

August 1964... FAPA 108... FAPulous Pub #44... Blame it on Busby... Seattle.

-- I miss Martin --

-- Hell, I even miss Wetzel! --

Surprise! First order of business is the Strange Case of R Bergeron. Like this:

1. Gibson's "Whores, Thieves... tec" article in a late-1961 Shaggy drew comment from RB in an article in an early-1962 Kipple. I no longer have either zine and do not feel particularly deprived by this lack.

2. In personal correspondence [early '62] with RB, I entered some dissents from his Kipple piece, feeling (as near as I can recall now) that RB had charged off at right angles shouting "John Birch Society!" rather than facing the problems posed by Gibson; to wit: Is it true, and if so, what does it mean to fandom? I did not, needless to say, convince RB of much of anything, so I dropped it, still all in direct correspondence, mind you. [He'd said I should argue in Kipple if at all (and by that reasoning, why not in Shaggy?) but I wasn't interested.]

3. In Serenade #2, Shadowmailed to the August 1962 mailing, RB came on like a Big Bird on this very subject. I particularly failed to appreciate the line that I "thus far (hadn't) shown any inclination to document (my views)"; it read like Bait. I did appreciate the concession that rereading both the JG & RB pieces was "something I wouldn't wish on even FMBusby"; you can bet I took him up on that, right enough.

4. In the Nov '62 mailing (SB#12) I made no bones about my feeling that RB was being somewhat disingenuous in dragging this private discussion out, not into Shaggy or Kipple or even SAPS (where we already had a few items on the grill) but into FAPA of all places-- FAPA, where I had never mentioned the issue and where RB and I had no beefs cooking, whatsoever. I felt and still feel that R Bergeron was grandstanding-- showboating-- trying to work up an Issue over which to make a Big Splash for himself upon his Shadowy dunking in FAPish waters. And I said find another patsy, that the "argument (was) too dead to exhume this late", as of November 1962...

5. Consequently RB was certainly on safe ground with his most recent chunk of Bait: "He'll claim that the issue is far too old for him to be bothered with", is how he puts it, and of a certainty it hasn't become any younger in the past 2 years. It seems evident to me that if RB had had any interest in settling the "dispute" he would have (1) continued it in correspondence, early-'62, or (2) at least done some little thing about it (besides sitting on it waiting for it to hatch) since 1962. It strikes me as somewhat overweening for anyone to let something drop for this length of time and then buckety-buckety expect the other party to quickly at his [RB's] convenience pick up old threads and play his silly game at short notice. I said it before and I say it again; he can go get himself another patsy for this kick. You'd think he could find some new interest in more recent events; he's just not trying, I'm afraid. Correction: trying; that he is. Applying himself, he ain't.

6. In order to tie up loose ends, I will plead Guilty As Charged: yes, friends, RB is right in charging that in 1962 I utterly failed to convince him that he was off his head in his commentary on the Gibson article. Since I have made no attempt, ever, to convince anyone else of this, I have no apologies to make on that score.

7. This is a mere commentary and not an argument, and I bow in advance to any more-serious student of the John Birch Society, but from the daily papers I had the idea that the Great Sin of the JBS was not the failure to Name Names but rather the somewhat-fantastic Naming of all kinds of Names in connection with wild accusations.

8. And it still strikes me that it is no rebuttal of a thesis to duck its points and holler "John Birch Society" at the manner of its presentation. However, this opinion is based upon old and probably faulty recalls and I am not pushing it much.

9. I do feel that both R Bergeron and myself will be considerably more light-hearted and carefree if it does not become necessary for me to write upon this mess again. I had no intention of writing on it publicly at all, either Then or Now.

10. It wasn't the VP of FAPA who wrote SB#12; it was 1/2 the incoming President.

No more questions before the balloon goes up? Then Stand Clear, please...

BOB TUCKER FAPAC

these pages are devoted to

SAVING MY NECK, FAPAWISE

mark them well, secretary

DEPARTMENTS of the PASSING STRANGE:

(1) The Purloined Author.

A second-grade picture currently making the rounds of drive-in theaters and other shooting galleries is one boldly advertised as Edgar Allen Poe's THE HAUNTED PALACE. This palace happens to be dirty pool, and two dead men are surely rolling in their respective graves. The film's only apparent connection with Poe is a four line verse at the very end, whereas actually the picture is based on a Lovecraft story, The Case of Charles Dexter Ward. If you are one of the few people who read all those credit lines up front, you will find Lovecraft's name mentioned in very small type, along with Mr. Poe, and a screenwriter named Mr. Beaumont.

(2) "Wollheim Will Run You Out of Fandom!"

In recent months there has been much flapping of lip about the announced desire, or intention, of one fan running another out of fandom. I haven't seen the original document but I understand the phrase used was "surgically separate him from fandom" or something like that. It is to laugh. (And stand back now, here comes the Old Man bit.)

Ever so many years ago when fandom was quite young, and very much smaller, a favorite gag line was "Wollheim will run you out of fandom!" Or perhaps it would be Moskowitz, or Taurasi, or Sykora, or some other feared ogre whose name was invoked to cap a private joke or frighten a neo. Most of us laughed until the joke wore thin, but I suppose there were a few faint-hearts who actually believed the threat when it was hurled at them; some people will believe anything. The point is this: to the best of my knowledge, Wollheim (and all those others) never ran anybody out of fandom--they didn't own it, couldn't completely control it, and the expulsion machinery did not exist. It still doesn't exist. Fandom is too large, too independent, too cantankerous. There will always be a number of rebel editors who will go on printing the works of an outcast, come hell and high water; they will print him for spite, for revenge, for loyalty, and even for the principle involved. It has already been demonstrated how nearly impossible it is to run a man out of fandom. I'm surprised that anyone thinks they can do it, and more surprised at other people who seem to believe it will be done.

I said "nearly impossible" because just once in my 33 years of fanac has a fan been chased out of fandom--but it took a non-fan and a grievous mistake to do it. More than twenty years ago a brash teenager published an unwise statement in his fanzine, a statement which may have injured the business activities of certain adults. Of course the adults read the statement, and sent around their attorney to ask what the hell was going on? The attorney found an under-legal-age fan, a pair of probably frightened parents, and a file of erroneous information on which the unwise statement had been based. He effected a simple solution: the fan had to quit fandom, and of course never publish another issue. It was done; and that is the only documented case in fannish history. (But I realize that another Fapan may disagree with this interpretation of events. Very well, I'll accept corrections with good grace.)

Of course, I'm aware of some fans have left fandom in a huff or a hurry because of real or imaginary hurts, and that some have quit because of group actions, and that any number of youngsters dropped out because of parental pressure. I know of at least three wives who pulled or pushed their ever-loving husbands out because they considered fandom a kind of competition, or because their stomachs were upset by some individuals amongst us, but I maintain that all these are horses of another color. These instances of leave-taking are not identical with the one under discussion: the bald expulsion of one fan by another.

So stop the flap and stop the unnecessary worry: Wollheim lacks the power and the resources to run out anyone. The present victim has a plethora of friends/editors.

(3) A Tale of Two Metropolitan Areas and a Hawkeye.

A certain Mr. Al Lewis (who lives, or lived in New York City) is a nasty fellow who had nothing better to do with his time than read between the clauses of the Fapa constitution. While so engaged one day, he discovered that I was illegal.

At present, having no publication of my own, I contribute a few pages at staggered intervals to the Coulson fanzine, Vandy. Well and good. But the constitution expects me to do more than that if I wish to retain membership, and if I do not publish my own magazine. The constitution requires me to publish in two or more fanzines which originate in two or more metropolitan areas, and I haven't always done so as that sneaky Mr. Lewis discovered. On a few rare occasions in the past I've appeared in Hoffman's Science Fiction Five Yearly, or in Larry Shaw's publications, but for the most part I've appeared on in the Wabash, Indiana, metropolitan area. Law-breaker, me. (It may be darkly hinted that the sly Mr. Lewis has friends on the waiting list.

My criminality was at once called to the attention of Fenwick Marley Busby, a bumbling bureaucrat who wields a great if unholy power in Fapa, and Mr. Busby promptly agreed that Mr. Lewis was dead right: I was a lawbreaker, and come my personal deadline next November, wham! (It may be remembered that Mr. Busby also has friends on the waiting list). There were but two alternatives: either an amendment to the constitution must be quickly passed to protect me, or I must be published in a second metropolitan area. Knowing that Fapans were loathe to vote for anything other than blackballs, I chose the honorable way and have arranged to be published in the Seattle metropolitan area.

Strangely enough, there was and still is a third alternative (other than merely folding my hands and waiting to be booted out). It's my habit to prepare my own pages for Vandy, to spare the good Coulsons as much work as possible; I deliver to them the completed stencils which Juanita runs off and then inserts between the pages of her and Buck's material: it makes for a fatter Vandy. If I had asked her to staple my pages separately, instead of stapling them to hers, I would be legal and this matter wouldn't have come up.

Amusing, isn't it? As for those two obstructionists, Lewis and Busby, I've a good mind to arrange with Mr. Wollheim to run them out of fandom.

(4) A Ticklish Affair.

I've read a tremendous amount of slander in some fanzines lately: enough slander (possibly coupled with libel) to fill half a dozen courtrooms. As stated in item 2, I haven't seen the original document and its charges, but enough of the questionable material has been reprinted in other fanzines to snare a dozen fan editors in the dragnet. Look, you guys, don't you know anything about the laws of slander and libel? And please, don't anyone bring up that rejoinder about "proof." Proof, or truth, is seldom acceptable in court as a defense against a slander suit; the meat of the matter is not is it true or false, but was an individual harmed? Has that individual's privacy been wrongfully invaded?

Sometimes I think fandom is going to hell in a paper cup.

--Bob Tucker

June 1, 1964

August 1964 - - FAPA 108 - - FAPulous #45 - - 2852 14th W Seattle 98119 - - Buz.

"Welcome to Walter, FAPA!"

Bandwagons, it seems, make strange bedfellows [all disclaimers noted & filed]. Surely nothing but a major-party presidential convention has ever assembled such a mixed bag of causes-and-motivations as turned out under the Boggs Banner. Surely, it is to the discredit of those of us who spoke up but failed to make our point, that we were so lacking in foresight as to miss the ramifications of just what we were up against [including a certain amount of emotional blackmail here and there].

The final count on the Boggs Petition [there seems to be much irregularity about one ballot; at least one other voter wishes to withdraw; and Nan's "half-vote" does not count without Art's, not in this organization] is made up of many attitudes:

- A. I don't believe it.
 - 1. It hasn't been proved in a court of law. [Over to you, Geo Wetzel]
 - 2. It's probably highly exaggerated, like everything else.
- B. Even if true, what does this have to do with FAPA? [I'm sure this contingent would jump for joy if George Lincoln Rockwell appeared on the WL.]
- C. Section 9.2 is Wrong, on Principle; no one must be excluded. [No comment.]
- D. No matter what Breen did or didn't, Donaho was wrong. [Happy non-sequiters..]
- E. Forgive the past; look to the future. [So said Chamberlain in 1939..]
- F. I don't know anything about it but I still have a vote, don't I? [...]
- G. The hell with you squares; he's RIGHT! [Happy Alternate Universe to you.]
- H. (The contingent that damn well know the score but have been lying their fat but pointy heads off anyway-- and apparently to very strong effect.)

And so it goes. This zine is dedicated first to Jack Speer, Bruce Pelz, Dick Eney, and Your Recalcitrant Servant; secondly to the 14 members who voted Section 9.2 in the foreseen face of the predictable emotional backlash; lastly to at least 24 members who refused to be swayed by tantrums or sob stories or the great temptation to climb onto the bandwagon. And even to anyone else who's come to feel a qualm...

I've been criticized for not printing in FAPA enough of Walter's (always-DNQ) remarks-in-letters to clarify fully the point that he did indeed admit and then defend the Young Boy bit, both specifically and in the general case. In fact I had an offer to publish and postmail a collection of such excerpts in attempt to change a few votes [which, regardless of Boggs' jumping the gun, are not firm&official until they appear in the FA]. But somehow it hardly seemed worth the bother, and all.

However, just so that nobody gets the bright idea that a DNQ can be used to clobber the guy who is stuck with it, I make this offer: any time anyone gets me Walter's written permission to do so I'll cheerfully publish his Very Own Words to a point that will pretty well convert categories A and F, above, and perhaps make a dent in a few others. This offer is restricted to the One Subject as treated in letters between about April and August of 1963 and will not run to more than about a page of Walter's Very Own Words in any event. So now who is sitting on the lid; hey?

AN OPEN LETTER: Walter has always made a great point that he owes nothing to anyone, that genius makes its own laws and that his behavior is his own business.

This, I would say, no longer holds true. A number of you have for one reason or another stuck your necks out a mile for him, betting either that his past has been misrepresented or that Tomorrow Will Be Better. [Categories B, C, D, G & H do not figure in this.] You have planted obs on him, whether he likes it or not; if he accepts FAPA membership on these terms he must also accept these obs and live up to the faith you have displayed in his future ability to come to some sort of reasonable terms with the culture he has so openly despised. If he accepts FAPA membership without accepting the obligations that your advocacy of him have invoked, then he will be treating you with the same contempt with which he treats the rest of the world, which is plenty. Never say we don't give you the Big Picture, is all I say.

-- Popularity can sometimes be the greatest possible insult. ...dotdotdot...