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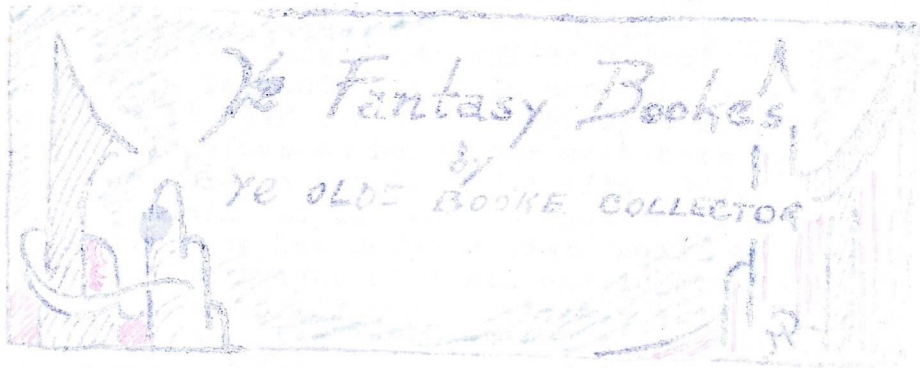
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Into our hands comes a volume with the intriguing title UTOPIA, INC. It's published by Fortuny's, in New York, an outfit which we understand to be one of those companies that are really printing houses that publish books at the writer's expense. Date 1940. Anyway we thought from this title that it might be a neat bit of Utopia construction in the modern fashion. We were mistaken.

The author of the volume Herman Everett Gieske is passed off as a former journalist - in fact the man who was night city editor for seven years of the NEW YORK AMERICAN, the flagship of the William Randolph Hearst chain of jaundiced journals. Mr. Gieske is also supposed to have gotten around the world, and the country and to know a thing or two. After reading this epic, his first published novel, and we hope to Ghu his last, we can only say that his visits around the country must have been confined exclusively to the Editorial Writer's offices of the various Hearst rags. UTOPIA, INC. is just about tops for the stupidest, ignorant conception of the world we have ever seen.

The writing style is laughable. At first

we thought it was merely deliberately melodramatic, and that the book was supposed to be a satire. Listen to this choice example -- a description of the hero taken verbatim: "David was just one of the minions of a vast feudal organization at the head of which stood an executive who ruled benevolently over 300,000 toilers. David was a telephone lineman. With spurs on, he had to climb poles. He liked that. Buckled and accoutered, and fearless of the electric currents that carried words...words...torrents of words around the world...he spurred his way up the poles like a knight questing a lady's bower and gazed down upon the world beneath in triumph." It's all like that.

The writer conceives that the world's richest men - some fifty billionaires - gather together in New York and decide to save civilization by buying Bermuda Islands from Great Britain and establishing thereon a scientific utopia of the world's greatest scientists who live in isolation and security can produce invention after invention for the benefit of society. These beneficial billionaires, regardless of the fact that in reality the corporations they control are accustomed to suppressing inventions to stifle competition (or those that might cut down their profits), gather together to establish a research center that will undermine their own monopolies, patent processes, etc. In addition, of course, there is no question of competition between themselves. The fact that most of the big concerns, particularly internationally, are in bitter competition with each other, is apparently unknown to the former Hearst editor. The cause of wars is apparently something remote from imperialism or price-sys-

An 100% Neutral, Completely Impartial,  
and Exceptionally Tardy Account of the Phila-  
delphia Science-fiction Conference

by

Robert B. Thompson.

It began around eight o'clock one fine Sunday morning. (If anybody reading this isn't willing to put up with a ton or so of inaccuracies, he better turn to the next article right now). It was at that time that your reporter boarded, with most of the QSF'ers, a train headed for Philadelphia. At, it seems, 6:00 A.M., another group (consisting of many Futurians) left Brooklyn. When the train reached Newark, the first group was joined by Sam Moskowitz.

In three hours or so (an abominably rough estimate) the QSF'ers reached their goal and were met by members of the PSFS. There they went to the house of John V. Baltadomis.

For an hour or so nothing unexpected happened. The New Yorkers, the Philadelphians, and natives of other cities who had arrived exchanged views, news, and fan magazines, as always happens under such circumstances.

But eventually the doorbell rang. Not for the first time that day, but still with surprising results. The door was opened, and in walked the Gentlemen of the Opposition!

Calls for the riot squad, however, were unnecessary---or at least premature. The newcomers and the others greeted each other

politely, and (for the most part) divided into little groups of conversing fans.

About noon the fans (or at least most of them) went to lunch (although not in one body). They then proceeded to the Convention Hall, waiting for the Conference to open.

Eventually it did. The meeting was called to order, the minutes of the last Conference read, and the real business of the Conference was begun.

This business, carried through by both speeches and general discussion, concerned, at least mainly, the formation of a central science fiction organization, to which all fans would belong and in which (perhaps) all fan activities would be more or less incorporated.

At first the Conference discussed whether or not such an organization was desirable. There was some argument on that point, but most agreed upon it.

Your reporter finds himself unable to remember all the speeches given at the Conference. For, example, the one given by Milton A. Rothman. And yet it seems it was very interesting. Perhaps there were others besides the ones following, also very likely meritorious. But, anyway, the important ones included the following: First, a speech by Speer. He had a constitution for an organization (which, he said, might be called New Fandom, and then again might not) which was roughly democratic and which was to have several committees for different branches of science-fiction, such as movies, comics, etc. There was a speech by David A. Kyle.

which concerned a Science Fiction Congress. It was to be a gathering representative of all science-fiction organizations, each having the same number of delegates. This, of course, was objected to on the grounds that it would be undemocratic as regards individuals if a club with 100 members received the same representation as a club with six. Then there was a speech by William S. Sykora. He advocated New Fandom as this central fan organization, pointing to the work it had already done and claiming that it was virtually such an organization. He presented a new constitution for New Fandom which, like Spoor's, had a certain amount of division in respect to different branches of science-fiction.

The situation seems to be very similar to the fight, when the Constitution was framed between the Southern states, which wanted representation by states, and the Northern states, which wanted it by inhabitants. Could not the problem be solved in the same way, i.e., by a Science Fiction Congress of two "chambers", one in which all organizations would have the same number of delegates, and another in which there would be one delegate to, say, every five or every ten fans in the organization.

This however, was not its most important point. The membership of New Fandom was to be divided into an outer circle and inner circle. Only those in the outer circle could become members of the inner circle, and only those in the inner circle could hold office or vote. Admission to both was to be controlled by a committee to be set up.

All along tension between the Futurians and the New Fandomites was growing, and there had been any number of arguments between the two factions. When Sykora stated that the membership of New Fandom was to be decided by the committee, the Futurians asked for details from Sykora as to who would be excluded were not very explicit and finally Donald A. Wollheim asked him: "Well, is there anybody in this room who would be excluded?"

"Why, yes," said Sykora, "I think there would be."

"Well," came the reply, "who for instance?"

Sykora then started on a rather lengthy discourse, which, it seems to most, he would end by saying that the Futurians could not be admitted membership in New Fandom.

At times during Sykora's speech and other New Fandomite speeches the Futurians were heckling. Now when Sykora made some factual statement supposed to be unfavorable to the Futurians, Wollheim shouted out "That's a lie!"

It was then that the climax came. Sykora got out of his seat walked with slow, steady tread towards the front row, where the Futurians were seated. He walked over to Wollheim, saying: "What did you call me, wise guy?"

I: "New Fandomite" is here used to denote (perhaps inaccurately) the science-fiction faction headed by Sykora, Taurasi and Moskowitz, and opposed to the Futurians.



2: Not a synonym for "true". Your reporter is not well versed in the facts of the case to tell whether the latter word would apply to Sykora's statement.

The Futurians showed neither pugnacity or fear. "I said you were a liar." Wollheim calmly replied.

By this time Moskowitz and Taurasi had also risen and marched to the front row. The three were glaring angrily at the Futurians. All held their breaths. It certainly seemed as if a fist fight would erupt. Sykora kept talking to Wollheim, saying that he(Wollheim) couldn't call him(Sykora)a liar to his (Sykora's)face, and demanding that Wollheim take it back. If Wollheim refused, Sykora implied(if not actually threatened)physical violence.

Finally the other fans persuaded Sykora, Taurasi and Moskowitz to return to their seats. Trouble, though, was by no means over. Wollheim arose and demanded that Sykora, Taurasi and Moskowitz be forced to apologize to the Conference for their violation of parliamentary procedure, (threatening physical violence)or leave the hall. Moskowitz arose indignantly and said that was ridiculous. Nay, the Futurians should be forced to apologize to the Conference for their violation of parliamentary procedure(heckling)or leave the hall. Both said that unless their motions were carried they themselves would leave the hall.

Eventual, though, both sides were persuaded, chiefly by the Philly Shollows (whose impartial and tactful management of the Conference cannot be praised too highly) to waive their motions and remain.

The crisis was definitely averted. Not verbal debate still continued, and at once Cyril Korabluth said something (oh, cruel memory, what was it?) that caused Taurasi to leave his seat, march to the front row, and glare belligerently at Korabluth. Korabluth, however merely said, "You are out of order, Mr. Taurasi" and Taurasi prompted perhaps by an urge to keep the Conference on a high mental plane, perhaps by an idea that he would discredit himself and the other New Randomites (though I am sure not by fear) returned to his seat with no more ado.

After a bit more of discussion the Conference was adjourned for supper, i.e., pop and sandwiches.

Soon after the supper was over, the Futurians left. Among other things following, an auction was held (with Moskowitz, I need hardly mention, as auctioneer), and movies of fans, chiefly in the softball game of July 4th, 1939 (Locale, Flushing Flats).

This account has been very inaccurate as to details, but it would be an abomination to God and man, if it left out a speech not listed here with the other speeches, but, perhaps, of even greater importance.

## THOSE OLD FAN MAGAZINES

by

John V. Baltadonis



As the die-hard science fiction fan pauses to reminisce on this question, after a few minutes of thought he is surprised at the rarity of aged fan magazines. And, at the peculiar clustre the older fan magazines fall into.

At present, there is no fan magazine published that can boast being five years of age. As a matter of fact, the oldest fan magazine still being published at the present time, is the SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR. With the May, 1940 issue of this magazine, the COLLECTOR will be entering into its fifth year of publication, with four mellow years of science fiction behind it. At one time - with its first issues - it was tri-weekly, then, later, it became a monthly, and still later, and still later, it became a bi-monthly, and is still

In that class. For the first year and an issue of its existence, the COLLECTOR was edited and published by Morris S. Dollens. Then, when the COLLECTOR was forced to drop out of the science fiction field, the COLLECTOR was turned over to John V. Baltadonis, a Philadelphia fan. Since that time JVB has been publishing the COLLECTOR with a few lapses not uncommon to the fan publishing field. The magazine was started as a small sized magazine, then starting with the twelfth issue lasted seven issues as a large sized magazine, then reverted back to the small sized magazine. Such is a brief record of the oldest science fiction fan magazine now being published.

Closely parallel to the COLLECTOR is another fan magazine - the SCIENCE FICTION FAN. This magazine, as is the COLLECTOR, is hectographed. The editor and publisher of this magazine, Olon F. Wiggins, also has an enviable record, thirty-six issues of his magazine have appeared in three years' life. And his fourth anniversary issue is not far away. Sometime in the summer of this year 1940, June or July (July is right---OFW/SFF), the fourth anniversary issue of the SCIENCE FICTION FAN should appear. And, if I know Olon F. Wiggins, it'll be the forty-eighth issue. Even if he has to issue within the space of two weeks five or six twelve page issues, he'll do it. When the SCIENCE FICTION FAN first appeared, it appeared as a printed fan magazine. The first four issues were printed. However, due to the high cost of printing, Wiggins decided to hectograph the magazine.

Issue after issue came out. Until finally, an average monthly rate of issuance had been established. Although each issue was small - containing but twenty small-sized pages - the material was usually of interest and up to date. However, the Wellheim-Moskowitz feud did something to the FAN. Despite what most may say, the SCIENCE FICTION FAN did suffer in interest and general appeal when Moskowitz was barred from contributing to the magazine. It is hoped that in future issues, the FAN will be more open to the fan field.

The two mentioned above are the oldest stf fan magazines still being published in the stf fan field. What are the next oldest fan magazines? Surprise. The next oldest fan magazine still being published - irregular though it may be - is that rare of rares, FANTASMAGORIA. The first issue was published in March, 1937. That makes it three years old now. Since that time, there has been five issues in all of this magazine. The fifth issue has just come out. The first three issues were published in 1937, with the third issue also covering the early part of 1938. The fourth issue appeared in 1939, and the fifth issue, 1940. When the third anniversary issue appears - if and when - there will probably be an average of two issues a year for the magazine. Quite a record. The editor of this tardiest of magazines, as you all may know, is John J. Weir. And, of the five issues thus far to appear, the Art Editor, Seltadonis, has published two issues: the third and fifth. Although the past has been somewhat shaky, in recent correspondence Weir seems to think that FANTASMAGORIA will become

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IN PRAISE OF PAUL FREEHAFFER

by

It Doesn't Matter Who.

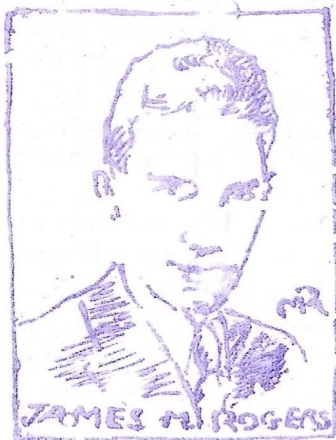
I want to say a word about Paul Freehafer, editor permitting, Pasadena member of the L.A. group and a real science-fiction

fan. I have the pleasure of knowing the editor of POLARIS personally, and he is one of the easiest fans to get along with. For one thing, I don't think there's an ounce of envy in him. And that's a mighty important thing. I've observed, for conserving cordial relations among readers and collectors of science fiction. Unfortunately, some science fiction fans exude envy so strongly it is nauseating, not to say pathetic. I don't know as anything can be done about it, but maybe when they see how well-liked it makes a fellow who isn't jealous of anybody's activities or magazines or anything like that, maybe they'll figure they'd like to be in that fellow's shoes. If they'd lose that egotism that makes them envious, they'd sure be better liked. That is a reason I'm writing this testimonial to Paul. Paul Freehafer's actions are always "right guy". What Mr. Heinlein means by urbane, I guess. It is a pleasure to tell him of some "triumph" of yours or show him some new thing you got, because you feel he enjoys hearing about it or seeing it, and isn't all eaten up with jealousy and feigning disinterest or else ill-concealing hard-feel-

ing, or making disparaging remarks.

So here's three cheers for Paul Free-  
hafer---long may he live in the fan world---  
and may his kind increase and multiply.  
We'd have a whole lot happier fan-world  
if it was peopled by fellows like Paul  
Freehafer.....

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SFFa's Art Editor

S-F CONFERENCE---Cont. from 10

To wit; the speech on the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers, which is conducting the World Science Fiction Convention of 1940, to be held at Chicago. In this organization (suggested as the central science-fiction organization) only residents of Chicago can vote or hold office.

This organization is to be commended for its impartiality towards the feud, but your reporter doubts that science-fiction can be effectually conducted by a benevolent Chicago oligarchy. Still, for the purpose of staging the Chicago convention, it is probably the best possible.

That convention will, of course, be more important and have a larger attendance than the Philadelphia Conference. It seems certain both factions will be represented, and Chicago has not Philadelphia's reputation for a peaceful atmosphere. However hopeless it seems now, let us pray that before that fateful September, the two groups will have settled their differences.

Good scenes: Moskowitz reading to a group of eager listeners, "Moskowitz Says a Long Farewell to His Greatness", effectually satirizing the Futurians' satire of himself; Frederik Pohl and Jack Gillespie earnestly denouncing Philadelphia.....RGT  
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YE FANTASIE BOOKES---Cont. from 4

tem rivalry. The depressions, cycles, underselling, technological unemployment, all of them entirely remote from business. So the billionaires finance UTOPIA, INC.

But there is a villian in the piece. It is Lieut. John Pease's old standby---the Ssssovietssssss! The evil old regimented godless Asiatickkkk Rrrrrred Rrrrrrusiansssss are plotting to destroy Utopia, which is to be the savior of the price-system and of dear old civilization! They send evil old bearded gutteral spies to snoop around. Bearede and sinister russion scientists betray the secrest of Utopia! Moscow sends it slimy claws slithering towards Mr. Gieske's Utopia. But they are foiled! The Godless gang is foiled by the swift and merciless action of our hero and his two billionaire friends, not to mention bluff old Lord Northumberland who owns half of England and is just filled with love for the poor Irish and Indians.

Anyhow Utopia is saved! Mr. Gieske comes through like a true Hearst graduate. The jacket blurb says: "Mr. Gieske has drawn upon his vivid career to write this book." We think there is a typographical error in this statement. That word before "career" should be spelled "livid".....  
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THOSE OLD FAN MAGAZINES---Cont. from 13

stranger in the future. I hope so. The format of this magazine has always been hectographed, and small-sized, with twenty pages each issue.

Those above are the oldest fan magazines in existence. Others that are so old, but show promise of staying in the fan field for years yet are such magazines as the FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, which has seen its second anniversary just recently, and which will be three years old this coming November, 1940. What the FANTASCIENCE DIGEST loses by sporadic appearance(although, they are but an issue or two behind now), it makes up in good-sized issues. The first seven issues were hectographed, while the last five were mimeographed. The editor of this magazine is Robert A. Madle. Then the next in line is SCIENTISNAPE, which was two years old with the January, 1940 issue. The editor of this magazine is Walter E. Marconetta. This magazine at first was also hectographed, but starting with the fourth issue it became mimeographed, and has remained thus.

Then, next on the list would be, but, now we're getting to the yearlings, so we'll let it go at that.

In this article I've only included subscription magazines that have appeared with at least the amazing regularity of FANTASMAGORIA. If not there would be such magazines as the FANTASY AMATEUR, and other FAPA magazines. And, I could put out another issue of IMAGINATIVE FICTION this coming October and call it the fifth anniversary issue, and it'll only be the sixth issue. But that's a little too far, don't you think?

If I have omitted any fan magazine which the editor thinks deserving of a place in this article, please don't think that I'm slighting the magazine or its editor, it's not intentional.....JVB

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EDITORIAL BITS.



If the pages in this issue seem a bit "skimpy" on typed matter, you will just have to excuse it this time. In getting out all these back issues I am being pressed to the limit to gather the desired amount, it has been no easy task, and I can only hope that future iss. s are not so short on material as this one. If you have material around, that you don't particularly have any use for, why not send it along. It will surely be appreciated..OPW

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# THE CITY OF MUSIC

by

Dale Harding Exum

Once when I walked a mystic  
I came upon a city tall and grand  
That looked with splendor o'er the land  
From whence her wines and feastings came.  
But in that light, somehow unreal,  
An unseen evil seemed to feel  
My soul; the structures seemed to sway  
In ghastly rhythm to and fro  
To music strange and fierce and slow  
That burned the city like a flame!

I felt the piercing swords of fire  
That cut the dancing buildings down:  
A music god of fiery crown  
In somber brooding in his den  
Did dream a dream that all came true  
Of where a dancing city grew  
From out the singings of his lyre!  
When his sounds did cease to flow  
The city died with flaming show--  
And faded into memory then.