

ORIGIN 37



**Official Outlet of the National Fantasy Fan Federation
History and Research Bureau
November 2022**

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Published for the National Fantasy Fan Federation. To join or renew, use the membership form at <http://n3f.org/join/membership-form/> to provide your name and whichever address you use to receive fanzines. Full memberships are \$18, electronic memberships are \$6. Public memberships are free. Send payments to Kevin Trainor, Post Office Box 143, Tonopah, Nevada 89049. Pay online at N3F.org. Our paypal contact is treasurer@n3f.org.

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cover by Richard Andre

EDITORIAL



Lest We Forget Thee, O Earth

It would be pretty difficult for us to forget the Earth, since, either as individuals or a race, we have dwelt here for the entirety of our span, and know of no other place, except that by proxy we know of the moon, where a moon walk was taken, and thereby the walker had under his feet a surface different than the surface of Earth (less fertile, for one thing). A look at the moon suggests that whatever fashioned the Earth ran out of anything that would be beneficial for anything like the life that there would be, and if it had started with Earth and then the moon next, there's no use expecting anything on other planets; that's about it, as far as life (as we call this) goes...unless the materials that originally came to pass were transcended by further materials; I have visualized the materials of creation as being in a large sack containing all that was needed, but there could be new starts; there just weren't any within our Solar System. Why weren't expended materials regathered after the Earth was formed? I haven't ever seen anyone who could answer this; maybe there is someone who could. But while there isn't all that much in the way of materials after the first creation, there is what it takes to create a considerable number of other planets and stars; most of those materials just didn't carry, but there were basic makings left. The stars are, we have found, so multitudinous that it is awe-inspiring how many of them there are, even if expectations of what they may look like are mild.

Life came about here; it too entered into existence. However, I think a better job could have been done with life. People should be able to transport themselves to other planets without any material implementation; otherwise we will never reach anything else and survive—in fact, just plain never reach anything outside of the solar system. It

looks kind of stupid, not to say doofus, for everyone to be standing all in one place, no matter how large, and never getting to other places; borne to be there and ignorant of everything else, even things they can all see. Life is not very compatible with material existence, which seems to exist in a form of ignorance of the presence of man, or any form of life. Perhaps bare existence needs, but cannot have, the form of thought that has occurred within life. Can thought encompass that which exists, and if so, can it do anything else? Like the ability to get anywhere, thought is unable to accomplish without, as people point out, material implementation. Not that one's hands do not lend to thought, but not enough, and it is doubtful that man can build when he would need to have any sense, let alone experience, of getting somewhere else. The Earth has plenty on it, but nobody really gets much of what it has to it.

What I am doing in this editorial is applying science fiction thought to some of the problems which apparently have been besetting us at the present time, and seeing whether there is any sign that such thought as we do could, in fact, as I have suggested in previous editorials, have any sort of beneficial influence on what there is around us in the world, the literary realms as well as the governmental realms which a lot of people involved with science fiction have been invading presently, with much woe and devastating results. I recall one science fiction editor who wrote an editorial which said that there didn't seem to be much hope for the modern world, and we are still living with such thinking now, as nobody wrote anything much to the contrary of it. The readers in reply seemed to have much the same attitude as he had. Well, talk about history being made as we clash with the government, but also talk about history being unmade as the results of that clash, result in the loss of constructive and progressive reasoning. Another editor suggested that history and the writing of histories seemed about to come to an end in this century (actually the 20th), and a lot of written material seems to follow along with this belief and attitude. There seems to be much nihilism about, the very opposite of imagination. What, if anything, is anyone to do with what appears to be the *impasse* we have reached?

Well, then too, has modern thought taken us away from any real consideration of the Earth upon which we dwell, and out into the cosmos, or the abstruseness of hypothetical consideration, till we become spaced out, and lose much of our grasp of where we are at—"a generation lost in space", as the song "Bye, Bye, Miss American Pie" puts it? It is something to be alarmed about; it loses us our competency with living. Many people today are taking refuge in Zen Buddhism, the "no thought" which draws people away from "the cares of the world" but which also draws them away from human interaction. It's as alarmists have predicted over the decades, when viewed from this perspective.

(That is, the perspective we find in contemporary thought as expressed in print.)

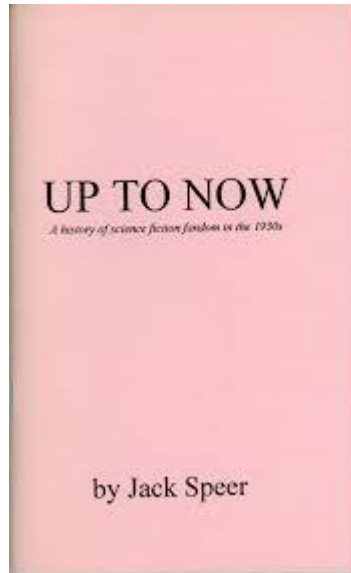
Well, what then shall we do, if we forget our past and all our attachments to the place in which we live? Not everyone can regard the Rapture as the solution to all of our troubles and concerns.

Science fiction has not normally been a very optimistic literature, and fantasy fiction also tends away from the positive and into the uncanny and strange, and lately the bizarre. These forms of writing seem to probe the major problems of existence at this time, going for broke sometimes. We have found pleasure in science fiction, in such things as remarkably good writing, the beguilements of imagination, and such. Ray Bradbury shows us that horror can be appreciated and enjoyed. Alfred Bester shows us that strife and contumacious provide good work for man to engage in. Heinlein looks for outs from our present condition. H.G. Wells studies the strife of our living, making it clear what is there. Orwell bitches and moans about evil, can it be all-consuming because it is active and adventurous? (His well-intentioned people are mundane, as he has been himself.) Jules Verne considers folly. Van Vogt shows that life is strife; only the poetic imagination can rise above it. (*Should* life be strife, A.E.? I've always wanted to ask him that.) Sturgeon writes fascinatingly about horror and wonders if mutation or evolution will lead us to some different plane of existence, and he also wonders if some good thought can be put to this, or will be put to it. Frederick Brown enjoys chaos and disaster, perhaps calling it "the only way to live." "LIVE your life, LIVE those horrors." Some fight the down tendency of so much culture; Robert Moore Williams' THE CHAOS FIGHTERS has activity to the contrary of chaos, Eric Frank Russell has some bright ideas about conflicting with what is ill-betokened, Andre Norton questions the mode of existence we follow and looks for re-awakening in DAYBREAK: 2250 AD; even Jefferson Swycaffer writes of REVOLT AND RE-BIRTH. Looking at fantasy, we find Robert Howard taking a lusty pleasure in monstrous events, Donald Wandrei suggesting we know more about such things as fantasy contemplates, Thorne Smith studying what life thinks of itself, Algernon Blackwood composing a dark fantasy which he brings in from the woodlands, Poe coming to terms with horror and the malefactorious doings of the hidden and infamous, --all of this accompanied by the marvelous art of Hannes Bok and Virgil Finlay, or you name them, there's plenty of good art, presented with the attention of the editor...we know what we like. But is fantasy and science fiction a good path to follow if we want to gain other than entertainment and insight? Few of these authors have presented a positive view of the future, and the reason may be that the readers are contented with the present and don't worry about the future, but I think as things are today it does worry the readers some. A clarion dictionary of marvels coming out of the

magazines, producing a good and righteous fantasy sound; but we do have reason to worry about the life around us—take Tod Robbins' THE TERRIBLE THREE, those are crusaders for crime and foul and forbidden activity, but in the end the midget concedes his defeat; it has to be that way, as The Three all concur about. Is our misery truly misery, or are we making it that way to discover more about the dark side of things, the dark without and the darkness within?

Lest we forget, then, the realm in which we have all lived, and the ways we have had and lived, abhorring them as the odiousness of the past; lest we forget, ere we pass the curtain, the life we lived on Earth and the doings that were had there, let our lives not be rendered into atoms by consideration of that girl we never got to meet, because social conditions wouldn't allow it, or that flight we took from the front lines while the rest of the platoon stood firm, which got us called cowards, but actually we were more brave than they knew, and who would want to move up into the front lines himself? Or by the deal we made and the investment that it required, that later came to flinders and became a bane to us, or the panics that there might be Atomic Bombs used in America, or the dodgings of plagues that we were not always successful at doing; those were bad times, but then there were the soulful good times, the times we got to hear Jelly Roll Morton play his piano, the time we carried the ball across the line and the team followed it up by winning the game, and we all got a soda afterwards, and a burger to go with it, the time we ran the streets of Kalamazoo, the laid-back time we enjoyed at the Old Swimming Hole, with nothing but leisure to our day, or the pleasure of strolling through the Big City, looking at its sights and listening to its sounds, --lest we forget thee, oh Earth, when the call to travel takes us, be it the travel of the mind or the travel of the spirit, something where we didn't get hurt, let us put up a sinecure of our presence, let us save pages in our personal history wherein we can continue to dwell, and betoken to the winds that pass us whispering their messages that we have indeed been here, and that it has been good for us when we were, and bad for us when in a sense we weren't really there, and so we have romped upon the earth and made love and that (if that's what we had) has been our very real presence—lest we forget thee, O Earth, let us make signs to the earth and heed the winds from the North and the essence that brings us being! Hey, Montana! And let us express our pleasure for the stories, the science fiction and the fantasies, that have brought these things of life to our attention and clarified, as far as they have done, this extraordinary existence—and we will be one with the literature we read and will forever have with us the memories we have from the past—on the inevitable Planet Earth.

Jack Speer by Jon D. Swartz, N3F Historian



John Bristol (Jack) Speer (1920–2008) is considered to be one of the most influential science fiction (SF) fans of all time. In his mundane life, he was an attorney, a judge, and a member of the Washington State House of Representatives.

SF Accomplishments

As a young man, he was an SF fan and early historian of fandom, writing UP TO NOW: A HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM IN THE 1930s. This booklet was originally published in **Full Length Articles** #2 in 1939 and distributed through FAPA and at the first Worldcon in New York in 1939. It was reprinted by Dick Eney in **A Sense of FAPA** in 1962 and was then reprinted again by Arcturus Press in 1994. Much of the material covered in Sam Moskowitz's THE IMMORTAL STORM is here, but in a shorter and less biased form.

Besides writing Up to Now, Speer developed a system of Numerical Fandoms, which was later expanded by other fan historians such as Robert Silverberg and Ted White.

Speer followed these fannish accomplishments with FANCYCLOPEDIA 1 (updated in the late 1950s by Dick Eney as FANCYCLOPEDIA 2). Currently, FANCYCLOPEDIA 3 is available on the Internet.

For over seventy years, Speer published his own amateur SF fanzines, which encouraged lively debates and demanded a high standard of literacy in the field.

Alternate Persona/Pseudonym/Nicknames

In 1938 Speer created the alternate persona of John A. Bristol, which he also sometimes used as a pen name. Bristol was a permutation of his real name, and he perpetuated this hoax until the Worldcon in New York in 1939. The Futurians, especially Donald Wollheim, suspected this was a hoax before other fans did. Wollheim knew that Speer's middle name was Bristol and believed that it was also his father's name.

In fandom, Speer was known by the nicknames of Juffus, Gakspiro, the Hily MAGNIFIED Woggle-Bug, and Fascist Speer.

Awards/Honors/Recognitions

Fan historian Harry Warner commented that Speer was "the first to stress (fandom's) subcultural aspects; single-handedly, he made fandom's ajays something entirely different from the mundane amateur journalism groups" by introducing the mailing comment, which has its successor in today's blog comment. Warner considered Speer to be "one of the pioneer historians of fandom".

In 1995, Speer was inducted into the First Fandom Hall of Fame. In 2004, he was one of two Worldcon Fan Guests of Honor at the 62nd Worldcon in Boston.

The first issue of Lee Hoffman's **Fan History** (February, 1956) was a special Jack Speer issue.

Filk Music

In 1940, at Chicon 1, the second Worldcon, Speer distributed a set of SF songs. Such songs are now known as filk. These earliest filk songs were reprinted, under his pseudonym of John Bristol, in **Xenofilkia** No. 18, as "various songs", and in No. 19, as "Twilight Prelude".

Con Masquerades

At Chicon, Speer and fellow fan Milt Rothman suggested a costume party or masquerade. Their suggestion was readily adopted, and con masquerades are still popular with today's fandom.

Some Conclusions

In the mid-1940s, after founding editor E.E. Evans stepped down, Speer became the editor of our club's official newsletter, **The National Fantasy Fan**.

Speer was also an accomplished photographer. "His collection of photos of fannish faces is an excellent window on early fandom." His own photo appears in Warner's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS (page 128), and in Warner's A WEALTH OF FABLE (page 19).

The "Jack Speer Collection" (47 boxes of fanzines, comics, manuscripts, and notes) currently resides in Special Collections at Eastern New Mexico University's Golden Library.

In addition to these accomplishments, early Big Name Fan Speer was one of the charter members of our club, The National Fantasy Fan Federation (NFFF/N3F), in 1941.

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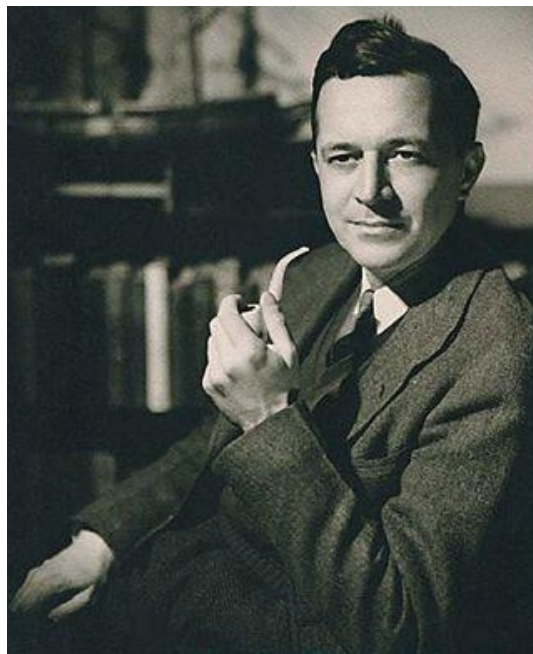
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Murray Leinster, one of science fiction's space explorers

PRESENT DAY HISTORY: SCIENCE AND SCIENCE FICTION

WILLIAM SHATNER was quoted, after his flight into space, as saying: "I continued my self-guided tour and turned my head to face the other direction, to stare into space. I love the mystery of the universe. I love all the questions that have come to us over the thousands of years of exploration and hypotheses. Stars exploding years ago, their light traveling to us years later, black holes absorbing energy, satellites showing us entire galaxies in areas thought to be devoid of matter entirely—all of that has thrilled me for years—but when I looked in the opposite direction, into space, there was no mystery, no majestic awe to behold...all I saw was death. My trip to space filled me with overwhelming sadness."--quoted at Science Fiction and Fantasy World (SFFworld.com).

One might wish we could all be with Shatner to share in his sadness and console him, for it is something which concerns us all in science fiction and fantasy. We should be able to speak with him about what he felt at this time.

Shatner's trip into space was an historical event for science fiction, just as the first space flights were historical events for science. So here where we study history and do research of science fiction, we should notice and keep record of the historical events that are occurring all around us. There is important history for all of us here.



Hubble Space Telescope images

In Reference to Our Impeded Staff Member



Why not have a look at Jeffrey? Does he look as bad as the recent vote has made him out to be? I received a letter from him relating to this matter (or perhaps when it's accomplished it is no longer called a matter) and I know I can't quote from it; that would be the same as his being in print again during his period of suspension. But I haven't seen him really put up any defense, so I'm letting people in on what that letter said. He thanks me for the writeup in our last issue and says it won't do anything for him with the N3F people. He pointed out to me some of his accomplishments. (There is an interview with him in an early issue of Ionisphere about his highly successful Facebook pages.) He says that the N3F group on Facebook now has 530 members, and that when he took it over there were only around 150 members. Associated with him is Lisa Nyback, who runs the N3F adult group, which used to have a hundred members and now has 225. He complained that there are people in the N3F who do NOT want any expansion or growth, but prefer small and elite. I have not noticed this myself, but if it is so, I can understand their preference—the N3F constitutes a sort of elite in fandom. But that elite can be the more active members, with as many other members as may be.

Redmond referred back to his Facebook Science Fiction group which has 72000+ members; it had only had 8,000 members when he took it over. The N3F has been being promoted in this group. He said he would continue to recruit members for the N3F for as long as he can. He says there are people in the N3F who have an enmity toward him. I don't think the ones that took off on him at full throttle upon entry could be regarded as being otherwise. To them I would say that whatever he might be doing, he has been doing a considerable amount of work in doing it, and he did not fail to get us research

results.

Let's have a look at Jeffrey and his cats:



LIFE IN THIS WORLD...THE TRIALS OF GROWING UP by Judy Carroll



When I was around six years old, I had the impression that men wanted only sons, and women didn't care whether they had a daughter or a son. They were just happy to have children.

I can't really track down how this idea was born. I think it had to do with some of the TV shows I had seen and some of the movies playing at the theatre. The men seemed to be quite attracted to their sons and expected them to follow in their fathers' footsteps whether it be a police officer, laborer, lawyer, jewel thief, farmer, etc. (What do you mean you want to go to college? You're a fourth-generation farmer. Your duty is to your family and your ancestors.)

If they had daughters, they didn't seem to care about them as much as they did their sons. They didn't seem to care about their feelings or their needs. They seemed only to care about them if they could marry into a wealthy family, or unite their father's business with a more successful one. (Who are you to question me? I am your father. You will marry who I tell you to. Love has nothing to do with success.)

Because of my "understanding" of these circumstances, I came up with the idea that in a family with only girls, the oldest daughter, which was me (my sister was two years younger) was to become a tomboy, thus giving my father the closest to a son he could get.

My dad had a habit of raising his right shoulder and rubbing the side of his head on his shoulder. I remember watching him do this as he walked down the sidewalk in front of our house. I started copying him, raising my right shoulder and rubbing my head against it. I thought this was the highest honor I could give my father.

I tried to climb a tree in the side yard. Another duty of a tomboy. I should have been able to get up to the branches because it was a very young and small tree. I tried several times to climb that tree. (I had visions of showing my dad that I could climb a tree like boys do, and how proud he would be of me.) I finally gave up on this plan. Every time I wrapped my small hands around the branch and tried to pull myself up, my hands would scrape against the bark, hurting them. I gave that idea up and had to be content with copying my father's gestures.

As I grew older, I realized by the way my father treated my sister and me, that he loved us, even if we were girls. Every Saturday morning my sister and I would crawl into our parents' bed, and Dad would read to us. When he came home from work he greeted my mother, sister and me. Then he would sit in his chair to read the paper and unwind from the day. I would crawl into his lap and ask him to read the comics to me. The comics were in two columns upon one page. I would start on the right column because there was where my favorite comics were and I wanted to make sure he read them before he decided it was time to read the news. He even made up stories about two dogs and would tell them to my sister and me when we went to bed.

Through my growing-up years and beyond I knew my father cared about my sister and me. The four of us, my father, my mother, my sister and I went everywhere together. We went to Disneyland, Merriott's Great America, Universal Studios, Golden Gate Park, picnicking and hiking in the mountains, playing at the beach, even night classes where my sister and I sat quietly by our parents and colored.

I will always remember my father's motto: "If my girls aren't welcome, I'm not welcome."

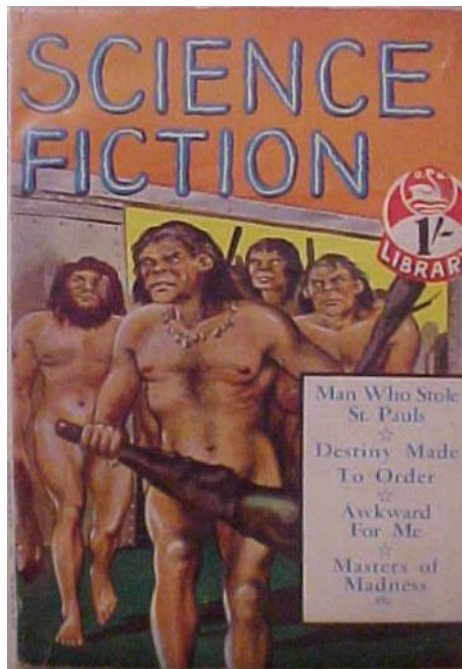


Looking Back by Martin Lock

This time, a look at some British reprint editions—starting with a bit of an oddity. In earlier times, when large-size pulp magazines roamed the Earth, the British versions were lucky to have half as many pages as the American originals, but by the fifties, when the digest size was the rule, our versions were almost as thick. They did tend to be a few pages slimmer; for one thing, if they had tried the same page length, replacing the number of ad pages in the original version would have been a problem. Easier (and

cheaper) to lop off a 16-page or 32 page section, and drop a story or two, and maybe some of the non-fiction.

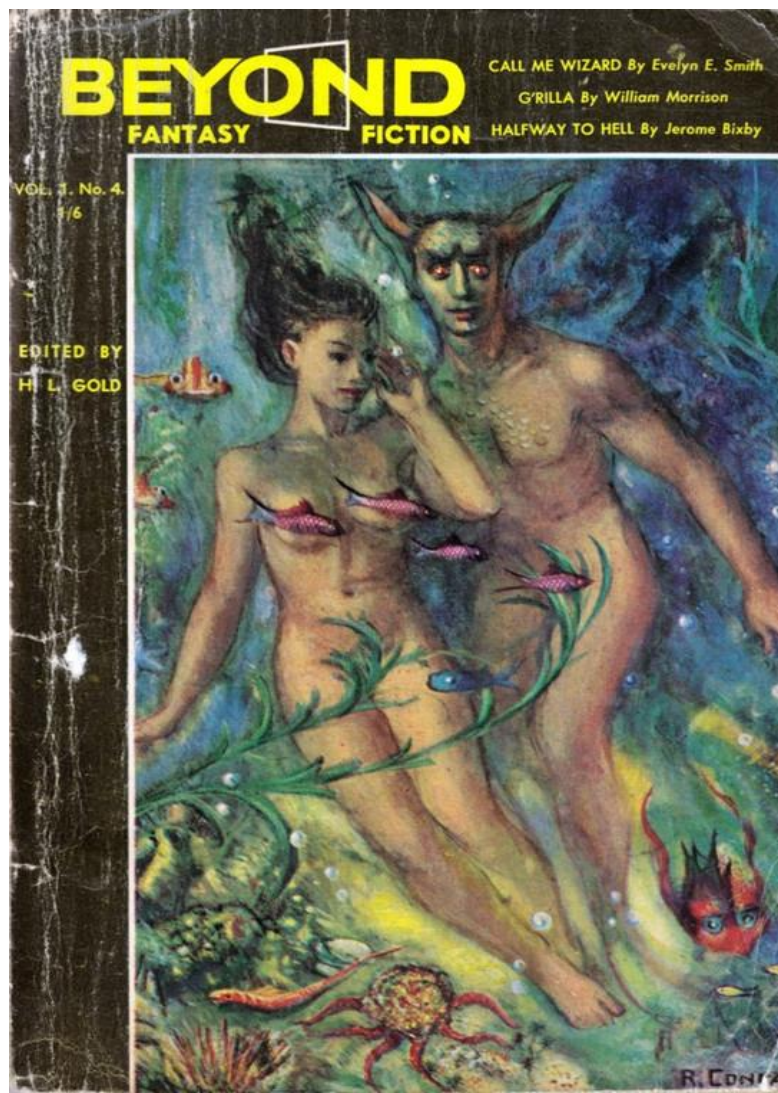
Science Fiction Library No. 1, 1960



Science Fiction Library, from Gerald G. Swan, Ltd., ran for two issues in 1960—this is the first one. The inside covers are blank, and the interiors run to sixty-four pages of rather small type (fifty-three lines per page). "The Man Who Stole St. Paul's" by Maurice G. Hugi starts on page one; "Destiny Made to Order" by Ed Earl Repp starts halfway down page twenty-one, followed by "Masters of Madness" by Brad Buckner (Repp again) on page thirty-eight, and "Awkward—For Me" by Peter Larcombe towards the bottom of page fifty-six. The magazine ends with a two-page essay on "The Romance of Uranus" by J.S. Lundy, which seems original to this magazine, and is his only appearance in the international sf database.

So, a strange concoction. The two Ed Earl Repp stories are both reprinted from the January 1941 issue of the US pulp **Science Fiction**; Peter Larcombe is only credited with two stories, making their only appearances in this magazine, the second of which is this title's second issue. Maurice G. Hugi's credits do run to nine sf appearances, this time being his last, with his main claim to fame being a collaboration with Eric Frank Russell on the tale "The Mechanical Mice"—would you believe me if I said the issue of **Astounding** it appeared in was, um, the January 1941 one? The cover artist here, sadly, is not credited—and neither is the editor.

Beyond Fantasy Fiction, January 1954—UK



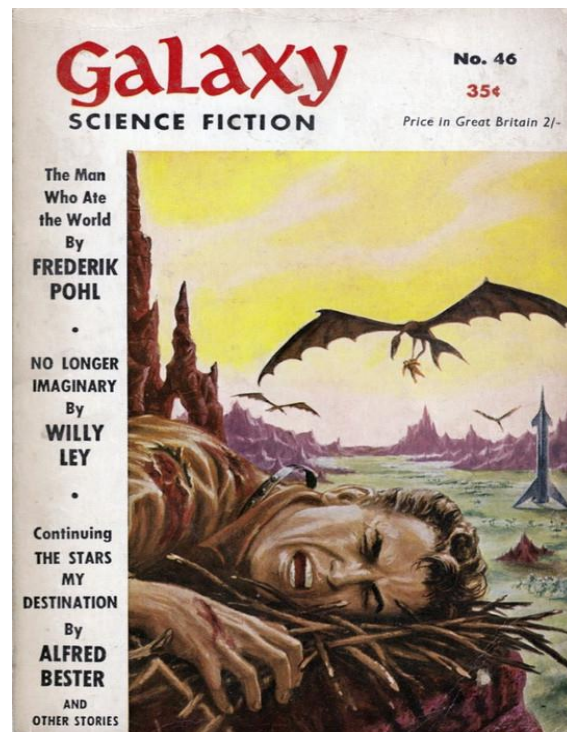
This was the fourth British reprint edition of **Beyond Fantasy Fiction** from Strato Publications, based on the January 1954 fourth American issue, though as often happens, having fewer pages, 128 instead of 160 here, made for some omissions. Rupert Conrad is credited with the cover.

The main novella this time was "Call Me Wizard" by Evelyn E. Smith: "Coveting someone's wife and place in the world is an old, old story—except that the woman and the place Phillip coveted were his own!" There were two novelets, "G'rilla" by William Morrison and "Halfway to Hell" by Jerome Bixby, while two short stories survived the cut: "The Ghost Maker" by Frederik Pohl and "Perforce to Dream" by John Wyndham. The casualties were short stories by Robert Abernathy, Joseph Satin (his only isfdb

appearance)), and Theodore R. Cogswell.

Beyond only managed ten issues in America, as a fantasy companion to **Galaxy**; it looks as if Strato only reprinted the first four issues for Britain, but hopefully copies of the later American issues made it across the Atlantic. The international sf database comments "A companion to **Galaxy Science Fiction**, started by Gold in emulation of **Unknown (Worlds)**. Although it printed some very good material, it was never commercially successful, and the publication rate slowed down before the magazine ceased." There were, after all, a lot of sf and fantasy magazines around at that time.

Galaxy, November 1956—UK



This is the British Edition of the November 1956 issue of **Galaxy**—and as it only has 128 interior pages rather than 144, it's not an entirely complete reprint. The casualty is the eleven page short story "Dead Ringer" by Lester del Rey, with the other five pages presumably ads. It may well be the 46th UK edition, but it's based on #73 of the US run. The Emsh cover is entitled "Strange nestlings".

Part two of "The Stars My Destination" by Alfred Bester, illustrated by Emsh, leads off the issue (in America, it comes at the back of the magazine); next comes the thirty page novelet "The Man Who Ate the World" by Frederik Pohl: "In a civilization which flowed with milk and honey—and flowed and flowed and flowed—his tragedy was that he had not drowned at birth!" The story went on to be the title story in a 1960 Pohl collection

from Ballantine. The surviving short stories are by E.C. Tubb and Robert Silverberg, while H.L. Gold's editorial, Willy Ley's "For Your Information", Floyd C. Gale's review section, and the coming-next-month Forecast are all present and correct. "Unbelievable as it seems, we've learned recently that there are readers who actually go through only the synopsis and last instalment of serials! If you're one of them and are doing that with Alfred Bester's 'The Stars My Destination', you're missing perhaps the most superbly realistic treatment of teleportation in all of science fiction," we are told, which seems a fair comment.



Back issues of Tightbeam

A Look Back at the Issue, by the editor

This is by far the most homey issue of Origin that we have had, and it should signify a turn in the direction of making the bureau an active and functioning bureau wherein the bureau members are interrelating and having ideas together. A good bureau is a part of the N3F as a group activity rather than a representation of NFFF doings.

Especially having this closer approach is Judy Carroll's description of her past, a look at life lived in the world of the present and her own developments living in it. Adding to

this is the photos of Jeffrey Redmond at home with his cats. The close look taken of one of our founders, Jack Speer, by Jon Swartz, is also contributory to this look around our Home Front. And a big welcome to Martin Lock, with his close scrutiny of past magazines complete with details about the writers and editors. His column started in his Facebook pages and was found also in my netzine Surprising Stories, and I decided he had just what it takes for this bureau. (He's found on Facebook as Cus Custer, and lives in England in Middlesex. He's also a member of my Facebook group SF FANDOM, where he is active.)

As I have been saying, I invite commentary about our bureau's publication, and have had some now and then, and I think what we write here is particularly commentable, if people have time to do so. Of course, I have time for this publication, and find a lot to comment on in it myself; hence this look back at the issue. On the spot comments, no waiting involved. For example, it was a real surprise to me to find out that Jack Speer had served as a state representative. He must indeed have had a considerable effect on science fiction fandom...and on our organization as well. I have heard the criticism of Moskowitz's IMMORTAL STORM that the book was biased toward his own interests; have not cared to read it because it had a storm in it, but I have "always" wondered what he considered immortal about that storm.

I was told when I got into fandom that I was in Eighth Fandom in terms of time; I believe that information came from the N3F. A lot of people were putting down numbered fandoms, but two members of my organization The Junior International Science Fiction Club, Colin Cameron and Vowen Clarke, made it their business to establish a Ninth Fandom for the younger and more active fen, and they were writing to those they had heard of as the establishers of earlier numbered fandoms to find out how it was done, and getting some answers too. One of their purposes as they announced it was to carry the torch of fandom through all fannish warfare, There hasn't been a new numbered fandom to appear since Ninth Fandom, but if other fans pick up the torch that will be Tenth Fandom. I am acting somewhat in the objectives of Ninth Fandom as I work toward a fannish renaissance. It'd be nice to have one just to see a renaissance. (Colin and Vowen spoke of the Phoenix rising from the ashes.) I have registered Ninth Fandom on Facebook.

People calling Speer "Fascist Speer" must have been brought down when learning that he was a State Representative.

Judy's column this month reminds me of the term "brave new world" (not the book, but its title). It shows development, and we are trying to develop here in the N3F. Perhaps we are in the process of making our way into a real brave new world of fandom.

Referring to Martin Lock's column, perhaps J. S. Lundy was someone the editors knew, who was around at that time but then went off elsewhere. The blurb for "Call Me Wizard" sounds exactly like a description of Fredrick Brown's WHAT MAD UNIVERSE.

