

# FANACHRONISM

"Published Every Time A Fake-Fan Awakens"

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Caveat Lector

This is a cow-bird kind of fanzine designed to be smuggled aboard FANAC. When I began to pick at the idea of producing something to be sent out with FANAC I'd planned to call it ABSARKA, or maybe

ABSARQA, out of deference to its being mailed from a point so close to 2222 Dwight Way (see "The Compleat Werewolf," Anthony Boucher, April, 1942 Unknown Worlds). But by the time I finally got around to it, spurred by pathetic notes on the outsides of my recent copies of FANAC, the Dwight Way address faced immediate obsolescence and the gag seemed weak anyway and the above title, more recently upgethunk, had greater appeal, incorporating as it does the name of the fanzine it is riding pickaback, and one of that zine's editors as well. If anyone tries to tell me it has already been used, I will blink back my tears and ignore them.

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More people smoke Camels than any other animal.

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I would like to natter a bit over local fannish news but I guess it must be that a happy fandom has no history. Wisconsin Fandom plows placidly along enjoying itself no feuds, no lawsuits, no bickering, no bomb-plots...we just enjoy each other's company and let it go at that. §Boggs came through early in April, driving a Rambler, and coursed southward, swooping down on fans like a tornado. It must have been meager going; south of here there aren't many fans like a tornado. We got a letter he wrote in symbiosis with Jim Harmon. §A tape arrived from Agberg demonstrating how to pronounce "Pooj-oh" (you pronounce it Peugeot) which is the family name of the new Agbergian auto. Barbara on tape: "You're much too diffident for a Rolls, dear." §The Economou's keeshond (pron. "kay-zond") Schuyler van Brinker, is shedding furiously. §So is Asmodeus Coalmine van Catnip, the Grennell's Domestic Shorthair (pron. "common alley-cat"), who has finally achieved enough sober adult responsibility to be allowed to run at large in the neighborhood. If the feral gleam in his eye is any indication, a year or so will see Fond du Lac burghers up to their hips in black kittens. §Bloch has a new desk and we have Bloch's new book and it is a darb, believe me! The title is Psycho, an Inner Sanctum Mystery. §The FATE tape arrived about four days ago, in case you were wondering about it. §I finally went out and bought a new microphone for the tape-recorder so now I can put words on tape again. For people like Danner who worry about such things, it's a B-204 American Microphone, made by Elgin; list was 16.00, cost 9.60-- you'll have to assume the dollar-signs since this machine lacks them, as well as the asterisk, the little tic-tac-toe thing indicating "number" and such luxuries as the "at" and cent signs. To compensate, it does have goodies like §4B+=üöä and accents both grave and acute (´) but no circumflex, no cedilla, no tilde, no pi and no WR in majuscule italics. Oh well, you can't have everything. §Last time I saw Janke he was up to his larynx in tax-forms, being near onto the 15th of April. He must have recovered though since I note a fine, fat jankezine in the FAPA bundle that came yesterday. §A letter from Eney says FANCYCLOPEDIA II is lurching forward steadily; huzzaugh! §Double feature at local theater currently is MAN INTO SPACE and NOWHERE TO GO. §Last week I saw a marquée with ATTACK OF THE SOFT WOMAN but, after a quick double-take it turned out to be 50 FT woman. Half centipede, doubtless.

Between the bottom of the other side and the top of this one we went to see a movie about a mutilated rooster, called "Al Capone," or something like that. Rod Steiger was convincing in the title role and Fay Spain was, if not cute, arresting. Steiger appears to be one of the few candidates in today's crop of actors that are willing to try for the title of "the man you love to hate." Who was the original holder, Bloch, Conrad Veidt, wasn't it--Erich von Stroheim? I'll be a long time forgetting Steiger as Jud Fry in "Oklahoma." The picture with it, "The Two-Headed Spy," was scarier than "Capone" by quite a margin. There is a scene where Jack Hawkins is trying to send word to the British via his command radio--he's a General on the German General Staff + a British spy--and a rifle barrel comes poking into the screen from upper left corner and you could hear startled screams of pure fright from all over the theater. I'm always surprised at how much I forget about movies I saw several years ago when I view them again on tv. Recently saw "Casablanca" for the first time since the fall of 1942 and, outside of the part where Dooley sings "As Time Goes On," I might as well have been seeing it for the first time. Dooley was every bit as good as I remembered and I regretted not having patched the tape recorder to the tv so as to keep a record of the musical parts. Humphrey Bogart films on tv have a high viewing priority around here...we're faunching for the day when they show "We're No Angels," the one the Tuckers and Grennells flipped over back in 1955.

When Bob Leman, in the last issue of THE VINEGAR WORM (V.I,N.4), reviewed The Moswell Plan, I resolved to find it and read the darn thing if I could. Even Bloch, Wisconsin's leading source and authority on such exotica, had never read it although he said his friend, Harold Gauer had once read it and had been much impressed. Bloch said he'd been looking for the book a long time with no success. So I checked the different libraries in my beat and hit paydirt at Green Bay. I was not surprised because Green Bay is an old town and their library betrays it. They have any quantity of books published early in the 19th century and may have a few dating back to the 18th for all I know. For current books of a technical nature, Manitowoc is best but for the unlikely item Green Bay usually comes through. I found the title in the card index but the actual book turned up on a storage shelf in the basement after considerable burrowing by the amazonian librarian (mentioned once in the letter column of HODGE-PODGE). For a book that had weathered upwards of half a century in a public library, it was in good shape except for the fact that eight sheets--that is, 16 pages--were missing. I presume they must have contained "the almost-slapstick episode of the plow's attack on Orrin Fimber," since I didn't encounter that although I had been looking for it. The thread of narrative snapped abruptly as Dover Cleek was attending Dorrit, the prize Poland China, at her farrowing and by the time it resumed we were well into chapter five and Rev. Glaum was foaming up a storm over "those of faint heart, weak of will," etc. As Leman says, it makes fast reading once you get past the initial preliminaries. These reminded me a little of Zane Grey, who was always a slow starter. As Leman says, the deliberate, relentless build-up is vital to the power of the story, which you couldn't usually say for Grey. Dig this up if you can; you'll find it well worth the trouble. I did!

It just occurred to me that I can use this useless B sign to stand for Bucks. Like: I just acquired a Century Graphic miniature press camera, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 size, good condition, no flash or rangefinder though shutter has flash connections; one cut-film holder. Anyone out there interested in buying it for B37.50?

Your happy huckster,

PS Comments, if any, to Ellik & Carr.

Unless, of course, you want to buy the camera!

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