A SENSE OF FAPA

A SENSE OF FAPA:

SELECTIONS FROM
THE MAILINGS OF

The Fantasy Amateur Press Association

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It's Lney's Fault
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Operation Crifanac CCXI

dedicated to

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

Some people just won't let
well enough alone...

DIVISIONS:

THREE PIECES IN THE FORM OF A PREFACE

HARRY WARNER JR

I have just completed a preposterious project: the task of leafing through every page in every publication distributed through FAPA since the middle of 1939. This represents more than nine-tenths of the club's bundles since its organization, and even more of its total output by bulk. Omission of the first eight mailings from this review was a necessity, not a chickening out on my part. I didn't join until FAPA was beginning its third year. It took spare moments over a couple of months to do the leafing and to type out notes on many matters that turned up during the scrutiny. It was done as part of my homework for the fan history that I hope to be ready to write before FAPA's 200th mailing. All that research for fan history came at about the right time, because it caused me to realize certain things about FAPA just when I was expected to write this article for the 100th mailing.

None of the notes that I took during those weeks will find their way into this article, because I don't want to scoop myself on fan history and because someone else is writing FAPA's history for this publication. But the things on which I didn't take notes may be more important than the details of who rescued the mailing on each occasion when the responsible officer defected and how we got Degler out of the organization. I've answered to my own satisfaction at least in the unwritten phase of my project some questions that had long plagued me: How has FAPA survived a quarter-century when other national organizations collapsed promptly or changed unrecognizably over the years? Why did I and many other fans remain active in FAPA during years in which we had become petrified in most other phases of fandom? What causes the frightful crush of the mob seeking admission and the patience of those who wait out their years without the pale?

I suspect that the solutions all center around a common factor: a special kind of security and stability that FAPA has come to represent in fandom. No matter how much we may sneer at the common herd's yearning for the props of social security, guided missle budgets in the federal spending program, and Blue Cross, we are still close enough to being human to have some remnants of that fondness for a huddling place, a safe and permanent retreat from the constant change and instability all around us. FAPA did change radically from its first mailing until a time on which various historians might disagree, but certainly not sooner than its fifth and not later than its tenth bundle. Since then, it has been essentially the same organization. It has undergone membership turnovers as close to 100 per cent as the awesome

longevity of Speer will permit. It has had three constitutions, outlasted two wars, sailed through the rise and fall of the quantity of the prozines, and remained c[illegible] as various science fiction themes came into everyday life. But over the past 23 or 24 years, the general atmosphere and activities in FAPA have remained unchanged. You could dip into any mailing over that period and you'd feel at home, once you got used to the different typefaces of long-gone members and figured out the topics of the major points of discussion.

In a sense, I am begging the question. I don't pretend to know why FAPA has become the fannish symbol of reliability and stability. But I think that you will find these qualities in the organization in matters that go deeper than the regularity of its mailings over the years.

Of course, the organization has been helped by the primitive nature of its purpose and function. It distributes fanzines published or written by members. It has never pretended to vary this routine, or add functions unto itself, or to change such immutable laws of nature as the commandment that there shall be one mailing each third month. Despite those three constitutions, the organization has the same officers with similar duties as in 1937. It has picked up a 30% enlargement of its membership roster and a waiting list along the way, and quite a few procedural findings have been made law, lest we forget. But the unwritten laws remain the same. The member who publishes something off-color enough to risk postal wrath gets clobbered by at least three or four members, the rare individual who postmails comments on the mailing to which this is a postmailing goes and sins no more, and the officer who fails to carry out his duties carries that sin around his neck like the mariner's albatross for the rest of his fannish career. Who would know the name of Agnew today, if he hasn't once held up a mailing?

Compare this immaculate singlemindedness with other major fannish organizations. SAPS is FAPA's oldest surviving competitor. But it doesn't hold the same place in fandom that FAPA possesses, judging by waiting list size and turnover. I suspect that SAPS has never quite recovered from its attacks of competitive spirit, during which it was less concerned with being itself than with running a race with FAPA. First its members sought to prove that they could be more entertaining and amusing than the stodgy FAPA membership, later the size of bundles became an obsession. Today you couldn't possibly find a way to compare the earliest SAPS mailings with the current SAPS bundles; the spirit and nature of the organization has undergone a complete metamorphosis. The NFFF has held on to its original name but little else. Not even its most ardent supporters today try to make it the organization that it was designed to be: a body representative of all fans, with strong powers over fandom. Now it's considered by some members as the only real fandom, by others as a purgatory in which neofans should be confined until they improve sufficiently to be admitted to the heaven of general fandom, but nobody suggests that the NFFF should collect a tax on each fanzine published and each fan article written, a modest proposal that was seriously presented in the organization two decades ago. The WSFS emerged from an almost secret body into a dominating force in fandom and came to a spectacular dissolution in a breathtakingly short span.

But FAPA does nothing in particular and does it exceedingly well. Just think of the crises that have risen and subsided outside the organization over the years. Some of us doubted that fandom could survive the World War II draft. The silly season of the Cosmic Circle and Shaverism provided a one-two punch that caused strong fans to hide their faces in shame. Then we were told that all the fans would be professionals within another year or two and would have no more time to publish fanzines. A couple of years after that consummation failed to occur, fandom was to be wiped out by the disappearance of the last fanzine review column in the prozines.

Now the decline in the number of prozines has produced predictions of a complete constipation of the processes that formerly converted normal humans into fans. And if you read through those tall stacks of FAPA mailings, you'll find comparatively little about these repeated annihilation threats. FAPA has been the one thing that has remained strong and seemingly immortal down through the years. The simultaneous disappearance from fandom of three or four gafiated BNF's may alarm outside fandom, but the law of averages says that only one or two of them were active members of FAPA, and the organization suffers little loss. We don't lie awake nights, worrying over instances in which a FAPA office has been filled by an individual of dubious reliability. If a treasurer should take a fast train to Mexico, FAPA members wouldn't go bankrupt, contributing enough dimes to pay for the next couple of mailings until dues started to pile up again. If an official editor sits on a mailing, there's always some member living close enough to his home to apply a battering ram to the front door and a pistol to the head, and the mailing comes out a month or six weeks late. We don't feel concerned when the size of FAPA bundles dwindle, because most of us have trouble finding time enough to read them anyway, and we know that activity will pick up again soon.

If the above sounds unbearably optimistic and overconfident, the situation is going to deteriorate immediately, because I want to make an even more jingoistic suggestion: that the old slogan, "FAPA Forever!", contains more truth than was intended in the cynical original use of it. Of course, FAPA could be wiped out irreparably by any of several circumstances: The organization could end if the Comstocks became overpoweringly strong and strict in the Post Office Department, or if another world war broke out that devastated North America, and it could be changed beyond all recognition if an official editor should permit a seriously libellous publication to be distributed and the offended person won action against the distributing organization as well as the writer and publisher. But I can't believe that any lesser accidents could cause FAPA's existence to end within the forseeable future -- the next decade or two, let's say. Specifically, I think that FAPA will survive for many years, even if the last prozine concludes publication by the end of this year, even if some new dispute should arise that tears apart the membership into factions in a way that the Willis-Carr vendetta almost did, even if trips to the stars and the future and immortality should come into existence next year. These troubles might wipe out the waiting list and might leave FAPA with only a couple of dozen persons on the membership roster. But I think that it has existed long enough and has provided enough fun during the past quarter-century to guarantee its continued life on sheer momentum for an indefinite future number of years. Someone once told me that the Catholic Church will live as long as two persons who hold to its tenets survive: you need more than one because one must be the Pope and the other must elect him to that office. I see no reason why FAPA couldn't keep going with half a dozen members, if the evil days should come.

I hope that I'm right, anyway. Because I want to continue to find haven in an organization that stays its familiar self while its components alter, just as I like to remain a resident of my body, even though its individual cells give way to replacements at regular intervals.

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JACK SPEER

There is a principle, which might be reduced to mathematical terms, that the early history of an organism is more important, per unit of time, than later history. So if I dwell more on the early days of FAPA here, there is some rationalization for it.

Not long ago, Donald Wollheim described The Founding of FAPA in, i believe, Phantasy Press. I will begin after the December 1937 election, which installed a set of officers to govern until the June 1938 election.

The "changing tendency among fan magazines" had already transformed them from the prozine-centered things they were in classical times. Though you might not believe it if you examined them, the magazines in the first few mailings represented one of those swings of the pendulum away from a stf-centered fandom, toward stefnism.

Two trends were most noticed by contemporaries. One was the increasing concentration upon the internal affairs of the microcosm, and particularly the flowering of feuds. The second was the drift of discussions and controversies away from purely stefnic topics, and most noticeably toward matters related to Communism.

So heat lightning was flickering around the horizon as the first annual elections approached. The New York group, later to be called Futurians, still held the most important offices in the organization they founded, president and official editor. By their personal vendettas and Michelism they were generating opposition, and it coalesced around the Philadelphians: Baltadonis, Madle, et al.

Meanwhile there were some difficulties in the running of the new organization. Some of these were misunderstandings that could have been disposed of easily with a little good will. Others stemmed from the novelty of the organization. The most important of these was the question of regularity in the mailings. Irregularity was carried rather far when the third mailing was sent out in two sections many weeks apart, the second half on up toward the date when the fourth mailing should come out.

The mailing 3b carried a heavy load of purely political propaganda, some of it bought and put in the mailing by members of the Committee for the Political Advancement of Science-Fiction (there was then no prohibition in the constitution against including purely outside material on a member's "frank"). It was quickly apparent that there would be a strong reaction to it in the fourth mailing, for members were already beginning to devote some space in their FAPAzines to comments on the previous mailing. The Michelists, for their part, readied some broadsides against those who had filed in opposition to the incumbent group. They charged them with an intent to exercise censorship over the contents of the mailings (censorship of sociological discussions, needless to say, not of obscenity, which was almost nonexistent). They attacked Speer as an avowed Fascist, while saying in another place, "Our political opinions are well known. They should have no effect on this election." Some of the broadsides were in response to a leaflet from the Philadelphia party which was to be in the same mailing, another practice not yet disapproved by custom.

However, the mailing that was to contain this material did not come out until af-

ter the scheduled time. Instead, members received the ballot in a small envelope accompanied by a one-sided letter from Wollheim, in which he charged that treasurer Baltadonis, who was running against him for president, had held back money needed by the New York officers and was trying to sabotage the organization. Years later a Philadelphian reported that Wollheim conceded his charges were unfounded.

The tactics in the first annual election were in line with the principle that winnang an election is better than losing it, regardless of methods. Only gradually were fair procedures firmly established. It is doubtful, however, that the tactics were decisive, for the Establishment won the election by a comfortable margin.

In such stormy weather did FAPA pass its first milestone. This was the same summer as the Newark Convention, when feuding reached an all-time high in importance in fandom. It was also the summer that Hitler roared against Czechoslovakia, and the future seemed to be painted in counterchanges of red and black.

Then came September and Munich, Russia retreated into isolation, and the Popular Front in France and its would-be equivalent in America dissolved.

The September FAPA mailing, the fifth, contained some material pro and con on the Michelist movement and on the feuds around Wollheim, but the fire was dying down. A change in Futurian strategy occurred. By not appearing at the Philadelphia Conference, they relinquished the First World Science-Fiction Convention management to the Triumvirs. Soon after, the three Futurians among the officers of FAPA suddenly resigned their positions. About the same time, it was announced in the Science Fiction Fan that the Michelists were giving up for the time being their effort to make science-fiction a force working for the "scientific-socialist world state". The FAPA officers appointed in their stead an administration headed by their friend Olon F Wiggins, editor of the Science Fiction Fan, with Milt Rothman as official editor and Wally Marconette as VP.

Up to this time FAPA, following the mundane apas, had no activity requirements. In a special election in the forepart of 1939, the constitution was amended to restrict voting to active members. Rothman, moving to Washington, turned his duties over to Madle, Madle failed to supply sectreas Taurasi with a list of active members, Taurasi sent ballots to everyone, and the retiring v-p ruled the election invalid. There was a great lack of communication between officers and others at this time. After retiring president Wiggins issued ballots for another election, accompanied by another one-sided letter but unaccompanied by details of the steps just mentioned, there was a widespread feeling that FAPA had no properly elected administration. To compound the difficulty, after the membership in a referendum had approved the second election, Taurasi failed to turn over the sectreas records and funds. In the Flushing Blitzkrieg, Milt Rothman recovered the goods.

During all this confusion, FAPA elided a mailing, and the other three each came out from a different city. In June 1940 the Philadelphians who were supposed to put one out failed to do so, and the Washington Worry-Warts carried out the Philadelphia Blitzkrieg.

So, children of this fortunate age, know that the regularity of your mailings was hard-won by your forefathers, boys forbidden fanac by their parents, poor government clerks getting about the country in day coaches and old cars, then sitting in a crowded little bedroom walled off with paperboard on a concrete back porch, to revise the constitution, changing the mailing dates to July, October, etcetera, and with shouts of "Comes the Revolution!" making the first deadline July 14.

Muses of fandom, sing we a somewhat ampler strain: not all fen's delight is in strife and dialectical materialism: if we discourse of philosophy, let it be philosophy worthy of adults.

It was the Golden Age of Astounding; Unknown was flourishing, and the other old proz; but after a brief reaction under the Triumvirate, fandom's pendulum had swung again toward independence. In America's half-peace of 1940-41, a new type of fan dominated FAPA. It is hardly necessary to describe the ambit of his interests; to First and Second Fandom, it would be necessary, but the catholicity that came with the Brain Trust is all around you now. Such difference from now as they showed lay mostly in a greater seriousness, for in those days the American people still had a freedom of choice which, if they could reason it out rightly, lay between a world dominated by dictators with the threat of annihilating war ever present, and those sunlit uplands of Churchill's vision. It has been remarked, too, that there was more formality even as late as that. No doubt we had yet to learn by experience such points as that tables of contents were not necessary for many fanzines. If we used surnames instead of first names, it is arguable that these are more practical. But we knew each other intimately; we were in touch through FAPA, through subzines (there were still many complete fen in those times), through round robins (which we called chain letters) and other correspondence, and through a great deal of personal visiting, for as fen were fewer then, contacts between them were closer.

Great names of those days were Rothman, Warner, Chauvenet, Widner, Stanley, Perdue, and others half-forgotten, Doc Swisher, D B Thompson, Lynn Bridges, Chan Davis, Trudy Kuslan. Ackerman and Tucker were with us and active, and many more old and famous names.

For a while after Pearl Harbor, activity was as great as ever; then gradually FAPAns went into the armed forces and found themselves unable to keep up quite as much activity. Dues were raised to 75¢, over the opposition of the Futurians' Constitutionalist Party. Membership was expanded from 50 to 65, and there that ended. A few new faces appeared in the gaps, notably the Battle Creek bunch. Finally, in the last full year of the war, a considerable quiet settled upon FAPA.

At this point the Futurians, who had been good for several years, were returned to power, Lowndes as president, new recruits Shaw and Suddsy Schwartz in other posts. The most interesting political development during their administration was an amendment to expel from FAPA anyone expounding the doctrine that there were inferior races; it missed adoption by a hair. Your freedom of speech was also dearly bought.

Then suddenly, more mass resignations, another interregnum. Lowndes and Shaw resigned their posts in FAPA, and the Futurians, not yet split in the X Document blowup; launched a second apa, Vanguard. There was trouble getting the FAPA records from secretary Suddsy.

In the resulting reorganization, dominated by Ashley, the constitution got another rewrite, and among other unnecessary lumber from the mundane apas, the official critics, whose comments appeared in the official organ, were dropped. After an advisory ballot, the present mid-quarter mailing dates were established.

Before the boys came marching home, another flap occurred in a vote on expelling Claude Degler. Actually not enough voted to make it legal, but Degler did not contest the action.

For a little while after the war everything was as before. The Brain Trust was

running the organization again, and publishing their pent-up meditations on the world's problems. If the change can be pinpointed, it was when Milt Rothman, in his fapazine Plenum, after a well-received first installment, started a second installment of a discussion of non-Aristotelian systems, then suddenly said the hell with it. One by one the Brain Trusters dropped out or slacked off, Swisher, Widner, Davis, Chauvenet, Stanley, Speer. What came in their place was frothier, the lightness of the Spectators, Joe Kennedy et al, the declamations of the Insurgents, the cries of the hucksters, the over-the-back-fence gossip about friction belt buckles, cars, ktp.

We are now into comparatively recent times, and fewer crises occurred. In 1947 OE Perdue went to sleep on the mailing and was blitzkrieged by Burbee and Laney. This, i believe, was the last time there was any great trouble with mailing deadlines. In 1951 was the Rapp-Bradley tie for president. The Los Angeles group, with Redd Boggs, rode out the Jacobs resignation and filled most of the offices for years before giving place to a new Washington group.

Other apas appeared as VAPA dies, first SAPS, then OMPA and others, but FAPA maintained its primacy. Sneary coined the phrase, "FAPA, where old fans go to die", and they were an unconscionably long time a-dying. Through the fearful fifties, the lengthening waitlist troubled FAPA's conscience, but no solution was found. A committee revised the constitution late in the decade, but trouble with it increased.

To try to bring this history down to date would be to lose perspective, but one other problem has been with us long enough to warrant mention. As the mailings grew larger and larger, and the mundane world's demands on our time did not lessen, it became increasingly difficult to comment adequately on everything in the mailing, perhaps even to read it. FAPA, the largest apa and the chiefest repository of fannish tradition, found its common ground shrinking and its contacts with the rest of fantasy fandom diminished. The characteristics that most distinguished it from the mundane apas on which it was first modeled were in danger. For FAPAtes were not young people who published for the love of printer's ink, but who wrote for the sake of what they had to say, and wrote to be read and responded to; and they were part of a larger sub-society with its own language and lore.

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DICK ENEY

Warner and Speer have presented their explanation of and comments on the phenomenon of FAPA. I'm not going to follow up with the logical completion, because there is no excuse, let abee an explanation, for the act of publishing a fanzine of some 400 pages and giving half the copies away free. If you don't mind, I'll simply chatter a bit about the selection and presentation problems of A Sense of FAPA.

Though while in progress this work was referred to as "a Best of FAPA anthology" for the sake of conciseness, the idea of actually anthologizing the "best" work to appear in FAPA went by the board pretty early. The actual criteria for inclusion were not only quality, but historical significance and the power to illuminate tendencies. For the first, I suppose you all know I'm skoan about History and don't you by Roscoe forget that capital letter, bud. As to the tendencies, various as they are

they have a common basic element which serves to account for our timebinding -- that ability Harry mentioned to drop into any mailing and feel perfectly at home. As you might predict from the definition of fannish types as activist sophisticates(97), that basic element is criticism.

Good fan work, that is, reacts to something rather than attempting creation in vacuo -- thus, by the way, linking up with the scientific process and my comments a coupla mailings back on the essential connection between the scientific outlook and real artistry as distinguished from artiness. As I look over the completed collection, indeed (for prefaces, like overtures, are written last), I note that only a couple of items are even obscure about their character as comment or critique.

It's in the forms that can take this shape that we shine, as also in chronicle and analytic report. Indeed, these last, though distinct enough for separation, are only a special case of commentary (I like to think of history as MCs on the works of God, don't you?). It is no accident that fiction is only a small and specialized fraction of our output, and would be a smaller fraction of a "best" anthology -- or that visual art, as distinguished from illustration, is a fraction smaller yet. Fen do not, as fen, produce good serious fiction; after a thorough ransacking of the FAPA mailings I can recognize less than a dozen exceptions to this judgement, past and present. (Half of those are by Harry Warner, too, which cuts the general proportion down even further.) More, fans do not produce absolute art at all -- and to this I find no noteworthy exceptions, past, present, or prospective.

But, even given that the inclination of fanational literature has to be given special consideration, why not add a standard of literary worth and thus still wind up with something that could be called a "Best of FAPA" anthology? Well, for one thing, FAPA has a gestalt that can't rightly be ignored in selection; our best stuff can be fully appreciated only in context, so that isolating it by purely literary merit would destroy an important component of its real value. (It's not unlike isolating protoplasm; when you pour your chemicals on it, it dies, and then it's not protoplasm any more.) To continue, there's such a damned lot of the stuff. There's a rather small number of items which absolutely must be included; but when we consider the material which is good enough to deserve place we get a mass of mss I couldn't handle in a volume twice this size. Between the unrepresentative and the unmanageable, then, a dividing line -- the one drawn to circumscribe this publication, for instance -- must be pretty arbitrary and, of course, involve some second ground for judgement in addition to merit as writing. So after all, and finally, the editor must exercise his discretion; and my predilections don't run to literary elegance, but to content and communication. Now, the two latter qualities are prerequisite for the presence of the former in any meaningful sense; but in an anthology like this, which takes a cross-section of styles as well as forms, they will vary so widely from item to item that they can't be used directly as a gauge of merit; and so we'd be forced back on the judgement by elegance, which, as I said, is unsatisfactory alone. Thus my reliance on the set of standards I've given above.

Now, as for the material, once chosen on those grounds and brought to the point of presentation. Happily, I've got a task different from that of the general anthologizer, who addresses himself to an audience known, at best, by its class characteristics, and which he must in part lure and lull into reading his stuff. The people I'm talking to, members and waiting-listers, I know personally -- shucks, I've met over half of them face to face -- and I don't expect that you will need to be drag-

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(97) My definition. Yuh wanna fight?

ged kicking and screaming into the chore of reading this. Indeed, I've made bold to demand your coöperation in getting at the individual Significance of each item, after these fairly broad general comments; I expect that your own knowledge will suffice to add the appropriate background -- that you know what happened just after the end of Speer's history, or that you'll recall the movement Michel's "Mutation or Death" kicked off, or that you understand just why William Atheling is a particularly well qualified critic of the works of Jim Blish. Thus my notes have been kept fairly short and specific. For the physical side of things, you know my unhandiness with the stylus; the few internal illos that appear are those so strongly associated with their stories that I couldn't pass them by. (Protesters will be Firmly Ignored unless they have a long record of objection to the practice of printing books in pages of solid text.)

A few pseudo-errata might be mentioned here for emphasis; for instance, the erratic order of the footnotes, which jumps hither and yon because the numbers were assigned in the order in which the pages were cut. One thing that might throw you is the internal numbering of Ah Sweet Idiocy; this section was reproduced in a large part from Laney's original stencils (plus some duplicates obtained, by means best left undescribed, from their Nameless Guardian's forgotten crypt), and those I had to re-cut were made to imitate the original as closely as possible. Just remember that page 1 of Ah Sweet Idiocy is page 81 of A Sense of FAPA and you should have no trouble. Aside from these, the errors you'll find are mostly due to my habit of dropping back to my normal reading speed when I try to proofread stencils.

Perhaps I should make some sort of summary here; but this is not a summary of FAPA -- it selects themes and tendencies which unify us, but which leaven the mass rather than comprise the bulk. Let me rather shed a tear for the people who, despite the bulk of this volume, got far less space than their virtues and achievements deserve. I regret not having lots more stuff by many people; Terry Carr, especially ("The Purple Pastures" was too recently reprinted to use here), but also Warner, Boggs, Grennell, and Tucker. Still, we're around yet; when it comes time to celebrate our 200th mailing, we can keep it in mind to do them their deferred justice.

Maybe I'll be able to right the wrong myself. 1987; I should feel recovered by that time, after all...

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* * * THE F.A.P.A. FAN * * *

-published in the interest of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association-
-- Donald A. Wollheim, 801 West End Ave., N.Y.C. --

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W H Y T H E F.A.P.A. ?

Interest in our new organization has reached considerable proportions. Those fan editors and publishers who have heard of it in advance have with no exception been very enthusiastic about it. All have felt that it was an organization for which there had been great need.

What is the F.A.P.A.? That is best found out by studying our constitution (probably the clearest and most workable of any stf club). The purpose and organization is there outlined. Then why this?

There are today about 27 fan magazines coming out irregularly. Several, not too many, manage a regular publication date; others start off regularly and then peter out; still others see a first issue and then lapse for ages before another appears. Some go through various metamorphoses; pass through printing and hekto stages, change hands, change ownership; and in other ways are unreliable. Why so?

The answer is that fan magazines, although published for the fun of it, have had thus far to keep up a pretense of being subscription magazines in order to have any circulation. Of course they could be given away, but to whom? To 100,000 stf readers? To 1000 fans? Such circulation would be prohibitive and murderously expensive. So charging their very nominal (for the most part) rates they manage to get circulated. But their circulation is very small. The writer has a large experience with fan magazines and has had the confidence of many fellow editors. The average circulation of a fan magazine is somewhere between 20 and 35. Those who surpass that are rare exceptions. But is a circulation this low worth it? The answer is "no".

Of course, practically all the editors exchange publications with each other. Thus figures may rise. But this is very uncertain and unreliable. And can fans be sure that even the paying subscribers appreciate the time and work put into a publication? I doubt many of them do unless they are themselves editors. Many of them are.

With each editor exchanging and subscribing to other magazines, he soon loses any money he might make, if he could make any. That is why many titles go one issue and no more, or pass out after three or four. The subscribers do not support it. The gain is only the amusement derived by the editor, publisher, and writers.

Now in the general world of youth there are several organizations of what are known as "amateur journalists". These chaps publish little papers and magazines as a hobby. They follow no regular publication date. They may range from 4 page 3x5 quarterlies to pretentious 30 page professionally printed magazines.

These young general amateur publishers banded themselves together into amateur press associations for the purpose of regulating and bettering their exchanges, of aiding each other, of giving and receiving advice and appreciation. These associations held annual get-togethers, elected officers and conducted heated political contests which supplied constant topic for editorial discussion. No matter who won or lost, they all remain loyal to the ideal of amateur journalism and to their association.

The most binding feature of these associations was a unique institution called the mailing bureau. When a member had printed his paper, he sent them to the official designated as Mailing Manager. This person would mail out at regular intervals to all the members a bundle of all papers sent to him. Thus every member was sure of getting all the publications and every publisher was sure that his paper was reaching everyone, and every writer assured that his works were getting the widest possible reading.

This saved the publishers quite large sums of money and hours of time and energy that he would have spent and gone through for individual mailing. As subscription magazines, he papers could not have paid. Besides it was his hobby, not his business. He made his money some other way. He set type or wrote as relaxation in his spare time. He didn't kill himself to meet deadlines or build subscriptions. It was all done for pleasure.

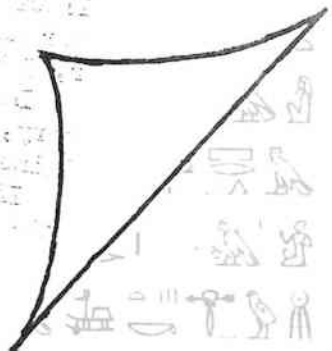
The world of fantasy fans has entered upon the phase of amateur journalism and it will probably always have it. Measures are needed badly to preserve the individual publications and to place the entire field of fan magazines upon a more friendly, less commercial, and more solid foundation. There are many fans desiring to put out a voice, who dare not for fear of being obligated to keep it up and for the worry and time taken by subscriptions and advertising. It is for them and for the fan who admits it is his hobby and not his business that we formed the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

We limited the FAPA to fifty members because hekto magazines can not exceed that. We limit officers to one term because we do not want this organization to remain in the hands of any single person or group. We limit membership to ACTIVE fans because we do not want any dead wood. All members must be willing and able to do their share to hold up the fan magazine standard. The number of eligibles exceeds fifty. We believe that we will reach our limit in short order. Pledges of support have reached us from every fan editor who has heard of us. Among these are such as Edward Carnell (London), Fred Pohl (Brooklyn), Bill Miller (East Orange), Harry Dockweiler (Queens), J.M. Rosenblum (Leeds), James Taurasi (Flushing), Dan McPhail (Oklahoma), Robert Madle (Philadelphia), and others.

Get on the bandwagon. If you received this, you are eligible for membership. Let's hear from you and let's see you in the bundle!

— a flyer distributed to
prospects and in Mailing One.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE



FULL LENGTH ARTICLES
NUMBER TWO: UP TO NOW
A history of fandom as Jack Speer sees it

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

Full Length Articles is ordinarily a purely FAPA magazine, but extra copies of this number will be made for distribution at the World Science Fiction Convention of 1939.

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TABLE OF SUCCESSIVE TOPICS

PREFACE

A careful analysis of prefaces to histories and other books as well shows them to be occupied, almost without exception, in bemoaning the inaccuracies, limitations, and general worthlessness of the work being introduced. This will not be an exception.

This is a kind of a cross between a set of memoirs and a history. I have tried to cover, at least thinly, all aspects of the purely fan field, but, as a glance at the table of topics will show, I am able to go much more into detail about those parts with which I am better acquainted. You might even become weary with the minuteness of detail in places. I extend my sympathies.

I have tried, so far as possible, to make this history as objective as a good history should be. I have been hard on my friends when they seemed on the shady side of the ledger, and have, I trust, never failed to give my enemies credit where due. Despite this, however, especially in the accounts centering around June, 1938, the reader will do well to beware, for at that point I find myself unable to see Wollheim's actions as excusable, when, of course, they most probably are. On the other hand, since the object of this history is truth, rather than to make me popular, I have not leaned over backward with regard to my personal enemies.

In trying to cover everything at least thinly, I have relied upon unreliable memory, upon inferences from unauthoritative accounts, and in some cases, as in the origins of Michelism, upon pure guesswork -- fairly good guessing, I believe, however.

If I haven't already made it clear, let me say now that this doesn't pretend to be the final history of fandom -- far, far from it. I only hope to make a connected

beginning, perhaps to slam such a mass of misinformation at you that those who know will be bound to give the true accounts. When those accounts are in, when we have run a course of 'vignettes of fan history' (1) in the fanmags — then will be the time for the writing of a dependable history. The eventual historian or committee of historians will thus have a good groundwork for a better, fuller, and more accurate account than could possibly be supplied by any one fan, however experienced, working alone to write 'the' history of fandom.

Since I have realized from the start that this couldn't be the history of fandom to stand for all time, I haven't made as great effort to check all points and fill in gaps as I might otherwise have — indeed, a large part of it has been put down from memory, in spare minutes at work.

If it succeeds in conveying to new fans a composite picture of fandom, not too irreparably distorted, as one fan sees it, that's about all I have a right to hope for.

But I think the old-timers will find interest here, too, aside from the certain sport of picking out mistakes and omissions. Fwun thing, the truth about several matters is here generally revealed for the first time, since I can't put into history anything I know to be false.

I turn now to a more direct discussion of the subject-matter of the history — or memoirs, as you will.

It will be found to deal almost entirely with American fandom. There is no disrespect to the Tommies, Aussies, et al, in the fact that I have nevertheless called it a history of fandom rather than of American fandom. The latter title seemed that it might force me to leave out entirely all references to English fandom except where it was directly connected with an event in America, a limitation I didn't want.

This is a story, not a handbook, and emphasis is placed on the flow of events rather than the elements thereof. Fans in most cases have been briefly identified personally if at all; fan magazines have not been mentioned as much as their importance would warrant. And professional s-f figures at the absolute minimum.

You will note the division of the history into periods. I acknowledge that the periods are much more strictly delineated than the actual conditions, but I have ample precedent in the writing of general history. And it seemed that it would be easier to recall the nature and context of the Schwartz-Wollheim feud if it were fitted neatly into a definite larger pattern, or of the Philadelphia Conference if emphasis were put on its place in a general trend of the times, and so on.

It might be well here to define my use of the terms 'fandom' and 'transition'. A transition I conceive of as a period in which old structures are crumbling, new forces coming into being, and the entire nature of fandom in a state of flux. A 'fandom' is a fairly stable stretch in which known elements work out to their conclusion thru interaction and development. I have thot of no transition before the first fandom, because it seemed to come in pretty much in the shape that would have been expected, without much doubt as to what its interests and activities would be. I may be wrong; I know practically nothing of the early years.

Without further ado, I conduct you to Page One:

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(1) Speer used degree-marks° as quotation-marks thruout; vasten accordingly.

THE BEGINNINGS

For this writer, mere guesses must suffice for the early contacts between fans. Many, probably, when editors no longer felt like carrying the discussion in the readers' columns, continued arguments over scientific matters in private correspondence, and some controversies on non-scientific points may very likely have also been continued privately after they had progressed too far for general interest. Or a particularly sparkling letter published might cause other readers to desire to write its author, aside from any particular points brought up. At any rate, many science-fiction fans did contact each other, but for a time didn't realize that others were doing the same thing.

Forrest J Ackerman and alias Jack Darrow popularized the letter-every-month habit with regard to the professional magazines, and built up extensive correspondences. Then, according to McPhail, one year in the early thirties Forrest Ackerman took a trip east from his home in Califorrynia, and visited many correspondence friends on the way. This helped unify the field.

Some local groups took to publishing official organs, which became the first fan magazines. The West Coast publication, The Time Traveller, was the first to achieve general circulation. Science Fiction Digest, published at the other end of the country, must have gotten some mention in readers' columns, and built up a small circulation that was nevertheless nationwide, with some subscribers in England. This magazine eventually absorbed The Time Traveller, and shortly changed its name to Fantasy Magazine, to include facts pertaining to the weird fiction field.

The issue after its second anniversary, Fantasy Magazine began dedicating issues to the Big Three of scientifiction, and to other special fields, including Weird Tales. Its first dedication was to the field-leading Astounding Stories of Street and Smith, and it received mention in Brass Tacks. When Wonder's time came, they did even more, seeing to it that every member of the SFL got a copy of that issue.

A bit earlier, taking cognizance of the existence of the fan world, Charlie Hornig, who turned out a few issues of the unsuccessful Fantasy Fan, and then teenage managing editor of Wonder Stories, recommended to editor Gernsback the formation of a Science Fiction League. This was undertaken with enthusiasm, and being well featured by a commercial magazine of large circulation, attracted many scientifictionists to the fan field. At the same time a Swap Column and other features of interest to veteran 'fans' were inaugurated. Later, the SFL Department began giving semi-annual Bachelor of Scientifiction tests which increased the interest of membership. It was the Golden Age of fandom.

THE FIRST STAPLE WAR

In late 1934, Bob Tucker, a Brass Tacker of some standing, reported in Brass Tacks the formation of the spwsstfm (the initials were in capitals when used by him, but one of the first principles of the War was that warriors should not capitalize the name of the enemy, and this writer was on The Other Side) -- the society for the prevention of wire staples in science fiction magazines.

At the head of the society was one dictator, tucker. In later issues of Brass Tacks, the dictator reported new recruits of his society, and some months later duplicated his original announcement, in Wonder Stories' The Reader Speaks. One of the new recruits contributed two doughnuts to the society treasury, and was given a fool title, something like 'high nincompoop'. Another neophyte suggested rubber staples to replace the wire ones, and was also given an official title. One ironic side light on this war was that the next most prominent member of the spwsstfm was 'ol doc lowndes', royal pill roller for the dictator. Few knew that he actually was a medico of some sort, and none, certainly, suspected that one day he was to be the most liberal member of Wollheim's Michelist group.

And here Wollheim enters, in opposition to Tucker, Lowndes, and all the other anti-staplers. We, he declaimed, have listened to this infamous proposition long

enough. He therefore proclaimed the organization of the International and Allied Organizations for the Purpose of Upholding and Maintaining the use of Metallic Fasteners in Science Fiction (which he, mocking Tucker, initialed STF) Publications in the United States of America, Unlimited, and called for support from all red-blooded believers in the efficacy of metallic binders.

There followed a scramble for power and recruits. Espionage and counter-espionage were rife, and neither leader could know for certain that his most trusted lieutenant was not a spy. Membership in the IAOPUMUMSTFPUSA, Unltd, reached around twenty, and doubtless the spwsstfm was about the same. Titles were given to all, usually meaningless. the dictator stood alone at the head of his batallions, but Wollheim, as Grand High Cocolorum, had Kenneth Sterling (whether author of The Brain Stealers of Mars, or another coincidentally having the same name, was never quite clear) as Exalted Grand Booleywag. There were two exceptions to the rule about titles: a recruit whom Wollheim suspected to be a spy was deprived of his, and young Speer was named Lord High Bradder, referring to his suggestion that magazines be bound with hand brads -- paper fasteners, such as bind this publication.(2)

Both armies issued official organs, tucker's d'journal, and Wollheim & Sterling's Polymorphonucleated Leucocyte. The PL was a scream, as was the membership certificate; doubtless d'journal was, too.

The War entered its penultimate stage, finding several episodes (chapters) of the anti-staplers in existence, and three or four Fortresses of Wollheim's men. It is said that when two Americans get together, they form a club. Two were all that were required to form a Fortress.

It was a crushing blow to the spwsstfm when the second issue of d'journal, upon being issued, was found stuck full of staples -- sabotage, by spies! Tucker weakly quibbled about the difference between fan magazines, and science-fiction magazines, at which his program was aimed, but his prestige was ruined. The New York Episode, in its entirety, went over to Wollheim.

An interesting commentary on the difference in the fan magazines of that day is that Fantasy Magazine scarcely mentioned the Staple War. Out in Oklahome, McPhail wrote in his private magazine, Science Fiction News, that fans were growing tired of alphabetical societies. Several anti-alphabetical societies alphabetical societies were announced in Brass Tacks, and others expressed their weariness with it all in more dignified ways.

The War came to a queer end. At the beginning of a Brass Tacks department toward mid-1935, Tremaine broke precedent by commenting on a letter to follow -- the commentary in italics -- saying some enigmatic things about the reader reading the letter slowly, to get the same feeling from it that he did. The letter was a report by someone of Tucker's home town or nearby, stating that he was dead, and giving some of his last wishes. It shocked everyone. But professional publication moves slowly, and by the time that issue of Astounding was on the stands, Tremaine knew it was a fake, and, in private letters to interested fans, said he thot Tucker had known of the trick, and that he would publish nothing more with regard to the First Staple War. One of Wollheim's lieutenants talked with the dictator long distance. "The Staple War is definitely over," said Wollheim, "and we are working on something that will be lots more fun."

THE ISA-SFL CLASH

Wollheim may have, to an extent, regretted his previous connections with foolishness when he launched into a serious and bitter indictment of Wonder Stories, in long letters to its The Reader Speaks, concerning the quality of its pulp paper, type face, word count, and such other matters as the translation of stories from the German; he was anti-Nazi even then. But deeper causes for hate of Gernsback lay just under this.

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(2) Speer apparently had a weak stapler & used brads on several of his thicker fmz.

A story by Wollheim, The Man From Ariel, was published by Wonder and never paid for. In working to get his due, Wollheim ran across many other young or beginning authors who had been similarly cheated. He published his findings in the last Bulletin of the TFG (succeeded by the Phantagraph).

The TFG, which has not been mentioned hereinbefore, was a small organization of rather more weird fans, which, at the time of its change of name from International Science Fiction Guild (it originated as the Impossible Story Club) was headed by Wilson Shepherd of Cakman, Alabama. When Wollheim came in, and Shepherd and Wollheim publishers formed, the center of power began, unconsciously, to shift to the north. The first Terrestrial Fantascience Guild Bulletins were hektographed publications; the last was a large-size mimeo affair. In many respects, the TFG was before its time.

Publication of the facts against Wonder Stories resulted in the expulsion of Wollheim and a number of compatriots from the SFL. The last heard of this angle of the case, he had been offered six months' probationary reinstatement, and said he would probably come back in, with his tongue in his cheek.

The XSFL was a name the expelled ones took. Most or all of them were members of the International Cosmo-Science Club, which about this time changed its name to the International Scientific Association. And it was the New York Branch of this Association, supported by other ISA members, which thereupon took up the cudgel in support of its members, and became the rallying point for disaffected elements, rather than the TFG. The staff of Fantasy Magazine, also under attack by Wollheim, made common cause with Gernsback and Hornig against the ISA. The result was the climax of the Old Fandom.

This writer regrets that he is unable to give an account of the war that followed, having had nothing to do with it and having heard little of it until much later, when it was referred to rather than described. The NYB-ISA sang songs of their battle against Gernsback; songs that might be adapted for modern singing. In some way they must have gained publicity for their charges against Wonder Stories, for to their work is ascribed some of the credit or responsibility for the fall of Gernsback's Wonder not many months after.

The NYB-ISA published one International Observer, a mimeographed magazine with a rather heavy sprinkling of science. The idea of the ISA in its later history was to harness science-fiction and science together, and the Observer straddled the fence between these two interests.

One day the NYB went off on a picnic and ended up in Philadelphia; the First Eastern Science Fiction Convention had crept up on them unawares. A good time was had by all, we are told, and they agreed that it was a great idea.

THE HEYDAY OF FANTASY MAGAZINE

For yet a while Fantasy Magazine ruled the field. In the later stage of the old period, various vagrant fan magazines began to crop up again, but none attempted to enter into competition with FM. Jim Blish' Planeteer, based on an old suggestion of Wollheim's to Street and Smith, put fiction first and Esperanto, etc, second. The Phantagraph went thru a number of changes of format under Shepherd and Wollheim, at first mainly club news and ultra-'fan' discussions, and later purely literary. The International Observer apparently was not considered to be in direct competition with Fantasy Magazine, its contents being mostly science and fan doings rather than news on the pros. Numerous individual publications, single-issue and single-copy 'pass arounds' were being done, but of course could not threaten FM's primacy. The boys were feeling around.

Even then, pseudonyms ran riot among the fans. The Greater New York Science Fiction League was said to be populated mainly with pseudonyms, half of which were Frederik Pohl. Willy the Wisp flitted around, always where Wollheim had been, reporting doings from a suspiciously Wollheimish point of view, as in the fight that resulted in George Gordon Clarke's quitting the field.

The SFL continued, gaining new members every month, tho how interested most of the members were is problematical. Two or three B Stf tests were conducted, in all, the returns on the last one never being published. Superficially, all was serene.

Then things began to happen.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ERA

Wonder has been sold! italicized FM's Science Fiction Eye.

In subscription, Wonder was doing rather badly, even compared to other pulps, and the depression had hit all of them pretty hard. (What depression?) But that is in the history of science-fiction, and this is a history of fandom. Some of the life seemed to go out of the SFL toward the last, tho perhaps it is only my fancy. At any rate, with the disappearance of the parent magazine in early 1936, the SFL ceased to be, despite its imposing list of somebodies on the board of directors, which TWS at this writing still carries. The huge Chicago org of 50 or so authors, readers, and fans lost interest in itself. All over the country little three-man chapters gave up the ghost; in England the young SFA took them over.

The sale of Wonder was almost the last big story FM carried. Conrad H. Ruppert's Printing Service could no longer print the magazine, and the bunch in Everett, Pa, had done one or two issues. But FM was skipping months, and a long interval elapsed before the last one. They didn't know at the time that it was the last, altho they acknowledged the situation to be bad.

The rights to the name Fantasy Magazine were turned over to Willis Conover, and it was expected that it would be combined with the Science-Fantasy Correspondent of Corwin Stickney. But personal differences arose, and while the S-F C, later the Amateur Correspondent, filled out FM's subscriptions, Conover was out of the deal. Many people resented the transfer of their subscriptions to the AC, since it catered largely to weird, as had Charlie Hornig's Fantasy Fan, which was not considered competitive with FM during its brief life. Presently Stickney frankly stated that he did not aim at fans as such at all; that he intended his magazine primarily to aid young authors aiming at the pros, thinking that that was a larger group. There was a great deal of entirely unstfic advertising, and a stamp department for which dyed-in-the-wool fans cared not a whit. FM had had, toward the end, no more than 50 subscribers; the Correspondent probably had very few of its own. A printed magazine, it cost money to publish. At length, like FM, it appeared less frequently and finally ceased, but the title passed to no one else.

One reason for the decline in fan interest was the decline in the science-fiction field on which fandom then depended closely. It was a long time after the last Wonder before Thrilling Wonder appeared. Astounding had reached its plateau under Tremaine, and Sloane's Amazing sank slowly into the depths. Naturally, interest in a fan field dependent upon these would decline.

Thus the First Fandom slipped away.

NEW FAN MAGAZINES, FLY-BY-NIGHT AND PERMANENT

The European Middle Ages were a period of transition, yet they had a distinctive civilization of their own, even tho it lasted in its full state only two or three centuries and carried in it the seeds of its early destruction. Similarly, the First Transition in fandom was a system that couldn't last, yet was quite distinctive while it did exist.

The Old Fandom was gone, but being a fan had been too much fun to be given up just like that merely because the professional magazines hit the downgrade. Old friends and enemies — those that remained — sought, perhaps unconsciously, a new set of interests under which they could continue their contacts.

There was yet one center of the fan world that seemed as strong as ever. The NYB-ISA was now acknowledged the leader of the fifty or so who remained with the hobby, and the ISA's International Observer rose to new heights, putting out one issue specially designed to appeal to science-fiction fans rathern scientists.

But the hegemony of the ISA did not discourage other attempts to take the place of Fantasy Magazine. Clon Wiggins' Science Fiction Fan ran three printed issues, all at a great financial loss to the editor and associate, and Wiggins was forced to conclude that there weren't enough interested fans left to support a printed magazine's high cost. Others discovered the same bitter truth. Hayward S. Kirby's Science Fiction World flared and died. Daniel McPhail expanded his Science Fiction News, first published only for his own amusement, into a carbon-copied magazine for circulation in the Oklahoma Scientifiction Association and exchanges outside the state. He was later able to print it, and made a mighty effort for high circulation. Then he moved away from the printing shop. The Philadelphians put forth their effort, Fantasy Fiction Telegram. The Atom and the early Helios, both printed, belonged to a slightly later time.

Shepherd and Wollheim's Phantagraph continued to mutate with every issue, passing thru a bewildering succession of formats. They also issued the Hektoed Astonishing Stories and made a bid for commercial publishing with Fanciful Tales, from which Weird Tales has reprinted Lovecraft's The Nameless City (it is not infrequent for professional magazines to take stories that appeared first in the amateur publications). Then Wollheim broke with Shepherd, and took in another ISA New Yorker to form Michel-Wollheim Publications. From their printing presses came the Phantagraph, mainly, by this time, for the amateur press associations Wollheim belonged to, and their mimeograph produced the Mijimags, the book of ghughu, and other gosh-awfuls. Ego-Pohl gave the world two issues of Mind of Man. Jim Blish of The Planeteer retired with the passing of the old days, and the title The Planeteer passed to new fan Taurasi. All attempts at printed magazines were failures.

Well. If you couldn't print them profitably, what was to be done? With the supreme Fantasy Magazine gone, every fan could aspire to be an editor, and most of them were. The mimeograph came into wide use, but the cost of the machine and stencils was too much for most fans.

Gradually hektographed publications began to point the way. Which came first after the TFG Bulletin the writer does not know. 'A Taurasi Publication' appeared on many little hektoed efforts. The Science Fiction Fan, after a time, resumed via hektograph. But to the Science Fiction Collector should go the credit for elevating hektoed work to a presentable level. One day fans thruout the country got post cards announcing a new fan magazine to be published by a guy named Morris S. Dollens Jr. They didn't even know how to pronounce 'Dollens', but some bought. The first issues were mostly fiction, by the editor. But material began to come in from other sources, and the Collector expanded. Several times Dollens wavered between monthly and every-three-weekly issuance, conflicting statements even appearing in the same issue, pages of which were done at different times. The contents never did get very good, but somehow fans liked them.

In conjunction with Hayward Kirby, Dollens tried to organize the Fantasy Fiction League; its organ, Fantasy Fiction Digest, was a twin of the S-F Collector, and was mailed with it, sometimes combined with it. The organization was a failure, as were many others that 'juveniles with Napoleonic complexes' attempted: The Phantasy Legion, the Science Fiction Advancement Association (last to go, tho it died in spirit early), the Fantasy Fan's Fraternity, the Jules Verne Prize Club -- many of these began in the old days, but reached their 'peaks' in these years of flux. Most of them were never anything more than a name, a membership card (perhaps), and an official organ. Some excitement was added, where there were dues, in charges and countercharges of financial crookedness.

Dollens also did illustrating for the hektoed Science Fiction Fan and other fan magazines. And then he had to drop out, apparently due to parental pressure because of the time his hobby occupied. Philadelphia's Baltadonis took over his Collector after a lapse of some months.

THE SECOND CONVENTION AND THE SHIFT OF POWER

The Second Eastern States Science Fiction Convention was held in New York, under the auspices of the ISA. Philadelphia attended, and fans from New Jersey and elsewhere in the east brot the attendance up to around 40. It was here, legend says, that there was first suggested a World Science Fiction Convention, by Donald Wollheim.

Says Chief Lotsachatter McPhail, "Then in walk Julius Schwartz and shake hand and smoke peace pipe with Donald and his warriors who have been on war path for many moon." The handshake ended the last lingering vestige of the old days. But at the same time, the Schwartz group gave way to Wollheim and Sykora as leaders of fandom.

But the days of the ISA were numbered. Sykora was interested in science as well as stf, and had a home laboratory of his own. The name of the group certainly sounded like a scientific club, but here it was, being run largely by and for science-fiction fans. Controversies as to what it was originally intended to be are too vague to to into here. At any rate, not long after, Sykora, getting ready to enter college, there to pursue a scientific course, felt that continuing as President of the ISA, the position he then held, would be an unjustifiable waste of time. In his letter of resignation he worked himself up to a highly emotional mood, and, indicting fans for their useless activities, branded them as egotists chiefly desiring to see their names in print, and too lazy to pursue scientific careers. Copies were sent to all ISA members.

Sykora had quite a following, and such a resignation exploded a bombshell in the club. Of the four offices, one was vacant, Sykora resigned another, a third was occupied by a gentleman who was in the hospital at just this time, and the fourth was held by Wollheim. From the other officer and from the NYB he got carte blanche support. Some discussion was carried on with ISA members outside New York. The exact proceedings are obscure, but no formal vote was taken, and Wollheim declared the club dissolved. This legal omission Sykora seized upon in an attempt to reorganize the club two years later.

Financial settlements were made, there were shoddy incidents, and the end of the ISA was anything but glorious. A final issue of the International Observer was devoted almost entirely to news of the dissolution, and arguments against Sykora. Down toward the end of Wollheim's general news column, he suggested that fans who were really interested join the rising Science Fiction Association, which had headquarters in England. A surprising number did so. Wollheim's prestige was on the rise.

Fantasy Magazine was gone and the ISA was gone. There was no longer any single organization or group which could claim the headship. There was a general concession of prestige to Wollheim personally, but aside from this, all central tendencies were gone.

THE SECOND FANDOM FINDS ITSELF

The field had been leveled to the ground; it was time for the emergence of a new order. If no new order did emerge, then fandom was finished.

As there had been a scramble to take Fantasy Magazine's place, so there was a scramble to take the ISA's place as leading fan organization. Several New York clubs made only partially successful attempts. Philadelphia always rides thru storms with the least change, and the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society was still functioning as stoutly as ever. They called the Third Convention. As the time for that gathering, October 30, 1937, drew near, there was talk of using it to form a federation of fantasy clubs, since many local groups, s uch as the Los Angeles SFA-SFL and the Oklahoma Scientifiction Association, as well as specialized horizontal guilds, were doing or had shown capability of doing well in spite of the collapse of the hedship.

Thrilling Wonder's place in the professional field had been found and things there had steadied down. The SFL was continued, and there was somewhat more incentive to form local groups when they could be part of the larger SFL and their meet-

ings reported in TWS.

The new Science Fiction Fan was beginning to be recognized as the leading fan magazine. A multitude of minor publications continued to appear, and more were being projected all the time. The cheap hektograph was definitely the medium.

So much for the means. What was to be the end? What were fans to talk about? most of them were tired of discussing stories; some very active fans no longer bought and read the science-fiction magazines regularly. The fan magazines at this time were filled mainly with news of -- themselves. A typical column of gossip would report that A had given B the rights to his magazine's name, that C would illustrate the alleged October issue of D's magazine, that E and F were going to New York to see G before the convention, that H had broken his association with I, and would publish their magazine alone, on the hekto instead of mimeo.

The nearest thing to a contemporary recognition of the change that had occurred was Sam Moskowitz' "This Changing Tendency Among Fan Magazines", in which he called attention to their growing independence and asserted that all professional magazines might go out of existence and fandom would continue on its way.

Fans had found a new center of interest: themselves and their own activities.

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THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

Will the Third Convention meet and form a Fantasy Federation? Reinmuth approaches Tellus the nearest any celestial body has been, the very night for which the meet is scheduled. Will Earth be destroyed before DAW can save fandom?

This gripping story will be continued and, I hope, concluded in the next Mailing, but if you simply must finish it before then I hope to have complete copies ready for distribution at the World SF Convention.

juffus

/This hooker for the first installment was holographed, but I have no ethical justification for inflicting Speer's handwriting on innocent nonparticipants. - RE/

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ONE ANALYSIS OF WOLLHEIM

We have seen much of Mr Wollheim up to now in this work. We will see much more. It can almost be said that the story of the Second Fandom is the story of Wollheim.

A true analysis of his character would be very valuable, but unfortunately one facet of his nature is to make everyone who knows him either his ally or his enemy, and there are few neutrals. This writer is not one.

Donald Allan Wollheim, known variously as DAW, daw, the W, and 'the No. 1 rat of fandom' read science fiction almost from the first days of Amazing, and before that, like many scientifictionists, had perused Burroughs, Haggard, Verne, and Wells. He is thus well grounded in science fiction, tho he could not be said to be by any means unique in this. He is one of the older generation of fans, who turned 21 years in the First Fandom or before. He has frequently shown a contempt for those chronologically younger than he, and makes much of 'immature' viewpoints, tho he himself, in his political beliefs, is more like a youth of college age. He entered fandom at its very beginning, and has seen it all the way thru.

In nationality, he is a German Jew. He has lived all his life in New York, and tho he has travelled around quite a bit, in point of fact knows little of anything but New York City and New York City thoughts; and those he sees from the viewpoint of his personal situation.

His physical appearance lends itself readily to caricature. Azygous, a mysterious writer of mid-1938 who turned out to be Wollheim's friend Dick Wilson, described

him as 'gentlmn with teeth'. Baltadonis, Philadelphia's premier artist, turned out several hilarious and insulting cartoons emphasizing his protruding teeth and weak chin. A person who disliked him could easily be cruel, and this drove him to return deeper hatred.

There can be little doubt that he rates high in intelligence, but his nature is such that it is frequently misdirected. He showed good ability at judging the effects of use of certain tactics, and was a master of bitter rhetoric, at piling up evidence.

At first he had no extreme political views. Like most people in America, he disliked Fascism and Nazism, and probably distrusted Communism as well. Thru his associations with John B Michel, however, and later with Frederik Pohl, he came in contact with the extreme Red views of these two, took to attending Young Communist meetings and reading their literature; so that finally, tho in July 1936 he was hoorahing Landon for the Republican presidential nomination, by November he had embraced Communism.

One important element in his beliefs is that "when something is black it is not white". This implied, unconscious division of the world into two kinds of things, with no in-betweens, led him to hasty judgement, which, once reached, he fiercely defended; willingness to fight at the drop of a hat; and maximum opposition to anything he opposed at all. He resembled E. Haldemann-Julius in this respect, that when he hated something, he turned loose at it with all guns.

He was seldom without several fights on his hands. It is reported that he claimed to get fun from running fans out of the fan field. His methods of attack, moreover, tended to build up hatred rather than break it down. On a few occasions he made up with old enemies, but these cases were never admissions that he had been wrong. Of course, like everyone else, he was justified in his own mind in the things he did, and fought for what he believed right.

Wollheim is a person of high ability whose nature and environmental influences tend to embroil him in fights, without sufficient consideration, and he plunges into them with everything he has.

THE NATURE OF WOLLHEIM'S DICTATORSHIP

So much for the man. What did he do?

New fans will find that Wollheim was frequently referred to as a dictator. How much of a dictator was he, and how did he do it?

It must, at once, be noted that his control was by no means absolute. Not everything that he opposed, during his ascendancy, failed; not everything he supported succeeded; not every fan he tried to drive out of the field allowed himself to be driven out. But the American Fantasy Association, an attempt at an American counterpart of the SFA, which was largely British, received no support from Wollheim, and failed, tho had he thrown his weight behind it it might easily have succeeded. The founders -- Wiggins, Taurasi, and Louis Kuslan -- were at that time more or less friends of Wollheim, and he did nothing to oppose their effort, but he ignored it entirely. And so it goes.

When Wollheim said anything, everyone sat up and listened, whether they liked him and it or not. Consequently, his attacks on fans and institutions were more effective than similar efforts of others. And such was his ability in this line, that he could make his victim feel like an outcast even tho the latter refused to get out.

The W drew around him a circle of fans who, in their own right, would have been counted as leaders in the field, but, in the clique, were overshadowed by Wollheim. He became the symbol for what the group did, and received credit and blame for things that were really the ideas and/or work of his friends. These compatriots -- Michel, Frederik Pohl, and Lowndes were the most prominent -- were frequently referred to as 'Wollheim stooges', with Michel as 'prize stooge'. Possibly picking it up from a remark of Speer's, they called themselves the Quadrumvirate, and also spoke of themselves in general terms of 'we' and 'our group'. Whether they actually were

stooges, slaves to Wollheim's beck and call, and carrying out his orders, is doubtful. The group managed to keep a united front against dissensions in all consequential matters, and this led many to believe that they represented one man's will. It is most likely that Wollheim was arbiter, overruled only by an overwhelming majority of his satellites and lesser lights, but that, due to a common outlook, divergent views among them were rare.

Besides the principal lieutenants mentioned above, there was a more or less indeterminate group of minor fans who were seriously considered 'stooges' of Wollheim; principally, in 1938, Young Communists.

With this group, then, and his own powers and prestige, Wollheim exerted a great deal of influence in the fan world, but to say that he was dictator is to misapprehend the conditions.

THE FOUNDING OF THE FAPA

The stage is set; the dramatis personae are known to you. If the story were now dramatically perfect, the curtain would go up on the Third Eastern Science Fiction Convention.

But another element, full of significance and typical of the Second Fandom, had already been introduced.

Among the myriad organizations that dotted the later months of the period of the First Transition, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association did not stand out. Some kind of a fraternity for editors, Dan McPhail had had some such idea. Well, if you're the joining kind, go ahead and see what it's about.

Once a member of the National, United, and other Amateur Press Associations, it was inevitable that a fan should think of adapting the idea for s-f fan use, as it was tailor-made for the hobby. The idea was simple and unusual: Publishers published when and what they desired, and paid the expenses of their own publications, making the required number of copies, which were sent to the official mailing office. In return, each member, at intervals, got a packet containing a copy of each of the efforts that had been sent the mailing bureau since the previous mailing.

Wollheim early began dawdling with the idea of a science fiction amateur press association, but only on urging from Bill Miller, Michel, and others did he move toward its accomplishment. Getting started was the big task, but Wollheim, more than any other fan, was in a position to get it going in a hurry. Nevertheless, he found the going very difficult. Persuading fans to join up, pay the 50¢ dues, and then go to the expense of making 50 copies of a magazine, for an infant organization, was like persuading them to a tooth-pulling.

Natheless, by hook and crook and brute strength Wollheim rallied enough material to put out a fair-sized mailing; much of it, of course, Michel-Wollheim special publications, broadsides for new members, and left-over copies of magazines, such as the Mijimags, previously for sale.

The first mailing, going to prospects as well as members, brot in a goodly flood of applications, raising the rolls to over twenty. Another large block held back only until it was made clear that they did not have to publish anything for the FAPA -- any fan activity during the preceding year qualified a person for membership.

Thereafter applications continued in a more or less steady stream until, by mid-1938, the full quota of 50 was filled, and further applicants began to be put on the waiting list, to be given places as members might vacate them.

The FAPA mailings were important because they removed from editors the obligation to turn out something that subscribers would pay for. Tho many publishers made sincere efforts to turn out magazines as good, on a small scale, as the subscription fan magazines, the actual compulsion was absent, and an editor, if he wished to brave adverse comment, could devote his entire magazine to attacks on other fans, sociological declamations, purely personal opinions of hardly any interest to anyone, or very rotten amateur science fiction.

MICHELISM AND THE THIRD CONVENTION

Ethiopia was conquered; civil war was raging in Spain between Right and Left; Japan pressed its invasion of China. Particularly in Communist groups thruout the country, anti-Fascists were saying, "Why can't we do something? Isn't there some way we can fight for what we believe in?" And that urge was subconsciously afflicting Michel, Wollheim, Pohl, Lowndes, Gillespie, and other Red fans as strongly as it hit their comrades who knew not science-fiction.

As fans, they were used to diverting their energies into their hobby, and it was in the fan field that they found an outlet to their desire to fight for their convictions. Here they were, all science fiction fans as well as Young Communists. There was Rothman in Philadelphia, a fan with socialist leanings. In England Novae Terrae SFA organ, carried world-conscious articles every issue. McPhail and Speer, out in Oklahoma, had been exchanging the Insurgent Epistle and the Loyalist Lion. Fans were interested in such things; here was a group of intelligent young men who needed only to be shown the Communist program to become its advocates and defenders against fascism. Not until this idea was clearly established in their minds did they call upon past experience for their arguments -- the alleged Gernsback delusion that the purpose of science-fiction was to create scientists -- which the collapse of the ISA disproved -- when actually it had only resulted in creating dreamers, idealists -- whose dreams turned to economic and political problems.

These thoughts they discussed among themselves, but scarcely a whisper of them leaked out before they were ready to release them. Wollheim had asked for time, at the Philadelphia Convention, to read a speech written by Michel, who, owing to a speech impediment, would not have been able to deliver it effectively. But the fact that Daw read the speech, and then, alone, defended it, led many fans to suspect that the article was more Wollheim's work than he would admit, and that the movement was termed 'Michelism' only because 'Wollheimism' would have sounded like self-praise.

The gathering was utterly unprepared for it all. There was a long and rather rambling discourse upon Fascist aggression, the purpose of science-fiction, and other unclear things, concluding with a resolution which, had it been read first, might have enabled the listeners to follow the speech. The resolution proposed to put the Convention on record as favoring a scientific-socialist world state, and opposing military ideologies and 'barbarism' in all its forms. It was so worded that rejecting it would be difficult, as placing the rejecters in an unfavorable light, but -- accept it? What had it to do with stf? Still, standing alone, few people would find much fault with it.

But a very great number found fault with such a subject being int roduced into a gathering of science-fiction fans. Unprepared as they were, no very intelligent opposition was put up, but personal enemies of the Wollheim, such as Sykora, led an arguing opposition which tangled the debate down till it was wrangling about possibilities of a World State.

Finally, a vote was taken. Of those who voted, twelve opposed the resolution. Eight, who had previously been lined up to vote for it, did so ("O noble eight! O thoughtless twelve!" quoth Wollheim later). Many of those present, including most of the adults, did not vote.

From a historical viewpoint, this resolution threw whatever else happened at the convention into the shade, in its lasting effects, but, as we shall see, one other important result grew out of the gathering -- the Wollheim-Moskowitz feud.

LATER DEVELOPMENT OF MICHELISM

The period of secrecy for the Michelists was over; now they discharged all their accumulated broadsides thru every available channel, and for months they had the argument to themselves. In accounts of the Convention, in the SFFan and the SFCollector (this was before Baltadonis and Wollheim became enemies), Wollheim took a great deal of space to praise the new movement.

In an ill-starred article for Novae Terrae, Wollheim committed the program to advocacy of support for the Communist International.

Unfortunately for them, too, was the formation of the Committee for the Political Advancement of Science Fiction, which, it appears, never got to be officially going. Two issues of their publication, the Science Fiction Advance ('vance') were published, full of angles on and repetition of their ideology. The CPASF was composed of the New York group of Young Communist Leaguers, plus Richard Wilson for reporter, as editor of the weekly Science-Fiction News Letter. The fact that the other members were Young Communists all, their flagrant advocacy of Communism, and Wollheim's Novae Terrae article convinced the great majority of fans that the object of the movement was to Communistize fandom. The initials CPASF were interpreted 'Communist Party's Agitators in Scienti-Fandom', and Baltadonis cartoons thus depicted them -- very unflatteringly.

Nonetheless, during these months the Michelists made a few half-conversions. Most unexpected of these was Wollheim's rapprochement with Ackerman. Some kind of a feud had long existed between them, apparently over nothing more serious than Ackerman's advocacy of the internationalanguage Esperanto, and his bent toward playing with words, as in puns and scientificombinations. Ackerman, like Rothman and others, had socialist leanings, and was willing to be a fellow-traveller with the Michelists and extend them aid.

The leading English readily accepted the appelation of Michelists, tho they were far from advocating the Communist program, and their pages were laid open to Michelism

Despite all this, the movement couldn't seem to get going, and by spring, 1938, opposition began to take form. Speer, tho perhaps as socialistically inclined as any, elected to defend Fascism in some of its aspects and, gradually becoming better acquainted with Communism and Communist strategy, adopted harrying tactics in his FAPA publications, correspondence, and elsewhere. In the Los Angeles publication, Imagination!, Frederick Shroyer haphazardly denied the allegations of the Michelists, and for a few issues a hot exchange of articles took place between him and Wollheim, others joining in. Rothman, tho friendly with the Michelists, preferred to raise objections to many of their statements, and occupied a no-man's-land all his own.

Then the second type of opposition became more vocal, with articles denouncing the introduction of 'politics' into 'stf', published in magazines of Taurasi, Moskowitz, &c.

We can now trace the various points of departure from the slender line of Michelist reasoning. In the first place, several fans refused to take them seriously. There is so much of mimic seriousness, insincere feuds, in fandom, that they looked upon Michelism as an invention for the purpose of keeping Wollheim in the public eye. Second, the largest group, perhaps half of fandom at that time, questioned the assumption that fandom must needs have any other purpose than the amusement derived from it. Those who did not fully accept this nevertheless had their assurance weakened, and encountering more flaws further along the Michelist line, dropped the more readily. Another not inconsiderable bloc granted that fandom might have an object beyond that, but claimed that it was success in the professional field bye and bye, self-expression, or the encouraging of fans to pursue scientific careers or perhaps just to teach them more science, in sugar-coated form, than the average man knew. Even among those who accepted the view that science-fiction must help create a better world, there were many who did not subscribe to the declaration that the only justifiction for the activities of fandom was working for a scientific-socialist world state. And of those that did, some so disliked the Michelist methods and Wollheim personally that they refused to cooperate. Many who believed in Michelist ideas rejected the hope that fandom could do anything toward furthering them.

At times the Michelists seemed to be saying that their only objective was to awaken interest in things sociological. Wollheim made a belated effort to relax the restrictions somewhat when, in an article in the deluxe SFA quarterly, Tomorrow, he stated that the lines had been extended to those fans who worked for progress in any form -- Esperanto, peace movements, etc, even tho they were not advanced enough to

accept Communism as yet. But the damage had been done, and by fall, 1938, it was felt that Michelism, tho it had left a permanent mark upon fandom, was a thing of the past, and had failed to attain its objectives. The old guard of the Michelists, refusing to admit defeat, continued to plug away.

IPO

Less important than the FAPA, but still significant of the Second Fandom, was the Oklahoma Institute of Private Opinion, which set out to find how fans felt on various questions of the day.

As the name indicates, it was a takeoff from the American Institute of Public Opinion (the Gallup Poll). The idea grew out of Speer's curiosity about the average age of fans, and he had given it considerable thought when he remarked to Wiggins, his principal correspondent at the time. Why doesn't someone start an International Institute of Private Opinion to find out what fans think on such matters? Wiggins failed to react, but next letter Speer included a depiction of the make-up of a card in such a questionaire. OFW replied that he would back him to the limit if he should wish to try the trick.

The ballots were to be mailed out with the SFFan, but at this point Wiggins made the first of his bewildering series of changes of address; as the first questions were to concern the possibility of a fantasy federation, and the Third Convention loomed near, Speer purchased hekto and pencil, ran off some dim cards, included stamps for return stuck in slits in the cards (a trick tested with Wilson), and sent them out to around thirty scientifictionists, bringing the number up to 40 thru personal correspondence. Thereafter all cards were mailed with SFF (save a month or two when SFF's circulation went below 40), and the number of cards sent was held at 40 except on one or two occasions, when 41 slipped by.

Naturally, returns on the first poll were rather small, many thinking it a practical joke, but the results were printed in SFFan and a new batch of cards distributed; and with choice of better questions as a result of fans votes on what to ask, the popularity of the poll increased, the number of replies rising from around 15 at first to around 30 toward the last (there were twelve polls in all, extending over a period of nearly two years). Speer attempted to get cards especially to those in the habit of answering, but Wiggins gave little cooperation along that line.

In the first poll, sent out by himself, Speer had sought to obtain a balance between top-flight fans, run of the mill, and borderliners, but when the poll went under SFF this was no longer possible; tho geographical breakdowns, based on postmarks, proved fairly significant. With the decline of the SFFan in the esteem of the non-Wollheimists, the group covered became less truly representative, and returns on several questions less trustworthy.

Several of the results on questions stand out. The ratings of favorite fan magazines, and favorite professional magazines, tho of no permanent interest, were enjoyed at the time, and showed SFFan leading the fan magazines, and Astounding way out ahead of the other pro's. On the first poll asking that the three 'top' fans be named, Wollheim's position was shown by his gaining first place with well over twice the points of his nearest rival, and all down the line, ratings showed the general opinion of fans at the time with regard to leading fans. The question all were waiting for was Michelism, but as this was to be presented at the same time as the religious question, Speer found it advisable for several reasons to delay a good many months before presenting them, and by the time they were asked, the Michelist vote was infinitesimal. The age of fans was found to cluster around 18 years; in nationality, German blood held a plurality, with Italian, Jewish, and Russian far down the line, contrary to what the fan's names might lead one to expect; Anglo-Saxon was strong. Not very successful attempts were made to get definitions of 'science fiction' and 'real fans'. Leading fan artists and writers were named.

The last four polls, certain earlier questions were re-asked to determine the shifts of opinion, but the change in SFF's constituency relative to fandom as a whole rendered them of questionable value. Wollheim continued as 'top' fan by a narrow

margin.

Along the same lines as the IPO were questions of the Novae Terrae Panel of Critics, which ran several questionnaires of about 20 questions each. Other similar institutions that can hardly be called imitations were the PSFS inquisition into the best stf author of 1938, and surveys by the weeklies SFNL and Le Vombiteur re favorite fantasy films, and best-remembered stf tales.

ghughu AND FOOFOO

This world-shaking conflict must be looked upon as a Second Fandom counterpart of the First Staple War; indeed, ghughu is probably the thing Wollheim began working on at the conclusion of that war. (Some of the fighters apply the Staple War rules regarding capitalization of the opposition's name — ghughu:FooFoo for this writer.)

ghughu was a burlesque on religion, the combination 'gh' being frequently applied in such words as ghod and demighod, gholy ghrail, etc. the cult worships ghughu wo, they claim, is wollheim. FooFooists maintain that the real ghughu is a beetle-bodied monster living on the planet vulcan, and Wollheim but his tool. Their organization is essentially ecclesiastical, with high priest john b michel at its head, and the general title for lower members archbishop for their respective cities. Where more than one is in the same city, other titles come into play, such as archdeacon infernal of all ghu, ghuardian of the gholy ghrail, saint, etc.

FooFoo had Its Origin in the Use of That Syllable by The Prophet Bill Holman, in His comic page, 'Smokey Stover' and His daily cartoons for newspapers thruout the country. Schoolchildren took to making up foo proverbs ('foo' is also a common noun) of their own, and the West Coast punsters were not exempt. Mary Corrine Gray, known as Pogo, established the Order of FooFoo with herself as Hi Priestess and Ackerman her Right-Hand Man. The idea having independently occurred to Speer, Ackerman put him in touch with Pogo, and he was forthwith dubbed Royal General of FooFoo and also referred to as the Left-Hand Man. Later, a Midl-Man was appointed, also Handi-Maiden and Handi-Man to the Hi Priestess. Later titles conferred by the Royal General in the Hi Priestess' name, and eventually eternally confirmed by a printed permanent membership card signed and countersigned, were such as Grand Vizier, Chief Scientist, Poetess Laureate, and enigmatic ones like Proselytus Prime, Sideralis Beta, Vanday Oon, etc.

As can be seen, the titles are more those of a military monarchy than of a church, and FooFoo is more a Burlesque on ghu rather than a Burlesque on that which ghudom mimics.

No more than did the staple organizations, did either of these groups gain a great number of acknowledged members (tho ghudom claims that all who have ever heard of ghughu are thenceforth purple-souled and saved despite themselves, and Foomen claim for their rank and file all who speak foo proverbs), but since, unlike the staplists, they have never come to a showdown, the division promises to be a more or less permanent tradition in fandom. It cuts across other allegiances, and is never taken seriously. Many people regard it as simply silly.(3)

Mention might be made here of other mock organizations which appeared from time to time. There were the Vombi, an unofficial group who went around saying "It's utterly Vombish", and explaining the root 'vomb' in such ways as, "If that chair you're sitting in turned into a stack of Bar-O at 15¢ for two cans, that would be Vombish". There was the Loyal and Benevolent Protective Order of Wollheim Stooges, which apparently had as its aim the discrediting of the term 'stooge' by pretending that it was all absolutely true; their ranks were theoretically open to all who had ever disagreed with Will Sykora. Robert G Thompson, DTm, tried to form a Temponautical Society and was opposed by the Anti-Temponautical Society; both proposed publications but it seems that neither ever saw print ('temponautical' means 'time-

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(3) Rosconians, for instance.

travelling'). And Bob Tucker achieved some early success with /WAFFF!/, the meaning of the initials of which is known only to members, who must qualify with a proof that the world is flat.

THE ATHEISM ISSUE

Especially in view of our examination of ghughu, it is high time we looked at the fan attitude on religion. Many theistic fans joined ghughu without knowing what it was, and tho they subsequently repudiated it, their souls were said to still be dyed a deep purple.

When the November, 1937, Cosmic Tales carried, as what was to be the last of Wollheim's Phantaflexion columns, an article later reprinted in the first Science Fiction Advance as 'Science Fiction and Religion', it seemed that another bombshell had been dropped into fandom from the hand of the genial W. Some months later appeared 'Anent Atheism and Stf' in Imagination!, which debated the possibly question-begging proposition that scientifictionists were scientifictionists because they were atheists, rather than atheists because they were scientifictionists, as Wollheim argued. 'Among Our Mems' in the same publication ('Madge'), frequently had the information, 'Atheist' sandwiched into some obscure place. It became customary for new correspondents to inquire each others' religious stands, or to state them without inquiry, as a natural part of getting acquainted.

In the old days of the first and second periods of professional science fiction, the readers' columns had frequently blazed in debates on atheism, but not since fandom began had the question come up as being in any way connected with the hobby.

Curiously, it never became a red-hot issue. McPhail broke with Wollheim over the reprint of the article in Vance, where he read it for the first time, but the general sentiment seemed to be to avoid religious controversies before fandom as a whole, as being unpleasant and getting nowhere. Then, too, the issue was in part smothered by the greater Michelist controversy -- there is a limit, even for the rabid fan, to the number of things he can get steamed up about at any one time.

But perhaps the most important reason for the flat-falling of the atheism issue was lack of interest -- lack of opposition! Wollheim, an avowed agnostic, made a gesture toward obtaining religious support for Michelism, paralleling the simultaneous program of the Communists, but did not follow it up, other than to enjoin against purely destructive criticism of church beliefs. The only prominent fans known to acknowledge church beliefs were Catholic Baltadonis and Episcopalian McPhail, tho doubtless there were others. When the IPO got around to putting the question, agnosticism and kindred showed a definite, tho not overwhelming, majority, with many of those on the other side of the line doubtful, tongue-in-cheek, or indifferent.

The most vociferous anti-religionist was Frederick Shroyer of Los A, who authored 'Anent Atheism and Stf'. A 'particularly effective piece of god-busting' was rejected by the LASFL board of censors as 'too hot', but some copies were run off, and snatched up as collectors' items.

In defense of religion little showed up. Who all brot the pressure on Cosmic Tales to discontinue the Phantaflexion is a mystery. Chester Fein, just then appearing on the horizon, attacked Wollheim bitterly, and the W came back with a defense. Many fans were more or less on the fence. Other than this, there was practically nothing of the religious side till McPhail wrote the Progressive platform.

There wasn't enough opposition to give any thrill from attacking the churchmen. So atheism was taken pretty much for granted, and fandom rocketed merrily on its way. But there is no guarantee that the controversy may not blaze forth again.

THE FIRST MONTHS OF 1938

Being now appraised of the more important and distinctive institutions of the Second Fandom, we can pick up the thread of our story.

The Third Convention had been in October, and was followed, thruout November and December, with accounts of same. Under one of his pen names, to which was attached

his real handle, Moskowitz wrote an account for the SFFan. The explosion that followed raised Sam to the top of the anti-Wollheimists because he was the greatest object of vituperation. Wollheim was originally sore because Moskowitz, in contrast with his own accounts, gave little space to the Michelist speech and argument, but he found the account spotted with the inaccuracies always attendant upon haphazard eyewitness accounts, and in some cases pointed to actually true accounts of incidents which he had a false impression of. In his column Fanfarade in SFF, noted for attacks on fans, he opened another 'hymn of hate' campaign with the blanket allegation that it was the sorriest piece of reporting he'd seen in years, and all too characteristic of that type of fan who 'will not think'. In the absence of specific corrections, Moskowitz defied him to find anything 'unaccurate' in the article. Wollheim obliged with a large-size mimeographed supplement, mailed with SFF, which went into great detail. Moskowitz replied with a similar-sized hektoed supplement (both of these also went out thru the FAPA) in his sloppiest style, denying he had been wrong concerning most of the cases, as checked with other witnesses, and making light of the remainder. The points of disagreement were indeed trivial, and many readers lost sight of their pertinence upon the original disagreement, personal attacks between the combatants having obscured the issue. There came the first wave of resentment against such feuds. Wiggins closed SFF to the argument, and Lowndes published The Vagrant for the FAPA, devoted entirely to a pseudo-impartial reconsideration of the whole matter. At this juncture Speer threw himself into the fight, versus Lowndes, but the original disagreement was lost sight of before long in the masses of new subjects for bitterness.

By the spring of 1938 nearly everyone saw which way the wind was blowing. There would be fights that summer, and more fights. Consequently, the early months saw a great deal of jockeying for position and allies, and inter-fan correspondence reached new heights of volume and fervor. Adding to this was the plank in the CPASF program calling for the greatest possible amount of personal contacts with fans, thru correspondence, for promotion of their ideology.

Not all the activities of the early months were of a bitter nature, of course. Fan magazines continued to pop up in that way they have, most new ones now in the FAPA. Wiggins announced Who's Who in Fandom, to sell for 20¢. Such departments as Among Our Mems, As Others See Us, and Meet the Boys were popular in a fandom where the chief interest was other fans, and he felt that such a work would be well received. He set the goal too high, however, demanding 50 biographies and 50 pledges of purchase, and the project dragged along for months without this being reached.

With the FAPA functioning, with a good membership, an election was held around year's end for officers to fill out the terms of those appointed by Michel and Wollheim, the original FAPA. There was not much excitement: Wollheim was a cinch to keep the presidency; there was little choice between Michel (incumbent) and Pohl for Editor -- Pohl got it --; and if Balty wanted the Secretaryship, he could keep it. For vice-president, incumbent McPhail came in ahead at the finish line. Madle seemed to detect some inconsistencies in the counting of the ballots.

Upon his return to the fan field, Sykora had established the Scientific Cinema Club, with the aim of making a scientifiction movie, as the ISA had projected. The Wollheim-Michel group made their way into the club, and Sykora refused to stay in when they were accepted. The group collapsed amidst much petty bickering. The Queens SFL, centering around Wilson and Taurasi and including Sykora, accepted Pohl, Willheim, and Michel, and others of their clique, an action which paved the way for a much more important schism later in the year.

In Oklahoma, with Speer and McPhail living in the same town, there were hints of OSA revival and golden hopes of a conference of fans from all the southwestern states. The Tri-Cities SFL of Texas, headed by newly active fan Dale Hart, lasted a year, with some successes and a rather large membership.

JUNE, 1938

The month of June in this year set a record for vital fan activities that had never been equalled before and probably will not be again for a long time to come.

Early in the month came the second half of the Third FAPA Mailing, almost simultaneously with the Newark Convention. Later, the FAPA election ballots were mailed out. Toward the middle of the month the Second British Convention was held. And to end the month came the Fourth Mailing.

The Third Mailing was sent out in two sections which amounted, except legally, to two separate mailings, and a longer time elapsed between them than between the second half and the Fourth Mailing. Mailing 3B marked the end of the first period of the FAPA, when it struggled for existence. There were many fine little magazines and in general the half-mailing was of great literary interest, but contained much less controversial material than was to follow.

THE CONVENTIONS

The Newark Convention, officially the First National Science Fiction (or Fantasy) Convention, and called the Fourth Eastern by its enemies, was the first not sponsored by an organization, tho Sykora and Moskowitz said something about Sykora's Committee for ISA Reorganization and Moskowitz' Unofficial Society for the Aid of Fan Magazines in Need of Material (subject of trouble with DAW, who wanted a Manuscript Bureau for the FAPA). Put on entirely by Sykora and Sam, it was a surprise to all. Advertising of the event doesn't seem to have been unusual. There were poster announcements placed in a few libraries and around, and perhaps an announcement or two in the professional magazines before it came off, but previous conventions seem to have had nearly equal publicity. Evidently, it was that the time was ripe for a really big affair. New Yorkers particularly were skeptical of the optimistic preparations for an anticipated attendance of over a hundred; previous conventions had not gone above 40. Wollheim attacked its handling (Michelistic speeches would be barred) in a pre-Convention Fanfaronade column, and Wilson, in the News-Letter, was generous with slurs at its hopes, the beginning of the Wilson-Moskowitz enmity, perhaps the most reasonless feud of the period.

Despite all this, the real fans, of course, came, and so did the professional s-f editors of the area -- and a veritable cloud of non-fan scientifictionists who seemed to just 'happen' in. The attendance, none from outside the eastern states, grossed around 125 at its height.

This, however, was the chief and nearly the only success of the affair. The usual talks and promises by the pro editors are not to be counted as losses, but were much the same as at preceding conventions, with perhaps stronger promises of support for fan magazines etc which were half a year in being fulfilled -- but that is another story.

The banquet fell flat due to miscalculation of the number to attend -- there just weren't enough eats to go around. The amusements were partly successful, partly not, and some entertainments prepared to be presented were not given. Owing to Baltadonis' illness and inability to attend, Philadelphia's secret entertainment (presumably their s-f puppet show) had to be postponed till their annual Conference.

The Convention adjourned with the problem of the World S-F Convention even more unsolved than before. The committee appointed at the last Philadelphia Convention had done nothing in the interim, so Sykora, substituting as chairman when Moskowitz found he couldn't handle the chair, appointed a new temporary committee, which was in turn to choose a smaller permanent one. Fans ignorant of parliamentary law, etc, thot Sykora had no right to appoint the committee. A petition protesting the appointment was successful in securing signatures even of some anti-Wollheimists.

The most unusual feature of the Convention was the flood of special Convention publications, which were sold by the Convention committee. All publishers, both those present and non-attendees, got full sets of the Convention magazines; in this

way the Convention was participated in by fans unable to be there, Ackerman, Farsaci, Marconette, and Speer and McPhail jointly, having published, and not able to attend. Wollheim pointed out that all of the publishers of Convention publications were members of the FAPA. Exception was Nils Frome, Canadian, whose magazine arrived too late. Oklahoma's was also late, but only by a hair. Besides the publications handled by the committee the CPASF handed out Internationale song sheets, exhortations to protest Thrilling Wonder's discharge of a CIO printer, and similar material, which, it developed, practically ruined the CPASF's prestige: CPASF is only Michelistic organization; CPASF is Communist; therefore, Michelism is Communism.

Despite its successes, there seemed to be something lacking from the Convention -- probably, unity, altho fans enjoy certain kinds of feuds. In marked contrast was the Second British Convention of the SFA (the first had been called a Conference). There was no question such as the World Convention hanging over this assemblage, and there were no bitterly opposed factions such as marred the Newark affair. Little attention was paid to professional s-f, tho Fearn's talk in this direction aroused considerable interest. There was some discussion of SFA business, and the new Constitution was officially adopted (Los Angeles SFL-SFA cabled OK). But most of the speeches concerned the sociological interest of British fandom. These were for the time devoted to the almost-completed task of waking Britons to social and governmental problems solution to which was necessary in the search for Utopia. In following months, when they took up the question of what these awakened fans were to do in furtherance of their Utopias, there was a lowering of spirit and a surge of pessimism

But at the time of the Convention, the talks hit a very optimistic note. Fans were characterized as Seekers of Tomorrow, and some discussions, abstract enough not to bear heavily on the contemporary ism situation, discussed the attitude that should be taken. The British Convention indicated that among the somewhat more adult fans of the tight little isle the sociologically inclined had won, and were in control of British fandom.

THE FAPA CAMPAIGN

Madle, Speer, and Baltadonis had been in correspondence for some time over the formation of an opposition party in the FAPA, with the result that the Mailing Manager was sent a leaflet announcing their candidacies for the various offices, calling attention to some infractions of the Constitution of the Association that Wollheim's administration had been guilty of, and suggesting that voters see what the Other Side could do in the saddle.

Wollheim, apparently, found himself in a hole as time for the first annual elections drew near. Due to the constitutional provision that no person could hold the same office twice in five years, it would be impossible for him to be re-elected president. He would, therefore, run for Official Editor and Mailing Manager, and had little fear but that he would beat Madle for the office. Doc Lowndes had a fair chance at vice-president, against a cloud of younger, mainly New York, fans. For the position of president, however, Wollheim found himself without a single candidate who could win. Michel, as the person he was closest in contact with, was the one he would like to have represent him in the president's chair, but Michel not only was not prominent as an individual outside New York (all his activities having been in conjunction with the overshadowing Wollheim), but was somewhat unpopular as the supposed author of the Michelist movement, as attested by the mid-term elections. Against Baltadonis, who stood second or third in prominence in fandom, he would have little chance of being elected president, in the normal course of events.

In the Philadelphia group's innocent attempt to inject into the FAPA the light politics that enlivened other amateur press groups, Wollheim imagined an attempt to get control and close the FAPA to all but straight fan and stf material. With that hyper-suspicion common to leftists, he envisioned an attempt to exercise censorship over the mailings, putting an end to Michelistic discussions therein. And he feared that if Speer were successful in gaining the vice-presidency, which was the 'supreme

court', this censorship would be upheld. Baltadonis up to this time had not come out openly against Wollheim, but the W knew him to be opposed to the CPASFers, and foresaw that the break would become important.

Michelism now meant everything to him. This Madle-Baltadonis-Speer group must be defeated at all costs. So he turned loose with every piece of artillery at his command.

Baltadonis is well known for his slowness about answering mail. Wollheim, some months before, had made a complaint about this in a private letter to McPhail, but saw no sufficient reason for bringing it before the entire Association. Just preceding the time of the Newark Convention, Baltadonis had been too ill to attend to his work as well as usual, and had not delegated the duty to anyone else. And, to complete the picture, according to the postmarks Michel would fail to mail letters until days or a week after they were written. All this contributed to poor connections between the Secretary-Treasurer's office at Philadelphia and the mailing bureau in New York. Wollheim, probably exaggerating, said the New York end was bankrupt from non-receipt of reimbursements from the treasury. This, and a general charge that he had 'just' discovered an attempt on the part of the Philadelphia party to sabotage the FAPA, was put into a mimeographed 'Open Letter'. An example of its convincing air is "Baltadonis takes his time about notifying us of new members, but in the meantime we take the kicks".

The second half of the Third Mailing had just been sent out; there was little material on hand for a new mailing except some Michelist sheets. But the Constitution required that the ballots go out three weeks before July 1. This deadline had already been passed when Wollheim decided to send the ballots out by themselves instead of with a mailing. But with them went the Open Letter.

Besides charges against Baltadonis, his chief opponent, Wollheim accused Madle of sabotaging FAPA outside its pages -- apparently referring to an anonymous article, which Madle disclaimed writing, in Moskowitz' magazine Helios, burlesquing Wollheim's column Fanfaronade, and attacking him personally, including his conduct of the half-term FAPA election. Sam Moskowitz was the third candidate for president, having been reported by Taurasi as desiring to run, tho he actually had no intention of opposing his friend Baltadonis. Worrying little about Moskowitz, Wollheim dismissed him with the accusation of participating in the Madle crime by publishing the article. The fourth candidate for president, Olon F Wiggins, was a friend of Wollheim, and had made such an infinitesimal showing in the mid-term elections that he was passed over in silence.

Tho the Open Letter was devoted primarily to attacks on Baltadonis, almost all the Michel-Wollheim election material in the Fourth Mailing, and there was plenty of it, was taken up with accusing Speer of being a Fascist. Speer had on several occasions defended the acts of the Fascist nations, and opposed Communism, but had repeatedly said his support of the Fascist nations was only partial, and, far from desiring a fascist America, he supported the rather socialistic program of the Democratic New Deal. Whether they could have missed this, both in publications and in correspondence between Speer and themselves, the Michelists took no note of it in their FAPA campaign, referring to him as an 'avowed' fascist (he had facetiously taken the middle initial 'f', which was interpreted as meaning 'fascist'), and drew bloody pictures of an enemy of Democracy in FAPA office (altho, to safeguard themselves from sentiment against Michelism, they had said in the Open Letter that politics should play no part in the election). The contradictory nature and emphasis of the Open Letter and the Mailing material is probably due to a difference in the time they were written but just how is not clear.

The election campaign thus consisted almost entirely of attacks on one's opponents rather than recitation of one's own qualifications. On the positive side, Michel pledged continuance of Wollheim's type of administration, including free press no censorship, and constitutional government. Philadelphia promised harmony.

THE CRUCIAL PERIOD

The Comet group was stunned by this barrage. What in the world? they wondered. What's got into Don? All this talk about censorship -- has one of the others really advocated such a thing? Sabotage the FAPA? What sense would there be in us doing that? Holy Cow!

They made some ineffectual attempts to remedy the trouble. Moskowitz headed off as many votes as he could toward Baltadonis, at the same time that Sykora hastily issued an unauthorized mimeoed sheet in support of Sam, and, to a lesser extent, of Madle. A few cards were dropped by the Cometeers to individuals who possibly would not know what was happening. But, due partly to being mailed later than the date set by the Constitution, there had been on the ballots a request that they be returned immediately. Most of them were in before the Fourth Mailing went out, carrying Comet's pitiful little announcement, and the masses of incumbents' literature. After the results of the vote were announced, the SFFan appeared with a Fanfarade written before the election, and intended to appear before, which continued the attacks on FAPA anti-Wollheimists.

There was little that Speer, Baltadonis, and Madle could do to change the results of their opponents' actions, and they didn't do all that they could have. For the most part, they simply sat and waited and chewed their fingernails.

McPhail appeared to Speer in Oklahoma City, plunging him into deepest gloom with the statement that he had voted against the Philadelphia ticket, despite his endorsement of Baltadonis for president before the fight got so hot. Not even all the PSFS would vote the straight ticket. Every little indication was seized upon as perhaps showing how the broader current was running. Baltadonis, before the votes were counted, started a check-up to see if the count was honest, but not enough FAPAers were willing to tell how they voted to make this effective.

Regardless of what the returns might be, Speer moved to line up opinion against the methods of the Wollheim group, asking some of his correspondents if they would support a petition of protest, provided the petition didn't call for a new election. Receiving uniformly favorable answers, he drew up such a petition, based on his own observations and information from the Philly group and Dick Wilson, but his moving to Washington/DC delayed circulation thereof.

A week after July 1 when they were supposed to be counted, the ballots began to be counted and checked by various members of the counting committee, to determine the final vote, some counts having been made and standings made known before all the votes were in. Michel came out with more votes than Baltadonis and Moskowitz combined. Due to disgust at both sides, some five votes had gone to Wiggins. Wollheim had twice as many as Madle. Lowndes shaded into the vice-presidency over Speer and Wilson, who tied for second place. Taurasi was practically undisputed for the Secretary-Treasurer's job, carried that easily. It had been a complete victory for the Michelists.

THE UNDERTOW

But it was a pyrrhic victory, for of that day was come a kingdom's ruin.

The general run of the FAPA does not seem to have become angered, at first, over the unfairness of Wollheim's last-minute accusations in the elction, but after some four weeks had passed, definite feeling against the administration set in. No one wanted another election, but it was felt that the tactics had been unfair. Perhaps the circulation of Speer's petition, setting forth in definite form the various transgressions, had something to do with solidifying feeling, tho it was not finally published in the official organ till the next spring. A general growing dislike of the Wollheim 'dictatorship' was probably a more important cause.

But there were more concrete things behind the detraction from Wollheim's prestige, perhaps the most important of which was the break-up of the second Greater New York SFL chapter, new name for the Queens SFL. There was preliminary trouble when the Red group, with sympathizers among the Queens fans, such as Wilson, wanted to

send a science fiction delegate to the Youth Congress. As the resolution provided that all members must contribute toward his expenses, Taurasi, as chairman, refused to allow a vote on it as being unconstitutional. He was impeached (charges brought) but before the next meeting, when the trial was to be held, support for the Wollheim men fell away, and the matter was dropped.

When the Wollheim clique came into the QSFL, it put Sykora in an awkward position, for, in the case of the Cinema Club, he had refused to be in the same club with them. While he didn't actually resign from the QSFL/GNYSFL, he attended few meetings, and his dues fell into arrears. Wollheim and Pohl moved that he be expelled for non-payment of dues and nonattendance, but it seems there was constitutional provision that the accused must be present in cases of expulsion. Taurasi, as chairman, refused to allow the show to go on, and was again impeached, and this time removed from the chairmanship, tho by the rules of the Science Fiction League, he retained the Directorship, as the member with the lowest-numbered SFL certificate of the lot. He chose, however, to resign completely, and exerted some influence on other Queens members, not including Wilson. Sykora took the matter to Thrilling Wonder Stories, sponsor of the SFL, who decided to dissolve the chapter and grant new charters only on condition Sykora and Wollheim never be in the same group.

Thus broke Taurasi with Wollheim, and it was more important than Wollheim had imagined. Taurasi, in the Transition, had, with Thompson and Gillespie, formed United Publications. When Gillespie left for more vital things, Taurasi-Thompson Publications quickly turned into Cosmic Publications, with Moskowitz, Kuslan, and several Borough of Queens fans joining. Then Cosmic reached out even further, and even had some connections with Green Jester Publications of the Leeds, England, SFL. But their crowning victory was Wiggins' Galactic Publications, including the field-leading Science Fiction Fan. Taurasi, for his part, had established Fantasy-News, which forged ahead of the other weekly, Wilson's, in circulation. So when Wollheim antagonized Taurasi, it was the signal for a very large number of fans to turn cold toward the W.

Speer was not in Washington long, making side-visits to Conover, Gillespie, and others, before he arranged for a trip to Philadelphia, which coincided with Wilson's vacation sojourn there. Wilson, long considered in the Wollheim orbit, at this gathering with the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society stated himself as siding with them on Michelism, FAPA politics, and other issues. Tho nothing very concrete came of this, it indicated another weakening of the Wollheim group's grip on fandom; and all the PSFS and Wilson added their names to the Petition of Reprimand, the list of signers of which presently grew to include more than half the total FAPA membership, including many strict neutrals, such as McPhail, Swisher, and Farsaci.

THE SITUATION IN THE WEST

In the Los Angeles SFL-SFA was previewed the coming struggle among fans as a whole, like a Spanish Civil War of ideas as to the object of fandom.

After Shroyer and Wollheim and the various accessories had exchanged a blast or two each way, the arguments broke down mainly into repetition and restatement, as those things will, and a howl was raised, not only among the subscribers, but also within the LASFL. The situation there was a peculiar one, as the leading fans of the group, Forrest J Ackerman and Myrtle R Douglas ('Morojo'), were inclined toward sociological discussions of a Michelistic nature, whereas the majority of the whole membership was opposed to such things. The result was a disunity of feeling not present in other fan groups, but the LASFL spirit was too strong for it to be at any time threatened with dissolution.

At any rate, the anti-controversialists presently got the upper hand, and established a board of censors to keep controversial material out of Imagination! There seems to be some confusion, however, as to their actual instructions in the

matter, for Ackerman told Wollheim that well-written Michelist writings would not be barred, and the board of censors included T Bruce Yerke, who is scarcely one to desire a lid on controversy.

And of course, Madge's most popular feature, Voice of the Imagi-Nation, was pretty much laid open to any kind of discussions among the readers.

Charlie Hornig, one-time ed of Wonder Stories, guest-edited an issue of the madgazine, putting into it all his ideas for improvement. The result was at first a divided opinion, but presently there was a very definite vote for a return to the Madge of simplifyd spelng, Ackermanese, scientificombinations, and a Voice of the Imagi-Nation running letters in the sequence received, with editorial comments parenthesized. The effect of Hornig's fiasco was to endear the old Madge in the hearts of many fans who had formerly been very critical of her.

Very shortly after her return to her old dress, however, Madge went into a state of suspended animation. Forrie the J, who had a disproportionately large part in the work connected with publication, became employed with the Government and no longer had time to work on the magazine, and the others couldn't carry on without him. Later Ackerman is supposed to have lost his job, but there was no attempt to revive Imagination!

After Madge's demise -- or suspension of animation, if you will -- Los Angeles published as much material, probably, as a monthly Imagination! would have carried, but because each group publishes the kind of material it desires, and much of it is not charged for, further clash over what should and shouldn't be published was avoided.

Then came Technocracy. When the facts about it began to be circulated, it was received with astounding enthusiasm by Angelenoes from all camps, and shortly they set out to campaign fandom for the coming of the Technate.

THE ORDER BEGINS TO CRUMBLE

At the same time that Speer's petition was helping build up sentiment against Wollheim, it was by no means making him more popular. People were getting tired of this constant wrangling.

The next Mailing of the FAPA carried voluminous refutation by the Philadelphians and allies of the charges against them, and, mailed in a separate envelope, several 1¢, 1d, and 5¢ printed pamphlets on matters sociological, by the CPASF, the Leeds SFL, and Speer. FAPA members rose up in wrath when they saw the postage that had been expended on this envelope, out of the FAPA treasury, on material which many thot out of place in the FAPA.

But perhaps the most curious development was that Wollheim and Michel made no further attempts to defend their charges (and have not, to this writing), and, instead, made an unsuccessful play for support from those who desired an end to controversy. Speer and the Cometeers were all primed for some fine sarcasms aimed at such method of evading the burden of proof of the election accusations, but found themselves utterly alone. Their former allies, the Flushing-Newark axis, were leading the center group that desired an end to controversy. The Wollheim clique refused to fight. Independents, Dale Hart excepted, felt much as did the Cosmics. Under urging from their friends, the defeated ones agreed to reduce, but not entirely do away with, their replies to Wollheim and Michel's inferences ("their hands are not clean", etc). But circumstances unforseen intervened to prevent even this.

Meanwhile, the whole political situation in the FAPA was changing. McPhail was reported attempting to form a Center Party with Wiggins, which it was thot might hold the balance of power between the two extreme groups. Wiggins, for some reason, held back, not desirous of setting up anything in opposition to Wollheim, and the plan fell thru. When the 1939 elections appeared on the horizon, however, McPhail joined with Taurasi and Marconette in forming the National Progressives, an anti-controversialist, nationalistic group, which was thrown into a turmoil by application for admission by Wollheim's group, on the Progressives' terms. Other definite

parties were there none; of little two-man combines, some.

Tho not yet acting upon his observations, Speer foresaw that a new kind of fandom was coming into being. His prophecies won a contest conducted by the Madgicians, and received some notoreity. Their essence was that there would be a tremendous influx of new fans (afterwards termed 'the barbarian invasion') as a result of the cooperation of the professional magazine editors, whose (the barbarians') influence would be felt after the World Convention in 1939, making fandom a more dignified place, with a less spontaneous air, and a relaxing of controversy. He was wrong in his placing of the time, for before the end of 1938, the Second Fandom had passed into the Second Transition, which this history treats as continuing to the time of the World Convention.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF WOLLHEIM

We have already seen the sentiment setting in against Wollheim, and, separately, against the kind of fandom in which he held dominance. Despite this, however, he was still in control of three of the four FAPA offices, writing for the yet-leading fan magazine of the time, and still acknowledged as the most important fan by a majority of his contemporaries.

When Rothman planned the 1938 Philadelphia Conference, he had hoped to include a discussion on the purpose of science-fiction, by two rivals in the professional field, and Wollheim and Sykora. Wollheim, on the plaint that three of the speakers were to be anti-Michelist, declined the invitation. As a result, the Philadelphia Conference assembled one bright autumn day (while the garbage men were on strike) without Wollheim or any of his first-line lieutenants. There were several present who might have sided with him had he been there, but, under the existing circumstances, went along with the majority, who despised or ignored him. The discussion was carried thru without anyone to represent the Michelist views on the purpose of science-fiction, and at the buffet supper afterwards all present drank the toast, "Gentlemen, down with Wollheim!"

To the amazement of all, the coup de grace was administered by Wollheim himself. In a long paragraph of various news items in the NL, reporter Pohl announced, QUADRUMVIRATE QUITS. The reason given was rather hazy. Wollheim had become disgusted with fandom, discouraged at the results of his efforts to give it a real meaning, and was therefore ceasing his activities in the FAPA, his regular writing and publishing, tho he would continue to issue occasionals and take part in the meetings of the Futurian Society of New York, which was the Wollheim half of the GNYSFL. Pohl, Michel, and Lowndes were quitting with him.

Months later, more detailed explanations were given. Wollheim, in the Science Fiction Fan, told how fans had refused to face his arguments, and instead of answering them, had attacked him. To be longer classed with such a group were a discredit.

Lowndes, in his FAPA magazine, explained that he quit as vice-president because he could not have been an impartial judge in disputes, and as long as his group remained in office, the minority who had opposed them would fill the mailings with vilification, charges, etc.

Wollheim formally resigned; Lowndes took his place and appointed Wiggins vice-president; Lowndes then resigned, with the others, and Wiggins appointed a new slate of officers, following Wollheim's suggestions, Marconette as vice-president and Rothman as Official Editor. For once, the clique had carried out things in good legal form.

But the sins of the fathers descended upon Wiggins. Wollheim had made to break with him for publishing a certain long article by Moskowitz. Wiggins closed the pages of the SFFan to Moskowitz and any other writers who would be engaged in disputation of Wollheim's views, in the interest of peace, and Wollheim returned. Cosmic publications thereupon expelled Wiggins. Around year's end Wiggins also expressed a disgust with fandom and intention to get out, but nothing came of this. Wiggins was now definitely in the Wollheim orbit, and favoring Michelism. He went even beyond

them in upholding the Wollheim-dominated committee's right to put on the World Convention when they had already abdicated. In a short time, Wiggins became easily the best-hated man in fandom.

THE CHANGING TENDENCY AMONG FAN MAGAZINES

The first newcomers were Harry Warner, Jr, and Jim Avery. All during the Second Fandom, of course, there had been a few new ones drifting in all the time, but the almost total lack of contact between the fan world and the professional magazines with their wider circulations made such neophytes few. Dale Hart definitely belongs to the Second Fandom. But, tho they were almost 'old timers' by the time the full rush of new fans arrived, Warner and Avery belonged to the new day. They appeared rather without warning, dropping postcards to various fans, soliciting material for their proposed hektographed magazine, Spaceways. Warner was to do the typing, in Hagerstown, Md, and Avery the hektoing, in Skowhegan, Me. It was ultimately to the good of Spaceways that the hekto broke down and Warner was forced to purchase a mimeograph. In the more distinguished mimeo format, Spaceways was immediately in the top rank.

Under the influence of support from the pro magazines for fandom, and a wider appeal in fan magazine material, many new names began to show up in reports of the meetings of the new Queens SFL (phenomenally successful reincarnation of the Taurasi branch of the GNY fission), credited for items in Nell, in readers' departments of fan magazines, and elsewhere, tho but a comparative few of these have become 'active' fans at this writing. There were several feminines among the newcomers. In the past, girl fans had usually been sisters or cousins of the male fans, and these neophytes, largely in Queens, were not exceptions. One amusing exception to this rule was Peggy Gillespie, who, it finally leaked out, was not Jack Gillespie's sister, but the family cat, with Dick Wilson and amateur astronomer Abe Oshinsky doing the ghostwriting.

Besides the new fans, quite a few of the men prominent in the First Fandom reappeared, some, such as Ray Palmer, as successes in the pro field (at the same time that many newer fans were scoring successes as authors), others, like Bob Tucker, as active fans. Bob had a letter published in Brass Tacks, and apparently was immediately deluged with letters asking him to return to fandom. He did so, lining up especially with Warner, Avery, and Wiggins, and began turning out reams of humorous and unhumorous publications. Some of these returns of the oldsters began as early as the Newark Convention, but few became as active again as Tucker.

The boys were getting older, too. Early in 1938 fans had been vastly surprised to hear of the birth of Wiggins' second daughter. Bob Tucker had a family. Ackerman proudly announced he'd come of voting age and registered as a Socialist. Leslie Perri, illustratrix for Pohl's Mind of Man and Lowndes' Le Vombiteur, etc, and Fred Pohl began to be mentioned as possibly fandom's first matrimonial match; altho some married couples had afterwards begun work in the fan field together, such as the RD Swishers, whose S-F Check-List undertook to list all fanmags actually published or even proposed.

And at the same time that some old-timers were returning, certain of the prominent men of the Second Fandom were forced to reduce their activities. The results of Ackerman's employment have already been mentioned. Osheroff was forced to completely discontinue his, probably due to parental pressure, and Taurasi took over his Fantasy Scout as one of the myriad supplements to Fantasy News. Wollheim's retirement has been dealt with. Speer, on a Thanksgiving trip to visit Kuslan in Connecticut and return via Nell's first birthday party (she passed away a half year later, and Wilson began issuing Escape), ran his car into a telephone pole, and the resulting financial burden, parental pressue, and loss of typewriter in the shuffle forced him to cut his activities to a minimum. Baltadonis, attending college, had practically no time for fan activities any more. Ted Carnell, high-ranking British fan, announced that after the 1939 British Convention he would have to give up most of his

fan activity -- reason: newly married. Claire P Beck, the gloomy hermit of Lakeport, Calif, hitch-hiked to New York to visit, where he fell in with Michel's crowd; after his return he announced an end to the SFCritic, and lapsed.

The change was reflected in the fan magazines. Spaceways was the trail-blazer, as its pages were filled with gossip about forthcoming science-fiction, short science stories by both amateurs and professional writers, and almost no 'fan' material such as characterized the Second Fandom. Its editorial policy of no controversial material on politics, religion, etc (jeered at by the submerged liberals) was quickly picked up by new and renascent fan magazines throughout the country. Fantascience Digest, Madle at the helm, rising to the fore with the SFCollector's virtual disappearance, went into mimeoed format and took Fantasy Magazine as its ideal. Bob Tucker, a member of Cosmic Publications now, issued a yearbook listing all stf stories in the stf mags and Argosy during 1938. Imagination!'s mimeographed format was widely copied, but by magazines of an entirely different type in interest. Gossip about collectors' items, pro mag line-up, author interviews, observations on the flood of new professional s-f magazines that gave such an impetus to the change in fandom, were the order of the day, and discussion about sociological systems, religion, etc, rigorously tabooed in most of the leading fan magazines.

The old-line fans now justified their claims to the title of 'science fiction' fans by showing that they had not forgotten when they had once known about it, nor lost contact. There was almost a feeling of relief as they turned to something they could be sure they were good in. Practically no one attempted to buck the tide completely; even the SFFan began featuring more articles on stf books, etc, to pad out the material written mostly by the Quadrumvirate, which consisted of monotonous repetitions of the Michelist theory thinly veiled as biographies and exchanges of compliments.

'The official organ of the mutual admiration society of Wollheim and Company' the new British school described the SFFan. For in Britain, too, a new race had arisen. Disgusted with the lack of appreciation given Novae Terrae by lethargic Britishers and Americans, Hanson had finally given it up, and by the time of the 1939 British Convention, the SFA monthly organ was Satellite, a humorous magazine modelled along American lines by the new English fans.

Even that stronghold of subversive propaganda, the FAPA, came thoroly under the dominance of the new order. Controversial material dwindled to fractional proportions; strong literary efforts were put forward, the Swisher Check-List, Miske's CHAOS, Speer's Sustaining Program, Michel's Futurart, LA's Sweetness and Light, and so far, far into the night. A definite date for mailings was established under Rothman, till he moved to Washington/DC to work.

NEW FANDOM'S STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION

Another powerful factor in the influx of new fans and the spreading of tranquility over fandom was the necessity to work together for and take part in the World Science-Fiction Convention.

It will be recalled that the 1937 Convention in Philadelphia appointed a committee in which the Wollheim clique was predominant to handle this affair. Owing to this committee's lack of activity and the unpopularity of Wollheim with many fans, arrangements were made at the Sykora-dominated Newark conclave for a new committee. The successful circulation of the petition of protest, signed by so many of his friends, convinced Sykora that he had acted wrongly in that case, but rather than yield to the Wollheim committee, he and Moskowitz, plus Taurasi, again took the law into their own hands and formed New Fandom, an organization whose primary purpose and raison d'etre was the sponsoring of the World Convention as a gigantic affair.

In this they ran counter to the desires of Olon F Wiggins, who felt that none but dyed-in-the-wool fans, whom he counted at one time as numbering about fifty, should be admitted. Wiggins feared that accepting help from the professional magazines would result in fandom's losing its independence. He was almost the only one who held such opinions, however; and the general attitude was: Wiggins? That old

nut? He's the guy that sold out to Wollheim.

New Fandom was a heterogenous Frankenstein's creation, the core of which was the Science Fiction Advancement Association, an unimportant hold-over from the First Transition. To this Moskowitz added his manuscript bureau and other odds and ends possessed by the Triumvirs, such as the magazine Helios, were announced as formally going into the pot to make New Fandom. All subscribers to Helios were temporarily members of New Fandom, but a dollar dues was required for full membership. All members of the SFAA, including Don Wollheim, found themselves, by the magic of former president Raymond van Houten, New Fandomites. The name was derived from Moskowitz' observation that a new order was coming into being in fandom, and he hoped that some day this would be the long-sought organization whose boundaries should coincide with fandom's.

Its administration was most peculiar, as the members had no check on the acts of its leaders, except the possibility that they might turn from the organization and renounce its leadership. This check, while effective in larger matters, couldn't work to prevent the employing of tactics in minor affairs that the majority of its members didn't like, or the making of such blanket statements as that New Fandom opposes all isms. The only office was the appointive one of Secretary and General Manager, held by Moskowitz. He, Taurasi, and Sykora, and to a lesser degree the rest of the QSFL and van Houten, controlled the organization's destinies.

Naturally, with such a genesis and such a nature, the club was wide open to attack, and only the earlier discrediting of the Wollheim group saved New Fandom from an early extinction. At the Philadelphia Conference of September, 1938, much dubiousness was expressed over the success of this 'benevolent dictatorship' (Moskowitz had used the term 'democratic dictatorship', comparing it to a professional magazine, which must respect the wishes of the readers, tho they have no direct control over its management).

The absence of the Moskowitz-hating group from the Conference, however, caused those present to give a rather passive acquiescence to New Fandom's assumption of leadership. Speer proposed a motion which did no more than recognize New Fandom's primacy, and it was passed the way most motions are passed at friendly, half-informal gatherings, without opposition, tho many didn't vote for it.

The wording of the resolution was so clumsy and hazy that it was quickly forgotten, and news reports from the Taurasi-Moskowitz group magnified it into a blanket approval of anything New Fandom might do. At the same time, word went around that, in some way, New Fandom had gotten the support of fandom behind it.

That was all that fandom was waiting for. No one wanted to join a club that had every chance of folding up, but once it was told that it was going to be successful, the conditions requisite for its success took form. At the same time that the 100% fans were giving it their support, the professional magazines began to put forward their promised support of the WSFC, publishing letters and announcements for fans and scientifictionists desiring to attend to get in touch with Moskowitz. Also, soon after, appeared the first issue of the official magazine, New Fandom, whose freedom from the usual Taurasi-Moskowitz errors of language, and general excellence of make-up and content, won grudging admiration even from Sam's foe Wilson.

Thus the new heads of the fan world came into their own. Heart and soul of this new group was Taurasi's weekly Fantasy-News. The magazinewspaper had been begun simply to fill out unexpired subscriptions to Taurasi-Thompson's Cosmic Tales when it was turned over to the Kuslans, but Fanny's success had been so phenomenal that it quickly took the lead over Nell in general opinion, appearing mimeographed long before the latter did (the era of hektographed magazines was passing), at a lower price, and usually with more pages. The content was designed to appeal to borderline fans who were interested more in the reading of science fiction than in the deep-dyed fan activities. Frequently more than half of the content was written by Moskowitz. In all cases the King's English was murdered, to such an extent in many cases that the meaning was not clear, and the viewpoint was narrow, but Startling Stories reviewed, with nothing but praise, Fantasy-News, every month -- a

thing done for no other fan magazine. Apparently, there was a working agreement with Weisinger for beinging fandom back into the fold.

Just when the revolution occurred cannot be definitely determined. Up to the FAPA election, the Wollheim group had been the acknowledged heads of the fan world, despite their minority in many matters. Sometime between the close of the FAPA campaign and the Philadelphia Conference, the absolute viewpoint changed, and Wollheim and Wiggins were the 'rebels' instead of those who opposed them. The W's attacks at last built up an overwhelming opposition to him, which 'assumed' itself into power, once united.

By the spring of 1939, Wiggins was practically the only hold-out. When Wilson and Moskowitz ended their feud, the former expressed, none to enthusiastically, his backing of New Fandom's leadership of the convention. Wollheim, Michel, and Pohl acquiesced while growling puns like 'New Fan-dump' and 'New Fan-dumb', and Lowndes said that in many ways he favored New Fandom's integration of the fan world, if for no other reason than that it would more quickly bring fans to the end of the trail of their present activities, so they would have to turn to Michelism (and indeed, many very active fans began to desire to reduce their activity and lead normal lives). Ackerman, somewhat tongue-in-cheekly, joined New Fandom. There was even a move, which didn't get very far, to re-merge the Queens SFL and the Futurian Society of New York, the Wilson-Wollheim-Kornbluth NY faction.

Early in June, the long-delayed OSA Powwow was held, and two-thirds of those present expressed the intention of attending the WSFC (Louis Clark, Oklahoman in Washington/DC also was expecting to go, and Miles McPhail, cousin of the Mc). Dan McPhail, tho financially able, wasn't able to leave his job, the same thing that held back Tucker, Avery, and many more. Others present at the Powwow were Jack Speer, on vacation from DC, and Walter Sullivan, sometime of Queens, plus such astral beings as the Invisible Man, Injun Joe, Lawrence Paschall, Walter Jackson, and John A. Bristol.

THE REACTION AGAINST REACTION

From much of the foregoing, it may be justly supposed that the retirement of many fans, including the Wollheim clique, was not as complete as had been at first thot -- and intended.

Indeed, one member of the Quadrumvirate, Lowndes, after resigning his FAPA offices became even more active, with the publication of a hektographed weekly of opinion, comment, poetry, and whatnot, termed Le Vombiteur, or, following the vogue for pet names, Levy.

In late May, Wilson, Wollheim, and Michel toured the East in the first-named's car, Maine, Canada, Chicago, and Washington their periphery, visiting fans all along the way. Gillespie and Pohl planned a hitchhike to Washington to visit Rothman, for whom Pohl had been selling stories to the pro's, and Jack Speer, Pohl's rival for FAPA vice-president.

In this campaign, Rothman and Taurasi stood opposed for president, and both made mistakes which resulted in ballots being sent out to inactive members as well as active, tho prohibited by constitutional amendment, and the Mailing was long delayed in being sent out. A good, old-fashioned mess resulted.

Meanwhile, Pohl was busy trying to build up an alternative organization to New Fandom, in the Futurian Federation of the World, but even his comrades knew not whether to take the effort seriously, so queer did some aspects of it seem.

But Pohl got some support, and the significant thing is that it included loyal New Fandomites Warner and Avery. In other directions, too, there were signs of pulling away from the Moskowitz clique. Bob Tucker, tho a member of Cosmic Publications and New Fandom, established for use of himself, Avery, and some other North Centralites a Vulcan Manuscript Bureau, in competition to New Fandom's, before all their publications were combined into the omnibus magazine, Nova. Besides the Futurian Federation support, Avery and Miske and others had other dealings with the mem-

bers of the Wollheim group, but there seemed little possibility that that clique would head the new opposition building up against the ultra-classicists of New Fandom.

Only for a brief period in the fall had Cosmic been in the Center -- now they were definitely one extreme, and between them and the old Quadrumvirate at the other was a broad, hazy center group, fading out on both sides from those who had only one or two bones to pick with Moskowitz, as Bob Madle, to those, like Dick Wilson, who varied from the Wollheim line only in a few matters. Nevertheless, into this category come a good many of the new fans, tho of course the majority have gone under the leadership of Newark-Queens.

Another exception to the prevailing trend was the rising popularity of fan fiction -- fiction in which the principal characters are fans -- either synthetic, type characters, or actual personages. Cosmic Tales, under Kuslan, was foremost in this; and 'Mickey' also calls to mind another exception to the main current. Tho the leading fan magazines were practically all of the 'Fantasy Magazine' type, in the second level were many of the 1938, 'fanny' kind.

All of which indicates that the reaction will not be permitted to go to such great extremes -- The Third Fandom will not be 1935 all over again.

Washington/DC
Jun29/F39

- -

I'll bet it would be the territory if Al wanted it to be!

- -

MOTIVATIONS RESEARCHED (1)

Someone the other day asked me why all the nude and semi-nude women in MASQUE, the ecdysiast's fanzine and where I got them. Humph! I looked wisely at him and said, I like women, I also, perhaps unnaturally, like nude women. So I put as many as I like in Masque.

Yeah, but where do you get 'em.

Mostly from my imagination, sometimes from drawings done in life class. A few times from scenes in the street or a movie. Actually it is easier to draw them nude than fully clothed. And more fun.

But they're so naked!

Nude, not naked. There's a subtle difference. Generally speaking a model is nude before a class and a girl is naked in bed. Or is that a two-valued orientation?

There's nothing wrong with nudity. Most people do or would enjoy nudity if it were not for the unfortunate social connotation. It is always in that period between the novelty and shock of a nel (old) idea, such as the increased nudity on our beaches, and the full and passive acceptance of that idea that chaos reigns. The simple and ready to mind examples of the Sennett Bathing Girls, their costumes, the public reaction as contrasted to any beach today. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a "nudist"...

I think there is nothing wrong with nudity. Proper upbringing in sex education, moral and mental training and general public acceptance would do wonders. The main trouble, beyond public apathy toward newness and the sacred stupidities of their sex education, is who has been brought up so correctly that he may correctly teach others? I certainly haven't, have you?

- - - Bill Rotsler

ARTWORK WITH KNOBS ON

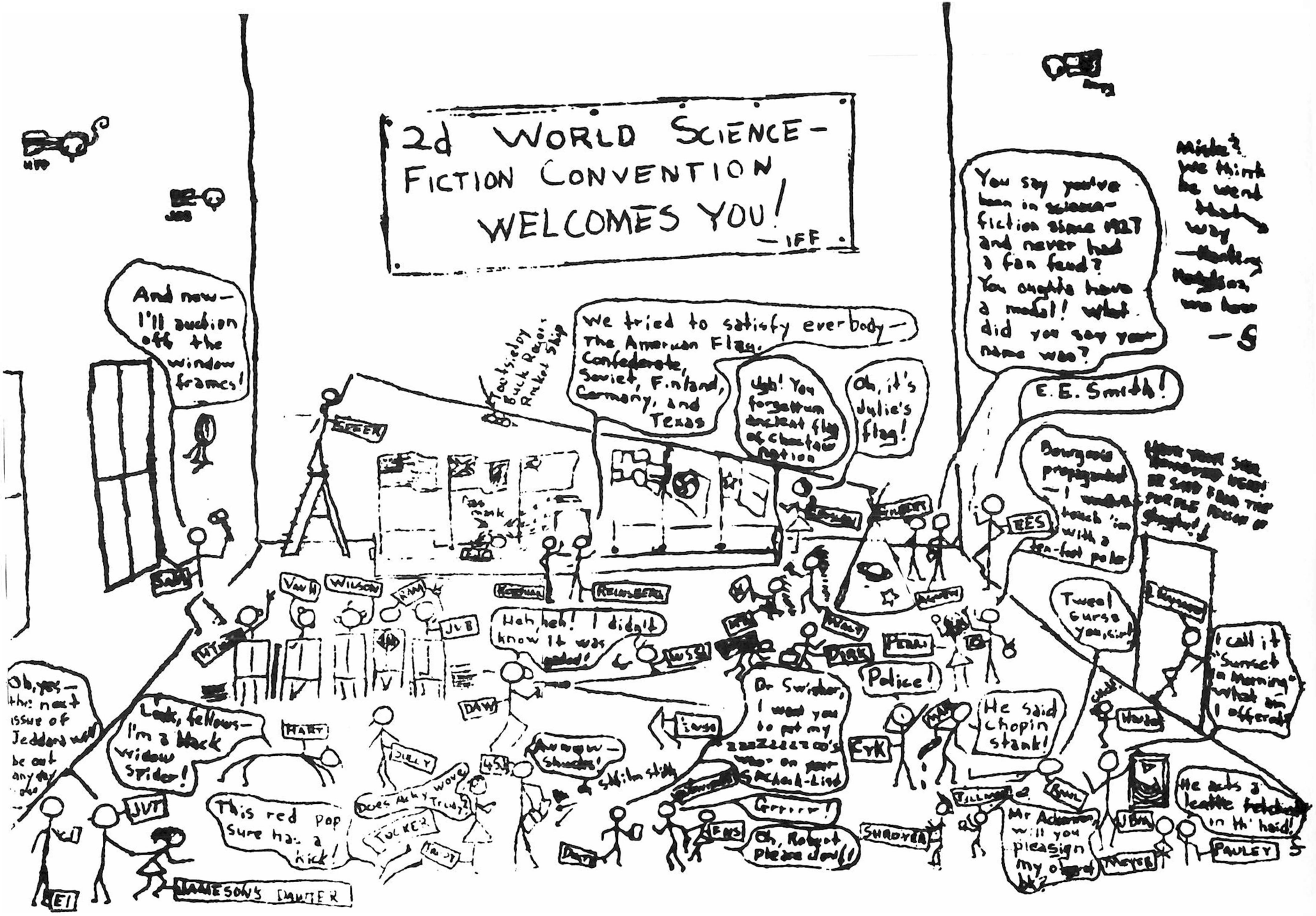
The pointed and explicit communication of prose has its parallel in the cartoon -- well, in illustration too, but generally the illustration does not communicate something the artist originated -- and logically this should be almost a universal form of visual art in FAPA. It doesn't quite reach that overwhelming proportion...perhaps because most of us simply don't produce visual art, and those who do are usually good enough to try more ambitious things...but it is certainly predominant.

We select a couple of examples of cartoon from our past: Jack Speer's stick-figures and the Moonrakers' caricatures of fan types.

Jack Speer describes his sheets of stick-men doing varied things as "in the style of American Legion cartoonist Wallgren", but in fact his page-packing technique is true Primitivism -- take a look at a collection of early newspaper cartoons and note the similarities: want of dominating themes or figures, disdain for perspective, and a compulsive tendency to fill every square inch with something worth attention. This evolved into the modern editorial cartoon along the same path we've laid out Speer's work to illustrate: the interlocked full page of cartoon broke up into a congeries of individual incidents, which first became isolated and then stood alone.

In the tagged cartoons, these are the more cryptic individuals:

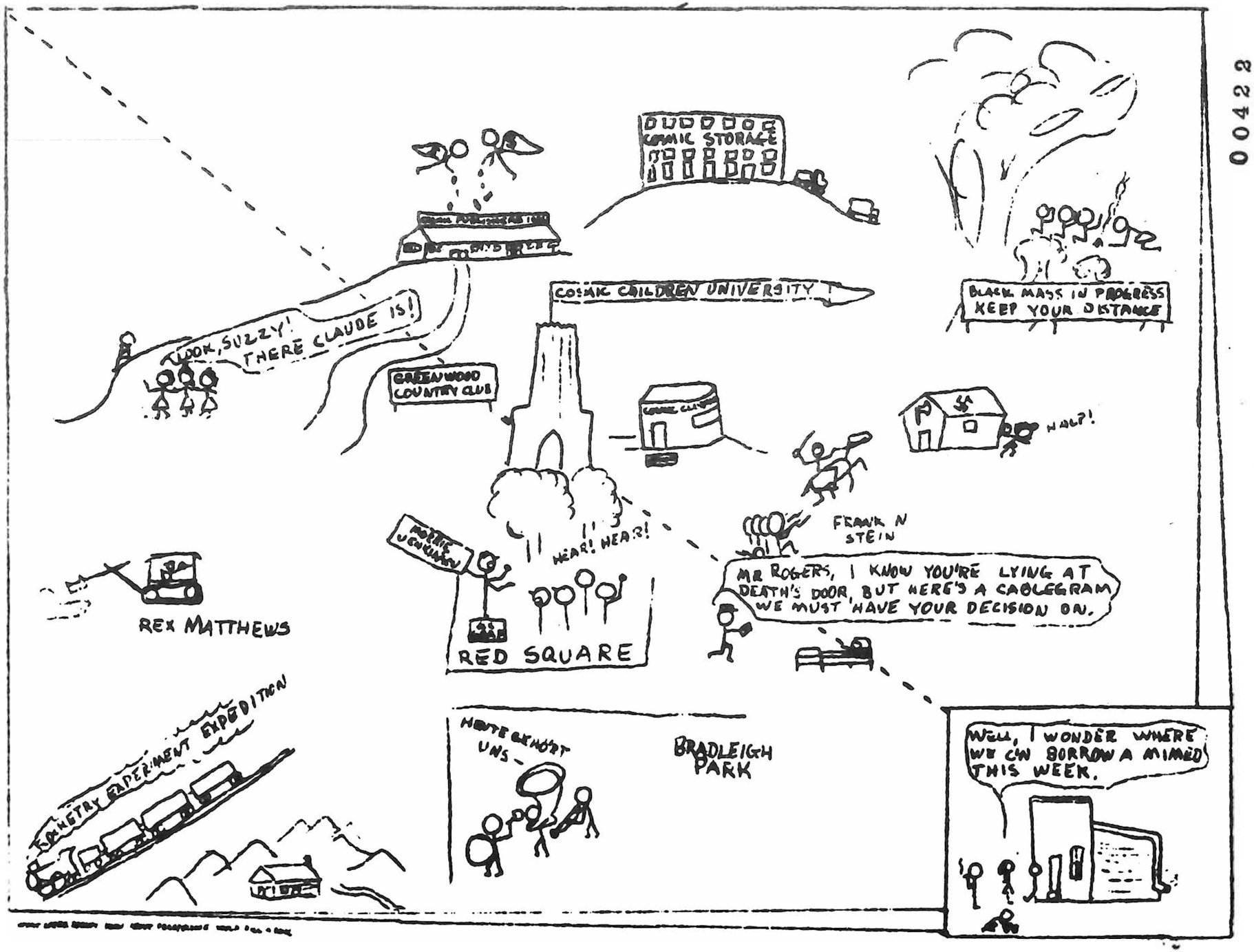
F is Jack F Speer. JVB is John V. Baltadonis; JVT, Taurasi; JBM, John B. Michel. More obscure souls are RBC, Dick Crain; RGT, Robert G. Thompson; WSS, Will Sykora; Azyg, Azygous. You probably guessed such folk as AW Art Widner; HPP, Hoy Ping Pong; RWL, Lowndes; CyK, Kornbluth; and McPh(ail)...possibly even VanH(outen). And shame on you for ever if you have to be told who MAR(othman), El(mer Perdue), SaM(oskowitz), and DAW(ollheim) are.


2d WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION WELCOMES YOU! —IFF
And now— I'll audion off the window frames!
We tried to satisfy everbody— The American Flag, Confederate, Soviet, Finland, Germany, and Texas
Ugh! You forgotten ancient flag of Choctaw Nation
Oh, it's Julie's flag!
You say you've been in science-fiction since 1927 and never had a fan fund? You oughta have a medal! what did you say your name was?
E. E. Smith!
Bourgeois propaganda— I wouldn't touch 'em with a ten-foot pole
Twee! Curse you, sir!
I call it "Sunset in Morning" what am I offered?
Heh heh! I didn't know it was
Oh, yes— the next issue of Jedders will be out any day now
Look, fellows— I'm a black widow spider!
This red pop sure has a kick!
Dr Swisher, I want you to put my [illegible] on your Stickball-List
Grrrrr!
Oh, Robert please don't!
Police!
He said chopin stank!
Mr Ackerman, will you please sign my [illegible]
He acts a leattle fetched in th' head!
Mistake? We think he went that way —thanking neighbor, we have —S
SPEEN
SWAN
VAN H
WILSON
JUV B
DAWN
DELLY
JUV
EI
HAMESON'S DAUGHTER
HATTY
DOLLY
FOLKER
DAVY
EFNS
SHROYER
CYK
BES
PAULEY
MEYER
UBM
Fantasiedy Buck Rogers Rocket Ship

A DAY IN PHILADELPHIA

(We didn't take DuQuesne II to the Philco, not wanting to lose it — but here are some shots (plus sound effects) that we might have taken — with a self-timer attachment.)

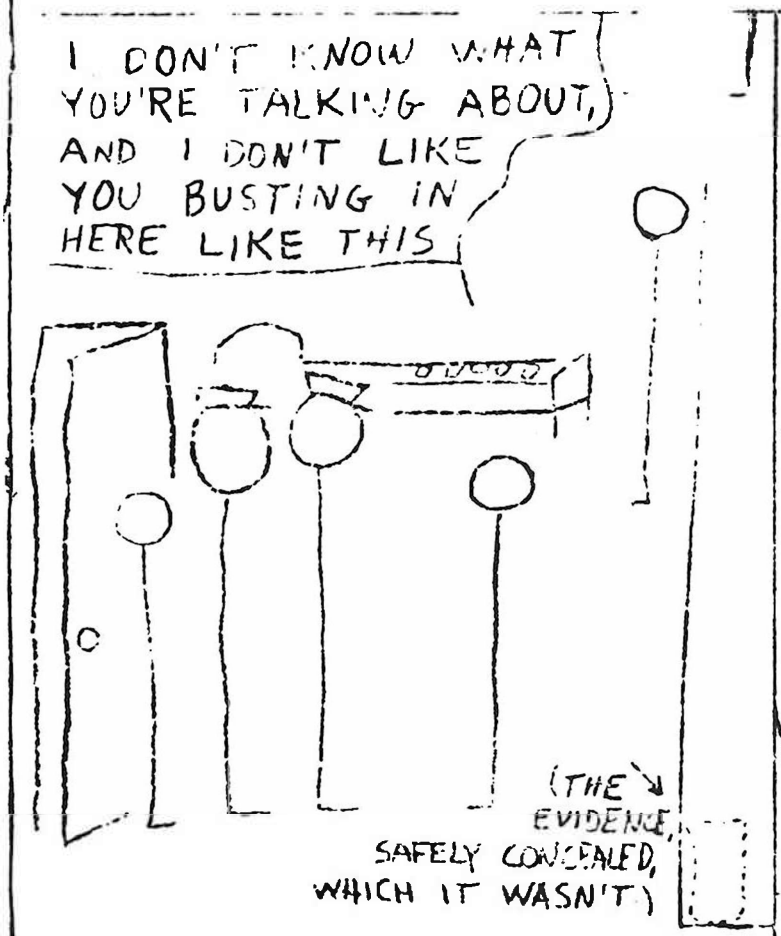
Of course I'm in all of 'em. What do you expect of one who claims an eye resembling Mike's?

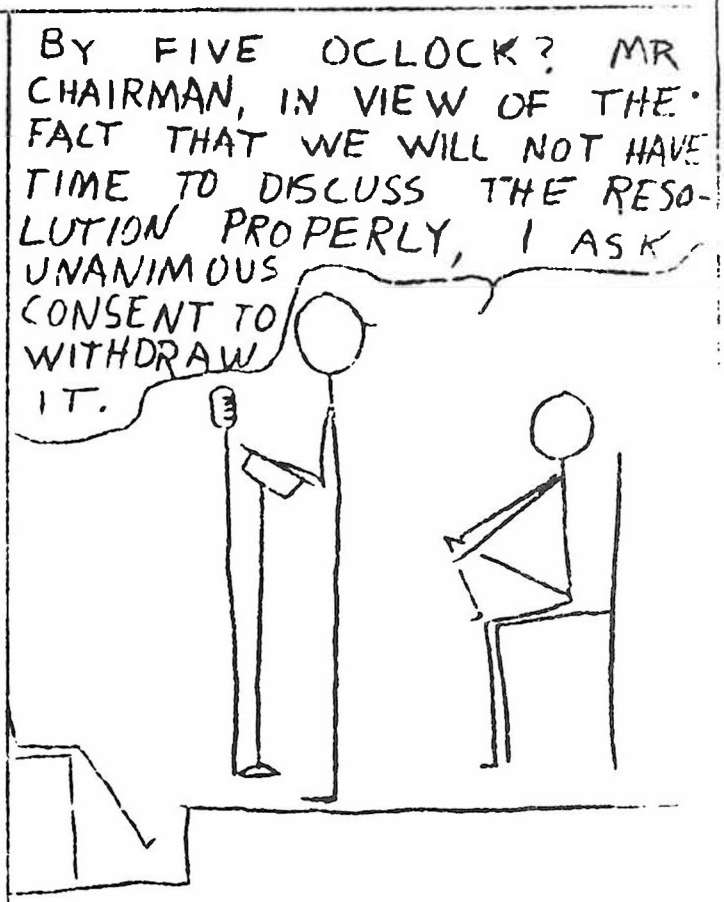

LOOK, SUZZY! THERE CLAUDE IS!
GREENWOOD COUNTRY CLUB
COSMIC STORAGE
COSMIC CHILDREN UNIVERSITY
BLACK MASS IN PROGRESS KEEP YOUR DISTANCE
HALP!
FRANK N STEIN
MR ROGERS, I KNOW YOU'RE LYING AT DEATH'S DOOR, BUT HERE'S A CABLEGRAM WE MUST HAVE YOUR DECISION ON.
HEAR! HEAR!
RED SQUARE
REX MATTHEWS
SYMETRY EXPERIMENT EXPEDITION
BRADLEIGH PARK
WELL, I WONDER WHERE WE CAN BORROW A MIMED THIS WEEK.

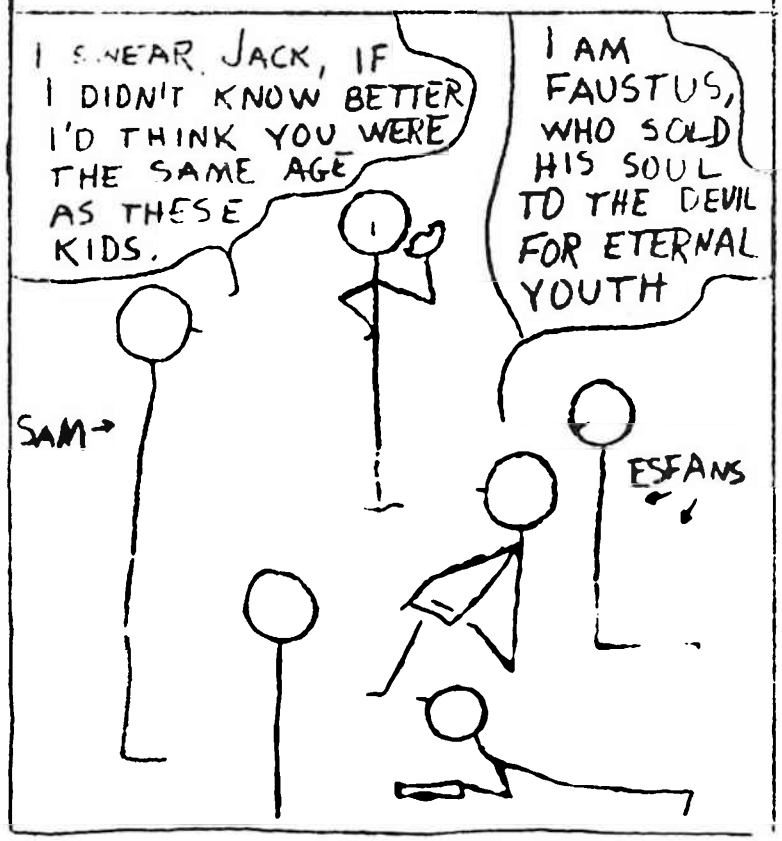
00422

MONDAY MORNING QUARTERBACKING

"THE WORD WE HAD NOT SENSE TO SAY— WHO KNOWS HOW GRANDLY IT HAD RUNG!"







I ALSO BITE MY LIP FOR:

MISSING MY APPOINTMENT WITH CAMPBELL.

MISLAYING GARDNER'S ADDRESS

NOT BUTTONHOLING DECAMP

OMITTING SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING SHOTS FROM THE KODACHROME SHOW

NOT BRINGING MORE MONEY.

NEGLECTING TO PUT TETRAHEDRONS ON THE RESOLUTION SHEET.

MERELY HISSING HOAR.

ETC ETC ETC

MEET TH GANG

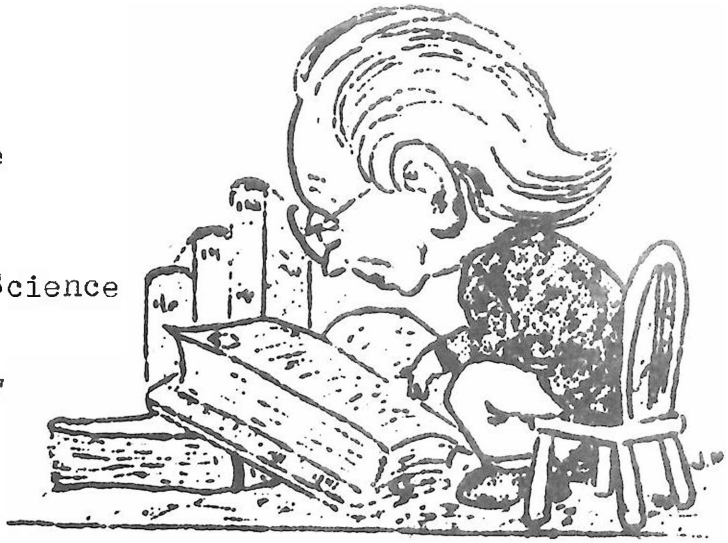
The Moonrakers' SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, in its armory of poisoned darts, numbered a particularly effective series of caricatures by Shroyer, Mooney, Hadgkins, and Kuttner. (Yep, that Kuttner.) Strictly, the drawings are cartoons, while the accompanying captions add the caricature quality of "exaggerating the characteristics of a person or type", but what the hell, Charlie. Most of these have/had individual referents which we refrain from identifying, though those able to do so may qualify for a $25,000 award.

This is Rosenwald Horsebitten
He is known throughout all fandom
As The Fan who has written
More letters to magazines
Than any other fan
Who writes letters
To magazines
What does Rosenwald say in his letters?
He says: "Gee! Terrible! Space is Black!
Perfectale!"
In other words dear reader
Rosenwald says nothing
But editors like Rosenwald's letter
They often fill the awkward space
Between the "Rupture" ad
And the "Raise Giant Frogs" offer

This is a science fiction reader
He is very young
He gets very mad sometimes
Because authors write about sex
Sex makes him feel awful funny
He doesn't know what it's all about
But he knows its bad.
When he is old enough to shave
He will probably like sex
Right now he should read
The "Bobbsy Twin" books
And also Mr. Alger's stuff

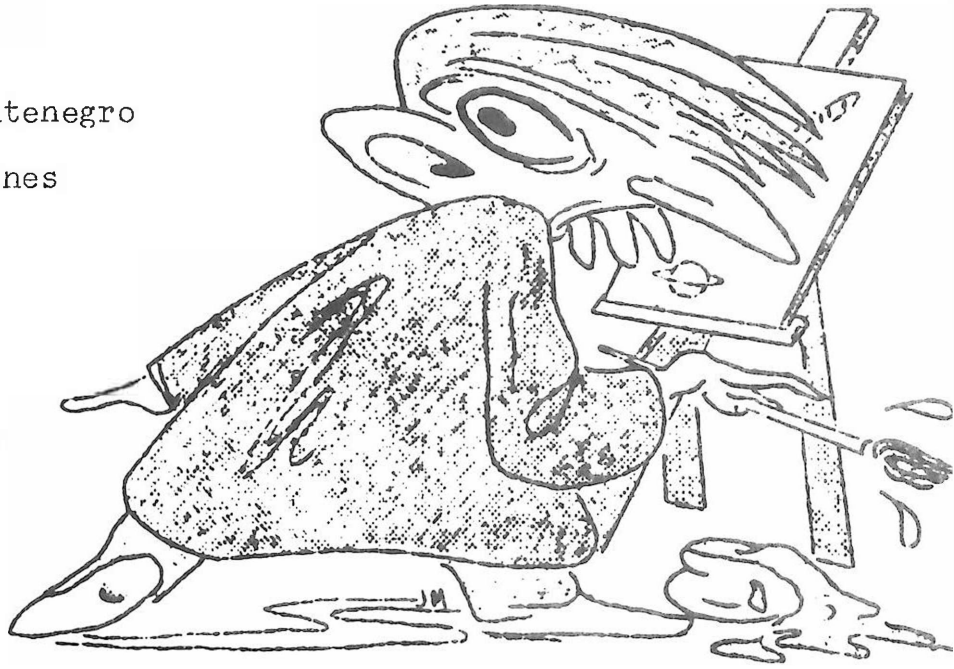
This is Rasputin Nero Creep
He broods over Frogs and Puddles
The World is a Big Puddle
Also the World has got Hitler and Stalin
And Benny
But Science Fiction is a Small Puddle
All one needs is a Mimeograph
To nurture a Dictator Complex
However, Frogs eventually Croak

This is a Babble-Boy
He speaks in tongues
English is passe
Says our Babble-Boy
And he proceeds to
Gurgle funny words
(Looking exceedingly wise)
Which end in "jo" and "plup"
Someday he will learn to speak
Right now he is best let alone



This is Horatio M. Thirktwoddy
He is slightly lacking in musculature
His gluteus maximus is calloused
By long hours spent sitting
Reading Science Fiction
And Thoughtful Books on Fictionized Science
Naturally he feels the Literary Life
Is Ultima Thule
To be attained only by the Brainy Few
His magnificent cranium
Contains
A large soggy mass
Of Suppressed Desires
The existence of which, however
He will not admit even to himself
He is protected by strong armor of self-esteem
And his strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure

This is a parlor pink
He has read a book by Mr. Marx
He talks about the "working class"
(But he doesn't work at all
Because his poppa supports him)
He wants a revolution
That will take all the money
From the capitalists
(Except his poppa's money)



This is Diego Picasso Montenegro

He illustrates fan magazines

And privy walls

The artistic impulse

Cannot be suppressed

Neither can fan magazines

Or fans

All is illusion

This is Ophelia Punk

She is cute

She writes cute letters

To Editors

Oh God

"On Wednesday, May 31, 1950, I drove into a service station on Carson Street for gas about 1:30 P.M. I was just getting out of the car when the attendant pointed up and said '*Hey, look at that!*' At first we thought 'that' was a kite or a balloon, but the latter are erratic and aimless in their actions, and there was nothing aimless about 'that'. When we first saw it it was hanging motionless at considerable height and distance. Several times is dropped vertically and stopped abruptly, much like an elevator. Presently it took off in a direction away from us with such terrific acceleration that it was out of sight in about three seconds.

"'That' presented an elliptical outline with the long axis vertical. It was black or some dark color and no traces of propellors or wings could be seen. It is quite possible that it is disk-shaped, but to me it looked more like a football than anything else.

"Don't ask me for further details. I *could* embroider this yarn, I suppose, and I have no objections to a good hoax, but I have reported above *exactly* what I saw and no more. The surface of the thing did appear slightly mottled, possibly indicating markings or windows or something, but that's all I can say.

"Maybe they belong to the U.S. Government, which has repeatedly denied any connection with them. Maybe they belong to some other Terran power, or perhaps they come from Mars or one of the other planets of the solar system. Science-fiction fans will not entirely reject the idea that they *may* be from some extra-solar civilization. When they can show such tremendous speed within Earth's atmosphere, who can say what they can or cannot do in empty space?

"I don't know whom they belong to or where they come from, but I know for certain that the so-called 'flying saucers' are no myth. For, believe it or not, I have seen one with my own eyes, and it was unlike anything else I have ever seen."

--- Bill Danner, in LARK for Mailing 78.

WAR IN HEAVEN

We have a special institution almost peculiar to FAPA; that product of group vitality and individual inertia called the Blitzkrieg.

"A Blitzkrieg", defines Speer, "is a special exertion by some fans to overcome the failure of others to do their duty". The duty in our case is that of Getting the Mailing out on time, and here's how it was done...

IT STARTED LIKE THIS:--

(In the beginning there could be no such thing as a true or sercon Blitzkrieg, for FAPA had no deadlines to overshoot. Indeed, when the idea was brought up Our Founder put it down severely:)

THIS ELECTION

As John Baltadonis says in his election leaflet, the political fight is hotter. That is about the only completely correct statement made by him. The heat of the election will be remembered from the President's Open Letter to all members...

Now in the election leaflet put out by JVB[altadonis]'s semi-fascist party (Jack Speer, an avowed fascist, has been accepted by his running-mates), certain things are charged against my administration. I shall take up those charges.

MAILINGS:- The idea of having a deadline mailing, or a monthly or bi-monthly mailing, is all very well. I favor having mailings as often as the receipt of material and money can permit it. In the past this has been the habit of the mailer. If bundles were slow or "late", it was due to the slowness in building up enough material to permit a mailing. Yet the club, a brand-new one with two or three members in August, was in my administration still active enough to have what amounts to five mailings, each progressively bigger and better. The dream of a deadline for mailings is a fantasy that has been current in amateur journalism for sixty years and NEVER REALIZED. It is utterly unworkable and has proven so every time the National, the United or other Amateur Press Associations have attempted it. Several times these organizations have been bankrupted and placed heavily in debt when attempts of this sort were made. Amateur journalism just won't and doesn't work that way. And certainly not for such a group as fantasy amateurs -- whose experience when under financial obligations with subscription magazines -- has been that no one ever expects to get any fan magazine on time.

--- Don Wollheim, in THE F.A.P.A.FAN #5

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(An Unruly Element kept plugging for regularity, and eventually things began to move their way, beginning with the first actual fan visit whose purpose was to stir an inactive official to life:)

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Scattered throughout this mailing you will find indications of what has been going on for the past several months, and explaining what has happened to the December mailing. To sum up, and put everything into one sentence, this is what has happened: The new officers were not able to obtain the club records and funds from ex-secretary Taurasi until the President went up to New York to get them himself.

The club accounts are in pretty bad shape; there have been no notification of membership expirations for the past six months. We are starting with practically no money in the treasury...I would suggest the following idea to be inserted in the revised constitution...: after each election, the old set of officers will continue in office until the first mailing following the election has been completed...Inaugurations and readjustments can all take place in the September mailing under the directions of the old officers. It will also help obviate the possibility of any such mixup as has just taken place.

I think that now the FAPA can now continue as if nothing has happened.

--- Milton A. Rothman, in the FA V3N2.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

(Life is full of these little delusions. Next we hear from Milty, he's publishing an account of the first and eponymic:)

BLITZKRIEG

It is narrated of a certain occurence that befell once; a rather curious tale of lethargy in high places; of revolution, of anarchy, and of other matters, of which it would be wiser not to be too specific...

But let us for the moment eschew our admittedly artificial manner of speech and of thot: -- that indeed curious style, wherein the infrequent sentence that does not begin with a connective and end with a plurality of dots comes as a positive shock to the reader....

Once, there was an organization, somewhat familiarly known as the FAPA. A most curious organization indeed, composed of some fifty individuals of anarchistic proclivities of mind; all with but one thing in common -- that they had once read and enjoyed fantasy fiction. Many of them had ceased reading the material in question entirely; others, driven by an unrealized conditioning, earnestly endeavored to read all published fantasy -- but that, if one may turn a phrase rather neatly, is neither here nor there.

These fifty individuals, then, driven by motivations few bothered to understand, banded together in a consumer co-operative of sorts (we say consumer co-operative because there exists a most justifiable phobia against the phrase communist-state) for their

The tale is told, as Elmer and Cabell would express it, of three who descended upon the sleepy town of Philadelphia to perform the gruesome task of issuing the long overdue June FAPA mailing.

It began the week before, when Jack Speer, Elmer Perdue, and Milty were ensconsed in Jack's room, wondering what to do about the FAPA. Milty was President then, and as such had some sort of silly responsibility connected with it. Well, he said, let's go up to Philly and either make these guys there get busy, or put it out ourselves. I'll see if I can obtain the fraternal car, Jack put in, and since Elmer was there, Milty went the limit and said well, the three of us can drive up Saturday after work and stay at my house overnight.

Saturday at 1 PM, Elmer and Milty waited outside Milty's office for almost a half hour, wondering what had happened to Jack, until finally a most swank Mercury convertible coupe rolled into their astounded vision. Jack was driving. Milty gasped at the thought of riding in such luxury.

Soon the three were on their way, past red and green lights, hot dog stands, billboards, and the rest of the lovely scenery of Maryland. At Milty's request, they drove up by way of route one, because Milty had gone that way by Greyhound bus innumerable times, but it had been always at night, and he had

The drive up was very nice. We passed thru small town after small town -- places you never heard of, but which were long before you were and in which people live and carry on quite natural existences of which you hear nothing. Summer was at its height, and one could almost get patriotic over the woods and templed hills. Our Wyoming comrade had a ready smile for Rothman every time he called some knoll a mountain.

And after we got to Philly, Milt had Speer drive around awhile in the residential section toward the edge of town, just to prove that all Philadelphia wasn't semi-slums like Kensington, where the Philly fans center. And afterwards, with a sensitiveness to variations quite beyond our blunt perceptions, he indicated various sections of the semi-slum area as "lower middle class","middle lower class", etc.

So at length our battle-wagon drew up before the Rothman doorstep -- across the street from it, anyway -- and we went in. Concerning Mrs. Rothman's affectionate greeting, Speer later accused Milt of having no more sentiment than an old dish rag, to which Gregor countered that his mother was sentimental enough for the whole family.

We partook of some sustenance, and not long

own protection, and greater mutual back-pattings and self-commendation on their acclaimed altruism....

Yet there is one prime prerequisite of a society -- even of a basically anarchistic one, as the present -- and that is a government. And the tale would necessarily go on to tell of how officers were in due course elected, and of how for a reasonably great period of time these officers fulfilled their duties, both faithfully and tolerably well....

Came the decline. We are informed, upon reasonably reliable authority, that an organization may not remain static, but must perforce evolve or degenerate. The FAPA, if we may refer to it in the vernacular, would not progress....

The elected officers, to be concise (a quality which we consider particularly meritorious) failed to perform the duties which they had, by assuming office, indicated their willingness to perform... and it was but natural. The basis whereupon was erected the society was essentially anarchistic; and the natural proclivities of these elected officers soon showed themselves. And the elected officers, notably a certain pair, Mssrs. Agnew and Madle, let their dilatorativity grow to such a length as to, eventually, grow unbearable to the members.

never seen Conowingo Dam. So they passed across Conowingo Dam, and Milto took pictures and was very happy.

They entered Philadelphia by the back way, so that Jack and Elmer would see the nicer sections of town. They didn't believe there were any. Then Milty got them lost, and they missed the best stuff.

So after wending devious routes thru Philadelphia, they arrived at the Rothman residence, where supper was supped, and they sat around for a while reading the papers and playing the piano.

Then into the car again, and over to the slums to see if Baltadonis was in. Baltadonis was in New York. So over to Madle's, and Robert A. was there. After sundry small talk, the matter of business was gotten down to. Agnew, Madle informed us, had all the FAPA material at his home, and Agnew was up at a summer camp of some religious organization at Beaver College, and would not be back until the next night.

Horrible situation. They had to get the stuff, we had to get the stuff. They had to mimeograph the Fantasy Amateur. Did Madle have stencils. No, Madle did not have stencils, and it was about 10 PM so they could not buy any. And they had forgotten to bring stencils. So the FA could not be done, and the mailing could not be put together that day, as they had so determinedly determined. But, if they could raid the Agnew household, they could carry the loot back to Washington and get the mailing out from there.

No, Madle put his foot down. No raiding.

Then they had to capture

after betook ourselves toward Belgrade, stopping outside the Frankford Avenue Cafe en route while Rothman and Perdue invaded it in unsuccessful search for the Baltadonis. Madle however, was in his place, and we entered and sat around discussing trivia for a minute or so, then broke forth with our main subject. Madle generously took all the blame on Agnew's and Balty's shoulders. Perdue was helpful with outward support for Madle, but otherwise spoke little. Rothman carried the thread of the converse, with Speer putting in remarks like his dogged "Well, let's get going to Agnew's." Juffus also unloaded the story about the philosopher -- Socrates or somebody -- who, being asked what was the main requisite of an orator (complete gentleman) answered, "Action", and being inquired what next after that was most important, replied, "Action," and upon query the third time as to what then was next most vital, answered yet again, "Action". Rothman was very dramatic when he said with a sustained sigh, "Well, you work 7 hours a day and then you go to school for two or three hours more, and after that you go home and study like the devil, and you find time somehow to put out a magazine in two nights to be in time for the mailing, and then the mailing never comes out because someone doesn't care enough about it to spend an afternoon getting it ready."

It took Madle some time to realize that

Came the revolt. The tale would be most woefully incomplete were it to neglect mention of that triumvirate which, acting from the best of conceivable motives, performed an act by ordinary intolerable...these three, Mr. Perdue, Mr. Speer, and Rothman, decided to take matters in hand. Which seemed to them a desideratum of the first water; and it is not good to let that which one desiderates go unfulfilled....

And so these three motored to Philadelphia (a rather large slum, we feel it incumbent upon us to adduce, wherein dwelt the two officers who had failed in their duties.) And they, by means which we need not go into here, obtained the requisites. And, returning home, they performed that which was needful.

Thus the tale concludes.

But we feel that perhaps certain of you who read this would be more interested in the trivia associated therewith than in the motivation thereof. For them, we adduce that which follows ....

We should in particular like to extend our gratitude to a certain Elmer Perdue, who was to a large degree responsible for the success of the blitz. It was he who insisted, when his fellow conspirators virtually funnelled barrels of cold water on his suggestion of personally visiting Mr. Agnew; and it was at his (instigation? -- Translator)(The three lines -- eight words -- following Agnew and obtain his permission to remove the FAPA material. Agnew was in that camp. What kind of camp, what kind of religious organization, where it was in Beaver College, exactly where Beaver College was, how we could find him that late at night? Nobody knew. Milty began to sink into the depths of defeat. He pictured the camp as a row of tents somewhere on the vast college campus. But Jack said:

"Where is Beaver College?" Somewhere about 10 miles from Philly in the neighborhood of Willow Grove Park, a large amusement park. Only 10 miles, Jack screamed -- what are we waiting for? For, after all, they had already come 135 miles, what was 10 more miles. So off they went, despite Madle's openly expressed doubt, and Milty's silent pessimism. We can't find Agnew, Madle kept saying. The camp will be all closed for the night. Everybody will be asleep. It will be 11:30 when we get there.

But off we went, with Milty directing them merrily to Jenkinstown, which was the only correct directions he gave during his office as navigator of the entire Blitzkrieg. In Jenkinstown Milty leaned out of the window and asked a Marine who was standing nearby, which way Beaver College. It turned out that Beaver College had two locations. So the Marine, with a leer in his eyes, directed us to the girls' dormitory.

We turned to the left, then to the left again, asked another person standing there with apparently nothing else to do, and lo and behold, Beaver College was right there. We got out, locked we were considering him a villain in the piece. Heck, he got no cooperation -- the other fellows didn't care a darn about it -- he was tired of having to carry the whole load for Philadelphia -- nobody got together the PSFS meetings any more -- Fantascience Digest hadn't been out in umpty-ump months -- Nobody was interested in the FAPA any more --

Rothman was ready to admit defeat. "This is the second time I've butted my head against a stone wall in fandom." (I forget what the other one was). It's hopeless --

Not so Speer. "Do you have the material here for the Mailing?" Over at Agnew's. "Do you have the dope here that we could get out the FA on?" He had the records. "Got any stencils? We can stencil the thing here and then publish it in Washington." Not enough. "Any stores open yet?"

- Aw, what the heck, Rob says, leave it to me. I'll get the mailing out! I'll take the stuff over to Agnew's some afternoon and we'll put it out.

We waited two months for you, Milty says. Perdue favors getting something done tonight. Agnew, we have been told, is out of town. Out at a church camp. Outside Philadelphia. Hours out. Is Agnew's house open? No his folks have all gone out to the camp too, and won't be back till around Midnite. We might wait till then and try to catch them, somebody suggests. But we feel like action.

his are indecipherable -- Trans.) ...Carte blanche for the (abstractance?) lead, in a manner of speaking, been (again three lines -- six words -- indecipherable) ...guiding light and spirit behind the obteinure thereof...

We were particularly amazed at many things: -- at Mr. Madle (the Mr. is courtesy only)'s positive alacrity as he bounded to where Mr. Perdue, on the living room couch, quite casually brought out a sack of Bull Durham, and proffered to the said Mr. Perdue a tailor-made cigarette; and we got one of a laugh out of the way Milty and Madle, both native Philadelphians, got lost on the return trip, so that a certain beaver skin hanging in a hole in the wall was passed three times; and of how Milty, who is possessed of a rather childish mind, (childish mind occupies one line of script -- translator) was adamant on his desire to ride the roller-coaster (a form of amusement at one time rather popular) and, so great became his craving, that on the return trip from Beaver College, he intentionally misdirected the rather inex-Speerienced driver so that the (invaders?) ended up at the local amusement center, and became beautifully lost en route homeward; and of how much Mrs. Rothman, (parent of the Rothman man-child) enjoyed the playing of Mr. Perdue the morning the wayfarers rested, tired but successful, in the Rothman menage before continuing with their quest; the car, and walked down the hill, entering a large gate. all was dark. Our forces deployed, Elmer and Speer going ahead with Madle and Milty making up a doubtful rear guard. Thus we charged across two lawns and a tennis court. No opposition. Then the sound of singing voices, ah. Rounding two corners of a large building, -- we seem to have entered the back yard, we came across a door, which we entered, which was logical, considering that that is what doors are for.

The singing was in here, and by the sound of the music, this is what we were looking for. Hymns. An ecclesiastical appearing young man with a blue ribbon on his lapel entered, and Elmer asked where we could find Jack Agnew. Agnew was singing hymns. We'll wait. The joint closes in twenty minutes. We only have to see Jack for a few minutes.

And so we did. Obtaining carte blanche to do anything we wanted with the mailing, which was perfectly lovely.

Going back was when things started. On the way up we had arrowed unerringly to our mark and won our battle without a casualty. After turning several corners, starting back, we came across a peculiarly arched stone gateway, whereupon Milty announces that that was what he had been looking for all the time coming up, and they had found the rear gate instead. So we rode and rode, and after about fifteen minutes of devious wanderings in the intense darkness found ourselves back before that archway. Four minds sped with ghastly thought to that story in Unknown about the roads leading to Rome.

Again we tried. Miles and miles of winding roads, then "Let's go to Agnew's", Speer suggests, "and see if we can't get it some way."

At length the thing has been talked out, and we pile into the Panzerkampfwagen with Rob and head for this church camp. Rob would rather we'd go out to an amusement park which lies in the same direction. But we are adamant, and drive on, swapping slurs at religion.

Rob begins to be awed by our wild Bohemian from the Stagebrush State. And so time passes and our Mercury bores thru the night and we reach the locality and inquire our way to Beaver College, where the encampment is being held.

Parking some blocks before we should, we further inquire to the college. We approach it from the wrong side, stumbling thru some private yards before we burst thru a hedge onto the campus and, spread out in a skirmish line, approach the boys' building. Unable to gain entrance from the back, we swing around the side and move up the long veranda to the regular entrance.

In the lobby, seeing no one, we spread out to search, and all but Speer waylaid an Episcopalian who has just come in, and are told that everybody is at a meeting right now. Somehow word is sent that we want to see Agnew as soon as the meeting is over, and we sit around in the lobby looking at the clock and exchanging remarks on the historicness of the occasion.

and of the pause in the local necking spot after seeing Agnew, where Madle chisled Mr. Perdue's cigarettes the while Mr. Perdue brot Madle under his influence; and of Agnew's borrowing two dollars from Madle for the avowed purpose of issuing the mailing, and of our collective rather malicious thot that these two dollars is standard purchase price for quite a different sort of commodity; and of our amusement at reading a pair of Mr. Miske's letters to the defaulters, wherein Mr. Miske was so evidently angered that the typewriter stuttered; and of the journey homeward, in imminent peril thruout; and of how took with the length of Mr. Agnew's hair was Mr. Perdue; and in particular we enjoyed the way our slide whistle did yeoman duty on the trip, with Mr. Perdue playing numerous choruses of the blues, our Milty performing more than a few off-key renditions of the more erudite classical....

We had intended to continue beyond this part, but Milty, who will publish this, has been watching rather dourly, and muttering in his beard about the high cost of stencils, so we close.

* * * * * * *

lights ahead and the sound of a roller coaster, and we were in Willow Grove Park. Yippee said Milty, let's go riding. No, the three screamed. Turn back, turn back. So back we turned, taking the wrong road, and finding ourselves again by the arched gateway. Screaming and tearing of hair and muttering of witchcraft.

More miles and lo, that tremendous mass on the hill is the new Central High School. Now Milty knows where he is. But he had visited the school once only, and had gotten lost in doing so, so we now remained horribly lost. We finally got pretty darn tired of it, and then there was civilization and a car track, and all to do was to ask a person in which direction was Philadelphia and there it was, big as life and twice as smelly.

Who was sleepy? It was only about 1 AM, so we sat in the park for an hour or so, practicing operating the semi-remote controlled spotlight on the car, pretending it was a ray projector, and demolishing various Martians who happened to wander into the vicinity, and talking about all sorts of things.

Then to bed, and to awaken next morning.

It was with a sense of optimism that we started the Sunday morning. The principle for which we had blitzkrieged had been won, against an array of impossibilities which had seemed impossible. With only the vaguest idea of where he was, we had found Jack Agnew.

Now all to do was to get the mailing out. It only took a few minutes to drive over, get Madle, then drive over to Agnew's, break in, and pick up the junk pile on his table, casually reading Agnew's correspondence in the meantime. Hurray, victory was ours, complete, total, and unadulterated. So we celebrated by spending a few hours in a lightning trip thru the Franklin Institute where our childish minds reveled in playing with gadgets and push-

Agnew, said Madle, is generally agnostic in his beliefs, but attended the camp to please his mother, and with the understanding he'd get to go to Chicago. His mother was trying to discourage his fan interest.

And now appears Agnew in the flesh and hair, saying he wasn't at a meeting at all and hi, fellows. Oh, so sweet and cherubically innocent. Rothman is working his never-effective glare. Speer wastes little time in coming to the point. "Will you give us permission to get out the stuff from your place and put out the Mailing?" Why, sure, says the Official Editor, as tho that were understood all the time. And he is very cooperative in telling us where to find all the stuff and informing us of the fellows that have filed for office, and everything. So, making sure that the ground had been covered, we departed with the traditional "See you in Chicago."

We depart, and drive back the more direct route. There, says Milt, indicating a circular archway in a high wall, that we had noticed on the way out, is where we should have turned off. We roll on, Rothman calling right turns and left turns and so on. Suddenly, there before us looms the selfsame door in the wall. With snorts of exasperation for our pilot, we again head toward the center of town. Madle

ing buttons.

Then we had to go back to Madle's house to get the membership list. Madle, incidentally, had been sitting in Jack's car listening to the baseball game while we had been in the museum. Then when we went to start the car the battery was dead. Madle had been reading Milty's Mag -- the one dedicated to hating Milty. It was practically with tears in his eyes that he said he liked it. Such sympathy was overwhelming.

As a whole we drove 270 miles between DC and Philly, and around a hundred miles round and round Philly.

Oh well, we went back to Washington. That about sums up the way we felt at the time. We were as physically tired then as we are now of writing this and you are of reading it. The home trip was pretty morbid, as we were down in the dumps due to weariness. All that kept us buoyed up at all was Elmer tooting his slide whistle at the pretty girls we passed. We listened to Walt Winchell on the way, cussed him out in seven different languages, and all three of us broke out simultaneously with the remark that Winchell reminded us of Miske in certain ways.

All that remains to be told is the marvellous psychic phenomenon that took place on the way home. We had come up by route one, which lies to the north of the new dual highway which is now the preferred route. Going back we decided to take the dual highway. In Wilmington, Milty, who was navigating, threw us off the course by a wrong turn, so that we came out of Wilmington on a minor road that wound pleasantly through lovely farms, taking us over to route one, which route we did not want to take. So at first opportunity we made a left turn, but not until we had passed the intersection. Some unknown force wanted us to go on to route one, but we were stubborn and continued to the double highway. So when we got there we found that road construction was under way which blocked us for an hour.

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is not much help. Rothman is even worse. We wander endlessly thru a maze, and all to once we again see -- the door in the wall! Moans, Shrieks. Recollections of "All Roads", in the then-current Unk. More wandering. Lost again. Finally, gas running even lower, we stop the car and get out to set our course by the stars. Ursa Major and Polaris show North where east or west was alleged to be. But at last we feel located -- Milty does, anyhow -- and drive on cautiously. The spotlite is invaluable in picking out street signs and frightening Philadelphians in their boudoirs. But when we find ourselves approaching that amusement park, heading away from town, we are ready to drop the pilot. The car is parked halfway up an alley driveway while fans get out and quiz bystanders. Now at last we are oriented, we say, and then again we pass -- the door in the wall!

Well, after that I think we found our way back pretty quickly. I may have put one too many doors in the wall in there anyhow, but you understand it's in the interest of literary effectiveness.

From downtown we headed out into the park and presently stopped on a shoulder beside the drive and while Speer tested the spotlite's range, and signalled Mars with it, or directed it into the back seat, we talked of many things. Surprisingly little dirty stuff. We even discussed science fiction and -- of all things! -- science. (Speer is making a study of the philosophical implications of quantum mechanics and had Rothman explain the thing to him.)

Homeward then, unloading Madle on the way, and the two FooFooists bunked in a room on the third floor of the Rothman mansion, and the ex-archbishop of philadelphia, we assume, slept somewhere. Next morning after a late breakfast we sat around and read the Sunday paper to pieces, entertained the while by boogie-woogie and classical, while Speer fretted with impatience to get the stuff from Agnew.

Shortly before noon, we picked up Madle and he led us to Agnew's place, which we could have gotten into the nite before had we tried, and we barged upstairs and got everything except the Mailing money and read all Agnew's mail. While we were loading the car Mrs Ag-

new showed up and went out of her way to say that she didn't think the PSFS would be seeing much of Jack anymore. She was convinced he was cured, and one versed in the ways of parental interference could have predicted that, tho not out of fandom, Agnew would be considerably less active in the future.

From Agnew's we stopped by Madle's and went up to his room to get the records &c, and saw where the Madle children's brains had gone -- didn't know before that Rob had an elder brother, Charlie.

That afternoon we celebrated by going thru the Franklin Institute while Madle sat out in the car listening to ball games till the battery ran down. Our Washingtonward route was a devious one, and we were on the road late enuf to hear hate-hymner Winchell, at whom we swore twice as fiercely as at the Sunday evening traffic on a four-lane hiway of which two lanes were under repair.

Explicit.

(BLITZKRIEG was a one-shot published by Milton A Rothman for the occasion.)

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"Tell the truth!" Otho hissed

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(Less connected records of the quasi-Interregnum of Winter 1944-45 were made. In HORIZONS V6N3, March 1945, Harry Warner observed:)

Truly, the ways of the Futurians and partner in crime Larry Shaw are strange and wondrous. They successfully sponsor a constitutional change to alter the mailing dates. Having proceeded to change the December mailing to January, they proceed to issue after all a mailing the first week in December (which they call for no good reason a November mailing), then fail to put out a mailing in January altogether.

(The various officials concerned gave tongue in the FA V8N3, April 1945:)

(AL ASHLEY:) On January 30, 1945, Larry Shaw, O.E., resigned. President Lowndes accepted his resignation and appointed William Watson to succeed him for the balance of the term. Watson accepted.

On January 31, 1945, Robert W. Lowndes, the president, resigned. An urgent plea that he reconsider and withdraw the resignation was rejected, whereupon it was rejected by myself, automatically making me the president...

It appears to me that the V-P is supposed to take over the prexy's job as just another of his duties in the event the presidency is vacated. He doesn't vacate the vice-presidency, because he is still responsible for carrying out the other duties of the V-P. He cannot resign the V-P office and, as president, appoint another member to fill the vacancy thus created, for his position as president vanishes when he ceases to be vice-president.

On the other hand, this places the officer in the position of both administering the organization, and ruling on the validity of his own acts -- far too dictatorial a possibility to be comfortable.

So there I am! Lowndes has graciously placed the tail of the tiger in my hand, and darned if I can figure out how to let go.

(LARRY SHAW:) As no one needs to be told, section B of the 30th FAPA mailing was more than slightly delayed. This is not a new situation in FAPA; Larry Shaw is not the only official editor who started out with virtuous intents of punctuality, then was unable to fulfill them. However, since an issue seems to have been made about this particular delayed mailing, it seems wise to review the entire situation at this time (March 2nd).

The mailing was held up, in the mail, three times. The first two delays were relatively ordinary and minor ones; for these, ex-president Lowndes accepts full re-

sponsibility.

At the second Saturday in June, when the mailing was due to go out, certain reports had not come in. Lowndes asked Shaw to hold up the mailing over the weekend. The Slan Shack publications were very late; had the mailing gone out on time, none would have been included. However, Shaw received a special delivery letter from Ashley, advising him that the SS publications, a sizeable bundle, were in route. Lowndes therefore asked Shaw to hold the mailing until they arrived.

It was felt that FAPA members would rather wait a few days more for their mailingxthan receive a mailing without the SS magazines, which would necessitate either another supplementary mailing, or a three-months' wait before these mags were distributed. By the time the delayed publications had arrived the mailing was a good two weeks late.

The final delay was something, however, for which neither Shaw nor Lowndes accepts responsibility. It is the duty of the secretary-treasurer to transmit necessary funds to the OE so that the mailings can be sent out. This Schwartz failed to do; Shaw made every effort to contact Schwartz, but Suddsy couldn't be found, and no one knew where he was or when he might be expected to return to the scene.

At this time, none of the Futurians were in a position, financially, to put forth the necessary cash. Shaw was between jobs, Michel was sick. Lowndes had been under a doctor's care for some time, and while willing to forward funds, could not do so for several days. Lowndes finally did procure funds which he offered to Shaw for the purpose of putting out the mailing, but by that time Shaw had recieved a loan from EEEvans. (No one requested this loan; Evans generously volunteered the money from the NFFF to FAPA for the express purpose of putting the mailing out right away.) Shaw sent the mailing out thereafter at the earliest possible moment, though because of his working hours and the closing time of the post office, he could only do so with about a dozen or so bundles per evening.

A.L. Schwartz, FAPA's secretary-treasurer, is not, nor has he ever been, a Futurian. Nor was he the Futurians' candidate for the office to which he was elected. None of them voted for him. Until the time he momentarily vanished, however, he had cooperated fully with the other N.Y. officers.

The Vanguard Amateur Press Association was in birth at the time of this delay in FAPA's mailing. Since the members desired no antagonism with FAPA, those Vanguardifs who were also FAPA members were particularly anxious that FAPA business be expedited without delay. However, circumstances beyond control frustrated their desire. Lowndes resigned from the FAPA presidency mainly because he felt it unbecoming that he function as chief of both organizations, and he frankly found the new club more worth his while.

Members of Vanguard have repeatedly stated that they favor the co-existence of the two apas and want to see both organizations successful. There is certainly no factual basis for the contention that FAPA was the subject of a plot on the part of any member or members of the Vanguard Amateur Press Association...

There's not much to add to the above. Through the efforts of L.R. Chauvenet, a meeting was held in which Don and Elsie Wollheim, Mike Fern, Langley Searles, the Chauvenets and myself took part. Practically everything to which Fern objected in his report was cleared up to the satisfaction of all concerned. Fern and Searles still held that the membership should have been notified of the delay in the mailing; this may be true, but none of us ever suspected at the time that the mailing was going to be delayed more than a few days. No one is asking anyone else to withdraw the charges; with such an abundance of confusion in all quarters, it would have been surprising if suspicions of some sort did not develop. However, Mike could have had the facts in the case at any time simply by getting in touch with us and asking a few simple questions. This he did not do. In transmitting his own ideas to Ashley a great deal of confusion was added to that already existing, and things ended up in a very sorry state indeed.

(Thanks are due to Harry Warner for hunting down the preceding passages. He illuminates the last paragraph with a side comment: "By hunting hard enough, I could have come up with a prime piece of invective, Mike Fern's 'Neither Blind Nor Idiot', a scathing denunciation of the Futurians and their motives in quitting FAPA officialdom at that time. But it was at least partially erroneous, as I recall, and I can't see that any useful purpose can be served now by cutting deeper into the old wounds; rubbing salt on them in this moderate way is nearly as much fun.")

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"This is the end of the line, Cheech Beldone"

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(Although the Little Interregnum didn't require outside intervention to straighten things out, the title of Rothman's one-shot had firmly emplaced a common noun/verb in the fan vocabulary. But the scene of action shifted from the clammy fogs of the Northeast section of the country to California, the land of...oh, you know the line. In fact, the OE was out west for seven years running; twelve if you count Minnesota as a western state by the everything-beyond-Michigan rule. However, a more interesting record was also to be established. Elmer Perdue was in on all of the FAPA blitzkriege in the first ten years of our existence, but his participation in the third one was somedele less Heroic than in the others:)

FAPA FOREVER

I wish to swear publicly on a stack of Shangri-L'Affaires that the events depicted here are not fictional, nor are the characters represented herein fictional. In point of fact, this is not a fictional account. It is all fact. It all happened substantially as reported here; this is a true and complete account, as I remember it, of the evening of August 11 and subsequent events involving the getting out of the last mailing. (4) If anything, the high points of the story have been toned down a little for our family readership.

Burb.

FAPA FOREVER: ...being the story of how the last mailing came out
By CHARLES BURBEE

I thought you might be interested in knowing just what and who and such were involved in the getting out of the last mailing. Of course, Elmer had set the deadline for material at July 26. Believing him to be speaking truth, the LASFS boys who are members were batting away madly at the mimeograph. Hart, Evans, Willmorth, and Ackerman gave the LASFS mimeograph quite a workout the Thursday and Friday preceding the deadline date, which fell on a Saturday. Laney had gotten his mag in before (about two weeks), and I did not have mine done yet, being pretty sure that Elmer would not be on time. I had some other things I wanted to do, and I did them, and still had plenty of time to get out my mag.

As Elmer told you in last mailing's Amateur, Laney and I, armed with a letter from Milty, went up to his place and quizzed him about the mailing. He showed us three cut stencils and seemed to be very sincere about getting the mailing out that very evening. We didn't quite believe this, but we did give him a second chance before we decided to blitzkrieg the boy. This was Saturday.

Monday I called Elmer up, asked him how he was coming. He said he was cutting stencils on the

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(4) the summer, 1947 mailing.

Amateur. I asked him if he had the mailing assembled. He said no. Well, of course, I hadn't given him Burblings yet, but that shouldn't have held him up. At any rate, I said I would be over about 9 pm, at which time he said he'd be through stencilling. I said I'd drive him over to the LASFS clubroom where he could run off the Amateur. I'd help him, after I'd gotten some Shangri-L'Affaires lettering-guide work out of the way. He said OK. About 8:30 he called me back and told me to bring four or five stencils because Betty (his wife) had torn up three cut stencils. I did so, arriving there about 9. I found Elmer in his shirtsleeves, busily cutting stencils. As I walked into the room in which they live, Betty was lying on the bed, her face covered from the world, in a semi-foetal position. I said hello to her. No answer. I thought she was asleep. Elmer greeted me vociferously, and, by the gleam in his eyes, I could see the boy was wined up. He was cutting stencils madly. He placated me with the mailing, of which he had assembled one full assortment, and I immediately went through them looking for my name. Betty was absolutely silent, and she'd sort of slipped from my mind when Elmer got up and went across the room for a bottle of wine. Quick as a flash the inert woman was on her feet and had reached the bottle before Elmer could get there. Then started a family quarrel about who had bought the bottle and who had drunk most of it, etc.

Thus awakendd, Betty began to clamor for more wine. They begged me as a "friend" and "a good friend" and "a true friend" to go buy them more wine. I declined but was finally persuaded to do it. That was my mistake of the evening. I drove Betty out to get wine and bought 2 fifths of Padre Port and 2 bottles of Acme Beer (the beer, as they said, was for me.) When we got back Betty insisted I drink my beer at once. Among the litter on the table she found a glass with a scum of old milk in the bottom and handed it to me.

"This is hardly what I'd call a clean glass," I said in my typically diplomatic fashion.

"You don't mind a little milk, do you?" asked Betty, wide-eyed.

"I don't care for milk much," I said. "Not this way."

"Well," she said, "I'll drink out of it. Here, you take this glass. This is a clean one. It's only had orange juice in it."

God forgive me, I took the glass, which seemed not too dirty, and as I opened the bottle I had to pour Betty a glassful which was, as she said, "To wash the taste of wine out of my mouth."

She asked then if I liked poetry. I said no. So she said she would read me a poem I would like. I declined with thanks. So she said, "Oh, but you'd like this one." "No," I said, "I don't like poetry. Especially fan poetry, which practically always stinks."

"You'll like this one," she said.

"No, I'd rather not hear it. I don't like poetry."

"I'll read it to you."

She had a copy of one of Dale Hart's mags. When I saw that it was inevitable, I had to give in and enjoy it. I said I would read the poem myself, and took the mag and read this sonnet by Sidney Johnson. I said I didn't like it too well.

"What kind of fellow is Sidney Johnson?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I've never heard of him before."

"How old is he?" she asked.

"I don't know. I don't even know the man. Never heard of him in my life."

"Do you think he has a fine mind?"

"Well, that's hard to say, from reading one sonnet and that not a very good one"

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Who?"

"Sidney Johnson"

"Oh," I said, "you mean Sidney Johnson!"

"Yes," she said. "What kind of fellow is he?"

"Oh," I said, "he's not a bad fellow -- now, I guess."

"How old is he?"

"Thirty-eight."

"How do you know?" asked Betty.

"His brother told me."

"Who's his brother?"

"Why, Johan P. Johnson. Teaches English at LACC. Used to be a great friend of mine."

"Are you sure he's 38?"

"Well, that's just a guess. He might be 42."

"Oh no! He's not more than 40!"

"Well," I said, casting a sidelong glance at my host, busily cutting stencils a yard or so away, "I don't see why it matters."

"It matters a great deal," declared Elmer's bride. "I may want to marry him some day."

"Oh. Well, I guess he's around 42."

"You said 38."

"So I did."

"Come on, Burbee, give a girl a break. He's 38, isn't he?"

"Wellllll, come to think of it, he is."

"That isn't too old, is it?"

"I guess not."

"Tell me about him -- what is his philosophy?"

"He had a strange philosophy. I guess he was a blank sheep. Of course all my information is 7 years old, so he might have changed and be entirely different now."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, the family educated him. Brought him up to be a dentist. Paid some $2000 to teach him the dental profession. After graduation he went into the business and after three years of work he'd paid them back and saved up quite a sum of money. So he thought he would take a little vacation. He went all over the world."

"Where did he go?"

"He wound up in India, where he ran out of money and he got a job of some sort. Maybe it was in Tibet -- I never listened very well when Johan told me about it."

"Johan," murmured Betty, "who is that?"

"That's his brother who teaches English at LACC."

"Oh, and how did he know all this?"

"Well, after all, even black sheep write letters home now and then. He wasn't completely estranged, you know."

"And how long did he stay away?"

"Eight years."

"But how old is he now?" "38." "Are you sure?"

"Well, not positive. Let me see, I will figure it out. He got out of college at the age of 22, was a dentist for 3 years, was gone for 8 years, and that was 7 years ago -- that makes him 40."

"Oh no!"

"Well," I said, "I happen to know he is 38, so my figures are wrong. They were only approximate, anyhow. Ah, yes," I added reflectively, "he thought he would take a little vacation and so he went to Paris." I drank a little beer. "And how long was he gone?"

"8 years," Betty laughed. "He sounds like quite a guy. What does he look like?"

"Well, I never saw him."

"Yes, but was he tall, dark, blond, or what?"

"I don't know."

"He's tall, isn't he?"

"Well, yes, now that you mention it. I'd say he was about 73 inches tall, weighed about 170 pounds of lean, hard sinew."

"I thought so," said Betty.

"Had a lot of strange experiences in India. Once, while climbing up a rickety tope ladder while ascending Mount Kachima in southern India -- right near Tibet, you know -- he made the mistake of looking down. The lines of perspective pulled him down to the valley floor, three thousand feet straight down. He lost his head. He clung weakly to the rope and messed himself. Yes, he clung there, weaker than beer with ice in it and messed himself. Said he almost died there."

"Why," said Betty, "none of that shows in his poetry."

"Yes, that I must admire him for," I said. "A man like that, who knows at least fifteen native dialects, refrains from putting one word in a poem. That shows great restraint, which is the basis of artistry. Of course, there is a bit of Urdu philosophy in lines 8 and 9, but it is all to the good."

"I didn't notice that," said Betty. "I haven't read as much as you have."

By and by Elmer finished cutting stencils. He showed me the "cut stencils" Betty had torn. "They" were one stencil, uncut, wrinkled but not torn.

"Let's go to the Half World," I said. "I've got some lettering guide work I want to do. Then I'll help you with the Amateur."

"Coming along, honey?" said Elmer to Betty.

"No," she said.

"Oh come on," he said. "No use staying around here. Come on along."

"No," she said, "I don't want to."

"All right then, honey," he said. A moment passed. Betty said: "Trying to run out on me, huh?"

"No," said Elmer. "I asked you to come along."

"You gave up mighty easy when I said no."

"I thought you didn't want to go."

"You know damn well I'm going."

"Well, I asked you to come along."

"You were trying to run out on me."

Eventually they began to run out of words. Elmer stacked up the stuff he wanted to take -- ink, envelopes, stencils, paper. Then he got up, went over to the bed, pulled out a suitcase, threw the suitcase on the bed and opened it. It was full of sandwiches. He offered me one. I declined, but found it in my hand anyway. I started to eat it. It was soggy as lard. I said it was too soggy. Elmer looked at me in amazement. "But Betty made it herself!" he exclaimed.

Finally, with beer, wine, sandwiches, ink, envelopes, stencils, paper, and potato chips, we left the room, descending the side entrance, a rickety wooden stairway down the side of the house, and as we passed the lower window, a shrewish voice from inside began to shout about people who raised hell at all hours of the night.

"What could possibly be wrong with her?" asked Elmer. "It's only 10:30, and we weren't making much noise."

"Just before Burbee came I was screaming. You were choking me half to death."

"Why shouldn't I? You bit me. In three places."

"Not hard. Not one of them drew blood."

"You bit me three times."

We got to the club with practically no mishap except for the spilling of a cup or so of wine on the floor of my ancient car.

As soon as we got in I put on stencil number one and began to remember how the LASFS mimeo worked. After a time I got it run off. While I was running it off, Elmer went over next door to Myrtle's (Myrtle Douglas' house, in which live the Ashleys, Jack Wiedenbeck, Myrtle's son Virgil and Walt Liebscher).

When he returned, Betty said: "Did you tell Myrtle I looked a fright and didn't want to come over but would if she wanted me to?"

"Yes hone," said Elmer.

"And what did she say?"

"She said it was all right. She was just going to bed. Said you could come over but she was just going to bed."

"Did she thank you for the present?"

"Yes, and she said Virgil would thank you too when he saw you again."

"Didn't she say she wanted me to come over?"

"She said you could come if you wanted to but she is just going to bed."

"Then she doesn't want me. I won't go."

"Aw, go on over to see Myrtle, honey."

"No, she doesn't want to see me."

"Sure she does. She wants to see you."

"What about?"

"She'd just like to see you if you feel like dropping over. You could meet her cousin. Very lovely girl. You could see her cousin."

"Did she say she wanted to see me about something?"

"No, she said she'd be glad to see you if you wanted to drop over."

"But she's going to bed."

So Elmer began to run off a stencil, having all sorts of trouble getting started, staggering around quite a bit. I was over in the corner, doing lettering-guide

work on Shangri-L'Affaires stencils.

"Take me home Burbee," said Betty. "You can come back."

"No," said I. "I came here to do lettering-guide work and I'm just starting. If I leave here now I won't come back."

"Take me home," she ordered. "You can come back."

I went on with the lettering-guide work.

"Give me the keys, Elmer," she said. "I'm going home."

"Aw, stay around awhile honey," said Elmer.

"I'm tired. I'm bored. You're just running that machine and I have nothing to do."

"You want something to read? We have books here. You have potato chips and sandwiches to eat and a jug and beer to drink."

"That's Burbee's beer." She took a drink from the bottle.

"Why don't you go over and see Myrtle?"

"She doesn't want to see me."

"Go over and see Myrtle."

"I don't want to."

"Aw, go on over, honey, and see Myrtle."

"She's gone to bed."

"No she hasn't. She asked me to tell you to come on over."

"That's a damned lie, Elmer. You told me she was going to bed and now you tell me different."

"You could see her cousin. Very lovely girl."

"I don't care. I caught you lying to me. Give me the key. I'm going home."

No answer. She repeated this request or order three or four more times before Elmer finally said, "Will you let me in when I get home?"

"Why? Where do you want to sleep?"

"I want to sleep home honey," said Elmer.

"You want to sleep home. You want to sleep home. You don't care if I have a place to sleep or not. You want to sleep home. Give me the key, Elmer, I'm going home."

"Will you let me in when I come home?"

"I think you'd better give me the key."

"Will you let me in when I come home? I don't want to sleep on the floor out in the hallway again."

"Will you give me that key?"

"No Honey."

"All right, then, I'll take it." She made a grab for his hip pocket and got a good handhold. He pulled away and started to stagger. She began to swing around with him. And there they were, Betty hanging onto his hip pocket, Elmer swinging on a long circle, both staggering in unbelievable fashion. Betty was shouting: "Stop pulling. You'll tear your pocket and that'll cost you 75¢."

"Let it," said Elmer.

Around and around swung Elmer, like a dead cat on a string, a smile on his face; no expression on Betty's face, unless it was a grim smile. After a while, having rolled a cigarette, I said: "Elmer, got a match?"

"Yes, Meyer," he said as he swung past, and proceeded to pull out a book of matches. He carefully and deliberately opened the flap, fumbling madly as he did so, going round and round the while.

"oh, just throw me the matches," I said.

"No," he said, "I'll pick out the one I want you to use." Eventually he did so, isolating it on the outside of the closed flap. I lit my cigarette and waited for him to come round again so I could give the matches back to him. But he never did complete that circle. Betty pulled him off balance and he fell against the mimeo table. He began to choke her. I went back to my lettering-guide work for Shangri-L'Affaires. (10¢ per single copy, 3/25¢, 6/50¢).

After a time things were abnormal again. Elmer was back at the mimeo and Betty was sitting watching him.

"You may think he's calm and quiet, but he's not," she said. "He's hit me in every conceivable place: in the stomach, in the breasts, in the back. Once he kicked me out of bed, right onto the floor. And he's even kicked me in the tail. That's the worst thing a man can do -- kick a woman in the tail. You kicked me in the tail, Elmer."

Elmer swung around from the mimeo. "But not tonight."

"No, but you have kicked me in the tail."

"But not tonight. Remember that. Not tonight."

"Burbee," said Betty, "How many children have you got?"

"He has five children," said Elmer.

"Is that right, Burbee?"

"Well," I said, "I guess that's about right. Let's see, one each by two girls I should have married, and three by Isabelle."

"You're married to her, aren't you?"

"In the sight of God, yes."

"But what about these other girls? Why did you get them pregnant?"

"Oh, I don't know. I thought it would be a good joke, I guess."

"I can't understand a man who will do that."

"Well," I said, "women are pretty hard to understand, too. For example, when I brought home a girl I had got pregnant, Isabelle refused to take her in. I merely wanted to take care of the girl while she was that way, but Isabelle wouldn't hear of it. That seems like a very strange attitude for a woman to take against a member of her own sex."

"But why did you get her that way?"

"Oh, I was thinking of something else at the time. You know how it is. But hell, Sidney Johnson had fifteen children, so I'm a piker beside him."

"I thought you said he was single."

"Well he was. He had five or six native wives. But you can't expect a native marriage to hold in the courts of this country."

"No," said Betty, "I suppose not."

Then Elmer swung away from the mimeograph and fell to the floor. Among crud sheets and automatic slipsheet cards lay the Official Editor of FAPA, senseless, unmoving.

"Is he dead?" cried Betty.

"Only socially!" I answered.

On the floor lay the Official Editor of FAPA. One stencil he had run off, and the floor was strewn with crud sheets. But the Official Editor was not aware of the crud sheets. On the floor he lay, oblivious to all but the numbing influence of wine in his cells.

He lay there, and all over the nation and England and Canada, Fapa members gnashed their teeth and nervously wondered where the mailing was. And on the floor lay the Official Editor of FAPA, senseless, lifeless, inert. One stencil run off. They were wondering where the mailing was and why it hadn't come out, and the Official Editor of FAPA, duly elected by his constituents, lay stone senseless on the floor.

Betty went over to him. "Get up Elmer," she said. "Get up. We're going home." He didn't move. "Burbee," she said, "see if you can get him up."

"Let him lie there," I said. "It does my heart good to see a fellow Fapa member at repose."

"But he's just lying there and I want to go home. Get him up, Burbee."

"Let him lie," I said. "He may need the rest." So I went over to the mimeograph. I checked the sheets he had run, the one stencil. He had run off 75 sheets, insisting that this was the ideal number of copies. I ran through them. Offset, pages half printed, semi-black pages due to the roller's being inked. I sorted out the blemished sheets and found only 20 out of the 75 could be used. I ran off the additional 55, turned the page over and ran off the next page. Then I ran off two more stencils. After each stencil, Betty, who was sitting beside the unrun stack of stencils, would say, "Are you finished, Mr. Burbee?"

And I would patiently answer "No. I still have to run those stencils on the chair beside you." So I'd run off one and every time I stopped to replenish the paper supply or something she'd say, "Are you finished Mr. Burbee?" After the fourth stencil or so, I got disgusted with it all. "I'm through," I said.

"I'm going to get out of here. I'll drive you home and Elmer if he can be moved." So I tried to awaken Elmer. Two hotfoots did not make him stir. While we were trying to lift him onto a chair, a car went past the open clubhouse door. It stopped up the street and backed up in a hurry. Curious onlookers peered from its windows. Inspired, I said, "My God, it's the cops!" The senseless, inert, lifeless body in my arms jerked into sentience. Elmer straightened, started to get up, looked out the door, saw not cops but curious onlookers and immediately became inert, lifeless, senseless once more.

After a time he mumbled something and pulled a piece of paper from his pocket. I read it. It seemed to be a pricelist of dishes. I put it back in his pocket. I shook him and shook him, telling him repeatedly to get up if he wanted to be driven home. At last he half opened his eyes and words tumbled from his lips. "Fuggem all," he said. "Fuggem, every one." Later, when he was sitting up, I let go of him. This man, who found himself utterly without muscles to even try to stand unaided, kept his balance neatly on the chair. He began to pull chairs into position for sleeping purposes. "Did he run off 75 copies of each stencil?" he asked. "I didn't finish," I said. "I'm going home."

I began to load stuff into the car, preparing to leave. As I came back from one trip I saw Betty kicking Elmer in the ribs with clinical savagery. He roused from his coma and struck at her swiftly. She jumped back out of range expertly after being hit only twice. (Later she told me she had been "prodding him gently with my toe and he struck me like a madman.")

Elmer flopped down again on his line of chairs.. Betty pulled out the chair on which his head rested, and the Official Editor of FAPA lay there, head strained back in mid-air, mewling gutturally like something out of Lovecraft. He pulled the chair back. She pulled it away again and he lay there, mewling gutturally once more. "I'd better get the key," she said. She got it. "I'll leave him his benny," she said. So we went out of the LASFS clubroom, leaving the Official Editor of FAPA alone with his five or six run-off pages, stencils, paper, ink, and his benzedrine. We drove away from that place. When we had gotten two miles away, Betty said, "Drive back. I want to leave him a jar of wine. He'll need it when he wakes up."

"I'll let you off here if you want to go back," I said. "Right now I'm on my way home. I intend to drive you home and go home myself." She decided against going back by streetcar.

"Do you think Elmer has a fine mind?" she asked me.

"Well, yes and no," I said.

"What do you mean by yes and no?"

"Well, from some points of view he has and from other points of view the issue is in doubt."

"Well, what do the other members think of him?"

"I never heard them say."

"You mean he's verboten?"

"Not necessarily."

"Well, I was wondering if he had a fine mind. He's always telling me he has, and I've been wondering what the rest of you think."

After a time, she said, "Do you think Elmer is a genius?"

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Epilogue

Tuesday night I called up Slanshack to inquire about Elmer. It seems he was around, having just come in to borrow a pair of pliers to open a can of ink with, so I spoke to him. Said he'd slept in the clubroom till 6, had gone home to get a coat and had gone to work. Now he had come directly from work and was winding up the mimeo work. Had two stencils to go. So I was happy. He also said I had a lot of apologies coming to me for the way I had been imposed on. I agreed with him. Thursday night (Aug. 14) at 6 he called me up. "You've got to get out the mailing," he said.

"That's fine," I said, and waited for the punch line, because this was obviously a gag. But he was serious. Said Betty's mother had died and he had taken days off from work and they were leaving at once. I said in that case I'd be glad to get the mailing out. "How about express charges?" I wanted to know. "I have no money for this."

"Mail it," said Elmer Perdue, the Official Editor. "There is nothing unmailable in the lot." Some of you might read that statement over again. I'll write it here for you. "There is nothing unmailable in the lot." Read that and ponder on it, Croutch, Dunkelberger, Hart. "But," I said, "with that writing in the Amateur, the mailing will have to go first-class, at 3¢ an ounce."

"No," said Elmer, "that is a dedication to a book and does not come under the classification of written matter."

"But the Amateur isn't a book. It's only a magazine by a stretch of the imagination."

"Mail it," said Elmer. "Get the money from Ackerman."

"Are you leaving town?" I asked.

"I haven't time to talk to you," said Elmer. "We're leaving right away." He'd told me how to come get the stuff -- somebody'd let me in.

At 6:30 he called again. He told me nobody'd be in the rooming house to let me in, so I could enter by finding the key on the window ledge and would find the entire mailing (rather, the 49 envelopes he'd prepared) and on top would be the Amateur and the ballots. Again I asked him where he was going and so forth but he cut me off.

So in about 45 minutes I left and drove over to Elmer's place, which is about 3 miles from here. I got in, found the stuff on the landing, hauled it away and drove to the Half World, where a meeting was scheduled (it being Thursday). I picked out the Amateurs for the localites and later saw that they were delivered. In Slanshack I spoke to Myrtle Douglas. She mentioned Elmer and told me that he and Betty were not leaving town. They'd decided they couldn't make it. "Why," said, "that's a late development -- when did you hear about it?"

"At 6:30, when he called," she said.

"6:30!" I said. "Why that's when he called me and told me for the second time he wouldn't be around and I'd have to get the mailing out. And I stayed around the house for 45 minutes, and got to his house and nobody was there, and no note was there telling me not to bother..."

For some inexplicable reason I got disgusted with it all. So the mailings sat in my car and went to work with me and back Friday. And Saturday, F. Towner Laney, who felt he had done nothing so far to help, said he would get the mailing out, so he took the stuff from my car to

his car (we work in the same shop so it was all easy) and he said he would get money from Ackerman Thursday 21 August and probably mail the stuff Saturday 23 August.

("FAPA Forever" was published by Andy Anderson as HALF-LENGTH ARTICLES NUMBER ONE.)

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"The 75¢ dues will help us immeasurably."

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(All good Fancyclopedia readers, which is to say everybody who's really qualified to call themselves fen, will recall that in the entry for BLITZKRIEG I announced that Burbee and Laney had run for OE afterward under "Get The Mailings Out On Time!" slogans, with such effect that no Blitzkriege had been necessary from that day to publication-date of Cy^2.

(Well, I was literally right: Fancyclopedia II came out in August 1958. As to the Mailing for August 1958...well, this is the President's message from the November issue of the FANTASY AMATEUR, by Bill Evans:)

The last mailing produced one of the biggest snafus in FAPA history. Through a foul-up of arrangements Ted /White/ had made at his Baltimore address, numerous bundles didn't get delivered. In all fairness to Ted, he thought he had things arranged to hold bundles for pickup at the post office; his new New York address became definite too late to notify members. However, had Ted carried through on plans that he told us -- Pavlat, Eney, and me -- most of the confusion could have been avoided. At a WSFA meeting early in July, Ted produced a copy of Gambit 32, in which he said that his address in Baltimore would be good until the first of August, and suggesting that bundles that would arrive after that time be sent to either Pavlat or me. This he was going to send out "the next day". It was not until the first Sunday in August that we learned the issue had not been sent out; we had been worried about the non-receipt, but assumed that the copies we got by hand took the place of any mail copies. I was a little worried about the lack of packages or letters relating to, as was Bob. When we learned that no notice had been sent, we were annoyed, but White assured us that he had things arranged -- he still had the mail box at the Baltimore address, and had not filed a change of address, so that any packages would be held for him. At the time of the assembly, at Pavlat's this time, he had checked the Baltimore address and the post office that morning -- about noon, actually -- and there was only a notice of Ryan's Bandwagon at the RailEx, where the office was closed. This was duly noted in the FA, and credit was allowed under section 3.2 of the constitution. We were worried, and commented on, the absence of various magazines that were expected -- Hevelin and Raeburn were especially mentioned, as their magazines contained renewal credits. All seemed well, tho. The mailing was mailed.

The sky fell a week later. Pavlat received a letter from Ted in New York that 11 fanzines had been forwarded from Baltimore, after the deadline. In a number of cases -- no details available as yet -- there was forwarding postage due. At that time Ted said they were assembled and ready for mailing, and would be mailed as a postmailing "in about a week." This was on August 22. At that time Bob issued the postmailed card "So Your Fanzine Missed the Mailing". By Detention time, they had not been mailed; at the con Ted assured Pavlat that they were only waiting postage money -- which was the first I had heard from Ted about this (5) -- and so I sent the $15 shown in Ellik's report. That would have been about Sept 15. Still no mailing. Finally, on September 27, Pavlat and I, together with John Magnus and spouse, and an innocently visiting Phil Castora, went to New York for the weekend, mainly to capture the missing bundles and mail them. By a clever trick, Ted avoided us; he

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(5) Bill was Secretary-Treasurer & should have been the recipient of postage requests.

chose that week-end to drive to Falls Church -- without mailings, which could have been left with one of the local fans, if he was unable to get them out -- and we were unable to complete our task. We did have a nice time in New York, tho. After that, we felt the magazines might as well be held until the next mailing, and Bob proposed to pick them up on his way to Cambridge. The energetics of our new OE, though, interceded, and as the Official Newscard shows, the missing bundles were rescued.

(The Official Newscard was this, sent out October 13:)

The remaining magazines from mlg. 88 have been extracted from the clutches of the delinquent AOE and have been mailed this very afternoon. This is not an empty promise but a statement of fact: they are actually in the mail. The reason for mailing them now instead of holding them for the 89th mlg is that both I and Dan McPhail were waiting for the missing mags to arrive to finish mailing comments on mlg 88. From the lack of any fmz containing mailing comments from any other members I assume that others have the same idea. This is to let you know in time to plan your publishing schedule; the 109 pages I mailed today are officially part of the 88th mailing, not a postmailing. Comments on this material should be included with your regular mlg comments on the August mlg. The late bundle should reach all but overseas members in time for comment in the 89th mlg, whose deadline is 14 November.

-- a & j young, OE

(Accompanying the section of the mailing that was rescued was fuller news:)

iHorror of Blitzkrieg!

After returning from the Detention I fell into bed with a week-long cold. Then I was healthy for a week, strangely enough; then came another cold as a result of standing out in the rain looking for the eclipse. So when the word came that Earle (Abominable Snowman) was having a party Saturday night, I didn't really expect to go. But it was our last chance to see "Horror of Dracula" (which turned out to be a pretty abominable movie), so I dragged myself out into the cold outdoors once again. After coughing my way through the movie, I walked with the rest of Cambridge fandom to Earle's place, where I coughed my way through the party. About two a.m. the party was breaking up and I was preparing to go home. A couple of people wandered in just as I was about to wander out, and there was a quick conversation with Earle which seemed to have something to do with "going to New York". Well, going to New York is a common obsession or pastime around Harvard so I paid little attention to these people. After all, why should I be interested in going to New York?

"You're going to New York," said a stern voice behind me. Being both tired, sick, and full of ethanol, I said something like "Huh?" and Jean explained. I would go to New York and RECAPTURE THE LOST MAILING! "But but," I said, "you mean now? Without any warning? With no toothbrush?"

"They're leaving Right Now," she said. "Hurry up!"

Two minutes later, there I was, on my way to New York. Earle, seized with the same impetuous impulse, was there too. I hadn't the slightest idea who the people in the front seat were, except that one of them had been along on our ill-fated eclipse expedition.

If I hadn't been too tired to care, I would have felt I was being Shanghaied.

At eight in the morning we were driving around Sheridan Square and asking "How do we get to Christopher Street?" Ten minutes later Earle and I were climbing up the stairs...up the...up...up...up...the...stairs...to the White's apartment. Ghod. they live on the top floor. I banged on the door. I knocked on the door. I pound-

ed on the door. I listened.

"I hear someone coming," I whispered to Earle. The door opened a crack to reveal a half-dressed, bearded face. You don't often see a half-dressed face, even without a beard.

"Nemesis is here," I croaked, and collapsed on the floor.

"You can have an old mattress," said Ted. We accepted.

"Say," I said, "hadn't we better tell the guys in the car that we can stay here, and arrange to get picked up again?" Earle nodded. He looked at me. I looked at him. He looked worse than I felt, so I got up sadly and went back down the stairs...and down the stairs...and.....

Eventually I got to the car. They said they'd be back to pick us up about "3 or 4 this afternoon."

It's now 5:15. If I ever get back to Cambridge, I will have Saved the Mailing. Whoof.

I didn't realize that being OE was so much work.

--- Andy Young

Andy may have had trouble getting up...up...the...stairs...to our apartment, but we don't live on the top floor. Actually, we live on the fifth floor of a six-story building -- only it's called the fourth floor. It seems that there's some sort of law in NYC that buildings of over a certain number of stories must have elevators, so the clever landlords -- who certainly don't want to put in an elevator unless they have to -- get around this by calling the second or third floor the "first floor" and going up from there.

Earle just came back. He set out this afternoon to see "The Threepenny Opera" which is playing in a little off-broadway theatre half a block down Christopher (it's been playing there for over five years). But he didn't see Threepenny after all -- instead he went to "Our Town" which was also playing nearby. Said it was a great performance.

This afternoon we and Master Scientist Young uncovered such secrets of the universe as:

1. Delicious French Toast can be made with hot dog rolls.
2. The way to wipe out the world's roach population is to catch all the male roaches you can, sterilize them, and set them free again.
   2a. We tentatively decided that roaches are monogamous.
3. We couldn't figure out if wax is heavier than alcohol.

--- Sylvia

Let's put out a one-shot fanzine! --- Ted

* * * * * * *

All the foregoing, with the exception of the heading, was cut at the Whites' this (Sunday Oct. 11) afternoon. I have now returned to Cambridge, and it is exactly midnight. Sylvia was forced to break off her section by the arrival of our ride, punctually at 6 p.m. She may be pardoned for her typos; she was sick. It seems to be the latest fad, being sick...

The Whites still have the advance postage sent them for this section; they spent it on groceries. It is hoped this will be cleared up before Mlg. 89.

(It wasn't. In a flier accompanying a postmailing to M89 the Youngs explained what happened next:)

Stand by for REPERCUSSIONS"

...being a summary of the Ted White situation up to today, 7 December 1959...it could be subtitled Echo of Blitzkrieg, or Ergebnisse der Sternentwicklung.....

Synopsis: During my Blitz visit to New York, Ted White told me that (being broke) he had spent the $10 advance on the postage of the late section of Mlg. 88 on food. He said that he'd be having a check from Playboy or Rogue within a week or two, and that the money would be paid back soon, or before FAPAcon time at least. He would, if sufficiently rich, be up for the FAPAcon; if only moderately well off, he would go to the conference in Philadelphia that weekend. I had the impression that FAPA's money would be returned before Ted would consider going to Philadelphia.

Came the FAPAcon. Came a phone call from the celebrants at Philadelphia, among whose joyous number was Ted White. Came no word from Ellik saying that the money had been repaid. Came the typing of the Constitution, wherein is a clause saying "In the absence of a formal controversy, each officer may decide for himself doubtful points concerning his duties." Came the thought: it would be but poetic justice to delay Ted's mailing until the debt is repaid, just as he delayed the last half of the 88th mailing...

Now read on.

- -

Message included with the check from Ron Ellik, FAPA Secretary-Treasurer, to pay for the postage on Mlg. 89:

23 Nov. 59

White has NOT paid the $10.00. Excellent idea, holding his bundle. He will probably complain.

--- Ron

Undated letter to Larry Stark from Ted White, received here several days ago:

PS To the Youngs: Just received the FA in a separate envelope. What happened to the mailing? Are we Unfit, or something? Yes, we received extra copies on all the starred postmailings -- thot Sylvia'd said so. Received PM from Graham some time after the Detention, along with an apologetic note...

Postcard postmarked 7 pm Dec 5, received today, from Ted White:

I trust you are aware of the fact that you are illegally withholding our mailing. You have no authority to make such a decision, which is basically up to either the Sec-Treas or the President.

Since we are scraping along on a marginal existence at the moment, you have effectively deprived us of the mailing -- as you were well aware. It's a scummy practice on your part -- and unconstitutional as well.

But then, I suppose you think you're upholding some sort of FAPAn spirit in Kicking Ted White When He's Down. Have fun.

Ted E. White

- -

That is the sum total of incoming mail on the subject. No other complaints have been received. Perhaps there is at this very moment a grass-roots tidal wave (block that metaphor!) of support for Ted White, about to sweep me from office and speed Ted's mailing to him....but I have no knowledge of it so far. And I suspect that there are

at least eleven members who would not choose to join such a movement.

It seems to me that it is in the interest of FAPA for me to hold up the Whites' mailing until they pay the $10. If they are living such a hand-to-mouth existence -- which I believe they probably are, judging by what I saw during the Blitz -- then I am doing no one a favor if I send them the mailing and distract them from the problem of earning money. I know myself how easy it is to sit around for a couple of days reading the mailing instead of working, and this particular mailing, with its 621 pages, is extra treacherous in that respect. Ted is, I think, more likely to have the $10 if I don't distract him with such a pile of reading matter. And I hope he is also more likely to send the $10 if it is the only way he can get his mailing.

Besides, I read in FANAC that he is effectively giving up fandom and becoming a professional writer. Why, then, should he complain so strenuously at not receiving a bundle of fanzines? -- but this is a minor quibble. I don't see why we should send Ted White his mailing until he pays back this sum, which amounts to five years' dues at the present rates. Notice that I have not dropped him from the membership list -- that is indeed a job for the S-T -- although it is a possibility worth considering if the money is not repaid by some fixed date, such as the next mailing date. (The Cult recently went through a difficult time over a rather similar matter -- a member failed to fulfill his obligation but was given an indefinite pardon, with the result that an essentially dead member was carried along for months.)

Anyway, there's my side of the matter. Ted will get his mailing when one of the other officers rules that he should get it. I hope I'll be told by Ellik, with the report that the money is back; but if the President or Veep orders me to do so, I'll send the mailing off without delay.

It seems to me that Ted's only recourse now is to appeal to the Veep. As I say, I've presented my side here; so as soon as Ted presents his side to Phyllis, we can get a ruling.

-- Andy.

(FAPA's membership reacted about as you'd expect to this development, and White took the feud outside for support. In THE BAREAN #6, Ron Ellik summed the case up in a comment to FM Busby:)

Undoubtedly you noticed the come-downance FAPA received at the hands of its ex-OE Ted White in the recent (#22-1) issue of VOID. Our outlook is warped because we think repayment of a debt is more important than the off-staving of the wolf from the White door; we have a twisted sense of values because we would rather see our officers die of malnutrition and not be able to attend Detentions and Philly-cons than let a debt of ten dollars go unpaid. I felt terrible while reading this, Buz, honest, and I think some FAPAn, preferably an officer, should draft a petition to be signed by the rest of the club and presented to White, craving his pardon for the improper suggestion that the money be repaid. It could be tossed off on a lazy afternoon this fall by one of our older members with a sense of history -- I'd nominate Perdue, who could add a dash of the old-world charm of Baxter Street to the composition -- and be made very brief to leave room for signatures. One or two whereas's and a couple of dependent clauses, a few 37X's or so,(95) and it could all lead up to,

> "THEREFORE, be it resolved by the undersigned majority of the membership of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association that we do humbly beg the forgiveness of the above-mentioned delinquent officer and promise never again to mention the subject except to ask now and then why Ted E. White, former- and never-again-officer of FAPA, doesn't get a job."

Does that sound all right, Buz? Would it salve your conscience as it does mine?

- - - - - - - - - - -

(95) A furrin SAPS-type joke. "37X" is comma fault.

A H ! S W E E T I D I O C Y !

THE

FAN MEMOIRS

of

Francis T. Laney . . .

Published by Francis T. Laney and Charles Burbee for FAPA at Los Angeles, Anno Domini 1948. This book is hand-set in Underwood Pica and printed on special sulphite base paper with little or no rag content. Like the fine books of the 18th and early 19th centuries, it is published unbound, so that gentlemen may have it embellished to match their libraries.

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CONTENTS:

I believe any reader will be able to figure out the purpose, theme, and technique of Ah Sweet Idiocy by reading it, if he is With It at all. And if he is not With It he will not be in FAPA, of course.

On the question why Ah Sweet Idiocy is a strong contender for recognition as the most important single fan publication ever written, however, we can do with a few words of enlargement. Though Laney had, well before beginning ASI, gone in for plain speech and explicit reporting, this was the masterpiece of that genre; the one work which irrevocably incorporated the realistic school of non-fiction into the tradition of fan writing. Before Laney, there had been snarly noises about rudeness, hints of scandals, Drunken One-Shots, even whispers of Nameless and Sinister Quirks of Character. It was FTL who made it a point to describe these events in Behaviorist detail. Some of the results made unpleasant reading -- especially to the nice-nelly fraction, who adhered to the doctrine that making fusses was Not Fannish -- but they dismay'd fuggheads, silenced fools, and pleas'd good honest men; they drove some thoroughly nasty characters away from active fanning, and brought some adolescents to a sharp awareness of their conduct. In large part, fandom is a much healthier place because the Laney tradition operates.

A word on an allied question: whether the memoirs are, specifically, unfair to the LASFS. Unfortunately, I can't tell you. The tradition Speer tags as Forstoism -- absolute silence about club schisms -- still holds in LA, as I found out during the research for Fancyclopedia II. The general initial request for historical data brought no result; a specific request to LA for counter-Laney information brought no result; the post-publication request for corrections brought no result. Third time pays for all, as the hobbits say; without further ado, we conduct you to the definitive history of the Insurgent Wars in Los Angeles.

-- Dick Eney

P R E A M B L E

When an individual announces that he is through with fandom, that he is quitting the field; and then implements his withdrawal by producing what is probably the largest one man project in fandom's entire history, it is evident that he owes someone an explanation of such contradictory conduct.

My motivation for writing these memoirs was a decidedly mixed one. Very probably the strongest single incentive was to try to explain to myself the inexplicable, to resolve if possible in my own mind the reasons which caused me to get so deeply involved in the amazing happenings which this book chronicles. Once the scales had completely fallen from my eyes and I saw fandom with pitiless objective clarity, I looked back upon Laney the fan with much the same sense of disbelief that a civilized man would feel upon being thrust suddenly face to face with a Yahoo. Why did this earlier Laney disregard the mountain of evidence to the contrary and persist for years in considering fandom to be a group of wonderful, intelligent, worthwhile, and integrated people; to be an instrumentality for his own redemption and advancement? Why did he stay embroiled in the cess pool that is the LASFS? Why did he permit himself to associate with psychic misfits and social outcasts of every description -- thieves, truants, dead-beats, psycho-pathic drinkers, communists, crackpots, homosexuals -- because they were fans and belonged to the LASFS? Why did he squander untold hours and days and weeks of his best energies toward the advancement of this outre microcosmos? Why indeed? The answering of these and similar questions very shortly became one of my most crying needs.

At the time I wrote the main body of these memoirs in the winter and spring of 1946-47, I was driving out to Covina to see Cecile between three and four times a week. That is nearly an hour's drive, and on those long lonely return trips I used to stew at a great rate as to the whys and wherefores of my sojourn in fandom. From stewing it was but a short step to recalling whole episodes and the recalling merged readily into exhaustive critical analysis.

One night, it occurred to me that if I were to start setting down my recollections it might help my self-analysis, would certainly give me something to keep me at home and away from money-spending temptations on the nights I did not head Covina-wards. And it always had seemed silly to me to write anything on paper when it is just as easy to put it on stencils.

So I tackled Forrest J Ackerman, outlined a 75-80 page brochure of memoirs, and suggested that if the Fantasy Foundation cared to furnish the supplies they could have the profits. We both remembered the $100 plus net profit on Speer's FANCYCLOPEDIA, so it was not difficult to get this backing. The only difference in opinion between us was that I wanted enough copies so I could put it in FAPA while Ackie wanted them all for sale. The final agreement (until Ackerman renigged as I shall describe subsequently) was that I would run off 175 copies, keeping ten for my own use, and all proceeds from the remainder would go to the Foundation, which in turn agreed to absorb every penny of the expense of production.

The casual reader will naturally assume that the writing and publishing of a book such

as this is a monstrous task. In a sense it is. It must be remembered, however, that I had been a fan. The body of this book was written on the stencils in somewhat less time than Laney the fan would have devoted to his correspondence during the same length of time...something like four to seven hours per week. I invariably spent Monday evenings on it, and about two-thirds of the time Friday evenings as well. A working evening ran from about 6:30 until about 9:00 or 9:30. This regime followed for not quite five months resulted in 130 pages of text.

Back to motivations.

I had never really seen fandom as it is until I started my critical analyses of it. It was patent to me that I'd never have been a very active fan if I'd been able to see both fandom and myself in an objective light. It naturally enough follows that I began to wonder just how many other fans would remain in the field if they ran head on into a revelation. So there was a certain amount of altruism involved. In furtherance of this aim, I early resolved not to spare myself in the least; to set down just what happened as accurately as possible regardless of what kind of a braying jackass it might make the Fan Laney. Perhaps, I reasoned, if I use myself as a horrible example it may help some of the other fans to see the light, and analyse their own participation in the microcosmos. An objective and factual analysis of this nature is apt to chill one's interest in fandom very ruthlessly.

So there has been no intentional elision or omission. On the contrary, I have tried to set down everything just exactly as it happened. This of course makes some of the actors in the narrative considerably less than supermen. And I have tried to hold down editorializing to a minimum. My aim has been to set down what happened and let the reader draw his own conclusions. With the exception of several digressions as to my own underlying motivations at different times, I believe I've usually succeeded in this aim.

One motivation that I've not as yet touched on is a strong desire to expose the LASFS. There is something about this group -- with its banality, futility, and downright viciousness -- that affects many people most unfavorably. Those who have little previous involvement with fandom and hence no roots in the field simply turn and run, fade out of the picture. Established fans who get to see the LASFS as it is react in one of three ways. A few will do as I did for years, deliberately close their eyes and ignore the club's worthless vileness. The less aggressive types will quit the club, and in many cases fandom itself; they will scorn and despise the LASFS but will not as a rule take any overt steps against the group, though chortling gleefully when a Yerke or a Laney starts waving his shillelagh. These are people like Liebscher or Wiedenbeck or Burbee. An aggressive person who has gotten deeply involved in fandom will tend to so lose his sense of perspective as to regard the destruction of the LASFS as almost a duty to his integrity and self-respect. It is mighty hard to justify to one's self one's participation in a fandom which boasts the LASFS as a Shangri La utopia. Among those who have at various times felt very strongly that the LASFS should be destroyed are Yerke, Bronson, Ashley, and Laney.

Despite this motivation on my part, my memoirs are not fabricated, or exaggerated or slanted. I could write pages of invective, and they would not be nearly so much of a body blow to the LASFS as the objective ticking off of the daily happenings around the Bixelstrasse, the good along with the bad.

The writing of the memoirs themselves was concluded in June 1947. I let them lie fallow for two or three months and then commenced reading them over with a view to correcting the more glaring errors. It was possible to make many corrections directly on the stencils, but subsequent information on one matter requires an additional footnote.

This is the strange case of E. Everett Evans. This individual went to prison on a morals charge while president of the NFFF, and information emanating from the midwest indicated that he had been called to the colors for top-secret navy work. The truth of the story very shortly leaked out, and I, among many others, was utterly revolted at the hypocrisy involved. My disgust was not abated by the subsequent appearance of Evans' magazine, The Timebinder, with its quaintly homespun, love-thy-brother, philosophy. On him it just didn't look good, this air of sanctity and Christ-like patience and pose of moral rectitude. On him it stank to high heaven of the most blatant kind of hypocrisy.

So I was pretty avidly anti-Evans. (In justice to him, it is only fair to point out that he claims to have been framed, and, more to the point, that I have never seen him do anything or heard him say anything which could point even remotely to any taint of homosexuality on his part -- on the contrary he appears far more masculine than most of the LASFS members, including some known heterosexuals.)

But there were still plenty of objective grounds for taking a dim view of the gentleman, particularly that hypocrisy. So a couple of us started working along a line of attack designed to put Evans on such a spot that his past would out publicly, with the idea both of showing him up for what he is and of making the LASFS a bit too hot to hold him. A clean-up squad, in other words.

The end result of our maneuvers was that Evans largely vindicated himself.

At the LASFS meeting of September 11, 1947, Evans was so maneuvered into the open that he admitted publicly his incarceration and what it was for, though maintaining his insistence that he was framed. He went on to point out that he meant to quit both the NFFF presidency and fandom at that time, but that he was talked into reconsidering, and that the statement to the NFFF on his behalf was prepared without his knowledge until after the event. An individual was present who was an actor in these matters; he backed Evans up, testified as to the truth of this statement.

In other words, Evans was made the victim of a stupendous double-cross. An alibi was prepared for him by his midwestern associates, an alibi which committed Evans most thoroughly. Then these associates, or some of them, apparently worked overtime spreading the rumor of where Evans actually was and why. Evans was still in prison when I first heard of it, so it is evident that shadowy but unequivocal statements were circulating long before Evans got out and started telling about it himself, as he is reputed to have done in private conversations.

What a way to ruin someone -- fix him up with a public alibi and then tear it down privately!

For some time I seriously considered suppressing all mention of Evans' mishaps from the memoirs, but thorough consideration not only pointed out that he was still the same as always but also drove home the fact that his having been made the recipient of some thoroughly despicable treatment did not in the least palliate his numerous shortcomings. After all,

though he did propose to do the right thing and quit fandom and the NFFF rather than to manufacture a lying alibi, he was not at all reluctant to use the alibi once it had been set for him. The difference between a deliberate hypocrite and a fortitious hypocrite is only one of degree, not of kind.

(It may be wondered what I think Evans should have done. He should have been honest. He should have issued a statement telling fandom what had happened to him, giving heavy stress to his claim of having been framed, and asked a vote of confidence in the NFFF. It is not at all unlikely that fandom as a whole would have sympathized with him and sustained him; had they cast him out he would at least have had the inner satisfaction of having acted honestly and honorably, of having acted in complete accord with the philosophic precepts which he pretends to espouse.)

I believe that these additional remarks give the Evans case the overall truthful accuracy which I have striven for throughout these memoirs.

---ooOoo---

The actual publication of this volume has been fraught with difficulties. As was pointed out in FAN-DANGO #16, the LASFS allowed Daugherty to ban me from using the club mimeograph. So then Burbee and I worked out a deal for me to borrow Rotsler's mimeograph. This machine proved unworkable. After a deal of casting around, I finally traded my OUTSIDER for Al Ashley's mimeograph, an ink-smeared relic of another era. If you are not reading this, it means that the ex-Ashley mimeograph didn't work either and I threw the stencils in the incinerator.

Then, on 10 Nov 47, Ackerman wrote me as follows:

"I am personally refunding to the Foundation the money it has laid out so far on the project. Several supporters have counselled that, despite its total lack of intention, inevitable mention of Foundation money used for the production of the Memoirs might be misinterpreted by enemies to mean approbation of a document which in all probability the Foundation would frown upon. As you know, I was thinking only of a means by which the treasury might profit. After I see the TLM, it probably will make me unhappy to contemplate that my money made issuance of the item possible. But between throwing mud at the Foundation and at that leading paranoid/schizoid (take your choice) FJAckerman, fandom has had more practice throwing mud at me..." etc. He also did not wish his name used as sponsor, so I won't.

Well, I was quite willing to do all this work for nothing and let the Foundation have the profit. I am not willing to do this work for Ackerman or any other individual. Consequently, I shall reimburse Ackerman for the money he has advanced (as an instrumentality of the Foundation) and publish the book for my own inscrutable ends and profit if any.

Oddly enough, this Foundation withdrawal merely underlines what I said along about page 128 about the Foundation and its futility as it is presently being operated. What is that sum of nearly $400 for, Mr. Ackerman?

---ooOoo---

Well, that about winds us up. At this writing, my only fan interest is FAPA -- I may be active in that group for years yet and I may not. As long as I still feel the yen for occasional written self-expression, I'll probably be around. But not as an active fan, no sir!

Francis T. Laney

February 5, 1948

CHAPTER ONE
-oOo-
The Golden Dawn
*** ****** ****

Unlike most reminiscing fans, I am unable to point with pride to a long, pre-fan acquaintance with fantasy. My reading tastes have always been quite catholic, and during the days that my contemporaries were going quietly berserk over Gernsback and Sloane, I was quite happily reading and collecting a much more varied bunch of stuff. At that time, my chief fictional interest centered around seafaring tales, and these were but second choice reading as compared with nonfiction dealing with such things as naval history, zoology, entomology, psychology, eugenics, and the American Civil War.

There was a faint amount of fantasy present, however. When I was very little, I read and reread nearly all of the Oz books, and along about 1925, when I was eleven years old, I was completely swept off my feet by Thomas Janvier's In the Sargasso Sea, the Moscow Public Library copy of which I must have read at least a dozen times. I can also recall reading one installment of Ray Cummings' Into the Fourth Dimension in a stray copy of Science and Invention which my father had brought home for some of the shop notes. Jekyll and Hyde and "The Phantom Rickshaw" were also in my bookcase, though neither of them held a particularly high spot in my esteem.

In the fall of 1929, as I started my junior year in high school, I was given the opportunity to take journalism, a course which was ordinarily limited to seniors. Very quickly, I developed a deep interest in writing generally and in the school paper in particular, a trend which led me to editorial writer, feature writer, copy editor, and finally, in my senior year, to the editorship of the paper. Sixteen issues were published under my aegis, and while they strike me today as being excessively lousy, even for high school papers, there can be no doubt that the training I received at that time made fan journalism possible for me. The teacher, Mary E.S. Fox, not only ironed the more obvious flaws out of my writing, but through a most unusually sympathetic approach gave me what will probably always be an abiding interest in writing and publishing.

From 1931 until 1936, nothing happened to me which even remotely could be said to lead toward fannish paths. I completed my University course, stepped out into the world as a young would-be adult, and finally got a job. My interests at this time centered entirely around drinking and dating; though I did a certain amount of reading, most of my time and energy was spent tripping joyously down the rosebud trail. I averaged perhaps two evenings a month at home -- the rest of the time I was chasing.

Sometime in the middle part of 1936, a girl piano player in a Lewiston, Idaho tavern introduced me to Duane Rimel. Both of them were quite drunk at the time, as was I. Neither Duane nor I made any especial impression on each other at the time, though from then on we moved in much the same crowd, and gradually became better acquainted. I can recall only one Rimel-esque anecdote definitely dating from this period -- a pinochle party which Duane and his gal friend punctuated with too much beer, with the result that my first wife and I had to take care of them.

During my association, off and on, with Duane, I had gradually

become aware of the fact that he had not only written but sold some stories to some magazine, but I more or less brushed the idea off. In 1939, after my divorce, I had blossomed out with a new record player and a number of Louis Armstrong records. One Saturday afternoon, I ran into Duane in a beer parlor, the record under my arm attracted his attention (WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SWING and JEEPERS CREEPERS by Louis Armstrong), and the upshot of it all was that we went up to my apartment and had our first joint bash. From then on, we were increasingly friendly, but still, somehow, the matter of writing was never mentioned.

As a result of remarrying in 1939, I moved into a small house in Clarkston, Washington, and, for the first time since I left home in 1935 had enough room for some of my books. When Duane saw them, he was immediately sent (my tastes by this time having expanded to cover realism in the novel) and he delivered me quite a monologue on his aspirations as a writer, his sales to WEIRD TALES and FUTURE, and his correspondence with several successful writers, most notably an H. P. Lovecraft. I was considerably amused by Duane's awe as he spoke of HPL; I'd never heard of the fellow, and anyway figured that no pulp magazine writer could be much good.

Not too long after this, Duane informed me that some small, midwest publishing house was bringing out a collection of Lovecraft's stories, and that he wanted me to read them. (I had previously read the January or February 1939 WT with a Rimel story in it, and had been utterly unimpressed.) In due season, he reverently brought over his copy of the then new OUTSIDER AND OTHERS, and left it with me. It sat around the house for several days, but finally I decided I had better glance at it enough to seem to have read it, and return it to Duane with thanks. I opened the book pretty much at random, leafed back to the beginning of the story I'd opened to, and started skimming through it. That story held me more than any single yarn I had ever read, and when I came to the denouement I was really sent. "The Thing on the Doorstep" is not really a very good tale -- too melodramatic and overdone, and completely lacking in characterization -- but it rocked me that night from top to bottom. I read HPL that night until after three in the morning, and did not really stop until I had read that book through and through.

At this time, Duane's enthusiasm was more or less latent, but I was so completely sent that he began to perk up right away. Yes, he had lots more stories in the same vein -- a whole closet full of WT; yes, he was still writing away merrily; no, he had scarcely any of the books HPL mentioned in "Supernatural Horror in Literature", but HPL had loaned him many of them in some sort of circulating library deal. I immediately made up an alphabetical bibliography of the stuff listed therein, and headed for Spokane and Clark's Old Book Store. The resultant loot, which included a volume of Bierce, set both of us off all the more.

Say, had I ever seen a fan magazine? What the hell was that? Very shortly I found myself with the loan of a complete file of Fantasy Fan, a handful of Fantasy Magazines, and (most important, since it was still being published) several copies of Polaris. My god, I thought, something like this would be fun, but right about that time the writing bug bit me very badly, and it took me several months to work it out of my system. (The less said about the stories I wrote at this time, the better. There were about equally inspired by HPL and Bierce, and the best one -- terrible though it is -- appeared eventually in the first issue of Acolyte. The others have long since met the cremation they so richly deserved.)

I thought very seriously about sending a subscription to Polaris, which I regarded as a likely outlet for my stories, but my interest pretty much waned when I learned that Paul Freehafer, in common with other fan publishers, did not pay for material. (All right, laugh, damn you!)

One of the really big events of 1940 was my discovery of Abe Merritt. FACE IN THE ABYSS and SNAKE MOTHER appeared wellnigh simultaneously in FFM and FN; Duane brought over his copies, and, after he had left, I started reading them. Meanwhile, nature called me, and I carried the darned magazines into the bathroom with me. Utterly oblivious to where I was and what I was doing, I sat there on that WC nearly all night, utterly lost in Graydon's weird adventures. When I finally finished SNAKE MOTHER, the spell broke, I tried to stand up, and was so cramped and cold that my legs would not support me. I collapsed into a heap, and lay there on the floor laughing at myself for being such a damned fool. But I'd give a lot today if I could find <u>any</u> story that would hit me as hard as those two did.

So 1940 faded into 1941. Despite an increasing preoccupation with fantasy, my life at the time was thoroughly normal and enjoyable. Jackie and I got along famously, we were both very much wrapped up in the infant Sandy (then less than a year old), we went dancing frequently, played many evenings of pinochle with other young couples, drove the car a great deal, and otherwise lived like human beings. I spent perhaps two evenings a week monkeying around with fantasy, and oftentimes not even that.

February 1, 1941 Duane and I, in the course of gathering up his girl friend for a party to be held at my house, got into the way of a wild driver. The resulting crash demolished my Chrysler, and put me hors de combat for over two months. Duane was at that time leading pretty much the garret dweller's life, working like a dog with his writing, and picking up his living playing the piano around town. When I became somewhat convalescent, I spent many of my afternoons with him, and bit by bit borrowed and read all his WT (a run 90% complete from 1928 through 1940). Had it not been for the wreck, I daresay I would have escaped fandom altogether, but we were stony broke and without a car until the insurance company paid off, so I fell deeper into the morass of fantasy, and also cultivated much more of a habit of staying at home. The roots of the breakup of my second marriage were very likely planted at this time; since Jackie did not share my interest in the fantasy we gradually began to grow apart somewhat.

In September 1941, we bought a new house (the once-familiar 720 Tenth St. Address) and the moving in, remodelling, and what not momentarily gave us a common focus once again. Duane and I averaged perhaps three sessions a month, playing records and discussing fantasy. On my infrequent trips to the city, I still tried to pick up fantasy in the used book places, but it didn't mean much to me any more, though I used part of the settlement from the insurance company to buy the OUTSIDER.

After a year and a half of good intentions, I finally committed my first acts as an overt fan, sending Paul Freehafer a subscription to POLARIS and Art Joquel 30¢ for three of the pamphlets he'd advertised therein. This was in late December 1941. Joquel promptly sent me SUN T(R)AILS, which was utterly incomprehensible to me, dealing largely as it did with the Hornig/Pogo fracas; and eventually refunded my dimes one by one. Freehafer was slower about replying, but finally

sent me a very friendly note, in which he regretted that POLARIS had become defunct, but suggested that I send the subscription and a poem which I'd also sent him, to a Harry Jenkins, who had taken the magazine over. Under separate cover, he sent me the last three issues of POLARIS; I'd seen them before, but was of course pleased to have copies of my own.

After the delay of several weeks, I sent the poem to Jenkins, and rather to my surprise got a virtually return mail reply, which praised the poem quite unwarrantedly and guaranteed its publication. In April 1942 I received the one Jenkins issue of POLARIS, containing my poem, together with JINX #2, and a copy of FAN EDITOR AND JOURNALIST. I immediately answered at some length, but was given the old brush-off treatment by Jenkins, and lapsed back into normalcy.

About the only fanning that I did for the next several months was reading Rimel's set of READER AND COLLECTOR. They gave me a very high opinion of H.C. Koenig, which better acquaintance has only strengthened. His attitude toward ethics in fan publishing also had a very strong effect on the editorial policy of THE ACOLYTE, if I may get ahead of myself for a moment.

This would be a pretty good place to veer momentarily, and sketch in some information on Rimel, since he is such an important character in these memoirs. Duane Weldon Rimel (pronounced rye'-mel) is the son of Asotin County probate judge R.G. Rimel, and was raised in the hamlet of Asotin, Washington. He is a brawny fellow, 6' tall and weighing 190 pounds, but his entire life has been colored by recurrent inflamatory rheumatism, which first struck him in his early teens, and which has pretty much kept him from the active physical life. About simultaneously with his first semi-invalidism, he became very closely associated with another Asotin youth, Franklin Lee Baldwin, who at the time was actively reading and collecting fantasy, corresponding with H.P. Lovecraft and other fantasy names of the early 30's. Duane straightway got into the Lovecraft circle, and soon both of them were actively contributing to FANTASY FAN, FANTASY MAGAZINE, and others. To bind them still closer, they were both crazy about jazz, especially the piano of Earl Hines. When Lovecraft died in early 1937, Baldwin was heartbroken, and dropped out of fantasy altogether. Duane was also deeply affected, but chose rather to carry on as an Acolyte, having hit WEIRD TALES for the first time in the last issue that Lovecraft saw. Though he sold a few stories, and devoted the bulk of his time to writing, he made a passable living playing piano, mostly around Lewiston and Clarkston, and later as a reporter for the Clarkston Herald, for which he conducted a scientifictional weekly column (Twenty Years from Today) for over two years. Through his membership in the American Federation of Musicians, he became active in the Lewiston Central Labor Council, and eventually climbed across the bar he had leaned on so often. He's been a bartender for about four years now, is still writing (as witness his sale of detective books both here and in England), and eventually hopes to become a full-time writer. He's married happily, and has a small child.

Duane has one of the most attractive personalities I've ever encountered. He couples the insight and sensitivity of the introvert, with the bonhommie of the born mixer. A brilliant raconteur, he is the life of any party, yet has the depth to hold up his end of any serious discussion. He's always well-dressed, and meticulously groomed; and being an unusually handsome fellow, used to be a devil with the ladies in his bachelor days. He is deeply interested

in fantasy, but has never so lost his sense of perspective as to bury himself in it. All in all, he is the sort of fellow fandom needs more of, and, perhaps, would have if fandom but offered this type of man anything worthy of his serious attention.

At this point, we'll verr back to June 1942, and the next of the series of accidents or what not that kept pushing me into fandom. At that time, I was employed in the invoicing department of Potlatch Forests in Lewiston, and, being bucking for promotion, had made it a point to learn every other job in the department. A reorganization of the office moved the big electric Ditto machine into our department, and more or less as a joke, my boss told me I'd better learn how to run that too. I did, and just about the time I rolled the first page out of it I was struck with its possibilities for publishing a fanzine. I immediately inquired into the possibilities of converting it to my own use, and found that no one had the faintest objection, so long as I paid for materials used, and did all the work on my own time.

Coincidentally with all this, Jackie was pregnant with the child Quiggie, and I had a good deal of time on my hands in the evenings, since she was not very well, and found it necessary to retire very early. Another push toward fandom.

Duane and I talked over the Ditto possibilities, and decided we'd try our hand at a fan magazine. It was easy for him to get into that mood, since he and Lovecraft had almost founded one back in 1935, and had been stopped only by Duane's inability to get the old press he had been promised by a former printer in Asotin.

We had absolutely nothing to go on but our enthusiasm. Duane's contacts in the field had virtually lapsed, but we went through his old correspondence and jotted down all the addresses we could find. In going through his stuff, we found poems by Richard Ely Morse and Lionel Dilbeck which had been submitted for the HPL/Rimel effort seven years previously, and were also struck by the possibility of excerpting from the Lovecraft letters. This material, plus a story by Duane and the best of my own abortive efforts, gave us enough for part of an issue.

Most of the letters we wrote to Duane's old list were unanswered. Hornig wished us luck. Koenig regretted his inability to contribute anything, since he was as usual swamped, but offered to assist in the distribution. Emil Petaja (whom Rimel had met personally a few years previously) sent us a story; and Nils Frome, a Canadian who has been in and out of fandom for the past fifteen years, sent us a letter which I attempted to work over into an article. He also gave me the address of Les Croutch, who became my second fan correspondent, sending me LIGHT for August 1942.

Duane and I spent a good part of our spare time that summer typing merrily away on Ditto carbons I had snaffled at the office. He typed his own story, and designed and drew the cover heading; I made up the masters for the rest of the stuff, and gave it what arrangement it had. As the magazine grew, we saw that we could never afford to put out another issue free, and I didn't want to take a chance on selling copies, since it would just get me in dutch at the office if it were discovered. So we decided to make just the single issue and quit.

The masters were all typed up by the middle of August, but it was not until the Labor Day weekend that I slipped down and spent a Sunday running

off and assembling 120 copies in the deserted office. The entire job took only a little more than seven hours, since the machine was a fast electric model in tip-top condition, required no tedious slip-sheeting, and the office afforded almost limitless table space to spread out on for assembling.

Looking at this first issue from the vantage point of 1947, I find it difficult to understand our boundless enthusiasm over it. Rimel's long poem, "Dreams of Yith", and the two-plus pages of Lovecraft letter excerpts are the only items which would have been thoroughly acceptable in the later issues, tho perhaps one or two of the poems might have been usable as filler. Of amusement value only, in light of subsequent developments, is my editorial, which employs the most extreme of the notorious Laney purple verbiage in decrying, of all things, fan feuds!

I have been asked several times as to the origin of the magazine's title, particularly by persons who did not see the earlier issues with the mast-head dedication to H.P. Lovecraft. My inability to think up suitable titles is notorious, as witness the many pictures I've published with the banal caption, "A Drawing", and so it was Duane who christened it. I never did care much for the title, "The Acolyte", but being unable to suggest a better one, let it ride. Through all of THE ACOLYTE's 14 issues, this title, with its strong connotation that the magazine was strictly from Lovecraft, was a constant handicap; but by the time I realized this fact, the magazine had developed enough prestige so that I hesitated to make a change.

Well, there we were, with 120 magazines bravely decked out in gaudy orange covers. The stack looked mountainous to both of us, particularly in light of the fact that our mailing list consisted of only 13 people, several of whom were not fand by any stretch of the imagination. We simply did not have any acquaintance with the field. Under previous arrangements with Croutch and Koenig, we sent 35 copies to each of them. Koenig sent his to the more prominent FAPA members, while Croutch distributed his to the LIGHT mailing list, thereby giving ACOLYTE a North of the Border complexion that it did not wholly lose until it moved to Los Angeles.

Our brief span as publishers having been run, we thought, we settled back and commenced waiting for the avalanche of response. When a month had passed with no particular notice having been taken, we were both heartily disgusted and through with the field. (Do all new editors expect 100% response to their sleazy first issues?)

This account would stop right here, had it not been for the malignant fate that seemed hellbent on pushing me into fandom.

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CHAPTER TWO
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A Fan Is Born
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About the first letter I received about THE ACOLYTE was from C. M. Brewster, an associate professor of chemistry at State College of Washington, and a long term friend. He complimented the issue, and added oomph to his remarks by mentioning that he had a disused mimeograph in his basement and urging me to come up to Pullman and haul it away. Well, what would you have done? So did I.

My dire fate was further abetted by the war. Lewiston/Clarkston is pretty much a company town, and a Weyerhauser company town at that. With shipyards and aircraft factories out on the coast getting into high gear, practically all the less rooted people possessing any initiative were seizing the opportunity to get out of the dead-end one industry town setup and go where they could get ahead a little. The army gobbled up many of our friends; the coast got the rest of them -- and almost before Jackie and I realized it we were almost alone. By December 1942, even Duane had left to go to Pendleton, Oregon. So instead of friends dropping in every evening or so, we commenced hitting weeks on end when no one came to see us and we went nowhere. Yet it happened so gradually that it was a fait accompli before I realized it, particularly with the compensatory emergence into fandom. By that time, my head was turned. Like a fool, I took fandom seriously, found it difficult to manifest genuine interest in much of anything else, and if they can pin the situation onto any one cause, my two little girls can blame fandom for the fact that they do not have two parents and the normal home life which is their right.

But this does not tell of the birth of ACOLYTE into a regular periodical. As soon as I got the mimeograph, Duane and I held an exhaustive pow-wow and set up the editorial policy which, with one change, was adhered to throughout the life of the magazine. We were guided chiefly by Lovecraft's letters to Duane, though the various remarks by H.C. Koenig in four years of READER AND COLLECTOR definitely influenced us, and we moreover tended definitely to pattern ACOLYTE after THE FANTASY FAN. Moskowitz, unless he has already done so in a yet unpublished installment, should really modify his remarks which lead one to believe that first fandom disappeared, except for "later rapprochements", with the death of FANTASY MAGAZINE. THE ACOLYTE, which certainly was a strong influence in the fandom of the middle forties, stemmed directly from first fandom, without benefit of any intermediate steps.

From H.P. Lovecraft, as expressed in his letters to Rimel, came the two cardinal tenets of ACOLYTE'S policy: the furnishing of a medium for the publication of artistic and literate attempts of fantastic self-expression (and an eschewment of the pulp magazines); and the fostering of a literate approach to fantasy through the writing and publishing of serious criticism (as opposed to mere synoptic reviews).

H.C. Koenig, largely through indirect remarks in "Hoist With Their Own Petard", was responsible for ACOLYTE's adherance to a rigid publication schedule coupled with as prompt as possible answering of all mail, and for our policy of publishing nothing whatever dealing with fans and fandom, the studied elimination of juvenility even at the expense of a friendly atmosphere.

From THE FANTASY FAN, ACOLYTE derived the idea of having regular columns (even going so far as to revive one of TFF's own columns complete with its regular editor), of going all out for professional contributions, and of attempting to knit its more devout readers and contributors into a fandom within fandom.

Contrary to popular belief, THE ACOLYTE was never intended as being an organ for the aggrandizement of H. P. Lovecraft. This is the last thing Lovecraft himself would have wanted. The dedication to HPL's memory was intended solely as an attempt to give HPL our own idea of what a fantasy fan magazine should be like. It was quietly dropped after the fifth issue, since it was being so widely misinterpreted. THE ACOLYTE followed pretty closely FANTASY FAN's old policy of publishing articles on any phase of fantasy (including scientifiction) and the weird, but restricting fiction and verse to pure fantasy and weird only. This was done chiefly because we felt that amateur attempts at science fiction were too likely to be modelled after cheap pulp stories, while pure fantasy and weird had a reasonably good chance of being influenced by more literate material. When I finally realized that I just couldn't get enough articles on science-fiction to give a balanced magazine, the masthead was expanded to mention that sub-division of fantasy specifically.

The only major change ever made in THE ACOLYTE's editorial policy may be directly attributed to A. Langley Searles and his superb FANTASY COMMENTATOR, and it was made during the height of my feud with Searles. Both Russell and I (look at me get ahead of myself, mentioning a character I've not even introduced yet!) decided that ACOLYTE was markedly inferior to FANTASY COMMENTATOR, chiefly because the free use of fiction tended to crowd out articles, and quietly adopted Searles' no fiction policy, modifying it only to the extent that we were willing to include stories which we felt were very close to being of book grade. We did not, however, renounce certain previous commitments; and as a result the change did not become fully evident before the magazine finally suspended. Had ACOLYTE continued publication, it would by now (February 1947) consist entirely of articles, departments, and verse; the latter being used only as fillers at the bottoms of pages.

We may have been "mouldy figs"; our first fandom affiliations may have put us somewhat in the light of dawn-age barbarians invading the modern civilized world; but modern fandom must not have been as much affected by Moskowitz, Wollheim, and the others of the 1938-41 period as these gentlemen might have wished. Judging both from subscription requests and polls the fan of the mid forties apparently liked THE ACOLYTE pretty well. (My chest is getting sore; let's change the subject, huh?)

Immediately after Duane and I had made our plans for the continuance of the magazine, I remembered Jenkins' FAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. I dug it out, and sent a medium-long letter, plus a copy of the first ACOLYTE, to nearly every publisher listed therein. This was the beginning of my personal policy, continued until I moved to LA in October 1943, of writing a letter to every fan whose address I could get, sending a sample ACOLYTE and urging both a subscription and material. I never followed up the pro magazine reader columns very much, but the then current WT gave me Manly Banister, who had just hit the mag for his first pro sale, and who was for about a year and a half one of my most stimulating and enjoyable correspondents. And a copy of the Canadian UNCANNY TALES which Croutch had sent me netted Barbara Bovard. Also at about this time I commenced corresponding

with Nanek (Virginia Anderson), who at this time was hitting the FPM reader column quite regularly with Merritt-inspired verse.

The intensive letter-writing campaign shortly bore fruit. Harry Warner sent me the last three issues of the just-folded SPACEWAYS, together with a most helpful letter of comment and suggestions -- the start of an intensive correspondence which has continued to the present time. Warner is easily the Samuel Pepys of fandom. No one else can take the trivia of his daily life and turn them into a fascinatingly readable letter. Harry has always been one of my major influences in fandom, and usually one of the more restraining ones. Though I've never had the pleasure of meeting him in the flesh, through his letters and other writings he has made himself much more real to me than many individuals with whom I've associated daily.

Phil Bronson had published the last Minneapolis issue of THE FANTASITE at about this time, and had sent a copy in exchange for the ACOLYTE sent him by Koenig. An advertisement in it listed several back issues, including the bulky annish which I still consider to be the greatest single fanzine issue of all time, and my receipt of these really threw me over the brink. I promptly became a FANTASITE fan, and shortly had struck up a very enjoyable correspondence with Bronson which continued until I moved to Los Angeles.

At this point, Forrest J Ackerman also hove on the scene, so far as I was concerned. He was one of the few active fans of 1942 who was known to Rimel and myself, but we tended to regard him with a jaundiced eye due to the Ackerman/Lovecraft-Smith feud in the "Boiling Point" column of FANTASY FAN. (This feud had arisen out of an intemperate attack by the teen-aged 4e upon some story of Clark Ashton Smith's. Lovecraft rather unworthily came back with an even more intemperate rejoinder, and after a couple of exchanges, the boiling point was considerably exceeded. Rimel of course had sided with HPL, and I tended to do the same, though not without deprecating the intemperance of some of Lovecraft's remarks at Ackerman. It was from events leading out of this ruckus that H.C. Koenig christened 4e "Balloon-Pants".) The anti-Ackerman feeling in Eastern Washington had also been considerably fanned by FJA's dealings with Lee Baldwin. Back in 1934, Lee had been collecting photos of fantasy celebrities, and had written Ackerman for a snapshot. Forry had replied that he did not send pictures of himself as a rule, but that he would be happy to <u>sell</u> Lee an autographed picture of himself for 10¢! All these events taken together caused us to regard Ackerman rather lightly, so we made no effort to get his address, figuring that he was so well known that probably both Croutch and Koenig would send him the first ACOLYTE, and if they didn't it would make no real difference anyway. The guy was so well known that neither sent him a copy, figuring that we must have done so ourselves. So it was that the then #1 fan failed to get the first issue. Wouldbe #1 fans might ponder on the drawbacks of Fame.

In early October 1942 came a most amazing letter from Ackerman himself. He opened it with a play on words carrying the thought that since we loved Lovecraft we must hate him, since he had once feuded with HPL, and that we had slighted him horribly by not sending him ACOLYTE and he being the #1 face too, but that we were undoubtedly too intelligent to bite off our noses to spite our faces by not dealing with him, since he had more Lovecraft stuff for sale than any man alive. The remainder of the page and a half single spaced letter was a listing of HPLiana, at characteristic prices.

Rimel tended to get angry about the whole thing, but I laughed him out of it. Fortunately for the peace of fandom, which otherwise might have been plunged irrevocably into War, a letter of mine to Bovard had crossed the one from Ackerman to me. In it, I had commented sympathetically with his five page dirge in connection with army life, and had asked her to show it to him, since I did not have his address. So I wrote him a chiding, if amused, letter, ordered some stuff, and all was well. Out of it all came a large bundle of LASFS material (free, too, bless his heart), and my first VOM, #25.

In October came also the first recruit to what was later to be the Acolyte gang. Fortunately for THE ACOLYTE, I have never held truck with graphologists, or else I would have ignored the sprawled, almost childish handwriting on the note which came from Toronto, requesting that a copy of THE ACOLYTE be sent to Harold Wakefield. I almost ignored it as it was, but finally sent the last available copy to the man who for my money is one of the four or five top experts on fantasy and the weird. There'll be more about this lad in the next chapter.

We received letters from a number of other people in October and November of 1942, but the ones I have named are the only ones that jump readily to memory in 1947. There was a delirious quality to this mail that no fan mail since has held for me; I was woefully ignorant of the field, so every letter was an unknown quantity. For all I knew, the guy might really <u>be</u> somebody, or he might be some crank. So what was there to do but follow them all up? I imagine I must have asked nearly every one of these people for material and/or a subscription.

As time drew on, I saw that the second ACOLYTE must be started at once, if it were to appear in December. Material was at a premium, as a quick glance at the magazine clearly shows. I had prodded Croutch into doing a column, which dragged on for four issues. Rimel had, by main brute strength, gotten Baldwin to do a revived "Within the Circle". Banister had sent us a story which at least was long. But there was no article, and nothing in sight. Rimel and I had often spoken of compiling a glossary of the Cthulhu Mythos, and it occurred to me that I might be able to toss something together that would get by. So I ripped into THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS, noting down every entity and place name together with descriptive data. The whole job, including alphabetizing the glossary and stencilling it took only two weeks, and I am still surprised that someone hadn't done it long before. It was surely a cheap and easy way to make a reputation, though this aspect of it did not occur to me until much later. If it had, I doubt if I'd have done the article at all, because it is embarrassing to me to be cited as an authority on Lovecraft, and asked to give offhand remarks and definitions about the mythos when in actuality I know much less about it than most Lovecraft followers. All I did was to turn out an article for a deadline, and I learned just about as much about the subject matter as a mundane journalist will learn about some topic he does for the Sunday supplement.

With this second issue, I set up the publishing schedule that was adhered to rigidly throughout all the Clarkston issues, and was aimed at here in LA. The only way to keep a regular magazine from becoming an impossible burden, I reasoned, is to do it in small, regular gobs. So I divided up the three months between issues: first six weeks, correspondence only, with emphasis on securing material. Next thirty days, cut one stencil per evening, come hell or high water, but never more than one -- and cut it before doing anything else, so as to be as fresh

as possible for it. This left me plenty of time for other things I might want to do. Next two weeks, run off two stencils an evening, but devote one of the two Sundays to running at least six, so as to leave an evening or so free for assembly, addressing, and wrapping. For a fanzine of 150 circulation or so, I can sill recommend this schedule highly, since the chief bugaboo of subscription publishing is putting everything off until the last minute, then doing so much as to get a belly full. The four Clarkston subscription issues of THE ACOLYTE, each scheduled for the 15th of its month of publication, were never mailed to subscribers and exchangers later than the morning of the 15th, and on one occasion as early as the 13th.

The schedule, however, almost hit a snag when I tackled the mimeographing of the first issue. The mimeograph, I discovered when it was too late, was so old as to be unfit for modern stencils, since it required the top line to be a full inch higher than I could put it. Matters were further complicated by a hardened roller, which I did not diagnose for two more issues. By dint of endless experimenting, I finally found a spot just barely within reach of the pickup which would still get all of the print on two sheets out of three. Under such conditions, the second issue was finally sweated out, though there were only 94 usable copies out of an attempted 125. If I'd had any sense, I'd have given the whole thing up as a bad job, but I'm a stubborn character, and besides, the bug had bitten me -- hard.

One other major, from a fan point of view, event (oh gawd! Dunkese!) of the fall and early winter of 1942 was my discovery of magazine science fiction. I had scorned it, in common with all pulp magazines, all my life, and when I finally relaxed my standards and started collecting and reading WT and FFM, I suppose I reacted against the other pulps all the more. This attitude was further abetted by Rimel, who has never cared much for science fiction. But my very deep admiration for FANTASITE, led me to wonder about these magazines which were being so detailedly reviewed in a magazine so otherwise admirable.

So I started browsing the news stands, buying one each of the titles as I discovered them. AMAZING, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, TWS, and CAPTAIN FUTURE were bought once and tossed in the furnace. But I found a mine of information in the fanzine column of STARTLING, and gradually got so I liked even the stories. ASTONISHING and SUPER-SCIENCE knocked me out, colder than a fish. ASTOUNDING I left until last, since it was not displayed among the other pulps, but I went overboard for it when I finally discovered it. A girl at the office introduced me to UNKNOWN, giving me the August 1942 issue with Fritz Lieber's "Hill and the Hole" in it, but apart from that story and one or two others, I never cared for UNK until I started getting hold of the earlier numbers.

My second daughter, later known to fandom as "The Child Quiggie", was born about half way through the preparations for the second ACOLYTE. The stretch of about four months, centered around Quiggie's birth on November 11, 1942, during which her mother was for the most part too much under the weather to be of much company, saw me get mighty deep into fandom. I am restless, and possessed of a driving energy which simply does not permit me to relax and take life easy. At the time I figured that fandom was a good outlet for my energy, that it would keep me from wandering around and getting into woman trouble or spending a bunch of money some other way.

I did not realize then the

insidiousness of it all. In the first place, I naively believed that fans were people pretty much like myself, or Rimel, or Edwards, or Baldwin. It never occurred to me that most fans are neurotic messes, seeking in fandom the fulfillment their botched natures prevent their seizing out of life. Fans are always at their best in letters, and I took them at their self-stated value. Secondly, my friends were all gone: no one was left in Lewiston-Clarkston that I cared anything much about associating with.

Worst of all, I did not know myself. I had a dead-end, low-paid job, secured in the depth of depression, and I'd latched onto it with all the tenacity of a limpet. Events had never given me much confidence in myself -- indeed had had much the opposite effect -- so there I was, kidding myself along with a structure of compensations and evasions of fact similar to that used by the TIME-BINDER crowd. My intelligence, such as it is, told me with a clarion call that I'd better get out of that rut and get a high-paying war job. But emotionally I was incapable of it. In plain English, I had neither the guts to get out of an impossible situation, nor the intelligence to analyse it and see what was wrong. So there I was, not exactly unhappy since evasions and compensations usually sugar-coat our ills, but discontented with a malaise I scarcely recognized consciously.

All of a sudden, boom! I was getting dozens of letters, friendly and well-expressed, praising my efforts (success where I'd been a failure), typewriter acquaintances ripening almost overnight into fast friends (this to a lad whose friends had all left town, and who felt himself too much tied down by family obligations to go out and do things in the evening), and something definitely fascinating and apparently constructive to occupy the long, boresome evenings.

I have never in my life gone quite so far overboard for anything as I did for fandom. At first I left the bulk of my free time free, but even after she'd recovered from having Quiggie, Jackie no longer seemed to care about enjoying life, and had adopted a somber and joyless attitude towards everything which made attempts at recreation unpleasant and the necessary chores around the house and yard almost unbearable. Well, there was plenty of fanning to be done, and imperceptibly it took up more and more of my time. I realized that our marriage, despite the two children, was shot -- yet I recoiled from doing anything drastic about it, and had no success in constructive attempts to bring things onto a more pleasant plane for both of us. (Very likely, the mass psychosis of war, which in 1942 and 1943 did not look very hopeful for anything or anyone, had a marked effect on both of us.)

Well, that's all water under the bridge. The fact remains that for what I hope is the last time in my life, I made an evasive, escapist adjustment to a situation. I took something which at its strongest should be no more than a desultorily followed hobby, and made of it almost a full-time job. If the truth were known, I am willing to wager that at least 50% of the more prominent fans are active in fandom for the same basic reasons I was -- evasion and compensation.

By February or March of 1943, I was for all practical purposes a total fan, heart and soul.

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CHAPTER THREE
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The Acolyte Gang
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Since practically my entire pre-Los Angeles fan life centered around THE ACOLYTE, and since the people I encountered in fandom were THE ACOLYTE, it seems eminently logical to describe the palmy days of the magazine in terms of the people who made it possible. Palmy days! Make no mistake about it, the first six issues of THE ACOLYTE were the ones that really meant something to me; though the material in them was for the most part far superior, the last eight issues were the uninspired product of a meaningless habit, depending almost 100% on the momentum ACOLYTE had picked up during my year as a total fan.

Most important of The Acolyte Gang was, of course, Duane Rimel. Though he took no more than a nominal part in the majority of issues, he was definitely the one to whom I turned to discuss matters of policy and editing, even after he had left Clarkston and moved to Pendleton.

F. Lee Baldwin did not appear on the scene until December 1942, and made no more than three or four trips to visit me during 1943. Nevertheless, he was a major influence on ACOLYTE, and not just because he was my only "in-the-flesh" fan for nearly a year. He was indefatigable in seeking out new contacts for us, particularly among the professional authors, and was directly responsible for ACOLYTE's contacts with Derleth and the Wandreis. His enthusiasm and candidly intelligent criticism were worth far more than his generous encouraging. Lee, born Franklin Lee Baldwin, comes about as near to being my ideal fan as anyone could. He is another of those all too rare individuals who can take his fanning or leave it, whose interest in the field is that of the intelligently desultory hobbyist, and who does not use his fanning as a substitute or compensation for something else. Lee was raised in the hamlet of Asotin, Washington, and was actively reading AMAZING as early as 1926, collecting it and other fantastic literature, and genrally making a nuisance of himself writing to professional authors for autographs and such. His correspondence with H. P. Lovecraft commenced in 1931 and continued very actively until the latter's death in 1937, at which time the heart-broken Baldwin forsook fantasy altogether until THE ACOLYTE dragged him back into fandom five and a half years later. Coincidentally, he was studying piano, and supported himself for several years during the mid-thirties playing in dance bands and taverns all through the Pacific North West. (He is one of the three best white boogie-woogie men I have ever heard, and since the other two are Joe Sullivan and the late Bob Zurke, this is not ungenerous praise. Had he cared to do so, he could easily have made a name for himself in Jazz.) Baldwin's living comes out of the bakery business, and he is definitely a successful man from the mundane point of view, being foreman of the largest bakery in Central Idaho.

In physical appearance, he is short and slender, with pale complexion and dark wavy hair, and has the sort of good looks one is wont to associate with Poe's heroes. Upon meeting him, one is immediately struck by his sharply inquisitive eyes, his rapid-fire conversation, and his dapper vivacity. Baldwin's only apparent abnormality is his unbelievable capacity for food. I remember one occasion when he and Mrs. Baldwin came down to spend the weekend with us. On the way out to the house, Lee stopped at a restaurant and put away a full order of chili and beans. An

hour later, he performed doughtily at the Laney dinner table, eating half again as much as anyone else at the table. By 9:00 that evening he commenced mentioning being hungry, and by 10:30 had me downtown in a cafe, where he topped his evening's eating by polishing off a teabone steak smothered with eggs, a full order of french fries, a full order of salad, a piece of pie, and an antire silex full of coffee. I tried to keep him company, but failed miserably from the gastronomic point of view and was reduced to merely marvelling at such mighty feats of trenchermanship. I still don't see how the man manages to be only 5'8" tall and hold his weight at about 135. If I ate that much I'd look like a garter-snake that had swallowed a chipmunk.

In addition to being one of the best men I know to discuss fantasy with, Lee's musical tastes are impeccable. Well, at least they coincide with my own even closer than do Perdue's. Lee has one of the best record collections in fandom, including a copy (on either original label or reprint) of every side ever made by Earl Hines. For straight bull-festing apart from fantasy and jazz, Baldwin is the full equal of Al Ashley. All in all, I'd say that Franklin Lee Baldwin is right in there.

No mention of Baldwin is complete without bringing in his wife, Evelyn. She is her husband's full equal as a stimulating and informed conversationalist, and moreover possesses one of the most beautiful personalities I ever have encountered anywhere.

Dwight "Whitey" Edwards was the only other fan I met in person until I headed for Los Angeles. He was an ex-fan whose fantasy interests had pretty much crystallized in 1937 or 1938, and whose contacts with outside fandom had vanished entirely when Standard took over the Gernsback WONDER. He had been a charter member and prime mover in SFL Chapter #2 in Lewiston, Idaho (other chief members were Stuart Ayres, Lee Baldwin, and Duane Rimel, though there were three or four others). Edwards still read TWS, and one or two other pros, and browsed considerably in his collection of bound excerpts from WT, Amazing, Wonder, and Argosy of the period 1925-37. He also had most of Merritt in book form and perhaps 50 other fantastic books, together with sets of FANTASY FAN and FANTASY MAGAZINE. I am inclined to believe that he would have become active once more, except that he moved to Seattle to go to work in the navy yard, and I gradually lost touch with him. Had he re-entered fandom, he would have been one of our more notable artists; I still remember with envy an entire apple-box filled with unpublished Edwards originals, many of which compared most favorably with pulp pen-and-inks. Edwards is tall, blonde, balding -- a good mixer, married, and makes his living as a master machinist.

The first out-of-town recruit to the real inner circle of THE ACOLYTE was harold Wakefield of Toronto. Though I corresponded very actively with Harold for more than four years, I never did find out much about him personally, except that his "Little-Known Fantaisistes" column was tough going for him, and usually came forth by his locking himself in his room with a pint of whiskey and finishing both of them about simultaneously. Van Vogt has told me that Harold is quiet and retiring, and spends his infrequent sallies into Toronto fandom with his nose in a book. Be all this as it may, Harold is one of the best informed men along the line of book fantasy. He has no time for scientifiction, but has about the best collection of weird and pure fantasy in Canada. It has moreover been my experience that his critical opinion is unusually

sound. Not only was his regularly appearing column one of ACOLYTE's very best features, but his limitless enthusiasm had more than a little to do with keeping the magazine going, particularly after I had come to Los Angeles and become increasingly fed up both with ACOLYTE and fandom.

Freehafer did not acknowledge the first couple of ACOLYTES until January or February of 1943. When he did so, he sent a subscription for himself and another for a Pvt 1/c R.A. Hoffman at Camp Beale, mentioning in passing that Hoffman was a good man to discuss fantasy with, and was rather lonely and unhappy in the army. So I sent Bob the customary come-on letter and shortly found myself inundated with the most lengthy correspondence I have ever had. At the time, his army job was strictly gold-brick (secretary to the divisional chaplain) and as far as I can tell he spent most of his time during the spring and summer of 1943 writing to me and drawing stuff for ACOLYTE. The drawings were not only stencilled at Camp Beale, they were actually run off there. Our correspondence very quickly got out of all bounds; there being many weeks that we'd each send the other as many as four long letters. This friendship, alas, did not survive a personal meeting as well as might have been hoped -- though Bob and I have never quarrelled and have always been on the best of terms, we very quickly found that we did not have a great deal in common, particularly after I lost most of my interest in fantasy. Our correspondence there in 1943 was just one of those things, but it was a dilly while it lasted.

Bob Hoffman (or RAH as he prefers to be called) has always had too much sense to allow himself to be dragged very deep into fandom. His ruling passion is classical music, and his musical studies both at USC and under well-known Hollywood figures is calculated to land him in the musical end of the motion picture industry. Bob has the largest symphonic record collection of any LASFSer, and in addition collects sound tracks, motion picture music, Cole Porter, and other similar stuff. He is totally non-hep. His interest in fantasy is a sideline, as is his artwork of various kinds, but he has a very fine collection of the stuff that makes fans go mad when they view it at Ackerman's. Bob is a good conversationalist and a good mixer; it is too bad he is such an esthete! But esthete or no, he was a prime mover in THE ACOLYTE from the moment he first hove on the scene until Uncle finally sent him overseas.

I imagine Bill Evans really ought to be numbered among The Acolyte Gang, since he was one of my earliest correspondents, was one of the most regular during the Clarkston days, and worked so much with us along bibliographical lines. Another favorite during mid-1943 was Art Saha, with whom I had a protracted and fervid argumentive discussion on fantasy, part of which landed in ACOLYTE's letter section. But I'll give these two the works later on, when I tell about meeting them personally.

Two Canadians were also strong influences on the 1943 ACOLYTE: John Hollis Mason and Norman V. Lamb. Mason wrote me a series of most marvellous and provocative letters mostly consisting of brilliant criticism and discussion of the stories in the Campbell magazines. Fandom lost a lot of its savor for me when Mason requested me (in mid-1944) not to send him any more letters or fanzines, because his fanning was interfering too much with his mundane life and the only way he could cut it out was to avoid exposure. Lamb is one of these long-time book and magazine collectors who has been bitten badly by the bibliographical urge. He was a major influ-

ence in that he expanded so much my knowledge of fantasy authors and titles; in addition, he and I did a great deal of magazine and book trading. Our relations were rather abruptly severed in late 1943 when the Canadian army sent him overseas..

These ten fans plus Warner and Bronson made up ACOLYTE's inner circle. The Acolyte gang actually had no organized existence as such save in my own mind, but I did think of them in those terms until I left Clarkston.

The year of 1943 was up until early October a very fannish one for me. As I have intimated earlier in these memoirs, I had become in most ways a total fan by February, but I was benighted enough to like it. In the first place I was getting ego-boo by the barrel-full, and my preoccupation with what I was doing kept me quite contentedly snuggled up in cotton batting, drowning out the still small voices which even then nibbled at my sub-conscious telling me to get to hell out of that dead-end job set-up, to get out and make some civilized friends, to lead the life of a human being instead of spending night after night in my den, pounding on a typewriter or twisting a mimeograph crank. In the second place, I seriously and honestly believed fans to be an extraordinarily gifted and worthwhile group of people, and fandom itself to have extraordinary possibilities and potentialities as a force to build up and and improve the persons participating in it. Despite the avalanche of evidence to the contrary, it was not until the spring of 1946 that I finally completely recognized the fallacy of these two unfounded beliefs.

My violent reversal of stand in regards to fannish philosophy is not so difficult to understand when one considers the false impression of fandom I had built up in Clarkston. I was a "purist fan" simply because I felt the persons like Jack Speer whose prime interests in the field no longer centered around fantasy and stf were weakening fandom by dragging in extraneous factors. Since I actively maintained my definitely non-fan interest in jazz even when I was a total fan of the deepest totality, and yet did not find it needful to drag it into fandom, I could not see why these other people could not do the same. I don't know why I was so totally unable to see the inconsistancy between fandom's professed aims and ideals and the antics of people in the field. Part of it was probably due to the fact that nearly every one of my chief intimates was a fantasy/stf enthusiast first and a fan second, but most of it undoubtedly was due to the non-recognition which perforce goes hand in hand with any evasive psychological adjustment.

Well, anyway.

The first big event of 1943 came for me shortly after the publication of the third ACOLYTE. Baldwin had gotten extra copies of it and #2 for use in his proselyting campaign, and sent them to August Derleth, the two issues in one envelope. One day I came home for lunch and found a red hot letter from Little Augie, criticizing the devil out of Rimel's story in the third issue, and lambasting me in no uncertain terms for allowing it to be published. Derleth's point was that the Cthulhu Mythos was at best a difficult thing to use adroitly, and that no one who was not a top flight writer should try to use it, both because such a one could not expect to make a saleable story thus, and because inept use of the mythos tended to cheapen Lovecraft's memory. Well, well. I was a bit miffed about it, but comforted myself with thinking how mad all this would make Rimel. So I went back to work.

When I went home that night, I found the afternoon

delivery had brought another letter from Derleth. I must admit I had quite a chip on my shoulder when I opened it, figuring that he had thought of something else rough to say. But when I did open it, I almost fainted. Derleth praised my Cthulhu Mythos article except for my suggestion that it be used to guide new writers who wanted to use it in their stories, mentioned that he had considered such a compilation himself but had never gotten around to it, and asked me if I would be willing to augment and rewrite it for the second Arkham House Lovecraft volume.

This was the one time in my fan life that I really went goshwowoboyoboy. I'll bet Derleth never in his life got quite as incoherent a letter as the one I sent him telling him I'd love to do the article for him.

When I came somewhat to earth, I realized that I'd need some help. So I induced Baldwin to loan me his file of WEIRD TALES (I already was storing Rimel's for him) and asked Derleth if he could help me out on certain of the stories which were still unavailable to me. His help was prompt and generous, not only did he send me detailed notes on several tales which I did not have at hand, but he also sent me the carbons of the totally unpublished "Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath". I set to work, and read exhaustively everything by HPL and Clark Ashton Smith, making copious notes from scratch. Notcontent with this, I skimmed every issue of WT in the house (1925 to date) and read carefully anything that seemed to have a bearing on the research. During this time, I corresponded extensively with Derleth, and somehow or other got him inoculated with the mythos bug too, for one day he sent me a bulky envelope with the carbons of two new Lovecraftian stories he had just sold to WT, mentioning that my compilation had showed that no fire entity had yet appeared so he had created Cthugha. (I was thrilled to death.)

Somehow, I managed to keep my correspondence perking at full blast during the five or six weeks I was working on the mythology essay, even answering all my mail by return mail. But one day I realized an ACOLYTE deadline was staring me in the face, though the article for Derleth was not beyond the notation stage. I went to work then; and finally turned out the final draft for Derleth in a continuous seventeen hour session at the typewriter one Saturday night. I slept most of that Sunday, then tackled the next ACOLYTE that night, turning the entire issue out in less than a month. It came out on time, but my stint took something out of me.

In the first place, my analytical reading and rereading of those Cthulhuian tales ruined them for me permanently. Those stories depend wholly on atmosphere, and once that is dissected it ceases to exist. I've not enjoyed any Lovecraftian tale since that summer, and my pleasure in other weirds has been little more than perfunctory since that time. Secondly, the rapid pace of getting out the fourth ACOLYTE on schedule got me very much fed up with the magazine. Even to my amnion enflimed eyes, fan publishing began to look remarkably like an old man of the sea.

So I attempted to break loose a little. But Jackie, I discovered when I attempted to associate with her, had become even more dour and joyless than ever. Had she cared enough for marriage and so on to make even the slightest effort right at that time, I probably could have pulled out of fandom quite easily. After a couple of weeks of rebuffs, I slipped back into the morass. That's the trouble with fact evasions and compensations -- they're too easy to fall into.

If one has the old side-stepping habit, he just runs and buries his head when trouble approaches, and probably ends up with his troubles aggravated, if postponed a bit. Had I the proper adjustment, so I could have faced facts squarely and acted on them accordingly, I would have done something about my marriage right then in 1943 -- either given it up as a bad job (probably that) or planned a systematic campaign to try to put it back on its feet. But it was so much easier to evade the issue, and slump back into fandom with the rest of the escapists.

Inside of a month, I'd forgotten the whole thing -- rather pushed it down into the same limbo that the TIMEBINDER crowd uses as a locker for inconvenient facts.

By the time the 5th ACOLYTE rolled out of the Clarkston post office, the magazine was really in the groove. Or so it seemed at the time. Enough first class material for another issue of the same size was on hand waiting stencilling for the sixth issue, my year-long campaign had begun to bear fruit what with an avalanche of subscription renewals and the beginnings of a trickle of usable and unsolicited material. I had gotten that old clunker of a mimeograph licked, and no longer had much trouble with technical details. It was not difficult, either, to ignore my increasing boredom with ACOLYTE when I was getting so much praise, and when I could see improvement from issue to issue. Besides, what an escape! No draft to worry about. No financial worries. No matrimonial worries. Ah, sweet fandom. Sweet escape. Sweet idiocy!

Tho my chief preoccupation during the Clarkston days was THE ACOLYTE, I found other facets of fandom quite interesting from time to time. My acquaintance with VOM commenced with issue #25, and I found participation in the "forum" quite pleasant, though some of the more juvenile effusions were difficult to rationalise with my conception of fandom. The chief lasting effect the 1942 and 1943 VOMs had on me was to saddle me with a wholly unjustified dislike of Jack Speer. He made some remarks about girls smoking cigarettes and chewing gum, implying that such women were bags and unworthy of Speer. Or so I took it. When I asked Bronson about this "callow youth" and found out that Speer was considered one of fandom's Great Minds, I was stunned. I still don't see why I should have resented all this so much, particularly when a rereading shows me that I intensified Speer's attitude far beyond what he said or implied. But I did.

Another trend in 1942 and 1943, logical enough when one considers the Lovecraftian tinge to my background, was for me to try to interest mundane ajay in fantasy publishing. This led to my digging out all of HPL's friends who were still in ayjay (notably Reinhart Kleiner and W. Paul Cook), joining NAPA, and taking considerable time in surveying the better ayjay magazines. Since the good ones do not usually appear in the bundles, but must be wangled individually, this took considerable doing. I did not totally give up on this until late August. During the time I was in NAPA I indulged in a spat with Tim Thrift which did not prove anything except that neither of us were capable of a logical uninsulting argument, got a passel of desirable HPLiana from Cook and Edkins and Barlow, and had a brief argument with Burton Crane. This I'll dig later.

In December of 1942, I learned of FAPA through a notice in FFF, and wrote to Chauvenet, then the secretary-treasurer. I waited on the outside most impatiently for six months, being kept from resigning from the list only by the combined efforts of Bronson,

Gergen, and Warner. (Gergen was a young but apparently brilliant chap who flashed across the fan scene momentarily in 1942 as a member of the MFS, published a bit in FAPA, two issues of a subzine called TYCHO, and then quit fandom very suddenly in early 1943.) Anyway, I finally got in through a most amusing fluke, though I did not learn of the flukishness until later. At this time, Elmer Perdue was vice president and Chauvenet secretary-treasurer. Elmer sent Chauvenet his dues, but in some way LRC overlooked them, dropped Elmer for nonpayment of dues, and notified me that I was in. After the group was committed as far as I was concerned, Chauvenet discovered his error; but it was too late, and the FAPA constitution took one of its beatings by the roster's carrying a 51st member, me.

When I received the notification from Chauvenet, I airmailed him a note inquiring if I would perhaps have time to get a magazine into the coming mailing, my first as a member. He wired me in reply, and through some skullduggery there in Lewiston, the telegram was delivered to the office. We were almost completely idle at the moment, due to the mills' being on strike, so I wangled permission to dash home, jot down Ashley's address, and grab a partially written article I had kicking around. I got back to the office at about 2:30, finished the article (an essay on the possibility of a fanzine anthology), typed it off on ditto masters, ran it off on the company time, and airmailed the edition to Ashley with company stamps. Thus was born FAN-DANGO.

My first mailing (that for June 1943) arrived about a week later. In retrospect, it is chiefly notable for containing the first major exposition of the Slan Center idea, something for which I went completely overboard, as might have been expected from the erroneous and overidealized concept I had at that time of fans and fandom. My rather detailed entry into this discussion started me off on my friendship with Al Ashley, who is one of my favorite people even if he is a heel. And the mailing as a whole sold me on FAPA.

In the latter part of the summer, a peculiar combination of circumstances made it possible for me to help Tucker scoop fandom with one of 1943's hottest pieces of news, the demise of UNKNOWN. John Hollis Mason saw a letter at Van Vogt's, in which Campbell told him that UNKNOWN was finished. He went home feeling pretty blue about the discontinuance of his favorite magazine, so wrote me a letter crying about it. I got it one noon, so at the office dashed off a note to the then new FANEWSCARD with the gory details, catching Tucker, as chance would have it, just before his deadline. Looking back at it, it seems screwy that an isolated fan from the hinterland would be able to make a scoop like this. And looking back at this paragraph it seems even more screwy that I should waste 13 or 14 lines telling about it, but the incident has been on my mind for two pages and I suppose it might as well be told.

From the vantage point of 1947, I cannot help chuckling every time I remember how I helped Walt Dunkelberger, the lard bucket that walks like a man, to get started in fandom. Little did I know! An early summer issue of FANTASY FICTION FIELD mentioned that there was this character in Dakota who published an amateur magazine for boys in the service, who was buying vastly from Unger, and who looked like such a good bet to get into fandom. So I wrote the guy the customary come-on letter and mailed an ACOLYTE to him. It led into quite a correspondence. We even got so far as considering the joint publication of an ACOLYTE-type fanzine, with Dunk

doing the work and me furnishing contacts, advice, and some material. The magazine fell through when Dunk, typically, took umbrage at something someone said to him. I believe, however, that I was Dunkelberger's first fan correspondent apart from Julie Unger. (Well, this is attempting to be realistic; I'll give you the bad with the good.)

With another correspondent from this period I actually did collaborate. Roscoe Wright, 17 years old at the time, was nosing around the fringes of fandom in early 1943, and since he lived in my neighboring state of Oregon, I took unusual pains to bring him into the field. When he finally overcame his initial bashfulness, he became a most prolific correspondent, writing me extremely long letters in a handwriting worse even than my own, sending me short stories for criticism (as if I knew anything about writing!), and so on. When I discovered that he intended to publish a fanzine without possessing even a typewriter, I couldn't resist offering to help, because I knew just about what some of the more supercilious fans would say if they collided head-on with Roscoe's chirography and I didn't want a friend of mine to take that much of a beating until I was reasonably certain he could take it without being hurt. The result was the first issue of VISION. Roscoe also illustrated Rimel's long poem "Dreams of Yith" with a full page ink drawing for each stanza so that I could publish it in FAPA. The drawings were made directly with Ditto ink, and while lacking a bit in technique certainly captured the atmosphere and spirit of the poem.

The summer of 1943 saw the peak of my correspondence with Lilith Lorraine, a Texan who had taken her interest in poetry and made a very good thing out of it by establishing an organization called the Avalon Poetry Shrine. Avalon accepted memberships from poets and would-be poets, offering personal criticism and help to the members, assistance in getting published, and so on. The group published a very good poetry magazine of their own, but the chief attraction to me was Lilith herself, an extraordinarily brilliant and stimulating correspondent, and a fantasy lover from way back, with four published stories to her credit dating from back in the Gernsback days. She contributed several of ACOLYTE's best poems, gave the magazine most of its poetical contacts, and kept me in a constant dither with her talk of a printed, semi-professional fantasy magazine, something which I hoped THE ACOLYTE might develop into. Lilith also published a critical essay of mine dealing with fantastic verse. In many ways it was quite derivative from Lovecraft, but at least it gave fantasy a plug in a medium that had not heard much of it up until that time.

George Ebey and Bill Watson swam into my ken in mid-1943. Ebey was the same supercilious and amusing character then that he is now, though perhaps a little less polished, but Watson was then at the height of his peak as a boy wonder. Both of them were (and are) good eggs, though at times a bit trying to people who take themselves or fandom seriously. Watson's letters were especially interesting to me, and I was unable to realize that this mature and witty person was only 16 years old.

Andy Anderson has told me since that it was my letter-writing that definitely pulled him into fandom, so I suppose I should mention that he became a major correspondent of mine in the summer of 1943, and that his letters were definitely among those I looked forward to, though I must confess I no longer remember much of what passed in them.

As soon as I discovered magazine stf in late 1942, I became obsessed with the idea of building

up complete files of the better ones, but of course ran head-on into the drawbacks of my isolated location. I found a few fairly recent ones here and there in Spokane, got several duplicate Gernsbacks from Whitey Edwards, and when Watson discovered I had read no Heinlein he most generously sent me a large box of ASTOUNDINGs for which he never would accept recompense.

But my real windfall came from Russell Chauvenet. In one of his many butterfly incarnations, the pupa offered me his entire prozine collection for only $20.00 FOB Clarkston. I was short of money at the moment, but snapped it up anyway, paying partly in cash, partly in non-fantasy non-fiction, and partly by giving him one of my two contributor's copies of BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP. I was so excited that I forgot all about Clarkston's having no freight office (the entire county is without railroads) so caused the Chauvenets considerable difficulty. When the four or five packing cases of magazines arrived, I was in seventh heaven. Not only were there few gaps, but there was a wad of desirable duplicates, and I still remember how excitedly I collated, repaired, sorted, and arranged these magazines on my shelves. This was just about the last major piece of fanning I did in Clarkston.

The fifth ACOLYTE had come out September 15, and so I had settled down to the interim activities; in this case, the preparation of the third FAN-DANGO and a veritable orgy of prozine reading. Ackerman himself was no more of a total fan then that I was.

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CHAPTER FOUR

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The Odyssey of the Weird Willys

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As September 1943 faded into October, old total fan Laney had very few redeeming features. I did a certain amount of diaper changing and other services for the Child Quiggie, played records now and then, did occasional chorse around the house and yard, and occasionally was unable to avoid social contact with the Great Unwashed. But the only non-fan activity that really meant anything to me any more was the nightly sessions with Sandy, then 3½ years old. We would play vigorously for half an hour or so, then taper off with a big sing-song of Mother Goose rhymes and suitable childish songs, rocking like mad in a big platform rocker. Then I'd put her to bed, and head straight to my den, for another orgy of fanning.

I was so deeply involved in my escape pattern, that it was very seldom I consciously missed the companionship of marriage, the pleasures of friendship; only rarely that I was momentarily disturbed by the undesirable factors of my job, or by the still unoptimistic probable outcome of the war. Fandom was All. Of course there was a strong subconscious unrest, which would have broken out and led me to positive and constructive action if I'd let it, but the soporific of fandom was so strong that this disquiet very rarely reached the level of consciousness.

That is the insidious and rotten thing about fandom. Just the same as any other evasive compensation, it fetters its participants, and does them positive harm. A head-on and non-evasive adjustment is by no means easy to make, but through its accomplishment lies a person's only hope of attaining genuine happiness and security.

No doubt you are tired of my preaching. So am I. But the chief reason I am writing these memoirs is to try to get you, and you, and you to face your own personal problems like men instead of like fans, get out of the drugging microcosm, and triumph over whatever is keeping you in fandom.

These memoirs are meant as an object lesson. That's the only reason I'm writing them.

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October 3, 1943 saw my little dream world blown sky-high. A new directive from the War Manpower Commission removed the entire office force where I worked from the list of essential jobs. In typical big business fashion, this knowledge was supposed to be kept from us, but one of the minor executives had a sense of fair play, and "accidentally" allowed the directive to circulate through the office.

When I saw it, I like to exploded. Everything I'd been evading and sidestepping rose up three times as strongly as it ever had been before. Our economic situation was precarious enough in the face of rising prices and a growing family; under GI allotments we would have lost our house and everything else. The job was no good anyway, but now it did not even carry draft deferment. And for a variety of probably invalid reasons which I'll not bother you with, I had a dread of army service which was almost an obsession.

Before I had allowed myself to drift imperceptibly into fandom, I had been capable of reasonably positive actions, and long-dormant habit patterns sprang

to life on the instant. That evening I talked the whole matter out with Jackie, decided to take off, and made preliminary plans. The next day I skipped work, talked to my draft board, got a job release from the War Manpower Commission, and then went up to the office and told them I was on my way, but would work two or three weeks while I was getting ready to leave. They were furious about it, particularly when I spent most of that two weeks urging the other members of the force to do as I was doing.

Preparation for leaving was no light job. We owned our own house, and it was indescribably full of this and that. While the bulk of the furniture was earmarked for sale, there remained my home workshop, books, records, and gobs of other stuff which had to be packed for storage and eventual shipment, sold, packed for immediate shipment, or otherwise handled. The house itself had to be sold. My teeth needed some immediate attention. My car, a 1938 Willys sedan, was in bad mechanical condition and required a complete overhaul plus new tires. Gasoline rations had to be gotten.

Not the least of the problems was where to go. I wanted a job which would not only be gilt-edged draft deferment, but which would carry definite postwar possibilities. This indicated a big city, as did my wish to get out from under the company town setup. I didn't want to go somewhere that would offer me a choice between only one or two prospective employers. Five suitable cities were within striking distance: Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. I would have gladly enough moved the 110 miles to Spokane and called it good, since we would have been able to save all our stuff and also avoid working over the car. Jackie vetoed this, said she hated the place, and urged Seattle or Portland, both of which I disliked for various reasons (in-laws living there, too heavy a dependence on shipyards, lousy weather, and other factors). This boiled it down to a choice between Frisco and LA. So the final decision was for me to head to California alone, aiming for Los Angeles, but laying over in Frisco long enough to study the employment and living possibilities of the Bay Area. If San Francisco did not suit, then it had to be Los Angeles.

I decided to go to Los Angeles anyway, since I could get enough gas for the trip, and compare the two cities -- so I made arrangements accordingly. It occurred to me almost at once that if I worked out my itinerary carefully I ought to be able to mooch overnight lodging and meals from fans along the route. So I wrote to Roscoe Wright, Bill Watson, George Ebey, and Andy Anderson. Knowing that LA was in the midst of a housing shortage, I asked both Phil Bronson and Paul Freehafer if there was any chance on being put up by some club member for a week or so.

Most fan activity was of necessity shelved immediately, but I did have two irons in the fire that had to be handled someway. Bill Evans and I had been working for nearly a year on a bibliography of H.P. Lovecraft which had advanced to such a point that my share of it would be discharged if I cut one stencil. As good as done. And I had written, on Ditto masters, five pages of comment on the last FAPA mailing which I knew would be lost if I did not run them off before I left. So I finished up the third FAN-DANGO on the company time.

Otherwise I buckled down to work. At first I missed the customary fan activity somewhat, but the relief of actually <u>doing</u> something for a change, and the fun of making the necessary personal contacts to get things I needed very shortly shoved fandom into the background. I was still a fan, yes,

but for the first time since I got so deeply involved in the microcosm I realized how deep I was in, what I was losing thereby, and how much nicer it would be to keep fandom as the hobby it should be, rather than almost a full-time job. Unfortunately, my burst of clarity did not extend to showing me WHY I had gotten in so deep.

By dint of working night and day, three weeks to the day from the moment I saw the WMC directive the house was sold, vacated, and a rebuilt Willys loaded to the groaning point with my records and a basic minimum outfit for me was sitting in front of the house ready to go. Jackie and the children were to go to her parents for a couple or three months, until I could get a place. And I had accumulated myself a passenger, a friend of Rimel's named Aaron Shearer. Aaron had no interest in fantasy or fandom, but he was a crackerjack guitar man, and shared our jazz interest strongly.

One utterly mad stroke of luck had befallen me during the three weeks of preparation. While dashing about the rain-swept streets of Lewiston trying to expedite the motor overhaul and the tire retreading, I happened to spy a cigarette-shaped object lying in a puddle of muddy water. Something about it took my eye, and I picked it up, dashed into a nearby hotel, locked myself in a toilet-stall, and investigated. The soggy wad turned out to be a tightly rolled sheaf of greenbacks -- $385 worth, including the first $100 bill I had ever seen -- and not a scrap of identification. No use advertising it, though I did watch the Lost and Found closely. It was probably lost by some lumberjack in town on a drunken tear. Whoever lost it did not miss it enough to advertise, so I was "in". Actually, it was a bad thing to happen, since it made me feel entirely too prosperous, and led me to spend a whole lot more money on the trip and shortly after than I should have. But it still was a stab.

So with a pocketful of money, I chugged out of town on October 25, 1943. The car was so heavily loaded that the rear fenders scraped on the tires with every hard jolt, and even with the rebuilt motor most hills were a strain and required going into second gear. Aaron and I decided that 35 miles an hour was enough, what with a five year old car wearing all five of its original tires. The new treads did not restore the rotten casings.

Our first stop was to be Portland, Oregon, where non-fan friends had agreed to park us. Fifty miles short of town, the clutch went out, and I still don't see how we got into town under our own power, what of it we could still get to the wheels. I was frantic. The car was too badly crippled to try to find our friends' house with it, so we shoved it in a garage and went to a hotel for an unscheduled two day stopover. "Three weeks, anyway", the mechanic told me; but I handed him an inspired line of bull about how much the war effort depended on our being in Los Angeles by November 5 (using a fictitious yarn about my connection with Lockheed, and an equally fictitious one about Aaron's connection with Navy recruiting which we backed up with his honorable discharge papers from the Navy). So the man fixed us up anyway. Synthetic taurine excretia is often a great help to one.

While in Portland, I discovered a fabulous cache of stfzines in a store but a half-block from our hotel. The place had a special room stacked ceiling high with virtually mint copies of nearly every issue of every magazine. The biggest haul was a mint set of AMAZING QUARTERLY for 1928, 1929, 1930, and 1931; though I also bought largely of 1937 and earlier ASTOUNDINGs and completed my file of WONDER. This is the best magazine store I ever found: in nearly every instance I had from three to ten fine to mint copies of

each issue from which I could make my selection. Bill Evans, who knows the place well, has since told me that it had gone to the dogs by the time I found it. Cthulhu knows what it must have been when Bill first hit it!

With the car finally fixed, we pulled out of Portland en route to Toledo, a cross-roads settlement near which lived Rosco Wright. This necessitated a fifty mile detour out of Corvallis, where Aaron had proposed to stay the night. Being near a big army post, the town was so packed that he couldn't get a room, so reluctantly he headed Roscowards with me.

(I might veer to say that Milty Rothman was stationed just out of Corvallis at this time, but we were unable to make connections with him since he was at the moment alerted for one of his many moves.)

Toledo, we found, is situated high in the coast range, over an execrably steep road, which practically tore the guts out of the overburdened Willys. After hours of climbing, we hit heavy fog which further slowed us, and it was close to 9:00 PM when we finally arrived at the Wright farmhouse, or rather at the base of it. (The house is 50 feet over from the road and about 25 feet up from it.)

It was nice and warm in the car, but the icy blast when we opened the door nearly laid us out. But at the top of the hill was a short, stocky young man who was almost incoherent with excitement. Almost his first words were to warn us to say nothing about our religious beliefs, because all fans are atheists and his folks are hyper-religious (Seventh Day Adventist) and never the twain shall meet; also, would we oblige him by attending the nightly family prayer meeting and Bible study if we were asked. We assured him we would do nothing to abuse his hospitality, and dashed into the house hoping to get warm.

The house turned out to be one of the coldest buildings I've ever been in. It is strictly pioneer, built loosely of unplaned rough boards, and was not designed for effete urbanites. As nearly as I can deduce, the place is a homestead, probably submarginal, and is attractive to Rosco's parents chiefly because they are the pioneering type born fifty or seventy-five years too late. A hilly and rocky farm such as this certainly cannot bring in much income, and the isolation (six miles from a village cross-roads) would be bad enough for me even with a car, and would be impossible without one. Yet the Wrights did not even have a truck, and were dependent on a neighbor for transportation and hauling. I daresay that the early settlers of the west must have lived much as the Wrights were.

I do not mean to seem disparaging. The house, though primitive, was comfortable enough in a spartan sort of way; and the hospitality was far more genuine than what one usually meets. But the gap between this homestead cabin with its pot-bellied old heater, and my accustomed surroundings was simply too much to bridge comfortably in a single evening. Very shortly I went out to the car and got every extra coat and sweater I could in order to bear the temperature Rosco was taking in his shirt-sleeves.

Rosco's father is a virile old man in his late sixties or early seventies, and his mother is a woman perhaps 38 or 40, work-worn and quiet. There are siblings galore, ranging down to a little toddler scarcely older than Quiggie. The family life was of a patriarchal nature and apparently centered chiefly around giving glory to God. Other activities were for the most part bent on wresting an existence from a most unpromising en-

vironment.

Rosco had an attic room of his own, to which we shortly repaired. Two of the windows were broken out, and the fog-laden icy air coming in through them had a rough effect on my tendencies to bronchitis. I couldn't help wondering why Rosco had not boarded up the empty sash with some of the dozens of boards stacked under the eaves, and why he had not taken some more of them and built some shelving, since his collection was stacked in the bodies of two gigantic old baby buggies, and in apple boxes. I am afraid I was rude enough to mention this.

Rosco was about the hardiest character I have ever met, for while Aaron and I shook as though with ague even though we were bundled up like mummies, Rosco sat there in his shirt-sleeves and stocking feet. Though he was blue with cold, he seemed comfortable enough.

And I, at least, soon got so deep in conversation that I more or less forgot how cold I was. I told Rosco most of the stuff contained in these memoirs up to now, and also dragged some of the more get-at-able stuff out of the car to show him. He showed me gobs of his drawings, his collection (which was better than mine at the time), and a bunch of other stuff; told me of his aspirations as a writer/artist; and did a certain amount of stewing over the imminence of being drafted. When I found out that he had not only never been to Portland (not more than 175 miles away) but had never even been to Corvallis (a mere 35 or 40 miles) I realised that the draft could easily be the making of him. (It was, too; the Rosco Wright who wore uniform around LA a year later was a far different man from the boy we met that night in Oregon. The only thing unchanged was that Rosco then and now is a swell person, vital, sincere, friendly, and a lot of fun.)

We talked until 2:00 in the morning, breaking our stint only to go downstairs for the religious meeting which turned out to consist of the reading of what seemed to me an irrelivant chapter of the Bible, totally without comment, and rather long vocal prayers. I felt at the time that Mr. Wright was the religious member of the household, and that he had trained his family to be more or less acquiescent, but I may have been wrong. In any event, it was evident that Rosco's father disapproved of his drawing and writing quite strongly, and that his mother probably made it possible. Mr. Wright seemed to be a man to whom religion was the only actuality, and he coupled this attitude with a very forceful and unyielding personality.

At six the next morning, Rosco routed us out of bed, we had breakfast at 6:30, and all had left the house by seven--the Wrights going in a truck with some neighbors to the county seat twelve miles away, and we heading back towards Corvallis and the highway.

The frigid evening shortly had its repercussions; by noon my voice was utterly lost, and I could speak only in a hoarse whisper. I was moreover so racked with deep bronchial coughing that I was unable to drive. I was frantic. Not only was I afraid of getting sick in this unfamiliar country (there isn't a town of more than 10,000 between Corvallis and San Francisco) and going broke waiting to recover, but I had a definite date to meet Bob Hoffman and go meet Clark Ashton Smith on November 1.

A druggist fixed me up with some throat tablets which gradually brought me out of it, but I was a pretty sick lad for a couple of days. Aaron did most of the driving, though, and

the easy stages of the next two days had me OK by October 30, when we laid over in the sun at Chico. John Cunningham was stationed there at the time, but we didn't bother--spending several hours looking through second hand stores and getting a number of very desirable records. Around sundown we finally arrived at Camp Beale, headquarters of RAHoffman and the 13th Armored Division.

Bob had reserved a room for us in the guest barracks; we had considerable difficulty locating both it and Hoffman, but finally made the grade. The three of us chatted for a while, then Aaron heard music coming from somewhere and went to investigate. Bob and I adjourned to his barracks, where my civvies brought me the biggest barrage of whistles and catcalls I ever had in my life. I managed to weather the storm, though, and soon found myself in the middle of a big conflab with his cell-mates, all of whom went to great lengths telling me to stay out of the Army. In mid-evening, Bob recollected that he had prepared some Hoffmania for THE ACOLYTE, so we adjorned to the chaplain's office and spent nearly an hour looking at the crifanac Bob had been doing on army time.

It being closing time at the Post Library, we went thither to meet one of the librarians, an attractive but plump girl whose name I no longer recall, but who had been subscribing to THE ACOLYTE with considerable interest and had been having big bull sessions of a fantastic nature with Rah. We collected her and walked through a big recreation hall where a dance was in progress. Struck by a certain familiarity in the solo guitar, I moved where I could see, and sure enough, his civvies sticking out like a sore thumb, there was my boy Aaron sitting in with a 15 piece GI swing band and having the time of his life.

Bob, the girl, and I went to the parlor of the visitors' barracks and spent the rest of the evening talking about fantasy, arguing about music, and generally conflabbing. In the course of all this, Bob and I perfected our plans to visit Clark Ashton Smith the next day, and the session closed on a high note of excitement.

We had to wait until noon the next day for Rah to clear himself with Uncle, but the time passed very quickly when we got to watching a bunch of tanks maneuvering. The Weird Willys creaked and we moaned when Rah finally squeezed into the front seat with us, for he is what might well be described as a Plump Boy, and that tiny car was plenty full to start with---but the couple of hours drive to Auburn passed very quickly, despite a lousy road that knocked another couple of thousand miles of WW's life.

Smith live a couple of miles out of town, and is at least a quarter of a mile from the nearest road. So we parked on the edge of a dirt cow-track, and started walking through what Hoffman insists is the fabulous Forest of Averoigne, actually the remains of an orchard abandoned to the wilderness. Smith's cabin, a weather-beaten two room shack, sits well away from the trees in the midst of a rocky and desolate pasture. On approaching it, one is struck equally by its forlorn loneliness and by the beautifully built rock wall Smith has built around his dooryard.

I had of course heard a great deal about Clark Ashton Smith, and seen many pictures of him, but none of this had prepared me adequately for the man himself. He is tall and slender but well-made, and has a much more striking and massive head than his pictures indicate. On the occasion of our visit he wore dark slacks with a light sport coat and of course his omnipresent beret; trivial, perhaps, to mention the man's

clothes, but it seemed vaguely incongruous to find the man who had written the sort of thing he has, dressed like any college student. And even more incongruous was it to discover, with a touch of pleased surprise, that the man I had thought of as aged and vibrant with a knowledge not of this world was instead as youthful as any of us. Smith is extremely shy at first, but as he gradually comes to feel that he is among friends who will not ridicule his mode of life and thought, he unbends, and becomes one of the most gracious hosts and entertaining conversationalists I have ever known.

We spent the afternoon drinking wine, talking, and being shown Smith's collection. His books, a choice and varied lot, including many surpassingly beautiful illustrated editions, are very much worth examining, but the real stab came from the surprisingly large quantity of artwork, mostly the creation of Smith himself. His sculptures, using the small boulders picked up in his yard, are somewhat known to fantasy lovers, several of them having been shown on the dust jacket of LOST WORLDS and in the illustrations in MARGINALIA. There were far more of them, however, than I had imagined--at least a hundred.

But the high point of the afternoon came when Smith brought out a stack of original drawings and paintings at least two feet thick. Perhaps 25 or 30 of them were commercially published ones, including the originals of most of Smith's drawings from WEIRD TALES, and the Finlay original from "The Thing on the Doorstep". (This last, incidentally, is by far the best Finlay pen-and-ink I have ever seen. Made before Virgil started drawing to size, it measures something like two by three feet, and has a mellowed beauty encountered but rarely among magazine illustrations.) There were also several early Boks, including a couple of wonderful unpublished ones, and an unpublished Roy Hunt drawing of Tsathoggua.

Smith's own drawings and paintings, every one of them unpublished, made up the rest of the stack. Nothing of his that has been published gives any inkling of the man's stature as an artist. In technique, of course, he lacks a good deal, being entirely self-taught. But he more than makes up for it with subtle and bizarre ideas, by a surprisingly good sense of form and structure, and above all by his unconventional and often superlative use of color. Most of the paintings are done in showcard paint, or something very much like it; they tend to be garish, but yet there is a certain use of restraint that makes even the most unrestrained ones quite acceptable. Perhaps twenty show entities from the Cthulhu Mythos; the remainder are extraterrestrial landscapes, divided about equally between non-human architecture and alien plant life.

Of the conversation I no longer remember much. Unforgettable, though, was Smith's impressive recitation of a medieval formula to raise the Devil. The afternoon was just guttering away into twilight, leaving the room in a hazy half darkness; between the look in Smith's pale eyes, the overtones in his voice, and his powerful delivery, I must admit that the chills were really going to town playing hide-and-seek along my backbone. Materialist that I am, I was actually relieved when Smith paused and remarked that he wouldn't repeat the spell a third time, for fear it would work! Then he laughed and the spell broke. But the man has dramatic powers which I believe might have made him famous as an actor had he followed that art.

With the onset of darkness, we went into town for dinner, taking Smith to a Chinese restaurant he had recommended. Our entry took on the air of

a triumphal procession when we encountered the Auburnites, nearly all of whom greeted Smith warmly by name. It was pleasant to see that he is so well thought of by his fellow townsman, a type of recognition not always given to creative artists.

Smith had a date at 8:00, so we left him downtown and headed the Weird Willys towards the Golden Gate. His parting sally was unforgettable. Aaron was riding high on a fresh fruit kick, and just as we were leaving he dashed into an open market and bought a large sack of grapes. Smith looked at him with an air of profound disbelief, turned to me and whispered, "That may be all right, but personally I prefer the finished product."

We had been planning, happily, to have the Hoffmaniac drive us into San Francisco, feeling that we needed a bit of rest. Imagine our stunned surprise when we discovered that this non-commissioned officer in an armored division was totally unable to drive any kind of self-propelled vehicle! In vain we pointed out the intimate family relationship between the Weird Willys and a Jeep; he informed us, smugly, that he had flunked a jeep driving examination and by army order was not permitted to take the wheel of any automobile, truck, or such.

Aaron being exahusted from the disproportionate share of driving he had done through southern Oregon and northern California, it looked as though I was elected. The Weird Willys chose that opportunity to go very, very sour on us. The lights faded out into faint ghosts of themselves, the motor began to miss and clank, and to top it off, I shortly discovered that we had no brakes left. The drive, through utterly wild Saturday night traffic, was a nightmare; we were unable to maintain enough speed to keep out of peoples' way, and were moreover blinded every time we met another car.

But we finally rolled into Oakland shortly after one in the morning, after a long conversation about the possibilities of a weird session at the Pacificon put Aaron to sleep. Hoffman suggested that we drive out to Tom Wright's house. I had plenty of misgivings about pushing doorbells at that hour, but Rah egged me on. The fragile little fellow who minced to the door didn't like the idea at all, and was at first even less cordial than I would have been under analogous circumstances. But Rah finally talked his way in and we phoned George Ebey, who had been expecting us but had given up. He had room for two, he said, but Tom, finally awake, had become more hospitable and invited Aaron to stay with him.

When we got out to Reinhart Drive, we found a delightfully zany household. George's mother and a friend had just returned from working swing shift, coffee was brewing, and a disjointed conversation sprang up. At first acquaintance, George was a bit disappointing, acting adolescent as all get out, and it was not until I met him on subsequent occasions here in Los Angeles that I realised he is one of the better characters I met through fandom.

Mrs. Ebey walked all over him for not having made us up a clean bed, but we were too tired to give a damn--even when he told us with high glee that Degler had slept there and the reason he hadn't changed it was that he was saving it for us. The bed <u>was</u> vile. When we saw it, we immediately decided not to undress, <u>and</u> as an additional precaution sleep between the top sheet and the blankets. The pillows we covered with an old blanket out of the car. I was convinced Degler must have kept a sow and litter for bed partners, but George swore this was not the case.

Since this is the first time Degler raises his stupid face in these memoirs, perhaps I should backtrack a bit. Shortly before I started packing, I received from T. Bruce Yerke his initial letter of inquiry about Claude Degler/Don Rogers, in which he was attempting to asseble data for his report on the Cosmic Circle. Amusingly, this was the first I had ever heard of Degler, but I answered, and emphasized that any use of my name or that of THE ACOLYTE was totally unauthorized, that I hadn't given Degler permission to use it, and if he was as described I never would. Shortly thereafter I got the FAPA mailing with the first COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR, and practically blew a fuse laughing over it. As I thought the matter over, I saw that rubbish like that could only serve to give fandom a black eye, and became increasingly angry about it, but finally decided the best counter-attack would be heavy-handed satire. (Widner and Kepner also felt this way, judging from the three take-offs in the next mailing!) Then about midway through my packing, Yerke's report finally came. I read it, and without failing to notice Bruce's tendancy towards one-sidedness realised that he had more than proved his point. From then on out, I was thoroughly anti-Degler, and when I saw that utterly vile bed I became slightly bitter about the whole thing. You must remember that I still held very high ideas of fandom, and that nothing even remotely resembling Clod could well be imagined as fitting into fandom as I visualised it.

Well, back to Oakland. The next morning, after meeting George's sister and baby and devouring a big bait of finnan haddy, we drove over to Wright's to pick up Aaron. There we ran into the contretemps of having four people to fit into a car that was so loaded that it would barely hold three. Since George knew public transportation, I suggested that he and Aaron ride the streetcar, and let RAH and myself meet them at Bill Watson's. Though he could see for himself that four people could not possibly get into the putt-putt, he chose to take this as a personal insult, and stalked off down the street muttering angrily to himself. We did not see him again until the next yearin Los Angeles.

Not without cussing him a bit, we left Tom Wright's and headed across the Bay Bridge into San Francisco. (The hazy reference in that last sentence is to Ebey, not Wright! Ah, this composing on the stencil!) The car was acting worse and worse, but we made it--and, through a mixture of fool's luck and Aaron's alert eyes, spotted a hotel with a Vacancy sign and knocked off a big room with twin beds. I plunked the car in a parking garage, and started to walk the six blocks to 1299 California Street, and Willie Watson. If I'd realised it was six blocks <u>up</u>, as well as over, I probably would have driven.

Anyway, in due season I arrived, and was met by a most door-filling character. Bill Watson is a big fellow, sandy and freckled but good looking, poised, slow-talking, and probably packs around 195 pounds on his six feet of lazy carcase. I had known, of course, that he was only 16, but nothing in either his appearance or actions gave the faintest hint that Willie was not at least 25. His affectation of boredom is a bit too obvious, and he might be criticised for tending to be a little too much the esthete, but all in all I'd say Bill Watson is one of the five or six best men I met through fandom. A brilliantly entertaining talker, mature and sophisticated--certainly a stimulating companion with whom to spend an afternoon or a month.

Sitting in a corner, with his nose deep in a book, was an owlish looking character in the blues of the merchant marine. It turned out to be my old pen-pal Art Saha, from Hibbing,

Minnesota, who was stopping over in Frisco after his first voyage. Saha was a pretty constant companion during the time I was in Frisco, but somehow he managed to get in my hair something scandalous; chiefly, I think, because he had such unbelievable naivette. When he came to Los Angeles a year and a half later he was totally changed from the bumpkin with alfalfa in his pants that haunted me in the Bay Area.

During the three days I spent in San Francisco I had three or four big sessions with Watson, few details of which I can remember, except that he showed me the bulk of the first diablerie, and a good part of the second one. I also did a good amount of book and magazine store haunting, usually with Saha; and got an unbelievable quantity of good stuff at give-away prices, including a whole stack of absolutely mint 1929 and 1930 AMAZINGS at a dime a copy.

I did no job-hunting whatever, since the raw damp air had set my bronchitis off but good. Nearly every time I stepped outdoors, I was bent double with agonised coughing, which on three or four occasions led to my losing my last meal into the gutter--and all this despite generally sunny weather. It was obvious that I could never live in the Bay Area; in fact I'd not have stayed three days except that the car was in the shop that long. Had it not been for the god-awful climate, I would have stayed regardless of LA, since I was sick to death of driving that pile of junk, and also had heard a good deal of disquieting information about the LASFS from Watson--but I couldn't help thinking about that vaunted southern California weather.

One very interesting evening came when I had a big record session with Bill and Edith Dart of Oakland. I had traded records with them through THE RECORD CHANGER, and had dropped them a note suggesting a bash if I had time on my way down the coast. Saha more or less invited himself along, but I fear he had a boring time. The Darts are both jazz purists of the mouldy fig variety, as might be deduced from the fact that he is the drummer in Lu Watters Yerba Buena Jazz Band, and I found their dogmatism a bit amusing. But they are swell people, very much wrapped up in each other and in their joint record collection, and they showed me one of the most enjoyable evenings I have ever spent.

Bright and early Wednesday morning, November 3, we found that the Weird Willys was ready to roll, so in deference to my cough we headed down the coast towards Pismo Beach, a resort town noted for its twin biological products: shellfish and Andy Anderson. The trip down was uneventful, except for the glimpses we got of the shipyards, and the covey of blimps which played tag with us for an hour or so.

We arrived in Pismo and found Andy to be a gigantic young man with big knobby wrists and ankles, a shock of curly blonde hair, and a stentorian voice. His mother, whom we saw only briefly, is extremely attractive, and very young looking to have whelped such a massive giant. I still feel bad about usurping her bedroom, but she insisted that she'd already made arrangements to stay across the street with some relatives, that we were tired, we needed the rest, and we were going to sleep there; that was all there was to it. I chatted with Andy for a couple of hours, examined preliminary sheets of the then new CENTAURI, and when I found how poorly he was fixed for stfzines sold him a big stack for $5.00. (A good $40.00 worth according to Garage prices.) Pretty soon though, I got so sleepy I couldn't continue, so we hit the sack with a crash and got a much needed rest. For me, it was the first night unbroken by protracted coughing for more than a week.

The next morning we fixed breakfast ourselves, Mrs. Anderson not yet having returned, and I got somewhat better acquainted with Andy, being wide enough awake so that I could see him. He seemed swell, and subsequent encounters have only confirmed this impression.

Towards noon, we headed down the line to Los Angeles, but had no more than begun enjoying the drive when the Weird Willys once more went temperamental on us. We managed to nurse it quite close to town (somewhere out on Ventura Blvd.) but surrendered and put it into a shop for a while. We got fast and cheap service, but a new generater was indicated, and my failure to get one at the time was largely responsible for my being carless for a couple of months in early 1944. Such a pile of junk!

I had figured out from a map how to get to Paul Freehafer's apartment (2325 Ocean View Ave.) and felt rather elated that we hit this rather hard to find address with no false moves, the first time during the entire trip that previous astrogation paid off without either making inquiries or getting lost.

But it did little good; Freehafer not being home. We held a consultation, went to an early dinner, and returned to a still empty apartment. So in the hope of getting a lead I called up the LASFS. A booming voice nearly knocked the receiver out of my hand, and turned out to be Arthur Louis Joquel II in one of his more expansive moods. Yes, yes, Freehafer would certainly be in later in the evening since he had to preside at the meeting; who was this?; oh yes, we are expecting you; come on down; this is meeting night.....

Well, I was much more in the mood for bed than a club meeting, but I was supposed to stay with Freehafer until I got established, and Aaron had to go downtown anyway to locate himself a room, so off we went. I was just at the point of entering fandom's self-styled Shangri-La.

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CHAPTER FIVE
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Utopia In Shangri-La
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It was on November 4, 1943 that I made my first personal contact with the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and I encountered the club at one of its all-time highs both in membership and activity. Nevertheless, as will shortly appear, the LASFS left a great deal to be desired. Even on that night, certain features of the group left me with a slightly unpleasant taste in my mouth. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

We drove up at about 6:30, and found the clubroom in the sole possession of a thirty-ish looking man considerably inclined to embonpoint. It turned out to be Joquel, the one man in fandom whose normal speaking voice can drown out Andy Anderson. He greeted us cordially, explained that a large number of the members were even then about to arrive from their dinner at a nearby cafe, and we commenced a desultory conversation. Aaron very shortly left to find a room, and I began roaming around the room, examining the originals, which were the first I had seen except for the ones at Smith's.

Then as now, the LASFS occupied the 14x16' storeroom in the Wellman Apartments, with a street entrance at 637½ South Bixel. The room is a blend of pigsty and monk's cell. When I first saw it, it was even worse than it is now, since many of the members were using the place as an office, and their personal papers and other impedimenta were strewn around in careless abandon. There was an austere and extremely dirty couch in one corner, and a rickety old square table covered with typewriters and loose papers. A large mimeograph sat on an upended fibre barrel, and another similar barrel was packed to the bursting point with wastepaper. A couple or three ramshackle home-made bookcases filled with tattered magazines, and 25 or 30 uncomfortable folding chairs comprised the remainder of the furnishings. The shortcomings of the room and contents were made even more apparent by the pitiless glare of six or eight naked light bulbs set in sockets around the wall. The floor was a welter of cigarette butts and other trash, not the least of which was the filthiest and most badly worn out rug I have ever seen.

I had of course followed with great interest the accounts in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES and elsewhere of the LASFS and its new clubroom, but the Utopian atmosphere of these accounts certainly had not prepared me for such a hole. I had imagined that a clubroom such as this would have indirect lights (probably from a couple of cheap floorlamps), a number of second-hand but comfortable easy chairs and davenports, desks and/or tables, an old radio, facilities for drinks soft and otherwise, a neatly filed library, and some sort of workroom for mimeographing. Above all, I had assumed that the place would be reasonably clean, and most certainly designed for comfortable sitting and talking, reading, and other activities.

My disappointment must have been fairly obvious, for Joquel explained that the club was still uncleaned from a halloween party held the preceding Saturday. Our conversation had nearly died out when the place was suddenly invaded by a horde of noisy people. I cannot remember exactly who came first, or indeed much of anything about the next few minutes except that a whirling dervish which I later learned was named

Walter J. Daugherty commenced laying about him with a broom as one possessed, and a quietly smiling chap who I recognised from his pictures as Phil Bronson told me not to mind, that the fellow frequently suffered from these outbreaks of frenetic energy when he had or thought he had an audience.

The next half hour was pretty much of a madhouse; I met 25 or more people, tried to remember who all of them were, and at the same time was quite astonished that most of them seemed familiar with THE ACOLYTE. (At the time Freehafer, Bronson, Ackerman, and Burbee were the only Fangelenos on the mailing list--and none of the 1943 members had ever heard of Burbee, who was carrying on a one-man fandom of his own.) I took it for granted that I was being introduced to everyone, not learning until later that only known fans would be greeted by these people by anything more cordial than complete non-recognition.

Eventually the meeting came to order, and I commenced giving away to complete perplexity. Yerke, who has a metal-on-metal voice anyway, read a new constitution which seemed chiefly aimed at keeping out new members--I didn't know whether to go or stay, but Phil pooh-poohed my wonderment and said it was all aimed at Degler. It went on and on and on, a document capable of handling a gigantic group, and subsequent arguments and quarrels about the wording took nearly as long as the original reading. Then Paul Freehafer read a resignation from his post as director effective two weeks from that night. Then, as though I had not already tried every possible contortion trying to sit comfortably on a club chair, Walter J. Daugherty was struck by one of his famous projects. He must have spent at least three-quarters of an hour remodelling the clubroom, building lockers and other furniture. As he talked, he ran about the room like one possessed, waving his arms, carpentering and hammering in frenetic blind pantomine, climbing over people and moving them out of the way of his mad girations, and building up to an impassioned stark height of excstacy. An authorization for him to proceed with an initial appropriation of $25.00 was quickly passed by the club, but so far as I know nothing more ever came of this. Just another Daugherty project. (

Finally, after about two and a half hours of the hardest sitting one can imagine, the meeting adjourned. I was ready to give the club a brush-off, but in the post-meeting milling around and talking I shortly realised that many of these people were well worth knowing. I hesitated, and hesitating, was lost.

Eventually, Aaron wandered back, remarked that he'd gotten a room down the street, and commenced talking to Freehafer and me. He asked if there was any good jazz nearby, and Paul mentioned that Wingy Mannone was playing just down the street and wouldn't we like to go? We would, and so would Walter J. Daugherty. So the four of us piled into Paul's 1939 Plymouth coupe and drove the seven or eight blocks to the Club Babalu, where Wingy played all that winter, and where I spent a vast amount of time listening to him. Daugherty, on getting him away from an audience, seemed like a swell fellow; Freehafer was as genial a host as one could ask for; and all four of us had a very good time. Daugherty invited me to stay with him until I got settled, but I'd accepted Freehafer's invitation before I even left Clarkston, so I declined with thanks.

When Paul and I finally got to the apartment, atiny one-room-and-kitchenette affair, I asked him if the club was always that bad, and he mentioned its flaws that had not already been apparent to me, but pointed out that there were in his opinion enough

redeeming features to counteract them. I then asked why he had resigned as director, and he explained that it was due to his health. The conversation went on for some time, and I decided that the club was probably worth belonging to after all, since I could use the mimeograph (an automatic one), and could if need be store a good deal of my stuff in the clubroom. This in addition to getting acquainted with some of the more worthwhile members, of which Freehafer told me there were several.

Before telling of the events of LASFS life in late 1943 and early 1944, perhaps I should describe the membership of the society at that time. These vignettes of course are derived from my total knowledge of the person in question, and do not pretend to be first-meeting impressions.

The director, the late Paul Freehafer, was one of the most sunny natures I've ever encountered. His health was atrocious, and his personal appearence showed it, but though doomed from childhood to a very short life, he had resolved to make the best of it and live it fully. In this he was certainly successful. A graduate of Cal-Tech, he was making $300 a month doing research chemistry in connection with rocket fuels; spending the money entertaining a fairly wide circle of congenial friends and surrounding himself with the appurtenances of a cultured life. Paul's chief recreational interests centered around music and the arts; he was a constant attender of the symphony, the ballet, the opera, the better class of plays--and had the most comprehensive record collection I have ever seen (comprising, I would judge, at least 500 albums). His books were of amazing variety, and were no mere facade, as a few evenings with him would abundantly show. Paul was one of the most erudite persons I have ever known, and moreover was completely without pedantry or intellectual snobbery. His interest in fantasy was still strong, though he had branched far afield from this major interest of his adolescence. I believe that his reason for remaining active in the LASFS was threefold: his interest and friendship with such members as Yerke, Hoffman, Bronson, Russell, and Ackerman; a certain nostalgic attachment for the group with which he found his first friendships when he moved from Idaho to California to attend Cal Tech; and a feeling that some day the club might realise its vast potentialities. Certainly one is justified in wondering why such a man as Freehafer, head and shoulders above the majority of the members, should elect to waste his time with such a group. As a person, Paul was universally liked, admired, and respected. He was not at all good-looking, but his quick, shy smile was most engaging and infectious; his quiet wit was sharp and brilliant without being barbed, and his general friendliness and good nature made him the sort of person everyone could not help but like.

The secretary of the LASFS in late 1943 was the redoubtable T. Bruce Yerke. Bruce is one of the most brilliant alumni fandom can claim, and it is certain that both fandom and the LASFS were heavy losers when Yerke moved on to greener pastures. He was and is a difficult person, hot and quick of temper, and possessed of a savage sarcasm and impatience with mediocrity; this did not endear him to the more muddle-headed members of the society. Yerke is rather unique in that he grew up in fandom, discovering Ackerman and through him the club when he was only 13 years old. He promptly went overboard for the idea, and although his interest in fantasy had pretty much faded out by the time he was 16, he found sufficient stimulation both in the affairs of the club itself and in the expanding minds of a few of the members to warrant his continuing activity. At the time I met him, Bruce had grown completely beyond most of the members and knew

it; yet the habits of nearly seven years kept him spending a sizeable hunk of his spare time around the club and its members. He saw the need of breaking loose, yet found this very difficult to do; and the peculiarly restricted nature of his early growing up (ie. in fandom) had not only left him with some amazing blind spots but made the exact means of breaking away rather unclear to him. He had a strong tendency to try by sheer brute force to drag the unwilling fans up to his own intellectual level, and upon meeting failure was both perplexed and angry. Bruce was not quite 21 when I met him, but looked to be at least 35--short, stocky, and about half bald-headed. Many of the members tended to regard him with awe not unmixed with terror, due to his often outrageous practical jokes (as when he wrapped the sleeping Bronson in old newspapers and set fire to them); his boisterous and sometimes boorish manners, his pronounced intolerance, the brutality of his flaying tongue, and the split second reactions of an extraordinarily incisive and brilliant mind. I regarded Yerke as an extremely desirable and stimulating associate, whose chief fault was a tendency towards intellectual snobbery and an occasional bit of bluffing as to the extent of his attainments, particularly in the languages. However, it is so difficult to judge Bruce as a young man in his early 20's, since both his looks and actions are those of a man 15 or 20 years older, and many of his more annoying actions and traits are perfectly understandable and acceptable if one can remember that the perpetrator is not the 35 to 40 years old he usually seems to be.

Myrtle R. Douglas, then known as Morojo, was the club's treasurer. She is very short, and in my opinion, very pretty. Since she herself has listed it publicly, I'll mention in passing that she is much older than most of the club members, having been born in 1904. She has led a fairly tough life, has been married and divorced twice, and the scramble of raising a strapping son and supporting herself has left her singularly without the ability to enjoy herself freely and casually, though others enjoy her company tremendously. Her chief interest in the club was her interest with Forrest J Ackerman, with whom she kept company for several years, and I hope he fully realises the extent of her services to him--keeping the club on a smooth financial keel throughout most of her membership, doing most of the drudgery of VOM and other Ackerman projects, and keeping the wolves from yapping about his heels in a score of other ways. Myrtle has an inquiring mind which is somewhat hampered by a too-conventional education, and thus is sometimes a sucker for something the least bit on the crackpot side. She is, however, an accomplished and stimulating conversationalist, and is well worth knowing from the intellectual point of view. And beneath that occasionally austere facade, there is one of the most kind hearted persons in Los Angeles, as plenty of club members past and present could testify. She is the first person most of the older members think of when they are in trouble, and in this selfish civilization people like that are rare.

Forrest J Ackerman is a household name in fandom, but you have to live around the LASFS quite a lot to know him, really know him. In connection with someone else, Don Wollheim once spoke of the "necessary monomaniac", and that is Forry. He has made an adjustment to life which postulates that fandom is the life, and with one or two very minor lapses has lived that life from about 1930 until the present time. Well, it's his life, and probably from the want of anything to contrast it with he seems to derive a reasonable amount of satisfaction therefrom. His interests are excessively narrow; being limited to stf and fantasy, fandom, stf and fantasy, and fandom, with a rather

slight side-interest in the motion picture. He also has a fabulous collection of photos of nude women, and enlargements of certain portions thereof. But I believe I'm safe in saying that 95% of Ackerman's interest in life--vocational and avocational--centers around stf, fantasy and fandom. He loves to be with fans, has certain rather closely defined standards which he feels fans should live up to, and is rather deeply hurt when they fail to live up to this code. He is not always successful in hiding his feelings along this line. He imagines himself to be a poor speaker in public, not realising how well he can talk to an informal group; this of course makes him a poor speaker in open meeting, particularly if the subject is somewhat controversial. Thus he has developed a technique of seldom showing his true feelings at the time a question comes up, and usually going along with the majority. His true feelings often do not come to light for months. One would not think offhand that such a person could be a leader, but nevertheless, Forry is the true leader of the LASFS and don't let anyone tell you differently. Forry's leadership might be termed the domineering of extreme passivity--it is a far cry from the tactics of the outspoken and aggressive Yerke or the sly connivings and subtle sophistries of an Ashley--but it has moulded the LASFS almost from its inception, and no doubt will continue to do so. In the first place, Forry has a most winning personality, and always commands a block of votes among the less politically minded members. Then it must be remembered that he has missed not more than a half dozen meetings in eleven years, while at least 300 people have been in and out of the club during that time. His star is now and then on the wane, when some particularly aggressive director and his supporters get in the saddle, but though perhaps momentarily vexed he knows that they will move on sooner or later, that the things they have done or tried to do will soon be as though never thought of, and that Forry's Club, the LASFS, will be back on the same plodding path, with the same mores and traditions, that he has more or less unconsciously set for it. Whatever the reason, for his ascendency, it is an eyeopener to compare the club with Ackerman, and see how much they are alike.

Right here I'd like to interject the remark that I like Forrest J Ackerman immensely. I may have been harsh with him in that last paragraph, and I may get rough with him again before I'm through with these memoirs, but I don't want him or anyone else to feel that I have any feeling towards him other than that of friendship. The fact that so hypercritical a person as myself can like a man with whom so much is wrong should be a pretty strong indication that this man has a tremendous number of good features in order to counteract the bad ones. I do think Ackerman would be, once he was over the hump of making such a drastic change, a far happier man if he quit fandom to quite an extent and lived a more mundane life. I think that there is an awful lot of man being squandered on fandom out there at 236½. But it is his life and I recognise his right to use it as he sees fit, even if my attempt at realistic and factual reporting may treat it roughly now and then.

Phil Bronson was one of the club's leading members back in 1943. He was still publishing the #1 fanzine, THE FANTASITE, was active in FAPA, and had been a leading light in the MFS. He had also been one of my favorite correspondents, so I was extremely anxious to get personally acquainted with him. Phil in person was somewhat of a disappointment, though this is partly due to the fact that I probably had expected too much. He was a lazy cuss, full of a sort of ennui and welt-schmerz which made him a most aggravating companion for me with my violent runnings in circles. He had also an irritating tendency towards intellectual snobbery, and a ten-

tendency to imitate Yerke in ways in which he simply did not have the depth to carry it off successfully. He suffered somewhat from too cloistered and fannish an adolescence, first in the MFS and then here. On the other hand, Phil was generally light hearted and agreeable, witty, and easy to get along with. He was good looking, well groomed, and was able to go places in public without committing any of the gaucheries to which so many fans are prone. By and large, he was a good man, and I have hated to see him drift out of my ken.

Walter J. Daugherty is a swell guy who has a very few faults which taken together have made him my chief sparring partner all through the time I've been around the LASFS. In the first place, Walt takes himself very seriously, and has great difficulty in taking criticism. He is also one of the few really aggressive members of the society, and is not noted for tact nearly so much as he is for going off the handle over something of minor import. He has a peculiarly constituted nervous system in which nearly all the synapses discharge at once with an effect exhausting to both Walt and his associates. (This manifests itself most notably in the Daugherty projects, in which some usually good idea is built up and up and up and up into a glowing cloud structure. Usually nearly all of the available energy is discharged thru the speech centers, and nothing more comes of it.) These projects make Walt a wearing member to have around; he is aggressive enough to get and keep the floor for long ~~xxxxx~~ periods of time; one knows from past experiance that nothing much is likely to come of them; yet the originator is so thin-skinned that he is prone to take even mild suggestions as personally antagonistic opposition, and we are off but good. An illuminating side-light on Daugherty is the fact that I found that the only way to be sure of killing off a Daugherty project quickly was to let it die out from lack of opposition. Daugherty is really pretty much out of place in fandom, having but very shallow intellectual interests and but a comparatively slight interest in fantasy, but nevertheless found enough satisfaction in the LASFS to stick around it for nearly seven years. On the credit side, he is definitely fun on a mundane party (not a club party where he tends to crowd the intorverts out of the picture and put on a one man show), is good looking despite a growing bald spot and bad pock-marks, and is a veritable demon with the ladies. He tops it off by being easily the best ballroom dancer I have ever seen in action, even if he does like to show off his medals and loving cups. He and I have feuded with great vigor for years; I understand that he hates my guts something fierce; but I regret to say that I cannot return this favor. I just find myself opposed to most of the things he wants to do in fandom, and through a penchant for shooting off my mouth have often drifted into spearheading the anti-Daugherty faction.

Lora Crozetti was a gal somewhat past the first bloom of youthful beauty who found the club a part-time outlet while her husband was overseas. She was too sensitive herself to be as outspoken as she often was, and by no means was an easy person to get along with. Nevertheless, she was a spasmodically active member who could perhaps have been of considerable value to the club had any sizeable number of the members made any effort whatsoever to make her stay with us pleasant. As it was, Crozetti-baiting proved a major sport around the LASFS; I'm not surprised she is no longer in the club.

Sophie van Doorn and Ada Charles rounded out the feminine contingent. Both of them were women who spent considerable time attending various small clubs of intellectual pretensions and lecture groups, neither were ever more than semi-active in the LASFS, and gradually dropped away altogether due to the

club's failure to offer anything of interest in lieu of its chronic preoccupation with itself and its internecine quarrels.

A very young boy, slender and delicate, who had a not inconsiderable artistic ability was Ronald Clyne, who was around the club a great deal until the feud broke out. His chief interest in fantasy was art, and I still remember how persistent he was when someone had an original or illustrated edition which struck his fancy. He would run the person wild making offer after offer, eventually running the price up to a fabulous amount, particularly if it was a trade deal. He was very generous with his own artwork, but publishing it was not always much fun, since Ron was a perfectionist to end all perfectionists, and would think nothing of making some hapless editor have a Clyne drawing re-lithographed if he fancied he saw a slight blemish in it. Ron was too single-mindedly wrapped up in his artistic aspirations to be as good an all-around associate as some of the others, but he was a very smart kid and very likely will make a good name for himself in commercial art.

Alva Rogers was our other artist; possessed of as much talent as Clyne, he lacked that old urge which kept Clyne plugging away at the drawing board, and moreover had so many other interests that his time suffered from dispersion. Stocky, slow-moving, and slow of speech, Alva has carrotty hair and a brick-red face, is lazy and likeable. He is much more mundane than most other fans I've met, and taken by and large was about my favorite associate until he went completely overboard for the Communist Party in mid-1945. His outstanding characteristic is his extreme reluctance to stay out of an easy chair for any protracted period of time, like half an hour. Alva, I might add, has one of the solidest and comprehensive knowledges of magazine stf of anyone I've known. His presence around the club was on all counts a marked asset.

C. J. Fern, Jr--Mike--can only be characterized as a card. I doubt if the world has ever seen anyone remotely like Mike. Physically he is short and squatty, with extremely myopic eyes ensconced behind inch-thick lenses, and sandy hair of the lank consistency of piano wire. His personality is something to behold. In the first place he is almost completely self-centered, and possessed of a power of concentration impossible to describe. (I remember one occasion when Mike, reading the current ASTOUNDING, started to sit down and became engrossed in the story before he quite reached the chair. He stopped right there, in mid-sit so as to speak, with a couple of inches between him and the seat. Someone walked over and pulled out the chair, and he must have remained poised in mid-air in a sitting position for at least four minutes before we could restrain our mirth no longer and the hysterical roar of laughter aroused him.) Almost totally lacking in self-consciousness, Mike would do some of the damndest things in public. I recall one time in the restaurant Mike was sitting by me and suddenly started pounding his head with his fist--thwack, thwack, thwack. "My god, Mike," I gasped, "what's the matter?" It appeared that he had heard that incipient hiccoughs could be arrested by striking the inside of the wrist against a hard surface. Going to a meal with Mike was a constant fight if he had any sort of reading matter along; he would not only forget to eat, but would apparently forget everything but his magazine. His concentration made him very absent-minded at times, and the same concentration coupled with his marked unawareness both of himself and associates made him breathtakingly rude at times. Don't get the idea that Mike is a screwball. The little guy is smart as a whip, a glutton for work (unless it gets in the way of his absent-mindedness), about the best promoter

ever to hit the club, and the kind of guy who uncomplainingly did most of the chores of routine drudgery on any of the projects on which he was engaged. It is amazing how much Mike permitted his friends to use him as a convenience--particularly in running errands. Another thing which endeared Mike to me from the first is that he is even a worse trouble-maker than I am; as a team we were something for stirring up a fuss. Mike had about the broadest interests of anyone in the club except perhaps Yerke and Freehafer, and certainly the most insatiable thirst for knowledge. An example of this last is the way he went after my record collection. Jazz meant nothing to him particularly, but here was an opportunity to hear the highlights of a well-balanced collection and try to find out what made it tick, so Mike set to work playing my records and asking all sorts of searching questions about them. I wasn't thoroughly aware that he was pumping me until later. Since Mike went at everything in a similar manner, it is easy to see why he is so well able to hold up his end of a discussion about almost anything under the sun. The guy has a brilliant mind, and if he can learn to subjugate his tendency to insult people unintentionally, and can curb his big stunt of coming calling at some of the most awkward and weird times (like the time he came calling at midnight, bringing a friend who wanted to use my mimeograph!) the lad is going to go far.

Merlin W. Brown was Mike's closest associate when I arrived in LA. An attempt to give a complete vignette of Mel is a hopeless task, particularly if the finished product is to be compared with Yerke's brilliant and witty analysis. ("Merlin Brown: Paragon of Particularity" in the #2 FAN SLANTS.) Mel's chiefest characteristics might be listed: extreme nervousness, appalling slovenliness of both person and living quarters, completely loyal and unreasoning friendship, completely uncompromising and unreasoning bitter hatreds, wild generosity, completely unexpected lightning-fast reversals of plan and intention, strong class consciousness from the working-man's point of view, and above all a rather unchanneled yearning for erudition and culture. Taken by and large, Mel is a swell guy, whose minor idiosyncracies and whims are easily enough overshadowed by his notable good points. Nevertheless he is a most difficult person to get along with (even I who was for a long time his best friend finally fell out with him over communism), and he often embarrasses the thinner skinned of his associates, as much with his unwarranted gnerosity with money and goods as by anything else.

Attempting to limn a word picture of James Lynn (Dirty Old) Kepner is fraught with difficulties if it is to be libel-free and still conscientiously factual. Jimmy is a tall and delicate young man, very frail and effeminate, who is cursed with an almost impossible block which keeps him from making up his mind about anything very often. Jimmy can see both sides of every question with almost equal clarity, and in his efforts to be impartial and factual jumps from one side to the other with astounding ease and frequency. He is a great one for crusading, a militant idealist one might say, but his great difficulty in taking and maintaining a positive stand often vitiates his genuine effectiveness as a proselyter. The prime example of all this occurred when I was director of the LASFS in mid-1945; Kepner took the floor to make a motion on something or other, stated the motion very hazily, and without relinquishing the floor asked permission to explain what he meant. I naturally wanted to know what he was driving at, so let him go on; he commenced talking about his motion and promoting for it very strongly, but gradually began seeing the other side and to the astonishment of even those of us who knew him so well he ended up talking most strongly

against his own motion. I listened in growing amazement, glanced about the room and noticed most of the members snickering, so banged the gavel and told Kepner he was out of order. He was momentarily furious, particularly when I told him that he was talking against his own motion. He denied this emphatically, and so complete had been his mid-talk change of mind that he had extreme difficulty in believing that he had reversed even when everyone in the room agreed with me that he had. Kepner has a much better than average mind that seldom comes close to its potentialities simply due to this inability to channel it in any one direction. Personally, Jimmy is extremely likeable; friendly, and good company--although his tendency to blow first one way and then another can get highly irritating if one is in his company a good deal. Still, striking a balance on the lad will end up with a favorable picture.

The scholar of the LASFS of course was the redoubtable Samuel Davenport Russell, a completely wonderful person. Sam is a beautiful example of the 1-1-6 cerebrotonic. His continued popularity around the LASFS is largely due to his polite silence in the face of the club's banalities--if the club fuzzleheads could read Russell's mind they would recoil as from a Yerke or a Laney. Polite, that is one of Sam's outstanding traits--a genial, easy-going politeness and courtesy. Quiet and unassuming, he seldom speaks up in meetings, but no discussion takes place long in his presence before his eyes light up, and in his precise way he takes the ball and starts for a touchdown. I have yet to see the discussion in which Sam was not able to contribute as much or more than anyone else present. The breadth of his knowledge and interests is breathtaking, and not a little discouraging to those of us who find other interests interfering with their pursuit of erudition. It might be said that Sam is a bit one-sided, since his avocational rounds center about the libraries to a very large extent; on the other hand his adjustment to life is so obviously satisfactory to him, and so adult, that it is plain that he is of a scholarly bent from free choice rather than as an escape from life. After a session with the LASFS' little escapists and frustrates, an evening with Sam is like a summer trip to the mountains after a week out in the desert. The man's head is loaded with facts which he presents with devastating logic; yet he is rarely if ever pedantic, and his sparklingly dry humor and twinkling grin round him off as a jewel which someday is going to get tired of the arid barnyard at 837½ South Bixel. Bad as the club sometimes is, the time I've spent there is almost repaid by the fact that through the club I have added this prince of good fellows to my circle of friends.

Of a totally different temperament, but in his own way a swell fellow is Eddie Chamberlain, a good-looking, stocky fellow with a notable inability to handle his liquor, but nevertheless a pleasant companion who is possessed of considerably more depth than is apparent at first. Ed stands out in my mind chiefly from a long and probing discussion he and I once had down in my Georgia Street shack, in which he used me as an audience upon which to unburden some woes. Thus I learned a good deal about some of the difficulties of his adolescence, and of his attempts (which my own observation shows me are largely successful) to rise above them. I consider that Eddie has surmounted far greater psychic handicaps than those which have made life-long impossibles out of many fans, and this most certainly required a high order of both courage and applied intelligence. Though Eddie and I do not have an especial lot in common, he commands my sincere respect; something which I must admit I give but charily. He's one of the few fans I have met who really tries to improve himself as a person.

Though not a Fangeleno, strictly speaking, Michi-dogfan Dal-van Coger was pretty much of a LASFS regular on the weekends of late 1943. There is a guy I could stand knowing a lot better. Dal is in many ways an Alva Rogers without the interest or talent for illustrating. Much more mundane and practical than the typical fan, Dal's ruddy face and friendly grin were always welcome.

Well, that about covers the LASFS membership in late 1943 as it comes to mind here in March 1947. Of course there were a number of others who were in and out of the scene from time to time. I might mention in passing Ewing Brown, of whom I remember nothing more than the name and a faintly distasteful (and unremembered) connotation in connection with him; Arden "Buns" Benson, another of the MFS expatriates, who was almost completely out of the picture when I arrived, and who has always impressed me as being one of the many normal people who quickly lose interest in fandom as soon as they see what a bunch of jerks most fans are; and a character named Vic Clark, of whose distasteful actions and habits I shall say more later on.

And of course the most prominent member of the LASFS as of November 1943 was the Ghost of Claude Degler.

Well, let's see. Before I got side-tracked writing these vignettes of the club membership, I had gotten myself through my first LASFS meeting, which came rather close also to being my last. Back to the narrative of events....

Being tired from the trip, I spent several days and evenings doing not much of anything except trying to get rid of my cough in the luscious Los Angeles sunshine, which amazingly enough actually came up to chamber of commerce standards during my first two or three weeks here, and browsing around the city.

One of the first things I did was to look up Bob Hoffman's mother, who turned out to be strictly wonderful---young, clever, enthusiastic, good-looking, and super-friendly. Not only did she help# me a lot with my house-hunting, but she even let me unload the Weird Willys into her cellar, and kept most of my stuff for me until I had a place to take it.

I spent a goodly part of those first few days rummaging in the book stores--alone at first, and later with Freehafer and/or Rogers. I also very shortly learned that someone of other was in the clubroom nearly every hour of the day and night; being essentially of a gregarious nature, this led to my spending an increasing amount of time there.

So many of the members lived right there in the neighborhood; Brown and Kepner across the street at 628, Morojo next door at 643, Daugherty three blocks down the street, and Fern a ten minute walk away. Yerke, Bronson, Chamberlain, Benson, Russell, and Freehafer used the place a great deal as a meeting point to rally around a party to go to the theater or symphony; and Ackerman commuted nearly every night from Fort MacArthur, often spending the night next door on Morojo's and her cousin's guest couch. Then not only did many of the members work screwy shifts, but then as always fans were notable for absenteeism, skipping work at any time for any reason or none. In those first three months, I doubt if I ever spent more than an hour in the clubroom without being joined by one or more other members. The evenings especially saw the premises crowded; many of the members were actively engaged in publishing, kept their typewriters and other equipment right there in the room; there was usually someone reading something out of the club library;

and of course the usual droppings in and out.

Since such a large proportion of the LASFS regulars at this time were active fans, rather than hangers-on, the club made a definite appeal to me, despite its obvious flaws and drawbacks. While it is true enough that one does not turn out as much output when working in a distracting group as he would alone, there is much to be said for working with and in a group. Suppose the old output of balderdash does fall off a little; as long as one is enjoying himself what difference does it make?

After the first few days, I commenced job-hunting and house-hunting about simultaneously. The club, with its large backlog of stay-at-home introverts made an excellent foil for the extraverted way I was spending my days; and it was not until I had gotten settled in a job that I found the companionship of the fans palling on me. By December 1, I had discovered that not more than one or two were willing to go anywhere outside of the restricted rabbit-run around the Bixelstrasse, and were likewise presentable enough so that I was willing to be seen with them in public. Naturally enough, I commenced a certain amount of non-fan night life--I'd have just as soon had fans as my companions, but if they didn't want to come along (or failed to meet my not very high standards) I went anyway. This is trivial to mention, except that it was one of the first factors that disgusted me with the club. Rimel and Baldwin, by whom I tended to judge all fans, were much less one-sided.

And my disgust and discontent with the LASFS grew apace as I learned more of the club's affairs--disgust with the club itself and more or less contempt for various of the members.

One of these matters was the Affair of the Burning Bibles, with its aftermath of censorship. Ackerman, as is well known, is a militant atheist. He was manifesting this belief by getting hold of all the religious literature he conveniently could with the idea of keeping it out of the hands of possible converts, was particularly concentrating on the vest pocket Bibles being distributed at Fort MacArthur for the troops. (One man against the American Bible Society!) Anyway, it seems that on at least one occasion, Ackerman and one or two others held a public Bible-burning on the pavement in front of the clubroom. In a column in the first FAN SLANTS, Kepner had artlessly told of this performance, and in doing so had set off an explosion. Most particularly had Yerke and Daugherty hit the ceiling, and demanded a censorship of this column, holding that it tended to hold the club in disrepute, and take away from the artificially built up myth of Shangri-La. (If the truth hurts the club, so be it; better to act in a way one is not ashamed to have made public was my own attitude.) And, typically, Kepner backed down more or less against Brown's wishes, and permitted the shaking of the big stick to intimidate him and emasculate his column.

Then there was the Affair of the Stolen Artwork. Ronald Clyne, it seems, had had a number of originals he wished to publish through fan channels, and had invited all of the publishing members of the LASFS to come to his house one evening at 8:00 and he would make an equitable division. Bronson, Brown, Kepner, and Ackerman missed Daugherty; went on without him; only to find, upon their arrival, that he had not only sneaked out to Clyne's ahead of them, but had hogged every original that Clyne had. Daugherty was not publishing at the time, other than verbally.

Echoes of the expulsion of Mrs. Henry Hasse, with the resultant resignation of her husband and

Bill and Peggy Crawford, were still rocking around the place. Mrs. Hasse, the former Dorothy Finn, had, it seems, threatened to break up the club; however, it was not unapparent that many of her objections to the group were only too firmly founded on fact, and it did not seem to me that the group wanted to do anything about removing these flaws.

The lack of solidarity among the membership was utterly beyond belief. Absent members were discussed more with license than with freedom--and it did not take too long for one to get heartily tired of hearing this anvil chorus. A month of it left one very well informed as to which members were sodomists, impotents, alcoholics, manic depressives, phallic succubi, communists, masturbators, overt devil worshippers, lesbians, and other quiant forms of life. Oddly enough, it did not require more than an elementary ability to count to become aware that the freaks were definitely in the ascendency. This sad lessons in the Facts of Fan Life was sharply pointed up by the parade of homosexuals con#stantly being dredged up in Pershing Square and brought around the club by one of the residents at 628.

And of course to cap the whole sordid story was L'Affaire Degler. I never met Degler personally (though I slept in his bed at Ebey's), but during my first 6 weeks in Utopia, I became much better acquainted with Clod than with any other member of the club. I'll try to summarise it all briefly. On his nation-wide tour of fandom, the comic coordinator arrived in Los Angeles in the early summer, moved in on Kepner, and immediately commenced propagandizing his Cosmic Circle, particularly among Brown, Fern, and Kepner--all of whom joined. He also started using the club publishing equipment to turn out a flood of propaganda--the revoltingness of which is pretty well known. At first, the more intelligent fans largely ignored him--all except Ackerman, who joined the Cosmic Circle. Many objected to Clod's extreme filth of person (he arrived in Los Angeles wearing a dirty and sweat-stained shirt which he wore every day without washing for around four months, and finally donned once again, dirt, stink, and all, when he left town in mid-October) but they merely ignored him.

Then one night, Yerke happened to pick up a copy of COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR, and the row was on, but good. Bruce hit the ceiling, and, backed by Bronson, Daugherty, and others, demanded that Degler be expelled, and that his publications be confiscated. The more moderate members tended to believe Degler's fabulous claims as to the size of his organization, and felt it would be better to capture it by infiltration, take it away from Clod, and set it up as a successor to the then moribund NFFF. This did not set well with Daugherty, who of course was NFFF from top to bottom; but it did calm Yerke down sufficiently to cause him to send out a questionairre, aimed at finding out just how much the Cosmic Circle amounted to, and just how many of the name fans Degler claimed as supporters were actually in favor of it.

In the month following, row followed row almost daily, as various of the members got into savage arguments with Degler. Brown, Kepner, and Fern disowned the Cosmic Circle during this time--leaving it with two local members, Degler and Ackerman. As evidence came in, much of it directly from the Chief Cosman's own writings and remarks, the anti-Degler group became larger and larger, and when Yerke finally published his definitive REPORT TO FANDOM ON THE COSMIC CIRCLE they made an all-out, full-scale attempt to oust Degler from the LASFS. And hell broke loose in Shangri-La.

In the first place, the club constitution had no

provision for the expulsion of members for any cause whatsoever. And to make matters more difficult, the progressive element ran headlong into Forrest J Ackerman's deep and abiding principle that the LASFS and fandom should be a refuge for anyone who claimed an interest in scientifiction or fantasy, and who wished to escape from the world or from his own shortcomings. And many members supported Ackerman unreservedly--some through personal friendship, some because they were peace-loving outer-circle readers of stf who had not been bothered by Degler and did not believe in arguments, and, I fear, not a few because they too were more or less misfits and feared to set a precedent by which they too might some day be expelled.

A month-long deadlock ensued. Unable to get rid of Degler by constitutional means, and unable to force a constitutional amendment, Yerke and others tried personal intimidation. From all accounts, Degler's one good point is that he stuck by his guns and refused to be run out.

Yerke finally delivered an ultimatum that if Degler ever set foot in the club again except on Thursday nights he personally would throw him out. He was heartily backed by Bronson, Daugherty, Fern, Brown and others. Kepner, typically, had taken up for the under dog, and was pro-Degler at this time. Matters came to a head one Sunday shortly after this when Yerke, out at Santa Monica, phoned the club only to have Degler answer the phone. The progressives boiled into town, augmenting their forces as they came, and found Degler alone in the clubroom. Yerke started to lay hands on Degler, and was struck down by a heart attack brought on by heat and excitement. Daugherty and Bronson, in comic opera tradition, almost came to blows with each other in quarrelling over which was to have the honor and pleasure of throwing Degler out of the premises; in the resulting turmoil, Degler slipped away. Some of the members went next door to get Morojo, and caught her red-handed in the act of taking $10.00 from Degler in payment for a life membership in the LASFS.

Freehafer was chiefly instrumental in quieting everyone down enough to get them to sit down and talk it over. This was done in a series of meetings, during which Yerke, Bronson, and Daugherty were several times on the point of resigning from the LASFS. But the hot-heads were gradually mollified, particularly in light of the fact that Degler left town never to return. (Kepner rode up to Frisco with the fellow, and came back more bitterly anti-Degler than all the rest put together.)

These conciliation meetings resulted in the writing and adoption of a new constitution for the club, with stringent restrictions on new members, and the formation of a club within the club--The Rentpayers' Committee--which would have jurisdiction over the club premises at all times except during the actual Thursday night meetings. This group consisted of the more active members, who carried keys to the clubroom and paid extra dues of $1 per month and up for this privilege.

But the Degler mess left the club deeply split down the middle, a legacy of ill-feeling that has never entirely left it, even today. It also left most of the members utterly obsessed with the subject of Degler. I heard little else during the first few weeks I was here. It horrified me to find a supposedly healthy organism which had no provision made for disposing of its waste-products; my high ideals for fandom were also outraged by the fact that anyone would support anyone so likely to bring all fandom into disrepute.

Kepner, I discovered, had two large boxes of Deg-

ler's personal effects in his closet, which he was supposed to ship back to Newcastle. When I learned that several members had missed things during Degler's stay, I suggested that his stuff be gone thru before it was sent--and offered myself as an agent, since I was the only person there who had not been in the Great Cosmic War of the previous month, and hence could be considered relatively neutral. Kepner demurred violently, but of course gave in--being easy to talk out of anything.

So he and I went at it one afternoon. I nearly fainted at the stench that came out of these boxes, a reek coming from some indescribably filthy clothing which was packed in the boxes. (I fished the stuff out with a bent wire--and I'm not at all squeamish, either.) We found a miscellaneous bunch of stuff obviously misappropriated from the club and various members; we also found a huge mass of undistributed Cosmic Circle literature. I immediately demanded that this be destroyed--with the idea of crippling his propaganda campain. Kepner of course was too idealistic, but I got good enough support from Yerke, Bronson, Daugherty and Brown to prevent the stuff's being sent. (We later made up sets of this undistributed material and sent it out in the Los Angeles post-mailing to the December 1943 FAPA mailing, as documentary evidence to support our demand that Degler be expelled from FAPA.)

Meanwhile, I'd located a room at the Lee Hotel (6th and Figueroa) and moved out of Freehafer's crowded little apartment. I shortly secured permission from the club to use the premises as an office, keeping my locked footlocker and typewriter in the room at all times, and spending most of my evenings there. I worked the night-shift for awhile in the latter part of November and early part of December, which caused me to miss a great deal of club activity, and thus kept my disgust with the group from coming to a head as soon as it otherwise would have.

The jaw of even a hardened fan like Ackerman dropped when he saw the extent of my unanswered correspondence, and the way that letters kept pouring in four, five, six and even eight a day even though I was writing none in reply. I set to work and mimeographed a form letter to use in reply, typing brief notes on some answering the most urgent matters. I had figured that this would choke off my correspondence for a while and give me a chance to get out the 6th ACOLYTE. Huh! All my efforts did was to touch off a veritable deluge of mail; I shortly saw that I could answer the mail and drop THE ACOLYTE, or let the mail go to hell. I decided easily enough that THE ACOLYTE was more important--but my respect for fandom took another dive when I saw the crass way in which so many paltry characters seemed insistent that I correspond with them at fabulous length, regardless of other comittments, and regardless of the fact that I now got all the fan talk I wanted face-to-face, and only wanted to correspond to further ACOLYTE.

During the time I worked nights, I had Saturday nights off, and at first these were made the occasion for some ripping all-night bull-fests. Since these generally ended up at my room down at the Lee, they were known as the Lee-Cons. Kepner and Rogers were the most regular attenders, next to Dal Coger, Paul Freehafer, and Bob Hoffman. Dal Coger was responsible for my initial aversion to the NFFF, of which I had heard scarcely anything while up at Clarkston. Its president, I learned from Slan Shacker Coger, was E. Everett Evans, who supposedly was engaged in secret navy work stemming from his experiences in World War I and was being held pretty much incommunicado. Evans, according to Coger, had only been a ship's musician during his long Navy service, and, instead of

serving his country, as the published report in BONFIRE stated, he was serving time in the Michigan State Penitentary for homosexuality. Now I have no aversion to homosexuals as such. If they let me alone, I am only too happy to let them alone. But I heartily despise the dishonesty of sailing under false colors, and this bit of gossip shook me to the bottom. I felt that since Everett claimed he had been framed, he would have done much better to tell the truth, and trust to the tolerant mercy of his fellow fans. In any case, this sordid bit of deceit permanently soured me on E. Everett Evans, all the more when he began publishing his sanctimonious TIMEBINDER, and gave me a bitter distrust of the NFFF which was not at all lessened as I got better acquianted with NFFF's leading Los Angeles disciple, Walter J. Daugherty.

My afternoons, particularly on Saturdays, were spent in book and magazine hunting. One amusing episode occured at ~~the~~ a well-known Hollywood bookshop; I had gone there with Ronald Clyne, who had gone immediately to the back of the store while I had stopped to broswe at a front table. A clammy hand was laid on my arm, and, startled, I looked into the rolling eyes of one of the fruitiest fruits that ever got blown, from a tree or elsewhere. "Who is youah fwiend?" he lisped. "Huh?" from me. "Who is youah young fwiend?" the fairy repeated. "Oh, he's just a kid I came in here with; why?" "Oh-h-h! He's such a bee-ootiful boy-y-y!" came the trilling response. Since this ~~xxx~~ character was one of the clerks in the store, it may well be imagined that I never went there again with Ron! (So far as I know, Ron is OK; he can't help it if he's good looking!)

The bookhunting spree came to an abrupt halt a few Saturdays later when I totted up after a jaunt with Rogers and discovered to my horror I'd spent nearly $25.00 in a single afternoon. (Of course I had a two-foot stack of WEIRD TALES and a mint copy of the last issue of THRILL BOOK, but even so....) I told the people at the club that wine, women and song were a lot more fun and a hell of a lot cheaper--and proceeded hitting the Zenda and other spots on my Saturday nights. My tendency to cut loose was all the more augmented by the fact that I was having the first of a terrific series of battles through the mails with my dear wife, who seemed to feel that the housing shortage was something I had invented to plague her, and was kicking me in the teeth right at the time I needed a modicum of consideration and loyalty.

At about this time, an amusing passage occured between Yerke and Ackerman one Saturday night. The clubroom was very well filled with fans, most of whom were doing crifanac to beat the band. At about 8:00 o'clock, Yerke put on his coat, said good night, and started for the door. "Bruce, where are you going?" said the Ack. "Oh, I have a date." "You mean you'd leave a roomful of fans to go out on a date?" demanded Ackerman with a strong note of disbelief and disapproval in his voice. "Oh yes, hadn't you heard? I'm a pervert. I go out with women!"

I whopped with the rest, and dismissed the whole thing as a gag. However, I was stunned and not a little hurt to discover the change in Ackerman's attitude towards me when I myself commenced missing the Bixel stye from time to time to go dancing. Though he said nothing overt, he made it very plain that he disapproved, and in divers ways he made his disapproval evident if not obvious. At the time I ignored it all, though it added to my discontent with the club.

Shortly before I arrived in Los Angeles, Ron Clyne had met Albert de Pina, a Hollywood script writer who was knocking off scientifiction for PLANET on the

side. Early in my acquaintence with Ron, he suggested that I come out to de Pina's with him, and eventually I got around to so doing. De Pina turned out to be an extremely ebullient individual, not without a certain patina of Hollywoodishness, but nevertheless a genial host, stimulating conversationalist, and all-round good fellow. He seemed particularly struck with the possibilities of the LASFS as a retreat for Hollywood characters, and we had many conversations along this line. According to de Pina, a surprisingly large proportion of the people in the film industry, including such top-flighters as Olivia de Havilland, read the better science-fiction magazines regularly; in addition he felt that among this group there was sufficient demand for a relatively unpublicised retreat where they could dodge their public that the LASFS could quite conceivably be of interest to them.

Both Ron and I told him at considerable length what sort of hog-wallow the physical plant of the club usually was, warned him of the weirdly impossible individuals who made up a good part of the membership, but he persisted. He pointed out that we'd have to get a clubroom in Hollywood or the San Fernando Valley, and fix it up somewhat more civilizedly than we had described the club as being; on the other hand, he also pointed out that it was a pretty good gamble, that he was almost convinced that he could get us enough interested and interesting members out of the film colony to repay our efforts many times, that if they did come in they could certainly be expected to pay most of the freight, and that even if his plan failed altogether the club would still gain through having secured more suitable surroundings.

Well. De Pina's scheme sounded rather fantastic, yet there was no question whatever about him, or his connections (which were well documented by his fabulously interesting scrapbooks---I myself saw his copy of his $250 a week contract as a script writer which had been in effect at the time he was drafted), or his sincere interest in stf--which he continued to write as a hobby long after he had been signed up at the fabulous figure of $750 a week.

While I could see possible drawbacks to the scheme, I most certainly talked it up around the club---and my growing disgust with the LASFS got still another boost from the way the people received it. Mike Fern was about the only member outside of Ron Clyne who liked it at all; Mel Brown, forgetting that it was only a scheme to talk about, went off into a veritable tantrum and said he'd resign if any of those people tried to get in the LASFS. Daugherty was firmly opposed---after all, he was only a stand-in. Ackerman characteristically said little, but indicated that such a move was contrary to the spirit and traditions of the LASFS. And so on.... Oddly enough, the poorer integrated an individual member was with life, the more bitterly he objected to de Pina's scheme; even though it must be remembered that I did not even bring it up officially, but merely talked it over with some of the members. It was from this episode that I first got my belief that to most of its members the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society was no more than an escape from reality and an attempted escape from themselves and their own woeful shortcomings, a belief which subsequent experience has only confirmed.

My report back to de Pina, oddly enough, did not deter his interest in the LASFS. Finally, one Sunday evening, I took him over to the clubroom, much against my better judgement. The room was occupied by Ackerman, Morojo, Fern, and Brown. When we entered, Brown looked up, dropped what he was doing, crowded past us and left before he could be introduced. Fern went on

reading, acknowledging the introduction with a barely perceptible grunt. Ackerman and Morojo were mimeographing VOM; they did acknowledge the introduction, though coldly and with obvious lack of enthusiasm, then immediately turned their backs pointedly and went on with the mimeographing. Shaking with rage, I showed de Pina a chair, tried to entertain him with notable lack of success, and watched him spend half an hour trying to be friendly. Everything he said just floated out a ways, then dropped with a soggy splat on the filthy floor. If a direct answer was imperative, morojo or Ackerman would usually mutter a constrained monosyllable. At no time did they stop their feverish mimeographing, except when de Pina expressed a wish to buy a certain issue of UNKNOWN and Ackerman stopped long enough to hunt it up for him and pocket the money. Finally, de Pina left; I accompanied him to the door and offered to drop him, but he reminded me that he had an appointment at the Biltmore (eight or nine blocks down the street) and that the walk would do him good.

I went back into the club and proceeded to stand things on end. I was so angry I could hardly talk, but I managed to indicate what I thought of this rank boorishness. Mike I forgave up to a point when he claimed that he had been so deep in his reading he did not realise what was going on; something that was characteristic of him, though a trait difficult to condone. Ackerman muttered something about, "After all, he'd just had a few stories in PLANET; who was de Pina, anyway?"; I blew my top at the boy, pointing out that this made no difference, that the man was as much a fan as anyone present, was this club open to fans or wasn't it, and so on--well interlarded with choice Anglo-Saxon remarks of dubious semantic bearing on the dispute. Ackerman subsided. Myrtle quite huffily pointed out that it was the only night the duo could work on VOM for a week, and that they were too busy; I blazed back that perhaps VOM was not of quite such cosmic importance as its editors liked to imagine, and besides there was such a thing as common courtesy. Brown came back in time to get a tongue-lashing from me. Later he told me that the Ack-ojo bloc in the club had decided to cold shoulder de Pina if he ever came around, for fear the members might try to take up his scheme of LASFS expansion, but I have never been able either to prove or disprove this statement.

I shouldn't have permitted all this to affect me as it did, but I never felt the same about de Pina after this, felt vaguely humiliated over the whole mess, and gradually ceased visiting him. He was as good a sport about it as one could imagine, but I never could quite look him in the eye after exposing him to such an uncalled for series of snubs.

Needless to say, this episode fanned my discontent with the LASFS to open revolt, and set me to making political plans for the first time; partly with the idea of revenge (I hate to admit it) but mostly with the idea that with a bit of support I might be able to lead the club into a somewhat less revolting groove.

I did not see de Pina for over a week after this, but when I saw him next it was under pretty exciting circumstances. An Earl Carrol girl, June Harris, had had a long fan letter in the then-current PLANET; de Pina mentioned that she had suggested he bring a couple of friends to Christmas dinner, and wondered if Clyne and I would like to be those two. (I nearly walked through the phone saying yes!) As an aside, I should mention that Daugherty like to fused his jets when he saw June's letter in PLANET, immediately dashed off a letter to her in which he mentioned he was connected with Warner Brothers, and in his excitement sent the letter

airmail special delivery though it only had to go from one substation of the Los Angeles post office to another, a bit of assinity which occasioned much merriment around the club. Anyway, Ron and I went out to de Pina's and shortly after he took us to June Harris'. I no longer recall who all was there, except that it was a small gathering and everyone had a very good time. In the course of things, June discovered I belonged to the LASFS, and mentioned having received a letter from some starry-eyed boy (yes, that's what she called him) that had perplexed her. She got it out, and read passages which brought good laughter from the people around the table, as did that airmail angle; finally asking me if I knew the fellow (slightly, I said) and what was his connection with Warner Brothers. "I'm not entirely sure," I said, "but I think he's just a stand-in for someone." Whereupon, June tore up the letter. (My telling of this episode around the club somehow did not amuse Daugherty as much as it did some of the others, but then, I've never claimed to be a very good raconteur.) June was tall and ravishing, a very smart girl, and possessed of much more mind than most women I've talked with. Sure, I talked science-fiction and fantasy with her; after all, that was my speed, and mink-coated beauties with brand new Buick convertables are definitely not. Christmas dinner with an Earl Carroll girl! Yes, I'm afraid I was a bit awed.

Apart from the regular fan gatherings, I also got in on a couple of other social events in late 1943 that perhaps should be mentioned. Lora Crozetti had several of us, including Brown, Kepner, and myself, for a luscious home-cooked Thanksgiving dinner; and Morojo took a number of us to an exclusive Italian restaurant in Hollywood for Christmas Eve dinner, one of the few times that Ackerman has ever eaten out without going to Clifton's.

But I must veer away and pick up the political developements of November and December 1943 in Shangri-La. At that time, the club had only one elected officer, the director (actually president), who appointed the secretary and treasurer, plus any other officers he might wish, such as librarian. These, plus the chairman of the Rent Payers' Committee, formed an executive committee which under the constitution had almost unlimited powers, though at the time I came to LA they did not avail themselves of them to any great extent.

Freehafer's resignation as director necessitated the election of a pro tem director to fill out the balance of his one year term which was to expire December 31, 1943. Walter J. Daugherty, in one of his frequent political moods, spent a great deal of time outlining to all who would listen his proposed platform; oddly enough, no one would nominate him, so he was unable to run for the office. Jimmy Kepner and Buns Benson were nominated; when Kepner was elected, I was astounded when Buns and his supporters (Bronson, Chamberlin, Yerke, and one or two others) got up and walked out of the club. Kepner seemed stunned, but rallied enough to appoint Lora Crozetti as secretary (she did not attend a single meeting in that capacity; something of a record for an officer even in the LASFS) and continue Morojo as treasurer.

This walkout was followed in a very few days by some very bitterly worded resignations from Yerke, Bronson, and others. At the time I did not know enough about the club to realise how well founded their strictures were, so tended to oppose them. Another factor was my very slight acquaintence with the gentelman in question; this mass resignation occuring only three weeks after I arrived in town. So particularly when the first KNANVE came out, with its poorly worked out Bronsonian attack on new fans, I was for a short time

quite strongly anti-Knanve. It must be remembered that the Knanve resignation occured but three weeks after my arrival in Los Angeles, and that I had but little chance to become well acquainted with the "genial knaves" during this time; also that my being around the club so much tended to give me for a short time the club's viewpoint.

One result of all this was my faux pas with Lionel Innman. At the time the #1 KNANVE came out, I wrote a red-hot article attacking Bronson extravagantly, signed it as director of the LASFS, and submitted it to VULCAN (which Phil had particularly singled out for criticism) for publication. By the time the article appeared, the feud had broken wide open, I was an Outsider and on good terms with Bronson. So I sent Innman an equally red-hot retraction, attacking Ackerman and the LASFS as wildly as I'd previously attacked Bronson. At about this time, VULCAN went on an irregular basis and I gradually forgot all about this article, only to have it come out about two weeks after I was once more back in the LASFS. I believe that in this VULCAN/Bronson episode I did the most thorough job of making an ass of myself that I ever did anywhere. If I weren't trying to write a factual and realistic account, I'd be only too happy to suppress all mention of it.

A person standing on the outside might have jumped to the conclusion that the LASFS, after the resignation of the Knanves, would have been a pretty much united group. How wrong he would have been! There were at least three distinct cleavage lines, marked by extreme hostility, which divided the membership into overlapping groups.

Most important was the strong anti-Daugherty feeling. Mel Brown spearheaded this, having conceived a violent hatred of WJD over the Affair of the Stolen Artwork, which was not in the least abated by Daugherty's being taken on the staff of FAN SLANTS as the only condition by which Daugherty would permit Brown to use any of Clyne's artwork. This situation came to a head in early December when Daugherty jumped Brown for running off a Clyne illustration on the wrong color of paper, and the resulting ruckus nearly brought the two to fisticuffs. I had to lead Mel outside and reason with him for nearly an hour to calm him down. Daugherty was also cordially despised by some of the members who resented his grabbing the floor for ego-boo purposes, was held in slight regard by most of the more intelligent members who resented his strident floorgrabbing tactics on the grounds that they detracted from the intellectuality of the club. At the time I was on good terms with Walt, and actually liked him a good deal, despite the fact that I tended to regard his tendency towards self-glorification as rather amusing.

Secondly, there was a marked anti-homosexual feeling held by several members. It must be remembered that the club had from two to four active homosexuals in its membership at all times, that one of the most active members of the club was also its most vocal homosexual, and that he was continually bringing other fags around the club.

The last cleavage line was that between Ackerman and the rest of the club. Ackerman was riding extremely high on his "fandom is all" philosophy, and was not only expressing strong opinions against various members who chose to vary their crifanac by music, the theater, sex, liquor, or anything else (usually behind their backs) but was developing a most exasperating habit of handing "delinquent" fans prim little notes of rebuke in which he chided them for going to the symphony, or shooting craps in the club room, or going dancing, or taking a drink.

Despite the swirling tides of antagonisms, the LASFS was rolling along quite merrily. Kepner, in his capacity of director, instituted a very successful series of discussion meetings, at which business was held at a minimum. His technique was excellent. He himself would prepare an introduction, and would proceed to lecture the club on the chosen topic, expressing himself as extremely as possible. The moment one of his outrageously unsupportable statements would set someone off, Kepner would subside, and would resume talking only as it was necessary to keep the discussion moving along. Right at the point when the bullfest was at its height, with two or three individuals clamoring at once for the right to be heard, he would adjourn the meeting, which would immediately break up into several violently arguing groups.

I got transferred to the day-shift in early December, and very quickly got a belly-ful of the club. In typical Laney fashion, I commenced shooting off my mouth as to what was wrong with the LASFS, and before I knew it had outmaneuvered myself into a position where I had to put up or shut up. Unfortunately for my own tranquility, I am not the shutting-up type.

Brown and Fern became angered at Kepner over some of the non-fan friends he kept bringing around the club, and came to me with the request that I run for director with their support. I turned this offer down, pointing out that I'd not been around the club long enough to get elected, and that I had enough to do without taking on a task which I knew regretfully I'd be sucker enough to take seriously. But they kept after me. Then one evening in mid-December, Walt Daugherty button-holed me on the way back to dinner, asked where we could go for a private talk. I led him to my car, where he told me that he thought my ideas would never take, that they were too close to his own ideas with which he had taken the directorship in 1940, but that he felt about the same way, and that if I'd accept, he intended to nominate me for director. We talked the matter over, counting noses and votes, and I came to the conclusion that I could probably run a pretty good race at that. Between my reluctance to back down on my severe strictures on the club and Walt's persuasive tongue I gave my consent.

This led to an idiotic contretemps. I immediately told Brown and Fern what I'd decided, only to have Brown blow his top and tell me that if I let Daugherty nominate me he not only would not support me but he would fight me with all he had. Fern backed him up. This attitude really got up the Laney irish, and led to a six weeks rupture between myself and Brown, since I told him off but good.

Kepner was nominated agains me, but after talking over my platform with him he expressed a wish to withdraw. I tried to talk him out of it, but he did. Ackerman and Morojo talked him into reopening his nomination, and this action was the first thing that set me veering towards the side of the Knanves, since Yerke had bluntly pointed out that the Ackojo block, as he called it, stood entirely for neutrality, banality, and the status quo-- I'd not believed it, but this action so clearly proved the truth of this one statement that it set me off reconsidering the entire Knanve matter, something one could not do objectively without being turned against the LASFS.

My platform might be of incidental interest: (1) Unite all Los Angeles fandom under the banner of the LASFS. (This was worded around the club in such wise as to lead Ackojo to believe I would oppose any further attempts at ousters (such as the Degler ruckus); actually meant that I intended to try to get the Knanves

back into the club). (2) Continue Kepner's discussion meetings. (3) Clean up the club and its membership both physically and psychologically. (Yes I was naive, wasn't I? But I've always had a strong yen for improving myself and ironing out my own many mental kinks; my big error was in presuming others around the club had any similar motivation.) (4) Get out an issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, which had been in a disgusting state of suspended animation for nearly six months.

In the course of my political maneuverings, I approached Kepner, and suggested that if he felt my ideas on uniting the LASFS and the Knanves were any good (he did) that it might help unite the club if he and I made a reciprocal agreement that whichever one was elected director would appoint the other secretary, which of course was the #2 pfficer of the club. The effect of this of course was to guarantee the club a reasonably non-partisan slate of officers, a coalition cabinet, so as to speak. Kepner accepted this deal.

On the night of the election I happened to sit next to Kepner. As the ballots were being passed around, he leaned over to me and said, "Are you going to be a gentleman and vote for me, or a heel and vote for yourself?" "Why, did you ever hear of a Laney being a gentleman?" I tossed back. Of course I voted for Kepner. The ballot was a tie. Walter J. Daugherty was extremely annoyed, since as teller he had to pass out a new set of ballots. We voted the second time, and it was still a tie. Walter J. Daugherty hit the ceiling, accused the club of making fun of him by deliberately tying up the vote, demanded that either Kepner or I withdraw from the race, and in general put on a typical Daugherty display, including the customary threat to resign from the club. Kepner leaned over to me and suggested that we break the tie by deciding between us which one was to be director. I said, "OK, I've been voting for you; I'll change and vote for myself." "My God," Jimmy screamed, "I've been voting for me too!" The club howled. It ended up that both Kepner and I voted for Laney, so I appointed him secretary, as previously agreed, continued Myrtle in office as treasurer, and adjourned the meeting. 1943 was over in Shangri-La.

I seem somehow to have missed the exhumation of Charles Edward Burbee Jr., so before closing this chapter, I'd better backtrack. Both Andy Anderson and I had corresponded at some length with Burbee in my pre-LASFS days; when he dropped into town during the Christmas holidays he suggested we look the guy up. The idea of a mystery man who wrote long letters to fan editors, subscribed to all fanzines, yet apparently had never been around the LASFS appealed to Kepners imagination, so the three of us grabbed a streetmap, and drove out to Burbee's house. He was most friendly, made vastly with the beer and whiskey, and explained that he had gone to the club about eight months previously, had walked into a roomful of people who ignored him for half an hour, and had finally left in disgust. (This was and is the LASFS' most annoying feature--the rude way in which visitors are deliberately ignored and made to feel as unwelcome as possible unless they are either known fans or are sponsored by some aggressive member who will force the club to recognise them.) We secured a promise from Burbee to try again, and left after a most lovely four or five hour bullfest.

So I guess it is time for a vignette of Burbee, the guy who for a long time was my best friend in fandom. Physically he is tall and slender, with a leonine head wobbling on a pipestem neck, bushy curly dark hair, swarthy features, and a pronouncedly Mexican cast of features (which no doubt stems from the fact that he is of English extraction.) He is very much married to a

somewhat shrewish wife and an indeterminate number of children. Burbee is not worried about matters of child-raising--he counts noses at night, and if there are less than three he says, "Oh well," and starts another one that night. He is very easy-going, rather vain in some respects, and smooths his passageway through life with a sense of humor that can be called nothing less than unique. He is lots of fun, but never appears to take anything seriously, a factor which at times can be annoying. He is also the dirtiest talking man I have ever known. But he is a good egg, even if he is motivated only by a profound jealousy of Al Ashley's superior mind. (When I get to Ashley, I intend to say: Al is a good egg, even if he is motivated only by a profound jealousy of Chas. Burbee's superior mind. This may be a peculiar form of symbiosis.) At any rate, neither Al nor Chas can talk to me for ten minutes without commencing to run down the other, so I believe I am justified in presuming there is some sort of obscure attraction here. Burbee, despite his easy-going ways, can be a very difficult person, but is well worthy of cultivation, particularly if you are bawdy-minded, for the guy is the best off-color raconteur I have ever known. His interest in fandom and fantasy is reading without collecting and publishing without ego boo (except of course for Charles Edward Burbee). Alter-interests include beer, bawdy reminiscenses, tinkering with radios and other sound equipment, and record collecting.

Another arrival on the December 1943 scene was Jules Lazar, a hefty young jewish boy from Boston and the Strangers' Club. He was tall, heavily built, and strong as a bull. He did not fit very well into the club, being prone to take offense where none was intended, and through being essentially uninterested in fandom, yet just enough intorverted so that he found difficulty in staying away from the easy associations of the club. I always rather liked Jules until his tendency to shove people around after a couple of drinks became too pronounced. Since he was only 16 or 17 at the time he was in LA, I have little doubt but what he has grown into a pretty nice fellow. Certainly there was room for improvement.

Oh boy. The next chapter will be about the feud. Hold onto your hats, folks!

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CHAPTER SIX
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Thunder Over Paradise
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With my election to the directorship of the LASFS, the stormy affairs of the club became my own peculiar responsibility, or so I felt at the time. I had criticised the club savagely though constructively; here I had been given the driver's seat, and so it seemed up to me to try to do something about the conditions which I had deplored.

Trouble broke out almost at once.

My first ruckus of 1944 was with Walter J. Daugherty over my membership in the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Everett had come out of durance vile in late 1943 and had commenced his strong membership drive; his bosom buddy Daugherty seemed to regard it of prime importance that all members of the LASFS join the NFFF. "Los Angeles 100% behind the NFFF," was an oft-reiterated cry about this time. Well, I heartily despise this sort of imitation chamber of commerce stuff. Why should we be 100% behind anything? What had the NFFF ever done to warrant our support in it? It apparently was just another new attempt of the Cosmic Circle type of mind to get a lot of free ego-boo. All I did was to ask a few searching and honest questions. Daugherty answered my three chief objections most unsatisfactorily: we should be 100% behind the NFFF because it was the national, the NATIONAL, fan organization. It was not new, either; was established in 1941. OK, what had it done in the past 2½ to 3 years? Uh, well...fandom did not cooperate; the president was called away to the service of his country (!); well, uh, well my god Laney it is the NATIONAL fan organization and the LASFS should be 100% behind it.

So I turned it down cold. Daugherty told me if I couldn't afford it right then he'd put up the dollar, and it made me pretty thoroughly disgusted to be so totally unable to get across my point that I saw no need for the NFFF, and that I felt it should prove itself before I joined.

So Mr. D. sent in a dollar in my name anyway, over my flat refusal to join. I did not mince words when I found out about it, but finally allowed that the prestige of the LASFS demanded that it#s director belong to the NFFF, so I paid over my dollar and slid back behind the sophistry that Laney the fan was not a member of the NFFF but Laney the director of the LASFS was. But it strained the air between Daugherty and myself no end.

(Oddly enough, neither at this time nor any other time during the feud, did anyone tell Daugherty that his idol was in the clink on a morals rap. We didn't want to hurt Daugherty. He did not learn of this until Al Ashley told him about it in the fall of 1945.)

The next fuss, coming almost simultaneously with the NFFF embroglio, concerned a fanne named Patti Grey Wood, a cousin or something of Morojo's who had for several years been more or less active in fandom under the name of Pogo. She had been a member of the LASFS for several years, had married a club member (Russ Wood), and moved to San Pedro. Now her husband had gone in the Navy, she was going to live with Morojo, and she wanted to rejoin the LASFS. But it seems that she had had some sort of major quarrel with Ackerman, part of which is a matter of public record in 1942 FAPA mailings and part of which I never

did find out anything about. The upshot of it all was that Ackerman flatly refused to have her in the club. Quite frankly, this burned me up. Pogo was a member of FAPA, had published two fanzines under her own power and three or four jointly with her husband; her stuff did not rate especially well either in quality or quantity, but it wasn't so far below average but what it could be read with more or less interest; I felt that the club needed members, particularly feminine ones, and that Ackerman had no business whatever to try to keep anyone out of the club, particularly in light of his assiduous fostering of Clod Degler.

Nearly all of us applied the pressure pretty hard; and Ackerman, appalled at the apparent loss of the esteem of most of the club, rather grudgingly permitted her to join. (His method of keeping her out was to state that he personally would boycott her in every way, refusing to speak to her or acknowledge her presence if she rejoined. Pogo naturally enough did not wish to rejoin under such conditions.) This whole thing soured me pretty completely on Ackerman for a while, and my disgust with the lad was not decreased by the comic opera bust-up with Morojo with the contradictory post cards which occured at the same time. (Ackerman broke off with Morojo because she wanted to smoke in the clubroom, sent out about 50 postcards to fandom announcing the split-up--then had to send out another postal a day later when Morojo gave in on the smoking.)

Anyway, Pogo joined the club, so I suppose a vignette is in order. She is a rather large woman--not fat, but tall, big-boned, and well-built; carries 140 pounds in a manner that makes them look like 120. She is brunette, pretty good looking, and notable for an air of vague helplessness which largely stems from myopia and is not at all reflective of a rather self-sufficient and competant personality. Her interest in fandom was almost entirely limited to the people in fandom, rather than in fantasy, stf, or other facets of the field; and she was far more interested in going dancing than in sitting around the turgid atmosphere of the club.

The first three or four meetings of my term ran rather smoothly. The Kepner-led discussions featured them, and for the most part I did fairly well in keeping business (or quasi-business)off the floor. This was pretty hard on some of the boys like Daugherty, whose chief pleasure seemed to be getting the floor and holding forth for half an hour on how dirty the club room was or something else of equal moment--but it did tend to make the meetings of more interest, particularly to the outer-circle members who after all did not care a faint damn who got his ego boo and how, but were more interested in serious discussions.

But what business there was turned out to be red-hot. When the Knanves resigned from the club, Yerke had retained his title of Honorary Secretary, and early in my term of office approached the LASFS with the idea of being confirmed as an honorary member. Since the club had permitted Bruce to use the title "honorary secretary" repeatedly in club publications, it seemed to me a foregone conclusion that the group would acknowledge the honor. Ackerman, Morojo, and Daugherty had a fit--claimed he had never been made an honorary member, and that he had never even been made honorary secretary, though it developed that he had held that office for over five years. An attempt to check the conflicting claims by referring to the minutes merely showed that certain sets of minutes were lacking altogether. It could have been carelessness, but at the time I felt they had been deliberately extracted and destroyed. I still think so, though I haven't a shred of proof. The affair came

to a head at dinner one night before the regular meeting. Accusations of tampering with the minutes were being hurled pretty freely, and Ackerman, who apparently felt very deeply against Yerke, seemed to think that some of us wanted to destroy the club by permitting T. Bruce Yerke to belong to it. It was all very assinine, but feeling was rising very high. Wishing to preserve a modicum of peace in the club (after all, I'd been director only two weeks) I suggested to the arguing parties that the whole Yerke matter be turned over to me, and that I would make a constitutional interpretation on the strength of which the matter might be decided. Oddly enough, this seemed satisfactory to most of them. Of course my line of thought was pretty obvious; Yerke himself had written the club constitution no more than three months previously, and I was certain that he had provided for himself therein. Unfortunately he had neglected to do so; though I spent most of the evening studying the document I could find no pretext on which I could announce Bruce as an honorary member. So of course I had to rule that the constitution did not provide for honorary officers; however, I pointed out, it would be a fine gesture if we were to grant Bruce an honorary membership, "since he has served as an officer of the club for years and moreover is one of the few local fans who has any sort of reputation outside Los Angeles." This made Ackerman very angry; "Give him an honorary membership? Why, he has insulted the club!"

My personal affairs struck a nadir in mid-January. In the first place, I was rather dissatisfied with my job at the time, yet could not as yet figure any angles to get around the war manpower commision and make a change, particularly in light of my rather shaky standing with my draft board. Secondly, the quarrel between myself and Jackie had become terribly bitter---she seemed to hold me personally responsible for the housing shortage, raved and raved because I had not rented a house and sent for her (though she steadfastly refused to allow me to buy a house at swollen wartime prices--nearly 40% of what a house would cost today in 1947), demanded that I come back immediately and go to work for Boeing (and live with my in-laws), and so on. Well, the Weird Willys was done, finished. It would still hobble around town after a fashion, but both it and its tires were too far gone to take off on a trip. And I most certainly did not intend to spend the furniture money for a dubious used car which might turn out to be even worse. To lend greater immediacy to the situation, my room at the Lee was becoming impossible---the hotel was trying to put me out (so they could make more money on the room by renting it by the night) and had managed to make it uninhabitable--through ransacking my dresser daily while I was at work and leaving my clean clothes strewn all over the room, unlocking my door and leaving it standing open, not permitting me visitors, and so on. To top it off, I still had that bronchial cough which had been chronic since early October; I felt lousy physically, and missed enough work to cut my earnings away down--this of course leading to a certain amount of psychological upset and worry which was not in the least abated by the letters my supposed helpmate was knocking me over with once or twice a week. I mention all this simply to point out that I was not myself during those first few weeks of 1944, and that these other conditions undoubtedly contributed to my getting so bitterly involved in the feud. Imagine it, here I was caught in a situation in which I could see no avenue of satisfactory escape, yet one tiny facet of it (the club) most definitely was suseptible to being worked on.

It was in the middle of my depressed period that I brought out the "drunken" FAN-DANGO which caused so much unfavorable

comment for the next year or so. The Sunday of January 16, 1944 saw me confronted with a FAPA deadline, a date with Pogo, and a bottle of rum. I started the afternoon cutting stencils furiously to try to get most of them done before my date; being in the dumps anyway started sampling my bottle, and first thing I knew all my disgust with life in general and the LASFS in particular started pouring out of that machine. Somewhere along the line I knocked off, went on my date, and came back around midnight gloriously potted. Kepner was there and wanted company, since he intended to mimeograph all night, so I went back at it with more force than judgement. On looking over that once notorious issue, I find myself in hearty accord with nearly everything I said. The trouble was that I did not substantiate my remarks (taking my proofs for granted without realising that most fans idealise both the LASFS and fandom) and that my language occasionally got just a shade vulgar.

Along about this time I had discovered that Pogo intended to divorce her husband, and commenced taking her out quite a bit, seeking in her and one or two other girls a bit of compensation for my own stormy matrimonial situation. And this brought me headon into collision with Ackerman. Certainly I was around the club a number of times when I had been drinking. So were a lot of others. As long as I could carry my liquor (which I definitely could and can do) I couldn't see that it was anyone's business but my own, and I not only resented the fact of meddling on Ackerman's part, but even more his refusal to tell me off like a man and his constant circulating of lurid and unfounded tales about me, tales which came back to me almost daily at about that time.

Also, when I commenced dating three to five nights a week, Ackerman and some of his friends began howling that I was neglecting the club, forgetting that I was still spending more time around the sacred stye than any director since except Ackerman himself. Though I find myself unable to remember specific instances, I still recall vividly how bitterly I lashed out, "Was this place a male nunnery, and had I taken some perverted vow of chastity and self-denial?", when all this finally came to my attention once too often.

The drinking situation came to a head in mid-January. Pogo and I had decided to use the clubroom and Mike Fern's radio as a spot in which I could teach her to dance; I had part of a bottle of rum, perhaps two-thirds of a pint. We waited until the fans had left, then went over and spent perhaps an hour dancing and talking and taking an occasional short nip. Kepner dropped in and also picked up some dancing lessons by remote control. (No, Burbee, I didn't dance with him.) About 11:30 the radio went sour, we talked for a while and then decided to play pinochle, which we did until about 2;00. We still had some of the rum left when we adjourned, so it is pretty evident no one was more than faintly happy; and we also tidied up the club, leaving it neater than it had been when we entered it.

The next evening all hell broke loose. Daugherty and Ackerman both jumped me for turning the club into a whorehouse, holding a drunken party, and destroying the members' property. I gave right back with as good as I got, and it was a honey of a fuss. From here on out, it was open war between Ackerman and Daugherty against me.

I finally had gotten my bellyful of both the Lee Hotel and my dear wife's fantastic refusal to face the facts on housing. I decided to lay off work and hunt full time for a rental. When I finally saw that such did not exist, but that there were a number of cheaply available store-buildings,

many equipped so as to be convertable into housing with little or no effort, I decided to make a comprimise, rent and furnish a store (after all, I had to buy furniture anyway and had the money for that purpose), then sell Jackie on the idea of buying a house.

Very shortly I had located a former vegetable market, located at 1104 South Georgia. It was horribly filthy, having been empty since its Jap tenants had been put in a concentration camp in early 1942, and was in a tough part of town; on the other hand it was filled with shelving, had a small separate room in back, a toilet room, a sink with running cold water, and several gas outlets. The landlord agreed to give me a gas hotplate on which to heat water and permission to do anything to the shelves I wanted to. So I rented it for $30.00 a month, bought a bedroom set and a living room set, and moved in. Jules Lazar helped me move and do the heavier lifting, and one weekend of really hard work saw me fitted up with a really nice apartment. I tore out all but two sections of the shelves, rebuilt these into an "L", using the leg (backed with the corrugated board off my mattress box) as a partition. This gave me a three room suite: 20x30' living room, 20x18' bedroom (containing the sink and hotplate as well), 12x12' utility room (which later was fitted up as a publishing workroom) and of course the toilet room back in the far corner. That was the once-famous Fran Shack. It had its flaws, notably the tendancy for street dirt to blow in under the door, and the inconvenience of having to bathe out of a small pan. But I had a broom and was not afraid to use it, and you'd be surprised to know how much bath water can be made out of a gallon of furiously boiling water.

The second meeting of my directorship, I announced that since I could find no qualified person willing to take over the editorship of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES to replace Phil Bronson, the club would devote the last meeting of each month to getting out a jointly published issue. I asked for a show of hands to see who was willing to do what, and very shortly had a pretty good issue lined up. Daugherty came in shortly after this, and immediately had a fit, claiming that joint publishing had been tried before (under his aegis) and had failed abysmally. "It can't be done." Ackerman, under this prodding, allowed that he was afraid of being stuck with all the work.

Since everything I had yet suggested, since my election, had been greeted not only by this Daugherty "can't be done" sound-off, but by apparently sustained attempts to discourage anyone who might want to try it anyway, I called Daugherty on it right out loud, accusing him pointblank of trying to sabotage my attempts to do anything with the club and suggesting that his possible motive might be that he did not want to see anyone succeed where he had failed. Somehow, Daugherty's and my relations took a turn for the worse about this time.

But the membership went on anyway, writing and stencilling for SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES. I wrote a two page article entitled, "Knanveism: A Boon for Fankind?", in which I analysed the first issue of THE KNANVE, and suggested possibilities for the group, likening them to the alumni associations in mundane ayjay. The tone of this article was on the whole rather friendly towards the Knanves, though it was not without a certain amount of sarcastic undertones, and wondered out loud if they'd be big enough to rise to their opportunities. Ackerman, incensed by the #1 KNANVE, wrote a really rugged article called "Knanve is a Louse, by L. Sprague de Campfollower" in which he stuck his usually retracted neck out just as far as it would reach, and put out a pretty sharp personal attack on Yerke and Bronson

Among other things, it stated that Bronson and Yerke had stated that they would walk across the street rather than speak to Ray Bradbury, that Yerke was rejected from the army as a manic-depressive, and a number of other items which would be hard to prove. (Yerke, for example, was put in 4-F on account of hypertension,) Forry showed the article to me, and asked me what I thought of it. Well, I knew very little of the facts of Yerke's seven year sojourn in the club, so I told Ackie that if he were reasonably sure of his facts I thought it was OK. I figured it would get a rise out of the Knanves, that they probably would answer it, and that in the course of the resulting controversy the truth would probably come out. And I didn't care a rap who ended up with a tarnished reputation.

In due season, the last meeting of January rolled around, the meeting at which we were to publish SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. I had done a considerable amount of advance planning, assigned Brown and Fern (both shaky typists) to the mimeograph, and had arranged that some stencils were already cut for them to start in on. Before the meeting, I went next door to Pogo's, got to talking, and let the time for starting the meeting roll past. It made no difference, really; everyone knew what was planned and that there was to be no formal meeting other than a call to order, reading of minutes, and adjournment; and the secretary (Kepner) was supposed to preside in the absence of the director. For some reason, Kepner could not bring himself to call the meeting to order, and a number of the people (notably Joquel) got extremely angry because I was not present. Joquel had a tantrum and stormed out of the club, and shortly I got a phone call from Fern, who also seemed in evil mood. I asked if the meeting had started, found it hadn't, and told Fern to tell Kepner to call it to order and get it over with, that I'd be over as soon as I finished my drink. A few moments later, Fern came into the apartment without knocking and walked right down my throat. I blew up at him, told him I didn't intend to preside, that Kepner had certain definite duties in my absence, and that I would come over as soon as the club was ready to start publishing. Following which, I shoved him out the door and slammed it on him, and went back in for another drink.

I arrived at the club, finally, just as Kepner was adjourning the meeting, doled out assignments to the few who did not already know what to do, and commenced stencilling my own article. I cut the two stencils, checked to see that everyone had something to do, and took Pogo around the corner for a short drink. Everyone seemed furious at me. I got back, found little had been done in my absence except cuss me, but I merely sat down and composed an editorial on the stencil. I got it finished all but two or three lines, was called across the room to settle the order in which certain unforeseen items would fit into the iddue, looked around and saw that everyone had a half an hour of work while I had perhaps two minutes, so took Pogo around the corner again for another drink.

When I came back, the atmosphere was pretty tense. Mel remarked he needed a stencil to run off, so I sat down to finish mine only to discover that Ackerman had finished it in a most insulting way. I blew up about it, and the meeting ended up in a savage quarrel. Ackerman, Brown, Fern, and Daugherty (the latter having just dropped in) waded into me for neglecting my duty; I came right back to point out that I had written and stencilled three pages out of a twelve page issue, had coordinated the work, that I was only one-fifteenth of the people present but had done a quarter of the actual work, and what did they expect for two bits. I further gave Ackerman the tongue-lashing of his career

for sabotaging my stencil. The upshot of it all was that we did not quite finish the issue, having, as I recall, 10 of the 12 pages done.

The next day at work, I thought the whole thing over, realised that while I probably should have made a point of being on hand every second there was nothing to make such a fuss about, since after all I had done my part of it (if I was that much faster a typist that I could go out for a while too that was just the reward of genius(!!) or something) and that anyone would resent being sent for in so insulting a fashion when there was no need to send for him at all. On the other hand I realised that I had never had any serious trouble with anyone while I was merely a member of the club, and it occured to me that I'd better give the club back to the nitwits and confine my fanning to publishing THE ACOLYTE. So that night I wrote out a resignation as director, which I thenceforth carried in my pocket, with the resolution to use it the moment another fuss came over the horizon.

But that was on Friday.

Sunday the whole complexion of the brewing feud changed sharply. Along about noon I was puttering around Fran Shack when there came a rap at the door and there were Phil Bronson, Buns Benson, and Bruce Yerke. Yerke was at the point of a temper tantrum over Ackerman's "Knanve Is A Louse" which the three had just read, and peremptorily demanded that I suppress the article. I told him I was double-damned if I'd be intimidated, particularly in my own house, that I took orders from no one on club affairs, but I would be only too happy to talk to him about it if he could present his case civilly. He more or less subsided, grumbling like a bear, and Bronson took the conversational ball, from time to time subduing Yerke. Benson throughout the afternoon said little or nothing.

It seemed that all of them had taken violent exception to the article, particularly on certain points which they assured me were totally unfactual, and that they felt Ackerman's characteristic ducking behind a pseudonym would make the publishing of it an official sentiment of the club.

I pointed out that Ackerman had submitted the article to me in advance, that I had told him it would be OK if he were reasonably sure of his facts, and that since it was patently impossible for me to have witnessed most of the stuff the article was talking about I could do little but take Forry's word. However, I pointed out that the pages of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES were open for a rebuttal, that if necessary I would mimeograph the Knanve's article myself, and that I was quite willing to put it right in the same issue as "Knanve Is A Louse" and let fandom as a whole pass judgement on who was truthful.

Yerke looked very much startled. "Just where do you stand between the club and us?"

"I'm trying to be neutral, but I'm getting sick of some of the stuff that goes on around the LASFS", I replied, and went on to tell of the various troubles I'd had, and of my intention to resign as director. I got out the resignation and handed it to Phil.

He read it over, burst out laughing, and remarked that it read like Yerke had written it. "My god! Are you one of us?"

So we settled down for an afternoon of conversation which definitely was the turning point of the feud. I did my best to talk the Knanves into rejoining; pointing out that four more votes would control the club,

and that if we could only maintain political control for a while we could probably raise the standards of the club sufficiently to make it an organization worth belonging to. Bronson at length seemed willing to rejoin, Benson said he wanted no further part of fandom, and Yerke seemed wavering but more or less unwilling to back down on his previous resignation unless the club could make some concession.

We commenced comparing notes on the LASFS during the past two months, and very shortly discovered that both Ackerman and Daugherty had done everything they could both to turn all club members against the Knanves and to convince the Knanves that the club was united against them. Before long we had worked out a nebulous sort of pact; Bronson was to rejoin the LASFS for voting purposes and attempt to bring Chamberlain in with him, Yerke was to remain outside the club but it was vaguely understood that if the matter of his honorary membership were to be settled one way or another he would rejoin and take over the secretary job once more, with Kepner being kicked upstairs to a post as program director. At the same time, he made it plain that he was dubious as to the possibility of the club amounting to anything, and that he felt a separate group, minus Ackerman, Daugherty, Morojo, Crozetti, and one or two others, would be the best ultimate solution to the problem of having an adult and intellectual fan club in Los Angeles.

At about this point in the conversation, I remembered my anti-Bronson blast I'd sent to Innman. Gulp! So I told them about it, handed Phil the carbon, and dashed off an airmail note telling Innman to kill the article. (Our comparing of notes had shown beyond a shadow of a doubt that I had largely based my article on erroneous conclusions.) Phil was pretty angry over the carbon, but Yerke exploded into gargantuan laughter when he read it, reminded Phil of a letter they had received on the same subject from Art Sehnert, and shortly we were all friends.

Late in the afternoon, the Knanves headed towards the club with the intention of talking Ackerman into withdrawing his article. He withdrew it.

The next evening, I learned of this, and was stunned. In the first place, this necessitated rerunning over half of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, and for no good reason that I could see. In the second place.....

"Regardless of what the Knanves said or did not say yesterday, that article is either more or less true, or more or less false. If it is more or less true, then your withdrawing it under pressure brands you as a coward. If it is more or less false, then your writing it at all brands you as a liar. Can't you say something reasonably objective to me, that will give me an excuse to preserve a good opinion of you?"

Forrest J Ackerman said nothing.

"Then as far as I'm concerned, you are a lying and cowardly son of a bitch;" I said coldly, and walked out of the club.

The feud was on.

Two days later, on Wednesday, Fern and Brown came to me, apologised for their part in the row with me at the publishing session, pointed out that they were sick of the club in general and Ackerman in particular, and could I as director use a couple of new henchman who were willing to vote to expell Ackerman from the club.

I welcomed their support, naturally,

but pointed out that I wanted a more or less united club, that Ackerman was easily the most interested fan in town, and that he belonged in the club. I went on to say that I felt he was riding entirely too high, that his self-righteousness was driving the better class of members out of the club, and that he most certainly needed a shaking down.

"Why don't we just suspend his honorary membership for 30 or 60 days with the idea of handing him, with a jolt, the factual picture of what he is doing to the club, which we all know he thinks so much of?" Of course I didn't know Ackerman as well then as I do today, or I never would have made such a suggestion. I wrongly supposed that he would be shocked into examining objectively his relations with the club, see for himself how his actions were alienating so many of the members, and mend his ways somewhat.

The next night, Bronson rejoined the club, and I appointed him to the executive committee as a member at large, and called a meeting of the group to be held in Pogo's apartment for a half hour before the meeting. Knowing that Morojo would not countenance any disciplinary action directed at Forry, I did not inform her of the meeting, which of course was a grave error in political tactics, as well as ethics. But I was afraid that she would talk the other members of the executive committee around against me, and that she would thus nullify the effect of what I intended to spring as a surprise. The only way around it would have been to dismiss her as treasurer, something I did not feel justified in doing without cause, particularly in light of her long service in that office.

Present at the committee meeting were Jimmy Kepner, secretary; Mel Brown, librarian; Mike Fern and Phil Bronson, members-at-large; and Pogo as an interested bystander. Now Kepner had been my chiefest supporter through the entire month previous, but when it came to actually implementing some of the things we'd been talking about he had one of his frequent changes of heart and flatly refused to have anything to do with it, adding that he intended to get Forry and Morojo and run me out of office. I asked for and received his resignation as secretary, on the grounds that my administration had to be united and that if it did something the club didn't like they could get a new administration in which Kepner, no doubt, would find a place. He immediately left the meeting and went tattling to Ackerman and the club. I appointed Mel Brown decretary, and we fell to discussing the Ackerman ouster. Cold feet became in evidence at once, particularly from Pogo. I emphasiezed that the last thing I wanted was for Ackerman to leave the club, that all I wanted was disciplinary action to try to bring him to his senses a little, and that I felt it would do the trick if we, the executive committee were to vote unanimously that we felt his honorary membership should be suspended for thirty days, saying why of course, and that we should couple this announcement with some remark from me stating that I felt the matter had gone far enough to open someone's eyes, and announce that I should like to hear a motion to table this report for a period of thirty days. We so agreed, and went over to the club.

Kepner had really stood them on their ears, and the place was buzzing like a hornets' nest. And by no means was the sentiment all pro-Ackerman, either Forry gave me a look that I will never forget--a half-hurt half-angry stare--and never looked directly at me again until the feud was over. (Nor did he speak to me again for three months.) I called the meeting to order, ran through the prescribed ritual of minutes and treasurer's report, announced that Brown had replaced Kepner as secretary. Moro-

jo had passed Pogo a note, requesting to talk with me; I saw it, and declared a recess for a second meeting of the executive committee, including Morojo. She did her level best to talk me out of my ideas, but failed to get very far because she insisted on getting off on a tangent explaining why Ackerman was more worthy of being #1 fan than Tucker, who had just succeeded to that position. She and I agreed, however, that Forry was badly in need of psychiatric care, that he was harming the club with his fanatical puritanism and other actions, but disagreed violently on what to do about it. She emphasized that if the club suspended Forry he would commit suicide, a possibility that had never occurred to me since I could not envision anyone becoming wrapped up in fandom to that extent. Finally, we decided to let the matter rock along (after all, Forry had been given ample evidence that his ways were offensive to a sizeable portion of the members--which was all I had ever intended to do)... So we went back, I called the meeting back to order, remarked that everyone knew what had been discussed earlier in the evening, thank's to the "loyal cooperation of my late secretary", that the only intention was to show someone that his attitudes and actions around the club needed a certain amount of attention, and that the matter was dropped. I adjourned the meeting, but then made a side-remark that if we were going to purge anyone, it would be a good idea to start in with Walter J. Daugherty. I then went over to Ackerman, and tried to tell him the underlying ideas of the apparent attempt at an ouster, but he turned his back and refused to listen.

So the next day, before going to the Bixelstrasse, I wrote Ackerman a friendly enough letter, in which I set forth the things he had refused to let me tell him the night before. When I arrived at the clubroom, I walked into an embroglio de luxe. Walter J. Daugherty, who had not been present at the meeting the night before, had heard that I suggested purging him, and for some reason did not seem to like it. He lit into me and I lit right back. In response to his remarks I told him just precisely why I considered him to be a liability to the club: his utter intractability, his complete lack of reliability, his floor-hogging, his apparently deliberate attempts to sabotage everything that was not emblazoned with the name of Daugherty and the complete lack of accomplishments (other than on a verbal level) of anything that was emblazoned with the name of Daugherty. Oh, it was a honey of a spat! I daresay ten people sat quiet as mice in that room while we had it out. I expected him to take a poke at me any moment; it was running through the back of my mind that I shouldn't get into a fist fight with him because I'd be giving away twenty-five pounds (FTL, 155 lbs; WJD, 180 lbs); at the same time I was mad clear through with an inner fury that was like icy fire, and I was damned if I'd back down a fraction. No blows were struck, as it turned out, but it was mighty near to it more than once. In retrospect, I've felt that I gave a definitive statement of the case against Daugherty that night--at least, everyone present except Ackerman has been strongly anti-Daugherty ever since.

Right at this point in the feud, I realised that I had gone far too far to think of backing down, yet realised with a sudden burst of clarity that my following, such as it was, was in the first place almost entirely losing interest in fandom, and secondly was too lacking in common interests to make an enduring separate club. I finally came up with an idea for a club within the club which, it seemed to me, would guarantee political control (thus preventing a few of us from being suddenly expelled if the Ackojo block should ever get the upper hand) and at the same time try to lift the club to

a higher intellectual level, despite the hard feelings which, I felt, would gradually die out if we could avoid any further hostilities for a few months and couple this interegnum with an attempt at a constructive program.

I went so far as to draft a rough charter, in which I gave a few of the possibilities as a basis for discussion. I called the group "The Outsiders and Others", and set it up as an honorary political organization, semi-secret in nature, whose avowed purpose was to build up the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society through both example and precept. Even to this very day (April 1947) the LASFS has suffered acutely from a general low level of membership standards and a preoccupation with political wrangling in preference to constructive activity. Since the club claims to take to its bosom anyone professing an interest in fantasy, it is a lodestone to crackpots and psychiatric freaks of all descriptions, and the presence of so many of these impossibles tends constantly to drive away the few worthwhile people which the group attracts. A reasonably mature and intelligent person very shortly finds greener pastures than the LASFS unless he happens to be deeply involved in fan publishing or to a lesser extent collecting, but the fuzzleheads, socially inacceptable almost anywhere else, not only find themselves welcomed by the club but find enough other impossibles to associate with that driving them out is almost impossible. And the preoccupation with its own inner affairs, which can never be of other than clinical interest to the newer member, prevents the club's having anything remotely resembling an intellectually stimulating plane of activity save in spurts; if for no other reason than because the constant grind of intrigue and counter-intrigue and the long and deadly business meetings consume all the time and energy available to the group.

Through the establishment of the Outsiders I proposed to cope with both these major problems. The group, as I envisioned it, was to be invitational and highly selective, with a unanimous ballot required for admission. Since we would refuse to accept the more dubious specimens, their inability to get into the inner circle would tend to drive them away, and our being united would make it possible to expell the more thick-skinned ones. In short, I wanted to substitute the cold shoulder for the glad hand, and reserve our hospitality for worthwhile people, instead of wasting it on the misfits, crackpots, and impossibles.

Since the club revolved so exclusively around its own politics, I proposed making the Outsiders a political machine to end all political machines, take and keep political control of the club, and then attempt to focus the meetings on something worthwhile for a change. Previous attempts at discussion meetings frequently ran foul of someone's desire to get the floor and, through lack of intellectual depth sufficient to present anything of interest, talk about the club's already too much talked of affairs. I wanted constitutional changes put through which would force all club business to be submitted in writing and passed on by the executive committee before being allowable on the floor. This would eliminate 90% of the business I have seen brought up in the LASFS between 1943 and 1947, because so little of it is really business; most of it is just Daugherty or someone like that trying to get some ego-boo. I wanted extreme powers vested in the director, under the theory that he should perform much as a city manager, discharging most of his duties without a lot of time-wasting palaver, and being subject to recall or impeachment if he got out of hand. I wanted more stringent controls over the recruiting of new members, with a reasonable probationary period so that we could spot the worst cases before we

saddled ourselves with them.

I proposed to exercise and maintain this control through the use of block voting in all elections and club business. Whenever necessary, The Outsiders would meet and discuss any proposed piece of business or select the next group of officers or do whatever else was needful. Among ourselves we would use completely democratic methods, with full and free discussion, then vote. Each Outsider was to pledge himself to vote in the ensuing LASFS meeting the way the majority of Outsiders had voted in their own meeting. In this way control of the LASFS would be child's play, since we would have had at most times a bloc of 10 to 12 votes to cast en masse in a club of 20 to 25 members, some of whom would be sure to vote our way just on the intrinsic merits of the matter under consideration.

It may be wondered why I kept harping so much on political control of the LASFS, but it must be remembered that without this control there was no way of keeping the less worthwhile things from coming on the floor and consuming an entire meeting, nor was there any means of trying to build up a qualitative membership.

In the form I have just described, The Outsiders never existed. Yerke opposed it because he felt that we would do better to get clear out and away from the club and make a fresh, clean start. Kepner and one or two others had their idealism outraged by the realism of the bloc voting and other points. However, the real death blow to the club-within-the-club came in the rushing events of the next few days.

Immediately following the abortive disciplinary action aimed at Ackerman, Jules Lazar sought me out and was going to knock my block off for taking overt action against Forry. The best my occasionally glib tongue could do was to calm him down a little; he was completely unable to see any reason why we had attempted to set Forry down a notch. Two or three days later, Jules and one or two others had a crap game in the clubroom; Ackerman got wind of it, and handed Jules one of those primly stuffy little notes of rebuke he was so free with in those days. Lazar hit the ceiling as though he had just attained critical mass.

Of more practical importance, he came to me, apologised for wanting to knock my block off, and gave me the most extreme anti-Ackerman lecture of the whole feud. He added that his vote was strictly anti-Ackerman from then on, and that he also held the proxy of Alva Rogers, who had just left town and returned to his parents' home in San Diego. (It might be added that Rogers had given this proxy to Jules with verbal instructions to use it as Ackerman directed, not realising that Jules was going to change sides.)

Well, this gave us two more votes; I counted them over in my mind and nearly fainted when I saw that we could for the first time in the feud probably carry a two-thirds majority vote. So at the next meeting, I instituted a motion to elect T. Bruce Yerke to honorary membership in the LASFS. Apart from Bronson, who made the motion for me, I took no one into my confidence as to what I intended trying; and in fact set up as a smoke screen the discussion among the Outsiders of what we could do to ruin the LASFS just before we resigned--such as send the entire treasury to Ziff-Davis for long term subscriptions in the clubs name, or elect Walter J. Daugherty director, or perform some other heinous piece of sabotage.

It appeared that 14 persons qualified to vote attended the meeting. Lazar submitted the pro-

xy of Alva Rogers, but it was with a sudden sense of misgiving that I heard Ackerman submit the proxy of John M. Cunningham, a character whose army career had carried him briefly through Shangri La but long enough for him to part with ten bucks for a life membership in the LASFS. (The category of life member, and the dues for it, were easily decided when Cunningham asked about becoming a life member and the club discovered he had ten dollars.) It was pretty obvious that if Ackerman were going to write to every fan who had ever been a member of the LASFS and tell them a few carefully censored and misleading half-truths he could get enough proxy votes to run the club by himself, even though he turned every fan actually on the scene totally against him. The idea of challenging Cunningham's proxy flashed into my mind, but I quickly saw that it was more important to try to get Yerke's honorary membership (with the consequent return of Bruce to the club), and that it would be easy enough for us to quash this proxy idea if we had the two-thirds majority vote in hand, since we could even amend the constitution with that.

I asked if there was any discussion on the motion to grant T. Bruce Yerke an honorary membership, looking directly at Ackerman as I did so. There was a short silence. Finally someone called for the question. I appointed a couple of non-voters to act as tellers, and stupidly declared a recess while they passed out the ballots. Even more stupidly, I neglected to watch them like ~~hawkxc~~ a hawk, and was stunned when they announced the result of the vote before I had called the meeting back in order. The vote was 11 for and 5 against, giving Bruce his two-thirds majority by a margin of one vote. I knew that this ballot would certainly be challenged, since it took place while the club was in recess, and tho we probably could have bulled it through (such as by my claiming to have reopened the meeting) it seemed evident that the motion would carry, and it seemed far better to have it absolutely in order. So I apologised to the club, explained what had happened, and requested a new ballot.

As these new ballots were being passed out, Ackerman got to his feet and said, "If T. Bruce Yerke is given an honorary membership in this club, I shall feel that all honorary memberships are without honor."

The result of the new ballot was an 8 to 8 tie.

I was completely stunned by this reversal. I shan't make any comments on the tactics Ackerman used, except that their success showed me beyond controverting that there was no use trying to do anything with the club as long as one member could sway that many votes with so little effort; particularly when that same member's actions were nearly all in direct opposition to making the club into an adult group, and when he could get proxy votes right and left.

I suddenly remembered the resignation as director which I had written a couple of weeks previously, and the next thing I knew I was reading it. Burbee made his long promised visit to the club just in the middle of the recital and he has told me since that he could not understand why a whole roomful of people would sit quietly and hear themselves torn apart so insultingly without doing something about it.

This resignation caught everyone by surprise, including me. It elevated Mel Brown to the director's post, and the meeting fell into chaos for a few minutes while he was getting the feel of things. I went over to the typewriter and wrote out a brief resignation of my membership in the LASFS, dating it to take effect two weeks hence 'thereby giving

myself a chance to wind up the 6th ACOLYTE), showed it to Pogo. She immediately signed it too, passed it to Bronson who signed it and passed it on, and the next thing I knew it was circulating among all the Outsiders, all of whom signed it except Mel Brown. It finally came back to me, I asked and received the floor, and read it. Mel then stunned us by pulling a paper out of his pocket and reading to the group a resignation of his own, a two page affair which for sheer vitriol has never been approached by anything else I've ever read anywhere.

Walter J. Daugherty, after a whispered consultation with Ackerman, took the floor and demanded that the resignations be made effective immediately. This was refused by us. He then demanded that we be kept out of the clubroom, on the ground that we would destroy the mimeograph and other club property. This insulting remark led to some very bitter discussion, at the end of which a motion granting "all resigning members the full and free use of the club and its properties until their resignations actually took effect" was carried by an 11 to 4 vote.

This motion was implemented by Morojo the very next day, when on her own authority, and in direct violation of the vote of the club, she had the lock changed on the door, thereby keeping resigning members from using their keys. (This didn't bother us much, since Brown and Fern talked Kepner out of his key for a short time--long enough to have some duplicates made for those of the Outsiders who wanted them8)

Mel then remarked that since the club lacked a director, the floor was open for nominations. (I'll skip the maze of constitutionalities which first tend to show that an election that night was illegal and later indicate that it was in order. You readers who have not been around the LASFS will just have to take my word as to the astounding complexity of the organic law for this group of 18 or 20 people.) I immediately grabbed the floor and said, "Since we have just been accused of wishing to wreck the club, I'd about as soon have the game as the name. Since the worst piece of sabotage I can think of at the moment is to saddle the club with an incompetant director, I'd like to nominate the man whom I feel is most capable of making this club even worse than it is now---Walter J. Daugherty."

Phil Bronson and others then commenced tossing in nominations until nearly everyone present was nominated. When the victims of this merry prank had gotten their names withdrawn, Walter J. Daugherty and I found ourselves standing alone to be voted on. (I've always been hugely amused to think that Daugherty wanted to be director so badly that he accepted a nomination even from me and in such language.) The poor visitors we had used before found themselves again passing out ballots. (Boy, they must have just loved that meeting!) As they called the votes aloud, nearly everyone in the room kept a tally. Laney, Laney, Laney, Daugherty, Laney, Daugherty.....I took the lead from the beginning and held it the whole way. Daugherty was white with rage, but the last vote was for Daugherty and brought it into a tie: 8 to 8.

One or two other pieces of business were then tried, but ended in that same futile 8 to 8 deadlock. Finally Kepner took the floor, stated that his resignation had never been accepted in due form as prescribed by the constitution, and claimed the directorship. Mel looked blank, but I rushed to the gap, withdrew my own resignation on the same grounds, and found myself once more director of the dear old LASFS. Strictly comic opera, wasn't it? But all I did was to ad-

journ the meeting and go home. I did not attend another meeting of the LASFS until I rejoined the club the following summer, though I did spend a considerable amount of time around the club finishing up the ACOLYTE stencils which I'd previously cut with a spacing that made them runnable only on the club mimeograph.

And of course the quarrel between Ackerman and myself reached the stage of sheer idiocy long before I finished up the last stencil. Since I was seeing a great deal of Pogo at this time and Ackerman of course was keeping company with Morojo, he and I managed to run into each other at least once a day, either at the club or in Myrtle and Pogo's apartment. But Ackerman positively refused to speak to me. This of course made sense, but it did not make sense for him to hand me a long and vitriolic letter almost every time he saw me. Since he would not talk to me, I fell into the habit of answering these letters, stopping only when I left the club neighborhood for good a couple of weeks later. He continued to send me weirdly conceived letters, clippings, and postcards for a few weeks after that, but after I had failed to answer three or four of them in a row he stopped. But it didn't take me long to learn that I could make Forry horribly uncomfortable by tossing succinct remarks at him; I regret to say that I was not above this sort of childishness.

Also during the post-club pre-Outsider interregnum I had a most amusing brush with one of the club queers, a character who from sponging off one of the residents at 628 had taken to hanging around the club. The moment the fruit saw Ackerman, he fell madly in love with 4sj. Ackie, with his all-inclusive brother love for anyone supposed to be a fan, probably did not even realise that the guy was a fairy, and most certainly did not realise that he, Forrest J Ackerman, was the object of the nance's unrequited yearnings. He saw in this pansy an industrious new fan, sincere, unassuming, and worthy. The poor swish spent the next three or four weeks drawing for VOM, cutting stencils for it and SHAGGY, and even running the mimeograph for Ackerman. He finally gave up and commenced trying to make some of the others of us. I was alone in the club one afternoon, trying to finish up my ACOLYTE work, when I smelled an overpowering whiff of very cheap perfume. Turning around, I saw this dear fruit standing clear across the room from me. He immediately commenced a gambit, which I cruelly egged on until he was thoroughly committed---then burst out at him with a full-voiced roar of the well-known Laney laugh, a reaction which caused him to leave looking, believe it or not, rather deeply hurt. Faugh!

The last three or four days of February found me in bed, sicker than a horse. Several of us had spent Sunday afternoon at Paul Freehafer's apartment, playing records and drinking a little wine. Pogo and I had been invited to visit de Pina; when Alva Rogers heard of this and wanted to go, we decided to take him along. About halfway between Paul's apartment and Hollywood, we were struck by one of LA's famous cloudbursts, this one laced with hail and driven by a high wind. With two windows broken out of the Weird Willys, it took perhaps 30 seconds for us to become soaked to the skin; yet we were marooned in the car by the swirling water which was running six inches deep over most of the sidewalks. So we kept on to Hollywood, called de Pina and explained we were too nearly drowned to come on out, went to The Streets of Paris for a short, warming drink, and back to LA. This exposure touched off my bronchitis but good, and I made up my mind to spend the next few days trying to throw it off altogether, resting, baking in front of the fire, and so on. Except for a couple of trips to the corner grocery, I spent three days and

nights absolutely alone.

During that time, I did a whole lot of hard and often unpleasant thinking, made myself face a number of facts I'd done my level-best to avoid. I realised that my besetting curse was a lack of confidence in myself, coupled with a hitherto unrealised oedipism, and that my tendencies towards introversion would always rob me of the better things in life unless I forced myself to overcome them. For the first time I realised, with a start, how seriously fandom was hampering me in leading the sort of life I wanted to lead, and yet, at the same time, I thought I could see ways in which I could make fandom serve me as a stepping stone to new contacts and new confidence. (Most of these ideas turned out, on being practised, to be utter poppycock--probably merely indicative of my narrow escape from being completely submerged in the microcosmos.) The chief results of this painful session with myself were, so far as these memoirs is concerned, a resolution to ease out of fandom and a determination to try to replace the semblence of success that had greeted THE ACOLYTE with an attempt to succeed in something more mundane and worthwhile. My determination to quit fandom was seriously weakened by the reservation that I should fulfill all my existing commitments, but at least it gave me something to strive towards. And the total results of this big session with myself have done me lasting good; though I strayed from the straight and narrow and fell back into fandom more than once since that time, on the whole I have managed to keep forging ahead bit by bit towards the goal I then set myself of adulthood. I don't know how he'll like it, but since that time I have consistently used Forrest J Ackerman as my personal bug-a-boo: "There, but for keeping trying, goes FTL", or something like that. After all, Ackerman is my superior in every native ability that matters, except in physical strength (about equal) and manual dexterity (I think I've got him skinned in this one). We are near enough the same age to give point to the comparison. And, though I admit it with extreme reluctance, I have been as deep or deeper in fandom and similar escapes as Ackerman. He just hasn't made himself look at the handwriting on the wall as yet.

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Don't get the idea that January and February was all childish feuding, as far as I was concerned. During those two months, I finished up the #6 ACOLYTE, the issue which I consider to be the best of all fourteen. And I made some personal contacts, strictly through fandom and THE ACOLYTE, which made my resolutions to quit pretty mubh of a dead letter for some time.

Mike Fern, an aggressive little devil if there ever was one, made it a habit to look up any of the great and near great that he could scrape out an excuse for meeting. Thus it was, while in San Francisco, he dug out a gentleman named William A. P. White, who is better known to you under his psuedonyms of H. H. Holmes and Anthony Boucher. They corresponded to some extent later, and, unbeknownst to me, Mike gave him a big build-up on THE ACOLYTE. Tony shortly expressed a wish to be sent a complete file up to date; I sent him the five issues and forgot about it.

One day in late february, I received a bulky envelope from Boucher, containing no less than five unpublished short-shorts (three of which were as good or better than any of his stories in UNKNOWN), and a medium long, brilliant letter of comment on the five ACOLYTES. Needless to say, I was thrilled half to death, and commenced a spasmodic correspondence with Boucher. His next letter took up the matter of Craig Rice and a fried

of hers named J. F. McComas---both, said Boucher, were great admirers of Lovecraft; Rice, though a highly successful who-dunnit author, had been unable to hit with fantasies, though the failure to do so distressed her; and several of these people and their friends were somewhat interested in forming a Lovecraft club similar in concept to the Baker Street Irregulars.

Of course Craig Rice was not the name in 1944 that she is in 1947, but she was still definitely big-time in anyone's language; while I am not a celebrity chaser by any means, it may well be imagined that I lost no time following this up. She was the personification of cordiality, urged me to come out to Santa Monica any Sunday afternoon and see her.

So it was that I spent several Sundays as a guest of Craig Rice, in real life Mrs. Lawrence Lipton. The Liptons, it developed, held open-houses nearly every Sunday, and the assorted collection of people that dropped in and out was as interesting and stimulating as it was heterogeneous. Most were writers, musicians, cinema directors and technicians, and others of artistic tastes---but you never knew, until you got to talking with an individual, who or what you had stumbled into. One thing, though, I never met a bore or an unintersting person out there--the Liptons were exceedingly gifted collectors of people.

I can no longer remember one visit from another, nor even how many there were (between three and five). But when I went I'd arrive about one in the afternoon and stay until nearly midnight. It was at Craig Ricess that I met J. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Cartmill, and Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Leiber Jr. I believe that sums up the fantasy celebrities.

Some vignettes are perhaps in order.

Craig Rice is a woman in her early forties, attractive enough and friendly to a fault. She is capable of any kind of conversation one can imagine, though her best facets are literary criticism and writing shop-talk, and rapid-fire badinage. She has a fine sense of the dramatic, and plays excellent piano, both boogie-woogie and bar-room. All in all, she was a terrific hostess.

Her husband, Lawrence Lipton, is a novelist in his own right; is short, dark, debonnaire, and full of fun. One of his chief interests in life is making phonograph records; he has file after file full of acetates, and what a gamut of sound they cover. Radio shows, newsshots of famous events, dubbings of hundreds of unobtainable commercial and not so commercial records, originals of Danny Kaye at the Lipton's, Meade Lux Lewis beating out boogie on the Lipton piano, trick combinations (such as Shostakovitch and Raymond Scott dubbed together in an utterly spine-tingling fantasy)....well, just name it. If it can be put on a record Larry probably has it ten-deep.

I did not get particularly well acquainted with the Cartmills. They had happened to drop into the club during one of our most furious brawls; we recognised each other; I shied away from him because I was ashamed of the company he had seen me with before; he shied away from me just as any intelligent and informed person would shy away from a known member of the LASFS.

J. Francis "Mick" McComas is a big, jolly, roly-poly Irishman, with a rich booming voice, and a terrific personality. He is more a salesman and promoter than a creative artist (west-coast representative of Random House), though he has written successfully under pen-names, and is an editor of no small qualifications (cf. AD-

VENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE). But his most noticeable characteristic is a joie de vivre that just doesn't quit. Mick has read ASTOUNDING for several years, and also has a very nice collection of fantastic books--but fantasy plays only a minor point in his life, as it should.

Fritz Leiber Jr. is one of the most interesting men I have ever met. Tall, rather heavy, with dark bushy hair and his father's leonine head, he is as fine a figure of a man as one can imagine; and his quiet, rather slow, speech is packed with interesting experiences, valid literary criticisms, and everything else needful to make Leiber into one of the finest conversationalists in the fantasy field. He and I struck it off very well from the first; he had been one of HPL's last correspondents, and with Derleth and one or two others was one of the tiny handful of HPL's old friends who was really trying to keep the Lovecraft fires burning as it were. From Lovecraft we gradually came to discuss other things. In passing, I might mention that Leiber, more than any other person, was responsible for the last 8 issues of THE ACOLYTE; he kept handing me such superlative material, much of it written especially for THE ACOLYTE, that no matter how ennuied I felt at publishing a fanzine I felt almost a compulsion to bring out another issue, just to feature the Leiber contribution. Vocally at least, ACOLYTE'S readers never appreciated Leiber as much as I felt they should have.

On different occasions Sam Russell and Pogo accompanied me to the Liptons'. All these soirees were rather similar, except of course for the conversations. The pattern centered around a profuse use of liquor--everyone present having entree to the refrigerator and passing around drinks to all present whenever someone got dry, a practice which often led to one's having two or three drinks in front of himself simultaneously. I never saw anyone get out of line from drinking out there, but on the other hand the amount of booze flowing around the place made it really rugged for me, since I was supposed to be working regular hours, while few of the others were. These parties used liquor in the way I've always felt the stuff was designed to be used: as an ice-breaker and tongue-lossener; and such was the high level of most of the conversation that partaking in it burned up most of the alcohol as fast as it was drunk.

The best discussion I recall at the moment was an afternoon spent psychoanalyzing Lovecraft, his methods and his stories, and later branching out through a psychoanalysis of various members of the Lovecraft circle, to an attempted psychoanalysis of the whole fantasy field---fantasy, its psychological appeal. A number of people partook of this session, chiefly Rice, Laney, Russell, and Leiber, but it eventually ended up as a duologue between Leiber and Russell which I would have dearly loved to have had transcribed for publication.

The Lipton home was loaded with phonographs, at least three of them, and every room had stacks of records somewhere in it. The Liptons seemed most interested in humorous recordings, something I never cared too much for, but there was also a lovely lot of jazz, including a stack of rare Bessie Smiths and a flock of Muggsys, and I saw to it that I got loose in these more than once. Of interest, perhaps, is the fact that I never did hear any symphony out there, except for the fragment of Shostakovitch blended with Raymond Scott.

I had in my possession Duane Rimel's series of 36 letters from Lovecraft; these I loaned to Craig for source material for some Lovecraft article she contemplated at the time for SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. She in turn loaned me various books.

In addition to the phonographs, there was a good deal of other music around the Liptons'. Craig played the piano a great deal, as did many of the other guests, and there was also a certain amount of singing. I recall with especial relish the time that Craig improvised a little song for everyone present, and the half-pleased, half-embarrassed expression of Sam Russell when he suddenly realised that one of these songs was not only for and about him, but that it summed him up perfectly, though Craig had only known him for a couple of hours.

I've often regretted that I drifted away from these bashes, but at the time my reasons for so doing seemed perfectly valid. In the first place,I invariably slept through my alarm and missed work the next day, with a resulting hole in my paycheck. (Not that these soirees were such drunken brawls as all that, but it must be remembered that they were not only an hour or more from town, but that they were being held by people who could, and probably did, sleep until noon the next day.) The other reason was that I began to feel somewhat like a sponger going out there so much, what with drinks and eats in such profusion; I began to doubt if I had any business trying to associate with people so far beyond me financially; and to top it off began to wonder just what I could contribute to such gatherings to warrant my presence. Well, anyway, I left before I wore out my welcome entirely, and those sessions are something I'd not have missed for anything. I met some brilliant people, and had some delightful Sundays--what more could one ask?

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CHAPTER SEVEN

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On the Outside Looking In

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The mass resignations from the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society took place so suddenly that we were not prepared for them. Though another organization had been discussed, it was the club-within-a-club idea, and nothing had come of it. Yerke gathered with several of us the Saturday following the resignations, we went out to dinner en masse, and empowered Bruce to write a letter to fandom on the subject of the resignations.

At this time, Mel Brown's apartment was a scene of heavy publishing activity; the Knanves having moved Bronson's mimeograph there and being busily engaged in turning out the #2 KNANVE and what developed to be the last issue of Bronson's FANTASITE, then the #1 fanzine. So we retired to the top floor of 628, and Yerke turned out a rough draft which we all approved and signed; most of us then went about our affairs leaving Yerke, Fern, Brown and one or two others to turn it out and mail it in an edition of about 80 copies. (An amusing sidelight to this letter is Chamberlain's signature; he at first refused to sign it, then changed his mind after it was all mimeographed, and had to sign each copy with a pen.)

During the next couple of weeks, most of us were just resting from fanning and feuding, though we came to discuss the formation of a club at greater and greater length. Since Yerke at the time was working nights for North American Aviation in the photographic department, one of our first acts was to set aside each Saturday evening as a dinner meeting of the as yet unnamed new club, this being the one evening that Yerke could meet with us. These dinner meetings were held at Freed's Coffee Shop at 6th and St. Paul, and continued regularly until Yerke resigned from the group.

My old title for the club-within-the-club seemed peculiarly appropriate for our new group, since we all felt very strongly that we had been turned away from the LASFS for daring to question the mores of the group and of Forrest J Ackerman. The Outsiders. It was not long before fandom began to hear about us.

Our original roster consisted of the three surviving Knanves: T. Bruce Yerke, Philip P. Bronson, and Edwin Chamberlain (Benson was never an Outsider); two members of the LASFS: Paul Freehafer and Samuel D. Russell; and those of us who had resigned from the club: Francis T. Laney, Pogo, Merlin W. Brown, C. J. Fern Jr., and Jules Lazar---with a former member of the LASFS, Jack Rhodes, very shortly joining us on the recommendation of Bronson and Yerke.

I suppose a vignette is in order for Rhodes. He was older than most of us, about 38, I imagine; was married, had four children, and might best be described as a chronically dissatisfied person. His earnest adoption of Alfred Nock and other promulgators of vitriol and pessimism made him a singularly depressing companion much of the time, though he was otherwise widely read, and was gifted with occasional bits of puckish humor. Very quiet, very serious, Jack had little interest in fantasy or fandom, and did not stay with us long, particularly after The Outsiders became committed to a large publishing program.

Just before my big sick spell and thinking session in the latter part of February, The Outsiders had its first

full-scale business meeting which, in common with almost all our serious meetings, was hel at Fran Shack on a Thursday night. (Our first decision of policy had been to make our meetings conflict with those of the LASFS so as to force local fans as well as visitors to make a choice between the two groups.)

All of us except Yerke attended this first meeting, and the contrast between it and any LASFS meeting I've ever seen still astounds me every time I think of it. Though this meeting set up all of the groups policies and most of the means of implementing them, with some very sharp differences of opinion arising from time to time, there was no gavel, no chairman, no formality. We were a group of friends sitting around talking things over; we did not have any Daugherties to assuage and to give ego boo to, nor did we have any Ackermans to coddle and cater to. Everyone spoke his mind freely, everything that was brought up got discussed enough but not too much, and when a given item seemed worked out Phil or I would write it up in a few terse sentences, read them, and inquire if this suited the pleasure of all present.

In addition to setting up our constructive policy, the group had just received an almost unforgiveable letter from Ackerman, and it resulted in our dropping our original intention of letting the LASFS alone and deciding to attack the club as much as possible. (The letter summed up the affairs of the past month or so, bandied around the word "treason", implied that the writer intended to run all of us out of fandom, and closed with the utterly gratuitous remark that our only activity would probably consist of "getting drunk and taking turns in publicly copulating with Pogo". Needless to say, several tempers got lost over that remark, and it was decided that those of us with any amount of correspondence would undertake a poison pen campaign against the LASFS, in which we would simply tell the truth about Ackerman and the club; that we would make a point of trying to get national newszine coverage of our activity and thus try to overshadow the LASFS, and that we would continue THE KNANVE as a satirical political fanzine.

The Outsiders decided that the focus of the group was to be half social and half serious; that the social portion of our activities should consist of gradually larger dinner meetings which eventually would feature stimulating outside speakers and of Fran Shack soirees patterned frankly after those out at Craig Rice's; and that the serious portion of our activities would revolve around writing and publishing.

Our great raison d'etre was to be "Project M", a sinister sounding designation which once caused the handful of remaining LASFSers to waste a gob of time in fruitless speculations. It had occured to Bronson and myself that all of the worthwhile Los Angeles publishers and writers with the exception of Ackerman were members of our group. This of course was before the rise of Charles Edward Burbee, and during one of Kepner's frequent interludes during which he had quit publishing. We figured out the amounts of work that was being lavished on our separate magazines: FAN SLANTS, FANTASITE, and ACOLYTE; examined our backlogs of material and our potentialities for getting more good material; and realised that if we were willing to assess ourselves $5.00 a month apicce, we would have enough money to try a semi-pro printed fanzine.

This was Project M. We gave it this cryptic designation, and bound ourselves to secrecy, because we did not want any inkling of our intentions to leak out. If it fell through, we did not wish to be accused of fostering a Daugherty project. And if it succeeded,

we felt that the presenting of a concrete accomplishment would pretty much "make" The Outsiders, and that the element of surprise would do much to make the magazine successful. One grows tired of reading glowing advertisements that never pan out.

To make certain that Project M would have the best available material and editing, we agreed to abandon all fanzines other than limited editions circulating exclusively in FAPA (with the proviso that each editor might finish the issue on which he was working at the time), and that all writings of any Outsider be submitted first to Project M.

Project M was to be a somewhat glorified ACOLYTE, but was to include scientifiction, and a limited amount of the better type of stefnistic material featured by FANTASITE. Bronson and I were to be co-editors, and Sam Russell was to be literary editor, but with powers which virtually made him editor-in-chief so fas as selection of material was concerned.

Project M occupied most of our time for the first month. It took several evenings to work out the details of the publishing agreement, to decide on policies, and to go through some of the material we then had on hand (most of it out of ACOLYTE's backlog). Mike Fern was appointed business manager, and spent many hours canvassing back-street print shops, finally coming up with a fantastically low bid from a rather large shop which was willing to do the work at cost if we could get the paper, since the management was having difficulty finding enough paper to keep even a skeleton crew occupied and feared that its business might fall by the wayside altogether. The paper of course required a priority, so Mike promptly stunned us all by wangling an allocation for several times as much paper as we would have needed. By the middle of March, we had Project M well under control, with the first issue pretty much figured out.

But at this point we found ourselves confronted with a FAPA mailing. And since we had originally decided to permit ourselves to keep up FAPA activity, Project M was temporarily shelved in order that we might pour some stuff into FAPA.

The last, and in some ways the most important, facet of our publishing program was to be THE KNANVE. We designed it as our organ to fandom, and intended it to carry out its original policy of exposing and attacking stefnistic abuses, satirizing the foibles of fandom, and serving as a organ for the occasional venting of spleen.

So there we were, the fan club that was the new hope of Los Angeles. Humph!

The Outsiders as a group carried the seeds of its own demise from the very beginning. In the first place, the majority of us were for one reason or another heartily sick of fandomand all fandom implies. Secondly, there was no common bond of interest among all of us. Brown, Russell, Freehafer, and I were still quite deeply interested in fantasy itself--collecting it, writing about it, talking about writing about it, and even reading the stuff. Yerke, Bronson, Freehafer, and to a lesser extent Brown and Russell were deeply interested in classical music. Yerke, Russell, Freehafer, Rhodes, Fern, and I were interested in various cultural subjects; all of those named knew enough about some of these subjects to talk about them; others professed an interest, but regrettably their knowledge did not compare with their volubility. Lazar, Pogo, and I liked to go out socially with members of the opposite sex--some of the others talked a lot about it. And so on. There was no clearcut, positive inter-

est which bound all of us together. This is one of the chief factors which has hampered the LASFS for as long as I have known the group--lack of a common focus. And we, being LASFS alumni, carried this lack right into the Outsiders with us. We were bound together by a common motive--anger at Ackerman, Daugherty, and the LASFS--but this was bound to evaporate in a short time. Third, the strong attitude held against newer fans by Yerke, Bronson, Russell, and to a lesser extent myself kept us from making any sustained or successful effort to attract the younger new arrivals away from the LASFS as fast as they showed up--something we could very easily have done had we made up our minds to.

But we didn't do so badly in the short time we were functioning. Our first social event was a house-warming of Fran Shack, held on my 30th birthday, March 11, 1944. It was nothing more than a drunken riot, but it definitely was the most rousing party I ever saw in fandom. The invitations were worded urging attenders to bring "bottles and babes; neither is required though both are requested", and resulted in a full-strength gathering of Outsiders, most of them with bottles and several with women. As the drinks began to take effect, more and more of the misfits began to forget how introverted they were--first thing you knew people were dancing, necking, going in twosomes to be alone for a while, and generally cutting up. Through the entire brawl, Yerke remained relatively sober, and took a series of photographs which can only be described as classic.

Some things took place which showed that The Outsiders, alas, were not much better than the despised LASFS. Brown spent the evening pouting in a corner reading Stapledon. Fern started the same way, but shortly found himself tending the phonograph. Lazar got too much to drink and shoved some of the people around, called me a foul name when someone jogged my elbow and made me spatter a drink on him; I threw the whole glass at him and a fight was prevented only by some remarkably quick action on the part of others. Bronson passed out with a cigarette burning in his mouth, crumpled it into the daveno and nearly asphyxiated from the strangling fumes when the upholstery started to smoulder. But all in all it was quite a party--all good clean fun; thank god I don't have to have that much good clean fun every night!

Also in March, either just before or just after the housewarming, the ubiquitous Mike Fern promoted us an arrangement with the Carolina Pines, a swank eatery in Hollywood, whereby we could hold dinner meetings there and at the same time have free use of a most attractive two room upstairs meeting place. We held several meetings there, after some of which we adjourned to Jack Rhodes' nearby home for a party.

But at about the time of the Fran Shack Warming, I myself was forced to strike the first blow at the Outsiders. Evening after evening passed, but every evening at least one fan would come straggling in, and often-times not want to leave even when I pointed out that I had a date or was otherwise not at home. I found it necessary to promulgate a rule--no visiting except on Tuesdays and Thursdays, except by special arrangement. This did not sit very well with some of the group, even though Fran Shack was my own place, and I was supporting it entirely with my own money.

The next rift in The Outsiders came when Jimmy Kepner made another of his famous reversals of opinion, and expressed a wish to become an Outsider. I opposed his being admitted, because I felt him to be untrustworthy; on being voted down, I made it a point to treat him as cordially as

though nothing had happened. Not so Lazar, who resigned from the Outsiders in a huff.

Lazar's resignation, however, was not to be wondered at. He had already gotten the group into a peck of trouble with a very ill-timed and poorly considered letter in which he told of the blowup in the LASFS, and cited as one of the chief reasons the fact that overt homosexuality was running rife in the club, and that Kepner was one of the chief homosexuals. This letter he mailed to Julius Unger, editor of FANTASY FICTION FIELD; Unger sent the letter on to Walt Dunkelberger, who was publishing FFF for him; Dunkelberger stencilled the letter verbatim and published it without deletions, an act of stupidity which soured me for all time on both Unger and Dunkelberger, who after all are grown men chronologically and should have known better. Kepner and the LASFS were outraged. We in The Outsiders were beside ourselves. Regardless of the truth in the Lazar letter, it put us on an awful spot, and moreover gave The Outsiders a black eye which we never quite lived down. We promptly disavowed the letter, read the riot act to Unger and Dunkelberger and got a profuse public apology from all concerned. It was right at this time that Kepner expressed a wish to join The Outsiders, and Yerke, that astute politician, saw that by taking Kepner as a member we could really implement our disavowal of Lazar. So we admitted D O K to our ranks.

Paul Freehafer had been a doomed man almost from birth, suffering from a chronic heart condition which could never be cured. We all knew that Paul was in poor health, but few of us realised how poor, since Freehafer had resolutely set out to make the most of what life he had, and had done so so well that it was difficult to think of him as an invalid. Paul caught a bad cold in the same rain-hail outbreak that put me out of circulation for three days. He found himself unable to throw it off, and took a leave of absence from his job with the idea of going home to Idaho to rest for a few months. The Saturday night following the housewarming, Paul met with us for the last time. A week later, he passed away quietly in his sleep, having lived just long enough to get home.

When we heard of Paul's death we were both stunned and crushed. In the first place, Paul Freehafer was at all odds the best beloved of the entire local group; friendly, cheerful, tolerant--totally above all rifts and quarrels; a well-integrated and brilliant adult who was almost entirely free of the maladjustments and adolescencies so characteristic of most of the other localites. And secondly, none of us were quite able to adjust to the fact that Paul was gone.

It was indeed in a sober mood that we brought out Yerke's eulogy for Paul, an essay which I believe is one of the finest pieces of writing fandom has ever produced. We mailed it to nearly all the fans on our mailing list.

But it was with bitter fury that we learned of the LASFS' reaction to Paul's death. The club mourned his passing sincerely; I did not believe it at the time but have since come to realize it. But it came to us very, very straight that the first action of Daugherty and Ackerman, upon receiving the telegram from Idaho, was to go right up to Paul's apartment and try to talk his roommate out of Paul's collection, for the then nebulous Foundation. When I heard of this I went completely berserk--ghouls and vultures were the mildest epithets I could turn out--I started walking the half-mile to the club with the intention of beating Ackerman into a red mush. Somewhere along the way, the realisation struck me, for the first time, that Paul was really dead.

I burst into uncontrollable tears, and somewhere along Bixel between 8th and 9th had one of the darnedest cries you can imagine; finally allowing myself, spent and trembling, to be taken back home by the Outsiders who were with me, and who had been trotting along with me trying in vain to calm me down (so they told me; I'd not even known they were there).

Perhaps some of you are smiling because FTL sounds like such an emotional dope. Well, perhaps he is. But I thought the world of Paul, and his death was one of the hardest things I've ever had to take.

The Outsiders did not feel happy about the memorial brochure put out by the LASFS, holding it to be cheap, tawdry, and in utter violation of nearly every precept of good taste. I just re-read it, and now, three years later, it looks even worse to me than it did then, particularly Ackerman's sidetracking himself into what is almost a defense of atheism.

The memorial edition of SHANGRI L'-AFFAIRES made us even angrier. It bore a lithographed portrait of Paul, which was fine--but on the back of the picture, the pettiness of the LASFS could not bear to see all that blank space, so they had smeared on three of the most atrociously horrible poems in the history of fandom. Purportedly memorials to Freehafer, they were written by people like Cunningham and Daniels (the latter of whom had never even seen Paul), and moreover were grotesquely lacking in both taste and literary merit. We weren't the only ones who were annoyed; Art Joquel, who had been one of the mainstays of the post-Outsider LASFS, had been editor of this issue of SHAGGY. Both the picture and the poems were inserted without his knowledge, and he quit both the editorship and the club as a result.

Paul's death could, conceivably have brought the warring factions together. As it was, it alienated The Outsiders still further from the LASFS.

Early in The Outsiders' career, an aftermath of the last bitter fighting in the club brought us one of the funniest letters I have ever seen. When Ackerman commenced his collection of proxies, I at first tried to match it. Among others I approached was the same John M. Cunningham whose proxy Ackerman had actually voted at the meeting where we all resigned. Cunningham made a lightning-fast reversal of form, wrote to the club cancelling his proxy and raising the devil with Ackerman for asking for it in the first place, and sent a new proxy to me. Someone around the LASFS evidently didn't like this, for just about the time we'd forgotten all about the proxies came a most official sounding letter in duplicate to LASFS and Outsiders from Cunningham. He used official army forms, official army-style rhetoric, and made with a beautiful gob of unintended humor. Cussing both Laney, Ackerman, Outsiders, and LASFS with God-like abandon in his well-known incoherent style, Cunningham outdid himself with the punch-line: "I am therefore of my own free will resigning my life membership in the LASFS at the request of Walter J. Daugherty."

In mid-March I had a spat with Pogo, whom I had been buzzing quite consistently for a while, taking her dancing and what-not; and we quit dating each other. Rather to our surprise, Pogo quit the Outsiders almost at once. She has since gotten her divorce, remarried, and apparently gotten into a satisfactory life-groove which has no reference to fandom. More fans should do the same.

Also in mid-March, Yerke startled us by

asking us if we would be willing to publish his memoirs for him. He had for some reason started reminiscing to himself of his seven years in the LASFS, had actually written down portions of the first section, and felt an urge to continue if publication would be guaranteed in advance. Not only did we know that Yerke's memoirs would be one of fandom's best pieces of folk-lore, but we also realised that if Yerke told the truth about the LASFS it would damn the group with anyone who read them. So our answer was obvious. It was decided that Yerke would stencil the memoirs, that the group would run them off, and that they would be submitted to FAPA under the franks of Bronson, Brown, and myself. He promised four booklets of approximately 30 pages, but only the first was ever completed, since Bruce dropped the project a couple of months later when he finally quit fandom entirely.

The responsibility of getting these produced, and of trying to get some of our other proposed publishing completed, weighed rather heavily on me. I suggested to the group that we suspend work on Project M for the nonce--it had about reached a stasis anyway--and institute a month-long program of publishing, during the course of which we would not only bring out the first volume of MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN, but a third issue of THE KNANVE, and as much FAPA material as possible. This was quickly agreed to.

Our equipment was meager as compared to that of the LASFS, but we did have the manpower to make the most of it. My old LCSmith was the only typewriter regularly at our disposal; although Brown's rented Underwood occasionally made the trek to 1104 and Phil's portable was there about half the time. So most of the stencils were cut away from Fran Shack, though of course a good deal was done on publishing nights. Among us we found we had four lettering guides, though we sorely missed the LASFS Speedoscope. And there were two mimeographs--junk heaps in comparison with the flossy automatic machine at the club--but in good enough working order: my old original machine from Clarkston, a 1906 model Dick; and Phil Bronson's little Sears Roebuck job from Minneapolis and the MFS. Both were hand-crank, hand-feed models, and required two persons for most efficient operation, one turning the crank and the other slip-sheeting.

It was evident almost immediately that these sessions would have to be organised, so I took matters into my own hands and put a stop to the old LASFS custom of everyone doing his own work. We went cooperative altogether; stencils to be run off were turned over to me, and I not only doled them out to the mimeographers, but pretty much bossed the whole show, suggesting needful tasks to unoccupied Outsiders and taking steps to assure, as much as possible, an even flow of stencils. It worked like a charm. Most of the time there were four people actually mimeographing, one person de-slipping, one or two cutting stencils, and one or two lending moral support by talking, playing records, or what not. We changed off often enough as not to get tired of the same old drudgery, and we still found enough fun in each other's company that we found the same evening of fun we had always had was turning out an imposing stack of completed pages that we scarcely realised we had done, so busily were we talking and joking and cutting up.

The #3 KNANVE was the first item put out under the new program. Most of it was written, stencilled, and run off on a Sunday and the following Saturday night. When the bunch left about midnight, two pages had yet to be run off, and Mike Fern and I, having a midnight snack, suddenly decided to go back to Fran Shack and finish it off. We worked on the fool thing until 4:00 in the morning.

But that was the only one of the publishing sessions which went to any extreme; as a rule they were confined to Tuesday and Thursday evenings; commencing about 7:00 and lasting until 11:30 or 12:00. And these sessions certainly paid off; from them came not only this one issue of THE KNANVE, but over 130 pages of FAPA material, and nearly all of the #7 ACOLYTE. Since they lasted only a couple of months in all, one has only to compare these results with the average two months output of the LASFS in order to find another of the many things wrong with the club. Publishing is usually drudgery, but group publishing is fun--no matter what you are putting out; and any group wishing to establish a common focus can by adopting a group publishing program not only accomplish this aim but in addition add mightily to both the quantity and quality of contemporary fan publishing.

In the latter part of March, the feuding factions were treated to a protracted visit from a Chicago fan, Frankie Robinson. Frank is chiefly notable for the possession of the most fantastic eyebrows in the world. At the time of his visit here he was just short of 18, had never been away from home very much, and found the strain of the two factions vying with each other to attract him a bit too much for his poise. He ended up rather sadly disillusioned with fandom, having stayed with Yerke, that master of intrigue and innuendo, that fountain head of devastating gossip. Frank's experiences with the LASFS were not happy; he met them all at their worst the night he was in town fresh off the train when Yerke and I in a moment of madness invited the LASFS to come out to Bronson's with the Outsiders and have a joint welcoming party. Ackerman sat on the davenport and pouted, saying scarcely a dozen words all evening; and Daugherty got into a three way verbal battle with Bronson and me which surpassed even the epic row Daugherty and I had had that night in the club. Needless to say, Frankie was revolted; and his subsequent experiences with some of us went far to sour him on the Outsiders as well.

It might be of passing interest to back-track at this point, and say a few words about the LASFS during the spring of 1944. In the first place, the feud utterly shattered the club. Despite Daugherty's and Ackerman's valiant efforts to get fandom to think all was well with the LASFS, a moment's glance at the dark window would have told the true story. Before the feud, the room was packed every night, with various members working and publishing, some reading, and a half dozen others dropping in and out during the evening. On meeting nights, 25 to 30 people usually showed up; though many were visitors. After the inception of The Outsiders, the club was almost invariably dark except on Thursdays; for a time Ackerman tried to hold the fort alone, but between the echoing silences of the deserted room and the frequent heckling from Outsiders as they walked past the club on their way from the street-car to my place, Forry very sortly took to doing his fanning in a more secluded spot. And the meetings had dropped off to nearly nothing. Daugherty was director, the newcomer Burbee had been saddled with both the secretary ship and the editorship of SHAGGY, Morojo was treasurer, and Ackerman was chief mourner. Crozetti came to most of the meetings with her five year old daughter who also joined the club as the old guard strove valiantly to increase the roster. And there was one new member who stuck, Glen Daniels, a friend of Kepner's who shortly became coeditor of Crozetti's VENUS. Kepner pulled out of the club a month after the feud, utterly fed up with Daugherty. And, rumor has it, there were a few casual dropper-inners, who came once or twice, saw the LASFS was moribund, and moved to greener pastures.

After Kepner had joined

the Outsiders, he quickly became one of the most active of the group, particularly in the publishing sessions. He was not at all quiet about comparing our activity with the inanities of the dying club, so very shortly both Daniels and Crozetti expressed a wish to join the Outsiders. Yerke, Bronson, and others opposed the membership of both of these individuals--which of course was perfectly within their rights--but made the mistake of peremptorily telling me not to allow these two at Fran Shack. Well, now. I promptly announced that the Tuesday night sessions were open to everyone, LASFS and Outsiders alike, and only the Thursday night sessions were limited strctly to the Outsiders. This considerably weakened our homogeniousness.

At about this time, Burbee became quite friendly with the Outsiders, spending as much time with us as at the LASFS, and even having all of us to dinner at his house to celebrate Yerke's birthday in mid-April. This last furnished me with my favorite S. Davenport Russell anecdote. Yerke, always a brilliant conversationalist, was outdoing himself that day, and a terrific discussion was in full cry. I kept noticing Sam, sitting across the room from me. He at first tried to read, but Burbee's two-year-old daughter kept pestering him so finally he gave up and lifted the little girl into his lap; where he held her, talking quietly to her and very obviously making a terrific hit. She lay back in his arms, looking up at him with her heart in her eyes, hanging on every word. Sam in turn was looking down on her most affectionately, talking toher, talking.... Suddenly a silence fell on the other conversation, and Sam's flat voice cut through it: "Cthulhu. Yog-Sothoth. Nyarlathooep..." (!!)

Burbee never joined the Outsiders, though we considered him as a member. (Our organization was so completely informal and nebulous at all times that this sort of thing could happen with the greatest of ease.)

But the brave little group was foundering. Mike Fern, one of our mainstays, left us early in April to go to New York, where he managed to make himself quite unpopular with his lack of tact and his inquisitiveness and his free comments on different ones. (A rumor came back to me a year or so later that I had financed his trip in order to spy on the Futurians. If anyone has positive information on the origin of this idea, he will confer a great favor on me by dropping me a note about it; something tells me that the inside story on this one would make priceless reading). Jack Rhodes left us about the same time, tired of us as most of us were of him. Yerke was obviously approaching a crisis--he had broken loose from one fan club only to find himself floundering in the same kind of morass he had tried to escape--and his irritability and obvious dissatisfaction with the group had repercussions with Bronson, who fell into a sort of listlessness, characterised by an Ashley-like unwillingness to do anything more drastic than just sitting around talking. And Eddie Chamberlain had gone into the United States Navy by the end of April.

By May 1st, the Outsiders consisted of Yerke, Bronson, Laney, Russell, Brown, Kepner, and the anomolous Charles Edward Burbee Jr. Though this was not the strong group with which we had started, it still possessed a certain amount of potential. Yerke, Russell, and I wanted to re-commence work on Project M. Kepner and Brown had gotten off onto a socially-conscious tangent which eventually culminated in their joining the communist party; Burbee at this time was just feeling his way into the editorship of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES and had no time for other commitments.

A number

of factors came up that had to be handled at once. In its six issues up to that time, THE ACOLYTE had been prompt as clockwork, and its contacts with the pro world seemed to me largely to depend on this promptness and regularity. An issue was due June 15; either it had to start by May 5, or Project M had to get far enough along so that I could depend on it to take ACOLYTE's place. We had the material for Project M, but it was all ACOLYTE material except for a short story Yerke had written for us. Bronson both failed to turn over his back log and refused to do any work. "Aw, let's just sit back and blow smoke rings," he used to say when we'd suggest doing something. I had no intention of publishing an ambitious magazine single-handed, and in fact in the 6th issue had announced a curtailed circulation and a decreased number of issues per year.

A week or so of Bronsonian lotus eating, led me to approach Sam Russell, and ask him if he would be co-editor of ACOLYTE, with a 50-50 split on both work and finances. (This last meant nothing, since the magazine had been slightly more than breaking even since its 4th issue.) "I am committed to Project M," said Russell.

"Suppose ACOLYTE withdraws from Project M?"

"Since Project M, basically, is THE ACOLYTE, in that case I'd be only too pleased to step in and help it out."

That tore it. I gave Project M. to Bronson, with my compliments, and SDR and I picked out the material for the #7 ACOLYTE that very night.

When Yerke, still working on his night shift, heard of this developement he had a fit. Under date of May 16, 1944, he wrote The Outsiders a letter of resignation. In it, he assailed us savagely for our shortcomings, particularly berating Bronson. Phil was crushed, for he had always maintained a semi-heroworship for Bruce, and Yerke had in this letter flayed him unmercifully. This letter was the end of both Yerke and Bronson in fandom. Yerke had some spasmodic dealings with Bill Watson that summer, and Bronson, more from habit than anything else, kept coming around for a couple of weeks--but neither of them ever again did anything of a fan nature. An amusing sidelight on Yerke's letter of resignation and renunciation was that he called our roll, so as to speak, describing to each of us his personal habits and peculiarities which made him impossible to associate with. Only SDRussell got a clean bill of health. Bu , oddly, with the exception of Bruce's remarks about Mel Brown's unkemptness, every single one of these accusations applied to Yerke with as great force as it did to the person he was condemning for it.

But the Outsiders no longer existed, except as a name. Mid-May of 1944 saw the LASFS with four or five members and The Outsiders with about the same. Neither group had any longer sufficient momentum to expand itself. If Los Angeles was to have a fan club, it was pretty evident to me that the two factions would have to combine, and fast.

A certain amount of intermingling was already in evidence. Crozetti and Daniels did a good deal of work on VENUS at Fran Shack with Outsider equipment, and since Daniels had also become co-editor of Brown's FAN SLANTS and Kepner's TOWARD TOMORROW, a good deal of work on these two Outsider fanzines was performed in the LASFS clubroom. Ackerman still refused to speak to me, and there was considerable resentment between various Outsiders and Walter J. Daugherty, but by and large the groups seemed

drifting towards a merger.

I commenced angling around, trying to work out some sort of truce with Ackerman. Walter J. Daugherty stepped into a role of peacemaker, telling us how implacable Ackerman was towards us and telling Ackerman how these overtures of friendship merely presaged some sort of Trojan horse deal. I dated Myrtle a time or so, and in the course of talking things over with her saw that she would eventually cause the hatchet to be buried.

Matters could have drifted on, except that Lora Crozetti, the very evening after Brown, Kepner, and I had spent a couple of hours helping her run off VENUS, took the floor in the LASFS, told the club that the room had been so full of Outsiders she couldn't work, and demanded that the club ban all Outsiders from its premises, under pain of having them thrown in the pokey for trespassing. Director Walter J. Daugherty allowed such a motion to pass, appointed Burbee to come down and tell us about it, then came down himself and did not allow Burbee to more than say hello as the Great Daugherty read the riot act. I tried to talk to the fellow in a conciliatory fashion, despite some rough remarks from a rather intoxicated Bronson, who quit fandom completely when it became evident that Brown, Kepner, and I were and had been dickering with the LASFS.

This last week of May was devoted mostly to negotiations of one sort and another. The reconciliation was finally implemented by Morojo, who talked Ackerman around into seeing both the need for a merger and the advisability of letting bygones be bygones. The feud was closed despite Walter J. Daugherty's efforts as a peacemaker, when one Sunday morning, a nervously doubtful Forrest J. Ackerman tapped diffidently on Fran Shack's door until a dumbfounded Francis T. Laney opened it and peered sleepily out at him.

But that, and the happenings that led from this surprise visit, belong in the next chapter.

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CHAPTER EIGHT
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On the Inside Looking Out
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Such had been the power of the Shangri-La propaganda, the Russell J. Hodgkins hush-hush publicity policy, which gave a cover-up to the manifold failings of the LASFS and its members, that fandom generally had not completely adjusted to the idea that there was a rift when lo! all was peace once more. Or was it?

In any event, nearly all established fans maintained a strict neutrality. Larry Shaw, Raymond Washington, and Claude Degler publically sided with Ackerman and the club. Shaw especially ran the matter into the ground. He was publishing a newszine called NEBULAH with an occasional supplement called BEULAH'S SCRAPBOOK in which he ran editorials, feature stories, and other material which was not suitable for the terse, factual news sheet that NEBULAH tried to be. In BEULAH'S SCRAPBOOK, Shaw ran a long and biased letter from Ackerman, giving his side of the feud. This was of course all right, but Shaw, removed from us geographically by more than 2000 miles and speaking from the depths of a profound ignorance of the situation, wrote an equally long editorial taking sides with Ackerman. Fern and I promptly wrote semi-official letters to Shaw, taking issue with his lack of neutrality, and I wrote an official account of The Outsiders up to that time and sent it to him for publication. Through some sort of odd coincidence, Shaw quit the newszine field almost at once--blaming a variety of factors for it, but we always felt that it was because he was unwilling to be impartial. The Futurians, notably Wollheim, took sides with us privately, but maintained public neutrality. The rest of fandom wrote letters of inquiry, raised an occasional eyebrow, but were otherwise unaffected.

Jack Speer happened to take a poll of the top 15 fans in the spring of 1944, with the idea of seeing how what he called expert opinion correlated with that of the general fan public as reflected in Widner's compilation. Since Bronson and I were both in this list, we decided it would be fun to omit Ackerman from our top ten voting, and both vote for him as the worst fan of the year. This of course ruined Forry's standing in Speer's poll. So in some distorted poll figures, the feud was reflected nationally.

But apart from what I've just mentioned, the only effects of the Big Fuss were strictly local.

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One of the first things the LASFS did after we resigned was to write and adopt a new constitution. It was written largely by Walter J. Daugherty, and was chiefly aimed at keeping the Outsiders out, and preventing a recurrance of the feud. Since much had been made of the fact that I had been in the club only a couple of months before I started criticising it (as if one had to eat an entire egg to know that it was rotten) the Daugherty constitution provided a threemonth probationary period for new members, during which time they were required to attend 75% of all club meetings and were not permitted to vote. (Ackerman, I am told, had wanted a special clause requiring six months of this probation for any former member of the club who wished to rejoin, but Freehafer talked him out of this.) The Daugherty constitution otherwise pretty much continued the old organization

--rent payers' committee, executive committee, and so on--except it added one of the most pernicious dictatorial arrangements I have ever seen in an organization, the Governing Body. This group was a self-perpetuating, self-elected committee of up to five members, serving for life. Their control over the club was absolute. They could set aside any vote of the club, even a unanimous vote; they could set aside any election of officers, they could suspend or depose any officer elected or otherwise, they could expell any member. Any of these actions could be taken; nothing could be done about them. As originally constituted, the Governing Body was not quite so bad, since it had the well-liked and balanced Freehafer on it, and a couple of others having enough emotional stability to give a certain amount of assurance that these extraordinary powers would not be called upon except in time of great emergency. (Original membership of the Governing Body: Forrest J Ackerman, Walter J. Daugherty, Myrtle R. Douglas, Arthur Louis Joquel II, and Paul Freehafer.

But Freehafer died only a week or so after the committee was set up. And at about the same time, Joquel quit the club in a huff over the mishandling of Freehafer's picture in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, leaving a three-man governing body: Ackerman, Douglas, and Daugherty. Myrtle was OK. She is level headed and kind-hearted enough so that she can be trusted with this kind of extreme power. But all that Daugherty needed to do to rule the club to suit his whim was to sway Ackerman (and Ackerman is not, shall we say, unswayable) and there he was. The minute I heard of this setup I smelled a rat, and when he explained to me that the GB lay quiescent unless it was needed, something still smelled bad.

So the earlier part of our negotiations with the LASFS were largely confined to trying to work around the Governing Body setup. It must be remembered that Ackerman was still not speaking to me, and that it looked probable that we would have to be admitted over 4e's objection. At the same time, we were unwilling to come back if there was any hint of surrender about our action--it merely seemed desirable that Los Angeles continue to have a fan club, and obvious that ten members in one club might conceivably have a chance of accomplishing something while two separate clubs of four or five were certain to founder for good, and soon, It had been arranged that Myrtle, in her capacity as a member of the Governing Body, would favor our readmittance under some sort of peace treaty which would demand no apologies or retractions from either side, and which would waive either the requirement of attending meetings or the requirement of the three month probationary period. In his role as Peacemaker, Daugherty had gone so far playing both ends against the middle that we felt he would have considerable difficulty in voting against our readmittance--though then as now, Daugherty was unpredictable.

Forry's early morning visit to Fran Shack changed the entire picture. Myrtle finally talked him into coming down and discussing the matter personally. I had had a very rough Saturday night, and when the first Sunday in June 1944 was heralded by a light but persistant tapping on Fran Shack door my first thought was to kick someone's tail clear across the street for waking me up at 9:00 AM. When I saw it was Ackerman, I nearly swooned with surprise, but I invited him in and excused myself while I doused my face with cold water and lit a cigarette in an attempt to get partially awake. When I came back into the front room, Forry was browsing along my bookshelves with every air of surprise--he had reiterated so often that I was a fake fan that he had come to believe it himself and walking into what was at that time a first class fantasy and stf

collection upset his notions considerably.

We sat down and commenced talking, asking each other about various things that had happened in the past few months, occasionally trying to explain our motivations to each other. In the course of a two hour conversation we got onto a more friendly basis than we had ever been before--particularly when it came home to both of us that we had each separately been trying to carry a club on our shoulders. I reassured him that there was nothing political about returning to the LASFS; he reassured me that we need not fear the Governing Body.

So the following Thursday, Brown, Kepner, and I rejoined the LASFS--not without a considerable amount of balking from Mel Brown, who is almost unable to back down on anything he has ever said, or do anything that looks as though he might be backing down. However, he had already agreed to rejoin the LASFS under terms which Kepner and I were willing to accept, so he came along. But the end of the Outsiders really ended Mel Brown in fandom. He took an active part in the LASFS through most of the time following, but dropped all his publishing and most of his collecting.

My chief motivation in rejoining the club has not as yet been touched on. I had finally established what looked to be an entente cordiale with my wife, and it was evident that Fran Shack's days were numbered. This being the case I was faced with the problem of either joining the club, or folding THE ACOLYTE, since it was very unlikely that I'd much longer have room for a mimeograph of my own. My increasing contacts with the better class of fantasy lovers and the surprising amount of first class materials continually being submitted to ACOLYTE by Leiber and others made me very reluctant to suspend the magazine, particularly now that I had Russell for a co-editor. And, despite my resolutions of a few weeks previously, I was having great difficulty in quitting fandom in the face of all this good material, a fast growing interest in FAPA, and a still unsatisfactory job coupled with a considerable amount of pathological self-doubting.

I had finally gotten Jackie to see that perhaps the housing shortage really existed, that I had not just made it up as an excuse not to send for her, and she had agreed to come to Los Angeles without Sandy and Quiggie, leaving them with my mother in Idaho, stay at Fran Shack for a while, and hunt for housing on a full-time basis. I agreed to go back up North if she was unsuccessful; she had agreed to do a whole-hearted job of looking. She still seemed to think we could get a rental.

But her trip needed money, and it seemed highly desirable to me that I spend as much time around the club and away from money-spending temptations as I could. So, once back into the LASFS, I moved my typewriter and trunk of immediately needed papers to the club, and shortly fell back into the habit of spending a good part of my spare time there.

Ackerman came in with me, and it was not long before the LASFS had an approximation of its pre-feud hey-day, with a number of people in the place every evening. Alva Rogers had just come back to LA from San Diego, Daugherty was feverishly active at the time, and Brown, Kepner, Daniels, and to a lesser extent Crozetti spent a good deal of time around the club on non-meeting nights.

A vignette of Glenn Daniels is in order. He was short, slender, ugly, and vivacious--definitely a boon companion type of person despite the oddity of his sexual tastes. His chief motivation apparently was sexual, but he was an interested and unin-

hibited conversationalist, and was almost as great a doer of fanzine and other drudgery for people as Mike Fern. From the national point of view, his activity in fandom was reflected only in a pile of mimeography and stencil-cutting for VENUS, TOWARD TOMORROW, and FAN SLANTS but locally he was one of the most active members of the LASFS from about March until August 1944.

The new entente cordiale with Ackerman was implemented by both of us in various ways. I commenced writing a good deal for VOM and even mimeographed one issue for Forry; I invited him to my place as an "accidental" dropper-inner the night Fritz Leiber came over to see my collection and talk fantasy (an evening which Ackerman reported for me in an article for FAN-DANGO); and I was enabled to see a revival of METROPOLIS as 4e's guest.

The Leiber visit occurred just before Fritz left town to take over a good editorial job in Chicago, and was just another of those big bullfests that is stimulating at the time, but of which little stays with one as specific impressions of that specific event. I remember how I kept trying to keep the conversation steered into fantastic channels because I had noticed how completely lost Forry seemed to be if anything outside this one narrow field was mentioned; and how nature took its course, and Fritz and I got wound up on literature generally. And I especially remember seeing Leiber to his bus, and how we loped back and forth for over an hour between 8th and Olympic, just missing a bus on each street, until finally we subsided, panting, on Olympic and talked far into the wee small hours until an owl bus came bumbling along. I've not seen Leiber since.

The showing of METROPOLIS was held at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' little theater located far up in an oper-air arcade which opens off Hollywood Blvd. just east of the Pickwick Bookshop. It was part of their regularly scheduled program, to which they sold season tickets at $15.00 each. I would not have been able to go, except that Myrtle had already seen the picture a couple of times, and she and Forry asked me to use her ticket. The picture itself was mediocre, if interesting. It is replete with very brilliantly conceived sets and special effects, but the overdone hamminess of the acting proved such a major drawback that the picture as a whole was stupid. Individual scenes, however, made it worthwhile, and then of course the big attraction was Fritz Lang himself, who took the floor after the showing and answered questions and talked for well over an hour. At first he stayed pretty close to METROPOLIS, but before long was talking about his experiences in leaving Germany, and eventually was discussing the broad field of cinematic art from the point of view of the director. Good listening indeed ! An amusing sidelight was the country bumpkin awe with which I regarded Lang's monocle, and the way it stayed in place despite the extreme animation of its wearer's features.

About the chief social activity of the LASFS during the spring and summer of 1944 was miniature golf. There was a course located two blocks from the club at 5th and Beaudry, and nearly all the members except Ackerman, Myrtle, Crozetti, and Burbee spent at least five evenings a week there. Particularly after Brown began clashing again with the club, the golf course proved an invaluable place to work off his steam, though playing 36 holes with Mel required a mighty degree of fortitude. His always great nervousness became hugely intensified, and he would rage, swear, prance up and down, throw his club, chew his finger, and in general behave like a maniac. I still think half the golfers on the course that summer went more to see Mel's perfor-

mance, than to play golf themselves.

Two or three weeks after we rejoined the club, Ackerman received a letter from Donald A. Wollheim which utterly soured me on the Futurians in general and Wollheim in particular. It wasn't very long, but it attacked me pretty strongly personally, told Ackerman that my only purpose in rejoining the LASFS was to destroy the club utterly, and belaboring him in no uncertain terms for letting me back in, closed by urging him to throw me out. What precise purpose Wollheim might have had in mind escapes me entirely; he is known to have been bitterly inimical to Los Angeles fandom and particularly Ackerman, and perhaps he may have thought that by stirring up the feud once again he could destroy the LASFS. As it turned out, Ackerman showed me the letter, and nothing came of it except to turn me very bitterly against the Futurians, whom I had previously known scarcely at all.

Though I was heartily sick of feuding and club politics, it was not long before I was once more embroiled up to my ears in a row with Walter J. Daugherty. The club was in sorry straits financially, and various plans were being discussed to increase the revenue without turning the club into an insupportable burden for its handful of members. Since this discussion was taking place on a non-meeting night, I did not see any reason why my being disenfranchised should prevent my taking part in it; particularly since my chief reason for rejoining had been to use the mimeograph, something I obviously could not conveniently do if we found ourselves unable to support the clubroom, 4e, Myrtle, and others liked some of my ideas--particularly one aimed directly at the people who kept personal property in the club for their own personal use--and asked me to incorporate them in a bylaw amendment for them to bring up at the ensuing meeting. I did so; the bylaw passed in the absence of Walter J. Daugherty, who just didn't happen to be there; and from then on the three individuals who maintained personal property for their own use in the club had to pay a minimum of $3.00 a month key rent rather than the former rate of $1.00. Ackerman, Daugherty, and I were the only ones who came under this heading.

It so fell out that on the ensuing Sunday, Daugherty called the club to see if anyone was there, and I happened to answer the phone. He wanted someone to help him bring in a large buffet, which his landlady had given him, and which he wanted to store his supplies in. Sure, I was willing to help him, but in passing, I mentioned that it would cost him $3 a month rent if he kept it in the club, due to this new bylaw. I told him this, and the fellow practically walked through the phone. Five minutes later he was in the clubroom, shaking with rage, and foaming at the mouth about my having insulted him, having seized control of the club, having conspired to make his membership impossible, and god knows what else. It was not long before I had enough of this, and I told him off but good, and we were off. Bellowing something about the governing body, he dashed off after Myrtle and Forry, and wasted nearly their entire day trying to have the Outsiders evicted from the club. I went on half-heartedly cranking out ACOLYTE with Mel's help, expecting any minute that we would be expelled, for having incurred Lord Walter's displeasure. Ackerman and Morojo, however, refused to act against me. After all, I'd only told him of an action of the club--of an action on which I couldn't even vote--and it is difficult to see how Daugherty could justify his reaction. After some three hours of Governing Body deliberations, Myrtle came over and told me of her desire to keep the peace in the club, and that Walter would be willing to forgive and forget if I would write out an apology to him. What an apology that was !

The old LCSmith virtually smoked as I expressed myself in blazing sentences studded with four-letter words of Anglo-Saxon derivation, none of which were used in a masochistic fashion. "There's my apology to that bastard," I snarled, and thrust the paper on Myrtle.

She read it, and turned faintly pink. "Oh, but this will never do. It will just make him angrier."

"He can shove it up his --- if he doesn't like it in his face," I remarked. "That's my last word on the subject. Do you want my resignation from the club?"

"Oh, no."

She left the room, and about 6:00 o'clock reappeared with Ackerman, having pacified Walter J. Daugherty in something like seven hours.

When I next saw this mercurial gentleman, he seemed to have forgotten the whole thing, and was happy as a lark as he bubbled with plans for the next Daugherty Project, a portfolio of caricatures of fans drawn by Virgil Partch.

But I realised that in order to stay in the club at all, I was going to have to take part in politics. As the group was constituted under that pernicious Governing Body setup, the only way one could get along with Daugherty was to keep a wedge driven between him and Ackerman. I expounded this idea strongly for the next few weeks, and pointed out that if we once caught Ackerman right after Daugherty had made him angry (something that happened from time to time) we'd not only fix Mr. D's cookie, but would be able to toss out the entire governing body idea in toto. (We did, too.)

The FAPA election for the 1944-45 fiscal year took place at about this time, and Al Ashley, that caffeine soaked politico, had in appointing the ballot counting committee blithely ignored the feud, and appointed a non-partisan board with Daugherty as chairman, and Brown and Bronson as assistants. This led directly to another mess. In the first place, Daugherty did not read of his appointment, and Ashley, unable to imagine another fan who would not read breathlessly every word in the official organ, had not notified him by mail. In the second place, Brown and Daugherty on a committee worked together about as well as Molotov and Senator Taft. And worst of all, Bronson not only lived 18 miles from the club neighborhood, but had no phone and had definitely quit fandom. Poor old Walter J. Daugherty had a hell of a time, which was not especially helped by his native inclination to procrastinate. Before the ballot counting delays were over, a feud had sprung up between Daugherty and Larry Shaw (that's one I loved; no matter who got the worst of it, I liked it fine.) and FAPA had ground almost to a full halt. I finally wrote to Ashley about it. I'd struck up quite a correspondence with Sultan, arising out of the letter he wrote me about the drunken FAN-DANGO of a few months before. I'd been impressed by his extreme fairness and courtesy, particularly as contrasted by the reception that issue got from FAPA as a whole, and very shortly he had me highly interested in FAPA, both from the point of view of the contents of the mailings, and as an arena for the practising of organizational politics, something I tend to enjoy as an end in themselves. I happened to mention, with the idea of knifing Daugherty a little, that he had totally disregarded the secrecy of the ballot, and had made a tabulation of who had voted and how. Al was overjoyed, made a few anti-Futurian remarks which of course fell on fertile soil, and asked me to get these results for him. So I did. I mention this episode, since it was the first stir-

ring of the abortive group later to be known as the O O D, Order of Dagon.

Due to the three-month's probationary period before persons joining the LASFS were permitted to vote, and the extremely small size of the club at this time, it was not long before the futility of all LASFS meetings was starkly underlined. The typical LASFS meeting in June and July 1944 was attended by from 8 to 12 people, of whom sometimes as many as four were eligible to vote. But traditionalist Ackerman, reigning as director for a three month term, never thought to try turning the club away from its habitual bumbling rut of business meetings, and some rare scenes arose from this. It made no difference if a person were eligible to vote; if he had something to say and sufficient aggressiveness to get up and say it he could hold the floor for hours. But when the time came to vote on whatever was at hand, only a very few could or would exercise a franchise. I'll give two examples which illustrate the two types of things that habitually happened to club business during this madcap summer. I might add that virtually everything that came up was disposed of in one of these two ways.

One night, in connection with a discussion on improving club finances, we discovered that the club was holding the sack for over $50.00 worth of mimeographing supplies which had been used by different members who had subsequently left the club without paying their bills. I got the floor, suggested that the club drop its requirement of using club materials on the club mimeograph, allow any member to use any supplies he wished as long as he paid the club a commission on their value to pay for the use of the mimeograph, that all club supplies be locked in the closet, and that they be issued under a cash only arrangement on whatever nights Ackerman might choose to be there and act as stock clerk. I dilated on the advantages of this scheme until I began to run out of breath, pointed out that I was unable to vote, and consequently could not put this into the form of a motion, and would someone else please do so. There was a prolonged silence as the notorious apathy inherent in the LASFS rose to new heights, I sat down mildly disgusted, and after a long and embarrased delay, director Ackerman carried the meeting on to something else. The payoff came about two weeks later when I discovered to my utter amazement that the club was operating under my scheme and had been doing so ever since I had mentioned it. "What the hell...?" I asked Ackerman. "Well, it was brought up in a club meeting," he said. "-------????------- -", I replied with my chin hanging down on my chest. "Well, no one seemed to say anything about it," said Forry, "so I presumed it had been passed." Comment by me at this late date would be superfluous.

The other way business was disposed of was even worse. Not only was Morojo on the threshold of her permanent split-up with Ackerman, but she was in very poor health; came only to the early portion of the meeting long enough to collect any money she could and read her treasurer's report, and then left for the evening. Walter J. Daugherty, as ever (even when director) only came to about two meetings in five. Daniels and Rogers were both in arrears with their dues, and hence could not vote. This left the regular voting members limited to director Ackerman, Burbee, and Crozetti. Since the latter two did not like each other very well, they habitually voted on opposite sides of whatever came up, regardless of the topic's intrinsic merits. The height of this folly came up one sultry July night when 13 persons, including visiting San Franciscans Ebey and Watson, spent nearly two hours wrangling over some now forgotten topic, finally got it to a vote, and (yes!) Crozetti voted yes, Burbee voted no, and Ackerman, characteristically,

refused to cast the deciding vote, although it was his clear duty as chairman to do so. The net result, of course, was to waste the entire evening.

My wife, Jackie, had arrived in Los Angeles early in July, and spent most of that month on a full-time house-hunt. Giving up on rentals, she finally consented to our buying, and very shortly we had a house. During this month, she naturally saw a good deal of the LASFS, and this added another source of trouble for our already tottering marriage, since there were few of the local misfits whom she could tolerate. I'd been around them so long that I'd gotten used to them, scarcely realising myself how bad most of them were. Had her manner of attack been less dictatorial and less "You do my way or else ..." I undoubtedly would have quit fandom completely in late 1944; the things she said about the club and its members were only too true, but I could see no future in permitting myself to be led around by the nose.

The chief worthwhile Los Angeles activity in mid-1944 was the publication of Jack Speer's mammoth FANCYCLOPEDIA, a scholarly and entertaining encyclopedia which not only gave definitions and background for all terms and words with fannish connotations, but in passing gave a considerable glimpse into stefnistic history. Jack had spent over two years writing and revising and sending the manuscript around to various elder fans, had then stencilled it and turned it over to Phil Bronson to publish for him. Phil went all out for lotus-eating, but did turn publishing permission over to the Outsiders, who even went so far as to buy some of the paper for it just before the final disbanding and resumption of LASFS membership. In the meantime, Speer, understandably miffed over the protracted delay in publication, had gotten after the NFFF, under whose auspices Bronson was supposed to have been working, and Evans had re-assigned the job to Walter J. Daugherty, who amazingly allowed the LASFS to take it over. So we spent a full month mimeographing, using three machines: the club's old automatic ABDick, my old ACOLYTE machine, and Walter J. Daugherty's flossy new Niagara. The NFFF is given a lot of undeserved ego-boo by being shown as publisher; Forrest J. Ackerman published it, furnishing 95% of the incentive and well over half the actual work. He worked pretty much along the lines of an Outsider publishing sessions, and the finished results show that even the LASFS can do something worthwhile if a certain modicum of intelligent direction and channeling is given to the club's potential.

Walter J. Daugherty had an acute outbreak of projectomania in June and July 1944, starting new magazines and brochures by the dozen. Most never got beyond the talk stage, and all were so delayed in publication that their eventual publication was greeted only by amused surprise on the part of local fandom. The second edition of Daugherty's DIRECTORY OF FANDOM came out first; he compiled a vast array of names and addresses, stencilled them, and ran them off like a house afire. For over three months, the completed directory gathered dust and obsolescence around the club because Walter J. Daugherty could not figure out a cover that suited him. No wonder it was so out of date when he finally sent it out. Stray pages turned out at this time for various other short-lived projects appeared in FAN at various times during the next year and a half; some of the stuff, I believe, never did get published.

In her column in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, Lora Crozetti very aptly took to describing the rooming house at 628 South Bixel as the "Bixel Fairy Palace". (From November 1943 until now (April 1947 this building has always had at least one, and sometimes as many as four,

members of the LASFS who were also actively overt homosexuals). Anyway, this was too much for some of the alate ones, who frantically rushed into print with a new name for their house of assignation: Tendril Towers. Burbee and I took great glee in making up new alliterative take-offs on this euphemism--most are now forgotten or unprintable--but I still remember Goosey-butt Grotto with a certain amount of relish. (Lest I seem to be casting slurs, perhaps I should point out that the Bixel Fairy Palace has always had heterosexual LASFS members living there too.)

As the summer of 1944 wore along, I received a letter from Mick McComas that went far to thrust me back into fandom. This note mentioned that the Random House GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL had just topped the 50,000 mark in sales, that McComas and a friend had been commissioned to compile a companion volume of science-fiction, and could I help them any? This led to a big session with McComas and his co-editor, Ray Heally, as an upshot of which I agreed to do a vast amount of preliminary scouting and story recommending. The first thing I did was to monopolise a club meeting, asking the members to suggest suitable stories, look them up in the club library, and tell me where they could be found. I sat there typing like mad and ending up with two single-spaced pages of story recommendations. During the next year and a half, I must have had at least ten long sessions with McComas and Heally, some of which I will describe in their chronological place in these memoirs.

Jackie returned to the North in early August, to sweat out the eviction time granted the tenants of our new house; I sat tight in Fran Shack, trying to avoid spending money and as a result becoming more deeply involved in the club for a while, bringing out gobs of crud---ACOLYTE, FAN-DANGO, and independent writings. It saved money, since I was doing no collecting to speak of, but getting deeply enmeshed in the LASFS once more was a very bad thing for me otherwise, and I've often regretted it. But in addition to the immensely exciting collaboration with Heally and McComas, and the ever increasing flow of good material for THE ACOLYTE, Tony Boucher stunned me with the first of two highly enthusiastic reviews of THE ACOLYTE in his book column in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE. This one squib brought ACOLYTE no less than 23 cash subscriptions, and the ego-boo involved was a bit more than my equilibrium could stand. I began to have visions of building ACOLYTE into a genuine semi-pro, and going on from there into professional editing--a harmless enough will-o-th-wisp to chase if one does not take it too seriously. I'm afraid I took it too seriously for a while though--never stopping to think that I was making more money on my job than I could hope to get as one of the lesser editors, and that I am temperamentally unsuited to tackle publishing except as a hobby. (I.e. why take the fun out of a hobby by making a job out of it?)

Early August saw a major political upheaval in the LASFS. It had once more become time for a new director to be elected. Morojo announced that she would positively refuse to be treasurer again (having served continuously since mid-1937), and a wave of consternation ran through the two or three voting members who took the club seriously as they realised that they had no one available to take over the job. Finally (and I've always thought it was at Morojo's suggestion) Ackerman and Daugherty came to me and asked if I were willing to be treasurer of the LASFS.

"Can't," I said. "I'm not eligible either to vote or to hold office, and won't be for another month."

"Well," said Daugherty, "we can waive that about holding office."

"You mean you are willing to waive the rest of my probationary period?"

"Oh no," said Walt, "you won't be able to vote, but you can have the job if you take it, and of course you can keep the job after your probationary period is over."

"What the hell do you think I am? If I can be trusted with the club's money I can be trusted with the other privileges of membership. And furthermore, Brown and Kepner came back into the club with me, and I'll consider no special consideration that does not apply to them as well."

"We can't do that."

"Well, I don't want the job anyway. I told you when I came back in the club that I was through with club politics. What's the matter; can't you find some public spirited fan like Ackerman and Daugherty who is willing to sacrifice the tiny amount of time the treasurer's job requires?"

"No."

"If you need a treasurer bad enough to restore all of us Outsiders to full membership now, I'm willing to take the job just to do you and the club a favor."

The result of all this was a forgone conclusion; while Walter J. Daugherty had a few minor fits, the Governing Body gave the executive committee permission to waive the three-months probationary period for Brown, Kepner, and myself---this after only seven weeks of novitiate. And it is noteworthy that this three-months probation was thereafter honored only in the breach --until I became director again and chose to apply it in one or two instances as a political move. (The best way to kill a bad law is to enforce it rigidly.)

So Morojo found herself elected director, Alva Rogers was secretary, and I was treasurer. Something about the idea of the arch-Outsider in control of the LASFS funds seven weeks after his return to the club, and moreover by the request of Walter J. Daugherty, has always struck me as being rather funny.

Morojo's term of office was short, and anything but sweet. Walter J. Daugherty had taken to collecting mimeographs--I think he had some idea of using the clubroom as an office for a commercial mimeographing service--anyway he very shortly owned two late-model, fully automatic Niagaras, a post card machine, some sort of broken down standard mimeograph which I never saw out of its box, the Phil Bronson machine, $30.00 worth of stylii and lettering guides, and the cabinet from an old table radio. (I never did figure out what that last was for.)

Anyway, in light of Daugherty's mimeographical resources, it was not odd that the executive committee shortly got in the mood to buy one of the Niagaras, particularly when the club machine broke down. We voted to do so, against Myrtle's protest. She went ahead the next day and had $25.00 worth of work done to the old machine. We decided to sell it to Daugherty anyway, and turn it in on a reconditioned Niagara, with automatic paper feed, inking, and slipsheeter. Myrtle chose to take this as a personal affront and resigned her gavel, afserving for only about a week. (I've always thought she was just looking for an out anyway, since she very shortly made her final break with Ackerman, quit being Morojo, and became, as now, Myrtle R. Douglas, an extremely inactive member of the club.)

This resignation elevated Alva Rogers to the post of director, and he replaced himself as secretary by appointing Walter J. Daugherty. About the only piece of business transacted during Alva's term was to elect Myrtle an honorary member of the society. Otherwise the group bumbled along, held a few entertaining discussions, and that was about all.

Sometime during the latter part of the summer, Bob Hoffman came to town to spend a protracted furlough. Paul Freehafer had left his entire collection to Bob, with the proviso that Bob pass on any of it he did not personally want in any way he wished. Bob decided to give all this stuff to me; including a number of prozines, a fat bundle of fan photos, and a very fine collection of fanzines. The bulk of Paul's collection turned out to have been in Idaho; and I'll never forget the amazement with which we unpacked the gigantic boxes of stuff which his sister sent to us. Paul's collection was the nucleus of my collection of fanzines, and since 1944 I have kept constantly expanding it until it is, in my opinion, one of the four or five best such collections in captivity--containing as it does almost all major fanzines from 1930 through 1946 in complete files, and large quantities of the lesser items. It is the one portion of my fan/fantasy collection that I have not discarded or weeded out; so far as I know now, I will probably keep it always--partly because I enjoy browsing in old fanzines, partly because fanzines tend to bring back to me memories of the more pleasant part of my fanning, and not a little because the collection, started as it was, is in a sense a memorial to Paul Freehafer.

Considerably publicised by the club in 1944 was the acquisition, on a loan basis, of Donald Warren Bratton's fantasy file and bibliography. Don Bratton is a pleasant but quiet young chap in his early twenties, notable for rosy cheeks and a deep, if not vociferous, interest in the bibliographical side of fantasy. The file, contained in a large oak card case of some fifty or sixty drawers is an attempt at a complete cross-indexed file of all fantasy everywhere, is nowhere near complete, but even so contains thousands of cards, and has proven highly useful to many of us. The file, and its making and augmenting, is Don's chief interest in fandom.

Another character who came on the scene in 1944 and was for a time the club librarian was Leonard Golding Pruyn. He was a peculiar person, unknowable to the nth degree, and was of so hyper-refined a nature that the casual conversations of the more virile members shortly caused him to drift away.

Of a more sturdy nature among 1944's members was Captain Vern Glasser, USA--a glib and handsome New York lawyer who found himself on the coast for a few months, who had read stf for many years, and who heard of the club through Rae Sischo, a girl who happened to work for Reed's Litho Company (the concern which turns out most LASFS lithography. Vern was in his element when it came to bullfesting; he had the actual experience as well as the background of reading to back him up; and sessions with him were among the chief highlights of the latter part of the year. He faded out of the picture when the army transferred him elsewhere.

And in the early fall of 1944 I got a letter from Art Saha, announcing that he felt he had done his bit in the war after having served over a year in the US Maritime Service (after all, the guy was 4-F), had retired from the sea, and was undecided what to do next, except that his hometown of Hibbing, Minnesota no longer appealed. So I tossed him off a note telling him that he'd just as well come to LA for a while and get a

bellyfull of the LASFS. He did and he did. The Saha who arrived in October 1944 was a far cry from the gawking bumpkin I'd met in Frisco the year before; the rough edges were knocked off, and here was a poised and personable guy who very shortly was one of the more desirable members of the club.

The latter part of 1944 saw me get into a most deplorable feud with A. Langley Searles of New York City, publisher of the scholarly and erudite FANTASY COMMENTATOR. This was just one of those things. I had had a certain amount of desultory correspondence with Searles--wherein nearly every thing he said to me was couched in such words as to make me furious, and apparently my own remarks to him acted much the same. But nothing came of this definite antagonism between us until he got the idea my friends and I intended to steal his bibliography of fantastic books, which at the time was running spasmodically as a supplement to FFF. This misunderstanding arose when, arising out of a suggestion by Tony Boucher in the SHAGGY letter section, a shortlived "Great Bib" movement arose, in the course of which some of us volunteered to help Searles with his existing bibliography. Searles apparently felt that he was doing all right on his own hook, with a coincident wonder as to where all this proffered help was during the earlier stages of his research; he refused the offer in such way as to make me mad; some of us decided to put out a bibliography of our own and announced this intention in THE ACOLYTE; Searles threatened to sue for infringement; I blew up editorially in ACOLYTE; Searles demanded a withdrawal of the editorial under threat of suing me for libel; I found on second glance that I would not be able to prove some of my allegations (under California law the truth is a defense against libel); and eventually made a rather grudging apology. Sam Russell acted as peacemaker, and actually got a short-lived, friendly correspondence going between Searles and myself--but a plan for Searles and I to swap contributions for each other's magazines fell through when Searles failed to write an article for THE ACOLYTE (I did two for Searles, both of which he published.)

The fuss with Searles was considerably augmented by the stand he took in FAPA over the inclusion of certain matter which he considered to be obscene--Langley having stated point-blank that he was tired of the wrangling of the members over this matter, and the next time he saw something he did not like he was going to turn it over to the post office department. While I usually admire direct action, on the other hand I have always been one to over-react towards anything which smacks of a restriction on personal liberties. And by the time the LASFS FAPA members had gotten done kicking Searles' threat around, nearly all were ready to boil him in oil--Forrest J. Ackerman going so far as to write a really nasty personal attack, in which he referred to Searles as a "white Jap"; the FAPA publication of which led to a permanent rift between Searles and Ackerman.

The FAPA election of 1944 had seen the 75% triumph of a Futurian slate of officers, riding high in an attempt to regain their former prestige in fandom (or for some reason I don't know)--anyway, Futurian Doc Lowndes was elected president, and Futurian yes-men Suddsy Schwartz and Larry Shaw were elected secretary-treasurer and official editor respectively. The old Futurian leader, Donald A. Wollheim, was nosed out of the vice-presidency by Al Ashley--a circumstance which shortly led to trouble in FAPA. The first act of the Futurians was to jam through, without warning, an election of constitutional amendments--some of which made sense, and some of which seemed to cover or be capable of covering something else. I didn't like the suddenness of the election, which

effectively prevented discussion, nor did I have any reason to love the Futurians personally; so I drew up a petition of protest, got it signed by nearly all local Faps, and mailed it to the membership. The petition discussed each proposed amendment in detail, usually disfavorably, chided the Futurian administration for its railroadish tactics, and urged the members to reject all amendments. (All amendments were passed except for one which proposed to prohibit discussion of racial prejudice.)

But though the petition did not appreciably affect the election, it led directly to two results of major importance as they affected my subsequent fan career.

Jimmy Kepner was one of the signers, and almost immediately he was subjected to a strong barrage of letters from Wollheim and perhaps others, urging him to change his mind. He actually wanted to put out another local letter to fandom, or rather FAPA, withdrawing his signature from the petition and urging the adoption of the amendments. I talked him out of this, but it was not long before the Tendril Towers bunch had swung en masse to the Futurian camp, a move which considerably complicated the political situation both in the LASFS and in FAPA.

Of more importance, it led directly into a political hookup between myself and Al Ashley--who by then was up to his ears in waging internecine warfare with the Futurians, a warfare which for the most part was unpublic, but which bore fruit in such leaflets as THESE AMAZING AMENDMENTS and THE PRECIPITANT.

I'd already interested myself in FAPA politics. At the time I arrived in Los Angeles, Clod Degler was still a member of FAPA, and it seemed to several of us that it would be highly expedient to expel him. Our first attempt came out as a signed petition dated in December 1943, urging the officers of FAPA to take some action. Al Ashley, in his typical let-somebody-else-do-the-dirty-work fashion, fluffed this off; mentioning, however, a constitutional expedient which might be used for the expulsion. Bronson and I promptly took this up, filed the necessary piece of legislation, and were gratified to see it passed in the 1944 Fapa election, although by a very narrow margin.

I was, however, highly disgusted with the shilly-shallying attitude manifested by so many members of FAPA, and by the actual antagonism which this ouster aroused in certain quarters. Discussing the matter with Bill Watson, we gradually got the idea of forming a FAPA political party (which never received a name more dignified than "potty"); aiming it directly at the conservatives in FAPA. Watson was to file for Official Editor, and I for secretary-treasurer. We got Bob Tucker talked into running for vice-president, and asked D. B. Thompson to file for president; however, Don shied off fast, explaining that he wanted no part of organizational politics. As second choice, we approached Norm Stanley, and he accepted the bid, though later he withdrew.

We had a number of ideas we wished to try out. At that time, FAPA was stifled by non-productive members, yet boasted an imposing waiting list--we wanted to tighten up membership requirements both quantitatively and qualitatively so as to get rid of the dead wood and get the new prospects admitted to membership before they got tired of waiting and lost interest altogether. Most of our proposed legislation centered around this one aim, though we did have other proposals which I have by now forgotten.

The political rapprochement with Al Ashley led to complications, since by the time it happened Watson had

definitely aligned himself with theFuturians and Al had reached the point of almost open feuding with them. But in October 1944, the point at which this chapter is supposed to break off, the potty consisted on candidates Stanley, Tucker, Laney and Watson--with loyal supporters Thompson and Ashley.

In connection with my attacks on Degler, I got into a rather amusing fracas with Raymond Washington, the one reputable fan who continued to support Degler after all the rest of established fandom had turned against him. Being right on the spot and knowing what Degler was, I felt rather strongly about Washington's misguided loyalty in sticking to Degler, and demanded in one of my anti-Degler petitions to FAPA that Raym be directedeither to sever connections with Degler or resign from FAPA. This did not sit well with most fans, including many of Degler's strongest opponents, nor did it sit well with Washington. But Raymond wouldn't fight back, and it rather annoyed me that my blood-and-guts facet had grown so anemic that I couldn't get a rise out of someone with it. (!!!) So I proceeded to snipe at Raymond every time I got the chance, trying the rather Hearstian tactic of discrediting him by coupling him in the public mind with something distasteful. Since Raymond was a year or so younger than the general run of fandom, I commenced referring to him as "Young Washington", dismissing everything he said as being too puerile to be worthy of attention. (It wasn't of course, but it made an amusing line to take, particularly as I imagined at the time with a certain amount of justification that this psychology was working with quite a few fans.) So this sort of thing went on for months, in VOM, in FAPA, and in my correspondence. And never a peep from RW.

Then, like a veritable bombshell, Raymond Washington blew up in my face, sending an open letter about me to the LASFS. Oh it was a honey--took me around and around--and incidentally was the most effective piece of attack work I saw in half a decade of fanning and feuding. The other members of the club had already read it when I arrived and were sitting around in pleased anticipation waiting for me to explode. I read it, was disappointed to find Raymond going all out for a form of idealistic unreality that I have always deplored as being impractical, and sorry to see that he had a number of totally erroneous ideas about me (as for example that I bore him malice, when all I was doing was having fun sniping); but at the same time was delighted to get a rise out of him. The LASFS was audibly disappointed as I sat down and wrote Raymond a long conciliatory letter which eventually led to a protracted correspondence that I at least found highly pleasurable.

But my big time in fandom was about over. My family was to arrive around November 1, and we were to move out away from the club neighborhood to the house at 1005 West 35th Place. Fran Shack was about to fold up and vanish; I offered it to the LASFS for the same $30.00 a month I was paying, it being about three times as big as the clubroom, and fitted up with a toilet and cooking facilities to boot--but it was too far away for the timid provincials of Bixel Street who after all, being emissaries of the future and supermen one and all could hardly be expected to wander seven blocks out of their habitual orbit--even to get a nice new clubroom.

My plans had not contemplated making my family live in the store, but a delay in getting the tenants out of the house dumped us all right there. It was a horrible place for the kids--no yard, no nothing--and as a result Jackie and I took them away as much as we could. It seemed natural to gravitate toward the LASFS, and the children made such a hit with local fandom that it

proved a hard habit to break. I had rather expected the LASFS to object to Sandy and Quiggie, but instead the whole membership fussed over the little girls something scandalous. Sandy, who was then 4½, very shortly found herself cranking the mimeograph from time to time, running errands for the members, going out to play miniature golf with them, and in general fitting in like she was one of them. Quiggie had her choice of a half-dozen laps to sit in, people to carry her piggyback. And both of them had a big time looking at the pictures in the club's magazines, drawing and doodling on the crud sheets lying around, going out to dinner with local fandom, or what have you. I did not regard the relationship as particularly wholesome for the children, but for the two weeks it didn't hurt them, and it was amazing to see how reputed child-haters like Forry allowed Sandy and Quiggie to lead them around by the nose.

I was still treasurer of the LASFS; I intended to serve out my term and then cease activity in the LASFS--dropping in maybe once a month--and confining my fan activity to a decreasing output of ACOLYTE and FAN-DANGO--with an eventual cessation of activity altogether--probably by the end of 1945.

We moved out of Fran Shack in early November of 1944, and off I went, not without a nostalgic letter to Tucker about the end of an era as it were, to what I thought would be the beginning of the end.

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CHAPTER IX
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Ebb-Tide
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The first two or three weeks after I'd moved into my new house were almost totally lacking in fan activity, as I worked away getting moved in, continued getting re-acquainted with my children, and what not. About all I did was to write two or three letters to Ashley and Tucker concerning the FAPA political situation, though I did have THE ACOLYTE in the back of my mind, and intended to get to work shortly on another issue. My interest in fandom, however, was definitely waning.

It was given a powerful fillip one day in the latter part of November 1944 when I returned from work to find waiting for me an envelope bearing the return address of the Hotel Stilwell, a local hostelry. Opening it, I was stunned to find a note from A. E. van Vogt, announcing that he had just concluded a permanent move from Toronto to Los Angeles, that he was very anxious to meet me, and would I please get in touch with him. I was knocked over. Back in 1942 I'd gotten van's address from Johnny Mason, and had sent him an ACOLYTE. He'd written a nice, and publishable, letter of comment, and I'd continued to send him ACOLYTE without ever hearing from him again. But I had a very high opinion of the man, both from his published stories and from the glowing accounts Mason had given me of him, and it was with high excitement that I drove downtown to meet him at his hotel.

Alfred E. van Vogt turned out to be tall and skinny--with the same grasshopperish build as Bob Tucker (or myself for that matter)--has a rather high forehead, straight dark hair, and is bubbling over with a vivacity which is sometimes hidden by a superficial shyness. At the time I met him, he wore a rather old-fashioned pair of pinc-nez with a ribbon dangling over one ear as an anchor, but the salubriousness of the local climate soon caused him to toss these artificialities to one side. I believe we were both rather ill at ease during much of this first meeting--I know I was. But there were so many things to talk about--the world is van's oyster, and he can talk about most phases of it, particularly the more obscure ones, endlessly and fascinatingly. I found myself liking him enormously, and subsequent meetings with him have only strengthened this feeling.

When I told the people at the LASFS that I had just had an evening's session with A. E. van Vogt they thought I was pulling a hoax. But he has been around the club so much since that he is almost taken for granted: he's certainly spent more time around the place than any other pro author. (Why, god only knows!)

Another extremely worthwhile person came on the scene for the first time in the tail end of 1944: Niesson Himmel. I never did know just how he got hooked up with the club, but he is quite a fait accompli nevertheless. A police reporter for several years, he has worked for the LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS, THE LOS ANGELES TIMES, THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, and is at present a Hearst hatchetman with the LOS ANGELES EVENING HERALD. Here is a lad who spins the prettiest line of bull I ever encountered, who had been mixed up in practically every big murder or juicy sex casethat has hit LA for the past four or five years. Talking to Himmel is more fun than reading Raymond Chandler. In appearance, Niesson is the typical college half-back, though his chief athletic sport, aside from torea-

dor work, is bending the elbow. His interest in stfantasy is almost nil, but he evidently enjoys associating with many of the fans, judging from the amount of it he does. An ornament to the LASFS, even if no one outside of LA ever did hear of him.

Having gotten pretty much settled in our house, we decided to throw a housewarming party on the last weekend of November. I was humiliated to discover, with rather of a start, that I had been sticking so close around the LASFS since early summer that I'd practically gotten out of touch with any non-fan acquaintances. But the brawl (and it was that, believe me!) did have about every LASFS member, plus a couple of girls from work and some others. Even Walter J. Daugherty attended--he and I got along fine, but his girl friend Tillie got into a ruckus with Jackie which nearly led to blows.

Two things made the party notable. In the first place, it was the debut of A. E. van Vogt and his wife (E. Mayne Hull). I had misgivings as to how well respectable people like them would fit in with such a commotion, but as it turned out they seemed to enjoy themselves. I particularly remember van backed into a corner of the dining room, hemmed into this culdesac by half a dozen yapping fans.

The second thing--Forrest J Ackerman had decided to prove to himself that he was right in frowning on the use of alcoholic beverages, and showed up with a pint. I had intended to mix his drinks personally, to make sure that he did not get too stiff--having some vague idea that if he were properly guided-guarded he might find the release of a moderate amount of alcohol sufficiently desirable to wish to try it again. However, someone (Rae Sischo, I believe) started mixing doubles and gave one to the Ack. He sat there looking like the wrath of God, and waiting for something horrible to happen. It commenced to hit him a little, the old frozen repression started to slough off, and first thing you knew, the boy was having a good time. Then, all of a sudden, he realised that he felt the liquor, and collapsed moaning in a heap, spending the remainder of the evening stretched out on the bed. Most of us felt at the time that the deal was pretty much put on, but of course we may have been mistaken. At any event, he proved to himself that liquor and Acks didn't mix--which was about all he had in mind.

I left my own party quite early to accomplish the dual purpose of taking van and Mayne back to their hotel, and giving some fresh air to the excessively intoxicated Burbee and Saha. We got involved in a couple of bars, from the restroom of one of which we had a hell of a time dragging the regurgitating Burbee, who quietly passed out in the car. Saha got in the back seat by himself, and I started buzzing out towards the house. Art made some pleased remark to the effect that he had at last gotten himself a room in Tendril Towers, goshwowboyoboy, and was shortly to move in. Little realising how much he'd take it to heart, I remarked casually that of course he knew that all the fans in TT were fruits, and that of course he'd have to pass a novitiate of promiscuity with all of them before being allowed to settle on any one or two of the boys, that they made all the new tenants kick through to them in all sorts of fascinating ways.... (So far as I know, that was just a gag--the place has had some heterosexual inmates!) But Saha really hit the ceiling; by God they weren't going to do that to him he'd show them by God just let one of those fruits try anything...and so on. So I told him what one of the Tendril Towers fruits had actually said about Saha's moist, ruby-red lips--and Art went postively berserk, getting into such a screaming frenzy that I overshot 35th Place and was clear down past Exposition before I realised it. I cannot recall ever having

kidded anyone with such spectacular success.

In the LASFS itself, a political farce was enacted in mid-November, when director Alva Rogers finally realised that he had not only served out the balance of Myrtle' term, but had gone six weeks into the next three months term without calling an election. I immediately proposed that he be nominated and elected by acclaim--having been a very good director--but he demurred and nominated Walter J. Daugherty. I nominated Alva anyway, but was astounded when Mel Brown leaned over to me and told me that by god I had to run for director or he and Kepner would quit the club. Having no wish to be left alone in the LASFS with my ACOLYTE publishing at the mercy of Walter J. Daugherty, and figuring that I had about as much chance of being elected as Joe Stalin has of becoming president of the NAM, I said "Sure, go ahead." So Mel nominated me.

Well, I had fully intended to drop LASFS activity for the most part as soon as I was finished with my term as treasurer, but, I thought, if it would keep Mel and Jimmy in line, I'd be willing enough to be a forlorn hope, particularly since there was no chance of getting this headache wished off on me anyway. Bland optimist!

When the ballots were passed around, I got to thinking that it would be cruel to have just one vote for Laney (figuring that Kepner would vote for Rogers) so I voted for myself so as to have two votes to bring up the rear of the election returns with. (Never end a sentence with with.)

The final results: Laney 3, Rogers 2, Daugherty 2. So single-handed and without the aid of Walter J. Daugherty I elected myself to be director. And was I stunned at this outcome! I had no prospective officers in mind, no program, no nothing. On the spur of the moment, I appointed Saha secretary and Kepner treasurer, and told the people that I'd try to have some sort of program outlined in the next week or so, that I had not expected or intended to be elected, but that I was too weak to go against this great and overpowering popular mandate.

So December 1 found me director for four months (the balance of the split term plus the first three-months term of 1945). Oddly enough, if I'd not resigned during the feud, I would have been director anyway, since my election in 1943 under the old constitution was for a full year. Ain't fan politics silly?

The next event of the winter was one from which local fandom has never quite recovered, the advent of Elmer Benton Perdue, formerly of Washington, Wyoming, and other places, and an active stefnist from the time of the Chicon on. He had announced in FAPA that he had been declared insane, that he was coming somewhere for psychiatric treatments, and that he had a prescription for benzedrine sulfate to tide him over until he could be placed under psychiatric care. I for one was anxious to meet him, since he was about the only other fan who shared my interest in jazz, and when I received a card from him announcing that he was coming to LA, I was quite agog at the prospect of meeting this character.

As it turned out, he arrived one evening when a group of us were partaking of the hospitality of the Burbees: Jackie and the kids, 4e, Saha, Kepner, and perhaps others. A phone call came from Myrtle that Elmer had arrived, and shortly he broke in upon us in all his weird grandeur. He was higher than a kite on benny, had driven non-stop from Wyoming alone, and was apparently at the point of physical collapse. As his footsteps were heard on the stairs, 4e quickly put a recording of Elmer's own piano playing on the phonograph. "Jesus, what stink-finger piano," blurted

Elmer as he staggered through the door, not realising that it was his own pianistics he was hearing.

I suppose a vignette is in order, but I hate to tackle it. Elmer Perdue is such a character that it would be easy to fill a dozen pages with fantastically unbelievable descriptions and anecdotes. And too it may not be strictly accurate, for Elmer has, superficially at least, changed a lot since he commenced courting Betty Browder, who is now Mrs. Perdue. But I knew him best in 1945 and 1946, when he was a very regular visitor at my house, and when we spent dozens and dozens of hours together playing records and talking of this and that, mostly of jazz.

Physically he is pretty much of a chunk, rather tall and heavy set, and pretty generally husky. He has a swarthy, seamed complexion--looks a couple of decades older than his 25 or 26 years--wears his lanky dark hair about four inches longer than it needs to be, and usually in those days his clothes not only looked as though they had been slept in, they had.

He is a long way from being insane as he almost proudly claimed himself to be, though he does have quite a few quirks of one sort and another. However, he is one of the most exhibitionistic persons I ever encountered, and takes such a keen delight in acting batty that it is highly difficult to tell just what is put on and what isn't. Leaving some of the more dubious antics out of the picture and trying to consider Elmer objectively, there are one or two things that stand out. For one thing, his drinking during much of 1945 and 1946 was definitely bordering at least on the psychopathic, and caused both him and his friends a lot of trouble. It irritated me to such an extent that I was forced to tell him, in mid-1945, to stay away from me unless he was sober. He had used my house as a passing out ground just once too often, and I enjoyed his company too much to be willing to put up with him when he was so sodden as to be unable to focus. Because Elmer is definitely a brilliant chap, possessed of depth and background and a keen analytical ability which combine to make him a most stimulating companion. He could hardly be said to suffer from delusions of grandeur, yet when he gets on what Burbee and I call his Homo Superior facet he is not easy to tolerate. (But he can be backed off this groove quite easily if you know how to do it.) Let us say that he has an exceptionally high opinion of himself and let it go at that. And I have more than once wished that he could be more at ease with casual feminine acquaintances, quit calling them "ma'am" at every other breath, and talk more as he does with a bunch of the fellows, when his conversation is usually worth listening to--whether you are looking for wit and humor or serious discussion. When Elmer gets really amused about something, he tends to lapse dangerously near hysteria--in fact I myself have seen him refuse to finish reading something of Burbee's until he gets under control.

Well maybe I'm making my boy sound unprepossessing. And in lots of ways he definitely is. On the other hand, Elmer is one of the three or four fans with whom I always would like to be on good terms, regardless of my own activity in the field. He has more wrong with him than a lot of us, yet on the other hand he has enough good points to make him come out on the credit side despite his faults--and that is something I can honestly say about very few of the other LASFS adherents.

By December 1944, the Battle Creek-Bloomington-Los Angeles axis had its plans for the anschluss of FAPA well in hand. Our front was a nebulous group which we intended to call the Freedom Party. This group was to include all

FAPA members sympathetic to our overall program, which included stengthened activity requirements both qualitatively and quantitatively, FAPA sponsorship of important joint publishing projects such as a fanzine anthologies, and other things of constructive worth. Politically, we stood in direct opposition to the Futurians and others who might at any time wish to use FAPA as an arena for playing power politics, or who might perform official duties inefficiently.

Backing up the Freedom Party, was a secret and self-perpetuating group known as the Order of Dagon. Founders consisted of Al Ashley, Bob Tucker, and myself. This group proposed to implement the Freedom Party by the use of block voting in all FAPA elections, and through the intelligent wielding of a block of 10 or 12 votes control every FAPA election. All Freedom Party candidates for office were also to come from Dagon members, who were bound not only to vote en masse in FAPA but also in their own party caucuses. Since Dagon was to remain entirely secret, the effect publicly would be of free elections, but in actuality we intended to take FAPA over and run it progressively and dynamically, and thus prevent it from falling into interregnums, spasms of delayed mailings, and other disruptive contretemps. Ashley, Tucker, and myself each had an A list of prospective Dagon members, those whom we felt were definitely ripe for Dagonhood--as well as a B list of questionables and a C list of doubtfuls and impossibles. The combined A list of Ashley and Tucker consisted of: Walt Liebscher, Jack Wiedenbeck, Ollie Saari, Paul Spencer, Milt Rothman, and Les Croutch. (This list is taken from a letter from Bob Tucker to Ashley and Laney dated February 14, 1945.) I don't know which of these were actually approached, but I know that some of them are, and that some of them accepted.

My own list consisted of Forrest J Ackerman, Elmer Perdue, Mike Fern, and Les Croutch--all of whom I approached, and all of whom joined the Order of Dagon. In the election of 1945, Ackerman and Perdue both voted according to Dagon orders, giving Bob Tucker the vice-presidency over Harry Warner who otherwise would have had it--since these two comprised Tucker's margin of victory, and their vote was gotten through Dagon--Ackerman in fact changing his vote when reminded of Dagon. (How do you idealists like that one?) (And I'm sorry, Harry--but the vice-president, with his power of making constitutional interpretations, is in many ways FAPA's most important officer--he had to be a Dagonite, particularly since you are known to be too idealistic to play the kind of politics we were, regardless of how justifiable the ends in view.)

Willie Watson having definitely allied himself with the Futurians, we threw him off the ticket, telling him why; since Ashley was ineligible to run again for editor, I changed to that job and slated Al as secy-treasurer. The rest of the slate still consisted of Norm Stanley for president and Bob Tucker for Vice-president. Stanley knew nothing of Dagon, but was acceptable to us both for his fine reputation in FAPA and because he seemed sympathetic with our program as we'd outlined it to him.

Right around New Year's, Stanley wrote me a letter in which he mentioned that he'd just discovered Russell Chauvenet intended to run for president, and that he'd not run against him and consequently was backing out. (As it later fell out, Chauvenet quit fandom before the election, and Stanley not only ran but was elected.) But right at that time I was finding myself very much cramped for spare time, was trying to cut down on fan activity, and when I thought of how much time Dagon had already taken I boiled over and withdrew from the slate myself--retaining however an active interest in Dagon

itself.

It was not difficult to get disgusted with FAPA anyway. In the first place, the Futurian administration was rapidly getting the group into a jam from which it has never entirely recovered. Suddsy Schwartz, the secy-treas, was to say the least being careless with the FAPA funds, and messing up his office in other ways as well. And the Futurians had also put out an illegal surprise mailing (between mailing dates) which had annoyed several of the members for various reasons. I was especially irked, because this mailing included an incomplete FAN-DANGO. (I was at the time taking a music poll of FAPA, and due to my move had been unable to prepare the post card ballots at the time I sent in FAN-DANGO itself to get rid of it. As a result of the premature mailing, I was forced to prepare a supplementary FAN-DANGO to explain the card. While I was at it I asked the Futurians point blank why they seemed to be inimical to the LASFS, but was never given any reply except for some nebulous remarks by Doc Lowndes which actually said little or nothing.)

In the second place, I was getting some pretty rough treatment in the mailing comments. My "drunken" FAN-DANGO of a year previous had said bluntly, too bluntly perhaps, that fans were pretty much impossible, poorly adjusted, and that what most fans needed more than anything else was a normal sex life. (Now, three years and more later, I still feel the same way about it, though I do deplore the faults of the FAN-DANGO in question: a certain crudity of diction, and a failure to substantiate my charges due to my imagining that everyone was aware of the underlying facts about fans and fandom.) In any case, for one reason and another, FAPA didn't like it. In some instances, I imagine I hit too close to unpleasant truths certain of the members were trying to avoid noticing about themselves. And so I came in for a good hauling over the coals. Moreover, since I am constitutionally unable to let someone else get in the last word, I was having a hard time getting the acrimonius little wrangle choked off.

So I decided to give FAPA a rest, missing two mailings.

My available spare time was further curtailed by my rather abortive enrolling in a LaSalle course in higher accountancy. I had done office work before the war, and feared that I'd have to return to this sort of misery after the war, and wanted to get enough training so as to be able to approach the kind of money that a man can make working in a shop. So, grumbling half-hearted protests at the cruelty of life, I commenced working toward a CPA degree. (I dropped the course in late 1945, after having discovered that I had reasonably good chances of staying on in shop work as long as I wanted to.)

In between times of working on that accursed correspondence course and doing odd bits of carpentry around the house, I put out a rather half-hearted ACOLYTE (#9) but it meant very little to me--I was just putting it out because it was cheaper to continue than to stop and have to refund $50.00 or so of outstanding subscriptions all in one chunk.

But fandom was shoved down my throat to a fare-ye-well when, in late January 1945, Jackie decided to take a job for a while in order to build us up a small nest egg for after the war. She went to work as a cocktail waitress in a nearby nightclub, and very shortly was dragging down more money in tips than I could bring home working for a living. The job was supposed to be temporary, but she kept on at it until our bustup--the contacts and what not she was making proving too pleasant to her for her to terminate. Well anyway, feeling that I should try to help all

in the building up of the nest egg, so I commenced staying home every evening taking care of Sandy and Quiggie so as to avoid paying off for child care at a buck an hour. Through lack of anything else to do, I commenced working more and more with fandom--at first putting a great deal of time on the ACOLYTE, and then, as that palled more and more, occupying myself with political shenanigans of one sort and another. (Well, after all I could scarcely play records all evening every night.)

Not without misgivings I commenced taking Sandy and Quiggie to the club meetings--they seemed to have a good time and not to bother the members too much so this became a regular practise. The two little girls missed only three or four meetings of the LASFS during the first eight months of 1945--in fact I remember one meeting which consisted of Sandy, Quiggie, Ackerman, and myself. The club meetings on Thursday nights gradually became my only outing except for going to work--other nights I sat tight at home, usually alone, playing with the kids until it was their bedtime, and then banging out crifanac with increasing disgust. As Jackie and I commenced overtly breaking up, I saw less and less of her--even on her nights off--often going for 3 and 4 days at a stretch without even seeing her to speak to her. But this is not a chronicle of an unsuccessful marriage.

The necessity of taking care of the children made it almost impossible for me to do any mimeographing at the club, so it occured to me that perhaps I could arrange to take the club machine out to the house on certain specified occasions. (I no longer had a mimeograph of my own, having given my old machine to the LASFS to be used as a partial payment on the new club machine.)

So one evening I sprang a proposition of the members, pointing out to them the obvious impossibility of my taking care of S&Q at the club if I were going to mimeograph, indicating that the machine was out of use most of the time anyway, and requesting permission to borrow it for one week every three months. I asked that no discussion be held on this proposal, but that it be considered by them during the ensuing week, so that they could talk about it in my absence, and that I would bring it up for a vote the following week--going on to point out what a poor precedent it was to set, that as director I really was opposed to it, but that I saw no other possibility of continuing ACOLYTE. Actually, I was half hoping they'd refuse permission--because that would choke off ACOLYTE once and for all, and I was getting increasingly sick of the magazine.

But the LASFS graciously granted permission, and I found myself with full permission to take the machine as requested, provided that I fitted in my schedule with those of other members who might need to use it about the same time I would. This arrangement led to a well-nigh chronic war with Walter J. Daugherty, who seemed to take the granting of this permission as a personal insult.

Until E. Everett Evans arrived on the local scene in the late summer of 1945 and calmed Walter down a little, Daugherty and I indulged in open war--with most of the incidents revolving around the mimeograph. This all came to a head in the late summer, when the machine broke a spring the day I was to take it and Daugherty bought one out of his own pocket. He announced that he was retaining title to this spring, that any LASFS member might borrow it from him but me, that my week to have the mimeograph would soon be passed, and that after that time I'd have to wait three months before I could ask to borrow the machine again. I arrived on the scene late Saturday afternoon, after all mimeograph supply shops were closed, to

borrow the machine under my agreement only to run into this situation. When I got to the club, Ackerman was finishing up an issue of VOM, the machine was purring along nicely, and of course I had no inkling of anything untoward. I told the Ack not to hurry, that I didn't mind waiting on him, and commenced chatting with the various people who happened to be in the clubroom. Ackerman looked ill at ease, finally told me he had something private to tell me, and took me out of the room. When he told me about the spring and the rest of the sordid story I really hit the ceiling, raving about it for nearly an hour. Everett Evans, who had just arrived in town left looking perturbed. I later learned that he tried to buy the spring off Daugherty, and that Daugherty refused to sell it to him because he was afraid Everett might let me use the mimeograph. Everett then went down town, andof course found all the known mimeograph shops closed for the day, but did locate a spring of sorts which he bought and brought home only to find that it could not be made to fit. Everett then got after Daugherty again, who finally agreed to donate the spring to the LASFS if a panel of members (whom Daugherty named at the time) agreed that he was in the wrong. They did so unanimously, the spring and the mimeograph were on the way to the weird Willys within ten minutes, and the largest battle of the Great Mimeograph War between Daugherty and myself was over.

The first half of 1945 saw the LASFS faltering into what appeared to be an almost certain demise. Not only were the members apathetic as always, and bitterly at odds with one another over this and that, but the total number had shrunk to a mere ten or twelve, three of whom worked nights in the same war plant (Burbee, Perdue, Kepner). When this situation was topped by an increase in the club's rental from $20.00 per month to $30.00, the group found itself within a hairs breadth of vanishing.

It may well be imagined then, that my terms as director (there were four of them in 1945) gave little opportunity of presenting a dynamic program of accomplishment, but were mostly spent in a bitter last ditch struggle to scrape up the next month's rent and to try to keep the staggering society together. Being director was especially frustrating, not only because the members were more willing to grumble about the club's ebbing fortunes than to get in and do anything about it, but due to the horrible vicious circle which brought to naught every thing that was done. What the club needed, of course, was members--and in one way and another a number of likely prospects passed fleetingly through the local picture. Having more members would of course both made the club more nearly solvent and improved the interest level of the meetings, most of which were shot through with ennui and boredome or else frittered away in an acid battle between a couple of angry neurotics. But in order to hold new members it was necessary to pep up the meetings, something that proved impossible to do in the face of the LASFS' notorious apathy, a pose of boredom with it all which makes the liveliest efforts at introducing something worthwhile fall flat.

Several newcomers came on the scene during the first half of 1945, and some of these stayed around long enough to rate vignettes.

The most active was Gerald Hewett, a bright-eyed thirteen-year-old to end all bright-eyed-thirteen-year-olds. Gerald was short, slender, noisy, and exciteable--and his fourteen years of life had not given him either the poise or the background to make a success of associating with so many people who were so much older. When he first hove on the scene, he was smitten by the most violent case of hero worship I have ever seen, the worshippee being Ackerman, who was excessively embarrassed

at the rapt way in which Gerry would spend evening after evening watching he's every movement almost with awe, and the breathless manner in which the kid hung on his most casual words. I imagine Forry suspected he was being kidded. As Gerry got better acquainted with the club, he passed through a short period of being a useful member (during which time he was pro-tem editor of SHAGGY) but shortly turned hoodlum. After several months of making himself increasingly disliked by the club, Hewett finally resigned and moved on towards greener pastures. He was very fortunate to get out of the club when he did, as he thus avoided the pitfalls of being a fan, and has now a reasonably good chance of living a normal adolescence and growing up into an integrated man.

Portly, jolly Bob Bradford--an ex-Marine of about 35--came on the scene about February 1945, never became especially active in the club but still drops around from time to time. He's just an ordinary civilised man, with no interest in fandom, but with a yen for reading stf and getting into bull fests. He's a good man to go on a beerbust with, and a good man to talk with. Everybody likes Bob, and for some inexplicable reason he seems to like almost all of the club members.

In one day of February 1945, I got subscriptions from two hitherto unknown localites who had read of THE ACOLYTE in STARTLING. I wrote come-ons to both of them and both joined the LASFS. Lloyd Casebeer, a pleasant, intelligent chap in his late forties came around for several meetings, but soon got fed up with the hurly-burly of inane futility characterised the club. That he retained an interest in fantasy is shown by the fact that he renewed his ACOLYTE subscription nearly a year after any of us last saw him personally.

Pete Grainger was my other recruit, and he is still an occasional dropper-inner, though his chief pleasures are intellectual discussions with Ashley, Burbee, van Vogt, Wiedenbeck, and others of our local braintrust, and the playing of a wicked game of chess. Pete is tall, dark, and slender; looks a good deal like Bob Tucker; and in fact might be described as a Tucker with brains. ((Hiya, Boob?)) He is very quiet and reserved on first acquaintance, but among those he feels are his friends is noted for a scintillating wit and vivacious conversation.

A handful of other new faces showed up during the first half of '45, but none of the rest stuck around long enough to rate a mention. After all, you don't have to eat a whole egg to tell if it is rotten, and one or two meetings of the LASFS are enough for most people.

Despite the struggle to maintain bare existence, my administration attempted a certain amount of permanently constructive business.

The first bit of accomplishment was the engineering of a deal with Elmer Perdue, under which the LASFS took over the custody of his printing press and type. Both were too badly battered to be of maximum utilization, but nevertheless made an excellent nucleus for what could have been rather cheaply developed into a first class amateur printing plant. The whole idea gradually fell into disrepute and the press and its appurtenances were finally moved out to Art Joquel's--due mostly to the lack of interest with which LASFS members collectively seem to greet anything which confronts them.

Discovering that the publicity director of the National Amateur Press Association was an Angeleno, two or three of us got the idea of working with the NAPA to form a local amateur press club, which could share expenses on our clubroom

in exchange for the use of it and its equipment. No merger with NAPA was contemplated, but rather the formation of a sister organization, which might have the use of the clubroom a maximum of one evening a week for meetings, and the members of which might use the clubroom on non-meeting nights on the same basis as members of the LASFS.

Though it had somewhat fallen into obsolescence under the Daugherty and succeeding administrations, the rent payers committee as originally set up by Yerke to be used in keeping Deglers out of the clubroom as much as possible still existed. We revamped the setup, wording the rent payers' document (a constitution of sorts) so that members of as many clubs as the rent payers wished to include might join the committee, regardless of affiliation with the LASFS. None of us were astute enough politically to see what this did both to the LASFS and the infamous governing body--in effect it turned the clubroom and all its contents over to the jurisdiction of the rent payers committee at all times except when the LASFS was actually in session on Thursday nights. The LASFS, in other words, became a mere appurtenance of the rent payers committee, existing in the clubroom only on sufferance--and except on Thursday nights the LASFS, for all practical purposes, ceased to exist and was supplanted by this committee. Sounds metaphysical, but in actuality it was an overthrow of the Daugherty faction in the club, since the governing body no longer had control of anything except for a brief time once a week, and anyone could join the rentpayers without being a member of the club itself. It left Daugherty holding an eggshell from which all the contents had been removed.

In early 1945, one of NAPA's top men, Burton Crane of New Jersey, was in and around LA for a couple of weeks in connection with his preliminary training for the OSS. Crane had published, in early 1943, a brief castigation of FAPA and fandom in one of his NAPA publications, and in my earnest way I had written him a letter taking issue with several of his allegations, sent him an ACOLYTE, and given him a few selected fanzine publishers to contact. I'd forgotten all about it when about a year later came a most cordial and interesting letter from Crane, telling me that he'd looked into fandom more in detail, had found it of considerably more worth than he had imagined, and mentioning his intention of taking a minor part in it for a while. Very shortly we had worked up one of the best correspondences I have ever had, so I was highly excited when word came that Burton was in town.

Burton Crane is one of the very few individuals I have met who may rightfully be described by the word fabulous. The fabulous Burton Crane. Here is a tall, rather athletic man who very probably is in his late forties but who has that ageless approach to life which makes him fit in with any group, of any age. He is handsome, though balding, has one of those rich voices which is resonant without being booming, and a personality which must be encountered to be believed. Winning, analytic, witty, sympathetic, natively brilliant, Burton Crane is a man who has been everywhere and done everything--and who can apparently do almost anything with near-championship skill. He is probably the nearest thing to a genius that I have ever encountered in the flesh, easily the best integrated, most adult person I have met. He is by profession a newspaper man, but he has also met success as a playwright, as a magazine author, and as a musician. If he cared to commercialise his hobby of fine printing he could very easily make his mark as a 20th century Aldus. He spent many years in Japan in the twenties and early thirties, speaks the language well and idiomatically, and is definitely qualifiable as an expert on the Land of the Rising Sun. At present he is in charge of the New York Times

office in Tokyo. During his previous incarnation in Nippon, Crane was one of Columbia's top recording stars. Billed as the Japanese Maurice Chevalier, he waxed several dozen sides of American hit parade tunes sung in Japanese. And what a voice that man has! Some of us were out at my house talking about this and that, his recording career came into the conversation, and without warning he threw back his head and commenced singing the Japanese lyrics to WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME. I'd rather listen to Crane than Crosby anyday, and that isn't just idle flattery either; if I thought his singing stank I'd say so.

Anyway, Crane, in his magnetic way, did a lot towards helping the LA Amateur Press Club get organised, and got us acquainted with Wesley Porter, a local advertising man who was at that time the publicity director of NAPA. Porter turned out to be a typical business man of the better class--a good egg and all that, but with a tendency towards being somewhat the bigshot executive type.

After so much piddling along, the LASFS finally held a meeting at which all local amateur journalists were asked to be present; we knocked ourselves out sending mimeographed letters to everyone who had belonged locally to NAPA, AAPA, or UAPA in the preceding decade--getting for our pains a turnout of six. The group seemed rather enthusiastic about organizing, and sharing our clubroom, but through some sort of singular coincidence the amateurs dropped the LASFS like a hot potato immediately following their second meeting, which was held at Clifton's and at which Walter J. Daugherty was present.

Perdue, Laney, and others of us were incensed, felt that Daugherty had sabotaged the club due to his known dislike of the administration. Still, there was nothing on which to accuse him. The upshot of it all was that I got Crane to look into the matter a little by letter, he did so and reported back that as far as he could learn Daugherty was innocent of any double-dealing. Crane's word was good enough for me--so I have written the matter off as a singular coincidence and nothing more, though one or two others are not as sure.

The eventual upshot was that the LAAPC quickly got on its feet as a growing organization, and that nothing came of the clubroom sharing idea, though a meeting was held at my house as late as September 1945 in which some last negotiations were made. Poor Porter; the conflab was interrupted by the advent of the Ashleys and menage an hour after they hit Los Angeles for the first time--he strove manfully but I am afraid had rather a rouinous evening. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Apart from the attempt at amalgamation with the amateurs, the only other constructive business attempted during the first half of the year was to set up a series of planned programs, set up in 12-week series, and publicised through mimeographed letters. This attempt didn't do very well--too much apathy on the part of both the club and the scheduled attractions. Notable defaulters were Alva Rogers, who played hooky from his own talk on prozine illustrators, and Walter J. Daugherty who failed to show up for a lantern-slide lecture until after the meeting was adjourned and I had left the premises, explained that he had delayed so as to avoid having to show them to me, and then proceeded to show them to the handful of people who were still at the club. I gave two or three talks, mostly of a Lovecraftian nature; Samuel D. Russell gave us a memorable series on witchcraft; but the star was none other than Ackerman. Always dependable, he proved able to give a good and interesting talk on a moments notice, and was the only factor that kept the whole program idea alive at all.

As spring wore along into the summer, word reached the society that E. Everett Evans was on his way, to join our giddy throng. This expected arrival left me with mixed feelings. In the first place, my very low opinion of Evans (due to the hypocricy with which he disguised his penitentiary sentence as secret war service) had not been in the least enhanced by the detailed anti-Evans letters I had received from various Slan Shackers and other midwesterners, nor did I particularly care for the close liason reputed to exist between Evans and Walter J. Daugherty. (One of the most amusing things that happened during the Evans NFFF administration was the resignation of Walter J. Daugherty from the board of directors. Daugherty, as always, threatened to resign about something. Everett soft-soaped him into reconsidering, adding that he continued in office as president largely because of the fine support he was receiving from Daugherty and that if Daugherty resigned from the board he, EEE, would have to resign the presidency. So Daugherty reconsidered. Then later on something else came up, and Walter J. Daugherty resigned once more, thinking that Everett would do so too, or at least hinting in that direction in his conversation at the club and telling us what Everett had said before. So E. Everett Evans accepted Mr. Daugherty's resignation, and merrily continued to be president.) So, I reasoned, maybe this liason isn't as close as one might think. And, on the favorable side, it seemed to me that I was in a very minute minority in disliking Evans; practically all of fandom seemed to hold him in high esteem. Well, I thought, maybe I am wrong. The man must have something on the credit side, or fewer people would like him. And, partly in support of this theory, I found myself enjoying a correspondence I'd gotten into with Everett.

I made up my mind that I should try to welcome Everett Evans to the LASFS just as though he were the best of freinds, and that I should attempt to withhold judgement on him until I'd had an opportunity to know him personally. This led to my having to swim against the current; many of the club members, including several who fell all over Everett when he did arrive, regarding his advent in a rather dim way.

At about this time we were having a great deal of trouble with Daugherty, and one day to my amazement I found a letter from Daugherty to Evans put up on the club bulletin board, in which Everett was warned not to have much to do with the LASFS and to realise that he'd do better to have himself a two-man fandom with Daugherty, or words to that general effect. This irked me, and siezing on the opportunity to answer it as an open letter I knocked off a five or six pager to Evans in Battle Creek listing the latest half dozen things Daugherty had done to earn him our execration, and urging Evans to meet us himself rather than trying to judge the club through Daugherty's eyes.

When he finally arrived, it was maneuvered so that few of the members got to see him for a day or so, except for two or three of the Tendril Towers boys who crashed the welcoming party. I didn't see him for nearly a week. But he turned out to be a rather personable individual, tall, thin as a lath, close-cropped grizzled hair and moustache, and an odd froggy voice. He tends to be on the wishy-washy side as a conversationalist, seldom coming out straight from the shoulder and liable to believe too much of what he reads, but is by no means unenjoyable as a companion. If he'd just toss away that pose of saintly patience and relax into being one of the boys, he'd be a good egg; and as it is he's not such a bad one.

I was going to tell about the time that Everett and I went bookhunting and he erased the price of a book,

marking it down from $2.15 to $1.15, but if I did people might think that he does not follow the teachings of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, in whom he believes, so I won't mention it. Since I was the only witness, and I have resolved to keep my mouth shut about it, this matter rests between Everett and his God.

It was at about this time (June or July 1945) that the club underwent a machiavellian coup d'etat, for which Daugherty apparently blamed me, but which actually not only came as a complete surprise to me but deflated my office of director to a mere nothing.

My chief support was coming from the neutrals plus the Tendril Towers gang, and I fell out violently with these latter over the matter of communism. Brown, Saha, Rogers, and Kepner all went violently red--and while I did my best to hold my tongue, I'm afraid they learned my opinion of communism, and of American communists as dupes who have surrendered their right to intelligent analytical discrimination and choose instead to prate the ready-made credoes of the party line. As all newer communist converts, these boys had it like it was religion, and my failing to abandon my faintly left-of-center liberalism cooled our friendship considerably.

So one day the boys got together, and using the rent payers document as a pretext, tossed out the noisome governing body set-up for good, getting the governing body's consent to its own demise by promising Ackerman something about the Foundation, riding in a new constitution which reduced the director to a mere gavel-wielding figurehead, and vested the real power in the chairman of the rent payers, Mel Brown. I was more amused than anything else, particularly when I discovered Daugherty thought I had engineered this deal.

The communists and their fellow travelers had at this time a rival club--the Futurian Society of Los Angeles. I can tell little about this group, since I was not invited to join. Burbee was invited, but laughed at them. Perdue, my only informant on the group, told me that it was no better than the LASFS, if indeed as good. It existed for only a very few months, and died quietly when the communists moved to New York in the fall of 1945.

V-J day found me drinking a bottle of liberated German champagne with Bob Hoffman, and laughing at the excited way all the fans were acting as though they themselves, through the reading of a minority group of cheap magazines and the participating in the dubious activities of a crackpot hobby group, had brought about this somewhat dubious scientific discovery.

The end of the war showed me a possible end to my efforts as director. (I had more or less vowed to try to hold the club together until the boys came back from the wars, and then step down to relative inactivity.) It also dropped in my lap the problem of the Pacificon, originally slated for Los Angeles in 1942, and put in cold storage due to the war.

The Pacificon was a knotty problem, and one which I found myself unable to solve. Originally, the chairman had been Walter J. Daugherty, but I regarded his leadership with grave doubts, particularly in light of the fact that Yerke had told me in minute detail of how luckily Daugherty and the LASFS were rescued from the debacle of another Daugherty project by the outbreak of war. According to Yerke, Daugherty had done nothing except quarrel with his committee, put out some publicity, and talk as though the convention were in the bag. I would have liked very much to put the convention into someone else's hands, but was stymied in this both by

the complete lack of any other prospective convention director and by the obvious difficulty of shunting Daugherty out of the picture if he still wanted the job, which, it developed shortly, he still did.

At the first LASFS meeting following V-J day, Daugherty got wound up on the subject, talked for something over an hour on how he had not gotten cooperation in 1942/42, and that he would not take the job except under his own terms, which chiefly meant that he was to have the say on everything (his famous veto power) and that the committee was to be advisory only. It all seemed silly, but the club gave it to him unanimously, except for Elmer Perdue. He then asked for volunteers to the committee, a group which seemed to change composition every time it met or Daugherty had abrainstorm. I do remember positively that I volunteered and was accepted, as were Ackerman and Andy Anderson. And since the first committee meeting was held in Everett's apartment, he must have been on it too. But this can just as well go in the next chapter.

Late August 1945 found me in a detestable rut. Jackie was working at the night club and I was staying home with the kids. The marriage had gone all to pieces, but I was sticking around chiefly for the sake of Sandy and Quiggie, but partly because I thought that since the situation was dissatisfactory to Jackie as well as myself there was a reasonably good chance that time might tend towards healing the breach. This is not a discourseon my marriage by any means, but it is germane to this account to point out that I had drifted into a situation where I had practically all the disadvantages of both marriage and bachelorhood, and mighty few of the advantages of either. Fandom being at hand, I naturally flung myself into it frenetically as an attempt to keep my evenings from being quite as bleak as they would have been otherwise. But it meant nothing to me in itself any more. I contined ACOLYTE partly from force of habit and partly because I hesitated to refund all those subscriptions (by then $75 or $80 worth) when I could put out another issue for scarcely more than the money coming in between issues. Since Brown, Rogers, et al had gone communistic they didn't come around much any more; Burbee was in the army, and about my only regular visitors were Perdue and Andy Anderson. It was, frankly, a hell of an existence, and before long I was casting about trying to figure ways to stir up some excitement in fandom--anything to break the deadly monotony.

If any change had come in my domestic situation in the summer or early fall of 1945, I would have dropped fandom cold, overnight and without a particle of regret. Feeling that way about it, it is not difficult to see why I shortly became embroiled in a series of hectic squabbles.

But a turning point was at hand. Two not dissimilar characters, Jack Speer and Al Ashley, quite unwittingly shot my fan interest into an Indian summer, perhaps aided a little bit by Walt Liebscher. But that goes in the next chapter.

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CHAPTER X
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Indian Summer
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My virtually waned interest in fandom was revived by two people, Jack Speer and Al Ashley. Al of course had been a correspondent of mine, and had also been a fellow conspirator in FAPA politics, so when he moved to Los Angeles it was just a question of carrying on a previously established friendship.

But Jack Speer was something else. I had first heard of him early in my fan career when I was disfavorably impressed by a letter of his in the first VOM I ever saw, in which he enveighed against women smoking and chewing gum. After I got into FAPA I of course saw more and more of his writings, but between their air of almost pontifical authority and Jack's tendency towards prudishness I came more and more to form a vague antipathy towards the Hily Magnified WB. This crystalised when I came to LA and met Mel Brown, who heartily despised Jack, probably because Speer cleans his fingernails once in a while. I was fertile ground for the planting of anti-Speer seed, and Mel did a thorough sowing. So I came to spat with Speer from time to time in FAPA, particularly over the matter of racial prejudices. Then when I discovered the awe with which Phil Brownson regarded Speer, it amused me to snipe at Speer, both verbally and in print, simply because it got Phil's goat for me to take potshots at Jack. In time, this had grown into an incipient feud, with Speer and me indulging in some rather acrimonious fencing in VOM, FAPA, and even SHAGGY.

But in the meantime I had acquired vastly of back issue Speer publications, and one day commenced reading them. Speer sounded pontifical as ever, making his points with aponderous finality which made them sound like the definitive summation of all knowledge. But on reading a sizeable chunk of Speer I also discovered that he is eminently readable--something that can be said for few fan writers--and also that he usually has something interesting to say. I'd been too busy picking out things to snipe at to realise all this.

Along about this time, I received the first STEFNEWS, and was enormously well impressed by its neat succintness, its journalistic style, and its hearty neutrality (which means that Speer always tends to make nasty cracks at the same kind of people I do). It made a lovely contrast to any of the other newszines. So I dropped Speer a note and some news, and shortly a rather wary correspondence sprang up.

Then, along in September 1945, Jack Speer paid a short visit to Los Angeles, and I was dumbfounded to find that I liked him as a person. He has a highly original sense of humor which scarcely shows in his writing--rather, which is far more prominent in his persona than in his written output. And my ideas about his pontifications faded into surprised mist when I listened to his rapid-fire whimsical patter, noted the faint suggestion of a stammer, and saw how undogmatic he actually is.

The customary vignette: Jack Speer is a little guy, slender and vivacious, with sandy hair and very fair complexion, and gives the impression of a small dynamo with the governor removed animating a widget consisting largely of piano wires and steel springs. I've met very few people who have the apparent energy, both physical and mental, possessed by Speer. Conversing with him is not unlike

fencing without corks, but it's fun. The chief characteristic of his personality is a whimsical puckishness; he might, with justification, almost be referred to as a puckhead. A staunch ally or a bitter enemy, he steers a pretty consistent course through both life and fandom, and can be expected to be one of the few really prominent fans who will make his mark in the macrocosmos.

His arrival coincided quite closely with that of the Slan Shackers, within 24 hours in fact. Al Ashley, who, I understand, was once expelled from the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society for failing to pay his dues, had in his pre-Los Angeles incarnation set himself up as the chief factotum of a cross between a boarding house and a bedlam, filling a large house in Battle Creek Michigan with a number of other fans as permanent residents, and an even larger number of transients. Called Slan Shack, this venture probably was to bolster Ashley's atavistic ego with an illusion that he was the Old Man of some cave-dwelling tribe of prehistorics; the group had also, through heavy activity, made a most enviable mark in the fan world.

Ashley and his menage had spoken for a couple of years of moving out to Los Angeles, had induced Bob Tucker, at heavy expense to himself, to give them an annual farewell party for some years, and had even gone so far as to set at least a dozen Definite Dates of Arrival. We in Los Angeles of course disregarded the date in September 1945 which was supposed to herald the arrival of these people, holding it to be just another aberration. Imagine our surprise when a carload of Michiganders actually pulled into town! It was loaded down with Al and Abby Lu Ashley, Abby's daughter Toople, Jack Wiedenbeck, Walt Liebscher, and Black Flame (a young cocker bitch).

Al Ashley is a person that cannot be described in a printable vignette if one is to get the true savor of the man who keeps Brazil prosperous. Physically he is minuscule--about 5'3", but his well-muscled and husky--a balding brunette who intends to live to be 150 years old, and who probably will, since nothing any of us have ever seen him do is likely to burn up any great amount of energy. He is a nice, unscrupulous, tough-minded individual that I immediately liked enormously; he has managed to live a normal life; and he is the best bull-shooter in Los Angeles. It has been said of him that he has an IQ of 194--simple justice makes me point out that he has never made this claim for himself. On the other hand, he has never denied it, and he certainly looks smug when someone mentions those three fascinating figures in his presence. Al is a man who found many possibilities in fandom, explored most of them to his heart's content, and is now drifting out of the field. It took but a very few weeks of the LASFS to lose for Al his illusions of fandom and make him just another trouble maker like myself. He is a master at intrigue, a gossip from way back, and can be depended on to know just who is queer and how and when. Widely read, and with an exploring trend of mind, he can usually be depended on for a stimulating evening of conversation.

His wife, Abby Lu, is an attractive red head who has little if any interest in fandom, but who is not unamused by some of the wierder antics induled in by the Slans.

Jack Weidenbeck is one of the nicest guys I've ever known. Generous, kindhearted, stimulating, he has been an intimate buddy of Ashley's for many years. He's had no use for fandom for years, but still occasionally does a bit of artwork for someone. A draftsman by profession, he has done commercial sculpture, and is at present writing a novel. Jack is quiet and retiring, has never mixed much with the LASFS (for which he

can scarcely be blamed), but is a most stimulating person to be around and is definitely one of the few people around the Bixelstrasse whose acquaintance is worth cultivating.

Walt Liebscher is a one-time fan big-shot, noted equally for Tuckeresque and Tuckerisque humor and for serious bibliographical doings--both in the fields of collecting and publishing. He still collects and reads book fantasy, I understand, but has otherwise dropped all fan activity; having discovered far greener pastures, which of course is not difficult to do. His rather marked inferiority complex is the least justified one I've ever seen, and it is to be hoped he will outgrow it. Walt is good-looking, bubbling over with wit; the life-of-the-party type, he can really go places if he just gets over the idea he doesn't have what it takes. He has it to burn. This boy could very easily make himself a pot of money as an entertainer--contrary to some opinions he is not a very good musician, but he has facile fingers on the piano, his playing may tend towards frothiness but it is definitely the kind of 88 the general public likes, he has no singing voice but he knows how to put over a comic song, he has inventiveness and originality, and he has that touch that sells a crowd. As a bar-room entertainer he is just the sort of guy that could make a pile of money as a featured act at the Florentine Gardens or some such place, and I doubt if he'd have to play in cheap joints like the HangoverClub very long before he made the big time. Why he wastes his talent on his friends, Lord knows.

Anyway, the simultaneous arrival of all these people coinciding with the weekend on which I met Speer for the first time brought me out of it with a snap. Very shortly I was going bookhunting with the Slan Shackers, making political plans with Speer and Ashley, reviving my interest in FAPA, and going to work on THE ACOLYTE with the first real enthusiasm I had given that magazine since early 1944. Here, for a change, were people. I don't mean to say that Speer or the Slan Shackers are faultless, or that they are necessarily the best integrated people in the world--certainly all of them have their faults and failings and minor maladjustments. But these are people, honest-to-god normal people, andto find that there actually were some fans besides Baldwin and Rimel and one or two others who were not neurotic impossibles was wonderful. Here, at long last, were the kind of people I had once in my naive enthusiasm thought all fans to be.

The chief club activity of the late summer and fall of 1945 was the Pacificon. And it was nothing but a peck of trouble. At the first committee meeting, a good deal was decided--the date was tentatively set for the week of July 4, 1946, and it was decided to invite A. E. van Vogt to be the guest-of-honor. Daugherty outlined many of his plans for 1942, indicating what of the previous work he thought could be salvaged, discussed publicity, and announced to his committee that he would have a Pacificon News in the mail within two weeks. He asked that no leak of plans be made, since he wanted to have first scoop in Pacificon News--but I was sending news to Speer in a day or so, was naturally rather enthusiastic about the onvention, and so told Speer all about the meeting. It just didn't occur to me to tell him not to print it--in the first place I knew that all he would do would be to give it a bare, interest-whetting outline, secondly I felt that the Pacificon could not be given enough publicity anyway, and third, though I should have known Daugherty better, he was so plausible in his enthusiasm that I actually thought he would get the PACIFICON NEWS out right away. As it turned out, Speer's bare paragraph was the only publicity the Pacificon received for a good many weeks.

What a furious turmoil this innocuous paragraph in STEFNEWS created! The next club meeting after the release appeared, Daugherty, his face as grave as though his mother had died, called me away from the clubroom and told me to come to a committee meeting in Everett's apartment. Andy Anderson and I went over only to find Evans sitting there with that same death-in-the-family expression, and Ackerman just sitting there. I was handed the issue of STEFNEWS and told to read it. I could see nothing wrong, but acting instinctively to avoid a row said something to the effect that Speer must have violated a confidence, and that I'd bring the carbon of my letter the next time I came. I've regretted having said this, but at the time I figured Daugherty would have cooled off enough to listen to reason. But the fellow commenced to rave and rave--the publicity for the Pacificon was wrecked, forever and beyond repair, there would be no surprise effect, there would be no news after this one release because repetition would be avoidedin order to make a successful advertising campaign...and other equally stupid rantings. (Avoid of repetition in advertising is no doubt responsible for the wide public knowledge of such things as: "It Floats" "LSMFT", "Ask the Man who Owns One", etc.!) Everett, wearing his best stuffed owl expression, agreed solemnly with all this just as if it meant something.

But this one little episode completely ruined the publicity for the Pacificon, just as Daugherty said that it would. Walter J. Daugherty did not produce or allow to be produced an issue of PACIFICONEWS for at least six months, and then just the single issue. Walter J. Daugherty refused to give Pacificon publicity to the #1 and #2 fanzines of 1946, ACOLYTE and SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. (There was a blurb in ACOLYTE but I made it up myself, largely out of whole cloth, since even I, a member of the committee, knew little or nothing about the Pacificon until the month before the convention.) To my knowledge, the only publicity given the Pacificon until far too late to do the convention any good was the one issue of PACIFICONEWS, one rather meaningless lithographed poster produced by Goldstone, a certain amount of haphazard and unappealing coverage in FANEWS, and what bootlegged information could be given Jack Speer for STEFNEWS. In short, Walter J. Daugherty got his back up over nothing, and used a premature news release seen by 50 people as apretext to send out no real Pacificon publicity. It is small wonder that only a handful of non-Californians attended this wouldbe World Convention.

I shall refrain from calling Daugherty's actions in this matter juvenile. I doubt that any seven year old would refuse for long to play with his new electric train just because someone else played with it first.

A fellow traveler of Daugherty's, Walter Dunkelberger of Fargo, North Dakota, shortly cooperated to make this utterly picayune issue of the premature news release into a cause celebre. Dunkelberger was at the time having himself a feud with Jack Speer, and it was not long before this matter of Pacificon news was getting a terrific play in Dunkelberger's news magazine, THE FANEWS. Material printed by Dunkelberger at that time was controversial, and, I felt, showed me not only in an unfavorable but in an untrue light. Since Dunkelberger had been one of my earliest fan correspondents and I had always been onfriendly terms with the fellow, it never occurred to me that he would not print my side of the story. But he didn't. And as issue after issue of FANEWS took my name in vain more and more, with no trace of anything from my side of the story, I became increasingly exasperated, ending up with a half-formed notion of loading for bear. All this helped the Pacificon a lot.

In the meantime, the LASFS seemed to be taking on signs of life, as new faces and returned veterans appeared to be on the premises. One of the first arrivals was Edythe Eide of Palo Alto, a rather handsome young lady who through her VOM-publicised romance with Ackerman received more notoriety and less fame than she deserved. Tigrina, as she preferred to be called, took a genuine interest in weird fiction and cinema, was a not incompetant poet, and, in a pedantic sort of long-winded way, a pretty good fan writer. She was rather short, neatly built and pretty, and with a whooping laugh which sometimes embarassed her a little. Everyone around the club seemed to like Tigrina, and she managed to stay around for close to two years without becoming embroiled in any fusses, apart from one memorable occasion when E. Everett Evans unadvisedly patted Tigrina's little posterior one night after the meeting, and came within a hairsbreadth of having his face slapped as T told him off in a way that I hugely loved. Right there in the clubroom, too.

Sometime during the spring or summer of 1945, Andy Anderson, who has previously been described, moved to Los Angeles in order to attend USC. He has pretty much dropped both fandom and the club, but was moderately active as one of the more desirable LASFS members for around a year.

One of the first returning veterans was Russell J. Hodgkins, an old-time member of the club who had been director back in 1937 and 1938, had pretty much dropped out for a year or so, and had then gone in the army in 1942. Russ is tall, pallid, bespectacled, and quiet--reserved enough so that I still don't know him very well even after a year and a half or more. His chief interest is in book collecting; he is now rumored to be branching out into book publishing; but all in all, I doubt if fantasy or fandom take up any sizeable share of this gentleman's time.

Another was Norman Willmorth--a squat but hulking 200 pounder who had spent two years in England at the Army's expense while he rode high in British fandom and accumulated an unbelievable collection of fantasy books. (He also finally got around to performing some military service.) Gus is jovial and hail-fellow-well-met, sports a beard much of the time, is a mighty guzzler of beer and pincher of barmaids' bottoms, and is the one major publisher left in the LASFS. (Burbee doesn't count, because he has more or less turned dilletante.) Gus takes fandom much more seriously than it deserves, and has a touchy streak of idealism which crops out from time to time--on the whole, though, he is a good egg. Prospective friends of Willmorth's are warned not to go drinking beer with him unless they have ten-gallon stomachs, two tin ears, and are capable of outshouting the bull of Bashan. Gus, ordinarily quiet and tractable, gets noisy at such times. He goes to USC once in a while when he can find timebetween beer busts and issues of FANTASY ADVERTISER.

One non-veteran came to Los Angeles in late 1945, a former fan from San Francisco named Louis Goldstone. Lou, back in 1940 or thereabouts, published the first fanzine to sport a truly artistic and handsome format, setting a mark at which many subsequent publishers have aimed. Long out of fandom, Lou came to LA to try garret dwelling and commercial art for a while; somehow he ended up doing a fabulous amount of work for the Pacificon, taking an active part in the LASFS, and so on. I don't know him very well, so will attempt no description, other than mentioning that he is tall, slender, and frail looking; and that he has his full share of artistic temperament. On the whole, however, he seems like a good joe. He vanished from our ken shortly after the Pacificon.

And there were others who appeared on the scene for a greater or lesser length of time during the last half of 1945, but somehow I don't at the moment recall any names. It must be remembered that although I was director and thus presided over each meeting, I was scarcely ever around the club otherwise. In the get-togethers after the meetings, I tended to go coffeewards with assorted Slan Shackers, Perdue, Burbee, Anderson, Tigrina, Ackerman, and van Vogt. It was not snobbishness, simply that I had so much fun with the individuals named that I failed to branch out as much as I should have.

And my tendency towards a sort of provincialism in the club was augmented by the gradual building up of a traditional "Saturday Night at Laney's". I was still going through the motions of being married, sticking close at home with the kids and hoping that for their sake maybe things would get better, and spending my time playing records and monkeying around with fandom. Saturday nights gradually got so that from two to ten of the bunch would come over and stay until Jackie came from work at 2:00 AM. We had some mighty good times--sometimes a jazz-minded bunch giving my records a going over, but more often some of the great minds waxing eloquent as they put the world to rights. And there also was a considerable amount of stefnistic political intrigue--particularly by Ashley, Anderson, and myself.

The Slan Shackers had been in Los Angeles for less than a month when they commenced getting fed up with the LASFS. Wiedenbeck and Liebscher practically quit the Society after three or four meetings, and Ashley very shortly got to the point where he was actively anti-club, though he still came around regularly. Since all the Slan Shackers are outspoken when pressed a little, it was not long before the LASFS came to hear more and more of their discontent with the group. As a result, an investigating committee consisting of the three Michiganders named and perhaps one or two others was set up to analyse the LASFS and make recommendations as to what might be done to make a worthwhile organisation out of it.

Each member and former member of the club that could be induced to hold still long enough was quite thoroughly interviewed. After a couple of months of investigation, the committee submitted a rather startling report in which they unanimously recommended that the LASFS be given back to the Indians, that there was nothing that could be done with the club, and that if it ceased to exist it would be absolutely no loss. The chief obstacle in the way of having a worthwhile organisation, it was found, is that there is absolutely no common focus held by all the members or even by a sizeable group of them. Each member, on the other hand, has very strong preferences and tastes coupled with a minimum of toleration for the tastes of the other fellow. The various interests and motivations of the various members are so diametrically different from one another, often indeed being at direct variance (as for example Ackerman who affects to be interested in NOTHING but fantasy-stf-fandom and Joquel who is totally without interest in these). This situation and analogous conflicts of interest are so widespread that it is a complete impossibility to present a meeting of ANY sort which will interest ALL the members. When this handicap is coupled with the extreme prevalence of pathological neurotic symptoms, with a good sized proportion of the members being so utterly unprepossessing and undesireable as personal associates, and with a widespread tendency towards boredom with the club coupled with lack of get-up-and-git to move to greener pastures; it is small wonder that the LASFS is so worthless.

At the time the committee was deliberating, Ashley and I

worked up quite elaborate political plans for the January 1946 LASFS elections. I did not wish to serve any longer as director, Ashley at the time thought he wanted the job, and so we laid plans to elect Al to the highest gift in the power of the LASFS to bestow. He was to appoint me secretary, in which capacity I'd be the #2 man of the administration, and would also have a chance to write barbed minutes. But as he saw more and more of the club, his interest in it waned to such an extent that he was unwilling to take any active part in its affairs.

Another factor which affected both the LASFS as a whole and the connivings of the politicians was the removal of the communists from our midst. Alva Rogers, piddling along indolently with commercial art and attempts thereat, decided to go to New York City, where he felt that he'd have a better chance of getting commissions. For some weird reason, Brown, Kepner, and Saha--the other three active communists--decided that they too must go to New York--chiefly, it seemed from trying to get from them logical reasons for the move, because Rogers was going. So all four of them laid plans to move East, selling their possessions, and quitting their jobs. Along about October, 1945, Kepner, Brown, and Saha actually went to New York--Rogers going to San Diego to visit his folks before taking off cross-country. Rogers never did get there, and the other three left just in time to have the blowup in the ranks of the Futurians happen while they were en route, so that when they arrived the strong Futurian group they had expected to join had dwindled to Wollheim et ux, and Michel. The situation amused those of us who either disliked the Futurians for one cause or another, or who were out of sympathy with communisim. The departure of these four from the local scene also made a drastic upheaval in politics in the club. These four had been steady supporters of mine--not because they particularly liked me, but simply because they hated Daugherty and knew that I would stand up to him and refuse to allow him to intimidate me. As Mel Brown actually told me once in so many words, I was in their minds the lesser of two evils.

But the newer club member, the guy who had been in service and had built up all sortsof unfounded illusions about fandom while he was in the army, wantedno part of any quarrelling. Anything anyone said or did was all right with him, provided it was not antagonistic. And for someone to rise up in his might over some wrong or fancied wrong--as I did when Daugherty pulled that deal on the mimeograph spring which I mentioned a few pages ago--or to attempt to prick the balloon of some one's illusions was to these people an act of antagonism.

So the club lost the one strong common focal point which had held it together for a year and a half almost--a violent dislike of Walter J. Daugherty.

For what after the passage of time seem like very insufficient reasons, I commenced to interest myself in the affairs of the NFFF. Part of it was due to a desire to push along certain radically un-Evans-ish ideas broached to me in personal letters from Harry Warner and Jack Speer. Part of it was a hangover from my old idea that as long as I allowed ACOLYTE to go to so many worthwhile people, I should do my utmost to keep at a minimum the assinity so prevalent in the fandom of which I was a part. Part of it was because I had so often stuck my neck out in criticisms of the group that I was more or less being backed onto a spot where I had to put up or shut up. And, I fear, a big reason was that I saw a chance to have some fun working out political maneuvers. Politics, in other words, as an end in themselves.

So I let my name go on the ballot as candidate for the board of directors in

in the election for 1946 officers. This was the election which was virtually uncontested--there being seven candidates for the five board of directors posts, and one candidate each for the other offices. Warner had seriously entertained the idea of running for president, as my files attest, but according to a letter from Warner he was persuaded not to run by presidential candidate Dunkleberger and his Father Superior, E. Everett Evans. This gave Dunkleberger the presidency by default.

Despite the fact that Dunkelberger was running unopposed, the election gave him a priceless opportunity for ego-boo, and he didn't miss--not only putting out a special issue of FANEWS with his picture as candidate but even going so far as to distribute printed postal cards, again with his picture, just before the election.

And it was in the early stages of the campaign that my growing distaste for Dunkelberger grew into a violent antipathy. When I had first filed, he had indorsed me--listing me in FANEWS as one of the five he wished elected to serve with him--but in a very short while he put out another list of recommended candidates in which he had replaced my name with that of Joe Fortier.

This piqued me, so I asked Lard Walter how come. It developed that he switched, deciding not to back me for the directorate, simply because I entertained Jack Speer as a guest in my home on the weekend the Slan Shackers arrived in LA. Since every active fan in Los Angeles except Evans and Daugherty attended this party, and since the whole affair was strictly impromptu and they could have come if they'd wanted to (no one being invited or uninvited) it was difficult for me to see how I could have refused my hospitality to Speer even if I'd wanted to.

Keeping my temper for once, I attempted to draw Dunkelberger out a little--saying that there must be something dreadful about Speer if Dunk were to react so to my letting him come into my home and suggesting that if he could advance factual and logical reasons forhis violent anti-Speer feeling it "might" lead to improved relations between Fargo and 1005 W. 35th Place. He wrote a typically incoherent letter, and I made up my mind that Lard Walter needed to be set down a peg.

By the time that the election was over, I had fairly concrete plans laid for the term of office. Speer, Warner, and I--all candidates for the board of directors--had gotten together with multiplicate letters and worked out quite comprehensive plans for the year: a new constitution, service features of one sort and another, publications--much the same sort of program as was later announced by the Fantasy Foundation. After Speer turned out to be an unsuccessful candidate, we of course no longer held a voting majority of the five man board, but as it turned out it would have made no difference anyway, since Dunkelberger proved himself so totally unfit for office as to waste the entire first half of the year with personalities, impossible appointments, and the mere routine of keeping the organization functioning meaninglessly.

I inaugurated a scheme of sending my letters in response to NFFF presidential messages to all members of the board of directors, using onion-skin and carbons for the purpose, and received enthusiastic cooperation in this from Warner and Hevelin. Tarr was spasmodic. This scheme proved eminently workable; it came the nearest to an actual in-the-flesh meeting as anything that could be devised, and the opportunity it gave us for discussion made it possible to work out ideas somewhat before springing them half-cocked.

With growing disgust, I waited nearly six weeks for president Dunkelberger to present a program for the year. Finally, in mid-February, I presented one myself, but little ever came of it, due chiefly to the fact that by thetime anyone could have done anything about any of it the administration was plunged in the internecine wrangling which culminated in the wild talk of treason from Dunk, and in the wasting of an entire year. So far as I know, Dunkelberger never did present a program for the year. But nevertheless, his administration was a success, since he got to send his picture around to all fandom a couple of times, and got other ego boo of one sort and another.

My willingness to continue THE ACOLYTE had dropped to nothing by early 1946. I still enjoyed seeing the magazine come out; wonderful material kept rolling in unabated; and the magazine was showing a slight profit on each issue, not enough to do me any good financially but enough to pay for both ACOLYTE and FAN-DANGO. But I was absolutely black in the face from the seemingly endless ordeal of typing and mimeographing and assembling and mailing; the mechanical details had not only grown so burdensome as to destroy my interest in the magazine but were by association, I suppose, killing my liking for fantasy and science-fiction. Co-editor Russell helped with the assembling and mailing (without him the magazine would have folded a year and a half before it did) but even so it would seem that I'd just get off the chain gang from one issue and I'd have to start another one. It had ceased being a hobby andhad become an incubus.

So I tried to ring in some help. Several of the Saturday night sessions were devoted to mulling over a scheme aimed at putting each department under the complete control of an assistant editor, who would be responsible both for selection of material and for any needed mechanical details, leaving Russell and myself to function in the true sense as editors, arranging for material, helping with revisions when needed, and in general acting as co-ordinators. We got some most interesting figures on photolithography, and saw that ten co-editors, each of whom contributed $5.00 per issue, would be able to finance an ACOLYTE to end all ACOLYTES. An edition of at least 500, circulation in various book stores (through McComas and his connections), and eventually (maybe) the dream of all fan-editors since the beginning of fan-editing--- a real, died-in-the-wool semi-pro, aimed at fans and collectors.

Some of the co-editors who accepted: Russell and I were of course to continue--Russell as editor-in-chief and Laney as managing editor; Tigrina, poetry editor; Andy Anderson, make-up editor; Al Ashley, art editor; Forrest J Ackerman, film editor; Bob Hoffman, editor without portfolio.

Plans for the new magazine were well under way when the editorial for the last ACOLYTE was written.

But then, quite in the manner of a sudden stroke of lightning, we were bitten by the Foundation bug, and promptly decided to turn THE ACOLYTE over to the new organization.

The Fantasy Foundation has had a most peculiar career. When Ackerman went away to war in the fall of 1942, it seemed like the end of the world to him, and he wrote a long letter to fandom in FANTASY FICTION FIELD, in which he told of willing his collection to fandom and setting up a $1000 insurance policy to help fandom maintain it. Though the idea as Ackerman broached it wasimpractical and rather lacking in utility, there was the germ of an idea there, one which worked on me all through my fan career. In some of the manouverings around the LASFS, I offered to help Ackerman implement

the Foundation right here and now (instead of waiting for his death as the original proposal had envisioned) in exchange for his voting support. The support was forthcoming, so as a starter on my part of the bargain, I jotted down a proposed program for the Foundation in mid-1945, gave it to Ackerman, and heard nothing more of it.

One Saturday in early April 1946, Andy Anderson, Elmer Perdue, Al Ashley, Sam Russell, and one or two others were at my house. We had gotten sick of discussing the NFFF and the futility to which its curvaceous president insisted on committing it, and, half-seriously half as a joke, I dragged out the carbon of my rough draft of the Foundation, remarking that "Here is the blue-print for a real fan organization."

And the gang went overboard for it.

Ackerman and I had diametrically opposite notions as to what the Foundation should be. He wants it to be a museum, kept directly under fan control and financing. This means a Foundation such as we now have--a secondary Ackerman collection housed in a small frame garage opening into a Hollywood alley, poorly arranged and almost impossible for anyone to derive good from. I wanted a dynamic organization which would attempt to be of such service to any student or lover of fantasy and stf that it would grow into a necessity.

I'll copy from my files the original program for the Fantasy Foundation, as it stood after the gang had worked it out and revised it:

IMMEDIATE. Publish checklist of fantasy and stf-zines in time to distribute it at the Pacificon.

IMMEDIATE. Institute circulating library in time to make an announcement at the Pacificon of the first volumes. (One of my most important facets of the Foundation was to be bound volumes of magazines and excerpts and copies of the scarcer books, not to be mildewing in a shed somewhere but in active use as part of a mail-order circulating library. The three of four pages of details which were actually worked out to implement this scheme are too unwieldy to publish here.)

IMMEDIATE to SEMI-IMMEDIATE. Send publicity material to every person who is at all likely to subscribe to the group, or to donate material either now or later. This sending should include amimeographed blank of a will which would leave all suitable material to the Foundation. This form should be drawn up by a lawyer in such way as to be enforceable at law.

IMMEDIATE TO SEMI-IMMEDIATE. Set up a system of double-entry books of account, and a system of permanent inventory. Arrange for insurance covering fire and theft of all foundation material not in the possession of a public institution. (This refers to a plan of attempting to induce some Los Angeles library, either the Public Library or the one at one of the Universities, to take the main part of our Foundation collection as a permanent special exhibit. This would not only furnish some excellent publicity, but would save our having to provide our own fire-proof quarters.)

IMMEDIATE TO SEMI-IMMEDIATE. Set up an ambitious publishing program of major items, and commence work on them.

SEMI-IMMEDIATE. Catalog and inventory anything belonging to the Foundation, and set up the first and main collection.

SEMI-IMMEDIATE. Commence the actual writing and compilation of items to be published so as to assure ourselves of a steady

flow of publications. This is to include a general investigation of the field of fantasy bibliography in order to ascertain what assistance, financial and otherwise, we may be able to give bibliographical work.

SEMI-IMMEDIATE. Attempt to mobilise national fanpower, so as to put it to work on our various projects.

LONG-RANGE. Out of Foundation duplicates attempt to set up duplicate collections in other major cities of the United States.

LONG-RANGE. Work out a permanent program for the expenditure of Foundation funds. Much of this money will be used for freight on stuff shipped to us for the Foundation. Much of it should be used binding fanzines and prozines. Some might be used to purchase rare items for the main collection. Some of it will be required for operational expenses, publication of reports of business and the like. A definite percentage of our income must be set aside for future projects.

LONG-RANGE. Investigate the possibilities of the Foundation going into business as a fantasy dealer, selling surplus duplicates to private collectors in order to add further to the Foundation funds.

End of quote.

In other words, the Foundation was designed by the original group at my house as a business proposition, relatively free from personal idiosyncracies, and aimed much less at fandom than at scholars, students of literature generally, and serious fantasy collectors.

The actualities that have grown out of this concept are little more than laughable.

Right off the bat, we got into a terrific local row when Walter J. Daugherty heard about it. He had not been consulted, not because some of us don't like him, but simply because he wasn't around. Everett Evans and Gus Willmorth also felt deeply hurt that they had not been personally asked to take part in the deliberations. (Since it was well-known that my Saturday night sessions were open to anyone, and since the idea just grew up spontaneously, I don't see their angle except interms of a craving for ego-boo.)

Anyway, with Daugherty spearheading them, the malcontents raised so much hell with the anxious-to-please-everybody Ackerman that he held a meeting to discuss the matter with all localites who wished to attend. It started very tensely, particularly as I counted noses and saw that Daugherty had a clear voting majority in the event he wanted to force the thing to a vote. As a starter, Ackerman read the material I have just quoted. When he finished reading, Daugherty stunned us all by getting up and stalking out of the room without saying a word, followed by his wife. It was amazing the way everyone that was left turned pro-Foundation instantly, and Daugherty sealed his doom by calling up a few minutes later, apparently expecting Ackerman to invite him back. (He didn't.) Daugherty's walking out on his own majority killed the overt local opposition to the Foundation.

But I, in an unguarded moment, made a reference to the Foundation in a multiplicate letter to the NFFF board; Dunk leaped to the conclusion that the NFFF was being betrayed, and declared his state of emergency over this and other matters. This finished the NFFF as far as I was concerned, showing the group up for a bunch of childish nitwits.

But a combination of circumstances in April and May 1946 knocked me out of fandom.

CHAPTER XL
-oOo-
Death of a Fan
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Two things knocked me out of fandom, a change in my job status and my final realisation that there was no chance of salvaging my marriage to Jackie.

The change in job came in early April 1946. I was still working in the same shop I had entered when arriving in Los Angeles in the fall of 1943. I had of course had a number of raises, but I was still just a machine operator, running an engine lathe for the most part. A sudden outbreak of unrest--demands for higher wages plus talk of a strike--came to a head when my immediate supervisor, who had been chosen to act as spokesman for the shop employees, lost his temper and quit his job. And I was it; the foreman came to me and asked me to take over the department temporarily, that if I made good I could have the job permanently.

Actually this put me on quite a spot. The department consists of nine punch presses and five lathes plus miscellaneous supporting equipment. But the way that shop is set up, at least one member of the department has to be able to do anything in the shop, since we carry department jobs all the way from start to finish ourselves. (For example, a circular drilled part, classified as a lathe department job because it has to be turned, will also require sawing and drilling--but this will not be done by the saw or drill press departments but by us.) And here I was, with gobs of punch press experience, but a veritable neophyte on the lathe, and no actual production experience to speak of on anything else except saws. To top it off, the department consisted largely of green help, and I found myself on the spot of teaching work which I did not know how to do. (Needless to say, I learned!)

Since we were doing very heavy business anyway, it may well be imagined that I had my hands full. Not only did I have to work beyond anything I had ever imagined during the days, but we were so short-handed that I quickly commenced working from 8 to 12 hours overtime per week after supper. (Anyone who has not tried to keep punch presses set up for four operators while trying to break in one lathe man and still trying to do production work himself is advised to try it as an antidote for inertia.) Well, I was tired out for a couple of months--dog-tired. I had just finished stencilling the last ACOLYTE before this change of jobs hit me, and somehow I managed to get the magazine mimeographed and mailed out. And I kept trying, all through the latter part of April and the first part of May, to answer some of my fannish mail; but I was simply too tired to write coherently, throwing away at least twenty letters asbeing too Dunkish to send out.

Finally I said "To hell with it."

By the time I had gotten acclimated to the new job, and had some spare-time oomph once more, I had collided with a most painful fact: that my chief interest in fandom was ego-boo, a compensation for the fact that I had never been especially successful in any other way. Particularly in light of some of the things I had said about ego-boo seekers, this was a tough morsel to digest. But somehow this lead-man's job, with its almost negligible authority and its slight amount of executive work, gave me the self-confidence I'd always lacked. Fandom seemed a good enough stop-gap until I got onto a job I really liked; now the job was more interesting and rewarding than fandom.

Then came the

blow-off on the marriage. Sometime in the latter part of May, a slight incident took place which was the straw that broke the camel's back, which showed me that there was no use trying to patch up the marriage, kids or no kids. So for several months I tried a marriage-in-name-only, with the idea of providing some sort of home for Sandy and Quiggie while their parents went separate ways though living under the same roof. (This didn't work either, a final separation in October leading to a divorce in February 1947.)

My marital affairs of course do not belong in these memoirs, but it is obvious that with the motivation which kept me leading the life of a fannish recluse shattered for good, I very quickly got out of fandom.

Quit fandom. Sounds easy, doesn't it? But I was shortly to learn that it was a tough job. In the first place, the four years of plugging away on THE ACOLYTE had built it up into a rather worthwhile going concern, and I hated to throw all that hard work away and let it bubble away into nothing. For this reason, I tried the various schemes of joint editorship that I mentioned in the last chapter. They were abandoned for one reason and one alone; I found that despite all fans might say about the desirability of keeping THE ACOLYTE going, none of them were willing to do enough work collectively or individually to amount to a hill of beans. If ACOLYTE were to continue, I, and I alone, would have to do the hours and hours of hard routine drudgery that each issue required. And this I refused to do. If the local fans cared enough for the magazine and for the fantasy field it tried to portray to get in and do the bulk of the typing and other mechanical work (or pay for its being done) I was quite willing to devote a lot of time to keeping up the contacts which were bringing in so much fine material, and to writing serious material for it myself. But if these people cared so little for it as they obviously did (that idea of a jointly prepared magazine professionally published still enthuses me somewhat, even after a year of non-fandom) I was through, completely and irrevocably through.

At the time The Foundation's plans for ACOLYTE gradually wanted away into nothingness, an implemented guarantee of 60 hours per month work would have saved the magazine. Since the LASFS at that time had over 20 active members, this simply means that if each member had been willing to devote one evening a month to ACOLYTE, the fantasy field would boast today a 48 to 60 page lithographed magazine combining the better features of ACOLYTE and FANTASY COMMENTATOR. And, regardless of other commitments and interests, one Francis T. Laney would have been doing his full share and more. But when these people, who profess to be interested in fantasy and/or scientifiction, care so little for the field as the LASFS has shown itself to care--caput!

There were around $90.00 in outstanding subscription to ACOLYTE, owed in driblets of 12½¢ and 25¢ and 37½¢ to nearly 200 people. Until the divorce stripped me of assets, I was well able to pay this off. But it seemed like too much of a job to prepare individual refunds, so I went to work trying to get rid of the magazine as a whole. And do you know, I was unable to find a competent fan publisher who was willing to take over ACOLYTE's fine backlog of material together with an itemised subscription list and cash to cover every cent of it? Not one! Here was the #1 fanzine, plus material for 2½ to 3 more issues, plus all the contacts, plus 200 readers, plus around $90.00 in cash money--and it went begging! Liebscher, Willmorth, and Walter Gillings of England are among the ones who turned it down.

The lack of interest displayed by active publishers was the last straw. I let

Helen Wesson have the backlog, when she stopped through Los Angeles on her way to Tokyo; but as for the money...phooey. As I cast back over those months and months and months of work that resulted in THE ACOLYTE, I feel I've earned it many times over. If some late subscriber raises enough hell, or hits me up for it personally, I'll give him back his 12½¢. Otherwise, once again, caput!

This defalcation is not without precedent in fandom; in fact, most quitting fan editors just hold onto the money without a qualm. Like Phil Bronson or Al Ashley.

The second thing, an active fan accumulates more obligations than he is aware of. I found myself with certain commitments, many of which I fluffed off, but most of which I fulfilled after a fashion. After my demise was clear in my own mind, I stencilled the Foundation's check list of stf/fantasy prozines, stencilled and mimeographed a FAPAzine for Mike Fern, wrote several letters to the NFFF board of directors, and made contributions to several fanzines. One thing I definitely did fluff off was my correspondence, and finally feeling myself free of this constant typing of letters, letters letters, was the most wonderful sensation I ever had in fandom. (These memoirs have been written in about one-quarter the typing time I would have spent keeping up my correspondence during the period they've been written in.)

And worst of all, I had contracted such a habit of going to the LASFS every Thursday that it was almost like a compulsion. It took six months to break it, but I did. I now go to the LASFS about once every two or three months, and then merely to pick up some money from Ackerman, who has been doing a whale of a job in peddling my collection for me.

Once the scales had completely fallen from my eyes, I saw the club, as a collective entity, with a revulsion amounting to loathing. Faggots, pansies, dykes, queers of every sort and description; bums, loafers, dead-beats, moochers and parasites on society; pathologically neurotic incompetents imagining themselves as fine minds and cultured individuals; pretentiousness, hypocrisy, dishonesty with each other and with themselves running rampant.

I had wanted to see the club at its best and I had. There were and are a modicum of decent, normal, worthwhile people who pass through the portals of the sacred stye from time to time; and I seized on them as samples of the whole, ignoring the questionable aspects of the questionables, unless I practically had my nose rubbed in it. There are people I met around the LASFS that I hope to number among my lifelong friends, but there are damned few of them.

I have at the present time (June 27, 1947) no interest in either fantasy or fandom, with the exception that I do like a very limited bit of science-fiction and intend to keep it in my permanent books. Old fanzines no longer attract me very much, though I still like them enough so that I intend to keep the files of the better ones. I am still interested in FAPA, and will continue to belong on a semi-active basis as long as there are men like Jack Speer, Milty Rothman, Harry Warner, Norm Stanley, and one or two others represented regularly in the mailings. I still feel the need for a bit of occasional written self-expression, I guess.

Why don't you quit fandom? If you face the truth about fans and their microcosm, face it fairly and squarely as I have done or tried to do, it looks to me like the only alternative.

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Until I get nauseated beyond control, which may occur anywhere during the next eight or ten pages, I'm going to give you a

punch line to end all punch lines----fandom as it is. These, gentle reader, are actual happenings in the LASFS, happenings to which I was either an eye-witness or was told about by one of the participants. For the sake of libel, I name no names, give no dates. But these are not obscure people who dropped into the club once or twice and then vanished. These are name fans. The prime actor in every one of these cases was at the time of the happening in question one or more of the following: an officer in the LASFS, a fanzine editor, a member of FAPA, an officer in the NFFF, or a member of some other local club of repute (NFS, Strangers, PSFS) who had transferred to the LASFS. The dates are between 1943 and 1947.

First I might name the homosexual wolf, the boy who caused at least three sissyfied but unhomosexual LASFS members to toss their hats over the windmill and become out-and-out overt homosexuals. What a harem he built up among our boys!

Of a less sexual nature was a character who came to LA having run out on his minor offspring and owing so many bills that he dared not post his address at the club for fear he might be caught up with.

An interesting character to have been caught with during a police raid was the gentleman who had such a gigantic collection of nude female photographs. These pictures are of course classifiable as art, but how shall we classify the fact that he also had an enlargement of a certain portion of each picture--about an 8x10 of this particular woman's genitals?

At least two individuals I personally know of--minors who were supposed to be attending high school--habitually used the club as a hideout during protracted spells of truancy lasting as long as two months at a stretch.

And there is one interesting lad who, practically in the same breath, described the intricate and ingenious mechanical contrivance he has built to aid him in his masturbation, and then went on to explain quite seriously that he is a superman mutant. (Poor superman, unable to bend the females (or maybe males!) of this inferior race to his desires!) (NB. This was NOT Degler!)

Another boy may have been perfectly normal in all ways. I'll let you be the judge. In a moment of lowered reticence he confided in a roomful of people that his bitterest regret in life is that he is physiologically incapable of being a lesbian. (I don't believe Krafft-Ebing mentions that one!)

A very nice boy indeed is the one who spent a half hour or so in a Bixel Street living room, letting the assembled company hear his soliloquy on whether or not to marry the girl. It seems that if he married her he couldn't be queer any more, but that was an awful lot to ask--even so, he was getting a little tired of just having other men, and maybe he should branch out. Perhaps he should have an affair with ---who is such a revolting old man that it might give him the needed boost into heterosexuality; on the other hand, --- has been at it so long that he's probably so good that he'd make queerdom more attractive than ever------and so on, ad nauseum. (Just nice conventional small-talk!)

Or how about the boy who got drunk and showed up under a lady's bed, stark naked and passed out like a light one New Year's eve. (He did not have a date with the lady, just wanted to.)

And of course there was the manly and versatile fellow who within a few hours tried to make both a woman and her half-grown son. The objects of his affections were non-fans, but he's in the top ten.

EPILOGUE.....July 23, 1948.

One page of anecdota horrida was all I got around to when I stopped writing these memoirs over a year ago. I was going to fill it on out for a few more pages, but, I dunno, I can't quite get in the mood. I'm not enough of a fan any more to treat of some of these more typical stefnistic acts without unsettling my stomach a little.

One of the incidents indeed is of such nature that no one has been able to tell me how to word it so it would go through the mail. Imagine the most revolting thing, I might say the most far-fetched revolting thing you can imagine one queer doing to another, and maybe you will have guessed something almost as bad as what one of our former directors admitted he had allowed one of the "boys" to do to him. Words fail me!

And of course there was a 100% homosexual group of fans and ex-fans holding forth in a Southern California city. I'd like to tell you about them and what one of them did to a LASFS member, but I won't.

I could tell you how one fan took charge of another's record collection while the owner was in the army; of how he sold me a number of the records; and of how angry the original owner was when he came through here and found them in my collection. Well, after all, I got them in good faith.

Or on the subject of honesty, you might ask Ackerman how many sets of FANTASY MAGAZINE and VOM he has given to the LASFS. You might ask him what happened to the club copy of BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP. You might ask him where the club WEIRD TALES went. You might get him to tell of the stfzines with club stickers in them which show up from time to time in second hand magazine stores, of the books that are forever vanishing from around the place. I don't know if he's started covering this up, now that the LASFS is under public attack, but I do know that this used to be Forry's favorite gripe back in the days when I was active as director--the way stuff seemed to melt out of the club library. You may call this a charming foible; I call it sneak-thieving.

Oh there is one tale I must tell. It seems that there was a LASFS member who believed fans should be above sex, that sex was not worthy of fandom. His girl friend didn't feel this way about it, so he told her she could lay anyone she wanted to, "as long as the fellow is a sincere fan".

---ooOoo---

On that inspiring note I shall leave you. I hope you've enjoyed this little opus of mine, and that you set it down with a resolve to make it a false picture insofar as your own participation in the field is concerned. If we ran the misfits out of fandom, we might end up with a hobby we could claim proudly as our own.

Also I hear that Ackerman thinks my recollection is faulty or something like that. I hereby challenge him to write his own memoirs. The same challenge goes to Daugherty, Hodgkins, Willmorth, or any other LASFSian who thinks I've done the club wrong. Personally, I think I've painted too alluring a picture--one that will draw the LASFS more good will than it deserves. (Snearyistic word split used by permission of the originator!)

"I don't know what Laney is kicking about. In his memoirs, that is. By his own account, he has met a number of exceptional people, and has had some fine times. Maybe he could have done the same thing without fandom. Maybe not.

"Furthermore, he makes a mighty mistake in considering the LASFS as being characteristic of fandom as a whole. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I recommend very much that he come east and meet the Philly bunch, and then run up to New York to a meeting of the Hydra club. You'll find among us as fine an assortment of characters and drunks as anywhere, but the majority of them have more stature than the characters at the LASFS. And we keep our sex life more or less respectable. That is, not more than one woman at a time (who can afford more?), and only the normal perversions."

-- Milt Rothman, in PLENUM 10

"Los Angeles, Nov. 22 (AP) -- Craig Rice, 41-year-old mystery story writer, today was committed for an indefinite term in a state hospital on an alcoholism petition signed by her daughter.

"At the hearing in psychopathic court the daughter, Mrs. Nancy Atwill, testified that Miss Rice has used liquor to excess for four or five years and needs institutional care.

"The court ordered Miss Rice to the state mental institution at Camarillo for treatment.

"The author filed divorce suit against her fourth husband, Henry W. Lemott, jr., 29, last August but later said she was seeking a reconciliation."

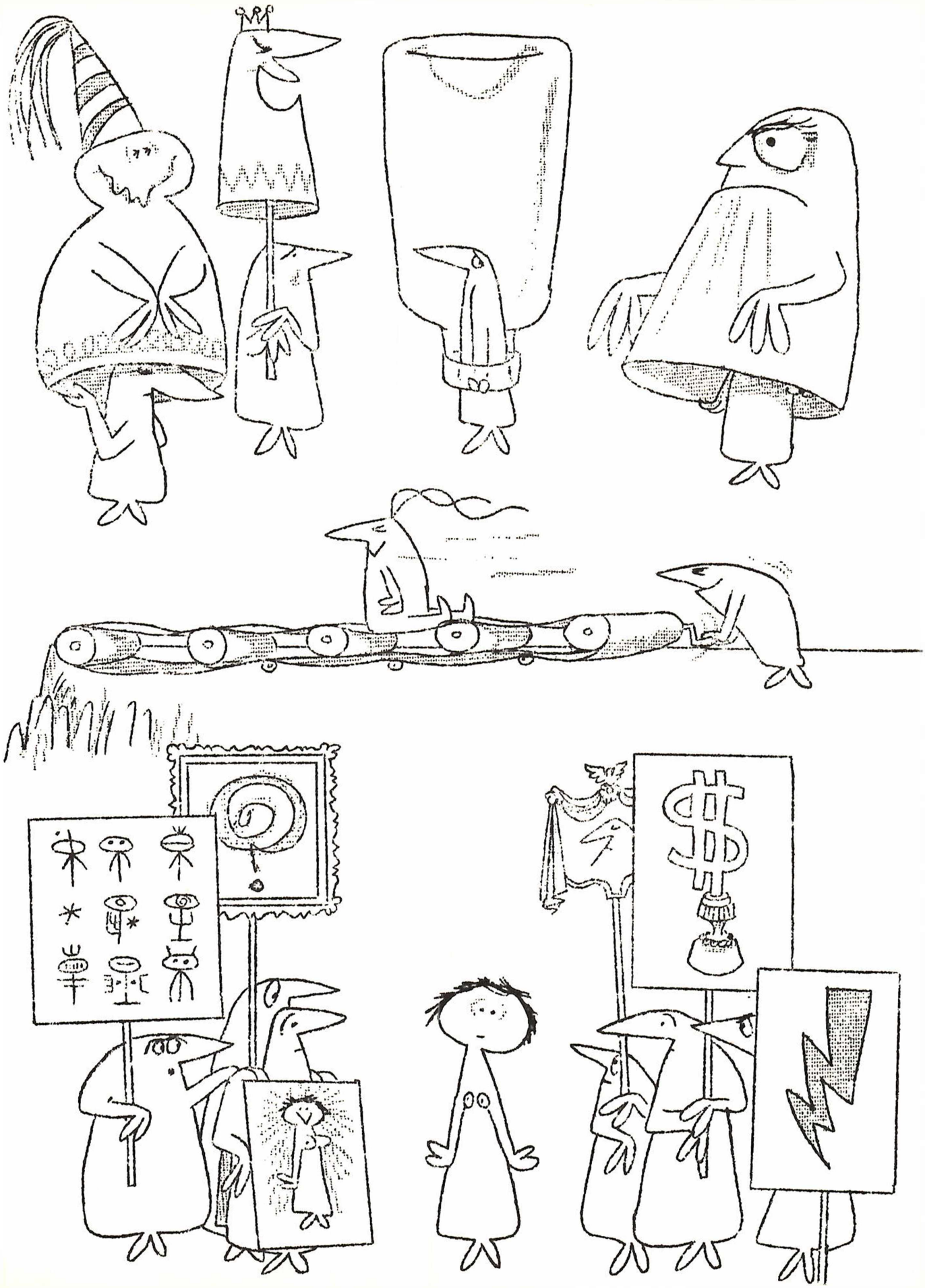
-- quoted by Norm Stanley in FAN-TODS 19

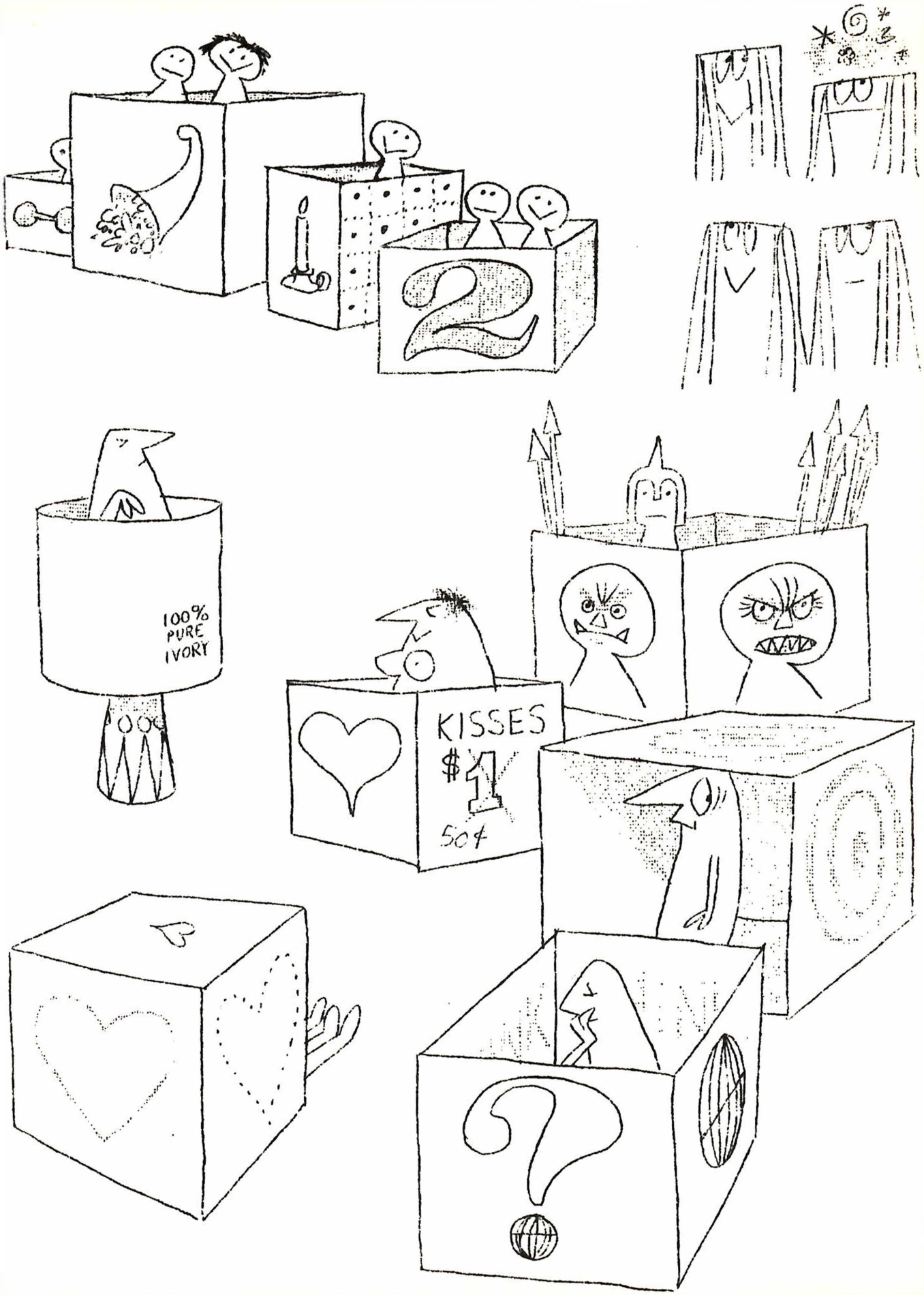
In the visual arts FAPA has a small number of experts, plus a larger number of folk with an underdeveloped smattering of talent, but we have only one real pro -- in the sense of a person who not only produces vast quantities of artwork, but actually earns his living doing it.

Bill Rotsler has probably had more art work in fandom than any two others, and selecting a "representative" sample of his material defies the powers of a merely mortal editor. Strictly as a specimen, therefore, we present here a series of sketches from his THE TATTOOED DRAGON series --admittedly passing up several classes which are numerically significant in any survey; the BEMs, the *sigh* women, the lumpy spaceships, and the Phallic Symbol Man cartoons. Here we give you the slice-of-life as seen by an ESPer; Freudian manuals and HCl will be the uniform of the day, friends (any artist will tell you you can't get a clear etching without using a little acid, after all) as

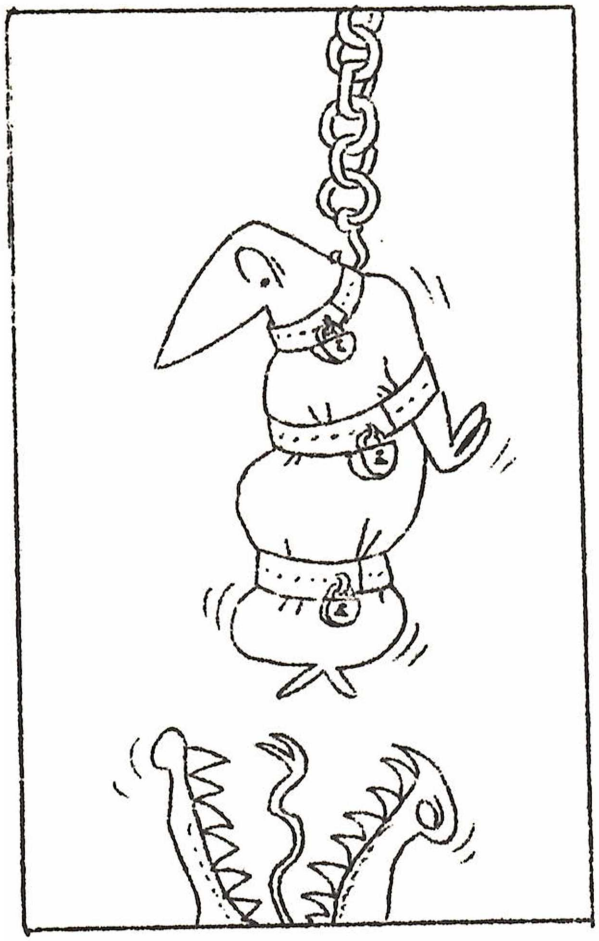
CAMARILLO STRIKES BACK

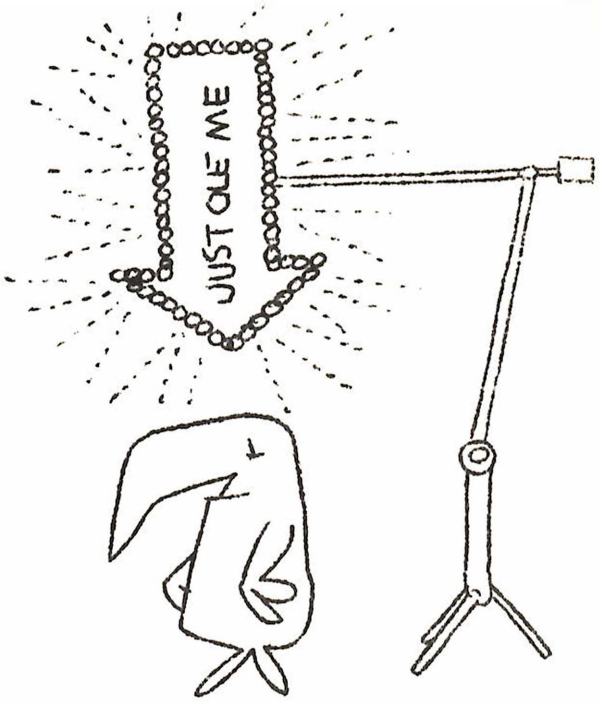
From THE TATTOOED DRAGON

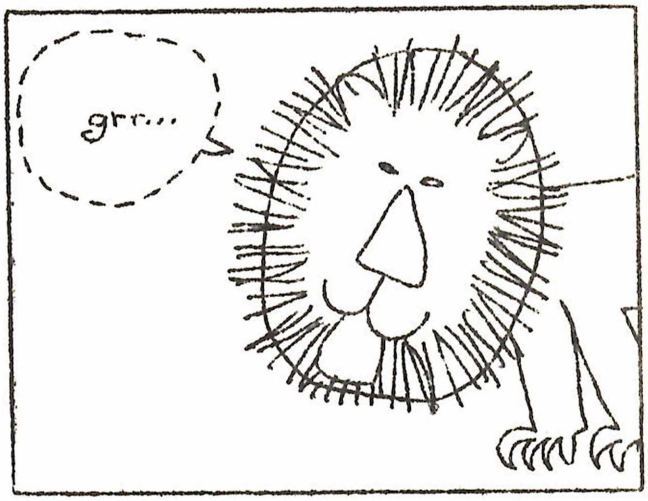


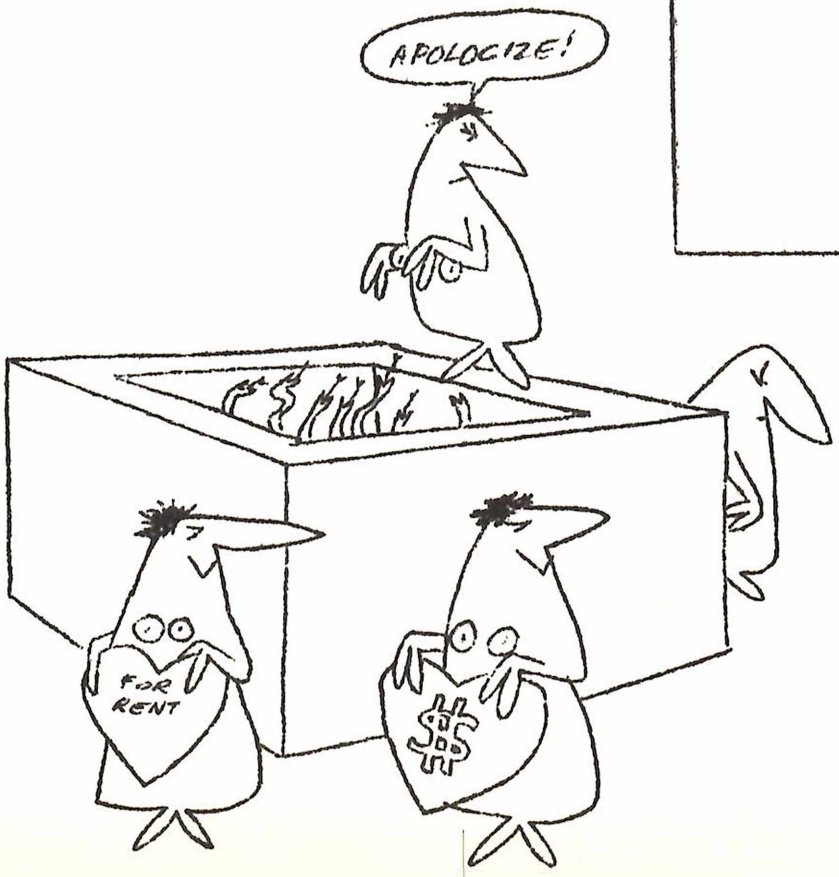


From THE TATTOOED DRAGON



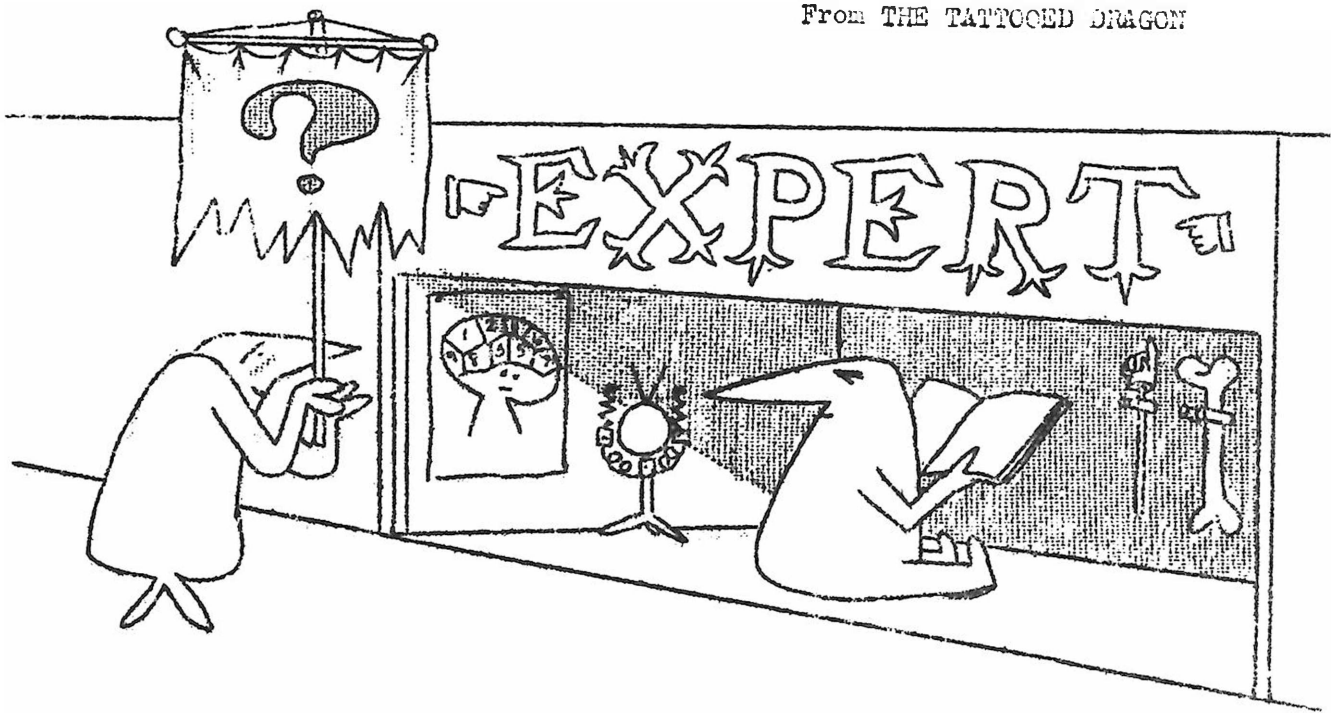

JUST OLE ME

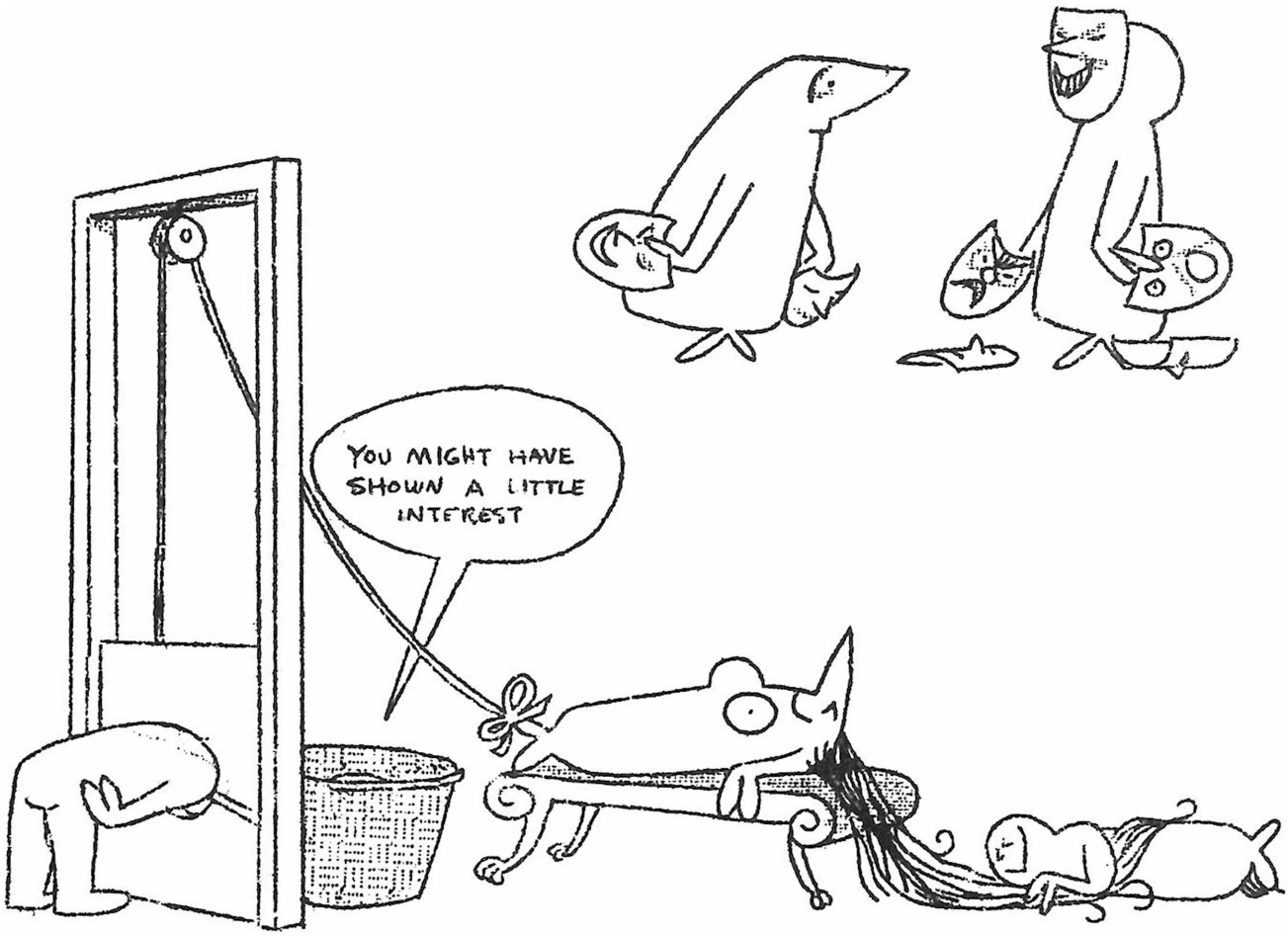

grr...

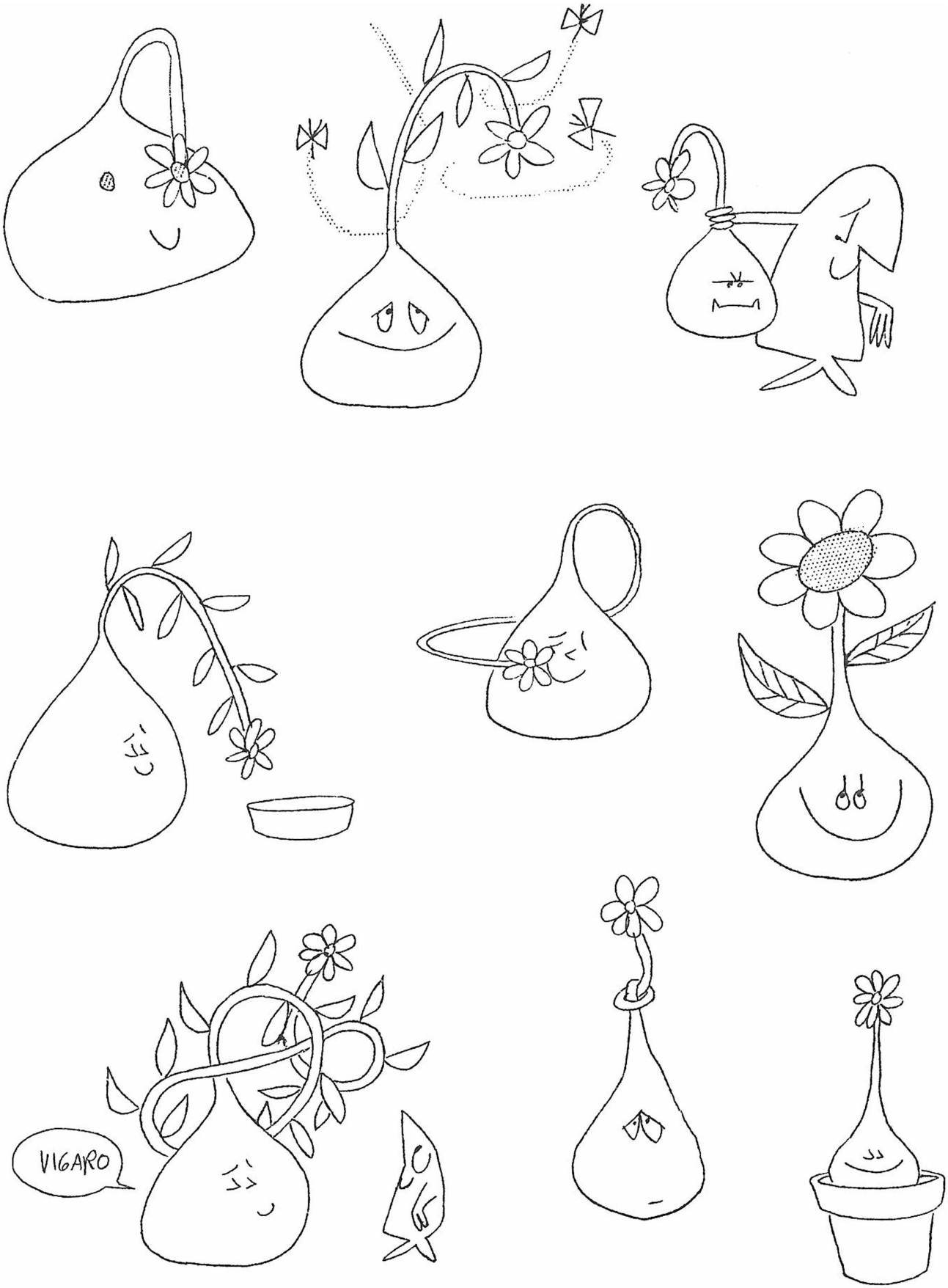

APOLOGIZE!
FOR RENT
$$


FOR SALE
(see owner)

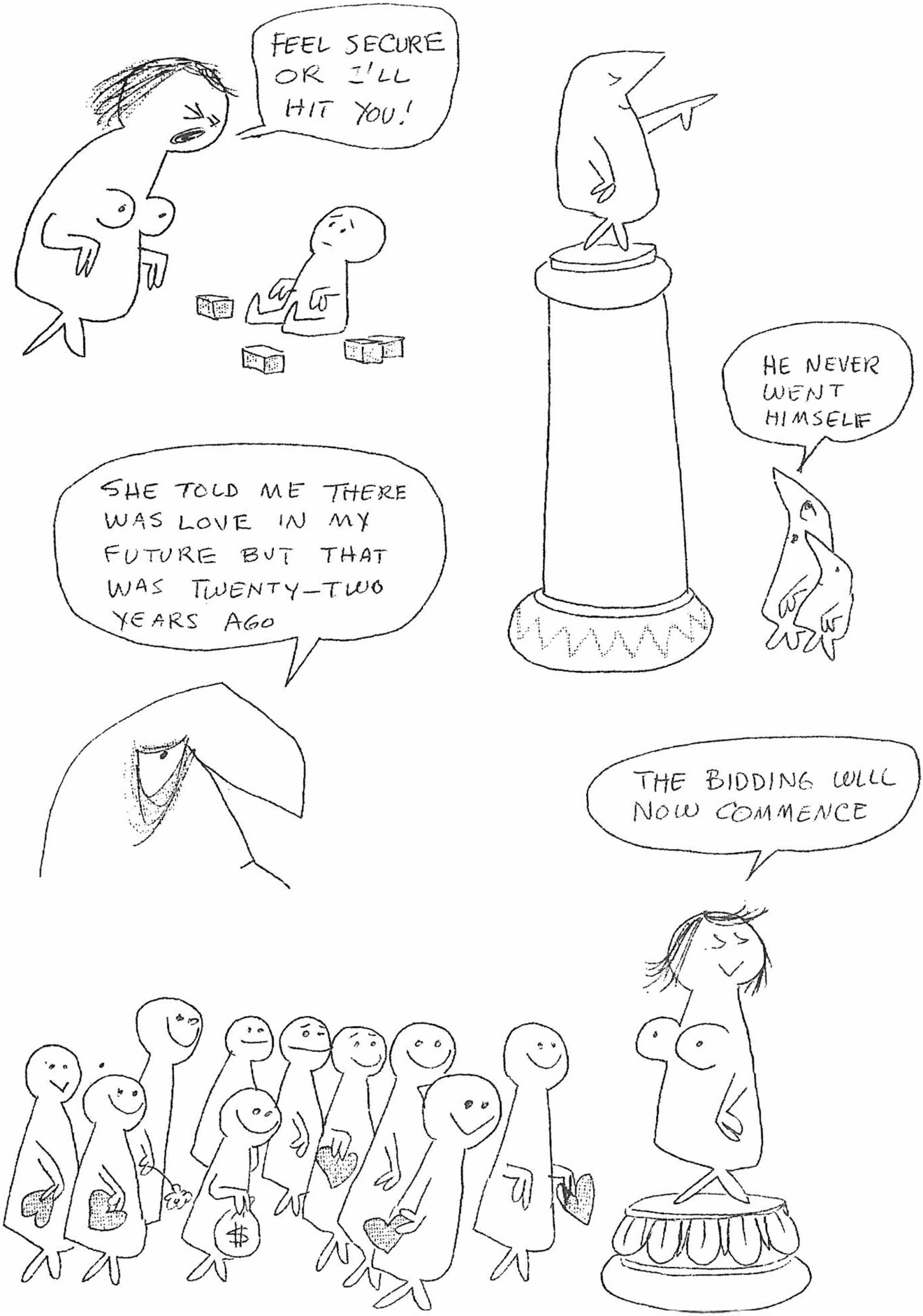
From THE TATTOOED DRAGON






VIGARO

From SON OF THE TATTOOED DRAGON



Rotsler makes it in another medium:

ON A FANTASY MOVIE THAT NEVER CAME OFF
a tragedy of fandom

"In the spring and winter of 1946 a few friends and myself thought we would film a 'horror' picture. We had all the essentials; camera (8mm, tho 16mm was available), film, people (all the lovely damsels I knew) and the settings. We banged out a half-wit plot and started shooting.

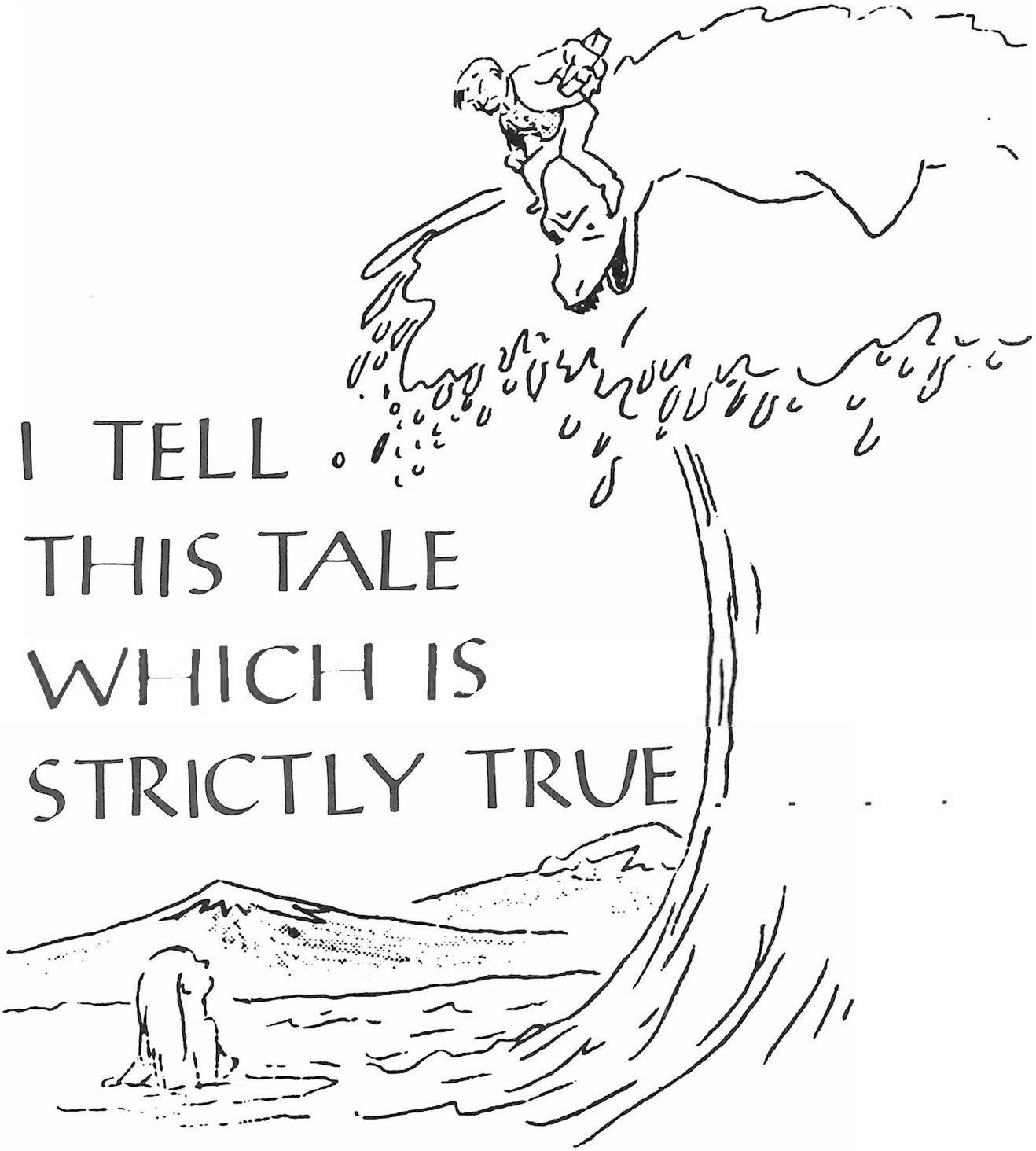
"Some twenty years ago my co-producer's father had partially built a huge dairy in the hills behind Ventura, Calif. But before he was finished the man he was building it for went broke. So this immense series of structures have been lying empty all these years. It is full of vast rooms, underground garages, tunnels, staircases into blackness, a vast dorm where some rooms are finished on three sides and have no 4th wall. Some of the rooms have no floors and there are silos, underground storage tanks, vaults, and a 3rd floor lab complete with tables, tile, and three levels. This was our main set.

"The story was simple; I, as a drowning sailor, is found on the beach, given a shot of the usual mystic drug and turns into a monster. In the initial fight with the 'mad doctor' and his assistants I get thrown down a 4 story elevator shaft onto protruding iron bars. But as monsters go, I was healthy and survived this to ravish the country side, killing all the pretty girls in the Ventura Junior College. There are some lovely scenes where I leap from a roof top and chop a redhead to pieces with a meat cleaver. There is another where I pick up a baby, a real baby, from a crib and, in one shot, dash it to a bloody pulp against the wall. There are scenes of the monster sulking about the abandoned 'laboratory' and trick shots of knife throwing and fights.

"After being pumped full of bullets a few times and having thrown about more than one healthy looking lad and carried off a few luscious damsels I at last met my fate on a concrete support that juts out over the Pacific Ocean off the Roosevelt Highway.

"Not all of this was shot, not nearly enough to give it any sort of continuity. I know that we will never ever finish it but it was fun while it lasted. One of the local clubs heard about it and wanted to have the premiere showing as soon as it was finished but we petered out. I did like the idea of knocking off all the purdy gals I knew. There is nuthin' friendlier than chompin' a purdy gal wif a ax."

--- Rotsler, from MASQUE 6.


I TELL
THIS TALE
WHICH IS
STRICTLY TRUE . . . .

Our poverty in Arty Stuff, which I mentioned, is rather more than compensated by the stature attained in fanfiction of the sorts allied to criticism.

The Inner Circle gag is usually of anecdote level and only seldom reaches the length and allusiveness of our type specimen, but it always -- given that it's really inner-circle -- has a certain amount of dissection and descriptive anatomy at its core. Here we instance

ALICIA IN BLUNDERLAND 227

As a specimen of serious fan science fiction -- exaggerated, indeed, but only to the degree of stressing the flaws typical of its kind -- we present

THE ADVENTURES OF BOB AND KOSO 247

Autokritik -- the fan putting the slug on fandom's foibles -- is something many fans have essayed, but which, I think, rose to its height under the hand of the people you'd expect to have lots to say about fan foibles, the Insurgent Element. Of a vast store we choose

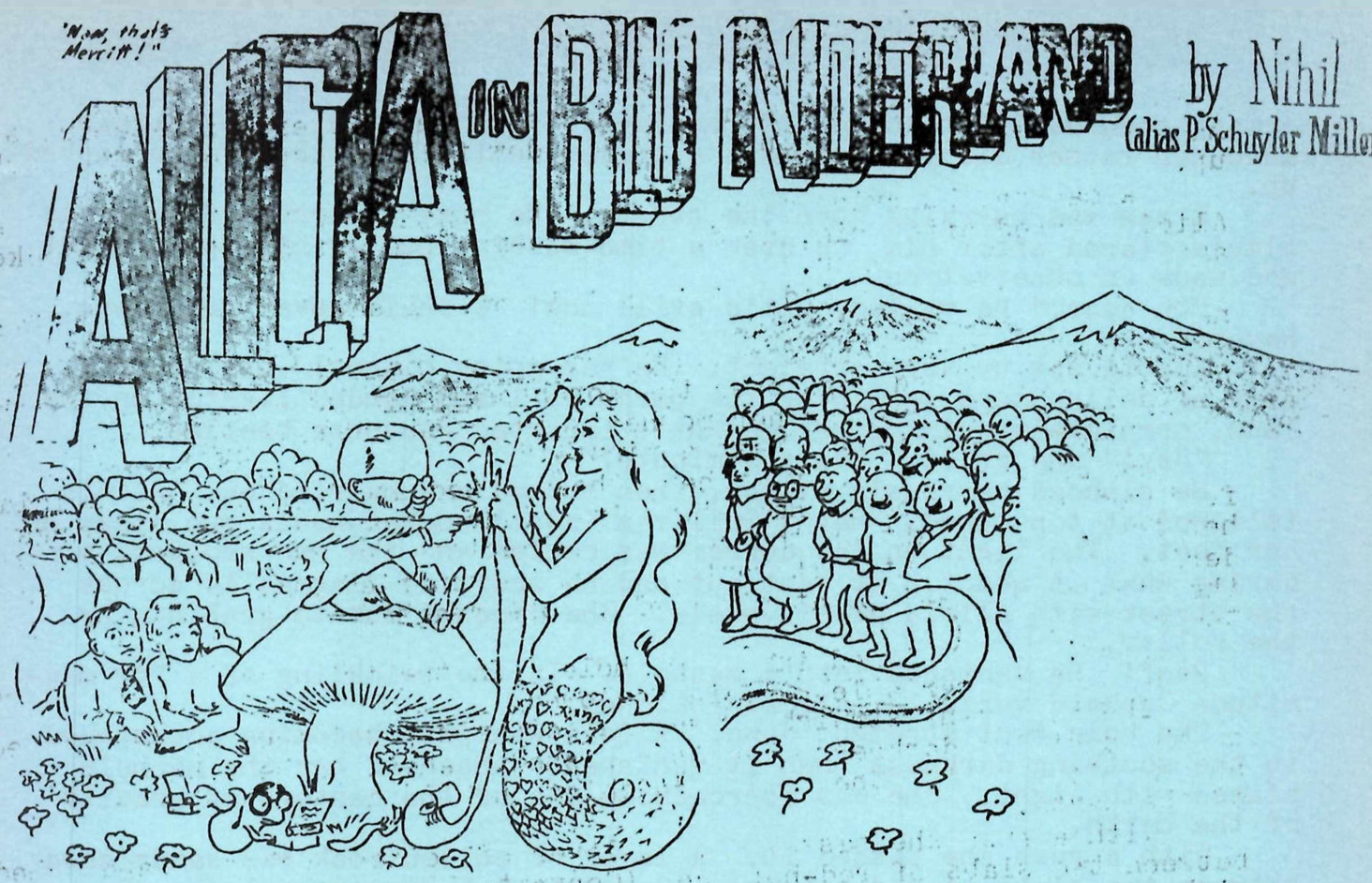
I WAS THE CAPTAIN OF A SPACE SHIP . . . 250

The parable is usually done in a dreadfully heavy-handed fashion (fans <u>will</u> try to be clever when it isn't necessary...) but at least one attempt managed to be the final word in the argument to which it related

SCIENCE FICTION IS ESCAPE LITERATURE . . 257

Not quite as easy to bungle, yet not easy to do really well, is the parody or pastiche [the distinction is, essentially, whether it makes fun of the model or not]; parody-passages are not rare, but we don't often strike a full-length example as well managed as

O, HOMELY CRITTUR! 258



(In the twenty-nine years since Alicia first appeared much has happened to prozines and fandom, but she has lost none of her freshness; as Silverlock fandom will tell you, the inner-circle gag is almost immortal. Annotations come perilously close to explaining a joke, but those interested in the history of stf may find them of interest -- or even add to them. /And you can skip 'em if you don't dig such things./ Alicia was distributed through FAPA in Art Widner's FANFARE; unsigned notes were inserted by Art and RD Swisher, December 1943.)

Alicia yawned copiously and switched off her telescreen. "Heck!" she vituperated. "War! War! War! Why don't they discover a new planet and lay off Pluto? Why don't they hold an election?"

She sat up and considered her toenails. They were lacquered in the

newest cerulean tint and neatly engraved. The tasteful pink spirals made her rather dizzy. Suddenly a shadow fell across them. She looked up.

A man was hurrying down the street. He wore a worried frown. As Alicia stared after him, he drew a time-machine out of his vest pocket and made an observation.

"Oh dear," he wailed, "it's still now! I shall never get there, never!"

Alicia sat up very straight. He was going places! She swung a pair of cellophaned legs over the porch rail and landed lightly on the lawn, completely ruining her mother's imported Japanese beetles.

"Hey!" she cried. "Wait a minute!"

He glanced nervously at her, then turned and hurried on. Alicia followed at top speed. Her O'Sullivan (advt) rocket-heels put wings on her feet. The light on the corner was cerise and the man stopped, wondering what it meant. It went out and he scurried diagonally across the street with Alicia at his heels. She reached out to grab him by the collar.

Poof! He vanished into a manhole. In the twinkling of a 7th magnitude Cepheid variable, Alicia followed.

The hole went straight down. Alicia was just becoming accustomed to the soothing darkness when it vanished. Ahead of her the manhole blazed with light. She was approaching one of the centers of gravity of the Earth.

With a rush she passed it. A layer of molten rock was sandwiched between two slabs of red-hot ice (Copyrite E R Burroughs Inc). By rights they should have been steam but the pressure was too great or something. A chill ran down Alicia's spine. The lava was radiating heat so fast that it was ice-cold (Copyrite, Nihil Ltd)(9). Ice VIII, probably. (10) Alicia had studied a chemistry prof in her freshman year at Harvard (advt).

Now she was falling gently upward, feet first. She felt the pressure of anti-gravity against her soles. Above her she saw the horse-faced individual, his scarf whipping about his ears. His time machine and a couple of pill boxes were tumbling merrily along beside him. A halo of tears surrounded his equine head. Above the sound of his sobbing rose the impassioned bellow of a bull ape.

"Ah!" thot Alicia. "Johnny Weismuller! This must be Pellucidar!"

An instant later she popped out of the manhole, caromed off the ceiling, and landed in a rest position on the floor.

The mournful stranger had disappeared, but on an ebonite table lay his two pill boxes. She opened them immediately. One lot was pink and the other mauve. She stuck out a tentative tongue and licked the paint off the mauve one. Immediately she felt a disconcerting looseness in the region of last year's waistline. Reducing pills! She reached hastily for a pink one. The lights went out!

In a moment they came on again. This time they were green and flickery. Alicia reached for the pills. They had vanished! Only two were left, and in the green light she couldn't tell which was which. Something gave. Alicia paled. There wasn't much to give. Things were getting ticklish!

Desperately she snatched up a pill and popped it into her mouth.

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(9) Referring to the complex non-isothermal equilibrium described by ERB in "At the Earth's Core".

(10) High pressure.

Before it reached her tonsils the world shot up into largeness. She teetered for a moment with one foot on the edge of each shoe, like a circus rider, then collapsed into one heel. Her clothes dropped around her like a Hollywood blizzard. Thru the large square openings between the threads she saw the sad-faced individual pop in at a little door in the corner of the room. Halfway across the floor he vanished into thin air.

Hastily she bit a mouthful off the other pill. The room collapsed. There was a catastrophic rip and a cold breeze skittered up her dorsal vertebrae.

"Damn!" said Alicia. "That was Ray Cummings!"

No sooner were the words out of her mouth when Alicia saw him speeding thru the air toward her, astride the neck of a wild goose. Across the floor at her feet scurried a tiger and a couple of gorillas. A stream of large red ants was climbing her left shin. (11)

The equine person circled round her head honking his goose. He seemed to be shrinking. He was about the size of a bumblebee. He sounded more like a Jersey mosquito. He pulled something out of his pocket - a ray! So he was Ray Cummings!

She had no time to argue. He flashed it at her and she ducked. It was mauve -- the color of the reducing pill. Something else ripped and as she grabbed frantically at her scapula the ray clipped the lobe of her ear. the walls receded and the floor skidded out from under her. She sat down hard, bumping gently up and down as the grain of the wood moved radially outward. The bumping slowed and stopped. She opened her eyes. She was in smallness!

She was sitting on a pile of grey spheres that looked like boulders and felt like sofa cushions. All around her rose a tangled jungle of many-branched carbon chains, hung with brilliant red, yellow, and violet halogens. One bright blue blossom she knew must be Element 75. In the distance, a sea of egg-shaped waves was bouncing off a white cliff.

"Huh!" said Alicia. "Ripley's to blame for this!"

As she spoke, a shower of wiggly green darts darted at her out of the grey sky. One of them hit her amidships and she found herself balancing helplessly on top of one of the oval waves. She began to fall. Then a second dart knocked the wave out from under her and the world turned upside down. She scrambled to her feet. A spinning crystal globe hit her and she sat down abruptly. She dodged a second and ducked squarely into a third.

"Where am I?" wailed Alicia.

"In the next state," replied a shrill voice.

She looked around. A little man with a big head and very bright eyes was sitting cross-legged on one of the crystal spheres.

"What state?" she demanded.

"Quantum state, silly!" he retorted. "Where did you ever learn to wave mechanics?"

"I don't!" she snapped. "Besides, they're always dirty."

"Are you certain?" he inquired, perking his head on one side like a blue canary.

"Of course I'm certain!" she cried. One of the green darts hit him and he vanished. She stared about her in dismay. He wasn't much, but he was something. Then suddenly he was back again with another sphere chained to the first one.

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(11) see "The Jungle Rebellion".

"You can't be. It's against the law," he announced triumphantly.

"What law?" demanded Alicia.

"Heisenberg's law," he told her. "The uncertainty law. It's all there is down here except operators and matrices and commutators."

A horrible grating roar sounded behind her. Alicia found herself sitting on the little man's lap with both arms around his neck.

"W-was that a commutator?" she faltered.

"Nope," he told her cheerfully. "Just a physicist trying to break the law."

"Will he hurt us?" asked Alicia, drawing away from him.

"He may ionize us," he told her. "Keep an eye open and stick to me."

She settled herself comfortably on the second sphere and they went scooting off across the atom-scape in the direction of the sound. Alicia tried to make conversation.

"Where are we?" she asked the little man.

"In smallness, of course," he told her reprovingly. "You ought to know that. Didn't Cummings Ray you?"

"Yes," she admitted, "but I have never seen anything like this in his books. Where are all the giants and princesses?"

"You have a lot to learn," the gnome observed partonizingly. "He has never been here. He sends lots of other people, but they never get back. He sent me. He does not dare try it on himself."

"Oh, but he does," protested Alicia loyally. "He was shrinking when he rayed me."

The gnome spun around in his seat like a top.

"Are you certain?" he demanded. "If he ever gets loose in smallness, there's no telling what will happen!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Alicia heard a familiar honk. She looked up. Down out of the sky came the wild goose with Cummings clinging to its neck. A green and red parrot was perched on his shoulder.

"Give 'em the ray! Give 'em the ray!" squawked the parrot.

Nearer and nearer swept the zebra-faced master of smallness. In his hand was a ray. He raised it -- leveled it....

Two red arrows plunged into Alicia's sphere. It jiggled violently, and began to spin. Round and round it went until her head sang. Then with a snap the chain broke and she went hurtling away. She saw the mauve ray stab out at her little friend.

"Who are you?" she screamed.

At the instant that the ray struck, a dark purple arrow bu ried itself in his sphere. He vanished. Only his voice came floating to her.

"I'm Rap." (12)

Leering horsily, Cummings charged down upon her. Alicia passed out.....

When she came to, the zebra-faced man was bending over her, weeping softly. He didn't seem very ferocious at close quarters. She sat up and patted his shoulder.

"Tell Alicia," she crooned maternally.

"I've lost my atom!" he wailed. "I put it down to go play in the jungle and now it's gone! Oh, why didn't I stay with Edison?"(13)

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(12) Now politely referred to as "Raymond A. Palmer", or more often as that [illegible]!!!

(13) That's what we'd like to know!

Alicia pricked up her ears. She shook him until his teeth clattered.

"Answer me!" she ordered. "Did Edison invent your time machine?"

He gulped and nodded. "He invented the reducing drug too," he added mournfully. "And the gravity ship. And all the rays. He wanted to go into the future and live. He said the girls were prettier there. So I took them all and ran away. I did it for the world! And now he's dead and there's no one to invent me any more machines. And I've lost my atom..."

He laid his head on her shoulder and wept bitterly. The parrot winked.

"Von Hetzdorp!" it remarked knowingly.

Alicia pushed him away. He was getting her shoulder wet. He looked at her reproachfully thru his tears.

"Have you been playing with Von Hetzdorp? Can't you stay in your own books?" she demanded.

He hung his head. "Got tired of 'em," he pouted. "They never change. Know 'em all by heart -- the atom, the future, Mercury, the fourth dimension. I had a meteor once, but it was damp and smelled fishy. So I went into the jungle to play,(14) and Hetzie stole my atom!"

He was ready to break down again, but Alicia forestalled him.

"What were you doing with him?" she asked sharply.

He winced. "Don't!" he pleaded. "You sound like an editor." Between sobs he told his story.

"It was the firls,(15)" he explained. "They're all so sweet and Victorian. They don't wear much, but that doesn't make any difference. They're all just too - darn - perfect!" He wept loudly. "I never meet any interesting ones. Merrit has 'em all, and that chemist, Smith. Hetzie --" his voice sank to a whisper, "Hetzie promised he'd introduce me to Yolara!"(16)

Alicia sniffed. "I knew these women would get someone into trouble!" she declared. "That Lur!(17) And Norhala (18)...hussies! What happened?"

He looked a bit sheepish. It was a relief after the horsishness. "I thot I knew where he was," he said plaintively. "I had him right there in the book, between two covers. But I went away for a few installments, and when I got back there was a Russian there instead. Marakinoff." (19) He shuddered. "He's awful. He won't listen. He just laughs. Laughs." He burst into tears.

Alicia snorted. "Serves you right," she opined. "Stop blubbering. Do something."

"I am," sobbed Cummings. I made an appointment yesterday, with the detective, Taine,(20) for tomorrow. It's always today."

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(14) Insect Invasion
(15) So that's where it started! -- Dick Eney
(16) Moon Pool
(17) Dweller in the Mirage
(18) Metal Monster
(19) The original villain of Merritt's The Moon Pool, soon after the first world war, was one Von Hetzdorp, but by the time the later editions appeared, Russian villains were all the rage, so it became Marakinoff. Latest edition now on the press /1943/ has it Yatomato.
(20) No-nicotaine of San Francisco, a Keller Kharacter.

He collapsed on her dry shoulder. Tears welled up as if from an artesian well. In a few seconds Alicia was afloat. She struck out boldly toward the distant range of molecular hills. The last she heard of Cummings was his doleful wail as the flood closed over his head. Then there was silence but for the screams of the parrot.

"Von Hetzdorp. Von Hetzdorp..."

Alicia looked back over her shoulder. A twenty-foot wall of water was bearing down on her, the bow-wave of an enormous blue and yellow mosasaur. On its flat skull rested a burly, bearded individual with a box tucked under his arm. Von Hetzdorp! Behind him swam a troop of slightly smaller green pesiosaurs, whose riders wore the uniform of Yu-Atlanchi.(21) High above sounded elfin buglings, like distant roadsters -- "Da-de-da-da."(22) A beam of moonshine smote the churning waters, and down the moon-path drifted a flood of crystal bell-notes. Seven glowing billiard balls spun lazily in a cloud of shattered atoms. The Dweller!(23) With a despairing cry, Alicia sank beneath the waves.

Her feet struck bottom. She stood up. A gigantic black monster rose from the deep, lifting her above the water. A hatch opened. A man looked out, bearded, ascetic, with soulful eyes.

"Captain NEMO!" (24) Alicia shouted, as she scrambled for the hatch.

Inside the Nautilus, Alicia took stock of her surroundings. The room in which she found herself, luxuriously furnished, was much larger than the entire submarine. Three archways led to other rooms. Along one wall stood a long line of distinguished-looking men; Captain Nemo, fumbling with his necktie, Ned Land,(24) parting his marcelled locks with a harpoon, the entire Gun Club, Doctor Ox, Robur....(25)

Down at the end of the line she spied a little fat man with a walrus moustache. H G Wells!

"What are you doing here?" she demanded sternly.

He squirmed like an embarassed bunny. His nose oscillated.

"I-I had a vacation," he said in a small voice. "I had so many Utopias,(26)and I thot I would like to see how the boys were coming on. They are so much nicer than the highbrow crowd I have to put up with."

"Heavens!" exploded Alicia, "Why can't you authors stick to your own characters? I suppose Jules Verne has gone swimming with that mermaid of yours?"(27)

"As a matter of fact," said a familiar voice at her shoulder, "he has picked up Cosmo Versal (28) and they are taking Lur and Norhala to the Snake Mother's ping-pong party."

She spun around. There stood Rap, grinning like a Pepsodent ad.

"Hiya, kid?" he greeted her cheerily. "Thot I'd lost you. Here," he handed her a card. "Here is your invitation."

She looked at it. Engraved on a thin sheet of emerald were the words:

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(21) Near the Face in the Abyss, home of the Snake Mother.
(22) Acclaimed some years ago by E Smith as the most priceless, tho almost sacrilegious, passage in stf.
(23) Of the Moon Pool.
(24) from "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea", of course.
(25) Verne characters: Earth to Moon, Purchase of the North Pole, Dr Ox's Experiment, Robur the Conqueror, etc.
(26) Men like Gods, The Dream, The Sleeper Wakes, etc.
(27) "The Sea Lady".
(28) of "The Second Deluge".

"Her Serpentine Highness, Adana,(29) requests your presence at a ping-pong festival, February 31, 2756, in honor of her millionth birthday."

"How are we going to get there?" inquired Alicia. "Surely February 31st can't be right. And 2756!"

"Don't worry," said Rap cheerily. "Verne can fix up worse things than that. Look at that trip of Servadac's.(30) There's management for you! Besides, Wells has a copy of the Yu-Atlanchi Times for the next day (found it in his mailbox, he says) and we were all there."

"Will Ray Cummings be there? The poor man has lost his atom, and he's all broken up over it. Do you suppose Mr Wells would fix up his time machine for him?"

"Might," admitted Rap doubtfully. "We'll worry about that later. Come have a look at the scenery."

He led her over to a huge plate-glass window. Outside, the luminosity of the sea-floor lit up a weird scene. A city of marble pyramids and black granite columns was drifting by. Seaweed grew in its streets, and its flat roofs were littered with refuse.

"Atlantis," explained Rap. "The liners will have to be more careful with their garbage when Nemo gets his tours organized. Look at that!"

A statue of Poseidon came into view, standing in a chariot drawn by winged horses. His uplifted trident speared a half-grapefruit, and a double strand of Franco-American (advt) spaghetti was knotted under one ear.

"Disgusting!" agreed Alicia. "But I thot Atlantis was in the vibrations, or up in the stratosphere, or somewhere."(31)

"Don't be foolish!" said Rap testily. "That was just a fad. Some new writer trying to be smart. After Plato lost it, Captain Nemo was the first to find it, and it's still here." He seized her arm, and cried, "Look! There's the best part of the whole show. The Three Silent Ones. They have stone hearts, they're all deaf and dumb. Look -- they're tearing down one of them."

Sure enuf, a swarm of seal-men, fish-men, lizard-men, and other kinds of men were toppling it from its solid gold pedestal. (32) ("A shame!" thot Alicia. "He looks like the nicest of the lot. I could see things his way.") The other two sat staring inscrutably down their noses. One had a long white beard and was covered with a thin coating of what looked like dust. A sea-spider had spun its web across his closed mouth. (33) The other, dark and saturnine, crouched on top of a huge pile of brilliantly colored magazines of all shapes and sizes. There seemed to be very few of any one kind. Another spider had bound up his checkbook in a mass of cobwebs.(34)

"I don't suppose he ever uses it," thot Alicia. "Oh," she said suddenly, "What is that?"

Rap turned impatiently to the window. A huge red dome loomed in the darkness.

"Come on," he cried. "Get dressed! We're there."

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(29) i.e., the Snake Mother.
(30) Off on a Comet.
(31) see Thru the Vibrations and Cleon of Yzdral by PS Miller.
(32) Harry "?-man" Bates of Clayton Astounding.
(33) T O'Connor Sloane of the Old Amazing.
(34) Hugo "2¢-a-word" Gernsback of the many Wonders.

The Nautilus had sprouted wings and was flapping dismally thru the red twilite. Alicia stared out of the window in utter bewilderment (copyrite Alicia). Above them arched a dome of crimson vapor, on which rested the sea of tears. Beneath lay a wild green land of crags and forests, lit by the glow of the red dome. Consequently, everything seemed black.

"How in the name of Williamson can this happen?" she asked Rap. "The sea up there, and that place way down there? Drat it all -- even Verne didn't try that!"

"Simple," bragged Rap. "Nothing to it. This red vapor has certain peculiar properties (patent by Williamson). Its molecules all travel in one direction, which keeps it pressing against the water. It is havier than water, so gravity (patent by Newton) keeps the water on top. The pressure heats it up and makes it glow, liting the place, and its expansion as it comes out of the vents down there cools everything off. (Patent by Pending)(35) Marvelous discovery, don't you think?"

"Um." Alicia didn't sound convinced. Rap went right on.

"Wonderful place, this. All sorts of interesting things here. I'll show you around before the party starts. Come on."

He grabbed her by the arm and hauled her out on the upper deck. A Mahar (copyrite E.R Burroughs Inc) was passing.

"Going our way?" hailed Rap.

"I reckon," admitted the Mahar gloomily. "Do you-all know where David Innes(36) is at? Him and Tarzan went hunting and his wife says to come home quick becoz Tarzan is sure to lose his memory (37)(copyrite Tarzan) and with them there wimmen of Merritt's around there is no telling what-all can happen."

"We are strangers here," Alicia began to say, but Rap jabbed her warningly in the ribs.

"String him along," he hissed in her ear. "While he is hunting for them we can be seeing the country."

He turned back to the Mahar. "We will be glad to direct you," he said blandly. "Watch your step, Alicia."

She sat down gingerly on the creature's leathery back, and soon they were soaring low over the black forests. Huge trees waved to them as they passed, and now and then a sluggish, winding river would roll out of its bed to greet them. All the while Rap kept up a running patter of explanations.

"On your right," he announced, "you see the ruined city of the Metal Emperor. Norhala was too hot for him. On your left is the lofty eminence of Television Hill. It was never completed -- ends in mid-air (38). There beyond is Nimir's Abyss.(39) I don't see him today -- must be trying to crash the party. Facing him across the Moon Pool is Wells' White Sphinx.(40) That is Cosmo Versal's Ark stranded alongside of it."

"What's that place without a door?" interrupted Alicia.

Rap looked shocked. "Don't you know that?" he demanded. "That is John Carter's tomb. It locks on the inside. Some people claim there isn't anything in it but empty air and never was.(41) It's the same

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(35) Just like in "The Green Girl" by Williamson.
(36) See "Pellucidar" and "At the Earth's Core".
(37) For the umpteenth time.
(38) As did McLociard's story of the same name.
(39) With a Face in it. (40) See "The Time Machine".
(41) John Carter left his body there while he wandered around on Mars in his bare soul.

with that comet of Servadac's, and Cummings' meteor.(42) Nobody believes in them, but all the satisfaction we get is 'Were you there?' Some day....."

Rap's voice trailed off wistfully.(43)

Suddenly from the forest beneath them came a hideous scream. Alicia knew it at once -- Tarzan! With a shout the Mahar banked steeply and she found her little self sprawling in thin air. The forest roof rushed up to meet her, and with a crash she landed up to her neck in deep white moss. There was a splintering of branches, a howl of pain, and Rap landed heavily beside her.

There was a stealthy rustle behind her. She sprang to her feet, and lit running. A huge rose-bush was creeping savagely upon her, and just behind came an evil-eyed tiger-lily. The trees were sidling in toward them. One lane was clear, but it was closing rapidly. With a scream to Rap she raced for it and plunged thru, just as a giant dandelion landed at her heels.

Rap lifted her to her feet. They stood at the edge of a colossal bowl cut in the heart of the hills. It was packed with people of all sizes and shapes, staring reverently toward the center. As she watched, a murmur of awe swept like a great wind over the mightly throng, and far off over the heads of the people, Alicia caught a gleam of metal.

"Follow me!" cried Rap excitedly. "This is worth seeing!"

He hit the mob in the rear like a battering ram, with Alicia right behind him. When his momentum failed, he dropped on all fours and went scuttling off thru the legs of the crowd. Throwing the last of her dignity to the winds, Alicia followed. As they neared the center of the bowl, the worshippers were so closely packed that not even Rap could wriggle thru the rampart of legs that confronted him. Choosing a muscular calf, he sank his teeth to the roots. Something went rocketing away with a howl and he plunged thru the breach. Within five minutes they had reached the center.

From a circle of crimson sward, planted thickly with blue poppies, rose a great white toad-stool. Round and round its foot circled an endless line of small green worms, each bearing a portable typewriter. Round and round they crawled in endless pursuit of each other. One was larger than the rest, and over his bewildered eyes were clamped a pair of horn-rimmed goggles. He seemed to be edging ever so slowly toward the center.

Sitting on the top of the stool was a cherubic little man. In his hand he held a black quill. Before him was coiled a 20-foot cabbage-worm with the face and torso of an angel. Poised in her slender hands was a golden scroll.

The minutes dragged past. As the hour neared, a breathless tenseness gripped the waiting millions. Somewhere a brazen gong sounded. Slowly the ebon quill was raised -- descended. Three exquisite words flamed on the golden scroll. Over the multitude flooded a soughing wave of aweful adoration.

"Naw," disgustedly, "That's Merritt."

"Yeow!"

Everyone turned.

At the edge of the forest squatted the Mahar, grinning foolishly. Astride his nose sat a naked man, ½ of his head black, the other brite

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(42) "The Man on the Meteor".

(43) Thinking, no doubt, of what he'd do if he could get to be editor of Amazing Stories.

yellow. (44) A small army of green-hipped baboons swarmed over him, armed with safety razors. Tarzan!

"Wow!"

Everyone reversed.

A third of the way around the circle stood a boy with flaming red hair. Beside him crouched a wrinkled chimpanzee in a red flannel petticoat. In one hand he brandished a golden spear. Jan!(45)

"Yowee!"

A torrent of animal life broke thru the rim of the jungle. Elephants, buffaloes, lions -- they poured into the bowl in a vast mad tide. At their head raced a white youth, his hair whipping out behind him. In full flight before him came spiders, serpents, leopards.... Kwa!(46)

As one man the throng collapsed. Flat on their stupid faces they adored. And the green worms were milling excitedly about -- hammering the keys of their portables with frantic claws.

Their circle broke. Away they went in every direction. One remained, the big one with the glasses. Alicia grabbed Rap's arm.

"Those worms!" she cried. "That one there. Are they -- is he --?"

His head bobbed vehemently. "Yep, they are authors. They are the ones who have been 'likened to Merritt'. You have to smile when you tell a real author that. The big one..."

"I know!" exclaimed Alicia.

Barely were the words out of her mouth when things began to happen.

Atop the toadstool Merritt dropped his pen and looked around. He leaped to his feet. Out of his chubby lips poured sulphurous blue flames. The air reeked with brimstone. Alicia jammed her fingers into her ears. In seconds he was hidden by a thick blue haze, shot with jagged purple lightnings. And beneath the toadstool the spectacled worm was rearing up, his goggled head held high, weaving hypnotically.

In the mist a phantom began to form -- a tiger -- huge -- and on his back a woman...

"Run!" screamed Rap.

Something jabbed Alicia in the Gluteus maximus. A thrill of fiery energy raced up her spine. Trees, mountains, and cities melted into a grey blur. She felt the tug of Rap's hand -- knew she was running. Her feet shot out from under her. With a slam she came down on her face.

She sat up. She was sitting on Rap. Feebly he wriggled out from under her and held out a glittering needle.

"Take this," he gasped. "It's the anti-accelerator."

"Mine?" came a small voice from behind them.

They twisted their necks to look. A long metal table stood on the grass under some weird-looking trees. Two huge men sat staring at them. One was black-bearded, with one arm and one ear. The other was encased in bright steel armor. They were drinking tea.

Between them something moved -- a little man with a black moustache. He was waving frantically. It was H.G. Wells.

"Is it mine?" he cried. "Is it my accelerator?"(47)

The one-armed man picked him up by the scruff of the neck and dropped him in the other's teacup. "Shuddup!" he growled. Wells struggled

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(44) In Blue Book one artist illustrating a story gave Tarzan black hair, and another artist in another story drew him with blonde hair. /Black is correct -- r.e./

(45) Jan of the Jungle -- Otis A. Kline's Tarzan.

(46) Paul Regard's "Kwa of the Jungle", from Fantasy Magazine -- Bill Evans

(47) The NEW one, of course.

violently for a moment and then subsided, floating gently on his back. Coils of steam went up from the hot tea. The dye in his coat was beginning to run...

Down came the armored giant's fist. Wham! The saucers jumped.

"Gulliver,"(48) he shouted, "you're a rat! You're a bum! You're scum that three planets wouldn't own and no editor can make you different with a coat of whitewash! Why you lizard, you need two authors to help you lick a sick girl!"

Gulliver rose to his feet. His face was crimson and his ear stuck out. He seemed ready to burst.

"Hawk Carse,"(49) he bellowed, "you are a (censored) fake! Two authors! You're a (censored) corporation! You are a goody-goody. You've never cracked a skull! You've never burnt a big-nose's guts! And as for that (censored) Chink, Ku Sui --"

Carse stopped him short with a plate to the mouth. Lem retaliated with two biscuits and the sugar bowl. All bounced harmlessly off the other's helmet. Then with a heave, Carse lifted the heavy table and brought it down on Gulliver's skull. It split like tinfoil and hung like a wilted shirt-front over the outlaw's shoulders. With a howl of rage he rushed in, stumbling over the scattered tea-things.

Alicia saw Wells scuttling away on all fours as fast as he could patter. With a crash that made her ears ring the giants met!

The table bent up like a wall between them. Under it Gulliver's naked fist smashed thru Carse's armor. The other's mailed hand plunged into his stomach. With a whoosh of expelled breath they collapsed.

Hawk Carse raised himself weakly on one elbow.

"Meanie!" he cried feebly.

Gulliver snorted. It was the snort a peevish ant makes.

"Sissy!" he retorted.

They fell back, unconscious.

H.G. Wells came running out from behind a tree. He thumbed his nose delicately at the prostrate giants.

"They'd never exist -- none of 'em -- if it wasn't for me," he complained. "I started it all. I was the first to try to destroy the world. I declared war on Mars!"(50) His voice sank to a whisper. "I'll tell you a secret," he murmured. "Ku Sui is Dr. Fu Manchu. And Anthony Gilmore...."

There was a blaze of unearthly blue light. He vanished.

"My!" gasped Alicia.

Alicia looked around her. She noticed for the first time that the grass and the trees were pink.

"Where are we?" she asked Rap. "And how did we get here?"

"It was the accelerator," he explained. "When I saw that Merritt and Williamson were going to fite, I jabbed you with the hypodermic. I guess you got too much."

"But where are we?" she demanded.

He flushed. "It is the pink planetoid,"(51) he mumbled. "I didn't mean to bring you here at all. But you got going faster than 7 miles per second and took off."

"You mean we are in Space?" He nodded.

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(48) "Black Lem" Gulliver of McDermott and Miller, "The poor man's Hawk Carse".
(49) of Anthony Gilmore, "the poor man's Lem Gulliver".
(50) "War of the Worlds".
(51) "Scarlet Planet" by Don Lemmon.

"Then how do we get to Adana's party?"

"We will have to find Wells again and use his space-time machine. He has a new model finished in Cavorite-plate(52) that ought to do the trick. Come on -- we haven't much time."

Alicia frowned. "What is this place?" she demanded. "Why is everything pink?"

Rap answered the last question first.

"Protective coloration," he stated.

"What do you mean?" snapped Alicia. "Stop stalling!"

He took a deep breath. He was in for it!

"All right," he said, "I'll tell you. You remember the Ninetieth Amendment, prohibiting stag parties? Ku Sui built this joint then. He runs it. And the pink is to hide it from inquisitive prohibition officers. They couldn't camouflage the women, so they painted the planet."

Alicia's earlobes tingled. She sprang to her feet. "I am of age," she announced. "Show me around. I will write a book!"

Reluctantly Rap started off, looking neither to right nor left. Alicia followed. She noticed that instead of fruit or flowers, the trees and bushes bore certain merchandise of flesh-pink, very sheer and silky. Seizing Rap's arm she pointed to a pair of tiny pink sox.

"Who wears those?" she asked. "Are there midgets here?"

"They will grow," he told her. "They will be stockings. There is one that has gone to seed."

The stocking was full of runs and the top was bursting with cigar coupons. Alicia grunted. That explained a lot!

"They do not encourage that sort of thing," Rap assured her hurriedly. "There is a corner for Utopias where it never happens. But sometimes when there has been an Elk convention...you know how it is."

She knew. Her last boyfriend had been a Moose. "Show me all these Utopias," she ordered. "Are they pink too?"

"Only the nudist ones," Rap informed her. "Mostly they are golden or pearly. There is a black one with a silver lining, for Republicans, and a white one for Presbyterians, but they are hardly ever used. We will probably find Wells down there somewhere."

Very stiff and prim, Alicia stalked down the forest aisles looking steadily ahead of her. There were gigglings -- stealthy movements in the underbrush. She tried hard not to look. The protective coloring was worn in spots. Some of the trees were quite yellow with age, and things showed thru. Well, she told herself, she'd always known men were like that!

Rap broke in on her thots. "There is a black planetoid for ladies" he announced complacently. "Madame Vandilip(53) runs it. The -- ah -- gigolos all wear tuxedos."

But Alicia wouldn't listen.

Soon she saw that the foliage was changing color. The pink was fading into a brownish white. They passed a huge pink granite mausoleum standing by itself at the edge of the forest.

"The refrigerator," Rap explained. "They need it sometimes..."

"After an Elks' convention!" Alicia finished grimly.

But before he could retort they came out on a vast level plain. It seemed to occupy the arid polar region of the planetoid. Scattered at intervals over its surface were walled cities, the spires of buildings projecting above their ramparts.

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(52) Antigravity metal of "The First Men in the Moon".
(53) of "Burn, Witch, Burn!"

"There are no gates," Rap told her. "Nobody can ever get into a Utopia. They just build them and leave them here. Sometimes, if they are like Wells, they come around now and then to look at them and dust them off. Look -- didn't I tell you? There he is."

Sure enuf, there he was, sitting on a slab of stone at the base of a dingy, hard-looking Utopian wall. The clang & clatter of machinery sounded from within and great columns of black smoke spouted into the sky. As they approached, he sprang to his feet, beaming all over.

"Wonderful!"he cried. "We were just speaking of you. Come -- sit down. Commander Hanson(54) is going to tell a story."

Alicia stared with interest at the big bewhiskered man who rose clumsily to his feet as she approached. He towered far above the little Englishman, but his black uniform was shabby and his eyes looked rather vacant.

"Pleased to meet ye," he mumbled.

Rap took the situation in hand. "HG," he said, "get your tymachine going while Alicia listens to the Swede's yarn. We've got just about enuf time to make that party."

"But surely that can't matter with a time-machine," protested Alicia. Wells' face darkened.

"Don't show your ignorance!" he snapped. "You need steam for a steam engine don't you? How would you like to run out of time halfway there and have to age home? If there isn't time enuf, we can't go."

But John Hanson was already talking.

"Ay bane Yon Hanson," he announced. "Ay got vun gude agzendt, budt Seavall Wridt can't wride idt. Mabbe Ay batter dalgk Anglish. Ja?"

"Ja!" Alicia was emphatic. He smiled apologetically.

"Some people like it," he told her. "Especially children and scientists. They say it's picturesque." Then, without pausing for breath, he plunged into his story.

"I was just a raw lad of sixty at the time," he began. "Man and boy, I've never had a greater adventure. You see, it was the Baron Munchausen's Cousin Hugo(55) who started it. He's an editor. He published the Baron's adventures once,(56) but after that 'Skyhook IV' affair he's steered clear of us.

"You see, the Baron had been going in for the deep stuff -- Einstein and DeSitter and Heisenberg and all the rest. And then the night beer came back, he hit on a great idea!

"The universe is a big sphere, and it's swelling up like a balloon. So all he had to do was anchor his ship to the outside surface of the universe, and when it expanded it would yank him right off the Earth!

"It was a grand idea! Hugo tried to patent it,(57) but they shut the door and sent for a doctor. He had to crawl thru the keyhole and disguise himself as an editor. Keyholes are extra large in Washington y'know -- so diplomats can write books.

"This is fiction, not fact, so the first two were failures. The first time he used a fixed cable and the ship was yanked right out from under his nose. Charley Ross was asleep in the cabin.(58) The second time he had sense enough to hook an automatic windlass on the cable, but he used mail-order skyhooks, and they let go when the ship was six light-years up. He got back by comet, but the ship was a total loss.

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(54) of S.P. Wright, from the Clayton Astoundings.
(55) Gernsback
(56) Amazing 1927-28 -- Bill Evans
(57) So that's where he got the idea! -- r.e.
(58) So that's where he went -- or was it Charley Fort?

It hit somewhere in Siberia and killed a lot of Soviets. I think they blamed it on the English. Anyway, he named the third one 'Skyhook IV' and foxed the jinx.

"Man and boy, I've never seen another ship like that! He had a couple of scientific nuts working on the plans -- Smith and Campbell, (59) they called themselves. They'd get over on opposite sides of the hangar and squirt water at each other -- just in fun, you know -- and when Hugo shut off the water they threw chain-lightning, and when he cut off the power they got a pair of nut-crackers and began to bust atoms and use 'em for hand grenades. There was a fine pair of lads!

"Well, ma'am, to keep 'em apart, the Baron gave 'em separate jobs. Smith he put on the skyhooks and Campbell he gave the cable. Only Campbell fell in love with a cigarette ad in Vanity Fair and married a plantation, so there we were, up to our ears in his curleycue tensors and elastic geodesics and such, with nothing to tell what went where. The Baron was all busted up over it, and Hugo was no darned good, so I took 'em and jammed 'em in where they fitted, and when Smith got done with his skyhooks we took off.

"Man and boy, I've never seen such a day! The crew was below, with me to keep 'em in their places. Smith was aft taking a little snack of Riemann geometry to stay him over until tea-time.

""All X?' shouts the Baron.

"'A,A,' says I.

"And were off!

"There was a streak of lite, all colors mixed, and then we saw a big red star headed right at us.

"'4!' shouts the Baron. It dodges us. We shoot past like a bat out of L. 'G' cries Hugo from the window. 'R' I sigh in relief. And then we begin to joggle!

"It was the love-sick fellow, Campbell. He'd left a kink in one of the geodesics that threw a torque-vector into our potential field. In no time we cracked our matrix, stripped two operators, and blew out a whole bank of Q-numbers. With a howl of tensors we popped into a new dimension. There was a glare of red, white, and blue lite. Then everything went black as pitchblende, and we began jerking up and down like a bathysphere in a typhoon!

"Just then the cook comes in. He was a German from Chicago -- Oscar Baum. 'T?' he inquires.

"'9!' groans the Baron, looking green.

"'Y?' demands the square-head, looking peeved.

"'8' grunts Smith, heaving up a pair of crooked parallels and an osculating plane. I picks up Rieman and shoves it in the cook's face. Half the appendix is bitten out.

"'C?' I yell above the noise of the Baron's indigestion. A lite dawns on his flat face. He points to the Baron, who's doubled up over his dials, and to Smith, who's lying flat on his face on the floor.

"'O!' he beams. '6!'

"'S' I hisses and slugs him. Just then Hugo staggers. He looks at me, at the cook, at Smith and the Baron. Horror begins to creep down past his nose.

"'EE!' he screams.

"With one jump he's thru the porthole. I grab at him -- stumble over Smith...I'm sprawling in space. Everything goes pink. And here I am."

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(59) Edward Elmer, PhD, and John Wood jr.

Alicia simply gaped. Rap was on his feet gesturing frantically from behind the old man's back. Alicia ignored him.

"What made tha Baron sick?" she demanded. "Couldn't Smith take it? What did the cook give you for tea?"

"Alphabet soup!" he yelled.

With screaming brakes, something hit her amidships, as Rap cried out and the old man laughed crazily. She fainted.

As consciousness slowly returned, she became aware that she was sprawled across the saddle of a contraption like a technocrat's dream of Pegasus. A familiar back in a frock coat was bobbing up and down across her field of vision. A face turned toward her -- a radish-pink, moustachy face.

"Hold on!" cried H G Wells.

"Where's Rap?" wailed Alicia.

He pointed. Below them stretched a colorful blur of temporal geography. Streaking across the drab timescape like a short-tailed comet was Rap. His figure glowed with a weird lite.

"It's the time-ray," Wells explained. "The Jandra one.(60) His own invention."

Out of the time-mist loomed a mighty curving rampart. Atop it leered a gigantic Face. Its jaw dropped. With a hollow roar they were thru.

"Yu-Atlanchi," he announced. "2756. February 31st. Toodle-oo!"

He vanished.

Alicia found herself in a garden of fantastically gaudy flowers. Slowly she began to move along a path paved with crushed diamonds. Suddenly a bony finger prodded her shoulder. She looked up into a face -- Rap's face. With a glad cry she wheeled.

She stared at a scarlet body set on spidery legs. It was Kon(61) -- yet his face was Rap's!

There was a scuttling in the petunias. Out of them scrambled a perspiring duplicate of the spider man. Panting up the path raced Rap. Alicia stared, gaping. Where the first man had been stood a woman, huge, with moustaches.

"Ha! Ha!" she cackled. "I'm the Octopus!"(62)

Changing into a winged serpent, she bugled away.

With Kon on one arm and Rap on the other, Alicia hurried down the diamond strewn path toward the great opalescent shell that rose beside the fairy city of Yu-Atlanchi. From its fluted tiers echoed the applause of a vast multitude.

"You're late," explained Kon as he led them to their seats. "The finals are on. Adana is playing Madame Vandilip in the ladies' singles."

Instead of paddles, the two contestants wielded Campbell molecular directors.(63) Instead of balls they used Williamson's pigmy planets. (64) Now from the amplifiers behind them came a burst of rabid vociferation. That untiring voice -- that unrestrainable vocabulary -- surely .....

"Darrow's announcing," whispered Rap. "He takes turns with Ackerman.(65) You can't shut that pair up!"

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(60) Wonder Stories, June '30. (61) The spider man in "Snake Mother".
(62) The ubiquitous villain of a radio serial about 1933-34.
(63) "Wade, Arcott, and Morey" series. (64) Astounding, Feb '32.
(65) There is no truth to the rumor that 4e had a curare-tipped needle in his palm when he shook hands with Darrow at the Nycon. 'Twas merely vitons, nothing more...

But the game was on!

Adana was a blur of shimmering coils. She was everywhere. Her tail wove an impenetrable curtain of motion across the end of the table, thru which her ray darted to send the glowing planette screaming into the opposite court. But Madame Vandilip...

Alicia simply gaped. There was an army there -- not one woman! A mauve haze of concentrated illusion surrounded her, hiding her completely. Out of it, at apt instants, thrust arms in multitudes, brandishing rays in myriads. And before that terrific barrage of returns Adana weakened -- faltered -- failed.

The mauve haze cleared. A woman stood there beautifully undressed, receiving the hysterical applause of the masculine portion of the audience. Out of the corner of her eye, Alicia glimpsed a regiment of pint-sized dolls scurrying into the shrubbery that edged the court. Then the beautiful form began to change. Another woman stood there at the table's end -- a woman strangely like Marie Dressler.

"The Octopus!" screamed Alicia.

Her cry was like a signal. The horizon was blackened by a rushing storm cloud over which wheeled vultures and bats in countless millions. Over the great ampitheatre swept an uneasy zephyr of motion. Then Kon was gone from her side, and Rap with him. In seconds she sat alone. And far below, Adana's coils shimmered and swayed before the massed forces of scientifictional heroism!

"The Formula!" she cried above the clamor of their voices. "<u>What is the Formula</u>?"

And like the rushing flood of a mighty tide the answer came!

"Never to win too soon -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! Hope for Mankind must be lost -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! Three dauntless heroes must rise -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! Like three damned fools they go forth -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! One must be slain by the Things -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! One must be martyred for Man -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! One must return with the tale -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! The World must consider him mad -- THAT IS THE FORMULA! ...."

On and interminably on the fanatic voices droned their endless litany. Alicia jammed her fingers into her ears to shut out the din. Then, high in the star-strewn heavens above the onrushing hosts of Evil, she glimpsed a wraith-like figure, smugly bowing, its lips moving. She thot she could read the words:

"THE WORLD MUST BE SAVED!"

"Edmond Hamilton!" she murmured awedly. "This is his Masterpiece!"

Rap's worried face poked over her shoulder. Rap's hand seized her by the arm. "Come on," he said. "We'll watch it from Television Hill. It isn't safe here."

From the truncated cone of rubble that was Television Hill, Alicia looked down on Armageddon. As far as the eye could see, and farther, the armies reached. Gathered on that vast plain, the villains of all fantasy battled against the heroes, while at their side sirens fought heroines in a struggle to the end. Infinity warred with infinity -- and over it all brooded the mad-eyed wraith of Hamilton, like a great, dark vulture over the tomb of the last man.

Now it seemed to her that the two armies were disintegrating, granulating, breaking into little knots of men and women. She looked down on the army of Good that lay in a sprawling stain on the plain at their feet. It had grouped in equilateral triangles, closely packed, forming

one huge wedge which pressed forward toward the foe. Three heroic men formed the apices of each triangle; three ravishing women were its sides. And now she could see that in the onrushing hordes of Evil it was the same. At the vertex of the great wedge strode Azrell of Zur'-Dlan,(66) Earani at one marble shoulder, Antinea(67) at the other. Basing the triangle, Nimir(68) and Dracula stalked, and between them, her green eyes burning eerily, rode Vekyra(69) astride her monster tiger.

From the hordes of Good another wedge sped out. Like a shaft of crimson flame, Red Eric led it. Adana glided at his right hand; Ayesha (70) guarded his left. Behind, flanking the radiant form of the Nervina, stalked Conan of Cimmeria and Arnold Pennell.(71) And now little groups of six were darting out all along that endless, outflung battlefront -- were meeting, clashing with the glint of blue steel and the flare of swinging rays, were fusing in mortal combat. With a thud that rocked the sidereal universe on all four axes,(72) the opposing armies met. Like the geometric madness of an Ethiopian necromancer, the sextettes spun and mingled, playing in intricately insane patterns of superhuman strategy. From above, it was like the weavings of some luridly painted ballet in Hollywood's latest revue, like mechanical dancers following a blueprint. Stars formed, mingled, parted: five-pointed, six-pointed, ten-pointed -- until their dizzy angles made Alicia totter. Lines, spears, and arcs formed and dissolved like lightning -- glided past each other with flare of armaments -- sprang bodily into space to change with the speed of light into spinning cones and discs and pyramids -- and then in a twinkling space warped weirdly and both armies vanished utterly into the 17th dimension. Instantly they reappeared -- but now the forces of Opprobium stretched about the base of Television Hill, and Approbium darkened the horizon with its numbers. And still, over and thru their patterned weavings, the sextettes battled on.

"Remarkable, don't you think?" Rap's voice inquired. "Hamilton was left alone with a kaleidoscope when he was a baby. He's never been the same since. You see, it was made according to Rieman's four-dimensional geometry."

But Alicia was not listening. She was staring with a puzzled frown at the combatants. Men hacked and hewed with swords, arrows flew in a hissing hail, rays circled and fell in fans and lances -- yet no one fell -- no one was injured -- never, in the slightest degree, did any sextette change!

Again Rap's voice broke in. "They can't be hurt; they're all immortal." His hand waved out from horizon to horizon, stopping at the shadowing figure of Hamilton. "He's done it this time," he told her. "He's cooked his own goose. He's written a war that can never end -- but there are the ones who will furnish the armies for it."

He pointed. Far below, at the very edge of the plain, Alicia made out a moving blur. She wheeled to Rap. He was sitting before a huge machine, deftly spinning its numbered dials. A shaft of lite stabbed out into space, bent, and struck down on that moving blur. And now, under its magnifying influence, she could see that it was composed

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(66) All unidentified personnel are up for identification -- r.e.
(67) of Benoit's L'Atlantide -- r.e. (68) whose Face was in the Abyss -- r.e.
(69) from Williamson's "Golden Blood", serial in 1933 --.Bill Evans
(70) "She" to you -- r.e. (71) Conan from REHoward's series; Arnold Pennell of WT.
(72) Probably a dig at the people who misunderstood Campbell's chatter about four-dimensional space in various heavy-science epics -- r.e.

of millions on millions of wild-haired men and crop-haired women, crouching with crazy eyes and flying fingers before enormous typewriters. Paper flew like chaff from their keys, and swirled and eddied about them in a white mist of jumbled genius, to fall in combing drifts behind them as they passed. And as it touched the ground, that vapor clotted into the forms of living things, two colossal, streaming rivers of them, crystallizing into sextettes and pouring out into the warring armies of Time's vastest battle.

Alicia shuddered. At heart she was really a peacable person. All this endless geometry got on her nerves. It wasn't as if people were being killed -- or even mangled. That was reasonable. That was war. But this ballet of immortal, invulnerable, interminable, idiotic...

It must stop!

She screamed, shrill and loud above the din of the conflict. She stiffened her arm, pointing accusingly at that ebon phantom in the heavens, her hair bristling with indignation.

"Stop it!" she shrieked. "Stop it! He's doing this! He's to blame! Oh, can't you see? He -- he is the Octopus!"

A deathly stillness fell on the world. The sextettes broke. Villain and hero alike turned to face her. Then she heard Rap's startled shout and she was seized by both arms and jerked back into metallic smelling darkness.

"--ttruthawholetruthannuthinbuttatruthsowelpyagawd!"

Alicia's eyes popped open. She stared at a waggling Floyd Gibbonish jaw. She stared at a sea of empty faces, topped with things like chicken-wire derbies. She had one on her own head, and that outlandish gibberish was still ringing in the back of her brain.

"Contempt of court," snapped an acid voice just north of her medulla oblongata. "Thirty days."

She snat ched the thing from her head and sprang to her feet. "What is this?" she cried.

She was on a raised platform, facing a sort of box in which twelve rather intelligent looking gentlemen were sitting staring at her legs. Why -- they were editors!(73)

She saw Rap. He sat slumped in the very middle of a long line of glum-looking personages, extending indefinitely in both directions. Ray Cummings sat on his right, horsier than ever. The young army that was the Inc of Edgar Rice Burroughs stretched for several yards, as far as the bewildered but hopeful goggles of Williamson. And on Rap's left were hundreds on hundreds of abnormal looking men and women, with a generous sprinkling of out and out monsters. All fantasy, author and character alike, sat moping in that endless line.

Before she could call to Rap, two hands seized the bird-cage and crammed it down over her ears. At once a thot thundered in her brain:

"Where were you on the afternoon of February 31st, 2756?"

"Why--," she began. Before she could speak the thot was snatched bodily away, leaving her gasping.

"Who was with you?"

"Well," she began again, "it was..."

"The Octopus! So you are his accomplice!"

She opened her mouth. Indignant denial reached the tip of her tongue. It got no further.

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(73) In the FAPA edition, at least, all the illos after the reducing pill adventure have Alicia stark nekkid; hence the recognition of the editors, I suppose -- r.e.

"Prove it!"

She got two words out: "I never--"

"Perjury!" screamed the mental voice. "This woman has accused my client of being the Octopus. She has thot for every telepathic pick-up in the court to detect, that she was with the Octopus on the afternoon of February 31, 2756. And now she dares to think that she has never seen the Octopus!"

Alicia's head whirled. "He's crazy!" she thot dazedly. "As well say all of them are the Octopus!"

At the thot she saw a wave of sheer horror sweep along the despondent line of authors and characters. Rap's eyes were like a Saint Bernard's. Cummings' long face was longer. But some of those faces had grown cunning...crafty...

An awful thot hit her with the stunning effect of a $2 Quarterly. Could that be the answer to all the things she had been noticing? The disappearance of Von Hetzdorp and the arrival of that Russian in his place; the everlasting reduplication of Cummings' Collapsible Universe; the labyrinthine confusion of cartoons involving Tarzan and Buck Rogers -- and more recently, those unexplained, unnatural plagiarisms and reprints cropping up everywhere. Could it be that some master criminal was subtly insinuating his evil personality into fantasy -- making away with authors and characters -- replacing them with creatures of his own! Were all these classic profiles merely parts of the infinitely multiple personality of the Octopus?

Was she the Octopus too?

All over the great hall she saw men and women and monsters rising to their feet, brandishing strange weapons -- in the audience, among the authors, at the lawyers' table.. She spun in her chair. The judge towered above them all, ray guns in both hands.

"You are at my mercy!" the evil thot-voice snarled. "Fu Manchu -- Jack Darrow -- Booth Cody(74)-- all are parts of my infinite personality. And now that personality will envelope all fantasy, for all Time! I shall be the only god of the fans!"(75)

Alicia turned to the jury. "Don't let him!" she pleaded. "You are editors! You can stop him! Oh, don't let him!"

The Octopus laughed. It was The Shadow's laugh.(76) "Too late!" that mad mind echoed in hers. "They are not what you think. They too are part of me! In 1929 I struck the blow that destroyed science fiction and dissolved it in the murky flood of hackwritten nitemare. There is no more genius. There are no more classics.

"Gernsback is dead!"

The silence grew terrible. All -- all was lost. Gernsback, Sloane, Bates, Wright(77) -- robots reigned in their stead, creatures of the Octopus -- of the Plot Genie!(78) The sobbing of the multitude sounded in her ears like the dinning drums of The Metal Doom(79), like the thunderous monotone of Tapajos(80) -- and above its sombre surge cackled the mocking laughter of the Fiend of Fiends.

Like an echo of Poe came the grating of stone on stone. In the

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(74) Bill Evans believes this was a letterhack of the early '30s.
(75) This is obviously pre-Rosconian theology -- r.c.
(76) Ask Dean Grennell to tell you all about The Shadow -- r.c.
(77) Harry Bates of the Clayton Astounding and Farnsworth Wright of Weird -- r.c.
(78) A cardboard wheel-and-slot device used by hack authors.
(79) David H. Keller, Amz '32.-- r.c.
(80) "Drums of Tapajos", by S.P. Meek, Amz '30.-- r.c.

floor at her feet a ponderous slab of marble was tilting up. A head pushed from beneath it -- white bearded -- like a preincarnation of Sloane. After it crowded score on score of pressing bodies, wraithlike and vaporous, until the hall was filled with a swaying, coiling fog of them. Rank on rank they stood there, confronting the vampire host.(81)

"Almost Immortal!"(82) breathed Alicia. "Austin Hall has passed thru the Blind Spot(83) and brot them to save fantasy. And Jules Verne leads them!"

She tore the telepathic helmet from her head. Standing in the witness chair, she cheered loud and long. She saw the phantasmal bodies thickening, materializing, and grappling with the automatons of Evil. Shrieking, she sprang at the Octopus. A burst of blinding flame hid his leering face. She felt herself falling -- falling. Then came a stabbing pain and all dissolved in a blaze of lite.

Alicia opened her eyes gingerly. She was sprawled on the porch floor under an overturned hammock. A battered first edition of "Alicia in Blunderland" was digging into her Antipodes.(84)

She climbed stiffly to her feet. So it was all a Freudian nitemare. That's what came of reading this prehistoric nonsense! Her kid brother had dug it up in the ruins of some early Anglo-American village with an unpronounceable name and the family had been fighting over it for three days.

Her mother came rollicking out of the house, waving a magazine hysterically. It was a fat one, brite red, with three fuzzy rocket ships on the cover.

"Did you see this one?" she demanded. "About the man from the future -- from now? A little, scrawny runt of a man with a huge head -- and oh, so conceited! He's worse than some of those old authors who used to write letters to hear themselves talk!"

Alicia regarded the picture critically. He looked a little like Rap, but Rap wasn't like that. Rap was nice...(85)

"Yeah," she muttered savagely. "I saw him. That must be Nihil."

F I N I S

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(81) See Amazing's coverillo of the tomb of Jules Verne -- r.e.
(82) novelet by Austin Hall.-- r.e.
(83) And why shouldn't he? He wrote it, and this was before damon knight tore it to shreds -- r.e.
(84) that is, the top of her head -- r.e.
(85) Remember, this was written in 1934.

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Wollheim had been wearing invisible gloves strewn with ivy poison

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"We were by Rothman's last nite and among other things learned that Singleton is a suicide. It would not be true to say that we felt any great emotional shock at the news -- tho we regret it very much -- for we never got to know Tex very well personally, having but one exchange of correspondence with him. We met him at the Chicon, tho, and know his published writings, and had him catalogued as one of the most promising personalities in fandom, lacking in the good qualities of neither the extrovert nor the introvert. It is too bad that such a one should have taken action on an unwillingness to see it through."

- - - Jack Speer: SUSTAINING PROGRAM Spring F 41

THE ADVENTURES OF BOB & KOSO

PRINCESS HEIRRA

King FLEX, of the first tribe of Venus, sat thinking. This was a very hard task for King FLEX, for he was, as were all mankind of Venus, a caveman. He had a brilliant mind, but a mind that was as yet untrained. He knew that he did not know everything, he had seen great magic at the Space Navy Venus One and he knew that it was not magic, but knowledge. e was going to learn that knowledge, and he had done great steps in doing so, he had learned to think. It was still a great task, but it was getting simpler and simpler as time went on. He was a great man to his people, he who could think! He was now thinking of his daughter, Princess Heirra, he wanted her to be as the girls he sometimes saw at the station, he wanted her to know all that he didn't know, but how could he do that? He had taught her all he knew, but what to do now? He knew what to do, sure he did, he would go to see the Commander at the station and tell him what he wanted done. The Commander would help him, why not? Hadn't he helped him before when he wanted to learn? Hadn't he helped him speak English? Then why shouldn't he help him teach his daughter? With these thoughts in mind he made his way over the soft ground to the one outpost on Venus. The Space Navy Venus Station One! He was as the caveman of Earth, apelike, but with the mind that would someday be great, someday! He reached the station and was greeted by a guard, who at once brought him to the Commander.

"Hello, King FLEX" greeted the Commander.

"Hel-low, Earthman, I want to talk to you about girl-child, Heirra, I want her to be great thinker, can you help?" asked the caveman in his best English.

"You want her to learn about all things, King FLEX, you want her to rule the tribe after you are gone? Is that it?" asked the Commander.

"Yes, that right, I no can learn much more, but she smart, she can."

"OK, I'll see what can be done. Hey Bob, Koso, come here a moment," he called to Bob and Koso in the next room.

"What is it Jim," asked Bob coming into the room.

"We go some place," came the thoughts from Koso.

"Bob," said the Commander, "King FLEX wants to give his daughter a good education, you are going back to Mars tomorrow, so why don't you take her with you and leave her on Mars, so that she can go to school there?"

"That's OK with me Commander," answered Bob, "I'll be glad to do it."

As Bob and the Commander were talking, a rat faced Captain of the Space Navy sneaks away from the room, to a small storage room in the rear of the building. Here he takes out a super Cosmic-Mirror radio set and sets it up, in a moment he is talking to someone, "Hello, Hello Chief, listen to this:- Bob and Koso are going to take the Princess Heirra to Mars, you know what that means."

"Right my friend," came the voice from the receiver, "we will capture her and force King FLEX to overthrow the S.N. rule of his planet and then we'll take over. My friend you do sometime have a good idea, yea, sometime. Now get back to your post, before they find you are gone, and I'll take care of the Princess."

The rat-faced man quickly puts away the set and goes back to his post.

The next day (Earth time), the Princess, a very beautiful girl, one that would easily pass as an earth girl, Bob and Koso leave Venus in their small, red Space Navy ship for Mars, never dreaming that a plot has been hatched to stop them on the way.

At about the same time a small black ship leaves the dark, little known side of the Earth moon. This ship has no markings whatsoever on its sides and is well protected with Super ray shields and guns. Inside the black ship a queer man sits at a desk. He is an earth man, about 6 feet 3 inches tall and well built, but the most interesting part of him is his face. The lower part of it, from the eyes down, is

metal. Years ago he had tried to stop a needle ray and only succeeded in losing the lower half of his face. A skillful doctor had made him a new one of silver. He could have made one out of flesh, but the man wanted it out of silver. This man, with the silver face was "IRON FACE" the most vicious pirate of the day. He had stolen and murdered for the past 20 years and was as yet free. The Space Navy would give anything to get him, but they couldn't seem to be able to lay hands on him.

"The Navy ship is near, IRON FACE", called one of his men.

"Good" came the flat voice of IRON FACE, "call them by Mirrow radio and tell them to surrender".

Koso was sitting at the controls when the message came in. He quickly called Bob in and told him. "Good night," said Bob, "we can't fight them with the Princess aboard. Send out an SOS quick."

But IRON FACE had thrown a force screen around the Navy ship, and Koso couldn't get a message out. There was only one thing to do and that was to give up. A few minutes later they were all aboard the pirates' vessel and their Navy ship was being towed behind.

A thought came from Koso. "Great master, I got idea, do not breathe for next half-minute. Hold Princess nose, so she not breathe also. OK, me do."

"All set," came Bob's thoughts as he dashed to the Princess' side and put his hand over her face. She looked at Bob in surprise, but stood still and did not protest.

A moment later Koso said, "OK, you can breathe now, all OK, we go to Mars now."

"What do you mean Koso?" asked Bob.

"All pirates dead, me fixem. Me broke small ball full of poison gas, they breathe and die, you no breathe and live, see simple."

"Sure simple," replied Bob with a smile, "Come Koso let's get rid of these bodies."

All the pirates were thrown out into space, but look as they may they couldn't find IRON FACE, he had vanished. A small life boat was gone also.

"MMM-mmm," said Bob, "I guess he has a filter in that silver face of his and the gas didn't get him as it got the others. It must have dazed him, so that he had to get away fast. But someday we'll meet him again, eh Koso?"

"You right," said Koso, "but now we get the Princess to Mars before someone else try to stop us."

--- from Wiggins' GALAXY V1N2

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PLUTO

Koso was in Bob's Navy ship, alone. It was the first time he had been out on the regular route alone since he had met Bob years ago. Bob had broke his foot, while doing a force landing, and thus we find Koso completing the route alone. He was very gloomy, he missed Bob. It was a very dull job at its best, but being alone made it that much worse.

Pluto filled the sky ahead and Koso made ready for the landing.

There was only one outpost on Pluto and it only contained a leveled out landing field, a hanger, two buildings and a small rocket ship. Five men stayed out here, studying the planet, trying to find what could be used back home. A freighter comes once every two years with food, books, etc. while Bob and Koso or some other Navy men come about once every six months.

Koso was glad to have arrived, a gloomy world like Pluto was heaven after a three month trip alone.

He made the landing smoothly and was greeted by the five men. After a general talk on affairs back home, Koso settled down to make out his report. He checked over the food supply and to his amazement found that it was 1/2 used while the space freighter had just left fresh food, 6 months ago.

"Very strange," thought Koso to himself, "Those men, him know better than waste

eats like that." And then a thought drilled itself into his brain, he had not seen a gun around since he had landed. He went back to his ship and found that all his weapons had disappeared. "Maybe me right," he said as he went back to the main building. He did not seem surprised to find the room full of men.

"OK you martian fish," said a very peculiar earth man, "put up your hands."

Koso did so and looked at this earth man, yes, it was Iron Face, the bloodiest pirate of the Solar System. Bob and Koso had had a little trouble with him once before, but he had escaped, and had come to the one place where no one had thought of looking for him. And now he had Koso in his claws.

"Well, well," spoke Iron Face, "if we haven't gone and caught Bob's martian pet. John, take him out in his space ship and have him crash into this planet. You can get out, before it crashes, in your atomic motored space suit."

"Yes sir," said the pirate, John. "You, Koso, march!"

Koso with a needle gun in the center of his back did as he was told.

John marched him outside and while a fellow pirate held Koso at gun point, he got into his space suit. Then he made Koso get into the Navy ship and take off.

Koso kept his hands on the control board and pushed the rocket discharge lever all the way. At a close examination one would have seen an extra notch than is usually found with such a control. The pirate did not see it and a moment later could never see again. He had died. On pushing that lever all the way, Koso had opened a gas chanber in the nose of the ship, and the air in the ship had become poisonous. Koso, since he did not breathe, was not affected.

Koso turned his ship around and began firing at the pirates who had gone outside to watch Koso die. Not one of them was spared. Iron Face had met his equal and had died as he had lived with the gun.

THE END

-- from SOLOR V1N3, by Taurasi.

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"Wollheim has begun another 'Hymn of Hate' campaign!"

- -

"We hope Dick Wilson is successful in his move to get Taurasi to write a Bob and Kosoism story for Empress in which the two space-rovers are definitely killed."

- - - Jack Speer, in SUSTAINING PROGRAM F38

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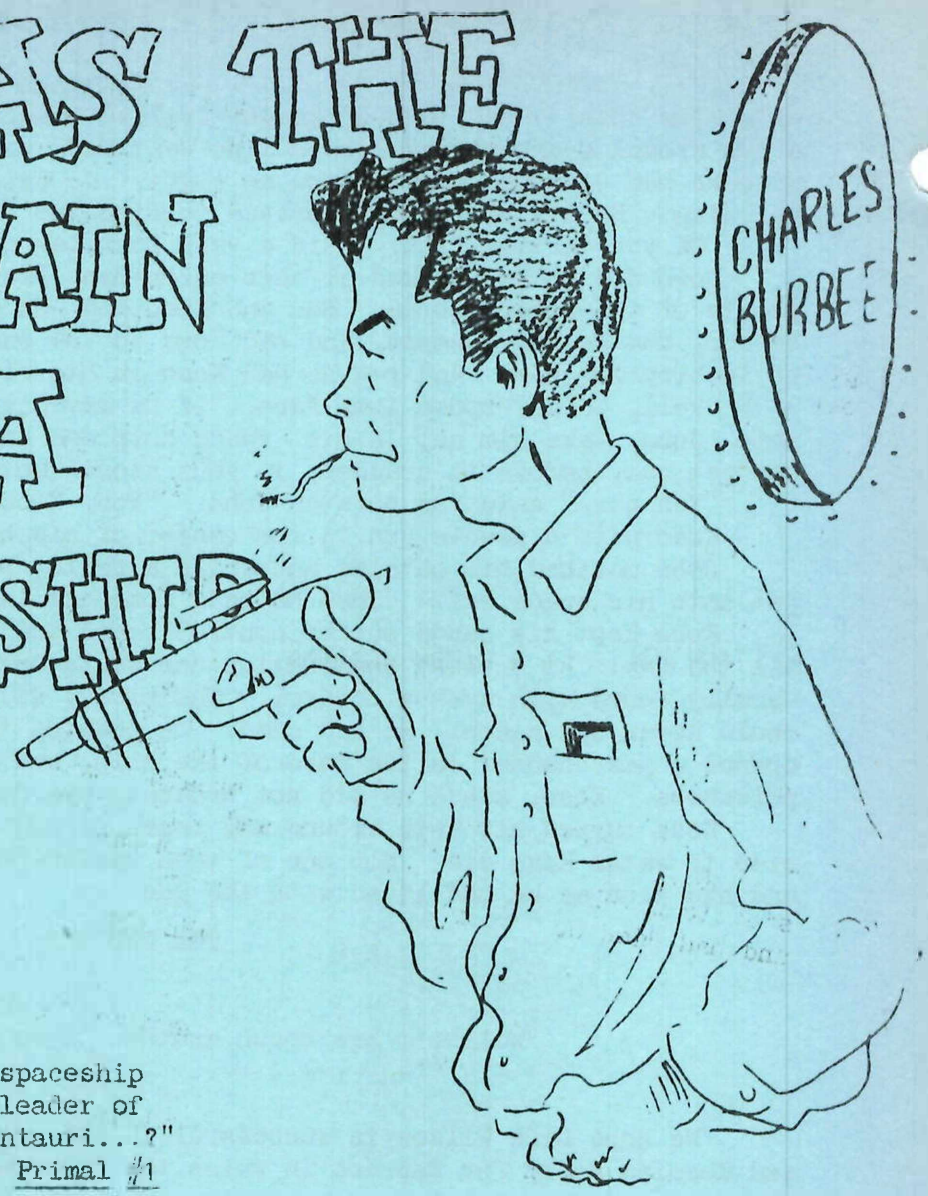
MARCHING SONG OF FOOFOO

Forward, FooFoo's legions,
Fight against the ghu:
Down with Wollheim, Wylie,
Lowndes, and Kornbluth too.
We shall be victorious
FooFoo on our side,
Strike the ghus with mighty poos and
Take them for a ride.

Forward forge our legions,
Fighting foul ghughu;
Up with FooFoo, down with ghughu,
Hail to Great FooFoo!

- - - Jack Speer, SCIENCE-FICTION SONG SHEET I

I WAS THE CAPTAIN OF A SPACESHIP



"Ever daydream of being a spaceship captain, you guys, or the leader of the first expedition to Centauri...?"
---Don Wilson in Primal #1

"Gunners alert," I said, and the word sped toward the sixty-nine gun stations in my craft.

Through the radarvisiscreen I saw Aldebaran IV swimming ominously up toward me and felt a surge of fear that I concealed from Lieutenant Fujima and Paymaster Jansen, who stood nearby, staring at the same screen.

This was it, the moment for which ten thousand million dollars had been spent and five thousand men had been expended.

"Fleet of spacecraft Green Zero Nine, Orange Zero Three," said the wall-speaker, which indicated that the lookout was ready and alert. If his voice wavered but a little, it was the reflection of the apprehension that stirred in all of us.

The screen shifted and now I could see them, too. There they were, six -- no, seven large battleships of the Zudar type, emerging at the plane of the ecliptic.

"Communication beam on," I said.

"C-beam on," said the control room speaker.

"Ahoy, flagship!" I said into the microphone, as the murky figure of an Aldebaran officer began to take shape in the screen. The image suddenly cleared into a razor-sharp picture as the compensators matched the beam.

"There is only one of you?" said the heavy-faced officer, his quick eyes taking in me and the two men who stood by my shoulder.

There was no way to avoid what was coming. I knew their scanners were out to the limit and I knew that they could detect the output of a radium-painted watch dial at two thousand parsecs. He knew damned well we were alone! One ship, against seven dreadnoughts! One cruiser with but sixty-nine guns against these 200-gun monsters!

"Come aboard for parley," said he. "Prepare for contact." He switched off. It had been a strictly unorthodox exchange, without any of the usual amenities or conventional trading of names, stations, missions.

"You can't go, sir," said Lieutenant Fujima.

"It's like walking naked into a dwarf star," said Jansen, his blue eyes alight with concern for his captain.

"Hell with it," I said. "This is what I've----"

"What does M-A-R-S spell, daddy?" said a childish voice.

Lieutenant Fujima's excitable Oriental face faded away for a moment. "Huh?" I mumbled. Then I said, "Break out the gig, Jansen, if you please...."

"How do you say that word? What does M-A-R-S spell, daddy?" It was that voice again.

This time Lieutenant Fujima's concerned face faded away entirely. The long sloping walls of my ship dimmed from sight, to be replaced by the angular lines of a living-room. I was lying on the couch, day-dreaming, and the voice was the voice of my little boy, laboriously spelling out a comic-book yarn.

"Huh?" I said again, looking up. Fujima and Jansen were gone now. So was the screen with those seven deadly battleships.

"Daddy!" his voice was impatient now. "I asked you something. Aren't you listening?"

"Sure, sure," I said. "What do you want?"

WWhat does M-A-R-S spell?"

"That spells Mars."

"What's that mean?"

"Mars is a planet. That is, it's like the Earth and it's several million miles away and the same sun shines there every day like it does here."

"Can you see it in the sky at night? Is it a star?"

"Well, not exactly a star. A star is really a sun, just like ours, only so far away that it's very small. But mars shines in the sky at night just like a star, so I guess you could call it a star."

"Could we see it from the back porch?"

"Sure, it's out there plain enough."

"Will you show it to me? I mean tonight when it gets dark?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll show you Mars and Venus and the rest of them."

"OK," he said, and went back to his comic book. I went back to my couch.

Silly, being jerked back to the little solar system when I was venturing into the dimly known and dangerous areas of the outer galaxy -- on a dangerous mission. Mars! Ha! That stupid little planet. My God, there were millions of other worlds, many of them peopled with strange and treacherous humans and half-humans, and some things that were even worse. And Aldebaran IV was a hell-hole of space.

In fact I was damned close to it right now. Already I could hear sounding in my ears the voder-voice saying "Captain's gig, ready to launch. Stand by."

Lieutenant Fujima and Paymaster Jansen stood by as I entered the small craft, I turned to them before the ensign shut the screwdoor. "If I'm not back in fifty minutes, you will please take command, Lieutenant Fujima, and perhaps Operation Six will be in order."

I stepped inside, their worried glances following me. They would not attempt further to dissuade me. They had served with me before, and knew my ways. They had utmost confidence in me...this time, though, their faith was being strained to the breaking point. After all, their eyes plainly said, when is a man of iron not a man of iron? The odds can't favor you all the time. You can't always win. I'd done it before enough times, but this seemed like THE time -- the time that comes to all adventurers -- the Last Time-- I gave them a tight-lipped smile as the screwdoor shut past their line of vision.

In a moment we had cast off and were headed toward the Aldebaran flagship which floated like some towering dinosaur dead ahead, blotting out, in its sheer immenseness, its home planet and occulting two of its escort.

I stood by the viewport. The ensign did not venture to speak. I stood alone and thought my own thoughts. This was it, certainly. If I could not convince the Aldebaran captain of my plan, my ship would be instantly annihilated and I would be tortured to death with infinite slowness with the royal family looking on and popping octopus eyes into their mouths like salted peanuts as they watched. As a refinement in torture, they'd eventually strap a perceptor on me so I could see without eyes and could observe them popping my own eyes into their mouths, also like salted peanuts.

I had not much time for such thoughts, or any thoughts. We were in grapnel range now and I heard the metallic chunk of the magnetic tow-block strike our hull and then another and another, and we were being pulled in, power off. Into the gigantic airlock we went, and in a moment our screwdoor was being opened. I stepped out into the company of three sullen guards...frozenfaced as fish, they were -- wait! The one in the middle! I knew that face! A grey memory flashed to me -- that dismal storm on Longar VII, no water, no heaters, and that face that begged for both.... I had saved this man's life. But! He'd been a prince, then! Now? A common soldier? I caught a fragment of thought from him -- he and I had practiced Aldebaran thought-transference during the long long night before we'd built a tiny power drive out of our suit-radios and made good our escape to one of Longar's moons where a small humanoid settlement existed. I was the only Earthman ever to understand the Aldebaran thought-level, which was why I had been chosen for this mission -- but no one knew that I could read Aldebaran minds. Not unless Rancik had told.

The fragment of thought was incomplete, almost incoherent, but evidently all he could provide me with at the moment: "The Blue One -- do not speak of snakes."

This was all I had to go on. It was almost not enough, I thought, as I stepped into the giant control-room and faced, at last, the Aldebaran captain.

"Well?" he said, hooking his double thumbs into his ears in a gesture of bravado. "Does one seek out the snake in his lair?"

They key word! I must progress with caution of the infinite sort.

He was waiting. I must make a major decision at once. Instantly. "When the visor is fogged, polaroid glasses are of little avail," I answered, spitting at his feet.

He stood perplexed. I could see him think. He knew that I was more aware of Aldebaran custom than he had at first supposed. Hi could no longer kill me out of hand and beg forgiveness because of traditional usage. We must first eat together.

"Bring food!" he ordered. And another major crisis was at hand.

Food was brought and he faced me over the smelly stuff. "Will you have meat first?" He grinned. An evil grin, it was, for now he felt he had me. His lieutenants clustered about him grinned also, taking cue from their captain. Their hands stole toward their guns. In a moment I would perhaps be a smoking piece of meat myself, lying on their spotless floor.

I picked up a slab of meat and cast it haughtily at his feet.

Shock dribbled through his brain. This, he thought, was inconceivable. His dismay was reflected on the faces of his men.

Swiftly he drew a sword and handed it to me. And now dismay flooded me in turn. What did I do now? I did not know the next step! This was a custom I had not heard of! What must I do? The fate of the solar system lay in my grasp -- what was I to do? I sought swiftly on the thought-level of Rancik. It was blank. Fear, yes, fear, swept over me now. I was in a spot. I could only guess at the next step. A bead of sweat stood out on my brow. I felt it there like a lump of ice.

"Daddy, where is my telescope?" a childish voice inquired.

The rapt faces of the Aldebarans dimmed out a moment, then came in strong once more.

"Do you know where my telescope is?" the voice went on.

The captain stepped forward. "Is the blade too heavy for Earthman's hands?" he seemed to say, but his voice was faint in my ears.

"Daddy, where is my telescope -- do you remember where I put it?"

The captain, his men, the giant control-room, flared up and vanished, came on again briefly, then was gone. Again I lay on my couch in my living room. My little boy was standing beside me, poking my arm.

"Uh, your telescope? Uh, where did you put it? Where is it?"

"That's what I'm asking you," said he. "Where is it? Are you lying on it?"

"No, no." I rolled over, and sure enough there was the telescope. He pounced on it. "Good! Now I can look for Mars when it gets dark. When will that be?"

I looked out the window. "Oh, maybe not for another half hour yet."

"OK, but as soon as it gets dark you're going to show me Mars, remember."

"Oh yes, yes, I'll show you Mars."

He went away. I leaned back, rubbing my back where the telescope had been poking me all this time. What a day. A lazy day. Sunday. Nothing to do and no energy to do it. This must be the ennui that creeps over the crews of spaceships beating the long long way to the stars. Like going to Alpha Centauri, for example. The first expedition would take years and years to get there. Boys would be men before the trip was over... People would be born...

"The trip'll be over soon, men," I said to the "gripe" party in my cabin, but it did not seem to impress them overmuch. They shuffled a bit and then one of them, a

ferret-faced Texan, spoke up: "Sure, Admiral, we know it'll be over, but the big question is, are we going to stand for Captain Birdsall's high-handed ways any more?"

I chuckled heartily at them. But no answering smile appeared on their faces. This was serious. Always before, I'd been able to jolly them into a better mood. They'd go away mollified, to be tractable for a long time. Not this time. Plenty in the wind, if the signs were right.

I sighed. Being Admiral of the first expedition to Centaurus was not easy. I was not supposed to interfere with the running of the ship. That was the captain's job. I could not interfere unless it was absolutely necessary. Section 8 in the Space Code, Revised Edition 2089 A.A. set forth my powers explicitly. I knew Section 8 by heart. More to the point, so did Captain Birdsall. He and I had been at loggerheads since 3006, one year after the trip began. And here it was 3031, twenty-six years out, and we were still at loggerheads. He hated interference from me and expressed himself on the subject frequently.

I had early divined that trouble would one day break out, and that our little spaceship world would be at war. I had set about recruiting passengers and crew to my side. I published a little magazine, of necessity on toilet-paper, and filled its pages with subtle propaganda. Out of a passenger and crew list of more than 2,000, I had 312 subscribers. Three people read each copy, which meant I could count on 936 people to go my way in case of trouble. This was not half (more, it was not even 50 percent) of those on board, but a strong showing nonetheless.

But this immediate trouble must be tended to.

I sat back in my green leather chair. "At it, men. What's old Birdballs done this time?"

"It's the women, Admiral. He won't portion them out according to lot number. Says it makes for random mating and the kids aren't according to specifications. That we don't like."

"I see," I said. "According to the sex sheet, 123 girls came of age this fiscal year and should be rapidly impregnated according to Paragraph 69 of our S.O. S.O. also states that they sould be apportioned to those men who carry the same number, as drawn from the Cat Pot. Since 109 young men are eligible, this means each man gets a girl and there will be 14 Free Agents Special Service, abbreviated Free---"

"Ya, and Birdsall wants to change all that. Says only 12 men qualify and each gets 10 girls. He wants the remaining three. Migod, Admiral! That's hell!"

I wanted to keep peace. "Men," I said heartily, "who's the best mumble-peg player in the bunch?"

The men shifted about and shot quick glances at each other.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but mumbly-peg just hasn't got the old savor any more."

"But how about your dart-game?" I inquired desperately.

"No, sir."

"And quoits?"

"No sir. And badminton, that was all the rage six months ago, that's out, too. The games just don't seem to have any flavor any mofe. Like potatoes without meat."

"This is serious, men. How is it that healthy young males like you aren't interested in physical games any more?"

"We like physical games, all right," said one. A laugh went around the group.

"We were wondering, sir, if you'd talk to the Captain for us about this."

I nodded. It was all I could do. These young men, who had been born aboard the ship, had heard of Spring and mating season only from books, yet they felt the season running wiling in their blood. I'd have to write a monograph on that. The Seasons in a Can. Mating season was not dependent on outside influences such as temperature or wind from a certain direction or the angle of the sunlight, but showed up even in men who had never set foot on earth and could not conceive of a change in temperature.

"Come back at 48, men," I said. "I'll have something for you then."

The Captain's blinker showed he would receive me. I strode into his cabin. He was sitting at his littered desk. "What?" he demanded shortly. Bad mood. No salute. No rising respectfully. He just sprawled there like a phallic symbol. Behind him lurked his furtive footman, Jike, who, rumor had it, served him beyond the call of footmen.

"Time for the portioning-out, Captain. How's it going?"

"You know, Admiral Tinhat. Don't look surprised. I know what's going on on my own ship."

"Sure, Captain." I boiled inwardly. I wanted to smash his grinning face. "I'd have told you. You just found out 15 minutes sooner."

"I know what you're going to ask -- no is the answer. I'm giving out those girls my way. Here's the list."

"But all these men are Birdsalls."

"Right. Going to do anything about it, Tinhat?"

I stepped forward, cold anger growing in me. I should have seen this sooner. A gun appeared in his hand, and I said, "This is mutiny. Put down that gun."

He hesitated. He'd gone too far. He probably wanted to turn back, but now the die was cast. "I was going to do it sooner or later anyway," he mumbled, half to me, half to himself. He pressed the trigger.

Some people overestimate the speed of a bullet, or the finger that tightens on the trigger of a blaster. In my earlier days as a Tiger fighting for Abhault, I'd learned a lot of things -- like how fast a man can move when he goes in low, using gravity and the strength of his legs to propel him...Birdsall's beam cut the grav panel and his head smacked the plastifloor a moment later, his cracked skull leaking his life away. I rose, whirling, to meet Jike's rush -- true to his nature he was coming at me from behind. A quick blow and he was done in.

A sudden sound at the door -- there stood the ship's officers, Birdsall men all, each armed with a blaster. I had one second to live, unless --

"It's time! It's dark enough to see the stars," cried a child's voice in my ear. In a haze, I picked up the desk -- it was strangely light -- and threw it at the unsubstantial men in the door. "Come on!" cried the child's voice. A hand shook my shoulder. The grim men in the doorway faded as the unreal desk ploughed into them. Then they were gone, the desk, the doorway, the cabin, all gone....

My little boy stood there, face eager and earnest. "Come on! You promised to show me Mars, and its dark enough now to see the stars."

I sat up. "Oh," I mumbled. "Telescope -- got your telescope?"

"Yes!" he shoved it at me. I got up slowly and followed him out to the back porch. The stars were out, not in force as yet since it was still early evening,

but most of the brighter ones were visible.

"Is that Mars?"

"No," I said. "I don't think so." I looked up at the stars. They did not impress me. There they were, each a star, perhaps each with its own planets, each planet peopled with human or quasi-human intelligences...."Stow it," said the Birdman from Xanoth to the Lizard Man from Hoth, as the Chinthian Serpent Man served them drinks....the hell with it. I searched for Mars. Let's see, now. Mars was called the Red Planet. That simplified things. All I had to do was find a star with a reddish glow and that would be it. I peered intently at one. It assumed a reddish glow as I stared at it. I looked at another one. It also took on a reddish tinge as I stared at it. And so did all the others.

It finally came to me. It struck me -- the staggering truth. I, who had in daydreams led the first expedition to Centaurus, I, who had captained a space ship, I, who had gone in -- alone -- where four Unattached Lensmen had failed, I, who had maneuvered a space ship through the Asteroid Belt with only the tip of my big toe -- I, the man who had done all these marvellous things and a thousand more -- I didn't know where Mars was!

I took the telescope, aimed it at a likely-looking star, adjusted the focus, and said to my little boy, "There you are, that's Mars."

"Is it really Mars?"

"Sure it's Mars. I know all the stars and planets. That's Mars. Now I'm going back in. You can look at Mars all you want."

I went back in, lay down on the couch. My God, it was pitiful how little I knew of science when put to the test. After reading science-fiction steadily since 1926 (you could tell by the way I walked) too!

Ah, well.

Why did they call Mars the Red Planet, anyhow? Stories I'd read always called the soil red. Some said "ochre turf" and others said "red desert" and others "red sand"....I wondered what it really was? Might not be red at all...what was the origin of the red theory, I wondered. Well, the first men to arrive on Mars would know..

Mars loomed large on the screen -- not in color for it was not a color screen. We had no portholes and could not know the actual color till we opened the doors -- after suitable tests had been made -- and saw with our own eyes. I turned to the navigator. "Congratulations, Mr Davis, you've made an exact planetfall...."

"Hell, Captain, you ta ught me all I know about astrogation," he said. "I didn't figure the course -- you did it all."

"Nevertheless, Mr Davis, it's going in the log that you did it."

"Thank you, sir."

I turned away as the control room door opened. Two oilers with blasters in hand entered. "What's this?" I bellowed.

"Mutiny, Captain, just mutiny," said one. His voice had a slight Teutonic accent. "We're claiming this planet for the Ninth Reich....."

--- from WILD HAIR #3
heading by Syd Stibbard

- -

"He moves with the leisurely assurance of an amiable bulldozer....."

- -

science fiction is escape literature

There was a guy who used to read science fiction. He used to read stories of the future. The future was wonderful. Everybody was scientists, and everybody had jobs, and all the world was one nation in which everybody lived peacefully together in cooperation instead of competition, and everything was done logically and scientific, and there weren't separate nations, and there weren't laws, and nobody cared much whether he made a lot of money, but the only thing important in life was living and advancing knowledge.

Gee, the guy would say every time he read a story about a wonderful world of the future like that, it would be swell to live in a place like that.

Then some dope came around and said how about all us guys who read science fiction putting ourselves on record as being in favor of a scientific, socialistic world state.

Communism, the guy said. It can't work. You can't do it.

Then this same guy who used to read science fiction would read some stories in which the earth was tyrannically controlled by a dictator, and there was a revolution and the hero set the world free and married the heroine. Always in the future the world was a dictatorship. How the dictatorship happened the story didn't explain, but the hero would awake, or arrive in the future at just the right time to lead the revolution.

He read Power, by Harl Vincent, and it was all the rotten capitalists suppressing the hard-working workers. Gee the guy said. He read The Contest of the Planets by John W. Campbell, and it was the same thing. He read It Can't Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis, and that was different, because it showed how dictatorship came. Gee, the guy said, and moved uncomfortably around in his seat, because his foot had fallen asleep. He read If This Goes On, by Robert Heinlein, and said, gee, what would Father Coughlin say if he read this, and say, doesn't this sound like the Christian Front.

There was some noise outside, and he closed the window, because he was too interested in reading his magazine, and the noise bothered him.

Then one day all the newspapers carried was Buck Rogers, and there was swing music on the radio all day, and no news broadcasts or Information Please, and a guy in a tin hat came around and beat this guy on the head and stuck a gun in his hands and said go on over there and lick those dirty reds and don't talk back or you'll get what that guy Moskowitz got and he pointed to a thing lying in the street with a bloody mess for a face.

And the guy lay in the trenches, and just as the shells were raining around him and he was beginning to explode little by little and the gas was beginning to turn his lungs into one mass of liquid puke he thought of Power and The Contest of the Planets and If This Goes On and Exiles of the Moon and Metropolis and The Revolt of the Scientists and The Final War and Enslaved Brains and he said how did all this happen why didn't somebody warn us who could have forseen all this why don't people tell me these things.

Science Fiction is Escape Literature.

--- Milt Rothman, in MILTY'S MAG, March 1940.

- -

"New York is a dead town, shutting the lights off before 5 A.M...."

- -

O, Homely Crittur!

I'd just waded acrost Black Water Creek and was climbin' up the next draw when I seen a little tow-headed tad maybe eight years old. He scuttled out from behind some brush and went a-kitin' up the line to pass the word there was a stranger loose in the hills. Most like, he'd been standin' revenooer watch there behind the bushes and faint-like in the distance I thought I could hear his scratchy wee voice a-yippin'.

"Paw! Maw! Ooh, Paw! They's a gal comin' up frum th' crick an' she got the by-damndest hawn on huh back you eveh did see!"

"Shecks, Bowie, you go 'long theh," snarled a deeper voice, a man's voice, I figured most likely. "Gals don't got no hawns on they back. Eff'n she was to take and have a hawn, it'd be more on huh haid, like."

"But hit ain't no jabbin' hawn. Hit's a tootin' hawn!"

"I tell you a jillion times, Bowie, I tell you doan git frash wif me else, 'fore God, I gonc whap you li'l...."

I rounded a clump of barberry bushes and came in sight of the little shake cabin and the man he taken a look at the big shiny maw of the Solid Silver Sousaphone peering over my off shoulder at him. Quick-like, he drops the little feller's shoulder, slaps hisself across the eyes with the back of his hand and exclaims something. I don't reckon it would look good if'n I was to repeat just what he said. It were pretty unlikely anyhow.

The kid slides off a ways out of the old man's reach and the lady of the house comes to the door wiping her hands on the back of her skirt. Down from the crest of the ridge comes a likely looking young boy maybe nineteen, maybe twenty, maybe older, maybe younger. I taken it he's just finished securing the still when he got the word about strangers in the hills. They all stands looking at me the way most folks seems to be apt to. I guess it must be the Solid Silver Sousaphone I carry. Most young gals don't carry them; not any more.

"What might be yer callin' name, young missy?" the man asks. I can tell he must like the cut of my jib the way he is combing cockleburrs out'n his whiskers with one hand and kind os slicking back his hair with the other. His missus she can tell this too and she gives me a look I take as disapprovin', like.

"Folks they call me Joan," I says, easy-like. "Joan the Ballad-Singer. I'm a fantasy-character by trade and I goes about teachin' folk-songs to the folk." Idle-like, I flip open the spit-trap of the Solid Silver Sousaphone and let out maybe a pint and a half of creek water that must have got in it when I was fording the stream. Anyhow so my fancy ran.

The old man fetched off his son's hat for him and he named himself as Toke Pillsbury and said his wife's name as Sarah and his sons' was Nance and Bowie.

Sarah explained that these was just mere short-names for their real ones which she reeled off as being Lo! I Saith Unto Thee: Pledge Thy Heart and Soul To Temperance Pillsbury and Gainsborough's Blue Bowie Pillsbury.

"They's a power of Pillsburys around these parts," she explained. "And we's got to give 'em distinctive names, like, to tell 'em one from the t'other."

"Then what might be the entire name of Toke Pillsbury?" I asks.

Everybody stood around getting full red about the face and then finally Toke he gouges in the dust with the toe of his big bare foot and he take and blurts out, "We'll figure like you just plain didn't ask that, Miss The Ballad-Singer, ma'am."

Kind of to shift the subject, like, little Bowie he pipe up and says, "Kin yez really pootle a chune on thet-theh hawn, hey?"

I sez why shore and I spits over my left shoulder for luck the way I most always does, wipes off my mouth with the back of my hand, makes a couple false passes at the mouth-piece, screwing up my face the meanwhile to get my embouchure all set. Then I placks down on a couple of the buttons and lets a long, sinuous blatt come coiling up out of the guts of the thing. It went swucketing across the valley to the side of the next mountain and by and by the echo comes roaring back like the sound of the damnedest great big old bean-fed giant ever was in all creation. It were profound. Real Profound.

"Crisc-aw-mighty!" says little Bowie, all awed and impressed.

"Ye say ye kin sing, too?" asks Rance, real timid. Right then, he blushes.

I agreed I could and they wanted to hear me so I gives 'em "Dixie", and "A Rebel I was Born and Bred, A Rebel Will I Die!" and "Lizard in the Pea-Patch", and "I'm the Gal Who Put the Sin in Cincinnati and Then I Put Some More in Baltimore", and for good measure I threw in "The Hut-Sut Song", and polished them off with my own special, super-unexpurgated version of "Reilly's Daughter" that had mules blushing for two miles upwind and three down.

"Holy ding-bing mackerel!" squalls old Toke, "Yez has got one verse I ain't never even heard befoh. The one about the coal bucket, I mean."

"That'n I got off the wall of a powder-room in Las Vegas," I told him. "It's such a fancy place they got silver-dollar pay-toilets. Third booth in from the door, it were ... "

"You shoulda' stayed in Las Vegas;" says a voice, real grittish, like.

I knowed someone was a-comin' on account of the way the folks had started lookin' over my shoulder all bug-eyed. I turns around slow and casual and near flips my cookies at sight of the homliest old he-critter I ever seen.

He stood there leanin' on a rusty old cavalry saber with a kink in the middle of it and he was dressed in what must have once been an officer's uniform from the War Between the States. On top of his head was the slouchin'est old slouch hat you might ever imagine. Under it his hair started out and came down all over like a cow spittin' on a flat rock. I suppose if you was to wash his hair it might have been white or anyhow grey but it wouldn't've been worth the bother no-how, because a mess like that is still a mess even when it's clean. Besides there wasn't even that much water due to come down Black Water Creek for the next two leap-years. As it was, his hair was all matted together and black and lumpy like the hind side of a heifer in the spring after she's been shut in the barn all winder, only full of twigs and burdocks and cockleburrs and Good Lord only knows what kind of little varmints. I didn't look that close, I can tell you, gentlemen.

I could see one eye, all beady and glittery through the frowse of his hair hanging down and I could tell where his mouth was by calculating the center of the brownish-yellow patch of tobacco juice in his whiskers and of course I could see his great long nose and there was a big wart -- or maybe it was a mole -- on the end of it, as big as a june-bug and about the same color, I reckon. I figure I'm in my rights, callin' him a mess.

"This here's Miss Joan The Ballad-Singer, Mister Cottrell," Toke introduced us.

I framped a couple notes out of the Solid Silver Sousaphone at him and improvised:

O, Mister Cottrell,
I don't like yore smell!

He faunched backwards, pawin' at his face like there was a spark in his eye. "Damn you," he snarled, "drain out thet hawn! You is done spray slobber all over me!"

I says 'scuse me, I didn't take it you'd be so fastidious but all the same I flip open the trap and got a few more ounces of creek-water, three minnows and a small snappin' turtle. "I craves yore goddam pardon," I says, cold-like, because I didn't, really. I can spot the villain of the piece quick's the next one and it were just like I was still working for Mister Wellman.

"You!" he yells, real fierce. "You with that goddam, cotton-pickin', go-to-hell hawn! You know when you lets drive with that ungodly great loud racket a li'l while back? Well, my cayuse name of Sear-Spring heard that and he took up his heels and lit out acrost the holler and I chased him for all I was worth but, hell, the low mountains he weren't even touchin'. Now I come over here to say as long as you druv off my cayuse it's up to you to get him back."

"Sear-Spring's a funny kind of name for a hoss," I says. "How come you call him that?"

"I cotched the idea from Roy Rogers," he admits. "Dammit, is you gone stand here all evenin' or is you gone fotch back my hoss?"

I lets go another blatt from my Solid Silver Sousaphone right smack-dab in his face.

O, Mister Cottrell,
You go plumb to hell!

He got all mad and bristly an that and began to spit and yowl and claw the air up a fair storm. "By jing, I ain't a critter to fritter with, nosirree-Bob! You don't believe me, just go 'round and ask the folks in Lawrence, Kansas!"

I peered at him closer though it were about as much as my stomach could handle. "Cottrell, hell!" I yell. "Yore real name's Quantrill, ain't it?"

"That's right," he rasps. "And I 'low you hafta' admit I ain't been around all these years without I knows a sufficience about the black arts. You crossed me and now you is gone find that out the hard way!"

With that, he scribed a pentagram in the dust around me afore I could hardly move and he flang down a packet of herbs and stuff and he made a couple of passes at it with his dirty old hands and it puffed into fire and let loose with the damnedest stink I ever laid eyes on.

"D'dthagh udh hcinnth!" he screeched, throwin' his head way back and rollin' his eyes up in his head till just the whites showed (only they wasn't really white, but more a dirty yellow, like.) "Pecora! Nebel! Pilbrico!" He flang some more stuff on the fire and it flared up all green flame and reddish-brown smoke. "KYHOOYA!"

Just then I could feel a vagrant evening breeze come rustlin' along, pokin' and pryin' into things the way a breeze will do and I couldn't hardly make me a budge but I fit and strained and got me a purchase on the top coil of the Solid Silver Sousaphone and it went through me like a cool drink of water and I felt the spell slip a mite and I hooked two fingers into the pocket of my old hickory shirt and I got out the photograph I carry there over my heart with my sack of Bull Durham and I thought how it was a real, honest-for-true photograph and not just a press-printed picture from a halftone and I was real glad for this — glad that it was of who it was of because the more I thought about it the more I could see this might just turn out all right after all and I gauged the breeze real careful and let go the corner of the photo just as it gusted a little stronger and sure enough, praise be, it drifted straight and true over the lines of the pentagram and I stood there remembering how a scientific feller told me once that in a real photograph the picture is made up of little teentsy specks of real silver and everybody that reads fantasy mags at all knows silver is the best thing there is when you're up against witchcraft and just then the photo lit spang in the midst of old Quantrill's hoodoo fire and there was such a bright white flareup that none of us could see a thing but we heard a great whine and a howl and a screech and a scream of a high-powered motor burnin' itself to pieces with speed and I see something like a fat white potato-beetle, an almighty big potato-beetle longer'n a tall man is high, a kind of sort of automobile with a man's head a-stickin' out the top of it with his long hair flyin' all which-way and his eyes burnin' like live coals and a cigaret in the middle of his mouth and his lips pulled back around it to bare his teeth and his ears pinned flat to his head by the screaming wind and the car and him came bucketing down the mountain and pranged Cle Quantrill square in the gut and spattered him over seventeen acres of mountain — and the rush of the thing put out the hoodoo fire and scattered the dust the pentagram was drawed in and all at once I was free and rubbin' my eyes and there wasn't any sign of what had taken Mister Quantrill from this vale of tears except maybe a faint sound of an echo from that great motor dyin' in the distant mountains and I let out a little whoosh.

"What in tarnation were that, Miss Joan?" Toke asked, all hushed like.

"I tell you true, ladies and gentlemen, what you just seen was the immortal spirit of James Dean come back from eternal glory to save the lily-white neck of one of his most faithful fans," I says. "I truly hate to think where I'd be right this minute if I'd been a Presley fan instead of a James Dean fan!" I shuddered coarsely and mopped the sweat off my forehead with the shag end of Toke's whiskers, asking his pardon.

"Elvis couldn't've saved you, huh?" says little Bowie. "Huh?"

"Never in a scarcely," I said. "Even James Dean couldn't've if it hadn't of been for Old Quantrill having fought on the Confederate side and then losin' his hoss. That were what really done for it, losin' his hoss."

Rance got a speculative glint in his eye. "I think I begin to see what you mean," he said. "It wasn't till he lost his hoss that he got under the special power of James Dean. Losin' his hoss made him..."

"You guessed it," I said. "A Rebel Without a Cayuse!"

"Well I' ll be a [illegible]!" gasped Toke Pillsbury.

"When'd you find out?" I ast him.

-- Dean Grennell, from Phyllis Economou's PHLOTSAM 10

OH, DON'T BOTHER GETTING UP

Hooray, hooray for judgement day,
With all our fanzines packed away,
With all our typers nice and quiet
It will be swell you can't deny it.
FAPA never was so gay,
Hooray, hooray for judgement day.

Hooray, again for judgement day,
With little whispers: "Think we may
Do a one-shot fanzine right this minute?"
With plenty of Stibbic's pictures in it.
Oh, let's do it right away.
Hooray, Shazam! for judgement day.

Adam and Eve, this is your spawn,
What a chance for a Worldacon.
Stencils flying, shouts of glee,
"This is what fandom means to me"
All post-mailings have been stopped,
Schweinerei...Burbee's been topped!
Fitzgerald and I, hand in glove,
Publish a fanzine called "Above"

Hooray, hooray for judgement day,
Who, for this, is too blasé?
"Poeta nascitur, non fit"
Okay, fellows, this is it.
The Worldacon is here to stay,
Hooray, Shazam! for judgement day.

--- Bill Rotsler, in MASQUE 5

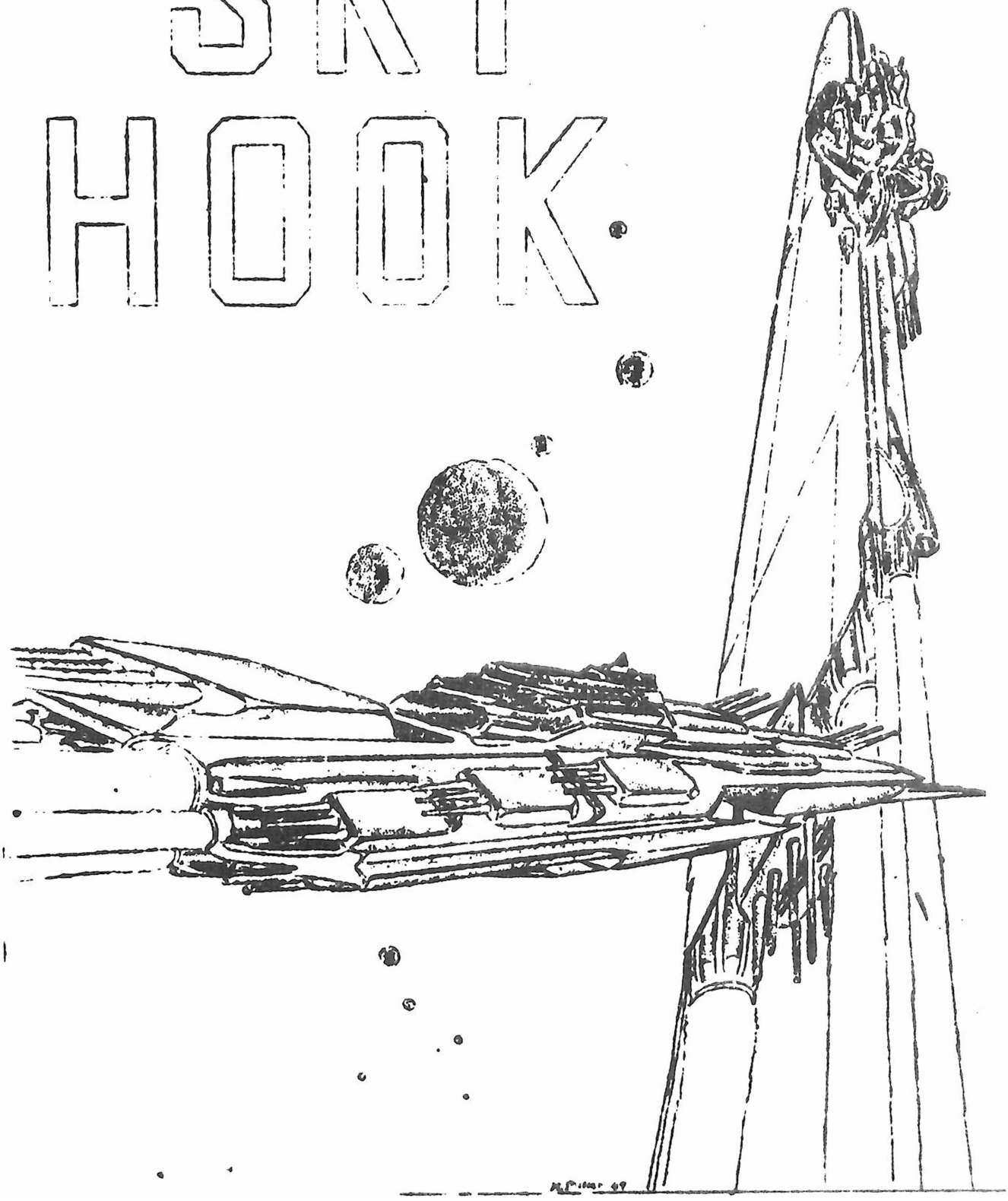
RULEPROOF

If no generalization is true, we should have some art work in FAPA which can stand alone. Well, we do; despite its occasional clumsiness, mimeography has been used for genuine, and respectable, art work, some of which we present here.

Being essentially line work, mimeographed art (and ditto work like Manning's insofar as it imitates mimeo) to stand alone demands an almost florid draftsmanship -- much as a pianist must make up in bravura and speed for the deficiencies of his instrument -- rather than simplicity. FAPA artists have used the latter quality, in a memorable way, only in media we can't reproduce here: the silkscreen and airbrush. But let's remember that they did manage admirably in other styles than that common to our folio.

Howard Miller, one of the Los Angeles people, contributed a number of highly-skilled pieces of art work to FAPA's mailings before being proved (or, possibly, disproved) to be a pen name of Don Wilson (unless it was vice-versa). Most of them were in the Hubert Rogersish style of the Sky Hook cover opposite.

SKY HOOK



Bjo Wells Trimble was [for she tells me she'll have dropped out by this time] a sparkplug in the revival of the LASFS after the radioactivity from the Insurgent Wars had died down. Having been desired not to illustrate her work with Another Goddamn Sq**rr*l Joke, we give you a cover from Ron Ellik's BAREAN which well displays her feminine and Finlayesque style and subject-matter.

The Bartan 6

Russ Manning was one of Bill Rotsler's art-school friends who made few appearances in FAPA outside the monumental MASQUE c/w AND FOLLOW SLOWLY. This illo is from the Manning Sketchbook in that zine.

Jean Young is another of the few FAPA artists who have published more or less connected folios of their work as a main activity. From her folio "Lost in the Stars" we've selected DRAGON SKY as a good case of her strongly Klee-influenced style.

fault. I wasn't talking about scientists running the world. I was just wondering if a scientist ought to make something deadly like atomic energy at a time when it would surely be used to kill people. Of course, in a capitalist world, with wars every 25 years or so, it would be a silly boy who would wait until after a war to finish a thing, because it would only be used during the next war. Under that idea, then, a truly pacifistic scientist must work on only those things which could never be used in a war at all, such as fertilizers, vitamins, etc. So I guess it doesn't really make much difference whether they get atomic energy now or after the war, because they'll ruin themselves with it sooner or later, and maybe it'll be a good thing."

-- Rothman in MILTY'S MAG Fall 1940

LATER

Sing a song of Bombsville --
Like, I wanna split.
Got no eyes to make the
Radioactive bit.
When the things are dropping,
Squares'll start to yell,
"How come no one <u>told</u> me?"

See you, Jim, in Hell.

--- Norm Clarke in DESCANT 2

ALL KNOWLEDGE FOR OUR PROVINCE

FAPA's membership has a catholicity of interests and a boldness about challenging Authority in any field which qualifies us, I think, for the brag implicit in the heading for this article section; you can judge of that. And -- what puts us one up on Bacon -- when we really buckle to it, we do not write about the sciences like a Lord Chancellor, but like folk who know how. Perhaps because some of us really are and do.

Fan articles, whose characteristics I've remarked on in the preface, fall into three rough classes, in which I've grouped them here.

DIDN'T THEY RAMBLE

(One of the most characteristic interactions in FAPA is the argument carried on in the form of mailing comments; but it's also one of the hardest to capture, because MCs themselves are normally concise to the point of being cryptic and a multi-way exchange is devilishly difficult to track down and present in intelligible format.

(There are a few exchanges, though, which are lengthy enough to stand as articles, involve only two main combatants, and matters of historic or general interest. The ones presented here also have the virtue of illustrating the ideal and normal course of development of MC exchanges -- ideally they should stick somewhere near the subject, as with the Rothman-Graham exchange; as a rule they have more overtones of the Rothman-Speer wrangle, which started out with Rothman's attempt to put down Van Houten and ended up with Rothman trying to prove that Jack Speer was a bloody-handed oppressor of the workers. We begin with an extract from MILTY'S MAG for March 1941:)

DEBATE

And the fellow joined the Pro-Scientists, and he said: Hear ye, People. Science is good, not bad. Science has lifted us out of the abyss of ignorance into the joy of civilization. Science has made comfort for you, has given you the benefits of culture, of health, of cleanliness, of knowledge. Science will lead you on to the ultimate supreme being which is the aim of our civilization.

And the sharecropper whose face was thin with slow starvation, the worker whose job was removed by the rolling-plate steel mill, the soldier who was smashed by the two-ton bomb, the union man who was beaten by the Ford mercenaries, all of them turned and said: You, Prophet, are false. Science has given <u>us</u> nothing. Science only takes from us. For science is but the tool of an economic system. As long as the economic system is wrong, science expanding to infinity cannot do us good, but on the contrary, will continue to grind us into the dust.

Van Houten, you and the Pro-Scientists are on the wrong road. True, science, itself, has done nothing wrong. But all the preaching, all of the idealistic stories written by all the science fiction magazines in the world will not convince the people of the world that science is not really bad, as long as the facts which stare them in the face seem to show that increasing science brings increasing unhappiness to them.

These unpleasant facts are ones that are outside of the realm of science. They are the facts of economics and of sociology. Scientists are too busy with science to make a civilization. That is the job of the non-scientists. Scientists have built their science. The non-scientists still have the job of making civilization.

Science does not make civilization. Science merely gives the tools whereby man can save himself some leisure with which to make a civilization. The Greeks had a civilization with a minimum of science, but this was made possible by the use of slavery, which reserved the civilization

for only the privileged few. Without science or slaves, man is too busy making a living to think of culture.

You have the science now, you non-scientists. Make the civilization. Then the protection of science will take care of itself. It will not be up to the puny little science fiction fans to take it into their little hands to protect science. For them it will be quite obvious to all that science is "good". Now, with unhappiness in the world, it is quite obvious to the "average" person that science is not all it might be. It did not take "bad" science fiction stories to show them that. And all of the "protection" that science fiction will do cannot change that opinion, as long as science appears to be "bad".

With this viewpoint we might examine the statements of the Pro-Scientists more rigorously. Fortunately, an official statement of their aims is given in "The Damn Thing".

"Since, science has been the instrument by means of which mankind has thrown off the shackles of ignorance and superstition which bound him since he arose from the beast..."

We might point out that most people are still pretty religious and that astrology is still going stronger than ever. Whatever enlightenment man may have obtained in literature, the arts, and the pretty ways of living, is counterbalanced by the supreme ignorance that sill reigns when it comes to a system of economics which enables all to live to his fullest capacities -- which is what really makes civilization.

"Since, it is to science that we owe our present level of enlightenment and civilization..."

This simply repeats the first clause, and the answer is a simple repetition: What enlightenment and what civilization?

"Since, science points the way to the solution of every problem which faces humanity..."

These seem to be axioms which Mr. Van Houten and followers take for granted. We cannot take them for granted, however, Mr. Van Houten is going to have to prove this statement. Mr. Van Houten is going to have to show exactly how "Science" points the way to the solution of the following problems: How to make the newspapers print the truth; how Johnny Jones can keep from going hungry if he doesn't have any money wherewith to buy a dinner; how to prevent the United States from going fascist (which it is at present doing) while at the same time competing economically and militaristically with the fascist nations; how to stop the chain of economic struggles of which this war is a phase.

And oh, so many questions which are concrete and require a concrete answer. How can "Science" point the way toward anything? For, as we have said, science is a tool to be used by man in the conquering of his environment. The use to which man puts the science is entirely outside of the science. The science has nothing to do with it.

It is people who make civilizations, using the science that the scientists have made. It is too much of an all-absorbing task to learn science. Scientists cannot learn science and at the same time make civilization. It is too much of a job for a person to do.

"It appears evident that the future of civilization depends on the further unhampered advance of science." The above holds for this also, we imagine.

"Since, recent trends in science fiction tend to act as an apology and in extreme cases a condemnation, of scientific progress..."

Anything that science fiction may have been doing in regards to science is no recent trend. It has been going on all the time, and, indeed, the classic example of this menace is Frankenstein, one of the oldest of science fiction.

Finally: "Therefore be it resolved: that fandom concentrate its energies upon clearing away the barriers against scientific progress. Especially those placed in its path by the pernicious propaganda disseminated thru the medium of science fiction pulps."

Listen, bud, the stuff that is written in science fiction magazines doesn't have the effect of a ripple compared with the flood of actual events. What barriers there are to scientific progress are 99.44% placed there by the world itself, not by any subtle conditioning of the mind caused by reading science fiction. For I have read science fiction for ten years, and am more in love with science than ever. For I also realize that science does not do anything. It is only people that do things. People motivated and controlled by the economic systems that the people have made.

To clear away the barriers before science, don't waste your time jousting with the windmill of science fiction. That is not the real foe. The real foe is a set of habits ingrained in people and maintained by those in power which says that the supreme motive of life is to make a profit, that it is good to be conservative, that at one time exalts the spirit of the individual and at the same time says it will do the kid good to be in the army for a year and learn some discipline -- a set of habits that maintains conflict among people and uses up all their energy in the conflict so that they have nothing left with which to advance in the things that count.

If you want to crusade for something, crusade for a set of habits which despises profits and which holds that the welfare of the people of the world as a whole lies above the community.

Do that, and science will take care of itself.

(And from mailing comments on Speer's SUSTAINING PROGRAM:) The astonishing thing about all this stuff is that it is almost entirely done sans dummy. Yup, composed right on the stencil. Isn't Speer marvellous? Whether or not scientists have a right to make decisions outside of their specialty is a moot point. It may be true that in the long run all research will be good, but it takes a strong will and a chilly disposition to keep working on something that is certain to

wreak immediate havoc. The argument is not a simple one and has many points on both sides.

It is a pity that the lovely quoatation on page four happened to be taken from W.J. Cameron, of the Ford Motor Company. Cameron is an awfully nice guy. His talks on the radio are so awfully nice. The dear peepul are so awfully nicely taken in by this awfully nice guy, because all he is to them is a rather dry voice from the loudspeaker. A person who knows exactly who and what this W.J. Cameron really is must choke with nausea upon listening to the honey-like talks that are the price one must pay in order to listen to the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. For Cameron is one of America's leading Fascists, and stooge of No. 1 Fascist Henry Ford. (And this is not merely a case of calling Fascist to a person whom you do not like. It has been known for years.)

Über die Schönheit and Pendant are among the best writing Speer has done. Concerning the multitudes of unimportant details to know, science is there to make rules out of those multitudes of details. You don't have to remember that with a pressure of 800 mm the volume is 354 cc, with a pressure of 850 mm the vol is 334 cc, with p 900 mm v is 315 cc. Your notebook remembers all that for you. All you have to remember is that vp=k. Most stuff is right in books, and if you know where to find them there is no sense in memorizing them, but there is a certain amount of stuff you have to have right in your head, for you can't reason in a vacuum.

Didn't one of the Arisians in Grey Lensman say: Given one fact, a competent mind could visualize the universe?

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"That's just the light from the neon sign."

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(Speer in RAMBLINGS NO. 9 had some:)

SPACE DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS REPLIES TO MILTY

We can say amen to most of the conclusions of Rothman's article in the current Milty's Mag re the Pro-Scientists, but there are some details on which we want to take exception.

In the first place, the reference to labor unionizers being beaten up by Ford's rowdies is a bit one-sided, in view of the fact that organized labor has contributed well over half of the violence that has been connected with unionization. And we have never been sympathetic to organized labor. Like Westbrook Pegler, we feel that they have set themselves up as a government coexisting with our own, an "invisible empire", but one not run on the republican lines that are designed to serve the wishes of the majority of the whole citizenry. Moreover, rejecting as we do communism with a small c, we deny the need for labor unions to exist, feeling that on the whole they have militated against the general economic well-being, that such benefits as they have brot could have been gained much more easily and securely and with less blood and tears had half the devotion shown in organizing la or been turned into the legitimate sphere of political activity. If this be treason, make the most of it.

We do not see that his remarks anent out quoteworthy quote from W J Cameron are to the point. In the first place, it is obvious that Cameron no more

wrote that speech than Joe Louis writes the articles in Liberty on Why I Am a Champion. The speech was written by some unknown person who had very good insight into the question of science' relation to present and future events, and the fact that someone known as America's Number Two Fascist spoke the words doesn't make them unacceptable. Indeed, the speech would still be a good one even if Cameron himself had written it. Why, we'd even quote from Gentle Joe or Karlemagne if one of 'em said something we agreed with and thot worth repeating.

Incidentally, we wonder if Milt has any evidence to back up his assumption that the dear pee-pul are taken in by those speeches over the Ford Sunday Evening Hours. It is easy to think that something said publicly by someone, something that you disagree with 100%, is being lapped up like milk by the great unthinking herd of people, and to become very perturbed over it. But talk to the people and see whether they actually have fallen hook. line, and sinker. It's a hard thing for an intellectual to realize that intellectuals do not stand alone; but it has been our observation that virtually all Caucasians have minds capable of quite deep thinking at times, and that those times are much more frequent than we, who see them only when they're not alone, realize. Apparently the present round, i e intervention in the European War, is going to go to the rabble-rousers, but I am not prepared to consider that as conclusive evidence that the last syllable should forever be dropped from Homo sapiens' name.

To return to Gregor's (6) article on the Pro-Scientists, which we swung away from a couple of paragrafs back, we'd like to question an unspoken assumption that seems to have been accepted by both Rothman and Van Houten. Both seem to take it for granted that there is a great and threatening body of anti-scientific sentiment among the American people: indeed, that the majority of them are very suspicious of scientific progress and will tend to oppose it. I don't think that this is so. The really sickening amount of pro-scientific propaganda that appears in all the history books in the form of "We push a button and light floods the room", etc, coupled with the undeniable evidence on every hand that we are better off than our forefathers, sees to it, I think, that people appreciate the material advantages that science has brot them; and articles like the New Republic's Shape of Everyday Things to Come reprinted in the Reader's Digest, the world fairs, and commercial advertising and so on, hold constantly before then the idea that the future will be yet better thru science. Such anti-scientific sentiment as exists, we believe, is largely in old-fashioned people who dislike the loss of the beloved social activities and traditions of the past, the quilting bees, the sleigh rides, the grandparents in the home, the church socials, and so on. Some fundamentalists among the religious dislike the conclusions science is teaching in the public schools (monkey laws are almost disregarded in the states where they exist), and some philosophers don't like science' materialism. Yes, and some blame is put on science for the destructiveness of modern warfare. But none of these blobs of public opinion seem to me to be threateningly large, and indeed they are on the wane. You will find almost no one who will admit that he opposes science per se, but you may find many who think scientists might well change the direction of their work somewhat.

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(6) "Lee Gregor" was a Rothman pename.

Finally, a word of explanation on something in my Über die Schönheit which Milt doesn't seem to have understood. It is quite true that we must leave it to books to remember for us the melting point of iron and the freezing point of mercury and so on. That is a fact, but a fact whose existence I protest. My main point, however, rested on the distinction of two different kinds of facts. The one kind, the general rules which hold in all situations to which they can be applied (such as "The melting point of iron is blank degrees Centigrade" or "The elasticity of this kind of celluloid is blank"), are interrelated in a way that strongly suggests that they can be reduced to a very few broad principles, perhaps to one principle. This idea I have discussed at length in "Will Science Ever Turn the Corner?", which was published in a couple of Comet publications some years back. But with just the principles we are in a vacuum, a lawn mower without a lawn to mow. The world to which the principles must be applied consists of another kind of facts, which I call factual details. The principles of gunnery are put into practice on an individual terrain, whose configurations can only be learned by going to the terrain itself or to a map made from the terrain itself. In figuring how to fire the gun, you can tell what the shell's inertia is going to be from a knowledge of its mass and the velocity at which it will be travelling. You cannot tell from this valley what the next valley looks like. You cannot tell from Roosevelt's being president now that Hoover beat Smith in 1928, or that Williams will defeat Johnston in 1944. These are factual details, occurring at only one point in time or space, and do not necessarily follow from the other factual details around them, whereas the density of ice at 50 degrees below zero does necessarily follow from other known characteristics of ice. The universal principles science may someday reduce to simple things that can be carried around in our heads; the physical details of the universe to which they must be applied never can be. And that, I think, is a great pity.

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Elmer is not sublimated

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(Rothman fired back in MILTY'S MAG for June, 1941:)

(Hold your hats and keep your arms inside the car.) Jack Speer's theme song for the last mailing seems to have been "Doing the Reactionary", for which Jack is not to be blamed too much. It takes the utmost effort for a government clerk to keep from being swallowed up in the bureaucracy within which he works. It is hard enough when you keep in touch with liberalism as well as you can, but when you believe in that bureaucracy in the first place, as Jack does, you are sunk. What Jack needs is to spend less time in his Philosophy Club and more time among the people of whom he speaks with so much authority.

Jack spent a page or so on a fraction of a sentence which I used purely for the sake of rhetoric, so to keep the books straight and comply with the rulings of the Federal Communications Commission I'll have to give at least as much space in reply. This Union question doesn't have much business in a science fiction fanmag, I know, but the trouble is, some of you readers who are not as well informed as you might be will read what Jack had to say about unions and think to yourself this guy Speer has always struck me as being pretty intelligent and straight thinking. If

this is his opinion concerning unions, then they must be pretty bad things.

Most of the time you might be pretty safe in taking Jack's opinion, but unfortunately, in this tremendously important matter Jack blew off his mouth without knowing the slightest thing about what he was speaking. For perhaps the first time, the philosophic and objective Speer gave an opinion on a subject of which he is ignorant. How much do you think an opinion like that is worth?

How do I know Speer is ignorant about labor unions? (1) By knowledge of his background and reading matter. (2) By looking at what he wrote in Ramblings.

Speer's father is a lawyer, and Jack is preparing to become a lawyer; he identified himself with the managing class rather than the working class. It is probable that he has never attended a union meeting (other than the insipid government workers' unions) in his life, and has no first hand information as to the philosophy and practice of labor unionism. For second-hand information there can be only his reading. What does he read? The professional newspapers.

The professional newspapers which a government agency, the Federal Trade Commission, has shown are controlled by big business. The professional newspapers which have never attempted to tell the other side of the story concerning labor, and which have consistently slanted their contents to suit the advertisers. If Speer's reading is confined to those sources, then it is not merely possible or probable that he is ignorant about labor, but it is certain that he is misinformed. Has Speer read anything which tells the other side? Friday, In Fact, PM, union newspapers? That is for him to say.

#

Suppose we examine Speer's own statements, sentence by sentence, as he is wont to do with the statements of others. "...in view of the fact that organized labor has contributed well over half the violence that has been connected with unionization." In Fact says: "...there are now 50 volumes of LaFollette committee reports showing that big business men and not labor are generally to blame for all strike violence." This LaFolette report, abbreviated into a book called "The Labor Spy Racket" (which is in my bookcase and which Jack is welcome to borrow) shows that one side only being armed (for which big business spends many millions every year), the victims are generally those on the other side, i.e., labor. For every law "enforcement" officer hurt there are 100 workmen hurt.

"...we feel that they have set themselves up as a government coexisting with our own, an 'invisible empire', but one not run on the republican lines that are designed to serve the wishes of the majority of the whole citizenry." (As an off-side remark -- watch these people who use the word "republican" rather than "democratic.") Unions exist for the purpose of increasing the standard of living of the working class and keeping it there. Theirs is the very pragmatic purpose of getting as much for their members as they can. The working class is the majority of the citizenry. Speer must think that the unions exist for the benefit of the people that "run" them, rather than the membership. It doesn't occur to him that when tens of thousands of workers, many of them with families to feed, and with little enough money to keep going in normal times, go out on strike, with the future blank, they are going something pretty serious, and that maybe they mean what they are doing.

"Moreover, rejecting as we do communism with a small c, we deny the need for labor unions to exist, feeling that on the whole they have militated against the general economic well-being, that such benefits as they have brot could have been gained much more easily and securely and with less blood and tears had half the devotion shown in organizing labor been turned into the legitimate sphere of political activity." As the semanticists would put it, this seems to me to be a group of meaningless noises strung together. Sometimes I wonder whether it is worthwhile answering this sentence, it is such a ridiculous thing. This is not a philosophy club. We are not interested in whether Jack "feels" that they have militated against the general well-being. We want to look up figures and facts and find out how much has been gained in wages and better conditions and the incalculable gains of morale and pride.

Jack should define what he means by "the legitimate sphere of political activity." Be that as it may, a lobby to operate in opposition to the powerful lobbies of business must be pretty strong to get anywhere. An individual worker couldn't be expected to get anywhere, could he? But a powerful lobby means an organization, and an organization is a union. Jack contradicts himself; his sentence is meaningless. Not only internally, but factually. For what does Speer think Mr. Lewis does with his spare time in Washington? How were the Wagner Labor Act, the National Labor Relations Act, and all of the employee benefits that Jack himself works under brought about, other than by the legitimate political activities of the unions? And wait; you haven't seen the end of it. The organization is just being accomplished. The activity is just beginning.

Why speak only of "blood and tears"? Why not mention the majority of labor disputes which are settled by arbitration and agreement. The newspapers don't talk very much about those. They would have it that whenever there is a labor dispute there automatically follows a strike and violence. Whereas strikes and violence is the exception, rather than the rule, and would never exist at all, were it not for the refusal of employers to make concessions.

So think it over, dear readers, withold your opinions until you know the inside story, and don't believe everything you read in the newspapers.

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That was the way Wollheim dreamt it after falling asleep.

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(Internal evidence should show you the reasons for the fannish drive to dispense ~~///~~ justice and morality manifesting itself, at just this time, in concern with the class struggle and the advancement of civilization in general.

(By the time of our next exchange, fans were able to take up more frivolous subjects than these. Ray Palmer's policy of moron-pandering had aroused opposition in Ackerman and others from the very first; the generality of active fans were finally turned off by the Palmer advocacy of the Shaver Mystery /R.S. Shaver's series based on the idea of cavern-dwelling subhumans, "dero", who controlled surface-dwelling humanity with the abandoned psionic machines of ancient ET colonists/, but the fan opposition provoked two Palmer reactions: (1) a series of articles on antiscientific and pseudoscientific subjects, and (2) activity by RAP's best writer, Roger Phillips Graham, to make up to the fans. Graham even became a FAPA member briefly, where he clashed with Rothman. Inevitably, Rothman this time speaks <u>for</u> the Pro-Scientists:)

THE CRACKPOT AND THE SCIENTIST

(In which I sum up many of the thoughts to which the last few mailings have led me.)

As I have said before, it is my opinion that one of the lacks in our language is the absence of a good synonym for the word "crackpot".

I dislike using such a derogatory term to label a group, many of whom may be nice people for all I know. By the same token I dislike using words such as crank, paranoid, fanatic, monomaniac, eccentric, and any other applicable terms which are derogatory as well as not completely descriptive.

So here is my dilemma. I want to talk about a group of people, and I don't know what to call them.

Well, let's begin by describing them.

In the first place, these people are possessed very strongly by ideas. These ideas are of many different kinds: political, religious, scientific, etc. Now the mere possession of a strong idea does not make a person a crackpot. Many -- in fact <u>most</u> great people have been very strongly possessed by ideas. Wherein comes the difference between the genius and the madman?

There, of course, is a question so delicate that sometimes it is necessary to await the unfolding of history before this can be answered. Were Marx or Lenin alive in America today they would be drawn wild-eyed and disheveled by the newspaper cartoonists (even as Stalin is), and yet in Russia they are national heroes.

We must not puzzle for too long over these borderline cases, but must lay down further rules for distinguishing the crank from the crowd.

Along with the <u>idee fixe</u> appears an inability to discriminate between truth and fiction, fact and myth, reality and ideas. (As the null-A boys put it, there is a great amount of confusion of the orders of abstraction.) This fault is great enough with ordinary people, but with fanatics it is developed to a pathological extent.

Examples of all kinds and degrees can be mentioned. Every false and misbegotten belief is due to this lack of discrimination, and contributes to the crackedness of the world.

Another discrimination ability which plays a part is the ability to distinguish between words which mean something and words which don't mean anything. You might call this "semantic discrimination", and I have discussed it somewhat in a previous Plenum. Clearly, members of the crank set lack this ability, to judge from the manner in which their pamphlets are written.

Also clearly, lack of semantic discrimination is not necessarily confined to this group which we are discussing, to judge from some of the botched up writing in the laboratory reports that some of my students submit. In this case, I think it is just lack of education.

Adding to the list of distinguishing characteristics we might mention a definitely developing paranoia. The crackpot always complains that people think he is crazy, that nobody pays any attention to his wonderful ideas, that he is being persecuted, etc. Undoubtedly much of this is true; the distinguishing feature is that the person never realizes that all of this persecution is completely his own fault.

To sum up our list, we have:

1. The idee fixe.
2. Lack of discrimination between truth and fiction.
3. Lack of semantic discrimination.
4. Paranoia.

Other characteristics may come to mind, but I think that these are the most important ones which distinguish the group.

It is apparent that nearly everybody possesses some of these characteristics to a slight degree. Thus, the definition of the crackpot is a matter of degree -- a precise definition would have to be quantitative as well as qualitative, and in general would hinge on the question: How much does our subject allow his idea to rule his life?

Returning to the initial question of a label for these people, I find that my dictionary contains a convenient definition:

"Aberrant: (1) Straying from the path of righteousness; (2) Differing from the normal path, as plants or animals."

Therefore I shall hereafter use the word "aberrant" as a label for these people we are discussing. I really am not too enthusiastic about the word, but at least it had the advantage that too many semantic associations have not yet been hooked on to it.

During the past few years, the existence of this aberrant group has come forcibly to my attention, arousing my interest, and causing a great deal of thought. Whe I get involved with such a preoccupation, what generally happens is that I write a thesis on it and then forget it. I hope that this distinguishes me from the aberrant, who would latch on to such an idea tenaciously and try to convert everybody to it.

It might be interesting to survey briefly the extent of my experience with abberants, so as to give an idea of just who I put into this class.

1- About a year ago I read a paper on "Orgones" by Wilhelm Reich, a "psychiatrist" who has been denounced by an article in the New Republic. This Orgone theory is a pseudo-scientific job which caused much merriment in the physics department at Penn.

2- I have read much of the literature concerning the experiments of Ehrenhaft, whose magnetic pole work was discussed for one issue in Astounding, which promptly dropped it like a hot potato. A number of people have duplicated Ehrenhaft's experiments, and the result seems to be that where he did discover curious effects, they could be ex-

plained by taking into account stray electric fields which he had ignored.

3- I have received copies of two "amateur science" magazines published in Los Angeles, and have entered into correspondence with a couple of their contributors, receiving some rather amazing letters in reply.

4- I have, of course, followed the controversy concerning Amazing Stories and Shaverism. I also read quite carefully the article by Roger Graham concerning the "frame concept" and have followed Graham's argument with Tom Gardner concerning the "ether drift" experiment.

5- I have entered into arguments with a couple of characters who had "invented" energy generating devices with closely bordered on the perpetual motion idea. One of these, intended to produce heat out of the air, actually was a perpetual motion of the second kind, which is a little more subtle than the ordinary perpetual motion. (Perpetual motion of the second kind defies the law that heat cannot go from a place of low temperature to a place of high temperature without the application of outside work.)

While this is not really much, it's quite enough to draw some conclusions, because they follow a very rigid pattern. You will notice that all of the above fall in the class of "scientific dilettantes". Fortunately, I've been able to keep away from religious and political fanatics, altho a couple of times I narrowly escaped salvation.

I don't know what to do with people who continue to believe that the earth is 6000 years old. There was one young man in the army, studying electrical engineering, who kept insisting that the Bible was literally true.

People, of course, do not like to be considered aberrant. Undoubtedly a great deal of the furor in science fiction fandom caused by Amazing Stories is due to a sense of guilt. The science fiction fans are so close to being aberrant themselves, and are so sensitive to the crackpot label, that they react violently to anything which tends to push them over the line.

This is only normal. We don't like people to think that we are nutty unless we are great artists or have a million dollars. Then we can call ourselves temperamental or eccentric. Reading science fiction is a very mild form of lunacy -- notice the enormous joy with which the fans greeted atomic energy -- this made us respectable!

Amazing Stories, on the other hand, possesses a complete lack of respectability, and so the fans have been fighting it more or less tooth and nail. The juvenile lack of literary quality was bad enough to begin with. Add to this the lack of discrimination between fact and fiction, and the appeal to anti-scientific and un-logical methods of thinking, plus the sensational method of presentation -- and we have a combination that the mature person is not going to care to be associated with.

I think it does not require too much argument to justify my asser-

tion that the recent trend of ideas in Amazing Stories can be classified as aberrant. Every one of the four tests above is verified. There is the fixed idea -- Deros. There is, as we have mentioned, the lack of discrimination between facts and ideas. The "facts" in this case are a conglomerate and unverified collection of Fortean phenomena and the idea is the completely ad hoc Dero philosophy concocted to explain the initially unverified "facts". (Concerning ad hoc reasoning we will have more to say.)

The semantic discrimination fault is plain to see. As one small example, we might mention the manner in which Roger Graham latched on to the phrase "ether drift", and concocted a big argument to go along with it. In this he showed his ignorance of physics, because the Michelson-Morely experiment was not intended to show a drift or flow of the ether, but was intended to detect a motion of the earth through the ether -- a matter which is very much different.

The paranoid tendency is clearly shown by letters written to the fanzines by Richard Shaver and Roger Graham.

However, it is not my purpose here to speak exclusively of Amazing Stories and its idiosyncracies. My purpose, if any, is a more general one -- to discuss the reasoning (or unreasoning) methods of the scientific dilettantes and to look for methods of keeping out of the logical pitfalls to which such dilettantes are especially susceptible.

There is a bit of self-defense in all of this. As I am currently spending a rather prodigious amount of effort in pounding into my head the large body of knowledge which has been built up by physicists during the past few hundred years, I naturally resent it like hell when somebody comes along and says, in effect: "These guys are all wrong, and my idea is all right."

Of course, the first thing I do is to look at what this person has to say, because he just possibly might be right, and it would be awfully embarrassing for me to be on the wrong side of the argument. There really isn't much danger, though.

For scientists really are pretty smart people, you know, in spite of all popular opinion concerning the sense or lack of sense of scientists. I can't vouch personally for any other groups, but I'll take the group of graduate students at Penn and stack them up against any other group you show me for brains and character. Nor are they a dreamy bunch of intellectuals. Most of them were in the armed services and a goodly portion of them were officers.

By all this I mean that you must be quite on the ball to get anything past these people, and any ideas which you may have for revolutionizing science must be really good if they're going to be accepted.

Things now are not like they used to be -- even as recently as fifty years ago. At that time even a good idea had rough sledding to become accepted, and it was then that the idea arose that scientists were old fogeys who wouldn't recognize a new theory if it kicked them in the face. But things are now different. In the first place there

have been so many scientific revolutions during the past fifty years that a scientist has to be very sure of himself to discredit a new idea.

Not only that, but the fundamentals of scientific logic have within the past few decades been put on a clearer basis than they were previously, and we are better equipped to estimate the worth of a new idea.

As it has been since the time of Galileo, the first criterion of a physical theory is the experimental evidence. While it is easy to concoct self-consistent systems of physical laws by sheer mental powers, this system remains in the realm of pure mathematics, and does not become physics until we relate it to the natural universe by observing whether or not these laws predict results which we can verify by experiments.

All the time we must keep refining our experiments and extending them to new circumstances so as to make sure that our laws hold for all cases. It was by this method of refinement that the simple Newtonian and Euclidean universe became an Einsteinian and non-Euclidean one.

Physicists now hold a picture of the universe which has been built up by a slow accretion of ideas and concepts. They do not claim that this picture is the last word, but they expect that knowledge will keep piling up until another Newton or Einstein is enabled to set forth a new first principle which will reduce our present unwieldy picture to a simplified or more useful form.

Now suppose a person comes along, performs one experiment, and tells us that our old ideas are all wrong, and that his explanation of things is the correct one.

This is a very serious matter, and the scientists must be excused if they do not raise this newcomer on their shoulders and shout hosannas. Instead, it is their habit to scrutinize this new statement minutely, attempt to pick holes in it, and in general give it a trial by fire. If our dilettante now complains that his idea is not given a chance, that he is being persecuted, etc., that is fair evidence of a paranoid state. If he really has the right stuff in him, he will pick himself off the mat and go in with fists swinging, and in the end his new idea will be accepted...it's been done.

To present a concrete example of this situation, I would like to go back to our friend Roger Graham and his ether drift experiment. (It seems that this paper is turning into a critique of Mr. Graham. Maybe that's what my subconscious wanted me to do all the time.)

If you will recall, his argument went something like this: Michelson and the rest of the boys had failed to discover a drift of the ether with respect to the earth, but this was because they had been looking in the wrong direction. Graham then set out to show that the ether was actually drifting in towards the center of the earth. He set up two transit instruments, each looking at the reflection of the other in a mirror which was located horizontally on the floor. Under ordinary laws of reflection, if you looked thru transit B and lined up the image of transit A with a scratch mark on the mirror, then if you looked thru

transit A you should find B also lined up with the mark.

However, Graham claimed that there was a displacement of the image, and from that concluded that there was a vertical ether drift.

We now proceed to examine this through several stages:

1- First we examine the experimental setup and determine possible causes of error. The importance of this is not always realized. Tom Gardner has already questioned the position of the scratch on the mirror -- whether it was on the top or bottom of the mirror. Graham claims that the scratch was on the same plane as the reflecting surface.

The next point which comes to my mind is to question the accuracy of the instruments used -- namely, the transit instruments.

Now a transit instrument is nothing more than a telescope containing a cross-hair and mounted on a pivot calibrated in degrees of arc. Telescopes which contain cross-hairs are subject to a disease known as "parallax." This is caused by the fact that the reticle containing the cross-hair is not exactly in the focal plane of the eyepiece, so that the crosshairs appear to move back and forth across the field of view as the eye is moved back and forth in front of the eyepiece. A good reticle should appear fixedly superimposed upon the image being observed. This could possibly account for the discrepancy observed by Mr. Graham.

Or more simply, the cross-hair might not have been exactly centered in the reticle of the particular instrument used. This would also introduce an error.

With such possible sources of error, a person must be excused for not immediately accepting Graham's results as correct. However, Graham rightly invites all and sundry to try the experiment themselves. I make several interpretations of this invitation:

a- Graham actually believes the effect to be real.
b- He thinks that everybody is so lazy that nobody will really try the thing.
c- The thing is a gag and he doesn't care what people find.

2- The next step. Suppose we assume for the sake of argument that the experimental technique is good as gold, and that this mysterious effect actually takes place. Now this is very interesting, and we must find an explanation for this which fits in with our previous picture of the universe, or else we must find a new picture of the universe.

Graham's explanation is simply that Einstein was wrong, and that an ether drift exists toward the center of the earth. No more and no less.

Here we come to the main reason for using this as an example of dilettante logic. For we find here a fallacy which is simple and common: to observe one phenomenon, and to apply to it an explanation which, while a sufficient one, is not a necessary one. All we have to

ask ourselves is this question: "Is this the only possible explanation for this phenomenon?" It may be the only explanation we can think of offhand, but this does not make it the only possible one.

The idea of "necessary and sufficient" reasons for a thing is a most useful one to keep in mind as a general principle. These words are used continually in mathematics, for when a theorem is proven, there must be specified the necessary and sufficient conditions under which the theorem is true.

Likewise, in physics when a sufficient explanation is advanced for a phenomenon, we must also ask ourselves whether it is a necessary one.

Sometimes the answer is not an easy one. As a well-known example, we can cite the case of the shift toward the red of lines in the spectra of distant galaxies. A completely sufficient explanation is the idea of the expanding universe. However, this is not a necessary explanation, since others have also been advanced.

All this is very closely connected with the business of ad hoc hypotheses. The Graham ether drift theory is a perfect example of this. An ad hoc hypothesis is, simply, a theory devised to explain one or more observed facts. As we have seen, we can never be quite sure that such a hypothesis is necessary as well as sufficient. We may have an explanation which perfectly well fits the few facts that have been observed, but how do we know it is the correct explanation?

Oftentimes, ad hoc hypotheses are tentatively accepted by scientists in lieu of something better. The Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction was actually such a hypothesis, advanced simply to explain the results, or lack of results, of the Michelson-Morely experiment.

How, then, can we make a hypothesis become respectable, so that it can drop the ad hoc label? There are at least three ways of doing this:

a- We can use the hypothesis to predict events which are later observed.

b- We can show how the hypothesis can be deduced from the fundamental postulates upon which our science is based.

c- We can develop a new set of basic postulates -- that is, a new system of nature -- in which our newly observed fact fits, and from these new postulates predict still newer phenomena, which may then be observed.

In the case of relativity, the third method was used: the impossibility of detecting motion relative to the ether was assumed as a postulate, and a consistent system of physics built upon it. If, now, Mr. Graham wishes to alter this postulate by dragging in the presence of an ether drift toward the center of the earth, it also becomes his responsibility to explain away the presence of all the phenomena which were predicted by the postulate which he is now removing -- the precession of the orbit of Mercury, the mass increase of rapidly moving bodies, etc.

Furthermore, we should be able to predict from Mr. Graham's perpendicular ether drift certain other consequences which could be tested.

The first thing we do is to make some calculations. This is a big pitfall for the dilettante. Not being too conversant with mathematics, his habit is to make general statements which sound peachy, but which break down under the weight of the slide rule.

Not knowing the details of Mr. Graham's experimental setup, I can make no exact calculations, but will remark that to deflect a beam of light one centimeter in a distance of 3 meters, the ether must be moving at a rate of 1,000 kilometers per second. This is considerable. Surely this kind of motion must have other effects, and I predict that this would cause abberations in the positions of stars as they move from horizon to zenith. An astronomer could easily calculate such discrepancies and could look for them. Obviously, aberrations of this magnitude would have been noticed without the need for looking.

Another matter to be considered is this: Does our new hypothesis make nature more simple or more complicated? While there is no a priori objection to a complicated theory, sometimes we come to a point where a theory, in explaining one fact, must drag in other ideas which are even harder to swallow than the thing we started with.

As a matter of fact, the very idea of an "ether" is such a theory. At the end of the 19th century, when men had calculated what properties an ether must have in order to transmit light with such a velocity, and in order to transmit transverse vibrations while excluding longitudinal vibrations -- they found themselves in the predicament of being required to believe in an ether with the most preposterous properties, an ether which was indetectable, perfectly frictionless, attenuated, and yet with enormous rigidity to sustain the vibrations applied to it. Furthermore, Maxwell, had shown how by using the idea of electromagnetic vibrations, it was not even necessary to use the concept of an ether.

So you see that instead of beating our brains out over something which is indetectable and which isn't even necessary, it is much simpler to ignore the whole thing entirely.

To understand fully why the concept of the ether was discarded it is necessary to go through a complete study of the history of physics during the past hundred years. While this would make a very interesting book, I fear it would be impractical to attempt the task at this moment.

And so we see the final fault in Roger Graham's Theory of Perpendicular Ether Drift. Far from being a new idea, it is a resurrection of concepts which have been discarded by physicists many years already. It puts Roger Graham in the position of one who makes a big commotion by saying that you can improve the Model T Ford by installing front-wheel drive -- when nobody uses Model T Fords anymore.

I use this again as a particular example of a general habit among the scientific dilettantes. They claim that their ideas are new and revolutionary, completely unconscious of the fact that in reality they are only rehashing ideas which were long ago discarded and passed over by the scientists.

The 18th and 19th centuries were periods of theories in physics concerning "fluids" which were invoked to explain all phenomena. Heat was a fluid, electriticy was two different kinds of fluids, the ether was a fluid. There were also vortexes. If you look at the writings of the aberrants today you find the same things repeated as if they were new and brilliant ideas.

This is not too unexpected, since the fluid theories were easy to grasp, and at least qualitatively explained most of the phenomena which were observable in nature. It is only when you become rather sophisticated in your inquiries that you meet discrepancies which cause the fluid theories to break down. Our scientific dilettantes, then, are people whose scientific development has remained stationary at approximately 1890, and who cannot understand that the fundamentals of science constitute a dynamic system which consistently changes as we obtain more understanding of nature.

Even among scientists it is the tendency to become fixed mentally at a certain point. However, it has become more and more widely recognized that the theories of science do not remain static. We have seen how the theories of a mechanical ether gave way to the idea of an electromagnetic field, which now is being enveloped in general relativity, which in turn is bound to become part of some more general theory that will perhaps give us some better idea of just what an electric field is.

To sum up, we have seen how some of the characteristics of abberants may be recognized, and we have taken a light glance at their methods of thinking. We have seen how the chief occupation of the scientific dilettante is to present hypotheses which, while perhaps even plausible, are not necessarily true.

The very heart of the philosophy followed by these people is admirably summed up by the quotation from Amazing Stories which Joe Kennedy was good enough to repeat for us in the last mailing. This quotation went as follows:

"A wise man believes anything until it is disproved. Only a fool refuses to accept anything until it is demonstrated."

The utter absurdity of such a statement is easily brought out by a <u>reductio ad absurdum</u>.

For according to this principle I might say that in the absence of evidence to the contrary I believe that there are elephants on Mars with purple tusks. The next person coming along could say that the elephants on mars have green tusks. According to the above principle it would be necessary for me to accept both of these contradictory theories as being true.

The fundamental fallacy beneath this principle is the general fallacy of two-valued logic. According to this I must either believe in a theory or not-believe in a theory.

As soon as we introduce multi-valued logic the matter is clarified, and I don't have to either believe or not-believe. I may simply suspend judgement until sufficient evidence is introduced into the case.

This is the method of the agnostic.

The fact which the members of the aberrant group fail to realize is that a scientist must be agnostic in every matter pertaining to his profession. The only manner in which the scientist can untangle true theories from false theories is to determine whether or not the theory describes nature as it actually is.

As for the layman, he sometimes has difficulty in deciding who is handing out the better line -- the scientist or the pseudo-scientist. It should be more or less plain that Amazing Stories is not to be considered a suitable textbook in theoretical physics, mathematics, or natural history.

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"It is high time they were bestowed with a little dignity."

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(Rothman's article appeared in PLENUM for January 1948. Graham, in Don Wilson's EGO BEAST for August 1948, came back with:)

"THE ODDS ARE AGAINST IT"

Milton Rothman's article recalls to my mind one of the rudest awakenings I suffered in the process of disillusionment called "growing up." In grade school and high school in the study of world history I had come to believe that the dark ages were a period in the past, when the Huns overran Europe, the Mongol hordes of Gengi swept out of the Eurasian mystery lands, and the head hunters swarmed in the African jungle. Living in Spokane, Washington, where I was born, I had visible proof. The Indians, who in the dark ages were terrible savages who slew the white man and took his scalp, were friendly nomads who could be seen peaceably minding their own business -- friendly, and not to be feared by the white infant who stared at them with wild eyes and gradually gained a few friends among them.

The first world war was unreal to me. The year we entered that war (1917), I was working as water boy for a construction gang on the GNRR. Some of my playmates and I discovered a cache of dynamite that German agents had planted to blow up a bridge. It was just boxes a little smaller than apple boxes. Tony, one of the men on the gang of workers, buried it in a safe place and that was the last I heard of it. Another workman, Art something or other, was deathly afraid of the draft, and the other workers had a lot of fun scaring the daylights out of him by saying the draft men were coming.

I was eight years old. I had a theory that the newspaper accounts of the war were invented by the reporters to hold their jobs, and strongly suspected that the edge of the world was just the other side of the Rockies. The war was unreal. It made little impression on me.

It wasn't until I was in high school that I began to realize there <u>had</u> been a war, and to grasp the fact that the dark ages were not a thing of the past, gone forever. It was quite a blow to finally be forced to conclude that today there are races who pride themselves on living by the code of the dark ages, and to see people living in the

same neighborhood with me, who, given half a chance, would do the same.

By that time my idealism had transferred itself to science. The first experiment of a scientific nature that I can remember performing had to do with gravity. I think I was five years old at the time. I was drinking a glass of water. The thought occurred to me: how does the water know how to go into my mouth? You see, I thought it knew how. To prove that, I put my mouth to the glass in such a way that it wasn't at the low point when the glass was tipped. The water flowed out of the low edge, spilling on my clothes. I concluded that the water didn't know how to run into my mouth, and that therefore I had to adapt my actions to the unintelligent behavior of the water. It was actually a very profound conclusion, although I didn't realize it at the time.

I think I was nine years old when I systematically tore down the last of the egocentric theory of childhood. I began to doubt that I was the only real thing, and that God set up the world around me for my benefit. I can remember trying to trap Him. I would slyly memorize every detail of the terrain before my eyes and then carelessly turn away. The theory was, basically, that things did not exist unless I was aware of them. Then quickly, without warning, I would turn back and try to find an error in placement of my surroundings, to prove that God had slipped up. I had to conclude finally that, since no such error appeared after months of experiment, the world around me must be as real as myself, and that I was not <u>all</u> of reality. The rock I picked up and threw at the street light had the same kind of reality as my self awareness.

It wasn't until I went to college and studied the philosophical literature that I realized the profundity of thinking I had engaged in as I grew up. I think that it was about then, when I was nine, that I began to believe that there were great men who had studied all things, and could tell me about them. I became a prolific reader. I accepted all statements of great men.

I BELIEVED THAT THERE WAS A LARGE BODY OF CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE, AND THAT ALL EXPERIMENT AND PROGRESS STEMMED FROM THAT. I lapped up the metaphysical terminology, the concepts of intelligence, logic, arithmetic, gravity, light, astronomy, trigonometry, etc., as being Final Knowledge. To me, during that period, mankind separated into two distinct halves. On the one hand we still had vast remnants of the mankind of the dark ages. On the other hand there was the growing sea of Modern Man, who started with Truth and went on in a well-behaved manner from there.

In high school the process of disintegration of that ideal conception began to emerge. It began consciously when I was faced with the explanation of the nature of light as advanced by the high school physics teacher, A.W.S. Endslow. It went on, step by inexorable step, until I had to conclude that rather than there being a large body of Truth, there was merely a large body of experimental data. The disintegration was not completed until I took beginning logic in college; and made my first acquaintance with the fundamental postulate of inductive logic. There, I reached the bedrock of human knowledge. It was the tightrope on which all the magnificent edifice of Science and Know-

ledge tottered precariously, ready to fall at the slightest rude touch.

It was then that I made another startling discovery. I found that there are scientists who are not concerned with discovery of truth or a better explanation of something already acceptably "explained", I found that there are reputable scientists who fear more than anything else the accusation of radicalism in thinking, and who want nothing more than merely to add some new and relatively unimportant fact to science with credit for it attached to their names. I found that there are name scientists who are quite aware that much of what they teach is wrong, but dare not state their opinions, lest the conservative department head frown on them for their temerity. I won't give the particulars of that series of experiences. They aren't important enough.

But it was at that stage that I, like Descartes of old, GREW UP, and concluded that in every respect the human race is at present blundering through a sea of abysmal ignorance and mistaken theory, bolstered by the mutual egoboo of fellow small fry who want no more than to discover a new variety of beetle, or get a mathematical symbol they invent "accepted" by the mathematical world. I SAW THAT THE AGE OF REASON STILL LAY FAR IN THE FUTURE, and that before it came it was extremely probable that EVERY BASIC PICTURE OF REALITY WE NOW HOLD WOULD BE PROVEN FALSE.

The attitude of skepticism toward current theoretical science that Mr. Rothman holds to be the mark of the crackpot or aberrant is, like absentmindedness, the mark of both the idiot and the genius. There are plenty of people such as he speaks of, who are too lazy intellectually to really study current literature on a subject, but rather build up what they think is a wonderful theory -- which any moron who has studied the subject can tear to pieces with one brain segment tied behind his back.

Mr. Rothman makes the mistake of assuming that all skeptics are the same -- crackpots. He doesn't want to call me such a bald name, so in the FAPA mailing he invents the term "aberrant", and calls me that instead. He is in many ways like a little feist that is safe in a fenced in enclosure yapping bravely at a big dog outside -- relying on the strength of the fence for his stand.

From an impersonal standpoint, the law of averages is on his side. From that standpoint the chances are a thousand to one that I am a crackpot. Yet at the end of his article ((in DQ. --dw))(7) he takes serious cognizance of the one chance out of a thousand, for which I give him sincere thanks.

In the second paragraph of his article in DQ #5 he gives a quote which I won't bother to look up or repeat. The word, belief, is a tag for mental phenomena carried over into science from religion. It should not have been carried over. Belief causes a man to close his mind. Too much reliance on belief causes a person to habitually classify things according to what is believed and what is not believed.

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(7) The reference is to Rothman's "The Scientists Might be Right" in the April 1948 issue of Wilson's genzine, DREAM QUEST.

A man should not CLOSE HIS MIND to anything, however absurd. A man should WORK WITH THINGS, not inject them with belief. Then he is a scientist.

The man who builds his tight little fence of beliefs and remains fenced in until his pen stinks to high heaven eventually reaches the mental stage where he is terrified if he occasionally sees reality without the wire mesh of the fence clouding it into an orderly pattern for him. Belief becomes "real" bedrock for him to rest on, and he would feel insecure both mentally and physically without that security.

The statement, "There is no natural law whose validity is certain" is as basic to real science as the fundamental postulate of inductive logic, and rests on it; yet Milton Rothman confidently advances the antithesis of that assertion as a self-evident fact of modern times. A natural law is a man-made statement, and if it agrees with observable data within two percent it is "accepted" as a working hypothesis until something better comes along.

Semantically, the natural law is words about something that supposedly exists, and believing in a natural law tends to confuse the statement with the thing talked about. It is as much a religion as what is considered religion.

Mr. Rothman's Gods are natural law and Proofs -- which would be all right and very commendable, IF he did not endow them with an aura of absolutism and inviolability. His conception of Science as an edifice of solid stone fitted together perfectly and resting on a base of absolute Reality is FALSE. Science is more accurately a raft of logs tied together with weak ropes, floating on a stormy sea, with the host of scientists dashing madly here and there to repair a broken rope and keep the raft together, not certain that a big wave might come in the next moment and dash the whole thing to pieces. The great men of science are those who found a small piece of strong rope and tied a couple of logs together securely -- a process which Mr. Rothman fancies as architecture in stone, to last through the ages.

Even the very foundations of his dream castle, Logic and Experiment, are little more than rotten, stinking, water-soaked hemp -- held together simply because there is a mutual agreement not to pull on them too hard when tying a knot.

I have not said the above in an attempt to be derogatory to Mr. Rothman, but merely to help him and the reader get a better perspective of our times. We are not in the Golden Age of either history or science. We <u>are</u> in the dark ages, groping slowly and painfully along what may be nothing but a blind alley.

We are senseless monkeys who dash priceless treasures to bits without knowing what we do. And there are those among us, like Mr. Rothman, who honestly believe we are men.

Once that fact is recognized as a fact, one's perspective changes. Once the Rothmans realize that NEARLY ALL THE SCIENCE OF TODAY WILL BE OBSOLETE TOMORROW, their sense of values will change. They can go into science then with an open mind, and study theory as tentative working

hypotheses -- NOT Truth.

They can see a little of the enormous mass of ASSUMPTION that is necessary before even rudimentary work can be accomplished in science.

For a simple example, Newton assumed that gravitational strength varied directly as the mass. That is, two billion tons of matter would have twice the gravity strength of one billion tons. It is still nothing more than an assumption. If it is a false assumption, then the sun has much more mass in it than we have measured -- or much less. It is just an arbitrary assumption that Newton made because it was convenient. The measured mass of all planets and the sun, and including the Earth, is based on an arbitrary assumption.

I could give many more examples of such arbitrary conclusions lying at the foundations of science -- naive assumptions which were made by great men for the sake of simplicity, and which now persist and have gained the status of Truth to those who don't question, but just accept and believe; assumptions which NO SCIENTIST TODAY is AWARE are merely assumptions. They affect theoretical conclusions -- shape them and distort them away from other alternative conclusions. Perhaps they will always be there and KEEP US FROM EVER DISCOVERING THE BASICS OF FINAL SCIENCE.

In that case the Golden Age will never come to man. A thousand years from now he will still be "making progress" in theoretical physics, psychology, philosophy, mathematics, and abstract logic. But his "progress" will be along some other blind alley than the one we pursue at present, because the present one will have been exhausted, just as the "mechanistic" one was in the last century -- and the road signs that point the way to Final Science, where conclusions are as rigorous and complete as those in Euclid, in EVERY branch of science, will be lying about on the ground, while the people who can't read what they say ignore them.

I invite Milton Rothman to outline ONE facet of science which he considers "deduced from natural law whose validity is certain". I would like to have that gentleman elaborate on what he considers "belief" to be, and under what circumstances he considers belief to be permissible. At the same time he should discuss DISbelief, and discuss the circumstances under which it might be permissible to BLOCK CONSIDERATION of any aspect of reality or possible reality on the grounds that it certainly does not exist.

Also, I would like for him to state on what grounds he assumes that any of the thinking of the past has been discarded by the scientists as being wanting, and from what standpoint can it be assumed that, because certain scientists concluded that it was wanting, it is wanting in fact.

Your move, Mr. Rothman.

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"Horizons, despite its near illegibility...."

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(No fan fit to wear a beanie could refuse that challenge. In Rothman's PLENUM for August 1948 -- not distributed till October --:)

GOODY, AN ARGUMENT

...Roger Graham has, in the August mailing, produced a reply to the articles in which he was given a bad time by me.

The fact that Graham can write such a polite article verifies a theory of mine. This theory is that Graham is an intelligent, educated person who has discovered that a few dollars can be made by writing tongue-in-cheek pseudo-scientific atricles for the Palmer magazines.

I think that Graham knows a certain amount of science, and a certain amount of mathematics. It takes a considerable knowledge of math to cook up something like the Frame Concept article. He also has a certain, but not too-solid, foundation of scientific method.

In other words, I don't think Graham is a crackpot at all. I think he's just been having a gay time kidding us, while raking in the rubles for his articles.

It was for the purpose of getting some sort of rise out of him that I deliberately called him a crackpot. Had he replied in an insulting, paranoid manner, then my accusation would have been verified. However, since he replies in a polite manner, then I make conclusions as above.

(Parenthetically, I think the rest of the Amazing crowd is in the same boat. The Shaver Mystery Club has turned into one of the sweetest book selling campaigns I've ever seen. Shaver, Geier, etc., are boys not averse to turning over a fast dollar, and they are no more looney than Barnum was.)

In support of my conclusions, I offer the fact that Graham gives not one word in defense of specific matters such as his ether drift article, but chooses to carry the attack to matters of general philosophy where he is on safer (but not very safe) grounds.

Naturally, if the ether-drift article was originally tongue-in-cheek, there isn't much defense possible. Graham's only recourse, then, is to deny that he is a crackpot, to state that he is merely a skeptic, and to imply that I am a hide-bound fuddy-duddy who wouldn't recognize a new idea if I saw it.

Graham's estimate of my scientific beliefs is not at all accurate, and could not have been deduced from my PLENUM article. It is certainly not correct to say that I fancy science to be a structure of eternal truths.

I suspect that Graham has known a few mediocre science teachers who were of a dogmatist nature, and so he has come to believe that all scientists are the same. This prejudice is then carried over into his interpretation of my beliefs.

But the scientists under whom I have studied have been quite real-

istic in their approach to nature. At the end of a course in atomic physics, Dr. Harnwell quite candidly informed us that much of what he had taught us was rather unsatisfactory, and he hoped that some of us would go out into the wide, wide world and bring forth a more useful quantum theory.

During the past two years I have worked out what I consider to be a valid and consistent approach to the study of physics, and I would like to give a short description of this at the present time. Hardly any of this is original, and most of my beliefs are identical with those of Poincare, Bertrand Russell, and Einstein. The first paragraph is, I think, my own, although I may have unconsciously gotten it from somebody else.

Description of system follows:

1. There are no absolutes. Everything is relative. All knowledge is based upon fundamental postulates. Even knowledge of things which we see around us is based on the assumption that we actually exist, that our senses do not deceive us, etc.

There is no way of being completely certain about the truth of these postulates. Therefore it is necessary to do away with Aristotelian black-and-white logic (insofar as physics is concerned: this does not apply to math and pure logic) and substitute for it a probability scale which appears as follows:

0%	50%	100%
Completely Improbable (Impossible)		Completely Probable (Certainty)

All knowledge is now judged on this statistical scale, with complete truth at one end and complete negation of truth at the other end.

Under this plan, the only thing we can say about phenomena, beliefs, laws, theories, is: "There is a given probability that so-and-so is true."

(If you complain that this applies also to this very idea, then we immediately get tangled up in Russell's paradox(8), and we might as well quit, right then and there.)

(FOOTNOTE: One day later. Whaddya know! I have just now discovered that the above argument is the subject of a chapter entitled "Probable Inference" in "An Introduction to Logic and Scientific Method", by Cohen and Nagel.)

2. Certain general propositions have an extremely high percentage of probability. These things are fundamental natural laws, which when examined closely turn out to be postulates upon which the science of physics is based.

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(8) Whether the class of all classes is a member of itself, remember?

The most fundamental of these postulates is Descartes' "I think, therefore I am." Without this assumption, your chance of creating a consistent science is vanishingly small.

Other fundamental postulates are the law of conservation of energy, the law of entropy, the invariance of natural laws with respect to transformation from one moving system to another (i.e., the relativity postulate), and other such.

3. Why do we assign these postulates such a high probability? Simply because we look around and we find that energy is conserved all the time, we find that the sun always rises, we find that all the experiments we may perform do verify these postulates.

This is the method of inductive science. We see that a thing happens a large number of time under certain conditions, and we conclude that it will happen at all times under all conditions.

This process of extrapolation is one of the most tricky things in science -- and don't think that scientists don't know what they are doing when they perform this operation! The recognition of this problem has been one of the great advances in scientific method in the past century.

As an example of how this works: Newton derived the law of gravity by observing the moon. To do this he had to ignore certain small perturbations in the moon's motion caused by the sun and the other planets. He had to assume that the orbit of the moon was a true ellipse, when actually it was not quite. However, only by assuming these ideal conditions was he able to simplify the problem to the point where it could be solved.

So, although Newton never did observe the moon travelling in a pure ellipse, he assumed that without the perturbations it <u>would</u> travel in an ellipse, and so from that deduced the inverse-square law of attraction. Furthermore, he extrapolated this law so that it applied not only to the moon, but to every other particle, large and small, in the universe.

Now, the probability of this law being valid is very high when applied to the moon, and it is also very high when applied to other planetary bodies, because we can verify it directly by observing how the planets move.

However, the further away we extrapolate from our direct observations, the less certain are we that the law is valid. And, in fact, we find that the inverse-square law of attraction does not hold under certain circumstances (e.g. for two atomic particles very close to each other; for the attraction between Mercury and the sun).

Nevertheless, this does not invalidate Newton's law of gravitation. It is still quite valid in it own domain. We have simply found that it is not the most general law of gravitation possible.

An important type of extrapolation is one in which we apply our intuitive belief in the <u>regularity</u> of the universe. When we see things

fall down all the time, we assume that things are always going to fall down. The skeptic might state that there is a certain possibility of things falling up once in a while.

The fact that millions of perople for thousands of years have never seen anything fall up makes the probability of this event exceedingly small.

It may be that there is a certain "quantum" of probability, so that if the improbability of an event occurring is less than a certain small amount, then it may be considered as completely impossible.

4. At a certain stage in their development, scientific theories become deductive, rather than inductive.

As an example: in elementary treatments of electricity, you start with the law of attraction between electric charges, and you build up, by an involved line of reasoning, certain equations which are known as Maxwell's equations. These equations relate the change in an electric field to the corresponding change in a magnetic field.

Maxwell's equations are usually the last items treated in elementary accounts of electricity. That is, they are the climax, the culmination of a theory that has been put together from isolated observations.

However, in more sophisticated discussions of electricity, the procedure is completely reversed. A book such as Stratton's "Electromagnetic Theory" starts right off by saying:

"By an electromagnetic field let us understand the domain of the four vectors E and B, D and H . . . We shall now postulate that at every ordinary point in space the field vactors are subject to the Maxwell equations:

$$\nabla \times E + \partial B/\partial t = 0, \quad \nabla \times H - \partial D/\partial t = J."$$

From this postulate, Stratton procedes to deduce results which are well-known, and thoroughly verified: the inverse-square law of attraction, the laws of reflection, refraction, polarization, and diffraction of electromagnetic waves, etc. The fact that such results can be deduced, makes us believe that these postulates have a high degree of validity.

Furthermore, we may now deduce from Maxwell's equations results which are completely new, and be fairly sure that they are correct. A classical example of this was Hamilton's deduction of conical refraction by the use of Maxwell's equations before the phenomenon had ever been observed.

5. The nature of a postulate should perhaps be discussed. In mathematics, a set of postulates defines a mathematical system, and the results deduced from these postulates are absolutely correct. We are not concerned as to the truth of these postulates. In fact, such a term is meaningless. We care only that the postulates are non-contradictory.

In physics the situation is somewhat different. Here we demand that a postulate be valid. That is, the results which can be deduced from it must be capable of verification by some sort of measurement. Verification by measurement is the final test in physics. If you can't measure something, then there isn't much you can say about it.

6. Statements in Physics give relationships between measurable quantities. Maxwell's equations given above are relationships between entities known as electric fields and magnetic fields. We are told how to measure these fields my means of our instruments, but when we ask for a definition of an electric field, all we are told is that "an electric field is a region in space in which an electric charge will experience acceleration, and the strength of the field is a measure of the amount of the acceleration."

Not satisfied, are you? You still don't know what "causes" the region o space to accelerate the electric charge. And, in fact, you don't know just what an "electric charge" is.

A hundred years ago, much of the energy of physicists was given over to an attempt to answer such questions. Now, people don't bother too much with such questions, for it is not certain that these questions can be answered. You see, in order to explain what an electric charge is, you have to use words. If you are going to say that an electric charge is made out of something, then you have to have a word which tells you what it is made out of. Supposing that we acquire such a word, we now need other words to tell us what the first word means, and so on ad infinitum.

Realizing this situation, physics today is concerned with relationships between electric charges, and does not waste any time trying to explain just what an electric charge is. Perhaps some day the situation will be clearer.

7. Due to the high degree of verification of our present-day physical laws, any changes which ultimately take place in these laws must, of necessity, include our present laws as special cases. For example, Newton's laws of motion are included within Einstein's theory of relativity. Einstein's theory does not discard Newton's laws.

8. Distinction must be made between fundamental laws and explanatory theories. A theory by which we try to depict atomic structure, for example, is an explanatory theory. A fundamental law such as conservation of energy is not very subject to change. It may be stated in other ways, it may be generalized to include cases concerning which we are now ignorant -- but whatever happens to it, the things which we now know concerning conservation of energy are not likely to be proven wrong.

Explanatory theories, on the other hand, are good only as long as they conveniently make correct predictions. The present-day quantum theory of the atom tells us how an atom appears to act as far as our detecting instruments are concerned. Nobody tries to say that the theory tells us what an atom looks like. The theory has certain flaws, the most important, perhaps, being that for all but the most simple cases the mathematics is too damn complicated to work out. But in

spite of that, the theory has explained so many things that its probability of being valid is quite high.

9. Working scientists are not starry-eyed about the godliness of science. Learning science is very dull and tedious. The closer you get to it, the fewer illusions you have about it.

To sum up, we return to the beginning; nothing is absolutely certain. Some things are more probable than other things. These things which are more probable, we call scientific laws. We accept these as laws until something better comes along. But the new idea has to be better. It has to explain everything we know, and must predict new things, and must be simpler to operate than the old idea.

Now let us see how this agrees or disagrees with what Mr. Graham says in his article:

1. Dark ages. Check. In many ways the dark ages are still with us, as far as human relations are concerned.

However, in science the dark ages began to end when Galileo discovered experimentation, and enlightenment became firmly entrenched when Mach, Poincare, Bertrand Russell, etc., made their investigations concerning the postulational basis of our knowledge.

This last has occurred during the past 50 years, and as a result, the basic outlook of physicists is different now than it was 50 years ago. You can't judge physics today by the actions of a teacher who may have had his education prior to this new era.

2. Graham's description of evolving comprehension is quite understandable. In elementary science courses, they do teach things in a simplified manner. You learn Boyle's law concerning gases as if it were an absolute truth. Then when you get to the more advanced courses, you find that Boyle's law is just an approximation of a more exact law known as van der Waal's law. This may be upsetting at first, but I don't recall that it ever distressed me particularly. (Except that van der Waal's equation is harder to remember than the other.)

3. Graham claims: some scientists are afraid of new ideas.

Are we to judge scientists by the important ones or by the unimportant ones? Who are the important physicists of today? Einstein, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Dirac, Fermi, Bohr, de Broglie, Planck, etc. Each one of these is known for the bright new ideas which they contributed to physics.

You don't get a Nobel prize by sticking in a rut. I think that the scientists whom Graham has known were not very important.

4. Skepticism. This works both ways. Graham is skeptical of current scientific ideas. I'm skeptical about Graham's ideas.

5. "A man should not close his mind to anything, however absurd." I don't quite know what this means. Let's say the moon is made of green

cheese. On my probability scale this rates close to zero. Does that mean I shouldn't close my mind to it? A person builds a perpetual motion machine, or trisects an angle, or squares a circle. Do I have to waste my time thinking about it, when I know that these things have a vanishingly small probability? Maybe I can be arbitrary and say that a proposition should have 50% probability of being valid before I spend time on it. Is that satisfactory?

Otherwise, the necessity for keeping an "open mind" for absurd ideas has not been demonstrated to me. In fact, I am just now reminded of a cartoon which showed a person with an open mind into which all sorts of garbage was being poured. That is, in fact, what happens when a person has an undisciplined open-mindedness. He loses the ability to separate the valid from the invalid.

6. The paragraph about being surrounded by a little fence of belief and being terrified at reality is too rhetorical to make good physics. How do you know "reality" when you see it? Not by Mr. Graham's rules, I'm sure.

7. "There is no natural law whose validity is certain," says Mr. Graham.

Okay, I did speak of laws which are "certain" in the Dream Quest article. I did so in order to save wind and typewriter ribbon. But I can really think more rigorously than that when necessary. To do so, I merely shift gears to a higher level of reasoning and apply the method of probability described above.

Thus: when I speak about laws which are "certain", I mean laws which are so fundamental that their probability is nearly 100%. (e.g.: I think, therefore I am. Conservation of energy. Conservation of momentum. etc.)

The trick of challenging the certainty of these fundamental laws doesn't confuse me. The object of this trick is to cas suspicion on everything we know, and before you realize what's happened, you are wondering about the very existence of the universe, together with Bishop Berkeley. This may work with people whose logical foundations are not secure, but it doesn't work on a person who knows firmly and precisely where his knowledge comes from: that is, where experiment leaves off and postulate begins.

8. And so the picture of science being a raft of logs with scientists frantically trying to hold them together is just as false as the solid-stone-edifice picture. I think I've discussed sufficiently just what my picture of science is. I certainly disagree that logic and experiment are to be compared with "rotten, stinking, water-soaked hemp." Lawdy, I wouldn't spend a lifetime studying physics if I didn't think we could do better than that.

Again we see this trick of trying to undermine all of science because of general skepticism, ignoring the very positive results which occur whenever you turn on the radio, electric light, X-ray machine, uranium pile, etc.

Look, when they built that first pile in Chicago, nobody had ever seen a pile before, and yet the thing worked according to the way the calculations said it should. That means there had to be something behind that mathematical theory which corresponded to something which exists on the objective level in nature. This is the sole criterion of a good physical theory:

it works.

9. "Nearly all the science of today will be obsolete tomorrow," sez Graham. Depends on how you look at it, sez I. I prefer to say that the science of today is a stepping stone to the more general science of tomorrow, but the laws which are good in particular circumstances today will be just as good tomorrow.

10. Graham speaks of the assumptions which underly all scientific theories, and in particular mentions the assumption that gravitational strength varies directly as the mass.

Well of course! This is what I've been talking about all the time. But how Graham underrates the knowledge and intelligence of working scientists! What arrogance to imply that only he, Roger Graham, recognizes these assumptions, while Einstein et al do not!

The particular example that Graham gives -- that gravitational mass is the same as inertial mass (if I understand him correctly) -- is, indeed, the fundamental assumption of the general theory of relativity!

To state that "no scientist today is aware" that these are merely assumptions is certainly spreading the stuff a bit thick. What do you think Henri Poincare talks about in "The Foundations of Science", or Lindsay and Margenau in "Foundations of Physics", or Morris R. Cohen in "An Introduction to Logic and Scientific Method"?

11. Question and answer period. These are questions which Mr. Graham asks me to answer:

(1) Outline one facet of science which is deduced from natural law whose validity is certain. Ans. If you permit me to use 99.999% probable in place of "certain", one answer is the science of thermodynamics, which is deduced from the law of conservation of energy and the law of entropy.

(2) What do I consider "belief"? Ans. Here, again, the use of the probability concept keeps me well protected from the logical traps which Graham is laying for me. I'd hate to answer this with two-valued logic. As it is, all I say is this: I believe something when there is sufficient evidence in favor of it to give it a high rating on the probability scale (or when it can be deduced from other propositions which are themselves highly probable) and there is no direct evidence to the contrary.

Likewise, disbelief occurs when the logic or evidence makes the probability less than a certain value. If the probability is about 50%, then I don't feel comprelled either to believe or disbelieve.

Simplicity also plays a role. Given two theories which equally well explain a set of facts, I'll tend to believe the simplest one. This

is the essence of Occam's Razor.

We must at this point make a distinction between the type of reasoning which a person does in everyday life, and the type he must do in studying a science. In ordinary conversation you will make statements such as, "I believe that civil liberties are desirable for all people." This is an opinion, or a belief, and it is not easy to justify it rigorously on a logical basis. It can be done by making certain assumptions such as "I believe in the greatest good for the greatest number." This is the fundamental postulate of <u>an</u> ethical system.

Ethical postulates are related more closely to mathematical than to physical postulates. For you may start with a different postulate and end up with a different ethical system which is valid for certain purposes. In physics you can't do this, for you must start with only those postulates which will give you a system corresponding to that found in nature.

The purpose of this digression is merely to warn of the fallacy that will occur if you try to treat ethical thinking in exactly the same manner that you would treat physical thinking.

(3) Graham asks me to state on what grounds I assume "that any of the thinking of the past has been discarded by the scientists as being wanting, and from what standpoint it can be assumed that, because certain scientists concluded it was wanting, it is wanting in fact."

Ans. I don't "assume" that any of the thinking of the past has been discarded by the scientists as being wanting. I know it just as I know the other things which scientists think nowadays: I read the things they write, and I listen to what they say. I can mention off-hand a half-dozen items which they've discarded: ether, phlogiston, caloric, Laplace's nebular hypothesis, the theory that matter and energy are separate entities, the theory that velocity is proportional to force (pre-Galilean mechanics), and -- oh yes -- the theory that the earth is the center of the universe!

These ideas were not discarded merely because of the personal influence of the scientists who overthrew them. Personalities have nothing to do with this. These ideas were discarded for but one reason:

<u>They didn't work</u>.

The tone of Mr. Graham's question leads me to think that he is prejudiced against present-day scientists on general principles. He does not believe that the old ideas have been replaced, but he believes that the present-day ideas will be replaced in the future. Nothing that modern scientists do will satisfy Mr. Graham.

This type of undisciplined skepticism, if carried to an extreme, leaves one hanging in mid-space without any consistent sort of universe to grasp.

I have no stomach for solipsism.

- -

"But, as I said a few pages ago, I think he's been kidding us."

(Our first piece of silkscreen work was the cover of a half-legalength Pamphlet which has a certain amount of historical interest. The original was in bright yellow on a background of red:)

MUTATION OR DEATH

by

John B. Michel

"MUTATION OR DEATH" is a transcript of the speech delivered by Donald A. Wollheim for John B. Michel at the Third Eastern Science Fiction Convention, Philadelphia, October 1937.

Mr. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS of the Convention Committee, visitors, and friends:

What I am about to say is the result of much thinking and introspection on my part and on the part of the several of my friends here today who support a new program for the future of science fiction -- which shall be the main topic of my talk this afternoon.

To open this discussion it would be well to put forward a statement pregnant with meaning, a statement above all appropriate to the speech, a statement heavily loaded with dynamite and fraught with shaking possibilities.

I hereby make that statement:

The Science Fiction Age, as we have known it during the past few years, is over. Definitely over and done with. Dead, gentlemen, of intellectual bankruptcy.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR ANY persons who might still be harboring any thoughts of optimism while moping over the moldering corpse, the decision is entirely final. I am not fooling when I say this. You can take it or leave it. But I believe, in the

light of what I shall say further on in this talk, you'll take it.

Naturally such a statement calls for proof, strong, unbending proof guaranteed to stand up under criticism of the most searching nature.

Need I offer any more positive a proof than the conduct of this convention iteself?

Gentlemen, we are gathered here this afternoon in solemn conclave -- to do what? To do precisely what?

In a few words let me put forth my opinion on what we are doing. My opinion is that we are baloney bending, throwing the bull, indulging in dull flights of fancy, tossing barrels of rhodomontade all over the place.

I SEE BEFORE ME FANS, writers, editors, and publishers, stf fans all and but a handful really awake to the enormous possibilities inherent in that fragile little thing called science fiction, that potentially mighty force which is rapidly being buried in a deluge of obscure issues, meaningless phrases, stupid interpretations, and aimless goals.

When the first science fiction fan organizations came into existence several years ago, they did so because of a need -- a need, however obscure, which nevertheless existed. That need was expression. We all know the various organizations that were formed. Why recall their history, their mistakes, their stupid, colossal, blundering mistakes of bickering and internal strife and more and more and still more baloney bending? In reviewing the field in its entirety we would be doing nothing more than adding to the dull, dreary reams upon reams of historical fact, consigned already to the limbo of forgotten things.

THE VERY FACT THAT no single science fiction organization has ever made any lasting impression on anything (except for the single exception of the ISA which did more or less practical research work on rockets before its dissolution) speaks for itself.

It speaks in a resounding question:

Just where has science fiction got to in six or seven years of loosely organized existence?

On a world scale, nowhere. Locally, practically nothing has been done. The great local organizations are gone, their banners furled and tossed on the scrap heap. Internationally, science fiction is but the last gasping beats of a never very strong and young and healthy heart. What remains of it all is a gigantic junk pile of stinking literature and less than puerile achievement.

Just what is this urge to organize, anyway? Why do science fiction fans gather all over the world in local clubs and sit up far in the nights to publish fan magazines and correspond on a scale almost unprecedented in its scope?

Certainly because they like science fiction. And why do they like science fiction? Wherein lies this mysterious attraction which prompts most of them to make a fetish out of a new form of literature, a little tin god, as it were, before which their souls bend and scrape? Is it because of the cadence of words, the turn of clever phrases, well-constructed paragraphs, a temporary exaltation on reading some powerful descriptive scene? Is it to orate and argue endlessly about the qualities of this or that writer or the shortcomings of this or that writer? We all know that science fiction itself is something different in literature. But what form and shape has it given the ideas of its adherents? Again I repeat, wherein lies this mysterious compelling force which has made science fiction fans accomplish what little practical work they have accomplished?

THE ANSWER IN GREAT part is that science fiction is the smoothest form of escape literature known. In its infinite depths the lost, the lonesome, the inhibited, the frustrated soul finds understanding and expression, precisely because the world to which they escape is a world of their own fancies and imaginings -- a world which they like. In this haven of refuge their creative instincts are given full rein.

I venture to predict that a heavy majority of science fiction fans are escapists. I think I'm right when I say that because I'm a more or less normal type of fan, and I

was an escapist and in a certain sense I still am.

But why have the fans stopped at this point, content to revel in a seemingly unending debauch of good fellowship leading to what may seem to be a common end and purpose? As you can see by looking about you in the fan field, what remains of the great directive forces, the organizations proper, is nothing. Fandom has resounded for almost a decade with the hullabaloo and the shouting, and now the hollow shell of a structure stopped suddenly in headlong growth sounds to nothing but a painful silence, sterile on the shores of a lost world.

What are you people looking for, anyway? Do you really intend to go on harping for more and better science fiction? Do you really think that merely asking for more and better science fiction is, in some miraculous way, to lift the field out of the slough? What makes you think that the editors and publishers of the magazines are going to give you their ears? Have they in the past? No. Can it actually be your intended purpose to continue arguing on the pros and cons of the literature of science fiction forever?

Can it? If such is your purpose, you are a pack of fools, content to sit smugly by while the fine talents inherent in your brains, the brains which provided the spark which sent science fiction leaping to a halted youth, stagnate.

BUT YOU CANNOT!

Because, gentlemen, the world is catching up with you and will pass you by.

Because, gentlemen, there is something in each and every one of you fans which places him automatically above the level of the average person; which, in short, gives him a vastly broadened view of things in general. The outlook is there, the brains are there. Yet, nothing has happened!

But why not give science fiction a meaning? Naturally all types of fiction are idealized versions of situations found in everyday life. Science fiction is an idealized type of vision of the life of the future.

What is wrong with science fiction today is that its outlook on the future has changed; or rather, has never existed in a rational sense.

How can science fiction have any reational outlook on the future when today exists the greatest confusion in world affairs since the dawn of recorded history?

WHAT IS IMPORTANT to us is what science fiction is going to do about it.

Science fiction has to do something about it because its very life is bound up with the future and today practical events are working to shape the outlines of that future in bold, sharp relief.

Today we are face to face, FACE TO FACE, I repeat, with the choice: CIVILIZATION or BARBARISM -- reason or ignorance.

As idealists, as visionaries, we cannot retreat before this challenge. We must accept it and carry the battle into the enemy's camp. Hitherto, this challenge has not even been recognized, much less accepted.

So come out of your secure cubbyholes of clubrooms and laboratories and meeting places and look at the world before you.

It is swiftly sinking in darkness and chaos. Why? Because the masses are being led by stupid men to a dreary doom.

Dare any of you deny this? Look at the daily newspapers. Look at the authoritative weeklies and monthlies. You see nothing but confusion and the abandonment of every decent instinct left to this mad system under which we live.

As idealists we cannot refuse to accept the challenge of the future.

SCIENCE FICTION HAS finally come to the parting of the ways with meaningless idealism, and, with that idealism, dies. Science fiction must mutate -- must change into a new form of idealism, a fighting, practical idealism, an idealism based on action and not on words, on experience and achievements and not on bombastic and irrelevant swaggerings.

The main point of this whole discussion is that you fans must prepare to incept

this new state of things, else nothing is left but a slow, gradual decay of the gaunt corpse of the body stf until it disappears, eaten up by the fiery acid of mighty world events.

THUS TODAY THE world of science fiction totters. Even science, its mainstay, wavers increasingly toward the vague and obscure.

It would seem as though science were too secure in its ivory tower to pay much heed to the wails and groans (and pardon me if I use this old bromide) of suffering humanity. In its lofty and utterly pure elevation it squats safely amidst its own escapist atmosphere and does precisely nothing practical in the way of saving itself from the consequences of the coming world smash.

Out of its test tubes and instruments it extracts life and the energy of the atom and with them both it fills up our war machine and vomits death and terror throughout the world.

On one hand we are faced with the sickening spectacle of scientists throughout the world turning their backs on cold logic for the magic tinsel of colored military trappings, of a Pirandello in ar and a Marconi in radio stooging for the Fascist dictator and general dirty rat, Benito Mussolini. On our own side of the Atlantic, renowned scientists and savants such as Millikan and others bow hypocritically before a standardized version of a god (of which none of them could possibly conceive) and attend rallies and demonstrations to uphold our military pride and honor.

As the technical brains of the world in their supreme cynicism line up on the side of reaction, the backbone of science fiction itself dies, dies of inaction, of do-nothingness, of an inability to forget for a while its above-it-allness and lead humanity out of the Valley of the Shadow into the dazzling light of a triumphant future.

WHY ALL THIS? Because we have become stale and we stink in our staleness to the high heavens. Because we are conventional and set in our ways and the old way of life is easier to go on living because it demands little effort on the part of the haves and near-haves. We continue to do the same old things in the same old way and are smug and content in our pipe-dreams of super-scientific smoke. Why change? we cry.

Why NOT change? Why in hell not DO something about it?

Great guns! We have brains, technical rains, introspective brains, thoughts and ideals that would put the greatest minds to shame for scope and insight. Put these brains to work <u>before it is too late</u>! The planet is ready for work, for practical work to wipe clean the slate and start anew. We <u>must</u> start anew if we have to smash every old superstition and outworn idea to do it.

We fans can do a lot towards the realization of this rational idea. We can do that because determination very often means achievement. And how sick we are at base of this dull, unsatisfying world, this stupid, asininely organized system of ours which demands that a man brutalize and cynicize himself for the possession of a few dollars in a savage, barbarous, and utterly boring struggle to exist.

We say: "Put a stop to this -- NOW!"

We say: "Smash this status quo of ours by smashing the present existing forms of economic and social life!" Boldly, perhaps a bit crudely, we say: "Down with it!" Down with it before the war-lovers clamp on the screws and bind us in submission for who knows how long!

Let humanity swing along in its goalless rut for more hundreds and thousands of years while the universe beckons for our participation in its active life?

Not for us!

FEARLESSLY AND BEFORE the entire world we state our platform and beliefs (and I speak for all the visitors here today wearing the red delegate badges of the NYFA).

We come out wholly and completely in support of every force seeking the advancement of civilization along strictly scientific and humanitarian lines.

All help to the democratic forces of the world!

All help to the heroic defenders of Madrid and Shanghai, defenders of democracy!

Death and destruction to all forms of reaction!

The machine that will shatter forever the reactional assault on civilization is already in motion. Let us become part of it.

It is our job to work and plan and prepare, to teach and expound for the coming of that day when the human race shall stand erect as should a man and gaze on the stark, naked cosmos with firm eyes, to feel the solid, inconceivable impact of the grim void, to flood its consciousness with the realization that in the vast emptiness we must stand on our own feet and fight it out!

THEREFORE:

Be it moved that this, the Third Eastern Science Fiction Convention, shall place itself on record as opposing all forces leading to barbarism, the advancement of pseudo-sciences and militaristic ideologies, and shall further resolve that science fiction should by nature stand for all forces working for a more unified world, a more Utopian existence, the application of science to human happiness, and a saner outlook on life.

- -

"Foto of bridge of dummy spaceship dabbled red where the W died."

- -

"CONTEMPORARY SKETCHES

"Last night the President spoke from Charlottesville and, as was expected, went a step beyond previous pronouncements and a step nearer the declaration of war.

Something over a dozen of the residents at 1612 R St sat around the radio in the living room and listened to the speech. It was just dusk, and they presented an interesting tableau. All young people, the boys all of army age, all fairly but not exceptionally well educated, all somewhat familiar with the way things work in Washington; not given to too much serious thinking.... But they sat in practically unbroken silence all thru the speech, and for some minutes after it was over. Only one fellow, when the speech was concluded, tried to break the mood: a popular little Italian, who had already gone thru the first adjustment of his opinions resulting from the day's news and wasn't yet ripe for the next phase. The others sat around, their faces set in something like worry, caused by what uncertainty remains, as they let a new shade of pessimism sink in and exert its repercussions. They probably were not thinking any very definite thoughts or following out any clear line of reasoning, such as envisioning the President standing before Congress and asking a declaration of war, or shells falling on a battlefield, or months going by without dates or dancing; they were just turning the big lump of the thing over and over in their minds. Then presently "Tuxedo Junction"'s heavy accents on the phonograph pulled them out of the mood.

Ed's wife deedled the straws in her Tom Collins as I watched the lights in the fountain on the Wardman Park terrace, and said, 'I'll tell you, Jack, I don't see where it'd be worse to live under Nazism or Fascism or Communism or any other kind of ism for me than just to lose Ed; because after all, he matters to me more than anything else.' and 'I figure that the only thing that's worth worrying about or that I care about is just me and my little world, and I don't care what happens to ev'ry body else except just my friends and my little circle of acquaintances. That's selfish, of course. I guess women are that way more than men. Like Ed, for instance, he doesn't feel that way but I do.'

Well, she doesn't, really, of course. She is an active member of one group that is trying to do something about the world's mess. But in times of pressure, people do tend to fall back on the more elemental objectives, and this is such a time."

--- Jack Speer, in RAMBLINGS NO. 7
(Summer 1940)

WORDS AND MUSIC:

BEING THE MENTAL VAGARIES OF A BRITISHER

It is growing dark and the sky beyond the window is becoming a pale, cold lemon. A sheaf of black cloud just out in artificial silhouette, its long angularity making the whole sky unreal, like the clear-cut brilliances in a Disney background. Life isn't like that. Life is a monotone, enlivened occasionally, perhaps, by patches of scarlet or orange but always with each colour faded into the next. Sunsets like this cheat one.

Now, opposite the house, the barrage balloon is rising, a great grey slug or ethereal mastodon. As it twists slowly on its cable it assumes a score of fantastic shapes, the ridiculous tail-fins drooping like the melancholy ears of a puppy. In its tortuous ascension one could almost imagine that it knows the fate of its three predecessors -- one lost in a gale, one shot down by Messerschmidts and one gloriously destroyed in collision with a raider -- and is reluctant to challenge the chill dangers of the night sky. Suddenly defiant it shoots up, the long cable paying out as it swings over the house. Up, dwindling. I crane my neck out of the window and see it ride majestically into the last rays of the sun. Now it is no longer grey and inglorious, but a golden-silver rampart in the sky.

With night riding close and the nightly warning a matter of minutes away comes the usual mental question: is it worth it? All night the bombers will drone over, hugging the limits of the balloon barrage, bound for London or a new Coventry. All night the anti-aircraft guns will rumble and thud and crack, their explosions shaking the house and their echoes crashing reverberatingly through the town. Luckily I can get to sleep during a lull, and once I am asleep nothing less than a bomb through the roof will wake me, but there are others, I know, who lie awake most of the night, listening to the deadly drone which seems to say "for-you, for-you", flinching as the guns reports smash against over-weary ears. I am convinced that the German bomber engine was designed with a view toward intimidation by its sound. It is so very evil in its undertone, totally unlike the full-throated joyous roar of the Spitfire. But at night there are no Spitfire reassurances, merely the steady, maddening note of impending destruction. And we all know that any night this might become a new Coventry, the occasional half-hearted bombing or hectically brief dive-bombing change into a night-long rain of explosive. Is it worth it?

There is only one possible answer. This is not a question of national prestige, imperialism, or even economic necessity. It is a war of life, the titanic opposition of two fundamentally different systems of ethics. I smile a little when I see, in earnest fan magazines, the earnest plea -- KEEP USA OUT OF WAR -- I shouldn't, perhaps, for the political moron is an object worthy of pity rather than contempt. God knows this country is to be pitied for the moronic blindness which betrayed Austria and Czechoslovakia; now the same stupidity, transplan ted, is urging America to betray the last bastion against sadistic horror. You don't want to see your air dark with bombing planes, see your proudest cities -- New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles -- riddled and shattered by scientific barbarism? That is what they whispered to us when some would have us implement our pledges to Nazi-isolated democracy. And you haven't made any promises to us.

Don't believe our propagandists who, in an excess of unnecessary moderation, say that we don't want America in the war, merely her help. We do want it. Unaided we

have broken the onslaught, but the day on which America declares war all the world will know that we cannot lose. And what can you lose? You must, eventually, fight Japan. Is it better to fight now, or to fight when the British Fleet may no longer be in a position to guard your eastern flank. So much for that. I had not meant to propagandize, but footling fan comments, made out of a vast store of ignorance and immaturity, can be infinitely exasperating...

Fan-magazine reading is an excellent tonic for the mental system; the series of delightful intellectual shocks one receives mounts to a culmination that is excruciating. Witness the anguish of Fred W. Fischer, who apparently dwells in the picturesque li'l burg of Knoxville, at being unable to obtain the works of Dennis Wheatley, a defect which makes me think more highly of the American publishing trade. The especial mention -- "Sixty Days to Live" -- is, my dear Fred, one of the latest and worst specimens of undiluted tosh to radiate from the well-known Wheatley pen. If, in America, you cannot reach Wheatley, thank once again the deity who created your native land. For we, in England, cannot get away from him. The fellow's impudence is only exceeded by his naiveté, as witness his recent "Black Baroness" which he prefaced by a note apologizing for bad grammar and construction, "owing to haste". Wheatley, by the way, is another of our pseudo-Fascists, who, on Italian intervention, suffered a pseudo-change into patriots.

The mutual exclusion of contemporary British and American fiction is a continual surprise to me. Friend Fischer professes ignorance of our soi-disant Public Thriller Writer No. 1, and recently Russell Chauvenet, tolerably well read I imagine, was likewise confounded by mention of our almost equally notorious Philip Gibbs and Gilbert Frankau. We, for our part, know only such occasional ocean-crossers as "Grapes of Wrath" and "Kitty Foyle", and most of us know mighty little of those but their titles. I have been conducting a search at the library where I toil for my pittance, and find that the proportion of American fiction is less than 1%. Probably the same holds true in USA. With Federal Union so close, such a state of affairs demands action.

So fans have started rowing over the 1941 Convention already! From my detached viewpoint (in fan wars we are the Isolationists now) it all seems a little ridiculous, and I can only feel that someone should teach Lew Martin, who seems otherwise extremely estimable, how to spell. While advocating a journalistic training for the young I cannot help feeling that no-one should publish a magazine until he is capable of spelling "believe". "i before e except after c", Lew. It's easy, really. Touching the DenVention, I notice that this, too, is being labelled a World Convention, making the third or fourth we have had. This is a beautiful advertisement for the notorious (over here) Yankee egotism, since as far as I am aware there has been no representative of any other continent at any of them. Incidentally, I have a foreboding that the 1941 World Convention will not be altogether successful. Don't ask me why.

In conclusion. Before any ardent patriots rush verbally to the defence of their native land, pause, I beg you, and pity a poor war-harassed foreigner who, for all his baiting, is at times even fonder of the States than his own country. Perhaps, when we are all part of the Federal Union of Democracies, I'll be over there to answer in person.....

It is evening again now, and a day later. The sky is a light, frosty blue, yellowing towards its edge. A breeze shakes the leafless rosebushes in the garden, and from the school across the road comes the menagerial cacophony of adolescents rehearsing for a concert. But high in the blue the last streaks of the late gunfire are still faintly visible, and, one by one along the road, begins the procession of less sturdy ones, fraught with matresses and shelter-bound for the night. The long night, blacked out and chill with gunfire crackling, and a pallid dawn. KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR. Hmmm. We ought to be able to see your point of view.....

-- C.S. Youd, in Chauvenet's SARDONYX V1N3

(DECLINE OF THE EAST DEPT.: Though Speer fleered and mocked at the very thought of a book 2/3 of which was AH SWEET IDIOCY possessing any balance, we here present a gesture in that direction: Joe Kennedy's two-part history of New York area fandom at a time almost matching Laney's selected time span. The first installment is from JoKe's own GREEN THOUGHTS #2; the second, from the Insurgent issue of SPACEWARP, #42.)

Before the Bomb

In the summer of 1943, the golden age for fantasy dealers had not yet dawned. One could still pick up a complete set of Munsey Famous Fantastic Mysteries in New York's Midtown Magazine shop, at two for a quarter -- a price which was considered outrageous.

Fandom lived between issues of Le Zombie, in which the Cosmic Circle fracas was always good for a sterling Pong sortie or two. Out in Brooklyn, Julius Unger was dumping Fantasy Fiction Field into the mails regularly. Dunkelberger was mimeographing it on yellow second sheets. From England came Futurian War Digest, which J. Michael Rosenblum was mimeographing on any paper stock slightly heavier than bathroom tissue. Connor and Robinson had taken over Tucker's Fanewscard, a compact and logical method of circulating fan tidings rapidly, which, although it had no less than four imitators in 1944, has become quite extinct today.

FAPA was riding high, despite the draft and all the wartime shortages: mailings were thick and the waiting list was long. To join FAPA was one of my highest ambitions, but to a very new fan like me the prospects for doing this were extremely slim. It seemed that FAPA members never quit and rarely died.

To a neofan in '43, science fiction fandom was awe-inspiring -- a land, as Moskowitz once put it, where every man could be king and every other man his servant; a dazzling microcosm where an Indiana paranoiac could proclaim, "We are those whom Wells called the star-begotten" -- and find a few people who'd take him seriously.

To adolescent fans, then as now, the hektograph was the usual medium of fanzine duplication. There were in the metropolitan area perhaps half a dozen youthful candidates for the Order of the Purple Hand, which Al Weinstein proposed to award any neofan who published a magazine with a jelly-pan. To me the prospects of owning a mimeograph seemed as remote as Betelgeuse.

Though fandom was mostly manned by 4-Fs, family men, and callow youths, the war seemed far away. I seriously questioned SaM's assertion that to be number one fan was not greater than to be President of the United States.

At the age of thirteen, I had discovered stf just in time to buy the last wartime issues of Super Science, Astonishing (one of my favorites, as it cost but a dime) and Lowndes' Science Fiction Stories. I wrote some letters to the promags and began corresponding with people. One day the mails brought a copy of Beowulf from Gerry de la Ree, home again as Westwood, N.J., after his brief hitch in the navy. This resulted in a correspondence with de la Ree, and in February '44 I visited him and Russ Wilsey in Westwood. Wilsey, a Long Islander and a friend of Donald A. Wollheim, chatted knowingly about the Cosmic Circle, the Futurians, and the Chicon, which he had not attended. This was my first introduction to East Coast fandom.

At this point, a slight digression: in de la Ree's pulpmag-lined den, I saw several copies of a fantasy prozine which I have never seen mentioned in the fan press. This was a semi-professional mag printed on slick paper, which de la Ree said was published by somebody in Jersey. It was slim, but of larger-than-pulpmag page size. Its contents were entirely fiction -- short-shorts of a weird or supernatural slant, I think. The distinguishing feature of the magazine was that it was illustra-

ted throughout with halftone photos of pretty girls in bathing suits. On the copies Gerry had, most of the photos of the pretty girls in bathing suits had been scissored out by the mags' previous owner. The name of the magazine I don't remember, alas, but it was definitely fantasy. If any bibliographers are interested, they can probably obtain information about this from de la Ree or Moskowitz. (Somehow I have a sneaking suspicion that I've mentioned this mystery prozine in some fanzine before.)

Anyhow, I went home from Westwood all souped up about fandom. I melted down my hektograph afresh, and began publishing a hand-lettered imitation of Fanewscard, entitled QX the Cardzine, which appeared every two weeks for the next ten months.

I continued corresponding with Wilsey, and began swapping letters with several other New Yorkers, who kept me supplied with news tips for QX. The eventual result was that in August '44, the so-called "Dovercon" was held at my place. This affair was noteworthy mainly for its bringing together Wollheim and Moskowitz, and received at the time an incredible amount of publicity, despite the fact that only eleven people attended it.

Sam had just been released from the army on a medical discharge. He boomed forth his experiences in the tank corps at great length yet spellbindingly. The Dovercon also marked the first appearance on the fan scene of thirteen-year-old George Fox, whose brash wit and acid commentaries were later to make him a sort of gadfly to the Eastern SF Association, of which organization he is technically the founder.

Paul Miles, another attendee, had a special claim to glory. He had sold a story to Palmer. Some collector with an encyclopedian memory might recall the short-short "Bill Caldron Goes to the Future", in one of the 1943 Amazings [March -- r.e.] that also featured "The New Adam". "Bill Caldron etc" was a typically boyish attempt to write a time-travel story, but its unaffected humor is genuinely funny. Whatever possessed Palmer to buy it I wonder to this day, for most of his jerky readers took the story in utter earnest, and panned hell out of it -- though it did draw praise from a few discerning souls, among them Raym Washington. Miles, a resident of Trenton Michigan, had come East for a ten-day visit with me, during the course of which we went in to the city and annoyed W. Scott Peacock, editor of Planet.

Conversation at the Dovercon pointed out the need for a NYC-New Jersey fan organization -- which was not fated to materialize until April, 1946, when the ESFA was officially born. Unger was reportedly planning a gala science-fiction banquet. This never did come off. The Cosmic Circle was, by the time of the Dover gathering, nearly dead. The slightest mention of it was enough to provoke smiles. We neophytes, however, took great joy in belaboring the dead horse, and whenever material ran short, such adolescent fan journals as Ad Infinitum and Stellar invariably filled their pages with stale jibes about Don Rogers and his cosmic love camp in the Ozarks.

Fresh from the west coast, Mike Fern had taken up residence in New York and had soon become notorious for his bad manners. On one occasion while enjoying the hospitality of Julie Unger, Fern had reportedly borrowed Unger's typewriter, on which he wrote a letter to Laney, filled with abuse of Unger and his family. Fern had then given the letter to Unger to read!

"But, Julie," Moskowitz had asked. "Didn't you have any objections when he called your wife a slattern?"

To which Unger allegedly replied: "So what? So it means she can't read and write so good?"

When the summer of '44 drew to a close, I had acquired enough money by scrubbing pressed for a local newspaper to buy a typewriter. This greatly strengthened my publishing facilities. QX abandoned its hand-lettered format, and I began making plans for the day when I could drop the cardzine entirely and attempt a full-size fan jour-

nal.

For months I had been hearing glowing reports of meeting of The Arisians, an informal New York fan club of which Wollheim was unquestionably the unofficial chief. Meetings were always held at the Wollheims' apartment. In addition to the horde of young fans, many of DAW's Futurian friends like Lowndes, Michel, Kubilius, Bok and his mistress, and others had put in appearances. I was at this time a scant fifteen years of age, and when a postcard invitation arrived from Wollheim himself to attend the September meeting, it was as momentous an occoasion as if I had received a persona al invitation from God Almighty to come over and visit Him and Saint Pete.

The society had been named after the elder race in EESmith's saga, and to a bright-eyed neofan that September '44 neeting did seem like a gathering of demigods. The towering apartment houses of Forest Hills, Long Island, were impressive indeed to an adolescent who'd grown up in a town where the tallest building is three stories high. In the Wollheim's sunken living room, a dozen people could comfortably sprawl. One could ogle Bok and Finlay originals, and paw over DAW's collection of perhaps a thousand fantasy volumes and virtually every fantasy pulp that ever spewed from a press. Fanzines were stashed away in a large cabinet which, I believe, was generally kept locked during meetings.

Smaller bookcases held bound volumes of all the pulps edited by Wollheim and the other Futurians. There were bound copies of The Phantagraph and other fanzines. There was even a copy of The Gholy Ghible -- carbon-copied, one of the three in existence -- and I hastened to inspect it. Written in pseudo-biblical style, it seemed to be mostly egoboo for its Futurian highpriests and hefty slams at Sykora. I angered DAW by suggesting that the title of the Ghughuist holy book be rendered more fantastic by renaming it "the Ghouly Ghible". "What good would that be?" snapped Wollheim. "There's nothing about ghouls in it!"

The phonograph blared forth the Bolero and the Don Cossack chorus singing "Meadowlands". Wilsey was everywhere, uncorking sarsaparilla bottles, administering hotfoots, puffing a cigar, and laughing a bit more loudly than necessary.

In one corner sat the glum but brilliant Bill Stoy, who, together with Chad Oliver, Milt Lesser, Gene Hunter, and Paul Carter, was probably one of the most celebrated letter hacks of modern times. Stoy it was who had composed the code of the Arisians, which was dutifully published in the club's oneshot official organ, La Vie Arisienne.

Larry Shaw peered behind thick spectacles. It was around this time, if memory is correct, that Shaw had quit his $15-a-week job as a New York Times copyboy, returned disgustedly to Schenectady, then had drifted back to Manhattan once more, where he stayed. Though Shaw had given up Nebula, the excellent news sheet which he'd carried on for Rusty Hevelin, he was at this time a leading light in FAPA. His publications were usually graced by the excellent freehand drawings and headings which deeply impressed me, and which, in the later issues of Vampire, I tried to emulate.

Al Weinstein was a faithful Arisian attendee. One of my earliest correspondents, Weinstein was perhaps too well adjusted to the world at large to submerge himself long in the fannish microcosm. Nonetheless, his fanzine Ad Infinitum saw five steadily-improving issues, and published material by Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Ron Clyne, Jay F. Chidsey, Henry Elsner, Sam Mason and me.

Then there was Austin Hamel, a goodlooking and personable fifteen-year-old, whose brief passage through fandom has left little trace behind. Hamel is perhaps best remembered for Stellar, a publication which bade fair to rival Degler's mags for the title of the worst legible fanzine of all time. Weinstein, Ron Maddox, and I had visited Hamel in the Bronx, and were shown a large closet stacked with early Gernsback Wonders and Amazings. Yet during the Arisian gathering, he continually

cast glances toward the window, and I mentally compared him to a caged sparrow. Once he dolefully remarked, "What the hell am I doing here? I could be out playing baseball." His subsequent return to the mundane world did not much surprise me.

Completing the gathering were Monroe Kuttner, a very young fan who has been popping in and out of East Coast fan activities for several years now, and Rosemarie Riewald, an intellectual bobbysoxer who, together with Sam Mason and Janvier Hamell, then comprised the short-lived "Philadelphia Futurians".

Wollheim was editing Ten Detective Aces at the time. He has at one time or another edited just about every category of pulp mag, I believe. One day, he reminisced, when he was editing Baseball Action Stories or some such pulp (I am not sure of that title) he was asked by a fellow employee what he thought of the series. "What series?", the editor of Baseball Action Stories replied.

"There was a time," he said, "when nearly every sports magazine in New York was edited by science fiction fans who hated sports."

Arisian gatherings were, of course, primarily social, secondarily scientifictional, and never political. I do recall Wilsey's remarking that he was studying Russian so he could accompany DAW on a postwar visit to Moscow. However, most of the afternoons were spent, as Weinstein once remarked in Ad Infinitum, in "debating whether or not Ackerman is human, why the Yankees lost the pennant, how Wilsey's ears grew so enormous, and sundry other intelligent eruptions." After the September meeting, there was an excursion to a Chinese restaurant near Times Square. I was quite proud of being the first Arisian elected to membership on a subway train.

In addition to the little band of the faithful, a number of other luminaries showed up at the October gathering, the second and final Arisian meeting that I attended. Among the first to arrive were Damon Knight [sic -- r.e.], Chester Cohen, and Suddsy Schwartz, the latter wearing a sweater over the front of which a bowl of oatmeal appeared to have been spilled. Suddsy told the story of the rooster that wore red pants, and flashed a photograph which he said he'd purchased from Tucker -- a nude sprawled on a couch, draped only in copies of Startling Stories.

Frank Wilimczyk was there. Wilimczyk I knew as the publisher of the fine general fanzine, Paradox. I remember very little about him, other than that he didn't have much to say, and seemed embarrassed when I attempted to rise from a couch and couldn't do it because he was sitting on the tail of my coat.

Wilsey sang a little jingle to the tune of "I'm a Little Teapot":

> I'm a little Cosfan, short and dumb;
> Here is my brain, as big as my thumb.
> When I get all steamed up, I do shout,
> "Ashley is a dictator! Unger is a lout!" (*)

John Michel arrived, accompanied by a dark-haired girl whom he'd met in the Village -- Judy Zissman, later to become a charter member of the Vanguard a.p.a. Michel was editing some aviation magazine at the time, and one of his duties was to comb all the morning newspapers for news items about airplanes.

The meeting occurred during the Roosevelt-Dewey election campaign and I was wearing an old Coolidge-and-Dawes election button which I'd rooted out of the attic. Michel inspected the thing gravely.

"Where'd you get this?"

"Oh," I said, "it's a family heirloom."

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(*) Ashley had excluded Cosmic Claude Degler from a Michiconference shortly before.

"Ummmm," he muttered. "A Republican family."

I marvelled at his learning.

The thought struck me that the Futurians had all but developed a small culture-inside-of-a-culture all their own. Not only did this have its own burlesque religion, its literature and philosophy, but its own language as well. Some youngfan, browsing through the bound fanzines, discovered something written in Dawnish, the synthetic language which the Futurians had presumably invented as a take-off on Esperanto. When queried how one might acquire this curious tongue, Wollheim replied, "We'll teach you. Ten dollars a lesson. A hundred easy lessons or fifty hard."

The whimsy for which the Futurians were famous was still evident. A sober discussion was held concerning the fate of six pieces of paper which had reportedly been rolled beneath the drum of Michel's mimeo into a spacewarp, and never appeared on the other side. Some of the FAPA members considered the possibility of producing 65 small bowls of jello, with articles and poems and stories engraved in fine type upon the gelatin. DAW laughed hugely when I announced a fanzine to be called Terrifying Test-Tube Tales. I don't know whether I ever told him that the title was inspired by Stirring Science Stories.

During all these goings-on, both Don and Elsie Wollheim treated the attendees very cordially, and, indeed, their toleration for young fans was considerably greater than we had a right to expect. I have never figured out why Wollheim formed the Arisians. It may have been that, as a well-established professional editor, he enjoyed being the acknowledged leader of a group of neophytes; or possibly he had ideas of becoming once again a power in fan politics. I don't know. It was certain that at the time he was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with FAPA, as evidenced by his oneshot fanzine Vertigo, which was distributed only by subscription.

After the Vanguard Amateur Press Association was begun in March, 1945, the Arisians waned. The face of New York Fandom had changed. Things were shaping up for the big Futurian split which finally came in September. Then, too, a lot of new fans like Hamel and Weinstein disappeared. The great invasion from Los Angeles began, with Kepner, Brown, and others moving to New York, where they gravitated toward the elder faction of the split Futurian Society, and Kepner began writing blasts against Astounding Science Fiction's capitalism for The Daily Worker. The atom bombs exploded, too, around this time.

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After the Atom

I. CONCEPTION ON A COUCH

Shortly after the atom bomb went off, blowing a lot of Japs all to hell and providing John W. Campbell jr. with a topic to write a non-fiction book about, things began getting back to normal. Rameses cigarets and Orbit chewing gum vanished from the market; newspapers went back to using small headlines; and George R. Fox of Rahway, New Jersey, decided to form a whiz-bang new science fiction club.

One balmy December day in 1945, this club was conceived on a couch in Fox's livingroom. Somebody sitting on the couch -- I forget whether it was Lloyd Alpaugh or Sam Moskowitz or Bob Gaulin or me -- thought up a name for the organization. "World of Null-A" was running in Astounding at the time, and so the club was named "The Ā-Men".

It was, as Moskowitz later remarked, the first time in fan history that a club had been named after a story which none of its members liked.

 Ten people from Jersey and New York got together at Moskowitz's house the following January, to eat Moskowitz's liverwurst and paw with unwashed hands through his magnificent collection of rare fanzines in bound volumes. This was the second meeting of the Ā-Men.

In March 1940 the Ā-Men considered themselves sufficiently mighty to sponsor an affair which foundered under the official title of The First Post-war Eastern Science Fiction Convention.

Now, although George Fox and I lifted a couple of fingers to mimeograph and address a wad of circulars, the First Postwar Eastern was Moskowitz's show from start to finish. He hired the hall, he talked L. Sprague de Camp into giving a speech, and ran the affair like a veteran ringmaster.

More than a hundred people squeezed into Newark's gloomy Slovak Sokol Hall. For our heroic efforts on the convention committee, Fox and I were given the honor of sitting up on the speakers' platform. Manly Wade Wellman and Tremaine and Merwin and Robert Arthur and Wollheim spoke briefly; a little guy with horn-rimmed glasses stuttered forth a question and I didn't find out until a year afterward that this had been George Ebey; Helen Wesson was wandering around with an armload of The ... Things, looking beautiful and bewildered as she tried to locate all the people that the copies were supposed to go to. Afterward, an account of the proceedings somehow managed to get into -- of all places -- Harper's Magazine.

Tom Hadley was there, too.

Of the fabulous individuals whose fannish trajectories my own has crossed, Tom Hadley will remain one of the fabulousest. The man himself is surrounded in legend. His mother, some say, is a multi-millionaire. I do not know if there is any truth to the story that when Hadley, out driving, confounded a tree with the highway, he calmly phoned for another new Cadillac. At the Philcon, anyhow, the hotel staff leaped to his service as if motivated by springs.

Hadley had just published THE TIME STREAM by John Taine, and he brought along a couple hundred copies which were offered for sale at the con. As the firewater rose higher in Hadley's head, the price of THE TIME STREAM sank lower. Collectors who, minutes earlier, had relinquished three dollars for the volume, were mad as bloody hell when the book was suddenly offered for two.

At the auction Hadley was the biggest buyer. After a bitter bidding duel with Gerry de la Ree over a not-particularly-good Lawrence original, Hadley peeled off fifteen dollars, took a close look at the drawing, and bellowed: "Migawd! What made me buy this?" He also paid five dollars for a batch of old Cosmic Circle Commentators.

It seems to me, though, that Hadley deserves much of the credit for starting the current stampede to cram sci-fic between hard covers. When TIME STREAM first appeared, I heard fully a score of people opine that Hadley was throwing his money down a hole. There were not 2,000 stf fans who'd plunk down $3 for a book, said the prophets gloomily. The only reason Arkham House prospered was that it specialized in weird fiction, for which there was a larger audience.

Hadley continued throwing his money down a hole. I read the other day that Fantasy Press has printed 7,000 copies of EESmith's TRIPLANETARY.

II. SKYLARKS OF SLOVAK SOKOL

Eight weeks later Sam Moskowitz again stood on the rostrum of Slovak Sokol Hall. Fifteen faces smiled wanly up at him.

Though the sperm of the Eastern Science Fiction Association had been planted on

George Fox's couch, it was not until this organizational meeting in April 1946 that the ESFA was yanked into the world, a squalling, hairy brat; its umbilical cord snipped, and its back roundly thumped to encourage respiration. This meeting also marked the first appearance on the fan scene of 15-year-old Ricky Slavin. Of this, more later.

A long, dull political meeting was spent in arguing over by-laws and such stuff. The old name, the Null-A Men, was given the ax. Two more votes and the club would have been named "The Odd Johns" instead of ESFA.

Not the least attractive feature of Slovak Sokol Hall was the fact that it rented for $3. The proprietor, a cunning character, allowed this low rent in the expectation of getting business for his bar downstairs. Little did he realize that the upper lips of fully half the club's membership bore less fuzz than a peace -- uh -- peach. Many a sober speech on the place of science fiction in the modern world was drowned out by the thumping strains of a polka wafting upward, accompanied by legions of boots clomping the barroom floor.

From the nativity of ESFA, there was little doubt in anybody's mind that the man who should by rights run the club was Sam Moskowitz. Virtually single-handedly, he had presented the First Postwar Eastern Conference; nobody else had the personal contacts necessary to get big-name speakers. Even after the reincarnation of the Queens SF League in the fall of '46, many New Yorkers continued trooping over to Newark the first Sunday of every month. Elections were a polite formality. The ESFA was Sam Moskowitz, and its members seemed well satisfied.

The man who has piloted ESFA for the past four-and-a-half years should rate at least a paragraph here. Moskowitz, as most actifans know, is physically massive. Indeed, he worked for a time as a boxing instructor. He has a powerful voice that would fill Mammoth Cave. He is an interesting speaker because he himself is interested in everything in creation. I have heard him deliver impromptu a discourse on the colonial history of Newark, then switch to poetry or politics with equal competence. He has remarked on occasion that he works as a truck-driver because that is a job which places little strain on his eyesight, which he believes was impaired by overconscientious reading of the letter sections in the Gernsmback pulps, which were printed in microscopic type. Moskowitz is a highly readable writer because of his ability to pick out shrewd angles in his topic which nobody else would ever think of. Fandom has not produced many better critics because there are not many people in fandom who can match his enthusiasm.

ESFA was not only a convivial place to spend a Sunday afternoon but it soon became a marketplace where dealers could spread their wares. Membership cards were struck off by Sykora, bearing the initials of the club in huge scarlet letters. I have heard of at least one member who flashed one of these things in a bar and was mistaken for a Communist.

Toward the end of the year, meetings degenerated into much bitter wrangling over whether the club should boycott Amazing for printing the Shaver Mystery, and whether there was such a thing as fantasy music. These bickerings led Gerry de la Ree to quit the club in disgust. A few others followed.

III THE AFTERGLOW

Interesting as it was to look at writers (Frank Belknap Long, a retiring individual, faced the assembly like a hare ringed in by hounds), lots of people went to the ESFA because of the enjoyable bull sessions afterward. The younger mob, as soon as the meeting was over if not sooner, would streak for the nearest Chinese eatery.

One Sunday night a bunch of us youths were as usual chawing chop suey in one of these joints when a rather memorable incident occurred. Monroe Kuttner, a faithful

ESFAttendee, was afflicted by a queasy stomach. To tantilize him, Fox related an anecdote about a Chinese chef who suffered from leprosy. Parts of the chef's anatomy kept unexpectedly dropping off; so one day a patron of the house sank his fork into a steaming heap of chow mein only to draw it forth holding a human thumb in an advanced stage of decay. Fox swore up and down that this tale was true. As he listened to this, poor Kuttner's face assumed the color of fish. "Things don't happen like that in these Chinese joints!" he gurgled. "They're cleaner than any other kind!" So saying, he cut open a tomato on his plate and out rolled a plump louse.

On one occasion the club heard a talk by Kenneth Sterling M.D., an oldtime member of the Futurians and a close friend of H.P. Lovecraft. Sterling spent about an hour lecturing on the chief causes of death in the United States, giving statistics for fatalities due to cancer and heart disease in great profusion. As the hour dragged to a close, he remarked, "Well, I'd intended to discuss my friendship with Lovecraft, but I see my time is just about up, so I thank you all for your kind attention," and sat down. John Michel was there too, chewing a sinister black cigar.

Sterling's speech was one of the few events in fan history which have been reported right on the spot. Maddox had lugged his bulky Speed-o-Print machine all the way from Greenwich Village. In the white heat of enthusiasm, he struck off the latest issue of his newssheet, The Fan Spectator.

After the meeting the skies opened wide up and it rained like all billy-hell. I will never forget passers-by in the middle of Newark gawking openmouthedly as we hiked through the downpour brandishing this colossal Speed-o-Print machine in the air. We ducked into a horror movie, where a flabbergasted usher agreed to park the contraption in some hole in the wall which was, I believe, the men's room.

But -- ahh! Those magnificent after-meeting bull sessions. The anecdotes that would bubble forth like pin-points of carbon dioxide coming out of a ginger ale bottle, as hoary veterans of the early days of fandom would spin forth yarn after yarn --

One anecdote was about the former editor of Super Science who got the glorious wage of $15 a week. His secretary also got $15, so he fired her, did her work too and got $30.

Then there was the former editor of Astounding (one of them) who used to snag spare cash by writing stories under pennames and selling them to himself. Now, this is a thing which lots of editors have to do in order to eat decently. But one day his boss took a look at the files and discovered that a lot of stories had been bought and paid for which the editor hadn't gotten around to writing yet. Astounding abruptly got a new editor.

Moskowitz claimed he once almost sold a book-length novel to Doc Lowndes, his bitter feuding-enemy. Seems Future Fiction was crying for material. Julius Unger offered to latch onto the manuscript of a sensational science-fiction novel, written by a woman who'd never appeared in the pulps before...was Lowndes interested? So Lowndes replied sure, let's have a look at it. Moskowitz, the "woman" in question, them began working night and day to write this sensational science fiction novel. Future Fiction, lacking a lead novel, was delayed. Lowndes tore his hair. Just when SaM was putting the final touches on his book-length masterpiece, Lowndes made a deal with Ray Cummings to reprint a long string of that worthy's novels. Well, so the story goes.

During the ESFA's first year, Moskowitz was having a lot of trouble with his landlord. This dignitary kept breaking into the locked room down in the basement where SaM stored his surplus books and prozine duplicates, and making off with armloads of choice items.

"I don't know what he steals them for," said SaM sadly. "He can't read."

IV. LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

The first time fifteen-year-old Ricky Slavin came to ESFA, I got the impression that she was a nice, innocent, slightly naive kid. Hence I received something of a jolt at the following meeting, during the course of which she calmly blew a lungful of cigarette smoke into my eyes and asked me whether I was a virgin.

Ricky Slavin was dark-haired, plump, and pretty. She soon got to know almost every stefnist of importance in the metropolitan area, and the ESFA promptly elected her secretary. Her contributions to a serious discussion were keen, almost brilliant. ESFA males soon discovered that to arouse her wrath was like chucking a torch into a pile of TNT.

Once I wrote an account of the October 1946 Philly conference which Virginia Blish said was an awful waste of my considerable talents. On the train coming back from this conference, Slavin and I were chatting.

"Sometimes," she sighed, "I get so mad at this stupid world and all the men in it that I feel like casting myself under the cruel, rolling wheels of this train."

"Well, why don't you?" I said politely.

"You jerk," she spat, "I've got something that will take care of a jerk like you. You never saw my hidden fang, did you? Well, I'll show you something that will make your eyes pop -- "

So saying, she tugged her skirt right up to her hip. As I looked on helplessly, she began drawing something out of the top of her stocking. It was a switch blade knife. She flicked the trigger and a wicked-looking seven-inch blade shot out toward me.

"Feel this!" she hissed. "It's sharp enough to rip your guts out." Then, to my relief, she returned the weapon to its hiding place.

There came into being a state of undeclared warfare between Slavin and ESFA's director. On one or two occasions somebody bought Ricky a drink downstairs in the Slovak Sokol bar; this innocent occurrence filled Moskowitz with visions of the club losing its three-dollar meeting hall. (In New Jersey you have to be 21 even to buy a beer.)

The full story may never be known, but anyhow Slavin went storming up to Moskowitz's third-floor apartment one day, unannounced and uninvited, determined to do him dirt. An argument followed. Slavin seized his prized copy of The Outsider and Others, hurled the volume to the floor, and ripped to shreds the book's dustjacket.

Since collecting is a way of life to SaM, she could not have touched a more vulnerable spot. So far as I have been able to figure out, ESFA's director practically flung the poor girl down two flights of stairs, then booted her into the street.

"After all," said SaM mournfully as he related the tale, "the dustjacket alone was worth five dollars!"

From that day on, he imposed a ban against Slavin's entering Slovak Sokol Hall.

In December '46, Alpaugh, Ron Maddox, Fox, and I held a oneshot-fanzine session at which we knocked ourselves out publishing a thing entitled Tails of Passionate Fans. The piece de resistance of this literary abortion was a story purporting to have been ghostwritten by Stanley G. Weinbaum, and Slavin was the heroine of it. When Slavin latched onto a copy of this thing, she sent special-delivery letters to the fathers of the four co-editors, threatening to sue for libel and I don't remember what all else. By luck, every one of the four co-editors managed to intercept the

letters, and Fox even went so far as to write an answer, signing his father's name to it. A couple years later Alpaugh published a second issue of Tails, but it was tame stuff by comparison.

Then there was the time Joe Schaumburger was in a penny arcade and discovered one of those machines which you put a penny in and you press down the right keys and a little strip of tin comes out the bottom with your name on. On this contraption Schaumburger typed out an obscene greeting and mailed the little piece of tin to Slavin. She promptly sicced the postal authorities on him, and Schaumburger told me this greatly influenced his decision to join the army abruptly.

A year or so after Slavin stopped coming to ESFA, I met her at a Queens SF League conclave. She planted her foot squarely in the middle of my pratt.

She is married now, and doesn't go to science fiction meetings any more. She is, without doubt, one of the most real personalities I have ever met, and somehow I have always liked her. Someday when I write my Great American Novel I would like to use her as a character in it, if I thought she wouldn't mind.

V. THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES

Paul Dennis O'Connor's appearances at the ESFA, though infrequent, were memorable. Drooping eyelids and an affected Boston accent are the characteristics of the man that stand out in my recollections of him. He is, of course, best known for publishing two fragmentary Merritt novels with endings by Bok.

I would say without hesitation that O'Connor is by far the most enjoyable impromptu speaker I have ever listened to. His rare addresses to the ESFA were a dazzling bunch of bawdy quips, bellylaugh-provoking anecdotes about well known writers and editors -- at least half inaccurate, but all uproarious.

O'Connor once bowled over an ESFA audience by remarking in a perfectly deadpan fashion: "Contrary to many reports, I am not in the habit of sprawling in the nude on a yellow chaise lounge." He was fond of flashing a huge green ring coyly about. "The stone in this ring," he explained, "is a genuine emerald taken from the eye-socket of an Egyptian mummy."

To characterize O'Connor as a fruit would be, I think, dead wrong. He has a subtle sense of humor. I always got the impression that his mannerisms were put on often as a gag, as a clever and carefully studied pose, designed to amuse other people.

On a few occasions O'Connor threw open his apartment and showed old Fritz Lang movies and army training films. Various queers from the village were among the crowd. I am indebted to Lloyd Alpaugh for an account of one of these open-house clambakes. Les Mayer, a good-looking ex-GI, was seated in O'Connor's darkened bedroom watching the movies when a couple of characters sat down on either side of him. Though they were males, they wore fingernail polish and tried to snuggle up to him. This naturally disconcerted Mayer. Hieing himself to another chair several yards away, he tried to ignore the characters. The latter, who so far as I know were not fans, simpered and moved after him. Around and around the room they went, Mayer vacating chair after chair and the characters following him hell-bent, giggling all the while.

"You know" said Mayer to Alpaugh when the movies were over and they were going home, "I believe those two guys were fairies."

In bull-sessions after an ESFA meeting, O'Connor was a very interesting man to listen to. One night in a cafeteria he delivered a long and wonderful discourse about the time Hannes Bok was employed to paint some sexy murals for Dunninger, the mind reader; about how Derleth used to pay off his dust-jacket artists in copies of

Arkham House books; how the New Collectors Group was not going to publish Merritt's sequel to The Moon Pool because Mrs. Merritt wanted a dime a word for it. He then went into a diatribe against all science-fiction fans, whom he considered viler than maggots; proceeded to read the palms of several people at the table including Ron Clyne; and spoke very seriously ov the forgotten mysteries which only the ancient sages knew.

I believe it was around this time that Moskowitz went to New York in a rented car and bought up all the copies of The Fox Woman that O'Connor had left, for speculation. He did, however, sell them at a fair price to ESFA members.

VI. THE WORLD OF SAMUEL MASON

While physicists were tinkering on their atom-bombs during the war years, Sam Mason was trying to organize Philly. The PSFS, however, would have none of him, so he drifted to New York. Here he acquired a measure of inverted glory.

My first impressions of Mason were striking. An incredible mop of reddish hair topped his wispy frame like bloom of a poppy. There was something leprechaunish about the man. He and Rose Riewald and George Fox and I were sitting in Fox's living room drinking Fox's mother's beer and soda and Mason was reminiscing about the Boy scout troop he once belonged to. This was the only Boy Scout troop I ever heard of in which all the tenderfeet drank gin.

Mason was critical of New York policemen. "These cops, damn their guts. They have somehow got the notion I am a marijuana-runner. They keep calling up on the phone and asking, 'All right, where have you got it hid?' I tell them I don't know what they're talking about and then they hang up. But the F.B.I. agents are even worse. They keep breaking into my apartment at the damnedest hours!"

To Mason's Greenwich Village lodgings toddled callow fan-editors bearing stencils to be run off on the rickety mimeograph*, leaving laden with heaps of the stories and poems that rolled unquenchably from Mason's typer. From all reports, Mason got a huge charge of watching these innocents get red-eyed on his rum, and one youthful Brooklynite suddenly took a vacation from fandom when his mother smelled reefer smoke on him. Yet Mason's contributions to crifanac were often salutary. His two-shot fanzine, Count Wacula, contained traces of terrific writing, the best single item being a satire on Saroyan. On the basis of this piece alone, I consider Mason a humorist of almost Burbee-esque stature. As near as I can remember, the beginning went: "The world is a beautiful place when you are a young writer starving to death in a furnished room, longing for a beer, longing for a check from SatEvePost, longing for Hedy Lamarr, all full of wants and desires and salami, and not entirely certain that Lenin was right, either."

The last I heard of Mason, he was smuggling guns to Israel.

VII. THE CONVENTION THAT ALMOST WASN'T

In March 1940 the Eastern Science Fiction Association decided to hold a "convention" of sorts, to celebrate its second birthday. George O. Smith, Merwin, Sturgeon, and other notables were invited. The Sunday of the convention was a drizzlingly rainy day. As I stepped into the meeting hall, the overpowering stench of old eggs hit my nose. Half an hour earlier, Ron Christensen and Bob Caulin -- with astonishing gymnastic prowess -- had entered the hall by a skylight and planted a quantity of ammonium sulfide among the rafters. This substance promptly began vaporizing as hydrogen sulfide, and perfuming the meeting hall below.

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*Legend had it that the ABDick Company did not release this contraption -- it escaped from them. [Kennedy's note.]

Pre-convention attendees wandered around with hands clamped to their noses. Women looked sick. Moskowitz stormed in, doing a slow burn as he sniffed the stink. With a window pole, he poked around the ceiling trying to dislodge the source of the odor. Mumbling something to the effect that he'd throw the culprits the hell out if he knew who they were, he heaved both the hall's windows open, but the damp breeze only stirred the smell up a bit. Distinguished people began arriving, wrinkling their faces as they entered the room. One well-intentioned lady insisted on going around tapping the walls, trying to locate the dead rat which she was convinced had met its doom somewhere between the boards. By the time the meeting was called to order, the stink had abated somewhat. But throughout the afternoon many individuals looked glassy-eyed, and the percentage of attendees deserting the meeting for the bar downstairs was higher than was customary.

None of the subsequent ESFA meetings were as good as that one, so I stopped going.

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"All Europe, including England...."

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"HOT AIR CORNER. That beloved character, Paul Dennis O'Connor, a man of his word and of unquestioned integrity, has spoken out once more, calmly, sensibly. In Pan Demos he writes that he has restricted the reprint rights to The Fox Woman, which his New Collectors' Group published, in order that TFW shall remain in limited circulation among fantasites who purchased the volume from him. No paperback reprint will be published while he has anything to say about it, says Mr. Paul Dennis O'Connor.

"He came to this decision merely to assure himself that the 'precocious creature whose inane bletherings are always to be seen in the letter departments' will never get a chance to read the book. This 'cookie', says Mr. O'C, claims he won't read The Fox Woman till it is reprinted in paperback form at 25¢. Good old Paul, for a joke haha, has decided that this poor guy will never read the Merritt-Bok volume. Clever!

"Some crass readers might of course wonder why Mr. O'C should really care if some fans do wait to buy a reprint edition after all, The Fox Woman sold out, didn't it? Surely Mr. O'Connor doesn't have mint copies for sale at $25 each does he? No, no, no, of course not. No.

"I'm so sure that good old Paul has really squeezed every cent of profit out of it that I just wonder what would happen if Pocketbooks Inc., or Bantam, or Penguin, up and offered O'Connor $200,000 for the reprint rights?

"What 'precocious creature' in what letter department?" might then be the cry we'd hear if we wondered aloud about a 'certain article in a certain magazine.'

"Of course, I seriously doubt if anybody will ever offer Paul Dennis O'Connor even a used 1 1/2¢ stamp for The Fox Woman reprint rights. Tsk, I'm such a cynic, but I don't believe good old Paul even owns them!"

--- Redd Boggs, in SKY HOOK #7.

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"The fallout comes on little cat feet."

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"I am thinking of registering to vote this year," I said in a fit of patriotic enthusiasm. ++ "You'll have to prove you're literate." ++ "Well, I voted once before. That was in the state of Georgia, though, so I don't guess that proves anything." ++ "It proves you're white."

---Hoffwoman: TOPOFSFTPOLHAAMOF, V1 N1.

(In commenting on FANCYCLOPEDIA II, Speer suggested the applicability of Tom Lehrer's line to his present professional status and previous fannish expositions. It's too much to expect me to fight the temptation to take him at his word in reprinting these legal disquisitions:)

Now there's a charge for what he used to give for free....

I. LEX

Law is sometimes all too complicated, litigation expensive, justice slow. And yet law -- I might almost say, any system of law -- is a thousand times better than anarchy, for law represents the accumulated wisdom of the ages, whereas in the chaos of anarchy, the interests of the moment prevail.

...The points of law given in the article are submitted so that you will know what the law in such matters is, not in the expectation that fans will actually avail themselves of the right to sue a fellow-fan.

II. AN AMATEUR'S SUMMARY OF THE COPYRIGHT LAWS
With Emphasis on the Common-Law Copyright

What is a copyright?
A copyright is the securing of the possession of an intellectual production.

What may be copyrighted?
Any intellectual composition is property, and confers all the rights of property, since it is the result of mental labor. The quality of the work has nothing to do with its copyrightability; the mere fact that mental labor has gone into it being sufficiant. However, works inherently illegal or immoral cannot be protected by statutory copyright, as the Constitutional provision specifies, "Science and the useful arts". The length of the work is not pertinent, nor, in fact, need it be reduced to writing, as long as it is identifiable. But if two persons produce a similar work independently, both have the right of control and publication. The work of an employee employed for the purpose of producing the work is the property of the employer.

Letters, a diary, a secret code, a translation of something written in another language, a burlesque of a serious production -- all are the result of mental labor and under the sole control of their creator, subject to the copyright law and common law.

Copyrightable work need not be wholly original; on the other hand, paraphrasing, even if so skillfully done that not a word is the same as in the original, is a piracy if it can be distinguished as paraphrasing, expressing the same idea in the same way. Works already public domain(87) are not copyrightable. Ideas cannot be copyrighted, as the right is not on what is said, but on how it is said. The name of a publication or piece of writing is not copyrightable.

What is the "common-law copyright"?
Before general publication(87), an intellectual production is the sole and absolute possession of its creator. He need pay no fee, register nothing, fill out no documents. The right is inherently his the minute the production comes into being.

What rights does this common-law copyright confer?
A darn sight more than the statutory copyright does. Under the latter, there is the doctrine of "fair use", meaning that one may quote from a copyrighted work in reviewing it, or using it to illustrate a remark. Under the common-law copyright, on the other hand, not one phrase may be quoted without authorization from the author of writer. The production is the possession of the creator solely, conferring all the rights of ownership. He may keep it secret, circulate it among certain people, de-

(87) But see following page [all notes in these articles are Speer's].

rive profit from it (provided the sale is not unrestricted), make such restrictions on its use as he sees fit, transfer its ownership so that he have it no more; and he has the right of first publication. No one else, except his assigns, has any of these powers over the work. Moreover, unlike the statutory copyright, under which fifty years, I believe, is the ongest period of control possible before the work becomes public property, to be used as anyone wishes, the common-law copyright lasts indefinitely, belongs to the heirs and assigns forever, and is lost only on general publication or abandonment. Any unauthorized use of the work lays the user open to suit by the author.

Letters sent to a newspaper or magazine impliedly for publication may be published without formal consent, tho the writer may revoke the right to publish, at any time before publication. In ordinary correspondence the property right to the paper and ink of a letter resides in the recipient, and may be disposed of in any way that does not amount to general publication(88), but the intelligence contained therein, as stated therein, belongs to the writer. Commonly there must be inferred a right of reading or showing it to a more or less limited circle of friends,(89)but in other instances, the very nature of the contents may be such as to enjoin secrecy, and when they are specifically written in confidence, this must be respected. The recipient may make use of material in a letter, as in writing a biography, provided he does not quote or paraphrase from it. The recipient may disclose the nature of the contents of a letter(90). Letters can be used as evidence in a court of law against the wishes of the writer.

Infringement of the common-law copyright, however innocent, is subject to prosecution.... Unauthorized publication of a lecture in shorthand would be infringement. ... The works of US citizens are protected in the British Empire before publication, and in all countries subscribing to the copyright Congress upon securing of statutory copyright.

When is the common-law copyright lost?

Upon general publication. General publication means unrestricted publication.

When the general public or an indefinite portion of it are given the chance to get copies of a work, it has been generally published.(91) The unrestricted sale of a single copy constitutes general publication. In short, when any person, or even one of an indefinite number of a limited type, who has the money, can get a copy, and at least one does, the common-law copyright on it is lost. The author or assigns must then apply for a statutory copyright or lose control of the work, it becoming public domain -- and such application must be made within two years. In the meantime, after general publication and before copyright, anyone who wishes may use the work. Individual pieces in uncopyrighted publications can be copyrighted by their authors.

Unauthorized general publication does not lose a man his common-law copyright(92), Restriction of sale to a single occasion saves the common-law copyright(93). Mere notice of restriction, where actually there is none, does not prevent its being general publication. Deposit of copies in the Copyright Office for purpose of obtaining a statutory copyright terminates the common-law copyright whether a statutory copyright is eventually secured or not. Common-law copyright ends where statutory copyright begins.

Abandonment of the common-law copyright can be signified by conduct from which

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(88) As to autograph hounds.

(89) It is doubtful if this point would excuse publication in a group as large as the FAPA, but probably would in one such as the CPASF.

(90) Thus, even if Speer's letters had given foundation for "Is Jack Speer a Fascist?" the common-law copyright could not have been invoked.

(91) Most fanmags have no copyright, but because FAPA is limited, FAPA pubs reserve full rights to their producers.

(92) Thus, Moskowitz' unauthorized sale of leftovers from the Convention did not destroy the publishers' common-law copyrights. (93) See (92).

abandonment may be inferred, as long acquiescence to adverse or unauthorized use.

Who may copyright?

The right to copy is resident in the author/s, whether one or many, and every person who had a part in the writing has an interest in the work, but changes and additions to a work after it is in its finished form confer no common-law copyright. An author cannot be proclaimed as the author of a work that has been changed greatly, in its changed form.(94)

How about litigation over copyrights?

In a case in which the defence is alleged general publication, proof thereof is the burden of the defendant. However, when there is a question as to the meaning of the law, the practice is to construe it more in favor of the defendant.

--- LEX was a one-shot in Mailing VIII.

III. BEYOND WHICH LIMITS

After having studied the contentions of the natural-rights philosophers off and on for several years in school, I was purprised to find, on investigating the law on libel and obscenity, how much control the community asserts, and always has asserted, over the acts of individuals. (Consulted have been Corpus Juris, the American Digest, Bouvier's Law Dictionary, and various general encyclopedias.) The reasoning behind these restrictions is not that the trouble, expense, and publicity attendant upon a prosecution is outweighed by the mischief that may be expected from the particular case of libel or obscenity complained of, but that if there were no such restrictions, the public would be flooded, especially at election time, with such lies and false imputations that they would not know how to decide public questions, and the newsstands would openly display and sell the rawest kind of pornography, to the corruption of morals and reading tastes (for how many fourteen-year-olds would buy the Open Road when Through the Keyhole is on sale right beside it?)

The laws relating to libel, however, do rest upon a solid foundation of natural rights. "The right to enjoyment of private reputation, unassailed, is ancient and cannot be abridged by statute." In fact there are statutes in protection of it; in the absence of statutes, the common law gives pretty complete coverage.

There are three general classes of libels: Those which impute to a person the commission of a crime, those which have a tendency to injure him in his business or profession, and those which hold him up to scorn or ridicule or contempt, impairing him in the enjoyment of general society and "those imperfect rights of friendly intercourse which man has with respect to man". The following cases have been picked as of possible fan interest: Publishing a ludicrous story of a person, if it tends to make him publicly ridiculous, tho he has previously told the same story of himself (this mite include the gag about Skyora having a tail); publishing in a newspaper that a certain person is dead; to publish that a man is thot no more of than various uncomplimentary types or that he has joined the Mormons; to call him by an uncomplimentary name similar to his own (Psychora?); falsely charging that one is of unsound mind or mentally weak (yes, Yerke and I went out on a limb there); to impute want of chastity; charging betrayal of trust as a delegate of a club in favor of a rival group; publication of a writing in somebody else's name if that would subject him to public hatred or contempt.

Defamation may be made directly or by inference, by allegory, figurative allusion, expression of belief or opinion, insinuation, by mere questions, by sarcasm or irony, by words of comparison, or praise and congratulation in an ironical sense. An imputation in alternative form is actionable only when both alternatives are defamatory; in conditional form if the conditional is known to be true it is equivalent to direct charge; and such expressions as "If reports are true--" are no defense against charges of libel. In other words, chums, the body of the law is simply the record of

common sense decisions down thru the years to serve as a guide for present cases.

Not libelous per se ("libelous per se" meaning that damages are presumed to have occurred without necessity for direct proof of actual damages) are intimations that a candidate at a club election is in debt, statements in advertising circulars which merely express an unfavorable opinion of a competitor's goods, accusing one of being a member of a union and an agitator, or of being deficient in some quality which a good citizen is not required to have (however, it is not sufficient defense that the accusation was only that one did what he had a legal right to do).

A member of a large class of people (like stefans) cannot sue for libel on the whole class; but if the class, or the portion of the class libelled, is small, and the plaintiff can show that the libel applied to him, he may recover damages.

Defamatory words must refer to some ascertained or ascertainable person and that person must be the plaintiff (in civil cases). It is sufficient that those who know the plaintiff can make out that he is the person referred to (so, undoubtedly, Unger could sue for Degler's imputation that he engages in Black Market trade, tho Clod stopped short of mentioning his name, or even exactly stating the charge). If words are spoken without malice and in fun, and are so understood by those who hear them, no action will lie; however, it is no defense for the libeler to claim he spoke only in fun, when the nature of the words and the surrounding circumstances show that defamation would be conveyed. It is not even the intention of the speaker or writer or the understanding of any particular hearer or reader that determines the actionable quality of the words, but the effect which the language, under the circumstances, would be expected to have on persons of reasonable intelligence and discretion. Where the words are susceptible of two meanings, it is a question for the jury to decide which meaning was in fact conveyed. It is immaterial if a mistake in identification or other details is made in the imputation, if the defamatory meaning is conveyed.

So far I haven't drawn any sharp distinction between libel and slander. Slander is the spoken word; libel the written, drawn, or similarly conveyed message. Libel is considered a more serious offense because of the more deliberate intent and greater permanency which usually attaches to the written word, and actions for slander cannot be made for exposure to hatred, contempt, or ridicule, but can be for imputation of crime, loathsome disease, professional unfitness, &c. Libel and slander are offenses in both civil and criminal law, the criminal offense being somewhat broader. Criminality is based on its injurious effect on the people and tendency to provoke a breach of the peace. Damages may be compensatory in case of an injury to a man which can be estimated in dollars and cents; there may also be exemplary punitive damages (which are less, or not imposed, where there was no intent to injure). Libels referring to a large class of people may cause criminal punishment. It is illegal to write libellous matter on postcards or the outside of letter envelopes. When such material is not of the sort that a chance observer (as the mail man) would know it referred to the plaintiff, the postal law is not invaded. The statute of limitations applies in libel matters. Damages may be imposed for special injury resulting from false words even tho they are not defamatory and not truly libel.

A libel must be communicated to someone else beside the writer and the person libeled, and the third person must understand the libel. Merely to compose a defamatory writing, or even send it to the person defamed, is not libel; and if the thing is published without the writer's consent, and not as an anticipatable result of his actions, he is not responsible. All persons who cause or aid in the publication of a libel are responsible for it, each in full. But it must be shown that the assistance related to the defamatory portion, and not simply to the general communication of which it is a small part (the FAPA mailing manager would probably not be in danger except in case of a publication devoted entirely to objectionable matter). Silence in case a libel is published in your name doesn't make you liable to prosecution.

Repeating a defamatory charge, tho you name the author of it, is indictable.

When publication has been proved, the defendant may say that the words were privileged (spoken in a legislature, in court, or the like, when they were no more than was called for), or that they were true, or that they were not malicious. The truth is not always sufficient justification, particularly when malice, contrary to the public interest, is present. The charge is presumed to be false until the defendant proves otherwise (yes, Clod [Degler] would be considered of sound mind in such a trial until differently proved). For imputing a crime, the evidence must be sufficient to overcome the presumption of innocence, but need not be enuf to secure a conviction. For justification, the precise charge must be proved, not another of the same nature, and the truth must be as broad as the accusation (so Wilson's statement that Moskowitz pffered to pay people to spy on the Futurians was unjustified).

A plea of justification will not be taken as evidence of malice. Malice, spite, ill will, must be proved, unless it is evident from the nature of the libel. There is much confusion on this question, but apparently the absence of malice will only mitigate damages. Malice may be shown not only in the existence of animus, but also by a reckless neglect to ascertain the truth of the charge.

When an author or artist presents his work to the public, he subjects himself to public judgement, and if his work is ridiculous he may be ridiculed in the strongest terms, so long as his private character is not attacked. It is a question for the jury whether a criticism complained of is such as mite be pronounced by any fair man, however prejudiced and obstinate his views, or however mistaken. Similarly, unusual latitude is allowed in criticizing public officials and candidates, since the character of the person is there on trial; nevertheless, good faith and probable cause for belief are no defenses for libel in such cases: lies are not allowed, nor attacks on the private life.

Speaking roughly, the proprietor of a newspaper is civilly responsible for libel therein, and the particular persons in the organization who of their free will and knowledge had it put in the paper are criminally liable. Evidence as to the previous reputation of the plaintiff is admissible to show the degree of damage, if any, which he suffered. Mere immaterial inaccuracies in news accounts are not libelous. If the plaintiff authorized or consented to the publication complained of, he cannot recover damages, and if he agreed that publication of a retraction would close the case, he cannot sue successfully. An offer to publish a statement by the injured party is not a satisfactory retraction.

So much for libel.

The use of the postal service is not a matter of right but of privilege, and Congress may deny the use of the mails to certain types of material without abridging the right of freedom of the press. By law, all obscene, lewd, lascivious, and filthy written matter (including letters) and drawings, and objects to which the same adjectives apply (this doubtless includes the commercial Christmas cards like the one Sykora received), are excluded from the mail under fine-imprisonment penalty. It is a federal offense to transport such matter in interstate commerce by any means. Statutory and common law cover kindred crimes against public decency (including the exhibition, or possession for exhibition, of obscene pictures). The purpose of such laws is to outlaw things that tend to deprave or corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and who mite come in contact with them, the young and immature, the ignorant and sensually inclined.

But as to defining obscenity, I nowhere found such specific prohibitions as 4e referred to in Nude Gels. In each case, apparently, it is left to the common sense of a picked jury of typical people (or of the judge, when no jury is used) to decide whether the material is illegal. They are, of course, guided by previous de-

cisions on record. For example of such guides: "A proper test of obscenity in a painting or statue is whether its motive as indicated by it is pure or impure, whether it is calculated to excite in a spectator impure imaginations, and whether the other incidents and qualities, however attractive, are merely accessory to this as the primary or main purpose of the representation." Vomaiden artists please copy! Mere nudity in painting or sculpture is not obscenity; September Morn and The Greek Slave have been OK'd.

And the law, as ever, takes cognizance of the current mores. What is "an act of notorious public indecency, tending to debauch the morals" depends upon the time, the place, and all the circumstances surrounding its commission, including the intent of the actor. What is decent in one period of culture may be indecent in another, and vice versa. (However, as Tom Slate remarked, "the sin is not in being unclothed, the sin is immodesty, however outwardly manifested.") It is determined by the sensibilities and moral standards of a people as evolved from generation to generation along with their civilization; one great jurist said, "'Obscenity' indicates the present critical point in the compromise between candor and shame." But it is the standards of the community, and not of the individual in question, that determine what is obscene, and if he guesses wrong about what public morals allow, that's just too bad.

In a prosecution for producing an obscene play, the question was not whether it would tend to coarsen or vulgarize youth who mite see it, but whether it would tend to lower their standards of right and wrong specifically as to sexual relation. However, it is well to point out that the postal law, and various others as well, also includes "filthy" material, which is whatever is disgusting and revolting to the normal person who may have occasion to read it. The effect on disorderly minds, of course, cannot be a guide. Incidentally, a decision specifically refutes St Paul's dictum that "To the pure, all things are pure" so far as it has a practical application to this matter.

It is immaterial whether the material published is false or true, or a transcript of court testimony for example. Words and expressions obscene in themselves need not be employed (so Anecdota Americana mite well be proscribed if they ever got around to prosecuting it). Where there are two possible interpretations of the words and phrases, one of which is a thinly camouflaged indecent joke and the other a harmless but pointless statement, it is obscene. Intrinsic merit cannot counterbalance obscenity, when the obscenity is there for its own sake. A book may be indecent no matter how great its author or how fascinating its literary style.

In conclusion, it may be well to point out that courts ordinarily will not entertain suits or indictments on trifling charges; the offense must reach a certain degree of seriousness before they will be bothered with it (so a complaint about something like "Psychora" would probably be thrown out of court). In the second place, thousands of actionable cases of libel and obscenity occur every day without anything being done about them. So you pays your money and you takes your choice.

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wewillnotberesponsibleforthejailingofanybodywhoputsfaithinourexpositonofthelaw-j'f's.

--- from SUSTAINING PROGRAM Spring F44

"Q: Where is everybody? A: Chasing a fire engine."

"Things have gotten semi-civilized around here since I last had a zine in the mailing...the indians have been subdued, flat-boats are making it up the Red River and there is talk of establishing a stage line. A fellow named Fargo and someone named Wells are talking about it, that is."

--- Wrai Ballard in WRAITH #8

It was just after supper. We left Susan with friends and set off for the movie. St. Joan, the feature we went for, came second; it had been scheduled first on Thursday. So we sat through the first feature (which wasn't bad) and finally sat through the second. At about midnight we got home, left our bikes, and walked two blocks to pick up Susan. While Jean was getting her put to bed, I turned on the radio for the 1 a.m. news.

"The Russians have launched an artificial satellite" said the Music-till-dawn announcer with as much inflection as if he were giving the price of bananas in Peru. The voice went on about things like 18,000 miles an hour, and it sank it..."Jeanie!" I shouted, "the Russians have got one up!" We jumped upanddown while the rest of the news went on. "Have you considered a trip to the West Coast?" said the gentle voice, working through the commercial. I pulled on my coat and roared off to the observatory.

--- Andy Young, in PCO #8

The Satellite in the Sky

So...here we are in the age of space travel. Although it is almost a month old by now, I still find it a rather unsettling thought that we will never again have a sky without man-made objects in it. By the time you read this, the Russians should have a second satellite up there; less than a month later the US may have one up; and by the time the first one comes down there will be several others up there keeping each other company. By the time the last of the IGY satellites comes down, there will probably be a permanent robot satellite in orbit. The exploration of space will be a permanent part of our lives from now on.

The early weeks of the space era were marked chiefly by confusion. It was quite some time before the scientists themselves were able to decide what Sputnik was up to; there were mistaken reports that the satellite was to come down in a matter of hours (from England) while other reports were predicting lifetimes of several months (from Russia). Everyone was able to get into the act, and the opinions of scientifically ignorant generals and politicians (as well as those of a noisy planetarium director) were foisted upon the public with as much fervor as the wisest statements of the best-informed scientists. In comparing taped newscasts from various countries it became clear to me that American reporters and newscasters were abysmally ignorant of the principles of celestial mechanics, both in comparison with the foreign reporters and on an absolute basis. It was pathetic to see these people telling the world that the satellite's period was increasing, so therefore it had slowed down and was about to crash; or, conversely, that the satellite was going faster and so should stay up longer than expected; or, worst of all, that it would probably stay up longer because the radio signals were gaining strength. How anybody could have gotten the idea that the radio transmitter was keeping the satellite up, I'll never know...I hope. Strangely enough, while the press was leading the public into its morass of ignorance, honorable old ex-FAPA member Charles Wells was trying to fit his correct understanding of the subject against the confused reports -- with no success. He wrote: "The other day someone commented in the paper that the satellite was gaining speed and was therefore going to stay up longer than we expected. I read that twice, and by ghod that's what it said. Now it seems to me that is the satellite was gaining speed that would indicate it is coming closer to the earth and therefore had a short life. Furthermore, I have since read that the satellite is not gaining speed to any appreciable extent. Who's right?" All I could say was that Charles Wells was right. It seemed odd to me that a semi-gafiated science-fiction fan knew more about the news than all the news commentators put together....

Of course, the newsmen had no monopoly on ignorance. Unfortunately enough, a politician is generally as much a scientific layman as the people he represents, and the people who make the most important decisions were generally as baffled on the subject of satellites as the general public. As a result, most of them didn't quite know what to make of the little oversize golf ball hanging over their heads.

Then there was the matter of the satellite "race": was it or wasn't it? Well, various officials have made it abundantly clear that there wasn't any race, officially. But it is also abundantly clear that everybody else considered it a race; you don't talk in worried tones about losing a race that doesn't exist. To say that there was no race officially is correct, but perhaps misleading; to deny that the race existed after you've lost is rather poor sportsmanship, and there were plenty of people who said flatly that we were never in a race. I don't think that anyone has ever said that the arms race is official, but everybody acknowledges its reality. Just as you don't have to declare a war to have a war, you don't have to officially announce a race in order to have a race.

Now the question arises: if there was a race, why didn't we try harder to win? There are, I think, two main answers to this. First of all, a lot of people in this country lived under the happy delusion that we would just naturally win. After all, we were first with the A-bomb and first with the H-bomb (and besides, it's obvious that we have to do everything first, because the Russians have to wait until their spies can steal the secret from us before they can copy us). Many people believed that Russian scientists were incapable of doing anything for themselves because of their lack of personal freedom. But there are many kinds of freedom; the personal variety has very little to do with the activities of a scientist doing research. The sort of freedom that is important for scientific work is the freedom to follow up any interesting lead, rather than mechanically doing a certain task. In this country there is a good deal of personal freedom, but scientists doing applied research do sometimes run into a shortage of scientific freedom; the Russians have a lack of political freedom, but apparently they have quite a bit of scientific freedom.

But there were a lot of people who knew what the Russian scientists could do, and indeed our intelligence service knew quite well that the Russians would put up a satellite this fall. Quite a number of people who could have speeded up our Project Vanguard knew that we would be beaten but did nothing. Why? Apparently, they thought that it would not make any difference. Possibly they pictured the Russian satellite as similar to our own: a small, lightweight, "impractical" scientific toy. I don't think many people were expecting the Russian satellite to be so big and heavy. But apparently many of these official types who sat around and did nothing did so because they thought the launching of a satellite would not produce the sensation it did. Oddly enough, they were half right. For although the policy-makers and the newscasters and editors have worked up a cold sweat over the Sputnik, the public at large has been pretty blase about it. Editorials have cautioned us to avoid panic and hysteria; they are talking to themselves. How many people do you know who even went out to look for Sputnik? Only a handful out of every hundred. Foreign governments criticized the US sharply for allowing the Russians to pull such a coup, but what was the reaction of the man in the street? The BBC interviewed a few people about London; typical responses were "They got there first, and jolly good luck to them;" are you worried about the Russian satellite? "Not at all!" A woman interviewed said of Sputnik, "I think it's simply ghastly," but her reason was that "we can't manage things properly here on Earth so why should we go barging out into space?" rather than any concern over the East-West power struggle. In this country, a Boston paper asked a number of citizens what they thought of Sputnick.

"The answers were amazing," the paper said, "Most of those interviewed conceded that launching of the satellite was significant, but they were too busy or lacked know-

....

ledge to be interested. / Like this reaction of a taxicab driver: 'Gee, bud, I've been too busy all day to give it any thought.' / Many persons were too engrossed in the World Series, the Little Rock situation, and other issues to give much thought to the satellite. / Even the vociferous park-bench 'experts' along the mall in Boston Common devoted serious discussion to other subjects."

Here are some of the things people said:

One woman said the disclosure of the satellite had a "scary" effect on her. "It makes you wonder what the Russians are up to -- especially when you can't even see the thing up there." / "I have been reading about this plan for a year or so, but I thought the United States would have one first." / "Now it's up to the United States to come up with a better satellite." / "It's a heck of a thing to let the Russians get ahead of us in a matter like this, but I guess we'll have a better one pretty soon." / "They sure have the technical ability in Russia. There's no doubt about that. But we should be optimistic about it. We'll have a better satellite." / And so on. Once when we went out to look for Sputnik and failed to see it, a fat man guiding two children home afterwards told us that he thought it wasn't a Russian satellite at all, but just a natural one that everybody was getting excited over for nothing. Another character, on another trip, said "Yeah, but what good is it? It'll be a hundred years before you can do anything with it."

You notice that there is a widespread belief that our satellite will (of course) be Better. President Eisenhower has said that ours will bring back more scientific information than theirs. This is hogwash, and wishful thinking. If they can put up a satellite five to ten times heavier than anything we will put up, they can, by the most elementary reasoning, put up in one satellite what we can put up in all six of ours; furthermore, the more generous load requirements will allow them to perform experiments we can't touch. It may be that we are somewhat better at miniaturizing our equipment, but I don't think we are capable of compressing equipment six times as far as the Russians can. There is every reason to expect that the Russians will get more results from their satellites than we will from ours. (An additional factor to consider is that the shell of our satellite is about half its weight, so that only about 10 pounds of equipment can be carried in each of ours; while the Russians must be able to devote about 150 pounds of their 184-pound bird to the instrumentation. Thus we would have to be ahead of them in miniaturization by a factor of 15 instead of 6 in order to do as well as they can on a satellite-for-satellite basis.) Furthermore, since our rocket vehicle is to work with a much smaller margin of error than the Russian rocket, we stand a good chance of botching several tries. All this fine talk about having the better satellite will look pretty sick if our first two or three tries to put it up fail.

Now, what about the military and political consequences of Sputnik. It is a simple fact that the Russians are ahead of us in the development of the ICBM. This is another of those simple, self-evident truths that people in Washington have been tryint to talk out of existence. It should be perfectly evident that if the Russians can make a rocket which will life a heavy object like Sputnik to a height of 560 miles or so and put it in an orbit with an eccentricity of 5% or so, they can use the same rocket to shoot a bomb a shorter distance with more accuracy. The only step which they may not have solved is the re-entry problem: how to get the bomb back to the surface of the Earth intact, without burning it up. The President surely knows this; yet he has said that Sputnik did not worry him "one iota". When he made the "iota" remark, he was telling a half-truth: it is true that little Sputnik itself is harmless; yet Eisenhower's statement would lead the uncritical to believe that the fact that the Russians were able to put it up is devoid of harmful implications. This was a deliberate deception.

Now, why has the President chosen to administer this clumsy tranquilizer to the

public? Probably, he has found that a number of his advisors are very worried about the raining of Sputnik, and he assumed that people in general were as concerned. Clearly, Mr. Eisenhower is dangerously ignorant of the general situation of which Sputnik is just the most spectacular symptom. This is the rate at which Russia is overtaking the US in the field of science. I say he must be ignorant of the seriousness of this situation; for to address the nation in order to "restore its confidence in our country's scientists" with a full appreciation of what is going on would be nothing short of treason. Here is probably our last chance to raise the man in the street from his complacency and get him interested in the most difficult problem the country faces, and the President, rather than seize the opportunity to get the populace stirred up, pours forth soothing generalities. It is the tragedy of our time.

We are going to learn the hard way that science is too important to be left to the politicians. And science in the US today is being chiefly controlled by political non-scientists. Most of the research being done today is paid for by the Federal Government, and too little of this is "basic" research. A particularly striking example of what I am worried about is exSecretary of Defense Wilson, who regarded basic research with the greatest contempt. "Basic research is when you don't know what you're doing" was one of his stock phrases. Here is a fine example of the lack of scientific freedom in this country. A scientist working on an "applied" project might discover something that would suggest an important principle, but would be denied funds to look into it since the Government policy was not in favor of encouraging such basic-research offshoots of "practical" problems. It might also be added that the preparation of time-consuming, pointless, and unread reports for bureaucratic purposes is a further limitation on scientific freedom.

Here is the problem: We are at present fighting an economic and political war with Russian Communism. The possibility exists that some day we may be fighting a shooting war. Both the shooting war and the economic war, and possibly even the political war, can be decided by the rate at which the two sides make appropriate scientific discoveries. As an immediate example, consider the economic war. Suppose Russia were to discover a means of controlling hydrogen fusion before we do. This would give the Russians an almost unlimited supply of cheap power, since hydrogen is a lot cheaper and more common than uranium, and hydrogen fusion liberates a lot more energy than does uranium fission. Not only would the Russians have this power available for their own use, they would be able to offer it to other countries -- like India, for example. It is well known that the Russians would prefer to spread their influence over the world by such economic means rather than by force. If Russia were to get sufficiently ahead of the US in such scientific accomplishments, it might quite possibly be able to take over the world by purely economic means.

Sputnik itself is an example. It has caused many of our allies to express dissatisfaction with our international behavior, and it has cost the US quite a bit in the marginal, undecided countries. The fellow who is uncommitted usually wants to side with the winner rather than the loser, and Russia now looks a lot more like a winner than it did before Sputnik. Interestingly enough, I think that this situation is favorable in one respect: The Russians are now more confident that they can persuade the rest of the world to join them by means other than open war, so that the probability of a Russian attack on the West is considerably reduced.

If scientific progress is, or can be, the deciding factor, how do we compare with Russia in scientific progress? At the present time, we are just about even. We are ahead in some fields, and they are ahead in others. This would not be disturbing if it were not also true that Russia is expanding its scientific labor force at a prodigious rate. In recent years the USSR has produced about twice as many scientists and engineers as has the United States. Twice as many scientists can do about twice as much work. So in the years ahead we can expect the US to fall progressively farther

and farther behind Russia in scientific accomplishments.

Edward Teller, the physicist who is sometimes popularly referred to as "the father of the H-bomb", said earlier this year: "Within ten years, the Soviets will have the best scientists in the world. I am not saying that this will happen unless we do this or that. I am simply saying it is going to happen."

He is right.

Well, the second Russian satellite is up, and if the first one was a shocker I don't know what you'd call this one. The first Sputnik was eight times as heavy as our still grounded satellites and went about twice as high as they were to go. This second Russian effort is about six times heavier yet and is nearly twice as high. It would be naïve to suppose that the next one will weigh two tons and be 1500 miles up, as a simple extrapolation would predict; they must surely be pretty close to the limit of their capabilities by now. But this should surely crush any foolish hopes that our satellites will be better than theirs. This dog experiment is a fine example of a type of experiment that we cannot hope to put up in our tiny spheres.

Now, why are the Russians so far ahead in the production of scientists? There are several reasons, but they can be summed up in a single phrase: they encourage scientists and we discourage them. Great Russian scientists are honored public figures, receiving the sort of acclaim which the American public offers to baseball players and movie stars. Thus there is a great deal of egoboo attached to being a scientist in Russia, and there is a great deal of incentive for young Russians to become scientists. Top Russian scientists can make up to $4000 a month, which is more than Kruschev himself makes. Many Russian scientist have two cars and a country estate.

The Russians give their scientists egoboo and M*O*N*E*Y. What do US scientists get? Well, they are generally mistrusted by the public as ivory-tower types who probably aren't competent to vote; some of the best of them achieve public recognition, usually as Communists (take Oppenheimer and Shapley, for examples). American scientists are a pretty impecunious bunch, too; top salaries for full professors in the universities are around $12000 a year, and even the industrial engineers rarely get more than this. In fact, the average salary of engineers in 1955 was $6216. Two economists have studied the supply and demand of engineers and have concluded that the demand for engineers has fallen behind the supply -- that is, we are not making use of all our available engineering talent. And the Wall Street Journal has said that the US as a whole seems to be exhibiting a diminishing thirst for engineering skill. A recent article in the Saturday Review showed that school children recognize the importance of science but do not want to become scientists themselves. Apparently scientists are regarded as a necessary evil, like the Untouchables of India.

What are some of the contributing factors to this anti-scientist attitude? There is, of course, the bad side of the "All men are equal" attitude: that the man in the street feels that the scientist is no better than he is and deserves no special treatment. But I think that a large part of the trouble is our tradition of American ingenuity and "know-how", which is primarily intuitive and "practical" rather than based on basic scientific theory. We honor inventors and gimmickry, instead of theoreticians and theory. Schoolchildren hate mathematics, and less mathematics is being taught today than in 1910. Without the mathematical backing, the average citizen can have only a very fuzzy appreciation of scientific theory. As a result, he regards scientists with a mixture of awe and resentment, and science itself becomes a sort of incomprehensible magic which he has no hope of understanding (and thus can simply ig-

more.) Also, modern advertising has cheapened the word "science" by misuse and over-use; the man in the street thinks of science as something that finds a way to shrink piles, or a process that renders his favorite cigarette tasteless. Scientists are often thought of as people who can't leave well enough alone.

It would, I think, require a full generation to raise the public opinion of science and scientists in this country to anything like the esteem of science in the Soviet Union. During this time we would have to produce thousands of new science teachers; revise advertising policy drastically; convince the leaders in Washington to pour many times more money into basic research; and do other impossible things. After thirty years we might again be even with Russia in scientific progress. It is obvious that these things are not going to happen, and that the USSR will be the world leader in science for several decades, unless some European country can possibly catch up; England is probably the best bet there.

One of the reasons why Americans will not support science is that they are too busy spending their money on new cars and TV sets to spend it on education and research. Edward R. Murrow himself has revealed how firmly attached people are to these luxuries. In a recent broadcast, he remarked that the reason the Russians have been able to support such an expensive project as their Sputniks is that the Kremlin dictatorship "can deprive them of automobiles and television sets" (i.e., divert effort from consumer production to military and research work). Later in the same broadcast, he made a revealing slip. In the same context, he used almost the same phrase with a significant change: "can deprive them of decent living standards". When a Russian recently said that "Americans make the best automobile tailfins but we make the best earth satellites" he probably did not realize the depth of his remark.

The advertising people say that one of their most important jobs is to "make people want something they did not previously feel a need for"...like tailfins, for instance. It is worth noticing that all this advertising is a direct result of our competitive, free-enterprise economy; in short, capitalism. It would be ironic indeed if the Communists turn out to be right: that capitalism, by diverting spending from national necessities to personal luxuries, contains the seeds of its own destruction.

...I was over at the observatory tonight, and the main topic of conversation was Sputniks and the comparative state of Soviet and American science. There was quite a crowd gathered for this discussion: two or three PhD's, one from England, and almost the entire group of graduate students. Everyone agreed that Eisenhower's soothe-the-public policy was unfortunate, to say the least; that Russian science is rapidly drawing ahead of US science and will continue to do so for many years, even if we do the most drastic possible things to catch up. (There was talk of the discouraging prospect of starting a twenty-year project now, and still not being ahead after the twenty years.) We agreed that the basic long-range problem is to make science more attractive, so as to get more people to go into science. Our English colleague was of the opinion that Americans are money-conscious above all, and that scientists would immediately become respectable if they were paid enough. (Some doubt was expressed here by others.) We were all concerned over the problem of proper science teaching in the public schools. (Before you can get lots of science students in the universities, you must give a lot more people a lot more and better instruction in science in the schools; but before you can do this, you must get a lot more competent science teachers; but before you can do this you must make teaching more popular and do for the teaching profession what must also be done for the scientific profession: more pay and prestige.) Everyone but me thought that since it is literally a matter of life and death for this country to undertake a drastic program of increasing our scientific resources, such a program will somehow be carried out. (I still have doubts.) But it's a cinch that if such a thing is not done, the USA might just as well slide quietly into the sea. Our days may be years, but they're numbered just the same.

---Andy Young, from a one-shot for Mlg. 81

(Aside from the Cosmic Circle -- which was entirely our fault, and whose explanation on the basis of FAPA publications would require vast quantities of turgid reprinting -- Fandom has had two really major entanglements with crackpotism. One of these, the Shaver Mystery, is dealt with obliquely in the Rothman-Graham set-to. It happens that FAPA publications have rather completely covered the other from beginning to end, and we here reprint those two extremities of the story of:)

THE MODERN SCIENCE OF MENTALITY

I. FAD OR SCIENCE?

James Blish submits the following rebuttal to my remarks in Science Fiction News Letter (July 1950) concerning dianetics. If you read SFNL -- and you should, because it has a lot more in it besides my column -- you may remember I accused aSF editor John W. Campbell of publishing Hubbard's "Dianetics" article in order to produce a Sensation "by adopting the Reader's Digest method -- seeking the verdict of the uninformed public before submitting the work to psychology experts for the 'ruthless criticism and cross-checking that is the very life-blood of science.'" I concluded by remarking that the possibility of "a hack writer's 'new science', presented full-blown to the world in a two-bit pulp, will revolutionize psychotherapy," is a wild dream.

Here is Jim's rebuttal:

"Your comment on Campbell's publication of Hubbard's dianetics article has some limitations about which your readers should know. It is, first of all, the comment of a man who has not read Hubbard's book (Dianetics, Hermitage House, N.Y., $4). Secondly, it is the comment of a man who lives in Minneapolis and who hence has been unable to run any kind of check upon Hubbard's, Campbell's, and Winter's claims for dianetics. Third, it uses push-button terms which do not reflect the actual situation.

"Point (1) I leave to your innate honesty. If it moves you to go and get the book and read it, if only to give the chance to say you have too read it, it will have accomplished its purpose.

"(2) Admittedly it is most difficult to check many of the claims made by the dianetics boys; they are being very cagy about the question of formal evidence, despite their talk about rigid examination of the claims. I think it germane to note, however, that I first tackled Hubbard's book for laughs, from the point of view of a dogmatic, classical Freudian; that since that time I have managed, despite considerable evasive action on the part of the dianetics people, to check some of their most extravagant claims, as well as some of their minor ones; and that thus far the claims check with the facts. My checking includes, as might be expected, practice of dianetic therapy upon myself, my wife, and friends. It also includes, however, specific checks of clinical evidence from good sources unconnected with Hubbard, Winter, or Campbell. (Details on request.) Did you attempt to make any such checks?

"(3) Your description of Hubbard as a 'hack writer' and of aSF as a 'two-bit pulp magazine' brings up the question of the reputation of the parties involved. As a question, it is not asked very well, and so pre-determines a bad answer. Hubbard is inarguably a hack writer, especially these days, but, if the claims made for dianetics check all the way out to the end, he is also an original thinker of staggering gifts. I do not yet make the latter claim for Hubbard, but I observe that these two categories are not mutually exclusive, and that no one can rule out the latter without examining critically and intensively what Hubbard says he has accomplished. As for aSF, it is to be sure a magazine costing 25¢, printed on something rather unlike pulp paper, and containing stories something like those printed in less toney pulp magazines. It also has an

audience rated as the most intelligent and the most technically knowledgeable of any general magazine in this country -- by which I mean to exclude only actual technical magazines and the literary quarterlies -- surely the most remarkable audience ever commanded by a mass magazine. Whether or not an audience which greets articles on the mechanisms of electronic computers with interest is a bad audience for an introduction to dianetics is not, after all, a very open question. When you observe, furthermore, that the article was deliberately delayed pending the publication of the book, which contained a great deal of material aimed directly at specialists in the field of psychotherapy, the analogy with Reader's Digest practice breaks down with great rapidity. (There is, I will add, still some justice in the analogy; I object to it only as a quarter-truth, with the qualification that there were serious, considerable motives behind Campbell's and Hubbard's proceeding as they did.)

"If the question of reputation is to enter into our discussion, however, we can't stop at labelling the reputation of Hubbard and aSF. We have to ask: what is the reputation of Campbell? of Dr. Joseph A. Winter? of Hermitage House? of Nancy Roodenberg? What is the reputation of the psychomatic clinic of New York's Presbyterian Medical Center, which vouches for a specific, spectacular success for dianetic therapy? of the two oculists who have reported with amazement that they have had to revise their patients' glasses formulae upwards? (One of my own checks).

"Moreover, we have to ask: just how pertinent is this whole question of reputation. The reaction of an established authority to any teetotally revolutionary discipline is historically predictable. The reputation, for instance, of Dr. Winter really proves nothing, no matter how good it is (and it's plenty damned good.) The reputation of Dr. Frederick Wertham, also damned good, is also no guarantee, whether he's for or agin dianetics (he's violently agin.)

"The question is, DOES IT WORK? If it does, I don't care whether Hubbard is Christ or Barrabas. And I'm irritated by your prejudging an idea by the reputations of the men who advance it. Why not check first? Not the reputations, that's worthless. Check the idea."

Which ends Jim Blish's remarks.

Admittedly, my remarks in the SFNL column were those of one who has not read Hubbard's book, and for that matter read Hubbard's aSF article with much mental confusion. But that fact, I think, merely points up my whole argument: that Hubbard's "new science" has been given to the uninformed public rather than to the scientists. Granted that aSF has an intelligent, technically trained faction in its audience. It also has a plethora of readers like me -- moderately intelligent, technically untrained guys, whose wide-eyed acceptance of such a "science" (which is clearly but perhaps not correctly labeled "world shaking") is the same sort of half-witted "fad" as General Semantics degenerated into. The spectacle of a bunch of fuggheaded juveniles loudly mouthing dianetical catch-phrases can do LRH's idea no good.

Dianetics has two strikes against it already: it has been immoderately publicized in a "two-bit pulp" -- a term I used deliberately in the original article, not to mirror my own thoughts, but to show how a lot of non-stf-reading scientists will and do regard aSF -- and it has been proposed by a man who has absolutely no standing in psychological or psychiatric fields at all, and is, in their eyes, merely a "hack writer of pseudo-science." That Hubbard's livelihood is based, in part, on pulp writing cannot be helped, of course, and I agree that it bears no direct relation to his ability as a thinker. But since this one fact -- who it was that formulated dianetics -- is unalterable, I see no reason for making his "science" endure the added onus of pulp presentation and a "fad" status among brainless juveniles. No reason, that is, except

one of publicity. Of course, publicity of the sort Campbell has given dianetics may help the "new science" just as much as it helped aSF. But is enough good to come from that publicity to outweigh the above-mentioned bad points?

My reaction to reports so far concerning the "success" of dianetics is merely "So what?" Unless testimony is once again, after so long, considered an infallible source of psychological information, then we'll have to discount most of the present reports on dianetical "successes". Experimental investigation is necessary to establish dianetics on a scientific basis, and this will be done by scientists who know what they are about, and not by dewy-eyed amateurs who rush to LASFS or ESFA meetings to report their "successes" in the same irresponsible way that Shaverites report their occult experiences. After all, Coueism "worked", too; it even had some psychological basis; but I never heard of a psychologist who believed Coueism was a universal cure-all merely because a bunch of harebrained people said, By god, I am getting better and better!

You're right: the question is, does dianetics work? But it needs a chance to prove itself. It needs the serious attention of psychology for the next 10 to 50 years, just as such a revolutionary "science" as psychoanalysis did. It doesn't need publicity among uninformed people such as aSF readers. Is dianetics to be a cultish fad, or a science? The way it has developed so far, I foresee ads of the Dianetics Research Foundation occupying the same place that Rosicrucian ads do today, while psychology, the well-grounded science of behavior, carries on as before. After all, psychology is now a pretty sound science, and its successes, if not spectacular like dianetics, are at least decisive enough to show that it's on the right track.

I plead innocent to "prejudging" dianetics as far as its value is concerned. As someone points out in the current aSF, anyone would be crazy not to want to believe it. I hope that it is all that Hubbard claims. But I am from Hannibal -- I want to be shown. I don't want the anecdotes of fad-happy juveniles. I want the results of experimental investigation, showing a correlation of plus .80.

Is that too much to ask?

---Redd Boggs, in his "File 13" column
of the Insurgent-edited SPACEWARP 42.

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"Good thing dianetics came along -- we were just about out of Ashley stories.."

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II. THE BEARDED MICROPHONE

As I am a comparative newcomer to both fandom and FAPA, I shan't be at all astounded to hear, come next mailing, that this is the umpteenth article on the subject to appear in the mailings. Bloch and McCain, for example, I know have at least dabbled with Dianetics in its early beginnings, and it is highly unlikely that they said nothing about it. And of course, because of its method of first introduction and necessarily intimate tie-up with readers and writers of science-fiction, I doubt that there is any member of FAPA who has not at least heard of it or its later version, Scientology.

However, I make no apology for further belaboring a subject which some might consider already sufficiently belabored. Apparently the subject is still an issue in the pages of FAPA, and it is high time that a reasonably disinterested but authoritative assessment appeared somewhere other than the propaganda sheets intended only for those already heavily involved, - - - - - - - -, and I feel quite safe in saying that I am

better qualified, in every respect, to present such an assessment than is any other member of FAPA thus far heard from. However, to be quite fair, I must warn you that what I have to say will be only reasonably unbiased; my defection from the ranks of Scientology was far from unprovoked, and I am no saint . . .

If I do have an apology, it is for the apparent lack of clarity in this assessment, but unfortunately even I find it a bit difficult to describe a scene of utter chaos crisply and cleanly; and the scene is just that, both in my own impressions and the actuality from which those impressions were derived. Bear with me; I'll be doing my best.

In the first place, just what is Dianetics/Scientology? Well, I'm afraid I just don't know. And I doubt that anyone else does; its stated definitions and reputed goals have been stated and re-stated and changed and re-changed so often that even Hubbard hedges when asked. It has all the trappings of a form of psycho-therapy, but the party-liner is taught to shun horrifiedly any mention of therapy. After a great many years, I am left with the vague impression that one is intended in some fashion to make some sort of change in the person with whom one is working, but one is given to understand more or less that the subject's desires along this line, at least as expressed, are open to question. On the other hand, the practitioner is not to interfere with the "self-determinism" of the subject ("pre-clear") by attempting to choose goals for his improvement. On the third hand there is something called "pan-determinism", which bypasses some of these rules -- as I hinted, there is a certain amount of confusion...

One is finally forced to settle for the hope of some nebulous sort of improvement of the state of Man and the world, without inquiring inconveniently into details, and if one manages somehow to effect a visible change toward what the clot-in-the-street, in his unenlightenment, would call "normal", in one's pre-clear's twitches, tics, pains, limps, aches, angers, apathies, and general inabilities and eccentricities, one may rest reasonably assured that one's wrist will escape being slapped to bloody tatters in punishment for practicing psycho-therapy, disclaimers or no disclaimers to the contrary notwithstanding....

I suppose, in order to prevent...the collapse into complete obfuscation with which I threatened you, I had better start at the beginning, with my own case and the things that I know to be true beyond possibility of being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of what the hell goes on here, anyway? - - - - - -

In May of 1950 I was going through a not-too-private little emotional hell, drinking like a fish because I'd discovered that at just the right state of drunkenness I didn't give a damn about the things that were tormenting me, and could breathe with some degree of ease. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) this was not the ideal therapy, as it was like balancing tiptoe on the point of a pin -- just one drink beyond this ideal state would destroy the good work of those that had gone before and I'd be just as badly off, and poorer by the price of the drinks. As to the precise nature of my upset, I shan't go into details, except to say that the pattern persists undiminished, but I have managed to learn to live with it by avoiding, as much as possible, the type of situation that brings its manifestations into action.

At this time I saw the article on Dianetics in ASF, and thought that it held out some hope for escape from what was a completely unbearable situation. I ordered the book, and in due course received it, so that it can be said that I have been "in" the movement from the start. Unfortunately, the book itself repelled me with what I considered to be its skirting of pornography, and I found no one to help me with the

co-auditing it was supposed to describe. (Most people who read it, myself among them, felt that there were no clear-cut instructions as to just what to do.) And so for a period of a year or more, Dianetics dropped out of sight for me, and my own situation became steadily worse. Almost exactly coincident with the time I reached the cracking point, an advertisement gave me the address of the then headquarters, in Wichita, and I entered the school, somewhat skeptical, but at the end of my rope and clutching at straws.

My skepticism was soon ended, as I was shown, in ways impossible of honest refutation, that there "was something there", to use a phrase popular with dabblers at the time. After six weeks of work, some disillusion, some result, and some change, I returned home somewhat more at ease than when I had left. It is now apparent that my emotional troubles were temporarily encysted, but even this was an enormous relief. But there was a more curious result -- for some years I had been troubled with unbearable stomach pains, seemingly brought on by drinking, but not always connected with it, and by a burning, pointed, searing, stabbing pain at the lower end of my bladder, that I assumed was the malfunction known vaguely as "Prostate trouble". Some time after my return from Wichita, I noticed that these two pains had disappeared; a circumstance not only pleasing but intriguing, since they had had no direct address whatsoever, my interests lying in the direction of my far more pressing emotional needs while at the school. I have since learned that this effect is by no means unusual, and at times has led to the forbidding of any attempts to directly address the troubles of the pre-clear -- too often he was cured of almost everything but the matter in which he was most concerned!

In any event, neither of these two "somatics" has troubled me since, planned or not. Some time later I managed, by dint of hard work and intense concentration, to rid myself of severe daily headaches with which I had been troubled for a great many years. I later described the method to several FAPAns who were interested, but as it is rather difficult, involved, and demanding, my impression is that they prefer the headaches. I also described these results to other Scientologists, but was tendered no congratulations. The feat was accomplished by something called self-auditing, and the would-be professional Scientologist's attitude toward this bears a most striking resemblance to a prostitute's pious disapproval of self-pollution.

And this, I'm afraid, completes the roster of my personal improvement during the years from November of 1951 until an indefinite recent date that I spent as an active member of the Dianetics/Scientology movement.

But there's much more to the tale, as this is largely the story of, not my conversion, but my eventual apostasy. Almost from the very beginning I was started on the downward path of gradual disillusion, having only reached its end -- not with a bang, nor even a whimper, but with a resigned sigh -- within the past several weeks. This process was, as a Scientologist would put it, a "gradient scale" process, with no abrupt tearings aside of the veil, but a gradual realization of the unsavoriness of the movement in many of its aspects, which led to greater and greater curtailment of my activities as a Scientologist -- a slow pinching off, rather than a sharp break.

This was not occasioned by a disgust with the science itself, in which I had some successes, saw others, and heard of others literally miraculous, but with <u>the people in it</u>. It is most unfortunate and contradictory, but true, that a science avowedly dedicated to the betterment of man attracts to itself the dregs of humanity.

In the interim between my leaving Wichita and my next visit to a later headquarters much happened, which I shall describe later. In August of 1955, for one reason and another, I decided to attend another course, in Washington, D.C., where the main offices and school for Scientologists had finally settled after much shuffling about.

I came in fairly good spirits, still mildly enthusiastic even after some rather trying difficulties (partially described later) and still feeling that Scientology Was A Good Thing.

I left barely escaping with my life.

In Wichita most of the persons in the movement with whom I came in contact were honest, decent, and dedicated. In Washington, almost five years later, the picture was dishearteningly changed. Here is a short resume of the type of persons then in the majority:

One was invariably the center of an admiring throng (male) as he held forth on his favorite subject. His favorite remark, delivered with a self-congratulatory smirk that left no doubt as to his opinion that he had coined the epigram of the century, was, "The way to a woman's heart is through her hymen."

Another, my room mate for a time, and for whom I had gone to bat in the attempt to correct what I felt to be an outrageous injustice, and for whom I had done several favors of varying importance, later vilified me, via personal letter, in one of the most arrogant, savage, and completely unjustified personal attacks to which I have ever been subjected; a letter in which he accused me (though he knew better) of an aggravated sexual voracity and threatened me, childishly, with some vague action he seemed to feel he was in a position to bring, probably having to do with my official standing as a Scientologist. This attack, as far as I am able to deduce, was inspired by mere pique provoked by my answer to his question as to what I'd thought of his last several fanzines; I'd answered, truthfully if somewhat unflatteringly, that I'd found them a bit obscure.

There is more, but these are somewhat typical. Two years later, somewhat recovered from severe emotional and physical repercussions of the 1955 visit (a rather destructive experimental process tested at that time, together with the human monstrosities and general atmosphere of ugliness and savagery, having restimulated the emotional difficulty which had brought me into Dianetics in the first place) I again visited headquarters, largely to see if there had been any improvement. In some ways, matters had deteriorated, if possible. The class which I entered was dominated by a young woman who was given every opportunity, by the ridiculous manner of instruction, to indulge her one overwhelming desire — to destroy everyone within reach. She did a remarkably fine job. And I, barely able to walk, was expected to almost literally carry (this too was part of the course) bodily other students with whom I was paired from wall to wall, while they did everything physically and verbally within their power to prevent. This, by the way, was to be done somoothly, without visible evidence of physical or emotional strain, or one was "flunked"! I eventually rebelled when, as part of one of the training procedures, during the second day of shouting specified phrases as loudly as I possibly could, I began to taste blood in my throat.

This visit had got off to a most pleasant start, outside of all this, when I was almost literally kicked out of the boarding house in which I had reserved a room, at the behest of a person high enough in the Scientology organization to make such a request stick. This was possible because of the fact that this particular boarding house had been almost entirely taken over by Scientologists -- the fellow running it was faced with the choice of denying me the room he had rented me or having "every Scientologist pulled out", leaving him with an empty or nearly empty rooming house. I I have never been able to discover any reason for this treatment of me except pure animal viciousness; as the person behind it was, if anything, considerably in my moral debt: during my 1955 visit I had befriended this person in several ways, including a rescue from a quite unpleasant and possibly dangerous situation which required my wading through a particularly purulent hell up to my armpits, at some (possibly perma-

manent) cost to my own emotional health. I have never felt really clean since.

This is gratitude among the Scientologists.

There seems to have been some discussion, in FAPA, concerning rises of I.Q., presumably results of processing or, in some cases, from merely soaking up the atmosphere. I don't intend to discuss here whether such rises are possible or not, but I can and will set down some first hand information as to how such claims are arrived at. Anyone entering the school to take a course, or coming to headquarters for processing, is given tests of several kinds, including intelligence tests. After completion of the course, or processing, he is again tested, and the results analyzed in the form of a before-and-after profile. Amost invariably the IQ figure is up by twenty points or more. I was one of those going through this procedure, and was told that my own IQ had risen about 21 points, which would have been quite pleasant (man, before I got there I was already so smart that people couldn't stand to have me around, geewhizgosh wowboyoboy, with a twenty point rise I'll be unbeatable) except for the fact that (a)I didn't feel any smarter, and (b) I was given exactly the same tests both times! As most people will remember, portions of IQ tests are concerned with vocabulary, others with time/computation data. And obviously anyone of any pride, seeing a word in a test the meaning of which he had been ignorant, is very likely to look up that word at the first opportunity! -- and obviously a computation arrived at with much pain and expenditure of time will be remembered and tossed off the top of one's head with ease the next time the problem is presented, and the time thus saved can be utilized elsewhere to increase one's overall score. Thus the incredible claims of IQs of two hundred and up -- oneone in a position to take these same tests over and over again would soon have them memorized, and theoretically could turn in a perfect score, eventually; all this with no real or visible improvement in mind-power...perhaps this may clear up a few things! Incidentally, there has been a weak attempt by Hubbard or someone to explain away the patent phoniness of results achieved by such skullduggery, but it was quite unconvincing.

Other parts of these before-and-after profiles were concerned with improvement in attitudes and emotional health; I was told to answer these questions not as I felt, but as I knew a person in excellent emotional health would answer them! The results of such hoked-up tests would later be circulated in Scientology as a whole as being balid cause for self-congratulation.

The so-called religious trappings of Scientology are not to be taken too seriously, as their adoption was prompted by grim necessity. Several years ago, in what was something of a cause celebre at the time, an extremely respectable matron Scientologist in a large city was seized and held incommunicado in jail overnight, on trumped-up charges brought by certain vested charlatanries who naturally wish to keep a corner on their extremely lucrative "profession". The case against her was so transparently flimsy that it was thrown out of court, but not before she had spent some $2000 in her own defense. To prevent such persecution in the future, it was decided to use the legal immunities of religion. This is, of course, officially denied, but is true, nonetheless. The organization now holds several charters as a religion, and prestige-hungry dolts may, for a nominal sum and some extra trouble, be given the right to tack the title "Reverend" to their names; apparently never realizing that to the more down-to-earth rank and file they make themselves a laughing stock by doing so. The average Scientologist goes along with the gag only as far as he must to avoid trouble.

At the heart of all this is L. Ron Hubbard, "The man that no one knows", according to a publicity release written by himself under a pseudonym. Actually, he is not as mysterious as all that, though starry-eyed party-liners candidly think of him as almost Jovian. He is a fairly large man, with hair of an improbable orange color, and a rather magnetic platform personality -- and with more than his share of human cussed-

ness. He is undeniably enormously talented in some ways, but this talent has in itself in turn some enormous self-contradictions. On the one hand he will discover, seemingly be pure intuition, truths that pass every possible test; on the other hand he will often jump to the wildest of weird conclusions on the flimsiest of evidence and many times in the past has displayed striking evidences of immaturity. He is by no means the best advertisement for his own science.

And his own it is, make no mistake; he owns it, lock, stock, and barrel, despite occasional disclaimers to the contrary. Its weaknesses as well as its excellences must be laid at his door. However, few Scientologists can bring themselves to so objective a view; they cling lovingly to a belief in his supernality, convincing themselves that his all-too-human and frewuent angers, vindictivenesses and maliciousnesses are not what they seem, but part of a god-like plan beyond their powers of comprehension. However, occasionally they become too glaring to blink away; then, like the fox in the fable (who rid himself of his fleas by holding a wad of wool in his muzzle while he slowly dipped himself into a stream, allowing the fleas to escape from the water into the wool which he then released to float downstream), Hubbard manages to find some dedicated scapegoat who is blamed for his own foibles, said scapegoat then being cast into outer darkness amid much foofaraw and righteous indignation (for an excellent description of such a scene see "Animal Farm") and things are again as they were, until the next time.

As a curious sidelight, I'll mention here that Hubbard, though of quite muscular and commanding appearance, usually accomplishes such head-choppings by mail, and even then often in an underling's name, or in the name of his wife -- a remarkable woman who, in my opinion, is solely responsible for the continued existence of Scientology through its many self-generated vicissitudes.(His marriage to this strong, fine, and dedicated woman was his one stroke of genius; if all Scientologists were as she, I'd still be trying to be one.)

But such is Hubbard's impact upon even the hardheaded that even the disaffected (and there are many) prefer to assume that his petulances and savageries are part of some devious, mysterious, but saintly goal, and that even their own disaffection was intentionally brought about as a part of that goal. My admiration for him never having approached the maniacal, my own interpretation of his action is apt to be somewhat less charitable. I am not a full-time mystic; I base my courses of action and opinions upon the empirical assumptions that, 9 times out of 10, where there is gold there is apt to be a bit of glitter, where there is smoke there is apt to be a spark or two, where there is garbage there is apt to be the beginnings of a stink, and that beneath the actions of a slob one must usually <u>find</u> a slob.

Earnest seekers-for-truth-in-chaos often rationalize Hubbard's many contradictions by saying that it is his purpose to drive away as many of his followers as possible, presumably so that they may then set up infection centers of their own to save the world from the doom the imminence of which he continually preaches. I have not found this to be the case. I am one of those driven away, but for years my increasing disillusion was subject to much cajolery and even protitiation by members of the office staff and others who are firmly convince that an exScientologist is a dead one. Typical -- after an absence of less than a year, here is a quote from a letter written by one of the women staff members I knew slightly: "Are you going to come in for more training or are you going to continue to sit out there and bitch?"

Among his many contradictions is Hubbard's insistence that his Scientologists be two places at once -- though he dearly loves the spotlight and the adulation that must be seen to be believed, the too proximate proximity of his admirers leaves him visibly uncomfortable; yet he insists upon the actual physical presence of his fol-

lowers near him while continually exhorting them to "get the show on the road", by which he means that they set up centers of dissemination, organize groups (and churches), process the populace of their home towns, and in general make the world into a Garden of Eden through the practice and preaching of Scientology. Here follows my own experience with this particular contradiction -- it is typical.

After leaving Wichita in 1951, and feeling much relieved, and quite enthusiastic, over what I then felt to be the hope of the world for all time to come, I joined a Dianetics group in Milwaukee, which had been organized by a fellow who had taken the professional auditor's course approximately a year and a half before I had and had had more time to "get the show on the road". Even then he had begun to lose faith, but together we did our damnedest to make things happen not only in Milwaukee and Wisconsin, but throughout all of Dianetics (which just then was going through a typical storm which was to result in its metamorphosis into Scientology -- this is a story in itself which is just too long to bother with.) We both donated time, money, effort, and sometimes a bit of blood to the success of the occasion, in spite of many difficulties, some of them of Hubbardian origin. After considerable effort and sacrifice, the sensation-seekers and fly-by-nights drifted away, and we were left with a small but stable nucleus about which we hoped and attempted to build better things. And all this time there were Jovian mutterings of discontent from HQ which became more and more disquieting, more and more ominous. The propaganda sheets became more and more insistent that any auditor who had been graduated previously was a hopeless back number. This finally culminated in an all-out attack -- group members, prospective pre-clears, and any others who happened to be on the mailing list were warned, in so many words, that any auditor not graduated after a specified date was not to be trusted, was probably sick, and possibly a criminal. The two of us heading up the Milwaukee group had been graduated <u>well</u> before that date.

The several members of the group who had seen us sacrificing our own time, money, and possibly health (I was driving 50 miles to Milwaukee twice a week and more, auditing members gratis, making and dubbing education tapes and fly-sheets, lecturing and preaching at everyone within earshot, and in general breaking my stupid neck to "put the show on the road", and the other fellow was, if anything, working harder than I was) stood up in arms, and dedicated one meeting period to setting down on paper their reactions to this piece of gratuitous bitchery. These chits I gathered up, transcribed and sent off to HQ along with a few well-chosen words of my own. Just as I expected, in a few days I received a typical Hubbardian answer, written, as usual, in the name of an underling, in which he called me every mailable name he could think of, the softest word he used being a coinage of his own -- "franticity", I believe it was. The annoyance of the group-members he managed to lay at my own door, more or less implying that I'd poisoned their minds against him, THEREBY PROVING THE TRUTH OF WHAT HE'D BEEN SAYING ABOUT OLDER AUDITORS. I was to consider myself hoist by my own petard.

However, this (and probably others from other parts of the country) seemed to stop this sort of thing for a while, but no . . .

Came then the Great Excommunication. From HQ came a mailing piece casting into limbo approximately three-quarters of all Dianeticists holding a certificate, those certificates being cancelled and invalidated for reasons not specified, then or ever. Furthermore, we Lucifers divided into about eight categories, the least black being told that if they apologized loud and long enough for their sins (not mentioned) they might be welcomed back into the fold; this ranged all the way down to monsters who would have to stay in Purgatory forever and forever and forever no matter how many feet they kissed and how many teeth they gnashed. Theoretically this was punishment with a capital PU, as these certificates were supposedly a license from HQ to practice professionally, and their withdrawal could have been assumed to be the end of the supposedly lucrative practices of hundreds of successful auditors. Actually it was just a big fat

tempest in a teacup -- then, as now, there was only a scant handful of auditors who could have been said to have anything even remotely resembling a professional practice. Then, as now, the public resisted with remarkable fortitude its no doubt overwhelming urge to beat down our doors. Any auditors who were fortunate enough, or spell-binding enough, to have paying pre-clears, would have been far more troubled by local law agencies and AMA branches than by withdrawal of meaningless pieces of paper.

This particular one-act play having been completely ignored by the critics, the children at HQ decided magnanimously to forgive most of us, and eventually we were told that we were in good standing once more, but don't do it again! This particular bit of childishness was never explained, and Hubbard referred to it glancingly and bumblingly and typically as an attack by we auditors on the organization because we couldn't find antagonists worthy of our mettle elsewhere and were spoiling for a fight! -- as though WE had started it! This, again, is typical.

Since this particular sand-lot civil war there has been considerably less tendency to antagonize its members by those running the central organization, but only slightly less disquieting evidences of chip-on-shoulder instabilities continued to be broadcast, in the propaganda sheets and elsewhere. For example, in the first published drafts of something called "The Code of A Scientologist", we were told to punish to the fullest extent of our abilities anyone who spoke against the science. Later the word "punish" was quietly dropped and the word "deter" substituted, and the entire clause phrased much less arrogantly, but the damage caused by this and similar betrayals of unwholesome attitudes by those in whose hands lay a science purportedly dedicated to bringing out the good in man could not be that easily undone, more and more one-time enthusiasts losing interest or dropping away completely. Of course many of these were continually replaced by new converts, who would in turn go through the cycle of enthusiasm, gradual disillusion, and finally toatl disenchantment, and though I do not remember seeing any figures pertaining to total membership recently, it would be my guess that the average membership is approximately stable as far as numbers are concerned, but with a relatively large turn-over percentage.

My own attitude, as of the moment, is one of complete disillusion and nearly complete bewilderment as to just what it is that I have gone through. After roughly seven years of time, and approzimately two thousand dollars spent as a more or less active Dianeticist/Scientologist I have to show for it only the keying out of three quite bothersome "somatics" and possibly some result with those whom I audited during that time. On the wrong side of the ledger is an endless list of degradations, emotional beatings, and unforgivable betrayals of trust and faith by those who held themselves to be paragons of human virtue. I can only reiterate that the science itself has fascinating possibilities.

But it seems to me beyond the limits of logic that any psycho-therapy can hope for any broad success as long as those directing it are those members of society most terribly in need of its therapy. The excuse for the presence of such persons might be that the weary, battered, and broken are washed up on Scientology's hospitable shores to find haven and healing, and it could be said that the science itself should not be judged by the unavoidable mental twists of those,beaten into near insanity by a cruel and bestial world, who turn to it for succor. There is some justice in such an argument, but unfortunately for its validity these persons, with all their abberations still in full bloom, often become the very building blocks of the organization. Here again, the kind interpretation would be that room is made for them until they gain the strength to again attempt to cope with the world that had overwhelmed them -- that is the presumptive reason for their presence.

However, it is to be observed that they work cheap.

It is also to be observed that once there, they stay forever, or until they incur Hubbard's displeasure. And year after year after year, they show no visible signs of improvement, though they invariably speak glowingly of the great strides made in their "cases". It can be expected, when one visits HQ for a refresher course or the like and leaves, having seen nothing remarkable while there, that almost as soon as he arrives home he will be bombarded with frenetic accounts of a major break-through occurring a day or so after his departure, and the tremendous things going on in his absence. It is then a source of some sour satisfaction to find, on one's eventual return, that those at the fount of all this and presumably sharing in it are every bit as stupid, sick, and crotchety as the last time one saw them.

My term for them, descriptive, possibly not too original, is "flies in amber". Encysted, protected, but basically unchanged, they flourish and take on the appearance of strength, and are enabled to spread their sick poisons through the organization, eventually driving away all but those as abjectly dependent as themselves. They are like the stinging jellyfish, which, cast up into the sun, soon dry to harmless scum, but in their own supporting element are venomously dangerous.

And it is these, not the concept of the science itself, that drove me away.

However, sneerers without first hand information need expect no huzzahs from me. Fandom seems to have much too large a proportion of individuals who attempt to set themselves up as authorities without factual information; expect only the back of my hand if you are one of these. I have had seven years, more or less, of first hand experience in Scientology, and know whereof I speak. I know nothing whatsoever of, for example, Rosicrucianism, and so you can expect no lengthy, supercilious diatribes concerning it from me; I have no right to speak on the subject, pro or con. If you jeer casually at Campbell for his "obsession" with "ludicrous" subjects such as psionics, when it is quite evident that you've not investigated such matters for yourself, you'll get no applause from me. If you laugh at the UFO-ist for his gullibility because you "just know" that such things can't exist, you can expect a horse-laugh from me in your turn; if you call Dr. Rhine a charlatan or a fool because your intuition tells you that there is no such thing as intuition, look not for my frenzied approval.

(The facts in the foregoing article are substantially correct; only the names have been altered to protect the innocent. Name of me.)

--Curt Janko, in his INVOLUTIA #3

- -

"What did you bring that book that I don't want to be read to out of up for?"

- -

CEZANNE ON CEZANNE

Cezanne! Cezanne! Oh, what you said
In this book that I just read!
It has a flavor, idiomatic,
That time will never render static.
It stands alone -- it is, indeed,
The essence of the artist's creed.
Sound the trumpets: rooty-toot-toot!
That for the boys in the Institute!
That for Le Grande Academe!
Down with the Philistines -- one, two, three!
This is the stuff of a great philosophic:
"No one is going to get their hooks in me."

-- George Ebey, in Van Splawn's SOMA #1

FLIGHT OF THE SKYLARKS

When I told Bob Silverberg not long ago that I thought The Skylark of Space by Dr. E. E. Smith would be on my list of books for a desert island he found the idea "a bit shocking". Of course I was kidding, a little; one doesn't include even a great science fiction novel in a desert island library -- if it crowds out Moby Dick or The Complete Shakespeare. And even if there was room for a science-fiction book or two, I would give serious consideration to Last and First Men or The World Below.

But Skylark of Space is a good choice, at that. I read the yarn almost ten years after I discovered science fiction, so I know it isn't bathed in the aura that surrounds even trashy stories read in the first blush of fannish enthusiasm. I've read the book a number of times, so I know it wears exceedingly well. More important, the story captures almost perfectly what is for me the essence of science fiction: the lure of far-off worlds, the spell of space, the thrill of conquering the stars and enlarging man's knowledge.

Of course it would have to be the complete Skylark trilogy, if I took it along. Unlike most such series, the first story is not the best; each story is an improvement upon the preceding one. Smith got better as he went along. This is not surprising; The Skylark of Space was his first try at fiction writing and was begun almost a dozen years before the second story in the series, Skylark Three, was actually written, while Skylark of Valeron, last of the trilogy, was written after he had had the added experience of doing both Spacehounds of IPC and Triplanetary.

The Skylark of Space had its origin nearly 40 years ago, on a hot afternoon in Washington D.C. in the summer of 1915. Doc Smith, his wife, and another young couple, the Carl Garbys, were doing their best to keep cool, and everybody was wishing audibly that they were anywhere but in sweltering Washington. These remarks reminded Dr. Garby of an impromptu speech Smith had made at a recent chemical "smoker", and he told the girls about Smith's statement that it would be "nice and cold" in interstellar space. Someone wondered aloud how one could reach interstellar space, and the talk turned to speculation about space flight. After a long discussion, during which Doc revealed his knowledge and his theories about the subject, Mrs. Garby asked him why he didn't write a novel about spacefaring. Smith had, as he admitted, "a vivid and fertile imagination", but this was a new idea to him and he rejected it by explaining lamely that he couldn't handle the love interest, which a good novel requires. "You handle the rest of it," said Mrs. Garby,"and I'll write the love interest." Thus challenged, Doc agreed to try his hand at a space yarn.

The novel was begun the same year, but was not finished till late in 1919. Though she had offered at first to do only the love interest, Mrs. Garby was an active collaborator on the story. "When working together," says Smith, "we sat at the same table and fought over every paragraph, as (I suppose) other collaborators do. After we moved to Michigan, the Garbys remaining in Washington, it was the same thing except by mail. One of us would write a chapter, the other would tear it apart, and eventually we would compromise. We were of course working from the same outline -- we had thrashed that out while we were all in Washington." Crane's music room, the Osnomian banquet hall, the wedding, and "a lot of other stuff" were basically Mrs. Garby's contributions. She thus won mention in the byline of the first Skylark story: "In collaboration with Lee Hawkins Garby."

Once completed, the manuscript was typed by Mrs. Smith and bundled off to a publisher. It came back after a while, landing with a thud on Doc's front porch, the

first of many futile trips, this one to McClurg, then publishers of Edgar Rice Burroughs, and others to every book publisher and then every magazine publisher that had ever published any fantasy of any kind. For more than seven years the only thing the bulky manuscript gave Doc was the rueful hobby of collecting rejection slips. Sometimes he also received lengthy letters of rejection, such as one from Bob Davis of Argosy, which raved over the story but explained that it was too big, too "wild", too fantastic for their readers.

In April 1927 Smith noticed an issue of Amazing Stories on a newsstand and realized that here was the perfect market for his space tale, if a market was ever to exist. He hauled the battered manuscript out of storage for one last trip and sent it off the same day. This time it didn't come back; Doc received an enthusiastic letter of acceptance, from associate editor T. O'Connor Sloane. The novel was serialized in Amazing, August through October 1928, copping the cover with the first installment and earning Smith cover mention in big red print, along with H.G. Wells and Philip Francis Nowlan, creator of Buck Rogers who debuted (as Anthony Rogers) in the same issue.

In hailing the story, the editor declared in his blurb that The Skylark of Space was "the greatest interplanetarian and space flying story that has appeared this year", then added, less conservatively, "Indeed, it will probably rank as one of the great space flying stories for many years to come". In his blurb for the final installment, the editor cast aside all self-restraint and stated flatly that this was "one of the outstanding scientifiction stories of the decade; an interplanetarian story that will not be eclipsed soon. It will be referred to by all scientifiction fans for years to come. It will be read and reread. This is not a mere prophecy of ours, because we have been deluged by letters since we began publishing the story."

Truer words were never printed in Amazing. Nearly 20 years later, The Skylark of Space was the first choice of the Hadley Publishing Company, to lead off their science fiction list, and it was one of the few science fiction books to be republished later by a different firm. The others in the series were among the first titles contracted for by Fantasy Press. Smith's books have always been regarded as best sellers in the field. Some reviewers have attributed this continuing popularity to curiosity about the eostefnal era of science fiction or to the historical importance of these novels, but these theories do not explain why The Skylark of Space hit good Papa Gernsback's readers with the impact of an A-plosive shell.

In 1928 "scientifiction" had existed as a separate genre with a magazine of its own for only two years, although Gernsback himself, Frank A. Munsey, and others had been printing science fiction for many years. Jules Verne and H.G. Wells had become famous by writing "scientific romances". But few writers up to that time had had the courage to follow their uninhibited imaginations as far as they could reach. Wells had depicted a spatial voyage in The First Men in the Moon and had daringly portrayed an interplanetary invasion in The War of the Worlds, but even he preferred never to have both feet off solid earth at once. Garrett P. Serviss, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ray Cummings, and some of the younger writers Gernsback was grooming, timidly ventured to send their characters into space. Even before the First World War such stories as Jack London's Star Rover and J.U. Giesy's Palos of the Dog Star Pack had hurtled across the galaxy for tales of adventure on worlds beyond human ken. But the flaw in all these stories lay in the realm of believability.

Even so imaginative a series as Cummings' Tubby stories was carefully contrived as a dream sequence, and in the London and Giesy stories the protagonist bridged the gap between this world and the star-worlds as a disembodied entity. When a real spaceship was used in a story it was usually an incredible contraption, patently mythical in concept, just as time machines are in dimensional stories to this day. Interplanetaries were still in the diaper stage; interstellars generally fell into a special limbo

that was neither quite seance fiction nor purely science fiction.

The Skylark of Space was probably the wildest romance ever conceived, but underneath all the fantasy and derring-do there was an element of realism that earlier stories did not have. A skylark is a bird that can fly almost straight up, out of sight, but colloquially a skylark is also a boisterous frolic or sportive adventure. The name Skylark of Space for story and spaceship implies both sorts of skylark. Smith did not mean that the yarn or ship should be taken for anything more than a skylark of the imagination. Nevertheless, he bolstered his high-spirited romance with an obvious and sincere belief in the ability of man to tap the energy of the atom and by this means reach the stars. He didn't pass his story off as a dream or give us any nonsense about disembodied spirits shooting through space. He showed us atomic energy, violent enough to blast a village out of existence, and gave us a real spaceship, a good solid machine such as any twentieth-century man could appreciate, a lot bigger, faster, and more complicated than a tin lizzy, but just as tangible and perhaps just as possible. By anchoring his unfettered imagination on the bedrock of confidence in science, Doc Smith opened the galaxy to the mind of man.

The Skylark of Space is not an outstanding story in plot or characterization, but then, neither is the Odyssey, which it resembles in form and appeal. Its main virtue is that it takes the hero -- and us, the readers -- out into the unknown, where he sees and does fabulous things. And it performs that job in a breathtaking way. At the beginning of the story, Richard Seaton is a young chemist who dashes around Washington DC on a motorcycle; by the end of the book he has piloted a mighty spaceship many thousands of light years to the center of the galaxy and back. The plot, such as it is, is mainly concerned with accomplishing this startling transition in a fantastic but believeable way.

As the story opens Seaton accidentally discovers a method of liberating "the intra-atomic energy of copper" while trying to electrolyze a solution of "X", the mystery metal, upon a copper steam-bath in his laboratory. The steam-bath hurtles through the window and flies out of sight in two seconds faster than an instant. Assisted by his friend, the multimillionaire Martin Crane, Seaton builds the Skylark of Space, a ship utilizing atomic power, and on a test run they fly around the moon. This trip takes less than an hour and is not even described in the book, which gives you some idea of the scale on which Doc Smith built this novel.

The secret of atomic power is stolen by an unscrupulous colleague, Dr. Marc C. Duquesne, called "Blackie", who with the backing of the World Steel trust constructs another spaceship. With this craft Duquesne kidnaps Dorothy Vaneman, Seaton's fiancee, and Margaret Spencer, who is yanked into the plot by her "heavy, wavy black hair" in order to provide Crane with a fair companion. The description of their rescue by Seaton and Crane forms several chapters in the middle of the book, but the whole turn of events is mainly a device to get the action out into interstellar space.

When the story was serialized in Amazing, Gernsback hacked off three chapters and some other material from the early part of the novel -- there was once a rumor that he had cut "12 or 14 chapters" from the story, but only three chapters are restored in the Hadley book version, and, as Doc remembers, "the version I sent Amazing was pretty much the same as the one Hadley published, except of course for the revising I did on the Hadley version". In any case, Gernsback's editorial instinct was sound: the earth-bound section of the story is by far the dullest part of the whole series. The mature Smith never allowed his story to bog down for long on any planet, especially Earth, for Smith -- who outwardly resembles a normal air-breathing Terrestrial -- is really in his element in outer space.

Once the girls are rescued and Duquesne is captured and made a semi-prisoner on the

Skylark, the story turns into a sort of travel narrative: the spacefarers wander from star to star, planet to planet, seeing strange places and people, and surviving a small or medium-size crisis at each port of call. Plotwise, this Cook's tour of the galaxy has only a superficial purpose -- that of replenishing the supply of copper for power. The story is a science-fictional version of the picaresque novel, "which strings its incidents on the line of the hero's travels"; the only formal unity in the yarn is achieved by the return of the Skylark to Earth, from which the voyage -- and the story -- began. There is no grand climax to which the whole plot pointed.

Smith allowed one loose thread to dangle invitingly as the start of a sequel: the escape of Blackie DuQuesne. One wonders whether Doc envisioned a sequel when he wrote this final chapter or whether he merely liked the character of DuQuesne well enough to let him escape. Though not the psychological good-man-gone-wrong nor even an old-fashioned mad scientist, Blackie DuQuesne is such an incredibly cold fish that he is fascinating. His characteristic lack of sentiment is displayed in the scene where his spaceship falls toward the dark star, its power supply waning. Scrounging the vessel for more copper, DuQuesne calmly sacrifices "his almost priceless Swiss watch" and then relieves Dorothy of her engagement ring, given her by Seaton. He tosses the circlet into the power chamber, but wrenches the diamond out of its setting first and gives it back to her. He is not tenderhearted: obviously the diamond wouldn't help provide the needed power! Ideally, in a saga as shapeless as the Skylark series, DuQuesne should have emerged as the prime antagonist against whom Seaton, for all his involvements in smaller crises from time to time, is always pitted. Though this seems to be what Smith had in mind for him, DuQuesne is never quite the menace he should have been.

Doc often characterized Richard Seaton as a "good" counterpart of the villainous DuQuesne -- they are "physically so like, so unlike mentally" -- and it is interesting to contrast Seaton's behavior during a fantastic crisis comparable to the one outlined above, which DuQuesne faced. They have been rotated into the fourth dimension and the body of each member of the Skylark crew becomes "nothing but the three-dimensional hypersurface of /his/ new hyperbody"; one can see and reach past his outer skin to take hold of his own heart or other internal organ. Seaton remarks: "There's something...I never expected to look at -- my appendix. Good thing you're in good shape, old vermiform, or I'd take a pair of scissors and snick you off while I've got such a good chance to do it..." This is the same sort of scientific objectivity that DuQuesne displayed when his ship fell toward the dark star, but in this case coldbloodedness is relieved by humor and by the fact that Seaton said it, however misguidedly, in an effort to cheer up Dorothy and get her "used to this mess". DuQuesne would have no truck with such sentimental intentions.

Many have called Seaton a superman, and of course he is. Certainly he is no ordinary mortal. But despite our current preferences in the realist-naturalist tradition for making characters "portraits from life", it is not necessarily a flaw that Seaton is bigger than life. So was Ulysses, and Antony in "All for Love", and even Hamlet himself. In the context of the work Seaton is believable, and that is all we have a right to ask. One must remember that Seaton matures intellectually during the series. He is not an average man when we first meet him, but his discovery of atomic energy is pure chance and his application of the method to a space drive is the result of plugging away at it. He becomes superhumanly intelligent only after he learns, by means of a mechanical "educator", the incredibly advanced science of Norlamin. Only then does he make an original transcendent discovery on his own: "the fundamental theory and practical technique of sixth-order phenomena and forces". Learning of this feat, Seaton's mentor, Rovol of Norlamin, exclaims, "Magnificent! And by one brain, and that of a youth. Extraordinary!" Fodan, Chief of the Five of Norlamin, utters a mild admonition which we should all heed: "But do not forget that the brain of that youth is a composite of many, and that in it, among others, were yours /Rovol's/ and Drasnik's. Seaton himself ascribes to that peculiar combination his successful solution of the problem of the sixth order.

You know, of course, that I am in no sense belittling the native power of that brain."

Martin Crane, Seaton's partner, never attains status as a major character in the series. Aside from complementing Seaton's work in certain endeavors, taking the routine matters as his own, and acting as a counterbalance of common sense to Seaton's brilliant intuitions, Crane is a non-entity.

In contrast, the girls, Dorothy and Margaret, are not quite so shadowy as characters, though sometimes one wishes they were. They are typical of the gushy, sweet-girl-graduate heroine found in the pages of the trashier 1910 drugstore novel. Though Dorothy is "pretty much" Smith's creation, while Margaret was all Mrs. Garby's, they are produced from the same stereotype. Dorothy, having a larger role, is the more sickening; not only does she call Seaton "Dickie" (he calls her "Dottie Dimple") but everything is always "just too darned perfectly wonderful for words". Margaret wisely says less, and, furthermore, won the undying affection of all good Skylark fans by being surprisingly intrepid and brave when she and Seaton were captured by the hypermen of the fourth dimension. Why Doc allowed Margaret rather than Dorothy to share in this adventure is a mystery. Perhaps he could stand only so much of Dorothy too. Neither girl compares in any way with Chris, heroine of the Lensman stories, who in almost all respects is an extraordinary character.

Many deprecating words have been used to describe the love interest in the Skylarks. It has been called "amateurish", "saccharine", and "mushy", and those words describe it very well indeed. The lovers behave toward each other like a pair of puppets; the sexual element is not only disregarded but refined right out of existence. When Seaton and Dorothy, and Crane and Margaret, are married on Osnome, they undergo a mental examination in which each couple's minds are read by the official and they read each other's minds "to the minutest detail", after which the Osnomian declares: "You are all of the highest evolution and your minds are all untainted by any base thought in your marriage". Nevertheless, Smith establishes the validity of what is evidently for him one of the most important blessings of marriage: companionship. Sex is inevitably implied in this, but the communion Smith celebrates is that of old and loyal comrades whose love is tested under constant outer stress. The obvious element of comradeship in married life has, I fear, been much neglected by most modern writers.

Skylark Three appeared in Amazing exactly two years after the original story, August through October 1930, but it was written almost a decade after the other. It was outlined, and a little of it was written, as early as 1920 and 1921, when Doc was [illegible]l hopeful of publication, but then it was dropped until the spring of 1927, when he took it up again and worked at it till he finished it on 21 November 1929. In this novel Doc at once showed himself to be a more mature and skillful writer, for though the plot of Skylark Three is by far the most unsatisfactory of the trilogy, in sheer imaginative power the book reduces The Skylark of Space to a mere pimple on the series as a whole. In comparison with this story's tremendous scope of setting and technological ingenuity, the earlier story seems little more than a slightly fantastic Tom Swift adventure.

The original Skylark spaceship -- it is sometimes called a "space-car" -- is "a spherical shell of hardened steel armorplate of great thickness, fully 40 feet in diameter", but while it is supplied with acceleration mats, handrails for pulling oneself around in free fall, and other fittings that one would find in the ship of "Destination Moon", the Skylark is curiously primitive. The windows are of ordinary optical glass; the pilot sees prosaically "by means of special instruments, something like periscopes"; and Seaton has a habit of peering out of the window through a pair of binoculars. When they discover Duquesne's ship falling toward the dead star, Seaton and Crane signal the doomed vessel by firing against its hull with a machinegun. Such details remind us, in

this era of supersonic fighter planes, of the early days of World War One when hostile airplane pilots fought aerial battles armed only with pistols.

The original Skylark was rebuilt on Osnome by replacing its steel hull with transparent aronak, "a metal 500 times as strong and hard as the strongest and hardest steel", and by fitting it out with new weapons and instruments. But these are minor changes compared with those accomplished in Skylark Three. As the story begins, the Skylark crew sets out for Osnome in Skylark II, now equipped with a force zone developed by Seaton from Osnomian science. In a chance brush with a great battleship of the semi-human superscientific Fenachrone, Seaton realizes that even the re-armed Skylark II is "as obsolete as a 1910 flivver". Learning that the Fenachrone believe that "the Universe is ours, and in due course we shall take it", he decides to visit each "highly advanced planet" he can find, and by "combining the best points of the warfares of many worlds", to evolve some means of combatting the fearsome Fenachrone. Here again is a plot device that allows the Skylark to meander among the stars like the ships of Odysseus among the islands of the Mediterranean. After visiting several strange worlds, the Skylark reaches the world of Norlamin.

As we said above, Skylark Three is weak in plot. Though the story opens with a chapter devoted to DuQuesne and his plans for revenge upon Seaton, DuQuesne appears only once again in the narrative and has no part at all in the climactic scene. If DuQuesne is presumed to be the ultimate anatgonist of the series, Skylark Three and Skylark of Valeron must be regarded as one book, rather than thirds of a trilogy, for it is only in the third book that DuQuesne "returns", at approximately the point he was forgotten in the second book. Furthermore, if DuQuesne is the real antagonist, the Fenachrone war is only another phase in Seaton's interstellar odyssey and not a part of the main struggle, for DuQuesne is only tangentally involved. Despite this, Seaton versus the Fenachrone gives Doc Smith his best workout in the series in the sort of narrative he has become famous for: the imaginative description of space battles, inconceivably complex, fought with stupendous projectors and force fields over distances too vast to comprehend. The chapter devoted to Seaton's destruction of the Fenachrone fleet and the atomic blowup of the planet itself is classic, equalled only by the battles described by Smith in the Lensman stories.

The war is fought with the help of the Norlaminians, men of massive intellect, who have a fantastically old, incredibly advanced civilization. Norlamin is the prototype, not only of Arisia, in Doc's own Lensman series, but perhaps of all similar civilizations depicted in science fiction, even unto the Earthmen of the far future often portrayed by Don.A. Stuart. It is almost traditional now to expect the ancient races one finds on distant worlds to be intellectual rather than emotional, trusting rather than suspicious. The Norlaminians are all this, though they contrast with such peoples as those in Robert Moore Williams' "Flight of the Dawn Star" by still lving in a scientific age rather than beyond one. Smith's imaginative powers were never in better fettle than when he created Norlamin. The main flaw in his depiction is that all Norlaminians talk and act so much alike. It is hard to keep individuals differentiated, even though all Norlaminians are super-specialists, one great scientist devoting his century-and-a-half life to the study of psychology, while another whitebeard spends an equally long career studying chemistry.

From them, by means of the "educator", Seaton receives all the ancient and advanced knowledge that Rovol, the First of Rays, and Drasnik, the First of Psychology, can pour into his receptive brain. Possessed now of knowledge of "fifth-order" radiation, Seaton is the master of the Fenachrone. He is able to wipe out the enemy fleet and to blow up the planet without leaving Norlamin, though the distance between the two worlds is 500000 light years! No wonder DuQuesne, seeing the destruction of the Fenachrone planet, cannot at first believe it is Seaton who did it.

Then, in Skylark III, Seaton and his crew pursue the Fenachrone scientists who fled

toward "a distant galaxy" before their planet was destroyed. Built by the Norlaminians, the new Skylark is a "two-smile-long torpedo", constructed of the super-metal inoson, the "theoretical ultimate of possible strength, toughness, and resistance", and equipped with a stupendous fifth-order projector that enables Seaton to send out a detector screen "with a velocity unthinkable millions of times that of light", and to blast the huge, fast-moving Fenachrone battleship into pure energy from a distance of 200,000 light years! Only a few years before, Seaton had been chased by traffic cops for exceeding the Washington speed limit on his motorcycle.

Dr. Smith's first three stories, the first two Skylarks and Spacehounds of IPC, appeared in Amazing. In January 1932 he submitted Triplanetary to Harry Bates of Astounding and in the January 1933 issue the story was announced for a future issue; however, the Clayton firm folded up after the publication of the next number, March 1933, and Doc's manuscript was returned to him. He then submitted it to Amazing, where it appeared in four parts in 1934. Thus Doc never appeared in Astounding, scene of his greatest triumphs, till the publication of Skylark of Valeron as a seven-part serial, August 1934 through February 1935, in the new Street and Smith magazine. It was, in many respects, an auspicious debut for Doc in the new leader among science fiction magazines. Though inferior to Galactic Patrol, his epoch-making novel of two years later, it was indisputably his finest story so far, showing him at the height of his imaginative sweep and power.

Smith had started writing Skylark of Valeron early in 1931. In February 1934, having been in correspondence with Desmond Hall of Astounding, he sent the typescript to Hall for his comments and criticisms. Instead of criticizing it, Hall sent back a check. Thus Doc claims that this story "wasn't really finished at all".

Skylark of Valeron follows Seaton's education in advanced technology up a positively accelerated curve. During a series of adventures on the same intergalactic voyage in which he destroyed the Fenachrone warship, Seaton learns how to utilize sixth-order radiation, of which thought iself is a band, how to rotate an entire spaceship -- Skylark II, which is carried in Skylark III as a lifeboat -- into fourth-dimensional hyperspace, and how to build and control a new Skylark, the Skylark of Valeron, mightiest spaceship of the First Universe, by means of a "perfectly efficient, mechano-electrical artificial Brain a cubic mile in diameter. The ultimate Skylark is "almost of planetary dimensions", and resembles "a looming planetoid". To enter, one passes through 50 massive gates; inside, a bright artificial sun illuminates "an immense grassy park", in the middle of which are replicas of the Earthside homes of the Seatons and Cranes (not that they ever lived in them for long). Between them is the control building, equipped only with the master headsets of the Brain which directs the ship.

Smith makes a valiant effort in the final Skylark story to work up to a smashing climax in which his protagonist and main antagonist, Blackie DuQuesne, will meet face to face, "hard gray eyes starting relentlessly into unyielding eyes of midnight black". With this end in view he opens the book with four chapters that bring us up to date on DuQuesne's doings since we lost track of him in the middle of Skylark Three. He follows through by using the parallel-action technique of alternating between Seaton's adventures and DuQuesne's developing skullduggery. Visiting Norlamin, DuQuesne inveigles the unsuspecting scientists into building him a spaceship like Skylark III, after which he returns to Earth to make himself ruler of Terra. The purpose of his villainy is to mobilize Earth's resources to the end of destroying Norlamin itself and making him master of the galaxy.

I think it was only instinct that made Doc finish up the series in this fashion. To give any semblance of unity to the series, the action inevitably had to return to Earth in the end; nevertheless, as we have said, Smith realized at the same time that his ele-

ment was deep space and far planets; he was not at home writing about Earth. As a matter of fact, Smith neglected Earth throughout the series: we are told little about the effect the development of the space dirve must have had on terrestrial economy and politics. Sometimes Seaton and Crane claim to "represent" Terra at interplanetary war councils, but for all we know, the United States government is unaware that they ever left home. When Dunark from the planet Osnome arrives on Earth, the first extraterrestrial -- and a powerful ruler at that -- ever to visit our planet, Seaton and Crane receive him privately. This is probably the greatest affrontery in diplomatic history.

Thus when DuQuesne makes himself dictator of Terra, we are as little excited about it as Doc himself seems to be. We are inevitably more interested in Seaton's thrilling adventures upon the planet Valeron in an unknown galaxy. Furthermore, the final "battle" between Seaton and DuQuesne, when it comes, is anticlimactic; the outcome of Armageddon never appeared so predictable. For Seaton is now so invincible that there is no struggle. However, the end of the book is not a complete letdown, for Doc skilfully ties DuQuesne's fate in with those of the pesky "Intellectuals", beings who exist as pure thought, whose menace Seaton faced earlier in the story. Seaton's two antagonists are disposed of together: DuQuesne, made an Intellectual himself, and the seven other Intellectuals, are confined in a tiny spaceship which is pointed out of the galaxy and set to accelerate at "approximately three times ten to the twelfth centimeters per second per second" for one hundred thousand million years, after which it is to be rotated into the fourth dimension -- and "if your capsule gets back into three-dimensional space you will be so far away from here that you will certainly need most of the rest of what is left of eternity to find your way back!"

The series ends with Odysseus at home at last: Richard and Dorothy Seaton recline comfortably at their own hearthside, staring dreamily into the flames. They speak of Richard Seaton Jr. -- Dorothy typically plays false to the pioneer spirit by wanting him born at home -- and Seaton declares that he is reconciled to staying home for good. We are inclined to view his remark skeptically, but whether or not Seaton kept his promise, we can safely assume that Doc Smith won't bother to chronicle any further adventures of the Skylark. There is nothing new under any sun for Seaton or Seaton Jr. to try: in these three novels Seaton went everywhere and did everything.

Doc Smith had confidence in the perfectability of humanity; the confidence manifests itself in every word of the Skylark series. I do not want to read deep meanings into things that have no deep meanings, but I think one of the chief appeals of this trilogy is that Doc displays such calm conviction that man has the innate ability to learn to fly to the stars, absorb the vast knowledge of great and ancient races, defeat the inimical peoples who would subjugate or destroy him, find his way back from the farthest corner of the universe. The concept so often found today in science fiction, that of Imperial Earth holding sway over a million star-systems in a galactic empire, leaves me cold; but the idea that man is great and good enough to do brave and intelligent things -- this inspires me.

In his final battle with DuQuesne, Seaton snatches off the headset of the Brain as "sheer hate" pounds through his mind and he fears what the Brain, "actuated by his own uncontrollable thoughts", might do. Seaton says later, "I realized that I could never get good enough to be trusted with that much dynamite". This is, I think, a wise insight on Doc's part; it takes some of the curse off Seaton's superhuman knowledge and skill to discover that despite all he is still a man, prone to the faults of man. But Seaton's last speech, trite though it is, expresses, I think, Doc Smith's ultimate faith in mankind: "It'll take time, of course -- racial hates and fears cannot be overcome in a day -- but the people of good old Earth are not too dumb to learn".

I think Doc Smith believes that statement, and I think he further believes in heroes greater than Richard Seaton who will climb right up to the stars in ships made of purple inoson. If he doesn't believe it, he still has the ability to make it sound both dramatic and possible, as if it didn't have to be a mere skylark after all. After reading the Skylark trilogy, I believe it. And it's a belief that I'd like to have bolstered once in a while, even while I was living on a desert island.

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NOTE: I wish to thank Dr. E.E. Smith for his help in writing the factual portions of this article; he supplied most of the information concerning the actual writing of the Skylark series. Bea Mahaffey and Bob Tucker also deserve special mention and thanks. The critical analyses are in all cases my own and should not be blamed on the kind people mentioned here.

--- Redd Boggs, in Silverberg's SPACESHIP #25

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"Well, Randy, you shouldn't drink acetone."

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SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT - February 18 to June 29, 1938

RECEIPTS

2/18/38	--	Rcvd	$10.40	from Acting Secy-Treasurer D.A.W. --	$10.40
2/26	--	"	$ 1.00	from D.A.W. for 2 mem's dues - -	11.40
3/9	--	"	.50	from C. Train for dues --	11.90
3/15	--	"	1.00	from D.A.W. for Marconette and Madle --	12.90
3/23	--	"	1.00	from Hodgkins and Rothman for dues --	13.90
3/28	--	"	1.50	from E.H. Smith, Sykora, and Morojo --	15.40
4/23	--	"	1.00	from J. Giunta and Leadabrand --	16.40
4/26	--	"	.50	from Bernard Seufert for dues --	16.90
4/27	--	"	1.00	from Goudket and Quinn for dues --	17.90
4/28	--	"	.50	from J. Chapman Miske for dues --	18.40
5/4	--	"	.15	for back-date mailings --	18.55
6/8	--	"	1.00	from Ackerman for dues and back mss --	19.55
6/9	--	"	1.00	from Johnson and Moir for dues --	20.55
6/10	--	"	.50	from John Chapman for dues --	21.05
6/29	--	"	.50	from Willis Conover for dues --	21.55

EXPENDITURES

3/15/38	--	Paid out	$ .80	for twenty-five 3¢ envelopes --	$00.80
4/21	--	" "	$2.00	for 1st ½ of third mailing --	$ 2.80
4/27	--	" "	.50	to defray cost of 2nd ½ 3rd mlg. --	3.30
6/8	--	" "	1.00	to Official Editor for F.A. --	4.30
6/20	--	" "	2.75	for 2nd ½ 3rd mlg. --	7.05
6/20	--	" "	.88	for mailing ballots --	7.93
6/20	--	" "	3.00	for payment towards 4th mailing --	10.93
6/20	--	" "	.11	for money order --	11.04

Submitted July 1st to DAW by John V. Baltadonis

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(Jack Speer had in various issues of SUSTAINING PROGRAM a department of comment on the medium through which many of the protofans contact our branch of literature; ostensibly for the historic interest /but really to bug Dick Lupoff and Don Thompson/ we present here a special variety of review:)

EXTRACTS FROM scientificomics

I. A HYPOTHETICAL HISTORY OF MONGO

There is ample evidence that there was at one time interplanetary travel between Mongo and Earth; the ruling race of the smaller planet are obviously akin to the ancient Chinese race of Earth. But whether Mongo was in the Solar System for a long time before torn away by some passing body, or whether it was just a wanderer which passed thru once before, and on its second passage, in the Twentieth Century, was deflected by Zarkov's ship into an orbit which became permanent, we cannot say.

Probably the yellow race originated on Earth; the titles left over from that early day of glory (which Mr Wollheim hath discussed elsewhere) indicate flights from Earth as a base, and the yellow rulers are distinctly different from the primitive native races of Mongo -- races which, however, suggest admixture of human, perhaps terrestrial, blood, with beasts, and may well have provided the inspiration for the monsters of mythology, as the native animals of Mongo appear as the mythological dragons.

During the long centuries that it was in the outer void, Mongo was able to support life only thru the craft of the yellow men. And during those same centuries the ruling race was forced, by the rigors of the life around it, to set up a Spartan system of government, and drill into generation after generation of both yellow men and the inferior races that respect for the ultimate overlordship of the yellow emperor that endured even while they fought his soldiers and defied his laws.

There have, of course, been various splittings-off from the central yellow nation -- rebels who have taken their followers and gone off into the wilderness to establish their own governments -- the Magic Men of the cave world, the ruling element among the Forest Men, the followers of the pretender Barin, and others. But the emperor of the yellow men is the emperor of the planet, and only the water-breathers who live beneath the sea deny that he has any authority, real or titular, over them.

The yellow race' eminent position does not rest on tradition alone, however. They are the intellectual superiors of most of the monster races, their Spartan system produces a high quality of warriors and rulers, their diplomacy keeps their enemies divided, and they have denied to most of the subject races the scientific knowledge on which so much of their power depends.

Such was the situation when three Terrestrials smashed into a mountain in their rocket; and such, for all our hero's mighty endeavors, is substantially the situation today.

II. FAIR-HAIRED BOY OF SCIENCE FICTION

Brick Bradford is phenomenal in that he has been to almost all the adventurous places of science-fiction, never being tied down to any one or two like most of the fantastic adventurers of the funny pages.

We have followed Bradford's career but fragmentarily (we thot about inserting here a quotation from Evangeline, but decided against it). As far as we can tell, the first of his adventures of which we have any knowledge, very possibly his first, related to a lost tribe in Peru or Mexico, in the daily strips. The first Sunday pages we know of were Brick Bradford in the

City Beneath the Sea, i.e., Mu. Followed that Brick Bradford in the Middle of the Earth, with swashbuckling adventures, strange creatures, and Aztecs (or Mayas) again; I believe he made his exit thru some tunnel terminating in Aztec (or Maya) land. Meanwhile the daily strip had been following the slower-developing, cop-and-robbers course characteritic of daily comic strips, but had involved a number of scientific inventions and stuff in the modern world, and presently came out with a machine whereby BB & Co descended into the world of an atom in a one-cent piece. The Sunday page took a great turn with the introduction of the time top. (Incidentally, the Time Top was a top-panel strip accompanying the Sunday page for a while, concerning itself with the adventures of another couple.) They went into the far future, and Bradford's present service in the fleet of Admiral Kung, fighting for the pretender Whatchamacallit Khan, is the result of a trip into the past.

About the only places Brick hasn't been yet are in other dimensions or across interplanetary space, and he may have been there in the comics I have not seen. If not, they're in the cards. Hamlin, Raymond, Calkins, and others must envy the peculiar m bility of William Ritt's breadwinner.

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"From 1940 to 1982 was an era of peace and prosperity." -- Brick Bradford, 1/29/F38. Mussolini's going to have to get busy in a hurry, then, if he doesn't want William Ritt to be made a liar.

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III. A MAP OF MOO

Whither Alley Oop? Well, Hamlin perhaps knows whether he intends ever to return him to Moo -- I doubt now that he can go back to his prehistoric lifeway there -- but I personally think the Moovian adventures top the present ones for interest and entertainment. I wish I had here those Alley Oop strips among my papers back home; I'd like to look thru them again.

One strip that particularly interested me found the hero and his brainy beauty hiding away from the Lemian conquerors of Moo, and wondering where they could get help to drive out the invaders. And it was at this point that Oola drew the only map I have ever seen of that territory. From that, and hints dropped elsewhere, I think we can surmise this much about the background the author had in mind for that story:

The locale is probably the present United States; it could be, and therefore probably is. More specifically, it is down on the Gulf Coast somewhere; the big river that figures in the story may be the Rio Grande or some other Texas river, but is more probably the Mississippi, which as you know had its mouth much farther north in those days.

It is a low-lying, swampy region, down toward the Tropic of Cancer, and one of the last places on earth that Dinosaurs can live in comfort; elsewhere the cold is setting in. The men that live here are called neanderthals by Dr. Wonmug, but if they are, they are an undiscovered offshoot of that species, for mentally they are quite up to modern man. In the time of Alley Oop, they live in small tribes presided over by a king, with no religion to speak of, but a witch doctor here and there, carry on primitive commerce, and use writing after a fashion.

Down on the seashore lives one tribe; up the river, a day's distance, are the rival monarchies of Lem and Moo, both west of the river. East of the river are Cromags (Cro-Magnons?), amazons, and swamps. On the Lem-Moo side of the river, in various directions that I'm not sure of from memory, live the Cardiff giants and the little men in villages, and there roam around in the woods some Moovian renegades

under Dootsy Bobo, and miscellaneous people.

But far westward -- and of this we can be certain -- there are high mountains, and as one ascends their slope, the vegetation and the animal life take on a modern look (for some reason, a picture of Foozy climbing upward thru a forest of modern pines gave me a queer chill), and there are mammoths there, and more men. Beyond this mountain range, and extending around the south end of it till it borders on the swampy land at the Mississippi mouth, is an extensive desert, which can only be that of New Mexico and west Texas.

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We have a bad habit of applying our superior intelligence and systematizing ability to the scientificomics in an effort to think into them more consistency than is actually present in the plans of the authors. The following is a crying example:

IV. HOW MANDRAKE DOES IT

From the frequent occurrence of the phrase "seems to" in the artist's notes in boxes, such as accompany most of the squares in Mandrake the Magician, one would suppose that hypnotism entirely accounts for the power of the man in the two-color cloak. It is true that this takes care of the greater part of his tricks, possibly even including that ingenious way he has of projecting a person's memory picture thru his eyes onto a white wall for observers to see. Some extension of straight hypnotism -- even granting Mandrake the power frequently found in fictional hypnotists to control with a glance and a gesture -- is necessary in some cases, in that we must suppose the old boy to have unusual telepathic powers, so that he can send his commands to his hypnotee without speaking a word.

But in addition to all this, we must introduce telekinesis to explain many of the Magician's doings. You remember telekinesis -- the Prince of Peril, and the airship that moved when he wished hard enough. Well, Mandrake has that in large quantities. He can not only make you think you're hanging in the air -- he can make you hang there, if necessary. Much more than that, tho: From whatever atoms may be floating around in the atmosphere, he can transmute materials and bring out a finished product -- like an axe -- with a wave of the hand. He has a further control over matter with his mind that almost constitutes a different class of power -- he can change its size and form. If he can't, I don't see how he could transform Rheota back and forth between a girl and a black leopard; nor can I imagine him hypnotizing the world so that he made it think he was able to enter the houses of the little people.

Give a guy perfect hypnotic power and ultimate telekinesis, and he's pretty much got the world by the tail. Among the half dozen or so things that may still cause him trouble are being blindfolded (in which case he loses all his powers), not being entirely wised up on the situation, a woman's wiles, sleeping gas, and an utterly alien universe in which our natural laws don't operate (like Dimension X). But whatteyeck; even Superman has his vulnerable points.

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V. THE DABBLERS

Among the mundane comics going stfnal lately may be mentioned Gene Autry Rides, in which "Earthmen" (people that live in caves under the ground) are, of course, planning to sweep out and conquer the surface; and Dick Tracy, in which a perfectly horrid mad scientist is employed by a Hindu, Yogee, to invent evil devices of destruction.

Li'l Abner frequently goes into very fantastic adventures. When the stars made some special sign, which occurred only about once in every century, Mammy went into a trance

and could see the future. Mammy also once ran afoul of a super-obedient robot, in whose presence she inadvertently said, "Fry mah hide!", and who had but one defect -- that the smell of tobacco smoke drove him into a murderous mood. Li'l Abner himself has run afoul of a love charm which Daisy Mae hoped would give her his love, but which went astray, and anyway dissolved at sunset. And other adventures.

One of the Washington papers carries in its Sunday edition what they call a comic book section, which I suppose is sold widely thruout the country. It's the size of a comic magazine page, has perhaps 18 or 24 pages, and contains an episode each in the lives of three comic-magazine type heroes. Of these, the first, The Spirit, frequently employs ahead-of-science gadgets, and has had some quite fantastic sequences, such as a visit of people from another planet. The second, Lady Luck, I can't bring myself to read, even when I do read the others. The third is always fantastic, Mr Mystic it concerns, he being gifted with supernatural powers by those eternal Tibetans, and finds the author frequently struggling with that difficulty of Superman, finding obstacles sufficiently great for his super-hero to have any trouble overcoming. (That sentence was constructed for your special amusement, petard hunter!)

It seems like the misnamed Abbie an' Slats has been doing some dabbling lately, too. A permanent-waving fluid which caused hair to fall out at the end of thirty days turned out to be a super-explosive, I think; and at present there are involved in the story some capsules invented by Bathless Groggins which make a motor fuel of water, and taken internally turn a human being into a nitroglycerine bomb. Needless to say, Bathless took some by mistake, and knowing himself doomed, is out to destroy Hitler. The recent sequence in which Cleopatra was supposed to have been revived from a mummy turned out to be a hoax, and unworthy of our consideration.

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VI. A STUDY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM -- 2440 AD

At the center we have old Sol, who is much as usual, and on whose face no people have been discovered to be living, mainly because the idea hasn't occurred to the perpetrators of the Buck Rogers comics. It mite be mentioned that across the fourth dimension is another system coexistent with ours, which has two suns, and huge planets and planet-sized moons, where everything is huge. However, we'll restrict ourselves to this system of ours. It's confusing enough.

Circling close around the sun is the small, swiftly-spinning planet Vulcan, with a yawning abyss at the pole, which leads to an interior inhabited by a super-scientific but degenerate race of men.

Next comes Mercury, and already we run into difficulties. Mercury once had a hot side and a cold side, but the autarchs of Venus on a punitive expedition, in cooperation with the coldsideians, dug a great canal across to the sunward side, in which they conducted a large quantity of water, which, sinking into the desert sands, turned to steam and expanded, blowing a large section of the planet out into the void and unbalancing the planet so that it began rotating on its axis, and the ice of the outer side melted and ran into the great hole to form a new ocean. Meanwhile became the part thrown off a moon for Mercury. Now, remember that this was blown out of the desert, and was a waterless, almost airless rock. Now came it a few years later out of the fourth dimension and from Vulcan the aforementioned autarchs of Venus, and calmly discovered the moon to be almost entirely water, with a small rock core, and inhabited by peoples adapted as tho from milleniums of evolution. Wollheim insists that it isn't supposed to be the same moon. I suggested spontaneous transmutation of rock to water. I suspect that the authors just forgot all about it.

Venus also has a small artificial moon, on which is marooned the empress' evil uncle Yeddo, and, we fear, forever forgotten. As

for Venus, Dille put out a map of it years ago, which we've never seen. Anyway, the surface is rather varied and interesting, with a most confused political situation which we shan't touch upon. The upper crust is honeycombed with caves, according to "Strange Wonders of Distant Worlds", which seem to be different from the caves that went right thru the heart of the globe and were inhabited by the Amazons till the cave going thru the center caved in and let lava flow up and fill the caverns.

Aside from such minor, and quickly forgotten, mishaps as being tipped over and finding a new axis, the Earth remains much the same as we have always known it. Atlantis exists, of course. The moon was destroyed, I believe, by the Doom Comet (as, for that matter, were many of the other planets, including most of the outer ones), but we can ignore that. There is little to remark about Mars, astronomically speaking. It is chiefly noted as s source of supply for villains.

An ambiguous situation exists in the asteroids. The Alpha Centaurian genius, Kabba, welded them into a new planet (they were fragments of an exploded one, needless to say), tho the radio script gave credit for the deed to Huer. The new planet is of considerable size, despite the calculations of Twentieth Century astronomers that the known and unknown planetoids taken together probably would not gross as much as Mercury. For all its marvelous size, however, Aster must not include all the asteroids, for they are continually popping up in later adventures of the Deering-Rogers clan. (And sometimes one suspects that Calkins has forgotten Aster's creation, too.)

Jupiter has large solid continents inhabited by juvenilely fantastic creatures, while down in the deeps, where pressure is so terrific that oxygen is liquid, live the streamlined and inhospitable Depth Men. Of Jupiter's fine system of satellites, little has been told. DAW once suggested that they might be held in reserve in case the comics' author/s run/s out of other places for adventures to happen.

Saturn has a unified culture throughout its moon system. The rings are quite as generally imagined. Saturn itself is uninhabitable.

Of Uranus I do not recall much being said. Tis inhabited by super-men.

Neptune's people must live in the oceans, and breathe thru gills. The surface is too bleak for anything but sealed trains which can make better speed across it from one bay to the next than thru the resisting water.

Pluto referred to as "Planet X" when first discovered by Twenty-fifth Century men, despite the fact that exactly five hundred years before it had been named "Pluto" after being called Planet X for a few months after its discovery: It is water-covered, like Neptune if I remember not wrongly.

Beyond Pluto lies Pickering's planet, a huge thing, visible only thru its occulting of stars, with a wild surface, with huge fauna and flora. Here a party of Centaurian outcasts maintained a colony till picked up by the autarchs of Venus in a captured Centaurian space-sphere. (On second thot, that one was destroyed, and they used one buried by the Centaurians when they landed.) Pickering's planet would bear more investigation.

Beyond this, in some indefinite place, perhaps another solar system, is the world on which our hero is at present adventuring. We have also had a brief glimpse at Alpha Centauri's planets. But Nowlan recognized the speed of light as limiting, and beyond A.C. we have never gone.

There is little of interest in the cosmic sleet storm in the Twenty-fifth Century. A word should be said about comets, however; one comet, at least. Inside the head of this is (inevitably) a planet inhabited by Bokian Polyphemuses who are very friendly if you get off on the right foot with them. The ground is rather mucky, tho, like quicksand, so don't say we didn't tell you.

-- Jack Speer

"Tell me all you know about the Barcarolle," I wrote Harry...

-- Helen Wesson

Of All Sad Tales

I want you to imagine a production of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" containing a number of revisions. All the scenes containing the three witches are to be eliminated, together with references to them elsewhere in the play. The second and third acts are to be transposed -- the third act, then the second act. The audience is not allowed to know that the nasty woman is Macbeth's wife. The final curtain falls as Macbeth and Macduff rush out to fight, before we learn who has won.

That sounds like a mess. You'd take it for granted that no producer would do such things to a play. Yet "Les Contes D'Hoffmann", one of the most famous of fantasy operas, has suffered precisely that type of mutilation. Few persons realize how accident and intent have ganged up on the Offenbach opera, which recently gained fresh prominence through the motion picture.

It's so often called by its English title, "The Tales of Hoffman", that I'll use that English title throughout this account of its troubles and its merits. Further, I'm going to assume that you know certain elementary things about the opera -- it was written in 19th Century France; it deals with three unhappy love affairs of Hoffmann, the hero; it was made into a brightly colored motion picture; and so on.

I first heard of "The Tales of Hoffman" on a Bob Ripley radio program. He told a complicated legend of how the composer had carried around the tune of the barcarolle for decades, after a stranger had given it to him, finally using it in his last opera. Such fables attach themselves to every successful piece of work,, and are rarely true, never important. Then about ten years later, I borrowed a copy of the piano score of this opera. It baffled me, because the prologue contained a few lines for a baritone who appeared nowhere else in the opera, and his dozen words made no sense. Around this time, I heard the opera broadcast from the Met, and couldn't figure out why the epilogue ended up with a tune from the second act, when nothing like that was in the score which I'd seen. Those three circumstances got me interested in the opera, and I'm able to give a summary of things which aren't published in any single book, by picking up scraps of information here and there.

"The Tales of Hoffman" has suffered from troubles that can be listed in two parts -- those caused by the death of the composer, and those resulting from snobbery regarding the whole French operatic tradition which Offenbach culminated. Offenbach didd in 1880 before the production of "The Tales of Hoffmann". Leo Delibes and Ernest Guiraud did that which was necessary to bring the opera before the public but several things went seriously awry in the confusion. The snobbery apparently results from the abstruse meditations which Bizet's "Carmen" inspired in a few widely known thinkers, mainly Nietzsche. It became fashionable to read all sorts of remarkable philosophical structures and universes of ethics into Bizet's opera (he was dead, too, and couldn't point out that it's really nothing but the story of a bitchy woman), and every other French opera between Lulli and Ravel has become an object of scorn as a result.

The Schirmer score is the best example of the senseless abridging that "The Tales of Hoffmann" has suffered. It's the score you'll usually be given, if you buy one at a music store, unfortunately. It omits about two-thirds of the prologue, half or more of the epilogue, and a major chunk of the "second" act. (We'll get around later to the reason for the quotation marks.) These omissions are concerned with the basic theme of the opera. The complete "Tales of Hoffman" is a symbolization of a young man who is caught in a conflict between his ideals and the realities of the world.

sonata with two fast movements. Restoring the original order of the acts would also conform with the order in which Hoffmann reviews his love affairs in the epilogue. Finally, there is a certain merit in keeping for the last Giulietta, the only girl who doesn't die or fall to pieces. All this explains why the scores make an orchestral version of the barcarolle the introduction to the third act.

Studying the sources would be the most natural method of learning more about "The Tales of Hoffmann", since the opera is based on the short stories of the pioneer German fantasy writer, E.T.W. Hoffmann. Some of them are in print in English, others are available only in the original language. Ernest Newman says that the opera was drawn largely from "The Sandman", "Signor Formica", "Councillor Crespel", "The Connection of Things", "The Succession", and a yarn from "Fantastic Pieces in Callott's Manner" which Newman does not identify by name. Hoffmann in the opera is a faint shadow of Hoffmann the writer, whose life is as strange as any story he wrote. Offenbach himself is of interest in many respects, biographically, and several of his other works are fantasies. He even used a Jules Verne story for a libretto.

Phonograph records provide the other way for learning more about the opera. I recommend unreservedly the Jennie Tourel and Richard Tauber performances of Offenbach excerpts which are now available on lp records. There are two virtually complete performances of the opera, each available on three lp records, issued by Columbia and London. Neither is ideal. The London set has the brilliance of Sir Thomas Beecham's conducting, and is a nice souvenir of the movie, from whose sound track it was drawn, almost causing a lawsuit by Sir Thomas as a result. But it is sung in an English translation, which is painful in spots, and some of the vocalists aren't first rate. The Columbia set doesn't measure up to the very finest lp's in brilliance of sound, because it's a dubbing from 78's cut in France. But it has the virtue of the original language -- oddly enough, Offenbach's heavily-accented, rhythmic tunes sound better when sung with words in the lightly-stressed French language -- and is slightly less expensive than the London album.

I strongly suspect that an Offenbach boom is about ready to begin. Another of his operas, "Mariage aux Lanternes", is now on lp, and at least one other is due any month now. Offenbach in this original form with the tunes sung is much more fun than Offenbach's ballet music, "rearrangements", and the other distorted snippets that we've been given for so long.

-- Harry Warner, in Helen Wesson's
THE UNSPEAKABLE THING (nd)

On account of Hoffmann

.....I don't know whether the traffic will bear another article about the opera, but I'm going to find out pretty fast. Because this one is mainly about the way the librettists turned Hoffmann's short stories into the opera.

E.T.A. Hoffmann was a historical person, of course, who wrote pioneer short stories that included many fantasies. "The Tales of Hoffmann" is based on some of his yarns. However, it is a mistake to assume that the opera refers specifically to the author in a biographical fashion, in the prologue and epilogue. There are points of resemblance between the historical Hoffmann and the character who bears that name in the opera: both had unhappy love affairs and were addicted to drink. However, the combination of these two factors is hardly unique.

The first story by the historical Hoffmann that makes an identifiable appearance in the opera is not the account of the mechanical doll in the first act, as usually assumed. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, who wrote the libretto, borrowed from "Little Zaches, Called Zinnober" as the basis for a song in the prologue. If you've seen the movie or know the opera through recordings, you may remember that in the prologue Hoff-

His ideals are symbolized by music. The realities are represented by his love affairs, and are distorted into fantasy to strengthen the allegory. In the end of the original, complete opera, Hoffman gives himself over to his art, after each of his girl friends has turned out to be something different from his idealization of her.

It is impossible to realize this from the Schirmer score and from the abridged performances of the opera that are frequent. The character Lindorf, omitted almost altogether from the Schirmer score, appears in the prologue and epilogue as Hoffmann's rival for the affections of Stella, and in each of the three acts, under different names, as the villain who always messes up Hoffmann's love. Stella, the opera singer with whom Hoffmann is in love in the prologue and epilogue, is also omitted from the Schirmer score. The Muse does not appear in the Schirmer score, because the epilogue is truncated before her arrival. In this abridged form, the prolugue opens with a chorus praising beer. Hoffmann enters, gloomy for no apparent reason because Stella can't be mentioned. With him is Nicklausse, who sings a few lines from "Don Giovanni" with equal lack of reason. (Since Stella isn't included, the audience doesn't learn that "The Tales of Hoffmann" is supposed to occur in a tavern in an opera house, between acts of "Don Giovanni".) Hoffmann agrees to describe three of his romantic adventures. Lindorf says: "Soon, I hope, they (i.e., the old flames) will be at peace." It makes no sense in this context. In the Schirmer version, the epilogue ends when Hoffmann has drunk himself into a stupor and everyone else has rushed out. In the full opera, the Muse appears to Hoffmann, persuades him to give himself up to his art, which he does, and is able to ignore Stella when she returns briefly, just before the final curtain.

But this complete version still doesn't hint at the most fantastic mishap that befell the opera. A stage direction got lost, some time between Offenbach's death and the first production. As a result, it wasn't until last year that the truth about Nicklausse came to light.

Nicklausse is the oddest person in the opera, when you come to think of it. The part must be sung by a woman, because of the agility needed for the music and certain effects obviously intended in ensemble work. But Nicklausse is generally dressed as a young man, because Hoffmann obviously would not keep a spare girl friend at his side during his romances. This could be explained by the old operatic tradition of giving the roles of very young men to female voices -- like Octavian in "Rosenkavalier" or Cherubino in "Le Nozze di Figaro". But Nicklausse seems more experienced, saner, perhaps older than Hoffmann. He always is on hand to get the hero out of the muddles, yet he follows Hoffman around like a servant. The relationship between them is never explained.

Rooting around in Europe, someone came up with the solution last year, and Musical America published the facts. Nicklausse is the Muse. The symbolism is clear enough, once you learn that fact. Nicklausse-Muse is the personification of the part of Hoffmann that prevents him from going mad or blowing out his brains when he is tricked again and again by the world. A stage direction from the original sketches for the opera proved that the public was to learn of this fact. The singer who performed the role of Nicklausse and the Muse was to make a partial change of costume on stage at one point in the opera, to reveal the fact that the two characters are one. The stage direction got lost in the shuffle after Offenbach died.

The same issue of Musical America told of another odd trick that fate played on this opera. A couple of the acts are reversed. The adventure that Hoffmann undergoes with a mechanical doll, who looks human through magical spectacles, was meant to be the first act, and it has always been in that place. But the romance with Antonia, who sings herself to death when her mother's portrait comes to life, was intended as the second act. It's always given as the third act. The act in Venice, containing the barcarolle, and Giulietta's attempt to steal Hoffmann's shadow, should be the last act. It is always presented as the second. Restoring the original scheme would be in accord with sound musical principles, because the music of the Antonia act is predominantly quieter and slower than the other acts; this contrasting section obviously would go in the middle of a symphony or

mann's comrades in drink attempt to cheer him up by persuading him to sing. He starts a song about a dwarf named Kleinzach. However, before he can get into the subject of the Hoffmann story, his attention wanders from the subject and he sings passionately of one of his mistresses. In the epilogue, the Kleinzach tune is heard again briefly, serving to unify the whole opera. If Hoffmann in the opera hadn't lost track of his ballad, we would have learned, as in the story, how Little Zaches - Kleinzach became prime minister of a little German kingdom, in unique manner.

The first act of "The Tales of Hoffmann", concerning the infatuation with a robot which Hoffmann believes alive, is drawn mostly from "The Sandman". The short story is grimmer, more complex than its equivalent portion of the opera, a situation which holds true for the sources of the other portions too. In Offenbach's work, Coppelius is a rather fussy old fellow who destroys his invention after an argument over money. Nothing dire happens to Hoffmann in the opera, except for embarrassment and consternation when he finds that he has been making love to a toy. But in the short story, Coppelius has been an evil genius to the hero, Nathaniel, ever since Nathaniel was a child. Coppelius visited Nathaniel's home when Nathaniel was a small boy, and the child had identified him with the Sandman. This Sandman is not the traditional fairy tale character who gently lulls children to sleep. It's a horrible creature who comes after kids who won't go to bed. It throws sand in their eyes until the eyes fall out, then puts the eyes into a sack, and carries them to the moon as food for its unspeakable children. While a boy, Nathaniel had overseen his father and Coppelius at work on a robot. These experiments led to the death of the father, and had involved the boy in a nightmarish way. After growing up, Nathaniel encounters Olympia, much as in the opera, not knowing her connection with Coppelius. The magic spectacles of the opera are a pocket telescope in the short story, and the optical device plays a less important part in the story up to the shattering of Olympia. But in the Hoffmann story, the tale doesn't end at that point. Nathaniel had originally loved a nice girl back home, Clara. After his disappointment with Olympia, Hoffmann comes back to Clara. One day, they are inspecting the scenery from a high place. Hoffmann uses the pocket telescope to try to get a closer view, and accidentally aims on Clara's face. Instantly he goes mad and jumps to his death. All through this story, like a leitmotif, runs the theme of eyes: the eyes which the Sandman collects, the eyes of Nathaniel which Coppelius seems to have somehow affected, the eyes of Olympia, the semi-eye of the telescope.

"The Lost Reflection" is the source for most of the opera's Giulietta episode. Here again, Hoffmann's original story contains a second woman, simple and good, against whom the courtesan is contrasted, and the opera again jettisons this complication. Erasmus Spikker, the hero of "The Lost Reflection", is a married man with a family who finally achieves his desire to go to Florence. ("First one girl and then another would sing some Italian love-song to the whispered accompaniment of a mandoline", the story says. That probably provided the hint for the composition of the famous barcarolle, and once a barcarolle had been decided on, what was more natural than to move the act from Florence to Venice, so that real canals and gondoliers could be imitated?) The essential differences between this story and the opera are the psychological complications caused by Erasmus' wife and the conclusion of the story. In both opera and yarn, Giuletta fascinates the hero, talks him into giving up his reflection, and he kills another of her numerous lovers. The opera act ends with a simple betrayal of Hoffmann by Giuletta. The betrayal is replaced in the story by Erasmus' terror over the loss of his reflection, his return home, and his family difficulties when his trouble with mirrors comes out. Dappertutto, the villain in both opera and story, promises in the yarn both the reflection and Giulietta to Erasmus, as a reward for poisoning his family. But Mrs. Erasmus intervenes in the nick of time, and the hero agrees to leave his family to "wander about the world a little more" attempting to get back his reflection in more honest fashion. It might be noted that the story's end pays homage to Chamisso, author of the famous "Peter Schlemihl, The Man Without a Shadow". Erasmus encounters Peter, and the consider for a time whether they should go through life together, since one has a shadow but no reflection, the other a good reflection but abso-

lutely no shadow. "But nothing came of it." The story makes no mention of one of the characters of this act of the opera, Pitichinaccio. Ernest Newman, the British musicologist, says he comes from a story I haven't yet encountered, "Signor Formica".

Hoffmann's adventure with Antonia is either partly original with the librettists, or partly derived from a story which has evaded my reading. The essential idea of the act, a young girl with a fine voice but lungs so weak she dares not sing, is the basis of Hoffmann's "Councillor Krespel". But the short story omits altogether two important parts of the opera act: the villain, Dr. Miracle, and the portrait that seems to come to life. Dr. Miracle could conceivably have been invented by the librettists, to provide a villain in analogy with the sinister characters of the rest of the opera. There is the barest hint of the portrait theme in another Hoffmann story, "The Deserted House", whose central character watches a beautiful face in a distant window in fascination, only to be told that it is an oil painting behind the glass. In any event, the entire Antonia episode has a different center of gravity in the original prose. In the short story, the central figure is Krespel, while in the opera he is merely a stock character, the father anxious over his daughter's welfare. In the short story, we learn that Krespel first loved a beautiful Italian opera singer who bore him the daughter, Antonia, with her mother's voice but the fatal physical weakness. After the mother's death, Krespel spends most of his time guarding the girl against the temptation to sing. Krespel is an eccentric figure in the story, whose whims do not penetrate the opera. Hoffmann tells how Krespel built a house by ordering the erection of four high, blank walls into which doors and windows were then cut. The father collects violins by the most famous Italian craftsmen, plays each of them just once, then takes it apart to attempt to learn the secret of its fine tone. The suitor, unnamed in the story and Hoffmann in the opera, is a mere outline of a character in the short story who appears briefly once or twice. It is not clear in the story whether the suitor causes Antonia's death. Krespel "fancies" while in bed one night that he hears the suitor playing the piano and the girl singing. After a curious period of inability to stir, the father rushes into Antonia's room and finds her dead.

That leaves the love affair of the prologue and the epilogue and the character of Lindorf as the only principal themes to be considered. (The riddle of Ficklausse was treated in the previous article in The Unspeakable Thing.) It seems unlikely that Hoffman could have written a story which would dovetail so neatly into the theme of conflict between art and flesh as the librettists built up that theme from parts of his other stories. At a guess, I'd say that this portion is purely the work of the French librettists. It's conceivable that the Stella of the prologue and the epilogue was named in analogy to the Estelle who was such an obsessive force in the mind of a real musician whose life was vaguely like the opera's hero, Hector Berlioz.

It would take a person with thorough knowledge of German (which I have) and access to all the surviving Hoffmann short stories (which I haven't) to track down the remaining pieces in the jigsaw puzzle of sources. The comic servants, Newman says, are taken from Hoffmann stories, with Cochenille derived from "The Connection of Things" and Frantz from "The Succession". Beyond that, I'm stuck.

In conclusion, a few things need to be said about Hoffmann himself, and his fiction in general. I haven't dared to try to draw conclusions about his ability as a writer. I've read his stories only in translations, and not toomany of the stories, either.

But persons who like to study the connection between an author's experiences and his fiction should have a field day with Hoffmann. It's probably too late now to find out as much about Hoffmann as we know about two other fantasy writers whose biography can be detected in their stories, Lovecraft and Poe. This eliminates the danger of reading into the stories the things that aren't there. But just as Lovecraft's characters frequently betray his own prejudices -- one runs into a horror involving cool air, others are scared silly by creatures smelling of the sea -- just as a Poe yarn will reveal his own substantiated fear of premature burial and the immaturity of Virginia can be traced as an influence in a number of stories and poems; just so can we correlate Hoffman with his fiction.

It might be remembered that Hoffmann was an extremely versatile person with the arts. He didn't become an all-out genius in any of them. But he wrote this fiction and good essays, he was a widely played composer in his day, and his talent for drawing was keen enough to get him thrown out of one town because of the power of his caricatures. His ability and knowledge in all these fields permeate the stories. The result is an excellent authority when he comes to describe the construction of a violin, the method by which a painter gets the right proportions in large wall decorations, or any other situation dealing with the arts, and at least one character in almost every story is a semi-pro or professional in one of the arts.

It seems quite possible that Hoffmann's subconscious caused many things to appear in his stories that wouldn't be there if he had been only a hack concerned with grinding out yarns to an editor's favorite pattern. Several themes run with obsessive force through his stories. The most obvious of them is the theme of the woman who is inaccessible to the man in love with her. It is seldom a case of the woman not wanting the man, or already married to another man; it is usually a case of physical objects standing between the two. In "The Lost Reflection" Olympia is kept in a locked room, so that no one can learn of her remarkable physique. "The Deserted House" contains the theme very strongly, the hero spending page after page attempting to find a way into the closed-up house where the woman is kept. Councillor Krespel keeps prospective suitors from Antonia, virtually by force. The same theme turned upside down can be found in "The Jesuit Church in Gloglau", where the woman of high birth is made accessible to the hero because of the havoc wroght in an uprising.

Sudden changes in the writer's style occur frequently when he comes to certain passages which seem to be derived from childhood experiences or nightmares. These passages are compelling utterances of a real person, and they stick out like sore thumbs amid the more matter-of-fact narration. Such are some of the crises in "The Deserted House", and the small boy's terror over the Sandman. However, Hoffmann liked to make friends with doctors and knew the superintendent of a madhouse; it is conceivable that he heard or heard about the hysterical utterances of other persons and transcribed them into his stories, instead of drawing on his own deeply rooted fears and experiences.

A pretty good, cheap edition of Hoffmann is now available in this country. It contains most of the stories mentioned in this article, and costs only fifty cents. The title is "Eight Tales of Hoffmann", it's a paper-back edition, and the publisher is Pan Books Ltd., 8 Headfort Place, London S.W. 1. It can be obtained from Book Mail Service, Box 363, Jamaica, New York. There is a good introduction, telling something of Hoffmann's life and of the mesmerism motive in his stories, which I've not delved into at all in this article, although it has instructive parallels with dianetics. The editor admits that the translations omit a lot of adjectives and adverbs, but they're bearable.

-- Harry Warner jr, in his HORIZONS 52

The fact is, FAPA can transact all its business on dues of not more than fifty cents.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN DEPT.:

"The total limit of the FAPA membership was reached under the term of John V. Baltadonis. Since then there have been four members who have expressed their wish to join. They are EDGAR ALLAN MARTIN, MILLIE TAURASI, BOB TUCKER, and WILLARD DEWEY. These fans have been placed on a list and will be allowed to join as soon as some of the present members quit."

-- SecTreasurer Taurasi in the FA, V1N3

"A wild Comanche yell came from the door, and Jack Speer roared in...."

Circa II Decadibus

ABOUT TWO DECADES AGO -- more or less coinciding, at least from the perspective of 1953, with the first of the great theism-vs-atheism arguments to rage in the letter columns of the professional magazines -- H.P. Lovecraft remarked (in Supernatural Horror in Literature) that it was futile to attempt to describe possible peoples of other planets simply by exporting to them wholesale the folk customs of Earth. One of the folk customs listed by HPL in the course of his comment was royalty; another was religion.

It is perfectly obvious, of course, that the "alien princess" of Planet Stories and similar journals is nothing more than a trope, the kind of oxymoron out of which Robert Bloch could coin a typical Bloch title, "The Unfamiliar Familiar". It is not quite so self-evident that we will not find gods, or the belief in them, on other planets. We find them everywhere on Earth, which cannot be said of royalty or the other folk customs mentioned by Lovecraft; and even where we do not find specific deities, we find religion's immediate precursor, magic.

A case could be made, I believe, for the proposition that any humanly-conceivable thinking creature will arrive at magic, and hence eventually at religion in some form, before he can arrive at scientific method, since the basic proposition of the one is, in essence, a less precise form of the other. The root assumption of sympathetic magic, as any reader of Pratt/de Camp (or Fraser) already knows, is "Similar actions produce similar results". The root assumption of scientific method might be stated in the same form: "Identical actions produce identical results". The difference between the two assumptions, aside from the fact that the first does not work and the second does, is a matter of refinement of observation -- and it is difficult to accept that any thinking creature, no matter how bug-eyed or many-tentacled, could so evolve as to arrive at the more precise formulation first. He may, of course, have since outgrown the earlier faith, as we have not, but nevertheless traces of it would almost surely remain buried in his culture.

Whether or not you accept this proposition, however -- and there are doubtless many anthropocentric assumptions in it -- we can at least be sure that man will export his own gods into space, as surely as he exports his languages, his nationalism, and his belief in his own rationality. Science fiction has already dealt at some length with the problems of interplanetary man's allegiance to a home country, to a government, to the family he left behind, even to the home sexual code. Lately there have been several science-fictional inquiries into his relationship with the home god -- as distinguished from the local gods, such as the one Methuselah's Children ran afoul of.

This is of peculiar interest to the practicing writer or critic, be he theist or mechanistic materialist himself, because it represents an enormous potential extension of the subject matter of science fiction in the direction of real human problems -- which is the direction in which the medium must be extended if it is to remain viable. You may feel, for instance, as Arthur C. Clarke does, that to carry national boundaries into space would be to export a primitive superstition which it would be criminal to continue on other worlds than ours -- yet the chances are very good that we will export this folk custom, along with our penchant for killing each other and many similar quaint, un-idealistic practices. By the same token, like it or not, a real human being sitting in a real lunar crater is more than likely to be spending a certain portion of his time wondering whether or not the god of his fathers is with him yet -- and using his decisions on this subject as bases for action. The science fiction writer can no more ignore that excellent possibility because he finds it distasteful than he can ig-

more the probable extension of nationalism into space. It is one of the ways that human beings think, a way so basic that it involves their emotions as well. As such, it is not only a proper but a fertile subject for fiction of any kind, and science fiction in particular.

These remarks arise primarily out of several re-readings of "A Case of Conscience" by James Blish (If, September 1953), an exhaustive and occasionally exhausting study of a Roman Catholic priest thrown into an ethical and theological dilemma by what he finds on a new planet. Almost the whole text of the story, which runs to about 25,000 words, is devoted to the problem, its background, its implications, the lines of reasoning involved in making a decision, and the nature of the decision itself. Though several things "happen", there is no action as such in the yarn, and most of the drama is dialectical. Part of the length of the story is contributed by sheer physical description of the planet, in which the author indulges so extensively as to delay telling the reader the story's central problem until he is nearly two-thirds of the way through it -- and probably losing two-thirds of his readers in the process; but the detail, as it turns out, is valuable, first because it establishes a slow and discursive tone before the reader is plunged into the elaborate four-way argument which is the essence of the piece, and second because most of the details (though not all) are integral to the argument itself.

What the general reader of science fiction will make of this story is still an unanswered question, and in my judgement an important one -- not only because of its subject matter, which is not as novel as editor Shaw's professional smokescreen might lead you to believe, but also because of its narrative technique, which is unique in my experience. My initial impression was that readers who enjoy what Poe called "ratiocination" for its own sake, and who in addition could suspend their own prejudices about the subject matter long enough to feel Father Ruiz' dilemma as acutely as he himself felt it, would find the story intensely exciting, while everyone else would yawn and look baffled. Then I remembered G.K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories where, you will remember, there is also considerable display of straight reasoning, plus a uniformly religious point of view brought to bear upon the problems of a specialized idiom (in that case, the detective story). Conceivably, "A Case of Conscience" is well enough told as a story to carry a similar general appeal; although intricate, it is anything but incoherent, and it is so paced -- as I've noted above -- as to make the final argument seem highly dramatic, in the face of the obvious obstacles to such an impression. Furthermore, several other attitudes toward the religious problem are represented by other character in the story, so that, although the author obviously intended the reader to identify himself with Father Ruiz' point of view, he has provided handles for dissidents to grasp if they will.

This took considerable doing. I have made no secret of the fact that I mistrust the average reader's ability to weigh technical competence, or even to recognize it, so that I can make no present assessment of the effectiveness of what Blish has done here; theoretically he should have captured his audience, even though most of it will not know why it is captured or how the trick was turned; on the other hand, he may have captured nobody but a cross-section of other writers who are in a position to appreciate how much work this kind of a story takes, without being any better able to weigh its effectiveness with a non-technical reader than I am. (In any group of experts, the incidence of the disease called "expertitis", the major symptom of which is a perverse delight in talking over the heads of the rabble, is invariably high; in our field, even damon knight shows touches of it now and then, and Atheling was permanently put to bed of it long ago.) The question is somewhat clouded, furthermore, by several direct failures of technique in the Blish story, so that if the yarn as a whole fails to communicate, it will be hard to tell whether (a) it failed because the techniques we think most effective are really of little value, (b) it failed because these techni-

ques, though valuable enough, were not well enough realized in this story, or (c) it failed because no conceivable attention to technique could prevail against the novelty and the touchiness of the story's subject matter. If it succeeds, of couse, the same questions remain to be answered.

Insofar as evidence exists on point (c), it seems safe to say that novelty and touchiness of subject matter probably will not seriously affect the verdict. The subject matter of "A Case of Conscience" is still unusual in our field, but it is no longer strange. As I noted at the beginning of this column, the extension of science fiction story problems into this realm has now become quite marked, so that Blish's story is not a freak but part of a trend. It is perhaps not quite an accident that one of the earliest and best of such science fiction stories, Hugh Benson's Lord of the World, was called to FAPA's attention some years ago by Blish's wife -- and that Benson, like Blish's Father Ruiz, was a Jesuit. (Father Benson also wrote a sequel to the novel, of which Mrs Blish was apparently unaware.) The interplanetary novels of C.S. Lewis (Out of the Silent Planet, Perelandra) offer more recent examples; they set out to impose upon the solar system a specifically Anglican theology and cosmogony, with amazingly convincing results.

The first notable stirrings of religious interest in the magazines during the current science fiction boom probably can be traced back to Ray Bradbury's "The Man" (TWS, February 1949), a parable of the Second Coming of Christ, which has been mentioned before in these columns and which has been the subject of considerable imitation. A sensitive short story by one of Planet's former editors, Paul L. Payne /"Fool's Errand", TWS, October 1952/ appeared shortly thereafter; it dealt with an attempt to hoax a devout member of the first spaceship crew to Mars, by planting a phony cross on the planet.

Blish's story is probably most closely related, however, to Anthony Boucher's "The Quest for Saint Aquin", which was written for Raymond J. Healy's 1951 anthology, New Tales of Space and Time. This piece, you may remember, dealt with the soul-struggles of a post-atom-war Catholic priest against a robot tempter, while in search of a saint which also turned out to be a robot, and despite a small admixture of violence, its dramatic impact was primarily dialectical. Incidentally, Boucher remarked of his story, in the preface to the book, that it "could almost certainly never have appeared in any magazine in the field" because of its theme; if this was so at the time -- and it probably was -- the appearance of Blish's story in If affords a rough measurement of the progress of the trend over the past two years.

There have been a number of other noteworthy examples, but to conserve Redd's dwindling space I'll limit further references to two: (1) "A Matter of Faith", by Michael Sherman (Space Science Fiction, September 1952), which on its face appeared to be an examination of a local religion, but which in essence was an exploration of the logical consequences of the central formulation of T.S. Eliot's topsy-turvy Anglicism ("The spirit killeth, but the letter giveth life"); and (2) "Crucifixus Etiam", by Walter M. Miller jr., (ASF, February 1953), a short story thouroughly religious in intent and feeling, though the "religion" involved was the onward-and-upward variety of humanism often found in sf stories of a more secular turn.

So much for precedents. The major difference between all these stories and "A Case of Conscience", actually, is technical, not philosophical -- and here I should probably pause to tell late-comers, if it is not already evident from the preceding pages, that narrative technique in science fiction is the major concern of this column. It lies in the deliberate avoidance of anything which could wear the name of action, or, to put it positively, an intensive concentration upon dialectic as the major story-telling device. For the most part, I think it successful; but such single-mindedness

often runs to excess, and this story is no exception. It is necessarily a talky story, but it probably did not need to be so damned talky; the long conversation between Ruiz and Chteka which falls immediately after the yarn's best cliff-hanger, for instance, drags on beyond the merely suspenseful into the maddening, and could have been cut nearly in half to the story's profit. The huge mass of detail and local color is also overdone: when it deals with such integral features of the local landscape as the Message Tree, it justifies itself, and the detailed discussion of the local method of reproduction is essential to the main argument -- but the descriptions also include long catalogs of the local raw materials, discussions of the weather, and similar dead or at least indifferent matter which would overbalance any story of this length, even one as slow-paced as this one obviously needed to be. (Expertitis again?)

Finally -- and this may well be the oddest complaint I may ever have to make about a story -- the ending of "A Case of Conscience" fails to be ambiguous enough. It is intended to leave the whole equation posed by the story up in the air, for the reader to answer as best he can, but instead Blish traps himself in a piece of elementary symbolism which can easily be taken to imply a ready-made answer. I refer to the business of Cleaver's crates, which so dominates Ruiz' final dialog with Chteka as to suggest that Cleaver may be preparing to blow the ship up in mid-space, or otherwise tamper with the evidence. The falling of Cleaver's shadow over Ruiz's in the airlock, and the slamming of the airlock door ("Cleaver's trademark") reinforces the impression that it is Cleaver's point of view which will win in the long run, an impression which is totally false to the story as I read it.

In the meantime, religion, like science, is certainly doing its best to catch up with science fiction. "A Case of Conscience" includes a speculation that the creatures of other planets may never die, because, never having been in the Garden of Eden in the first place, they may not be considered by God as subject to the Curse of Adam. The identical speculation may be found in a recent issue of Time magazine. Its source? The Vatican. The feeling is shared, furthermore, by many people with no sectarian axe to grind; I quote the July 1953 issue of The Journal of the British Interplanetary Society (p 178): "One day a landing on the moon will be made....One would like to think that amid all the technical jubilation somebody will get up and say: 'Remember! For the first time since Adam the slate is clean.'"

--- William Atheling jr., in Redd Boggs' SKYHOOK

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I'd hate to work in a place where there was atoms all around

- -

Prithee tell me little man
Art thou science-fiction fan?
Eyes on stars and heart in space,
Dost thou dream of alien race?

Then go join the n3f, bud;
You don't belong in FAPA.

--- Phyllis Economou, in her DEMI-PHLOTZ

THE OFFICERS OF FAPA

Jul-Dec 37
(Organizing officers; self-appointed)
P: Don Wollheim (NY)
VP: Dan McPhail (Okla)
ST: William H. Miller jr. (NJ)
OE: John B. Michel (NY)

Jan-Jun 38
Don Wollheim (NY)
Dan McPhail (Okla)
John V. Baltadonis (Penn)
Fred Pohl (NY)

Jul-Oct 38
John B. Michel (NY)
Robert W. Lowndes (Conn)
James V Taurasi (NY)
Don Wollheim (NY)

Oct 38 - Jun 39
Olon Wiggins (Colo)
Walter E. Marconette (Ohio)
James V Taurasi (NY)
Milton Rothman (Penn)

Jul 39 - Jun 40
Milt Rothman (DC)
Jack Speer (DC)
Bob Madle (Penn)
Walt Marconette (O) } (98)
Jack Agnew (Penn) } (98)
Elmer Perdue (Wyo) } (98)

Jul 40 - Jun 41
Bob Tucker (Ill)
Harry Warner jr (Md)
Milt Rothman (DC)
Elmer Perdue (Wyo)

Jul 41 - Jun 42
Harry Warner jr (Md)
Milt Rothman (DC)
Elmer Perdue (Wyo)
L. R. Chauvenet (Va)

(98) Marconette was elected; replaced by Agnew in March; Perdue took the OEship after the Blitzkrieg.
(99) Ashley, VP, replaced Lowndes on the latter's regignation, then declared himself P&VP on a constitutional quibble.

Jul 42- Jun 43
Jack Speer (DC)
Elmer Perdue (Wyo)
L.R. Chauvenet (Va)
Al Ashley (Mich)

Jul 43 - Jun 44
A. Langley Searles (NY)
L.R. Chauvenet (Va)
Norm Stanley (Maine)
R.D. Swisher (Mass)

Jul 44 - Jan 45
Doc Lowndes (NY)
Al Ashley (Mich)
Suddsy Schwartz (NY)
Larry Shaw (NY)

Feb 45 - Jun 45
Al Ashley (Mich)
Al Ashley (Mich) (99)
Suddsy Schwartz (NY)
Bill Watson (Cal)

Jul 45 - Jun 46
Norm Stanley (Maine)
Bob Tucker (Ill)
Al Ashley (Mich)
Jack Speer (Wash)

Jul 46 - Jun 47
Milt Rothman (Penn)
Norm Stanley (Maine)
Art Widner (Mass)
Elmer Perdue (Cal)

Jul 47 - Aug 48
Elmer Perdue (Cal)
F. Towner Laney (Cal)
Forrest J Ackerman (Cal)
Charles Burbee (Cal)

Sept 48 - Aug 49
Rick Sneary (Cal)
Charles Burbee (Cal)
Redd Boggs (Minn)
F. Towner Laney (Cal)

Sept 49 - Aug 50
Redd Boggs (Minn)
Henry M Spelman III (Mass)
Harry Warner jr (Md)
Walter A. Coslet (Montana)

Sept 50 - Aug 51
F. Towner Laney (Cal)
Redd Boggs (Minn)
Charles Burbee (Cal)
Walter A. Coslet (Montana)

Sept 51 - Aug 52
Art Rapp (US Army) (100)
Bob Pavlat (Md)
Lee Riddle (USNavy)
Redd Boggs (Minn)

Sept 52 - Aug 53
Lee Hoffman (Ga)
Bob Silverberg (NY)
A. Everett Winne (Mass)
Redd Boggs (Minn)

Sept 53 - Aug 54
Bob Silverberg (NY)
William Rotsler (Cal)
Redd Boggs (Minn)
Charles Burbee (Cal)

Sept 54 - Aug 55
Lee Jacobs (Cal)
Charles Wells (Ga)
Sam Martinez (Okla)
Charles Burbee (Cal)

Sept 55 - Aug 56
Sam Martinez (Okla)
Ed Cox (Cal)
Don Wilson (Cal)
Lee Jacobs (Cal) (101)
Ron Ellik (Cal)

Sept 56 - Aug 57
Vernon L. McCain (Wash)
William H. Evans (Md)
Bob Pavlat (Md)
Dick Eney (Va)

Sept 57 - Aug 58
Ted White (Va)
Bob Pavlat (Md)
Bill Evans (Md)
Dick Eney (Va)

Sept 58 - Aug 59
Bob Pavlat (Md)
Ron Ellik (Cal)
Bill Evans (Md)
Ted White (Va)

Sept 59 - Aug 60
Bill Evans (Md)
Phyllis Economou (Wisc)
Ron Ellik (Cal)
Andy & Jean Young (Mass) (102)
Dick Eney (Va)

Sept 60 - Aug 61
Phyllis Economou (Wisc)
Dick Eney (Va)
Bill Evans (Md)
Marion Z. Bradley (Tex)

Sept 61 - Aug 62
Marion Z Bradley (Tex)
Bill Evans (Md)
Bjo/John Trimble (Cal) (103)
Charles Burbee (Cal)

Abbreviations: P President, VP Vice-President, ST Secretary-Treasurer, OE Official Editor. These positions determine offices held throughout the list.

-- revised from Ron Ellik's list in THE BAREAN #7

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(100) Rapp tied for P with MZBradley; outgoing P Laney declared they would share the office (alternate mailings), but MZB refused to play the game.
(101) Jacobs, elected OE, resigned office & membership just before the mailing; a soviet of volunteers put out the Nov mailing, and Ellik was coöpted just afterward.
(102) The Youngs hadda move just at deadline-date for August; Eney took over for 'em.
(103) Both were elected; Bjo dropped her membership with Mlg. 99.

Largest number of offices were filled by California, New York, and Maryland; but if Pavlat, Evans, Eney and White are reckoned as DC fans (going by their center of activity rather'n post office address) the order is California, DC, and New York. Rothman, Perdue, Ashley, and Boggs have served in all four FAPA offices.