



'GLOM'

#6

FAPA (Jan '47)

Publisher:

Forrest J Ackerman

"Cover": Spider by Lora Crozetti.....	1
Pro-cificon Report, Weaver Wright.....	1
Of Mice and Men and the Moon, by R.E.G.H.....	4
Illustration by Andre Francois, from Lilliput (sent by J. Newman)....	4
Crying in the Wind, Harold Applebaum.....	5
"Rejected", Gnaedinger.....	5
Scientifilmatic correspondence, FJA to Wm Wellman.....	6
The Hallucinating Power of Rupert Saint-Georges, review by B. Browder.	7
Spotlite on Lang & McNutt, Kay Kirby.....	8
Moonscript by Matt Weinstock.....	8

DEJECTION SLIP

The article U are about to read enjoys the dubious distinction of having been rejected by Liberty, This Month, New York Times Magazine, Harper's, Vogue, Cosmopolitan, Coronet, Format, Family Circle, Manuscript, the Star Weekly of Canada, and England's Outlands, Fantasy Review & New Worlds. Wherein did it fail to appeal to the prof's? Perhaps U can tell me. Is it too fannish? clannish? Ackermanish? I accompanied the article with several fotos, including a montage of a future city, a Finlay-Merritt-FFM cover and a sketch of "Theodore". The editor of Manuscript, a magazine emanating from Hollywood but which I nevertheless do not recall having seen, was the only encouraging one, saying at the time he returned it that he might be yelling for it back in the not distant future; but the Pacificon is now 6 mos. in the past.

"FUTURE WORLD" CONVENTION

By Weaver Wright

In 1941 no one paid much attention to the fact that the 3d World Science Fiction Convention was being held. Science fiction fans, pre-war, were regarded as belonging to the "lunatic fringe" of society.

But in the intervening 5 years, that saw the invention of radar and strictly-from-scientifiction headlines like Robot Rockets Bomb Britain, the public has taken on a new respect for the aficionados of futuristic fiction. When the atomic bomb woke up the world to the potentialities of science, science fiction readers could refer to their files of "fantasy" magazines and point out enough atomic bomb predictions over the past 25 years to fill several anthologies. The extravagant fiction of yesterday had become the sober fact of today.

Fans of the "fantastic" from all over the nation converged on Los Angeles recently, where the eyes of the fantasy world were on the 4th World Science Fiction Convention. These people came in every way, from the most primitive method of a Massachusetts man, who traveled by thumb, to the nearly modern transportation device, the aeroplane (science fiction fans would prefer strato-jatoplanes or rockets).

(Age, Sex, No Barrier)

From 16 to 60 these boys and girls, men and women, from all walks of life, met to make each other's acquaintance and discuss face to face the facets of fantasy that fascinate them. Throughout the Convention Hall one heard conversations like the following: "When do you figure the first rocket will land on the moon?" "Do you expect we'll find life on Mars?" "Do you realize climate could be controlled to a large extent by the application of atomic power to the proper bodies of water?" "Do you suppose atoms or germs will get us? Funny, how the smallest things in the world could send civilization crashing down." "What do you think of Kuttner's theory about radiations making supermen mutations out of ordinary human beings?" "Didn't Wells' film Things to Come, prove prophetic, for a picture made in 1936?" Director of the Convention was energetic Walter J. Daugherty, young film player, who pointed out that fantasy numbers among its followers such well-known Hollywood personalities as Fritz Lang, John Payne, Laurel Lee Donne, Curt Siodmak, Joan Fontaine, Leigh Brackett and many others.

In the "Pacificon" Hall, located across from MacArthur Park in Los Angeles, the scientifictioneers heard A.E. van Vogt, leading "stff" (scientifiction) author, deliver a dynamic speech, Tomorrow on the March. Said tall, slender, Canadian-born journalist van Vogt, who was selected by the fans' own Gallup poll as top stff writer of the year, "We here in the far future year of 1946 A.D. are privileged to look back upon the ascent of man on his ladder of wars and ideas to the beginnings of the Atomic Age. Of course, we shall have another war, because human beings have not yet learned to understand themselves. Notice that I did not say they haven't learned to understand others--it is themselves they don't understand. Yet the immediate hope is not for the world but for the individual." He went on to tell how it was possible for individuals to achieve a measure of perfection, though the Bomb might one day blot out centers of civilization.

Science fiction fans, who are keenly interested in the art work which illustrates the magazines they read, had a treat on the first night of the 4-day convention. Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Planet Stories, Startling Stories and Thrilling Wonder Stories had donated original covers and interior illustrations, and these were auctioned. Bidding was fast and furious for fine rocketships painted in oils, imaginary people of other planets drawn with pen and ink, and a beautiful pastel which fetched a high price.

(Affinity of Trinity)

The fantasy field, as it is broadly called, is divided, like Gaul, into 3 parts: Science fiction, fantasy, and the weird. Most "fans" of imaginative literature are interested, in varying degrees, in all 3 sorts of stories--the scientifictional, which extrapolate upon known science; the fantastic, which deal with the never-never lands of the unknown; and the wierd, which are the antithesis of science fiction, looking toward the lurking shadows of the past, to witchcraft and werewolves and all the elements of supernaturalism.

One session of the Pacificon was dedicated to the "weirdists" in particular. Present was Milwaukee author Robert Bloch, to make a few introductory remarks about his radio program, Stay Tuned for Terror, before one of his recordings was played for the audience. Played also

was Suspense's dramatization of The Dunwich Horror, an eerie masterpiece by the weirdists' idol, the late H.P. Lovecraft. S. Davenport Russell, noted lecturer, spoke on "The Function of the Weird in Literature". And the piece-de-resistance was the one-man Grand Guignol by the Continental raconteur who says, "My Name--Right Now--Is Theodore".

(Business with Pleasure)

While the primary purpose of the Pacificon was to acquaint lovers of imaginative literature (of which there are an estimated 200,000) with each other, serious business sessions were also held. At one of these, problems of the National Fantasy Fans Federation were discussed by members and officials in attendance. A resolution to support the work of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists was accepted by the Convention, and a sizeable monetary collection made and sent to the Committee's Secretary, Albert Einstein. A prewar dream of the scientific-fictionists was got under weigh as Forrest J Ackerman, 29-year-old ex-army Staff Sergeant, volunteered to act as General Manager for the Fantasy Foundation. Ackerman, himself a fantasy writer and agent, began reading science fiction at the age of 9, and started the ball rolling by donating the April 1926 issue of Amazing Stories, first science-fiction magazine ever to appear and today regarded as a collectors' item; as well as willing his entire collection of 1300 fantasy books, 1400 magazines, original mss., etc., and \$1000, to the Foundation. Conventioneers were quick to pledge matériel towards making the Fantasy Foundation the master museum of imaginative literature, with eventual branches to be established in other major U.S. cities, and Canada, England and Australia.

(Masquerade Ball!)

High-light of the Pacificon was the traditional Masquerade Ball, at which Conventioneers appeared in costumes of the future and as characters in famous fantastic stories. Dashing Dale Hart, a Texas lad, transformed himself into "the Gray Lensman", the interstellar upholder of law and order in Dr. E.E. Smith's epic Galactic Patrol series. Mono-named Miss Tigrina, in real life a secretary at a Hollywood commercial photography studio, dazzled the audience as Dracula's daughter, sang a song of her own composition, The Sabbath Summons. R.A. Hoffman, creator of the sklifesque art form, obtained the services of a Studio make-up friend to turn him into a simulacrum of Frankenstein's monster. One temporarily invalidated woman cleverly overcame her handicap by attaching a tail to her torso and appearing as The Snake Mother, a serpent siren from the famed story of the same name by the late A. Merritt. E. Everett Evans, a Battle Creek author, was completely disguised as a colorful "birdman from Rhea". Conventioneers met in person comely Cay Forrester, the All-American Girl of 1946, who had the additional honor of having been selected by them as "the girl we would most like to be stranded on the moon with." The nights are reputedly cold on our satellite--would-be rocketeers feel Miss Forrester would warm things up, up there.

(Fanquet)

Science fiction fans, who are great word-coiners, closed their highly successful Convention with a fan-banquet, followed by a revival of the amusing "fantasy" film, One Million B.C. Site of the 5th World Science-Fiction Convention having been selected as Philadelphia, attendees said "Aloha!" with the P.S., "See you in Philly in '47!"

1948 and '49 are as yet undecided years as to location of the annual Convention, but some scientific-fictionists mention the Moon as the possible site of 1950's confab. Time--rockets on!

Gentle Reader: Having born with me thru an article which failed to make the professional grade, I now commend your attention to an editorial of stfl interest by "R.E.G.H." from the Los Angeles Daily News:

Of MICE and MEN and the MOON

Whoever said that to walk sanely amid opposing perils in the path of a man needs both optimism and pessimism was wrong.

Chiefly, what is needed these days, if you're going to stay clothed and in your right mind, is the ability to escape now and then into the loony land of believe-it-or-not.

In a world where statesmanship is but another name for war and ignorance a synonym for premature or avoidable death, it's good, every once in awhile, to read and realize that life isn't all a conflict of ideas, a grubbing for existence, or a worried daily frown over the zooming cost of groceries.

Take Syria's "Gazelle Boy", for example, or the indestructible fertility of the bombed mice from Bikini, or R.L. Farnsworth's plan for United States' occupation of the moon. All of these items make swell reading; they point up the difference between what is and what ought to be as our postwar planet ponders its uncertain fate.

While...the world holds its breath, here are 3 newsworthy notes which should quiet anybody's trembling:

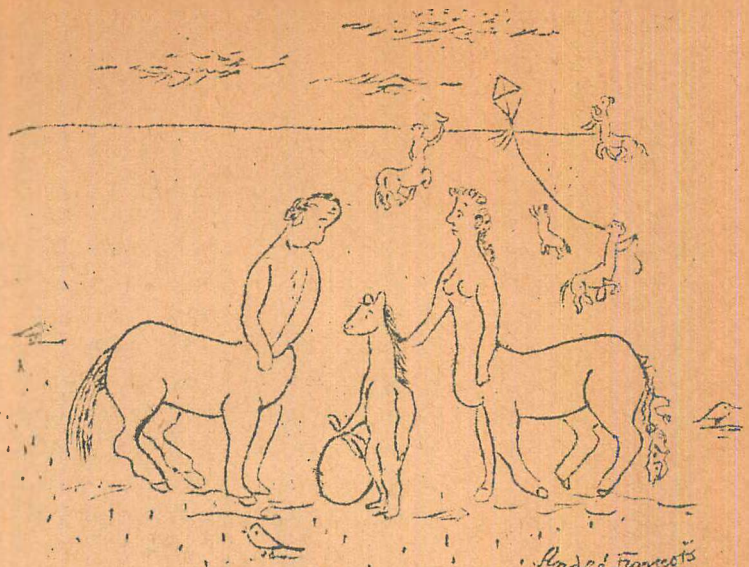
The "Gazelle Boy" of the Syrian desert is reported to be able to run nearly 50 miles an hour. As soon as scientists can find out what soups him up, a new world will be in the making. The current automobile situation...will vanish as an ugly dream. Ditto for the transportation angle. Man will have regained his legs and everybody can tear around wildly under his own motive power at a fraction of today's mileage overhead.

At first, shoe leather will be an item. But tougher feet will no doubt quickly evolve after a few gazelle-like sprints.

Similarly the glad tidings about Bikini's mice bring cheer to all who believed the atom age might mean the end of human reproduction. Instead of blasting away fertility overnight, as scientists had feared, the gamma rays released by the bomb explosion now seem, on the contrary, to have changed one mouse into a super-mouse.

Thus, the intriguing prospect suggests itself that, altho six A-bombs might raze all Los Angeles' aircraft plants and materially reduce the city's population, those who survived would find themselves regenerated far beyond the modest pioneer hopes of present-day "youth serum" researchers.

Lastly, a quit-claim deed to the moon, which can be purchased for the piddling price of a \$350,000 rocket, is a real in-



"He's always been a worry to us."

centive to real estate operators and land-hungry veterans. Having pretty well messed up the land economy on one planet and seized for selfish purposes most of the advantages attached to land, speculators and monopolists, given a crack at the moon, should be able to usher in without delay another golden age of grub-staking.

Moreover, since, as Farnsworth remarks, the moon, with its mineral deposits, "would be a valuable prize in itself", imperialists could enjoy the thrill of conquest and exploitation on an unspoiled sphere, which should be much more fun than continuing to redivide this tired old earth. * * *

Virile beyond the legend of Solomon, faster than a jeep, and with new hunting grounds on the moon, the human race could yet amount to something. Of course, it would be a gamble. It would be a gamble for a very simple reason. The reason is that man may conquer space and old age and the degenerative processes within his own body and still fail to conquer the clever, conniving, conscienceless demons within himself. It is upon this final conquest that life or death for the human race depends.

* * * * *

CRYING In the WIND
By: Harold Applebaum

The soldiers pass, the leaders pass, and war
Becomes a string of dates and foreign names
To feed the young for 20 years. Once more
The tide recedes and man resumes his games
Of blindman's-buff, the savage make-believe
Of progress, peaceful tongue in cheek. Once more
The rich will prosper and the poor conceive
As each contributes to the common war.

The wise will clamor, as they always do,
With warning, reason, truth and sense, but
Vain as crying in a wind. A precious few
Will reach the mountains by the time the rain
Begins, and launch their frantic arks to find
That floods are endless and the doves are blind.

(from HOLLAND'S - the Magazine of the South, Oct 46)

* * * * *

"Rejected"--Mary Gnaedinger. Being the excised introduction to the Weaver Wright letter I had published in FFM a couple issues ago: I have just returned from a trip to the future and found the world in ruins. Warmageddon has come, and the words of the prophecy fulfilled: "...this truth to be self evident: That all men will be cremated equal." Homo Saps have at last made complete ashes of themselves by atomic conflagration. SO--before the Bomb falls and the bough breaks, thus sending mankind to the bow-wows, I have decided to bow out of "dealing". I have ((description printed)) which I desire to sell so that they may be enjoyed by other fans before V-J Day ("J" as in Judgment, except facetiously of course as I am one of the atheists who wasn't in a fox-hole).

* * * * *
Gentle Reader (are you still with me?) Occasionally I sublimate my parasitic proclivities long enuf to bluff myself into believing I'm doing something for the benefit of fandom. If you will examine the following letter closely--the original was mailed to the man responsible for the recent history-of-gliding film, "Gallant Journey"--you will observe how it offers me a new leech on life:

8 Dec 46

Dear Mr Wellman

Rumor reaches me that you plan to produce a rocket film of integrity. As an astronautics enthusiast, this is top news to me--and many others. In a spirit of coöperation I offer the following information as of possible benefit to you in the success of the production:

SPACESHIP #1 STARTS was produced by, as far as I know, "Bavaria Films", just prior to or actually during the war. This statement is based on circumstantial evidence: That a prewar European Esperantist informed me via correspondence that the picture was to be made; that while talking to the sound-mixer one day on Fritz Lang's "Cloak & Dagger", the gentleman (whose name I unfortunately failed to get) mentioned to me that he was recently back from the Army of Occupation Overseas...and that, while stationed in Bavaria, he had projected various films they had come upon, one of which was a futuristic film complete with rocketport. He thought it might have been Lang's own "Rocket to the Moon" (a.k.a. "Girl in the Moon") but I determined that this was unlikely by the information that the film the mixer saw he remembered as a talkie, while Lang's had only a score and certain sound effects. (I have some stills from Lang's; also the book on which it was based.) I thought you might possibly care to track down further facts about "SS #1" for research purposes.

If you are looking for technical advisers, I might put forward the name of local author Robert Heinlein, who leads off the Random House anthology ADVENTURES IN TIME & SPACE with a moon rocket novelet regarded as a "classic" among aficionados of the genre, and who worked on spacesuits during the war; or Dr Richardson of Mt Wilson, the Pacific Rocket Soc'y and US Rocket (already familiar with tech-advicing, as per MGM's "Heavenly Body").

Penultimately, for publicity purposes a valuable member of your cast would be Laurel Lee Donne, starlet now on the Warner lot. The U.S. Rocket Society has chosen her as its "Moon Girl"--"the ideal stowaway on a rocket"--"the girl who radiates s.a. even in a spacesuit"--etc.--and is about to launch national publicity on her, complete with fotos with rocket backgrounds. (She's in the "Irish" pic now in production here at WB.)

And last but not least, if I can be of any service as a liaison between you and the futuristic fiction fans, do not hesitate to call (FE 2231).

(Signed) - Forrest J Ackerman, Mgr, Fantasy Foundatio.

(I have also got in touch with Willy Ley about the foregoing. If moon-pic of fantasy fanne Donne should appear in your local paper, would appreciate your clipping same & sending me along with name & date. Spaceship scene was done in oils by fan artist Alva Rogers.) (6)

Review: L'HALLUCINANT POUVOIR DE RUPERT SAINT-GEORGES by L.-A. Mauzan, France 1945, 295 pgs, 50 illustrations. Foreword: So this girl Betty Browder says to me, would you like me to review a French book for your publication? Sure, I say. I lend her one. When she gives me the article, she says, Do you think \$3 would be too much for it?--ordinarily I'd charge \$5 for a translation. I realize for the firsttime Betty doesn't realize Glom is only a little hobby mag, not something I publish professionally. So I pay her \$3 for this book review, "undoubtlessly" the most expensive tidbit ever offered FAPA..!

THE STORY OPENS with Gregorius Caracollo, of Paris, France opening a letter from his uncle, Jean-Marie Caracollo, who is now in Buenos-Aires, Argentine. Jean-Marie bids his nephew to embark for Buenos-Aires immediately; that he has need of him. Then he signs his name: "Your Uncle, Rupert Saint-Georges." ** Gregorius is amazed. He has often heard of the international figure, Rupert Saint-George, but not until now did he know that the man possessed with supernatural powers was really his uncle, Jean-Marie Caracollo. ** After tearfully saying goodbye to his sweetheart, Frederique, Gregorius sets sail for Argentina. ** On the boat Gregorius meets people who tell him many fantastic tales about his uncle. Like the time a woman, used to sleep walking, lost her false teeth. She told Rupert Saint-George about it, and in 72 seconds the man told her they were on the roof of her house right outside her window. They were where he said. ** Another story was that someone hid a letter in a book in a huge library, turned off all the lights and told Rupert Saint-George to find it. He did, without any hesitation. ** The voyage led around Africa and at Dakar Gregorius was bitten by a tse-tse fly. He became very sick. ** When he arrived at Buenos-Aires his uncle knew, by some power, that his nephew was sick. His first words to him were: "Go take a bath, Gregorius." The boy obeyed, and immediately he became well again. ** The first person Rupert Saint-George introduced his nephew to was Dr. Garcia. It was obvious that Dr. Garcia had a very high esteem from Rupert Saint-George. The doctor was instructed to show Gregorius all over his unusual laboratory. This he did, and took especial pride in showing Gregorius a rare animal he had created, similar to a mouse, but which could jump much higher and had an unusual intelligence. ** In Buenos-Aires Gregorius witnesses many supernatural performances by his uncle. He sees him charm a tiger and thus prevent a priest from being eaten alive. He sees him raise spirits from the dead. He can dip into the past, or forecast the future. He seems to know everything. ** But one day Rupert Saint-George seemed to lack his supernatural power. In a room full of people, including his nephew, Gregorius, and his friend, Dr. Garcia, he made the announcement: "My friends, it is Jean-Marie Caracollo who speaks to you now. Rupert Saint-George has vanished for awhile. Would you like to know why?" ** Thereupon he starts to tell them of the secret of his power. He calls their attention to the fact that he has a head cold. Then he says: "The secret of my power is in my sense of smell. Now that I have no sense of smell, due to a cold, I have no power. That power will return, but for the moment I am without it." ** He went on to say that many years ago his friend, Dr. Garcia, operated on his nose, suspecting that a great portion of a man's power came from his sense of smell. The operation was performed on the day of Rupert Saint-George. Thus Jean-Marie changed his name to the name of that day. ** He told how this operation was even more highly successful than ever dreamed. That with his sense of smell he could read the past, present, and future. That he could even smell the emotions-- ((Well, there's a \$2 sample. Looks like I'll have to conclude the review next issue. In case you can't wait, send me \$1 for carbon copy.))

From WESTERN FAMILY mag, 21 Nov 46. Kay Kirby's "Chatterbox": There have been reports of devoted film fans traveling hundreds of miles to see their favorite movie star, but Fritz Lang is undoubtedly the only director to inspire such devotion...the fan is Charles McNutt, 17, of Everett, Wash., who is a member of a group which calls itself "Science-Fiction Fandom"...Charles saved his money and took a bus to Hollywood to present a petition to Lang asking him to arrange a showing of Metropolis...Lang, the famed director responsible for such hits as Woman in the Window, Fury and Scarlet Street, made Metropolis in Germany in 1926...the film concerned an underground city of the future and received wide attention in Europe...Science-Fiction fans in America, people who are devoted to stories of the future, rockets, space ships and experiments in science or the supernatural, became enthusiastic and, through the years, again and again called attention to Metropolis in their meetings, communications to members and magazines...the group has several magazines of its own, including Utopia, which Charles edits...he became acquainted with Science-Fiction Fandom and Lang's work when, at the age of 11, he became ill and had to spend a year in bed...despite the petition signed by 200 Science-Fiction fans, Lang told me he could not arrange the showing because he does not have a print of Metropolis...he left it and prints of all his other German-made films behind when he fled Germany after Hitler's rise to power.

(Original article, featuring foto of Lang & McNutt, may be had from me for 5c in stamps--FJA)

* * * * *

Looney Gag from the Weinstock column of the LA Daily News: It's publicity pure and simple but there's a wistful, provocative note in Bud Abbott & Lou Costello posting a letter to the "Man in the Moon, Satellite of the Earth, Solar System, Milky Way, Universe". The Superintendent of Hollywood station accepted it with as straight a face as he could, estimated the fare or rather postage at 70 cents a half ounce (they paid \$2.10 for 3 ounces) and assured them an attempt would be made to deliver it on the first rocket projectile heading in that direction...In the same interplanetary vein, we can't help wondering if in his reply the Moon Man, traditionally depicted in the cartoons as smiling benevolently, won't write, "For criminey sakes, Earth, quit that silly frowning and grimacing."

Now PONDER This: It's another plea for finances for fellow Fapan, Ted Carnell. Ted was an original member of FAPA. U remember issues of his Sands of Time. Oldertimers among U will recall when he was writing monthly articles for Novae Terrae, and was a frequent contributor to Fantasy Fiction Telegram, Fantasy Mirror, SFCritic & Imagination!. Well, we want to bring "our boy" over to America this Fall for the Philcon...that's why I'm conning U for some cash. Just a buck apiece from every Fapan woud bring his dream-boat closer by several degrees to Samland. And U're not being askt to give a charity dollar but for every simoleon donated U get a chance at The Big Pond Fund PRIZE which already consists of "The Fox Woman", "Spacehounds of IPC!" and the next 3 titles from Fantasy Press. Before we're thru building up the Prize Pyramid it'll be even larger--including an outstanding original! So how's about dropping me a little lettuce, and let's get OUR BOY CARNELL over the Bounding Maine to the Main Event of '47, huh? Swell! Thanx --Forry Ackerman, BPF Chairman, Bx 6151 Met Stn, Los Angeles 55, Calif.