

FFM NO. 4



FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE number four

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June 1961

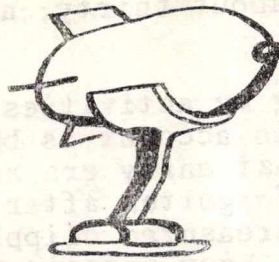
Editors Report. . .

Due to this issue being out a month later than was planned when Don wrote his report, nominations for officers will be held open until the end of July. Voting will then be by mail.

Current dues should be sent to Don as soon as you receive this issue (see page 9 and check the list for your name).

Due to getting this issue out in time to distribute at the Midwestcon, I was forced to omit a letter column. There will be one in the next issue. Its length will depend on how many interesting letters are sent in. Material is still badly needed. The only article definately scheduled for the next issue is A Small Town Fan by Dan McPhail.

Don Franson had written in wondering why I was using artwork by artists who were not in First Fandom when we have so much talent available in our membership. The answer is that only Morrie Dollens, Terry Jeeves and Dan McPhail have sent in artwork so far. So come on, deluge me with articles and artwork. You'll get bigger and better FFM's more often if you do. TAFF BAEDEKKER (Don Ford's TAFF Report is completed and can be had by sending \$1.25 to Don Ford. Copies will be mailed by Don.) They will also be for sale at the Midwestcon and the Seacon at \$1.00 per copy. The extra 25¢ on mail orders is to cover the cost of envelopes and postage.



THE SCIENCEERS STORY by Allen Glasser

Note: This material first appeared in SPHERE, a fanzine edited by member Joe Christoff.

Long before "science fiction" was called by that name, I had become devoted to it through the Mars books of Edgar Rice Burroughs, which I read when I was only twelve. Then I scoured library shelves for the works of H.G. Wells, Jack London, Algernon Blackwood, and the very few fantasy books available at that time.

To me, incidentally, the terms "fantasy" and "science fiction" have always seemed synonymous. I think it's silly, for example, to consider time travel scientific and witchcraft fantastic. One is just as possible -- or impossible -- as the other; and both make interesting and provocative reading, at least to me.

After finishing all the fantasy books I could find in those early days -- there were little more than a dozen then -- I discovered that Argosy magazine occasionally ran a fantastic serial, which they called "different" or "pseudo-scientific" stories. These I followed with faithful fervor. Some of the novels I recall from that period were "The Ship of Ishtar", by A. Merritt; "The Great Commander" by Fred MacIsaac; and "The Return of George Washington", by G.F. Worts -- which will approximate the time for fans familiar with that wonderful Argosy era.

Weird Tales next engaged my absorbed attention -- the first all-fantasy magazine I had ever enjoyed. Then, in 1926, Amazing Stories came upon the scene, immediately winning my ardent allegiance.

It was Amazing Stories which made me a real science-fiction fan -- the kind who wrote letters to the editor, criticized stories, and corresponded with other fans.

However, it was through Science Wonder Stories, rather than Amazing, that I finally made personal contact with other fans in New York City and with them founded the first of all science-fiction fan clubs -- The Scienceers.

The exact date on which the Scienceers came into being was Dec. 11, 1929. The founding members, as I recall, were Warren Fitzgerald, Nathan Greenfeld, Philip Rosenblatt, Herbert Smith, Julius

Unger, Louis Wentzler, and myself, Allen Glasser. With the exception of Fitzgerald, who was then about thirty, all the members were in their middle teens.

At this point, in relating my activities as a founder of fandom, I should say that most of this account is based on memory alone. Though my recollections of that early era are quite vivid, some minor details may have been forgotten after so many years. However, I still possess a few treasured clippings from those dawn days of fandom which serve to keep certain basic facts fixed in my mind.

Some readers may dispute my foregoing statement that The Scienceeers was the very first fan club in the science-fantasy field. Objectors to that claim may cite the fact that the Science Correspondence Club, founded by Walter L. Dennis of Chicago, existed well before The Scienceeers.

While that is undeniably true, I contend that the Dennis organization was -- as its name clearly implied -- a loose, widespread association of correspondents, with few members ever getting together personally. By contrast, The Scienceeers was a tight-knit local group which conducted regular meetings every week. However, I freely acknowledge our debt to Walter Dennis and his Science Correspondence Club as the medium through which several Scienceeers' members were brought into our fold.

During the early months of the Scienceeers' existence -- from its start in December 1929 through the spring of 1930 -- our president was Warren Fitzgerald. As previously mentioned, Warren was about fifteen years older than the other members. He was a light-skinned Negro -- amiable, cultured, and a fine gentleman in every sense of that word. With his gracious, darker-hued wife, Warren made our young members welcome to use his Harlem home for our meetings -- an offer we gratefully accepted.

Early in that year of 1930, Hugo Gernsback's Science Wonder Quarterly conducted a prize contest on the subject "What I Have Done for Science Fiction." My letter about the Scienceeers' formation won a prize in this contest and was published in the Gernsback quarterly.

As a result of this publicity, our club attracted the attention of Gernsback's editor, David Lasser, and G. Edward Pendray, who wrote science fiction under the pen name of Gawain Edwards.

Both Pendray and Lasser were members of the American Rocket Society, an organization of mature scientists, engineers, and other professional men.

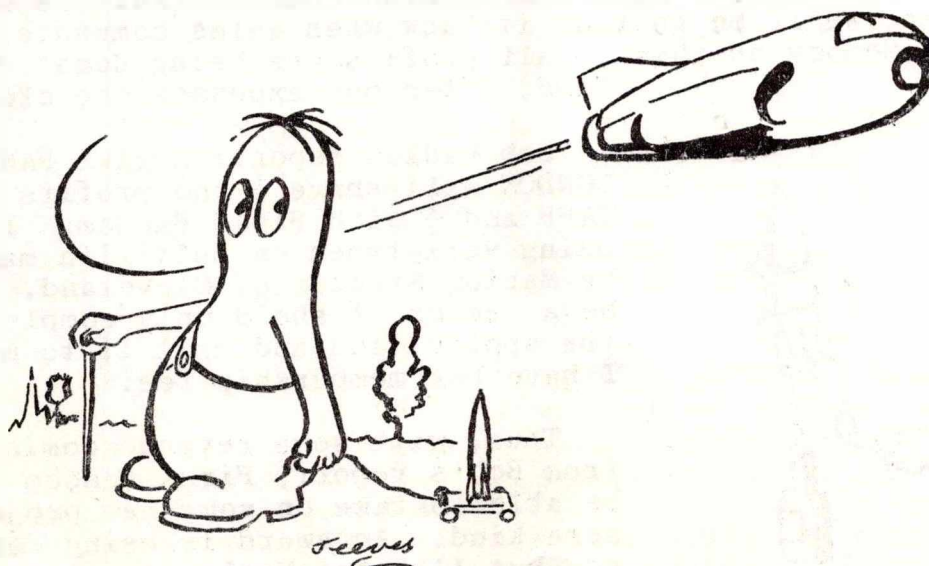
After attending a meeting of the boyish Scienceeers in Fitzgerald's home, Lasser and Pendray invited us to affiliate with their Rocket Society, as a sort of Junior branch. While this offer flattered our juvenile egos, most of us preferred to maintain The Scienceeers as an independent group within our own age bracket, rather than become an adjunct to a much more mature organization. Only Fitzgerald, who was closer in age to members of the Rocket Society, joined their ranks.

With Warren's home no longer available for our meetings, we were glad to accept the offer of a new member, Mortimer Weisinger, to meet at his parents' home in the Bronx. There, in a spacious room of their private house, which Mort used for his science-fiction library, The Scienceers came into full flower, attracting many new members through publicity placed in magazines and newspapers by myself, as Secretary of the club. One paper in particular, the New York Evening World, listed our meetings every week during a good part of that year, 1930; and I still have their clippings of our activities.

It was during this period that we published our club monthly, The Planet, which was the first paper issued regularly by any local group of science-fiction fans -- although it was preceded by Cosmology, organ of the Science Correspondence Club. Some authorities on fandom, including Robert A. Madle, consider The Scienceers' Planet the pioneer of all the multitude of amateur publications that have waxed and waned in the fantasy field since our club paper set the pattern 30 years ago.

Editor and creator of The Planet was myself, Allen Glasser. I also cut all stencils needed for each issue of four or five pages. Mimeographing was done by Philip Rosenblatt, who never received full credit for making the paper's publication possible. Most of our members contributed items to The Planet, including reviews of professional science-fantasy magazines which then numbered only four.

Six monthly issues of The Planet were published, from June to December, 1930. Since I do not have a single copy left for reference, there is little more I can tell about our club paper. But I do recall that it attracted readers far removed from the Bronx. One was Gabriel Kirschner in Temple, Texas, and another was Carlton Abernathy in Clearwater, Florida -- both of whom tried to start branches of The Scienceers in their home towns.



By the end of 1930, dissension among our members caused the club to split into two factions -- the smaller group continuing to meet at the Weisinger home while the larger group, led by myself, held regular sessions at the home of Nathan Greenfeld, in another part of the Bronx.

Rather farcically, both factions retained the name of "Scienceers" and both continued to attract adherents. Notable among the newcomers during this schismatic period were Julius Schwartz, who teamed up with Weisinger; and William Sykora, who joined my own group.

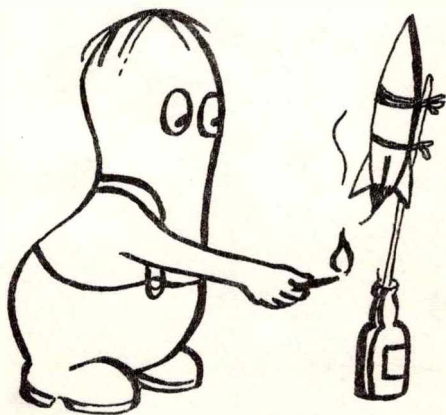
This separation lasted for nearly two years; but by the start of 1933, all members of The Scienceers had reunited at the Greenfeld residence, where they continued to meet until more mature interests drew them away from the club one by one ... and The Scienceers became only a legend in the annals of fandom.

Editors note: Allen Glasser has written that he would like you to send him comments and questions on this article. It is possible from that, that he would then use them as a base for a follow-up article incorporating further details. Personally, I'd like to see that, plus a history of The Time Traveller. So let Allen and myself both know what you think of this article. Allen's address for mail should be:

Allen Glasser
Box 66, Madison Square Station
New York 10, New York

Treasurer's Report

Actual cash on hand is \$41.00. This is after having advanced Lynn Hickman \$20.00 to pay for printing costs for TAFF BAEDEKER by Don Ford, my TAFF Report, which as you know is a First Fandom Project. There'll probably be more due to Lynn when he finishes up on this; however, we'll be getting it back when sales commence. To refresh your memory on this....all profits are being donated to TAFF, after our expenses are cleared.



Bob Madles report: A FAKE FAN IN LONDON will share $\frac{1}{2}$ the profits with TAFF and $\frac{1}{2}$ with First Fandom. It is being vari-typed on multilith masters by Marion Stecker of Cleveland, who'd be a member if she'd only complete the application and mail it to me. I have her membership fee.

Thus, with some revenue coming in from Bob's report, First Fandom should be able to take on some new project of some kind. An award is being considered, but I'll let Madle report on that to you. His committee has to come up

with a plan by Midwestcon time to be voted on at our meeting there of all FF members present.

Current dues are now due and the following should remit: Ackerman, Alger, Archer, Bloch, Barrett, Bridges, Conner, Coriell, Cordes, Davidson, Derleth, Dollens, Evans, Farmer, Fox, Glasser, Greenberg, Hickman, Hensley, Houston, Jeeves, Logue, Ludwig, Madle, Martin, McPhail, Miller, Millard, Montgomery, Slater, Squires, Tarr, Taurasi, Unger, Widner, Wollheim, Woolston, Young.

Please check the list for your name. If you send a check, make it out to Don Ford, not First Fandom.

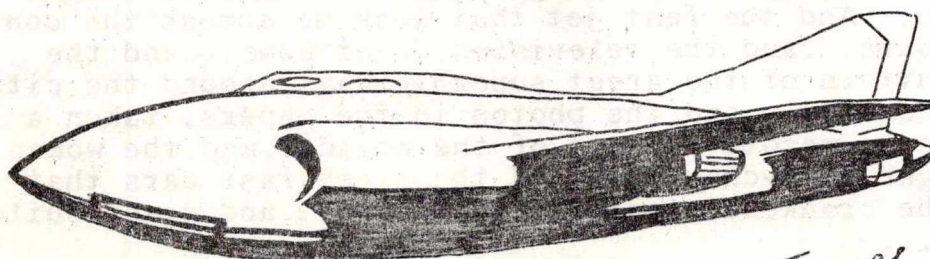
Our next business meeting will be at the Midwestcon. If you have any nominations for officers, please send them to me. We'll call for nominations at the Midwestcon meeting, too, and then conduct a vote by mail; so that everyone can participate. Following the Midwestcon meeting, there'll be one at the convention in Seattle.

Our membership stands at 73 members. We should have at least 100 to sort of keep things moving. Individually not all of us are balls of fan activity; but collectively we might get something done. If each member could just get one of his/her friends to apply for membership, we'd build up pretty fast. Surely you must know some of the old timers hiding out somewhere!

Nominations for officers will be open from the time you receive FFM until July 1, 1961. That should give each member a chance to write in and make his/her nomination or to make them in person at the Midwestcon business meeting if you attend. Voting will then be conducted by mail in July or August.

Don Ford

The Midwestcon will be held this year on June 23, 24 and 25 at the North Plaza Motel on Reading Road in Cincinnati. Plan to make it if possible. If you require any further information on the con, please write directly to Don Ford.



ON A SLOW TIME MACHINE TO THE YEAR 1961

by Donald A. Wollheim

It seems not very long ago that I was haunting the newsstands the first Thursday of every month to catch the appearance of the latest Amazing Stories with its exciting new tales and its exciting new covers and the next installment of a serial by Harl Vincent or Charles Cloukey or somebody...and maybe get the thrill that came once in a lifetime when the eye first caught a strange new title making its peep on the stand--Astounding Stories of Super Science. Then home, perusing every blessed word, and the letter columns with their strange people who seemed so oddly to share my own secret feelings... And the ad--I remember Hugo's who said "Will we reach the moon by 1950?"

The moon...gosh, how could we wait? There I was, stuck back in prosaic tiresome old 1931, already a fan of five years' reading yet never having set eyes on another fan nor heard of a functioning club. But the moon...how could it be? Spaceflight--gosh, it had to be, and yet...1931, unemployment, worries, schoolwork, a few coins allowance, prohibition, flat-chested females, streetcars, and three-dial radios that squawked. Spaceflight, atomic power... sure looked like a far vision, but gosh how I wanted to see it, to live it, to know.

Time machines...how could they be worked? And yet, somehow they did work. Time machines...they exist. For suddenly I was standing out on a sand spit on the coast of Florida and gazing up, up at the towering framework of a great red steel construction housing a long glistening rocketship, while a couple of rocket engineers--get that, rocket engineers--were explaining to me in bored tones just what it was all about. Oh, that silvery sphere up there, way up there on the top? Why, that'd be a new moon--no, they couldn't say what exactly for, but I'd read about it in a couple weeks. So, it was Tiros, and there it is, another moon around the Earth and who really is concerned?

I stood there, and I said to myself, how did I get here? The time machine...it took me here, but so slowly...it beat out a steady sixty minutes per hour pace and all it took to ride it was patience. And there was the time a few weeks before out at a desert in California where in the shadows of a great hangar three black-painted rocketships were being readied for manned flight into outer space. And the fast jet that took me across the continent in four hours...and the television on at home...and the criss-crossed pattern of the great superhighways around the city and around the country...and the photos in the papers, taken a few hours before in remote corners of the world...and the women who were no longer flat-chested...and the sleek fast cars that didn't have to be cranked...and no street cars...and giant buildings all around...

It was all so science-fictional...and yet nobody around felt much like that. It was all strictly from Gernsback and from Amazing and Astounding. It was Harl Vincent and H.G. Wells and Ray Cummings ...and it was all everyday, prosaic, matter of fact to just about everybody. Even I, I thought, even I have come forward in the time machine so slowly that these things crept upon me without alarm. But stop, I said, it was only thirty years...and spaceships are getting ready.

Do you realize that at this very instant there is a derelict spaceship circling the sun somewhere between Venus and Earth?

Do you ever stop short and say to yourself there is the wreckage of a space missile lying on the surface of the moon, in the Mare Imbrium just south of the crater Autolycus? It's lying there now, right now.

Do you ever pause of a dark night to reflect that at this very moment Project Ozma is combing the skies for radio messages from other planets?

I do. I can't help it. It's come back. The time machine took me thirty years into the future, to the fantastic fiction year of 1961, and I had to walk every blessed minute of the way. It was a darned slow machine, but it functioned exactly and never skipped a day.

And now we know that the moon is not entirely dead, it isn't entirely a vacuum, it's got some volcanic life. And we know that Venus has some water vapor and maybe those boiling seas and great swamps are for real. And Mars unquestionably has some sort of vegetation, and the canals are definately not an illusion.

And the curtain's going up at last on the Big Show. It took thirty years of slow time travel, but we made it.

Donald A. Wollheim

M I D W E S T C O N . will be held at the North Plaza Motel in Cincinnati on June 23, 24, 25, 1961. There will be a First Fandom meeting and party. We hope that many of you can make it.

Nominations for officers for the coming year will be taken at the FF business meeting at the Midwestcon as well as by mail.

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN AT ACKERMAN'S

by Robert A. Madle

I guess I always knew it would happen someday. But I never thought it would happen so big. Ever since I was a super-active fan back in the late 30's I've always wanted to visit California; specifically, Los Angeles; and more specifically, Forrest J Ackerman. Even way back then Forry's collection was the talk and envy of fandom. When I met Forry for the first time at NYCON I in 1939 he enthralled me with his tales of the earliest days of fandom and of the earliest publications. He also completely dumbfounded me when he handed me a \$10.00 bill for "...a lifetime subscription to Fantascience Digest." And, in those days, it wasn't too easy to get two-bits out of someone for a couple issues. Anyway, even then I made tentative plans to visit Forry.

The paths of 4e and RAM have crossed many times since then as we are both inveterate convention attendees. However, it wasn't until this past December that I finally got to LA and the Acka-Mansion. This past summer I transferred from the Army's Personnel Research Division to the Navy's counterpart and, as luck would have it, our branch has a smaller group in San Diego. And it wasn't long before I had to make a trip out there.

Before leaving, I wrote Forry a special delivery letter warning him of my impending arrival. (This was on Monday evening. I was jetting out the next afternoon, and would get there before the letter, but wanted to make sure in case I wasn't able to contact him by phone on arrival.) I arrived in LA Tuesday about 5:00 PM, dialed Forry from the airport, and calmly said, "Hi, Forry. This is Bob Madle." I think he was sort of surprised. Anyway, I told him I was enroute to San Diego, but would be returning Friday afternoon and hoped to spend Friday evening and Saturday in LA. Forry immediately made plans to meet me, wine and dine me, and have a little get-together at his place.

My plans worked like clockwork, and 4e met me in downtown LA where we joined ex-Mrs. Ackerman, Wendayne, for dinner. The meal was delicious and the conversation was scintillating. And 4e announced that "...tonight will be the RAM version of This Is Your Life". We then departed for 4e's to await the guests Forry had invited to welcome the visiting RAM.

Frankly, I don't know how Forry did it. I called him late Tuesday and here it was only three days later. Later, I remarked to Forry, "How did you ever manage to contact so many people by telephone?" And he replied, "Oh, I had to send telegrams to a few."

The first to arrive was Morris S. Dollens. It is a strange sensation to meet someone for the first time twenty-three years after first contact. Morrie published one of the earliest hektographed fanzines (The Science Fiction Collector) back in 1936 and 1937. He was a pioneer in this area, and, even then, dis-

played great talent as an artist. He turned the Collector over to John V. Baltadonis in 1937, who went on to develop hektography into a real fanzine art, but it was Morrie who did the first worthwhile work in this area. In fact, I recall that the earliest issues of the Collector were completely handwritten, with loads of cartoons and illustrations throughout.

Morrie, of course, has developed into an excellent artist. His series of astronomical scenes have been a highlight of many recent conventions. By the way, they are available in slide form at 25¢ each, and I recommend them very highly. (Address: 4372 Coolidge Ave., Los Angeles 66, California, for information.)

Soon after Morrie's arrival, Bill Crawford walked into 4e's library. (In forry's case, the terms "library" and "house" are synonymous.) It was a genuine pleasure to meet Wm. H. Crawford -- the same Wm H. Crawford who had published Marvel Tales and Unusual Stories back in the '30's. The same Wm H. Crawford who formed the very first speciality publishing house, Visionary Publishing Co., anticipating even Arkham House by several years. Bill published the now-legendary hardcover edition of "Shadow Over Innsmouth" in 1936. This was the first HP Lovecraft book published and, today, is quite rare indeed. Bill always wanted to publish a newsstand s-f magazine and, when he finally succeeded with Spaceway, it had to be during the big boom of 1953-55. Of course, Spaceway never had a chance as the boom was entirely artificial. Spaceway folded as did Fantasy Publishing Co. Inc., Crawford's book-publishing firm of the period. He also issued Fantasy Book at the time.

I always felt that Crawford is one of the real pioneers in s-f publishing, but, somehow, luck was never with him. Even back in the 30's Marvel Tales had a ridiculously low circulation, even though it was a neatly printed publication featuring Lovecraft, Howard, Keller, Wandrei and many other top writers of the period.

Robert Arthur goes back a long way, too. His first story, "The Terror From the Sea," was published in the December, 1931 Wonder Stories. He's had about 25 stories published in s-f magazines, mostly between 1940 and 1950, and has done lots of work in other fields, too. Back in 1948 Jack Agnew, Al Pepper and I almost published a book of his short stories. It is a long story, but, because of various problems, it did not appear. We did, however, publish one book, "The Solitary Hunters & The Abyss," by David H. Keller. We didn't, however, get rich from it.

Another oldtimer I used to correspond with back in the late 30's, but whom I didn't meet until the party, is Roy A. Squires. Roy, as many of you know, published The Science Fiction Advertiser for many years. Roy sort of startled me with some comments I had made in letters to him back then. It seems like he dug out copies of my old letters and reread them. He told me he was sorry I hadn't received a copy of the first issue of the fanzine, Imagination (LA's initial publication) but that he couldn't do much about it at this late date.

Elmer Purdue was there, too. Now, I hadn't seen Elmer since 1940 when he, Milt Rothman, and Jack Speer descended on Philadelphia to pick up the FAPA mailing that the officers hadn't distributed. (Jack Agnew, JV Baltadonis and I were the culprits at the time -- but a slight case of gafia had overtaken us at the time. But then, in those days, no one cared much about whether a FAPA mailing came out on time or not. As a matter of fact, FAPA's founder, Donald A. Wollheim, thought it rather foolish to establish mailing dates.) Anyway, good old Elmer is still pretty much the same, except for a slight gain in weight.

Present also was First Fandom member #1, Robert Bloch. (At least, he was the first to join after it was organized. I suppose if numbers are to be assigned to members, the first half-dozen would be Ford, Barrett, Hickman, Tabakow, Tarr and Madle -- Ye Olde Organizing Committee and Provisional Government.) Bloch, is residing temporarily in LA and turning out movie scripts. I could talk about Bloch for ages. In fact, I once did when I wrote an article for my "Inside Science Fiction" called "The Pro Turned Fan". But, I'm afraid, I'm going to have to cut this a little short. After all, it was a party thrown by FJA -- and I don't want this to read like a history of fandom. Or was it a history of fandom thrown by FJA?

Donald Franson, new fan but a member of First Fandom, was there. Don has been an outer-circle reader type for years and can show a letter or two in the prozines of the thirties. He has also sold a couple of stories in recent years, and has written numerous fan articles during the past year. Don is one of First Fandom's most active fanzine fans -- and it was a real pleasure to meet him.

I guess a lot of you remember Ross Rocklyne who wrote so many good stories in the '30's and '40's. Well, you guessed it -- he was there, too. Apparently Ross has given up all ideas of doing any more writing: too bad, too, for he showed a great deal of imagination and must have plenty of it left. Ross I met once before: back in 1941 on the way back from the Denvention. It was great to see him again.

A couple other real oldtimers who showed up were Walt Daugherty and Walt Liebscher. Daugherty dates back to the early days of the LASFS and, I understand, has remained an inactive member over the years. Liebscher dates back to the late 30's and manages to show up here and there every now and then. For instance I ran across him at the NYCON in 1956. He is quite a comedian and noted for telling jokes. Also noted for his jokes, and for being a living legend, is Charles Burbee -- the same Burbee who was so prominent during the F.T. Laney and Al Ashley days of the LASFS, and who has written so many fine articles for the fanzines over the years. He was accompanied by his Mrs., Isobel.

Another oldtimer who made it was Fritz Lieber who, through the years, has been one of the really fine s-f and fantasy writers. Another really good writer present was James Schmitz who, while

he hasn't been around the s-f world as long as some of us, has certainly established himself as one of the top-ranking authors. The same applies to Kris Neville who was at the party with his wife, Lil. Another pro-type present was G. Gordon Dewey who, in addition to writing an occasional s-f story, has connections with filmland's stf world.

I don't think Len Moffatt is old enough to be a member of FF, but darned if it doesn't seem like he's been around a heck of a long time. Genial Len was there with his charming wife, Anna. This duo did such a fine job co-directing the South Gate Con in '58.

And, while they certainly cannot expect ever to become members of First Fandom (First Fandom's loss, I must say) the party was perceptibly livened by that attractive and active duo, Bjo Wells (now Bjo Trimble) and Djinn Faine (now Mrs. Gordon Dickson).

Rick Sneary and Bill Rotsler were around. Rick, of course, did so much to popularize the "South in 58" battle cry and Bill is noted throughout fandom for his buxom lasses, known as Rotsler Girls. (He draws them -- for those that don't know him. However after some of the stories I've heard, perhaps the sentence should stand alone without explanation.)

Then there were some of the more recent types such as Dick Sand, Bill Ellern, Larry Maddock and his wife Julie.

I can't begin to tell you how overwhelmed I was by all of the above. To meet and talk to any of the group would have been great -- but all at one party -- and in my honor. After all, what can I say that will define my feelings? I can say that it was one of the most enjoyable evenings of my life -- one that I'll never forget. Incidentally, all the photos were taken by Forry who toured about, camera in hand, making sure that he got me with just about everyone there.

The party was great -- and it lasted until about three AM, despite the fact that it was dry -- except for the Burb who, apparently, carries his own wherever he goes. Forry showed me my bedroom for the evening, and, as he was about to leave, was quite startled to hear me shout, "There it is!" And there it was -- on the bedroom wall! The original cover painting from the September, 1932 Weird Tales illustrating "The Altar of Melek Taos", by G.G. Pendarves -- the very first and most beautiful Brundage cover. For years I have wondered about Brundage covers and about this one specifically. They never show up at convention auctions and, as a matter of fact, this was the first Brundage original I have ever seen. Forry has a couple of them. But it was a real thrill seeing this cover "in the flesh."

I'll cut this short now and won't take up any more space other than to say it was a real thrill to run barefooted through 4e's incredible collection the next morning. How often does one get a chance to finger copies of The Thrill Book and Siegel & Schuster's Science Fiction? By the way, I noticed a story by

Harry Golden in one of the issues of The Thrill Book.

To sum this up, I'd like to say that Forry throwing this party for me doesn't increase his stature one iota in my estimation -- he was always tops with me.

Robert A. Madle

Please note that pages 17 and 18 with photos from the party were printed for FFM by Chick Derry. Many thanks, Chick.

Reading from top to bottom and from left to right, the photos are as follows:

Page 17. Robert A. Madle, Forry Ackerman, Bob Bloch, Roy Squires, James Schmitz, Kris Neville, Morris S. Dollens, Walt Daugherty, RAM.

Page 18. William Rotsler, RAM, Charles Burbee, Robert Arthur, William Crawford, Donald Franson, Ross Rocklyne, RAM.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

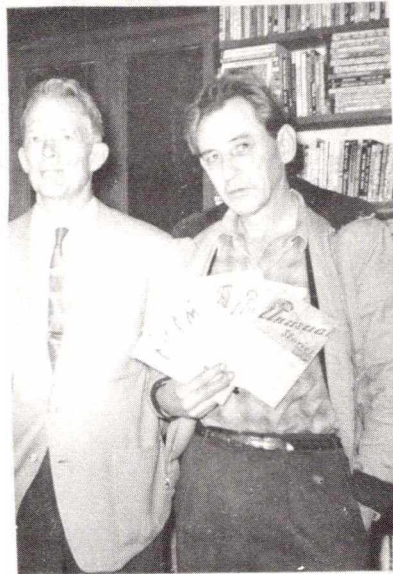
Well, it's been a long time since the last issue of First Fandom Magazine and, I suppose, some of you may have been thinking that First Fandom had gone the way of all fan organizations. Not so. And, as a matter of fact, our membership has continued to increase -- as a look at the latest membership list will attest. With Lynn, Don and I able to devote more time to fandom now it is expected that a lot more will be accomplished during the next few months. (This issue of FFM is a good example of what I mean.)

It should be mentioned that the that the article on the "This is Your Life" party is rather old now but, like everything else pertaining to First Fandom, is timeless. So far as material for FFM is concerned, the articles by Allen Glasser and Donald A. Wollheim provide a real First Fandom flavor to the magazine. Allen Glasser, I suppose, can be considered the world's first active fan: he published the first fan magazine and organized the first fan club. And Donald Wollheim wasn't far behind. We are still waiting for promised articles from Dave Kyle, Sam Moskowitz, and others.

As some of you may know, First Fandom has held only one election -- last year at the Midwestcon. The provisional officers (Madle, Ford and Hickman) were elected for a period of one year. It is now time for another election and nominations are in order. Don and Lynn may have something to say on this elsewhere in the zine.

(continued on page 21)





LO! US POOR FANS!

An article, by Dale Tarr, dedicated to the ultimate benefit of those fans whose eyes are bigger than their wallets.

Man, there's a new sound abroad in science fiction land; it's an invigorating blend of the symphonic rustle of corporation reports with the cacophony of ticker-tapes and hustling offices and counterpointed by the solid thunk of dividend checks falling through the mail slot.

What I mean fellows, is where have us guys been through all the lean years when we could have been fattening up to buy out Doc Barrett's collection? Why haven't we been applying science fiction principles and time-binding so that instead of selling off our collection to invest in a little sex (among other things such as eating) we could have been buying up mint collections of both paper-backs and skin-backs.

Surely you remember when fans made their choice between the gay life and the great collection; undoubtedly you remember when one fan in twenty had a car and you hitched rides to conventions where you took the cheapest rooms and guzzled someone else's drinks? And we're not completely out of the woods yet. We have trouble keeping ourselves supplied with color film, slides, projectors, records, hi-fi equipment, stencils and paper. As ever.

Back in the old days all we did was sit around and talk science fiction, tell dirty stories, grapple with scientific developments and hypotheses, crack dirty jokes, publish a fan rag, interlineate dirty witticisms, attend conventions, indulge in drinking and other amorous activities behind closed doors, through closed doors and maybe even on doors for all I know.

What I'm getting at is that all this time we, improvident grasshoppers, have never given a thought to the collections of tomorrow. Of course there have been some greedy souls among us who have collected cash along with the magazines but this article is not particularly for them. Even they have not garnered enough of the wherewithal to set up motels for indigent fans nor supply the average convention with sufficient liquor and blondes -- er, I meant to say set-ups.

Well, The Cincinnati Fantasy Group has found the way and its better late than never. Its a get rich slowly scheme and may take you ten years to fifty depending on how adept you are, but if you start now you'll have the credits necessary to start collecting interplanetary trips when they become fairly common, providing you haven't spent it all on medical achievements aimed at just keeping you alive till then.

What the CFG has done is formed a partnership in an investment club and we're buying common stock so that we can get dividends which we shall reinvest and, besides that, as the cost of living goes up, the value of the stock itself will go up even faster.

And then, one bright day, when the rest of you earthbound clowns are staring lovingly up at the departing space ships we of the CFG shall be lolling on Venus surrounded by Venuses and eating delicacies from the nine worlds.

And the twenty eight satellites.

Did I hear some one say "Yah, you'll lose your shirt!" or "Supposing the stock goes down instead of up?"

Gentlemen and ladies, I shall make the flat statement that you can make money by investing and that it takes the rankest kind of imprudence and utter foolishness to lose money investing in common stock. If anyone of you wishes to discuss this matter in detail take it up with me at the next Midwestcon -- this is just a general article.

You fans who are members of clubs can, if you wish, follow the example of the CFG and form a partnership for the purpose of investing in common stock -- and other securities if you wish. Having formed the partnership you elect your officers and you may wish to join the National Association of Investment Clubs with headquarters at 1245 First National Building, Detroit 26, Michigan.

At a reasonable price the NAIC will supply you with specially designed bookkeeping supplies and certain types of investment helps if you so desire. The best services provided by the NAIC are its blanket coverage of every member of the partnership with a bond of, I believe, 25,000.; its Investment Club Bulletin; and its unceasing work in state legislatures and Congress for the financial and legal benefit of partnerships.

Each member of the partnership contributes, say five or ten dollars a month -- set up your own rules and such on contributions -- (the NAIC issues a pamphlet which is a handy help in organizing) and then you regularly meet, discuss the merits of the various companies and decide in which stock you shall invest. I said "invest" -- if you speculate or gamble, don't come crying to me.

To give you some concrete examples of what can be done by using just good horse sense in investing:

\$10,000 invested in Insurance company stock in '46 would have been worth up to \$100,000 ten years later.

One share of stock in General Motors purchased in 1950 for about \$50. would have given you six shares at about the same price in late 1955 and the return in dividends off those six shares would be equal to 25% of your original purchase as an annual return.

Get wise fans, and meet me on Venus in 1986 for the goldardndest convention we ever had.

Hopefully -- Dale Tarr

JOB'S LEVIATHAN

A Jungian Analysis

Job as Simple Simon, soul as pail,
And Beauty, Leviathan: the king of deep
On deep, unbribed guard of the sunken keep
Where primal gods demand expensive bail.
Let those who think the soul is shallow rail,
They must be warned before they dare to leap
They'll plunge into the twilight depths where sweep
In ceaseless thirst great teeth too swift to fail.

Job's Word is bait; the big fish strikes; the line
Grows taut; vast treadings crush abysmal grapes;
Drowned idols swirl like seeds in chaos' wine.
Look, Job! Caught Beauty, held to light, now apes
A good, now evil, thing--the shifting sign
And spectrum of archaic, psychic shapes.

--Philip Jose Farmer

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President's Message, continued from page 16.

It is planned to mail copies of this issue of FPM to First Fandom potentials. If anyone would like to have a copy of this issue sent to someone he feels that would be interested in FF, please let us know. We are running quite a few extra copies.

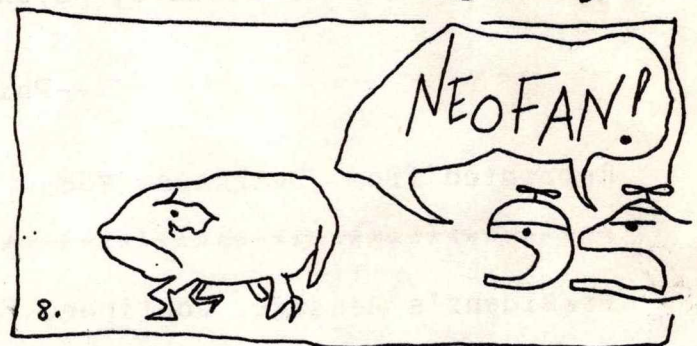
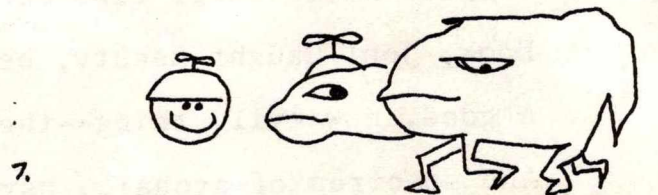
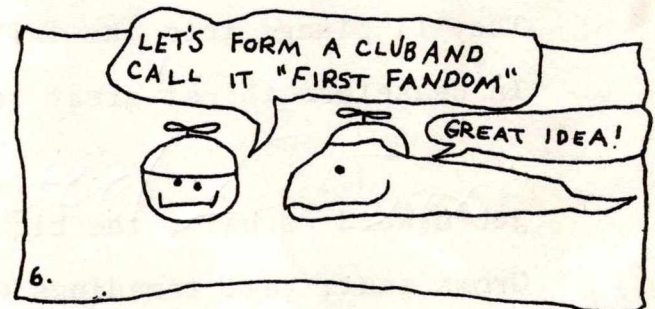
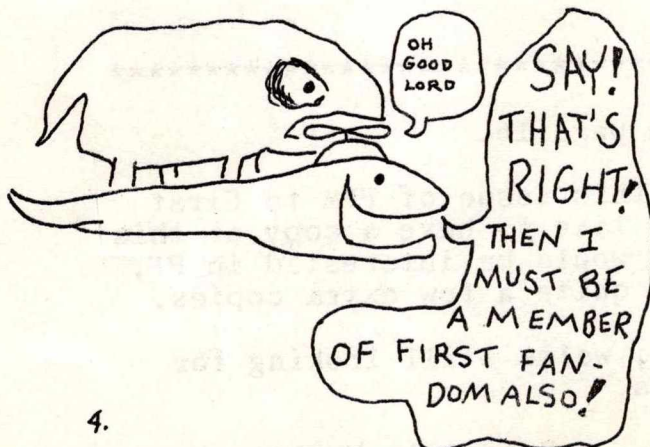
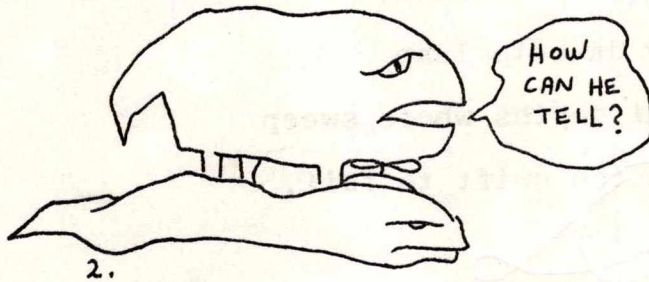
And as stated in previous issues, we're still looking for articles, letters, and illustrations.

-- Robert A. Madle

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"ROGER" by Andy Reiss