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ACKERMAN**

*(The inspirational-innovator behind Perry Rhodan)*



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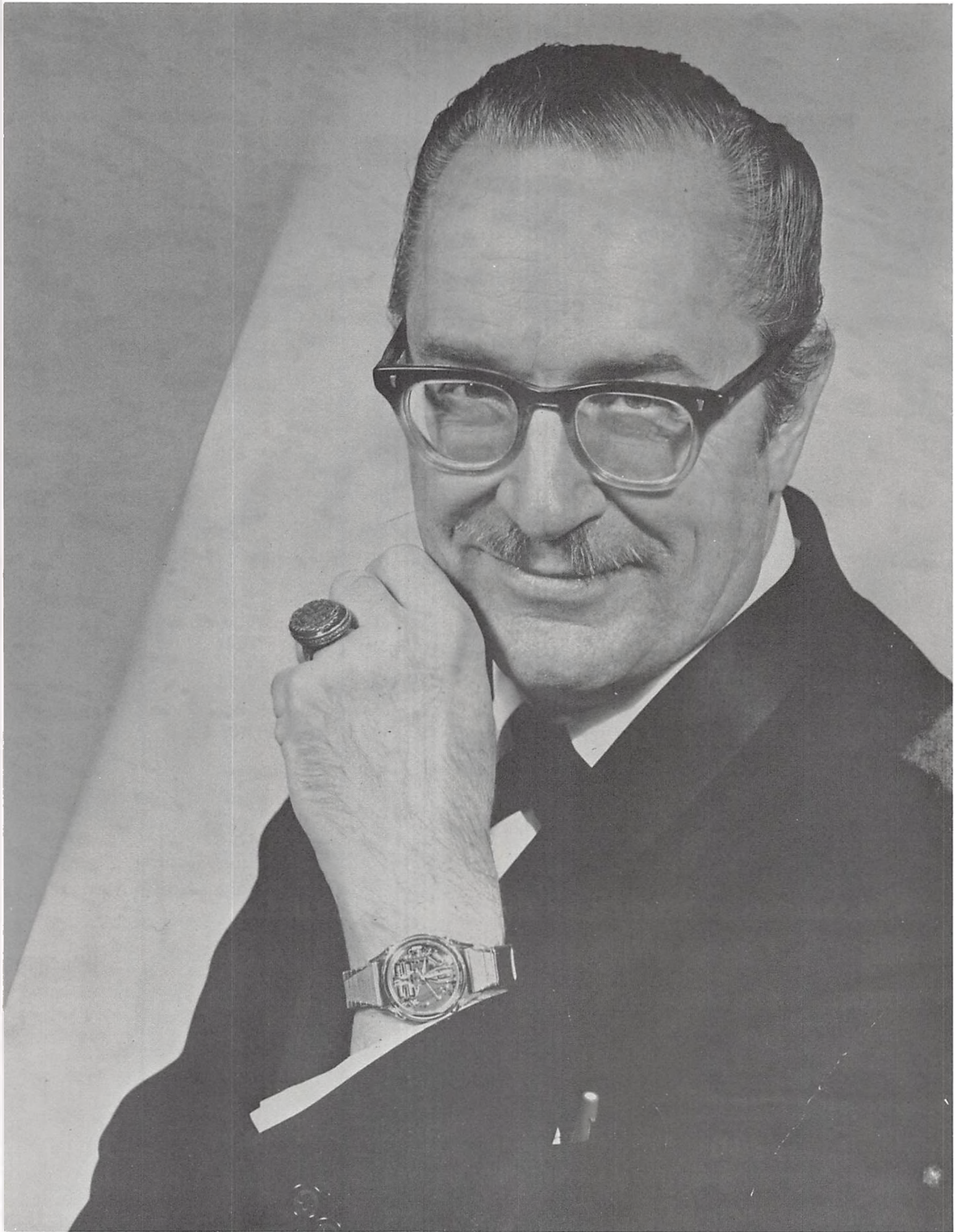


Photo by Walter J. Daugherty

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# The Sci-Fi Guy:

## Forrest J Ackerman

RUR 4sJ

1916: Born (24 Nov)  
1923: Saw Lon Chaney film  
1926: Discovered *Amazing Stories*  
Saw *Metropolis*  
1929: President Boys Stf Club  
First fan letter  
Published in prozine  
1932: Associate editor first fanzine  
(*The Time Traveller*)  
1933: Scientifilm editor *SF Digest*  
(later *Fantasy Magazine*)  
1934: Honorary member no. 1 SF League  
Charter member LASFS  
1935: Esperantist  
1936: First pro sale—"Earth's Lucky Day"  
with Francis Flagg, *Wonder Stories*, April  
1939: Started *Voice of the Imagination* (50 issues)  
Attended NYCon  
1940: Met H. G. Wells  
1941: Polled no. 1 fan  
1942: Pvt. U.S. Army  
1944: Published *Fancylopedia* no. 1  
1945: Honorable discharge S-Sgt.  
1946: Founded Fantasy Foundation  
Launched Big Pond Fund  
(genesis of TAFF)  
1947: Science Fantasy Agency  
1948: First TV appearance  
1951: Guest of honor first  
international sf con (London)  
1953: Voted Hugo as  
fan personality of the year  
1954: Befriended Bela Lugosi  
1955: Coined 'sci-fi'  
1957: Guest of honor first  
Pan-Germanic con  
1958: *Famous Monsters*  
Discovered Trina  
1960s: Mr. Science Fiction &  
Mr. Filmonster  
Editor *Spacemen &*  
*Monster World*  
1962: Album *Music for Robots*  
1963: Ann Radcliffe (gothic) Award  
8700 mile filmonster tour  
1964: Fan guest of honor,  
World Science Fiction Convention  
In film *The Time Travellers*

Other achievements:

Collaborator with Catherine Moore on Northwest Smith  
adventure "Nymph of Darkness"  
Collaborator with A. E. van Vogt on "Laugh, Clone, Laugh!"  
Collaborator with Robert A. W. Lowndes on  
"Dhactwhu!—Remember?"  
Second Ann Radcliffe Award  
Japanese equivalent of Hugo  
Guest of honor Perry Rhodan Con 1972 (Holland)  
TV appearances: *Down Memory Lane*, *To Tell the Truth* (NYC),  
*Joe Pyne Show*, *Linkletter Show*, *Merv Griffin Show*,  
*Moona Lisa Show*, *Paul Coates Show* & numerous other  
Hollywood TV shows. *Omnibus: History of Science*  
*Fiction* (BBC/TV). Interviews in Belgium and Jugoslavia  
Radio interviews around the USA and in Belgium, Holland,  
France, Italy and elsewhere in Europe  
Films: *Dracula vs. Frankenstein*, *Queen of Blood* and *Schlock*  
Editor: Anthology *Best Science Fiction for 1973*  
Contributing Editor: *Vertex Science Fiction*  
USA Correspondent: *Nueva Dimension*  
Creator of Vampirella  
Honorary uncle of Heidi Saha  
Creative Consultant on ABC's Wide World of Entertainment, hour  
and a half special: *Horror Hall of Fame*, a TV salute to  
movie monsters and monster movies. Additional dialog  
(uncredited)  
Special guest, 4-day on-grounds sf con at Baldwin Park High  
School, Calif.  
Recent past: 75 'MGM' students (Mentally Gifted Minors) given  
conducted tour of the Ackermuseum  
Acquired 3d known copy of one of the world's rarest sf novels,  
*King of the dead*  
Asked by George Pal to do cameo role in *Doc Savage—Man of*  
*Bronze*  
Completed editing 50th issue of Perry Rhodan magabook  
Agented sf work *The Racer* by Ib J. Melchior to movie producer  
Roger Corman for New World Productions. Agented space  
opera series "Star Man" by Stuart J. Byrne to Dell Books  
Near future: Feature in *Swank* ... Syndication in 25 major cities,  
Sunday newspaper supplements showing highlights of Son  
of Ackermansion ... Half hour interview on NBC/TV re  
sci-fi & fantasy collection ... Co-anthologist with Philip  
Harbottle, *Alien Lovers*  
1984: Big Bother  
2000: Second childhood's end



# THE MANY FACETS OF FORREST J ACKERMAN

FORREST J ACKERMAN

by ROBERT BLOCH

In recognizing the importance of Forrest J Ackerman, we are doing far more than honoring a man—we are paying a tribute to the history of science fiction fandom. Because for the past forty-odd years, Forry Ackerman and fandom have carried on a symbiotic relationship unequalled since that momentous occasion when Dow met Jones and decided to invent industrials together.

This is not to say that Ackerman invented fandom—or letter hacking—or fantasy-film reviewing—or collecting of artifacts—or fan-clubs—or conventions—or long distance visits and communication with fellow-fen. But he has been so active, so incessantly inventive, and so inveterately associated with all of these varied phenomena that it would be very difficult to conceive of any of them as they might have developed without the Ackerman influence. It's like trying to imagine an Isaac Asimov with lockjaw. An appealing concept, perhaps, but an unlikely one.

Forry has inaugurated awards—sponsored international fanac and visits—set an example which has been followed by a host of imitators, worldwide. And like many another fan, he has crossed over into professional activity. Unlike other fans, however, he has not limited himself to one or two aspects of the field—Ackerman has become not only a writer but an editor, agent, critic, columnist, anthologist, curator, appraiser, dramatic arranger (of material for a Boris Karloff album), public speaker, motion picture actor, TV and radio personality, as well as a punster second to none.

This last is not a personal opinion but a proven fact. Before doing this little piece I conducted a poll on the subject, asking representative fans which they would prefer to hear—some of Ackerman's puns, or none at all. Of the 300 fans questioned, 298 said they would prefer to hear none, even if it meant they'd be spending the rest of their lives totally deaf. The other two whom I asked didn't understand the question. In any case, we can get some idea of where Ackerman stands in the pun ratings.

But there's seemingly no end to the versatility of this man. He is a collector of artwork, or recordings (Jolson, Dietrich and Chevalier being among his favorites) and is perhaps the world's largest consumer of chocolate cake. I would even describe him as a gastronomer, were it not that his aforementioned addiction to punning makes that word a dangerous choice. Nonetheless while Forry neither smokes nor indulges in alcoholic beverages, he is well known as a food-lover. At least he was up until early this January, when it was discovered that eighteen inches of his tape-worm had been erased.

In discussing Forrest Ackerman's versatility I realize that I have neglected to mention one of its most important aspects—his philanthropy. Over the forty-five year span of what he would probably call "Fan-Ack," Forry has bestowed countless kindnesses upon hundreds of fans—in the form of help, encouragement, hospitality, loans and outright gifts and donations to a variety of causes. Not all of the causes—or the fans—have been worthy recipients, and all too often Forry has been the victim of ingratitude, to say nothing of actual rip-offs.

Nevertheless, he has persisted in supporting fannish projects and furthering the welfare of individuals. Fandom, and fans, benefitted from Ackerman's generosity—and fandom, and fans, could do worse than heed his example.

Forrest Ackerman has been a fan for forty-five years. I have known of him for over forty, and we have been personally acquainted for thirty-seven. This I count as a great privilege: a privilege shared by all of his many friends in fandom. And it is a great pleasure to join with those friends in saluting Forrest J Ackerman today.

## FORRIE ACKERMAN

by RAY BRADBURY

Forrest Ackerman is the most important fan/collector/human being in the history of science-fantasy fiction. His love for the field has remained constant since his childhood and he has proved his love out by helping not dozens, not hundreds, but thousands of young people along the way. Among those thousands must be counted people like Charles Beaumont and myself who came to him poor but filled with enthusiasm. He took us under his wing, gave us books, cheered us up, lent us money... the list of charitable things he has done runs off over the horizon. No use embarrassing him with the whole record, it would take days or months to write out his good deeds in a world where we like to pretend Good People do not exist. His house, his collection, his love of our field will live long after him. For now, the best thing we can wish is that Forrest Ackerman outlives us all.

## YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I, GUNGA DHIN

by DR. WALTER J. DAUGHERTY

How does one condense 38 years of friendship into the time capsule of 1,000 words or less? I can only scratch off a few shavings and pinpoint one facet. I suppose that those 38 years could be analysed as averaging close association at approximately 5 hours a week. That's pretty close to 10,000 hours as time flies. Easily 500 of those hours have been spent in close consultation on many personal subjects. I suppose that on the friendship basis I have been and still am Forry's closest friend. At least on this basis, I am most assuredly in a position to comment on one phase of his personality, which has always been a source of admiration on my part. That subject is his dealings with people. 4E is so honest in his dealings with fans and pros, that I would cite him as a perfect model to fashion one's life by. I have seen him make hundreds of purchases of material for his collection and have yet to hear him quibble over a price. If he wants something and you set a price, he only considers the value for his collection, and if he has the budgeted capital at the time.

I have seen him on many occasions send part of a fee he has received for an article, picture, or piece of art work to an individual who is concerned with the item but has no claim on the sale of the material in any manner. His attitude, "Well, yes I own it outright, but if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't have had it to sell." As a personal example let me state that the photographic work that I do for Famous Monsters of Filmland is always paid for immediately upon presentation of my bill. That transaction is complete as far as I am concerned. I have been paid my price, and the picture is his to do with as he pleases. Where he places the picture and what he gets for it is his business. Yet on several occasions, too numerous to inventory, when an issue of the magazine comes out with several of my photos in the issue, I receive additional pay for it—which I do not expect; along with his thanks for a job well done. Who do you work for that does that?

Once in a while, thank goodness very rarely, someone will blast Ackerman in a letter or in the fan press for something he is SUPPOSED to have done wrong to some individual. You or I would probably say to ourselves, "That S.O.B." and blast back. Not so with Ackerman. Invariably this calls for a conference with me where he will have me read the article or letter, tell me his interpretation of it along with any documented facts he might have. In at least 50% of the cases I am probably very familiar with most of the background material and am able to advise how to handle the situation. I can recall NO time when 4E was at fault. In every case someone has either drawn a conclusion or has listened to some half-baked rumor created by a disgruntled person seeking a little notoriety. But the important point is that Ackerman never gets mad; he is only hurt, and I mean HE IS HURT. Why? Because he has never, to my knowledge, ever done anything underhanded, because it just isn't in his nature to be that way.

As I said this is only a tiny facet of the man. I can only conclude by saying what I feel. If Ackerman offers his hand in friendship, grasp it... treat him honest and fair and I'm sure you will feel as I do... Your life will be richer for it. There are too few really fine people in this world that can hold a candle to my friend Forrest J Ackerman.

I knew Forry Ackerman years before I met him.

Our first audiovisual contact was in 1953 at the World Science Fiction Convention hosted by the Philadelphia fans. But I had been very much aware of Forry Ackerman since 1929. That was the year I started to read science fiction magazines, in this case, Hugo Gernsback's Air Wonder and Science Wonder. It seemed to me then that every issue contained a letter from Forry in "The Reader Speaks" column. These were all signed quite formally: Forrest J. Ackerman.

Note the punctuation after the J. In those days Forry had periods.

Though I had not the slightest idea what he looked like, I envisioned a man about six feet six inches tall, very wide-shouldered, black-haired, and having a huge battleship-prow chin and piercing gray eyes. (All heroes had gray eyes in those days.) This image of a Tarzan-like superman was based on the extreme militance and excessive vigor of his letters. Never had I read such prose!

Of course, in these days, when we have become accustomed to such as Harlan Ellison, the language seems mild. But at that time it was considered not very nice.

Here's an example from an early Amazing Stories. This was, by the way, edited by T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. Sloane was remarkable, or perhaps strange would be a better word, for two characteristics. One, he stated flatly that space travel was impossible. Two, he took so long to make up his mind about the stories submitted to him that many writers were convinced he went into hibernation in early November and did not emerge from his hole until late March. He took two years to decide on a novel submitted by Charlie Tanner, which provoked Charlie to write a letter of enquiry in which the editor was addressed as "To, Oh, Come On, Slow One!"

However, Sloane did print promptly the letters from his readers, and I reproduce a typical letter from Forry. This appeared in the Discussions section of the January 1932 issue of Amazing Stories. Forry's address at that time was 530 Staples Avenue, San Francisco, California. Here it is, verbatim and entire, so you may get some idea of the Forry Ackerman of that day, the Forry then generally considered the Demosthenes, the William Pitt, the J. J. Pierce, of sf letterhacks.

Preceding the letter, in big black letters, was the customary prefatory comment by T. O'Connor Sloane himself.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO SAYS WE DON'T  
KNOW OUR SHIRT FROM SHINOLA, BUT  
LIKES OUR STUFF ANYWAY.

Editor, Amazing Stories:

I beg of you to print this. You've been publishing stories lately containing brickbats so you surely should print this.

Where are the great illustrations and the great stories of yesteryear? Gone, gone with the (censored, Ed.)—ing snows. What's happened? Where did you go wrong? Good Heavens! I once thought you were the greatest, but I now think you're a (censored, Ed.)—head. You used to make me cream in my jeans once a month, make me swoon with ecstasy, when your rag hit the stands. But lately you've been feeding me and the long-suffering public a pile of (censored, Ed.).

Where are the incredible artists and the sense of wonder of the Amazing Stories I once knew? Gone, gone down the (censored, Ed.)—ing drain. What happened to the incomparable Paul, Wesso, Morey? Where are the giants of purple prose: Ed Earl Repp, G. Peyton Wertenbaker, Captain S. P. Meek, Hendrik Dahl Juve, J. Lewis Burt, B. SC.,



Miles J. Breuer, M.D., and Wood Jackson? These are all immortal names, destined to go down through the ages as classics, read as long as the English language lasts.

Your rivals, the twin magazines (censored, Ed.) have illustrations by these great artists and these great authors. So what's wrong with you, you (censored, Ed.) hole? Get these giants back and quit publishing tired old reprints of Verne and Wells and Rousseau, you cheap (censored, Ed.).

Otherwise, your rag isn't bad at all, and if it ceased publication I'd just die.

After Forry's letter, the editor added his usual comment. or perhaps it wasn't so usual.

(Up yours, too, Forrest J. Ackerman. And in reply to your letter of October 20th, 1931, why should we pay you a cent a word for your letters? That's more than our authors get, when they get it.)

I hope I'm not shocking any of the thousands of Forry's admirers by exposing his youthful vitriolics or, as some might claim with some justification, lack of self-control. I quote this letter merely to show the contrast between the impetuous juvenile Jeremiah of the early 1930's and the Forry that we have known for so many years: the mild-mannered owner and occupant of stately Ackermansion. I was surprised when I first met Forry. I had expected a fiery stentorian-voiced eat-em-up-alive juggernaut. Instead, I found a pleasant gentle-voiced man of about my own age, one remarkably well-informed on sf and fantasy and movies. (I didn't know about his colossal collection then.) I was also to discover, through the years, that here was a man with about the biggest heart going, one without a trace of that vindictiveness and malice that most human beings have, whatever other good qualities they possess. Time and again, I've been amazed and touched at his generosity, his idealism, his gentleness, his constant kindnesses, and his thoughtfulnesses.

To keep from being accused of oversentimentality, I'll say here that Forry is not perfect. But then who is? And he has peccadilloes but no true sins.

One of the things about him that sticks in my mind, and there are many, is the yellow brick road he had in back of his house on Sherbourne Drive. Yes, Forry did have a yellow brick road in his backyard, hence the title of this encomium. I first saw it when I took my six-year-old granddaughter to show her the Ackermansion, its objets d'art, and its lord and master. Forry conducted her through every room, explaining what this and that was and where it came from. Then he led us out to the backyard, and we saw the yellow brick road. It started out just like the road in the movie, spiralled, and then, alas, disappeared. But my granddaughter Kim was delighted, entranced, I should say. She has never forgotten that, never will, I suppose. There really is a yellow brick road of Oz, and though she has her suspicions about the authenticity of Santa Claus, she doesn't have the slightest doubt about the existence of the yellow brick road.

Neither do I, and I suspect that Forry's faith is as deep as mine.

Forry, you see, is the man who built the yellow brick road. From fantasy, he constructed reality. And this is what he's been doing all his life. He fell in love with sf, and he took what was basically fantasy and built a real world out of it. He put together the fantastic Ackercollection in his Ackermansion, and he built his own life at the same time in accordance with the blueprints of sf. As sf grew, he grew, and vice versa.

So, Forrest J Ackerman, here's a salud, a toast, to you. I won't be at the Lunacon to lift a glass in your presence. But I'll be doing it here at home the night the attendees are honoring you. Here's to the Old Master Painter of Future Vistas, the Preserver and Advancer of Sci-fi, the Contractor Who Built the Yellow Brick Road.

## THE MESSAGE OF SCIENCEFICTIONUS IMMORTALUS

by TERRI E. PINCKARD

The light outside is growing dimmer now, and I must hurry—hurry to write this down before it dims completely, and while I still have strength and free will to set my thoughts on paper.

The gem sits there, glowing with a strange light, pulsing and beating slowly—almost hypnotically forcing me to look at it, listen to it, hear the message. It has controlled me for years now, and I know that there are only a few times when I have free will, so forceful is its drive to have me follow. It sends the message out to others, also. I've watched as they stumble, spellbound, drawn always to the hungering of it. It fills them with the gospel and then withdraws its forcefield, knowing they will ever be bound to it and the message. Its strength is unbelievable ... I have known it to have effect over thousands of miles. A letter from a small boy was received, written to it in idolization and the boy remarked how he read its gospel over and over again until his lips were numb. It has that paralyzing effect. No longer can one speak of loving a man or woman, or patriotism, nor even love of God. It becomes all—there can be no other love than for that of which it speaks.

It cannot be earthmade; it must have come from the stars or some far distant planet in some other universe, for never has a substance been found so hard, so unmalleable as to allow no other force to affect it. And yet, and yet—when it speaks the gospel, it is of hope, of wonder; one that molds you, assists you, lets you lean upon it.

At first, the gem's pulsing was gentle. Then it began to grow and grow. The pulsing became so strong that people who had never before heard the message felt its beating and began to want it, to desire the things the message promised. Sometimes the gem spoke of things foreboding, and sometimes horror entered into it, but always there were the admirers with questions, searching for more than even it was willing to give. And yet it gave, for in its giving was its growing and in its growing the message reached even further believers.

It is a fantastic gem, with so many many facets. Sometimes it is not seen in its best light, yet even then the message is carried—"Come to me, in me is hope!"

It usually reaches out first to children, for their minds are still open, and it touches them, caresses them. Then, when interest has stirred in their minds, it suggests things; hints of faroff worlds, of wonderful benefits, of love and peace. It threatens horrendous happenings if the message is denied, and the children soon become converts. They become enslaved and when they are adults, they continue their obeisance to the gospel, though sometimes it is as though it is an ancestral memory they follow, leading their lives with so-called free will—until once again it beckons and forces them to kneel before some great new blinding revelation.

Now it lives in a shrine—a gigantic shrine—one that will ensure the perpetuation of the gospel throughout all time. And its acolytes hover to lead new believers, old believers through its halls to view with awe the icons and idols the apostles have created to bring the message to the world.

And I—I am but a fragment of my former self; I am completely enslaved. My brain can no longer hold thoughts of anything else for more than a moment. The gem has had power over me now for twenty-one years, and I grow faint, strong only when I do its bidding, only when I am mouthing the gospel. It will live eternally, there is nothing that can destroy it. Eventually, the whole world will hear, and know the truth of the gospel and recite it to their children, and their children's children. And I no longer wish to fight it, for there is no other truth than the one the gem brings.

It is a magnificent gem—rare, compelling, with but one flaw, and that just a punishing one, and if you truly follow and believe the message, you willingly accept even that.

The gem is calling me now. I am to chronicle its life, its immortality, and the message. I love, oh, how I love the message. I love the apostles who spread it. But ah, the gem—I love the gem even more; that wonderful gem called Sciencefictionus Immortalus—more commonly known as Forrest J Ackerman.

### WHO IS FORREST J ACKERMAN?

by A. E. VAN VOGT

The year was 1894, or 1914, or 1944 (most likely).

Either late November, or early December.

Place: Los Angeles.

A man who is now nameless, because he has left this vale of tears—F. Towner Laney was his name then—said, "And now, I'd like you to meet Forry—Forrest J Ackerman."

Was it a crocodile? Was it a robot? Was it a pale ghost? (Ghosts can be pale, I understand.)

Whatever this thing was, it was called Forrest Ackerman.

Why am I so vague in my description? Because I don't remember the meeting. Blank is the word for that pregnant moment in history. As if it never was. And yet I have a concept of a recollection of a memory of a party given by F. Towner Laney. And, according to reports afterwards, that's where I met



a human shape in a sergeant's uniform who, years later, evolved in the image centers of my brain into a man about six feet tall, with a tiny mustache, and a good-natured smile. And fantastically handsome.

Who is Forrest J Ackerman? That, ladies and gentlemen, is a question which very likely may not be answered in his lifetime.

Occasionally, I phone a certain, peculiar telephone number: MOON FAN. After two rings, a dynamic, familiar (because it's always the same) voice apprizes me by recorded message that when the bell sounds, I may record a message of my own, and that at some later time the voice will return my call.

On the occasions when that actually happens—i.e. the voice does call back—it is an electrifyingly high speed process. Dynamic is again the word for the minute, or two, or three, or ten, or twenty. Whatever the time an enormous amount of verbal energy pours into my hearing centers. The amount of information conveyed has to be heard to be believed.

Forrest Ackerman is a man who in his time has seen seven movies in one day. And come out smiling.

A man who ... when in 1961 he was interviewed for an oral history, after 44 hours of talking at high speed into a tape recorder, had only got to the letter C in his alphabet of science fictional information.

The only other person to match this—so I was told—was Ray Bradbury. But Ray had completed his life history at the end of 44 hours, whereas Forry was cut off because the universities involved had intended to limit each individual to some reasonable total of tape time. (As a comparison, when I was interviewed I petered out after 12 hours—and that came to 340 pages of typed manuscript, when transcribed.)

Personally, I think they should have let Forry talk until he dropped his last Z.

Inside Forrest Ackerman has got to be the most incredible place. I visualize a memory center that stretches from just under the top of the skull right down into the upper legs.

When, after he is unfrozen in the year 2230 A.D., and after he lives out that life, they finally dissect him, I can just imagine the surgeons exclaiming: Amazing, Astounding, Fantastic, Thrilling, Startling, Super, Authentic, Planet, Cosmic, Wonder, If, Galaxy, Vertex, Analog ... on and on.

And the most extraordinary reality of the neural complexity that they will find is that every molecule in every nerve end is vibrating with, not just one, but two distinct oscillations.

The first of these you've already guessed. It's go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go...

The second is the one that you're most likely to see at a convention. It reflects a shy, friendly, modest, unassuming human being who likes everybody, particularly science fiction fans.

So now we can give a partial answer to the question, Who is Forrest J Ackerman?

He is a lifetime True Fan.

He is Mr. Science Fiction.

He is my agent.

## SOUR NOTE

by DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

So many people have written in praise of Forrie Ackerman, piling on the adulation and the credits and the kudos, that I think it is about time someone came out with the other side of the story. I have known this character since Hugo created the cosmos—about the third or fourth day of the Creation, I guess—or whenever it was that Hugo made the lizards and snails and winged wombats—and I am forced to now reveal, in the interests of the full facts, that about twice a year since then something Ackerman will do or write will drive me into a flaming fury.

It's usually something or other—you never can be sure—but when it happens (like arranging for a Special Delivery letter to arrive at 6 a.m. on Sunday when I was planning to sleep all morning—to tell me something that could as easily have waited until Monday's mail) I generally get so mad that I have often sat down promptly and written a scorching letter on my best asbestos paper. Fortunately, I learned (somewhere about the seventh day of the Creation) not to mail those letters at once but to wait a couple days. By then, I come back to Earth-norm and realize that this man is just too good to be true and that you cannot take anything he does as meaningfully evil. So I tear the letter up, wait a couple more days, and then write a calm response.

But that's the other side of Ackerman. He is incredibly out of this world in his approach to matters mundane. And the reason is that although he claims to have passed his half-century mark chronologically, he is in reality just a twelve year old kid adult-impersonator. He cannot get over the belief that everyone else is the same and he expects them to react in the same way he does—and they don't—and that goes for me.

So what can you do? Just say to yourself this man is unique, remarkable, the best thing that could happen to a field that rightfully may belong to the young-in-heart as well as the young-in-age, that if he didn't exist, he'd have to be invented (Tesla was working on an electro-Ackerman at Hugo's instructions at the time he was Snatched Away).

But still do you know what it feels like to know a man who will voluntarily give you his right arm when you need it—and then two weeks later try to sell you his left arm at an exorbitant and extortionate price, plus royalties, when you do not need it? What can you do with a guy like that? Just don't mail the letter and count slowly to ten thousand.

Like I do.

# GUEST OF HONOR: FORREST J ACKERMAN

IF HE DIDN'T EXIST, EDISON & WANKEL TOGETHER COULDN'T HAVE INVENTED HIM.

BY

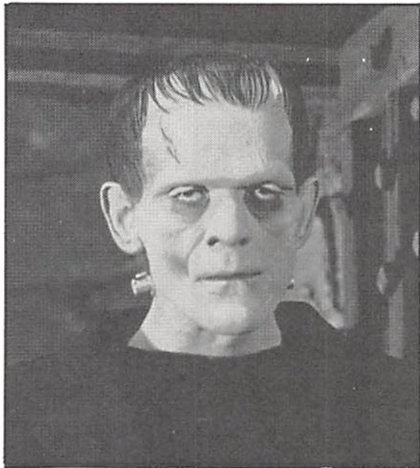
JAMES WARREN

(Who No's Him Well Enough To Laud Him)

**Ladies & Gentlemen, we give you the 9th wonder of the world (King Kong was the 8th)—Forrest James Ackerman (Bet you didn't know his middle name).**

It's a thrill to be asked to write a tribute to Forry Ackerman. In fact it is more than a thrill—it's an inconvenience. I could have spent this time reading the latest Perry Rhodan.

**ACKERMAN THE EXORCIST.** He takes evil monsters out of horror films—and puts them in a magazine.



**Forry's Friend.**

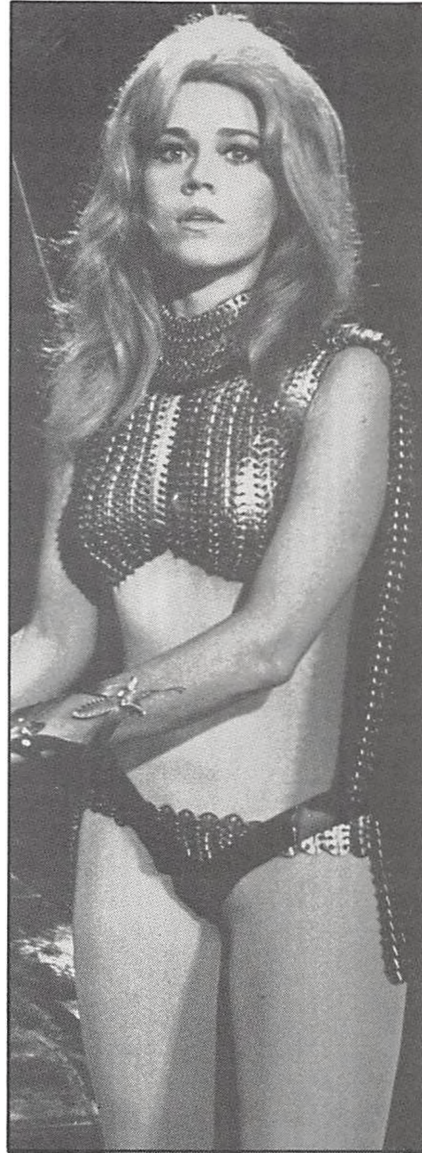
Man and boy I've known Forry about 18 years, which is old enough to get in to see THE EXORCIST. I'd much rather get in to see The Ackermansion—if I had the keys. But it's dark, and I can't see the keys for the Forrest.

As Forry's publisher I have a consistently exciting time reading his FAMOUS MONSTERS copy and editing out the names of his 7 million intimate science fiction friends. Still, he manages to sneak in obscure names like Ray Bradbury or Bob Bloch (whoever they are).



**Forry: "That's a fine mess you've gotten me into, Mr. Warren!"**

Much has been said about our LUNA-CON '74 Guest of Honor—and he's here in New York now to deny it. He's probably written over 5 million words on Science Fiction and Monsters (the Famous kind), and he's got great taste—he's never read any of it!



**She's Fonda Forry.**

## WHY DO I LIKE THIS MAN?

Concerning FAMOUS MONSTERS let me say that I don't know what I would have done without Forry's strong support. I think of him every time I wear it.

Why do I like the guy? As follows:

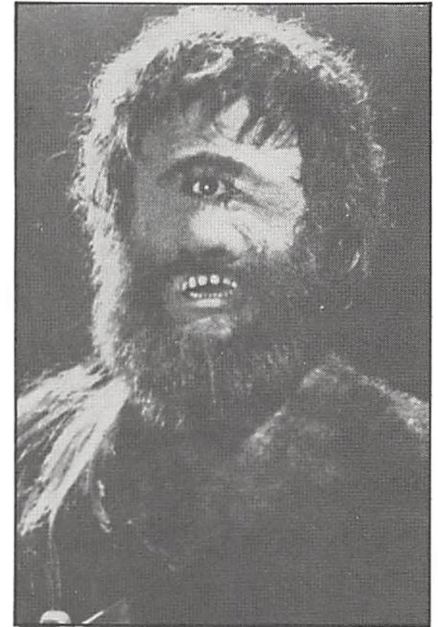
☞ He was the first Editor of Famous Monsters—still is—and has a lifetime contract for this job (bless my sentimental Hyde).

☞ His wit and savoir faire is matched only by Godzilla.

☞ He appeals to my esthetic and prurient interests.

☞ He is many things. But he is not a bedwetter.

☞ He is invincible. I once tried to kill him by locking him in a closet and sucking all the air out through a straw. He responded by producing an entire issue of Famous Monsters with his picture on every page. Strangely enough, the issue sold well in Tasmania and on certain parts of 42nd Street.



**Sy Klopps, another friend of Mr. Ackerman's.**

## STRAIGHT TALK

Time for seriousness. Anyone who really knows FJA knows this is truly one helluva guy. When it comes to the qualities that make a man stand like a giant above the crowd, Forrest Ackerman has them in triplicate. He is the kindest, warmest, most generous human being I've ever known. And this condition is hopelessly incurable.



**Another Fan of FJA's who went by the name of Al Jolson.**

And when it comes to Science Fiction, Fantasy and Monsters, Vincent has his Price—but Forry has his Acumen.





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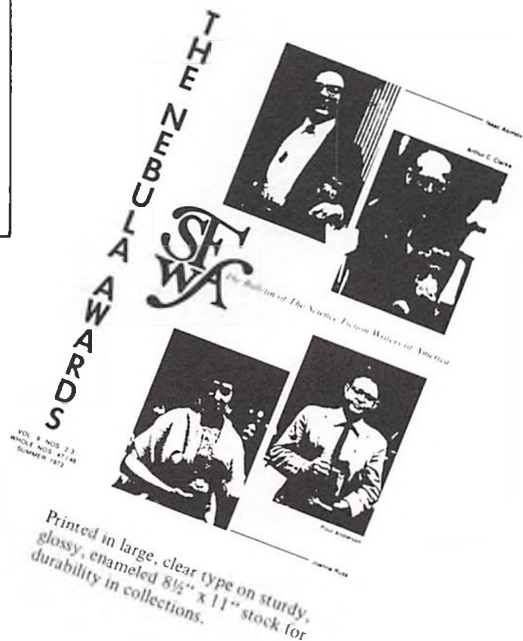
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LUNACON '74 PROGRAM  
THE MANY PHASES OF IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE

Friday, April 12

1:00 - 2:00

**70 YEARS OF SCIENTIFILMS** — Half-hour Movie Followed by Talk by Forrest J Ackerman and Question and Answer Period

2:15 - 3:00

**VOICES OF TOMORROW**

Gerard Conway, Isidore Haiblum, ~~Dennis O'Neil~~, and Bob Toomey

3:00 - 4:00

**HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT** — His Impact Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow

Lin Carter, L. Sprague de Camp, Frank Belknap Long, and Willis Conover. Moderator: Fred Phillips

4:15 - 5:15

**MY LIFE AMONG THE FILMONSTERS** — *Famous Monsters* Editor Reminisces About Karloff, Lugosi, Lorre, Films in Which He's Played a Part, etc. With the Participation of FM's Publisher, James Warren

5:15 - 6:00

**HOW IT WAS** — The Early Years of Science Fiction

Frank Belknap Long, Leslie F. Stone, and Gabrielle Waller (Mrs. Ray Cummings). Moderator: Hans Stefan Santesson

8:00

**LUNACON MIXER** — Meet and Talk With Your Favorite Pro

Cash bar

12:00 Midnight

**FILMS** — *"Othomere"; Metropolis; collage of Mod Doctor scenes*

Saturday, April 13

11:00 - 12 noon

**SLIDING INTO THE ACKERMUSEUM** — Projected Color Pix of the 13 Rooms Full of Fantascience Memorabilia in the Original Ackermansion with Accompanying Talk by Curator Ackerman

12:00 - 1:00

**EDITORS' CHOICE** — Four Editors in Search of an Author

James Patrick Baen, ~~Roger Elwood~~, David Harris, and Ted White. Moderator: Thomas D. Clareson

1:15 - 2:15

**SCI-FI & FANTASY ARTWORK** — A Slide Show of Significant Magazine Covers and Original Paintings That Forry Thinks Will Turn You On. Running Comments by Mr. Sci-Fi

2:15 - 2:45

**THE ENERGY CRISIS AND THE FUTURE** — Real or Imagined? Science or Science Fiction?

Isaac Asimov

2:45 - 3:30

**ASPECTS OF SCIENCE FICTION** — Four Authors Discuss Their Craft

Ron Goulart, Barry N. Malzberg, Frederik Pohl, and Larry Eisenberg. Moderator: Thomas D. Clareson



3:45 - 4:45

**SPOKESMAN AND SPOKESWOMAN FOR THE PEACELORD** – Forry Rhodan & Wendayne Ackerman Will  
Entertain the Rhofans

~~4:45 - 5:15~~

~~WHAT'S WRONG WITH PAPERBACK SCIENCE FICTION~~

~~Charles Platt~~

~~4:45 - 5:45~~

~~5:30 - 6:30~~

**SWORDSMEN & SORCERERS' GUILD OF AMERICA, LIMITED** – A Tour of Ensorceled Lands by the  
Founders of S.A.G.A.

Lin Carter, L. Sprague de Camp, and John Jakes. Guide: George Scithers

7:00

**AUCTION**

10:00

**FILMS** — *The Invisible Ray; collage of SF film scenes; This Island Earth; Dracula*

**Sunday, April 14**

10:45 - 11:30

**SCIENCE FICTION AND ACADEME** – We're Respectable Now

Thomas D. Clareson, Theodore R. Cogswell, David Hartwell, and Phil Klass (William Tenn). Moderator: Fred Lerner

11:45 - 12:45

**THE CAMPBELL YEARS** – John W. Campbell's Influence on the Science Fiction Field

Isaac Asimov, Hal Clement, Theodore R. Cogswell, Milton A. Rothman, Laurence Janifer

1:00 - 2:15

**WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ME (4E)** – Highlights in the Life of the Man Who's Been a Fan for 48 Years

2:30 - 3:15

**FACT & FANTASY** – The Architecture of Unusual Fiction

John Norman (Lange)

3:15 - 4:15

**FIRST FANDOM II**

Forrest J Ackerman, Isaac Asimov, Robert Madle, and Sam Moskowitz. Moderator: Arthur W. Saha

**NOTES:**

This was the program schedule at presstime. For any changes, consult your pocket program.

Art Auction begins at 12:00 noon Sunday.

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KURT VONNEGUT, *FANTASIST OF FIRE AND ICE*, by David H. Goldsmith, 44 pp., paper \$1.50.

This second volume in the "Popular Writers Series," demonstrates why Vonnegut, who has devoted much of his writing to science fiction, has recently been elevated to a respectable place among present-day American novelists.

As Goldsmith says: "Grahame Greene and Leslie Fiedler have championed (Vonnegut), and it seems only a matter of time before he achieves the status now accorded to such contemporaries as Bellow, Malamud, and Barth."

By examining Vonnegut's themes and techniques to date, Goldsmith assesses his real value and impact, and the reasons for his rising reputation. From his accomplishment through his first nine volumes—six novels, two volumes of short stories and a play—Goldsmith speculates on the author's future production.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SF: *THE OTHER SIDE OF REALISM*, edited by Thomas D. Clareson, 376 pp., \$4.00 pb, \$8.95 cb.

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Brian Aldiss, "The Wounded Land: J. G. Ballard"

Samuel R. Delany, "About Five Thousand One Hundred and Seventy Five Words"

Patrick J. Callahan, "The Two Gardens in C. S. Lewis's *That Hideous Strength*"

Michel Butor, "Science Fiction: The Crisis of its Growth"

James Blish, "On Science Fiction Criticism"

Bernard Bergonzi, "The Publication of *The Time Machine*, 1894-1895"

I. F. Clarke, "The Shape of Wars to Come"

Richard D. Mullen, "The Undisciplined Imagination: Edgar Rice Burroughs and Lowellian Mars"

Mark R. Hillegas, "Science Fiction as Cultural Phenomenon: A Re-evaluation"

Franz Rottensteiner, "Kurd Lasswitz: A German Pioneer of Science Fiction"

Richard Hodgens, "A Brief, Tragical History of the Science Fiction Film"

Milton A. Mays, "*Frankenstein*, Mary Shelley's Black Theodicy"

Morris Beja, Alex Eisenstein, Robert Plank, "Three Perspectives of a Film"

Jane Hipolito, "*The Last—and First—Starship from Earth*"

Bruce Franklin, "Foreword to J. G. Ballard's 'The Subliminal Man'"

Willis E. McNelly, "Science Fiction—The Modern Mythology [Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*]"

Ben Fuson, "A Poetic Precursor to Bellamy's *Looking Backward*"

Norman Spinrad, "*Stand On Zanzibar*: The Novel as Film"

Stanislaw Lem, "Robots in Science Fiction"

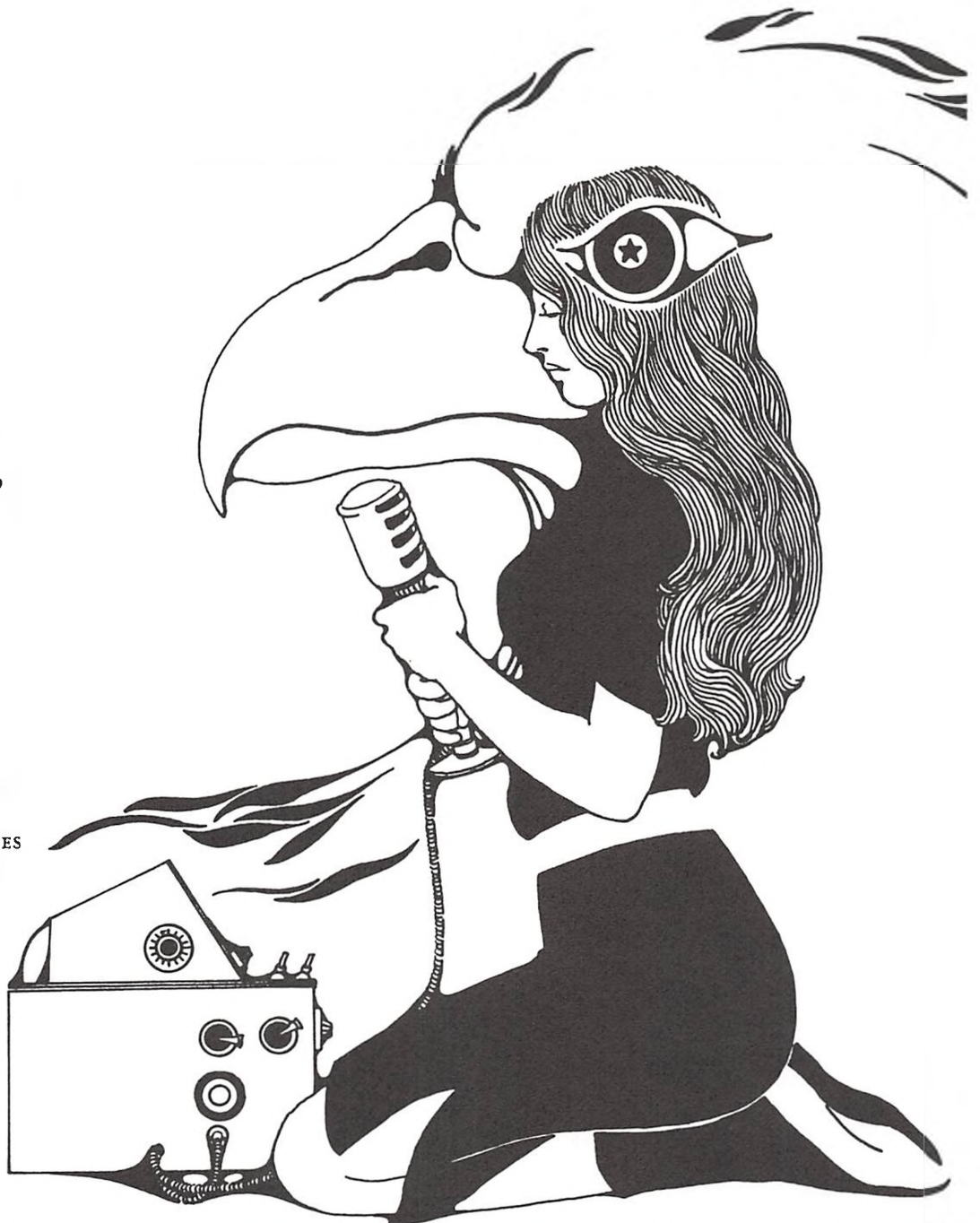
Alexei Panshin, "Science Fiction in Dimension"

Susan W. Glicksohn, "'A City of Which the Stars are Suburbs': The Cosmic Vision of *Last and First Men* and *Foundation Trilogy*"

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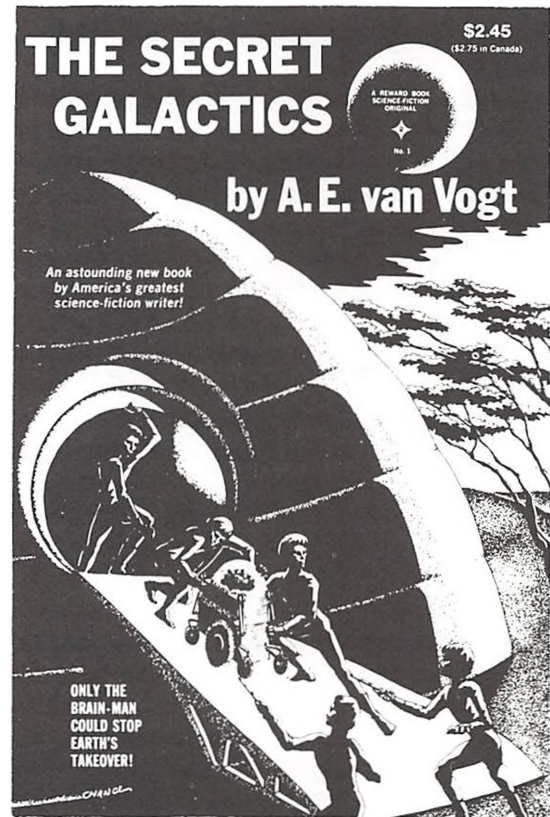
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## THE AUTHOR

A. E. van Vogt (Hollywood, Calif.) is one of the giants of modern science fiction. Since his classic novel *Slan* was published in 1940, he has written more than 35 books and his works have been translated into 11 languages. Millions of readers throughout the world know his name, and such famous titles as *World of Null-A*, *Empire of the Atom*, *The Weapon Makers*, *Voyage of the Space Beagle*, and *Destination: Universe* are found in the library of every s-f aficionado.

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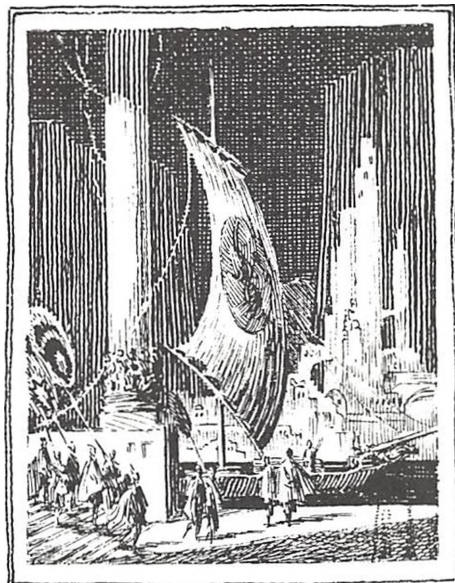
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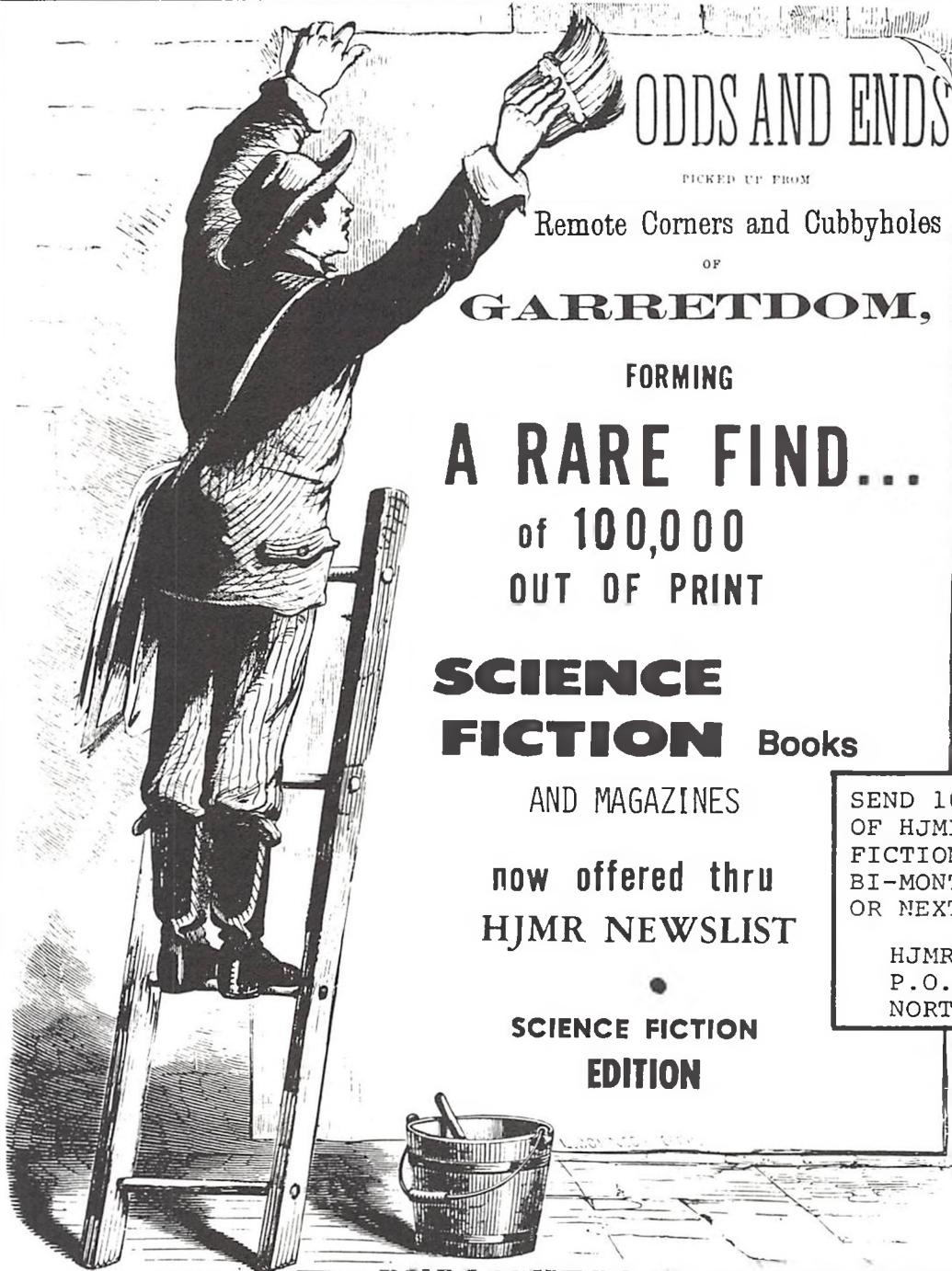
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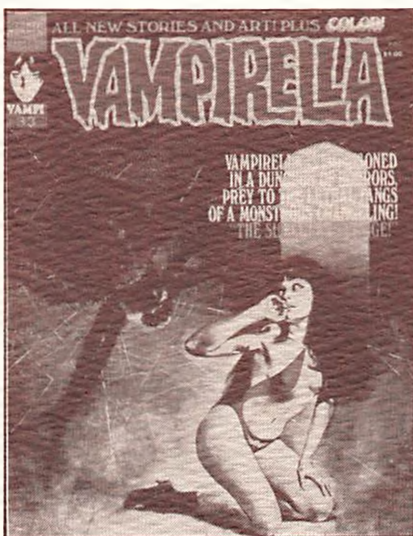
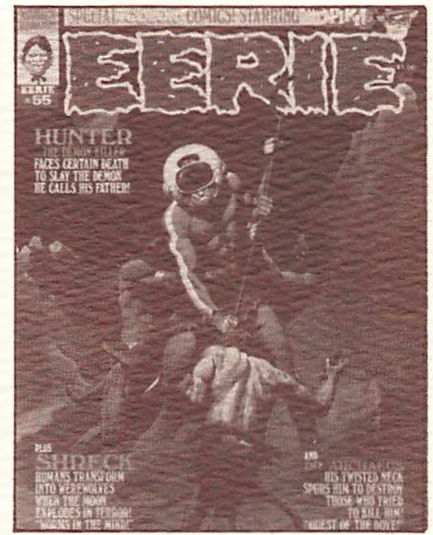
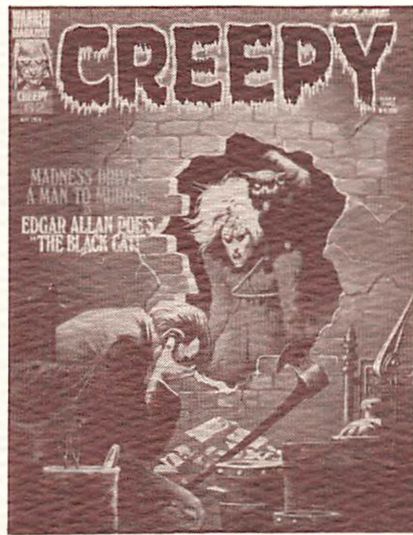
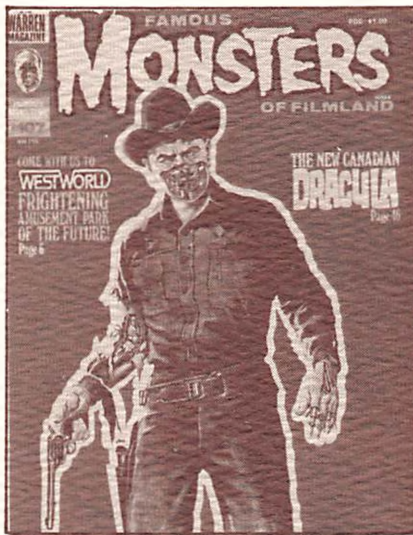
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