed.) , and has lived in several western and mid-western states. He and Mrs. Swisher have been in Boston only for the last four or five years. . . Upon adjournment of an exceedingly interesting and highly successful meeting, we had ice cream. That was the new-born club's idea of a real conclusion! I carried away the impression that Swisher, Widner, and Chauvenet are the nucleus around which the club will finally shape itself. . .

(5-1-40: to BDB) . . . Was out at Swisher's the other day--to be exact, on Easter. Received, on entering the living room, a terrific surprise to behold John Campbell stretched out in an easy chair, house-slipped feet propped up on a foot stool. After we were introduced — for the second time —, he remembered liking *To Don A. Stuart*, when I showed it to him in New York. His wife was there, too. It seems that the Swishers and the Campbells have been great friends ever since the former arrived in Boston, and Dr. Swisher looked up Campbell here in Cambridge; and that now they exchange visits back and forth between Boston and New York. accordingly, the Swishers know many of Campbell's friends, such as L. Sprague (WHERTH — Will He Ever Replace The Horse?) de Camp, L. Ron Hubbard, John D. Clark, Fletcher Pratt, Willey Ley, and so on ... in fact, the last named spent several days in Winchester as a guest of the Swishers.

Campbell talks astonishingly well, but unlike Swisher, he does so much of it that I found plenty of time, while pretending to listen, to get a better look at the living room than I had gotten before. The place is full of books: I noticed Cabell's *Jurgen*, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Eddison's (hiya, Cornblush) *The Worm Ouroboros*, ET Bell's (John Taine's) *Men of Mathematics*, de Sitter's *Kosmos*, Cleator's *Rockets Through Space*, Entropy's *Building Up*, and many others. There is a piano, which Mrs. Swisher plays. Both she and the Doc like piano, orchestra and good modern music, but care little for jazz. Something of Claude Debussy's was open for playing.

Presently Mrs. Swisher interrupted Campbell long enough to invite me to stay for a "Swisher Supper." She can really cook, and seemed not to object to my eating all I wanted, bless her heart. Campbell insists that sfans are the most voracious creatures in existence. I agree with him, and cite Swisher as an example; he can eat almost as much as someone I'm too modest to mention here. After dinner, it was a unique experience watching Swisher and Campbell wash dishes. Their wives were doing the drying, so there was nothing for me to do but stand and watch, crack wise, and wish for a camera. It was funnier than Tucker, who is funnier than he thinks he is — modest fellow!

Later, we discussed this and *Astounding*, and that and *Unknown* until eleven o'clock; Swisher wouldn't let me take the bus, trolley, subway, and elevated back to Tech, but he and Campbell drove me in. . .

(6-3-40: to DLF) . . . Russell (Chauvenet — ed.) and I got tangled up in Bob's (Swisher's; looks like as is growing familiar — ed.) collection Sunday. Extensive is no word for it, it contains practically every promag and fanmag ever published in the U.S. and England, and several hundred books. These are all upstairs in Bob's den. There are dozens of *Argosy* — and other — excerpts, including all of Merritt, Cummings, and every well known fantasyarner. Numerous rare items lend zest to the pastime of examining the collection: most interesting is an amazingly humorous large size mag called "*Real Spicy Horror Stories*, published every May 15, 1937 by the students Yale University." There are probably enough Campbell manuscripts on Bob's shelves to fill a half dozen *Astoundings*; many of these are unpublished, the remainder being early drafts. Everything is as orderly as the cell arrangement in Robot (Rusty Link) Widner's iridium sponge brain. . .

From a copy of Bob's published thesis that I noticed on one of the shelves, I see that he got his Ph.D. in Chemistry in 1934, from the University of Michigan. I think he went there all the necessary seven years and is now doing organic research for some industrial concern.

. . . Bob has compiled, and showed us, a monstrous manuscript on time travel — its various theories, and all the relevant comments made by different people at different times; whether in stories, articles, or letters. We found some copies of his *Sf Check List*, too; and a small magazine *a*, which he published for the purpose of copping first place on the check list . . . by definition.

(Undated: to HWjr) . . . Those Index files (Swisher's — ed.) are incredible. They go back to the *beginning*, and have listed on cards every story by every author, each with a color rating of from one to four — for pro and fan publications, arranged by story title and by name of author, chronologically and by name of magazine, and every other way you can imagine. Books, too. There is a fan index that gives a complete account of every fan's activity from the day his first effort is published, even if it is only a letter to *Sunspots*.

(7-10-40: to DVB) . . . The Swishers have a baby! She was born July the third (as Mrs. Swisher says:) "like a firecracker;" Frances Nevada Swisher, the Second. I understand that she weighs the usual number of pounds, doing nicely, thank you, and looks just like Bob.

(10-11-40: to GK) . . . You know Trudy, I've just about thought of a way to get out of writing that damned biography of Swisher, after all. Why couldn't I. . .

End of excerpts from *Fanfare* #2

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Start of Excerpts from *Fanfare* #5

## MINUTES OF THE STRANGER CLUB MEETING

The October 13th [1940] meeting took place at Earl Singleton's. Present were: John Bell, Oliver Smith, Dr. and Mrs. R.D. Swisher and daughter, Al Lopez, Art Widner, Earl Singleton, and Frederick Welner.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Singleton. He next read the Treasurer's Report. An election was then held, and the club decided to retain the same officers; namely: Art Widner as Director, Earl Singleton as Vice-Director and Treasurer, and Frederick Weiner as Secretary.



A resumé of the last few meetings was given by Widner, who mentioned that not much was accomplished during the summer months. "They mostly ate," observed Mrs. Swisher. Widner then popped up with "By the way, could you let me have the recipe for those pecan buns?"

Weiner asked the members if they wished the minutes to be long or short, in order to be suitable for publication. Singleton's caustic reply was; "Write 'em up long, Fred, and I'll cut 'em down."

A pep talk was given in which it was mentioned that everyone should periodically write an article for FANFARE. Widner asked for an extra meeting of the club on October 27th, as some fans from New York might possibly attend. Then it was decided to hold an official meeting once each month, and informal meetings every other week.

Weiner mentioned that the club has to its credit one illustrious member, namely, Al Lopez, who, it will be re-membered, won first prize in the AMAZING STORIES contest on The Time Wise Guy. Nice going, Al! (Lopez just copped first place in the AMAZING error-story contest. — Ed)

Singleton made a motion that the club put a quarter page complimentary ad in SPACEWAYS Anniversary issue. The motion was approved.

The club then proceeded to a discussion of material submitted for FANFARE and spent a great deal of time reading, appraising, accepting, rejecting, and shelving various contributions.

Weiner made a plea to the club to select material on a basis of merit, and not because it might happen to be written by any well-known or popular fan. It was decided that material would in the future be read without announcing the author's name.

By this time it was 4:30, and your reporter regretfully announced that he would have to wend his way.

It was then decided to have an informal meeting on the 27th, two weeks ahead. And so with this, your reporter winds up another Jurgen's Journal... He'll be back in a flash with some hash next month. Adios. Frederick Weiner

End of excerpts from *Fanfare* #5

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Start of excerpts from *Fanfare* #7

## D. O. T. S.

TWELVE HOURS AND CAMPBELL                      On April 27th [1941], John W. Campbell, Jr., wife Doña, and daughter Philinda Duane (alias P.D.), were at the brick house on the hill, visiting with their old friends, the Swishers.

But several Strangers were aware of this, and early in the afternoon the sporadic invasion started. First, Art Widner and Jack Bell dropped in, bringing along Art Gnaedinger, whom they had managed to locate amidst the labyrinth of Harvard dorms.

Campbell ensconced himself in a large easy chair, Widner sprawled on the davenport, Bell ultralaxed in another easy chair, Gnaedinger draped himself comfortably against the mantlepiece, (leaving Swisher to a conventional upright chair) and a severe case of conversation set in.

Without any particular effort, Campbell became the hub of the discussion, since he invariably knew more about the subject of the moment than any of the others present. Widner mentioned Gilbert's contention that Campbell had propagandized SLAN so well that those who didn't think the story was an epic were rather ashamed to admit it — since everybody else (influenced by the Campbell ballyhoo) thought it was super. Widner averred that the ending was hack, which took Campbell aback, and he defended the story, but both sides being of solid, prefabricated opinion, the argument didn't get anywhere and finally drifted off into Campbell's theory that the slans are already with us, right where they'd be expected to be — running things. JWC figures that the slans themselves don't know it, and cited Henry Ford as an example of one.

Then of course, JWC's favorite subject, atomic power, was dragged out, dusted off, and given a thorough going over. Some astonishing items that came to light were Campbell's statements that the present war is likely to be decided by atomic power. He declared it to be a fact that the U.S. War Dept. has taken over all the cyclotrons in the country in an effort to speed up the discovery, and that all countries possessing cyclotrons are doing the respective same.

About this time cousins and recent Strangers, Chandler and Allen Davis, dropped in, and the talk shifted to Heinlein, his biography and bibliography, with numerous sidelights on both. 'Twas amusing to find how JWC has assured himself of a steady stream of Heinlein narratives, but we can't elucidate, for fear of putting Campbell in the soup (no pun intended, but as long as it's there...) and incidentally all of fandom, for if RAH found out he might stop writing, which would indeed be a catastrophe.

Van Vogt was discussed, with Campbell denying that he was VV, but furnishing no particular proof. Then we all beat our breasts and banged our heads on the floor over the drafting of Schneeman, but were electrified to hallelujahs over the news of UNKNOWN'S increase in size and content.

Gnaedinger had to get back and read a stack of H. Balzac, so at the crack of six o'clock two Arts did track from out the shack to Widner's hack that's red and black, and Art took Art back to Harvard, and thack's thack. Thack Fool

When yhos returned the boys were going strong on cameras and associated technical phenomena, like the new Von L developer, snapshots by der moonlicht and stuff like that there which was mostly over his head, and he became fascinated in the way The Great Man twiddled his slipper absent-mindedly while talking. Using his big toe as a pivot, he twirls said pedal covering around and around like a propellor. And not once did it fall off! It was quite "Astounding."

Then--Oh Happy Hour!--we repaired to tho Swisher larder and guzzled cheese, crackers, doughnuts, toast, and jam, with gusto and abandon --- yet somehow, the talk abated not a bit, although occasionally muffled. For Tucker's records, Widner and Campbell came out approximately tied in amount of food consumed, with Swisher a strong third and the rest of the field strung out far behind.

All hands helped with the dishes while gabbing continued strongly about British and German propaganda psychology, including sidelights on Old Bill Bairnsfeather and Willy Ley, and then back to the living room with Prokofieff.

The Davises departed reluctantly at ten, and an anecdote session began, concerning various queer and humorous laboratory experiences of those present at school and at work.

Around 2:30 AM things began to slow down a bit, Mrs. S. and Mrs. C. departed bedward, so die-hards Bell and Widner finally came to, and realized they couldn't keep their hosts up all night. So, unfolding themselves like roadmaps, they silently snuck away.

On the long drive home they kept agreeing (very unusual) that a conversation such as that day's, was entertainment far surpassing the average book, movie, or what have you. It is of such things that real living is made.

AN INTERSTATE MEETING occurred on May 4th, the week following, when the Kuslans of Konnecticut paid THE STRANGER CLUB a visit. 'Twas a rather large meeting, with most of the regulars, Paro, Widner, Davis, and of course, the Swishers, augmented by newcomers Walter Nickel, Jules Lazar, Ina Wallace and a friend of the latter's who was not a fan, and whose name I can't recall.

But the most important attendee was Art Gnaedinger, who brought along a recording of one of his fantasy radio productions done in his extra-curricular work at Harvard. It was an adaptation of an old Amazing Story, THE TALKING BRAIN, by M.H. Hasta. The play ran for about twenty-five minutes, after some difficulty in getting Swisher's turntable to accomodate the 15-inch records.



Everyone thought it was well done and complimented Art on his fine work, although he tried to belittle it by saying that it was not the real broadcast, but a previous rehearsal. We were disappointed to hear that he had done H.G. Wells' COUNTRY OF THE BLIND (which adaption he considered far superior to the one we heard) but had been unable to record it at the time.

Much discussion went on afterward concerning radio production of fantasy stories, and the technical and commercial difficulties involved. \*\*\*... The latest fanmags received in trade were distributed and questions by the newcomers answered and explained. Art's "Portfolio of Drawings" by Virgil Finlay was examined and greatly admired. Art's (Gnaedinger) mother is editor of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES and the drawings are reproduced from originals illustrating stories in that magazine. They are obtainable free with a \$1.00 subscription to FFM.

End of excerpts from *Fanfare* #7

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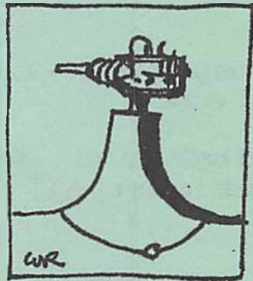
Start of excerpts from *Fanfare* #8

### D. O. T. S.

On JUNE 1ST [1941] the few of the faithful who showed up at Doc Swisher's house, were rewarded by meeting author Robert Arthur, an old friend of the Swishers'. He is as interesting a talker as he is a writer. As usual, general confabulating was the order of the day ... and evening ... and morning ...

THE NEXT MEETING was postponed until July 27th when the wandering heroes Bell and Widner should return from the Denvention. They did, and the club was regaled with the tale of their exploits and the happenings in the mile-high city. A couple of newcomers, Joseph MacNamara and Harry Stubbs were present, and expressed intentions of attending regularly.

AUGUST 24TH again found a small crew on hand, and another new member, George Foster. The main topic of discussion was a circular letter from E.E. Evans, Chairman of the NFFF Planning Board. Evans' material was discussed and voted upon, and his main point rejected. Then proposals for NFFF projects were suggested and recorded by Widner to send to Evans. By far the best was Foster's idea of a welcoming committee to bring new fans into the field.



MR E EVERETT EVANS again provided the central issue at the next meeting on September 21st, with a correlation of the data he had received from us and other fans. There were thirteen points in the suggested program, and with Bell and Swisher on a heckling campaign to get Widner's goat, a stormy session was held with most of the points being passed only after much shouting and repartee. The meeting was distinguished by the presence of Louis Russell Chauvenet, charter member, and President of the NFFF, who went to sleep under the piano until it was time to eat. Still another newcomer was added to the roster, and it begins to look as if The Stranger Club is going to go places this winter. Raymond Martinuk of Peabody was the tyro, and appeared to be quite interested in the goings on.

OCTOBER 19TH found another large gathering at the Swisher domicile, with another newcomer to the club, although he is an old timer in fandom. This was author Thomas Gardner, who derived quite a kick from the chance to chew the fat with a group of fans since he has been in Ohio, and out of circulation for the last two years more or less. Art Widner had three recordings sent by Henry Ackermann of Baltimore, and these were played, proving to be recuts of some Angeleno records made last Christmas. All were completely unintelligible except the last side by Ackermann and Wetzel. Copies of POLL CAT, Art Widner's psychoquiz experiment were passed around for the members to answer.

AS THE MEETING BROKE UP, Art Widner, shyly standing by the only exit with a baseball bat in one hand, and a meat cleaver in the other, blushing accepted a third term as Director of THE STRANGER CLUB.

ON LABOR DAY, Snoggisbeed Frandle and Horky Tungleflurd, better known perhaps, as Scott Feldman [now Scott Meredith] and Hyman Tiger, paid a visit to Boston, towing Walter Lincoff with a large rope. Widner was on hand to welcome the three Brooklynites and chauffeur them around town. Thru a strange quirk of fate, Widner was actually on hand at the bustation on time. They had phoned him a telegram; and Art thot the operator had said 7, instead of 11 AM. They also said in the message which hotel to come to if he couldn't make it at that time. He arrived in Boston at ten AM, - went to the hotel - nobody ever heard of them. He tried the YMCA hotel. No soap. Back to the other in case they had arrived in the meantime. Nope. Deep thought. Hmmm. Could they still be at the bustation all this time? Could be. Downtown, and an enchanting game of "Parking Space, Parking Space, Who's Got the Parking Space!" The bustation. There they are, very chipper for standing four hours. Enthusiastic greeting. "Ah, good old Widner -- right on time." Gulp. Heheh. Yes, of course...

The afternoon was spent slopping around Scollay Square and points west, snooping in old bookshops and places, driving the clerks wacky with choice bits of double talk and requests for THE NECRONOMICON, BOOK OF EIBON, etc. Parted in a flurry of picture-taking, double-talk, and promises to attend BOSKONE II. See that you do, boys, see that you do.

...MEMBER CHAUVENET is building a fifteen-foot sailboat, and completing a book on chess. After that he plans to turn his hand to steady stf writing, with hopes of financing a bigger boat. \*\*\*Widner was recently overjoyed to got a check from WEIRD TALES for a story of his accepted by Farnsworth Wright well over two years ago. \*\*\* Bob Swisher is getting far behind in his long established policy of reading every stf mag on the market. Heheh

End of excerpts from *Fanfare #8*

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Start of excerpts from *Fanfare #9*

## D. O. T. S.

FEBRUARY 22ND [1942], Washington's Birthday, was also celebrated as the Stranger Club's birthday (altho the actual event is on the 16th) by holding BOSKONE II, an interstate stfan conference for the East.

The first fan stirrings in the city of Boston occurred in the bleary-eyed hours of the morning, when Tom Gardner met Mr. and Mrs. Will Sykora and Charles Hidley on the 6 AM excursion from New York. Trudy Kuslan, from West Haven, Conn., was on the same train, but none of them knew it. About 8:15, yhos put in a yawning appearance, picked up Trudy, and left in search of other fans.

We found Bob Jones of Columbus, Ohio, who had arrived the day before, and searched unsuccessfully for the Columbia Campers. We traced Gilbert-Jenkins from one hotel to another, and finally found one containing a Jenkins. Only it was the wrong Jenkins and he wasn't in anyway. Perhaps it was just as well, after the racket Bob and I made, generously sprinkled with insults in phoney southern dialect

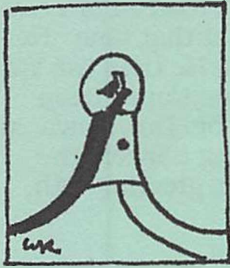
So we looked up Tom Gardner, establishing contact with him and the New Yorkers. Trudy went to the hall where, we met a couple of early Strangers, Suddsy Schwartz and Jules Lazar. Shortly after, Bob Madle and Rusty Barron [Hevelin] arrived from Philly. I then rejoined Tom and the others who were making a short trip thru M.I.T. We visited the lab where Tom is doing research work for DuPont on cellulose. Don't get excited, fans. It's not a super-explosive, but better rayon than Tom is after.

Back at the hall, we found most of the Strangers had arrived but still no Columbians. I phoned Swisher and found out where the laggards were. I found the whole gang, Speer, Gilbert, Eastman, & Jenkins, busily hectoing their BOSKONE publication, The True Tail of the Spiritrip.

Returning, we found that Swisher, Harry Stubbs, Chan Davis, and Al Lopez had come in the meantime, so after introductions and much gabbing, I managed to attain a sort of quasi-order by shouting "QUIET, YOU MUGS!"



I mumbled a few short words of welcome into my beard, and passed on regrets from deCamp and Gnaedinger, who couldn't come, & without further ado, presented that mighty epic of the illegitimate stage: LEGIONS OF LEGIONS!



This was about the most unique play in the history of either fankind or the theater. In Shakespeare's time, a stock company was often too poor to have scenery, so they just stuck up signs to indicate a house, a tree, a castle or what-have-you. We went Bill one better. No stage. The audience sat around the walls with the actors in the middle of the floor. The audience was supplied with playscripts and proved to be of immeasurable assistance to the players by reading their lines whenever an actor got stuck. An hilarious time was had by all.

Copies of the BOSKONIAN, the Stranger Club's special publication for the event, were distributed, along with Speer & Co's effort, and the first issue of Rusty Barron's fanewsheel, NEBULA. The BOSKONIAN contained the playscript, and several interesting articles by the Strangers. (A few copies are left @ 10¢ from your editor, or free to NFFF or FAPA members.)

After the play the traditional auction of original sf and fantasy original illustrations was held. Grateful acknowledgements made to Mr. Campbell, Miss Gnaedinger, and Doc Lowndes, who contributed the originals from illustrations appearing in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, and FUTURE.

Suddsy Schwartz was determined to get the Finlay cover of the latest (at the time) FFM, and was pushed up to \$5.25 [sigh!!!] by other enthusiastic fantasy art lovers. He later confided that he was prepared to spend his entire fortune of \$9.20, if necessary. The other big buyers were the Philly combine of Madle & Barron, Charles Hidley, and Bob Jones.

We wish to apologize to all attendees of the BOSKONE for not providing refreshments, but we had just about enough money to meet expenses, and had no idea that we would be ahead \$\$\$ when the affair was over. We'll try to make up for it next year at BOSKONE III. [The 1943 Boskone never happened.]

After the auction, came a general discussion period, mostly concerning points about the NFFF in a letter from Milty Rothman to the BOSKONE, which was read by Speer. It suggested that local clubs, to be affiliated with the NFFF, should have at least 50% of their members also members of the NFFF. The benefits and drawbacks of such affiliation were discussed, and it was generally agreed that local clubs and the NFFF could be of mutual assistance and benefit. Clarification, for the benefit of non-members & new fans present, was made by Widner and Speer, on the ideas of "non-active" members of the NFFF and the "stiff" entrance requirements. Chan Davis seemed to think the entrance requirements would scare away prospective fans like himself, but was assured that he could join practically on-the-spot if he wished. Sykora thought there should be some provision for fans who were interested in the NFFF and wished to support it, but who could not, or didn't wish to, take part in the activities. It was decided that the NFFF is primarily for active fans alone, who wish to get things done, and that the need for "angels" is not yet apparent.

A rather lively debate on what to do about the next convention, or conference, was held next, but nothing definite could be decided, pending the decision of the Pacificon Committee. Sykora was for a big convention in the east, if the LA group abandoned their plans, with Speer doing most of the talking for the opposition, favoring only local affairs like the BOSKONE, MICHICON, etc., until LA was able to put on their affair as was their right.

The talk began going around in circles after a while, so a motion was carried that the meeting be adjourned. Other fans who wandered in after the festivities were under way, were: Francis Paro, Boston; John Vazakas, Boston; Sylvester Brown, Cambridge; Parker Harrison, Hartford, Conn.; and Walt Nickel, Newton.

A gang of us took over a nearby cafeteria and started Chicon and Denvereminscing, for the benefit of the Columbia boys. They got a big kick from the hitherto undisclosed incident involving Widner, Trudy, a Hamburger Stand, and two drunks.

The inner fan satisfied, we loaded the Spirit of FooFoo and the FooFoo Special to the gun'les, and set out for Winchester and the Swisher residence. We had intended to stay there for an hour or so and then come back to give the out-of-towners a chance to view Boston, but the fascination of the complete Swisher collection was too much for most of them, and we stayed until it was perilously close to train time for some.

While there, we received a phone call from Bill Deutsch, who thought it was a two-day affair and had flown up from New York. We waited, and just as we were leaving, he rang from a nearby drugstore. We picked him up on the way back to Boston, and then Speer found he had forgotten his briefcase and camera. We led the way back to Swisher's, but Speer had become lost on the way. We waited until there was barely time to get Bob Jones to his train, and had to leave without the other carful.

After a hectic ride and a hectic dash through the station, we got Bob aboard safely, and with the latest Astounding too. Then we hung around for a while, taking weird pix in a "Take-your-own-photo-for10¢" booth, until the rest showed up. The New Yorkers and Trudy got on the train and the Philly phellows disappeared for their bustation.

We headed back for the Southerners' room and then to a nearby joy juice dispensary, but the extreme youth of Suddsy, Jenkins, Lazar, et al., only allowed us nothing stronger than Cokes. Ah well... Bill Deutsch had wangled a ride back to New York with the Spiritravelers, and shortly we watched them pile into Speer's car, shook hands all around four or five times, and then wistfully watched the light green Plymouth dwindle southwestward. We wended our various ways homeward, with that queer, happy-tho-heavy-hearted feeling that comes when another fan convention is over...

THE MARCH 22ND [1942] MEETING, due, no doubt, to the stimulation of the BOSKONE, saw a larger attendance than usual. No less than eleven fans were present. Besides the "regulars," (Bob Swisher, Jules Lazar, Suddsy Schwartz, Harry Stubbs, Chan Davis, Tom Gardner, and Art Widner) two newcomers and two "comebacks" showed up. The returning pair were Sylvester Brown and Al Lopez, the "rookies" being Arseni "Arsenic" Karpovitch, and Parker Harrison.

The meeting was called to order about 4 PM, and the Treasurer's report was read. It was then voted to reimburse from the treasury the various members who had chipped in to pay BOSKONE expenses from their own pockets. The unusual situation of having a treasury, presented the perplexing problem of what to do with it. Suggestions such as a club recorder, mimeograph, fan movie, etc., were considered, but rejected as involving too much money and work for little return. It was decided to have a beach party sometime during the summer, using the club funds to pay for food, and to let the rest ride until something came up.

Plans were also made for the group to visit the Harvard Observatory in Cambridge on its next open house night. Harry Stubbs arranged the details.

There was some discussion about resuming the payment of dues, but it never got to a vote. The general opinion seemed to be that since Art couldn't pick up the gang in his car any more, and that as a result, the members had to pay 40¢ carfare to and from meetings, that dues on top of that would be too much, especially for some of the younger members without regular income.

The meeting then broke up into groups for informal discussions. Art Widner interviewed Harry to get material for a projected series of fan blogs to appear in NEBULA. Some attempts were made to put a hole in Gardner's theory "The Series Principle in Nature" which appeared in the BOSKONIAN, but they met with little success. Art told his installment of "If I Werewolf" published later in SPACEWAYS, and recapped the whole story for those who had not been reading the mag. All of this was received with much merriment. A short discussion was held as to whether "Rite of Spring" in FANTASIA, had presented a true picture of the ending of the dinosaurs or not. Other theories were advanced that seemed just as valid, but certainly not as dramatic for screen presentation.

This meeting showed that the rubber shortage evidently means little to sfans, because Arsenic pedalled 10 miles from Cambridge and Widner 20 from Quincy on their Raleighs.



THE APRIL 19TH MEETING was a long range affair, starting about 2:30 PM and not breaking up until around 11:00. As members arrived, Bob Swisher informed them two new members were waiting in the dining room. On going in to investigate, they found that the two new fans were Betty Ann and Katherine May Swisher, born on March 27th. A third new member was brought in by Walt Nickel, by name of "Tex" Mangelsdorf. He really hails from Texas, and his drawl makes one hark back to the days when Singleton was around.

Harry Stubbs joined Widner and Karpy in the biking fraternity, while Jules Suddsy, and Al Lopez, thru a misunderstanding, joined the hiking fraternity, picking 'em up and laying 'em down the whole three miles from Medford Square.

They were overtaken by the weary Widner, who did about 80 miles plus that day, as he went out to follow the BAA marathon runners from Framingham to Boston, then he went to Winchester, and finally back to Quincy about midnite.

The formal business was quickly disposed of when Jules paid the members who had financed the BOSKONE, (as previously voted on) and Harry took ticket orders for the lectures at Harvard Observatory.

The afternoon was spent doing a lot of talking and eating. Yhos nearly precipitated a minor riot when he brought in the remains of his lunch from the bike. Art mentioned discovery of THE SPHINX CLUB in Worcester (about 50 miles west of Boston) and the possibilities of state federation were chewed over.

Schwartz was taken into camp in a coin flipping duel with Widner and Lazar. Harry and Al entertained with a stupendous breath-holding contest. The latter won, with an amazing total of FOUR minutes to his credit. Harry did very well with 3:40.

THE MAY 14TH MEETING is a mystery as far as yhos is concerned, as the combination of having streptococcus throat and a son all in one week was too much for him. Both both Peter Allen and Art Widner are now doing nicely, thank you...

ON MAY 29TH, a special meeting was held to greet E.E. Evans, who came to Hartford on his vacation from Battle Creek, Michigan, and made a special trip up to get acquainted with the Boston gang. For one reason or another, the majority of the club couldn't get there, but Chan Davis, Tex Mangedorf, Suddsy Schwartz and Art Widner did, and an enjoyable evening was passed. In fact it passed so quickly that Art and Suddsy missed the last subway when they reached Boston about 1:45, and were forced to take to the tortuous ways of the surface cars. EEE had brought along advance copies of NOVA, (of which he is associate editor) and it was much admired and discussed during the evening.

The next day, 3e kept a date with Suddsy and Art to view FANTASIA, which had returned to Boston at popular prices. Due to the holiday the show didn't open until two hours later than usual, so we sat around on the shady common and talked over the NFFF, and its future, until pic time.

FANTASIA itself was both wonderful and disappointing. We had all seen it before, and the butchering it had undergone displeased us somewhat. However, it is still a truly beautiful work of art in sight and sound, and we advise you not to miss it if you can possibly go. Yhos plans to go several more times if it appears locally. The Toccata and Fugue by Bach were cut out, as were many of Deems Taylor's interesting betweennumbers comments. Gone too, is the graceful Water Ballet from The Nutcracker Suite and certain scenes from Beethoven's Pastoral, notably the love scene between the lonely centaur and centaurette. Probably other things are cut or shortened that I can't remember, but it's still worth an hour and a-half of anybody's time.

The Evans was scheduled to come to Arnold St for dinner, and meet the Mrs, and also John Bell for an afternoon of fan-gabbing. Unfortunately, wartime train schedules put the damper on this, & after coming to Quincy he found he could only stay an hour. But we made the most of it, and will be looking forward to the day when the #1 Michifan can drop around this way again.

IN SPITE OF THE HEAT, the three bikers (careful with that "b" Mr. Printer!) of the Stranger Club, sweated up Swisher Hill to the June 14th meeting. Blest with the absence of a head wind--and maybe even helped a teensy weensy bit with a very slight tail wind -- Widner pared a generous hunk from his previous record, and even threatened Chauvenet by doing the 20 miles in 1 hr, 20 min.

But ah! - the bliss of a cold shower and the fact that three other hardy souls had come. . . Tom Gardner, Suddsy Schwartz, and a newcomer, John Vazakas from Boston. John attended the BOSKONE last Feb, but had been unable to attend meetings because he worked on Sundays.

A general reading period started things off, with John happily immersed in Lovecraft's OUTSIDERS & OTHERS, Kaarpy engaged in the self-appointed task of reading all the Astoundings ever printed, and yhos digging into Harry Stubbs' debut in Astounding--PROOF, printed under his pseudonym of Hal Clement. It's convenient, and a rather pleasurable feeling to be able to sit beside the author of a story you are reading and ask him questions as you go along. . .

Then Tom got the bright idea of having those present writing down the names of their five favorite story characters in sf & or fantasy. The results were rather interesting. Only two were mentioned twice; the Lieutenant, and Odd John. EESmith, of all people, had 4 characters listed, while de Camp and a few others could not muster more than two. My list, which is the only one I can remember, ran thus: Johnny Black, Worsel, Odd John, the Lieutenant, and Aloyissus Gaffney. Since then, I would be compelled to add Granny (SLAN), and Joe-Jim.

Tom suggested it would be a good subject for a national poll, and I agreed. Start thinking, for you will be asked in the next POLL CAT.

We went outside to cool off a bit in the shade of the Swisher pear trees, but the weatherman got a little bit too enthusiastic about helping us with buckets of rain. Back inside, we discussed Harry's story a bit, and reached the verdict that it was a rarity in the pros today, a perfect example of SCIENCE-fiction.

We ate. Oink. [and still oink down through the ages of fandom.]

Some were amused, and some re-amused by a recorded satire on a sad western song, and the still (to me) incredible IONIZATION, a composition played entirely with percussion instruments and a fire siren. I got the funny papers first and studied then carefully, as Tom paced back and forth, waiting.

All except Mr&Mrs S, Tom and yhos retired once more to the "reading room" downstairs, and the aforementioned four had quite a gab session. First, the other three tried to talk Widner out of his theory that the "damncapitalists" are in back of the war, but succeeded only in modifying his ideas on the subject. (H.G. Wells -- Pocket History of the World -- has since completed the job). The lady of the house accomplished a lot more on her knitting than on Widner when she tried to convince him that he was like the rest of humanity in that if he had a lot of money he would want more. This finally lead around to Tom wishing he owned the whole earth so he could conduct certain biological experiments about which he was curious. The same old wrangle arose, circled, and died when sterilization of the unfit was brought up, but the idea of transposition of a brain to another body, brought up interesting discussion concerning the probability of whether the transplanted brain would like the same foods as before, or whether he would be governed by the new body.



Then it was 11:30, and we departed, I was soaked thru twice (I dried out once) on the way home, but I would do it again anytime the temperature remains above 60°F, and below 100. For yhos, Stranger Club meetings do for his mind, what strawberry shortcake does for his tongue and stomach.

LOUIS RUSSELL CHAUVENET returned to this neck of the woods in time to accompany yhos to the July 19th meeting. We were quite astounded to find John W Campbell Jr & family present, and were further astounded and delighted to learn that L. Ron Hubbard and wife were coming later.



Lazar arrived shortly, and then the Hubbards. It was their first attendance at a fan meeting. Ron is a very friendly chap, with lots of flaming red hair, and a huge, disarming grin. In his uniform of a naval lieutenant it was hard to tell whether he was late twenty, or early thirty, and I never got around to asking, for with Campbell also present, the conversation flew thick and fast, & I was hard put to follow at times, let alone spoiling things with my own yap. Ron has a great sense of humor, and he just oozed Probability Zero concepts all afternoon and evening interspersed with serious talk. His mind is lightning fast, and it was extremely interesting to watch him expound something utterly fantastic and then immediately cover up the holes which Swisher and Campbell would punch in the fabric.

The weather was hot and humid, with a capital "whew!" but we hardly noticed it in the shade of the Swisher pear trees, with a slight breeze favoring the hillside, and the game of mental foils to watch. Ron had but shortly returned from Australia, and had dozens of interesting anecdotes to relate to us sticks-in-the-mud. But, "oi weh!", he thinks the way things are going, the war will last for another ten years.

Suddsy, Tom, and Harry couldn't make it until around 8 PM, but they were happy to get there at all, when they considered what they might have missed. No doubt the rest of the gang will present a delightfully monochromatic contrast, running from lettuce to forest green, when they find out about it. Oh yes, Walt Nickel arrived in the late afternoon, sporting a Bing Crosby shirt.

Darkness and a few drops of rain fell together, and we retired to the living room for the traditional perusal of the funnies and audition of the "heart-rending" BLUE EYES, and the just plain "rending" IONIZATION.

Most of us travelled back together on the Boston-bound bus, and we were startled to find out that Hubbard was also Kurt von Rachen and Rene Lafayette. Wow!

WE WERE GLADDENED, and then saddened at the August 13th meeting by the surprise appearance of Tom Gardner, with wife! and the news that they were going back to Tennessee to live. We certainly will miss Tom, and hope that he will come back and pay us a visit sometime. He is certainly an asset to any organization, be it stf club or scientific society. Clear ether, Tom!

THE MAIN BUSINESS tended to at the September 13th meeting was the decision to commission Jules and Suddsy to build up the club library by judicious purchases (which they are in the best position to do) of old magazines - not only for the benefit of present members, but as an enticement for new fans discovered in the Greater Boston area to join The Stranger Club.

An outstanding event of the year, was the retitling of Suddsy's FAPA fanzine, CERES, to the much more appropriate monicker of "AAGH!"

For the details of yhos' bike trip to New York and return, see the November issue of SPACEWAYS, which contains "The Log of the FooFoo Special, Jr."

- \* yhos thinks Frank Wilimczyk is a nice guy, and particularly non-drippy for a new fan.
- \* Frank's fanzine is like himself, quiet, unassuming, and free of the usual puerile droolings and conceit you find in a new fanzine.
- \* yhos urges you to try it. 10¢, or 3/25¢, from Frank Wilimczyk, Jr, 3 Lewis St, Westfield, Mass.
- \* this is not a paid ad, but a free, unsolicited, plug . . . yhos

End of excerpts from *Fanfare #9*

# POLL NEWS

by Art Widner Jr.

EXTRA

EXTRA

EXTRA

## CAMPBELL-STUART RECAPTURES LEAD

Bryantville, Mass. — "Center-poll of the universe." — June 26, (PP). Staging a sensational spurt by snagging three straight "firsts" JWCjr today zoomed from second place, ten points behind Weinbaum to five points ahead, to take undisputed possession of #1 spot. The only other to step up a notch was L. Sprague DeCamp, who forged ahead from 6th place to 5th, passing H.P. Lovecraft.

In the lower brackets, big gains were registered by A.E. Van Vogt, and Heinlein. Here I show how they stand, down to those who have 20 points or more:

1. Campbell-Stuart	409
2. Weinbaum	404
3. EESmith	339
4. Merritt	260
5. DeCamp	243
6. Lovecraft	238
7. HGWells	198
8. Williamson	179
9. Keller	166
10. Taine	125
11. Burroughs	115
12. CLMoore (congratulations!)	93
13. Coblentz	91
14. Stuart	84
15. Binder	82
16. Stapleton	78
17. Hubbard	72
18. CASmith	58
19. Van Vogt	51
20. Heinlein	47
21. Leinster	45
Howard	
22. Gallun	44
23. Verne	41
24. Simak	34
25. Bond	32
26. TSmith	31
27. Kummer	27
28. Schachner	26
29. Kuttner (you too!)	25
Ayre	25
30. Fearn	21
Farley	21

## FANS

1. Ackerman	162
2. Tucker	148
3. Warner	126
4. Lowndes	110
5. Wollheim	79
6. Swisher	63
7. Moskowitz	55
8. Madle	47
9. Hamling	42
10. Reinsberg	35
Widner	35
11. Morojo	33
12. Taurasi	31
13. Wilson	25

## AUTHOR POLL BECOMES INTERNATIONAL

Bryantville — CPOTU — June 25th (PP). We quote from a letter from the #1 English fan, Ted Carnell: "I don't know how long you intended keeping your author poll open, but I thot maybe there was time for me to do something about it. Just to make it an international idea. ...I have printed some postcards and I am mailing them out to clients in the country as we send them magazines. (Science Fiction Service -awjr) The fans are getting their voting cards by every letter I send out....When the votes start coming back, I'll record each upon 1 of the enclosed slips and mail them over to you at intervals. I intend keeping a record of the British votes, and reporting them later in my news service, POSTAL PREVIEW."

Over to the left you see the results of 79 fans' votes. All I need now are 21 more to make a hundred and the poll will be considered closed. (for the time being!) I'll be back from time to time, to see how the tastes of you fans have changed ... And now for the new polls that are just getting underway. For the benefit of any n-fans who may not know how these polls are conducted — you put on a penny postcard your ten favorite whatever-it-is and mail to — Art Widner, Jr., Box 122, Bryantville, Massachusetts. The new polls are about fans and pro artists. The artist poll is a little different than the others, in that it is broken up into three classes, with five to vote for in each, making the total fifteen. But here are the standings:

## FANS continued

14. Speer	24
15. Michel	23
16. Daugherty	22
17. Sykora	18
18. Youd	17
19. Avery	16
Hodgkins	16
Koenig	16

## ARTISTS (cover)

1. Paul	70
2. Finlay	60
3. Rogers	52
4. Wesso	50
5. Brown	37

## (interior)

1. Finlay	104
2. Paul	57
3. Wesso	45
4. Bok	34
5. Dold	28

## (all-around)

1. Finlay	88
2. Paul	69
3. Wesso	40
4. Bok/Cartier	22
5. Schneeman	19



## RATING THE PROZINES

from a #5 a fanzine by Bob Swisher

... the year 1941 has just been completed (except for various Canadian magazines which are missing (can anyone supply them?) simultaneously with the appearance of Lynn Bridges' excellent resume of the field through 1941 in the April *Inspiration*. You are now facing the prospect of comparing my ratings with his.

Essentially there are three grades given to stories, 1, 2 or 3 points for bad, indifferent or good stories respectively. Very occasionally some story is so awful that it strikes my fancy and gets 0; about as infrequently some exceptional example of science fiction gets a 4. Thus averages over 2.00 indicate a preponderance, however slight, of the good in a magazine, while the degree of badness in the others is reflected by averages below that figure. The accompanying table shows the results for thirty magazines, or portions or combinations of magazines, for the period from the dawn up through the end of 1941, broken down into the same groups as Lynn used. Following the name is its averages and following that is the number of stories or installments (novels printed complete are counted as 2, 3 or 4 units, roughly depending on length) and the number of points which were divided to compute the average. The last two columns show the order in which Lynn rated the same magazines and my rating order omitting those he left out.

No.	Magazine	Avg.	Stories	Points	Bridges	Me
1	Astounding (JWC)	2.45	334	820	1	1
2	Unknown	2.33	209	487		
3	FFM-FN	2.31	113	261		
4	Science Wonder-SWQ	2.18	88	192	8	2
5	Air Wonder	2.07	57	118	9	3
6	Fantasy	2.05	21	43		
7	Super Science	2.04	82	167	4	4
8	Amazing-ASQ (Gernsback)	2.03	284	576		
9	Astonishing	1.99	72	143	7	5
10	Astounding (Tremaine)	1.97	421	827	2	6
11	Startling	1.91	101	193	10	7
12	Amazing-ASQ (Sloane)	1.88	657	1232	6	8
13	Wonder-WSQ	1.87	476	888	3	9
14	Astounding (Clayton)	1.86	192	358	5	10
15	Cosmic	1.83	29	53	17	11
16	Stirring	1.82	40	73	18	12
17	Thrilling Wonder	1.80	325	585	11	13
18	Tales of Wonder	1.75	96	168		
19	Dynamic	1.37	12	21	19	14
20	Cap'n Phuture	1.35	48	79	21	15
21	Miracle	1.60	10	16		
22	Future	1.56	57	89	16	16
23	Amazing (rap)	1.55	268	415	20	17
24	Comet	1.53	49	75	14	18
25	Planet	1.48	64	95	13	19
26	Science Fiction-SFQ	1.46	119	174	15	20
27	Fantastic Adventures	1.39	147	205		
28	Marvel	1.34	53	71	12	21
29	Flash Gordon	1.25	4	5		
30	Uncanny (US)	0.83	6	5		
	1926 through 1941	1.90	4434	8434		
	1926 through 1937	1.93	2260	4351		
	1938 through 1941	1.88	2174	4083		

The grand average is down very slightly from a similar average calculated in 1937, and it is interesting to note that almost as many stories were printed in the last four years of the survey as in the first twelve. Such ratings as these are necessarily subjective, and inevitable changes in the subject tend to make the earlier stories rate higher than they would if read today for the first time, not to mention the changes that would appear if the subject happened to be someone else.

## OTHER FANNISH STUFF FROM THE FANZINE

a

### Horror in the Ether!

Herewith in full is an item from the New York Times of many months ago:

"For the edification of horror-story devotees, herewith in full is a press release received last week:

"A 35-year-old deformed albino, her insane father and her two sons, one of them invisible, are the central figures in "The Dunwich Horror," an eerie tale of strange happenings in a small New England community, which serves as Ronald Colman's starring vehicle in his guest appearance on "Suspense," Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8 P. M., over Station WABC. The invisible son, who lives in an old barn and puts in most of his time trying to work out a formula to make himself visible, becomes the focal point of the story."

Somehow that reminds me of the pre-talkies movie that was made of A. Merritt's "Seven Footprints to Satan", of which he is said to have stated simply, "I wept" I did too.

### Into the Fourth Demention

"The Strabismus plan for a half-dim (partial) blackout is now completed and may soon come into operation. The idea is to black out partially half of every window, but only with a mild form of blackout. In cases where the left half of the window is made partially dim, the right half must be wholly blacked out during an alert, unless the whole window is entirely blacked-out before and after the alert when the half-dimming of the unblacked-out half of the lighted window was, during an alert, left partially dimmed out before the alert, or after it. This does not apply to windows or half-windows left partially lighted before and after alerts unless otherwise stated. In the case of the half-dimming of partially lit windows or part of windows during alerts, the partial blackout should be as before."

Thus J.B.Morton in the London Daily Express. The uninitiate should be wary of trying to follow the thin thread of reason in the above statement without a pencil and paper to act as an anchor and guide for return to this world, Foolhardily I once tried it without such aid, and if it hadn't been for a fortunate interruption just as I was about to round the fourth mutually perpendicular right angle following that thread I'm sure I'd have skewed into another space-time world with no hope of returning. And I rather like this vale of tears so far. Honest, fellows, this is a regular sheavian syllogismobile!



## The Elder Writings of Russell Chauvenet

June 1939

The following spoof of Jack Williamson's "Legion" novels, which featured lovable but hard-drinking Giles Habibula, was printed in V 1 No. 6 of Harry Warner Jr.'s great fanzine, *SPACEWAYS*, under the pseudonym "Wacky Jilliamson." Because Art Widner arranged it for presentation as a skit at one of our ensuing Stranger Club meetings, the myth exists that he wrote the thing in the first place. I am glad of the chance to reclaim authorship while Art is still around to confirm it!

### LEGIONS OF LEGIONS

Young Ster turned to his companion, Smiles Babbledroola. "Who is that stunning girl?" he asked. "What brings such dainty ethereal beauty to this grim spaceport on Mars?" Old Smiles regarded the girl doubtfully through the bottom of his wine bottle. "Eh, lad," he wheezed, "which girl?" "There's only one," retorted Young Ster. Smiles set down the bottle with a sigh. "Ah, well," he groaned. "Perhaps you're right. They — she looks like Saro Leeth, who," his voice sank to a whisper, "guards the secret of the most frightful weapon in the universe — the dread Cackle-Cackle!" The old man reached for a fresh bottle. "Ay, I remember," he began, but Young Ster was no longer listening to him.

The girl turned, and they looked at each other. Young felt his head swim with her breath-taking loveliness. She smiled. Instantly he rose and joined her. "Oh, I've heard of you," she said when he introduced himself. "My father thought you did commendable work in saving the Solar System last August — or was it July?" "Sept. 8th, 13:41 Mars-Earth standard," corrected Young. "But it was really nothing. Every legionaire is required to save the Solar System at least three times before he can be promoted to a Captaincy, and I've only done it twice yet." "Cheer up," murmured Saro. "Dad says your form is improving, and I just know you will do it again!"

Two hours later, just when they were getting interested in each other, an orderly brought them a spacegram. "Invaders approaching solar system," it ran. "Armed with unknown weapons, they have apparently destroyed Uranus and are slanting in towards Earth. Young Ster is hereby ordered to destroy the invaders with his spaceship *Leaping Frog II*. He may, if he so wishes, take with him Saro Leeth, but the Cackle-Cackle is to be used only in case of emergency." "Quick," shouted Young, "we must go." He seized Saro Leeth by the arm and they dashed out, leaving their dessert on the table. "Curses, clinkered again," muttered their waiter, who had poisoned it. Had the plot of the Purple Prunes Society, bent on overthrowing the Leethian Pea-Green dynasty, failed? The spy dashed furiously after the retreating pair. But it was too late. Smiles brought him down with a pea shooter before he could draw a prune gun. Six space guards threw him into the clink, so his prophecy came true.

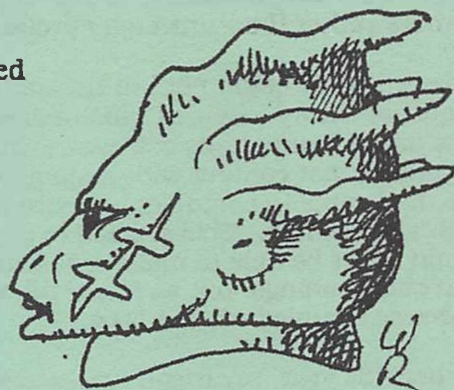
Out in space, Young set his controls for Earth. "My, you look wonderful," he told his companion. "Aw, be yourself, big boy," she retorted snappily. "Now look out the window for a few minutes while I put the Cackle-Cackle together." Young obeyed; Saro hooked up a few odds and ends she carried with her until they assumed a formidable appearance. Then she gave a gasp of dismay. "Anything wrong?" asked Young, turning back to her. "Yes," she answered. "I can't find that piece of scrap iron I had with me. I gotta have a piece of iron to make this dingus work." "But there isn't any iron on this ship," said Young. "I had it made of phonium, so I could cruise in time, and all the instruments and things are of that new synthetic metal, tuffstuff." "Oh dear," moaned Saro. "what will we do?" "I tell you what," answered Young. "We'll form a Legion of Valor to combat the new menace."

"Look!" cried Saro a few minutes later. Young turned to the visiscreen, where the spaceship of the invaders was dimly visible, hurtling on towards Earth. "They're beating us!" he exclaimed. The hostile vessel plunged into the Earth's atmosphere and was lost to view. "I can't use my disintegrator so close to Earth," Young fretted. "But I could use the cackle-cackle," Saro offered. "We'll land on Earth and —" she broke off abruptly as the Earth disappeared.

Nothing remained — not Earth, not the space ship of the invaders, not even the moon. "I know!" cried Young. "They've turned the earth and moon into different time paths." He adjusted dials and pulled levers. Instantly the *Leaping Frog* plunged into time. "Ah!" chuckled Young. "I was right. I'm picking up their gyrochronic lines." They rushed through time. Soon they arrived at the intersection of the vibratory traces, and there they found, not the earth, but the moon! And on Luna's barren surface rose the black, ominous form of an alien stronghold, towering above the airless plain. Even as they looked, a space-port opened in the top of the grim structure. Young brought his ship to a perfect landing as the roof closed over again. Air rushed in, as valves in the sides of the vast room opened. Young and Saro climbed out of their ship. Young was weaponless, but Saro still held the useless cackle-cackle.

They had not long to wait. Through a portal at the far end of the hall came a strange green creature. His form was that of a perfect dodecahedron. On every point there danced a thin blue flame. His skin seemed oddly translucent, for he emitted a strong green glow that surrounded him for some distance. His mental commands reached them.

"Make no resistance. Follow me." They obeyed. He led them into a small room, evidently an office of sorts. He closed the curiously shaped doorway with a screen of light. Then he turned to his captives. "I, Eeohahah, Commander of the Legion of Death, and viceroy of Eastern Geethia," his thoughts impinged on their minds, "have captured you as specimens to take home for examination. You," addressing Young, "will kindly give me such puny knowledge as you may have." "I refuse," thought back Young determinedly. "Oh, very well then," said Eeohahah, "Ooohileel!" An attendant appeared. "Bring the strebx." In a few minutes the attendant reappeared, bringing a peculiar instrument. Young was forced down, and the attendant began to torture him. Young resisted with iron fortitude.



"At last!" Saro shouted joyfully, as she seized the iron fortitude and inserted it in the cackle-cackle. "My iron!" "What do you want iron for?" asked Eeohahah, "and what is that funny gadget in your hand?" "It is a weapon of ours," Saro explained, "which will kill off anything we don't like." "Well, well," returned Eeohahah impatiently. "How does it work?" "Like this," said Saro, thinking into the cackle-cackle. Instantly Eeohahah and Ooohileel disappeared. Saro had wiped out all of the insidious Legion of Death at a single blow!

In a short time she had Young on his feet again, and feeling better. Together they went to the secret stronghold of the Geeth, and there they found two thin poles — one white and one blue. "What are these?" asked Saro, dismantling the deadly cackle-cackle and giving Young his iron fortitude again. "I know!" said Young. "The white one is the North pole of Earth and the blue one is the north pole of Uranus. When the Geeth took the poles, it threw the planets into the wrong magneto-oscillo wavepath, and they disappeared. We'll just dig around in time a little and find the planets and put the poles back. That will fix everything when we pilot the moon back, too. Then we'll find that the Geeth never existed at all, so that I will have done something unique — saved the Earth from an entirely imaginary, yet deadly enemy!"

"You make it all so simple, darling," cooed Saro. "You are so wonderful!" "Well," admitted Young, "now that I've saved the Solar System three times, maybe I can get them to raise my pay enough so I can get married. Would you —" "Sweetheart!"

They had decided to form a "Legion of Love."

**THE END**



## A RECONCILEMENT WITH QUANTUM PHYSICS

by Russell Chauvenet (October 1987)

In my youth, good, sensible Newtonian physics seemed to me quite excellent in explaining much that went on in the mysterious world to which I had been born. Altho my mathematical career met with serious difficulties when I was unwillingly introduced to the differential calculus, and therefore I was quite content to limit my acquaintance with physics and stick to my true love, biology in general and genetics in particular, I felt at ease in a Newtonian world. The concepts of relativity and uncertainty arising from the work of Einstein, Heisenberg and others were surprises, and rather intriguing as long as I could absorb them from science fiction authors rather than university professors. They did not disturb my basic outlook.

In later years I could not but become aware of certain developments in particle physics and quantum theory (some of which unsettled Einstein himself). These seemed to rattle the Newtonian foundations somewhat. In more recent times, I became astonished by reports that physicists, not content with adding new particles to the trusty old proton-neutron-electron trio, had come to postulate unheard of features to them, with such quirky names as "charm" and "strangeness." This seemed to be going too far, and I lost interest in the subject, convinced I would never be able to make any sense of it. Naturally, I ascribed this incomprehension to my own shortcomings, but as I have many others, this particular gap in my understanding of the Universe troubled me but little.

Earlier this year, my friend Ariel Mengarini sent me a copy of Richard P. Feynman's book *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman*. Before I launch into too much praise of it, you should be warned that another intelligent friend (Bill Wickner) disliked the book, on the grounds that "I felt that most of the time Feynman was just telling us how smart he is." Bill was not appeased by my retort: "Anytime you want to tell me how smart you are, I will believe every word."

I knew that Feynman had won the Nobel prize in physics and that his scientific ideas must have a good deal of validity. I was pleased to find that when he touched on his scientific work, he did so in such a way as to make his general ideas and approaches clear in non-technical and certainly non-mathematical terms. I didn't feel that he really blew his own horn too much. A lot of the little episodes and mini-chapters in the book (a sort of kaleidoscopic autobiography) have nothing to do directly with his profession. He learned to play a crude percussion instrument in a Brazilian samba band. He took up art and learned to draw well enough to sell a few of his drawings. He got interested in the mechanism of safes and wrote a fascinating account of how he learned to open some of them. And above all he wrote most interestingly of about the new particles and their properties.

Thus when I learned of Freeman's book, *Disturbing the Universe*, I lost not an hour in the hopes of continuing my education. I was pleased to find that Dyson had a lot to say about Feynman and his methods. Feynman did not care for the official version of quantum mechanics. He worked very hard for five years (you learn this from Dyson, not from Feynman, one reason I dismiss Bill Wickner's complaint, cited above) in order to understand quantum mechanics in his own way. After all this work (which I do not expect any of our FAPA members to duplicate) he arrived at a clear understanding of particle interactions. Classical methods involved setting down a series of often complex equations, and then working very hard calculating solutions. Dyson says this approach took him several months of work, whereas once Feynman arrived at his own method, he could obtain the same answer calculating on a blackboard with a minimum of mathematics, in half an hour. Feynman's approach baffled physicists who had spent their lives solving equations, but Dyson realized that Feynman's theories not only worked much faster than the conventional approach, but could also predict fine points of the electron's behavior untouched by the older methods. Oversimplifying the whole matter, the older method was strictly analytical, pursuing the behavior of a particle step by step, solving equations turn by turn. Feynman came up with a unified vision of the particle's possible histories, and by a few simple rules he worked out, was able to apply a sum-over-histories approach that went right to the answer without the tedious calculations of the analysts. (No, I don't understand this either, except in vague generalities.) So at this point in Dyson's book I understood what Feynman never told me, namely, why Feynman was a genius and why he received the Nobel prize.

In addition to this enlightenment, Dyson had much more to tell me on the social conscience of a physicist and the problem of looking at the use of one's work for destructive purposes (e.g., the morality of H-bomb development ...). And wrestling with such questions perhaps joins other concerns in the genesis of dreams, two of which Dyson generously shares with his readers. The first is a vision of an aeons-long tour of the Universe (which unexpectedly reminded me of a supposedly long forgotten tale by Donald Wandrei perhaps titled "White Bird"). The second has a charm of its own and is short enough to be reprinted in this issue of *DETOURS*.

I was then fully prepared to snap up Anthony Zee's subsequent work: *Fearful Symmetry: The Search for Beauty in Modern Physics*. Altho it is much more technical in places than the first two, and unlike the first two, tells us hardly anything about the author, it is nonetheless readable, with a bit of effort. It has, moreover, the merit of making it clear (to me) that the delicate balance between the four fundamental forces (electromagnetic, gravitational, strong nuclear, and weak nuclear) is evidence of intelligent design, and could not reasonably be attributed to chance. Atheism and agnosticism can therefore be dismissed. (That does not mean that any present religion necessarily understands the mind of the Creator!). In his charming way, Zee generally refers to Nature and uses capitalized feminine pronouns (She, Her), rather than using the label 'God', but he has an interesting final chapter "The Mind of the Creator." As an aside, I noticed that he also uses feminine pronouns in cases where some cultural prejudice has led me to expect male ones; e.g., "the architect in drawing up her plans .."; "the physicist conducting the experiment in her laboratory...." And I felt abashed by my surprise!

In sum, these are great books. Rush out and buy them Real Soon Now.

Richard P. Feynman, *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!* Bantam pb \$4.50 (1986; first published 1985)

Freeman Dyson, *Disturbing the Universe*, Harper & Row, pb \$7.95 (1981; first published 1979)

Anthony Zee, *Fearful Symmetry*, MacMillan pb (1986). Obtained from Quality Paper Back Club



## DISCOURSE ON LOGOPARSY

by Chandler Davis

Anagrams have never appealed to me. I'm too lazy. Anagrams are so darn difficult they make me feel inferior. Thus my joy was unbounded when Thurber opened the *New Plane of Beauty* in a *New Yorker* this summer.

In essence Thurber's suggestion is simple. He relaxes the rules. You aren't required to make complete anagrams from your starting words; instead of rearranging the whole batch of the word's letters, you can throw out some of the letters & rearrange the rest. Of course, the possibilities this innovation introduces are tremendous; ask any Planters Peanuts contestant. The whole process becomes an easy thalamic flow instead of the intense cortical effort necessary for strict anagrams. You may not be able to take words apart as well as Thurber; but you can certainly take them apart. After all, *I* did.

Oh yes, I've taken lots of words apart. One of the first things to look for when you're entering the *New Plane* is the animals in words. You find them everywhere. If you're a student you'll probably notice first the ram in German, the hen in French, the asp in Spanish, the pig in philology, the ant in Astronomy, &, most genial of all, the hippo in philosophy.

Ethnography has a hare, a goat, a rat, a hog, an ape, a porgy — &, for that matter, a panther, a tern, & a gnat. (How the poet & the yoga got in I don't know.)

You get the idea. In a little while animals will swim across the page of any book you read. When this happens you've reached the stage where you can branch out.

Having started on academic subjects, let's continue the treatment on that tack. Anthropology is for the goon, geology for the yegg, epistemology for the mope, biochemistry for the bore; psychology for the goop, psychometry for the schmoe. Theology, needless to say, is for the holy goy. Nor does the subject matter of the various studies come off any better than their students. Biophysics is bosh; music, scum; semantics, a sin; psychiatry, crap. Mathematics is the acme of tame sham. Chemistry is a crime; no matter how you try, you'll tire of this shit in a trice.

Of course the length to which you can carry your analysis varies with the length of the word analyzed. With age you can do nothing, while with satyriasis you can go on all night.

A change of subject now. Let's take cities. Boston has the snob & the sot, & tons of soot. Cleveland is a level land where the venal can deal, vend, & lend. Los Angeles is the place to ogle gals' legs. Also to make sure this article has 100% fantasy content, I'll mention Gary, with its gay ray.

The national capital can be made to yield two complete sentences, thus: I was in Washington; I saw it was no ghost town. Gosh, what a host!

When you get to the point of making complete sentences out of a word, you've sort of defeated the purpose by making the game almost as difficult as strait anagrams. It's clearly time to quit. Before I do so, however, I'll toss in the following bit of verse, whose manifold implications I leave you to figure out for yourself

Prate on, and harp on what you preach;  
Err not, but raptly trace the chart  
The apter Petrarch etched of art;  
Reap what his era's path can teach.  
Ape and carp not, and you'll trap each  
Rare tear, hate's heat, each ache of heart;  
Capers and cares will act their part.  
He caps earth who can Petrarch reach,  
So hone doubt. But one moment, son:  
On hearing this I'll toss one stone  
(Not ten — I'd be no noted snot).  
Nests Petrarch reared let him set on.  
Eons have gone. And so will not  
To ape him net a hollow tone?

**LUNATIC**  
by Chandler Davis

How am I to tell you

Of bleak moons rising onto far bleak hilltops  
Beside bleak trees? Of fine detail and pointless  
Of moon-etched blacknesses of far trees, branches?  
And how to tell you of the white swan silence  
That falls cloud-blown between the moon and ocean?  
Of flows of silent, icy-fingered lava  
That frost warm leaves and hidden summer shadows  
With moon's insanity? Of moons that linger,  
Aloof and sane, to watch each crystal madness  
Shrink, become perfect, an intense, brief cosmos?

No, nor can I tell you

How in your cloud-flecked eyes the white swan wanders;  
How bleak moon's white cool silence swings within you;  
How your calm words can form the icy finger  
Upon my brow, can bid me rise, creator  
Of evanescent worlds of passioned crystal;  
How cruel you are to stay aloofly sane.

**TOP SECRET**  
**(the bottom is secret too)**  
by Chandler Davis

XD3/5142-48:EH:hcd  
Ser 091209

12 September 1948

To: Commanding Officer, Camp New Belsen, New Belsen, Pa.

Subj: Treatment of Internees

Ref: (a) CO Camp New Belsen ltr JD4/312-48 Ser 013108 dtd 31 August 48

1. Ref. (a) reports failure of subject internees to perform suitably while under internment at Camp New Belsen. Since subject internees were selected from among the country's foremost scientists, this failure cannot be due to lack of ability, and must be laid to unwillingness to cooperate. To correct this situation, it is directed that rations be cut and severe penalties imposed for noncooperation.
2. The utmost care must be taken to avoid breaches of security. Any scientists found to possess knowledge of research not officially under their cognizance shall be tried by summary court-martial.
3. It is anticipated that all scientists will be interned by 1 March 1949; in the meantime, data must be withheld from all research organizations not under Army or Navy control. To effect this, it is directed that internees be forbidden to correspond with persons outside this Camp. Intracamp correspondence shall be strictly censored.
4. Under preexisting regulations, as modified by those above, it is believed that scientific research will proceed at maximum speed and efficiency.

By direction of the Chief.

E. HALLORAN  
Deputy Chief of Internment Program



## Fan Guest of Honor (Baycon '86) - Art Widner

by Russ Chauvenet

Norwescon fans who are offered the privilege of seeing and hearing Art Widner in person are already so fortunate that they can endure a few remarks by myself. Art goes back to the beginnings of fandom. He is mentioned 3 times in *The Immortal Storm*, and 35 times (plus photo) in *All Our Yesterdays*. The editor of *FANFARE* in the early days, and *Yhos* both then and now, Art founded the Stranger Club in Boston, promoted the early Boskones [1941-1945] and attended the first five Worldcons. In his perceptive review of the first twenty years of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association mailings, Bob Pavlat rightly includes Art as one of the most important early members who helped set standards for style and participation that have enabled FAPA to endure until the present day.

At the same time, Art was the principal author of the first National Fantasy Fan Federation constitution, and a leading early enthusiast in establishing the NFFF organization which has also confounded critics by its vitality and long life.

Except for twenty years of GAFIA between 1950 and 1970 Art might have become even better known than he is today, but in the last dozen years following his return to fan activity, he has attended most Worldcons and Westercons. He has also rejoined FAPA and resumed the publication of *Yhos* after a minor lapse of 34 years between two consecutive issues.

By profession a teacher of English, Art has been able to take advantage of more liberal modern conditions to discuss science fiction in the classroom, something that just wasn't done when he and I were growing up. There are few people around with a better understanding of what science fiction was, is, and might be than your present guest of honor, Art Widner.

### "Modest Proposal" Rides Again

by Art Widner

[I am saddened that I must say that this piece is satire. Not saddened that it is satire nor that it is well-written but saddened that recent experience shows that if it were not labelled, many people would think that all of it was to be taken at face value — sigh]

It is a melancholy object to those who live in this great country to behold, as they pass through (if they dare) the central portions of our great cities. The South Bronx, central Detroit, Watts, even the Fillmore in San Francisco - all are dismal sights to decent Americans. The streets filled with idle ruffians, harlots, drug pedlars and assorted riff-raff of every description; the graffiti blatantly insulting the values responsible citizens hold dear; the over-flowing garbage cans; the burnt out buildings; all bear testimony to a decline of standards and a fall from greatness.

Yet again, as we travel through the countryside, we find nature's simple pleasures interrupted by miles of chain link fences, with dire warnings posted at intervals: GOVERNMENT PROPERTY - KEEP OUT! We cannot see the malignant birds crouched deep in their underground nests - but we know they are there. We heave a melancholy sigh for the necessary evil; National Security Must be Served.

And yet, if one could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of turning these blots upon our honor into sound useful contributors to the Gross National Product, he would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

My proposal has many virtues to recommend it, which I will elucidate in a moment, but the grand design knits all threads together by using one evil to dispose of the other; in short, it advocates bombing hell out of all our noisome slums in the inner cities.

Now of course, the natural reaction of the right-thinking patriot is that this is utter insanity. Yet bear with me but a moment, and you will see many advantages that are not apparent at first glance.

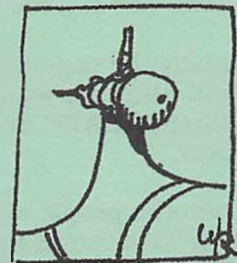
Firstly, there is the efficiency of the nuclear explosive. Think of the savings involved in accomplishing in one second, what otherwise would take millions of man- and equipment-hours, with the usual cost overruns, graft and boondoggling. Indeed, it might never get done properly by old-fashioned government-business methods.

Secondly, although some faint-hearted liberals might object, it is clear that the gain would be far greater than the loss, for those eliminated would be only the welfare chiselers and other dregs of society. One needs only to contemplate for a moment the near-total reduction of the HEW budget to have one's thinking clarified. Moreover, the beauty of the whole concept is that it would be far more merciful than the present grinding, long-drawn-out process favored by this administration. Further, the unemployment problem would largely be solved, since the shiftless inhabitant of the slums has by far the highest rate among any segment of our population.

But for just the sake of argument, let us adopt an Humanitarian pose. It will become apparent that this project is so well-founded, that even though we spare the lives of the useless, it will still be economically and socially feasible to follow through with it. So much will be saved over conventional methods that the population of the target cities could be evacuated and resettled on the outskirts of suburbia. Since clean bombs would be used, radiation would be gone in just a few short years, and large parks would be created in place of the slums. This would make the suburbanites happy since all would be equidistant from their great park. The former ghetto dwellers would be happy with their new housing and schools, and desegregation would no doubt proceed apace since the suburbanites would now see the benefit of busing their children to the newer and better schools. In addition, the suburbs would now be contained, as they formerly contained the original ghetto. However, there need be no fear of the old system being perpetuated since the inhabitants of the suburbs, possessed of inborn self-respect and initiative, would not allow their property to deteriorate, and also, through superior economic instinct, would soon take over the more desirable portions of the new outer ring. Nor would the former ghetto-dwellers take umbrage at this, since, unlike their former condition, squeezed into the center with no escape, they would now be afforded the beauties of the wide open spaces, deserts and mountains, not unlike their redskin cousins - an elegant solution. City planners have long shown us the advantages of the torus-shaped city over our present congested, knotted, crossroad towns run amuck.

But by no means does this exhaust the benefits of the proposal. Consider, thirdly, that we have got rid of possibly 200 extremely dangerous weapons that might otherwise have been used to kill decent people.

Fourthly, the brave generals who now keep eternal vigilance over these engines of destruction, their fingers quivering above the red buttons, would be allowed to push those buttons and relieve that awful tension. Imagine how grateful they will be! And how they could then return to their duties with the danger of an accidental launch greatly reduced.



Fifthly, when our enemies see us destroy our own cities, they will not only gnash their teeth in frustration, but be shamed into emulating us. As our statesmen have so often told us, we must deal from a position of strength. Unfortunately, they seem not to have read Tolkien, who has shown us that *moral* strength lies in getting rid of power, not collecting it. We will be able to say then, with great moral strength, "We have gotten rid of 200 of ours; now you get rid of 200 of yours." And once both sides see how easy it is, there is no reason why it should not continue until all the evil birds have flown. When there are no more rotten slums to cleanse, the birds will be sent to outer space or simply dismantled.

I profess in the sincerity of my heart that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the *public good of my country, by promoting the cause of world peace, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich.* I own no city property nor any stocks in weapon-making corporations.

[If you would like to see this theme treated in a story, the editor modestly (hem hem) refers you to his "Request for Proposal" originally published in *Analog*, November 1972.]



# THE TALE OF THE TAIL THAT WAGGED THE DOG

by Art Widner  
(Fangoh speech at Baycon, 1986)

"The old dog barks backward without getting up.  
I can remember when he was a pup."

—Robert Frost

Just the other day in a nearby galaxy, there was a little boy and his doggie. The boy's name was Fandom, and the dog's name was Skiffy.<sup>1</sup> The boy loved his dog and his dog loved him and they were very happy together.

The boy grew, but the dog grew faster. You could tell by the size of his feet that he was going to be a very big dog. And he was. He grew into a fine hunting dog—a pointer. He helped the boy (who was now a young man) find out What's What.<sup>2</sup>

The young man would say, "Gee Whillikers, Skiffy, I'm doggoned if I know What's What!" and Skiffy would say, "Arf!" (meaning THAT's What's What) and then he'd point right at it, and the boy would say, "Oh, I see."

One day the young man said, "Y'know, Skiffy?—I'm all grown up now, and going to college and everything—it's time I stopped this baby talk. From now on, your name is SCIENCE FICTION!"

Skiffy liked that and he said "Arf, Arf!" — and pointed exactly between art and money, where David Hartwell<sup>3</sup> happened to be standing.

But he was a very unusual dog, who kept on growing even when the boy (pardon me, Young Man) stopped. One day a Young Woman came along and patted Skiffy (I mean Science Fiction) on the head and said, "My, what a fine, big dog you have, and what a huge, bushy tail he has!" And the Young Man said to himself, "Hey, this woman is not only a fine judge of hunting dogs, but somewhat of a fox in the bargain." So they got married.

Finally the dog stopped growing, but the trouble was, his tail didn't. People would stop by to visit, and they would stare at this Great Bushy Thing filling up half the living room, and say, "What's THAT?" and the Young Woman would say, "That's our dog, Science Fiction—Essef for short."

Then the people would say, "C'mon, we know Old Essef. You used to call him 'Skiffy,' didn't you? THAT's not him. THAT's not even a dog! Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. and Mrs. Fandom<sup>4</sup> would get offended and say, "It is so a dog! Our Essef is under there—you just can't see him. C'mon, Essef, boy! Show them What's What!"

Skiffy-Essef would get all excited and go ARF ARF ARF!—and wag his tail and try to point between money and art, but the tail had grown so huge that it wagged *him*, so that nobody could tell where he was pointing, even when they caught a brief glimpse of him between wags.

"Ha ha ha," said the people, "that's weird. You ought to give the *Tail* a name. Ha ha ha, because that sure ain't the animal it was before!"

Well—Mr. and Mrs. Fandom thought it over and they did give the tail a name. They called it Media. But sometimes they would go back to calling him Skiffy again. One day a man with the unlikely name of Roddenberry came by and said he'd like to buy Skiffy-Essef-Media.

Mr. and Mrs. F said no they couldn't do that, and Skiffy-Essef-Media didn't like the idea either and went ARF ARF ARF ARF four times and tried to point and show them What's What. He got so excited, and the tail wagged him so hard, that he cracked his head on the coffee table and dislocated his brains and was never quite the same again. The boy sort of missed his dog, but didn't know what to do about it.

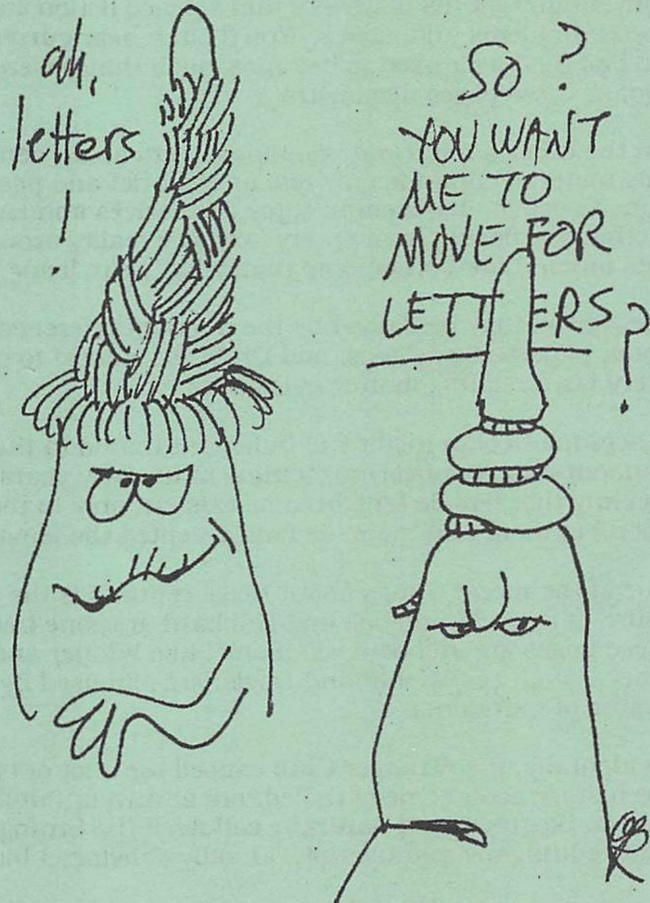
As you may have guessed, there isn't any ending to this tail, so you'll have to provide your own, as with one of those computer games. (See below, if you're not very creative, for some exciting possibilities.)

**MORAL: IT'S FINE TO HAVE A GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL TAIL—BUT IT SHOULDN'T WAG THE DOG.**

- 1 From "Sci-Fi," coined by 4SJ Ackerman, pronounced "Skiffy" in derision, and indicating only the schlocky side of Science Fiction, as in most Hollywood products.
- 2 See *Island*, by Aldous Huxley. It occurs fairly early in the book, so if you're allergic to reading, you don't have to read the whole thing, but I recommend it. It addresses the questions that *Brave New World* ducked.
- 3 *Age of Wonders*, McGraw-Hill, 1985. Ch. 11, "Let's Get SF Back in the Gutter Where It Belongs," p. 194.
- 4 I.e., *Fanzine* Fandom. (All the other Fandoms don't much care. One gets the impression that they would be just as happy at a Shriners' convention—they get to party hearty and dress up in funny suits, don't they?)

#### ALTERNATE ENDINGS

- A. Mr. & Mrs. Fandom call up Mr. Roddenberry and accept his generous offer. Mr. R. takes S-E-M to his three-ring circus and tries to teach him to jump thru fiery hoops and other fun stuff like that, but SEM languishes, refuses to eat, and dies. Everybody else lives uneasily ever after.
- B. They decide the kindest thing is just to put SEM to sleep. The dog dies all right and they cut off the tail so it will fit into a standard-size coffin, but the tail is still alive and escapes into the sewers, eats New York, and marries Godzilla.
- C. A wandering Airedale comes by and discovers SEM is a she, who promptly has a litter of puppies named Corflu, Filk, Costumer, Gamer, Trekkie, and Hooey. The trufen keep Conflu, give away the rest, and all live happily ever after.





## Letters of Comment

Here is a letter of comment from Harry Warner, Jr. No fanzine can be considered canonical without a LoC from the master letterhack of the fanzines.

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740.  
April 21, 1989

It was a treat to read again all this material about the Stranger Club members and friends. By now I'm beginning to think of it in cometary terms. It first came into my vision almost a half-century ago when I received these fanzines as they were published. About twenty years ago, I re-read these articles while gathering material for my fan history book about the 1940s. Behold, again they swim into view and they have topped the performance of Halley's Comet which was so faint and disappointing on its most recent viewing. These reprints impress me just as they did originally, as amusing and informative and literate as ever. I hope I can live long enough to appreciate their fourth manifestation, whatever form it may take.

I suppose I won't be the only reader of this fanzine to have one special reaction to its contents. There's a lesson to be learned from these contents, that very little is new in fanzines and fandom. Younger fans today may feel themselves the first generation of fans who fear the end of civilization due to war between superpowers. An occasional pro declares in an interview or a convention talk his discovery that science fiction can interpret and inform about current social problems and issues. You'll often hear current fans lament the fact that science fiction isn't as good as it used to be. Alas, such things were being expressed in fanzines a half-century ago, as these pages demonstrate.

On the other hand, I was reminded again about certain ways in which fandom has changed. All this material contains only one or two brief and passing references to alcoholic beverages and none to drugs. Fans could enjoy themselves immensely in the early 1940s without such methods of fleeing from reality, and the reality around fans during those World War Two years was much more bothersome than what we're living through today.

Joe Neofan may be baffled by the frequent references to prozines and the absence of chatter about paperbacks, videos, and Dr. Who. Honest to goodness, the prozines supplied about 99% of every fan's reading matter in that era.

Josephine Neofan might feel indignant to find in these pages a refutation of one of her warcries. Fandom wasn't entirely masculine in its early years, no matter how often you've heard or read recently that female fans became existent only in the past few years. Most fans were males but not all of them and the male fans accepted the female fans as at least their equals, maybe more.

One of the nicest things about these reprints is the survival of most of the fan principals who figure in them. Campbell and Hubbard are gone but most of the fans mentioned most often in these pages are still with us. Some, like Widner and Chauvenet, are still active fans while others, such as Swisher and Davis, are glimpsed by fans only during rare resurfacings from the depths of mundania.

Incidentally, the Stranger Club caused me a lot of unnecessary trouble when I was writing that fan history book. One of the editors at Advent:Publishers told me I'd made a mistake. A fan club in Boston would naturally call itself the Stranglers, not the Strangers, he informed me, while editing my manuscript. I finally convinced him with some extra efforts.

I think this was a fine thing to publish for the worldcon. In fact, I realize suddenly that my enthusiasm for it has caused me absentmindedly to write a loc on it before it has been published. All I can offer by way of apology is the fact that extremely odd people behave unpredictably at times.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

## The Page of Reason

You are getting this because (if blank, please fill it in yourself)

- ☐ You are a Stranger
- ☐ You are Strange
- ☐ You contributed to this issue
- ☐ We owe you a subscription copy
- ☐ You paid \$3.00
- ☐ You paid 25¢ in real silver U.S. coins
- ☐ You wrote a letter of comment on *Fanfare 1 to 10* sometime
- ☐ You are a member of the race that will rule the Sevagram
- ☐ You are mentioned in this issue
- ☐ You have agreed to publish *Fanfare #12*
- ☐ You have been to every Worldcon since 1939
- ☐ You remember Lemuria
- ☐ The gostak distims the doshes
- ☐ You promised to stand the committee a round of drinks
- ☐ Your hoax bid won the Worldcon site selection
- ☐ You purchased a Symes Portfolio (in-group joke)
- ☐ It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan
- ☐ Harry Warner, Jr. refused to loc your zine