

there was a so-called s-f promag "boom." Apparently inspired by the atomic ending of the war, everybody and his uncle seemed to be trying to publish science fiction books and mags. The books were primarily reprints of some classic material but the mags ranged in quality from pretty good to rather bad.

Ackerman announced his Agency and took on some of us LASFS members along with his already established clients. The LASFS decided to have annual Fanquets at which new writers would be honored.

I began to write short stories for Forry to peddle. I was still working in the plant at that time and could plot a story in my mind during the day while running a printing press or a ream cutter or whatever job I was covering that day.

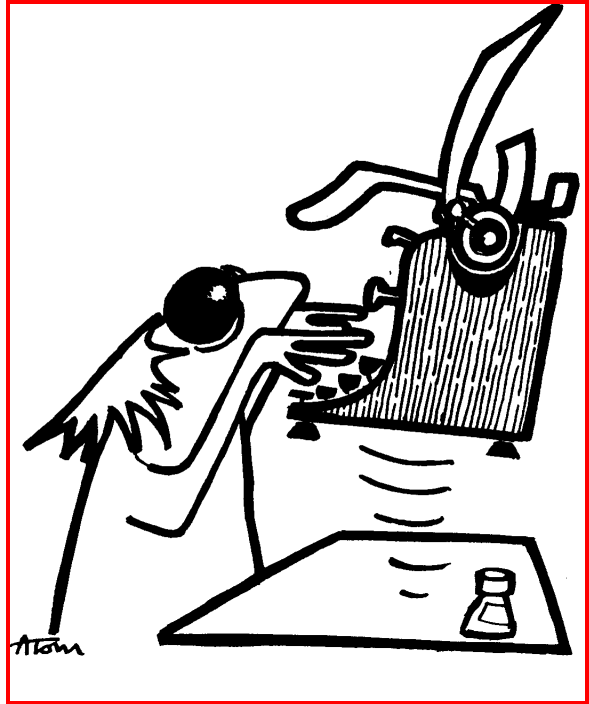
At home in the evening, I would start writing the first draft on my old Remette. By the end of the week (or earlier) I would have a complete story which I would s-l-o-w-l-y re-type into a more or less readable second draft. I never took time to do more than a second draft.

I have heard some writers brag that they never wrote more than one draft of their stuff. I can only assume that they were better typists than I was or were so popular that they could have written with crayons (I'm cleaning this up) on toilet paper and editors would be eager to buy their output.

I remember Ray Bradbury telling us how he worked on more than one story at a time. He would get up in the morning and start a story. If he didn't finish it that day, it would go into a filing cabinet and he would pull out another one that he had started previously. He did this on a daily basis and eventually would have several stories for his agent to sell. I suspect he started this system after his days of selling newspapers on the streets of Los Angeles when he was doing his writing in his spare time. I also suspect that in his early days as a writer he burned a lot of midnight oil.

Eventually, Forry sold one of my stories to one of the new fly-by-night promags. They earned that name because most of them didn't last more than two or three issues.

Out Of This World Adventures was an experimental latter day pulp in that it featured a colored comic book section in the middle of all the printed prose. It is now a collector's item among comic book fans, if not among old pulp fans.



My story appeared in the second issue of **OOTWA** along with stories by A. Bertram Chandler, Basil Wells (one-time member of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers, the club I started years before), J. Harvey Haggard, Bryce Walton (another LASFSian), John and Dorothy de Courey, and Walt Sheldon.

My title for my story was "Reaction" but editor Don Wollheim re-named it "Alpha Centauri Curtain Call" which, upon reflection, I decided was a much better title for Pike Pickens' first space adventure. The character (*aka* The Tramp-Clown of the Spaceways) became my alter-ego who performed at parties and cons and even at a hospital.

Some years later I thanked Don for publishing the story and in his wry way, he asked if I had been paid for it. "Oh, yes," I said. "That's more than I did as the editor," cracked Wollheim. I didn't know whether to believe him or not, but who knew with those old fly-by-night mags?

I used to think that **OOTWA** lasted only two issues but I recently learned that it probably saw four issues. My story was in V1, #2, dated December 1950. The last time I saw a copy for sale the dealer wanted forty bucks for it. I didn't buy it, but then I'm not a big comic book fan.

(to be continued, rsn or later)

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OLD FAN'S GUIDE

by
**Rick
Sneary**

*Reprinted by permission
of the editors of
BUTTON-TACK
(where it had been
reprinted in 1992)
and Len Moffatt,
editor of
MOONSHINE #30,
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where it saw its
first publication.*

ACTIFAN: A fan who can't think of anything better to do.

APA: A fanzine boarding house.

AYJAY: Furor scribendi.

BHEER: A fannish lubricating liquid.

BNF: Someone a great many fans know.

CHICON III: A charming convention.

CONFERENCE: Convention for the provincials.

CONVENTION: A family reunion for orphans.

CORRECTION FLUID: The water of forgetfulness that washes away our sins.

CROGGLE: To be played speechless.

CRUD SHEETS: Unassembled fanzines.

The CULT: It certainly is.

DITTO: A purple pain.

DNQ: A lock on the door after you have set fire to the barn.

EGOBOO: The current that keeps fans going.

ESFA: The center of the Feud World.

FAN: One who revolves rapidly and produces a good deal of wind.

FANAC: Work.

FANARCHIST: A group of fans that are a little bombay.

FAN CLUBS: Something used against non-fans.

FANDOM: The whole mish-mosh.

FANNISH: Being nuts in the accepted manner.

FANTASY: That crazy Wizard of Oz stuff.

FANZINE: A place to say things you wouldn't in a private letter.

FAPA: A graveyard with a waiting list.

FAUNCH: To want something fannishly.

FEUD: A battle between paper tigers.

FLATBED PRESS: -(Censored)-

A FOCAL POINT OF FANDOM: You.

FOOFOO: The devil ghu say.



FOOT: Something to say when you are being a disappointed fan.

FUGGHEAD: Someone with a hole in his mind.

GAFIA: Finding a seemingly better use for one's time than fandom.

GESTETNER: One of those big sporty foreign mimeos with wire wheels.

GHUGHU: The ditto of FOOFOO.

HOAX: Old Chinese joke: "I almost somebody else."

HUGO: An award for having more friends than someone else.

IPSO: A de facto fanzine.

KOOK: Someone who acts like a fan but isn't.

LASFS: A Shangri-La where everyone grows old.

The LITTLE MEN: Literary Giants on a small scale.

MIDWESCON: A Con of lost resorts.

MIMEO: A machine that sometimes produces fanzines.

NEOFAN: Someone a lot of fans don't know.

NFFF: The proof of the Natural Futility of a Fan Federation,

OFFSET: A black mark left over from the last revolution.

The OLD GUARD: They all died at Waterloo.

PRO: Someone making money out of being a fan.

PROMAG: Something that once published Science Fiction and Fantasy.

PROPELLER BEANIE: A hat with a fan both above and below.

PSI: Pie in the sky.



PLONKERS: They're dryer than zap guns.

SAPS: Self-explanatory.

SCIENCE FICTION: That crazy John Glenn stuff.

SENSE OF WONDER: Not understanding what you are reading.

SHAGGY: A hairy fanzine.

SLIP-SHEET: To put old crudsheets between new crudsheets.

STAPLES: Little bits of wire that fall out of a fanzine until you try to open it.

STENCIL: A 20th Century clay tablet.

TAFF: A way of getting funny-talking guests for Conventions.

TYPER: The tip of a fan's paper tongue.

ZAP GUN: Wetter than a plonker.

ml

LOC 'N LOAD

paragraphs with commentary in script by ye ed.
and in blue in the PDF version

JOE ZEFF:

The Digby article brought back fond memories of when he was down here, contributing to APA-L. I do wish he'd rejoin. Not just because we need contributors, but because he has so much to contribute. His viewpoint is skewed, but always in an interesting direction.

I do not expect that many who have moved all of their written fanac on-line to also maintain a paper presence, but I would like to see some of them do so - and Digby is one of these.

Ed Green's continuing story highlights the inner working of any military command in action, in a way few, if any, novels ever have. It shows us the problems, difficulties, and personnel frictions that keep things from running like the well-oiled machines the writers (most of whom have never experienced this) would like us to believe they are. It also shows the thoughts of one of the people trying to keep things moving in a way that makes us understand just what it takes. I, too, hope he publishes this for a wider audience some day.

GENE STEWART:

Your editorial was suspiciously chronological and orderly. Can this be the debris-scattering sloppy slob we all know and love?

Your second sentence relates to my household and my opinions. My zines and APArunning are more like your first sentence. *grump*

Thom Digby's stuff is excellent and reminds me, somewhat, of both Stephen Wright and some smartass faned whose name has slipped the surly bonds of Stewart's Mind, a.k.a. S/M.

What? "Smartass faned" is surely an oxymoron.

But Marty, that Pavlova's the cause of your current diet regimen, isn't it? If this be heaven . . .

That wonderful Pavlova was not the cause of my current contretemps; but, as the culmination of a lifelong sugar habit, it was surely contributory to it. But not by much.

Ann Green's wonderful *TO KNOW ONESELF* is superb; thanks for reprinting it. Now, why do my thoughts turn to Dr. Howard DeVore in general? And doesn't Harlan fit at least two of the packrat subspecies, those being sexual and award-winning?

As for which box I fit into? the packrattus bibliorexessivus. Whereas you, apparently, belong to the packrattus kipple-lotticus branch of the family, eh? Or is it the packrattus multiplicitous file-drawericus.

I have seen Harlan's book collection - it covers the walls of many rooms in his house and I think that it could conservatively be called "extensive." He also has a large art collection.

As for file drawers, my 24 of them are not enough. I have fanzines in three file boxes, and my APAs are in ten boxes and on several shelves.

Wait, let's get this straight. I joshingly refer to Harry Warner, Jr. as a curmudgeon and Rodney Leighton lambastes me, but you get to call Terry Jeeves weirdly masochistic without penalty? Where, one demands, is the fairness in it all?

Fairness? In fandom? You gotta be kidding! Besides, just in case you have noticed it, this is my fanzine, and I will smartass wherever and whenever I wish.

AILS A EK:

I have read all of *BRINGING UP THE REAR* and *PROBABLY SOMETHING* and giggled my way through the latter. I like the way Thom Digby's mind works and shall probably be reading the article to my husband and daughter over Sabbath dinner tonight.

If everybody in your household giggled, you are either all fans or you are all weird. Not that there is much of a difference, after all.