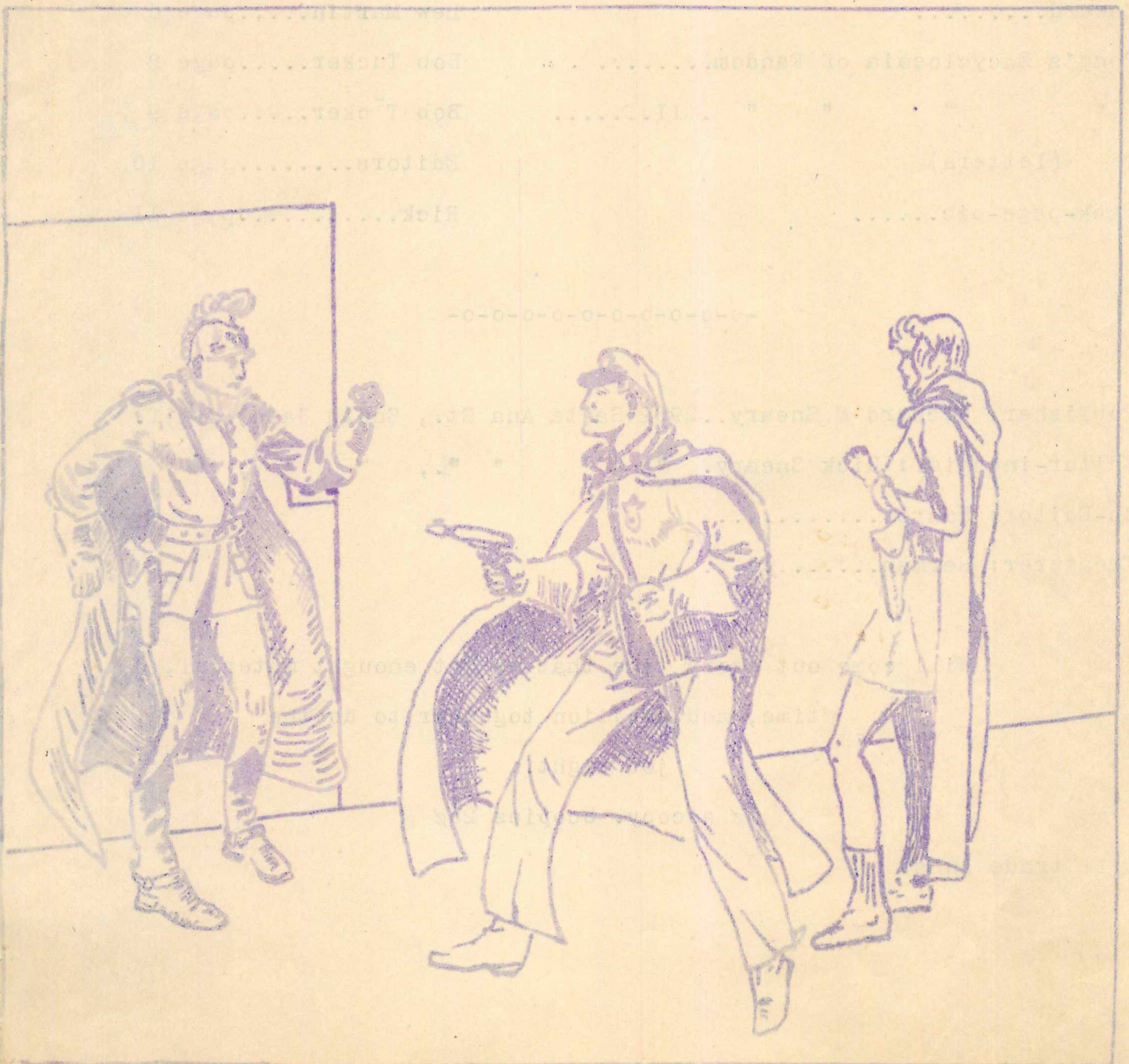


# THE FANZINE READERS REVIEW

Vol. 4

No. 1





THE FANLINE READERS REVIEW  
SEPT. 1945, Vol.1, No. 1.

Cover.....	Rick.....page 1
I great you.....	Rick.....page 3
The Science-Weird Controversy.....	Carl Jacobi....page 4
Coward.....	Lew Martin.....page 6
Pong's Encycloeoia of Fandom.....	Bob Tucker.....page 8
" " " " . II.....	Bob T'cker.....page 9
? (letters)	Editors.....page 10
Back-page-pic.....	Rick.....page 11

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Publisher: Richard M Sneary..2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.  
Editor-in-chief: Rick Sneary. " " " " , " " , " .  
Co-Editor: Monroe.....  
Treasurer: Herman.....

Will come out every time that we get enought material,  
time, and ambition together to do the  
job right.

5¢ a copy. 5copies 25¢

Will trade subs.



# I GREET YOU

by  
RICK

Friends and Readers I bid you greetings. With this issue a new fanzine is born. I have big hopes for this little zine. It, I am sure, in time will be the greatest zine out. / Modest isn't he? M/ And why shouldn't it be? I am going to use the same stuff that made the other zines famous. The greatest of the great, that's THE FANZINE READERS REVIEW.

The editorial is usually used Ego-boasting by the editor but to start this greatest of all zines off to a good start I will give you the reason for The FRR and what you can expect in the future.

Ofcourse the real reason is that this is the easiest way of seeing my name in print. But next is the beleaf that out of all the millions of words used in zines, that there are some that are worth hearing (or reading) again.

But only a fan a long standing has many old fan zines. And there are many new fan that do not have a chance to see these. Only a few live close enough too any of the older fan to ever see these files. I with the help of DASFS, its members, and you, hope to bring some of these great things back to life, and give them to the world of new fans.

Yes I mean you! After all I can't tell what kind of stuff you think is good. I am sending this to all kinds of fans and some of you must have some old zines. I want you to dig them out, look them over, copy what you think is good and send it in. Ever one that sends in something that I can use gets a free copy of this great zine. Now remember it doesn't have to be something that you wrote, or was use in your zine, (tho it would help) just something that you liked. Besure tho that is nothing out of date. That is nothing that wouldn't be of interest to any one now..

If you do send in something please follow these simple rules.

1. Write the compleat story or article and if posable copy the
2. Give the name, and address if you know it of the /heading.
3. The name and date of the zine it was used in, /author.
4. The name and address of the editor.
5. And ofcourse your own name. You get a byline too.

That is were my work begains. I have to write the editors or writers or both. After I get their O.K. I try to fit the stuff into my zines plans. If you don't like the kind of material used in this zine, send in somthing that you do like.

I hope no one will think that TERR will all ways look like this, or be this size. Tho I have't anything for it yet, #2 will be about 20 pages and have lots more stuff.

I am useing my own skeetes in this issue, but if any one wants to try to do something better I will be glad to get it. I am using new pics because it is hard to copy mimeced and printrd pics into hecto pics.

I want to thank the Los Angels Science Fantasy Society for its help in get material for this issue. Also thanks to all my friends who's ideas and advice have helped me to put this together.

This is a free copy ofcourse, but after this one. You send in something I can use the copies after this well cost you money. See page 2 for the cost.

We'll hope you like this littel sample, the next will be out in about a month, I hope.



# THE Science-Weird Controversy By CARL VACOBEL

((First used in THE FANTASITE, for April 1941, Vol. 1, No. 3.))  
((Writer: Phil Bronson.))

Science fiction is science fiftion and weird fiction is weird fiction, and neaver the twain shall meet.

That may not be exactly a platitude, but fundamentally, considering the viewpoint of many fan, there's a lot of truth in those words. For close to two decades now readers have been divided into two camps, the science enthusiasts and the supporters of the weird tales, each refusing to read the other's favorite authors, each criticizing the other's plots and stories.

I am quite aware that I'm treading on dynamite in opening the door of this old conflict. During recent years the tendency has been to quietly sidestep the differences of opinion. Let sleeping dogs lie, some one has said. But if a writer did that he'd run out of plots in time. I recall a conversation I over heard between a couple of fans a while ago. Each was a staunch representative of one of the two factions. Said "A": "I see HPL has a new story on the stand. Have you read it?" Said "B": "I don't belive I have. Who is he, a new writer?"

"A new writer! He's the master of the weird tales!"

"Oh that stuff. Ghosts and vampires. I neaver read it. Now you take science fiction..."

"Machines and rocket ships!"

Well, they quieted down eventually, but not before several dark looks have been cast across the table. But they were fair examples of the rivalry that's buried beneath the surface, cloaked perhaps in recent times by the broad use of the word, fantasy, which is now used in the titles of many fan magazines and societies.

It is a curious fact that this rivalry finds little support among the writers. Most of the men who pound a typewriter for publication and who have written one of these two types of fiction have tried their hands at the other. Usually yhey have a preference, but other# than that I personally have never detected any rabid partisanship.

At the extreme end of the fence is a faction# who claims that almost any story could be re-written into a different background without harm. In other words an adventure tale having as its locale Saigon, French Indo-China could be changed to a western yarn taking place somewhere in Arizona. The same characters would be use, the plot would be the same, all that would be different would be the stage upon which these characters move. To prove his contention, this writer did change an adventure story into a western story and then altered the same tale into a detictived yarn. In each case it was shad without difficulty. But when I suggested making it into a fantasy, he shook his head.



"No a chance," he said "You know well enough that fantasy, either science or weird is not formula material. They are types distinctly by their selves, fiction in which the background is an intrinsic part of the plot. You don't make over old stories into fantasy; you don't."

If you accept this to be the case -- and I think most ever fan will -- why then need there be such a quarrel between the two? Apparently, however, that quarrel is deep-rooted among the fans, as witness the case of Weird Tales and the old Astounding. Back in the twenties when Farnsworth Wright was publishing some of the classics of the peculiar field, WT catered to both the science and the weird. Such tales as "Under the E-Ray," and work by Hamilton and Howard fell quite neatly into both classifications. What happened,

The Eyrle, WT's reader department, began printing letters. "Leave out the science," "No and so's story might have been okay if it were a true weird, which it wasn't," "We want weird tales, not science,"

Then there was the case of the Astounding.

When this Clayton book was taken by S&S, it started out with a general policy of general fantasy, both science and weird. But Astounding had more science enthusiasts than weird followers on its reader list. The double policy continued for a few issues, but the result is well known. The weirds departed gracefully.

And yet, analyzed carefully, there doesn't seem such a great difference between the two types. Fundamentally, both are written to entertain, and where as some of the modern science fiction stories may be considered in some respect more mature, based as they are on social analogies and thus farther removed from "escape" literature, the true weird tale, on the other hand, lends itself to a tighter technique and perhaps smoother writing. Let me hasten to add that there are generalities of course, individual stories follow no regular channel.

I think perhaps, that one of the chief characteristics of the weird story which so many fans who dislike this type fail to appreciate, is what might be called the intellectual quality of its treatment. This does not mean that all weird have a intellectual treatment. Far from it. But a neat little tale like Derlith's "Three Gentlemen in Black," for example, does have this quality. In other words the plot concerns a series of supernatural manifestations which no reader, how ever absorbed he may be accepts as true. The reader is led to continue, not alone because of the thrills he encounters, but because of the congruous background.

It is this perhaps which explains the success of the Lovecraft, and Smith and the Derlith weirds. I am thinking particularly of "The Generation Mirror", "In The Vault," "The Dreams in the Witch-House," and "The Rat in the Wall."

A similar list of science fiction could of course also be listed. A story falling into the science classification however is more apt to be remembered for its power of thought, its scope of theme. Don Wand's science tales would be among these, an example "Colossus,". But Wand has been successful in both fields -- and even greater heresy -- is responsible for some of the best good detective heroes-- the astute J. J. Frost and the inextinguishable Cyrus North.

Considering all this, the choice of term fantasy, as a general classification for both types, was a fortunate one..It has done a great deal toward cementing the break between the two.

At any rate one thing is certain--some form of fantasy will always be with us. Older than "The Arabian Nights", newer than a streamliner, it will remain long after other forms of fiction have fallen by the way-side.



# COULARD

by  
Lew Martin

((First used in STELLAR TALES, Summer 1943, Vol. 1., No. 2.))  
((Editor: Leonard J. Moffatt.))

They had left the floundering space liner-five of the crew and a passenger. The spacemen were seated at their various control panels and observation plates operating them sullenly, silently. They had did not look back at the ghastly sight they had just left. They had left the cries of the doomed occupants behind when they closed the airlock of their small life rocket, but the distress light of "The Space Lily" still pulsed spasmodically, hauntingly. The green aurora flared up around the ship, then slowly died, it was the univesal visual SOS of the spaceways. Had they turned on their short-wave reciver they would have heard distress signals pouring from the meteor-struck craft. The stricken ship was calling to other ships, to men, and to the Lord. The little passenger huddled in the bow. How he had come there none of the spacemen knew. In the first awful panic, they had rushed for the life rocket. They did not look at the little passenger. They remembered his one protest. "You're going back to pick up some people aren't you?" he asked timidly, his voice a pitiful shiver. No one had answered him. Their craven conspiracy was a gag in the throat of each man. That damned distress light. Wouldn't it ever stop.....

"I don't see any ships to help them - I can't see any life rockets!" the little passenger said, staring wildly out at the cruel, black depthless void.

A spaceman spoke.

"We coul't of saves nobody" he said in the crude English of spacemen, "They wouldn't take orders!"

The lie was thrown back in their faces by the confining walls. The little passenger winced and cowered.

"Oh, God, forgive me!" he whimpered, "My wife and kid are back there!"

The spaceman nearest him looked up from his observation plate. He had been beering intently for meteors.

"Your wife and kid?" he echoed, "You left your wife and kid on the ship?"

Two more spacemen looked up.

The little passenger shook convulsively.

"I couldn't help it!" he shrieked. "I lost my head. I wasn't myself. I've neaver been in a wreck brfore. Oh, I couldn't help it, I tell you!"

A huge blaster, his eyes glaring in a dirty, sweating face that was red from the heat of the blasting room, swung about to confront the passenger.

"Where was your wife and kid?"

"On the observation deck--- I lost them--right near this life rocket. I think Loretta ran back to get another coat for the kid---"

"Hay, you guyshe's swing! us!" yelled the spaceman farthest aft. The huge space cacophony of colored light, was swinging around towards them.

His control mate said: "That guy left his wife and kid on the ship!"

"You dirty little gutter!" growled the blaster, "How big was your kid?"



"Three years old, Oh, Loretta and Billy, I couldn't help it. I couldn't help it, Oh, forgive me!"

They all looked up from what they were doing and stared at the little passenger. The life rocket was narrowly missed by a huge chunk of cold black metal that hurtled by the bow.

"We oughta throw you out the airlock," said a fat spaceman at number four observing plate.

The shivering man edged away from him and whined: "A man's first duty is to himself, boys. You know that. It's the law of nature. It's the survival of the fittest. They'd have died from acceleration, anyway. A quick death from lack of oxygen is more merciful. I've got to think that way... Oh, I've got to..."

The blaster heaved to his feet and lunged forward.

"You dirty little liar! You neaver made a try at savin' them. You was thinking of your own hide, you yellow scum..."

"You're a fine one to talk! You ran away too. We all ran away.. We're all in this together! You say nothing and I'll say nothing..you back me up in my story and I'll..."

"Agh, you..."

"Sock him, Biff. Beat the life out of him!"

"Oh-h-h..."

The blaster lurched back to his seat, muttering. "A man leaving his wife and three year old kid..."

"Why didn'y you heave him out the airlock?... Yeah, we'll fix him like he fixed them... Hay, blast the left rear rocket three fourths ...we're drifting back!... Idea of a guy deserting a little kid..." The green signal flashed again. This time more faintly. Two distress rockets arched into the void, bursting violently.

"He was the one that said blast away.. Yeah, I heard him say the captain gave the order it was every man for himself... He said the fuel tanks would go up in a nother second..."

They tured back to their plates, looking over their shoulders, glaring at the huddled figure in the rear.

"Were to, Bort?"

"Back to the ship."

"Yeah, maybe we can peck up that woman and her kid-and tell her what a sweet fellow her husband turned out to be!"

"The dirty bum, Leaving a woman and a three year old kid..."

"All righr, boys there's still time!"

Life rocket number 14- craned to the rocket tubes with passengers picked up from the various air tight chambers in the wreckage were taken thought the giant air lock of the "Vorgez" a luxury liner even larger than the "Space Lily."

Five spacemen, heroes all, were surrounded by grateful passengers on the liner's storage deck, where the small life rocket lay.

"Hay, Doctor! There's a little guy here in the bow. He's passed out. Doctor!"

They lifted the little passenger, more dead than alive and bore him to the emergency hospital in the grand salon. There one of the rescued passengers said: "Why, it's Mr. Johnson!"

The blaster glared down at the battered form.

"We was gonna throw him out the airlock, but we forgot," he muttered. "He deserted his wife and kid, and we never did find em."

The passenger that know Mr. Johnson, started.

"Johnson? He hasn't any wife or kid. I've known him thirty years. HE's a bachelor."

-END-



# PONG'S ENCYCLOEDIA OF FANDOM

by Bob Tucker

(First used in CENTAURI No. 1, 1943.)  
(Editor: Andy Anderson.)

- Fmz:** (fan-muzzyness) The term describing the state of a fan after three pretzels and one small beer. Lesser-known fans have been known to substitute a bottle cap for the small beer, and attain the same effect.
- Stf:** (self-explanatory) Pronounced as it looks, state following that above.
- Slan:** (slang) Individual fan who sets himself apart and above all other fans bt reason of his superior knowledge and education. (example: A slan can count to ten without using his figers.)
- Hecto:** (instrument of torture) A contrivance used by a new or yong fan publisher to prove to the world his sublime ignorance of spelling, grammar, punctuation, and english. ((Should I be insulted? R))
- Mimeo:** (ditto) Inky contraption used by an older publisher to prove the same thing.
- Xchange:** )bartering) The term applied to the theortical practice of swapping each issue of one's fanzine for each issue of the other fan's publication. Usually workes only one way----the other fan's way, and to his advantage.
- #1 Fan:** (kingfish) Position of highest popularity, avoided by all fans because one in such postion immedately become the target of ridicule. In their ignorance fen have been known to set this as their goal with expectations of earing it after three months activity.
- Dope:** Above-named new fan.
- Dopier:** Fan who did attains the position.
- Femme:** (gurl) Young and often good-lookink female dragged conventions and metings for the purpose of impression on other attenees. Upon reading one short story in Amazing the femme becomes a fan in the eyes of male who dragged her in the first place. ((That line don't seem to read right, wonder if I copyed it right? R))
- Fanz:** Male attendees at above meetinging or convintion who each out do one an other in stunts and wisecracks to attract attention of femme. ((Wonder what ever happen to the fans that went to convntions to talk about fandom.? R))
- Janitor:** Guy who cleans up convention hall.



Well this is going to be the letter department, and it is going to have a better name, I HOPE! I wanted something new and appropriate for a name, so I think, but I couldn't think of anything that was new that I liked. And the rest of the stuff is from other zines, I would like this, for one thing to be my own.

So I sez to my self, (no one else being around at the time.) "let your readers pick a name. So I am. So do it. Send in any names you can think of. The one sending in the best name gets a free copy of this wonderful zine.

As this is a letter department, I ofcoure want somthing to put in it. Write and tell me what you think of or little zine. And if you talk about anything else that has to do with s-f and fandom, well thats OK too. You can say anything you want to me, but how much of it well see print is up to us. Not that we well cut out all kicks and boos we get, but we wont stand for too much of a bad thing. I well cut out anything that I don't think is of interest to anyone but me. So don't kick if hafe you letter winds up in the crud box. I wored you. One thing tho you cynical people. Don't go wild telling this editor that the hectoing is

" . We know darn well that it is, but there is nothing that eather of can do that I know of. If you do tho PLEASEEEEE tell us. That is anything short of shooting are self. There we draw the line.

Oh, by the way from now on any side remarks made by us well look like this (( Is that so.R)), for Rick, and / Yeah & M / for Monroe. / They already seen me on page 3. Hehehe.M /

Well to the letters on hand.

DAVID MCGIRR GURGLES WITH GLEE.

148 Homestead St.  
Haverhill, Mass.

Dear Rick.

So your planing a fanzin complied ( or nearly anyway) entirly of reprints! Thanx - Thanx a lot - I am a new Fan and so haven't seen the old fanzines. Your mag will give us a chance to enjoy the stories that appeared in the old zines. ((That's what I hope to. R))

THANX A LOT !

If I may nominate some favorites that I have read but other fen will enjoy I suggest. "Hevenly Isn't It." in James Kepnor's Toward Tomorrow, No. 1. / There's a differents of opinion on this story here. I say we should use it but the Publisher says nay, "It's too long." What do you think of it. M /

What will be the price of your mag- hectoed, mimeoed, when will it be out?

((News; McGirr will becoome Co-Editor of TFRR in the next Issue. Look for him, come in a call for McGirr rrrrrrrrrrrrr .R))

ROGER REHM'S PROJECT.

2837 San Jose Ave.  
Alameda, Calif.

Salutations!

I am trying to get fans to start a contest in T.W.S. of Sgt. Saturn. Now if your interested, why not write asking for such a contest. But waiting and hoping for such a contest. Really get in and make a bigsqawk! Inform others of this. S-f and Fantasy clubs (locals) could draw up petitions and send them to the editor of T.W.S.

If you want to send your impression of "Ye Sarge" directly to T.W.S. you had best follow these rules. 1. Your drawing of Sargent Saturn must be in india ink. 2. Not more than 2 1/2 in. wide. 3. Not more than 3 1/2 in. tall.

But remember that this is not yet being sponsored by any fan group. Allthogh help of this type would be extremeley helpfull. Now what do I expect to get out of this? Nothing! If fandom puts this over, we might get origionals of pixs used in T.W.S. or S.S. ((Lack of space keeps us from using a cartoon-pic that Rehm sent. R)) ((Be sure to write. R))



# PORG S ENCYCLOEDIA OF FANDOM

By Bob Tucker

((First used in CENTAURI No. 2, 1948))  
((Editor: Andy Anderson.))

## II- The Fan Club.

- Fanz:** (Sub species of humanity) Non-tax-paying citizens, Utopian world known as "science-fiction Fandom," Out of this space and time.
- Fan-Editor**(unhuman) The Devil in human form. Hated and feared alike by those mentioned above and below this. Devises inhuman tortures for contributors to thrust on his readers.
- Pro-Editors**(inhuman) God-in the agnostic and atheistic world mentioned above. A lonely soul.
- Fan Club:** (institution) General gathering place for fan, devils, fallen gods, has-been illuminarys, poker-players, misfits, thugs, utopian-minded citizens and other rabble-rousers.
- Programme:**(intangible) A schedule of diverse activities laid out by a club meeting, and there after ignored by officers and members alike.
- Club Meeting:**  
(tangible) Near-riot.
- Minutes:** (archives) Fictitious record imaginary activities of previous meeting, omitting all mention of brawls, alcoholic beverages, split skulls and broken bottles, treasury-juggling, altered records, stolen or destroyed club property, woman-snatching, fixed or questionable elections, drunken officers, braying asses, charges and counter-charges, drunken officers, inane motions, stupid resolutions, missing funds, ((What club has funds? R)) missing officers, crummy jokes, fist-fights, editorill rivalry, manuscript-stealing, editor-baiting, blackmail, garroting, rum-potting and other run-of-the-mill activities.
- Auction:** (sale) Palite ((Well that's how HE spelled it. R)) form of extortion to raise spending money for the treasurer. Old pictures are exchanged for large amounts of cash.
- Cynic:** (human) Artist who painted picture, the auction-receites of which drives him to the bitter

*End*

((We want to thank Andy for sugesting these two articles. We think it sort of round out the mag. If you have any ideas that you think is good send it in. You too will get the thanks of, and a copy of TFRR. R))





Rick



