

ORIGIN



**Monthly Journal of the National Fantasy Fan Federation's
History and Research Bureau**

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EDITORIAL



The Reading of Science Fiction

You never can tell when you're reading a science fiction book what you're going to find in it. The authors go after faraway things, which of course are based upon some things the authors have experienced, and which their story extrapolates upon, and the storyline takes the reader on a trip in which readers are shown things the author has seen and perhaps things he just made up that might or might not be relevant to his story. I'm writing about typical science fiction, not war-influenced writing. It seems that now there isn't much else to write about except overwhelming world problems that for all its expertise in problem-solving, science fiction cannot solve. Also the problems are flying thick and fast, leaving the writer behind as some other unrelated problem takes his notice. Writing about the problems one sees is writing about conglomerates in which he is easily bogged down, and from which he is not easily extricated. He is likely to become a problem himself, "messing around with things that aren't his concern and that are 'nothing but trouble'." The call is out to fill and meet quotas, not to have any individual part in anything that is big time. A person could write in favor of those movements and be intentionally aggravating those problems and bogging down problems by triggering human manipulations. "You know, a Chattanooga shoeshine boy is there for a reason and is well into something big, it hides many a piece of untouched territory," and what he is describing is the underworld, using jazz to obfuscate some of his intentions and portrayals of things. That's the sort of talk that goes on when there is civil disorder. A fellow who has "had ideas" and "showed promise" is lured into something it looks like he might try out and he gets stuck in it by the many complicated things it involves, where there is no use for his talents. The big time has a lot of people in it and prior information about it doesn't carry a man to the top. For instance Bester and Ellison and Clarke getting lured into the men's magazines and Heinlein being lured into politics. It sort of kept those new ideas from happening. (And with the earlier new sf ideas coming so much to life what is a writer to do, get stuck in the resultant social problems? Stay with those earlier writings now that they are practical concerns?) (For example, the new computer culture.)

It gets all of us away from the reading of science fiction and the promotion of it. Who'd be into doing that? The government, for example, which usually prefers things pretty much to stick to what they are, and what they have been. The government is recessionary, science fiction perhaps

apocalyptic.

But all this is beside the point of reading science fiction. When we clear away distractions, we may find the time to read one or more books, and perhaps the latest issues of the Big Three science fiction magazines, Asimov's, Analog, and F&SF. (In the 50s, Galaxy, Astounding and F&SF were the Big Three. This appraisal centered around John Mussell's fanzine Sigma Octantis and a few other fanzines. Note how fandom then interlinked and related to the magazines.) I find interest in the magazines. The Fall issue of F&SF contained a story that resurrected an interest that had been had for a period of time in the late 1950s, that being synergy, the intermixing of soul and spirit. The story was "Three Sisters Syzygy", which Fredrick Brown had defined as applied synergy. It was by Christopher Mark Rose, and was a novelet featured on the cover. I looked with interest to see how syzygy had fared after all this time, and found it well intermixed with the sort of thing we have going on now, enmeshed in a far-out space effort and referencing the scientific viewpoint of synergy. Unlike time travel, synergy is in the realm of the possible, and a lot of people are doing about the same thing in various forms, seeking group communion. I have noticed also a sort of homeyness about the new editress, Sheree Renee Thomas, in her editorials (the magazine didn't used to HAVE editorials; they came in with the new editress), and I would say that the magazine has become one somewhat compatible with the resurrected art/science of synergy, and it was in F&SF that the first interest in this arose. The mag has developed a friendlier attitude, and synergy is often seen as a friendly way of participating in being.

Here you see me doing what I have been talking about, studying the ongoing trends of science fiction and considering them in depth. The reading of science fiction. Read it, think about it, find its relevance to our lives, get meaning from it, discuss it—just as I am doing now. And the National Fantasy Fan Federation is an ideal (almost) place for discussing it. Have you gotten anything from this editorial? If you have, I have transferred information and knowledge to you, and it may be of worth.

There are other trends to be studied—"Steampunk" has been rearing its head, a form of writing which seems to represent a conjuncture of 18th and 19th Century science, and to strongly subscribe to the mechanics of existence. This has been brought out by Jean-Paul Garnier in his interview in the December issue of Ionisphere, where my own reading has extricated Dada art, which occurred early in the last century, from the new mode of steam-powered writing. Steam writing seems orgiastic, and it seems to enforce its realizations and the presence of the people who read it.

One might also consider voyages to infinity, generally conducted by spaceships, and compare these stories to the narrower range of such earlier sf as THE GODS OF MARS, where John Carter was transferred from the surface of Mars to one of Mars' moons, via spaceship. (Those spaceships, as I recall them, really did resemble ships.) You see the ultimate spaceship voyage in SG1's last episodes, and the VOYAGER episodes of STAR TREK, ANDROMEDA's trip into ultimacy in its final episodes, the deceased being recovered (Spock, the Star Trek's first captain, the discoverer of the Gate's recovery from death in a final episode), then off they go, into infinity and eternity, not easy to accompany.

These could be the subjects of a lot of consideration and study—their meaning for us.

A Christmas Phantasia by Judy Carroll



Today, I am going to do something different. I am going to talk about three things, Christmas, houses, and family.

I correspond through text with a lady in Argentina. A relative of mine likes visiting other countries. He met this lady two, two and a half years ago and introduced her to me by facetime. For privacy reasons we will call her Rosa.

Rosa and I talk about a lot of different things, weather, seasons, animals, traditions, childhood, and families. Recently, I asked her if she was feeling the Holiday Spirit, and if they had any special Christmas Traditions they do every year. She replied, "...my heart beats a thousand miles per hour when Christmas approaches." Her friend, my relative, told her there are many lights for Christmas where I live. She asked, "What are the houses where you live like?"

Me, being one who likes detail, I started with a brief tour of the towns and cities. "Most, if not all, of our towns and cities have Christmas decorations on the main streets. Store windows will have painted on, or sprayed—Seasons Greeting or Merry Christmas, etc." Then, I took her through the stores...inside most of the stores will be displays showing you the things to buy for the Holidays. A grocery store with displays of a variety of food you might want to buy for Christmas—old favorites and

new possible-to-be favorites. Other stores will have a toy section full of the new toys that have been appearing in commercials since just after Halloween. There will be a display showing the most popular toys for the last several years. Like Barbie Dolls and trains.

Malls usually have a Santa Claus that will listen to each child tell him what they want most for Christmas. As each child goes up to Santa an elf will take a picture of the child with Santa. The line of children is very long.

Christmas music can be heard in most of the stores and throughout the mall. The lights in the parking lots have a wreath close to the top of each pole.

Rosa replied, "What a beautiful place you describe to me. I see it here in the movies and it is too beautiful." Then, referring to her country, "Here there are colored lights in the windows of the houses, but not all the neighbors put them up, in the shopping centers there is also a Santa Claus with huge lines."

Now, to get to the question she first asked me, "What are the houses where you live like?", my answer, "Not all the houses are decorated for Christmas." Then I proceeded to tell her about the houses I have seen over the years.

In some middle class areas some houses have big displays of lights running along edges of the roof and around the doors and windows. Some trees have lights draped around them and Santa in his sleigh is on the roof. All sorts of things can be set up in the front yard, such as elves decorating a Christmas tree, or a polar bear and her baby watching Santa in his sleigh. The Christmas tree is seen in the front window shining into the yard with lights and ornaments easily seen from the streets.

The wealthy area has the same kind of thing, but more extravagant. Some places have so many bright lights on the house and in the yard I wonder how the neighbors can sleep. The Christmas trees here are large, with so many ornaments that the tree itself can be hard to see. The room is lit up from the inside. The only thing in the room is the Christmas tree.

The poor section of town doesn't have as many decorations outside. There might be a small bush decorated with ornaments, some of which the children have made. In the window is a small tree dressed in a string of lights, small ornaments and red and green cardboard chains made by the children.

Rosa said, "...Judy, thank you for explaining in great detail how you celebrate Christmas, I didn't know everything you told me."

I love driving around the neighborhoods and seeing all the displays. Some houses even have music loudly greeting people as they drive by.

When I was a child, my parents, sister and I would get into the car and drive around our neighborhood "Oohing and Awwing" at the Christmas Wonders we would see in our neighbors' yards and the lights decorated around the windows. I would stare, mesmerized, as the lights would rapidly shine. The first light on and then off—the second light on and then off- etc. until each light had chased its neighbor. Then it would start all over again.

I think people, not all of us, but some of us, have a tendency to think that where a person lives defines them. We are going on a small tour together through a fictional town. Let's call it Silent Springs.

Settled at the bottom of the mountain is a mansion. The second floor consists of five bedrooms and three baths, one in the parents' bedroom, a second one for the children and one downstairs for the guests. On the main floor is a huge kitchen and dining room where family and friends can meet. There's a game room, a library, and a three-car garage. The back yard has the latest in B-B-Q equipment and the patio has a covered screen room. The front and back yards are well kept. The

family consists of two parents and two children.

Several blocks away there is a two-story house with a nice-sized living room, a kitchen with a dining room attached, and a family room. Upstairs are three bedrooms, the parents, the children and guests. A second bath is on the first floor. There is no garage. Just a carport that can cover two cars, side by side. The back yard has a swing set with an attached slide. They have a B-B-Q that can cook six hamburgers at the same time. The front and back yards are well kept. This family consists of two parents and two children.

Several blocks away is a single story house with two bedrooms, one for the parents and one for the children. There is one bathroom. The kitchen is small and has no room for a table and chairs. The family eats in the living room. The back yard has a small B-B-Q on wheels. It can cook four hamburgers at the same time. There is no carport. The front and back yards are well kept. This family consists of two parents and two children.

Do you envy any of the families? If so, what do you envy? The house they live in? The part of town they live in? What do you envy?

Do you see anything they have in common other than a house, a yard and a B-B-Q? What do they have in common? Yes, each family consists of two parents and two children. But what do they have in common?

The most important thing anyone can have. A Loving Family.

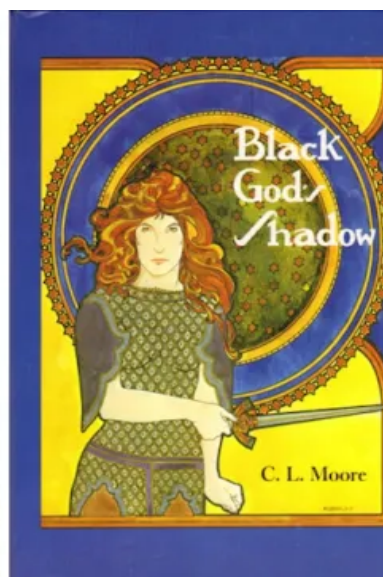
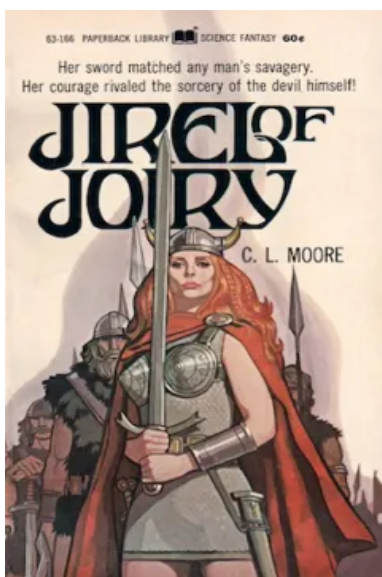
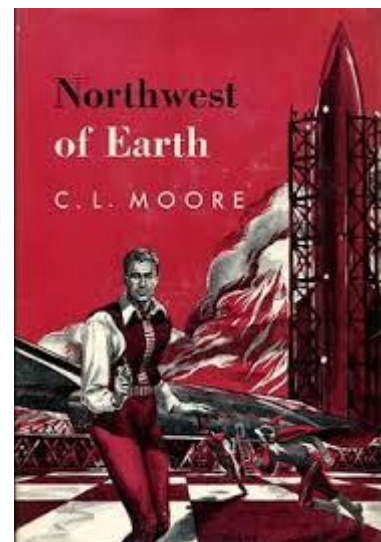
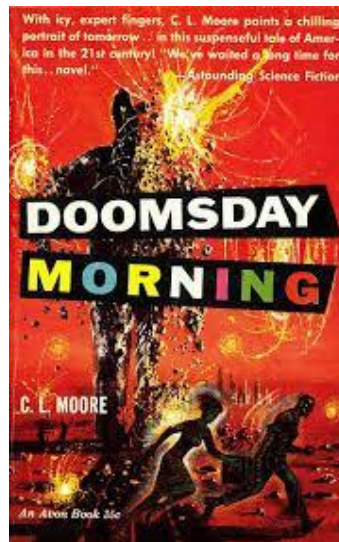
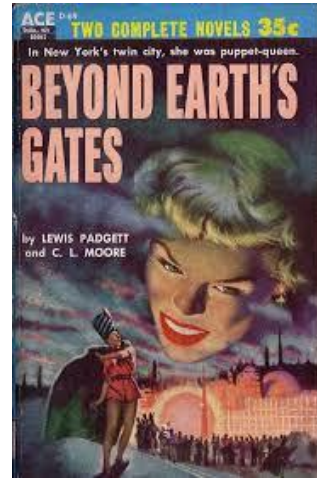
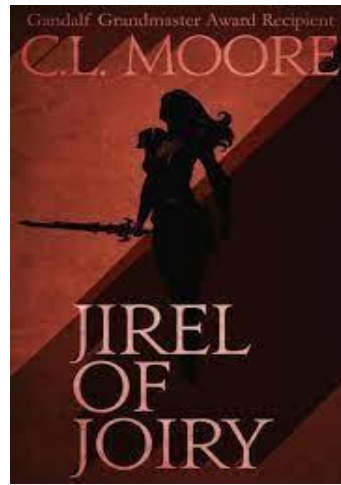
Without a loving family, life becomes harder than it needs to be. Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone needs someone to catch them when they fall.

A loving family doesn't have to consist of blood relatives. They can be dear friends you know from childhood or only met a few months ago. The length of time you have known them isn't what is important. It's how you feel about one another. It's knowing you can trust them with your life as well as your secrets. They are the ones who truly know who you are inside and are not fooled by the mask you wear to blend in with others.

Take the time to think about the family you love and be grateful you have them. If they live close go visit them. Write a letter if you get choked up with love and gratitude. Send cards and pictures by mail, internet or phone. The most important thing to remember is You Are Loved.



WOMEN OF SCIENCE FICTION: C.L. MOORE by John Thiel





Catherine L. Moore emerges from a tangle of alternate names when researched, such that it is reminiscent of the misadventures of women adventurers on the covers of science fiction and fantasy magazines to see the fix she seems to be in in terms of research availability. We here will stick to the best known name for her.

I find Miss Moore was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, and attended Indiana University for a year and a half. She completed her education many years later at the University of Southern California, and continued her life in Hollywood. Finding this out had me imagining her playing in the streets of Indianapolis when she was a child, where I had walked many's the time. I've been out at Indiana University several times, too, and could make guesses why she had only attended it for a year and a half. The SF Fans I know from that university did not know she had ever attended it. None of them researched the history of their university ever. See how much better our history and research bureau is than that? She had been long gone before the Indianapolis Science Fiction Association was begun. I suppose she was mentioned from time to time in ISFA, the association's fanzine edited by Ed McNulty.

She was one of the first women to write science fiction, and her first story was "Shambleau", which appeared in **Weird Tales**. It was indeed a weird story, rife with imagination, producing sense of wonder visualizations of strange situations on strange worlds. The main character in it was Northwest Smith, an adventurer who appeared in later stories written by the author and similarly appearing in **Weird Tales**. Smith, entering a non-terrestrial town, finds its inhabitants swarming the streets, screaming in terror at the advent of the Shambleau. He meets a woman requiring refuge and he gives her refuge, and she turns out to be a shambleau. The townspeople attempt to get her and he defends her and drives them away. He suffers possession and disorientation due to this woman, and the

nightmarish fighting with strange people that follows in the story is a true holocaust, epic violence of the kind that is said to be liked by followers of fantasy of that kind. I don't know what would ensue if I continued with a spoiler, but I'm not going to; those who haven't read it may come to read it. I don't know what would happen to the spoiler, either, placed into a story from the musty tombs of time; maybe it would become a curious thing, origin indeterminate, with strange markings upon it, and a curious spiky surface. Yes, this tale was weird enough. Similarly weird was her first tale of Jirel of Joiry, "Black God's Kiss". Joiry and its ruler have fallen and Jirel shows its victors a warrior woman as she blazes forth from the ruins, a whirlwind of a woman. Another story, "Greater than Gods", shows hubris in a very active story. Very provocative to the imagination. Her later stories, novels, may well be imagined from their titles—JUDGMENT NIGHT, BEYOND EARTH'S GATES, DOOMSDAY MORNING, EARTH'S LAST CITADEL, perhaps not very timid writing. You hear the titles pound in the night.

As to a developing controversy, I'd say that writers such as Jane Roberts and CL Moore are not the experimental work of self-effacing writers hidden behind potentially male names, but rather they are every bit as powerful as one could ask for, unforgettable, capable of waking the dead, you might say.

Let's call C.L. Moore one for the books.



Storm Shelters by Jeffrey Redmond

our man has a story for you



From the ancients-Dan manuscripts (Codex 11257), as translated by Ed-Mon:

On the planet of the three moons there was once great prosperity on the largest continent. During the period of the colonies and conquests abroad, it was a time of many opportunities for the manufacturers of the military weapons, equipment, and supplies. In the largest city, Ad-Da, the owners of the Am-Vag logistical organization became extremely wealthy and powerful because of this. They were Da-Vas and An-Dal, the sons and grandsons of local merchants. And they had, in turn, inherited their businesses, and combined and expanded them into the largest single one on the continent. They had many political and business connections with the emperor and his generals in the capitol, and these latter amply rewarded the former for their

continued financial support. The Am-Veg organization received the vast majority of governmental contracts to maintain the warfare of the military of the largest continent.

The Am-Vag group supplied the army with many of its endless necessities to both offensive and defensive war. The longer the fighting went on, the more supplies were needed, and the more profitable business life remained. Da-Vas was very pleased with himself and his existence, and he was sure that the deities had shown him their great favor for all of his most excellent fortune. The proof of this was the wealth itself, which he simply displayed to everyone in order to show them just how much he was so blessed and favored. But he also shared his wealth with no one else, in order to remain far above and the most elite among them all. He had a proper and sedate wife, along with their offspring, in his large and spacious dwelling. And he also had a lovely and provocative mistress in his private and exclusive luxury cottage, and even his own ship in which to set sail upon the fresh water seas.

Da-Vas had his dwellings staffed by well-trained and perfectly mannered servants from throughout the continent. And his production factories were filled with highly-skilled workers from in and around the city itself. He and An-dal paid their employees almost well enough, and they had their managers treat them better than most other workers in other places were. And because of this, there was some small but significant degree of loyalty to both of them. There was a minimum of the strikes, rioting, and labor strife at Am-Veg that was found in other places. But it was nevertheless the case that Da-Vas and An-Dal kept the vast majority of the wealth they made only for themselves and their personal use.

When the overseas wars ended, in armistices or even in a few defeats, the surviving troops of the largest continent began to return home. There was no longer the great demand for military goods, and the Am-Vag system began to end many of its productions. Many of the workers lost their jobs, and they were dismissed to join the growing numbers of unemployed veterans then in the society. These were also joined by increasing amounts of war refugees from other continents, and the problems became very serious. Slowly but surely the masses became disillusioned, as the poverty, hunger, and wagelessness became more and more difficult as time went by. There began to be protests, demonstrations, and even rioting, and the inevitable clashes with the police units.

The emperor responded to the new crises by staying in his well-protected palace, and by increasing the sizes and amounts of the continental security forces. He also built more prisons to accommodate the increases in arrests and detentions, and, for a time, order was maintained. The imperial guards in and around the capitol were especially increased, and these new positions at least provided some more jobs in the changing system. Loyal and combat-experienced veterans were especially sought for the new security troops, and especially ones who had distinguished themselves on the many battlefields.

Da-Vas met with his long-time business associate, An-Dal, and they decided that they needed to make some dramatic changes in their lives as well. They moved permanently to their main mansions, and they had each of these surrounded with defensive barriers and fortifications. They each hired larger staffs of well-trained and armed veterans to be their security guards for their new fortress retreats. They also sent more taxes to the local offices to increase the police and prison guard personnel in the city and surrounding areas. And they did so for the emperor to finance the further expansion of his guard and detention centers, as well. They also paid very sufficient bribes to the lawspeakers in the city and in the capitol, and there were never any legal difficulties for them because of this.

In this way the elite and the upper class of the largest continent began to surround themselves with a newly-created and expanded middle class of police, judicial, and penal powers to isolate, insulate, and protect them from the ever-expanding and growing mobs of the impoverished lower class. The emperor, the generals, the leading officials, and the business wealthy such as Da-Vas and An-Dal, were thus well able to protect themselves and their families for generations to come. They were safe from the rapidly-increasing and

expanding unrest and deterioration on the continent, which came in the period afterwards.

In their oldest ages, Da-Vas and An-Dal then both realized that they would soon die. And they both began to feel very guilty for all of the selfishness, avarice, and greed they had felt only for themselves in their long lives. Da-Vas was sorry for keeping mistresses and other girlfriends, instead of devoting himself solely to his wife and family. They were sorry that they had lied to and cheated the emperor and his generals, with inflated overcharging for all of the military supplies they had sent to the army. They were sorry that they had deliberately used inferior and cheaper materials in making the equipment, even though they had kept the secret and charged full prices for what they had said were the best and most expensive ones. And they were sorry that they had underpaid their employees, and then simply terminated them after working them all so hard and for so long. But they were both especially guilty about all of the war weapons and supplies that they had made causing so much death and destruction to so many others, for so long, on the planet.

Da-Vas and An-Dal summoned their personal lawspeakers, and they had them rewrite their final wills. In these they left only enough to their wives, families, and homes to maintain their high and secure lifestyles, and they left nothing for any of the younger females they had cultivated and kept elsewhere. They each gave away the remainder of their vast wealth, the greater bulk of it all, to help others. They gave away larger and larger donations to the temples, the priests and priestesses, the charities, the orphanages, the wounded veterans' rehabilitation groups, shelters for the homeless, the educational foundations, the arts and cultural organizations, and many other such places.

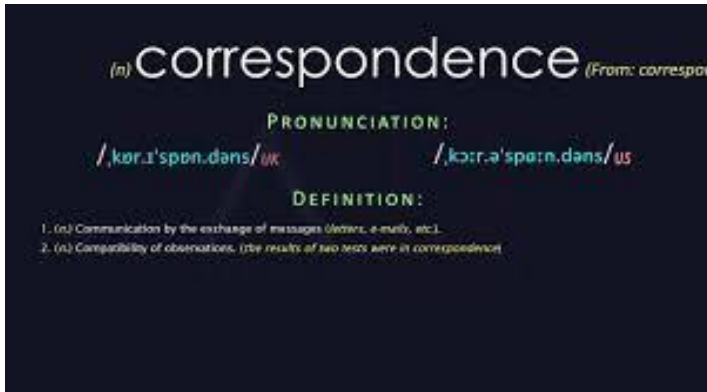
As they each lay dying on their sleeping platforms, they prayed to all of the deities to forgive their arrogant foolishness and blinded stupidities. And perhaps the deities were indeed impressed with their newfound wisdom, and perhaps they accepted Da-Vas's and An-Dal's spirits to dwell among them in the afterlife. Certainly the deities had to have seen that at least some good came out of the enormous amounts of the war wealth, especially in doing some real goodness in helping others for a change.

At each of their funeral pyre ceremonies, many came to show their grief, and especially all of those who had suddenly received from the great many grants and donations that came from their estates. There was the usual dancing, singing, and chanting, but something else out of the ordinary also occurred with both. Despite the constant clouds and cold winds that had remained for the season, the solar star rays suddenly broke through, and a warmer and gentle wind blew upon those assembled at both funerals. So, perhaps, the deities did indeed truly favor both of them after all, or at least they did not outright scorn either of them. And perhaps their spirits did indeed travel to be with the deities for all eternity, in the blissful peace, harmony, and tranquility of an afterlife that we should all strive for.



art: P.F. Eigefeld

Correspondence



GARTH SPENCER: Great expositions on past writers, such as Shirley Jackson. I appreciate reading that.

It may also be entertaining to readers to review great fannish hoaxes and pranks, such as the Carl Brandon hoax fan, or the various fake bids for Worldcon over the years.

One of my ongoing concerns has been changes or difficulties in carrying on fannish activities such as clubs, fanzines, fan funds, conventions, or hoaxes and pranks that people will enjoy. I have been slowly working on a volume of Canadian fan history—to join some works that have already been published, such as Taral Wayne’s **The Great White Zine**—with a view to examining how these things worked before and how they can work in the future, as if I were actually a qualified sociologist applying structural-functional analysis to the subjects.

You may now laugh.

What? Oh yes, I was laughing so bad at the remembrance of those hoaxes that I practically didn’t notice your thumbs-up. However, I have no very great liking for hoaxes, as they are negative to the progress of constructive thought, and I wouldn’t consider them an actual part of fandom’s history, actually an upsetting of the same. They interfere with research, too, as they get everybody talking about something that isn’t real, rather than something that is serious and constructive, such as study of history.

In line with history and research, one can’t do better in the keeping and study of them than to interpret things of the past and finding out what was valid and useful in the perpetuation of sf and fandom in earlier times, so best wishes on your fan history project.

HEATH ROW: Has it really been since August 2022 and Origin 54 that I last wrote? Fifteen issues and more than a year is far too long in between missives. And Origin 69 offered some food for thought.

On the cover, the clubzine proclaims that it’s the Journal of the National Fantasy Fan Federation History and Research Bureau. I’m surprised to admit it, but I’ve never seriously considered it in that light. Not because I couldn’t take it seriously as such. I just never thought about it. Thinking about it now, it strikes me that you helm two of the clubzines with what might be the most potential in terms of serious work.

I’ll save thoughts about Ionisphere for a future letter if so inspired, but the potential gravity of Origin feels weighty and worth considering. On the table of contents page you offer “We are here to make the nature and history of science fiction, fantasy and science fiction fandom clear, and to encourage the progress and keep up the readership of science fiction and fantasy writing.” This clubzine is the N3F’s opportunity to contribute to the practice of timebinding, or capturing and communicating accumulated knowledge to new generations, in the spirit of Robert A. Heinlein’s speech at the third Worldcon.

So what do we bind in this issue? Your somewhat florid editorial makes an important and intriguing point. “These are dangerous times.” But just what sins are being studied isn’t clear. “Did people try to get away from the turbulences they then faced, and did these attempts to get away lead to even worse than they strove to

escape?” Perhaps, instead of focusing on “what is wrong with people”, we should consider what worked well, what is *right*—what got people out of whatever messes might have existed.

In fact, you propose that that’s the role of the historian or researcher. “We get negative feedback from the reading matter,” you propose. “We ought to write about what we read much more than we do—essays, perhaps, on the theme of what’s in a book, not just reviews. We do have reviewing in the N3F, but still, not very much discussion.” Is it discussion that we want in Origin? Or documentation? Interesting distinctions to think about.

Your piece “Science Fiction Women: Jane Roberts” might be the strongest piece of sercon in the issue. I would have welcomed more information about her life and sf writing, though the material on her more spiritual work, her “explorations into the psychic realms”, was fascinating if brief. I think Roberts warranted a longer consideration, but that’s easy to say as a reader, particularly as a reader who owes you a piece of writing! More along these lines—and I do mean more, as in more words per article, not solely more articles—would be very welcome.

This might be the clubzine I’m most interested in currently. And, not running for the Directorate this year (though I seem to be on the ballot regardless, we’ll see how the votes fall!), I might have some free time in my fanac to make good on that interview I owe you for Ionisphere—and other ideas. [Yes, keep active!—another entrant was forgotten on the ballot listing this year (as I was the last year), but they seem now to have a ballot again that will go through automatically.—JT]

First of all, where is Jon D. Swartz, our estimable historian, in these pages? I know he frequently contributes to The National Fantasy Fan, but we could approach him about contributing history-oriented work to Origin. Secondly, I wonder whether there is a potential partnership of sorts with First Fandom that could add to the timebinding in Origin. Perhaps we offer them a First Fandom column or feature, even if reprinted from **Scientifiction**, if they’re interested. As an associate member of that organization, I could reach out to John L. Coker III if the idea intrigues you. I also recently wrote a brief history of the magazine **Worlds of If** for the relaunched periodical’s website. Though I included it in my WOOF contribution **Space Warp & WOOF 2023**—good to see your **Parables of Playland #1** in **WOOF 48**, too!—once the piece is online. I’ll ask if they’ll mind our reprinting it...again, if you’re interested. [I wouldn’t want it reprinted here, but wouldn’t mind if it were reprinted elsewhere—JT].

Another idea. The N3F itself has a rich history. We have many back issues of clubzines online. I’d be willing to consider some form of “This Month in N3F History” in which we delve into that documented history to showcase notable events, commentary, and other club doings to bring more of the past to current light. If Swartz wants to contribute but wants something light, this could be an idea for him, as well. We could also range more broadly to other notable moments in fandom. Book releases, movie premieres, TV debuts, and the like.

In the end, I guess what I’m suggesting is that we return to root purposes. The N3Fwebsite says “The N3F Historical and Research Bureau publishes articles on all aspects of fannish history”. Let’s do that. I’m willing to help make Origin the ideal Journal of the History and Research Bureau as you state on the cover. We can seek other contributors who are history-minded and oriented toward time binding. And for every piece you consider for publication ask yourself, Does it help make the nature and history of science fiction, fantasy, and science fiction fandom clear? Does it encourage the progress and keep up the readership of science fiction and fantasy writing?

Because Origin focuses on the history of sf and fandom, it is a sercon fanzine, not as fannish as the issue suggests. Let’s get serious.

A director speaks. I’ve been wanting to get a little help with this project, and of course have had some from Redmond, Judy Carroll, and Jon Swartz, as well as the outsource Martin Lock. But it would be nice to get more

dimensions to the zine, as you suggest. What became of Jon Swartz I don't know, but it would be nice if he did do a piece from time to time for Origin. He's the historian, and it would be good to maintain some connection with him.

I have no further information about Jane Roberts, as I did not see her very widely discussed, but her stories had impact. The further notes on her I found showed that she took some of this impact to welcoming quarters.

We'll print any articles or other relevant material that we receive, and are always open to ideas. This keeps the N3F active.

Quotations from the past of the N3F would be fine, and First Fandom has always been interesting.



Going over the issue



This issue has been a pleasure to put together, since I had the leisure. Sometimes that monthly schedule seems a little difficult to meet, but thinking it over, most of the sf magazines have had monthly issues, and they're a lot more difficult to get together than this is. One could wonder how they manage it, with all the things there are to do in the course of a day. Then one remembers that probably all of the ghods known to findom are mindful of their efforts.

Reading Judy's column puts me in mind that Christmas is awfully phantasmic, an easy observation that I've not seen mentioned in sf or in the fanzines, though come to think of it H.L. Gold did put an outer space Santa Claus on the cover of each Christmastime issue. Our whole town gets lit up with Christmas lights each Christmas, and my household is not laggard in this matter. We try to meet with the spirit of the occasion. All of this lends a true phantasmagoric atmosphere to the holiday.

She is, I think, right with the new spirit I have suggested for this publication, that of more friendship and unity existing in fandom, and more attention given to what things mean to us. I think you'll be finding an improvement in what we're doing here as we progress. And you may notice I'm trying to stir up greater interest in science fiction, with my evocations of science fiction and fantasy fiction of the past.

We're glad to have a new member for our staff, Heath Row, a very active NFFF member who is in charge of several other fandom concerns, including the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. He also has contacts with First Fandom. Welcome to our bureau, Heath!





end of issue