

TWILIGHT ECHOES

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FAPA

FALL 1944

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Probably that's unique as a titular greeting, perhaps it's not; this is merely a lazily prepared letter to the FAPA membership. I'm writing this in hopes that I may inveigle some unwary editor into publishing same: what will be said, I don't know, for I've planned nothing and am rattling this off as though it were a letter to a close friend, not an article for publication.

During my stay in the army, I've come to know the FAPA as the shining light of all stfandom. I've kept in touch with one inactive fan and one former fan, respectively Everett Wyers and Tom Wright. I've read no more than a half-dozen of the pulps; I've recieved maybe 25 fanmags at the most; fandom and I have become almost two entities apart. Yet, even had I been in constant touch with stf, both professional and amateur, I'm sure that the FAPA would remain the greatest source of satisfaction, for it has risen far in the past two years. Remember, however, that I have been away, not by choosing but by necessity; therefore my idiom may be faltering and my vernacular far from timely.

Tonight (27 June, 1944) I feel somewhat touched by sentimentality, a fool's tool by all means but a pleasant heart-warming one, brought on mainly by Bruce Yerke's (the former "Tubby") Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan. Bruce, you're far from superfluous, I assure you that, and though I once considered you a boor I realize now you have been that needle for the oversized bubble of egotism. I wasn't an active participant in fandom in 1937 and -38, but the recounts foster pleasant reminiscences. Tales of the old LASFL leave me with more enthusiasm for the rest of the series than most of the presentday serials in magazines.

"Heck", rest assured you've put another fantasy devotee on the trail of William Hope Hodgson. And that takes care of that. Quite, and my most sincere best wishes to the by-now Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Chauvenet. I mean that, mightily, for even know I'm contemplating the same step.

Inspiration ended one evening's reading of FAPA literature. Bridges. Florida. Yea, MacDill and I flung down the magazine to grasp hurriedly, excitedly, hopefully for the organ, and there it was, Bridges' address at MacDill Field. Expectantly I rushed to shower, shave, whathasthou, and then search for Lynn. But no! It was to no avail and the next day I wrote him a letter. Perhaps soon he will contact me, for I remember only a week ago when an unidentified sergeant came searching for me and learning of my whereabouts, remarked: "No! Not the great Fortier himself on KP?" Yesm dear friend, yea--quite often.

Star-Stung was the most valuable publication for this mailing,

in my doubtless ill-esteemed estimation. Personal thanks were immediately sent to Maliano, Watson and Wheeler for their magnificent good grace to bring such a fine collection to our attention. I first fell in love with the works of George Ebey much over a year ago when Tom Wright's final bow to fandom, Dawn, with the initial printing of Ebey's matchless poetry. Heartily I place most of the blame for this edition on the shoulders of George Wheeler, for he was a great admirer of Ebey long before any knew of his master touch for the pen. I aver, wholeheartedly and unreservedly, that I believe this lad, now serving with our gallant merchant marine, holds a future as bright or brighter than any other unknown in tomorrow's poetic lines. Lord knows it's sincere commendation, for the personal genius that George possesses impresses myself as well as a majority of others as that of a distorted personality, a warped social hater. GE is an indescribable sort of character, who does, or formerly did, take great delight in mentally torturing those of his associates. The Golden Gate Fantasy Society once felt much about him as the FAPA does about Degler; but in George was inexplicably forgivable and at least Wright and myself couldn't help but secretly like this younger fan. Probably he's changed much since I've been away. Mention of all this is not made in defamation of Ebey's character but as proof that my high regard for his work, and the high regard held by others who are acquainted with him, comes purely from faithful belief in his ability and work and not from personal friendship. Yet... I'd give a lot to speak with George once more.

Much has been mentioned this time, in Fan Slants and Inspiration, to recall a couple of the better of the lot, and in other magazines, about the mental state of fandom's breed. This at last is being recognized by the vast majority of the FAPA at least and it seems rather apparent that something is being done to awaken those at fault to the affliction and the correction. At one period I gave my whole time, what there was left of it out of the sick-bed, to stf and all its phases. I believe that is what resulted in the warped alter ego known as John Reitrof, although I do believe that his neurotic, psychologically ill adversaries made him out as much worse than he really was.

Yet fandom, ridiculous as it sometimes can be, had members who decried the fact that I was trying to drag myself out of it. Horrors! came the screams of those who nodded sagely and cried bitterly about my misspent youth of drink, sex, jazz, etc., and my non-fan hobbies. But it helped turn the trick and I can actually thank the army for doing one thing: making my life as anti-neurotic as it can possibly be. Eighteen months has seen a change in my outlook on life that I never believed possible. Why all this personal contemplation? Well, it's ironically like one of those "before and after" ads. Anyone, namely Ackerman, Morajo, et al, who doesn't believe that a little less of this beloved stf and a little more of the earthly stuff will work wonders, step up and write a letter to receive and answer of recommendation. Laney should go down in history for that: "In fandom, a pervert is a guy who goes out with women." Selah. (Editorial interjection: This "immortal" statement was actually made by TBYerke, rather than by myself; however, I most certainly concur, and I believe that I did a good deal to publicise this remark. --FTLaney.)

Fan Slants carries an editorial worthy of its preeminence. Wollheim, Laney, Kepner, and Fern were all better reading than I've had in a long time. Kepner led the crop. I'd like to update Jimmy on the fact that the GGFS has recently been given what seems to be an honestagawd shot in the arm. I'll bet he'd like to be back there with yours truly. I know I would enjoy meeting him again at one of the gala occasions. Incidentally, former "Jike", I'd like to hear from you despite my former but now dwindling income over that draft evasion stunt.

It would do a zealous fan's heart good to watch these jet-propelled P-59's zoom by at a height of 50 feet doing about 500 miles an hour. Maneuverable? Man alive, that word's incapable of expression, although the handling of the ship is a little cautious due to the blackout affect when too many G's hit a pilot. The ship presumably will fly anywhere there is atmosphere at all and can break any speed record. To wit, in a routine run, the P-59 did Washington, D.C. to Rochester in 35 minutes--at cruising speed. The sound of the ship is like the sharp hiss emitted by a locomotive just before starting off when it releases steam. (Won't life be hell for Koenig when jet flight becomes an established fact?) Northrop's "wing" would thrill any avid stf follower as well.

Noticing the deserved row over Degler's presence in the FAPA, I wish to wash my hands of any apparant connections through having a letter published in one of the Cosmic Circle publications. I merely got the old urge to emit some blah, and these so-called Futurian journals were the only thing I was receiving. Realizing I've caused some trouble for Miss Bradleigh (who I'll take at her word as to being an existing entity despite any aspersions by Speer) I wish to tell the puritanistic Raym that I certainly meant no harm by my letter, and have been assured by some postal friends that the letter in itself was of no harm whatsoever. Because of the fact that Miss Bradleigh has been scrupulous in her prudency with the letter sections, the cutting of my letter and entailing remarks inadvertently caused more harm than if a certain paragraph had been left and no remarks made. Mind you, I'm not apologising, for I feel no harm has been done and that some mildly amusing chit-chat was the only result. I do think that Jody's work was a little too extreme and as I mentioned in the edited letter under question, it is far better to practise sex than to poke fun at it. Perhaps most of the GI's enjoyed it, but my amusement followed the lines of one intrigued by the harmless patter of an inquisitive juvenile getting too curious for the safety of her virginity. From reports, however, it wasn't in a position to be damaged any longer.

I don't mean to sound like a sage, but it was unavoidable, despite a mere brushing hello with 23. However, I am old enough to practice legally that virile four-letter Anglo-Saxon word, which I prefer as a verb rather than as the harmless army adjective, so I don't want the Cosmic Circle to think I've been corrupted by its extremely friendly womenfolk. Incidentally, cast "Clod" out!

Phanny was terrific, but no comment because I'm running out of the space I allotted to myself. And Arcadia was a scream. Some others in this last mailing, such as Laney's magazine, were much above the FAPA average, even at the new standard. Speaking of

him, I concur with Fran on the fact that I've been far too inactive and I hope to chalk up at least a dozen pages of published material this year, even if I have to chisel in on a dozen different publications. Now that I've gotten a lot of comment out of my system I believe that I can settle down to a couple of serious articles or features, albeit not too serious. Eventually I suppose I'll be forced to bow out of the stf picture for another indefinite period when my engagement with Anne Knowlton of Philadelphia comes to a head, but that won't be for a few mailings. I'm sure no one will begrudge the fact.

Stf's Original GI Joe.

-----ooOoo-----

Mimeographed by Laney and Brown for Joe Fortier, FAPA, Fall 1944.

-----ooOoo-----

Joe, if I may take the liberty of filling up a bit of your unused stencil: There is no reason for your marriage to knock you out of the stfield (the Ackerman influence--oh NO!), unless you really want to sever connections with it. Many very active fans are solid old married men, and, in fact, fandom is one of the best hobbies going for a married man who has to watch his expenditures. Try to find any hobby in which one can do so much for so little cash outlay. And take a look at this very partial list of married fans: Laney, Baldwin, Widner, Ashley, Sehnert, LGSmith, Burbee, Dunkelberger, Unger, Swisher, Wollheim....there's lots of us.

Also, the columns of Fan-Dango are open to you at any time with the provision that any possibly libelous material is subject to such revision as may pull the libel out of it. (In case you don't realise it, you laid yourself open several places in the above.) Or, if you'd prefer your own mag, TWILIGHT ECHOES, I'll see to it that up to four pages of it hit each mailing, as long as you get the stuff to me six weeks before the deadline, accompanied by certain flat, long, green, crinkly stuff for buying of stencils and paper. This offer also applies to other service members of FAPA; though I'd prefer you do as Milty does and send your stencils ready-out.

---FTLaney, stenciller. (I blush to admit it!) All strikeovers on the house!