

This is
The FAPazine
of E. EVERETT EVANS
for September, 1942
Vol. I, Number 3

Hello! All you swellegant People. Hope you're well and happy as all get-out. And so's your Ol' Man!

I was holding this space either to thank you Fans for electing me President of the NFFF, or to give my heartiest congratulations and offers of co-operation to my grand friend and Great Fan Milty Rothman if you preferred him. Then comes a letter from my esteemed opponent Milty, stating that he had enlisted in the Army and was leaving for camp immediately. He stated that he had sent a letter resigning his candidacy and leaving the field open to me and hoped I wouldn't mind. I DO MIND! Dang this war, anyhoo! It is certainly playing hob with Fandom. But I have asked Milty to write me the plans he had formulated for the good of Fandom after he had been elected, and promised him that I would consider the job as a JOINT task with him, and would give my every effort and talent to seeing that the plans he had formulated were put into effect just as though he were at the helm rather than myself. And I ask all loyal Fans to aid in this great task for the furthering of Fandom's advance toward those goals we are trying to reach. We must all pull together, and I hope you will work WITH me in this.

A word of warning to all youse peoples. This here, now, Bob Tucker has proven himself a person of low breeding, and one not to be trusted. He goes and writes up, as a story he calls "Gentlemen, The Queen", a chapter in the lives of Col. Koenig and myself that we had much rather forget all about. But if he did have to tell it, he might have put in one of the best parts of it, at the least. The reason the Queen suddenly turned and ran from us, was that I threw a deadly missile at her -- a cake of soap. And furthermore, I swear on my honor that he grossly misquoted the Colonel on that last speech. Koenig absolutely did NOT hiss....Kidding aside, we are all glad to see your progress as a writer, Bob, as we are those other Fans who are beginning to crash the pros.

OL' MAN EVANS AGAIN GOES ON WITH HIS GALACTIC ROAMIN'.

There must be still some life left in the Ol' Man, 'cause he keeps on with his eternal traipsing. The wanderlust that made him run away from home at the age of seventeen; that took him into the Navy and a quarter of a million miles of travelling, still makes itchy his feet every now and then. And so it came to pass that when his vacation time did roll around, he was once more upon the go. And what a wonderful journey it was -- and how greatly enjoyed.

Leaving Battle Creek Saturday afternoon, May 23rd, the train deposited me Sunday morning in New York City, at shortly after 7. Now wanting to spoil the beauty sleep of the N Y fans (indeed, Doc Lowndes had rather plaintively told me in his letter of invitation, of the time certain uncouth fans had walked in at the very unghodly hour of NINE A.M. on one previous occasion) I went out to look over the sights of the Great City, which I had not seen since 1918. And how it had changed! Not only the new great skyscrapers, but the very atmosphere of the city was not what I'd previously known. I went across the street from the Grand Central to an Automat for breakfast, and then down to Fifth Avenue & 42nd Street, about eight o'clock. And, believe it or not, looking as far as I could see both up and down Fifth Avenue, I counted exactly 15 -- yes, I said 15 -- people in sight. I could hardly believe my eyes.

I went on over to Times Square, and took the subway up to 110th street, to see the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine-- (wonderful pieces of architecture like that entrance me.) It is a magnificent piece of work, and equally as beautiful as any of the great Old World cathedrals, I think -- or will be, when it is completed. After inspecting that, I walked over to the Riverside Drive, and took the bus down that and Fifth Avenue to Washington Square. Looked about Greenwich Village a bit, and then another bus ride up to Radio City. Took the trip through the NBC studios and greatly enjoyed it all. My next pilgrimage was a walk over to the Hudson River to see the wreck of the Normandie, and had a good view of it, even though I was not allowed on the river side of the street. Then back to the center of town; dinner, and then at long last down to 28th street to Doc Lowndes' apartment, where were gathered Doc, Julie Unger and his son, Jake, and another fan of whom more later. Came thereafter at various intervals Johnny Michel, Walter Kubilius (wow! what a TALL guy he is), Bob Studley, Don Wollheim, damon the demon knight (he signed my book "ritter konway). The "other fan" I mentioned was my very dear friend, the one and only Milty Rothman, of the City of Brotherly Love. This was a most unexpected pleasure. (Incidentally, while we were all talking of this and that, I asked if anyone knew yet who was to be my opposition for the position of President of the NFFF in the forthcoming election, and learned that Milty, himself, is the one. As I told him then, "truthfully, if I had known that, I do not believe I would have made the run", for I consider him a fine guy and a great fan, and more worthy of the honor than I, because of his long and faithful service to Fandom. But he very sweetly replied that he thought I was just as good as he, and on that note of brotherly respect, we passed on to other things.)

Well, we did fangab of this and that: I gave them advanced copies of the second NOVA, which Ashley and I had hurriedly gotten finished so I could take some with me, and they did OH! OH! & AH! most gratifyingly, even though the demon did exclaim "Migawd!, another fanzine! Then did Julie Unger wax indignant that we were selling it for a measly 10¢ per copy when it was easily worth 20¢ or even 25¢ per each; and he did try to make us believe that we were a menace to Fandom doing such a thing, or something (none of us ever did quite get it straight just WHAT Julie had in mind with his argument.) But I explained that we were not trying to undermine Fandom; that we merely did what we wanted to do as nearly as we could and were fortunate in having the money among us to use; and that we were sorry if we were giving any other editors an inferiority complex; and that we had discussed giving it away free, and only made a charge for it so we could be sure it was going to fans who really cared to receive it, and for that reason made the small charge of 10¢ per copy. The others there present seemed to think we were all right, and so, much as I value Julie's opinion, I felt we were doing all right in our management of our hobby, the publishing of NOVA. And, incidentally, all of us here are really sorry that the word got around as to the amount we were spending, as we did not care to publicize it, nor were we boasting when we told a fan how much it was. In fact, we sort of feel that it is our own darned business, as long as the customers get their money's worth.

Next we looked over Doc's collection of pics and original MSS and the dear sweet man gave me several fine pics and more manuscripts for my own collection (some of which, I, in turn, gave to the Ashleys and Wiedenbeck for their collections, after I had returned home. We talked of publishing worries; and of stories, and their authors, and their artists, and did praise this one and decry that one, as is the usual way of fans whenever or wherever gathered.

Whilst we were talking (and listening to some wonderful symphonic music both from the radio and from records), the door did burst open and in dashed an animated whirlwind, who rushed up to Doc, talked breathlessly a few moments, drew three or four quick sketches on the back of an old envelope, acknowledged an introduction to yourstruly, signed my book, said "Hi" to the rest of the gathering, and sashed out again -- all in the space of about three minutes. Yes, Hannes Bok, the one and only, making an artist-editor contact for a new cover picture; getting straightened out the details of what the editor wanted, and showing his conception of what the picture should be; greeting old friends and meeting an adoring fan and chatting with him for a few quick sentences each -- this is that swell guy and wonderful fantasy artist -- Hannes Bok. Incidentally, he is proving himself as fine a writer as he is artist; and again, incidentally, he has just completed a book-length novel which we will be seeing some of these days, when he has decided which editor shall have it.

Came evening, and a nice looking young lady fan named Elsie Balter, a fan of parts and friend of the gang, and we all went to a restaurant to fill the inner man. While there, in came Henry Perkins, new editor of Weird Tales, and I was introduced to him.

gave him an idea for a story that popped into my head as we were talking, only to have Doc Lowdes tell us, after Perkins had said he thought it was good, that it had been used before many years ago, a fact neither of us knew. The party broke up after dinner, and Lowdes, Studley, Rothman and I took a long bus ride, to the accompaniment of more fangab, until it was time to take Milty to his train (remember Chicago, when the whole gang saw "Senator" Rothman off to his train?)

Next morning I went to the Fictioneers, Inc., to see Editor Alden H. Norton, and was told he was too busy to see me. (After I returned home, a nice letter of apology from him about the matter, which somewhat mollified the disappointment.) Then to see Mary Gnaedinger (as sweet and beautiful as she is talented as an editress, which is really something.) We had a long, interesting chat of fan affairs, and she gave me a fine autographed picture of herself. Went to Frank R. Paul's office to pay my respects, but he was not in.

Thence by subway and taxi to meet Col. Heck Koenig, one of the high-lights of my trip. I was sure in advance that I would like the guy, just from his "Reader & Collector", and I was not in the least bit disappointed in him. He is one swell fellow, and if he likes me half as much as I like him, I must be quite a guy myself. (Or am I kidding myself?) Anyway, we talked quite a bit and he showed me around his laboratory, and then he took me to lunch at one of the Rockefeller Center restaurants.

Next on to another meeting toward which I had been looking with anticipation for a long time -- to Street & Smith's to meet John W. Campbell, Jr. He was very gracious and gave me quite a lot of his time and we had a good talk about all phases of Fandom and Predom; he gave me news of the various authors and their war activities that were making them unavailable for the present as authors. We talked of what Science Fiction is doing to help win the war, and it is far more than most of us suspect, although I do not feel free to amplify that statement in such a public journal as this. I also met Miss Catharine Tarrant, his Associate Editress, and a very nice little lady she is, too. When I finally dragged myself away so that he could get back to work, Campbell kindly added to my collection of original pictures by giving me several from those he had on hand, although refusing to sell me a magnificent Rogers cover which, he said, belonged to one of his authors and was merely being kept in the office until said author had a chance to come and get it.

To the station then, and on to Hartford, where I was met by my son and daughter-in-law, and warmly welcomed, as you may imagine. Little to tell of my visit there that could interest you, except that in a second-hand book store did get half a dozen volumes of more or less interest, especially a "Moon Pool", and a "Dwellers in the Mirage" for 50¢ each -- buy, am I lucky? -- and a "Creep Shadow" for 39¢. Also, for you music lovers, one of the greatest thrills of my life -- a Navy Relief show whose artists were -- hold your hats -- Gladys Swarthout, James Melton, Charles Kullman, Anna Kaskas, Rose Bampton, Paul Robeson, Patti Chapin & Alec Templeton, with Deems Taylor as Master of Ceremonies. WOW!!

And the next evening a "Connecticut Calling" broadcast to her men in service, with Grace Moore, James Melton, and Walter O'Keefe as Master of Ceremonies.

Came Friday and I did entrain for Boston, the City of Beans, Cod, and the Strangers' Club. Reached there safely and had a couple of hours to kill until I was to meet Art Widner at the Information Booth at South Station, at six o'clock, to go out to the Swisher's. I got there about a quarter to the hour, and waited until nearly twenty-five minutes after -- and no Widner. Phoned Swisher's but they had not heard from him since the previous day. Phoned Art's home, and his wife said he had started some time before, so she couldn't tell why he hadn't shown up. As I had only a few minutes to taxi to the other station and catch a train for Winchester, I didn't wait any longer as I was afraid he and I had somehow missed each other. Got to Winchester, and didn't see any Stan hanging around waiting for me, so took a cab to Swisher's house.

Rang the bell and a sweet but harried voice from an upstairs window called to ask if I was Evans, and if so to go to the back door and come in -- one of the twins was demanding attention at the moment. Naturally, a mere fan came second to so important a matter as one of those sweet twins, so I went in and made myself at home. However, she finally got the babies pacified and took time to greet me. Found that Bob had gone to the station to meet me, after all. He finally got home, and said he had been caught in a traffic jam that had made him late for the train. I helped Mrs. Swisher finish the dishes, and was rewarded with a swellegant piece of home-made cake.

Then came the fans, straggling in. Widner finally got there, and when we had compared times found that he had arrived about five minutes after I left the station. Came Al "Suddsy" Schwartz, of Dorchester, who is producing a new Fan "Who's Who" (that may not be the name he has chosen); Paul C. Manglesdorf, Jr., of Newtonville, and Chandler Davis of Newton Hlds.

We gabbed and I passed out more copies of NOVA and of my FAPAZINE, and Widner gave me an advance copy of YHOS, his new FAPAZINE, which I liked very much even if it did jump on our Battle Creek gang individually and collectively in several of its items. There were cookies and nuts to chew on, along with the w. k. rag; and we did both to good advantage and at length -- most interestingly and enjoyably.

Later in the evening we went down to Bob's rumpus room in the basement, where he has his collection, and it is truly one to envy. I was most particularly interested in his wonderful card-index system, and also in a re-capitulation which Swisher had recently made, and which showed the collective ratings of the various authors from the ratings of their individual stories. Some of those collective ratings were very surprising to me, for authors who had written a few memorable stories, and stand out in the mind as top-notchers, seem also to have turned out many more less deserving stories, which we conveniently forget, but which put their total average quite a ways down the list.

Another thing which greatly interested me as a collector, of original manuscripts, was that Swisher had there all of the Campbell originals (not his own property, but held for John W.) And I learned that the rumors I had heard about his having already written a sequel to "The Mightiest Machine" was all true -- in fact, there are TWO sequels. Why have they not been published? Why, oh! WHY?????

Came midnight, and the other boys had to go home (now isn't it heck that just when things begin to get interesting, at a-fangab, it gets midnight . . . or one o'clock . . . and we have to break up and go home? Someday, I hope some of our scientific gadgeteers will do something about that!) However, Swisher and I sat and smoked and talked until nearly two, when even we had to give up and go to bed (those swell people had insisted in advance, before they ever met me, that I stay with them for the night.) Up next morning rather late, and had a grand breakfast, and then Bob took me to the train for Boston. Only it being Memorial Day, we had to drive to several towns before we got to a place where I could get a subway for Boston. So I got to Boston late (seemed to have the doggondest time during that part of my trip, making connections with people.) Widner and Schwartz met me, however, and we sat in the Commons for a couple of hours doing a lot of fangabbing; and talking over a number of plans for the future of Fandom and the NFFF iffen Ol' Man Evans should happen to be elected President.



"What do we use now, Sarge -- leaves?"

Thence to a restaurant for our dinner, and on to a theatre, to see a cut version of "Fantasia", without the Fanta-Sound, but still one of the most wonderful pictures (considering the musical accompaniment, that has been seen or heard, I think. But I am awfully glad that I had the chance to hear and see the complete and original version once.

After the show, Suddsy left us, and Art and I went on out to Quincy, where I was to meet the new Mrs. Widner, and have supper with them. John Bell, of Whitman, was there, too, which made the visit even more enjoyable, as I met Bell in Denver, and we got to be good friends. So we gabbed and gabbed and then the charming Mrs. Widner called us to table, and we had a delicious meal. Then I had to rush by taxi to catch the last train available to get me back to Hartford, which I reached just before ten p.m.

Sunday, shortly after noon, I took leave of my kids, and got on a train back to NY. Had a couple of hours there before my vehicle (train to youse) left for Battle Creek. Reached home about ten the next morning, and Ashley met me with the taxi and rushed me home, where I quickly changed clothes, and off to work, Heigh Ho!

Thus, physically, ended the Tour of the 'Evans. But the memories of that grand trip and the grander people I met will be for always mine.

Gosh, Ol' Man Evans certainly thinks that Fans are the very SWELLEST people!!!!!!

POEME:

Mary had a little lamb --
The doctor fainted!

A BIT OF DISCUSSION ON A TOPIC THAT SEEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST:

During my recent trip East, and in my correspondence about stories with various fans, during the course of the past several months, I have come to a rather startling conclusion. It has been forced on me not so much by what they have said, as by what they have implied by the things they have said, as though it were the subconscious wish they had not yet brought to the surface of their minds.

It is, that fans want more of the former type of "gadget" stories in their Science Fiction magazines. True, they now want also some of the present medium of psychology and especially they want characterization so that the people in their stories are PEOPLE and not just automatons. But there is a definite feeling for more of the "good old days" of gadgetry.

Remember the Arcot, Morey, Wade stories, and the "Mightiest Machine" of Campbell? Remember the "Skylarks" and "Space Hounds of I.P.C." by Doc Smith? Remember "Cosmic Engineers" by Simak?

Remember "Ark of the Covenant" by McClure? Remember the "Legion of Space" stories by Williamson? Remember -- oh, write in your own old favorites? Reread them now, and you will find them still great---but with a definite lack of characterization, even though there may be one character in each story that might stick out as truly human. Such as Giles Habibula, who wasn't THE principal character, even though he was one of them in the "Legion" tales. And Blackie Duquesne, who was more of a "person" than the hero, Seaton.

Then, imagine those stories, written again, and with more of a psychological twist, and better background and characterization and you will have what fans seem to want now. Why can't we get more of them? I am sure the authors could write them -- IF that was what the editors asked them to write. I know I would enjoy them -- and I'm sure from those recent conversations and letters I mentioned at the beginning, that the fans would, too. What do you folks think about this? Please write.

HERE COMES THAT DOPE WITH THE DOPE ABOUT THE LAST MAILING:

READER & COLLECTOR:

I turn to it first as a matter of course. More gladsome and hilarious hisses; more fine items about books; more of Heck's own comments on things and stuff in general -- all making for fine & interesting reading. The extra large issue makes for extra large enjoyment. And having now met Koenig personally, it makes for even greater enjoyment than ever before.

THE MADMAN OF MARS:

This engrossing tale so intrigues me that I am sending seven slightly-soiled thousand credit slips to the author for the balance, so that I can read it ahead of youse guys and gals. (Ol' Man Evans is throwing away his money again.)

THE F.A.P.A. FAN:

For Pete's sake, even if we can't find the corpus delicti so that we can bury Singleton, at least let's bury the argument over him.

FANDAMN:

It is good to hear from POGO and Russ again, and their swell little hectored mag is really interesting. We liked especially "On The Whatness Of The Why", and Russ Wood's "Bucaneer". Really very nice. As was POGO's "Chant of the Vampire". Greetings, Kids, hope you stay with us a long time now.

JINX:

Still one of the best items in the mailing, with its varied stuff of all kinds, and serious thoughts on this and that from dose, dem and dose. Liked Wollheim's article on "Ethics", & sincerely hope nothing of that sort ever hits FAPA. Widner and Schumann good, but do not, personally, agree with the ravings of CYNIC in "Beacon Light". But then, I read for ENJOYMENT, not just to find things I can criticize.

HORIZONS:

Hurray! I could actually read all of it this time. Wonderful Harry! And more wonderful that you may soon go mimeo. Contents as interesting as always; with special mention on his article combining Strauss and "Jurgen". Come to study the matter, I do believe, you are entirely right.

FANZINE DIGEST:

This is a swell idea, and I hope it can be continued. Each of the Byttes was reread with glee, and it was a swell collection, even though I strenuously disagree with a lot of what was said in some of the items.

YHOS:

I received an advance copy of this from Widner, himself, and enjoyed it very much. The Fantasia cover is grand, and I was glad to see the cut version of that great film with Art in Boston.

INSPIRATION and PHANNY:

Both the boys have lots of fine things to say, and say it in an unusually nice way. It is fine that Lynn has a way of keeping up with his FAPA activities while he is in the Army. And it certainly is swell of Kuhn to type and mimeo the things for the boys. That is a fine piece of fan-friendship. Don's dissertation on the Labor argument almost ditto's my own feelings on the subject.

SCIENTIFAN:

Joe has a lot of things in this, and almost all of them seem exceptionally good, although the latter pages of my copy were such poor mimeoing that I could not read all of them, for which I surely am sorry, as they seemed especially interesting. This is largely true of FANTASIANA and SULLIVAN. And I think Joe has a lot of ideas well worth studying (which I shall do after I have read the balance of FAPA) in his "FAPA -- Cream or Crust".

NYCOM REVIEW:

And I paid 50¢ for my previously received copy. Of course, I got the pics in that one. Please, Julie -- pretty please with sugar on it -- give us a little mag, however small it may have to be, with some original talks about the Fandom you know so well, and of your slants on what is going on!

THE ROCHESTER-AMERICAN PATRIOT:

Liked Lovecraft's poem "To The American Flag"; liked very very much, in the opening poem, the lines "Soldiers die in useless war, While mothers wait and cry." For this commentator goes out on the limb again to state that he thinks wars are all so useless and uncivilized.

SCI-FIC VARIETY:

Some good Pong; and some excellent book reviews. Anent that reprinting of that "Chic Sales" advertisement, we recently found, in our local paper, a request for a "5 x 5 foot building". Fantastic isn't a strong enough word for it. Hilarious is more like it.

THE SCIENCE FICTION ECHO:

So, Ed, Connor, my friend, you are ONE fan who isn't going to

publish a fanzine. Remember how Bob and I sort of chuckled that a day in Bloomington when you said that. We knew you'd come to it-- sooner or later, just as the Ol' Foo of Battle Creek did. And am I glad that you did. Here is one of the best little mags of real serious thought on matters fan that I have seen in many a day. And don't you dare stop now. We need more carefully considered articles on the various facets of Fandom such as you have presented to us. I check you to the proverbial nineteen decimals on almost everything you had to say.

WALT'S RAMBLINGS:

I'm also all for Walt's idea of this book thing. Especially so since such books just don't seem to gravitate to Battle Creek, even though we are a city of 50,000 or so. Am sending Walt my name for his file, and also a kopek or two as advance on which to draw when he has books come his way he thinks I may want. I recommend this procedure for others.

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS:

Aren't I beautiful? Wiedenbeck did the pic, as he did these in this ish.

GUTETO:

Much better, Morojo. And beautifully typed and mimeoed. I'll take it back about your mag not being right for FAPA. Your explanation on page 3 wooed and won me.

MILTY'S MAG:

Modulation in a Minor Key is one of the finest pieces of depicting the thoughts, worries, bewilderment and optimism in a common man's mind concerning this war and its reverberations on him, that I have ever read. If there were nothing else in this FAPA -- that alone would make it worth ten year's cost. More power to you Milty. I shall reread that over and over and over.

AGENBITE OF INWIT:

(See, Doc, our spelling has improved -- or has it?) Much better mimeoing this time, although after trying to write on your typer, I wonder that you can do anything at all with it. I love the words for "Gloomy Sunday", and the program-notes on the Symphony. But your orchestration is a bit weak. It needs a Jew's Harp and a Cyclotron added for fuller over- and under-tones.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: (Also) RAMBLINGS NO. 11:

In which Speer again says a lot of things very interestingly; many of which gave me furiously to think; and many of which gave me furiously to laugh, but all of which, in their entirety, gave me great enjoyment. Need any mag ask to do more than that? Especially enjoyed; his dissertation on Washington as a place to live.

EN GARDE:

Ashley, in his article on Poo, forgot to mention that the Hi Priestess was usually called Poo-Goo, later contracted to POGO. And I hope you folks will really believe that the HELP WANTED advertisement was in earnest. It was. I would have had it in my mag, but that was already mailed in. It is the result of a talk I had with Campbell on my trip East, and is NOT meant to be a "gag" at all. If

you qualify, or know one who does, WRITE JWC.

SARDONXY:

Fine as usual, chiefly for the fine poetry LRC always prints. Both his own and that of contributors. His philosophical discussions avidly read, although this fan cannot always appreciate 'em. Deep stuff for a simple-minded child like I. The mimeoing rather than unreadable hectoing greatly appreciated. Seeing so much poetry in FAPA gives me strength to dare print one of my own in this ish of The 'Evans.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR:

History of FAPA interesting to a rather recent member. Believe a special vote of thanks should be given the retiring officers for a splendid year.

FAPA AS A WHOLE:
SPLENDID!

SCIENCE

I watch the swift advance that Science makes,
And long for what will surely come some day,
When we may leave this old world's pains and aches,
And gaily travel o'er the Milky Way;
When we may see the hidden surface of the Moon
And view the mighty works on ancient Mars.
It is too much to hope that it be soon,
Yet some day Man will leap the prisoning bars.

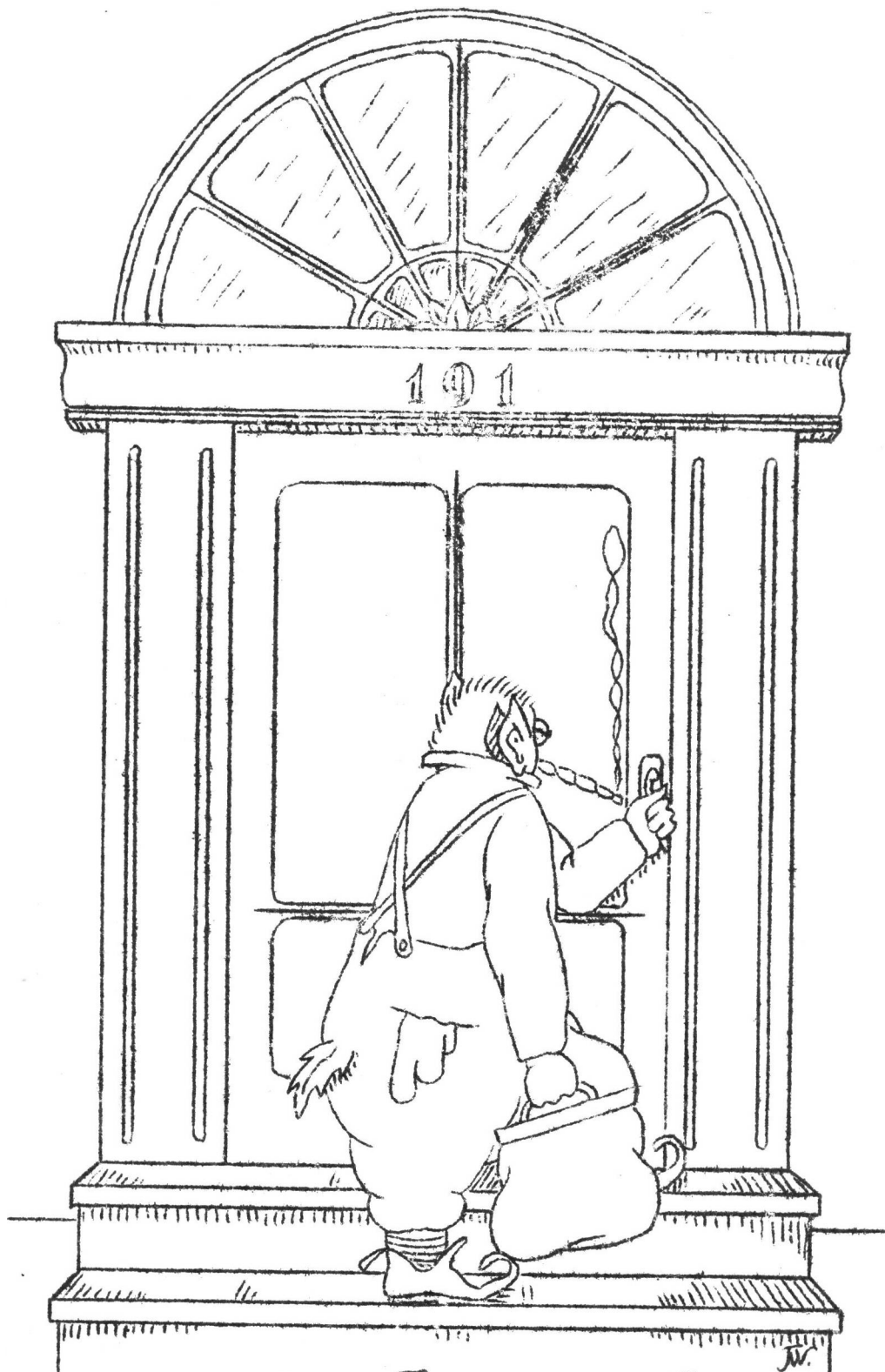
The music of the spheres we've learned to hear --
Made possible by waves we now control --
Is but a part of what shall then be clear
When Man at last has found his long-sought goal.
The hidden beauties of each far-off sun
Shall be as commonplaces to us then.
But, when such god-like knowledge has been won,
Shall we be greater, as a race of men?

Through vast the strides of Science and of Art
In searching through the maze of the Unknown;
How small our knowledge of the human heart --
That great immortal soul we gladly own.
Aye, much I'd like to roam the distant skies
And learn the secrets of the star-swept trail;
Yet first I yearn to know what in me lies --
Can Science pierce my own soul's hidden veil?

--- E. Everett Evans.

AIN'T THE SCIENCE OF ARITHMETIC WONDERFUL?

Let us take a group of ten young ladies -- nine virgin and one pregnant. By the common law of averages, the one girl is 90 per cent virgin; and, conversely, each of the other nine is ten percent pregnant.



THE END OF "THE TOUR OF THE 'EVANS'"