

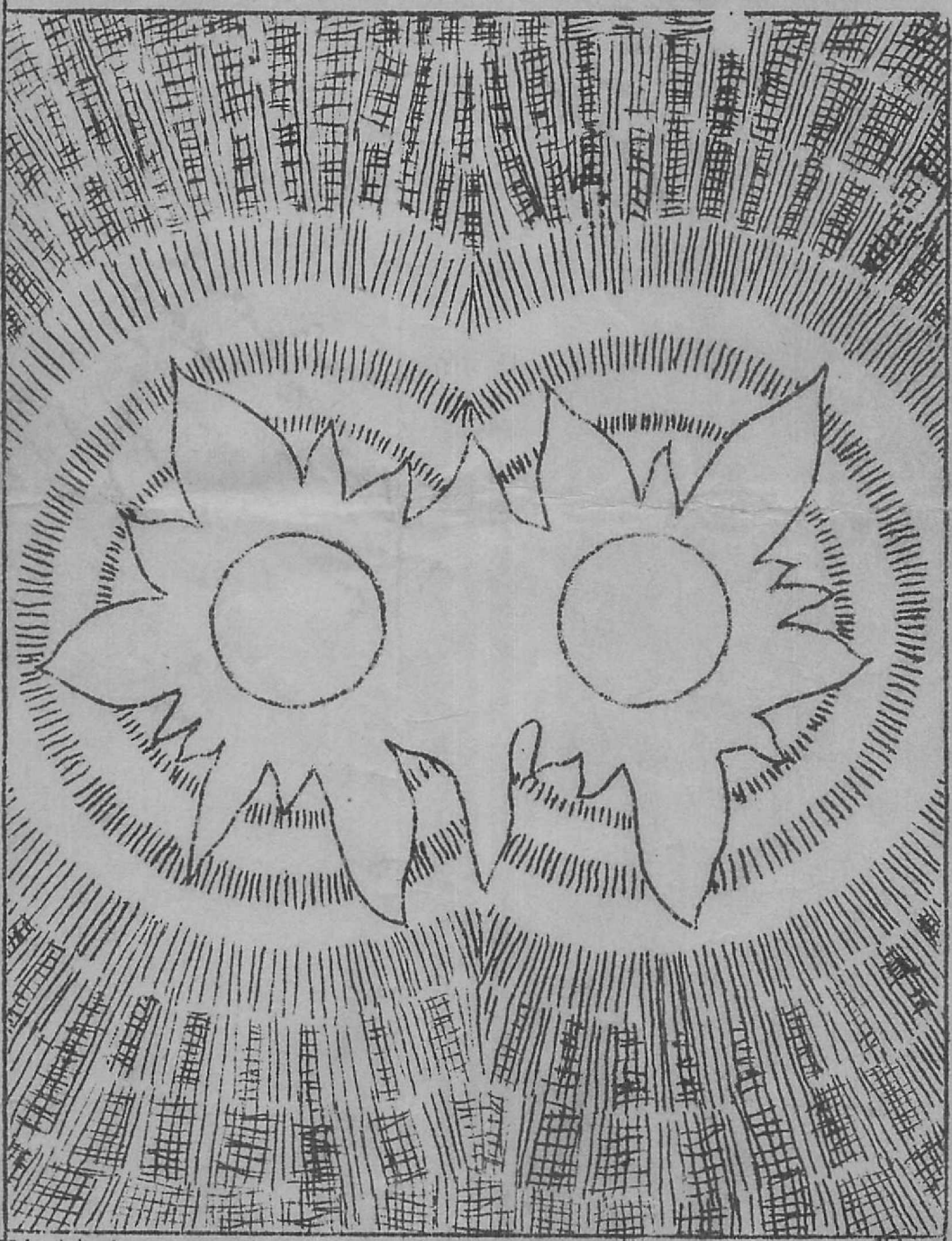
RETURN Leonard J. Moffatt

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Vol. 1, No. 3. August 1940

FANFARE

LEONARD J. MOFFATT



victim's-eye view of Kimball Kinnison's DeLameters going into action.

AW

THE STRANGERS SAID

Editorial

LEONARD J. MOFFATT

With the bland faith of all editors that someone is bound to read this, if only by accident, we now mount our tripod and adjust our Delphic robes. Harken, then, to our words of wisdom:

On the whole, the first club issue was pleasantly received, and may be rated a definite success. This is decidedly encouraging, for as everyone knows, the first step is the hardest, whether for fanmags or babies or baby fanmags. A baby fanmag, we hasten to explain, is a very young fanmag, not a fanmag for the benefit of the juvenile. At least, such is the case where Fanfare is concerned, although with certain of our contemporaries (this does not mean you, of course) we are not so sure.

There are considerably more than a million people living around the Boston area, and as only 15 of them enjoy the delights of Stranger Club membership, it will readily be seen that the possibilities of growth are practically unlimited. Indeed, one encouraging feature of our first few months of existence has been the constant influx of new members, which has seen our total membership increase at every meeting. As long as this happy trend continues, we look forward to the expansion of Fanfare until it becomes one of the best edited and published fanmags in the field (which is a rather delicate way of admitting that it is neither--yet!).

You have probably been expecting this, but we'll say it anyhow. Contributions of whatever nature will be received with interest, often with joy. Of course, in case of necessity our Secret Committee can always choose a victim by lot and proceed in the stimulating manner described by Dr. Keller in "The Literary Corkscrew", but just at the moment there seems to be a strange lack of desire to submit to this method on the part of our members. And the fans who write anyway, with or without benefit of corkscrews (which can be used for another purpose beside that mentioned by Keller!) might as well write for us. What other fanmag awards a free copy of the ish in which your stuff appears? What's more, every non-member who contributes to three consecutive issues of Fanfare will be automatically elected to Honorary Membership of the BSC. Convinced? Then collect our address off the back cover and send that masterpiece in!

In this issue we inaugurate Strange Interludes, our own readers' department. Write in, why not, with brief or detailed comments. We'd appreciate it if you used the well known 1-10 rating system, without a fractional rating. 10 is perfect, 0 isn't, and the rest are inbetween. See?

We also continue our biographical series. When we thought of this idea a few months ago we had an impression that we were being strikingly advanced and forward looking. This seems to have been a slight

take. At the moment it is hardly possible to open a fanmag which hasn't a pen sketch of a "well known fan" or two. Some even go in for photographs and such--we have been impressed by several of these! Thus, we had always thought of Harry Warner jr. as a fair-haired, blue-eyed citizen--it seemed to us just the proper appearance to fit his name. Were we surprised to learn that he is in reality a tall, dark Thin Man! Out of consideration for our readers, we spare them such jolts, and hence the absence of photographs in this issue. For all this, we naturally plan to continue the bios. After all, what's the good of sponsoring a club organ if we don't get a chance to read about ourselves in it ?

We have every hope that our next number--October--will contain an account of the Chicon from our special delegate, Art Widner jr. This is especially likely if he actually goes to the Chicon, as he is unfortunately not an expert at clairvoyance.

That's all for now.

Louis Russell Chauvenet

UNDER THE ORDER

In the Unknown of last February one may observe a phenomenon which, if assumed to be the result of pure coincidence, would not happen again in millions and millions of years of publication. The chances against its happenings are so great that we may safely discard the theory that it was a product of pure chance, and are left facing the inescapable fact that here we have a living example of strange, unknown, malignant, sinister forces at work-- an example more disquieting than many given in Unknown's stories. For after all perhaps the stories are only stories, while this is undeniably a fact.

I refer to the story by Wellman, "When It Was Moonlight", which deals with a hero by the name of Edgar Allen Poe, who lived in Philadelphia in 1842 and who wrote stories among which were 'The Premature Burial,' 'The Black Cat,' and one concerning a Lunar Voyage by Hans Pfaal. This is not too strange, for we all know of a once-living author who dwelt there then, and who wrote such stories. But now the coincidence: At the bottom of page four of the same issue we find that "All characters used in fiction and semi-fiction stories in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity in name or characterization to persons, living or dead, is coincidental."

Now you can figure out the approximate probability of such a coincidence for yourself. I'm confident that it will turn out to be almost one chance in infinity, and rather than accept the operation of chance against such odds we are forced willy nilly to the realization that those strange, unknown, malignant, etc. forces here give us unmistakable proof of their existence.

Beware everyone.....

R.D. Swisher

RED BLOOD

by Richard Kraft

Vincent the vampire whipped out a Kleenex, wiped his lips, and exhaled a sigh of satisfaction. He had dined well that night. That fat woman had parted with quarcs of blood! Why - he could have had a full meal and left her alive!

He sat down on the softest looking tombstone in the cemetery, where he had gone to dine in order to avoid the curious crowds that sometimes gathered when he wanted to enjoy a meal - and regarded the remains of his repast. Too bad! She had put up a good fight, too! Then he noticed something tightly clenched in the corpse's hand.

It was a magazine. He pried it loose from the stiffened fingers and looked at the cover. Hmmm: SUPERNATURAL STOPIES! His eyebrows rose as he noticed the luscious damsel who wore nothing but a look of terror, as she cringed from the advances of a leering Oriental. "Probably serves her right," he thought, "It's crazy nudists like her who are putting the poor laundrymen out of business."

He opened the magazine to the contents page. Ick! What kind of reading matter was this? Some of the more lurid titles caught his eye: WHITE THROATS FOR THE VAMPIRE BITND, by Worthington Geef..... BRIDES FOR THE BOW-LEGGED BAT-MAN, by Euripides Bloop.....FEMALES FOR THE FEROCIOUS FOOFBO, by Ferdinand Pump. By the left upper fang of Dracula, he must lock into this! He started to read curiously.

When he had finished the first story, he put the magazine down and gagged a little. Thev! He had never read anything so rank since the diary of the mad princess of Nastia in 1762. Imagine! Some handsome mortal had overcome a vampire, without so much as a mirror or a stake, and had sustained no injuries in the process!

He swallowed, and incredulously read the last paragraph over again.

"My darling," said Frank, "You must forget now. The monster is dead, and we - we have each other. He drew her quivering, naked body to him - for strangely enough, the vampire had ripped off all her clothes! -- and kissed her inviting rose petal lips again and again....."

"Grrrrr! What an outrage!" growled the vampire to himself, "How long has this sort of libel been going on? It wasn't bad enough to have a vampire vanquished in physical combat, but they to describe one of his kind doing such an ungentlemanly thing as tearing off a lady's clothes...!" That was the last straw! He would definitely have to do something about it! His hand shook so with the fury of his emotion, that he rattled the lid of his coffin when he climbed back in at sunrise. Something he hadn't done in years. . . .

He was up bright and early the next evening at sunset. He tripped merrily from the graveyard and wended his way to a little typewriter and stationery store a few blocks away.

The proprietor was just ready to close up. "What can I do for you?" he asked, rubbing his pudgy hands.

"Not bad," thought Vincent, giving the man's portly figure the once-over, and replied, "Stick out your neck."

"Huh? . . .Ow!" said the prop, and promptly died of pernicious anemia, artificially aquired.

Vincent stuffed the body in a closet, picked out the best typewriter in the place, several reams of paper, other sundry supplies, and stalked out whistling, "She Had to Go and Lose It at the Astor."

Back home in his comfortable tomb, he soon picked up typing, and then started to write. Boy, whatta title! RED BLOOD! Simple, yet so descriptive! He paused, gazing fondly at the two words, while he absently flicked a black widow spider from his immaculate shirt front.

Every night for a week, strange clicking noises were heard in the graveyard. All the ghouls in the neighborhood gathered 'round of an evening to gawk at the unprecedented spectacle of Vincent's slim, patrician fingers, dancing nimbly over the keys. That is until they became hungry, and wandered off after a light snack of whatever happened to be lying around.

Finally one night, Vincent stood up, ripped the last sheet out of his typewriter, and said, "Burp! I mean - I'm finished!"

"Fidished whad?" asked Horrible Hermen, head ghoul of local no.49. His mother had told him to keep his mouth shut and he would stay out of trouble, so he always talked through his nose.

"My manuscript!" cried Vincent. "My masterpuss - piece - that will startle the fantasy literary world!"

"Whad do id taste ike?" asked Herman.

"Aah, shuddup!" snarled the vampire, "You ghouls are all alike! You have no appreciation of the finer things in death. All you can think of is eat, eat, EAT! Tat!...Hmmmmm! Didn't realize I was so hungry. And he dashed off to mail his precious story, only stopping on the way for a little bite of chorus girl on toast.

* * * * *

C. Herrinbone Snipper, the eagle-eyed editor of SUPERNATURAL STORIES, wearily opened the last manuscript in the pile his assistant had placed upon his desk. He scanned the title with a bored expression. "RED BLOOD" - harrumph! Pretty hacky, but if the story's good, I can change it to RED BLOOD OF MAIDEN'S FOR THE MINDLESS MONSTERS." He smirked to himself at the thought.

Then he read on, gradually becoming absorbed in the story, until his eyes were glued to the page. He unstuck them, put them back in place, and finished the manuscript with a gusty sigh.

He sat unmoving for several minutes, while his assistant, Sam Booblebaum, watched him warily. Sam had come to recognize these quiescent periods as preludes to a storm.

Then he put the manuscript into its return envelope and enclosed a rejection slip.

Booblebaum googled, slack-jawed. "Hey, chief! That's RED BLOOD you're rejecting!" he shouted.

"I know it," replied Snipper, licking the flap of the envelope.

"But - but," Sam stuttered, "That's the best written story we ever received! Why it relates a vampire's feelings so realistically, that I could almost believe that a real vampire wrote it!"

"Sam," said Snipper, turning a fishy eye in his assistant's direction. "You're slipping. I shall need a new assistant if you persist in such a fan-like attitude. Of course the story's well written. So what? If we publish it we'd have most of our readers complaining about the lack of a handsome hero, a heroine with a 'breakaway' wardrobe, and some sort of slaverine monster with foul desires. This story has none of those things, so I'm sending it back."

"Say, maybe it's a pseudonym," suggested Booblebaum. "Where does this Van Pyer guy hang out?"

"Oh, somewhere up north - ah, down - out - around -. Hmmmmm..... There's no return address on the envelope. Maybe it's on the ms." Snipper fished around in the envelope, and brought out a single sheet of paper like the rest of the manuscript.

"Here's a letter I overlooked," he announced, then read it.

"Dear Mr. Snipper:

I recently came across a copy of your magazine, and think the stories are the most horrible tripe upon which I have the misfortune to cast my eyes.

They are unreal, and nauseating in the extreme, to one who knows anything at all of the supernatural, with which your magazine is supposed to deal.

Enclosed you will find a story I have written, which I can assure you is the real thing, as I have personally experienced some of the situations described therein, and know whereof I speak. I think you would do well to publish it. I seek no remuneration. I merely wish to see good literature take the place of rubbish.

Supernaturally yours,

Vincent Van Pyer

P.S. If you reject this manuscript for any reason, I would appreciate the pleasure of a personal visit from you, so I could find out just what is wrong with my style. Meet me at the entrance of Scraggly Hill Cemetery any evening after sunset. I find the night more stimulating, both mentally and physically, so I would be better prepared to discuss things with you."

"Jeez," said Sam, "that sounds even more vampirish than the story."

"Don't be a complete idiot," said Snipper, "Just to show you how stupid you are, I'm going to return this manuscript to this crank personally, and tell him off for the egotistical, ignorantly idealistic fan that he is. These fans write one story and think they're world-beaters. Well, I'll show you, and him too."

* * * * *

The next night found editor Snipper at the entrance of the cemetery. A brisk breeze blew a few scattered raindrops from the trees with a quick pattering sound, as of small, running feet. Heat lightning capered about the receding storm. He shifted his feet and sat on the stone wall, muttering to himself.

"Guess this fellow isn't going to show up," he grumbled. "I'd better cook up a good story so Booblebaum won't have the laugh on me tomorrow."

He immediately jumped two feet from his sitting position, when a cavernous voice at his elbow said, "Mr. Snipper, I believe?"

It was Vincent, talking into a milk bottle. He vaulted over the wall, and shook hands with the editor. "You'll pardon my little joke, I hope," he said, indicating the bottle.

Snipper laughed nastily. "Heheh. that's quite all right. I hope you will pardon the rejection of your manuscript, but I thought quite unsuitable for our publication." He handed Vincent the bulky envelope.

"Why?" asked Vincent, "Don't you publish SUPERNATURAL STORIES? Was it not well written? Wasn't the plot well executed? Weren't the characters real?"

"That's the trouble, in a way." Your characters were too real. The hero fainted when he saw the vampire biting his sweetheart's throat. And then, the vampire is the central character instead of the hero, which is all wrong. The vampire is justified in killing off everybody in the end, and altogether too much attention is paid to his trials and tribulations. Whoever heard of a vampire that was anything but a monster?"

"I have," said Vincent.

"What?, Uh - well, maybe so, but it's not the usual thing, you know," said Snipper, "with a little more experience, and more attention to our basic policy, I think you could place stories with us consistently. But your present attitude is too self satisfied to allow you to do any really acceptable work. You'll have to get rid of the silly notion -- for instance -- that vampires have thoughts and feelings other than sadism and homicide. Who believes in vampires anyway?"

"I do," said Vincent.

"Oh, you do!" Snipper exclaimed sarcastically, "Have you ever seen one?"

"Some of my best friends are vampires," Vincent stated with dignity, drawing himself up to his full height.

Snipper snorted, "I'm afraid I'm wasting my time here. Good evening!"

"Just a minute!" called Vincent as Snipper started to walk away.

"What is it?" asked the editor testily.

"Stick your neck out a little farther," said the vampire.

"Huh?" Ow! " exclaimed Cornelius Herringbone Snipper.

There was an advertisement in the next morning's want ads. It read:

WANTED--Editor for horror magazine. Must be thoroughly acquainted with this type of literature, and the public that reads it. Man preferred, who is not given to wandering around graveyards for the questionable purpose of meeting "fans". Salary discussed at interview. Phone 281 Frankfort.

SHALL WE EDIT?

by

Harry Warner, Jr.

That question isn't asked enough, I'm afraid. In fact, very few fan magazine readers seem to bother in the least whether material in a fan magazine has been changed, gone over, or left untouched. I think it would be a good idea to clear up a few points on this virtually unthought-of subject.

When I refer to editing, throughout this article, I mean changing the body of fan writings as done by the editor of a fan publication, and not the deciding of format, type of material, and so forth. That depends to a large extent--the last named--upon the temperament of the individual fan, and on his available facilities; and anyway, it doesn't matter much from the literary end. Just about anything a fan writes can manage to see print somewhere. If it's putrid, it may be rejected once or twice in exceptional cases, but it will eventually find a haven with someone who needs material badly.

The whole thing resolves into a few basic choices answering the question: "Shall we edit?". Some fans seem to think that fan material should be published just as received, without any alterations on the editor's part. However, about the only subscription magazine which does that religiously, and on purpose is the Voice of the Imagination. They even go so far as to leave typing errors as made. (They haven't got around to reproducing strike-overs, thank heaven!) Of course, there are a great many other fan magazines which do this in the FAPA, but that's because they're all written by their own editors in part or entirely, and you can't vary well edit something you write yourself I'd regard that as correcting.

Then there are the fans who are just a bit to be pitied. I've sometimes thought-- They are those who publish fan magazines and print everything exactly as received, never editing, but merely because it has never occurred to them that it might improve something to change it a bit. Or else they are too lazy, or just haven't the ability. I know there are a great many fan magazines like this, because I've had something published by most of them now extant, and have been able to check to a certain extent. (Although I don't follow in the footsteps of some fans and compare the printed product with my carbon, and fly off the handle if a comma has been omitted!)

Also, there are the fans who pursue a sort of middle course---- probably the largest group. They usually will print something you write for them practically as you've written it, but will sometimes substitute an adjective, reunite the component parts of a split infinitive, perhaps insert a sentence all their own to make the meaning of something clear, break up a long paragraph into two, and so forth. Also, at times they'll cut a larger or smaller number of words from your manuscript, perhaps because they think it's redundant, perhaps due to lack of space.

On the whole, I think that's the best course to pursue. Surely, if you're not going to make an effort to publish anything exactly as received, there's little sense in adhering to that policy at all. That is, if you intend to let the fan world gaze at the fans' creations without any changes, in order that they may be judged strictly

as is, well and good. If you don't think that's the best thing to do -- then go ahead and edit, and don't print everything woodenly.

I have several reasons for thinking this to be the best idea. For one thing, I know I blasted the pro editors several times for their editing and cutting tactics. Ordinarily, I think a professional magazine should print material as received. Why then my change of face on the fan mag angle? Simply this: the professional magazines are being written mainly by men who make their living, or a large part of it, by the typewriter. They should know how to write and usually do. What makes it bad is when an editor who thinks he knows more than his authors tries to do a lot of "improving". I think that today, John W. Campbell, Jr. is the only pro editor who knows more about writing than most of his contributors.

But there's the difference: fan writers, for the most part, don't know a gosh-darned thing about writing. Many times, the very first thing a new fan writes with intention for publication, he'll submit and have accepted. Perhaps it'll be fairly good, but you can bet your boots that it's not going to be an epic. No fan editor can make it an epic, either, but there's no sense in letting it remain in its completely rough and crude state just because he doesn't feel like touching it up a bit.

There are other angles. Most fans, besides not knowing much about writing know even less about the difference between fanmag writing and writing for almost any other pro or amateur publication. It doesn't require genius to realize, for instance, that the style used by most contributors to high-school and college newspapers and publications would be laughed out of a fan magazine. (And please understand, I mean the new fans when I say they don't know the angle to aim for in the fanmags!) I recently was told of a case like this. The editor of one of the very finest fanmags today, had an article submitted him by a fan who's been active in the fan world, on a small scale, for about nine months, and has had published, to date, in fan publications, two stories and one poem. He submitted this article of his to the fan, and told him to print it, warning him that he should not edit or change the article in the slightest particular. That, I think, is the height of folly.

But to go back to what I started out to say: why not edit material for the better as much as you can? Change the most obvious errors in grammar and spelling, cut out repetitions even if it means sacrificing hundreds of words, amputate or append adjectives and adverbs on over-written or under-written stuff, remember the paragraph rules, and above all, proof-read it after you've finished stenciling it, to make sure you've not made an error in typing which throws the whole thing out of whack.

Many fan articles are turned out at top-rate speed. The original of a Tucker or a Moskowitz article is usually something wondrous to behold. BT and SAM know it and take it for granted that the fan to whom it's submitted will fix it up. They're just so busy that they haven't time to take pains, that's all. What earthly sense would there be in letting all the obvious errors stand? The same goes to a limited or greater extent, for all other fan writers. I have a letter from Jack Chapman Miske, in which he typed "it's" for "its" twice in a single sentence. That would seem to prove that the most careful of us can sometimes be human. So: edit to the best of your ability. If you haven't the ability to edit enough so that the readers complain vociferously--get a co-editor!

LOUIS RUSSELL GRAFFENB

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 Vombiteur. 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 Spacehounds 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 160 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 characterizes 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. Particularity is Star Maker interesting for discussions of other types of life... Stuart at his best (in Forgetfulness) writes with a clear, old 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 Fine Stream and The Purple Sapphire). He can also write with commendable succinctness of action. This peculiar combination of aesthetic and blood-and--thunder values, when just right, is splendid; but when not, is horrible (To-morrow)... Stanton A. Coblentz 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 comments that Russell likes 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 thinks that Clark Ashton Smith and H.P. Lovecraft sometimes turn out good work, and that C.A. 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 organism 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 Apaca, 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 entwined 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 that 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 co-

(continued on page 13)

POLL NEWS
by Art Widner Jr.

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

CAMPBELL-STUART RECAPTURES LEAD! AUTHOR POLL BECOMES INTERNATIONAL!

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 forced ahead from 6th place to 5th, passing H.P. Lovecraft.

In the lower brackets, big gains were registered by A.E. Van Vogt, Hubbard, and Heinlein. Here is how they stand, down to those who have 25 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 116
- 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

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 fan's 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 under way. For the benefit of any new 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:

F A N S

- 1. Ackerman 162
- 2. Tucker 148
- 3. Warner 126
- 4. Lowndes 110
- 5. Wollheim 79

(continued on next page)

FANS

ARTISTS (cover)

6. Swisher	63	1. Paul	70
7. Moskowitz	55	2. Finlay	50
8. Madle	47	3. Rogers	51
9. Hamling	42	4. Wesso	50
10. Reinsberg	35	5. Brown	57
Widner	35	(interior)	
11. Morojo	33	1. Finlay	104
12. Taurasi	31	2. Paul	57
13. Wilson	25	3. Wesso	45
14. Speer	24	4. Bok	34
15. Michel	23	5. Dold	38
16. Daugherty	22	(all-around)	
17. Sykora	18	1. Finlay	28
18. Youd	17	2. Paul	59
19. Avery	16	3. Wesso	40
Hodgkins	16	4. Bok	22
Koenig	16	Cartier	22
		5. Schneeman	19

DOINGS OF THE STRANGERS

First of all, we want to apologize to all concerned for the inaccurate statement made in last month's DOTS. (Hanna, 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 Berganholms 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 Aterton's DIDO, and snagged Dunsany's IP 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 Elmer's sport fantasie, Taine's quale Invention, Corelli's A Roman- ic of the 1010s, and Dr. Faustus combined with The Merry Men. That's all, folks. Issues at please.

DOINGS OF THE STRANGERS (cont.)

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.

- x -
AD

speaking of pleasures

you might try the anniversary issue of Cosmic Tales. Its neatness will Astound you. Its material will be a Wonder to you. 48 pages of material equal to the 40 pages of large type. Material by Lovecraft--Mrs. Gnaedinger, editor of FFM--Speer--Lowndes--Moskowitz --and a host of others. Amazingly enough, the price is only 10¢ and a quarter for three issues. Try it!

send your subscription to:

Richard Crain, 1734 Willow Ave, Weehawken, New Jersey

- x -

LOOKING OVER THE FANFAGS

by Art Widner Jr.

DETOURS--Louis Russell Chauvenet, Tallwood Plantation, Esmont, Virginia 5¢ or 6 for 25¢. This second issue, while inexactly 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.M.Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrece, 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.

COSMIC TALES--Richard Crain, 1734 Willow Ave., Weehawken, N.J. 10¢ or 3 for 25¢. Good material, but poor mimeographing, which I think was due to the haste in which the editor put out the issue, in striving to keep to schedule, and will probably be much improved in the next, the anniversary issue. Extra good was Speer's INSTANTANEOUS ENIGMA and Romauro Avenger by Luego.

Pluto #3--This issue just came in, and we haven't had a chance to read it yet, so we refer you to their ad elsewhere in this issue of Fer-fare for details. We just back them up by saying they are not exaggerating. It really is a masterpiece in the art of mimeographing. We particularly like the FIVE (count 'em) color back cover, plugging the Chicon, Damon Knight's GLOOBERMORY, and "--AND BEHOLD" by Charles Bort, who is probably a coverup for Knight or Tucker.

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AD

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"Little Letdowns" by Tob Studley.

"It's Been Porven"--science column, by Rajocz.

"Spontaneous Generation" by M. Spivis.

and these regular dep'ts:

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Spaceways--Issue #13 proves why this magazine is "tops" with all fans. No unspecialized magazine, with the exception of the slick, Stardust, (and it's not fair to put them in the same class) can compare with the general excellence of SPACEWAYS. Most interesting are the pros (represented by Mark Reinsberg) and the cons (represented by columnist Jack Miske) on the much maligned editor of Amazing Stories, Raymond A. Palmer. The magazine is worth a dime for these two features alone, but in addition there is good fan fiction by Norman F. Stanley A-1 fantasy, and first class poetry. The biggest value in fandom for 10¢, or 3 for 25¢

Le Zombie--is now monthly from Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Ill. Price still 5¢ per copy, but no more subscriptions at 3 for a dime. Now six for a quarter instead. Full of the typical Tucker ticklers. it's great stuff for anybody's nickel. Really complete fanmags reviews, a cartoon by that Canadian caper, (credit-gwm) Les Croutch, and a digest of the best stuff printed in amateur publications.

USA Bulletin--a monthly put out by Gerald Meader, 49 Washington St., Rumford, Maine. In accordance with our "love thy neighbor" policy, we

FANFARE

urge you to try this publication. The paper is practically slick, and while not taking exceptionally well to the mimso, is by no means illegible. Fourteen pages of odds 'n' ends, but all quite interesting, and improving every issue. 5¢, or 6 for 25¢

FAN QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT
(for the new fan)

by Art Widner Jr

This department is being started with some trepidation, as there is some doubt as to whether there will be any bona fide queries received. It will be continued if it's purpose is seen to be fulfilled, and that is: to help the new fan get more acquainted more quickly with many of the perplexing and doubtful abbreviations, allusions, etc. which occur in this and other fan publications

Q. What is the real names of Pogo and Morojo?

A. Myrtle R. Douglas and Patty Grey. MRD is Morojo.

Q. What is the Ivory Tower?

A. The Ivory Tower is the apartment at 2574 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn New York, where the Futurians, Wollheim & Co., hang out.

Q. Who is the Star Treader?

A. Jack Chapman Miske.

Everybody probably knows the foregoing information, but it is just to give you an idea of how the dept. will be conducted. Send your questions (if any) to Art Widner Jr. Bx 122, Bryantville, Mass.

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Sweetness And Light--published quarterly by Russ Hodgkins and as-ort- ed ghouls at 1903 W 84th Place, Los Angeles, Cal. This magazine stinks It is my favorite fanmag. You ought to buy it all the time. EXHALE LITTLE MEN especially recommended if you want to give your ego a Turk- ish Bath, with a Finnish flagellation to top it off. 10¢ per ish. 40¢ per year.

Polar's--bi-monthly from Paul Freehafer, 404 South Lake Avenue, Pas- adena, Cal. (until Sept. 13 the address is: Bx 234, Payette, Idaho.) This is tops in fan fiction, with a practically 90 degree list toward the weird side. Doc Lowndes does a good job of slightly altering Carol Boyd's THE MAN WHO LOOKED BEYOND. Rimel's poem, THE WORM, is the kind of stuff we eat up. Not the worms, of course but the poems. That green ink they use out in LA is sure tasty stuff. Go ahead, try some. 10¢ or 5 for 25¢.

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LOUIS RUSSELL CHAUVENET
(continued from page 12)

pra and the brats who will one day(the brats, not the copra) repopu- late a devastated world. Then the cycle can be repeated.

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STRANGE

INTERLUDES

JIM AVERY: FANFARE came yesterday, and I really want to hand you fellows a bouquet on the job. Compared with our first issue (four pages) it's like comparing the brains of a Taurasi with those of a Wollheim -- meaning no comparison whatsoever. To tell the truth, it had more Stranger Club news in it than I had expected, judging from your letters ((AWjr's)) and that was, of course, extremely welcomed. The balance between a club publication and a national magazine was excellently upheld. But I imagine you'd rather have numbered rating than idle prattle. ((Yes. . .10 highest)) Cover, 5. As far as the drawing goes, it is worthy of SPACEWAYS, but since I'm prejudiced against action scenes by amateur artists, I can only give it half credit. However, the fine title and side decorations are a big help in getting a five. . . Editorial, 5. Hard to rate the editorial since they are of necessity the same in every first issue.... DOINGS OF THE STRANGERS 10. Reminiscent, of course, of USA PERSONALS. Only want more of them. FISCAL YEAR, 10. I never am modest.... SQUEAKY adv., 10. It satisfies.... THE GREAT GODDESS LN-OR, 0. The "14" had better think twice before passing judgement on another of these.... LOOKING OVER THE FANMAGS, 5. Good Reviews; liked them all.... THE MESSAGE OF THE MS,.... Haven't read as yet. But in my opinion it's too long for an 18 page mag.... BIOGRAPHY OF ART, 10. Well done Russell! I was glad to get so fine a description of him.... minutes, 10. More that I want more of! ... NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES, 10, and more too.... Author Poll, 8. Hard to rate since it's always the same.... Constitution, ... can't rate for obvious reasons. I want to take this up more thoroughly with you when I have more time, since I think that some of it could well be changed for the benefit of the club. ... that it isn't well done. Our first Constitution was amazingly like it, but we never could follow it, although, your case is somewhat different, being able to hold meetings. ((Thanx Jim...we hope we can continue what you like, and improve what you don't.))

BOB TUCKER: Number two Fanfare came in yesterday, and it was really a delight! By becoming a club organ, Fanfare has insured its success. This second issue is an immense improvement over the first, because... well, just because "it has something to live for" now. I want to see it remain a club organ, not only in name but in contents; and not just another fanmag of the general run. To step ahead of the fanmag field today, an ambitious mag has to specialize. You're doing it.... On this issue: ... The cover theme is as nacky as a Hamilton plot. Splat splat, went Dar's gooba-gun, and melted metal flew from a giant turbine. The native engineer ducked. Dar aimed again. . . . "It stinks, chum. It will take a damn good fan to write a story around that cover and avoid falling into a hacked rut! For that reason, I ignore your contest. To the chap who suggested the contest, I award peppered peanuts.... The Editorial was good; keep throwing such stuff in a breezy, straight-to-the-shoulder tone. Best liked, I guess, was Jim Avery's expenses for a fan-year. The article could and should have been a lot longer. Frankly, I'm afraid to take time out to figure up my expenses. Cost of the 1939 pro mags alone ran around twelve bucks I expect. I can boast one thing, however, that few other fanmag editors can: my YEARBOOK is actually netting me a profit. If this profit is large enough, I am planning on using it to print YB next year. Ackerman's piece would have been much more enjoyable if it had been written in a more understandable style. It was a swell 'plot' with a good punch, but Ackermanese presentation spoiled it's effect for me.... I do not like fiction in fan mags. Takes up too much room

that could be used for other material. Thus, I pass Weiner's story.I'll be happy, of course, to swap LeZ with you. In fact, I have been doing it, mostly. Keep the FANFAREs rolling, and Lez will appear at your doorstep each issue. ((ditto.))

JERRY HEADER: This first issue under the Strangers was fairly good. Cover good, though I like the symbolic ones much better than the action. Grade of paper way ahead of most of the mags, which is a good feature. Editorial gives a fine clear report of your club and its plans for the future of the mag. Contest, good, but seems to me as though the prizes aren't much incentive for a fella. See our contest in this next issue, and the prizes. I think this is something new in fanmag contests, and surely must be a new high in prizes, certainly the first ones. Let's have your entry. Jim's short article was good; I shall have to give him a calling-down for ignoring his BULLETIN blasted blighter. But very good. LOOKING OVER THE FANMAGS very good, well written. Keep up this feature, and by the way you might do the next issue of MSA BULL! Subtle, ain't I???

RAJOCZ: You know, for a while I thought I would never see another issue of FANFARE, but, oh joy, I was wrong. As I remember it, one of the main faults of the first FANFARE was the mimeographing. On the whole, the mimeographing of the second issue was an improvement over that of the first issue. The paper of the second issue also seems more adapted for mimeoing than the paper you used in the first issue. You have a good cover for this issue, and, perhaps, I will write a story around it if I'm not too lazy....I think your policy of featuring new writers is a good idea, and I will keep your mag in mind, when I write a little something or other....Avery's contribution was good proof that the fans are wise in demanding the "super-colossal sum of ten cents owed to them"....On the whole, most fan fiction, to state it plainly, lousy; but of late quite a bit of the fan-fiction has been rather surprisingly good. "The Message of The Manuscript" is in the class of recently good fan stories...."Looking Over the Fanmags" was one of the better features of the second blast of FANFARE.

DICK KRAFT: Yes, definitely, I do like the cover of FANFARE. Much better than the one on Harry's mag I feel. Also congrats on the issue generally, not at all bad for a starter, though naturally it should be longer, and it certainly can stand a little polishing up..... The best thing in the mag, I think was the biography of Art, and the editorial was not so bad either.

SAMUEL D. RUSSELL: The June issue was quite promising in respect to the quality you claim to be striving for in you material; I hope you won't have to back down in this. Weiner's story was one of the better fan stories I've read, gaining in effectiveness from the dignity and importance of its protagonist and subject-matter, though losing somewhat from trying to cover so much time in so many little scenes. I trust you will have more than one major article or story in coming issues.

TOM WRIGHT: FANFARE OK. Should have a colored cover, and maybe a little larger. Bet you don't get many answers to that cover contest. I had one similar in the first COIET, but as many told me, anybody---no matter how good the author---who wrote around that type of drawing would turn out what is generally called a "hack".

FANFARE

Vol. 1

No. 3

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Fanfare is a Stranger Publication ,
 issued bi-monthly. Price is 10¢ a
 copy and three issues for a quarter
 The next issue of Fanfare will be
 slightly delayed due to the Chicon.

With this issue Francis Paro here-
 by resigns as editor because of his
 newly acquired job and other af-
 fairs. Fanfare will continue as
 club organ with Art Widner, Jr. and
 Earl Singleton at the helm.

The ex-editor wishes to thank the
 Ellis Memorial Club, Boston, for
 the use of their mimeograph without
 which the revival of Fanfare would
 have been impossible.
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