



This issue is dedicated to a verbal blitzkreig upon the unspeakable person known as

JAC & SPEER

Published nonchalantly
for the Fapa
by Bob Tucker

Speer (the physical angle) is a disgusting little moron, hailing from some hinterland part of Oklahoma. Altho he now lives and works upon the taxpayers money in Washington D.C. he still retains that devilish Oklahoma twang in his speech. While this is perfectly passable in Oklahoma, inasmuch as I understand the other natives also use the same nasal intonations, it is hardly permissable in the United States; Speer should really cultivate his speech so as to talk as the rest of us civilized persons do.

Mentally, he falls shorter than his physical height. His chief delight in this world is pursuing the hundreds of dime comic books sold thruout the juvenile world. I have been given to understand from inside sources that his room in Washington is packed from floor to ceiling with thousands of copies; that once he received a pay raise from Unca Sammy, and immediatly notified his newsstand dealer to lay in an additional supply of Stuporman Comics and such.

Speer probably turns out mor wordage in the FAPA annually than any other member. Take a quick gander at some of his magazines in this & other mailings: Sustaining Program, Ramblings, Up To Now, and many others. Have you looked? If you haven't, you missed absolutely nothing. His FAPAmags might as well lie on Clevelands city dump alongside the Futurianonsense.

Speer is probably responsible for all this nonsense popping up in our official magazine, The Fantasy Amateur. I am speaking of those hideous little borders that run like this: upfoodownghuupfoodownghu.... What a damnable, partisan thing to have in our official magazine. What must other non-partisan fans think, not to mention those ghulish ones who feel they are being treated in contempt? The Fantasy Amateur must be absolutely impartial, non-partisan and free. No more Speer borders say I!

A glance at his Sustaining Program is an enlighting thing.....like hell! Any given paragraf in it refers to nothing whatsoever. He has a dept. devoted to reviewing fanmags in the previous mailing, and can anyone (much less a new member!) discover who or what he is talking about? No, its impossible, what with his system of vague references, gag-names he passes off . . . who, outside of himself, knows that "Vulcan" is none other than myself? Hardly anyone. Therefore, think of all the members who didn't know I put out a delectable issue in the 12th mailing. Speer should say: Tucker's latest issue a wow! Simply superb, delectable, a must for every fan. We call him Vulcan because he never misses fire. Unquote.

Or something to that effect to lets readers know what the score is.

Also in this same fanmag, he is forever quoting senseless quotes... things of fancy wordage that mean nothing, not even to Gertie Stein. He likes to do this, merely to impress other members. It gives them the notion that Speer is a widely read man. In truth, he is not. He bought one of those books "Quotations Worth Knowing" and is working slowly thru it, page by page. He is on page 96 now. In the next mailing you will get pages 97-98-99, thinking he actually dug them out of his wide-range library. He will be quoting from his library when you get something like this in his magazine: Quote " Careful!" hissed Garci the Fire man, as his flaming hoofs beat a quick retreat for Lulu, the beautiful Ocean Princess, "those stupid monsters have keen ears. Oh, to have my faithful friends, Nigarga the Steelman and Oshkabob the Leopard Man at my side now!" unquote.

Speer gave his little secret away by constantly printing deep quotes of high literary significance, such as fragments by Hardy, James, and Thackeray. Never do you see something simple, like this:

"Happiness never rides alongside us. The difference between what we possess and what we desire is a constant."

Catapha, in 'The Invincible Adam

--or this--

"ANN: why aren't people kinder to each other Scrubby? I do try to be kinder if I had it all over again.

SCRUBBY: Being unkind comes more natural to most people, I'm afraid. That's what we find out when it's too late. "

"Outward Bound" Act III, Sc. II

The reason is, Speer knows nothing simple, like that. All he knows (and prints) is what is given in his little book, "Quotations Worth Knowing". And they aren't, at all.

The balance of his fanmag, Sustaining Program, is filled with gaff of interest to no one, not even Speer. Imagine printing pages upon pages of conversation between King Arthur and Sir Garwain! That aint science fiction! And phony poetry! And lines from operas! And lousy 'tourist-German'!

No, I'm afraid that Speer just doesn't "click". His influence upon American science fiction fandom is dreadful. He is rapidly spreading narrowmindedness and intolerance by such things as

upfoodownghuupfoodownghuupfoodownghuetcetcetcetc

In summing up this twanging hillbilly who came out of the backwoods to practice his middle-ages existence in todays brilliant civilization, I can quote and twist, slightly, a favorite expression of one Campbell, who is an editor or something in New York; to wit:

" Speer is an altogether lovely little stinker -- but slightly wacky . "

upghudownfooupghudownfoouptuckerdownspeeruptuckerdownspeerupghudownfoo

FLASH: There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that "Jack Speer" is a pen-name for Pres. Roosevelt.

COMMENTARY ON THE SPRING MAILING

Koenig's Reader & Collector: Concerning Koenig's remarks on the Dikty - Shroyer 'Disgusting' publication', Epilogue: It was just that, wasn't it? I never had a chance to read it until it had been on sale two or three days; and it was too late to "ban" it then, even had I wished to do so. I doubt tho, H.C., (providing it had been in my sole power to do so, of course) whether I would have banned its sale at the Chicon I am fanatically opposed to censorship in any form. I probably would have rather risked the ill will of the buyer than the publisher(seller). I recall, during a Chicon bull session, squatting on the speaker's platform with Shroyer (I had met him before) hashing out the censorship proposition. The Bloomington film censor board had just previously banned "Birth of a Baby" and I was all burned up about it. All of which has nothing to do with the Koenig statement under discussion, but it makes an interesting coincidence. Which leads me to observe something else: scientific fiction, as a core for our various activities, is being buried deeper and deeper in layers of other interests, and I look for the time when we will abandon altogether the pretense of being "stfans" and be just amateur journalism fans. The FAPA mags of that punk, Speer, seem to be the leaders of this trend. I, for one, don't believe I shall regret it. I met you thru scientific fiction, and having met you, found you superior to the magazines themselves, so I am content to get along with you, and the magazines may go any way they wish. (Altho I realize the over-abundance of pro mags may have induced this state of being.) Lastly, Koenig's R&C is my favorite FAPA mag.

Speer's Sustaining Program: I wonder if he believes the article he once submitted to D'Journal was funny? Did he print it in this issue of SP to fill up space, to call attention to his sense of humor, or just to prove Tucker is/was a good editor by rejecting the thing? *** If ever a set of Chicon photographs appear and we discover we have been omitted, undoubtedly we shall do something drastic. We almost did something drastic to Speer as we viewed his six small snaps on the back page of the Spring issue --- but aha! we found our august self in #6, the group photo wherein Wilson is riding Lorny-bluth piggy-back. That is us in the two-toned jacket, hobnobbing with some Big Men from the East.

L'Oasis d'Horreur and Nachgemachte Schildkrötensuppe: n u t s !

Studley's The Time Scanner: We blushed (yes, actually and literally!) with shame upon finding two of our Chicon articles in this journal. Studley old boy, you sure provided yourself with a perfectly lousy entree; outside of your Philly ramblings plus a poem or two, you had absolutely nothing in the issue. We liked the Philly business ... why not tell fandom the full story of the Purity Restruant, for as I heard it from the bubbling lips of Perdue, it's good!

Warner's Horizons: Swell reading up to page 5. Say Harry, if the story-by-story analyses is of no interest to anyone but yourself, as you mention, then why not devote those remaining pages so as to allow us to read your private mail over your shoulder; recall you once entertained such a policy. Our reading your mail is unethical, illegal, and illicit, and therefore something worthwhile. Who was it that remarked the delicious things in life were verboten, dammit! ?

Rothman's Milty's Mag: Next to Koenig's, this is a favorite. And this is another example of fandom --the FAPA branch, at least-- swinging away from stf, to fandom. I'll never forget the first meeting with Rothman, and the horrible error I made. T'was in Philly, in 1939. Milty had just had a story published in Astounding, and I had just had a letter published in the same mag congratulating Milty on it. When we met at Philly he thanked me for the kind words but I was in such a rash and dither I paid little attention to him. Later on when I had a bit of peace, I approached him like a panhandler and acted as if he owed me at least a nickle for writing the letter. The expression in his steeley eyes was horrible to see. I have often wondered since, in remembering the incident, how many varieties of a damn dope he thought I was. *** Ever since then I have been subconsciously afraid of Rothman. When he was leaving the Chicon, and a gang at the trainside w. singing him off, I sang the loudest (with gestures) to make sure he would leave with the right impression of me.

MISCELLANEA

Was rather dissapointed in the smallness of the last mailing ; altho in a way I am myself to blame for not having an issue included.

Had a letter from Los Angelesapien Walt Daugherty some weeks ago (he gave me permission to quote if I wished, but I won't) in which he waxed rather indignant about some FAPA matters; chief among them the laxity of the members in participating. Walt thought perhaps he would be interested in forming an APA of his own, on a really active basis, if the rest of us don't perk up soon and show some activity in the FAPA. This was not a threat, mind you, but rather a statement of a desire for something he couldn't seem to find in the FAPA.

Walt's ideas of an APA were rather radical when compared to the FAPA... what with increased mailings, a magazine every so often or you are out, and things like that. And I rather believe the boy could whip up an organization once he set his mind to it.

This may be treason, but: the only solution I see to the ever-increasing fanzine problem is to make the FAPA large enough to embrace the entire fan-field, taboo hecto magazines unless they can produce a quality similar to Chauvenet's Sardonyx and Detours, charge about two dollars per year, and go to town.

With, say, 150 fans participating, few "outlaw" publishers could buck the organization, because the organization would be giving each suscriber up to 75 magazines per quarter (or bi-monthly) for two dollars a year; hence it would be much cheaper for any publisher to join. The benefit to the little guy who, at present, can afford only two or three dollars per year in fanzines is obvious.

The idea, of course, would call for all fanzines to be included in the organization ... Spaceways, VoM, LeZ, Fanfare ... all of them. The plan is full of holes of course; what plan isn't when you are only considering the building base. But couldn't a bit of semi-heavy thinking cement over the holes?

we note with glee (outside the FAPA) the appearance of a digest fanmag; Joquel's FMZ Digest ... recall how many times this has been dreamed of? Now we need but one more new fanmag: one catering exclusively to the fanzine publisher, a sort of fan-like Editor & Publisher .

POINT OF VIEW

by
Dorothy Sanford

(Just to show you we don't write everything in our fan magazines! -bt)

The two were sitting close together, their arms about each other, idly watching the endless stream of people promenading before them.

"People are funny," he observed.

"Why?" she asked, wrinkling her brow.

"Oh, I don't know -- perhaps because they're so much alike."

His companion studied her hands before answering.

"I don't think they're alike," she declared. "In fact, people differ so greatly, I bet we'd be surprised if we could talk to them and find out what's going on in their minds."

"Maybe you're right," he countered, "but they still look alike to me. Everybody has two legs, eyes, arms, and all the rest."

"Ah, but their faces are different. Now, don't tell me you know everyone has a face, and so they too, are all alike. I mean there is a real, underlying difference in people. See that oldish woman, the one with the black hat pulled down over her ears -- well, if you look at her face closely, you can see she doesn't like us."

"How do you know that?" There was annoyance in his manner as he gazed after the woman who had just passed them.

"It seemed to me that when she looked at us she thought we ~~were~~ disgraceful."

"Because I have my arms around you? There's no law against it that I know of."

"It must be that -- what else? Now take this couple passing now -- the man and woman -- they like everybody. You can tell by their smiles."

"Even us -- arms and all?"

"Yes. Some people think it's cute to see an affectionate couple."

They both laughed, and his arm tightened about her shoulders.

The passing couple stopped. The woman squeezed her husband's arm.

"Look," she exclaimed, "aren't those two cute? Sitting there cuddled up together. Oh, Jim, don't you just love monkeys!"

speerisafoo*speerisafoo*speerisafoo*tuckerain't*tuckerain't*speerfooooo

FLASH: It just occurred to us that Speer remarked recently that he and Rothman recently entered a private hospital to have their tendrils removed. ((Koenig, oh Koenig what a sentence!)) We feel moved to reveal that Speer is hiding the truth. They entered a private hospital alright, but it wasn't the kind that houses medical and surgical patients. As for Speer's alleged tendrils ... they were nothing but long un-cut hair dobed up with a thick axle grease. ## We wish Speer would distribute good-sized shovels with his letters and fan magazines.

speerbah-speerbah-speerbah-speerbah-speerbah-speerbah-speerbah-bahhhhhh

Vol.
 $\frac{1\frac{1}{2}}{2\frac{1}{4}}$

THE COSMIC PEON

No.
 $\frac{1\frac{1}{2}}{1\frac{1}{2}}$

NEW TOMAHAWK SHEARING THRU PLANETARY OUTPOSTS IN LATEST CRAZE
PATENTED AXE LIFTING EYEBROWS AND SCALPS AS DRUMMER SALESMAN INTRO-
DUCES FAD DESIGNED TO REPLACE MAH JONG AND CHINESE CHECKERS

Goober, Pluto, July 9th: A sales-
"an today was credited with open-
ing up on this planet a brand
new diversion and sport. His name
is unknown because the boys shot
him dead as he stepped off the
rocket without first ascertaining
his tag and business. In his suit
cases were found a gross of old
fashioned Indian (Earth) tomahawks
(a local Indian refugee from Earth
informed us), which were promptly
passed around.

Mah Jong and similar games around
this outpost were promptly for-
gotten as the population went in
for this new sport. The toma-
hawks came in a kit, consisting
altogether of: tomahawk, hunting
knife, holster, and mirror.

We interview some of the local
citizenry:

Rosky Bumwhiskey, famous Pluto
backwoods guide: "Oh man! I shave
with the tomahawk and skin the
dirty natives with the knife. I
recommend this outfit. Wonder
what the drummer's name was?"

Chief Poochie-woochie (Indian
refugee): "Wow! The niftiest out-
fit I ever handled since I left
dear old Oklahoma! Always use-
ful about the teepee! Wish I
could pick up a few more sets!"

Mrs. Jno. Lsssssskm (she married
a native): "I find the tomahawk
most useful in peelin' the per-
taters. I cain't figure out no
good use for that ther' looking
glass, tho."

According to a notice on the
handle, the tomahawk is pat.

BEANIE POST S.F.L. HOLDS FIFTY -
NINTH MONTHLY MEETING. MANY FAMOUS
FANS PRESENT.

Also An Author Or Two, and An
Editor, Plus Other Misc. Vermin

Director proclaims meet-
ing great success

Regrets having to eject nineteen
members because they disagreed---
with him.

On grounds that the remaing two
members present constituted a
quorum, meeting was great success

(story on page thirty one)

NEW FAN MAG LONG OVERDUE !

Sciencefiction Bunko, Hector Her-
shey's new hecto fanmag is long
overdue. Interviewed t'other day
by an ace reporter, "ershey stated
"I don't know when its coming out,
really. Dad hasn't bought that
hecto he promised me yet."
and then he added brightly: "But
Ackerman has sent me an article."

SUSCRIBE TO COSMIC*PEON!
TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT PEON!
GIVE GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PEON!
MENTION COSMIC-PEON IN ALL YOUR
LETTERS --- EVERY LETTER YOU WRITE
TO A FAN SHOULD MENTION COSMIC-
PEON IN EVERY OTHER LINE!

SUSCRIBE TO COSMIC-PEON
THERES NOTHING LIKE COSMIC- PEON!
GET HYSTERICAL ABOUT THE PEON !!
COSMIC - PEON !