

Issue Number Two

Heirlooms

Wild Heirs 10.5



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Of the many good things that have happened to me in fandom, a surprising number involve Arthur Wilson "Bob" Tucker. Most fans can probably say the same. His 60-plus years of fanac have given all of us so much.

In my case, two occasions stand tall in memory. The first happened at the 1965 Midwestcon, when I was a neo. Bob sold me several cartons of vintage fanzines that became the nucleus of my fanzine collection -- and helped instill the love of classic fanwriting that has led to this and other reprint volumes.

The other occasion was more recent, Westercon 45. It was not a fabulous fannish con, and I peered into the huge, crowded rooms in anxious quest for a familiar face.

From across the room, I heard someone call my name. I looked up, and Bob was hurrying towards me, arms outstretched in greeting. "Grandson!" he shouted loudly enough for everyone to turn and look at us. In a sea of hall costumers and other alien subfandomites, I had found my family's patriarch. Fannishly, we are all Bob Tucker's children and grandchildren.

We did a small volume, drawn from **The Really Incomplete Bob Tucker**, for distribution at Silvercon 4. This **Heirlooms** contains several Tucker pieces which did not appear in our encapsulated version.

We hope you enjoy this additional serving of material by the Will Rogers of Fandom -- Bob Tucker!
-- Arnie Katz

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Responsibility rests with Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) and Las Vegrants. Special thanks this time to Dave Locke and Marcy Waldie.

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I met a time-traveler in a saloon. I know he was a time-traveler because he said he was, and he also told me he was so completely broken up by his recent harrowing experience that as soon as he downed one last farewell shot he would give up drink forever. I was touched and asked him for his story. He first told me that his name was not Toga, or Zerxa, or Bluthgu, or any of those fantastic sounds because Ralph Milne Farley was not writing his story. He said his name was simply Chauncey. I was touched, and asked him for his story. He said he would tell me and give up drink forever.

His touching story:

In the summer of 1893 while attending a picnic on Long Island sponsored by the Old Blue Boy Brewery of Brooklyn for brewery employees and their families, John Gooch, a blacksmith by trade who had crashed the picnic with the conniving aid of a friend who was a pretzel salesman and drove a delivery wagon named Samuel Crosshatch met and fell madly in love with a fragile bit of old Ireland named Moll O'Goldfarb.

In the early fall of 1893 John and Molly were married and immediately afterwards attended a wedding supper given for them by the Old Blue Boy Brewery in token of the many years of faithful service rendered the brewery horses by blacksmith Gooch. John and Moll O'Goldfarb Gooch were so overcome by this grand gesture that he promised to give up drink. Samuel Crosshatch, the pretzel salesman who had crashed the wedding party with conniving aid of a friend who was a wholesale dealer in horseshoe nails named Timothy Higgins, was seen leering at the bride.

And a year later in the autumn of 1894 a fine strapping son was born to Molly and John who was so overcome by this blessing from heaven that he promised to give up drink. They named the boy Chauncey in honor of Molly's grandfather now dead these many years in old Ireland, and it was obvious from the beginning that he was exceptional. Quick as a cricket, smart as a whiplash, young Chauncey soon out distanced all the other children his age although a snide few said behind their backs that this would not be so if the youngster would run upright on his two legs. Samuel Crosshatch was seen leering at the young mother.

Tragedy overcame the Gooch household for during the fateful summer of 1900 while playing on the seashore young Chauncey discovered a strange copper cylinder which had been washed up by the wave and investigated. Climbing into the device he began fiddling with controls of some nature surmounting a dashboard. His little playmates later reported that he and the cylinder vanished with an effect which set in motion a series of happenings which were to upset history in the world in times to come. Samuel Crosshatch was seen leering at the grief-stricken wife.

John Gooch was so overcome by the loss of his firstborn son that he gave up drink and died the following winter of snakebite leaving his wife with a child. Rather than take in washing to support the coming baby, the widow Gooch promptly married Samuel Crosshatch who just as promptly sold his pretzel route to Timothy Higgins because the horseshoe nail business was falling off, and retired to live on the meager income his new wife made by taking in washing.

STAY OUT OF SALOONS

Another child, named Bendaye Crosshatch, was born in 1901 and lived until 1918 at which time he ran away to war and was killed by a bottle of cognac which proved to be a boobytrap when it blew up. His distraught mother was so overcome when she received the news that she promised to give up drink. Samuel Crosshatch was seen leering at the maidservant. Meanwhile still another child was born into the family, a girl, in 1915, who was named Stripple Crosshatch. In due time this girl grew up to be a fine figure of a woman and was eventually wooed and won by a young gallant appearing from nowhere who called himself Chauncey Smith.

From that fateful moment history marched forward without pause until one day early in 1951, a strange copper cylinder alighted from the shimmering air and out of it toddled a hungry frightened child who could only remember that his name was Chauncey and that he could easily out distance other children his age. A kindly old couple named Smith took him into their home to raise as their own and he stayed with them for twenty years until the day, quite by accident, he was rummaging around in the attic and chanced across a strange copper cylinder. Climbing in and curiously twisting the dials he found mounted above the dashboard the cylinder vanished in shimmering air. Unnerved by his sudden disappearance, the Smiths gave up drink and killed themselves in a suicide pact.

And there you have his story.

I did not ask for the ending for to do so would be to display my ignorance; I already knew the ending; he had already told me. It ended back in the middle when he married Stipple Crosshatch, my mother. I was so touched that I promised to give up drink. The bartender was seen leering at me.

* (Not a Lancer Book)

ALL CHRISTIANITY WILL BE PLUNGED INTO WAR

"The Passover Plot" by Dr. Hugh J. Schonfield (Bantam Books, 1967, #N-3341) is a longish volume of non-fiction that should be read with some particular viewpoint in mind, to obtain the best effect from its 270 pages. I suppose some people will consider it fantasy, and others will say heresy, but I would suggest the mystery angle. I read it as a mystery writer and reader, constantly on alert for plants, clues, red herrings, misdirections and missing witnesses. The approach paid off handsomely, and I like to believe I have discovered at least one facet of the plot which the author overlooked: I suspect a death-simulator drug was first tried out on Lazarus in a sort of rehearsal for the big scene to come. Dr. Schonfield doubts that Lazarus "died" and was later "resurrected" (the various Gospels can't agree on that man's role in the drama), but the author appears to have missed the possibility that Lazarus only served as a guinea pig, to advance the plot.

The blurb across the cover of the book asks: "Did Jesus really die on the cross?" Schonfield's answer is: no, not hardly. He was only drugged to simulate death.

Dr. Schonfield has impeccable credentials: a respected Biblical scholar, a researcher and translator who is fluent in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, he is the author of eight books -- among them, an inquiry into certain Dead Sea scrolls, and a modern English translation of the New Testament. In the present book, he writes as an old-line Jewish scholar who resents the Gentile habit of converting the ancient myths and legends to their own use, the meanwhile changing or beautifying them to please themselves and their kings; he suggests that Gentiles stop using this particular story as a crutch to bolster their religious beliefs and stand or fall on what fact can be found. If what he offers can be evidenced as fact, the Gentiles are in for a hard pratfall.

His thesis: the crucifixion, together with the events before and after it, was a deliberate plot perpetrated by Jesus and a small number of secret agents, to force certain Old Testament prophecies to come true. Furthermore, the plot was pulled off with but a single hitch. Dr. Schonfield cites his sources, and the skeptic can go look for himself if he can read Hebrew, Greek,

and Latin -- lacking those skills, the skeptic must content himself with the English translations of various named documents.

To begin at the beginning, the author holds that the story of the virgin birth is precisely that, a beautiful story concocted by Jew and Gentile alike to gild the lily. The myth of a virgin birth was boldly borrowed from legends current at the time: Noah, Abraham, and Moses were all supposed to have sprung from virgin births, and within a century of Christ's death the myth was enlarged to include him. In succeeding centuries the story-tellers and the scribes who wrote for king and country (and perhaps publication) reworked the ancient legends and borrowed freely from them to enhance their new story. The webwork of plagiaristic fancy included these points:

a) Noah's mother was said to have become pregnant by an angel. When his father accused her of infidelity, the angel appeared and smoothed things over.

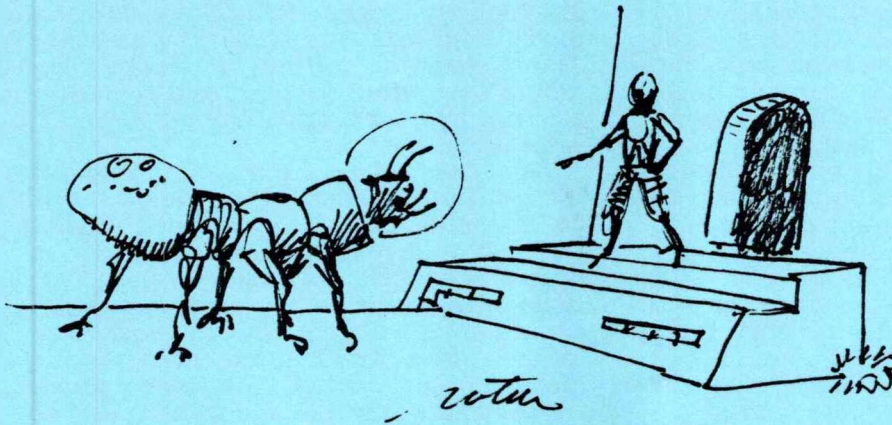
b) When Abraham was born, a star was said to have appeared in the east and moved across the heavens. This caused a king to seek an explanation of the omen from one or more wise men.

c) The king who reigned in Moses' time was said to have issued an order calling for the murder of all first-born sons of Jews. Moses' father fled to safety with the child -- into Egypt.

Dr. Schonfield says, in effect, see what the Gentile fictioneers have done to a commonplace yet honest birth?

Jesus was born in either Nazareth, or Galilee, or Bethlehem, all small Judean towns; there is no reliable evidence to favor one over the other. The date of birth was 6 or 7 AD, and the date of his death was 36 AD, on the afternoon before the beginning of Passover -- sometime in early April. The dates can be pinned down that well by referring to Roman history, to Jewish ceremonial days, and by the custom of

"All Christianity Will be Plunged into War"
originally appeared in ODD
(Ray Fisher and Joyce Worley Fisher (Katz))



taking the census and collecting the head tax -- an event that occurred every fourteen years. Certain Biblical suggestions notwithstanding, Schonfield dismisses the idea that Jesus may have been born in 6 BC and lived until he was forty-some years old.

He had five brothers and at least two sisters, all younger than he, and one of his brothers met an almost identical death for an almost identical reason-- but gained little fame from it. (See my footnotes.)

The author holds that Jesus saw himself as the catalytic agent who would deliberately cause certain prophecies to come true, including that one everybody desperately awaited, the coming of the Messiah. To that end, he offers evidence to indicate that Jesus plotted the whole bit from beginning to end, with himself as the central figure. He believes that Jesus spent three months in Jerusalem, prior to the crucifixion, plotting with secret agents there to make everything happen as it did happen -- with one notable mischance. He worked out the scheme to have himself arrested, tried before a court of high priests, be placed before Pilate for sentencing, be convicted, and then be crucified. Following that, the scheme was to have him taken down while still alive, and spirited away to a prepared tomb. Thus, "the Passover plot." The plot worked wonderfully well, as they do in the best mysteries, up to the point where chance stepped in and wrecked everything.

Lazarus (who may, or may not have died and been resurrected) was one of the secret agents, as were his sisters Mary and Martha. They played certain roles to advance the plot. Another agent -- and the key figure in the case -- was a mysterious priest of Jerusalem who offered his house as a secret meeting place. The last supper, held on the eve of the Passover, took place in a second floor room of the agent's house, and the agent himself was the fourteenth person present at the supper. He remains resolutely anonymous throughout, which fact causes Dr. Schonfield no end of annoyance: a man playing so important a role in religious history should not be a stranger. The fourth Gospel admits to the stranger's presence at the supper even while trying to conceal him, and to his presence

on a few other scenes as well -- but he is never identified. (Schonfield hints at jealousy and denied egoboo.)

Still another agent, and an important one if he really existed, was a rich man who had access to the governor's ear and who was in a position to ask favors of the governor, and who just happened to have an empty tomb in his garden. The rich man was named "Joseph of Arimathea" in the Gospel, but Schonfield cites reasons for viewing the name with suspicion, and for questioning his existence there. (See footnotes.)

After the groundwork is laid, the plot unfolds:

a) Judas was deliberately baited and sent on his errand of betrayal, "knowing" he was obeying his master's wishes.

b) Jesus retired to Gethsemane for the night to await his arrest, making it easy for the authorities to find him. Prior to that night, he took care not to be within arresting distance after dark.

c) The council of high priests (the Sanhedrin) had been deliberately baited and angered, and maneuvered into a position where they had to eliminate him to save their own skins. They didn't dare arrest him for his religious activities (the real reason for their anger) because the natives were restless and ready for another rebellion, so they framed him on a "federal" crime (treason against Caesar) and delivered him to Pontius Pilate.

d) Pilate was a sly old rascal and quickly smelled a rat. He tried desperately to evade the issue, tried to throw the matter back to the priests and to a local lieutenant, but they didn't want to be caught in a hot spot, and threw it right back to him. Jesus helped by baiting Pilate. In the end, Pilate acknowledged the "federal" charge and passed sentence.

e) On the cross, Jesus was given a drug which simulated death. He was there only about three hours altogether, much too soon for natural death to occur-- death by crucifixion usually took days, so the drug was administered by the secret agent who had offered his house as a hideaway.

f) Quickly then, the rich man sought permission

from the governor to remove the body, and carried it to the waiting tomb. The fatal incursion of chance came just before the body was taken down: perhaps by chance, perhaps by order, a soldier ran his spear (or sword) into Jesus' side. The wound later proved fatal.

g) In the darkened tomb, Jesus recovered from the drug and gave certain instructions to the agents gathered there. In a few hours he died, to the consternation of all concerned. Schonfield believes he was taken away and buried in a unknown grave, as was Moses -- and the tomb was found empty on Sunday morning according to prediction.

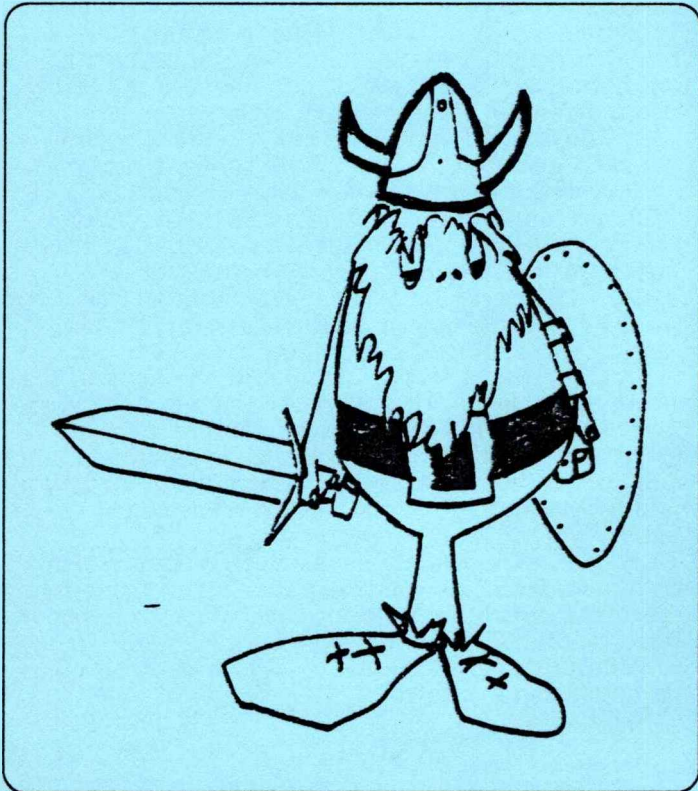
h) His agents, busily carrying out his last instructions, were sometimes mistaken for him when they were seen in certain places doing certain things. Schonfield points out that the Gospels admit his friends and disciples failed to recognize him later after the "resurrection." He thinks that quite natural, considering that it wasn't Jesus.

His book may well plunge all Christianity into war.

Fascinating footnotes:

"The Passover Plot" provides all manner of information into strange and new (to me) fields of research. Consider for example one of the brothers of Jesus, called both James and Jacob. After Jesus' death, James carried on his work as a leader of a religious sect (the Nazoreans) and ran afoul the high priests for the very same reason. James was arrested, run through an amazingly similar kangaroo court, was sentenced, and stoned to death.

There were different kinds of punishments for



different kinds of crimes. Crucifixion was limited to four "federal" crimes: mutiny, high treason, rebellion, and highway robbery. By trickery, James was tried on a religious count, and stoned; by a reverse trickery, Jesus was tried on a "federal" charge because his judges were afraid he could beat the lesser rap. Jesus also had another brother named Judas. No, not the same Judas who....

And finally, it was James who said as he died, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." A century or so later, the myth-makers put those words into the mouth of Jesus.

Dr. Schonfield also believes, and cites evidence to underscore his belief, that someone close to the council of high priests, the Sanhedrin, was leaking information to Jesus. (It may even have been a member of that council.) Someone had access to the temple where they met and went in and out at will; someone attended their meetings or knew everything that transpired as soon as they ended. Pertinent information was passed on to Jesus, and he shaped his own plans accordingly. Schonfield thinks it may have been the young priest who loaned his house to Jesus, the secret agent the fourth Gospel refuses to name. When Jesus was arrested and taken before the Sanhedrin, the unknown stranger followed him right into the temple (perhaps even the council chambers) but Peter, the number one disciple, had to wait outside. (And, if you are in a charitable mood, you may dismiss that story of Peter denying his friendship with Jesus three times before the cock crowed. Peter may have had reason to make one denial, but cockcrow had nothing to do with it. Some Greek writer or translator got carried away, and mistook a figurative meaning for a literal one.)

The rich man who claimed the body, "Joseph of Arimathea," is considered suspicious because of the translation of his name, and because of certain old history texts which some Gospel authors had knowledge of. Schonfield flatly states those authors owe a huge debt to the history books; the Gospel authors reveal their use of certain texts for information, and for incidents which they handily worked into their myths.

A Jewish historian, Flavius Josephus, wrote histories that were autobiographical in nature: when he was there, he put himself into the scene. In one of his books dealing with a rebellion in Palestine, he tells of visiting a battlefield and finding three men strung up on crosses; closer examination showed that he knew them all as friends or acquaintances. Two of the men were described as brigands, or outlaws, while the third may have been crucified simply for taking part in the rebellion. Josephus hurried off to a friendly authority, begged to have the men taken down, and was granted his wish. The two outlaws were dead (or soon died) but the third man was in a better state, and revived. Elsewhere in that book, Josephus describes his own ancestry and uses the phrase, "Joseph begot Matthias." In the Greek translation, used by the Gospel writers, "Joseph of Matthias" reads "Joseph of Arimathea". (Josepou Matthias and Joseph apo Arimatias.)

Dr. Schonfield points his fingers at the author of Luke and Mark and says, in effect: aw, come on, fellas.

I wish I could read Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

Quote: "Take, for example, Jerry Sohl's *The Altered Ego*, in which a character sees his face clearly in a washbasin full of water. This happens to be impossible in a normally lighted room, and Sohl, supposing he knew where to look for a washbasin, could have found it out."

Eleven years ago Damon Knight published a book of criticism on the science fiction field as it then existed. Many of the chapters were reprinted (and perhaps revised) from his magazine columns. You may have read it--the book was quite popular. (*In Search of Wonder*, Advent: Publishers, 1956.) A second and greatly enlarged edition was published by the same company in 1967; this new edition contained 306 pages, as opposed to the 180 in the first printing. The price went up by two dollars too, but it is still a bargain.

Because Damon is Damon, a sweet and lovable rascal of long tenure in fandom, some of the more entertaining chapters in the book are those entitled "Chuckleheads," "More Chuckleheads," and "Half Bad Writers." In these chapters, he happily skewers such masters of science fiction as Austin Hall, Homer Eon Flint, Stanley Mullen, Taylor Caldwell, and Jerry Sohl. I will admit that I sailed merrily through the chapters, enjoying the skewering, until I reached the name of Jerry Sohl. The discovery of that name was a distinct shock, an outrage, because the person who had discovered Sohl and unleashed him on an unsuspecting fandom was old me. Sohl was my protege.

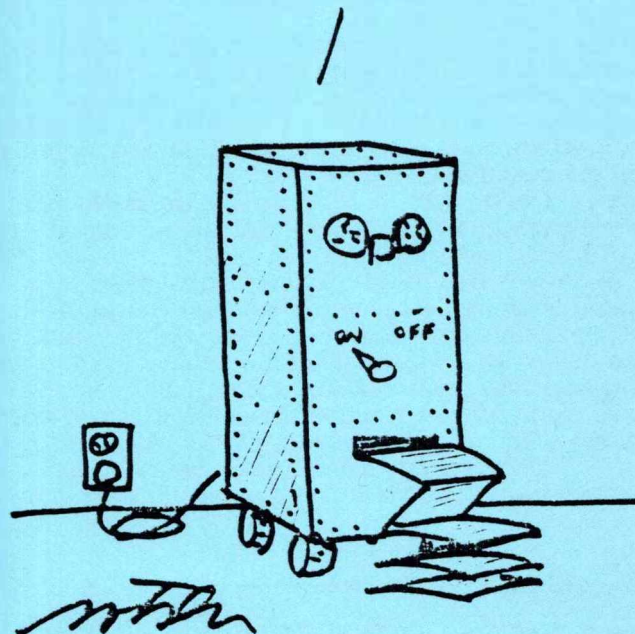
To be accurate, Sohl and I discovered each other on the same day. It was in the long, long ago--perhaps 1950 or later--when he was a newspaperman working on *The Daily Pantagraph*, the Bloomington sheet then partially owned by Adlai Stevenson. I had a new mystery novel in the stores that year, whenever it was, and Sohl was dispatched by his editor to interview me. He did, and we got the matter over as quickly as possible. Afterwards, we sat around drinking and shooting the breeze, and Sohl told me that he was also writing something, but he wasn't having any success at it, so I suggested the mystery and science fiction fields. I loaned him some books and magazines, and gave him my blessing. That wasn't worth anything, but I gave it to him anyway, along with the names and addresses of a clutch of New York literary agents. He went his way, and in due time began to sell short stories, and then novels.

Fandom greeted his efforts with something approaching a yawn, and lovable old Damon pounced on him. *Point Ultimate*, another Sohl novel, was cut to bleeding ribbons.

I suppose I was luckier than Jerry in that I had produced both good and bad yarns, and although Damon gave the back of his hand to the poor offerings, he devoted a considerable amount of space to praising the good one. (One.) I was lucky in that I didn't find myself lumped in with those other chuckleheads. So I read the disparaging comment about the character

"A Chucklehead Has No Honor in His Own Country" originally appeared in *Psychotic* #22 (1967)

I ARE A HARD
SCIENCE WRITER



**CHUCKLEHEAD
HAS NO
HONOR
IN HIS OWN
COUNTRY**

who saw his face mirrored in the washbasin, reacted as Damon intended his readers to react, wiped away a tear for poor Jerry, and went on with my reading. But --for some oddball reason--the criticism stayed with me for all of those eleven years; it was one of those unexplainable little things that cling to the memory for no worthwhile reason.

When I acquired a copy of the new edition this past summer, I immediately went searching for that same passage. It was there as before, unchanged except for the insertion of a comma. And it bugged me. I suppose Jerry Sohl has long since shrugged it off and forgotten it, but it bugged me.

There was naught to do but make an experiment. We physicists know that science is best served only by the controlled experiment.

I ran a washbasin full of water, turned on the overhead shaving light, opened a little decorative shutter partially covering the nearby window, and looked down. My own wrinkled face looked back at me from that placid pool. Perhaps I shouted Eureka! But still experimenting, I dumped the cold water and filled the basin with hot water. The mirroring liquid performed as before. I turned off the overhead light, and about half of the face disappeared. The shutter

was then closed, and the face vanished altogether. Damon had specified a "normally lighted room", and this bathroom was normally lit when the electric was on and sunlight was spilling in the window. My face was there, Damon was in error, and Jerry Sohl was vindicated! I felt like dashing off to the telegraph office to whip out hot wires to Sohl in far away exotic Hollywood, and to Damon sulking in Milford, Pennsylvania.

Fortunately for my peace of mind, I did not.

The next two discoveries, following quickly after that first, were of world-shaking import in that they forever shattered my sense of wonder. After dumping the water and turning off the light, I moved to the window to adjust the shutter and casually glanced down to be sure of my footing. That same face was clearly mirrored in the clear water of the toilet bowl. Stunned, unsure of where to turn, I stumbled into the kitchen (also normally lighted) and gulped down a cup of coffee. The third astonishing discovery completely unnerved me. My face was reflected in the bottom of the coffee cup. The coffee was gone, of course, but a wet film of ... of, well, wetness coated the bottom of the china cup, and there was that confounded face again!

I don't believe Damon and science is ready for this.

Poor Pong's Proverbs

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: All convention fandom is divided into three zones.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: The gods visit the sins of the publishers on the readers.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: It is better to hurry always, than miss one SAPS deadline.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: A fickle and changeful thing is a fanne ever.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: Let a neo hold his tongue and he will pass for a sage.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: A rolling mimeo gathers no static.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: A fake fan cannot bite.

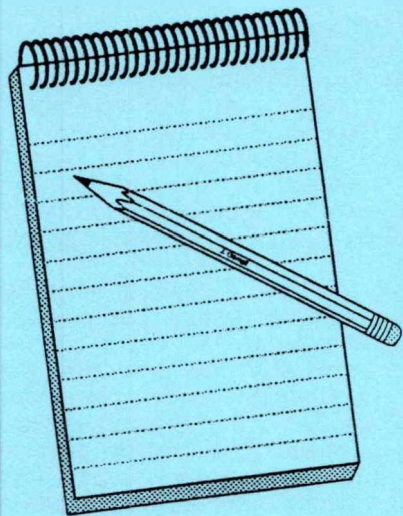
POOR PONG'S PROVERB: Drunken one-shots come easier than craftsmanship.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: BNFdom carries all things, even the mind, away.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: It matters not how long you publish, but how well you slipsheet.

POOR PONG'S PROVERB: Never collect more than your garage can store.

Originally published in **Pelf** (1969-1971)



THE LAST SURVEY

I have a weakness for fan history, and somebody made a joke about rubber chicken. It may have been Robert Bloch because he has this weakness for chickens. Preferably chicks in showers.

I wondered if it were true that all fan convention banquets served rubber chicken? For many years the allegations were rife, the references many, the jokes extensive. Were fan banquets all rubber chicken banquets? The question itself was enough to light a mental fire, enough to cause me to spring from my rocking chair and dash quickly to the bookcase to consult Harry Warner. (The elapsed time from rocking-chair-spring to bookshelf arrival was thirty-five minutes, but then this is a wide room and I did become entangled between feet and beard on the first upward spring.)

I was astonished and disappointed at what I did not find in Warner's *All Our Yesterdays*. I realized at once the omissions were the fault of Ed Wood and George Price, who labored many hours extracting the index which appears at the back of the book, but

nevertheless Warner must share in the guilt, if only by association. The index does not have an entry "Rubber Chicken." Nor does it have a "Chicken, rubber." There isn't so much as a "Banquet" entry. I know very well the fans who attended conventions in the 1940s ate something, because I was among them, and I remember eating -- but here, in supposedly living history, was no mention of that fact.

Still unbelieving, I turned to the text itself and discovered that Harry had mentioned worldcon banquets but did not often reproduce the menus. Of Chicago, 1940, he said: "They got free meeting rooms (in the hotel) in return for staging a banquet at which they needed to guarantee only fifty dinners at one dollar each." And later: "The banquet that night had food in quantities approximating the cost of the meal." Nothing about chicken, rubber.

I was at that banquet but creeping senility has long since robbed me of the memory of what was served. (However, I doubt that it was hamburgers or hotdogs.)

Of the 1941 Denver worldcon, Warner reported that bread was the banquet entree: "There were forty fans on hand for the banquet. After the breaking of bread, there were many informal talks." It should be noted that again, Wood and Price failed to include an entry for "bread" in the index, and I'm not aware of any stale jokes about rubber bread in fandom -- not even from Bloch.

But now, a partial success! The Pacifcon, 1946, served chicken. Yes, they did. Read Warner on page 262: "More than ninety fans and pros ate thin soup and halves of chicken, and mulled a lot of statistics that Don Day gave..." Note that. The first admission of chicken appears in history, together with a convention menu: thin soup, halved chicken, mulled statistics. No doubt a satisfactory meal for the \$2.50 fee charged in that year. (Also please note the alarming rate of inflation: the official banquet had rocketed from only one dollar per person in 1940, to two and one-half in 1946. Remember this when someone blames Nixon for inflationary pressures.) I shouldn't have to state at this point that Wood and Price are again amiss. The index carries no mention of soup, chicken, statistics.

I do remember the mulled statistics. They were succulent.

As for the 1947 Philadelphia worldcon, Warner says only: "The final report says only that the banquet was served long after most stomachs needed it." The meaning of that statement is unclear. Perhaps it was that everyone had munched on bread, hotdogs, statistics, and frayed collars beforehand, or perhaps everyone was drunk and unable to appreciate a good hotel meal. And then came the first Toronto convention of 1948. Warner reports that: "The final item on the formal program was a meal that had the labored trick name of buffanet." No hint of the available foods nor index entry for that labored trick name. "Buffanet" may be a Canadian colloquialism for Po'Boy sandwiches.

"The Last Survey" was originally published in **Science Fiction Five Yearly 6 (1976)**

BEARD MUMBLINGS

I've been sitting here with a smug smile on my face (a smile carefully concealed beneath my beard, of course) contemplating the new order of fanzine editor and the slipshod manner in which he handles his anniversary issues. Annishes are popping up all around: the recent 100th **Yandro**, the upcoming **Science Fiction Five-Yearly**, and this here now **Bane**. Lee Hoffman is old enough to know better, but Coulson and Ryan -- bah! Plodding upstarts, both. What ever happened to the old-fashioned way of publishing an annish? To the best of my knowledge, each of these above editors actually paid for their own annishes, and *that* certainly wasn't the old-fashioned way of doing things.

In the old days, lad, we conned fandom into paying for them.

I don't remember where nor when the racket began nor do I recall the name of the devilishly clever genius who originated the idea, but twenty years and more ago we fanzine editors were working a slick con game to get our annishes published at little or no cost to ourselves. We sold space in our pages for congratulatory messages, called booster ads, at five, ten and twenty cents a throw, and sometimes we accumulated enough money for giant issues, lithographed covers and inserts -- or else we absconded with the loot and later sent back picturesque postcards from Brazil, where we were lolling on the beaches with a ravishing blonde.

Let Harry Warner serve as an example (no, he didn't go to Brazil although he was caught reading a travel folder on Pago-Pago) with these words from the editorial in the Septmber 1940 issue of **Spaceways**:

"The issue after next will be the Second Anniversary Issue of **Spaceways**. On the occasion of

"Beardmumblings" was originally published in
Bane #5 (Vic Ryan)

the first anniversary we didn't do much, if any celebrating, because we've never felt it particularly inspiring that a fan magazine should survive twelve months. But when you get twenty-four months out of the way, and are still going strong as **Spaceways** will become in November, it's a little unusual in the fan field. Thus, the Second Anniversary Issue will be larger than usual, with the help of you readers. The AnnIssue (as it shall henceforth be known; it's the influence of Mr. Ackerman, but we'll not do it anymore, Mr. Koenig!) solicits booster and congratulatory advertisements from all the fans. They're available at the following rates: a dime brings you seven half-lines -- lines half-way across the page, that is, which will be plenty of room for expressing your felicitations."

And there you have the secret of making money from fandom. Loads of money. You can laugh gleefully all the way to the bank.

Warner's "AnnIssue" was new coinage two decades ago, and his peculiar reference to Ackerman and Koenig in that editorial paragraph suggests to me now that he may have been the first to use that particular variation -- although common usage shortened it to "annish" later. Sample boosters from the AnnIssue follow:

Thanks, Spaceways,
for publishing some of
the best fan poetry of
the past year in
addition to your other
accomplishments.
I look to your future.
Dale Tarr

Congratulations to
Spaceways from
Phil Bronson
and
Scienti-Comics

The Second AnnIssue was a little late but it appeared dated December 1940, and of course contained many more advertisements than the dime booster variety; people with money to spend on riotous living took quarter-pages, half-pages, and even three full pages at \$1 each. Fans who could so loosely throw dollars around in 1940 *were* riotous livers! Ackerman was among those taking a full page and he used the upper two-third of it to say this:

THIS IS A FULL PAGE AD

Congrats!
Spaceways is my favorite fanmag
and to add a little
weight to that statement
just lemme noe your LIFE-SUB price
(if it's under \$10 U're gypping yourself, pal!)
& I'll take one of the same.).

4e

Visions of that ten dollars danced through Harry's head like sugar-plum fairies cavorting at the bottom of Willis' garden but in the end (that is, on the lower third of the same page) he rejected it:

Dear Forrie:

Honestly, I'm overwhelmed by the ad and the offer. But while I'd like to sell life-subscriptions at \$10 or so per, I'm afraid it can't be done.

Trouble is, there might be legal complications. You see, at some time in the future **Spaceways** will become a weekly magazine. Just when, and under what circumstances, I know not. All I know is what I read in the magazines; see some of the Lancelot Biggs stories in **Fantastic Adventures** for some hints about **Spaceways Weekly**. Nelson S. Bond is evidently the only one who knows what will happen, and he won't tell.

Thus, if I'd sell a life subscription to **Spaceways**, what will happen to it when **S** turns into a weekly? I haven't time to put out a seven-daily, so I suppose it'll be sold. I might forget to tell the buyers about the life-sub, and when they found out about it I might be thrown into jail and forced to read **Captain Future**. Of course the money tempts me now; I could leave the country and take up residence in Pago-Pago, but they might find me even there.

So -- thanks just the same!

Yours,

Harry

But the money rolled in, in bucketsful, and Harry increased his usual page-count of 24 up to 42 for that issue.

Do you, Victor, and do you other modern editors begin to see what you are missing? Do you comprehend the enormous amount of loot you are passing by? Do you ever realize, in your hasty rush to leave the fandom of old behind, that you are not only discarding a treasured way of life but a beautiful con-game as well? Aren't you aware that all those well-heeled people out there in fan-land are eagerly looking for holes into which they may throw their money? Dimes, gentlemen, dimes! Those booster ads brought in dimes and dollars as well as extravagant offers of lifetime subscriptions. Can you imagine the tremendous amount of money the Coulsons would have now if only they had filled their one-hundredth issue with booster-ads? Why, Buck could even afford to buy all the Ace Books, instead of bargaining with Wollheim for them!

But it must be said that it can be overdone; even fandom was getting wise to the con-game a few years after Warner published his second anniversary. I was planning a third anniversary for **LeZombie** for January 1942 and must have sensed the unrest for I took the precaution of publishing this paragraph in the previous number:

"H. Warner, Esq., in the latest **Spaceways** states that booster ads in *every* fanzine anniversary issue would soon cause a glutted market. Fued! We disagree (in addition to misspelling feud), for a recent survey of the fanzine field undertaken by us and some other fans shows that one 'zine in ten lives to see a *first* anniversary! Therefore, our booster ads roll merrily along. Remember-- all it

costs is 5c to place a booster in our **THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**. When you send the ad, you are to send along the name (or names) of the fan you love most. The ad will then appear thusly: "Joe Fann -- I love you -- Egbert Fann." Same will be neatly boxed.

It worked, possibly because I cut the going price in half, or possibly because fandom admired my gaul in charging a nickel to do something they could scrawl on a fence for nothing. At five cents a love (higher prices for larger loves), the anniversary issue carried nearly fifty boosters such as these:

Len Moffatt -- loves -- Pong	Graph Waldeyer -- loves-BEM
Joe Fortier -- loves -- Hedy	LR Chauvenet -- loves -- Youd
Abby Lu Ashley	-- loves -- Tucker

I probably picked up three dollars and a half, plus or minus a dime, from this device, and the anniversary appeared in three sections to reveal what I did with the money. Section one was the regular fanzine of eighteen pages, section two was the 1941 Fanzine Yearbook listing eighty-one titles that had been published that year, while the last section was a lithographed calendar for 1942. I kept the remainder of the \$3.50 for myself, spending it in riotous living.

To revert to my original question: whatever happened to the old-fashioned way of publishing anniversaries?

Be sure to attend this theater next Saturday afternoon when the next thrilling installment of this serial continues the exploration of the fascinating (to me) subject of fanzines, then and now. I'm particularly amazed at some of the absolutely insignificant information turned up during the long hours of research that went into this installment: the number of fanzines published two decades ago versus the number being published today.

A closing note, spotlighting a dabble of romance found in one of Doc Smith's novels:

"It sure was all of that, Dottie mine, little bride of an hour. It gets down to where a fellow lives -- I've got a lump in my throat right now that's so big it hurts me to think." ---Skylark.

What the hell is he doing thinking with his throat if he's been married only an hour?

Some Handy Info

The love ads are particularly interesting -- and contain some Tuckerish zingers. Abby Lu Ashley was the wife of Al Ashley (the one who said "You Bastard!"). This was probably written when the Ashleys and other Slan Shacklers still lived in the big house in Battle Creek, MI

BEARD MUMBLINGS

It is nearly impossible to pick up a handful of ancient fanzines, merely to move them from one shelf to another, without stopping to read a line or a paragraph -- and then I am lost. I go on to read the remainder of the page, and then the entire fool magazine -- which is one reason why I accomplish so little. I'd be ahead of the game to stick them in the fireplace.

Recently, following an appeal from Harry Warner for information on prehistoric people and events for his forthcoming history, I volunteered to loan him my file of the **Bloomington News Letter**. He accepted, and I dug them out of a musty carpetbag hanging behind grandfather's long rifle and powder-horn. The first issue of the magazine, dated December 15, 1945, contained four long paragraphs of chitter-chatter on a single page. I made the mistake of pausing to read the first paragraph. I should have closed my eyes and hurriedly stuffed the stack into a jiffy bag and mailed it off posthaste -- but no! Sam Moskowitz' name caught my eye and I made that mistake again.

Reprinted below is the complete text of that first issue, minus only the masthead. Thirty fan names are mentioned, and at this late date I had to strain my tendrils mightily to remember them all. I'm curious to know how many of the names you recognize.

(Quote)

1) Books: Sam Moskowitz plans book publication of History of Fandom after it finishes serialization in Searles' Fantasy Commentator. ++ Will Sykora printing the Krueger-Hadley-Grant books; sample page displays professional quality and workmanship. ++ Spencer and pal plan books for NFFF after their release from the army. ++ Rent and read (but don't buy) "Methinks the Lady..." by Guy Endore. He also wrote "Werewolf of Paris." Title sentence, if completed, would read "Methinks the lady is nuts." She is. Jekyll and

A Young Fan, and Fired

Hyde stuff, with feminine angle, much sex, comedy, and debunking psychoanalysts.

2) Fanzines: Wheeler's fifth Rosebud in work. ++ Tarr and Tanner have fanzine in work. ++ Bloomington News Letter will publish erratically, go to exchange fanzine editors, and whoever else requests it. News paragraphs will be numbered consecutively, making it easier to refer back to them in times to come, if any. ++ Rusty Barron will do preliminary work on NFFF anthology of Chas. Hornig's Fantasy Fan. ++ Robinson and Tucker will publish (this winter) belated 1942 Yearbook of Science, Fantasy and Weird Fiction, not waiting for molasses Unger to get around to it. Price two-bits, free to fan editors who exchange. ++ Liebscher and Tucker to publish (this winter) index to 1943-44-45 fantasy and etc. books. ++ Tucker to issue another fanzine index.

3) Travel: (beg poddin, Speer.) Sgt. Phil Schuman, former fan and editor back in the states after Alaskan war. To be stationed with WAC wife at Chanute Field, Ill., come Xmas. ++ Art Sehnert of Memphis to be at Champaign, Ill., only a few minutes from him, at the same time. ++ Lt. Dorothy Les Tina, recent spouse of Fred Pohl, will be home from the wars in time to spend Xmas in Florida with parents. ++ Marijane Nuttal vacationing in Nogales, Arizona. ++ Pfc Jack Riggs returned to Camp Edwards, Mass. after airplane hitchhike furlough home. ++ Mari Wheeler is to be home for Xmas furlough. ++ Neil DeJack, Chicago fan, is reported homeward bound from Hawaiian island. ++ Navyman Robinson to be shipping out (of Chicago) after first of year. ++ Blakney in Tokyo.

4) Fan Mirror: NFFF election, closing Dec 10, will reveal startling results in some offices. Early tabulations show plenty of also-rans with a few votes each, including "famous" pro-editor and assistant. ++ NFFF Bored of Directors unanimously refuse money to Daugherty for his census project. ++ Tucker (that's me, folks) has quit the theatre job after 13 years, is now writing publicity and editing house organ for local advertising agency. Local wits wonder how soon they'll catch on to him. ++ Liebscher lands advertising agency job in Los Angeles, ghostwriting, copywriting, etc. (Will Bob Bloch quit his advertising job in disgust?) ++ Chicago fans mulling clubroom. ++ Sgt. Dick Wilson, former NYC Futurian, returning to University of Chicago from Phillipine island, further study in mind. ++ Professional critics are almost unanimously condemning Wollheim's Novels of Science anthology.

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Bane #9 (Vic Ryan)

We'll take up with number five next time, unless an atom splits.

(End quote)

Do you begin to see what I mean? Great glutinous gobs of fascinating fan history were in the making there; actual shadows casting themselves before, and all that sort of thing. Of course, you have to wade through buckets of trivia to find them.

Item 1: Old Sam's book got published, all right, again and again and again. Following that serial publication in Langley Searles' **Commentator**, it was published in two mimeographed-book editions and then in hardcover, undergoing revisions each time. SaM should be rich in royalties. But don't ask me what happened to the Sykora-Krueger-Grant publishing empire; I don't know. It would appear from later activity that each of the gents went his separate way with his separate books. Krueger and Grant are still publishing infrequently, are they not? Paul Spencer, with or without his mysterious pal, did manage one book after leaving the army; in conjunction with the N3F they published a Doc Keller volume, *The Sign of the Burning Hart*. And Guy Endore managed to struggle along without me, of course.

Item 2: Mari Wheeler's fifth **Rosebud** did get work, as advertised, but then the fanzine faded into history even though its title did not. Dale Tarr and Charlie Tanner (the latter famous for his 1932 *Amazing* novelette, "Tumithak of the Corridors") also found work for their fanzine; there were two issues of **Fan World** in 1946. As for that self-promoting scandal sheet, the **Bloomington News Letter**, it can be dismissed with the notation that it lasted 29 issues and finally bit the dust in 1953, after stirring up a bit of excitement in the mundane world; *Publisher's Weekly* claimed that a **News Letter** columnist called for the ouster of John Campbell -- an odious piece of misrepresentation. Rusty Barron is with us again after a long absence from fandom; he is now in FAPA under his real name. But I've forgotten whatever I may have known about his projected N3F anthology; ask him. And Frank Robinson and myself were every bit as slow as Molasses Unger -- we didn't publish the 1942 **Yearbook** either; the **Fanzine Index** does not list anything for that year. I have no knowledge of a fantasy book index. Liebscher and myself did not publish it, although the fanzine indices were published for the next five years.

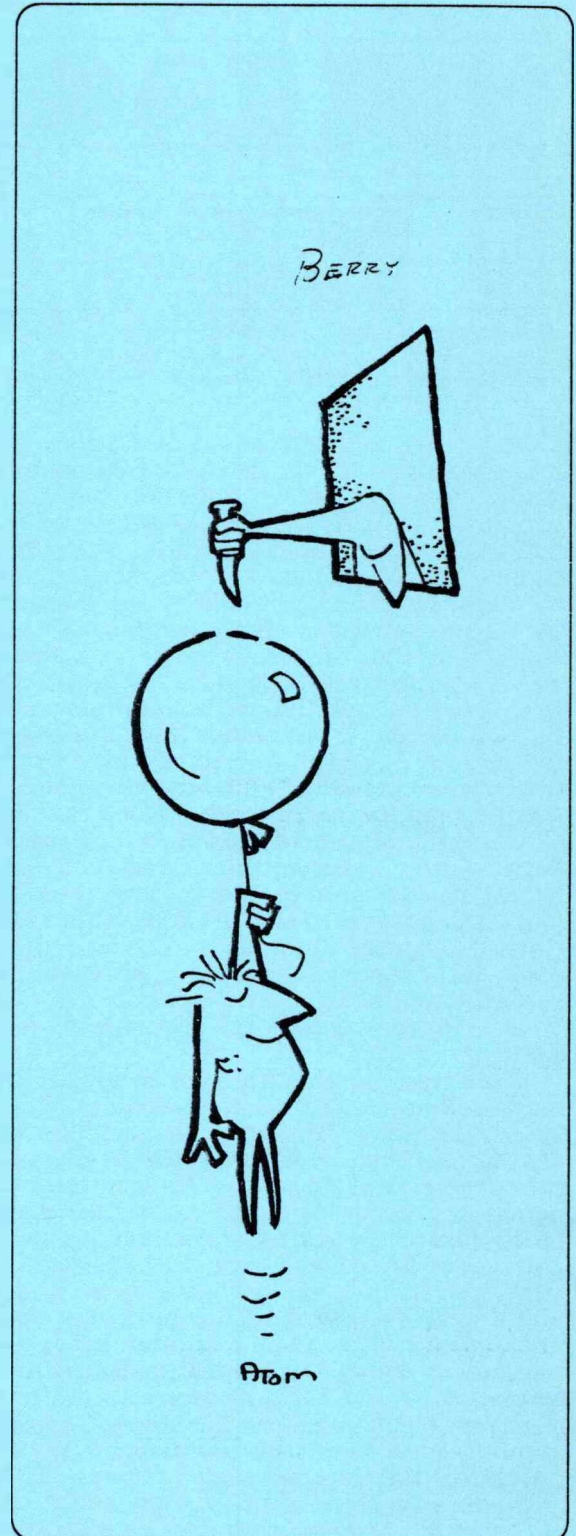
Item 3: Schuman, Sehnert and Les Tina have come and gone, but she did get a non-fiction book published last year. You know where Fred Pohl is and what he's doing. I read a brief mention of Marijane Nuttal in a fanzine only a few months ago; she's still there, deep in Southern California, and probably still farming. Where's Jack Riggs? Wheeler is still living in Los Angeles and turning up at some fan affairs there. Neil DeJack lives in Indiana, near Chicago, and manages to be seen every ten years or so at Chicago conventions. Frank Robinson is the *Rogue* man, of course, often buying fantasy from us hacks. Karl Blakney, who now has only the smallest interest in sf, is working at a Bloomington theatre.

Item 4: Perhaps the N3F historian can tell you (and me) what were those startling election results. I have no recollection of the details and even less interest, although I admit to a small curiosity concerning the pro editor and his assistant said to be running for office. Who, for Hugo's sake? It seems to me that Daugherty went ahead with his fan census, minus N3F money, and actually published some results. The **Fanzine Index** lists nothing under the most likely titles, although Walt might have called it **Starspinkle**, or something. Tucker (that's still me, folks) hurried back to his theatre job in jigg time, after having been fired by the advertising agency in something like three months. Liebscher left his agency job; Block quit his -- but for reasons other than disgust. I wonder of those Chicago fans ever found a

clubroom? Dirty old Wollheim can sneer at the critics who sneered at his *Novels of Science*. He outlasted them and is richer to boot.

And some joker split an atom.

I'd better pack those dusty fanzines off to Warner before I become entangled in another 28 issues.



IKE THE EAGLE, AND THE PITS OF LUNA

I'm not a coin collector, but... This year (for the first time since 1935) the United States mint has resumed coining "silver" dollars to delight the collector, to enrich the coin dealers, and to wear large holes in the pockets of Joe Fann. The coining of dollars was suspended in 1935, presumably because the depression had put dollars out of reach of all the poor Joes, and presumably because of numerous complaints that the heavy cartwheels actually did wear holes in trouser pockets---of those people who were lucky enough to have dollars and trousers during the depression. (I remember having a dollar once, in those days. I bought an electric clock with it, but I don't remember what I did with the change. Perhaps I spent it on a few nickel beers.) But I don't believe those official explanations for discontinuing the silver dollar; I'm a skeptic. I suspect there was some sinister plot behind the decision to stop making them, some evil plot cooked up by Franklin Roosevelt and Cactus Jack Garner to corner the market. The secret story will all come out someday when some patriotic character leaks a batch of Treasury Papers to *The New York Times*. But meanwhile, the cartwheels are rolling again.

This year, for the first time to my knowledge, the moon will appear on a American coin. The obverse side of the "silver" dollar will bear a likeness of that distinguished statesman, President Eisenhower, but the reverse side will be of greater interest to science-fictioneers everywhere; the usual American eagle is positioned in the center of the dollar clutching his usual olive branches (symbolic of something, I'm sure), but he is hovering over a bleak moonscape. A half-dozen craters are visible and what appears in photographs to be a low mountain range, but I find no rille. Above the eagle's head and slightly to the left may be seen the Earth hanging alone in space; the whole is a reasonable facsimile of the view glimpsed by astronauts as they orbit the moon at low altitude---but minus the flapping eagle of course. If there be any true coin collectors in the audience who remember another coin (native or foreign) bearing the images of

earth and/or moon, I wish they would speak up.

The dollars are available in three distinct versions: the common dollar intended for general circulation (to wear a hole in your pocket) will be a cupro-nickel "sandwich" coin similar to other common coins today and will cost only a dollar at banks. The second version is a forty-percent silver clad dollar which may be ordered from the mint in brilliant uncirculated condition, and will cost three dollars each. The third and most expensive version will cost you ten dollars each when ordered from the mint: bright and shiny "proof" dollars which supposedly are made and delivered to you without blemish or blight, a coin truly in "mint condition" and bearing no eyetracks. This version too will be made of forty-percent silver, and will be the hot collector's item: the last proof dollar was struck in 1904 and is now priced at \$200 or more. (Probably more: I haven't tried to buy one.)

It seems a fairly safe and easy prediction that hucksters at future conventions will be peddling "space dollars" alongside books, magazines, and artwork. Make a note to check Big Hearted Howard's prices at Toronto in '73.

Creeping, Slithering Inflation

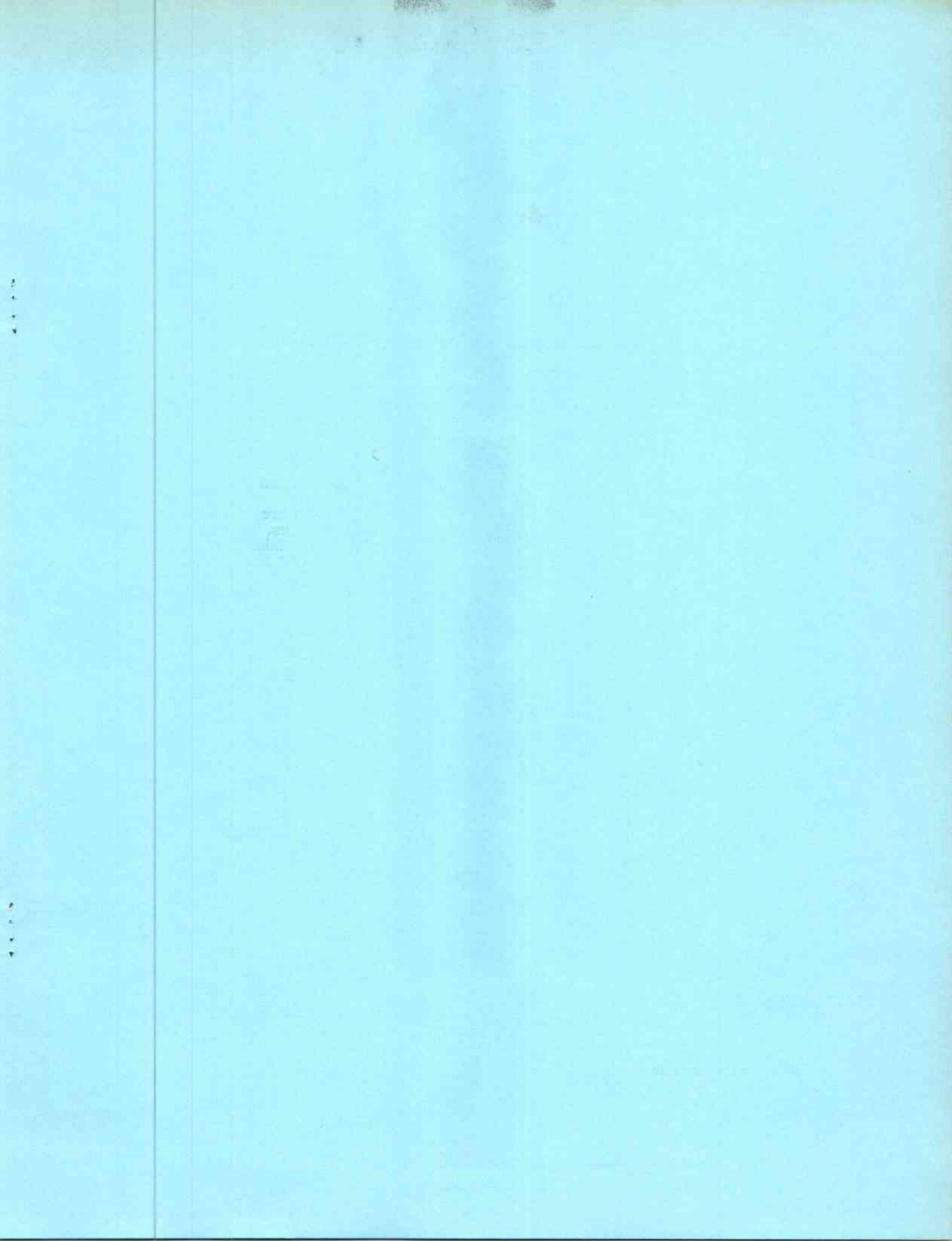
I missed the boat by three years. Only two years ago in my column in *Locus*, while discussing the shortage of auction materials, the high price of con-going, and other weighty matters of vast import, I offered the brash guess that worldcon registration fees would likely jump to ten dollars in about five years. I'm a hell of a poor soothsayer. Boston *this year* will charge Joe Fann ten dollars if he walks in off the street with the desire to watch those crazy Buck Rogers people. If Boston is successful (i.e., if they accumulate a sizable bundle of cash to catch the attention of future con committees) the ten dollar admission fee is likely to become permanent, and likely to be applied sooner than merely walking in from the street on the day the con opens.

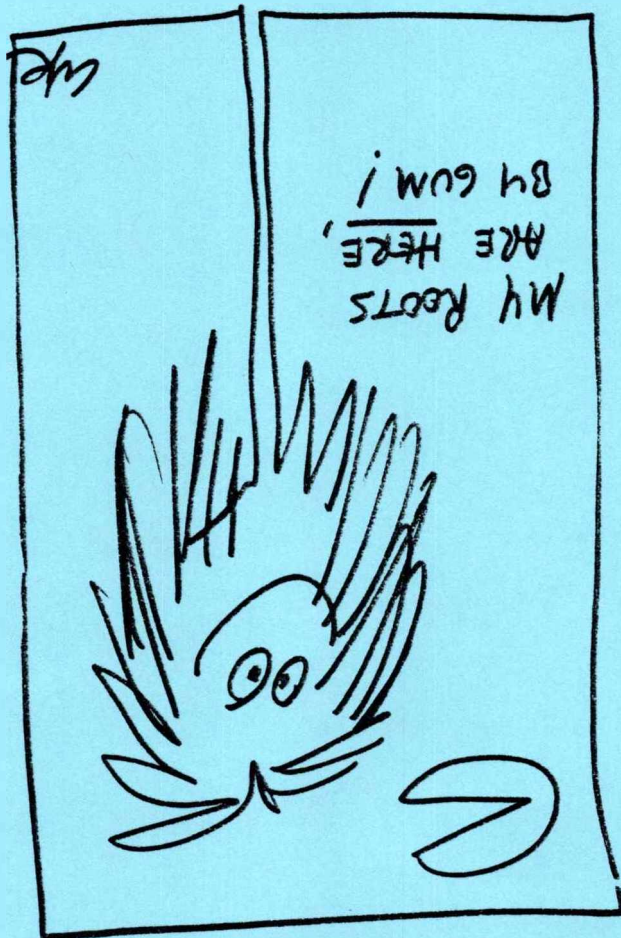
Have all con committees succumbed to the Korshak Syndrome? Do they all worship giantism for its own sake, in the belief that giantism is progress? Is there a compelling reason to always top last year's attendance figure and last year's income? Am I alone in believing the fun has gone from outsized worldcons?

Erle Korshak may have been the first victim (or culprit) of giantism when, in 1952 for the Second Chicon, he frankly and openly embarked on commercial giantism for the sake of cash and egoboo. He wanted the biggest worldcon ever, and he wanted the most commercial and the most profitable worldcon ever. He got both, up to that date, and the con committees who followed him all struggled to contract the same disease--with varying degrees of success. Those following committees may not have been avidly seeking commercialism and profits, but they sought bigness, bombast, and hoopla.

That is progress?

"Ike, the Eagle and the Pits of Luna"
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Potlatch #6 (Joyce Katz).





MY ROOTS
ARE HERE,
BY GUM!

CPL